

NEW SONGS  
of PRAISE and POWER  
1-2-3 COMBINED

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**Bethany  
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# New Songs of Praise and Power 1-2-3 Combined

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Edited by  
J. Lincoln Hall, C. Austin Miles, Dr. Adam Geibel  
and B. D. Ackley

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# New Songs of Praise and Power

## Nos. 1-2-3 Combined

### Mine, Still Mine.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Tho' scenes of joy or sor-row, Je-sus still is mine;  
 2. Tho' earth-ly trib-u-lation, Je-sus still is mine;  
 3. Tho' lost, some fleet-ing treas-ure, Je-sus still is mine;  
 4. My Shep-herd goes be-fore me; Je-sus still is mine;

Je - sus still is mine;

Thro' ev-'ry new to-mor-row, He will still be mine.  
 My strength and con-so-lation, He is mine, still mine.  
 With love be-yond all meas-ure, He is mine, still mine.  
 Be-yond the vale, His glo-ry! He will still be mine.

1. He will still be mine.

CHORUS.

My Sav-iour fail-eth nev-er; O how His glo-ries shine,  
 glo-ries shine,

I'll sing it out for-ev-er, He is mine, still mine.  
 He is mine, still mine.

# No. 3. Jesus Set the Music Ringing.

Rev. GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am al-ways singing A  
2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mer-cy, My  
3. His love each day is growing Moresweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In

glad-some song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus  
sins a-way; He o-pened up a fountain Whence streams of gladness start, 'Twas Je-sus  
Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has

## CHORUS.

set the mu-sic Ringing in my heart. In my heart . . . He set the mu-sic ringing,  
In my heart

In my life . . . a heav'nly gladness bring-ing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber  
In my life

*rit.* in my heart.  
When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus set the mu-sic Ringing, ringing in my heart.

# No. 4.

# For Thine Own Glory.

ANNA AGNEW ROBERTS.

(2 Tim. 2: 19.)

JOS. G. JOHNSON.

1. For Thine own glo-ry have thine own way; O bless-ed sto-ry, O hap-py day  
 2. Wait-ing before Thee in sil-ence sweet, I will a-dore Thee, low at Thy feet;  
 3. Help me to brighten earth's lit-tle while, Gloom may I light-en with cheery smile.

When Thou dost take me to be Thine own, Thy grace will make me Thine, Thine alone.  
 Be - fore Thee kneeling I yield to - day Life, love and feel-ing all for Thy sway.  
 Trust-ing Thee ev - er, tho' dark the day, Now and for - ev - er have Thine own way.

## CHORUS.

Thy name I'm nam - ing for vic - to - ry; Thy pow'r I'm claim - ing

so full and free; . . . This is the sto - ry: ev - er and

aye . . . For Thine own glo - ry have Thine own way. . .

# No. 5. Since the Comforter Came to My Heart.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Since the Com - fort - er came, Kindling love's ho - ly flame, Waking songs of thanks -  
 2. Since the Com - fort - er came, O what pow'r in the name Of my bless - ed Re -  
 3. Since the Com - fort - er came, Sur - est guid - ance I claim; He will lead me to

giv - ing and praise; There's a peace in my heart Earth could nev - er im - part,  
 deem - er and King; There's a wit - ness with - in Of sal - va - tion from sin,  
 use - ful - ness here; By the pow'r of His might, I shall serve with de - light,

## CHORUS.

Strength to fol - low the Lord in His ways. } Since the Com - fort - er came to my  
 Deep - er knowledge of Je - sus to bring. }  
 Till the por - tals of light shall ap - pear. }

heart. . . Bidding sin and its dark - ness de - part; . . . Sweet prom - is - es shine,  
 my heart, de - part;

With glo - ry di - vine, Since the Com - fort - er came to my heart. . .  
 my heart.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I Have the Witness Within;" "I've Anchored in Jesus;"  
 "Blessed Be the Name."

# No. 6.

# O What a Saviour is Mine!

JAMES ROWE.

DELOSS SMITH.

1. Hap - py am I ev - 'ry hour of the day, Sing - ing of mer - cy di -  
 2. Light is my bur - den and glad is my soul, Bright is the path that I  
 3. Thou who art wea - ry and sin - sick and sad, Come to my Sav - iour to -  
 1. of

vine; . . . . . I'm fol - low - ing ev - er the heav - en - ly way,  
 trace, . . . . . As on - ward I go t'ward the heav - en - ly goal,  
 day, . . . . . And thou shalt be sin - less, tri - umph - ant and glad,  
 mer - cy di - vine;

## CHORUS.

O what a Sav - iour is mine! }  
 Prais - ing His mar - vel - lous grace. } O what a Sav - iour is mine! . . . .  
 Sing - ing His prais - es al - way. } a Sav - iour is mine!

O what a Sav - iour di - vine! . . . . . Now on - ward I'm go - ing, with  
 a Sav - iour di - vine!

praise o - ver - flow - ing, O what a Sav - iour is mine! . . . .  
 a Sav - iour is mine!

# No. 7.

# Sanctifying Power.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er, We come to - day; The  
 2. As con - se - crat - ed ves - sels, O may we be, To  
 3. From sin's do - min - ions, save us This ver - y hour; That  
 4. Con - formed to Thine own im - age, Lord, may we be, Till

CHORUS.

full - ness of the bless - ing, O send us, we pray.  
 bear Thy name to oth - ers; To glo - ri - fy Thee. } Ho - li - ness,  
 lives made pure and ho - ly, May show forth Thy pow'r.  
 wak - ing in Thy like - ness, Thy glo - ry we see.

through the blood; Keep us un - der the flow; In Cal - v'ry's cleans - ing

fount - ain, O make us whit - er than snow; Filled with Thy Spir - it,

Be Thy grace out - poured; Sanc - ti - fy, sanc - ti - fy, All Thy peo - ple, Lord.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"On Christ the Solid Rock;" "Revive Us Again;" "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

# No. 8. What are You Doing for Jesus?

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, Dear friend, to - day?  
2. How are you help - ing your neigh - bor, Dear friend, to - day?  
3. How are you show - ing His glo - ry, Dear friend, to - day?  
Dear friend, to - day?

How are you serv - ing the Mas - ter, While pass - ing a - long the way?  
Some kind - ly deed you may ren - der, Some com - fort - ing word may say.  
Faith - ful - ly tell - ing the sto - ry, That scat - ters the clouds a - way?

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Bright mo - ments are fly - ing! What are you do - ing for Je - sus?

Come, glad - ly re - ply - ing, Now will I la - bcr for - Je - sus;

*Parts.*

Wait not for to - mor - row; Lift - ing a bur - den of sor - row.  
Wait not, wait a bur - den of sor - row,



# What are You Doing for Jesus?—Concluded.

*rit.*

Leading an - oth - er to Je - sus; What are you do - ing to - day?  
 an - oth - er to Je - sus; to - day?

## No. 9. Coming Home at Twilight.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Com - ing home thro' the twi - light shad - ows gray, And the toil and the stress of the
2. Then the load that to - day so heav - y seems, Will be dropp'd from our life like for -
3. Com - ing home with our Sav - iour to a - bide, Where all tears by the Fa - ther's
4. Com - ing home, all the doubt and fear - ing o'er, Where the lov'd ones a - wait who had

bus - y day, Now has pass'd from the mem - o - ry a - way—Com - ing  
 got - ten dreams, As from heav - en - ly por - tals love - light gleams, Com - ing  
 hand are dried; When at last we'll be whol - ly sat - is - fied, Com - ing  
 gone be - fore Free from sor - row and pain for - ev - er - more, Com - ing

### CHORUS.

home, com - ing home at twi - light. So shall the Christian's passing be, Just com - ing

*rit.*

home to rest; Just coming home at twi - light To those whom we love the best.

# No. 10.

# The Fulness of the Blessing.

H. L.

HALDOB LILLENAS.

1. O my heart shall not for-get the gold-en hour, When the Ho-ly Spir-it  
 2. When with-out re-serve I con-se-cra-ted all, When I wait-ed for the  
 3. As I walk and talk with Je-sus ev-ry day. He is keep-ing and sus-

like a cleans-ing show'r, Fell up-on my heart and took com-plete con-trol,  
 pow'r from heav'n to fall, Just the mo-ment that the prom-ise I be-lieved,  
 tain-ing all the way; Ful-ly yield-ed to His bless-ed will di-vine,

**FINE. CHORUS.**

Then His glo-ry filled and thrilled my ransomed soul.  
 Then the ful-ness of the bless-ing I re-ceived. } When the bless-ed words of  
 O the ful-ness of the bless-ing still is mine! }

*D.S.*—When the ful-ness of the bless-ing I re-ceived.

prom-ise I be-lieved, . . . . Then the ful-ness of the bless-ing I re-  
 be-lieved,

*D.S. al Fine.*

ceived, . . . . And the Ho-ly Spir-it came, Like a burn-ing, cleans-ing flame.  
 I re-ceived,

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"O it is Glory;" "My All is On the Altar."

# No. 11.

# When the Veil is Lifted.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH

*Andante con espress.*

1. We oft - en grow wea - ry, and lone - ly, and sad, The sky with  
 2. How the jew - els now hid from our weak mor - tal sight, Oft won with  
 3. I shall meet my Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour, and King, My dear ones and

clouds is o'er - cast, But all will be beau - ty, and glad - ness and love,  
 tears fall - ing fast, Will shine in each crown in yon heav - en's pure light,  
 friends of the past; In that beau - ti - ful cit - y, where com - eth no night,

## REFRAIN.

When the veil is lift - ed at last. . . . . When the veil is lift - ed at  
 at last. at last.

last! . . . . . And the storms of life are all past; . . . . . I'll dwell ev - er -  
 at last, all past;

more, on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When the veil is lift - ed at last. . . . .  
 at last.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"In that City," "Blessed Assurance."

# No. 12.

# Gates Ajar.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith re - veals in un - told beau - ty. What no mor - tal eye can see;  
 2. Lord, I know I am not wor - thy Of my-self, to be Thine own,  
 3. Fear - less then I wait the boat - man, Who shall bear me o'er the sea,

'Tis a vis - ion fair and glo - rious, Of the gates a - jar for me.  
 But I know Thou wilt not fail me, When I kneel be - fore Thy throne.  
 To that fair and bless - ed har - bor, With its gates a - jar for me.

### REFRAIN.

Gates a - jar, gates a - jar, of that cit - y I see, As I sail up - on the

bil-lows of Time's re - sist-less sea; "Yes, I think I see that cit - y, and the

lighthouse on the shore," And I hear the an-gels sing-ing thro' the gates a - jar.

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Suggested Chorus to follow—"There is Rest for the Weary."

# Gates Ajar.—Concluded.

After last Chorus only, if desired.

Unknown.

O come an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand; O bear me a -  
 way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home mor - tal home.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody with first and second endings marked '1' and '2'.

## No. 13. Since Jesus Pardoned All My Sin.

C. E. S.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

1. Ev - 'ry day grows brighter, And my load is lighter, Since the Saviour pardoned my sin,  
 2. Now His love is growing, And my heart o'erflowing, From His Spirit dwelling with - in;  
 3. With my sins for - giv - en, I am bound for heaven, And an entrance to - day I'll win;

FINE.

For my Lord is near - er, And His love is dear - er, Since Je - sus pardoned all my sin.  
 All my paths be - fore me, Are now filled with glo - ry Since Je - sus pardoned all my sin.  
 What a hap - py meeting, All our loved ones greeting Since Je - sus pardoned all my sin.

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features three verses of lyrics. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a 'FINE' marking.

*D.S.*—Ev - 'ry day grows brighter, And my load is lighter, Since Je - sus pardoned all my sin.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus pardoned all my sin, Since the Com - fort - er a - bides with - in;

The chorus is marked 'D.S.' and consists of a single line of music with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

# No. 14. The Calling of the Roll.

E. E. HEWITT.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Let me faith - ful be, While His cross I see, Let me serve the Lord I love;  
 2. Step by step I'll go In the march be - low. Needful grace will He sup - ply;  
 3. Tho' the war be long, Yet His arm is strong, Strong to save while troubles last;

Glad His will to do, With a pur - pose true, Till I'm called to realms a - bove.  
 Thro' the toil and strife Of this earth - ly life, Till I'm called to realms on high.  
 Tho' the way be hard, He will be my guard, Till I'm or - dered home at last.

CHORUS.

For the call - ing of the roll will be soon, will be soon, Praise the

Lord, I'll be there; For the call - ing of the  
 Praise the Lord, I'll be there;

roll will be soon, will be soon, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be there. be there.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"When the Roll is Called;" "Sweet By and By;" "Glory Song;" "Look for Me."

# No. 15.

# "Carry On."

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Fal - ter not, fal - ter not in the bat - tle for the Lord, Car - ry  
 2. Do not stay on the way, there are bat - tles to be won, Car - ry  
 3. Those who fall send a call to the brave who still re - main, Car - ry

on, car - ry on! Strength to fight for the right He has promised in His word.  
 on, car - ry on! Has - ten on, ev - er on, for the day will soon be done,  
 on, car - ry on! In the work of the Lord we shall la - bor not in vain,

## CHORUS.

Car - ry on, car - ry on! Car - ry on, O car - ry on, car - ry

on! O car - ry on! For the right to win the day, win the day. O car - ry on! Ere the

time for vic - t'ry shall be gone, Car - ry on, car - ry on, car - ry on! (car - ry on!)

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"O there's Sunshine;" "I Love to Tell the Story;" "Glory Song."

# No. 16.

# I Am Ready for Service.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lis - ten to the Mas - ter's plead - ing, There is ur - gent work for all;  
 2. There's a voice to you now call - ing, Will you heed the earn - est word?  
 3. Ma - ny souls in sin are dy - ing; Haste to help them while you may,

Heed the Spir - it's in - ter - ced - ing, Give this an - swer to the call:—  
 On the ear 'tis gen - tly fall - ing, Give this an - swer to your Lord:—  
 For the time is swift - ly fly - ing, Will you now to Je - sus say?

CHORUS.

I am read - y for serv - ice for Thee, dear Lord, Here am I, send me,  
 Here am I, send me,

I am will - ing to be what you'd have me be, I will go where you want me to go,

I am read - y for serv - ice for Thee, dear Lord, Here am I, send me,  
 Here am I, send me,

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Answer Yes;" "Revive Us Again;" "On Christ the Solid Rock."



# I Am Ready for Service.—Concluded.

Tho' the pathway seems dark, for Thee I'll do or die, I am read-y for serv-ice, Lord.

## No. 17. Sweet Fellowship.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."—Ps. 104: 34.

R. R.

Rev. RICHARD RADCLIFFE.

1. My Sav-iour comes and talks with me, He opes my eyes that I may see,  
 2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, O'er paths so dark I can-not see;  
 3. My Sav-iour comes and lives with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;

He brings the heal-ing for my soul, He speaks the word that makes me whole.  
 His pres-ence sheds a light di-vine, That lum-in-ate's this path of mine.  
 He rich-ly dwells with-in my heart, And ne'er from me will He de-part.

### CHORUS.

Sweet fel-low-ship with one so dear, Sweet fel-low-ship while journeying here;

And when I reach that hap-py shore, Sweet fel-low-ship for-ev-er-more.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven;" "O Beulah Land."

# No. 18.

# With Christ Inside.

D. K. W.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When all the noise and stir of life, And this mad love of show and strife;  
 2. When troubles come in ev-'ry form, Like burn-ing heat or rag-ing storm;  
 3. Not mine the cave far off from men, Not mine the her-mits lone-ly den;  
 4. Wher-e'er I am, what-e'er my care, In joy or grief, when foul or fair;

Stare in my face with mock-ing pride; I'll shut the door with Christ in-side.  
 In realms of pray'r my soul shall hide. I'll shut the door with Christ in-side.  
 God's peace is near what-e'er be-tide, He shuts the door with me in-side.  
 Safe to my ref-uge God will guide, There I'll be safe with Him in-side.

CHORUS.

I'll shut the door . . . . . with Christ in-side, . . . . . Con-tent to  
 I'll shut the door with Christ in-side,

stay . . . . . whate'er be-tide, . . . . . 'Tis there I learn . . . . . of things di-  
 Con-tent to stay what-e'er be-tide, 'Tis there I learn

vine, . . . . . And sweet com-mun-ion with Christ is mine. . . . .  
 of things di-vine, with Christ is mine.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Come Ye Disconsolate;" It is Well with My Soul."

# No. 19.

# Children of Light.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Oft per-plexed by doubt and fear, Yet I could but per - se - vere 'Til I  
 2. Oft - en tried, and tempt-ed, too, I have fought the bat - tle thro'; Light came  
 3. Don't give up! The Spir - it stands; God will send His an - gel bands, Strength to

CHORUS.

found the Wit - ness clear. And sin could not a - bide. }  
 in, and then I knew That sin could not a - bide. } I'm liv - ing a - bove the  
 give to heart and hand So sin can - not a - bide. }

shad - ows Where nev - er is night, The val - ley is not the place To live as

Chil - dren of Light, Praise God! There's blessing the more a - bund - ant, For those who

dare to move in - to the cir - cle, Where dwelleth the ful - ness of His love.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I'm Living On the Mountain;" "Sweeter as the Years Roll By (Miles);" "I Have the Witness Within (Hall)."

# No. 20.

# I Love to Think of Jesus.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, or All in Unison.

1. I love to think of Je - sus, who else could it be, Who could come down from  
 2. I love to think that He has giv - en me a part In par - don that He  
 3. I love to think of Je - sus when I am dis - trest, To think up - on His  
 4. I love to think of Him when tears of sor - row fall, To know that He has

heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re - pay the  
 pur - chased with a bro - ken heart; And oft my eyes are fill'd with tears as  
 prom - ise brings a bliss - ful rest; In sor - row, pain and an - guish He is  
 suf - fer'd and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my bur - dens

debt I owe, I'll do my best my grat - i - tude to show. . . .  
 I re - call What He has done for me, and for us all. . . .  
 near I know, It is no won - der that I love Him so. . . .  
 nor com - plain, I nev - er yet have called to Him in vain. . . .

### CHORUS.\*

I love..... to think of Je - sus..... I  
 I love to think of Je - sus and His love for me; My

love..... to think of Je - sus,  
 soul is lost in won - der that such love could be; I've known the love of mother, Of

\* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass). The upper notes, (small) are to be sung by the high voices (Soprano and Tenor), or they may be merely played.

# I Love to Think of Jesus.—Concluded.

*Parts.* *ritard.*

sis-ter, friend and brother, Like Je-sus there's no other, He's more than all to me.

## No. 21. No Tears in the Sky.

C. E. S.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

*With feeling.*

1. O there's no sor-row in heav-en, No part-ing and no good-bye;
2. O there's no sad dis-ap-point-ment, No eyes fill'd with tears to dry,
3. Up there no hearts that are bro-ken, There no one to breathe a sigh,
4. Here hearts are sorrow'd by sad-ness, For lov'd ones and friends must die;

To those with sins all for-giv-en, There'll be no tears in the sky.  
 For there will be glad con-tent-ment, There are no tears in the sky.  
 No un-kind word will be spo-ken, There'll be no tears in the sky.  
 But there is sunshine and glad-ness, There'll be no tears in the sky.

**CHORUS.**

No sor-row is found in that cit-y, No heartache and no good-bye;

*rit.*

For all will be bright in that cit-y of light, For there are no tears in the sky.

No. 22.

Be Thou Near.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When I bat - tle with temp - ta - tion Be Thou near, ev - er near;  
 2. In the hour of care and sad - ness,  
 3. When I part with those who love me,  
 4. When shall close this earth - ly sto - ry, Be Thou near, ev - er near;

In the pow'r of Thy sal - va - tion, Be Thou near me, Lord, I pray.  
 Fill my heart with peace and glad - ness, Be Thou near me, Lord, I pray.  
 Let Thy light shine out a - bove me, Be Thou near me, Lord, I pray.  
 Till I see Thy face in glo - ry, Be Thou near me, Lord, I pray.

CHORUS.

Be Thou near, . . . . . O bless - ed Sav - iour! Al - ways  
 Be Thou near, be Thou near,

near, . . . . . in sun and show'r; Be Thou near, . . . . . with gra - cious  
 Al - ways near, al - ways near, Be Thou near,

fa - vor, For I need Thy keep - ing pow'r. Thy pow'r.  
 Be Thou near,

# No. 23.

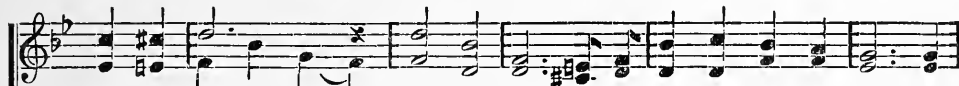
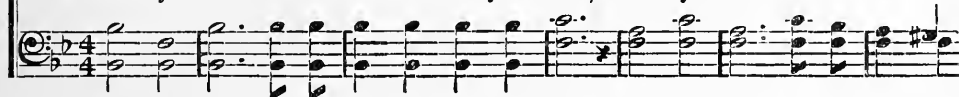
# Living in Freedom.

C. A. M.

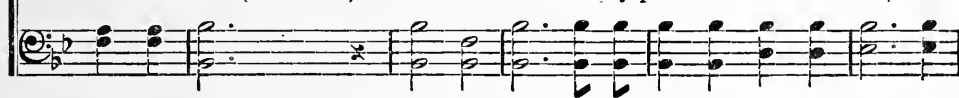
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. By the blood on the cross of Cal - va - ry, I am saved by His sac - ri -  
 2. Joy is mine from the fount-ain head of love, Gift di - vine that I prize all  
 3. Would you know all the ful - ness of your Lord, Would you dwell in the rich - es



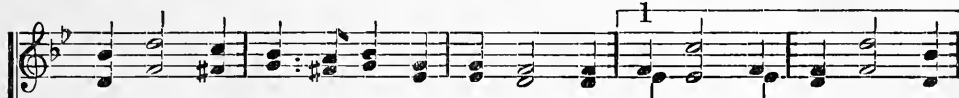
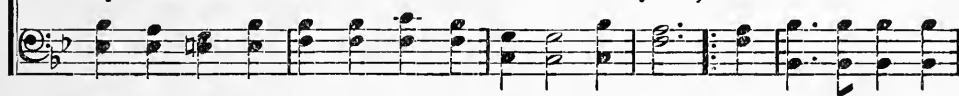
rice for me; (for me;) But I longed for a rich - er, deep - er flow—The  
 else a - bove; (a - bove;) Peace I knew that I nev - er tho't could be, 'Twas  
 of His word? (His word?) Now be - lieve ev - 'ry prom - ise made is true, Ac -



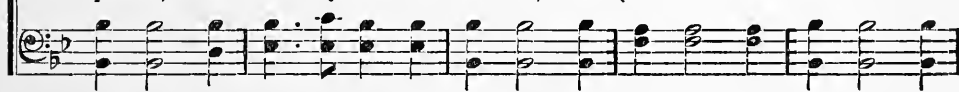
## CHORUS.



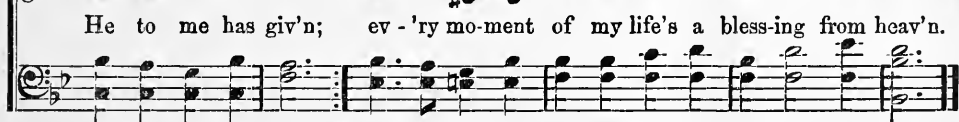
ful - ness of His bless - ing I was hun - gry to know. } { A - bove the world I'm  
 when His Spir - it gave the word of Free - dom to me. } { The word that He has  
 cept the bless - ed Free - dom which He of - fers to you. }



liv - ing, My best to Je - sus giv - ing, I'm hap - py in Free - dom that  
 spok - en, Has ev - 'ry fet - ter brok - en, And (Omit.....)



He to me has giv'n; ev - 'ry mo - ment of my life's a bless - ing from heav'n.



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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I'm Living On the Mountain;" "Blessed Be the Name;"  
 "I've Anchored in Jesus;" "I Have the Witness Within."

# No. 24.

# I Hear a Voice.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I hear a voice; . . . 'tis calling me, . . . As long a-go, . . . by Gal-  
 2. I hear a voice . . . within my soul; . . . My Saviour seeks . . . for full con-  
 3. I hear a voice; . . . a stirring call, . . . To do His will, . . . whate'er be-  
 1. I hear a voice; 'tis calling me, As long a-go,

lee; . . . So Je-sus calls . . . to me to-day, . . . To fol-low  
 trol, . . . To lead me on, . . . to 'things above, . . . To stronger  
 fall; . . . That, leaving all, my life may be, . . . Used all for  
 by Gal-i-lee; So Je-sus calls to me to-day,

### CHORUS. *a tempo.*

*rit.*  
 Him, . . . the Living Way.  
 faith, . . . to pur-er love. He's call-ing me, He's call-ing me,  
 Him, . . . in service free. }  
 To follow Him, the Living Way, call-ing me, calling me,

Je-sus my Lord . . . is call-ing me! So will I now . . . His grace im-  
 my Lord So will I now

*rit.*  
 plore, . . . . . To fol-low Him . . . . . for ev-er-more.  
 His grace implore, To fol-low Him for ev-er-more.

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"Where He Leads Me I will Follow," (to be sung after above chorus) No. 84.



# No. 25.

# God's Morning.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivo.*

1. Are you un-done with the toil of the day, Al-most too wea-ry to  
 2. Close we shall stand by the pearl-y white throne, Where our Re-deem-er, the  
 3. O what re-joic-ing when friend meets with friend, In that bright cit-y where

think or to pray; Look to the hills where we'll gather some day, In the  
 Fa-ther's own Son, Then will re-ward us for la-bor well done, In the  
 joys nev-er end; Glad songs of praise and thanksgiv-ing will blend, In the

CHORUS.

morn-ing, God's beau-ti-ful morn-ing. In the morn-ing, God's beau-ti-ful

morn-ing, We shall meet in that wonder-ful day, With earth's tri-als all past,

We shall gath-er at last, In the morn-ing, God's beau-ti-ful morn-ing.

# No. 26.

# Jesus Cares for You.

C. E. S.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

1. If you're wea-ry, worn and sad, Noth-ing seems to make you glad, Look to  
 2. If the bat-tle fierce is on, And the friends you trust-ed gone, Christ will  
 3. If some sor-row comes a-gain, Bringing to you grief and pain, With His

Je - sus for He gave His life for you; Don't give up in sad de - spair,  
 give you vic - to - ry if you are true; Just be sure to stem the tide;  
 ten - der lov - ing hand He'll bear you thro'; If death's an - gel hov - ers near,

Tell to Him your ev - 'ry care, And re - mem - ber Je - sus cares for you.  
 Look to Him your help and guide, And re - mem - ber Je - sus cares for you.  
 Praise the Lord, you need not fear, Just re - mem - ber Je - sus cares for you.

*D.S.*-You can sing the vic - tor's song, And re - mem - ber Je - sus cares for you.

CHORUS.

Je - sus cares for you, O yes, He cares for you, If you

trust Him He will guide you safe - ly thro' When the day seems dark and long,

# No. 27.

# Because He Loved Me So.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

KATHERINE HOWE.



1. For me He left the realms of light, And wandered thro' earth's dreary night;  
 2. From heav'n to earth for me He came, For me He bore the scorn and shame;  
 3. O bless - ed Sav - iour, take my heart, And let me ne'er from Thee de - part;



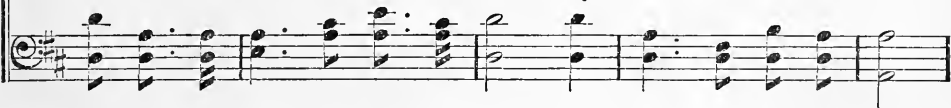
He tast - ed ev - 'ry bit - ter woe, And all be - cause He loved me so.  
 For me He suf - fer'd here be - low, And all be - cause He loved me so.  
 My life, my all to Thee I owe, For Thou, O Christ, hath loved me so.



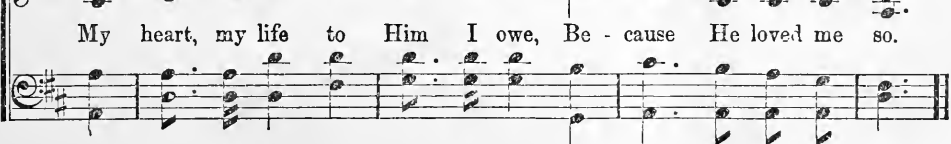
## CHORUS.



He loved me so! He loved me so! My Sav - iour loved me so!



My heart, my life to Him I owe, Be - cause He loved me so.



# No. 28.

# 'Tis Heaven with Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Tis heav - en on earth since Je - sus came in, Re - new - ing my life, for -  
 2. To walk with the Lord, to know His sweet will, To learn when to speak and  
 3. To feed on His word, to tell of His fame, To do all I do in

giv - ing my sin; O'er - flow - ing my cup with joy from a - bove, And  
 when to be still; To go ev - 'ry day where He'd have me go, Is  
 His bless - ed name; And no oth - er King but Je - sus to know To

CHORUS.

flood - ing my life with love. } That's heaven, . . . just heaven, . . .  
 heav - en on earth be - low. }  
 me is a heav'n be - low. } That's heaven, just heav - en,

Real heav - en on earth with Je - sus, His pow'r makes me whole,

His love fills my soul 'Tis heav - en on earth with Je - sus.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"O Hallelujah! Yes, 'tis Heaven!" "Draw Me Nearer,"  
 "Higher Ground;" "And He Walks with Me."

# No. 29.

# I'll Go With Him All the Way.

D. M. S.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. I am walk-ing now be-side the Sav-iour, He so gen-tly leads me day by day,  
 2. Tho' some-times He leads me thro' the val-ley, There I lis-ten to Him soft-ly say:  
 3. 'Tis so sweet to fol-low where He lead-eth, Tho' it be the strait and nar-row way;  
 4. Soon I'll reach the end of this short journey, Soon I'll reach that happy gold-en shore,

I will fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, I'll go with Him all the way.  
 "Fear not, fol-low on, still I am with thee, I'll go with thee all the way."  
 'Tis the path that leads to that bright homeland, And I'm go-ing there to stay.  
 There to walk the gold-en streets of glo-ry, There to praise Him ev-er-more.

## CHORUS.

{ I am go-ing all the way with Je-sus, I have start-ed in to go clear thro;  
 { By and by He'll call me home to heav-en, There to live throughout e-ter-nal day;

1  
 I will fol-low glad-ly where He lead-eth, I'll be faith-ful, I'll be true;

2  
 I have start-ed in to fol-low Je-sus, I'll go with Him all the way.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Sweeter as the Years Roll By (Miles);" "I Have the Witness Within."

# No. 30.

# The Lights of Home.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm a mar - i - ner out on a dark, troub - led sea; But the Sav - iour has  
 2. 'Tis the love of the one Whom the world cru - ci - fied That has kin - dled the  
 3. Fel - low sail - or with me as we breast ev - 'ry wave, Fix your eyes on the

of - fered my Pi - lot to be: To His lov - ing con - trol I'll sur -  
 gleam me to glo - ry to guide; And these lights can - not fail, how - e'er  
 lights that are shin - ing to save: Oth - ers fade by - and - by, leave you

### CHORUS.

ren - der my soul And steer for the lights of home.  
 wild is the gale, I'll trust to the lights of home. } The lights of home . . . . are  
 help - less to die, O steer for the lights of home. }  
 1. for the lights of home. The lights of home

gleaming bright, . . . . To cheer me thro' the stormy night; . . . . I've naught to  
 are gleaming bright, to cheer me, cheer me thro' the night;

thro' the night;

fear . . . . with them in sight, The lights, the lights, the lights of my home, sweet home.  
 I've naught to fear in sight,

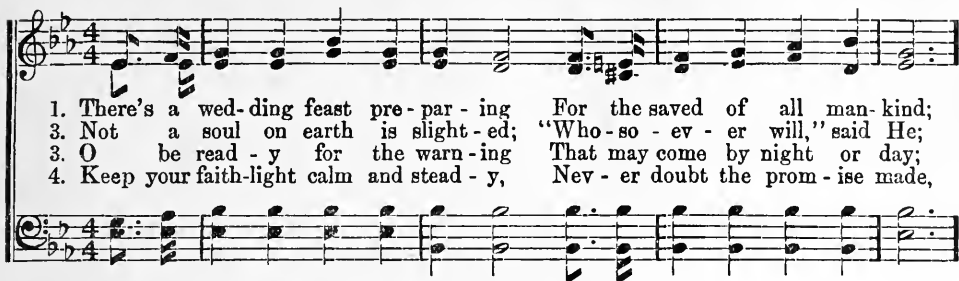
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Suggested Choruses to follow—"In That City;" "Home, Sweet Home."

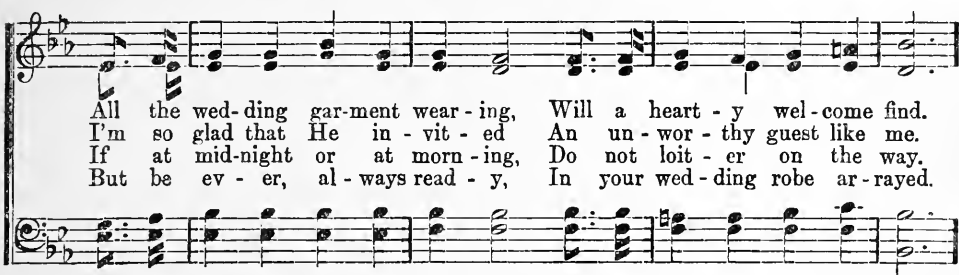
# No. 31. Put On the Wedding Garment.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

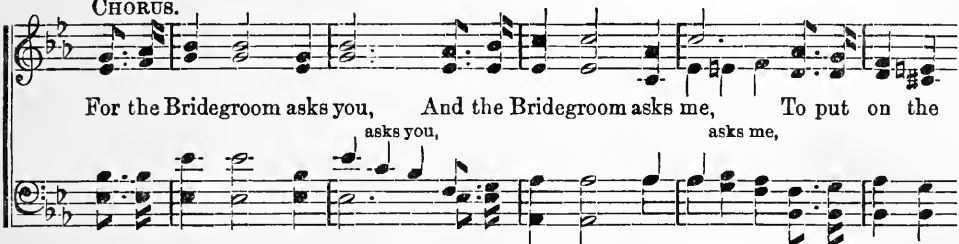


1. There's a wed-ding feast pre-par-ing      For the saved of all man-kind;  
3. Not a soul on earth is slight-ed;      "Who-so-ev-er will," said He;  
3. O be read-y for the warn-ing      That may come by night or day;  
4. Keep your faith-light calm and stead-y,      Nev-er doubt the prom-ise made,

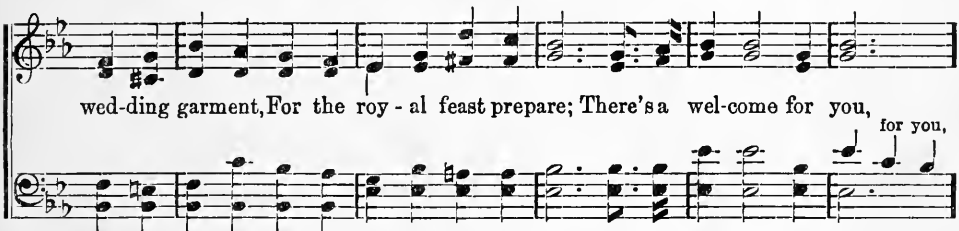


All the wed-ding gar-ment wear-ing,      Will a heart-y wel-come find.  
I'm so glad that He in-vit-ed      An un-wor-thy guest like me.  
If at mid-night or at morn-ing,      Do not loit-er on the way.  
But be ev-er, al-ways read-y,      In your wed-ding robe ar-rayed.

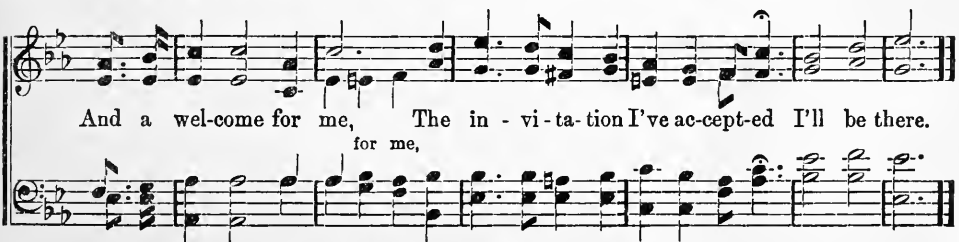
## CHORUS.



For the Bridegroom asks you,      And the Bridegroom asks me,      To put on the  
asks you,      asks me,



wed-ding garment, For the roy-al feast prepare; There's a wel-come for you,  
for you,



And a wel-come for me,      The in-vi-tation I've ac-cept-ed I'll be there.  
for me,

# No. 32.

# God's Guiding Hand.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. A - long the path - way of the years, A - mid earth's sor - row and its tears,  
 2. O'er sun - lit hills or val - leys drear, O'er mead - ows green or des - ert sear,  
 3. When I can sing a glad - some song, Or when my heart weeps all day long,  
 4. Then rest my heart in this glad tho't: The best for thee, thy Lord hath sought,

There is a tho't that always cheers; God's guiding hand shall lead me on.  
 My heart shall know no anx - ious fear; His guiding hand shall lead me on.  
 I find a con - so - la - tion strong, God's guiding hand shall lead me on.  
 What comes to thee thy God hath bro't, His guiding hand shall lead me on.

CHORUS.

God's guid - ing hand shall lead, shall lead me on, Un - til the  
 shall lead, lead me on,

mists of life are gone, In - to the light of end - less  
 mists of life, the mists of life are gone, the light

day end - less day, His guid - ing hand shall lead, shall lead the way.



# No. 33.

# Keep Looking Unto Jesus.

HERBERT BUFFUM.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. Would you un-der-stand the se-cret of the o-ver-com-er's life? Keep  
 2. When the en-e-my as-sail-eth when the temp-ter press-es sore, Keep  
 3. And when you be-hold the Jor-dan flow-ing there in front of you, Keep

look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way; Would you come off more than conqu'ror  
 look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way; Just re-mem-ber where sin doth a-  
 look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way; Just keep look-ing un-to Je-sus

in the midst of ev-'ry strife, Keep look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way.  
 bound His grace a-bound-eth more, Keep look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way.  
 He will bear you safe-ly thro', Keep look-ing un-to Je-sus all the way.

## CHORUS.

Keep look-ing, . . . . . Keep look-ing, . . . . . Keep look-ing un-to  
 un-to Je-sus, all the way,

Je-sus all the way. Keep looking un-to Je-sus all the way.  
 all the way.

# No. 34.

# When Day is Done.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When day is done and twi- light shad-ows Have flung their mantle o'er the sky;  
 2. When day is done and friends have part-ed, When weary toil-ers find re- pose;  
 3. When day is done and la- bors end- ed, Have bro't the night of peaceful rest,

I oft- en think of life's sweet eve-ning hour That I shall come to by and by.  
 My heart with glad an- tic- i- pa- tion, Turns to the hour when life shall close.  
 I know that I shall find a wel- come Within the homeland of the blest.

CHORUS.

When day is done and life is end- ed, And I the  
 When the day is done and life is end- ed,

vic- t'ry shall have won, . . . . Then I shall know the hall- lowed  
 I the vic- to- ry have won, I shall know the  
 I have won,

## When Day is Done.—Concluded.

joys of heav'n, When day is done, when day is done, is done. . . done.  
When the day is done, is the day is done.

## No. 35. In the Summer-Land.

J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

1. O how sweet to know, while we toil be-low, Where no heart from care is free;
2. All their care is o'er they will sigh no more, All their tears are wiped a-way,
3. Are we sure that we at the gate will be; Do we watch and wait and pray?

That at heav-en's gate ma - ny dear ones wait, Wait to wel-come you and me.  
And they sing the song of the an - gel throng, As they wait for us to - day.  
Shall we meet them there in the morn - ing fair When the shadows flee a - way?

CHORUS.

In the sum - mer-land a - bove, . . . All so pure and glad and free;  
a - bove, so free;

Ma - ny dear ones wait at the pearl - y gate, Wait to wel-come you and me.

# No. 36.

# Safe at Last.

A. G.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Sometime the storms of life will cease, And I shall be at rest and peace;  
 2. Sometime this earth - ly house will fall, But that will mat - ter not at all,  
 3. Tho' dark this world may be to me, And oft my path I can - not see,

And then I'll see my Sav - iour King, And with re - deemed ones I shall sing.  
 For there's a home pre - pared for me, Where I shall sing e - ter - nal - ly.  
 Yet there is light be - yond the main, And there I'll sing this glad re - frain:

CHORUS. last, yes, safe at last,

I'm safe at last, at last, yes, safe at last, And all my

sor - rows past, Tho' storms may roll,

earth - ly sor - rows, all my sor - rows past, Tho' storms may roll, may roll, from pole to

from

pole, I'm safe at last, . . . I'm safe at last. at last.  
 pole to pole,

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Sweet By and By," "On Christ the Solid Rock;" "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

# No. 37.

# When He Held Out His Hand.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When I sought Him, free - ly bro't Him, Life sur - rendered un - to Him a - lone;  
 2. Heav'n - ly treas - ure be - yond meas - ure, Filled my emp - ty soul with love di - vine,  
 3. Nev - er lone - ly, Je - sus on - ly Now in fel - low - ship di - vine I know;

Lol He drew me, has - tened to me, Hands outstretched to clasp my own.  
 As I knew Him, has - tened to Him, Clasped His ho - ly hand in mine.  
 Not an - oth - er, friend or broth - er Can pre - vent its price - less flow.

### CHORUS.

When He held out His hand to me, to me, When He held out His hand to me, to me, to me,

The print of the nails, the print of the nails, For tears, I scarce - ly could see.

I could not re - sist, Those nail - prints I kissed, When He held out His hand to me.

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Suggested Chorus to follow—"Come, Ye Disconsolate."

# No. 38.

# When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT.

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;  
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;  
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;  
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the man-sions, bright and bless - ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.  
 But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.  
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.  
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.  
 1. for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re -  
 When we all What a

joy - ing that will be! When we all see  
 day of re - joice - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . .  
 shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

# No. 39.

# A Day with Him.

W. C. POOLE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Tis a glad, sweet time When a day I spend And my Lord and I  
 2. 'Tis a glad, sweet way That my Sav- iour leads When with me all day  
 3. 'Tis a glad, way bright By my Sav- iour's side; When His ho - ly light

Talk as friend with friend; And His way di - vine On that day is mine—  
 He sup - plies my needs; When with me He walks, When with me He talks—  
 All my foot - steps guide; When with me Christ goes And the way He shows—

### CHORUS.

'Tis a glad sweet hap - py day. For He knows me And He

shows me And we walk with one ac - cord; In the right way—

In the bright way— Ev - 'ry day as I walk with my Lord.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"And He Walks with Me;" "O Hallelujah! Yes, 'tis Heaven'  
 'Higher Ground."

# No. 40. Since Jesus Came in to Stay.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Like the clouds of the night From the dawn's gold-en light, All my doubtings have  
 2. Since I o - pened the door To the life ev - er-more, Hal - le - lu - jah, I  
 3. I have peace with my God, And His love, shed a-broad, While I'm going a -

pass'd a - way; Now with - in me will shine Beams of mer - cy di - vine,  
 now o - bey; There's de - liv - rance from sin, Grace, the bat - tle to win,  
 long the way; Sing - ing praise to my King, Love will mount on the wing,

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in to stay. Since Je - sus came in to

stay, My night has been turn'd to - day; What a love He hath shown,  
 to stay, to day,

What a joy I have known, Since Je - sus came in to stay.  
 to stay.



# No. 41.

# Waiting.

KATHLEEN R. WHEELER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Wait - ing through the still - ness For the lift - ing of the song;  
 2. Wait - ing, calm and read - y, Till we hear the Sav - iour's call;  
 3. Wait - ing love's re - new - al Thro' the pain of part - ing now;  
 4. Wait - ing far - off plen - ty, Work - ing on, with emp - ty hands,

Wait - ing in the shad - ows, Till the sun - shine comes a - long.  
 Wait - ing, thro' life's mys - t'ry, For the mean - ing of it all.  
 Wait - ing thro' the tu - mult, With God's peace up - on our brow.  
 Wait - ing, pa - tient hope - ful, Tho' the pres - ent mock - ing stands.

## REFRAIN.

For the bless - ing com - eth sure - ly, E - ven tho' it tar - ries late;  
 For the thorn - y road we're tread - ing, Lead - ing up - ward, sure and straight;  
 For the life - time in the fu - ture; Shall be free from fear and hate,  
 For the things we weep and pray for Lie in - side of heav - en's gate,

And they al - so serve, right tru - ly, Who on - ly stand and wait.  
 And we al - so serve, right tru - ly, If we on - ly stand and wait.  
 And they al - so serve, in this world, Who on - ly stand and wait.  
 Rich and read - y for the crown - ing, Of those who stand and wait.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I Need Thee Every Hour;" "Draw Me Nearer;" "I've Anchored My Soul;" "And He Walks with Me."

# No. 42. We Shall Walk with the Saviour.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We shall walk with the Sav-iour in robes pure and white, In that beau - ti - ful  
2. We shall walk with the Sav-iour in robes pure and white, Where our faith shall have  
3. We shall walk with the Sav-iour in robes pure and white, By the beau - ti - ful

coun - try so ra - dant and bright He has gone to pre - pare us a  
yield - ed to beau - ti - ful sight; When the King in His beau - ty and  
fount - ains of end - less de - light; Where the Lamb in the midst shall His

man - sion so fair There He waits with our loved ones to wel - come us there  
glo - ry we see, With our loved ones in glo - ry for - ev - er to be.  
ran - somed ones lead, And the soul from its bond - age for - ev - er is freed.

## CHORUS.

We shall walk with the Sav - iour in white, In those  
in white,

beau - ti - ful man - sions of light; There is noth - ing to fear, Neith - er

# We Shall Walk with the Saviour.—Concluded.

*rit.*

sor - row nor tear, In those beau - ti - ful man - sions, those mansions of light.

## No. 43. Open the Windows of Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sav - iour, we seek for Thy bless - ing, Prom - ised to us long a - go;  
 2. Help us to bring to Thy store - house, All that be - long - eth to Thee;  
 3. Fill all our hearts with Thy ful - ness, From Thy great o - cean of love;  
 4. O - pen the win - dows of heav - en; Gra - cious - ly an - swer our prayer

Now, in Thy name, we are pray - ing, Won - der - ful mer - cies be - stow.  
 Off - rings of life, love and ser - vice, Thine bless - ed Sav - iour, to be.  
 Grant us the might of Thy Spir - it, Gird us with pow'r from a - bove.  
 Till we shall sing hal - le - lu - jahs, When in Thy glo - ry we share.

### CHORUS.

O - pen the win - dows of heav - en; Pray we in lov - ing ac - cord; . . .

ac - cord;

While we are trust - ful - ly wait - ing, Pour out Thy bless - ing, O Lord! . . .

O Lord!

# No. 44. He Doeth all Things Well.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOP., OR ALTO AND TENOR.

1. Keep trust-ing in the Sav - iour; His bless-ed words re - call. "Lo, I am with you  
 2. Keep trust-ing in the Sav - iour; He died to save your soul, And now, is pleading  
 3. Keep trust-ing in the Sav - iour, For He will walk with thee; And nev - er - end - ing

al - way," What - ev - er ills be - fall; Re - mem - ber all His good-ness With  
 for thee; On Him thy bur - dens roll; His love, like heav'n - ly sun - shine, Will  
 mer - cies Thy wond'ring eyes shall see; His light will shine up - on thee, Peace

grat - i - tude to tell, And whis - per for thy com - fort, "He do - eth all things well."  
 ev - 'ry doubt dis - pel; Thro' storm - y days, or peace - ful, "He do - eth all things well."  
 in thy heart shall dwell, While Faith and Hope are singing, "He do - eth all things well."

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Keep trust - ing in the Sav - iour; His love. O who can tell?  
 Keep trusting His love, can tell? can tell?

*rit. e dim.*  
 O give Him praise and glo - ry, "He do - eth all things well."  
 O give O yes, He do - eth, "He doeth all things well."

# No. 45.

# The City o' Rest.

A. G.

(Scottish version by George G. Falconer, Jr.)

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO.

1. O sin-ner, come lis-ten, I'll tell un-to you, The news o' sal-va-tion, sae  
 2. My Faith-er, the King, in com-pas-sion an' love, Sent Je-sus, His Son frae His  
 3. This plan o' sal-va-tion—sae lof-ty, sae grand—Is mair than the hu-man can  
 4. Then won't you ac-cept Him, O sin-ner, my friend, This won-der-fu' Saviour, whase

guid, and sae true; My Faith-er is King in the realms o' the blest, An' for  
 hame up a-bove, Tae dee for a' sin-ners' on Cal-va-ry's tree, An' tae  
 e'er un-der-stand: But what dost it mait-ter tae you or tae me Since  
 luve has nae end? An' if you'll but trust Him, an' gie Him your best, You shall

CHORUS.

me there's a man-sion in the cit-y o' rest,  
 of-fer sal-va-tion tae you an' tae me. } O cit-y, sae fair, sweet  
 faith in His prom-ise, a-lane maks us free.  
 dwell in His man-sions in the cit-y o' rest.

hame o-ver there. Which Je-sus, oor Saviour, has gane to prepare. When life's gold-en

sun shall de-scent in the West, May we find that blest cit-y, that cit-y o' rest.

# No. 46.

# Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing  
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent  
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -  
 5. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, List - 'ning ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
 mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my all in all,

## CHORUS.

Standing on the prom - is - es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour; Stand - ing,  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

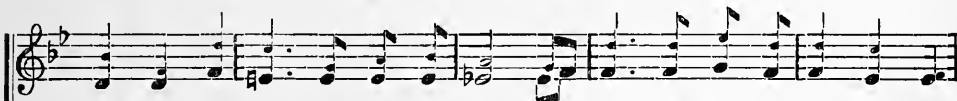
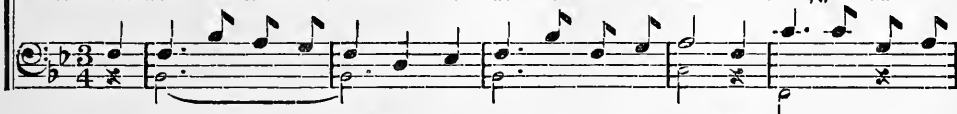
# No. 47. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

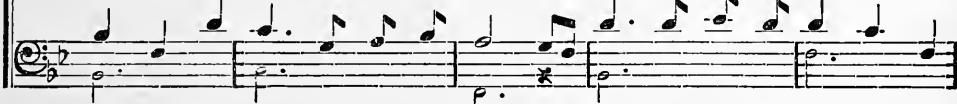
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



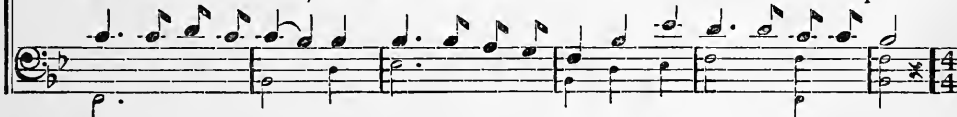
1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous grace that
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple thronged a -
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss - To bear, with - out a



brou't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of mer - cy, Far  
 bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken - heart - ed, And  
 mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in glo - ry, Let



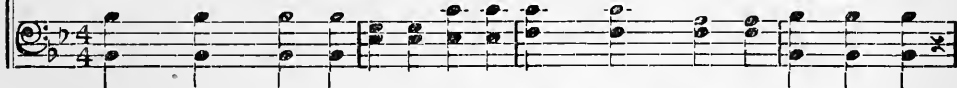
deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heavens, My theme shall ev - er be.  
 caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In love for e - ven me.  
 us our voic - es raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With our Redeemer's praise.



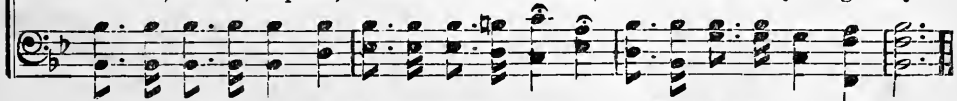
## CHORUS.



Sweet - er as the years go by, . . . Sweet - er as the years go by;  
 Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis sweet - er as the years go by;



Rich - er, full - er, deep - er, Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.



# No. 48.

# The Ninety and Nine.

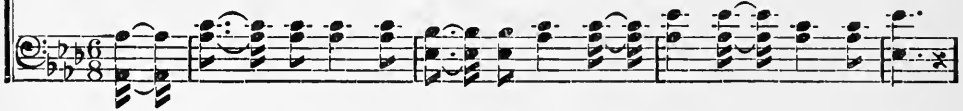
(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

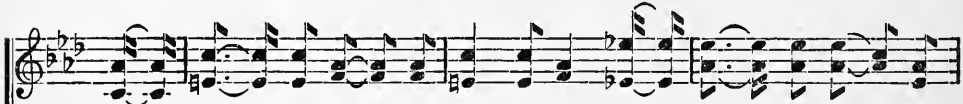
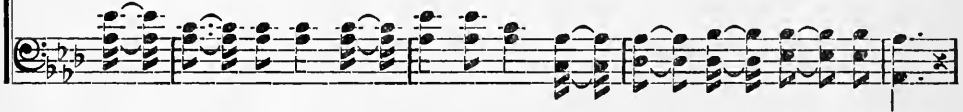
IRA D. SANKEY.



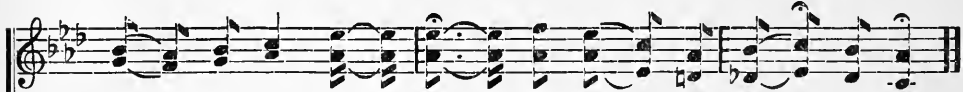
1. There were nine-ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransom'd ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep,



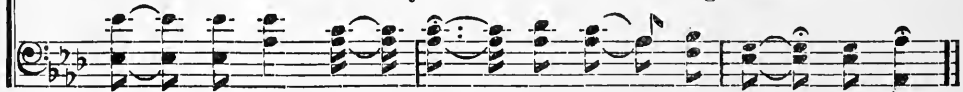
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold—  
 But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - der'd a - way from me,  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:  
 "They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"  
 There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
 And, al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to  
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and helpless and  
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierc'd to - night by  
 And the an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! For the Lord brings



Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.  
 find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."  
 read - y to die, Sick and help - less and read - y to die.  
 ma - ny a thorn, They are pierc'd to - night by ma - ny a thorn."  
 back His own! Re - joice! For the Lord brings back His own!"





# No. 49. I Will Not Leave You Comfortless.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Tenor.

1. I will not leave you com-fort-less, Tho' I shall go a-way, The Comfort-  
 2. And if I go I shall pre-pare For you a dwell-ing place, My Father's  
 3. "I shall re-turn." O Lord, how long Must Thy redeemed a-wait To hear the

CHORUS.

er shall come to bless, For - ev - er-more to stay.  
 house hath mansions fair For those who trust His grace. } "I will not leave you comfort-  
 an - gel's welcome song, Or pass the heav'nly gate? }

less," O pre-cious promise, mine. I seem to hear the ac-cents fall From

lips of love di-vine. O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O death, where is thy

*rall.*

sting? I'll have no fear, for Christ I know, His ran-somed home will bring.

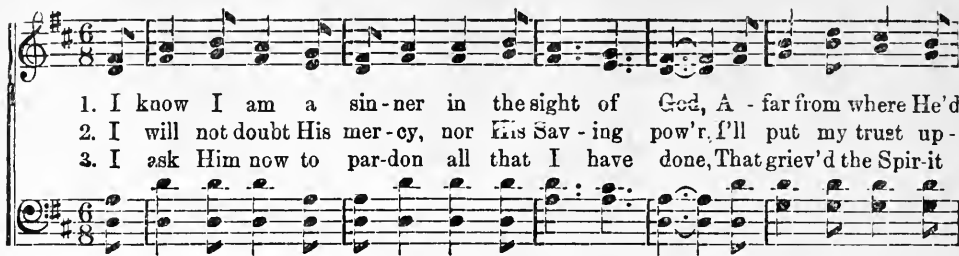
\* For Tenor and Alto omit top notes; for Soprano and Alto omit bottom notes.

## No. 50.

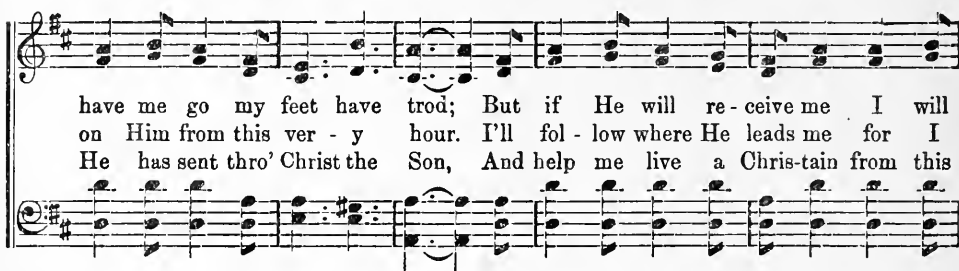
## I Want to Be Saved.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I know I am a sin-ner in the sight of God, A - far from where He'd  
 2. I will not doubt His mer-cy, nor His Sav - ing pow'r, I'll put my trust up -  
 3. I ask Him now to par-don all that I have done, That griev'd the Spir-it

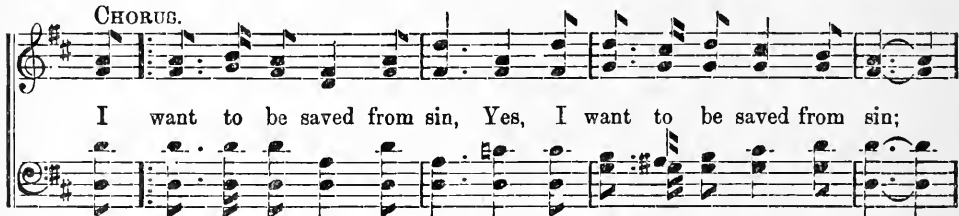


have me go my feet have trod; But if He will re - ceive me I will  
 on Him from this ver - y hour. I'll fol - low where He leads me for I  
 He has sent thro' Christ the Son, And help me live a Chris-tain from this



turn this day And walk with Je - sus ev - er in His ho - ly way.  
 know 'twill be The way His love pro - vides for those He has set free.  
 pres - ent hour, And keep me ev - er faith - ful by His keep - ing pow'r.

## CHORUS.



I want to be saved from sin, Yes, I want to be saved from sin;



And so I'll raise my hand For Christ to take my stand, Yes I

# I Want to Be Saved.—Concluded.

The fold of those now saved by grace I'll en - ter in.

## No. 51. I Am Free.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Praise the Lord! From His condem - na - tion, He hath made me for - ev - er free;
2. Praise the Lord, all my sin and sor - row, Once He bore on the blood - stained tree;
3. Praise the Lord for each bro - ken fet - ter, For the chains He hath cast a - way;

Praise the Lord! For His great sal - va - tion Brings de - liv' - rance and joy to me.  
And no more do I dread the mor - row, For my Sav - iour will care for me.  
By His grace I will serve Him bet - ter; Free to serve, ev - 'ry ransomed day.

CHORUS.

Free, free from the pow'r of sin; Free, free, joy and peace with-in; I'm free, free,

glo - rious lib - er - ty! With the sons of God re - joic - ing, I am free.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Glory to His Name;" "Take Me As I Am;" "Precious Name;" "Yes, My Name's Written There."

# No. 52.

# Not For This World.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Not made for the trifling things of time, But to live for e-ter-ni - ty; . . .  
 2. Not made that our souls in sin should rust, And God's purpose forev-er miss; . . .  
 3. Not made as the flow'rs that fade and die, When the bright summer days are o'er; . . .  
 4. Not made for the fleeting joys of earth That will all quickly pass a - way; . . .

Cre - a - ted to know the things sub-lime In the presence of God are we.  
 Not made to be bur-ied in the dust, But to rise to the heights of bliss.  
 Not made as the mists that soon drift by, But en-dur-ing for ev - er - more.  
 Not made for the wealth of lit - tle worth. But for rich-es that last for aye.

## CHORUS.

Made for a life that nev - er ends, Made for the home of love;  
the home of love;

Made for a bet - ter land than this, Made for the glo - ri - ous world a - bove.

Made to commune with God Him-self, With Him for-e'er to be,  
for - e'er to be.

# Not For This World.—Concluded.

Not made for the trifling things of time But to live for e - ter - ni - ty. (e - ter - ni - ty.)

## No. 53.

## My All is On the Altar.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Melody in Alto, use small notes if Soprano sings melody.*

1. My all is on the al - tar, My heart wilt Thou re - fine;  
 2. My all is on the al - tar, O send the fire just now;  
 3. My all is on the al - tar, I come in Thy dear name;

Ac - cept the hum - ble of - f'ring, And make me whol - ly Thine.  
 I give Thee all for - ev - er, O bless me while I bow.  
 O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I feel the cleans - ing flame.

### CHORUS.

Take Thou my of - f'ring, Lord, Free - ly my all I give; (I give;  
 dear Lord.)

Take me and use me and bless me, dear Lord, With Thee I'll dai - ly live.

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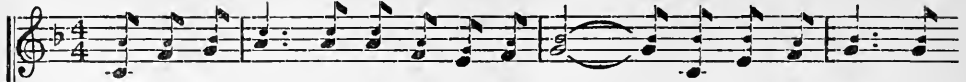
Suggested Chorus to follow—"It is Well with My Soul."

# No. 54.

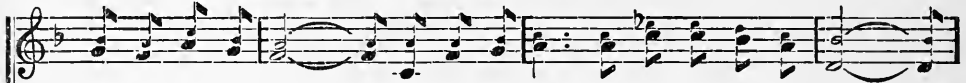
# Some Glad, Sweet Day.

H. L.

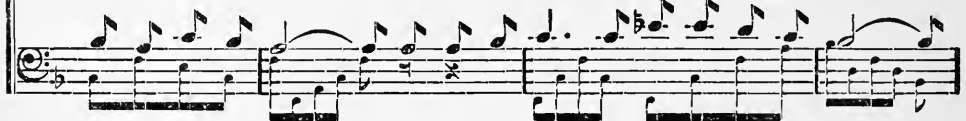
HALDOR LILLENAS.



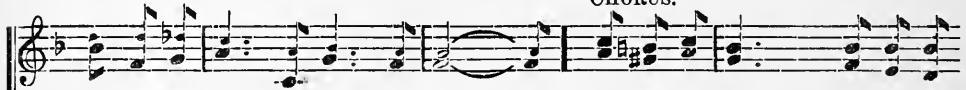
1. O troubled heart bow'd down with bit-ter pain, . . . Think not thy tears of  
 2. Think not the Fa - ther will His own for - sake, . . . All that He sends with-  
 3. God on - ly sends His ver - y best to thee, . . . His eyes be - hold what



grief shall fall in vain; . . . The sun of hope shall shine for thee a - gain, . . .  
 out a mur-mur take; . . . When night is past the gold - en dawn will break, . . .  
 thine may fail to see; . . . His hid - den plans to thee un - veiled shall be . . .



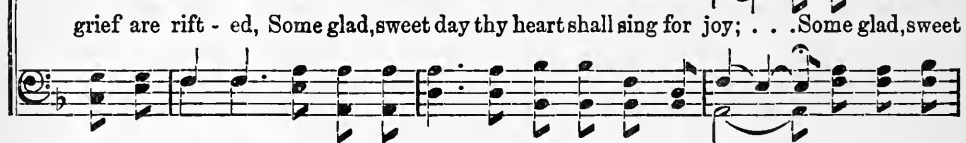
## CHORUS.



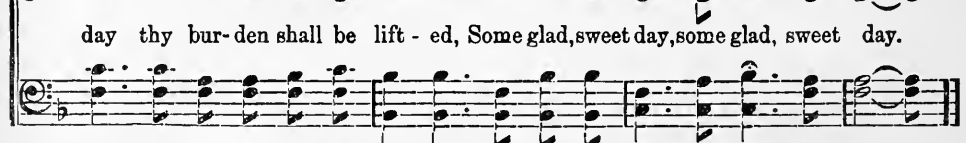
Some glad, sweet day, some glad, sweet day. . . . Some glad, sweet day, when clouds of  
 some glad, sweet day,



grief are rift - ed, Some glad, sweet day thy heart shall sing for joy; . . . Some glad, sweet



day thy bur - den shall be lift - ed, Some glad, sweet day, some glad, sweet day.



H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Lord, let me die to self-ish de - sires, Kin - dle in me the  
 2. Lord, let me know no pleas-ure but Thine, Lost in Thy will, Thy  
 3. Hu - man I am and ev - er will be, Clothe me with gra - cious  
 4. All that I have is laid at Thy feet, My con - se - cra - tion

Pen - te - cost fires; Emp - tied of self and sin may I be, Filled with Thy  
 plans shall be mine; Yield - ed to Thee in serv-ice so blest, Struggling no  
 hu - mil - i - ty; Purge me from sin and make my heart clean, Un - til Thy  
 now is com - plete; I would be guid - ed by Thee a - lone, Take Thou my

CHORUS.

love and hid - den in Thee. } Emp-tied of self, with ho - ly love  
 more, in Thee I find rest.  
 im - age in me is seen.  
 heart and make it Thy throne.

filled, Let ev - 'ry voice with - in me be stilled, Un - til I

hear Thy whis-pers to me, Dead to the world but liv - ing for Thee.

# No. 56.

# Win the World for Christ.

E. E. HEWITT.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Hear our watchword loudly ring-ing, Win the world for Christ; Precious Spread the  
 2. Send the word to ev - 'ry na - tion, Win the world for Christ; Till He  
 3. Tell the bless-ed gos - pel sto - ry, Win the world for Christ; Till He

souls to Je - sus bring-ing, Win the world for Christ; We must all take hold to -  
 knowledge of sal - va - tion, But we'll not for - get our  
 comes a - gain in glo - ry, Win the world for Christ; Toil - ing on with faith and

geth - er; Ev - 'ry one must do his share; Seek them one by one, till the work is done;  
 neighbors, Those who live be - side our door, Speak a word of cheer to a broth - er near,  
 cour - age, Till the sheaves are gathered in; In our special place showing forth His grace,

*D.S.*—And the work will grow, reaching all be - low,

FINE. CHORUS.

La - bor on (la - bor on) with pray'r. } Win the world for Christ; Win  
 Serving more (serving more) and more. }  
 Till the world (till the world) we win. } Win the world for Christ;

Win the world (win the world) for Christ.

one, win one! And the work will grow, reaching all be - low, Till the  
 Win one, win one!



# Win the World for Christ.—Concluded.

*D.S.*

world is won for Christ. Win the world for Christ; Win one, win one!  
Win the world for Christ; Win one, win one!

## No. 57. I Never Can Tell or Repay It.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. O won-der-ful sto-ry which ne'er grows old, The sto-ry of in-fi-nite love;
2. The Sav-iour so sin-less, so pure and true, Came down among sin-ners to dwell;
3. A wit-ness for Je-sus I mean to be, And tell of His won-der-ful love;

It brought the dear Sav-iour to earth for me, From heaven's bright courts a - bove.  
Then gave His own life on the cru - el cross, No mor - tal such love can tell.  
Then some day when earth and its cares are o'er, I'll praise Him in heav'n a - bove.

### CHORUS.

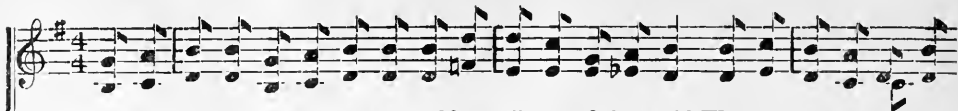
{ But I nev - er can tell it, I nev - er can tell it, The  
{ But I'll love Him and serve Him, con - fess Him and bless Him, Till

height and the depth of His love; call'd to the man-sions a - bove. (a - bove.)

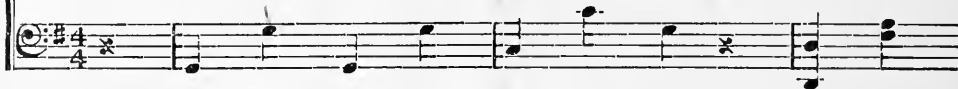
# No. 58. When Our Ships Come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



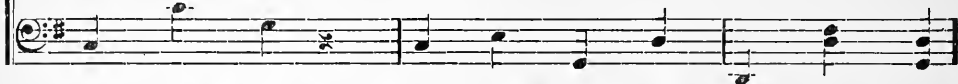
1. When our ships have cross'd the ocean, and been all around the world, When they safely gain the
2. But if there is such re-joic-ing to see vessels here get home, When we know that in a
3. O methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has found her way to
4. So with Je-sus as our Captain we ex-pect to gain that shore, We ex-pect to cast our



ha - ven, and their sails a - gain are furled; We re - joice to see them en - ter, and to  
lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam; O what must it be in heav-en when a  
heav - en, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she had a star to guide her, called the  
an - chor there, and stay for - ev - er more; And we know the an - gels will be there to



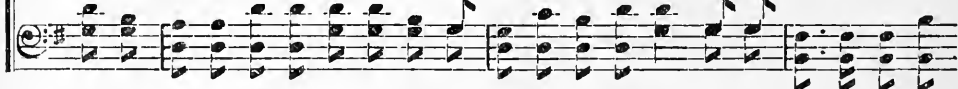
know the an-chor's cast, Rais-ing joy-ful shouts of welcome, for our ships are home at last,  
soul comes sail-ing in, To go out no more for-ev-er sail-ing on the sea of sin?  
bright and morning star, It has guid-ed millions o-ver from that dis-tant land a - far."  
greet us when we come, They will join in songs of rapture, "welcome home, O welcome home."



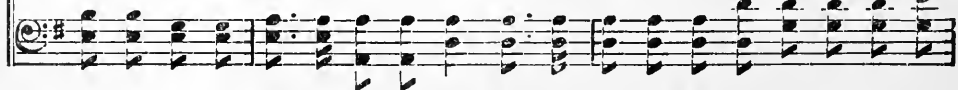
## CHORUS.



O what singing, O what shouting, when our ships come sailing home; They have stood the mighty



tempests they have cross'd the ocean's foam; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they



# When Our Ships Come Sailing Home.—Concluded.

Now have gain'd the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last the voyage is safely o'er.

## No. 59. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin,—O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; When - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. } It is well . . . .  
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul. }  
 scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. } It is

. . . . with my soul, . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 well with my soul,

# No. 60.

# I Am Alpha and Omega.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. My trust I place now and ev - er In One my soul can de - liv - er, A  
 2. My heart with joy now is tell - ing Of Him who finds there a dwell - ing, Whose  
 3. Je - ho - vah, God! Still at - tend me, From doubt and fear still de - fend me, Faith

CHORUS. ^

Ref - uge strong, fail - ing nev - er, For His word is sure. } I am Al - pha and O -  
 love is gen - tly com - pell - ing On His word to rest. }  
 to sus - tain ev - er send me, That my soul fail not.

me - ga, The be - gin - ning and the end - ing, Which is and which

was, And which is to come. I am Al - pha and O - me - ga, The Be -

gin - ning and the end - ing, The Al - might - y, the Al - might - y, saith the Lord.

# No. 61. When I Think of His Love for Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET. *Slowly with expression.*

1. All the fears and mis-giv-ings that bur-dened my heart, Like the  
2. The temp-ta-tions of earth lose their treach-er-ous pow'r, And from  
3. Bless-ings rich and un-num-bered in Je-sus I find, And by

mist of the morn-ing flee; Earth-ly wor-ries and cares from my  
bond-age, He sets me free, And the sweet bells of vic-t'ry ring  
faith, shin-ing realms I see; Clouds of tri-al and grief with bright

CHORUS.

spir-it de-part, When I think of His love for me. }  
out ev-'ry hour, When I think of His love for me. } When I think of His  
mer-cies are lined, When I think of His love for me. }

love for me; There's a calm on the troubled sea, Tho' the bil-lows may roll,

Joy and peace fill my soul, When I think of His love for me.

# No. 62.

# Upward, Ever Upward.

(Dedicated to the Three Choirs of Simpson Memorial M. E. Church.)

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL,  
SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Up-ward, ev - er up - ward, Glad al - le-giance bring; For-ward, still ad -  
 2. Up-ward, ev - er up - ward, Christ has gone be - fore, To His mounts of  
 3. Up-ward, ev - er up - ward, Ev - 'ry trust-ful soul! For-ward, tho' be -  
 4. Up-ward, ev - er up - ward, Leave the vale be - low, For the bright-er

TENOR AND BASS.

vanc - ing, Guid - ed by our King; Seek - ing heights of bless - ing,  
 vis - ion, Call - ing ev - er - more; Up - ward, in a serv - ice,  
 fore us, Might - y bil - lows roll! God will o - pen path - ways  
 sum - mits. With His light a - glow; Help - ing up an - oth - er,

TENOR AND BASS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

*rit.*

Now to us un-known; Seek - ing great - er boun - ties From the heav'nly throne.  
 Lov - ing, full and free; Press - ing on with glad - ness, Where His steps we see.  
 Thro' the surg - ing waves; In the midst of dan - ger, Je - sus rules and saves!  
 With a read - y hand; "Come up, higher," Christian! 'Tis the Lord's command.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

{ On - ward, up - ward! Je - sus is call - ing to - day; . . .  
 { On - ward, up - ward! Do - ing His will as we pray; . . .

*Parts. 1*

On - ward, up - ward! Joy - ful - ly trust - ing Him, Heart - i - ly serv - ing Him;

# Upward, Ever Upward.—Concluded.

Parts. 2

Till in His glo - ri - ous pal - ace we sing And greet Him our Sav - iour King.

## No. 63. The Love of Jesus.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What now is dwelling with - in my heart Bid - ding its sorrows and care de - part?
2. What is the blessing that gives me cheer When life is wea - ry, and skies are drear,
3. What is the pow - er that makes me strong, Right ev - er lov - ing and hat - ing wrong,
4. What will support me when life is past, Ev - er a - bout me to hold me fast.

Peace that an - oth - er can ne'er im - part. — On - ly the love of Je - sus.  
 That bids me trust Him and nev - er fear? On - ly the love of Je - sus.  
 That keeps me safe - ly my jour - ney long? On - ly the love of Je - sus.  
 To bring me safe - ly to heav'n at last? On - ly the love of Je - sus.

### CHORUS.

Who died on the cross for me? Whose blood is my on - ly plea? Who broke my  
for me?

fet - ters and set me free? 'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus, 'Tis Je - sus.

# No. 64.

# Awakening Chorus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - wake! A - wake! And sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A - wake! A -  
A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!  
 2. Ring out! Ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re - peat, re -  
Ring out! Ring out! Re-peat,

wake! And let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! A-wake! The earth is full of  
A-wake! A-wake! A-wake!  
 peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all the earth shall lose its weight of  
re-peat Till all the earth

glo - ry, And light is beam - ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the  
And light is beaming  
 sad - ness, And shout a - new the glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the  
And shout a - new MALE VOICES.

vales and hills resound with gladness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song.  
 heights sing of the great sal - va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

CHORUS. *Parts.* *Unison.*  
 The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is backward hurled! Re - joice! Re -  
sin is back - ward hurled!



# Awakening Chorus.—Concluded.

*Parts.*

joyce! Lift heart and voice, Je- ho- vah reigns! Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to  
 pow'r

all the world, And let His glo- - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-  
 to all the world, And let the grand and glo-rious ban-ner be uufurled! Je- ho- vah

ho- vah reigns! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Je- ho- vah reigns!  
 reigns! Je- ho- vah reigns! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce!

## No. 65. No Shadows Yonder.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

(From the "Holy City.")

ALFRED R. GAUL.

1. No shad-ows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der,  
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a-way! While here I wan-der.  
 3. No part-ing yon-der! No space or time Shall hearts e'er sun-der,  
 4. None want-ing yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un-der

And say, "How long Shall time me sun-der From that dear throng?"  
 Each wea-ry day, I sigh and pon-der My long, long stay,  
 In that fair clime, Dear-er and fond-er—In friendship sub-lime.  
 The ev-er-green palm, Loud as night's thunder Swells out the glad psalm.

# No. 66.

# If Ye Faint Not.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. When our hands have grown weary with toil - ing And we shrink from the fierce noon-tide  
 2. How it lifts when the bur - dens are heav - y, When in vain all our toil - ing ap -  
 3. Then be strong O my soul and cour - age - ous Tho' in tears we may sow by the  
 4. O what joy it will be at the reap - ing If in pray'r and in faith we have

heat, Like a voice from the skies driving tears from our eyes, Comes the message with  
 pearls, When are blighted our dreams and the way drear - y seems, Like a sun - beam it  
 way. God His promise will keep and with joy we shall reap, And our strength it shall  
 sown, Not a har - vest of leaves but of rich, ripened sheaves, At the feet of our

## CHORUS.

com - fort re - plete. } If ye faint not, if ye faint not,  
 light - ens and cheers.  
 be as our day. }  
 Lord to lay down. } If ye faint not, if ye faint not,

In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not, if ye faint not, if ye faint not.

if ye faint not, if ye faint not, In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not.

# No. 67.

# Tell Us.

G. AUSTIN MILES.

J. L. H. Arr. from "Humoresque," by Anton Dvorak.

ALL. *Unison, slowly.*

1. Gal - i - le - an, meek and low - ly, Son of God and Man, so ho - ly,  
2. Gal - i - le - an, Thou has won us, Tho' the friends of earth may shun us,

CHO.—"Come to Me thy all for-sak-ing, And thy heart in sor-row break-ing,

We would glad-ly come and fol-low Thee; Joy-ous youth and joy-ous maid-en,  
Thou a great-er friend than all will be; Earth-ly rich-es can-not meas-ure,

I will heal and joy di-vine will give; Feed thee on the bread of heav-en,

See, we come all treas-ure la-den, Fol-l'wers Thine for aye to be.  
Wealth from Thee a price-less treas-ure, Lasts thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

Speak the peace of sins for-giv-en, Look on me, O soul, and live."

SOP. AND ALTO. *In Parts, faster.*

Tell us, O tell us, what yet a-waits us, If we will fol-low Thee a-lone;  
Tell us, O tell us, wilt Thou re-ceive us, If we sur-ren-der all to Thee?

Tell us, O tell us, are crowns of glo-ry Wait-ing us for bat-tles won?  
Tell us, O tell us, will-ing and wait-ing, Ev-er, on-ly Thine to be.

# No. 68.

# A Dream of Paradise.

CLAUDE LITTLETON.  
*Andante maestoso.*

HAMILTON GRAY.  
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

SOP. AND ALTO.

*f*

1. Once in the eve-ning twi-light, I dreamt a hap-py  
2. Then in my dream ce-les-tial, I heard the din of

dream, Me tho't I was in heav'n a-bove, And saw its crys-tal gleam;  
strife, With all earth's cares and sor - rows, And bit - ter-ness of life;

*cres.*

And calm a-mid the glo - ry, There stood a sing - er fair, . .  
The cry of lit - tle chil - dren, The moan of the poor and sad, . .

*rit.*

Who thro' the still - ness of the night, Sent forth this song of pray'r:  
This song from God's bright an - gels Was sent to make them glad:

CHORUS. Unison.  
*mf Andante grandioso.*

Fa - ther in heav-en a - bove, Glo - rious and might - y;

# A Dream of Paradise.—Concluded.

*Part. f*

Send forth Thy Light of Love, O King most might-y! Fa-ther in heaven above, Fa-ther,

Glo-rious and might-y; Send forth Thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."

## No. 69.

## O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly  
 2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the  
 4. Frail child-ren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the  
 light, whose can-o-py, space; His char-iots of wrath the deep  
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-  
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! How

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.  
 thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.  
 firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

# No. 70.

# Galilee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

DONIZETTI  
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Sun - lit sea, what mem'ries gold - en Hov - er round thy tran - quil shore;  
 2. Bright thy waves, thy bil - lows swell - ing, O'er thee bends an a - zure sky;  
 3. We re - call with joy thy sto - ry, Mem'ries blest a - bout thee twine;

Thro' the a - ges words so old - en, Bring us life for - ev - er - more!  
 As the Sav - iour, earth is tell - ing, Ti - dings sweet from heav'n on high.  
 For the King who left His glo - ry, Is our Sav - iour Lord di - vine.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed shore . . . . . where once the Sav - iour trod, Son of  
 Bless - ed shore

Man . . . . . and yet the Son of God; Hal - lowed shall Thy vis - ion  
 Son of Man

be, . . . . . O bless - ed sun - lit shore of Gal - i - lee.

# No. 71.

# Good-bye Forever Saloon.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O have you heard the sto - ry Of what the states have done? They've voted out the  
 2. Sa - loons were on the cor - ner, Sa - loons were in the square; But leg - is - la - tive  
 3. The wa - ter wagon's com - ing; Let ev - 'ry state get on, From Maine to Hon - o -

booze shops The cause of right has won; They've been a long time with us, 'Too  
 ac - tion Has put them out for fair. They've gone from this glad na - tion With  
 lu - lu, The gulf to Or - e - gon. So put the Brew - ers hors - es Up -

long' has been our cry, But now they've gone for - ev - er So let the ti - dings fly.  
 all their crime and woe, From out our land they're banished, We're glad to see them go.  
 on the farm a - gain, To spend their lives a - plow - ing, Or har - vest - ing the grain.

## CHORUS.

Good - bye for - ev - er sa - loon, Good - bye, good riddance sa - loon, We've  
 Good - bye, good - bye, good - bye, good - bye,

had you many years, With ru - in and with tears, Now its good - bye fore - ver sa - loon.  
 good - bye.

# No. 72

# Lord of Galilee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.  
DUET.—Sop. and Alto.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, We Thy voice of love would now obey;  
2. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, Sadden'd hearts to Thee for comfort came;  
3. Lord of Gal - i - lee, Lord of Gal - i - lee, We would follow where Thy steps have trod;

And we fol-low Thee, glad-ly fol-low Thee, Where Thy loving hand shall lead the way.  
We would help-ers be, joy-ous help-ers be, Bringing cheer to others in Thy name.  
Ev - er faith-ful - ly, ev - er faith-ful - ly, For the path of serv-ice leads to God.

**\*TWO-PART CHORUS.**

We follow on, We follow on, Thy call with joy we will o - bey;  
Then on, Then on, Thy call . . . . with joy o - bey;

We follow on, We follow on, With joy we go where Thou hast trod.  
Then on, Then on, With joy . . . . where Thou hast trod.

**SOP. AND ALTO.**

Then on, . . . . we fol-low on, Thy call . . . . with joy o - bey;  
**MALE VOICES.**

• The Alto and Male voices sing the lower notes of top staff. Soprano sing small notes of top staff.



# Lord of Galilee.—Concluded.

Two-PART. We fol-low on, We fol-low on,

Then on,      Then on,      Paths of serv-ice ev-er lead to God.

## No. 73.      I've Been Doubting.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I've been doubt-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, I have wan-dered from the way;  
 2. I've been stray-ing, I've been stumb-ling, But I'm trust-ing now in Thee;  
 3. I've been wea-ry, I've been drear-y, All for-get-ful of Thy love;

From the sun-shine of Thy fav-or In the dark-ness of sin a-stray.  
 I've been home-sick, I've been wea-ry, Now dear Sav-iour, O keep Thou me.  
 Not a jew-el for Thee win-ning, I've been wounding my Friend a-bove.

CHORUS.

But I'll nev-er, nev-er leave Thee a-gain, Je-sus who conquered the grave;

I'll nev-er, nev-er cru-ci-fy Thee, Lord, By doubt-ing Thy pow'r to save.

# No. 74. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high! The sky is o'ershadow'd with  
 2. Master, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my sad heart are  
 3. Master, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-ements sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is

blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh; Car-est Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou  
 troubled—O wak-en and save, I pray; Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my  
 mirrored, And heaven's within my breast; Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deemer! Leave me a-

lie a-sleep, When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?  
 sink-ing soul; And I per-ish! I per-ish! Dear Master, O hast-en, and take con-trol.  
 lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

## CHORUS.

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace be still! Whether the wrath of the  
 Peace, be still, peace, be still

storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swallow the

## Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey Thy will,

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

*ff* *m* *m* *p* *p* *pp*

## No. 75. Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

From G. F. HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly  
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the  
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
 hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems  
 Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.

# No. 76. Cross, Crown and Throne.

E. E. HEWITT.  
DUET, (or all Sops. and Altos).

G. VERDI  
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

1. Sing . . . . . of the cross, the won - drous cross, Sing . . . . .  
 2. Sing . . . . . of His crown, His roy - al crown, Sing . . . . .  
 3. Sing . . . . . of the throne, the ra - diant throne, Throne . . . . .

. . . of its grace di - vine; Christ our Re-deem - er Saved us from sorrow and  
 . . . of its pow'r di - vine; King ev - er - last - ing, Vain-ly His en - e - mies  
 . . . of the King di - vine; Je - sus is reign - ing, Hap - py al - le - gi - ance we

loss; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of the cross, sing on, sing on!  
 frown; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of His crown, sing on, sing on!  
 own; Sing on, . . . sing on! Sing of the throne, sing on, sing on!

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Sing of the King of glo - ry. God's well-be-lov - ed Son; O sing ye;  
 O sing of the King of glo-ry,

Hon - or His name, mer - cy pro - claim, O friends of Je - sus, sing on, sing on!  
 so wondrous, proclaim, friends

# No. 77.

# Win Them One by One.

C. A. M.

(MARCH SONG FOR MEN.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*In march time.*

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-dcemed we strive to bring,  
 2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;  
 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;  
 4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.  
 They will come if we but dare Speak a word back'd up by pray'r.  
 Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.  
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

## CHORUS.

{ So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In  
 { If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In

all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

## No. 78.

## If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the  
 2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing  
 3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their  
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if  
 des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
 bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam; I'll prove my faith in him— con-  
 fol-low the lead-ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!  
 fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!  
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an-y-where!

## CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go . . . an-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where  
 I'll go

e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His  
 His cross, his

## If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!  
cross, His cross to bear;

## No. 79.. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are fields that to har-vest are white, And a reap-er with joy I will be;
2. There's a mes-sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav-iour whose love sets us free,
3. There are souls who are drift-ing a-way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un-to thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas-ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!  
And the call ring-ing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!  
I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor de-lay, For the Lord can depend on me!

### CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can de-pend on me, on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me; on me;

And his name I'll confess, un-to him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!

# No. 80.

# Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLER

1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm - y breez - es blow, their cry can - not a - larm me, I am safe - ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con - tem - pla - tion, Hear - ing now his

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 shel - ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwelling in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

## CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



# Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply For I am dwelling in Beau-lah Land.

## No. 81.

## In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Slowly.*

1. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the
2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the
3. I'd stay in the garden with him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he

voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.  
mel - o - dy, That he gave to me; With-in my heart is ring - ing.  
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

### CHORUS.

And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own,

And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

# No. 82. Yes, I Know that He is Able.

E. E. HEWITT.  
SOP. AND ALTO.

J LINCOLN HALL.

1. Do you know the mighty Saviour thron'd a-bove, Nev - er chang - ing in His  
 2. Do you know He o - ver - com - eth ev - 'ry foe, As when Daniel prov'd His  
 3. Do you know He ev - er - more will keep His own, That the trust - ing soul He

wis - dom, pow'r and love, Will de - liv - er you to - day, When for  
 God, so long a - go? When temp - ta - tions round you throng, Is He  
 will not leave a - lone? In your tri - als, day by day, Cares and

*rit.*  
 "Pres - ent help" your pray; Do you know that He is a - ble now to save?  
 still your strength and song? Do you know that He is a - ble now to save?  
 dan - gers by the way, Do you know that He is a - ble now to save?

CHORUS.  
 Yes, I know . . . . that He is a - ble; Yes, I know . . . . that  
 Yes, I know Yes, I know

He is will - ing; He is a - ble, He is will - ing;  
 He is a - ble, He is will - ing;

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where He Leads Me I will Follow;" "I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee;" "I'm a Child of the King."

# Yes, I Know that He is Able.—Concluded.

*rit.*

He is a - ble to de - liv - er ev - en me. ev - en me.

## No. 83.

## I Believe It All.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I be - lieve that in the a - ges past, Je - sus died for you and me;  
 2. I be - lieve that God has pow'r to - day, As in glo - rious days of old;  
 3. I be - lieve sal - va - tion full and free, Is for all who will be - lieve;

I be - lieve He pur - chased on the cross, Our re - demp - tion full and free.  
 Send a might - y show'r up - on us, Lord, With Thy love our lives en - fold.  
 Send up - on us Lord our Pen - te - cost, May we now Thy pow'r re - ceive.

### REFRAIN.

I be - lieve I be - lieve it all, it all, I be - lieve I be - lieve it all; it all;

I be - lieve His pow'r will save this hour, Yes, I be - lieve it all.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"At the Cross;" "Happy Day;" "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done;" "I Believe Jesus Saves."

# No. 84. Where He Leads Me I will Follow.

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

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol- low, Where He leads me I will fol- low,

*D. C. Chorus.*

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

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

# No. 85. Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav- en - ly rest, Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
 4. We shall reach our home in heav- en by and by, Keep close to Jesus all the way;

FINE.

For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best, Keep close to Jesus all the way.  
 'Tis a com- fort and joy His fa - vor to know, Keep close to Jesus all the way.  
 Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won, Keep close to Jesus all the way.  
 Where to those we love we'll nev- er say good- by, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

D.S.—By day or by night nev- er turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

# Keep Close to Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way;

## No. 86.

## Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es freely mine; Here shines undim'd one
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads me
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ever-ver-nal trees, And flow'rs, that never-
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melo-dy, As an-gels with the

CHORUS.

bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way,  
 by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land. } O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As  
 fading grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.  
 white-rob'd through Join in the sweet redemption song.

on the highest 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 forev-er more!

# No. 87.

# The Old, Familiar Strain.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.  
(Cho. from Lowell Mason.)

1. The world, with si - ren voice, Would oft my soul al - lure, To swerve me from the  
2. I see the har-vest field, The field al-read-y white, And all my life to  
3. Temp-ta - tions through around; I know my frail-ty still; But faith has found the

bet - ter choice, The good I would se - cure; I sing, the pow'r to gain, This  
Christ I yield, To serve Him with de - light; My heart lifts up, with pray'r, This  
sol - id ground, God will His word ful - fill; His grace lights shad - ows dim; I

## CHORUS.

old, fa - mil - iar strain : A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - old,  
fa - mil - iar air : To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - sing  
the dear, old hymn : Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re -

fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
fill, - O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.  
ly, As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

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# No. 88. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

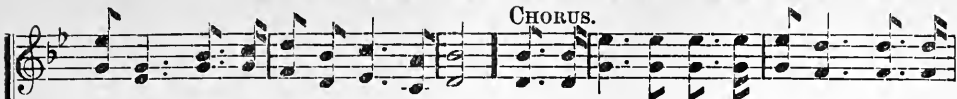
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

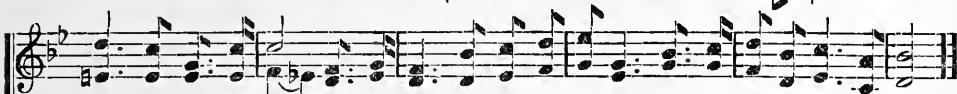
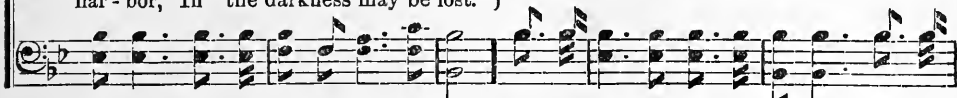
1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse ever-more, But to us He gives the  
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar; Eager eyes are watching,  
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor tempest toss'd, Trying now to make the

# Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.—Concluded.

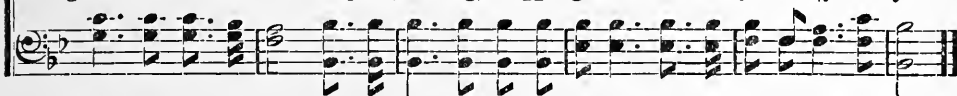
CHORUS.



keep-ing Of the lights along the shore. }  
 long-ing, For the lights along the shore. } Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a  
 har - bor, In the darkness may be lost. }



gleam across the wave! Some poor, fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.



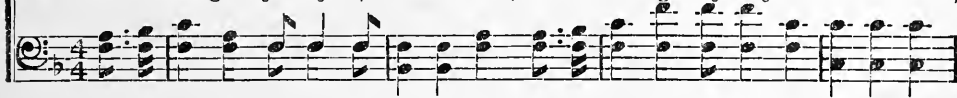
## No. 89. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes;
2. There'll be no more sorrow when Jesus comes, There'll be no more sorrow when Jesus comes;
3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Jesus comes, There'll be no more weeping when Jesus comes;
4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Jesus comes, There'll be songs of greet - ing when Jesus comes;



§

FINE. REFRAIN.



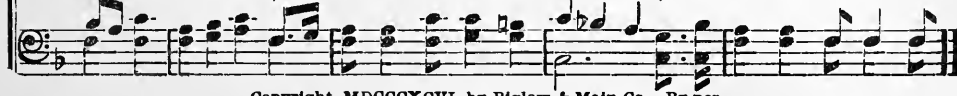
There'll be no dark val - ley when Jesus comes To gather His lov'd ones home.  
 But a glorious morrow when Jesus comes To gather His lov'd ones home. } To gather His  
 But a bless - ed reaping when Jesus comes To gather His lov'd ones home. }  
 And a joy - ful meeting when Jesus comes To gather His lov'd ones home.



D.S.—Jesus comes To gather His lov'd ones home.



lov'd ones home, To gath - er His lov'd ones home; There'll be no dark val - ley when  
 safe home, safe home;



# No. 90.

# A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the  
 3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an  
 4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds of sil-ver and gold  
 poor-est of men, But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high,  
 al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopted, my name's written down,—  
 me o-ver there! Tho' ex-il-ed from home, yet, still I may sing:

CHORUS.

His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.  
 And will give me a home in heaven by and by. } I'm a child of the King,  
 An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.  
 All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

*ad lib.*

A child of the King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

# No. 91.

# Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HUGH WILSON.

1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;  
 2. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art;  
 3. Thea-tonement of thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight im-prove,



# Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.—Concluded.

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.  
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.  
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

## No. 92. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: ii.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright, jas - per
3. That unchang - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit - tering strand, While the  
walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - tervenes Be -  
Naz - a - reth stands, The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er, is he, And he  
sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no  
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I  
hold - eth our crown in his hands, And he holdeth our crown in his hands; The  
meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With

storms ev - er beat on the glit - tering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - tervenes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
King of all kingdoms for - ev - er, is he, And he holdeth our crown in his hands.  
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

# No. 93.

# Count On Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Lord has need of work-ers, to till His field to-day, So  
 2. I count on Thee, dear Mas-ter for cleans-ing in Thy blood, For  
 3. Now gird me for the bat-tle when e-vil pow'rs op-pose, And  
 4. I'll bear an-oth-er's bur-den a-long a lone-ly way, Or

kind-ly He has led me to walk in wis-dom's way; I pray for grace to  
 con-stant streams of bless-ing, a nev-er-fail-ing flood; To ev-er-new fru-  
 give me faith and cour-age, to con-quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al-  
 teach that bur-den-bear-er with con-fi-dence to pray; In serv-ice ev-er

help me with all my heart to say, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 i-tion I see Thy mer-cies bud, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 le-giance, my soul no oth-er knows, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 loy-al at home or far a-way, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.

## CHORUS.

Count on me, count on me, For lov-ing-heart-ed serv-ice glad and free;

Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.

# No. 94.

# God's Way.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LETCH.

DUET. *Espressivo.*

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri - als  
 2. God's way is the best way, My path he hath plann'd, I'll trust in him al - way  
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up - on him.

Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,  
 While holding his hand. In shad-ow or sun - shine He ev - er is near,  
 Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

So hum-bly I trust him, My Sav-iour di - vine. }  
 With him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear. } God's way is the best way,  
 I'll cling to him ev - er, So pre - cious is he. }

*rit.*.....

God's way is the right way, I'll trust in him al - way, He knoweth the best.

No. 95.

The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. O that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stain'd with blood so di-vine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best  
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and di-d,  
 proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. } So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged  
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me. } cross the  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross. . . . . Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross, . . . . . And exchange it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

# No. 96.

# The Gospel Train.

C. A. M.

(Dedicated to Railroad Men.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm trav-'ling now on the saf - est road, That a trav - 'ler ev - er found,  
 2. The will of God is my "or - ders" now, And I'm run - ning right "on time,"  
 3. My "roll - ing stock" is the best that's made, In the gos - pel "shop" down here,  
 4. I know my road has a "tun - nel," too, But my lamps with oil are filled,  
 5. My "run" shall end at the Grand De - pot, Where the Su - per - in - ten - dent waits;

My "right of way" is the Word of God, And it runs on sol - id ground.  
 I'm all prayed up and with "sig - nals clear," "Up the grade" pre - pared to climb.  
 From "pi - lot's nose" on the en - gine front, To the "mark - ers" in the rear.  
 And I'll pass thro' with the gos - pel train, As the Su - per - in - ten - dent willed.  
 Re - ceive my "pay" with a glad "well done," As I pass the o - pen gates.

## CHORUS.

I am trav-'ling on the "hal - le - lu - jah line," On the good old gos - pel train,

I am on the right track, and nev - er will go back To the sta - tion of sin a - gain.

*D.S.*—I am trav - 'ling on the "hal - le - lu - jah line," On the good old gos - pel train.

I need no fare, I'm rid - ing on a "pass," 'Tis the blood for sin - ners slain;

# No. 97.

# When the Roll is Called.

B. M. J.

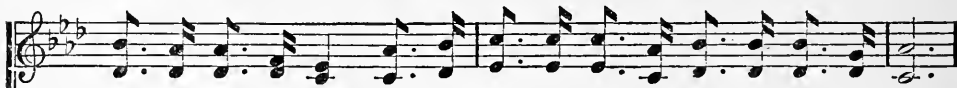
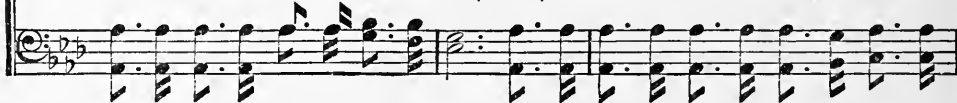
J. M. BLACK.



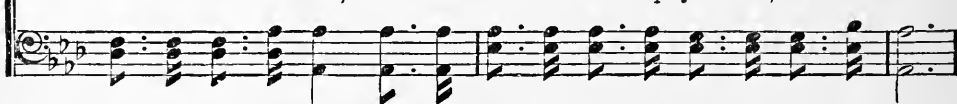
1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the  
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise And the  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun; Let us



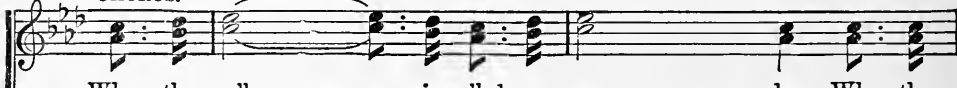
morning breaks e-ternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver  
 glo - ry of his res - ur-rection share; When his chos-en ones shall gather to their  
 talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is o - ver and our



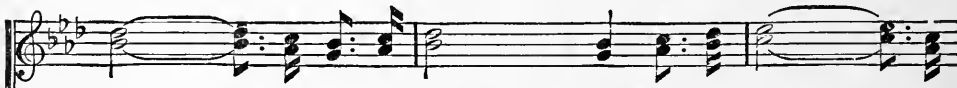
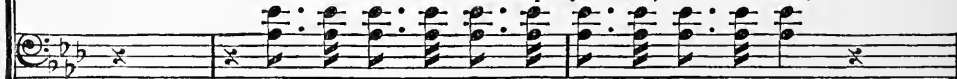
on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.



## CHORUS.



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



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



# When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.

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

## No. 98. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

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

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

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

# No. 99.

# Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to  
 2. I need Thy help, O bless - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and  
 3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My conquer'd heart for -

give to Thee; My stub - born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own  
 doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bless - ed  
 ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my

*rit.* *CHORUS. a tempo. cres.* *f* *p*  
 way, 'tis best for me. } Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own  
 Lord, be ev - er near. }  
 King, my Lord di - vine. }

*f*  
 way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the

*rit.* *f*  
 Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.



HALDOR LILLENAS.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Once I was bound by sin's gall-ing fet-ters, Chained like a slave I  
 2. Free-dom from all the car-nal af-fec-tions, Free-dom from en-vy,  
 3. Free-dom from pride and all sin-ful fol-lies, Free-dom from love and  
 4. Free-dom from fear with all of its tor-ments, Free-dom from care with

struggled in vain; But I re-ceived a glo-ri-ous free-dom,  
 ha-tred and strife; Free-dom from vain and world-ly am-bi-tions,  
 glit-ter of gold; Free-dom from e-vil temp-er and an-ger,  
 all of its pain; Free-dom in Christ my bless-ed Re-deem-er.

CHORUS.

When Je-sus broke my fet-ters in twain. }  
 Free-dom from all that saddened my life. } Glo-ri-ous free-dom,  
 Glo-ri-ous free-dom, rap-ture un-told.  
 He who has rent my fet-ters in twain.

won-der-ful free-dom, No more in chains of sin I re-pine! Je-sus the

glo-ri-ous E-man-ci-pa-tor, Now and for ev-er He shall be mine.

# No. 101.

# Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to  
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-  
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord at Thy  
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-in me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and  
 plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and  
 cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and  
 new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No;" Now wash me, and

*S.* FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*  
 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.

# No. 102.

# Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

*Joyfully.* FINE.  
 1. { Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For a soul re-turning from the wild; }  
 { See! The Father meets him out up-on the way, Welcoming His weary wand'ring child. }  
 2. { Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled; }  
 { Yes, a soul is re-scu-ed from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }  
 3. { Ring the bells of heav-en! Spread the feast to-day, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain, }  
 { Tell the joy-ful ti-dings! Bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain. }

*D.C.*—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a might-y sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS. *D.C.*  
 Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! How the loud harps ring;

# No. 103.

# Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Lord God al-might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!

# No. 104. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy  
 2. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive; Sud-den-ly re -  
 3. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be; Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,  
 turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem-ples leave; Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,  
 great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee. Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev'ry trembling heart.  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.  
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# No. 105.

# I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm  
 2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to  
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The  
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But  
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

*D.S.*—cause he first loved me And

FINE. CHORUS.

*D.S.*

precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.  
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry strain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love him, I love him Be -  
 tell the world around the peace that he doth give. }

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

# No. 106.

# What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt among the lost; Yet, Je-sus  
 2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-  
 3. Will you sur-render to this Saviour, Now be-fore him humbly bow? You, too, shall

CHORUS.

came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost! }  
 to the cross, forsak - en, Was One of the God-head Three! } Who sav'd us from eternal loss?  
 come to know his fav - or, He will save and save you now! }

who

## What Did He Do?—Concluded.

What did He do? Where is He now? In heaven in-ter-ced-ing!  
 but God's Son upon the cross? He died for you! Believe it thou, in

## No. 107. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's  
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's  
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow, There's  
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's

**CHORUS.**  
 won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, won - der - work - ing pow'r  
There is pow'r

1 In the blood of the Lamb; 2 In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.  
In the blood of the Lamb;

# No. 108.

# Blessed be the Name.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;  
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;  
 3. It soothes the troub-led sin-ner's breast, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;  
 4. Then will I tell the sin-ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sorrows heals my wounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.  
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.  
 It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.  
 What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; the Lord.

# No. 109.

# The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.  
REFRAIN.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; } My Christ, the solid  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. }

rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking 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;  
 Dressed in his righteousness alone,  
 Faultless to stand before the throne!

# No. 110.

# I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends.  
 2. He's mine be-cause he died for me, He saved my soul he set me free;  
 3. He's mine be-cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;  
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be-cause I know he's mine.  
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."  
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.  
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, . . . . . this friend so dear, . . . . . He lives with  
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, . . . . . he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms, . . . . .  
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,

a - round him shine, . . . . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.  
 a - round him shine,

# No. 111.

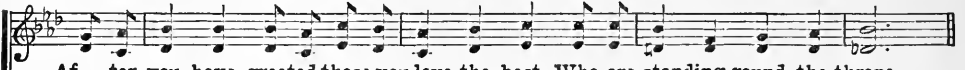
# Look for Me!

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



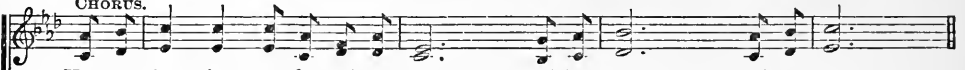
1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure-ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er find-ing treasures new;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;
4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of kings, Who has saved you by his grace;



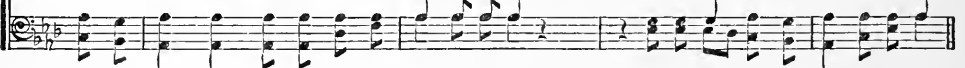
af-ter you have greeted those you love the best, Who are standing round the throne—  
 When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gaz-ing on some glo-rious view—  
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glo-ry to his name!"  
 When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be-hold his face—



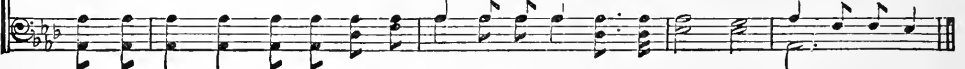
### CHORUS.



You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!



You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name!  
 I'll be there! Precious name!



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# No. 112.

# The Home Gathering.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Here we all must part, Here the ach-ing heart And the sor-row o'er and o'er must come;
2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the hand of God;
3. Tho' we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,



But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.  
 So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.  
 For we know the Lord And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.



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# The Home Gathering.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the great home gathering I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,  
So will I, So will I, So will I.

At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev - er say "good-bye."  
So will I, nev - er say "good-bye."

## No. 113. O What He's Done for Me!

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left his throne a - bove;  
2. When I fell be-neath a heav - y load, Faint and wea - ry, on the downward road,  
3. I had sor - rows that were hard to bear, Heav - y bur - dens that no soul could share;  
4. I'm so glad that Je - sus is my friend, His is friendship that will nev - er end;

All my sins he bore up - on the tree; In ev - er can tell all he's done for me.  
Je - sus took me from the mir - y clay—He led me in - to the King's highway.  
When I faint - ed, in my bit - ter grief, He was the one came to my re - lief.  
O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav - iour he is to me!

CHORUS.

O what he's done for me! O what he's done for me!  
O what he's done O what he's done

If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev - er could tell all he's done for me!

# No. 114. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so, And I re-  
 2. O I de-light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand; His di-vine  
 3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour, near, Trusting that

CHORUS.

mem-ber 'twas for me That he was slain on Cal-vary. } Jesus shall lead me night and day,  
 will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal-vary. }  
 I some day shall see Jesus, my Friend, of Cal-vary. }

Jesus shall lead me all the way; He is the truest Friend to me, For I remember Cal-vary.

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# No. 115. Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

CHORUS.

as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
 dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is "higher ground."  
 caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on "higher ground."  
 pray till hear I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground." } Lord, lift me up and let me stand,

By faith on heaven's table land; A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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# No. 116.

# All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-our say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of  
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone Can  
 3. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then  
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in him com-plete, I'll

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.  
 change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone. } Je - sus paid it all,  
 "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.  
 lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

# No. 117.

# I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;  
 2. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;  
 3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in him I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Bless - ed lamb of Cal - va - ry;

*D. C. Chorus.*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.  
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

# No. 118.

# Christ Arose!

R. L.  
*Slow.*

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Saviour! Wait - ing the coming day, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je - sus, my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead, Je - sus, my Lord!  
 3. Death cannot keep his prey, Je - sus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a - way, Jes - us, my Lord!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose;  
 He a - rose, He a - rose, He a - rose;  
 He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His  
 saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose! He a - rose!

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# No. 119.

# The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. { O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; }  
 { Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, (Omit.....) } Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me; }  
 { O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (Omit.....) } yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world of sin,  
 With heart made pure and garments white  
 And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'T is heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
 My Jesus crucified.

# No. 120.

# Does Jesus Care?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;  
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?  
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;  
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?  
 As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades, Does He care e - nough to be near?  
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
 And my sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks - Is it naught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares; His heart is touched with my grief;

*ad lib.* *rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, the long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....  
 He cares.

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# No. 121

# O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

Tune, MEDITATION.

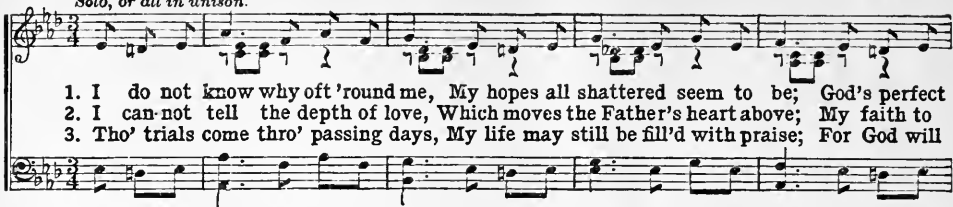
1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - lic - tion I call,  
 2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in past-ures of love?  
 3. He looks and ten thousands of an - gels re - joyce, And myr - i - ads wait for His word;  
 4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!  
 Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - derness rove?  
 He speaks! And e - ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.  
 Re - store and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joyce.

# No. 122. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH,  
*Solo, or all in unison.*

ADAM GETBEL.



1. I do not know why off 'round me, My hopes all shattered seem to be; God's perfect  
2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart above; My faith to  
3. Tho' trials come thro' passing days, My life may still be fill'd with praise; For God will

CHORUS.



plan I can-not see,.....But some day I'll understand.  
test my love to prove, ...But some day I'll understand. } Some day He'll make it plain to me,  
lead thro' darken'd ways, And some day I'll understand. }



Some day when I His face shall see; Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall understand.

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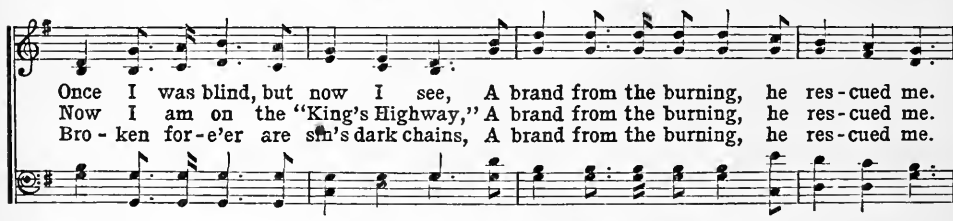
# No. 123. He Rescued Me.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

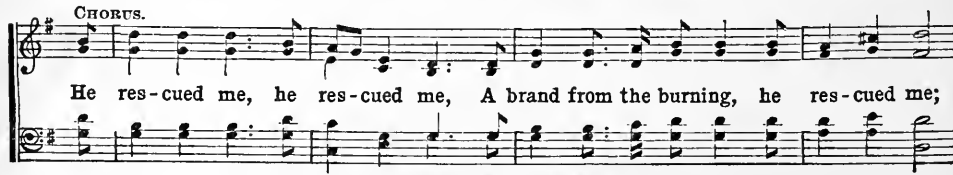


1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;  
2. Once I was wayward, a - far would stray, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;  
3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, he res-cued me;



Once I was blind, but now I see, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.  
Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.  
Bro - ken for-e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me.

CHORUS.



He res-cued me, he res-cued me, A brand from the burning, he res-cued me;

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# He Rescued Me.—Concluded.

O how I'll praise him thro' e - ter - ni - ty, A brand from the burning, he res - cued me.

## No. 124. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.* QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa - ther, O wan - der - er come, Somebody's praying for you;
2. God's voice is call - ing, O do not de - lay, Somebody's praying for you;
3. Quench not the spir - it but yield from your heart, Somebody's praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Turn from the sin - paths no lon - ger to roam, Somebody's praying for you. . . . .  
 Bow at the mer - cy - seat, bend while you may, Somebody's praying for you. . . . .  
 God waits his par - don, his peace to im - part, Somebody's praying for you. . . . .  
 is praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Somebod - y loves you wher - ev - er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft - er day;  
 Somebod - y's wresting in pray'r for your soul, Long - ing to see you made perfect - ly whole;  
 Kneel in your weakness confess - ing your sin, Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.

Pray'ful - ly follows you all the dark way, Somebody's praying for you, for you.  
 Down where the billows of Cal - va - ry roll, Somebody's praying for you, for you.  
 O - pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in, Somebody's praying for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

# No. 125.

# Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom someone could save;  
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tarry, why lin- ger so long?  
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've never been;  
 4. Soon will the sea- son of res- cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-ter- ni- ty's shore;

Somebod- y's brother! O who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per- il to share.  
 Seel He is sinking; O has- ten to- day—And out with the Life-Boat! Away, then, a- way!  
 Winds of temp- ta- tion and bil- lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.  
 Haste then, my brother, no time for delay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to- day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drifting away! Someone is sinking to- day!

# No. 126.

# For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow.*

1. Soft- ly and tender- ly Je- sus is calling— Calling for you and for me; See, on the  
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading— Pleading for you and for me? Why should we  
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing — Passing from you and from me; Shadows are  
 4. O for the wonderful love He has promised— Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have

REFRAIN

portals He's waiting and watching— Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,  
 lin- ger and heed not His mercies— Mercies for you and for me? }  
 gathering, death- beds are coming— Coming for you and for me. } Come home, come home,  
 sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon— Pardon for you and for me.

*cres.* *rit.* *f* *f* *f* *rit.* *f* *f*

Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling— Calling, O sinner, come home.



# No. 127.

# I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. 10: 22.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;  
 2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;  
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy throne I spend  
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, O God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;  
near-er, near-er

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleed-ing side.

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# No. 128.

# Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With great feeling.*

1. I've wander'd far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod,  
 2. I've wasted ma-ny precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit-ter tears,  
 3. I've tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust thy love, believe thy word,  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope restore,

D.S.—O-pen wide thine arms of love, *D.S.*

FINE. CHORUS.

L-rd, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;

Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

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# No. 129.

# Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-our dear, It is not night if Thou be near.  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,  
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;  
 4. Watch by the sick; en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy bound-less store;  
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.  
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-our's breast.  
 A-bide with me when night is night, For with-out Thee I dare not die.  
 Be ev-'ry mourn-er's sleep to-night, Like in-fant's slum-bers, pure and light.  
 Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

# No. 130.

# Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With ma-ny'a con-flict, ma-ny'a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Willt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;  
 5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# No. 131.

# O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,  
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,  
 3. Je-sus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cel'd sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;

# O For a Thousand Tongues.—Concluded.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His gracel  
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-orr of Thy name.  
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

## No. 132. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless. O a-bide with me!  
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!  
 Who, like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy victo-ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.  
 Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

## No. 133. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET, Alt.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro-phies
4. Let ev-'ry kind-red ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. O that, with yon-der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-

di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 ty as-cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.  
 last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 134. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINO.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;  
 4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!

Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!  
 Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 Thou, who almight - y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 His sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# No. 135. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

# No. 136. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re - sign;  
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchas'd my pardon 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 Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."  
I'll sing with the glit-tering crown on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."

## No. 137. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a-tone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.  
And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 138. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be across That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!  
Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

# No. 139.

# Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un-less thou help me I must die; O bring thy  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou can'st  
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove; But since to  
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new, And work both

CHORUS.

free sal - va - tion high And take me as I am!  
 make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!  
 thee I can - not move O take me as I am!  
 in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

Take me as I am, . . .  
 Take me, take me as I am,

Take me as I am; . . . O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 Take me, take me as I am;

# No. 140.

# Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your Saviour is  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striving with - in? O why not ac -  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is

CHORUS.

wait - ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throng.  
 save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.  
 cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur - den of sin.  
 long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

Why not? Why not?

Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?

# No. 141

# We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - or knew our God; But chil - dren of the  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im -

sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne,  
 heav'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a - broad,  
 heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,  
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,  
 1. And thus surround the throne, And thus

CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.  
 May speak their joys a - broad.  
 Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 To fair - er worlds on high. } We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful  
 sur - round the throne. We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

# No. 142.

# O Come, and Will You Go.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Anon.

1. { Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me; }  
 { Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me. }

CHORUS.

O come, and will you go, will you go, will you go, O come, and will you go, Where pleasure never dies

- 2 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 It is for you, it is for me;  
 For God hath bidden all mankind,  
 It is for you, it is for me.
- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
 The invitation is for all;  
 Come, all the world! Come, sinner, thou!  
 All things in Christ are ready now.

- 4 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
 Ye poor and maimed, and halt, and blind  
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 5 My message as from God receive,  
 Ye all may come to Christ and live.  
 O let this love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

# No. 143. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

Rev. J. H. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way; Inspire each tho't and prompt each word  
 2. Around me, Lord, are sinful men, Who scorn and diso - bey; Use me to win them from their sins,  
 3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far astray; Help me to win them back to thee,  
 4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for deliv'rance pray; O let me go and help them, Lord,  
 5. Whatever errand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey; Use me in an - y way thou wilt,

CHORUS.

And make me a blessing to - day. Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly thy

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

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# No. 144. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And faith tak - ing hold of the Word,  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest,  
 4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest,  
 5. O come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tiently waits To save by his pow - er di - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Ha - ven of Rest.  
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.  
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."  
 On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest"  
 Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine."

D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

Used by per. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.



# No. 145.

# At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Alas! And did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die, } cred head For such a worm as I?  
 Would he devote that sa- (Omni.....) }

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart roll'd a-

way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.  
 roll'd away,

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
 For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While his dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my hear in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
 'Tis all that I can do.

# No. 146.

# Hallelujah, 'Tis Done.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

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

CHORUS.

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

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; cru-ci-fied One.

# No. 147. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. 2d and 3d verse by A. A. PAYN.

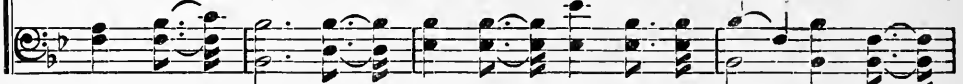
Dr. Wm. S. PITTS.



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er  
 2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the  
 3. It was there I was told of the Sav - iour, Who died for my  
 4. It is there when my heart grows a - wea - ry, I long in its

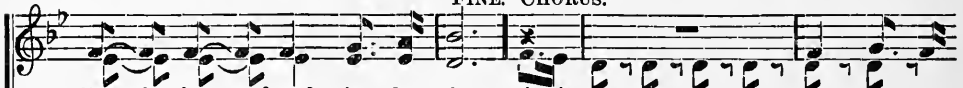


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the  
 clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O  
 sins on the tree; It was there when I prayed for my par - don, That He  
 shel - ter to be; And to rest in its sweet sa - cred still - ness, Would bring

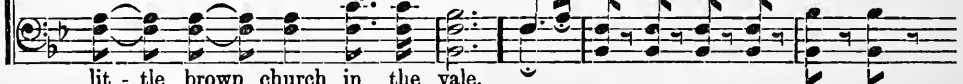


*D.S.*—No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the

## FINE. CHORUS.

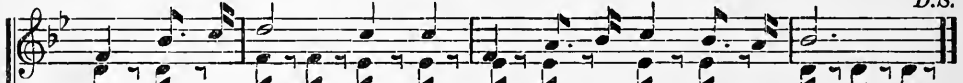


lit - tle brown church in the vale. } Come to the  
 come to the church in the vale. }  
 spoke words of com - fort to me. } O come, come, come, come, come, come,  
 show - ers of bless - ing to me. }

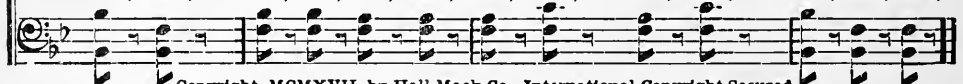


lit - tle brown church in the vale.

*D.S.*



church in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale;  
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



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# No. 148. Blessed Assurance. (Key D.)

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
 O what a foretaste of glory divine!  
 Heir of salvation, purchased by God,  
 Born of His spirit, washed in His blood.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
 Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
 Angels descending, bring from above,  
 Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long;  
 This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest;  
 Watching and waiting, looking above,  
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

—FANNY J. CROSBY.

# No. 149.

# The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por-tion for-ev-er, He is my Sav-iour from sin;  
 2. He is my fort-ress and tow-er, He is my guide and my King;  
 3. Praise to the One who re-deems me, Praise to my cru-ci-fied Lord;

He is my bless-ed sal-va-tion, I have the wit-ness with-in.  
 He is my Shep-herd, my Keep-er Joy-ful-ly now I can sing.  
 Now I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise for the won-der-ful word.

CHORUS

I have the witness with-in, . . . . Je-sus now saves me from sin; . . . In his  
with-in from sin

heart I've a place, I am saved by his grace, And I have the wit-ness with-in.  
with-in.

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# No. 150.

# 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  
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood  
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in him without de-lay,  
 4. Come, then, and join the holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land,

CHORUS.

By trusting in his word,  
 That washes white as snow.  
 And you are ful-ly blest.  
 Where joys immortal flow.

{ \*Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now; }  
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) } save you now.

\* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only trust him."

# No. 151.

# My Robe of Righteousness.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There's a robe that I shall wear when I pass from earth, Thro' the starlit realms of space,  
 2. 'Tis a robe of righteousness wov-en not by me, But by Him whose name I bear.  
 3. When that robe is o-ver me 'tis no lon-ger I. But the Christ of Cal - va - ry,

When the mes-sen-ger of God shall my spir-it bear To its real a-bid-ing place.  
 There will be no stain of sin on its price-less folds, Nor a plem-ish an-y-where.  
 And when I approach the throne, having naught to plead, He will lay it o-ver me.

## CHORUS.

When Je-sus lays the robe of His righteousness o-ver me, o-ver me.  
 O-ver me, o-ver me,

1  
 There's nothing that I'll need, more, But I'll en-ter the o-pen door, When  
 nothing more, o-pen door,

2  
 His mer-cy I'll praise thro' end-less days For sav-ing a sin-ner like me.

# No. 152. Christ for Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow.

Rev. E. J. B.

Rev. E. J. BOND.

1. Has your yes - ter - day been cleans'd by Je - sus? Are you free from  
 2. Are the tasks of your to - day a bur - den? Do you wres - tle  
 3. Are you trust - ing Christ for your to - mor - row? Can you say "I

sin and its al - loy: Has He told you it has all been par - doned?  
 with them all a - lone? Or does Je - sus give you strength to bear them?  
 know whom I've be - lievéd?" Are you read - y should He call you home - ward,

Can you sing the ran - som song of joy? Yes, my yes - ter - day is cleans'd, all  
 Can you shout the Saviour's pow'r you own? Yes, the tasks of my to - day are  
 To the realms of end - less joy and peace? Yes, I'm trust - ing Christ for my to -

glo - ry To the Lamb who died on Cal - va - ry, The re - cord of my  
 eas - y, For His pres - ence makes my bur - den light, And all a - long the  
 mor - row, I have plac'd my all in - to His hands, He's in my soul the

sin is can - celled By the pre - cious blood He shed for me.  
 way we jour - ney, For He makes my du - ties a de - light.  
 hope of glo - ry, I shall dwell with Him in fair - er lands.

# No. 153. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. "I am the Way," the Sav - iour said, And I would fol - low on,  
2. "I am the Truth;" then Truth shall be A bea - con light to guide  
3. "I am the Life," there is no death For me to fear, nor dread,

Con - tent to know that aft - er night Shall break a glo - rious dawn.  
My bark a - cross the storm - y sea To where still wa - ters glide.  
Since by His all - a - ton - ing blood My life to His is wed.

## CHORUS.

"I . . . . . am the Way, . . . . . the Truth, . . . and the Life, . . . .  
"I am the Way, I am the Way, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,

1  
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me." (by Me.)

2  
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me."

# No. 154.

# God's Will is Best.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET OR SOLO.

1. A - cross the mys - tic maze of years God draws a veil lest I might  
 2. There is no woe that I must face Nor e - vil hand nor gaunt de -  
 3. I am His child, He will not leave His own to fall be - neath the

see What grief and pain and weight of tears A - wait to cast their lot with me,  
 spair, But God will grant His keep - ing grace To stay my soul in com - fort there.  
 rod. If wand'ring faith His love should grieve He will for - give, for He is God.

CHORUS.

Some day I know His face I'll see, He on - ly  
 Some day I know, His face I'll see, He

knows when that shall be. But I'm con - tent with  
 on - ly knows when that shall be, con - tent

this to rest, to rest, This is God's way, It must be best.

# No. 155.

# My Deliverer.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

(ROMANS 6 : 14)

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

*p Andante tranquillo.*

*p*

1. Lord, I would have Thy-self in all Thy beau - ty. Take Thou con-trol of  
 2. Show me the things of which I am un-con-sci-ous, Lord, put Thy fin - ger  
 3. Thou art my Vic - tor o - ver-keen tempta - tion, Thou art my Shield, to

*p*

all my life just now; In Thee to live, and move, and have my be-ing, With full a -  
 now up - on my heart; Whis-per to me, Thou bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Tell me what  
 meet the darts of sin; Lord Je - sus, Thou a lone can keep me trusting, And liv - ing

*rit.* *mf* REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

bandon, Lord, to Thee I bow. } Thy blood was shed to cleanse from sin, Lord  
 grieves Thee, that it may de - part. }  
 out Thy glorious life with - in. }

*rit.* *mf a tempo.*



Je - sus, Thy ris - en life transforms the old to new; I take my

*f rit.*  
stand up-on Thy Word of promise: Sin shall not have dominion o - ver you!

*Ped.* \*

QUARTET OR CHORUS. (Use accompaniment as above.)

*mf*  
Thy blood was shed to cleanse from sin, Lord Jesus, Thy ris - en life transforms the old to new;

*f rit.*  
I take my stand up-on Thy Word of promise: Sin shall not have dominion o - ver you!

# No. 157.

# Decision.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If path-less for-ests meet my view, I will not doubt nor fear;  
 2. No track-less plain my faith can dim, De-spite its vast do-main;  
 3. No sea too deep nor wide for me, With faith shall I em-bark;  
 4. So an-y-where and ev-'ry-where In pleas-ure, woe, or pain,

What has been done that I can do, My way shall be made clear.  
 But with my faith made strong in Him, I'll sing my glad re-frain.  
 For He who walked on Gal-i-lee Will safe-ly guide my bark.  
 My cross a-lone I do not bear, Nor do I trust in vain.

## CHORUS.

I've de-cid-ed, Lord, that I will fol-low Thee, An-y-where, an-y-  
 where, An-y where,

where, O-ver the land or o-ver the sea, It mat-ters not where  
 an-y-where,

it may be, For I've de-cid-ed, Lord, to fol-low Thee, An-y-where.  
 an-y-where.

# No. 158.

# I Have Left All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Where He may lead by night or by day;  
 2. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Ev-'ry de-sire I merge in His will;  
 3. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, All of my pride and sin-ful de-sires;  
 4. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Nev-er will I turn back to the world;

And I'm resolved that I will be faith-ful To my dear Friend the whole of the way.  
 Tho' He may walk the val ley of sor-row, All of the way I'll go with Him still.  
 Will-ing to be conformed to His im-age, Ready to do whate'er He re-quires.  
 Then I shall reign with Je-sus in glo-ry, Af-ter the stars from heaven are hurl'd.

## CHORUS.

I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my Sav - iour, To fol-low my  
 I have left all to fol-low, to fol-low my Sav-iour, To

Lord . . . each hour of the day, . . . . . I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my  
 fol-low my Lord, each hour of the day, I have left all to fol-low, to

Sav - iour, Will-ing to go . . . . . each step of the way . . . . .  
 fol-low my Sav-iour, Will-ing to go of the way.

# No. 159. Where the Years Shall be Counted No More.

W. C. POOLE

B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. There are man-sions a - wait-ing for you and for me, When all of life's  
2. There the glo - ry of Je - sus drives dark-ness a - way, And gives us the  
3. There are bless-ings un-meas-ured be - yond the bright blue That fill all the

jour - ney is o'er, Where the shad - ows of part-ing will nev - er more be,  
spring-time of youth. Where the Sav - iour for - ev - er makes end-less our day,  
heav - en - ly shore. There is glo - ry e - ter - nal where live all the true,

CHORUS. PARTS.

And time shall be count ed no more. . . . }  
In heav - en - ly glad-ness and truth. . . . } Where the years shall be counted no  
Where years shall be count-ed no more. . . . }

SOLO. *ad lib.*

more, . . . Where the years shall be counted no more, . . . We shall nev - er grow  
no more,

no more,

PARTS. *rit.*

old in that cit - y of gold, Where the years shall be counted no more. . . .  
no more.

# No. 160. The Rainbow of God's Promise.

C. E. S.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

1. Tho' your path be lone and wea-ry, As you walk the nar - row way, And you're  
 2. Keep your heart fix'd on His prom-ise, As you bat - tle 'gainst the wrong, There's a  
 3. See His rain-bow when in sor - row, See His rainbow when you're sad, Trust the

tempt-ed to turn back, tho' hard you try; There is not a day so drear-y, But you'll  
 bright-er day, 'tis com-ing bye and bye; You will find there is no oth - er, Who can  
 Fa-ther with your troubles, He is nigh; Nev - er fear a - bout the mor-row, He will

:§: *rit.* FINE.

see a shin - ing ray, From the rain - bow of God's promise in the sky.  
 fill your heart with song, Trust in God, and see His rain - bow in the sky.  
 fill your heart with song, Just look up and see His rain - bow in the sky.

See the rain - bow of God's promise in the sky.

CHORUS.

See the rain - bow of God's promise in the sky, Ev - 'ry cloud will van - ish

*D.S.*

bye and bye; Far the storms you need not fear, Ev - 'ry ill will dis - ap - pear,

# No. 161. I Never Loved Him Better Than To-Day.

C. E. S.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

1. His love and grace I found, Since Je - sus made me whole, And all my sins the  
 2. I've left the paths of sin, The world and all its charm, And now I'm on the  
 3. I'll serve Him here be - low, Thro' all life's fleeting years, For soon the Lord will

Sav-iour put a - way; And glo - ry now a-bounds, In bil-lows o'er my soul,  
 good old-fash-ioned way; I've peace and joy with-in; I'm safe from all a-larm,  
 come in bright ar - ray; But this one thing I know, That fills my heart with cheer,

glo - ry fills my soul, Since Je - sus made me whole,

FINE. CHORUS.

I nev - er lov'd Him bet - ter than to - day. I nev - er lov'd Him  
 I nev - er lov'd Him bet - ter than to - day.

D. S.

bet - ter than to - day, I love the good old straight and nar - row way; And

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# No. 162. Siloam Doxology. L. M.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

# Siloam Doxology. L. M.—Concluded.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## No. 163. Christ's Love Can Satisfy.

MATTIE B. SHANNON.

ADAM GEIBEL

1. Dis - turb'd by care, by bur - dens press'd, By throng - ing tasks thou art dis -  
 2. No earth - ly pelf, but bit - ter loss? Count it but gain; see Cal - v'ry's  
 3. No fame is thine, no plaud - its rare? But still for thee thy God doth

tressed? O saddened heart, thou needst not sigh, Christ's love can sat - is - fy!  
 cross! In heav - en fair thy treas - ures lie, Christ's love can sat - is - fy!  
 care, It was for thee His Son did die, Christ's love can sat - is - fy!

### CHORUS.

O trust His love, tho' dark thy ways, And He will fill thy heart with  
 O trust His love, tho' dark thy ways, And He will fill thy

praise; O sing in faith, as days go by, . . . Christ's love can sat - is - fy!  
 heart with praise, O sing, O sing in faith as days go by,

# No. 164.

# The City "Four-Square."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CLYDE WILLARD

1. There's a cit - y "Four-square" in the heav - ens, And they call it the  
 2. On each side are three gates al - ways o - pen, One for each of the  
 3. To that cit - y "Four-square" in the heav - ens, Je - sus Christ on the

cit - y of rest; On two sides—north and south each are fac - ing, And the  
 twelve tribes of old; So all we who are heirs to the prom - ise Have a  
 Cross paid my way; So I'll ask all the world to go with me, Those twelve

CHORUS.

oth - er two face east and west. }  
 right to that cit - y of gold. } O that beau - ti - ful cit - y "Four-square!"  
 gates are not closed night or day. }

There are gate - ways for all to en - ter there; From the north and from the

south, from the east and from the west, There's a wel - come to the cit - y of rest.



# No. 165. Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the  
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney  
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my  
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - iour calls,  
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time  
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,  
heart is burn - ing! Nev - er more to sigh, nev - er more to die—

## CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo - ry.  
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. } I'll ex - change my cross for a  
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.  
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

star - ry crown, Where the gates swing out - ward nev - er; At His feet I'll

lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

# No. 166.

# He is Mine.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Parts.*

1. There is a Shepherd who cares for his own, And he is mine; Nothing am  
 2. Je - sus left heaven my Saviour to be, And he is mine; I am not  
 3. There is a Comfort - er come from a - bove, He too is mine, Coming to  
*Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.*

I, he's a King on a throne, But he is mine; How he can love such a  
 worth all he suffered for me, But he is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy he  
 me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and

sin - ner as I, Tho' he is mine; I can - not fathom tho' oft - en I try,  
 dwells in my heart, And he is mine; From him I'll never, no, nev - er de - part,  
 Com - forter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto - ry is true,

## CHORUS.

But he is mine. } He is mine, . . . He  
 For he is mine. }  
 They all are mine. } He is mine

Tho' all un - worthy, I know he is mine, He

is mine; Tho' it is wonder - ful, yet it is true, That he is mine.  
 yes, he is mine,

# No. 167.

# To the Mountain.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.)

(Canticles 4: 6.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where the sweet-est spic - es grow;  
 2. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where my Sav-iour died for me;  
 3. I will get me to the mount-ain, To the mountain-top of prayer;

I will rest be - side the fount - ain, With the heav'n ly light a - glow.  
 In the depth of Cal-v'ry's fount - ain, Find-ing peace and pur - i - ty.  
 By the ev - er - flow - ing fount - ain, I will meet my Sav-iour there.

## CHORUS.

Till the day-break, till the daybreak, And the shadows flee a - way;  
 the shad-ows flee a - way;

I will get me to the mount-ain, I will rest be - side the fount-ain.

Till the day-break, till the day-break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.

# No. 168.

# Sail On!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,  
 2. Art far from shore, and wea - ry - worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can - vass torn?  
 3. Do com - rades trem - ble and re - fuse To fur - ther dare the taunt - ing hues?  
 4. Do snarl - ing waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'r-less, drift - ing with the gale?

*ad lib.*

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"  
 Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"  
 No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!  
 Take heart! God's word shall nev - er fail! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

### CHORUS.

Sail on! Sail on! The storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! Sail on! . . . . . God  
 Sail on! Sail on!

\* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

lives and He commands: "Sail on! Sail on!" . . . . .  
 Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

\* May close here.

# No. 169.

# One Day!

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. One day when heav-en was fill'd with His prais-es. One day when sin was as  
 2. One day they led Him up Cal-va-ry's mountain, One day they nail'd Him to  
 3. One day they left Him a-lone in the gar-den, One day He reat-ed, from  
 4. One day the grave could con-veal Him no lon-ger, One day the stone roll'd a-  
 5. One day the trun-pet will sound for His com-ing, One day the skies with His

black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be born of a vir-gin—  
 die on the tree; Suf-fer-ing an-guish, de-spised and re-ject-ed—  
 suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down o'er His tomb to keep vig-il;  
 way from the door; Then He a-rose, o-ver death He had con-quer-ed;  
 glo-ry will shine; Won-der-ful day, my be-lov-ed ones bring-ing;

CHORUS.

Dwelt a-mongst men, my ex-am-ple is He!  
 Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He!  
 Hope of the hope-less, my Sav-iour is He!  
 Now is as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more!  
 Glo-ri-ous Sav-iour, this Je-sus is mine!

} Liv-ing, He loved me;

dy-ing, He sav'd me; Bur-ied, He car-ried my sins far a-way, Ris-ing, He

cus-ti-fied free-ly for-ev-er: One day He's com-ing—O glo-ri-ous day!

# No. 170.

# Love Lifted Me.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly  
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless - ed  
 3. Soul in dan - ger, look a - bove, Je - sus complete - ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea  
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might - y and so true  
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa - ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.  
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith - ful, lov - ing serv - ice, too, To Him be - longs.  
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav - iour wants to be— Be saved to - day.

## CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me! . . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . . When noth - ing  
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

1  
 2  
 else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me,

# No. 171.

# Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

J. P. SCHOFIELD.

UNISON.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . . His  
 2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm, . . . Se-  
 3. When poor and need-y and all a-lone, . . . In

love is ev-er true; . . . . . I love to tell how He  
 cures my soul each day; . . . . . I'm lean-ing strong on His  
 love He said to me, . . . . . "Come un-to me and I'll

lift-ed me And what His grace can do for you. . .  
 might-y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way. . .  
 lead you home, To live with me e-ter-nal-ly." . . .

CHORUS. PARTS

Saved . . . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . . . to new life sub-lime!  
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

# No. 172. It's Just Like His Great Love.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

C. B. S.

1. A Friend I have called Je-sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er fails how-  
2. Some-times the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not see my  
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break upon my head, When life seems worse than  
4. O I could sing for-ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His care and

e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-against this love of His, But  
Saviour's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's mer-cy-seat, Be-  
use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to Je - sus then, Nor  
ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and o - ver all, And

when I knelt to pray Con-fess-ing all my guilt to Him, The sin clouds roll'd a-way.  
hold-ing my de-spair, In pit - y bursts my clouds between, And shows me He is there.  
do I go in vain, For heav'nly hope He gives that cheers, Like sunshine aft-er rain.  
wind and waves o-bey, When Je - sus whispers "Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a-way.

## CHORUS.

It's just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me

day by day, It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.



# No. 173.

# It's Real.

H. L. C.

H. L. Cox.

1. O how well do I re-mem-ber how I doubt-ed day by day,  
 2. When the truth came close and search-ing, all my joy would dis-ap-pear,  
 3. When the Lord sent faith-ful serv-ants who would dare to preach the truth,  
 4. But at last I tired of liv-ing such a life of fear and doubt,  
 5. So I prayed to God in earn-est, and not car-ing what folks said,

For I did not know for cer-tain that my sins were washed-a-way; When the  
 For I did not have the wit-ness of the Spir-it bright and clear; If at  
 How my heart did so con-demn me as the Spir-it gave re-proof; Sa-tan  
 For I want-ed God to give me something I would know a-bout; So the  
 I was hun-gry for the bless-ing; my poor soul it must be fed; When at

Spir-it tried to tell me, I would not the truth re-ceive, I en-deavored to be-  
 times the com-ing judgment would appear be-fore my mind, O it made me so un-  
 says at once, "Twill ru-in you to now con-fess your state, Keep on work-ing and pro-  
 truth would make me happy, and the light would clearly shine, And the Spir-it gave as-  
 last by faith I touched Him, and, like sparks from smitten steel, Just so quick sal-va-tion

CHORUS.

hap-py, and to make my self be-lieve.  
 eas-y, for God's smile I could not find,  
 fess-ing, and you'll en-ter heaven's gate." } But it's real, it's real, O I  
 sur-ance that I'm His and He is mine. }  
 reached me: O bless God, I know it's real! } <sup>it's real,</sup>

know it's real; Praise God, the doubts are settled, For I know, I know it's real.  
 I know

# No. 174.

# Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,  
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood;  
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He,  
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,  
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

*f* Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!  
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!  
 "Full a-tone-ment," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!  
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!  
 Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!

# No. 175.

# He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

(With credit to "Melody of Love." Theo. Presser Co., Phila.)

L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,  
 2. All my life was wreck'd by sin and strife, Dis-cord fill'd my heart with pain,  
 3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Rest-ing 'neath His shelt'ring wing,  
 4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' wa-ters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,  
 5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

*S:* "Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow,  
 Je-sus swept a-cross the brok-en strings. Stirr'd the slumb'ring chords a-gain.  
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.  
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.  
 I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

*D.S.*—Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

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# He Keeps Me Singing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, —Sweetest name I know, Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing,

## No. 176. Ivory Palaces.

(Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.)

H. B.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

1. My Lord has garments so won - drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His gar - ments too were in cas - sia dipp'd, With heal - ing in a touch;
4. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;

Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.  
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.  
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd, He look me from its clutch.  
And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS. DUET. *Slowly, softly and with much expression*

Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,

FULL CHORUS.

DUET. *Very softly.*

On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - iour go.

# No. 177.

C. A. M.

# O Let Him In!

(Tune—CASSELBERRY. L. M.) E. ALONZO CASSELBERRY.

1. { The Saviour stands outside thy door, Where He has stood so oft be-fore; }  
 { O hard-en not thy sin-ful heart, (Omit.....) } Lest He a-  
 2. { In patience there He waiting stands, With thorn-crowned brow and pierc-ed hands; }  
 { And heart that beats with tenderness, (Omit.....) } With strong de-  
 3. { The bet-ter part shall be to choose The Son of God, nor still re-fuse; }  
 { His call to heed, His name to bear, (Omit.....) } While yet He

CHORUS.

gain from thee de-part. } O let Him in, now let Him in, He'll cleanse thy  
 sire thy soul to bless. } He'll give thee grace for ev-'ry day, (Omit.....)  
 waits so kind-ly there. } { Let Him in, let Him in,  
 { Give thee grace ev-'ry day, }

life from ev-'ry sin; And ev-er-more with thee shall stay.  
 Cleanse thy life ev-'ry sin; Ev-er-more shall stay.

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# No. 178. When In the Dark and Dreary Night.

REV. THOMPSON W. MCKINNEY.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When { in the dark and dreary night, There seemed to be no ray of light, My }  
 { mind was filled with doubt and fear, I (Omit.....) } knew not that my  
 2. In { my distress I looked a-bove, And there discerned the God of love; To }  
 { Him I cried, He saw my tears, And (Omit.....) } set me free from  
 3. I'll { therefore walk in wisdom's ways, His ho-ly name I'll ev-er praise. His }  
 { courts I'll tread with cheer-ful songs, For (Omit.....) } all my praise to  
 4. When { I have run my earthly race, I'll find in Him a dwelling place, Se- }  
 { cure with Him I'll ever live, And (Omit.....) } to Him con-stant

D.S.—gives as-sur-ance by His voice, And (Omit.....) bids my fainting

FINE. CHORUS.

Lord was near.  
 all my fears. } O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me! Let us to praise His name a-gree, He  
 Him be-longs. }  
 prais-es give.

heart re-joice. Copyright, MCMXXII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

# New Songs of Praise and Power, No. 2.

No. 179.

## Jesus Only.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Lifts the heav - y load of sin;  
 2. Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, In the hour of pain and grief,  
 3. Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, 'Mid temp - ta - tions dark as night,  
 4. Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, When we reach the val - ley lone,

By His Spir - it, Ho - ly Spir - it, Gives a - bid - ing peace with-in.  
 By His mer - cies, ten - der mer - cies, Brings the wound - ed heart re - lief.  
 Makes His peo - ple more than con - qu'rors, Thro' His ev - er - last - ing might.  
 Will be with us, faith - ful Shep - herd, Lead - ing to the ra - diant throne.

REFRAIN.

Do you won - der why I love Him, When He died to save my soul?

I will praise Him, al - ways praise Him, While e - ter - nal years shall roll.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where He Leads Me I will Follow;" "Keep Close to Jesus;" "Saved to the Uttermost."

# No. 180.

# He is Keeping My Soul.

JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I am walk-ing and talk-ing with Je - sus my King, And am find - ing de -  
 2. I am hap - py with Je - sus and care not to stray Af - ter the pleas-ures  
 3. I have found my Re-deem - er of all friends the best, He has pardoned my

light in the prais-es I sing, For so close-ly and trust-ing - ly dai - ly I cling;  
 of sin, from the heav'nly way; For He gives to me pleasures and glad-ness each day,  
 sin all my life He has blest, And I know we shall meet in that hav-en of rest,

CHORUS.

He is keep-ing my soul in His love. He is keep-ing my soul in His

love, . . . And I know I shall meet Him a - bove; . . . He will care for His  
 in His love, shall meet Him a - bove;

own till the shad-ows are gone, He is keep-ing my soul in His love.

# No. 181. Have You Any Treasures Up There?

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a ci - ty, I'm told, built of jas - per and gold, Clear as crys - tal, its  
 2. Ev - 'ry deed that we do, lov - ing, up - right and true, Ev - 'ry word that we  
 3. When our dear ones de - part, there's a balm for the heart, They have en - tered the

won - der - ful light; Some are en - ter - ing there, with a - dornings so fair.  
 speak "in His name," Is a beau - ti - ful gem for the King's di - a - dem,  
 man - sions on high; They are treas - ures to shine in the glo - ry di - vine;

## CHORUS.

And their crowns are un - speak - a - bly bright. } Have you an - y treas - ures up  
 And a treas - ure some day we may claim. } (Second Chorus.)  
 We shall find them a - gain, by and by. } Yes, I've man - y treas - ures up

there? In the home He's gone to pre - pare? Have you stor'd them a -  
 there? In the home He's gone to pre - pare, I have stor'd them a -  
 Up there?

way, to be yours in that day, Have you an - y treas - ures up there?  
 way to be mine in that day; Yes, I've man - y treas - ures up there.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"O, Think of the Home Over There;" "When the Roll is Called;" "Sweet By and By;" "Glory Song."

A. P. BOWEN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Some-one be-held me a soul lost in sin, Came to my res-cue, and  
 2. Some-one, tho' wea-ry and heart-sick, one day Plead with the Fa-ther man's  
 3. Some-one is guard-ing my foot-steps to-day, Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest  
 4. Some-one is keep-ing a crown I shall wear When I thro' grace, heav'nly

I was for-giv'n; Some-one who knew all the beau-ties of heav'n—  
 sen-tence to stay; Some-one who died my re-dem-p-tion to pay—  
 I go a-stray; Some-one who's guid-ing me o-ver life's way—  
 man-sions shall share; Some-one who knows how I long to be there—

## CHORUS.

Some-one who loves me—'tis Je-sus. Some-one whose love is far

bet-ter than gold, Some one whose love ne'er can ful-ly be told;

Down thro' the a-ges the mes-sage has roll'd, "Somebody loves me"—'tis Je-sus.



# No. 183. Where There Are No Years.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. In this world there are bur-dens we must bear, And our eyes are made  
 2. Tho' we toil, oft our la - bor seems in vain, We have faith tho' no  
 3. So we smile as we la - bor day by day, And for - get all our

wet and dim with tears; There's no grief, neither sor-row o - ver there, In that  
 fruit our vis - ion cheers; But the Lord will all mys - ter - y make plain, In that  
 sor - rows, griefs and fears; For when all earth - ly things have passed away, We shall

## CHORUS.

land where there are no days nor years. }  
 land where there are no days nor years. } In that land where there are no days nor  
 dwell where there are no days nor years. }

years, Neith - er sor - row nor an - guish or tears; We shall dwell there in

peace and our joys ne'er shall cease, In that land where there are no days nor years.

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Suggested Choruses to Follow—"When the Roll is Called," "Sweet By and By," "Look for Me," "O Think of the Home Over There," "Glory Song."

# No. 184.

# Bring Ye All the Tithes.

"Bring ye all the tithes . . . prove me now . . . if I will not open the windows of heaven."—MAL. 3: 10.

CHAS. H. REYNOLDS

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Heav'n's win-dows are not o - pen wide, There's dearth in all the land to - day.  
2. God's choic-est bless-ings are with-held, He tells us in His ho - ly word;  
3. The vine yields not her rich - est fruit, And tares grow up in place of wheat.

The times have chang'd, but God has not, His chal-enge is the same al - way;  
Be - cause our sins be-tween us come And sep - a - rate us from our Lord.  
God is not pleas'd to have it so; O let us seek His mer - cy seat.

CHORUS.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house; And prove me now," saith the Lord your God;

"And I will pour you out such a bless-ing, There will not be room e-nough to con-

tain it," Heap'd up, press'd down, Shaken togeth-er, And run - ning o - ver.  
Heap'd up, press'd down,

# No. 185. Lift Me Higher and Draw Me Nearer.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Lift me high - er, draw me near - er, Clos - er, bless - ed Friend, to Thee;  
2. Lift me high - er, earth's at - tract - ion Would be - guile me from Thy way;  
3. Draw me near - er, lest temp - ta - tion O - ver - come me in the race;

Love re - veal - ing, be Thou dear - er, Dear - er than all else to me.  
Let me find sweet sat - is - fac - tion, In Thy serv - ice, day by day.  
Safe and hap - py in Thy keep - ing, Lord, I sing Thy sav - ing grace!

## CHORUS.

{ Lift me high - er and draw me near - er, Save me from al - lur - ing snares;  
{ From the shad - ow of sin and sad - ness, Fold me clos - er (Omit.....)

Be the prom - ise to me made clear - er, 'Tis for me my Sav - iour cares;

to Thy breast; Lift me high - er, draw me near - er, Till I wak - en with the blest.

# No. 186. I Have Christ, I Need No More.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.

1. Time may tar - nish earth - ly treas - ures, Take what I have lov'd be -  
 2. Tho' the beams of world - ly glad - ness, Fail to light the path - way  
 3. To His bound - less stores of bless - ing, Je - sus o - pens wide the

fore; Je - sus gives a - bid - ing pleas - ures, Hav - ing Him, what need I  
 dim; Je - sus takes a - way my sad - ness; All I need I find in  
 door; All - in - all in Him pos - sess - ing, I shall nev - er want for

CHORUS.

more? Hav - ing Him, what need I more? } I have Christ and need no  
 Him. All I need I find in Him. } I have Christ,  
 more. I shall nev - er want for more. }

more, From His hand rich gifts out - pour,  
 need no more, From His hand, out - pour,

*rit.*  
 Lo, I'm sing - ing o'er and o'er, I have Christ, I need no more.

# No. 187.

# The Old Faith.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. In these days of change and tur-moil, There is much to lead a-stray;  
 2. There are forms and doc-trines man-y, But in this they should a-gree;  
 3. I am stand-ing on the prom-ise That has stood for a-ges past;

But the faith of our fore-fa-thers, Is the faith that saves to-day.  
 That the hope of sins for-giv-en Is in Christ of Cal-va-ry.  
 And the faith that keeps me stead-y, Shall the storms of doubt out-last.

## CHORUS

Yes, the old faith is good e-nough for me, For it leads me to the  
 for me,

cross of Cal-va-ry; Then a-way to heights a-bove, I am  
 of Cal-va-ry;

borne on wings of love, Yes, the old faith is good e-nough for me.  
 for me.

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Suggested Choruses to Follow—"The Cleansing Stream;" "O What He's Done for Me;" "O it is Glory;" "Glorious Freedom."

# No. 188.

# God Forgot All My Sins.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I would sing of the grace that met me      When I came up to Cal - va - ry;  
 2. Long the bur - den of sin I car - ried,      Till to Je - sus for help I cried;  
 3. I'm no more beneath con - dem - na - tion,      Re - con - ciled un - to God at last;  
 4. Are you yet the sin - bur - den bear - ing?      Christ has died that you might go free;

How my sins are of God for - got - ten,      Bur - ied deep - ly as in the seal  
 Now I'm free who was once in bond - age,      By the blood of the Lamb who fast.  
 And the love that has all for - giv - en,      Is the love that will hold me fast.  
 God will par - don you now, O sin - ner,      And will love through e - ter - ni - ty.

## CHORUS.

My sins are for - giv - en, for - got - ten for aye! No won - der I'm

sing - ing for glad - ness to - day; God for - got all my sins there at

Cal - va - ry, He for - got all my sins, but re - mem - bers me.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"My All is on the Altar;" "I'm a child of the King;"  
 "Glorious Freedom;" "Jesus Paid it All."

# No. 189. Jesus is the Friend You Need.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bowed be-neath the load of your guilt and sin, There's a Friend whose  
2. As through life you go, through the light and shade, He's the Friend to  
3. When temp-ta-tions sore shall your soul as-sail, O-ver ev-'ry  
4. When a-round you close dark-est clouds of night, Trust-ing in His

love breathes a peace with-in; By His pow'r the weak can the vic-t'ry win;  
help and to give you aid; Hap-py is the heart on the Sav-iour stayed;  
ill shall His grace pre-vail; Trust the precious Friend who will nev-er fail;  
grace and His sav-ing might, This dear Friend will bring ev-er-last-ing light,

## CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Friend you need. Je-sus is the Friend you

need; O broth-er, Je-sus is a Friend in-deed; in-deed; Take Him

for your own; trust in Him a-lone, For Je-sus is the Friend you need.

# No. 190.

# I Once Was a Sinner.

E. E. HEWITT.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. I once was a sin-ner, a - far from the Lord, A - far from the  
 2. I once was a cap-tive in bond - age to sin; The migh - ty Re -  
 3. I meet with temp-ta - tion, and tri - als are mine, But look - ing to  
 4. Be - yond the dark val - ley, transform'd by His grace, The King in His

cross of Cal - va - ry; His good - ness and mer - cy the wan - d'r'er re - stored,  
 deem - er set me free; His grace is suf - fi - cient the vic - t'ry to win,  
 Him the shad - ows flee; He gives me in trou - ble His com - fort Di - vine,  
 beau - ty I shall see; And sing while be - hold - ing the light of His face,

## CHORUS.

And Je - sus saved me. }  
 And Je - sus saves me. } O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I'm a  
 And Je - sus keeps me. }  
 That Je - sus saved me. }

sin - ner saved by grace, I'll sing be - side the crys - tal sea, That He

saw me far a - way, and loved me tho' a - stray, And Je - sus saved me.



# No. 191.

# Jesus Saves Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. My sins were a bur-den too heav-y to bear, I took them to  
 2. When doubts and temp-tations I meet by the way, I turn to my  
 3. Tho' clouds dark and storm-y a-round me may close, Tho' foes, seen and  
 4. His blood is suf-fi-cient to cleanse ev'-ry stain, His name, all a -

Je-sus in pen-i-tent pray'r; I asked Him to save me, tho' lost and de-filed,  
 Sav-iour for grace, day by day; A help 'ver-y pres-ent,' I find Him to be,  
 un-seen my pro-gress op-pose, I'll trust in His prom-ise, I'll lean on His might,  
 vail-ing, new bless-ings to gain, The pow'r of His spir-it de-liv'rances shall bring,

### CHORUS.

To par-don me free-ly and make me His child.  
 And so I am sing-ing that Je-sus saves me. } Glo-ry to God! My  
 And know that He saves me, by day and by night.  
 Un-til in His pres-ence, sal-va-tion I sing.

Je-sus saves me, Won-der-ful love, bound-less and free; This hap-py  
 Won-der-ful

song life's mu-sic shall be, Glo-ry to God! My Je-sus saves me.

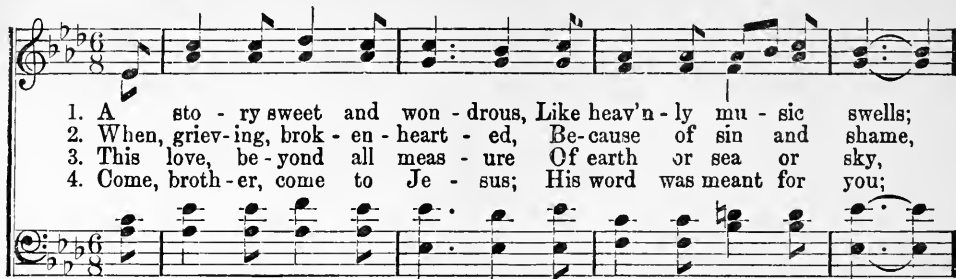
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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Saved to the Uttermost;" "On Christ the Solid Rock;"  
 "He Rescued Me;" "O Beulah Land"


# No. 192. For God so Loved the World.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. A sto - ry sweet and won - drous, Like heav'n - ly mu - sic swells;  
2. When, griev - ing, brok - en - heart - ed, Be - cause of sin and shame,  
3. This love, be - yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,  
4. Come, broth - er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;



In chim - ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos - pel bells.  
We find a joy earth can - not de - stroy, Be - liev - ing on His name.  
Could on - ly show its full o - ver - flow, When Je - sus came to die.  
His grace re - ceive, His prom - ise be - lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

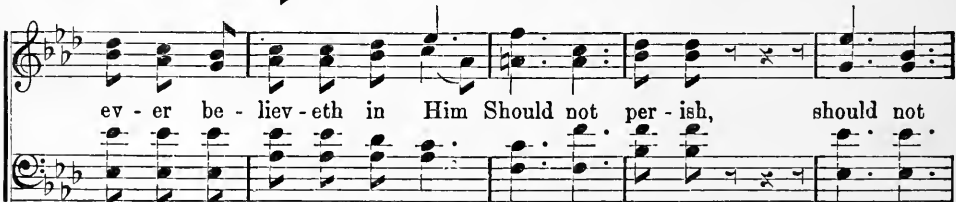
## CHORUS.



For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly be -  
For God . . . . so loved the world,



got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -



ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I've Anchored My Soul;" "O There's Sunshine;" "Glory to His Name;" "Precious Name."

# For God so Loved the World.—Concluded.

per-ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life. ev - er - last - ing life.

## No. 193. He Loved Me Well.

INA DULEY OGDON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I am so glad that Je - sus came, In - to my night of grief and shame;  
 2. I am so glad that Je - sus came, Who healed my wounds and bore my blame;  
 3. I am so glad that Je - sus came, With life and par - don in His name;  
 4. I am so glad that Je - sus came, That He for - ev - er is the same;

That He did not His love de - ny, But loved me well e - nough to die.  
 So glad He did not pass me by, But loved me well e - nough to die.  
 For He a - lone could jus - ti - fy, Who loved me well e - nough to die.  
 That now He lives for me on high, Who loved me well e - nough to die.

CHORUS.

He loved me well! O yes, so well! Far more than mor - tal tongue can tell;

No love so great in earth or sky, He loved me well e - nough to die!

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I Have the Witness Within;" "I've Anchored in Jesus;" "Sweeter as the Years Go By;" "I'm Living on the Mountain."

# No. 194. He Bore My Heart's Burden.

Rev. JOHN MAC MILLAN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I have tast - ed the love of my bless - ed Lord, I have learned to de -  
2. There is noth - ing so sweet as His love to me, For it led Him to  
3. For His sheep nev - er hun - ger while in the fold, Un - to Him they're more

light in His ho - ly word; With all His commands I'm in sweet - est ac - cord,  
die on the cru - el tree; 'Tis this that has caused Him so pre - cious to be,  
pre - cious than pur - est gold; His faith - ful - ness nev - er by me can be told,

## CHORUS.

Since He bore my heart's bur - den a - way. For no bur - den for Him is too

heav - y to bear, No sor - row His love can - not light - en; No road is so

rough that His hand can - not smooth, No dark - ness that He can - not bright - en.

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Suggested Choruses to Follow—"O there's Sunshine;" "O Hallelujah! Yes 'tis Heaven;"  
"Higher Ground;" "I've Anchored my Soul."

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Like the sigh of the breeze thro' the des - o - late trees, When the branches are  
 2. There are neighbors who grieve, whom a word might re - lieve, Just a word of com -  
 3. There are chil - dren who call, cold and hun - gry and small, Go and help them in

with - ered and bare, Comes a cry to the ear, full of sor - row and fear,  
 pas - sion and cheer; There are wea - ri - some loads, borne a - long rug - ged roads,  
 ten - der - est love; Bring a smile of de - light to the fac - es so white,

## CHORUS.

From the hearts almost crushed with de - spair. } In - as - much as ye did it to  
 You might lift, if you'd on - ly draw near. }  
 And the Lord will re - ward you a - bove. }

one of the least, In - as - much as ye heed - ed the plea, Will the Mas - ter who

*rit. e dim.*  
 cares for the low - est and least, Sweet - ly say, ye have done it to me.

# No. 196. Let the Weary World Roll On.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Oth - er folks may not ap - prove me. What is that to me? 'Til life is done  
 2. Let their e - vil tongues as - sail me From the ear - ly morn 'til day is done;  
 3. I - will do as Je - sus bids me I'll for - give them all as He has done.

I will try to please my Sav - iour, And let the wea - ry world roll on.  
 I will take it all to Je - sus, And let the wea - ry world roll on.  
 Let Him on - ly smile up - on me, I'll let the wea - ry world roll on. (roll on.)

CHORUS.

{ I care not what the world may say, I am walk - ing the nar - row way,  
 { know that He will be at my side. My Com - pan - ion, my Friend and Guide,

And as long as I live there - in I'll stay, For Je - sus says that  
 And with Him I shall brave old (Omit.....)

He will keep me; And I Jor - dan's tide, And let the wea - ry world roll on.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Then Palms of Victory;" "In That City;" "Yes, We'll Gather at the River."

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Bless - ed news from heav'n a - bove, Send it forth on wings of love, O'er the  
 2. Bless - ed news, O let it roll, Quick - ly on to ev - 'ry soul, O - ver  
 3. Bless - ed news for those that stray, On the moun - tain far a - way, Lo, the  
 4. Bless - ed news for souls op - press'd, Come to Je - sus, come and rest, Turn to

CHORUS.

might - y o - cean wave, Je - sus died, the lost to save.  
 land and o - ver sea, To the world re - demp - tion free.  
 ten - der Shepherd's voice, Bids them now in Him re - joice. } Who - so - ev - er  
 Him and He'll for - give, To the Cross, O look and live

will be - lieve, Shall e - ter - nal life re - ceive, Sound the gos - pel call, Gos - pel call,

There is room for all. . . . Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall e - ter - nal  
 Yes, room for all,

life re - ceive, Sound the gos - pel call, . . . There is room for all. . . .  
 Gos - pel call, Room for all.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. The tho't that keeps me o'er life's road Is "I be-long to Je-sus;"  
 2. I've noth-ing for my-self to claim, Yet I be-long to Je-sus;  
 3. No mo-ment of my time is mine, Since I be-long to Je-sus;  
 4. This tho't is mine while I shall live, That I be-long to Je-sus;  
 1. life's road,

And light-er grows for me the load, Since I be-long to Je-sus.  
 All glo-ry to His pre-cious name, For I be-long to Je-sus.  
 He helps me with His pow'r di-vine, Since I be-long to Je-sus.  
 No oth-er can such glad-ness give, That I be-long to Je-sus.  
 1. the load,

## CHORUS.

He sought me, He bought me, On Cal-v'ry's cru-el tree, His life-blood a

ran-som He free-ly shed for me; My tal-ent, my serv-ice, my

life and dai-ly song, To Christ my lov-ing Sav-iour shall ev-er be-long.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee;" "I Do Believe;" "Keep Close to Jesus;" "No, Not One."



# No. 199.

# Since Jesus Came.

E. H. SHANKS.  
*Slowly.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Since Je - sus came to walk with me, A - long the rug - ged road,  
 2. Since Je - sus came to walk with me, The straight and nar - row way,  
 3. Since Je - sus came to walk with me, I do not care to stray  
 4. Since Je - sus came to walk with me, Our fel - low - ship, so dear,

The path is ea - sy for my feet, And light - er seems the load.  
 Is wide e - nough for Him and me, To jour - ney day by day.  
 In paths of sin, a - way from Him, A - long the down - ward way.  
 In blest com - mun - ion by the way Grows sweet - er year by year.

**CHORUS. Unison.**

So hand in hand to - geth - er, As step by step we go, He o - pens up the

mes - sage, And sets my heart a - glow, He calls me His be - lov - ed, And

**Parts.**

He is mine, I know; Since Je - sus walks with me, My heart with joys o - ver - flow.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"And He Walks With Me," "In the Sweet By and By,"  
 "Draw Me Nearer;" "I Need Thee Every Hour."

# No. 200.

# Down to the Uttermost.

E. E. HEWITT.  
*Smoothly.*

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Who can tell the love of Je - sus? Love for you and me, High - er than the  
 2. Doubt no more the love of Je - sus, Nor His sav - ing pow'r; Let His might - y  
 3. Come and prove the love of Je - sus, Ten - der, true and strong; Let Him lift thee

high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the sea; . . . . Bring - ing Him from brightest glo - ry,  
 arms en - fold thee, Yield to Him this hour; . . . He is will - ing, He is a - ble,  
 to the sun - shine, Fill thy soul with song; . . . He for thee is in - ter - ced - ing,  
 the sea;

Down to Calv'ry's woe, That the sin - ner, lost and low, Might sal - va - tion know.  
 For His grace ex - ceeds All our long - ings, all our needs, Ear - nest pray'r He heeds.  
 Far be - yond the sky; Let Him bring thee, by and by, To His home on high.

### CHORUS.

{ Down, down, down, to the ut - ter - most depths, His love will seek thee; Down, down,  
 { Love, love, boundless and won - der - ful love of ( *Omit*.....

down to the ut - ter - most depths, His arms can reach and save thee;

## Down to the Uttermost.—Concluded.

Christ our Sav- iour, High- er than the heav-ens, Deep-er, deep-er than the sea.

*rit.....*

### No. 201. Do I Love Him?

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Do I love my bless - ed Sav - iour? Yes, I do, and this is why;  
 2. When I list - ened to Him, call - ing, "Leave your sins and fol - low me;"  
 3. Yes, I love my bless - ed Sav - iour, A com - pan - ion true is He;

He to save me left heav'nsglo - ry, On the cru - el cross to die.  
 Then I found on earth a heav - en, In His par - don full and free.  
 Through earth's pathways strange and winding, Won - drous - ly He lead - eth me.

#### CHORUS.

Love Him, O yes, I love Him, Who has cleans'd me thro' and thro' ;  
 thro' and thro', yes I,

Love Him, O yes, I love Him, And best of all, He loves me too.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Since Jesus Came Into My Heart;" "O There's Sunshine;"  
 "And He Walks With Me;" "Precious Name."

1. Once I was far from Je - sus, All was dark with - in; But now I am re -  
 2. His love to me is precious, And each glad day brings Some service sweet to  
 3. I know He'll ev - er guide me, For His word is sure; He'll give me grace and

REFRAIN.

joic - ing, I'm redeemed from sin. } Re - deemed, re - deemed,  
 ren - der For my Lord and King. } Re-deemed, re-deemed,  
 glo - ry, Which shall e'er en - dure. }

Re-deemed by in - fi - nite love, Re - deemed, re - deemed, An  
 Such love, Re-deemed, re-deemed,

heir to a man - sion a - bove; Re - deemed, re - deemed, A - dopt - ed a  
 A - bove, Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Child of the King, With - in my soul the joy - bells ring, Redeemed, re - deemed.  
 the King,

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb;" "I Love to Tell the Story;" "Since Jesus Came Into My Heart;" "Yes, My Name's Written There."

# No. 203. Let Me Not Think the Price Too High.

INA DULEY OGDON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Would I my bless - ed Lord o - bey, His sac - ri - fice, in part, re - pay,  
2. Let me take up my heav - y cross, To fol - low Him and count no loss,  
3. O let me glad and grate - ful be, That He en - trusts a work to me,

My - self, for Him, I must de - ny, Let me not think the price too high.  
My all to give and sane - ti - fy, Let me not think the price too high.  
My tal - ents use and mul - ti - ply, Let me not think the price too high.

## CHORUS.

{ The blood - stain'd way, His footprints show, Is full of pain and care, I know;  
My bless - ed Lord to glo - ri - fy, For Him to live, for Him to die;

1  
Tho' ma - ny tears may dim my eye, O let me not my Lord de - ny.

2  
Let me not think the price too high, The price could not be too high. too high.

# No. 204.

# What Shall Separate Us?

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*Not too fast.*

1. What shall sep - a - rate us from a Sav - iour's love? Noth - ing ev - er shall,  
 2. Life is like a boat up - on a storm - y sea, Filled with tri - als too,  
 3. O the blest as - sur - ance, O what joy is mine, When by faith I see

if we hold it fast; Nei - ther life nor death, nor pres - ent things, nor past,  
 oft by care be - set; But this bless - ed prom - ise from the Word I get,  
 what my Lord has done; Not be - got - ten, but a - dopt - ed, I'm God's son,

## CHORUS.

Not depths be - low nor heights a - bove. } I am free from condem - na - tion,  
 And I know it is meant for me. } I am glad He sought and found me,  
 An heir with Christ thro' grace di - vine. }

I claim a full sal - va - tion, There'll be no sep - a - ra - tion  
 And threw His arms a - round me, With *(Omit.....)*  
 There'll be

I and Christ are one. love that shall sur - round me 'Til life is done.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"This is My Story," (Blessed Assurance); "Rise, Shine, Give God the Glory," "I Love Him."

# No. 205.

# He Took My Sins Away.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Once I fought to con-quer sin, While it reigned my soul with-in; Till my Sav-our  
 2. O the won-der-working pow'r, In that hap-py, bless-ed hour When my Sav-our  
 3. Are you struggling for the right, Je-sus has the pow'r and might; He will help you

came one day; Then He triumphed o-ver all, When He heard my pleading call,  
 spoke to me; And I heard the precious word, From this wonder working Lord,  
 con-quer sin; He will take its pow'r a-way, He will come with you to stay,  
 1. one day;

CHORUS.

And He took my sins a-way. }  
 When from sin He set me free. } He took my sins a-way, O yes, He  
 And will give you peace with-in. }

Took them all a-way, Christ the Sav-our took my sins a-way; Con-  
 all a-way;

tment fills my soul, His spir-it has con-trol, Since Je-sus took my sins a-way.

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Suggested Choruses to Follow—"I Believe Jesus Saves;" "O Beulah Land," "Happy Day;"  
 "Where He Leads Me;" "At the Cross."

# No. 206. When I Felt His Gentle Touch of Love.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I was wea - y and dis - cour - aged with my weight of woe, But my  
 2. When I stum - ble He re - stores my faint - ing soul a - gain, And He  
 3. Now the day can ne'er be drear - y nor can shad - ows fall, For He  
 4. From this faith - ful Friend and Sav - iour I will nev - er roam, For I

sins once red as crim - son now are white as snow; I was lift - ed to the  
 gives me strength for weakness, sol - ace for my pain; Now His bless - ings in a -  
 cheers me when I'm wear - y, an - swers when I call; I am hap - py ev - 'ry  
 know His hand will lead me safe - ly to my home; Earth - ly pleas - ures fade and

bles - ed Rock that can - not move, When I felt His gen - tle touch of love.  
 bundance show - er from a - bove, Since I felt His gen - tle touch of love.  
 mo - ment for His grace I prove, Since I felt His gen - tle touch of love.  
 van - ish, I have joys a - bove, Since I felt His gen - tle touch of love.

## CHORUS.

When I felt His gen - tle touch of love, . . . . When I felt His gen - tle  
 His touch of love,

touch of love; . . . . All my grief and all my sad - ness we're trans -  
 His touch of love;



# When I Felt His Gentle Touch of Love.—Concluded.

formed at once to glad-ness When I felt His gen - tle touch of love.  
His touch of love.

## No. 207. He Turned My Life Around.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. There's joy with - in my heart to - day, A Sav - iour I have found,  
2. He rolled the heav - y load a - way, And gave me peace and rest,  
3. His pre - cious blood re - deemed my soul, His love doth me sur - round,

He cleansed my soul from stain of sin, And turned my life a - round.  
I'll fol - low Him wher - e'er He leads, This dear - est Friend and best.  
I'll sing His praise, my Lord di - vine, He turned my life a - round.

### CHORUS.

He turned my life a - round, To heav - en's high - er ground,

From sin and shame, O bless His name! He turned my life a - round.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. The tri - als of life oft shad - ow the soul, And wea - ry my way seems to be;  
 2. The diamond in beau - ty nev - er would glow, If it were not pol - ished with care;  
 3. The storm may re - veal the gold which is hid, In lives which all self - ish would be;

I look thro' the storm which breaks o'er my head, God's rainbow of prom - ise to see.  
 So Je - sus will purge my heart from all sin, That I in His sight may be fair.  
 If it were not for the tri - als that come, Which make me lean harder on Thee;

Then let me in faith look up in Thy face, And cling to Thy kind, lov - ing hand;  
 So trust - ing His mer - cy, kindness and grace, Each tri - al a bless - ing will prove;  
 Then take Thou my will, and make it, dear Lord, Sub - mis - sive to Thine ev - 'ry day;

Thy love will o'ershade and bless to my good, The things I may not un - der - stand.  
 Life's bit - ter things all grow sweet as I learn, A kind Father's in - fi - nite love.  
 Con - trol Thou my life, and I will re - joice, While walking with Thee all the way.

## REFRAIN.

If Thou wilt hold my hand, Life's bit - ter shall be sweet;

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I Need Thee Every Hour;" "Precious Name;" "Higher Ground;" "Draw Me Nearer"

# God's Bitter-Sweet.—Concluded.

My faith will rich - er, full - er grow, While learn - ing at Thy feet.

## No. 209. What Can I Ask Beside?

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. How ten - der - ly He lead - eth me, My Shep - herd all the day;  
 2. How ten - der - ly He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;  
 3. How ten - der - ly He call - eth me, When from the fold I roam;  
 4. How ten - der - ly His gifts to me, Like gen - tle rain de - scend;

In mead - ows green He rest - eth me, Where brook and fount - ain play.  
 But O He gave His life for me, And this I know full well.  
 He leaves me not, but pa - tient - ly He brings the wan - d'r'er home.  
 I'll sing and praise Him joy - ful - ly, My Shep - herd, Sav - iour, Friend.

\* CHORUS.

The Lord... The Lord is my Shep - herd, In Him I safe - ly hide,

His rod and staff they com - fort me, What can I ask be - side?

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\* Duet may be continued by Tenor singing Soprano notes, omitting the Bass parts.

1. A - wake, ye that slum - ber, A - wake from your sleep, With lamps trimm'd and  
 2. A - wake, ye that slum - ber, His wel - come pre - pare. A - wake and be  
 3. A - wake, ye that slum - ber, No lon - ger de - spise, The warn - ing that

burn - ing, A watch you must keep, You know not how quick - ly, The cry you may  
 read - y, His ban - quet to share. The hour is ap - proaching, No time for re -  
 bids you Be watch - ful and wise. The Bridegroom may tar - ry, But true to His

CHORUS.

hear, Go forth to meet the Bridegroom, For lo, He is near. }  
 pose, The o - pen door of mer - cy, For - ev - er may close. } Be - hold, He  
 word, You're blessed call to meet Him, Will sure - ly be heard. }

Be - hold,

com - eth, the bless - ed Bridegroom com - eth, Then go ye forth to meet Him, a

glad and grate - ful throng; Be - hold, He com - eth, the bless - ed Bridegroom

## Behold, He Cometh.—Concluded.

com - eth, Then go ye forth to meet Him with a hap - py, hap - py song.

## No. 211 The Golden Chain of Prayer.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*With expression.*

1. There is a gold - en chain which binds, My heart to heav'n a - bove;  
 2. When storms a - rise and o'er my way, The dark - some shad - ows fall;  
 3. When skies a - bove are clear and bright, And sun - beams 'round me play;

It's links are formed of fer - vent pray'r, And God's un - chang - ing love.  
 The gold - en chain still holds me fast, To Him, my strength my all.  
 I praise Him for the answered pray'rs, And grace for ev - 'ry day.

### REFRAIN.

O gold - en chain of pray'r, Sweet balm for ev - 'ry care;

O may it bind me to Thy side, 'Til I, life's storms out - ride.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Sweet Hour of Prayer;" "I'm a Child of the King."

# No. 212.

# O Church of God United.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

*ritard.*

UNISON. *a tempo.*

INTRO.

1. O Church of God u - ni - ted, We see thee onward go, With  
 2. O Church of God u - ni - ted, Too long thou hast delayed; Thy  
 3. O Church of God u - ni - ted, The na - tions call to - day; They

ev - ry wrong thing righted, Tri - umphant o'er each foe; With ban - ner on the breezes  
 warring members scatter'd Have made thy soul a - fraid; But shoulder now to shoulder  
 look to thee for suc - cor, "O help us now," they pray; O give to them thy refuge,

PARTS.

Un - fur - l'd o'er ev - 'ry land, So strong and so cour - ageous Thou canst each storm withstand.  
 We'll march with sure success, For God doth bless the union That makes for righteous - ness.  
 O give to them thy balm; O let thy peace come on them, And change unrest to calm.

U - nite,

CHORUS. UNISON. PARTS.

U - nite, u - nite, then, on to vic - to - ry, The whole wide world for  
 U - nite,

UNISON. PARTS.

Je - sus, Our watch - word then shall be, U - nite, u - nite, in

# O Church of God United.—Concluded.

un - ion there is might, To win the world for Je - sus we must u - nite.

## No. 213. God's Promise.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. He who brought His an - cient peo - ple, With a strong and might - y hand,  
 2. He who led them thro' the des - ert, By the cloud that went be - fore,  
 3. God is faith - ful to His prom - ise, He is mind - ful of His own;  
 4. We shall have His kind pro - tec - tion And His love as in the past,

Out of all their cru - el bond - age, In - to Ca - naan's prom - ised land.  
 He whose good - ness nev - er fail'd them, Tho' they griev'd Him o'er and o'er.  
 On our jour - ney to His king - dom We shall nev - er walk a - lone.  
 Tho' our days be few or ma - ny, He will guide us to the last.

### CHORUS.

He has said and we be - lieve it, 'Tis a prom - ise made of old,

From the trust - ing and the lov - ing No good thing will He with - hold.

# No. 214.

# Contentment.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Life is but a span in the meas-ure of years. Fraught with man-y fears,  
 2. Let me but a-bide in a cot-tage or tent, With what God has sent,  
 3. Let me trav-el on, for there com-eth a day, God shall show the way,

Laughter, sigh and tears; Thro' it all our God still is wait-ing to bless  
 I shall be con-tent, Know-ing that a cloud or a pil-lar of fire  
 When my soul shall stay, Though it be a road that no oth-er has trod,

CHORUS.

Ev-en in a wil-der-ness. } { Feast-ing on man-na from  
 Leads un-to my soul's de-sire. } { Drink-ing of wa-ter that  
 It must lead at last to God.

heav'n sent down, Blessings like dew are fall-ing. Holding com-mun-ion with the  
 sat-is-fies, Rest-ing when day (Omit.

2  
 :aints of God, List'n-ing when His voice to me is call-ing; is done,

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"I'm Living on the Mountain;" "Sweeter as the Years Go By;" "I Have the Witness Within."



## Contentment.—Concluded.

Thank-ful for all a lov-ing God sup-plies, Con-tent-ed I jour-ney on.

## No. 215. I'm Praying to Thee.

R. R.

Rev. RICHARD RADCLIFFE.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my trembling hands to Thee, They plead my cause, they  
 2. Je-sus, my Sav-iour, in heav-en in-ter-ceed-ing, Pray-ing my pray'r to  
 3. Spir-it Di-vine, the truth Thou art re-veal-ing, That God the Fa-ther

seek Thy promised grace; Hear Thou the pray-er I make on bend-ed knee,  
 Him who knows thy voice; Ask-ing the Fa-ther, my sins to be for-giv-en,  
 hears and an-swers pray'r; That Je-sus, Sav-iour, my man-sion is pre-par-ing.

REFRAIN. ("For You I am Praying.")

Re-move the veil and show Thy smil-ing face. To Thee I am pray-ing, To  
 And I re-ceive the full-ness of His grace. To Thee I am pray-ing, To  
 And I some day shall dwell for-ev-er there. To Thee I am pray-ing, To

Thee I am pray-ing; Dear Fa-ther in heav-en, I'm pray-ing to Thee.  
 Thee I am pray-ing; Dear Sav-iour in glo-ry, I'm pray-ing to Thee.  
 Thee I am pray-ing; Dear Spir-it e'er pres-ent, I'm pray-ing to Thee.

## No. 216.

## I Do Not Ask.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET OR SOLO.

1. All is dark, I can not see my way, God grant that  
 2. Night is on. The sun has hid its face; Beam on my  
 3. Gra - cious One, I feel my hand in Thine, Let come what

night may soon be turned to day. Reach out Thy hand, O  
 way the sun-light of Thy grace Nor let me fall, nor  
 may Thy love I know is mine. Un - wor - thy I to

Christ of Gal - i - lee, In lov - ing kind - ness O re - mem - ber me.  
 turn from Thee a - side; O lov - ing Com - rade, still with me a - bide.  
 touch Thy "seamless dress" I kneel be - fore Thee; now Thy foll'wer bless.

**CHORUS.** *cres.* *mf*  
 I do not ask Thy face to see, Not here, nor now such

bliss may come to me; . . . But this I know some day the veil shall

# I Do Not Ask.—Concluded.

fall. And I'll see Je - sus, Je - sus my all in all.

*p rit.*

## No. 217. Shout and Sing.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. The love of God, whose sa - cred bond, Nor life nor death can sey - er,
2. If one in Christ what joy is ours, Thro' faith His smile be - hold - ing,
3. Yes, one in Christ, and He in us, The hope of end - less glo - ry,
4. To sin - ners now we'll glad - ly tell His love so free - ly flow - ing.

Thro' grace di - vine has made us one, In Christ the Lord for - ev - er.  
 We dwell se - cure, our an - chor sure, His arm our souls en - fold - ing.  
 We jour - ney on while sweet - er grows Re - demp - tion's grand old sto - ry.  
 And help them find the land of song To which we now are go - ing.

### CHORUS.

Then shout and sing, though time may bring Its clouds of care and sor - row,

The gold - en ray they veil to - day, Will bright - er shine to - mor - row.

# No. 218. I Was There When It Happened.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. You ask me how I know that Je - sus saves me, How I know that all my  
 2. You ask me how I know that He re-deem'd me; And how I received the  
 3. And now, as thro' the world I go re - joic - ing, I am tell - ing what a

sins are white as snow; You ask me how I know that He for-gave me; Now  
 peace no gold can buy; How from the guilt and pow'r of sin He saved me, Made  
 Sav - iour dwells with - in; How I plung'd in to the cleansing, crimson foun - tain, And

CHORUS.

lis - ten, I must tell you how I know. } I was there when it happen'd, and I ought to know;  
 me an heir to man - sions in the sky. }  
 Je - sus wash'd my soul from ev'ry sin. }

His Spir - it burn - ing in me, set my heart a - glow; So I praise the Lord to - day,

He has wash'd mysins a - way; I was there when it happen'd, and I ought to know.

# No. 219.

# He Paid in Full.

INA DULEY OGDEN.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. My Sav - iour came when I was lost, And res - cued  
 2. And since I saw Him on the cross, One aim, one  
 3. To seek for souls who die in need, My Sav - iour's

me at fear - ful cost, No oth - er could my soul re - store, But  
 hope, my heart en - gross; To give a serv - ice glad and free, To  
 love and grace to plead; To spread the sweet - ness of His love, His

CHORUS.

Christ, who bade me sin no more. } He paid in full, He paid in  
 Him who suf - fered all for me. } He paid in full, He  
 cleans - ing, sav - ing pow'r to prove. }

full, My Sav - iour paid my debt in full, His blood hath  
 paid in full, His

made my sin like wool, My Sav - iour paid my debt in full.  
 blood hath made He paid,

## No. 220.

## Endue Me with Power.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Lord, o - pen my eyes to the work to be done, The fields un - to  
 2. At home and a - broad there is much to be done, In giv - ing and  
 3. En - due me with pow - er to work in Thy name, My time and my

harv - est are white; Ac - cept me I pray for Thy serv - ice to - day,  
 lov - ing and pray'r; Lord, give me a vis - ion of wan - der - ing souls,  
 tal - ents to give; That some wand'ring one thro' my serv - ice and pray'r,

## REFRAIN.

To win souls for God and right. }  
 They're per - ish - ing ev - 'ry - where. } En - due me with pow - er to -  
 May look un - to Thee, and live. }

day, Lord, with pow - er to do and to dare; Thy will ev - er

glad - ly to do, Lord, no mat - ter when or where.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where He Leads Me;" "My Ail is on the Altar;" "O What He's Done for Me;" "O it is Glory."

# No. 221. When the Shadows Shall Flee.

W. C. POOLE.

HALDOR LILLENAB.

1. When the shadows have turned in - to night time, And the night time has  
 2. When the morn - ing shall break in - to glo - ry, And my lov'd ones shall  
 3. Where the song of the an - gels is ring - ing, As they sing of that

all passed a - way; When the Sav - iour shall call I will an - swer. At the  
 come back to me, Thro' the a - ges I'll tell the glad sto - ry, Where the  
 un - meas - ured love, I ex - pect to take part in that sing - ing, In that

## CHORUS.

dawn of that won - der - ful day.  
 shad - ows shall nev - er - more be. } When the shadows have all pass'd a - way, . . . .  
 shad - ow - less homeland a - bove. } pass'd a - way,

I shall wake at the break of the day, . . . . In that land of de - light,  
 of the day,

In that homeland so bright, When the shadows have all passed a - way. . . . way.  
 passed a - way.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Rest for the Weary;" "O Come, Angel Band;" "God Will Take Care of You."

# No. 222. Come Across to the Other Side.

D. M. SHANKS.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Why lon - ger wan - der in the des - ert, And let the sea of sin di - vide?  
 2. In Ca - naan's land of peace and plen - ty, Our God hath ev - 'ry need sup - plied;  
 3. On des - ert plains of doubt and wor - ry, Why will you long - er there a - bide,

Be - fore you lies the land of Ca - naan, Come a - cross to the oth - er side.  
 By faith take hold of ev - 'ry prom - ise, Come a - cross to the oth - er side.  
 When there's a land of milk and hon - ey? Come a - cross to the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

{ Come a - cross (Come a - cross) to the oth - er side. No lon - ger let the  
 { Come a - cross a - cross, to the oth - er side, Where God hath ev - 'ry

seas di - vide; Be - fore you lies the land of Ca - naan, Come a - cross (Come a - cross)  
 need sup - plied, Be - fore you lies the (Omit.....)

to the oth - er side. land of Ca - naan, Come a - cross to the oth - er side.



# No. 223.

# A Present Salvation.

HERBERT BUFFUM.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. Praise God for a pres - ent sal - va - tion, Praise God that He  
 2. Praise God for the won - der - ful mo - ment When all of my  
 3. And now on the heights I am stand - ing, And look - ing be -

saves me just now. I feel in my spir - it the wit - ness,  
 sins rolled a - way. But praise Him still more that He keeps me.  
 hind me I see. How won - drous His grace man - i - fest - ed,

CHORUS.

Each time as be - fore Him I bow. } He saves me just now, hal - le -  
 And gives me the wit - ness to - day. }  
 Was al - ways suf - fi - cient for me.

lu - jah! He saves me just now, this I know; I mean to be

true, and go all the way thro', For His blood keeps me whit - er than snow.

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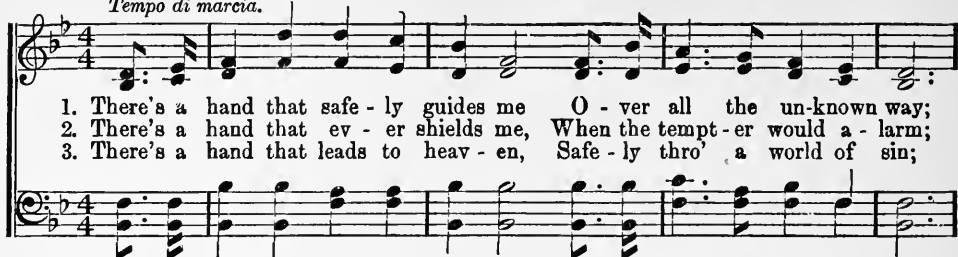
Suggested Choruses to follow—"O It Is Glory;" "Glorious Freedom;" "Jesus Paid it All;"  
 "O What He's Done for Me."

# No. 224. The Hand that Holds Me Steady.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

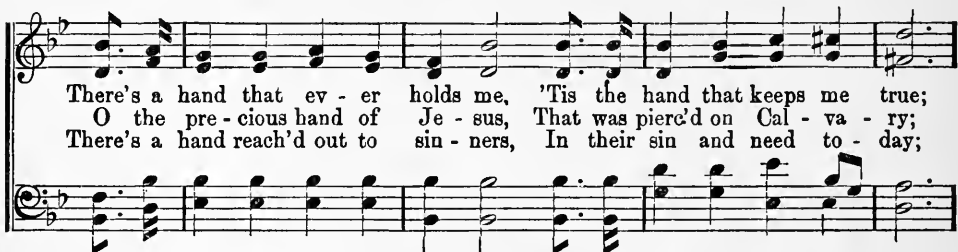
*Tempo di marcia.*



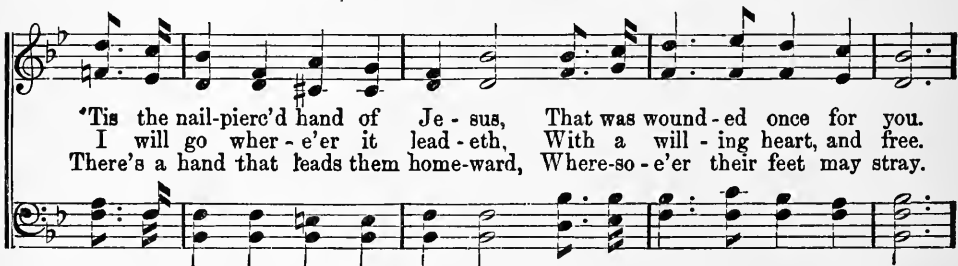
1. There's a hand that safe - ly guides me O - ver all the un-known way;  
2. There's a hand that ev - er shields me, When the tempt - er would a - harm;  
3. There's a hand that leads to heav - en, Safe - ly thro' a world of sin;



And no mat - ter what be - tides me, This, the hand I love to - day;  
There's a hand that ev - er helps me, Guard - ing me from sin and harm;  
'Tis the hand that o - ver Sa - tan Shall at last the vic - t'ry win;

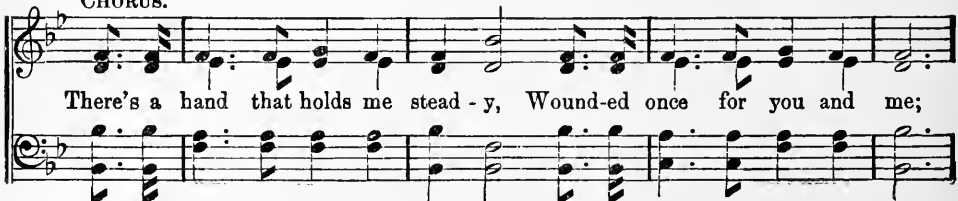


There's a hand that ev - er holds me, 'Tis the hand that keeps me true;  
O the pre - cious hand of Je - sus, That was pierc'd on Cal - va - ry;  
There's a hand reach'd out to sin - ners, In their sin and need to - day;



'Tis the nail-pierc'd hand of Je - sus, That was wound - ed once for you.  
I will go wher - e'er it lead - eth, With a will - ing heart, and free.  
There's a hand that leads them home - ward, Where - so - e'er their feet may stray.

CHORUS.



There's a hand that holds me stead - y, Wound - ed once for you and me;

# The Hand that Holds Me Steady.—Concluded.

And my heart cries I am read - y, Bless - ed Lord, to fol - low Thee.

## No. 225. Nearer.

ALBERT FITZGERALD.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Near - er, still near - er, low - ly I bend, Did ev - er sin - ner  
 2. Near - er, still near - er, sun of my soul, O the sweet rap - ture,  
 3. High - er and high - er, on ea - gle wing, Love draws me clos - er

have such a Friend? This Friend is Je - sus, bless His dear name,  
 I am made whole, Cleansed by the blood and free from all sin,  
 to Christ, my King, Pre - cious while liv - ing thro' grief and pain,

*rit. e dim.* REFRAIN.

Yes - ter - day, al - ways, for - ev - er the same. }  
 Faith - ful till death, I a crown then shall win. } Near - er, still near - er,  
 Thrice pre - cious, dy - ing, His love shall sus - tain. }

*pp* *rit. e dim.*

Near - er, still near - er, Draw me, my Sav - iour, Still near - er to Thee.

# No. 226. Has the Comforter Come to Abide?

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. O be-liev-er in Je-sus, O child of God, Has the Com-fort-er  
 2. Has the Spir-it of Pen-te-cost come to you, Has the Com-fort-er  
 3. Have you died to the world and to self and sin, Has the Com-fort-er  
 4. Is He con-stant-ly with you to help and cheer, Has the Com-fort-er

come to a-bide? Since your sins were for-giv-en thro' Je-sus' blood, Has the  
 come to a-bide? With His pow-er for serv-ice He will en-due, Has the  
 come to a-bide? In the bat-tles of life do you vic-t'ry win, Has the  
 come to a-bide? Does He guide and up-hold you and still each fear, Has the

CHORUS.

Com-fort-er come to a-bide? Has the Com-fort-er come to a-bide? . . .  
 Has He come to a-bide?

Has the Com-fort-er come to a-bide? . . . Since in Christ you be-  
 Has He come to a-bide?

lieved and par-don received, Has the Com-fort-er come to a-bide? . . .  
 to a-bide?

# No. 227. He'll Drive All the Shadows Away.

C. C. UHLAND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, or all in Unison.

1. The cares of the day oft per-plex us,      The pathway we tread oft seems bare,  
 2. That life which the sun never brightened,      With mis-ery and pain ev-'ry - where.  
 3. There's no one can help us like Je - sus,      No burden's too heav-y for Him,

The sun seems to shine but for oth-ers;      There seems to be no one to care,  
 May reach out in faith and may find Him      Who waits ev-'ry sor-row to share.  
 He wants ev'ry life filled with sunshine;      With light that shall never grow dim,

But some one is watching our foot-steps, He's guid-ing us o'er the dark way;  
 He holds out His hands pierc'd and wounded, He knows of the bur-den each day;  
 And dai - ly He's watching our footsteps,      And lead-ing us all the lone way;

His love, like the glo-ri-ous sun - shine,      Will drive all the shadows a - way.  
 He'll take all the thorns from our pathway,      And drive all the shadows a - way.  
 We'll trust in His dear lov-ing kind-ness,      To drive all the shadows a - way.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Sweet By and By;" "O Beulah Land;" "I've Anchored My Soul;" "O There's Sunshine."

# No. 228.

# Building On the Rock.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

*Moderato.*

1. We are build-ing on the Rock which no tem-pest e'er canshock, Tho' the  
 2. No foun-da-tion could we lay in our own im-per-fect way, Which would  
 3. Let us la-lor then and sing, in this tem-ple of the King; In His

ad-verse winds may round us roar; Our foun-da-tion's sure and strong, we are  
 stand the storms that may as-sail; But on Christ the sol-id Rock, we shall  
 serv-ice true we shall be blest; In har-mo-nious, hap-py bands, loy-al

here to con-quer wrong, Trust-ing Him whose aid we now im-plore.  
 be a shelt-ered flock, For His lov-ing care will e'er pre-vail.  
 hearts, u-nit-ed hands, Our re-ward, e-ter-nal peace and rest.

## REFRAIN.

On the Rock, on the Rock, It has stood for a-ges,  
 We are build-ing on the Rock, On the sure and sol-id Rock,

still it stands se-cure, . . . . . On the Rock, bless-ed  
 stands se-cure We are build-ing on the Rock,

# Building On the Rock.—Concluded.

Rock, We are build - ing on the Rock, Christ Je - sus.  
Build - ing on the Rock.

## No. 229. Trust Jesus To-day

D. M. S.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. If you trust the Sav - iour you will find Him true, He'll go with you  
2. When your way grows nar - row then just look to Him, He will be your  
3. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den He will help you bear, If you trust Him

all the way, Ev - 'ry try - ing con - flict He will help you thro', If you  
Guide and Friend, Fol - low close be - side Him thro' the shad - ows dim, Trust Him  
all the way, All your care and sor - row He will glad - ly share, If you

### CHORUS.

trust Him ev - 'ry day. } { Just trust Him ev - 'ry day, His gen - tle voice o - bey.  
ful - ly to the end. } { He'll be a Friend in - deed, sup - ply your ev - 'ry need,  
trust Him ev - 'ry day. }

He'll go with you all the way, If you trust in Je - sus to - day.

E. E. HEWITT.  
*Alto prominent.*

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a light on clouds of sad-ness, And a rose for ev-'ry thorn, When the  
 2. We will bridge the vale of sor-row With the prom-ises of God; Words so  
 3. Let us glad-den pathways lone-ly With a radiance from the sky; Let the

Lord is near, giv-ing songs of cheer, Till our hearts no longer mourn; There's a gleam of  
 strong and sure ev-er-more en-dure, Spreading hope and cheer abroad; And we know the  
 smil-ing face be a means of grace, To the wea-ry pass-er-by; We will live for

heav'n-ly gladness, Tho' all oth-er lights should fail, When we know the love of the  
 bright to-mor-row Will outshine the noonday sun; For the Lord of light drives a-  
 Je-sus on-ly, And His joy our strength shall be; Till we meet at last, ev-'ry

CHORUS. UNISON.

King a-bove, Love that ev-er shall pre-vail. }  
 way the night, While e-ter-nal a-ges run. } Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 tri-al past, Where His beau-ty we shall see. }

PARTS. UNISON. PARTS.

He has pardoned all our sin; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There's a-



# There's a Light.—Concluded.

UNISON.

bid - ing peace within; (peace within;) We are hap - py in our Sav - iour, And re - joic - ing

PARTS.

in His love; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To our bless - ed Friend a - bove!

## No. 231. Jesus is All World to Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all; He is my strength from  
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore; I go to Him for  
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be; O how could I this  
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend; I trust Him now, I'll

day to day, With - out Him I would fall. When I am sad, to Him I go,  
 blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er. He sends the sunshine and the rain.  
 friend de - ny, When He's so true to me? Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right,  
 trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end. Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend,

No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.  
 He sends the harvest's golden grain; Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my friend.  
 He watches o'er me day and night; Following Him, by day and night, He's my friend.  
 Beau - ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

# No. 232.

# Walk With Him.

M. I. R.

M. ISABELLE RITTER.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto, or Sop. and Tenor,

1. Je - sus wants to lead you on life's rug - ged way, If you'll on - ly take Him as your  
 2. If you fall or falt - er think - ing all is lost, Call on Him and He will an - swer  
 3. Trust in Je - sus on - ly, cares will pass a - way, Trust in Him for vic - t'ry in the

guide; He will nev - er fail you in the dark - est day, He'll al - ways be your  
 true; He is al - ways wait - ing lov - ing - ly for all, His arms are ev - er  
 strife; Help the poor and need - y wand'ers in the way, And show to them the

### CHORUS. PARTS.

Friend, what e'er be - tide, } Je - sus will help you and your heav - y bur - dens bear,  
 o - pen wide for you.  
 way, the truth, the life. }

Je - sus will love you, when there's no one else to care; He will par - don ev - 'ry sin,

Make you clean and pure with - in, On - ly trust in Je - sus and walk with Him.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"No Not One;" "O Beulah Land;" "Happy Day."

# No. 233.

# Better Every Day.

E. V. J.

ETHEL V. JOHNSON.

1. There was a time when I believed true pleasure could be found By liv-ing on - ly  
 2. I used to think that I could not give up my life of sin, I said, "Too narrow  
 3. And so I'm press-ing on-ward to my man-sion in the sky, Re-joic-ing in my

in a life of sin, But since I've come to Je - sus I have learn'd true joys abound,  
 is the up-ward way," But tho' I find it sometimes steep, yet Je-sus leads me on,  
 Sav-our all the way. And on my pil-grim jour-ney, as each milestone I pass by,

CHORUS.

With those a - lone who have His peace with-in.  
 And, praise the Lord, it's bet - ter ev - 'ry day.  
 My glad heart sings, "It's better ev - 'ry day." } Bet-ter, yes, it's bet-ter ev - 'ry

day, Bright-er, ev - er bright-er, grows the way; Je - sus' love is  
 grows the way;

sweeter now than e'er it was be-fore, Praise the Lord, it's getting better ev-'ry day.

# No. 234.

# The Master's Call.

ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL.

A. RUBINSTEIN.  
(Arr. by Wilfred Robertson.)

*Unison.*

1. Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing to you, "Rouse thee, my child! My  
2. Do with thy might what thy hands find to do, Small tasks or great, He

CHO.—Hark! 'Tis the Sav - iour! He's call - ing for thee, "Has - ten, my child, my

work waits for thee; Lo, in my vineyard there's work yet to do, Come. la - bor  
counts them the same; Who knows the good that a small deed may do, Done in the

work waits for you; Tho' my sal - va - tion is boundless and free, Thou hast a

FINE. SOP. AND ALTO (or Parts).

there with me." . . . . . White are the fields, and the reap - ers are need - ed,  
Mas - ter's name? . . . . . Has - ten the day that so sure - ly is dawn - ing!  
part to do." . . . . .

SOP. AND ALTO.

Shall some be lost while the call is un - heed - ed? Forth to the work! It is  
La - bor with joy in the light of the morn - ing; Work with thy might till the

MALE VOICES. *rall.*

*D. C. for Chorus.*

no time to sleep! I'll strength - en and help thee, my pres - ence shall keep."  
night hides the sun, Then thine be the words of the Mas - ter: "Well done."

# No. 235.

# Be Loyal to Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Be loy - al to the Mas - ter, Who gave His life for you; In per - il  
 2. Be loy - al where He needs you, Thro' sun - shine or thro' rain; And fol - low  
 3. Half - heart - ed meas - ures scorn - ing, Stand stead - fast in His might, And help to  
 4. Be loy - al, though a - round you, The pow'rs of e - vil throng; His an - gel

## CHORUS.

and dis - as - ter, Be faith - ful, brave and true.  
 where He leads you, In pleas - ure, or in pain.  
 bring the morn - ing, The day with vic - t'ry bright. } Be loy - al to Je - sus; Up -  
 guards surround you; His strength shall be your song.

hold His ban - ner ev - 'ry - where; Be loy - al to Je - sus; Be strong in

## UNISON. *Inst. Sva.*

Him to do and dare; When fierce the bat - tle ra - ges, Just trust the God of

## PARTS.

a - ges; Good serv - ice bring; His glo - ry sing; Be loy - al to your King.

# No. 236.

# He is a Friend of Mine.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I have a friend in - deed, A friend I oft - en need, And when I need him  
 2. Now Je - sus is his name, His love is e'er the same; And tho' my love for  
 3. It is e-nough for me To know that he will be A friend when all the

he is al - ways near,.....(al - ways near,...) To chide me when I'm wrong,  
 him may fee - ble grow,.....(fee - ble grow,...) Still thro' my tears I see  
 rest for - get my name;....(forget my name;..) When thro' the gates of gold

To fill my heart with song, Or make the hid - den way seem clear, (seem clear.)  
 My friend a - wait - ing me, And hand in hand we on - ward go, (onward go.)  
 My char - iot wheels have roll'd, He'll be my lov - ing friend the same, (the same.)

## CHORUS.

He is a friend of mine, He is a friend of mine, The rul - er of the land and sea,  
 yes,

And yet he lov - eth me; I would that you might know him too, This friend of mine.

# No. 237.

# The Shepherd's Call.

E. E. HEWITT.

ALFRED JUDSON.  
(Arr. from G. Verdi.)

1. Lo, the Shepherd calls His flock From a world of sin and dan - ger; Calls us,  
2. Lo, the Shepherd guides His flock, By the streams of liv - ing wa - ters; Thro' the  
3. Lo, the Shepherd saves His flock, He will gath - er them in glo - ry; Ev - 'ry

young and old, to His peace-ful fold, O hear His voice! Lest in darkened paths we  
dark - ened vale, love will nev - er fail, O hear His voice! "Fol - low me," we hear Him  
dan - ger past, we will meet at last, O hear His voice! Nev - er - more from Him to

REFRAIN. (Adapted from Verdi.)  
*Unison.*

*rit.*  
stray, Let us heed His word to - day. }  
say; Let us heed His word to - day. } Come, come to Christ to - day, the Shepherd's call o -  
stray, In that bright, e - ter - nal day. }

MALE VOICES.

ALL Parts.

be - ing; Seek, seek the bet - ter way, no more from Jesus straying; O come! Know  
Come, O come! Come and

ye the Shepherd's love; To God be glo - ry! To God be glo - ry! Un - til we meet a - bove.  
know the Shepherd's love;

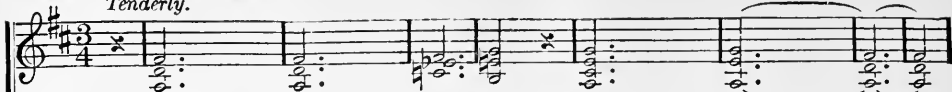
# No. 238.

# No Room.

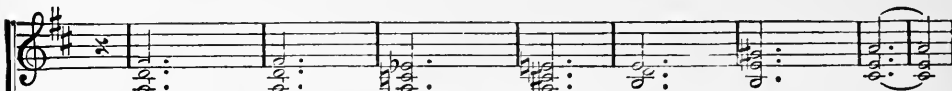
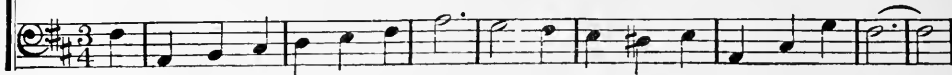
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

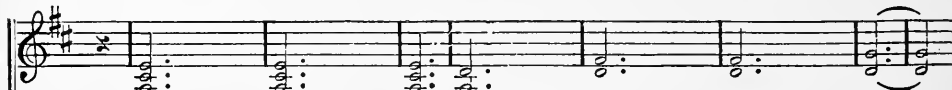
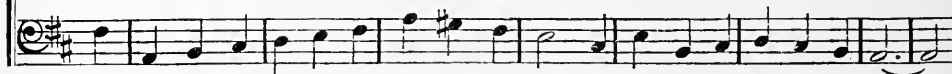
*Tenderly.*



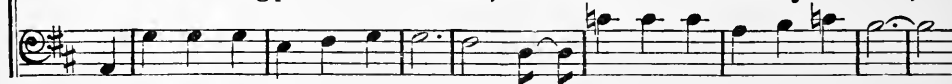
1. No room in thy life for the Sav-iour, Yet room for life's pleasures so bright,
2. No room in thy life for the Sav-iour, Yet time for the world and its cares,
3. No room in thy life for the Sav-iour, To save thee from sin and its power,



And room for its toil and its sorrows and pain, When joys have at last taken flight,  
And time for its hopes and its pleasures and griefs, Its sins and temptations and snares,  
To keep thee from danger, temptation and harm, To comfort in death's dark-some hour,



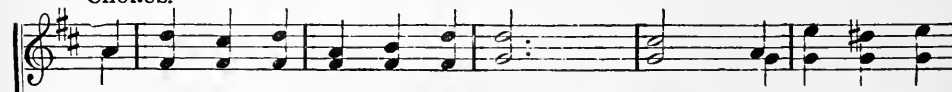
For this world a-lone thou art liv - ing, For to-day and yet how can it be,  
But life's lit - tle day is now pass-ing, How swift-ly the moments all flee,  
He comes to bring pardon for sin-ners, From Sa-tan to set thy soul free,



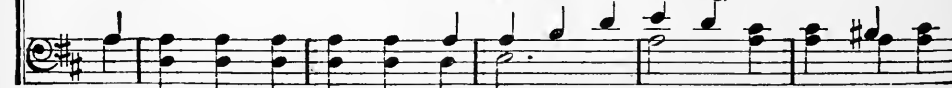
Thou cold - ly canst say to thy Sav-iour, "No room in my life Lord for thee?"  
And yet canst thou say to thy Sav-iour, "No room in my life Lord for thee?"  
And yet canst thou say to thy Sav-iour, "No room in my life Lord for thee?"



## CHORUS.



O come to the Sav - iour who's wait - ing, His love and his  
the Sav - iour who's wait - ing,





## No Room.—Concluded.

peace to im - part, . . . . . No long - er de - lay but re -  
to im - part,

mem - ber to - day And o - pen the door of thy heart. . .

## No. 239.

## Ours the Victory.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O'er the bat - tle-ments of heav-en, Comes a soul-in-spir-ing cry: God, him -
2. E - vil hosts in fear are flee-ing, As the cross of Christ they see, On - ward
3. Falt-'ring nev - er, nev - er doubt-ing, Ours the vic-tor's crown shall be, We shall

REFRAIN.

self, the word has giv - en, "On to vic - to - ry." }  
press in tri-umph shouting, "On to vic - to - ry." } "On to vic - to - ry,"  
stand in glo - ry shouting, "Ours the vic - to - ry." }

This our cry shall be, God him-self the word has spoken, "On to vic - to - ry!"

# No. 240. Art Thou Weary, Heavy Laden?

Dr. NEALE.

(BULLINGER.)

E. W. BULLINGER

*Stoutly.*

1. Art thou wea - ry, hea - vy la - den? Art thou sore dis - trest?  
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be . . . at rest.”  
“In His feet and hands are wound-prunts, And . . . His side.”

3 Hath He diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?

“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?

“Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?

“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended.  
Jordan past.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?

“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, “Yes.”

# No. 241. The Happy Pilgrim.

Words arranged.

1. { I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing gar - ments clad,  
He had no cares nor bur - dens, He'd laid them at the cross,  
2. { The sum - mer sun was sink - ing, The sweat was on his brow;  
But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wend - ing home,

And trav - 'ling up the moun - tain, His coun - te - nance was glad; }  
The blood of Christ, the Sav - iour, Had wash'd him from all dross. }  
His gar - ments worn and dus - ty, His step seem'd ver - y slow; }  
Still shout - ing as he jour - neyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

## The Happy Pilgrim.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry We shall wear.

3 I saw Him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,  
His everlasting home,  
And shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance will come!

4 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,  
To suffer nevermore:  
Then casting His eyes backward  
On the race which He had run;  
He shouted loud, Hosanna!  
Deliverance has come!

## No. 242.

## Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.

1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - in'd by the fall; Sal - va - tion  
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re - demption  
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes known The bless - ed  
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go, There shall to you be giv'n A glo - rious  
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r, Let all the ran - som'd sing And triumph

CHORUS.

full at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
by His death I find, And cleansing thro' His blood,  
rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone, } O'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!  
fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.  
in the dying hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

# No. 243.

# Is it the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend;  
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their song;  
 3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear on the shore,  
 4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell

Dan - gers and troubles would end If Je - sus should come to - day.  
 Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If I should go home to - day.  
 Storms will affright nev - er - more, For he is "at hand" to - day.  
 Why I should love him so well, For he is my all to - day.

## CHORUS.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day? I'll

live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

# No. 244.

# Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom - is - es of God Long have Sa - tan's might withstood, And no  
 2. O the might - y hand of time Fash - ions many - a work sub - lime, Yet the  
 3. Trust those ho - ly words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their

pow'r of dark - ness o'er them shall pre - vail; They are build - ed sure and strong  
 tide of years their splendor shall as - sail; But the Word of God, this hour,  
 ref - uge in temp - ta - tion's roughest gale; Strength and cour - age they shall lend,

*ff* For the con - flict with the wrong, And those prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!  
 Thrills with all the old - time pow'r, For those prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!  
 Pow'r from heav - en shall de - scend, For those prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!

FINE.

*D.S.*—For the con - flict with the wrong, God's prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail!

CHORUS.

God's prom - is - es were nev - er known to fail! No pow'r of  
 were nev - er known to fail!

dark - ness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are build - ed sure and strong  
 shall pre - vail!

*D.S.*

# No. 245. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDANIEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came  
 2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came  
 3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came  
 4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me. Since Je - sus came  
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je - sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way,  
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,  
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,  
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my  
 Since Je - sus came in, came

heart Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my  
 in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in came in - to my heart.

soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

# No. 245.

# Whose Love Befriending.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Praise the Lord, whose love befriending us, Dai-ly mer-cies new is send-ing us;  
 2. When we pray our Fa-ther hear-ing us, Sends a prom-ise sweet-ly cheer-ing us;  
 3. Praise the Lord, the King all - glo-ri-ous, O - ver sin and death vic - to - ri-ous;

Praise Him with de - light, whose sav - ing might Will guide our steps a - right.  
 For He knows our needs and on - ward leads, His grace all thought ex - ceeds.  
 While His mer - cies throng, ring out a song, A car - ol loud and strong.

*\*CHORUS.* O praise the Lord, whose gifts outpoured, Have crowned our

O praise the Lord, . . . . . whose gifts outpoured, . . . . . Have crowned our days . . .

days and cheered our ways; O praise the Lord!

. . . . . and cheered our ways; . . . . . O praise the Lord! . . . . . Our hearts re -

Our hearts re - cord

*Parts.*

cord . . . . . Sweet tokens of His love, With blessings from a - bove. . . . .  
 with blessings from a - bove.

\* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes, (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

# No. 247.

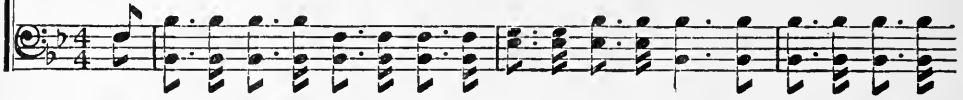
# Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN.

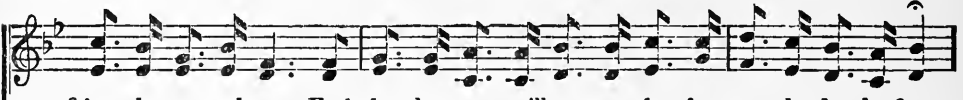
AUSTIN MILES.



1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's fair - er than the  
 2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw him from a - far; He's fair - er than the  
 3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his



glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pict - ures in its  
 lil - y, bright - er than the morn - ing star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long - ing  
 bos - om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my bur - dens



fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be - fore.  
 spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be - fore.  
 in his bod - y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be - fore.



## CHORUS.



The half . . . . . can - not be fan - cied this side . . . . . the golden  
 The half can - not be fan - cied on this side the golden shore, The half can - not be fan - cied on this



shore; O there . . . . . he'll be still sweeter than he ev - er was be - fore.  
 side the golden shore; O there he'll be still sweeter than he ever was before, than he





# No. 248.

# Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain; But in  
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to  
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the  
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.  
 cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

FINE.

*D.S.*—hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is  
 Meet me there, Meet me there,

*D.S.*

bloom - ing, Meet me there; Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the

# No. 249.

# Christian, Forth!

ELIZABETH F. GUPILL.

J. LINCOLN HALL.  
(Cho. arr. from Sir Edward Elgar.)

1. Chris-tian, forth! God's ho - ly word ful - fill! In His vine - yard la - bor,  
2. Lift thy heart in hap - py pray'r and song, While thy way pur - su - ing;  
3. Help thy fee - ble broth - er on the way, Cheer and com - fort giv - ing;  
4. Work for peace, for hope, for joy and love, Thy whole self be - stow - ing;

Glad - ly work - ing out the Mas - ter's will, Love and serve thy neigh - bor.  
'Tis to thee God's prom - is - es be - long, If His work you're do - ing.  
Make the world grow bright - er ev - 'ry day, Just be - cause you're liv - ing.  
Earth shall then be like to heav'n a - bove, With the Love - light glow - ing.

## CHORUS. (From Sir Edward Elgar.)

ALL. Unison.

"Give, and it shall be giv - en un - to you," Give of thy -

self in serv - ice ev - er true; This is the prom - ise Christ has

### Parts.

giv - en thee, "As thy days so thy strength shall be." .....  
"Thy strength, thy strength shall be, thy strength shall be."  
"As thy day thy strength shall be." .....

# No. 250.

# Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

**FINE. CHORUS.**

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

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

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

# No. 251.

# Lead Me to Calvary.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Slowly.*

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;  
 2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourn'd and wept;  
 3. Let me like Ma - ry, thro' the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;  
 1. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;

Lest I for - get Thy thorn - crown'd brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.  
 An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard - ed Thee while Thou slept.  
 Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.  
 E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

## CHORUS.

Lest I for - get Geth - sem - a - ne; Lest I for - get Thine ag - o - ny;

Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.

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# No. 252.

# Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed Lord, to Thee;  
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;  
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;  
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;

# Take My Life, and Let it Be.—Concluded.

Cho. D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.  
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

## No. 253.

## Our Gethsemane.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

E. A. CASSELBERRY.

1. O gar-den low-ly, earth-ly yet ho-ly, Where sa-cred foot hath trod, . . . .
2. If we be led there dark paths to tread there, O may we will-ing go, . . . .
3. We who have knelt there, surely have felt there Pray-ing in shad-ows gray, . . . .

Who hath not known thee, when faith has shown thee, Where knelt the Son of God?  
 Hum-ble fear-ing, still per-se-ver-ing, To drink a cup of woe.  
 God's promised mor-row, bears grief and sor-row, On an-angel wings a-way.

D.S.—An-gels, O send us, strong to de-fend us, In our Geth-sem-a-ne.

REFRAIN.

D.S. at Fine.

Fa-ther in heav-en, should we be giv-en, Some cup to drink for Thee.  
 for Thee.

# No. 254. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

Rev. GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;  
2. O Light that followest all my way, . . . I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow  
My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn should tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

# No. 255. Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Come to the Sav-iour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;  
2. "Suf-fer the children!" O hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice,  
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands, and o-bey;

Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"  
And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.  
Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say, "Will you, my chil-dren, come!"

D.S.—And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

# Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

## No. 256. Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE.

1. A friend of Je - sus, O what bliss, That one so vile as I,  
 2. A Friend when oth - er friendships cease, A Friend when oth - ers fail,  
 3. A Friend to lead me in the dark, A Friend who knows the way,

Should ev - er have a Friend like this, To lead me to the sky.  
 A Friend who gives me joy and peace, A Friend who does pre - vail.  
 A Friend to steer my weak frail bark, A Friend my debts to pay.

CHORUS.

Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine, O what bless - ed sweet com -

mun - ion, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

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

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

# No. 257.

# Jewels.

W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His  
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom; All the  
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

## CHORUS.

jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own. }  
 pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. } Like the stars of the morning,  
 jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own. }

His bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

# No. 258.

# Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;  
 2. Tho' I for - get Him and wander a - way, Still He doth love me wher - ev - er I stray;  
 3. O if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the great King,

Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.  
 Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.  
 This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "O what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"



# Jesus Loves Even Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me; e - ven me.

## No. 259. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Rev. C. H. WOOLSTON, D. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Je - sus calls the chil - dren dear, "Come to me and nev - er fear, For I  
2. Je - sus is the Shep - herd true, And He'll al - ways stand by you, For He  
3. I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee. And Thy sol - dier I will be, For He

love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world. I will take you by the hand,  
loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world. He's a Sav - iour great and strong,  
loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world. And His cross I'll al - ways bear,

*D. S.*—yel - low, black and white,

FINE.

Lead you to the bet - ter land, For I love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.  
And He'll shield you from the wrong, For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.  
And for Him I'll do and dare, For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

They are pre - cious in His sight, Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the children of the world; Red and  
lit - tle children, All the chil - dren of the world;

# No. 260. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him," A -  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

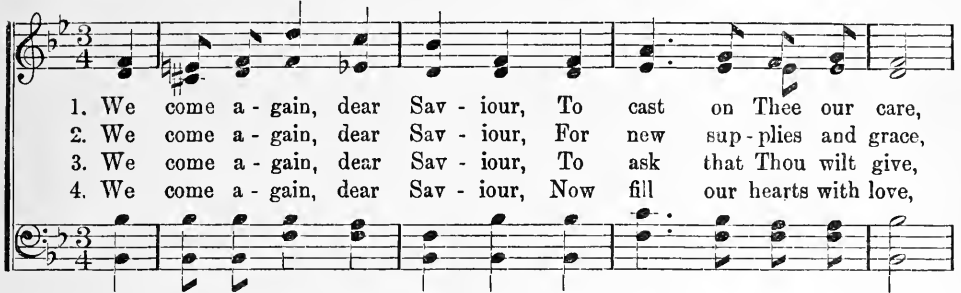
# New Songs of Praise and Power, No. 3.

No. 261.

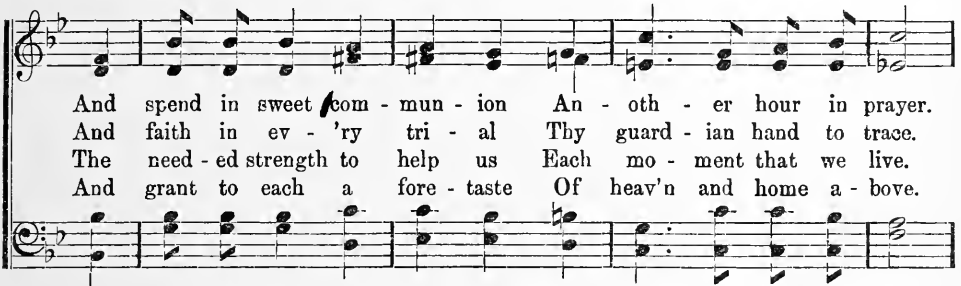
## We Gather in Thy Name.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, To cast on Thee our care,  
2. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, For new sup - plies and grace,  
3. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, To ask that Thou wilt give,  
4. We come a - gain, dear Sav - iour, Now fill our hearts with love,



And spend in sweet com - mun - ion An - oth - er hour in prayer.  
And faith in ev - 'ry tri - al Thy guard - ian hand to trace.  
The need - ed strength to help us Each mo - ment that we live.  
And grant to each a fore - taste Of heav'n and home a - bove.

CHORUS.



We gath - er in Thy name, Thy prom - ise, Lord, we claim;  
in Thy name, now, O Lord, we claim;



O touch our hearts and let our love Be kin - dled to a flame.

# No. 262.

# Satisfied.

MATTIE B. SHANNON.  
SOLO. *Ad lib.*

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the cross that God my Fa - ther gives So ver - y heav - y seems, And  
2. When the treas - ures I have striv - en for Are slip - ping fast a - way; When  
3. When the cares and tri - als of this life Are press - ing more and more; When

when I see the blighting Find the ash - es of my dreams; When the heart that beats with  
e - vil tempts me sore - ly And so anx - ious is my day; When the fier - y darts that  
death's dark an - gel soft - ly Spreads his wings above my door; When the paths that e'er my

in my breast Is wea - ry and cast down, And when the sun is shadowed, While the  
Sa - tan sends Are crowding thick and fast, And when youth's hopes are shattered And lie  
feet must tread So dark and drear - y grow, And when my soul is heav - y With a

CHORUS.

heav - en's seem to frown; }  
dy - ing in the blast; } O I think of Christ my Sav - iour, And the cross on  
name - less pain and woe; }

Cal - v'ry's side, I think of what He bore for me, And am straightway sat - is - fied.

# No. 263. Since I Gave Up the World.

R. B. McDANIEL.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I am liv - ing in peace and con - tent - ment of soul, Since I gave up the  
 2. I am feed - ing on man - na He dai - ly pro - vides, Since I gave up the  
 3. O I love to walk with Him, as friend walks with friend, Since I gave up the  
 4. I've a fore - taste of joy that in heav - en they know, Since I gave up the

world for Je - sus; All my tri - als and bur - dens on Him now I roll,  
 world for Je - sus; And by still flow - ing wa - ters my footsteps He guides,  
 world for Je - sus; And the hours are so bliss - ful that with Him I spend,  
 world for Je - sus; And it bright - ens my path - way as home - ward I go,

## CHORUS.

Since I gave up the world for Him. Sweet peace fills my soul since

He took con - trol, And I gave up the world for Je - sus, He has cleans'd me from

sin, and I'm on my way home, Since I gave up the world for Je - sus.

MATTIE B. SHANNON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET OR SOLO.

1. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? How could I  
 2. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? That by my  
 3. How do I know I love the Christ my Sav - iour? For of His

e'er from Him my love with - hold? For from His Fa - ther's throne He came to  
 side He's walk - ing all the way? There's deep within my soul the glad - as -  
 love I'm long - ing now to tell, And all the an - guish that for man He

save me, And day by day new mer - cies I be - hold.  
 sur - ance That He will keep and guide me ev - 'ry day.  
 suf - fered, That you may al - so know I love Him well.

## CHORUS.

Full well I know I love my Sav - iour, And with a love that naught can dim;

Full well I know the grave is but the por - tal Thro' which I'll pass to dwell with Him.

# No. 265.

# Jesus for the World.

W. C. POOLE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. The old world needs Je - sus to heal its sin, The old world needs  
 2. The old world needs Je - sus to give the light, And bright - en the  
 3. The old world needs Je - sus to make a - new The lives that are  
 4. The old world needs Je - sus to lead the way, To lead to His

Je - sus to - day; There's no one like Je - sus can help it to win,  
 path - way we tread; To scat - ter the gloom and the dark - ness of night,  
 blight - ed by sin; There's no one like Je - sus to make them all true,  
 heav - en a - bove; For no one like Je - sus can help it to - day,

### CHORUS.

To save . . . . . it and  
 Or help it on o - ver life's way.  
 And give it the sun - shine in - stead. } To save it and keep it and  
 And help them the vic - to - ry win. }  
 And no one like Je - sus can love.

keep it, To love . . . . . it and bless it,  
 help it to - day, To love it and bless it and light - en the way; The old world needs

Je - sus to save it from sin, The old world needs Je - sus to - day.

# No. 266. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

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 - iour trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,  
 nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS

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

home, leads 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.



# No. 267. He Held Out the Sceptre to Me.

ANNA M. PROCTOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When to Je - sus, the King, in re - pent-ance I came, And knelt at His  
2. What a sin - ner was I, and how far I had stray'd, For fol - ly and  
3. If to Je - sus, the King, you will now yield your heart, He'll make it His

throne, plead-ing grace in His name, What a won - der - ful smile on His  
sin, what a price I had paid, I was hope-less in - deed, as I  
home, and will nev - er de - part, Just re - pent and con - fess, then what

face I could see. In for - give - ness He held out the scep - tre to me.  
stood all a - lone, Till I heard His sweet call and approach'd His white throne.  
joy it will be, Just to have Je - sus hold out His scep - tre to thee.

## CHORUS.

'Twas the scep-tre of love and of pardon-ing grace, 'Twas the sceptre of mercy so free;

The King of all heaven bent down from His throne, And held out the sceptre to me.  
to me.

# No 268. Beloved, We are the Sons of God.

GEO. ROBINSON.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of  
 2. Teach me some mel - o - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove; Praise the  
 3. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come; And I  
 4. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to

CHORUS.

mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.  
 mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
 hope, by Thy good-pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. } Be-loved, be-loved, we  
 res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood.

are the Sons of God, And it doth not yet ap-pear what we shall be; But we

know . . . that when He shall ap-pear, But we know . . . that when He shall ap-  
 we know ap - pear, we know

pear, We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him, we shall see Him as He is.  
 ap - pear,

5 O to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

# No. 269.

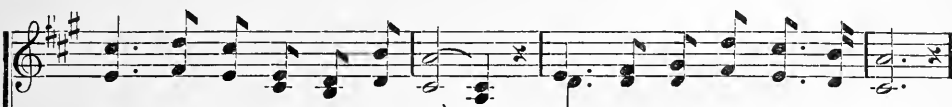
# Room for Jesus.

C. AUSTIN MILES,

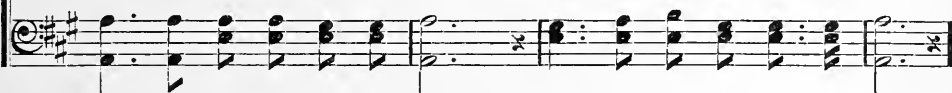
H. P. DANKS,



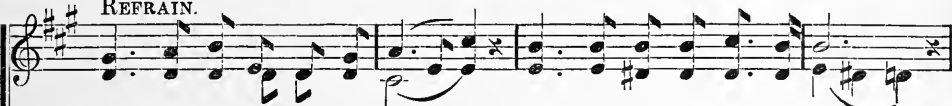
1. Room for Je - sus; can it be, Beth - le - hem could find no place  
 2. Does He yet in - quire in vain For a place His head to lay?  
 3. En - ter in, O Heav'n - ly Guest, Make my heart Thy dwell - ing fair;  
 4. I, with Christ, am one to - day; Weak - ness I, but strength is He.



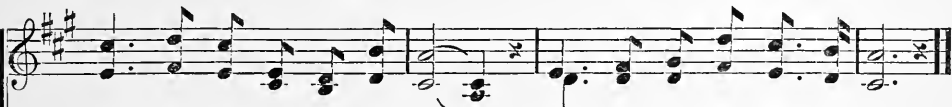
For the Christ of Gal - i - lee, — Sav - iour of a fall - en race?  
 Can I still His plea dis - dain, Let Him turn from me a - way?  
 Then am I for - ev - er blest With my Sav - iour's pres - ence there.  
 Will He ev - er with me stay? Yea, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



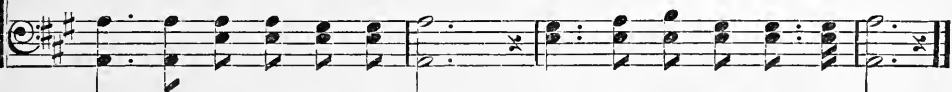
## REFRAIN.



O, my Mas - ter, Thou wilt find . . . Room with - in my heart for Thee; . . .



And I know Thou, ev - er kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.



# No. 270.

# O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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,  
 heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,  
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-iour, I know,

*rit.*  
 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.

# No. 271.

# When Jesus Reigns Within.

W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. There is glad-ness in my soul, There is joy be-yond con-trol, Since  
 2. There is rap-ture, there is peace, That for-ev-er will in-crease, Since  
 3. I am nev-er left a-lone, When I am the Lord's a-lone, Since  
 4. I have heav-en in my soul, Tho' the bil-lows'round me roll, Since

Je - sus reigns with-in;  
 Je - sus reigns with-in;  
 Je - sus reigns with-in;  
 Je - sus reigns with-in;

For He drives all sin a-way, And He  
 There are blessings wait-ing me, There is  
 And it makes my soul re-joice, When by  
 As I press my on-ward way To the

Since Je - sus reigns with-in;

brings the per-fect day, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.  
 glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.  
 faith I hear His voice, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.  
 land of per-fect day, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus reigns with

in,  
 Je - sus reigns with-in,

Since Je - sus reigns with - in;  
 Since Je - sus reigns with-in;

There is

peace that fills the soul, There is joy be-yond control, Since Je - sus reigns with-in.

# No. 272. No Disappointment in Jesus.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. There's no dis - ap - pointment in Je - sus, On Him I can ev - er re - ly;  
2. Earth's friends may all fail when I need them, The test ing-time proves them un - true;  
3. There's no dis - ap - pointment in Je - sus, In faith to His foot-stool I go;

With con - fi - dence wait His ap - pointment, Tho' sometimes my faith He may try.  
But Christ is a Friend e'er un - fail - ing, I'll trust Him to car - ry me through.  
With Him leave my heartaches and sor - rows, My pray'rs He will an - swer I know.

## CHORUS.

O no, . . . . . O no, . . . . .

There's no dis - ap - pointment in Jesus, There's no disappointment, there's no disappointment;

For if He says go, why, then I will go, And if He says stay, I will stay;

Change dis - ap - pointment to His ap - pointment, And trust al - way.

# No. 273.

# A Prayer for Power.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. In the up - per room at Je - ru - sa - lem, Wait - ing for the pow'r, The dis -  
 2. Lord, at Thy com - mand I am wait - ing here, Pray - ing for the pow'r, Let the  
 3. Give me pow - er now o - ver self and sin, Sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, That this  
 4. Let me tar - ry here, till my soul re - ceives Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, Thou hast

## CHORUS.

ci - ples pray'd, till there came to them God's prom - is'd pow'r.  
 clov - en tongues in my soul ap - pear. Fill me with pow'r. } Lord, give me  
 tem - ple, Lord, may be pure with - in, O give me pow'r.  
 prom - is'd, Lord, and my heart be - lieves, O give me pow'r.

Pow'r, pow'r,

pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r,  
 Give me pow'r, Give me pow'r,

The pow'r of the Ho - ly Ghost, O come Thy - self, bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost, De -

scend to - day as at Pen - te - cost, I pray for pow'r, Lord, give me pow'r.  
 Give me pow'r.

# No. 274.

# The Burden-Bearer.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55 : 22.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. One morn-ing a bur-den dropp'd down on my heart, A bur-den too  
 2. 'Twas more than I asked Him, the load to re-move When seek-ing for  
 3. O soul, with a bur-den, what-ev-er it be, Come, leave it with

heav-y to bear; I took it to Je-sus, That He would im-part His  
 com-fort that day; Not al-ways the wealth of His love do we prove By  
 Je-sus to-day; When He takes the bur-den He sets the soul free, And

CHORUS.

grace, as I lin-gered in prayer. }  
 fail-ing to trust, as we pray. } He has tak-en the bur-den a-  
 then you can sing, as you pray. }

way, He has tak-en the bur-den a-way, All the cares and the

tri-als that dark-ened the day, From my heart He has tak-en a-way.



# No. 275. Will You Say, "Here Am I, Send Me?"

A. A. PAYN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are souls that wait for the Gos - pel light, Je - sus calls for thee;  
 2. If to bear His cross in - to lands un-known Far be - yond the sea,  
 3. If I bear a cross I shall win a crown, Read - y I shall be,

1. for thee;

Will your an - swer be, if by day or night, "Here am I, send me?"  
 Will your heart re - spond, tho' you go a - lone, "Here am I, send me?"  
 Try to bear it well 'til I lay it down, Should He call on me.

send me?"

## CHORUS.

Will you say when the Mas - ter calls, "Send me, send me, I'll go, I'll go,  
 "Send me, I'll go, send me, I'll go,

1  
 I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, All I am I give to Thee?"  
 to thee?"

2 *rit.*  
 I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, Here am I, send me?"  
 send me?"

1. I seem to see one walking By the sea of Gal-i-lee; I think I  
 2. I seem to hear Him praying In the garden shadows dim, I won-der  
 3. But now I see Him dy-ing On the cross of Cal-va-ry, I kneel be-  
 4. We walk and talk to-geth-er, And I nev-er know a fear. In fair and

hear Him talk-ing, O will He speak to me? I wish He might draw nearer  
 what He's say-ing? Would I might be with Him. I'll draw a lit-tle near-er,  
 fore Him cry-ing, "Have mer-cy, Lord, on me!" I feel my sins for-giv-en,  
 storm-y weath-er, My com-rade still is near, My Com-rade is my Sav-iour,

That I His face could see: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . .  
 Per-haps He'll pray for me: I won-der who this Man can be? . . . . .  
 Thro' His a-ton-ing blood I know this is the Son of God. . . . .  
 Whose blood is all my plea, I know it will a-vail for me. . . . .  
 1. Can be?

**CHORUS.**  
 \* O don't . . . you know Him? This Man of Gal-i-lee? . . . O

\* O don't you know Him? Don't you know This Man, this Man of Gal-i-lee, O

don't . . . you know Him? O don't . . . you

don't you know Him? Don't you know The Christ of Cal-va-ry? O don't you know Him?

\* Chorus for third and fourth verses—"O yes, I know Him," etc.

# My Comrade.—Concluded.

know Him?

don't you know My Comrade, true is He, Who died for you and me. . . .

# No. 277. Jesus Went All the Way.

MAY M. BREWSTER.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;  
 2. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;  
 3. Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way . . . . for me;  
 All the way for me;

There, 'midst sor-row and shame, at last He came, To the cross, to the cross for me.  
 There a thorn-crown He wore, my grief He bore, Paid the debt, paid the debt for me.  
 There for sin to a-tone, there all a-lone, Je-sus died, Je sus died for me.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus went all the way to Cal - va - ry, 'Twas a drear-y and blood-stain'd way,

That His grace I might know, who lov'd me so, Je - sus went all the way for me.

# No. 278. The Service of the Lord Means Victory.

A. A. PAYN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Put on the arm - or of the Gos - pel, Nor fear the might - y foe; With the  
 2. With faith we storm the heights be - fore us, And ev - er up - ward climb; For to  
 3. Then let us nev - er be dis - cour - aged, But al - ways of good cheer; Tho' the

CHORUS. ALL IN UNISON.

Cross of Christ before us, In con - fidence we go.  
 fol - low where He leads us Means vic'try all the time. } The { serv - ice of the Lord means  
 vic'try seems far distant, We know it must be near. } will - ing - ly we hear His

1 2  
 "Vic - to - ry," Glad vic - to - ry, sure vic - to - ry! Then }  
 "Follow me," (Omit.....) } Who leads to heights sublime.

SOP. AND ALTO.

We'll fol - low in His foot - steps ev - 'ry day, His promise shall sustain us all the way;  
 MALE VOICES.

PARTS.

The serv - ice of the Lord means "Vic - to - ry," Yes, vic - to - ry all the time.

# No. 279.

# Better Far Than Gold.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. My sins wore once so heav - y they bore me to the ground, My  
 2. His voice spoke peace and par - don, un - to my sin - sick soul, The  
 3. I'm sing - ing and re - joic - ing, as on my way I go, I

heart was fill'd with sad - ness, no com - fort could be found ; But when I came to  
 load of care and trou - ble, from off my spir - it roll'd ; O Praise His name for -  
 mean to live for Je - sus, that oth - ers, too, may know, The bless - ed, bless - ed

Je - sus, 'twas joy and peace un - told, To know my sins for - giv - en, is  
 ev - er, for love that doth en - fold, To know my sins for - giv - en, is  
 sto - ry, that nev - er shall grow old, To know my sins for - giv - en, is

## CHORUS.

bet - ter far than gold. Bet - ter far than gold, Bet - ter far than gold,

To know my sins for - giv - en, Is bet - ter far than gold. *rit.*

Do You Wonder Why?

DEWEY M. ROSS.

HARRY DIXON LOES.

There's a sto - ry you have heard a thou - sand times, Yet, I  
 Yes, it was for you and me that Je - sus died, Thus He  
 O the per - fect peace that Je - sus gave to me, When I  
 This sal - va - tiou may be yours just now, O soul, Grace and

bring it to you once a - gain; 'Tis of Je - sus' might-y love and  
 paid the debt we owed to God; And there is no oth - er way for  
 trust-ed Him to heal my woes; Ev - 'ry cloud of doubt was moved—I  
 mer - cy wait out - side your door; This the bless - ing and the joy by

sav - ing grace, And the rug - ged cross where He was slain.  
 man to come— It is on - ly in the cleans - ing blood.  
 saw the Light, And I found 'twas faith that brought re - pose.  
 oth - ers found Will be brought to you in end - less store.

CHORUS

Do you won - der why I love to tell it? I love to

hear it, sing it, shout it? Je - sus lift - ed me from sin to

# Do You Wonder Why?—Concluded.

glo - ry! Do you won - der why I love to tell it?

*rit.*

## No. 281.

## Who-so-ever.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

PARTS.

1. WHO can find sal - va - tion free? Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will.
2. SO the Lord hath loved us all, Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;
3. EV - ER He is call - ing still, "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;"

MALE VOICES.

WHO can live e - ter - nal - ly? Who - so - ev - er will may come.  
 SO that if we heed His call, Who - so - ev - er will may come.  
 EV - ER this, His ho - ly will, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

### CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come, (to Je - sus,) Who - so - ev - er will may come, (to Je - sus,)

Ev - 'ry one may have sal - va - tion free, Who - so - ev - er will may come. (may come.)

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is joy with -  
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what -  
 3. Tho' sometimes the shad - ows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may come to

out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His words; It  
 e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide; It  
 beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re - pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it pays ev - 'ry

day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way; . . . . . Tho' the path - way to  
 ev - 'ry step of the way;

glo - ry may some - times be drear, You'll be hap - py each step of the way.



# No. 283.

# I Have Heaven Here.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. Since I have found my Sav-our, Each day He grows more dear, My life is  
 2. I have no con-dem-na-tion, But joy and peace with-in, I made a  
 3. I'm walk-ing in the high-way, Where nothing can an-noy, God's love my  
 4. I've put the world be-hind me, I've noth-ing now to fear. Its charms can-

CHORUS.

chang'd complete-ly, And I have heav-en here.  
 full sur-ren-der, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin. } O I have heaven here,  
 soul is fill-ing, And I have heaven's joy.  
 not al-lure me, For I have heav-en here.

heav-en here,  
 Yes, I have heav-en here, My soul is all a-flame. With the love of  
 heav-en here,

Je-sus' pre-cious name, For I have heav-en here, Yes, I have heav-en  
 heav-en here,

here, Since Je-sus dwells with-in my soul, O I have heav-en here.  
 heav-en here,

# No. 284.

# Send the Fire.

L. S. H.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. If we would be fully free from all sin, . . . . . We must let the cleansing  
 2. In the upper room it fell long ago, . . . . . The disciples' hearts with  
 3. Jesus calls to us His followers to be, . . . . . He is calling where He  
 1. all sin,

fire make us clean, . . . . . That our hearts be fit for Thee to come in, . . . . .  
 joy overflow'd; . . . . . Still His power's the same to-day, this we know, . . . . .  
 leads you and me; . . . . . Lord, that we in service now may be free, . . . . .  
 make us clean, to come in,

REFRAIN.

Send the fire, and send it now. O the fire is what we need, send it

now, Send it now, send it now; All the sin and dross consume,  
 send it now, Send it now, send it now;

Make us fully now Thine own, Send the fire and send it now.  
 just now.

# No. 285. The Fountain of Cleansing

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I have been to the foun-tain of cleans-ing, And plung'd 'neath the  
 2. I have been to the foun-tain of cleans-ing, Found peace in the  
 3. I have been to the foun-tain of cleans-ing, And glo-ry is

life-giv-ing flow, 'Tis the blood shed on Cal-va-ry's moun-tain, That  
 Cru-ci-fied One, All my sins by His grace have been can-celled, And  
 flood-ing my soul. Hal-le-lu-jah! My heart is re-joic-ing, His

## CHORUS.

makes the soul whit-er than snow.  
 heav'n in my soul is be-gun. } O yes it makes whit-er than snow,  
 blood makes me ev-ry whit whole. } than snow.

The blood cleans-es me, this I know. Since it cleans'd me from  
 I know,

sin, I have Je-sus with-in, His blood cleanses whit-er than snow. . . .  
 than snow.

# No. 286.

# Lord, Use Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, Lord, use me, In Thy serv - ice  
 2. In ful - fill - ing Thy com - mands, Lord, use me, Yield - ing heart and  
 3. All self - seek - ing take a - way, Lord, use me, Cleanse and keep me

hour by hour, Lord, use me, Bend - ing heart to do Thy will, Glad Thy  
 brain and hands, Lord, use me, By Thy gra - cious love pos - sessed, Use me  
 day by day, Lord, use me, As a reed Thy breez - es blow, Lift me

bid - ding to ful - fill, As at Pen - te - cost, come still, Lord, use me.  
 in Thy serv - ice blest, In this world to do my best, Lord, use me.  
 up or lay me low, Mak - ing heav'n - ly mu - sic so, Lord, use me.

CHORUS. *Slow, and great expression.*

Lord, use me, Lord, use me, Showing forth Thy love di - vine.

*mp* *mp* *a tempo.*

Make me al - to - geth - er Thine, Lord, use me, Lord, use me.

*ad lib.* *p*

# No. 287.

# Be of Good Cheer.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

John 16 : 33.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. When the day is drear - y, When the night is long, Heart and soul are  
 2. Lay a - side your sor - row, Lay a - side your fear, Trust Him for to -  
 3. Test - ing us in kind - ness, Try - ing us in love, We, in earth - ly

wea - ry, Faith has lost her song, Get a glimpse of glo - ry,  
 mor - row, With a faith sin - cere, He will do the keep - ing,  
 blind - ness, Can - not see a - bove. Clouds may like a cur - tain,

Je - sus seat - ed there, What a won - drous sto - ry of His care.  
 He is strong and true, Je - sus, nev - er sleep - ing, will keep you.  
 Veil from us His face, Faith is al - ways cer - tain of His grace.

## CHORUS. UNISON.

"In the world ye shall have trib - u - la - tion, In the world ye shall

## PARTS.

have trib - u - la - tion, But be of good cheer, I have o - vercome the world."

# No. 288. Seeking, He Sought Till He Found Me.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a lost sheep on the moun-tain a - stray, Far from the fold I had  
 2. Broth-er, the Sav - iour is call - ing you home, Why on the mountains of  
 3. Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is look - ing for you, Christ, the good Shepherd, so

wan - der'd a - way, Je - sus came seek - ing His lost one that day;  
 sin will you roam? Back to His love He is bid - ding you come;  
 lov - ing and true. He will re - ceive you and wel - come you home;

CHORUS.

Seek - ing, He sought till He found me. }  
 Seek - ing, He's seek - ing to find you. } Seek - ing, He sought till He  
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour. }

found me, Then, with His lov - ing arms 'round me, Close to His

bo - som He bound me, Bring - ing me back to the fold.

1. I saw around the throne A throng no man could number, I saw a round the throne  
 2. I saw some people there I thought would never get there, I saw some peo-ple there  
 3. I saw some soldiers there Who bore no scars of bat-tle, I saw some soldiers there  
 4. I saw the martyrs there Who pass'd thro' fiery tri-als, I saw the martyrs there

A throng no man could number, I saw around the throne A throng no man could number,  
 I thought would never get there, I saw some people there I thought would never get there,  
 Who bore no scars of bat-tle, I saw some soldiers there Who bore no scars of bat-tle,  
 Who pass'd thro' fiery tri-als, I saw the martyrs there Who pass'd thro' fiery tri-als,

CHORUS.

And I said, "Who are they?" "These are they who came out of great trib-u-lation,

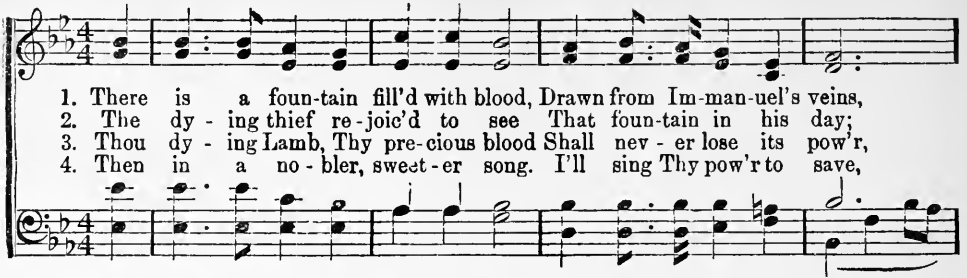
These are they who came out of great trib-u-lation, These are they who came out of

great trib-u-lation, And have wash'd their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb."

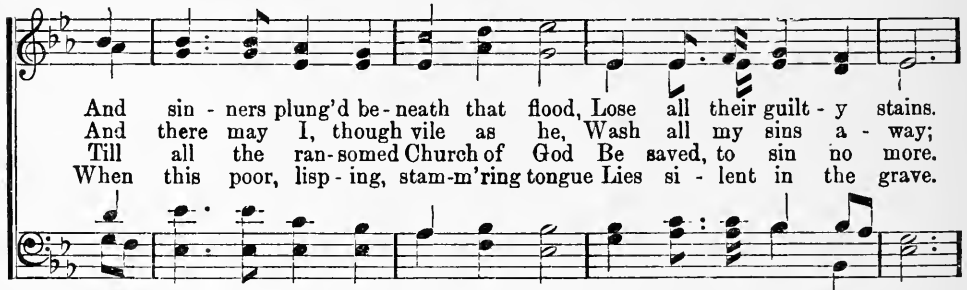
# No. 290. He was Wounded for Our Transgressions.

W. COWPER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

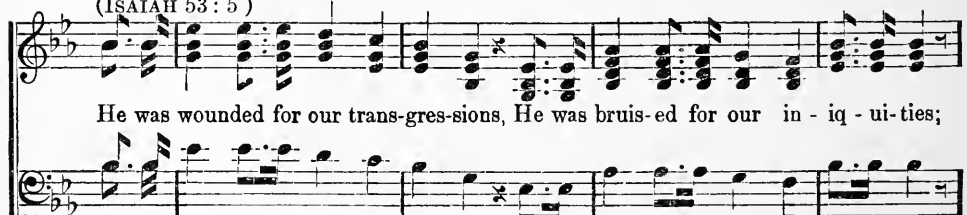


1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,  
2. The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day;  
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,  
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song. I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



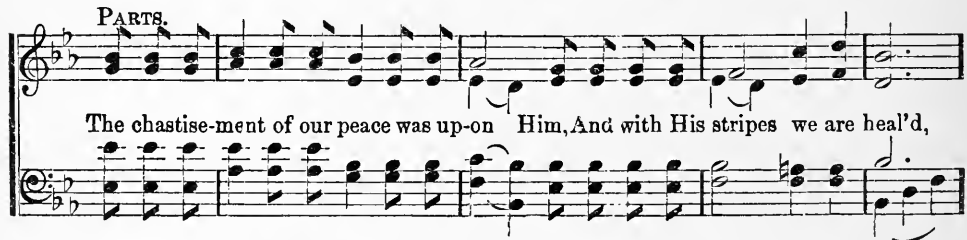
And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way;  
Till all the ran - som'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.  
When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

## CHORUS. UNISON. (ISAIAH 53: 5)



He was wounded for our trans-gres-sions, He was bruised for our in - iq - ui - ties;

## PARTS.



The chastise-ment of our peace was up-on Him, And with His stripes we are heal'd,

## UNISON.



He was wound-ed for our trans-gres-sions, He was wound ed for our trans



# He was Wounded for Our, etc.—Concluded.

PARTS. *piu lento.*

gres-sions, And with His stripes we are heal'd, With His stripes we are heal'd.

## No. 291. Let My Faith Take Hold On Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

*Slowly.*

1. Thou who know - est all my weak - ness, Thou whose eye my heart can see;
2. Faith that smiles when skies are frown - ing, Faith that moun - tains can re - move;
3. While I feel Thy pres - ence with me, While I feel Thy gra - cious hand;
4. Till the storms of life are o - ver, This my dai - ly pray'r shall be:

*S:* FINE.

In my hour of deep - est tri - al, Let my faith take hold on Thee.  
 Faith that pur - i - fies by suf - f'ring, Calm - ly, sweet - ly works by love.  
 Glad - ly will I do Thy bid - ding, On - ly wait - ing Thy com - mand.  
 Lord, up - hold me with Thy Spir - it, Let my faith a - bide in Thee.

*D.S.*—And tho' thorns may sometimes pierce me, Let my faith take hold on Thee.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Firm and fear - less may I ev - er Tread the path de - signed for me;

# No. 292.

# In the Depths of the Sea.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. My sins, O the peace-giving thought,      Are bur-ied beneath the wild wave,  
 2. No more shall they rise to dis-tress,      Or trou-ble the peace of my soul,  
 3. No tempest can bring to the light      The sins He has bur-ied for aye,  
 1. peace-giv-ing thought,

Since God in His mer-cy has brought . . . His won-der-ful pow-er to save.  
 As o'er them in pow-er to bless . . . . God's waves of forgive-ness shall roll.  
 My soul pre-cious is in His sight, . . . . And He will pro-TECT it al-way.  
 has brought,

**CHORUS.**  
 (Micah 7 : 19)

"Thou wilt cast all their sins in - to the depths of the sea," 'Tis the word of the

Lord, and suf - fi - cient for me, Tho' the bil - lows may roar and may

break on the shore, They are lost in its depths, and can reach me no more, Of the

# In the Depths of the Sea.—Concluded.

*rit.*

place where they're buried, Only God holds the key, In the depths, the depths of the sea.

## No. 293. Alone With Jesus.

D. M. S.

D. M. SHANKS.

(Effective as a Duet and Chorus. Sop. and Alto.)

1. There's a place I love to tar-ry, When my soul is sad, op-pressed,
2. When the cares of life are heav-y, And be-neath my cross I bend;
3. When the tempt-er would as-sail me, Je-sus bids me to Him flee;

'Tis a-lone with Christ my Sav-iour, Where He bids me "Come and rest."  
 Then I go a-lone with Je-sus, For He is my dear-est Friend.  
 He's my Ref-uge, Friend and Sav-iour, He is all in all to me.

**CHORUS**

Just to be a-lone with Je-sus, Just to hear Him soft-ly say:

"Fear not, though the world for-sake you, "Lo I'm with you al-way."

1. Sin may leave its mark on me That no eye but God can see,  
 2. On the rocks of trouble wrecked, Body bent, but soul erect,  
 3. In His robe of righteousness, My "All-perfect heav'nly dress,"

CHORUS.

But from this I shall be free, When I awake.  
 Naught shall fail that I expect, When I awake. } "As for me,  
 I with joy shall Him confess, When I awake.

as for me, When I behold His face in righteousness,

I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, When I a-

wake, when I awake in His likeness."

# No. 295. Behold, What Manner of Love.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O the won - drous love the Fa - ther shows Un - to us un -  
 2. When He shall ap - pear what we shall be Fills the soul with  
 3. Hope - ful - ly we wait for that glad day, When He shall ap -

wor - thy His to be, For we have been made the sons of God Thro'  
 joy and bliss di - vine, We shall be like Him whose own we are, And  
 pear His own to greet, Read - y may we be, true sons in - deed, With

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Christ of Cal - va - ry. } Be - hold, what man - ner of love, Be -  
 in His beau - ty shine. }  
 joy our Lord to meet. }

hold, what man - ner of love, the Fa - ther has be - stowed up - on us, that

we should be called the chil - dren of God, the chil - dren of God.

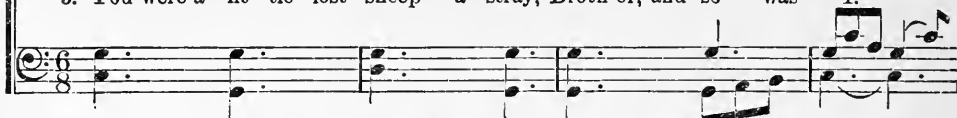
# No. 296. When the Little Lost Sheep Comes Home.

CLARA E. PUTNAM.  
UNISON OR DUET.

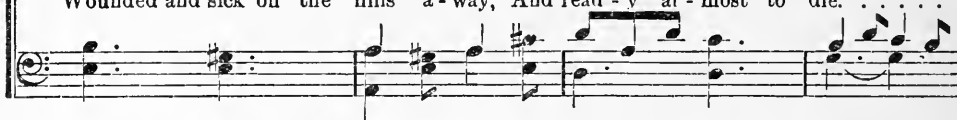
C. AUSTIN MILES.



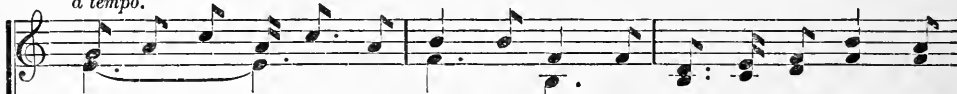
1. In - to the val - ley of grief and shame, In - to the twi - light dim,  
2. White is the fleece of the nine - ty and nine, Mur - mur ye not in scorn,  
3. You were a lit - tle lost sheep a - stray, Broth - er, and so was I



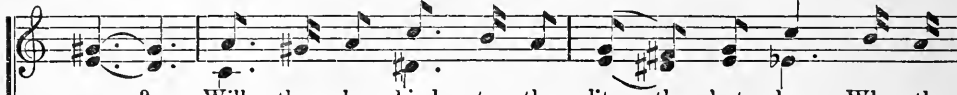
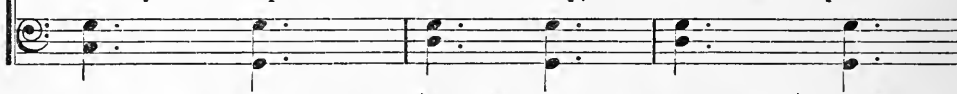
O - ver the mountain the Shepherd came And gathered His own to Him. . . .  
"Lit - tle Lost Sheep, this coat of thine Is blackened and soiled and torn." . . .  
Wounded and sick on the hills a - way, And read - y al - most to die. . . .



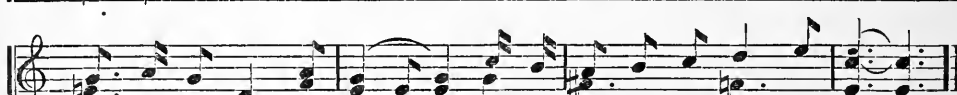
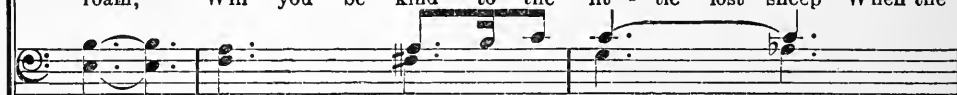
*a tempo.*



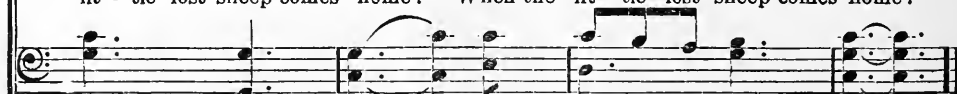
What of the nine - ty and nine as - leep And safe while the wild winds  
Ten - der the love in the Shep - herd's voice, The quiv - er - ing soul is  
On - ly the Shep - herd our souls can keep, Our feet are so prone to



moan? Will they be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the  
blest; "Heav - en - ly an - gels, re - joice, re - joice! For my  
roam; Will you be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the



lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?  
lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my lit - tle lost sheep can rest."  
lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?



# No. 297. Only to Know Thou Art Mine, Lord.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH,

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET. Sop. and Alto or Tenor.

1. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When I am tempt-ed and  
 2. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When light is flood-ing my  
 3. On - ly to know Thou art mine, Lord, When life's dark shad-ow shall

tried; . . . . . On - ly to know Thou art near me,  
 day; . . . . . Earth's joys seem sweet-er and light er,  
 fall; . . . . . On - ly in faith to be - hold Thee,

*rit.* CHORUS. *a tempo.*  
 My wav'r-ing foot-steps to guide. . . . . } On - ly to know Thou art  
 Tread-ing life's dark, rug-ged way. . . . . }  
 Know Thou art all and in all. . . . . }

mine, Lord, On - ly to know Thou art mine; . . . . . Thou art mine,  
 Thou art mine; . . . . . Fills me with

*rit.*  
 joy, naught of earth can de-stroy, On - ly to know Thou art mine. . . . .  
 Thou art mine,

# No. 298. Will You Ask Him to Live With You?

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. I dream'd that a stran-ger once came to my door, And He wait-ed my  
2. I felt at a glance He would be my friend, That my life would be  
3. Let Je - sus be Guest in your home to - day, Just to know Him will

guest to be, A won-der-ful look on His face He wore, Of com-  
full of cheer, The vis-it be-gan, nev-er more to end, For the  
be to live. A soul full of song will be yours al-way, That the

CHORUS.

pas-sion and love for me. }  
Christ is my com-rade dear. } O won-der-ful dream, O beau-ti-ful  
Sav-iour a-lone can give. }

dream, That ev-'ry one can make true, He is liv-ing with

me, my Sav-iour is He, Will you ask Him to live with you?



# No. 299.

# Keep in Touch with Jesus.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. On your way to heav - en Thro' this vale be - low, Where the hosts of e - vil,  
 2. When o'erhang - ing shad - ows, Make your path ob - scure, And you dread the dan - ger,  
 3. When the way is pleas - ant, And the sky is bright, And the scenes a - round you,

Seek your o - ver - throw, If in ev - 'ry con - flict, You would win the day.  
 Feel - ing in - se - cure, Would you have to cheer you, Heav - ens bright - est ray?  
 Fill you with de - light, In the daz - zling bright - ness, Do not go a - stray.

CHORUS.

Keep in touch with Je - sus, All the way. Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in

touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day; Keep in touch with Je - sus,

Keep in touch with Je - sus, Keep in touch with Je - sus All the way.

# No. 300.

# The God to Whom I Pray.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

*Do not hurry.*

1. The God who led His peo - ple thro' the part - ed sea, And  
 2. The God who res - cued Dan - iel from the li - on's den, And  
 3. The God who stills the temp - est with a word di - vine, And  
 4. The God who clothes the lil - y in its robe of snow, Who

from E - gypt - ian bond - age, set His chil - dren free, Who rain'd down bread from  
 from the fier - y fur - nace, sav'd the three young men, Who speaks, and con - stel -  
 on the clouds of sor - row, makes His rain - bows shine, Who from the tomb of  
 in the bar - ren des - ert makes His riv - ers flow; The God who lifts the

heav - en all the pil - grim way, Is the God to whom I pray.  
 la - tions will His voice o - bey, Is the God to whom I pray.  
 Je - sus rolled the stone a - way, Is the God to whom I pray.  
 sin - ner from the mir - y clay, Is the God to whom I pray.

## CHORUS.

Just the same to - day, just the same to - day, As when He  
 O the God to whom I pray is just the same to - day,

led His peo - ple thro' the sea; His trust - ful child I'll be, For  
 sea, thro' the sea,

# The God to Whom I Pray.—Concluded.

in His word I see, The God who do - eth won - ders Is just the same to - day.

## No. 301. God Has Forgiven Me.

'In whom we have forgiveness.'—COL. 1: 14.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. If all my sins could be writ - ten down, So I might their blackness see,  
 2. If I could meas - ure from west to east, To see where my sins might be,  
 3. Since God re - mem - bers my sins no more, But bur - ied them in the sea,

No joy of earth could my sor - rows drown, But God has for - giv - en me.  
 I could not find them, the worst or least, For God has for - giv - en me.  
 I'll sing His prais - es, His name a - dore, For God has for - giv - en me.

### CHORUS.

He blot - ted them out with His pre - cious blood, He wash'd my sins a - way,

And now I be - long to the Lord for - ev - er, And He is mine to - day.

# No. 302.

# Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. OATMAN, Jr.

E. O. EXCELL.

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

couraged, think - ing all is lost, Count your ma - ny bless - ings, name them  
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your ma - ny bless - ings, ev - 'ry  
 promised you His wealth un - told; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, mon - ey  
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your ma - ny bless - ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.  
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.  
 can not buy, Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.  
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.


## CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your  
 Count your ma - ny bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your ma - ny

bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,  
 bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless - ings,

# Count Your Blessings.—Concluded.

*rit.*



Name them one by one; Count your ma-ny blessings, See what God hath done.

## No. 303. All I Am Belongs to Jesus.

W. C. POOLE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

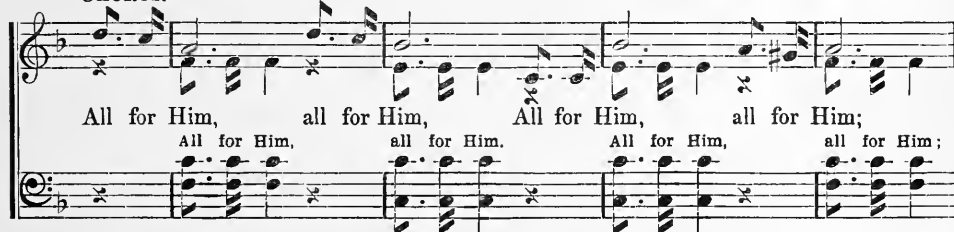


1. All I am be-longs to Je-sus; Time and tal-ents, and of store,  
 2. All I am be-longs to Je-sus; Bod-y, spir-it, mind and soul,  
 3. All my work be-longs to Je-sus; All my deeds and song and praise,

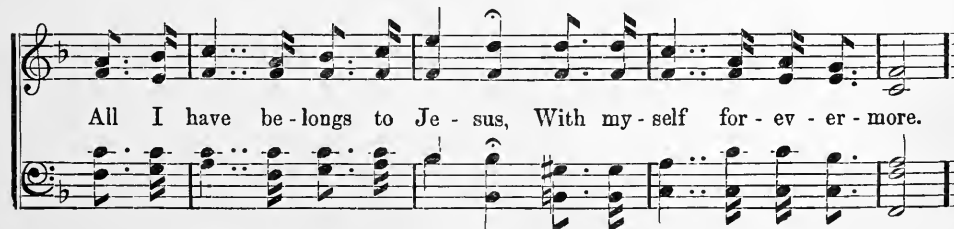


He has giv-en me full meas-ure, Heap-ing up and run-ning o'er.  
 Ran-somed by His blood so pre-cious, He has right to full con-trol.  
 Glad-ly will I ren-der Je-sus All my serv-ice, all my days.

### CHORUS.



All for Him, all for Him, All for Him, all for Him;  
 All for Him, all for Him. All for Him, all for Him;



All I have be-longs to Je-sus, With my-self for-ev-er-more.

# No. 304. Just One Hour with the Saviour.

L. S. H.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

## DUET.

1. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, When the way seems dreary and long ; How it  
2. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, When the world would lead me a - way, Brings His  
3. Just one hour with the Sav - iour, O yes, 'tis wondrous ly sweet, Just by

turns all the clouds in - to sun - shine, The tears in - to ju - bi - lant . song.  
love to my heart in such full - ness, That I from His side would ne'er stray.  
faith hear Him say, "I am with thee," Gives me grace all life's tri - als to meet.

## CHORUS.

Just one hour with the Sav - iour, Just one hour to pray,

How it gives grace and pow - er, To meet life's prob - lems each day;

Just one hour in His pre - sence, Lost in the depth of His love ; 'Tis

# Just One Hour with the Saviour.—Concluded.

pre-cious to be a-lone, Lord, with Thee, A-lone one hour with my Sav-our.

## No. 305. Roll, Billows, Roll.

LYDIA SHIVERS LEECH.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. I now can sing since I've been redeemed, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock;  
2. The storms may rage, and the bil-lows roll, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock;  
3. I am se-cure, for my faith will hold, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock;

I've faith in Christ, my Re-deem-er, King, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock.  
No earth-ly storm e'er can move my soul, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock.  
My life He doth with His love en-fold, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock.

CHORUS.

Rock,

Then roll, roll bil-lows, roll, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock of ag-es,

Roll, roll bil-lows, roll, I'm on the ev-er-last-ing Rock.

# No. 306.

# His Love for Me.

A. H. A.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

1. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, He my por - tion for -  
 2. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, In the gar - den my  
 3. When I think of the love of my Sav - iour, I ac - cept of the

ev - er shall be, For I count all things loss in the light of His cross,  
 Lord I can see, And the cross where He died, for my sins cru - ci - fied,  
 par - don so free, I will sing forth His praise to the end of my days,

CHORUS.

When I think of His love for me. When I think of His love for me, . . . .

His love for me,  
 When I think of His love for me, . . . . Hal - le - lu - jah I'll sing,  
 His love for me,

Je - sus Christ is my King, When I think of His love for me.



# No. 307.

# Pentecostal Power.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,  
 2. For might - y works for Thee pre - pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;  
 3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With earn - est zeal en - due  
 4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,

With cleans - ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.  
 Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.  
 Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!  
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

## CHORUS.

Lord, send the old - time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of

bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

Pen - te - cost - al pow'r, That sin - ners be con - vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!

# No. 308.

# The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. I am a stran - ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is  
 2. This is the King's com - mand: 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; Amba - sa - dor to be of realms be -  
 turn a - way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with - Him shall  
 life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov' reign bids me tell how mor - tals

CHORUS.

yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King. } This is the mes - sage  
 reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. }  
 there may dwell, And that's my business for my King. }

that I bring, A mes - sage an - gels fain would sing: "O be ye

re - conciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye rec - on - ciled to God."

1. Out of the pow - er and dark - ness of sin, Out of the path - way  
 2. All of the sun - shine, and, all of the joy, I thought was real,  
 3. Once I was trou - bled, of what folks would say If I should trav - el  
 4. Once I would trem - ble if death called for me, Once for the fu - ture

I have trav - eled in, Out of the bond - age by faith in His word,  
 it was but al - loy, Out from the false lights a - long Sa - tan's shore,  
 where I walk to - day; Now I'm con - tent - ed if I'm pleas - ing God,  
 no light could I see; But when sal - va - tion re - moved death's sharp sting,

CHORUS.

I've been de - liv - ered from it all, praise the Lord.  
 I've been de - liv - ered to go back nev - er - more.  
 I've been de - liv - ered from the path where I trod. } I've been de - liv - ered,  
 I was de - liv - ered from it, now I can sing.

I've been de - liv - ered, Out of the pit and the deep mi - ry clay; I've been de -

liv - ered, I've been de - liv - ered I've been de - liv - erd from it all, praise the Lord!

# No. 310.

# The Glory Chorus.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. An-gels are sing-ing in cho-rus, Bright, shin-ing throng, Fill-ing our  
 2. Let all the na-tions in cho-rus, Thro' end-less days, Vie with the

hearts with their mu-sic Full, clear, and strong, Sweet-ly their voic-es are blend-ing,  
 heav-en-ly mu-sic An-them to raise, Lift-ing their voic-es in sing-ing,

In the glad cho-rus un-end-ing, Heav-en-ly mu-sic tran-scend-ing,  
 Till earth and heav-en are ring-ing, Trib-ute to Christ ev-er bring-ing,

**CHORUS.**  
**SOP. AND TENOR.**

**SOP. AND ALTO.**  
**ALTO.**  
 Glo-ry song... } Glo-ry, glo-ry, Heav'n with the an-them  
 Laud and praise. } **BASS.** **TENOR AND BASS.**

rings... Glo-ry, glo-ry, Earth with the ech-o  
 an-them rings,

# The Glory Chorus.—Concluded.

SOP. AND ALTO.

SOP. AND ALTO.

ALTO.  
rings, . . Glo - ry, glo - ry, Sweet - ly the strains pro -

BASS.  
TENOR AND BASS.

long, . . Glo - ry, glo - ry, Ring out the glo - ry song.

## No. 311. Homes are God's Purest Shrines.

(Written for the family farewell to Bishop and Mrs. Bickley, as they depart for Singapore. Also the last family gathering in the Felton Homestead of many years. September 14, 1920.)

C. B. F.

Rev. CLARENCE B. FELTON.

1. Homes are God's pur - est shrines, Where His love strong - est speak - eth;
2. Words that were wise and pure Down thro' the years re - sound - ed;
3. Our paths of serv - ice course Thro' man - y fields and na - tions;
4. The calls to du - ty come, Bring - ing their joy and sor - row;
5. Here we shall meet no more In this home fill'd with mem - 'ries;

In these lov'd walls we've felt all the days, That which the heart e'er seek - eth.  
Sent us all forth with pur - pos - es strong Be - cause in Him we're ground - ed.  
But all the roads lead on t'ward His home, Blest of all hab - i - ta - tions.  
And when they come we love to o - bey, Trust - ing in God's to - mor - row.  
'Tis God's good will, for each of us best, He will re - veal more glo - ries.

# No. 312.

# The Morning After Rain.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If on - ly we keep trusting Our Fa - ther day by day, If on - ly we keep  
 2. How love - ly is the gar - den On summer mornings fair, When storms of night have  
 3. O lov - ing heart now breaking For lack of someone's smile; The part - ing though so

look - ing To Him to guide our way, He's promised to up - hold us Through  
 wak - ened New life and beau - ty there; So oft by tears of sor - row We  
 bit - ter Is on - ly for a - while: Be - lieve God's word of prom - ise, Your

all life's grief and pain, And turn our night to morning bright, Clear shin - ing af - ter rain.  
 clear - er vis - ion gain, And God can prove His tender love Clear shin - ing af - ter rain.  
 own you'll find a - gain, In heaven's light of morning bright, Clear shin - ing af - ter rain.

## CHORUS

There will come a morn clear shin - ing af - ter rain, That will end the night, the

wea - ry night of pain; Through the shad - ows hold God's hand; Why they

## The Morning After Rain.—Concluded.

are you'll un - der - stand In His morn - ing of clear shin - ing af - ter rain.

## No. 313. Just Keep the Fire Burning with Prayer.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. Just keep the fire burn - ing with prayer, For Je - sus has kin - dled the flame,  
 2. Just keep the fire burn - ing with prayer, The call is to me and to you,  
 3. Just keep the fire burn - ing with prayer, And see How He conquers the foe,

And when we shall say, "Lord, teach us to pray," The Spir - it will pray in His name.  
 For time we must spend alone with our Friend, And yield Him our hearts to pray through.  
 For He does it all, when on Him we call, Be - liev - ing His power He will show.

### CHORUS.

Just keep the fire burn - ing with prayer, Be - liev - ing, im - por - tu - nate prayer,

And Je - sus will an - swer you there, Just keep the fire burn - ing with prayer.

# No. 314. Christ Hath Redeemed Me.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. While I was sin-ning and stray - ing, While I my steps was de - lay - ing,  
 2. Hear-ing the voice of my Sav - iour, Ten - der - ly whis - per - ing ev - er,  
 3. While at His feet low - ly bend - ing, He gave me par - don transcend - ing,  
 MALE VOICES, UNISON.

*rit.*  
 Christ, my Re-deem-er, was say - ing, I gave my life for thee.  
 Thou hast a place in my fav - or, I gave my life for thee.  
 Now I have life nev - er - end - ing, Thro' Him who died for me.

CHORUS.  
 ALL IN UNISON.

PARTS.

Christ hath re-deemed me, Suf-fered and died on the cru - el tree,

UNISON.

PARTS.

Christ hath re-deemed me, Fal - ter - ing not at the ag - o - ny;

UNISON.

PARTS.

Christ hath re deemed me, O what a won - der - ful sto - ry,



# Christ Hath Redeemed Me.—Concluded.

UNISON.

PARTS.

Won - drous, a - maz - ing, He gave His life for me. (for me)

## No. 315. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

(Composed extemporaneously, without the use of an instrument and dictated at the closing song-service of Pitman Grove camp-meeting, Pitman, N. J., Tuesday evening, Aug. 3d, 1920, and named Hall in honor of Mr. J. Lincoln Hall, musical director.)

JOHN FAWCETT.

(HALL.)

ADAM GEIBEL, Mus. Doc.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear,

And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain,  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

316.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS.)

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

# No. 317.

# Without Jesus.

INA DULY OGDON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, If you trust in your-  
 2. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, You have bur - dens too  
 3. Do not think you can live with - out Je - sus, As the a - ges e -

self you must fail; There is no oth - er friend who can help you, When the  
 heav - y to bear; In the long, lone - ly night of your sor - row, On - ly  
 ter - nal - ly roll; You must hide in the arms ev - er - last - ing, In your

## CHORUS.

storms of temp - ta - tion as - sail. } Do not think you can live with - out  
 Je - sus your tri - als can share. }  
 Sav - our, the life of the soul. }

Je - sus, You will need Him by night and day; Do not think you can

live with - out Je - sus to guide, You will need Him each step of the way.

# No. 318.

# Wonderful Story.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH

JOHN ABNETT. Arr. by L. S. H.

1. I - came to the Sav-iour, sad and un - done, Still naught that I of - fered  
 2. Thro' faith in the blood, I'm cleans'd from all sin, My Lord, in His full - ness,  
 3. O bless-ed Re-deem - er, be e'er my guide, Thro' shad-ow and sun-shine,

for sins could a - tone; His blood can re-deem me, shed once on the tree,  
 a - bid-eth with - in, O won-der-ful Sav - iour, such peace to be - stow,  
 walk close by my side; I'll cling to Thee ev - er, what-ev - er be - fall,

CHORUS.\*

So full - y and free - ly, a - vail-eth for me. } { O won-der-ful sto - ry,  
 Now find-ing, my jour - ney, a heav-en be - low. } { He purchas'd my par - don  
 I'll trust in Thee, al - way, my all and in all.

of Je - sus, the King, Who left heaven's glo - ry, sal - va-tion to bring ;  
 on Cal - va - ry's (Omit.....)

tree, Now thro' the a - tone - ment, I'm hap - py and free.

\* Soprano and Tenor sing grace notes; Alto and Bass large notes of top staff.

# No. 319.

# All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. VAN SICKLE.

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 earth - ly monarehs clam - or forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to  
 Sav - iour! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - iour, King, The vi - brant  
 crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled  
 ev - er, Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's

chords of heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All  
 round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All  
 pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy name: All

*ff*  
 hail All hail All hail All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el

# All Hail, Immanuel!—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

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

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

3

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

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

3

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

Wis - dom be un - to Thee,

3

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

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

3

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

Hall, Hall! Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Imman-u - el!

# No. 321.

# Choose Ye this Day.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.  
*Unison.*

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Hear ye  
 2. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Ma - ny  
 3. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Make the

not the Lord's com - mand? Ev - er a - long the way  
 snares lie all a - round; Pleas - ures of earth will oft  
 Lord in - deed your King; Faint not nor fal - ter, press

of life, You will need a guid - ing hand,  
 be - guile, Climb a - bove to high - er ground.  
 a - head, To the cross of Cal - v'ry cling.

### CHORUS. PARTS.

Choose ye this day, . . . . . Choose ye this day, . . . . . Choose ye this  
 Choose ye, choose ye this day,  
 Choose ye this day,

day whom ye will serve; As for me and my house we will serve the

## Choose Ye this Day.—Concluded.

Lord, Choose ye, O choose ye whom you will serve. . . .  
choose ye whom will serve.

## No. 322.

## All the Way.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

ISA. 53.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. We have turned ev - 'ry one to His own way, He hath borne our grief;  
2. He was brought as a Lamb to the slaugh - ter, Strick - en for our sin;  
3. Je - sus went all the way for the sin - ner, All the way for you;

He was wound - ed for our trans - gres - sions, And bruised for our re - lief.  
He has suf - fered—the Just for un - just, That He our souls might win.  
Will you go all the way with Je - sus, And let Him keep you true?

### CHORUS.

I'll go all the way with Je - sus, Tho' thorn - y the path - way be;

For Je - sus Him - self has prom - ised To go all the way with me.

# No. 323. Some One Must Tell the Story.

W. S. POOLE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Some one must tell the glad sto - ry, The bless - ed old sto - ry so true,  
 2. Some one must tell of a Sav - iour To oth - ers a - cross the deep blue,  
 3. Some one must tell of the bless - ing That comes with each morning so new,  
 4. Some one must tell of sal - va - tion, Some one must to Je - sus be true,

Of love and of won - der - ful glo - ry, O say will that some one be you?  
 Now wait - ing His love and His fav - or, O say will that some one be you?  
 The good - ness of Je - sus con - fess - ing, O say will that some one be you?  
 And car - ry to each wait - ing na - tion The sto - ry that al - ways is new.

**TWO-PART CHORUS.\***

O say . . . . . will that some one be you? O say . . . . . will that

O say will that some one be you? . . . . . O say will that some one be

some one be you! To tell . . . . . the glad sto - - - ry,

you? . . . . . To tell the glad sto - ry of grace and of glo - ry, O

say will that some one be you? . . . . . To tell the glad sto - ry of

\* The lower notes are the melody, and should be sung by all the low voices. The upper notes by the high voices.



# Some One Must Tell the Story.—Concluded.

grace and of glo - ry, O say will that some one be you? . . . .  
be you?

## No. 324. We Shall Be Satisfied.

ANNA M. PROCTOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Here the heart-ache, there the glad-ness, Here the tear, and there the smile,
2. Here the suf-f'ring, there the con-quest, Here the cross, and there the crown,
3. Here the long-ing, there ful-fill-ment, Here the shad-ow, there the light,

Here the dis-ap-point-ments, sad-ness, But in just a lit-tle while.  
Here the wea-ry, falt'r-ing foot-steps, There we lay the bur-den down.  
Here the tempt-er, there our Sav-iour, When we pass be-yond the night.

### CHORUS.

We shall be sat-is-fied, ful-ly sat-is-fied, With a joy full and com-

plete, Earth for-got-ten, glo-ry en-tered, Sat-is-sied at Je-sus' feet.

No. 325.

I've Moved.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was liv - ing down in E - gypt, A - far from Ca - naan land,  
 2. I was liv - ing there in bond - age, To doubt - ing and de - spair,  
 3. I am liv - ing on God's boun - ty, My needs are all sup - plied,  
 4. In this land of peace and plen - ty, My soul will ev - er stay,

Till the Ho - ly Spir - it found me, And I moved at His com - mand.  
 But a - mid the joys of Ca - naan I can walk as free as air.  
 With His man - na, milk and hon - ey, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.  
 I have moved from dark - est E - gypt, To re - turn no more that way.

CHORUS.

I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land; I've  
 I've moved, I've moved,

moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan, land of milk and hon - ey;  
 I've moved, I'm moved,

I've moved, I've moved, O - ver in - to Ca - naan land, Where  
 I've moved, I've moved,

## I've Moved.—Concluded.

love and peace abound, And no car-nal thing is found, I've moved, I've moved.  
I've moved, I've moved.

## No. 326. Let Me Help Someone To-day.

"They helped everyone his neighbor."—ISA. 41 : 6.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto.

1. Burdens are pressing in somebody's life, Thou knowest whom it may be;
2. Comfort is need-ed by ma-ny a heart Saddened by sor-row and loss,
3. Somebody's needing a message of cheer, Writ-ten or spok-en by you,
4. Ma-ny are blind to the need of Thy love, Ma-ny are deaf to Thy call;

Times of tempta-tion and tri-al and strife, All are permit-ted to see.  
Not as the world gives would I have a part, On-ly what comes from Thy cross.  
If from your heart He has cast out all fear, Someone needs that work done, too.  
O- pen their eyes and their ears from above, May they find Thee as their all.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Let me be help-ful in some-bod-y's life, Time is now slip-ping a - way;

Here in this world where temptations are rife, Let me help someone to - day.

# No. 327.

# He Must Reign.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. A - wake, and in His strength renewed, The bat - tle cry take up a - gain;  
 2. Too long His fol - l'wers i - dly stood, By self - ish creed and doc - trine rent;  
 3. U - nite and in His strength go on, Nor count a life as lost, but gain;  
 4. To dare and do for Him is meet, The strug - gle shall not be in vain;

All en - e - mies shall be sub - dued, And Christ the Lord shall reign.  
 Nor knew that for one Broth - er - hood His own short life was spent.  
 And soon the vic - t'ry shall be won, For Je - sus Christ must reign.  
 The trum - pets shall not call "Re - treat," For Je - sus Christ must reign.

CHORUS.

For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! Our hope in Him is

not in vain, For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! For Christ must

reign! Our hope in Him is not in vain, For Christ must reign!

# No. 328.

# Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallow'd

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallow'd

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

presence, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now;

presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

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- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell Thee how;  
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;  
Come, O come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At Thy sacred feet I bow;

- Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;  
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

# No. 329.

# Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }  
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home." D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

- 2 Ever-present, truest Friend,  
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear.  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wondering if our names are there;  
Wading deep in dismal flood,  
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;  
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

# No. 330.

# Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

# No. 331.

# The Promised Land.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye  
 2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois' - nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.  
 There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.  
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

FINE.

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

# The Promised Land.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. D.S.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . . . I am bound for the promised land;  
promised land,

## No. 332. Just a Little Closer.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle clos - er; Sav - iour, hear my cry; Thou hast sought and  
2. When the world would woo me With al - lur - ing charms; Just a lit - tle  
3. Clos - er, when the tempt - er Whis - pers to my heart; Then, O King tri -  
4. Rest - ing in Thy bo - som, Hap - py in Thy care; Teach me how to

REFRAIN.

found me; Thy sal - va - tion brought nigh.  
clos - er In Thy shel - ter - ing arms. } Just a lit - tle clos - er,  
umph - ant, Bid the tempt - er de - part.  
serve Thee, Give me pow - er in prayer.

I would ev - er be; Just a lit - tle clos - er, Bless - ed Sav - iour, to Thee.

5 Just a little closer,  
Earthly joys decline;  
Give me joys unfading,  
Everlasting, divine.

6 When that fairer morning  
Shall arise for me,  
Then, in all His beauty,  
My Redeemer I'll see.

# No. 333. When Your Life Rings True.

A. PRINTZLAN BOWEN.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Does your life ring out for Je - sus with a note of cheer, Tell - ing  
 2. You may think the world ig - nores you as you pass a - long, Car - ing  
 3. You may nev - er know that you have help'd some - one to win, In the

to the world He dai - ly grows more dear; It will vi - brate thro' the  
 noth - ing for your stand a - gainst the wrong; But no mat - ter what your  
 strug - gle for the vic - try o - ver sin; You may nev - er see the

distance with His love for you, And come back a joy - ous ech - o, when your  
 sta - tion, or what you may do, World - ly friends are quick to know it, when your  
 fruit of lov - ing deeds you do, But there is an ech - o somewhere, when your

**CHORUS.**

life rings true. When your life rings true, When your life rings true,

There will be an ech - o, com - ing back to you; When your life rings true,



# When Your Life Rings True.—Concluded.

When your life rings true; There will be an ech-o, when your life rings true.

## No. 334. Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. If Je - sus has par-doned all your sin, Tell some-bod - y to - day;  
 2. If now you be-lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell some-bod - y to - day;  
 3. If Je - sus has filled your life with song, Tell some-bod - y to - day;

If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell some-bod - y to - day. . . .  
 His won - der - ful love with joy pro-claim, Tell some-bod - y to - day. . . .  
 'Twill bright-en the hours the whole day long, Tell some-bod - y to - day.

CHORUS.

Tell some-bod - y to - day, . . . . Some-bod - y up-on life's way; Your  
some - bod - y to - day,

tell-ing may win An-oth - er from sin; O tell some-bod - y to - day! . . . day!  
some-bod - y to - day!

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing, hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put his arms un - fail - ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet,..... Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet, Till we meet,..... Till we meet,

till we meet,.... God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 till we meet, till we meet,

# Invitation and Familiar Hymns

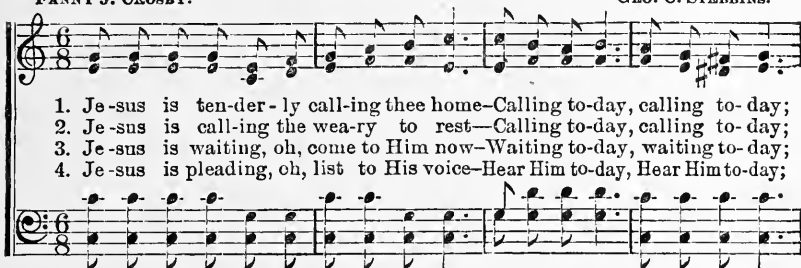
No. 336.

## Jesus is Calling.

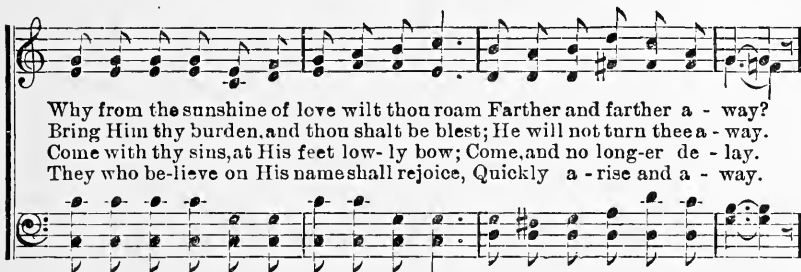
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins, Renewal. By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
 4. Je-sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, Hear Him to-day;

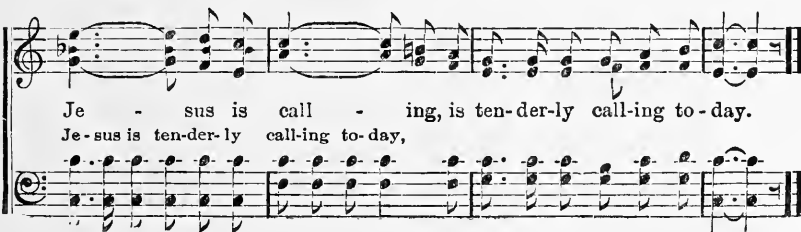


Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.  
 They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice, Quickly a-rise and a - way.

### CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!  
 Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing, to - day, to-day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.  
 Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

# No. 337. Softly and Tenderly.

By per. Hope Publishing Co., Owners of copyright.

WILL I. THOMPSON.

W. L. T.

*pp* *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for  
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from  
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for

you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,  
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,  
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,  
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,  
 Mer - cies for you and for me. } Come home, come home,  
 Com - ing for you and for me. }  
 Par - don for you and for me. }

*cres.* *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home. Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

*rit.* *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

# No. 338.

# Why Not Now.

EL NATHAN.

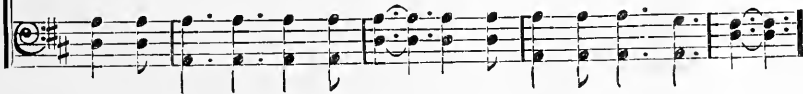
O. C. CASE.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?  
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.  
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



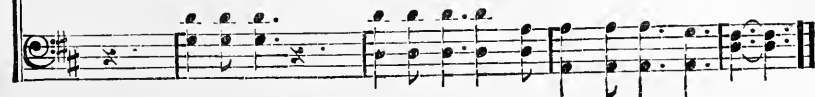
## CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
Why not now? Why not now?



# 339. There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. Hope Pub. Co., owners of copyright.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be  
 bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

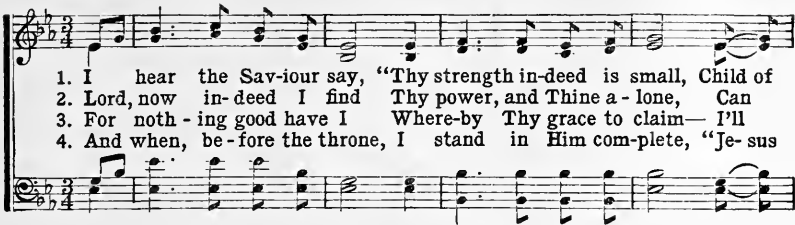
CHORUS. *m* *pp*  
 Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

*m* *pp*  
 judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y? For the judgment day?

# No. 340. Jesus Paid It All.

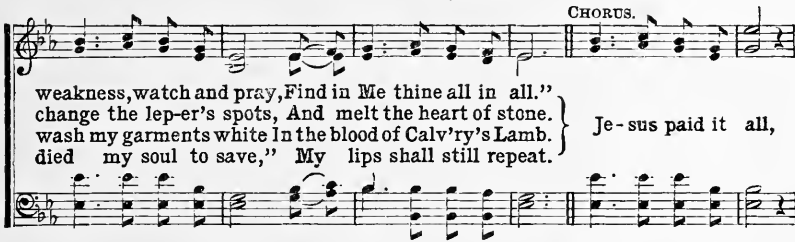
Mrs. H. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

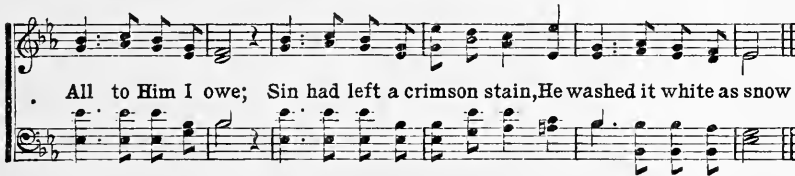


1. I hear the Sav-our say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of  
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can  
3. For noth- ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll  
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je- sus

CHORUS.



weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all." } Je- sus paid it all,  
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.  
died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

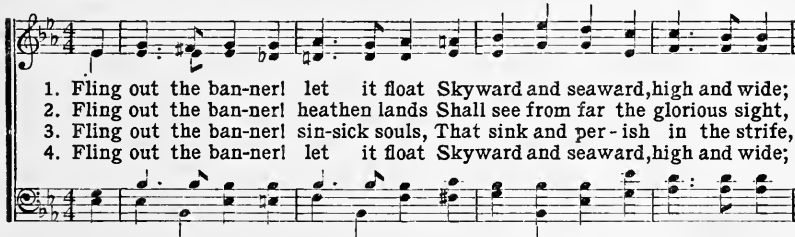


All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

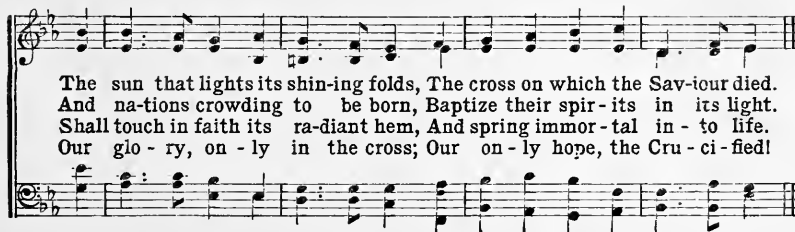
# No. 341. Fling Out the Banner.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife,  
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-our died.  
And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.  
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immor-tal in-to life.  
Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!

# 342. While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers 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 - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,  
 ceive the blessing, 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. 343. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti - dings  
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,  
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will!" the promise is se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for -

all the world a - round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:  
 en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:  
 ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er - more:

CHORUS.  
 "Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;"



## "Whosoever Will."

send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."

## No. 344.      Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,  
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-nez-er, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;  
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home;  
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;  
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

# No. 345. 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 - love, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the  
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
 seems, each time I tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As  
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I  
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

noth - ing else would do.  
 tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in  
 God's own ho - ly word. }  
 I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# No. 346. Saviour, More Than Life.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

FANNY J. OSBRY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-our, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
 2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
 Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

*D.S.*—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

*REFRAIN.* Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;  
 Ev-'ry 'day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

# No. 347. Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-our bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had 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, Whilst His dear cross ap-pears,  
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

*CHO.*—Help me, dear Sav-our, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;

*D. C. for Chorus.*  
 Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.  
 When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's 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.

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord re-mem-ber me.

# No. 348. Take Time to Be Holy.

Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey. The Biglow & Main Co., N. Y., owners. By per.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

GEORGE O. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho-ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A-bide in Him  
 2. Take time to be ho-ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in  
 3. Take time to be ho-ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-  
 4. Take time to be ho-ly; Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each

al-ways, And feed on His Word, Make friends of God's chil-dren;  
 se-cret With Je-sus a-lone— By look-ing to Je-sus,  
 fore Him, What-ev-er be-tide; In joy or in sor-row,  
 mo-tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir-it

Help those who are weak; For-get-ting in nothing His blessing to seek.  
 Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con-duct His likeness shall see.  
 Still fol-low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je-sus, Still trust in His Word.  
 To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit-ted For ser-vice a-bove.

# 349. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Used by permission.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the  
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the  
 last-ing arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the

# Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - - ing, Safe and secure from  
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.  
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

## 350. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would  
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy  
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its  
make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of Thy  
blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf - fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is  
glo - ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing  
king-dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,  
writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, 'Tho' your sins be as scar - let,  
com - eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing,  
D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom,  
FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.  
Is my name written there?  
I will make them like snow." } Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?  
Is my name written there? }  
Is my name written there?

# No. 351.

# What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear.  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

# No. 352.

# Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- |                     |                        |                    |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 He is able.       | 5 He will hear you.    | 8 He'll renew you. |
| 3 He is willing.    | 6 He'll forgive you.   | 9 Jesus loves you. |
| 4 He will save you. | 7 He will cleanse you. | 10 Only trust Him. |

# No. 353. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy  
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and

CHORUS.  
 precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry. }  
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. } I am coming, Lord! Com - ing  
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above. }

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

# No. 354. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne  
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;  
 I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;  
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;  
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life to thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

## No. 355. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

H. F. HEMY, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, 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 nations 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, Whene'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.

## No. 356. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -  
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

ought with - hold; Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,  
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,  
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see



# Something for Jesus.



My heart ful - fill it's vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.  
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.  
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.



## No. 357. I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

(AVON. G. M.)



1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care,  
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,  
 3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore,  
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;  
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May it's de - part - ing ray



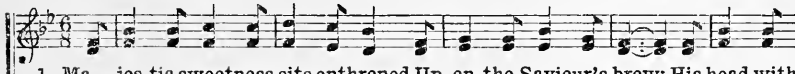
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.  
 And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.  
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.  
 The pros - pect does my strength re - new While here by tem - pests driv'n.  
 Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.



## 358. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is  
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He  
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me  
 5. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proof of love di - vine, Had I a



ra - dian't glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.  
 He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
 bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
 tri - umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.  
 thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.



# No. 359. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;  
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me;  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me;

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.  
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

# 360. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

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

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

# No. 361.

# Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing  
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my  
 4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,  
 wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. }  
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

# No. 362.

# Amazing Grace.

(WARWICK. O. M.)

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;  
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;  
 4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.  
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.

# 363. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand Where Afric's sunny  
2. What tho' the spi - cy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect  
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fount - ains, Roll down their golden sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From  
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The  
night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The  
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.  
gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.  
Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

# No. 364.

# Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

(MISSIONARY CHANT.)

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n - ly gain;  
3. Go, labor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray! Be wise the erring soul to win;  
5. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?  
Men heed thee, love, thee, praise thee not; The Master praises, — what are men?  
Yet fal - ter not; the prize you seek Is near, — a king - dom and a crown!  
Go forth in - to the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

# No. 365. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If you de-  
 2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; Fountains for  
 3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If there's a  
 4. If friends once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; Find what a  
 5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If you would

CHORUS.

sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.  
 void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart. } Just now, your doubtings give o'er;  
 Friend he will be un-to you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart. } After 5th verse.  
 en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart. } Just now, my doubtings are o'er;

Just now, reject him no more; Just now, throw open the door, Let Jesus come into your heart.  
 Just now, reject-ing no more; Just now, I o-pen the door, And Jesus comes into my heart.

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# No. 366. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

QUARTET.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God! He is of  
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more; "Look un-to

DUET. *fz*

red . . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 great . . . . . com- passion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that entreats you,  
 me, . . . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God; He'll forgive your transgressions,

1. Tho' they be red

QUARTET. *f*

Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!  
 He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more, And remember them no more.

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# No. 367. How Tedious and Tasteless.

JOHN NEWTON.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs

D.S.—But when I am hap-py in Him  
Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

December's as pleas-ant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice;  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I;  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place [mind:  
Would make any change in my life  
While blest with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
If Thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from thesky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me to Thee up on high, [more.  
Where winter and clouds are no

# No. 368. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH.

(FOUNDATION. 11s.)

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!  
2. 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-potent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

# No. 369. A Charge to Keep.

(Key C.)

1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

—CHARLES WESLEY,

# No. 370.

# The Wayside Cross.

C. L. ST. JOHN.

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-wea-ried, and  
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright, golden span That brid-ges the wa-ters so  
 3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pencil the hed-ges and

*Slower and sustained.*

spent is my light; And I seek for a palace that rests on the hill, But between us a  
 safe-ly for man? To the right? To the left? Ah, me! If I knew— The night is so  
 fruit-laden vines— My fortune! My all! For one tangled gleam That sifts thro' the

*rit.* CHORUS.\*

stream hi-eth sul-len and chill.  
 dark, and the pass-ers so few." } Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a  
 lilies, and wastes on the stream."

gray friar cowl'd, in lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright, golden span,

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

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

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

## No. 371.

## Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. WHITE. Arr.

Arr. from MARK M. JONES.

1. I have heard of a land On a far - a - way strand—In the Bi - ble the  
 2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is  
 3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose

sto - ry is told— Where no sor - row shall come, Nei-ther dark-ness nor gloom,  
 bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair - est of lands,  
 joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring Where the birds ev - er sing,

CHORUS.

And noth - ing there ev - er grows old. In that beau - ti - ful land On a

far - a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am

told, Are paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.



# No. 372.

# Just Outside the Door.

JAMES ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. O wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?  
 2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im - part— To save your soul He died;  
 3. The day of life is pass - ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;  
 4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out - side.  
 How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out - side?  
 And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!  
 Be - fore the tem - pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.

CHORUS.

Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, Be - hold, it stands a - jar!

Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, So near and yet so far!

NOTE.—If used for mixed voices, alto sings the first tenor an octave lower.

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# No. 373.

# Sun of My Soul.

(Key F.)

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

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere through the world my way I take;  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

—JOHN KEPLER.

# No. 374. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it  
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

# No. 375. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; }  
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A- men. }

# No. 376. Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;  
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

# 377. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

PSALM 100.

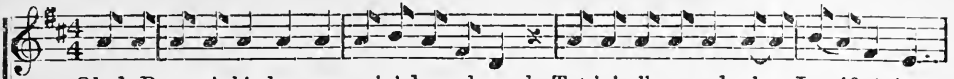
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 All people that on earth do dwell,<br/>Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;<br/>Him serve with mirth; His praise forth tell;<br/>Come ye before Him and rejoice.</p> <p>2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;<br/>Without our aid He did us make;<br/>We are His flock, He doth us feed,<br/>And for His sheep He doth us take.</p> | <p>3 O enter then His gates with joy;<br/>Within His courts His praise proclaim;<br/>Let thankful songs your tongues employ;<br/>O bless and magnify His name.</p> <p>4 Because the Lord our God is good,<br/>His mercy is forever sure;<br/>His truth at all times firmly stood,<br/>And shall from age to age endure.</p> |
|---|---|

# No. 378.

# De Brewer's Big Hosses.

H. S. TAYLOR.

J. B. HERBERT.



1. Oh, de Brewer's big hosses, comin' down de road, Tot-in' all around ole Lu-cifer's load;
2. Oh, de lickem men's actin' like dey own dis place, Liv-in' on de sweat ob de po' man's face.
3. Oh, I'll harness dem hosses to de temp'rance cart, Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start,



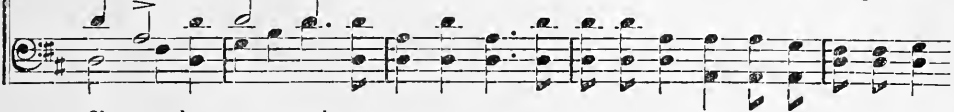
Dey step so high, an' dey step so free, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!  
 Dey's fat and sas - sy as dey can be, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!  
 I'll teach 'em how for to haw and gee, For dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!



## CHORUS.



Oh, no! boys, oh, no! De turnpike's free wher-eb-ber I go; I'se a tem-per-ance



Oh, no, boys, no, no, no!



in - gine, don't you see, And the Brew-er's big hoss - es can't run o - ver me!



## No. 379 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. (Key E♭.)

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers !  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before,  
Christ the Royal Master,  
Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go !

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldier !  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

- 3 Onward, then, ye people !  
Join the happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song ;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

—SABINE BARING-GOULD.

## No. 380. How Sweet the Name.

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! The Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace ;
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

—JOHN NEWTON.

## No. 381. In the Cross of Christ.

(Key C.)

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,

Never shall the cross forsake me,  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

—Sir J. BOWRING.

## No. 382. Happy Day.

(Key G.)

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

- Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away !  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day :  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
  - 3 'Tis done : the great transaction's done !  
I am my Lord's and He is mine ;  
He drew me and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

—P. DODDRIDGE.

## No. 383. Precious Name.

(Key A♭.)

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

CHORUS.

- Precious name, O how sweet !  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven ;  
Precious name, O how sweet !  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare ;  
If temptations 'round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
  - 3 O the precious name of Jesus !  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ !
  - 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of Kings in heaven we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

—LYDIA BAXTER.

## No. 384. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

OLIVET. (Key b.)

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Cavalry,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire,  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to-day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above  
A ransomed soul!

—RAY PALMER.

## No. 385. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

HOLLINGSIDE. (Key Eb.)

- 1 Jesus lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me,  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee.  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 386. How Firm a Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (Key Ab.)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,  
||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? ||
- 2 "Fear not, I am with Thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
||: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand. ||

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. ||

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not—I will not desert to His foes,  
"That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
||: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake! ||

—G. KEITH.

## No. 387. The Morning Light is Breaking

WEBB. (Key Bb.)

- 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 we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above:  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine 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."

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 388. Shall We Gather at the River?

(Key Eb.)

- 1 Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angels feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

- Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river;  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.
  - 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.
  - 4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

—REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

## No. 389. Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

MAITLAND. (Key A.)

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here!  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

—THOMAS SHEPHERD.

## No. 390. Come, Ye Sinners.

(Key F.)

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and pow'r:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners, Jesus came to all.

—JOSEPH HART.

## No. 391. I Do Believe.

(Key G.)

- 1 Alas! And did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?
- CHORUS.  
I do believe, I now believe  
That Jesus died for me;  
And thro' His blood, His precious blood,  
I shall from sin be free.
  - 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
  - 3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

—I. WATTS.

## No. 392. Only Trust Him.

(Key G.)

- 1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And He will surely give you rest  
By trusting in His word.
- CHORUS.  
Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.
  - 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,  
Rich blessings to bestow:  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.
  - 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you in to rest:  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.
  - 4 Come, then, and join the holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land,  
Where joys immortal flow.

—J. H. STOCKTON.

## No. 393. He Is Calling.

(Key C.)

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.

CHORUS.

- He is calling, "Come to me!"  
Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee,
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood.
  - 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind.
  - 4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of the Lord.

—FABER.

## No. 394. Almost Persuaded.

(Key G.)

- 1 "Almost persuaded," now to believe;  
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive  
Seems now some soul to say,  
Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day,  
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
Jesus invites you here  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,  
O wanderer come.
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!  
"Almost," cannot avail;  
"Almost," is but to fail!  
Sad, sad the bitter wail  
"Almost—but lost!"

—P. P. BLISS.

## No. 395. There Is a Fountain.

(Key C.)

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away;
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

—W. COWPER.

## No. 396. My Hope Is Built.

THE SOLID ROCK. (Key G.)

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

- On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
I: All other ground is sinking sand; I
- 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;  
Dressed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

—EDWARD MOTA.

## No. 397. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

AMERICA. (Key F.)

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring !
- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake ;  
Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our father's God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light ;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

—SAMUEL F. SMITH.

## No. 398. God Bless Our Boys.

(AMERICA. Key F.)

God bless our boys who go  
To fight our country's foe,  
Bless them to-night ;  
Father of all, we pray,  
Grant them to win the day,  
That o'er this world, for aye,  
Shall reign the Right.

—W. SANDS FOX.

## No. 399. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

(Key C.)

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord ;  
He is tramping out the vintage, where the  
grapes of wrath are stored ;  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His ter-  
rible swift sword ;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.—||: Glory, glory, hallelujah ! :||  
His truth is marching on.

- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-  
dred circling camps ;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps ;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim  
and flaring lamps ;  
His truth is marching on.

- 3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat ;  
O be swift my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant  
my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

- 4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born  
across the sea ;  
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures  
you and me ;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to  
make men free,  
While God is marching on.

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

## No. 400. The Star-Spangled Banner.

(Key Bb.)

- 1 O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through  
the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there.  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
- 2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of  
the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-  
ing steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream :  
'Tis the star-spangled banner : O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

- 3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and wild war's deso-  
lation ;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-  
rescued land  
Praise the power that has made and preserved  
us a nation !  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto : "In God is our trust !"  
And the star-spangled in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

### 1

1 And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.

2 Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.

3 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

4 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

5 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

6 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

7 If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words:

8. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

9 Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

### 2

1 For I am the Lord your God: ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy; for I am holy:

2 For I am the Lord that bringeth you up out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: ye shall therefore be holy, for I am holy.

3 In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar.

4 Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.

5 Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

6 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

7 Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect.

8 Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

9 Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

10 And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

11 Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.

12 And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin.

13 Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

14 Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

15 He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.

16 Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

17 My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

### 3

1 Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

2 To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

3 Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

4 Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations:

5 That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearance of Jesus Christ:

6 Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory:



## RESPONSIVE READINGS

7 Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

8 Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you:

9 Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.

10 Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by them that have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into.

11 Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

12 As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance.

13 But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation;

14 Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy.

15 Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently:

16 Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

### 4

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

### 5

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

6 Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

7 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

### 6

1 And God spake all these words, saying,

2 I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous man, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6 And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8 Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

12 Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13 Thou shalt not kill.

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15 Thou shalt not steal.

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

18 Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

19 And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

### 7

1 The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

2 God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

3 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

4 For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

5 In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also.

6 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

7 Oh come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

8 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

9 O worship of the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

10 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

11 I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

12 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for the truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

13 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

14 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

15 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

16 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

17 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

18 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

19 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

### 8

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

5 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

6 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

7 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

8 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

9 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

10 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

11 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them.

12 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

### 9

#### 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.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

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.

### 10

#### PSALM 6.

1 O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?

4 Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give the thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

### 11

#### PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy glory in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths 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!

### 12

#### PSALM 14.

1 The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

3 They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

5 There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

6 Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

7 Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

### 13

#### PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

### 14

#### PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

7 Shew thy marvellous loving-kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

8 Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

9 From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

### 15

#### 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 forever.

### 16

#### PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

### 17

#### PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; and I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy: I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

### 18

#### 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.

## RESPONSIVE READINGS

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.

### 19

#### PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

### 20

#### PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity: and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit with me.

### 21

#### PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

### 22

#### PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

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**Bethany  
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