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Songs
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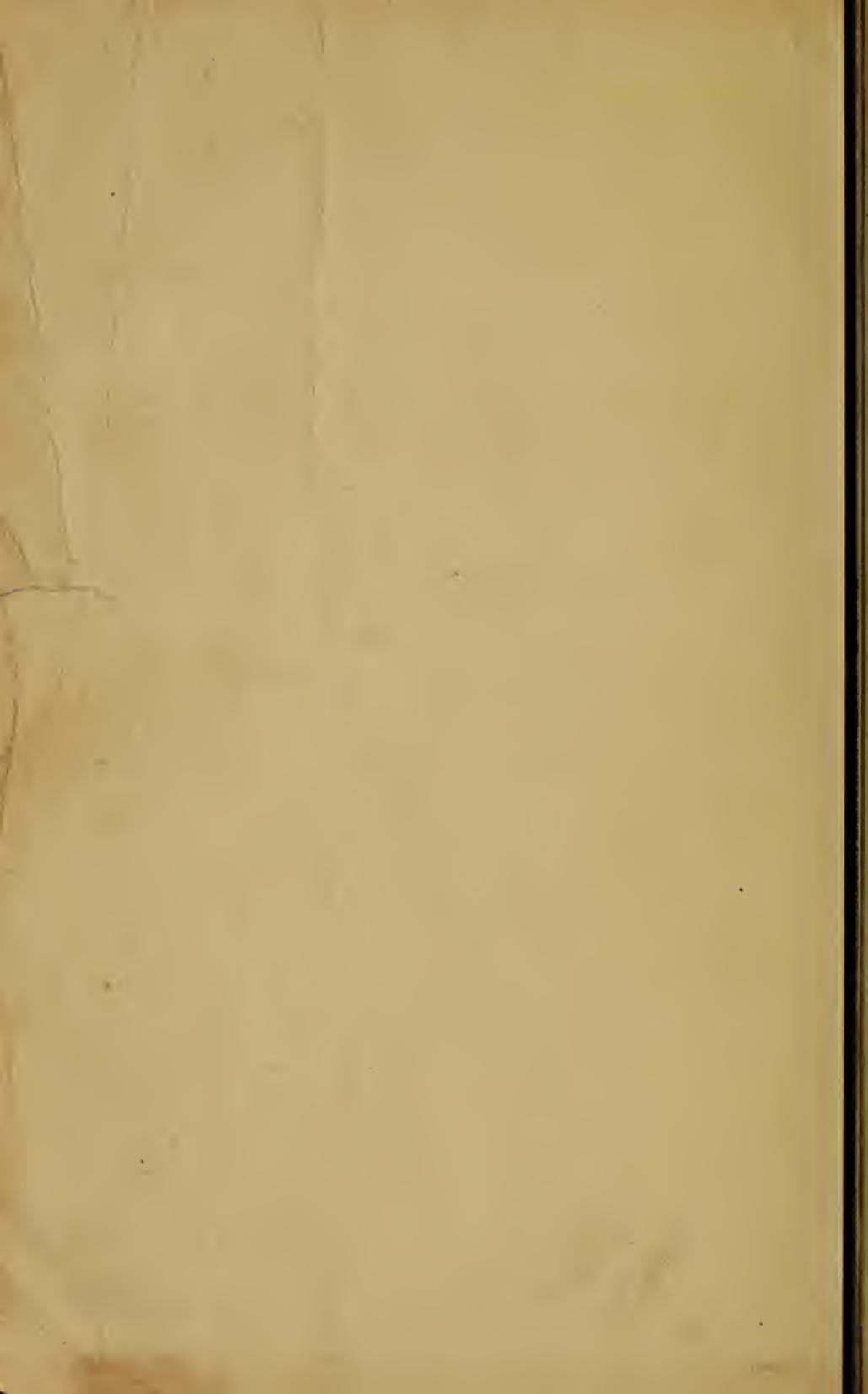
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FOREWORD

This Song Book has been compiled and is published with the sincere hope that it will serve the great end—the glory of God in the inspiration and salvation of men.

Let us sing! We must sing! You must sing! I must sing! Sing to the salvation of the sinner. Sing to the home-coming of the wanderer. Sing to the cheer of the sorrowing. Sing to the uplifting of the fallen. Sing to the blessing of the little children. Sing to the saving of the prisoner. Sing to the cheer of the aged. Sing to the gladness of the young. Sing to the inspiring of our own ranks. Sing in the streets. Sing in the hall. Sing in the home. Sing in the workshop. Sing by the sick couch. Sing to all mankind of the great salvation of God, of the precious promises of Jesus Christ, of the purifying power of the Holy Ghost until night becomes day and sorrow and sinning flee away forever and forever.

Wangeli Booth

Commander.

NOTICE

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In regard to songs borrowed from other sources, we have sought to obtain previous permission when this has been necessary and to acknowledge the sources to which we are indebted. Should we have failed in any instance we shall be glad to acknowledge our oversight in future issues.

References.—The first small figures or letters at the top of many of the songs denote the meter. The second set of figures give the number of the song in "Salvation Army Songs" (Word Edition), and the last figures the Band Music or Band Journal number.

We Have No Other Argument.

C. M. S. S. 77. B. M. I. 53.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
 2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;
 3. Je - sus the prisoner's fet - ters breaks And bruise - es Sat - an's head;
 4. Oh, that the world would taste and see The rich - es of His grace!
 5. Hap - py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp His name,

An - gels and men be - fore Him fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 He scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, He turns their hell to heaven.
 Power in - to strengthless souls He speaks, And life in - to the dead.
 The arms of love that com - pass me Would all man - kind em - brace.
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

f CHORUS.

We have no oth - er ar - gu - ment, We want no oth - er plea;

mf
 It is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

C. M. Tune—1. S. S. 333.

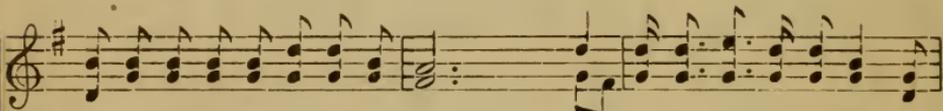
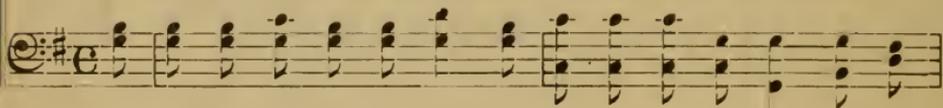
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
 With gladness fills my breast;
 But better far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.</p> <p>2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!</p> | <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
 O Joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek!</p> <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 No tongue nor pen can slow;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.</p> |
|--|---|

He's the Lily of the Valley.

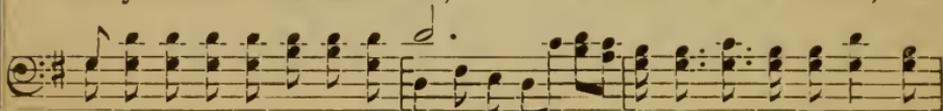
P. M. S. S. 257. B. M. I. 239.

mf Moderato.

1. I've found a Friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I



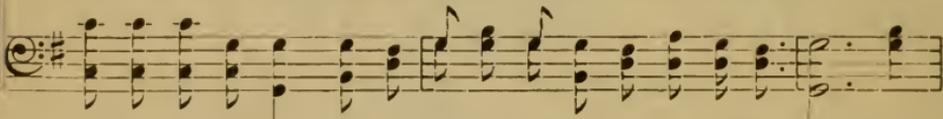
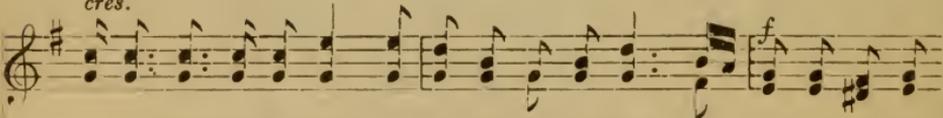
Fair - est of Ten Thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my Strong and Mighty Tower; I've all for Him for - saken, I've
 live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've



to my soul;



Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole; In
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho'
 noth - ing now to fear; With His man - na He my hungry soul shall fill; Then

*cres.*

sor - row He's my Comfort, in trou - ble He's my Stay, He tells me ev - 'ry
 all the world forsake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall
 sweeping up to glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de -



He's the Lily of the Valley.—Concluded.

care on Him to roll; He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, the
 safe-ly reach the goal. Though all the world forsake me, and
 light shall ev-er roll. Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll

on Him to roll;

Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul.
 Sa-tan tempt me sore, Through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal.
 see His bless-ed face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll.

f CHORUS.

He's the Li-ly of the Val-ley, The Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the

Fair-est of Ten Thousand to my soul, He's the Li-ly of the
 of Ten Thousand to my soul,

Valley, The Bright and Morning Star, He's the Fairest of Tea Thousand to my soul.

My Saviour Suffered On the Tree.

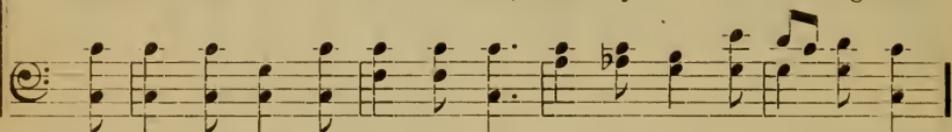
P. M.—S. S. 254. B. M. I. 255.

mf Allegro, ma non troppo.

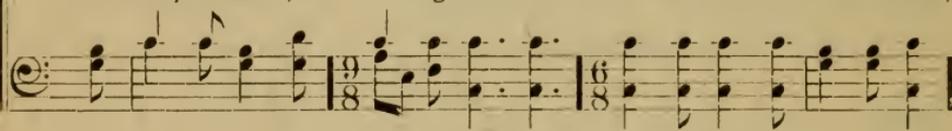
1. My Sav - iour suf - ered on the tree, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
2. He bore my sins and curse and shame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
3. I know my sins are all for - giv' n, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
4. And this my ceaseless song shall be, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!



Oh, come and praise the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
 And I am saved thro' Je - sus' name, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
 And I am on my way to heav' n, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!
 That Je - sus tast - ed death for me, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!



CHORUS. The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb! I love the sound of Jesus' name,

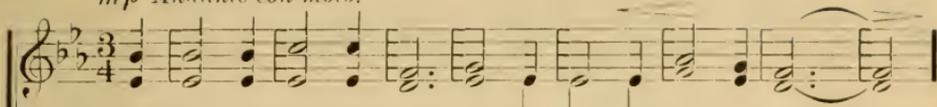


It sets my spir - it all in a flame, Glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb!

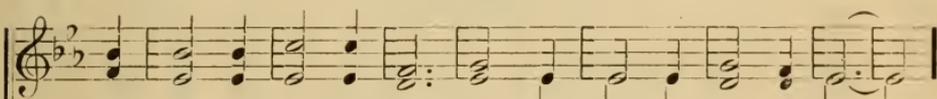
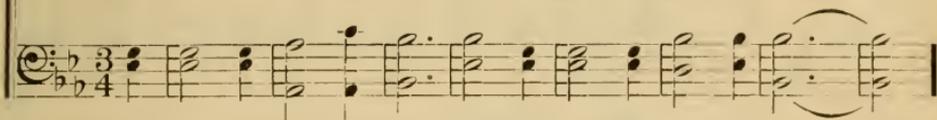


My All Is On the Altar.

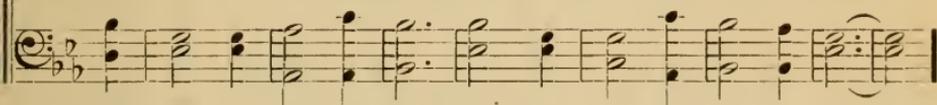
7's & 6's.—S. S. 444. E. M. I. 100.

mp Andante con moto.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,.....
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I'm Thine; O bless - ed Je - sus, Washed by Thy pre - cious blood;



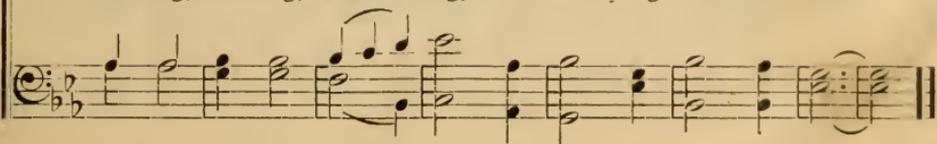
A con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er more to be.
 I look for Thine sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 Con - sume my hum - ble off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole!
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

*mf* CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;.....

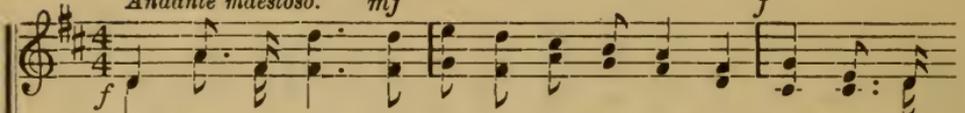


Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

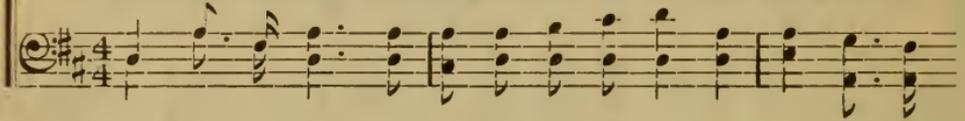


Fling Wide the Gates!

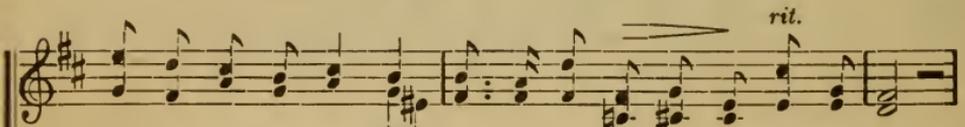
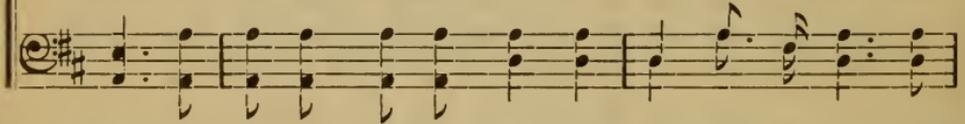
Commander E. C. Booth.

Andante maestoso. mf

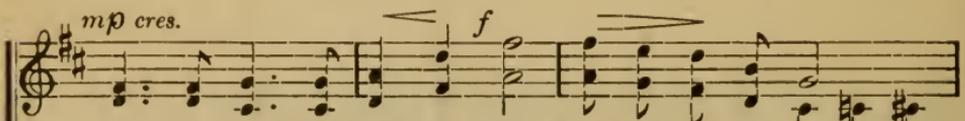
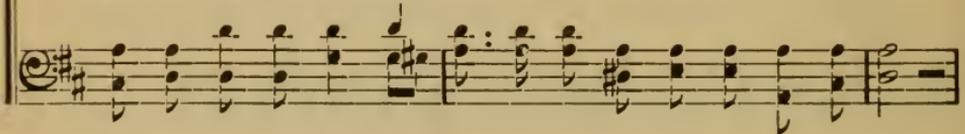
1. Fling wide the gates! I hear the an-gels sing-ing, Fling wide the
 2. Fling wide the gates! a life of war-fare end-ed; Fling wide the
 3. Fling wide the gates! thro' Christ his work ac-complished; Fling wide the
 4. Fling wide the gates! with hearts of glo-ry bril-liant; Fling wide the



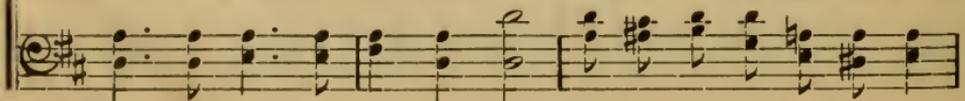
gates! I hear bright mu-sic ring-ing; A war-rior soul from
 gates! a sol-dier brave as-cend-ed; Life's bat-tle won, the
 gates! his toils for oth-ers fin-ished; Laid down the sword, the
 gates! his en-try made a-bun-dant: Tri-um-phant soul, with



this poor world is wing-ing T'ward the glo-ry of the gold-en strand.
 cause of Christ de-fend-ed, More than conq'ror thro' the power of God.
 cross for crown re-lin-quished, Hal-le-lu-jahs fill the earth and sky.
 es-cort host re-splen-dent, Stands be-fore the ho-ly throne of God.



Toil and fear, a sol-dier's spear, Left be-hind the grave, the grave,
 With a bound at trum-pet sound, From its bond of clay, of clay,
 Strug-gling hard and bat-tle scarred, Makes the gold-en shore, the shore,
 Burn-ing brand in ev-'ry land Blazed a ho-ly trail—the trail,



Fling Wide the Gates!—Concluded.

prov'd His pow'r to save, to save, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
 wing'd his soul a - way, a - way, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
 greets those gone be - fore, be - fore, Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,
 heav'n and earth do hail! do hail! Hear the crown'd the an - them swell,

mf *f* *cres.*
con forza.

ff *Allargando,* *rit.*

"Conq'ror o - ver death and hell," death and hell. (*Piano, last verse only.*)

*Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

7

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE.

S. S. 47. B. J. 802.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters the flow - ing Forth from the

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

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

Let the Sunshine In.

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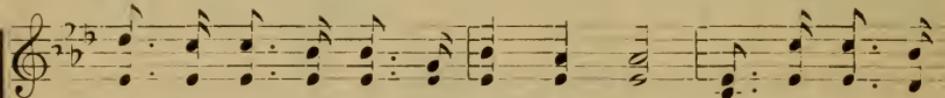
ADA BLENKHORN.

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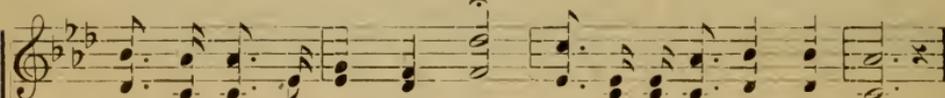
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



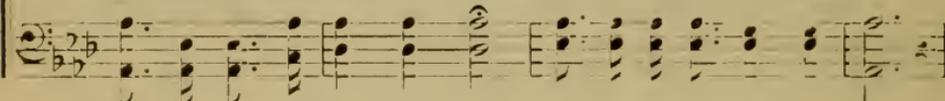
1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it
 2. Does your faith grow faint - er in the cause you love? Are your
 3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know - ing



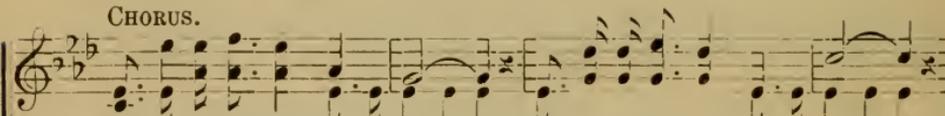
dark with - out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark - en'd
 pray'rs un - an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark - en'd
 naught of dark - ness, dwell - ing in the day? Clear the dark - en'd



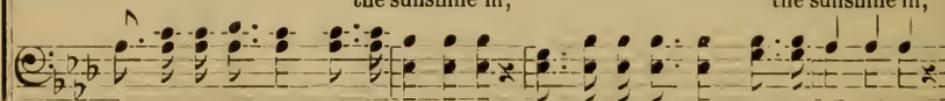
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.



CHORUS.



Let a lit - tle sun - shine in, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in;
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;

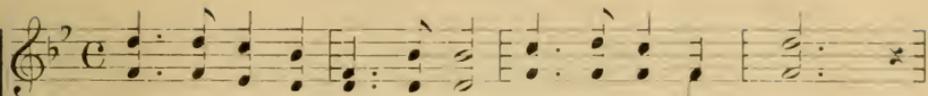


Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

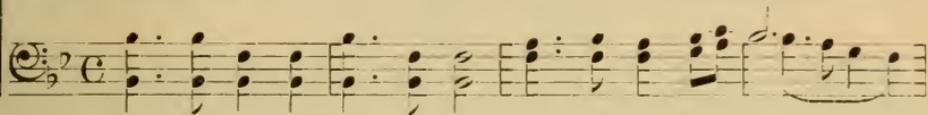


Standing By a Purpose True

P. M.—S. S. 744. B. M. 2. 37.



1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Ma - ny might-y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold our glo - rious ban - ner high, On to vic - t'ry grand;



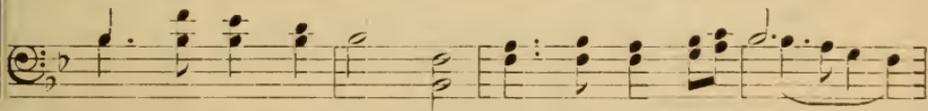
Hon - or them, the faith - ful few, All hail to Dan - iel's Band.
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band.
 Head - long to the earth would fall If met by Dan - iel's Band.
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band.



CHORUS.



Dare to be a sol - dier, Dare to stand a - lone:



Dare to have a pur - pose firm, Dare to make it known.



There's Mercy Still for Thee.

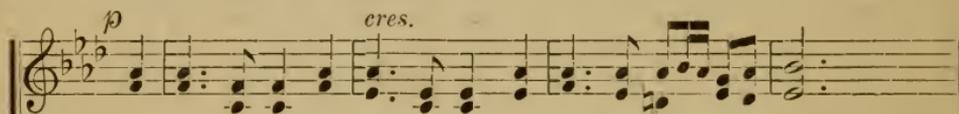
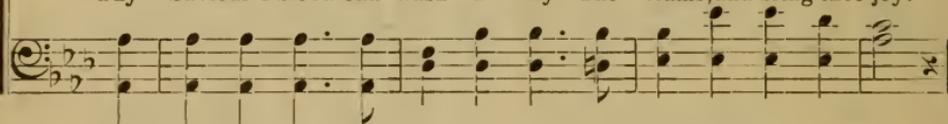
C. M. D.—S. S. 56. B. M. I. 49.

mf Moderato.

1. O wand'rer, know - ing not the smile Of Je - sus love - ly face,
 2. Tho' sins of years rise mountains high, And would thy hopes de - stroy,



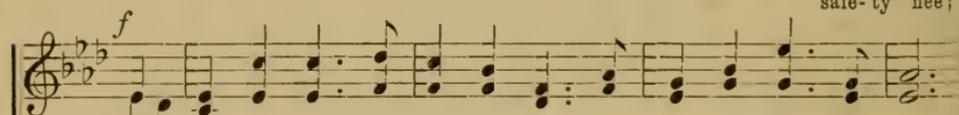
In dark-ness liv - ing all the while, Re - ject-ing of-fered grace:
 Thy Saviour's blood can wash a - way The stains, and bring thee joy.



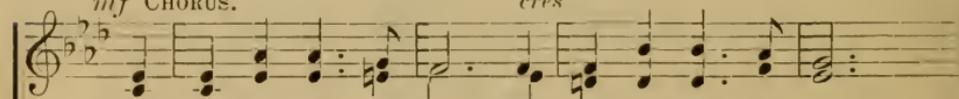
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound, Thy soul He waits to free;
 Now, lift thy heart in earnest pray'r, To Him for safe - ty flee;



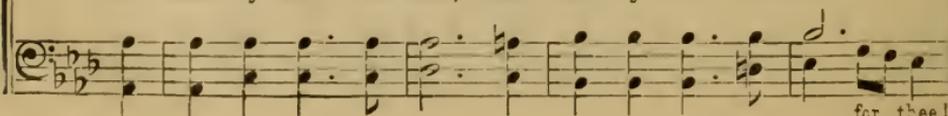
waits to free;
 safe - ty flee;



Thy Sav-iour hath a ran-som found, There's mer-cy still for thee.
 While still the an - gels chant the strain, "There's mercy still for thee!"

*mf* CHORUS.*cres*

There's mer - cy still for thee, There's mer - cy still for thee!



for thee!

There's Mercy Still for Thee.—Concluded.

f

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

Musical score for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The melody is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

11 The Eden Above.

12s & 11s.—S. S. 83. B. M. I. 201

mf Allegretto. cres.

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol-ly, Oh, say, will you

Musical score for the second piece, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and an allegretto tempo. The score includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

mf CHORUS. *cres.*

hap - py, the king - dom of love; } Will you go? will you go? will you
go to the E - den a - bove. }

Musical score for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*).

f

go? will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

Musical score for the continuation of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

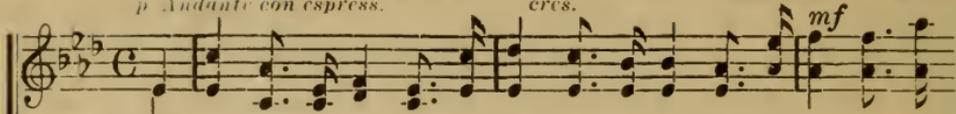
- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 3 Each saint has a mansion, prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will yo go to the Eden above?

Chorus last verse—We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go,
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

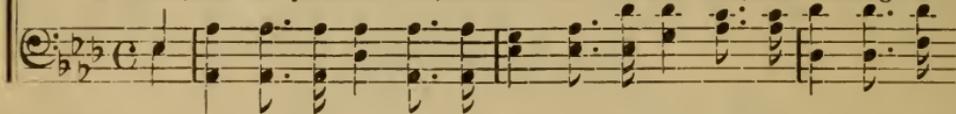
The Wounds of Christ.

11's. S. S. 162. B. M. I. 191.

Commander E. C. Booth.

*p Andante con espress.**cres.**mf*

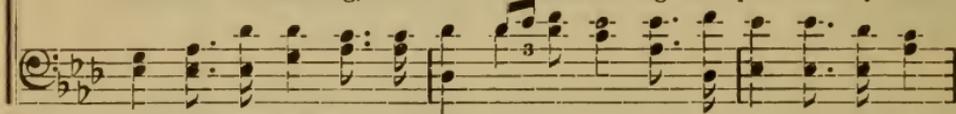
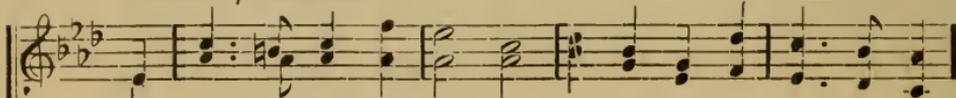
1. Dark shad-ows were fall - ing, My spir - it ap-pall - ing, For hid in my
2. It soothes all life's sorrows, It smoothes all its fur-rows, It binds up the
3. The cur-rent's first wak - ing Was when Christ was tak - ing A world's shame and
4. Come, cast in your sor - row, Wait not till to - mor - row, Life's ev - ning is



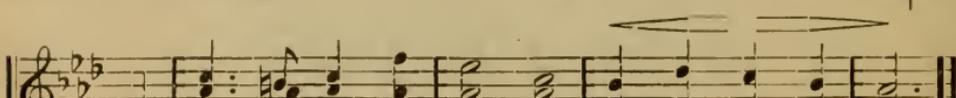
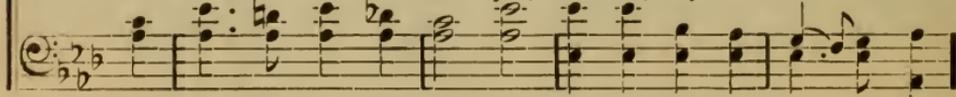
heart sin's deep crim - son stains lay; And when I was weep - ing, The
wounds which transgression has made; It turns night to morn - ing, So
sor - row thro' death and the grave; And an - gels were schem - ing To
clos - ing, the death - bell will toll; His Blood for thee stream - ing, His



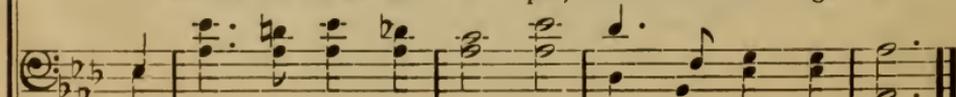
past o'er me creep - ing, I heard of the Blood which can wash sin a - way.
tru - ly a - dorn - ing, The spir - it with joy when all oth - er lights fade,
make out the mean - ing To the hearts of all na - tions His pow'r to save.
Grace so re - deem - ing, His Love in - ter - ven - ing will par - don thy soul.

CHORUS. *p Moderato.*

The wounds of Christ are o - pen, Sin - ner, they were made for thee;



The wounds of Christ are o - pen, There for ref - uge see.



f *Maestoso.*

1. We'll be he - roes we'll be he - roes When the bat - tle is fierce;
 2. We shall con - quer, we shall con - quer Thro' the blood of the Lamb;
 3. We are ris - ing, we are ris - ing, And the foe shall be driv'n;
 4. When we're dy - ing, when we're dy - ing, In the arms of His love,

cres.

When the rag - - ing storm loud - er grows,.....
 And we ne'er will retreat, tho' we die,
 As war - ri - - ors brave, let us sing,
 On the wings of faith we'll as - cend.....

Will our cou - rage in - crease, Will our
 Till the con - quest we've won, Till the
 We have vic - t'ry and heav'n, We have
 To the pal - ace of God, To the

ff

cour - age in - crease, By the cross,..... By the cross.
 con - quest we're won, By the cross,..... By the cross.
 vic - t'ry and heav'n, By the cross,..... By the cross.
 pal - ace of God, By the cross..... By the cross.

mp Moderato.

1. Sins of years are all numbered, Blackest stains brought to light, Bro-ken
 2. All the past with its chan-ces, All the "what might have been," Ev-'ry
 3. Poor lost sin - ners of all kinds, Trembling fol-lowers as well, With their

pledg - es un - cov-ered, None es - cape from His sight. Unwashed hearts are re -
 con - quest and vic - t'ry He had meant you should win. How you'll wish you'd gone
 robes sure - ly blood-wash'd, They shall come forth to tell Of the bat-tles fought

cres. *mf*

ject - ed, Guil - ty souls rise a - lone, When you stand in the
 for - ward, Lov - ing Je - sus a - lone, When you stand in the
 brave - ly, Of the vic - to - ries won, As they stand in the

f CHORUS.

light of His great Judg-ment throne.
 light of His great Judg-ment throne. { While the light from heav'n is
 light of His great Judg-ment throne. { While re - deem - ing grace is

fall - ing, Sins con - fess - ing, wants re - veal - ing,
 flow - ing, He can wash your sins a - way.

Soldier, Rouse Thee!

P. M.—S. S. 556. B. M. I. 251.

mf Con spirito.

1. { Sol - dier, rouse thee! War is rag - ing, God and fiends are bat - tle wag - ing,
 { Dare ye still lie fond - ly dream - ing, Wrapt in ease and world - ly scheming,
 2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee nev - er Self nor earth our hearts shall sever;
 { To a world of re - bels dy - ing, Heaven and hell and God de - fy - ing,
 3. { Hark! I hear the war - riors shouting, Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
 { See the foe be - fore us fall - ing, Sin - ners on the Sav - iour call - ing,

f CHORUS.

Ev - ery ransomed power en - gag - ing, Break the tempter's spell. }
 While the mul - ti - tudes are streaming, Downwards in - to hell? }
 Thine en - tire - ly, Thine for ev - er, We will fight and die. } Thro' the world re -
 Ev - ery - where we'll still be cry - ing, "Will ye perish—why?" }
 Cour - age! on - ward! nev - er doubt - ing, We shall win the day.
 Throwing off the bond - age gall - ing—Join our glad ar - ray. }

cres.

sound - ing, Let the gos - pel sound - ing, Summon all, at Je - sus' call His

glo - rious cross sur - round - ing. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless

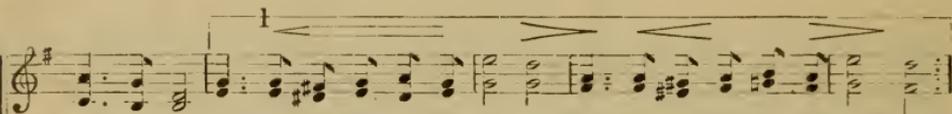
but be - liev - ing, To your conquer - ing Captain cleav - ing, Forward in the fight.

The Penitent's Plea.

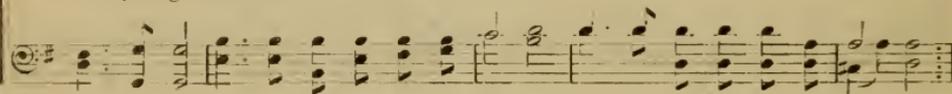
P. M.—S. S. 376. E. M. I. 234.

Adagio.

1. { Sav - iour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled
2. { All the mem - o - ries of deeds gone by Rise with - in me and Thy
Sav - iour, take my hand, I can - not tell How to stem the tides that
3. { All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim O - ver ev - 'ry prom - ise
Bid me rise a freed and par - doned slave, Mas - ter o'er my sin, the



sins repeat, Stained with guilt, myself abhorring, Filled with grief, my soul out pouring;
spir - it free, (*Omit*.....
pow'r de - fy; With a death - ly chill en - snar - ing, They would leave my soul despairing
round me swell, (*Omit*.....
write my name; As I am I come be - liev - ing, As Thou art, Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,
world, the grave. (*Omit*.....



Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!
How to ease my conscience, or to quell My flam - ing heart.
Charg - ing me to preach Thy power to save, To sin - bound souls.



CHORUS.

mf

Grace there is my ev - ery debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - ery



sin a - way, Power to keep me spotless day by day, For me, for me!

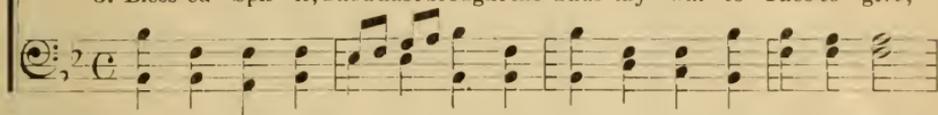


Lord, I Make a Full Surrender.

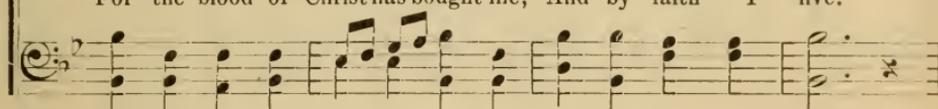
P. M.—S. S. 445. B. M. I. 249.

mf Allegro moderato.

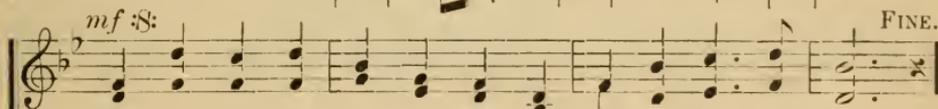
1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
 2. Lord, my will I here pres - ent Thee Glad - ly, now no long - er mine;
 3. Bless - ed Spir - it, Thou hast brought me Thus my will to Thee to give;



For Thy love so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.
 Let no e - vil thing pre - vent me Blending it with Thine.
 For the blood of Christ has bought me, And by faith I live.

*cres.*

Lord, I bring my whole af - fec - tion, Claim it, take it for Thine own;
 Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour the sa - cred vow!
 Show Thy - self, O God of pow - er, My un - changing, lov - ing Friend;



Safe - ly kept by Thy pro - tec - tion, Fixed on Thee a - lone.
 All Thine own I now re - store Thee, Thine for - ev - er now.
 Keep me, till in death's glad hour, Faith in sight shall end.



D. S.—And I now have full sal - va - tion Thro' the pre - cious blood.

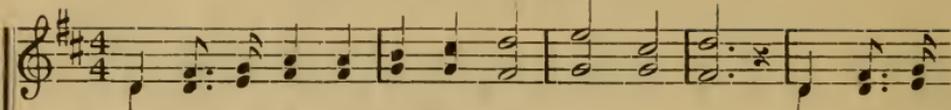
*f* CHORUS.*D S*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! I have giv'n my all to God!

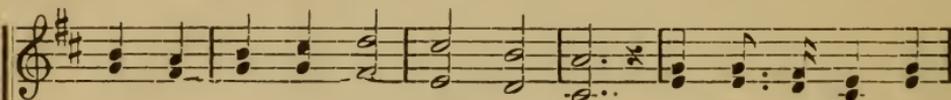
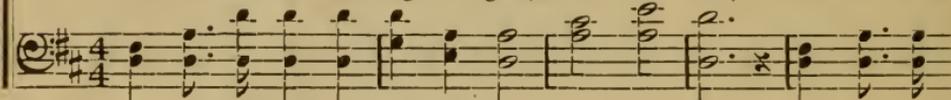


God is Love.

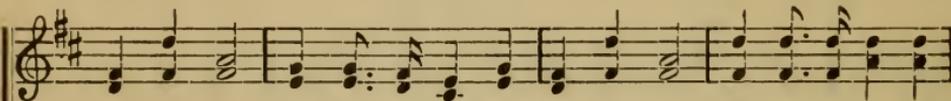
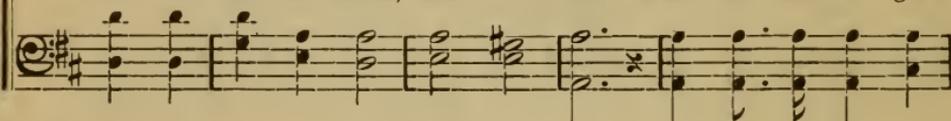
8's & 3's. S. S. 325. B. M. I. 122.



1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and
 2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot - est bound, God is love; In Christ we
 3. In Ca - naan we will sing a - gain, God is love; And this shall



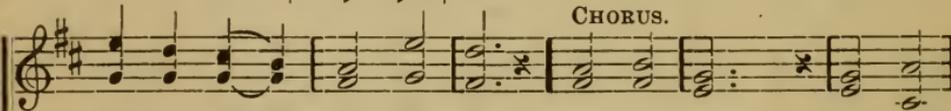
earth their prais - es bring; God is love. Let ev - 'ry soul from
 have re - demp - tion found! God is love. His blood has wash'd our
 be our loud - est strain; God is love. Whilst end - less a - ges



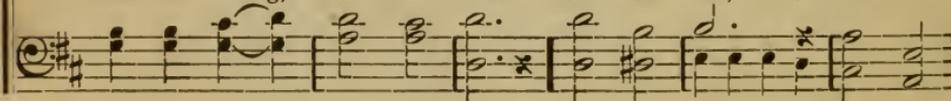
sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make, And sing with us, for
 sins a - way, His Spir - it turn'd our night to day, And now we can re -
 roll a - long, We'll tri - umph with the heav - 'nly throng, And this shall be our



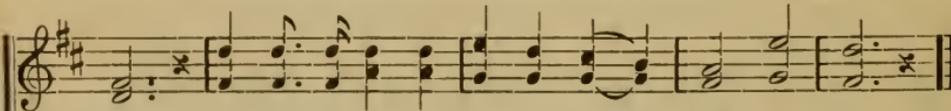
CHORUS.



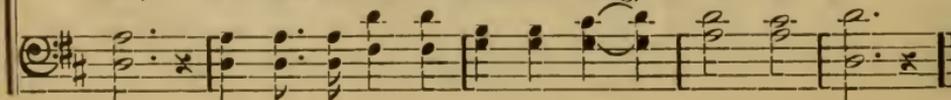
Je - sus sake, God is love. God is love, God is
 joice to say, God is love. God is love, God is
 sweet - est song, God is love. God is love, God is

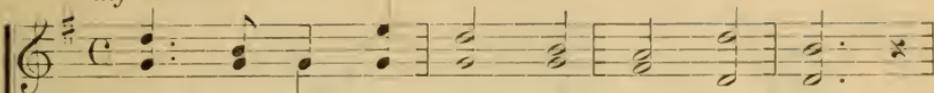


God is love,

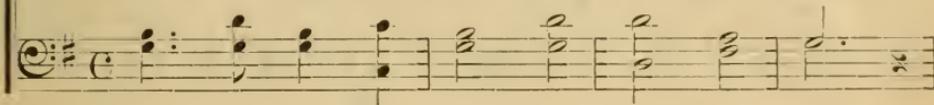


love, And sing with us for Je - sus sake, God is love.
 love, And now we can re - joice to say, God is love.
 love, And this shall be our sweet - est song, God is love.



mf Andante.

1. Love of love so won - drous, Rich and free!
2. For thy heart He's wait - ed Days and years;
3. Canst thou leave His par - don Still un - known?
4. Soon the day is com - ing When a - lone—
5. Ah! His love, so ten - der, Asks thee "comes!"



Now the King of glo - ry A par-don of - fers thee!
 And thy sins, long hat - ed, Have caused Him bit - ter tears.
 And for - get the mer - cy That towards thee He has shown?
 Tremb - ling or re - joic - ing—You must His king - ship own.
 And thy life, so slen - der, Bids thee for safe - ty run.

*mf* CHORUS.

While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in!

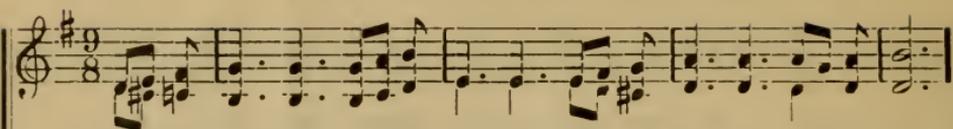


While He's wait - ing, plead - ing, knock - ing, Let Him in!

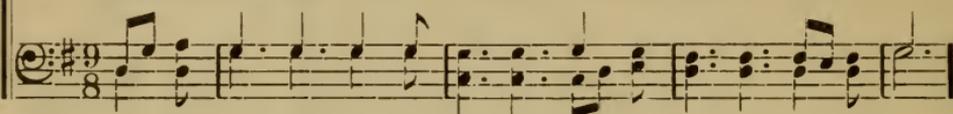


Precious Promise.

8's & 7's. S. S. 682. B. M. I. 146.



1. Pre - cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by,
2. When tempta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished In the grave of years gone by.
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,



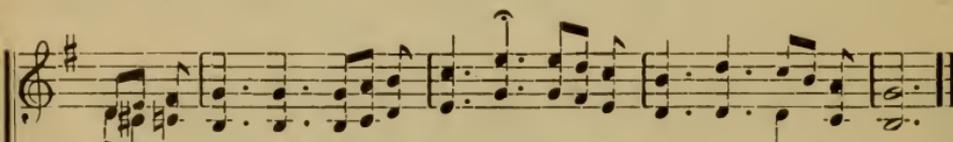
All the way from earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee; "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Let this prom - ise still be cher - ished: "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 Hear thy trus - ty lead - er call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."



REFRAIN.



"I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;



On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with Mine eye."



mf Allegro.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wip'd a - way,
 2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine,
 3. When fierce tempta-tions try my heart, I'll sing "Je - sus is mine!"
 4. The an - gels sing a glo - rious song, But not a song like mine,

cres. *ff*

For Je - sus is a Friend of mine: I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.
 Fast fell the burn - ing tears; but now I'm sing - ing all the time.
 And so, though tears at times may start, I'm sing - ing all the time.
 For I am wash'd in Je - sus' blood, And sing - ing all the time.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high!

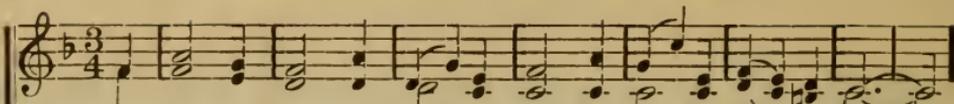
Singing, Singing,

Beautiful River.

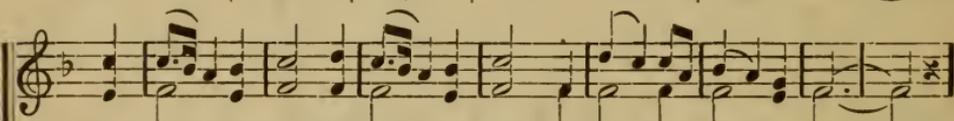
Tune—20.

- 1 Beautiful river, flowing to sever
 Chains that have bound us to Satan
 and sin;
 Jesus is able you to deliver,
 Claiming His promise, come now and
 plunge in.
- 2 Stains that are deep and sins that are
 hidden,
 Power of evil that forces to wrong,
 You shall find freedom come to the river,
 Only believing that Jesus is strong.
- 3 Fully delivered, saved to the utmost,
 Life shall no longer be failure through
 sin;
 All that have hindered I brought to the
 river,
 Oh, hallelujah! I plunged in.
- CHORUS:
 Beautiful river, beautiful river,
 Flowing to cleanse and keep you from
 sin;
 Beautiful river, beautiful river,
 Flowing to cleanse and keep you from
 sin.

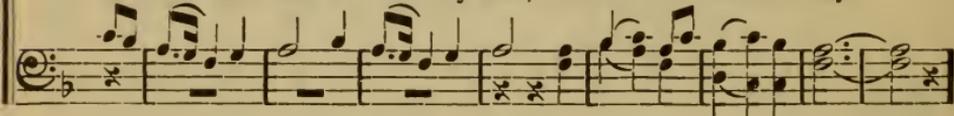
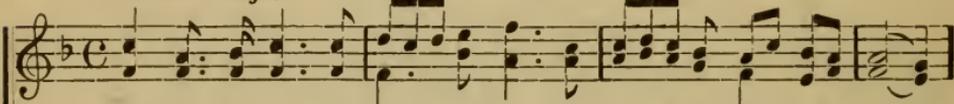
His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.



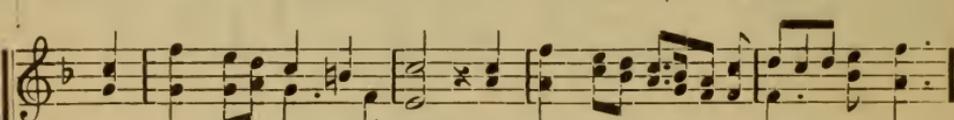
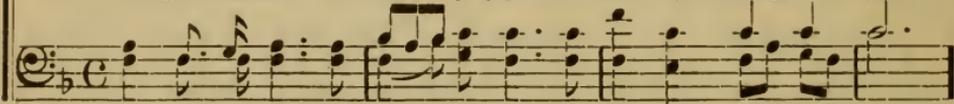
1. The cross, the blood-stain'd cross be - hold, The Lord on Cal - v'ry see;
2. The nails, the spear, the thorn - y crown He pa - tient - ly en - dur'd;
3. Death could not keep its vic - tim long, Nor yet the grave con - tain;
4. Oh, Sav - iour dear, no tongue can tell The greatness of that love;
5. Sal - va - tion all by faith may gain, And walk the heav'nly way;



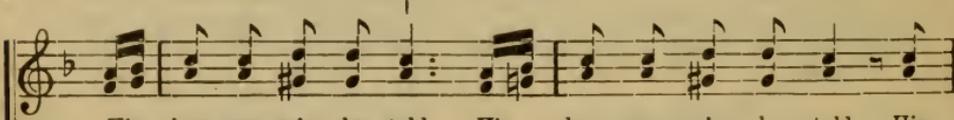
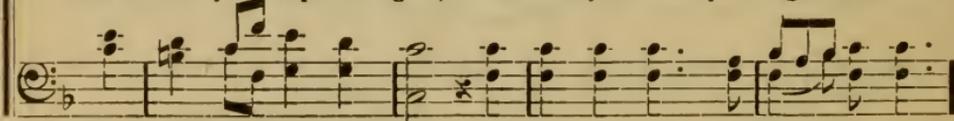
Oh, now be - lieve the sto - ry told—He died to ran - som thee.
 'Mid hell - ish wrath and world - ly frown, E - ter - nal life se - cured.
 Our Lord the might - y conq'ring One, Vic - to - rious lives a - gain!
 Love reach - ing from the mouth of hell To God's own throne a - bove.
 Praise Him! the Lamb of Cal - v'ry slain, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

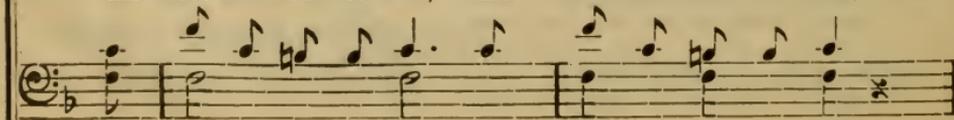
An - gels as - sist our might - y joys, Strike all your harps of gold,



Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your high - est notes



His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be told, His



His love can ne'er be told,

His Love Can Ne'er Be Told.—Concluded.

love, His love, His love, His love, His love can ne'er be

told; But when you raise your high - est [notes His love can ne'er be

told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
His love can ne'er be told, His love can
His love can ne'er be told, His love can

told, His love can ne'er be told, His love can ne'er be
ne'er be told,
ne'er be told,

told, be told, His love,.... His love... can ne'er be told.

Keep On Believing.

mp Allegretto.

1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round,.....
 2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright,.....
 3. God is your Wis - dom, God is your Might,.....
 4. Let us press on, then, nev - er de - spair,.....

Sub - tle temp - ta - tion, trou - bles a - bound,.....
 Where would the Cross be? Where would the fight?.....
 God's ev - er near you, guid - ing you right;.....
 Live a - bove feel - ing, vic - to - ry's there;.....

cres.

Nothing seems hope - ful, noth - ing seems glad,.... All is des -
 But in the hard - ness, God gives to you..... Chanc - es of
 He un - der - stands you, Knows all you need;.... Trust - ing in
 Je - sus can keep us so near to Him..... That nev - er -

*dim.**mf* CHORUS.

pair - ing, e - ven - time sad,....
 prov - ing that you are true..... } Keep on be - liev -
 Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed.....
 more our faith shall grow dim..... }

ing, Je - sus is near,.... Keep on be - liev - ing, There's

Keep On Believing.—Concluded.

cres.

noth- ing to fear;..... Keep on be- liev - - ing, This is the

dim.

way,..... Faith in the night, As well as the day.....

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/2 time signature. The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics markings 'cres.' and 'dim.' are placed above the vocal line.

25 Prepare Me.

C. M.—S. S. 145. B. M. I. 57.

mf Largo.

1. Your garments must be white as snow! Pre - pare to meet your God!
 2. Get washed from ev - 'ry stain of sin, Pre - pare to meet your God!
 3. Pre - pare me now! pre - pare me here! To stand be - fore Thy throne!
 4. Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure! To stand be - fore Thy throne!

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

For to His throne you'll have to go, Pre - pare to meet your God!
 You must this great sal - va - tion win! Pre - pare to meet your God.
 That I, with-out a doubt or fear, May stand be - fore Thy throne!
 My pride and self and tem - per cure! To stand be - fore Thy throne!

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

CHORUS.

f

Pre - pare me! pre-prepare me, Lord! Pre-prepare me! to stand be - fore Thy throne!

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' is placed above the vocal line.

Rolled Away.

1. Out up - on the broad way speeding, With the husks my poor soul feed-ing
 2. Fast from hope and mer - cy sink-ing, I the bit - ter cup was drinking:
 3. I had wandered long in sad-ness, Blind-ed by my sin and madness;

Je - sus came, and sought, and found me, And my bur - den, all my bur - den, All my
 Till in love my Saviour met me, All my dark-ness, all my darkness, All my
 Till by love my heart was brok-en, And my sor - row, all my sor - row, All my

CHORUS.

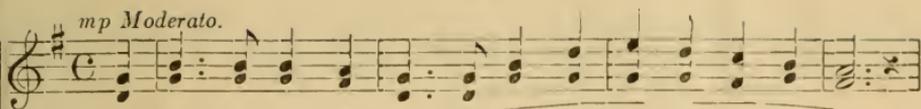
bur - den rolled a - way. } Rolled a-way, rolled a-way, Oh, the
 darkness turned to light. } Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,
 sor - row changed to song. }

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, Rolled a - way, rolled a -
 rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

way, Oh, the bur - den of my heart, Of my heart rolled a - way.
 rolled a-way,

My Lord, what a Mourning!

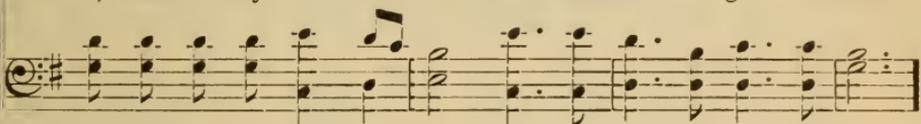
S. S. 149.

mp Moderato.

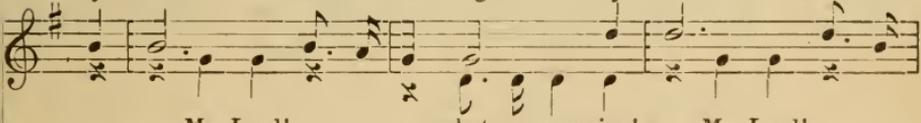
1. You'll see the Great White Throne, And stand be - fore it all a - lone;
2. Be - fore the Judg - ment Seat, Your sen - tence will the King re - peat!
3. You'll see the King come forth, To judge the na - tions in His wrath!
4. You'll hear Him say, "Well done!" To all who have the bat - tle won;



Wait - ing for the King to call, When the stars be - gin to fall!
 Ter - ror will you then en - thral, When the stars be - gin to fall!
 Sin - ners to the rocks will call When the stars be - gin to fall!
 Oh, that He may claim us all. When the stars be - gin to fall!

CHORUS *mf*

My Lord! what a mour - ning! My Lord! what a



My Lord! what a mourning! My Lord!



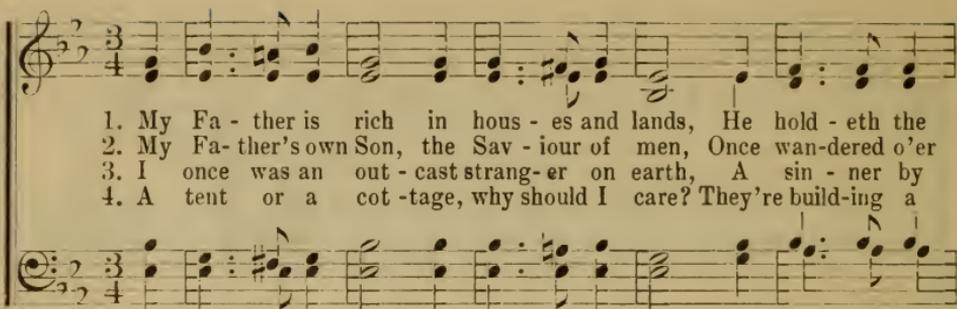
mourning! My Lord!



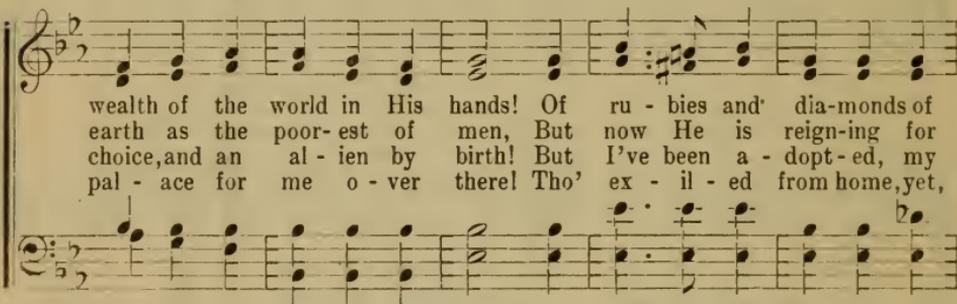
what a mourning! My Lord! what a mourning, When the stars begin to fall!



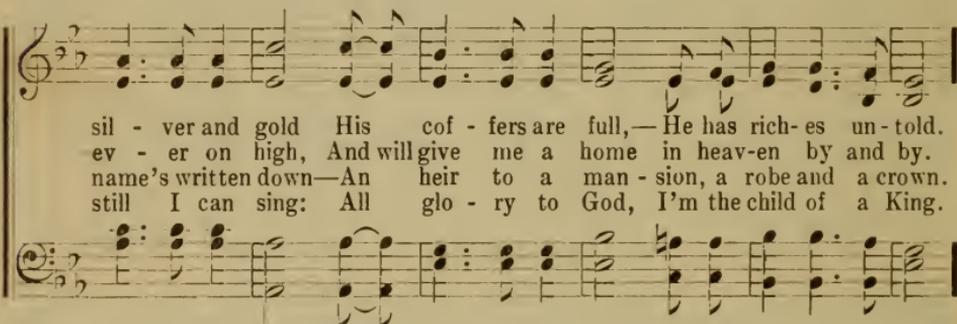
The Child of a King.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan - dered o'er
 3. I once was an out - cast strang - er on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build - ing a

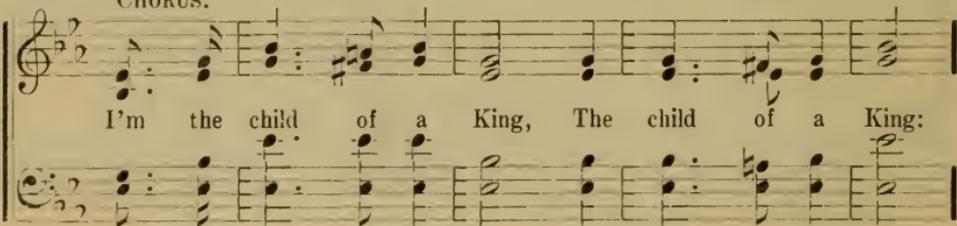


wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds of
 earth as the poor - est of men, But now He is reign - ing for
 choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
 pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet,

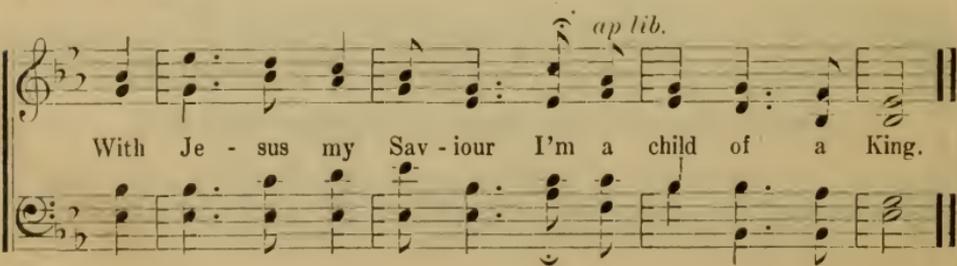


sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full, — He has rich - es un - told.
 ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav - en by and by.
 name's written down — An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
 still I can sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, The child of a King:



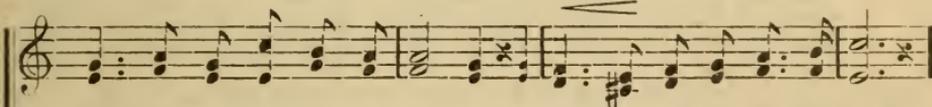
With Je - sus my Sav - iour I'm a child of a King.

Room for Jesus.

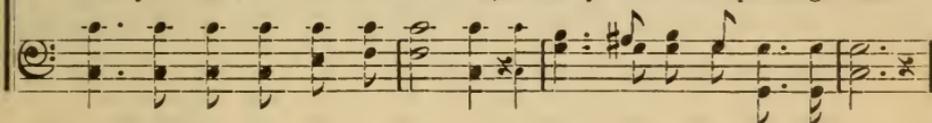
S's & T's. S. S. 34. B. M. I. 146.

mp Moderato.

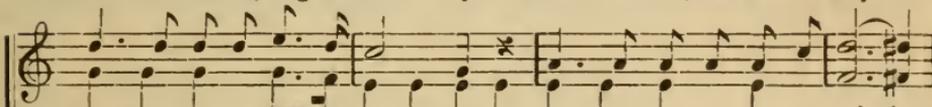
1. Have you an - y room for Je - sus— He who bore your load of sin?
2. Room for pleasure, room for busi - ness; But for Christ the Cru - ci - fied—
3. Have you an - y time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus; Soon will pass God's day of grace;



As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
 Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died!
 Oh, "to - day" is "time ac - cept - ed," To - mor - row you may call in vain.
 Soon your heart be cold and si - lent, And your Saviour's pleadings cease.

*mf* CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!



Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, o - bey!
 Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey!



Room for Je - sus, King of Glo - ry! Has - ten now, His word o - bey?



Swing your heart's door widely o - pen! Bid Him en - ter while you may.



Cleansing for Me.

P. M. S. S. 407. B. M. I. 219.

mf Moderato.

1. Lord, thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleans-ing for me,
 2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleans-ing for me,
 3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleans-ing for me,

cleans-ing for me; From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
 cleans-ing for me; Far, far a - way, by the blood - cur - rent swept,
 cleans-ing for me; From all the fears that would point me to doom,

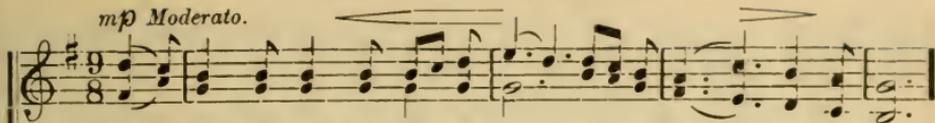
Cleans-ing from Thee, cleans-ing from Thee. Sin - ful and black though the
 Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me; Je - sus, Thy prom - ise I
 Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me; Je - sus, al-though I may

past may have been, Ma - ny the crush-ing de-feats I have seen, Yet on Thy
 dare to be-lieve, And as I come Thou wilt sure-ly re-ceive; That o-ver
 not un-der-stand, In child-like faith now I put forth my hand, And thro' Thy

prom - ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
 sin I may nev - er more grieve, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
 word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleans-ed by Thee, cleans-ed by Thee.

Behold! Behold the Lamb of God.

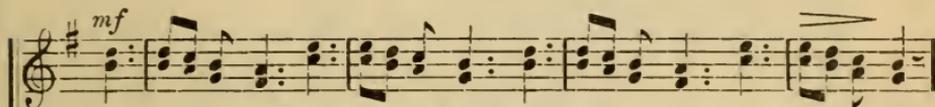
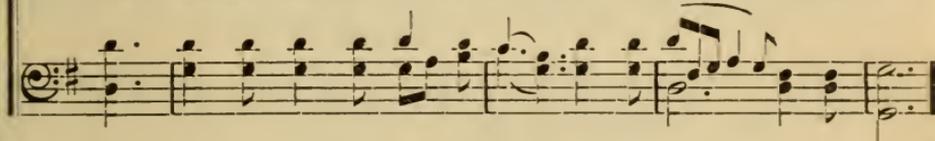
S's & 3's. S. S. 13. B. M. I. 122

mp Moderato.

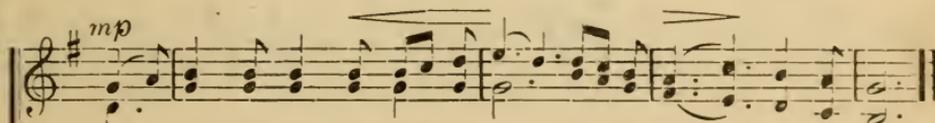
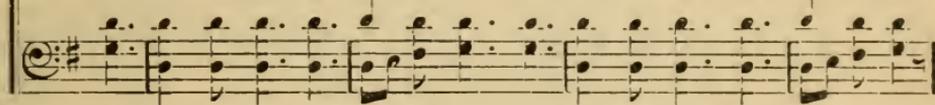
1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross.
 2. Come, sin - ners, see Him lift - ed up, On the cross, on the cross;
 2. And now the might - y deed is done, On the cross, on the cross;



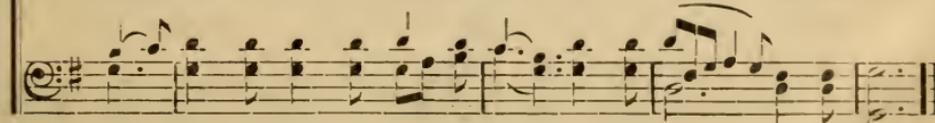
For us He shed His precious blood, On the cross, on the cross.
 He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, on the cross.
 The bat - tle's fought, the vic - t'ry's won, On the cross, on the cross.



mf
 Oh, hear His all im - por - tant cry, "Why per - ish, blood - bought sin - ner, why?"
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Je - sus doth sal - va - tion make—
 To heav'n He turns His dy - ing eyes; "Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries;

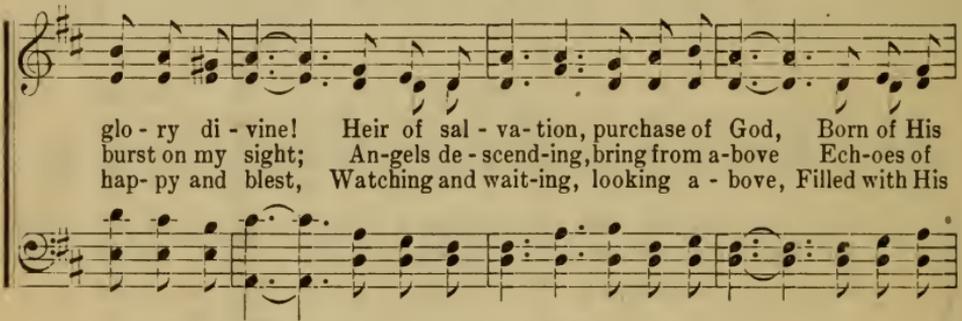


mp
 Draw near and see your Sav - iour die, On the cross, on the cross.
 While Je - sus suf - fers for our sake, On the cross, on the cross.
 Then bows His sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, on the cross.



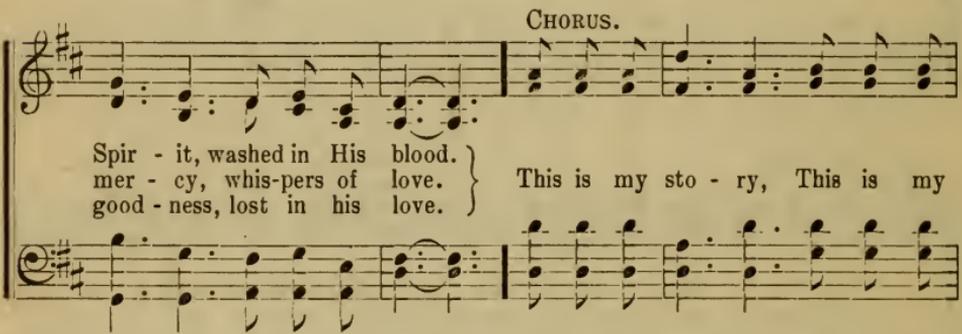


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-iour am

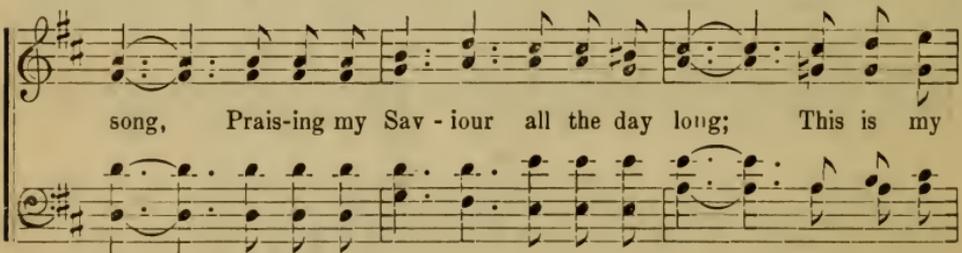


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, looking a-bove, Filled with His

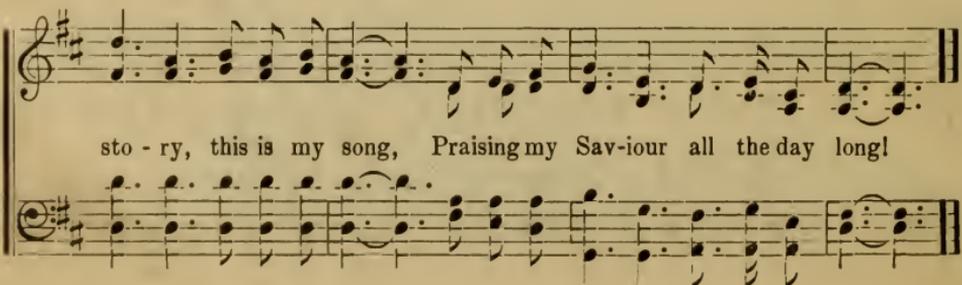
CHORUS.



Spir-it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto-ry, This is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. }
 good-ness, lost in his love. }



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long!

I Am So Glad.

P. M. S. S. 731. B. M. I. 241.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven, Tells of His
 2. Je - sus loves me, and I know I love Him: Love brought Him
 3. If one should ask of me, how can I tell— Glo - ry to
 4. In this as - sur - ance I find sweet - est rest, Trust - ing in

love in the Book He has given; Won - der - ful things in the
 down my poor soul to re - deem; Yes, it was love made Him
 Je - sus, I know ver - y well; God's Ho - ly Spir - it with
 Je - sus, I know I am blest; Sa - tan, dis-mayed, from my

Bi - ble I see, This is the dear - est—that Je - sus loves me.
 die on the tree: Oh, I am cer - tain that Je - sus loves me!
 mine doth a - gree, Con - stant - ly wit - ness - ing Je - sus loves me.
 soul now doth flee When I just tell him that Je - sus loves me.

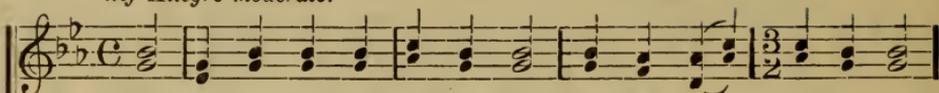
CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

Christ for Me.

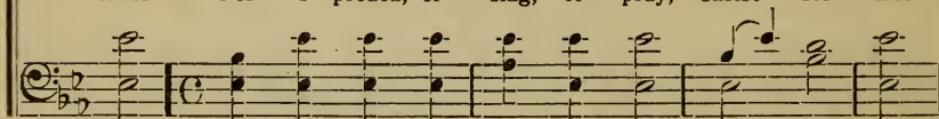
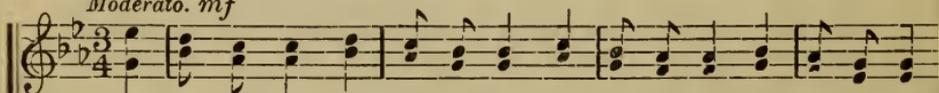
S's & 3's. S. S. 236. B. M. I. 124.

mf Allegro moderato.

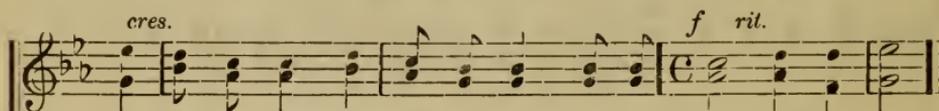
1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, Fixed on Thee;
2. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold; Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. In pin - ing sick - ness or in health, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. At home, a - broad, by night, by day, Christ for me! Christ for me!



And my un - chang - ing choice is made, Christ for me!
 His rich - es nev - er can be told: Christ for me!
 In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me!
 Wher - e'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me!

*Moderato. mf*

He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring,
 Your gold will waste and wear a - way. Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;
 And in that all im - port - ant day, When I the call of death o - bey,
 Him first, Him last, Him all day long, My hope, my so - lace, and my song;

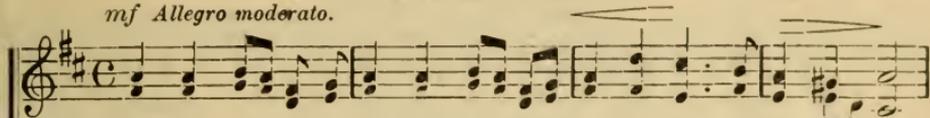


And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me! Christ for me!
 I'll send the ring - ing cry a - long, "Christ for me! Christ for me!"

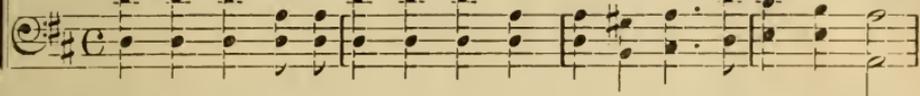


We are Out On the Ocean Sailing.

S's & 7's. S. S. 845. B. M. I. 152.

mf Allegro moderato.

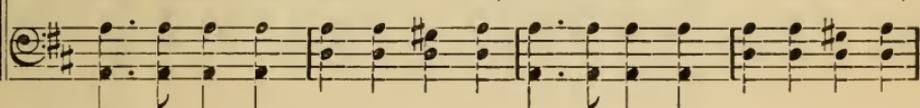
1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swift - ly glide;
2. Mill - ions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on the gold - en shore;
3. Come on board and ship for glo - ry; Be in haste, make up your mind,
4. We have kin - dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap - py shore;



We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.
 Mill - ions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mill - ions more.
 For our ves - sel's weigh - ing an - chor; You will soon be left be - hind.
 Ry - and - by we'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.

*mf* CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;



We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

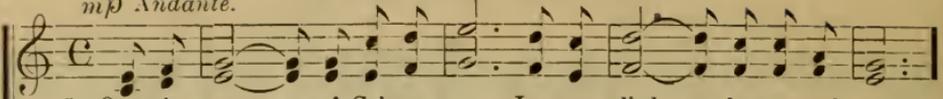


We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

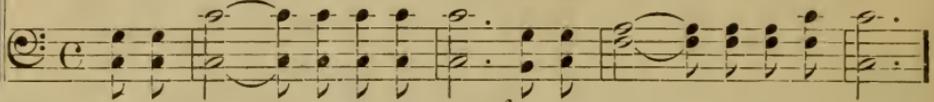
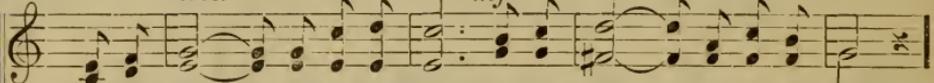


On the Cross of Calvary.

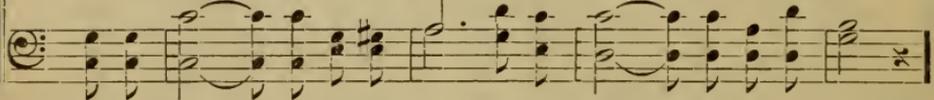
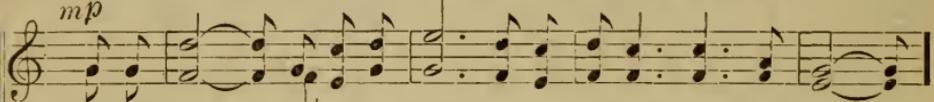
7s (8 lines).—S. S. 1. B. M. I. 93.

mp Andante.

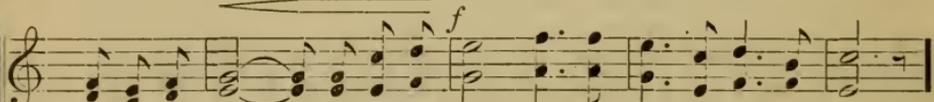
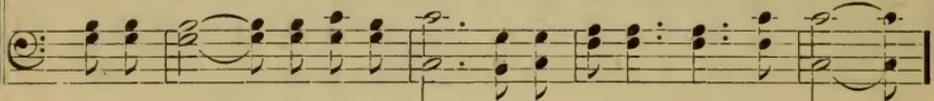
1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for you and me;
2. Oh, what won - drous, wondrous love, Brought me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and dark - ness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;

*cres.**mf*

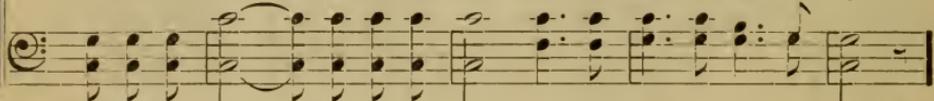
There He shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free.
 Oh, such won - drous, dy - ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete!
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou art mine; Dwell with - in for ev - er - more;
 "It is fin - ished!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died.

*mp*

Oh, the cleans - ing stream does flow, And it washes white as snow!
 Here I give my - self to Thee, Soul and bod - y, Thine to be;
 Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in!
 It is finished, it is finished, All the world may now go free;



It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for me Thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for this Thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for this that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

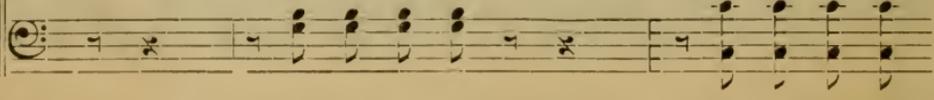
*mf* CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry, O Cal - va - ry!



O Cal - va - ry,

O Cal - va - ry!



On the Cross of Calvary.—Concluded.

It was for me..... that Je-sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry!

37

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

6s, 5s,

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one böd - y we,
In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

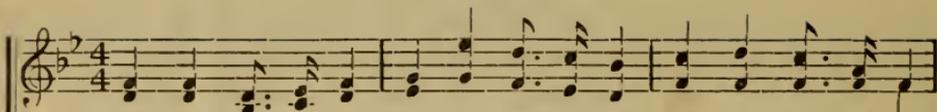
REFRAIN.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. } Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countess a - ges, Men and an - gles sing.

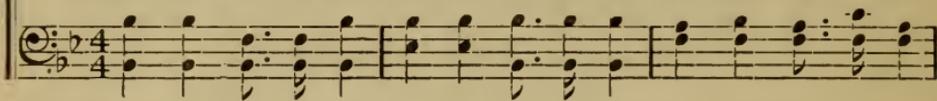
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Sound the Battle Cry!

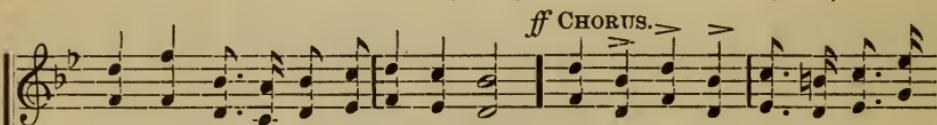
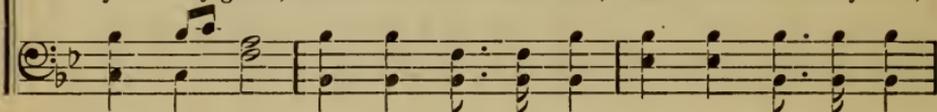
S. S. 554. B. B. 73.



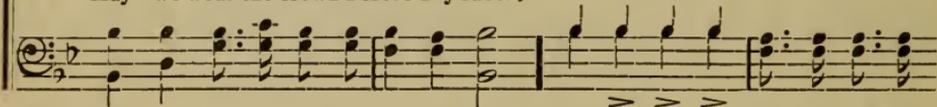
1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand - ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March - ing on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all



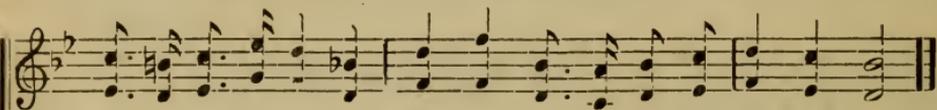
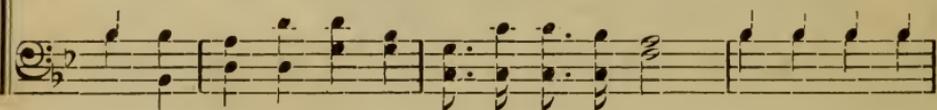
For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on; Stand firm, ev - 'ry one;
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright, Gleam - ing in the light;
 By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,



Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. } Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly 'round the
 Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail. }
 May we wear the crown Before Thy face. }



ban - ner; Read - y, stead - y, Pass the word a - long; On - ward, for ward,



shout a loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.



Saviour, Lead Me.

7's. S. S. 755. B. M. I. 86.

p Adagio.

1. Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the
 2. Thou the Ref - uge of my soul, When the storm - y bil - lows
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, lead at last, When the storm of life is
 i Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray, Gent - ly

way, I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

mf CHORUS. *Moderato.*

I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. } Lead me, Lead me,
 Where all tears are wiped a - way. }
 I would in Thy love a - bide.

Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream of
 Sav-iour, lest I stray; Gent-ly

time, (stream of time,) Sav - iour, lead me all the way.

R. L.

P. M. S. S. 799. B. M. I. 283.

Robert Lowry.
cres.*p* Moderato.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed, Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3. Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

ff CHORUS. *Allegro.*

com - ing day, Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave He a - rose,
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! }
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! } He a - rose,

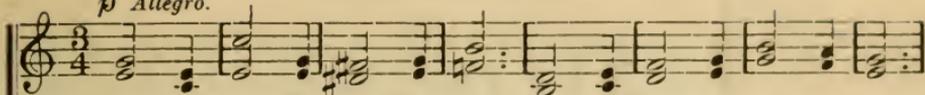
With a might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose;

dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er in my heart to reign. He a -

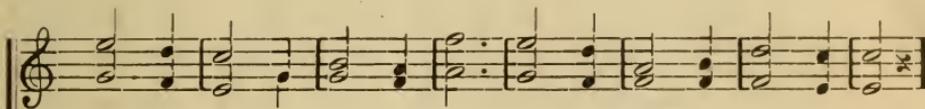
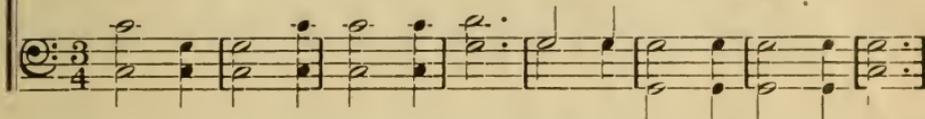
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Thou Art a Mighty Saviour.

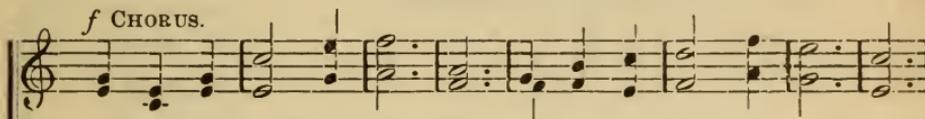
7's. S. S. 503. B. J. 175.

p Allegro.

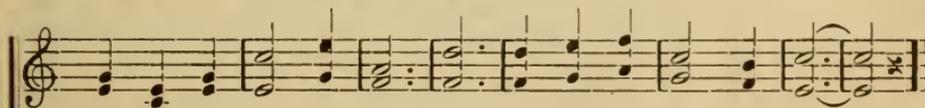
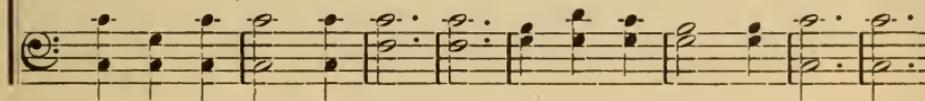
1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Thou hast done great things for me;
2. In Thy mer - cy, rich and free, Thou hast par - doned e - ven me:
3. Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, May my life a bless - ing be;
4. Now, Lord, let my light so shine That the world may know I'm thine;



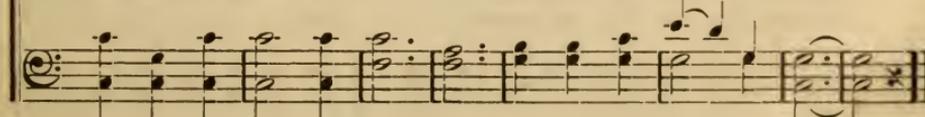
Thou didst leave Thy home a - bove, Thou didst suf - fer out of love.
 Thou hast kept me ev - 'ry hour, By Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's power.
 May it be a life of love, Lord, sup - ply me from a - bove.
 May I bear much fruit in Thee, That will stand e - ter - nal - ly.

*f* CHORUS.

Thou art a might - y Sav - iour, Thy love doth nev - er wa - ver;

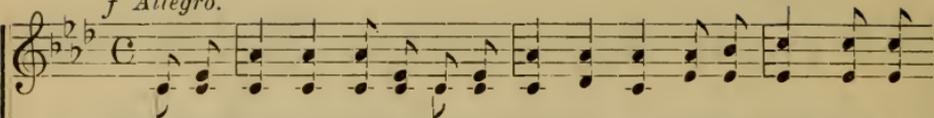


Thou shalt be mine for ev - er, And Thine a - lone I'll be.

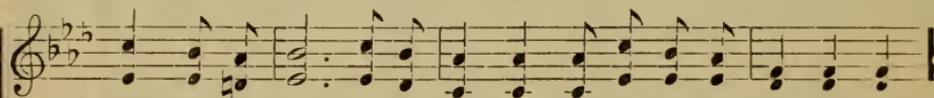
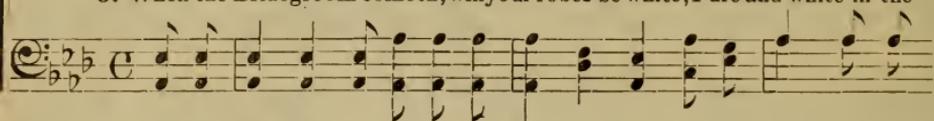


Are You Washed?

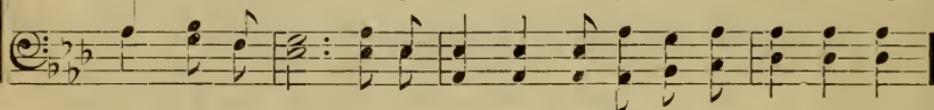
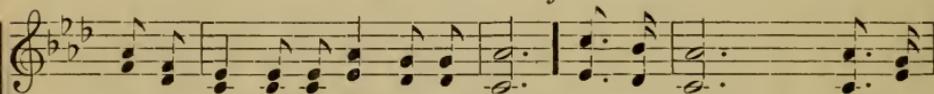
C. M. - S. S. 355. B. M. I. 207.

f Allegro.

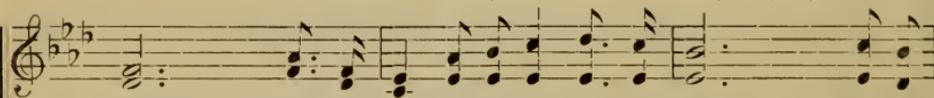
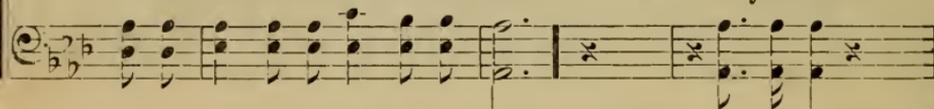
1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the



blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the man-sion bright,

*f* CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you washed in the
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? }
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you washed



blood— In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood— of the Lamb?

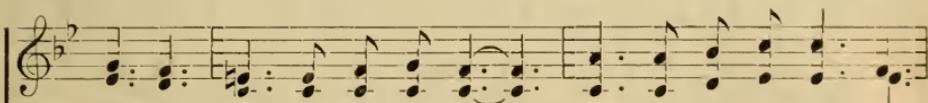


garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?





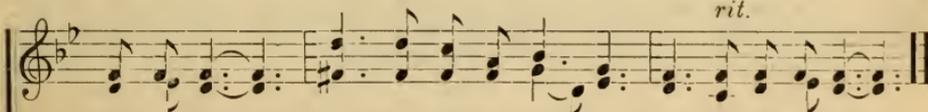
1. God's trumpet is sound-ing, "To arms!" is the call, More war-ri-ors are
 2. On land and on wa-ter my col-ors I'll show, Thro' ten thousand
 3. When foes per-se-cute me I'll not be dis-mayed, Sin, death, hell and
 4. I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield, And count it an



want-ed to help on the war; My King's in the bat-tle
 bat-tles with Je-sus I'll go; In dan-ger I'm cer-tain
 fiends shall not make me a-fraid; From fear-ing and doubt-ing
 hon-or to die in the field; In death and the grave there



He's call-ing for me, A sal-va-tion sol-dier for Je-
 He'll take care of me, His blood-and-fire sol-dier for ev-
 I'm ful-ly set free, A sal-va-tion sol-dier for God
 is vic-t'ry for me, A sal-va-tion sol-dier in glo-



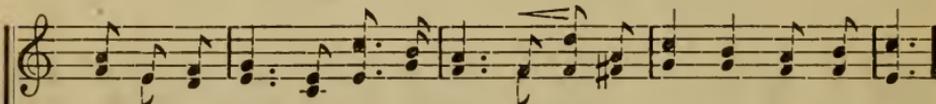
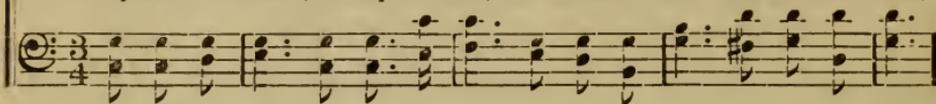
sus I'll be. A sal-va-tion sol-dier for Je-sus I'll be.
 er I'll be. His blood-and-fire sol-dier for ev-er I'll be.
 I will be. A sal-va-tion sol-dier for God I will be.
 ry I'll be. A sal-va-tion sol-dier in glo-ry I'll be.



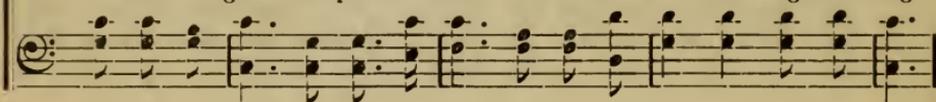
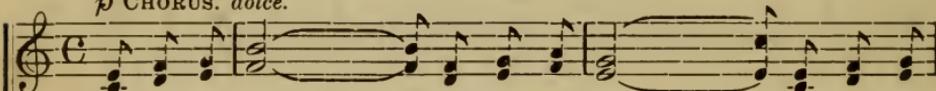
To Heal the Broken Heart He Came.

mp Andante con espress.

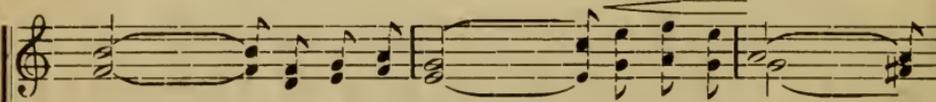
1. A hid-ing-place from ev-'ry storm, A shel-ter that defends from harm,
2. O wound-ed heart, thy sor-row bring, For thou may'st gain re-lief from Him,
3. O trembling one, thy heav-y weight Of guilt just now to Je-sus take;
4. Thy bonds shall break, O cap-tive one, For Christ to set thee free has come;



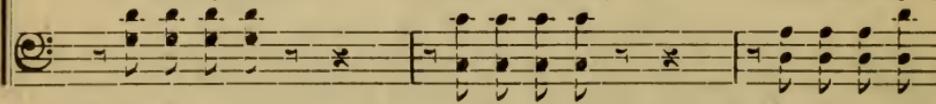
A light that cheers the path of gloom, Is Christ to all who to Him come.
 Who gave His life so to re-deem Each grieving soul o'er-thrown by sin.
 He shed His blood that He might make A cleansing fount-ain for thy sake.
 He waits to give the prec-ious boon—The freedom thou hast sought so long.

*p* CHORUS. *dolce.*

To heal the brok - - en heart He came,..... To free the
 He came to heal the brok-en heart.



cap - - tive from his chain;..... The blood He spilt.....
 From ev-'ry chain each soul to free; The blood He spilt,

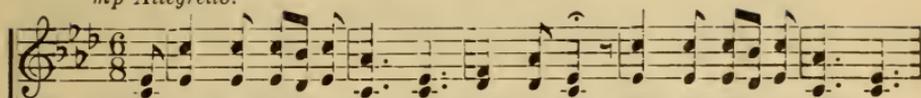


when He was slain,..... Brings guilt-y sin-ners home to God.
 when He was slain,

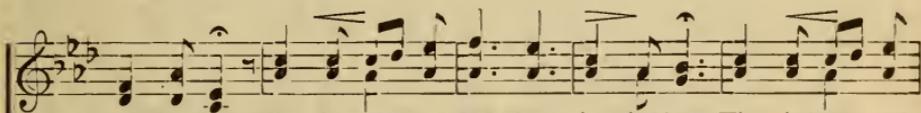
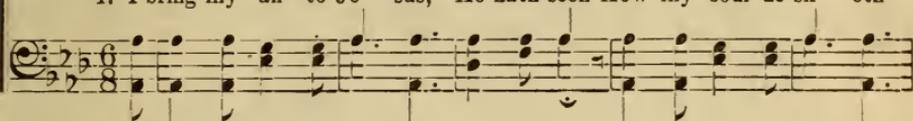


I Bring My Heart to Jesus.

P. M. S. S. 372 B. M. I. 242.

mp Allegretto.

1. I bring my heart to Je - sus, with its fears, With its hopes and feel - ings,
2. I bring my life to Je - sus, with its care, And be - fore His foot - stool,
3. I bring my sins to Je - sus as I pray, That His blood will wash them
4. I bring my all to Je - sus; He hath seen How my soul de - sir - eth



and its tears; Him it seeks, and find - ing, it is blest: Him it loves, and leave it there. Fad - ed are its treas - ures, poor and dim; It is not worth all a - way. While I seek for fa - vor at His feet, And with tears, His to be clean; Nothing from His al - tar I would keep, To His cross of



lov - ing, is at rest. Walk - ing with my Sav - iour, heart in heart, liv - ing with - out Him, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace, prom - ise still re - peat, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives suff - 'ring I would leap, And the fire de - scend - ing, brings to me



None can part, Walk - ing with my Sav - iour, heart in heart, None can part. Ne'er to cease, More than life is Je - sus, love and peace, Ne'er to cease. And for - gives, He doth tell me plain - ly Je - sus lives And for - gives. Lib - er - ty, And the fire de - scending, brings to me Lib - er - ty.



Sinner, See Yon Light.

P. M. S. S. 29. B. M. I. 271.

Moderato.

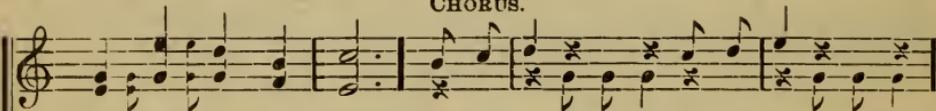
1. Sin - ner, see yon light, Shin - ing clear and bright From the Cross on
2. In the gloom - y shade When He knelt and pray'd, Oh, what pain - ful
3. See, the Sav - iour stands, With His wound - ed hands And He calls a -
4. Come a - way to Him And con - fess your sin, Come to Him who



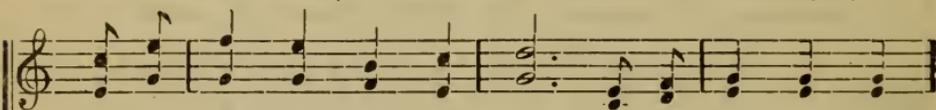
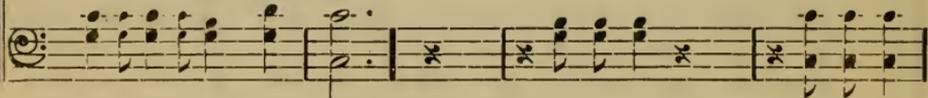
Cal - va - ry, Where the Sav - iour died, And from His side Came the
ag - o - ny! When His brow was wet With the bloody sweat In the
loud to thee, "I for thee life gave, Thy soul to save Then thy
died for thee; To His feet draw near With a heart sin - cere, And from



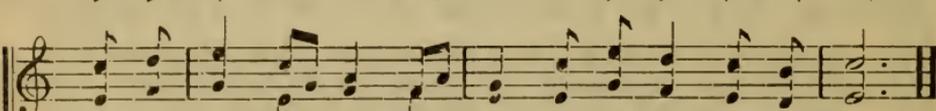
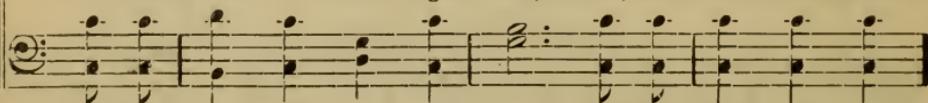
CHORUS.



Blood that sets us free.
gar - den of Geth - sem - a - ne. } Come a - way, come a - way,
heart now give to me. } Come a - way, come a - way,
sin He'll set thee free.



To the Cross for ref - uge flee; See, the Sav - iour stands



With His bleed - ing hands, Thy ran - som He paid on the tree.



Oh, What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

mp Adagio.

P. M. S. S. 171. B. M. I. 266.

1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
 2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When the pleas - ures of
 3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When sick - ness my
 4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me! Come, come and speak

bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the
 youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the
 strength shall sub - due, Or the world in a day, Like a
 peace to my soul! Un - to whom shall I flee, Bless - ed

winds are at war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll.
 earth are re - moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
 cloud, rolls a - way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view?
 Lord, but to Thee? Thou canst make my poor brok - en heart whole!

mf CHORUS. *Moderato.* *f*
 What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
 This will I do! This will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved.

Oh, What Will You Do Without Christ?

Tune, -47.-S. S. 151

1 Oh, what will you do without Christ
 When the stars of the elements fall?
 When you stand all alone
 Before the whole throne,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

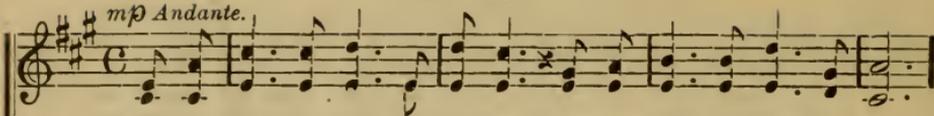
CHO.—What will you do?
 What will you do?
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

2 Oh, what will you do without Christ
 When eternity bursts on your view?
 When to judgment you go,

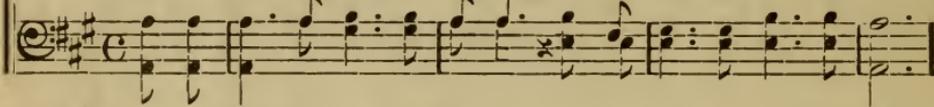
What, what will you do?
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?
 3 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
 Who have often admitted His love?
 But you've wandered from Him,
 And your heart's filled with sin,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?
 4 Oh, what will you do without Christ,
 If to-night you are summoned to die?
 If you have to meet God
 Unwashed in the blood,
 Oh, what will you do without Christ?

When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

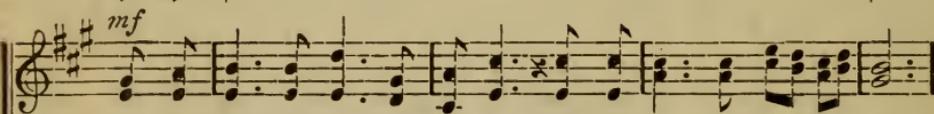
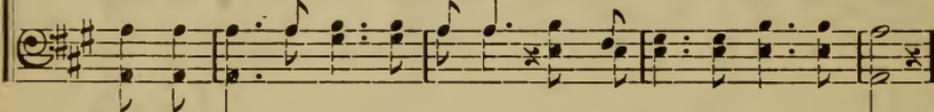
S. S. 626.

mp Andante.

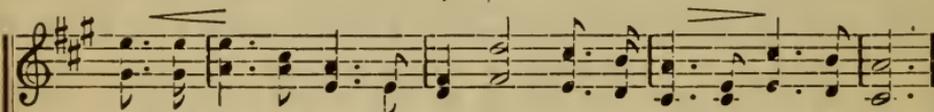
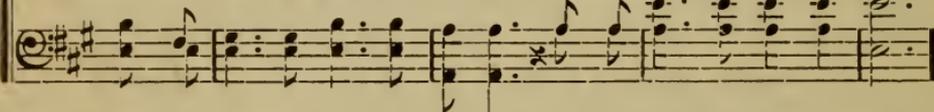
1. I have giv'n up all for Je-sus, This vain world is nought to me,
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis - per low,
3. Just be - yond the waves of Jor - dan, Just be - yond the chill - ing tide



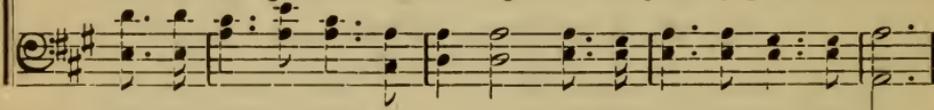
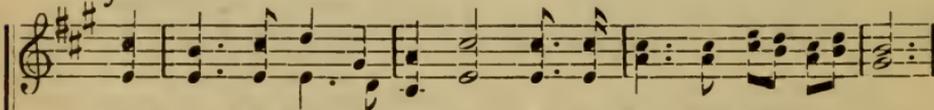
All its pleas - ures are for - got - ten In re - mem - b'ring Cal - va - ry;
 I will lean up - on my Sav - iour, Thro' the val - ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;



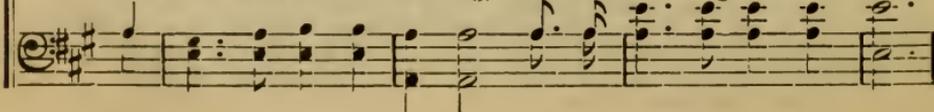
Tho' my friends de - spise, for - sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His pre - cious promise Worth to me the world of gold,
 In that hap - py land of spir - it, Flow - ers bloom on hills of gold.



I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un - fold"
 And the an - gels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl - y gates un - fold.

*f* CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And the eve - ning bells be tolled;



When the Pearly Gates Unfold.—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sad - ness, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

50

Jesus Loves Me!

7's. S. S. 743.

1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Trembling
2. Je - sus loves me, He who died, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide; He has
3. Je - sus loves me, He will stay Close be - side me all the way, Soothe my
4. Je - sus loves me; soon He'll say, "My truesoldier, come away;" Yes, I

ones He helps a - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
 washed a - way my sin, Let His loved one en - ter in.
 sor - row, wipe my eye, Till He takes me home on high. } Yes, Je - sus loves me!
 love Him, and I cry, "Come, Lord, take me home on high."

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

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

P. M. S. S. 347. B. M. I. 245.

*mp Allegretto.**cres.*

1. Why are you doubt-ing and fear - ing? Why are you still un - der
 2. You say, "I'm weak, I am help - less; I've tried a - gain and a -
 3. When in my sor - row He found me; Found me, and bade me be
 4. When in the tem - pest He hides me, When in the storm He is

sin? Have you not found That His grace doth a - bound? He's
 gain!" Well, this may be true, But 'tis not what you do - 'Tis
 whole: Turned all my night In - to heav - en - ly light, And
 near, All the way 'long He car - ries me on,

f CHORUS. *Vivace.*
 might - y to save, let Him in! Je - sus is strong to de -
 He who's the "Might - y to Save!"
 from me my bur - den did roll!
 Now I have noth - ing to fear!

liv - er! Might - y to save! might - y to save! Je - sus is

strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is might - y to save!

We're Marching to Zion.

S. M. S. S. 591. B. M. I. 70.

Rev. R. Lowry.

mf Allegretto.

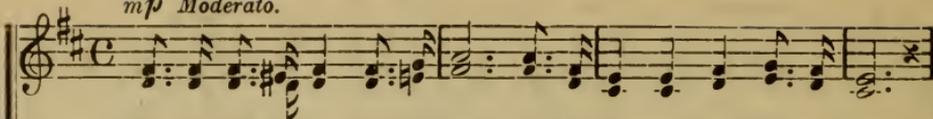
1. To leave the world be - low, March up - ward with our band, And
 2. The cit - y we shall see, The heav'n - ly mu - sic hear; March -
 3. The pearl - y gates are wide, The streets are bright and fair; We'll
 4. With "blood and fire" un - furled, March - ing to vic - try grand, The

cres.
 step by step we mean to go, And step by step we mean to go,
 ing to songs of vic - to - ry, March - ing to songs of vic - to - ry,
 march to - geth - er side by side, We'll march to - geth - er side by side,
 Ar - my means to lead the world, The Ar - my means to lead the world

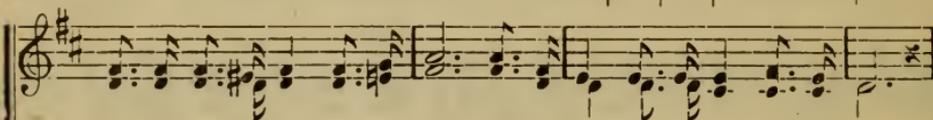
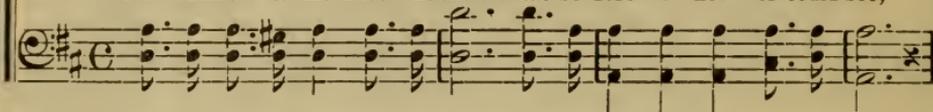
To Zi - on's hap - py land, To Zi - on's hap - py land.
 With all the Ar - my there, With all the Ar - my there.
 Till safe - ly land - ed there, Till safe - ly land - ed there.
 To Zi - on's hap - py land, To Zi - on's hap - py land.

f CHORUS.
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're

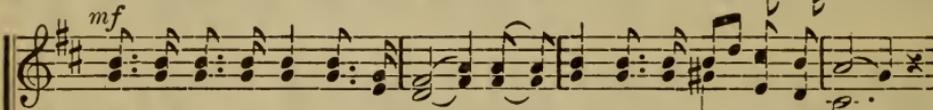
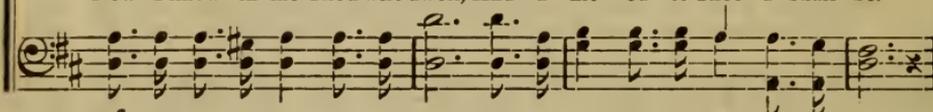
march - ing The Ar - my to Zi - on, That beau - ti - ful - cit y of God.

mp Moderato.

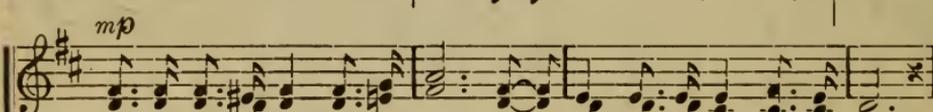
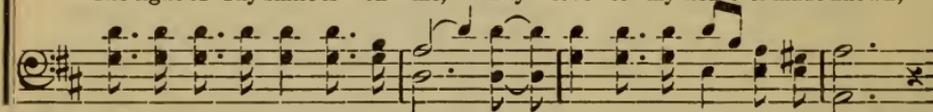
1. Tell me what to do to be pure, In the sight of All-see-ing eyes?
2. Will my Sav-iour on - ly pass by, On - ly show me how faulty I've been?
3. Now I know to me Thou wilt show What be-fore I nev - er could see;



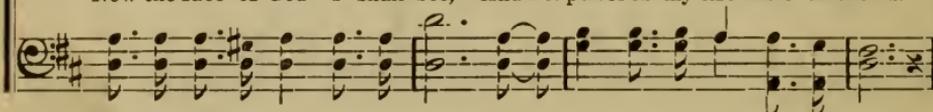
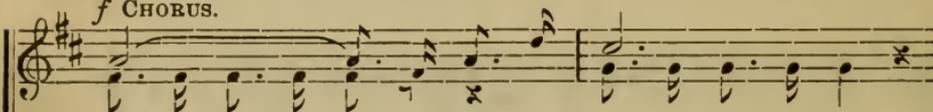
Tell me, is there no thorough cure No es-cape from the sins I de-spise?
 Will He not at-tend to my cry? Can I not at this mo-ment be clean?
 Now I know in me Thou wilt dwell, And u-nit-ed to Thee I shall be.



Tell me, can I nev - er be free From this ter - ri - ble bondage with - in?
 Bless-ed Lord, almighty to heal, I know that Thy power cannot fail;
 The light of Thy smile is on me, Thy love to my heart is made known;



Is there no de-liverance for me? Must I al-ways have sin dwell with-in?
 Here and now I know--yes, I feel, The prayer of my heart does pre-vail.
 Now the face of God I shall see, And His power in my life shall be shown.

*f* CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow,



Whiter Than the Snow.—Concluded.

Whit-er than the snow! Wash me in the
Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow!

blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whiter than snow.
of the Lamb, ihansnow.

54 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

C. M.—S. S, 345,

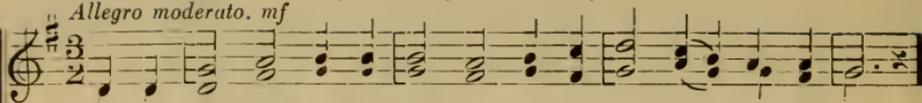
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - rest - rial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

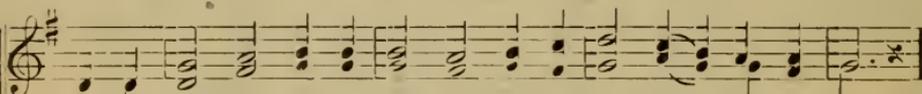
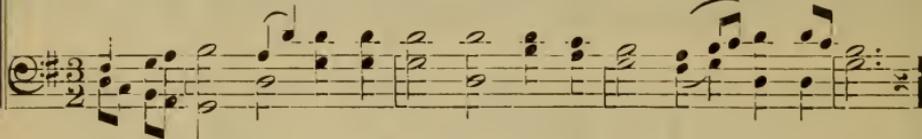
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

O Thou God of Every Nation.

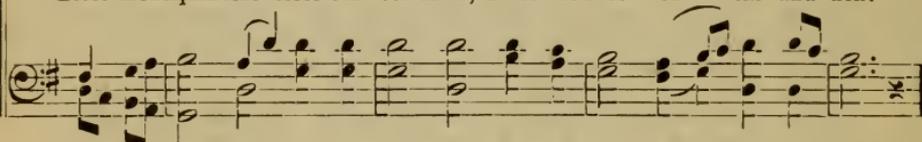
8 7. 4. S. S. 508. B. M. I. 170.

Allegro moderato. mf

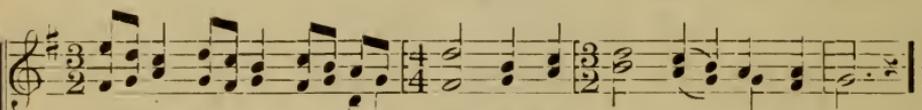
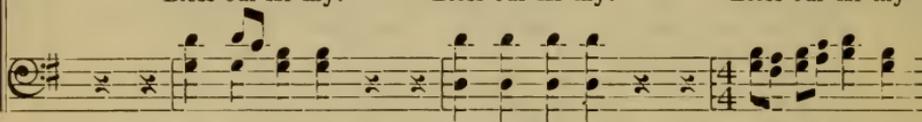
1. O Thou God of ev - 'ry na - tion, We now for Thy bless - ing call;
2. Fill us with Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit, Make our sol - diers white as snow,
3. Give us all more ho - ly liv - ing, Fill us with a - bun - dant power;
4. Bless our Gen - eral, bless our Lead ers, Bless our Of - fi - cers as well!



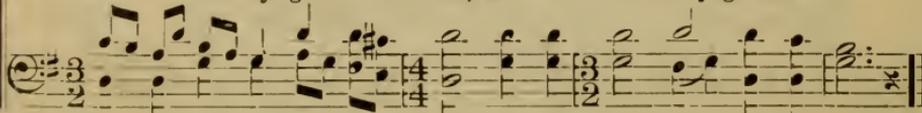
Fit us for full con - se - cra - tion, Let the fire from heav - en fall;
 Save the world through Je sus' mer - it, Sa - tan's king - dom o - ver - throw!
 Give The Ar - my more thanksgiv - ing, Greater vic - t'ries ev - 'ry hour,
 Bless Headquarters - bless our sol - diers; Bless the foes of sin and hell!



Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my! Bless our Ar - my!
 Bless our Ar-my! Bless our Ar-my! Bless our Ar-my!

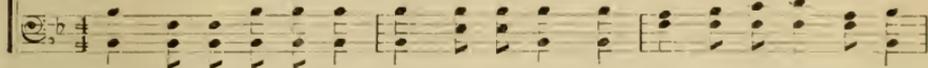


With Thy power bap - tize us all, With Thy power bap - tize us all.
 Send us where we ought to go! Send us where we ought to go!
 Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower, Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.
 We will all Thy good - ness tell, We will all Thy goodness tell.





1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
 child to re - ceive, Plead with theme arn - est - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - iour has died.



care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



Full Salvation!

8s. 7s. 4s.—S. S. 494. Tune 55. B. M. I. 170.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Full salvation! Full salvation:
Lo! the fountain, opened wide,
Streams through every land and nation
From the Saviour's wounded side.
Full salvation!
Streams an endless crimson tide. | Now and every instant clean!
Full salvation!
From the guilt and power of sin. |
| 2 Oh, the glorious revelation!
See the cleansing current flow
Washing stains of condemnation
Whiter than the driven snow.
Full salvation!
Oh, the rapturous bliss to know! | 4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine! |
| 3 Love's resistless current sweeping
All the regions deep within;
Thought, and wish, and senses keeping | 5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and grief are mine no more;
Faith knows nought of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before!
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore. |

It's True There's a Beautiful City.

S. S. 666.



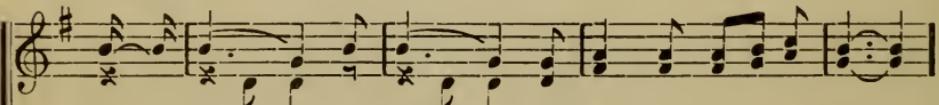
1. It's true there's a beau-ti - ful cit - y, That its streets are pav'd with gold:
 2. Those lov'd ones dwell in that cit - y, Whom you plac'd be-neath the sod,



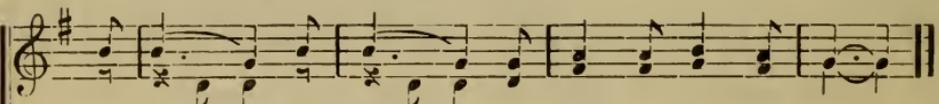
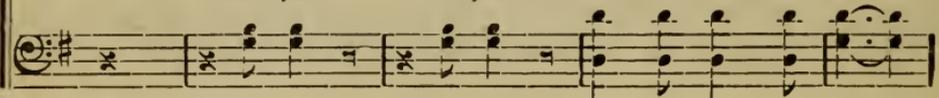
No earth - ly tongue can de-scribe it, Its glo-ries can nev - er be told—
 When your heart felt nigh to breaking, And you promised you'd serve your God—



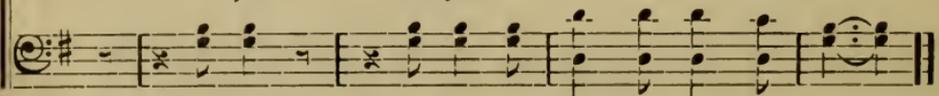
CHORUS.



But I know!.... I know!.... I know! I shall be there!
 Will you?..... Will you?..... Say, will you meet me there?
 I know! I know!
 Will you? Will you?



I know!.... I know!.... I know I shall be there!
 Will you?..... Will you?..... Say, will you meet me there?
 I know! I know!
 Will you? Will you?



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

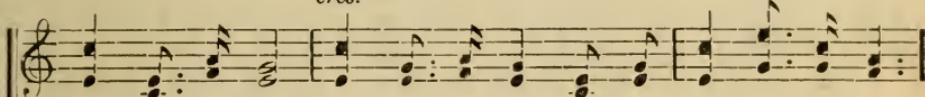
4 Yes, you can go there, my brother,
 For Jesus has died on the tree; [ing,
 And that same precious Blood is now flow-
 That washed a poor sinner like me—
 Will you? Will you?
 Will you now wash and be clean?

My Home is in Heaven.

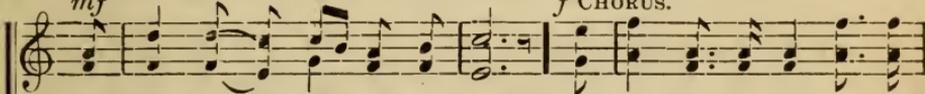
P. M. S. S. 634. B. M. I. 253.

mp Andante con moto

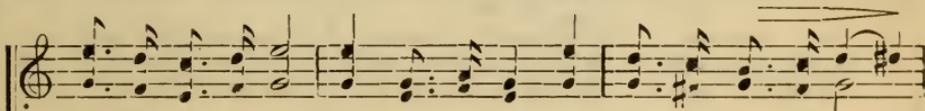
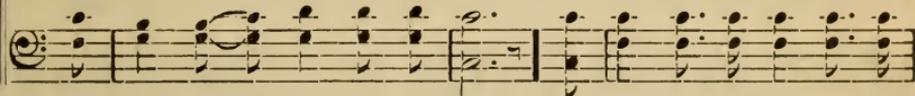
1. I have a home that is fair-er than day, And my dear Sav-iour has
 2. Friends I shall see, who have journeyed be-fore, And land-ed safe on that
 3. Oh, who will jour-ney to heav-en with me? Je-sus has died that we

*cres.*

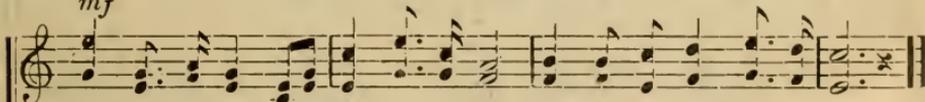
shown me the way Oft when I'm sad and temp-ta-tions a-rise.
 beau-ti-ful shore; I shall see Je-sus, that will be my joy,
 all may go free; Come, then, to Him who has pur-chased for you

*mf**f* CHORUS.

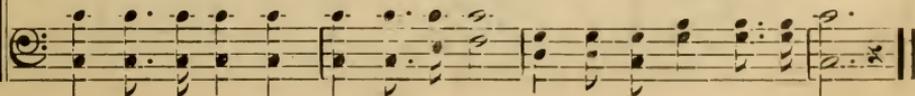
I look to my home far a-way. } My home is in heav-en, there
 In that bright home far a-way. }
 A crown in that home far a-way. }



is no part-ing there, All will be hap-py, glo-rious, bright and fair;

*mf*

There'll be no sor-row, there'll be no tears, In that bright home far a-way.



Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die?

6-8's. S. S. 16. B. M. I. 119.

mp Andante. *cresc.* *mf*

1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs He then on
 2. Oh, let me kiss Thy bleed - ing feet, And bathe and wash them
 3. Oh, let Thy love my heart con - strain, Thy love for ev - 'ry

p

yon - der tree? What means that strange ex - pir - ing cry? Sin -
 with my tears; The sto - ry of Thy love re - peat In
 sin - ner free; That ev - 'ry fall - en soul of man May

cresc. *f*

ners, He prays for you and me, Sin - ners, He prays for
 ev - 'ry droop - ing sin - ner's ears, In ev - 'ry droop - ing
 taste the grace that found out me; May taste the grace that

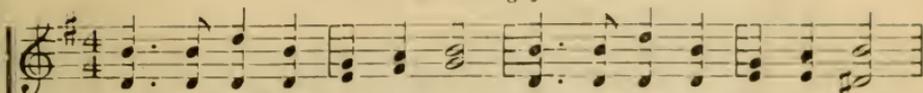
Allegro *f*

you and me. "For-give them, Fa-ther, oh, for-give! They know not,
 sin - ner's ears, That all may hear the quick'ning sound, Since I, e'en
 found out me; That all man-kind with me may prove Thy sov - 'reign

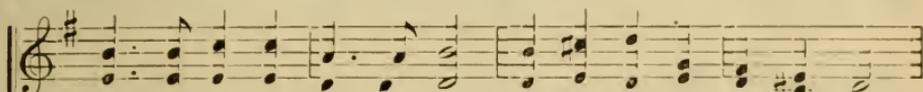
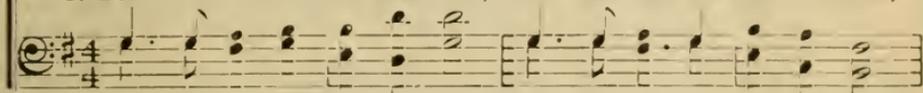
that by Me they live, They know not that by Me they live."
 I, have mer - cy found, Since I, e'en I, have mer - cy found.
 ev - er - last - ing love! Thy sov - 'reign, ev - er - last - ing love!

63 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

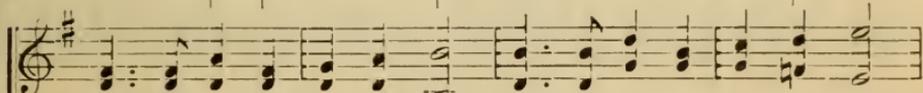
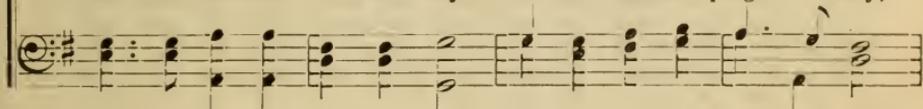
B. M. 11. Pg. 32.



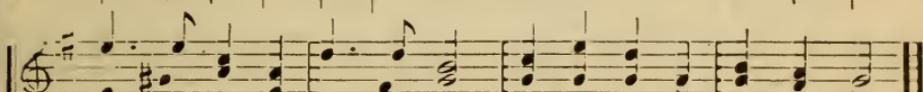
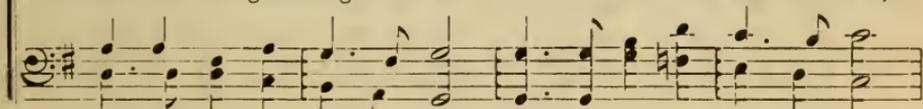
1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home;
2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;



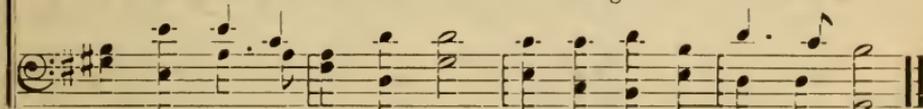
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way;



God our Mak - er doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!
 Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.



64 Thou Lamb of God, Whose Precious Blood.

6-8's. Tune—62. S. S. 18. B. M. I. 119.

- 1 Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood As down before Thy throne we bow.
 For every guilty sinner flows, Oh, fill us with Thy mighty power,
 A cleansing, efficacious flood, And save, O Lord, this very hour!
- 3 Oh, solemnize our every heart, And let us feel Thy presence now.
 Now let us feel its quickening power, Subdue, dear Lord, each stubborn heart,
 Oh, cleanse our souls this very hour! That all in penitence may bow.
- 2 Assembled here with one accord, Convict us by Thy mighty power,
 We claim Thy promised blessing now, And save, dear Lord, this very hour.
 And dare believe Thy precious word.

For You I Am Praying.

P. M. S. S. 20. B. M. I. 227.

mp Allegro moderato, con espress.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth friends be few, And now He is watch - ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too!
 meet Him in heav - en, But oh, may He lead you to go with me too!
 Au - thor and Giv - er: And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

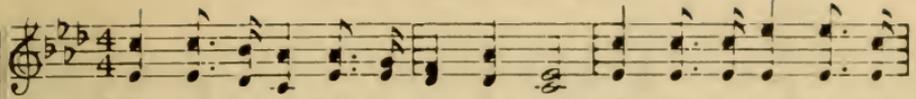
mf CHORUS.

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

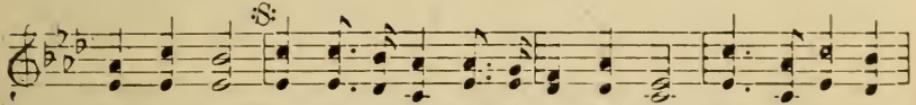
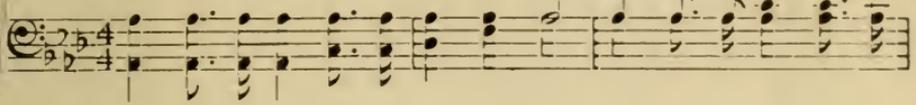
For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

Glory to His Name.

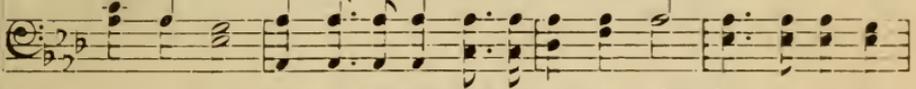
P. M. S. S 506 B. M. I. 230.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav-our died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet ly a-
3. Oh, precious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



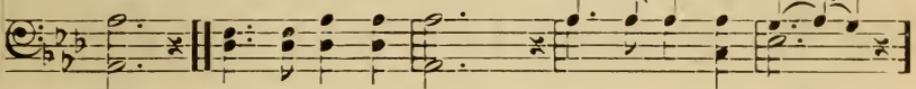
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Sav-our's feet; Trust Him to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His



D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His



name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;



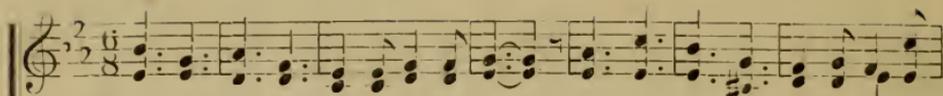
name.

70 Saviour, while My Heart is Tender.

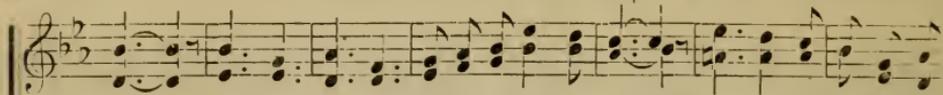
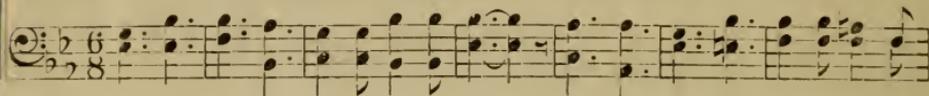
Tune - 68.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.
Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.</p> | <p>2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will, but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.</p> |
|---|---|

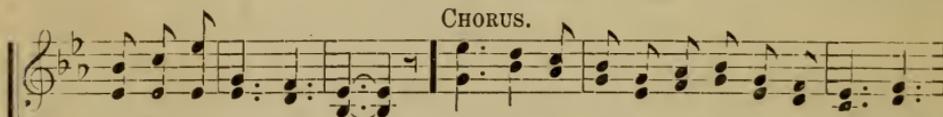
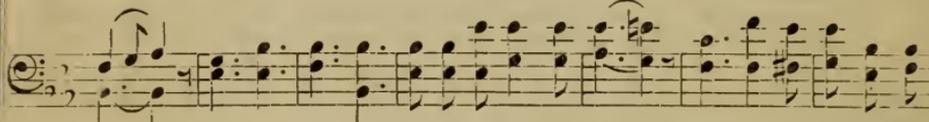
- 3 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no alteration,
Published and confirmed on high.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never,
Seal Thine image on my heart.



1. Are you seeking joys that will not fade, Last-ing pleas-ure, by God's mercy
 2. Are you long-ing perfect peace to win, Turn to Je - sus, bid Him en-ter
 3. Now He calls thee, with His wondrous voice, Bid Him welcome, Make His will your

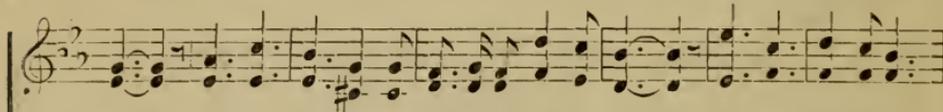


made, Christ is waiting, fullness of joy He brings, Swing wide the door of your
 in, Peace is found but under sheltering wings, Swing wide the door of your
 choice, At His com-ing heav-en-ly mu-sic rings, Swing wide the door of your

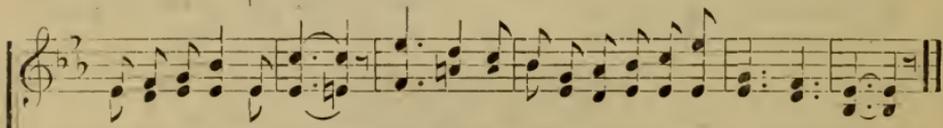
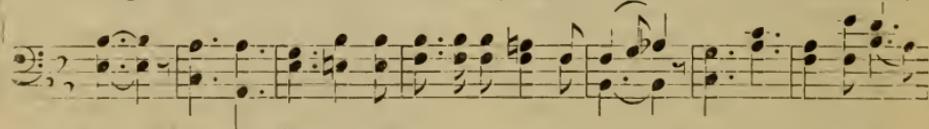


CHORUS.

heart to the King of kings. }
 heart to the King of kings. } Swing wide the door of your heart to the King of
 heart to the King of kings. }



kings, Bid Him welcome, for wonderful peace He brings, He will shelter thee,



under His out stretched wings, Swing wide the door of your heart to the King of kings.



Never Alone.

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ART. BY IRA O. HOFFMAN.



1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af - fic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He gives me the sweet prom - ise That He will come a - gain,



CHORUS.—No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try ing to con - quer my soul;
 I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - iour stands be - tween;
 My Sav - iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
 And when He's reigning in glo - ry, I'll en - ter in thro' His name.



He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.



I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour Tell - ing me still to fight on;
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
 My feet, en - tangled with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
 And when in yon land of beau - ty I find my "home, sweet home,"

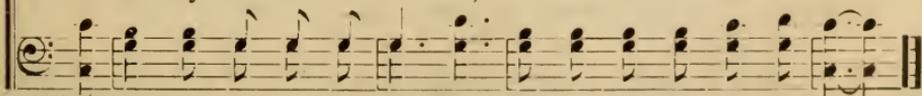


No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a - lone;

D. C. Chorus.



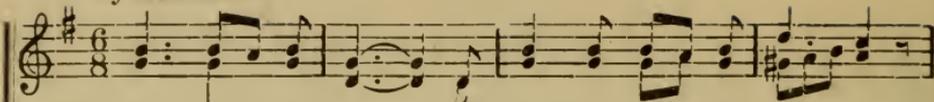
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 My Sav - iour whispers His prom - ise: "I never will leave thee a - lone.
 In love my Lord will re - ceive me; He never will leave me a - lone.



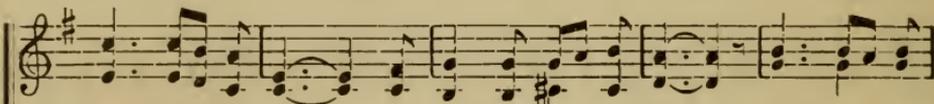
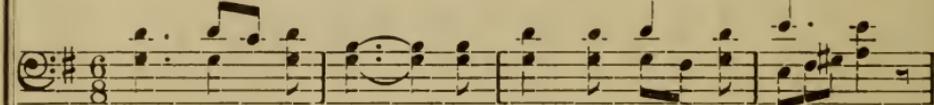
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

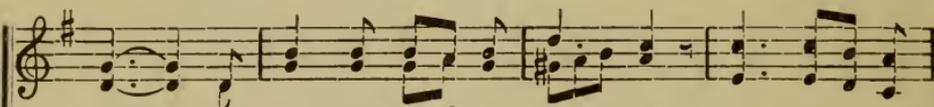
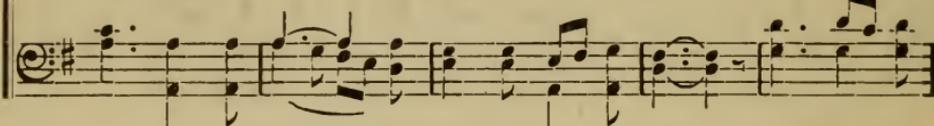
P. M. S. S. 564. B. M. I. 236.

mf Moderato.

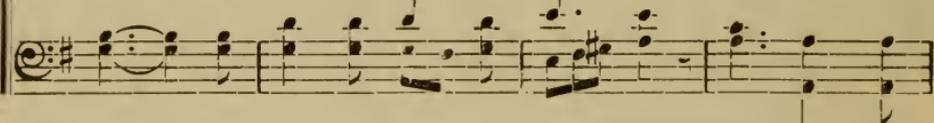
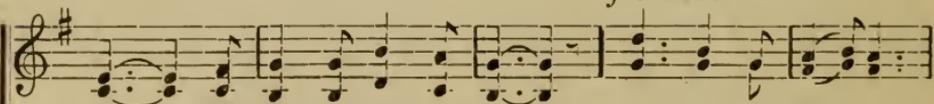
1. Hark, hark, my soul, what war-like songs are swell-ing,
2. On-ward we go, the world shall hear our sing-ing,
3. Far, far a-way, like thun-der grand-ly peal-ing
4. Con-querors at last, though fight be long and drear-y,



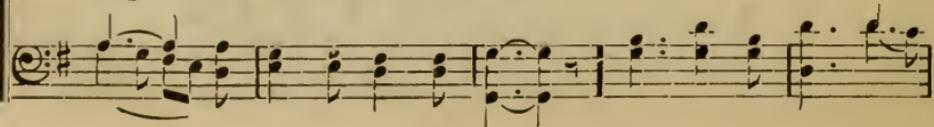
Thro' all the land and on from door to door; How grand the
 Come, guilt-y souls, for Je-sus bids you come; And thro' the
 We'll send the call for mer-cy full and free; And burdened
 Bright day shall dawn and sin's dark night be past; Our bat-tles



truths those burn-ing strains are tell-ing Of that great
 dark its ech-oes loud-ly ring-ing, Shall lead the
 souls by thous-ands hum-bly kneel-ing, Shall bend, dear
 end in sav-ing sin-ners wea-ry, And Sa-tan's

*f* CHORUS.

war till sin shall be no more.
 wretch-ed, lost, and wandering home. }
 Lord, their reb-el necks to Thee. } Sal-va-tion Ar-my,
 king-dom down shall fall at last. }



Hark, Hark, My Soul.—Concluded.

Ar - my of God, On - ward to con - quer the world with fire and

blood, On - ward to con - quer the world with fire and blood.

74

Blessed Lamb of Calvary.

7's. S. S. 375. B. M. I. 90.

mf *Moderato.*

1. Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Let Thy Spir - it fall on me;
2. Burn out ev - 'ry sel - fish tho't, Let Thy will in me be wrought;
3. Teach me how to fight and win Per - fect vic - t'ry o - ver sin;

f

Let the cleans - ing, heal - ing flow Wash and keep me white as snow,
 Fan my love in - to a flame, Send a pen - te - cos - tal rain,
 Give me a com - pass - ion deep, That will for lost sin - ners weep,

mf

That henceforth my life may be Bright and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 That henceforth my life may be Spent in win - ning souls for Thee.
 That henceforth my life may prove That I serve Thee out of love.

The Lion of Judah.

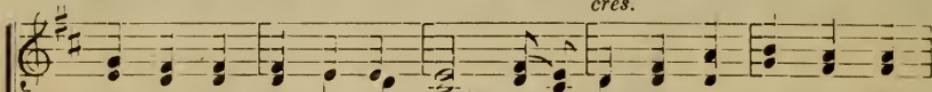
11's y. S. S. B. M. I. 190.

mf Allegro.

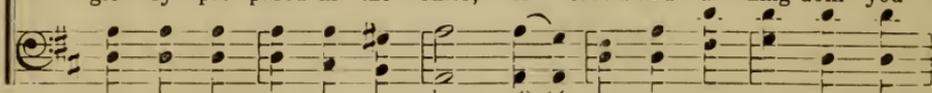
1. Come, sin - ners, to Je - sus; no lon - ger de - lay; A free, full sal -
2. The world will op - pose you, and Sa - tan will rage: To hin - der your
3. Tho' rough be the fight - ing, and troubles a - rise, There're mansions of



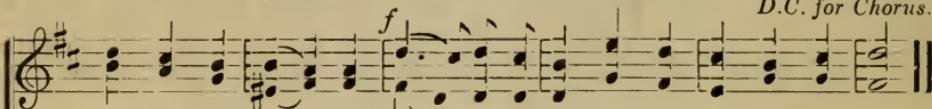
CHO.—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the
cres.



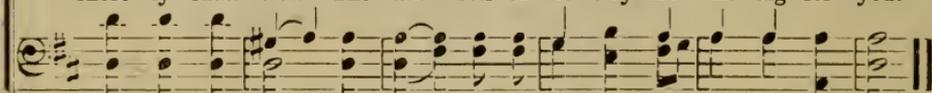
va - tion is of - fered to - day; A - rise, all ye bond-slaves, a -
com - ing they both will en - gage; But Je - sus, your Sav - iour, hath
glo - ry pre - pared in the skies; A crown and a king - dom you



vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall
D.C. for Chorus.



wake from your dream! Be - lieve, and the light and the glo - ry shall stream.
conquered for you, And He will as - sist you to con quer them too.
short - ly shall view—The lau - rels of vic - t'ry are wait - ing for you.



break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

So Near to the Kingdom.

11's y. Tune 75. S. S. 104. B. M. I. 190.

- 1 So near to the kingdom,
Oh, what dost thou lack?
What is it, poor sinner,
That's keeping thee back?
The Master is waiting
To set thy soul free,
Oh, come to the Saviour,
He's calling for thee.

Calling for thee, sinner, calling for thee!
Our Saviour is calling, is calling for thee!

- 2 So near to the fountain,
But not yet plunged in—
So near, but unwilling
To let go your sin.
Men slip in before you,
Will you not come too?
The Saviour is calling,
Is calling for you.

- 3 So near that thou hearest
Him saying to thee,
"What wilt thou, poor sinner.
I should do for thee?
I gave up My life
For the soul which is lost,
Oh, come and get down
At the foot of the cross."

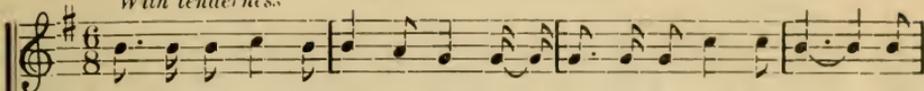
- 4 What is it, my brother,
That's keeping thee back?
What is it makes Christ say,
"There's one thing you lack?"
Renounce every idol,
Though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour,
He's calling for thee!

Where is My Boy To-Night?

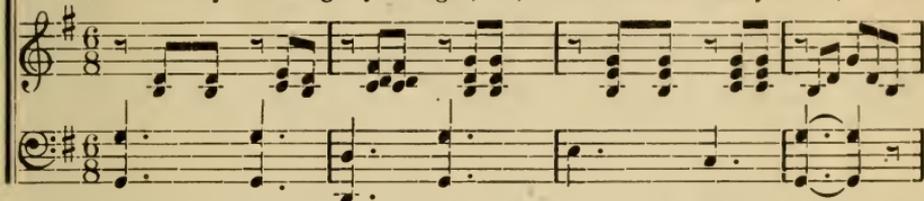
R. L.

S. S. 19. B. J. 368.

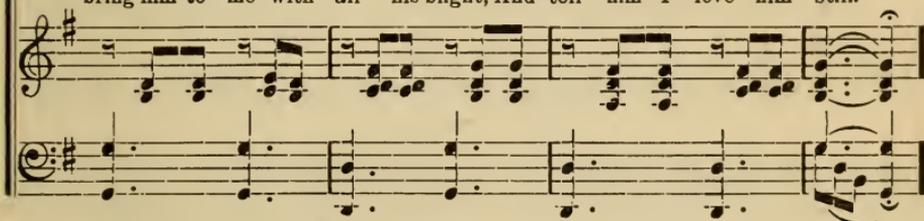
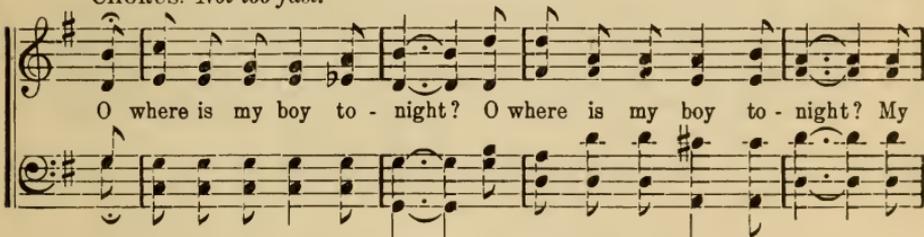
Rev. Robert Lowry.

With tenderness.

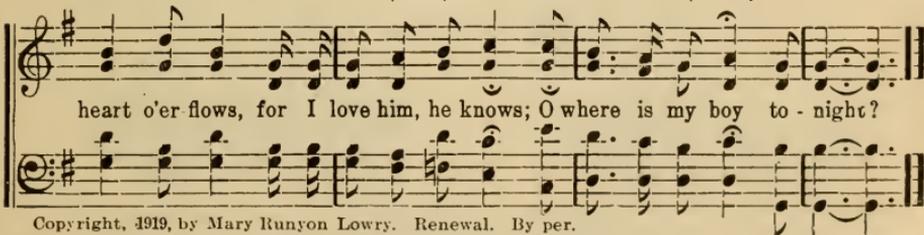
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 prat - tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My



heart o'er flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

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Oh, Come to My Saviour.

Chorus,—Tune,—77.

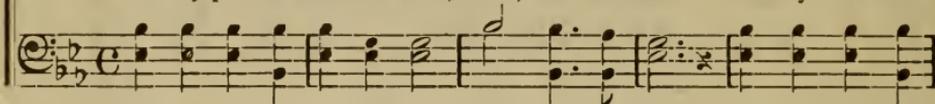
CHORUS.—Oh, come to my Saviour now,
 Oh, come to my Saviour now,
 Behold, He stands with out-stretched hands,
 Oh, come to my Saviour now

As I Am, Before Thy Face.

7's & 4's. S. S. 183. B. M. I. 95.

mf Moderato

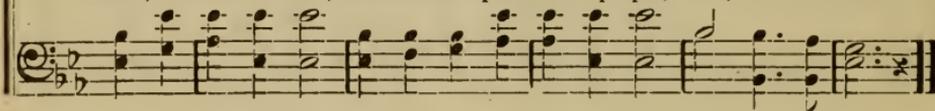
1. As I am, be-fore Thy face, Sav-iour I pray, Let the mer-its
2. As I am, my griefs I lay Down at Thy feet; Stoop to kiss my
3. As I am, so tired of strife, Lord, let me come! As I am for
4. All my past is known to Thee, Lord, let me come! All my fu-ture



of Thy grace Claim me to-day. Canst Thou my poor treasure take, And my
tears a-way, Lord, I en-treat. None but Thine own hand can heal, None by
death or life, Lord, let me come! Crowds of fears obstruct my way, Past de-
Thou canst see, Lord, let me come! Take me, I can trust my all In Thy



heart Thy tem-ple make? Can my sins, for Thy dear sake, Be wash'd a-way?
Thine own eye re-veal All I want, and all I feel, Lord, let me come!
feats would bid me stay, Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let me come!
hands, what'er be-fall, Then no tem-pest shall ap-pal, Lord, let me come!



Be the Matter What it May.

7's & 4's. Tune—79. S. S. 720. B. M. I. 95.

- 1 Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;"
Whether work or whether play,
Always speak the truth.
Never from this rule depart,
'Grave it deeply on your heart,
Written 'tis in God's own chart,
Always speak the truth.
- 2 Falsehoods seldom stand alone,
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one,
Always speak the truth.

Falsehood all the soul degrades,
'Tis a sin from which proceeds
Greater sins and darker deeds,
Always speak the truth.

- 3 When you're wrong the folly own,
Always speak the truth;
Here's a victory to be won,
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue,
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then, with courage true and strong,
Always speak the truth.

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

7's. S. S. 724. B. M. I. 83.

mf Moderato.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 2. Fain I would to Thee be brought—Glo - rious Lord, for - bid it not;
 3. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;

cres.

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
 In the king - dom of Thy grace Give a lit - tle child a place.
 Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the Ho - ly Child, in me.

Hear we not a Voice from Heaven.

Tune—81. S. S. 712.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Hear we not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come!" it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to Me to-day." | 3 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious Leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee. |
| 2 Lord, we would remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few. | 4 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
In the morning's early bloom
Breathe on us Thy grace divine,
Touch our hearts and make them Thine. |

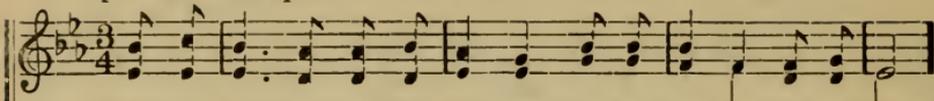
There is a Happy Land.

Tune 79. S. S. 728.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing.
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye! | 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye! |
| 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
On, then to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We'll reign for aye. | |

I Have Pleasure in His Service.

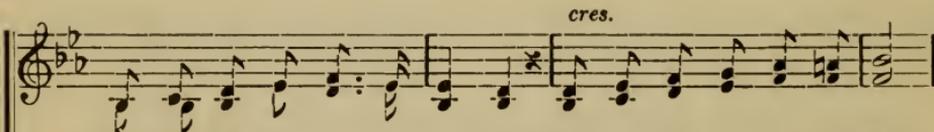
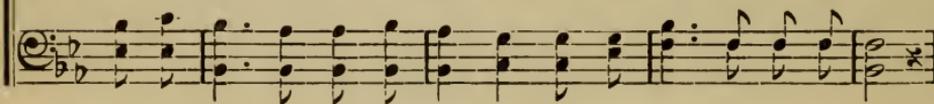
8's & 7's. S. S. 435. B. M. I. 171.

p Andante con espress.

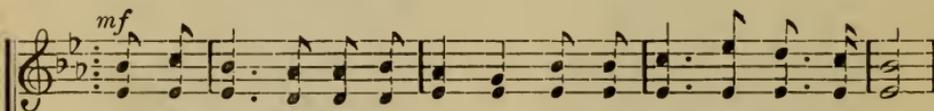
1. What are now those burn-ing long-ings, Oh, so strong with-in my breast,
2. What are now those doubts that hin - der, Fears that point my soul to doom?
3. Where are now those chains that bound me—Chains of sin, and self and pride?
4. Where are now the gold-en fan-cies That were mine in days of yore?



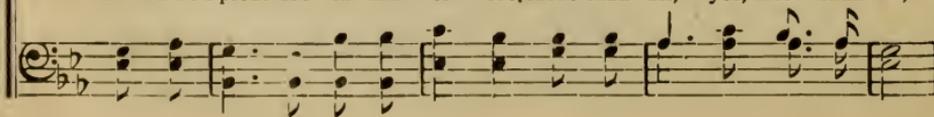
Longings for the smile of Je - sus, Long-ings to be set at rest?
 Dark'ning tem - pests o'er me gath - er, In my heart peace has no room.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus broke them When I sought His riv - en side;
 They are gone lik' fleet-ing shad - ows, And I feel their charms no more;



When I see my sin and sor - row, Tears of bit - ter an-guish fall;
 Can, oh, can I not find ref - uge Where no ter - ror can ap - pal?
 Now a sweet-er, no - bler bond-age Doth my rap-tured soul en-thral,
 For I left my i - dle dream-ing When I heard the Mas-ter's call,



For I know I once lov'd Je - sus More than all, yes, more than all!
 Yes, just now I'll turn to Je - sus, And I'll love Him more than all,
 For there's pleas-ure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all,
 For there's pleas-ure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all,



I have Pleasure in His Service.—Concluded.

Repeat for Chorus.

For I know I once lov'd Je - sus More than all, yes, more than all!
 Yes, just now I'll turn to Je - sus, And I'll love Him more than all.
 For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.
 For there's pleasure in His ser - vice, More than all, yes, more than all.

85

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

6-8's. S. S. 85.

1. What means this ea - ger, anx - ious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long -
2. Who is this Je - sus? why should He The ci - ty move so might - i - ly?
3. Ho! all ye heav - v - la - den, come! Here's par - don, com fort, rest, and home:
4. But if you still His call re - fuse, And all His won - drous love a buse,

These won - drous gath - r'ings day by dav, What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray?
 A pass - ing strang - er, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
 Ye wan - d'ers from a Fa - ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept His prof - er'd grace;
 Soon will He sad - ly from you turn, Your bit - ter prayer for par - don spurn

In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
 A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
 Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry— "Je - sus of Na - za - reth *has passed by*."

In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by"
 A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply, "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by"
 Ye tempt - ed ones, there's ref - uge nigh: "Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by."
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry— "Je - sus of Na - za - reth *has passed by*."

The Fountain in the House of David.

mf Moderato.

1. There's a foun-tain that was o-pened long a - go, long a - go, In the
 2. There is cleans-ing in the foun-tain o-pened wide, opened wide, In the
 3. Tho' 'twas o-pened long a - go, it still doth flow, still doth flow, In the

house, in the house of Da - vid; And it washed my sin-stains white as snow,
 house, in the house of Da - vid; And all who seek this wondrous tide,
 house, in the house of Da - vid; And by the stream life's tree doth grow,

When I plunged be - neath the crim - son flow Of the foun-tain that was
 What - e'er the need 'twill be sup-plied From the foun-tain that is
 With heal - ing leaves for ev - 'ry woe, And the One who gave His

o - pened long a - go, long a - go, In the house, in the house of Da - vid.
 flow - ing deep and wide, deep and wide, In the house, in the house of Da - vid.
 life to make it so, make it so, Is the Son, is the Son of Da - vid.

f CHORUS.

Flow - ing for the guilt - y soul, The foun-tain in the house of Da - vid

Ma - king the sin - ners whole, The foun-tain in the house of Da - vid.

Joy, Freedom, Peace.

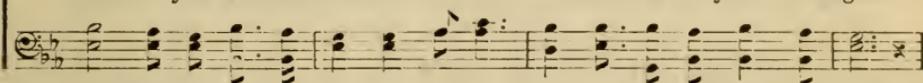
P. M.—S. S. 95. B. M. I. 246.

p Andante.

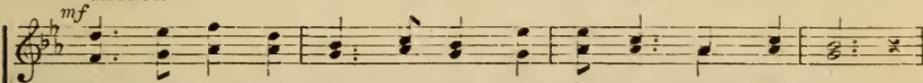
1. Joy, free-dom, peace, and cease - less bless - ing, All, all for thee,
 2. Joy dear - er than a thou - sand treas - ures, Wilt thou re - ceive;
 3. Free from your doubts and fears for ev - er, Will you not be?
 4. Peace, flow - ing calm - ly as a riv - er, Now you may find;



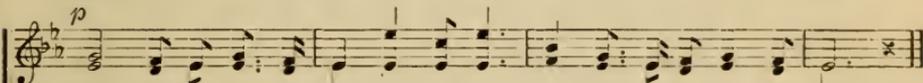
If, while your weakness still con - fess - ing, To your Re - deem - er you flee.
 Je - sus will deal it with - out measure If in His power you be - lieve.
 Je - sus those chains of doubts will sever If you this par - don would see.
 From all your troubles He'll de - liv - er While to His will you're re - signed.



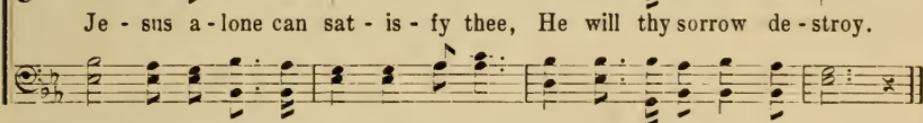
CHORUS.



All the world can ne'er con - sole thee—Can - not bring thee joy;



Je - sus a - lone can sat - is - fy thee, He will thy sorrow de - stroy.



Old Folks at Home.

P. M.—Tune 87. B. M. I. 246.

- 1 Way down upon the Sw'anee riber, Den many happy days I squandered,
 Far, far away; Many de songs I sung.
 Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber, When I was playing wid my budder,
 Dere's wha' de old folks stay. Happy was I;
 All up and down de whole creation, Oh, take me to my kind old mudder
 Sadly I roam; Dere let me live and die.
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

- All de world am sad and dreary, 3 One little hut among de bushes,
 Eb'ry whar I roam One dat I love;
 Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary, Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 Far from the old folks at home. No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming.
 All 'round de comb;
 2 All round de little farm I wandered, When will I hear de banjo tumming
 When I was young; Down in my good old home"

Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

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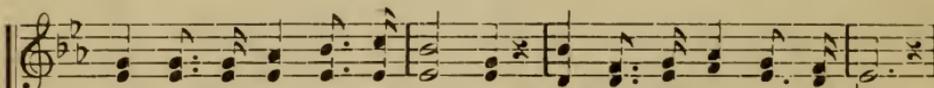
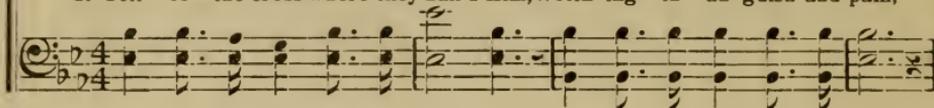
Fanny J. Crosby.

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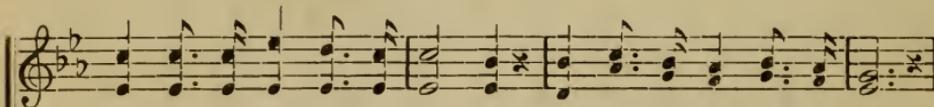
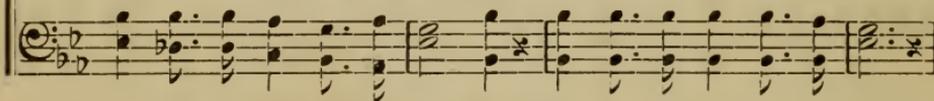
Jno. R. Sweney.



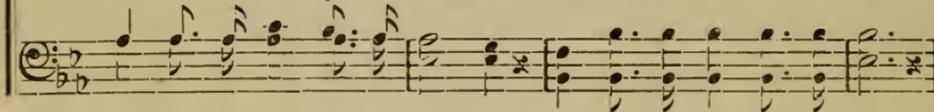
1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He pass'd,
3. Tell of the cross where they nail'd Him, Writh - ing in an - guish and pain,



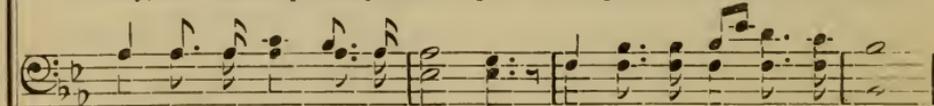
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;
 How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last;
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;



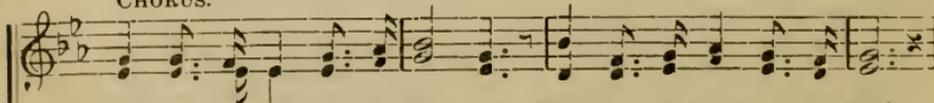
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang, as they welcomed His birth, -
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - rows He bore;
 Love in the sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
 He was despised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed, and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



CHORUS.



Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;



Tell Me the Story of Jesus.—Concluded.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

90

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmour.

L. M. S. S. 699.

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith-ful fol-low'r I will be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

You Can Tell Out the Story.

mf Allegretto.

1. Tell out the won - der - ful sto - ry, Tell it wher - e'er you go;
 2. Nev - er a sto - ry so won - drous, Tell it to all a - round;
 3. Won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;

cres.

Tell of the King and His glo - ry, Tell how He lov'd us so.
 While we were sin - ners He lov'd us, Mer - cy and grace a - bound.
 Won - der - ful mes - sage of Mer - cy, Je - sus can make them who'e.

*mf**cres.*

This is the sto - ry most pre - cious, Je - sus has died to re - deem us;
 Wand'ring and wea - ry He sought us, Back to the Fa - ther He brought us,
 Still flows the won - der - ful riv - er, From ev - 'ry sin to de - liv - er,

mf CHORUS.

You can tell out the sweet sto - ry, You—yes, you. You can tell out the sweet

*f**mf cres.*

sto - ry, You—yes, you. Some - bod - y's life will be brighter, Somebody's

You Can Tell Out the Story.—Concluded.

care will be light - er; You can tell out the sweet story, You—yes, you.

92 Take My Life.

7s.—S. S. 781. B. M. I. 85.

p Adagio.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine;
 5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;

cres. *f*

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my lips, and let them be Fill - ed with messages from Thee.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al Throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

93 Holy Bible.

7s. Tune 92.—S. S. 707. B. M. I. 85.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.</p> <p>2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
 Mine, to show my Saviour's love;
 Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
 Mine, to judge, condem. acquit.</p> | <p>3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death.</p> <p>4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom:
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!</p> |
|--|---|

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

S. M. S. S. 419 B. M. I. 69.

Adagio *cres.* *mf*

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
 3. Still Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
 4. And He the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That

p

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse Till spot - less all and pure.
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
 ev - 'ry prom - ise is ful - fill'd, If faith but brings the plea.

f CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;
 I'm com - ing now, Oh,

mp

Wash me, cleanse me in the blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

Before Thy Face Dear Lord.

Tune,—94.—S. S. 362.

- 1 Before Thy face, dear Lord,
 Myself I want to see;
 And while I every question sing,
 I want to answer Thee.
 While I speak to Thee,
 Lord, Thy goodness show;
 Am I what I ought to be?
 O Saviour, let me know!
- 2 Am I what once I was?
 Have I that ground maintained

- Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
 And Thou my soul sustained?
- 3 Do I possess a heart
 In thought and action clean?
 From Monday morn till Sunday eve
 Has my salvation been?
- 4 Have I the zeal I had
 When Thou didst me ordain
 To preach Thy word and seek Thy lost?
 Or do I feel it pain?

It is the Blood.

C. M.—S. S. 495. B. M. I. 56.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. It is the blood that wash - es white, That makes me pure with-in,
 2. It is the blood that sweeps a - way The power of Sa - tan's rod,
 3. It is the blood that brings us nigh To ho - li - ness and heaven,

cres. *f*

That keeps the in - ward wit - ness right, That cleanses from all sin.
 That shows the new and liv - ing way That leads to heaven and God.
 The source of vic - to - ry and joy, God's life for reb - els given.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, to me so dear, Sav - ing now from guilt and fear,
 and fear,
 Oh, the blood to me so dear. Saving now from guilt and fear.

Cleansing now my heart with-in, Mak - ing free from self and sin.
 Cleansing now my heart with-in,

Oh, the Voice.

C. M. Tune 96.—S. S. 269. B. M. I. 56.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest.
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.

CHO.—Oh, the voice to me so dear,
 Breathing gently on my ear;
 Happy soul, look up and see—
 'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee.

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give

The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."

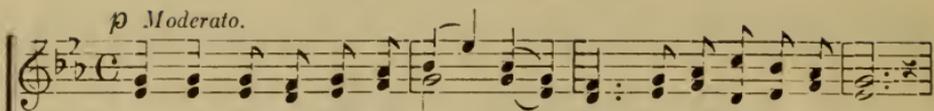
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quenched, my soul
 And now I live in Him. [revived,

- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright.

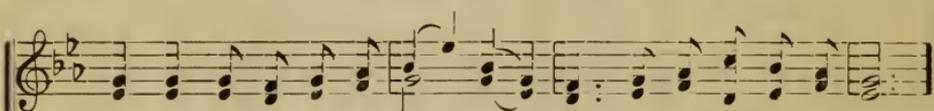
- 6 I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun,
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk
 Till traveling days are done.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

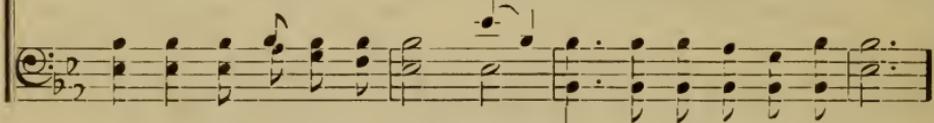
8. 7. & 4's. S. S. 735. B. M. I. 169.

p Moderato.

1. Sav-iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care;
2. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be:
3. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;



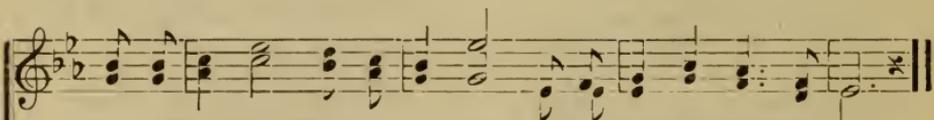
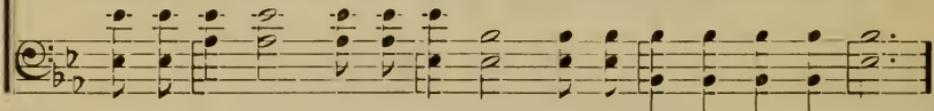
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare.
 Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:



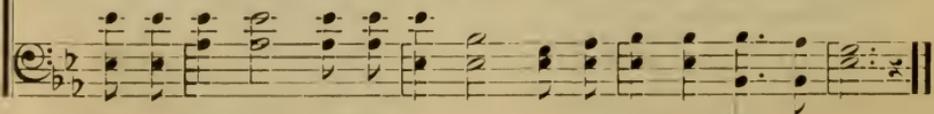
CHORUS.



Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to Thee!
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast lov'd us; love us still!

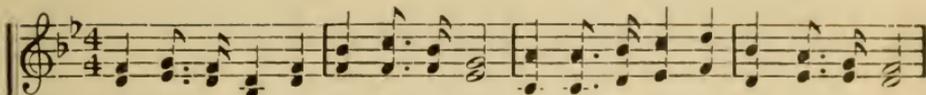


Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to Thee!
 Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast lov'd us; love us still!

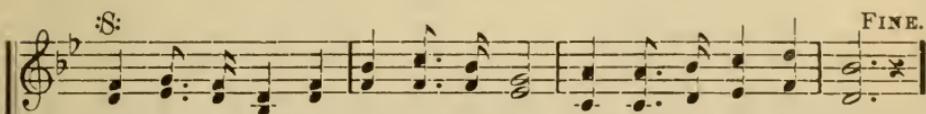
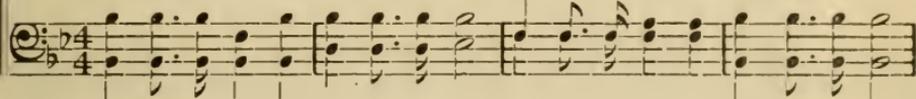


Come to the Saviour.

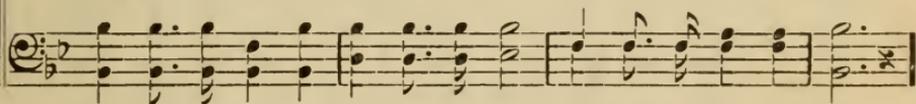
P. M. S. S. 64. B. M. I. 222.



1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Come to the Sav-iour!" Oh, 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, "Come to your, Sav-iour, come?"

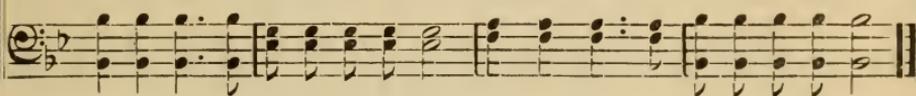


D.S.—And we shall ga-ther, Sav-iour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

CHORUS.



Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;



Blessed Jesus, Save Our Children.

Tune,—98.—S. S. 745.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Blessed Jesus, save our children,
 Be their guardian through life's way;
 From all evil e'er protect them,
 Walk Thou with them, come what may.
 In white raiment
 Let us meet them,
 When earth's shadows flee away.</p> <p>2 Blessed Jesus, lead our children
 Into paths of service sweet;
 Up the hill of Calvary climbing,
 May they and the sinner meet!</p> | <p>More than conquerors
 Let us see them
 Bring their jewels to Thy feet!</p> <p>3 Blessed Jesus, make our children
 Thine for life and Thine for aye!
 When death's waters overtake them,
 Be their Rock, their Light, their Stay!
 Tender Shepherd,
 Let us find them
 On Thy breast in realms of day!</p> |
|---|--|

101 Down Where the Living Waters Flow.

P. M.—S. S. 284. B. M. I. 224.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Once I was far in sin, But Je - sus took me in, Down where the
 2. With Je - sus at my side, I need no oth - er guide, Down where the
 3. When fighting here is o'er I'll rest for - ev - er - more, Down where the

liv - ing wa - ters flow; 'Twas there He gave me sight, And
 liv - ing wa - ters flow; He is my Hope and Stay, He
 liv - ing wa - ters flow; I'll join the blood-washed throng, And
 wa - ters flow;

let me see the light, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 saves me ev - ery day, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 sing the an - gels' song, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

f CHORUS.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,..... Down where the tree of life does

grow; I'm liv - ing in the light, For
 life does grow;

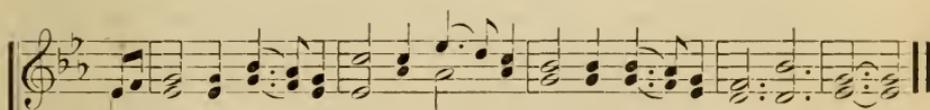
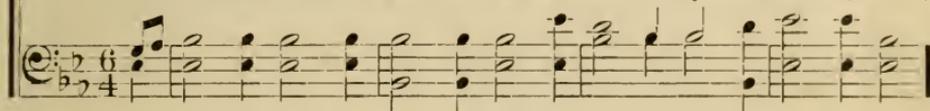
Je - sus now I fight, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

Just As I Am.

8s. & 6.—S. S. 165. B. M. I. 134.



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 mysoul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, pardou, cleanse, relieve;



- And that Thou bid't 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 - ing with-in and fears without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!



We'll Be the Army-By-and-By!

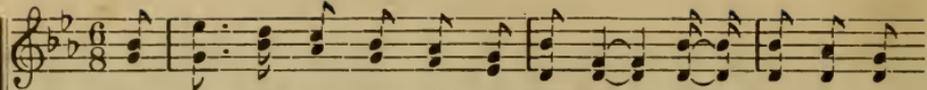
P. M.—Tune 101. B. M. I. 224.

- 1 Though we're but girls and boys, you should not us despise,
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!
 For War we shall be strong, through training while we're young—
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!

CHORUS.

- We'll be The Army by-and-by!
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!
 When the veterans have gone, and their crowns of victory won,
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!
- 2 With the bodies clean and pure, and footsteps firm and sure—
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!
 And saved in youth from sin, we shall great vict'ries win,
 We'll be The Army by-and-by!
 - 3 But we won't wait till then to fight with voice and pen;
 We'll be The Army now, yes now!
 We'll sing and speak and pray while it is called to-day;
 We'll be The Army now, yes now!

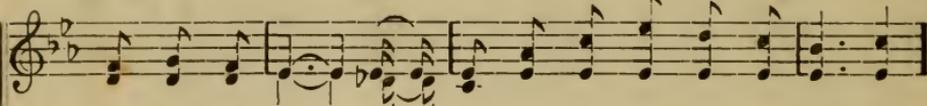
The Lost Sheep.



1. The shel - ter - ing fold held se - cure - ly The nine - ty and
 2. The night was so black and so storm - y, And sto - ny and
 3. The sheep that was lost felt so hap - py As it lay on the



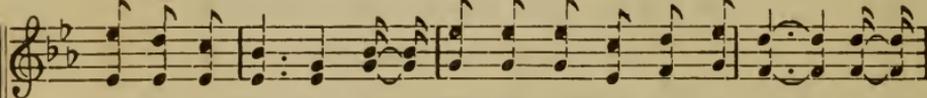
nine safe with - in; But one poor lost sheep found no shel - ter
 steep stretch'd the path; But the Good Shepherd's feet nev - er fal - tered
 Good Shep - herd's breast, For His arms were so strong and so ten - der



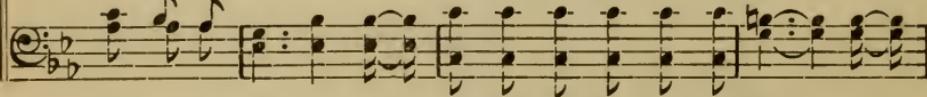
Far out in the des - ert of sin; For the ter - ror of
 As He faced that wild tem - pest of wrath: For His heart it grew
 That its heart found a sweet tran - quil rest: And the night and the



night fell a - round it, And filled its poor heart with a - larms; But the
 heav - y and wist - ful When He tho't of that one sheep a - stray, And
 storms pent their fu - ry, And sun - rise at last brought the day, But the

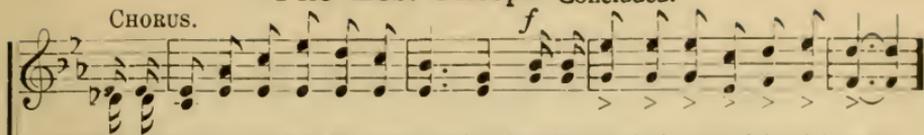


Good Shepherd sought till He found it, And He gathered it close in His arms.
 when He returned to the sheep-fold On His shoul - der in safe - ty it lay.
 sheep that had wandered in dark - ness Once a - gain in the fold safe - ly lay.

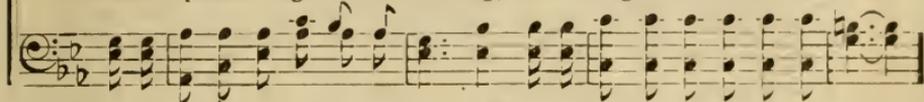


The Lost Sheep.—Concluded.

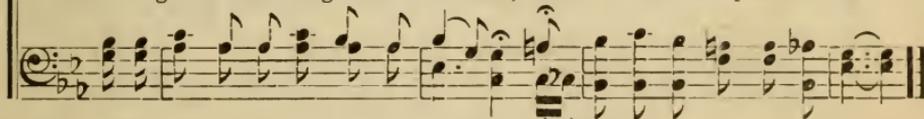
CHORUS.



Thro' the tempest and night He went seeking, And He sought it at such fearful cost;



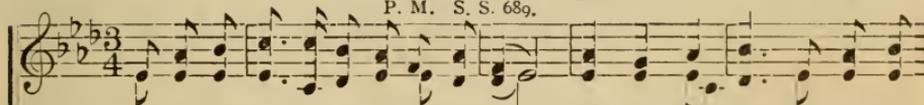
But I'm glad that He sought till He found it, For I am the sheep that was lost.



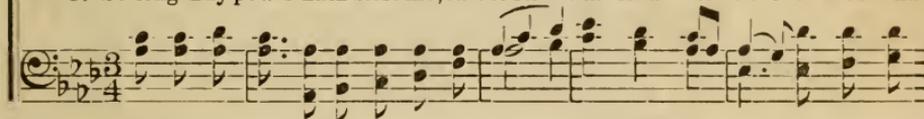
105

Lead, Kindly Light.

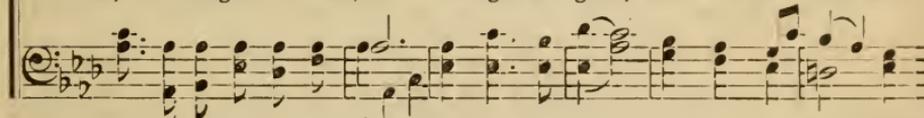
P. M. S. S. 689.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and



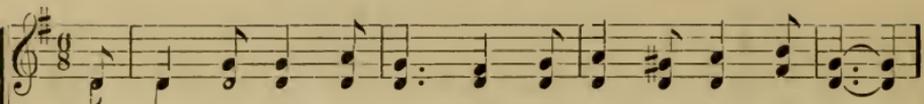
dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar- ish fen, o'er craig and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those



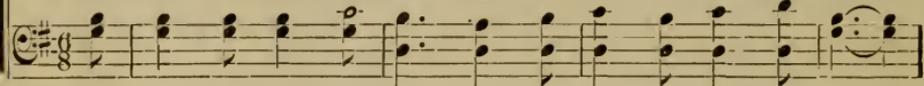
do not ask to see The dis- tant scene, -one step enough for me, day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years. an- gel- fac- es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while.



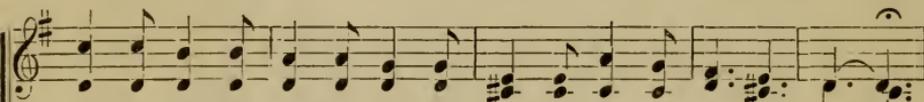
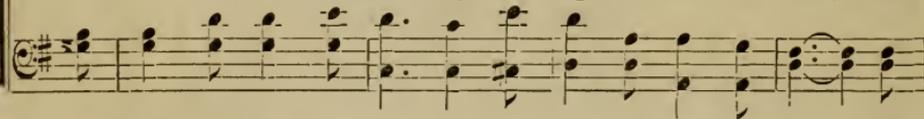
Oh, the Love that Sought Me.



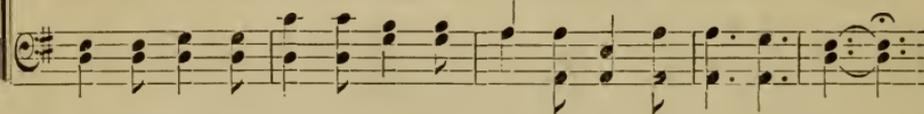
1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, wea - ry and sick with sin,
2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds and poured in oil and win - ;
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, for me His blood was shed,
4. So while the hours are pass - ing, all now is per - fect rest;



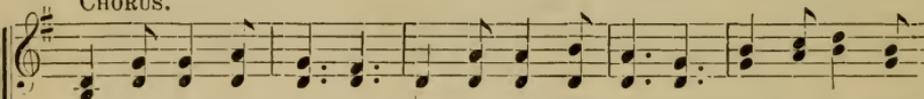
And on His shoul - ders brought me back to His fold a - gain; While
 He whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art mine." I
 A mock - ing crown so thorn - y they placed up - on His head; I
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, the bright - est and the best, When



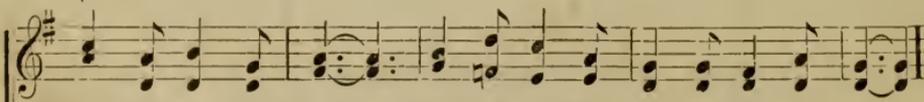
an - gels in His pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
 nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice.
 wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 He will call me to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.



CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that



brought me to the fold! Won - drous grace that brought me to the fold!



1. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, Bright Star of earth; Lov - ing and ten - der from
 2. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, what joy you brought, When from heav'n splendor the
 3. Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, gen - tle and mild, Light for the sin - ner in

mo - ment of birth; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, low - ly Thy lot,
 earth you first sought; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, be - lov'd of God,
 ways dark and wild; Beau - ti - ful Je - sus, save such just now,

CHORUS.

Born in a man - ger, so rude was Thy cot.
 Em - blem of pur - i - ty, em - blem of good. } Beau - ti - ful Christ,
 As at Thy feet, they in pen - i - tence bow. } Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful Christ, Fairest of thousands and Pearl of great price; Beau - ti - ful
 Christ. Beau - ti - ful

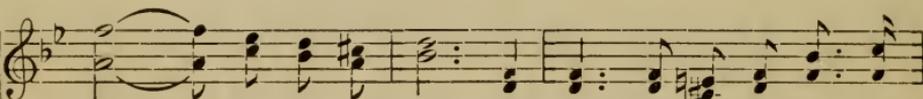
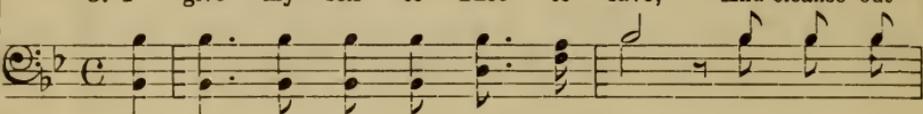
Christ, Beau - ti - ful Christ, glad - ly we worship Thee, Beau - ti - ful Christ.
 beau - ti - ful Christ, Beau - ti - ful

O, Lord, I Come Just Now.

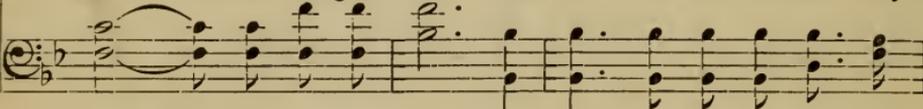
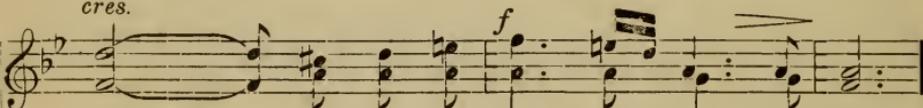
L. M.—S. S. 405. B. M. I. 14.

mp Moderato.

1. O Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by
 2. My i - dols now I cast a - side, All doubt - ful
 3. I give my - self to Thee to save, And cleanse out



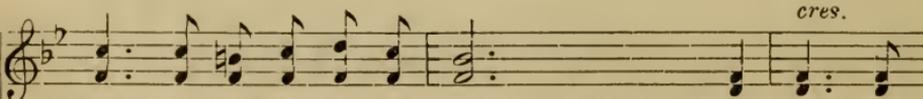
fear..... and doubt and sin! Thou on - ly canst my spir - it
 things..... I put a - way; My life I place at Thy com -
 all..... that's wrong in me, That I no oth - er aim may

*cres.*

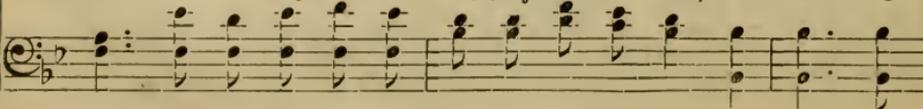
free,..... And make me pure and clean with - in.
 mand,..... Thy voice in all things to o - bey.
 have,..... But live to serve and hon - or Thee.

*mf* CHORUS.

I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, (be - lieve in Thee), For



Thou hast shed Thy blood for me; (Thy blood for me); The cleans - ing



O Lord, I Come Just Now.—Concluded.

stream now sets me free;..... The blood, the blood of Cal - va - ry.

f *rit.*

109

When Shall Thy Love Constrain.

L. M.—S. S. B. M. 1. 75.

mf *Moderato.* *cres.*

1. When shall Thy love con - strain, And force me to Thy breast?
 2. To res - cue me from woe, Thou didst with all things part;
 3. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
 4. Nay, but I yield, I yield— I can hold out no more;

mf

When shall my soul re - turn a - gain To her e - ter - nal rest?
 Didst lead a suf - f'ring life be - low To gain my worth-less heart.
 To tear my soul from earth a - way, For Je - sus to re - ceive?
 I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee con - quer - or.

110

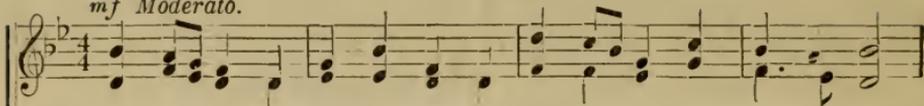
I've Left the Land of Death and Sin.

Tune 108. S. S. 208.

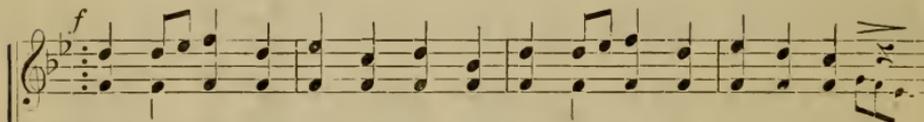
- 1 I've left the land of death and sin,
 The road that many travel in,
 And if you ask the reason why,
 I'm going to seek a home on high.
- 2 There are many would my progress stay,
 And beg me not to weep or pray,
 I dare not listen to their cry,
 I seek a glorious home on high.
- 3 I often weep to see the sin
 And wretchedness that men are in:
 My cares all flee, my tears all dry
 When faith beholds my home on high.
- 4 Say sinner, will you go with me
 And seek that land of liberty?
 Oh, do not stay, but tell me why
 You will not seek this home on high.
- 5 My soul, it swells with great delight,
 When thinking of my home of light,
 The angels sing, and so will I
 When I have reached my home on high.
- CHORUS—This world is not my home,
 This world is not my home,
 This world is not my resting-place,
 This world is not my home.

Hark! the Gospel News is Sounding.

S's, 7's & 4's. S. S. 35. B. M. I. 165.

mf *Moderato.*

1. Hark! the gos- pel news is sound- ing, Christ has suf- fered on the tree;
2. Oh, es- cape to yon- der moun- tain! Ref- uge find in Him to- day;
3. Grace is flow- ing like a riv- er, Mil- lions there have been sup- plied,



- Streams of mer- cy are a- bound- ing, Grace for all is rich and free.
 Christ in- vites you to the foun- tain, Come and wash your sins a- way;
 Still it flows as fresh as ev- er From the Sav- iour's wound- ed side;



- Now, poor sin- ner, Now, poor sin- ner, Look to Him who died for thee.
 Do not tar- ry, Do not tar- ry, Come to Je- sus while you may.
 None need per- ish, None need per- ish, All may live, for Christ has died.



Guide Me, Great Jehovah!

Tune 111. S. S. 700.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land!
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.

- Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne;
 2. "Wor- thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- alt- ed thus!"
 3. Je- sus is wor- thy to re- ceive Hon- or and pow'r di- vine;
 4. The whole cre- a- tion join in one To bless the sa- cred name

Ten thou-sand-thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Wor- thy the Lamb," our hearts re- ply, "For He was slain for us!"
 And bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for- ev- er Thine.
 Of Him who sits up- on the throne, And to a- dore the Lamb.

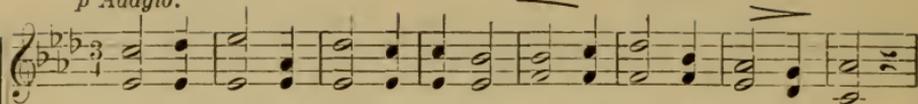
f CHORUS.

Hal- le- lu- jah to the Lamb Who died on Mount Cal- va- ry!

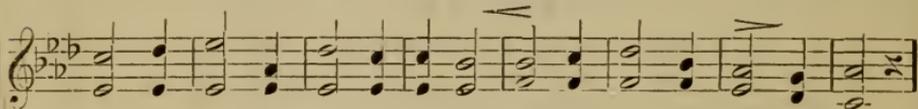
Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! A- men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear. | 3 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care. |
| 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust. | 4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The Conqueror of death. |

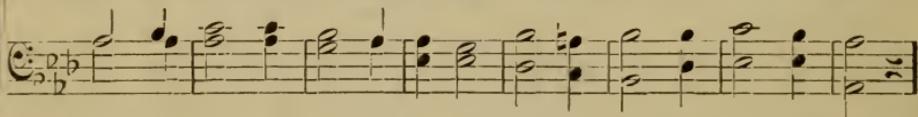
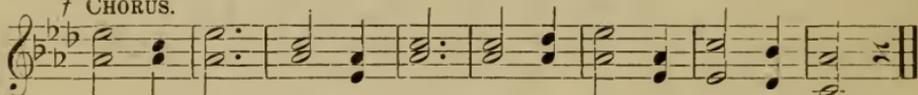
S's & 7's. S. S. 167. B. M. I. 142.

p Adagio.

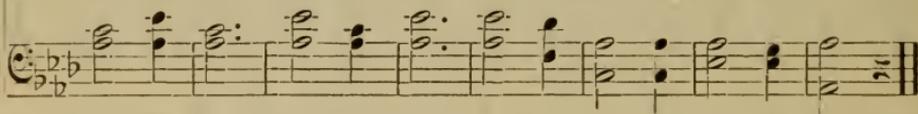
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Come just now, Thou might-y Spir- it, Make me feel and make me see;
3. Love of God—so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
4. Now Thy full sal - va-tion bring-ing, Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee!



Show'rs the thirst - y soul re-fresh-ing: Let Thy pow'r de - scend on me!
 Send the burn - ing, cleans-ing fire, Now show forth Thy pow'r in me!
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - fy it all in me!
 While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth - ers, oh, bless me!

*f* CHORUS.

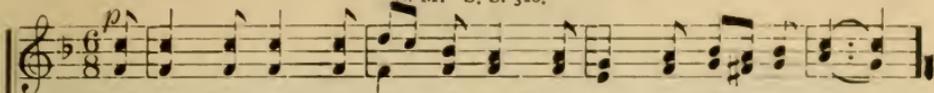
E - ven me! E - ven me! Let Thy bless - ing fall on me!



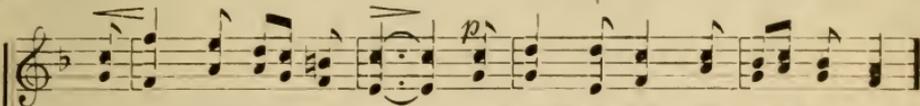
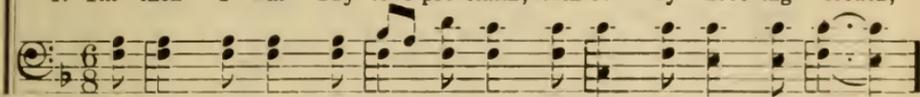
Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Tune 115. S. S. 738.

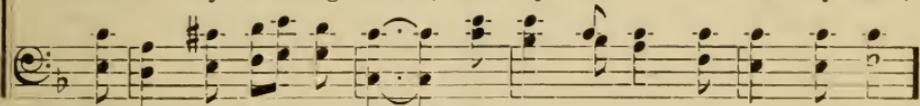
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.</p> <p>2 Thro' this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;</p> | <p>Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.</p> <p>3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.</p> |
|--|--|



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear,
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast,
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
4. Till then I will Thy love pro - claim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath,



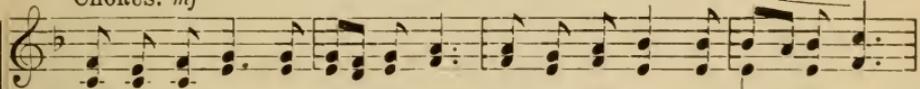
In a be - liev - er's ear. It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds,
 And calms the trou - bled breast, 'Tis Man - na to the hun - gry soul,
 My shield and hid - ing place, My nev - er - fail - ing treasury filled,
 With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath, And may the mu - sic of Thy name,



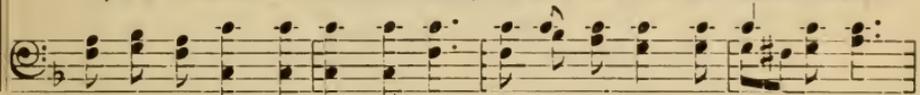
And drives a-way his fears,.....	And drives a-way his fears.
And to the wea - ry, rest,.....	And to the wea - ry, rest.
With boundless stores of grace,.....	With boundless stores of grace.
Re - fresh my soul in death,.....	Re - fresh my soul in death.



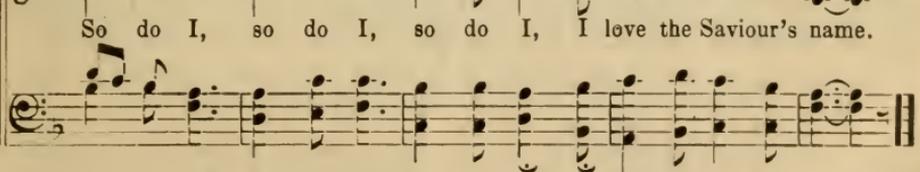
CHORUS. *mf*



Oh, how I love the Saviour's name, Oh, how I love the Saviour's name!



So do I, so do I, so do I, I love the Saviour's name.



Blessedly Saved.

S. S. 259. B. J. 71.

mf Moderato.

1. I am saved bless-ed - ly saved by the Blood, Sweet - ly
 2. I was saved years a - go by the Blood, Aft - er
 3. I've been fight - ing for God ev - er since, In the
 4. In this war - fare I fight with de - light; Ev - er

kept by the pow'r of His might; I am walk - ing and talk - ing with
 striv - ing and pray - ing, with tears; But when will - ing the Spir - it came
 Sal - va - tion Ar - my so brave; Where He leads I will fol - low; I'm
 read - y for serv - ice I am; Warn - ing sin - ners to flee from the

Je - sus my Lord, In His pre - cepts I run with de - light.
 in like a flood, And it washed all a - way sins of years.
 at His com - mand To go for - ward, poor sin - ners to save.
 wrath that's to come, And get washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

f CHORUS.

Bless-ed - ly saved, saved by the Blood; Bless-ed - ly
 Bless-ed - ly saved, saved by the Blood;

saved by the Blood of the Lamb; Hap - py and free, Je - sus with
 Hap - py and free,

Blessedly Saved.

me, Je - sus with me, Bless - ed - ly saved, bless-ed-ly kept, yes, I am.

Musical score for 'Blessedly Saved.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted quarter note 'me,' and then continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

119

Christians, Awake!

10's. S. S. 804. B. M. I. 178.

mf Moderato.

1. Chris-tians, a - wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn Where - on the Sav-iour of man-
2. Then to the watch-ful shep-herds it was told, Who heard th' an-gel-ic her-ald's

Musical score for the first system of 'Christians, Awake!' in G major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love
voice, "Be - hold, I bring good ti - dings of a Sav-iour's birth

Musical score for the second system of 'Christians, Awake!' in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
To you and all the na-tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful-

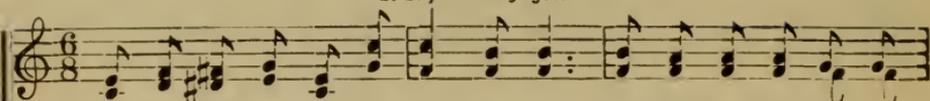
Musical score for the third system of 'Christians, Awake!' in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

ti-dings first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
filled His promised word, This day is born a Sav-iour, Christ the Lord."

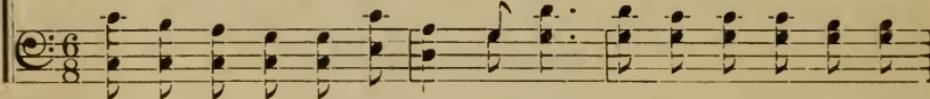
Musical score for the fourth system of 'Christians, Awake!' in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo).

What Shall the Harvest Be?

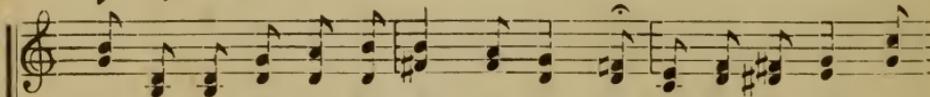
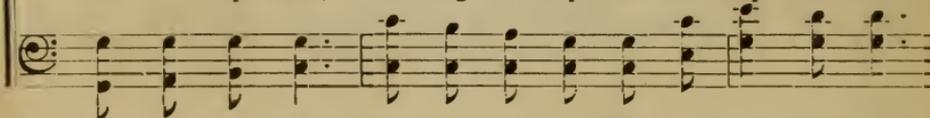
S. S. 788. B. J. 388.



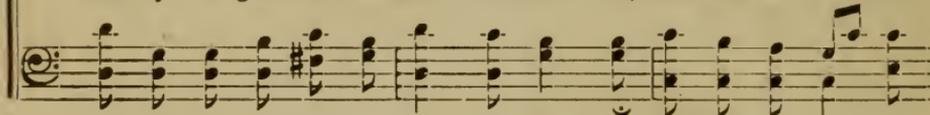
1. Sow - ing the seed by the dawn - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the
2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the
3. Sow - ing the seed of a ling - 'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a
4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the



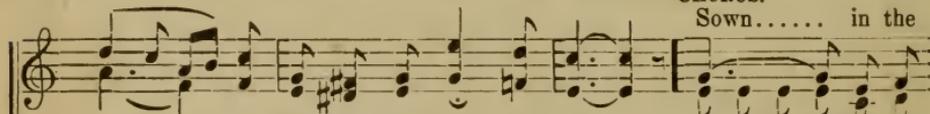
noon - day glare; Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light,
 rocks to die; Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 mad - dened brain; Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name,
 tear - drops start, Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come,



Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night; Oh, what shall the har - vest
 Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil; Oh, what shall the har - vest
 Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame; Oh, what shall the har - vest
 Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home; Oh, what shall the har - vest



CHORUS.



be?..... Oh, what shall the har - vest be? Sown in the darkness or



dark - - - - - ness or sown..... in the light,.....



sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,



What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

Sown..... in our weak - - ness or sown..... in our

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or

might,..... Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni -

sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni -

ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be!.....

ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be!

121

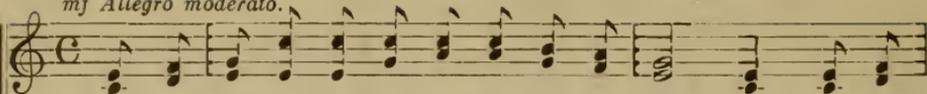
Going to Judgment.

Tune—120. S. S. 152.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Going to Judgment, not fit to live,
Going to die, life's account to give:
Up to God's bar I must surely go,
Nothing but sin in God's book to show;
Oh, what will the Judgment be?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CHORUS.</p> <p>Going to Judgment with salvation light,
Going to Judgment for not doing right;
Dreading the sentence,
"Depart from Me!"
Sad, ah, sad will the Judgment be!</p> | <p>3 What if not washed in the blood Christ
shed? [dead?
What if unsaved when raised from the
What if I do not in Christ believe?
What if I still God's good Spirit grieve?
Oh, what will the Judgment be?</p> <p>4 What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I sin till my soul is lost?
What if I sink in the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to blame.
Oh, what will the Judgment be?</p> <p>5 What when the Spirit will strive no more
What when the Master has shut the door?
What when I'm crying, "Too late! Too
late?" [fate?
What when destruction must seal my
Oh, what will the Judgment be?</p> |
|---|---|

Climbing up the Golden Stair.

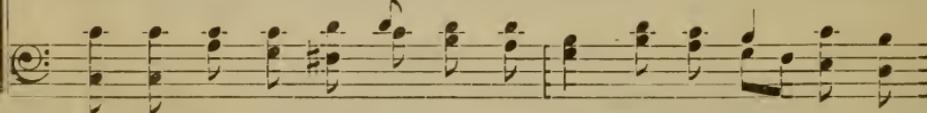
P. M. S. S. 277. B. M. I. 220.

mf Allegro moderato.

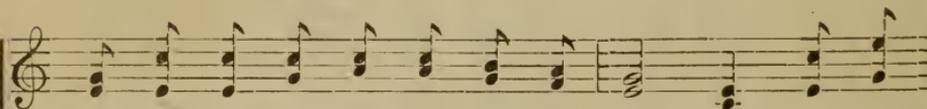
1. Oh, my heart is full of mu - sic and of glad - ness, As on
 2. Ev - 'ry day it seems I want to love Him bet - ter, Ev - 'ry
 3. Oh, the joy of get - ting oth - ers to climb with me! Lost, de -



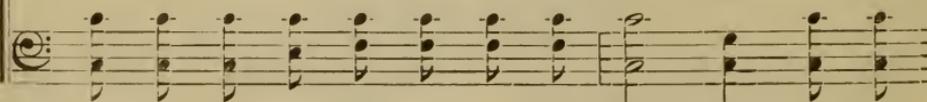
wings of love and faith I up - ward fly; Not a
 day it seems I want to serve Him more, Ev - 'ry
 spair - ing, brok - en-heart-ed, all may come; Cal - v'ry



up - ward fly;



sha - dow - cloud my Sav - iour's face ob - secur - ing, While I'm
 day I strive to climb the lad - der fast - er, Ev - 'ry
 love has made the stair a ve - ry wide one; Sin - ner,



climb - ing to my home - stead in the sky. Oh, I'm
 ef - fort brings me near - er Ca - naan's shore.
 lay your bur - den down and hast - en home.



Climbing up the Golden Stair.—Concluded.

climb - ing up the gold - en stair to glo - ry, Oh, I'm

climb - ing with my gold - en crown be - fore me; I am

climb - ing in the light, I am climb - ing day and night, I shall

shout with all my might when I get there; Oh, I'm
I get there;

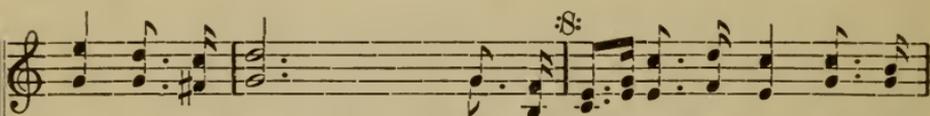
climb - ing day and night, I am climb - ing up the gold - en stair.

We'll All Shout Hallelujah.

12's & 9's. S. S. 317. B. M. I. 198.

mf Allegro.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have laid up their
2. That sweet com - fort is mine; now the fa - vor di - vine I've received thro' the
3. 'Tis a heav - en be - low my Re - deemer to know; The an - gels can
4. Je - sus all the day long is my Sun and my Song, Oh, that all His sal -
5. Oh, the rap - tur - ous height of the ho - ly de - light Which I feel in the



treas - ure a - bove, (a - bove;) Tongue can nev - er ex - press that sweet
 blood of the Lamb, (the Lamb,) With my heart I be - lieve, and what
 do noth - ing more, (nothing more,) Than fall at His feet, and the
 va - tion might see! (might see!) He doth love me, I cry, He did
 life - giv - ing blood! (giving blood!) Of my Sav - iour pos - sess, I am

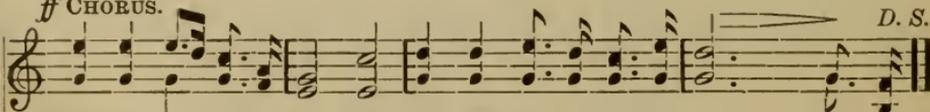
*D. S.*—sing redeeming love with the

FINE.

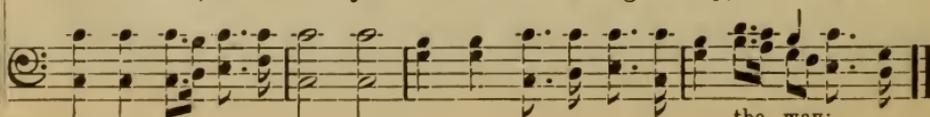
com - fort and peace Of a soul filled with Je - sus' love.
 joy I re - ceive, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name!
 sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 suf - fer and die, To re - deems such a reb - el as me.
 per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the heav - en of God.



shin - ing hosts above, And with Je - sus we'll be happy all the day.

ff CHORUS.*D. S.*

We'll all shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! As we march a - long the way; And we'll



the way;

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
 4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
 wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

Jesus Died to Save the Children.

Tune—123. 12's & 14's. B. M. I. 198.

- 1 Jesus for the children died, He for them was crucified,
 That their precious souls from sin might be set free;
 And He helps them on to-day, as they fight and watch and pray,
 Winning souls who shall His wondrous glory see.
- CHORUS.—Jesus died to save the children—
 All the children in the world!
 Red or yellow, black or white,
 Does not matter in His sight;
 Jesus died for all the children in the world.
- 2 Jesus for the children lives, all their sins He now forgives,
 If, forsaking sin, they on His name will call;
 And He gives them peace and joy naught on earth can e'er destroy,
 While they, holding fast His hand, will never fall.
- 3 Jesus for the children died; if in Him they will abide,
 And obey His blessed voice from hour to hour,
 All the foes with which they meet, thro' His blood they shall defeat.
 And win many vict'ries by His mighty power.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That
 3. Tell me the Sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
 4. Tell me the same old Sto - ry When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry
 mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me the Sto - ry
 this world's em - pty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Christ

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed.
 passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

mf Allegro. *cres.*

1. My God, I am Thine, what a com-fort di - vine, What a bless-ing to
 2. In the heav-en - ly Lamb thrice hap - py I am, And my heart it doth
 3. True pleas-ures a - bound in the rap - tur-ous sound, And who-ev - er has
 4. My Je - sus to know, and to feel His blood flow, 'Tis life ev - er
 5. Yet on - ward I haste to the heav-en - ly feast, That, that is the

CHORUS.

know that my Je - sus is mine.
 dance at the sound of His name.
 found it has par - a - dise found. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Hal - le -
 last - ing, 'tis heav-en be - low.
 ful - ness, but this is the taste.

lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! send the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain.

Come, With Me Visit Calvary.

Tune 126. S. S. 346.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, with me visit Calvary,
 Where our Redeemer died;
 His blood now fills the fountain,
 'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
 He died from sin to sever
 Our hearts and lives complete;
 He saves and keeps forever
 Those living at His feet.</p> <p>2 God's great, free, full salvation,
 Is offered here and now;
 Complete blood-bought redemption
 Can be obtained by you.
 Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
 The cleansing blood will flow;
 Look up, just now, believing,
 His fulness you shall know.</p> | <p>3 I will surrender fully
 And do my Saviour's will;
 He shall now make me holy,
 And with Himself me fill.
 He's saying I'm believing,
 This blessing I now claim;
 His Spirit I'm receiving,
 My heart is in a flame.</p> <p>4 I've wondrous peace through trusting,
 A well of joy within;
 This rest is everlasting,
 My days fresh triumphs win.
 He gives me heavenly measure,
 Pressed down and running o'er;
 O what a priceless treasure!
 Glory for evermore!</p> |
|--|---|

Moderato. mp

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek thy Fa - ther's face!
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, He hears thy hum - ble sigh,
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Sav - ior bids thee live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Re - gain thy long - sought rest;

1. Father's face!

Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin - dled by His grace.
He sees thy soft - ened spir - it mourn; When no one else is nigh.
Come to His cross, and grate - ful learn How free - ly He'll for - give.
The Sav - ior's melt - ing mer - cies yearn To clasp thee to His breast.

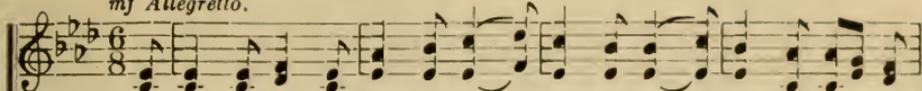
by His grace.

CHORUS. *mf*

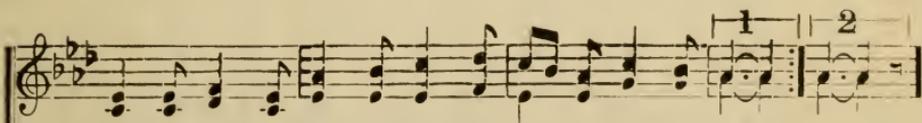
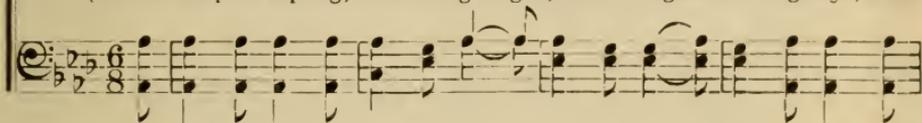
Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you

must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Oh, you must be a

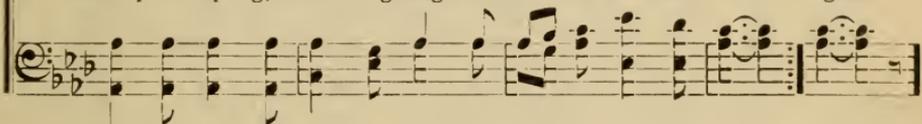
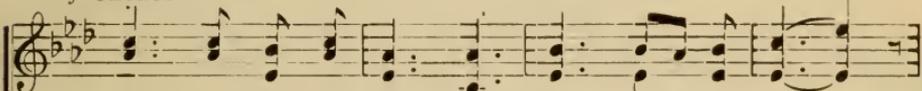
lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Or you can't go to heav - en when you die.

mf Allegretto.

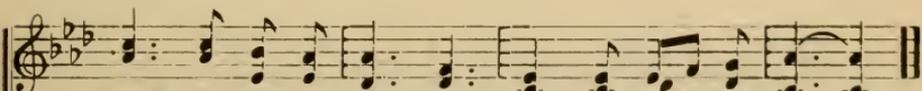
1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
- And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. { The dy-ing thief re-joyced to see, re-joyced to see, re-joyced to see, The
- And there have I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he, And
3. { E'er since by faith I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream, E'er
- My Sav-iour's love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme, My
4. { Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, sweet-er song, sweet-er song, Then,
- When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring stamm'ring tongue, When



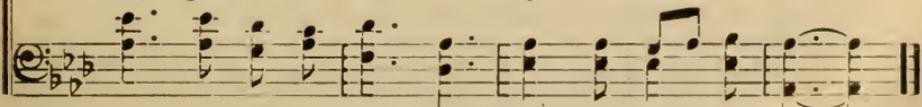
is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from my Saviour's veins; stains.
 sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y
 dy - ing thief re-joyced to see That fountain in his day; way.
 there have I, tho' vile as he, Washed all my sins a - -
 since by faith I saw the stream His flow-ing wounds sup-ply, die.
 Sav-iour's love has been my theme, And shall be till I
 in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing His pow'r to save, grave.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the

*f* CHORUS.

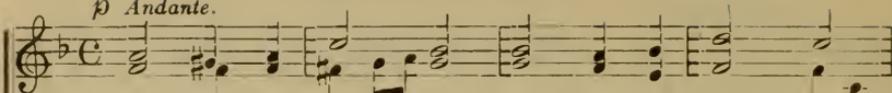
Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Op - en for mel...



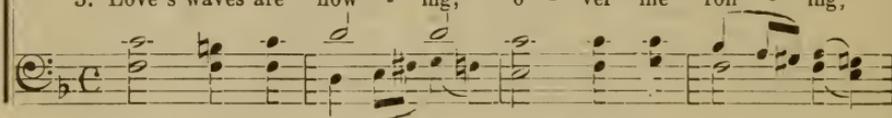
Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain Op - en now for mel...



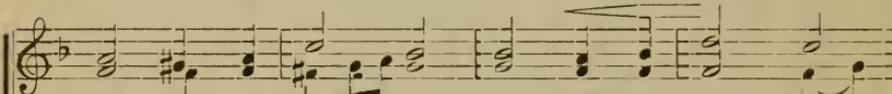
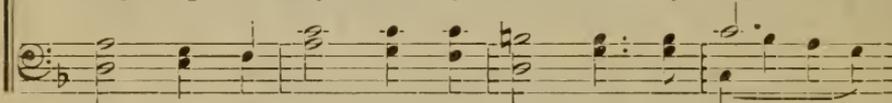
Let the Waves Wash Me.

p Andante.

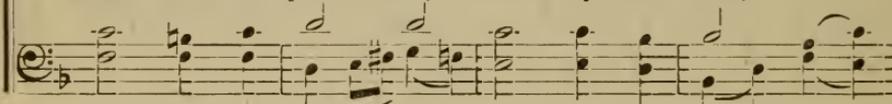
1. Tired, Lord and wea - ry, let Thy Blood cleanse me,
 2. On - ward I'm press - ing, in - to the bless - ing,
 3. Love's waves are flow - ing, o - ver me roll - ing,



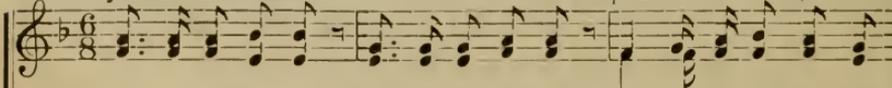
Wash - ing and mak - ing me per - fect - ly whole.
 New life it's giv - ing and mak - ing me free.
 Sweep - ing a - way ev - 'ry sin from my soul;



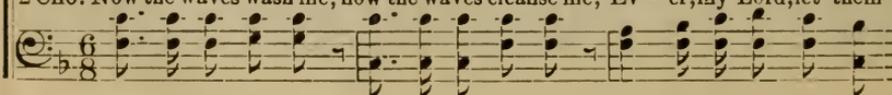
Glo - ri - ous o - cean, deep, full sal - va - tion,
 All now I'm leav - ing, power I'm re - ceiv - ing,
 Waves full of pow - er, each day and hour,



Lord, let the cleans - ing bil - lows o - ver me roll.
 Oh, let the cleans - ing bil - lows roll o - ver me.
 Ev - er, oh, let those bil - lows o - ver me roll.

*mf* CHORUS. *Moderato.*

1 CHO. Let the waves wash me, let the waves cleanse me, Lord, by Thy pow'r let them
 2 CHO. Now the waves wash me, now the waves cleanse me, Ev - er, my Lord, let them



Let the Waves Wash Me.—Concluded.

roll o - ver me. Lord, by Thy pow'r let them roll o - ver me.
roll o - ver me. Ev - er, my Lord, let them roll o - ver me.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

132 Nothing but Thy Blood Can Save Me.

P. M. S. S. 166. B. M. I. 259.

Adagio. mp

1. { Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
2. { See my heart, Lord, torn with grief, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Me un - par-doned do not leave, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
3. { Dark, in - deed, the past has been, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
Yet in mer - cy take me in, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

f CHORUS.

No! No! Noth - ing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

mp

To Thy cross, O Lamb of God! Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Will You Quit the Field?

P. M. S. S. 610. B. M. I. 297.

1. *f* Will you quit the field? Will you ev - er yield? Nev - er, nev - er,
 Will you bold - ly fight, And de - fend the right?
 2. When the foe is near Will you have a fear? Nev - er, nev - er,
 Will you take your stand With faith's sword in hand?
 3. Will you cease to sing Prais - es to your King? Nev - er, nev - er,
 Brave - ly ev - 'ry day, Will you march a - way? *ff* 1

nev - er! Yes, for ev - er! *mf* CHORUS. Nev - er quit the field till the

foe is slain, Nev - er quit the field, oh, nev - er, nev - er yield!

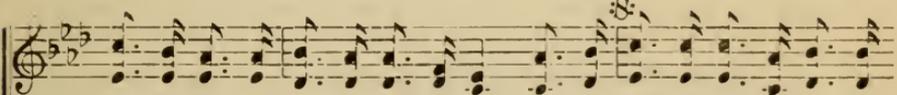
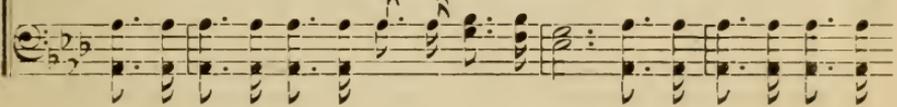
cres. *ff* Nev - er quit the field till we vic - t'ry gain, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er!



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



And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share: When His chos - en ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is

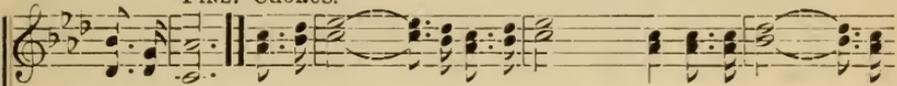


gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der,
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der,

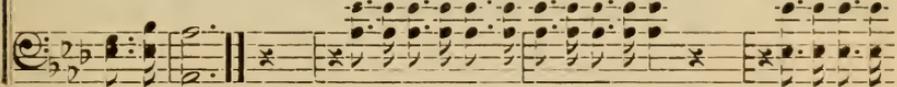


D. S.—roll is called up yon - der,

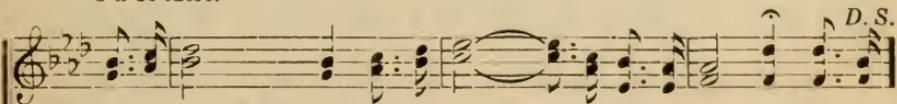
FINE. CHORUS.



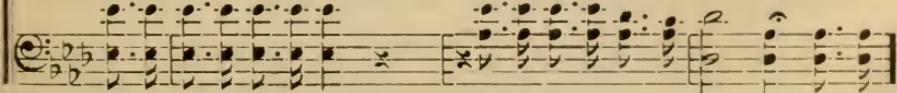
I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, When the roll is
When the roll is called up you der, I'll be there, When the roll is



I'll be there.



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



Thou Christ of Burning, Cleansing Flame.

S's & 3's. S. S. 383. B. M. I. 125.

Moderato.

1. Thou Christ of burning, cleansing flame, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 2. God of E - li - jah, hear our cry, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 3. 'Tis fire we want, for fire we plead, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 4. To make our weak hearts strong and brave, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 He'll make us fit to live or die, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 The fire will meet our ev-'ry need, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 To live a dy-ing world to save, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

Look down and see this wait-ing host, Send us the promised Ho - ly Ghost,
 To burn up ev-'ry trace of sin, To bring the light and glo - ry in,
 For strength to ev - er do the right, For grace to con - quer in the fight,
 Oh, see us on Thy al - tar lay Our lives, our all this ver - y day—

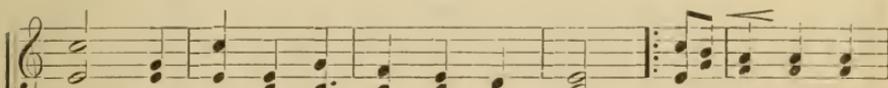
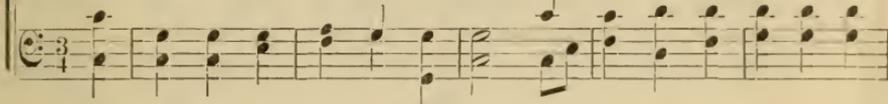
D.S.
 We want an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 The rev - o - lu - tion now be - gin, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 For pow'r to walk the world in white, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!
 To crown the off'ring now we pray, Send the fire, send the fire, send the fire!

Moderato. mf

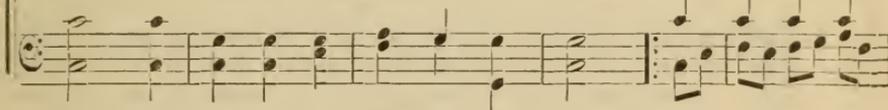
S's. S. S. 388. B. M. I. 109.



1. Oh, when shall my soul find her rest, My strug-glings and wrest-lings be
 2. Now search me, and try me, O Lord; Now, Je - sus, give ear to my
 3. My i - dols I cast at Thy feet, My all I re - turn Thee who
 4. O Sav - iour, I dare to be - lieve, Thy blood for my cleans ing I



o'er, My heart by my Sav - iour pos - sessed, Be fear - ing and
 cry! See! help - less I cling to Thy word, My soul to my
 gave; This mo - ment the work is com - plete, For Thou art al -
 see; And, ask - ing in faith, I re - ceive Sal - va - tion, full,



sin - ning, be fear - ing and sin - ning, And sin - ning no more?
 Sav - iour, my soul to my Sav - iour, My Sav - iour draws nigh.
 might - y, for Thou art al - might - y, Al - might - y to save!
 pres - ent, sal - va - tion, full, pres - ent, Full, pres - ent, and free.



I Hear My Dying Saviour Say.

Tune 135.

1 I hear my dying Saviour say,
 "Follow Me, follow Me!"
 His voice is calling all the day,
 "Follow me, follow Me!"

For thee I trod the bitter way,
 For thee I gave My life away,
 And drank the gall thy debt to pay,
 Follow Me, follow Me!

2 "Tho' thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee;
 Follow Me, follow Me!
 From inbred sin I'll set thee free;
 Follow Me, follow Me!"

In all thy changing life I'll be
 Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea,
 Thy bliss through all eternity;
 Follow Me, follow Me!

3 "Bring unto Me thy many cares,
 Follow Me, follow Me!
 Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
 Follow me, follow Me!"

Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,
 And trust Me through the future years;
 My hand shall wipe away thy tears;
 Follow Me, follow Me!"

I Am Thine, O Lord and Master.

8's & 7's. S. S. 452. B. M. I. 148.

cres.

1. Mine to rise when Thou dost call me, Life-long tho' the jour - ney be;
2. Mine to fol - low, e - ven blind - ly, Thine, O Christ, to go be-fore!
3. Mine to smile in face of fail - ure, Thine to glad - den my de - feat;
4. Thine the seal - ing and re - veal - ing All the out - come of my vow,

f

Thine to meas - ure all its wind - ings, Lead - ing step by step to Thee.
 Mine to try and scale the bar - rier, Thine to fling an o - pen door.
 Mine to kneel and drink of Mar - ah, Thine to make its wa - ters sweet.
 As I give Thee soul and bod - y, Mine no long - er Thine just now.

mf CHORUS. *cres.*

I am Thine, O Lord and Mas - ter, Thine to fol - low to the end!

Thou art mine, O Christ, my Saviour, Guide and Help - er, Lov - er, Friend.

My Beautiful Home.

L. M. S. S. 167. B. M. I. 10.

mf Allegro.

1. A - bove the waves of earth-ly strife, A-bove the ills and cares of
 2. A - way from sor - row, doubt, and pain, A-way from world - ly loss and
 3. Be-yond the bright and pearl - y gates, Where Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - iour,

life, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my
 gain, From all temp - ta - tion, tears and care, My home is there, my
 waits, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and fair, My home is there, my

mf CHORUS.

home is there. My beau - ti - ful home, my beau - ti - ful
 beau - ti - ful home,

home, In the land where the glorified ev - er shall roam; Where angels
 beau-ti-ful home,

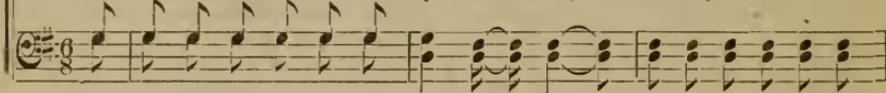
bright wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.

S. S. 260. B. M. I. 299.



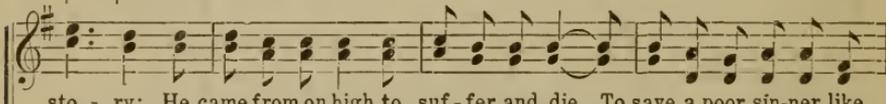
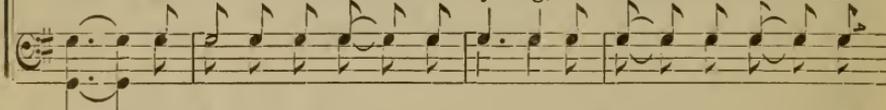
1. I've heard of a Sav-iour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sin-ner like
2. This won-der-ful Sav-iour took such a low place To save a poor sin-ner like
3. This Je - sus had no-where to lay His head, To save a poor sin-ner like



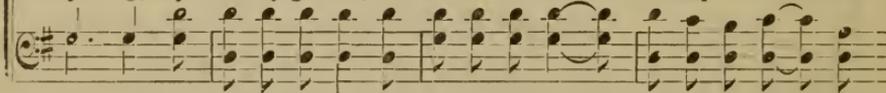
me; He turned His back on the glo - ri-fied throng To save a poor sin-ner like
 me; His heart o-ver-flow-ing with won-drous grace, To save a poor sin-ner like
 me; He was as a lamb to the slaughter led, To save a poor sin-ner like



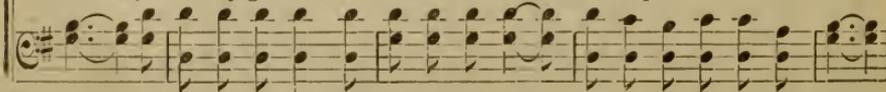
me. The an-gels they sang Him from glo - ry, I'm glad that they told me
 me; Was born in a sta - ble and man-ger, In His own world was a
 me. 'Midst dark-ness our Sav - iour is dy - ing, "Tis finished!" I hear Je - sus



sto - ry; He came from on high to suf - fer and die, To save a poor sin-ner like
 stran-ger, With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sin-ner like
 cry - ing; My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sin-ner like



me, He came from on high to suf - fer and die To save a poor sin-ner like me .
 me, With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sin-ner like me.
 me, My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sin-ner like me.



My Sins Rose as High as a Mountain.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a moun-tain, They all dis - appeared in the foun - tain;

He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free;

He put my name down for a pal-ace and crown, Bless His dear name, I'm free!

141

Oh, Remember Calvary.

P. M. S. S. 180. B. M. I. 261.

p Adagio. *cres.*

1. Oh, re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry, Oh, re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry,
2. I the chief of sin - ners am, I the chief of sin - ners am.
3. Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb, Friend of sin - ners, spot-less Lamb,
4. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, Turn and look up - on me, Lord.

mf

Oh, re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And take my sins a - way.
 I the chief of sin - ners am, But Je - sus died for me.
 Friend of sin - ners, spot - less Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.
 Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Over Me.

Commander E. C. Booth.

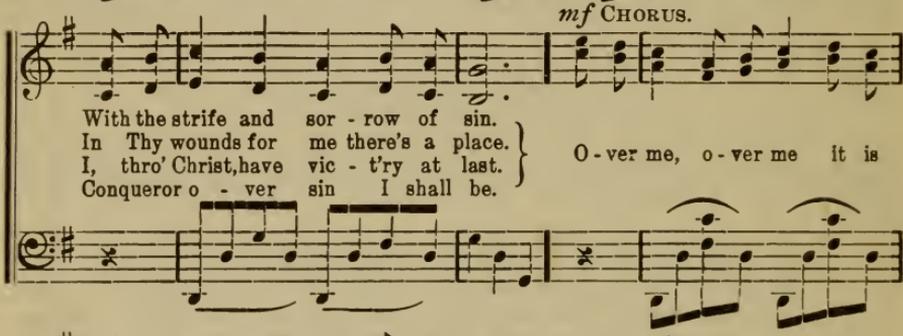
Moderato.


1. Bless - ed Lord, my past I bring, On Cal - vry
 2. By the vir - tue of Thy grace, Thou canst my
 3. All my i - dols now I cast Be - fore Thy
 4. Now the blood has set me free; Thy grace, dear

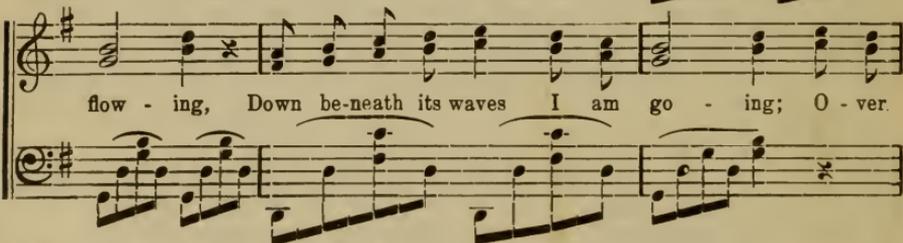


mer - cy ven - tur - ing; My heart is torn, and my spir - it worn,
 ma - ny sins ef - face; Oh, hear my pray'r, save me from de - spair;
 cross, and know Thou hast My past for - giv'n: By the claims of heav'n
 Lord's, e - nough for me, In all the strife of the bat - tle life,

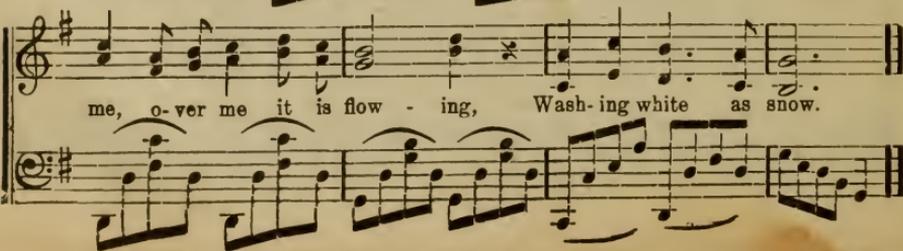
mf CHORUS.



With the strife and sor - row of sin.
 In Thy wounds for me there's a place. } O - ver me, o - ver me it is
 I, thro' Christ, have vic - t'ry at last. }
 Conqueror o - ver sin I shall be.



flow - ing, Down be - neath its waves I am go - ing; O - ver



me, o - ver me it is flow - ing, Wash - ing white as snow.

Angels Call the Roll.

8's & 7's. S. S. 824. B. M. I. 141.

mf Moderato.

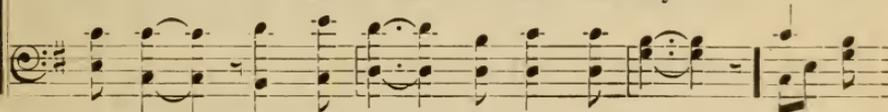
1. When the roll is called in heav - en, ... And the
 2. When the roll is called in heav - en, ... I will
 3. When the roll is called in heav - en, ... To the



host.. shall mus - ter there, I will take my place a -
 an - swer to my name; And come for - ward at the
 front I'll make my way, And be wel - comed by the

*f* CHORUS.

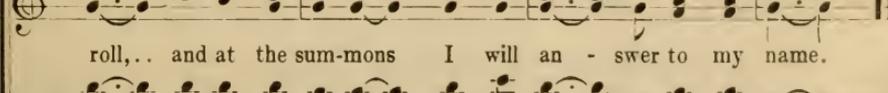
mong them, And their joys and tri - umphs share. An - gels
 sum - mons, My in - her - it - ance to claim.
 Mas - ter... To the realms of end - less day.



call the roll up yon - der, Mus - ter day in heav'n pro - claim; Call the

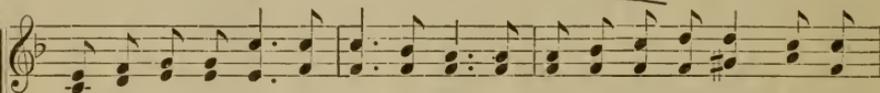
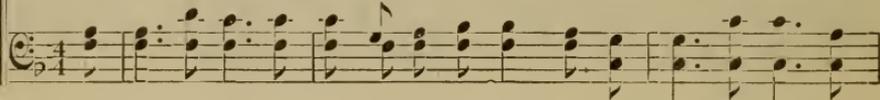


roll, . . and at the sum - mons I will an - swer to my name.

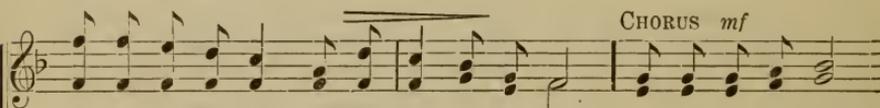


mp Andante.

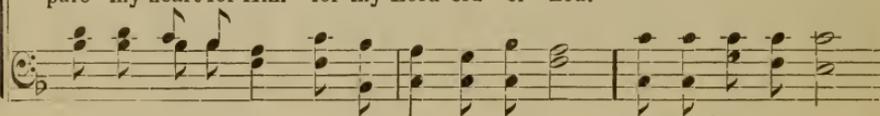
1. O Lamb of God! Thou won-der-ful sin-bear - er, Hard aft - er Thee my
2. I mourn, I mourn the sin that drove Thee from me, And black-est dark-ness
3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul a-dor-eth! Oh, come just now, fill
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Thy might-y aid be-stow - ing, De - stroy the works of



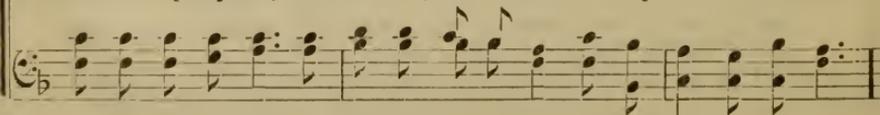
soul doth fol - low on; As pants the hart for streams in des-ert drear - y, So
bro't in - to my soul; Now I re-nounce the curs-ed sin that hin - dered, And
my poor long-ing breast; For Thee, for Thee, I watch, as for the morn-ing! A-
sin, the self, the pride; Burn, burn in me, my i - dols o - ver-throw-ing; Pre-



pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life - giv-ing One.
come more to Thee, to be made ful - ly whole. At Thy feet I fall,
part from Thee, I find nei-ther joy, peace, nor rest.
pare my heart for Him—for my Lord cru - ci - fied.



Yield Thee up my all, To suf-fer, live or die For my Lord cru - ci - fied.



11's. S. S. 677. B. M. I. 183.

p Moderato con espress.

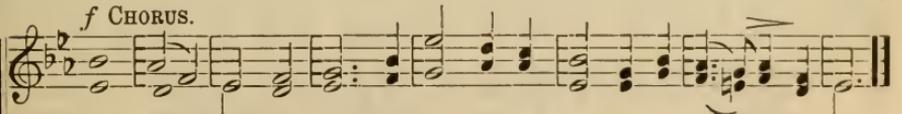
1. My rest is in heav - en—my rest is not here, Then why should I
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss And build - ing my
3. The winds of af - fic - tion a - round me may blow, And dash my lone
4. With Christ in my heart, and His sword in my hand, I'll march on in



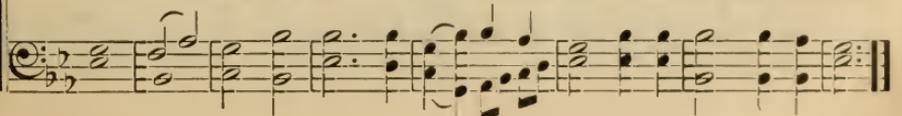
mur - mur when tri - als ap - pear? Be hushed, my sad spir - it—the
 hopes in a re - gion like this: I look for a ci - ty which
 bark as I'm sail - ing be - low; I smile at the storm, as I
 haste thro' an en - e - my's land; The road may be rough, but it



worst that can come But short - ens my jour - ney, and has - tens me home.
 hands have not piled, I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
 lean on His breast, And soon I shall land in the ha - ven of rest.
 can - not be long, So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

*f* CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no friend like Je - sus, There's no place like home.



Moderato.

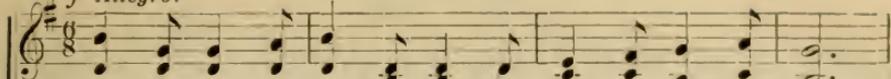
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a
3. But thousands and thousands who wan - der and fall, Nev - er heard of that

here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as Lambs to His fold,
share of His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low,
heav - en - ly home, I should like them to know there is room for them all,

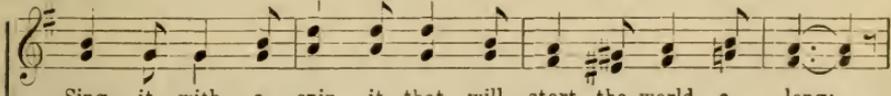
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau - ti - ful place He has
And that Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joys of that

placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have
gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiv'n; And man - y dear
glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest and brightest and best: When the dear lit - tle

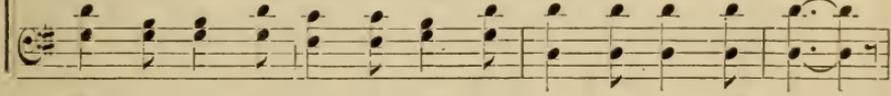
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the kingdom of Heav'n."
chil - dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

f Allegro.

1. Shout a - loud sal - va - tion, and we'll have an - oth - er song,
2. How the an - xious shout it when they hear the joy - ful sound!
3. "Oh, they're help - less no - bod - ies," our en - e - mies make boast;



Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long;
 How the weak - est con - quer when the Sav - iour they have found!
 They for - get that with us comes th' Al - migh - y Ho - ly Ghost,

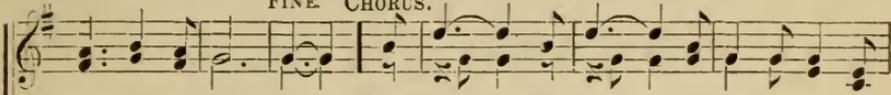


Sing it as our com - radessang it, many a mil - lion strong, As they were
 How our grand bat - tal - i - ons with con - qu'ring pow'r a - bound, As we go
 And un - seen bat - tal - ions of the glo - rious heav'n - ly host, As we go

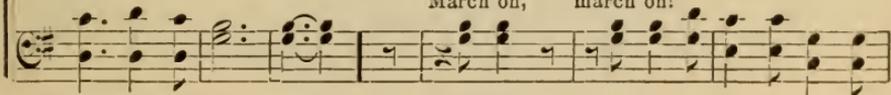


D.S.—Sing our Saviour's praises o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea, As we go

FINE CHORUS.



march - ing to glo - ry! March on, march on! We bring the ju - bi -
 March on, march on!



march - ing to glo - ry!



lee; Fight on, fight on! Sal - va - tion makes us free; We'll
 March on, march on!

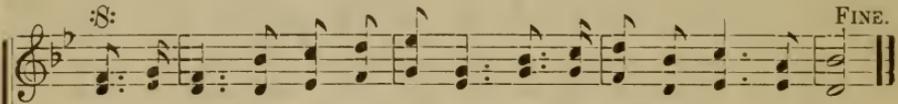
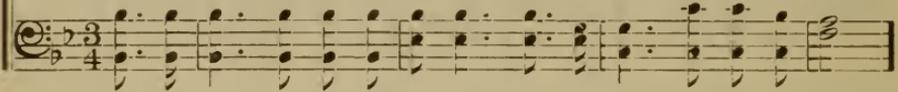


Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

8's & 7's. S. S. 847.



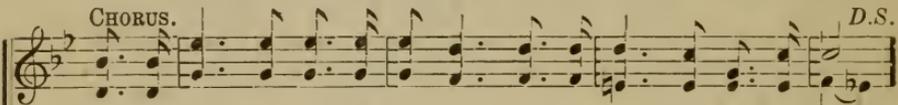
1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or temp-est-tost,



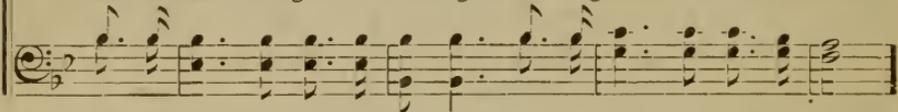
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



D.S.—Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



CHORUS. Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! *D.S.*



Lead me Higher up the Mountain.

8's & 7's. Tune—148.

- 1 Jesus, lead me up the mountain,
 Where the whitest robes are seen,
 Where the saints can see the fountain,
 Where we may be pure and clean.

CHORUS.

- Lead me higher up the mountain,
 Give me fellowship with Thee;
 In Thy light I see the fountain,
 And the Blood it cleanses me.
- 2 Higher up where light increases
 Far above all earthly loss,
 Where the life of sinning ceases,
 Where the Spirit comes in floods.
- 3 Save me better, make me purer,
 Put me where the fire refines,
 Where the breath of hope is surer,
 Where the highest glory shines.

p Andante.

1. A friend of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, That one so vile as I
 2. A Friend when oth - er friend-ships cease, A Friend when oth - ers fail;
 3. A Friend to lead me in the dark, A Friend who knows the way;
 4. A Friend when sickness lays me low; A Friend when death draws near;

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 will pre - vail,
 A Friend to steer my weak, frail bark, A Friend my debts to pay.
 A Friend as thro' the vale I go, A Friend to help and cheer.

mf 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!

151

Down in the Garden.

C. M. Tune - 150. S. S. 8. B. M. I. 29.

- 1 Dark was the hour, Gethsemane,
 When thro' thy walks was heard
 The lowly Man of Galilee
 Still pleading with the Lord.
- 2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow
 As all our griefs He bears;
 Not words may tell His anguish now
 But sweat, and blood, and tears.
- CHO.—Down in the garden,
 Hear that mournful sound;
 There behold the Saviour weeping,
 Praying on the cold, damp ground.
- 3 There prostrate on the earth He lies,
 God's well-beloved Son;
 But still the fainting Sufferer cries:
 "Father, Thy will be done!"
- 2nd CHO.—Jesus, my Saviour,
 Let me weep with Thee;
 Mercy, O Thou Son of David!
 Mercy's coming down to me.
- 4 For me He prays, I hear Him pray,
 He will my soul receive.
 Now, Jesus, take my sins away;
 Now, Jesus, I believe.

Mighty to Keep.

D. C. M. S. S. 691. B. M. I. 50.

p Andante con espress.

1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn,
2. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee more and more, Trust where I can - not trace,

Sometimes it looks so dark ev - 'rywhere, In - stead of the rose, the thorn.
Trust when I hear the o - cean's roar, Trust when the foe I face.

cres.

These are the times, when tempted sore, A voice in my ear doth speak—
Thou wilt be more than life to me, So broad, so high, so deep,

Unsheathe thy sword, there's vict'ry before, Thy Saviour is mighty to keep.
Changing the thun - der in - to glee, A - ble to save and to keep.

mf CHORUS.

I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep, Might - y to keep, might - y to keep;

Mighty to Keep.—Concluded.

I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep, Might-y to keep ev - er - more.

153

Draw Me Nearer.

P. M. S. S. 461. B. M. I. 225.

mp Andante con espress.

F. T. 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 service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before 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 be washed from its ev - 'ry stain, And my will be lost in Thine!
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

mf CHORUS.

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died!

rit. *mp*

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side!

Allegro moderato, mf

1. God is keep - ing His sol - diers fight - ing, Ev - er - more we shall
2. We will fol - low the con - qu'ring Sav - iour, From be - fore Him hell's

con - quer - ors be; All the hosts of hell are u - nit - ing,
le - gions shall fly; Our bat - tal - ions . . . shall nev - er wav - er,

But we're sure to have vic - to - ry. Though to beat us they've been
They're de - ter - mined to conquer or die. From ho - li - ness and

try - ing, Our col - ors still are fly - ing, And our flag shall wave for -
heav - en We nev - er will be driv - en; We will stand our ground for -

ev - er, For we nev - er will give in. No, we nev - er, nev - er,
ev - er, For we nev - er will give in.

God is Keeping His Soldiers Fighting.—Concluded.

nev - er will give in, No we won't! No, we won't! No we won't! No we

won't! No we won't! For we mean to have the vic - to - ry for - ev - er!

155

Art Thou Weary.

8. 5. 8. 3. S. S. 36. B. J. 367.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
 4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
 5. Find - ing, following, keep - ing, strug - gling, Is He sure to bless?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.” A - men.
 “In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side.”
 “Man - ya sor - row, man - ya la - bor, Many a tear.”
 “Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way.”
 Saints, a - pos - tles, pro - phets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, “Yes.”

156

When the Shadows are Thickly Falling.

P. M. Tune—154. S. S. 213. B. M. I. 233.

- 1 When the shadows are thickly falling,
 As I pass thro' the valley of death,
 And the trumpet for me is calling,
 I will shout with my latest breath—
 By the blood that did redeem me,
 O Lord, Thou wilt receive me,
 And before the throne then flying,
 I will answer, “Here am I!”
- 2 He to me gave His pardon freely,
 From my name He has blotted my sin,
 And in death's valley He'll be near me,
 Of His mercy I then will sing
 Day by day His hand has blessed me,
 His love has never failed me,
 And I therefore love Him truly,
 And with joy shall greet His call.
- CHORUS.—When the trumpet sounds I'm
 ready for to go,

8's & 7's. S. S. 61. B. M. I. 175.

Allegro. mf

1. Wea - ry wan-d'r'er, wilt thou lis - ten, While I sing of dy - ing love?
 2. 'Twas on Cal - v'ry's rug - ged Mountain Where they nailed Him to a tree;
 3. Poor back - slid - er, thou hast driv - en Je - sus from thy heart and home;
 4. Lis - ten, sin - ner! thou art drift - ing, Drift - ing downward to thy doom;

Which did make the Sav - iour has - ten From the rich - est realms a - bove:
 From His o - pen side the foun - tain Flows in blood for thee and me.
 Once thou hadst a hope of heav - en, Now thy life is filled with gloom.
 Far from mer - cy thou art sink - ing, Where the wild waves ev - er foam.

cres.
 In a sta - ble and a man - ger Did the Prince of glo - ry lay;
 Tho' thou hast re - fused an en - trance To this Prince of Peace so fair,
 Still, with par - don and com - pas - sion, He is knock - ing loud to - day;
 Dark and sad will be thy morn - ing Should'st thou wake up as be - fore;

In the world He was a stran - ger, While He sought for souls a - stray.
 If thou'lt knock in true re - pen - tance Thou shalt find He still is there.
 If thou dar'st re - fuse sal - va - tion, He from thee may turn a - way.
 With this aw - ful feel - ing dawn - ing—Knocking, knocking days are o'er.

CHORUS. *mf*

cres.
 Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock - ing; Hark! hear the Sav - iour knock - ing;

Hark! Hear the Saviour Knocking.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Hark! Hear the Saviour Knocking.—Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Hark! hear the Sav - iour knocking! Wilt thou let Him en - ter now?' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

158

The Gospel Ship.

mf Allegro moderato.

8's & 7's. S. S. 856. B. M. I. 158.

Musical score for 'The Gospel Ship.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. The gos - pel ship a - long is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore; 2. Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be - yond this mor - tal shore; 3. Waft a - long this no - ble ves - sel, All ye gales of gos - pel grace; 4. Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Sail with us thro' life's rough sea;'

CHO.—Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! All the sail - ors loud - ly cry,

Musical score for the chorus of 'The Gospel Ship.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'All who wish to go to glo - ry, Come and wel - come, rich and poor. Thousands still are sail - ing in her, Yet there's room for thousands more. Car - rying ev - 'ry faith - ful sail - or To his heav - 'nly land - ing place. Then with us you shall be hap - py, Hap - py thro' e - ter - ni - ty.'

See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry, O - pen to each faith - ful eye.

159

Let Us Gather Up the Sunbeams.

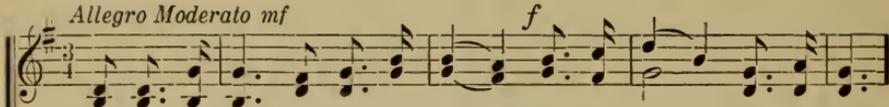
8's & 7's. Tune—157. S. S. 860. B. M. I. 175.

- 1 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.
- 2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
- 3 If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frowns upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping bye-and-bye.
- CHO.—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by and by.

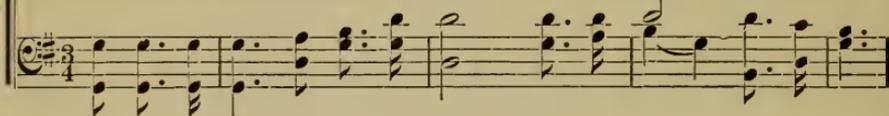
160 We're Traveling Home to Heaven Above.

S's & 3's. S. S. 79. B. M. I. 128.

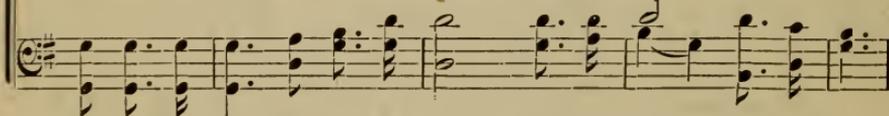
Allegro Moderato mf



1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go, will you go?
2. We're going to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you go, will you go?
3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go, will you go?
4. Oh, could I hear some sin - ner say, "I will go, I will go!



To sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love, Will you go, will you go?
 In rap-t'rous songs to praise His name, Will you go, will you go?
 Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go, will you go?
 I'll start this mo - ment, clear the way, Let me go, let me go!



Mil-lions have reached that bliss-ful shore, Their tri - als and their la - bors o'er,
 Our sun will then no more go down, Our moon no more will be with-drawn,
 The Sav-iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up Thy cross and fol - low Me,
 My old com-pan - ions, fare you well, I will not go with you to hell;



And yet there's room for mil - lions more, Will you go, will you go?
 Our days of mourn-ing ev - er gone, Will you go, will you go?
 And thou shalt My sal - va - tion see," Will you go, will you go?
 I mean with Je - sus Christ to dwell, Let me go, let me go!"



Lift up the Banner on High.

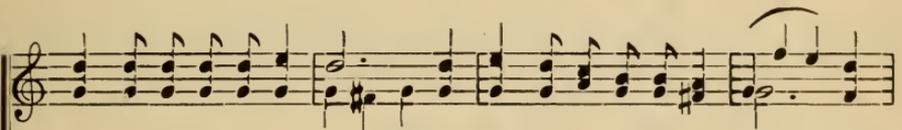
C. M. S. S. 313. B. M. I. 43.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! to our ears!
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round; earth around;
3. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleed - ing Lamb, To Thee the praise be - longs; praise belongs;

*f* CHORUS.

A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears. So we'll
While all the arm - ies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.



lift up the banner on high, . . . The sal - vation banner of love; . . . We'll



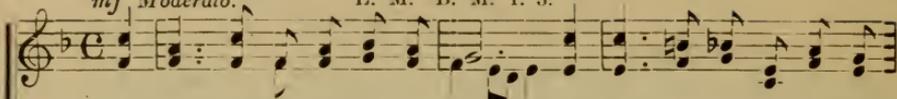
fight be - neath its col - ors till we die, Then go to our home a - bove.



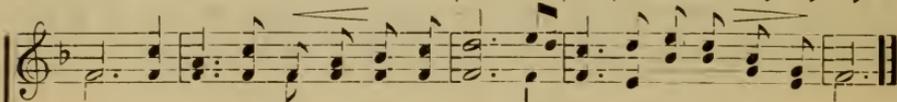
Dear Jesus is the One I Love.

mf Moderato.

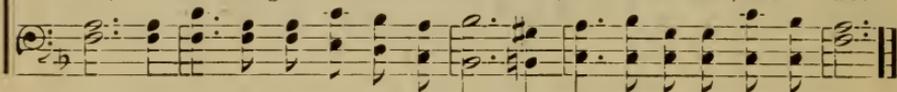
L. M. B. M. I. 5.



1. Ac - cept my youth, my strength, my prime, Ac - cept each moment of my
 2. What - e'er is wrong I here con - fess, What - e'er is good of Thou pos -
 3. My will, my mind, my heart in - spire, With all Thy Spi - rit's ho - ly
 Cho. Dear Je - sus is the One I love, Oh, bless His name! He died for
 2d. Cho. I hear and now o - bey Thy call, And leap by faith doubt's high - est

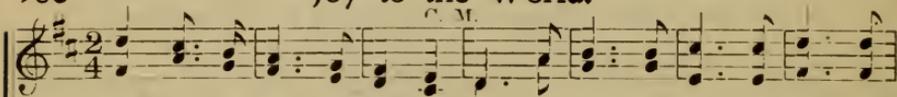


time; Earth's choicest joys I sac - ri - fice, And choose Thy smile at an - y price.
 sss; What - ev - er seem - eth to be mine, Oh, make it Thine! Lord, make it
 fire; De - stroy the dress, the self, the shame, In love's pure sin - con - sum - ing flame!
 me; His blood now cleans - es me from sin, Dear Je - sus now He sets me free.
 wall; I can - not give Thee less than all, Lord, take it all! Lord, take it all!

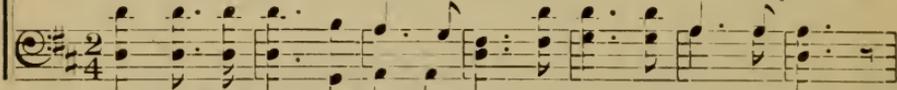


Joy to the World.

C. M.



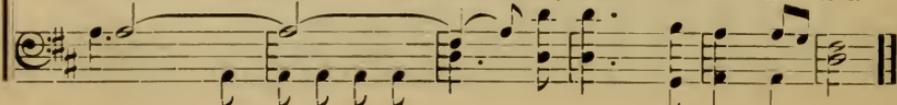
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
 comes to make His bless - ings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And



heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 wo - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

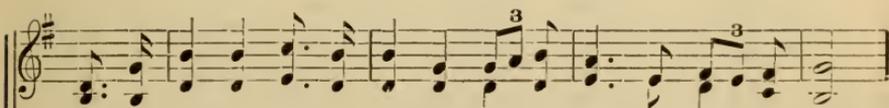


Glory, Glory to the Lamb.

S's & 7's. S. S. 462. B. M. I. 143.

Allegretto. mf

1. Pre - cious Je - sus, oh, to love Thee! Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
2. Take my warm-est, best af - fec - tions, Take my mem - 'ry, mind, and will;
3. Bold I touch Thy sa - cred gar - ment, Fear-less stretch my ea - ger hand;
4. Oh, how pre - cious, dear Re - deem - er, Is the love that fills my soul:



Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make it Thine.
 Then with all Thy lov - ing Spir - it All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
 Vir - tue, like a heal - ing foun - tain, Free - ly flows at love's com - mand.
 It is done, the word is spo - ken, "Be thou ev - 'ry whit made whole."



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

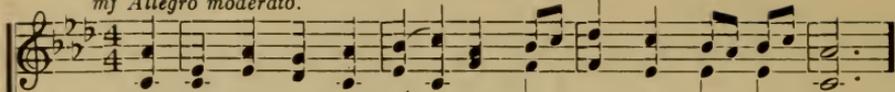


Oh, the cleans - ing blood has reached me! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

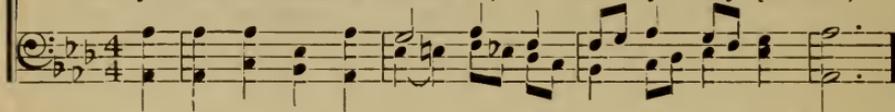


My Soul is Now United.

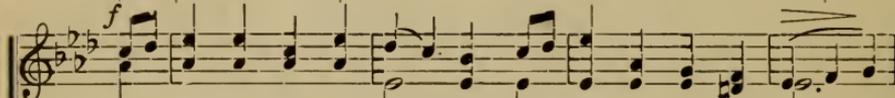
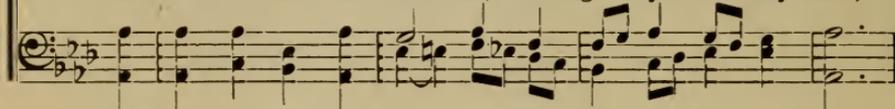
7's & 6's. S. S. 233. B. M. I. 101.

mf Allegro moderato.

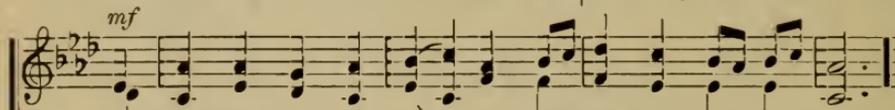
1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ the Liv - ing Vine,
 2. Soon as my all I ven - tured On the a - ton - ing blood,
 3. By floods and flames sur - round - ed, I still my way pur - sue;



His grace I long have slight - ed, But now I feel Him mine;
 The Ho - ly Spi - rit en - tered, And I was born of God.
 Nor shall I be con - found - ed, With glo - ry in my view;



I was to God a stran - ger, Till Je - sus took me in;
 My sins are all for - giv - en, I feel His blood ap - plied,
 Still Christ is my sal - va - tion—What can I cov - et more?



He freed my soul from dan - ger, And par - doned all my sin.
 And I shall go to heav - en, If I in Christ a - bide,
 I fear no con - dem - na - tion, My Fa - ther's wrath is o'er.



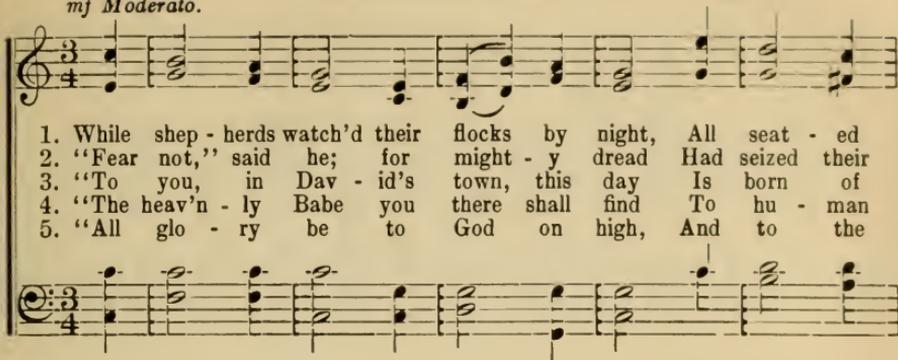
Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

7's & 6's. Tune—165. S. S. 550. B. M. I. 101.

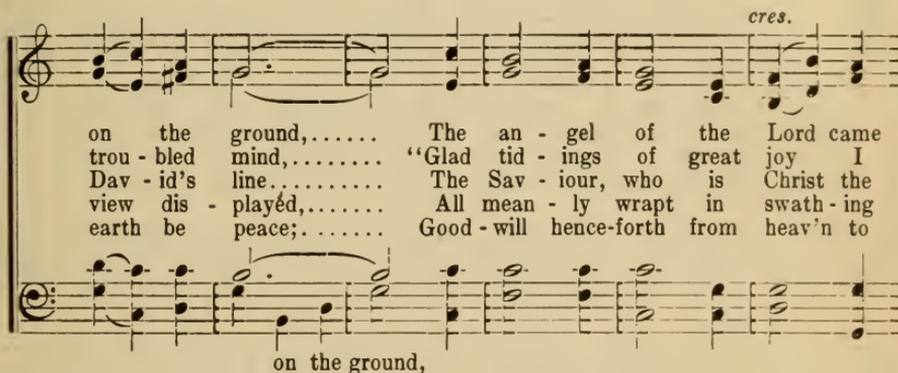
1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross!
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His Army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day.
 With loyal hearts now serve Him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

C. M. S. S. 809. B. M. I. 65.

mf Moderato.


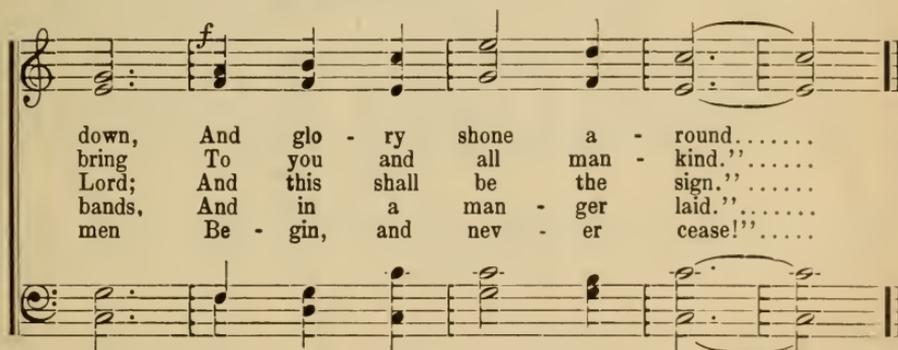
1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed
 2. "Fear not," said he; for might - y dread Had seized their
 3. "To you, in Dav - id's town, this day Is born of
 4. "The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man
 5. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the



on the ground,..... The an - gel of the Lord came
 trou - bled mind,..... "Glad tid - ings of great joy I
 Dav - id's line,..... The Sav - iour, who is Christ the
 view dis - play'd,..... All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing
 earth be peace;..... Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to

cres.

on the ground,



down, And glo - ry shone a - round.....
 bring To you and all man - kind.".....
 Lord; And this shall be the sign.".....
 bands, And in a man - ger laid.".....
 men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!".....

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.—Concluded.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone!
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

Saints of God Lift up Your Voices.

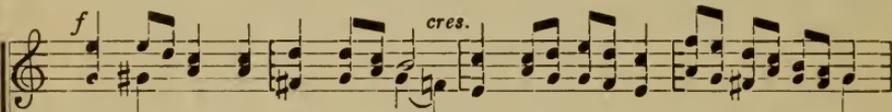
8's & 4's S. S. 327. B. M. I. 130.

f Allegro.

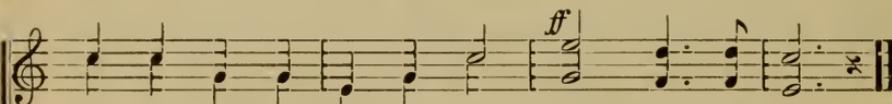
1. Saints of God, lift up your voi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!
 2. For the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Praise ye the Lord!
 3. Thousands have in Christ be - liev - ed, Praise ye the Lord!
 4. Sin - ners, you may all go with us, Praise ye the Lord!
 5. Hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing, Praise ye the Lord!



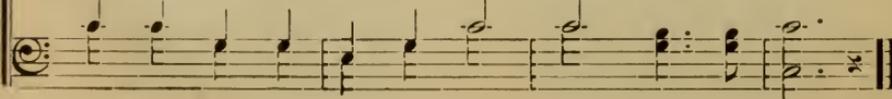
While the host of heav'n re - joi - ces, Praise ye the Lord!
 He has brought for us sal - va - tion, Praise ye the Lord!
 And His par - d'ning love re - ceiv - ed, Praise ye the Lord!
 Turn from sin, be - lieve on Je - sus, Praise ye the Lord!
 And the work of God's re - viv - ing, Praise ye the Lord!



Praise Him as ye on - ward go To the realms of end - less glo - ry,
 Je - sus died for you and me, Paid our debt on Calv'ry's mountain,
 We have joined the hap - py throng, God is with us, we're His sol - diers,
 Now's the time, no more de - lay, Hast - en to the crim - son fountain,
 See our num - bers how they swell, On - ward! The Sal - va - tion Arm - y

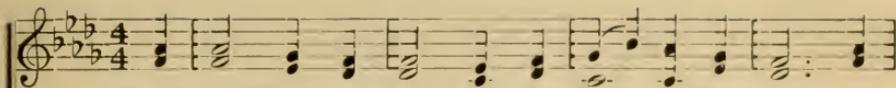


Let His praise each heart o'er - flow, Praise ye the Lord!
 Ev - 'ry sin - ner may be free. Praise ye the Lord!
 Je - sus shall be all our song. Praise ye the Lord!
 Will you start for heav'n to - day? Praise ye the Lord!
 Tri - umphs o'er the pow'rs of hell. Praise ye the Lord!

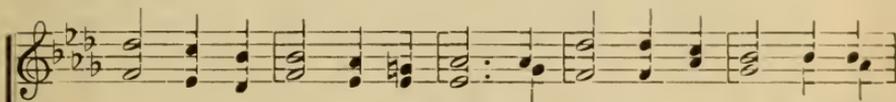


It is Well with My Soul.

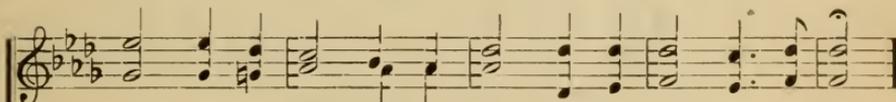
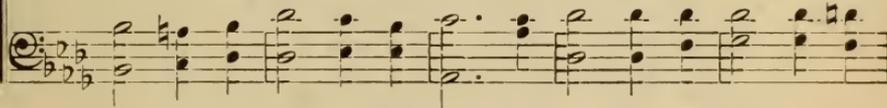
S. S. 696. B. J. 343.



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



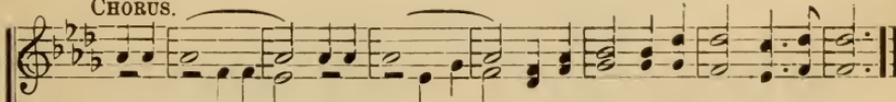
sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin - not in part but the whole, — Is nailed to His cross, and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend, — "E - ven so" — it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



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

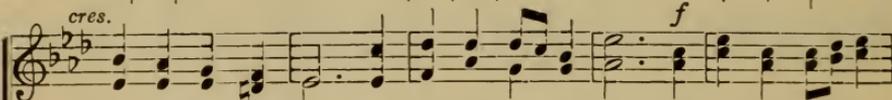


Come, Comrades Dear.

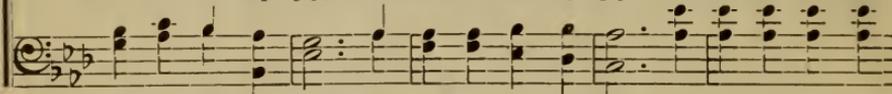
mf Allegro moderato. 8's & 6's. S. S. 239. B. M. I. 136.



1. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Je-sus' word, In
2. We feel that heav'n is now be - gun, It is-sues from the sparkling throne, From
3. And when we come to dwell a-bove, And all surround the throne of love, We'll



Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on; Our troubles and our
 Je - sus' throne on high, From Je - sus' throne on high. It comes in floods we
 drink a full sup - ply, We'll drink a full sup - ply: Je - sus will lead His



tri - als here Will on-ly make us rich-er there, When we ar-rive at home, When
 can't contain, We drink, and drink, and drink a - gain, And yet we still are dry, And
 sol-diers forth To living streams of richest worth That nev-er will run dry, That



we ar-rive at home, Will on-ly make us rich-er there, When we ar-rive at home.
 yet we still are dry, We drink, and drink, and drink a - gain, And yet we still are dry.
 nev-er will run dry, To living streams of richest worth That never will run dry.



Come, Jesus, Lord.

Tune—170. 8's & 6's. S. S. 361. B. M. I. 136.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Come, Jesus, Lord with holy fire,
Come and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God. 2 Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live,
Come, all Thou hast and art. 4 My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face;
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise. |
|---|---|

Come, Holy Ghost, All-Quickening Fire.

6-8's. S. S. 482. B. M. I. 118.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, all-quick-ning fire, Come and in me de -
 2. If now Thy in - flu - ence I feel, If now in Thee be -
 3. My Peace, my Life, my Com - fort Thou, My Treasure, and my

light to rest; Drawn by the lure of strong de - sire, Oh, come and
 gin to live. Still to my heart Thy-self re - veal, Give me Thy-
 All Thou art! True Witness of my son - ship now En - grav - ing

cres. *f* *mp*
 con - se - crate my breast! The temple of my soul pre - pare And
 self, for ev - er give: A point my good, a drop my store, Ea -
 par - don on my heart; Seal of my sins in Christ for - giv'n, Earn -

cres. *f*
 fix Thy sa - cred pres - ence there, The tem - ple - of my
 ger I ask, I pant for more, A point my good, a
 est of love, and Pledge of heav'n, Seal of my sins in

soul pre - pare, And fix Thy sa - cred pres - ence there.
 drop my store, Ea - ger I ask, I pant for more.
 Christ for - giv'n, Earn - est of love, and Pledge of heav'n.

In the Sweet By and By.

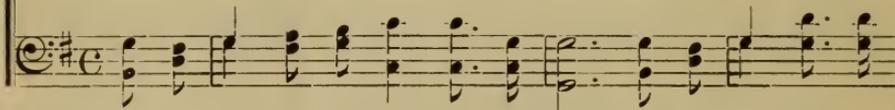
S. S. 668. B. M. I. 113.

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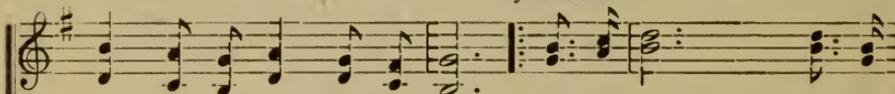
Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Co., Owners.

mf Allegro moderato.

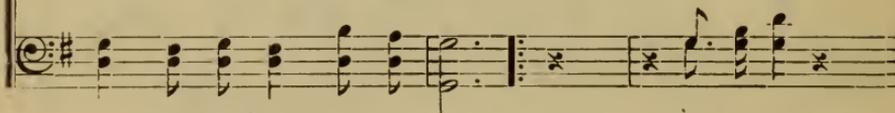
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the



see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest; And our spi - rits shall sor - row no more—Not a
 tri - bute of praise For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

*f* CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ings of rest. In the sweet
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by beau - ti - ful shore;



In the Sweet By and By.—Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'In the Sweet By and By'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The treble staff contains a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a bass line with chords. The lyrics are: 'sweet by and by We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. In the sweet by and by'.

174

I Believe We Shall Win.

Tune—173. S. S. 578.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 We're a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
With the sword of the Spirit we know
We sinners to Jesus shall bring.</p> <p>CHORUS.
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King;
I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King.</p> <p>2 We have conquered in times that are past,
And scattered the foe from the field;</p> | <p>So we'll fight for the King till the last
And the sword of the Spirit we'll wield.</p> <p>3 Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe;
But the King is the Mighty to Save,
And in conflict He always is near.</p> <p>4 Ever true to The Army and God,
We will fight in the name of the King;
We shall win with the fire and the blood,
And the world to His feet we shall bring.</p> |
|--|--|

175

I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune—173. S. S. 500.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Let us sing of His love once again—
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.</p> <p>CHORUS.
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than
snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than
snow.</p> <p>2 There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood,</p> | <p>There is perfect deliv'rance and joy
To be had in this world thro' the blood.</p> <p>3 So with banners unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be;
Till the crown from His hand we shall
seize,
And the King in His glory we see.</p> <p>4 Then we'll march in His name till we
come
At His bidding to cease from the fight;
And our Saviour shall welcome us home
To the mansions of glory and light.</p> |
|--|--|

Death Is Coming.

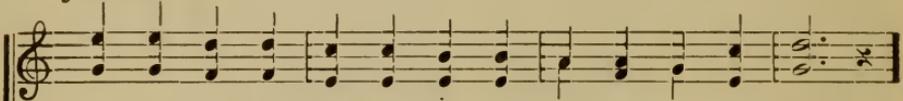
8's & 5's. S. S. 130. B. M. I. 131.

mf Moderato.

1. Sin - ner, whith - er would you wan - der? With - er would you stray?
2. Sa - tan has re - solved to have you For His law - ful prey;
3. Soon you'll see the Lord de - scend - ing On His great white throne,
4. Would you 'scape the aw - ful sen - tence? From dest - ruc - tion flee!



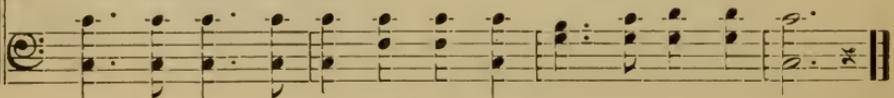
Oh, re - mem - ber, life is slen - der, 'Tis but a short day.
 Je - sus Christ has died to save you - Haste, oh, haste a - way!
 Saints and sin - ners all at - tend - ing To re - ceive their doom.
 Seek the Lord by true re - pent - ance - Haste to Cal - va - ry.

*f* CHORUS.

Death is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, And the Judg - ment day:



Hast - en, sin - ner, to the Sav - iour! Seek the nar - row way!



I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS ANNIE S. HAWES.

P. M. S. S. 762. B. M. I. 243.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!

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Near Thy Cross Assembled.

Tune 176. S. S. 511.

- 1 Near Thy cross assembled, Master,
 At Thy feet we fall;
 Seeking power to send us faster,
 Hear, Lord, while we call.
 Soul and body consecrating,
 Leaving every sin;
 Longing for a full salvation,
 Victory we would win.

Send the fire, send the fire,
 For this, Lord, we call;
 Send the sanctifying fire,
 Now baptize my soul.

- 2 Fire that changes every craving
 Into pure desire;
 Fire destroying fear and doubting,
 Fills and saves us higher:
 Fire that takes its stand for Jesus,
 Seeks and saves the lost;

Fire that follows where He pleases,
 Fearless of the cost.

- 3 In the upper room beseeching,
 Faith the promise seized;
 Hearts united Godward reaching,
 One and all believed.
 Fiery blessings fell from heaven,
 Stammering tongues set free!
 Holy power to them was given,
 With this, Lord, fill me.

- 4 Fire that turns men into heroes—
 Makes of weakness might!
 Fire that makes us more than con -
 quers, [querors,
 Fire that's daring crosses bearing,
 Now 'tis offered thee!
 Fire our Master's suffering sharing,
 Dauntless fire for me!

Depth of Mercy.

mp Andante.

7's. S. S. 185. B. M. I. 80.

1. { Depth of mer - cy! Can there be, Mer - cy still re -
 Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of
 2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him
 Would not hear - en to His calls, Grieved Him by a
 3. Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my ad - vo -
 See the cause in Je - sus' face, Now be - fore the
 4. Je - sus speaks and pleads His blood! He dis - arms the
 Now my Fa - ther's mer - cies move, Jus - tice lin - gers
 5. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and
 God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and

f CHORUS. *Allegro.*

served for me? }
 sin - ners spare? } God is love! I know, I feel,
 to His face; }
 thous - and falls. }
 cate a - bove! }
 throne of grace. }
 wrath of God; }
 in - to love. }
 spreads His hands! }
 loves me still! }

Je - sus lives and loves me still; Je - - - - sus
 Je - sus lives,

lives, He lives and loves me still
 Je - sus lives,

Begone, Vain World.

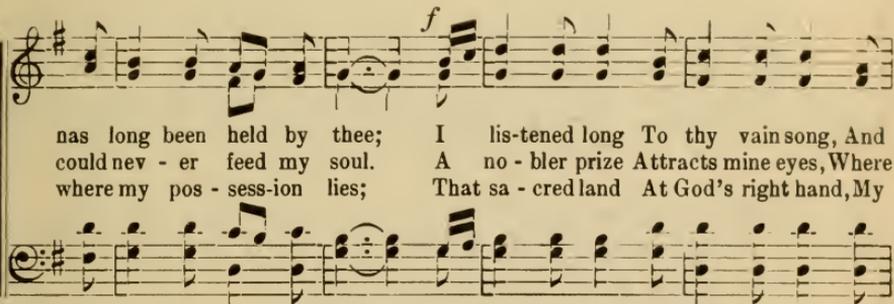
P. M. S. S. 220. B. M. I. 213.

mf Allegretto.

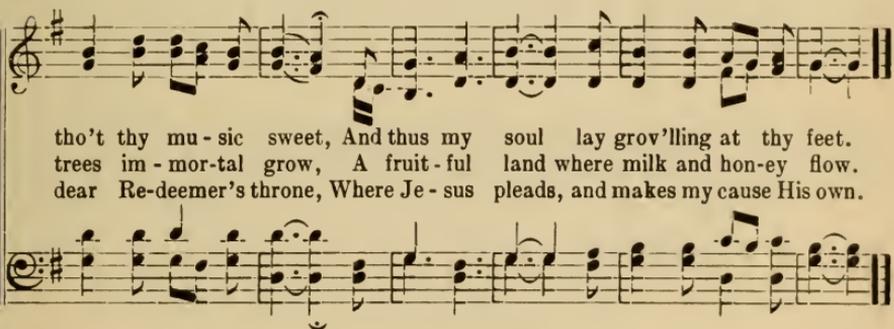
1. Be - gone, vain world! Thou hast no charms for me, My cap - tive soul
2. What are thy charms, could I command the whole? Thy min - gled sweets
3. My soul, thro' grace, on wings of faith shall rise T'ward that dear place



nas long been held by thee; I lis - tened long To thy vain song, And
 could nev - er feed my soul. A no - bler prize Attracts mine eyes, Where
 where my pos - session lies; That sa - cred land At God's right hand, My



tho't thy mu - sic sweet, And thus my soul lay grov'ling at thy feet.
 trees im - mor - tal grow, A fruit - ful land where milk and hon - ey flow.
 dear Re - deemer's throne, Where Je - sus pleads, and makes my cause His own.



181 I want, dear Lord, a Heart that's True and Clean.

Tune - 297.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 I want, dear Lord, a heart that's true
and clean, | 2 I want, dear Lord, a love that feels for all,
A deep, strong love that answers every |
| A sunlit heart, with not a cloud between, | call; |
| A heart like Thine, a heart divine— | A love like Thine, a love divine— |
| A heart as white as snow; | A love for high and low; |
| On me, dear Lord, a heart like this bestow. | On me, dear Lord, a love like this bestow. |

- 3 I want, dear Lord, a soul on fire for Thee,
 A soul baptised with heavenly energy;
 A willing mind, a ready hand,
 To do whate'er I know,
 And spread Thy light wherever I may go.

Gone Are the Days.

10's. S. S. 273. B. M. I. 179.

mp Moderato.

1. Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin, Gone are the days of
 2. Gone are the days when a Saviour's love I spurn'd; Gone are the times when
 3. Come are the joys of a heart in blood wash'd white; Come is the peace of a

cres.

conflicts fierce with-in, Gone far a-way, no more my soul to know; My
 from Calv'ry's scene I turn'd; Gone, to be brought a-against me nev-er more! My
 conscience pure and right; Come to my heart, there for-e'er to re-main, "For

f CHORUS.

Saviour's blood my heart is keep-ing White as snow.
 Saviour's blood has bought my pardon—Safe and sure. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py,
 me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—"Death is gain!"

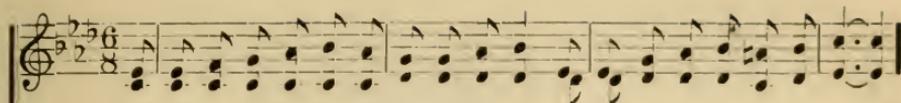
For with Je-sus now I live, And constant peace, and joy, and comfort He doth give.

Keep Waving.

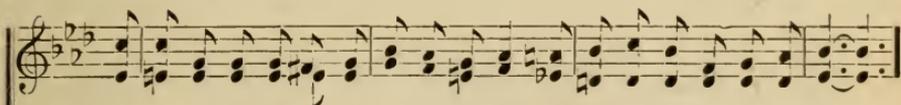
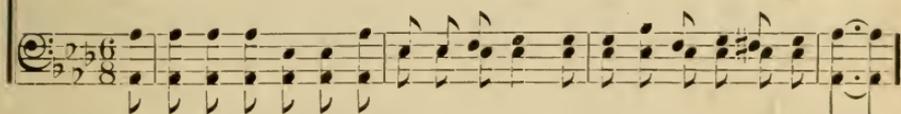
Tune—182. S. S. 522.

- 1 All round the world
 The Army chariot rolls,
 All round the world
 The Lord is saving souls;
 All round the world
 Our soldiers will be brave,
 Around our colors we will rally—
 Wave, soldiers, wave!
- 2 All round the world
 With music and with song,
- 3 All round the world
 The Saviour's blood shall flow,
 All round the world
 We will to battle go;
 All round the world
 The universe to save, [feeling—
 With blood and fire, with faith and
 Wave, soldiers, wave!
- 4 All round the world
 We'll boldly march along;
 All round the world
 To free each sin-bound slave,
 We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—
 Wave, soldiers, wave!
- CHO.—Keep waving, keep waving,
 Keep every flag unfurled,
 We soon shall have our colors waving
 All round the world.

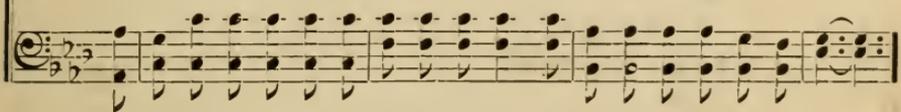
Jesus is Real to Me.



1. Tho' life's changing values may vanish away, And things that were real become dreams,
2. I nev-er have seen Him with these eyes of mine, But tho' He be hid from my sight,
3. My Sav-iour and Lead-er each mo-ment is He, My help-er in all that I do,
4. My rea-son the un-seen can nev-er dis-cern, Nor ful-ly ex-plain the un-known,



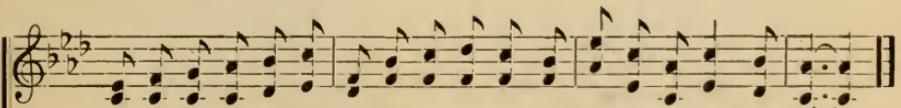
How blessed to walk with the Lord day by day, And know He is real as He seems.
 I know He is with me in Spir-it di-vine, I live in the strength of His might.
 Com-pan-ion-ship with Him is bless-ed to me, His friendship is faith-ful and true.
 But pre-cious the truth of the Spir-it I learn, When His Spirit speaks to my own.



CHORUS.



Je-sus is real to me, Yes, Je-sus is real to me, I



never will doubt Him nor journey without Him, For He is so real to me.

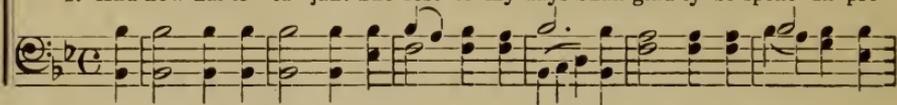


O, Boundless Salvation.

11's. S. S. 172. B. M. I. 185.

mf Moderato con espress.

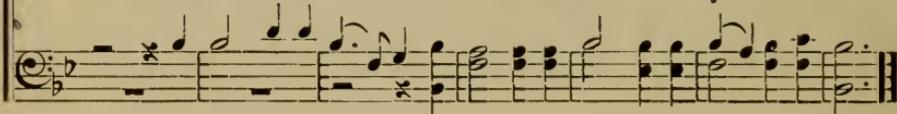
1. O boundless sal-va-tion! Deep o - cean of love, O ful-ness of mer cy Christ
2. My sins they are ma-ny, Their stains are so deep, And bit-ter the tears Of re -
3. The tide now is flow-ing I'm touching the wave, I hear the loud call Of "The
4. And now hal-le - lu - jah! The rest of my days Shall glad-ly be spent In pro -



brought from above! The whole world redeeming, So rich and so free, Now flowing for
 more that I weep; But use-less is weeping, Thou great crimson sea, Thy wa-ters can
 Might - y to Save;" My faith's growing bolder, De - liv - ered I'll be— I plunge 'neath the
 mot - ing His praise Who open'd His bo-som To pour out this sea Of boundless sal -



all men, Now flowing for all men, Now flowing for all men, Come, roll o-ver me!
 cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Thy waters can cleanse me, Come, roll o-ver me!
 wa-ters, I plunge 'neath the wa-ters I plunge 'neath the wa-ters, They, roll o-ver me!
 va - tion Of boundless sal-va-tion Of boundless sal-va-tion For you and for me!

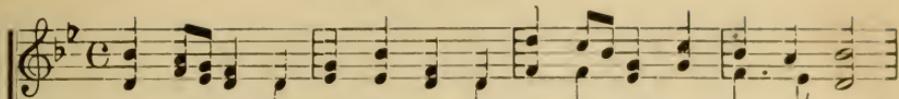


My Jesus I Love Thee.

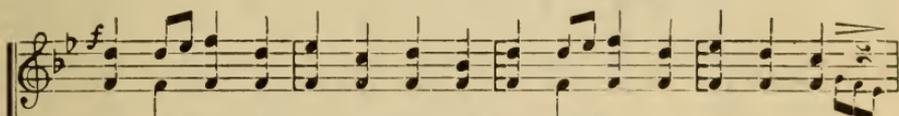
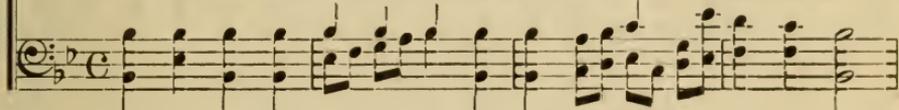
Tune—185. S. S. 322.

- 1 My Jesus, I love Thee,
 I know Thou art mine,
 For Thee all the pleasures,
 Of sin I resign;
 My gracious Redeemer,
 My Saviour art Thou,
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou
 Hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon
 When nailed to the tree;
 I love Thee for wearing
 The thorns on Thy brow,
 If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now.

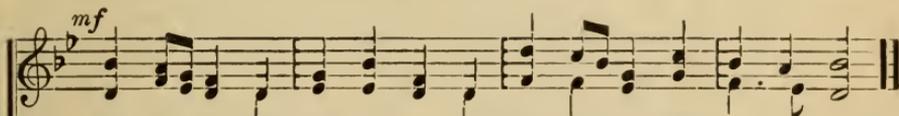
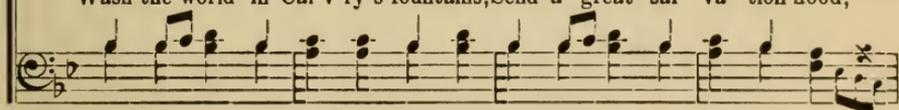
- 3 I will love Thee in life,
 I will love Thee in death,
 And praise Thee as long
 As Thou lendest me breath;
 And say when the death dew
 Lies cold on my brow,
 "If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now."
- 4 In mansions of glory
 And endless delight,
 I'll ever adore Thee,
 And dwell in Thy sight;
 I'll sing with the glittering
 Crown on my brow
 "If ever I loved Thee,
 My Jesus, 'tis now."



1. Je - sus, give Thy blood-washed Army U - ni - ver - sal lib - er - ty;
2. Thou hast bound brave hearts togeth-er, Clothed us with the Spi-rit's might,
3. 'Neath Thy sceptre foes are bend-ing, And Thy name makes dev-ils fly;
4. Lift up val - leys, cast down mountains, Make all ev - il na - tures good;



Keep us fight-ing, wait-ing calm-ly For a world-wide ju - bi - lee.
 Made us war - ri - ors for ev - er, Sent us in the field to fight;
 Christ-less kingdoms Thou art rend-ing, And Thy blood doth sin de - stroy;
 Wash the world in Cal - v'ry's fountains, Send a great sal - va - tion flood;



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall have the vic - to - ry.
 In the Ar - my, In the Ar - my, We will serve Thee day and night.
 For Thy glo - ry For Thy glo - ry We will fight un - til we die.
 All the na - tions All the na - tions We shall win with fire and blood.



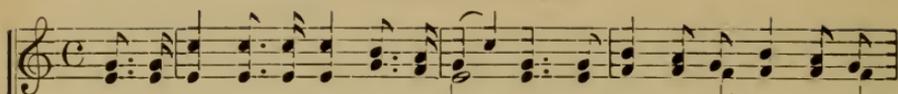
The New Born King.

Tune—187. S. S. 806.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Angels from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth,
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> | <p>3 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long with hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear.
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> |
| <p>2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the infant light;
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> | <p>4 Sinners, moved by true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence—
 Mercy calls you—breaks your chains;
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> |

Oh, yes, there's Salvation for You.

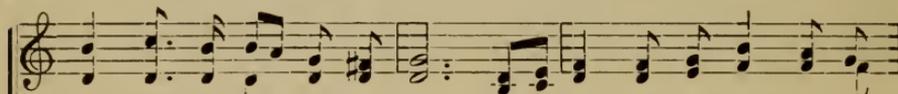
7's. S. S. 80. B. J. 42.



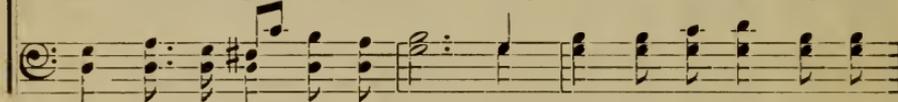
1. O'er Co-lum-bia, from o - cean to o - cean, The Sal - va - tion Ar - my you'll
2. We see how that sin's des - o - la - tion, Now threatens our land to de -
3. The out-cast, the drunkard bring hith - er, And all steeped in sin to the



see, Filled with love and a Sav - iour's de - vo - tion, Ev - 'ry
form; On Je - sus, our rock and foun - da - tion, There's
brim; May zeal for our Mas - ter ne'er with - er, Nor de -



where slaves of sin set - ting free. Our meet - ings make man - y as -
safe - ty a - lone from the storm. With the Blood and Fire flags wav - ing
sire for His glo - ry grow dim. May we from the Ar - my ne'er



sem - ble, Je - sus on - ly we lift up to view, And we'll
o'er us, Though on - ly a tried, faith - ful few, In the
sev - er, But ev - er to Je - sus prove true; Let



shout 'till we make Sa - tan tremble, "Sin - ner, there is Sal - va - tion for you."
might of our Captain we'll conquer, Tell - ing all, there's Sal - va - tion for you.
this be our war cry for ev - er, Sin - ner, there is Sal - va - tion for you.



Oh, yes, there's Salvation for You.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, there's Sal-va - tion for you, Oh, yes, there's Sal-va - tion for you, For
 you on the Cross Je - sus suffered, Sin - ner, there is Sal - va - tion for you.

190

“Almost Persuaded.”

S. S. 109. B. J. 51.

1. “Al - most per - suad - ed” now to be - lieve; “Al - most per - suad - ed,”
 2. “Al - most per - suad - ed,” come, come to - day; “Al - most per - suad - ed,”
 3. “Al - most per - suad - ed,” har - vest is past! “Al - most per - suad - ed,”
 Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, “Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! “Al - most” can - not a - vail; “Al - most” is
 go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call.”
 lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan - derer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—“Al - most—but lost!”

Nearer, my Home.

S. M. S. S. 639. B. M. I 71.

*mf Allegretto.**cres.**f*

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er— I'm near-er home to-
 2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be;... Near-er the great white
 3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er leav- ing the
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near-er

day, to-day, Than ev-er I've been be-fore, I'm near-er home to-day, to-
 throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea, Near-er the great white throne to-
 cross to-day, Near-er gaining the crown, Near-er leav- ing the cross to-
 home to-day, Near-er now than I think, For I am near-er home to-

CHORUS.

day, Than ev-er I've been be-fore. Near-er my home, Near-er my
 day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
 day, Near-er gaining the crown.
 day, Near-er now than I think.

mp *cres.* *f*
 home,... I'm near-er my home to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.

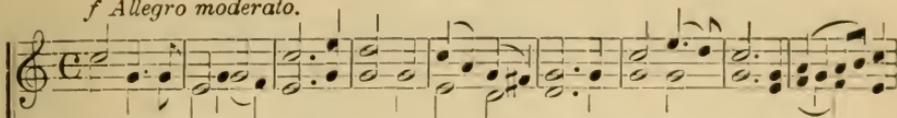
Walking in White.

S. M. Tune—191. S. S. 423.

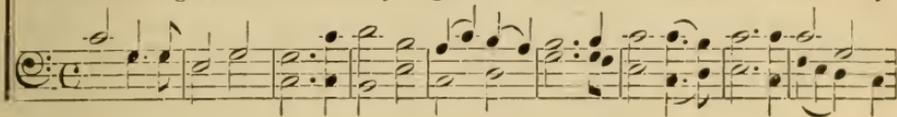
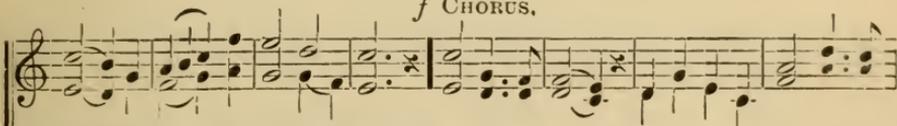
- 1 Jesus, Thy fulness give,
 My soul and body bless;
 Cleanse me from sin, that I may live
 The life of holiness.
- 2 With full salvation might,
 My heart and mind made strong,
 Help me to live and do the right,
 And part with all that's wrong.
- 3 Give me full joy and peace,
 Eternal inward rest;
 Lead me to Calvary's holy feast,
 There let my soul be blest.
- In white, in white, walking in white;
 He makes me worthy, thro' His blood,
 To walk with Him in white.
 I dare to leave it there, etc.

Praise Ye the Lord.

S. M. S. S. 314. B. M. I. 67.

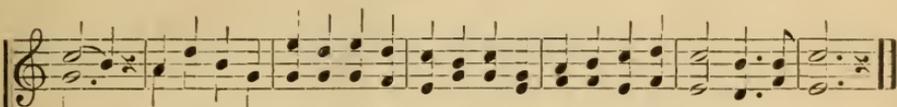
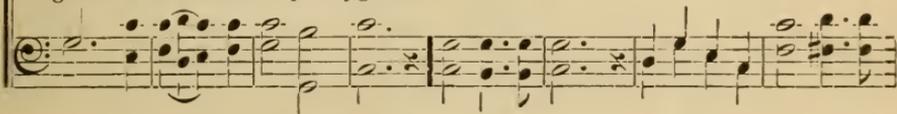
f Allegro moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song of sweet ac-
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God, But sol-diers of the heav'n-ly
3. Yea, and be-fore we rise To that im-mor-tal state, The thoughts of such a-maz-ing
4. The men of grace have found Glory be-gun be-low; Ce-les-tial fruit on earth-ly

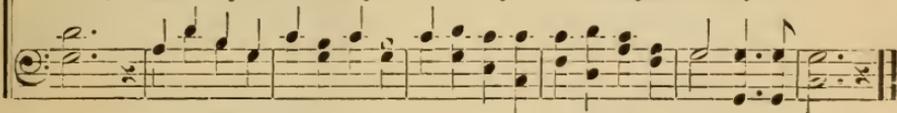
*f* CHORUS,

cord, While ye sur-round His throne.
 King, Must speak their joys a-broad.
 bliss Should constant joys cre-ate.
 ground From faith and hope may grow.

Praise ye the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the



Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!



Stand Up, and Bless the Lord.

Tune—193. S. S. 331.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of His choice,
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice. 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear His holy name,
 And bless and magnify? 3 Oh, for the living flame,
 From His own altar brought, | <p>To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 God is our Strength and Song,
 And His salvation ours;
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransomed powers. 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore. |
|--|--|

Called From Above.

S. M. S. S. 373. B. M. I. 76.

p Andante.

1. Call'd from a - bove I rise, And wash a - way my sin; The
 2. It runs di - vine - ly clear, A fount - ain deep and wide, 'Twas
 3. Deep in my soul I feel, The liv - ing wa - ters spring, And
 4. My thirst - y spi - rit craves, No less - er joy than this: To

stream to which my spi - rit flies, Can make the foul - est clean.
 o - pen'd by the sol - dier's spear, In my Re - deemer's side.
 joy the won - drous news to tell, And full sal - va - tion sing.
 know that Je - sus ful - ly saves, And I am ful - ly His.

A Charge to Keep.

S. M. Tune—195. S. S. 441. B. M. I. 76.

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

Spirit Of Faith.

S. M. Tune—195. S. S. 468. M. B. I. 76.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood. | 3 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes. |
| 2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me. | 4 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love. |

Blessed Lord in Thee is Refuge.

8. 7. 4 S. S. 471. B. M. I. 163.

mf Moderato.

1. Bless - ed Lord, in Thee is ref - uge, Safe - ty for my
 2. In the past too un - be - liev - ing 'Midst the tem - pest
 3. Oh, for trust that brings the tri - umph, When de feat seems

trem - bling soul, Power to lift my head when droop - ing,
 I have been, And to my heart my has slow - ly trust - ed
 strange - ly near! Oh, for faith that chang - es fight - ing

f *mf*

'Midst the an - gry bil - lows' roll. I will trust Thee,
 What my eyes have nev - er seen. Bless - ed Je - sus,
 In - to vic - t'ry's ring - ing cheer! Faith tri - umph - ant!

cres. *f* *mp*

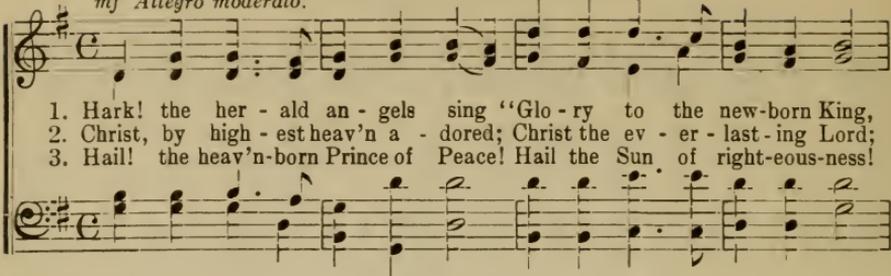
cres. *f*

I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt con - trol.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
 Faith tri - umph - ant! Faith tri - umph - ant! Know - ing not de - feat or fear.

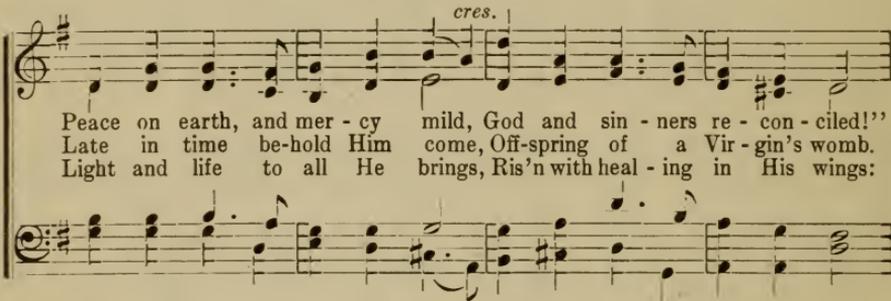
Oh, Thou God of Full Salvation.

8. 7. 4. Tune—198. B. M. I. 163.

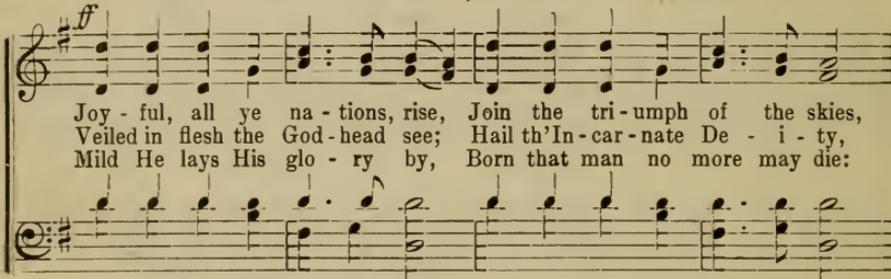
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O Thou God of full salvation,
 King of righteousness divine,
 Author of the new creation,
 Light of life, within us shine!
 Make us holy!
 With Thy blessing make us Thine</p> <p>2 From self and sin deliver,
 With Thy nature make us good;
 Make us kings and priests for ever,
 Wash our garments in Thy blood.
 O'er our Army
 Send a great salvation flood.</p> | <p>3 Sun of righteousness arising,
 Cheer us while we bear the cross,
 Living, dying, sacrificing,
 Purify from sinful dross
 Thy disciples,
 Teach us how to gain by loss.</p> <p>4 Thou art love's unfathomed ocean,
 Wisdom's deepest, clearest sea,
 Heaven and earth's salvation portion,
 Parent of eternity;
 Grace and glory
 In abundance flow from thee.</p> |
|--|--|

mf Allegro moderato.


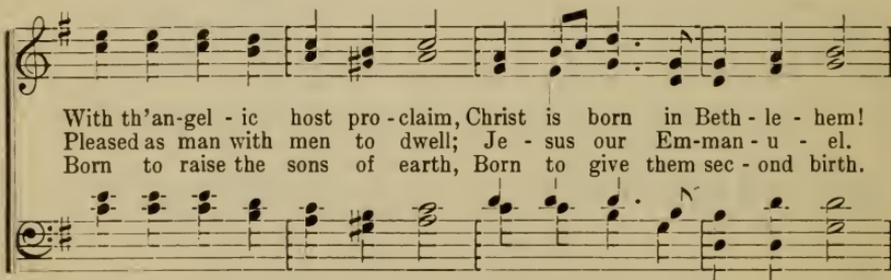
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!



cres.
 Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
 Late in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a Vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:

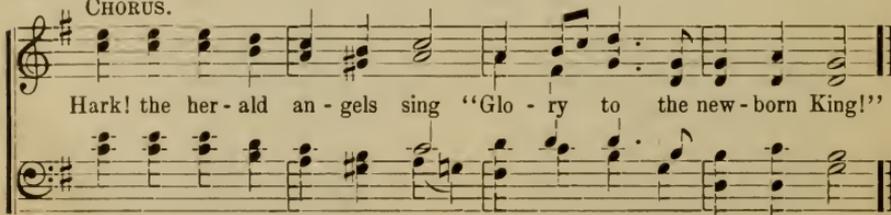


ff
 Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies,
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th'In - car - nate De - i - ty,
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:



With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus our Em - man - u - el.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

CHORUS.



Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

This Is Why I Love My Jesus.

S's & 7's. S. S. 225. B. M. I. 159.

mp *Moderato.*

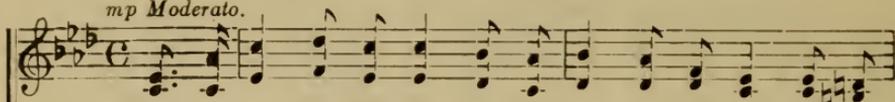
1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
 4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless-ed Je - sus, From my sins has ran-somed me.
 'Tis be-cause the Blood of Je - sus, Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
 'Tis be-cause a - mid temp-ta - tion, He sup-ports and strengthens me.
 'Tis be-cause my Friend and Sav - iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

f CHORUS.
 This is why..... I love my Je - - sus, This is
 This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, This is

why I love Him so, He has par - don'd my trans-
 why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so, He has pardon'd my transgressions, He has

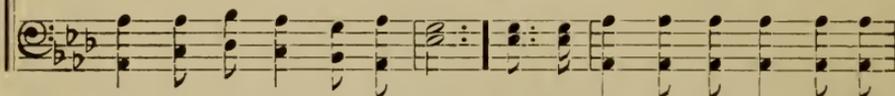
gres - sions, He has wash'd..... me white as snow, white as snow.
 pardon'd my transgressions, He has wash'd me, He has wash'd me white as snow, white as snow.

mp Moderato.

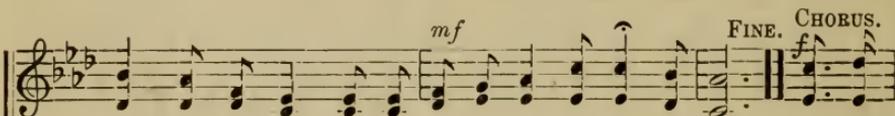
1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry



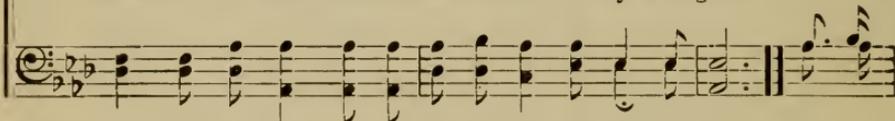
glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for ev - er will
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our



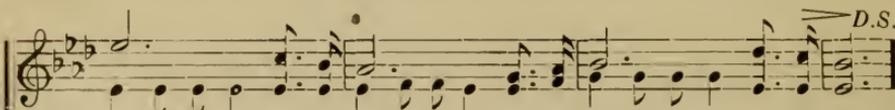
D. S.—There the eyes of the faith - ful their



leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the
 shine like the stars In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 crown to a - dorn In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.



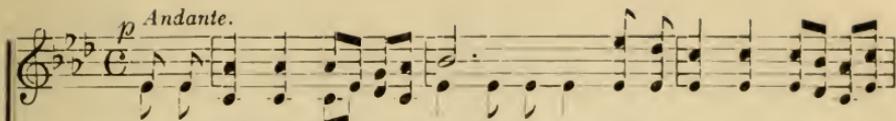
Sav - iour be - hold In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.



sun, there the sun nev - er sets, never sets, and the leaves, and the leaves never fade;



S. S. 827. B. M. I. 287.



1. We shall meet our lov'd ones there, meet them there, Where no eye e'er sheds a
2. We shall see our Sav-iour there, Saviour there, Free from sorrow, grief and
3. We shall sing His prais-es there, shall sing there. Who has saved and cleansed us
4. We shall reign as vic-tors there, shall reign there, For we'll fight and con-quer



tear, sheds a tear, For Je-sus Him-self will be our Lead-er, As we
 care; grief and care; For Je-sus Him-self will be our Lead-er, As we
 here; cleansed us here, For Je-sus Him-self will be our Lead-er, As we
 here; conquer here; For Je-sus Him-self will be our Lead-er, As we



walk thro' the val-ley in peace, in peace. We shall walk thro' the valley of the



shad-ow of death, We shall walk thro' the val-ley in peace, in peace.



I've Found the Pearl.

C. M. S. S. 315. B. M. I. 302.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. I've found the Pearl of Greatest Price, My heart doth sing for joy,.....
 2. My Christ, He is the Lord of lords, He is the King of kings;.....
 3. My Christ, He is the Tree of Life, Which in God's gar - den grows;.....
 4. Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink, My medicine and my health;.....
 5. My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens, My Christ, what shall I call?.....

cres.

My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ I have,
 He is the King of kings; He is the Sun of right - eous-ness,
 Which in God's gar - den grows; Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal;
 My medi - cine and my health; My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
 My Christ, what shall I call? My Christ is first, my Christ is last,

And sing I must, for Christ I have, O what a Christ have
 He is the Sun of Right - eous-ness, With heal - ing in His
 Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal; My Christ is Shar - on's
 My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown, My glo - ry and my
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last, My Christ is All - in -

I,.....
 wings.....
 Rose.....
 wealth,.....
 all,.....

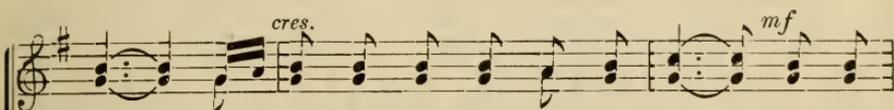
Oh, what a Christ have I.
 With heal - ing in His wings.
 My Christ is Shar - on's Rose.
 My glo - ry and my wealth.
 My Christ is All - in - all.

Yes, Oh, Yes!

8's (4 lines). S. S. 175. B. M. I. 115.

mp Andante, con moto.

1. I have heard of a Sav - iour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languished and died on the
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the soldiers of Je - sus shall
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine; To whom shall I go but to



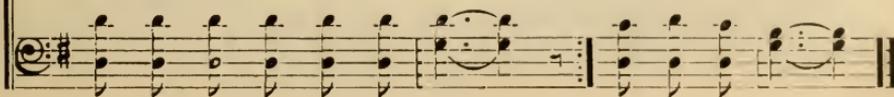
be; ... But did He come down from a - bove.. Out of
 tree; .. But then is it an - y - where said... That He
 see; ... But is there a place in the sky... Made
 Thee? And say, by Thy Spi - rit di - vine,.. There's a

*f* CHORUS.*mf*

love and com - pas - sion for me? Yes, oh, yes! Out of
 languished and suffered for me?
 read - y and furnished for me?
 Sav - iour and heav - en for me?



love and com - pas - sion for me!... pas - sion for me!...



7's & 11's. S. S. 574. B. M. I. 108.

mf

1. We are sweeping thro' the land With the sword of God in hand; We are
 2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light, We will serve Him with our might, And His
 3. We are sweeping on to win Per-fect vic-t'ry o-ver sin, And we'll

cres.

watching and we're praying while we fight. On the wings of love we'll fly,
 arm shall bring sal-va-tion to the poor; They shall lean up-on His breast,
 shout our Saviour's praises ev-er-more! When the strife on earth is done,

fight, while we fight.

f

To the souls a-bout to die, And we'll force them to be-hold the pre-cious light.
 Know the sweetness of His rest, Of His par-don He the vil-est will as-sure.
 And some million souls we've won, We'll rejoice our conqu'ring comrades gone before.

CHORUS.

f *ff*

With the conqu'ring Son of God, Who has washed us in His blood, Dan-ger

brav-ing, sin-ners sav-ing, We are sweeping thro' the land.

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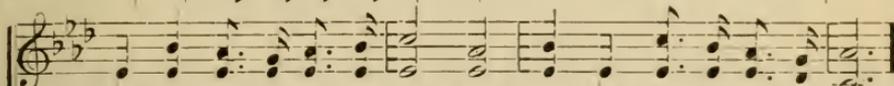
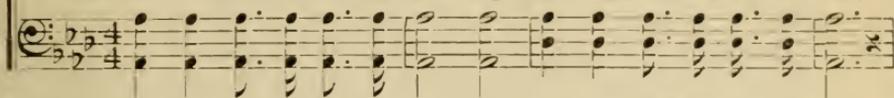
Mrs. LILLIAN BAXTER.

8's & 7's. S. S. 768.

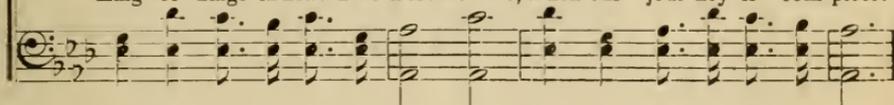
W. H. DOANE.



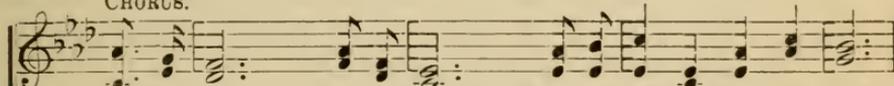
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



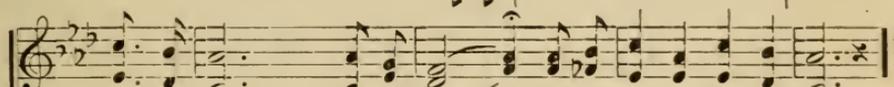
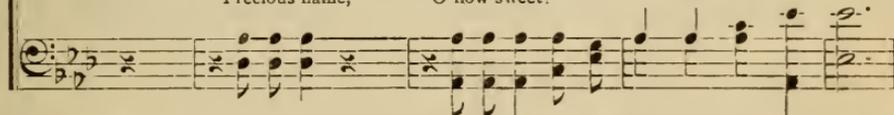
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



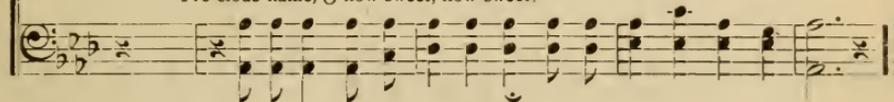
CHORUS.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



8's & 7's. Tune - 207. S. S. 499.

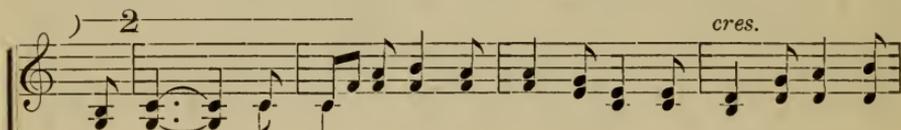
- 1 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
 Whom have I in heaven beside?
 Who on earth, with love so tender,
 All my wandering steps will guide?
 Only Thee, only Thee!
 Loving Saviour, only Thee
- 2 Only Thee! No joy I covet
 But the joy to call Thee mine—
 Joy that gives the blest assurance
 Thou hast owned, and sealed me Thine.
- 3 Only Thee! I ask no other,
 Thou art more than all to me;
 Life or health or creature comfort—
 I would give them all for Thee.
- 4 Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
 Would my raptured vision see,
 While my faith is reaching upward,
 Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

I Cannot Leave the Dear Old Flag.

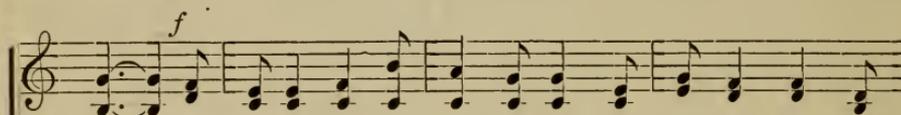
P. M.—S. S. 526. B. M. I. 301.

mf Allegretto.

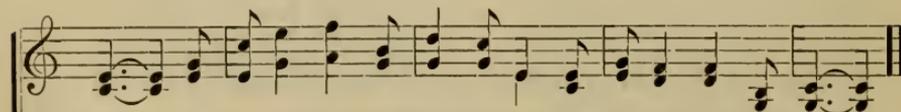
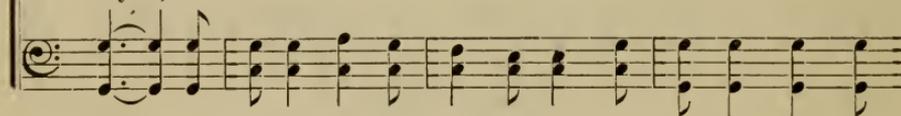
1. They bid me choose an eas - ier path, And seek a light - er cross,
They bid me ming - le with heav'n's gold, A lit - tle of
2. They say the fight - ing is too hard, That health will sure - ly fail.
That dread - ful is a paup - er's lot, They'd have such fears
3. They say I can a Chris - tian be, And serve God quite as well,
And reach heav'n just as sure - ly by The mu - sic of



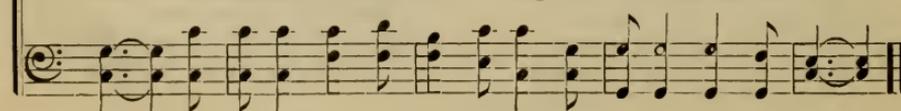
earth's dross; They bid me, but in vain, once more The world's il - lu - sions
pre - vail. But, oh, how can I quit my post, While millions sin-bound
church - bell! But, oh, the drum and clarion-call Of band make my pulse



try!
lie? } I can-not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet - ter far to
fly!



die! I can - not leave the dear old flag, 'Twere bet - ter far to die!



Shall We Gather At the River?

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R. L.

S's & 7's. S. S. 835. B. M. I. 155.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 2. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own;
 3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shiin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim-age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God.
 We shall meet, and sor-row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

Yes, There Flows a Wondrous River.

Tune, -210.-S. S. 348.

1. Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
 That can make the foulest clean;
 To the soul it is the giver
 Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
 The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
 That can make a saint of a sinner;
 It flows from the throne of God.

2. All who seek this cleansing river
 Have their deepest needs supplied;

From all stains its waves deliver,
 To the soul when they're applied.

3. Have you proved this precious river
 Perfect cleansing gaining there,
 Losing burdens that need never
 Rise again to bring you care?

4. On the margin of this river,
 In your stains, why still delay?
 Why not now be free forever,
 And the voice of God obey?

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow' r?
 4. Hold Thon Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thon who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav' n's morn'ng breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

213

JOHN KEPLER.

Sun of My Soul.

L. M. S. S. 756. E. M. I. 7.

HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last

earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
 thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er 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, [take,
 Ere thro' the world my way I
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heav'n above.

214

RAY PALMER.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

6's & 4's. S. S. 695. E. M. I. 203.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thon Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side,
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust remove; O bear me safe a - bove, - A ran - somed soul.

I'll Be A Sunbeam.

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E. O. EXCELL.

NELLIE TALBOT.



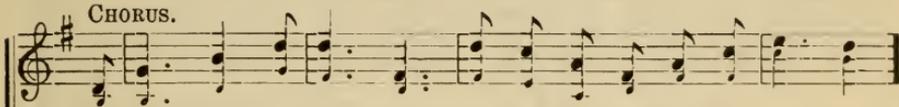
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try:



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
 Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



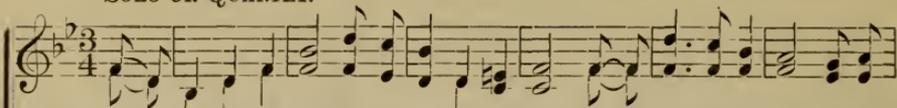
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



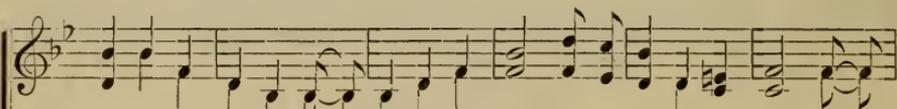
The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key

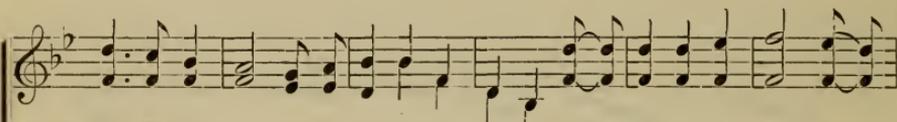
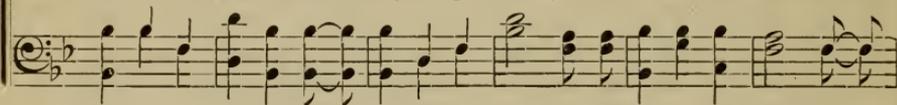
SOLO OR QUARTET.



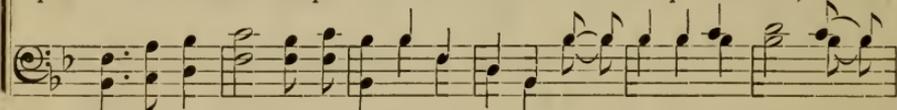
1. Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the



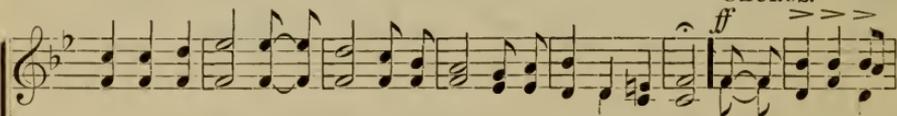
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 bat - tle's con - fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should leave us no more? Their
 war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic'try and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the



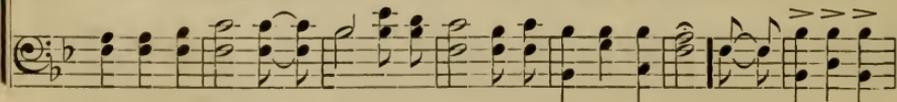
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
 pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our



CHORUS.



bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
 hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
 cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God ia our trust!" And the star-spangled



The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
 ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

217

America.

S. F. Smith.

B. M. I. 202.

English.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
 4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King

218

God Bless Our Army Brave.

Tune,—“America,”—217.—S. S. 507.

- 1 God bless our Army brave,
 Soon shall our colors wave
 O'er land and sea.
 Clothe us with righteousness,
 Our faithful soldiers bless,
 And crown with great success
 Our Army brave.
- 2 The “blood and fire” bestow,
 Go with us when we go
 To fight for Thee.

- Still with our Army stay,
 Drive sin and fear away,
 Give victory day by day
 On Israel's side.
- 3 God bless our General,
 Our Officers as well—
 God bless them all.
 Oh, give us power to fight
 To put all hell to flight,
 Let victory still delight
 Our Army brave.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

S. S. 100.

J. H. STOCKTON,

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly give you rest By,
 2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow; Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve' in Him without de-lay, And
 5. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word,
 wash-es white as snow. } On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
 you are ful - ly blest. } He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.
 joys im-mor - tal flow.

220

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

L. M. S. S. 316. B. M. I. 11.

E. F. RIMBAULT,

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins a - way! } He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }
 4 Now rest, my long-divided
 heart; { mine- }
 Fixed on this blissful centre, I am my Lord's, and He is
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart, He drew me, and I followed on,
 With Him of every good possessed, Charmed to confess the voice
 divine.

221

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

S. S. 51.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in seraph song, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
 D. S. - Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven, 3 All glory to the dying Lamb! 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus; I now believe in Jesus; No other name but Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven, I love the blessed Saviour's name, Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 And wear a crown with Jesus. I love the name of Jesus. The charming name of Jesus.

God Gave His Son for Me.

P. M.—B. M. I. 232.

1. God gave His Son for me, Oh, won-drous love! From sin to
 2. Je - sus paid all my debt, Oh, won-drous love! Wid - est ex -
 3. There, there at God's right hand, Oh, won-drous love! I see my
 4. He'll give me need - ful grace, Oh, won-drous love! Soon I shall

set me free, Oh, won-drous love! A guilt - y reb - el I, Bound and con-
 tremes He met, Oh, won-drous love! Justice is satisfied, Heav'n's gate thrown
 sure - ty stand, Oh, won-drous love! He makes my nature pure, In Him I
 see His face, Oh, won-drous love! Join those who've gone before, Sorrow and

Repeat for Chorus.

demned to die— He did not pass me by, Oh, won - drous love!
 o - pen wide, God now is glo - ri - fied, Oh, won - drous love!
 am se - cure, What - ev - er I en - dure, Oh, won - drous love!
 pain all o'er; Heav'n, heav'n, for-ev-er-more, Oh, won - drous love!

Jesus is Mine.

S. S. 296, Tune—222.

1 When fade my earthly joys,
 Jesus is mine!
 When break earth's tender ties,
 Jesus is mine;
 Though dark this wilderness,
 Though here no resting place,
 Jesus will surely bless;
 Jesus is mine!
 Jesus does satisfy; Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
 Jesus is mine!
 He's my unfailing Stay;
 Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,
 Born for but one brief day,
 Turn not my heart away;
 Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
 Jesus is mine!
 Lost in this dawning light;
 Jesus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void;
 Jesus has satisfied;
 Jesus is mine!

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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 wash away 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.

225

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

S. S. 191. B. J. 14.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers
 2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing there in
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded
 4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
 deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee. } Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry;

All Things are Possible.

6-8's.—S. S. 479. B. M. I. 121.

mp Allegretto.

1. All things are poss - i - ble to him That can in Je - sus' name believe: Lord,
2. The most im - pos - si - ble of all Is that I e'er from sin should cease: Yet
3. When Thou the work of faith hast wrought, I here shall in Thy image shine, Nor
4. All things are pos - si - ble to God, To Christ, the pow'r of God in man; To

*cres.*

I no more Thy truth blaspheme, Thy truth I lov - ing - ly re - ceive;
 shall it be, I know it shall; Je - sus, look to Thy faith - ful - ness!
 sin in deed or word or thought; Let men ex - claim, and fiends re - pine,
 me, when I am all re - newed, When I in Christ am formed again,

*mf cres.*

I can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me; I
 If noth - ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me; If
 They can - not break the firm de - cree; All things are pos - si - ble to me; They
 And wit - ness, from all sin set free, All things are pos - si - ble to me; And

*a tempo. cres.*

can, I do be - lieve in Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.
 noth - ing is too hard for Thee, All things are pos - si - ble to me.
 can - not break the firm de - cree; All things are pos - si - ble to me.
 wit - ness, from all sin set free, All things are pos - si - ble to me.



To the Work.

F. J. Crosby.

B. J. 382.

W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the fountain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all. For the kingdom of
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
 Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
 crown shall our la-bor re-ward, When the home of the faith-ful our

strength to re-new; Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 alt-ed shall be In the loud swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed "Sal-va-tion is free!"

CHORUS.

Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
 Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

on, Let us hope Let us watch, And labor till the Master comes.
 Toiling on, and trust, and pray,

mf

1. I am saved! I am saved! Je - sus bids me go free!
 2. Wondrous love! Wondrous love! Now the gift I re - ceive!
 3. I am cleansed! I am cleansed! I am whit - er than snow!
 4. I am weak— I am strong, In the power of His might!

He has bought with a price Ev - en me, Ev - en me!
 I have rest in His word: I be - lieve, I be - lieve!
 He is might - y to save— This I know, this I know!
 And my dark - ness He's turned In - to light, in - to light!

CHORUS.

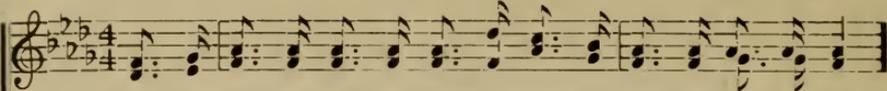
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! to my

Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

To the War.

Tune—227. S. S. 545.

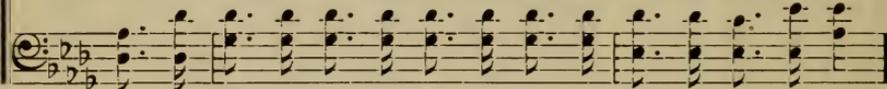
- 1 To the war! to the war!
 Loud and long sounds thy cry;
 To the war! every soldier
 Who fears not to die;
 See the millions who're drifting
 To hell's endless woe,
 Oh, who in the name
 Of Jehovah will go?
- CHO.—Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on,
 fighting on,
 With the blood and fire we will never tire,
 We'll fight until the Master calls.
- 2 To the war! to the war!
 Who'll the war cry obey?
- 'Tis the great God who calls you
 To fight while 'tis day;
 Though the battle be fierce,
 And though mighty the foe,
 The Salvation Army
 To victory must go.
- 3 To the war! to the war!
 Every man to his post;
 Go care for the dying,
 Go, seek for the lost;
 Hark! converts are singing.
 Their bright faces glow,
 As they joyfully shout:
 "To the war we will go!"



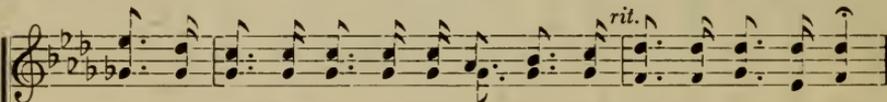
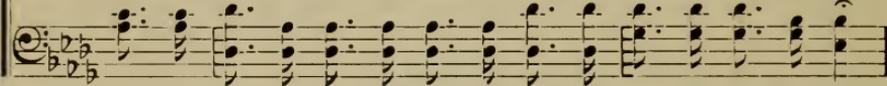
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
 2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry bur-den'd heart,
 3. We shall come with joy and glad-ness, We shall gath-er round the throne;



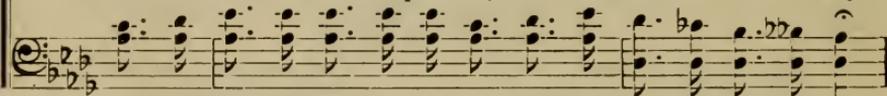
And the sun-light falls in glad-ness On the riv-er and the rills,
 Oft we toil a-mid the shad-ows, And our fields are far a-part:
 Face to face with those who love us, We shall know as we are known:



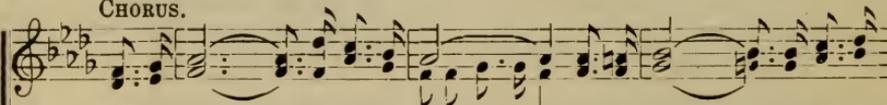
We re-call our Father's prom-ise In the rain-bow of the spray:
 But the Sav-iour's "Come, ye blessed," All our la-bor will re-pay,
 And the song of our re-demp-tion, Shall re-sound thro' end-less day,



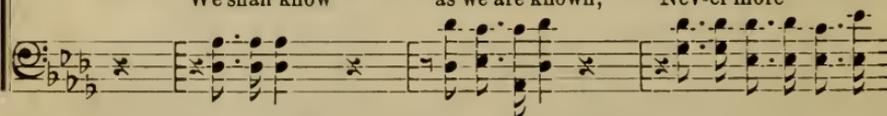
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have rolled a-way.
 When we gath-er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a-way.
 When the shad-ows have de-part-ed, And the mists have rolled a-way.



CHORUS.



We shall know . . . as we are known, . . . Nev-er - more . . . to walk a -
 We shall know as we are known, Nev-er more



When the Mists have Rolled Away.—Concluded.

lone, In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:
to walk a-lone,

We shall know each oth - er bet-ter, When the mists are rolled a-way.

rit.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'lone' followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues for a few more measures before ending with a double bar line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

231

Happy Home.

Tune - 230. S. S. 585. B. J. 7.

1 There's a crown laid up in glory,
There's a robe for all to wear,
And we never need be sorry
That we did life's troubles share;
For our crown will shine the brighter
For the battles we have won,
And our robes will be the whiter
When our trav'ling days are done.

2 There's a golden harp in glory,
There's a welcome for the true;
There's a rest for all the weary,
There's a victor's palm for you.
Oh, we'll praise the Lord forever
When we stand before His throne,
And our joys will end—no never!
When our trav'ling days are done.

CHORUS.

Happy home, a happy home,
Never more from Christ to roam!
When our fighting here is over,
And our vict'ries all are won,
There's a mansion up in glory,
When our trav'ling days are done.

3 There will be no room for sadness,
There will be no sorrow there,
For unceasing songs of gladness
Will for ever fill the air.
There will be no farewell meetings
In that land where God's the Sun;
But one long eternal greeting
When our trav'ling days are done.

232

Praise God! I'm Saved.

(The Army Doxology.)

f *Maestoso.* *cres.* *ff*

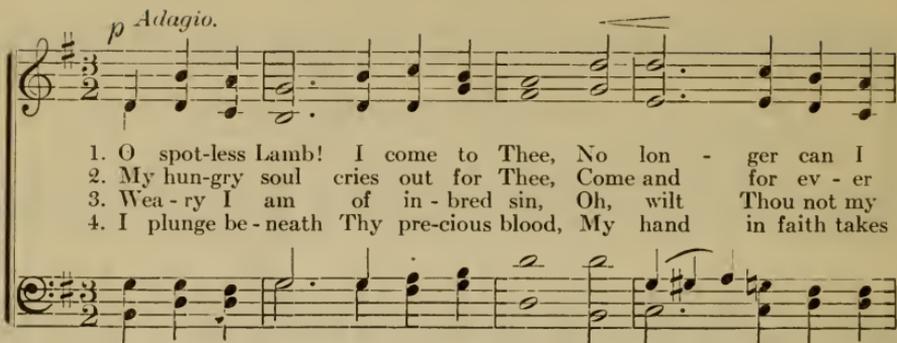
Praise God! I'm saved! Praise God! I'm saved! All's well, all's well, He sets me free.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line begins with a long note on 'Praise' followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues for a few more measures before ending with a double bar line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte), *Maestoso.* (moderato), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo).

Take All My Sins Away.

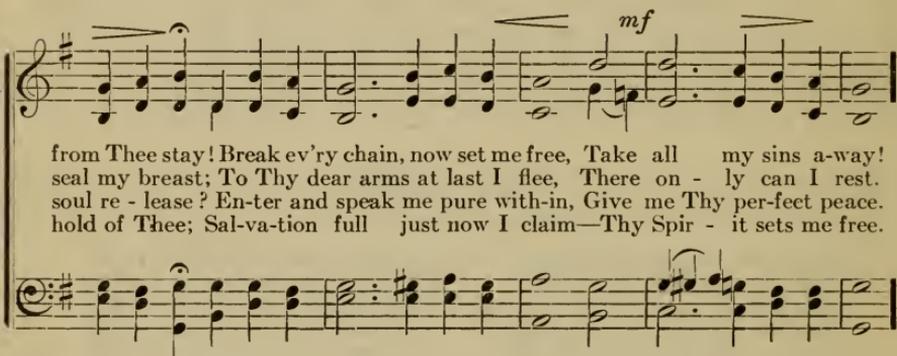
8, 8, 8, 6.—S. S. 426. B. M. I. 135.

p Adagio.



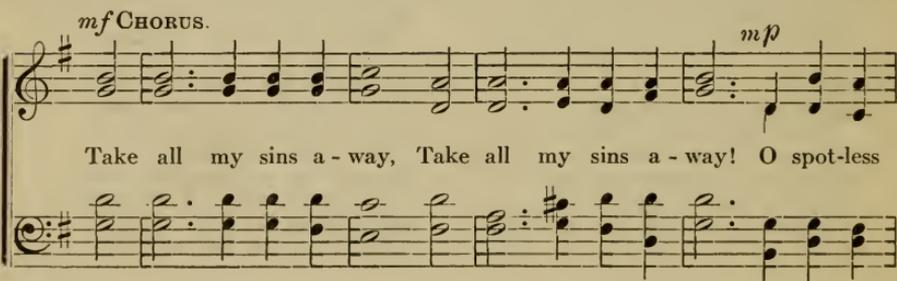
1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to Thee, No lon - ger can I
 2. My hun-gry soul cries out for Thee, Come and for ev - er
 3. Wea - ry I am of in - bred sin, Oh, wilt Thou not my
 4. I plunge be - neath Thy pre-cious blood, My hand in faith takes

mf



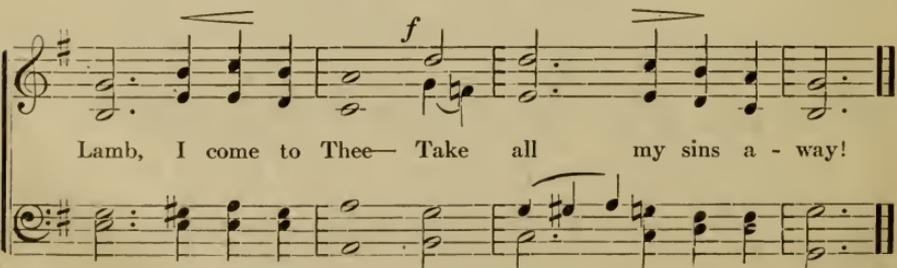
from Thee stay! Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a-way!
 seal my breast; To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.
 soul re - lease? En-ter and speak me pure with-in, Give me Thy per-fect peace.
 hold of Thee; Sal-va-tion full just now I claim—Thy Spir - it sets me free.

mf CHORUS. *mp*



Take all my sins a - way, Take all my sins a - way! O spot-less

f



Lamb, I come to Thee— Take all my sins a - way!

mf Moderato.

1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem Their chil-dren brought to Je - sus,
 2. "For I will re - ceive them, And fold them in My bo - som;
 3. How kind was our Sav - iour To bid those chil - dren wel - come!

The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, And bade them de - part;
 I'll be a Shep - herd to those lambs, Oh, drive them not a - way!
 But there are ma - ny thou - sands who Have nev - er heard His name;

But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweet - ly smiled and
 For if their hearts to Me they give, They shall with Me in
 The Bi - ble they have nev - er read, They know not that the

kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
 glo - ry live: "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."
 Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me."

Oh, Come, Come Away.

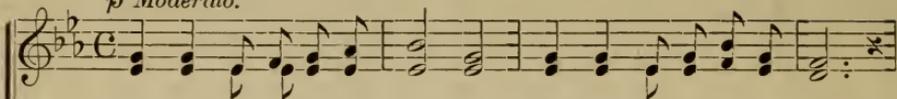
P. M. Tune—234. S. S. 97. B. M. I. 252.

- 1 Oh, come, come away,
 Ye sinners are invited
 A feast to share so now prepare:
 Oh, come, come away!
 No longer do excuses make,
 But every sinful way forsake,
 And the heavenly feast partake.
 Oh, come, come away!
- 2 Oh, come, come away.
 And haste to yonder mountair,
 There mercy rolls for guilty souls;
 Oh, come, come away!

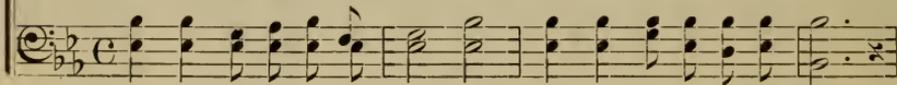
- The fountain still is open wide,
 It gushes from the Saviour's side;
 Come, plunge beneath the tide.
 Oh, come, come, away!
- 3 Oh, come, come away,
 The Saviour now is waiting;
 He will receive all who believe,
 Oh, come, come away!
 And in the world He'll be your friend,
 He'll love and keep you to the end,
 Then to heaven you shall ascend;
 Oh, come, come away!

I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour.

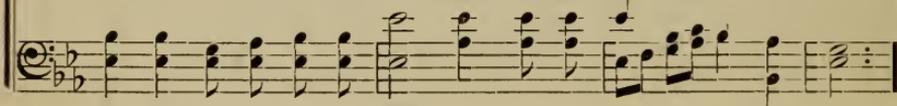
8s. 7s.—S. S. 438. B. M. I. 144.

♩ Moderato.

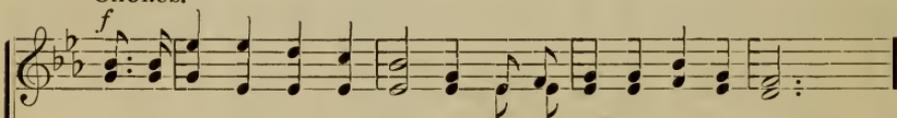
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
3. Let the world de - spise and leave me;—They have left my Sav - iour, too;
4. And while Thou shalt smile upon me; God of Wis - dom, love and might,
5. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
6. Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!



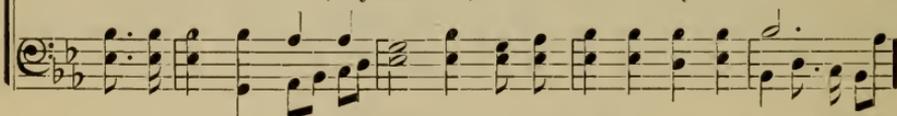
Though I be despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
 Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own!
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not like them, un - true.
 Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!



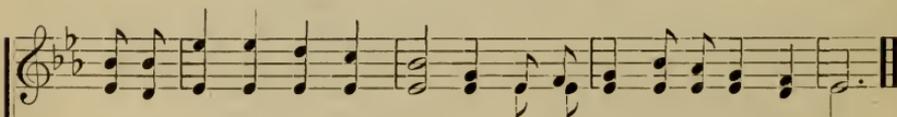
CHORUS.



I will fol - low Thee, my Sa - viour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;



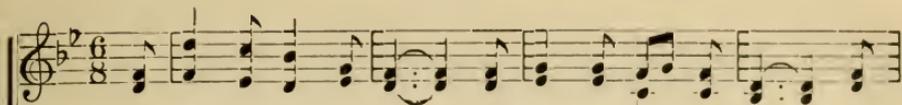
blood for me;



And tho' all the world for - sake Thee, By Thy grace I will fol - low Thee.



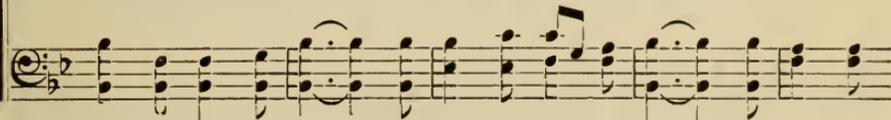
Outside the Gate.



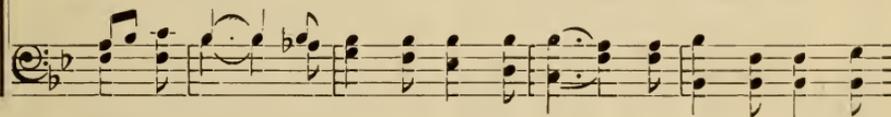
1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-
 2. "Mer-cy!" I loud - ly cried; "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I
 3. In Mer - cy's form I knew The Sav - iour long a - bused; Who



in my heart there beat, A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op -
 will," a voice re - plied; And Mer - cy let me in. She bound my
 of - ten sought my heart, And wept when I re - fused. Oh, what a



press'd my soul That I might be too late; And, oh! I trem-bled
 bleed - ing wounds, And car - ried all my sin; She eased my bur-dened
 blest re - turn For ig - norance and sin! I stood out-side the



sore, And prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side the gate.
 soul, Then Je - sus took me in, Then Je - sus took me in.
 gate, And Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let me in.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



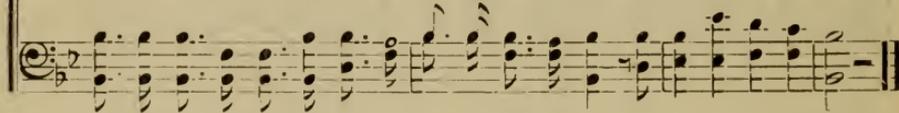
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call retreat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; O be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He



loosed the fateful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, His day is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet, Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! (*D. S. — 2d time.*)



"Whosoever Will!"

S. S. 62.

Joyfully.

1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth!" shout, shout the sound! Send 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; "Whoso - ev - er will" for

all the world a-round; Spread 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 shall en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Whoso - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"
 "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
 "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

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."

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J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

S. S. 829.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick unfound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating 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 be-fore 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 a - gain, till we

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet..... till we
 till we meet. till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet a - gain,

Come, Thou Fount.

Arrangement Copyright, 1912, By Chas. H. Gabriel.

Homer A. Rodcheaver Owner.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

8's & 7's S. S. 335.

Art. by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home;
 Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring help 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, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:
 CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a friend,

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 prec - ious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it: Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
 Sav - ing, keep - ing, kind and lov - ing, He will keep me to the end.

O Thou God of My Salvation.

8's 7's & 4's Tune—241 S. S. 311.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Thou God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin,
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise Thee;
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?</p> <p>2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests His pardoning favor,
 And within me doth appear:
 Soul and body
 Then His glorious image bear.</p> | <p>3 While the angel-choirs are crying,
 "Glory to the great I AM!"
 I with them will still be vying
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 Oh, how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!</p> <p>4 Angels now are hovering round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng,
 Wondering at the love that found us,
 Glad to join our holy song:
 Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong.</p> |
|---|---|

Happy Song.

P. M.—S. S. 586. B. M. I. 235.

mf Allegro.

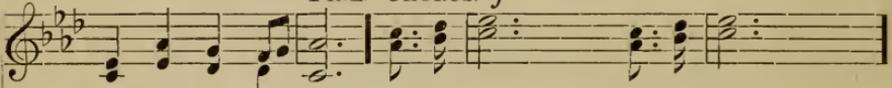
1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
2. We are march-ing on-ward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where
3. In the o - pen air our Arm-y we pre-pare, As we ral - ly round our
4. We are march-ing on, our Captain, ev - er near, Will pro-tect us still, His

*D.S.*—march-ing on-ward, sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where

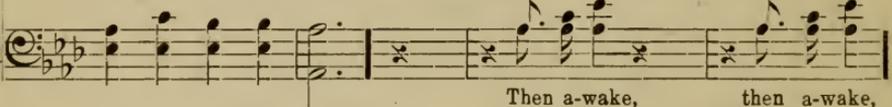
bat-tle for the right, We will praise His name, re - joic-ing in His might, And we'll
 liv-ing wa-ters flow, Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be-low, Come and
 blessed standard there, And the Sav-iour's cross we glad-ly learn to bear, While we
 guiding voice we hear; Let the foe ad-vance, we'll nev-er, nev-er fear, But we'll



liv-ing waters flow, Come and join our ranks as soldiers here be-low, And we'll

FINE CHORUS. *f*

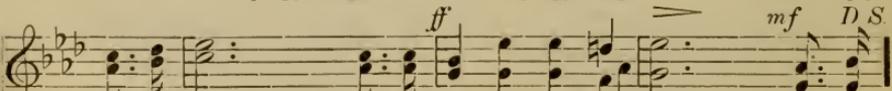
work till Je - sus calls. Then a - wake, then a - wake,

Then a-wake, then a-wake,
cres.

Hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy,



Hap - py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy,



shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a - long. We are



shout for joy, march a-long.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

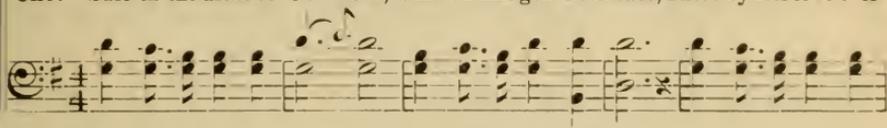
F. J. CROSBY.

Used by permission.

W. H. DOANE.



- 1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast. There by His love o'er-
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care Safe from the world's temp-
 3. Je sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the rock of
 CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-



- sha - ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark 'tis the voice of an - gels
 ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
 A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,
 sha - ded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.



D. C. Chorus.



- Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glo - ry. O-ver the jas-per sea...
 Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als. On - ly a few more tears...
 Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore...



We're an Army Fighting.

Tune - 243. S. S. 570

- 1 We're an Army fighting for a glorious King; We'll let the millions know
 We will make the world with hallelujahs ring; There's salvation for the world.
 With victorious voices we will ever sing, 2 We're an Army brave, arrayed in armor
 There's salvation for the world. bright; [to light;
 We will turn the world from darkness in-
 As we march along we'll shout with all
 our might,
 There's salvation for the world.
 3 We're an Army saved, by blood and fire
 made strong, [quer wrong;
 And with righteousness we mean to con-
 This shall be our universal battle song,
 There's salvation for the world.
- For the world, for the world,
 Jesus died, Jesus died;
 For the world, for the world,
 There is room in Jesus' side.
 All the world to save,
 To battle we will go;
 We will never fear
 Our blood and fire to show
 With a trumpet voice

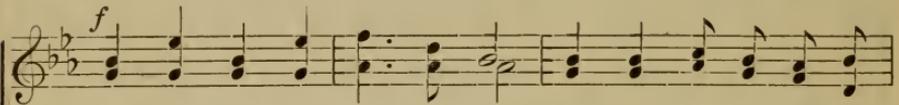
P. M.—S. S. 557. B. M. I. 275.

mf Allegro.

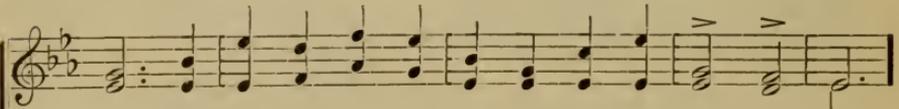
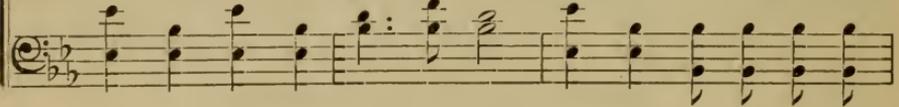
1. We are march-ing o'er the re-gions Where the sla - ve - ry of sin
2. Have you heard the voice of weep-ing, Have you heard the wail of woe,
3. In the dark - est hour re - mem-ber Him who on the Cross has died;



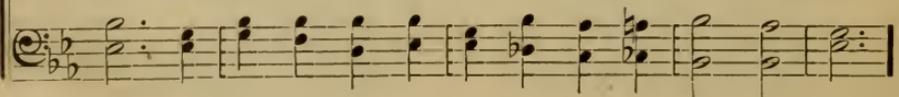
Is en - forced by hell - ish le - gions, But we'll fight and we shall win.
 Have you seen the fear - ful reap - ing, Of a soul that sinks be - low!
 So that ev - 'ry cap-tive's fet - ter Might be bro - ken, cast a - side!



Step by step we march a - long, Nev - er daunt - ed, fear - ing
 Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed, Heed, oh heed the world's great
 Grip your weap - ons, Sol - diers brave, For - ward, dy - ing souls to



none; True lib - er - ty from self and Sa - tan, Is our song.
 need, To save the lost, like Him who saved you, For - ward speed!
 save! Fight on, un - til in ev - 'ry land Your col - ors wave!



With Sword and Shield.—Concluded.

f CHORUS.

With sword and shield we take the field, We're not a-fraid to die, While the

standard of the Cross is waving o'er us; We raise on high our battle cry, And

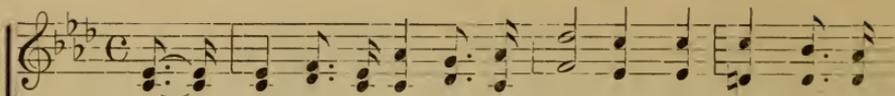
all hell's pow'rs defy, Scatter'd by our ranks, the foe falls down before us.

March on! March on! Heed not the can - non's roar;

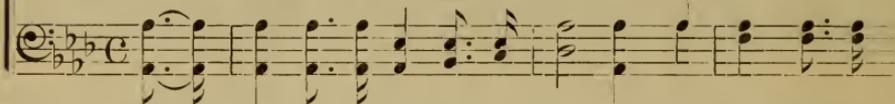
Marcato.

March on! March on! 'There' a crown when the battle's o'er.

Who's That Knocking At the Door?



1. You have oft heard the call to sur - ren - der, God's Spi - rit with
2. His voice you have long dis - re - gard - ed, Un - heed - ed, He's
3. There's a time com - ing on when you'll want Him To bear you safe
4. When He comes as a Bridegroom at mid - night, No time to pre -

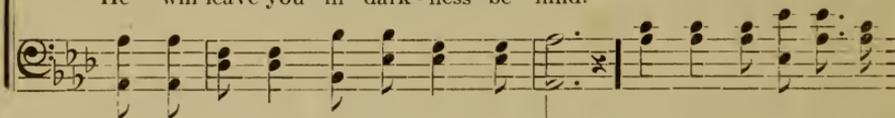


you oft has striv'n; Now a - gain to your heart He is speak - ing,
knocked at the door; Sin - ner, now o - pen wide to thy Sav - iour,
o - ver death's stream; Then be wise, and in time seek His fav - or,
pare you will find; Then you'll knock, but in vain for ad - mit - tance,



CHORUS.

And an - oth - er blest of - fer is giv'n.
Lest He leave thee, to knock nev - er more. } Who's that knocking at the
And just now while He knocks let Him in. }
He will leave you in dark - ness be - hind.



door? Who's that knocking at the door? 'Tis
at the door? at the door?



Je - sus there, oh, sin - ner hear, Let Him in while He's waiting at the door.



Never Can Tell.

8's & 7's. S. S. 127. B. M. I. 148.

*mf Allegro moderato.**cres.*

1. Lis - ten to the in - vi - ta - tion: "Come, ye wea - ry, come to Me!"
 2. Je - sus loves you; do not tar - ry! Hast - en to His side to - day,
 3. Oh, 'tis madness to re - ject Him; For, when you are called to die,

f
 Come, and you shall find sal - va - tion! Will you not to Je - sus flee?
 And, by faith on Him re - ly - ing, All your guilt will roll a - way.
 You will want a lov - ing Saviour, So in time for mer - cy cry.

mf CHORUS.

You nev - er can tell when the Lord will call you, You

cres. *f*
 nev - er can tell when your end will be, Cast your poor soul in the

sin - cleansing fountain, Come and get saved, and hap - py be.

Give Me the Faith.

6-8's. S. S. 474. B. M. I. 120.

mf Moderato.

1. { Give me the faith that Je - sus had, The faith that can great
That makes the mourn - ful spi - rit glad, The

2. { Give me the faith that gets the power, That stub - born dev - ils
That li - on - teeth can - not de - vour, That

3. { Give me the faith that lives to trust, That in the child - like
That bur - ies self and slaughters lust, That

4. { Give me the faith that clear - ly sees, What world - ly eyes can -
That knows the way the Lord to please, That

mountains move, sav - ing faith that works by love; The faith for
can - not turn, fur - nace - fires can nev - er burn, That nev - er
spi - rit dwells, keeps out all that Christ ex - pels, That gives no
not be - hold, can His se - cret ways un - fold, That gives up

which the saints have striv'n, The faith that pulls the fire from heav'n.
fears the ty - rant's frown, That wins and wears the mar - tyr's crown.
quar - ter to the foe, That stern - ly says, "You'll have to go!"
great - ness for the good, That wins the fight with fire and blood.

Surrounded by a Host of Foes.

6-8's. Tunç—249. S. S. 469. B. M. I. 120.

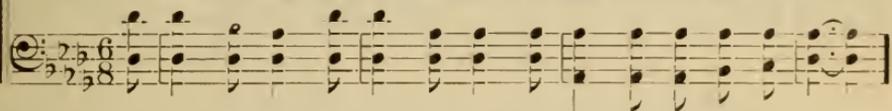
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Surrounded by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single, against hell, earth, and sin:
Single, yet undismayed I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.</p> <p>2 What tho' a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds my soul to shake,
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back,
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.</p> | <p>3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins and loose my bands
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven, He came;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.</p> <p>4 Salvation in His name there is—
Salvation from sin, death, and hell—
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation who can tell?
But all He hath for mine I claim:
I dare believe in Jesus' name.</p> |
|--|---|

My Sins are Under the Blood.

P. M. S. S. 237. B. M. I. 256.



1. God's an - ger now is turned a - way, My sins are un - der the Blood.
2. My doubts are gone the past for - giv'n, My sins are un - der the Blood.
3. How sweet a - lone the Lord's to be; My sins are un - der the Blood.
4. In ev - 'ry step His hand doth lead, My sins are un - der the Blood.
5. He'll keep me faith - ful to the end, My sins are un - der the Blood.



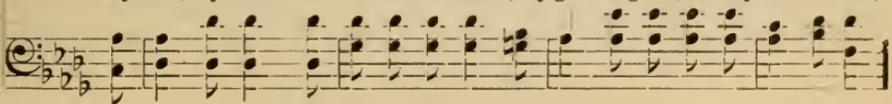
My dark - ness He has chang'd to day, My sins are un - der the Blood.
 My ti - tle's clear, I'm bound for heav'n, My sins are un - der the Blood.
 What joy to know He cleans - es me, My sins are un - der the Blood.
 And He sup - plies my ev - 'ry need, My sins are un - der the Blood.
 And when in death He'll be my friend, My sins are un - der the Blood.



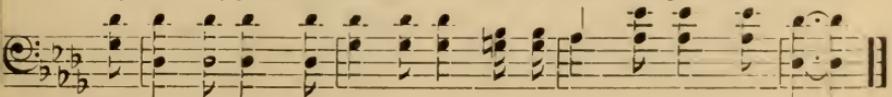
CHORUS.



My sins, my sins, my sins are un - der the Blood.
 My sins, my sins are un - der the Blood, My guilt is gone, and my soul is free;

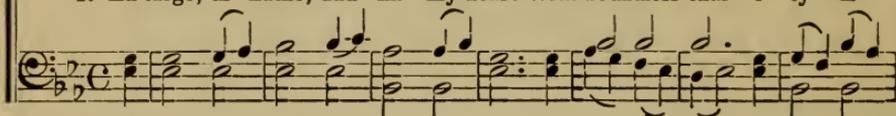
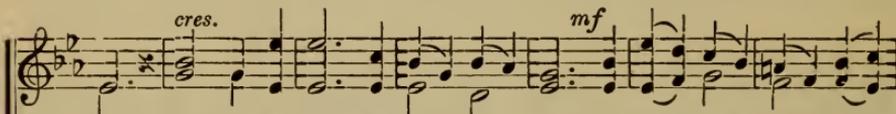


My peace, my peace, . . . my peace is made with God.
 My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord has par - doned me.

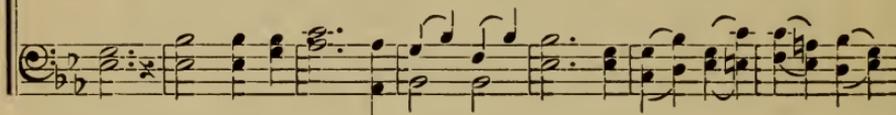


p Andante.

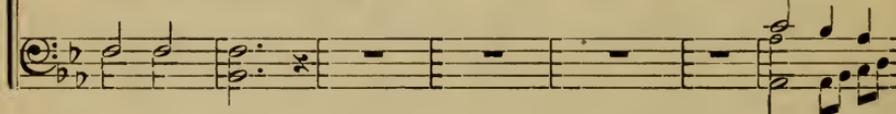
1. Give me the faith that can re - move And sink the mountain to a
2. I would the prec - ious time re - deem, And long - er live for this a -
3. My tal - ents, gifts, and grac - es, Lord, In - to Thy bless - ed hands re -
4. En - large, in - flame, and fill my heart With boundless char - i - ty di -

*cres.**mf*

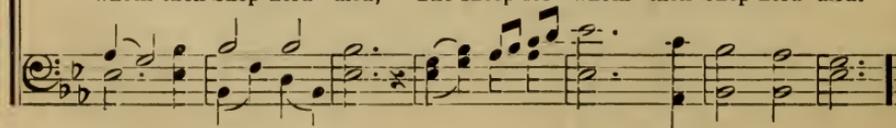
plain; Give me the child - like pray - ing love, Which longs to build Thy
 lone, To spend and to be spent for them Who have not yet my
 ceive; And let me live to preach Thy word; And let me to Thy
 vine! So shall I all my strength ex - ert, And love them with a

*p**cres.*

house a - gain; Thy love let it my heart o'er - power, And all my
 Sav - iour known; And turn them to a par - d'ning God, And quench the
 glo - ry live; My ev - 'ry sa - cred mo - ment spend In pub - lish -
 zeal like Thine; And lead them to Thy o - pen side, The sheep for



sim - ple soul de - vour, And all my sim - ple soul de - vour.
 brands in Je - sus' blood, And quench the brands in Je - sus' blood.
 ing the sin - ner's Friend, In pub - lish - ing the sin - ner's Friend.
 whom their Shep - herd died, The sheep for whom their Shep - herd died.



None of Self.

8's & 7's. S. S. 505. B. M. I. 149.

mp Adagio.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could
 2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him Bleed - ing on th'ac -
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the

cres.
 cv - er be When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y Plead in
 curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther," And my
 full, and free, Sweet and strong, and, ah! so pa - tient, Brought me
 deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered; Grant me.

mf vain, and proud - ly answered— "All of self, and none of Thee!"
p wist - ful heart said faint - ly— "Some of self, and some of Thee!"
 low - er, while I whispered— "Less of self, and more of Thee!"
 now my spir - it's long - ing— "None of self, and all of Thee!"

Thee Will I Love.

6-8's. m. Tune—252. S. S. 320.

- 1 Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower; 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown; Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
 Thee will I love with all my power, Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone; The love that all heaven's host inspires,
 Thee will I love till the pure fire That all my powers, with all their might,
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire. In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 2 Uphold me in the heavenly race, 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
 Nor suffer me again to stray; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Still to press forward on Thy way; Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might, What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Fill always with Thy heavenly light. Thee shall I love in endless day!

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

8. 7. 4. S. S. 67.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me;
 2. Yes! tho' high in heav'nly glo - ry, Till the Sav - iour calls to thee;
 3. Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;

I have rest and peace to of - fer, Rest, thou la - b'ring one, for thee."
 Faith can hear His in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, ye la - den, come to me."
 Sin - ner, heed the gra - cious mes - sage, "To the blood for ref - uge flee."

1-3. Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take it now and hap - py be!

Andante.

Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come, ye guilt - y, come to Me!"
 Yes! tho' high in heav'n - ly glo - ry, Still the Sav - iour calls to thee:
 Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks, and speaks to thee.

Allegro moderato.

Take sal - va - tion, Take sal - va - tion, Take it now and

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.—Concluded.

hap - py be; Take sal - va - tion, Take sal -
va - tion, Take it now and hap - - - py be.

256

Boundless as the Mighty Ocean.

8. 7. 4. S. S. 78. B. M. I. 89.

mp Moderato.

1. Bound - less as the might - y ocean, Roll - ing on from pole to pole.
2. Bound - less as the star - ry heavens, Filled with fie - ry orbs of light,
3. Bound - less is the grace to save us! Boundless is the blood to cleanse!

mf cres.

Is the bound - less love of Je - sus To the wea - ry, sin - ful soul—
Are the prom - is - es of Je - sus For the soul in na - ture's night,
Boundless is the power to keep us! Boundless is our work for man!

mp

Bound - less mer - cy, Boundless mer - cy, Mak - ing guilt - y sin - ners whole.
Ev - er shin - ing, Ev - er shin ing, Till our faith is changed to sight.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Boundless prais - es ne'er shall end!

Bringing in the Sheaves.

P. M. S. S. 786. B. M. I. 215.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
 3. Go then ev-er, weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our

and the dew-y eyes: Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the labour end-ed, We shall
 spi-rit of-ten grieves: When our weep-ing's over, He will bid us wel-come, We shall

REFRAIN.

come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the sheaves!

We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves! bring-ing in the sheaves!

Sinner, Thou Art Speeding.

P. M. Tune—257. S. S. 116. B. M. I. 215.

- 1 Sinner, thou art speeding,
 Down to death, unheeding,
 Hear the Saviour pleading,
 Haste, oh, haste away!
 From His mercy turning,
 Dying love still spurning.
 Over thee He's yearning,
 Oh, get saved to-day!

Coming home to-day, coming home to day;
 Sinners and backsliders are coming home to-day;
 Coming home to-day, coming home to-day;
 Glory, Hallelujah! they're coming home to-day.

- 2 From thy bondage freeing,
 Tenderly He's calling,

Precious blood still falling,
 Sinner, 'tis for thee;
 Kneel, with all thy sorrow,
 Rise to fight and follow,
 Wait not till to-morrow,
 Do it here to day.

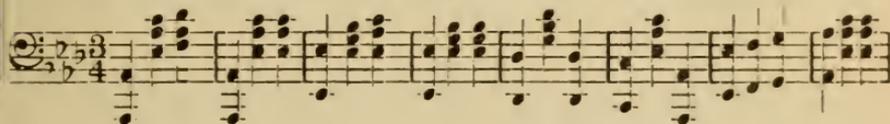
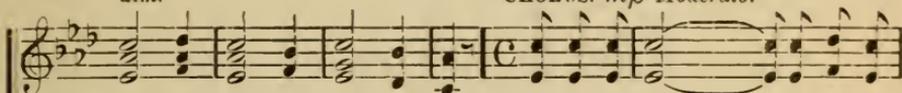
- 3 Often He has called thee
 To accept salvation,
 Often He has waited
 At thy heart's closed door;
 Outside still He's standing;
 Now His Spirit's striving,
 Will you heed His knocking—
 Let Him in to-day?

He Will Forgive.

Commander E. C. Booth

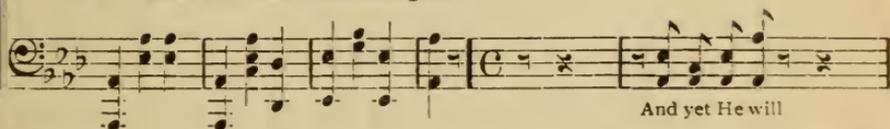
mp Andante con espress. cres.

1. Ma - ny fears, Sins and tears, Crowd the path you've trod for years,
2. Sin - ner, hark! In the dark! Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark,
3. Sad to tell, How you fell, From great heights nigh down to hell,
4. Conscience seared, Judgment feared, Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared,
5. Deeds now past, How they cast Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last,
6. An - gels cry From the sky, "Will you not pre - pare to die?"
7. In His face, All can trace Won - drous love and boundless grace,

*dim.*CHORUS. *mp Moderato.*

Crowd the path you've trod for years.
 Death's fierce storm will wreck your bark.
 From great heights nigh down to hell.
 Ev - 'ry hope your sin has bleared.
 Shad - ows o'er thy soul which last.
 "Will you not pre - pare to die?"
 Won - drous love and bound-less grace.

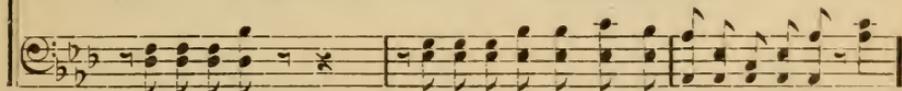
And yet He will..... thy sins for-



And yet He will

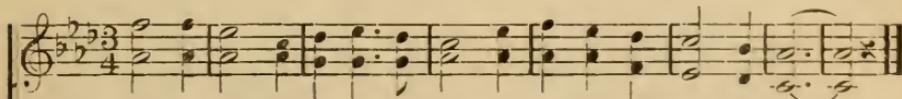
Allegro.

give,..... And yet He will..... thy sins for - give;..... Oh,



thy sins forgive,

And yet He will thy sins forgive. thy sins forgive;



come a-long, for Je - sus is strong, And He will thy sins for - give.



Oh, Turn Ye, Oh, Turn Ye.

11's. S. S. 90. B. M. I. 199.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great
 2. How vain the de-lu-sion that while you de-lay Your heart may grow
 3. In rich-es, in plea-sure, what can you ob-tain To soothe your af-
 4. Why will you be starv-ing and feed-ing on air? There's mer-cy in

cres. *f*
 mer-cy is draw-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you the
 bet-ter by stay-ing a-way! Come wretched, come starving, come
 flic-tion or ban-ish your pain, To bear up your spi-rits when
 Je-sus, e-nough and to spare; If still you are doubt ing make

p *cres.*
 Spi-rit says "Come!" And an-gels are wait-ing, and an-gels are
 just as you be, While streams of sal-va-tion, while streams of sal-
 summoned to die, Or take you to Christ, or take you to
 tri-al and see, And prove that His mer-cy, and prove that His

f
 wait-ing, And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home!
 va-tion, While streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.
 Christ Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?
 mer-cy And prove that His mer-cy is bound-less and free.

L. M. S. S. 466.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; I
 2. When darkness hides His love - ly face, I rest on His un - changing grace; In
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found, Clothed

CHORUS.

dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. On Christ, the sol - id
 ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
 all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

Rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand

262 The Harvest is Passing.

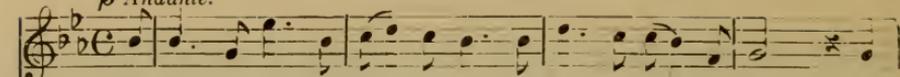
Tune—260. S. S. 118.

- 1 Hark, sinner! while God
 From on high doth entreat thee,
 And warnings with accents
 Of mercy do blend;
 Give ear to His voice,
 Lest in judgment He meet thee,
 The harvest is passing,
 The summer will end.
- 2 Despised and rejected
 At length He may leave thee;
 What anguish and horror
 Thy bosom will rend!
 Then haste thee, O sinner.
 While He will receive thee;
 The harvest is passing,
 The summer will end.
- 3 The Saviour will call thee
 In judgment before Him;
 Oh, let all thy sins go,
 And make Him thy friend!
 Now yield Him thy heart,
 And make haste to adore Him;
 The harvest is passing,
 The summer will end.

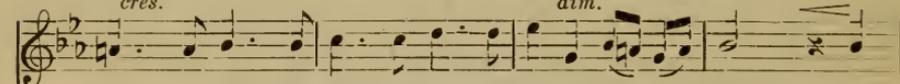
263 Step Out on the Promise.

Tune—260. S. S. 358.

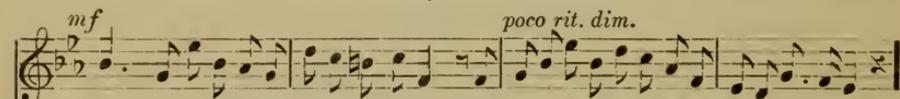
- 1 O soldier of Jesus,
 How blessed art thou,
 For Jesus is waiting
 To strengthen thee now;
 Fear not to rely
 On the word of thy God,
 Step out on the promise—
 Get under the blood.
- 2 Who sighs for a heart
 From iniquity free?
 O poor, troubled soul,
 There's a promise for thee?
 Thou shalt rest, weary one,
 In the bosom of God:
 Step out on the promise—
 Get under the blood.
- 3 The promise can't save,
 Though each promise is true;
 'Tis the blood we get under,
 That cleanses us through;
 It cleanses us now.
 Oh, glory to God!
 We rest on the promise—
 We're under the blood.

p Andante.

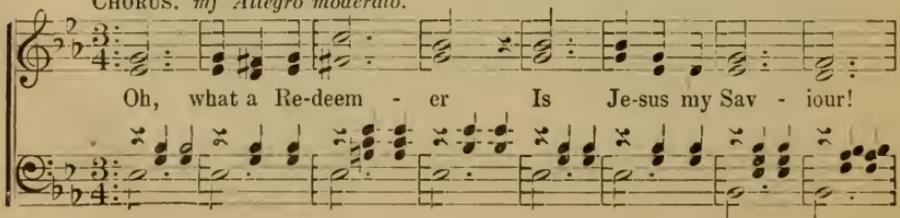
1. Re-deem-ing grace my life has claim'd, That it from hence may be, For
 2. Re-deem-ing grace my life is giv'n, For such a prize as this; The
 3. Re-deem-ing grace my all is laid Be-fore the Cross of Him, Whose

*cres.**dim.*

ev - er God's, by sin unstain'd, In glorious lib - er - ty. What
 pow'r of love my heart has riv'n, And filled with fadeless bliss. What
 life and death a means were made, My wayward heart to win. Oh,

*cres.**dim.*

charms of earth can e'er The pitying love de-ly, Of Him who laid His glory by And came for me to die?
 toys of time can hope, Tho' deck'd with blossoms fair, Within my heart the favour claim'd By God giv'n joys to share?
 let my ev'ry act, Breathe, Lord, a praise to Thee; And let my life be liv'd to show How captives may be free.

*mf**poco rit. dim.*CHORUS. *mf Allegro moderato.*

Oh, what a Re-deem - er Is Je-sus my Sav - iour!

Oh, what a Redeemer.—Continued.

1

For - giv-ing my sins, And bear - ing all my woe.

2

Pro - claim-ing my lib - er - ty, And wash-ing me white as snow.

265 I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

L. M. S. S. 370. B. M. I. 15.

mp Adagio. *cres.*

1. I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
2. Take my poor heart and let it be, For ev - er closed to all but Thee;
3. How blest are they who still a-bide, Close sheltered in Thy bleed-ing side!
4. O conquering Je - sus, Sav-iour Thou, To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;

mf *dim.* *mp*

To dwell with-in Thy wounds: then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for-ev - er there.
Who life and strength do thence de-rive, And for Thee fight and in Thee live.
To Thee our hearts and hands we give, Thine we will die: Thine we will live.

266 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

L. M. Tune—265. S. S. 866. B. M. I. 15.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. | 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to His name. |
| 2 To Him shall end'less prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice. | 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Its grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain. |

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

4-6's & 2-8's. B. M. I. 77.

f Allegro moderato.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They
 4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One; He
 5. My God is re - con - ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear, He

cres. bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the
 all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a -
 pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strongly speak for me: "For - give him,
 can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of his Son: His Spi - rit
 owns me for His child, I can no long - er fear; With con - fi -

mf cres. throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
 toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die!"
 an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
 dence I now draw nigh, And, Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry!

Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

4-6's & 2-8's. Tune—267. S. S. 324. B. M. I. 77.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind;
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.</p> <p>2 Jesus, transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name ia given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.</p> | <p>3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory!
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.</p> <p>4 Oh, for a trumpet-voice
 On all the world to call;
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In Him who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified,
 For all, for all my Saviour died!</p> |
|---|--|

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

P. M. S. S. 769. B. M. I. 257.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross,
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

270

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too
 2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home; That Je - sus died, and
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whi ter

D. S.—Open wide Thine

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nev - er - more to roam,
 bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
 hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
 died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

Calvary's Stream.

1. There is a cleansing cur - rent, If flows from Cal - va - ry, 'Twas o - pened
2. Tho' worn and heav - y la - den, And burdened with your sin, There's vir - tue
3. This stream of life e - ter - nal For you is flow - ing free; O bow your

by the Sav - iour From sin each soul to free. And now His voice is
in the riv - er; O will you en - ter in? There's heal - ing in its
self for cleans - ing, And gain your lib - er - ty. Then Christ shall be your

call - ing With ac - cents, Oh, so sweet - "Come to the cleansing ri - ver, Down
wa - ters, There's cleansing in its stream; Then look a - way to Cal - v'ry Where
Sav - iour, And out of you shall flow A life of peace and heaven, God's

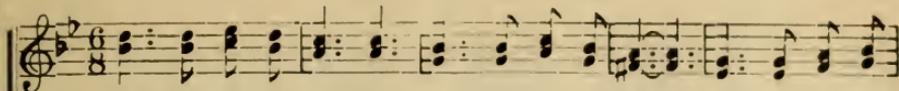
CHORUS.

at the Mer - cy - seat. Oh! Calvary's stream is flowing, Calvary's stream is
mercy's light doth beam.
Par - z - dise be - low.

flow - ing, Flowing so free For you and me, Calvary's stream is flow - ing.

Yield Not to Temptation.

11's. S. S. 705. B. J. 802.



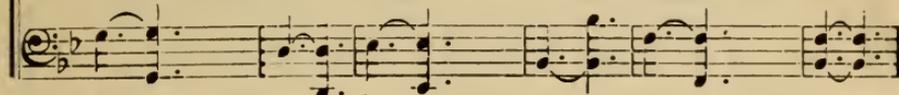
1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though of-ten cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,



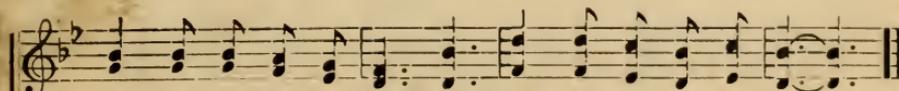
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort,strengthen,and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



Why Wilt Thou Die?

P. M. S. S. 125. B. M. I. 295.

p Adagio.

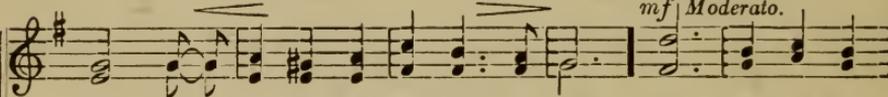
1. Sin - ner, for thee, A par - don is free, Though dark thy ca -
2. Tired of thy sin And sor - row with - in, Thy soul longs to
3. Death is at hand, Thy life to de - mand, Make haste, now, thy
4. Aw - ful de - spair Thy bos - om will tear, When heav - en for



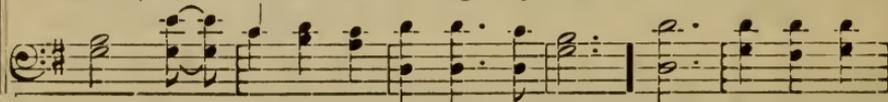
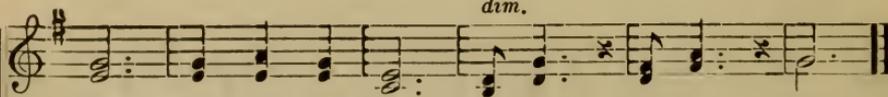
reer may have been; Thy bur - den shall roll From thy guil - ty
find its true joy— The joy that thy King In mer - cy doth
Sav - iour to find; No long - er de - lay, Thou'rt pass - ing a -
thee has no room— For ev - er shut out In dark - ness and



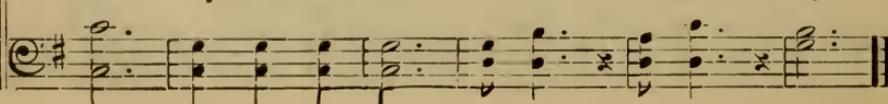
CHORUS.
mf Moderato.



soul, When the light of His face thou hast seen. Oh, why wilt thou
bring Thy sor - row and sin to des - troy.
way, And Sa - tan thy soul waits to bind.
doubt, Then hell ev - er - last - ing thy doom.

*dim.*

die? Why wilt thou die? Sin - ner, sin - ner, why?



He Died at his Post.

12's & 11's. S. S. 820. B. M. I. 237.

mp Adagio.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hoist - ed the
 2. The strangers they wept that, in life's brightest bloom, One gift - ed so
 3. He wept not him-self that his war - fare was done, The bat - tle was
 4. Vi - to - rious his fall, for he rose as he fell, With Je - sus, his
 5. And can we the words of our com - rade for - get, Oh no, they are

cres.

stand - ard of mer - cy and truth; For the love of his Lord, and to
 high - ly should sink to the tomb; For in ar - dor he led in the
 fought, and the vic - to - ry won; But he whispered of those whom his
 Mas - ter, in glo - ry to dwell, He has passed o'er the sea, he has
 fresh in our mem - o - ry yet; An ex - am - ple so sa - cred can

mf

seek for the lost, Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his
 van of the host, And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his
 heart loved the most, "Tell my com - rades from me that I died at my
 reached the bright coast, For he fell like a war - rior—he died at his
 nev - er be lost, We will fall in the fight, we will die at our

post; Soon, a - las! was his fall, but he died at his post.
 post; And he fell like a sol - dier—he died at his post.
 post; "Tell my com - rades from me that I died at my post."
 post; For he fell like a war - rior—he died at his post.
 post; We will fall in the fight, we will die at our post.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

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WILL L. THOMPSON.

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 mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised 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; Shadows 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.

Watching 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. Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

cres. *pp* *ppp*

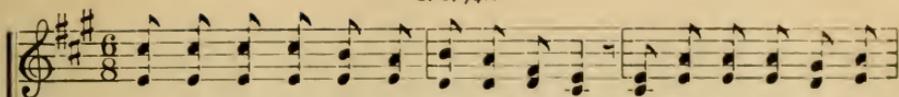
Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

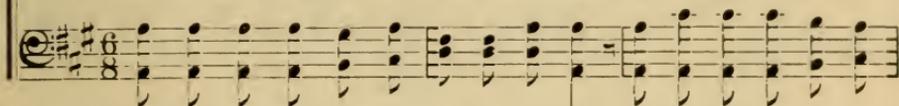
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Tell it Again.

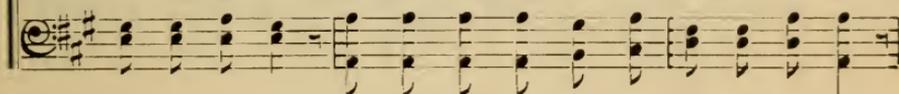
S. S. 741.



1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did he so love me, — a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

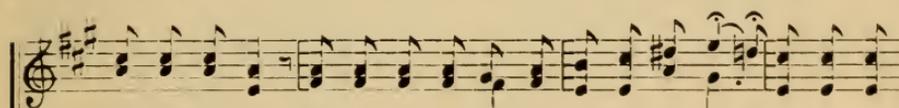
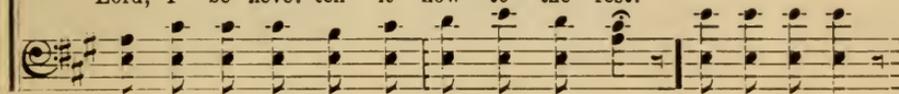


close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried Said He,
tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? My hand will He hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent His Son! - who - so - ev - er?" said He;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

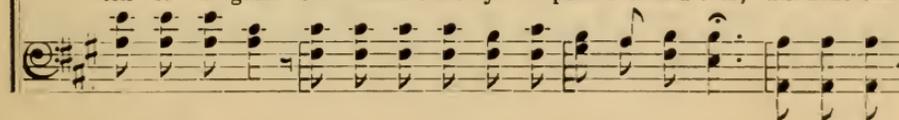


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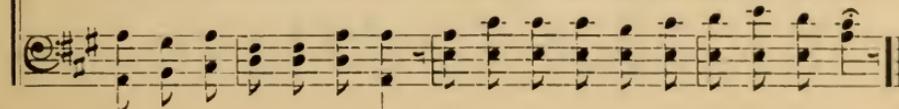
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"



tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can



say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"



Wonderful Love.

P. M. S. S. 272. B. M. I. 298.

*mp Adagio.**mp*

1. Je - sus came down my ransom to be, Oh, it is won - der - ful love! For
 2. Clear to faith's vision, the cross reveals Beau - ti - ful act - ions of love! And
 3. His death's a claim, His love has a plea, Oh, it is won - der - ful love! Un -

out of the Fa - ther's heart He came, To die for me on a cross of shame, To
 all that by grace e'en I may be When saved, to serve Him e - ter - nal - ly. He
 grateful was I to slight Thy call, But, Lord, now I come, be - fore Thee fall, I

set me free He took the blame, Oh, it was won - der - ful love!
 came, He died, for you, and me, Oh, it is won - der - ful love!
 give my - self, I give up all, All for Thy won - der - ful love.

mf CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love, Com - ing to me from heaven a - bove,

Fill - ing me, thrilling me thro' and thro', Oh, it is won - der - ful love!

Speak, Saviour, Speak.

8's & 7's. S. S. 431. B. M. I. 176.

p Andante.

1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking, Let me hear and I'll o - bey; While be -
2. Let me hear and I will fol - low Tho' the path be strewed with thorns; It is

fore Thy cross I'm seeking, Oh, chase my fears a - way! Oh, let the light now
joy to share Thy sorrow, Thou makest calm the storm. Now my heart Thy temple

fall - ing Re - veal my ev' - ry need; Now hear me while I'm calling, Oh,
making, In Thy ful - ness dwell with me Ev'ry ev - il way for - sak - ing, Thine

p CHORUS.
speak, and I will heed. Speak, Sav - iour, speak! O - bey Thee I will
on - ly will I be.

p
ev - er; Down at Thy Cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev - er.

Never mind: Go on.

P. M. S. S. 619. B. M. I. 258.

mf Allegro.

1. In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary? Do you find your
Lay a-side all fear, and, onward press-ing, Brave-ly fight, and
2. Faith-ful be, de-lay-ing not to fol-low Where Christ leads, tho'
Cheer-ful be, it will your burdens light-en, One glad heart will
3. When downheart-ed look a-way to Je-sus, Who for you did
Do your best in fight-ing for your Sav-iour, For His sake fear

cres.
path is rough and thorn-y, And a-bove the sky is dark and storm-y?
God will give His bless-ing; Tho' the war at times may prove distress-ing,
it may be thro' sor-row; If the strife should fiercer grow to-mor-row,
al-ways oth-ers bright-en, Tho' the strife the cow-ard soul may fright-en,
shed His blood most precious, Let us say, tho' all the world should hate us,
not to lose men's fav-or, If be side you should a com-rade wav-er,

f CHORUS.
Never mind; go on! When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind,

cres.
In our Saviour strength enough We may always find; Tho' the fighting may be tough,

ff Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.

Let our motto be, Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day!

7's. S. S. 800. B. M. I. 91.

mp Andante

1. "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!" Sons of men and
 2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the
 4. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King; Where, O death, is

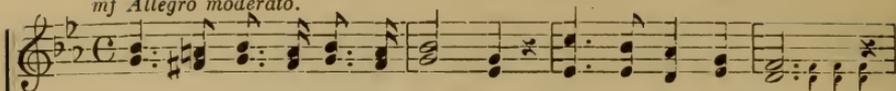
an-gels say. Raise your joys and tri-umphs high;
 bat-tle won; Lo! the sun's e-clipse is o'er;
 gates of hell; Death in vain for-bids His rise,
 now thy sting? Once He died our souls to save:

cres. *f*
 Sing, ye heav'ns! thou earth, re-ply. "Christ the Lord is
 Lo! he sets in blood no more. Love's re-deem-ing
 Christ has o-pened Par-a-dise. Vain the stone, the
 Where's thy vic-t'ry, boast-ing grave? Lives a-gain our

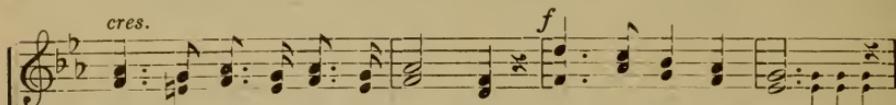
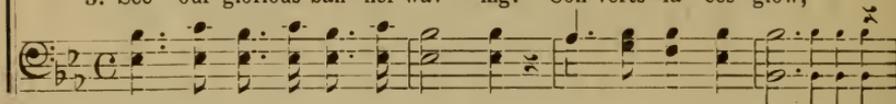
risen to-day!" "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"
 work is done; Love's re-deem-ing work is done.
 watch, the seal; Vain the stone, the watch, the seal.
 glo-rious King; Lives a-gain our glo-rious King.

Ho, My Comrades, See the Millions.

8's & 5's. S. S. 544. B. M. I. 132.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Ho, my comrades, see the mil - lions Dy - ing, soon to die;
 2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on!
 3. See our glorious ban - ner wav - ing! Con - verts' fa - ces glow;



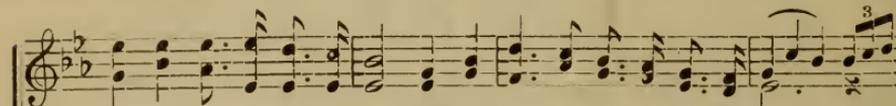
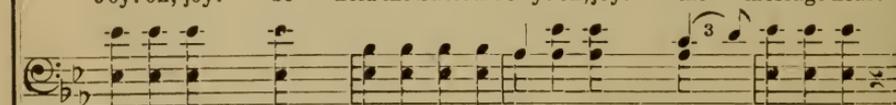
Fiends and men and God de - fy - ing, End - less ru - in night!
 Drink and sin men's souls destroy - ing, Hope will soon be gone.
 Des - perate sin - ners God is sav - ing, Spite of ev - 'ry foe.

*f* CHORUS.

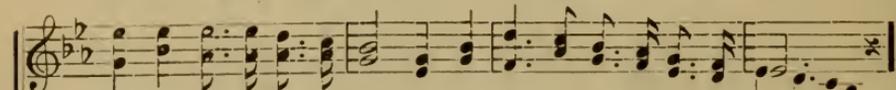
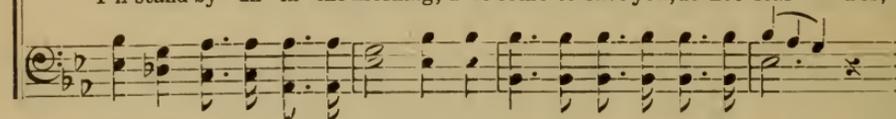
Joy!..... be - hold the Sa - viour! Joy!..... the message hear!



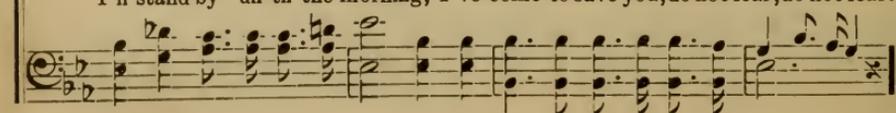
Joy! oh, joy! be - hold the Saviour! Joy! oh, joy! the message hear!



I'll stand by un - til the morning; I've come to save you, do not fear Yes,

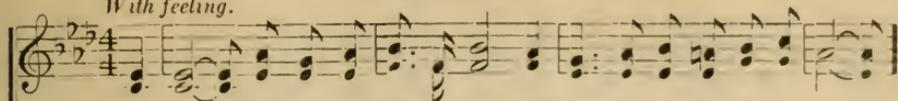


I'll stand by un - til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear!

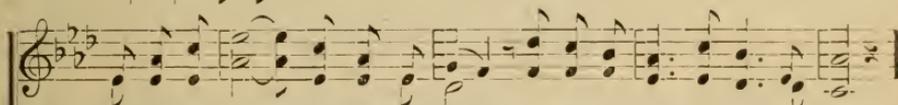
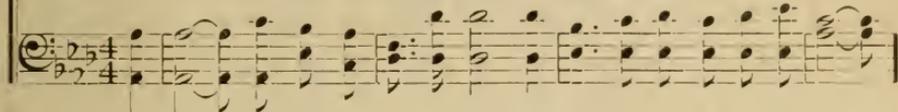


Behold Me Standing at the Door!

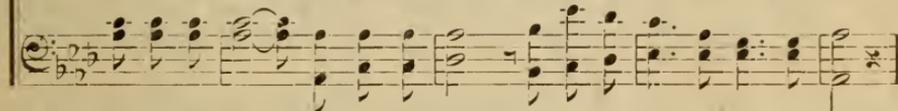
L. M. S. S. 31.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er more,
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee, I wait - ed long and patient - ly:
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber all My grief and pain;
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above, I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:



With gentle voice: oh, heart of sin, May I come in? may I come in?
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?
 I died to ran - som thee from sin: May I come in? may I come in?
 Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?



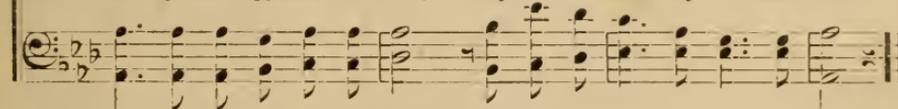
REFRAIN.



Be-hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say,



wea - ry heart, oppressed with sin, May I come in? may I come in?



Joy! Behold the Saviour.

Tune—281. S. S. 844.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Fierce and wild the storm is raging
Round a hopeless bark;
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,
O'er the waters dark. 2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,
Fainting on the deck,
With what joy they hail their Saviour,
As He hails the wreck! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 On a wild and stormy ocean,
Sinking 'neath the wave,
Souls that perish, heed the message,
Christ has come to save. 4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,
He in love has come,
Leave the wreck, and in Him trusting,
Thou shalt reach thy home! |
|--|--|

Onward, Yes, Onward.

(Secular Melody.)

p Andante.

1. On - ward, yes, on - ward does time in its flight, Bear you a -
 2. On - ward, yes, on - ward, you're borne on sin's years Till you've grown
 3. Tired of the hol - low, the base, and un - true, Sin - ner, oh,
 4. Backslider, back - slid - er, the time has been long, Since last in

long to e - ter - ni - ty's night; Sin - ner, when once on the
 wear - y of toil and of tears, Toil with - out re com - pense,
 sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus calls you; For ma - ny years your sor
 your mouth was heard the new song; Come to the Cross and a

ech - o - less shore. Answers to pray - er will come nev - er - more.
 tears all in vain; Will you not come to your Fa - ther a - gain?
 row He has seen, God's righteous an - ger and you stood be - tween.
 gain it will seem That your back - slid - ings are gone like a dream.

Tear from your soul now the dark de - mon's snare, Come to the
 You have grown wea - ry of things that de - cay— Wear - y of
 Yet with strong yearn - ing, and fill'd with sin's pain, His fa - vor
 Now, in re - pent - ance, come back to the place Where, like the

Onward, Yes, Onward.—Concluded.

Cross with your woe and de - spair, Down at the
 fling - ing your soul's wealth a - way; Wear - y of
 and love you're learn - ing to gain, Come from your
 prod - i - gal, you shall find grace, Speak, while in

feet of the Sav - iour, oh, cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour,
 sow - ing what soon you must reap. Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—
 dark-ness, oh, now to Him cry, "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;
 sor - row be - fore Him you lie: "Par - don the past, Sav - iour;

save, or I die, Par - don the past, Sav - iour, save, or I die."
 speak, sin - ner, speak! Je - sus will hear, sin - ner—speak, sin - ner, speak!
 save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die."
 save, or I die. Par - don the past, Sav - iour; save, or I die!"

f CHORUS. *pp*
 Then shall the waves of the wild tem - pest cease, For thro' Thy Blood, Saviour,

mf rall. cres. *dim.*
 I shall find peace, For thro' Thy Blood, Sav - iour, I shall find peace.

*uf Allegro moderato.**cres.**f*

1. This is.... the field, the world.. be - low, In which the..
 2. Most aw - ful truth, and is..... it so? Must all the..
 3. To love... my sins— a saint... to appear—To grow with
 4. But all.... who are... from sin..... set free Their Fa - ther's

Sow - er came to sow; Je - sus,..... the wheat— Sa -
 world the har - vest know? Must all..... be - fore the
 wheat and be a tare— May serve.... me while on
 king - dom soon shall see, Shine like..... the sun for

tan,..... the tares—For so... the word.. of God de - clares.
 Judge.... ap - pear? Then for... the har - vest, oh, pre - pare!
 earth.... be - low, Where tares.. and wheat to - geth - er grow.
 ev - - er there; He that... hath ears,.. then let him hear.

f CHORUS.

And soon the reap - ing time will come, And an - gels shout the harvest home, And

soon the reap - ing time will come, And an - gels shout the har - vest home,

Soon the Reaping Time will Come.—Concluded.

har - vest-home, har-vest-home, And an - gels shout the har - vest home.

286

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

D. L. M. S. S. 512.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
 3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

S: FINE.

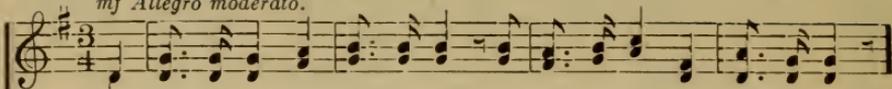
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D. S.—And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 Of those whose anxious spir - its burn! With strong desires for thy re - turn!
D. S.—And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 To Him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

D. S.

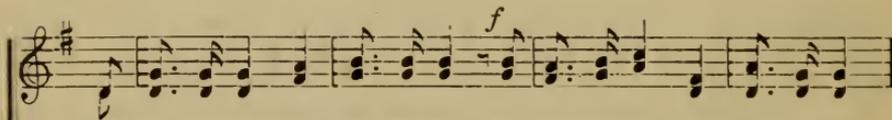
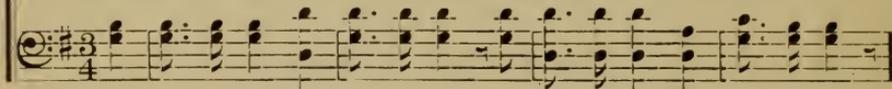
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 With such I hast - en to the place Where, God, my Saviour, shows His face,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

We're Sure to Win.

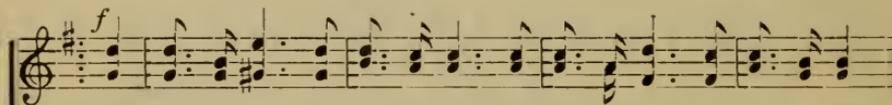
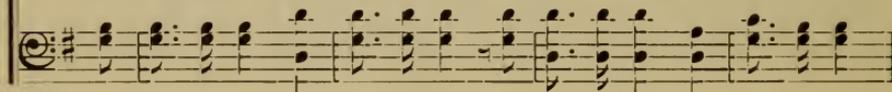
8's & 3's. S. S. 520. B. M. I. 127.

mf Allegro moderato.

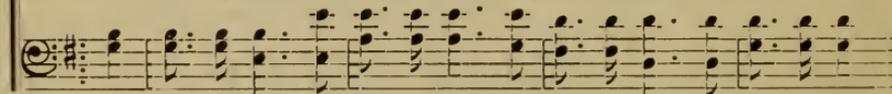
1. We meet the foes of all mankind, And fight to win, And fight to win!
2. Where Sa-tan seems to bear the sway, We stand to win! We stand to win!
3. And while we fight at His command, We're sure to win! We're sure to win!



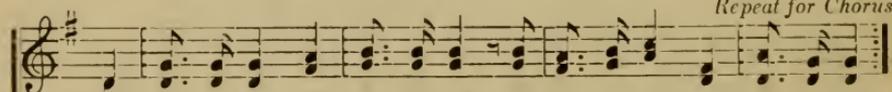
That all the wretched joy may find! We fight to win, We fight to win!
 In sore temp-ta-tion ev-'ry day, We stand to win! We stand to win!
 Be-neath His flag in ev-'ry land, We're sure to win! We're sure to win!



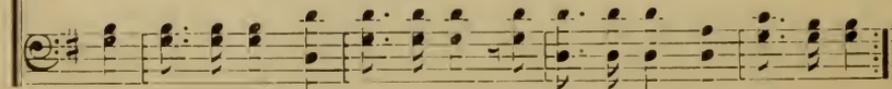
Though they the slaves of sin may be, And have no hope to be set free,
 Though oth-ers may run to and fro, And to all kinds of fount-ains go;
 The yel-low, red, and blue shall fly A-bove our heads un-til we die,



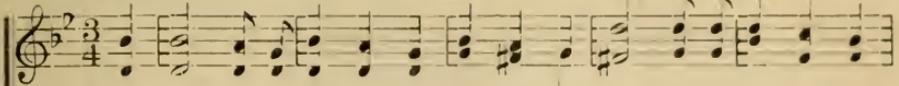
CHO.—The yel-low, red, and blue shall fly A-bove our heads un-til we die,



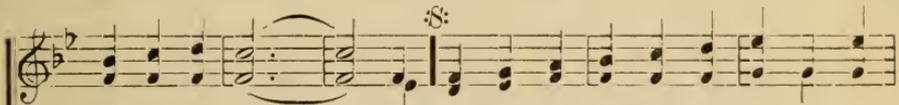
That they may God's sal-va-tion see, We fight to win, We fight to win!
 Just where the liv-ing wa-ters flow, We stand to win! We stand to win!
 With blood and fire 'neath ev-'ry sky; We're sure to win! We're sure to win!



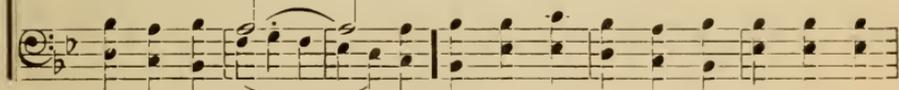
With blood and fire 'neath ev-'ry sky, We're sure to win, We're sure to win!

*p Adagio.**mf*

1. I heard of a Sav iour whose love was so great That He laid down His
2. They tell me He wept o - ver sin - ners one day, Saying: "Oh, that your
3. Oh, that love so a - maz - ing, it broke my hard heart, And brought me, dear
4. Oh, 'tis true, that poor sin - ners of all kinds He saves, And you He will



life on the tree;..... The thorns they were pierced on His beau - ti - ful
Sav-iour you knew!..... How oft would I gath - er you un - der My
Je - sus, to Thee;..... And I know when I came, Thou didst not cast me
not cast a - way;..... He waits in His mer - cy sweet peace to be -



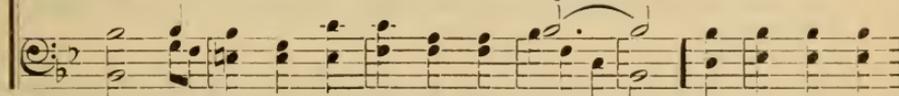
thorns they were pierced on His beau - ti - ful



FINE.

*Allegretto.**mf* CHORUS.

brow, To par - don a reb - el like me..... He pardoned a
wing, And par - don poor reb - els like you.....
out, But didst par - don a reb - el like me.....
stow, So come to the fount - ain to - day.....



brow, To par - don a reb - el like me.....

me,.....

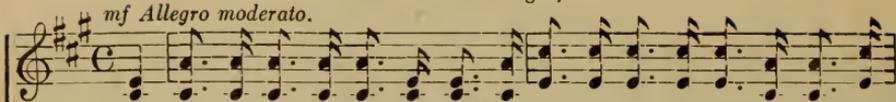


reb - el like me, like me, He pardoned a reb - el like me, like me; The

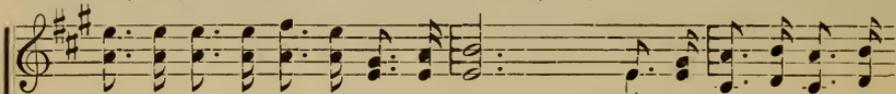
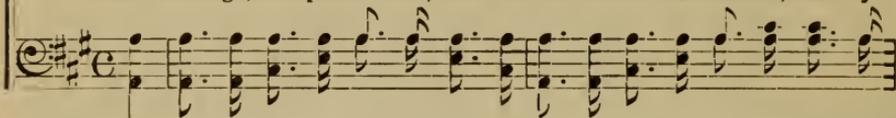


Send out the Proclamation.

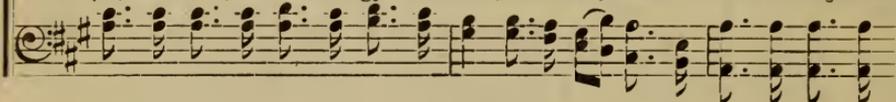
P. M. B. M. III. Pg. 17.

mf Allegro moderato.

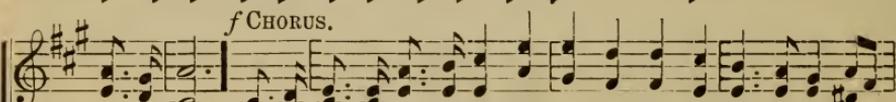
1. Send out the pro-cla-ma-tion, Wanted her-alds of sal-va-tion, Who their
2. Hearts thrilled with pure de-vo-tion, God in ev'ry thought and motion, With the
3. With courage, des-per-a-tion, Blood and fire de-ter-mi-na-tion, Arm-y



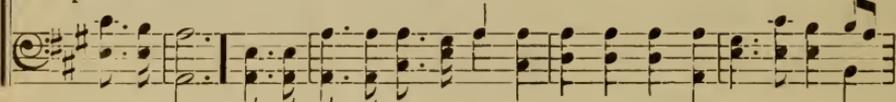
world-ly aims and prospects will re-sig-n, will resign; With no thought of compen-
 bless-ed Cal-v'ry spi-rit all a-flame, all aflame; With the Cross as the at-
 "go," and zeal, and en-er-gy and dash, and dash, Onward! Forward! Nought shall



sa-tion, Or of pow'r, or rank, or sta-tion, Will go forth to save the world by
 trac-tion, Filled with pity and compas-sion, That's the spir-it that shall lift the
 hin-der, No re-treat, and no sur-ren-der, That's the spir-it that the dev-il's



f CHORUS.
 love di-vine. There's a sparkling jewelled crown of gold-en light, A robe of dazzling
 world from sin.
 pow'r shall smash.



snow-y white, For ev'-ry vic-tor in the fight, Whose battle cry is "God and souls."



C. M. S. S. 75. B. M. I. 60.

mf Allegro moderato.

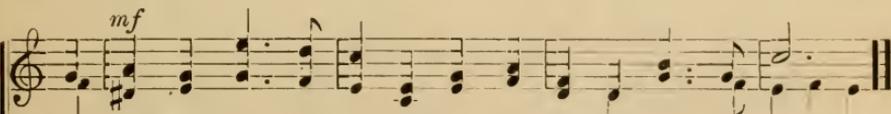
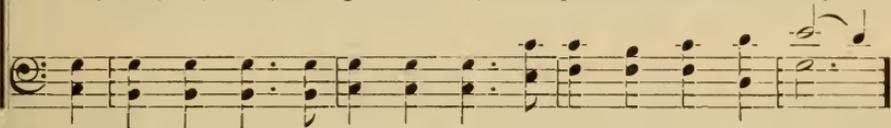
1. Ten thousand thousand souls there are, Who've enter'd thro' the door, the door;
2. Room for the lame, the halt, the blind, Oh, yes there's room for thee, for thee;
3. Room for the chief of sin - ners still, Tho' plagued with un - be - lief, be-lief;
4. There's room for seek - ing, sigh - ing souls, Who seek their fears to quell, to quell;
5. Then sure I am there's room for me, The worst of Ad - am's race, his race;



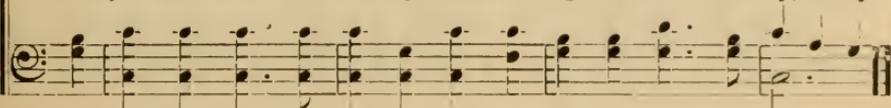
These countless souls are ga - ther'd in, And yet there's room for more, for more.
 'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls, By dy - ing on the tree, the tree.
 That pre - cious Christ can save thy soul Who saved the dy - ing thief, the thief.
 Who know that Christ, and Christ a - lone, Can save a soul from hell, from hell.
 And so I'll sing in songs of praise, A sin - ner saved by grace, by grace.

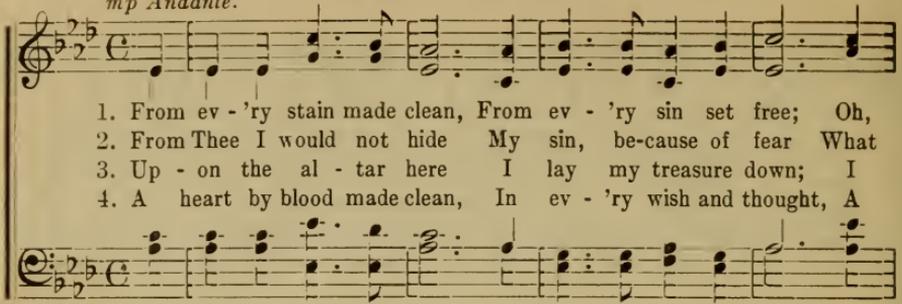
*f* CHORUS.

Then, come, oh, come, and go with me, Where pleasures nev - er die,

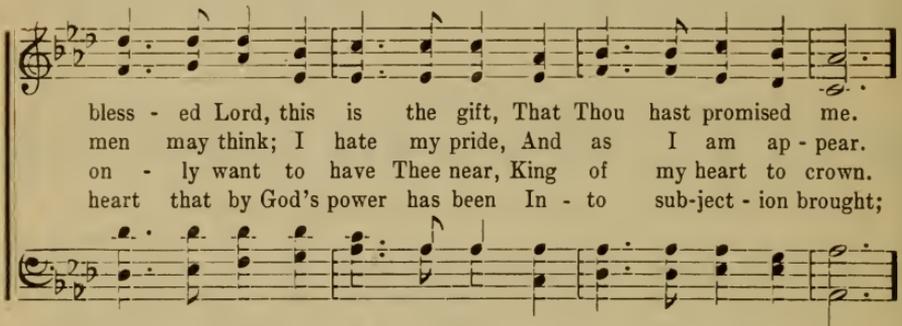


And you shall wear a star - ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky, the sky.

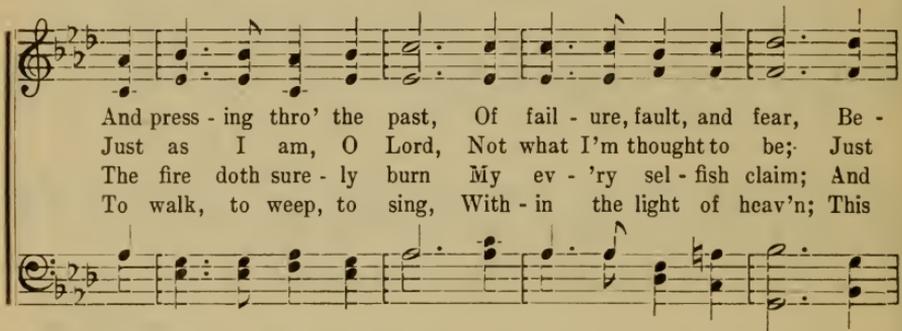


mp Andante.


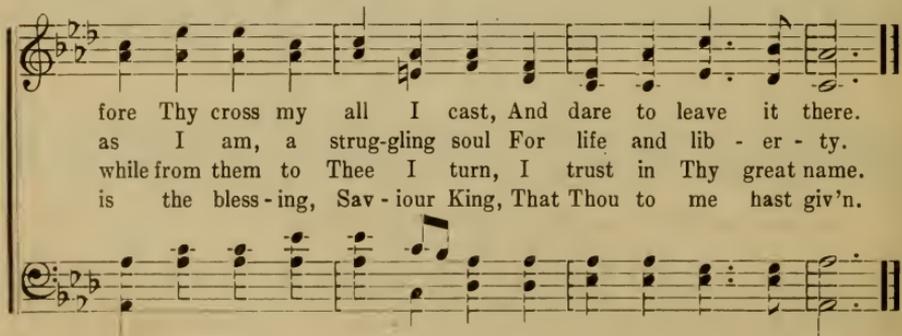
1. From ev - 'ry stain made clean, From ev - 'ry sin set free; Oh,
 2. From Thee I would not hide My sin, be - cause of fear What
 3. Up - on the al - tar here I lay my treasure down; I
 4. A heart by blood made clean, In ev - 'ry wish and thought, A



bless - ed Lord, this is the gift, That Thou hast promised me.
 men may think; I hate my pride, And as I am ap - pear.
 on - ly want to have Thee near, King of my heart to crown.
 heart that by God's power has been In - to sub - ject - ion brought;



And press - ing thro' the past, Of fail - ure, fault, and fear, Be -
 Just as I am, O Lord, Not what I'm thought to be; Just
 The fire doth sure - ly burn My ev - 'ry sel - fish claim; And
 To walk, to weep, to sing, With - in the light of heav'n; This



fore Thy cross my all I cast, And dare to leave it there.
 as I am, a strug - gling soul For life and lib - er - ty.
 while from them to Thee I turn, I trust in Thy great name.
 is the bless - ing, Sav - iour King, That Thou to me hast giv'n.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
D. C.—In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd
 These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

293

Dear Lord, we bring to Thee.

Tune—291.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Dear Lord, we bring to Thee
 This little life today;
 Thy precious gift we now return—
 Accept, we humbly pray.
 Nought else shall have a claim—
 He (she) shall be Thine alone;
 Oh, may he stand amongst Thine hosts
 Around the great white throne.</p> <p>2 The future close is hid;
 We would not ask to see
 If long or short shall be his life—
 We leave that, Lord, with Thee.</p> | <p>But keep him from all ill,
 Rob Satan of his power;
 Make him Thy special treasure from
 This dedication hour.</p> <p>3 Oh, grant in early life
 That he may understand
 Thy wonderful salvation plan,
 And join Thy warrior band!
 May worldliness and self,
 And fashion, love of ease,
 Be killed, and every faculty
 Be used his God to please.</p> |
|--|--|

294

I Want the Faith of God.

Tune—291. S. S. 470.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I want the faith of God,
 Great mountains to remove,
 Full confidence in Jesus' blood,
 The faith that works by love.
 The faith that will rejoice,
 To saints by Jesus given,
 That turns the key of paradise,
 And saves from earth to heaven.</p> <p>2 I want the faith that wears,
 That can Jehovah see,
 That glad life's heaviest burden bears,
 That grips eternity</p> | <p>The faith that cannot fail,
 That makes salvation sure,
 Anchored within the heavenly veil,
 The faith that will endure.</p> <p>3 I want the faith that fires,
 That gives me heat and light.
 That all my soul with zeal inspires,
 That makes me love to fight,
 The faith that saves from sin,
 That will for victory strive,
 That brings the power of God within.
 And keeps my soul alive.</p> |
|--|---|

At the Cross there's Room.

P. M. S. S. 32. B. M. I 209.

Andante, con moto.

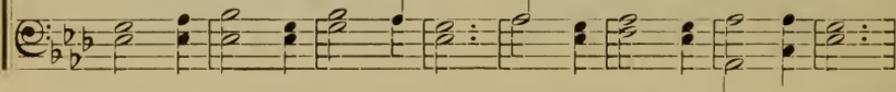
1. Sin - ner, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room!
 2. Haste thee, wan - d'rer, tar - ry not, At the cross there's room.
 3. Thoughtless sin - ner, come to - day; At the cross there's room.
 4. Bless - ed thought! For ev - 'ry one, At the cross there's room.



Tell the bur - den of thy heart, At the cross there's room!
 Seek that con - se - crat - ed spot; At the cross there's room.
 Hark! the Bride and Spi - rit say, At the cross there's room.
 Love's a - ton - ing work is done; At the cross there's room.



Tell it in thy Sav-iour's ear, Cast a-way thy ev - 'ry fear;
 Heav - y la - den, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
 Now a liv - ing fount - ain see, O - pened there for you and me,
 Streams of bound - less mer - cy flow, Free to all who thith - er go;



On - ly speak and He will hear; At the cross there's room.
 In the Sav - iour find thy rest; At the cross there's room.
 Rich and poor, and bond and free, At the cross there's room.
 Oh! that all the world might know, At the cross there's room.



Lord Jesus, I Long.

11's. S. S. 399. B. M. I. 184.

*p Andante, con espress.**mf*

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole,
I want Thee for ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry

2. { Lord Je - sus, let noth - ing un - ho - ly re - main,
Ap - ply Thine own blood, and remove ev - 'ry stain; To get this blest

3. { Lord Je - sus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -

4. { Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat,
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith for my

5. { Thy bless - ing by faith I re - ceive from a - bove,
Oh, glo - ry! my soul is made per - fect in love; My prayer has pre -

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me and I shall be
wash - ing I all things fore - go, Now wash me and I shall be
self and what - ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be
cleansing I see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be
veiled, and this moment I know The blood is ap - plied— I am

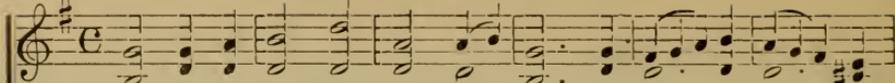
f CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than

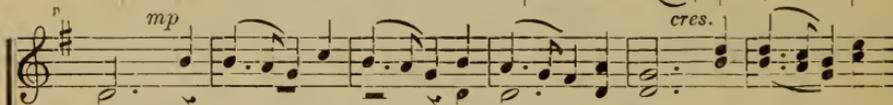
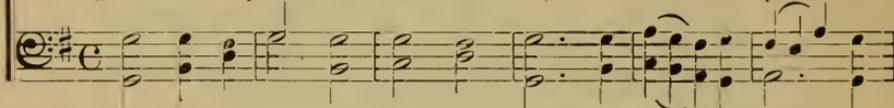
snow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

mf Allegro moderato.

C. M. S. S. 334. B. M. I. 33.



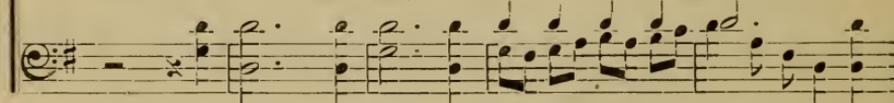
1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro -
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner



- praise; The glo - ries of..... my God.... and King, The glo - ries
 claim, To spread through all..... the earth.... a - broad, To spread through
 cease; 'Tis mu - sic in..... the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis mu - sic
 free: His blood can make..... the foul - est clean, His blood can



- of..... my God.... and King, The tri - umphs of His grace, The
 all..... the earth... a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name, The
 in..... the sin - ners ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis
 make... the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me. His



grace, of His grace,



- tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life,.... and health, and peace.
 blood a - vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for me.



grace, of His grace,

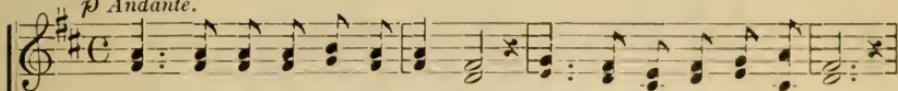
Give Me a Heart.

C. M. Tune - 297. S. S. 397. B. M. I. 33.

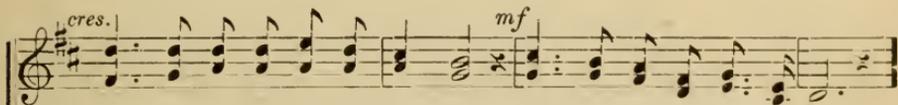
- 1 Give me a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that always feels the blood
 So freely spilt for me!
 Cho.—Give me a heart like Thine!
 By Thy wonderful power,
 And Thy grace every hour,
 Give me a heart like Thine!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne:
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.

Oh! the Peace my Saviour gives!

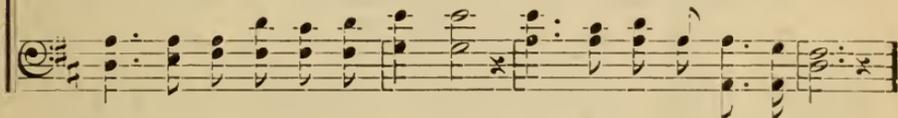
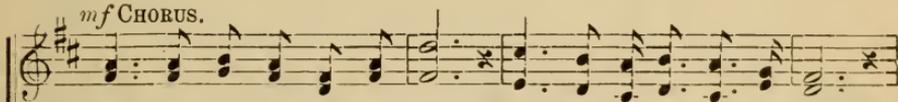
8's & 7's. S. S. 491. B. M. I. 150.

p Andante.

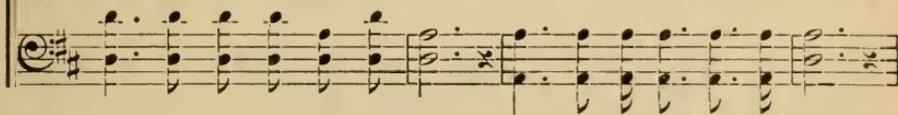
1. Once I thought I walked with Je-sus, Yet such changeful feelings had,
2. But He called me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubts and fears all cease;
3. Now I'm trusting ev-'ry moment, Noth-ing less can be enough;

*cres.*

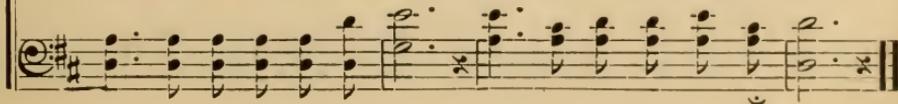
Some-times trust-ing, some-times doubt-ing, Some-times joy-ful, some-times sad.
 And when I had ful-ly yield-ed Filled my soul with per-fect peace.
 And my Sav-iour bears me gent-ly O'er those plac-es once so rough.

*mf* CHORUS.

Oh, the peace my Sav-iour gives, Peace I nev-er knew be-fore!

*poco rit.*

And my way has bright-er grown, Since I learned to trust Him more.



7's. S. S. 490. B. M. I. 82.



1. Sins of years are washed a-way Blackest stains be-come as snow;
2. Doubts and fears are borne a-long On the cur-rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel-fish-ness is lost in love— Love for Him whose love you know,
5. Fight-ing is a great de-light, Nev-er will you fear the foe;



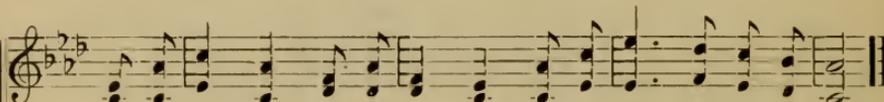
Dark-est night is changed to day, When you to the riv-er go.
 Sor-row chang-es in-to song, When you to the riv-er go.
 All your boast is in the cross, When you to the riv-er go.
 All your treas-ure is a-bove, When you to the riv-er go.
 Armed by King Je-ho-vah's might, When you to the riv-er go.



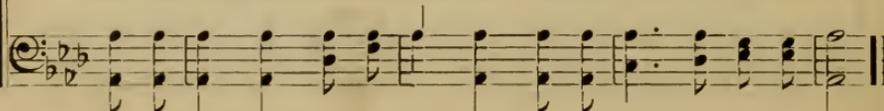
CHORUS.



I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the riv-er go;



And my heart its waves are cleans-ing Whit-er than the driv-en snow.



Jesus is Mighty to Save.

Con spirito.

1. Joy - ful news to all man-kind, Je - sus is migh - ty to save; All who
 2. Though as scarlet be the stains, Je - sus is migh - ty to save; Tho' as
 3. Fear - ful soul, discard thy fears, Je - sus is migh - ty to save; Seek - er,
 4. Since His blood for thee was shed, Je - sus is migh - ty to save; Since He

seek shall sure - ly find Je - sus is migh - ty to save. Sin - ners may re -
 steel the binding chains, Je - sus is migh - ty to save. His the glo - rious
 haste to dry thy tears, Je - sus is migh - ty to save. With as - sur - ance
 lives who once was dead, Je - sus is migh - ty to save. While in con - flict

linquish wrong, Falt'ring hearts may now be strong; Sound the tidings right along,
 sac - ri - fice; His the blood which paid the price; His the love doth now entice;
 seek His face, Doubt no more His love and grace, Give Him now His rightful place,
 we en - gage, When the storms a - round shall rage, All our earthly pil - grim - age,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is might - y to save. Je - sus is mighty to save, Je - sus is
 is might - y to save.

might - y to save; From the uttermost, to the uttermost, Mighty to save!

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.



1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-by" To the dearest on earth to me?



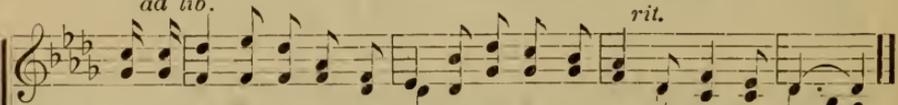
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
 When for my deep grief There is no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?



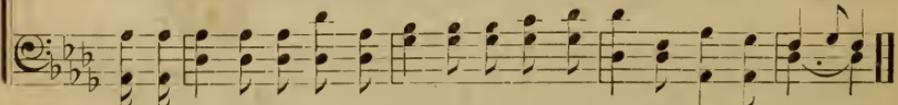
CHORUS.



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

*ad lib.*

When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
He cares.



What a Friend.

8s. 7s.—S. S. 513. B. M. I. 161.

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 trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care!—

FINE.

What a pri - 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 Sav - iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All be - cause 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.

D.S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful. Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer,

Wanted, Hearts.

Tune—303.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Wanted, hearts baptized with fire,
 Hearts completely cleansed from sin;
 Hearts that will go to the mire,
 Hearts that dare do aught for Him.
 Hearts that will be firmer, braver,
 Hearts like heroes gone before;
 Hearts enjoying God's full favor,
 Hearts to love Him more and more.</p> | <p>2 Wanted, hearts that beat true ever,
 Hearts that can for others feel;
 Hearts that prove the traitor never,
 Hearts that will the wounded heal.
 Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,
 Hearts renewed by grace divine;
 Hearts aglow with full salvation,
 Hearts to do "Thy will, not mine!"</p> |
|---|---|

CHORUS.

Hearts to hoist the colors bravely,
 Hearts to share the hardest fight;
 Hearts that know their duty clearly,
 Hearts to dare and do the right.

- 3 Wanted hearts to love the masses,
 Hearts to help Him seek the lost
 Hearts to help Him save all classes.
 Hearts to help Him save the worst.
 Hearts to share with Him the weeping,
 Hearts to bear with Him the cross;
 Hearts to help Him with the reaping,
 Hearts to trust through gain or loss.

Who'll be the Next?

P. M. S. S. 57. B. M. I. 293.

mp Moderato.

1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Come and bow at His
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus, Down thro' the Jor - dan's

cres.

cross to bear? Some - one is read - y, Some - one is wait - ing;
 pre - cious feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
 praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - rus of free re - demp - tion?
 roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed

f Who'll be the next a crown to wear? Who'll be the next?
 Down at the Fa - ther's Mer - cy - seat?
 Sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lamb?
 Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?

mf CHORUS.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

Oh, What Battles I've Been In.

7's & 11's. S. S. 589. B. M. I. 107.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Oh, what bat-tles I've been in, And what con-flicts I have seen, But in
 2. What a sin-ner I have been, What a Sav-iour I have seen, For He's
 3. Oh, what mighty wondrous love Brought my Sav-iour from a - bove, On the

dark-ness as in brightness He is mine, Oh, what mocking and what shame
 saved me from my sor - row and my woe! And, when lost to all a-round,
 cross to shed His blood and die for me! So I'll serve Him with my might,
 He is mine;

I can suf-fer for His name, For in glo - ry as the stars He'll make me shine.
 My Redeem-er then I found, And His pard'ning love and mercy now I know.
 In His service I'll de-light, For the blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

f CHORUS.

Washed in the blood white as snow, . . . Nothing am I seek-ing here be - low;

*poco rit.**a tempo.*

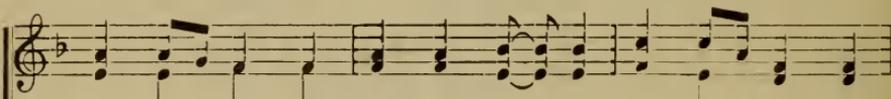
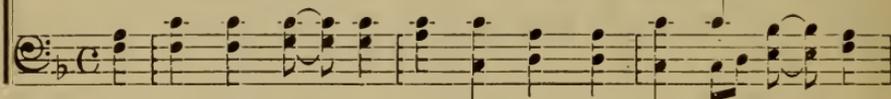
There's no more strife for my soul, I know, And nought can my peace over-throw.

Away Over Jordan.

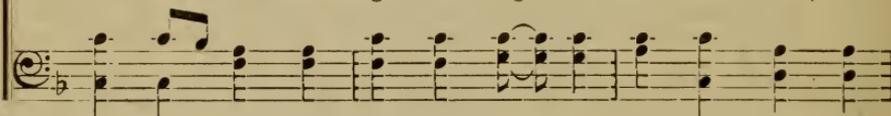
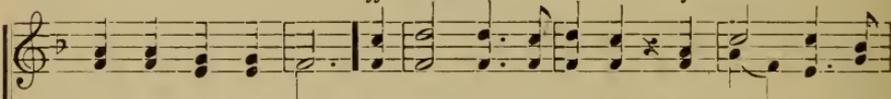
8. 8. 8. 6. S. S. 653. B. M. I. 133.

mf Allegro moderato.

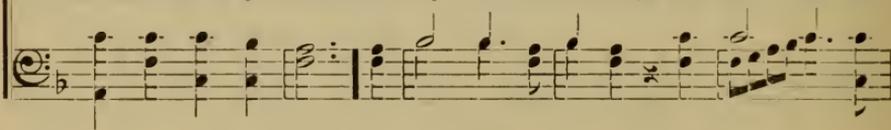
1. Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, Oh, we are go-ing to
2. You must be saved to wear that crown, You must be saved to
3. You must be cleansed to wear that crown, You must be cleansed to
4. You must live right to wear that crown, You must live right to
5. We'll fight the fight to wear that crown, We'll fight the fight to



wear a crown, Oh, we are go-ing to wear a crown, To
 wear that crown, You must be saved to wear that crown, To
 wear that crown, You must be cleansed to wear that crown, To
 wear that crown, You must live right to wear that crown, To
 wear that crown, We'll fight the fight to wear that crown, To

*ff* CHORUS.*mf*

wear a star-ry crown. A-way o-ver Jor-dan, With our blessed



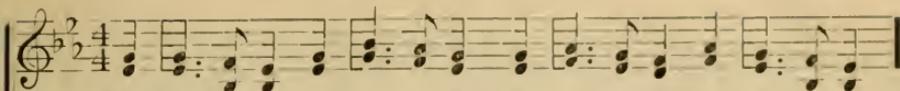
Je-sus, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, To wear a star-ry crown.



E. O. E.

L. M.—S. S. 293. B. J. 335.

E. O. Excell.



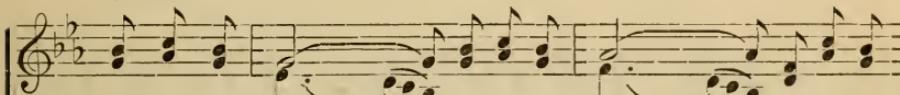
1. My robes were once all stained with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That promise, "who-so-ev-er will," In-clud-ed me, in-cludes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are washed a-way,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, "Till all their stains are washed a-way.



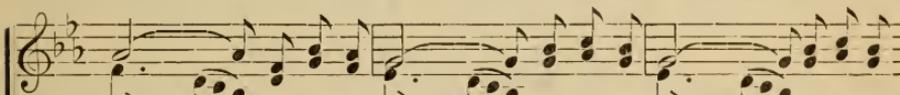
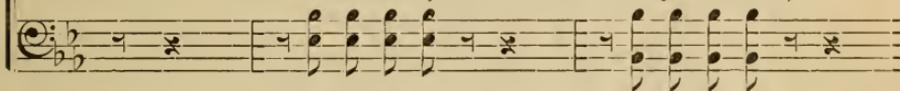
Un-til a voice said sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
 I came and ev-er since I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 For in His Word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
 Un-til by faith they see and know Their robes are washed as white as snow.



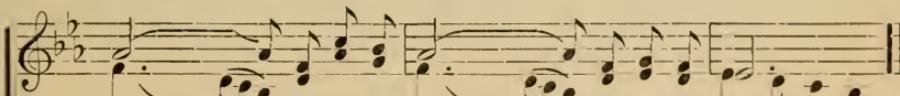
CHORUS.



I've washed my robes in Je-sus' blood, And He has
 I've washed my robes in Je-sus blood,



made them white as snow; I've washed my robes in Je-sus'
 And He has made them white as snow; I've washed my robes,



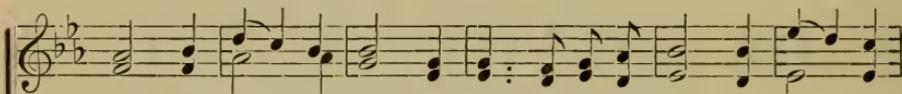
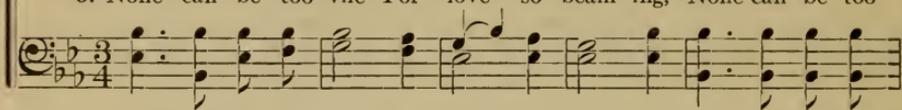
blood, And He has made them white as snow.
 in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow,



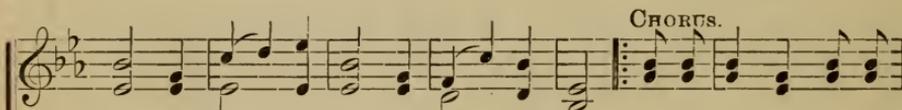
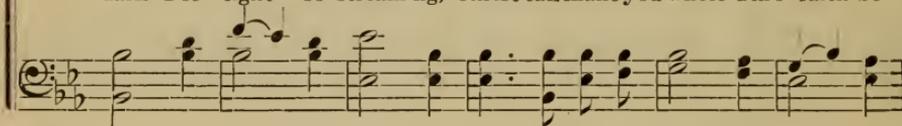
Come, Oh, Come With Me.



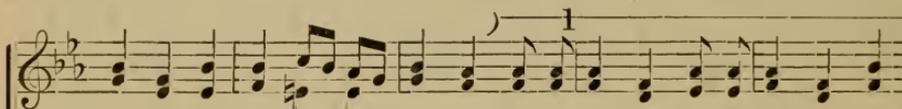
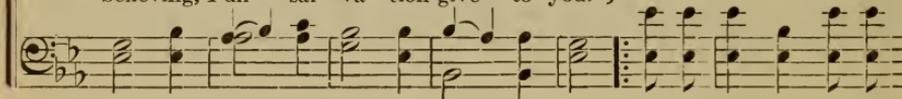
1. Come, oh, come, with me, Where love is beam - ing, Come, oh, come with
2. Come with all thy sins, Al-though like a moun-tain, Come un - to the
3. None can be too vile For love so beam-ing, None can be too



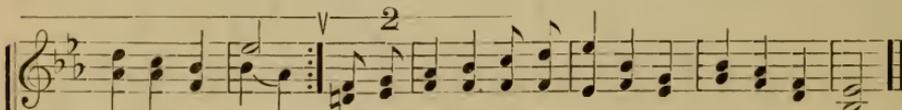
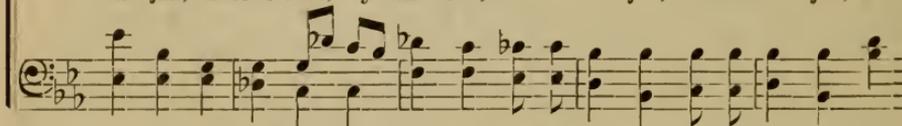
me Where light is stream - ing, Light and love di - vine In Christ re -
cross From whence a foun - tain Flows di - vine - ly clear To heal the
dark For light so streaming, Christ can make you whole Thro' faith be -



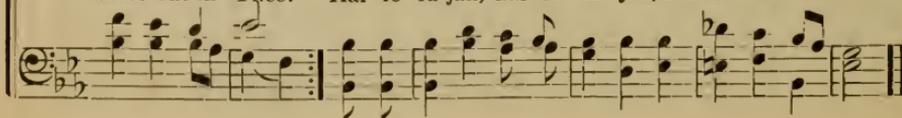
veal - ing God Him - self to you and me. } Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
na - tions, Come, and wash and make you clean. }
believing, Full sal - va - tion give to you. }



lu - jah, I love thee, my Sav-iour; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll



trust but in Thee! Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll trust but in Thee!



Moderato.

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

2. { He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.

3. { Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re-deem-er.
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

Shine Where You Are.

f
Shine, shine just where you are, Shine, shine just where you are,
Send forth the light in - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

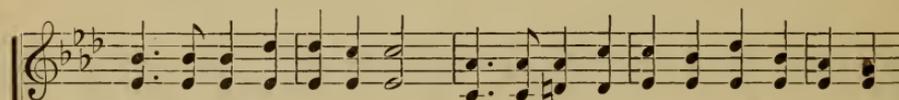
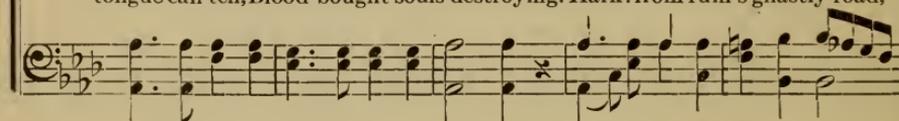
P. M.—S. S. 536. B. M. I. 273.

f *Con spirito.*

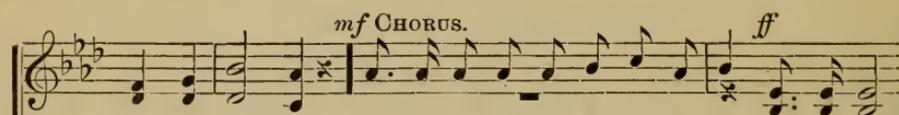
1. Soldiers of our God, a-rise! The day is drawing nearer; Shake the slumber
2. See the brazen hosts of hell, Art and power em-ploy-ing; More than human



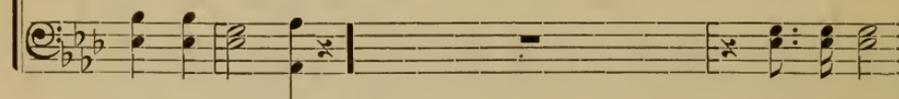
from your eyes, The light is growing clearer. Sit no lon-ger i - dly by,
tongue can tell, Blood-bought souls destroying. Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,



While the heedless millions die; Lift the blood-stained banner high, And take the
Victims groan beneath their load, For-ward, O ye sons of God, And dare or



field for Je - sus. } Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down!
die for Je - sus. }



Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down, bring them down! Pull down the dev-il's kingdom,



Storm the Forts of Darkness.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Where'er he holds dominion; Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines.

bring them down.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It includes dynamic markings *mf* and *cres.*

Glo - ry, hon-or to the Lamb, . . . Praise and pow-er to the Lamb; . . .

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It includes a *ff* dynamic marking.

to the Lamb;

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It includes a *ff* dynamic marking.

Glo - ry, hon-or, Praise and power, Be for-ev-er to the Lamb.

Musical notation for the sixth system, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It includes a *ff* dynamic marking.

313

O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

C. M.—S. S. 465. B. M. I. 31.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It includes the marking *mp Adagio*.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. The bus - y tribes of flesh and blood, With all their cares and fears,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature.

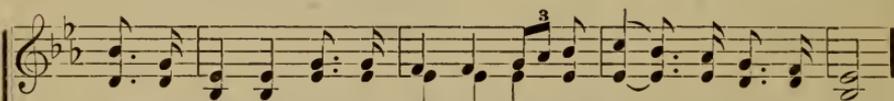
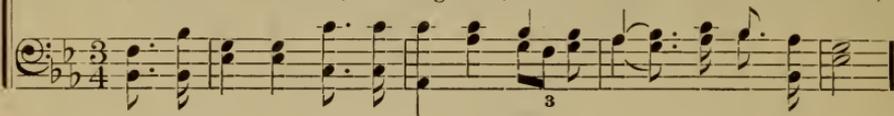
Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature.

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure!
 Are car - ried down - ward by the flood, And lost in fol - lowing years.
 They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature.



1. I'm a sol - dier bound for glo - ry, I'm a sol - dier go - ing home;
2. I will tell you what in - duced me In the glo - rious fight to start:
3. When I first commenced my warfare, Ma - ny said, "He'll run a - way;"
4. I'm a won - der un - to ma - ny, God a - lone the change has wrought,
5. When to death's dark, swell - ing river, Like a war - rior I shall come,



Come and hear me tell my sto - ry—All who love the Saviour, come.
 'Twas the Sav-iour's lov-ing kind - ness O - ver - came and won my heart.
 But they all have been de - ceiv - ed—In the fight I am to - day.
 Here I raise my "Eb - en - e - zer," Hith - er by His help I'm brought.
 Then I mean to shout "Sal - va - tion!" And go sing - ing "Glory!" home.



CHORUS.



I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do;

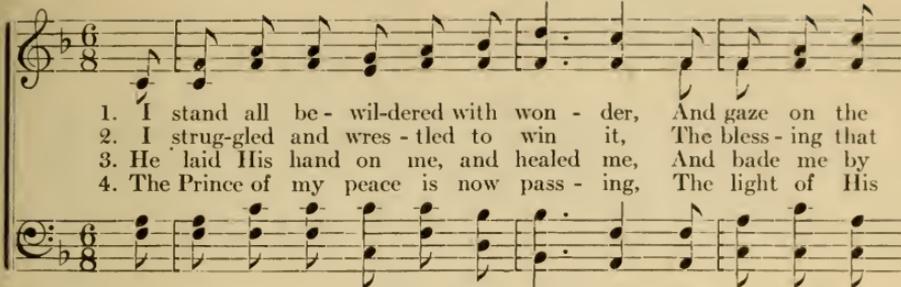


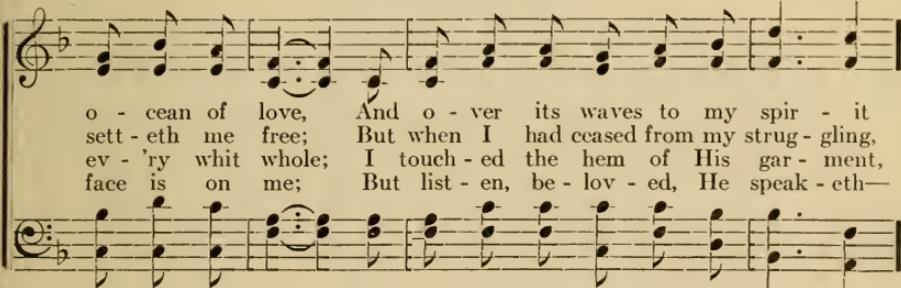
I love Je - sus, He's my Sav-iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.



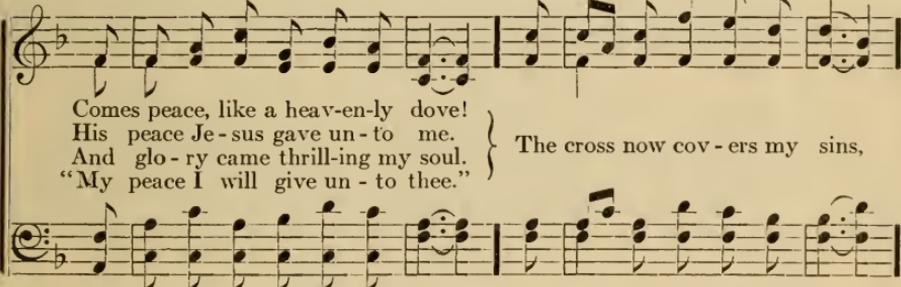
The Cross Now Covers My Sins.

8's. (4 lines.)—S. S. 493. B. M. I. 112.

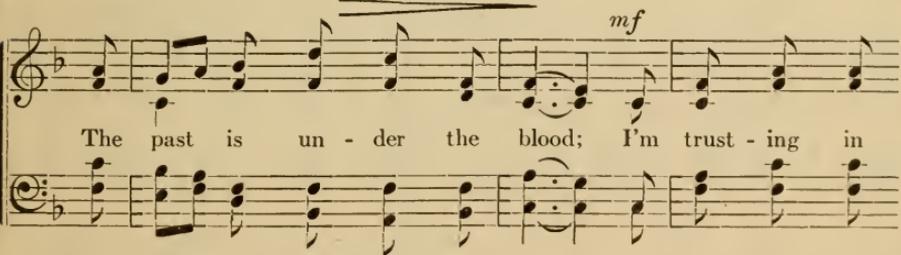
- 
1. I stand all be-wil-dered with won-der, And gaze on the
 2. I strug-gled and wres-tled to win it, The bless-ing that
 3. He 'laid His hand on me, and healed me, And bade me by
 4. The Prince of my peace is now pass-ing, The light of His



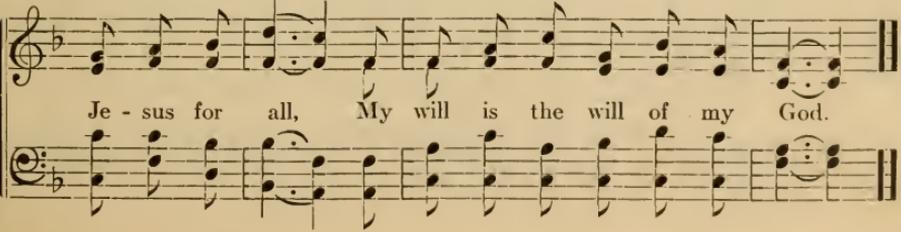
o - cean of love, And o - ver its waves to my spir - it
sett - eth me free; But when I had ceased from my strug - gling,
ev - 'ry whit whole; I touch - ed the hem of His gar - ment,
face is on me; But list - en, be - lov - ed, He speak - eth—

f CHORUS.


Comes peace, like a heav-en-ly dove!
His peace Je-sus gave un-to me. } The cross now cov - ers my sins,
And glo - ry came thrill-ing my soul.
"My peace I will give un - to thee."



The past is un - der the blood; I'm trust - ing in



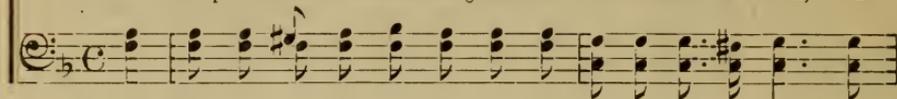
Je - sus for all, My will is the will of my God.

Come, Shout and Sing.

P. M. S. S. 597. B. M. I. 221.

mf Allegro moderato.

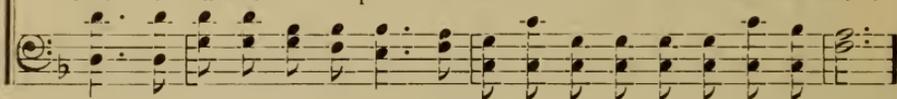
1. Come, shout and sing, make heav-en ring With prais-es to our King, Who
2. Come, join our band, and make a stand To drive sin from our land; "To
3. At trumpet's sound we stand our ground. And tell to those a round, Who



bled and died, was cru-ci-fied That He might pardon bring; His blood doth save the
do or die," our bat-tle cry; We fight at God's command. With ban-ner wide un-
have been long, with shackles strong, By sin and Sa-tan bound, Sal-va-tion God has



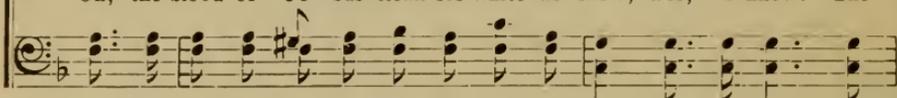
soul, Doth cleanse and make it whole—The blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
fured, We tell to all the world, The blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
sent For all who will re-pent The blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.



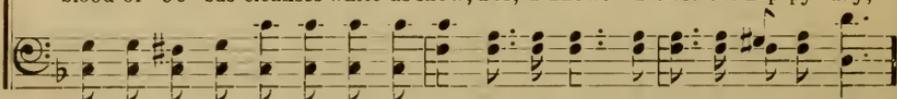
CHORUS.



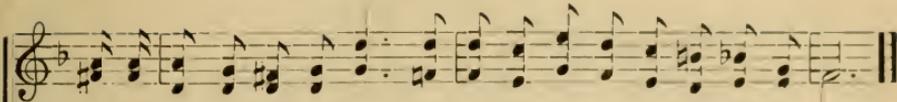
Oh, the blood of Je-sus clean-ses white as snow, Yes, I know! The



blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow, Yes, I know! I bless the hap-py day,



Come, Shout and Sing.—Concluded.



When He washed my sins a-way, The blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.

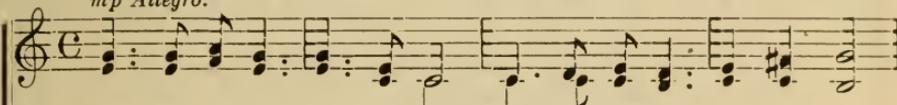


317

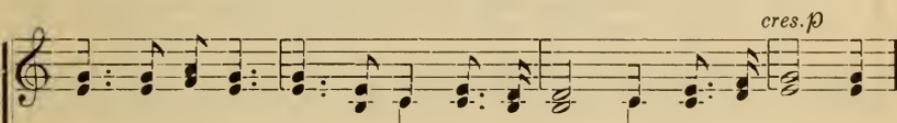
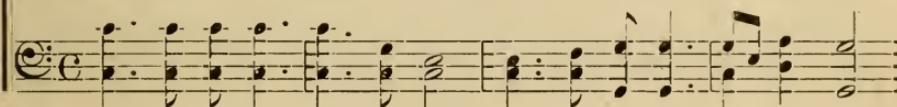
Give Me Jesus.

P. M. S. S. 216. B. M. I. 229.

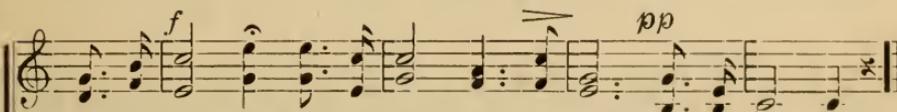
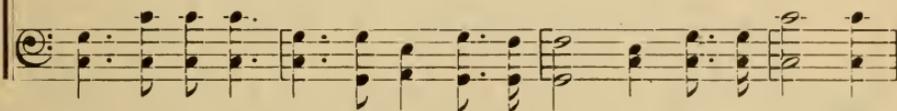
mp Allegro.



1. When I'm hap-py hear me sing, When I'm hap-py hear me sing,
2. When in sor-row hear me sing, When in sor-row hear me sing,
3. When I'm fighting hear me sing, When I'm fighting hear me sing,
4. When I'm dy-ing hear me sing, When I'm dy-ing hear me sing,



When I'm hap-py hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus,
 When in sor-row hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus,
 When I'm fighting, hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus,
 When I'm dy-ing hear me sing, Give me Je - sus, Give me Je - sus,



Give me Je - sus, You may have all the world,—Give me Je - sus.



The Golden City.

S. S. 670. B. J. 182.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. I've a home fair and bright in yon - der Cit - y, To its
 2. It is true on the way to yon - der Cit - y, I've to
 3. Do you know there's no place in yon - der Cit - y, For a

gates I am march - ing a - long; When my fight - ing for Je - sus here is
 cross o'er a cold roll - ing flood; But I trust Him to guide me by whose
 soul that is bur - dened with guilt? Do you know that no sin can ev - er

o - ver, I shall then take my place with the throng That
 pit - y I've been led to the sin - cleans - ing Blood; As
 en - ter? Hast - en then to the Blood that was spilt To

face to face be - holds the Saviour, In whose praise is raised its song.
 He has said He'll nev - er leave me, I will trust my Friend, my God.
 cleanse from sin, and with me jour - ney To the Cit - y God has built.

f CHORUS.
 Up in the gold - en Cit - y There's a man - sion to me will be giv'n; I am

The Golden City.—Concluded.

rich - er by far Than a Queen or a Czar, I'm an heir of the wealth of heav'n.

319

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

S. S. 660. B. J. 27.

Joyfully.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who, in their youthful days, Found Je - sus ear - ly,
3. These, these are they who, in af - flict - ion's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who, in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -

of the si - lent grave, Shout - ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, "Washed in the
and in wis - dom's ways Proved the ful - ness of His grace, "Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, "Washed in the
mid the hot - test fire; Je - sus now says: "Come up higher," "Washed in the

CHORUS.

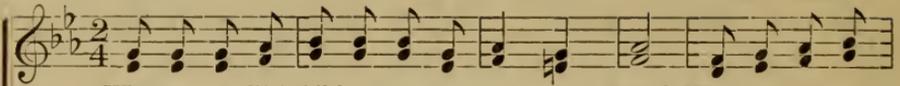
blood of the Lamb." "Sweeping thro' the gates" of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb." . . . "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
in the blood of the Lamb."

Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

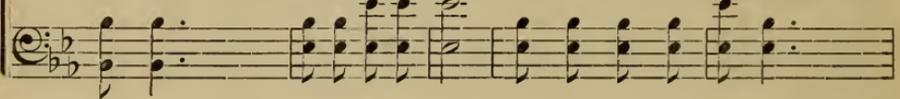
E. O. Excell.



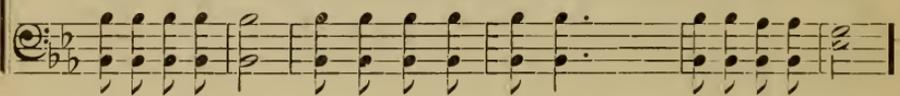
1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis -



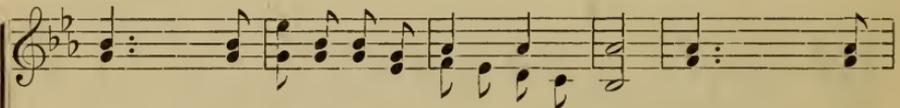
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon - ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an - gels



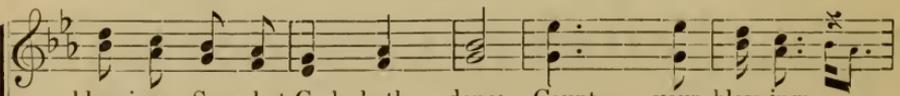
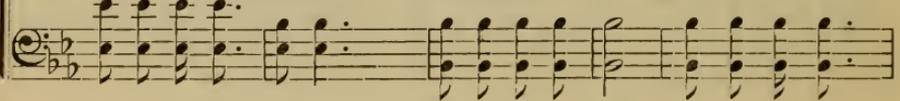
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can not buy Your re - ward in heav-en, nor your home so nigh.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



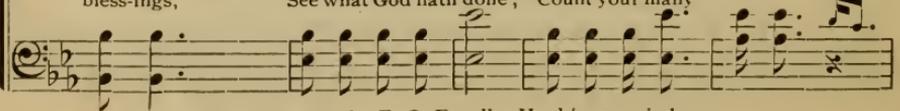
CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your ma - ny



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many



Count Your Blessings.—Concluded.

rit.

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

321

And Above the Rest.

L. M.—S. S. 332. B. M. I. 1.

mf Moderato.

1. Praise God for what He's done for me! Once I was blind, but now I see;
2. The Lord has par-doned all my sin, And now to praise Him I'll be-gin;
3. I spurned His grace, I broke His laws, But Je - sus un - der-took my cause;
4. Praise God for what He's done for us! He's turned our hearts to praise Him thus,

CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

cres. *f*

I on the brink of ru - in fell,—Glo - ry to God! I'm out of hell.
I never praised the Lord be-fore, Hence-forth I'll praise Him more and more.
Bad as I was, He cleaned my soul, Healed my dis-ease, and made me whole.
And now He cries, "Go on, go on; I'll crown you when your work is done."

And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus has done all things well.

322

Now in a Song of Grateful Praise.

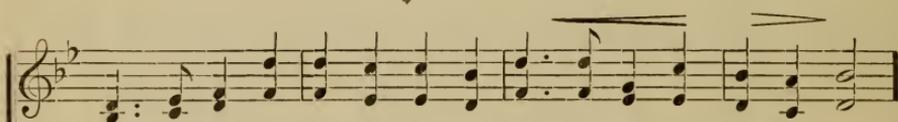
Tune—321.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell—
My Jesus has done all things well.</p> | <p>3 How sovereign, powerful, and free
Has been His love to sinful me!
He plucked me from the jaws of hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.</p> |
| <p>2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
His wisdom all His works express;
But oh! His love what tongue can tell?
My Jesus has done all things well.</p> | <p>4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
The tempter levels at my heart,
With this I all his rage rebel—
My Jesus has done all things well.</p> |

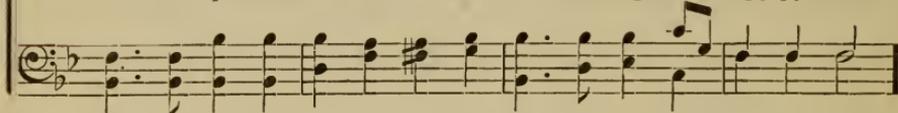
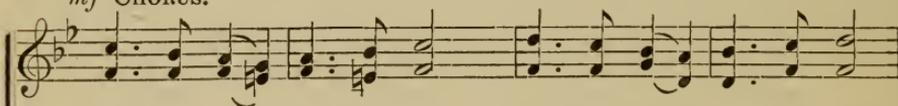
8s. 7s.—S. S. 838. B. M. I. 156.

mp Moderato.

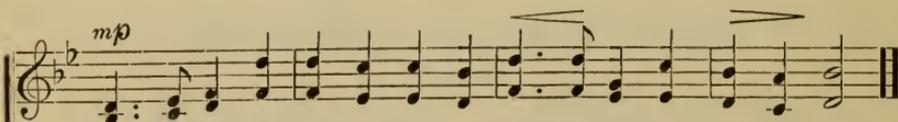
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, In that bright and hap-py land,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet with many loved ones, Who were torn from our em-brace?
4. Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Nev - er to be part - ed more;



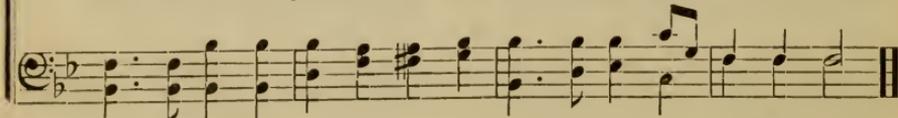
And with the re-deemed for ev - er, In our Sav-iour's presence stand?
 Shall we meet and cast our an-chor By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
 Shall we list - en to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
 There we'll praise our Sav-iour ev - er, On that bright and hap - py shore.

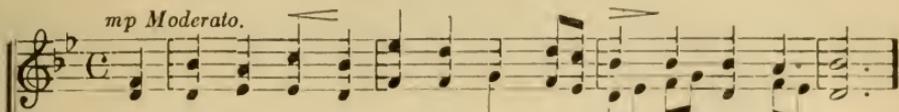
*mf* CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet, shall we meet,



Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?



mp Moderato.

1. While here be - fore Thy cross I kneel, To me Thy love im - part;
2. Deep - en in me Thy work of grace, Teach me to do Thy will;
3. With might - y power my soul bap - tize, My long - ing heart in - spire.
4. I want in this dark world to shine, And ev - er faith - ful be,



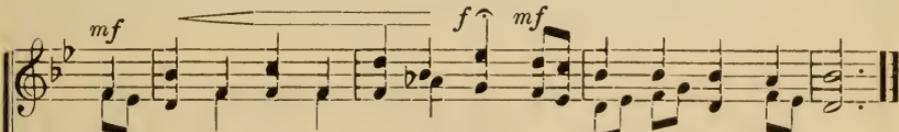
With a deep, burn - ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.
 Help me to live a spot - less life, Thy ho - ly laws ful - fil.
 That I may from this mo - ment rise A liv - ing flame of fire.
 That all a - round shall know I'm Thine In blest re - al - i - ty.

*p* CHORUS.*cres.*

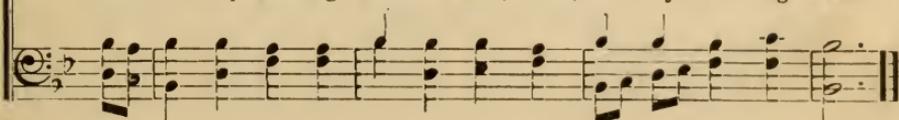
Lord, fill my craving heart, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart,



Lord, fill my craving heart, Lord, fill my craving heart,

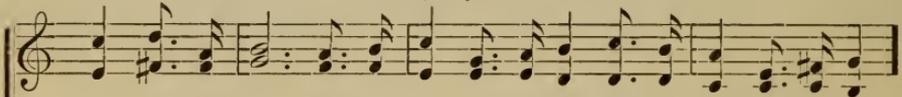


With a deep burn - ing love for souls, Lord, fill my crav - ing heart.

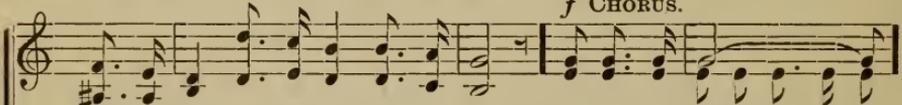




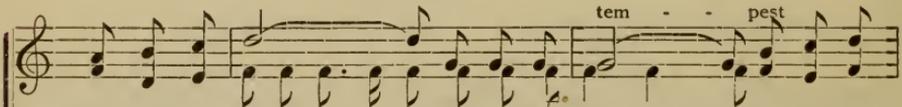
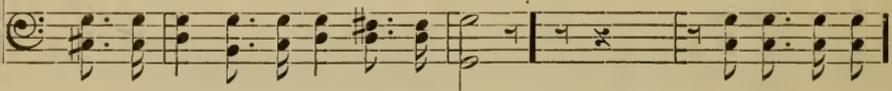
1. In The Ar - my of Je - sus I've ta - ken my stand, To fight 'gainst the
2. We go forth not to fight 'gainst the sin - ner, but sin, The lost and the
3. Je - sus pit - ied our race, and He died in our place, To save a lost

*cres.*

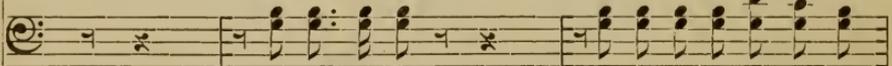
for - ces of sin, To the res - cue we go, Sa - tan's pow'r to o'er - throw,
out - cast we love; The claims of our King be - fore them we bring,
world was He slain; But He rose and now lives, and His par - don He gives

**f** CHORUS.

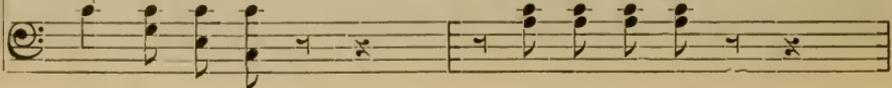
And His cap - tives to Je - sus we'll win. } I'll stand for Christ,
And we urge them His mer - cy to prove. }
Un - to those who will call on His name. } I'll stand for Christ,



For Christ a - lone, A - mid the tem - pest, tem - pest and the
For Christ a - lone, A - mid the tem - pest and the

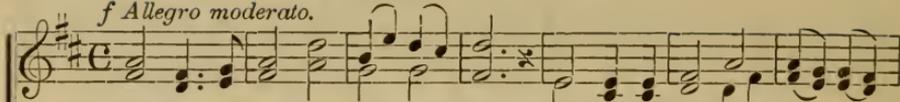


storm, Where Je - sus leads, I'll fol - low
and the storm, where Je - sus leads,

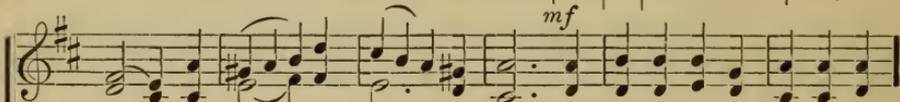


O Glorious Hope.

8s. 6s.—S. S. 359. B. M. I. 139.

f Allegro moderato.

1. O glo-rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a -
 2. Re-joic-ing now in ear - nest hope, I stand, and from the moun-tain
 3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil, Favored with God's pe - cul - iar



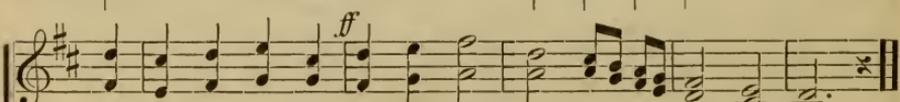
bove, It bears on ea - gles' wings; It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 top See all the land be - low; Riv-ers of milk and hon-ey rise,
 smile, With ev - 'ry blessing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness.



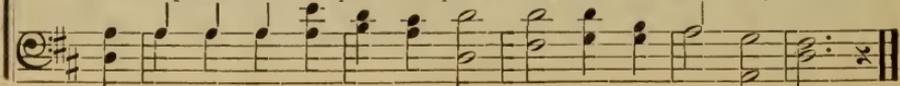
And makes me for some mo-ments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings.
 And all the fruits of par - a - dise, In end - less plen - ty grow.
 And keeps His own in per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.



With Je - sus' priests and kings. It gives my rav-ished soul a taste,
 In end - less plen - ty grow. Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise,
 And ev - er - last - ing rest. There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,

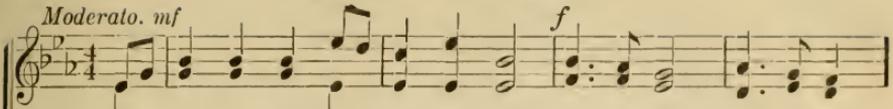


And makes me for some moments feast With Je - sus' priests and kings,
 And all the fruits of par - a - dise, In end - less plen - ty grow.
 And keep His own in per - fect peace And ev - er - last - ing rest.

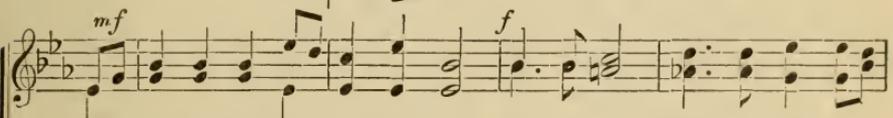


There is a Better World.

S's & 3's. S. S. 674. B. M. I. 123.

Moderato. mf

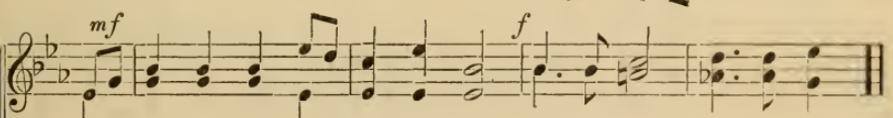
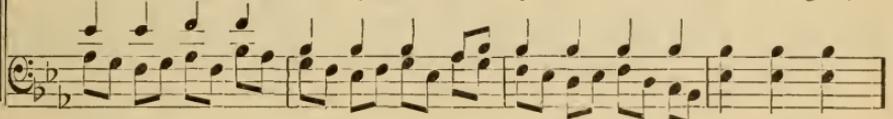
1. There is a bet-ter world, they say, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
2. No clouds e'er pass a - long that sky, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
3. And wick-ed things and beasts of prey Come not there! Come not there!
4. And tho'we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!



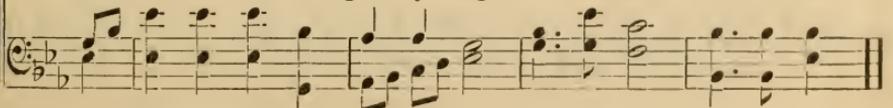
Where sin and woe are done a - way, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright! And
No tear-drops glis-ten in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land! They
And ruth-less death and fierce de - cay Come not there! Come not there! There
And though our crown of peace is gone, Je - sus died! Je - sus died! We

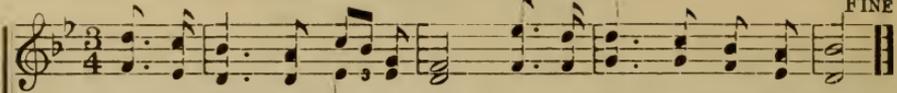


mu - sic fills the balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there,
drink the gush - ing streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Sav-iour's face,
all are ho - ly, all are good; But, hearts un-washed in Je - sus' blood,
may be cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, We may be crowned with bliss a - gain,

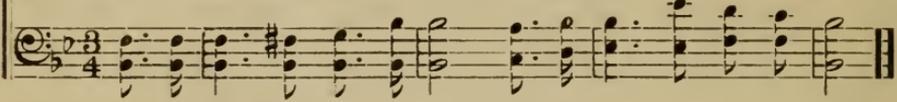


And harps of gold and man-sions fair, Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!
Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
And guilt - y sin - ners un - re - newed, Come not there! Come not there!
And in that land of glo - ry reign, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!

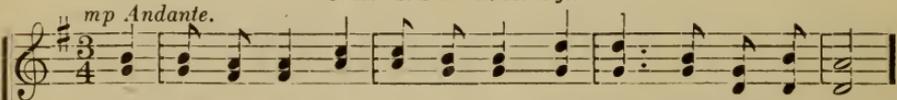




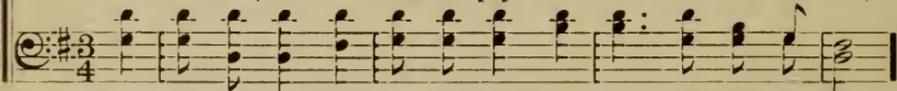
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
 D. C. - Chart and com - pass come from Thee Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C. - Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
 D. C. - May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boisterous waves, o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twix me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

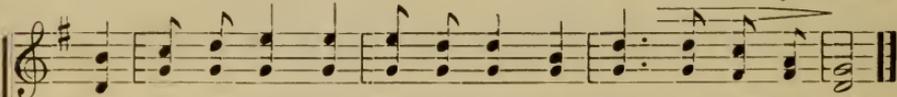


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for sins that I have done He suf - fered on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. Dear Sav - iour, I can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

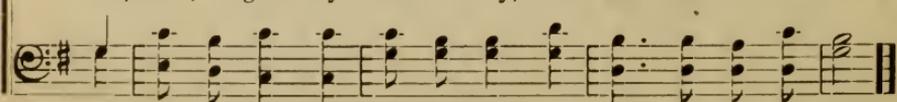


CHO. - Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;

D. C. for Chorus.



Did He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - greel
 When Christ the might - y Mak - er died, For man the creature's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.



Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.

mf

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
 2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
 3. It is not thy tears of re - pent - ance or prayers, But the
 4. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once, The

life at this moment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look un - to
 Je - sus thy guilt was not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the
 Blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou
 life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur - ance thou

Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
 sin - cleansing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
 may - est at once Thy weight of in - i - qui - ties roll.
 nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus, thy right - eous - ness, lives.

f CHORUS. *mf*

Look! look, look and live There is life for a look at the

Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee, for thee.

Joy in The Salvation Army.

P. M. S. S. 587. B. M. I. 247.

ff

Joy! joy! joy! There is joy in The Sal - va - tion Ar - my! Joy! joy!

mf *f* FINE.

joy! In The Ar - my of the Lord. 1. Sing to God, sing to God, sing to
2. Blood and fire, blood and fire, blood and
3. We will sing, we will sing, we will

God, sing to God, with loud joy - ful songs of praise; songs of praise; Beat the drums, beat the drums, beat the fire, blood and fire, is the Army soldier's might; soldier's might; Blood and fire, blood and fire, blood and sing, we will sing, till the world is full of joy; full of joy; We will shout, we will shout, we will

p

drums, beat the drums, while sal - va - tion mu - sic plays, Play the mu - sic, play, sing the fire, blood and fire, is our vic - t'ry in the fight. 'Tis the blood and fire gives the shout, we will shout, till glad voic - es rend the sky. With a thousand bands and a

hap - py song, Loud ho - san - nas shout with the hap - py throng, To the bat - tle - cry, 'Tis the blood and fire makes the foe to fly, 'Tis the thou - sand drums, We will praise the Lord in bright hap - py homes, We will

Joy in The Salvation Army.—Concluded.

cres. *f* *D. C. Chorus.*

hap - py land we'll march a-long, We'll be joyful all the way.....
 blood and fire gives The Ar-my joy And vic-t'ry all the way.....
 sing and shout till the Mas-ter comes, We'll ev - er praise the Lord.....

333

Mighty to Save.

11's. S. S. 335.

1. { O bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Bliss of the free! I plunge in the
 O'er sin and unclean - ness Exult - ing I stand, And point to the

2. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine! No long - er in
 Quite sure of sal - va - tion, I sing of His grace, Who lift - ed up -

3. { Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Bliss of the pure No wound hath the
 No sor - row - bowed head But may sweet - ly find rest, No mourn - er whose

4. { O Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied! Of Thee I'll sing, My bless - ed Re -
 My soul filled with rapture, Shall shout o'er the grave, And triumph in

CHORUS.

crim - son tide, O - pened for me! } Oh, sing of His might - y love,
 print of The nails in His hand. }
 dread Con-dem - na - tion But I pine. }
 on me The smiles of His face! }
 soul That His blood can - not cure. }
 tears Can't be dried on His breast! }
 deem - er, My God and my King! }
 death In the Might - y to Save! }

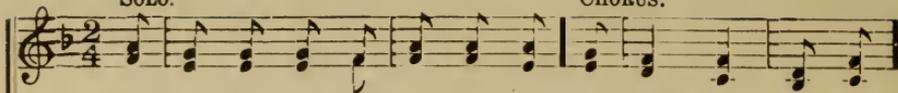
Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love—Might - y to save!

He Was Found Worthy.

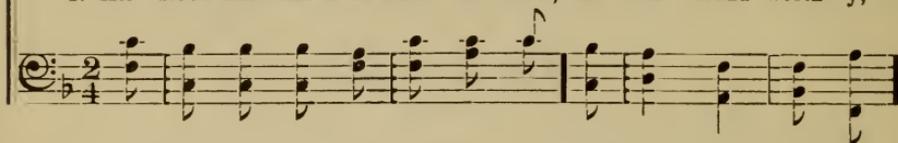
S. S. 10. B. J. 106.

SOLO.

CHORUS.



1. When none was found to ran - som me, He was found worth - y;
2. To take the book, and loose the seal, He was found worth - y;
3. To bridge the gulf twixt man and God, He was found worth - y;
4. His blood has washed me white as snow; He was found worth - y;

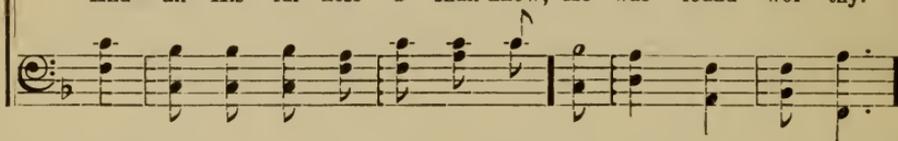


SOLO.

CHORUS.



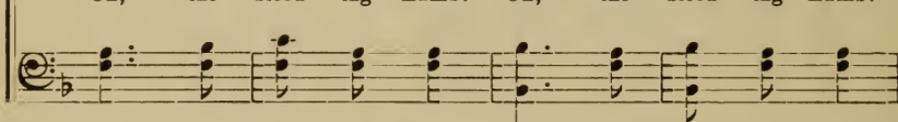
To set a world of sin - ners free, He was found wor - thy.
 To bruise the head that bruised His heel, He was found wor - thy.
 And save the reb - els by His blood, He was found wor - thy.
 And all His ful - ness I shall know, He was found wor - thy.



FULL CHORUS.



Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb!



Oh, the bleed - ing Lamb! He was found worth - y.



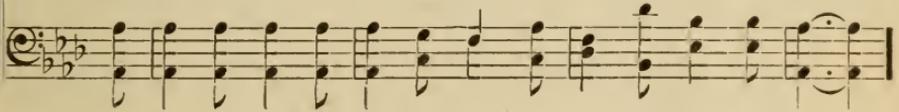
C. M.—S. S. 701. B. M. I. 47.

mf Allegretto.

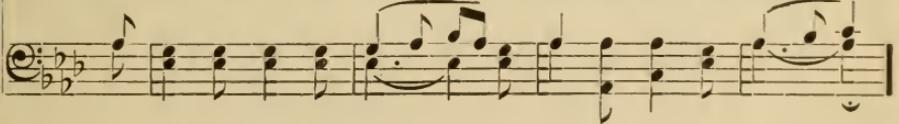
1. With stea - dy pace the pil - grim moves To - wards the bliss - ful shore,
2. His pass - age through a des - ert lies, Where fu - rious li - ons roar;
3. When tempt - ed to for - sake his God, And give the con - test o'er,
4. When stern af - lic - tion clouds his cheek, And death stands at the door,
5. And when on Jor - dan's bank he stands, And views the ra - diant shore,



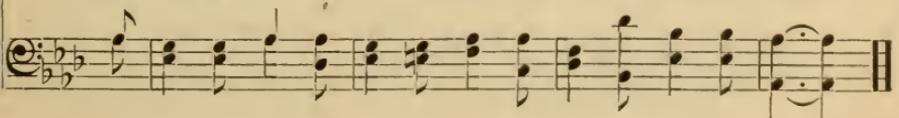
And sings with cheer - ful heart and voice, " 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
 He takes his staff, and smil - ing, says, " 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
 He hears a voice which says, "Look up! 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
 Hope cheers him with her merriest note— " 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."
 Bright an - gels whis - per, "Come a - way! 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore."



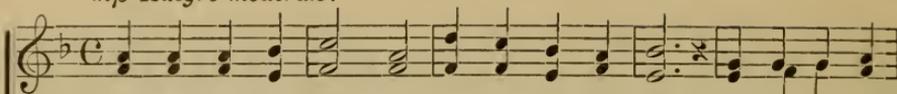
'Tis bet - ter on be - fore, . . . 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore, . . .



And sings with cheerful heart and voice, 'Tis bet - ter on be - fore. . .



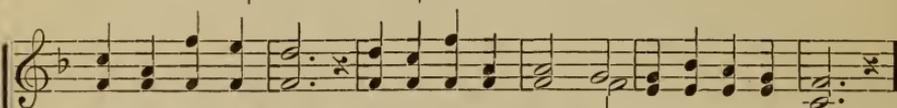
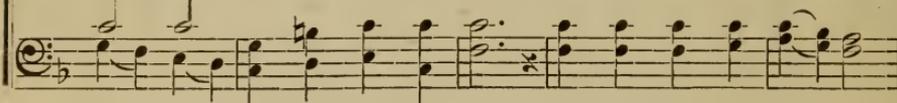
P. M.—S. S. 447. B. M. I. 206.

mp Allegro moderato.

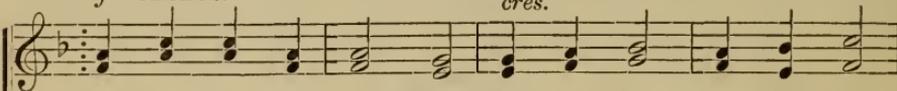
1. Je - sus, pre-cious Sav-iour, Thou hast saved my soul, From sin's foul cor-
 2. From the low - ly man - ger I will fol - low Thee, In the des - ert
 3. In the toils and con - flicts faith-ful I will be, All things I will



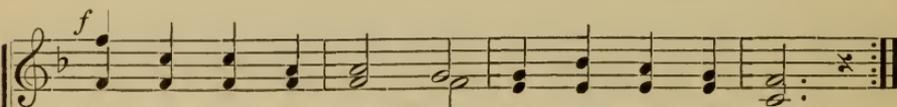
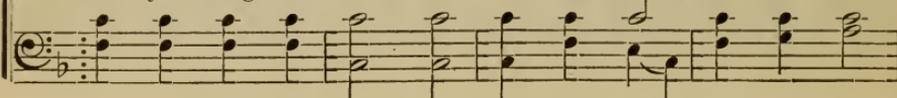
rup - tion made me ful - ly whole; Ev - 'ry hour I'll serve Thee,
 and the strife, near Thee I will be; E'en the suf-f'rings of the cross
 glad-ly bear, they'll be good for me; To be a sav - iour of man-kind



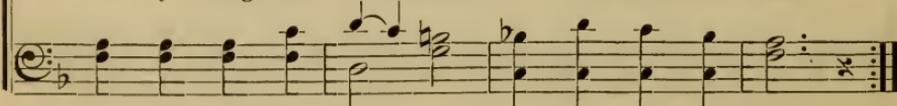
what-e'er may be - fall, Till in heav'n I crown Thee, King and Lord of all.
 I will glad-ly bear, If with Thee in heav - en I a crown may wear.
 slaves of sin to bring, Give me ho - ly cour - age, mighty, mighty King.

*mf* CHORUS.

{ All my keart I give Thee, day by day, come what may;
 { An - y - thing for Je - sus, I will dare, and not fear;



All my life I give Thee, dy - ing men to save.
 An - y - thing for Je - sus, I will glad - ly dare.

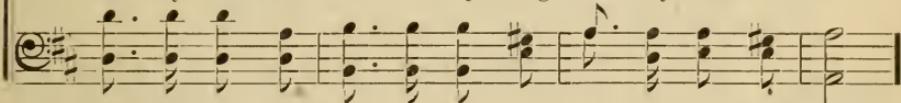




1. To the res - cue, jun - ior sol - dier, Gird your ar - mor on;
2. To the res - cue of the chil - dren, Come and take the field;
3. To the res - cue, hear them call - ing From the dens of woe;
4. To the res - cue of the chil - dren, God will lead us on;



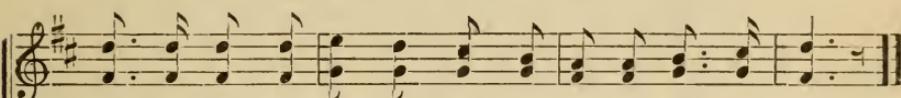
Old and young a - round are dy - ing, Hope will soon be gone.
 And, like those who fought be - fore you, Nev - er, nev - er yield.
 Youth - ful hands and hearts can help them; Go to save them, go.
 On - ly in Him - self re - ly - ing, Vic - t'ry must be won.



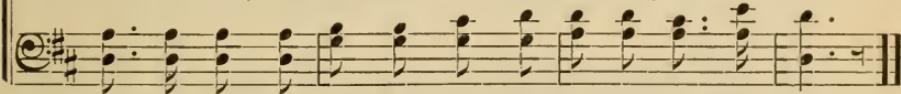
CHORUS.



For - ward, march! young peo - ple's arm - y, Wave your col - ors high;



Shout a - loud, "The world for Je - sus!" Nev - er, nev - er die.



Music copyright 1912. Used by per. of The John Church Co., owners.

Comrades in The Army.

Tune—337.

- 1 Comrades in The Army fighting,
 To the flag be true,
 For it tells of full salvation;
 Keep it well in view.

CHORUS.

Hoist the flag, and keep it waving,
 Hold the colors high;
 With the Red, and Blue, and Yellow,
 "Forward!" is our cry.

- 2 Red reminds us of our Saviour,
 Suffering on the tree,

And the Blood that flowed from Cal -
 Shed for you and me. [very.]

- 3 Blue to all the world announces
 Purity from sin;
 Tells to souls who fall and struggle,
 Victory they can win.

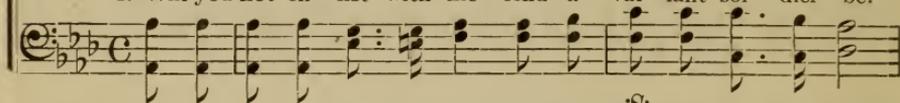
- 4 So the Yellow Star, denoting
 Fire from God on high,
 Tells us, through His Holy Spirit,
 We can Hell defy.

Gird On the Armor.

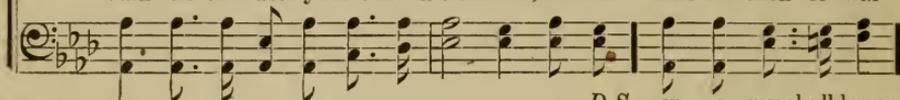
P. M.—S. S. 552. B M I. 228.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. I have read of men of faith Who have brave-ly fought till death,
2. I, like them, will take my stand With the sword of God in hand;
3. I will join at once the fight, Lean-ing on my Sav-iour's might,
4. Will you not en - list with me And a val - iant sol - dier be?



Who now the crown of life are wear - ing; Then the tho't comes back to me,
Smil - ing a - mid op - pos - ing le - gions; I the vic - tor's crown will gain,
Who's strong and mighty to de - liv - er; From my post I will not shrink,
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slum - ber; Je - sus calls for men of war



D.S.—en - e - my shall know,

FINE.



Can I not a sol - dier be Like to those mar - tyrs bold and dar - ing.
And at last go home to reign In heav-en's bright and sun - ny re - gions.
Tho' of death's cup I should drink—Hell to de - feat is my en - deav - or.
Who will fight and ne'er give o'er, Rout - ing hell's hosts in fear and won - der.



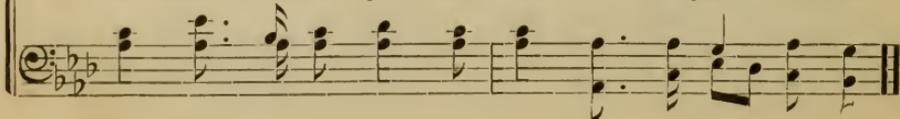
Where-so - ev - er I may go, That I am fight - ing for Je - ho - vah.

f CHORUS.

I'll gird on the ar - mor and rush to the field, De -



ter - mined to con - quer, and nev - er to yield; So the

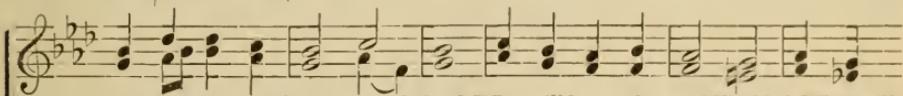
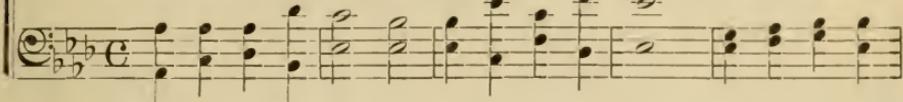


D.S.

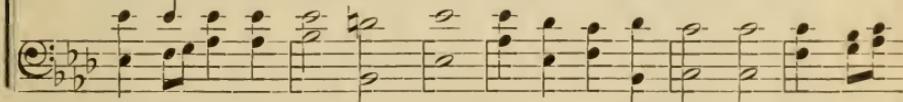
Who Is On the Lord's Side?

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown or palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own
5. Cho - sen to be sol - diers In an al - ien land, "Chosen, called, and



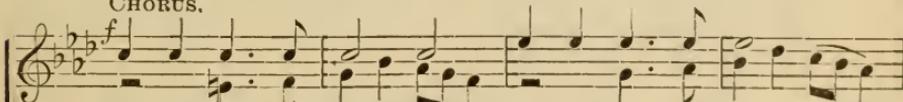
help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will
 arm - y, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for
 life - blood For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who
 arm - y None can o - ver - throw. Round His standard ranging, Vic - t'ry
 faith - ful" For our Cap - tain's band, In the serv - ice roy - al, Let us



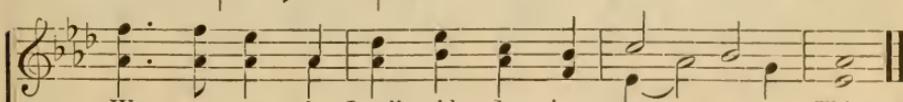
face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
 come to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
 is se - cure, For His truth un - chang - ing, Makes the tri - umph sure.
 not grow cold, Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold.



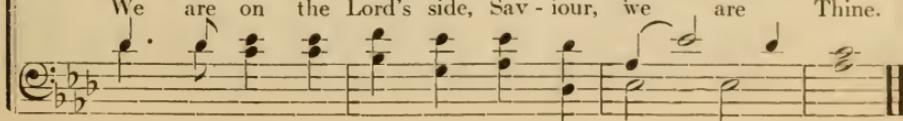
CHORUS.



By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine,



We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.



The Plea of Contrition.

Slow, with feeling.

Commander E. C. Booth.

mf

1. By grief oppressed, with spir - it torn, A bur - den which for
2. By all the grief my sin has wrought, By all the mer - cy
3. By all the gar - den's night and dread, By nail-pierced feet and
4. By what Thy mer - cy bids Thee spare, By all on Cal - vary
5. When out be - fore the Great White Throne My thoughts and do - ings
6. With - in the Gates Faith's an - chor cast, With Life and Death, and

years I've borne, Dis-tressed, con-demned, wound - ed, for - lorn, Thy
 Thou hast brought, By all the love Thy suf - fering taught, My
 thorn-crowned head, By all the blood of sin - ners shed, My
 Thou didst bear, By ev - 'ry prom - ise made to prayer, Thy
 must be shown, Then I shall stand by grace a - lone, My
 Judg - ment passed, I then shall see Thy face at last, My

CHORUS. *A little quicker.*

mp

pit - y, Lord, I plead.	} Oh, wash my sins a - way, a - way;
par - don, Lord, I plead.	
cleans - ing, Lord, I plead.	
sav - ing grace I plead.	
soul by God re-deemed.	
Lord and Sav - iour Thou!	

Oh, let Thy blood my soul o'er-flood, And wash my sins a - way.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more! no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com-pas - sion, and of won - drous love:
 "Look un-to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*QUARTET. *f*

"Tho your sins be as sear - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you
 He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

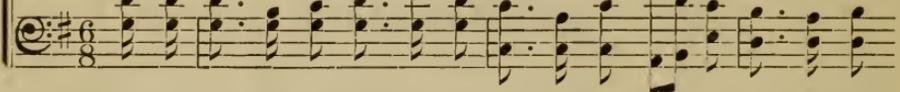
That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins.

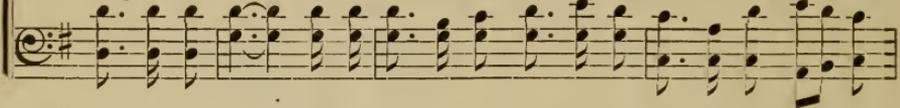
E. O. Excell.



1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'Tis called "The sweet
2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a-rose and as-cend-ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri-um-ph'ant o'er



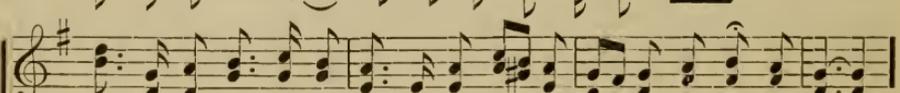
sto-ry of old;" I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That
earth to dwell, To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From
death and hell; He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit-y of gold, Where



same old sto-ry is told; And I've tho't it was strange that so
death and the pow-er of hell; That He was de-spised, and with thorns
loved ones for-ev-er may dwell; Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll



oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new; But I've
He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view; But
nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you, It is



found out the reas-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto-ry is true.
oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true.



That Old, Old Story is True.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've

found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

344 There'll Be No More Sorrow There.

S. M.—S. S. 631. B. M. I. 73.

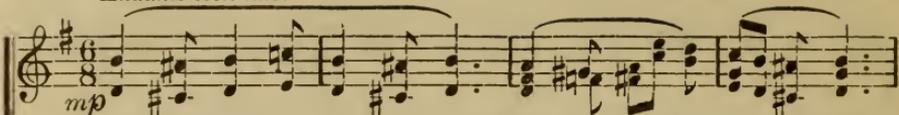
mf Allegretto.

1. Come, sing to me of heav'n, When I'm a - bout to die;
 2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
 3. When the last mo - ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
 4. Then to my rap - tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;

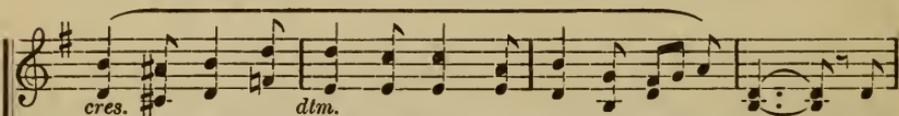
CHO.—There'll be no more sor - row there, There'll be no more sor - row there;

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heaven be - gin be - low.
 To catch the bright se - ra - phic glow Which on each fea - ture plays.
 Let Je - sus cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sor - row there.

Andante sostenuto.

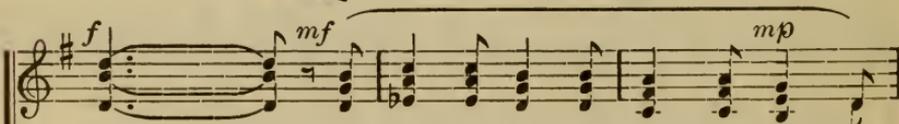
1. Bowed be-neath the gar - den shades, Where the east-ern sunlight fades,
2. Hung up - on a rug - ged tree, On the hill of Cal - va - ry,
3. Love which conquered o'er death's sting, Love which has im - mor - tal wing,
4. When my heart was sore - ly pressed, By my sins and fears dis-tressed:



Thro' a sea of grief He wades, And prays in ag - o - ny. His
 Je - sus suf - fered death, to be The Sav - iour of man - kind. His
 Love which is the on - ly thing My bro - ken heart to heal. It
 Wrongs com - mit - ted un - con - fessed, His pity - ing grace I sought. My



sweat is of blood; His tears like a flood For a lost world flow
 brow pierced by thorn, His hands and feet torn, With bro - ken heart He
 burst thro' the grave, It brought grace to save, It o - pened heav - en's
 sins were for-given My heart made a heaven: My life He now con -



down.....	I	nev - er	knew	such	tears	could	be—	Those
died.....	I	nev - er	knew	such	pain	could	be—	This
gate.....	I	nev - er	knew	such	love	could	be—	This
trols.....	I	nev - er	knew	such	grace	could	be—	Free



Me.—Concluded.

rit.

tears..... He wept..... for me.....
 pain..... He bore..... for me.....
 love..... Ho gave..... to me.....
 grace..... e - nough..... for me.....

346

Come to the Saviour.

P. M. S. S. 25. B. M. I 222.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, Come to the Sav - iour, Thou
 2. Why dost thou lin - ger? Why dost thou lin - ger? Oh,
 3. Par - don is of - fered, Par - don is of - fered,—A
 CHORUS.—I do be - lieve it! I do be - lieve it! I'm

sin - strick-en off - spring of man; He left His throne a - bove To re -
 when wilt thou haste to be saved? Thy time is fly - ing fast, And thy
 par - don full, pres - ent, and free; Thy might - y debt was paid When on
 saved through the blood of the Lamb; My hap - py soul is free, For the

f *Repeat for Chorus.*

veal His won - drous love, And to o - pen a foun - tain for sin.
 day will soon be past; Oh, a - rouse thee, and come and be saved!
 Cal - v'ry Je - sus died To a - tone for a reb - el like thee.
 Lord has par - doned me, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus' name!

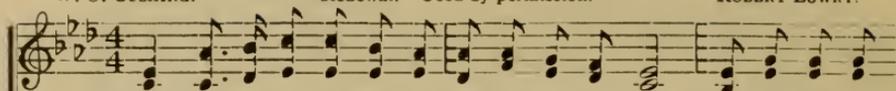
Follow On.

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Runyon Lowry.

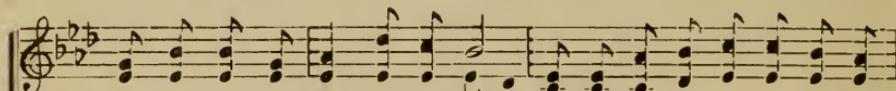
W. O. CUSHING.

Renewal. Used by permission.

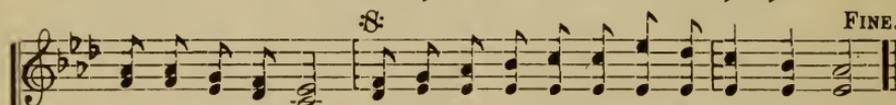
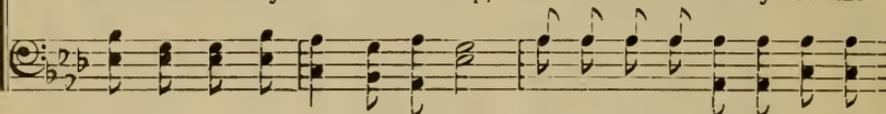
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

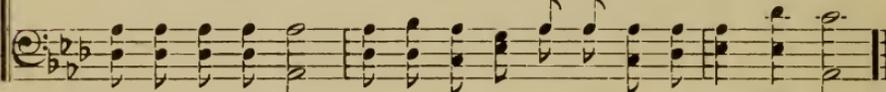


bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
 Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the



FINE.

fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
 nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.



D. S.—Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol - low on!

REFRAIN.



Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! A - ny-where, ev-'ry-where,

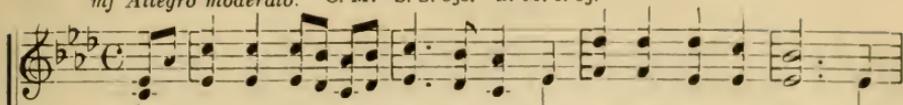


D. S.

I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus!



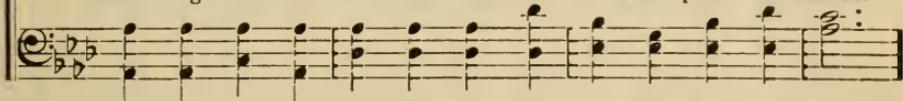
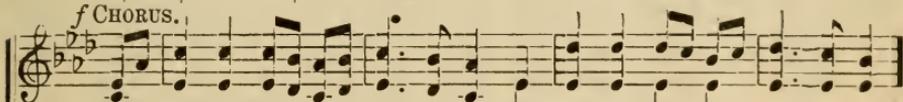
They'll Sing a Welcome Home.

mf Allegro moderato. C. M. S. S. 658. B. M. I. 63.

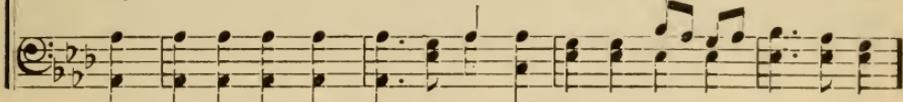
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came; They with u - ni - ted breath, As -
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod; His zeal in-spired their breast; And,
5. Our glo-rious Lead-er claims our praise For His own pat-tern given; While



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
 wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.
 cribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.
 foll - 'wing their re - deem - ing Lord, Pos - sess the prom - ised rest.
 the long cloud of wit - ness - es Shows the same path to heaven.

*f* CHORUS.

They'll sing their wel-come home to me, They'll sing their welcome home to me!



And the An - gels will stand on the Hal - le - lu - jah strand, And sing me a

FINE. *ff*

wel come home. Wel-come, wel-come home! Wel - come, welcome home!



D. S.

Think, O Jesus!

Commander E. C. Booth.

Moderato. *f*

1. Think, O Je - sus, for what rea - son Thou didst bear Earth's
 2. Think how far in dark de - lu - sion I had wan - dered
 3. With the guilt - y past dis - tress - ing, An - guish hard my

p *cres.* *dim.*

spite and trea - son, Nor me lose in that dread sea - son;
 in con - fu - sion— Wan - dered, stained by sin's pol - lu - tion;
 soul op - press - ing, Now I come, my sins con - fess - ing.

f

Seek - ing me Thy worn feet hast - ed, On the cross Thy
 Here I mourn my sad con - di - tion, See me weep in
 Let Thy love, my poor heart fill - ing, Save and cleanse, this

pp

soul death tast - ed: Let not all these toils be wast - ed.
 deep con - tri - tion— Weep and yield Thee full sub - mis - sion.
 tem - pest still - ing; Thine to live or die I'm will - ing.

CHORUS. *ff*

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Canst Thou my transgress - ions take?

Think, O Jesus!—Concluded.

cres. *f* *dim.*

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Wash my sins for Thy dear sake.

350

At the Cross.

P. M. S. S. 221. B. M. I. 208.

mf *Moderato.*

1. When my heart was so hard That I ne'er would re-gard The sal-
 2. For my blind-ness I thought That no power could have wrought Such a
 3. Then the gloom had all passed, And, re-joic-ing at last, I was

CHORUS.—At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

cres.

va-tion held up to my sight, To the cross when I came In my
 mar-vel of won-der and might; But 'twas done, for I felt At the
 sure that my soul was made right; For my Lord I could see In His
 burden of my heart rolled a-way; It was there by faith I re-

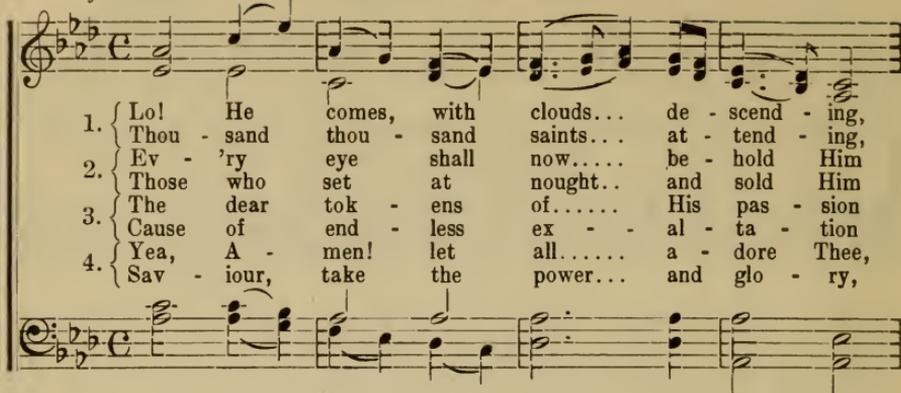
f

dark-ness and shame, It was there where I first saw the light.
 cross I knelt That my dark-ness was turned in-to light.
 love died for me On the cross where I first saw the light.
 ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

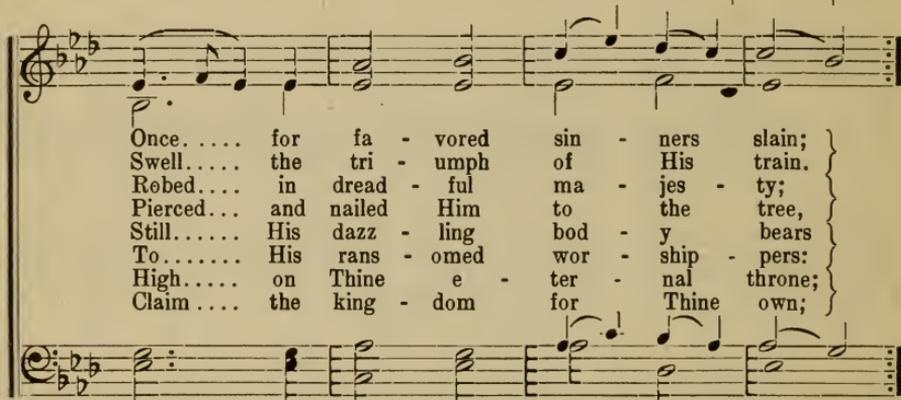
Lo! He Comes.

f Maestoso.

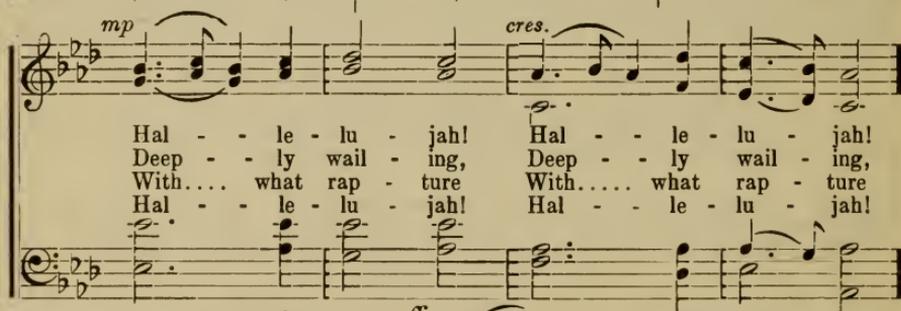
8. 7. 4. S. S. 138. B. M. I. 167.



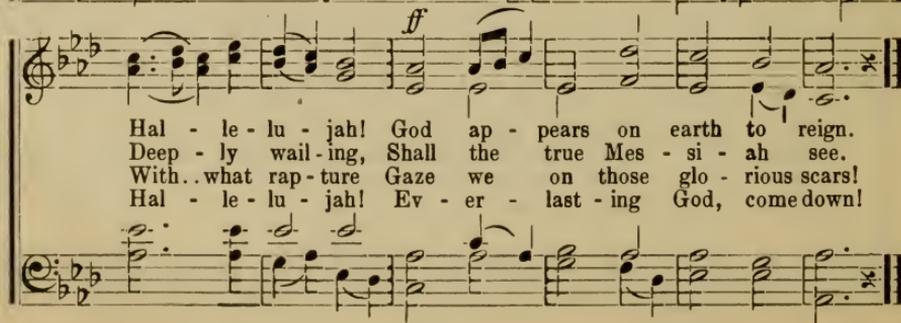
1. { Lo! He comes, with clouds... de - scend - ing,
Thou - sand thou - sand saints... at - tend - ing,
2. { Ev - 'ry eye shall now.... be - hold Him
Those who set at nought.. and sold Him
3. { The dear tok - ens of..... His pas - sion
Cause of end - less ex - al - ta - tion
4. { Yea, A - men! let all..... a - dore Thee,
Sav - iour, take the power... and glo - ry,



Once.... for fa - vored sin - ners slain;
Swell.... the tri - umph of His train.
Robed... in dread - ful ma - jes - ty;
Pierced... and nailed Him to the tree,
Still.... His daz - zling bod - y bears
To..... His rans - omed wor - ship - pers
High.... on Thine e - ter - nal throne;
Claim.... the king - dom for Thine own;



mp Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Deep - - ly wail - ing, Deep - - ly wail - ing,
With... what rap - ture With.... what rap - ture
Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah!



ff Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
With... what rap - ture Gaze we on those glo - rious scars!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Ev - er - last - ing God, come down!

mf Adagio.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind. I am
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within; Je - sus
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store, Soul and
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied; I am

f CHORUS.

count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find. I am trusting, Lord, in
 sweet - ly speaks to me: "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
 bo - dy, Thine to be, Wholly Thine for ev - er - more.
 prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus

rit.

saves me, saves me now! Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

Come, Oh Come, Great Spirit.

Tune - 352.

- 1 Come, Thou burning Spirit, come!
 Lo, we stretch our hands to Thee!
 From the Father and the Son
 Let us now Thy glory see.
 Come, oh, come, Great Spirit, come,
 Let the mighty deed be done!
 Satisfy our soul's desire—
 Now we trust Thee for the fire.
- 2 On the altar now we lay
 Soul and body, mind and will!
- All the evil passions slay,
 Come and every corner fill.
- 3 Now the sacrifice we make,
 Though as dear as a right eye,
 For our blessed Saviour's sake,
 Who for us did bleed and die.
- 4 Now by faith the gift I claim
 Bought by me by blood divine,
 Through the all-prevailing Name
 All the promises are mine.

P. M.—S. S. 133. B. M. I. 226.

mf Moderato.

1. You must get your sins for-given, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;
2. Ev-ery chance will soon be past, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

cres.

If you wish to go to heavcn, When the sun, when the sun goes down.
Ev-en this may be the last, When the sun, when the sun goes down.

mf

Oh, now to God be cry-ing, For your time is quick-ly fly-ing,
If this of-fer be re-jected, And sal-va-tion still ne-glect-ed,

In the grave you'll soon be ly-ing, When the sun goes down.
Death will come when least ex-pect-ed, When the sun goes down.

mf CHORUS.

down,

cres.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down, goes down, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes

down,

f

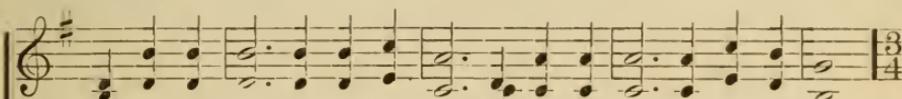
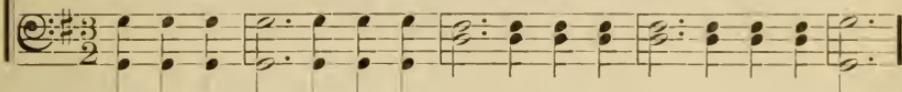
down, goes down, Oh, sin-ner, come to Je-sus, Ere the sun goes down.

It Was On the Cross.

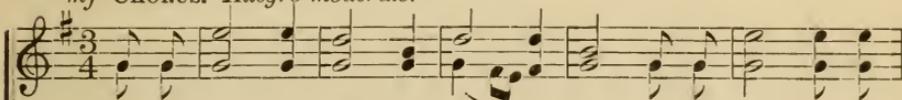
L. M.—S. S. 5. B. M. I. S.

p *Largo.*

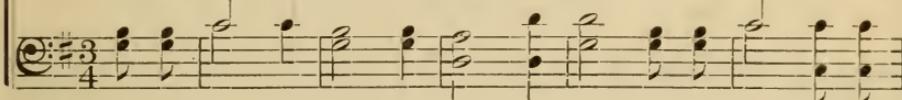
1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far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



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

*mf* CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

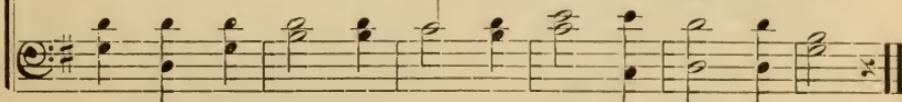
It was on the cross He shed His blood, It was there He was



cru - ci - fied,..... But He rose a - gain, and He



lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per - fect love.



C. M.—S. S. 3. B. M. I. 23.

p Adagio.

1. { Be-hold the Saviour of man-kind Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined To bleed and die for thee!

2. { Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sun-der breaks, The sol-id mar-bles rend.

mf CUORUS. *dim.*

O Thou dear suf-fring Lamb of God, Who gave Thy-self for me,

me, for me,

p

Now plunge me in Thy cleans-ing blood, And make me all like Thee.

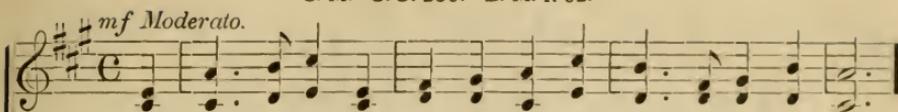
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid, 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
"Receive my soul," He cries, And in full glory shine. [chain,
See where He bows His sacred head; O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
He bows His head, and dies. Was ever love, like Thine?

There is a Green Hill Far Away

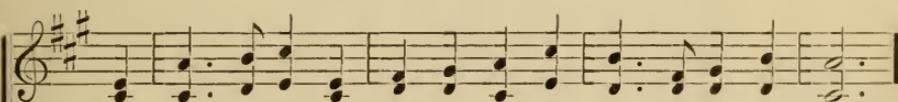
Tune—356.

- 1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all,
- CHO.—Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved!
And we must love Him too.
And trust in His redeeming love,
And try His works to do.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
- But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven.
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

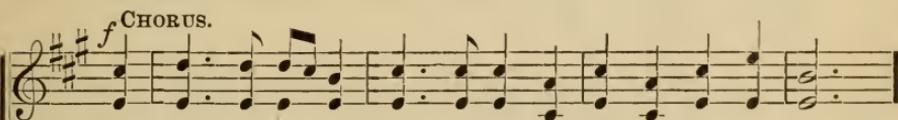
C. M.—S. S. 238. B. M. I. 62.



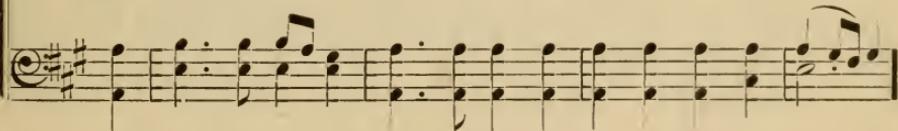
1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,
2. In dark-est shades, if Thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun;
3. The op'n-ing heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss,
4. Fear-less of hell and gha-st-ly death, I'd break through ev'ry foe;



The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And com-fort of my nights.
 Thou art my soul's Bright Morning Star, And Thou my ris-ing Sun,
 For Je-sus shows His mer-cy mine, And whisp-ers I am His.
 The wings of love and arms of faith, Would bear me con-q'ror through.



We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by - and - bye.



We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an-chor by - and - bye.



My Saviour King.

1. My Sav-iour King, I will a - dore Thee, Such ev - er - last - ing love is
 2. In heav'n the an - gels sing the an - them, A wond'ring crowd takes up the
 3. A crowd! The lost of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ruin-ed and go - ing down to
 4. The heav-y - la - den hear Him say - ing, "Come un-to Me and thou shalt

Thine; For sin - ners Thou did'st leave Thy glo - ry, Com - ing to
 cry— "On earth, good-will and peace be giv - en," Je - sus starts
 hell, By Je - sus' pow'r can have sal - va - tion, And in their
 rest;" The tears of hun - dreds He is stay - ing, Each one who

CHORUS.

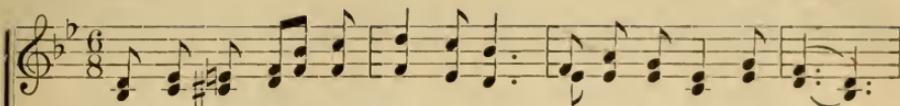
earth to live and die.
 forth to Cal - va - ry. } Re-deem-er, Lord, I come just now to Thee,
 hearts His peace shall dwell.
 seeks His help is blest.

Down at Thy feet my treas-ure store I lay; From all that hin - ders

Thou canst set me free, And in Thy strength I'll conquer day by day,
 day by day.

G. D. Martin.

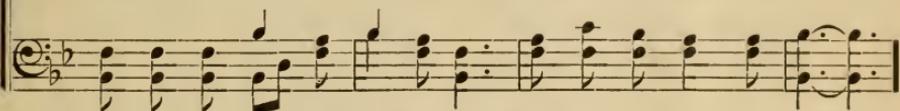
W. S. Martin.



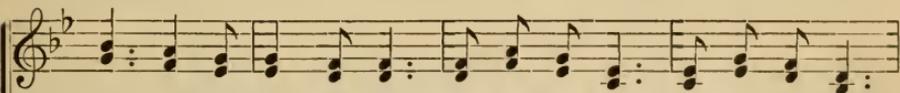
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



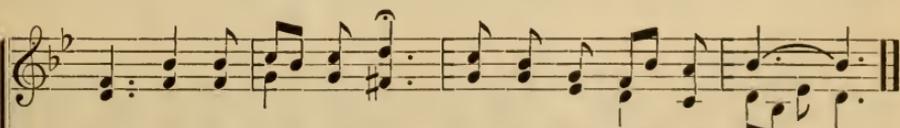
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



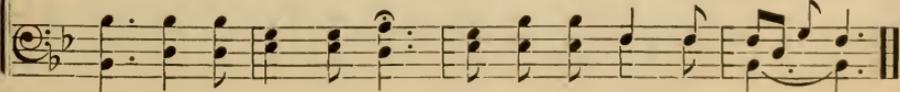
CHORUS.



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



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



mp Andantino.

1. Man-y a year thou hast wander'd Blind-ly and care-less-ly on,
2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod,

Grasping each earthly de - lus - ion, Find-ing its pleasures all gone;
See how each step of the jour - ney Has borne you far-ther from God,

mf
Restless and wea-ry with-in, Longing from sin to be free;
Yet in His won-der-ful love, Showing His mer-cy so free.

Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, to - day, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.
Seek-ing to save and to bless, to bless, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.

mf CHORUS.
Je - sus is look-ing for thee, Je - sus is look-ing for thee;

Jesus is Looking for Thee.—Concluded.

Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.

This musical score is for the song 'Jesus is Looking for Thee.—Concluded.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Sweet is the mes-sage to - day, Je - sus is look-ing for thee, for thee.'

362 The Lord is My Shepherd.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to

This musical score is for the song 'The Lord is My Shepherd.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to'

lie down in green pas - tures. By waters still He dai - ly leadeth me;

This musical score continues the previous one. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'lie down in green pas - tures. By waters still He dai - ly leadeth me;'

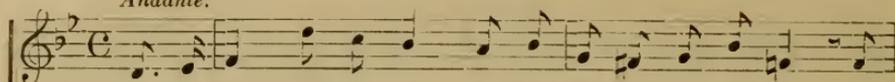
mf My soul is strong by grace He dai - ly gives to me; My table's spread a -

This musical score continues the previous one. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'My soul is strong by grace He dai - ly gives to me; My table's spread a -'

midst mine en - e - my; He's my shepherd I shall not want.

This musical score concludes the previous one. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'midst mine en - e - my; He's my shepherd I shall not want.'

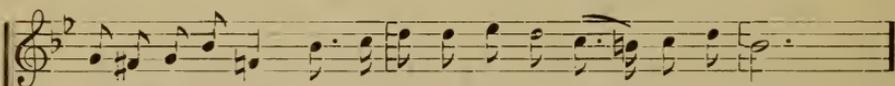
The Bible My Mother Gave to Me.

Andante.

1. I've a Bi - ble at home that I ve - ry dear - ly prize, It
2. In the years that have passed since the an - gels called her home, To
3. Ma - ny books I have read, but I nev - er, nev - er found A
4. In the dawn of the morn of that great e - ter - nal day, When



<p>brings to my mem'ry tho'ts to-day dwell with the blood-washed throng a-bove, book that at all compares with mine; life with its work and war is o'er,</p>	<p>Of a time long a-go when I Many truths I have learned that I Ev'-ry page is to me a When the an - gel shall stand to pro-</p>
--	--



took a fond farewell Of my childhood's happy home far a - way.
nev-er shall for-get, From the pag-es of the Book I so much love.
mine of untold wealth, Ev-'ry verse a gem of iove and truth Di-vine.
claim o'er sea and land, With a trumpet voice that time shall be no more.



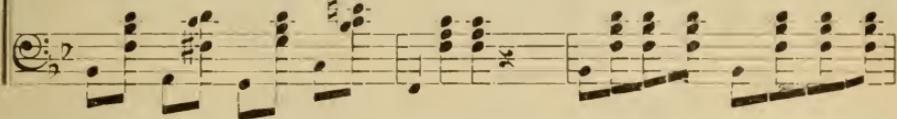
Yes, it bears me back in mem-'ry to the bliss-ful days of yore, To the
In the hours of fierce temptation, when my bark is tossed a - bout 'Midst the
And my soul is filled with rapture, with a new and ho - ly joy, The at -
In the reg - ions of the glo - ri - fied a mansion is prepared Where my



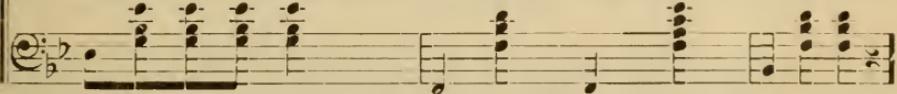
The Bible My Mother Gave to Me.—Concluded.



loved ones far a-way a-cross the sea, To a neat lit-tle cottage where we
 breakers of life's rough and stormy sea, I am still sweet-ly rest-ing on the
 traction is the Cross of Cal-va-ry, When the Lord paid my ransom, I've the
 song of praise shall flow e-ter-nal-ly To the Lord, my Re-deemer, of whose



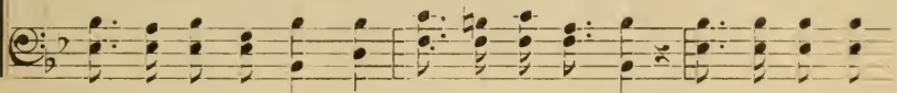
all were wont to meet: 'Tis the Bi-ble my mother gave to me....
 prom-is-es I find In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me....
 sto-ry hand-ed down In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me....
 wondrous love I read In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me....



CHORUS.



Ling'ring in my mem-'ry are her lov-ing words, And her smile I



seem to see..... As my eyes fond-ly move o'er the



pag-es that I love In the Bi-ble my mother gave to me.



*mf Allegro moderato.**cres.*

1 I had wandered ma - ny a day, In the de - sert cold and gray, No
 2. In the wil - der - ness of sin. Was the path I trav - elled in, Far,
 3. Now my heart is full of song, Since to Je - sus I be - long, And

*dim.**mf**cres.*

light mine eyes could see; But the Sav-iour from a - bove, Sought for me with
 far from God was I; But I found the sin-ner's Friend, One whose love will
 clouds have rolled a - way; For the Saviour's presence bright Chased a - way the

*f**f* CHORUS. *Presto.*

ten - der love, And His strong arm lift - ed me. I was wand'ring in the
 nev - er end, And He hearkened to my cry.
 gloom of night, And my dark-ness turned to day.

ff

wil-der-ness, Far a-way, far a-way, far a-way, far a-way; But Je - sus

ff

sought me in ten - derness, Hap-py day, hap-py day, hap-py day, hap-py day.

Is My Name Written There?

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 mansions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the
 blood, Oh, my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy
 glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white; Where no

book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me,
 prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow, "Though your
 e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair: Where the

♩ FINE. REFRAIN.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name written
 sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
 an - gels are watching, — Is my name written there?

D. S. — Is my name written there?

D. S.

there? On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy king - dom,

Thou Shepherd of Israel.

S's. S. S. 395.

f *Maestoso*.

1. { Thou Shepherd, Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de -
 } For clos - er, for clos - er com - mun - ion I pine; I long to re -
 2. { Ah! show me, ah! show me that hap - pi - est place, The place of Thy
 } Where saints in, where saints in true hap - pi - ness gaze, And hang on a
 3. { 'Tis there with, 'tis there, with the Lambs of Thy flock, There on - ly, I
 } To lie at, to lie at the foot of the Rock, Or rise to be

sire of my heart..... }
 side where Thou art..... } The pas - ture, the pas - ture I lan - guish to
 peo - ple's a - bode..... } Thy love for, thy love for a sin - ner de -
 cru - ci - fied God..... }
 cov - et to rest..... } 'Tis there I, 'tis there I would al - ways a -
 hid in Thy breast..... }

find Where all who their Shep - herd o - bey.... Are fed on, are
 clare, Thy pas - sion and death on the tree;... My spi - rit, my
 bide, And nev - er a mo - ment de - part, .. Con - cealed in, con -

fed on Thy bo - som re - lined And screen'd from the heat of the day....
 spi - rit to Cal - va - ry bear, To suf - fer and triumph with Thee....
 cealed in the cleft of Thy side, E - ter - nal - ly held in Thy heart....

Thou Shepherd of Israel.—Concluded.

And screen'd from the heat of the day.....
 To suf - fer and triumph with Thee.
 E - ter - nal - ly held in Thy heart.

367

Calling for the Wanderer Home.

S. S. 45. B. J. 39.

1. Je - sus stands, and knocks, and pleads, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
2. As a lamb to slaughter led, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
3. He has oft - en called be - fore, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
4. Come, oh, come, while yet He stands, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;
5. Soon His mer - cy will be o'er, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;

And for sin - ners in - ter - cedes, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
 On the Cross His Blood was shed, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
 Now He's wait - ing at the door, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
 While in love He spreads His hands, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.
 Thou shalt hear His voice no more, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.

CHORUS.

Bound - less love, be - yond de - gree, Call - ing for the wand'rer home;

Je - sus longs to set you free, Call - ing for the wand'rer home.

Sweet the Moments.

8's & 7's. S. S. 498. B. M. I. 157.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here I sit, in won - der view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of blood;
 3. Here it is I find my heav - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze;
 4. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
 5. May I still en - joy this bless - ing. In all need to Je - sus go;

Life and health and peace possess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 Pre - cious drops my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 Love I much? I've much forgiv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
 Con - stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.
 Prove His death each day more heal - ing, And Him - self more ful - ly know.

mf CHORUS.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do!
 2. CHO. Pour Thy Spirit, pour Thy Spir - it, In - to this my longing breast,

I love Je - sus, He's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.
 And go on from this good hour... To re - vive Thy work a - fresh.

Pour Thy Spirit.

Tune—368. S. S. 293.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Precious Saviour, we are coming,
At Thy feet just now we fall,
Waiting to receive Thy blessing;
Come, and now baptize us all. | 3 Time and talents I surrender,
Freely all I give to Thee;
Faith lays hold of Thy great promise,
Brings the fire just now on me. |
| 2 Mighty Lord, our hearts are open
To Thy penetrating gaze;
Now, oh, let the fire descending
Fill our hearts with power and praise! | 4 Hallelujah! It is falling,
Burning all my dross and sin,
Purifying all my nature;
Now I know I'm pure within. |

mp

1. He lov'd me much, He cared for me; He left His home on high; Was
 2. His hands, His feet, His brow, His back, Were bruised - not for His crime; Gol-
 3. Can I such love as this pass by, Or trample on such grace? A
 4. Just now I'll o - pen wide my heart, The Saviour I'll re - ceive; From

ben marc. e doloroso.

hung up - on the ac - curs - ed tree; For me did Je - sus die.....
 goth - a's blood - be - sprinkled track Was trod for sins like mine.....
 wounded, brok - en heart de - fy? Spurn Je - sus to His face?.....
 all that grieves Him I will part, I come, I trust, be - lieve.....

CHORUS.

He died for me, He shed His blood, Yes, Je - sus died for me,....

cres. *rit. e dim.*

His life He gave, my soul to save, I'm glad He died for me.

Have Courage to Say No!

mp Allegretto.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour-ney, A-long the grand highway of life;
 2. In courage, my boy, lies you're safe-ty, When you the long journey be-gin;
 3. Be careful in choosing com-pan-ions: Seek on-ly the brave and the true;

You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each ci-ty with e-vil is rife.
 Your trust in the heav-en-ly Fa-ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
 And stand by your friends when in tri-al Ne'er changing the old for the new.

This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's danger wherever you go;
 Temptations will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;
 And when by false friends you are tempted The taste of the wine-cup to know,

But if you are tempted in weakness—Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 But if you'd be true to your manhood—Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 With firmness, with patience, with kindness,—Have courage, my boy, to say No!

mf CHORUS.*cres.*

Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 say No! say No!

Have Courage to Say No!—Concluded.

Have courage, my boy, have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

372

All I Have I am Bringing to Thee.

P. M. S. S. 443. B. M. I. 204.

mp Andante.

1. All I have by Thy blood Thou dost claim, Bless - ed
 2. With my all at Thy cross, Lord, I part, See, I
 3. All I have— it shall be noth - ing less— All I
mf CHO. All I have I am bring - ing to Thee, All I

cres.

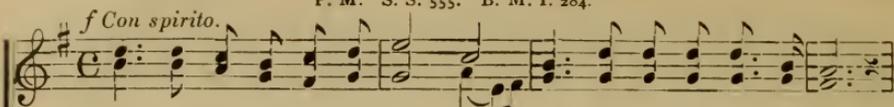
Lord, who for me once was slain; Now Thine own I will give Thee, I
 bring Thee my mind and my heart; Here's my bod - y and spi - rit, My
 have Thou shalt own, Lord, and bless; Loss and pain shall not hin - der; I'll
 have I am bring - ing to Thee; In Thy steps I will fol - low, come

mf *dim.* *Repeat for Chorus.*

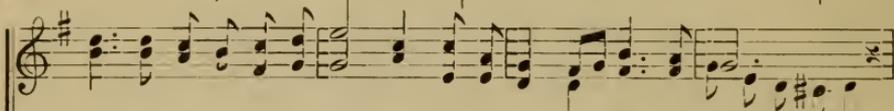
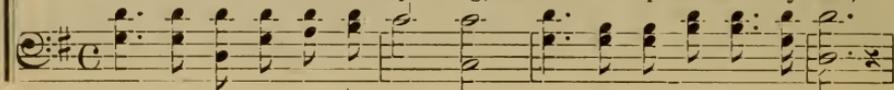
know Thou wilt take me, Tho' long Thou hast plead - ed in vain.
 all Thou shalt have it, I'll live for Thy glo - ry a - lone.
 keep back no long - er From be - ing Thine ful - ly, my Lord.
 joy or come sor - row, Dear Sav - iour I will fol - low Thee.

Victory For Me.

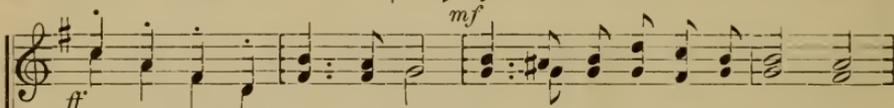
P. M. S. S. 555. B. M. I. 284.



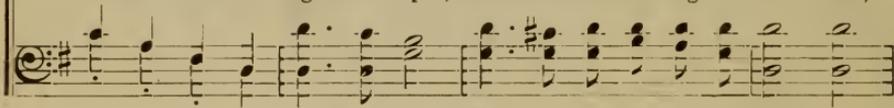
1. To the front! the cry is ring - ing, To the front! your place is there;
2. To the front! the fight is rag - ing, Christ's own banner leads the way,
3. To the front! no more de - lay - ing, Wound - ed spirits need thy care;



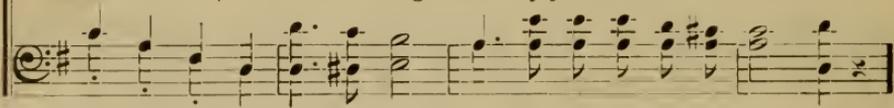
In the conflict men are want-ed, Men of hope, and faith and prayer, and faith and prayer,
 Ev-'ry power and thought engaging, Might divine shall be our stay, shall be our stay,
 To the front! thy Lord obey - ing, Stoop to help the dy - ing there, the dying there,



f Self - ish ends shall claim no right From the battle's post to take us,
 We have heard the cry for help From the dy - ing millions round us,
 Broken hearts and blight - ed hopes, Slaves of sin and deg - ra - da - tion,



f Fear shall van - ish in the fight, For triumphant God will make us.
 We've received the royal command From our dy - ing Lord who found us.
 Wait for thee, in love to bring Ho - ly peace and lib - er - a - tion.



No re - treat ing, Hell de - feat - ing, Shoul - der to shoulder we stand, we stand;



Victory for Me.—Concluded.

God look down, With glory crown Our con-q'ring band. Vic - t'ry for me,

mf thro' the blood of Christ my Sav-iour, *ff* Vic - t'ry for me, *mf* Thro' the precious blood.

374 Living Beneath the Shade of the Cross.

P. M. S. S. 350. B. M. I. 248.

mf *Moderato.*

1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
 2. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole;
 3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want puri - ty, walk in the light;
 4. If you want holiness, cling to the cross, Counting the riches of earth as dross;
- CHO. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of earth as dross;

cres. *f* *D. C.*

Look up to Je-sus who died on the tree To purchase a full sal - va - tion,
 Washed in the blood of the cru - ci - fied One—En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.
 If you want lib - er - ty, shout and be free—En - joy - ing a full sal - va - tion.
 Down at His feet you'll be cleansed and made free—Enjoy - ing a full sal - va - tion.
 Cleansed in the blood that flowed from His side, Enjoy - ing a full sal - va - tion,

For Me the Saviour Died.

C. M. S. S. 364. B. M. I. 44.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own, Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 4. The a - tonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died!
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
 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.

f CHORUS.

For me the Sav - iour died, For me the Sav - iour died, . . .

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died!

My God! I Know, I Feel.

Tune - 375.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 My God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am. | 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of Burning, come! |
| 2 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God. | 4 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole. |

Ye Must Be Born Again.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way to sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
 sing with the ran - somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er -
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the

ans - wer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

CHORUS. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.

Moderato con express.

1. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow, Kept, ev - er
 2. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Calm in the
 3. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! With the pure
 4. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Then in His

cres. *f*

kept 'neath the life - giv - ing flow, Cleansed from all pas - sion, self -
 peace that He loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the
 flame of the Spi - rit a - glow; Filled with the love that is
 grace and His knowledge to grow Grow - ing like Him who my

mp

seek - ing and pride, Wash'd in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
 heav - en - ly dew, Read - y for serv - ice when'er He shall choose.
 true and sin - cere, Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 pat - tern shall be, Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.

cres. *f* *mp*

mp CHORUS. *cres.* *mf*

O for a heart whit - er than snow! Sav - iour, di -

vine, to whom else shall I go? Thou who didst die,

mp

O for a Heart that is Whiter than Snow.—Concluded.

cres. *f* *dim.* *mp*

lov - ing me so, Give me a heart that is whit - er than snow!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with dynamic markings: *cres.*, *f*, *dim.*, and *mp*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

379

Turn to the Lord.

8's & 7's. S. S. 86. B. M. I. 160.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. { Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel feast to - day; }
 { Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you, can you, yet de - lay? }
 2. { Come, oh, come, all things are read - y, To your Saviour's bosom fly; }
 { Leave the worthless world be - hind you; Seek for par - don, or you die. }
 3. { What are all earth's dear - est pleasures, Were they more than tongue can tell - }
 { What are all its boast - ed treasures To a soul when sunk in hell? }

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a dynamic marking of *mf* and the tempo marking *Allegro moderato.* The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

f CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a dynamic marking of *f* and the tempo marking *CHORUS.* The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

mf

Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion—Christ the Lord has come to reign.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It features a melody with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

There is Not in My Heart.

p Andante con espress.

1. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, Speak out Thy ut-most will; What Thy great
 2. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, Thy gra-cious pardon show, That not one
 3. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, The flood-gates o-pen wide, That ev-en
 4. To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me, To me, the least of all, With all my

love doth bid me do, I sure-ly can ful-fil, What Thy great love doth bid me
 sin I've ev-er sinned, May un-for-giv-en go. That not one sin I've ev-er
 I may stoop and wash With-in the crim-son tide, That ev-en I may stoop and
 consciousness of guilt, Thou hast for me a call, With all my consciousness of

do,..... I sure-ly can ful-fil. What Thy great love doth bid me
 sinned... May un-for-giv-en go. That not one sin I've ev-er
 wash.... With-in the crim-son tide. That ev-en I may stoop and
 guilt.... Thou hast for me a call. With all my consciousness of

CHORUS. *Andante.*

do,..... I sure-ly can ful-fil, There is not in my heart left one
 sinned... May un-for-giv-en go.
 wash.... With-in the crim-son tide.
 guilt.... Thou hast for me a call.

cres. *mf*

treas-ure, dear Lord, That I can-not yield glad-ly to Thee; On-ly let,

There is Not in My Heart—Concluded.

in Thy mer - cy, Thy plead - ings be heard, They shall glad - ly be an -
 swered by me, They shall glad - ly be answered by me.....

p
poco rit.

381

Dear Jesus on Calvary.

P. M. S. S. 227. B. M. I. 223.

mf Allegro moderato.

1. Dear Je - sus, on Cal - va - ry, Dear Je - sus, on Cal - va - ry,
2. I lay my sins on Je - sus, I lay my sins on Je - sus,
3. I now be - lieve on Je - sus, I now be - lieve on Je - sus,
4. I cast my care on Je - sus, I cast my care on Je - sus,

CHORUS. *cres.*

And He died for you and He died for me, And He died for us
 all..... Dear Je - sus, on Cal - v'ry, And He died for all.

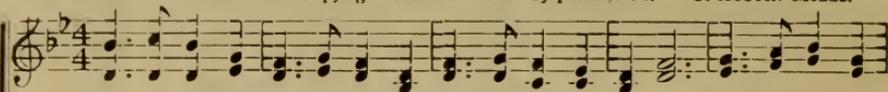
Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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C. A. M.

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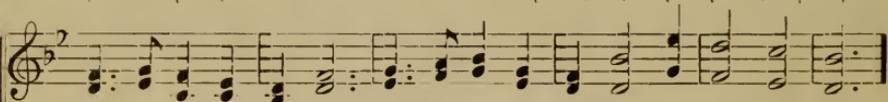
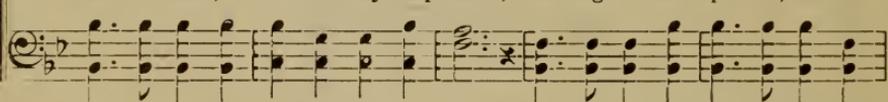
C. AUSTIN MILES.



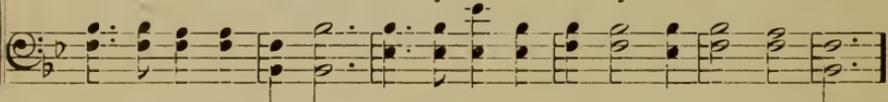
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing Sons of men in
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now 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
 shelter'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; Dwell-ing in the Spi - rit, here I



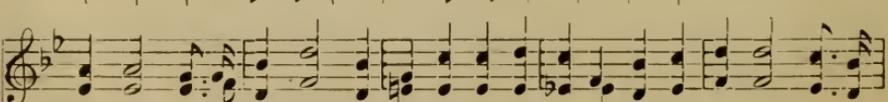
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
 of God's word re - treat ing, Noth ing there can reach me-'tis Beu - lah Land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
 learn of full sal - va - tion Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah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



CHORUS.



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



drink-ing 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 supply For I am dwelling in Beu - lah Land.

383 Now I Can Read My Title Clear.

C. M. S. S. 270. B. M. I. 28.

f Allegro moderato.

1. Now I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, To
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage And hell-ish darts be hurled, And
3. Tho' cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall, And
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, In

mp *cres.*

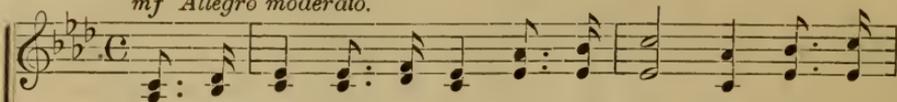
man-sions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping
hell - ish darts be hurled, Bold I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing
storms of sor - row fall, Soon I shall safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n my
seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful

ff

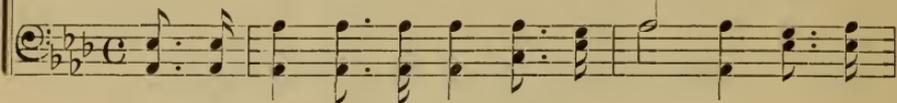
eyes, world, all, breast,	And wipe my weeping eyes, And face a frowning world, My God, my heaven, my all, A - cross my peaceful breast,	And wipe my weep - ing eyes. And face a frowning world. My God, my heaven, my all. A - cross my peaceful breast.
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Numberless as the Sands.

P. M.—S. S. 664. B. M. I. 260.

mf Allegro moderato.

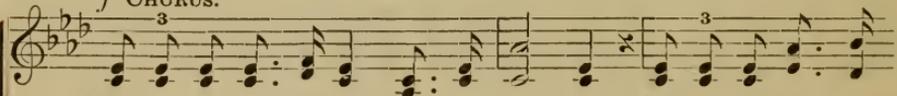
1. When we gath - er at last o - ver Jor - dan, And the
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from
3. When we stand by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, 'Neath the
4. When at last we be - hold our Re - deem - er, And His



ran - sored in glo - ry we see, As the num - ber - less sands on the
 sor - row and tri - als are free, Meet - ing there with a heav - en - ly
 shade of the life - giv - ing tree, Gaz - ing o - ver the fair land of
 glo - ry un - cloud - ed we see, While as King of all king - doms He



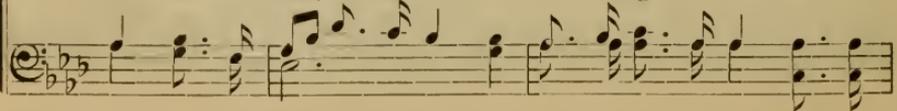
sea - shore, What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
 greet - ing— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
 prom - ise— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.
 reign - eth— What a won - der - ful sight that will be.

*f* CHORUS.

Num - ber - less as the sands on the sea - shore, Num - ber - less as the



sands on the shore, on the shore; Oh, what a sight 'twill be When the



Numberless as the Sands.—Concluded.

Ar - my we shall see, Num-ber-less as the sands on the sea - shore.

385 O Jesus! How Vast Thy Love to Me!

1s.—S. S. 330. B. M. I. 189.

Moderato, mf

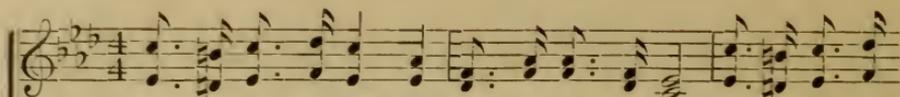
1. O Je - sus, O Je - sus, how vast Thy love to me!
 2. O Cal - v'ry, O Cal - v'ry! the thorn, the crown, the spear,
 3. I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, dear Je - sus, to Thy throne,

I'll bathe in its full o - cean to all e - ter - ni - ty;
 'Tis there Thy love, my Je - sus, in flow - ing wounds ap - pear;
 A few more fleet - ing hours and I shall be at home;

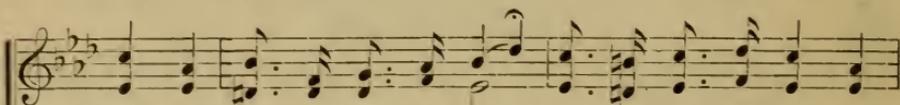
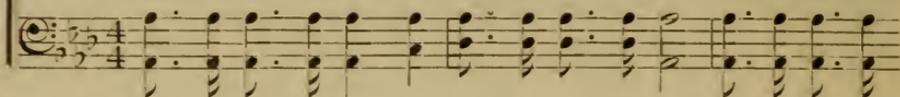
S: cres. *f*
 And, wend - ing on to glo - ry this all my song shall be,—
 O depths of love and mer - cy, to those dear wounds I flee;
 And when I reach those pearly gates then I'll put in this plea—

D. S.
 I was a guilt - y sin - ner, but Je - sus died for me.

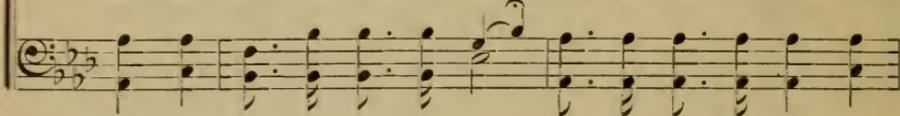
Meet Mother in the Skies.



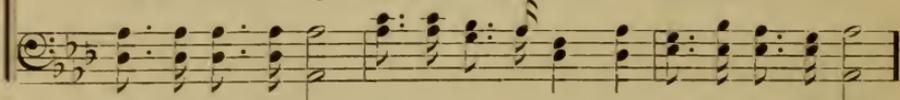
1. In a lone - ly grave - yard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your dear old
 2. Now the old home, va - cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
 3. Now in true re - pent - ance to the Sav - iour flee, He who pardoned



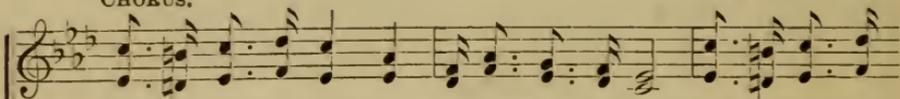
moth - er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem - 'ries oft re - turn - ing,
 ab - sent, moth - er, kind and true; Ev - er - more she dwells where
 moth - er, mer - cy has for thee; Now He waits to com - fort,



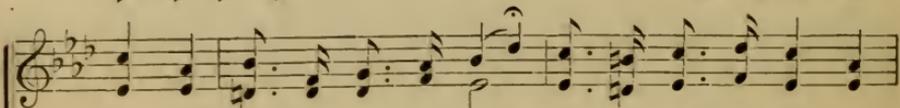
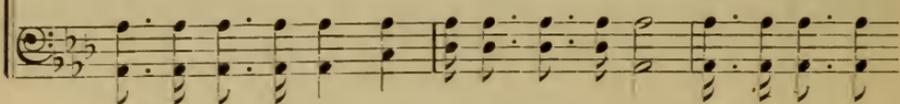
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
 pleas - ure nev - er dies, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de - spise, If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies.



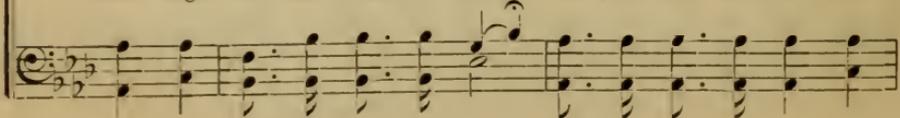
CHORUS.



Lis - ten to her plead - ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov - ing - ly en -



treat - ing, do no long - er roam; Let your man - hood wa - ken,



Meet Mother in the Skies.—Concluded.

heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

389

Walk in the Light.

S. S. 306.

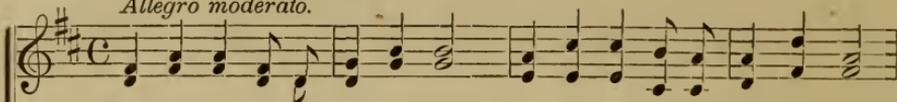
1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give—In the light, in the light— Sweet-est
 2. 'Tis re - li - gion must sup-ply—In the light, in the light— Sol - id
 3. Af - ter death its joys shall be In the light, in the light— Last-ing
 4. Be the liv - ing God my friend, In the light, in the light— Then my

CHORUS.

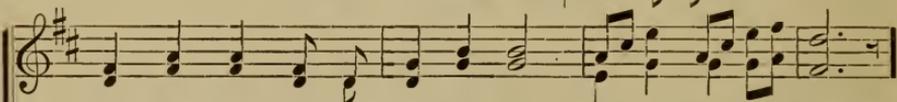
pleas-ures while we live, In the light of God.
 com - fort when we die, In the light of God.
 as e - ter - ni - ty; In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light,
 bliss shall nev-er end, In the light of God.

Walk in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God,

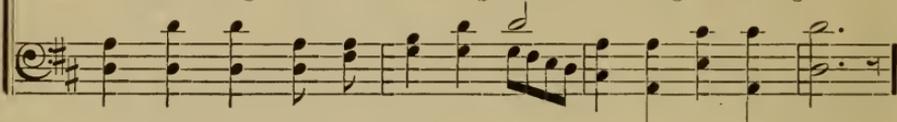
S. S. 590. B. J. 397.

Allegro moderato.

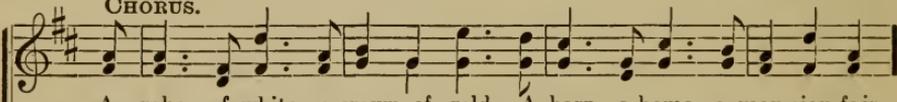
1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
3. March-ing on while the worldlings sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
4. March-ing on in the Spir-it's might, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,
5. March-ing on to the realms a -bove, March-ing on, I am march-ing on,



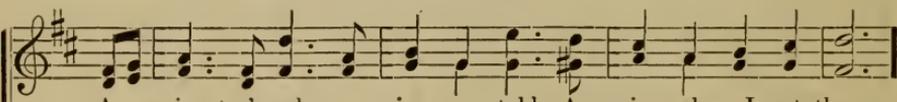
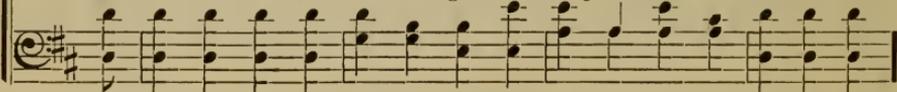
Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.
 Vic-tory's mine while I've Christ with-in, March-ing, march-ing on.
 Per-fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.
 More than con-qu'ror in ev-'ry fight, March-ing, march-ing on.
 There to sing of re-deem-ing love, March-ing, march-ing on.



CHORUS.



A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,



A vic-tor's palm, a joy un-told Are mine, when I get there.



*CHORUS.

For Je - - - sus is my Sav - - - iour, He's



For Je - sus is my Sav - iour, He's washed my sins a - way,



Marching On in the Light of God.—Concluded.

paid..... on Calv'-ry's moun-t. I'm..... hap-py in



dy - - ing love, I'm liv - - - ing in the foun-tain.

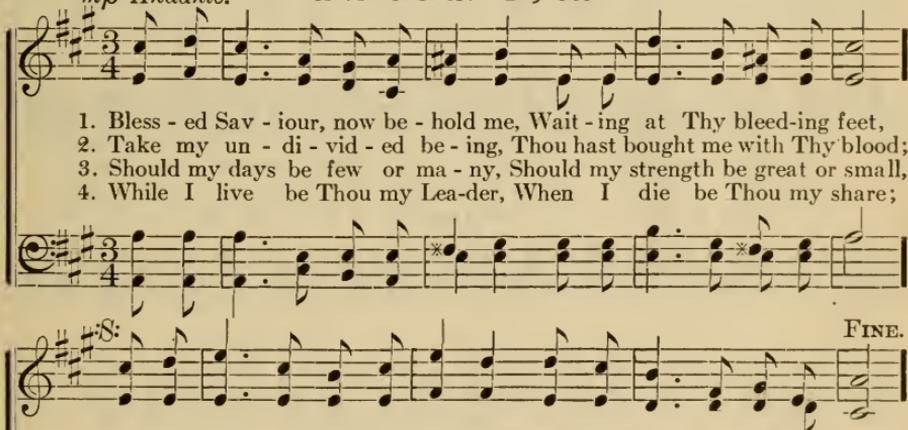
Sing - ing all the day, I'm liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing in the foun-tain.

391

Breathe Upon Me.

mp Andante.

8s. 7s.—S. S. 459. B. J. 340.

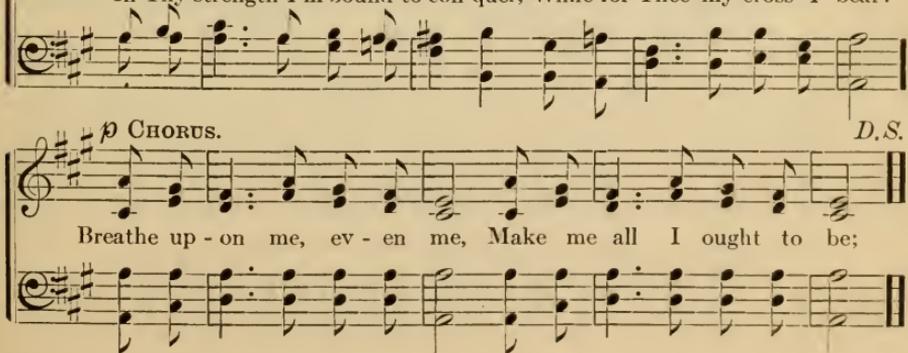


1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, now be-hold me, Wait-ing at Thy bleed-ing feet,
2. Take my un-di-vid-ed be-ing, Thou hast bought me with Thy blood;
3. Should my days be few or ma-ny, Should my strength be great or small,
4. While I live be Thou my Lea-der, When I die be Thou my share;

FINE.

D. S.—In Thy mer-cy breathe up-on me, Make me for Thy-self com-plete.
All my sins Thou hast for-giv-en, Let my fu-ture be for God.
Be my tal-ents two or fif-ty, Je-sus, Thou shalt have them all.
In Thy strength I'm bound to con-quer, While for Thee my cross I bear.

p CHORUS. *D. S.*



Breathe up-on me, ev-en me, Make me all I ought to be;

D. S.

Let Me Love Thee.

8s. 7s.—S. S. 432. B. J. 154.

Andante con espress.

1. Let me love Thee, Thou art claim-ing Ev - 'ry feel - ing of my soul;
 2. Let me love Thee— come re - veal - ing All Thy love has done for me;
 3. Let me love Thee; love is might-y, sway-ing realms of deed and thought;

Let that love in pow'r pre - vail - ing, Ren - der Thee my life, my all;
 Help my heart, so un - be - liev - ing, By the sight of Cal - va - ry;
 By it I shall walk up - right - ly, I shall serve Thee as I ought;

p
 For life's bur - dens they are eas - y, And life's sor - rows lose their sting,
 Let me see Thy love de - spis - ing All the shame my sins had brought,
 Love will soft - en ev - 'ry sor - row, Love will light - en ev - 'ry care,

If they're car - ried, Lord, to please Thee, If their pain Thy smile should win.
 By Thy tor - ments re - a - liz - ing What a price my par - don bought.
 Love un - ques - tion - ing will fol - low, Love will tri - umph, love will dare.

mp CHORUS.

Let me love Thee, Sav - iour, Take my heart for - ev - er;

Let Me Love Thee.—Concluded.

Not - ing but Thy fa - vor, My soul can sat - is - fy.

393

Why Not To-Night?

L. M.—S. S. 108. B. M. I. 4.

p Adagio.

1. Oh, do not let thy Lord de - part, And close thine eyes a -
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de -
3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; Oh, wilt thou thus His
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their

cres. *f*

gainst the light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Thou wouldst be
 lud - ed sight; This is the time!—oh, then, be wise! Thou wouldst be
 love re - quite? Re-nounce at length thy stub-born will,—Thou wouldst be
 souls u - nite; Then be the work of grace be - gun: Thou wouldst be

saved—Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

We're on the Homeward Trail.

1. We are marching up the hill-side And the trail leads home; We are
 2. We are marching on our jour-ney, And the trail leads home; We are
 3. By and bye we'll strike the val-ley, But the trail leads home; 'Tis the

marching up the hill-side and the winding trail leads home, leads home.
 marching on our jour-ney and the winding trail leads home, leads home.
 shad-ow of the val-ley but the winding trail leads home, leads home.

Yes sometimes we're find-ing that the trail is... a wind-ing But we
 Je - sus' feet were bleed-ing when He took the trail that's lead-ing To the
 Je - sus will be with me when I'm walking thro' the val - ley, Thro' the

CHORUS.

don't mind, no we don't mind, For the trail leads home. We're on the homeward
 Homeland, to the Homeland, For the trail leads home.
 val - ley, thro' the val - ley, For the trail leads home.

trail, We're on the homeward trail,
 We're on the homeward trail, We're on the homeward

We're on the Homeward Trail.—Concluded.

Sing - ing as we go,
trail, Sing - ing as we're go - ing, go - ing home, go - ing home!

We're on the homeward trail,
We're on the homeward trail,

trail, Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing go - ing home.
We're on the homeward trail,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. There are asterisks in the piano part indicating specific measures.

395

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

C. M. S. S. 442. B. M. I. 27.

mf Allegro moderato. FINE.

1. { Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. }

2. { The con - se - crat - ed 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 }

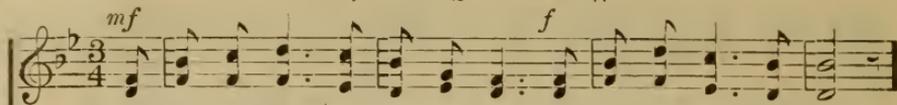
3. { O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O re - sur - rec - tion day!
Ye an - gels, from the heavens come down And bear my soul a - way. }

f And there's a cross for me, And there's a cross for me. . . . D. C.

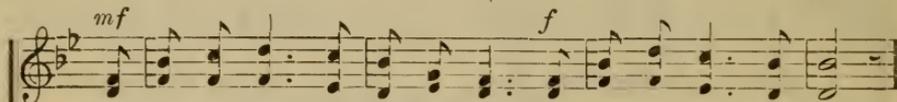
Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It features a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff and a vocal line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato' and the dynamics are 'mf' and 'f'. The score includes three numbered verses of lyrics. The first system ends with a 'FINE' marking. The second system includes a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) marking. The piano part consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

Thy Soldier I Will Be.

8's & 7's. S. S. 438. B. M. I. 144.



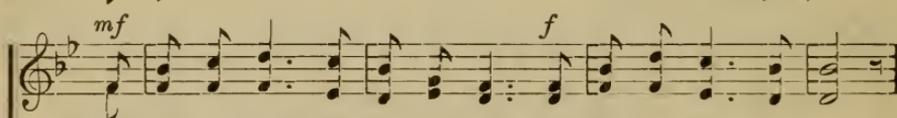
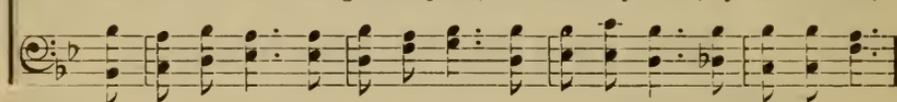
1. The die is cast, my choice is made, A sol-dier I will be.
 2. In spite of sor-row, toil, or pain, Thy sol-dier I will be,
 3. Un-til I draw my lat-est breath A sol-dier I will be,



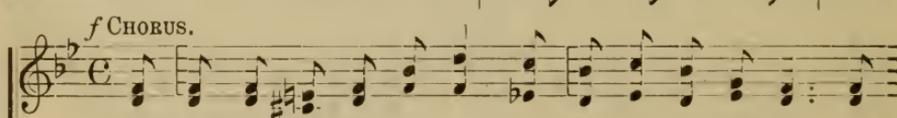
Where Je-sus leads I'm not a-fraid, A sol-dier I will be.
 I'll bear the cross, de-spise the shame, A sol-dier I will be.
 And when my eyes shall close in death, A sol-dier I will be.



In an-y clime, in an-y state, E'en can I not my Sav-iour trace,
 I know no col-or, class, or state, But cry, "Repent, ere 'tis too late,"
 And when I reach those gates of pearl, I'll sheath my sword, my col-ors furl,



To spread the news of Je-sus' grace, A sol-dier I will be.
 And save lost souls from hell's sad fate, A sol-dier I will be.
 De-fi-ance at the foe I'll hurl, A sol-dier I will be.



f CHORUS.
 I'll fol-low Thee, my Saviour, no mat-ter where it be, I'll



Thy Soldier I Will Be.—Concluded.

fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, o'er moun - tain, vale or sea; I'll

fol - low Thee, my Sav - iour, you can de - pend on me, In

joy or pain, in loss or gain, Thy sol - dier I will be.

cres.

ff

397

The Haven of Rest.

1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 CHO. — I've an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll

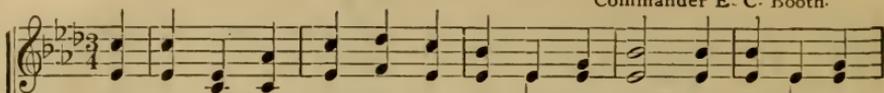
burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fetters fell off and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 sail the wide seas no more: The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord,
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

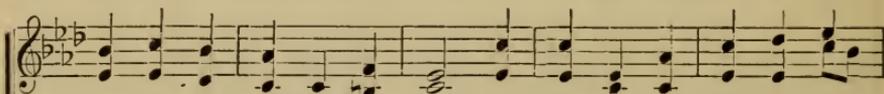
D. C.

The World-wide Crimson Sea.

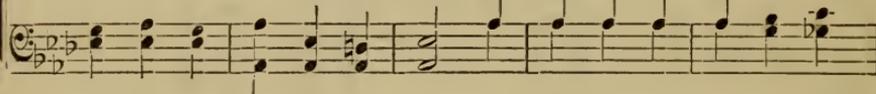
Commander E. C. Booth.



1. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, that won-der - ful day, When He from heav'n's
2. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, the tears He did weep; The hill up to
3. I'm think-ing of Je - sus, de-spised and ac-curst; The night in the
4. Like riv - ers o'er - flow-ing, it's flood-ing my soul, Its vir - tues be-



glo - ry to earth came a - way; The shep-herds that watched Him, the
 Cal - v'ry, so rough and so steep; The five bleed-ing wounds in His
 gar - den, the scourg-ing and thirst; Dy - ing for sin - ners the
 stow - ing are mak - ing me whole; My sins so ap - pal - ling, like



barn where He lay, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
 heart driv-en deep, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
 low - est and worst, All to start this world-wide crim-son sea.....
 chains from me fall-ing, Are lost in this wide crim-son sea.(crim-son sea.)



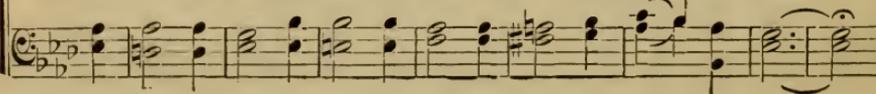
CHORUS.



It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in, The blood of Christ so free; (so free;)



I love so well the news to tell How Je - sus died for me;.....



The World-wide Crimson Sea.—Concluded.

Oh, come along, your sins are gone, When once beneath its wave, (its wave);

I love so well the news to tell How Jesus Christ can save. (can save.)

399

Near the Cross.

7s. 6s.—S. S. 14. B. J. 8.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross! There a pre - cious foun - tain,
 2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

FINE.

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star, Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

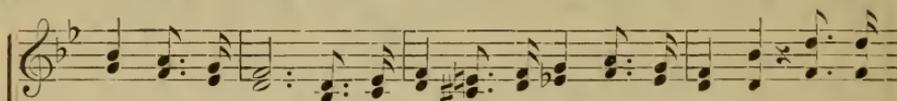
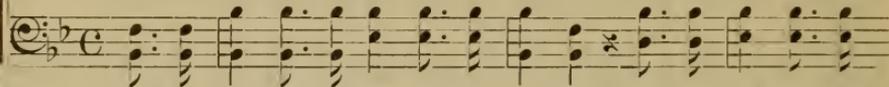
D.S.—Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS. D.S.

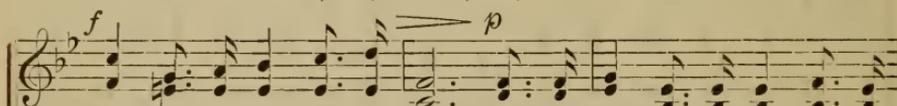
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

mp Moderato.

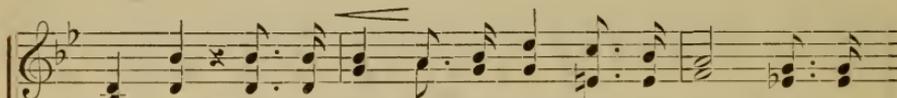
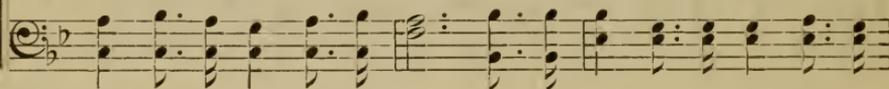
1. From the depths of my soul I love Je - sus, More than all is my
2. He to me par - don gave, oh, so free - ly, When I knelt with my
3. All the chains that once bound me are brok-en, From sin's fet-ters my



Sav - iour to me, Would you know why to me He's so pre-cious, Why a
sins at His feet, When I came as I was He re-ceived me, To my
soul now is free, Wond'-rous peace to my soul Christ has spok-en, O-ver



beau - ty in Him I can see? Would you know why it is I a -
my soul He spoke, oh, so sweet, Ev - 'ry day I en - joy now His
sin I've com-plete vic - to - ry. Now my best to His serv-ice I'm



dore Him, Why I own Him as Sav - iour and King? 'Tis be -
fav - our, Ev - 'ry mo - ment His smile I have got, He in -
giv - ing, In the Ar - my for Him now I fight, I have



cause on the Cross He re-deemed me, Of His love then for ev - er I'll sing.
deed is a won-der-ful Sav-iour, I have proved that His love changes not.
proved now that life is worth liv-ing, In His ser - vice I now take de-light.



Can You Wonder Why I Love Him So?—Concluded.

f CHORUS.

Can you won-der? Can you won-der? Can you
Can you wonder? Can you wonder? Can you wonder?

won-der why it is I love Him so? When I think of what He's done for

me, the guilt-y one, Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?
Why I love Him so?

401

Oh, the Lamb.

C. M.—S. S. 263. B. M. I. 55.

mf *Allegro moderato.*

1. A thou-sand thou-sand four-tains spring Up from the throne of God! But
2. That price-less blood my ran-som paid While I in bond-age stood; On
3. By faith that blood now sweeps a-way My sins, as like a flood; Nor

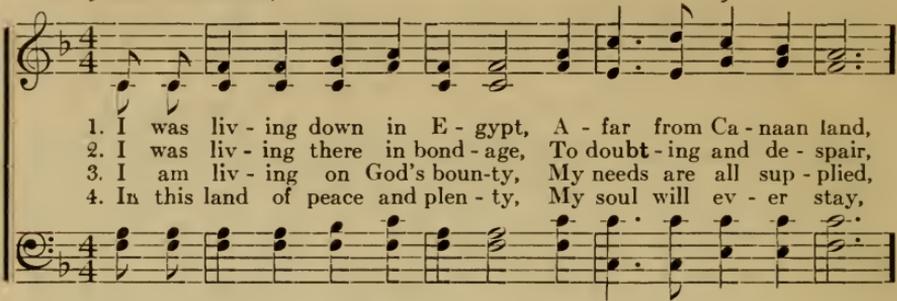
CHO. *f* Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me Up -

none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je-sus' pre-cious blood.
Je-sus all my sins were laid, He saved me with His blood.
lets one guilt-y blem-ish stay; All praise to Je-sus' blood!

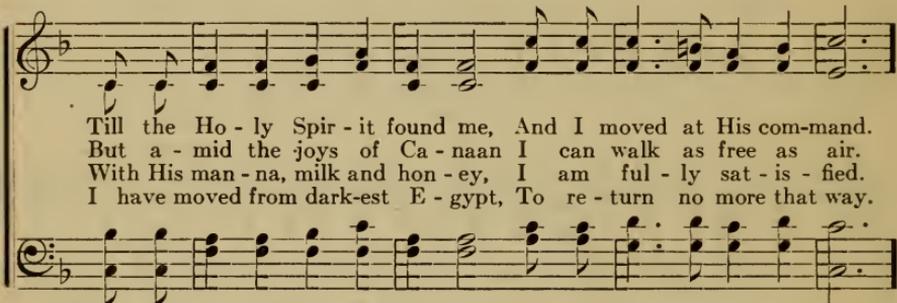
on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

Rev. James Bruce Mackay.

J. Lincoln Hall.

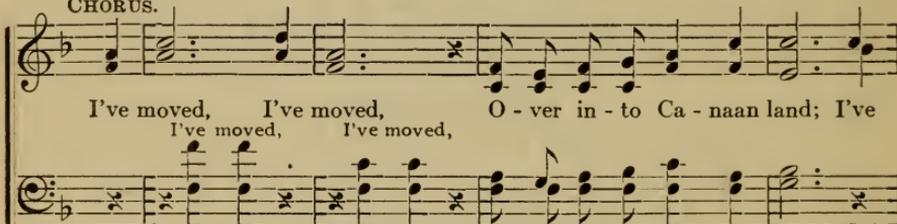


1. I was liv - ing down in E - gypt, A - far from Ca - naan land,
 2. I was liv - ing there in bond - age, To doubt - ing and de - spair,
 3. I am liv - ing on God's boun - ty, My needs are all sup - plied,
 4. In this land of peace and plen - ty, My soul will ev - er stay,

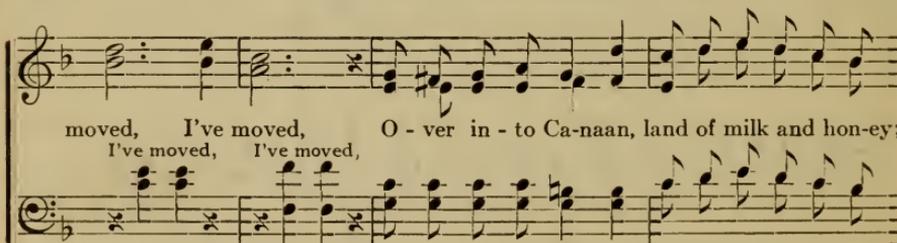


Till the Ho - ly Spir - it found me, And I moved at His com - mand.
 But a - mid the joys of Ca - naan I can walk as free as air.
 With His man - na, milk and hon - ey, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
 I have moved from dark - est E - gypt, To re - turn no more that way.

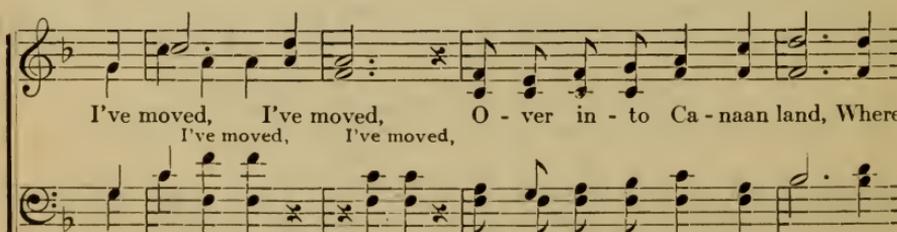
CHORUS.



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've 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 carnal thing is found, I've moved, I've moved.
I've moved, I've moved.

403

Calvary's Stream Is Flowing So Free.

P. M.—S. S. 349. B. M. I. 216.

mf Allegretto.

1. Cal-va-ry's stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing so free, flow-ing so free;
2. Oh, look a-way to the sin-cleans-ing stream, Flow-ing for thee, flow-ing for thee;
3. Why wilt thou linger? Come now to this stream, Flowing so free, flowing so free;

FINE.

Cal-va-ry's stream now is flow-ing so free, Flow-ing, yes, flow-ing for thee.
Come to its waters, and make thy heart clean, Flowing, yes, flowing for thee;
Come, thou art welcome, there's no price to bring, Flowing, it's flowing so free;

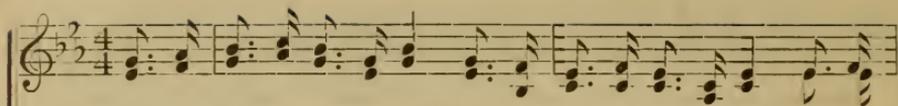
f
Je - sus my Sav-iour has died on the tree, Died on the tree, died on the tree;
Oh, come believ-ing, and wash in its waves, Flowing for thee, flow-ing for thee;
Ev - er - y stain can this riv-er re-move, Flow-ing so free, flow-ing so free;

D. C. for Chorus.

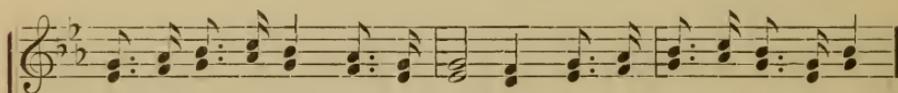
f
Je - sus my Saviour has died on the tree, Died on the tree for thee.....
Prove how completely this blest river saves, Flowing, yes flow-ing for thee.
How it re-leas-es from sin come and prove, Flowing, yes flow-ing so free.

thee, for thee.

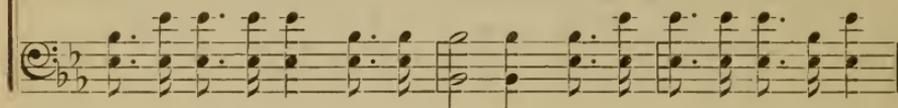
Hallelujah!



1. Make the world with music ring, While with heart and voice we sing, Prais-es
2. Through the Blood we shall prevail, Though both earth and hell assail, God in



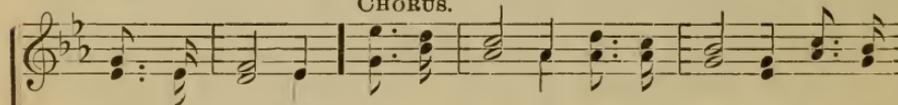
to our God and King, Hal - le - lu - jah! Preach with no un-cer-tain sound,
man can nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah! Keep your weapons sharp and bright,



Make the na - tions all re-sound, With the Sav - iour we have found,
Buck - le on the ar - mor tight, Fight-ing is our great de - light,



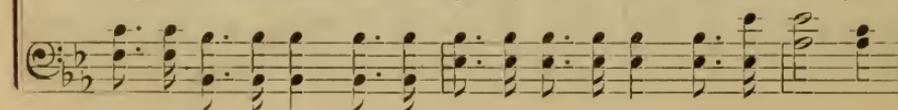
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We shall



con-quer thro' the Blood, Give the glo - ry all to God Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hallelujah!—Concluded.

hal - le - lu - jah! We shall conquer thro' the Blood. Hal-le - lu - jah!

405

Whosoever Will may Come.

8s.—S. S. 865. B. M. I. 294.

1. All have need of God's sal - va - tion, If with Him they'd live for-ev-er,
2. And this word it reach-es na - tions, Not the rich, or learned, or cle-ver
3. For the poor and bro-ken - heart-ed There's a hope, and they need nev-er
4. To all king-doms and all peo - ples 'Tis the same, and shall be ev-er,

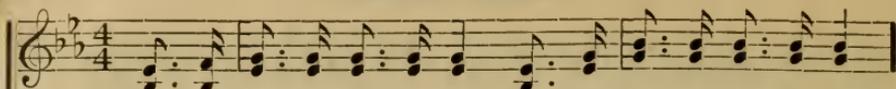
cres. *f*

But a prom-ise He has giv-en, It is writ-en "who-so-ev-er."
 On - ly shall by Him be res - cued, Oh, praise God! it's "who-so-ev-er."
 Have a fear a - bout their com-ing, For the Book says "who-so-ev-er."
 There's no dif-frence in the mes-sage, But to all it's "who-so-ev-er."

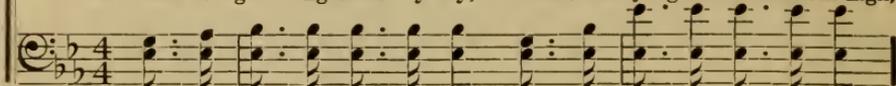
f CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come, And who comes to Him shall nev - er

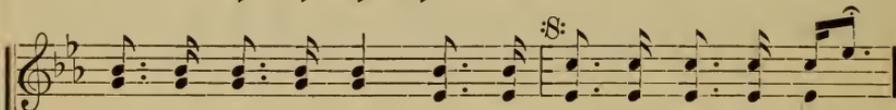
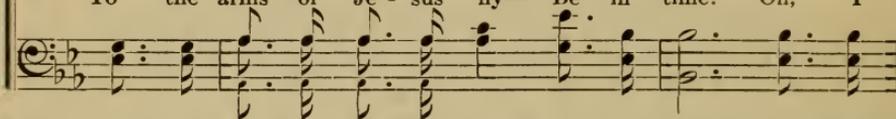
Dis - ap - point - ed turn a - way, Praise the Lord! its "who-so-ev-er!"



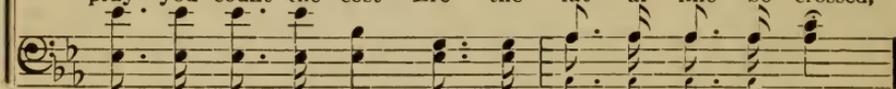
1. Life at best is ver - y brief, Like the fall - ing of a leaf,
2. Fair - est flow - ers soon de - cay, Youth and beau - ty pass a - way;
3. Time is glid - ing swift - ly by, Death and judg - ment draw - eth nigh,



Like the bind - ing of a sheaf— Be in time! Fleet - ing
 Oh, you have not long to stay! Be in time! While the
 To the arms of Je - sus fly— Be in time! Oh, I



days are tell - ing fast That the die will soon be cast,
 Spir - it bids you come, Sin - ner, do not long - er roam,
 pray you count the cost Ere the fat - al line be crossed,

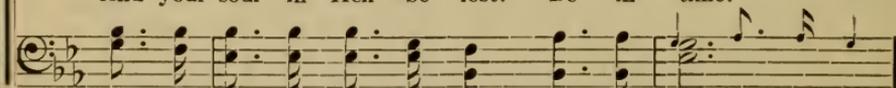


D.S.—find an o - pen gate,

FINE.



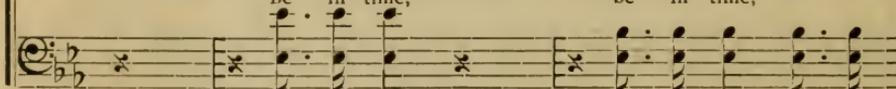
And the fat - al line be past— Be in time!
 Lest you seal your hope - less doom, Be in time!
 And your soul in Hell be lost! Be in time!



But your sad cry be "Too late!" Be in time!



CHORUS.
 Be in time, Be in time, be in time, be in time, While the



Be in Time.—Concluded.

D.S.

voice of Je-sus calls you, Be in time! If in sin you longer wait, You will
Be in time!

407

The Promised Land.

8s. 6s.

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;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

FINE.

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.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land,
promised land,

The Light of the World is Jesus.

7s. 6s.—S. S. 212. B. M. I. 104.

mf Allegro moderato.

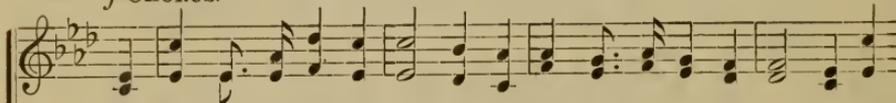
1. I once was ver-y worldly, The same as ma-n-y more, But since I've been to
 2. You want to be made happy, You wish to be made free, You wish to go to



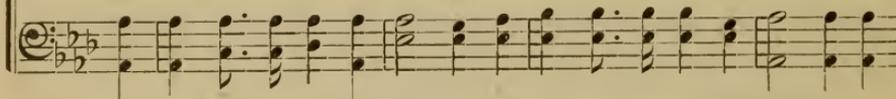
Je - sus He's saved me, I am sure; And if you're on-ly will-ing To
 heav - en, I'm sure, the same as we; And hell, you would not share it, You



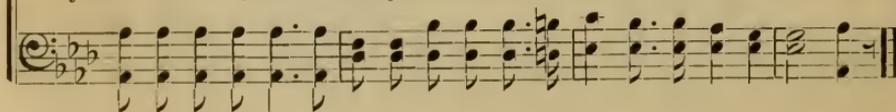
give up all your sin, My Sav-iour He is wait-ing, I'm sure, to take you in.
 would its terrors flee, Then if you'll come to Je-sus His true light you shall see.

*f* CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Je - sus, The Light of the world is Je - sus! And



if you come to Him, He'll cleanse your soul from sin, The Light of the world is Jesus.



Touch Me Again, Lord.



1. Ah, Lord, when the crowd gathered round Thee for healing, I pressed 'mong the
2. I have not dwelt, Lord, in the joy of Thy presence, But Thou canst the
3. Thou'rt pass-ing! I feel, Lord, the breath of Thy presence, Just now is a



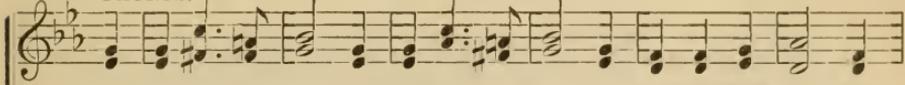
num - ber, and put in my claim, And virtue from Thee, Lord, was found at that health of my soul now re-store; My love has grown less, and my faith has been chance which Thy love doth allow; I will not let Thee go un-less Thou dost



mom - ent, I felt I was whole and I blessed Thy dear name.
wound - ed, O Won - der - ful Heal - er, come heal me once more.
heal me, So stretch forth Thy hand, Lord, and touch me just now.



CHORUS.



Oh, touch me a - gain, Lord, touch me a-gain, This mo-ment I feel a -



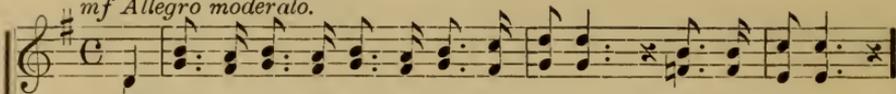
fresh Thou canst heal, So touch me a - gain, Lord, touch me a - gain.



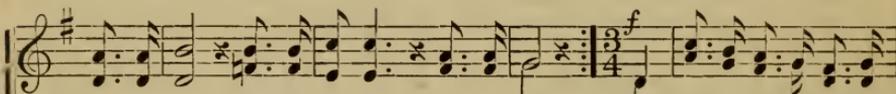
410 Oh, tell us Why you call Yourself an Army ?

P. M.—S. S. 543. B. M. I. 262.

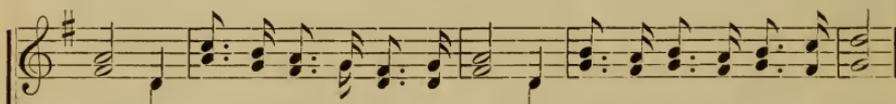
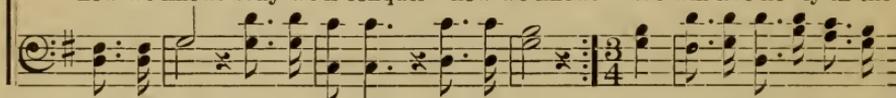
mf Allegro moderato.



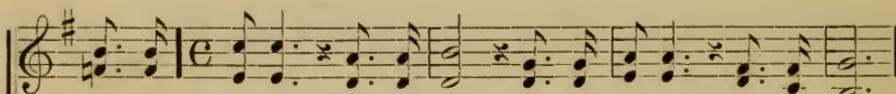
Question. Oh, tell us why you call yourselves an Army— Are you sol-diers?
 Answer. Oh, yes, we are the true Sal-va-tion Army, We are sol-diers,
 Question. How do you know the Sav-iour leads the Ar-m-y? Is He with you?
 Answer. Oh, yes, we know the Sav-iour leads the Ar-m-y, He is with us,
 Question. But tell me where you're going to march this Army—What you fight for—
 Answer. All 'round the world we're going to lead this Ar-m-y, And we fight for
 Question. But tell me how you're going to win the battle? Shall you con-quer?
 Answer. I'll tell you how we're going to win the bat-tle, Why we'll conquer—



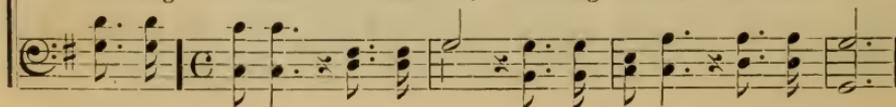
Do you fight? Are you sol-diers? Do you fight? and we fight! We are sol-diers, and we fight. Our Lead-er is the Lord of
 Are you sure?— Is He with you? Are you sure?— to be sure! He is with us, to be sure! 'Twas Je-sus made us hate the
 what you want? What you fight for—what you want? what we want. And we fight for what we want. We want to get the world to
 How'd you know? Shall you conquer? How'd you know? how we know. Why we'll conquer—how we know. We will live ho-ly in the



Hosts, 'Tis in His strength the Ar-m-y boasts; We'll drive the devil from these coasts, wrong, 'Tis Je-sus fills our hearts with song, Je-sus will lead us all a-long, pray, We want to put all sin a-way, We want to get you saved to-day—light, We'll leave our all to go and fight, We'll keep straight on both day and night.



Trust-ing Je-sus we shall win, Trust-ing Je-sus, we shall win.



Oh, tell us Why you call Yourselves an Army?—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, we'll fight the fight for God and right, We nev - er will give in;
And trust - ing in our Sav-iour's might, The Ar - my's bound to win.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the text.

411

Faith of Our Fathers.

8s.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the three numbered verses of the hymn. The second system contains the first two lines of the chorus, and the third system contains the final line of the chorus. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the text.

CHORUSES

Choruses contained in this book have the number only; choruses which can be found in Salvation Army Songs (word edition) have "S. S." and the number; choruses which are found in the chorals section of Salvation Army Songs (word edition) have "S. S. ch." and the number.

SALVATION

Key Bb

Are you coming home.....	S.S.	59
Ask the Saviour to help.....		272
Bring Him thy sorrows.....		
Calvary's stream is flowing.....		271
Come away, come away.....		46
Come, come along with.....		
Come home, come home.....		
Don't turn Him away.....		
For me the Saviour died.....		375
Grace flowing for me.....		
He is able to deliver.....		
He pardoned a rebel.....		288
Jesus died for you.....		
Jesus is strong to deliver.....		51
Oh, lay it down.....		
Oh, let the dear Master.....	S.S.	87
Oh, seek that beautiful.....	S.S.	89
Oh, the blood is all.....		
Oh, the prodigal's coming.....	S.S.	53
Oh, wondrous love.....		222
Oh, won't you come back.....		
Prepare me, Lord.....		25
Rock of Ages.....		292
Saviour, hear my humble.....	S.S.	191
To Thy cross I come.....	S.S.	98
We have no other argument.....		1
Who'll be the next?.....		305
Wonderful, wonderful love.....		277
Yes, Jesus can save.....	S.S.	48
You never can tell.....		248

Key Ab

And yet He will.....		259
At the cross there's room.....		295
Behold Me standing.....		282
Bless me now.....	S.S.	181
Come home, ye.....		275
Come with thy sin.....	S.S.	99
Coming home, coming home.....		270
Crowned with thorns.....		
Eternity, where will you.....	S.S.	123
Get ready, for He's coming.....	S.S. ch.	168
God is near thee.....	S.S. ch.	50
He will keep you from.....		
Here will I rest.....	S.S.	176
If I ask Him.....		155
I'm going to spend.....		
Is my name written.....		365
It was on the cross.....		355
Jesus is mighty.....		301
Let me hear you.....		
Life's morn will soon.....		49
O Calvary, dark Calvary.....	S.S.	163
Oh, glorious fountain.....		130
Oh, the Lamb.....		326
Oh, the Heaven's doors.....		
Oh, wash my sins.....		341
Only a step.....	S.S.	43
Pray, sinner, pray.....		
Saviour, Saviour, hear.....		225
Say, poor sinner.....	S.S. ch.	44
Step out on the promise.....		263
The harvest is passing.....		262
The wounds of Christ.....		12
Then for that awful.....	S.S.	178
Then oh, my Lord, prepare.....	S.S.	132
Then you'll weep.....		
There are angels hovering.....	S.S.	72
There is cleansing in.....		
There is no rest in hell.....		
There's a seat in the Kingdom.....		

There's mercy still.....		10
Trim your lamps.....	S.S.	157
When the mighty, mighty.....	S.S.	140
When the roll is called.....		154
Who's that knocking.....		247
Whoever will may come.....		405
Yes, Jesus waits.....	S.S.	94
You never can tell.....		248

Key G

All the way to Calvary.....	S.S.	287
Angels call the roll.....		143
Boundless love beyond degree.....		367
Bring back thy heart.....		
Come to Jesus now.....		
For you He is calling.....		67
For you I am praying.....		65
Grace there is.....		16
Hallelujah! 'tis done.....	S.S.	243
Happy day, when Jesus.....		220
Hark, hear the Saviour.....		157
He is bringing to His fold.....		
His blood can make.....		297
I know I am weak.....	S.S.	190
It was on the cross.....		355
Jesus of Nazareth passeth.....		85
Look, look and live.....		331
My Lord, what a mourning.....		27
No, no, nothing do I bring.....		132
Oh, come to my Saviour.....		78
Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, will.....	S.S.	76
Oh, remember Calvary.....		141
Oh, take me as I am.....	S.S.	164
Oh, where is my boy.....		77
Oh, won't you come back.....		
Oh, why wilt thou die.....	S.S.	125
Oh, you must be a lover.....		129
Only trust Him.....		219
Remember me.....		330
Steal away to Jesus.....		
Take all my sins away.....		233
Take salvation.....		255
Tell it again.....		276
That means me.....	S.S.	223
That will I do.....	S.S.	171
Too late, mercy's gone.....		
Turn to the Lord.....		379
What can wash away.....	S.S.	176
What shall I do.....		47
What will you do.....		48
When the chariot's lowering.....	S.S.	135
While He's waiting, pleading.....		19
While the light from.....		14
Yes, oh, yes.....		205
Yet the cleansing blood.....	S.S. ch.	12
Yield to the strivings.....		

Key F

Boundless ocean.....		88
Calvary's stream now.....		403
Come, come away to Jesus.....	S.S. ch.	18
Dear Jesus, on Calvary.....		381
Flowing for the guilty soul.....		86
Grace for the weary.....	S.S.	231
Jesus is calling.....	S.S.	206
Jesus is passing this way.....	S.S.	54
O Saviour, I am coming.....	S.S.	186
Oh, the bleeding Lamb.....		334
Oh, the drunkard may come.....	S.S.	37
Oh, what shall the answer.....		
To save a poor sinner.....	S.S.	9
While the heavenly music.....	S.S.	144
Why not to-night.....		393
Will you go.....		11

CHORUSES

SALVATION (Continued)		
Yes, oh, yes, He may.....	S.S.	39
You are drifting.....	S.S. ch.	36
Key D		
Calling for thee.....		76
For the Lion of Judah.....		75
Haste away to Jesus.....	S.S.	148
Leave, oh, leave your.....	S.S.	86
Say, are you ready.....	S.S.	124
Sing it o'er and o'er.....	S.S.	58
Take me home again.....		
Whosoever will, send the.....		239
Whosoever will may come.....		495
Key Eb		
All the world can.....		87
Be in time.....		406
Calvary's stream, it is.....		
Down in the garden.....		151
Ere the sun goes down.....		354
Hallelujah, I love Thee.....		309
He died for me.....		370
Hiding in Thee.....	S.S.	113
I am the Way.....		
I do believe it.....		346
Jesus is looking.....		361
Me, me, He's pardoned.....		
Nay, but I yield.....	S.S.	179
O Lamb of God, I come.....		102
O Thou, dear suffering.....		356
Oh, dearly, dearly has.....		357
Oh, take me back.....		
Oh, the Lamb.....		401
Oh, touch the hem.....	S.S. ch.	40
On, ever on to eternity.....		
Tell me the story.....		89
Then shall the waves.....		284
Time is passing by.....		
Ye must be born.....		377
Yes, Jesus loves me.....		50
Key C		
Coming home to-day.....		258
Death is coming.....		176
He is able abundantly.....		
He from thy burden.....	S.S. ch.	39
He will break every fetter.....		
He'll wash your sins away.....		
I know, I feel.....		179
Jesus now is passing.....	S.S.	49
Let me go, I cannot stay.....		
Love shall be the conqueror.....	S.S.	73
Mercy, mercy I have found.....	S.S.	185
O Calvary, O Calvary.....		36
Oh, yes, there's salvation.....		189
Room for Jesus.....		29
Tell me the old, old.....		126
The Lamb, the Lamb.....		4
Then, come, oh, come.....		290
Then, oh, what a weeping.....	S.S.	155
To heal the broken heart.....		44
To Thy cross I come.....	S.S.	98
Wide, wide as the ocean.....		
HOLINESS		
Key Bb		
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus.....	S.S.	209
Bread of Heaven.....		112
Bring your dearest.....	S.S.	776
God will take care.....		360
I can, I do believe.....		108
I'll follow Thee, my.....		396
I'm coming, dear Saviour.....	S.S.	377
Jesus is strong to deliver.....		51
Keep me unspotted.....	S.S. ch.	129
Lead me higher up.....		149
Lord, fill my craving.....		324
My heart is now whiter.....	S.S.	308
My heart's door wide.....		
My Lord, oh, let.....	S.S. ch.	112
Now none but Christ.....	S.S.	497
Oh, send another Pentecost.....		
Oh, speak while before.....	S.S.	193
Oh, the blood is all.....		
Oh, touch me again.....		409
Only Thee.....	S.S.	499
Pour Thy Spirit.....		369
Power divine.....		
Send a new touch of fire.....		
The heavenly gales are.....		
The old-time power.....		
The path is very narrow.....		
The precious blood is flowing.....	S.S.	356
There is power, wonder-working.....		
Thou hast the power to.....	S.S. ch.	109
Key Ab		
And dare to leave it.....		291
And He walks with me.....		59
And the fire descending.....		45
Are you washed.....		42
Esses me now.....		
Blessed Jesus, speak to me.....		
Breathe upon me.....		391
Cleansing for me.....		30
Closer to Thee, Saviour.....		
Draw me nearer.....		153
Follow, follow, I will.....		347
For the cross I am ready.....		
Glory, hallelujah, I have.....		
Glory to His name.....		69
Holy Spirit, seal me.....		
I am Thine, O Lord.....		138
I am trusting, Lord.....	S.S.	434
I bring my all.....	S.S.	418
I have not much to give.....	S.S.	775
I know the Lord.....		
I need Thee.....		177
I'll be true, Lord.....		
I'll do what you want.....		
I'll follow Thee, of life.....	S.S. ch.	148
I'm believing and receiving.....		300
It's all I want.....		
Jesus is real to me.....		184
Oh, for a deeper.....	S.S. ch.	151
Oh, it is glory.....		
Oh, pour it in.....		
Oh, say, will you take.....		
Oh, wash my sins away.....		341
Only Jesus will I know.....	S.S. ch.	152
Only Thee, loving Saviour.....		208
Over the waves to Thee.....	S.S.	418
Perfect peace I enjoy.....		
Reign, oh, reign.....	S.S.	609
Speak, Saviour, speak.....		278
The cleansing stream.....	S.S. ch.	154
The fountain now is open.....	S.S.	392
There's cleansing in the blood.....		
Through and through.....	S.S.	424
'Tis rolling in.....		398
Whiter than snow.....		296
Key G		
All I have I leave.....	S.S.	381
Beautiful river.....		22
Blessed Jesus, canst Thou.....		349
Come in, my Lord.....	S.S.	366
Come, oh, come, great.....		353
Dear Jesus is the One.....		162
Dear Lord, I bring my all.....	S.S.	406
Fill me now.....		
Following Jesus ever day by day.....		
Give me a heart like Thine.....		298
Glory, glory, hallelujah.....		17
Glory, glory, Jesus saves.....		164
Have faith in God.....		
I am glad there is cleansing.....		
I am trusting, Lord.....		352
I believe, I believe.....	S.S.	417
I believe Jesus saves.....		175

CHORUSES

HOLINESS (Continued)	
I will follow the Lamb.....	
Love I ask for.....	
No sacrifice I count.....	
Not my own, oh, no.....	S.S. 784
Oh, it comes o'er my soul.....	S.S. 289
Oh, precious is the flow.....	
Oh, the blessing and the power.....	
Oh, the cleansing stream.....	S.S. ch. 155
Over me it is flowing.....	142
Saviour, dear Saviour.....	S.S. 413
Take all my sins.....	233
Thou art enough for me.....	S.S. 478
'Tis the very same power.....	S.S. 486
To the uttermost.....	S.S. 346
Victory for me.....	373
Victory in Jesus for me.....	
Walk with me.....	S.S. 425
Washed in the blood white.....	306
Yes, Jesus is mighty.....	S.S. 504

Key F

All I have I am bringing.....	372
All my heart I give.....	336
Always just the same.....	
Anything for Jesus.....	336
At Thy feet I fall.....	144
Fear not, for I am.....	
He's the Lily, O my Lord.....	
His power can make you.....	
I have a Saviour who's.....	152
I'm coming, dear Lord.....	
In the cross.....	399
Jesus, Thou Lover of souls.....	
Jesus with me is united.....	S.S. 298
Let the waves wash.....	131
Lord, I believe.....	S.S. 605
Lord, with my all I part.....	S.S. 449
Oh, the blood, to me so dear.....	96
Oh, 'tis coming.....	481
Only Jesus will I know.....	S.S. ch. 152
Over me let the mighty.....	
Precious Saviour, loving and kind..	
Redeemer, Lord, I come.....	359
Shall have my soul.....	355
The blood of Jesus cleanses.....	316
The cross now covers.....	315
Thine, Thine I will.....	S.S. ch. 122
Trusting Thee ever.....	S.S. ch. 127

Key Eb

All the world can ne'er.....	87
Ever Thine, Thine alone.....	S.S. 238
Friendship with Jesus.....	150
Have Thy way, Lord.....	
He can save, save.....	
Hear my pleadings, Lord.....	S.S. 411
I am coming, Lord.....	94
I dare, Lord.....	S.S. 780
I have pleasure in His.....	84
I will follow Thee.....	236
I'm happy.....	182
I'm trusting.....	S.S. 501
I've washed my robes.....	308
Jesus is my light and song.....	
Launch out into the deep.....	
Let me love Thee.....	392
Let the beauty of Jesus.....	
My all is on.....	5
My heart is so full.....	
My Lord is so strong.....	
My sins are under.....	251
Oh, far whiter than.....	S.S. ch. 156
Oh, for a heart whiter.....	378
Oh, I'll take another look.....	
Oh, I'm glad there is.....	S.S. 408
Oh, the cleansing stream.....	S.S. ch. 155
On Christ, the solid.....	S.S. 466
Peace, peace, wonderful peace.....	
Power, power divine.....	S.S. ch. 143

Round us flows.....	211
Saviour, my all.....	S.S. 385
The cross is not greater.....	S.S. 704
There's a laying down of crosses.....	
Where He leads me.....	S.S. 446
While I speak to Thee.....	95

Key C

Beautiful Christ.....	107
Christ is all in all.....	
Down at the Saviour's feet.....	S.S. ch. 132
I will not let Thee go.....	S.S. ch. 133
If Jesus goes with me.....	386
I'll cling closer.....	S.S. ch. 134
In white, in white.....	192
It's just like Jesus.....	
Jesus is the dearest.....	
Jesus, my Saviour.....	S.S. ch. 135
Keep in touch with Jesus.....	
Keep me unspotted.....	S.S. ch. 129
Lead me, lead me.....	39
Living beneath the shade.....	374
No, never alone.....	72
Oh, sing of His mighty.....	333
Send the fire.....	178
There's victory for me.....	S.S. 391
Thou art a mighty Saviour.....	41
Would you know why I adore.....	

Key D

He lives, I know.....	
I surrender all.....	387
Jesus is mine forever.....	S.S. 246
Oh, the peace my.....	299
Whiter than the snow.....	53

EXPERIENCE, WAR AND VICTORY

Key C

Bringing in the sheaves.....	257
Everybody has a part.....	
Fight the fight.....	S.S. 544
Fighting on the narrow.....	S.S. ch. 180
Give me Jesus.....	317
Have faith when the clouds.....	
He touched me and that.....	
Hold the fort.....	S.S. 618
If the cross we boldly.....	S.S. 409
I'll be your Saviour.....	
I'll stand for Christ.....	325
I love Him better every.....	
In the ranks of the.....	
I was wandering in.....	364
Joy, joy, wonderful joy.....	S.S. ch. 78
Lead me, lead me.....	39
Lord, keep the fire burning.....	
Marching on, marching.....	S.S. 571
Oh, I'm climbing up.....	122
Oh, 'twas love, 'twas.....	S.S. 219
On the ocean of love.....	
So we'll lift up.....	161
The heavenly gales are.....	
The Lamb, the bleeding Lamb.....	4
There's no one like Jesus.....	S.S. 203
Up from the grave.....	40
We'll all shout hallelujah.....	125
When the billows are rolling.....	
With Jesus so near.....	S.S. ch. 76
Yes, He gave me.....	S.S. 244
Yes, to our colors.....	S.S. 521
You can tell out.....	91
You will need a friend.....	

Key Bb

A Salvation Soldier.....	43
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus.....	S.S. 209
By the blood my Saviour.....	S.S. 258
Can you wonder.....	400
Dare to be a soldier.....	9
Down where the living.....	101
From my weary heart.....	

CHORUSES

EXPERIENCE, VICTORY (Continued)	
Fully trusting S.S. ch.	169
Glory, glory, hallelujah	238
God will take care	360
Gone is my burden S.S. ch.	60
Hallelujah! I am glad	
He pardoned a rebel like me	288
I am happy, glad S.S.	228
If you bring the one	
I'll fight for Thee	
I love Him, for He first	
I love Jesus, hallelujah	368
I'm living on the mountain	382
Jesus is mine	223
Let the lower lights	148
Ling'ring in my mem'ry	363
Lord, I believe S.S.	605
Make me a channel of blessing	
My heart is full of singing S.S.	278
My heart is now whiter S.S.	308
My soul is full of joy S.S.	214
Oh, say, does that star	216
Oh, won't it be grand	
Peace, peace, wonderful peace	
Rescue the perishing	56
Rouse, then, soldiers, rally	38
So I'll cherish the old	
Stand like the brave S.S.	548
Tell it to Jesus alone	
The day of victory's coming S.S.	538
The grace of God	
The light of the world	408
There is sunlight	
This is where you'll find	
This is why I love	201
'Twas a happy day	
We'll cross the river	
We'll never let the old flag	
We shall conquer all S.S.	537
When the stars of S.S.	55
Wonderful love	277
Yesterday, to-day, forever	

Key Eb

A friend ever faithful S.S. ch.	91
After the fighting is over S.S. ch.	186
And above the rest	321
Brighten the corner	
Count your blessings	320
Ever is the war cry	
Ever near to bless	
Friendship with Jesus	150
Hallelujah, I love Thee	309
Hallelujah to the Lamb	113
He's the One I love in	
Home, home, sweet home	145
I do believe it	346
I have loved and lived S.S.	207
I have pleasure in His service	84
I love Jesus, hallelujah	314
I'm clinging like ivy	
I'm clinging to Jesus	
I'm the child of a King	28
I've been redeemed	
Jesus has redeemed me S.S. ch.	73
Joy, behold the Saviour	281
Keep waving	183
Lay up treasures in Heaven	
Like the stars	310
More and more S.S.	224
Never say die S.S. ch.	185
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready S.S.	811
Oh, I'm happy all the day S.S. ch.	85
Oh, the Lamb	401
Oh, what a Redeemer	264
Over the wild, bounding	
Saved, saved, saved, hallelujah	
Steadily forward march S.S.	573
Sweeter and purer and better	

Sweetest note in seraph	221
Swing open your heart's door	
Swing wide the door	71
The Lord is my shepherd	362
There'll be grace enough	
Victory, victory through the blood	
We'll fight till we die S.S. ch.	184
We're marching on S.S.	611
When the tempest and night	104
With sword and shield	246
Yes, Jesus loves me	50

Key D

All the storms will soon	35
He leadeth me	90
I know in whom I have	
It is well with my soul	169
Marching along	58
My sins are under	251
Oh, yes, He cares	302
Oh, this peace has not	
Some through the water	
This is my story	32

Key Ab

A friend ever faithful S.S. ch.	91
At the cross, where	350
By Thy grand redemption	340
Faith of our fathers	411
For the world Jesus died	245
Grace fathonless as the sea	
Hallelujah to my Saviour S.S.	218
He called me out of S.S.	283
Home once more S.S.	204
How I love Him	
If your heart keeps right	
I'll gird on the armor	339
I'm bound for Canaan's shore	279
I'm forever finding comfort	
I'm glad I am a soldier S.S.	550
I'm glad salvation's free S.S.	241
I'm going through Jesus	
I'm going to spend eternity	
I'm washed in the blood S.S. ch.	98
I want to see Jesus	
Jesus is my light	
Keep on believing	24
Leave your sins and bid	8
Let a little sunshine	49
Life's morn will soon	384
Numberless as the sands	261
Oh, glory to His name S.S.	191
Oh, I am a soldier S.S.	122
Oh, I'm happy all the day S.S.	199
Oh, The Army will be ready S.S. ch.	232
Praise God, I'm saved	207
Precious name	
Salvation is the best thing	
Saved and kept S.S. ch.	104
Since Jesus came into	
Storm the forts of darkness	312
Sweeter as the years go	
The best Friend to have	408
The light of the world	243
Then awake	289
There's a sparkling jewel	335
'Tis better on before	280
'Tis well with the righteous S.S.	197
We will march through S.S. ch.	358
We will roll the old	394
We'll stand the storm	279
We're on the homeward	206
When the road we tread	217
With the conquering Son	
Wonderful is the peace S.S.	

Key F

A little talk with Jesus	23
Angels assist our mighty	
By the pathway of duty	
Calvary's stream is flowing	403

CHORUSES

HEAVEN

EXPERIENCE, VICTORY (Continued)

Dear Jesus is the one.....	162
Fighting on.....	229
Hearts to hoist the colors.....	304
I love Him far better.....	
I'll keep well in mind..... S.S. ch.	107
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