

No 5

# SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE

FOR USE IN MEETINGS  
FOR CHRISTIAN  
WORSHIP OR WORK

EDITORS

JNO. R. SWENEY  
J. H. ENTWISLE.....

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SONGS OF  
LOVE AND PRAISE



No. 5

FOR USE IN

Meetings for Christian Worship  
or Work

EDITORS:

JOHN R. SWENEY

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

AND THE LATE

FRANK M. DAVIS

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JOHN J. HOOD

PHILADELPHIA: 1024 Arch Street

CHICAGO: 940 W. Madison Street



**G**XALTED theme ! Sublimest of emotions,  
The love of God, enthroned above the sky ;  
Broader than all the earth's united oceans,  
Older than time, vast as eternity ;  
Beyond the deepest depths, and highest heights,  
The matchless central source of heaven's supreme  
delights.

O for a song and voice of love's inspiring,  
With which to fill the earth and heaven above ;  
For strength to speed on lofty wings, untiring,  
Swifter than light, proclaiming holy love  
In songs of tenderness divinely sweet,  
'Till universes bow at the Redeemer's feet.

E. H. S.

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THE PUBLISHER.

# SONGS OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

## The Wonderful Saviour.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Christ has shed his blood for me, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Died my soul from sin to free, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Now I have sweet peace within, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Christ shall all my song employ, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Greater love was nev - er known, Greater mer - cy nev - er shown;  
 He who calm - ly walk'd the wave Has the mighty pow'r to save,  
 He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a - way;

Free - ly does his blood a - tone, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Shows a light beyond the grave, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 I will serve him ev - 'ry day, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

## Moment by Moment.

D. W. WHITTLE.

2 Cor. iv: 17.

Miss M. WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckon'd mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a  
 2. Nev - er a bat - tle with wrong for the right, Nev - er a contest that  
 3. Nev - er a tri - al that he is not there, Nev - er a burden that

new life di - vine; Looking to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Moment by  
 he doth not fight; Lifting a - bove us his banner so white, Moment by  
 he doth not bear; Nev - er a sorrow that he doth not share, Moment by

CHORUS.

moment, O Lord, I am thine. Moment by moment I'm kept in his love;  
 moment I'm kept in his sight.  
 moment I'm under his care.

Moment by moment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

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4 Never a heartache, and never a groan,  
 Never a teardrop, and never a moan;  
 Never a danger but there on the throne,  
 Moment by moment he thinks of his own.

5 Never a weakness that he doth not feel,  
 Never a sickness that he cannot heal;  
 Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,  
 Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

# The Sunny Side of the Cross.

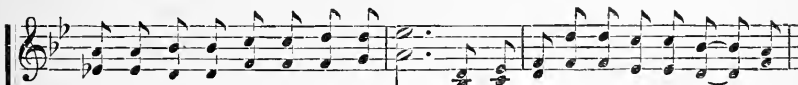
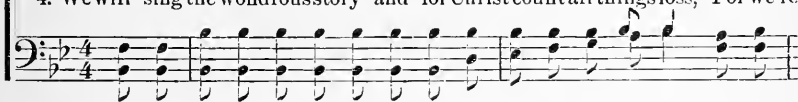
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ELEANOR WOODSIDE LONG.

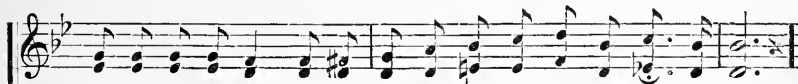
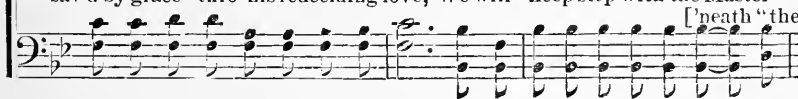
H. R. PALMER.



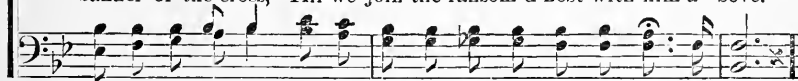
1. Let us be triumphant Christians, with love's "sunshine in the soul," For life's
2. If we only lift our burdens, with a stern and solemn "ought," They will
3. Let us do with cheerful tenderness life's countless "little things," For 'tis
4. We will "sing the wondrous story" and "for Christ count all things loss," For we're



pathway is not always smooth and fair; "Let us scatter smiles and sunshine" as the  
 crush our fainting spirits day by day; Rather, let us take them gladly, with a  
 they that make or mar earth's happiness; And the ti - ny "whatsoevers," that  
 "sav'd by grace" thro' his redeeming love; We will "keep step with the Master"



moments onward roll, They will lighten toil and ban-ish grief and care.  
 song and with a shout, And in triumph bear them bravely all the way.  
 fit on golden wings, Are the tho'ts, and words, and deeds that blight or bless.  
 banner of the cross," Till we join the ransom'd host with him a - bove.



## CHORUS.



Oh, the sunny side of the cross! Blessed sunny side of the cross! The



shadow that is darkest lies farthest from the light, Then "keep on the sunny side of the



# Don't Go Half-Way with Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENIWSLE.

*With expression.*

1. Don't go half-way with Je-sus if you fol-low him at all, For  
 2. Don't go half-way with Je-sus, tho' the way be rough and steep, For  
 3. Don't go half-way with Je-sus when he seeks his wand'ring sheep, But  
 4. Don't go half-way with Je-sus, tho' he lead you to the cross, But

if you on-ly go half-way you'll surely, surely fall, But fol-low in the  
 they that journey to the end a crown of life shall reap; But where the Master  
 follow up the mountains or thro' waters dark and deep, And where he seeks the  
 fol-low thro' affliction, self-de-ni-al, earthly loss, Still follow, tho' you

footsteps of your Saviour, Guide and Friend, And say to him, "dear Master, I'll go  
 leads you in the harvest fields so wide, Don't go half-way with Jesus, but glean  
 lost ones in the haunts of death and sin, Don't go half-way with Jesus, do your  
 wonder at the path in which you roam, Don't go half-way with Jesus, he will

*D.S.*—Go all the way with Jesus to that

*Fine.* CHORUS.

with thee to the end." Don't go half-way with Je-sus, but go  
 ev-er by his side.  
 best some soul to win.  
 lead you safe-ly home.

bet-ter home on high.

Copyright, 1888, by John J. Hood.

with him to the end, Don't go half-way with Jesus, such a faithful, faithful

friend, But with your back up - on the world, your face toward the sky,

### That Means Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I read that whoso - ev - er May from wrath flee; God will re-ject me  
2. His blood is ef - fi - cacious, His love is free; To sinners he is

#### CHORUS.

never, For that means me. For that means me, Yes, that means me; When I read  
gracious, And that means me.

3 Christ died for every nation,  
On Calv'ry's tree;  
He died for our salvation,  
And that means me.  
4 I read the promise given,  
That o'er death's sea,  
We'll live with him in heaven,  
And that means me.

# The Saviour Leads Me.

F. M. D.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxiii : 2.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,  
 2. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,  
 3. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,

All my needs he doth sup- ply me, All the way, all the way,  
 With the heav'nly man - na feeds me, All the way, all the way,  
 To the liv - ing waters guides me, All the way, all the way,

And his goodness fail- eth nev - er; He is mine, yes, mine for - ev - er;  
 Tho' the path be dark and dreary, And my feet have grown so weary,  
 What care I for earthly treasure? What care I for worldly pleasure?

From his love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.  
 Yet he makes life seem so cheer - y, All the way, all the way.  
 I have grace be - yond the measure, All the way, all the way.

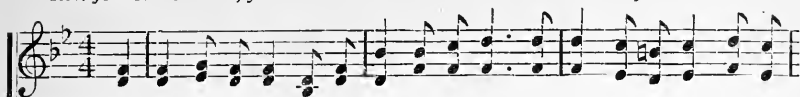


# A Handful of Cheer.

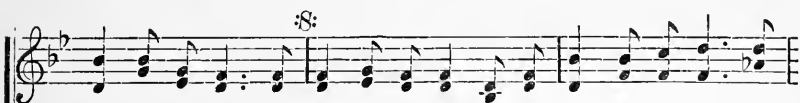
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENBY.



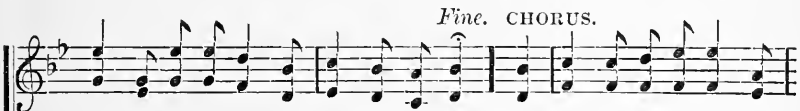
1. How oft as you journey, some brother you meet, Who in life's great battle has
2. His day, which at morning look'd cloudless and bright,  
Before reaching noontide was
3. A small act of mercy a heart may console, A word kindly spoken may
4. So while you are living for heaven above, Strive ev - er to brighten the



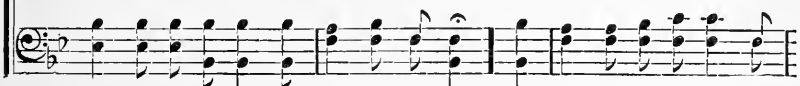
met with defeat, Be Christ-like and loving, and when he draws near, Reach dark as the night; Oh, help from his pathway these shadows to clear; Reach save some poor soul; The skies soon will brighten, the clouds disappear; Reach world with your love; The angels won't need it, but while you are here, Reach



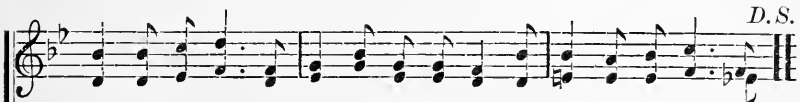
*D.S.*—balm for a heart-ache, a smile for a tear, Reach



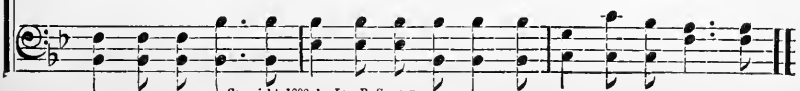
out to your brother a handful of cheer. Reach out to your brother a



out to your brother a handful of cheer.



strong, loving hand, In life's weary battle 'twill help him to stand; A



# You are Invited to Go.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a day of gladness by and by, Unmarr'd by a sin or a woe—  
 2. There's a day of resting by and by, Of peace on-ly God can bestow.  
 3. There's a day of beauty by and by, Of beauty the earth cannot show—  
 4. There's a day of music by and by—A song all the ransom'd shall know,

There are glorious mansions on high, Where you are in- vi - ted to go.  
 In a home where none ever die, Where you are in- vi - ted to go.  
 There's a place where joys satis- fy, And you are in- vi - ted to go.  
 And the echoes sweet never die, Where you are in- vi - ted to go.

CHORUS.

Are you go - ing? are you go - ing, O my brother. . . . .  
 are you go - ing, O my broth - er,

The glo - ries of heav - en to know? Are you go - ing, are you  
 to know?

go - ing to that beau - ti - ful land, Where you are in - vi - ted to go?

# No, Not One!

11

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

## CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! No, not one!

From "Heaven's Echo," by per.

- 4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake | 5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?  
No, not one! no, not one! [him? | No, not one! no, not one!  
Or sinner find that he would not take | Will he refuse us a home in heaven?  
No, not one! no, not one! [him? | No, not one! no, not one!

# Only Once You Pass this Way.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

[may;

1. Do your best while life's pilgrim way you tread, Scatt'ring sunshine while you
2. Ev'ry day poor and needy you will find, Fill'd with sorrow and dismay;
3. Tell the world that the Saviour died for all, Bid them ever watch and pray;
4. Be a brave, earnest soldier in the strife, Then when comes the close of day,

Bear in mind, while the precious seed you spread, On-ly once you pass this way.  
 Do your best some poor, broken hearts to bind, On-ly once you pass this way.  
 Lift your voice, shout aloud the gospel call, On-ly once you pass this way.  
 May the world be the better for your life, On-ly once you pass this way.

CHORUS.

Only once you pass this way, Only once . . . you pass this way;  
 On-ly once you pass this way, only once [! you pass this way : ]

Be a blessing . . . while you may, Only once you pass this way.  
 Be a blessing, be a blessing while you may,

# Fully Justified.

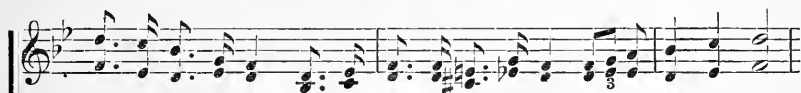
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F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



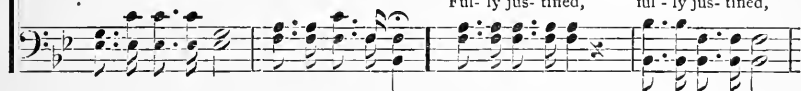
1. Thro' our faith in Christ the Lord we are justi- fied, Ful- ly jus- ti- fied,
2. He has opened wide the door and we've entered in, Ful- ly jus- ti- fied,
3. We who know our sins forgiv'n in the Lord rejoice, Ful- ly jus- ti- fied,



ful- ly jus- tified; Thro' the all - a - toning blood of the Cru- ci- fied,  
ful- ly jus- tified; He a- lone has set us free from the bonds of sin,  
ful- ly jus- tified; We will swell abroad his praise with a mighty voice,



Ful- ly justified, ful- ly justified. Ful - - ly jus - ti- fied,  
Ful- ly jus- tified, ful- ly jus- tified,



Tell it out, sing it out, Spread it far and wide; Thro' the all - a - toning



blood of the Cru- ci- fied, Ful- ly jus- ti- fied, ful- ly jus- tified.



# Will You be One?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?  
 2. Will you be one whom the Saviour will claim? Will you be one, will you be one?  
 3. There will be joy in that cit-y so fair, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy;

Around the white throne of the Saviour to stand? Will you, O will you be one?  
 An heir of salvation thro' faith in his name? Will you, O will you be one?  
 There'll never be parting nor sorrowing there, All will be wonderful joy.

Will you be there in the glorified throng? Will you be there, will you be there?  
 Will you with Jesus forev - er abide, Safe- ly at home, safe- ly at home?  
 There will be glory for sinners redeem'd, Glo- ry for you, glo- ry for me,

To sing the sweet strain of that blessed new song, Will you, O will you be there?  
 Where ev'ry heart-longing shall be satisfied, Safely forev- er at home.  
 Beyond all that mortals have heard or have dream'd, Glory for you and for me.

## CHORUS.

Will you be one in that beautiful land? Will you be one, will you be one?

Ev-er rejoic-ing at Jesus' right hand, Will you be one? . . .  
 Will you be one by and by?

Wait On the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wait on the Lord, wait patient-ly, And thou shalt in him be blest;
2. Wait on the Lord, wait cheerfully, And he will thy youth re-new;
3. Wait on the Lord, wait loving-ly, Confide in his care thy all;
4. Wait on the Lord, wait joyful-ly, For then shall thy heart be strong;

*Fine.*

Aft-er the storm, a ho-ly calm, And aft-er thy la-bor, rest.  
 Wait on the Lord o-bedient-ly, Whatev-er he bids thee do.  
 Those that a-bide in perfect peace No danger can e'er be-fall.  
 Lo! by his hand he leadeeth thee, And thou shalt be fill'd with song.

*D.S.*—O-ver thy soul a watch he keeps, Wherever thy path may be.

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

Wait on the Lord, for whom hast thou On earth or in heaven but he? . . .  
 but he?

# The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Behold! a roy - al ar - my, With banner, sword and shield, Are marching  
 2. And now the foe ad - vancing That valiant host as - sails, And yet they  
 3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and conflict cease, When all are

forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle - field; Its ranks are filled with  
 nev - er fal - ter, Their courage nev - er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be  
 safe - ly gath - ered With - in the vale of peace, Be - fore the King e -

sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong, Who follow'd their Commander,  
 faith - ful," They pass the word a - long, They see his sig - nal flashing,  
 ter - nal, That vast and mighty throng Shall praise his name for - ev - er,


**CHORUS. Voices in unison.**

And sing the joy - ful song. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' him who re -  
 And shout the joy - ful song.  
 And this shall be their song.

deemed us, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord;



*Voices in harmony.*



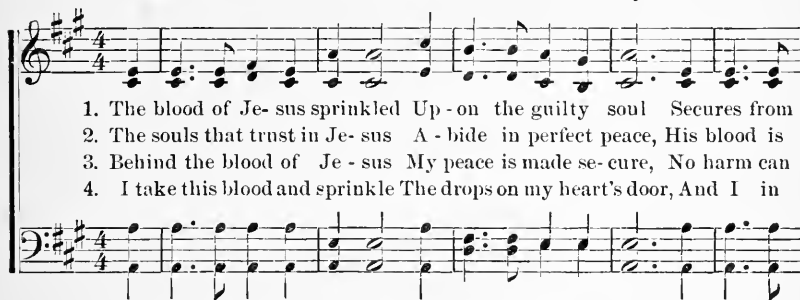
Vic-tory, vic-tory, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. . . .  
thro' Christ our Lord.

## The Blood is On the Lintel.

"And when I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. xii: 13.

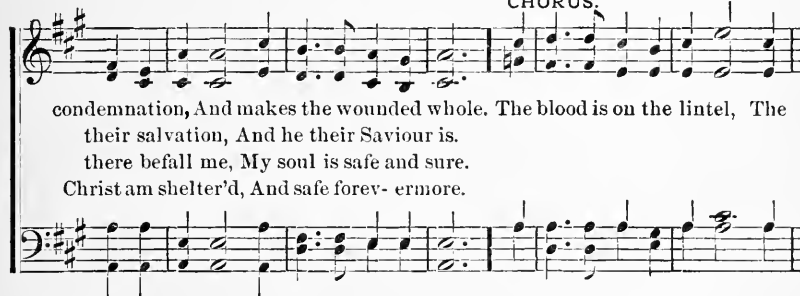
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

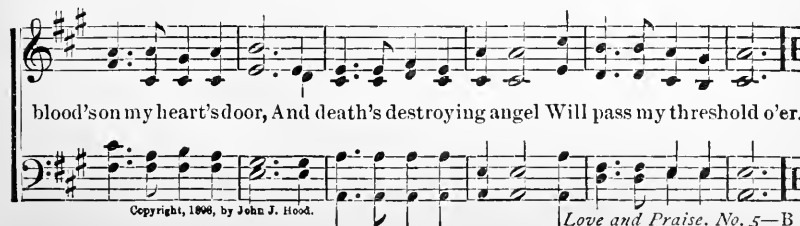


1. The blood of Je-sus sprinkled Up-on the guilty soul Se-cures from  
2. The souls that trust in Je-sus A-bide in perfect peace, His blood is  
3. Behind the blood of Je-sus My peace is made se-cure, No harm can  
4. I take this blood and sprinkle The drops on my heart's door, And I in

CHORUS.



condemnation, And makes the wounded whole. The blood is on the lintel, The  
their salvation, And he their Saviour is.  
there befall me, My soul is safe and sure.  
Christ am shelter'd, And safe forev-ermore.



blood's on my heart's door, And death's destroying angel Will pass my threshold o'er.

# Only Believe.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. "Be not afraid, only believe."—Mark v: 36.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "Be not a-fraid, on-ly believe," Will you the words of the Master re-  
 2. "Be not a-fraid, on-ly believe," If you re- fuse him, the Spirit 'twill  
 3. "Be not a-fraid, on-ly believe," This is the mighty King's word of re-

ceive? He who has still'd the wild waves of the sea, Speaks this sweet message of  
 grief; He who did raise the dead daughter to life, Calls you from sorrow and  
 prieve; He who was crucified, scorn'd and re- vil'd, Has naught but love for a

## CHORUS.

comfort to thee: "Be not a - fraid, . . . on-ly be - lieve," . . .  
 suff'ring and strife.  
 pen - i - tent child. "Be not afraid, on-ly believe,"

Sinner, con- fess him and pardon re - ceive; "Be not a - fraid, . . .  
 "Be not afraid,

on-ly be - lieve," . . . Sinner, confess him and pardon re - ceive.  
 on-ly believe,"

# Let Christ Come In.

19

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Would you to your Saviour now be rec - onciled? Let the blessed  
 2. Would you hold communion sweet with God above? Let the blessed  
 3. Would you have his peace within your heart a - bide? Let the blessed  
 4. Would you have the God of life to be your friend? Let the blessed

Christ come in; Would you hear him call you his be - lov - ed child?  
 Christ come in; Would you know the height and depth of his great love?  
 Christ come in; Would you from the storms of life in Je - sus hide?  
 Christ come in; Would you have him dwell with you till life shall end?  
 come in;

CHORUS.

Let the bless - ed Christ come in. Let the bless - ed Christ come

in, come in, Let the blessed Christ come in; come in; Give to him who

loves you, welcome sweet and true, Let the blessed Christ come in. come in.

# Crossing One by One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,      When beyond the hills we  
 2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one,      When at e- ventide their  
 3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one,      Souu our toiling and our  
 4. We shall cross the mystic river, one by one,      When the soul's eternal

see life's setting sun;      With the boatman, grim and pale, Ev- 'ry  
 earthly race was run;      We have heard them say "good-bye," As we  
 journey will be dene,      Then with joy we'll sail a- way For that  
 morning is be- gun;      When the boat for us shall come, We will

soul must shortly sail,—We shall cross the mystic river, one by one. (one by one.)  
 stood with tear-dimm'd eye,—We have seen them cross the river, one by one.  
 land of perfect day,—Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.  
 sail away for home,—We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by one.

CHORUS.

One by one,      One by one,      one by one,      one by one,      We shall cross the mystic

riv- er, one by one,      one by one,      To that land beyond the tide, There for-

ev-er to a-bide,—We shall cross the mystic riv-er, one by one.

### The Life on Wings.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul, stay not in shadows, Where the mist of sorrow clings; There is
2. On wings of faith mount upward, Far beyond all earthly things; There is
3. There's triumph in all trial, 'Tis the peace that Jesus brings; O'er the

joy for the heart bidding shadows depart, There is joy for the life on wings.  
 peace that will last till thy journey is past, There is joy for the life on wings.  
 faith-mounted soul sorrow hath no control, There is joy for the life on wings.

CHORUS.

Mount up, my soul, with gladness, Where the sunshine cheers and warms;

The life on wings is the life that sings, Then soar above the storms.

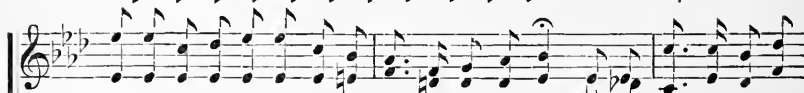
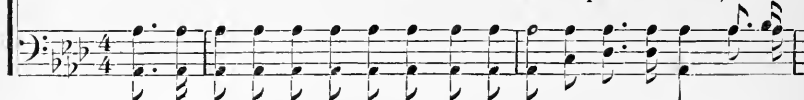
## Sunshine of the Saviour's Smile.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

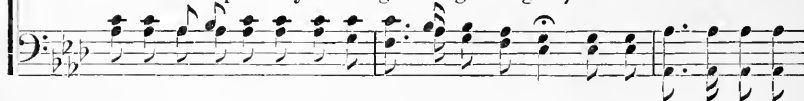
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. There is sunshine for the pilgrim, Lighting up life's rugged road, There is
2. There is sunshine for the mourner Passing 'neath the chast'ning rod, There is
3. There is sunshine at the river Where the boatman pale doth wait, There is



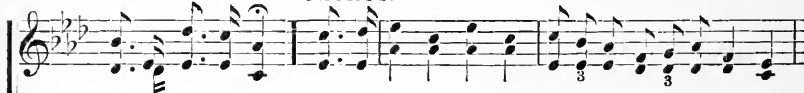
sunshine for the toiler As he bends beneath his load; Tho' the clouds may gather  
sunshine for the mother When she yields her babe to God; For they're happy in that  
sunshine on the pathway Leading to the golden gate; For our Saviour will be



o'er us, Hiding for a little while, Yet the sunshine soon breaks thro' them, Sunshine,  
homeland, Where no sin can e'er defile, Living in e - ternal sunshine, Sunshine  
waiting At the turning of the stile, And we'll enter in thro' sunshine, Sunshine



## CHORUS.



of the Saviour's smile. There is sunshine, sunshine, beautiful, beautiful sunshine,



Lighting up the pathway of life's weary mile; There is sunshine, sunshine,



glorious, heavenly sunshine, Sunshine in the sweetness of the Saviour's smile.

Musical score for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. There are triplets in the first few measures.

## I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,  
 2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,  
 3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, Over and o- ver a - gain,

Musical score for the first system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

I shall behold him, O wonderful story! I shall be like him at last.  
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.  
 Changed by his spirit from glory to glory, I shall be sat- isfied then.

Musical score for the second system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

### CHORUS.

I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine;

Musical score for the first system of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

I shall be like him, wondrously like him, Jesus, my Saviour di- vine.

Musical score for the second system of the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

## Our Strength and Shield.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. March on, happy soldiers, rejoice as you go, The Lord is our strength and  
 2. March on to the warfare of right against wrong, The Lord is our strength and  
 3. March on, bearing ev-er the banner of love, The Lord is our strength and

shield; His name gives us courage to meet ev-'ry foe, The Lord is our  
 shield; Stand up for King Je- sus, be valiant and strong, The Lord is our  
 shield; Proclaiming good news from the Father above, The Lord is our

strength and shield. "Fear not," he hath told us, "I'll be with you still, To  
 strength and shield. "Be filled with the Spir- it" of wisdom and might, And  
 strength and shield. The great gos- pel ar- my shall spread far and wide The

guard you from danger, to save you from ill;" Then sing, marching onward to  
 clad in the glitter- ing ar- mor of light; The word of our God puts the  
 joys that for- ev- er in Je- sus a- bide; Ride on, blessed Saviour, tri-

CHORUS.  
 fair Zion's hill, The Lord is our strength and shield. We'll march along with a  
 tempter to fight, The Lord is our strength and shield.  
 umphantly ride, The Lord is our strength and shield.



conq'ring song, We're victors, victors on the bat - tle-field, If trusting our

King, From our hearts we can sing, The Lord is our strength and shield.

### Draw Me Still Closer.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer to thy bleeding side, Which for my
2. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer by night and by day, When I am
3. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, I would live nearer to thee, Thou art my

#### REFRAIN.

cleansing is flowing, There I would ev - er a - bide. Closer to thee,  
 tempted to wander, Draw me still closer, I pray.  
 Rock and my Refuge, Clos - er to thee I would be.

closer to thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to thee; closer to thee.

# Look and Be Saved.

F. M. D.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved,"—Isa. xlv : 22.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. "Look unto me, . . . . and be ye saved," . . . . The message comes . . .  
 2. "Look unto me, . . . . and be ye saved, . . . . All ye that sin's . . . .  
 3. "Look unto me, . . . . and be ye saved; . . . . No other help . . . .  
 x. "Look unto me, and be ye saved," The message comes

from Calva-ry; . . . "Tis by my stripes . . . that ye are healed; . . .  
 great burden bear; . . Ye shall find rest . . . unto your souls; . . .  
 is there for thee; . . For pardon, peace, . . . and all thy need, . . .  
 from Calvary; "Tis by my stripes that ye are healed;

CHORUS.

Proclaim the news o'er land and sea." "Look unto me, . . . . and be ye  
 Cast then on me your ev-'ry care."  
 I freely give; look un-to me." "Look unto me,

saved;" . . . 'Tis Jesus speaks . . from Calva-ry; . . . . "Tis by my  
 and be ye saved;" 'Tis Jesus speaks from Calvary;

stripes . . that ye are healed; . . Proclaim the news o'er land and sea."  
 "Tis by my stripes that ye are healed;

# I'm Going to Meet Him.

27

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A - gain in all his beauty the Lord shall come, I'm going to meet my  
2. How glad will be the morning when I shall rise, I'm going to meet my  
3. I'll hear the trumpet sounding so loud and clear, I'm going to meet my  
4. Will you be glad to meet him on that great day? I'm going to meet my  
5. With shouting and hosannas the earth shall ring, I'm going to meet my

Je - sus by and by; To meet his faithful children and call them home,  
Je - sus by and by; To meet my Saviour coming from out the skies,  
Je - sus by and by; The day is not far distant, 'tis drawing near,  
Je - sus by and by; He bids you to be ready, to watch and pray,  
Je - sus by and by; And I shall soon behold him, my Lord, my King,  
by and by;

CHORUS.

I'm going to meet my Je - sus by and by. Go - - ing by and  
Going to meet him by and

by, Go - - ing by and by; I'll be there to  
by, by and by, Going to meet him by and by, by and by;

answer when the Saviour calls, Going to meet him by and by.

# Nearer every Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. To my blessed Lord and Saviour, as he walks before me here, I am  
 2. To the pure and perfect stature of our great and living Head, I am  
 3. To the time when I shall gladly lay my cross and burdens down, I am  
 4. To that blest e-ter-nal cit-y that lies just across the foam, I am

getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day;  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day;  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day;  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day;  
 ev-'ry day;

And he says I shall be  
 'To the perfect will of  
 'To the time when from my  
 Oft-en thro' faith's open

like him when be-fore him I ap-pear, And I'm getting nearer,  
 Je-sus in the way that I am led, I am getting nearer,  
 Saviour I'll re-ceive a robe and crown, I am getting nearer,  
 vis-ion I can see the spires of home, And I'm getting nearer,

CHORUS.

nearer ev-'ry day. Ev-'ry day, praise the Lord, I'm getting nearer,

And the way, praise the Lord, is getting clearer; From my Lord no more I'll roam,

For I see the lights of home, And I'm getting nearer, nearer ev'ry day.

ev'ry day.

**Dwelling in Love.**

Rev. Wm. UNDERWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In love di-vine I dwell, The Spirit gives the pow'r; My God is  
 2. I therefore dwell in God, He makes my heart his home; A - live on  
 3. My soul, once starv'ng, feeds On hidden manna giv'n; My God sup-  
 4. Tho' storms my soul assail, Thro' hope, steadfast and sure, My anchor,

*D.S.*—My God is

*Fine.* CHORUS.

love, I know it well, He saves me hour by hour. He saves me  
 earth, or 'neath the sod I'm his, and his a - lone.  
 plies my pres-ent needs And prom - i - ses me heav'n.  
 cast with - in the vale,— I ride the waves se - cure.

love, I know it well, He saves me hour by hour.

now, . . . I feel his mighty pow'r, He saves, he saves . . . this very hour;  
 He saves me now, I feel his pow'r, He saves, he saves

*D.S.*

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweney.

5 Nor life, nor death alarms  
 The saints whom God induces;  
 Die they? In everlasting arms  
 Eternal life ensues.

6 Free grace to fallen man  
 I'll sing in heav'n above;  
 Excell me, angels, if you can!  
 Saved by redeeming love.

# Sitting at the Well is Jesus.

"Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well."—St. John iv: 6.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I have found the waters sweet, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; I have  
 2. Come where lasting joy is rife! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Come, ob-  
 3. Are you thirsty? come and taste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; While he

found a joy complete, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Lo! the ver - y  
 tain e - ter - nal life! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Those who come he  
 lingers, come in haste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; He will save from

Christ is he, All I've done he telleth me, Friends and brothers, come and see,  
 will receive, Sweetly pardon and relieve, On - ly come, his word believe,  
 sins the worst, Those who drink shall never thirst, Come, my brother, who'll be first?

CHORUS.

Sitting at the well is Je - sus. Precious water, living spring, Ever - lasting

life to bring; Come and taste and with me sing: "Sitting at the well is Jesus."

# I'm Washed In the Blood.

33

Rev. H. J. ZELLEV.

JOHN J. HOOD.



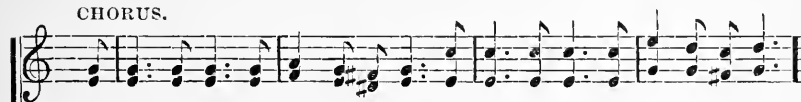
1. My many sins are all for - giv'n, And ev'ry slavish chain is riv'n;
2. I ask'd for mercy at the throne, No merits had I of my own;
3. The blood flows o'er my trusting soul, It saves and makes me clean and whole;



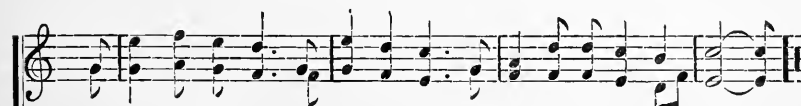
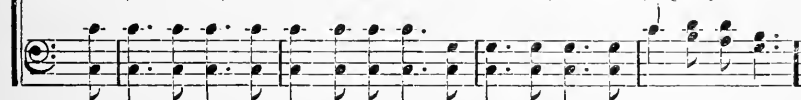
My burden's gone, my soul is free, The precious blood avails for me.  
I pray'd for help in Je - sus' name, And to my heart the answer came:  
Beneath the crimson tide I'll stay, Where all my guilt is wash'd a - way.



## CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, I'm wash'd in the blood! I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, O glory to God!



To save me from sin the Saviour died, And now I am jus - ti - fied.



# Who will Answer for Me?

The late Rev. Daniel Curry once dreamed that he had died and gone to Judgment. As he stood trembling before the bar, the Judge asked this question, "Who will answer for Daniel Curry?" Then he heard the sweet voice of Jesus reply, "I will answer for him."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Who will answer for me, when, life's battles all past, I shall stand at the  
 2. Oh, how dark all my past, as from there I look back, Many sins and mis-  
 3. Justice there will I see with the scales in her hand, And I know I shall  
 4. Saviour, help me to walk close to thee day by day, When I hear thy com-

bar of the Judgment at last, When be-fore me the Judge of all  
 takes will I count on my track, Scaree a sin-gle good deed on my  
 quake as up-on them I stand; "Weigh'd and found wanting" there, as no  
 mands may I trust and o-bey; While I live may I ev-er to

*D.S.*—answer for this guilt-y soul?" Then my Saviour will turn with com-

nations I see, In that ter-ri-ble hour, who will answer for me?  
 rec-ord I see, And I cry in despair, "who will answer for me?"  
 doubt I shall be In my weakness and fear;—who will answer for me?  
 thee faithful be, Then at last hear thee say, "I will answer for thee!"

passiou t'ward me, And his sweet voice will say, "I will answer for thee!"

CHORUS. *D.S.*

When the Judge shall at last call my name from the roll, And shall ask, "who will



# The Sweet, Glad Time.

35

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. iv: 11.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We shall reach . . . the land of light, In the sweet, glad time by and by;  
2. We shall join . . . the angel throng, In the sweet, glad time by and by;  
3. We shall lay . . . our crosses down, In the sweet, glad time by and by;  
1. We shall reach the land of light,

There will fall . . . no shades of night, In the sweet, glad time by and by.  
We shall sing . . . the new, new song, In the sweet, glad time by and by.  
We shall wear . . . the victor's crown, In the sweet, glad time by and by.  
There will fall no shades of night,

## CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, In the sweet, glad time by and by;  
By and by, by and by, by and by;

We shall reach . . . the land of light, In the sweet, glad time by and by.  
We shall reach the land of light,

From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.

# There'll Be No Dark Valley.

W. O. CUSHING.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. xxiii: 4.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark  
 2. There'll be no more sorrow when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more  
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more  
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes  
 sorrow when Je - sus comes; But a glorious morrow when Je - sus comes  
 weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reaping when Je - sus comes  
 greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meeting when Je - sus comes

## REFRAIN.

To gath - er his loved ones home. To gath - er his loved ones

home, To gath - er his loved ones home; There'll be  
 safe home, safe home;

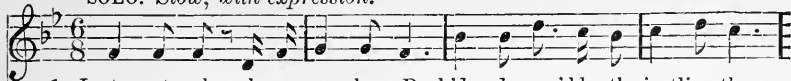
no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er his loved ones home.

# Just One Touch.

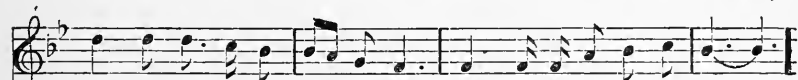
37

BIRDIE BELL.

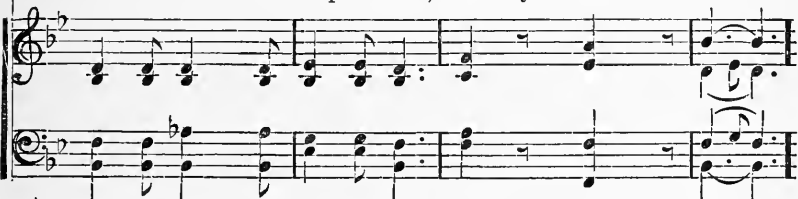
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

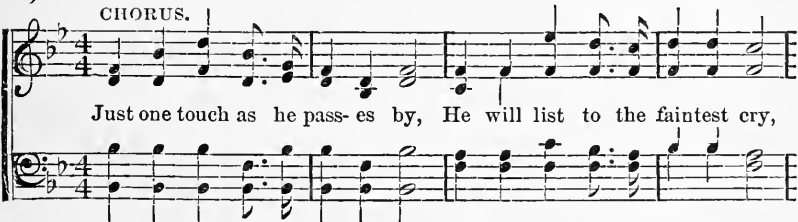
1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the blessed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver- y hour,



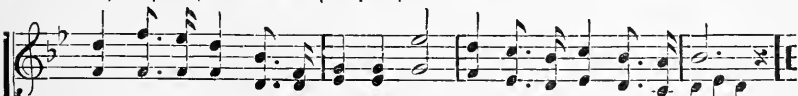
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
At his feet all my burdens roll, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



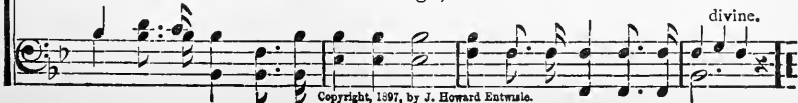
CHORUS.



Just one touch as he pass- es by, He will list to the faintest cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di- vine.



## The Lights of the City.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The road we must travel is sometimes rough and steep,  
 And down from the mountains the  
 2. Our foes may be many, but in the battle-hour We call on our Leader for  
 3. We know he has promis'd a harp and palm and crown, When ended the journey, the

misty shadows creep. But looking beyond them, we're singing as we pray; The  
 overcoming pow'r; While trusting in Jesus, his banner we display, The  
 burdens all laid down; The prospects before us grow brighter ev'ry day, The

CHORUS.  
 lights of the city are gleaming on the way. Gleaming on the way, brightly gleam-  
 [ing

on the way, The lights of the city are gleaming on the way; Sweet home-bells are ring-

ing, Where lov'd ones are singing, The lights of the city are gleaming on the way.

# Going Away Without Jesus.

43

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

The last melody by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Are you go-ing a-way without Je-sus to-night, In sor-row and  
 2. Are you go-ing away without Christ for your friend, Whose friendship is  
 3. With meas-ure-less love Je-sus suffer'd and died A ran-som for  
 4. Oh, do not re-ject this dear Saviour to-night, He longeth to

darkness a-lone,— Re-fus-ing his of-fer of par-don and light,  
 last-ing and true? 'Twill strength-en and com-fort, 'twill guide and defend,  
 sin-ners, one day, He pour-ed out his love in that won-der-ful tide,  
 give you his rest; Oh, hark to his voice, hear him sweetly in-vite,

CHORUS.

And peace that you nev-er have known? Are you go - - - ing a -  
 And free-ly 'tis offered to you. That washes transgressions a-way.  
 Re-pent and be pardoned and blest. Are you go-ing away? Are you

way? . . . . Are you go - - ing a-way? . . . . Are you going a -  
 go-ing a-way? Are you go-ing away? Are you go-ing a-way?

way without Je-sus to-night? Are you go - - ing a - way?  
 Are you go-ing a-way, a - way?

# The Song that Never shall Die.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. A glorious song is ringing in my heart, Its joyous notes new life and  
 2. I came because the Lord has cleans'd my sin, And by his blood has wash'd me  
 3. O blessed song that nevermore shall die, The world shall know its meaning

hope impart, It fills me with its sweetness, Gladness and completeness, 'Tis the  
 white with - in, I sing the blessed story, Sing of Christ my glory, 'Tis the  
 by and by, I'll keep its music ringing, With triumphant singing, 'Tis the

CHORUS.

love of God that tunes my tongue,—Wonderful love! "All glory to God on high!"  
 love of God that makes me sing,—Wonderful love!  
 love of God that thrills my soul,—Wonderful love!

*Sva*.....

O song of hope and gladness That thrills the earth and sky,

I'll sing it o'er for - ev - ermore, The song that never shall die.

# There'll be Joy.

45

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

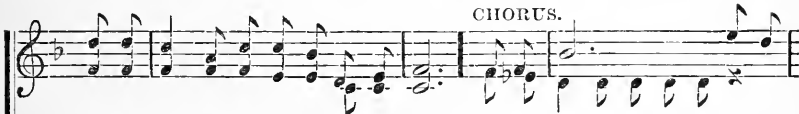
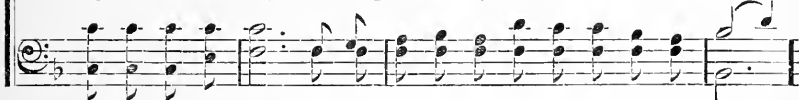
JNO. R. SWENBY.



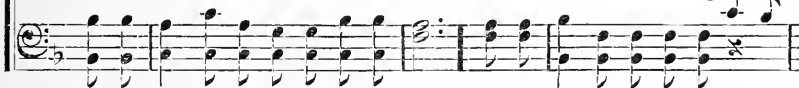
1. Like the sunshine breaking thro' the clouds o'erhead, When the storm has been
2. Should the dark'ning shadows fill your soul with fears, Should the loss of dear
3. In the night of trouble cast on him your care, Who hath said, "I am
4. And when death's dark shadows fall across your sky, When your soul spreads her



spent and pass'd away, So the promise tells us when the night has fled,  
 friends your heart dismay, In the night of sorrow God will dry your tears,  
 with you all the way;" Trusting in that promise, oh, do not de - spair,  
 wings to soar a - way, Trusting in God's promise, do not fear to die.



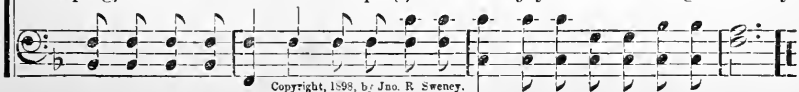
There'll be joy at the breaking of the day. There'll be joy, there'll be  
 in the morning,



joy, When the night dark and drear has pass'd away; Tho' there may be  
 in the morning, pass'd away;



weeping, while the watch we're keeping, There'll be joy at the breaking of the day.



# Jesus, Forever the Same.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON.

"Jesus Christ the same."—Heb. xiii: 8.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Look unto him who has carried your sin, Jesus, forev - er the same;  
 2. How can you doubt him who lov'd you of old? Jesus, forev - er the same;  
 3. Friends may forget you, but Jesus will care, Jesus, forev - er the same;

Trust him who died your salvation to win, Jesus, forev - er the same.  
 Still he is waiting with patience untold, Jesus, forev - er the same.  
 Heartache and sorrow the Saviour will share, Jesus, forev - er the same.

Do not reject him, O do not delay, Come to the Saviour, the Life and the Way,  
 How can you slight him, the changeless and true?  
 Showing his kindness and mercy for you,  
 Mighty Redeemer, he still intercedes, Still for his people he lovingly pleads;

Ready and willing to save you to - day, Jesus, forev - er the same.  
 Guarding and keeping you all your life thro', Jesus, forev - er the same.  
 Come with your burden, he knoweth your needs, Jesus, forev - er the same.

CHORUS.

For - ev - - er the same. . . . Jesus, forev - er the same; . . . .  
 For - ev - er the same, for - ev - er the same, just the same;



For - ev - - er the same, . . . . Jesus, forev - er the same.  
 For - ev - er the same, for - ev - er the same,

## The Fills it All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. The Saviour lives within my heart, He fills it all; No room for self in
2. My soul with love is now aflame, He fills it all; Her sweetest music
3. Each day I in his service spend, He fills it all; My time is his un-
4. I'll live for him while time is giv'n, He fills it all; And when I think of

### CHORUS.

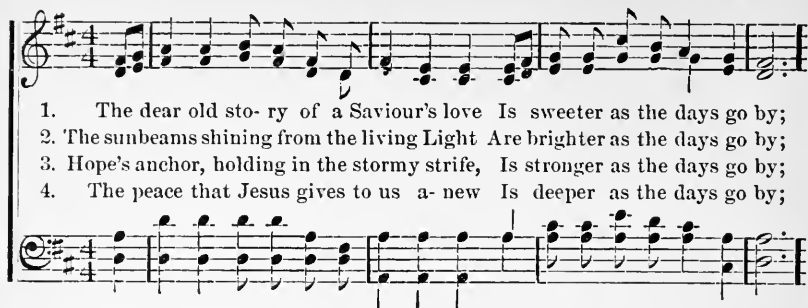
an - y part, He fills it all. Jesus fills it all, Yes, Je - sus  
 is his name, He fills it all.  
 til the end, He fills it all.  
 yonder heav'n, He fills it all. he fills it all,

fills it all; My life is swallow'd up in him,—He fills it all.  
 he fills it all;

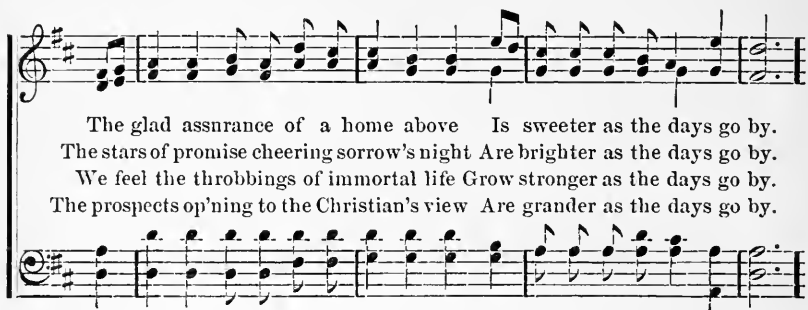
## Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The dear old sto-ry of a Saviour's love Is sweeter as the days go by;  
 2. The sunbeams shining from the living Light Are brighter as the days go by;  
 3. Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy strife, Is stronger as the days go by;  
 4. The peace that Jesus gives to us a-new Is deeper as the days go by;

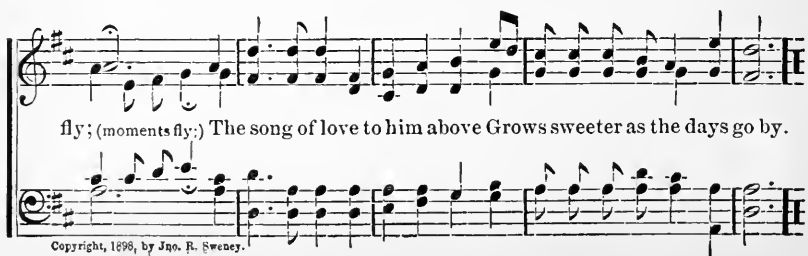


The glad assurance of a home above Is sweeter as the days go by.  
 The stars of promise cheering sorrow's night Are brighter as the days go by.  
 We feel the throbbings of immortal life Grow stronger as the days go by.  
 The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.

## CHORUS.



We'll fill the days with joy-ful praise, We'll sing as the happy moments  
 We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joyful, joyful praise,



fly; (moments fly:) The song of love to him above Grows sweeter as the days go by.

Onward in the conflict, hop-ing, trust-ing, On to vic - - ry!

### Be of Good Cheer.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY. "Be of good cheer; It is I; be not afraid."—Mark vi: 60. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. "Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour, "Tho' all thy brightest hopes fade;
2. "Be of good cheer, tho' the tempter And world are 'gainst thee array'd;
3. "Be of good cheer thro' thy tri - als; On me let burdens be laid;

I will be near to sus-tain thee; It is I, O be not a - afraid."  
 I will give grace that will conquer; It is I, O be not a - afraid."  
 Tho' they be heavy, I'll bear them; It is I, O be not a - afraid."

CHORUS.

It is I, it is I, it is I, it is I, It is I, O be not a - afraid!

"Be of good cheer," saith the Saviour; "It is I, O be not a - afraid!"

# 52 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

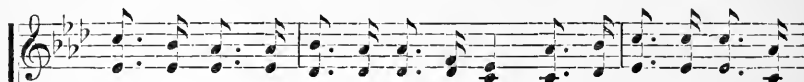
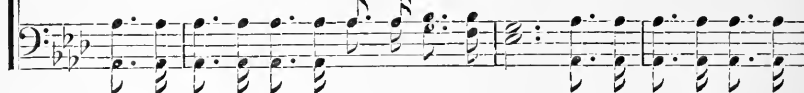
J. M. BLACK.



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



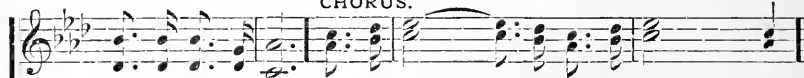
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the Saved of earth shall  
And the glo - ry of his res - urrection share; When his chosen ones shall  
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



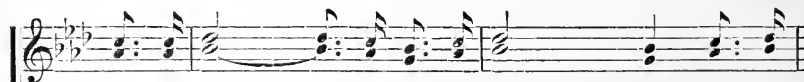
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up  
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up  
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



## CHORUS.



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



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



roll . . . is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.  
When the roll

## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

*With great feeling.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;  
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;  
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;  
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

*Fine.*  
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home  
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.  
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.  
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

*D.S.*—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

## Sow Kind Deeds.

MYRON W. MORSE.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Sow kind deeds in youth's fair morning, Sow kind deeds where'er you go, And be-  
 2. Sow bright smiles amid life's sorrows, Sow bright smiles where'er you go, For the  
 3. Sow kind deeds in early morning, Sow kind deeds till close of day, You may

lieve that at the harvest You shall reap just as you sow; Ev-'ry kindness  
 sweetness you may scatter May set some sad heart aglow; Then perchance to  
 meet a heart discourag'd, You may brighten life's rough way; Sow kind deeds and

free - ly given, God in love takes note of all, For without his loving mercy,  
 some in darkness Sunshine may illumine the way,  
 Then sow smiles at each day's dawning,  
 then remember, Guardian angels will record Ev-'ry worthy deed or action,

CHORUS.

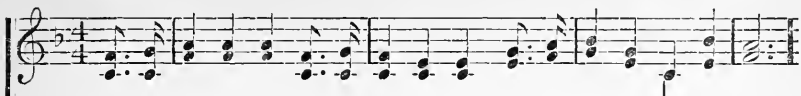
E'en the sparrow cannot fall. Sow kind deeds in the morning, Sow kind deeds at  
 Sow bright smiles the livelong day. [the  
 Ev'ry cheering smile or word. early morning,

noon-tide, You may brighten life's weary way, Then sow kind deeds all the day.  
 sunny noontide,

# A Light in Our Father's House. 55

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



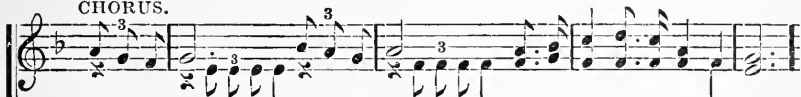
1. Wheresoe'er we be on life's raging sea, With its wild and angry foam,
2. Oh, this light divine for us all doth shine, And will guide us all the way,
3. Sweetest praise we'll sing to our mighty King, When we reach that peaceful place,
4. We will ever steer by this light so clear, Till we reach the shining shore,



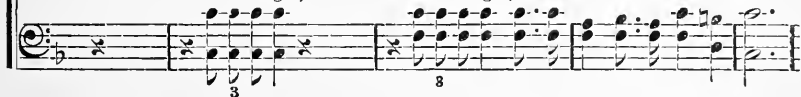
There's a lovely light in the darkest night That will guide us safely home,  
Till our feet shall stand on the golden strand, In the realms of endless day.  
Where the friends we knew, who to him were true, Now behold his smiling face.  
Where our souls shall rest on the Saviour's breast, And be safe forev - er - more.



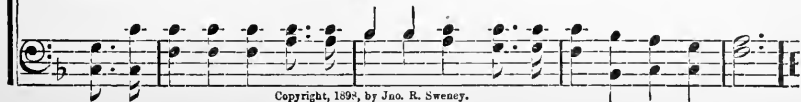
## CHORUS.



There is a light, beautiful light, Shining out over life's dark sea;  
There is a light, beautiful light,



There's a lovely light in our Father's house, Shining now for you and me.



# All My Trust in Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Vile and sin - ful tho' I be, There's one safe re - treat for me,  
 2. There is none to help be - side, On - ly he, the Cru - ci - fied  
 3. 'Mid earth's per - il and a - larm, He will shield me from all harm  
 4. Taking all my guilt a - way, He will keep me day by day,

To its ref - nge now I flee, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus.  
 Can my soul from danger hide, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus.  
 With his strong, protecting arm, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus.  
 Glo - ry to his name for aye, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus.

## CHORUS.

I am putting all my trust in Je - sus, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus;

He will save me, e - ven me, I am putting all my trust in Je - sus.



# We are On the Winning Side. 57

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. We are on the winning side, In a mighty war, Christ is our Com-  
2. We are on the winning side, Onward let us go, Surely we shall  
3. We are on the winning side, Let our hearts be brave, Trusting in the

CHORUS.

mand-er, He our Conqueror. We are on the winning side, On the  
tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.  
Sav-iour, Strong indeed to save.

winning side; We are on the winning side, Sure of great reward; Unto

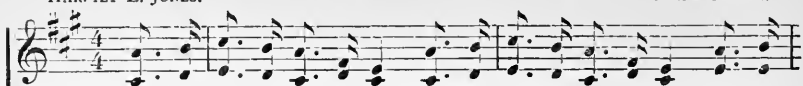
him, for-ev-er let the glo-ry be, Un-to him, for-ev-er let the

glo-ry be, We are on the side of vic-to-ry, The side of the Lord!

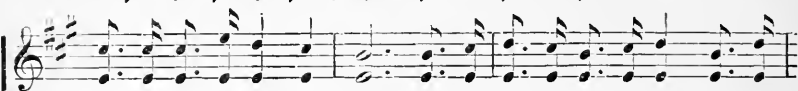
# Journey in the King's Highway.

HARPIET E. JONES.

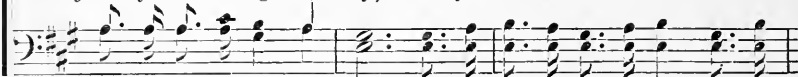
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Would you go re-joicing on In the light of God's dear Son? Come and
2. Would you tread among the flow'rs, Would you rest in sylvan bow'rs? Come and
3. Would you gain a home on high In the gold- en by and by? Come and



journey in the King's highway; Would you ev'ry moment prove All the  
 journey in the King's highway; Would you drink from living rills Flowing  
 journey in the King's highway; Would you live with God's dear Son While e-



sweetness of his love? Come and journey in the King's highway.  
 from the E- den hills? Come and journey in the King's highway.  
 ter- nal years roll on? Come and journey in the King's highway.



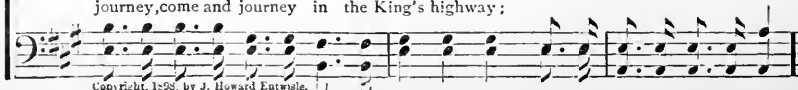
## CHORUS.



Come and jour - - ney, come and jour - ney, Come and  
 Come and jour-ney, come and jour- ney in the King's high- way, Come and



jour - - ney, come and jour - ney; Come this moment and be glad,  
 journey, come and journey in the King's highway;





Come, in shining robes be clad, And go singing in the King's highway.



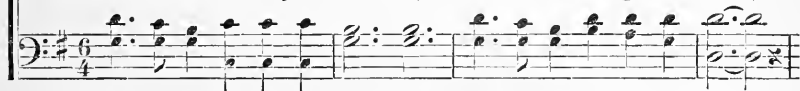
## Into His Marvellous Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Won - derful mercy that sought us, Wand'ring a - far in the night;
2. Singing love's beauti - ful sto - ry, Ech - o the heav'nly re - frain;
3. Out from the sin and its sor - row, In - to the life pure and free;
4. Soon shall we meet by the riv - er, There in sweet songs we'll unite;



Precious the Saviour who brought us In - to his marvellous light.  
 Blessing and hon - or and glo - ry Be to the Lamb that was slain.  
 Waiting the glo - ri - ous mor - row, When our Redeemer we'll see.  
 Je - sus will bring us for - ev - er In - to his marvellous light.



*D.S.*—Bro't from the kingdom of dark - ness In - to his marvellous light.



Saved to the glo - ry of Je - sus! Saved by the power of his might!



## Sailing in the Ark.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. On the floods of despair I was drift-ing, Sinking fast was my  
 2. On this blessed old ship there's no dan-ger, She can sail in the  
 3. In the ark I've no fear of the tempt-er, For the Captain each  
 4. By and by she will float in the har-bor, When the tide reaches

poor, trembling bark: But a vessel I found That for heaven was bound, And  
 light or the dark; For her compass is sure, And her anchor secure, Praise  
 signal doth mark; And I'm safe here from sin, Since the Lord shut me in, Se-  
 safe water mark; But while safe under way I will shout night and day, Praise

CHORUS.

now I am sailing in the ark. I am sailing in the ark, hal- le-  
 God, I am sailing in the ark.  
 cure, I am sailing in the ark.  
 God, I am sailing in the ark.

lu-jah! I fear not the waters deep and dark; Let the storm-clouds roll,

*rit. ad lib.*

They can never harm my soul, Halle-lujah! I am sailing in the ark.

# Pentecost.

63

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. On the band of trusting watchers Gather'd there with one ac - cord,  
 2. "This is that" the Lord hath promis'd By his proph - ets long foretold;  
 3. 'Twas a proof that Christ their Saviour Had as - cend - ed to his throne;  
 4. 'Twas the first and great outpouring Of the Spir - it on mankind;

Came the fire divine from heaven, Promise of their ris - en Lord.  
 That his gracious Ho - ly Spir - it Should de - scend on young and old.  
 'Twas a gift, than life more precious, Greater far than earth had known.  
 But the true and tried dis - ci - ples Oth - er Pen - tecosts may find.

## CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! the Holy Spir - it From the high - est heaven came,  
 Praise the Lord! Ho - ly Spirit From the highest, highest heaven came,

Freely gave to all the faithful Tongues of fire and hearts of flame.  
 Freely gave all the faithful Tongues of fire

## Waiting On Before.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Toil - er in the harvest field, Faithful - ly the sickle wield, Soon the  
 2. Sail - or, toss'd up - on the tide Of life's o - cean wild and wide, Faith will  
 3. Mourner, cease thy sighs and tears, Hush thy doubtings, calm thy fears, Tho' thy  
 4. Onward, then, O trusting soul, Switt the changing seasons roll, Time is

time for la - bor will be o'er; Faint not in the sul - try noon, Evening  
 guide thee to the heav'nly shore; Thou shalt an - chor safe ere long 'Mid its  
 wounded heart be stricken sore; Friends who left thee by the way Thou shalt  
 fleet - ing, soon 'twill be no more; Be thou faithful in the strife, Thine shall

shades will gather soon, Peace and rest are waiting on be - fore. . . . .  
 wait - ing, wait - ing on before.  
 sunlight and its song, Joy and safe - ty wait thee on be - fore. . . . .  
 wait thee, wait thee on before.  
 greet, some happy day, Where they wait thy coming on be - fore. . . . .  
 com - ing, com - ing on before.  
 be a crown of life, Heav'n and home are waiting on be - fore. . . . .  
 wait - ing, wait - ing on before.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing on be - fore, . . . O - ver on . . . the golden shore, . . .  
 Waiting on before, waiting on before, Over on the shore, . . on the golden shore,

Shines . . . the perfect, heav'nly day, Where the blest shall dwell forevermore.  
Shines the perfect day, perfect, heav'nly day,

### There's Gain for All Our Losses.

"And God shall wipe away all tears."—Rev. xxi : 4.  
Mrs. ANNIE E. THOMSON. FRANK M. DAVIS.  
*Gently.*

1. There's gain for all our loss - es, By and by, by and by; There's ease from  
2. There's bliss for all our sigh - ing, By and by, by and by; No want, or  
3. Then smiles for all our weeping, By and by, by and by; And lov'd ones  
4. There's love for all our long - ing By and by, by and by; Where an - gel

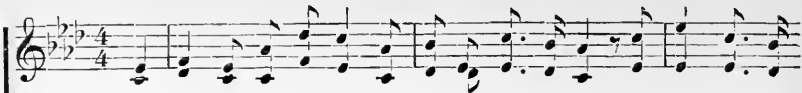
all our crosses, By and by, by and by; There's freedom from each care, And  
pain or sighing, By and by, by and by; No rugged paths we'll go, No  
lonely sleeping, By and by, by and by, Shall one day with us rise To  
hosts are thronging, By and by, by and by; With golden harps we'll sing Glad

burdens that we bear, When heav'n's blest joys we'll share, By and by, by and by.  
cherish'd hope laid low, No wounded spir - it know, By and by, by and by.  
glories of the skies, Where pleasure never dies, By and by, by and by.  
praise to Christ our King, Till heav'nly courts shall ring, By and by, by and by.

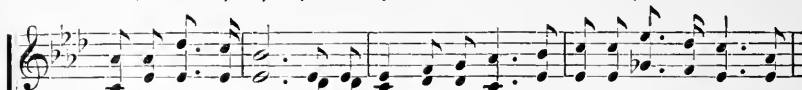
## Who Can Tell?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. (Solo and Responsive Chorus.)

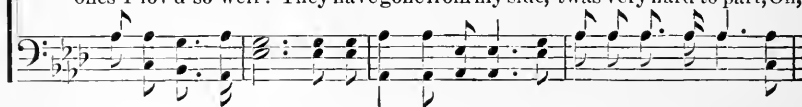
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Oh, where is my father who used to love me so,—Oh, where is the
2. Oh, where is my mother, best friend I ever had,—Oh, where is the
3. Oh, where is my brother who used to walk with me,—Oh, where is the
4. Oh, where is my sister, so very, very dear,—Oh, where is the
5. Oh, where are my children who used to cheer my heart,—Oh, where are the



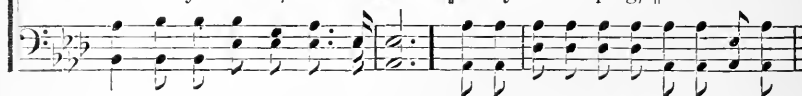
one I lov'd so well? He has gone from my side, my heart is fill'd with woe, Oh,  
 one I lov'd so well? She has gone from my side, my heart is very sad, Oh,  
 one I lov'd so well? He has gone from my side, his face no more I see, Oh,  
 one I lov'd so well? She has gone from my side, I cannot find her here, Oh,  
 ones I lov'd so well? They have gone from my side, 'twas very hard to part, Oh,



## CHORUS.



where is my father, who can tell? He is sleeping, he is sleeping where the  
 where is my mother, who can tell? She is sleeping, she is sleeping where the  
 where is my brother, who can tell? He is sleeping, he is sleeping where the  
 where is my sister, who can tell? She is sleeping, she is sleeping where the  
 where are my children, who can tell? ||: They are sleeping, :|| where the



green grass grows, He is sleeping, he is sleeping 'neath the sod; He is sleeping, he is  
 green grass grows, She is sleeping, she is sleeping 'neath the sod; She is sleeping, she is  
 green grass grows, He is sleeping, he is sleeping 'neath the sod; He is sleeping, he is  
 green grass grows, She is sleeping, she is sleeping 'neath the sod; She is sleeping, she is  
 green grass grows, ||: They are sleeping, :|| 'neath the sod; They are, etc.





sleeping where the soft wind blows, But his soul is in heaven, safe with God.  
 sleeping where the soft wind blows, But her soul is in heaven, safe with God.  
 sleeping where the soft wind blows, But his soul is in heaven, safe with God.  
 sleeping where the soft wind blows, But her soul is in heaven, safe with God.  
 sleeping where the soft wind blows, But their souls are in heaven, safe with God.

## Give Me the Mind of Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Give me the mind of Je - sus, Purer than lilies white, Give me his gentle
2. Give me his tender pit - y, Tho' but a word I speak, Let me, O heav'nly
3. Give me the grace of Je - sus, Help me the cross to bear, Casting on him my

CHORUS.

spir - it, Help me to live aright.  
 Father, Comfort the sad and weak.  
 burden, Leaving with him my care.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, This is the

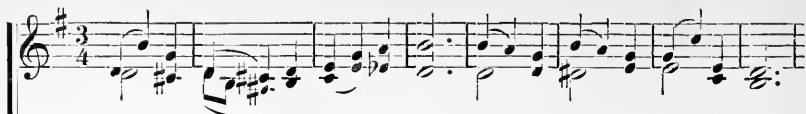
pray'r I pray; Loving and serving him always, Trusting him day by day.

Copyright, 1898, by Jao. R. Sweney.

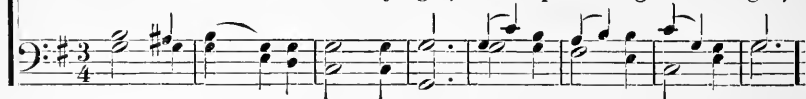
# Holy Spirit from Above.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, oh, lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred fire, Touch our lips, our hearts inspire;
4. Bless - ed source of heav'nly light, Now disperse the gloom of night;



Oh, in - spire us with thy zeal; May each soul thy presence feel.  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each soul in thee a - bide.  
 Oh, il - lume us by thy grace; In each soul thy im - age trace.  
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.



## CHORUS.

*f* Don't hurry.



Holy Spirit, from thy throne above, Fill us with the Saviour's dy - ing love;



Now descend up - on us, heav'nly Dove; Come, thou blessed Comfort - er.



# The Streets of Gold.

69

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

J. HOWARD ENIWSLE.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. When the skies are low'ring, Saviour dear, And thorns bestrew my way, I'd  
 2. When the sun is shining, Saviour dear, And all around is fair, When  
 3. When the night is falling, Saviour dear, May I in thee a - bide, And

QUARTET.

hold thy hand in grief and pain, Thou art my hope and stay; Thro' mists that inter-  
 roses flush'd with beauty bright, Shed perfume on the air; Oh, may I praise thy  
 hear thy gentle voice, in love, Say, "I am by thy side;" "The night will not be

vene, Lord, Oh, lead me to thy fold, Where weary feet may rest, Lord, And  
 name, Lord, For all thy love un- told, And pray that I may see thee, And  
 long, child, The dawn will soon unfold, And I will lead thee home, child, To  
 to thy fold,

CHORUS.

tread the streets of gold. When the morn is breaking, And joys supreme un-  
 tread the streets of gold.  
 tread the streets of gold."

fold; . . . Oh, may I clasp thy sacred hands, And tread the streets of gold.  
 unfold; the streets of gold.

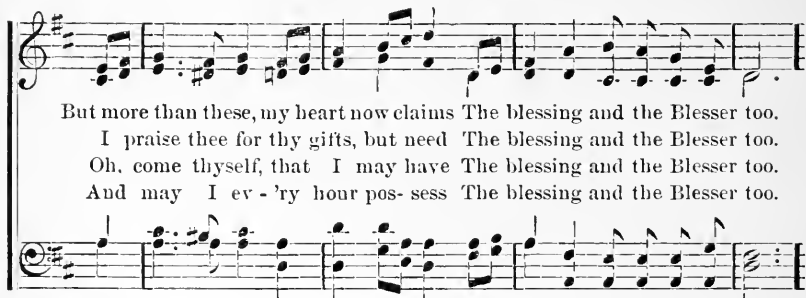
# The Blessing and the Blesser.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I asked thee, Lord, for gifts alone, For blessings that are ever new;  
 2. Thou hast supplied my dai-ly need, Thy love is tender, strong and true;  
 3. Whene'er a blessing thou dost give, My fainting spir-it to re-new,  
 4. I claim, O Lord, thy promise now, Come, with thy Spirit now en-due,



But more than these, my heart now claims The blessing and the Blesser too.  
 I praise thee for thy gifts, but need The blessing and the Blesser too.  
 Oh, come thyself, that I may have The blessing and the Blesser too.  
 And may I ev-'ry hour pos-sess The blessing and the Blesser too.

## CHORUS.



Oh, give me, Lord, thy-self alone, No oth-er gift for me will do;



My longing soul requires each day The blessing and the Blesser too.

# Caring for Me.

71

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. With joy-ful hope I look above, My Saviour is caring for me;  
 2. He gently guides my steps aright, My Saviour is caring for me;  
 3. Tho' lightnings flash and thunders roll, My Saviour is caring for me;

He spreads the shel't'ring wings of love, My Saviour is car-ing for me.  
 My strength and shield, my life and light, My Saviour is car-ing for me.  
 This brings sweet comfort to my soul, My Saviour is car-ing for me.

CHORUS.

Car - ing, so tender - ly caring, My Saviour is caring for me;  
 Caring for me, for me:

Car - ing, so faithfully caring, My Saviour is caring for me. for me.  
 Caring for me, is caring for me.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 From yonder rainbow-circled throne,<br/>             My Saviour is caring for me;<br/>             Till I shall know as I am known,<br/>             My Saviour is caring for me.</p> | <p>5 Oh, may I humbly serve him here!<br/>             My Saviour is caring for me;<br/>             And sing, when Jordan's waves appear,<br/>             "My Saviour is caring for me."</p> |
|--|--|

# A Better Day Coming On.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a song of hope like a chime of bells, There's a bet-ter day  
 2. All the pow'rs of sin shall in vain u-nite; There's a bet-ter day  
 3. In the desert ways living streams shall flow, There's a bet-ter day  
 4. Let us toil and trust, let us watch and pray, For the bet-ter day

coming on; And from year to year sweeter mu-sic swells Of the  
 coming on; For the Word of God gives a promise bright, Of the  
 coming on; And the heav'nly rose shall in beau-ty grow, There's a  
 coming on; And the Lord himself will our work re-pay, In the

## CHORUS.

bet-ter day com-ing on. There's a bet-ter day, There's a

crowning day, There's a bet-ter day com-ing on; When the

Lord our King Shall his glory bring, There's a bet-ter day com-ing on.

# Since Christ the Lord is Mine! 73

GRACE WISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No dan - ger can my soul affright, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 2. No tempter shall my soul al - lure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 3. Let earth - ly rich - es come or go, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

No harm I fear, by day or night, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him I hide—I rest se - cure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him the high - est wealth I know, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

CHORUS.

Since he is mine, There's peace di - vine, My soul he fills with  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's peace divine,

joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine! Since he is mine, There's peace di -  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's

vine, My soul he fills with joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 peace divine,

Copyright, 1898, by J. Howard Entwisle.

4 My yoke is easy,—burden light,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 Each day my pathway seems more bright,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

5 In him I have each need supplied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him my soul is satisfied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

## Precious Love.

T. E. T.

REV. T. E. TERRY.

1. Lord Je - sus, thou knowest I love thee, And I know that thou  
 2. While I walk thro' this val - ley of shadow, As - sault - ed by  
 3. And when the life - bat - tle is o - ver, I shall reign in thy  
 4. Then I'll sing of the love that redeem'd me, With the an - gels in

lov - est me; Thou wilt keep me for - ev - er se - curely, I am  
 doubts and by fears, I know that my pathway is leading T'ward the  
 kingdom with thee; Then I'll sing of sal - va - tion for - ev - er, And the  
 glo - ry I'll sing, And all heaven shall ech - o the sto - ry— Halle -

CHORUS.

thine for e - ter - ni - ty. O the love of Christ from  
 land that has ne'er a tear.  
 King in his beau - ty see.  
 lu - jah to Christ our King. O the love, precious love of Christ that saves from

sin saves me, O bless the Lord, it saves! O the  
 sin, all sin, saves me to - day, it saves! O the

love of Christ from sin saves me, It saves forev - ermore.  
 love, precious love of Christ that saves from sin, all sin, saves me to - day,



# Blessed Bible.

75

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold,
2. Lamp of faith, my feet to lead, Bread of heav'n, my soul to feed,
3. Word of God, thy love im-part, Fire my zeal, and cleanse my heart;

Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold;



Truths to lead . . me day by day All a - long my pilgrim way.  
Living wa - ters pure and free, Book of books art thou to me.  
Keep me ear - nest, keep me true, Ev - 'ry day my strength renew.

Truths to lead me day by day, All along my pilgrim way.



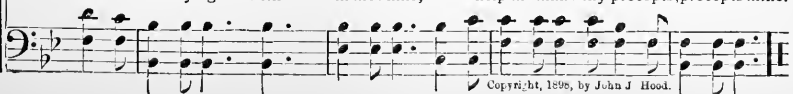
## CHORUS.



Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;  
Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;



Heav'nly light within me shine, Help me make thy precepts mine!  
heav'nly light with - in me shine, help me make thy precepts, precepts mine!



## On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. O - the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev - er  
 2. O the hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glorious one to sing, But the  
 3. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah pilgrim And I'll nev - er hold my peace Till my  
 4. Then be read - y, faithful pilgrims, To go forward in the fight, Take the

since I came to Je - sus, And his Spirit made me whole; All my spirit, soul and  
 soul's true hal - le - lu - jah Is a - waken'd by our King; For the joy of his sal -  
 blessed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To invite poor, hungry  
 Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we

*D.S.*—since I came to

bod - y Now are un - der his control, On the glo - ry hal - le - lujah line.  
 vation Makes the heart with music ring, On the glo - ry hal - le - lujah line.  
 sinners, Come and share the gospel feast, On the glo - ry hal - le - lujah line.  
 conquer, And we'll praise him with delight, On the glo - ry hal - le - lujah line.

Je - sus, And his Spirit made me whole, I've been on the hal - le - lujah line.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er  
 Halle - lujah!

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

# In God's Own Time.

77

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi: 9.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET

1. If o'er thy way dark clouds are cast, Look up with faith till they are  
 2. Has thou pray'd long and fervent-ly, And yet no an - swer came to  
 3. Look up with joy, nor long-er weep, Thy God will ev - 'ry promise

past, The sun will surely shine at last, In God's own time, in God's own time.  
 thee? Thy pray'r will sometime answer'd be, In God's own time, in God's own time.  
 keep, And thou wilt yet the harvest reap, In God's own time, in God's own time.

CHORUS.

Then do not fear, tho' dark the night, But rise on wings of faith sublime,  
 rise on wings of faith sublime,  
 Do not fear, tho' dark the night, rise on wings, on wings of faith sublime.

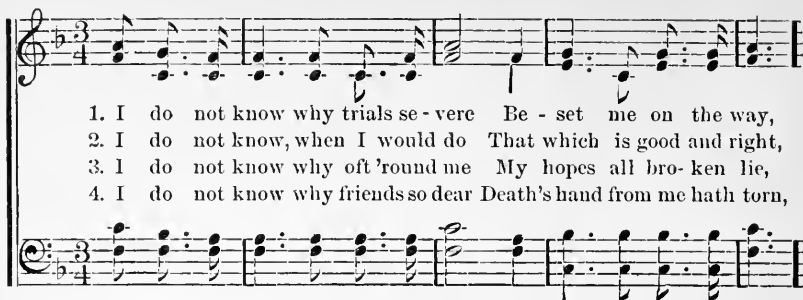
For ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time, in God's own time.  
 yes, ev'rything will come out right, In God's own time,  
 Copyright, 1893, by J. Howard Entwisle.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Tho' thro' the glass thou can'st not see,<br/>         And wonder why some things must be,<br/>         Yet thou wilt know each mystery,<br/>         In God's own time, in God's own time.</p> | <p>5 And would'st thou be forever blest?<br/>         Just trust in God and do thy best,<br/>         Then thou shalt enter into rest,<br/>         In God's own time, in God's own time.</p> |
|--|---|

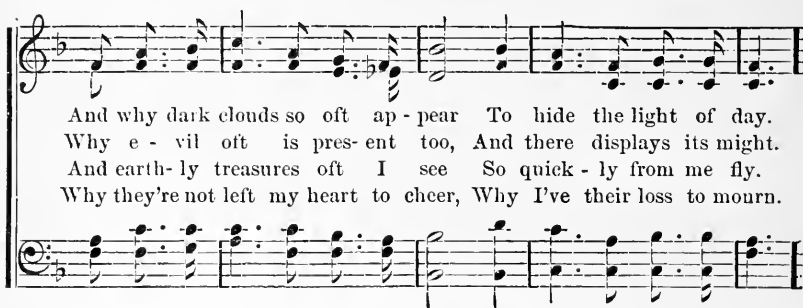
# Soon I Shall Know.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

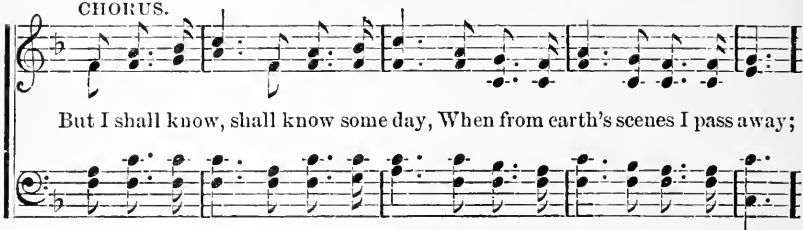


1. I do not know why trials se - vere Be - set me on the way,  
 2. I do not know, when I would do That which is good and right,  
 3. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all bro - ken lie,  
 4. I do not know why friends so dear Death's hand from me hath torn,

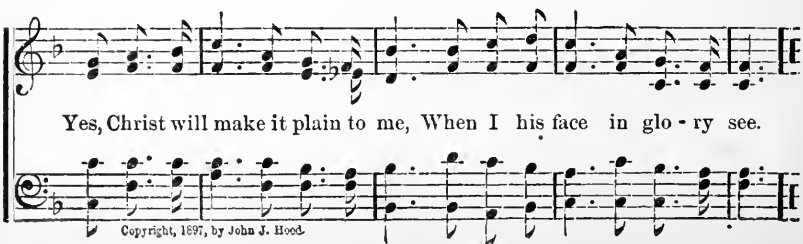


And why dark clouds so oft ap - pear To hide the light of day.  
 Why e - vil oft is pres - ent too, And there displays its might.  
 And earth - ly treasures oft I see So quick - ly from me fly.  
 Why they're not left my heart to cheer, Why I've their loss to mourn.

## CHORUS.



But I shall know, shall know some day, When from earth's scenes I pass away;



Yes, Christ will make it plain to me, When I his face in glo - ry see.

# A Little While to Wait.

79

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.

1. A lit-tle while to wait and watch and wonder, And then to know the  
2. A lit-tle while to climb life's stormy mountain, And then to see the  
3. A lit-tle while to say, "not mine, but thy way," And then to won - der

spirit's glad release; A little while to bear the strife and thunder, And then to  
vale with beauty rife; A little waiting by the barren fountain, And then to  
we were not more wise; A little stumbling in the dusty highway, And then the

CHORUS.

hear the harmonies of peace. A lit-tle while, . . . . a lit-tle  
taste the living streams of life.  
meadow-lands of Par-a - dise. A little while,

while, . . . A little while, and we shall go, . . . . To be at  
a little while, A little while, and we shall go, and we shall go,

home with Christ in heav'n forever, With all the saints eternal joys to know.

# God's Three Hundred.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Judges vii : 7.

ADAM GRIBBL.

1. Once, Gid- e - on at God's command Took from his army great and grand A  
 2. To-day we see church buildings stand In ev- 'ry cit - y of our land, But  
 3. Oh, help us, Lord, to watch and pray, That we at last may hear thee say, "Well

chosen few, a little band Of just three hundred; The rank and file, to  
 in each fight God has a band, His own three hundred; Thro' rain or shine, thro'  
 done, ye nobly won the day, My own three hundred;" Then, when there are no

their dismay, Were then discharg'd and sent a - way, But with the few he  
 dark or light, These soldiers stand up for the right, And always win, tho'  
 foes to fight, In that blest land where comes no night, O may we walk with

CHORUS.

won the day, With those three hundred. The brave three hundred, The Lord's three  
 fierce the fight, God's own three hundred.  
 thee in white, Thy *sav'd* three hundred.

hundred; O help us, Lord, to number'd be With thy three hundred.

# I am Sheltered in Thee.

81

F. M. D.

"My strong rock for a house of defence."—Ps. xxxi: 2.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is higher than I; This my refuge thro'  
2. I am safe in the Cleft that was riv-en for me; From the pow'r of the  
3. I am safe in the Rock let whatev - er be - tide; Death and hell have no

storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the billows' mad foam,  
tempter I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark and the storms sweep the sky,  
ter - ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shadow - y vale,

## CHORUS.

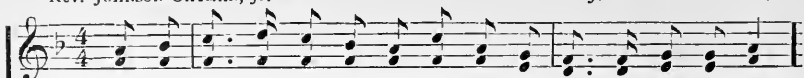
Yet I'm sheltered for - ev - er in thee. Sheltered in thee,  
Yet se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee.  
For se - cure - ly I'm sheltered in thee. Sheltered in

Sheltered in thee, O thou blest Rock of A - ges, I am sheltered in thee.  
thee, in thee,

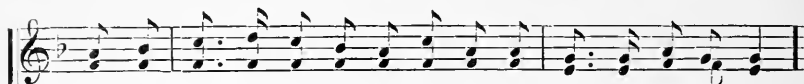
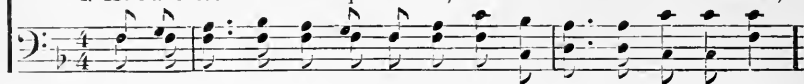
# He hath Set His Love upon Me.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



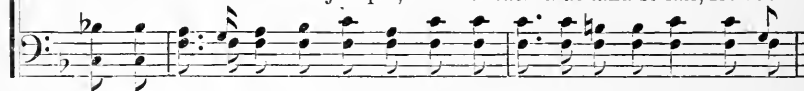
1. He hath set his love up - on me, oh, how precious is the seal,
2. He hath set his love up - on me, tho' de - filed and born in sin,
3. He hath set his love up - on me, and hath call'd me thus his own,
4. He hath set his love up - on me, I am his for life or death,



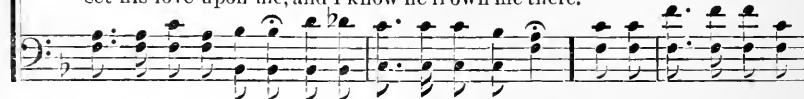
Oh, what ho - ly ben - e - dictions ev - er in my heart I feel!  
 Yet the bless - ed Saviour sought me, and his strong arm took me in;  
 And his pres - ence doth go with me, for I nev - er walk a - lone;  
 And I know he'll stand be - side me when I draw my clos - ing breath;



For it brings me greater blessings than my spir - it can contain, He hath  
 For I heard his sweet voice calling, "child, come unto me and rest," He hath  
 Tho' the way leads over mountains, or thro' valleys dark and deep, He hath  
 Then with - in the walls of jas - per, when I reach that land so fair, He hath



set his love upon me, blessed be his ho - ly name. He hath set his love up -  
 set his love upon me, and I lean up - on his breast.  
 set his love upon me, and his child he'll safely keep.  
 set his love upon me, and I know he'll own me there.



on me, oh, the blessed, blessed seal! He hath set his love up - on me, when him -





self he did reveal; Let life's breakers sweep around me, let the billows darkly roll, He hath set his love up - on me, and no storm can harm my soul.

*rit.*

### Hold On to God.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The God of Ja - cob will to - day His wondrous power here display,
2. E - li - jah's God enthron'd on high, Is now as read - y to draw nigh,
3. Waiting in pray'r in Jesus' name Brought down the pentecostal flame,

*f* *Fine.* CHORUS.

If with a steadfast faith we pray, As in the days of old. Hold on to  
 In answer to the sincere cry, As in the days of old.  
 So we to-day may do the same, As in the days of old.

*D.S.*—And he a blessing will bestow, His promise cannot fail.

*D.S.*

God! . . . . Hold on to God! (Hold on to God!) Let mighty faith prevail,  
 Hold on to God!

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4 Let earnest pray'rs to God ascend,  
 And on his word if we depend,  
 The heav'nly fire shall then descend,  
 As in the days of old.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, thou who art  
 Willing to touch with fire the heart,  
 Thy sacred light and warmth impart,  
 As in the days of old.

# The Home-Coming.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When we leave earth's shore To re- turn no more, We will sail for that  
 2. When our friends pass'd o'er To that un- seen shore, How our hearts were  
 3. There no pain we'll know, There no tears will flow, In that land we'll  
 4. So we'll quell our fears And we'll dry our tears, And we'll watch for the

city bright and fair, Where our friends we'll meet And our lov'd ones greet, At the  
 fill'd with deep despair! But beyond death's sea We'll u- ni- ted be At the  
 nev- er know a care; But we'll hand in hand With our lov'd ones stand At the  
 morning bright and fair, Then thro' God's own grace, We will fill our place At the

## CHORUS.

great home-coming over there. We are going in the morning bright and fair,  
 we are going in the morning bright and fair,

To the great home-coming over there; When we hear the music chime,  
 home - coming o - ver there;

Won't we have a hap- py time At the great home-coming over there! . . . .  
 o- ver there!

# The Voice Above the Storm.

85

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is a voice above the storm—A-bove the roaring tide, If the  
 2. There is a hand within the mists That fall on beaten bark, And the  
 3. There is a land that we shall reach, When stormy days are o'er, And  
 4. There is a face that we shall see Up - on the shore of peace, And we'll

soul will hear, there's a Pi - lot near That safe to the shore will guide.  
 mists shall rise, and the clearer skies Come aft - er the clouds so dark.  
 there we'll know why the storm-winds blow On the way to the gold - en shore.  
 sing a psalm in the qui - et calm, Of the joys that ne'er shall cease.

## CHORUS.

Steer a - way, steer for the land, O soul that is tempest toss'd;  
 steer away,

Un - der the care of that Pi - lot hand Nev - er a ship was lost.

# The Promise is Dated To-day.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi: 2.

JOHN J. HOOD.

*Moderato.*

1. The promise assures us that all who believe Can come to the  
 2. But lest we should wait till the last hour shall come Be - fore we re -  
 3. A pres - ent sal - va - tion from Sa - tan and sin, — A glo - ri - ous

Saviour and pardon receive; Each promise is giv - en and dat - ed "to - day,"  
 turn to our Father and home, He writes the word "now" in a message so clear,  
 cleansing, without and within; O glo - ry to Jesus, who meets all our need,

## CHORUS.

And when we present it, he'll not turn away. "To-day" is the day, and  
 We claim at this moment the promise so dear.  
 For "now" and "to-day" on each promise we read.

"now" is the hour, When Jesus will come with his life-giv - ing pow'r; We

hear his sweet voice, his promise we claim, And pardon we find in his blessed name.



# 88 Come, Brother, and Join with Me.

H. E. S.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. My sins I've laid at Je- sus' feet, Come, brother, and join with me;  
 2. I have a friend, a friend indeed, Come, brother, and join with me;  
 3. I'll join the lov'd ones o- ver there, Come, brother, and join with me;  
 4. Unsaved one, now the Saviour meet, Come, brother, and join with me;

I've found a rest so pure and sweet, Come, brother, and join with me.  
 Who ne'er will leave in time of need, Come, brother, and join with me.  
 In yonder home so bright and fair, Come, brother, and join with me.  
 There's pardon at the mer - cy - seat, Come, brother, and join with me.

## CHORUS.

Come, brother, and join with me, . . . Come, brother, and join with me; . . .  
 and join with me, and join with me;

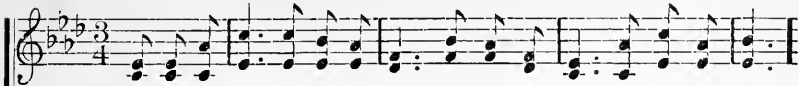
I've found a rest so pure and sweet, Come, brother, and join with me.

# Higher Ground.

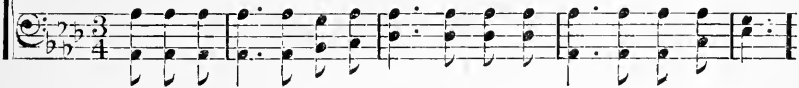
89

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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



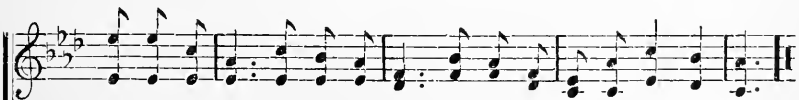
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.  
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.  
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



## CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



## We'll Meet Them.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. O beanti - ful home of the weary, Where Jesus and cherish'd ones dwell,  
 2. O beanti - ful home of the weary, So far from this valley of tears,  
 3. O kingdom of beauty and gladness, Where God and his Son are the light;

Where never's a path lone and dreary, Where never is heard a farewell  
 Where we with our lov'd ones may tarry, Throughout all the rapturous years!  
 Where nev - er are partings or sadness, Where never is sickness or blight!

## DUET.

Sometime we will reach the fair portals, O blessed and peaceful re - treat,  
 Oh, sweet is the thought of re - union, Up there in the home of the soul;  
 Sometime, in the home of our Father, Where nothing shall mar or molest,

*rit.*  
 And there 'mid the shining immortals, Again our be - loved we'll greet.  
 A blessed and ho - ly communion, While a - ges on a - ges shall roll.  
 With songs of rejoicing we'll gather, With those we hold sweetest and best.

## CHORUS.

We'll meet them, sometime we will meet them, The dear ones who lovingly wait;  
 We'll meet them, we'll meet them, The dear ones, the dear ones



*rit. ad lib.*

We'll greet them, sometime we will greet them, Up there at the beautiful gate.  
We'll greet them, we'll greet them, Up there at the gate,

### Life at the Cross.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, sinner, come, why will you die? There's life at the cross of Jesus; Sal-
2. For- giveness now for ev - 'ry sin, There's life at the cross of Jesus; And
3. We'll ring it out both loud and clear, There's life at the cross of Jesus; Let
4. Give God the glo - ry and the praise, There's life at the cross of Jesus; And

*f* *Fin.* CHORUS.

vation there in full supply, Life at the cross of Jesus. Life, life,  
peace to bear sweet rule within, Life at the cross of Jesus.  
ev - 'ry contrite sinner hear, Life at the cross of Jesus.  
gladly serve him all your days, Life at the cross of Jesus. Life, there is life,

*D.S.*—Life at the cross of Jesus.

*D.S.*

everlasting life! Life at the cross of Jesus; Life, life, everlasting life!  
Life, there is life,

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# My Saviour is a Friend Indeed.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found a friend who has saved my soul, My Saviour heard a  
 2. Since I came to him he has made me whole, From ev-'ry trace of  
 3. Cast your burden down at the Saviour's feet, Oh, did he not for  
 4. He will safe-ly guide all the way a - long, If you will on - ly

sin - ner plead; So I'll tell the world while the years shall roll,  
 sin I'm freed; And he lives with me since he saved my soul,  
 sin - ners bleed? You will there find par - don and peace com - plete,  
 let him lead; Then at last you'll sing with the ransomed throng,

CHORUS.

My Saviour is a friend in - deed. Oh, a friend in need is a

friend in - deed, My Saviour is a friend in need; He's a friend, precious

friend, e - ven to the journey's end, My Saviour is a friend in - deed.

# We Shall be Satisfied.

93

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in his  
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When we shall  
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When all our  
r. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When in

likeness we ap - pear, Shall know each oth - er as we're  
meet him face to face, And sing with an - gels round the  
burdens are laid down, When we shall stand be - fore the  
his like - ness we ap - pear, Shall know each

known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.  
throne, We're sav'd, we're sav'd from sin by grace.  
King, And there re - ceive the promis'd crown.  
other as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.

**CHORUS.**  
Sat - is - fied, we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is -

fied; When in his likeness we appear, We shall be sat - is - fied.  
be sat - is - fied;

## Safe Forevermore.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On the mighty Rock of A - ges, I am rest - ing day by day;  
 2. Clinging to the Rock of A - ges, When the storm is raging loud;  
 3. Hiding in the Rock of A - ges, When the foe of souls is near;  
 1. On the mighty Rock of A - ges, I am rest - ing day by day;

From this safe and blissful ref - uge Naught shall lure my soul away.  
 Trusting still my Lord's protection, Tho' my heart with grief is bowed.  
 Safe from e - vil and temptation, What have I to dread or fear?  
 From this safe and blissful ref - uge Naught shall lure my soul away.

Dark or bright the skies above me, Sun, or cloud, or wave, or shore,  
 Tho' a - bout me and around me, Angry winds and waters roar,  
 Tho' without are woe and danger, Peace still floods my spirit o'er,  
 Dark or bright the skies above me, Sun, or cloud, or wave, or shore,

Resting on the Rock of A - ges. I am safe for - ever - more.  
 Clinging to the Rock of A - ges. I am safe for - ever - more.  
 Hiding in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ever - more.  
 Resting in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - evermore.

*Fine.*

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D.S.—Resting on the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ever - more.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Oh, this sure, e - ternal ref - uge, I have proved it o'er and o'er;  
 Oh, this sure, e - ternal refuge, I have proved

## He Pays Me Right Along.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. My life is full of sunshine, My heart is full of song, For while I  
 2. While working in his vineyard His glory makes me strong, And for each  
 3. I'm working with the Master To o- verthrow the wrong, And tho' I'm

CHORUS.

work for Je - sus He pays me right along. He pays me right along, . . .  
 moment's la - bor He pays me right along.  
 weak and fee - ble He pays me right along. pays me right along,

He pays me right along; . . . Yes, while I work for Jesus He pays me right along.  
 pays me right along;

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4 Until I reach the Jordan,  
 His praise I will prolong;  
 For he's the best of Masters,  
 He pays me right along.

5 I know I'll get to heaven,  
 And join the blood-washed throng,  
 But while I'm on the journey  
 He pays me right along.

## The Penitent's Plea.

H. B.

Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

*Andante con espress.*

1. { Saviour, hear me, while before thy feet I the record of my sins repeat,  
Canst thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?  
: { Yet, why should I fear, hast thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?  
: { By the love and pity thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me atone,  
3. { All the rivers of thy grace I claim, Over ev'ry promise write my name;  
: { Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

1

Stain'd with guilt, myself abhorring, Fill'd with grief, my soul outpour- ing;  
To that heart its sin confess- ing, Canst thou fail to give a bless - ing?  
As I am I come, believ - ing, As thou art thou dost, receiv - ing,

2

Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!  
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore thy throne, A plead - ing soul.  
Charg - ing me to preach thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS. *mp*

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

*f*

sin away, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!  
 sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me, for me!

## Are You Sowing for the Master?

IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Are you sowing, dai - ly sowing, All along life's changeful way?  
 2. Are you sowing seeds of kindness, With a lavish, lov - ing hand?  
 3. Are you sowing, dai - ly trusting All the increase un - to God?

*f* *Fine.*

Precious seeds be-side all wa-ters, Do you scat-ter day by day?  
 Des-ert wastes it soon will brighten With a har-vest rich and grand.  
 He will bless you if you scat-ter Seeds of love and truth a - broad.

*D.S.*—Whatso - ev - er you are sowing, When the harvest-time ap-pears.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Are you sowing for the Master? You shall reap in joy or tears

# Work for Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. In the ro-sy morning hours, While the dew is on the flow'rs, And the  
 2. Let our hearts and strength and will Join his bidding to ful- fill, Laying  
 3. If but lit-tle we can do, Let us faith-ful-ly pur-sue Ev-'ry

world is full of beauty, light and song; Let us hear the gentle call Of the  
 down our cares and burdens at his feet; Let our lives be full of love, Bright with  
 path of du-ty opened by his hand; Let us bring our very best, For his

*D. S.*—From the rosy morning glow Till the

Lord who loves us all, Let us serve him while the moments speed a-long.  
 sunshine from above, Yes, there's joy in serv-ing Je-sus, oh, how sweet!  
 blessing make request; We shall serve him bet-ter in the hap-py land.

sun is sinking low, Then go home, his ev-er- lasting joy to share.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Work for Je - sus, oh, how blessed! Let us labor for the King whose name we bear,  
 Let us work and sing, Let us work and sing,



# Try to Save Some One.

99

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Wounded and dying on Jericho's road, Thousands of precious ones lay;
2. Few the Sa-mar-i-tans bringing relief, Pass o'er the Jeri-cho way;
3. Are we neglecting our duty so great? Have we good cause for delay?
4. How can we meet our dear Savionr at last, When in the judgment we stand,



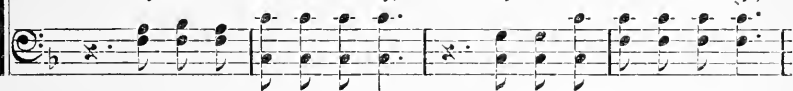
Shall we like Levites pass carelessly by, Or try to save some one to-day?  
Shall we not, Christians, in duty go down, And try to save some one to-day?  
Shall we not haste ere the time be too late, And try to save some one to-day?  
If, after life and its toiling are past, We come with no sheaves in our hands?



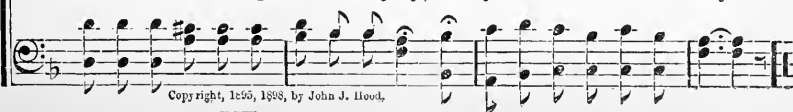
## CHORUS.



Try . . . to save some one, Try . . . to save some one;  
Try to save some one to-day, Try to save some one to-day;



Shall we like Levites pass carelessly by, Or try to save some one to-day?



## The Hallelujah Side.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was perish-ing with cold, But the  
 2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her dazzle and her dreams, Yet I  
 3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the  
 4. Here the sun is always shining, here the sky is always bright, 'Tis no  
 5. And up - on the streets of glory, when we reach the other shore, And have

blessed Saviour heard me when I cried, Then he threw his robe around me, and he  
 en- vy not her vanities and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the  
 tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pavil- ion, happy  
 place for gloomy Christians to abide, For my soul is fill'd with music and my  
 safely cross'd the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shouting " Glory " just out-

*Fine.*  
 led me to his fold, And I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 golden sunlight gleams, And I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 in his love and grace, And I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 heart with great delight, And I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 side my mansion door, Where I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

*D.S.*—windows of my soul, And I'm liv- ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

**CHORUS.**  
 O glo - ry be to Je - sus, let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll, Help me

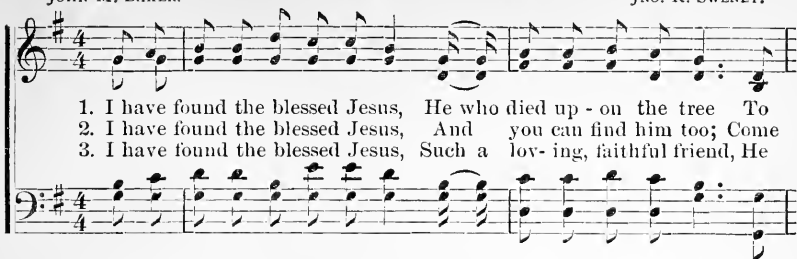
*D.S.*  
 ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've open'd up t'ward heaven all the

# I Have Found Jesus.

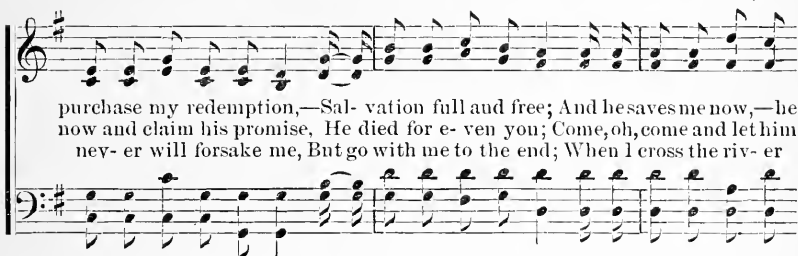
101

JOHN M. BAKER.

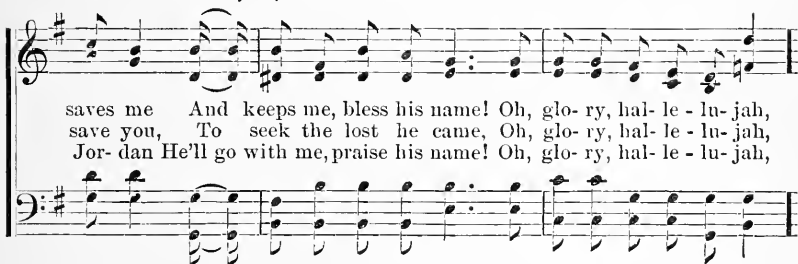
JNO. R. SWENEY.



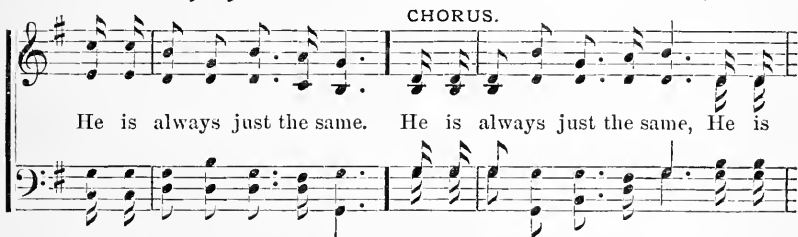
1. I have found the blessed Jesus, He who died up - on the tree To  
2. I have found the blessed Jesus, And you can find him too; Come  
3. I have found the blessed Jesus, Such a lov - ing, faithful friend, He



purchase my redemption,—Sal - vation full and free; And he saves me now,—he  
now and claim his promise, He died for e - ven you; Come, oh, come and let him  
nev - er will forsake me, But go with me to the end; When I cross the riv - er



saves me And keeps me, bless his name! Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,  
save you, To seek the lost he came, Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,  
Jor - dan He'll go with me, praise his name! Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,



CHORUS.

He is always just the same. He is always just the same, He is



always just the same; Oh, glory, hal - le - lu - jah, He is always just the same.

# God Bless My Boy.

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer."—Ps. lxi: 1.

\*\*\*

FRANK M. DAVIS.

SOLO OR DUET. *Andante.*

1. When shining stars their vigils keep, And all the world is hush'd in sleep,  
 2. I know not where his head may lie, Perchance beneath the o- pen sky;  
 3. As pass the days, the months, the years, With all the change, the hopes and fears,  
 4. And when at last his work is o'er, And earthly toil shall be no more,

'Tis then I breathe this pray'r so deep, God bless my boy to - night.  
 But this I know, God's watchful eye Can see my boy to - night.  
 God make each step of du - ty clear And keep his hon - or bright.  
 May an - gels guide him to that shore Where there shall be no night.

CHORUS.

God bless my boy, O bless my boy, And keep . . . his footsteps right;  
 and keep

God bless my boy, O bless my boy, God save . . . my boy to- night.  
 O save to-night.

# The Good Shepherd.

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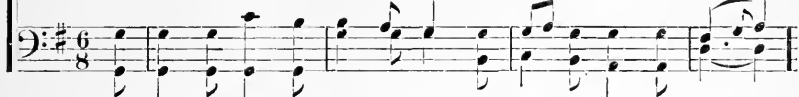
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J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

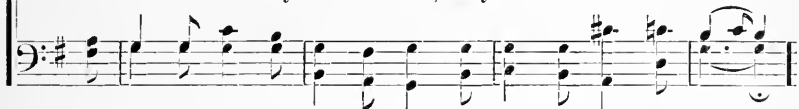
SOLO.



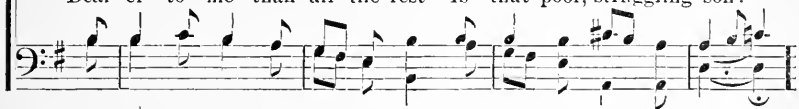
1. The snow was drifting o'er the hills, The wind was fierce and loud,
2. "I saw thy flock at peace within Thine own well-guarded fold;
3. "But since thy flock are all secure, Why to the height re - pair?



While forward press'd the Shepherd Good, His head in sor - row bowed;  
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale That ra - ges o'er the world!"  
If thou hast nine - ty-nine at home, Why for a tru - ant care?"



"O Shepherd, rest, nor far - ther go, The tem - pest hath be - gun."  
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray, And soon may be un - done;  
"Dear - er to me than all the rest Is that poor, struggling son!"



"I can - not stay, I must a - way To seek my lit - tle one!"  
I can - not stay, I must a - way To seek my lit - tle one!"  
I can - not stay, I must a - way To seek my lit - tle one!"



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4 "Good Shepherd, tell me, if his need  
Should bring the wanderer home,  
Wilt thou not punish him with stripes,  
Lest he again should roam?"  
"No; I would clasp him to my heart,  
As mother clasps her son.  
I cannot stay, I must away  
To seek my little one!"

5 E'en so, I thought, our gracious Lord  
Hath in his heart divine  
A wealth of love for all his saints—  
For all the ninety-nine!  
But most he loves, and most he seeks  
The soul by sin undone;  
And still he sighs, "I must away  
To seek my little one!"

## When Life is Ended.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. When the cares of life are end - ed, And I lay me down to rest,  
 2. When the gold - en gates of glo - ry Shall unfold to let me in,  
 3. If among the ransom'd spir - its, There before the great white throne,

With my hands, no long - er bus - y, Folded o'er my pulseless breast;  
 To my raptur'd view dis - clos - ing Untold light and joy with - in;  
 Shall be some whose woes I've lightened, Some whose cares I made my own,

Will there be of those who knew me, Some to drop the si - lent tear  
 Will there be one soul to meet me? One to clasp my hand and say,  
 Surely heav'n will seem more glorious, And its rest thrice blest shall be;

For the mem'ry that I help'd them, As we toil'd to - geth - er here?  
 "Welcome, friend! 'twas you who led me To the home that's ours to - day."  
 Sweeter still will ring its cho - rus Thro' its vast e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Grant, O Lord, this wondrous gladness, That when I thy joy shall see,  
 Grant, O Lord, this wondrous gladness, That when I thy joy shall see,

I may share it with some dear one I have help'd to lead to thee.  
I may share it with some dear one I have help'd to lead, to lead to thee.

## Ⓞ Wondrous Cross.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My Saviour bore the curse for me, Glad praises will I give, To him whose
2. The blood that takes my sins away, Ten thousand joys will bring; New strength for
3. His Spirit, sent from heav'n above, Bears witness with my soul; While billows
4. O mighty stream! so deep, so broad, It fills my heart with peace; The blood hath

### CHORUS.

blood hath made me free, Who died that I might live. O won - drous cross! O  
service ev'ry day, New songs for me to sing.  
of redeeming love, Still down from Calv'ry roll.  
brought me nigh to God, Ne'er shall my praises cease. O wondrous, wondrous cross! O

pre - cious blood! He died that I might live; All glory be to God.  
precious, precious blood! glo - ry be to God.

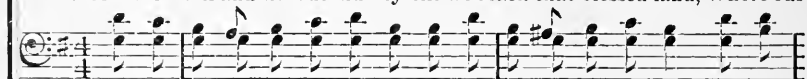
# We will March Around the City.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

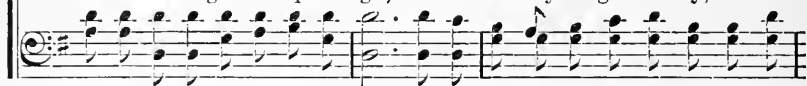
J. HOWARD ENTWISLER.



1. When from ev'ry land and nation all the saints are gather'd home, To the
2. There the time will pass unnoticed, for the night will never fall, There we'll
3. There each saint will see his mansion standing beautiful and fair, Such as
4. So we'll work and do our du - ty till we reach that blessed land, Where our



cit - y of our God, beyond the sky, We will form a great procession, and when never count the moments as they fly; There will never come a shadow that our all earth's golden treasures could not buy; We will hear the Saviour saying, "These for friends are waiting for us up on high; Then when ev'rything is read - y, and the



Je - sus bids us "come," We will march around the cit - y by and by.  
spir - its can ap - pall, When we march around the cit - y by and by.  
yon I did prepare," When we march around the cit - y by and by.  
Saviour gives command, We will march around the cit - y by and by.



## CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, when our life-work is over, We will gather with our



Saviour in the sky; (the sky;) And while angel-harps are ringing, And the





Je - sus the Lamb . . . . . for sin - ners slain. . . . .

Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain.

Je - sus the Lamb . . . . . for sin - ners slain. . . . .

## Nothing but Mercy for Me.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. My blest Redeemer left heaven one day, From sin to make me free—  
 2. My Lord was willing to suf-fer and die, To bring me lib - er - ty,  
 3. My Lord and Saviour is liv- ing a- gain, At God's right hand to be,

He took my grief and guilt a-way, And so there is mer- cy for me.  
 My sin - ful soul to pur - i - fy, And so there is mer- cy for me.  
 And there he lives to plead for men, And so there is mer- cy for me.

### CHORUS.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful mercy of God, As deep as the boundless sea!

His blood was spilt to cleanse my guilt, And there's nothing but mercy for me.

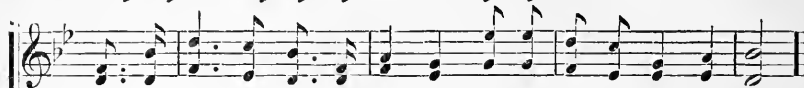
# Fill to Overflowing.

E. E. HEWITT.

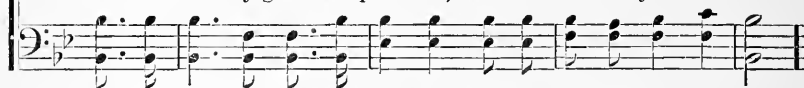
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O what ev - er - lasting mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and restored;
2. Make my life henceforth a channel, Where thy love shall have its way,
3. Free, exhaustless is the fountain, Help me free - ly to be - lieve,



Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.  
 Bless'd, that I may be a blessing, Use me, Saviour, ev - 'ry day.  
 Riv - ers of thy grace are promised, More and more may I re - ceive.



Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;  
 Clos - er, clos - er to the fountain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;  
 Hap - py thirst that keeps me coming, Pleading still thy gracious word;



From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need supplied.  
 Let the bless - ed heav'nly currents, Richly all my be - ing fill.  
 Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.



## CHORUS.



Fill me now, fill me now, To o - verflow - ing, to o - ver -  
 Fill me now, fill me now,



flowing; Fill me now, . . fill me now, With thy Holy Spir - it, Lord.  
 Fill me now, fill me now,

## Full and Free.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When Je - sus died on Calv'ry's tree, He bought SALVATION full and free;
2. When blind with sin, I could not see, He brought his MERCY full and free;
3. Yes, Je - sus is so good to me, His LOVE he giv - eth full and free;
4. And when I reach e - ter - ni - ty, I'll find a WELCOME full and free;

*Fine.*

For me he made the sac - ri - fice, For me he paid the fear - ful price.  
 He shed on me his beams of light, And my blind eyes received their sight.  
 He guides me all a - long life's way, He watches o'er me night and day.  
 He'll put on me a robe and crown, And I will by his side sit down.

*D.S.*—full and free, Hosan - na, bless his ho - ly name!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

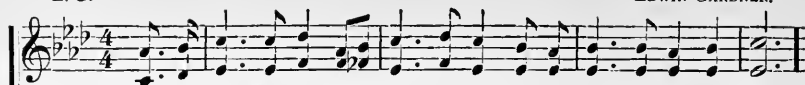
Full and free, full and free, The blood of Jesus cleanseth me; 'Tis full and free,

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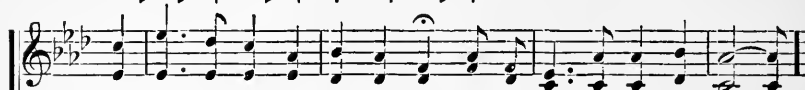
## On that Shore.

E. G.

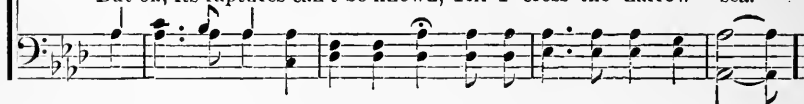
EDWIN GARDNER.



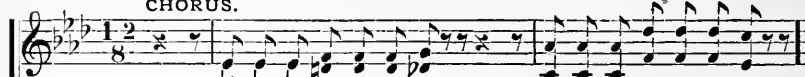
1. O'er the dark and stormy sea of time Is a land of pure delight,
2. On that shore the saints forev - er sing, For their warfare now is done,
3. To that shore our Saviour now has gone, To prepare a house for me;



Upon its shore the flow'rs ne'er fade, And there comes no shade of night.  
 In pure and spotless robes of white, They are shining as the sun.  
 But oh, its raptures can't be known, Till I cross the narrow sea.

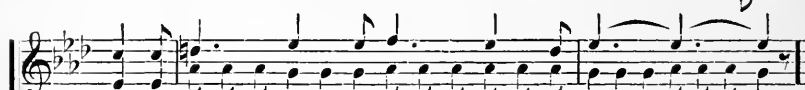
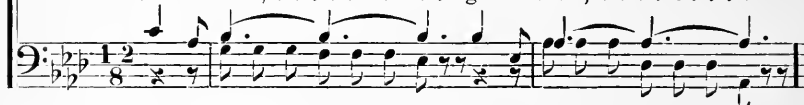


## CHORUS.

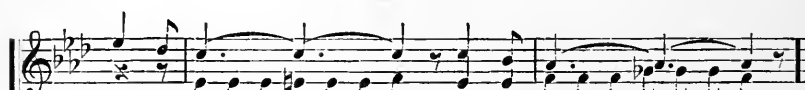
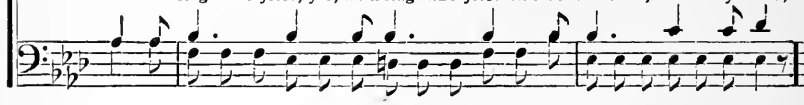


Beauti - ful, heav - en - ly shore, beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly shore,

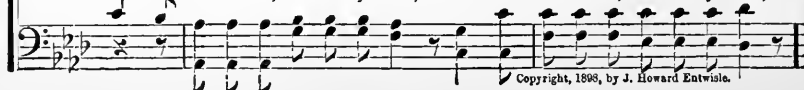
On that shore, . . . . . golden shore, . . . . .



We shall sing on that heav - en - ly shore; . . (on that shore);  
 sing and rejoice, yes, we'll sing and rejoice on that beauti - ful, heav - en - ly shore;



On that shore, . . . . . golden shore, . . . . .  
 beauti - ful, heav - en - ly shore, On that beauti - ful, heav - en - ly shore,



Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We shall sing on that heav - en - ly shore. . . . .  
sing and rejoice, yes, we'll sing and rejoice on that beau-ti-ful, heavenly shore.

**Lost After All.**

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. 'Tis sad to think, that tho' some hear So many times, year af-ter year,  
2. The Saviour says, "come un-to me, I'll save your soul, I'll set you free,"  
3. Dear friends are in the land so fair, Perhaps they bade you meet them there,

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The bless-ed gos-pel call,—God's love they spurn from day to day, Un-  
Oh, hear him sweetly call; Then, sin-ner, come, no long-er wait,—To-  
Your promise now re-call; They're watching for you down life's way, Oh,

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. Dynamics *p* and *pp* are indicated above the treble staff.

til at last the an-gels say, "Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all!"  
morrow it may be too late,—Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all!  
will they ev-er have to say, "Lost af-ter all, lost af-ter all?"

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4 Salvation why will you neglect?  
Why longer still do you reject  
The Holy Spirit's call?  
Oh, let it not of you be said  
These words so sad, when you are dead,  
"Lost after all, lost after all!"

5 Then come to Jesus, come just now,  
Low at his footstool humbly bow,  
He'll hear you when you call;  
Shall angels bear the joyful news?  
Or must they say, if you refuse,  
"Lost after all, lost after all?"

## Just Leave It All with Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. When storms are sweeping o'er thy way, Just leave it all with Je - sus;
2. When friends have prov'd themselves untrue, Just leave it all with Je - sus;
3. Does sorrow cause thy tears to start? Just leave it all with Je - sus;
4. And when the time has come to die, Just leave it all with Je - sus;



He's watching o'er thee night and day, Just leave it all with Je - sus.  
 The dearest friend man ev - er knew, Just leave it all with Je - sus.  
 He'll fold thee to his lov - ing heart, Just leave it all with Je - sus.  
 He'll take thee to his home on high, Just leave it all with Je - sus.



Yes, leave it all with Je - sus, Our precious, precious Je - sus;



Thro' faith or sight, by day or night, Just leave it all with Je - sus.



# Victory is Nigh.

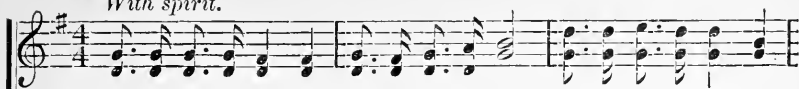
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"This is the victory that overcometh the world."—1 John v : 4.

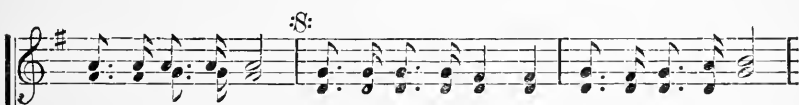
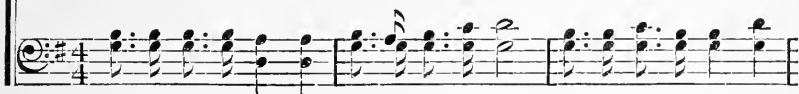
F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

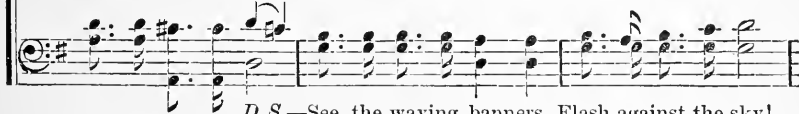
*With spirit.*



1. All along the wayside, Proudly moving on, Bands of valiant soldiers,
2. Strong the foes of heaven, In their might array; Fearful is the battle,
3. Forward, no surrender! Faithful to the last; Heaven waits to crown you,



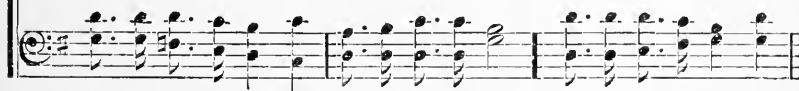
To the fight they come; See, the waving banners Flash against the sky!  
Shall the right give way? No! the answering heavens Ech - o the re - ply,  
When the battle's past; Cheer up, fainting spirits, Shout the bat - tle cry,



*D.S.*—See, the waving banners Flash against the sky!



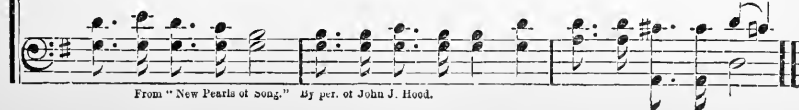
Je - sus re - in - forc - es, Vic - to - ry is nigh. Vic - to - ry is nigh, yes,



Je - sus re - in - forc - es, Vic - to - ry is nigh.



Vic - to - ry is nigh; Je - sus re - in - forces, Vic - to - ry is nigh.



# He Loveth My Soul.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. On Calvary's mountain he bought me, In pit- y he tenderly sought me,  
 2. I'm glad the dear Saviour has found me, And led from the thralldom that bound me,  
 3. Oh, bright is the path I'm pursuing, And welcome the work I am doing,

And from the drear by ways he brought me, The Saviour who loveth my soul;  
 To ever with mercies surround me, The Saviour who loveth my soul;  
 And rich are the scenes I am viewing, Thro' him who so loveth my soul;

With Christ the Redeemer to love me, His banner of crimson a- bove me,  
 Thro' pastures of beauty he leads me, With manna from heaven he feeds me,  
 To him I will dai- ly be clinging, His praises be joyful- ly singing,

Oh, who from my Lord can remove me, Who holds me in loving control?  
 And calls me to work when he needs me, This Saviour who holdeth control.  
 At last gather'd sheaves to him bringing, Dwell ever beneath his control.

CHORUS.

He lov- eth my soul, . . . . . His blood made me whole, . . . . . He  
 he lov- eth my soul, . . . . . my sinful heart whole,



sought me, he found me, His mercies surround me, I'm happy beneath his control.

## Bethany's Comforter.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. Bethany's Comforter comes to bless In the dark hour of deep distress;
2. Bethany's Comforter weeps with me, O- ver the faces I can-not see,
3. Bethany's Comforter brings a balm, Lo! on my spirit there falls a calm;
4. Bethany's Comforter I shall see When in the dawning the mists shall flee;

When in my sorrow his face I see, Then all the darkening shadows flee.  
Tenderly touches my pain and grief, Bringing the promise of sweet relief.  
When in life's tempest he whispers, "peace," Oh, how the turbulent billows cease.  
In that bright morning beyond the gloom I shall have victo- ry o'er the tomb.

*D.S.*—Sunshine or shadow, whatever it be, Bethany's Comforter cometh to me.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Bethany's Comforter, light in the gloom, Promise of victo- ry over the tomb;

# Open the Door for Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY,

1. When darkness is hedging my way,—The path I no long-er can see,  
 2. When danger would threaten my soul, "To whom can I go but to thee?"  
 3. Within thy dear church here below, Of use to thee, Master, I'd be;  
 4. And when at the pearl gate I knock, De-siring ad-mission to thee,

I go to my clos-et and pray, "Lord, o-pen the door for me."  
 When billows would o-ver me roll, Lord, o-pen the door for me.  
 Oh, show me just where I should go,— Lord, o-pen the door for me.  
 Oh, bid those fair portals un-lock,—Lord, o-pen the door for me.

## CHORUS.

O - pen the door, o - pen the door; Oh, bid all the shadows flee;

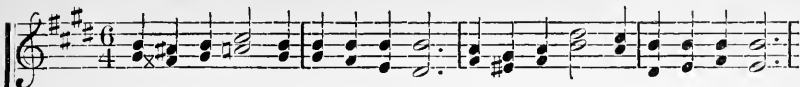
O - pen the door, open the door,—Lord, o - pen the door for me.

# Living for Jesus Only.

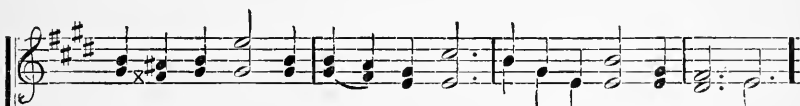
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Rev. J. G. BICKERTON.

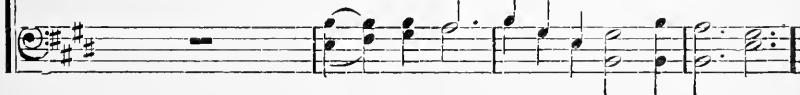
EDWIN S. GAULT.



1. Living for Jesus meekly each day; Fill'd with his fulness, O joyful lay!
2. Blessings he gives me, precious and sweet,  
Strengthens my faith for vict'ry complete;
3. O wondrous grace, O power divine, That we should in thy blest image shine
4. In realms of glory, thy face to see, Join'd with the ransom'd all about thee,



This is life's sto-ry with Christ alway, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
Safe - ly I'm kept at Je - sus' feet, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
And live sustain'd by pow'r wholly thine, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
Then we will praise thee in ho - ly glee, Living for Je - sus on - ly.



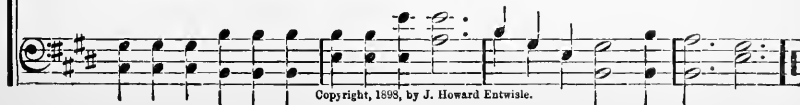
## CHORUS.



Living for Je- sus all the day long, Singing for Je- sus, that is my song;



Fighting the battle of right against wrong, Living for Je - sus on - ly.



1. Bring your sin to the loving Saviour, Tell him all, tell him all; He'll re-  
 2. Bring your wounds to the great Physician, Tell him all, tell him all; He'll be  
 3. Bring your grief to the Elder Brother, Tell him all, tell him all; He can

ceive you with gracious favor, Tell, oh, tell him all. Jesus died on the  
 true to his blessed mission, Tell, oh, tell him all. He will bind up the  
 comfort you like none other, Tell, oh, tell him all. Lay your care on the

cross for sinners, He will hear ev-'ry contrite call, Thro' his blood there is  
 broken-hearted, Lift and strengthen the weak who fall; In his touch there is  
 Burden-bearer, Soft as dew will his blessing fall; Peace he gives and true

CHORUS.  
 full salvation, Tell, oh, tell him all. Tell, oh, tell him all, Tell, oh,  
 perfect healing, Tell, oh, tell him all.  
 con- so- lation, Tell, oh, tell him all.

tell him all; Thro' his blood there is full salvation, Tell, oh, tell him all.

# I've a Blessing every Day.

121

J. B. MACKAY.

W. T. DASHIELL.

1. I've a blessing ev - 'ry day, Since I started on the way To the  
 2. All my ransom'd pow'rs combin'd To my Saviour I've resign'd, I am  
 3. I am climbing to the height Where the sun is always bright, I have

blessed, blessed land of light a - bove, (above.) And al- tho' my life was sweet,  
 happy, for I know that he is near; (is near;) I shall never be dismay'd,  
 left the mist- y val- ley far be - low; (below.) I believe there's light untold,

Still I found it incomplete, Till the Saviour fill'd my soul with perfect love.  
 For my hope on him is stay'd, And his perfect love has banish'd all my fear.  
 That my eyes shall yet behold, For the way is growing brighter as I go.

*Fine.*

*D.S.*—blessed Lord divine Fill'd my soul all thro' and thro' with perfect love.

**CHORUS.**

Perfect love, perfect love, 'Tis the best of all the  
 Perfect love, perfect love, perfect love,

gra - ces from a - bove; Wondrous peace and joy are mine, Since the  
 a - bove;

*D.S.*

# Who Will Go To-day?

F. M. D.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi : 28. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Hear the Mas - ter call - ing now for lab'ers; Who will go and  
 2. Who will go and la - bor in life's harvest, Toil - ing in the  
 3. Who will go while yet the sun is shining, Gleaning o - ver

work for him to-day? See, the fields are white un - to the harvest;  
 shadow or the sun, Faithful ev - er in the Master's service,  
 valley, hill and plain, Com - ing home at evening-time well la - den

CHORUS.

Who will bear the golden sheaves away? Who . . . . . will go to -  
 Striving till the crown of life is won?  
 With the sheaves of precious golden grain? Who will go to-day,

day, and bear . . . . . the sheaves away? . . . . .  
 Who will go to-day, Bear the sheaves away, Bear the sheaves away?

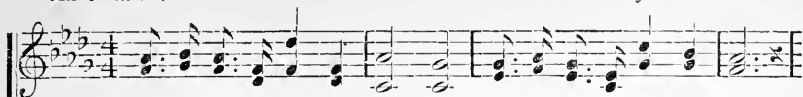
Who will go to-day, and bear the sheaves away? Who . . . will go to-day?  
 Who will go to-day, to - day?

# Joy and Sunshine.

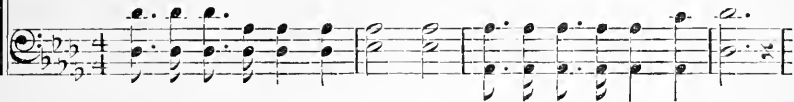
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MARY MARSH.

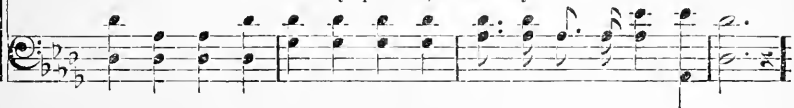
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je-sus is my joy and sunshine, All along life's dreary way;
2. And the glo-ry of his presence Fills my weary soul with peace;
3. Day by day the way grows brighter; O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
4. Beauties never seen by mor-tals, To the eye of faith appears;



His blest presence makes my pathway Bright as heaven's golden day.  
And my heart is full of gladness—Full of songs that nev-er cease.  
Sheds its beams of glorious sunlight, Like un-to the "perfect day."  
As we near the heav'nly portals, Far beyond this vale of tears.



## CHORUS.



Joy, joy, blessed joy and sunshine, Fills my happy soul to-day; . . . . .  
my happy soul to-day;



Peace, blessed peace is ev-er mine, Shining all a-long my way.



# Happy All the Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once I was heavy la - den, Borne down with sin and woe, I cried out  
 2. No more my way is drear - y, My heart is full of spring, No time for  
 3. My life is full of sunshine, My soul is full of love, I'm on my  
 4. Some day I'll reach the cit - y Where my fair mansion stands, And there en-

"who will help me, Ah, whither shall I go?" I heard a sweet voice  
 dull re - pin - ing, For now I shout and sing; I'm glad I sought his  
 way to heav - en, That gold - en land a - bove; I'm glad I ev - er  
 joy for - ev - er "That house not made with hands;" But while my blessed

an - swer, "I am the Life, the Way," And since I turned to Je - sus  
 fa - vor, I'm glad I learned to pray, For since I've been forgiv - en  
 en - tered The straight and narrow way, For here I find such glo - ry,  
 Saviour, Is with me on the way, It seems so much like heaven,

## CHORUS.

I'm happy all the day. I'm happy all the day, I'm happy  
 hap - py all the day,

all the way; Yes, since I found my Saviour I'm happy all the day.  
 hap - py all the way;



# The Saviour Walks Beside Me. 125

C. B.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. I never weary trav'ling the way my Father's trod, The Saviour walks be-  
 2. Whilst climbing hills and mountains I never shall despair, The Saviour walks be-  
 3. 'Mid tri- als and temptations my journey I pursue, The Saviour walks be-  
 4. I know that all my troubles and trav'ling soon will cease, The Saviour walks be-

side me ev - ry day; I gain from him fresh courage by trusting in his word,  
 side me ev - ry day; I have his precious promise "my child, you need not fear,"  
 side me ev - ry day; He cheers me with a whisper, my strength he doth renew,  
 side me ev - ry day; And I shall live for- ev - er with him in perfect peace,

*Fine.* CHORUS.

The Saviour walks beside me all the way. The Saviour walks beside me, he

*D. S.*—Saviour walks beside me all the way.

comforts and he guides me, He strengthens and he keeps me ev'ry day;

*D. S.*

No e - vil shall be-tide me, he'll safe - ly, safe - ly hide me, The

# 126 When I Hear the Trumpet Sounding.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. 1 Cor. xv: 52; Matt. xxiv: 31; 1 Thess. iv: 16. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When I hear the trumpet sounding that shall call forth from their rest, All those
2. If that note shall break the stillness in the quiet hours of night, Or it
3. In that land is naught of sorrow, there is music ev'rywhere, There is



sleeping in the quiet of the tomb; I'll be glad to hear the summons, with the soundeth in the busy heat of day; Those asleep in Christ will answer, those a-nothing that is in the minor key; But the sweetest songs and anthems there they



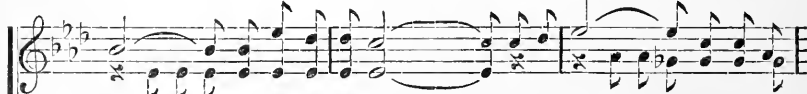
Lord to go and reign, In a land where never enters death nor gloom. wake caught up will be, And togeth - er all with him will speed away. swell with heart and voice, 'Tis a land of one un - ending ju - bi - lee.



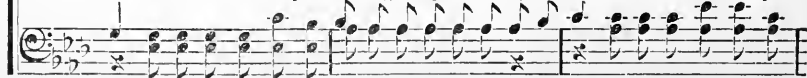
## CHORUS.



When I hear . . . . . the trumpet sound - - ing, When I  
When I hear the trumpet sounding, trumpet sounding,



hear . . . . . the trumpet sounding. . . . . When I hear . . . . . the trumpet  
When I hear the trumpet sounding, trumpet sounding, When I hear the trumpet



sound - ing, I'll be glad with Christ to quickly take my way. . . .  
 sounding, trumpet sounding, take my way

**Hosanna! Bless His Name.**

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, His arms of mer - cy took me
2. No more I court this world so cold, For now I love the Saviour's
3. Oh, how I love the narrow way, I walk with Je - sus day by
4. I'll live for him till life is o'er, And when I walk on earth no

*S:* in, And there I felt new life be - gin,—Ho - sanna! bless his name.  
 fold, Each day new beauties I be - hold,—Ho - sanna! bless his name.  
 day, He guides me ev - er lest I stray,—Ho - sanna! bless his name.  
 more, I'll live with him on you - der shore,—Ho - sanna! bless his name.

*D.S.*—He took a - way my guilt and shame,—Ho - sanna! bless his name.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

O bless his name, O bless his name, To me the Lord of glo - ry came,

# Jesus, the Light of My Soul.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Jesus has sav'd me and cleans'd me from sin, Jesus, the Light of my soul;  
 2. Jesus will help me my duty to do, Jesus, the Light of my soul;  
 3. Jesus has gone to prepare me a place, Jesus, the Light of my soul;  
 Light of my soul:

Now in his service a - new I be - gin, Jesus, the Light of my soul;  
 Giving me courage my strength to renew, Jesus, the Light of my soul;  
 Oh, I shall sometime behold his dear face, Jesus, the Light of my soul;

Oh, what a wonder Jesus should be, Full of compassion for sinners like me,  
 Oh, when he speaks, I'll swiftly obey, Gladly will follow where he leads the way,  
 Sometime, the things I can't understand, Sometime, the failures I never had plann'd,

Oh, what a wonder, his mercy is free, Jesus, the Light of my soul!  
 Follow the Star that is fairer than day, Jesus, the Light of my soul!  
 He will explain in that beauti- ful land, Jesus, the Light of my soul!

## CHORUS.

Light of my soul, beautiful Light, Leading me on to that country so bright;  
 Beautiful, shining Light, beautiful, shining Light,

I will confess him, And worship and bless him, The beautiful Light of my soul!  
beautiful Light of my soul!

### Come Just Now.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, sinner, to the Saviour, Now seek his face and fa - vor, Why  
2. God's servants are ap - pealing, The moments fast are stealing, O  
3. Pray'rs are for you as - cending, E - ter - nal doom is pending, O'er

#### CHORUS.

do you long - er waver? O come just now. O come just now,  
do not wait for feeling, But come just now.  
you are angels bending, O come just now. O come just now, O come just now,

O come just now, While Jesus waits to save you, O come just now.  
O come just now, O come just now, O come, O come just now.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

4 Come with thy sin and sorrow,  
Time is not yours to borrow,  
O wait not for the morrow,  
But come just now.

5 The Spirit long has striven,  
O come and be forgiven,  
Come, start for home and heaven,  
And come just now.

## Waiting at the Mercy Seat.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Father, thou art willing to bestow The Spirit's pow'r upon thy children;  
 2. Search me, Lord, and know this heart of mine, Have I surrender'd to thee fully?  
 3. As the branches of the Living Vine, Are we, thy children, now abiding?

And we cannot, cannot let thee go Until the precious boon is giv-en.  
 Is my will completely lost in thine, The Spirit's dwelling place made holy?  
 May we claim the promis'd pow'r divine To all who come in faith confiding.

REFRAIN.

Waiting at the mer- cy seat, O Father, We are waiting at the mer- cy  
 seat; For the Spirit's pow'r and blessing, Waiting at the mercy seat.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Bid us not go hence nor leave thy throne,<br/>         Until thy Spirit thou'rt bestowing;<br/>         Till in us thy perfect will be done,<br/>         And all the fullness we are knowing.</p> | <p>5 Hush'd the raging tempest in my soul,<br/>         As Christ to peace the storm is stilling;<br/>         Waves of comfort now above me roll,<br/>         As he with love my soul is filling.</p> |
|---|---|

# Where Wilt Thou Land?

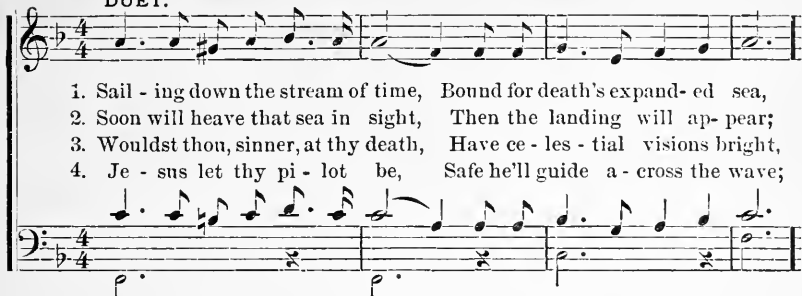
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The last words of Pilot Millard F. Lindle, of Camden, N. J., were: "Beautiful! Where shall we land?—Here we are; we're landed!"

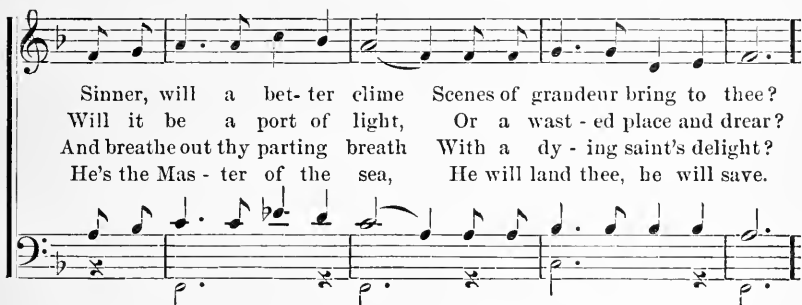
REV. WILLIAM H. BANCROFT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

## DUET.

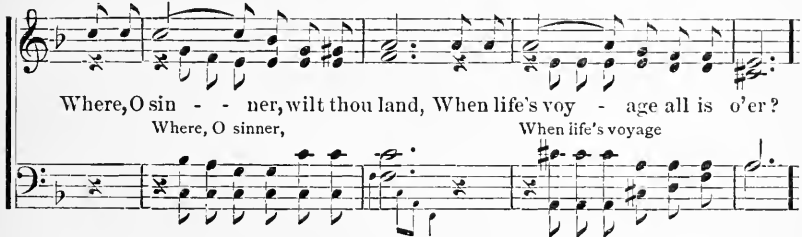


1. Sail - ing down the stream of time, Bound for death's ex - pand - ed sea,  
2. Soon will heave that sea in sight, Then the landing will ap - pear;  
3. Wouldst thou, sinner, at thy death, Have ce - les - tial vi - sions bright,  
4. Je - sus let thy pi - lot be, Safe he'll guide a - cross the wave;



Sinner, will a bet - ter clime Scenes of grandeur bring to thee?  
Will it be a port of light, Or a wast - ed place and drear?  
And breathe out thy parting breath With a dy - ing saint's delight?  
He's the Mas - ter of the sea, He will land thee, he will save.

## CHORUS.



Where, O sin - - ner, wilt thou land, When life's voy - age all is o'er?  
Where, O sinner, When life's voyage



Wilt thou reach . . . the golden strand Of a fair - er, brighter shore?  
Wilt thou reach golden strand Of a fairer, brighter shore?

## I'll Stand Up for Him.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. Joy is beaming in my soul, I'm hap - py all the day, For the  
 2. "Let the heav'nly light shine out," our blessed Lord commands, Shedding  
 3. Tho' I may not have the gift the mul - titude to sway, Yet in  
 4. Oft - en sorrows dark and deep press down up - on my soul, Oft - en

Saviour lives with me, he's wash'd my sins away; Love he pour'd in my poor  
 beams of love divine all thro' this sin-curs'd land; While the Lord supplies the  
 humble, loving words for him I'll speak or pray; Tho' I cannot sing his  
 fierce the tempest sweeps, and billows round me roll; But thro' ev'ry stormy

heart, he filled it to the brim, So ev'rywhere, and all the time, I'll  
 oil my lamp shall not burn dim, But with his help, in ev'ry place, I'll  
 praise like a shining ser - aphim, Still I will do the best I can, I'll  
 gale the Lord my sail doth trim, So praise his name while life shall last, I'll

CHORUS.

stand up for him. Yes, I'll stand up for him, Ev - er

stand up for him; Ev'rywhere my Lord may call, I'll stand up for him.



# My Guide.

133

E. E. HEWITT.

BERTHA J. HYATT.

1. I'm not afraid of the journey, With such an unerring Guide, Not  
2. Not far I see on the pathway; One step is enough for me, Be-  
3. Still leaning on the Be- lov - ed, The wilderness way will bloom, The

safe, one moment without him, Safe always, when near his side; He knows all the  
cause my glorious lead- er The road to its end can see; I hear his as-  
flow'rs spring up at his coming, The valley-pass lose its gloom; Oh, may I walk

snare and dangers, And all the sure steppings too, If surely heeding his counsel,  
sur- ing whisper, His presence is ever nigh; Now, simply doing his bidding,  
with him ever, His arm my unfailing might; Then happy end to my journey,

CHORUS.

He's able to take me through. No, not afraid of the journey With Jesus, my  
I'll trust him for by and by.  
The mansions of joy and light.

strength and stay; He will never, no, never forsake me, For his love goes all the way.

# What Shall Our Record Be?

F. M. D.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, we say; Ev - 'ry  
 2. Still that hand goes writing on, Making pa - ges dark or fair; Let us  
 3. Time is ebb - ing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we,

action, word or deed Is recorded there each day. What shall then our record be?  
 ponder well, dear friends, What for us is written there. Let us  
 trustingly, go hence, That a crown of life is won?

stop and think, I pray! What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day?

CHORUS.

In the coming judgment day, In the coming judgment day;

What shall then our rec - ord be, In the com - ing judg - ment day?

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

## Out of Christ.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, Oh! can it, can it be?  
2. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, Lone - ly and dark the way;  
3. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, No help nor ref - uge nigh;

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Like a ship without a rud - der, On a wild and storm - y sea!  
With no light, no hope in Je - sus, Making bright the cheerless day.  
How can you, my friend and brother, Dare to live or dare to die?

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

CHORUS.

Oh! to be without a Saviour, With no hope nor ref - uge nigh;

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Can it be, O bless - ed Saviour, One without thee dares to die?

Musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

# Don't Look at the Waves.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once Pe-ter took a step or two up-on the rolling sea, For he saw  
 2. How often preachers sow the seed for days and months and years, And yet but  
 3. And so at times the teacher thinks her work is all for naught, Because her  
 4. And so the Godly parents o'er their children watch and pray, And strive to  
 5. Then struggle on and faithful be un-til your feet shall stand Before the

Je- sus walking near and long'd with him to be, But soon we hear him  
 ver - y lit- tle fruit for all their work ap- pears, But he that sows thro'  
 scholars do not give at - tention as they ought, But some of them may  
 guide their youthful feet upon the nar- row way, But e - ven tho' they  
 ri- ver you must ford to reach the promised land, But do not falt - er

crying, "save, O mighty Jesus, save," For Peter fast was sinking when he  
 tears shall reap sometime the fruit he craves. If he does not grow weary when he  
 yet go forth and preach that Jesus saves, If she be not discouraged when she  
 are not sav'd till you lie in your graves, Just give them all to Jesus and don't  
 when at last your feet the Jordan laves, Just step upon God's promise and don't

*D. S.*—But soon you will be sinking if you

*Fine.* CHORUS.

look'd at the wave. Don't look at the waves, don't look at the waves,  
 looks at the waves. Walk above life's  
 looks at the waves.  
 look at the waves.  
 look at the waves.  
 look at the waves.

look at the waves.

*D.S.*

billows, shouting "Jesus saves!" Remember while you're faithful God your pathway

[paves.]

## Living Water.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless- ed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spoken at the well,
2. Bless- ed words, in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev- er thirst a - gain,
3. Gushing streams that nev- er cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace,

Where our Saviour sat one day, Resting, wea-ry by the way.  
 Wa - ter from the fount of love, From the crystal streams a - bove.  
 Thro' the vale of tears and woe, Healing streams that ev-er flow.

### CHORUS.

"I will be with-in thee, A well of wa-ter, a well of water,

Spring - - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life."  
 Springing up, yes, springing up,

## Lead On.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lead on, O King e - ternal, With banner, sword, and shield, Lead on thy  
 2. The prince and pow'rs of darkness Are pressing on our track, And yet with  
 3. And when the battle's o - ver We lay our armor down, And at thy

roy - al ar - my, Exultant to the field; With courage bold and fearless, Our  
 all their forces They cannot drive us back; For thou the King of glory Wilt  
 feet in triumph Receive our starry crown; When thee our great Commander, Our

faith looks up to thee, And trusting in thy mercy, We'll shout the victory.  
 our Deliv'rer be, And trusting in thy mercy, We'll shout the victory.  
 Joyful eyes shall see, For - ev - er and for - ev - er We'll shout the victory.

CHORUS.

We'll shout . . . . . the vic - to - ry, We'll shout the vic - to - ry,  
 We'll shout the vic - to - ry. shout the vic - to - ry, We'll shout, shout,

ry; And trusting in thy mer - cy, We'll shout the victory.  
 shout the vic - to - ry;

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# The Heights of Beulah Land.

139

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I am dwelling with my Saviour on the heights of Beulah land, And he  
 2. In the presence of my Saviour there is joy and sweet content, And I  
 3. Guided by my blessed Saviour I will reach the gate a- jar, That shall

holds me in his tender love and care; Thro' the pleasant paths he leads me, With the  
 love his blest commandments to obey; With this tender Friend beside me, Ev'ry  
 lead me to the Christian's final goal; Then with him who kindly sought me, And  
 [whose

*D.S.*—pass the pearly portal, To the

*Fine.*

bread of life he feeds me, As we journey t'ward that City, bright and fair.  
 hour to love and guide me, Brighter grows the Christian pathway, day by day.  
 precious blood has bought me, I will live while blissful a- ges onward roll.  
 shining home immortal, Ev-ermore to dwell with Jesus on the right.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

In communion with my Saviour, With the Cit- y just in sight; Soon I'll

## Haste Then to Jesus.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, what a sad time, poor sinner, 'twill be When you stand on the shore of  
 2. Now, sin-ner, you may be happy and gay. Thy pleasures will soon all  
 3. You'll launch out amid the gloom of the night, And oh, not a star will  
 4. Oh, haste then to Christ, his voice you will hear To thee sweetly say- ing,

death's dark sea; When the sound of the breakers shall fall on thy ear, And thy  
 vanish a- way, And oh, there on death's dark and storm-beaten strand, For-  
 lend its dim light, And driven and toss'd with the tempest's rude blast. On the  
 "be of good cheer;" He will bear thee safe over the wild billow's foam, And

## CHORUS.

soul is filled with sor- row and fear. Haste then to Jesus ere you  
 sak - en at last, dear one, you will stand.  
 shore of despair, a wreck you'll be cast.  
 in that blest land will give thee a home.

reach the dark shore, He the blest boatman will carry thee o'er, All who have

trusted their souls to his care, Have reach'd the blest port and are safe over there.



# Will You Go?

141

W. F. FOWLER.

1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will . . . you go? To sing the  
2. We're going to walk the plains of light; Will . . . you go? Far, far from the  
3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain; Will . . . you go? Re- pent, be-  
Will you go? Will you go?

Saviour's dying love; Will . . . you go? Formillions have reach'd that blest a-  
curse of death and night; Will . . . you go? The crown of life we then shall wear,  
lieve, be born again; Will . . . you go? The Sav- iour cries aloud to thee,  
Will you go? Will you go? [bode,

Anointed Kings and priests to God; And millions more are on the road,  
The conq'rer's palm we then shall bear, And all the joys of heav'n we'll share;  
"Take up your cross and follow me, And thou shalt my sal- vation see;"

## CHORUS.

Will . . . you go? . . . Will . . . you go? . . . Will . . . you  
Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?

go? . . . There is a place for all above, Will . . . you go?  
Will you go? Will you, will you go?

# 142 Saviour, Guide me Down Life's River.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Saviour, guide me down life's riv - er, I know not what lies ahead,  
 2. Saviour, guide me down life's riv - er, For the way looks rough and deep,  
 3. Saviour, guide me down life's riv - er, Guide me till the riv - er ends,

But thou art its source, its giv - er, And I would by thee be led;  
 But thy pow'r will fail me nev - er, Safe - ly thou my bark wilt keep;  
 Till its tide is lost for - ev - er Where it with the ocean blends;

When the dashing waves surround me, Bid life's stormy tumult cease;  
 When the clouds are gath'ring o'er me, And the way is dark as night,  
 Just a-head the lights are gleaming From that cit - y of the blest,

*Fine.*  
 Saviour, throw thine arms around me, Guide me to the port of peace.  
 Let thy presence go be - fore me, Guide me to the bea - con light.  
 Soon I'll be where they are beam - ing, Where I shall for - ev - er rest.

*D.S.*—Thou who art its source, its giv - er, Guide me to the port of peace.

**CHORUS.** *D.S.*  
 Saviour, guide me down life's riv - er, Bid all stormy tumults cease;

# Out Beyond the Breakers.

143

T. E. T.

Rev. T. E. TERRY.

1. There is a danger line on the sea of life, It is mark'd by the  
2. When the Is - ra - el of God came from Egypt land, They were stopp'd by the  
3. Are you in the breakers, brother, and roughly toss'd, Is your soul in dis-

roar and the spray and the strife; There to lure our souls Satan does his best,  
sea and the Jordan's stormy strand,  
Tho' they fear'd the waves with their foamy crests.  
tress, have you peace and comfort lost? Let the shore-line go, pull away and trust,

CHORUS.

But out beyond the breakers there is rest, sweet rest. Out beyond the  
They knew that on the Canaan side was rest, sweet rest.  
Get out beyond the breakers, there is rest, sweet rest.

breakers as they dash and roll, Out beyond the breakers there is safety for the soul,

[last.  
Out, launch out, 'till the storms are past, Out beyond the breakers we'll be safe at the

## Bought on Calvary.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*m* With much expression.

1. There is a beau-ti-ful home Beyond the si-lent sea,  
 2. There is a beau-ti-ful house To stand e-ter-nal-ly,  
 3. There is a beau-ti-ful robe As white as white can be,  
 4. There is a beau-ti-ful crown To ev-er fade-less be,  
 5. These beau-ti-ful gifts of love That wait be-yond the sea,

*cres.* *f*  
 And oh, that home so bright and fair My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that house not made with hands My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that robe so spotless, pure, My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 And oh, that wondrous crown of life My Sav-iour bought for me.  
 My Saviour purchas'd with his blood On cross of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

O wand'rer, far from God, That home your own may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, A mansion yours may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, White raiment yours may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, A crown your own may be, If  
 O wand'rer, far from God, This wealth your own may be, If  
 wan-d'rer, far from God,

you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve him, serve him faith-ful-ly.  
 you will give your heart to Christ, And oh, 'tis free! and oh, 'tis free!

# He Saves Completely.

145

HARRIET E. JONES.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii : 1.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the shadow of his wings I am resting sweetly, And the soul with-  
2. When the storms around me beat, "It is I," says Je- sus, "Safe the rock be-  
3. When his promi- ses I trust, I'll not be confounded, Righteous is my

in me sings. Fill'd with love completely; Je- sus holds me in his care,  
neath your feet," Says a voice so precious; Rock of Safety, wings of Love,  
Lord, and just, And his love un- bounded; Lord of lords, and King of kings,

In my home and ev- 'rywhere, All my grief and joy to share;  
Firm be- low and bright a- bove, Naught from Christ my soul shall move;  
Welcome what- so- e'er he brings, I am shelter'd by his wings,

## CHORUS.

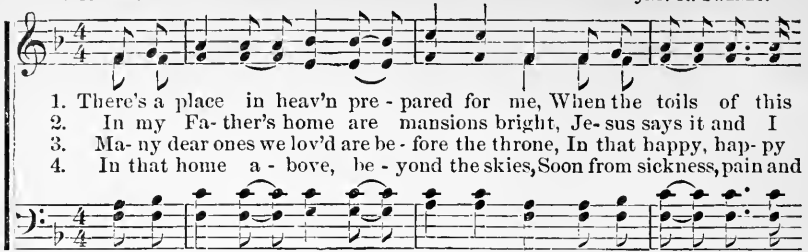
Oh, he saves completely. O the shelter of his wings, O the joy his  
Precious, precious Je- sus.  
In his love am grounded.

sweet love brings, O the songs my glad heart sings, While he saves completely.

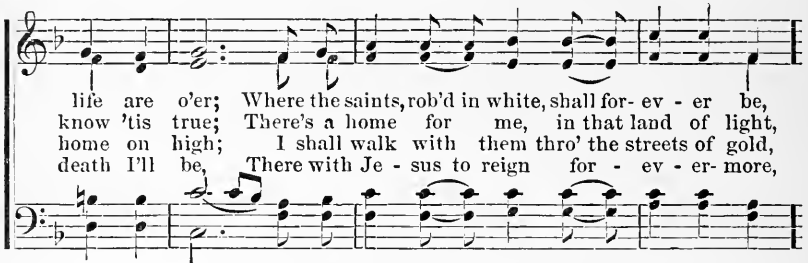
## Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. LUTTON.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

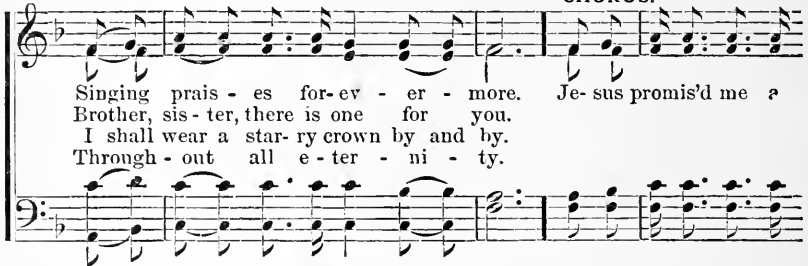


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this  
 2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I  
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap - py  
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and



life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,  
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,  
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,  
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

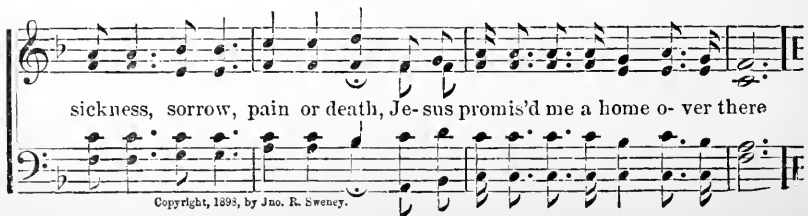
## CHORUS.



Sing - ing prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je - sus promis'd me a  
 Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.  
 I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.  
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more



sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Oh, the best songs of all are the songs about Jesus, Bearing consolation  
 2. Oh, the songs that do good are the songs about Jesus, Lifting men t'ward heaven  
 3. Oh, the songs that bring cheer are the songs about Jesus, Casting beams of sunshine

as they onward roll; Oh, what joy their message brings, borne along the heav'nly  
 as they journey on; For they tell of him who died, who can heal the soul's dis-  
 all along the way; Telling of the blessed One who from sin and sorrow

CHORUS.  
 breezes, Wafted o'er the waters of the sin-sick soul. Yes, the best songs of  
 eas-es, Making wise the simple and the feeble strong.  
 frees us, Bearing all our burdens, turning night to day.

all are the songs about Jesus; Other songs will perish and forgotten be, But the

songs that will *live* are the songs about Jesus, They will live thro' all eternity.

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# 148 I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

*Andante.*

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;  
 2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—  
 3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
 Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,  
 O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
 So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

### Don't You Know He Cares?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become entan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Stricken un - awares? Yet you
4. Is your body fill'd with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of

*f* *Fine.* CHORUS.  
 tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who  
 One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?  
 will not be for - sak - en, Don't you know he cares?  
 how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?

*D.S.*—Don't you know he cares?

*D.S.*  
 shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je - sus,—

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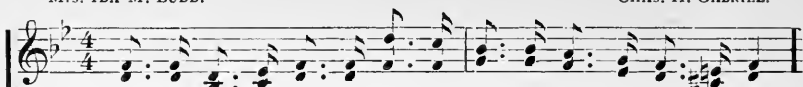
5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—  
 Life a dark look wears;  
 Yet the Savionr still is with you,  
 Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,  
 Blending songs with prayers—  
 Always put your trust in Jesus,  
 Don't you know he cares?

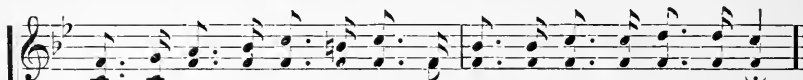
# The Harbor Lights of Home.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O'er the trackless deep the sail - or sails for many a wea - ry day,
2. O'er life's sea the Christian sail - or steers his bark with stead - y hand,
3. So when fair skies bend above us, as we glide the bil - lows o'er,



Long - ing for the peace - ful ha - ven and the dear ones far a - way;  
 Knowing that his chart and compass will di - rect him safe to land;  
 Or when dark'ning shadows gath - er, and the tempests rage and roar,



But he keeps his heart with courage as his good ship parts the foam,  
 And he finds a calm in tu - mult, and a brightness in the gloom,  
 We will trust that to the ha - ven of our hopes we soon shall come,



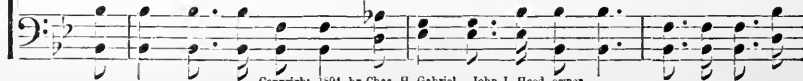
For he knows that in the distance shine the har - bor lights of home.  
 As his face beholds the shin - ing of the har - bor lights of home.  
 Guid - ed by the stead - y gleaming of the har - bor lights of home.



## CHORUS.



The home lights are shining! The home lights are shining! Bright - ly  
 Brightly beaming



beaming ev- ermore; . . . . Tho' they sometimes gleam but faintly thro' the brightly beaming, beaming evermore;

mist that veils the shore, Yet we know they are shining, shining ev- ermore.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the piece. It features two systems of music, each with a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves.

## A Feast of Love To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. A feast of love to - gether, A glorious feast is ours, Where dews of  
 2. A feast of love to - gether, When heart and soul may rise Above these  
 3. A feast of love to - gether, Where God himself presides; A feast of  
 4. A feast of love to - gether, And while our voices blend, We look with

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the duet section. It features two systems of music, each with a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves.

CHORUS.

grace are falling, Like summer's balmy show'rs. A feast of love to-day,  
 earthly longings, Beyond those changing skies.  
 love and blessing His gracious hand provides.  
 ho - ly rapture To one that ne'er shall end.

To help us on our way; With Christ our elder brother, A precious feast to-day.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus section. It features two systems of music, each with a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are interspersed between the musical staves.

# Jesus is All that You Need.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Jesus is all that you need;  
 2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need;  
 3. Give your life o- ver to Je- sus' control, Jesus is all that you need;

Je- sus is now and for- ev- er the same, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 He is a- bundant- ly a- ble to save, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 Je- sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je- sus is all that you need.

Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe. Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,  
 Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress,  
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay,

Je- sus will help you the past to retrieve, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 He will be with you for- ev- er to bless, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 Will you belong to him wholly to- day? Je- sus is all that you need.

*D. S.* — why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

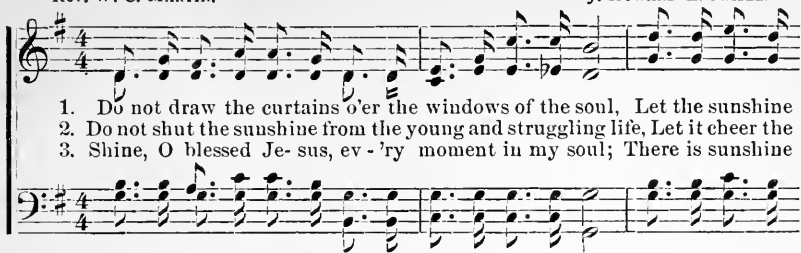
Je- sus is all that you need, . . . All that you ever can need; . . . Oh,  
 you need, can need;

# Roll Back the Shadows.

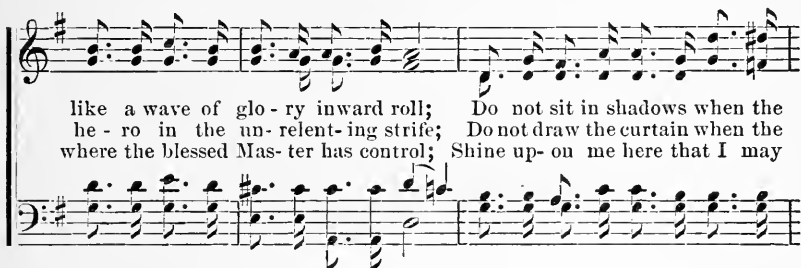
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Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

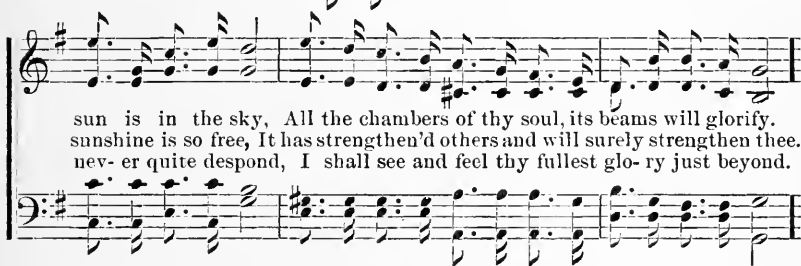
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Do not draw the curtains o'er the windows of the soul, Let the sunshine  
2. Do not shut the sunshine from the young and struggling life. Let it cheer the  
3. Shine, O blessed Je- sus, ev - 'ry moment in my soul; There is sunshine

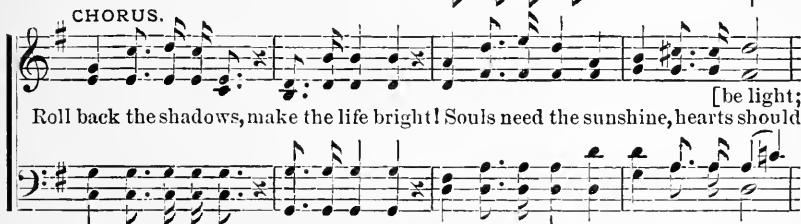


like a wave of glo - ry inward roll; Do not sit in shadows when the  
he - ro in the un - re - lent - ing strife; Do not draw the curtain when the  
where the blessed Mas - ter has control; Shine up - on me here that I may



sun is in the sky, All the chambers of thy soul, its beams will glorify.  
sunshine is so free, It has strengthen'd others and will surely strengthen thee.  
nev - er quite despond, I shall see and feel thy fullest glo - ry just beyond.

CHORUS.



[be light;  
Roll back the shadows, make the life bright! Souls need the sunshine, hearts should



Drive away the darkness, joyless and drear, Let in the sunshine, glowing with cheer.

# 154 Have ye Received the Holy Ghost?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Acts xix: 2.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye are the temples, Je- sus hath spoken, Temples of God's ho- ly  
 2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy  
 3. Showers of mer- cy, fulness of blessing, Ev- er the Spirit's in-  
 4. Weary of wand'ring, come in- to Canaan, Feast on the fulness and

Spirit di- vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en- ter, Make his a-  
 nature re- fine; Cleansed from all sin, his Spirit will en- ter, Fill you and  
 dwelling attend; 'Tis the enduement, pow- er for service, Fruits for your  
 fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his

## CHORUS.

bode in that poor heart of thine? Have . . . ye received, . . .  
 thrill you with power di- vine.  
 la- bor he surely will send.  
 Spir- it and kept by his hand. Have ye received, have ye received,

since . . . ye believed, . . . The bless- ed Holy Ghost?  
 since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho- ly, blessed Holy Ghost?

He who was promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?  
 received



## The Harbor-Home.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLER.

1. You're sailing t'ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're  
 2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,  
 3. Before you there is awful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just

drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of  
 turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars their  
 turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the

darkness o'er you, See the many wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we in-  
 watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must be  
 light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be

CHORUS.

plere you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the  
 weeping, Face the harbor-home!  
 turning, Face the harbor-home!  
 Face, O face Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face

harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn. And face the harbor-home!  
 the harbor-home! quickly face harbor-home!



# Great Deliverer.

157

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I have found a precious friend whose name is Jesus, I will praise him ever  
 2. For his name's sake he forgiveth my transgressions, My in - iq - ui - ty and  
 3. This I know, he is my light and my sal - va - tion, He's an ev - er present

with my heart and voice; He has compass'd me with songs of sweet deliv'rance, He has  
 sin he covers o'er, And he hides me in the se - cret of his presence, He pre-  
 help when trouble's nigh, In his blessed guidance I am ful - ly trusting, For he

CHORUS.

made my soul with righteousness rejoice. Mighty Sav - iour, great De - liv - 'rer,  
 serves me from all evil evermore.  
 tells me "I will guide thee with mine eye."      Mighty Saviour,      great Deliv'rer,

Who among the mighty shall be liken'd unto him? Mighty Sav - iour, great De -  
 Mighty Saviour,

liv - - 'rer, Who among the mighty shall be liken'd un - to him?  
 great De - liv'rer,

# What would Jesus Do?

F. F. CARPENTER.

EDWIN GARDNER.

## QUESTION.

1. Would Je - sus live in this sin - curs'd land, So full of pain and care,  
2. Would Je - sus rush with the giddy throng To haunts of mirth and sin,

And pass it by in a thoughtless way, Nor list to its wail and pray'r?  
While round him crowded the struggling souls, Who long'd for his love within?

Or would he touch with a lov - ing hand The fe - ver'd, ach - ing brow,  
Or would he seek where the fall - en lay, In ways and hed - ges round,

And ease the pain of a wounded heart—What would Jesus do, and how?  
And try to save from sin's dark way, All the souls whom there he found?

## RESPONSE.

Oh, help me to ask this question, Lord, And to be in the tri - al true,

And answer by help of the Spirit's pow'r, I'll do as Christ would do.

## Just for To-day.

E. R. WILBERFORCE.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i- dle word Unthinking say; Set thou a seal up-
3. And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb a- way, Give me thy sac- ra-

stain of sin, Just for to-day. Help me to la- bor earnest- ly,  
 on my lips Thro' all to-day. Let me in sea- son, Lord, be grave,  
 ment di- vine, Fa- ther, to-day. So for to- morrow and its needs

And du- ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Father, to-day.  
 In season gay; Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.  
 I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day.

## Once More.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENGLISH.

1. With hearts attuned with praise we meet a - gain to - day, And  
 2. Come, let us hear you tell if you are saved from sin, If  
 3. When storms were raging wild on life's tem - pestuous sea, When  
 4. These scenes will soon be past, the day will soon be done, Our

for God's needed grace implore, And as our notes we raise in this, a  
 now the Saviour you a - dore, If all with you is well, if you are  
 loud the stormy winds did roar, Did Je - sus say, "fear not, my child, but  
 journey here will soon be o'er; But when at last we meet beyond life's

## CHORUS.

joyful lay, We'll fill his courts with song once more. Once more, once  
 pure within, Come, tell it o - ver now once more.  
 trust in me?" Then, brother, tell it out once more.  
 setting sun, We'll make the arches ring once more. Once more,

more, Sing or tell it out once more, To hear and tell the  
 once more, once more,

sto - ry of Christ the Lord of glo - ry, We have gather'd here once more.

# Glorious Victory.

161

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Onward, soldiers of the Lord;  
2. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Faint not, fear not, boldly stand;  
3. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Still is sounding from the sky,  
4. Vic-tory, vic-tory, glorious vic-tory, Soon we'll lay our armor down;

Hear the soul-in-spiring promise, We shall conquer thro' his word.  
Wave our ban-ner, shout ho-san-na, With the Spirit's sword in hand.  
While be-fore our great Com-mander Sa-tan's vanquish'd armies fly.  
Soon give up the cross for-ev-er, And re-ceive the victor's crown.

## CHORUS.

We shall o-vercome the world, hal-le-lu-jah to his name,

We shall o-vercome by faith; We shall o-vercome the world,

hal-le-lu-jah to his name, Who has triumphed o-ver death.

## Resting By the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. While upon the pilgrim's pathway, moving t'ward the promis'd land, Tho' our  
 2. Ev'ry day we're pressing onward, here we have no sure abode, Not a  
 3. While we're toiling in the vineyard, ev'ry one must do his share, For the  
 4. So we'll la - bor on for Jesus till we view life's setting sun, Then our

lot is hard with toiling day by day, (day by day,) Yet we have a precious  
 place where we may tarry long or stay, (long or stay,) But our Saviour has pro-  
 Master's work admits of no de - lay, (no de - lay,) For 'tis on - ly those who  
 Lord will call us home at close of day, (close of day,) But un - til we reach those

cov - ert in the hol - low of God's hand, Where his peo - ple find sweet  
 vid - ed, lest we faint a - long the road, Precious spots where we find  
 la - bor, and the heav - y burdens bear, That en - joy this precious  
 mansions where we'll hear him say "well done," He will give us bless - ed

## CHORUS.

resting by the way. Oh, what blessed times of resting by the way, (by the way,)

When God's people meet to sing and watch and pray, When our Saviour there we meet,  
 watch and pray,

In communion blest and sweet, Oh, what blessed times of resting by the way.

Sunshine has Come to Me.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. The clouds no long-er 'round me roll, Sunshine has come to me;
2. No more by guilt am I oppressed, Sunshine has come to me;
3. I car-ried long a sin-sick soul, Sunshine has come to me;
4. My broth-er, go in pray'r to him, Sunshine has come to me;

*Fine.*

The Lord has freed my burdened soul, Sunshine has come to me.  
 No more dark storms rage in my breast, Sunshine has come to me.  
 But Je-sus' touch has made me whole, Sunshine has come to me.  
 He'll take from thee thy care and sin, Sunshine has come to me.

*D.S.*—He calls me his, I call him mine, Sunshine has come to me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

What bliss-ful joy! what peace divine! His pardoned child to be;

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## The Mantle of Love.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. The man-tle of love the Saviour has spread, O'er fol-lies and  
 2. The man-tle of love the Saviour has brought My blunders and  
 3. The man-tle of love hides ev-'ry de-lect, And drives my ac-  
 4. The man-tle of love the stream will divide When I to the

sins of the past; I heard his sweet voice, to Je-sus I fled,  
 er-rors to hide; And here I have found the Ref-uge I sought,  
 cu-sers a-way; I know that my Sav-iour will not re-ject,  
 bor-der have come. 'Twill o-pen the way to the blest oth-er side,

CHORUS.

And there I found pardon at last. (at last.) O gl-ry to Jesus! my  
 And 'neath it I mean to a-bide. (abide.)  
 He says I am blameless to-day. (to-day.)  
 To Je-sus and lov'd ones and home. (and home.)

Saviour divine, Who came from the mansions above; . . . He carries my  
 above;

sorrow, the grief that was mine, And hides 'neath his man-tle of love.

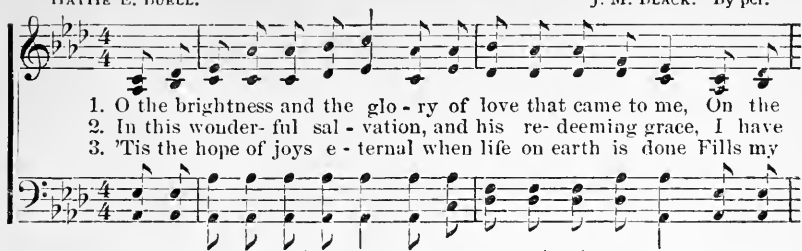


# Sunlight all the Way.

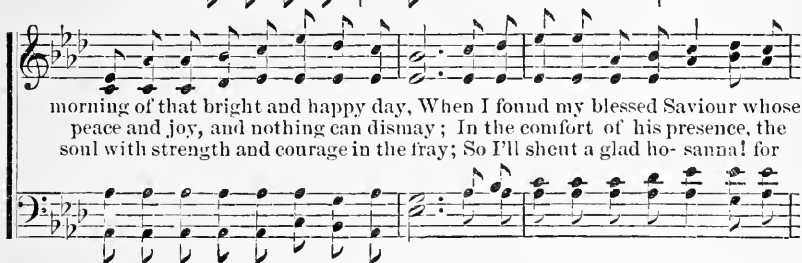
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HATTIE E. BUELL.

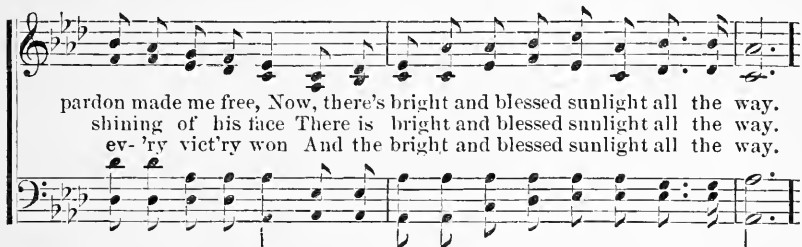
J. M. BLACK. By per.



1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the  
2. In this wonder - ful sal - vation, and his re - deem - ing grace, I have  
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ternal when life on earth is done Fills my

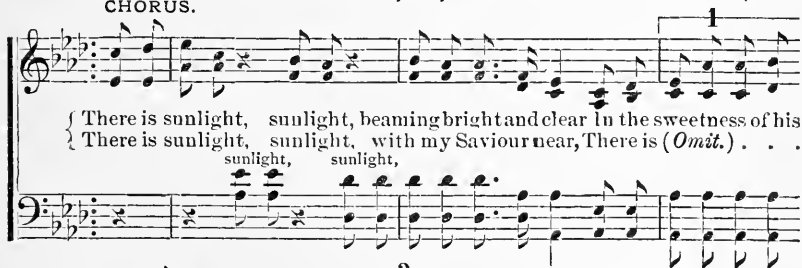


morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose  
peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of his presence, the  
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho - sanna! for



pardon made me free, Now, there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.  
shining of his face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.  
ev - ry vict'ry won And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

## CHORUS.



{ There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of his  
{ There is sunlight, sunlight, with my Saviour near, There is (*Omit.*) . . .  
sunlight, sunlight,



service day by day, bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

## Hear the Master's Call.

E. E. HEWITT.

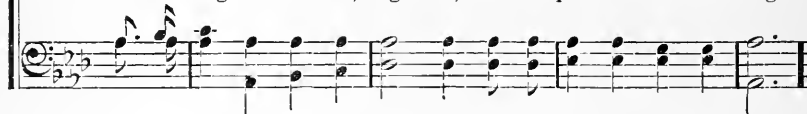
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. All the fields are growing whit - er, There's a call for willing hands;
2. Go and tell sal - vation's sto - ry O - ver prairie, o - ver sea;
3. Still there's need for earnest sow - ing, Need for humble, trustful pray'r;
4. All the fields are growing whit - er; Oh, the garner'd sheaves we'll bring,



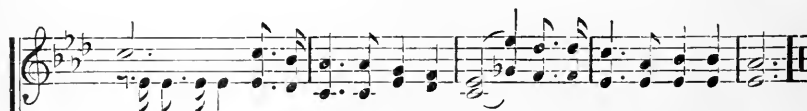
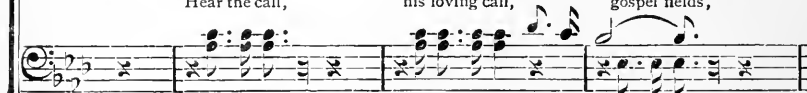
All the sky is growing bright - er, Where the gospel light expands.  
 Tell of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Tell of mer - cy full and free.  
 Where the Master's fruit is grow - ing, Need for faithful, watchful care.  
 Where the songs are sweeter, bright - er, In the presence of the King.



## CHORUS.



Hear, oh, hear . . . the Master's call, In his field . . . there's work for  
 Hear the call, his loving call, gospel fields,



all; Go and work for him to-day, He will help you "watch and pray."  
 for one and all;



# Lead Me, Saviour.

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F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With expression.*

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,      Gent-ly lead me all the way  
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul      When life's stormy billows roll,  
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last,      When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour,      lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly      lead me all the way:

I am safe when by thy side,      I would in thy love abide.  
 I am safe when thou art nigh,      All my hopes on thee rely.  
 To the land of endless day,      Where all tears are wiped away.

I      am      safe when by thy side, I      would      in thy love abide.

## CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .  
 lest I stray;

*rit. e dim.*

Gently down the stream of time,      Lead me, Saviour, all the way.  
 stream of time,      all the way.

## Send the Fire Just Now.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. While we now, dear Lord, at thy al - tar kneel, Come in might - y  
 2. Let the al - tar - fire, bless - ed Lord, be felt, Till these hearts of  
 3. Ev - 'rything is now on the al - tar laid, We have un - to  
 4. Lord, burn up the dross, all the gold re - fine, Now up - on our

pow'r, now thyself re - veal; Lord, the old-time fire we de - sire to feel,  
 ours with thy love shall melt; Touch our lips, dear Lord, as the coals are dealt,  
 thee full sur - render made; May the fire consume, let it not be stay'd,  
 hearts may thine image shine, That we may be seal'd, Lord, forev - er thine,—

CHORUS.

Send the fire, send it now, just now. Send the fire, send the  
 Send the fire, send it now, just now. dear Lord,  
 Send it, Lord, send it now, just now.  
 Send the fire, send it now, just now.

fire, just now, While we here at thy al - tar bow, Glo - ri - fy thy

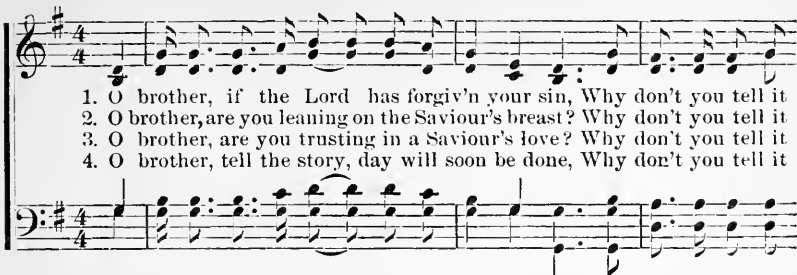
name, send the liv - ing flame,—Send the fire, send it now, just now.

# Why Don't You Tell It?

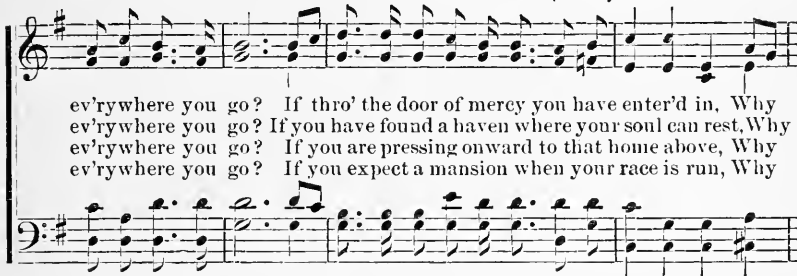
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

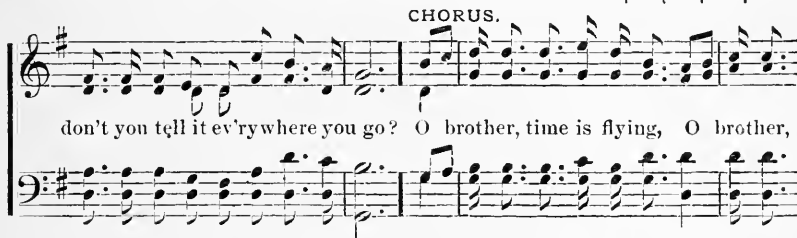
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O brother, if the Lord has forgiv'n your sin, Why don't you tell it  
2. O brother, are you leaning on the Saviour's breast? Why don't you tell it  
3. O brother, are you trusting in a Saviour's love? Why don't you tell it  
4. O brother, tell the story, day will soon be done, Why don't you tell it

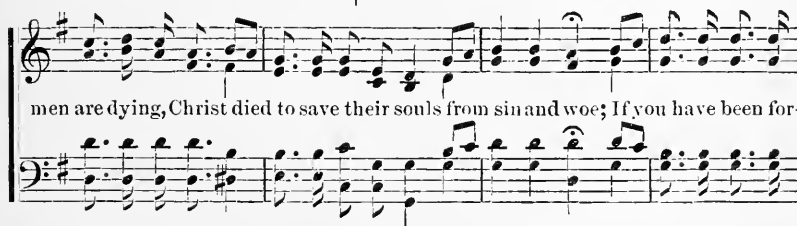


ev'rywhere you go? If thro' the door of mercy you have enter'd in, Why  
ev'rywhere you go? If you have found a haven where your soul can rest, Why  
ev'rywhere you go? If you are pressing onward to that home above, Why  
ev'rywhere you go? If you expect a mansion when your race is run, Why

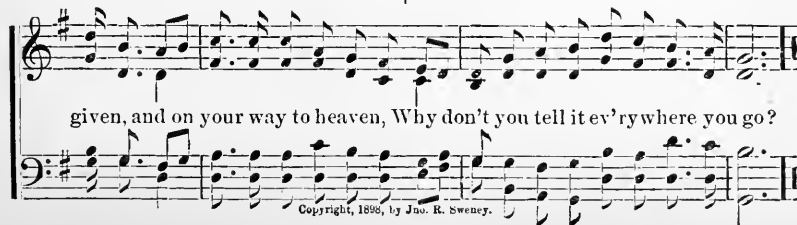


CHORUS.

don't you tell it ev'rywhere you go? O brother, time is flying, O brother,



men are dying, Christ died to save their souls from sin and woe; If you have been for-



given, and on your way to heaven, Why don't you tell it ev'rywhere you go?

## Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In- to the fold of  
 2. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee, Tenderly now he's  
 3. Linger- ing is but folly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the lambs who're

safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the  
 calling. Wanderer, come to me: Haste, for without is danger, Come, cries the  
 straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee

morn of youth, Enter the fold of safe- ty, En- ter the way of truth.  
 Shepherd blest, Enter the fold of safe- ty, En- ter the place of rest.  
 now to come, Enter the fold of safe- ty, Where there is rest and room.

## CHORUS.

Lovingly, tenderly calling is he, Wanderer, wanderer, come unto me;

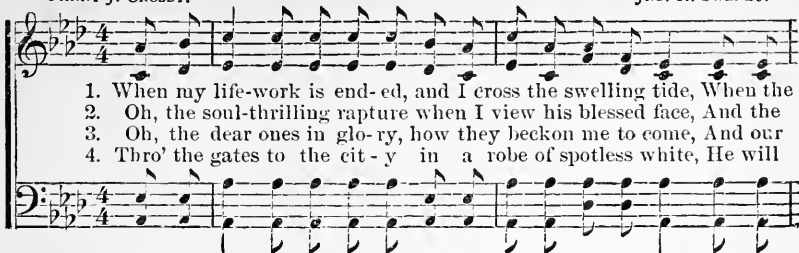
*rit.*  
 Patiently waiting, there standing I see Je- sus, my Shepherd divine.

# My Saviour First of All.

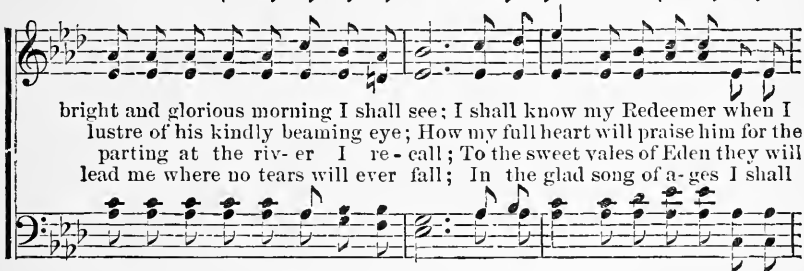
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FANNY J. CROSEY.

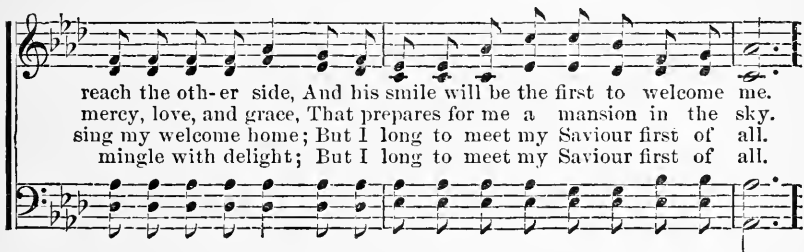
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the  
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the  
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our  
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

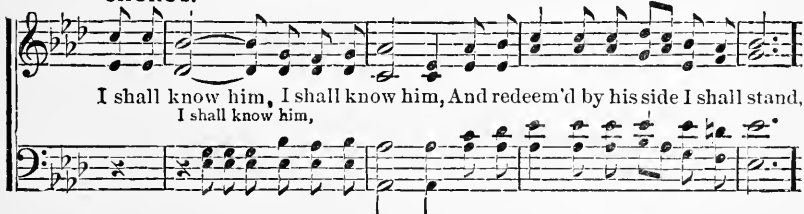


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

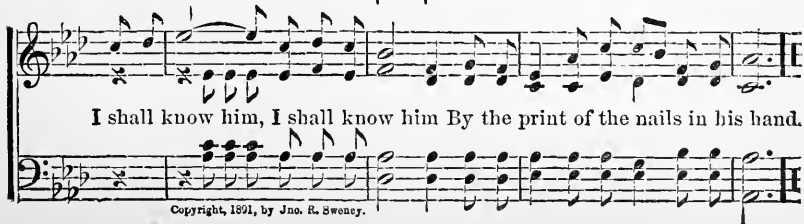


reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,  
I shall know him,



I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

# Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers, rise, And  
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God; We  
 3. On ev-ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let  
 4. To him that o-vercomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be-

press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies; Against the foe in  
 tread the road the saints above With shouts of triumph trod; By faith they, like a  
 tents of ease be left behind, And onward to the fray; Sal-vation's helmet  
 fore the angels he shall know His name confessed in heaven; Then onward from the

vales below, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry we know,  
 whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev'ry field;  
 The faith by which they conquered death  
 on each head, With truth all girt about, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,  
 hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,

## CHORUS.

That overcomes the world. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the  
 Is still our shining shield.  
 And ech-o with our shout.  
 In Jesus' conqu'ring name.



vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That overcomes the world.

## In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid - ing city, Mansions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly city, Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;

Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
 But that cit - y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.  
 They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.  
 Je - sus whispers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

**CHORUS.**

In that cit - y — bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Jesus, live for - ev - er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.

## List to the Story.

ANNA E. AGNEW.

Spanish Melody, arr.

1. List to the sto - ry Of the Christ, who for thy soul Left all his  
 2. Anthems are ringing O - ver earth and sea and shore, Glad tidings  
 3. Now he is pleading Up in heaven for thee this hour, There in - ter

glo - ry, All to make thee whole; On the cross he suffered,  
 bringing, Telling o'er and o'er Of a Sav - iour ris - en;  
 ced - ing In his love and power; Oh, the par - don proffered,

Bled and died on Cal - va - ry, Thus for thee he purchased  
 For the stone is rolled a - way, From the grave's dark pris - on  
 Blood to take thy sin a - way, Love di - vine is of - fered,

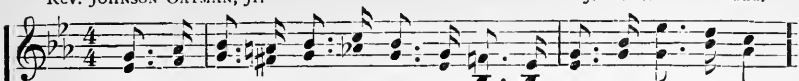
*Slower.* CHORUS.  
 Life so full and free. Je - sus is call - ing, Sweet and low he  
 He is risen to - day. Je - sus call - ing,  
 Wilt thou come to - day? Je - sus call - ing,

calls for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, Wilt thou come and see?  
 Je - sus call - ing,

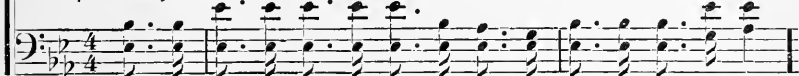
# Tell them that You Saw Me in the Army. 175

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE,



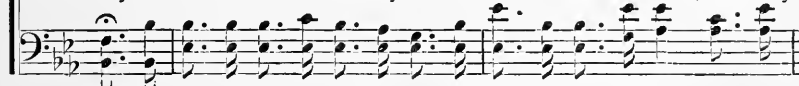
1. When you stand among the faith-ful in the ar-my of the King,
2. When the church of Christ is standing like a might-y bulwark strong,
3. And in sea-sons of re-viv-al when sal-va-tion onward rolls,
4. When your battles here are o-ver, and you charge the foe no more,



When you march beneath his ban-ner as you make his prais-es ring,  
 When she dares to charge her for-ces in some fight against the wrong,  
 Bring-ing joy to pardoned sin-ners, bringing peace to ransomed souls,  
 When you ground your arms fore-er on the soul's e-ter-nal shore,

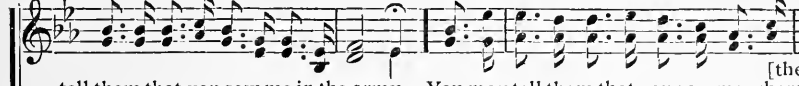


If you meet my old companions there, and they should ask for me, You may  
 Then, if an-y one should ask you if I did my du-ty there, You may  
 If perchance some one should ask you if I tried some soul to win, You may  
 If my dear ones there should ask you if I'm on the homeward road, You may

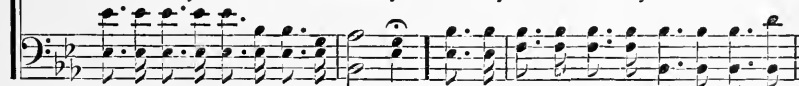


*D.S.*—Yes, if an-y one should ask you if I've faithful been and true, You may

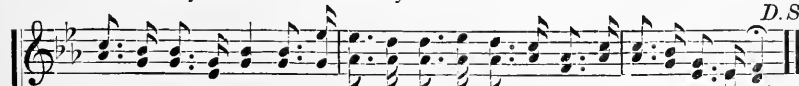
*Fine.* CHORUS.



tell them that you saw me in the army. You may tell them that you saw me where

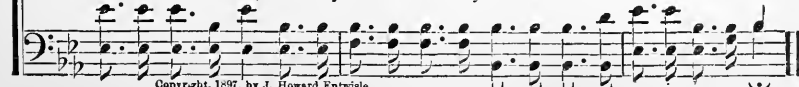


tell them that you saw me in the army.



*D.S.*

shot fell thick and fast, You may tell them that you saw me when I stood before the



## Sweetly I'm Resting in Jesus.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus, Trusting my Saviour and Lord;  
 2. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus, Plung'd in the life-giv-ing flood,  
 3. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus; Glo-ry-light beams on my way,  
 4. Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus, Safe on his bos-om re-clined;

Casting my soul on his mer - cy, Leaning up - on his word;  
 Bath'd in the sea of re - demption, Wash'd in the cleansing blood;  
 Bright'ning my path thro' the darkness, Chasing the clouds a - way,  
 Tokens of per - fect sal - va - tion, Fullness of joy I find,

Bearing the cross thro' toil and pain, Counting as loss all earth - ly gain;  
 Passive - ly ly - ing at his feet, Learning the bliss of love complete;  
 Feeding in pastures green and fair, Drinking from fountains flowing there,  
 Pur - er and clear - er all the way, Shineth the light of per - fect day,

*Fine.*  
 Knowing the faithful a crown shall obtain, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.  
 Waiting his pleasure whatev - er is meet, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.  
 Tender - ly guarded by his loving care Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.  
 Ho - ly the rapture, triumphant the lay, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.

From "Leaflet Gems." By per. of John J. Hood.

D. S.—Blessed assurance, his name be ador'd, Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus.

# Sweetly I'm Resting, etc.—CONCLUDED. 177

CHORUS.

D.S.

Rest - ing in Jesus my Lord, Firm - ly trusting his word;  
Sweetly I'm resting in Je - sus my Lord, Firmly I'm trusting, be - lieving his word;

## The Ark Floateth By.

Chorus by J. R. S.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Behold the ark of God, Behold the o - pen door, Hast-  
2. There safe shalt thou a - bide; There sweet shall be thy rest; And  
3. And when the waves of wrath A - gain the earth shall fill, Thine

en to gain that blest a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
ev - 'ry wish be sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.  
ark shall ride the sea of fire, And rest on Zi - on's hill.

CHORUS.

Oh, come, come to-day, do not longer delay. The ark, precions bark, floateth by;  
by, floateth by;

The waves as they roll shall not cover thy soul, For Jesus thy Saviour is nigh.  
thy Saviour is nigh.

# Let the Saviour In.

F. J. C.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii : 20. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a blessed Stranger at the door, Let him in, let him in;  
 2. 'Tis your dearest Friend that's at the door,  
 3. Will you let him plead and knock in vain? at the door, Let him in, let him in;

He has knock'd, yes, often there before, Let him in, let him in.  
 Will you let him knock there o'er and o'er?  
 He may leave, to never come again, there before, Let him in, let him in.

## CHORUS.—Sop. Obligato.

'Tis the Sav - iour standing at the door, Where he's oft - en  
 'Tis the Sav - iour standing at the door, Where he's

stood and knock'd before; He will cleanse thy heart from all its  
 oft - en stood and knock'd before; He will cleanse thy

sin; O then let the blessed Stranger in.

heart from all its sin; O then let the blessed Stranger in.

### Open All the Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Rev. xxi: 25.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. The pearl-y gates of glo-ry Are swinging wide alway, For God's own
2. They're o- pen wide for- ev- er, O brother, look that way; Behold those
3. No night there throws its shadow, They're open wide to stay, For God's own
4. So all the world may en- ter, Thro' Christ the Living Way, For since he

CHORUS.

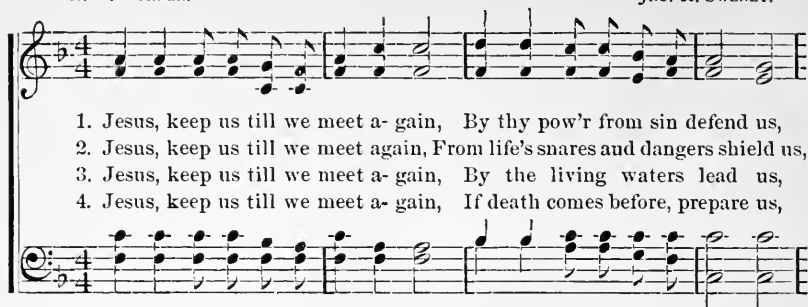
Bi- ble tells us They're open all the day. They're open all the day, They're  
gates of glo- ry, They're open all the day.  
word informs us They're open all the day.  
died for sinners They're open all the day.

open wide alway, Those pearly gates of glory, Oh, they're open all the day.

# Keep Us till We Meet Again.

WM. H. HORNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Jesus, keep us till we meet a- gain, By thy pow'r from sin defend us,  
 2. Jesus, keep us till we meet again, From life's snares and dangers shield us,  
 3. Jesus, keep us till we meet a- gain, By the living waters lead us,  
 4. Jesus, keep us till we meet a- gain, If death comes before, prepare us,



Grace and mercy dai- ly send us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a- gain.  
 May thy peace blest comfort yield us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a- gain.  
 In the Shepherd's pasture feed us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a- gain.  
 Thro' its gloom, dear Saviour, bear us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a- gain.

CHORUS.



May we often meet in communion sweet, As to heav'n we onward go;



There at last we'll meet, at our Saviour's feet, Oh, at last we'll never parting know.

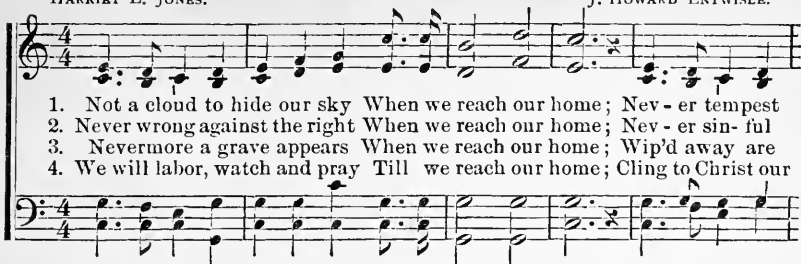


# When we Reach our Home.

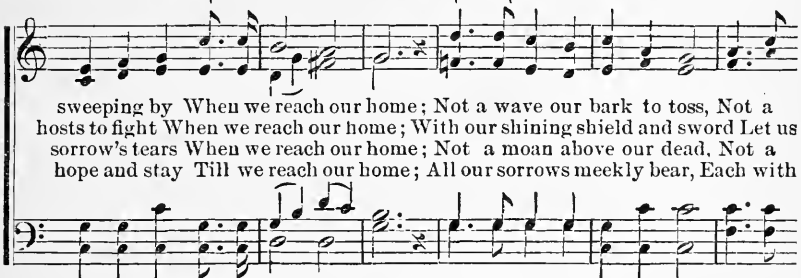
181

HARRIET E. JONES.

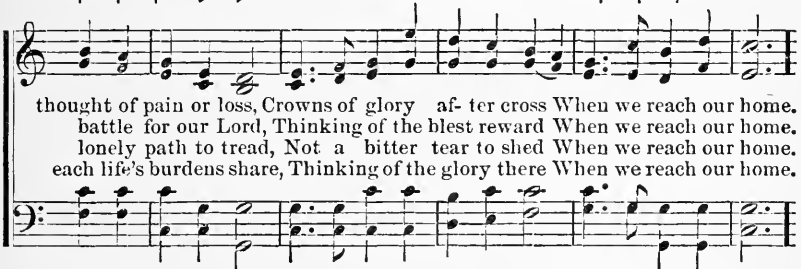
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Not a cloud to hide our sky When we reach our home; Nev - er tempest  
2. Never wrong against the right When we reach our home; Nev - er sin - ful  
3. Nevermore a grave appears When we reach our home; Wip'd away are  
4. We will labor, watch and pray Till we reach our home; Cling to Christ our

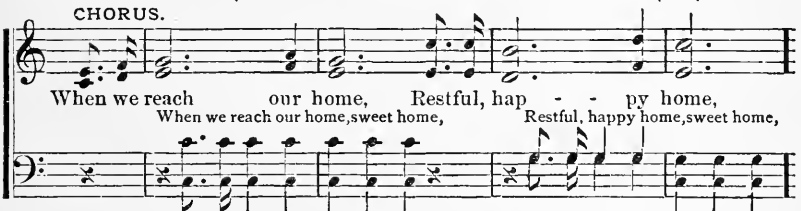


sweeping by When we reach our home; Not a wave our bark to toss, Not a  
host to fight When we reach our home; With our shining shield and sword Let us  
sorrow's tears When we reach our home; Not a moan above our dead. Not a  
hope and stay Till we reach our home; All our sorrows meekly bear, Each with




thought of pain or loss, Crowns of glory af - ter cross When we reach our home.  
battle for our Lord, Thinking of the blest reward When we reach our home.  
lonely path to tread, Not a bitter tear to shed When we reach our home.  
each life's burdens share, Thinking of the glory there When we reach our home.

## CHORUS.



When we reach our home, Restful, hap - - py home,  
When we reach our home, sweet home, Restful, happy home, sweet home,



Over there where the many mansions be, Bright, e - ter - nal home.  
ma - ny mansions be, Bright, eternal, happy home, sweet home.

## A Message for Mother.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Many weary miles I've wander'd Since I left my mother's home, Ma-ny  
 2. Ear-ly in my rec-ol-lection I was kneeling at her chair, When, with  
 3. Tho' for years I had been straying, Yet my mother's faith held fast, She be-

precious hours I've squander'd Since I first be-gan to roam; But my mother's  
 heart fill'd with affection, Mother breath'd my name in pray'r; And I knew that  
 liev'd while she was praying That her boy would yield at last; Go tell mother

pray'rs have follow'd, Tho' her boy was out of sight, And at last her pray'r is answer'd,  
 she was pleading That the Lord would lead me right, He has heard her interceding,  
 I'm for-given, Fill her old heart with delight, I have started out for heaven,

## CHORUS.

God has saved her boy to-night. Won't you take a message, brother? Take a message

full of joy, Go and tell my dear old mother, God has saved her wand'ring boy.

EDWARD S. BLACK, LL.B.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Beyond the stars that shine so bright In heaven's si - lent blue at  
 2. A land di - vine - ly, sweetly fair, Of golden streets and balmy  
 3. Land of rare beau - ty and de - light; Clouds ne'er bedim its glo - ry

night, Beyond the range of earthly eye There is a land of God on  
 air, And crystal stream of life, so pure, Its waters ev - er shall en -  
 bright, And weary souls find perfect rest In mansions of the lov'd and

high; A land that is not lost to me, Beauteous  
 dure. Oh, such a land from partings free, My endless  
 blest. No sad a-dieus e'er blighten thee, Sainly a -  
 A land that is not lost to me,

*rit.*  
 world . . . of Is - to - be.  
 home . . . of Is - to - be.  
 bode . . . of Is - to - be.  
 Beauteous world

4 A land of love, and sweet release  
 From earth-born care! of lasting peace  
 Pleasures supreme that ne'er grow old  
 Blissful repose in Jesus' fold!  
 Union of friends eternally  
 In fadeless clime of Is-to-be.

5 Then, Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!  
 Inspire my heart in purest love,  
 That I my cross may daily bear,  
 And with the ransom'd be an heir  
 Of crown of glory made for me,  
 In princely land of Is-to-be.

# The Comforter has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John xiv : 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOLE, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher- ev - er man is found, Wher-  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn- ing breaks at last; And  
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal- ing in his wings, To  
 4. Oh, boundless love di- vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech- oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu- man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden  
 ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

*D. S.*—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

*Fine.*

tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hell, should in his im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher- ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

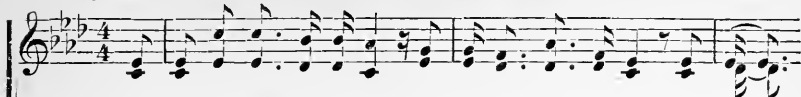
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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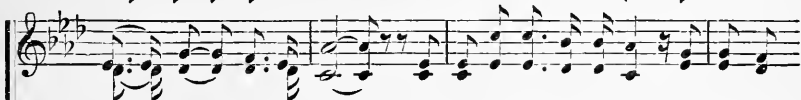
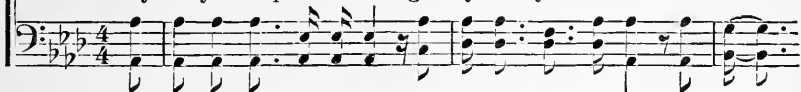
# Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking? 185

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



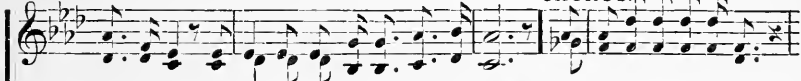
1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the casket of some departed friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill



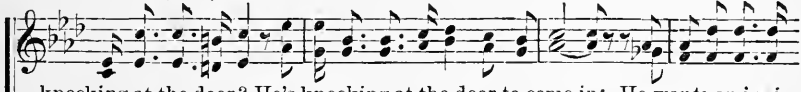
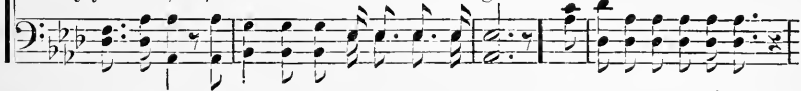
at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has  
re-sounded in your ears; How often in the night time the knock would  
your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your  
your pathway with delight; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-



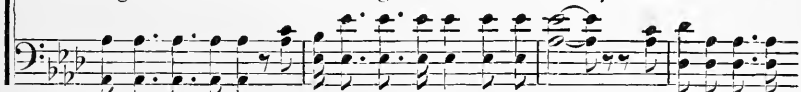
## CHORUS.



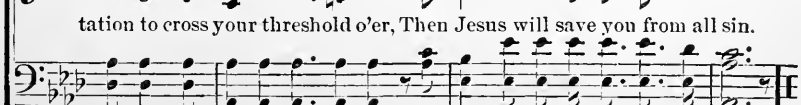
knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock-  
come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing,  
life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.  
way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-



tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.



# The Cross is not Greater.

B. B.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,  
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,  
 4. His will I have joy in ful-filling, As I'm walking in his sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bitter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

## CHORUS.

The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot

hide his bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know

That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

# The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand. 187

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dost thou know at thy bolt-ed heart's-door to-night, The Saviour in  
 2. Out-side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the  
 3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none  
 4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A welcome from

mekness doth stand, And longs for admission? pray, lis-ten now To the  
 love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and rejected, O give heed to-night To the  
 like in the land, Who asks to come in to for-ev-er abide; Heed the  
 you should command, Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore; Heed the

CHORUS.

knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,

Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; . . . . . Swing the door open wide,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;

Bid him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand. . . . .  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

## A Light at the River for Me.

D. M. C.

D. M. CASEY.

1. There's a deep, tur- bid river flowing just be- fore, And its wa- ters are  
 2. O'er its dark, foaming waters, from the unseen shore, An- gel bands in their  
 3. Ma- ny dear ones we lov'd, be- fore the throne, Dipp'd their wings in the  
 4. To the deep, turbid river we must one day come, And pass o'er its

dark and wide; But faith sees a light—yes, a bea - con light,  
 beau - ty glide; And they bear us a-way to the realms of day,  
 mys - tic tide; And pass'd o'er the deep, where they do not weep,  
 wa - ters wide; But hap - py will we be, if by faith we can see

## CHORUS.

Just down at the riv - er side. There's a light at the riv - er, a  
 To the light on the oth - er side.  
 In - to life on the oth - er side.  
 A light at the riv - er side.

light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see; My

Lord will stand, and hold in his hand A light at the riv - er for me.



# Oh, Won't you Meet me There? 189

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears. Then we will be for-  
 2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's  
 3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the

ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion  
 beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the  
 Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer

*Fine.* CHORUS.  
 to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you  
 cross did bear, That we might see its glory, Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?

*D.S.*—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?

meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e-ter-nal Cit-y Where  
 meet me there? meet me there

*D.S.*  
 all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,

# I was Down at the Pool.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Once I stood by the pool, Sick of sin and heavy hearted, Burden'd  
 2. When by faith I stepp'd in, I felt all my sins forgiv - en, And my  
 3. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Who hath heal'd all thy diseases; While I

down with my guilt and my shame, But I call'd on the Lord, And he  
 soul with God's love was a - flame; When his Spirit came down, Then I  
 live I will praise his dear name, For the Comfort - er came,—Promis'd

sent his Ho - ly Spir - it, Then I stepp'd in the pool when he came.  
 caught a glimpse of heaven, For I stood by the pool when he came.  
 by the blessed Je - sus, And I stood by the pool when he came.

## CHORUS.

I was down at the pool At the troubling of the waters; Oh, I

nev - er can forget that blessed hour; (blessed hour;) For I stepp'd in the pool,

And found pardon in the waters, When the Spirit came in mighty pow'r.  
mighty pow'r.

### Where He Leadeth.

"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him."—John x: 4.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Where my Shepherd leads I'll fol - low, Follow in his own right way;
2. Where my Shepherd leads I'll fol - low, Tho' the way be dark and drear;
3. Where my Shepherd leads I'll fol - low, Fully trusting as I go;

If his hand is always guid - ing, I can nev - er go a - stray.  
If my Saviour's hand is lead - ing, I shall nev - er, nev - er fear.  
Thro' green pastures he will lead me, Where the living wa - ters flow.

#### CHORUS.

Where he leadeth I will fol - low, Follow Je - sus all the way;  
follow, follow.

Where he leadeth I will fol - low, Follow Je - sus all the way.  
follow, follow.

## Heart and Voice United.

S. M. V.

Rev. S. MONROE VANSANT.

Heart and voice u - ni - ted in a triumph song, Faith and service  
triumph song,

D. C.—Heart and voice u - ni - ted in a triumph song, Faith and service

plighted in a cov'nant strong; "All for Christ" our sto - ry,

plighted in a cov'nant strong; "All for Christ" our sto - ry,

*Fine.*

all to him we owe, His shall be the glo - ry as we onward go.

all to him we owe, His shall be the glo - ry as we onward go.

Mer - ci - ful and ten - der he has ev - er been, Faithful Guide, De-

fend - er, Ref - uge from all sin; Free - ly he has giv - en

life and light and grace, Thro' the door of heaven shows the Father's face.

SOLO or UNISON. *Slower.*

Shall we not in Je - sus ev-'ry gift bestow? He who, suff'ring,

frees us from our guilt and woe, Claims our worthiest praises,—

shall we si- lent be? Nature's voice uprais - es worship, loud and free.

*D. C.*

*D. C.*

## Redeemed thro' the Blood.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. In the shelter of the Saviour's love, There my soul would evermore abide,  
 2. 'Neath the shadow of his mighty wing I am safe, tho' waves of sorrow roll,  
 3. Blessed anchor of the trusting soul! Thee I trust, my rock, my hope and guide,

Thro' the cleansing pow'r of Jesus' blood I'm safe, whatev-er may betide;  
 'Mid the tempest, I can sweetly sing, For Jesus' blood has saved my soul;  
 Ev'ry raging storm thou dost control, With thee, no e - vil can betide;

Tho' I've wandered far away from God, Tho' my feet have trod the paths of sin,  
 Tho' the clouds oft gather in the sky, Making dark the lonely way I go,  
 Oh, the greatness of thy boundless love! Thou didst save, poor sinner tho' I be,

Yet I know there's pardon thro' the blood For all who plunge the fount within.  
 Yet I hear the promise of his word, "Sufficient grace I will bestow."  
 Thro' the cleansing of thy precious blood I'm saved to all e - ter - ni - ty!

CHORUS.

In his love I will abide, Safe - ly sheltered by his side,  
 In his love, his love Safely, safe-ly

I am ful-ly sat- isfied, For I know thro' his blood I'm redeemed.  
I am ful-ly,

### On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. O, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,

*Fine.*

And now to realms of end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.  
Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.  
My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.  
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where every tear is wiped a-way.

*D.S.*—crown to wear in end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

## The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-  
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my  
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chilly waves of  
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have

on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will  
 soul he brings; Leaning on his mighty arm, I will  
 Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my  
 gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 Sav - our is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 him for ev - ermore; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 Sav - our is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 him for ev - ermore; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 Sav - our is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.  
 him for ev - ermore; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is  
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day,



# The Best Friend is Jesus.—CONCLUDED. 197

Je - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will  
Je - sus all the way;

hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

## The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night"

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.  
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.  
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,  
And the vesper call  
Is sobbing its low refrain,  
'Tis a garland sweet  
To the toil-dent feet,  
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door  
Shall be shut no more:  
Life's tears shall be wiped away,  
As the pearl gates swing,  
And the gold harps ring,  
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

## I Love Him Far Better.

E. G. C.

ELI G. CHRISTY.

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

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can  
 Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed him on  
 pardon,—'twas heav - en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to  
 ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may forsake me and

pleasure af - ford, There's peace and contentment in serv - ing the Lord.  
 Cal - va - ry's tree—I hear a voice saying,— I suffered for thee!  
 my wea - ry soul, My sins are for - giv - en, he made my heart whole.  
 tri - als a - rise, I am trusting in Je - sus—his love nev - er dies.

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

**CHORUS.**

{ I love him far better than in days of yore, } I'll do as he bids me what -  
 { I'll serve him more truly than ever be - fore, }

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweet.

5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,  
 A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one knows?  
 Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,  
 The blood of my Saviour was shed there  
 for thee.

6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer  
 me to-day, [away,  
 His love and his kindness can ne'er fade  
 In winter, in summer, in sunshine and  
 rain, [same,  
 His love and affection are always the

# Jesus Leads.

199

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .  
 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .  
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .  
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .  
 Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .  
 Thro' the war-ings and the strife Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .  
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . .  
 All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . .  
 When we reach . the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re- cedes, . .  
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

*rit.*  
 He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
 Safe in- to the fold of God Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
 He will spread the waves a- side, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.  
 Je-sus leads,

## I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I've been a wand'rer far from God Upon the mountains of sin, A  
 2. I hear the Saviour's loving voice, No more his pleading I'll spurn,—So  
 3. Oh, blessed service of my Lord, A trusted servant to be, A

wea-ry outcast from the fold, My soul all dark within; But ah! the  
 wea-ry, too, of earth's cold cheer, So ea-ger to re-tur-n To pastures  
 foll'wer of the blessed One, A slave, and yet so free! E-ter-nal

Saviour pleads with me In gen-tle, loving voice, I cannot turn my  
 green, where I can feed My hun-gry, sin-sick soul, And there my Saviour's  
 life in heav'n above, In mansions fair and bright, A place with Je-sus

CHORUS.

Lord away—I'll make him now my choice. I . . . . . will say  
 child to be While endless a - ges roll.  
 near the throne Will be my soul's delight. I will say "Yes," say

"Yes" to Je - sus, I . . . . . will say "Yes" to Je - sus,  
 I will say "Yes," say

# I will Say "Yes" to Jesus.—CONCLUDED. 201

1  
With outstretch'd hands my Saviour stands, And beckons the wand'rer to come;  
the wand'rer to come;

2  
Without de-lay I'll now o- bey, And he will welcome me home. . . .  
will welcome me home.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first two verses of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The first system is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with some words on a second line. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

## Whosoever Believeth.

REV. FREDERICK DENISON.

W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

1. From Calv'ry's mountain sounding, What loving words we hear, The love of  
2. Oh, seek this great sal- vation, And cast out ev- 'ry sin, The soul's e-  
3. Who- e'er my Word be- lieveth, We hear the Saviour say, A par- don  
4. O brother, come and trust him, O come to him to- day, He's waiting

CHORUS.

God a- bounding, Dispell- ing all our fear. O brother, believe it!  
man- ci - pa - tion, By pow'r divine with- in.  
full re - ceiveth, All sins are wash'd away.  
to re- ceive you, Why longer, then, delay?

O brother, receive it! Whoso- ev- er believeth Hath everlast - ing life.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Whosoever Believeth'. It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The first system includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS' and contains the chorus lyrics. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

## Words of Heartfelt Prayer.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. I have a friend to whom I go, Who will my sor - rows share,
2. I find it here a sweet release, From all my trials and care,
3. He crowns my days with blessings rich, And helps my burdens bear,



I hold commun - ion sweet with him In words of heartfelt pray'r.  
 When up - ward my pe - ti - tions rise In words of heartfelt pray'r.  
 When earn - est - ly I go to him In words of heartfelt pray'r.

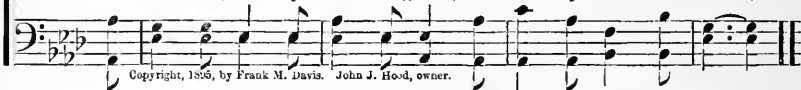


*D.S.* — Make known my wishes and my wants In words of heartfelt pray'r.

## CHORUS.

*D.S.*

O Je - sus, at thy throne of grace, I humbly meet thee there,



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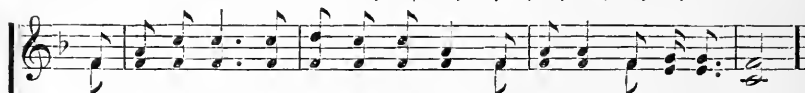
## Sinners are Coming Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

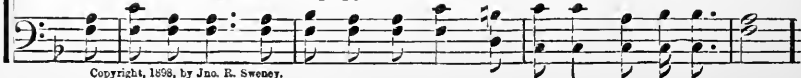
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O brother, have you heard the story? O brother, have you heard the story?
2. O sing, for Je - sus now rejoic - es, O sing, for Je - sus now rejoic - es,



O let us all give God the glo - ry, For sinners are coming home.  
 And heaven rings with hap - py voic - es, For sinners are coming home.



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# Once Upon a Stormy Ocean.

Arranged and harmonized by J. H. E.

1. Once up-on a storm-y o-ccean Rode a bark at e-ven-tide,

While the waves in wild commotion Dashed against the ves-sel's side;

*Fine.*

*D.S.*—While the winds were all a-broad Calm-ly slept the Son of God.

Je-sus sleeping on a pil-low Heed-ed not the rag-ing bil-low,

*D.S.*

2 In that dark and stormy hour  
Fearful ones awoke their Lord,  
Jesus by his sovereign power  
Calmed the tempest with a word;  
Out on life's tempestuous ocean,  
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,  
Trembling soul, your Lord is there,  
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping  
When before his cross you bow,  
Never, never is he sleeping,  
Where he reigns in glory now;  
If the world be dark before thee,  
And the billows rolling o'er thee,  
Should thy soul with terror fill,  
Hear Christ saying, "peace, be still."

# The Old Folks' Hymn.

I was in the home of an aged couple one day; their little granddaughter went singing through the house, "What a friend we have in Jesus." The tears coursed down their wrinkled faces and they said, "Those words we realize to be true in our case."—C. J. B.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER

1. I sat with-in a home one day With two whose locks with age were gray,  
2. The tears cours'd down their aged face, Where grief's rude hand had left its trace,  
3. Those a-ged ones long years a-go In triumph left this world of woe;



# The Old Folks' Hymn.—CONCLUDED.

The heav'nly race they long had run, Their work on earth was nearly done;  
And 'mid those tears to me they said, "On Christ long since our care we've laid,  
They're living now with Christ their friend, And joys are their's which ne'er shall end.

Within that humble home was one Who had life's journey just begun,  
He's been to us a friend so dear, In sorrow's night spoke words of cheer,"  
The song of that far, dis- tant day From men'ry ne'er will fade a- way;

And with her childish voice sang clear This dear old hymn, so full of cheer.\*  
They prais'd the One once for them slain, While still she sang this sweet refrain.†  
When burden'd with earth's care and grief I've sung this song and found relief.‡

207

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

(May be sung by a little girl.)

1. What a Friend we have in, etc.

\* 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

† 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

‡ 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, suill our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there

# Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Rev. S. G. NEILL.

1. { Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross (*Omit. . . . .*) That raiseth me;

The musical score for the first system is in G major, 3/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece is marked with a first ending bracket and a 'Fine' marking.

*D. C.*—Nearer, my God, to thee! (*Omit. . . . .*) Nearer to thee!

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

The musical score for the second system continues the melody and bass line. It is marked with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) at the end.

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

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

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

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

## 209

## My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died!  
Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

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;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.

- 5 His only righteousness I show  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name;  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

## 211

## Crown Him Lord of All.

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this earthly ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

## Hamburg. L. M.



### 212 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light  
Mercy is found, and peace is given,  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming  
sound;  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the  
grave:  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
rise—  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

### 213 Just as I am.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bids't me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

### 214 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

### 215 When I Survey.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



### 216 And can I yet Delay ?

- AND can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more:  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;  
My friends, my all resign:  
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,  
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

### 217 A Charge to Keep I Have.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,—  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

## Laban. S. M.



### 218 Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

- COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow:
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

### 219 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

- MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise,  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er,  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou hast got the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God:  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
Up to his blest abode.

## The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7.6.  
Fine.

*D.S.*

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

## 221 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

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 shall be 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:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes:  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

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

## 222

## Work, for the Night is Coming.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the days grow brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon,

3 Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies,  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

# On the Victory Side.

223

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptred sings,  
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,  
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,  
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! and our hearts beat high with praise.

While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.  
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.  
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.  
Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.

## CHORUS.

On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

# Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is  
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be  
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled  
 4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the  
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the  
 soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the  
 Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise, — get under the blood.  
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, — get under the blood.  
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise, — get under the blood.  
 lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise, — I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by poet.

# Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be  
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more  
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Following him each day; What I ask  
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

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## Deeper Yet.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in. Deeper yet, deep-er yet,  
of his pow'r Ever my pray'r shall be.  
he will give, So then with faith I pray.  
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

## 226 Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an-gel death will come to me;  
2. My sins he long a-go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;  
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

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- 4 My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, 5 So when at death's cold brink I stand,  
But safely cross'd with Christ their guide; My hand clasp'd in the Savionr's hand;  
They sweetly whispered in my ear, I too shall shout in tones so clear,  
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear. Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

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

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav iour and my God!

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## He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:  
 There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - berty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take him at his word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

# Come, Holy Spirit.

 Tune,  
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it. heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate,  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

# 230 JOSEPH HART. Come, Ye Sinners.

 Tune,  
GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

*Fine.*

*D. C.*

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

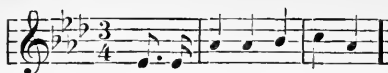
3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him!  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture freely;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

231 Is my Name Written There. (Cop.)



LORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold.  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins are so many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!  
Is sufficient for me;  
For thy promise is written,  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching—  
Is my name written there?—M. A. K.

232 My Jesus, I Love Thee. (Cop.)



MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

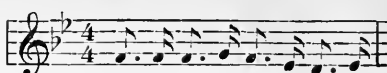
2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
I love thee for wearing the thorn on thy brow;  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight  
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright,  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

—London Hymn Book.

233 Standing on the Promises. (Cop.)



STANDING on the promises of Christ my King,  
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;  
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,  
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing, [our;  
Standing on the promises of God my Sav-  
Standing, standing,  
I'm standing on the promises of God.

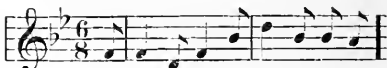
2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,  
When the howling storms of doubt and fear  
assail,  
By the living word of God I shall prevail,  
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now can see  
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;  
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes  
Standing on the promises of God. [free,

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,  
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,  
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,  
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,  
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,  
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,  
Standing on the promises of God.  
—R. Kelso Carter.

234 We'll Never Say Good By. (Cop.)



OUR friends on earth we meet with pleas-  
ure,  
While swift the moments fly,  
Yet ever comes the thought of sadness  
That we must say good by.

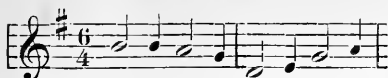
CHO.—We'll never say good by in heav'n,  
We'll never say good by,  
For in that land of joy and song,  
We'll never say good by.

2 How joyful is the thought that lingers,  
When loved ones cross death's sea,  
That when our labors here are ended,  
With them we'll ever be.

3 No parting words shall e'er be spoken  
In that bright land of flowers,  
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness,  
Shall evermore be ours.

—Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

235 **Fill Me Now.** (Copyright.)



HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;  
 Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,  
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

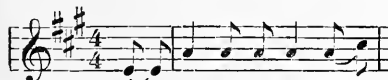
CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,  
 Jesus, come, and fill me now;  
 Fill me with thy hallow'd presence,—  
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
 Though I cannot tell thee how;  
 But I need thee, greatly need thee,  
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
 At thy sacred feet I bow;  
 Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
 Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save  
 me;  
 Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!  
 Thou art comforting and saving,  
 Thou art sweetly filling now.  
 —Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

236 **It is Good to be Here.** (Copyright.)



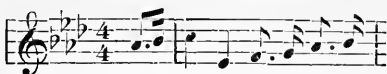
WHILE we bow in thy name,  
 Oh, meet us again,  
 Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;  
 May the Spirit of grace,  
 And the smiles of thy face,  
 Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—||: It is good to be here, :||  
 Thy perfect love now drives away all our  
 fear, [way all clear,  
 And light streaming down makes the path—  
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;  
 Oh, may we now see  
 A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;  
 And feel, as it rolls  
 In power o'er our souls,  
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;  
 We feel the sweet flow [tide;  
 Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning  
 We are washed from our sin,  
 Made all holy within,  
 And in Jesus we sweetly abide.  
 —Rev. I. N. Wilson.

237 **Sunshine in the Soul.** (Copyright.)



THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,  
 More glorious and bright  
 Than glows in any earthly sky,  
 For Jesus is my light.

CHO.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sun-  
 shine, [roll;  
 When the peaceful, happy moments  
 When Jesus shows his smiling face  
 There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,  
 A carol to my King,  
 And Jesus, listening, can hear  
 The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,  
 For when the Lord is near  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart,  
 The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,  
 And hope, and praise, and love,  
 For blessings which he gives me now,  
 And joys "laid up" above.  
 —E. E. Hewitt.

238 **Jesus is Passing By.** (Copyright.)



COME, contrite one, and seek his grace,  
 Jesus is passing by;  
 See in his reconciled face  
 The sunshine of the sky.

CHO.—Passing by, passing by,  
 Hasten to meet him on the way,  
 Jesus is passing to-day,  
 Passing by, passing by.

2 Come, hungry one, and tell your need,  
 Jesus is passing by;  
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed,  
 And fully satisfy.

3 Come, weary one, and find sweet rest,  
 Jesus is passing by;  
 Come where the longing heart is bless'd,  
 And on his bosom lie.

4 Come, burdened one, bring all your  
 care,  
 Jesus is passing by;  
 The love that listens to your prayer,  
 Will "no good thing" deny.  
 —E. E. Hewitt.

## I Know it is There.

F. M. D.

"Written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. xxi: 27. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I re-joice now to know that my sins are for-giv'n, That my  
2. Je-sus sav'd me from sin and from all earthly strife, And has  
3. Glo-ry be to the Lamb that for sinners was slain! He has

## CHORUS.

name's on the book kept by an-gels in heav'n. Yes, I know it is  
written my name in the Lamb's book of life.  
written my name as one cleans'd from all stain.

there on those pa-ges so fair, Written there, . . . written there.  
written there,

Copyright by Frank M. Davis. John J. Hood, owner.

Music No. 35 in "Unfading Treasures."

## 240 More about Jesus. (Copyright.)

MORE about Jesus would I know,  
More of his grace to others show;  
More of his saving fulness see,  
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—||: More, more about Jesus; :||  
More of his saving fulness see,  
More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,  
More of his holy will discern;  
Spirit of God, my teacher be,  
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his word,  
Holding communion with my Lord;  
Hearing his voice in every line,  
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on his throne,  
Riches in glory all his own;  
More of his kingdom's sure increase;  
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

—E. E. Hewitt.

Music No. 25 in "Unfading Treasures."

## 241 Jesus is Good to Me. (Copyr't.)

I LOVE my Saviour, his heart is good,  
He has loved me o'er and o'er; [blood,  
He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his  
And I love him more and more.

CHO.—||: Jesus is good to me; :||  
So good! so good!  
Jesus is good to my soul.

2 He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,  
How fond his tender embrace! [soul,  
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my  
My day the smile of his face.

3 I want to love him with all my heart,  
Though all its powers are small;  
I will not keep from him any part,  
For he is worthy of all.

4 He's good to me in my sorrow's night,  
He's good in the tempest's roil;  
He bringeth from darkness into light,—  
With joy he filleth my soul.

—E. H. Stokes, D.D.

*Music No. 149 in "Unfading Treasures."*

**242 The Haven of Rest.** (*Copy't.*)

My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,  
So burdened with sin, and distrest,  
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make  
me your choice;  
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven  
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,  
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,  
stormy deep,  
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,  
And faith taking hold of the word,  
My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul;  
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord  
made me whole,  
Has been the OLD STORY so blest  
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have  
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all  
may recline,  
Like John the beloved and blest,  
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest  
can harm,—  
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently  
To save by his power divine; [waits  
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of  
And say, "my Beloved is mine." [rest,  
—H. L. Gilmour.

*Music No. 271 in "Unfading Treasures."*

**243 Keep Close to Jesus.** (*Copy't.*)

WHEN you start for the land of heavenly  
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [rest,  
For he is the Guide, and he knows the way  
Keep close to Jesus all the way. [best,

CHO —: Keep close to Jesus, :||  
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [right,  
By day or by night never turn from the  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as you  
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [go,  
'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to know,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the evil  
Keep close to Jesus all the way; [one,  
Take the shield of faith till the victory is  
Keep close to Jesus all the way. [won,

4 We shall reach our home in heaven by  
and bye,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
Where to those we love we'll never say  
good-bye,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

—John Lane.

*Music No. 122 in "Unfading Treasures."*

**244 At the Cross.** (*Copyright.*)

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross,  
Where I first saw the light, [way,  
And the burden of my heart rolled a-  
It was there by faith  
I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do!

—I. Waus.

*Music No. 90 in "Love and Praise No. 1."*

**245 He is Mine, I am His.** (*Copy't.*)

BLESSED Lily of the Valley, oh, how fair  
He is mine, I am his; [is he!  
Sweeter than the angel's music is his voice  
He is mine, I am his. [to me,  
Where the lilies fair are blooming by the  
waters calm,

There he leads me, and upholds me by his  
strong right arm;  
All the air is love around me, I can feel no  
He is mine, I am his. [harm,

CHO.—Lily of the valley, he is mine!  
Lily of the valley, I am his! [to me,  
Sweeter than the angel's music is his voice  
He is mine, I am his.

2 Let me sing of all his mercies, of his  
He is mine, I am his; [kindness true,  
Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes  
He is mine, I am his! [a blessing new,  
With the deep'ning shadows comes a whis-  
per, "safely rest!"

Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught  
shall thee molest;  
I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend  
He is mine, I am his. [and guest,"

3 Tho' he lead me thro' the valley of the  
He is mine, I am his; [shade of death,  
Should I fear, when, oh, so tenderly he  
He is mine, I am his! [whispereth,  
For the sunshine of his presence doth il-  
lume the night,

And he leads me thro' the valley to the  
mountain height;  
Out of bondage into freedom, into cloud-  
He is mine, I am his. [less light,

—Grace Elizabeth Cobb.

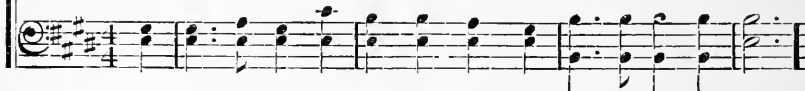
## As Now We Part.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. God bless the hearts be- fore him here, And bless this hour so sweet;
2. While seasons swift- ly come and go, And tears and smiles abound,
3. God bless to us his precious Word, And make its meaning clear,
4. Now voice with voice, and soul with soul We pray to meet a - gain,



God bless and hold us each most dear Un - til a - gain we meet.  
 God help us all in grace to grow, With love encompass'd round.  
 And let each heart a - new be stirr'd To worship in his fear.  
 While loud and long the ech-oes roll, And sound the great a - men.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

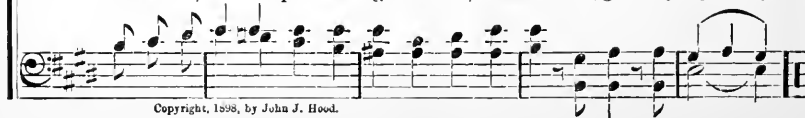
As now we part God bless each heart, His grace your ev'ry need sup- ply;  
 each heart,



supply;



In all we do, God keep us strong and true, Dear friends, good-bye, good-bye.





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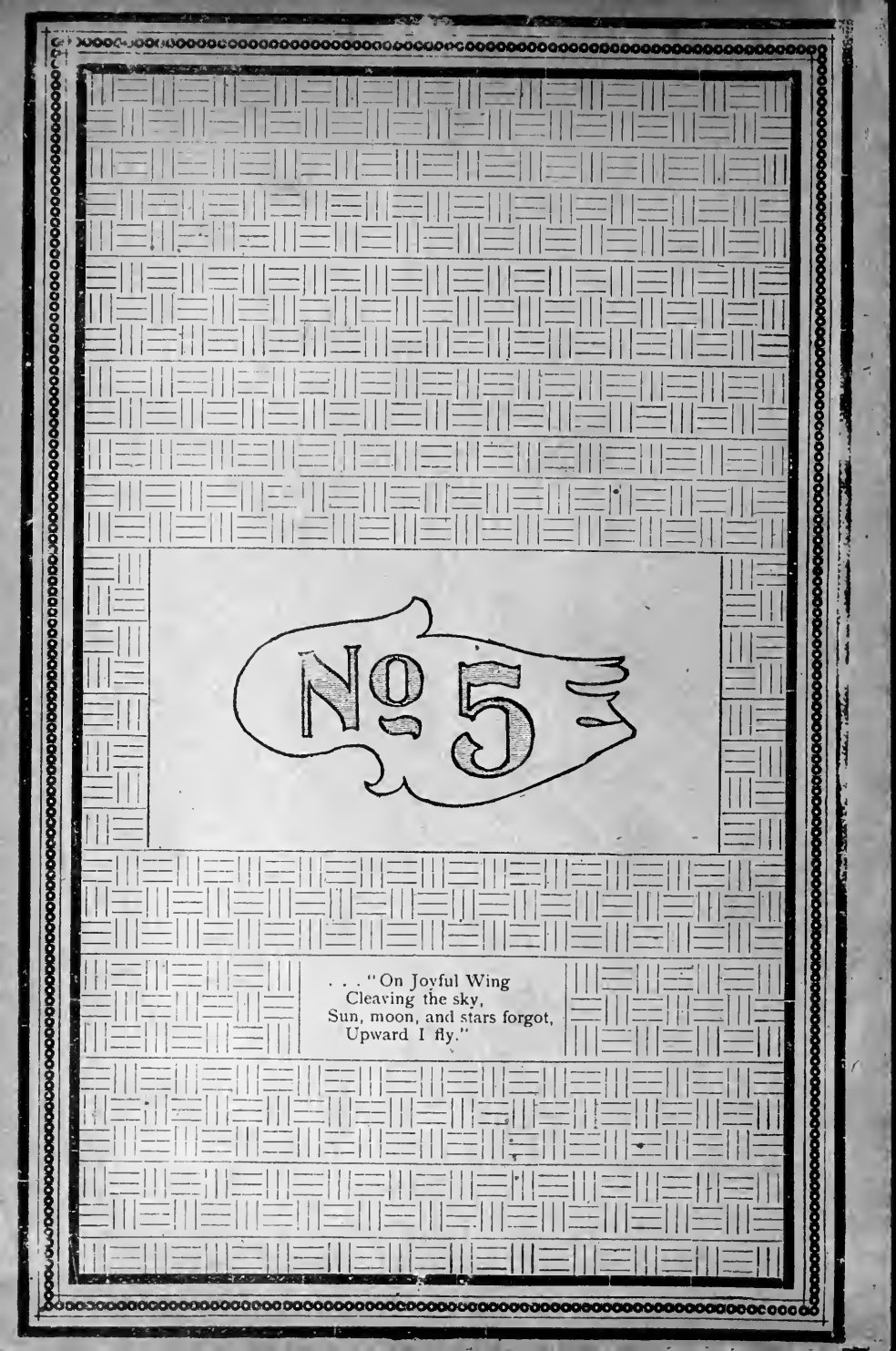
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