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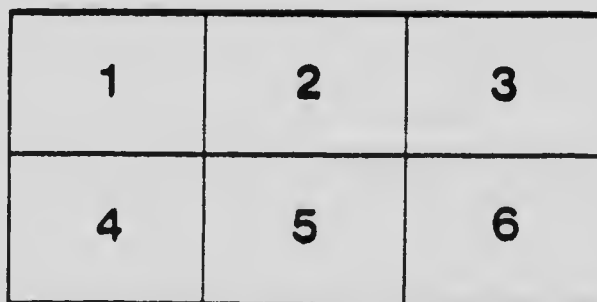
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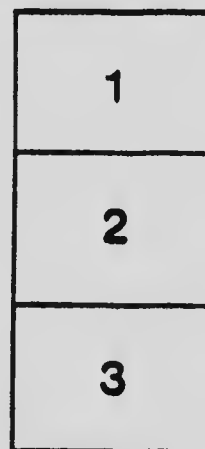
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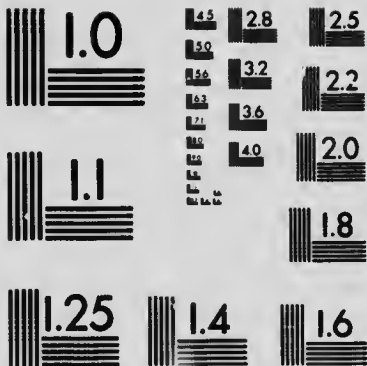
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The
Voice of Praise
No. 3

A complete collection of Scriptural, Gospel, Sunday School
and Praise Service Songs.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL
C. AUSTIN MILES
ADAM GEIBEL

Price: 35 cents each, by mail 40 cents

Montreal, P. Q.
D. G. RIDOUT

WILLIAM BRIGGS
29-37 Richmond St., West,
Toronto

Halifax, N. S.
F. W. MOSHER

FOREWORD

The following collection of Gospel Songs has been edited and compiled by three of the best sacred song writers on this continent.

This edition has been specially prepared to suit the requirements of the Canadian market, and we feel assured will meet with the hearty approval of the Canadian public.

It contains many new and original selections by the Editors and others, and also includes in the collection several of the most popular Canadian patriotic songs.

VOICE OF PRAISE

No. 3

No. 1.

O Such Wonderful Love.

C. A. M.

ALFRED HUDSON.

1. The love of the Sav-our of sin - ners To all of the world was shown,
2. Such won - der - ful love for the low - ly Was shown at an aw - ful cost
3. For this is the song of the ran - som'd Sur round-ing the throne of God,
4. When an - gels in glo - ry are sing - ing The sto - ry of which we know,

When Je - sus the On - ly Be - got - ten Came down from the heav'n - ly throne.
When Je - sus was of - fer'd a ran - som, To par - don from death the lost.
Who view with re - joic - ing the path - way That here up - on earth they trod.
O why should the tongues of re - deem'd ones Be si - bent on earth be - low.

CHORUS.

O such won - der - ful love, He who hung on the tree,
won - der - ful love, on the tree,

Came from heav - en a - bove, For you, for me.
from heav - en a - bove,

No. 2.

When We Crown Our King.

JAMES ROWE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the strife is end-ed, And from deeps of night, All the race has ris-en, To the
 2. When the strife is end-ed, And is heard the call: "Crown Him, nations, crown Him, Lord and
 3. When the strife is end-ed, And the world is won, When we see the glo-ry, Of Je-

plains of light, Such a song of rap-ture As is now un-known, Will as-cend to
 King of all," O'er the plains of E-den, And the red-en shore, There will ring an
 ho-vah's Son, How our souls will praise Him, How our hearts will sing, To our might-y

Chorus.

heav-en, And Je-ho-vah's throne, } When the strife is end-ed, And we
 an-them, Nev-er heard be-fore, }
 Sav-iour—Our e-ter-nal King! } When the strife, the strife is end-ed, And we

crown our King, All the worlds to-geth-er, With His praise shall ring, With His
 crown, we crown our King, our King,

praise shall ring, Hal-le-lu-jah! -le-lu-jah! All the world shall sing.
 praise, His praise shall ring, All the world shall sing, shall sing.

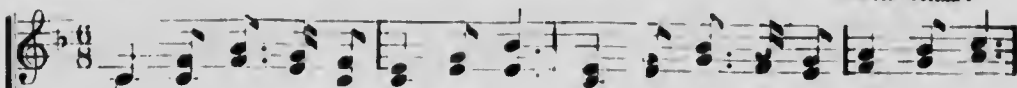
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No. 3. Give all the Sunshine You Can.

BIRDIE BELL.

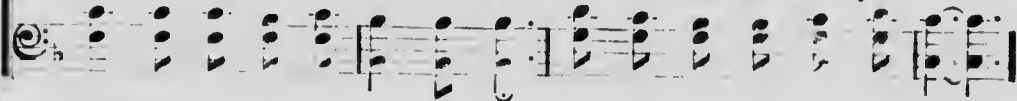
C. AUSTIN MILLS.



1. Clouds may dark-en the fair-est sky, Keep the song and for-get the sigh,
 2. Wear a face that will smile at grief, Bear no grudge, for the time is brief,
 3. Seat-ter brightness wher-e'er you go, Lift the souls by their sin-ful-ty.



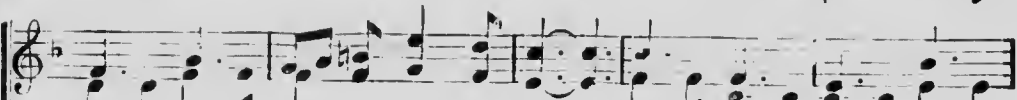
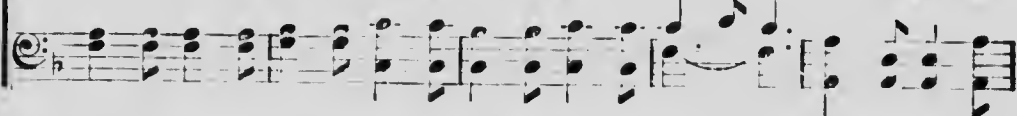
Gath-er joys as the days go by Get all the sun-shine you can
 Lives are nev-er by that need re-lief, Make all the sun-shine you can
 Bind up hearts that are crush'd by woe, Give all the sun-shine you can



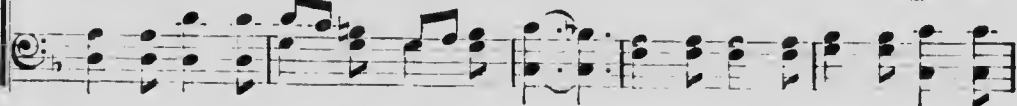
CHORUS.



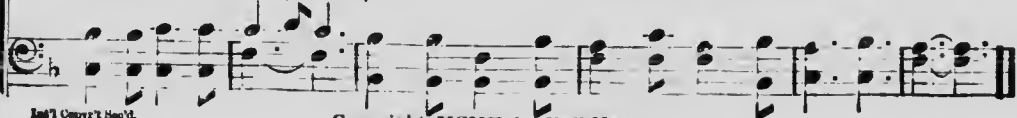
Sun-shine, sun-shine, ev-ery day, Gath-er
 Try to gath-er sun-shine, gath-er sun-shine ev-ery day, Try to gath-er



sun-shine all a-long the way, Gath-er sun-shine
 sun-shine, gath-er all a-long the way, Try to gath-er sun-shine, gath-er



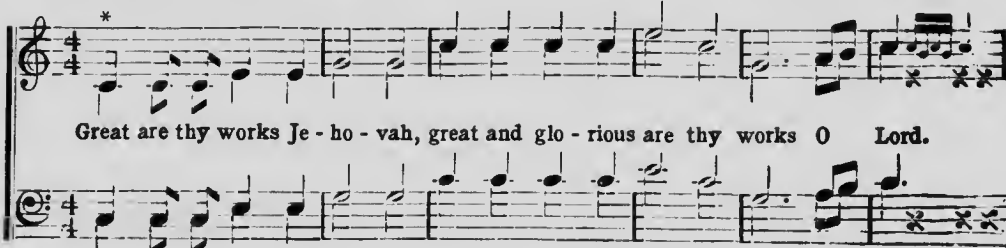
from God's love, Gath-er gold-en sun-shine from the land a-bove.
 sunshine from God's love, His love,



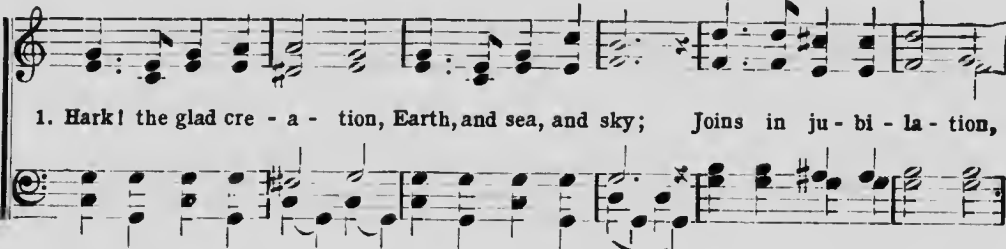
No. 4: Hark! the Glad Creation.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

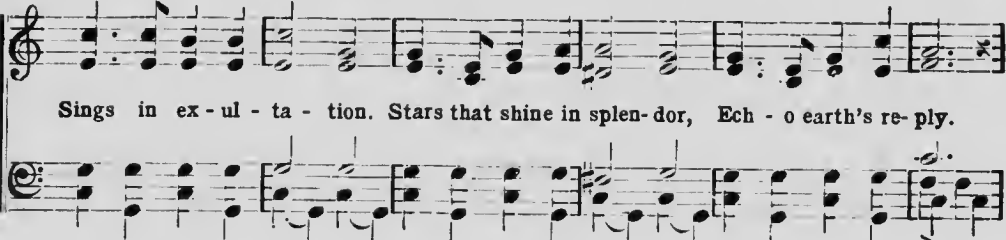
J. LINCOLN HALL.

*

Great are thy works Je - ho - vah, great and glo - rious are thy works O Lord.

1. Hark! the glad cre - a - tion, Earth, and sea, and sky; Joins in ju - bi - la - tion,



Sings in ex - ul - ta - tion. Stars that shine in splen - dor, Ech - o earth's re - ply.



Joy - ous hom - age ren - der, Praise the Lord, the Lord most high. FINE.
Praise the Lord most high.



* First six measures from Mozart's "Gloria."
SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

1. Vales in sun - light glow - ing, Flow'rs in beau - ty bright, Fragrance fair be - stow - ing,
2. Brooks to o - cean glid - ing, 'Mid the for - ests fair, Tell of love a - bid - ing,



Hark! the Glad Creation.—Concluded.

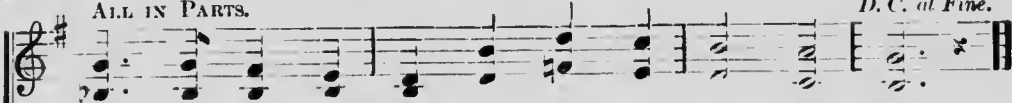


'Neath the skies so bright. Hills in ver-nal glo - ry Glad-some trib-ute bring,
Tell a Fa-ther's care. Buds in rap-ture soar - ing, List, their car-ols ring!

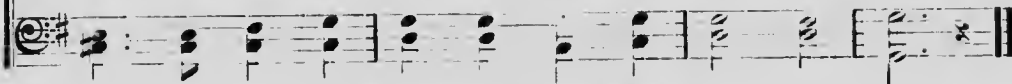


ALL IN PARTS.

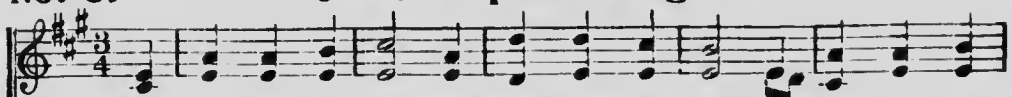
D. C. al Fine.



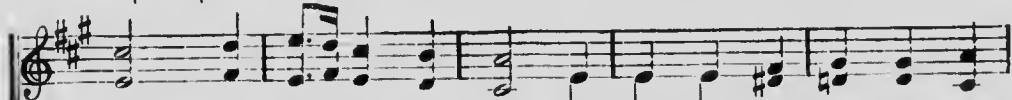
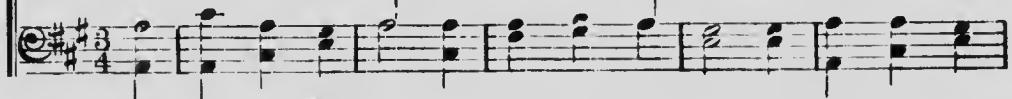
Tell cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Hail their Lord and King! *D. C.*
Songs of praise a - dor - ing, Hail their Lord and King! *D. C.*



No. 5. O Worship the King.



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



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



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



No. 6.

Hark, the Trumpet.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO, OR ALL GIRLS.

WHOLE SCHOOL.

SOLO, OR ALL GIRLS.

1. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! Lis- the sil-v'ry notes of cheer,
 2. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! Lo, the gold-en dawn is near,
 3. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! Roy - al standards now ap-pear,

WHOLE SCHOOL.

GIRLS ALONE.

Haste, O haste! An - gel host from heav'nly height, Wait with crowns of light,
 Haste, O haste! Seek with joy to serve your King, Joy - ous hom-age bring,
 Haste, O haste! Loy - al be, and ev - er true, Strength divine re - new,

WHOLE SCHOOL.

CHORUS, SOPRANO AND ALTO.

* Ring, ring, ring, ring,

Hark, the trum-pet ring- ing clear, Then haste, O haste! Clear trumpets ring,

MALE VOICES.

Praise, praise, we sing, On, on, on, on! Sing, sing, O sing!

Glad praise we sing! On - ward for - ev - er serve our King!

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

ALL.

Clear trumpets ring, glad praise we sing, On, on, for-ev-er as we serve our King.

* This part may be played by instrument if preferred.

No. 7.

The Call of Christ.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Far a-bove earth's tu-mult, The call of Christ we hear, Shall its gen-tle
 2. Not from far-off coun-try, Or land a-cross the sea, Comes with earn-est
 3. He who is my neigh-bor, And needs a cheer-ing word, In his faint-est

plead-ing, Fall on a heed-less ear? O hear the call of Christ,
 plead-ing, The call of Christ to me,
 whis-per, The call of Christ is heard. O hear the call, O hear the call of Christ

CHORUS. Unison.

The call of Christ is to mer-cy and pard-on and peace, The call of Christ is to

war-fare that nev-er shall cease, Till we shall en-ter that land of prom-ise where

gain-ing ground.
 true joys a-bound, Then onward press, my comrades, we are gaining, we are gaining ground.
 gain-ing, gain-ing ground.

No. 8. There's no Rock Like the Rock of Ages.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER

1. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, In its cleft there is shel-ter for all;
 2. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, It will stand when the hills pass a - way,
 3. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, 'neath its shad-ow the wea-ry may rest,

There is ref-uge from the gale, It will nev - er, nev - er fail. There's no
 Tho' sins bill-ows round it roll. There is safe - ty to the soul. There's no
 Cares of life be all for - got, Fear of death dis - turbs you not. There's no

Chorus.

rock like the Rock of A - ges. Bless - ed Rock, let me
 Bless - ed Rock,

hide, (let me hide.) In the cleft (in the cleft) in thy side, (in thy side,) Bless - ed

Rock, (Blessed Rock) I will hide, (I will hide,) I will ev - er de in Thee.

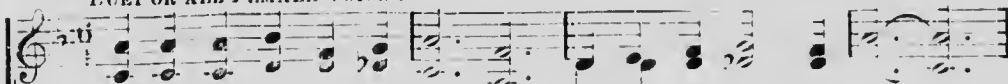
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Glory of Sunset.

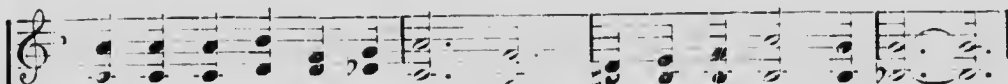
EDWIN PIERSON.

WILFRED ROBERTSON.

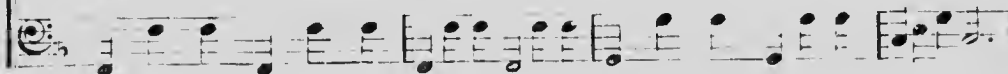
DUET OR ALL FEMALE VOICES.



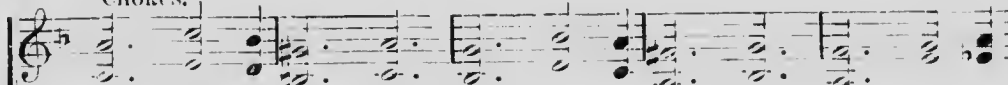
1. Glo-ry of sun-set is fail-ing, Shad-ows of night draw dim,
 2. Glo-ry of sun-set is wan-ing, Skies of the west grow dim,
 3. Glo-ry of sun-set is end-ing, Shad-ows of ev'n-ing fall,



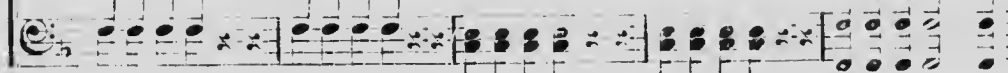
Day-light is qui-et-ly pal-ing; Ev-en-star shines on high.
 Twi-light o'er na-ture is reigr-ing; List to the ev'n-ing hymn.
 Dark-ness of night is de-scend-ing; Si-lence is o-ver all.



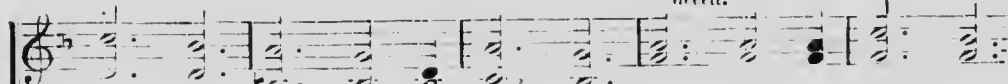
CHORUS.



Fa-ther, O hear us, E'er be thou near us, In thee con-
 Father, O hear, Father, O hear, E'er be thou near, E'er be thou near, In thee con-fid-ing.



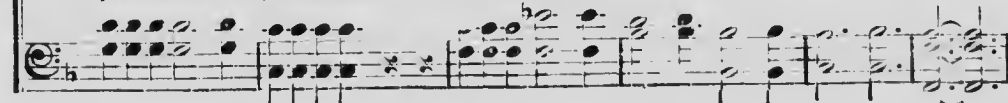
accell.



fid-ing, In thee a-bid-ing, Thine arm up-holds us;
 E'er be thou near, In thee a-bid-ing, E'er be thou near, Thine arm, thine arm upholds us, uphold's.



Thy love en-folds us, In thy care we are safe and blest; In thee we rest.
 Thy love enfolds us, thy love enfolds, Thy ve enfolds, we're



No. 10.

Be Ye Reconciled.

A. A. PAYN.

W. G. STEPHENS.

1. As wand'ers far from home, with sad and tear - ful eyes Your vis - ion
 2. O turn from sin a - way, it is thy King's command; No lon - ger
 3. O be ye rec - on - cil'd and haste to high - er ground, Where rays of

oft is turn'd to where lies Par - a - dise. Your Saviour King's command no lon - ger
 spurn his call, no more his love withstand, No lon - ger a - liens be in drear and
 joy se - rene the mountain tops sur - round, Where in the Fa - ther's smile su - per - nal

CHORUS.

then de - spise, But be ye rec - on - cil'd to God.
 bar - ren land, But be ye rec - on - cil'd to God.
 bliss is found, O be ye rec - on - cil'd to God. } Be rec - on - cil'd . . .
be rec - on - cil'd

un - to your King, . . . This is the message I would bring; A mes - sage
 un - to your King, glad I would bring.

glad I would bring, yes, I would bring;

an - gels bright in heaven glad - ly sing, O be ye rec - on - cil'd to God.

No. 11.

It Included Me.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. I am re-joic-ing now in sins for-giv'n, Earth ev-'ry
2. This "who-so-ev-er" is a gift of grace; I am so
3. When on the mount e-ter-nal I shall stand, Safe in the

day is grow-ing more like heav'n Since in the bless-ed word of God I see
glad it finds for all a place; Mer-cy and par-don in it now I see,
shel-ter of the glo-ry land; This shall the bur-den of my prais-es be,

CHORUS.

There's a word that in-clud-ed me. }
And I know it in-clud-ed me. } O that one word, "who-so-
"I am glad it in-clud-ed me." }

ev-er," I will doubt its pow-er nev-er, This the

bur-den of my song shall be, "I am glad it in-clud-ed me."

No. 12.

Answer "Yes."

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all,"
 2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o-bey?
 3. Can you now with faith your all to him con-fide, Trusting in his grace a-lone?
 4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem-a-ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to his call?
 Would you answer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
 Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev-ry com-fort you have known?
 When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

CHORUS.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
 Answer "Yes" when he calls,

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And your serv-ice he will bless,
 Answer "Yes" when he calls, will bless.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And no mat-ter what he says to you,
 Answer "Yes" when he calls.

Answer "Yes."—Concluded.

Do not fal - ter, hes - i - tate, nor ask him "Why?" But an - swer "Yes."

No. 13. Praise His Dear Name.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Tho' oft the cares of life dis-may, I'm in the serv-ice of Christ to stay;
2. What tho' the world may laugh and scorn, They crown'd my Saviour with cru - el thorns,
3. Tho' oft the cross is hard to bear, He all my burdens doth glad - ly share,
4. He gives his grace each pass - ing day, For all the trials that cross my way,

To heav'n - ly man sions I'm on my way, Praise, O praise his name.
 And by his grace I can stand the storm, Praise his ho - ly name.
 And sends a bless - ing with ev - 'ry care, Praise, O praise his name.
 And sweet - ly saves me day by day, Praise his ho - ly name.

CHORUS.

I care not what the world may say, I'm in the serv-ice of Christ to stay;

For Je - sus walks with me all the way, Praise, O praise his name.

No. 14:

Work To-day.

C. AUSTIN MILLER

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Souls are dy - ing ev - 'ry - where, Is there a - ny - one to care?
 2. Work, and to the end en - dure, Work, and our re - ward is sure.
 3. When be - yond the gold - en west, Sinks the glow ing sun to rest,

Christians now a-wake! For the Master's sake Ev - er read - y be to do and dare.
 Tho' the day be long, Wise the foe, and strong, In the care of God we stand se - cure.
 When our day shall close, Sweet is our re - pose, In the Master's work we've done our best.

CHORUS. UNISON.

PARTS.

{ Work, work, work! The Mas - ter needs us, ev - 'ry one,
 Work, work, work! Re - men - ber it is God who calls,

Has - ten then to-day; Lest we work and pray Ma - ny precious souls in sin may stay, So

While his earn - est mes - sage To his chil - dren falls Let us work, work, work!

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No. 15.

C. A. M.

Good News!

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Don't you hear the tumult in the cit - y? For a mes - senger has come nigh;
 2. Would you hasten on the Master's kingdom? Speed the messenger on his way,
 3. Ma - ny souls now live in nt - ter darkness, But they un - to our God be - long;

Let us cease our la - bors for a moment, While we hear the peo - ple cry:
 Bid him tar - ry not, but on his jour - ney, Un - to all the na - tions say:
 Who will bear the message where they sorrow While we sing love's sweetest song? . . .

CHORUS.

Good news! Good news! Good news! . . . Good news! A King has come to
 Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news!

save the race, A Saviour comes to take the sinner's place; Good news! Good news! Good
 Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good

news! . . . Good news! A Prince has come to lead us home; Good news! Good news!
 news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news!

No. 16.

In the Glory Land.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. White the robes they wear, Vic - tor's palms they bear In the glo - ry land.
 2. When my Lord, some day, Calls me hence a - way To the glo - ry land.
 3. As the light we see O'er the surg - ing sea Of the glo - ry land.
 4. Sing, my soul, your song That the heav'ly throng Of the glo - ry land

End - less songs they sing To the Lamb, the King, In the glo - ry land.
 In his arms of love, I'll be borne a - bove To the glo - ry land.
 Thro' the pearl - y gate Glad we sweep, nor wait For 'tis glo - ry land.
 Crowd the pearl - y gates Where your wel - come waits To the glo - ry land.

CHORUS.

In the glo - ry land, In the glo - ry land,
 In the glo - ry land, the glo - ry land, In the glo - ry land, the glo - ry land.

1

We shall sing a new song of the Lamb for sin - ners slain In the glo - ry land;

2

With our robes all pure and white, we shall min - gle with de - light In the glo - ry land.

No. 17.

He Careth For Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. My Fa - ther who paint - eth the ill - ies, And giv - eth them
 2. Who guld - eth the stars in their cours - es, And feed - eth the
 3. The grace that I need he will prof - fer, My heav - i - est
 4. For - ev - er and ev - er I'll trust him, I'll trust, yes, I'll

bean - ty so rare, Who watch - es the fall of the spar - rows, Has
 birds of the air, Who cloth - eth the grass with its glo - ry, Will
 bur - den he'll bear, The God who sup - pli - eth the ra - veus, Will
 trust ev - 'ry - where, For I know I nev - er can wan - der, I -

CHORUS.

made me the child of his care.
 nev - er de - ny me his care.
 fur - nish me dai - ly his care.
 yond his dear love and his care.

He car - eth for me, He car - eth for me,

I know that he car - eth for me;..... In his word he de -
 for me;

clares, That my sor - row he shares, And car - eth, yes, car - eth for me.....
 for me.

No. 18. Just the Whispered Name of Jesus.

EFFIE STEVENS.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quite Slowly.

1. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Thrills my soul with deep-est love;
 2. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Drives a - way de - sire to sin;
 3. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Fills my heart with joy un - told,
 4. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Makes me long to tell to all

Turns my thoughts from earthly pleasures To the ho - ly joys a - bove.
 Gives me cour - age to bear brave - ly All life's bit - ter dis - ci - pline.
 That some day his gra - cious pres - ence I shall cer - tain - ly be - hold.
 How he saves, from sin and sor - row, Those who list - en to his call.

REFRAIN.

Just the whispered name Brings the peace of heaven near; Blessed, blessed name to hear!

mp (W. H. DOANE.)

The name of Je - sus. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name. O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 19.

How Firm a Foundation.

Dedicated to Calvary Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. KEITH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said.—To
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-
 not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - le to bless, And
 sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll

REFRAIN.

you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? } How firm a foun-
 held by my gracious, om - nip - o - tent hand. } How firm a foun - da - tion, ye
 same - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress. }
 nev - er—no, nev - er—no, nev - er for - sake!

da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! How firm a foun-
 saints of the Lord! How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord!

da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!

No. 20. Welcome the Joy-laden Days.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Mer-cies un-meas-ured are fill-ing the hours, Welcome, O sun - lit splen - dor ;
 2. Roy - al the ros - es we joy - ous - ly twine, Welcome, O sun - lit splen - dor ;
 3. Vi - o - lets blooming in verd-ure - clad vales, Welcome, O sun - lit splen - dor ;

Gar - dens a - glow with their blos-som-ing flow'rs, Welcome, O joy - la - den days !
 Heav - ens so blue in their ra - di - ance shine, Welcome, O joy - la - den days !
 Win - ter with tem-pest no lon - ger as - sails, Welcome, O joy - la - den days !

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Wel - come with glad - ness and sing - ing, Songs of re - joic - ing we raise !

PARTS.

1
 Hom - age to God we are bring - ing, An - thems of ju - bi - lant praise.

2
 Ech - o in rap - ture is ring - ing, Wel - come the joy - la - den days.

No. 21.

Trust Me, and Just Obey.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." — Ps. 37: 5.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Some-times when I see not the path, And I know not his lead-ing for the day;
2. O keep me from mere love of ease, For I want to be a work-er for the Lord,
3. And so as I rest in his love, I am hap-py for he is my hope and stay;

I hear Je - sus say un - to me, "It is trust me and just o - bey."
And strive my dear Sav - iour to please, As I trust him and just o - bey.
I've laid up my treas - ure a - bove, So I trust him and just o - bey.

CHORUS.

Je - sus tells me to trust him ev - 'ry day; ev - 'ry day, Je - sus

whis-pers, "I am the liv - ing way," And he tells me to be true
liv - ing way.

Say - ing, "I will take you thro'," So I trust him and just o - bey.

No. 23. I Love Him far Better than All.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAR.

1. Far a - way from my friends, yet there's One who is near, Who loves me what-
 2. Far great - er his love than all oth - ers I know, His sac - ri - fice
 3. He gave his own life for the world in its woe, The race that was

ev - er be - fall,..... 'Tis Je - sus my Lord, who is
 oft I re - call,..... How he suf - fer'd the pain, the
 marr'd by the fall,..... His won - der - ful love and com -

Chorus.

cling ing to me, I love him far bet - ter than all.
 an - guish and woe, I love him far bet - ter than all. } I love him far
 pas - sion to show, I love him far bet - ter than all.

bet - ter than all, He kc. what - e'er may be - fall, 'Tis Je - sus my

friend, on whom I de - pend, I love him far bet - ter than all.

No. 24. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

arm - y shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd. And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up ^{stand up} for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not, suf - fer loss.

No. 25.

At the Gates of Gold.

JAMES ROWE.

J. R.

1. I shall meet my Sav-iour face to face, When he calls me to my dwell-ing place,
 2. I shall meet him who has died for me, Wound-ed hands and feet and side shall see,
 3. I shall meet him in that land of rest, Dwell for-ev-er in my home so blest,

1 his nail-pierced hands in mine shall hold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.
 Heav'n ly splendors to my gaze un - fold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.
 Joy e - ter-nal shall my soul un - fold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.

CHORUS.

I shall meet him face to face, yes, face to face; I shall

praise him for his grace, his sav-ing grace; Yes, my Sav - iour King I

shall be - hold, Some sweet day-break, at the gates of gold.

No. 26.

Lead On.

A. A. PAYN.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Lead on, not with the sword the brave of earth are wield - ing, Vic - to - ry,
 2. Lead on, fill - ing with strength, and grace on us be - stow - ing, Vic - to - ry,
 3. Lead on, heav - en - ly King, the strife is not e - ter - nal; Vic - to - ry,

vic - to - ry com eth in deeds of love and peace. Lead on, strong in the faith to
 vic - to - ry ring - ing its song new joys im - part. Lead on, ev - er - y day thy
 vic - to - ry per - ches up - on our ban - ners now. Lead on, glo - ry a - waits in

sin be nev - er yield - ing, Pray on, pray for the time when strife shall cease.
 bless - ed prom - ise glow - ing, Reach - es ma - ny a wea - ry troub - led heart.
 realms of light su - per - nal, Some day, ra - di - ant crowns the vic - tor's brow.

Chorus.

Lead on, heav'nly King, O lead us, lead us on, Vic - to - ry,
 Lead us ev - er, O heav'nly King, O lead us, on,.....

rit. vic - to - ry, sheds its ray,..... *a tempo.* Lead on, heav'nly King, O
 sheds its beau - ti - ful heav'nly ray, Lead us ev - er, O heav'nly King, O

Lead On.—Concluded.

ad lib.

lead us, lead us on, Down the fu - ture's glo - rious way.
 lead us on..... Lead us, lead us down the fu - ture's glo - rious way.

No. 27.

Higher Life.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.

1. Long a - go I lost my e - vil love for sin - ning, When I learned to
 2. Ey - 'ry wak - ing mo - ment glad my heart is sing - ing, "All my sins are
 3. Far a - bove the low - li - ness of earth I'm liv - ing, Where the ful - ler

love my King and Lord; Then I found the ful - ness of his love, be - gin - ning,
 un - der neath the blood;" But to high - er bliss my joy - ful soul is wing - ing,
 bless - ings free - ly flow; Rich - es of a high - er life my God is giv - ing,

REFRAIN.

In the rich - es of his word. } Ris - ing, ris - ing, far above the things of
 Seek - ing rich - er things of God. }
 Such as ev - 'ry one may know. } Ris - ing, ris - ing, I am ris - ing.

earth be - low, Ris - ing, Ris - ing, Where the rip - er fruits of bless - ing grow.
 Ris - ing, I am Ris - ing,

No. 28. Voices of the Forest.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Echo Sec.

1. Hark to the forest's p'ad voic-es, Praising the King, Woodland in summer re-
 2. Hark to the for-est so ver-nal Praising the King, Joy-ful in mer-cies e-
 3. Hark to the forest's glad voic-es, Praising the King, Earth in his mer-cy re-

Soprano and Alto, or Duet.

joic - es, Praise, praise the Kir-g. Breezes are soft - ly stray-ing, Skies in their
 ter - nal, Praise, praise the King. Brooks to the sea are flow - ing, Sweetly their
 joic - es, Praise, praise the King. Vio - o - lets meek and low - ly, Fragrance and

All.

beau-ty bend, Tree-tops so gen-tly are sway-ing, Prais-es to God as-cend.
 tones now blend, Blessings the Lord is be-stow-ing, Prais-es to him as-cend.
 beau-ty lend, Praise to the heav-en so ho - ly, Prais-es to God as-cend.

Chorus. Unison.

Parts.

Praise his name! List the voice of the for-est ring-ing, Wood-lands re-
 Woodlands in joy re-

Unison.

ech - o, Homage to him pro-claim. Praise his name! Blessings
 ech - o the praise,

Voices of the Forest.—Concluded.

Parts.

bright is the summer bring-ing, For-est fair prais-es ev-er his ho-ly name!

No. 29.

Skies of the Summer.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Skies of the sum-mer are glow-ing, Gar-lands of ros-es we wreathe,
2. Skies of the sum-mer un-cloud-ed, Shine in their ra-di-ant light,
3. Skies of the sum-mer are bend-ing, Val-leys in verd-ure re-joice;

Blos-soms their beau-ty be-stow-ing, Sweet is the frag-rance they breathe.
Gone are the clouds that en-broud-ed, Gone is the win-ter's dark blight.
List to the prais-es as-cend-ing, List to each ju-bi-lant voice!

* CHORUS.

{ Sing-ing, sing-ing, Bring-ing, bring-ing, Gar-lands of ra-di-ant
Sing-ing, sing-ing, Bring-ing, bring-ing, Gar-lands of glad-ness we're

ros-es, Praise him, giv-er of blessings, We're
bring-ing (Omit.....) to our King.

* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 30.

On the Winning Side.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAB.

1. We're gird - ed for the fight, 'gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong, We're
 2. We're in a world of sin where the pow'rs of night as - sail, We're
 3. Our Lead - er we o - bey, and we heed his ble - ssed com - mand We're

on the win - ning side, for God shall be our guide, Come join in glad ac -
 on the win - ning side, for God shall ev - er guide, Tho' Sa - tan's host be
 on the win - ning side, for God shall be our guide, A crown of joy a -

ced as we raise the vic - tor's song, O praise the Lord we're on the win - ning side.
 strong we shall ev - er more pre - vail, O praise the Lord we're on the win - ning side.
 wai s when we re - in the glo - ry land, O praise the Lord we're on the win - ning side.

CHORUS

We're on the win - ning side, and firm shall e'er a - bide, For Je - sus is our

Cap - tain and our Guide, Tho' the fight be fierce and long, Tho' the

On the Winning Side.—Concluded.

lost of sin be strong, We will praise the Lord we're on the win-ning side.

No. 31.

I Will, Dear Lord.

J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

1. I'll do what I can for thy glo - ry, Lord, As on ward thro' life I go;
2. I'll ren - der true serv-ice to thee, dear Lord, A part of my debt to pay,
3. Thy serv-ice shall be my de-light, dear Lord, I'n - til I am called a - bove,

By sing-ing and tell-ing thy sto - ry, Lord, That oth - ers thy love may know.
By praising thy good-ness to me, dear Lord, To those who are still a - stray.
And then, with the an - gels of light, dear Lord, For - ev - er I'll praise thy love.

CHORUS.

I will, dear Lord, I will, dear Lord, My prom - ise I will ful - fill;

In life and death I'll faith - ful be, I will, dear Lord, I will.

No. 32.

Christ Forever!

JAMES ROWE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.

1. Hear our hap - py voi - ces speed - ing o'er the plains, Joy - ous praise to
 2. Hearts of pure de - vo - tion we have brought to - day, Sim - ple gifts of
 3. Till the foe be beat - en and the world be free, For our great Com -

God a - bove we sing; Tell - ing all the peo - ple that Je - ho - vah reigns,
 love from sol - diers true; Sure that he will send us hap - py on our way,
 man - d - er we will fight; Till both earth and heav - en ring with "Vic - to - ry!"

Chorus.

Making known that Je - sus is our King,
 Sure that he will make us vic - tors too,
 We will no - bly bat - tle for the right.

Christ for - ev - er! Christ for - ev - er!

This is what we sing a - long the way; (a - long the way,) Christ for - ev - er! Christ for -

ev - er! This is what we sing from day to day, from day to day.

No. 33.

Anything or Nothing.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. A - ny-thing or noth - ing, world - ly wealth or fame All shall prove his pow - er,
 2. Sor - row may op-press me, tears mine eyes may fill, This shall be my com - fort,
 3. Cheer-ful yet, I fol - low where he leads the way; Shad-ows all a - round me,

shall ex - alt his name, Ev - en tho' he slay me I will trust him still,
 'Tis my Fa - ther's will, Friends may all for-sake me, faith - less prove to be
 gone the wel - come day; Heav - en still is near me, God is o - ver all,

CHORUS.

For I rest secure—it is his will,
 Yet in all I hope God's hand to see! Work thy will in me, what-so-e'er it be,
 Safe, in him con-fid-ing shall I fall?

On - ly thro' it all thy hand let me see, Wheth - er good or ill on - ly

be my shel - ter still, I'll be a - ny-thing or noth-ing as it pleas - es thee.

The Sign of the Cross.—Concluded.

ff ad lib.

We will lift it on high, We will conquer or die With the sign of the cross.

No. 35.

O Lift Up Jesus.

FRED. J. SHIELDS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. O lift up Je - sus ev - 'ry - wh - fore a world of grief and care,
 2. O lift up Je - sus ev - 'ry pla - hold the sor - row in his face,
 3. O lift up Je - sus ev - 'ry day mat - ter what the world may say;

For he a - lone its sin can bear, O lift him up to - day.
 He died for us, he took our place, O lift him up to - day.
 For he's the truth, the life, the way, O lift him up to - day.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

O lift up Je - sus, he a - lone Can melt the sin - ner's heart of stone,

a tempo.

His blood can for all sin a - tone, O lift him up to - day.

No. 36. My Elder Brother is the King.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. This land thro' which I jour - ney, is ben - ti - ful to me, With
 2. I've no con - tin - ning cit - y, though earth - ly homes are fair; I'm
 3. I love these songs of Zi - on, I love her tem - ples fair, I
 4. I'll glad - ly do my best in the serv - ice of the Lord, Or

ma - ny friends and loved ones at my side, But there's a heav'n - ly
 wait - ing here un - til my King says "Come," Then quick - ly to my
 love my Mak - er's prais - es here to sing, But there's a bet - ter
 pa - tient go where pain my foot - step wait; I know that some glad

com - try which now by faith I see, And there for ev - er I'll a - bide.
 Sav - our my soul shall an - gels bear, For where he is, there is my home.
 com - try, and I am go - ing there, My El - der Broth - er is the King.
 morn - ing my El - der Broth - er's word, Shall o - pen wide the Cit - y gates.

Then ask me not to stay here, While in my ears the homeland echoes ring,

For I'm a cit - i - zen of no mean coun - try, There my El - der Broth - er is the King.

No. 37.

We Walk by Faith.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. March on, O sons of God, For one this way has trod, Who knows the heav - y
 2. No cross in star - lit sky Shall greet our wearied eye, Nor cloud and tie - ry
 3. All hail the promised land! Re - joice, O pilgrim band, The walls of you - der

FEMALE VOICES, MALE VOICES, ALL

bur - dens we have to bear. He hears the mourner's sigh, He hears the sinner's cry, And
 pil - lar our path dis - play. Tho' dark the day or night, We'll walk by faith, not sight, And
 cit - y be - fore you fall. There joys shall e'er abound, There peace, a - lone, is found, There

rit. CHORUS. *Unison.* Arr. from Wagner.

from his throne on high will answer pray'r.
 trust in God a - lone to show the way.
 waits the Son of God your all in all. } March on, march on, safe is the pathway be -

fore us, March on, march on, bright is the light now shining o'er us, March on, march

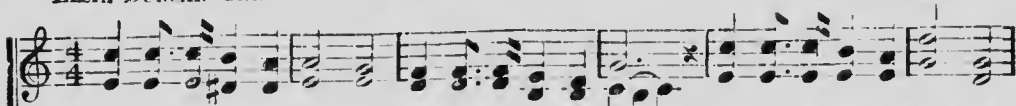
on, in the way he trod, And fol - low where he may lead us as valiant Sons of God,

No. 38.

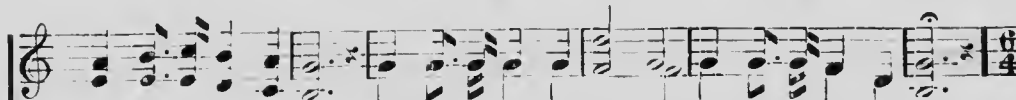
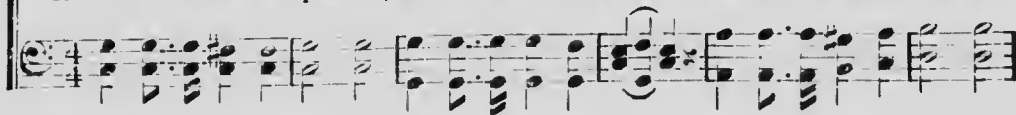
Songs of the Summer.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

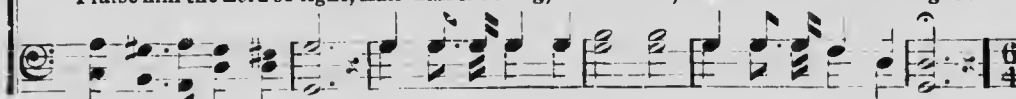
J. LINCOLN HALL.



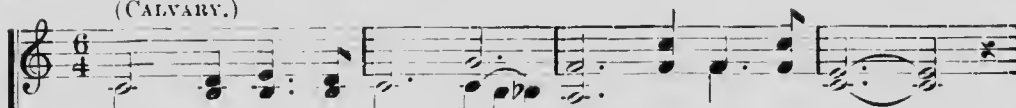
1. Songs of re-joic-ing ring-ing, Float 'neath the cloudless sky; Echoes the notes are fling-ing,
2. Brooks that are swiftly far-ing On to the rest-less sea, Tidings of love are bear-ing,
3. Hills in their vernal splen-dor, Vales in their verdure bright, Praise to the Father ren-der,



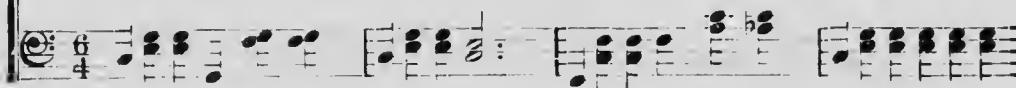
List to the glad re-ply; Mes-sage e-ter-nal bringing, Praising the King most high.
 Rippling o'er plain and lea; Mer-cies di-vine de-clar-ing, Blessings so full and free.
 Praise him the Lord of light, Hail him the King, De-fen-der, Hail him the Lord of might!



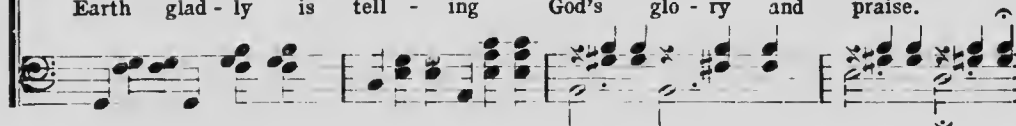
* CHORUS. SOPRANO AND ALTO.
 (CALVARY.)



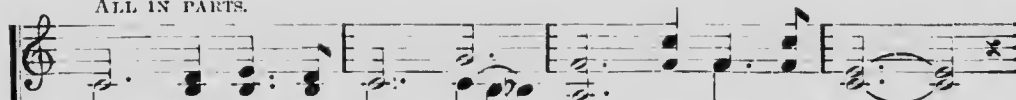
Joy, joy, all ex-cel-ling, Now crowneth our days;.....



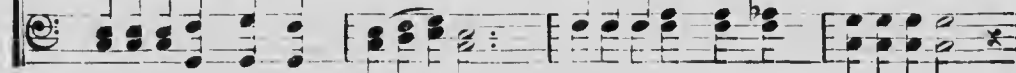
Earth glad-ly is tell-ing God's glo-ry and praise.



ALL IN PARTS.



Joy, joy, all ex-cel-ling, Bids, bids us re-joice,
 Joy, wondrous joy, all ex-cel-ling, Bids, bids us ev-er be glad and re-joice,



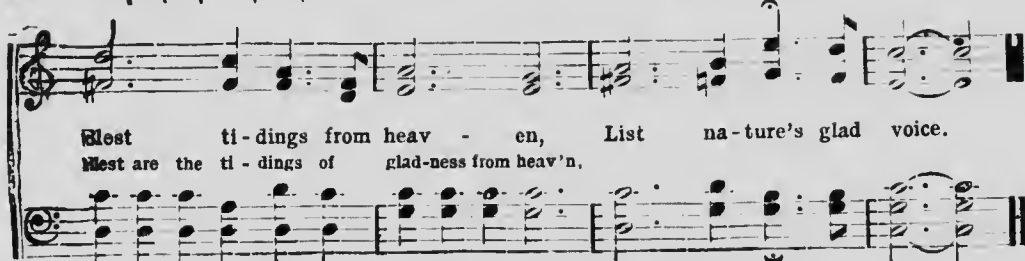
• Chorus introduces the principle theme of Paul Rodney's "Calvary."

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Songs of the Summer.—Concluded.

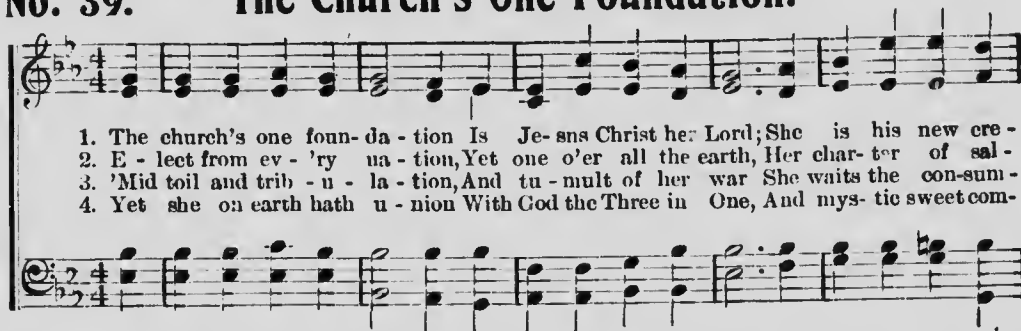


Rich bless-ings are giv - en, Dark fet - ters are riv - en,
 Rich are the bless-ings so ten-der-ly giv'n, Dark were the fet - ters by sunlight now riv'n.

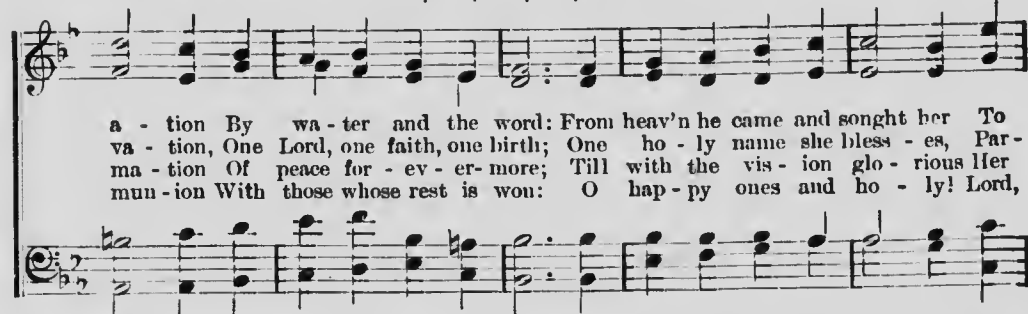


Best ti - dings from heav - en, List na - ture's glad voice.
 Best are the ti - dings of glad-ness from heav'n.

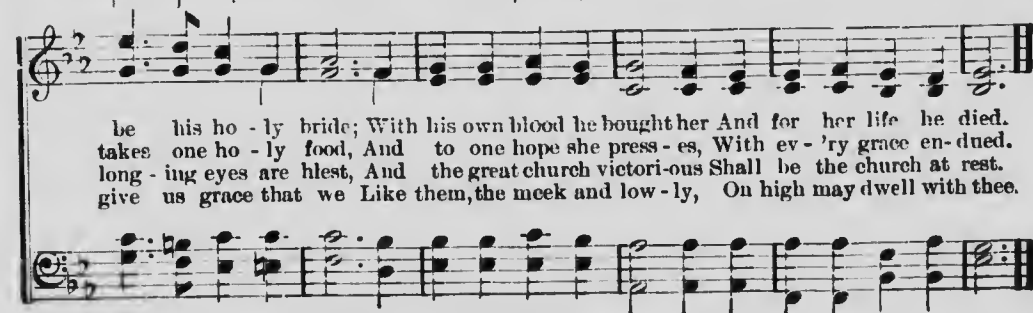
No. 39. The Church's One Foundation.



1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre -
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry ua - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal -
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war She waits the con - sum -
 4. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One, And mys - tic sweet com -



a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heav'n he came and sought her To
 va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par -
 ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her
 mun - ion With those whose rest is wou: O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord,



be his ho - ly bride; With his own blood he bought her And for her life he died.
 takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 long - ing eyes are blest, And the great church victori - ous Shall be the church at rest.
 give us grace that we Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

No. 40.

The Master's Garden.

GRACE GORDON.

Solo or Duet.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In the garden of the Master, Bloom the flow'rs so bright and fair, Which his hand in love has
 2. In the gar - den of the Mas - ter, Lillies bloom in white ar - ray, 'Breathing forth a ho - ly
 3. In the gar - den of the Mas - ter All is joy and endless peace, For his love shall ev - er

planted, Which He guards with tend' rest care, Naught can harm the fragrant blossoms, Wintry
 in - cense, In the breeze their censers sway, Like the throngs of shining an - gels, By the
 cher - ish, And his care can nev - er cease, There be - yond the shining por - tal, In the

storms can never blight, For the sunshine of his presence, Sheds for aye its wondrous light.
 bright and jasper throne, In the gar - den of the Master, When they bloom for him alone.
 realms of light a - bove, Earthly flow'rs shall bloom immortal In the gar - den of his love.

CHORUS.

When we meet in heaven's gar - den, When the gates are o - pen wide,

When we meet, we meet in heaven's garden, When the gates, the gates are o - pen, o - pen wide,

We shall gath - er all our lil - lies, Growing at our Saviour's side.

We shall gath - er, gath - er all our lil - lies, Growing, grow - ing at our Saviour's side.

No. 41. Onward, Soldiers of the Cross.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. On-ward, onward soldiers of the cross, Ro-yal ban-ners glow;
 2. On-ward, onward loyal hearts and true. Hark, the clarion call;
 3. On-ward, onward soldiers of the King, Led by love di-vine;

On-ward, on-ward
 Christ our King our
 On-ward, on-ward

Proceed to Chorus in strict tempo.

CHORUS.

ne'er to suf-fer loss, Conq'ring ev-'ry foe.
 cour-age shall re-new, Crown him Lord of all.
 list the watchword ring Tri-umph in his sign.)

MALE VOICES.
 Faith in him shall be our

FEMALE VOICES.

shield, Forward go, forward go! Spir-it sword we bravely wield, In his

* TWO PARTS.

Faith in him shall be our shield, Forward go,
 name forward go! Faith in him..... shall be our shield, Forward go, forward

IN PARTS.

forward go! Vict'ry's crown in realms of light a-waits us, Forward, for-ward go!
 the crown.

* This passage is in two parts, the male voices sing lower part of top staff, female sing upper. A little trouble in learning this piece will be amply repaid by the effect produced.

No. 42.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow-ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight, if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word.

Chorus.

On the cross of Christ my Sav- iour
 On the cross of Christ my Sav- iour on His bless- ed cross,

Where His blood was shed for me.
 Where His pre- cious blood was shed for me, was shed for me,

I will rest my sins for- ev- er,
 I will rest my sins for- ev- er, there for- ev- er- more,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.—Concluded.

Par - don gain so full and free. so full and free.

No. 43.

I Know My Sheep.

LAVINIA E. BRAFF.
SOLO OR DUET.

FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. On the high-way of sin I wan - dered Far a - way from the
2. For a mo - ment I paused to list - en, Just to know when the
3. In my weak - ness and need He found me Then my pen - i - tent
4. This good Shep - herd is dai - ly seek - ing Wand'ring sheep, just the

good Shep - herd's fold; And my err - ing heart oft - en pon - dered
good Shep - herd came; Just to hear His sweet voice at night - fall
to - ry I told; And He drew me more close - ly to Him
same as of old; Should you meet Him at morn or mi - night,

CHORUS.

O'er the i - dols I then would be - hold; On the wings of love came this
Gen - tly call - ing His lost sheep by name; Near - er to my soul came this
As He car - ried me back to the fold; My faint soul He cheered with this
He will wel - come you in - to the fold; In His Word you'll find this sweet

mes - sage di - vine, "I know my sheep, and am known of Mine."

No. 44. Never Any Change in His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

CLAS. H. MARSH.

1. When mis - for - tune o - ver - takes me, and my wea - ry soul is tried, When a
 2. When the fiere - est foes as - sail me, when my soul is sore oppress'd, Sa - tan's
 3. I will cling to him for - ev - er, and will sing his praise each day, Peace de -

cloud of trouble hides the blue a - dove, Tho' my friends of earth may fail me, tho' they
 pow'r my steadfast soul shall never move; For my Sav - iour is my ref - ge in his
 scends up - on my spir - it as a dove; For his mer - cy and his goodness brighten

wan - der from my side, There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....
 might - y pow'r I rest, There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....
 all my homeward way, There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....

CHORUS.

There is nev - er a - ny change in his love, He is ev - er watch - ing
 in his love,

o'er me from a - love, Praise and bless his ho - ly name, He is

Never Any Change in His Love.—Concluded.

rit.

al - ways just the same, There is nev - er a - ny change in his love.

No. 45. Good-Bye, Till We Meet.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. O how sweet to dwell in this earth be - low And in fel - low ship draw nigh
 2. Should we nev - er meet nor our voic - es blend In this earth, then let us try
 3. May the Lord keep watch o'er us as we part, Keep us true un - til we die;

To the God we love, and who lives a - bove, Where we'll nev - er say "good-bye,"
 To be faith - ful here, and to meet up there Where we'll nev - er say "good-bye,"
 When the con - flict's o'er, we shall meet once more Where we'll nev - er say "good-bye."

CHORUS.

Good - bye, till we meet a gain, O - ver there on the home-land shore;
 a - gain, homeland shore;

With a wel - come sweet, and a joy com - plete, We shall meet to part no more,
 no more.

No. 46. Bring Someone to Jesus Every Day.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Would you la - bor for the Master, Would you in his serv - ice be? Bring some-one to
 2. Would you fill your life with gladness, And the joy of serv-ice know? Bring some-one to
 3. Would you stand among the ransom'd With the joy - al ones and true? Bring some-one to
 4. Would you take this world for Je-sus, Would you conquer in his name? Bring some-one to

Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help this world be bet-ter, Oth - er lives from sin set free?
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help to spread the gos-pel, And its bound-less mer-cy show?
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you meet the Lord's approval, Win the crown laid up for you?
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Tell a - broad his blest sal-va-tion, 'Twas for this the Saviour came:

CHORUS.

Bring some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Some - one to Je - sus,
 ev - 'ry day,

Some-one to Je - sus, Some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day; There is
 ev - 'ry day;

something you should do, For he did so much for you, Bring some - one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 47.

Wonderful Grace.

A. A. PAYN.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Ev - er of him I am sing - ing, Who in his in - fi - nite love
 2. O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour, O what a won - der - ful grace,
 3. Earth is a joy, with sal - va - tion, Still there are sor - rows to share,

Came thro' the por - tals of glo - ry Bring - ing us grace from a - love.
 Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, Suf - fer - ing there in my place.
 Heav - en is wait - ing to wel - come, We shall be sat - is - fied there.

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful grace, Grace, dy - ing for me;
 Won - der - ful grace, won - der - ful grace, Dy - ing for me; dy - ing for me;
 Swing o - pen ye gates, That heav - en may see;
 O - pen ye gates, o - pen ye gates, Heav - en may see, heav - en may see,

O Won - der - ful glo - ry, By faith I can see;
 Won - der - ful glo - ry, won - der - ful glo - ry, Now I can see, now I can see;

Ad lib.
 From Cal - va - ry's fount - ain, Grace flow - ing for me.
 From Calv'ry's fount - ain, from Calv'ry's fountain,

No. 48.

Our Sun and Shield.

GRACE GORDON.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Martial.

1. Clad in arm-or all un-fail-ing, Sword of the Word we wield,
 2. Standards bright are float-ing o'er us, On, to the bat-tle field!
 3. Not by might but by his Spir-it, Strong in his strength re-vealed,

Sra.

Fear we not the foes as-sail-ing, God is our Sun and shield.
 Lo! his ham-mers go be-fore us, God is our Sun and shield.
 Crown of life shall we in-her-it, God is our Sun and shield.

Chorus.

Our Sun and Shield, Our Sun and Shield, Till toil is

Sra. ad lib.

done, And crown of life is won, Our Sun and Shield, We

ne'er can yield, We for-ward press, His name we bless, Our Sun and Shield.

No. 49. Down at the Saviour's Cross.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all voices in unison.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - iour died, Shed- ding his blood in a
 2. O, pre - cious cross which he bore for me, Hal - low'd the light, which by
 3. Je - sus, O keep me, what - e'er the cost, Safe 'neath the shad - ow of

crim - sou tide; Peace, won - drous peace, I have found in thee,
 faith I see; Shin - ing a - cross the dark path of time,
 thy dear cross; Walk - ing with thee, I can nev - er stray

CHORUS.
 Dear cross of va - ry..... Safe in the cross let me
 In - to this life of mine.....
 Far from the nar - row way.....

e'er a - bide, 'Neath its dear shad - ow I'll safe - ly hide; My long - ing

soul here is sat - is - fied, Down at the Sav - iour's cross.....

No. 50.

Lift the Banner Higher.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Lift the ban-ner of the cross! Bear it on-ward day by day, Till the mighty pow'rs of
 2. Lift the ban-ner of the cross, till it shines o'er ev-'ry land, Let its folds of beau-ty
 3. Lift the ban-ner of the cross, till it shines o'er ev-'ry land, Speed the day, when all shall

wrong are downward hurled! Let it gladly, proudly wave, With the mes-sage "Christ can save!" Lift it
 nev - er more be furled, Till the dark-en'd isles shall sing Of Im-man - n - el, their King, Lift it
 see its folds un-furled, Let it float from sea to sea. Till all lands in Christ are free! Lift it

CHORUS.

high-er till it cir-cles all the world. Lift it high-er till it cir-cles all the world!

Till the mighty pow'rs of wrong are downward hurled! Let it grand-ly proud-ly wave;

With the mes-sage "Christ can save!" Lift it high - er, till it cir - cles all the world!

No. 51. Bless Ye the Glorious King.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bless ye the glorious King, Heav'n shall his praises sing, Anthems resound and
 2. Bless ye the glorious King, World wide his ban-ners fling, Might-y his sway o'er
 3. Bless ye the glorious King, Wide let the heart's door swing, Now at the gates in

See, ad lib.

joy shall abound, Harps of the highest ring, An-gels their sovereign own,
 all earth to-day, Homage to him we bring, Mountain and vale and plain,
 mer-cy he waits, O-pen the por-tal swing, Bid him a roy-al guest,

Bend-ing be-fore his throne, Cast-ing a-down each bright star-ry crown.
 Ech-o the glad re-frain, Voi-ces shall blend and prais-es as-cend.
 Find in each soul his rest, May we to-day, his man-date o-bey.

Chorus.

Prais-ing his name a-lone!
 Welcome the Saviour's reign. } Bless ye the glorious King! Trib-ute re-joic-ing
 Joy-ful and ev-er blest.

See, ad lib.

bring, Glad-ly a-dore him, bowing before him Bless ye the glorious King!

No. 52.

I've a Friend.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Tho' the world al-lure with its gild-ed charm, I'm a child of God
 2. I can ne'er for-get how up-on the tree Laid the Son of God,
 3. I would e'er be true to my Lord and King, Ev-'ry wak-ing hour

whom it can-not har-ro; He will me up-hold by his might-y arm
 there to die for me; Yet to save my soul, thus it had to be,
 prais-es to him sing, Knowing that at last he my soul shall bring

Chorus
 Ev-'ry mo-ment of my day. }
 There could be no oth-er way. } I've a Friend who will ev-'ry
 Ev-er-mure with him to stay. }

need sup-ply I've a home far be-yond the star-ry sky, And you

know, that is just the rea-son why I am sing-ing Hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 53. He's an Everlasting Saviour.

JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

Andante con espressione.

1. All my heart be - longs to Je - sus, For he res - cued me from sin, And his
 2. He is with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Speaking pre - cious words of cheer, For he
 3. I shall see his face in glo - ry, I shall praise him on his throne, With the

love in cloud and sunshine is the same. He is help - ing me to tri - umph o - ver
 knows that life e - ter - nal is my aim; He will keep me brave and loy - al till the
 sa - ges and the saints of end - less fame; 'Twill be rap - ture just to serve him, just to

FINE.

all the hosts of sin, He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav - iour, bless his name.
 gold en gates ap - pear; He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav - iour, bless his name.
 sing for him a - lone; He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav - iour, bless his name.

D.S.—wear my crown a - bove, He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav - iour, bless his name.

CHORUS.

He's an ev - er - last - ing Saviour, bless his name; To the world his love and
 bless his name;

pow - er I pro - claim, I pro - claim. In the glo - ry of his love, I shall

No. 54. Let the Waking World Adore Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Let the wak - ing world a - dore him, While a - bove the dark blue sky;
 2. Let the wak - ing world with glad - ness Join the song of rap - tured praise;
 3. Let the wak - ing world re - joic - ing Tell a Fa - ther's wondrous love,

An - gel hosts bow down be - fore him, Prais - ing him who reigns on high.
 For the light has ban - ished sad - ness, Hail the joy - ous gold - en days.
 Songs of glad - ness ev - er voic - ing, To the King who dwells a - bove.

GIRLS.

While the hills in splen - dor ver - nal And the flow'rs that star the plain,
 While the rest - less, roll - ing o - ceans With their nev - er ceas - ing tide,
 Let the sun - lit skies in beau - ty O'er the field and for - est shine,

LADIES' VOICES. *rit.*

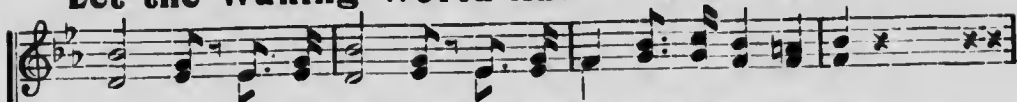
Tell his might, Lord of light, Who for - e'er o'er earth shall reign.
 Let him e'er be glo - ri - fied.
 Tell his might, Lord of light, Who is king of kings di - vine.

MALE VOICES.

CHORUS. (From Gounod.)

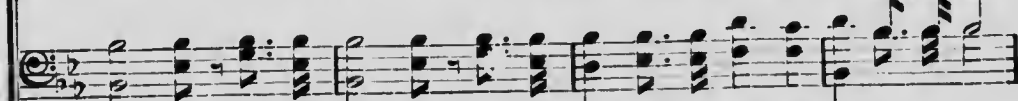
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Praise his ho - ly name for - ev - er,

Let the Waking World Adore Him.—Concluded.

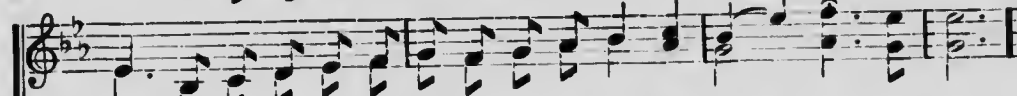


Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Praise his name, Praise for - ev - er - more.

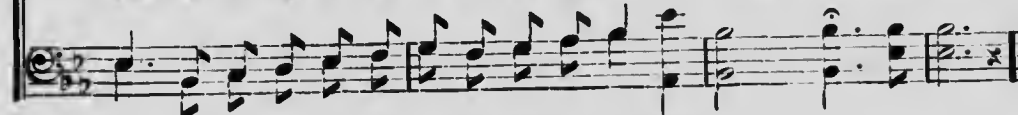
Praise the Lord.



Glo - ry, let the glad notes ring, Earth re - joic - ing shall her King a - dore;



Praise! ex - ult - ing in his ev - er - last - ing word, O praise ye the Lord!

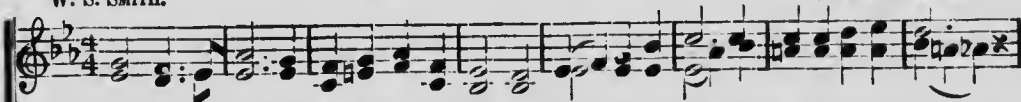


No. 55.

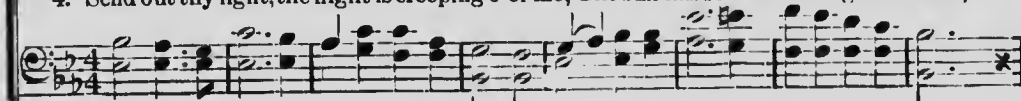
Send Out Thy Light.

W. S. SMITH.

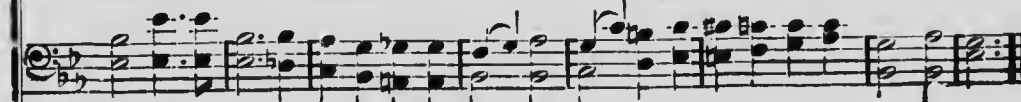
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Send out thy light, the way is dark before me, The path thy love has moulded out for me;
2. Send out thy light, the clouds are dark above me, Gathered in tempest from the angry sea;
3. Send out thy light, and lead me, Father, lead me Beyond this darkness, sorrow and unrest;
4. Send out thy light, the night is creeping o'er me, The sun has settled in the golden west;



Send out thy light, that I may see thy footsteps, Calming the waters of life's restless sea.
 Send out thy light, that I may see the storm-drops Which fall from the dear hand once pierced for me.
 Send out thy light, and guide me, worn and weary, To the calm shelter of my Saviour's breast.
 Send out thy light, O blessed Saviour, bring me In the glad morn to thy dear land of rest.



No. 56. The Lord is King.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. From east to west we hear A joy-ous shout and clear, The Lord is King!
 2. The gen-tle winds re-peat In whis-per clear and sweet, The Lord is King!
 3. Where tropic verdure smiles, Where gleams the ice-bound isles, The Lord is King!

The hills and vales a-round Re-peat the joy-ful sound, The Lord is King!
 The riv-ers as they flow Sing e'er in mur-mur low, The Lord is King!
 And far and wide the strain, Resounds o'er mount and plain, The Lord is King!

CHORUS.

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, For our King be-lov-ed we will stand;
 we stand, we stand,

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, While our hymn of praise to him we sing.
 we stand, we stand,

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, We shall be a firm, u-nit-ed band;
 we stand, we stand,

The Lord is King.—Concluded.

While hills and vales a-round Re - peat the joy - ful sound, The Lord is King!
is King!

No. 57.

Pardoned.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

L. S. L.

Animato.

1. My heart fill'd with such glad - ness, I'm hap - py all day long;
2. Tho' I am weak and un - wor - thy, His pow'r hath made me whole;
3. O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour, Now dwells with - in my heart;

My Lord for - gives my trans - gres - sions, And fills my soul with song.
And peace which flows like a riv - er, Sweeps o'er my par - doned soul.
He's such a pre - cious com - pan - ion, I ne'er from him will part.

CHORUS.

Par - doned, O won - der - ful sto - ry, Par - doned and free, praise his name!

My sins his free grace has cov - ered, I'm pardoned thro' Je - sus' name.

No. 58.
C. A. M.

Fair is Sharon's Rose.

CHRISTIN MILER.

1. Sweet are the ros-es of Sha-ron, Fair are the lil-ies that grow;
2. Low in the val-ley are grow-ing Lil-ies as fair as the day;
3. Je-sus, the star of the morn-ing Brightest of all in the sky;

Still there is One far fair-er than all Whose name ev-'ry faint-ing heart should know.
White as the snow they bend to and fro, As one to an-oth-er seems to say:—
All thro' the night will Je-sus be near? In com-fort I hear my soul re-ply:—

CHORUS.

Fair is Shar-on's Rose, As fair as aught that grows, To and fro on a

summer's day, To and fro as the breez-es play. Yet there's One so fair,..... None

can with him com-pare, Je-sus is this flow-er fair, "Shar-on's Rose."

No. 59.

Sunlit Sea.

ADAM GIBBEL.

GRACE GORDON

Solo, or all in Unison. Tenderly.

mp
 1. Roll on, O sun-lit sea, With restless waves, un-ceas - ing - ly,
 2. Roll on, O sun-lit sea, For he who still'd fair Gal - lee
 3. Roll on, O sun-lit sea, For a - zure skies and o'er the

cres. Roll on, O bil-lows bright, Procla - m God's love, and wondrous might.
 Whose arm is strong to save Is run - ning yet, o'er wind and wave.
 While safe o'er flashing foam Thy ships sail on, to har - bor - home.
dim.

CHORUS - TENORS.

Sunlit sea, re-joice in his love, Hearst the ocean's voice, "God is love,

All.

p Ever - em - pes sing, His command fulfill - ing, Evermore he reigns above, (he reigns above.)
cres. *mf*


p Waves in shining splendor, Joyous hom - age ren - der, Bless, O bless his name for - ev - er.
mf *dim.* *p*

No. 60.

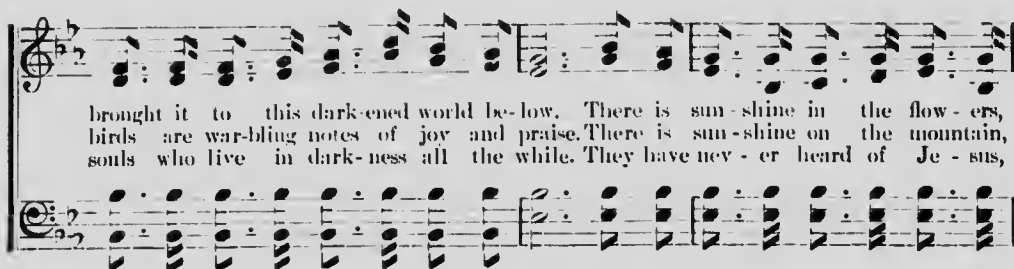
There is Sunshine.

H. L.

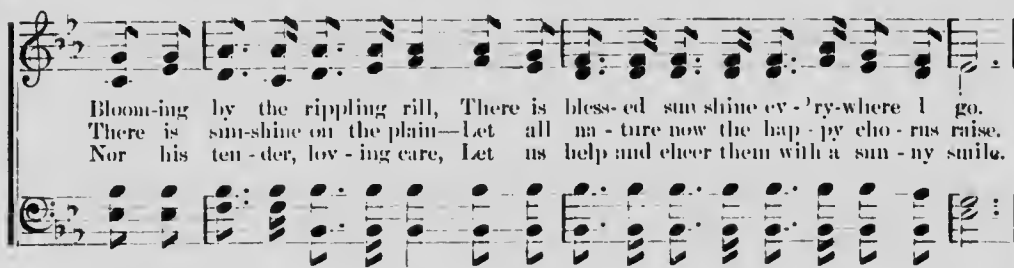
HALDOR LILLENAS.



* 1. There is sun-shine in the val-ley, There is sun-shine on the hill, Je-sus
 2. There is sun-shine on the mead-ow, And up-on the moss-y lane, Where the
 3. Tho' the world is full of sun-shine Bright-ly beam-ing ev-'ry day, There are



brought it to this dark-ened world be-low. There is sun-shine in the flow-ers,
 birds are war-bling notes of joy and praise. There is sun-shine on the mountain,
 souls who live in dark-ness all the while. They have nev-er heard of Je-sus,



Bloom-ing by the rippling rill, There is bless-ed sun-shine ev-'ry-where I go.
 There is sun-shine on the plain—Let all na-ture now the hap-py cho-rus raise.
 Nor his ten-der, lov-ing care, Let us help and cheer them with a sun-ny smile.

Chorus.



Sun-shine, sun-shine of his love di-vine, Sun-shine,
 Liv-ing in the bless-ed sun-shine Sun-shine, bless-ed



sun-shine, beams so bright-ly shine, Sun-shine, sun-shine,
 glo-rious sun-shine, Liv-ing in the bless-ed sun-shine,

* The alto may take the lead if preferred.

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There is Sunshine.—Concluded.

in this world be-low, Sun - shine, sun - shine. ev - 'ry where I go.
Liv - ing in the bless - ed sun-shine

No. 61.

Just Over There.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

Slowly.

1. I'm press - ing on, from day to day, And God is with me all the way,
2. The tem - pest wild may soon be past, My an - chor in the ha - ven cast;
3. My Sav - iour's face I then shall see, The face of him who died for me!

Ere long may break the morn - ing fair; My home is near—just o - ver there.
With pa - tience I my cross shall bear, For rest is near—just o - ver there.
Yes, peace and joy be - yond com - pare Will come to me, just o - ver there.

CHORUS.

Just o - ver there, a - cross the sea, My Lord has made a home for me;

And, free from sin and grie' and care, My lov'd ones wait, just o - ver there.

No. 62:

My Grace is Sufficient.

REBEKAH B. MARTIN.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When bil-lows of troub-le and trials o'er me roll, And rough are the
 2. Though dark-en-ing clouds may hang o-ver my head, And no ray of
 3. When sor-row's dark hour brings me sad-ness and pain, When skies all o'er -
 4. The bur-dens of life may be heav-y to bear;— The grace God has

waves on life's sea; In soft, gen-tle ac-cents, a voice I can hear,
 light can I see, I trust his sweet prom-ise, I know it is true,
 shad-owed shall be, His arm is a-round me, to help me sus-tain;
 prom-ised is free; He's will-ing to help me in time of my need;

CHORUS.

"My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
 My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee. }
 My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee. } 4th v.
 His grace is suf-fi-cient for me. } His grace is suf-fi-cient for me,

My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee, In soft, gen-tle ac-cents, his
 His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, He's will-ing to help me in

voice I can hear, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee,"
 each time of need, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

No. 63.

He's Able and Willing.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

Parts.

1. A sin-ner more wretched than I, . . . There could not be; . . . Till Je-sus the
 2. His pow-er no lim-it can know, His grace is mine; His love Ho is
 3. He's a - ble and will-ing to go, . . . O'er mount-ains steep, Or down in the

might-y, came nigh, To set me free, I opened my heart to His call,
 will-ing to show, 'Tis love di - vine! His mer-cy is of-fer'd to day,
 val-ley so low, Or storm-y deep: If will-ing His bidding to do,

His own to be, And when I sur-ren-der'd all, . . . My Lord saved me.
 So full, so free, He'll nev-er turn you a - way, . . . For Ho saved me.
 His own you'll be, I know He can keep you true, . . . For He keeps me.

Chorus.

He's a - ble and will-ing to save, A - ble will - ing,
 A - ble and will-ing, a - ble and will-ing,

He's a - ble and will - ing to save, For Ho saved me.

Map. 1911 No. 14

No. 64. When Your Heart is Right with God.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. In the bat - tles of your life you nev - er shall de - feat - ed be, If your
 2. Might - y riv - ers of temp - ta - tion shall you nev - er o - ver - flow. If your
 3. O what peace and sweet con - tent - ment, and the path - way al - ways bright, When your

heart..... is right with God. You'll go forth to might - y con - quests,
 heart is right with God. In the storms of trib - u - la - tion
 heart is right with God. O what bold - ness in the con - flict
 1. If your heart

you shall gain the vic - to - ry If your heart..... is right with God.
 you shall nev - er shipwreck know If your heart..... is right with God.
 O what vic - t'ry in the fight When your heart is right with God.
 1. If your heart

CHORUS.

If your heart..... is right with God,..... If your
 If your heart is right with God,

heart..... is right with God..... You shall know no sad de - feat But a
 If your heart is right with God,

When Your Heart is Right with God.—Concluded.

vic - to - ry com - plete If your heart..... is right with God.....
 If your heart is right with God.

No. 65. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know, why oft 'round me, My hopes all shat - ter'd, seem to be;
2. I can - not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Fa - ther's heart a - bove;
3. Tho' tri - als come thro' pass - ing days, My life may still be fill'd with praise;

God's per - feet plan I can - not see,..... But some day I'll un - der stand.
 My faith to test, my love to prove,..... But some day I'll un - der - stand.
 For God will lead thro' darken'd ways,..... But some day I'll un - der - stand.

CHORUS.

Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

No. 66.

Comrades of the Cross.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, Ye com-rades of the cross;
 2. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, His ban-ners float on high;
 3. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, His might and pow'r pro-claim:

Strength di-vine for-e'er sus-tain-eth, Ye ne'er can suf-fer loss.
 Ev-'ry heart the foe dis-dain-eth, For vic-t'ry's morn is nigh.
 Cour-age true, the tri-umph gain-eth, Press for-ward in his name.

CHORUS.

Com-rades, com-rades of the cross, O Gird-ing on his ar-mor
 gird ye on his

a - mor bright, For-ward press, for-ward press; Ye shall
 For-ward press, for-ward press; for-ward press;

win, O host of light, March a-long with song!
 Ye shall win, O host of light, O march a-long with song! with song

Comrades of the Cross.—Concluded.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Crown of life from the Lord. Earth-ly strife
Crown of life..... gift of the Lord, Earth-ly strife bringeth re-

MALE VOICES.

ALL VOICES IN PARTS.

bath re-ward.
ward. Re-joice, the Con-q'ror reign-eth, His strength di-vine sus-

tain-eth; His might the vic-t'ry gain-eth, Press ye on! Press on!

No. 67. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet To pay their hom - age at his feet;
3. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es crown his head;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to their King;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

No. 68.

The Royal Banners.

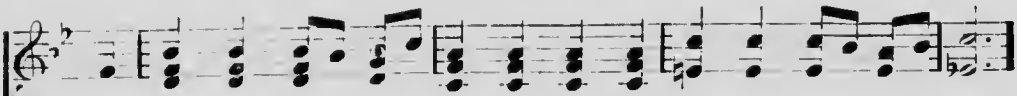
GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

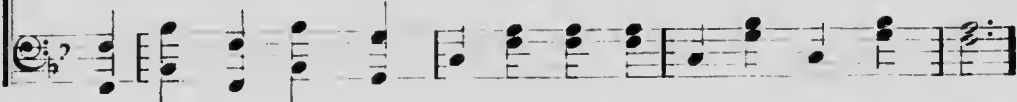
Unison.



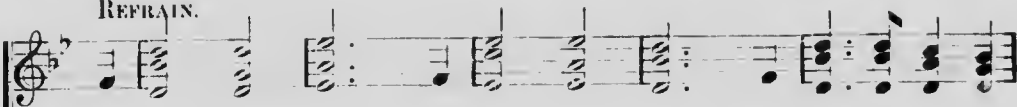
1. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, In splen - dor bright they shine,
2. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, While songs of tem - ple ring,
3. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, By faith we for - ward press,



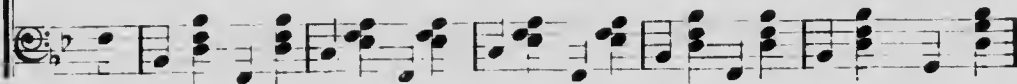
The cross still glows with mys - tic rays, We con - quer by this sign.
 Their crim - zon folds with joy dis - play, The stand - ard of the King.
 Till earth shall own her sov'reign sway, His ho - ly name con - fess.



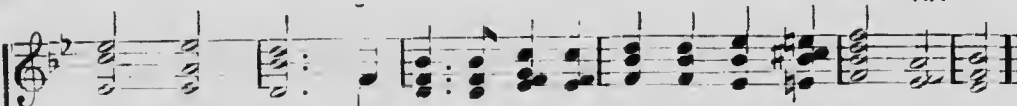
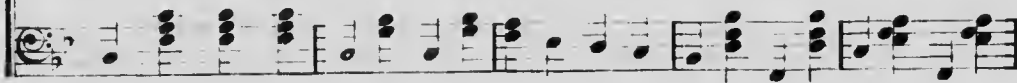
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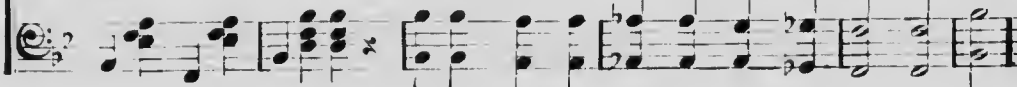
Lead on, lead on, O ban - ners bright, We'll con - quer for the



King of kings, The Lord of lords, Press on, press on till



flags are furled, And Christ in end - less pow'r shall reign, O'er all the world.



No. 69.
C. A. M.

Bells of Hope.

C. AUSTIN MILLER

1. Ring on, O Bells of Hope,..... Ring loud your help - ful song;.....
 2. Ring on and nev - er cease,..... While there is one to grieve;...
 3. Car - ry your mes - sage true,..... Sent from the sky a - bove;.....

Now let your joy - ous tones,..... On ev - 'ry breeze be borne a - long.
 Bid them re - joice to know,..... They shall the gift of God re - ceive.
 O - ver and o'er ring on,..... Till they shall know that God is love.

CHORUS.

Chime on, O Bells of Hope, Mer - ri - ly, cher - i - ly, Ring out in
 Ring, Ring, etc.
 Ding, dong, etc.

mer - ry lay, Right wins the day, Ring out a "nev - er fear,"
 Ding, dong, ding, etc.

Ritard.
 He is near, Christ is near, Ring out, our hearts to cheer, Ring, Ring.
 Ding, ding, dong.

No. 70. When I Felt the Heavenly Sunlight in my Soul.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—EPIH. 5: 14.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Have you found the bless-ed Sav-iour, Has he wash'd your sins a-way? Is he
 2. I had oft-en heard him call-ing, But I wander'd far a-way; Till I
 3. 'Tis like dwelling in fair Ca-naan Where the tree of life doth grow, And the
 4. Now I'm on my way to heav-en, Sing-ing praise un-to his name; There to

now your ref-uge while the bil-lows roll? Let me tell you I have found him, And he
 heard the bell of conscience sad-ly toll; Then I call'd, and lo, he an-swer'd In his
 fie-ry darts of sin no more con-trol. 'Tis the ho-ly land of Ben-lah Where the
 meet him when the an-gels call the roll; And I'll hear the wel-come plaudit From the

turn'd my night to day, And he gave me heav'nly sun-light in my soul.
 ten-der, lov-ing way, And I felt his heav'n-ly sun-light in my soul.
 liv-ing wa-ters flow With its heav'n-ly sun-light flood-ing all my soul.
 One who o-ver-came With the glo-ry of his sun-light in my soul.

CHORUS.

I shout-ed "hal-le-lu-jah," when I found the shin-ing way, And the

blood of Je-sus cleans'd and made me whole; I shall ne'er for-get the mem'ry of that

When I Felt the Heavenly Sunlight, etc.—Concluded.

hap - py, hap - py day, When I felt the heav'n-ly sun-light in my soul.

No. 71. Fasten Your Eyes Upon Jesus.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

WILFRED ROBERTSON.

1. When sor - row and grief o'er-whelm you, Bend - ing you low with woe;
 2. When joys of the world al - lure you, Call - ing you from his side;
 3. No mat - ter if grief or sad - ness Grip with their va - ried bands;
 4. In ev - 'ry-thing do him hon - or, Give him the glo - ry due;

Then think of the sor - row of Je - sus, Who loves you so.
 Then fast - en your eyes up - on Je - sus, Once ern - ci - fied.
 Just fast - en your eyes up - on Je - sus, He un - der - stands.
 And fast - en your eyes up - on Je - sus, Who lives for you.

CHORUS.

Je - sus,

Je - sus the ern - ci - fied,

Then fast - en your eyes up - on Je - sus the Sav - iour, Je - sus, who died for you on the tree,

Liv - ing is he and plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and me.

No. 72.

Conquest Calls Us.

GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Hark, the notes that ne'er can sound retreat!
 2. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Follow 'neath the ban-ner of the King,
 3. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Crown of life the victor's brow a - waits,

Christ our King with joy we o-bey, Led by him we ne'er can know de-feat.
 Roy - al stan-dards lead all the way, Vic - t'ry shall the cross of Je - sus bring.
 Joy of Gcd our strength and our stay, Till we rest with-in the gold-en gates.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On-ward, vic - to - rious, On-ward, all - glo - rious, Val-iant, un - daunt - ed,

Songs re - joic - ing ring. Hail him, De - fen - der, Prais - es we ren - der,

Unison.

Triumph thro' the Lord of hosts, The conq'ring King. On-ward vic - to - rious,

Conquest Calls Us.—Concluded.

Onward, all-glo-rious, Valiant, un-daunt-ed, Songs re-joic-ing ring. Hail him, De-

Harmony.

fen-der, Praises we ren-der, Triumph thro' the Lord of hosts, The conq'ring King.

No. 73. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The snn gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, On't of my
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me
 sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for-got, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God to thee, Near-er to thee!

No. 74.

Over the Earth.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

W. A. Post.

Lullaby. Slowly.

1. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's love, Ten - der, strong, Bear - ing long,
 2. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's pow'r, Strong to shield, Strength to yield,
 3. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's care, O how blest, Safe to rest,

Gift ev - er pre - cious from heav'n a - bove, Love for you, for me!
 Cour - age he gives us for tri - al's hour, Pow'r for you, for me!
 Peace pass - ing knowledge his chil - dren share, Care for you, for me!

* CHORUS. *Two parts.*

Guarding still Safe from ill, Kept by his lov - ing arm, King of kings,

rall. 'Neath his wings, Shielding from ev'ry harm, *a tempo.* On his breast Lulled to rest, Sleepeth he

cres. nev - er, nor slumbers, Heav'nly peace Ne'er shall cease, *rall.* Peace for you, for me! *pp*

* Chorus two parts, one part may be sung by boys and the other by the girls.

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No. 75.

The Man of Galilee is King.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Ring out your praise till all the world shall hear you, To Christ who died, was
 2. Tho' once of low-ly birth, 'mongst men a stran-ger A ser-vant he, at
 3. The day will come when ev-'ry earth-ly king-dom Shall own him Lord, o-

eru-ci-fied, Lift up your voice and sing, All kin-dreds of the earth shall bow be-
 last to be, For sin an-of-fer-ing; Tho' once despised, and by his own re-
 bey his word, To him their homage bring, For he shall reign in ev-er-last-ing

fore him, The man of Gal-i-lee is King. }
 ject-ed, The man of Gal-i-lee is King. } To Christ be ev-er-last-ing
 glo-ry, The man of Gal-i-lee is King. }

CHORUS.

hon-or, glo-ry praise, Tho' once he bore the cross, And suffered shame and loss, Let

ev-'ry child of God the sweet-est mu-sic bring, The man of Gal-i-lee is King.

No. 76.

The Pilgrim's Song.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. God's own hand shall lead me Thro' the wil - der - ness, By his pow'r shall
 2. Ho - reb shall be brok - en, Wa - ter to sup - ply Of a fount, a
 3. What if some - times wea - ry By the way I fall? What if nights are
 4. Read - y then, not doubt - ing, God's on ev - 'ry hand; On - ward, com - rades,

feel me, By his love shall bless..... Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter, Tho' so
 to - ken, That shall ne'er ran dry;..... Man - na fails from heav - en Ev - 'ry
 drear - y? Is not Christ my all?..... He my soul is feed - ing On the
 shout - ing This is our own land,..... Home at last, for - ev - er, Here in

far from home, Shall find food and wa - ter, When the need shall come.
 morn - ing new; Un - to all is giv - en Free as morn - ing's dew.
 Bread of Life, He my path is lead - ing Far from mor - tal strife.
 peace to stay; We shall wan - der nev - er, From its joys a - way.

REFRAIN.

Wa - ter? To Ho - reb's ston - y heart for wa - ter I'll fly; Faint - ing? The air a -

bove is dark - en'd by thy fool sup - ply; Man - na? Up - on the ground is plen - ty,

The Pilgrim's Song.—Concluded.

when morn is nigh, And Ca-naan is just a-head Where fountains nev-er run dry.

rit.

No. 77. Won't You Say "Yes" to Him Now?

JAMES ROWE.

JEAN HOWARD.

1. Still the dear Sav-our is plead-ing, Wound-ed, his hands and his brow;
 2. All that for man could be giv-en, Je-sus has giv-en for you,
 3. Arms that with ag-o-ny quiv-ered, Still are ex-tend-ed with love.

Sure-ly his love you are need-ing, Won't you say "Yes" to him now?
 Yet the dear side that was riv-en, Of-fers a ref-uge most true.
 Be from your bond-age de-liv-ered; Sin-bur-dened soul, look a-bove.

CHORUS.

Won't you trust him, trust his love.....

Won't you say "yes" to this dear Friend above, Won't you say "yes" to this dear Friend a-bove;

Grieve him no more but in pen-i-tence bow, Won't you say "yes", say "yes" to him now?

No. 78.

Forward, All Rejoicing.

JAMES ROWE.

ADAM GEBEL.

1. For-ward, all re-joic-ing, with the Sav-our we will go; If we tru-ly
 2. For-ward, all re-joic-ing, send-ing out the gos-pel light, Mak-ing sad ones
 3. For-ward, all re-joic-ing, keep-ing pure and sweet with-in, Shunning world-ly

trust Him, we shall o-ver-come the foe; He will walk be-side us,
 hap-py, mak-ing drear-y plac-es bright; Col-ors proud-ly show-ing,
 pleas-ures, beat-ing back the hordes of sin; We will tell the sto-ry

cheer our hearts and guide us; Day by day, His bless-ing Je-sus will be-stow.
 hearts with love o'er-flow-ing, For-ward, al-ways fight-ing for the truth and right.
 of His love and glo-ry, Till, by lov-ing serv-ice, life's bright crown we win.

CHORUS.

On-ward, yes on-ward, We'll keep the cross be-fore us; For-ward, yes

On-ward, com-rades, on-ward, com-rades keep the cross be-fore us, com-rades, Forward, com-rades,

for-ward, We'll keep His lan-ner o'er us; Up-ward, yes up-ward, Un-

for-ward, com-rades, Keep His lan-net o'er us comrades; Up-ward, com-rades, up-ward, comrades,

Forward, All Rejoicing.—Concluded.

til we sing the cho-rus, Till we sing the cho-rus In the hap-py world a-bove.
 til we sing the chorus comrades.

No. 79. A Child and Heir of God.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O won - der - ful blood that can save me, O won - der - ful love that for -
 2. O won - der - ful side, for us riv - en, O won - der - ful fore - taste of
 3. O won - der - ful Spir - it of pow - er, O won - der - ful keep - ing each

gave me, O won - der - ful grace that would have me, A child and heir of God.
 heav - en, O won - der - ful name God has giv - en, A child and heir of God.
 hour, He saves me tho' storm clouds may low - er, A child and heir of God.

CHORUS.

(won - der - ful Lord, O won - der - ful
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Lord, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

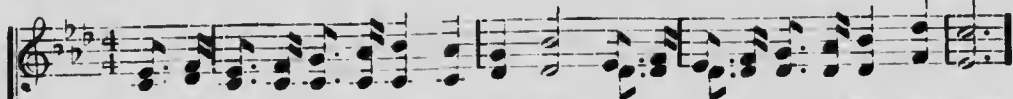
blood, . . . O won - der - ful grace that would have me, A child and heir of God.
 won - der - ful blood.

No. 80.

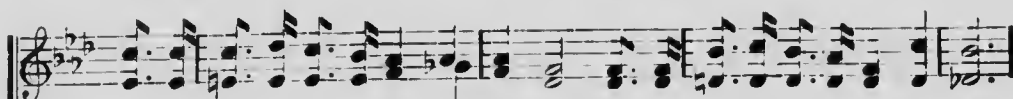
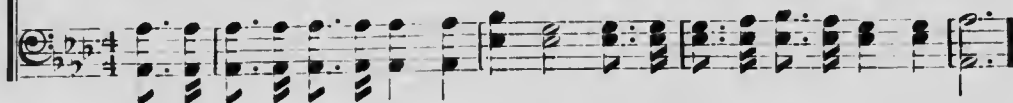
'Tis There I'm Going.

C. A. M.

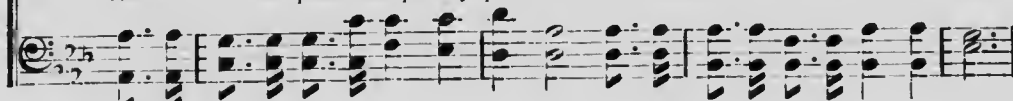
C. AUSTIN MILES.



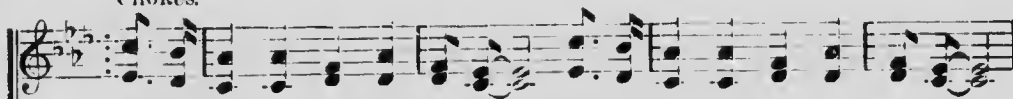
1. There's a land to which mysteps are lead-ing, And I know I shall be wel-come there;
2. There the tree of life is ev-er bloom-ing, There the wa-ters flow in cease-less streams;
3. There the King of all the world is reign-ing, And the King him-self shall wel-come me;
4. There his love shall ev-er-more en-fold me, And the sor-rows of the world be o'er;



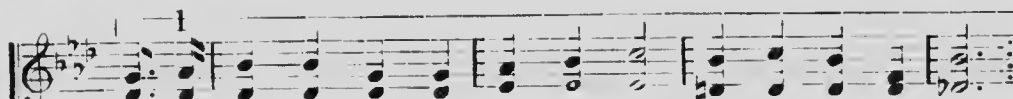
And my heart shall beat with joy and glad-ness As I en-ter in that realm so fair.
 There the Sun of Righteousness is shin-ing Shed-ding o-ver all his heal-ing beams.
 And my soul shall thrill with joy and won-der That his mer-cy is so full, so free.
 And when I shall pass those pearl-y por-tals, I shall stay with-in for ev-er-more.



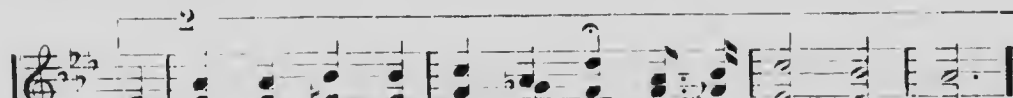
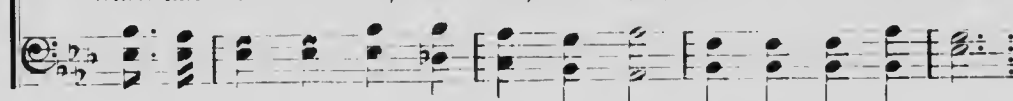
CHORUS.



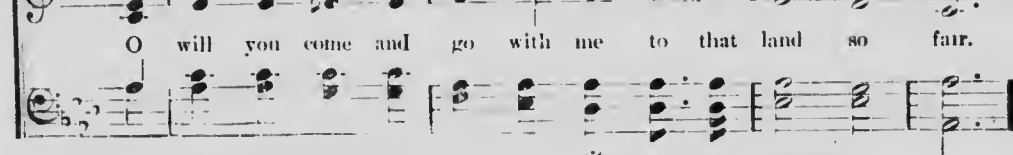
{ Yes, 'tis there my soul is go-ing, Where the tree of life is grow-ing,
 { There I'll sing sal-va-tion's sto-ry With the ran-som'd hosts in glo-ry;



Where there is no sin, no death, nor night, There's no sor-row there.



O will you come and go with me to that land so fair.



No. 81.

God's Way.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivo.*

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

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

CHORUS. *Animato.*

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

rit......

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

No. 82. Since I Gave my Heart to Jesus.

LEWIS M. CLARK.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor, or Solo.*

1. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus I've had joy with - in my soul,
 2. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus He has sav'd me thro' and thro';
 3. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name;
 4. Come and give your heart to Je - sus, Sin - ner, yield your stub - born will;

And a peace that is un - bro - ken While the bil - lows near me roll.
 All my life is filled with glad - ness, And with bless - ings ev - er new.
 In my soul is qui - et glad - ness, Ec - sta - sy I can't ex - plain.
 Tho' you long his love re - ject - ed, He is wait - ing for you still.

There is sun - shine while 'tis rain - ing, There is calm a - midst the storm,
 O the rap - ture and the glo - ry Of a heart from sin made free;
 Blest com - munion, se - cret con - verse, Sweetened by his gen - tle voice,
 He for - sook his home in glo - ry, And for you he bled and died;

There is rest midst toil and la - bor, As I to his will con - form.
 Can I ev - er tell the sto - ry Of what Christ has done for me?
 As he draws me to his bos - om, Since I made his will my choice.
 Come and give your heart to Je - sus And be ful - ly sat - is - fied.

Since I Gave my Heart to Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, How my path - way has been bright;

I am sing - ing in the day - time, And re - joie - ing in the night.

No. 83.

My Story and my Song.

J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

1. Rap - ture my heart is swell - ing, Night has been chang'd to day; Je - sus with - in is
 2. How could I ev - er grieve him, One who such love could show? Why did I not re -
 3. Oh, it is sweet to love him, Pre - cious is he to me; None in my heart a -

CHORUS.

dwell - ing, Sins have been wash'd a - way ! } Glo - ry, glo - ry,
 ceive him Ma - ny a year a - go? } Glo - ry to Je - sus, his blood made me free.
 love him Ev - er a - gain shall be. }

This is the song of my soul— This is my song and my sto - ry: Je - sus has made me whole.

No. 84.

Look On the Fields.

JENNIE WILSON.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Look on the fields where the har-vest is wait-ing, See how they reach in the
 2. Hear how the Mas-ter for work-ers is call-ing, List to His voice as He
 3. Will you not go in the wide field to la-bor? Will you not gath-er the
 4. Look on the fields and no lon-ger de-lay-ing, Go where is wav-ing the

dis-tance a-way. Near and a-far they are read-y for reap-ing, Yet they are
 earn-est-ly pleads, Free-ly He prom-is-es wa-ges a-bund-ant, Un-to the
 ripe gold-en sheaves, Bring them to Je-sus and when e-ven com-eth, Gain the re-
 boun-ti-ful grain, Has-ten to toil side by side with the faith-ful, Serv-ing the

CHORUS.

few who will la-bor to-day,
 toil-ers whose serv-ice He needs, } Look on the fields, on the fields white for har-vest,
 ward each true reap-er re-ceive. }
 Mas-ter on hill-side and plain.

Look on the fields that are broad as the earth, Thrust in the sick-le, for

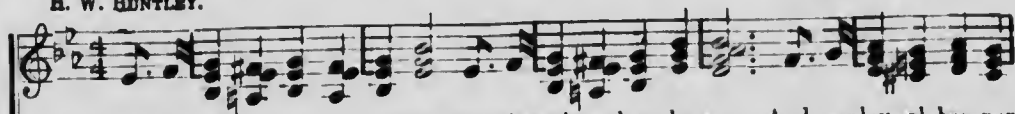
gar-ners e-ter-nal, And save the bright yield of un-speak-a-ble worth.

No. 85.

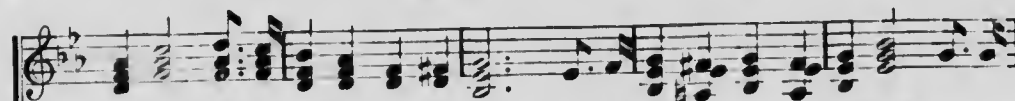
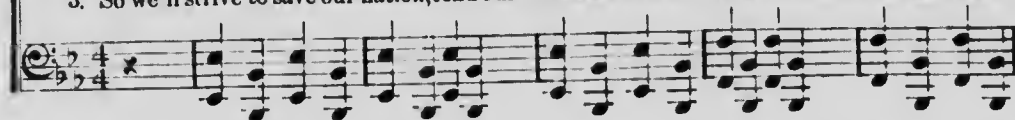
The Victory Depends On You.

H. W. BENTLEY.

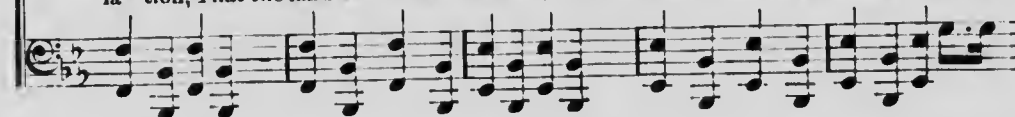
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. O the bat-tle ery is ring-ing, There's a triumph to be won, And our loy-al ban-ner
 2. So we haste with hearts undaunted, And we'll win for God our land, For the foe with pow'r so
 3. So we'll strive to save our nation, And our homes we'll seek to guard, From the sin and des-o-



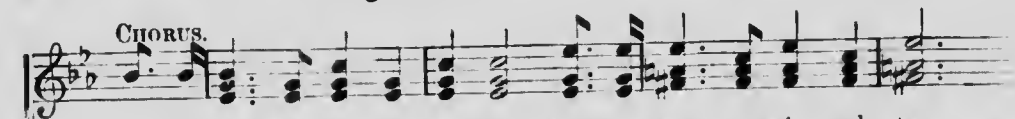
fling-ing On-ward till our warfare's done. O a joy-ful song shall cheer us, And our
 vaunted Ne'er against us shall withstand. For the Lord of hosts shall hear us, And to
 la-tion, That the land so oft have marred, And the hosts of sin shall fear us, For their



cour-age still re-new, For the vie-to-ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
 him we'll e'er be true, O the vie-to-ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
 strength we'll soon subdue, O the vie-to-ry is near us, And it may depend on you!



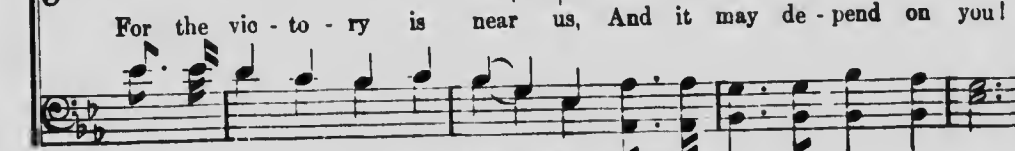
CHORUS.



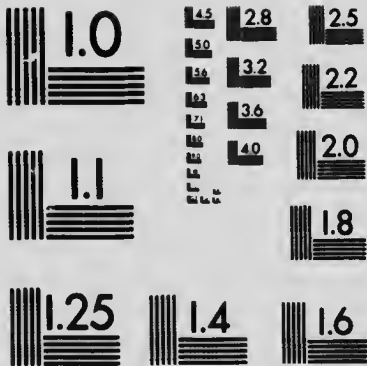
O our foes shall ev-er fear us, And shall see our tri-umph, too,



For the vie-to-ry is near us, And it may de-pend on you!







MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

No. 86.

Someone Will Be Waiting.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I must lay this bod - y down and soar a - way, Where there waits for
 2. I must pass the val - ley dim to reach my home, Yet I'll walk still
 3. If it be my lot to lie in o - cean bed, Or where flow'rs be-
 4. When I press my will - ing feet up - on that strand, I shall find some

me a crown of end-less day; Past the pearl-y gates Where my mansion waits,
 close to Him what'er may come; When the light I see Of my home to be,
 hold the sky far o - ver head; Still my joy shall be When my home I see,
 friends to greet with outstretched hand; Tho' their lov-ing smile Left me for a while,

CHORUS.

Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 They will be at hand to bid me "Wel-come home." } Someone will be wait-ing,
 for me,

Wait-ing, for me, wait-ing, for me, When I cross the bil-lows foam, When I

reach my heav'ly home; Someone will be wait-ing, for me, For me, for me.

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No. 87.

Sometimes.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

DUETT.

1. Sometimes we may not understand,
 2. Sometimes the bitter tears shall fall,
 3. By faith we walk and not by sight,

Some-times a cloud may hide our way;
 Some-times our hearts are bowed with pain,
 Some-times his will is that we wait;

But still our Father's loving hand,
 We won - der, doth he hear our call,
 Some day we'll see in God's clear light

Doth guide us to that blessed day.
 Or have we served our God in vain.
 At home, beyond hope's golden gate.

CHORUS.

Un - til that day, that hap - py day, When

Until that day, that hap-py day,

God shall wipe all bit - ter tears a - way; What-e'er our lot, We'll murmur

What-e'er our lot,

rit ad lib.

not, But glad - ly wait be - side hope's gold - en gate.

we'll murmur not,

No. 88.

A New Name in Glory.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

C. A. M.

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord.
 2. I was hum-bly kneeling at the Cross Fearing naught but God's an-gry frown.
 3. In the Book 'tis written "Sav'd by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul.

This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word,
 When the heavens o-pen-ed and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.
 Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole.
 kept His word.

CHORUS.

There's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!
 And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

And the white robed an-gel'ssing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home,"
 has come home,

For there's a new name writ-ten down in Glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's
 And it's mine,

A New Name in Glory.—Concluded.

mine! With my sins for-giv-en I am bound for heav-en, Nev-er-more to roam.
yes, it's mine!

No. 89.

Conquest Banners.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

C. A. M.

1. Conquest banners stream-ing, Bid us on-ward go, Col-ors bright-ly gleam-ing,
2. Conquest banners wav-ing, In their splendor shine, Ev-'ry dan-ger brav-ing,
3. Conquest banners glow-ing, Bid us for-ward press, Cour-age now be-stow-ing,

Guid-ing to the foe. Strong in strength super-nal, Hasten to bat-tle-field, God, the King -
Con-quer by his sign. Forth, to field vic-tor-ious, By his spir-it seal'd, God, the King all-
God shall ev-er bless. Foes shall all sur-ren-der, Host of sin must yield, God, the great De-

CHORUS.

ter-nal, Is our sun and shield. } On! on! viet'ry bring! On! on! for our King!
glorious, Is our sun and shield. }
fen-der, Is our sun and shield. }

Conquer in this our sign, Conquer in strength divine, Glory, O God be thine, Our sun and shield.

No. 90.

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, a.
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls! for
 3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 4. An - gels, sing on; your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments

o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come! And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing,
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

REFRAIN. *Unison, melody in Bass Clef.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 And heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last. } An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

Unison.
 light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night, An gels of

Harmony.

Je - sus, an - gels of light. Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

No. 91.

Mother's Religion.

C. W. D.

CHAS. W. DRISKELL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I was young, but I re-mem-ber; as I sat at mother's knee, How she
 2. Years have pass'd since mother's spir - it winged its flight to you bright shore, I have
 3. When the shad - ows gath - er round me, at the clos - ing of life's day, Then the

taught me from the Bi - ble. of Christ who died for me, She said, my boy, trust
 tast - ed life's pure fountain, am saved for ev - er - more, When-e'er I meet with
 Old Time Re - lig - ion will be my guide and stay, When I cross death's turbid

Je - sus, his grace will set you free, Seek the Old Time Re - lig - ion. For 'tis
 tri - als, I now each day can see That the Old Time Re - lig - ion. Still is
 riv - er my Saviour's face I see Then the Old Time Re - lig - ion Will be

CHORUS.

good e nough for me. 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion, 'tis the Old Time Re -

lig - ion, 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion; And 'tis good e - nough for me.

No. 92.

If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILER.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go . . . An - y - wherel 'Tis heaven to me, Wher -
 I'll go

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

If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; . . . If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - wherel
cross, his cross to bear;

No. 93. The Place called Calvary.

E. E. HEWITT.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O thou bleed - ing Lamb of God, Thou the path of death hast trod,
2. Flow - ing here the crim - son tide, Fount of bless - ing deep and wide,
3. O the cru - el pain he bore, When the crown of thorns he wore;
4. Cor - o - na - tion, for he'll re - ceive All who on his name be - lieve;

Pour - ing out thy life for me, At the place called Cal - va - ry.
Sav - iour, wash a - way my sin, Bring thy cleans - ing pow'r with - in.
Sin - ner, come; for you and me, Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry.
Find sal - va - tion full and free. At the place called Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.
Won - der - ful place called Cal - va - ry, Won - der - ful place called Cal - va - ry;
called Cal - va - ry, called Cal - va - ry;

Love, re - deem - ing love, I see, At the place called Cal - va - ry.

No. 94.

I'm the Lord's Forever.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I would sing of Je - sus and his good - ness day by day, I'm the
 2. He my soul is keep - ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the
 3. Tho' I walk in sun - shine or where shad - ows dark - ly fall, I'm the

Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; All my sins for - giv - en, I am
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; With his arms to shield me, naught of

on the up - ward way, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 have his pres - ence near, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 e - vil can be - fall, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.

CHORUS.

I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name;

rit.
 Mer - cy doth en - fold me, lov - ing arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name.

No. 95.

Remember Thy Creator.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL

1. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, And learn to heed His word, So joy shall
 2. These hours of joy and glad - ness Are all in his con - trol, And his the
 3. His, ev - 'ry bud and blos - som, His, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, But thine to
 4. Thy heart, O youth and maid - en, In - cline his will to do, Be just with

CHORUS. Unison.

e'er at - tend thee And peace his name af - ford.
 pow'r to bless thee And fill with peace thy soul. } Re - mem - ber thy Cre -
 do his bid - ding, That bud may grow to flow'r.
 mer - cy heed - ing, And to thy God be true.

a - tor, In youth - ful days that fly, While days of e - vil come not Nor

all the years draw nigh, When pleasure is not in them Nor in the path thus

trod. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, And fear and love thy God.

C. A. M.

1. I will seek to be a bless- ing, To some heart by grief bowed down, Take to
 2. O! the joy a kind word car- ries, If in love a- lone 'tis giv'n, By the
 3. I would be a bur- den bear- er, Shar- ing oth- ers' grief and pain; I would
 3. Here we stand, and now de- part- ing, Hope that we shall meet a- gain, Where the

that one some kind greeting, To dis- suade the world's dark frown, For the joys of life are
 com- fort in its message, Ma- ny souls are led to heav'n, O may mine be such a
 speak some word of com- fort, And to bring a smile a- gain, Never lost is such a
 sun's bright rays are beaming, O - ver hill and o - ver plain, Let there be no no. e of

fleet- ing, But the joys of heav'n shall last, And the heart with sor- row beat - ing, Views with
 glo - ry, Thus to lead some wand' rer in, As I go from God's own tem- ple, To the
 treas- ure, God rewards in his own way, And a mea- sure full- er meas- ure, Shall be
 sad- ness, For the God who rules on high, Shall in mer- cy e'er be with us, Till we

CHORUS.

hope the grief that's past.
 world where dwelleth sin.
 mine some happy day.
 gath - er by and by.

Use me; use me, where I may be of serv- ice, Lord,

Here or yon - der, on- ly that thy hand I see; Use me; use me,

Use Me.—Concluded

thine be the glo-ry ev-er-more, I'm content to do thy will, what-so-e'er it be.

No. 97.

Saved to Service.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

L. S. L.

Animato.

1. When Je - sus sweet - ly sav'd me, He wash'd my sins a way;
 2. Now He's a - bid - ing with me, This pre - cious Friend di - vine;
 3. Swift - ly the hours are pass - ing, Help me to win I pray;
 4. Then when His voice shall call me, To lay my arm - or down;

I prom - ised I would love Thee, Serve Thee from day to day.
 I have th' best as - sur - ance I'm Thine, and He is mine.
 Bright jew - els for Thy king - dom, Ere clos - es life's short day.
 May I se - cure for serv - ice, A bright and star - ry crown.

Chorus.

Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Oth - er lives to Him bring;
 Yes, I'm saved, Oth - er lives to Him bring;

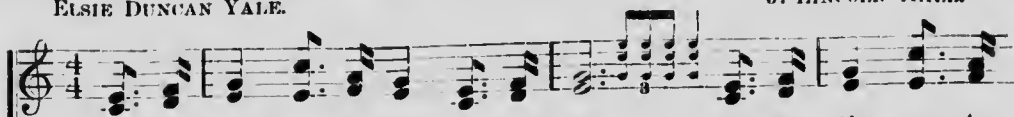
Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Re - deem - ing love shall be my theme.
 Yes, I'm saved!

No. 98.

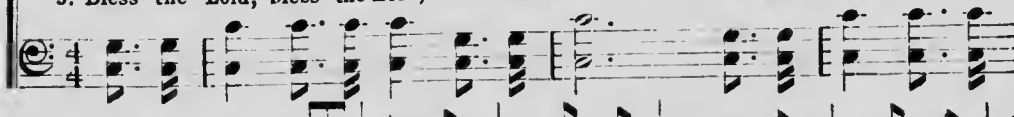
Bless the Lord, O Ye Lands.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

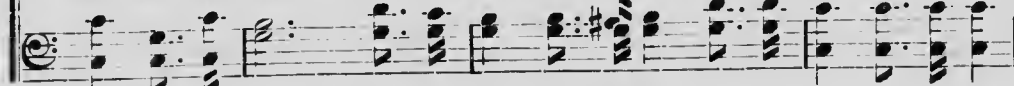
J. LINCOLN HALL.



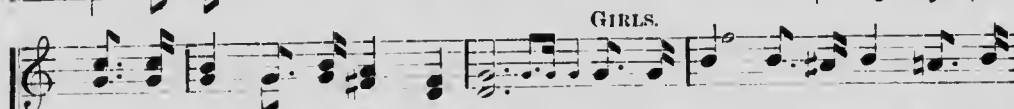
1. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O ye lands, Gold - en gifts un - to
 2. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, roll - ing sea, Let the waves hear his
 3. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, let the world Hom - age yield un - to



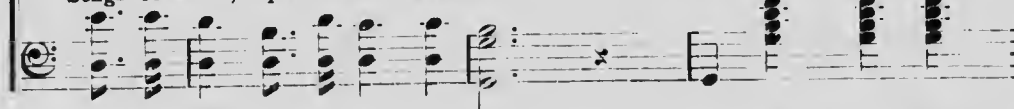
you he hath giv'n; For the skies fair and bright, for the days of de-light,
 voice and o - bey; O - cean calms at his will, when he bids "Peace be still!"
 him and a - dore; For the wealth of his love, for the joys from a - above,



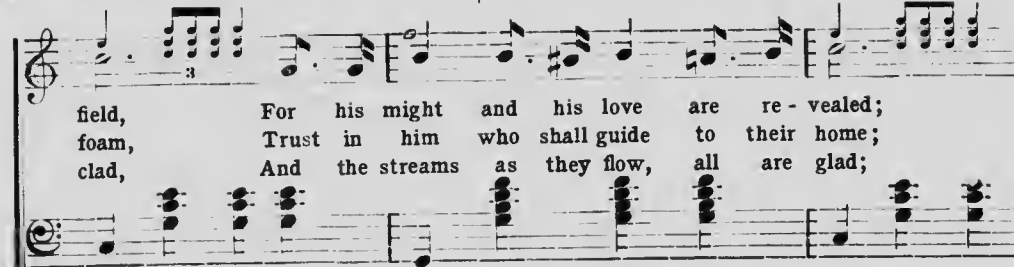
GIRLS.



Joy - ous praise, glad - ly raise to heav'n. For the flow'rs of the vale and the
 Storms that sweep o'er the deep own his sway. And the ships as they speed o'er the
 Songs re-sound, hopes abound e'er-more. For the hills and the vales hath he

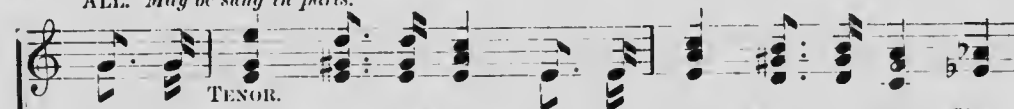


field, For his might and his love are re - vealed;
 foam, Trust in him who shall guide to their home;
 clad, And the streams as they flow, all are glad;

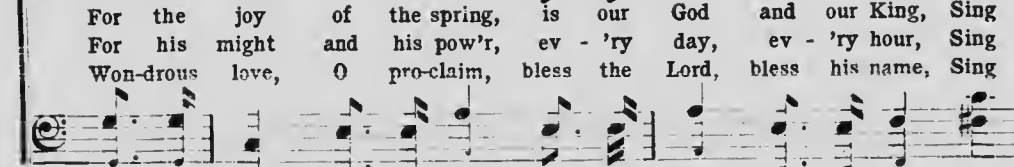


ALL. *May be sung in parts.*

TENOR.



For the joy of the spring, is our God and our King, Sing
 For his might and his pow'r, ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Sing
 Won-drous love, O pro-claim, bless the Lord, bless his name, Sing



Bless the Lord, O Ye Lands.—Concluded.

CHORUS. Unison.

praise! Sing praise! Praise him! Praise him for his gifts so

Parts. *Unison.*

free, Praise him, praise him earth and sky and sea; Bless him,

Parts.

bless him and his pow'r proclaim, Praise! Praise! Praise his name!

No. 99. How Gentle God's Commands.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Arr. from HANS G. NAEGEL.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
 2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
 That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.
 Haste to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
 I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 100.

A Father's Love.

H. G. STEPHENS.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

1. Riv-ers to the o - cean flow - ing, 'Neath the skies that bright are glowing,
2. 'Mid the leaf - y for - ests far - ing, Glo - ry of the gar - dens shar - ing,
3. Singing when the stars are gleam - ing, Singing 'neath the sil - v'ry beam - ing,

Mes - si - ges of hope be - stow - ing, Tell - ing of a Fa - ther's care.
Glad - ness to the earth now bear - ing, Tell - ing of a Fa - ther's care.
Lull - ing all the flow'rs to dream - ing, Tell - ing of a Fa - ther's care.

CHORUS.

Hast-en to the rest-less roll - ing tide; Hast-en to the o - cean deep and wide,

On-ward to the dis-tant gleaming goal, Onward where the waves unceas-ing roll;

Sing - ing 'neath the sun - lit skies a - bove, To tell a Fa - ther's love.

No. 101.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

Flowers of the Field.

J. LINCOLN HALL

1. Flow'rs of the field Blooming 'neath skies so fair, Hom-age to yield.
 2. Flow'rs of the field Breathing your fragrant praise, Ye have re-veal'd
 3. Flow'rs of the field Blooming your Lord to greet, You he hath seal'd.

Praise to the Father ye bear, Fill-ing earth with delight, Thrilling hearts that are light,
 Blessings of joy-la-den days— Heav-en, bendeth so near, Giv - en, gift of glad cheer,
 Her-alds of blessings so sweet, Wak-ing earth un - to day, Breaking winter's dark away,

CHORUS.

Still - ing fears that af-fright, Your glad news bring. } Flow'rs, flow'rs of the
 Riv - en, bond-age so drear, U - nite in praise. } Flow'rs of the field,
 Tak - ing sad-ness a - way, Bring joy com - plete. }

mead - ow, Glad message ye bring, Gone, gone are the shad - ows,
 Flow'rs of the field, Ti-dings of joy ye bring, Shadows are gone, Shadows are gone.

2

Praise, praise we the King, Gone, gone are the shadows hail the joy-ous spring.
 Praise we the King, King, Shadows are gone, Hail the spring, the joy-ous spring.

No. 102.

Shepherd Divine.

ADAM GEIBEL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Shepherd Di-vine, be thou near us, Gath-er us in thy fold;.....
 2. Shepherd Di-vine, ne'er for-sake us, Tho' we be far a-way;.....
 3. Lead us, O Shepherd, so lov-ing, Down where the wa-ters flow;.....
 4. Shepherd Di-vine, we shall al-ways Praise thee in heav'n a-bove,.....

There may thy mer-cy sur-round us, Safe from the winds so cold.
 Sure-ly thou knowest we love thee, Tho' we do go a-stray.
 Feed us, O Shepherd, so ten-der, That we no hun-ger know.
 For we be-lieve thou hast ev-er Guid-ed us all in love.

CHORUS.

O, Gen-tle Shep-herd, lead us, ev-er lead us, Where the liv-ing

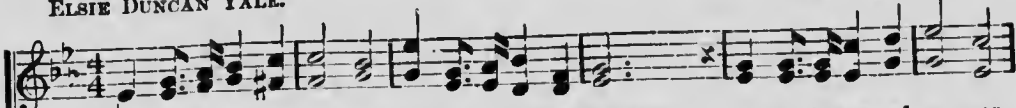
wa-ters flow, Where the balm-y breez-es blow; O, lov-ing Shep-herd,

feed us, ev-er feed us, Living bread of heaven give, That we may live.....

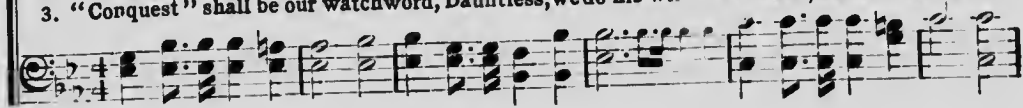
No. 103. "Conquest" Shall Be Our Watchword.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

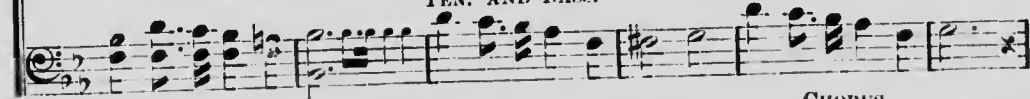


1. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, Lead on the love divine, Gird on the gos-pel ar-mcr,
2. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, On, where the banners go, Vic-t'ry awaits the val-iant,
3. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, Dauntless, we do his wil Forward, we ne'er can falter,

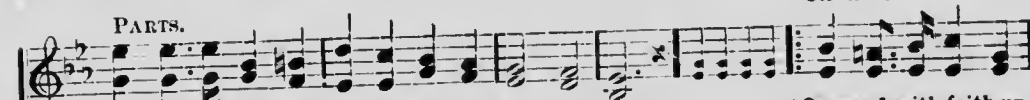


Con-quer in this his sign.
Fear not the fiercest foe.
God shall his word fulfil.

On, where the standards royal, Lead in the narrow way;
Je - sus shall go be - fore us, Faith is our heav'nly shield;
Strong in the strength immortal, Seek not the world's renown;
TEN. AND BASS.



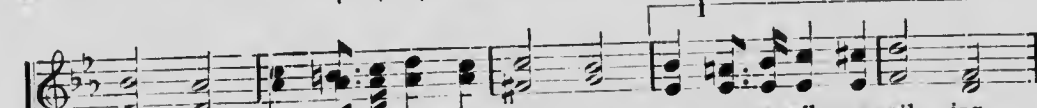
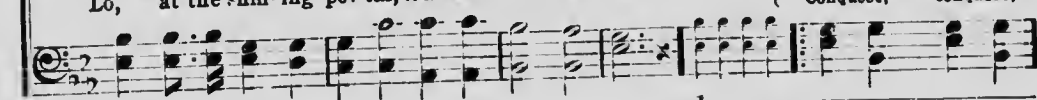
CHORUS.



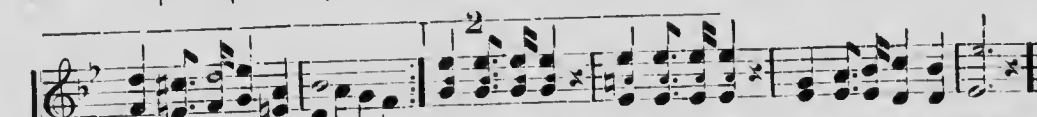
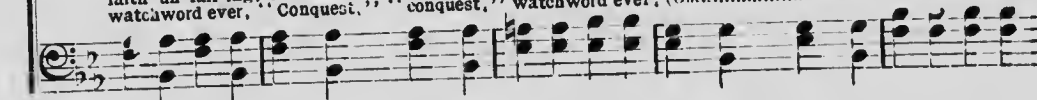
Forth with a cour-age loy-al, Heed his call to-day.
An - gels are watch-ing o'e: us, And we ne'er can yield.
Lo, at the shin-ing po-tal, Waits the victor's crown.

INST.

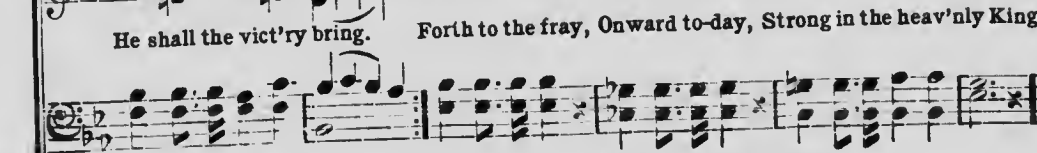
{ On-ward with faith un-
"Conquest" our watchword
On - ward, on - ward,
"Conquest," "conquest,"



fail - ing, Fear not the foes as - sail - ing. God o - ver all pre-vail - ing,
ev - er, He will forsake us nev - er, (Omit
faith un-fail-ing, On - ward, on - ward, foes as-sail-ing. On - ward, on - ward, God prevail-ing.
watchword ever, "Conquest," "conquest," watchword ever, (Omit.....



He shall the vict'ry bring. Forth to the fray, Onward to-day, Strong in the heav'nly King.



No. 104.

Beautiful Flowers of Eden.

C. AUSTIN MILER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Beau-ti - ful flow'rs of E - den, Grow-ing in gar - den fair,
 2. Beau-ti - ful flow'rs of E - den, Who to the gar - den crept,
 3. Beau-ti - ful flow'rs of E - den, Have ye not heard the word?

Nod-ding in sin - less splen - dor, Glo - rious the crown you wear.
 Bring-ing a note of sad - ness, Hence all the world has wept?
 One comes to lift the fall - en, Be ye by grace re - stor'd?

Fair - er than rose or lil - y Earth ev - er since has known,
 Gone is your heav'n - ly beau - ty, Gone your ce - les - tial grace,
 Lift ye your heads and see him, Je - sus, the Lil - y fair,

Hap - py in - deed your por - tion Fit for the Gard - 'ner's throne.
 Grow-ing, yet not in E - den, Low - ly in - deed your place.
 E - den has none so per - fect, None can with him com - pare.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful flow'rs of E - den! Can a - ny with ye com - pare?

Beautiful Flowers of Eden.—Concluded.

Je - sus the Rose of Sha - ron Is fair - er than a - ny there.

No. 105. Hills Crowned With Roses.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

GIRLS VOICES IN PARTS.

1. The hills are crown'd with roses, The plains with verdure green; The love which God dis-
2. The song-birds now are trill-ing Their joy-ous mel - o - dy, The riv - ers in their
3. As riv - ers in deep wa - ters Are lost to things a - bove, So Zi - or's sons and
4. The love that knows no measure Is flow-ing more and more, It fills the earth with

CHORUS. *Quietly.*

clos - es On ev - 'ry hand is seen.
 gladness Are hast'ning to the sea.
 daughters Sur-round-ed are by love. } God is love!
 treasure From heaven's bounteous store.

God is love! God is love!

HARMONY.

The song we hear A - far and near is God is love!

No. 106.

The Maple Leaf Forever.

(The National Song of Canada.)

ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con Spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolf the daunt-less
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave Fa-thers
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heav-en

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood, and no-bly Noot ka Soom!, May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-teous store a-sweet-ly smile, God blest Old Scot-land ev-er-more, And Ireland's Em-er-ald

main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, died; And those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which dis-cord can-not sev-er, Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est quiv-er,

The Maple Leaf Forever.—Concluded.

107

The This - tle, Shanrock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
 Our watchword ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
 And flour - ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
 God save our King and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

CHORUS.

1ST TENOR.

2D TENOR.

The Ma - ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er, God save our King and
 The Ma - ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er, God save our King and
 The Ma - ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er, And flourish green o'er
 The Ma - ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er, God save our King and
 BASS.

Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.
 Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.
 Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for ever.
 Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.

No. 108.

Do You Know Him?

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1 Do you know my Sav-our as I know him? He has spok-en peace to me.
 2 Do you love my Sav-our as I love him? Love him bet-ter, for 'tis he
 3 Do you serve my Sav-our as I serve him? Serve him bet-ter while you may,
 4 I shall know him bet-ter o-ver yon-der, Tho' I can-not love him more:

And I find his fel-low-ship so bless-ed That I'd nev-er from it be free.
 Who be-fore God's throne is in-ter-ced-ing By his purchase on Cal-va-ry.
 Ere the time that's giv-en here for serv-ing Shall for-ev-er have pass'd a-way.
 But thro' all e-ter-ni-ty I'll praise him, That the sor-rows of earth are o'er.

CHORUS.

Do you know him? Do you know him? And the
 Do you know him? Do you know him?

joy his for-give-ness as-sures? Do you know him? Do you
 Do you know him? Do you know him?

know him? He's my Sav-our and would be yours.
 Do you know him?

No. 109.

We Shall Be Like Him.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. We shall be like him, when he shall come in glo - ry: Like him for - ev - er, thro'
 2. We shall be like him, how - ev - er rough our jour - ney, Light from this promise shall
 3. We shall be like him, the vail will soon be lift - ed, Then we shall praise him for

rich - es of his grace; O what as - sur - ance to all God's children giv - en,
 brighten ev - 'ry place; "Like our Re - deem - er," our hearts sing hal - le - lu - jah,
 all his love and grace; No more the earth - ly, but glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal,

Chorus.

We shall be like him when we see his face. We shall be like him,
 We shall be

we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is; We shall be

like him, we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is.

No. 110.

Hills in Beauty Vernal.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

March.

1. Hills in their beauty so ver-nal, Message of gladness are bring-ing, Ti-dings of
 2. Hills in their verdu-- and glo-ry, Meadow and plain are surround-ing, Tell us the
 3. Hills in the springtide of splen-dor, Ech-o the praise now ascend-ing, Hom-age to

INST.

hope all e-ter-nal Wake, joy-ous earth, to sing-ing. Lift thine eyes in ad-o-
 won-der-ful sto-ry, Tell us of love a-bound-ing. Pow'r and might around us
 him would we ren-der, Voic-es in glad-ness blend-ing. For though mountains were re-
 TEN. AND BASS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

ra-tion From the hills shall come thine aid, Sing with joy and ex-ul-ta-tion,
 ev-er, As the hills en-cir-cling stand, God shall guard his children ev-er
 mov-ing Yet his mer-cy ne'er de-parts, Dail-y we his word are prais-ing
 INST.

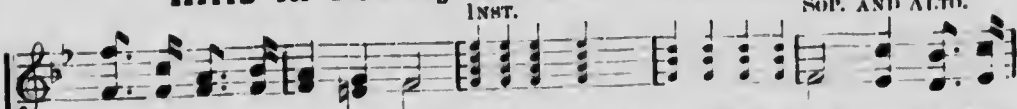
CHORUS. PARTS.

Trust him, be not dis-mayed. } Praise him! Praise him! Praise him, the
 By his al-migh-ty hand. }
 Glad-ness has filled our hearts. } Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!

giv-er of the joys that we share, Praise him! Praise him! Earth owns his
 Praise him!

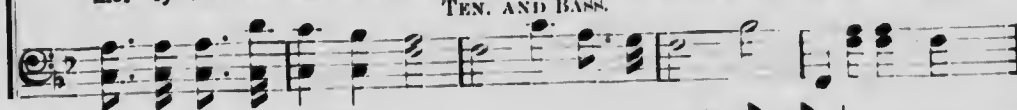
Hills in Beauty Vernal.—Concluded.

INST. SOP. AND ALTO.

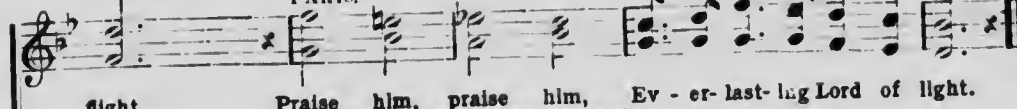


mer-cy and his con-stant care. Praise him, O ye mount-ains Sing, birds in your

TEN. AND BASS.



PARTS.



flight, Praise him, praise him, Ev - er - last - ing Lord of light.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

No. III: Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



No. 112. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILER.

DUET. *Slowly.*

QUARTET.

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

DUET.

QUARTET.

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

DUET.

QUARTET.

Somebod-y loves you wherev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day af-ter day;
 Somebody's wrest-ling in pray'r for your soul, Longing to see you made per-fect-ly whole;
 Kneel in your weak-ness confessing your sin Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
 Down where the bil-lows of Cal-va-ry roll Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
 O - pen your heart let love's cleans-ing tide in, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

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

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

No. 113.

I Know He's Mine.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

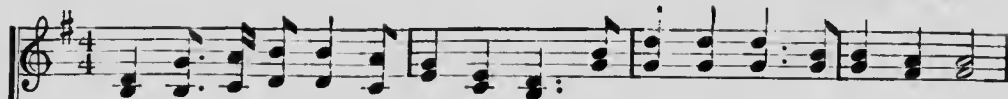
a - round him shine, And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 a - round him shine,

No. 114.

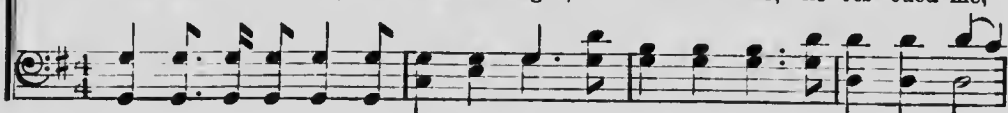
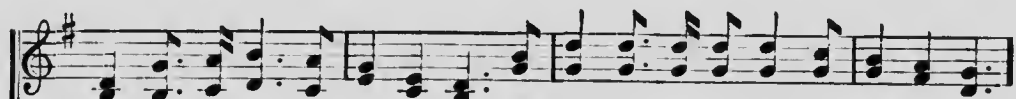
He Rescued Me.

L. S. L.

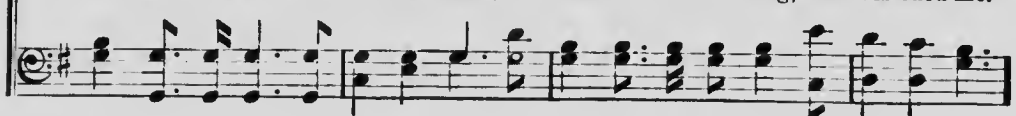
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.




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

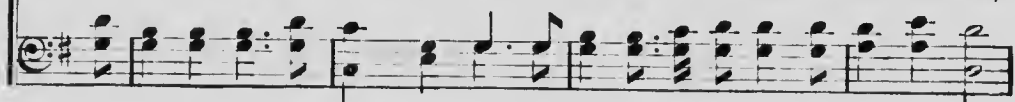

Once I was blind but now I see, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
 Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
 Bro - ken for e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.



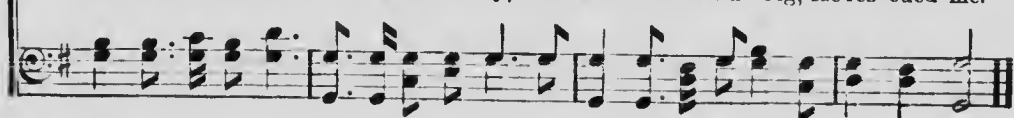
CHORUS.



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

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



No. 115.

He's the One.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - der - stands our hearts, When the
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When His
 4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is draw - ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa - thiz - es with us, who in
 faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - der - ness will lift us, and the
 heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par - don that af -
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -

won - drous love im - parts Just the ver - y, ver - y bless - ing that we need?
 heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
 fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus; He's the One; When af -
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

No. 116.

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. POSTER.

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

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

D.S.—cause he first loved me And

Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*

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

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

No. 117.

What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

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

CHORUS.

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

Who

What Did He Do?—Concluded.

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

No. 118 The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than he composed his crown for me,
 3. The light of his love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing 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 bit-ter Than he drank in Gett-se-m-a-ne.
 The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The is not greater t. his grace, The storm cannot hide his blessed face;

I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev-'ry foe.

No. 119.

Then Why Not I!

E. E. HEWITT.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Some one must ear - ry a smil - ing face, Love's hap - py sun - shine, the light of grace;
 2. Some one must scat - ter the seeds that bear Bonn - ti - ful fruit - age and blos - soms fair,
 3. Some one must res - cue the sink - ing soul, When all a - round him the bil - lows roll,
 4. Cups of cold wa - ter some hand must bring Com - forting draughts from the liv - ing spring;

Some one must brighten the cloud - y sky; Some one must do it, then why not I?
 Watching their growth with a care - ful eye, Some one must do it, then why not I?
 Bay - ing the wrath of the break - ers high, Some one must do it, then why not I?
 Serv - ing the King as the days go by, Some one must do it, then why not I?

CHORUS.

Why not I? Why not I? Je - sus is wait - ing the heart's re - ply;

Work must be done while the moments fly; Some one must do it, then why not I?

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No. 120.

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON,

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be - lieve thou dost re - ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O 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 hap - py then my life shall be!

I'll Live for Him.—Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now hence - forth 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!

No. 121. None of Self, and All of Thee.

THEODORE MONROE.
DUET.

JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be, When I prondly
 2. Yet he found me: I be - held him Bleed - ing on the accursed tree; And my wistful
 3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free, Brought me lower,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Lord, thy love at

said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee," All of self, and none of thee, All of
 heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of thee," Some of self, and some of thee, Some of
 while I whispered, "Less of self; and more of thee," Less of self, and more of thee, Less of
 last has conquered; None of self, and all of thee," None of self, and all of thee! None of

Rit.
 self, and none of thee, When I prondly said to Je - sus, All of self, and none of thee.
 self, and some of thee, And my wist - ful heart said faintly, Some of self, and some of thee.
 self; and more of thee, Brought me low - er, while I whispered, Less of self, and more of thee.
 self, and all of thee! Lord, thy love at last has conquered; None of self, and all of thee.

No. 122. My Lord With the Nail-Scarred Hands.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

J. LINCOLN HALL

1. In glo-ries e-ter-nal of mansions a-bove, The throng of the glo-ri-fied stands;
 2. O joys that a-wait me in mansions of light, When end-ed are life's sink-ing sands;
 3. So glad-ly I'll serve him from day un-to day, O - bey-ing with joy his com - mands;

I soon shall behold him, the King whom I love, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.
 And then I shall see him in beau-ty so bright, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.
 And soon I shall praise him in shin-ing ar-ray, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.

CHORUS.

My Lord with the nail-scarred hands,..... 'Mid throngs of the glo-ri-fied stands;.....
 wounded for me, glo-ri-fied stands;

rit. e dim.
 In man-sions so fair I'll dwell with him there, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.

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No. 123. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear,
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.—Concluded.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 124. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 125.

I Have a Friend.

JAMES ROWE
DUET.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I have a friend whose changeless love, I e'er shall prize all gifts a - bove;
 2. On him I cast my ev-'ry care, My joy, my grief he'll al-ways share;
 3. My earthly path his love has planned, In tri-al's hour he holds my hand;
 4. I have a friend and bless his name, He loves from day to day the same;

Though earthly friends prove false to me, This friend of friends will faith-ful be.
 In him I rest, sweet peace is mine, He leads me on in love di - vine.
 He guides me on lest far I roam, And brings at last to heav'nly home.
 And ah! I know that he will be The same for all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I have a friend whose love complete, Makes earth a place of pleasure
 have a friend love complete, earth a place
 sweet; I cling to him, he clings to me, And life is all that we can be.
 pleasure sweet; cling to him, me, to me, life is all

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No. 126.

A Talk With Jesus.

J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

1. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has brought me peace, From my sin, from ev-'ry
 2. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has cheered my way. And in him I'm now eu -
 3. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has brought re - lief; For I told of ev-'ry
 4. I have felt his arms a round me, Heard his cheering voice; He has ban-ish'd all my

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A Talk With Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

bur- len, I have found re - lease,
 fid - ing, Trusting day by d. y.
 tri - al, All my care and grief,
 sad - ness, Made - y soni re - joice.

I have told him all my sto - ry, Now my

soul is sing - ing "Glo - ry" I have had a talk with Je - sus, And my heart is glad.

No. 127.

Trust.

C. E. H.

C. E. HARRINGTON.

SOLO. QUARTET. SOLO.

1. The clouds hang heav - y round my way, I can - not see; But through the
 2. 'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his, While all is dim; To close my
 3. Thro' many a thorn - y path he leads My tired feet Thro' many a
 4. To a vow that he is close to me, My Guard, my Guide, He lead - eth

QUARTET. CHORUS.

dark - ness I be - lieve God lead - eth me.
 wea - ry, ach - ing eyes And fol - low him.
 path of tear - go, But it is sweet. } God lead - eth me,— God lead - eth
 me and so I walk Quite sat - is - fied.

Repeat Chorus softly last time.

me.— But through the dark - ness I be - lieve— God lead - eth me.

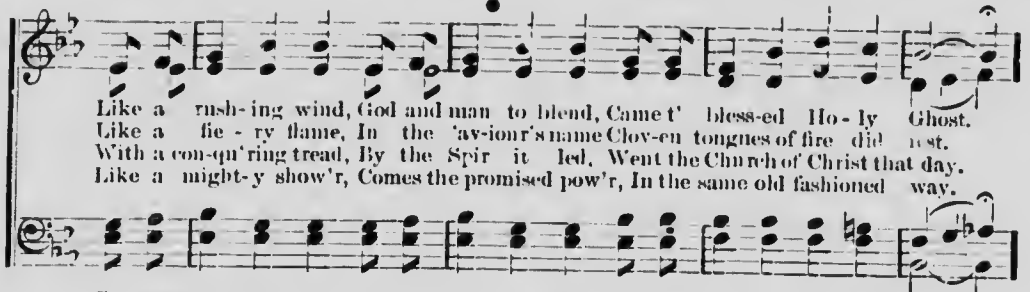
No. 128. In the Same Old Fashioned Way.

Rev. N. B. HERRELL, Cho. B. H. LILLENAS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

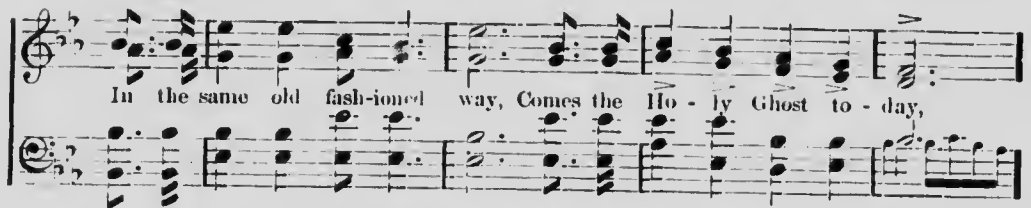


1. In the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, On the day of Pen - te - cost,
2. In the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, On each wait - ing, watching guest,
3. From the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, In a glo - ri - ous ar - ray,
4. In the Church and home, our Je - ru - sa - lem, We can have this grace to - day;

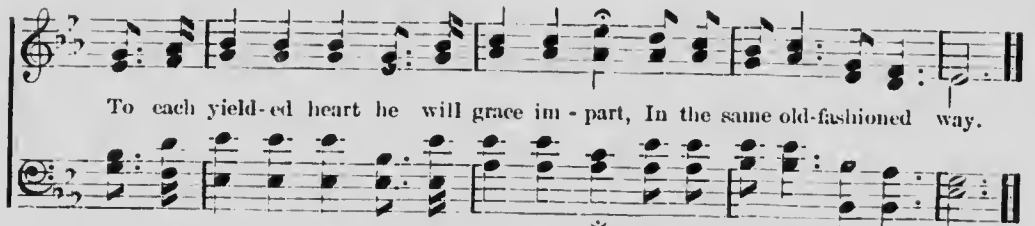


Like a rush - ing wind, God and man to blend, Camet' bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost.
Like a fie - ry flame, In the 'av - ion's name Clov - en tongues of fire did rest.
With a con - qu'ring tread, By the Spir - it led, Went the Church of Christ that day.
Like a might - y show'r, Comes the promised pow'r, In the same old fashioned way.

CHORUS.



In the same old fash - ioned way, Comes the Ho - ly Ghost to - day,



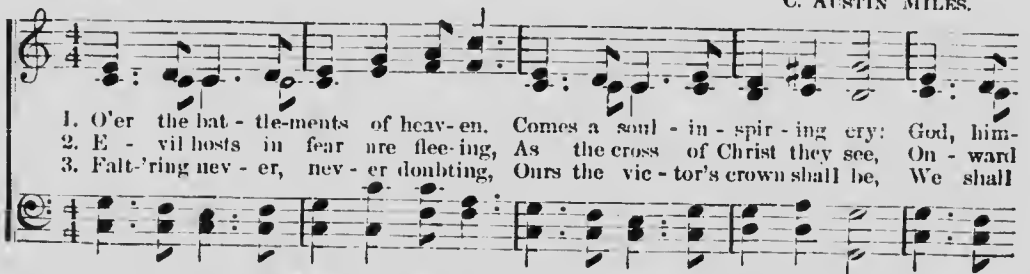
To each yield - ed heart he will grace im - part, In the same old - fashioned way.

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No. 129. Ours the Victory.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. O'er the bat - tle - ments of heav - en, Comes a soul - in - spir - ing cry: God, him -
2. E - vil hosts in fear are flee - ing, As the cross of Christ they see, On - ward
3. Falt'ring nev - er, nev - er doubt - ing, Ours the vic - tor's crown shall be, We shall

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Ours the Victory.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

self, the word has giv-en, "On to vic-to-ry."
 press in tri-umph shouting, "On to vic-to-ry."
 stand in glo-ry shouting, "On to vic-to-ry." } "On to vic-to-ry!"

This our cry shall be, God him-self the word has spok-en, "On to vic-to-ry!"

No. 130.

Does Jesus Know?

LIZZIE R. BARDSLEY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus know when bur-lens press, When days are dark and drear, Does Je - sus
 2. Does Je - sus know the path I lead, My sor - row and my grief, Does Je - sus
 3. Does Je - sus know when I must part, With friends of earth so dear, When with a

CHORUS.

know when doubts distress And hearts are fill'd with fear?
 know when joy has fled, And will he bring re - lief?
 lone - ly brok-en heart I weep in sad - ness here? } He knows! He knows! O
 He knows! He knows!

yes, my Saviour knows. His love is near, my path to cheer, O yes, my Saviour knows
 He knows,

rall.

No. 131.

The Cross.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. O hallowed cross of Cal - va - ry, Re - deem - ing love of Christ I see;
 2. Love lights the way for you and me, Where Je - sus bore the ring - ged tree;
 3. Help me to bear the cross each day, Tho' shad - ows dark ob - scure my way;

CHORUS.

Tru - ly to give his life for me, On the cru - el tree.
 And tho' the path - way toil - some be, Still I'll fol - low thee. } The cross, the cross, the
 Yet thro' the gloom a light I see, From dear Cal - va - ry.

cross of Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died to make me free; I have no oth - er

hope, I have no oth - er plea, But the blood that was shed for me.

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No. 132. Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
 2. Then, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Softly Now the Light of Day.—Concluded.

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

No. 133. The Fullness of His Love.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH
SOLO OR DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. The full-ness of God's won-drous love, O price-less gift, sent from a -
2. When in my Sav - iour eu - ci - field, I sought re - lease from all my
3. It helps me serve with joy my King, It makes my life with mu - sic

bove; It lift - ed me to plains of light, From sin's al - lur - ing night.
pride; I caught a vis - ion of his face, The rich - ness of his grace.
ring, It fits my soul for realms a - bove, The full - ness of God's love.

CHORUS.

The full - ness of his love, his love, Fore - taste of heav'n a - love;.....
a - bove;

'Tis ev - er free,.... for you and me, The full - ness of God's love.

No. 134.

E. E. HEWITT.

A Place for Me.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Work - ers all are need - ed; hear the Mas - ter call, In his world-wide
 2. Where the Mas - ter wants me, there may I be led; Choos - ing not my
 3. Soon shall come the har - vest, when the sheaves we'll bring, To the bless - ed

har - vest, there is room for all; Ev - 'ry one is need - ed, low - ly tho' I be,
 pleas - ure, but his will in stead; Be it joy to serve him, by his grace so free;
 gar - ner of the Lord our King; Let me toil sin - cere - ly till the shadows flee;

CHORUS.

Sure - ly there's a place in his field for me. A place in his field for

me, for me, Small and hum - ble tho' I be; And the Lord's appointment

brings no dis - ap - point - ment, If we la - bor on - ward faith - ful - ly.

No. 135.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

One Who Knows.

CLINTON D. LOWDES.

1. There is no day so dark, but has its gleam..... Of hope up -
 2. There is no word so harsh, but has its tone..... Of love that
 3. There is no grief that calls for bit - ter tears, But finds its

on the shad - ows that be - fall. No hour, but that the
 waits its kind - ness to im - part; No thought - less act that
 share in O - ne who knows its weight. There is no road that

pass - ing min - utes seem To tell my heart that God is o - ver all.
 falls on me a - lone, That is not borne up - on An - oth - er's heart.
 I must walk with fears, But has its Friend who waits to ope the gate.

CHORUS.

O joy - o - us hope that fills my soul, No mat - ter if I sleep or

wake; I safe - ly rest in sweet con - trol Of One who knows the way I take.

No. 136.

Hand in Hand.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. { Hand in hand with Christ we're marching onward and we'll conquer the world for him,
From the high-ways, from the lanes and by-ways, go and gath-er the young and old,
2. { Swell the might-y cho-rus, Christ the Lord is for us, so then with faith we pray,
In sweet song the gos-pel truths pro-long un-til the na-tions shall turn from sin,

Ral-ly then ye christian work-ers, ral-ly 'gainst the might-y hosts of sin,
He is more than all that is a-gainst us, by his might we'll win the day

2
Lead them gent-ly by the pow'r of love in-to the dear Re-deem-ers fold.
O - pen wide their hearts un-to the Sav-iour glad-ly bid him en-ter in.

CHORUS.

Hand in hand with Christ we'll conquer ev'ry foe, For-ward to the con-flict, brave-ly

then we go, we go. O-vercoming sin thro' Christ our King, Other lives to him we'll bring.

No. 137. Wave the Standard Royal.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

UNISON.

1. The prince of night is mar-shal-ing his for-ces; Up, comrades, up, a
 2. Be free from fear, have faith in him who leads us; No harm can come, for
 3. March on and on, with Christ the King of heav-en, To all the world dis-

way, the foe to meet; The Sav-iour lives and right-cons-ness on-dor-see;
 Christ will be our shield; Go forth with speed, the King of glo-ry needs us
 play your faith and love; To faith-fu. souls the life-crown will be giv-en

CHORUS.

Go forth with him, sin's ar-my to de-feat. } A-way, a-way, O
 To face the foe and drive him from the field. }
 And end-less peace and joy and rest a-bove. }

wave the stand-ard roy-al, Fal-ter not till vic-to-ry be won, The Sav-iour

lives to lead his sol-diers loy-al; Go forth, to fight, with God's im-mor-tal Son.

No. 138.

H. L.

Faithful Workers.

HALDOR LILJENAS.

1. In the vineyard of the Lord are ma - ny work - ers it is true, Who reap the gold - en
 2. There are ma - ny who are will - ing to go forth and preach the word, If by the mul - ti -
 3. In the dis - tant heathen lands are ma - ny, who have nev - er heard Of Je - sus and his

grain and gath - er sheaves, no not a few; But there is need of oth - ers who will
 tude a - bout they can be seen and heard, But sure - ly there is need of him who
 sav - ing pow'r, as writ - ten in his word, Go tell them of his love di - vine and

till the fal - low ground, And sow the seed with weeping where no har - vest can be found,
 faith - ful forward goes, To tell a - bout the love of God when Je - sus on - ly knows,
 la - bor faith - ful ly, A crown of glo - ry shall be thine and joys e - ter - nal - ly.

Chorus. Unison.

Faith - ful workers there are need - ed still, Who'll go forth to do the Master's will;

HARMONY.

Faith - ful work - ers, tho' un - no - tie'd here, Shall re - ceive a great re - ward when Christ ap - pears.

No. 139.
A. A. PAYN.

Be Not Idle.

C. AUSTIN MILFS.

1. Be not i - dle to - day, time is pass - ing a - way; Go, if your King is send - ing.
2. Who is call - ing to - day? to the har - vest a - way, Quickly your aid be lend - ing.
3. Then when e - ven shall fall, and the Mas - ter shall call, Glad - ly to come be - fore him.

There's no sor - row nor pain that is noth - ing but gain, Love is your way at - tend - ing.
Joy is wait - ing for you, so be faith - ful and true, God is on you de - pend - ing.
When his welcome so sweet makes your blessing complete, With joy shall you a - dore him.

CHORUS.

On, ev - er on, 'neath the ban - ner of the free,..... On, ev - er

on for the wait - ing fields we see..... On, ev - er on, faith - ful

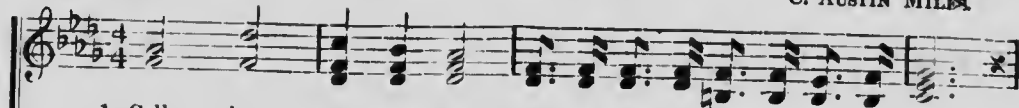
to the end en - dure, On, ev - er on, our re - ward is sure.

No. 140.

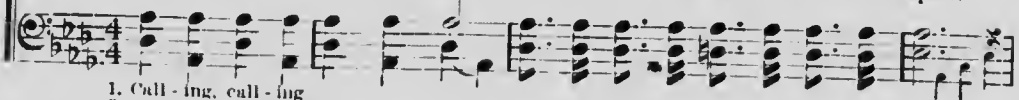
A. A. PAYN.

Where He Calls.

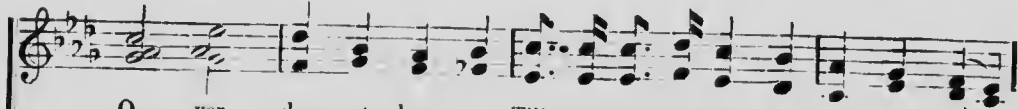
C. AUSTIN MILES.



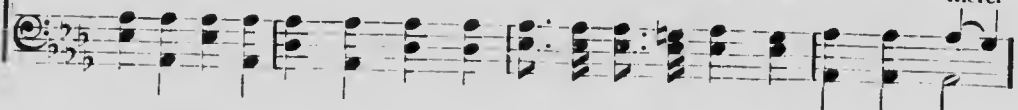
1. Call - ing from our ease Je - sus bids us bear his ban - ners on,
2. On - ward! Where he calls, Glad - ly will we bear the news a - far,
3. Wait - ing at our door See the ma - ny na - tions in de - spair.



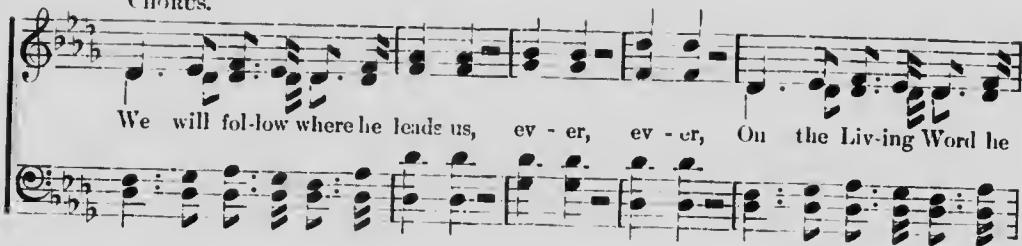
1. Call - ing, call - ing
2. On - ward, on - ward!
3. Wait - ing, wait - ing



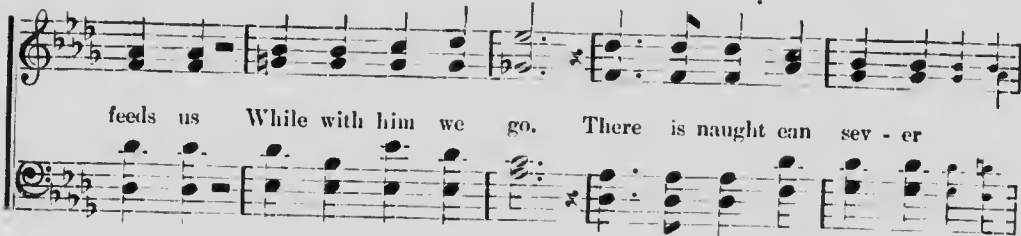
O - ver des - ert drear - y Till the earth's re - mot - est land is won.
Tell - ing souls in dark - ness Of the ev - er shin - ing Morn - ing Star.
Glad - ly let us help them If the Mas - ter bids us here or there.



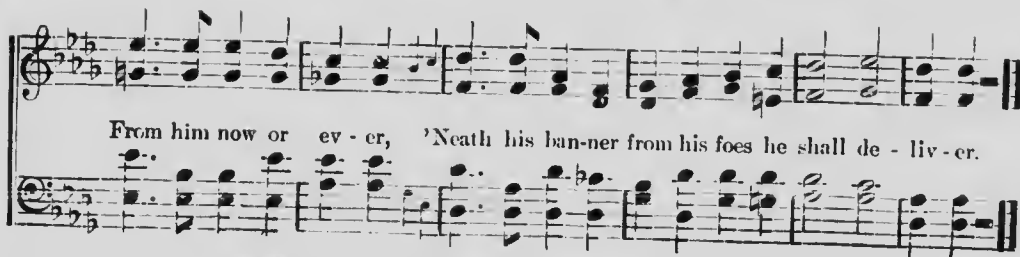
CHORUS.



We will fol - low where he leads us, ev - er, ev - er, On the Liv - ing Word he



feeds us While with him we go. There is naught can sev - er



From him now or ev - er, 'Neath his ban - ner from his foes he shall de - liv - er.

No. 141.

Some Day.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Some day I'll know why o'er my way, The shad-ows gath - er dark and drear;
 2. Some day I'll know why oft my feet, Have wandered from the nar - row way;
 3. Some day I'll see his face so dear, Who gave his pre - cious life for me;

And on my heart a cross is laid, Which fills my soul with doubt and fear.
 And still my Sav - ioar, praise his name! Has loved me ev - en when a - stray.
 And while the end - less a - ges roll, With him in glo - ry I shall be.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Some day I'll know,..... yes, some glad day,.....When earth's dark
 Some day I'll know, yes, some glad day,

mists..... have cleared a - way,..... And in the
 When earth's dark mists have cleared a - way,

light..... of heav'n's pure glow,..... Then I shall ful - ly know.
 And in the light of heav'n's pure glow,

No. 142.

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

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

No. 143. He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

Mrs. MAUD HULLF.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I have a friend who is ev-er nigh, Wheth-er I sleep or wake;
2. I have a friend who is al-ways near, One who will ne'er for-sake;
3. I have a friend who will guide me on Un-til the shad-ows break;

Ev-er he guards with a watch-ful eye, He know-eth the way that I take.
 What tho' my path-way be dark and drear, He know-eth the way that I take.
 Lead-ing me on, till my crown is won, He know-eth the way that I take.

CHORUS.

He knoweth the way that I take, And keeps me when a-sleep or a-wake;
 that I take,

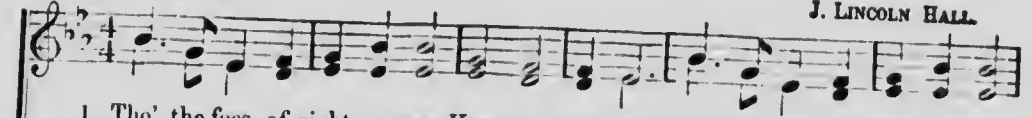
And leads me for his own name's sake, He know-eth the way that I take.

No. 144.

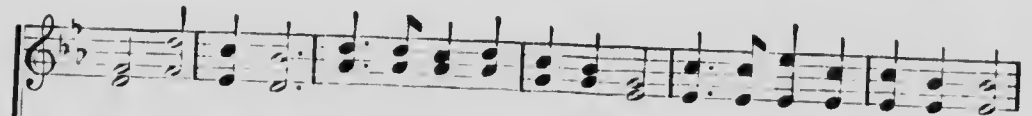
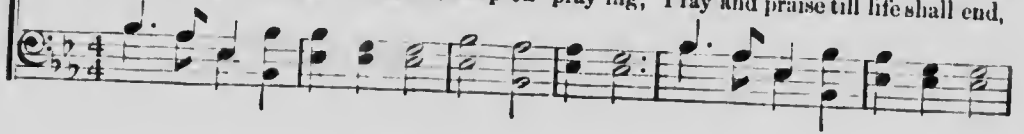
Keep On Praying.

R. O. SMITH. ARR.

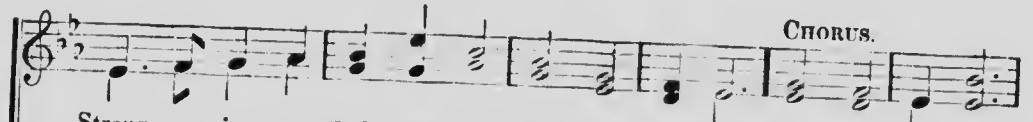
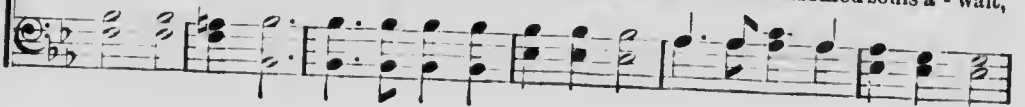
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Tho' the foes of right oppress, Keep on pray-ing; God is ev - er near to bless,
2. Christian has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
3. Pil-grim have you wea-ry grown, Keep on pray-ing; God is yet up - on his throne,
4. Prais-esshall with pray'rs ascend, Keep on pray-ing; Pray and praise till life shall end,

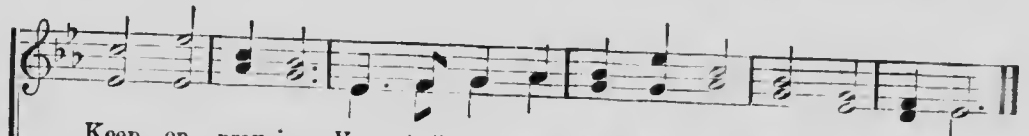
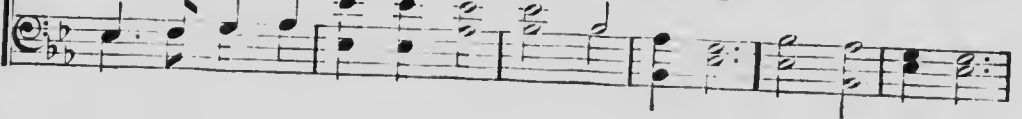


Keep on pray-ing. Let not fear your heart ap-pall, Naught of e - vil can be - fall,
 Keep on pray-ing. Soon you nev - er more will sigh Tears no more shall dim your eye,
 Keep on pray-ing. He will hear your faith-ful cry; He to help is ev - er nigh,
 Keep on pray-ing. Till you reach the gold - en gate, Where the ransomed souls a - wait,

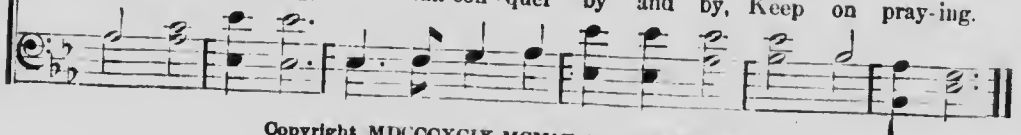


CHORUS.

Strong - er is your God than all, Keep on pray-ing.
 Pray to him who's ev - er nigh, Keep on pray-ing.
 You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing. } Keep on pray-ing,
 Claim - ing there your tri - umph great, Keep on pray-ing.



Keep on pray-ing; You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing.



No. 145.

Redeemed.

C. A. M.

C. ARSTIN MILES.

1. Up lift - ed high on Cal - va - ry a cross I see, It bears the Son of
 2. There is no price for me to bring, the price is paid, The sins that rest - ed
 3. Some time I'll feel the gen - tle touch of His own hand, Some time a - round His

God, to die for me, for me; My soul He ran - somed with His life and
 on my soul on Him were laid; And as He suf - fered on the cross for
 gh - rious throne I too shall stand, And join the ran - somed of the Lord, a

Chorus.

now I'm free, For by His blood I am re - deem'd, } Re - deem'd, re - deem'd by
 me He pray'd, And spoke for give - ness full and free, } Redeem'd, re - deem'd,
 count - less band, Who by His blood have been re - deem'd. }

Je - sus' pre - cious blood! Re - deem'd, re - deem'd, from sin set free! Re - deem'd, re -
 Redeem'd, re - deem'd, Redeem'd,

deem'd, and re - on - ciled to God By Him who died on Cal - va - ry!
 re - deem'd,

No. 146.

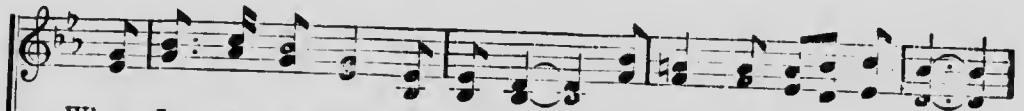
Why Not Be a Helper?

J. W. H.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.



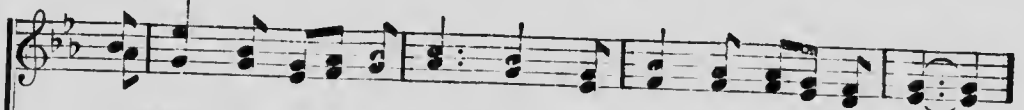
1. There's ma - ny a soul will per - ish, For want of friend - ly aid,
 2. The Mas - ter hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
 3. Then res - cue a soul for Je - sus; If on - ly one soul it be;
 4. If on ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je sus' name
 5. Re mem - ber, the great - est val or Not on - ly claims re - nown,



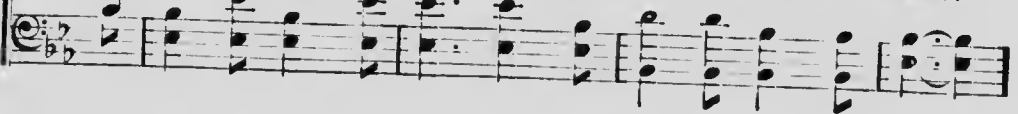
Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re - demp - tion paid!
 Then an - swer the sum - mons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice he'll re - pay.
 'Twill bring thee a hral - lowed pleas - ure To all e - ter - ni - ty!
 To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
 But low - li - est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo ry crown!



CHORUS.



Then why not be a help - er, Some pre - cious soul to win?



Then why not be a help - er, To bring the lost ones in?



No. 147.

The Mount of Prayer.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the earl - y morn is break - ing I will seek the Mount of Prayer;
 2. When the clouds of tri - al gath - er, O - ver - east - ing all the sky,
 3. When the hosts of sin en - deav - or Thus to drive me from his feet,
 4. When the dark - ness gath - ers round me, At the clos - ing of the day,

'Tis a pre - cious time of wait - ing. For my soul is strengthened there.
 Driv - ing from my heart the sun - shine, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll fly.
 To the Mount of Pray'r I'll hast - en, 'Tis an on - ly safe re - treat.
 From the Mount of Pray'r a - bove me Comes a cheer - ing, help - ing ray.

CHORUS.

To the Mount I'll go, To the
 To the Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go, To the

Mount I'll go, When the hosts of
 Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go,

sin sur - round me, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll go.

No. 148.

Dearest of All.

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. There are friends I re-call That are dear to my mem'ry, And they
 2. There are dear ones of yore That were near me in childhood, And their
 3. In my sins I was lost, Far a-way from my Saviour, I was

live ev-er treas-ured with-in; But the dear-est of all, One I
 love I shall ev-er ex-tol; Bat there's none I a-dore Like the
 doomed with the down-fall-en race; But the Lord paid the cost, Gave his

love more than an-y, Is the one who has saved me from sin.
 bless-ed Re-deem-er, Who was wounded to res-cue my soul.
 life to re-deem me, I was saved by his in-fi-nite grace.

CHORUS.

Dear-est of all is the kind, lov-ing Sav-iour, Je-sus, who

died for my sins on the tree; He is the best and the

Dearest of All.—Concluded:

dear - est of an - y, Je - sus, who pardoned and bade me go free.

No. 149. I Will Never Leave Thee.

REV F. L. SNYDER.

Hebrews 13 5.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," Is the blest as - surance of the Lord;
 2. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," Tho' you do not always see my face;
 3. "I will nev - er leave nor forsake thee," But be with you e - ven to the end;

And so true is he to ev - 'ry promise, You may rest upon his blessed Word.
 Yet I am around you ev - 'ry moment, And will strengthen, keep you by my grace.
 Tho' the way seems dark and sometimes dreary, I will prove to be thy constant Friend.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er, no, I'll nev - er, Nev - er leave thee, to the end;

But will strengthen, keep and com - fort, And will be thy con - stant Friend.

No. 150.

God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing, hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put his arms un - fail - ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet,
 Till we meet, Till we meet,

till we meet, ... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet,

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No. 151: Mother's Prayers are Answered.

FRANK A. DOTY.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

SOLO OR DUET. *With much feeling.*

1. Long years a - go, I heard my moth - er pray, To God that He would
 2. In Sa - tan's paths I wan - der'd ma - ny years, The pow'rs of dark - ness
 3. The voice of Je - sus gen - tly spoke to me, My sins be - fore me
 4. She's wait - ing for me in that home a - bove, The hous - e of ma - ny

save her wand'ring boy, She oft - en told me in her lov - ing way,
 held me at their will, But moth - er's lov - ing plead - ings, pray'rs and tears,
 rose like mount - ains high, He whis - per'd to me "Son, give me thy heart,"
 man - sions o - ver there, While Je - sus sweet - ly keeps me in His love,—

CHORUS.

How that would bring her sweetest peace and joy.
 So true and gen - tle 'un - ger'd with me still. } Moth - er's pray'rs are answered I am
 Till fall - ing at His feet He heard my cry }
 I'm go - ing home in an - swer to her pray'r.

saved, Moth - er's pray'rs are an - swered, I am saved, When all lad - en down with
 I am saved, I am saved,

ad lib.

sin, Je - sus bro't me back to Him, Moth - er's pray'rs at last are answered, I am saved.

No. 152.

Meet Me at the Cross.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is hope, O soul, for you, There is peace and par-don, too; There's sal-va-tion
 2. Tho' a Saviour's dy-ing there, Crown'd with thorns his brow so fair; There is joy for
 3. Soul in sin em you de-spise, All the love light of his eyes? Come, O come and
 4. If you'll touch its crim-son tide, Heaven's gate shall o - pen wide, Par-don writ-ten

CHORUS.

full and free, At the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 you and me, At the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 knee, with me, At the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 you shall see, On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

If you'll on - - - ly
 If you'll on - ly

meet me, If you'll on - - - ly meet me, If you'll on - ly meet me, sin - ner, At the
 If you'll on - ly meet me,

foot of the cross You shall find your Sav-iour, You shall know his
 You shall find You shall know

rit. ad lib.

fa - vor, If you'll on - - - ly meet me, At the foot of the cross,
 on - ly, on - ly

No. 153. My Shepherd Leads Me All the Way.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. My Shep-herd leads me all the way, All the way, all the way,
 2. So close be - side Him will I keep, All the way, all the way,
 3. He leads in sor - row's bit - ter hour, All the way, all the way,
 4. His staff sup - ports me and His rod, All the way, all the way,
 All the way,

way, And I can nev - er go a - stray, All the way,
 way, Through val - leys dark o'er mountains steep, All the way,
 way, He ev - er keeps me by His pow'r, All the way,
 way, I tread the path that once He trod, All the way,
 all the way, all the way,

rit. **CHORUS.**

all the way. . . . My Shep - herd leads . . . me all the way,
 all the way. Shep - herd leads me all the way,

And from His path . . . I ne'er shall roam, I ne'er shall roam, He safe - ly
 From His path I ne'er shall roam,

leads me all the way, And sure - ly . . . shall reach my home.
 Safe - ly leads me all the way, Sure - ly I shall reach my home, my home.

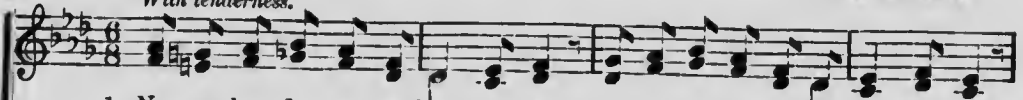
No. 154.

No One But Jesus.

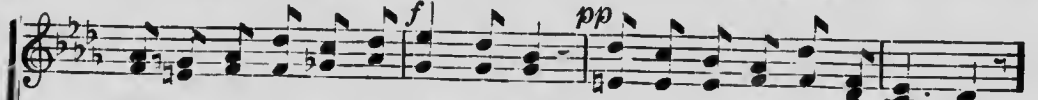
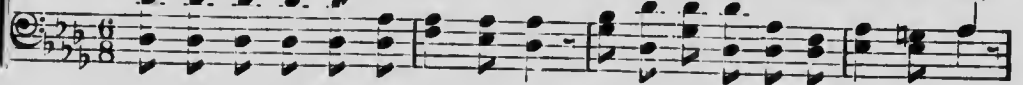
H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

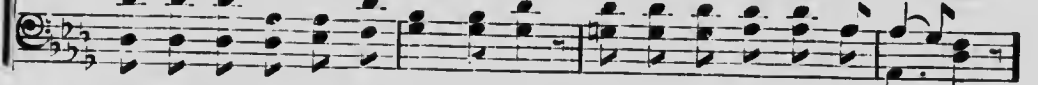
With tenderness.



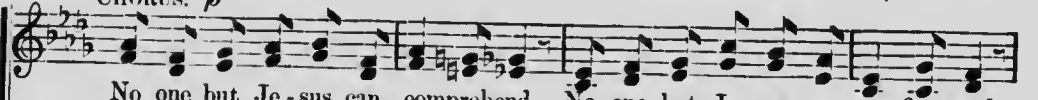
1. No one but Je - sus can hear my prayer, No one but Jesus my load can bear,
2. No one but Je - sus my heart can cheer, No one but Jesus dis - pel my fear,
3. No one but Je - sus can grace impart, No one but Jesus make woe de - part,
4. No one but Je - sus could set me free, No one but Jesus could die for me,



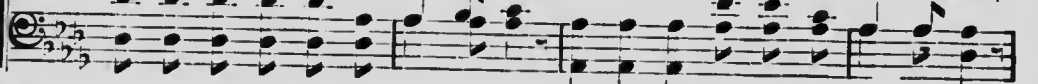
- No one but Je - sus my grief can share, No one can help me but Je - sus.
 No one but Je - sus is al - ways near, No one can help me but Je - sus.
 No one but Je - sus has won my heart, No one can help me but Je - sus.
 No one but Je - sus e - ter - nal - ly, No one can help me but Je - sus.



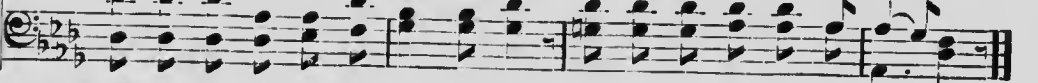
CHORUS. *p*



- No one but Je - sus can comprehend, No one but Je - sus can com - fort send,



- No one but Je - sus, for he's my friend, No one can help me but Je - sus.



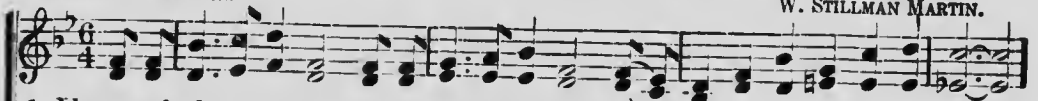
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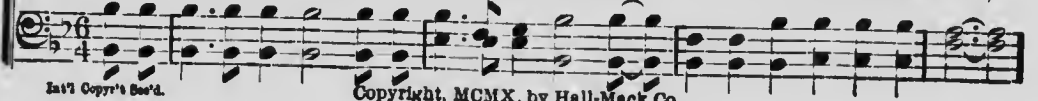
No. 155. I Have Made the Great Change.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. I have made the great change, I have turned from my sins. And to-day they are under the blood;
2. I have made the great change, from a rebel 'gainst God, I have chosen his soldier to be;
3. I have made the great change, and to live for my King For - ev - er my business shall be;



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I Have Made the Great Change.—Concluded.

I have opened my heart, let Je - sus come in, He now is my Saviour and Lord.
 All my fetters are loosed, the Spirit of pow'r Has made and is keeping me free.
 And the lost in life's way to Jesus I'll bring, I'll serve till his glo - ry I see.

CHORUS.

I have made the great change, made the great change, "From idols I've turned unto God;" || The past is all under the blood.

No. 156.

Send Me! Send Me!

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. If the Lord should call for you, Should point to some work to do,
2. If the Lord should point to - day To some field that is far a - way,
3. There is work for you to do: Loud and clear comes the call to you:
4. 'Tis the Mas - ter's voice you hear, Heed the call, never, nev - er fear;

Fine.

Would your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the call should come to you?
 Would your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" To the field that's far a - way?
 Let your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" When the call comes clear to you.
 If his face you see, you will cry, "Send me!" When his loving call you hear.

D.S.—Let your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the Lord should call for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

If the Lord should call for you, If the Lord should call for you,

No. 157. No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm wea-ry of bear-ing my bur-den, But hope as my way I pur-sue,
 2. I've en-tered dark val-leys un-daunted, To take up my bur-den a-new,
 3. My hand to my Sav-iour I've giv-en, To do what he asks me to do;
 4. And then with the souls of the ransomed The journey com-plet-ed I'll view,

ritard.

I'll come to that gate where 'tis writ-ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 And look for the gate where 'tis writ-ten "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 Con-tent till he leads where 'tis writ-ten. "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 With joy hav-ing pass'd where 'tis writ-ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

CHORUS.

If sor-row or pain be my por-tion, To Je-sus I'll ev-er be true,

ritard.

Till I reach the fair gate where 'tis writ-ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

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No. 158.

The Hallowed Spot.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

OLD MELODY.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or mountain; }
 { A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain; }
 2. { Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up-on the o-cean; }
 { A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Be-neath the wave's commo-tion. }

D.S.—where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
 D.S.—that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.

The Hallowed Spot.—Concluded.

D.S.

'Tis not where kin - dred souls a - bound, Tho' that is al - most heav en, But
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown A - round me, faint with ter - rar; I -

3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood beside me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory."

4 O sacred heart! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes no more,
Where I was first forgiven.

No. 159. What the Lord Has Done.

An experience of a devout Christian while lying in the hospital as the result of an accident.

A. A. PAYN.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. When you are tempted to com-plain, Just think what the Lord has done for you; He
2. O do not yield to i - dle fears, Nor say that your blessings are so few; They're
3. You may not al ways un - der-stand Just why cer-tain paths you must pur-sue; And

FINE.

saves you by his grace, Gives you peace in ev'ry place, Just think what the Lord has done for you.
countless ev'ry day, So for com-fort on the way Just think what the Lord has done for you.
tho' it lead thro' pain Raise your eyes to heav'n again, And think what the Lord has done for you.

D.S.—mat-ter where you go, and no mat-ter what you do, Just think what the Lord has done for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O praise ye the Lord for sav-ing grace, And look for his will in ev'ry place, No

sav-ing grace,

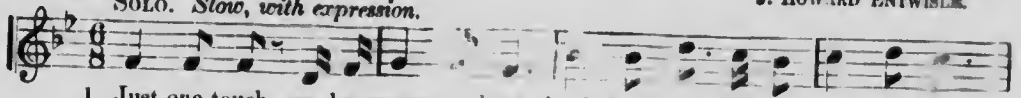
No. 160.

Just One Touch.

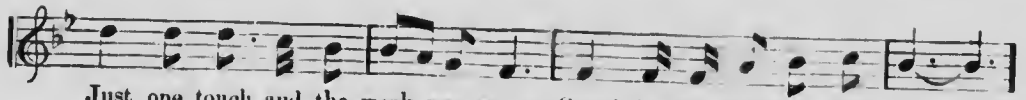
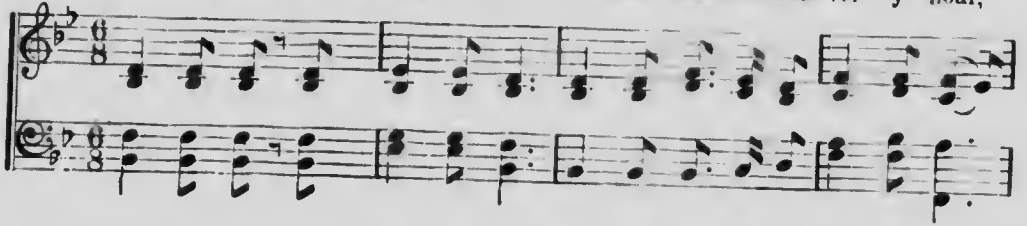
BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

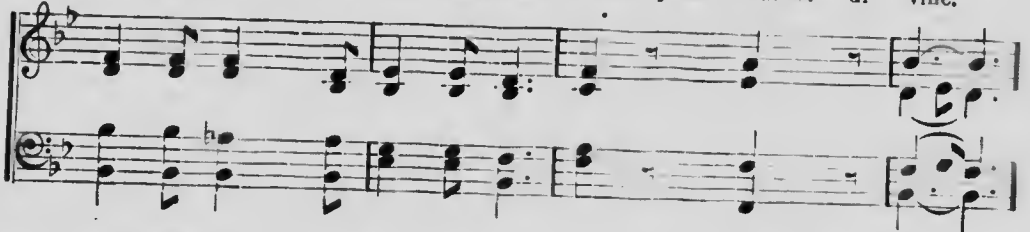
SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*



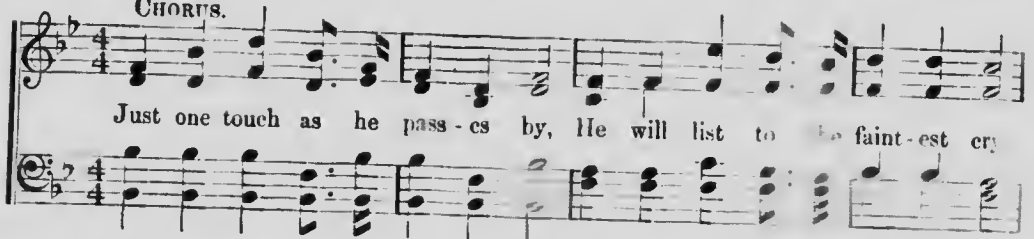
1. Just one touch as he moves a-long, I'm hurt and press'd by the jost-ling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver-y hour,



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



CHORUS.



No. 161.

You and I.

FRANK L. ARNOLD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Shall we pass thro' the pearl gate, By and by; Re-ceive the crown that
 2. When we some day the cross y-down, y and by; Shall we re-ceive the
 3. Or shall we knock when doors shut, y and by; And hea Christ say "I
 4. A - cross the fields of heav'n rest, und by; We'll roam with friends for-

there a - waits You and I. O shall we walk the streets of gold for Christ
 gold - crown You and I. Will we some day our Sav-our see And from earth
 know we not? You and I. Or shall the gates swing o - pen And Christ say
 we - e - blest, You and I. We'll sin no more! blest-ed The weak-ness

say to there be - hold, En - joy with Him, joy be - fore - hand, You and I.
 - - - - - free And live thro' - out e - - - - - You and I.
 - - - - - bid For you on Calv'ry's - - - - - died, You and I.
 - - - - - got, How hap - py then will be - - - - - lot, You and I.

CHORUS.

You and I, By and by, Some day our Sav-our we shall see, You and I,

You and I, By and by, Some day our Sav-our we shall see, You and I.

No. 162.

Never Alone.

Annie Lewis Pinfold.
SOLO OR DUET.

Adam Geibel.

1. Nev - er a - lone do we jour - ney be - low, Tho' dark clouds lower and wild tempests blow;
 2. Nev - er a - lone, tho' the path's rough and steep, He who is with us our foot - steps will keep.
 3. Nev - er a - lone, tho' oft - times we for - get When dangers threaten and hard - ships be - set,
 4. Nev - er a - lone, His strong arm will not fail E'en to up - hold us thro' death's nar - row vale,

Je - sus, our Saviour, leads on day by day, He will go with us each step of the way.
 Safe o'er life's troubles He lifts us al - way; He will go with us each step of the way.
 If from the pathway we heed - less - ly stray, Still He is with us each step of the way.
 To that fair land where for - ev - er 'tis day, He will go with us each step of the way.

CHORUS.

Nev - er a - lone—He's a friend and a guide, Nev - er a -

lone—ev - er close to our side. Nev - er a - lone—naught our

hearts should dis - may, For He will go with us each step of the way.

No. 163.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Adam Geibel.

DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,.... Let me hide my - self in
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands.. Can ful - fil Thy laws de -
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring,.. Sim - ply to Thy cross I
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in

Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 cling; Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 death, When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin..... the doub - le cure,.... Cleanse me from.... its guilt and
 All for sin..... could not a - tone;.... Thou must save.... and Thou a -
 Foul, I to..... the fount - ain fly;..... Wash me, Sav - iour, or I
CHORUS. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,..... Let me hide..... my - self in

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour,
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -

power, Be of sin.... the doub - le cure,..
 lone,.. All for sin.... could not a - tone;..
 die.... Foul, I to..... the fountain fly;....
 Thee... Rock of A - ges cleft for me,....

guilt and power, Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 Thou alone, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 or I die, Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 self in Thee, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 164. 'Neath the Banner of God's Love.

Lavinia E. Brauff.

R. Frank Lehman.

Unison.

Harmony.

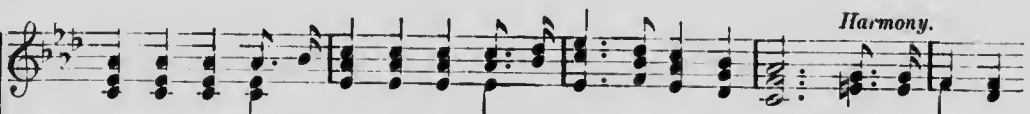


1. Hearts grow firm and strong, as we march a - long 'Neath the ban - ner of God's love; Which is
2. Ev - 'ry wind that blows, ev - 'ry star that glows, Tells of God's e - ter - nal might; Ev - 'ry
3. End - less joy Christ gives, to the soul that lives On His prom - is - es of love; We, His



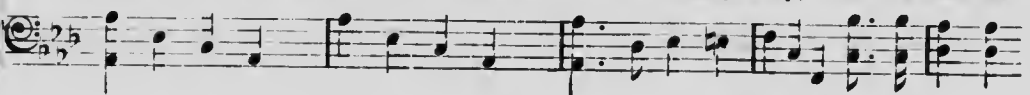
Unison.

crown'd with grace, pointing out the race To the realms of peace and love; Ev - 'ry
 grow - ing seed, ev - 'ry lov - ing deed, Brings us near - er to the light; Ev - 'ry
 bless - ings share, and our griefs He'll bear, Till we reach the realms a - bove; Let us



Harmony.

rip - pling stream, and each gold - en beam Of the sun - light seem to say, "Lift your heart and
 blooming flow'r, and re - fresh - ing show'r, Brightens earth and seems to say, "Lift your heart and
 strive to toil, and the tempt - er foil, Wher - so - e'er our footsteps stray; Let us heed the



CHORUS. BOYS.

In unison.



voice, and in Christ re - joyce, On this bless - ed Sab - bath day." }
 voice, and in Christ re - joyce, On this bless - ed Sab - bath day." } With the love of God a -
 voice, and in Christ re - joyce, On this bless - ed Sab - bath day." }



bound - ing a - long our pil - grim way, And the children's songs re - sound - ing this



'Neath the Banner of God's Love.—Concluded.

GIRLS.

bright and hap-py day, We go for-ward in our jour-ney, and thank Him all the

ALL. *Harmony.*

way, Let the whole world sing praises to the King, On this bless-ed Sab-bath day.

No. 165. Our Song of Loving Praise.

Lavinia E. Brauff.

Adam Geibel.

1. Our song is one of lov-ing praise To Him who fails us nev-er, Whose glo-ry shines thro'
 2. We thank this Saviour that our feet Have learn'd the path of du-ty, That we have heard the
 3. Dear Je-sus, may Thy grace be-stow A light from realms su-per-nal, To wand'ring souls that

REFRAIN.

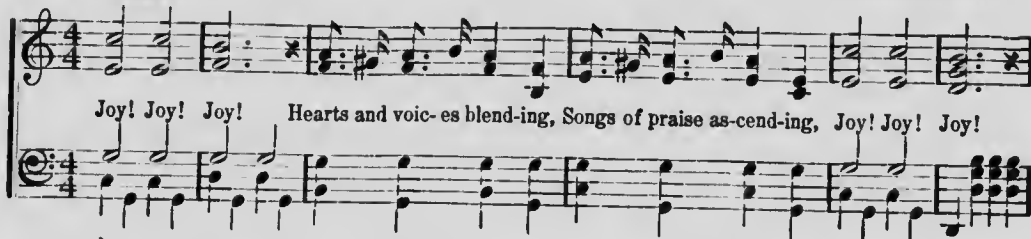
end-less days, And who is ours for-ev-er. } We love to sing to Christ our King, Who is
 sto-ry sweet A-bout the land of beau-ty. }
 do not know The Lon' of life e-ter-nal. }

always kind and gracious, Whose word of cheer quells ev-ry fear, Whose name is al-ways pre-cious.

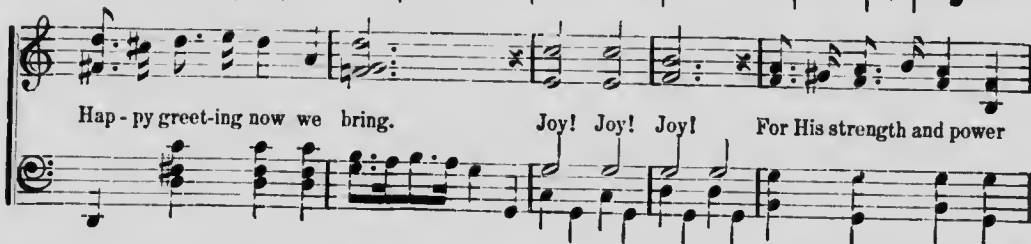
No. 166. We Praise the Lord Almighty.

Lizzie DeArmond.
Unison.

Adam Geibel.



Joy! Joy! Joy! Hearts and voices blending, Songs of praise ascending, Joy! Joy! Joy!

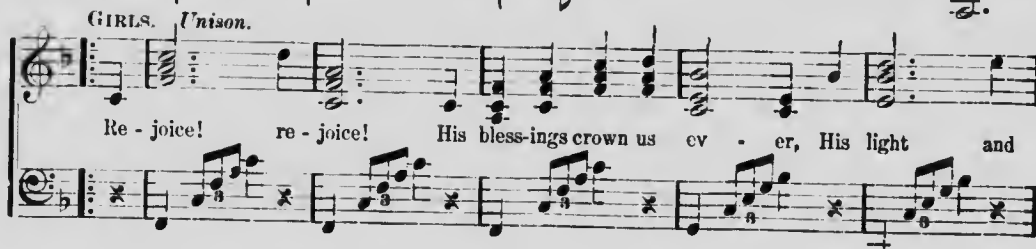


Hap - py greet - ing now we bring. Joy! Joy! Joy! For His strength and power



In each try - ing hour, We praise the Lord Al - might - y, Our Great Je - ho - vah King. *rit.* FINE.

GIRLS. Unison.



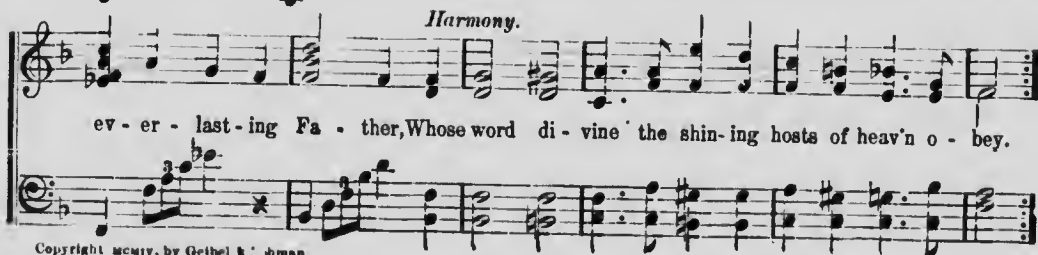
Re - joice! re - joice! His bless - ings crown us ev - er, His light and

ALL.



truth with glo - ry fill our way, A - doro His Name, the

Harmony.



ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Whose word di - vine the shin - ing hosts of heav'n o - bey.

We Praise the Lord Almighty.—Concluded.

GIRLS. *A little slower.* BOYS. GIRLS.

O may His love im - mor - tal Each tongue with joy confess, Our Hope, and our Sal -

BOYS. ALL.

va - tion, The Lord our right-eous-ness. O come and bow be - fore Him While songs of

D. C. at Fine.

praise are ring - ing, Re - joice, re - joice with glad - ness God is our strength and song.

No. 167.

Evening Prayer.

William H. Gardner.

(RESPONSE.)

Florence W. Williams.

1. As tho twi - light shad - ows steal, Here be - fore Thee now we kneel.
2. Make our hearts as white as snow, Guide us, Lord, wher - e'er we go.

Je - sus keep us thro' the night, Safe - ly till the morn - ing light.
Help us, Je - sus dear, to be, More and more, each day, like Thee! A - men.

No. 168.

Soldiers of the King.

Birdie Bell.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. Is the battle fierce and long?
 2. Bravely fight against the foe,
 3. We must keep our armor bright,

We shall raise the victory song,
 In our Captain's strength we go,
 We are children of the light,

For the
 Nev - er
 Yield - ing

right shall conquer wrong,
 fear to strike a blow,
 not to hosts of night,

We are sol - diers of the King;
 We are sol - diers of the King;
 We are sol - diers of the King;

Fol - low Him who leads His
 Striko a blow for freedom's
 When we lay our weapons

1. Fol - low Him who
2. Strike a blow for
3. When we lay our

band
 sake,
 down,

Up - ward to the Fa - ther - land,
 Sin's strong fet - - ters glad - ly break,
 We shall wear a fade - less crown,

Ev - 'ry en - e - my with -
 Strains of vic - t'ry we shall
 Shall we fear when oth - ers

leads His band Up - ward to the Fa - ther - land, to Him;
 free - dom's sake, Sin's strong fetters glad - ly break, now break;
 weap - ons down, We shall wear a fade - less crown, a crown;

CHORUS.

We are sol - diers of the mighty

stand, (withstand,) We are soldiers of the King.
 wake, (shall wake,) We are soldiers of the King.
 frown? (O no!) We are soldiers of the King.

Soldiers true, soldiers true, Soldiers of the

King, To His bless - ed prom - is - es we cling,
 mighty King, Now we cling, now we cling, un - to His blessed word we cling, And to Him our

Soldiers of the King.—Concluded.

prais-es bring, And to Him our praises bring, As we bat-tle in His name, His glo-rious name.

No. 169. There's Room in My Heart for Jesus.

Adam Geibel.

W. P. Fenimore.

1. To Thee, my Sav - iour, now I come, There's room in my heart for Je - sus; Oh,
 2. In sin I've wan - der'd all too long, There's room in my heart for Je - sus; I
 3. I want to taste the heav'n - ly joy, There's room in my heart for Je - sus; Where
 4. Then shall I sing for - ev - er more, There's room in my heart for Je - sus; When

may I nev - er from Thee roam, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 want to sing re - demp - tion's song, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 sin and strife can - not de - stroy, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.
 I have reached that bliss - ful shore, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

There's room in my heart for Je - sus, There's room in my heart for Him, I'll

sing His praise thro' all my days, There's room in my heart for Je - sus.

No. 170. Go Forward, Christian Soldier!

Lawrence Tuttle.

R. Frank Lehman.

Unison.

1. Go forward, Christian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true! The Lord Himself, thy
 2. Go forward, Christian sol-dier! Fear not the se-cret foe; Far more o'er thee are
 3. Go forward, Christian sol-dier! Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Sa-tan's host is
 4. Go forward, Christian sol-dier! Fear not the gath'ring night: The Lord has been thy

Lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due.... His love fore-tells thy tri-als; He
 watch-ing Than hu-man eyes can know;.. Trust on-ly Christ, thy Cap-tain; Cease
 van-quished And heav'n is all po-sessed;.. Till Christ Himself shall call thee To
 shel-ter; The Lord will be thy light.... When morn His face re-veal-eth, Thy

Harmony.

knows thine hour-ly need; He can with bread of heav-en Thy faint-ing spir-it feed.
 not to watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voic-es That lure thy soul a-stray.
 lay thine ar-mor by, And wear in end-less glo-ry The crown of vic-to-ry.
 dan-gers all are past: Oh, pray that faith and vir-tue May keep thee to the last!

CHORUS. Boys, or entire school in unison.

GIRLS. Unison.

Go for-ward, Chris-tian sol-dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true! The Lord Him-self, thy

All. Unison.

Lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due. His love fore-tells thy tri-als; He

Go Forward, Christian Soldier!—Concluded.

knows thine hour-ly need; He can with bread of heav-en Thy faint-ing spir-it feed.

No. 171.

I Belong to Jesus.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Adam Geibel.

1. To His dear voice I list-ened And to my Lord I came; He filled my heart with
2. My Saviour's yoke is ea-sy And His commands are sweet; My joy it is to
3. And when my heart is troub-led I come to Him for rest; He speak-eth words of
4. When I shall reach the home-land My Sav-iour I shall see; For I be-long to

CHORUS.

mu - sic,	Glad prais - es	to His name.	} His grace and lov - ing kind - ness, My
fol - low	The prints of	His dear feet.	
com - fort,	While lean - ing	on His breast.	
Je - sus,	And He be - longs	to me.	

song shall ev - er be; For I be-long to Je - sus, And He be- longs to

me; For I be - long to Je - sus, And He be - longs to me.

No. 172. When the Watching Time is Past.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. We're watch-ing and pray-ing all a-long life's way, Pray-ing on, watch-ing on
 2. Tried oft-en and tempt-ed by the un-seen foe, Yet to God's bless-ed rule
 3. We're watch-ing and pray-ing while we lend a hand, Do-ing all for the Lord

till the last; What tho' we are wea-ry, soon will come the day When the
 we'll hold fast; If He find us watch-ing, to Him we may go When the
 till the last; We watch for the morn-ing of that gold-en land, Then the

CHORUS.

watch-ing time is past. } Watch-ing on, all the way, watch-ing on, night and day,
 watch-ing time is past. }
 watch-ing will be past. }

Watch-ing on while this life shall last; (this life shall last;) But up yon-der we'll

rest on our dear Saviour's breast, When the watch-ing time is past. (is past.)

No. 173.

Try to Carry Sunshine.

Fanny A. Kimball.

Adam Geibel.

1. Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to bright-en, some way,
 2. Try to be a sun-beam Shin - ing for the Lord, Liv - ing in His pres - ence,
 3. If you walk with Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly each day, Try - ing to tell oth - ers
 4. If your life is glad - some, Full of joy and love, It will point to Je - sus,

Lives of those you know. If the day be drear - y, And the way seem long,
 Feed - ing on His word. Storms may o - ver-take you, Fear - ful in their might;
 Of the bless - ed way, Nev - er fear temp - ta - tion, He'll not let you fall;
 And the life a - bove. If you are but faith - ful Thro' life's lit - tle day,

CHORUS.

Try..... to car - ry

Try to make it brighter By a bit of song.
 Trust to Je - sus' guid-ing, For with Him 'tis light.
 Christ, the Lord, is near you When you on Him call. } Try to car - ry sun - shine
 You may show to oth - ers God's ap - point - ed way.

sun - shine Ev - - - 'ry-where you go;
 Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go;

Try to brighten, some way, Lives of those you know; Try to car - ry sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.

No. 174.

Somebody Needs You.

Lissie DeArmond.
GIRLS.

Adam Geibel.

1. Some - bod - y needs the kind words you might speak, Stop for a
 2. Some - bod - y needs the bright light of your smile, Some lone - ly
 3. Some - bod - y's strug - gling with bur - dens o' sin, Tell him of

min - ute and give them to - day, Swift - ly the mo - ments are
 heart longs for com - fort and cheer, Give out the bless - ings of
 Je - sus, the Sav - iour di - vine, Some - bod - y's soul in His

speed - ing a - long, Once, on - ly once, will you pass o'er life's way.
 love as you go, Serv - ing with glad - ness the Mas - ter so dear.
 name you may save, Bright as the stars in your crown it will shine.

CHORUS. Unison.

Some - bod - y needs you, needs you to - day, Needs the sweet

com - fort your heart can give, *rit.* *a tempo.* Some - bod - y needs you to

Somebody Needs You.—Concluded.

show them the Christ, Tell the sweet sto - ry that they too may live.

No. 175. By Faith,—Not by Sight.

Maggie E. Gregory.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I may not see the path I tread, Nor would I, if I might; I'd
 2. I know not what the fu - ture holds; It may be grief and care: It
 3. I know not what the mor - row hides Bo - hind its mist - y veil, But
 4. So I will trust Him, tho' my path With pain and care is rife; For

rath - er live a life of faith, Than trust my own dim sight.
 may be peace and hap - pi - ness And joy of an - swered pray'r.
 God has prom - ised strength; and when Did e'er His prom - ise fail.
 at its end He'll give to me The prize of end - less life.
 1. Than trust my own dim sight.

CHORUS.

My Fa - ther's hand will lead a - right; I'll fol - low Him by
 will lead His child a - right; by faith, and

faith, not sight; I'll fol - low Him, I'll fol - low Him by faith, and not by sight.
 not by sight; by faith, and not by sight.

No. 176.

No Room for the Saviour:

Lizzie DeArmond.

BOYS OR ALL. In Unison.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. No room for Je - sus the Sav - iour, No place but a mau - ger so
 2. No room for Christ, just a hill - side, A cross loom-ing up through the
 3. No room for Je - sus the Sav - iour, O yield with-out furth - er de -

GIRLS. Unison.

here, Out - side stands the Heav - eu - ly Stran - ger, He
 ight, O how can earth's pleas - ures so fleet - ing Your
 lay, A throue He will build in your heart - room, Re -

GIRLS. DUET.

longs ev - ry ear - den to share..... Your heart-door o - pen to - day, Con -
 soul for a mo - ment de - light!..... Come hear His voice full of love, He's
 ceive him with glad - ness to - day, Haste ere it may be too late, In

ALL. Harmony.

fess all your weak - ness and sin, In pen - i - tence kneel at His feet, O
 wait - ing and knocks as be - fore, Ad - mit Him, He free - ly for - gives, He
 mer - cy He calls you once more, De - part - ing, He ue'er may re - turn, O

CHORUS.

bid your Re - deem - er come in. }
 pleads at your heart's clos - ed door! ... }
 sin - uer, throw o - pen the door! ... } O - pen your heart-door wide,

No Room for the Saviour.—Concluded.

Je - sus is wait - ing to en - ter, Wel - come in your lov - ing Lord, Re - ceive your King.

No. 177. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. Koschat.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know, I
 2. Thro' tho val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

feed in green pas - ture, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and the
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand - 'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy

deems when op - press'd, Re - stores me when wand - 'ring, re - deems when op - press'd.
 Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

No. 178.

The World's Creator.

Alice Jean Cloator.

H. Frank Lehman.

Unison.

1. The prais-es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ev-er ful-ly sing; By
 2. So great is God, so good and wise, His glo-ry fills the earth and skies; Be-

* The prais-es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ev-er ful-ly sing; By

Harmony.

His com-mands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid. He formed the
 neath the strength of His con-trol, The seasons o'er us swift-ly roll. Tho' years may
 formed the sea,
 years and years,

His com-mands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

sky, He holds the world within His hands. He made the gleam-ing worlds on high, That
 pass, To Him they are as but a day. sky and land, pass a-way,

ALL.

light the pathways of the sky; His glance can sweep the ocean's space, Or search the farthest place, And

ritard.

Unison.

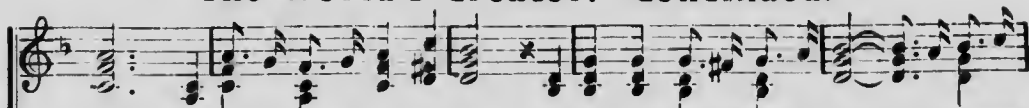
un-to man by Him was giv'n The likeness of the King of heav'n. { The prais-es of the heav'nly
 So great is God, so good and

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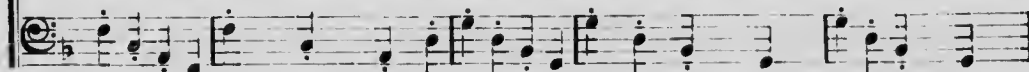
* Bass voices may sing the words under the staff ad libitum

The prais-es of the

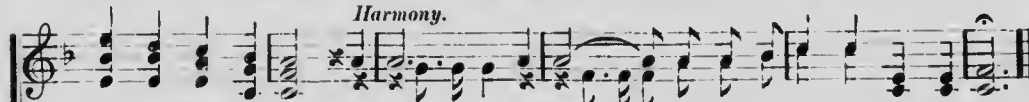
The World's Creator.—Concluded.



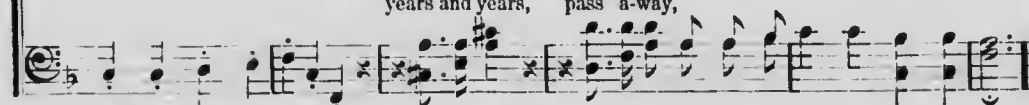
King, No tongue can ev - er ful - ly sing; By His commands the world was made, The caverns
wise, His glo - ry fills the earth and skies; Beneath the strength of His con - trol, The seasons



heav'nly King, No tongue can ev - er fully sing; By His commands the world was made, the



Harmony.
of the deep were laid. He formed the sky, He holds the world with-in His hand.
o'er us swift - ly roll. Tho' years may pass, To Him they are as but a day.
formed the sea, sky and land,
years and years, pass a-way,



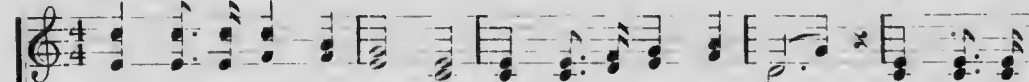
cav-erns of the deep were laid.

No. 179.

Jesus, Only Jesus.

Richard Henry Buck.

Adam Geibel.



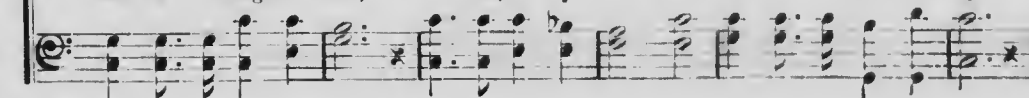
1. Give me no earth - ly treas - ures, Glo - ry, or pomp, or pride; On - ly the
2. There is re - lief from sor - row, Nev - er a wish de - nied, On - ly to
3. Wrecked on the rocks of sad - ness, Out on the storm - y tide; Come to the



sim - ple pleas - ures Found at the Sav - iour's side. } Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
day or mor - row, Joy at my Mas - ter's side. }
port of glad - ness, Close by the Sav - iour's side. }



He is e-nough for me; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, un - til e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 180. The World Must Be Taken for Jesus.

Alice Jean Cleator.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. The world must be tak - en for Jo - sus, Come, en - ter His
 2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O hast - en and
 3. The world must be tak - en for Jo - sus, The strong - holds of

ar - my to - day; There's need of the true - heart - ed sol - diers, For
 fall in - to line; Tho' might - y the foe, we shall con - quer, Led
 Sa - tan must yield; Go for - ward with cour - age un - fail - ing, And

CHORUS.
 might - y is Sa - tan's ar - ray. } En - list! en - list!
 on by the Cap - tain di - vine. }
 nev - er re - treat from the field. } En - list! en - list!

En - list in His ar - my to - day; The world must be

tak - en for Je - sus, En - list in His ar - my to - day.

No. 181.

Anchor Your Bark.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Adam Geibel.

1. Look well to your ca - hles, my broth - er,.... For sev - er'd the
 2. Con - ceal'd hy the gath - er - ing dark - ness.. Are break - ers of
 3. So an - chor your bark to the Christ - rock,.. And ask the dear

faith strands may be.. Take heed lest you slip from your moor - ings, And
 sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger To
 Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

Drift - - ing a - way.....

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea... }
 keep you from gain-ing the land.. } Drift-ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,
 shores of e - ter - ni - ty... }

drift - - ing a - way.....

drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, Far from the home of the blest, Then

an - chor your soul on the Christ - rock, For un - der its shad - ow is rest.

No. 182. I Have Been Alone With Jesus.

Words used by per.

Mrs. R. R. Forman.

Solo or Unison.

1. I have been a - lone with Je - sus with my head up - on His breast,
 2. With a tremb - ling heart I told Him while with joy I lin - gered there,
 3. Shall I tell you what He told me while I still was wait - ing there,
 4. Then He told me I was wel - come ev - er - more with Him to stay,

For I was so ver - y wea - ry that I wait - ed there to rest.
 All the bur - den of my sor - row and my heav - y weight of care,
 For it took a - way my trou - hles and it took a - way my care;
 And He said that He would nev - er cast His lov - ing child a - way.

I have been a - lone with Je - sus and He bade me stay a - while, And I
 How the voice of Sa - tan's whis - p'ings oft - en called me in - to sin, And I
 Oh! He told me how He lov'd me tho' a way - ward err - ing child, And I
 Lol He said I am thy Sav - iour, as a rock I firm - ly stand - Come and

CHORUS. Harmony.

felt it ver - y pre - cious in the sunshine of His smile.
 asked Him if I might not stay for - ev - er there with Him. } I've been a - lone with Je - sus, My
 felt so ver - y hap - py as He looked on me and smiled. }
 rest beneath my shad - ow in this wea - ry thirst - y land.

bles - sed, hless - ed Je - sus, I've been a - lone with Je - sus, In the sunshine of His smile.

No. 183. The Song of the New Crusade.

Lissie DeArmond.
Unison.

Adam Geibel.

1. We come, we come like the hosts of old to tri-umph o-ver sin, The
 2. We come, we come by the will of God, the Lamp of Truth to bear, Till
 3. We come, we come in a might-y band His cross up-lift-ed high, Our

SEMI-CHORUS. *ad lib.*

Sunday School, in an ar-my strong, the world for Christ to win. We'll onward press at the
 shines the light of the gos-pel ray in glo-ry ev-'ry-where; With Zi-on's King as our
 feet keep time to the glad re-frain that floods the sun-lit sky. We forward march at the

Mas-ter's call, in ar-mor bright ar-rayed, Our voic-es ring in a joy-ous strain—the
 Lead-ar true, we ne'er can be dis-may'd, But praise His Name, as we shout and sing the
 trum-pet's call, our hearts on Christ are stayed, While loud and clear sounds the mu-sic sweet, the

FULL CHORUS.

song of the "New Cru-sade." Forward, press for-ward, for-cv-er, Forward! with

hearts un-dis-mayed, For-ward! the world for Je-sus, The song of the "New Crusade."

No. 184.

Some One Who Knows.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart with its trou - bles is bur - dened, With the strug - gles that
 2. When my heart in deep an - guish is bleed - ing With the sor - rows that
 3. When my heart is all brok - en and wound - ed, And I've failed in the
 4. When my heart for the dear ones is pin - ing, And life's jour - ney seems

no one can share; I bring it, so wea - ry, to Je - sus, And he
 nev - er will cease; I bring it for com - fort to Je - sus, And he
 cease - less af - fray; I bring it for heal - ing to Je - sus, And he
 long till its end; I bring it so lone - ly to Je - sus, And in

CHORUS.

lifts all the bur - den and care...
 gives me his bless - ing of peace...
 takes all the sin - stains a - way... } There is some - one who knows All my
 him I find more than a friend.

strug - gles and woes; There is some - one my bur - dens to bear;..... 'Tis
 my bur - den to bear;

Je - sus my Friend, Who loves to the end, And he shares all my sor - rows and care.
 and care.

No. 185. A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me,
 2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
 3. There roy - al robes of whiteness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate

Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
 My earth - ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
 A welcome glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.

CHORUS.

A crown of life..... I, too, shall wear..... With - in that
 A crown of life I, too, shall wear

cit - y bright and fair,..... And songs of praise..... my soul shall
 that cit - y bright and fair, And songs of praise

ring,..... For I'm a child of Christ, the King.
 my soul shall sing

No. 186. 'Tis the Old, Old Story of His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

DUET, ALTO & TENOR.

1. There's a sweet old sto-ry which I love to hear, When the night is long and drear - y;
2. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to read When my spirit dreads the mor - row,
3. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-tak - en,

When I feel the pow-er of the tempt-er near, And my soul is sad and wear - y.
When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when com-fort I would bor - row.
To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope for - sak - en.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old, old sto-ry of his love,..... 'Tis the sweet, old
The sto-ry of his love

mes-sage from a - bove;..... For no oth-er I can find that can
The mes-sage, from a - bove;

rit - ad - lib.

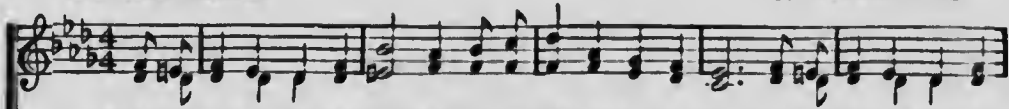
calm a troub-led mind, Like the sweet old sto-ry of his love.....
The sto-ry of his love.

No. 187.

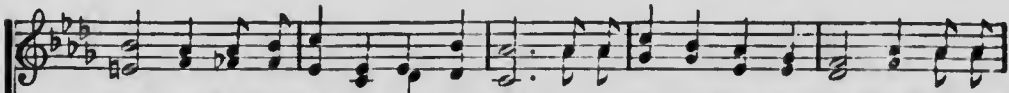
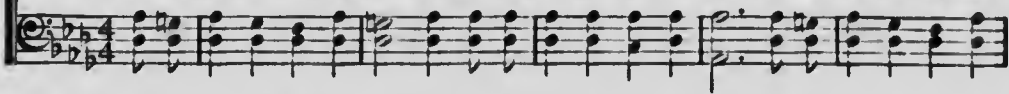
Jesus Cares.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

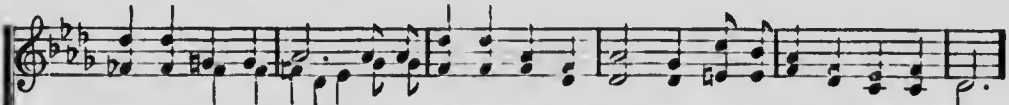
J. LINCOLN HALL.



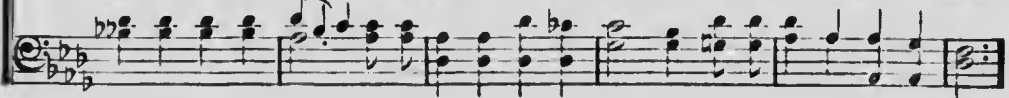
1. When the cares of life are crowding Thick and fast upon your soul, And your light has turned to
2. What a blessing when temptations Come with overwhelming pow'r, And a sin seems O so
3. When our souls are freed from sorrows, And the glad new day has dawned, We shall see with brightened



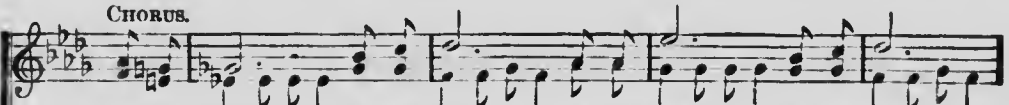
darkness Ere you reach the longed for goal, Let your heart be brave and trusting, While you lit - tle, In the weakness of the hour, That we have a lov - ing Je - sus By whose vis - ion Where the dark despairs had yawned. We may look in-to the beau - ty Of his



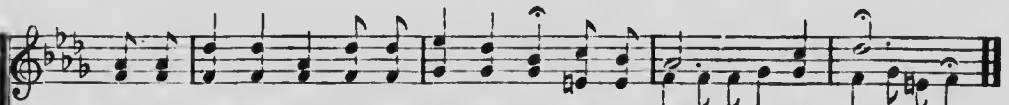
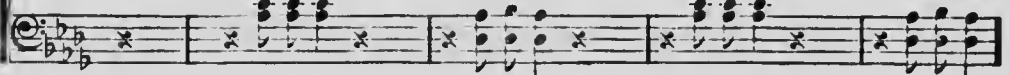
clasp the Saviour's hand; For, no matter what the bur - den, He will surely understand. grace the soul ex - pands, Gaining strength to meet and conquer, Just because he understands. face, in that fair land, Seeing all its love and glo - ry When we, too, shall understand.



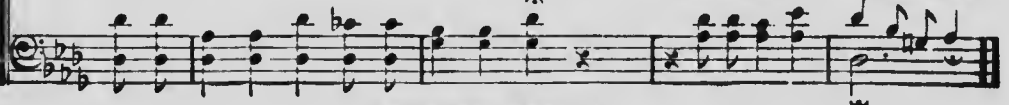
CHORUS.



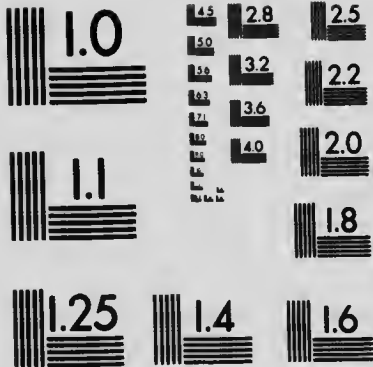
Just to know Je - sus cares, Just to know Je - sus cares;
Just to know Jesus cares, Just to know Jesus cares;



In the darkest night, O what wondrous light! Just to know he cares.
Just to know Jesus cares.







MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

No. 188.

I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
 2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
 3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
 4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

Chorus.

O I nev-er can for-get!
 O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I

nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,
 nev-er no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!

How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!
 O I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

No. 189. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
 2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
 3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
 4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a - long this pathway

dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine

out, shine out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
 shine out; shine out;

burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

No. 190.

Tarry With Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLER.

Slowly.

1. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be -
2. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press-es on in - to
3. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the
4. Tar-ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav-en - ly

fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du - ty is pleasure, and each task is a
noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tar-ry with me, when wea - ry, and the bur - den grows
dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close for - ev - er on the scenes I have
man - sion, there fore - er to stay They may qu - ion my ti - tle, but with thee at my

CHORUS.

joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near.
light, For when thou art with me, two la - bor as one. } Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tar-ry
loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light.
side I'll cry "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"

with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tar-ry with me in

sunshine Tar-ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

No. 191. — I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
 2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
 3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
 kindness, so free, Are un - ceasing - ly mine, wher - so - ev - er I go, And my
 gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil - dren its splendors shall share. } I be - long to the King, I'm a
 ref - uge un - fail - ing is he. }
 life with its tri - als is past. }

child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak - eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

No. 192. In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter tronb - le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er
 2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we
 3. Love of God that fail - eth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hat - ing

rough, hard ways we stum - ble 'Neath the burdeus of our cross, Then a tho't comes, comfort
 reach out in the dark - ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the
 sin, but seek - ing sin - ners With a patience strange and sweet; Follow, fol - low, ev - er

bring - ing, And the heart's disordered strings Lose their dis - cord in its mu - sic— In the
 com - fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!— In the
 fol - low, Till thy lov - ing pleading brings All thy chil - dren to the shel - ter In the

CHORUS.

shad ow of his wings! }
 shad - ow of his wings! } O the tho't is sweeter, sweet - er, Than the song the sky - lark
 shad - ow of thy wings! }

sings, Soar - ing toward the gates of heav - en— In the shad - ow of his wings!

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Love keeps me *sing - ing*, a - long the rough road, Prais - es to Je - sus, my
 2. Love keeps me *hap - py* from morn - ing till night, Love changes darkness to
 3. Love keeps me *work - ing* all through the long day, Hardship is pleasure when

Saviour and Lord; My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, How
 glo - ri - ous light; The love of my Sav - iour re - moves all my fear; When
 love fills the way; The toil that he gives me how glad - ly I do, His

CHORUS.

can I help sing - ing the praise of my King?
 hard - est my tri - als, his love brings me cheer. } Love keeps me singing, the
 love is the pow - er, my strength to re - new.

love of my Lord; Love makes me happy, O glo - ry to God! My heart is as

free as a bird on the wing, For love keeps me singing the praise of my King.

No. 194.

I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M.

J. P. MACKAY.

1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shad - ow his
 2. Oft I try to conceive What the glo - ry can be That a - waits me, far
 3. When be - fore him at last, Pur - i - fied, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the

glo - ry can hide, When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I
 o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He re - veals it to me, And I
 Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I

CHORUS.

know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I
 sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,

know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be -
 sat - is - fied;

hold All the won - ders un - told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.
 sat - is - fied.

No. 195. Do Something for Somebody.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, To help them a-long in the heavenly way;
2. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;
3. Do something for somebod-y ev-'ry day, You may not do much, you can speak, you can pray;

A 'liv-ing e-pis-tle' are you for God, A wit-ness for Je-sus the glo-ri-fied Lord.
Then bring him to Je-sus this ver-y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.
What-ev-er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re-ward.

CHORUS.

Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day, Go scat-ter some

bles-sing a-long life's way; Give help to thy neigh-bor, be

watch-ful, pray; Do some-thing for some-bod-y ev-'ry day.

No. 196.

Waiting, But Working.

E. RICHMOND.

C. AUSTIN MILER.

Not too fast.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a man-sion a-bove, By the side of the
 2. I am sing-ing the songs That they sing o-ver there, I am prais-ing the
 3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am long-ing to wear, When the bur-dens of

riv-er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev-er grow old, O the
 Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the
 life shall be o'er; With the cross-es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shali

CHORUS.

joy of a home o-ver there! }
 blood-washed in heav-en a-bove. } But the Mas-ter says, Stay, There is
 rest on that heav-en-ly shore. }

work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are
 by and by;

souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en-ter my mansion on high.

No. 197.

He'll Never Forsake.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "I will fail thee nev - er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
 2. "I will fail thee nev - er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning com - eth
 3. "I will fail thee nev - er;" brightest flow'rs will fade; But my trust in Je - sus
 4. "I will fail thee nev - er;" fails the earth and sky, But his bow of promise

shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem - pest all a - round may shake,
 with its light and song; Precious words of com - fort to my heart I take;
 ne'er shall be be - trayed; Midnight all around me, soon his light will break,
 shin - eth still on high; Earth - ly sunbeams van - ish, and my heart may quake,

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has prom - ised that he will nev - er for - sake.

CHORUS.

No, he'll nev - er for - sake,..... No, he'll nev - er for - sake;..... Dangers a -
 Never forsake, Never forsake;

round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. :|| Jesus will never for - sake.

No. 198.

A Light Along the Way.

... E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti-ful and bright, The golden sun to
 2. So ma-ny need a helping hand, A kind-ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
 3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru-ly

rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand'ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
 mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O may'st thou prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
 shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by

CHORUS.

stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way. } A light along the way,
 day, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way. }
 day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way. }

Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-

long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way.

No. 199. Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILNER.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
 2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
 3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
 4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
 5. I know thou wilt, I wor- thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en

safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, 'nd shall un-
 oth-er tho't, That I a-lone could sure-ly find the way, 'rom na-ture's
 stead of mine; The know't the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
 broad'ning way; For 't is death to lin-ger there, or stay- With night so
 Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their

p CHORUS.

til by faith the Lord I see.
 night to realms of end-less day.
 soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
 near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
 ranks, at home, to part no more.

Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,
 O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

f *p rit.....*
 O take th. soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.

No. 200:

Land of the Morrow.

W. C. MARTIN.

G. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O land of the morrow, the day of delight, The morrow that never shall fade in-to night,
 2. O land of the morrow, where hearts never break, Where all of my slumbering good shall a-wake;
 3. O land of the morrow, I peer thro' the gloom, That hangs like a shadow - y mist on the tomb;

The mor-row of rest and of comfort for me—Each moment but brings my soul near-er to thee.
 In midst of thy glories my soul shall a-bide, And min- gle for- ever with saints glo - ri-fied,
 And thro' the deep darkness thy glo - ry I see, And falter at naught that shall take me to thee,

CHORUS.

O land..... of the mor - row, Be - yond..... ev - 'ry
 O land of the mor-row, O land of the mor-row Be-yond ev-'ry sor-row, Be -

sor - row, I'm joy - ful-ly trav - 'ling, I'm trav - 'ling to
 yond ev'ry sorrow, I'm joy-fully trav'lling, I'm trav'lling to thee, I'm joy-ful-ly trav'lling I'm

thee,..... O land..... of the mor - row, Thy glad - ness I
 trav'lling to thee, O land of the morrow, O land of the morrow, Thy gladness I borrow, Thy

Land of the Morrow.—Concluded.

bor - row, Thy glo - ry al - read - y I see, I see, I see.
 glad-ness I borrow, Thy glo - ry alread - y I see, I see, I see, I see.

No. 201.

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

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

As the bur-dens press, And the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
 As the day-light fades, In-to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
 When in my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches 'Till it near-ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

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

When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa-viour cares.
 He cares

No. 202.

I'll Follow Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him To pas - tures green and fair;
 2. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him When thorn - y is the road,
 3. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him Down in - to death's dark vale;

No fears a - larm nor per - ils harm When in the Shep - herd's care.
 When bur - dens press and cares dis - tress And heav - y is my load.
 For in the shad - ows of earth's night His good - ness shall not fail.

More bright the sun - lit path shall seem, The flow'rs more sweet shall be;
 Yet in the sun - shine of his love The shad - ows all shall flee;
 And when the riv - er I shall cross, His glo - rious face I'll see;

For in the pleas - ant paths of peace My Lord is lead - ing me.
 For in the paths that once he trod My Lord is lead - ing me.
 For to his heav'n - ly home a - bove My Lord is lead - ing me.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

I'll Follow Him.—Concluded.

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

No. 203. Singing and Trusting.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILLER.

1. Look up to Je - sus and, with loving trust, Keep sing - ing, still sing - ing;
 2. Your song may cheer a heavy - lad - en heart, Keep sing - ing, still sing - ing;
 3. For - get - ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing - ing, still sing - ing;
 Keep sing - ing, sweetly sing - ing, of our Saviour's love;

He'll safe - ly guide us, he is wise and just; Trust Je - sus, the Saviour King.
 And stronger faith and brighter hope im - part, In Je - sus, the Saviour King.
 In sum - mer bloom, or 'mid the win - try blast, Trust Je - sus, the Saviour King.

CHORUS

Sing on thro' sunny days, Sing on in darken'd ways, Sing, sing;
 Singing, sweetly singing, singing, sweetly singing;

Sing on, his name is love; Sing on, he reigns a - bove; Sing, sing.
 Sing on, trust on and sing.

No. 204.

O Shining Portal.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Duet or girls voices in parts.

1. O shin-ing por - tal, O gates of light, Un-bar to mor-tals This ho - ly
 2. O cho-rus ring - ing, O'er Judah's plain, The echoes fling-ing, 'Neath golden
 3. O gift of Heav-en, O Prince of Peace, To mortals giv-en To bring re -

night. O ser-aphs ho - ly. To earth de - scend, O'er man-ger
 rain. Re-peat His sto - ry. Pro-claim His birth, The King of
 lease. We haste to meet thee, O new-born King, With glad-ness

CHORUS. *mp*

low - ly, In glad-ness bend. } O shin-ing por - tal, O gates im -
 glo - ry, Has come to earth. }
 greet thee, Our hom-age bring.

cres. mor - tal, Your gold-en glo - ry all the dreaming earth is fill - ing; *dim.* We praise him

cres. *rit.* *dim.*
 ev - er, Our King *f* rev - er, And join with an-gel choir to bless the Lord of all.

No. 205.

March of the Ages.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quietly.

1. Ly- ing in a man-ger, see the child, Waited for by a- ges gone; Promise of the Fathers,
 2. Monarch of the ages! Can it be That this Child is heaven's King? That the world's redemption
 3. Let us go and worship while we may, For the star may fade from view, And across the deserts

hope's de- sire, Her- ald of a brighter dawn. Her- ald of a brighter, bet- ter dawn.
 rests in him, Of whose birth the angels sing? Of whose birth the white-winged angels sing?
 we must pass, And our weary way pur- sue, Without him our wea- ry way pur- sue.

CHORUS. (Arranged.) *Tenderly and slowly.*

While a moth- er is sing- ing a sweet lul- la- b O'er a babe in a man- ger so small;

And the an- gels are watch- ing around his low bed, Who is Monarch and Sav- iour of all.

D.S.—Let us bend o'er his cra- dle and worship the King, While Hosanna's re- sound thro' the air.

The star and the song, the won- dering throng, All of heaven's bright seraphs are there,

No. 206. Joy Has Come to Judah's Land.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Joy has come to Ju-dah's land, From the skies Gold-en light, fills the night:
 2. Joy has come to Ju-dah's plain, At his birth, Peace and love, from a - bove,
 3. Joy shall fill the world to-day, Joy di - vine, Hope and peace, ne'er shall cease,

Wake! O wond'ring shep-herd band, Lift your eyes; List the song, list the song!
 For a King is born to reign O'er the earth, Lord of all! Lord of all!
 For a Prince of Da-vid's line Holds his sway, Hail the King! Hail the King!

SOP. AND ALTO.

For the star-crown'd seraphs sing Of a new-born Saviour King, Thro' the midnight hush the glad notes
 For the star-crown'd seraphs tell Of the Lord Em-man-u-el, Who has come to earth with man to
 For the star-crown'd seraphs sing As their earthward flight they wing, Tidings sweet to earth they

rit.
 ring, } has come, has come,
 dwell! } Christ has come, Christ has come, Let the heav'n's proclaim his sto - ry.
 bring, } TEN. AND BASS.

CHORUS. *Maestoso. f* (CHRISTMAS—Handel.)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel

Joy Has Come to Judah's Land.—Concluded.

of the Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.

No. 207. Bethlehem, Welcome Thy Royal Guest.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

ALL SOP. AND ALTO, OR DUET.

1. Bethlehem, welcome thy royal guest, David's Son, Ho-ly one Now in a manger has
2. Bethlehem, welcome the King foretold, Heav'nly light, Ends thy night, Lulled by a maiden thy
3. Bethlehem, welcome Emmanuel, King of kings, Gladness brings, Now with his children our

CHORUS.

found his rest, Welcome the Prince of Peace. }
 Lord behold, Welcome the Prince of Peace. } Hail him, Prince of Peace, Gladness ne'er shall cease,
 God doth dwell, Welcome the Prince of Peace. }

rit. TWO-PART.*

Sleeping where star light in splendor falls, O'er him an-gels are watching, O hail him

Prince of Peace, Cap-tives find release, Bethlehem, bless him forevermore Prince of Peace.

* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, and sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 208.

Haste to Bethlehem.

MARY S. LEONARD.

F. A. CLARK.

Moderato. Con espressione.

1. Haste to where a Babe lies sleeping, Where starli- glories soft are shed, Ten-der-ly her
 2. Hast-en to the low-ly manger Beneath the gold-en, gleaming star, Seeking for the
 3. Hast-on with your gifts so royal, O yield as trib-ute treasure store! Hasten with your

vig-il keeping, Bends a low-ly maiden o'er his bed; Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming
 roy-al stranger, Ye who hither come from lands a far, Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming
 homage loy-al, Kneel in joyful praise, your King adore; Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming

rit. town, The Lord of life to earth came down. **CHORUS, Joyfully.**
 { Haste, haste to Bethle-hem lowly, Your
 Yield, yield your heart's ado-ration, In

King is here; Haste, haste to him the most ho-ly, With joy draw
 rap-ture sing, (Omit.....)

near..... Hail now with glad ex-ul-tation Your Lord and King.

No. 209. Christmas Cheer has Crowned the World.

GRACE GORDON.

CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

1. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with wondrous light, Hail blest morn,
2. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with boundless love, Peace on earth!
3. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with joy di - vine, Night is o'er,

Star of hope ce - les - tial ends the dark - some night, Christ is born!
Lo, the Lord of life has come from realms a - bove, Hail his birth!
Glo - ry at the dawn of dawns o'er earth shall shine, Ev - er - more!

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest! Peace, goodwill to men. Glo - ry,

glo - ry in the highest! Echoes ring a - gain. Wak - ing all the earth from dreaming,

Herald hope's glad morn Break - ing, golden dawn is gleaming Lo, the King is born!

No. 210.

Angels of Light.

GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. An - gels of light, An - gels so bright, Joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly wing - ing your flight,
 2. An - gels draw near, Bringing us cheer, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful mes - sage we hear,
 3. An - gels be - hold, Je - sus fore - told, Wea - ri - ly wait - ed by sa - ges of old,

O - ver the plain, Rings the re - frain, Ech - oes the heav - en - ly strain.
 Her - ald His birth, Prince of the earth, Greet him with glad - ness and mirth.
 Car - ols so sweet, Prais - es re - peat, Song shall his glad ad - vent greet.

CHORUS. *Melody in Alto.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, Hark the sto - ry,
 Un - to the Lord be glo - ry, Peace upon earth, good - will, Hark the ce - les - tial sto - ry,

Of his birth, Joy un - end - ing, Tid - ings
 Ring - ing in rap - ture still, Her - alds of joy un - end - ing, Tid - ings of love ye

bring, Voic - es blend - ing, Hail your King.
 bring, Sweet - ly your voic - es blend - ing, Welcome the new - born King.

No. 211.

The Heavenly Tidings.

GRACE GORDON.

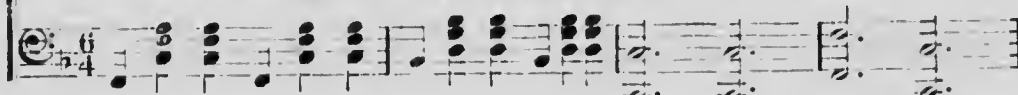
Solo, or all Treble voices.

CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

All in Unison.



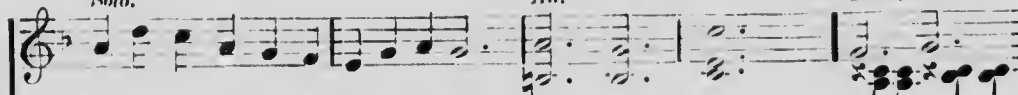
1. An-gels are tell-ing the ti-dings of peace, Christ is born!.....
 2. Pilgrims are press-ing o'er des-ert so wild, Christ is born!.....
 3. Shepherds re-joic-ing, the her-alds be-hold, Christ is born!.....



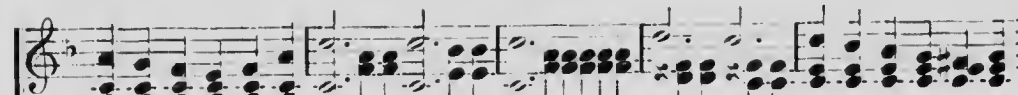
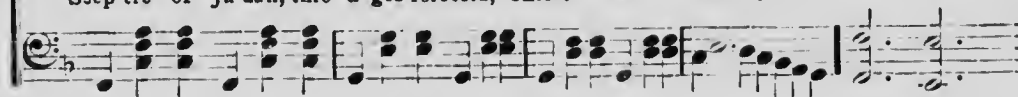
Solo.

All.

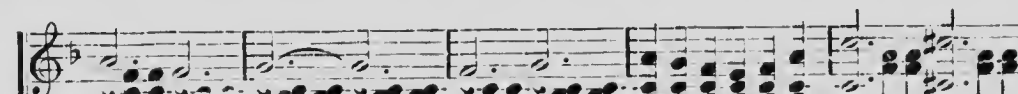
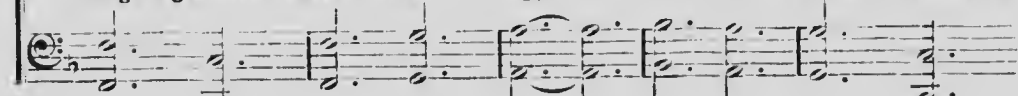
CHORUS.



Captives from bondage find blessed release, Christ is born! }
 Seek-ing the Saviour, the heaven-ly child, Christ is born! } **Ti - dings,**
 Scep-tre of Ju-dah, thro' a-ges foretold, Christ is born! }



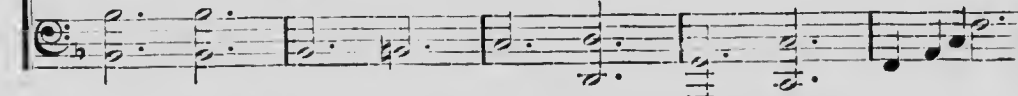
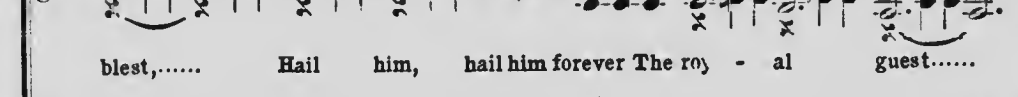
tidings of gladness O'er earth shall ring; Ti - dings ending our sadness, All



joy bring Hail him Saviour and Sov'reign Redeem - er



blest,..... Hail him, hail him forever The roy - al guest.....



No. 212.

Lilies of Easter.

GRACE GORDON.

CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

1. Lil-les on the Eas-ter morn-ing. Pet-als to the breeze un - fold;
 2. Lil-les on the Eas-ter morn-ing, Tender-ly your cen - sers away;
 3. Lil-les on the Eas-ter morn-ing, Ev - er in your splen-dor shine,

Gar-dens of the spring a - dorn - ing, Sun - ny with a heart of gold.
 He who suffer'd shame and scorn-ing, Liv - eth on this joy - ful day.
 Bid-ding us to cease from mourning, Tell-ing of a King di - vine.

CHORUS.

Bloom, O bloom in wondrous beauty, Hope to us ye bring; Tell of res-ur-

rec-tion joy for aye..... Tell of him, the Sav-iour ris - en;

Come from out a tomb's dark prison, Praise him on his res-ur-rect-ion day.....

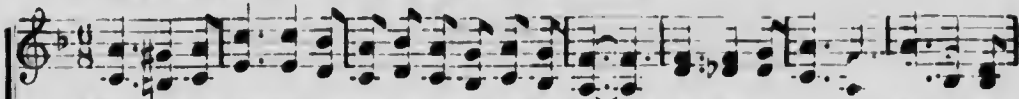
No. 213.

Hail, Dawn Immortal.

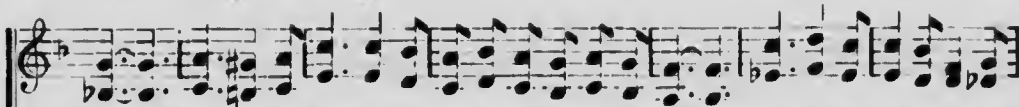
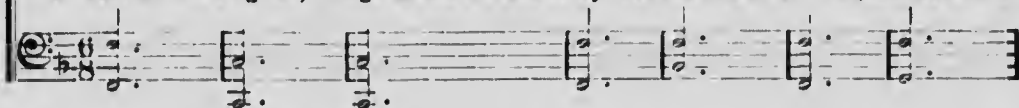
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

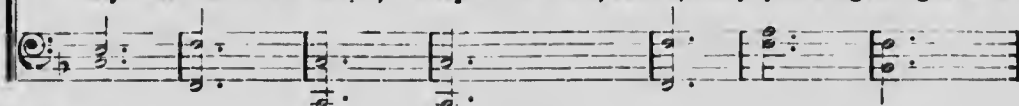
SOPRANO AND ALTO OR TENOR DUET, AND CHORUS.



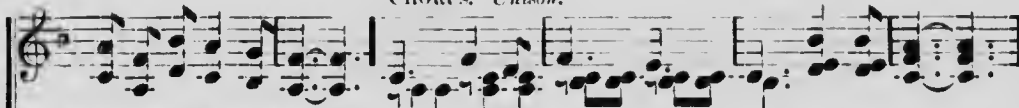
1. Seek not with sadness, O mourn not your crucified King; Soon dawn of gladness shall
2. Seek not with sor-row, All vainly your spices ye bear; Soon hope's gladness shall end grief and
3. Seek not in an-guish, O linger no more where he lay; Sad hearts who in anguish, Soon dawn the



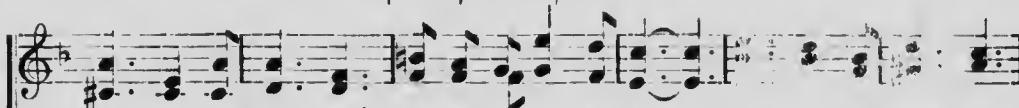
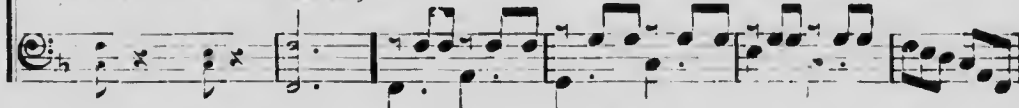
bring. Mourn not your Master, O linger no more at his tomb, Weep not your Saviour slain For care. Dark shadows hov'ring Shall yield to the glory of light, Weep not in darkness drear For day. Mourn him no lon-ger, O weep not the Lord ye adore, Soon ye your King shall greet Who



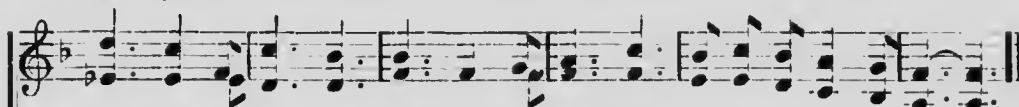
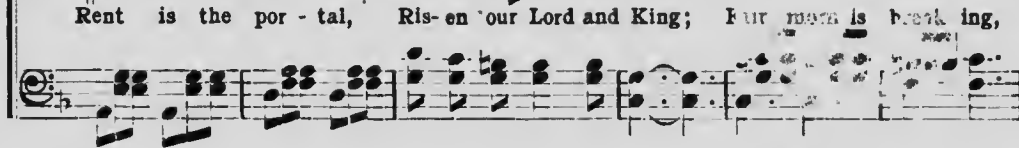
Chorus. Unison.



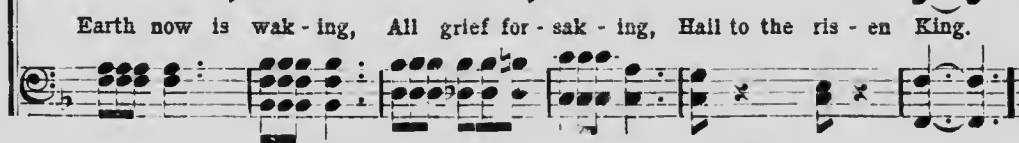
gladness shall end the gloom. } Hail, dawn im - mor - tal, Joy dost thou bring;
dawning shall end the night. }
liv - eth for ev - er - more. }



rent is the por - tal, Ris-en 'our Lord and King; Fur - more is break - ing,



Earth now is wak - ing, All grief for - sak - ing, Hail to the ris - en King.



No. 214. Forth From Gloom to Glory.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Forth from gloom to glo-ry, Comes the conquering King; Tell his praise this day of days,
 2. Forth from gloom to glo-ry, Comes the Christ who died; Light divine o'er earth shall shine,
 3. Forth from gloom to glo-ry, Comes the conquering King; Gar-den glade where he was laid,

THREE PARTS.*

Eas-ter tidings bring. Calv'ry's shad-ows far have fled, Seek not mid the dead;
 Hail the Eas-ter tide. End-ed now the grief, the pain, Seal-ed stone was vain;
 Now with praises ring, Lin-ger not where once he lay, Haste ye, nor de-lay,

FOUR PARTS. CHORUS, TWO PARTS.**

Lo, he liv-eth as he said, Christ is ris-en. }
 Earth's Re-deem-er lives a-gain, Christ is ris-en. } Wake, earth, to sing-ing,
 Seek your Lord this Eas-ter day, Christ is ris-en. }

Glad homage bring-ing, Joy-bells are ring-ing, Hail, Eas-ter day. Bonds all are
 MALE VOICES.

FEMALE VOICES.

riv-en, Joy hath he giv'n: Blest joy from heav-en, Praise him for aye.

* If sung in parts, Tenor sing lower notes of upper staff, Bass not singing.

** The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 215.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

Easter Skies Aflame.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Eastern skies with light aflame In radiance bright, Res - ur-rec - tion joy proclaim, To
 2. Eastern skies have fill'd the world With light divine, Ban - ners of the dawn unfurled In
 3. Eastern skies your glory shed O'er earth this day, Shadows of this cross are fled For

end earth's night. Ser - aphs praise the Saviour's name In realms of light, O hail him
 splen - dor shine. Hosts of sin are downward hurl'd, All praise be thine, O heav'nly
 e'er a - way. Christ is ris - en from the dead, We own his sway, O hail him

CHORUS.

King . of glo - ry. Morn of gold-en splendor, Hope shall bring; Praise we glad - ly

ren - der, Earth shall sing. Conqueror strong immor - tal, Heav'n un-bars her por - tal,

Wide her gates shall swing. Heav'n un-bars her por - tal, Crown, O crown Him King.

No. 216.

O Haste Ye.

ELIZABETH WARD.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Spirited.

1. O haste ye! seek the ris-en Lord, Death nev-er-more can hold him, He lives ac-
 2. O haste ye! seek the conq'ring King, Vic - tor we now ac - claim him, Let arth her
 3. O haste ye! seek the Christ who died, Cal - v'ry with light is glow - ing, Be - hold your

cord-ing to his word. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!
 al - le - lu - ias sing. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!
 King is glo - ri - fied. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!

CHORUS.

Seek your King with gladness, O hail him Lord of all! For lo, the grief and gloom of

night, Shall yield at last to life and light. Dawn shall end our sad-ness, Be -

hold its glo - ries fall, For Christ our King has conquer'd ev'ry foe, The Lord of all!

No. 217.

Skies are Glowing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A - wake! A - wake! With light the skies are glow - ing, A - wake! A -
 2. A - wake! A - wake! The ston - y grave un - veil - ing, A - wake! A -
 3. A - wake! A - wake! The fear of sin is end - ed, A - wake! A -

wake! Great joy shall earth be know - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice! In -
 wake! Re - veals a pow'r un - fail - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice! The
 wake! Let song with tear be blend - ed; Re - joice! Re - joice! With

mor - tal life be - stow - ing, The tomb sur - renders to our God who breaks its bands.
 word of God pre - vail - ing, Hath life in - mortal brought to countless dy - ing lands.
 an - gel guard at - tended, Be - fore the emp - ty tomb the Lord of glo - ry stands.

D.S.—Christ the Lord is ris - en on this Eas - ter Day!

CHORUS.

Skies are glowing with light di - vine, Beau - ties showing in
 Eas - ter skies are Earth new beauties

var - ied way; Hearts with sor - row no more re - pine, For
 Saddened hearts with

No. 218.

A. A. PAYN.

Christ Arose.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Ev - 'ry nod-ding blos-som seems to say to-day "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
 2. Voic-es of Cre-a-tion have but one re-frain "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
 3. Darkened paths no lon-ger now are filled with fears "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
 4. All the world re-joic-es and in gladness sings "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
 "Christ a-rose."

rose." Ev - 'ry wea - ry trav-ler sings a - long his way "Christ a -
 rose." Breez-es gen - tly waft it o - ver hill and plain "Christ a -
 rose." Eyes now bright with laughter once were filled with tears "Christ a -
 rose." Join - ing in a cho - rus to the King of kings "Christ a -
 "Christ a - rose."

CHORUS.

rose," "Christ a-rose." He liv-eth! So let your joy-ful al-le-lu-ias
 "Christ arose,"

ring, He liv-eth! O let the cho - rus ech - o as we sing;

UNISON.

PARTS.

He liv-eth! The Lord im - mor-tal has burst the bars of death's dark portal; Now he

Christ Arose.—Concluded.

liv - eth, for - ev - er liv - eth, For - ev - er praise we our Ris - on King.

No. 219.

Easter Bells.

A. A. PATN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Far and near sweet and clear, Chime the Easter bells, And they ring of a King,
2. How they chime all the time, Swinging to and fro, Calva - ry..... set us free;
3. In the night angels bright Broke the sealed door, And a - lone..... moved the stone;

He who died, cru - ci - fied, Now in glo - ry dwells, And his praise..... we would sing.
 Work is done, crown is won, Gone is grief and woe, Now from death..... all are free.
 Nev - er more fear that door, Cross its threshold o'er, Je - sus reigns..... on his throne.

CHORUS.*

O ring glad Eas - ter bells, Your tone the
 Ring. Ring. Ring.

PARTS.

message tells; In joy - ous ac - cents say, "The Lord is ris'n to - day. day.
 Ring, Ring.

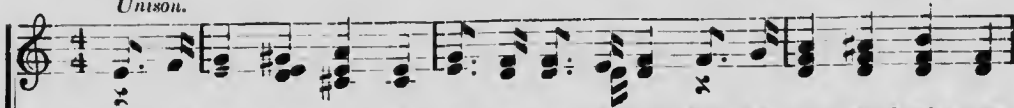
* The lower notes in right hand part of Chorus should be sung by male voices.

No. 220.

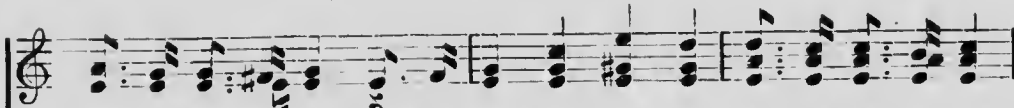
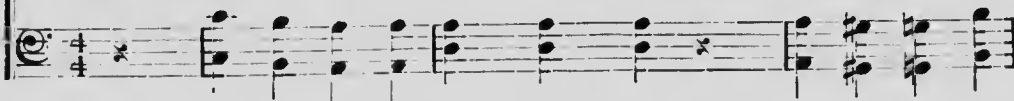
'Tis Children's Day.

A. A. PAYN.
Unison.

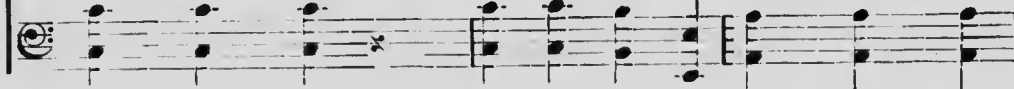
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



1. Sum-mer's gift is with us, joy is all a-round, And the fair-est flow'rs now
2. Why do all the birds more sweet-ly seem to sing, As they cleave the air with
3. Should the gold-en gates of glo-ry o-pen swing, Then the world might hear the



cov-er all the ground, While the hearts of men in rap-ture now re-bound,
ev-er joy-ful wing? Why do songs of praise as-cend un-to the King?
car-ols as they ring, Of the count-less chil-dren who sur-round the King?



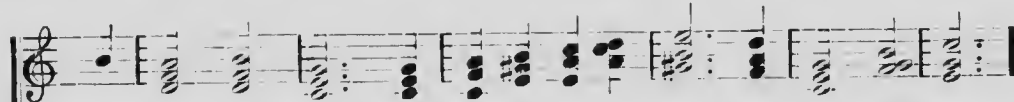
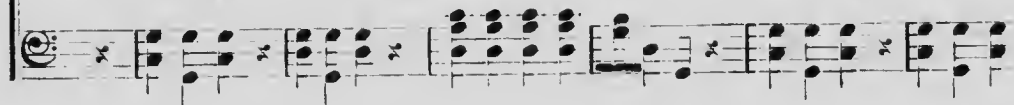
CHORUS.



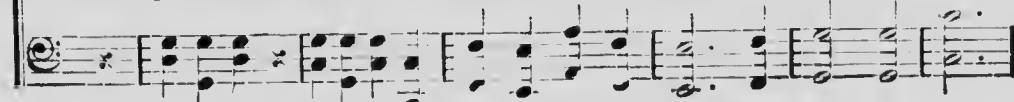
It is Chil-dren's Day!
This is Chil-dren's Day!
Of his king-dom they! } 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, The flow-ers gay,



In bright ar-ray, In song u-nite With birds that sing,



On pin-ions bright, Their car-ols to the King, Who guides their flight.



No. 221.

Let God Be Glorified.

GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. From the o-cean's roll-ing tide,
 2. From the fields, where blossoms bide,
 3. For the joys that e'er a - bide,

O'er the earth so far and wide; Ring the
 From the ripp-ling brooks that glide, List, the
 For the love that e'er shall guide, Let us

raptured praise, For fes - tal days "Let God be glo - ri - fied."
 joy - ous song, Now borne a - long, "Let God be glo - ri - fied."
 praise our King, In glad-ness sing, "Let God be glo - ri - fied."

CHORUS. *

O songs of joy e - ter - nal, Fill all the earth and sky;

For beau - ty bright and ver - nal; Our Lord we mag - ni - fy;

We bless his name, his love pro - ceant, (ed praise to) on high.

* The middle notes are the melody, and may be sung by Male voices Alto or both; while the upper notes may be sung by the rest of School, or selected voices. Lower notes are merely played.

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No. 222.

A. A. PAYN.

Tell Us.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Song birds come from the south, Hast-en on your way; Tell us,
 2. Wild wind, whence did you come, Whither do you go? Tell us,
 3. Sun - beams fall - ing to - day, Shedding light di - vine, Tell us,
 4. Praise him, heav - en and earth, Wor-ship and a - dore, Let your

REFRAIN.

what is your song On this day? }
 what do ye hear As ye blow? } Praise the Lord whose
 what is the word, As ye shine? }
 trib - ute a - rise, Ev - er - more.

mer - cy holds..... All the beau - ty of earth and skies.....

Un - der his watch - ful eyes..... Praise the Lord... whose love un -

folds Ev - 'ry day..... glo - ries new In glad sur - prise.

No. 223.

O'er the Sunlit Plain.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

ADAM GEBEL.

1. O'er the sun - lit plain, List the glad re - frain, From the song-birds gay - ly wing - ing,
 2. O'er the sun - lit plain, Summer comes a - gain; Blossoms fair her path a - dorn - ing,
 3. O'er the sun - lit plain, Ends the win - try reign, And the joy - ous brooks are glad - ing;

For the skies beam bright In the gold - en light, Let the world a - wake to sing - ing.
 In the whisp'ring trees List the wand'ring breeze, Hail the glad - some, gold - en morn - ing.
 Songs of glad - some praise, To our King we raise, For his mer - cies e'er a - bid - ing.

* TWO PART CHORUS.

All the world is crown'd with splendor, Summer skies are beaming bright; Joy - ous praise to

him we ren - der, Who is thron'd in realms of light; List the tune - ful echi - oes ring - ing

From the cloudless skies above, Let the world awake to singing, Hail, O. hail him, Lord of love.

* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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No. 224.

The Song of Summer.

E. DOUGHTY.

E. D.

1. The beau - ti - ful sum - mer re - turn - ing, Is sing - ing her own sweet song;
 2. It rings in the warm glowing sun - shine, That flood - eth the earth with light;
 3. Re - joic - ing in summer's great beau - ty, That's spread o - ver mountain and plain;

The voic - es of na - ture are blend - ing, And roll - ing the cho - rus a - long.
 It sounds from the firm - a - ment star - gemmed, That glitte - rs from night unto night.
 The chil - dren are thronging the tem - ple, To join in the hap - py re - frain.

CHORUS.

Joy! Joy! Won - der - ful joy! That's what the sum - mer is sing - ing,

Joy! Joy! Heav - en - ly joy! Birds gen - tly sing as they're wing - ing;

Joy! Joy! Mar - vel - ous joy! With it each tree - top is swing - ing,

The Song of Summer.—Concluded.

Sum - mer has on - ly one song, It is joy! Joy! Joy!.....

No. 225.

What is the Message?

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILKS.

BOYS.

GIRLS.

1. What is sum-mer's mes - sage? "Winter's reign is o - ver." What shall tell the
2. What are brook-lets sing - ing? "I - cy chains are brok - en." All the Fa-ther's
3. What are song birds sing - ing? "God in love at - tend us." Let us all be

BOYS.

CHORUS.

sto - ry? Nod - ding fields of clo - ver. } Birds are car - ol - ing all day long,
good - ness, In their way have spok - en. } Flow'rs are nodding in gen - tle breeze,
prais - ing, For the love he sends us. }

Sweet - est song, all day long, Brooks are mer - ri - ly run - ning free On - ward
Sway - ing trees, greet the breeze, (*Omit*.....)

ALL.

to the sea. All in one ac - cord, Now praise the Lord.....
O praise the Lord.

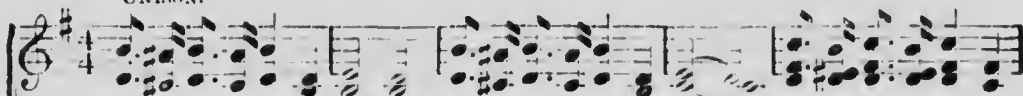
No. 226.

Summer Days.

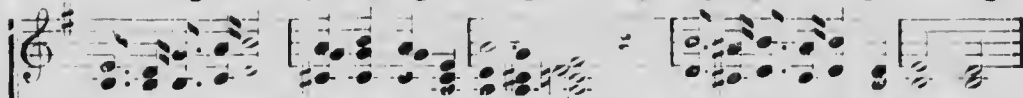
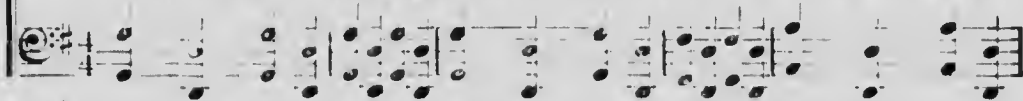
Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON.

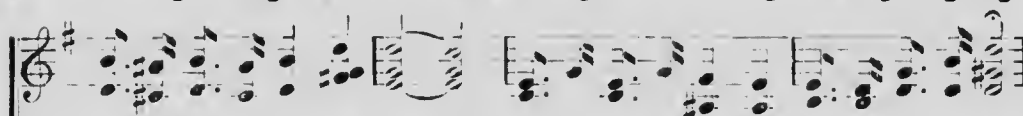


1. Summer days are days of pleasure, Summer music now we hear, Flow-ers fair to-day are
2. Summer mus-ic sweetly ringing, Summer sunshine, summer shower, Summer praise at early
3. God is good, the birds are singing, And he fills the world with love, Ev-'ry voice we hear is

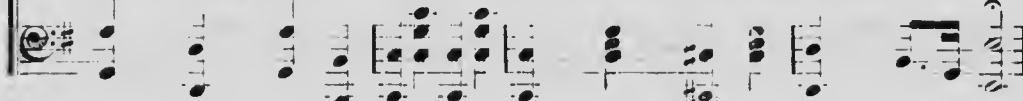


blooming ev'rywhere, Earth is full of cheer;
morning may be heard, At the evening hour;
prais-ing his great name, With the hosts above;

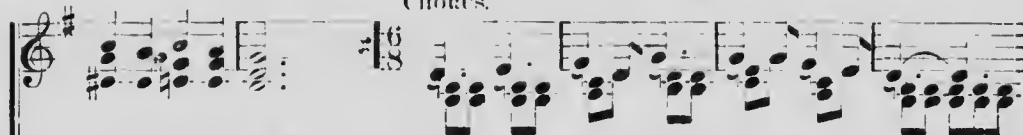
Bird - lings in the tree tops nesting,
God, who paints the glorious rainbow,
Glo - ry, hon - or, power, bless-ing,



Ev - 'ry voice is sing - ing praise, All the world rings out with gladness and with song,
Plants each flower along the way, There's no time for gloom or room for sad - ness here,
Un - to him be - long for aye, For his lov - ing kind - ness praise his ho - ly name,

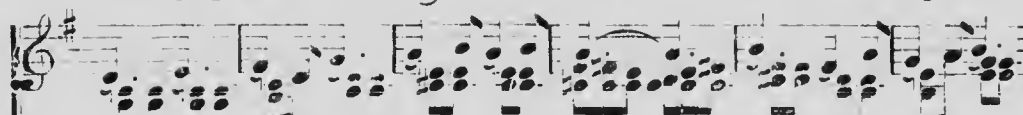
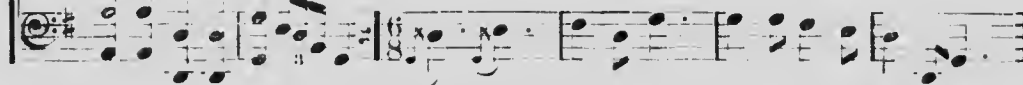


CHORUS.

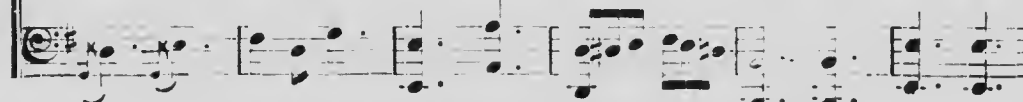


On these Summer days.
On this Summer day.
On this Summer day.

Hap - py Sum - mer days, All the world is free,



Joy - ful songs of praise, On the land and sea,..... God giv - en Summer days



Summer Days.—Concluded.

Perfume laden air,..... Best time of all the year, Summer time is here.....

No. 227. Come With Joyful Singing.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.
UNISON.

SAMUEL W. BRAZLEY.

1. Come with joy - ful sing - ing, Sweet - est car - ols ring - ing, Gath - er once a - gain on
2. Come with songs of prais - ing, Hearts and voic - es rais - ing, To the Lord a - bove, who
3. Come with hearts re - joic - ing, All our glad - ness voic - ing, Wel - come, one and all, at

this our fes - tal day. Join our songs of greet - ing, Words of praise re - peat - ing,
holds us in his care. Thank him for each blessing, Ev - 'ry need con - fess - ing,
this our hour of praise. 'Mid the Summer's treasures, Thro' our joys and pleas - ures,

CHORUS.

We now Summer's call o - bey. }
Praise him for the joys we share. } Sing, O sing,
Thank - ing him for gold - en days. }

Glad hymns of praise to - day with joy - ful mus - ic bring,
Give praise to Christ the chil - dren's (Omit.) King.

No. 228.

I Will Follow Thee.

A. A. PAYN.
Quickly.

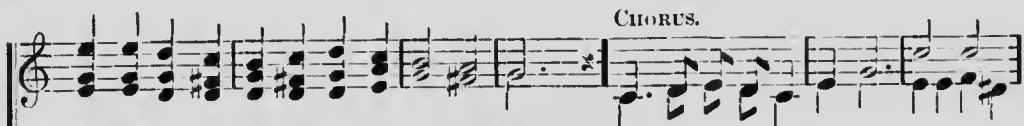
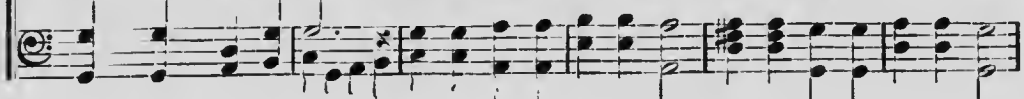
A. A. PAYN.



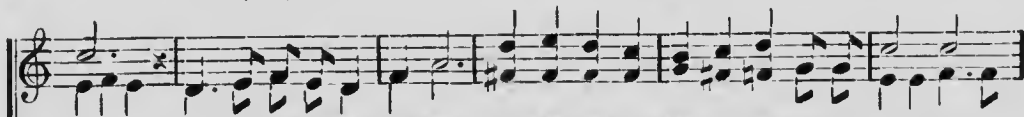
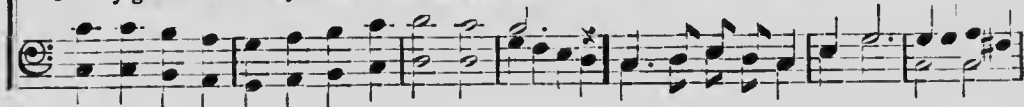
1. Let me serve thee more and more, Let my joy to serve thee be ; This should be my highest bliss,
2. Let me love thee, dearest Lord, Better as the days go by, Strive thy blessed will to do,
3. Keep me near thee as I walk, Wheresoever it may be, Glad - ly I will take my way,



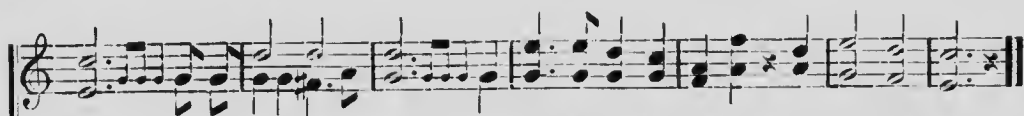
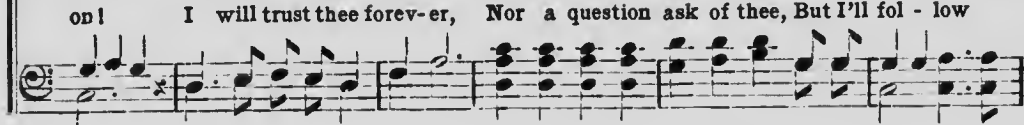
Serving him who died for me. Tho' I serve thee day and night, Thro' the dark and thro' the light,
Thro' the moments as they fly. Lead me, thou, or guide aright Those to whom I look for light,
On - ly let it be with thee. Near thee, near thee ev-'ry day, Be it work or be it play,



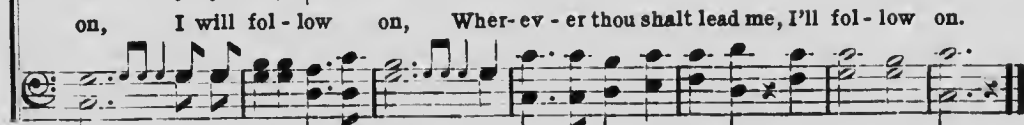
Grant that I, O dearest, Lord, Thy smile may see. } I will follow thee ev - er, On, on,
And at all times let me feel Thy presence nigh. }
On - ly grant that I may know Thou leadest me. }



on! I will trust thee forev - er, Nor a question ask of thee, But I'll fol - low



on, I will fol - low on, Wher - ev - er thou shalt lead me, I'll fol - low on.



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