

The Yonge St. Mission

HYMN BOOK

Go

T

~~The~~ ^{24.}

1.10⁰⁰
1977

Yonge Street Mission

HYMN BOOK

[1914 ca.]



PRICES :

Limp, Cloth Bound	- - - -	\$0.30
French Morocco Bound	- - - -	1.00
Real Morocco Bound	- - - -	2.00

THE CARL F. WALTON COMPANY

325 Carlton Street

TORONTO

No. 1.

Frede

1. Faith
2. Our
3. Faith
4. Faith

O h
How
And
And

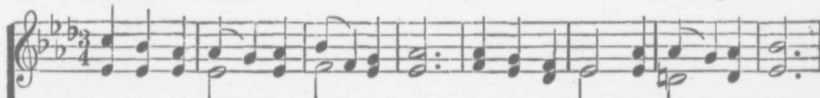
Faith

Make Christ King

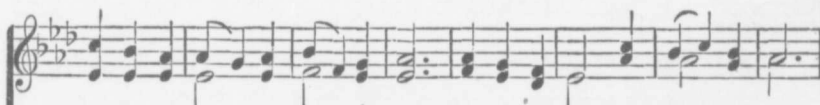
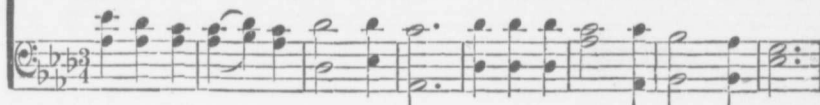
No. 1. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber.

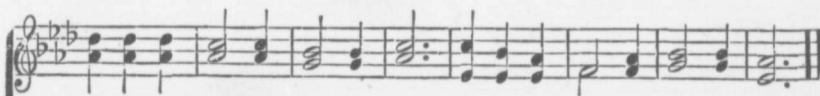
H. F. Hemy, adpt.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for Thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.



Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.



No. 2.

Make Christ King.

COPYRIGHT. 1911 BY ROBERT MATTHEWS

R. M.

Robert Matthews.

1. Hark to the call of the new cru-sade, Christ o-ver all will king be made,
 2. Strong is the foe of the new cru-sade, Sin in its ar - mor is well ar-rayed;
 3. Come, in His name join the pilgrim throng, Stand for the right, and down the wrong;

CHORUS.

Out to the world let the chal-enge ring: Make Christ king!
 In - to the fight we our best must fling: Make Christ king! Hail to the King of
 Glo-ry to God, let the cho - rus sing: Make Christ king!

kings! Tri-umph-ant Re-deem-er! On march the soldiers of the New Cru-sade.

This is the battle cry: Christ made the King! And to our Sov'reign we allegiance bring;

Prince, Guide and Counselor He shall be. Car - ry the standard to vic-to-ry!

Hail

No. 3.

John C

1.
 2.
 3.

Th:
 Th:
 Tha

CHO

Thi

Tha

Make Christ King.

Hail to the call of the New Cru - sade: Make Christ King!

No. 3.

My Only Plea.

John Cromble White.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O theme with love and mer-cy fraught, Sal - va - tion full and free,
2. When dread-ful sin my soul as - sails, And death shall com-pass me,
3. And when be-fore the throne I stand, And judg-ment set shall be,

That Christ up - on the cross has wrought For me, for me:
That Christ o'er sin and death pre - vails For me, for me:
That Christ ful - filled the law's com - mand For me, for me:

CHORUS.

This shall be my on - ly plea, This shall be my on - ly plea,
my on - ly plea, my on - ly plea,

That Christ was cru - ci - fied for me, For me, for me.
For me, for me,

No. 4.

Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-ern-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

eal-va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je-sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in va'n,
the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-ern re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-

gain," "Ye must be born a-gain," I ver-i-ly,
a-gain, a-gain.

ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

No. 5.

C. H. G.

1. So I
2. He
3. I st
4. I pr

with ra
an en
a sha
His wo

For I

pre-cio
me,

low I

No. 5. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

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

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

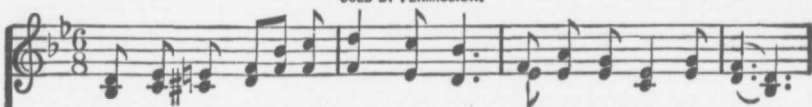
No. 6. God Will Take Care of You.

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

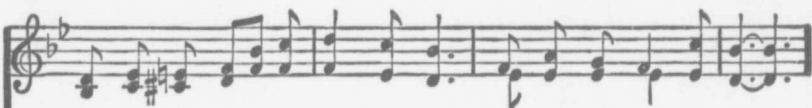
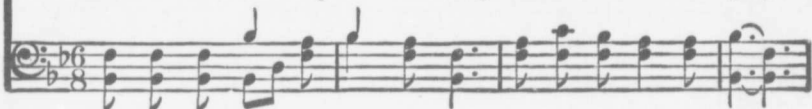
C. D. Martin.

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

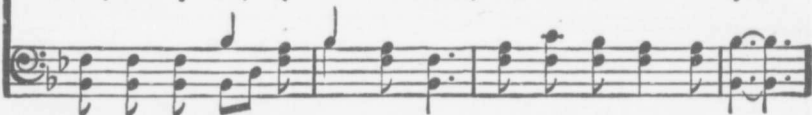
W. S. Martin.



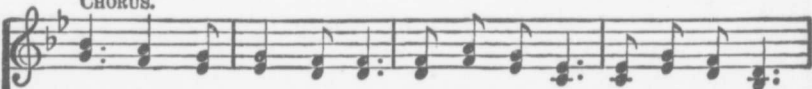
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



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



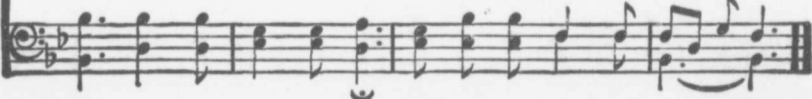
CHORUS.



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



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

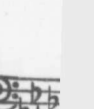
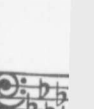
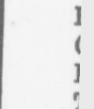


No. 7.

Rev.



- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

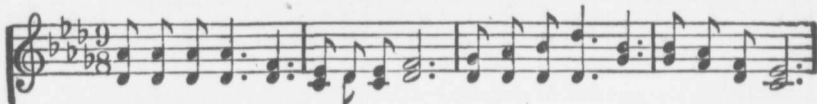


No. 7. Just When I Need Him Most.

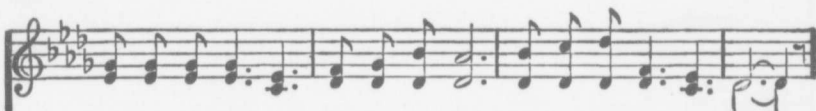
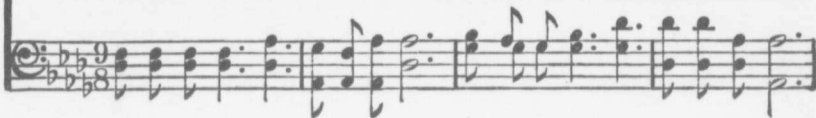
Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

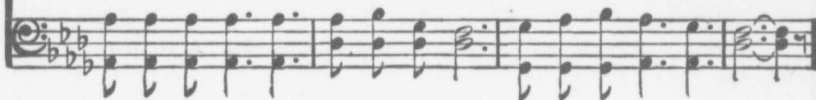
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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



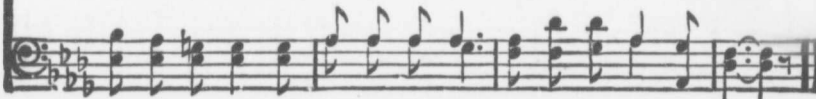
CHORUS.



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



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



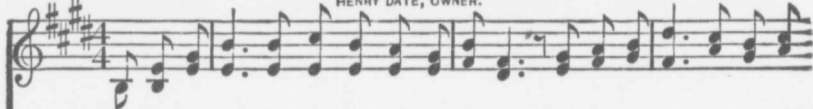
No. 8.

Thy Kingdom Come!

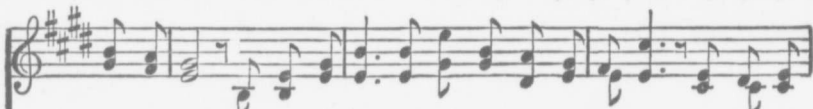
Rev. C. McKibbin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

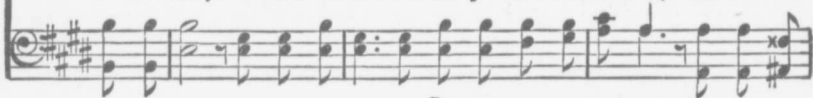
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'T is ours to bring them quickly

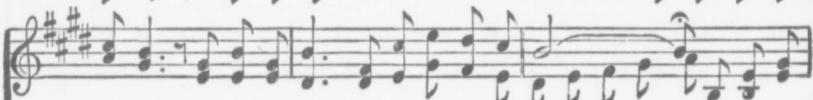


ban - ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foundations, And lead the

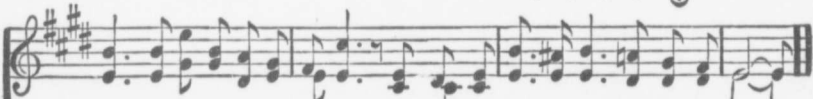


CHORUS.

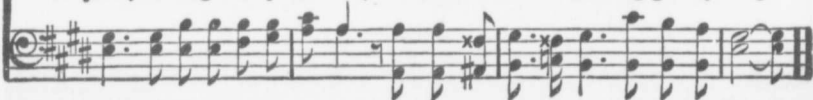
saves the world from hu-man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
err - ing to the mer-cy-seat.



has - ten, When peo-ples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . . Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings;

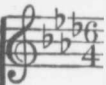


joice, and angels stop to lis-ten, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo - ry sings.

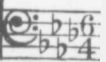


No. 9.

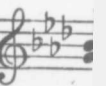
C. H. C.



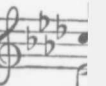
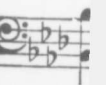
1. W
2. W
3. F



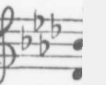
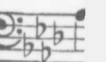
bea-
hea-
rou



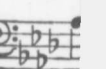
Wil



gl-
be



I



No. 9.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 10. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

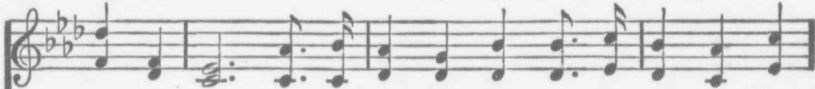
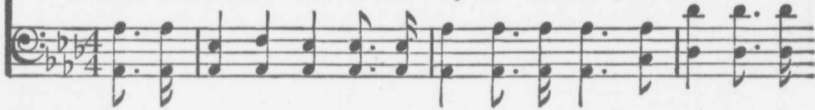
Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

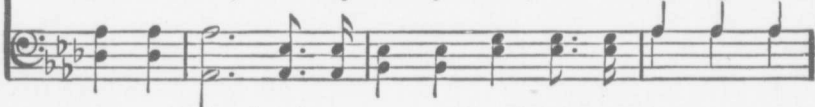
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



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

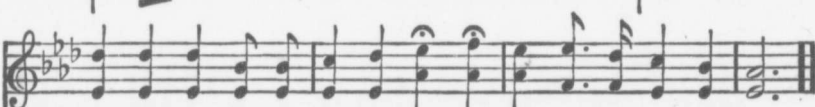
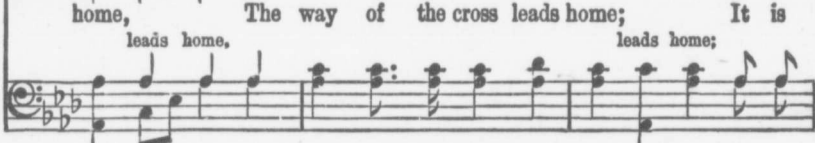


CHORUS.

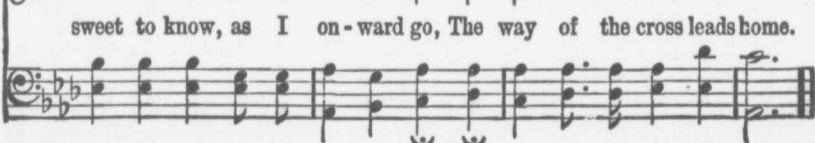
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



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



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



No. 11.

Steady, Brother, Steady.

Ida L. Reed.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL-
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

abriel.

oss leads

It is

s home.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 12.

Is It the Growning Day?

George Walker Whitcomb.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY PRAISE PUBLISHING CO., PHILA., PA.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Charles H. Marsh.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
 3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
 on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
 free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je - sus should come to - day.
 I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing
 He is "at hand" to - day.
 He is my all to - day.

day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

No. 13. Make Me a Channell of Blessing.

H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.

OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

H. G. Smyth.

Marsh.

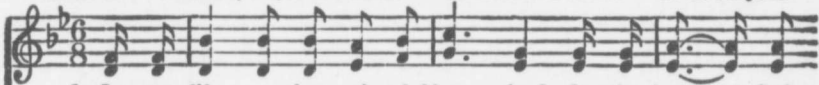
I would
eth I
s ap-pear
I will

If
gl If
For
For

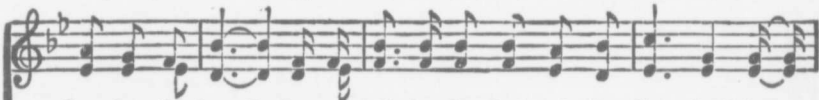
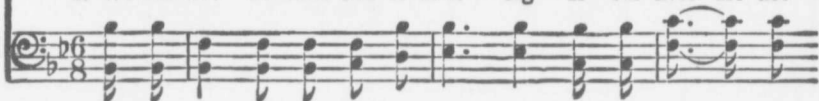
own-ing

ord, I

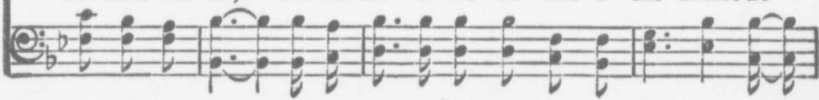
ay?



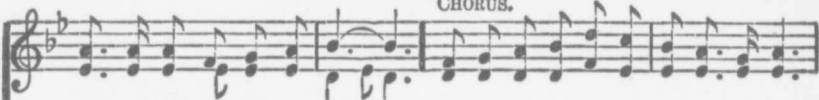
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not



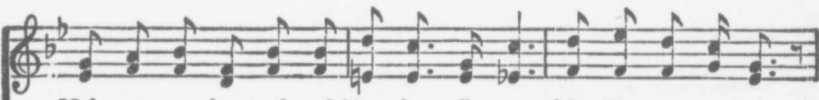
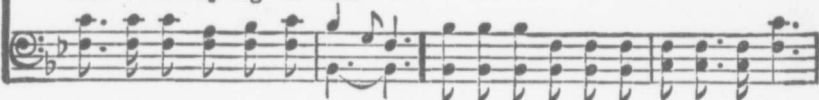
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To



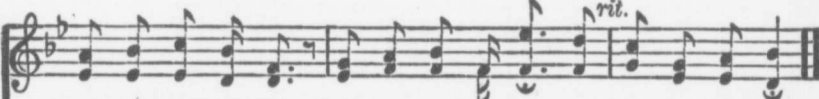
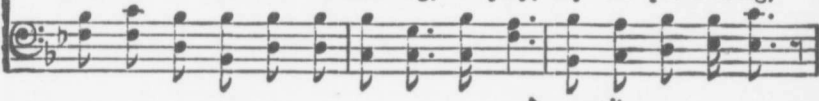
CHORUS.



read - y His serv - ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.



Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,



my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.



No. 14.

Mighty to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GORDON V. THOMPSON.
USED BY PER.

G. V. T.

Gordon V. Thompson.

1. I have a Re-deem-er who saves me from sin; Now He's a - bid-ing for-
2. I have a Re-deem-er to pi - lot me o'er Life's an - gry bil-lows to
3. I have a Re-deem-er, so watch-ful is He, Walk-ing be - side me, my
4. I have a Re-deem-er, I know He is mine, Prov - ing His pres-ence by

ev - er with - in, His life for my ran-som so free - ly He gave - 'Tis
heaven's fair shore; I know He will keep me, tho' wild be the wave - 'Tis
ter-rors all flee; He guards me in dan-ger, and bids me be brave - 'Tis
pow-er di - vine; I sure - ly can trust Him to con-quer the grave - This

CHORUS.

Je - sus my Sav - ior, might - y to save. Might - y to save! He's

might - y to save, Yes! Je - sus my Sav - ior is might - y to save! Sin's old al-

lure - ments no long - er I crave; Je - sus al - lures me, might - y to save.

No. 15

E. I.

1. Th
2. Th
3. Th
4. Th

wa
ser
figh
o -

ev -
shea
Him
sorre

Sav -

No. 15.

Room for You.

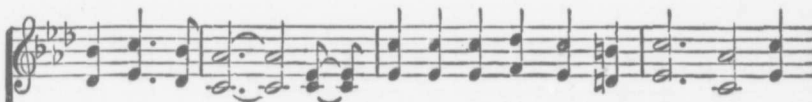
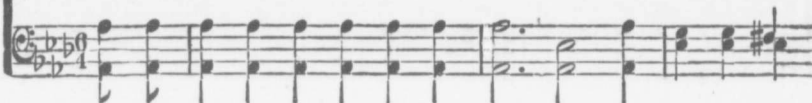
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

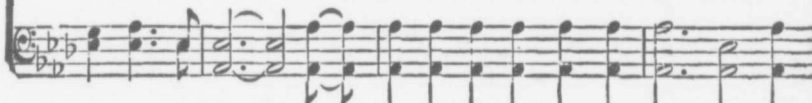
B. D. Ackley.



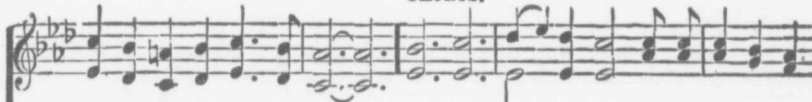
1. There is room in the fold of the Shep - herd, For those who have
2. There is room in the field of the Mas - ter, And work for His
3. There is room in the ranks of the Cap - tain, For sol - diers to
4. There is room in the beau - ti - ful Cit - y, And Je - sus has



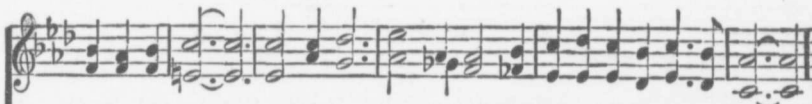
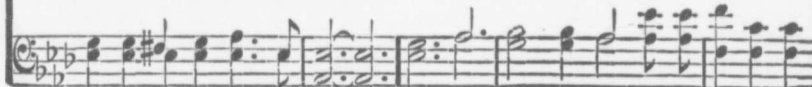
wan - dered a - way; There is room in the heart of the Sav - ior, For
serv - ants to do; A use for each tal - ent He gives you, A
fight a - gainst sin; And all who are trust - ful and faith - ful, Thro'
o - pened the door; He will gath - er the least of His chil - dren Where



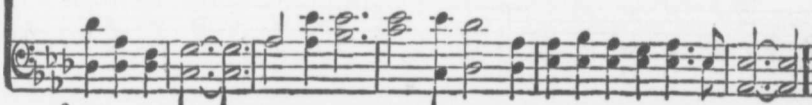
CHORUS.



ev - 'ry poor sin - ner to - day.
sheaf to be garnered by you. Room, room, room for you, In the heart of the
Him, will the vic - to - ry win.
sorrow shall come nev - er - more.



Sav - ior a - bove; Room for me, room for you, Come, rest in His won - der - ful love.



No. 16.

How You Will Love Him!

E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who wander, of sin grown wear-y, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
 2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Waiting for you at the place of prayer;
 3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
 4. Come, and find that you cannot fath-om Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
 Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en,—Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
 Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
 Heights and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets him free.

CHORUS.

O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
 to set you free;

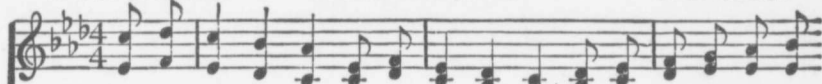
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was broken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

No. 17. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

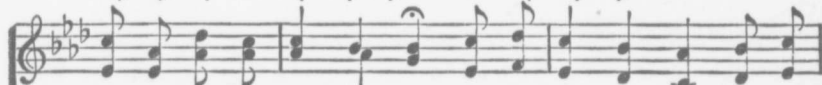
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

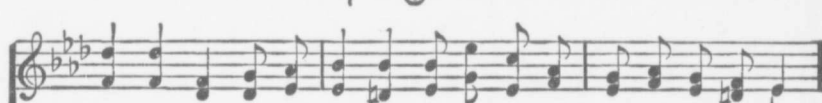
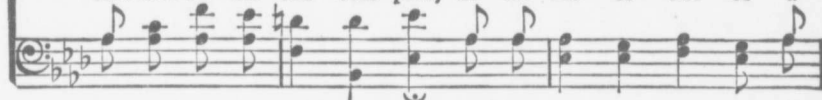
B. D. Ackley.



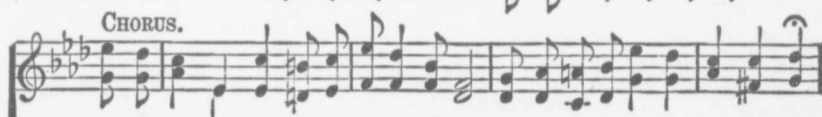
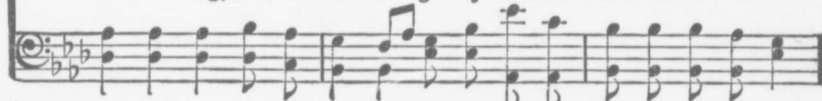
1. When the night is o'er and the shadows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis -
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign



pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore - bod - ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

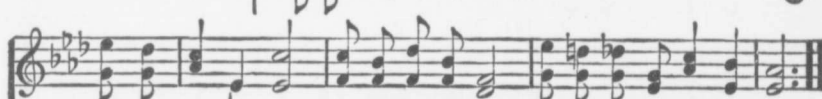
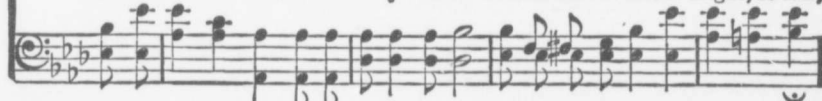


rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for - ev - er there.



CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit - y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;



There will be no night—Je - sus is the Light,—I shall dwell for - ev - er there.



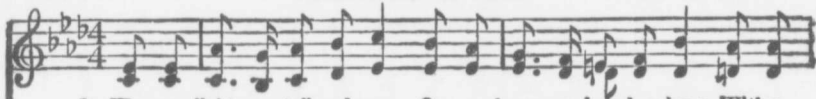
No. 18.

Keep the Heart Singing.

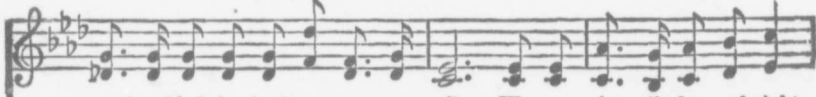
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

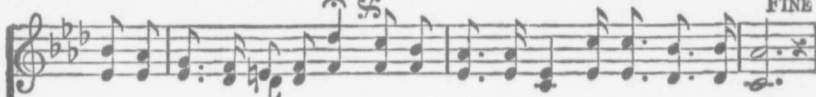
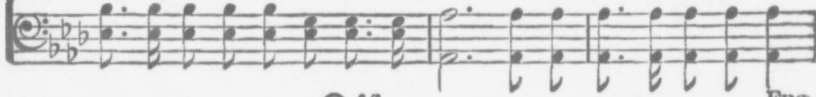
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



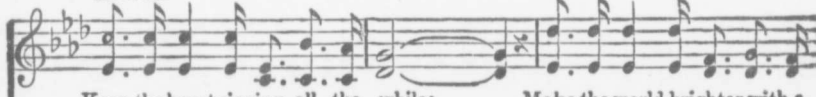
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
 mu - sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
 pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



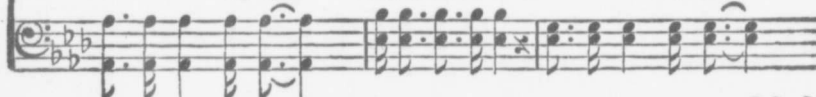
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
 Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
 In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.



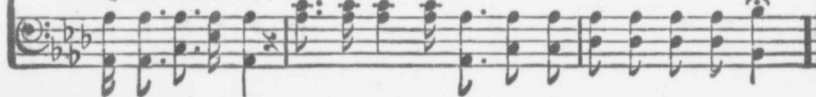
CHORUS.



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



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



No. 19.

Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
P. G. FISHER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have finished my pil - grim - age here, When shall have vanished temp -
2. When I am troub - led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a -
3. When I have traveled the way with my Lord, Count - ing the mile - posts by

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 20.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 21.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander: "On!"

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

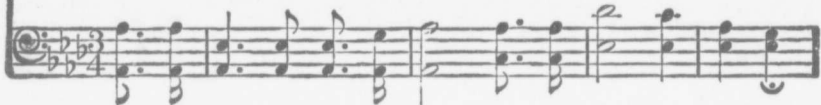
Katharine A. Grimes.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

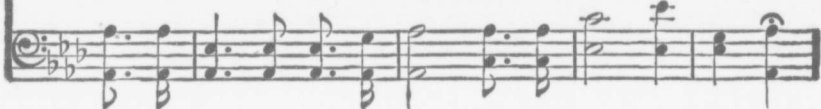
E. O. Excell.



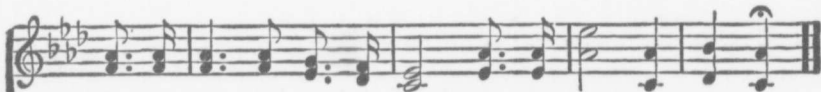
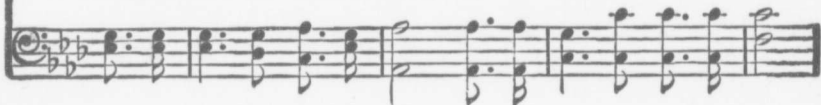
1. Wear - y soul by sin op - pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath - 'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;



He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
 Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num - bered all your sor - rows o'er,
 He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart - ache whole,
 Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
 Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count - less bless - ings send,



He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Point you to the Heav'n - ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
 He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



No. 23. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

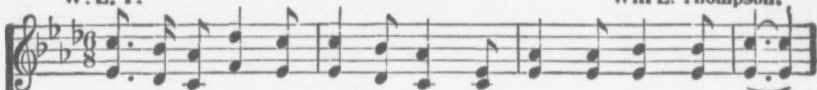
W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

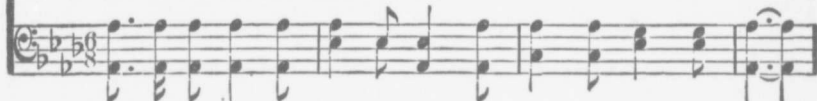
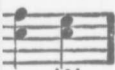
Excell.



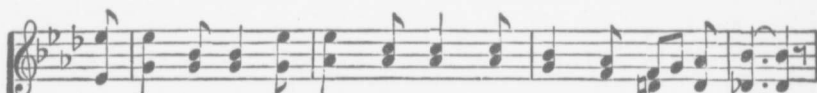
Je - sus;
Je - sus;
Je - sus;
Je - sus;



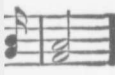
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



Je - sus;
Je - sus;
Je - sus;
Je - sus;



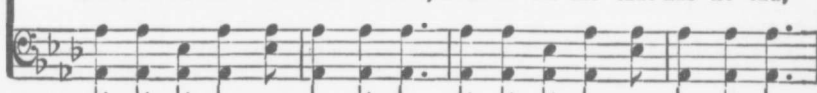
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.



ows o'er,
che whole,
be - stow,
ings send,



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;



Je - sus.
Je - sus.
Je - sus.
Je - sus.



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



No. 24.

Will There be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 25.

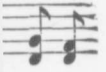
The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

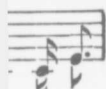
weney.



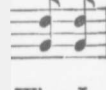
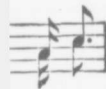
when the
h as a
at His



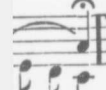
I stand,
ous day,
of gold,



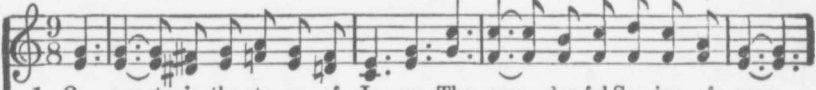
s, an - y



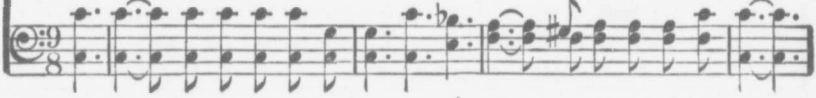
When I
r



crown?
in my crown



1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er; His love is unmeasured and free;



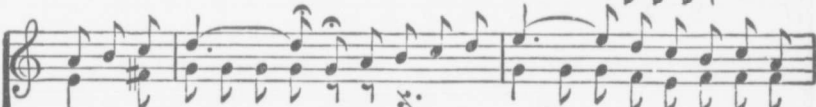
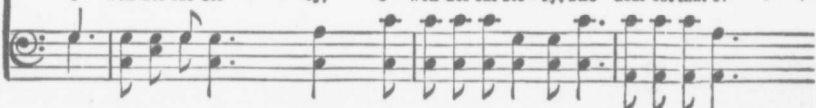
Who suf - ered and died for the sin-ner, -I'll tell it a-gain and a - gain!
To pur - chase e - ter - nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach - es and pu - ri - fies me.



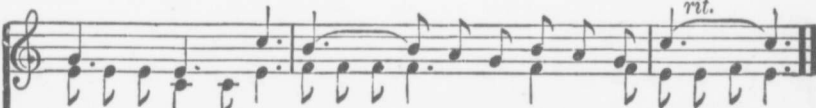
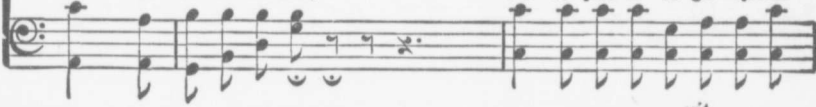
CHORUS.



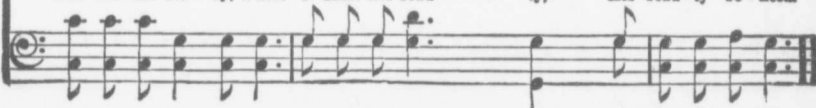
O won - der-ful, wonderful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev - . .



ev - er was told; . . . I'll re - peat it in glo - ry, The wonderful
er, that ev - er was told; I'll re - peat it in glo - ry. The



sto - - ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be - hold. . .
won-der-ful sto - ry, Where I shall His beau - - ty, His beau - ty be - hold.



No. 26. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

J. M. Dungan.

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's billows o'er my soul, No
 2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
 3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
 4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
 ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
 sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
 chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
 to-day. sweet peace to-day.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

No. 27.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

Dungan.



soul, No
I go; Sin's
grace, No
ear; Earth's



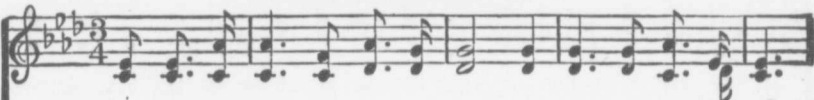
my soul.
my soul.
my soul.
my soul.



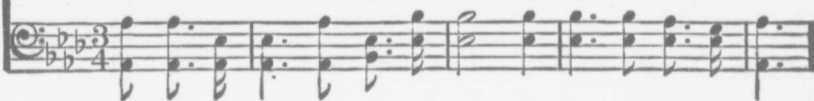
ay, . . .
to - day,



- day.



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



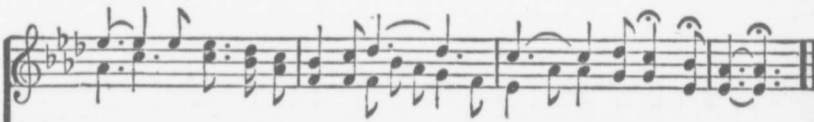
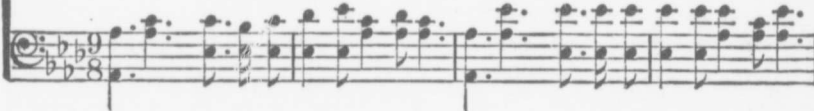
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.



CHORUS.



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



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



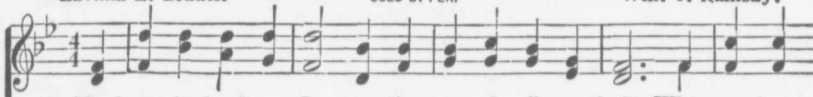
No. 28.

My Heart is Fixed on Jesus.

Lavinia E. Brauff.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. RAMSAY.
USED BY PER.

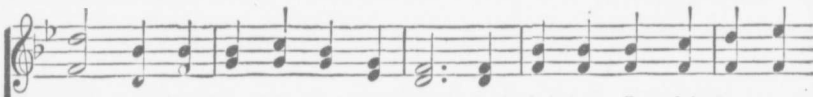
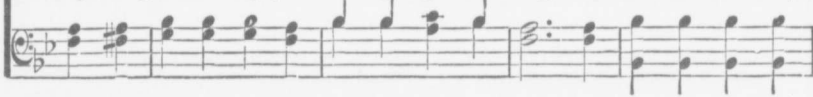
Wm. J. Ramsay.



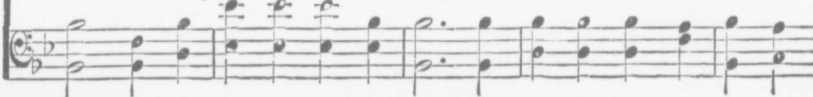
1. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, the sun of all my tho't; What wondrous
2. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, with-out Him life is vain; His prom-ise
3. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, since I to Him be - long, For ev - 'ry



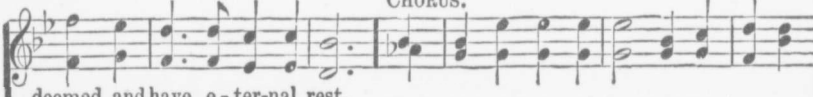
work of grace His love with-in my soul hath wro't! He found me poor and
is thro' all my days to com-fort and sus-tain; I love to hear Him
day He gives me hope, for ev - 'ry night a song; Thro tri - al and deep



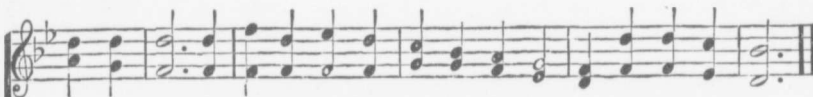
help - less, by ev - 'ry sin op-pressed, And died that I might be re-
whis-per—"Be not a-fraid-'tis I!" As o'er the storm - y sea I
wa - ter His prom - is es are sweet, And, sheltered 'neath His wings of



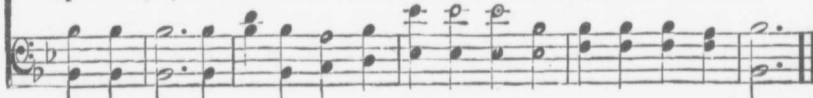
CHORUS.



deemed, and have e - ter-nal rest.
sail be-neath a cloud-ed sky. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, No oth - er
love I find a safe re-treat.



hope have I, I could not live with-out Him, And with-out Him dare not die.



No. 29. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

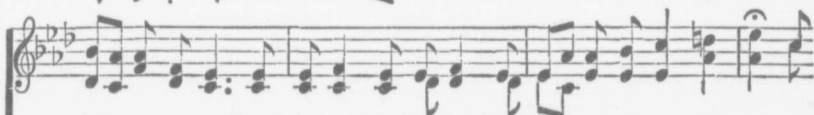
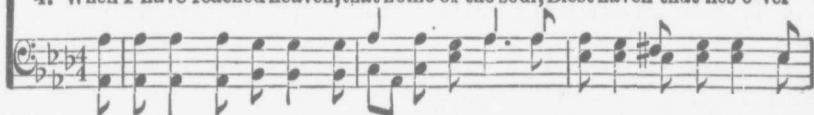
Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

J. B. Herbert.



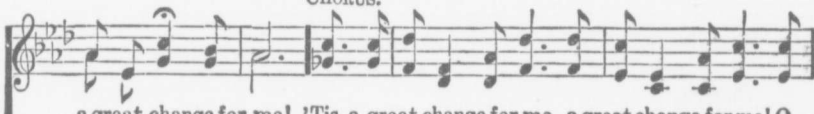
1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jahl by
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o-ver



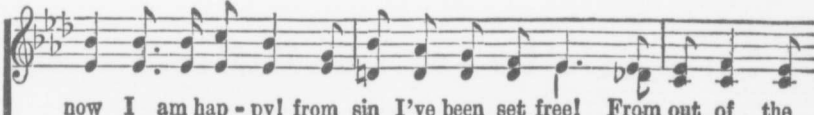
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is



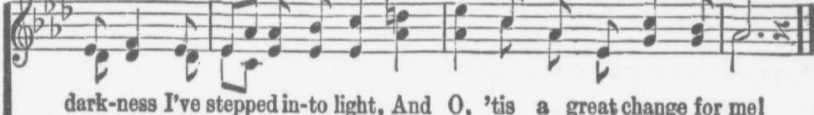
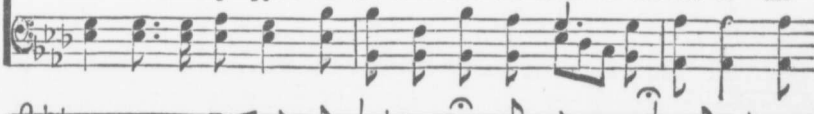
CHORUS.



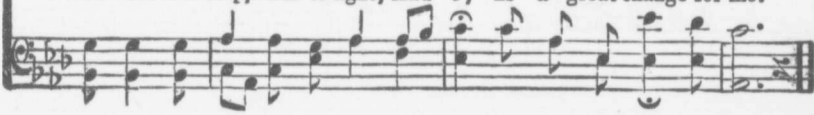
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O



now I am hap - py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the



dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



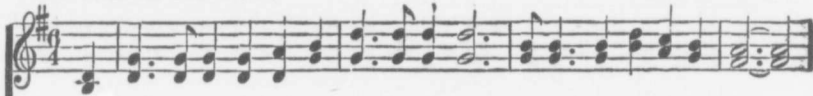
No. 30.

Tell It Wherever You Go.

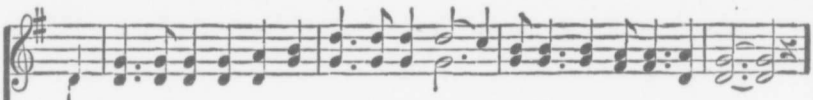
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAR. H. GABREL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

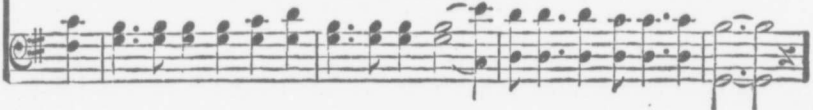
Wm. Edie Marks.



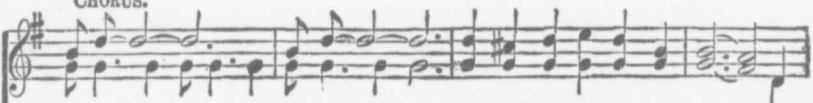
- 1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it where-ev-er you go;
- 2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
- 3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
- 4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;



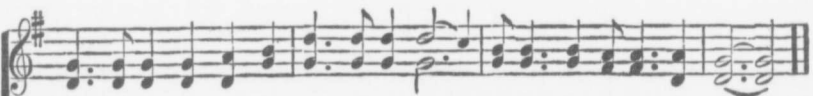
If in-to your darkness His light has shone in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 When sorrow's o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
 Un-til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.



CHORUS.



Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
 Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,



you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe? Tell it wher-ev-er you go!



No. 30

James



- 1. F
- 2. F
- 3. A
- 4. T



No
 Tha
 Tel
 Tha



Ch



Be



Be



No. 30 a

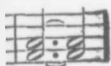
I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe.

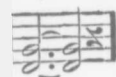
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

Marks.



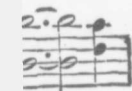
ou go;
ou go;
ou go;
ou go;



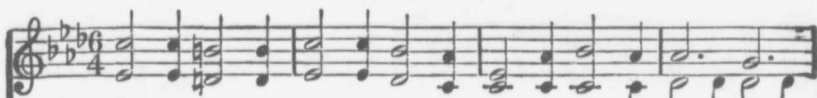
u go.
u go.
u go.
u go.



o; If

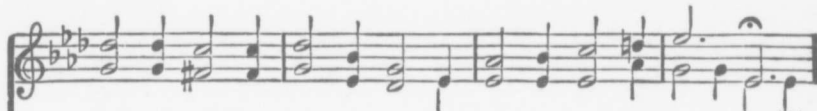


gol



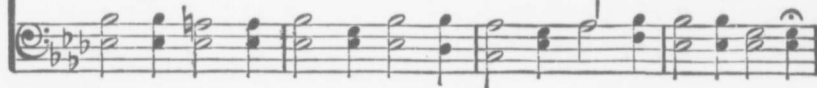
1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;



Not-hing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

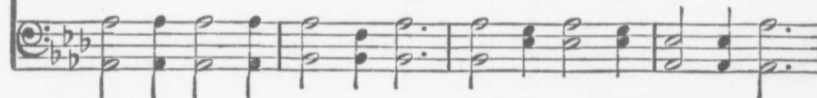
would be like Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;



Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.



No. 31.

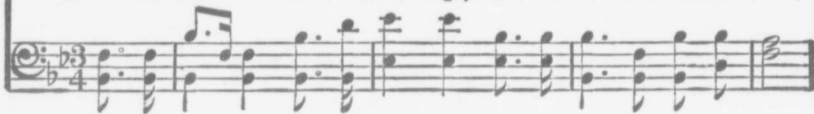
I Am Listening.

W. S. M.

W. S. Marshall.



1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo-ings of His voice?
 2. By His Spir-it He is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to Him,
 3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking To the wand'ring, er-ring ones;
 4. In His Prov-i-den-tial deal-ings, E-ven in His stern de-crees,



Do you hear the ac-cents fall-ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
 Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With His gen-tle voice to win.
 List! the voice the still-ness break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-lemn tones!
 In the loud-est thun-ders peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.



REFRAIN.



I am lis-t'ning, oh, I'm lis-t'ning, Just to hear the ac-cents fall;



Repeat softly.

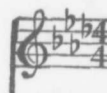


I am lis-t'ning, oh, I'm lis-t'ning To the Sav-ior's gen-tle call.

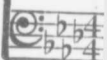


No. 31.

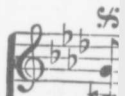
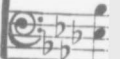
Jessie



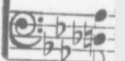
1. T
 2. T
 3. V
 4. L



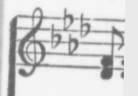
Frie
 worl
 wise
 deat



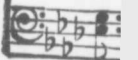
By



D. S.—In



Oh,



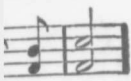
No. 31. a The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.

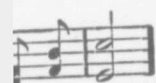
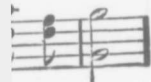
Marshall.



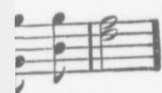
His voice?
to Him,
-ring ones;
m de-crees,



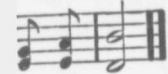
-cious choice?
ce to win.
l-lemn tones!
f the breeze.



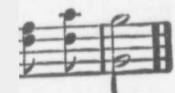
c-cents fall;



Repeat softly.



gen-tle call.



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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

No. 32. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 33.

E. E. J.

1. T
2. T
3. T
4. T

Th
Th
At
Fo

REPR

O
O

When

When

No. 33.

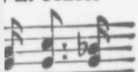
Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

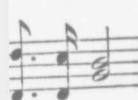
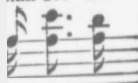
COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

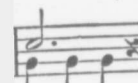
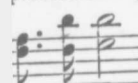
E. Jones.



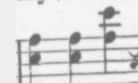
hall see the
hall see the
hall see the
hall see the



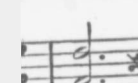
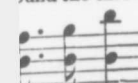
dis - ap - pear;
blessing share,
set of sun,
peaceful shore,



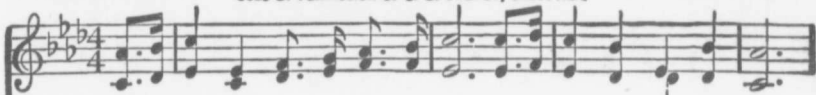
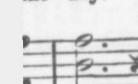
day (some day),



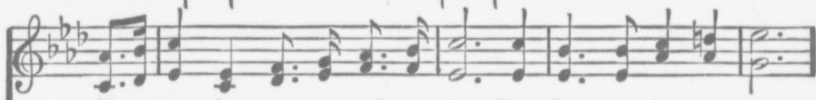
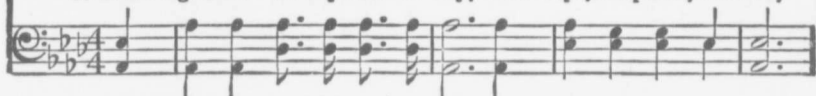
ound the throne,



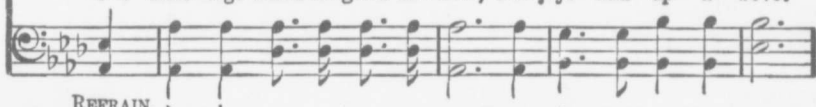
me day.



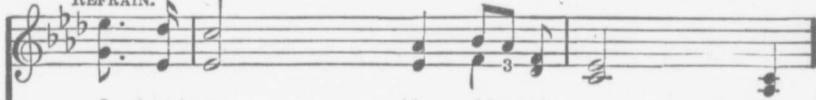
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Thanglows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peaceings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



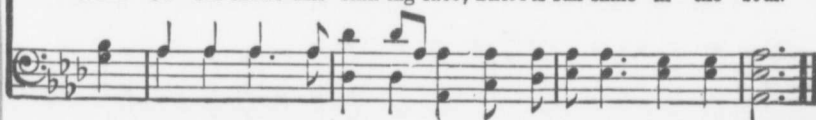
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;



hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



No. 34.

The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 35.

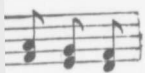
The Glorious Tidings.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY V. M. HATFIELD,
USED BY PER

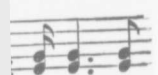
Victor M. Hatfield.

Susie E. Hatfield.

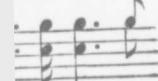
H. Cassel.



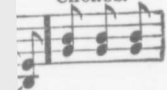
My home is
Re-pent and
E - ter - nal



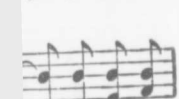
to be of
o-bey, with
me tell how



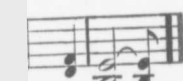
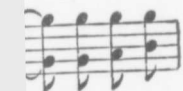
CHORUS.



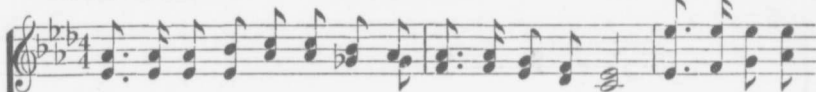
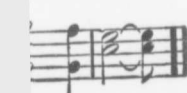
g.
g. This is the
g.



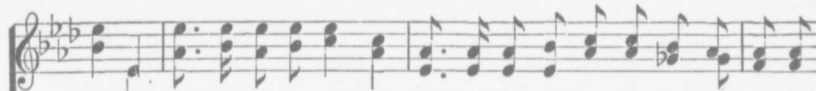
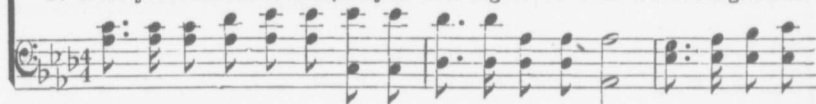
g; "Oh, be ye



led to God."



1. Christ is your Re-deem-er, He descended from the throne, Shout the glorious
2. Christ has opened wide the door that all may en - ter in; Shout the glorious
3. Have you found the Saviour, are you striv-ing to be true? Shout the glorious



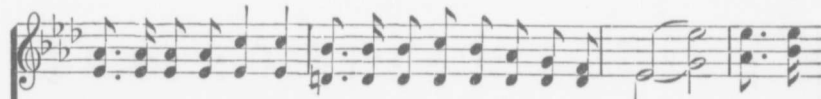
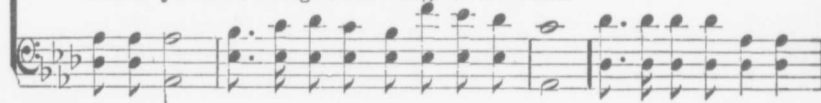
ti-dings; Swell the strains of gladness. Lived a life of pov-er - ty to claim you
ti-dings; Swell the strains of gladness. On the cross He shed His blood to ransom
ti-dings; Swell the strains of gladness. Go and tell to oth-ers what His love has



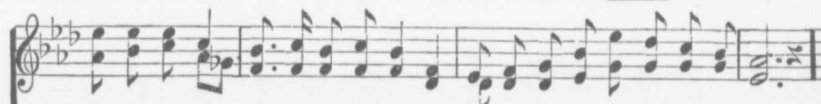
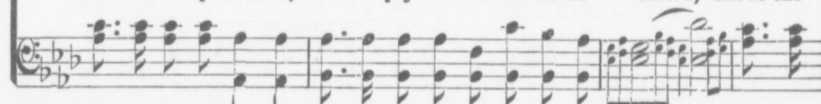
CHORUS.



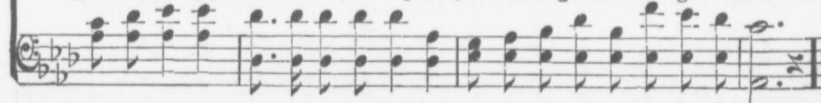
for His own: Shout the glorious tidings to the world.
you from sin: Shout the glorious tidings to the world. Sing with ex-ul-ta-tion,
done for you: Shout the glorious tidings to the world.



Catch the in-spi-ra-tion, Let the joy-ful banners be un - furled; Shout the



glorious tidings, Swell the notes of rapture, Shout the glorious tidings to the world.



No. 36.

Forward to the Goal.

Victor M. Hatfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY V. M. HATFIELD.
USED BY PER.

Susie E. Hatfield.

1. { Give your heart to God, and then go forward, forward, Give your heart to God, and
Go to Him in pray'r, and then go forward, forward, Go to Him in pray'r, and

2. { Tell Him you be-lieve, and then go forward, forward, Tell Him you be-lieve, and
Place your hand in His, and then go forward, forward, Place your hand in His, and

3. { Trust His prom-is-es, and then go forward, forward, Trust His prom-is-es, and
Take the sword of faith, and then go forward, forward, Take the sword of faith, and

CHORUS.

then go for-ward to the goal. For-ward is the watch-word;

see the hosts ad-vance, Buck-le on the ar-mor,
see the hosts ad-vance,

take the sword and lance; Je-sus is your Captain, He who loves your soul;
the sword and lance;

Step in-to the ranks, and then go for-ward to the goal.

No. 37.

The Bible of Our Fathers.

C. B. S.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKEVIEW BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Clarence B. Strouse.

1. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Is the bless - ed word of God,
2. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Its great prom - is - es are true,
3. The bi - ble of our fa - thers Tho' at - tacked with - out, with - in,
4. The bi - ble of our fa - thers, On - ly those who preach it whole
5. The bi - ble of our fa - thers In the judg - ment day will be

Its pag - es are in - spir - ed—By its light our fa - thers trod.
They nev - er fail be - liev - ers; Trust, its gos - pel will save you!
Is still re - joic - ing mill - ions It is sav - ing from their sin.
Are reach - ing dy - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing peace to the lost soul.
The on - ly book re - main - ing, Save the book of life we'll see.

CHORUS.

The bi - ble of our fa - thers is the book for me, The bi - ble of our

fath - ers, let it ev - er be, The bi - ble of our fa - thers is good e -

nough for me, The bi - ble of our fa - thers, our hope e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 38.

As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

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

No. 39. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

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

FINE CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 40. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 41.

Saved.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, ROBERT M. COLEMAN.

J. P. Schotfield.

Wilson.

is grace;
the sky;
ry day;
e - hold;

ace.
h.
ay.
old.
a place.

of re-
What a

see

.....
to - ry.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,.. In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love he said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll

lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way....
lead you home,.. To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved,saved, saved!

Mrs. W. T. Morris.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WM. J. RAMSAY.

Wm. J. Ramsay.

1. My lov-ing Lord in sym-pa - thy With tend' rest love came un - to me,
 2. So long had I been bound by sin, So deep - ly dyed, with - out, with - in,
 3. Yes, out of dark - ness in - to light, And out of weak - ness in - to might,
 4. Ah! sweet indeed it is to sing The prais - es of my Lord and King,
 5. O hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name, My bless - ed Lord, al - ways the same;

And from the depths of mis - er - y With His own hands He lift - ed me.
 And vain all bet - ter life had been, Till Je - sus' touch had made me clean.
 Then out of blind - ness in - to sight With nail - pierced hands He set me free.
 Who e - ven down to me did bring The song of love and vic - to - ry.
 The lov - ing One, who bore my shame, And with His life - blood res - cued me.

CHORUS.

With His own hands He lift - ed me, With nail - pierced hands He set me free;
 With His own hands He lift - ed me,

From depths of sin and mis - er - y, With blood - stained hands Christ rescued me.
 From depths of sin and mis - er - y,

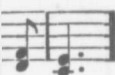
No. 43. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

B. D. Ackley.

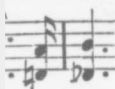
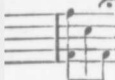
Ramsay.



- to me,
- with-in,
- to might,
and King,
s the same;



- ed me.
le me clean.
set me free.
- to - ry.
cued me.



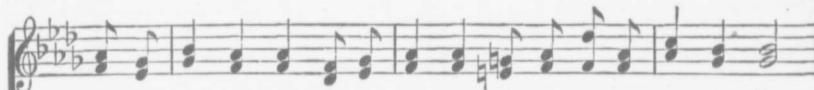
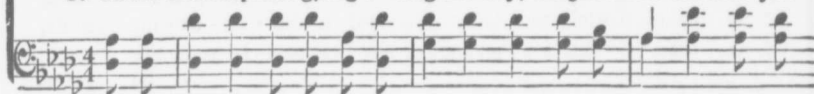
set me free;



st rescued me.



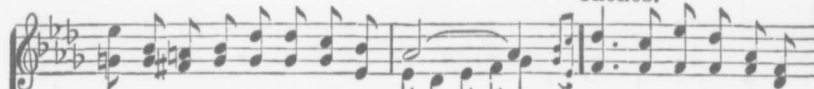
1. If you need up-lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour unguarded, if the foe as-sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord depending, sing a - long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you



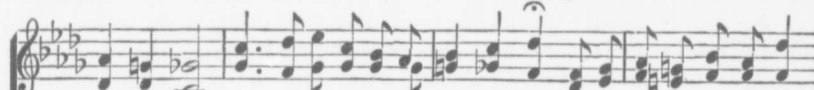
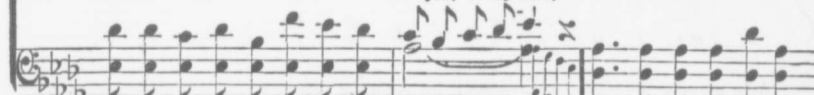
tri-umph o - ver wrong, Put your faith in Je - sus, He is true and strong,
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je - sus on - ly and you shall pre - vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up - on His prom-ise till the bet - ter day;



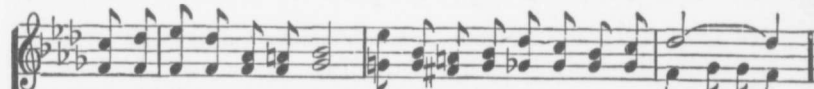
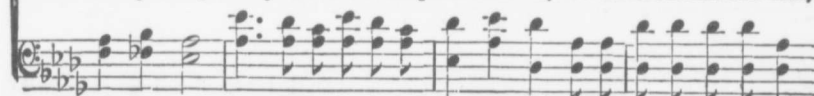
CHORUS.



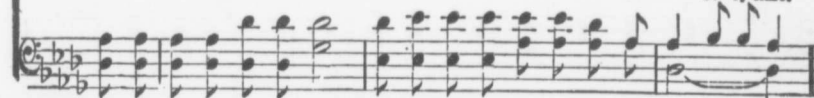
Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing
yes, ev-'ry time,



ev-'ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



Ev'ry need He will impart, Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time.....
ev-'ry time.



No. 44. O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. S. A. WARD, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Katharine Lee Bates.

S. A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - fui for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im - pass - ioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

No. 45

Rev.
May be

1.
2.
3.
4.

we
flie
clo
as!

o
r
r
d

ri
b
n
tl

No. 45. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

J. B. Herbert.

May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

A. Ward.

grain,
stress
strife,
years

plain!
-ness!
life!
tears!

thee
flaw,
-fine,
thee

g sea.
n law!
-vine!
g sea.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

No. 46.

Jesus is Sunshine.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus is sun - shine all the day long, Keep - ing our hearts o'er -
 2. Je - sus is sun - shine, praise His dear name, Year aft - er year His
 3. Je - sus is sun - shine all the way home, Hence have our souls no

flow - ing with song, Mak - ing our bur - dens ea - sy to bear,
 love is the same; Skies may be cloud - ed, ways may be dim,
 rea - son to roam; Bright - ly His love will shine on our way

CHORUS.

Chas - ing the shad - ows, light - en - ing care.
 Sun - shine is al - ways com - ing from Him. Je - sus is sun - shine,
 Tili we have reached the king - dom of day.

beau - ti - ful sun - shine, Keeping His dear ones bright and whole; Cheering us

home - ward, keep - ing us hap - py, Je - sus is sun - shine for the soul.

No. 47

A. H.

1.
 2.
 3.
 4.

All
 Po
 Th
 Ju

C
 I

An

No. 47.

I Shall Not Be Moved.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY.
CHAS. BUTLER, OWNER.

A. H. A.

Alfred H. Ackley.

Ackley.

parts o'er
near His
souls no

to bear,
e dim,
ur way

sun-shine.

Cheering us

r the soul.

1. As a tree be-side the wa-ter Has the Sav-ior plant-ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro-ken, And the sun-shine steals a-way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af-ford,

All my fruit shall be in sea-son, I shall live e-ter-nal-ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha-ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer-cy giv-en, Chang-es dark-ness in-to day.
Just to see the sin-ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov'-reign Lord.

CHORUS.

I shall not be moved, . . . I shall not be moved; . . .
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;

An-ched to the Rock of A-ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 48. Marching on to Ganaan.

Rev. M. L. Hofford.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. A. Ogden.

1. We are marching on to Ca-naan, And Je-ho-vah is our Guide;
 2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the man-na all a - round
 3. We are marching thro' the des - ert, To the promised land di-vine,

We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side.
 With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov - ring all the ground.
 To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

In the darkness, or the dan - ger, We can nev - er go a - stray,
 From the smitten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling ful - ness flow,
 We are marching thro' the des - ert, We approach the shining shore;

With Je - ho - vah for our Lead - er And our Guide up - on the way.
 Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wear - y jour - ney thro'.

From our home be - yond the Jor - dan We shall wan - der nev - er - more.

CHORUS. *f*

On! ³stead - i - ly on! ³Stead - i - ly marching to the hap - py land of
 March - ing on! march - ing on! March - ing to the hap - py land, we're

Ca -
march

we.
we,

No. 49.

R. E.

1. M
2. I
3. O

CHO.—I'

Oh,
An
I'll

IU

Marching on to Ganaan.

A. Ogden.

Ca-naan; On! stead-i-ly on! Ver-i-ly guid-ed by Je-ho-vah's hand are
marching on; Marching on! marching on! Guid-ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are

After last stanza repeat pp

we. Stead-i-ly marching to the hap-py land we go.
we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap-py land we go, marching home.

No. 49.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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!

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

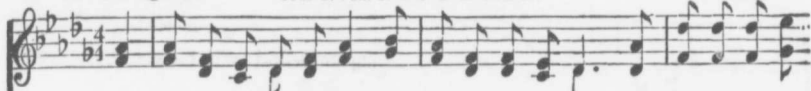
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 50. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

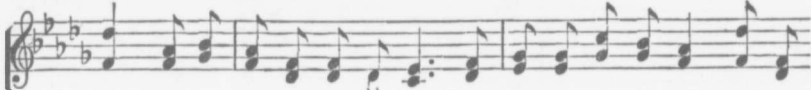
P. H. Dingman.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

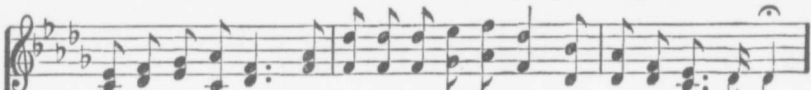
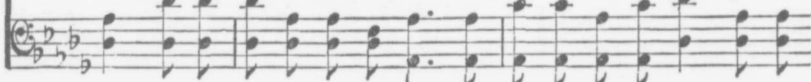
John R. Sweney.



1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'r'er till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall



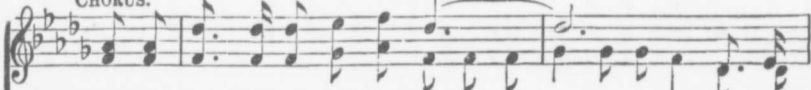
Sav - ior in mer - cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark - ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
wel - come, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapt - ure that
call me to realms of end - less day, As one by one we gath - er, re -



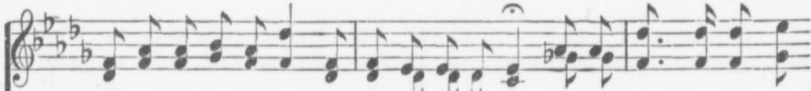
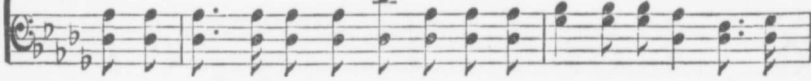
now the light I see; O bless - ed, lov - ing Savior! to Him the praise shall be.
par - don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond con - trol.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joic - ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for - ev - er - more.



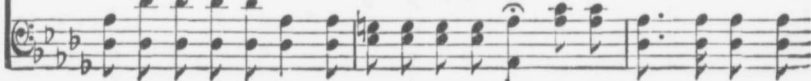
CHORUS.



I will shout His praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll



all sing hal - le - lu - jah in heav - en by and by; I will shout His praise in



No. 5
Err

1. Sh
2. Th
3. Va
4. 'T

I
Key
The
He

CH
She

Shelt

I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

glo-ry,..... And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heaven by and by.
so will I, so will I,

No. 51. Sheltered in the Rock of Ages.

Ernest G. W. Wesley.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.
USED BY PER.

Benjamin Franklin Butts.

1. Shel-tered in the Rock of A - ges, Safe am I while Christ doth keep,
2. There no wave of doubt can harm me, Nor can aught my peace de-stroy;
3. Vain-ly dash the bil-lows o'er me, 'Mid their loud-est roar I sing;
4. 'Tis so sweet in Christ to rest me, When all earth-ly com-forts fail;

I can smile when tempest rag - es, Guard-ed by my Lord, I sleep.
Kept am I when storms as-sail me, Nor can anx-ious care an - noy.
Tho' the thunders crash a - round me, To the winds my fears I fling.
He doth ev - er cheer and bless me, Faith in Him doth e'er pre - vail.

CHORUS.

Shel-tered in the Rock of A - ges, Shel-tered in the Rock,

Sheltered in the Rock, I am safe when tempest rag-es, Sheltered in the Rock di-vine.

No. 52.

The Earth is the Lord's.

Psalm 24.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho - vah as - cend, Or who in the
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless - ing re - ceive, The God of sal -

dwel - lers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun -
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
va - tion shall right - eous - ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an

da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
hands with - out stain, Who swears not to false - hood, nor loves what is vain.
en - trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

CHORUS.

Be lift - ed, ye gates, to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye doors ev - er -
Be lift - ed, ye gates to the beau - ti - ful way; Ye

last - - ing, an en - trance dis - play; The King of all
doors ev - er - last - ing, an entrance dis - play;

The Earth is the Lord's.

glo-ry high honors a-wait, The King of all glo - - ry shall en-ter in state.
The King of all glo-ry

No. 53. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL, USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

No. 54.

Like a Mighty Sea.

Rev. H. I. Zelley.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

H. L. Gilmour

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
 2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
 3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in, The
 4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from high-est heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
 come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The earn-est of the
 flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
 tor-rent of sal-va-tion in sav-ing cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to
 show-er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
 be-ing and takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'
 sing-ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

sat-is-ty my need.
 floods of grace from heav'n. Like a night-y sea, like a night-y sea,
 all the hap-py day.
 sweep-ing thro' my soul.

Comes the love of Je-sus sweep-ing o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

. Gilmour

li-vine, To
f love, That
g in, The
s hour, A

l up-on the
est of the
ing thro' my
the bil-lows

ur-rent to
ect-ing the
glo-ry! thro'
- jahl they're

night-y sea,

ry roll, the

Like a Mighty Sea.

shouts I can't control, Comes the love of Je - sus, sweep-ing o'er my soul.

No. 55.

Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
4. All that I am and have, — Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

ought with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'ersought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

No. 56.

Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

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

No. 57. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

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

f

FINE.

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

D. C.—On land or sea, what mat-ters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

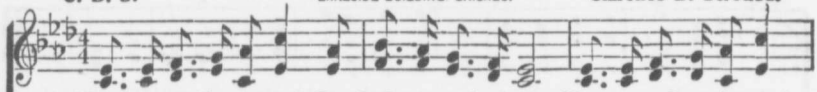
No. 58.

The New Glory Song.

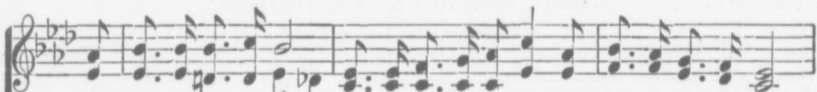
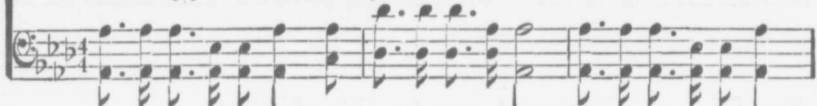
C. B. S.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING CHICAGO.

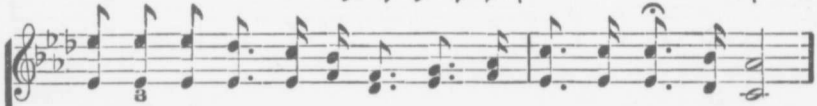
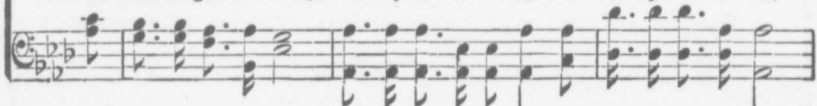
Clarence B. Strouse.



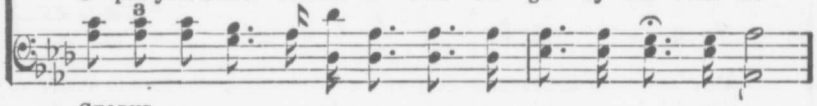
1. If you are discouraged In darkness or in doubt, If you are down-hearted,
2. Do you long for comfort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you car-ry bur-dens,
3. When you're sorely tempted, Be-cause of some defeat, When you have forebodings,
4. When life's joys and sorrows, It's hopes and fears are o'er, When with these we've la-bored,



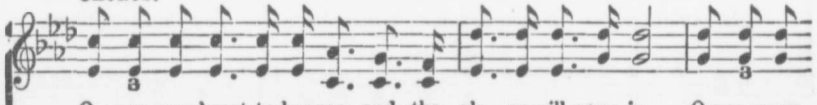
The Lord can bring you out, Don't give o'er the battle The vic-t'ry you can win,
Your many sins have wro't? Take it all to Jesus; Your Friend He's always been,
Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not worry, Thy faith will sure-ly win,
We reach the golden shore, We'll rejoice for-ev-er, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin,



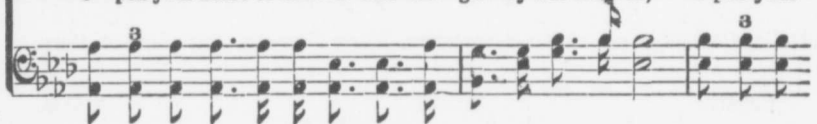
O - pen your heart to heav-en And the glo - ry will come in.



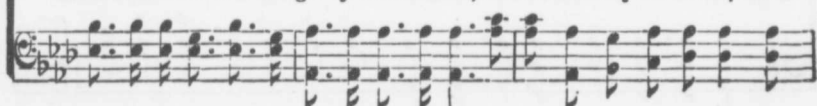
CHORUS.



O - pen your heart to heaven and the glo - ry will come in, O - pen your



heart to heaven and the glo-ry will come in; Tell Je-sus all your tri-als, He'll



The New Glory Song.

save you from your sin, Open your heart to heaven and the glory will come in.

No. 59. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY
THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send - est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry - where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy children thus to share.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my { eyes,
ears,
heart, } il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 60.

More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Lon
Lon

No. 61.

E. R.

1. Hov
2. Thou
3. I
4. Clean

Fill r
But
Blest,
Thou

D.S.-Fill r

CHORUS
Fill r

5

More Like the Master.

H. Gabriel.

His meek-ness,
 ght to car-ry
 His love to

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

r-age to be
 His king-dom
 in Gal - i-

ake Thou my
 ke my heart, O

sin, . . . O
 ev-'ry sin, O

No. 61.

Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY.
 RENEWEL

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. How - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-owed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
 Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hal-owed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

No. 62.

Be a Blessing.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SNOWALTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. J. Snowalter.

1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heav-en's light, Shed-ding forth its
 2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gos-pel
 3. Just a cup of wa-ter, for the Mas-ter's sake, May sweet chords of
 4. If you fol-low Je-sus all a-long life's way, You will help to

beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin, and woe,
 message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some loving deed,
 mu-sic in some bos-om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim tow'rd the golden land,
 brighten ev-ry hour and day; Would you shine in glory brighter than the sun?

REFRAIN.

Try to be a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go. Be a blessing on life's
 Try to be a bless-ing in the time of need.
 Try to be a bless-ing, both with voice and hand.
 Try to be a bless-ing till your work is done. Be a cheerful bless-ing

wear-y mile; Be a blessing with a word or smile; Be a
 on life's weary mile; Be a sun-ny bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a constant

No. 63

A. H.

1. U
 2. I
 3. J
 4. F

E
 I
 A
 C

Wh

J

Be a Blessing.

J. Snowwater.

ding forth its
some gos - pel
sweet chords of
will help to

bleasing, ev'rywhere the same, Try to be a bless-ing in the Master's name.

No. 63.

When He Died For Me.

A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. H. Ackley.

is, sin, and woe,
some loving deed,
rd the golden land,
er than the sun?

1. Up - on a hill be - fore me, A blood-stained cross I see;
2. I see this Man of Sor - rows, As He came down from Heav'n's;
3. Just how His blood re - deemed me, I do not un - der - stand,
4. His love is so a - maz - ing, His grace so rich and free,

bleasing on life's

Be - hold, the Sav - ior suf - fers, The Man of Gal - i - lee.
De - spised, condemned, re - ject - ed, That I might be for - giv'n.
But this I know, He liv - eth, And my re - demp - tion planned.
A - bun - dant - ly pro - vid - ed, Up - on Mount Cal - va - ry.

less-ing

CHORUS.

When He died for me, When He died for me,

smile; Be a
smile; Be a constant

Je - sus pur - chased my sal - va - tion, When He died for me.

No. 64

My Savior First of All.

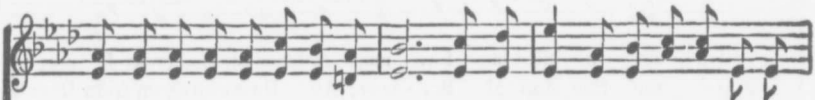
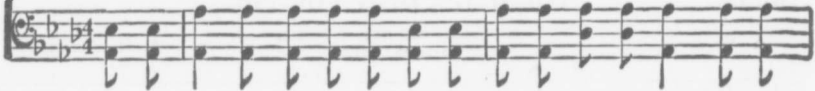
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

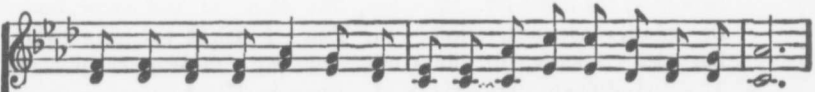
Jno. R. Sweney.



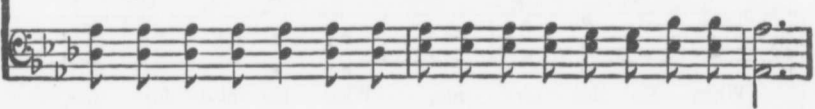
1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him

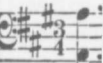


No. 65.

Psalm



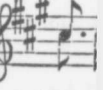
1. O
2. He
3. Far



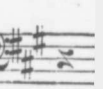
Bless
Hath r
Like t



CHORUS



For a



Ev-er



R. Sweney.

side, When the
face, And the
ome, And our
white He will

deemer when I
raise Him for the
E-den they will
a - ges I shall

wel - come me.
in the sky.
first of all.
first of all.

side I shall stand,

My Savior First of All.

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 65. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalms 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT,
RODEHEAVER AND HERBERT, OWNERS.

From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim,
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high as is the heaven, Far a - bove . . . the earth be - low,
For as high as is the heav - en, Far a - bove the earth be - low,

Ev - er great to them that fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

No. 66.

Beulah Land.

Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 67

C. H.

1. S
 2. T
 3. V

tu
 so
 al

Ju
 I
 "Ex

lea
 le

n
 th

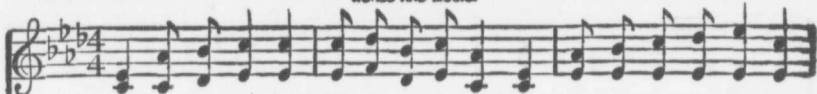
No. 67.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

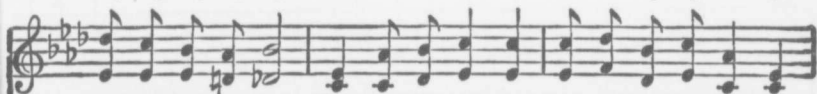
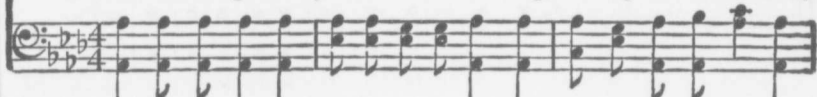
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

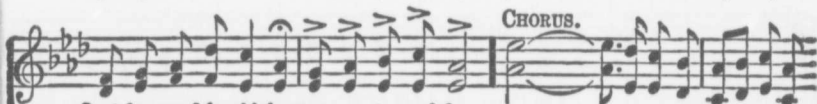
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can molest or
2. Trusting the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the golden portals I am standing, All my tribulations,



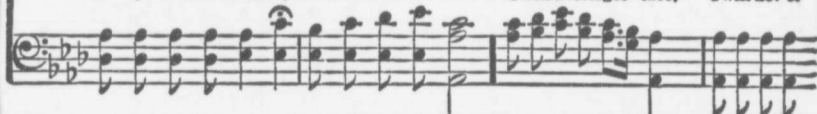
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-mation,



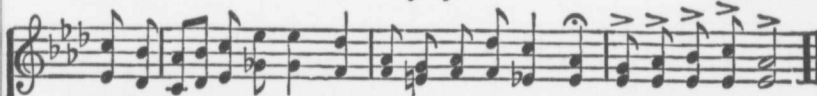
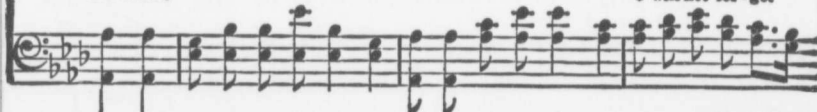
CHORUS.

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

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



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



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



No. 67 a

Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 67
 Katha

1. T
 2. T
 3. T
 4. T

v
 f
 h
 I

ea
 in
 fin
 Sa

Over and Over Again.

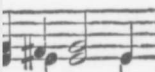
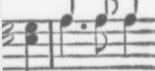
J. H. Gabriel.



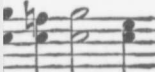
a - gain! How
a - gain, Sends
a - gain, The



Then tell of His
Oh, why are you
Then let us be

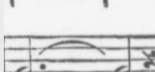


nd to mine, Re-
rom wrong? Then
n, His grace, And

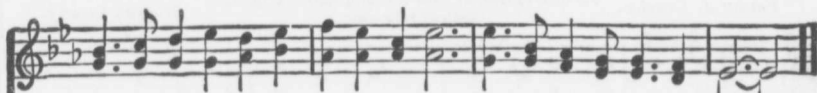
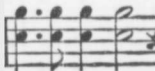


gain.

o - ver a - gain.



gain,
o - ver a - gain,



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

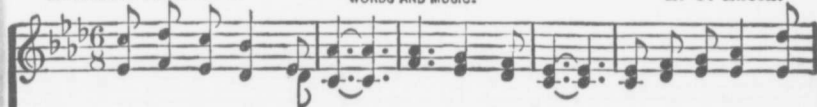


No. 67 b Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Bound-less and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and



word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev-'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem-eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear



ear - nest plea, So that Thou draw-est me Clos - er each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean - ing up - on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace."



No. 68. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

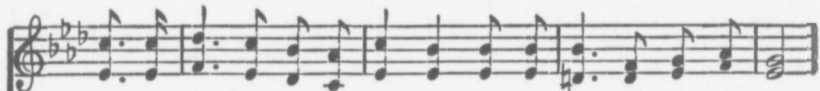
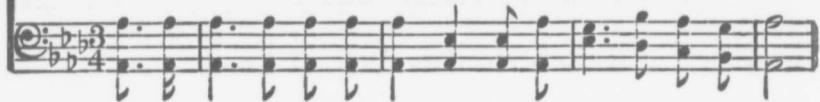
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL
USED BY PERMISSION.

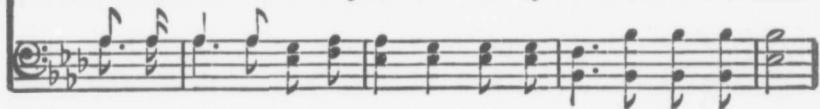
Robert Lowry.



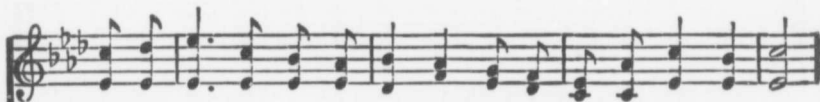
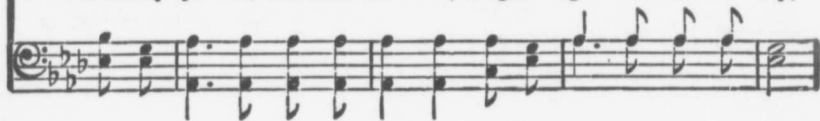
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheer each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!



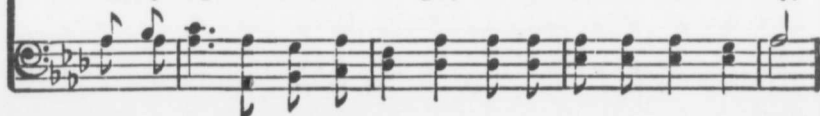
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:



Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;



F
G
T



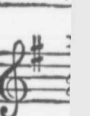
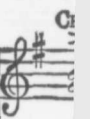
No. 69 Psalm



1. E
2. U
3. I

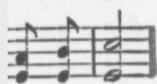


Th
Th
Do

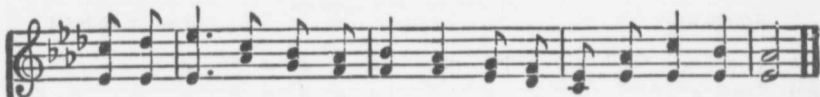


All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

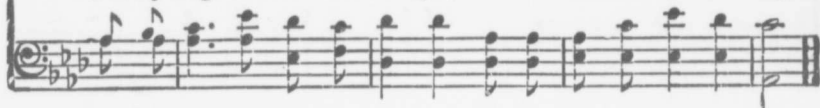
bert Lowry.



ask be-side?
path I tread,
of His love!



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well,
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way.

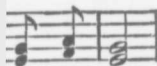


No. 69. Keep Me as the Apple of the Eye.

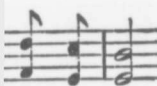
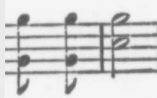
Psalms 17.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. B. HERBERT.

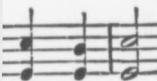
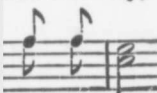
J. B. Herbert.



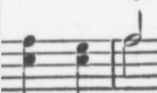
been my Guide?
liv-ing bread;
ouse a-bove:



Him to dwell
hirst may be,
ealms of day,



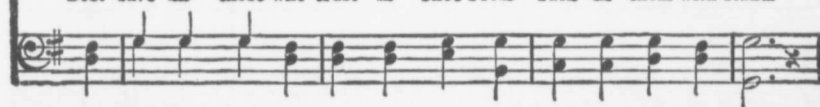
all things well;
joy I see;
all the way;



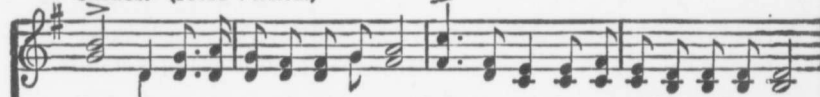
1. Hold up my go-ings, Lord, me guide In paths that are di-vine,
2. Up-on Thee I have called, O God, Be-cause Thou wilt me hear;
3. Thy won-drous lov-ing-kind-ness show, Thou, who by Thy right hand



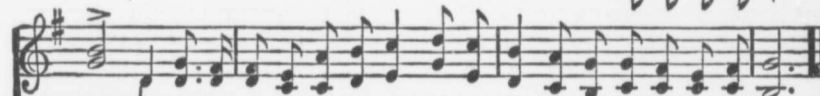
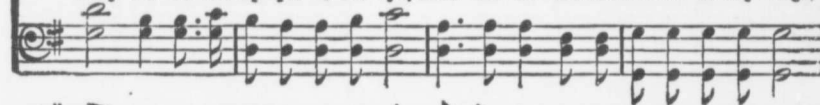
That so my foot-steps may not slide Out of those ways of Thine.
That Thou mayst heark-en to my speech, To me in-cline Thy ear.
Dost save all those who trust in Thee From such as them with-stand.



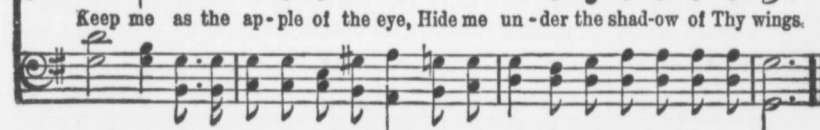
CHORUS. (Prose Version.)



Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye, Hide me un-der the shadow of Thy wings,



Keep me as the ap-ple of the eye, Hide me un-der the shad-ow of Thy wings.



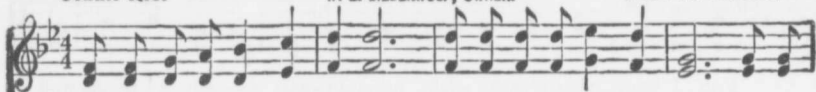
No. 70.

On the Great Highway.

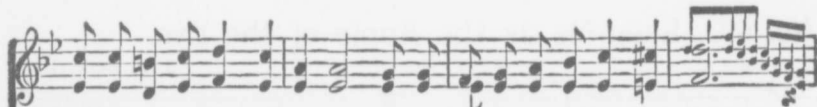
Jennie Ree.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

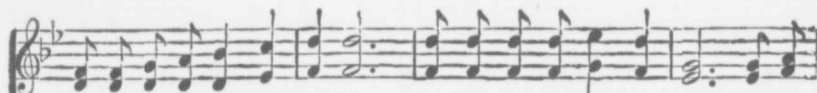
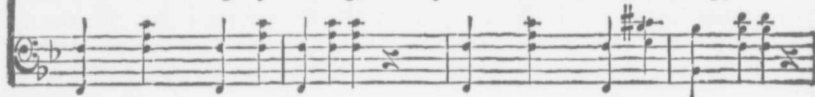
Chas. H. Gabriel.



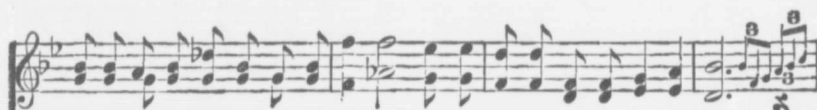
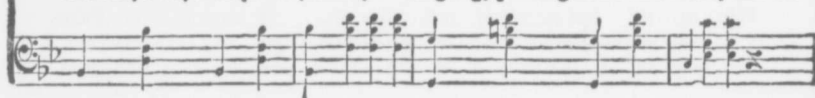
1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the promis'd land, We are
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we



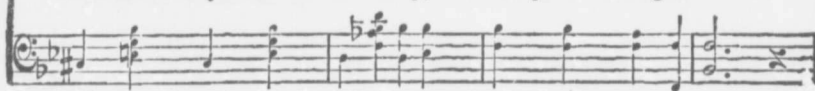
marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in command;
know the sun is brightly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;



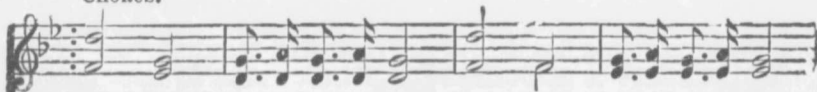
Stead-i-ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
Onward, then, and upward, ev-er, Sing-ing, praising more and more, Till we



en-e-my shall hold the way be-fore us, Neither shall they frighten or de-stroy.
reach at last the promis'd land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.



CHORUS.



On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promis'd land,
On-ward, on-ward at the King's command, and Up-ward, up-ward to the promis'd land, now



On The Great Highway.

Moves the might-y ar-my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic-to-ry and

glo-ry o'er the King's highway; Then vic-to-ry and glo-ry o'er the King's highway.

No. 71.

In the Sunlight of His Love.

O. A. Newlin.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROY GOURLEY.

Roy Gourley.

1. Are you walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love? Are you
2. Yes, I'm walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love, I am
2. Oh, we're walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love, We are

walk-ing in the sun-light of His love? Have your sins all been for-giv-en,
walk-ing in the sun-light of His love; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing
walk-ing in the sun-light of His love; We are now His faith-ful chil-dren

have you new life from a-bove? Are you walking in the sunlight of His love?
hov-ers o'er me like a dove, I am walk-ing in the sunlight of His love.
and our deeds does He approve, While we're walking in the sunlight of His love.

No. 72.

The Grimson Wave.

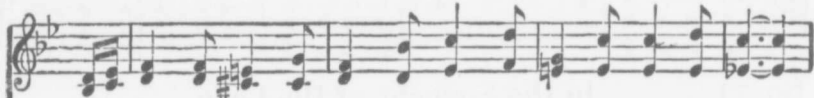
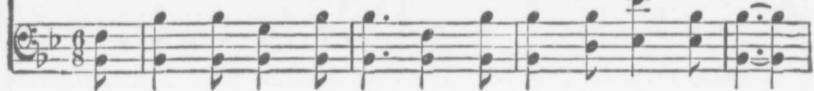
A. C. Pratt.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE,
LAKE-SIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

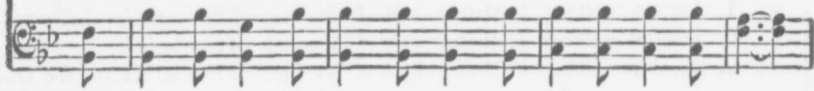
Gertrude Manly Jones.



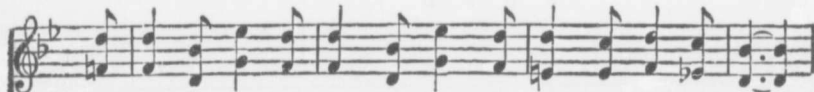
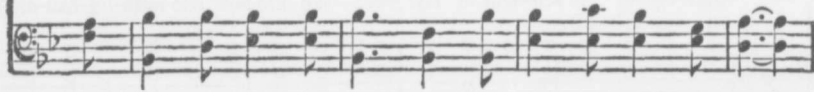
1. O cross of shame and an-guish, Dark, fath-om-less, un-known;
2. The crim-son wave is flow-ing, Is flow-ing now for thee;
3. Be-hold by faith a Sav-ior Up-on th'ac-curs-ed tree;
4. Be-hold your Sav-ior plead-ing, His mer-cy now is free;



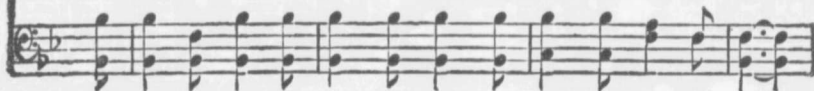
O fount of grace and glo-ry, O thou tide of love di-vine,
Be-hold the fount-ain o-pen wide Up-on Mount Cal-va-ry,
Be-hold Him bleed-ing, dy-ing there, And this for you and me!
Come, lest the tide re-ced-ing, Nev-er more a-vail for thee,



Flow on till ev-'ry na-tion Shall tell thy pow'r to save-
That crim-son wave is flow-ing, Dear sin-ner, 'tis for thee;
Come to this heal-ing fount-ain, O haste with-out de-lay,
That fountain now is o-pen, The spir-it striv-ing still;



The heal-ing cleansing pow-er In the flow-ing crim-son wave.
Come with thy heav-y bur-den, For the tide is full and free.
And 'neath its wave of crim-son Wash thy load of sin a-way.
To all the in-vi-ta-tion Gives: "Come, who-so-ev-er will."



CHO
Th

Com

No. 7

1. I
2. I'
3. I'
4. H

D. C.-W

I
I'
I'
H

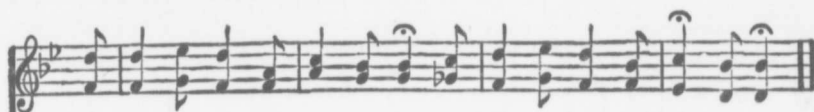
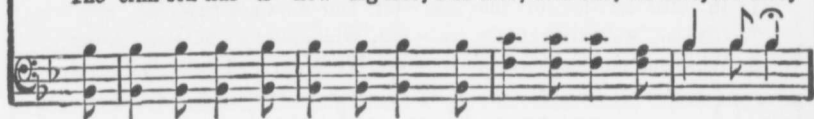
Whe

The Grimson Wave.

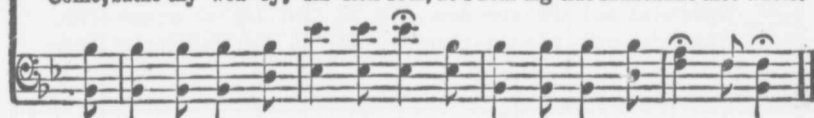
CHORUS.



The crim-son tide is flow-ing free, For thee, dear one, for thee, for thee,



Come, bathe thy wea-ry, sin-sick soul, It's heal-ing tide shall make thee whole.

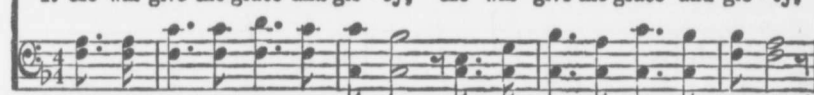


No. 73.

The Way of the Cross.



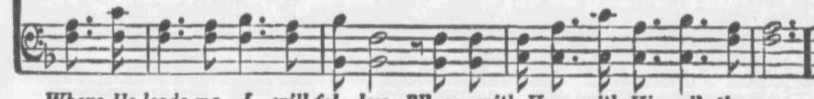
1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry.



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



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



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

No. 74.

Onward Till the Dawning.

Charlotte G. Homer.
In moderate tempo.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.
(Theme of first strain from Beethoven.)

1. In the serv-ice of the Mas - ter Our days are pass - ing by;
2. Oft - en, while the bat - tle ra - ges, While skies a - bove us frown,
3. When our marching days are o - ver, When war and strife shall cease,

Thro' shad - ow and sun - shine We're marching to our home on high;
While weak and dis - cour - aged, We all but lay our ar - mor down,
When vic - tors tri - um - phant We rise to hail the Prince of Peace,

Our Lead - er un - to us is call - ing: "Come on! be not dis - mayed,
We hear our great Commander say - ing: "I fought the fight for thee!
Then we shall see Him in His beau - ty, Shall look up - on His face,

For I, e - ven I am Be - fore thee, be thou not a - fraid!"
I suf - fered! and canst thou Not bear the cross a - while for Me?"
And praise Him for - ev - er, Who loved and saved us by His grace.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching on we go, Thro' desert, or where cool - ing wa - ters
March - ing on, on we go, Where the cool - ing

flov
wa.

worl
all

daw
daw

No. 75

1. Lo
2. Lo
3. Lo

For
Let
All

Onward Till the Dawning.

flow, Tho' flood or flame We bless His name, And to the
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame We bless His name, To

world His love pro - claim; } On - ward till the
all His love pro - claim; } On - ward till the

as for-ward, on - ward, up - ward!

dawn - ing of the day when war for - ev - er - more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (Omit) Peace.

No. 75.

Full Surrender.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no lon - ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!

For Thy love, so great and ten - der, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre - vent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for - ev - er now. ev - er now.

No. 76.

Wonderful Love.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON,
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came
2. And when I am foll'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of
3. Tho' ha - ted, de - spised, and re - ject - ed, Neg - lect - ed a -

down from His throne, To res - cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner, To
beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I
gain and a - gain, He nev - er de - serts nor for - sakes me, No

suf - fer and die for His own.... Why should He as - sume my ob -
mar - vel such love to be - hold.... Why should He re - lin - quish His
mat - ter how way - ward I've been.... My bur - den of sor - row He

la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal - va - tion? Such love is di -
glo - ry? Be - fore Him stood Cal - va - ry go - ry! Yet heav - ed re -
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, Wy soul in His

vine re - ve - la - tion, Un - bounded, un - meas - ured, un - known...
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.....
bo - som He bear - eth This won - der - ful Sav - ior of men.....

No. 77
And
1.
2.
3.

H. Gabriel.

- sus came
- sions of
- ct - ed a -

ner, To
aze - ment, I
tes me, No

- sume my ob -
lin - quish His
sor - row He

ach love is di -
Yet heav - ed re -
Wy soul in His

un - known...
be told.....
of men.....

Wonderful Love.

CHORUS.

O it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my sins with His

life - blood a tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - full

Yet to the world be it known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

No. 77.

Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

fee - ble, -- Hear our sim - ple prayer!	Hear our prayer!	Fa - ther, hear!
chil - dren, Love Thy ho - ly will.	Hear our prayer!	Fa - ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day.	Hear our prayer!	Fa - ther, hear!

No. 78.

We're Marching to Zion.

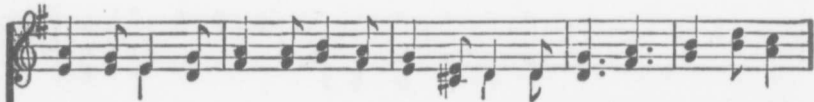
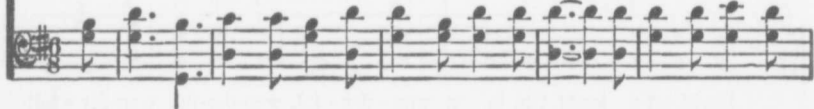
Rev. I. Watts;

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

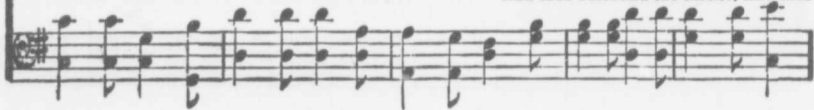


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields] A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're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

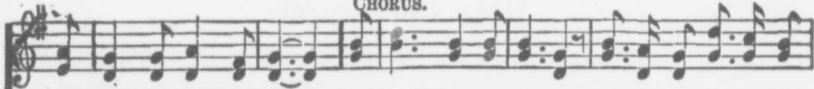


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thrc' Immanuel's ground,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

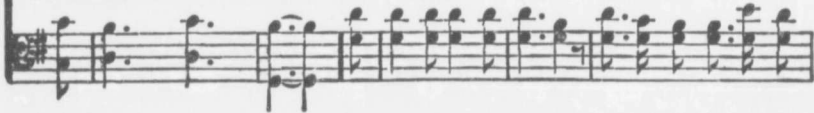
And thus surround the throne, And thus



CHORUS.

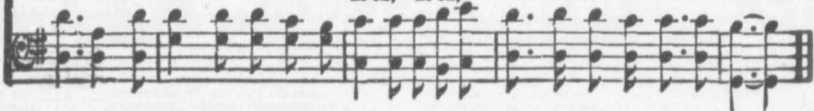


And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
Te fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



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

Zi-on, Zi-on,

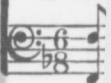


No. 79.

Mrs. Fr



1. Loo
2. Mar
3. Mar
4. Som



Tho'
Thou
Grie
Som



Ch



Help



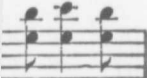
801



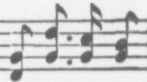
bert Lowry.



a song with
dren of the
we reach the
rching thro' Im-



round the throne,
joys a-broad,
gold-en streets,
worlds on high,
the throne, And thus



iful, beau-ti-ful



-y of God.



Social Service Songs.

No. 79. Help Somebody To-day.

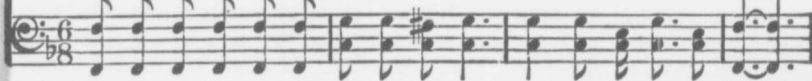
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man-y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man-y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to heaven should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



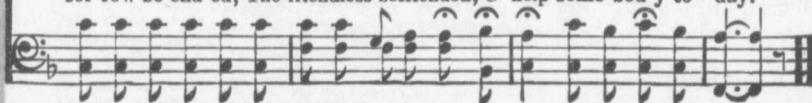
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day,..... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;..... Let
 to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, O help some-bod-y to - day!



No. 80.

Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

night

No. 81.

John R

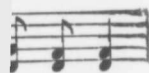
1. Son
2. Son
3. Son
4. Son
5. Son

Som
Som
Som
Som

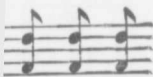
W

Harvest Song.

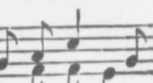
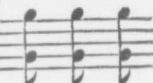
H. Gabriel.



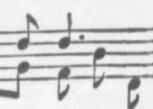
ri-pened grain;
ours a - way,
and the yield?



the sun-light,
ring in the
the wind your



e needed," re-
e needed, O
e needed, A-



is a - way,
e fields a - way.



! He is call-ing,



night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reapers are needed to - day.

No. 81.

Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN,
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements.

W. S. Weedon.

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

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

rit.

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

No. 82.

Win Them One by One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas - ter did of old, When He
2. Is it noth - ing they are lost, souls that Je - sus died to save? Let us
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind - ness shown, Or a

said to His dis - ci - ples "fol - low Me;" From the high - ways broad and wide,
glad - ly in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part
gen - tle touch of hu - man sym - pa - thy; Stooping down from heights of ease,

to the by - ways turn a - side, In the foot - steps of the Man of
to some wea - ry, sin - ful heart, Help some brother in the glo - ry
seek - ing on - ly God to please, Point - ing ev - er to the Christ of

CHORUS.

Gal - i - lee
light to stand. One by one, yes one by one, We must
Cal - va - ry.

win them for Je - sus one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a -

mid the tu - m

No. 83.

O. A. Newell

1. Once I d
2. Once I
3. Once I l
4. Once I d

sel - dom hear
mor - al dea
came to wan
end are loss

CHORUS.

Saved for serv

Bring to Je

Win Them One by One.

Gabriel.

When He
Let us
n, Or a

mid the tu-mult and the strife, We must win them for Jesus one by one.

No. 83.

Saved for Service.

O. A. Newlin.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY O. A. NEWLIN.
USED BY PER.

Roy Gourley.

d and wide,
e im-part
hts of ease,

1. Once I doubt-ed much the Ho - ly Word, Ques-tioned ser-mons which I
2. Once I stumbled at the ma - ny creeds, Boast-ed oft - en of my
3. Once I looked up-on the church with scorn, Dis - re - gard - ed those who
4. Once I drank the dregs of mor - al dross, Sought for gains that in the

Man of
glo - ry
Christ of

sel-dom heard, Till my soul the Ho - ly Spir - it stirred: Now I'm saved.
mor - al deeds, Till I come to see my soul's deep needs: Now I'm saved.
came to warn, Till I heard "A-gain ye must be born:" Now I'm saved.
end are loss, Till I met the Sav - ior at the cross: Now I'm saved.

CHORUS.

We must

Saved for service is my song to-day, Blest for blessing is the Gos-pel way,

life, a-

Bring to Je - sus some-one now a - stray: Saved to serve. Saved to serve.

No. 84. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith.

S. J. Vall.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a-round our path;
 2. Strange we never prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
 3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow-pane,
 4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back

Let us keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff;
 Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
 Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er troub-le us a-gain—
 To the has-ty words and act-ions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!

Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
 Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair,
 Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?
 How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,

With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
 As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
 Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now.
 Not to scat-ter thorns, but ro-ses, For our reap-ing by and by.

CHORUS.

Then scat-

Then scat-

No. 85.

F. Mason

1. Where cross the
 2. In haunts of
 3. From tende
 4. The cup of

A - bove the
 From paths when
 From famished
 Yet long these

5 O Master, fro
 Make haste
 Among these
 O tread the

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

CHORUS.

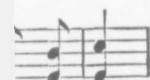
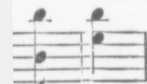
J. Vail.



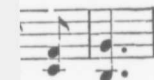
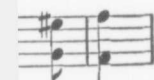
our path;
has flown
dow-pane,
cries back



and chaff;
s are gone!
a - gain-
ward track!



to - day,
so fair,
our brow?
they lie,



the way.
the air.
do now.
and by.



Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

ad lib.

Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by and by.

No. 85. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North.

Beethoven.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood' helplessness, From woman' grief, man's burdened toil,
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re-coil.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,</p> | <p>6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.</p> |
|---|---|

Missionary Hymns.

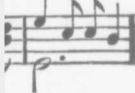
No. 87.

O Zion, Haste.

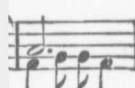
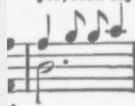
James Walch.



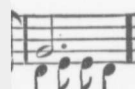
the way;
'long the way,
y road;
drear-y road;
and bind;
reap and bind;



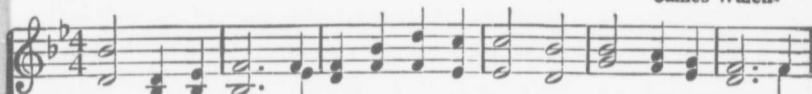
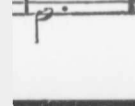
heart strong.
weak heart strong.
your way.
sent your way.
e each day.
yes, each day.



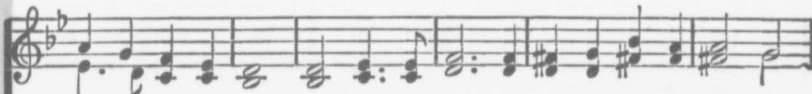
r say:
Mas-ter say:



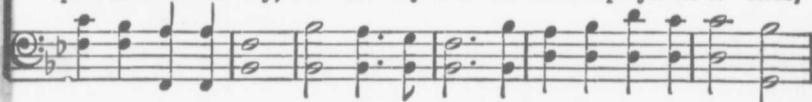
o Me."
un-to Me."



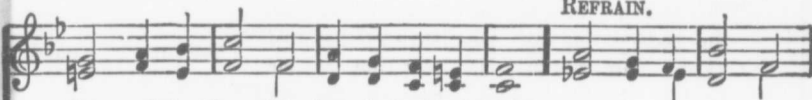
1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to



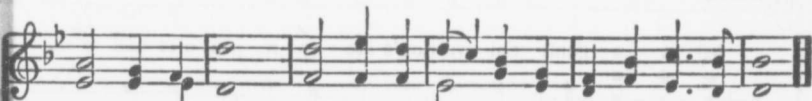
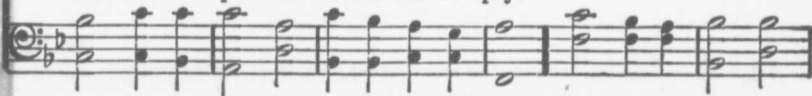
world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav - ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;



REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.



Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.



No. 88.

*Tell It Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
 3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
 ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?
 val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who - so - ev - er!" said he;
 me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

D. S.—Till none can say of the chil - dren of men,
 FINE. CHORUS.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!" Tell it a - gain!
 "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

"A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so love the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

No. 88 a

W. C. Poole.

1. Christ shall
 2. Christ shall
 3. Christ shall

Un - der His
 He who re
 O - ver each

And Christ shall
 Yes, Christ shall
 For Christ shall

0 - ver
 0 - ver a -

know His gi

No. 88 a

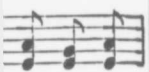
Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

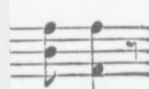
L. McIntosh.



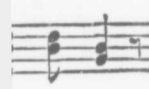
lone, at the
me the good
entered the
glad that for



d; said he:
ll He hold?
!" said he;
the west:



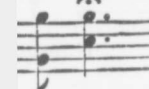
en of men,



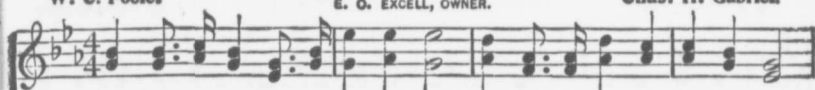
a - gain!



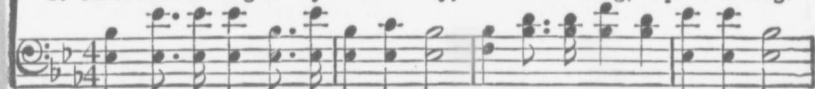
and o'er,



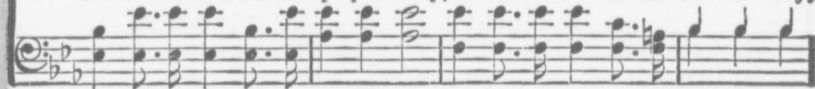
said: "God so love
not perish, but has



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



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

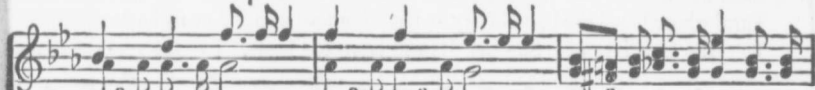
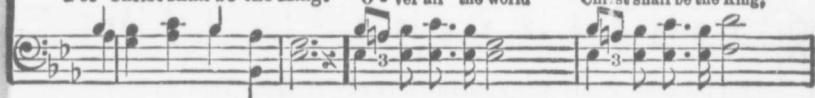


CHORUS.

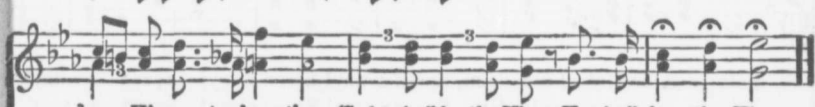
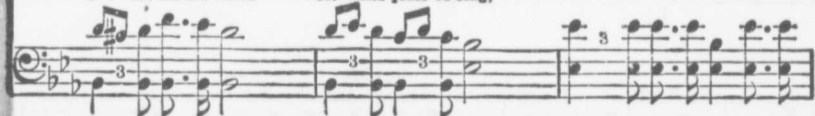


And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.

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



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



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



No. 89.

Speed Away!

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Y. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the Gos-pel of Light To the lands that are
 2. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the message of Love To the souls that know
 3. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the Word that gives life To the na-tions in

wrapped in the darkness of night; "Go ye into the world," 'tis the Savior's command
 not of the Father above, Who so loved this dark world that He gave His own Son,
 which Satan's kingdom is rife; For the Word if believed and obeyed will give peace;

That the light of the Gos-pel shine o'er ev-'ry land. Then, go forth in His
 Thro' whose blood shed on Calv'ry redemption was won. Let us haste while 'tis
 To the cap-tives of Sa-tan it will bring re-lease. To the res-cue make

name, and the Gospel pro-claim, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!
 day, not a mo-ment de-lay, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!
 haste, there is no time to waste, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!

No. 89 a

C. L.

1. If ev -
 2. I'll fill e

I'll go wh
 The tendri

I'll be
 I'll trust

I know
 He'll smile

If it's done

No. 89 a

A Thought of Him.

C. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Woodbury.



lands that are
souls that know
na-tions in



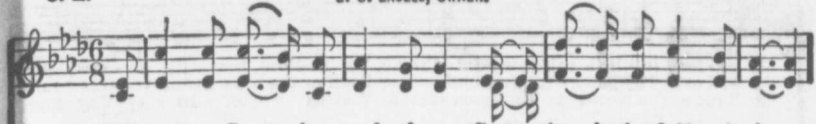
for's command
e His own Son,
will give peace;



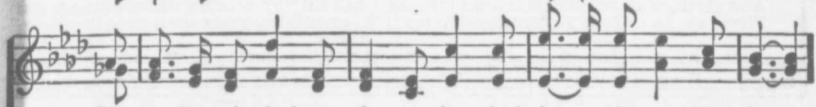
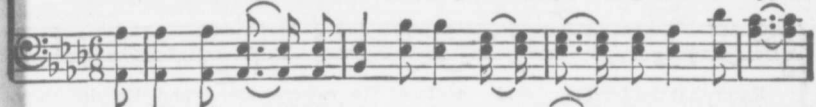
forth in His
aste while 'tis
res-cue make



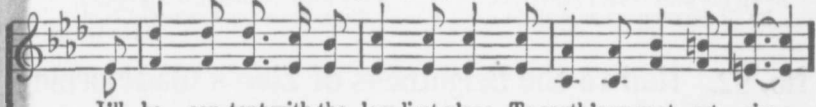
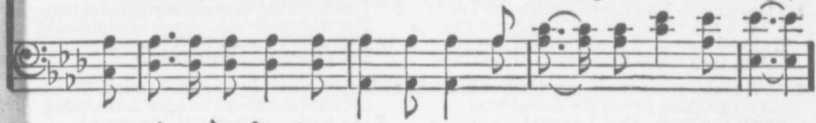
ed a-way!
ed a-way!
ed a-way!



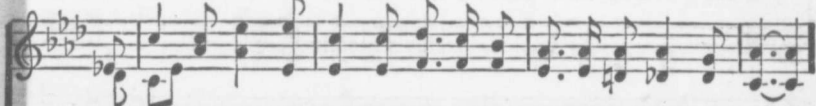
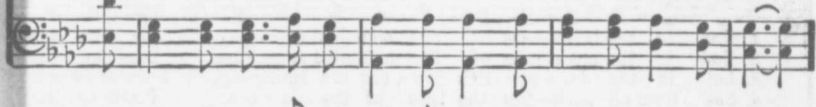
1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some-where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with lit - tle things, As the pass - ing moments fly;



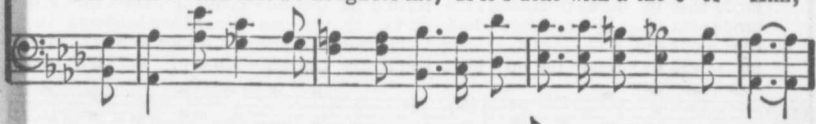
I'll go where the darkest pla - ces be, And let the sun - shine in;
The tendril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;



I'll be con - tent with the low - liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;



I know I'll see His smil - ing face, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile - and that's e - nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;



If it's done with a tho't of Him, If it's done with a tho't of Him.



No. 90. Before Jehovah's Throne.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

HATTON.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
 2. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'n's our voi - ces raise;
 3. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
 And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

No. 91. Preach My Gospel.

- 1 "Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
 "Bid the whole world My grace receive;
 He shall be saved who trusts My word,
 And they condemned who disbelieve."
 2 "I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove My gospel true.
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do."
 3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is vested in My hands;
 I can destroy, and I defend."
 4 He spake, and light shone round His head;
 On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode;
 They to the fa - rest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 92. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY.

(WESLEY, 11s, 10s.)

L. MASON.

1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
 3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing, Streams ev - er
 4. See from all lands - from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
 proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re -
 copl - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount - ain tops ech - oes are
 ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com -

mourn - ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
 turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
 ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
 mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

No. 93.

1. Ye Chris - ti - ans
 2. He'll shield y
 3. And when ou

To dis - tant
 Bid rag - ing
 Meet with the

No. 94. From Green

Reginald Heber.

1. From Green
 2. Shall we, w
 3. Wait, wait, y

sun - ny foun -
 men be - night
 sea of glo -

many a palm -
 joy - ful sound
 Lamb for sinne

No. 93.

Ye Christian Heralds!

C. Zeunder.

HATTON.



cred joy;
ces raise;
Thy love;

de - stroy.
iding praise.
e to move.

mands;
ball end;
is;

nd His head.
He rode;
read
Lord.
WATTS.

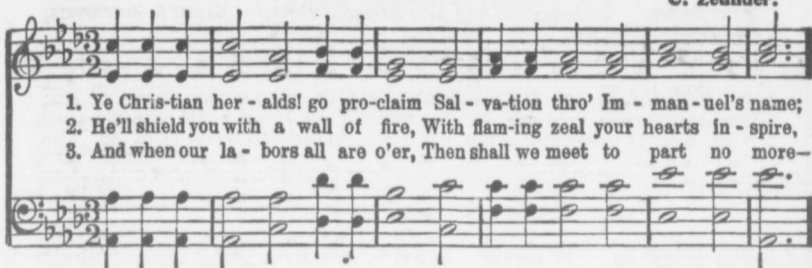
orning.

MASON.

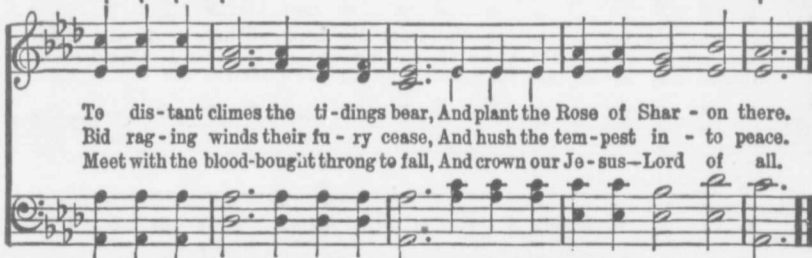
to the
by the
ns ev - er
ie to Je-

- row and
id-age re-
- oes are
and com-

A . MOB.



1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more-

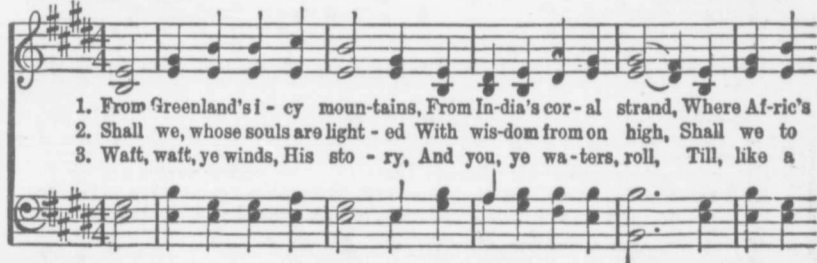


To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood - bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus - Lord of all.

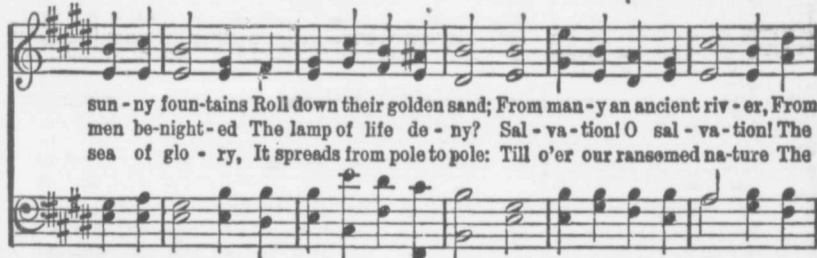
No. 94. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

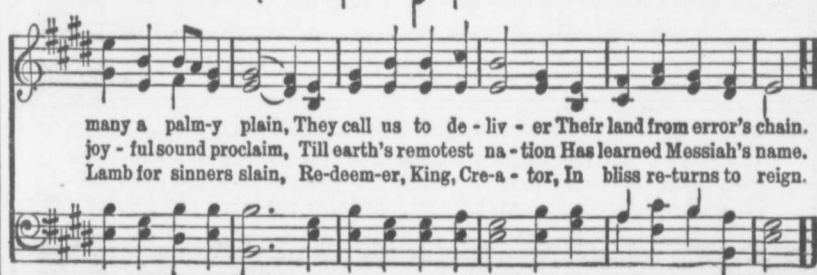
Lowell Mason.



1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Wait, wait, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a



sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From
men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The



many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

No. 95. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY G. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.
Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'r'er whom I should seek.
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied;

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Say-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,
D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D. S.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

No. 96. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY.

(HAMBURG L. M.)

GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa-cred Book of God, No oth-er can its place sup-piy;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis-cern The im-age of my ab-sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup-ply His place, and tell me of His love;

It points me to the saints' a-bode, And bids me from de-struction fly.
From thy in-struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af-ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern-ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a-bove.

No. 97.

Nellie Talbot.

1. Je-sus war
2. Je-sus war
3. I will as
4. I'll be a

In ev-'ry
Show-ing how
Ev-er re-
Serv-ing Him

CHORUS.
A sun-bean

A sun-bean

Children's Songs.

No. 97.

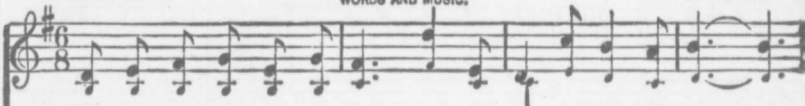
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

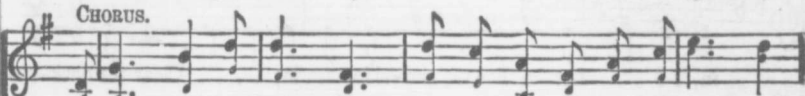
E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show - ing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



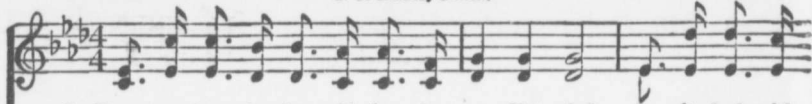
No. 98.

Let the Sunshine In.

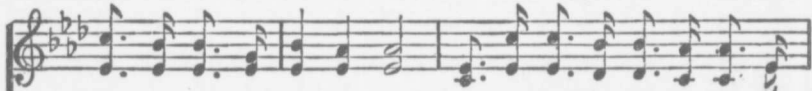
Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



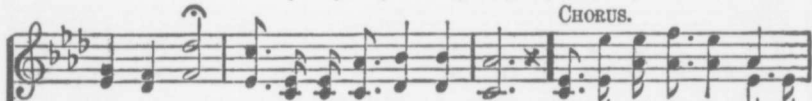
- 1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
- 2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
- 3. Would you go re - joi - cing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of



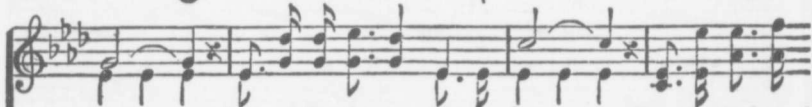
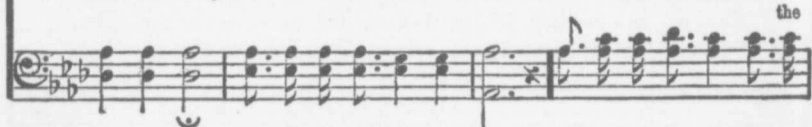
out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen



CHORUS.



wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine



in, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; Clear the dark-ened
 sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;



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

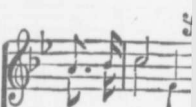
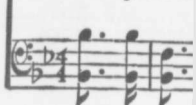


No. 99.

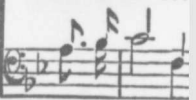
Adam Craig.



- 1. On the bat-
- 2. There are gi-a
- 3. When you see



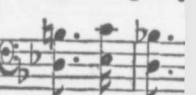
Be a he-rol!
 Be a he-rol!
 Be a he-rol!



D. S.—



Strike out brav
 Stay the temp-
 Do what good y



"We shall sure-



God and nev -



No. 99.

Be A Hero.

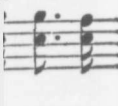
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Adam Craig.

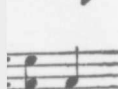
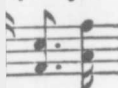
Chas. H. Gabriel.



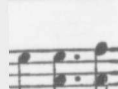
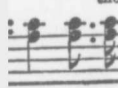
dark with-
r prayers un-
g naught of



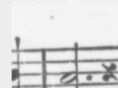
rs, o - pen
rs, o - pen
rs, o - pen



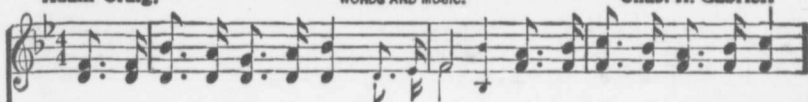
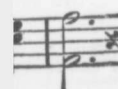
sun-shine
the



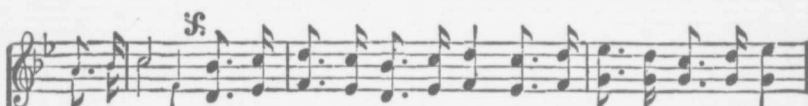
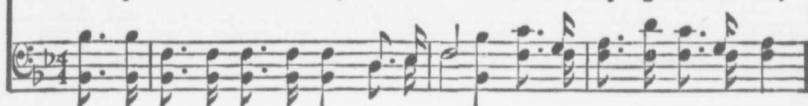
the dark-ened



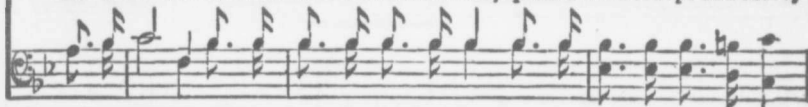
ine in.



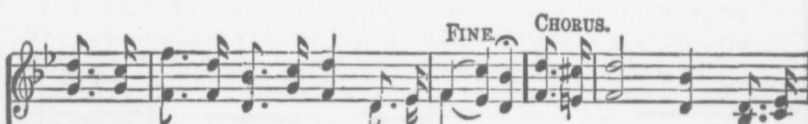
1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



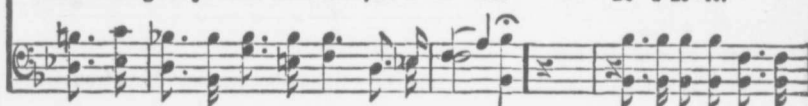
Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,



D. S.—On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,



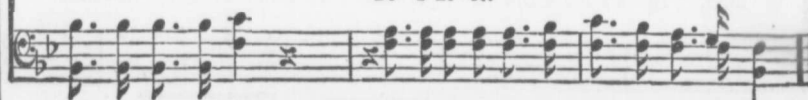
Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he - ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro!



"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he - ro!



God and nev - er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!



No. 100.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go, The
 2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight, And
 3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun-beams day by day, And

most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
 life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
 scat-ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's

sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
 sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
 shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of

CHORUS.

oft - en gath-er here.
 ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
 which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 101.

C. H. G.

1. Had we
 2. Had we
 3. Can we

of re-fresh
 bur - den of
 days are dar

And hope to
 Or e - ve
 Or share th

freshing, reviv

rain, to nour

No. 101.

Sunshine and Rain.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

C. H. G.

1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 102. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

Clarence B. Strouse.

1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His

fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a - gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and

love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers

CHORUS.

guilt to Him, The sin - clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

roll the clo
It's just lik

No. 103.

1. Je - sus lov
2. Je - sus lov
3. Je - sus lov
4. Je - sus lov

ones to Him
wash a - way
shining thron
love Him wh

Yes, Je - sus

It's Just Like His Great Love.

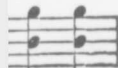
Stross.



id nev - er
can - not
n life seems
all His



ainst this
heaven's
grief to
in and



all my
ursts the
ope He
his - pers



- sus to



roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 103.

Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me when I die.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

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

No. 104.

Jewels.

W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Geo. F. Root.

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [Omit . . .] own,-
2. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king - dom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [Omit . . .] own.
3. { Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [Omit . . .] own.

CHORUS.

{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [Omit] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 105.

Around the Throne of God.

Annie Shepherd.

Henry E. Mathews.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil - dren stand;
2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin,
4. On earth they sought the Sav - ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Chil - dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band:
Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade:
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean:
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb:

CHORUS.

Sing - ing, (

No. 106.

P. P. B.

1. Sing them
2. Christ, the
3. Sweet-ly

Let me m
Sin - ner, li
Of - fer p

Words of
All so
Je - sus,

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti - ful w

Around the Throne of God.

CHORUS.

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

No. 106. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 107.

Song to the Flag.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
3. Star - gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure;
May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

Song to the Flag.

D. Ackley.

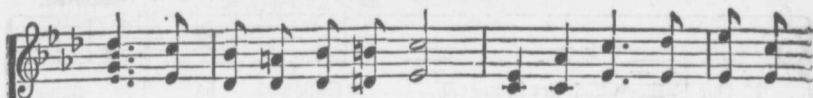
er us,
our - age,
em - ber,

free
pure,
raise;

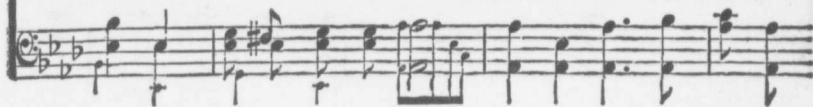
e us
und - ed
p - ing,

r sea:
- dure:
praise.

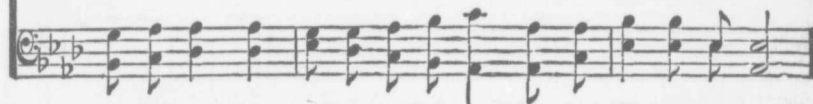
aunch and



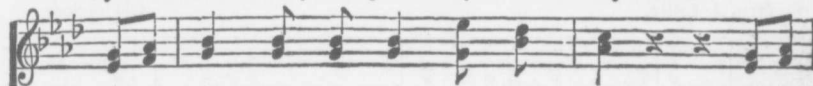
strong we'll stand to col - ors true Day by day we'll serve with



best en - deav - or Life's al - le - giance give to the red white and blue.



After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.



Three cheers for the red white and blue Three



cheers for the red white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for -



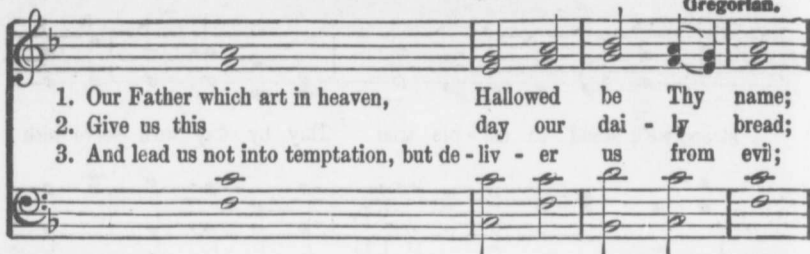
ev - er, Three cheers for the red white and blue.



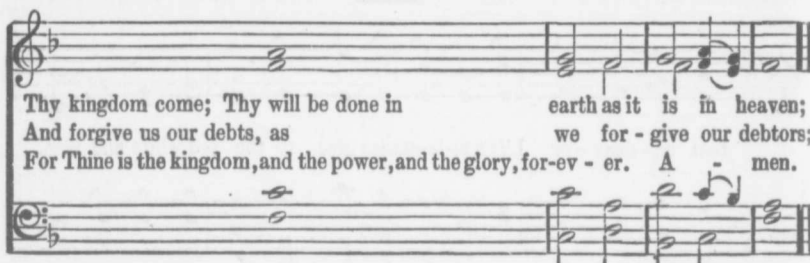
No. 108.

The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evi;

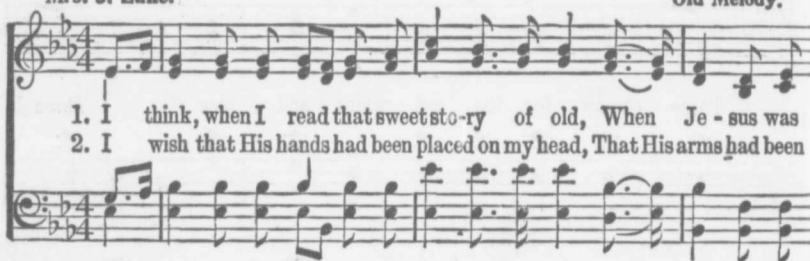


Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ev - er. A - men.

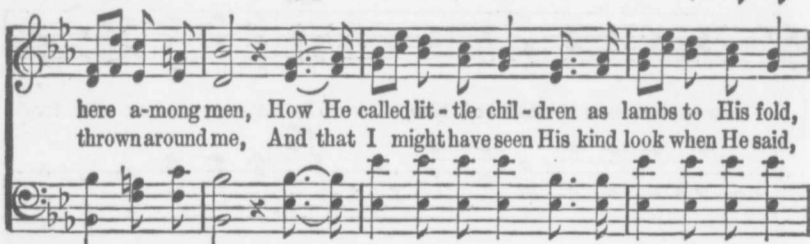
No. 109. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story. 589

Mrs. J. Luke.

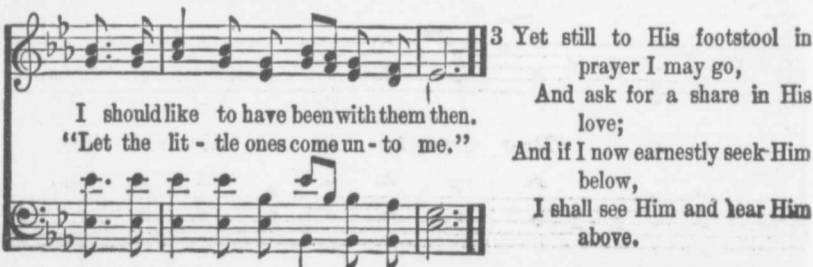
Old Melody.



1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been



here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

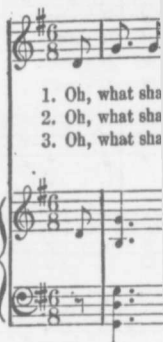


3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

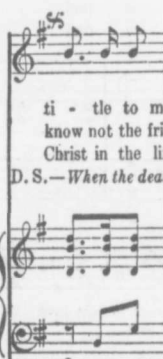
Solos

No. 110.

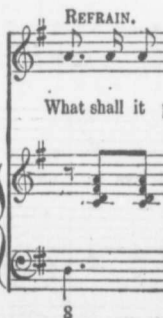
M. P. Fergus



1. Oh, what sha
2. Oh, what sha
3. Oh, what sha



ti - tle to m
know not the fri
Christ in the li
D. S.—When the dea



REFRAIN.
What shall it

Solos, Duets and Quartets.

No. 110. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . . Hous-es and a-cres so broad? No
 2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . . Friend-ships to share and to make? And
 3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . . Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame? If

56 FINE.

ti - tle to man-sions of glo-ry e - ter - nal, And none to the Cit - y of God? . . .
 know not the friend-ship of Je - sus the Sav - ior, Of Je - sus who died for thy sake? . . .
 Christ in the life - book of glo - ry e - ter - nal Had nev - er re - cord-ed thy name? . . .
 D. S. — *When the death-an-gel has called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has* floun? . . .

REFRAIN. D. S.

What shall it prof - it thee then? . . . Tho' the whole world be thine own. . .

8

No. 111. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction.

1. When troub-led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de - spair, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
3. When dark is the night, and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .

When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to mel . . .
When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to mel . . .
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to mel . . .

CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . How sweet is His love to

mel . . When friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to mel . .

No. 112.

W. H. O. and

Introduction.

1. You ask me h
2. You ask me w
3. You ask me w

Him, So long ago.
now Remember w
sight, As yes-ter-

fy; . . . And
shone . . In-
spot; . . And

prayer. O y
in. . . . O y
place. . O y

No. 112.

I Know.

W. H. O. and C. H. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

1. You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? O yes, I know! There came a yearning in my soul for
2. You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can tell The day, and just the hour, indeed, I
3. You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? Yes, I can say! That sacred place can never fade from

Him, So long ago. I found earth's fairest flow'rs would fade and die; I wept for something that would sat-
isnow Remember well. It was when I was struggling all a - lone, The light of His for-giv-ing Spir - it
sight, As yes-ter-day. Perhaps He tho't it better I should not Forget the place, for I should love the

fy; . . . And, in my grief, somehow, I seemed to dare . . . To lift my bro-ken heart to Him in
shone . . . In - to my heart all clouded o'er with sin, . . . That I un-locked the door and let Him
spot; . . . And un-til I be-hold Him face to face, . . . 'T will be to me, on earth, the dear-est

prayer. O yes, I know! And I can tell you how; I know, I know He is my Savior now. . .
in. . . O yes, I know! And I can tell you when; I know, I know He is so dear since then.
place. . . O yes, I know! And I can tell you where; I know, I know He came and blest me there.

No. 113. Because He Loved His Own.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel,

Introduction.

1. The "Good Shepherd" sought for one lost sheep, Away on the mountain height, With bleeding hands and
2. The "Great Shepherd" lives, He conquered death! All power is His to-day; He lives e - ter - nal -
3. The "Chief Shepherd" soon will come again, To gather His loved ones home; From ev - 'ry na - tion

wounded feet, He trav-eled day and night; . . . At last He gave His pre - cious life—He
ly to save The sheep that went a - stray; . . . For they shall nev - er know a want, They
on the earth A mul - ti - tude shall come. . . . The songs of prais - es to be heard Will

REFRAIN.

for the wan-d'r'er died! . . .
shall be well sup - plied. . . . It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shepherd was cru - ci -
be of Him who died. . . .

fied; . . . It was be - cause He loved His own, The Shep - herd was cru - ci - fied. . . .

No. 114.

A. L. Skilton

Introduction. And.

1. No beau-ti-
2. No sweet con
3. No one to

No - where for
No place in
No staff but

No glo-ry.
No pray'r for
No do-ing

give Him wel-co

No. 114. No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton,

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY B. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. ENGELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff,

Introduction. *Andante.* *poco rit.*

ling hands and e - ter - nal -
'ry na - tion

1. No beau - ti - ful cham - ber, No soft cra - dle bed, No place but a man - ger,
2. No sweet con - se - cra - tion, No seek - ing His part, No hu - mil - i - a - tion,
3. No one to re - ceive Him, No wel - come while here, No balm to re - lieve Him,

ious life—He a want, They be heard Will

No - where for His head; No prais - es of glad - ness, No tho't for their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav - ior, No sor - row for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seek - ing His treas - ure, No weep - ing for sin,

rit. CHORUS.

No glo - ry but sad - ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa - vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je - sus, Oh,
No do - ing His pleas - ure, No room in the inn.

fed. . .

rit.

give Him wel - come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

No. 115.

My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

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

ad lib.

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 116.

T. O. Chisholm

1. Be - hold! On
 2. What words of
 3. They lead Him
 4. But lol wha

poor is He, N
 hears that voice,
 plead-ing now I
 re - ap-pears, V

crowds about
 winds and bil-
 Spir - it find
 com - fort an

CHORUS.

It is Je

Je - sus wh

No. 116.

It Is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

T. O. Chisholm.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction.

rit.

dim.

O. Excell.

He can drive the
with His touch of
leth my cause will
say that hour, O

in - to day,
soul of mine.
to the end.
by Thy side.

y op - pose;
ny way op-pose;

that blows.
wind that blows.

No. 117. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall,

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell,

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my
SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, .If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By

fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How

FINE.

faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

D. S.—My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

No. 118.

W. M. Light

DUET. Tenor

1. There's a s
SOLO or QU

2. I shall st
3. All the r

high - est to

im - age, con -
song and will

For I wa

For I wa

For I wa

sin - ner made

sin - ner made

No. 118. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

Excell,

that my

guides my
on - ly

walk By

face, My
bink How

FINE.

y Guide.

near.
fail.

fail.

D. S.

fail;
fail;

fail;
fail;

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can - not sing, 'Tis praise in the
SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault - less and pure by His throne, Trans - formed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav - en, so per - fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high - est to Je - sus, my King; Its mu - sic each mo - ment is thrill - ing my soul,
im - age, con - formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com - plete; Thro' a - ges un - end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

D. S.—My heart it is sing - ing, the an - them is ring - ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin - ner made whole! a
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin - ner made whole! a
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole.

rit. D. S.

sin - ner made whole! The Sav - ior hath bought me and ran - somed my soul
rit.
sin - ner made whole! The Sav - ior hath bought me and ran - somed my soul

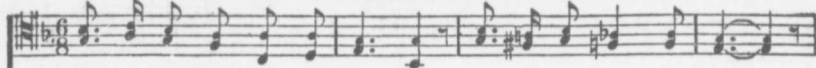
No. 119. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

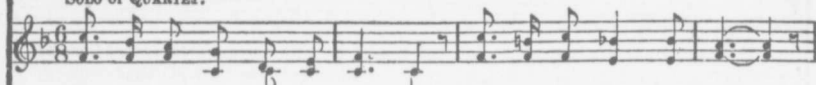
Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

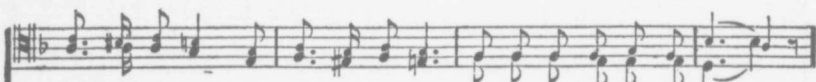
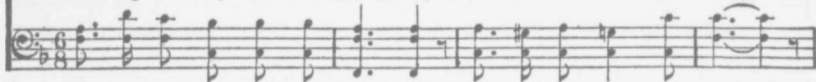


1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;

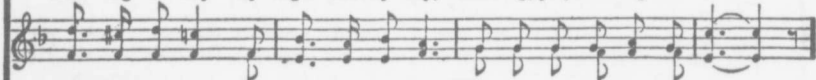
SOLO or QUARTET.



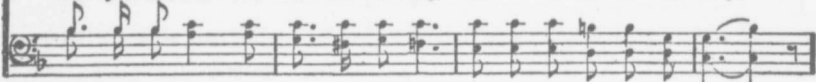
3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;



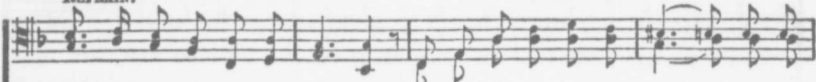
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing a - lone.
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing from God.



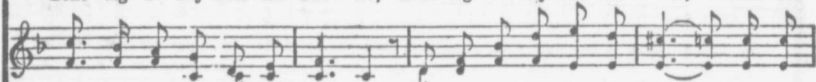
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.



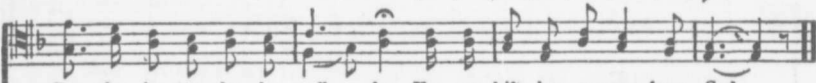
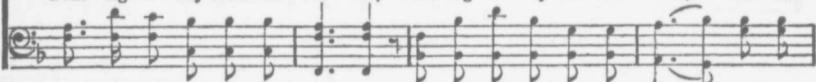
REFRAIN.



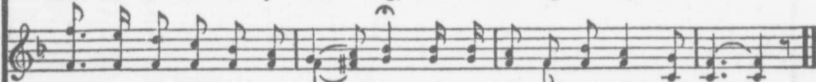
Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the



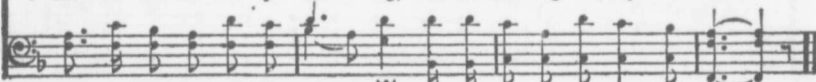
Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the



Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.



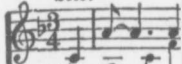
Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.



No. 120.

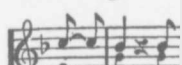
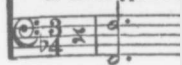
W. L. T.

Solo.

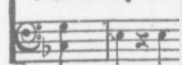


Organ.

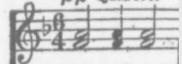
1. A sin - ner was
2. He stopped an



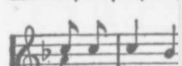
In his heart raged
Come on! says the t



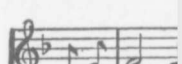
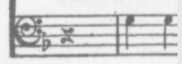
pp Quartet.



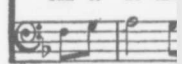
1. Je - sus, lov -
2. While the bil - lov



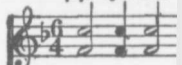
I have served th



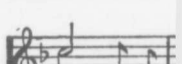
can it be tha



pp Quartet.



Oth - er ref -



come, Thou'it for -



No. 120. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO.

Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at o - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet. Solo.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high, Oh, tempter, de-part,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav-ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

While the
can it be that a sin-ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

While the

pp Quartet. Solo.

Organ.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Mangs my help-less soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

pp Quartet.

come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 121.

I Am Happy In Him.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell

Introduction.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so pre-cious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wan - d'ring a - far from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv - er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my bur - den lay down;

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

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

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

No. 122.

Mrs. Ophelia

Introduction.

DUET or SOLO

1. Un - answered
2. Un - answered
3. Un - answered
4. Un - answered

years? D
 throne,
 done; T
 Rock;

vain those falli
 heart to make
 what He has b
 loud - est thun - c

sire, some
 you, some
 see, some
 done, some

No. 122. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlie D. Tillman.

O. Excell.

Introduction.

DUET or SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the

years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
 throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
 done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
 Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the.

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
 heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
 what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
 loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be

rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
 you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
 see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
 done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

to me;
the fold;
both flow;
lay down;

see.
-told.
go.
s crown.

in Him:

Him.

No. 123. All the Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Prom-ised Land, I have
 2. There are man - y snares and pit - falls all a - long the pil - grim road, I can
 3. When the clouds of dark - ness gath - er and the sun - shine all has fled, Then He
 4. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, with its cold and chill - ing tide, Je - sus

tri - als and temp-tations ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed by a
 o - ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row, grace suf-
 guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray; And the bless-ed light of Heav-en o - ver
 will be there, my Help-er and my Stay. I will sail a-way triumphant, land my

strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
 fi - cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
 all my path is spread, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.
 soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way; all the way;

All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav - ior with me all the way.

No. 124.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

1. I am on
 2. From the snares
 3. Man - y friends
 4. Just a few

main-eth In t
 nar - row, It
 mar-tyrs Have
 light - ful As I

mo - ment to
 Da - vid in
 vic - t'ry day
 clouds have roll

CHORUS or QU
 In the go

I am go

No. 124. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

Excell.



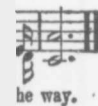
I have
I can
Then He
Je - sus



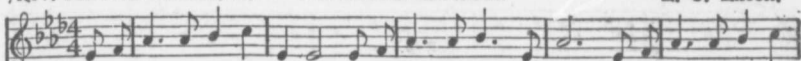
by a
r, grace suf-
o - ver
land my



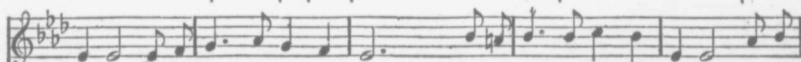
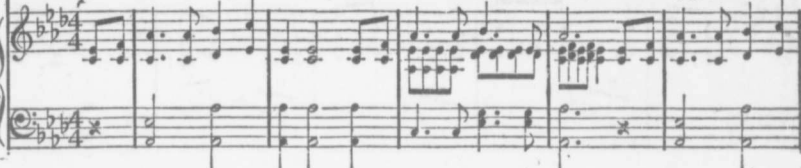
all the way,
De.



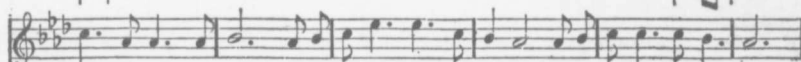
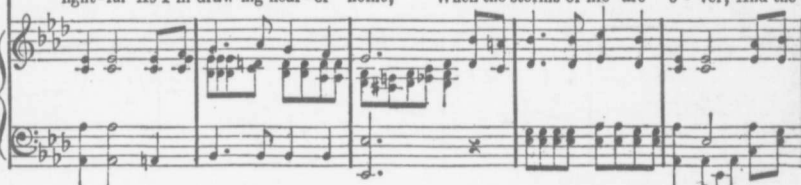
he way.



1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man - y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-



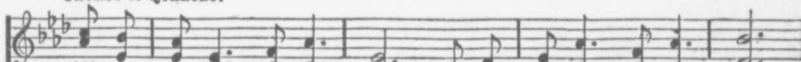
main-eth In the home-land of the soul; Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have-ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home; When the storms of life are o - ver, And the



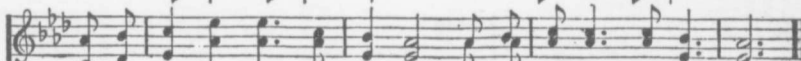
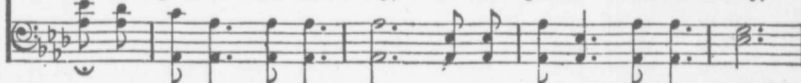
mo - ment to de - lay; I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
Da - vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
vic - t'ry day by day; I shall o - ver - come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a - way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.



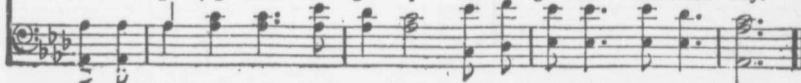
CHORUS OR QUARTET.



In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,



I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.



No. 125.

A Little Bit of Love

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

love, They hav
 love, Shall the
 love, For not
 love, Go, the

No. 126. B

Arr. by E. O. Ex

1. In vain I've tr
 2. My soul is n
 3. He died for
 4. Tho' some will s

But what I n
 For light; for
 There's all a g
 I'll go to l

A Little Bit of Love.

love, They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
 love, Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
 love, For not go-ing, in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
 love, Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 126. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
 2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can-not see, I can-not feel;
 3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
 4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,

But what I need thro' all my days Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.
 For light; for life, I must ap-peal To Je-sus, to Je-sus.
 There's all a guilt-y sin-ner needs In Je-sus, in Je-sus.
 I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je-sus, is Je-sus.

No. 127. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a-rose and as-cend-ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri-um-phant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto-ry I love to re-peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That same old sto-ry is told;
To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow-er of hell;
He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit-y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev-er may dwell;
There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a-gain and a-gain.

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new;
That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;
Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
He in-vites you to come—He will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-s-age He send-eth to you,

But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto-ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true:
"There's a man-sion in Glo-ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto-ry is true.

REFRAIN.

That old, old
But I've found

No. 128.

Lizzie DeArm

1. Just for to-d
2. Just for to-d
3. Just for to-d

Wash us and m
Where du-ty cr
Safe in Thy k

CHORUS OR QUARTET
Just for to-

That Old, Old Story is True.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, . . . That old, old sto - ry is true; . . .

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, — That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 128. Just For To-day.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just for to-day, dear Fa - ther, we pray, Bright let Thy love - light gleam o'er our way;
2. Just for to-day, oh, help us to be Lights trimmed and burn-ing, shin - ing for Thee;
3. Just for to-day, what - ev - er be - tide, Clasp our hands clo - ser, walk by our side;

Wash us and make our hearts pure with-in, Take from us e'en the long - ing to sin.
Where du - ty calls us, point - ing the way, Serv - ing Thee tru - ly each pass - ing day.
Safe in Thy keep - ing, naught can af - fright, Fol - low - ing Je - sus, dark - ness is light.

CHORUS OF QUARTET.

Just for to - day, Just for to - day, Guide us and keep us Just for to - day.

No. 129.

Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

USED BY PER.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned

moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-tur-n-ing
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-

treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

heav'nward

No. 130.

Jessie B. Poun

1. Some-where
2. Some-where
3. Some-where

Hush, then, the
 Some-where the
 Some-where the

CHORUS.

Some-where
 Some-where, be

Land of the

Meet Mother in the Skies.

S. Nickle.

er dear old
form is
par-doned

heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 130.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

n - ing
ells where
a - fort,

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

ie skies.
ie skies.
ie skies.

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

g - ly en -

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where. beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

ak - en,

Land of the true, where we live a - new, — Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 131.

It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.

Frank C. Huston,

1. The serv-ice of Je - sus true pleas-ure af - fords, In Him there is
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what-e'er may be - tide, It pays to be
 3. Tho' some-times the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may

joy with-out an al - loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
 true what-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
 come to beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-

CHORUS.

words; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
 bide; It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Jesus, it
 pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.

pays ev'ry day, It pays ev'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to
 ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

No. 132.

J. W. V.

1. We may tar
 2. We may nev
 3. We may live

those who pass
 lad - der of
 clu - sion un -

shine as the st
 rich in Im - m
 mem-bers each o

morn - ing, With

like Him for - e

No. 132. We Shall Shine as the Stars.

J. W. V.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

J. W. Van Deventer.

uston.

there is
to be
ows may

on His
to a-
will re-

esus, it

hway to

way.

1. We may tar - ry a while here as stran-gers, Un - no - ticed by
2. We may nev - er be rich in earth's treas-ures, Ner rise in the
3. We may live in a tent or a cot - tage, And die in se-

those who pass by; But the Sav-ior will crown us in glo - ry, To
lad - der of fame; But the saints will at last be re - ward - ed, Made
clu - sion un - known; But the Fa-ther who see - eth in se - cret, Re-

CHORUS.

shine as the stars of the sky.
rich in Im-man-u-el's name. We shall shine as the stars of the
mem-bers each one of His own.

morn - ing, With Je - sus the cru - ci - fied one; We shall rise to be

like Him for - ev - er, E - ter - nal - ly shine as the sun.

No. 133.

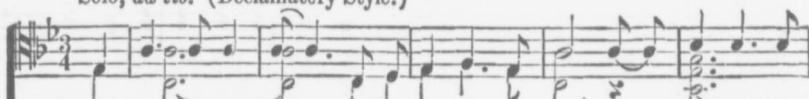
The Way-side Cross.

C. L. St. John.

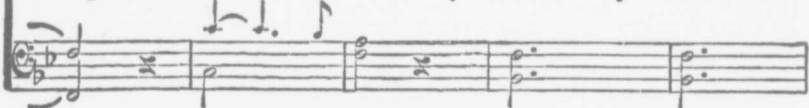
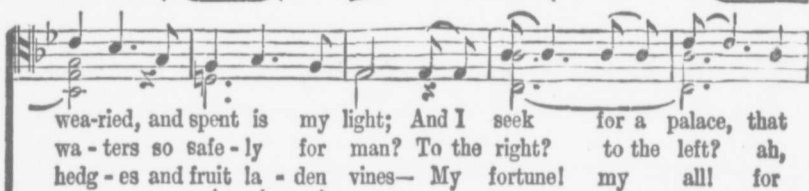
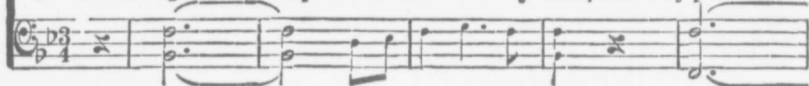
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

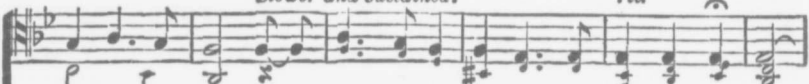


1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a -
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That brid - ges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

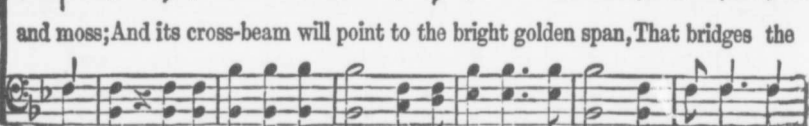
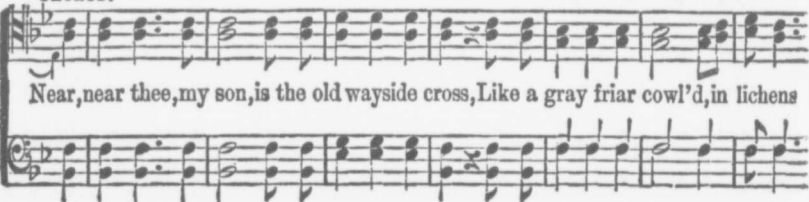


Slower and sustained.

rit.



*CHORUS.

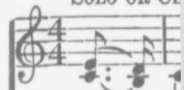


*The chorus should begin while the sole voice is still holding the last note.

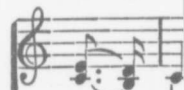
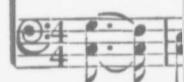


No. 134.

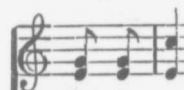
John Hogarth
SOLO OR CHORUS



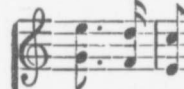
1. I am or
2. My son
3. I am co



And my hea
With dea
And I kno



But I saw
But I saw
For un - wor



While I'm trus
When I trus
For He is



The Wayside Cross.

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

wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That brid-ges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

No. 134. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

John Hogarth Lozier.
SOLO OR CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 135.

Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
 4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no

man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom
 blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
 hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be
 guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no

an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
 light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er will be;
 A - shamed of Je - sus, a - shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev - er will be;

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the *large* ones for organist.

For Je
 For Je - su

No. 136. L

P. P. B.

1. Bright-ly b
 2. Dark the n
 3. Trim your

But to us
 Ea - ger ey
 Try - ing no

CHORUS.

Let the lo

Some poor fa

Ashamed of Jesus.

O. Excell.



r - tal
'ning
om my
ve no

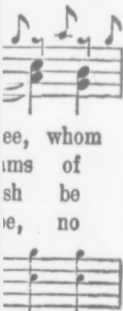
For Je - - sus, my Sav - - ior, is not ashamed of me.
For Je - sus, my Sav-ior, for Je - sus, my Sav - ior.

No. 136. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

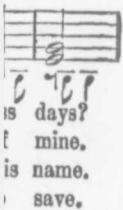
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



ee, whom
ms of
sh be
e, no

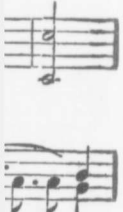
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest toss'd,



is days?
t mine.
is name.
save.

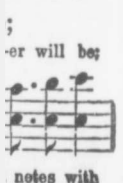
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

CHORUS.



er will be;

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wavel



notes with

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

No. 137.

Someone's Last Gall.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO. Edna. R. Worrwell. Clarence B. Strouse. Arr

1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior, List, oh
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn-ings
 4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, Hard - en

1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - for, List, oh
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, now, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don,
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it! O heed it!
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no long - er
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion

list to His call,
 voice toward His child,
 not your life more pure,
 heart,

Par - don from sin to all; Oh come, He gives par - don from
 Be no more sin - be - guiled, Oh heed His voice, be now no
 But in God rest se - cure; Oh strive no more, but in God
 Else shall your chance de - part; Oh take it now, else shall your

REFRAIN.

sin to all, to all.
 more beguiled, be-guiled. Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this moment takes
 rest se - cure, se - cure.
 chance de - part, de - part.

flight; I

No. 138.

Tenderly.

1. Have you
 2. Have you
 3. Have you
 4. Have you

Where your d
 When He pra
 Who look
 Have you ev

CHORUS.

He died
 Oh, won-

Someone's Last Call. Concluded.

fight; It may be now some-one's last call, last call to - night.

No. 138.

The Broken Heart.

As sung by Wm. McEwan
COPYRIGHT, BY T. DENNIS.

Words and Music
T. Dennis.

Tenderly.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je - sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up - on His love - ly brow?
3. Have you read how He saved the dy - ing thief? When hanging on the tree!
4. Have you read that He looked to heav'n and said, 'Tis finished - 'twas for thee?

Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flow'd from His wound - ed side?
When He pray'd, for - give them, oh! for - give, They know not what they do.
Who looked with pit - y - ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me?

CHORUS.

He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;

Oh, won - drous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.

No. 139.

Some Day.

Dr. Victor M. Staley.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
OWNED BY R. A. TORREY.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
 2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav - en's cit - y fair; Some
 3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
 day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
 day re - ceive, un - meas - ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
 voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
 on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. some hap - py day,
 heav'n's in - mor - tal song. Some day, some happy day,
 His un - dy - ing love. some hap - py day,

The Lord will

Him,
 to dwell with

No. 140. O

C. J. B.

1. Some day,
 2. My sins
 3. My loved one
 4. So when at

But this I
 And if I
 They sweet
 I, too, sh

Some Day.

Gabriel.

The Lord will wipe all tears a-way, And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a-way,

Him, To dwell with Him - some hap-py day. . . .
to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap-py day.

No. 140. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO.

Chas. J. Butler.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for - gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. My loved ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
4. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Savior's hand,

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the wit - ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
They sweet - ly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.

No. 141.

Memories of Galilee.

Robert Morris, LL. D.

USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the
 2. Each flow-'ry glen . . . and moss-y dell, . . . Where hap-py
 3. And when I read . . . the thrill-ing lore, . . . Of Him who

eve . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something far . . . di-vin-er
 birds . . . in song a-gree . . . Thro' sunny morn . . . the praises
 walked . . . up-on the sea, . . . I long, oh, how . . . I long once

now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee . . .
 tell . . . Of sights and sounds, . . . in Gal-i-lee . . .
 more . . . To fol-low Him . . . in Gal-i-lee . . .

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-leel sweet Gal-i-leel Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O

Gal-i-leel blue Gal-i-leel Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

No. 142.

Mary Lee De

1. { I
 { An'
 D. C.— But th

langed-for hame-
 gow-den ga
 hear the a

{ The ea
 { The bi

2 I've H
 To His
 Wi' ee
 The Ki
 My sin
 But the
 For His
 When I

3 He is f
 He'll k
 But He
 To gan
 Sae i'n
 For the
 God gi
 That w

No. 142.

My Ain Gountrie.

Mary Lee Demarest.

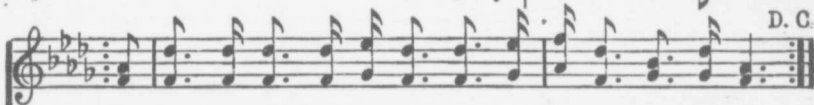
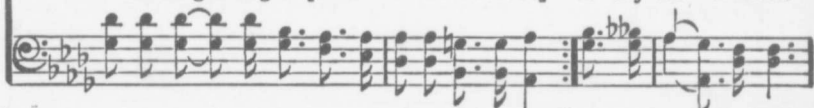
Scotch Air.



1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wear-y aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The
D. C.— But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I



langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles }
gow-den gates o' heav-en [Omit.....] } an' my ain countrie.
hear the an-gels sing-in' [Omit.....] in my ain countrie.



{ The earth is fleck'd wi flow-ers, mon - y - tint-ed, fresh an' gay; }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae: }



2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 He is faithfu', that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae i'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie,

No. 143. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry.

Slow and solemn.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY L. L. PICKETT.

Effective as a solo.

L. L. Pickett.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
 2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and van-ish-ed a - way;
 3. The wid - ow was there and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
 4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judg-ment before the white throne.
 A pau-per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
 No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wip-ed all the tears from their eyes.
 The men who had cru-ci-fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men too,

From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
 The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind,
 The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink;
 The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;

And swore with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no long-er to be.
 The an - gel that opened the re-cords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
 With the people who gave him the license— To - geth - er in hell they did sink.
 No time now to think of re - li-gion!" At last they had found time to die.

CHORUS.

And oh, what

They cried for th

No. 144.

London Hymn

1. Gone from
 2. Once I
 3. Once I

all that wou
 doubts and f
 now the ligh

pre-cious blo
 now my guilt
 tell the world

purchased m

The Great Judgment Morning.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;
 They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

rit.

No. 144.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PERMISSION.

S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
 all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
 doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
 pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
 now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
 purchased my sal - va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

D. S.—Because He first loved me, And
 FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

No. 145. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL & THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

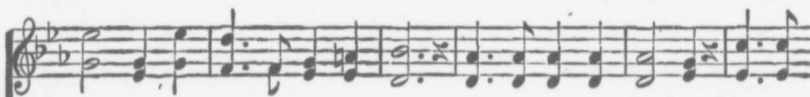
W. L. T.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

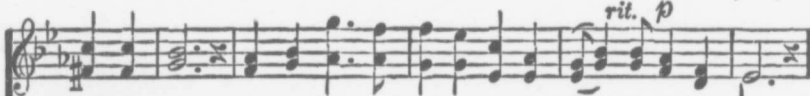
W. L. Thompson.



1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est



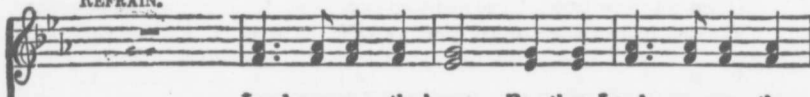
end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from



Thee I'll roam, If Thou't on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.



REFRAIN.



Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther.

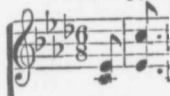


Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

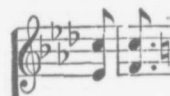
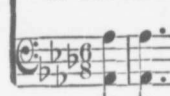


No. 146.

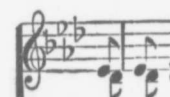
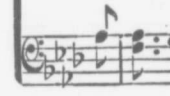
G. M. J.
Slowly, w



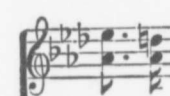
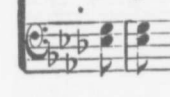
1. The Spir-i
2. The Spir-i
3. The Spir-i
4. The old m



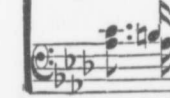
"Dear lit-tle
"The harves
The sil-ver
"I've waste



"Sweet Spir
"O Spirit,"
"O Spir-it,"
The Spir-it



Some oth-e
Some oth-e
Some oth-e
No oth-e

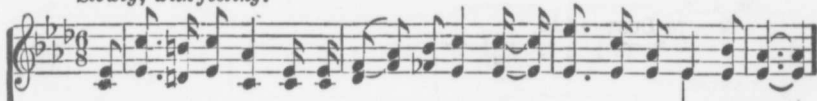


No. 146.

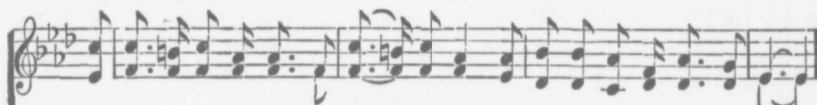
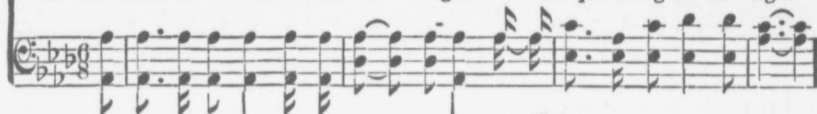
Some Other Day,

G. M. J.
Slowly, with feeling.

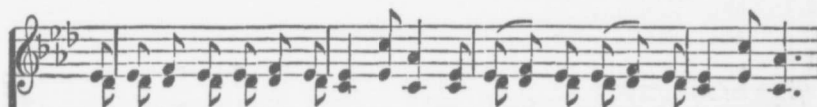
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS. Gertrude Manly Jones.



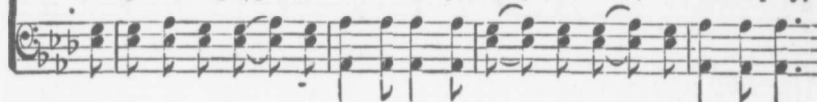
1. The Spir-it once came to an in-no-cent child And plead in the tend'rest tone;
2. The Spir-it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a loving and ten-der plea;
3. The Spir-it plead thus with the toil-worn man: "Make haste while God's grace shall last.
4. The old man now leans on his trembling staff With a quavering bit-ter sigh:



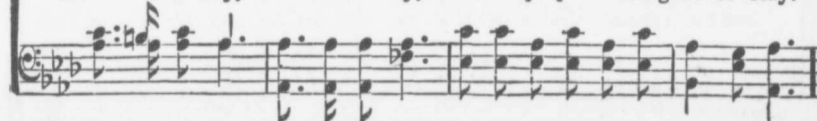
"Dear lit-tle one, let me come in-to thy heart, And make it for-ev-er my own."
 "The harvest is ready, there's work to be done, A-rise, God is calling for thee."
 The sil-ver is tinging thy locks of brown, Thy years now are slipping by fast."
 "I've wasted a life-time in sin," he cried, "And now I am go-ing to die:



"Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go away; For childhood is only for fun and play;
 "O Spirit," he cried, "leave me, I pray, The pleasures of earth hold me in sway;
 "O Spir-it," he cried, "I should obey, But I am too bus-y and tired to pray;
 The Spir-it, long slighted, has flown away; No hope, no God, I can-not pray;



Some oth-er day, some oth-er day; When I am old-er, I'll bid Thee stay."
 Some oth-er day, some oth-er day; Then, Ho-ly Spir-it, I'll bid Thee stay."
 Some oth-er day, some oth-er day; When I have time I will bid Thee stay."
 No oth-er day, no oth-er day; The Ho-ly Spir-it has gone to stay."



No. 147. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Fred H. Byshe.

Introduction.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace, flowing boundless and free,
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words, "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me.
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me.
So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me.
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me.

CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;

Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

Chor

No. 148.

Alfred H. Ack

Introduction.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in :
2. Why should I
3. Wound - ed an

Wait - ing for
When the dees
Long - ing for

CHORUS OR QU

Some - bod - y

He is the

Chorus Choir Selections.

No. 148. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

Introduction.

Legato.

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

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

CHORUS OF QUARTET.

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

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

No. 149. Glinging Glose to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . . What a
 2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . . What is
 3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . . And will

glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . . Bless-ed fel-low-ship ours
 there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . . . For His love lights the way
 rest in the love that is full and free; . . . Cling-ing ev-er to Him,

all the way a-long, As my glad-ness voi-ces it-self in song. . .
 that my feet must tread, And Faith's day-star bright-ens the path a-head. . .
 of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav-ior, ev-er to be my King. . .

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 150.

Lizzie DeArmond.

1. Hark to the
 2. For-ward with
 3. Hark to the

white, to the
 read-y and
 har-vest be

call-ing, H
 ply-ing, I
 dream-ing, Lo

gold-en yield,
 rest so near,
 help-ing hand,

Forth with joy-

one and all;

No. 150. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day; Fields are all
2. For - ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste; Grain there is
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have treas - ures so rare; Soon will the

white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way! Ev - er the Mas - ter is
read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath - ered, will waste; Then let us hear you re -
har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro - phies to share. Let no one be i - dly

call - ing, Has - ten! the shad - ows are fall - ing; On to the har - vest - field, Gath - er the
ply - ing, La - bor with cour - age un - dy - ing, Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the
dream - ing, Look! look! the har - vest is gleam - ing, Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a

CHORUS or QUARTET.

gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
rest so near, Rest at home. Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng;
help - ing hand, Ere the night.

Forth with joy - ful, lov - ing heart, Bravely do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste!

one and all; On where the har - vest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 151.

Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne di-vine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleed-ing, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so full-y He .prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled and died,
 love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

rit.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
 won-der-ful!

die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
 won-der-ful!

No. 152. R

Geo. Birdseye.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je-s
 2. Raise me, Je-s
 3. Raise me, Je-s

Let me feel Th
 That will van-is
 Raise me from th

SOLO.

I am wear-y with
 In my anguish deig
 Oh, I feel that Thou

pray Thee Lift
 giv-en, Lift
 near me, Lift

world of sin and

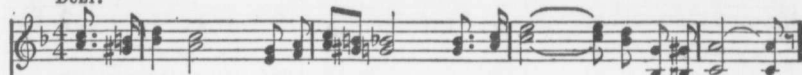
No. 152. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

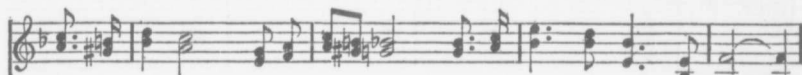
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.



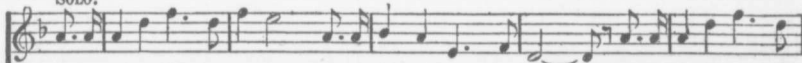
1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .



Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .



SOLO.



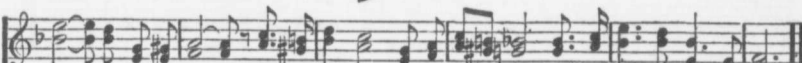
I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee-ling at Thy feet, I
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry



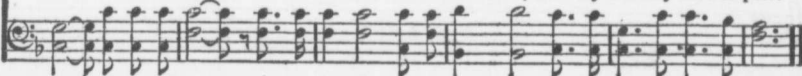
CHORUS OF QUARTET.



pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .



world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.



No. 153. Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Zundel.

Introduction. *Andante.*

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
 2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
 3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, Be - yond the fare - well and the

sleeping, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 shading, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
 greeting, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon.

dim.

Solo.

CHORUS. *Accomp.* Love, rest, and Home, sweet.....

I shall..... be soon;

Home. CHORUS. *Accomp.* Lord, tar - ry

Love, rest and Home,..... sweet..... Home.

not, I
 CHORUS.
 Lord, tar - ry

No. 154.

Mrs. Ophelia Adair

1. I love to thin
 2. I love to thin
 3. I love to thin

And that I soon
 The dai - ly griefs
 And that I need

REFRAIN.

He knows it all,.....
 He knows it

Thy bit - ter tears..
 Thy bit -

Beyond the Smiling.

Solo.

not, Lord, tar - ry not,..... but come, but come.

CHORUS.

Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come.

Musical score for 'Beyond the Smiling'. It features a solo line and a chorus line with piano accompaniment. The solo line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The chorus line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'p', and a 'D.S.' marking at the end of the piano part.

No. 154. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Fa-ther knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The strength or weak - ness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be - side.
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all,..... He knows it all,..... My Father knows,..... He knows it all;

He knows it all, He knows it all, My Father knows He knows it all;

Thy bit-ter tears..... how fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
Thy bitter tears how fast they fall!—

Zundel.

Musical score for 'Zundel'. It features a solo line and a chorus line with piano accompaniment. The solo line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The chorus line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'p', and a 'D.S.' marking at the end of the piano part.

soon.
soon.
soon.

tar - ry

Musical score for 'soon.' and 'tar - ry'. It features a solo line and a chorus line with piano accompaniment. The solo line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The chorus line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'p'.

No. 155.

All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Hail,

Hail to the King we
 Im-man-u-el

Hail, In
 Hail,

Wis-dom and po
 Wis - - do

Hail,
 Hail to the King we

Im-man-u-el, In

Hail, Im -
 Hail,

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el Hail,

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

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

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

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

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el Hail,

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

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

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

No. 156 a. The Word of God Shall Stand.

F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank C. Huston.

(To the Montross Bible Conference, Dr. B. A. Torrey, Pres.)

1. The word of God shall ev - er stand, Tho' stormed by ev-'ry foe; Up-
2. God's word has stood the fier - y darts Of all the sia - ful world; And
3. Then sound we forth His glo - rious word To souls of all the earth, To

held by His al - migh - y hand, No pow'rs can o - ver - throw. Tho' all the
skep - tics all thro' a - ges past Their fier - est blows have hurled; It stands un -
tell them of the Fa - ther's love, And Je - sus' matchless worth. It is the

pow'rs of hell en - gage, And hosts of sin as - sail God's wondrous might, His
moved, a might - y rock, 'Gainst cruel hate and scorn, To bless the na - tions
Spir - it's might - y sword No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho' Heav'n and earth may

CHORUS.

changeless word Shall ev - er - more pre - vail.
of the earth, And na - tions yet un - born. The word of God shall stand, Shall
be re - moved, God's word shall stand for aye.

stand unchanged for - ev - er; In ev - 'ry clime and land The world shall

The

own its sway.

Grand.
Tho' Heav'n and e

No. 156 b.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Thou, my ev -
2. Not for ease
3. Lead me thro'

D. S.—All a - long m
D. S.—Glad - ly will l
D. S.—Then the gate o

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee,

The Word of God Shall Stand.

own its sway. The word of God shall stand, Its foes can change it nev - er;

Grand.

Tho' Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, God's word shall stand for-ev - er.

No. 156 b. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

55

FINE.

D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.

D.S.—Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 157.

A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry!
Vic - to - ry! vic - to -

echoes reach the
ech - oes reach the

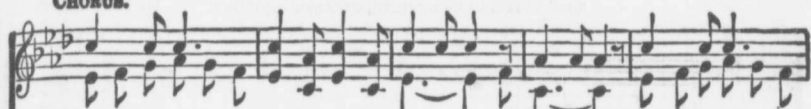
now His flag fr
flag from shore

soldier stands, br
sol - - - dier

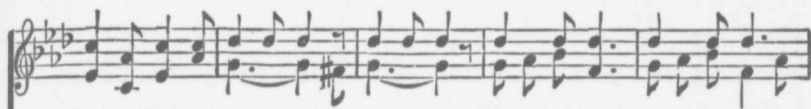
He commands;
mands;

A Song of Victory.

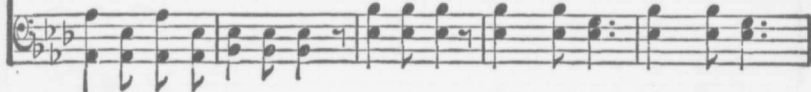
CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo - rious



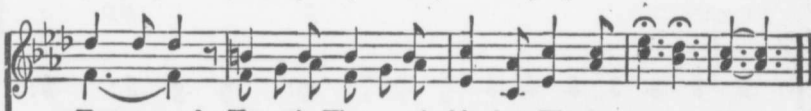
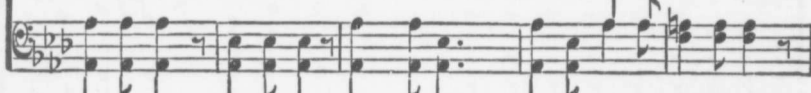
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be un - furld His



now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; . . . Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, . . . Glad - ly o - bey - ing in what - so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.



No. 158. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

H. R. Palmer

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, *p* Peace . . . be still . . . *pp*
 Peace, be still peace, be still

Mast

Wheth-er the wrath o

cres.
 ev-er it be,

Mas-ter of o-ces

bey Thy will,

sweet-ly o-bey

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

mer.
high
day;
rest;
nigh;
pray
breast;
leep,
oul;
ore;
deep?
-trol.
shore.
still

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

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o -

m *p*

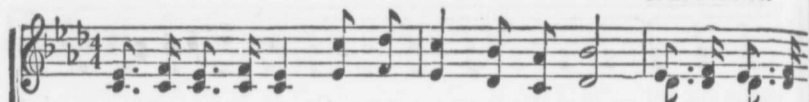
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

p *pp*



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still

No. 159. The House That Stood the Storm.

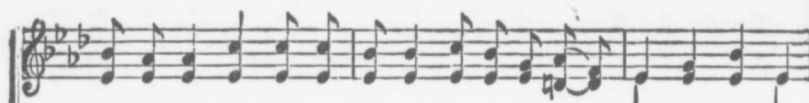
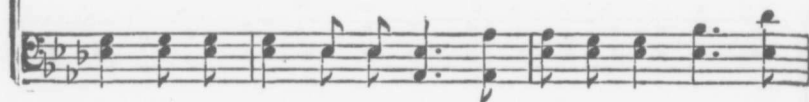
J. B. Herbert.




“Who-so-ev-er hear-eth these say-ings of mine, Who-so-ev-er
D.C.—“Who-so-ev-er hear-eth these say-ings of mine, Who-so-ev-er




hear-eth these say-ings of mine, and do-eth them not, and
hear-eth these say-ings of mine, and do-eth them well, and




do-eth them not, shall be lik-ened un-to a foolish man, which built his
do-eth them well, shall be lik-ened un-to a wise man, which built his



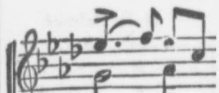
FINE *mf*




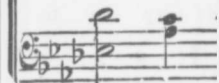
house up-on the sand.” “And the rains de-scend-ed, and the
house up-ou a rock.”



The I



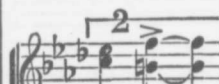
floods came, s




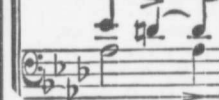
beat, and beat




fell.. i



fell not!



rock!....



The House That Stood the Storm.

Herbert.

so - ev - er
so - ev - er

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

it, and
ell, and

beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it

fell.. it fell.. and.. great was the fall there - of." *1* *slower.* *2* *very deliberately.* *D. C.*

ich built his
ich built his

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found-ed up-on a

and the

rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,
up - on a rock!

rock!

No. 160.

Steadily Marching On.

Ada Blenkhorn:
Fannie J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho-san-nal Praise the Lord with
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e-ter-nal Glo-ry be to

glad ac-claim; Lift up your hearts un-to His throne with glad-ness,
God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness,

Mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name. March-ing a-long un-der His
Join the cho-rus of the sky. Still march-ing on, cheer-i-ly

ban-ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer-cy as we go, trust-ing we go,
march-ing on, In the ranks of Je-sus we will go, ev-er we'll go,

His light di-vine ten-der-ly o'er us will shine;
Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly home, where the blest

We shall be g
Gath-er and p

CHORUS.

Stead-i-ly march

Stead-i-ly march

Stead-i-ly march

To the realm

Steadily Marching On.

We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
Gath - er and praise the Savior's name, praise Him for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Stead-i - ly march-ing on, with our ban - ner wav - ing o'er us,

Stead-i - ly march-ing on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus;

Stead-i - ly march - ing on, pil - lar and cloud go - ing be - fore us;

To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

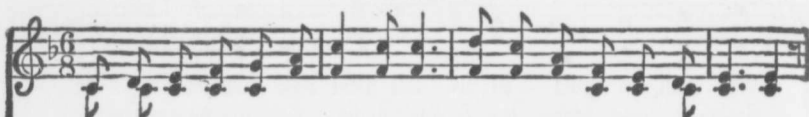
No. 161.

Harvest-Time is Here.

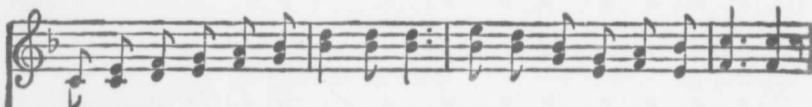
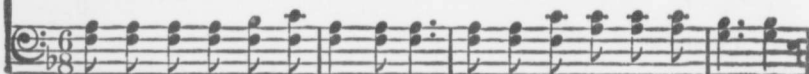
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

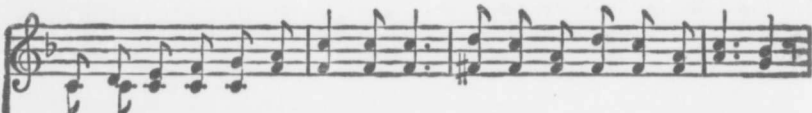
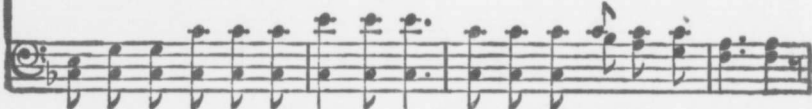
Chas. H. Gabriel.



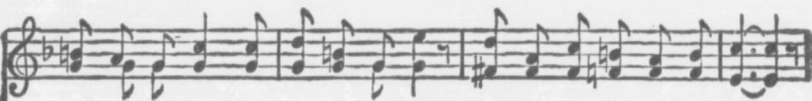
- 1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
- 2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
- 3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



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



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



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



CHORUS.



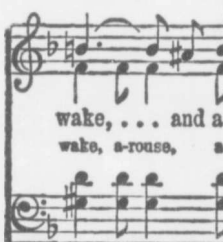
Far and
Far and wide, yea,



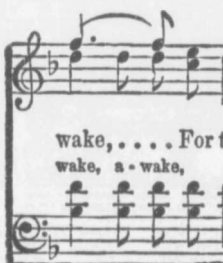
field all
.....
field all gold-en,



sun is
sun is high, the



wake, . . . and a
wake, a-rouse, a



wake, For t
wake, a-wake,

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

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

Does the

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

 field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

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

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

1st & 2d verses. After last verse only.

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

No. 162.

Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Christ, our
Glo - ry
Laud and

CHORUS.

Sing ho -

Laud and

Crown Him,

Glo-ry to G

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign!
Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-quers our ev - 'ry foe!
Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,

Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!

No. 163.

Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A-wake! a-wake! and sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-
2. Ring out! ^{A-wake!}ring out! ^{a-wake!}ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out! ring out!

wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
peat, ^{A-wake!}re-peat ^{a-wake!}a new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all ^{A-wake!}the
^{Re-peat,} ^{re-peat,} Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo-ry, And light is beam-ing
earth ^{a-wake!}shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout ^{And light}is beam-ing
the earth. ^{And shout} a-new the

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.

ho - vah reig

joice! lift

FULL HARMON

Pro-claim His t

glo - rio
grand and glo-ri

Re - joice!
Re - jo

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
 sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
 pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
 grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
 Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

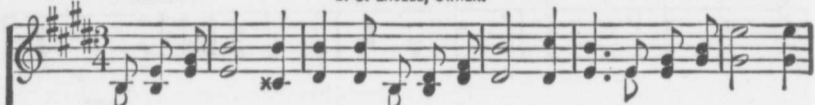
No. 164.

The Banner of the Cross.

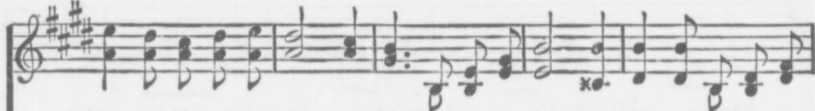
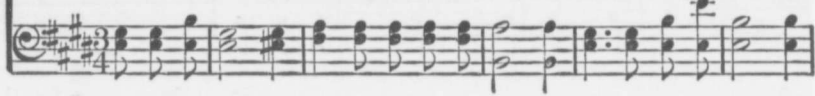
E. M. Bangs.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

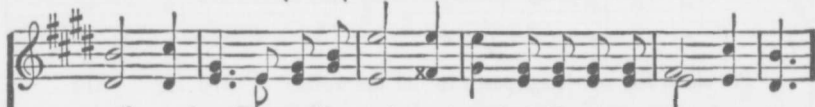
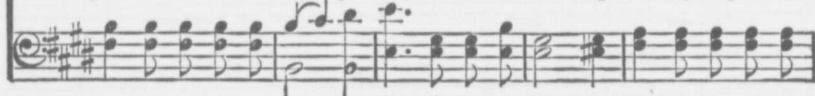
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



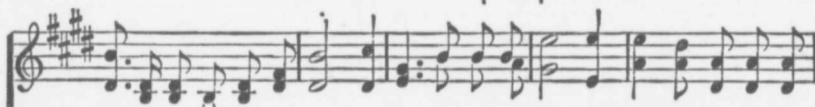
bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our goodsword, Resistance, Will hold and pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we



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



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



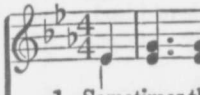
vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors



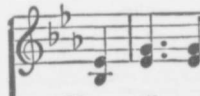
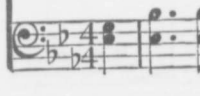
now we to

No. 164 a

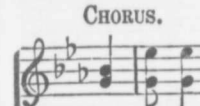
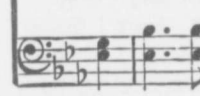
Eben E. Rexford.



1. Sometimes tl
2. When gropin
3. O bea-co

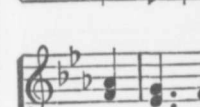
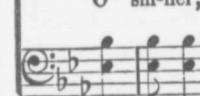


Un - til sucl
Then lol the
Flash earth-wa

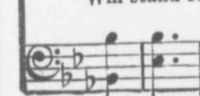


CHORUS.

O sin-ner, l



Will stand for



The Banner of the Cross.

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

No. 164 a The Beacon of the Cross.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sometimes the mists of doubt and sin Will gath-er round the way we tread,
2. When groping blind-ly thro' the dark, "Lord, we have lost the way," we cry;
3. O bea-con, burn for-ev-er-more Above sin's dang'rous reef and shoal,—

Un - til such darkness shuts us in; We can - not see the path a-head.
Then lo! the heav'nward path to mark, His cross stands out a-against the sky.
Flash earth-ward from the heav'nly shore—The land-mark of the Christian soul.

CHORUS.

O sin-ner, look to Calv'ry's hill, The cross of Christ is stand-ing still—

Will stand for-ev-er-more, to show Earth's wand'ring children where to go.

No. 165. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell.

S. Wilder.

SOLO OBLIGATO.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
Accompanying voices pp.
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
 fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
 si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-

sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat,
 sides moresweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
 faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 get to beat, If I for-get the mer - cy-seat!

111

No. 166.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Je-sus is ten-d
 2. Je-sus is call-i
 3. Je-sus is waiti
 4. Je-sus is pleadi

Why from the sunsh
 Bring Him thy burd
 Come with thy sins,
 They who be-lieve o

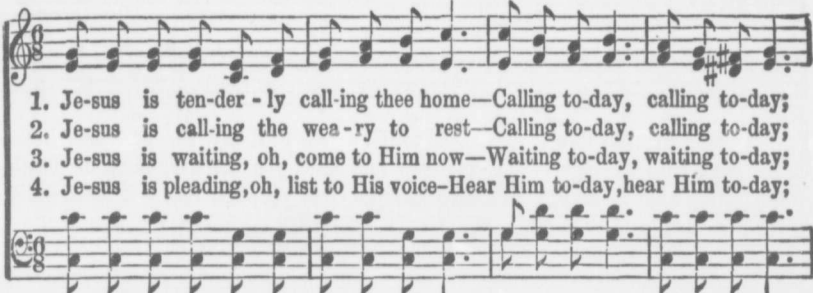
CHORUS.
 Call - ing
 Call - ing, call - ing

Je - sus
 Je - sus is ten - der -

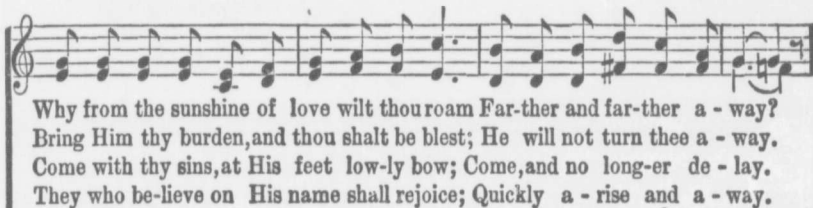
Invitation Hymns.

No. 166. Jesus is Calling.

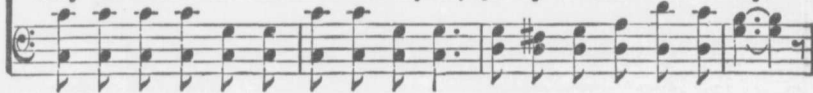
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. George C. Stebbins.



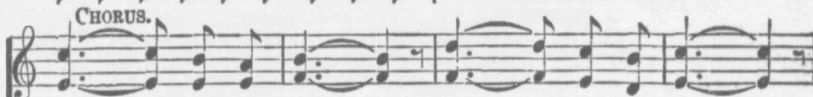
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



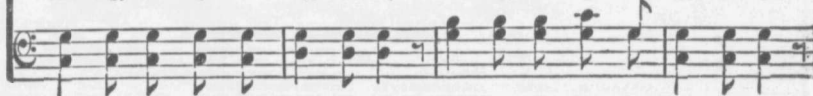
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.



CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,



No. 167. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.
DUET.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON,
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Louis D. Eichhorn.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der - ly
 2. For with you the Spir - it will not al - ways plead—O do not re-
 3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor - row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur - dened heart
 ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the dark - ness of death,
 bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par - don so full and so free. . . .
 Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to -
 And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . heav'n - ly light.
 His way. Why not say Yes to the

night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen - tly, so
 Sav - ior to - night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to - night?

ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night!
 ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 168.

Ei Nathan.

1. While we pray an
 2. You have wander
 3. In the world you
 4. Come to Christ, co

While our Fa - the
 Do not turn fron
 Come to Christ, on
 Trust in Him fron

CHORUS

Why not now? . . .
 Why not now?

Why not now? . . .
 Why not now?

No. 168.

Why Not Now?

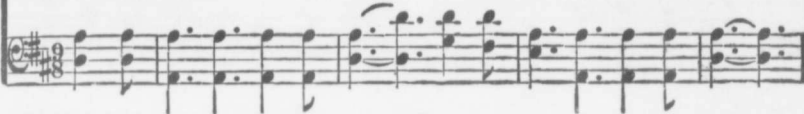
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

C. C. Case.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



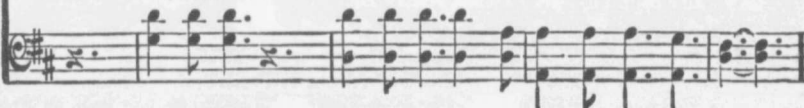
CHORUS



Why not now? . . . why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? . . . why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



No. 169.

I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's
 2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant
 3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
 4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous -
 5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His

joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
 to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
 sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
 ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.

I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,

Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I

now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

No. 170.

Ina Duk
DUE!

1. Who wi
 2. Who ca
 4. Who wi
 3. Who ca

As fo
 Make n
 Share m
 Love an

CHORUS

Je - sus

He will

No. 170.

Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
 4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears! Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par-don I im - plore? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
 Make me pure with-out, with-in? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
 Love and keep me. to the end? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
 sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!

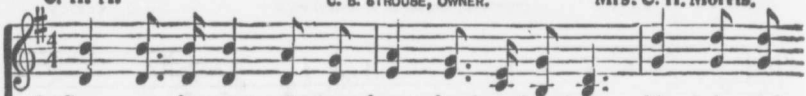
No. 171.

Almost Decided.

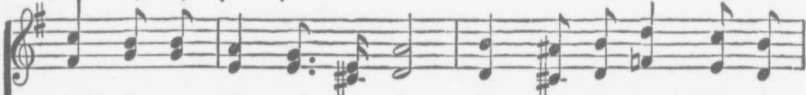
C. H. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY PEPPER PUBLISHING CO.
C. B. STROUSE, OWNER.

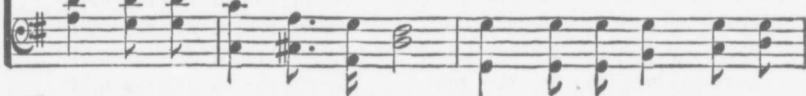
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Some one for years at your heart has been knock-ing, Knock-ing and
 2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path has been shin-ing, To - kens of
 3. Haste, oh make haste, for the night is ap - proach - ing, Soon will thy
 4. Al - most de - cid - ed, why not al - to - geth - er? Al - most de -



plead - ing a - gain and a - gain; Out - side the door He's been
 treas - ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free - ly
 day of pro - ba - tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not
 cid - ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to - day and be



pa - tient - ly stand - ing, Will you per - mit Him to plead thus in vain?
 thine, for the ask - ing, If un - to Him thou wilt o - pen the door.
 al - ways stand pleading, Haste, lest He leave to re - turn nev - er - more.
 wise in thy choos - ing, Christ or the world, oh con - sid - er the cost.



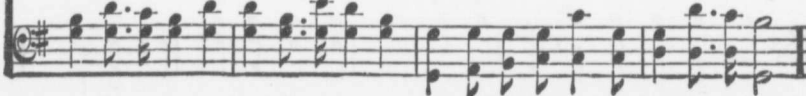
CHORUS.



Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, Life is un - cer - tain, why will ye de - lay?

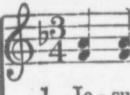


Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, Oh why not fully de - cid - ed to - day?

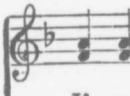


No. 172.

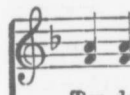
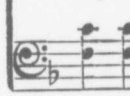
Fanny J. C.



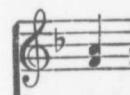
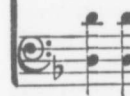
1. Je - su
 2. Je - su
 3. Je - su
 4. What



If yo
 How c
 What
 Say n



Ten - de
 Now H
 O - v
 Blesse



Will y
 Will y
 Will y
 Now



No. 172. Will You be Saved To-Night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

Fanny J. Crosby. Changed by H. T. C.

Mrs. I. E. Willson

1. Je - sus is plead - ing with thy poor soul, Will you be saved to - night?
 2. Je - sus has died on the cross for thee, Will you be saved to - night?
 3. Je - sus is knock - ing at thy closed heart, Will you be saved to - night?
 4. What if that voice you should hear no more, Will you be saved to - night?

If you be - lieve, He will make thee whole, Will you be saved to - night?
 How can thy heart so un - grate - ful be, Will you be saved to - night?
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part, Will you be saved to - night?
 Say now I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night.

Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day,
 Now He will save thee by grace di - vine, Now, if you will, you may call Him thine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice you hear, Soft - ly it falls on thy lis - t'ning ear,
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my fol - ly, for - give my sin,

Will you go on in the same old way, Or will you be saved to - night?
 Will you the fol - lies of sin re - sign, Oh, will you be saved to - night?
 Will you re - ject Him, this Friend so dear, Or will you be saved to - night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night.

No. 173.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
 2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
 4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word,
 wash-es white as snow. } On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
 you are ful-ly blest. } He will save you, He will save you, He will } save you now.
 joys im-mor-tal flow.

No. 174.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Happy day, hap-py day,
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Happy day, hap-py day,

FINE **D. S.**
 3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

No. 175.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
 3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
 4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

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

No. 176.

L. H.

1. I hear Thy

CHORUS.
 I am

2 Tho' coming
 Thou dost my
 Thou dost my
 Till spotless al

No. 177.

Chariot

1. Just
 2. Just
 3. Just

come to
 cleanse e
 in, wit

No. 178.

Mrs. H.

1 I hear t

CHORUS.
 Je-s

2 Lord, now
 Thy power,
 Can change
 And melt t

No. 176.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 Thou' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure. | 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above. | 4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do. |
|---|---|---|

No. 177.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 178.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. | 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. | 4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat. |
|---|--|---|

No. 179. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. { List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood? } Par-don free-ly giv-en, Cleans-ing
 { Je-sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the blood? }

CHORUS.

you for heav-en. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
 Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Claim Him as your Savior,
 He can save forever.
- 3 He can wash you white as snow,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 And the witness you may know,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 You can know the hour
 Of His dying power.
- 4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Don't reject the Spirit's call,
 Will you be saved by the blood?
 Grace is all abounding,
 Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 180. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. G. Fischer, D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
 Cmo.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee!
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
 "I will cleanse you from all sin!"
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.
- 4 In the promises I trust
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

No. 181. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. Ogden, FINE

1. { I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The mes-sage un-to you I'll give; }
 { 'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live," }

2. { I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you; }
 { 'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true. }

D. C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live."

- 3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
 Eternal life thy soul shall have;
 If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
 Look to Jesus who alone can save.
- 4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
 To Jesus when He made me whole:
 'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
 I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 182.

C. H. G.

1. { God is call-ing }
 { Tho' you're wad }

CHORUS.

Call -
 Call-ing no

Call -
 Call-ing no

- 2 Patient, lov
 Hear, O b
 Oh! return v
 Hear His

No. 18

Rev. J.

1. { There' }
 { He b }

Let I

- 2 Open now
 Let Hi
 If you wait
 Let H
 Let Him in
 He your so
 He will kee
 Let H

No. 182.

Galling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is calling the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
1. The' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit, for thee:] calling still. (calling still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing now for thee..... O wear - - - y prod-i-gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

Call - - - ing now for thee..... O wear - - - y prod-i-gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.</p> | <p>3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 183.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
He has been there oft be-fore, [Omit] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

D. S.—Let Him in. D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.</p> | <p>3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.</p> | <p>4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heav'n,
Let Him in.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 184. Wash Me in the Blood.

W. Cowper.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

First Tune. CHORUS.

E. O. Excell.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, Savior wash..... me in the blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav-ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.

No. 185. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains; D.C. guilty stains;
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 186. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains. Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay. And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

No. 187.

Rev. E.

1. { Down at the
There to my
I am so
There at the
D.C. - There to

CHORUS.

Glo-ry

No. 188

Wm. M

1. { I am c
I am c

Under the

No. 189

Charle

1. { O
Th
2. { Ne
T

Bless

3 He breaks
His blood c

No. 187. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 { There to my heart was the blood applied; }
 2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 { There at the cross where He took me in; }
 D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D. C.

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

No. 188. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL

E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; } full sal-va-tion find. Hal-le-lu-jah!
 { I am counting all but dross; I shall }

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
 Long has evil reign'd within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store,
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 189. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name }
 2. { 'Ne - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name }

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc, 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc, When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

Excell.
 blood of the Lamb.
 in the snow.

Mason.
 oiced to see
 s day;
 tho' vile as he,
 way.
 Thy precious
 power, [blood
 d Church of God
 more
 I saw the
 supply [stream
 been my theme,
 lie.
 weeter song,
 to save,
 ing, stammering
 ave. [tongue

O' Kane.
 ith blood, Drawn
 h that flood, Lose
 y sins a - way.

No. 190. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 191. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

No. 192. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;
 3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
 Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

No. 193.

James Nichol

1. { Lord Je - su
 { I want Thee
 2. { Lord Je - su
 { And help m

Now wash me
 D

3 Lord Jesus, for
 I wait, blessed
 By faith, for my
 Now wash me,

No. 194.

F. A. S.

1. { Lead me,
 { Wash me,
 D.S. - Wash me,

REFRAIN.
 Whit -
 Whit - or than

2 Guide me, O my
 For I know not
 Guide me to the
 Make me white

No. 195.

Unknown

CHO - 'Tis the o
 1. It was good

2 Makes
 3 It has
 4 It was
 5 It was

No. 193. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
 { I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know;
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; }

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. | 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. |
|---|---|

No. 194. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; }
 { Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; }
 D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me,

O make.
 Make....me white as snow.
 Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,
 Whit-er than the snow, yes, whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, yes, whit-er than the snow,

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow. | 3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow. | 4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow. |
|--|--|---|

No. 195. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 2 Makes me love everybody. | 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace. |
| 3 It has saved our fathers. | 7 It was good for Paul and Silas. |
| 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel. | 8 It will do when I am dying. |
| 5 It was good for the Hebrew children. | 9 It will take us all to heaven. |

No. 196.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 197.

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
 doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er come!
 but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most - but lost."

No. 198.

BY PER. W.
 W. L. T.

1. Soft - ly
 2. Why s
 3. Time i
 4. Think

At the l
 Why sho
 Shadows
 Tho' we

CHORUS
 Come ho

Ear-ne

No. 199

Rev. E.

1. { What a
 { What a
 2. { Oh, how
 { Oh, how
 3. { What h
 { I have t

CH
 Lean
 Leaning

No. 198.

Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.
 Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 199. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

USED BY PERMISSION.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 2. { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- }
 3. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 4. { Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlast- }
 5. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 6. { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- }
 ing arms.

CHORUS.
 Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning the everlasting arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

No. 200. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY M. L. GILMOUR.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. { If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
 { If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 2. { It 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
 { Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,
 3. { If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
 { If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
 4. { If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
 { If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.
 Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
 [Last.] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-
 ject Him no more, Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

No. 201.

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;

Your Sav-our is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur - den of sin?
 Your Sav-our is long - ing to bless you; There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.
 Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 202.

B. M. J.

1. { When the
 { When the
 2. { On that
 { When His
 3. { Let us
 { Then wh

morn - ing
 glo - ry
 talk of

CHORUS.
 When the
 W

No. 203.

W. E. WITT

1. While Je - sus
 2. Are you too
 3. O hear His

Now is the
 Je - sus wil
 While Je - sus

No. 202. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. { When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
3. { When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
4. { Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
5. { Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 203. While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. WITTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 204. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 205. At The Cross.

Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON,
USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson.

1. { Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way,

No. 206.

R. L.

1. Shall we
2. On the
3. Ere we
4. Soon we

crys-tal
walk and
spir-its
hap-py

at the
at the

No. 207.

Unknown

1. Come to
2. He will

Je - sus,
save yo

No. 206. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray; We shall
 3. Ere we reach the shing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down, Grace our
 4. Soon we'll reach the shing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing from the throne of God?
 walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day. { Yes, we'll gath-er
 spir-its will de-liv-er And pro-vide a robe and crown. { Gather with the saints
 hap-py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel-o-dy of peace.

at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beauti-ful riv-er,
 at the riv-er, That flows from the throne of God.

No. 207. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
 save you, He will save you just now.

- 3 He is able.
- 4 He is willing.
- 5 Call upon Him.
- 6 He will hear you.
- 7 He'll forgive you.
- 8 He will cleanse you.
- 9 Jesus loves you.
- 10 Only trust Him.

No. 208.

O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL. USED BY PER.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner harden
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh,
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fuses none Who would to Him their souls unite; Believe, o - bey, the

CHORUS.

not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
 then be wise, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? O why
 stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
 work is done, Be saved, O to-night. O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O why not to-night?

No. 209.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
 2. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
 3. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
 Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
 To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
 He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
 Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
 Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

No. 210.

Sabine Goul

1. Onward,
 2. At the si
 3. Like a m
 4. Onward, t

Christ the r
 Hell's foun
 We are n
 Glo-ry, la

REFRAIN
 Onward, C

No. 211.

Thomas

1. Bright-ly gl
 2. Je - sus, I
 3. All our da

D.C. - Brightly gl

Journeying o
 Oft - en hav
 Bid thine an-

Devotional Hymns.

No. 210. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
 3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
 Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 211. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter.

Second Tune.

Haydn.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
 3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

D.C.-Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
 Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
 Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 212. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word,
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 213. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
 4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 214.

E. O. E.

1. I have
 2. I have
 3. I have
 4. I have

Since I

Since I

No. 215

Grace We

1. Since I
 2. Since He
 3. Since we
 4. Since I

sought and
 healed me
 day in
 life to

glo - ry

No. 214. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed, Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 215. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul
glo-ry in my soul

No. 216.

My Happy Home.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor - rows have an end?
 2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone Most glo - rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl,
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
 Have nev - er yet been seen.
 And prais - es nev - er end.

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 217.

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the gio - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 218

E. E. He

1. Down in -
 2. Down in -
 3. Down in -

Tho' with
 Till the
 Ev - er th

CHORUS

To Cal -

His voi

No. 2

Johns

Slow,

1. { There
 { None

D. C.—The

CHORUS

Je

2 No frien
 And yet

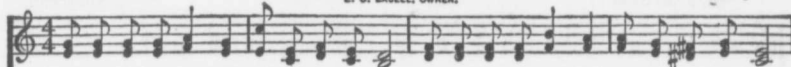
3 There's
 No nigh

No. 218. To Galvary I Will Go.

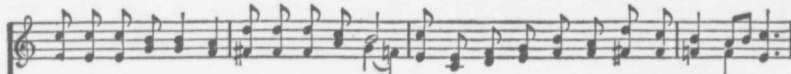
E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

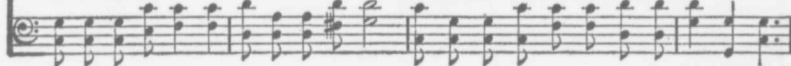
Jno. R. Sweney.



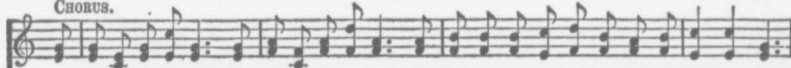
1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak - ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep - er, deep - er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow - ing from the cross, Let the might - y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;



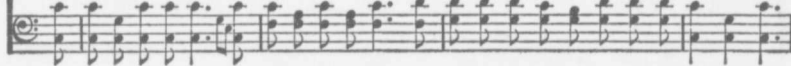
Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di - vine, Mak - ing "earth - en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash - ing there the gar - ments for the feast a - bove.



CHORUS.



To Cal - v'ry I will go, The bless - ed Word I know, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;



His voice is call - ing still, To "Who - so - ev - er will;" Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep - er go.



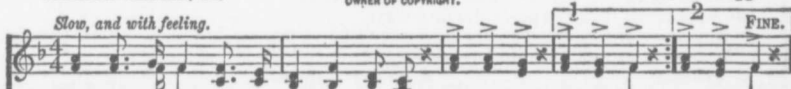
No. 219. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

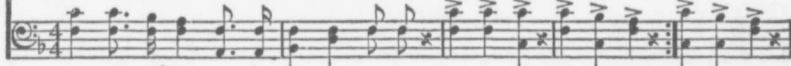
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
- { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!



D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!

CHORUS.

D. C.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles, He will guide till the day is done;



- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc. | 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc. |
| 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc. | 5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc. |

No. 220.

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY.

MUSIC BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

W. OWEN.

1. { O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost; }
 { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost! }
 2. { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he; }
 { The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three! }
 3. { Will you sur - rend - er to this Sav - iour? To His scept - re hum - bly bow? }
 { You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now. }

CHORUS

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
 Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 221.

"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. BLISS.

1. { "Who-so-ever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around; }
 { Tell the joyful news wher - ev - er man is found: }
 2. { Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may; }
 { Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way: }
 3. { "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev - er must endure; }
 { "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more: }

FINE CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will." Send the
 D.S. "Who-so-ev-er will may come,"
 D. S.
 proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 222

W. A. O.

1. 'Tis

'Tis the

CHORUS
 He is

Tho' by

No. 223

C. H.

1. { F... }
 2. { H... }
 3. { H... }

CHORUS

3 He
 I
 Jus
 I

No. 222. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

OWEN.



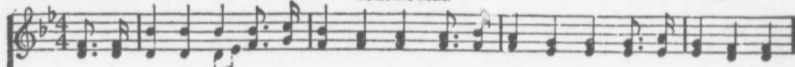
e lost; }
l cost; }
o' he; }
three! }
y bow? }
u now. }



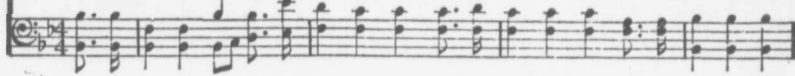
He do?
He



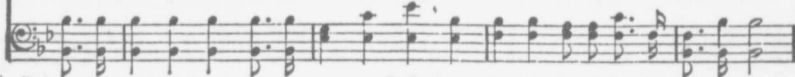
ing!
ing!



1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

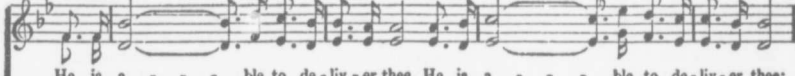


'Tis the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

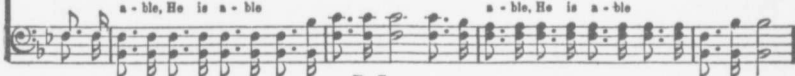


D. S. - "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

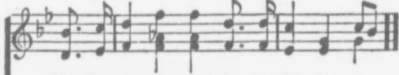


He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee;



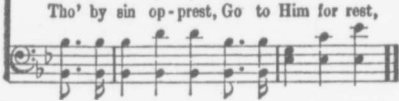
a - ble, He is a - ble a - ble, He is a - ble

D. S.



Tho' by sin op-press, Go to Him for rest,

2 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal strain; -
'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."



3 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

BLISS.



ld around;

you may;

endure;



end the



er home:



D. S.



er home:

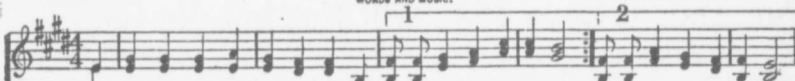


No. 223. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

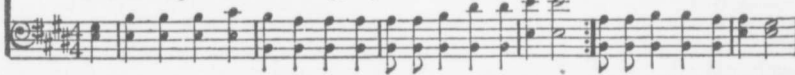
C. H. G.

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

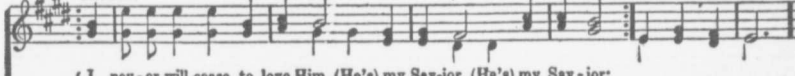
Chas. H. Gabriel.



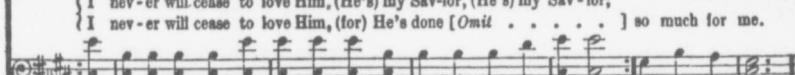
1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I [Omit] nev-er will cease to love Him.
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He leads and guides me all the way, I [Omit] nev-er will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



{ I nev-er will cease to love Him, (He's) my Sav-ior, (He's) my Sav-ior;
{ I nev-er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done [Omit] so much for me.



3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 224. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bogar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley

1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:

I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 225. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65.

Tune above.

1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Bless he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

No. 226. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace tho
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 227

William

1. { Guide me
I am v
2. { O - pen
Let the

want no m
strength and st

No. 228

1 On the mot
Lo! the s
Welcome n
Zion, lon
Mourni
God him:

2 Has thy nig
Have thy
Have thy fi
By thy si
Cease!
Zion still

3 God, thy G
He himse
All thy foes
Here thei
Great
Zion's K

No. 230

Thoma

1. { Hark! ten-
Je - sus re
D.C.—Hal - le -

Jesus
Je - sus rules

No. 227. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

First Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; }
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; } Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
 { Let the fiery, cloud-y pil-lar, Lead me all my journey through: }

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

No. 228. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance.
 Zion's King will surely send.

No. 229. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

- 1 O Thou God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin;
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise Thee;
 Where shall I Thy praise begin?
- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests His pardoning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall His glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 "Glory to the great I AM,"
 I with them will still be vying—
 "Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 230. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly.

Second Tune.

FINE

Lowell Mason.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; } See, He sits on yonder throne,
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, } See, He sits on yon-der throne,
 D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

D. C.

2 Jesus, hail whose glory brightens,
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on
 earth;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made
 Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

Jesus rules the world alone;
 Je-sus rules the world a-lone;

No. 231. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD,
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO.

R. KELSO CARTER

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro'-e-ter-nal a - ges let His prais-es
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's

ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
 sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
 cord, O - ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
 call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises.

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

No. 232. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.
Joyfully.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

GEO. F. ROOF.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-tur-n-ing from the wild; }
 See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child. }
 2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'r'er now is re-con-ciled; }
 Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransom'd child. }
 3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain, }
 Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain. }

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 233

M. M.

1. Ho - ly
 2. Ev - er
 3. When ou

D.C.—Whispe

Pil-grims
 Gro-ping
 Wonderin

No. 233

A. Rev

1. Ho - l

Chase the

No. 233

Regin

1. Ho - l
 2. Ho - l
 3. Ho - l
 4. Ho - l

Ho - l
 Cher - u
 On - l
 Ho - l

No. 233. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 234. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 235. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty
Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 236.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

FINE D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!</p> | <p>3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [sing,</p> | <p>4 Finish then Thy new-creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 237. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."</p> | <p>2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.</p> | <p>3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 238. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,

FINE D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped; and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright</p> | <p>3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.</p> | <p>4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|--|--|--|

No. 239

George

1. Stand up,

It must
And Chris

- 2 Stand up, sta
The trumpe
Forth to the
In His His
"Ye that are n
Against un
Your courage
And strengt

No. 240

- 1 The morning
The darkne
The sons of
To peniten
Each breeze
Brings tid
Of nations in
Prepared f

No. 241

Willia

1. O Je-

We bear th

- 1 O Jesus, Th
Outside th
In lowly pat
To pass th
We bear the
His name
O shame, th
To keep l

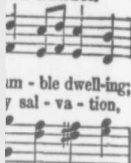
No. 239. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

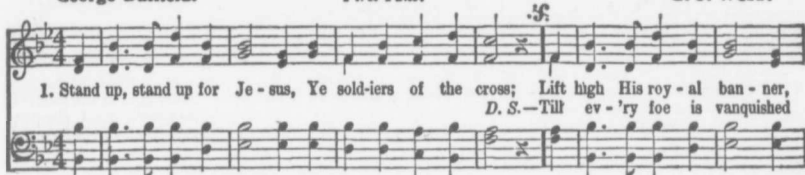
First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

hn Zundel.



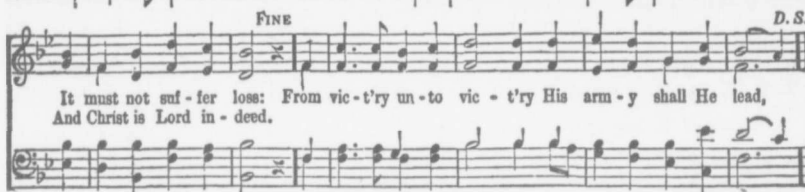
um - ble dwell - ing;
y sal - va - tion,



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold - iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished



e Thou art;



It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

rw - creation;
et us be;
at sal - vation,
in Thee:
y into glory,
ake our place,
wns before Thee,
re and praise.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

No. 240. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

men are dying,
lis for you,
idly saying,
can do!"
nk He gives you
pleasure be;
en He calleth,
rd, send me."

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations banding
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 241. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

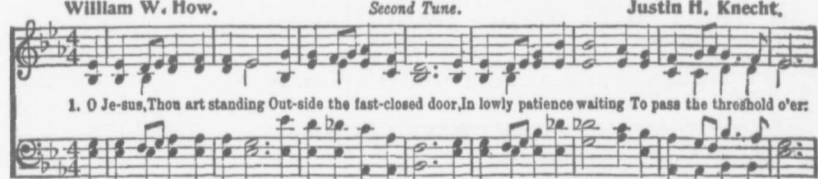
Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

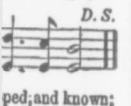
Mozart.



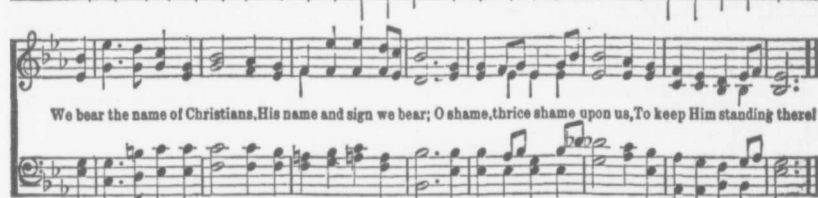
ed, for - sa - ken,
y con - di - tion,



1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:



ped; and known;



We bear the name of Christians. His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

grace to glory,
inged by prayer
y's before thee
le thee there,
earthly mission,
pilgrim days;
o glad fruition,
rayer to praise.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 242. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim - son tide o - pen'd for me; }
 O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }
 2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread - con - dem - na - tion I pine; }
 In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS.

rit.

Oh, sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love, Might - y to save.

- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 243. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As, in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

No. 244. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
 At Jesus pierced feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
 And His dear name repeat.

No. 245. Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 246

Benj. B.

1. Did Christ o'

- 1 Did Christ o'c
 And shall our
 Let tears of p
 Flow forth fro

No. 247

Bernard

1. Walk in the

- 2 Walk in the lig
 Thy heart ma
 Who dwells in
 In whom no d

No. 248

Timoth

1. I love Thy k

- 2 I love Thy C
 Her walls be
 Dear as the
 And gran

No. 249

Isaac V

1. { Then
 { In -
 2. { Sweet
 { So

spring a-l
 Moses stood

No. 246. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome.

Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 247. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered them.

No. 248. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

G. F. Handel.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our best Redeemer saved With His own precious blood

2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 249. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts.

First Tune.

J. C. H. Rink.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. } There ev - er - last - ing

2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green; }
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between. } Could we but climb where

spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordon's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 250.

Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts.

First Tune.

Thos. A. Arne.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas? | 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God? | 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. |
|---|---|--|

No. 251.

Amazing Grace.

John Newton.

Second Tune.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed! | 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far, | 4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise |
|---|--|--|

No. 252

The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr.

Third Tune.

John B. Dykes.

1. Jesus, the very tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see And in Thy presence rest.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name, | 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art! | 4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know. |
|--|--|--|

No. 253.

Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORDS. D.S.

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

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

take me as I am.

No. 254.

Samuel I

1. A-wake
2. He saw
3. Tho' num
4. When tro

His lov-in
His lov-in
His lov-in
His lov-in

No. 255

Isaac W

1. When I
2. For-bid

count bu
charm m

No. 256

Isaac V

1. Je - su
2. From

shore t
own th

No. 254. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley.

First Tune.

Anon.

peak His name?
f I would reign,
e, Lord;
dure the pain,
word.

1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,

Excell.
ind, let now I see.
ere tent hon-
un. [sand years
sing God's
egun. [praise

His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 255. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.

Bykes.
presence rest.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died. My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

No. 256. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

nigh, And
ou wilt, But
sake, And
move, Oh,
nigh, And
D. S.

1. Je - sus shall reign when e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name,

No. 257. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav - ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.

- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have:
 He make me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 258. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
 D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, 'I Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

No. 259. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 260.

D. W. C.

1. O thine
 2. O thine
 3. My Sav
 4. I'll soo

mor - tal an
 breathe on t
 sor - row a
 heart, o' - v

home over t
 friends over t
 now over t
 home over t

No. 261

Rev. Sat

1. { On Jor -
 To Ca -

We will res

Sing the so

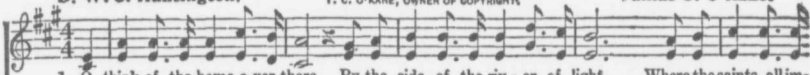
- 2 O'er all those v
 Shines one e
 There God the
 And scatter

No. 260. The Home Over There.

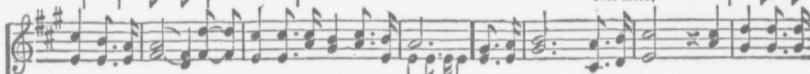
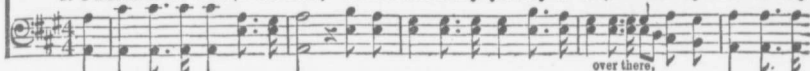
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

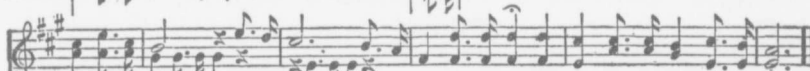
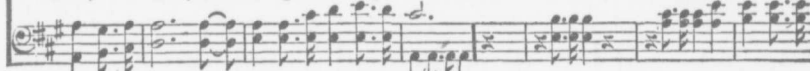
Tullius C. O'Kane.



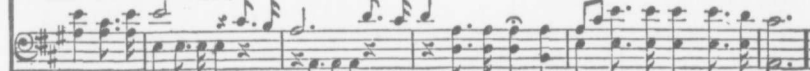
1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my



- mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
 breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav - ior is
 heart, o' - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at



- home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 now over there, My Sav - ior is now o-ver there,
 home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

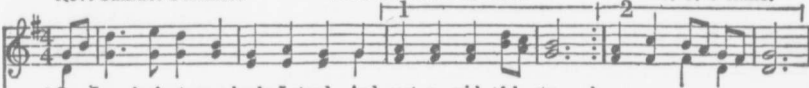


No. 261. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

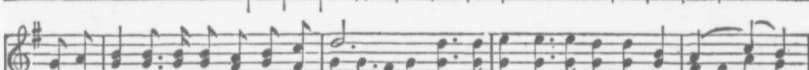
Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

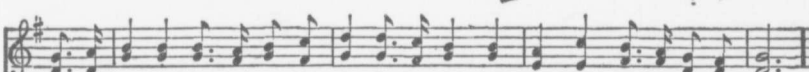
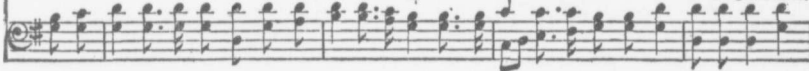
T. C. O'Kane.



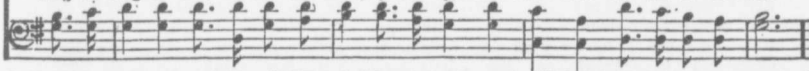
1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } my pos - ses - sions lie.
 { To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where



- We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, by and by, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore,.....
 or - er - green shore,



- Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.



- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains, 3 When shall I reach that happy place, 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Shines one eternal day; And be forever blest? Would here no longer stay;
 There God the Son forever reigns, When shall I see my Father's face, Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
 And scatters night away. And in His bosom rest? Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 262. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune.

Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo-ries
(A.A.N.) The glo-ries of my God and

of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!
(r.) The glo-ries of my God and King,
King, The glo-ries of my God and King,

No. 263. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled
He sets the prisoner free; [sin,
His blood can make the foulest
clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His
voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 264. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts.

Wm. Tansur.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 265.

Samuel A

1. O coul

I'd soar
And vi

2 I'd sing the pre
My ransom fro
Of sin, and v
I'd sing His gl
In which all-pe
My soul shal

No. 266

Frederic

1. There'
2. There'

in His
with th

No. 267

John B

1. In the
2. When th

sa - cred
cross for

No. 265.

O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley.

Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, }
 { And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me
 And I shall see His face; [home,
 Then with my Savior, Brother,
 A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

No. 266.

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer-cy

3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal,
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

in His justice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 with the Savior, There is heal-ing in His blood.

No. 267.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-ny, Nev-er shall the

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 cross for-sake me; Lol it glows with peace and joy.

No. 268.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth.

2. D. C.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing; } Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; } Hither by Thy help I'll come;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, } And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Call for songs of loudest praise; } Safely to arrive at home:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet, } Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Sung by flaming tongues above; } Wandering from the fold of God;
 Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! } He, to rescue me from danger,
 Mount of Thy redeeming love. } Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee,
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 269.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune.

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 2. D. C.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
 Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } } I love Je-sus, yes I } do!
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 270.

The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

O, the fountain stands o-pen, The fountain stands o-pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea-ry soul.

No. 271.

The Gleaming Wave.

Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.

BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; } Points to His wounded side.
 Je-sus, my Lord, might-y to save,

CHORUS.
 { The gleaming stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; }
 Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
 I hear the speaking blood:
 It speaks! polluted nature dies—
 Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
 Above the world and sin, [white
 With heart made pure and garments
 And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,
 My Jesus crucified.

No. 272

F. J. C.

1. Bless-ed
 2. Per - fec-t
 3. Per - fec-t

va - tion
 scend - in
 wait - in

this is m

No. 273

J. H. C.

1. He lea
 2. Somel
 3. Lord,
 4. And

e'er I
 troub-led
 lot I
 will not

hand He

No. 274. Heaven is My Home.

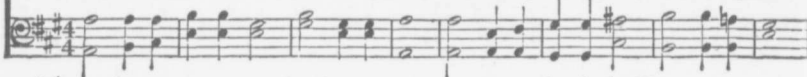
Thomas R. Taylor.

First Tune.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.



1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home;



Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

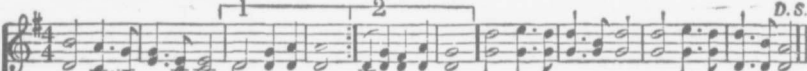


No. 275. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

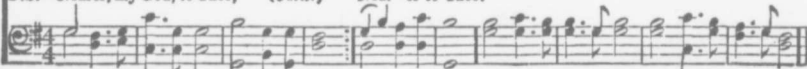
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

D. S.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

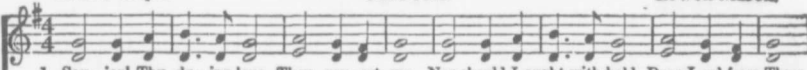
4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 276. Something for Jesus.

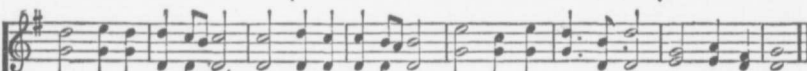
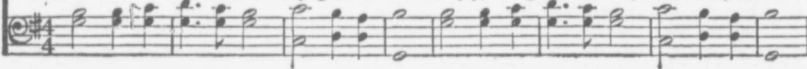
S. D. Phelps.

Third Tune.

Lowell Mason.



1. Sav-ior! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee;
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part-ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!



In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off-ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'r'er sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

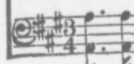


No. 277.

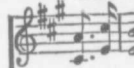
H. L. Ha.



1. { Shall we
Where in
 2. { Shall we
Shall we
- D. C.—Shall we



CHORUS.

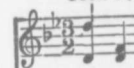


Shall we met

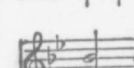
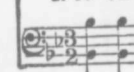


No. 278.

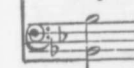
Cecil F.



1. Je-sus
2. Je-sus

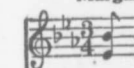


sound-et
keep u

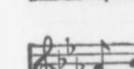
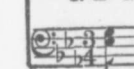


No. 279

Margar.



1. A-slee
2. A-slee



turbed re
dence to



No. 277.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION

Elihu S. Rice.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; }
 { Where in all the bright for-ever, } Sor-row-ne'er shall press the soul?
 2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? }
 { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
 D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?

No. 278.

Jesus Gail Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.

1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i-dol that would

sound-eth, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
 keep us, Say-ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."

- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease;
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 That we love Him more than these,
- 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
 Savior, make us hear Thy call,
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 279.

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un-dis-
 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho-ly con-fi-

turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes,
 dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 280. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
 3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
 4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-
 al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-ous sentence by the dim and
 hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-
 bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make

FINIS CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
 far- ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S. 2d time.)
 - make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 281. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
 USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di- vide you.

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je- sus'
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.
 4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smit death's threat'ning wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

feet; God be with you till we meet a-gain,
 till we meet;

No. 282.

B. Schmolck

1. My Je-sus, as
 2. My Je-sus, as
 3. My Je-sus, as

Thro' sor-row, or
 Since Thou on earth
 Straight to my hon-

No. 283.

J. H. Newm

1. Lead, kindly
 2. I was not eve
 3. So long Thy

Lead Thou me
 Lead Thou me
 The night is go-

No. 284.

Mary Ann

1. Break Thou
 2. Bless Thou
 3. Teach me

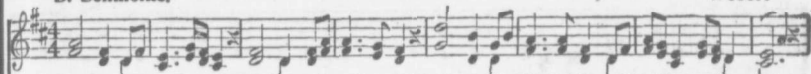
Be- yond the
 Then shall all
 Then, all my

No. 282.

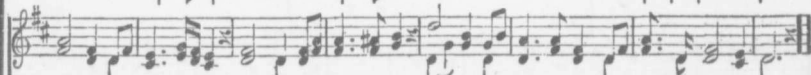
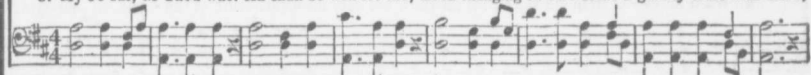
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke.

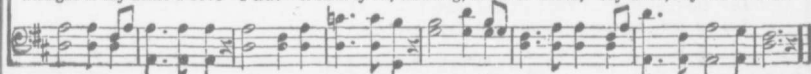
Weber.



1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;



Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

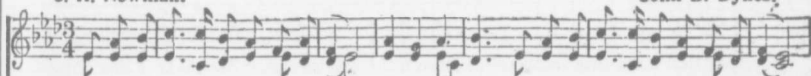


No. 283.

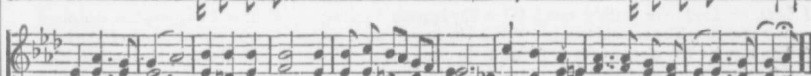
Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

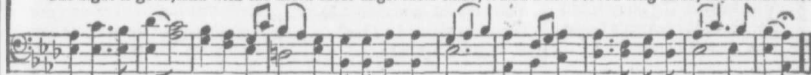
John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till



Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

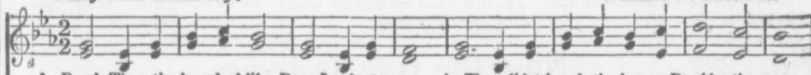


No. 284.

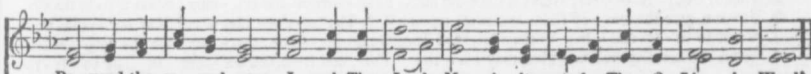
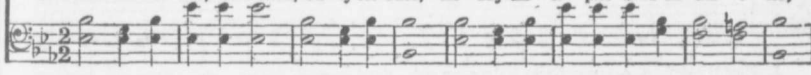
Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

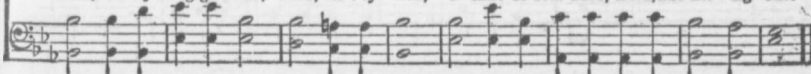
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
 Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
 Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.



No. 285. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
 2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face
 3. While the deep'n'ing shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

REPRIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend,
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

Hostel Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 286. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast;
How exalted is Thy name! [frame,
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name! | 3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree.
How great Thy name! | 6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast
How great Thy name! [made; |
| R
E
P
E
A
T
N | 4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name! | 7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro' the heaven's roam
Fish that make the sea their home
How great Thy name! |
| 2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thyvengeful foes restrained.
How great Thy name! | 5 Thou his station didst ordain.
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name! | 8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name: [frame
How great Thy name! |

No. 287. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 2. Je - sus, give the we - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sca.
 4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 288.

H. F. Lyte

1. A - bide
 2. Swift to
 3. I need
 4. Hold Th

When oth -
 Change and
 Who, like
 Heav'n's mo

No. 289.

John Kepl

1. Sun of my
 2. When the s

earth - born clou
 thought, how s

No. 290.

Ray Palm

1. My faith
 2. May Thy
 3. While life's
 4. When ends

while I pra
 died for m
 turn to da
 then, in lo

No. 288.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lytc.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 289.

Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is night,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 290.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side,
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 291.

The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face; 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
I rest on His unchanging grace; Support me in the whelming flood; O may I then in Him be found,
In every high and stormy gale, When all around my soul gives way, Drest in His righteousness alone,
My anchor holds within the veil. He then is all my hope and stay. I Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 292. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton.

English Air.

1. In e-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;

D. C.
And stopped my wild ca-reer,
I shall from sin be free.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His
Tho' not a word He spoke. [death,

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 293.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It }
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The } sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darkness path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 294.

Rev. J. O.

1. O Pil-grim
He'll lead y
D. S.—Day and

CHORUS.
Nev - er lose a

1 O Pilgrim bound
Never lose sight
He'll lead you ge
Never lose sight

No. 295.

Hart.

1. Come, ye
Je - sus,
D. C.—Glo - ry,

Lord, and seek

2 Now, ye needy,
God's free bound
True belief and
Ev'ry grace that

No. 296.

Anon.

1. There are ang
2. They will carr

3 To the new Jer
4 Poor sinners are

No. 294. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; }
 { He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, }
 D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right.

Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.
 Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus.

CHORUS. D. S.

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
 Never lose sight of Jesus;
 "I will be with you," His word hath said,
 Never lose sight of Jesus.

- 1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly
 Never lose sight of Jesus; [land,
 He'll lead you gently with loving
 Never lose sight of Jesus. [hand,
 2 When-e'er you're tempted to go
 Never lose sight of Jesus; [astray,
 Press onward, upward, the narrow
 Never lose sight of Jesus. [way,
 4 When death is knocking outside the
 Never lose sight of Jesus; [door,
 Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
 Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 295.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.
FINE CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
 D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 296.

Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

Unknown.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
 2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc. 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. 7 There is glory all around, etc.
 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. 6 Let him that heareth come, etc. 8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 297. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve; }
 { Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

FINE CHORUS.
 bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 298. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,

Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 299. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts.

Fourth Tune.

John Randall.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A Sovereign balm for ev-'ry wound, A
 cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 300.

Allegretto.

1. Tho' far
 home, The
 night, I think

1 Tho' far from nat-
 Rocked by the rol-
 Yet still I love my
 The brave land of
 Tho' winds are fail-
 And calm the rest
 Yet, still by day an
 I think of home at

No. 301.

1 'Mid pleasure and
 Be it ever so hum-
 A charm from the
 Which seek thro' t'
 Cho.—Home, home
 Be it ever so

2 I gaze on the mo-
 And feel that my
 As she looks on the
 Thro' the woodbi-
 no more.

3 An exile from hor-
 Oh, give me my l-
 The birds singing
 Oh, give me that

No. 303.

John How

1. { Mid' pleas-
 Be it ev -

hal - low us
 met with el

No. 300. The Sailor's Home Song.

Allegretto.

BY PERMISSION.

♩

J. M. Pelton.

1. Tho' far from na-tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll-ing sea, Yet still I love my na-tive D. S.—Yet, still by day and thro' the

FINE

D. S.

home, The brave land of the free; Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the restless sea, night, I think of home and thee.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are
And calm the restless sea, [bright,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.</p> | <p>2 When stars pale o'er the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts
Bright ruler of the day; [high,
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to
Then think, oh, think of me. [rest,</p> | <p>3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings
And show the threatening lea, [flash
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.</p> |
|---|--|---|

No. 301. Home.

Tune below.

- 1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

- 2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

- 3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 302. Heaven.

Tune below.

- 1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

- 2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

- 3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 303. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne.

H. R. Bishop.

1. { Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, } home; { A charm from the skies seems to }
{ Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like } home; { Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

1 2 CHORUS.

hal - low us there, }
met with else - } where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 304. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phoebe Carey.

Philip Phillips.

1. One sweetly sol-enn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea. | 3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown. | 4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think. |
|--|--|---|

No. 305. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would cut-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]

2 Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." | 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there? |
|--|--|

No. 306. God is Love.

Charles Wesley.

J. Stevenson.
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

1. { Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? } { God is love, I know, I feel; }
{ Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? } { Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; }

Smoothly. Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still. *Repeat pp*

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. | 3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still. |
|--|--|

No. 307.

Charles W.

1. A - rise,
2. He ev -

Before the th
His blood at

Cho.—His Spi

- 3 Five bleeding
Received on
They pour effe
They strong
"Forgive him,
"Nor let the ra
"Nor let the ra

No. 308

Rev. J. E

1. { All,
All
D. C.—Ev -

Ev -

- 2 All, yes, all I
It belongs
All my voice
It belongs
Pleading for
Telling of His
Singing o'er
et belongs

No. 307. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
 2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;

D. S. for Chorus.

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

ChO.—His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die." | 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God. | 5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry. |
|--|---|---|

No. 308.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

All For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. O. EXCELL.
 WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
 { All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to [Omit] Him;
 D. C.—Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to [Omit] Him.

D. C.

Ev - er-more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er-more His prais - es swell - ing,

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him. | 3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him. | 4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him. |
|---|---|--|

No. 309.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - ilege to car - ry
D. S.—All be - cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.</p> | <p>3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [Thee,</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 310.

Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.

1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the high-est bil-lows
2. If you are too weak to jour-ney Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with-in the valley,
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you can-not toward the needy
4. Do not, then, stand i - dle wait-ing For some great-er work to do; While the fields are white to harvest

Laugh - ing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sail - ors, Anchored yet with - in the bay,
While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap - py meas - ure As they slow - ly pass a - long;
Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the af - flic - ted, O'er the err - ing you can weep,
And the Mas - ter calls for you, Go and toil in an - y vine - yard Do not fear to do or dare;

You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
Tho' they may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song.
You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at the Sav - ior's feet, Sit - ting at the Sav - ior's feet.
If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y - where.

No. 31

R. H.

1. The Son of

Who best

- 2 That man
Could pier
Who saw
And called
Like Him,
In midst
He pray'd
Who follo

No. 3

- 1 Thy word
And to m
I will per
To keep
I with aff
Am over
In mercy
According

No 3

1. Joy
2. Joy
3. No
4. He

room
plain
flow
ness

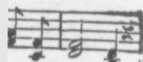
No. 311. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

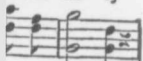
First Tune.

H. S. Cutler.

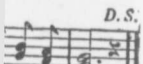
J. Converse.



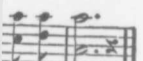
to car - ry
to not car - ry



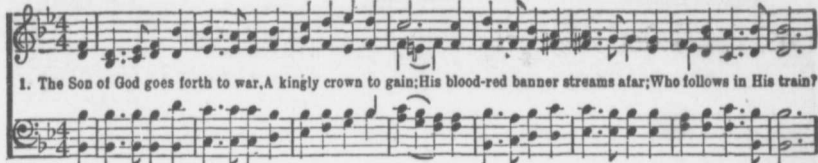
D. S.



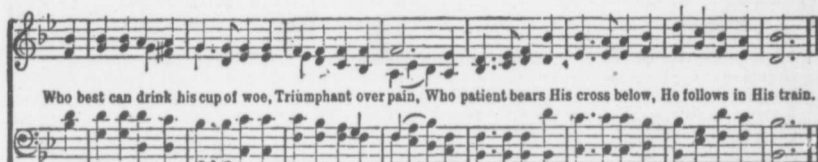
se pain we bear,



d heavy laden,
a load of care?—
still our refuge,—
ord in prayer.
spise, forsake thee?
ord in prayer,
ll take and shield
solace there. [theo,



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

- 2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye,
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?
- 3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 312. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. First or Second Tune.

- 1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am overwhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me.
According to Thy word.
- 2 The tree-will off'rings of my mouth;
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, the' for me
The wicked snares did set.
- 3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my refuge for aye,
For thy heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

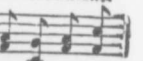
No 313. Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

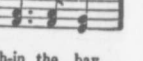
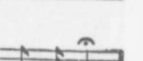
Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.

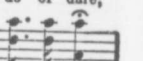
M. Grannis.



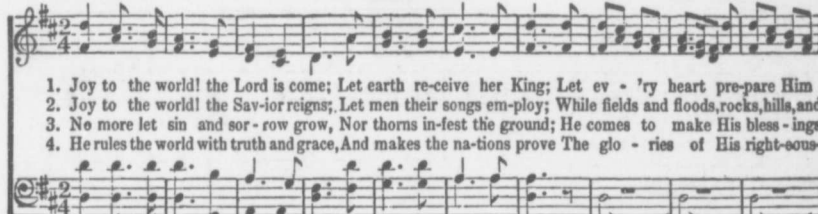
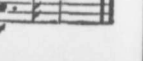
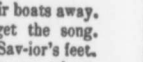
high-est bil-lows
ith-in the valley,
oward the needy
re white to harvest



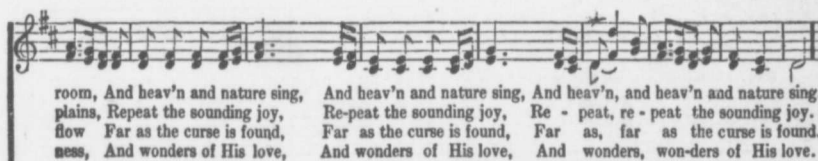
th-in the bay,
y pass a - long;
you can weep,
do or dare;



their boats away.
-get the song.
Sav-ior's feet.
an - y - where.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-cous-



room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.



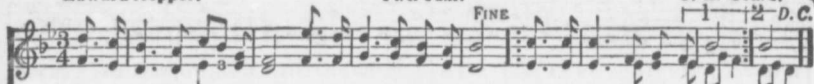
And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 314. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

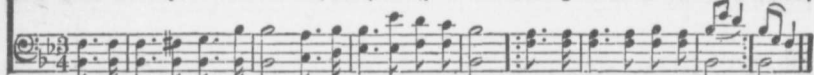
Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Un - known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi - lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;



1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

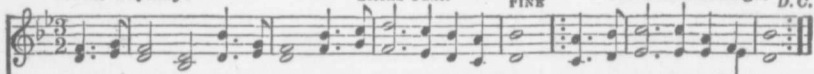
No. 315. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

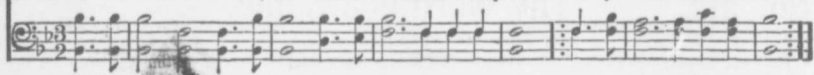
Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D.C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

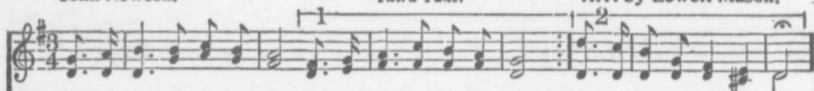
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 316. Safely Through Another Week.

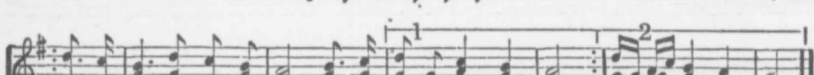
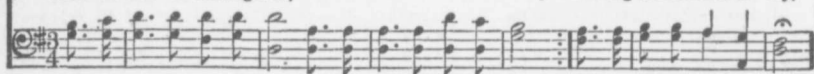
John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; }
Let us now a bless - ing seek, } Wait - ing in His courts to - day;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

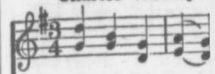
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

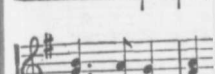
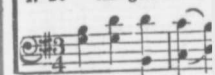
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 317.

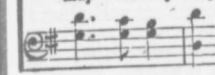
Charles Wesley.



1. Come, Thou Al - might
2. Come, Thou in - car - n
3. Come, ho - ly Com -
4. To the great One



glo - ri - ous, O'er
peo - ple bless, And
might - y art, Now
maj - es - ty May



No. 318. O

Tune

1 O worship the King all
And gratefully sing His
Our Shield and Defense
Pavilioned in splendor,

2 O tell of His might, at
Whose robe is the light
His chariots of wrath
And dark is His path

3 Thy bountiful care wh
It breathes in the air,
It streams from the hi
And sweetly distills in

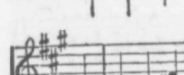
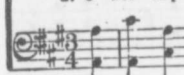
4 Frail children of dust,
In Thee do we trust, I
Thy mercies how tend
Our Maker, Defender,

No. 320.

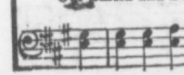
Sir Robert Gran



1. O wor - ship



Our Shield and De -



No. 317. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.

No. 318. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 319. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing;
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 320. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Hayden.

No. 321.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.

Anne Steels.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,

What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 322. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful 'God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 323. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 324.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He

say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 32

Miss E

1. { What more
These words

through rep!

2 Who is this.
The city mo
A passing st
To move the
Again the st
"Jesus of N

No. 32

W. W

1. } Sweet ho
And bid
D.C.—And o

of dis-tress
oft-en fou

No. 32

Hugh

1. From
2. There

sure re-
aldest mor

No. 325. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 326. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 327. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 328. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. { God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat - tle line, } Lord God of
 { Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine; }
 2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part; } Lord God of
 { Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice An hum - ble and a con-trite heart; }

3 Far called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 To all our pomp of yesterday;
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
 Judge of the nations spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 Hosts, be with us 'yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

No. 329. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

1 Faith of our fathers! living still
 In spite of dungeon, fire and
 sword: [joy]
 O how our hearts beat high with
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark;
 Were still in heart and conscience
 free; [fate]
 How sweet would be their children's
 If they, like them, could die for Thee!
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our
 strife: [how,
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 330. America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side, Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove,
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 331. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King,
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

No. 332.

John Fawcett.

1. Blest be the
 2 Before our Faith
 We pour our ard
 Our fears, our h
 Our comforts an

No. 333.

George H. ...

1. My soul, be o
 2 O watch, and fig
 The battle ne'er
 Renew it boldly
 And help divine

No. 334.

William H. ...

1. My heav'nly
 Its glit-ting

2 My Father's hou
 Far, far above t
 When from this e
 That heavenly m

No. 335.

Annie L. ...

1. { Work for the
 Work while t
 D.C.—Work for t

brighter, Work

No. 332.

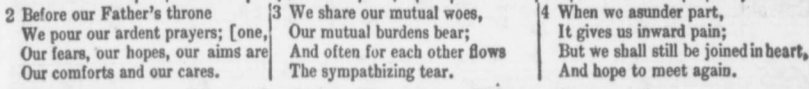
Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegelf.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

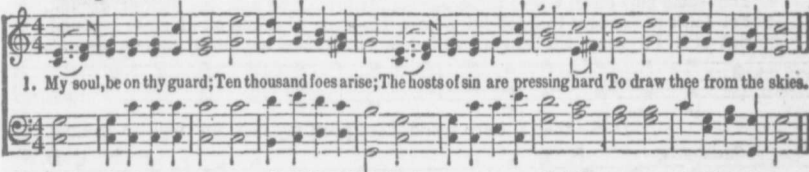
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

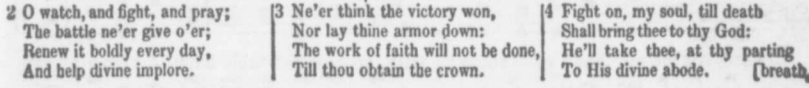
No. 333. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

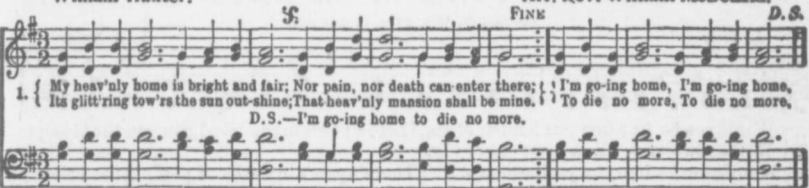
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. (breath)

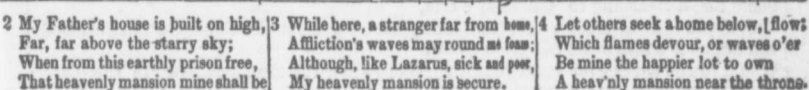
No. 334. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. To die no more, To die no more,
D.S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.



2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

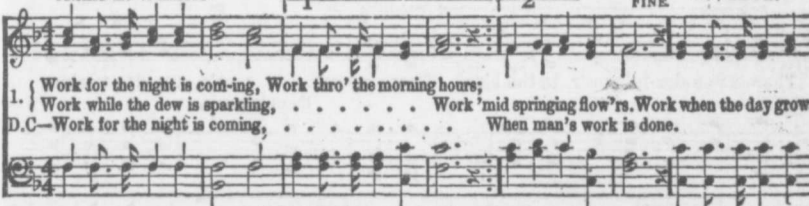
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

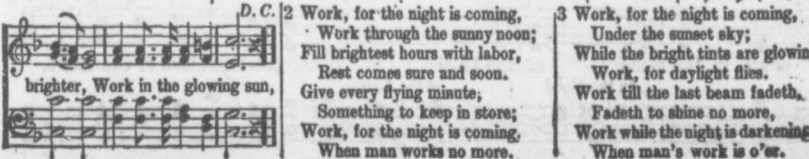
No. 335. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.



1. Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 338.

The Haven of Rest.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

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

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

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

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

No. 339.

There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *mf* *pp*
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 340. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento. Solo in Alto.

T. KOSCHAT. Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-measured my
 4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I

fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when
 e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
 cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-nointest my head; Oh, what shall I
 meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 fall with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.
 ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 so - journ, Thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love.

No. 341. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man
 3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for

mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
 on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
 God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 hel Lord Sab-a-oth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
 so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

No. 342

E. PERR

1. All h
 2. Ye cl
 3. Sim-n
 4. Let e
 5. O th

prostrate
 from the
 and the
 res - trial
 feet may

Him,
 crown Him,
 Him,
 CROWN ..

No. 343

1. All ha

dem, And c

No. 344

No. 342. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET.

(DIADEM. C. M.)

Arr. by T. RICHARDS,

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran - som'd
 3. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter -
 5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
 res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

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

No. 343. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a -
 dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 344. Miles Lane.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

And crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him,

Responsive Readings.

No. 345. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hissope, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 346. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 347. PSALM 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it shall be as a flower, and shall withereth.

7 For we are as grass, and as a flower of the field.

8 Thou hast said, We are as grass, and as a flower of the field.

9 For all our days are as grass, and as a flower of the field.

10 The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth: because the breath of the Lord is as a wind, and shall carry away, and shall take away, as a storm.

11 Who shall stand when the Lord shall visit? and who shall be able to see him when he shall visit? and who shall be able to see him when he shall visit?

12 So shall the vision be taken away, and shall be as a dream, and shall be as a vision.

13 Return, O Lord, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved.

14 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

15 Make us to see thy power, O Lord, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved.

16 Let us see thy power, O Lord, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved.

17 And let us see thy power, O Lord, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved, and we shall be saved.

18 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

19 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

20 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

21 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

22 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

23 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

24 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

25 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

26 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

27 O Lord, our Lord, how long shall the land lie desolate? and how long shall the land lie desolate?

Responsive Readings.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it:

No. 348. JOHN 3: 1-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 349. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Responsive Readings.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 350. PSALM 142.

1. I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about: for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

No. 351. PSALM 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going-out and thy coming-in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 352. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but a like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 353. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say tolerable for judgment, th

4 And thaltered unto hell; for have been do Sodom, it wo day.

5 But I say more tolerab the day of ju

6 At the said, I thar heaven and these things and hast rev

7 Even so good in thy

8 All thi my Father; but the Fatl the Father, soever the S

9 Come u are heavy la

10 Take of me; for l and ye shall

11 For m ls light.

No. 354.

MATT

1 Another them, sayin likened unt seed in his

2 But w and sowed went his w:

3 But w and brough tares also.

Responsive Readings.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 354.

MATTHEW 13: 24-30; 36-43.

1 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

3 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

4 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

5 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up.

6 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

7 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

8 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.

9 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

10 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

11 The enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

12 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

13 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

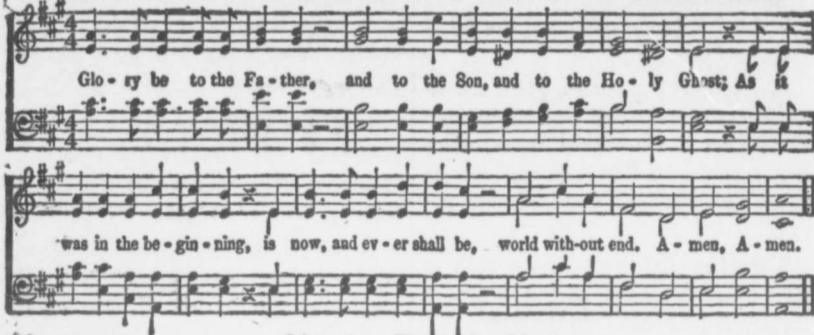
14 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

15 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

No. 355.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Melnick.

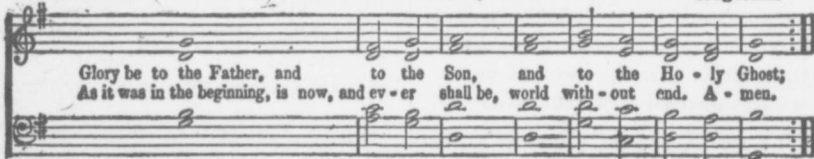


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 356.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



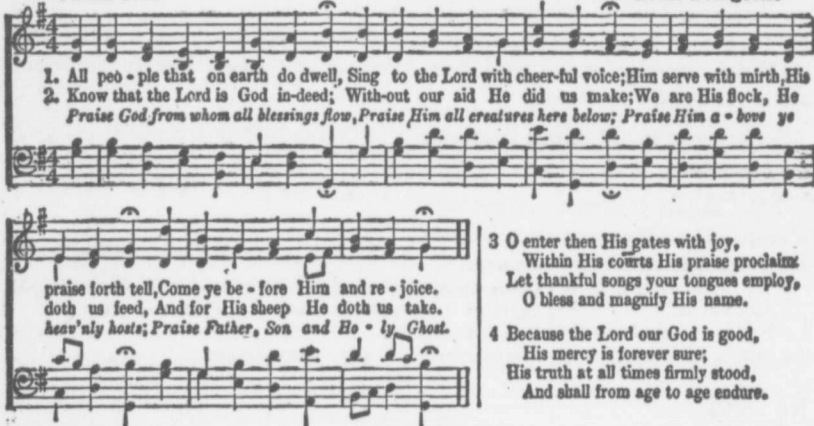
Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 357.

All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take, heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye

3 O enter then His gates with joy, Within His courts His praise proclaim; Let thankful songs your tongues employ, O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good, His mercy is forever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

No. 358.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Colea

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

A Call for 1
CHARGE 1
friend I b
A LITTLE BIT C
A MIGHTY FOR
A ruler once c
A SINNER MAD
A sinner was v
A SONG OF VIC
A THOUGHT O
ABIDE WITH M
ALAS AND DID
ALL FOR JESU
ALL HAIL IMM.
ALL HAIL THE
ALL PEOPLE T
ALL THE WAY
ALL THE WAY
ALMOST DECID
ALMOST PERSI
AMAZING GRA
AMERICA. . . .
AM I A SOLDI
ANGELS HOVE
Are you walk
ARISE MY SOU
AROUND THE
As a tree best
AS A VOLUNTI
As I cling to
ASHAMED OF
ASLEEP IN JE
AT THE CROSS
Awake awake
Awake my so
AWAKENING C

Banner bri
ATTLE HY
E A BLES
BE A HERO. .
Be not disma
BEAUTIFUL IS
BECAUSE HE
BECAUSE HIS
BEFORE JEHO

Index

A Call for loyal 38
 CHARGE TO KEEP 243
 friend I have called. 102
 A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE 125
 A MIGHTY FORTRESS 341
 A ruler once came to 4
 A SINNER MADE WHOLE 118
 A sinner was wandering . 120
 A SONG OF VICTORY 157
 A THOUGHT OF HIM 89a
 ABIDE WITH ME 288
 ALAS AND DID MY 204-205
 ALL FOR JESUS 308
 ALL HAIL IMMANUEL 155
 ALL HAIL THE 342-343
 ALL PEOPLE THAT ON 357
 ALL THE WAY 123
 ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR 68
 ALMOST DECIDED 171
 ALMOST PERSUADED 197
 AMAZING GRACE 251
 AMERICA 330
 AM I A SOLDIER 250
 ANGELS HOVERING 296
 Are you walking in the 71
 ARISE MY SOUL ARISE 307
 AROUND THE THRONE 105
 As a tree beside the 47
 AS A VOLUNTEER 38
 As I cling to the hand of 149
 ASHAMED OF JESUS 135
 ASLEEP IN JESUS 279
 AT THE CROSS 205
 Awake awake 163
 Awake my soul in joyful. 254
 AWAKENING CHORUS 163

Banner bright with 107
 BATTLE HYMN OF THE. 280
 BE A BLESSING 62
 BE A HERO 99
 Be not dismayed 6
 BEAUTIFUL ISLE 130
 BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS 113
 BECAUSE HIS NAME IS 126
 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S 90

Behold one cometh in 116
 BEULAH LAND 66
 BEYOND THE SMILING 153
 BLESSED ASSURANCE 272
 BLESSED BE THE NAME 189
 BLEST BE THE TIE 332
 BREAK THOU THE BREAD. 284
 Brightly beams our 136
 BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR 211
 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES 297
 BRING PEACE TO MY SOUL. 26

CALLING THE PRODIGAL 182
 Christ is your redeemer 35
 CHRIST RESCUED ME 42
 CHRIST SHALL BE KING 88a
 CLINGING CLOSE TO HIS 149
 Close to Thee b 156
 Come every soul by sin 173
 COME HOLY SPIRIT 264
 Come, oh, come to the 137
 COME THOU ALMIGHTY 317
 COME THOU FOUNT 268-269
 COME TO JESUS 207
 Come we that love the 78
 COME YE DISCONSOLATE 192
 COME YE SINNERS 295
 CORONATION 343
 COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS 56
 Crown Him crown Him 162
 CROWN HIM KING OF 162

DAY IS DYING IN THE 285
 DELAY NOT 323
 depth of mercy can 306
 DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS 246
 Down at the Cross 187
 Down into the fountain 218
 DOXOLOGY 357
 Do you fear the foe will 98
 Do you hear the Saviour 31

Do you know the world 125
 DRIFTING AWAY FROM 119

Each cooing dove 141
 EVEN ME, EVEN ME 213

FADE, FADE EACH 259
 FAILING IN STRENGTH. 148
 FAITH OF OUR 1-329
 FAITH WILL BRING THE 43
 FILL ME NOW 61
 For all the Lord has 223
 FROM EVERY STORMY 165-327
 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY 94
 From over hill and plain. 21
 FORWARD TO THE GOAL 36
 FULL SURRENDER 75

Give your heart to 36
 Glad is the song of 161
 GLORIA PATRI NO. 1 355
 GLORIA PATRI NO. 2 356
 GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN 186
 Glory be to the Father 355-356
 GLORY TO HIS NAME 187
 GOD BE WITH YOU 281
 God is calling the 182
 GOD IS LOVE 306
 God of our Fathers 328
 GOD SAVE THE KING 331
 GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF. 6
 Gone from my heart the. 144
 GOOD NEWS 228
 GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME 27
 GROWING DEARER EACH 20
 GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT 227

Had we only 101
 HAIL TO THE 92
 ALLELUJAH 229

- HARK TEN THOUSAND...** 230
HARK THE VOICE OF... 237
Hark to the call... 2
Hark to the music... 150
HARVEST SONG... 80
HARVEST TIME IS HERE... 161
Have you read the story... 138
HEAR OUR PRAYER... 77
Hear us heavenly... 77
HEAVEN... 302
HEAVEN IS MY HOME... 274
HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER... 222
HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME... 5
HE KNOWS IT ALL... 154
HE LEADETH ME... 273
HELP SOMEBODY TODAY... 79
HIGHER GROUND... 336
HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL... 117
HIS LOVE FOR ME... 147
Hold up my goings Lord... 69
HOLY GHOST WITH LOVE... 234
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY... 235
HOLY SPIRIT FAITHFUL... 233
HOME... 301
HOME SWEET HOME... 303
Hover o'er me Holy... 61
HOW FIRM A... 321-324
HOW GREAT THY NAME... 286
HOW SWEET IS HIS LOVE... 111
How sweet is the love... 20
HOW YOU WILL LOVE... 16
- I am a stranger here...** 34
I AM COMING HOME... 169
I AM COMING LORD... 176
I am coming to the... 180-188
I am far... 142
I AM HAPPY IN HIM... 121
I AM LISTENING... 31
I am on the gospel... 124
I am thinking today... 24
I AM TRUSTING LORD IN... 180
I can hear my Saviour... 73
I do not ask to see the... 117
I dreamed that the great... 143
I have a Redeemer... 14
I have a song I love to... 214
I hear the Saviour say... 178
I hear Thy welcome... 176
I KNOW... 112
I know my Heavenly... 115
I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS... 224
I LOVE HIM... 144
I LOVE JESUS HE'S MY... 269
I love the sacred book... 96
I LOVE THY KINGDOM... 248
I LOVE TO TELL THE... 212
- I love to think my...** 154
I must needs go home... 10
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR... 53
I NEVER WILL CEASE TO... 223
I SHALL DWELL FOREVER... 17
I SHALL NOT BE MOVED... 47
I stand all amazed at the... 151
I think God gives the... 100
I THINK WHEN I READ... 76-109
I WILL NOT FORGET THEE... 67
I WILL SHOUT HIS... 50
I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS... 30a
I'LL BE A SUNBEAM... 97
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT... 95
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM... 49
I'M BUT A STRANGER... 274
I'M ON A SHINING... 134
I'm pressing on the... 336
I've a message from the... 181
I've found a Friend who... 41
I've reached the land... 66
If Christ the Redeemer... 30
If you are discouraged... 58
If you are tired... 200
If you cannot on the... 310
If you need uplifting... 43
In a lonely graveyard... 129
IN EVIL LONG I TOOK... 292
In looking thro' my tears... 27
IN THE CROSS... 267
In the service of the Master... 74
IN THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS... 71
In vain I've tried a... 126
Into a tent where a... 88
IS IT THE CROWNING... 12
IS MY NAME WRITTEN... 305
Is your life a channel of... 13
IT IS JESUS... 116
It may not be on the... 95
IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS... 131
It was good for our... 105
IT'S JUST LIKE HIS... 102
- Jerusalem my happy...** 216
Jesus and shall it ever... 135
JESUS CALLS US... 278
Jesus I am coming home... 169
JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE... 238
JESUS IS ALL THE... 23
JESUS IS CALLING... 166
Jesus is pleading... 172
JESUS IS SUNSHINE... 46
Jesus is tenderly calling... 166
JESUS LOVER OF MY... 190-191
JESUS LOVES ME... 103
Jesus may come today... 12
Jesus my Lord to Thee... 253
JESUS OF NAZARETH... 325
- JESUS PAID IT ALL...** 178
JESUS SAVIOR PILOT ME... 314
JESUS SHALL REIGN... 256
Jesus the very thought... 252
Jesus wants me for a... 97
JESUS WILL... 170
JEWELS... 104
JOY TO THE WORLD... 313
JUST AS I AM... 177
JUST FOR TODAY... 128
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM... 7
- KEEP THE HEART...** 18
KEEP ME AS THE APPLE... 69
- LEAD KINDLY LIGHT...** 233
LEAD ME GENTLY... 145
LEAD ME, O, MY SAVIOUR... 194
LEANING ON THE... 199
LEST WE FORGET... 328
LET HIM IN... 183
LET JESUS COME INTO... 200
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS... 136
LET THE SUNSHINE IN... 98
Let us gather up the... 84
LIKE A MIGHTY SEA... 54
List the spirit calls to... 179
LITTLE SUNBEAMS... 100
Look all around you... 79
LOOK AND LIVE... 181
Look the harvest field is... 80
Lord I care not for... 305
Lord I hear of showers... 213
Lord, I make a full... 75
Lord Jesus I long to be... 193
Lord, our Lord o'er... 286
Loudly unto the world... 157
LOVE DIVINE... 236
LOVING KINDNESS... 254
LOYALTY TO CHRIST... 21
Lyons 10S 11S... 320

Mine eyes have seen
 MORE LIKE THE
 MUST JESUS BEAR
 MY AIN COUNTRY
 My boat had once
 My country 'tis o
 MY FAITH LOOKS
 MY FATHER KNOW
 MY HAPPY HOME
 MY HEART IS FIXE
 My heav'nly hom
 My hope is built
 MY JESUS AS THO
 MY JESUS I LOVE
 My life, my love
 My loving Lord i
 MY ONLY PLEA...
 MY SAVIOR FIRST
 MY SHEPHERD...
 MY SOUL BE ON
 My soul in sad es
 My soul is so hap
 My soul today is

NEARER MY C
 NEVER LOSE S
 o beautiful c
 NO NOT ONE...
 NO ROOM IN THE
 NOW THE DAY IS

O BEAUTIFUL
 COULD I SP
 CROSS OF SI
 O do not let the
 O DO SOME GOOD
 O FOR A THOUSAN
 O HAPPY DAY...
 O JESUS THOU A
 O listen to our w
 O LOVE THAT WI
 O MY SOUL BLESS
 O pilgrim bound
 O SING OF HIS M
 O sweet is the st
 O THAT WILL BE
 O theme with lo
 O think of the h
 O Thou God of
 O 'TIS A GREAT C
 O WHY NOT TONI
 O WORSHIP THE
 O ZION HASTE...
 Oh bliss of the p
 OH HOW I LOVE

MAJESTIC SWEETNESS 257
MAKE CHRIST KING... 2
MAKE ME A CHANNEL... 13
MAKE ME WHITE AS... 194
MARCHING ON TO CANAAN... 48
MASTER, THE TEMPEST... 158
MEET MOTHER IN THE... 129
MEMORIES OF GALILEE... 141
'Mid scenes of confusion... 302
'Mid pleasures and... 301-303
MIGHTY TO SAVE... 14
MILES LANE... 344

..... 178
 T ME.. 314
 256
 ight... 252
 a..... 97
 170
 104
 313
 177
 128
 HIM.. 7

T... 18
 APPLE 69

HT... 233
 145
 VIOUR 194
 199
 328
 183
 O... 200
 HTS.. 136
 N... 98
 84
 54
 O... 179
 100
 79
 181
 d is . 80
 305

TS... 213
 75
 be.. 193
 286
 ld.. 157
 236
 254
 21
 320

NESS 257
 NG. 2
 INEL 13
 194
 NAAN 48
 T... 158
 129
 E.. 141
 on. 302
 301-303
 14
 344

Mine eyes have seen the. 280
 MORE LIKE THE MASTER 60
 MUST JESUS BEAR THE 244-245
 MY AIN COUNTRIE..... 142
 My boat had once..... 29
 My country 'tis of..... 330
 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO.. 290
 MY HEART IS FIXED ON.. 28
 MY FATHER KNOWS..... 115
 MY HAPPY HOME..... 216
 MY HEART IS FIXED ON.. 28
 My heav'nly home is... 334
 My hope is built on... 291
 MY JESUS AS THOU..... 282
 MY JESUS I LOVE THEE.. 196
 My life, my love I give.. 49
 My loving Lord in..... 42
 MY ONLY PLEA..... 3
 MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL. 64
 MY SHEPHERD..... 322
 MY SOUL BE ON THY... 333
 My soul in sad exile... 338
 My soul is so happy in... 121
 My soul today is..... 54

NEARER MY GOD TO . 275
 NEVER LOSE SIGHT OF 294
 o beautiful chamber 114
 NO NOT ONE..... 219
 NO ROOM IN THE INN... 114
 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.. 287

OBEAUTIFUL FOR... 44
 COULD I SPEAK... 265
 CROSS OF SHAME... 72
 O do not let the word... 208
 O DO SOME GOOD DEED... 86
 O FOR A THOUSAND 189-262-268
 O HAPPY DAY..... 174
 O JESUS THOU ART..... 241
 O listen to our wondrous 220
 O LOVE THAT WILT... 45-226
 O MY SOUL BLESS THOU.. 65
 O pilgrim bound for the.. 294
 O SING OF HIS MIGHTY... 242
 O sweet is the story of.. 25
 O THAT WILL BE GLORY.. 9
 O theme with love..... 3
 O think of the home over 260
 O Thou God of my..... 229
 O 'TIS A GREAT CHANGE.. 29
 O WHY NOT TONIGHT..... 208
 O WORSHIP THE KING. 318-320
 O ZION HASTE..... 87
 Oh bliss of the purified.. 242
 OH HOW I LOVE JESUS... 293

OH IT IS WONDERFUL... 151
 Oh now I see the..... 271
 OLD JORDAN'S WAVES I.. 140
 Once I doubted much... 83
 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN... 304
 ON JORDAN'S STORMY... 261
 On the battle field of... 99
 ON THE GREAT..... 70
 On the mountain's top... 228
 ONLY TRUST HIM..... 173
 ONWARD CHRISTIAN..... 210
 ONWARD TILL THE DAWN. 74
 Onward up the King's... 70
 OPEN MY EYES THAT I... 59
 Our Father which art in . 108
 OVER AND OVER AGAIN.. 67a

PRAISE GOD FROM... 358
 PRAISE WAITS FOR... 225
 PRAISE YE THE LORD. 160
 Preach My gospel..... 91

RAISE ME JESUS TO... 152
 REAPERS ARE NEEDED 150
 REMEMBER ME..... 245
 RESPONSIVE READINGS 345-354
 REVIVE US AGAIN..... 175
 RING THE BELLS OF..... 232
 ROCK OF AGES..... 315
 ROOM FOR YOU..... 15

SAFELY THROUGH... 316
 SALVATION O THE..... 299
 SATISFIED..... 19
 SAVED..... 41
 SAVED FOR SERVICE..... 83
 SAVIOR LIKE A..... 298
 Savior Thy dying love 55-276
 SCATTER SEEDS OF..... 84
 SHALL WE GATHER AT... 206
 SHALL WE MEET..... 277
 SHELTERED IN THE ROCK. 51
 Since Christ my soul... 57
 SINCE I HAVE BEEN..... 214
 Since I lost my sins... 215
 Since I started for the.. 123
 Sing them over again to.. 106
 Sing the wondrous love.. 40
 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.. 198
 SOMEBODY DID A GOLDEN 81
 SOMEBODY KNOWS..... 148
 Someday I know not... 140
 SOMEDAY 'T WILL ALL BE.. 139
 Some one for years at... 171

SOMEONE'S LAST CALL... 137
 SOME OTHER DAY..... 146
 SOMETHING FOR..... 55-276
 SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.. 122
 Somewhere the sun is... 130
 SONG TO THE FLAG..... 107
 So precious is Jesus... 5
 Sowing in the morning... 297
 SPEED AWAY..... 89
 SPEND ONE HOUR WITH... 22
 STANDING ON THE..... 231
 STAND UP FOR JESUS... 239
 STEADILY MARCHING ON. 160
 STEADY BROTHER, STEADY 11
 SUN OF MY SOUL..... 289
 SUNSHINE AND RAIN... 101
 SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.. 33
 SWEET BY AND BY..... 217
 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER . 326
 Sweet is the promise.... 67

TAKE ME AS I AM... 253
 TEACH ME THY WILL 67b
 TELL IT AGAIN... 88
 TELL IT WHEREVER... 30
 THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS . 127
 THE BANNER OF THE CROSS 164
 THE BEACON OF THE CROSS 164a
 THE BIBLE OF OUR..... 37
 THE BROKEN HEART..... 138
 THE CHURCH IN THE... 39
 THE CLEANSING WAVE... 271
 THE CRIMSON WAVE... 72
 The earth and the..... 52
 THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S 52
 THE FOUNTAIN STANDS.. 270
 THE GLORIOUS TIDINGS.. 35
 THE GLORY SONG..... 9
 THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED 124
 The good shepherd sought 113
 THE GREAT JUDGMENT... 143
 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN... 258
 THE HAVEN OF REST... 338
 THE HEAVENLY HOME... 334
 THE HOME OVER THERE.. 260
 THE HOUSE THAT STOOD. 159
 THE KING'S BUSINESS... 34
 THE LORD IS MY... 322-340
 THE LORD'S PRAYER... 108
 THE MORNING LIGHT IS... 240
 THE NEW GLORY SONG... 58
 THE OLD TIME RELIGION.. 195
 THE SACRED BOOK..... 96
 THE SAILOR'S HOME SONG 300
 The service of Jesus... 131
 THE SINNER AND THE... 120
 THE SOLID ROCK..... 291
 THE SON OF GOD GOES... 311
 The spirit once came... 146
 THE THOUGHT OF THEE.. 252

- THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND** 31a
THE WAY OF THE CROSS. 10-73
THE WAYSIDE CROSS. 133
THE WONDERFUL STORY. . . . 25
The Word of God shall . . . * 156
 There are angels hovering 296
THERE IS A FOUNT 184-185-186
THERE IS A LAND OF. 249
 There is a name I love. . . . 293
THERE IS GLORY IN MY. 215
THERE IS POWER IN THE. . . . 337
 There is room in the fold. . . 15
 There's a church in the. . . . 39
THERE'S A GREAT DAY. 339
 There's a land that is. . . . 217
 There's a song in my. 118
 There's a stranger at the. . . . 183
THERE'S A WIDENESS. 266
 There's a wonderful story 127
 There's not a friend. 219
 There's sunshine in my. . . . 33
Thou my everlasting . . . * 156
Tho' far from native land 300
Tho' the way we journey . . . 32
THY KINGDOM COME. 8
THY WORD IS A LAMP. 312
 'Tis the grandest theme. . . . 222
TO CALVARY I WILL GO. . . . 218

Unanswered yet. 122
UNDER THE CROSS. 188
 upon a hill before me 63

WALK IN THE LIGHT 347
ASH ME IN THE . . . 184
 eary soul by sin 22
WAY OF THE CROSS. 73
 We are marching on to 48
 We may lighten toil and. . . . 18
 We may tarry awhile. 132
 We must win them one. 82
 We praise Thee O God. . . . 175
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION 78
WE SHALL SEE THE KING 32
WE SHALL SHINE AS THE. . . . 132
 What a fellowship. 199
WHAT A FRIEND. 309
WHAT DID HE DO. 220
 What means this eager. . . . 325
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT. 110
 When all my labors and. . . . 9
 When earthly cares and. . . . 26
 When He cometh. 104
WHEN HE DIED FOR ME. 63
 When I have finished my 19
WHEN I SURVEY THE. 255
 When my life work is. 64
 When the night is o'er. . . . 17
WHEN THE ROLL IS. 202
 When the trumpet of the 202
 When troubled my soul. . . . 111
 When upon life's billows. . . . 56
WHEN WE ALL GET TO. 40
WHERE CROSS THE. 85
WHERE JESUS IS 'TIS. 57
 Which way shall I take. . . . 133
WHILE JESUS WHISPERS . 203
 While we pray and while 168
WHITER THAN SNOW. 193
 Whosoever heareth. 159-221
WHOSOEVER WILL. 221
 Who will open Mercy's. . . . 170
WHY DO YOU WAIT. 201
WHY NOT NOW. 168
WHY NOT SAY YES. 167
WILL THERE BE ANY. 24
WILL YOU BE SAVED BY. . . . 179
WILL YOU BE SAVED. 172
WIN THEM ONE BY ONE 82
WONDERFUL LOVE. 76
WONDERFUL WORDS OF. 106
WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS. . . . 335
 Would you be a sunbeam 62
 Would you be free from. . . . 337

YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS 93
YE MUST BE BORN 4
YE SERVANTS 319
 Ye who wander of sin. 16
YIELD NOT TO. 209
 You ask me how I gave 112
 You ask what makes me. . . . 50
 You have heard of the. . . . 147
YOUR MISSION. 310

Yon

THE

I take.. 133
ISPEERS . 203
d while 168
OW..... 193
h...159-221
..... 221
ercy's.. 170
r..... 201
..... 168
..... 167
NY..... 24
ED BY.. 179
ED..... 172
ONE.. 82
..... 76
S OF... 106
GHT IS. 335
inbeam 62
from.. 337

IERALDS 93
RN... 4
..... 319
sin... 16
..... 209
gave . 112
tes me. 50
the... 147
..... 310

— The —

Yonge Street Mission

HYMN BOOK

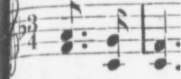


SUPPLEMENT

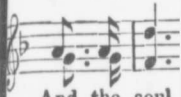
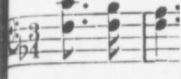


THE CARL F. WALTON COMPANY
325 Carlton Street
TORONTO

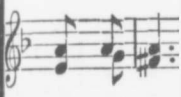
ANSON G. CHESTER



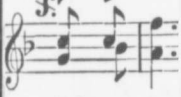
1. When we ben
2. Death may rol
3. Cares and tri



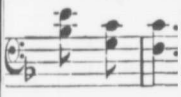
And the soul
But they on -
They are mad



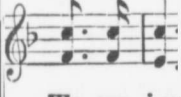
When our frien
We shall fol
But the glo



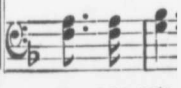
O how pre
And shall have
And He waits



D.S.—He will gui
CHORUS.



We can jou



Copyright, 1911,

He is Mindful of His Own.

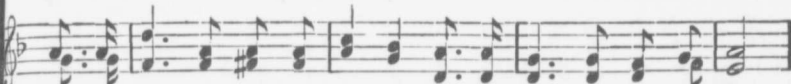
1

ANSON G. CHESTER.

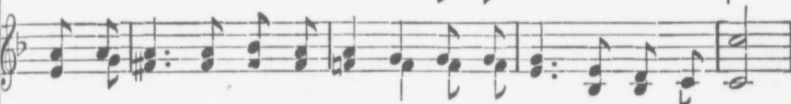
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When we bend be-neath our bur-dens, When the heart is sick and faint,
2. Death may rob us of our i - dols, Held the dear-est, loved the most;
3. Cares and tri - als, ills and sor - row, They re - pine us as we go;



And the soul re - veals its long - ings In the mourn - ings of com - plaint—
But they on - ly went be - fore us And the loved are not the lost;
They are made our com - mon por - tion While we strug - gle here be - low;



When our friends de - ceive and leave us And we jour - ney on a - lone,
We shall fol - low "when the shad - ows Are a lit - tle long - er grown,"
But the glo - ries of the fu - ture For our tri - als will a - tone,



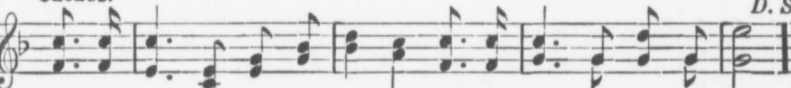
O how pre - cious to re - mem - ber—He is mind - ful of His own.
And shall have each oth - er ev - er—He is mind - ful of His own.
And He waits with us to share them, Who is mind - ful of His own.



D.S.—He will guide and guard and keep us, He is mind - ful of His own.

CHORUS.

D. S.



We can jour - ney on - ward brave - ly, We are nev - er quite a - lone;



Fix Your Eyes on the Cross.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL,

1. Fix your eyes on the cross, Dare to follow where it leads, Ever on thro' gain or
 2. Fix your eyes on the cross, It will stead-y you in fear, It will make your burden
 3. Fix your eyes on the cross, Tho' the skies be dark or blue; It will guide you in the

loss—'Tis your loving Fa-ther pleads; It is by the cross of Je-sus That a
 light, It will comfort, help, and cheer; It will give you zeal for bat-tle, It will
 path That our Lord has made for you; It will lead you safe to glo-ry, Be a

world is saved from sin, And thro' it a-lone we'll tri-umph, Thro' it vic-to-
 drive your doubts a-way; It will give you strength to conquer, It will lead to
 bea-con, al-ways bright, And the lus-tre of its sto-ry, Will il-lume the

CHORUS.

ry we'll win.
 per-fect day. The cross! the cross! It leads the way Where Christ would have us go,
 dark-est night.

We will fol-low where it leads to-day, Follow Jesus who hath loved us so.
 where it leads to-day.

Rev. JOSEPH B.

1. Make Je-sus
 2. Make Je-sus
 3. Make Je-sus
 4. Make Je-sus

O'er land a-
 Too long, t
 From India
 Let hosts o

CHORUS.

Make Je - sus

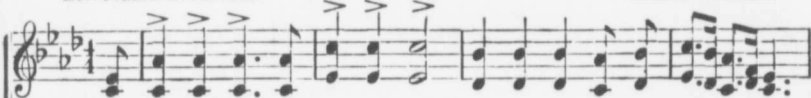
Enthroned H

Make Jesus King.

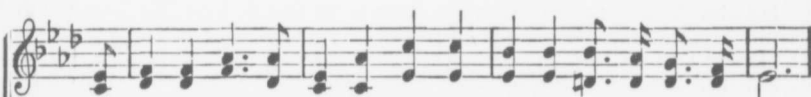
3

Rev. JOSEPH B. PENNELL.

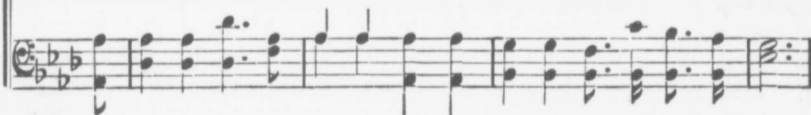
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



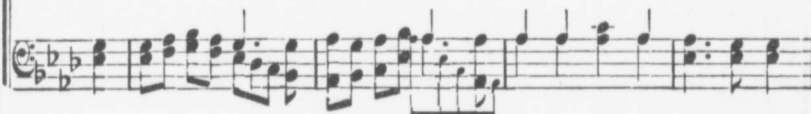
1. Make Je-sus King! Make Jesus King! Loud and long let the an-them ring!
2. Make Je-sus King! Make Jesus King! Let glad hearts shout and free hearts sing!
3. Make Je-sus King! Make Jesus King! Men of earth to His serv-ice bring
4. Make Je-sus King! Make Jesus King! Let earth wak-en and glad-ly sing;



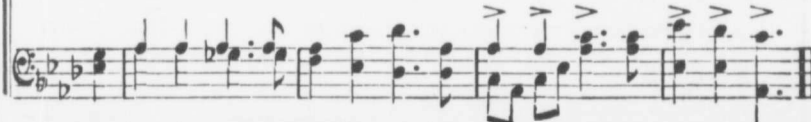
O'er land and sea, to is - lands far, Al - le-giance swear to Jacob's star.
Too long, too far has Sa-tan's hosts O'er hearts of men made e - vil boast.
From India's strand and Eastern shore Till heathen God's are served no more.
Let hosts of heav'n repeat the sound, And King of kings, our Lord be crowned.



CHORUS.
Make Je - sus King! Make Je-sus King! Let earth her crowns and scepters bring;



Enthroned Him Lord while angels sing, Make Je - sus King! Make Je-sus King!

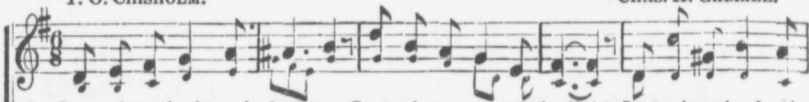


Just When the Day is Darkest.

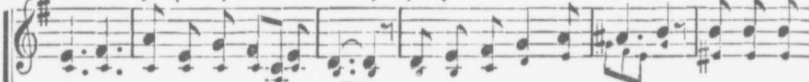
T. O. CHISHOLM.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

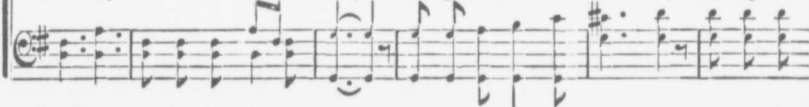
Dr. J. WILBUR CHAPIN



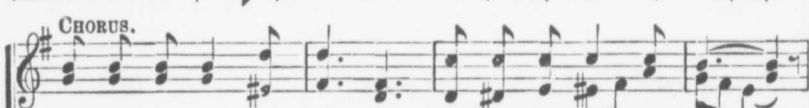
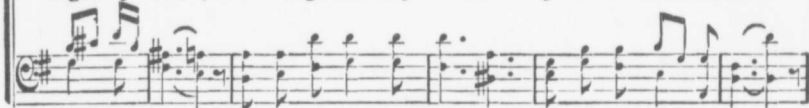
1. Just when the hour is darkest, Just when we need the light, Just when the day is
2. Just when the purpose weakens, Just when the foe is strong, Just when our hands grow
3. Just when our feet are bleeding, Just when our hearts are torn, Just when it seems none
4. Strange that we ever doubt Him! Strange that we grow afraid! Never He yet hath



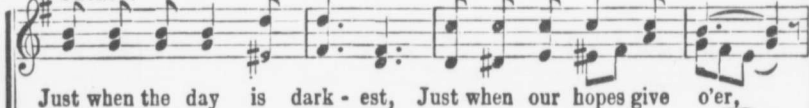
fad - ing, In - to a star - less night, Then is the time to trust Him, Then will the
wea - ry, Just when the tri - als throng, Then may our souls look upward, Learning a
oth - er Burdens like ours have borne. Then in our want and weakness, Then in our
left us, Nev - er too late His aid; Trusting Him still to lead us, Held by His



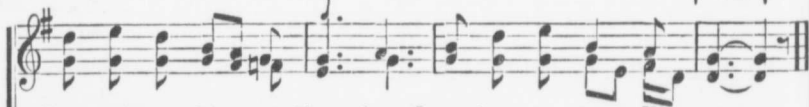
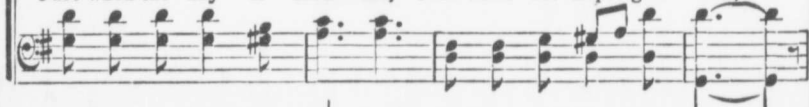
Lord ap - pear, Calming the troubled spir - it, Ban - ish - ing doubt and fear.
deep - er trust; Then do we feel Him near - est, Just when we need Him most.
pain and grief, Still may we find in Je - sus Ev - er a blest re - lief.
might - y hand, Let us go brave - ly on - ward. Up to the bet - ter land.



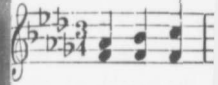
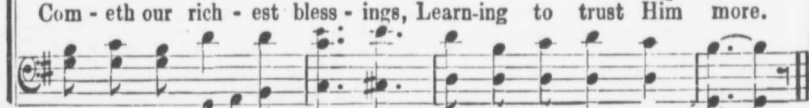
CHORUS.



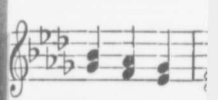
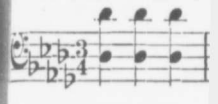
Just when the day is dark - est, Just when our hopes give o'er,



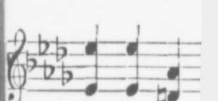
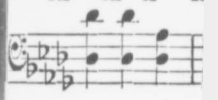
Com - eth our rich - est bless - ings, Learning to trust Him more.



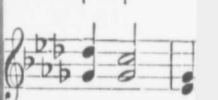
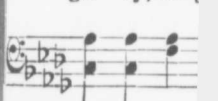
1. Just to see Je
2. Just to see Je
3. Just to see Je
4. Just to see Je



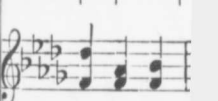
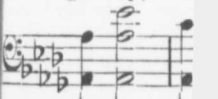
Help - er is H
suf - fer - ing fre
Cal - va - ry's tro
ris - en is H



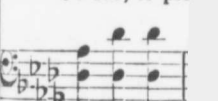
glo - ry, be



glo - ry, Wo



Je - sus, to pra



Just to See Jesus.

5

Dr. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

EL.

day is
ds grow
ns none
t hath

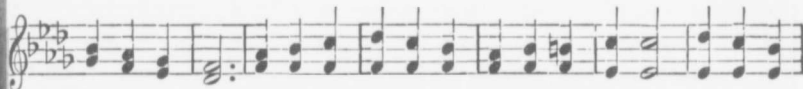
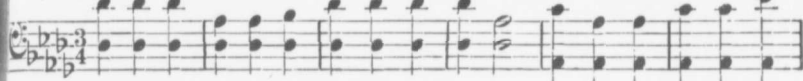
will the
ing a
in our
y His

fear.
most.
ief.
and.

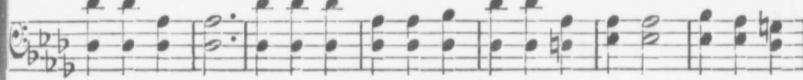
ore.



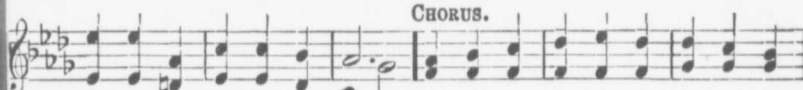
1. Just to see Je - sus, whose love is so pre - cious! Jesus my Sav - ior! my
2. Just to see Je - sus, once scarred as Re - deem - er! Jesus my Lord, from all
3. Just to see Je - sus in heav - en ex - alt - ed! Jesus, who died up - on
4. Just to see Je - sus when saved ones are gath'ring! Dy - ing as Sav - ior, now



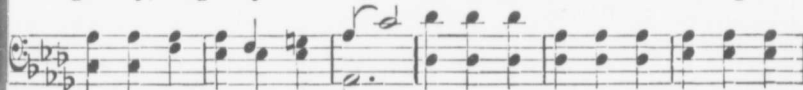
Help - er is He; Just to see Je - sus fill heaven with glad - ness, That will be
suf - fer - ing free; Just to see Je - sus trans - fig - ured for - ev - er, That will be
Cal - va - ry's tree; Just to see Je - sus, with sainted ones singing, That will be
ris - en is He; Just to see Jesus - to bow in His presence - That will be



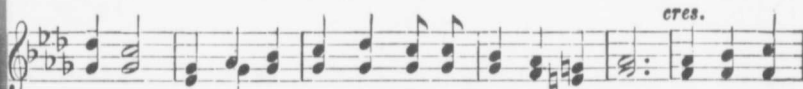
CHORUS.



glo - ry, be glo - ry for me. Just to see Je - sus re - ceiv - ing His



cres.



glo - ry, Won - der - ful Sav - ior, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis He! Just to see



rit.



Je - sus, to praise and a - dore Him, That will be glory, be glo - ry for me.



My Guide and Keeper.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When I grow wea - ry, al - most de - spair Un - der the weight of the
 2. When sore - ly tempt - ed tried by de - feat, Help - less I fall at His
 3. He knows my weakness, and, by His grace, Tem - pers the wind and the
 4. When thro' the val - ley my way I take, I know that morn - ing e -

cross I must bear, Sweetly He whispers, "Bethou not a - fraid! I am thy
 mer - ci - ful feet, His love un - fail - ing, so ten - der and true, Reaches, en -
 storms I must face; Tho' I not al - ways may fath - om His will, Sure - ly I
 ter - nal will break, And that with lov' d ones there waiting for me, In all its

CHORUS.

God! trust, and be not dis - mayed!"
 cir - cles and saves me a - new. He keeps me ev - er, For - sakes me
 know He is lead - ing me still.
 beau - ty His face I shall see.

nev - er; Is al - ways near me, To com - fort and cheer me; Thro' light and

dark - ness a - like He will guide, In life, in death He will with me a - bide.

CHARLOTTE G. H

1. While the dew
 2. Ma - ny are
 3. Do - ing deed

bright and new
 bring them in;
 help - ing han

Do - ing what t
 Precious souls
 Is the word

La - bor, an

While the su

Doing What There Is to Do.

7

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. While the dew of life still glis - tens on the flow'r, While yet the day is
2. Ma - ny are discouraged—speak the word of cheer; Some are a-stray—go
3. Do - ing deeds of love to oth - ers here be-low, Lend - ing the dai - ly

bright and new, Let us be a-bout the la - bor of the hour,
bring them in; Help the bur - den-bear - er, wipe a - way the tear,
help - ing hand; Lead - ing oth - ers home-ward with you as you go,

CHORUS.

Do - ing what there is to do.
Precious souls for Je - sus win. Up and be do - ing while you may;
Is the word of His com - mand.

La - bor, and hope, and watch, and pray; Lin - ger not, re - pin - ing,

While the sun is shin - ing, To the har - vest field a - way.

Fear Not, I Am With Thee.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES ROWE.

1. What tho' the way is rough and skies are o - ver - cast, Joys un-told are
2. Go where He bids you, do His will what-e'er it be; Give your tal - ents
3. Tho' thro' the waters dark and deep thy path-way lies, Shrink not when the
4. When in the val - ley of the shad-ow dark and deep, He will still be

1. Sol-diers in
2. Shoulder tou
3. Al- ways kee

wait - ing thee when all the storms are past; Trust in the prom - ise, and the
 un - to Him who gave so much for thee; Rain - bows of love de - clare His
 chill - ing waves of care and tri - al rise; He'll wipe a - way the tears from
 with thee, a - ble, will - ing, strong to keep: In Him to die is but to

that de - file
 like a wa
 cit - y fai

Lord will hold thee fast—
 word from sea to sea—"Fear not, I am with thee, e - ven un - to the end."
 sor - row's weeping eyes—
 gen - tly fall a - sleep—

Keep your plac
 Keep your plac
 And be - stow t

Fear not the way! He knoweth! Prove Him to-day! He goeth On be - fore
 For He go - eth On be

ho - vah! I

thee to de - fend! In ev - 'ry hour His mer - cy will thy way at - tend—
 fore thee

sin if you

Keep Your Place.

9

JAMES ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Sol-diers in the ar-my of the King most high, Fighting e-vils
2. Shoulder touch-ing shoulder is the way to fight, Stand-to-geth-er
3. Al-ways keep your place, be loy-al, brave and true, Till you reach the

that de-file, If you hope to tri-umph when the foe is nigh,
like a wall; Keep-ing Love's old stand-ard in the gos-pel light,
cit-y fair; Trust the One who leads you, He will take you thro',

CHORUS.

Keep your place all the while.
Keep your place all the while. Keep your place in hon-or and ex-alt Je-
And be-stow the life-crown there.

ho-vah! Let no e-vil thing be-guile; In the bit-ter fight with

sin if you the vic-to-ry would win, Keep your place all the while.

The Light that Never Fails.

Rev. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the light of day has van - ished, And the ev-'ning shad-ows throng,
 2. Have thine eyes by sin been blind - ed? Have you lost the Light of Day?
 3. When the day of life is end - ing, And the fi - nal shad-ows fall;

When the world seems full of sor-row, Full of sigh-ing, sin and wrong;
 Are you grop-ing in the dark-ness, Have your vis-ions passed a - way?
 When the chill-ing winds are blowing, And the clouds of death ap - pall,

There's a light of ra-diant beau - ty Which o - ver all the earth pre-vals,
 There is still the fie - ry pil - lar When might-y hosts of sin as-sail,
 There will rise a glo-rious vis - ion—Be-fore which all earth's beauty pales

Shin-ing from the throne of glo - ry—'Tis the light that nev - er fails.
 Changing night to fair - est morning—'Tis the light that nev - er fails.
 It will lead you thro' the darkness—'Tis the light that nev - er fails.

CHORUS.

O glo-rious Light, O Light di - vine, Up - on us now in beau-ty shine,

Bid dark-ness

Rev. ALFRED H. A

1. When thy poor I
 2. The crown was
 3. The sin - ner's
 4. In lov - ing to

Pray, for the W
 The cross was he
 Be - hold! those n
 Give un - to Hi

CHORUS.

Re - mem-ber Ca

ag - o - ny, Red

Copyright, 1911, by

The Light that Never Fails.

11

Bid dark-ness flee that we may see The Light that nev-er fails.
The Light that nev - - - er fails.

Remember Calvary.

Rev. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When thy poor heart its vig - il keeps, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
2. The crown was hum - ble that He wore, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
3. The sin - ner's Friend for us He died, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
4. In lov - ing tones He's call-ing still, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry;

Pray, for the Watch-man nev - er sleeps— Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
The cross was heav - y which He bore, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
Be - hold! those nail-prints still a - bide, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry.
Give un - to Him thy life, thy will, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry! His cru - el ag - o - ny, His

rit.
ag - o - ny, Redem-ption's tide, His blood supplied, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

Marching to Victory.

S. L.

SCOTT LAWRENCE.

Rev. W. C. POO

1. We the Master's summons o-bey, While we are marching to vic-to - ry!
 2. All the pow'rs of darkness shall fall, While we are marching to vic-to - ry!
 3. Joy and peace His presence affords, While we are marching to vic-to - ry!
 4. When the days of service are past, While we are marching to vic-to - ry!

1. All na-tions
 2. All na-tions
 3. All na-tions

True and faith-ful day by day, While we are marching to vic - to - ry!
 We shall tri-umph o - ver all, While we are marching to vic - to - ry!
 King of kings and Lord of lords, While we are marching to vic - to - ry!
 Victors we'll be crowned at last, While we are marching to vic - to - ry!

Wav-ing on h
 Mer-cy and gr
 O - ver the wr

CHORUS.

March - ing on to glo - rious vic - - to - ry, Marching

tri-umph And
 sto - ry, Sal -
 cho - rus A -

March - ing on to vic - to - ry, To the King,
 on to glo - rious vic - - to - ry, To the King

bring! All n

to the King, We are march-ing onward and upward to Je - sus.
 to the King, We are march-ing on - - ward to Je - sus.

Je - sus, Thro'

All Nations for Jesus

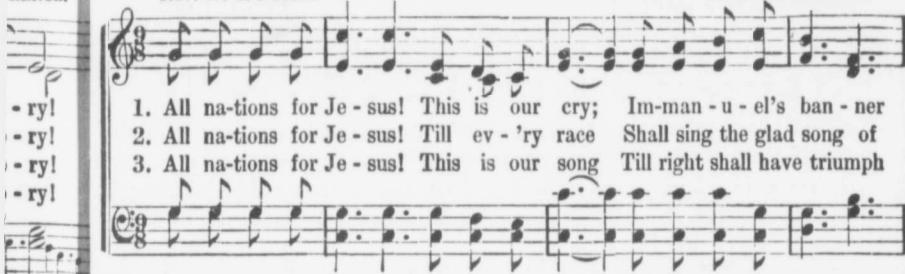
13

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

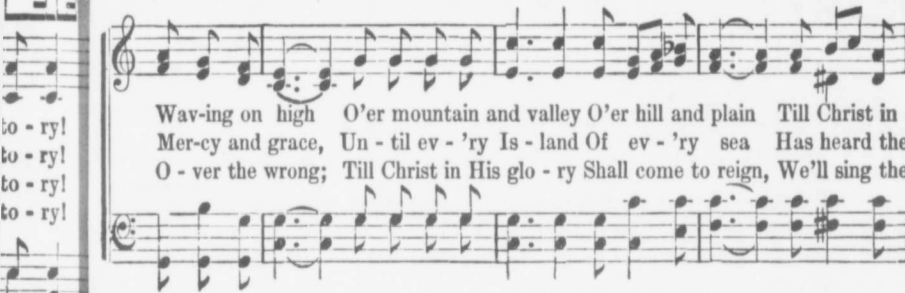
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

RENCE.

- ry!
- ry!
- ry!
- ry!

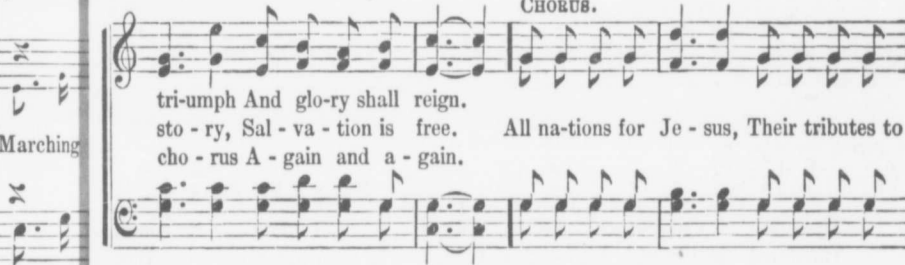
- 
1. All na-tions for Je - sus! This is our cry; Im-man - u - el's ban - ner
 2. All na-tions for Je - sus! Till ev - 'ry race Shall sing the glad song of
 3. All na-tions for Je - sus! This is our song Till right shall have triumph

to - ry!
to - ry!
to - ry!
to - ry!



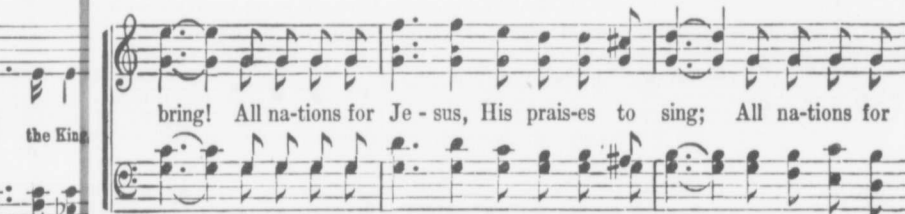
Wav-ing on high O'er mountain and valley O'er hill and plain Till Christ in
Mer-cy and grace, Un - til ev - 'ry Is - land Of ev - 'ry sea Has heard the
O - ver the wrong; Till Christ in His glo - ry Shall come to reign, We'll sing the

CHORUS.



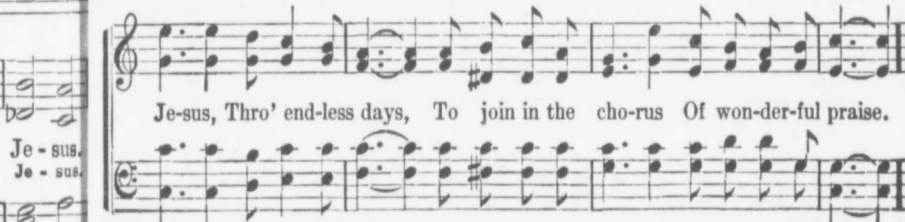
tri-umph And glo-ry shall reign.
sto - ry, Sal - va - tion is free. All na-tions for Je - sus, Their tributes to
cho - rus A - gain and a - gain.

Marching



bring! All na-tions for Je - sus, His prais-es to sing; All na-tions for

the King



Je - sus, Thro' end-less days, To join in the cho-rus Of won-der-ful praise.

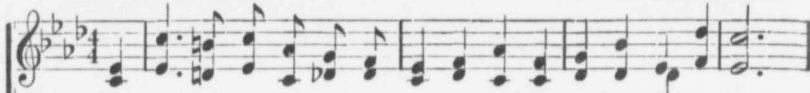
Je - sus.
Je - sus.

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

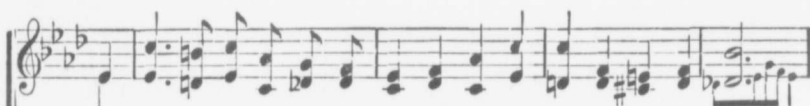
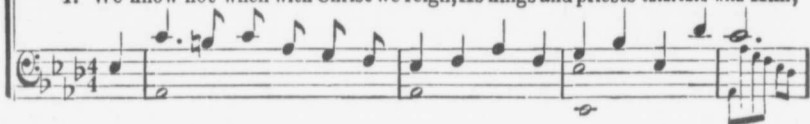
More Than Satisfied.

ERNEST G. W. WESLEY.

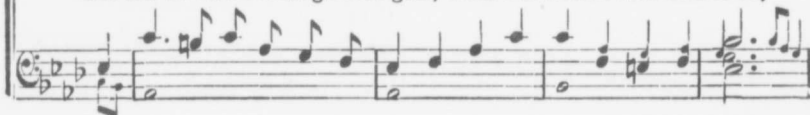
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



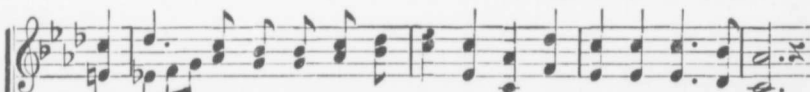
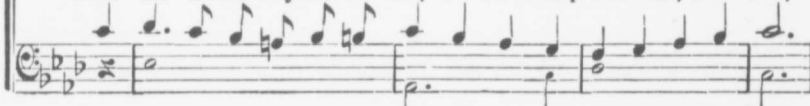
1. We know not when our Master's voice Will call His lab'ers from their toil—
2. We know not when shall end our race, For 'tis by faith our course is run;
3. We know not when our eyes shall see The Lord we love and try to serve;
4. We know not when with Christ we reign, As kings and priests enthroned with Him;



But this we know: we shall re-joyce, Some-day, when sets the western sun;
 But this we know, sustained by grace, We all can win the vic-tor's crown;
 But this we know: e - ter - ni - ty Too short will prove His love to learn;
 But this we know: most glorious gain, 'Twill e'er be ours with Him to be;



Then sat - is - fied our hearts will be, When He, our Lord doth call us home;
 Then sat - is - fied, yes, sat - is - fied, When we, as conq'rors, stand with Him;
 Then set - is - fied beyond all thought, As He, Him-self to us makes known,
 Then sat - is - fied be-yond de - sire, In fel-low-ship with Him, most dear;

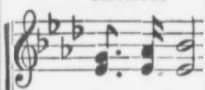


The pain and wea-ri-ness will flee, And naught will cause one tear one sigh.
 With Him, our King, to e'er a-bide; Then more, much more than sat-is-fied.
 Who with His precious blood has bo't Our hearts, to ev - er be His Own.
 His pres - ence will our souls inspire, To know His will, to laud His name.

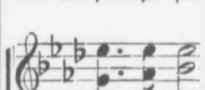
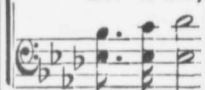


Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

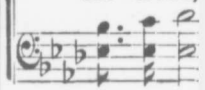
CHORUS.



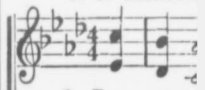
Sat - is - fied,



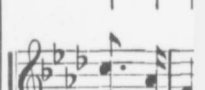
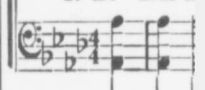
Sat - is - fied,



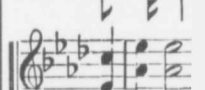
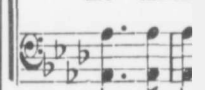
T. O. CHISHOLD



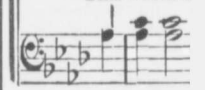
1. Be near n
2. Be near n
3. Be near n
4. Be near n



or in dan
 be my hel
 thorn-y pati
 me the m



This world is



Copyright, 191

More Than Satisfied.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied, more than sat - is - fied When our toil on earth is done;

Sat - is - fied, more than sat - is - fied When at last our crown is won.

Be Near Me, O My Savior.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be near me, O my Sav-ior, In ev-'ry hour of need, In troub-le
2. Be near me in temp-ta-tion; So weak am I and frail, Un-less Thou
3. Be near me in my sor-row, Be near when friends are gone, When on some
4. Be near me when the shad-ows Of death a-bout me creep, O grant to

CHORUS.

or in dan-ger, A pres - ent help in - deed.
 be my help-er, Ah! sure - ly I must fail. Be near me, O my Savior,
 thorn-y path-way My feet must walk a - lone.
 me the mer-cy That gives Thy loved ones sleep.

This world is but a snare; I need Thy constant presence, I need Thy ceaseless care.

My Song Shall Be of Jesus.

LAVINIA E. BEAUFF.
Unison.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His bound-less love I know,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, Thro' - out each coming day;
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, The Lamb for sin-ners slain;

He washed me in His pre-cious blood And made me white as snow;
He is the Rock on which I stand, He is my life, my way;
He is my Refuge and my Strength, In Him I live a - gain;

Sur - round - ed by temp - ta - tions He heard my ear - nest plea;
When du - ty's path seems rug - ged To Christ, my Lord I flee;
When death's cold waves o'er-take me Where - ev - er I may be,

My song shall be of Je - sus Be - cause He first loved me.

CHORUS.

Be - cause He first loved me, Be - cause He first loved me,
loved me, Be - cause He first loved me,

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

My song sha

ADA POWELL.

1. O heart, t
2. Look for t
3. O heart, t

And in the
Live not a-
God's love is

CHORUS.

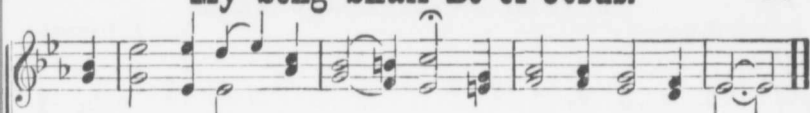
There's sun-light

The clouds wil

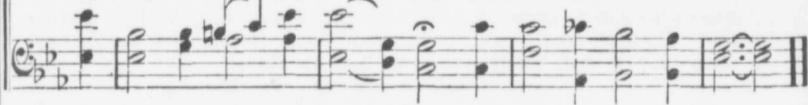
Copyright, 191

My Song Shall Be of Jesus.

17



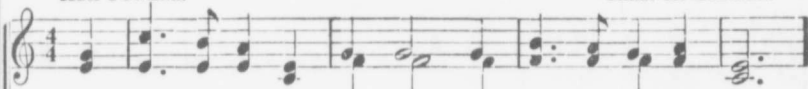
My song shall be of Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me...



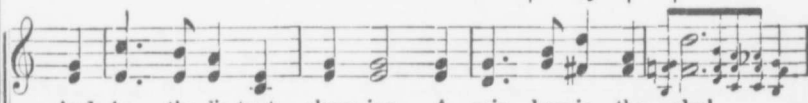
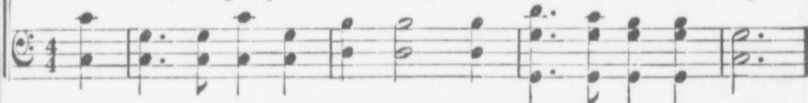
Sunlight Just Beyond.

ADA POWELL.

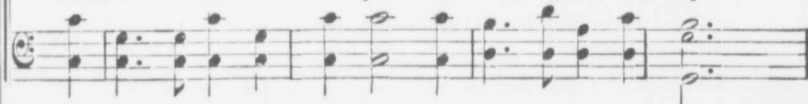
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



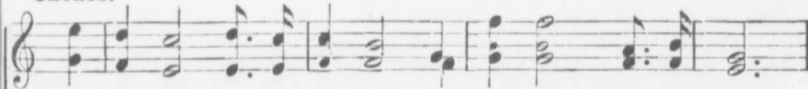
1. O heart, for-get your sor - row, The clouds are pass-ing by,
2. Look for the glad to - mor - row, For - get your tears and pain;
3. O heart, for-get your sor - row, Watch for the dawn of day!



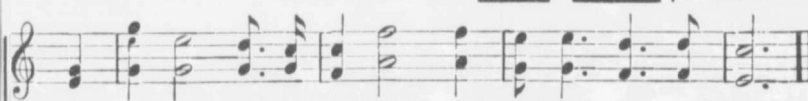
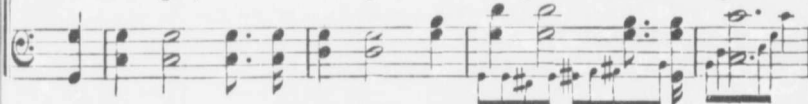
And in the dis-tant gleam-ing A rain - bow in the skyl
Live not a-mong the shad-ows, The sun will shine a - gain.
God's love is all a - round you— There's sunshine on the way!



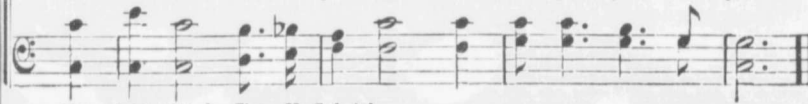
CHORUS.



There's sun-light, bless-ed sun-light, Let not your heart de - spond!



The clouds will soon be pass-ing, There's sun-light just be - yond.



I Will Never Leave Thee.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why should I re - bel when the cross is hard to bear? Why re - pine in
 2. When the day is dark - est, and troub - le - bil - lows roll, Sweet - ly this as -
 3. Tho' He send me tri - als, 'tis but to make me strong, And the fie - ry,
 4. Some - day I shall see Him to know Him as He is; Some day I shall

sor - row or trem - ble with des - pair? Je - sus still is with me, His
 sur - rance comes steal - ing o'er my soul:—"I am He that liv - eth! Hope
 fur - nace shall e - cho with my song; In my weak - ness He will give
 feel my hand close - ly held in His; Then with all the loved ones who've

prom - is - es are sure, And thro' - out the a - ges for - ev - er shall en - dure,
 on, nor be a - fraid! Trust in Me for refuge, and be thou not dismayed!"
 strength for ev'ry day, Loving, guiding, keeping, sustain - ing all the way.
 journeyed on be - fore, In His presence I shall re - joice for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er leave Thee; Sor - row shall not grieve thee; In my arms I'll

hold thee and wipe thy tears a - way. I will not for - sake thee, Foes shall not o'er

take thee;

W. M. LIGHT

1. We serve
 2. 'Tis Je -
 3. This earth
 4. Then face

Will give
 His will
 We'll fore -
 Our Mas -

CHORUS.

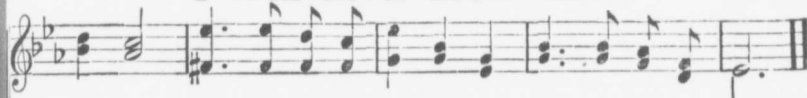
If we all s

true; If w

I Will Never Leave Thee.

19

GABRIEL.



take thee; I, the Lord, will keep thee se - cure a-against that day.

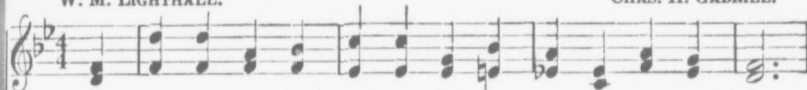


- pine in
y this as-
fie - ry,
y I shall

If We All Stand True.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



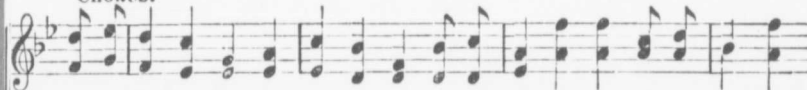
1. We serve a Mas - ter great and strong, A conq'ring Lead - er who
2. 'Tis Je - sus Christ the Might - y One, With whom we have to do;
3. This earth shall wear a smile, I know; The sky a bright-er blue;
4. Then face to face and eye to eye And heart to heart we'll view



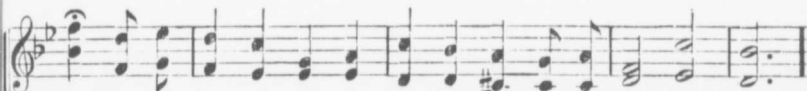
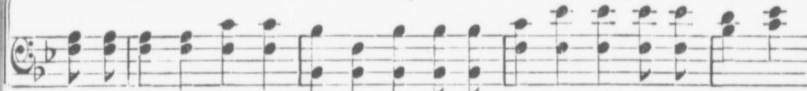
Will give us tri - umph o - ver wrong, If we all stand true.
His will must be, and shall be done, If we all stand true.
We'll fore-taste heav-en here be - low, If we all stand true.
Our Mas - ter-Sav - ior, by and by, If we all stand true.



CHORUS.



If we all stand true we can-not fail, If we all stand true, if we all stand



true; If we all stand true we shall pre-vail, If we all stand true.



me, His
athl Hope
will give
ones who've

-dure.
ayed!"
e way.
-more.

y arms I'll

shall not o'er

What Will You Do?

Rev. EDWIN M. RANDALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je-sus, Su-preme with the Fa-ther on high, Won-drous! de-scend-ed, con-
2. O will you help in pro-claim-ing His word? Mill-ions in darkness know
3. Youth with its beau-ty, its fev - er, its might, Je - sus hath need of to
4. Youth-hood en-list - ed, a world-cir-cling band, Shall lift His ban-ner o'er

sent - ing to die; Ris - ing vic - to-ri-ous o'er sin and the grave,
 not of their Lord: Love all com-pell - ing en - treats you to - day,
 scat - ter the light: Rich - es and ta - lent and time you may bring,
 ev - 'ry dark land: Filled with His glo - ry as floods fill the sea,

CHORUS.
 Calls us to serv - ice this lost world to save.
 Res - cue the lost ones, wher - ev - er they stray. What will you do, what will
 What will you give Him, your Sav-ior, your King?
 All earth His king-dom for - ev - er shall be.

you do, For Him who endured such sor-row for you? For all the lost world

He died on the tree: Will you go, or send oth-ers, His her - ald to be?

Rev. W. A. Sc

1. Are you liv
2. Are you liv
3. Are you liv

walk in the
 ta - tion and
 dark-ness an

Do you serv
 And you serv
 Be a serv

close to your

Gird on th

Are You Living For Jesus?

Rev. W. A. Schell.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

GABRIEL.

id-ed, con-
ness know
d of to
ner o'er

ie grave,
to - day,
may bring,
the sea,

lo, what will

ie lost world

ld to be?

1. Are you liv - ing for Je - sus your Sav - ior to - day? Are you try - ing to
2. Are you liv - ing for Je - sus? Tho' oft you are tried By the world of temp -
3. Are you liv - ing for Je - sus? Then souls you will win From the pow - ers of

walk in the nar - row way? All His blessed commandments do you o - bey?
ta - tion and sin and pride, There is blessings and hon - or, if self is de - nied,
dark - ness and paths of sin; Labor ear - nest - ly, striv - ing to bring them in, -

CHORUS.

Do you serve Him in truth and in love?
And you serve Him in truth and in love. O Christian, keep close, keep
Be a serv - ant in truth and in love.

close to your Lord; Be - lieve on His promise and trust His word;
Be - lieve His promise and trust His word;

Gird on the ar - mor and take the sword, And serve Him in truth and in love.

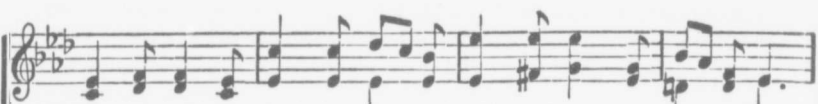
More and More.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. More and more the light is break-ing O'er a world in sin - ful night,
2. More and more the hosts are gaining, Foll'wers of the liv - ing Lord;
3. More and more, God's Kingdom's coming, Rul-ing swaying o - ver all;
4. More and more my bless-ed Sav-ior Dear - er grows each day to me;



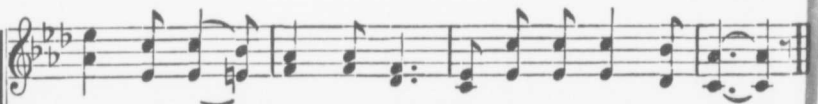
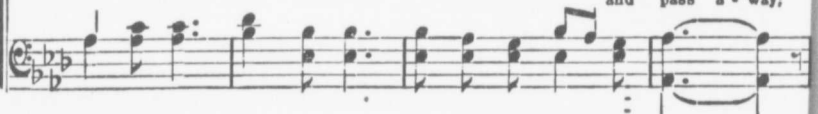
More and more all na - tions wak-ing, Seek the Day of Gos - pel light.
 More and more His spir - it reign-ing; More and more we read His word.
 Bring-ing wand'ers home re - joic - ing, Lift - ing sin - ners from their fall.
 More and more His smile and fa - vor Fall a - round wher - e'er I be.



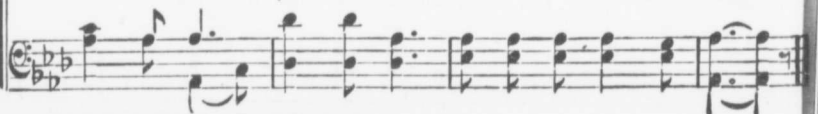
CHORUS.



More and more, more and more, Shad-ows will flee a - way;.....
 and pass a - way;

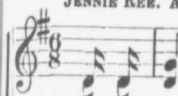


More and more, more and more, Un - til the per - fect day.

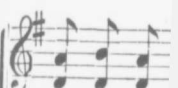


Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

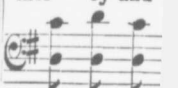
JENNIE REE, A.



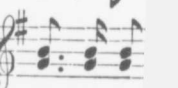
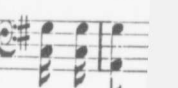
1. There is plenty
2. There are hills
3. There is plenty
4. There is plenty



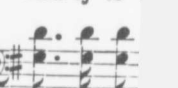
culled from the ground
 o - pen the
 brain, for the
 mer - cy and



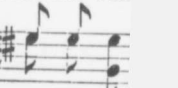
There are vine
 There are doors
 There's a fort
 There is work



Plen-ty to



Mas-ter while



Copyright, 19

There is Plenty to Do.

23

ABRIEL.

JENNIE REE. Arr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

night,
Lord;
all;
me;

1. There is plen - ty to do in this world of ours, There are weeds to be
2. There are highways of sor-row, and sin to seal, There are fountains to
3. There is plen - ty to do o - ver all the land, There is work for the
4. There is plen - ty to do—nations we must teach, An e - van - gel of

pel light.
His word.
their fall.
er I be.

culled from the grain and flow'rs; There are seeds to be sown, there is grain to reap,
o - pen the lands to heal; There are words to be spoken, and songs to sing,
brain, for the heart and hand; There are conflicts to wage with the hosts of sin,
mer - cy and love to preach; There's an ensign to plant on the land and sea,

CHORUS.

There are vineyards to set on the mountains steep.
There are doors to be opened and bells to ring. There is plen-ty to do,
There's a fortress to hold, and a fight to win.
There is work for the millions— for you, for me.

Yes, there's

Plen-ty to do, Look on the field and go forth a-new! Go work for the

On - ly

Mas-ter while yet you may, There is plen-ty, plen-ty, plen-ty to do.

He Has Never Failed Me Yet.

Lizzie De Arnold.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Rev. A. H. A

1. He has nev - er failed me yet, Tho' so oft - en I for - get, Slight the
 2. He has nev - er failed me yet! When by troub - le sore be - set, Ev - 'ry
 3. He has nev - er failed me yet! All the friends I ev - er met Could not

1. Be - yond
 2. Be - yond
 3. Be - yond
 4. Be - yond

love He free - ly of - fers me; On His word I can depend, He has proved Him -
 bur - den He is glad to share; I am led by Him each day In a safe and
 sat - is - fy my long - ing heart; There's a man - sion up a - bove, He's prepared for

of life that
 I hear Hir
 the val - ley
 me on th

CHORUS.

self a Friend, And my Guide thro' life shall ev - er be.
 pleasant way; 'Tis a joy to know my Lord doth care. He has nev - er
 me in love; In the bliss of heav'n I'll have a part.

The qui - et
 In tend' rest
 "Thy will b
 My du - ty

failed me yet, nev - er, nev - er, To Him all praise and glo - ry be, He has

shines a he

nev - er failed me yet, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er! My Sav - ior is the Friend for me.

All will t

Beyond the Shadows.

25

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

B. D. Ackley.

Gabriel.

Slight the
Ev - 'ry
Could not

1. Be - yond the dark - ness, past the shad - ows deep, Be - yond the storms
2. Be - yond the dark - ness, thro' the tem - pest wild, A - bove its roar
3. Be - yond the dark - ness and its gloom and fright, The sun - lit hills,
4. Be - yond the dark - ness friends have gone be - fore; They wait to greet

has proved Him -
a safe and
prepared for

of life that round me sweep, No des - ert there, what - ev - er else may be,
I hear Him say--"My child!" Un - to my soul distressed He makes re - ply
the val - leys filled with light, Shall all be mine, if I but trust and say -
me on the oth - er shore; The time—His own—'tis not for me to know,

ORUS.

CHORUS.

The qui - et stream and pastures green I see.
In tend' rest tones--"Be not a - fraid - 'tis I!" Be - yond the dark - ness
"Thy will be done!" wher - ev - er leads the way.
My du - ty is to serve Him here be - low.

be, He has

shines a heav'n - ly ray, Flood - ing with light life's drear - y way;

Friend for me.

All will be right be - yond the night, There smiles undimmed God's perfect day.

Dr. M. Victor Staley.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Where would you have me go, dear Lord? Com-mand and I'll o - bey;
 2. What would you have me do, dear Lord? Com-mand each act of mine;
 3. What would you have me be, dear Lord? Teach me Thy ho - ly will;

I'll deem no path too rough to tread, If Thou but point the way.
 And may my pur - pose ev - er be, In sweet ac-cord with Thine.
 Cre - ate in me the sweet de - sire Thy wish - es to ful - fill.

CHORUS.

Thy voice to me is ev - er sweet; I yield to Thee my all;

For well I know Thy hand will guide, What-ev - er may be - fall.

Rev. A. S. I

1. The joy b
 2. The joy b
 3. The joy b
 4. The joy b

where I g
 Hope and
 my de - lig
 face to fa

praise of
 life a-bu
 yoke is es
 hon-or, mi

ring - in
 ringing, ri

heav'n and e

The Joy Bells of My Soul.

27

Rev. A. S. Leonard.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Gabriel.

1. The joy bells of my soul are ring-ing, Their sweetest mu-sic ev-'ry
 2. The joy bells of my soul are ring-ing, Faith, Truth and Love, immortal
 3. The joy bells of my soul are ring-ing, His ho-ly will and law are
 4. The joy bells of my soul are ring-ing, For I shall see my Sav-ior

- bey;
 mine;
 will;

where I go; For I have found the Sav-ior and I'm sing-ing The
 Hope and Peace; For Christ has come, and He is ev-er giv-ing The
 my de-light; And in His serv-ice I am ev-er sing-ing, "His
 face to face; And join the blood-wash'd throng in anthems, giv-ing All

e way.
 h Thine.
 - fill.

CHORUS.

praise of Him who made me white as snow.
 life a-bun-dant that will nev-er cease. The joy bells of my soul are
 yoke is ea-sy and His bur-den light."
 hon-or, might and glo-ry to His grace.

all;

ring-ing, For Christ hath pardoned all my sin and shame; Join
 ringing, ringing, ringing, For Christ hath par-doned all my sin and shame;

heav'n and earth in glad hosannas singing E-ter-nal praises to His ho-ly name.

be - fall.

The Rapture of His Presence.

Rev. C. MCKIBBEN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O the rapt-ure and the glo-ry that is kin-dled in my soul,
 2. O the bless-ed hope He gives me as I list-en to His voice,
 3. But I feel I am un-wor-thy as I think of what I've been,

When the Sav-ior takes me to His arms and makes me ful-ly whole!
 For He tells me of e-ter-nal joy that makes my heart re-joice,
 And my eyes are dim in pen-i-tence at what in me He's seen,

With His pre-cious blood He cleans-es and His spir-it me re-news;
 And He tells me of a place prepared for us His chil-dren dear,
 But He draws me clos-er to Him with His o-ver-flow-ing grace,

D. S. - With His ten-der touch He heals me with His peace He fills my soul,

As I dwell in full com-mun-ion He will noth-ing me re-fuse.
 And my heart is filled with rapt-ure and there's noth-ing left to fear.
 And I smile to think He loves me as I read it in His face.

And I'll praise His name for-ev-er while e-ter-nal a-ges roll.

CHORUS.

O He makes..... the heart re-joice.....
 O the dear and pre-cious Sav-ior how He makes the heart re-joice,

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

With the
 With the

A. W. F. and
 1. Je-sus
 2. He is
 3. Just a

In the
 Ev-er
 Then with

He has
 He is
 In that

And with
 There for
 Ev-er-

Copyright,

The Rapture of His Presence.

29

D. S.

With the sweet - - - - - ness of His voice.....
 With the glo - ry of His bless-ed face, the sweet-ness of His voice.

I Shall See Him By and By.

A. W. F. and C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je-sus rules and reigns a - bove, And I shall see Him, by and by;
2. He is all in all to me, And I shall see Him, by and by;
3. Just a lit - tle long - er here, And I shall see Him, by and by;

In the realms of joy and love, I shall see Him, by and by;
 Ev - er more with Him to be, I shall see Him, by and by;
 Then with sight di - vine - ly clear, I shall see Him, by and by;

He has said He would pre - pare Mansions bright for me to share,
 He is all my hope and choice; How I long to hear His voice!
 In that gold - en day of days I my rapt-ured voice will raise,

And with all the ran-somed there I shall see Him, by and by.
 There for - ev - er to re - joice, I shall see Him, by and by.
 Ev - er - more in songs of praise, - I shall see Him, by and by.

'Twill Not Be Long.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Twill not be long! The storms they can-not last, Soon will be
 2. 'Twill not be long un - til the hopes that burn, With - in our
 3. 'Twill not be long un - til our eyes that weep, Will gen - tly re-
 3. 'Twill not be long! Then let us calm - ly wait, Till God shall

spent the fur - y of the blast; The clouds we dread will
 souls, to blest fru - i - tion turn, Till faith her bright re-
 close in dream - less, qui - et sleep, Our hands from all their
 call us from this earth - ly state, A lit - tle while con-

short-ly pass a - way, And on our sight will burst e - ter - nal day....
 ward at last shall gain, And Love her glo - rious ful - ness will at - tain....
 bus - y toil will cease, Our wea - ry feet, reach Heaven's rest and peace.
 tent to suf - fer here, E - ter - nal glo - ry with the Lord to share...

CHORUS.

'Twill not be long,..... 'twill not be long,..... O faint-ing
 'Twill not be long, 'twill not be long, 'twill not be long, O

hearts, be strong, be strong!..... The heav-y cross,.....
 fainting hearts, O faint-ing hearts be strong, The heav - y cross,

the pain a

CHARLOTTE

1. Oh, I
 2. Here I
 3. Streng

Ev -
 From
 And

Seek-
 Peac-
 Oh,

Plead
 And
 Calms

'Twill Not Be Long.

31

GABRIEL.

will be
in our
gen - tly
rod shall

the pain and loss, Will soon be past, 'twill not be long.
the pain and loss, Will soon be past,

The Quiet Hour.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

J. L. GILBERT.

1. Oh, the qui - et hour with Je - sus, In com - mun - ion sweet;
2. Here the door of heav - en o - pens, And a joy di - vine,
3. Strength for battles near He gives me, Cour - age He re - news,

Ev - 'ry - thing to Him con - fess - ing, - Con - quest or de - feat;
From the heart of the E - ter - nal, En - ters in - to mine;
And a flam - ing zeal from slum - ber, By His Spir - it woos;

Seek - ing for the light that shin - eth From His bless - ed face,
Peace be - yond all un - der - stand - ing, Lulls me in - to rest,
Oh, the qui - et hour with Je - sus, How it cheers the soul,

Plead - ing for the help that com - eth, On - ly by His grace.
And His voice like sweet - est mu - sic, Speaks, and I am blest.
Calms the storm, and bids the rag - ing Bil - lows cease to roll.

Are You Walking with Jesus?

LOUIS E. HOLCOMB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you walk - ing with the Mas - ter, Where the way is nev - er dim?
 2. There are high-ways broad and pleasing That may lure your feet a - way
 3. Oft we hear the voice of Sa - tan Call - ing us a - way from God;

Are you march - ing with the Lord? Are you list'n - ing to His word? Are you
 From the path of truth and right, But they lead to endless night; Keep your
 All his prom - is - es are vain! He but seeks thy soul to stain; Let the

fac - ing t'ward the sun - rise of e - ter - ni - ty with Him? Are you
 face to - ward the morning, t'ward the break - ing of the day, Ev - er
 Mas - ter guide you dai - ly in the way the saints have trod, Ev - er

CHORUS.

walking with Je - sus? Walk - ing, walk - - ing,
 walk - ing walk - ing with Je - sus? Walk - ing with Je - sus, walk - ing with Je - sus,

List'n'ing to the counsel of His word? With your faith in Him se - cure,
 ho - ly word,

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Loy

LAVIN
 1. Je -
 2. Je -
 3. Je -

Fills t
 Makes
 Keeps

Je -
 Je -
 Je -

Je - s
 Je - s

Copy

Are You Walking with Jesus?

33

BRIEL.

er dim?
a-way
om God;

Loy-al to the end en-dure, Ev-er walk-ing with Je-sus?
walk-ing, walk-ing with Je-sus?

Jesus Only.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Are you
Keep your
Let the

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Can all sin de-roy; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
2. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Feeds the hun - gry soul; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
3. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Gives us life a - new; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

Are you
Ev - er
Ev - er

Fills the heart with joy; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Helps us walk a - right;
Makes the sin - ner whole; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Whispers words of peace;
Keeps us good and true: Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Fills the heart with love;

CHORUS.

ing,
th Je - sus,

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, In this dark world's light. } Let us sing of
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Can our faith in-crease. } Je - sus, bless-ed
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Guides to realms a - bove.

m se-cure,

Je - sus, 'Twas for us He came; } Je - sus, Je - sus, Praise His ho - ly name.
Je - sus, Praise His ho - ly name; }

Most Wonderful.

E. G. W. WESLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. From death to life! From darkness in - to light! How won - der-ful is
2. From tears to joy! From sor - row He makes free! How won - der-ful - the
3. From sigh to song! From all which caus - es grief! How won - der-ful the
4. From toil to rest! From wea - ri - ness and strife! How won - der-ful that

He who this hath wrought, Who cloud-less day has wrest-ed out of
 change which Christ doth bring; He speaks, and fear and pain and doubting
 clouds He drives a - way; His pres-ence cheers and gives us full re-
 Christ our home pre - pares; There will He give to us e - ter - nal

night— The Son of God, whose blood our souls hath bought!
 flee,— The Son of God, our Lord, Re-deem - er King.....
 lief— The Son of God, who turn-eth night to day.....
 life— The Son of God, who ev - er for us cares.....

C. H.

1. TI
2. TI
3. TI

brov
 ag
 saw

wo
 the
 an

Most Wonderful.

35

CHORUS.

Most wonderful! Most wonderful! The Lamb who once was slain;
who once was slain;

won-der-ful! wonderfull

Most wonderful! Most won-der-ful! Who died and lives a - gain!

won-der-ful! wonderfull

There They Crucified Him.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There they cru-ci - fied Him, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry! From His thorn - crowned
2. There they cru-ci - fied Him, And mocked Him in His pain, Clam'ring at His
3. There they cru-ci - fied Him, The shame - ful deed was done! Earth, in ter - ror,

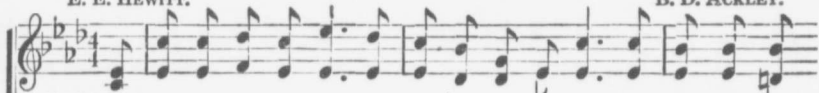
brow the blood - drops Flowing down for me. Faultless One! behold Him, Look on His
ag - o - ny - this Lamb for sinners slain. Casting lots be - fore Him, His garments
saw and trembled, Darkness hid the sun; Grieving nature shuddered When He in

wounded side! Scorned, re - ject - ed, and de - spised, My bless - ed Sav - ior died.
they di - vide; There in sor - row and in shame, My bless - ed Sav - ior died.
an - guish cried: - "It is fin - ished!" and for me My bless - ed Sav - ior died.

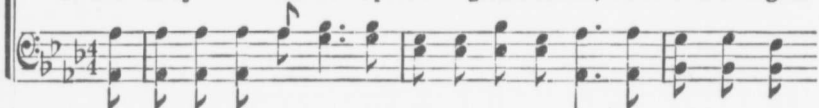
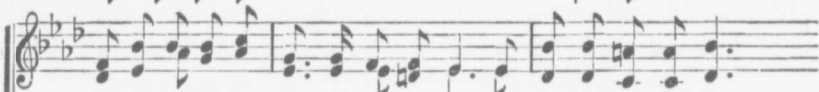
Will You Be There?

E. E. HEWITT.

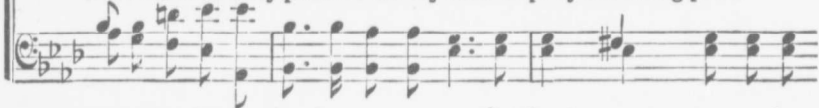
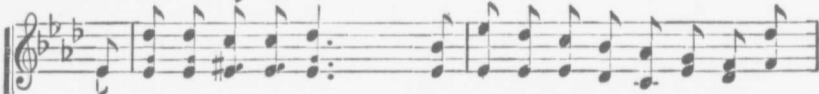
B. D. ACKLEY.



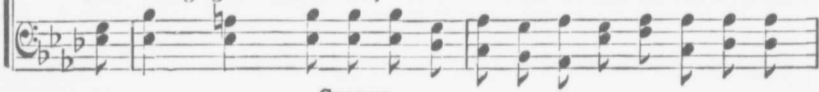
1. For me the Sav-ior died, For me was cru - ci - fied, And thus my debt
2. Tis bless - ed-ness to know That in this world be - low We may be kept
3. How many dear ones stand Up-on that golden strand, Where with that glad

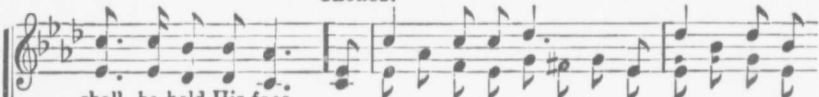
was sat-is-fied Thro' His Re-deem-ing grace; For me He rose on high
as white as snow, With-in His watchful care; That He will lead us on
victorious band They palms of vic-t'ry bear. Kept by His saving pow'r

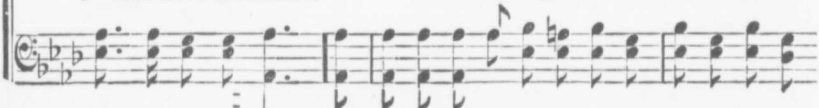
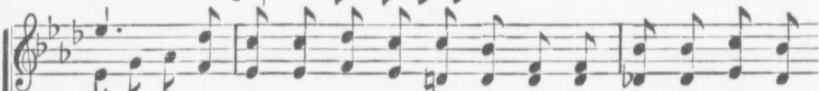
To realms be-yond the sky, Where, in His mer - cy, by and by I
Un - til the night is gone, And in the light of heav-en's dawn We
Thro' changing sun and show'r, I'll love and serve Him till the hour When



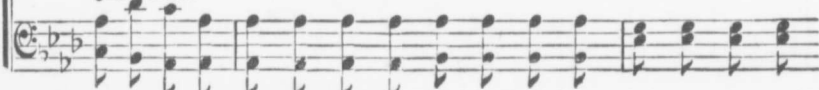
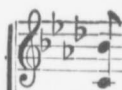
CHORUS.



shall be-hold His face.
rise to meet Him there. O heav'n bright and fair, Say, will you be
I shall meet Him there. That home so bright and fair Where Jesus is, will

there? To join that glad im - mor-tal throng Who sing the ev - er
you be there?

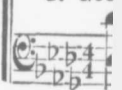
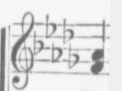



last

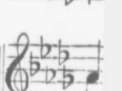
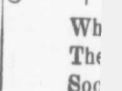
A. H.



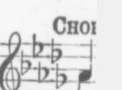
1. Goo
2. See
3. Goo

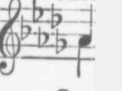
Call
Goo
On,

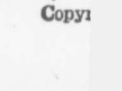
Wh
The
Soc



CHOR



Goo



Copyr

Will You Be There?

37

last - ing song, E - ter - ni - ty with Him to share, Will you be there?

Good News.

A. H. BATES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Good news! good news! the Isles that long In night and bond-age lay,
2. See na - tions hold - ing out their hands As un - to God they call;
3. Good news! good news! back falls the foe On many a struggling field;

Call un - to us with yearn - ing voice To lead them un - to day;
God is the cry of ma - ny lands, God is the need of all.
On, on the might - y leg - ions go, Oft faint, but ne'er to yield!

Who'll raise the ban - ner of the free And say, "Here Lord am I, send me!"
The field's the world—who'll go and fight, Clad in God's armor and His might?
Soon, soon may conquest be com - plete, And earth be bro't to Je - sus' feet.

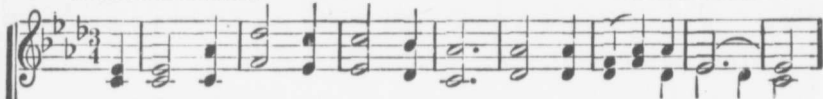
CHORUS.

Good news, good news, God reigns, the King of kings!
Good news, good news,

Here Am I, Send Me.

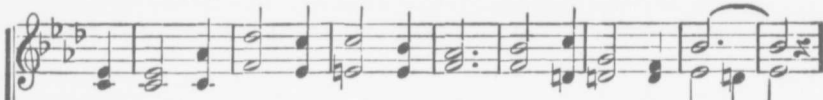
J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Hast Thou, O Lord, a work to do? Here am I, send me;....
2. O touch my lips with fire di-vine,
3. A low-ly ves-sel at Thy feet,
4. My heart now longs and yearns to go,

O Lord, send me!

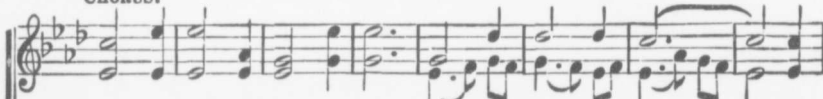


The field is white, the la-b'ers few, Here am I, send me!....
 The dross con-sume, the gold re-fine,
 O cleanse and for Thy use make meet,
 To reap Thy har-vest here be-low,

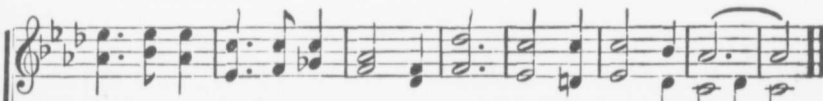
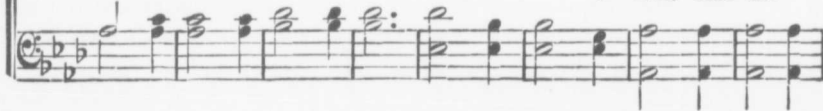
O Lord, send me!



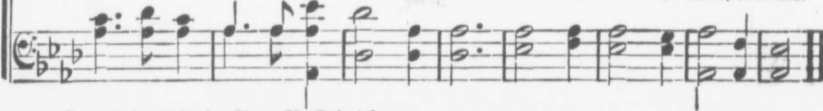
CHORUS.



O-ver mountain, plain or sea, Here am I, send me!..... I'll
 O Lord, send me!



go to the ends of the earth for Thee, Here am I, send me.....
 O Lord, send me.

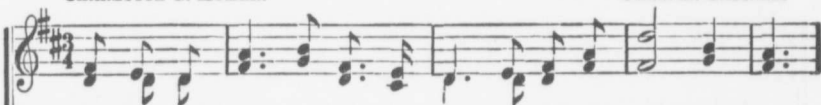


I'm Happy All the Time.

39

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

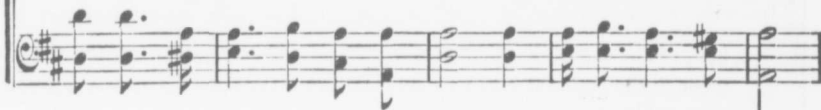
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



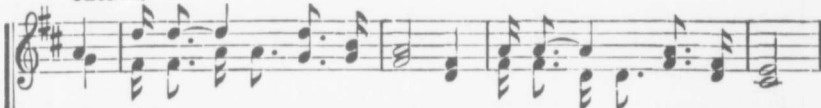
1. Since Je - sus came my Guest to be, I've found a joy sub - lime;
2. My heart He cleansed as does the sun Dis - pel the Win - ter rime;
3. With - in my soul by day and night The bells of heav - en chime;
4. There's not a cross I can - not bear, Nor height I can - not climb;



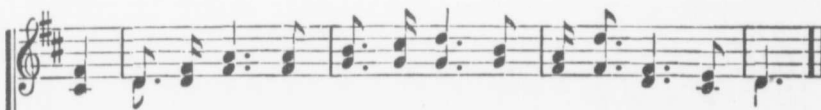
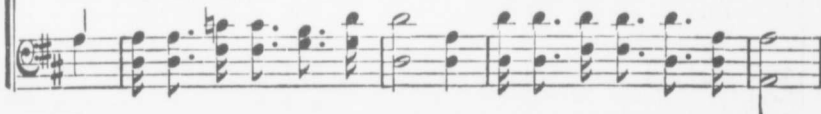
His love is all in all to me, I'm hap - py all the time.
And since the work of grace was done, I'm hap - py all the time.
His pres - ence makes the dark - ness light, — I'm hap - py all the time.
No yoke He'll give I can - not wear, — I'm hap - py all the time.



CHORUS.



I'm hap - py.... all the time, I'm hap - py..... all the time;
hap - py, hap - py hap - py, hap - py



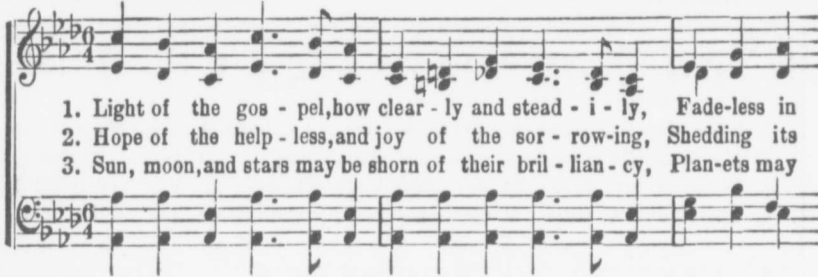
Since He is mine, Oh, joy di - vine, I'm hap - py all the time.



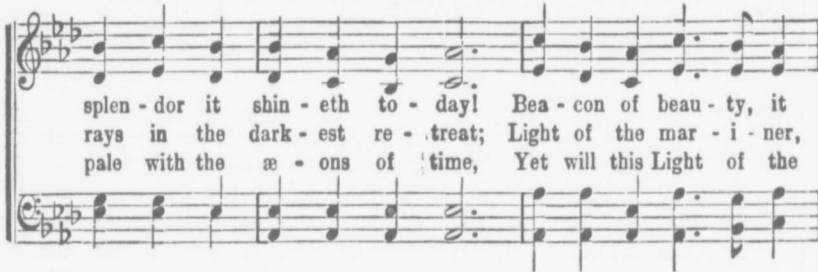
Light of the Gospel.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

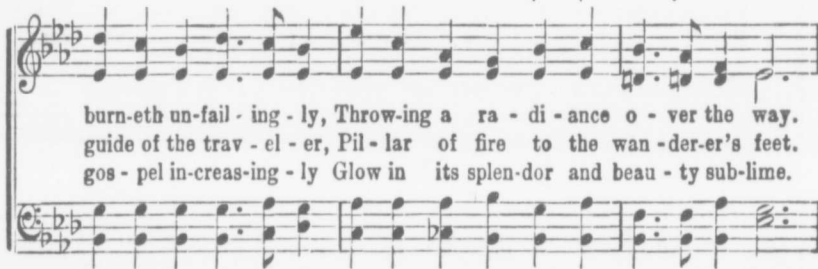
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Light of the gos - pel, how clear - ly and stead - i - ly, Fade-less in
 2. Hope of the help - less, and joy of the sor - row - ing, Shedding its
 3. Sun, moon, and stars may be shorn of their bril - lian - cy, Plan - ets may



splen - dor it shin - eth to - day! Bea - con of beau - ty, it
 rays in the dark - est re - treat; Light of the mar - i - ner,
 pale with the æ - ons of time, Yet will this Light of the



burn-eth un-fail - ing - ly, Throw - ing a ra - di - ance o - ver the way.
 guide of the trav - el - er, Pil - lar of fire to the wan - der - er's feet.
 gos - pel in - creas - ing - ly Glow in its splen - dor and beau - ty sub - lime.

CHORUS.



Shin - - ing for me, shin - - ing for thee,
 Shin - ing for me, shin - ing for me, shin - ing for thee, shin - ing for thee,

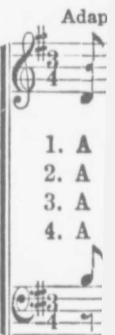


1
 Light of the gos - - pel, un - fail - ing and bright;
 Light of the gos - pel, un - fail - ing and bright, un - fail - ing, clear, and stead - y and bright;

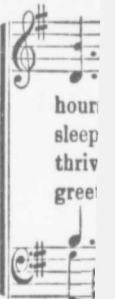
Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.



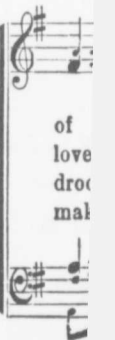
Lig
Lig



Adap
 1. A
 2. A
 3. A
 4. A



hour
 sleep
 thiv
 gree



of
 love
 droc
 mal

Cor

Light of the Gospel.

41

Light..... of the a - - ges, beau - - ti - ful light.
 Light of the a - ges, light of the a - ges, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful light.

A Little While.

Adapted by JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A lit - tle while to gath - er flow'rs That blossom in life's morn-ing
2. A lit - tle while, and we may weep O'er forms grown cold in death's last
3. A lit - tle while to toil and strive Where, mid the wheat, the tares may
4. A lit - tle while, and we may meet Where ransom'd souls each oth - er


hours; A lit - tle while to dream a - way The glo - ries
 sleep; A lit - tle while to pray and mourn Where friends from
 thrive; A lit - tle while— and then shall I Be - neath the
 greet; A lit - tle while, and an - gels fair, With songs shall

of the bright spring day, A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 love's strong arms are torn,— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 droop - ing wil - lows lie— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
 make us wel - come there— A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.

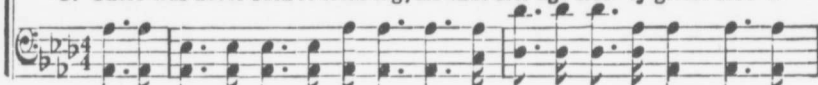

The Shadow of the Rock,

ANSON G. CHESTER.

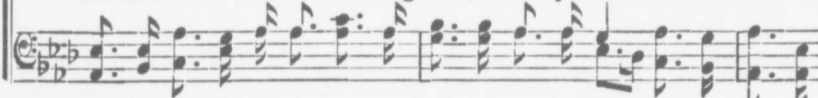
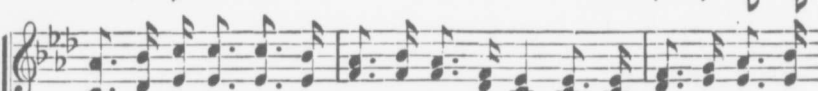
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



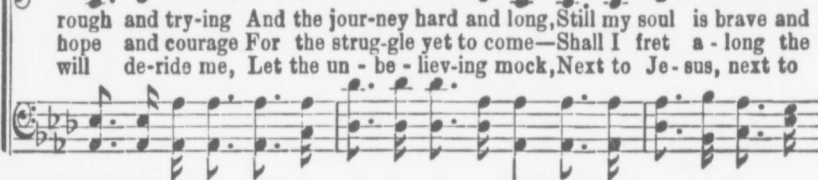
1. In the Rock's in - vit - ing shadow, There is rest and refuge sweet From the
2. Tho' betimes that grateful shadow On my wea - ry path is cast, And I
3. There was never such re - fresh - ing, As that Ref - uge free - ly gives! Not a -

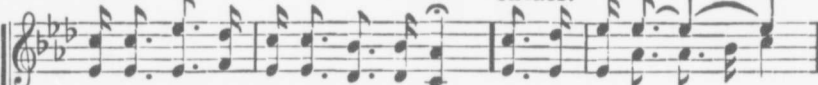
bus - y toil and struggle, Blinding dust and burn - ing heat; Tho' the way be
see the fu - ture on - ly And for - get the toilsome past; Gaining strength and
lone its rest it of - fers— He who gains it sure - ly lives! Let the world at

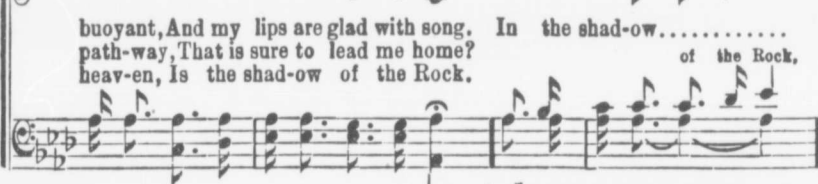
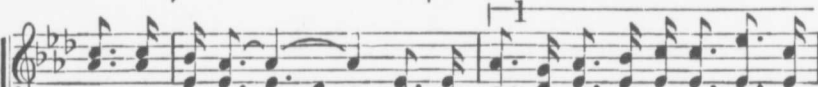
rough and try - ing And the jour - ney hard and long, Still my soul is brave and
hope and courage For the strug - gle yet to come— Shall I fret a - long the
will de - ride me, Let the un - be - liev - ing mock, Next to Je - sus, next to



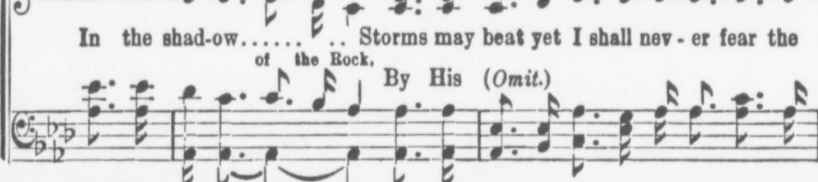

CHORUS.



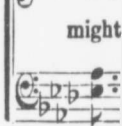
buoyant, And my lips are glad with song. In the shad - ow.....
path - way, That is sure to lead me home? of the Rock,
heav - en, Is the shad - ow of the Rock.

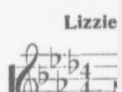
In the shad - ow..... Storms may beat yet I shall nev - er fear the
of the Rock, By His (Omit.)

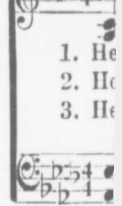
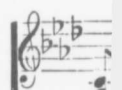
might




Lizzie




1. He
2. He
3. He

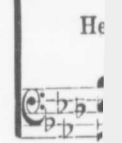
Sha
Loo
Till



CH



He




H



The Shadow of the Rock.

43

might-y thunder-shock; love I'm hid for-ev - er In the shad-ow of the Rock.

He Can Count On Me.

Lizzie De Armond.

COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL

B. D. Ackley.

1. He can count on me when the fir-ing line Bravely stand to face the foe;
2. He can count on me thro'the long, long days Just to do my lit-tle part,
3. He can count on me, for I'm pledged to Him Till this life on earth shall end,

Shaking off each fear, tho' the way be drear, For my Captain's pow'r I know.
Looking up to Him thro'the shadows dim With a lo - al, faith-ful heart.
Till my work is done and the glad rest won—Yes, on me He can depend.

CHORUS.

He can count on me, He can count on me When the bu-gle call shall sound!

He can count on me, always count on me, Ev-er faith-ful I'll be found.

He Gave Himself for Me.

Rev. E. G. W. WESLEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Prelude. *rit.*

1. I know not how such love could be, That Je-sus chose to die for me,
 2. No one could save but Christ a-lone! And thus for me He left His throne
 3. His blood He shed, His life He gave My soul from sin and death to save;
 4. I now am His, His grace is mine, I rest with-in His love di-vine;

For one who far from Him had strayed, So oft His voice had dis-o-beyed.
 His par-don and rich gifts to bring, To give me heir-ship with my King.
 He found me, helpless, guilty lost,—He paid the price—how great the cost!
 His grace will 'cep me in the way, And lead me in-to per-fect day.

CHORUS.

He gave Himself, for me, for me, He gave Himself for me, for me!
 He gave Himself

rit.
 Oh, wondrous love! How could it be That Jesus gave Himself for me?

E. G.

1. Gc
2. Gc
3. Gc
4. Gc

tempt
 broth
 shipwr
 fad - ir

Con
 Out
 Bea
 Tell

tell

tell

Co

Go Forth With the Gospel.

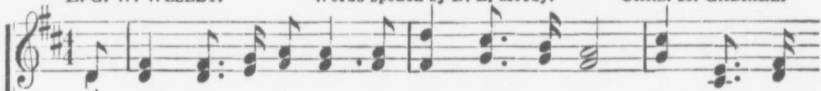
45

E. G. W. WESLEY.

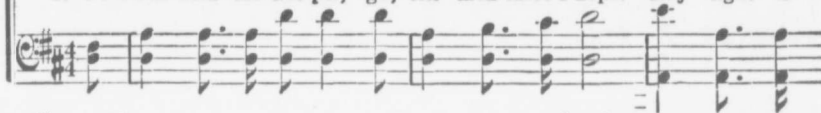
"Go forth with the gospel! go, tell men there's hope."

Words spoken by D. L. Moody.

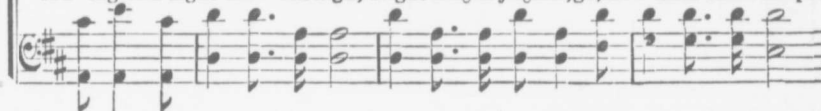
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



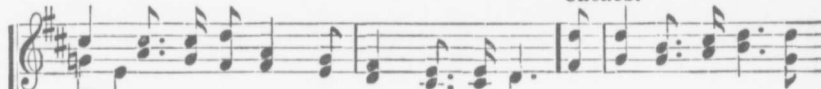
1. Go forth with the Gos-pel; go, tell men there's hope! Go where the
2. Go forth with the Gos-pel; go, tell men there's hope! Go where your
3. Go forth with the Gos-pel; go, tell men there's hope! Go where the
4. Go forth with the Gos-pel; go, tell men there's hope! Day - light is



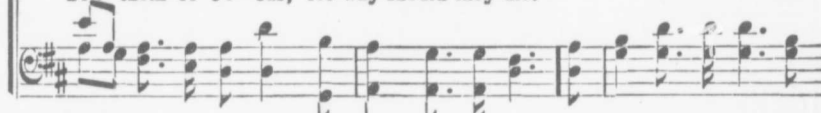
tempted are struggling with sin; Strengthen and help them; go, show them there's hope! Brothers are lost in the night; Shine forth as beacons; go, show them there's hope! Shipwrecked are tossed by the wave; Man, well the life-boat; go, show them there's hope! Fading and night draw-eth nigh; Night bringeth judgment; go, show them there's hope!



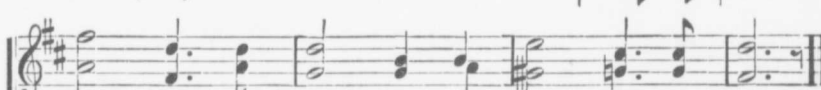
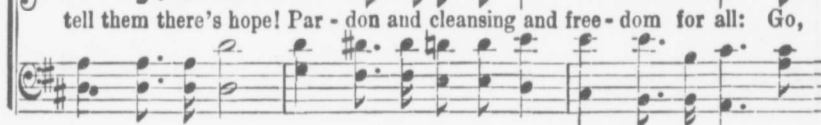
CHORUS.



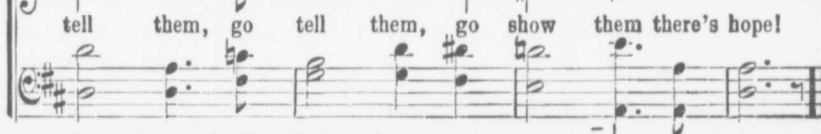
Com-fort and cheer them the vic - t'ry to win.
Out from the dark-ness, go lead them to light. Go, tell them there's hope! Go,
Bear them to Je - sus, Al - might - y to save.
Tell them of Je - sus, for why should they die.



tell them there's hope! Par - don and cleansing and free - dom for all: Go,



tell them, go tell them, go show them there's hope!



I Feel the Need of Jesus.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I feel the need of Je - sus, My nev - er fail - ing Friend, Whose grace is
 2. I feel the need of Je - sus, Thro' ev - ry flack - ing hour, In sun - shine
 3. I feel the need of Je - sus, In sor - row or in pain; For me He

all suf - fi - cent To keep me to the end; A wand'ring sheep He
 or in dark - ness I need His cleansing pow'r; When - e'er my foot - steps
 died and suf - fered, For me He lives a - gain; "A pres - ent help in

found me Up - on the mount - ain wild, He put His arm a - round me
 fal - ter A - long the up - ward way, His arm a - lone sup - ports me,
 trouble," He prom - is - es to be, And I have found Him faith - ful

CHORUS.

And claimed me for His child.
 And helps me on my way. His arm is strong and might - y, En - dur - ing
 In ev - 'ry way to me.

to the end; In time of need I find Him An ev - er pre - sent Friend.

F. S. I

1. Out
 2. Let r
 3. Joy - o

God
 deep
 He t

fel
 cry
 sw

bur

Bid

Lord, Let Me Pray With Thee.

47

F. S. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Florence S. Parkhurst.

1. Out on the mountain is Je - sus a - lone, All night in prayer to His
 2. Let me go in - to the Gar - den with Thee, Pray as Thou pray - est in
 3. Joy - ous my heart in this friend - ship Di - vine, Bless - ed the suf - f'ring that

God on the throne; Let me, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine own In
 deep ag - o - ny See the world's sin; see Thy face, hear Thy plea, And
 He has made mine; Would you but know Him? O come and you'll find 'Tis

CHORUS.

fel - low - ship kneel there with Thee.
 cry, Lord, Thy will shall be done. Lord, make me wor - thy Thy
 sweet if you pray with Him there.

bur - den to bear; Wor - thy to kneel with Thee, bow'd down with care;

Bid me come clos - er Thy suf - f'ring to share, Lord, let me pray with Thee.

Jesus Never Forsakes.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Deep in my heart, like a riv - er, Flows the as-sur-ance di - vine,
 2. Tho' I may oft-en for-get Him, Oft-en be sel-fish and blind,
 3. Friends I call dear-est may fail me, Yet He is ev-er the same;
 4. Why should I fear for the mor-row, When He is mind-ful of me,

That Je-sus, the Sav-ior of sin-ners, Is now and for-ev-er mine.
 He nev-er will leave me to per-ish, So pa-tient is He, and kind.
 He comes to my res-cue when-ev-er I call on His bless-ed name.
 Or why should I trem-ble at sor-row, With such a de-fense as He?

CHORUS.

Je-sus will nev-er for-sake me, My tri-als and strength He knows;
 Je-sus will nev-er, never forsake me, He knows;

Safely He'll guide me, Securely will hide me From even the last of foes.

JESU

1. We
 2. He
 3. He

fol-l
 fol-l
 voic

des
 joy
 kno

C

{ We
 { We

F

Co

Following on to Know the Lord.

49

JESSIE ANDREWS.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. We have heard His lov-ing call, Let us an-swer one and all, Let us
 2. He is call-ing, call-ing still, Let us now o-bey His will, Let us
 3. He will lead us to the land Where His host, a shin-ing band, Heav'nly

fol-low, fol-low onward at His word; Wher-so - ev - er He may lead, Thro' the
 fol-low Him no long - er from a - far; He will fill us with His peace, Hope and
 voic-es in a - dor-ing loves shall raise; There with lov'd ones gone before We shall

des-ert or the mead, We will fol-low, fol-low on to know the Lord.
 joy, and love increase, If we fol-low Him, the Bright and Morning Star.
 know Him ev-er-more, And to - geth-er sing our Shepherd's glorious praise.

CHORUS.

{ We will fol-low, fol-low on We will fol-low, fol-low on,
 { We will fol-low, fol-low on, Till the dark of night is gone,

1
 2
 Fol-low on-ward at His word; We will follow, follow on to know the Lord.

Volunteers for Jesus.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Vol - un-teers are need-ed Now to march a - way; There's a world to con-quer
 2. Vol - un-teers are need-ed, Loy-al hearts and brave, Quick to take the mes-sage,
 3. Vol - un-teers are need-ed! On-ward for the right; Car - ry forth the Gos - pel

For our Lord to - day; Vol - un-teers for Je - sus, He-ros, one and all;
 "Je - sus came to save;" And the Mas-ter, watching, Sees if you are true;
 In - to Heath-en night, Je - sus' ban-ner wav-ing Till it is un-furled

CHORUS.

Christ Himself is calling, Hear and heed the call.
 Don't you hear Him calling, Calling now for you? Volunteers! Vo'unteers! Who are
 O - ver ev - 'ry na-tion, O - ver all the world!

brave and true; Do you hear the Master calling, Calling now for you? Volunteers!

Volunteers! Loyal, brave and free; Will you gladly answer, Lord, I'll go for Thee?

ANSON

1. Don't
 2. Fierce
 3. Tho' t

E - ven
 In His
 Songs

Peace, be

on the

Him
 Yield t

Peace, Be Still.

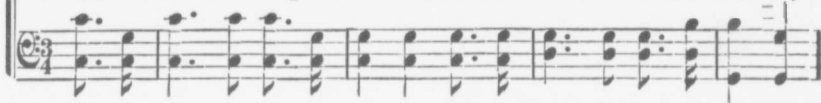
51

ANSON G. CHESTER.

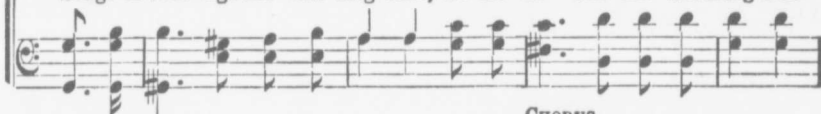
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Doubting one, the night is o'er thee, But the morn - ing lies be - fore thee;
2. Fierce-ly blows the storm a-round thee, But the lov - ing One has found thee;
3. Tho' the mad waves rage and wrestle, Christ is with thee in the ves - sel;

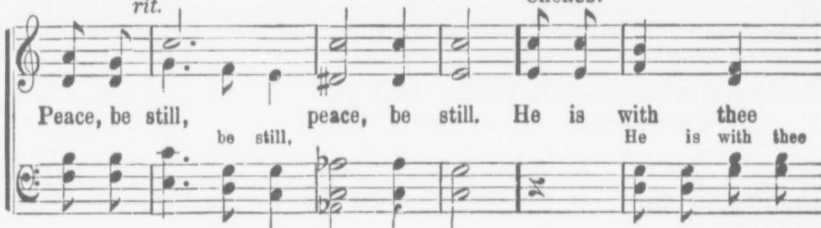


E - ven now the stars are shin - ing, Look a - bove, and cease re - pin - ing—
In His arms will He en - fold thee, In His bo - som He will hold thee—
Songs of cour - age He will sing thee, To the ha - ven He will bring thee—

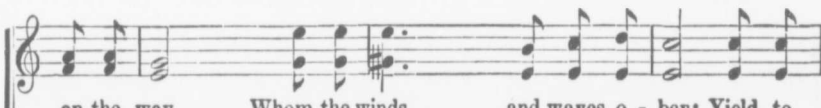


rit.

CHORUS.



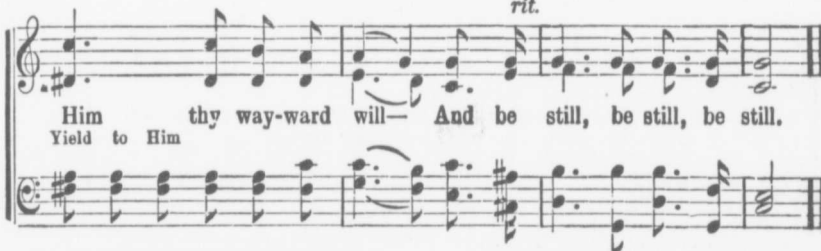
Peace, be still, be still, peace, be still. He is with thee
He is with thee



on the way, Whom the winds and waves o - bey; Yield to
on the way, Whom the winds



rit.



Him thy way - ward will— And be still, be still, be still.
Yield to Him

Who Cares For A Soul?

A. N. Y. and C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Who cares for a soul? say, christian, do you? Or will you with
 2. Who'll speak to that soul that hast - ens a - pace, To death and e -
 3. Who of us that cares, when called to ac - count, To hear from the

emp - ty hand, Meet the Mas - ter and say; "There was nothing to
 ter - nal woe! Who will tell it of Je - sus in ac - cents of
 King: "Well done!" And to see 'mid the shin - ing ones gath - ered a -

CHORUS.

do," When He your ac - count shall de - mand.
 love, And point out the way it should go. Who cares,..... who
 round, Some soul that our la - bor has won. for a soul,

cares,..... Who cares for a soul to - day?.... Then haste to the
 for a soul. to - day?

wan - der - er, make no de - lay, And beg them to come to the fold.

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Vtc

1. Ho
 2. Ho
 3. Ho

S:
 S:
 S:

sorro
 bring
 look

O Wondrous Love!

53

VICTOR M. HATFIELD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

BRIEL.



i with
id e-
n the



ng to
nts of
red a-



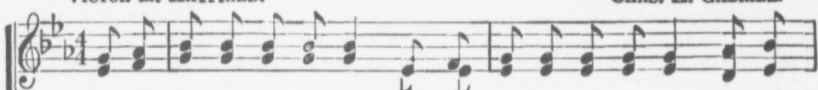
... who
oul,



ste to the



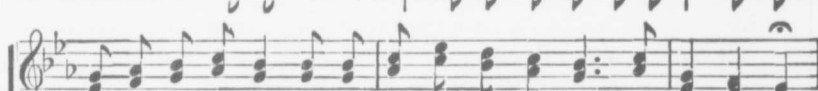
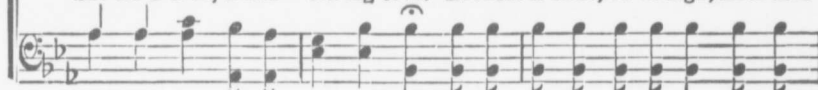
fold.



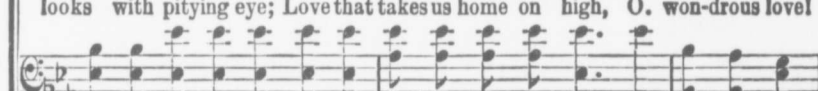
1. How can a - ny - one re - fuse To re - ceive the gracious news, Of a
2. How can a - ny - one op - pose That as - sur - ing peace that flows From a
3. How can a - ny turn a - way From a friend who waits to - day, With a



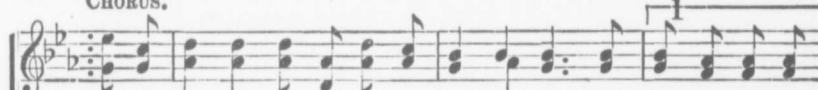
Sav - ior's love, His un - dy - ing love, Of a love that dries our tears, Soothes our
Sav - ior's love, His re - deem - ing love. 'Tis a love that's firm and true; Love that
Sav - ior's love, Full a - ton - ing love. Love suf - fi - cient, ev - er nigh; Love that



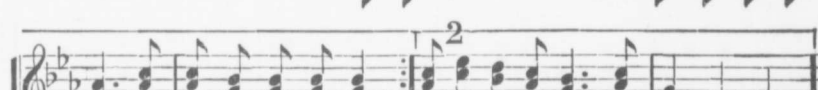
sorrows, calms our fears, Gives us strength for coming years, O, won - drous love!
brings the cross in view; Pardon - ing love that pardons you: O, won - drous love!
looks with pitying eye; Love that takes us home on high, O, won - drous love!



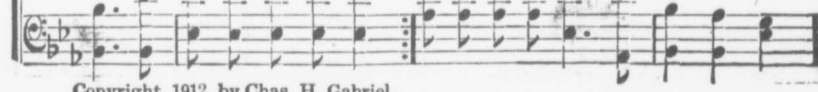
CHORUS.



{ O, the love, the love, the ev - er - last - ing love, So ten - der and sin -
{ O, the boundless love, the sweet as - sur - ing love, The



cere, So com - fort - ing and near; love that never dies, O, wondrous love!



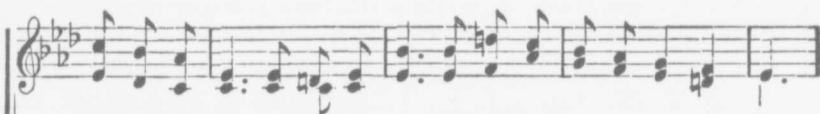
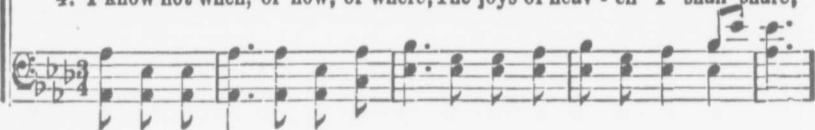
He Knows the Way.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I know not where my mansion stands, My home that was not made with hands,
2. I know not where the an - gels sing Be - fore the pal - ace of the King,
3. I know not where my lov'd ones are, Those dear ones whom He called a - far,
4. I know not when, or how, or where, The joys of heav - en I shall share,



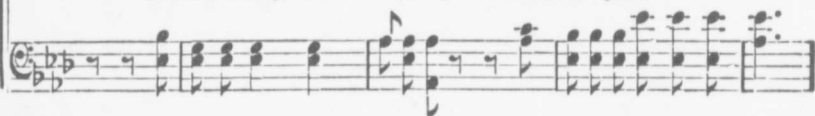
But Christ, whose love redeems my past, Will lead me to its gates at last.
 But I shall join them, some glad day, For He who leads me knows the way.
 But this I know thro' grace di - vine, Their lips a - gain shall an - swer mine.
 It mat - ters not, — He knows and I Shall see its beau - ty by and by.



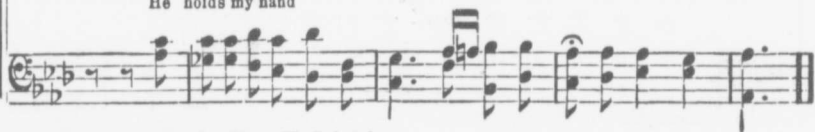
CHORUS.



He knows the way, I'll fol - low on, Till darkness yields to gold - en dawn;
 He knows the way, I'll fol - low on, Till darkness yields



He holds my hand, I shall not stray, For, praise His name, He knows the way.
 He holds my hand



Keep Your Light Burning.

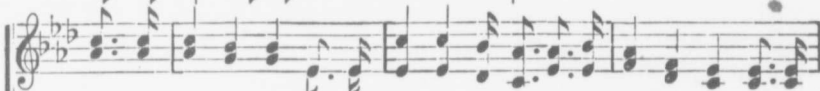
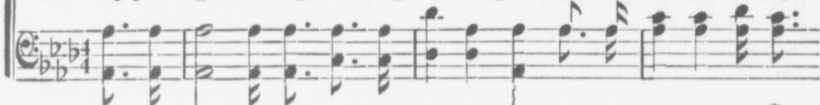
55

JAMES ROWE.

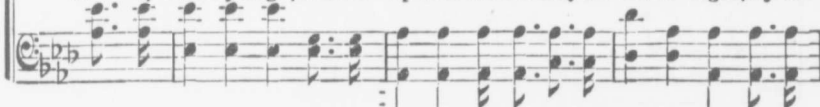
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



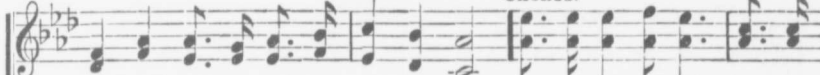
1. Keep your light burning, keep it clear and bright; Let it shine for Je - sus
2. Keep your light burning, let it not grow dim; Ev - 'ry hour and moment
3. Keep your light burning, let it gleam and glow, For the sad and wea-ry



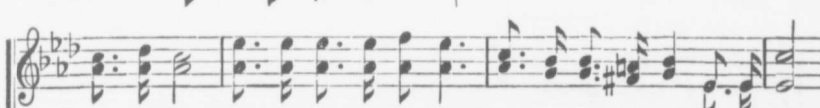
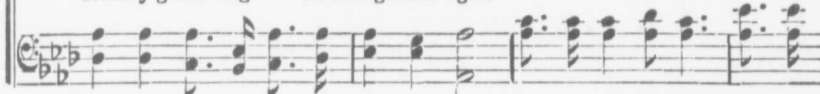
thro' the darkest night; Let it shine that others lost or gone a-stray, May be
let it shine for Him; It may be to some-one in the low-lands far, Like a
ev - 'ry-where you go, Hold it up that oth-ers may be led a - right, By the



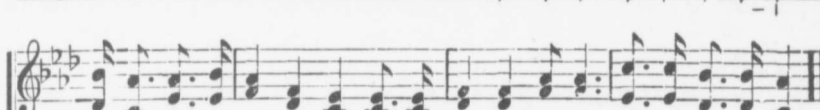
CHORUS.



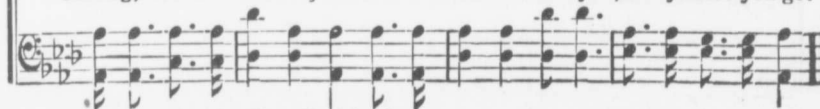
guid - ed safe - ly back in - to the way.
watch-fire burning, or a guid - ing star. Keep your light burning, Keep it
stead-y gleam-ing of its change-less light.



clear and bright, Let it shine in beau-ty, thro' the darkest night! Keep your light



burning, that the world may know You have Jesus with you, Ev'rywhere you go.



Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

What Have You Done for the Savior.

E. E. HEWITT.
Alto or Tenor.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus came down from His home in the sky, He, to re - deem you, was
 2. O there's such need of the kind, helping hand, Need of the hearts that with
 3. Some lit - tle serv - ice you sure - ly can bring; Go on an er - rand for

will - ing to die, Suf - fer - ed to take your transgressions a - way; What have you
 love will ex - pand; Do good to oth - ers, when - ev - er you may—What have you
 Je - sus, your King; Some word of comfort can ten - der - ly say—What have you

CHORUS.

done for your Sav - ior to - day? What have you done to - day, . . .
 to - day.

Walk - ing in love's bless - ed way? . . . Think, ere your head on the
 bless - ed way?

rit.
 pil - low you lay, What have I done for my Sav - ior to - day?

LAVIN

1. I
 2. I
 3. I

Who
 Who
 Who

W
 W
 W

Chc

Thi

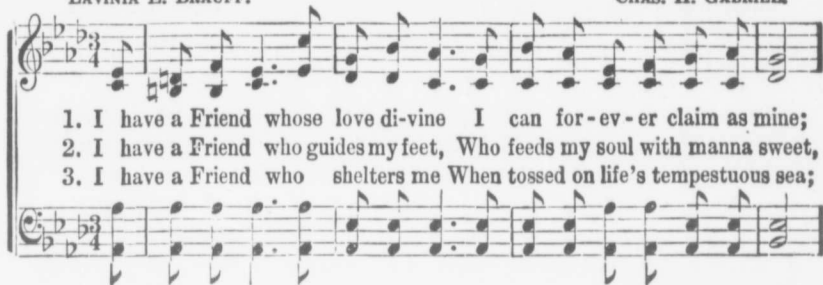
I

I Have A Friend.

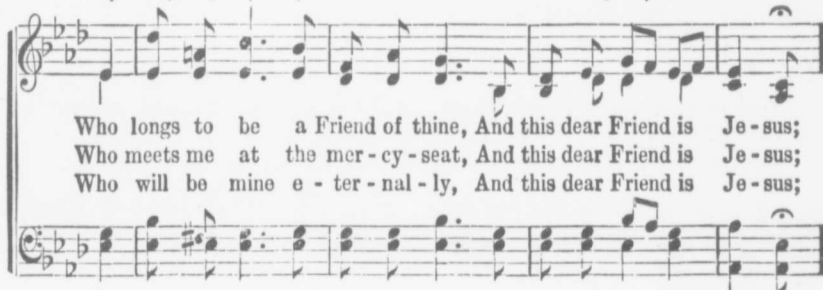
57

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

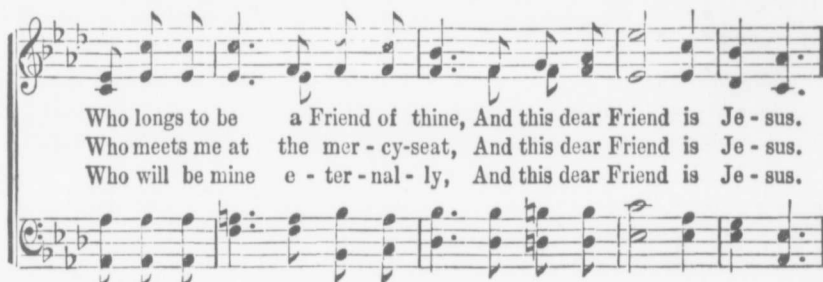
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have a Friend whose love di-vine I can for-ev-er claim as mine;
2. I have a Friend who guides my feet, Who feeds my soul with manna sweet,
3. I have a Friend who shelters me When tossed on life's tempestuous sea;

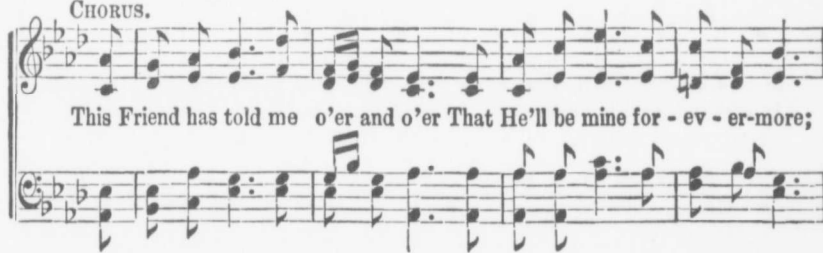


Who longs to be a Friend of thine, And this dear Friend is Je-sus;
Who meets me at the mer-cy-seat, And this dear Friend is Je-sus;
Who will be mine e-ter-nal-ly, And this dear Friend is Je-sus;

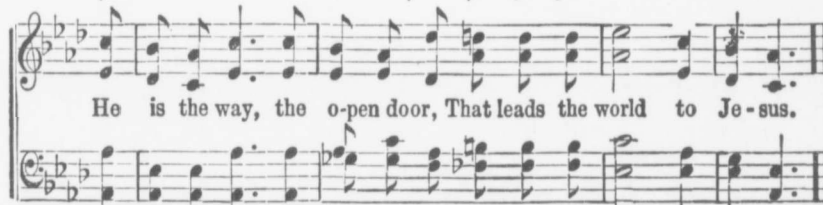


Who longs to be a Friend of thine, And this dear Friend is Je-sus.
Who meets me at the mer-cy-seat, And this dear Friend is Je-sus.
Who will be mine e-ter-nal-ly, And this dear Friend is Je-sus.

CHORUS.



This Friend has told me o'er and o'er That He'll be mine for-ev-er-more;




He is the way, the o-pen door, That leads the world to Je-sus.

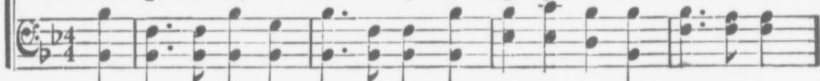
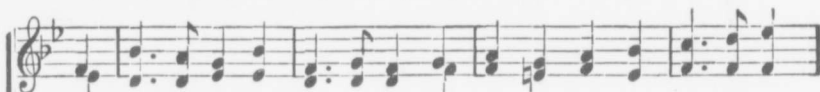
Draw nigh, Immanuel.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.


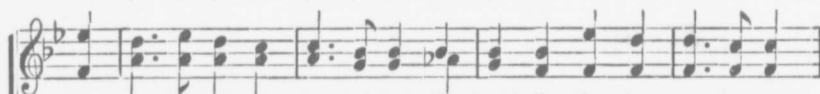
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



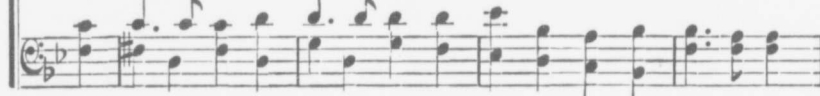
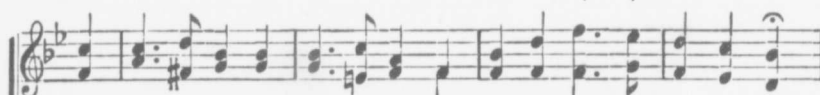
1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut-ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might-y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man-u-el, Thou Might-y God of Is-ra-el!

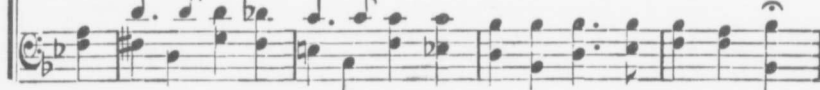
With zeal to work for Thee to-day, In Thine all-wise ap-point-ed way;
Our Al-pha and O-me-ga Thou Be-fore whom ev-'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Sinai's flaming heighth Speak, that we may be led a-right;

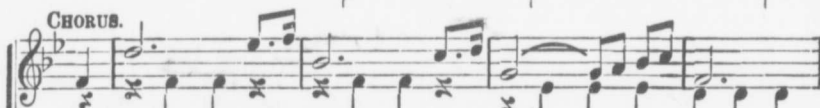
Re-veal Thy will in 'us, and show Thy hand di-vine, that we may know
De-liv-er us from ev-'ry sin; In us a might-y work be-gin;
Al-might-y, ev-er-last-ing King Of kings, with con-trite hearts we sing,


We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And hid-ing place, what-e'er be-tide.
In-crease our faith, our strength re-new, Fit us a might-y work to do.
The righteous maj-es-ty and love Of Him who built the heav'n's a-bove.



CHORUS.



Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man-u-el,
Draw nigh, draw nigh, draw nigh. Draw nigh Im-man-u-el,



Draw Nigh Immanuel.

59

In gran-deur and in ma - jes - ty re - veal Thy - self to - day;

All in unison.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re-joice, O Is - ra - el.

Re - joice, re - joice, O Is - ra - el,

rit. ff

Thy God shall reign, shall rule and reign with u - ni - ver - sal sway.

My Friend.

C. H. G.

1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be-long,
 2. He whis-pers in my breast, Sweet words of love and cheer,
 3. O, I would fix mine eyes On Christ the Lord I love,
 1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be-long,

It mat - ters not what foes at - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.
 How they who seek in God their rest, Shall ev - er find Him dear.
 And sing for joy of that which lies Stored up for me a - bove.
 It mat - ters not what foes at - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.

Reaping Time Comes.

A. W. F. and C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Reaping time comes when the fields are white, Reaping time comes be it day or night;
 2. Reaping the tares of a sin - ful life, Reaping the weeds of un - ho - ly strife;
 3. Reaping the dregs of our wasted years, Reaping the thistles that bring but tears;

Reaping time comes, but we know not when, Reaping time comes, let us work till then;
 Reaping the guerdon of years well spent, Reaping the joys of a mind con - tent,
 Reaping the fruits of our heart's sweet pray'rs, Reaping the hope that had crushed the tares,

This be the tho't for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
 This be the tho't for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
 This be the tho't for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.

CHORUS.

Reaping, reaping just as we sow; Reap - ing, reap - ing for weal or woe,

This in all our la - bor be the tho't to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.

Only Jesus.

61

C. L. S.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On - ly Je - sus my soul can re-deem! On - ly Je - sus shall
2. On - ly Je - sus from sin can re - lease, On - ly Je - sus can
3. On - ly Je - sus for - ev - er I'll sing! On - ly Je - sus, my

still be my themel! On - ly Je - sus, my comfort and stay, His com-
give to me peace, On - ly Je - sus shall be my de - light, I will
Sav - ior, my King! On - ly Je - sus the vic-t'ry can give, Lord of

CHORUS.
mands I will ev - er o - bey.
praise Him by day and by night. On - ly Je - sus, on - ly
glo - ry, for Him I will live. On - ly Je - sus,

Je - sus, My Re - deem - er, so precious to me! This my
on - ly Je - sus, My Re-deem-er

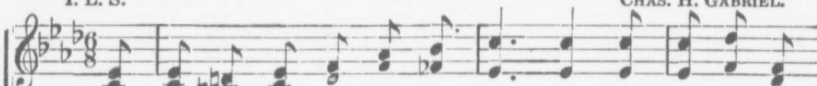
sto - ry for - ev - er shall be, On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
This my sto - ry. Je - sus, Je - sus.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

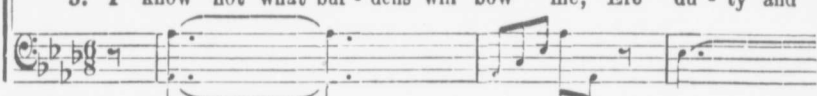
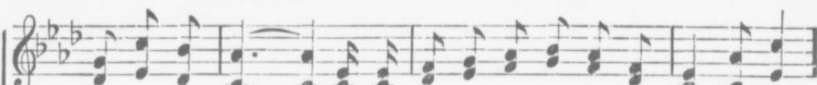
I Know Not.

I. L. S.

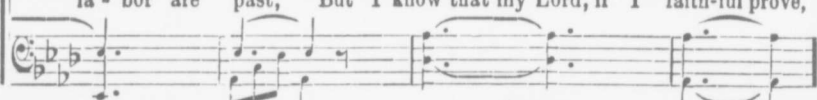
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



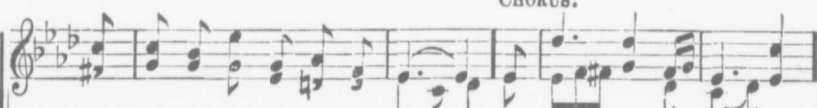
1. I know not what li - eth be - fore me, What shad - ows may
 2. I know not what sor - rows may en - ter My life, or what
 3. I know not what bur - dens will bow me, Ere du - ty and

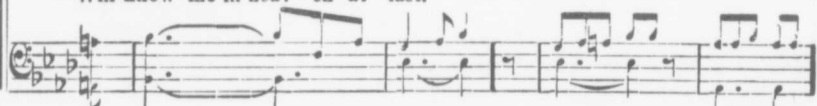

fall on my way, But I know that my Lord watch - es o - ver me,
 griefs may be mine, But I know that my Lord will be with me, and
 la - bor are past, But I know that my Lord, if I faith - ful prove,





CHORUS.




And brightens each hour of the day.
 His mer - cy a - bout me will shine. I know not, I know not,
 Will know me in heav - en at last.

Yet He who com - mand - eth the stars is my guide! I know

I know not, But safe in His keep - ing, I'm sat - is - fied.



Souls for Jesus.

63

C. H. GABRIEL.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

shad-ows may
life, or what
du - ty and

s o - ver me,
with me, and
faith-ful prove,

I know not,

I know

t - is - fied.

1. When thro' grace I a - wake in His like - ness com-plete, Safe at
2. When I look on the beau - ti - ful face of my King, When I
3. Should they en-ter be - fore me that land of the blest, They will
4. If in heav'n a re - gret or a sad - ness can be, 'Twill be

home on the shore where no storms ev - er beat, What a joy it will
hear the glad song which the glo - ri - fied sing, Oh how sweet - ly that
wel - come me un - to the man - sions of rest Where I'll join in the
mine, if, at last, in His mer - cy I see There a crown with - out

be to lay down at His feet Pre - cious souls I for Je - sus have won!
cho - rus im - mor - tal will ring From the souls I for Je - sus have won!
song that is sweet - est and blest, With the souls I for Je - sus have won!
jew - els, and star - less, for me, Not a soul I for Je - sus have won!

CHORUS.

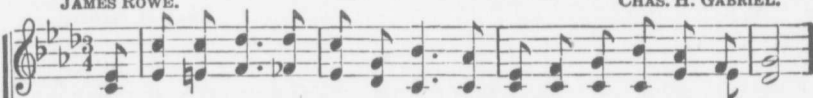
Souls! souls! souls!..... This is my song the whole day long;
for Je - sus!

Give me souls, give me souls, Give me souls for Je - sus!

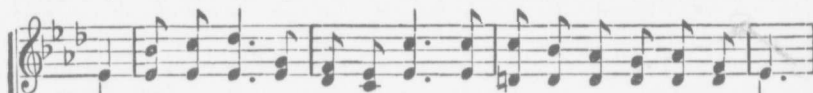
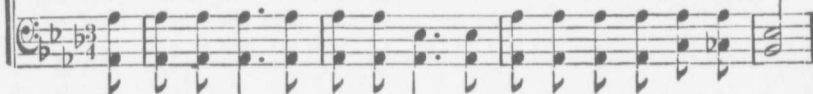
The Day Will Come.

JAMES ROWE.

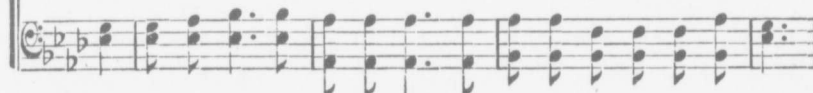
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. The day will come when we shall be With Him who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. The day will come when we shall know Why God's dear Son hath loved us so,
3. The day will come when we shall rest With Him who loved us far the best;



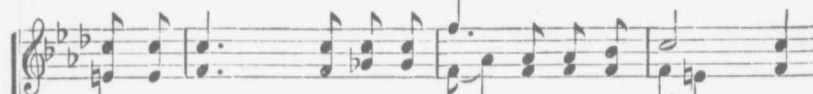
That faith-ful Friend who free-ly gave His pre-cious life, our sons to save.
 And we shall hear His prais-es sung By saints of ev-'ry race and tongue.
 And, with the saints and an-gels there, For - ev - er in His glo - ry share.



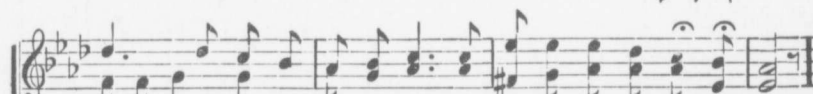
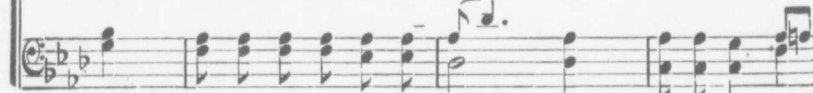
CHORUS.



The day will come, the morn will break, When He our hand in
 The day will come, the morn will break, When He our hand



His will take, And in the glo - ry of His face, With
 in His will take, And in the glo - ry of His face, With



rap - ture praise His bound-less grace, With rapture praise His bound-less grace.
 rap-ture praise His bound-less grace. With rap-ture praise His bound-less grace.

