



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Hymns for his praise. No. 2. [1910?]

Chicago: Glad Tidings, [1910?]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SG2UHPTVO2AG28E>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

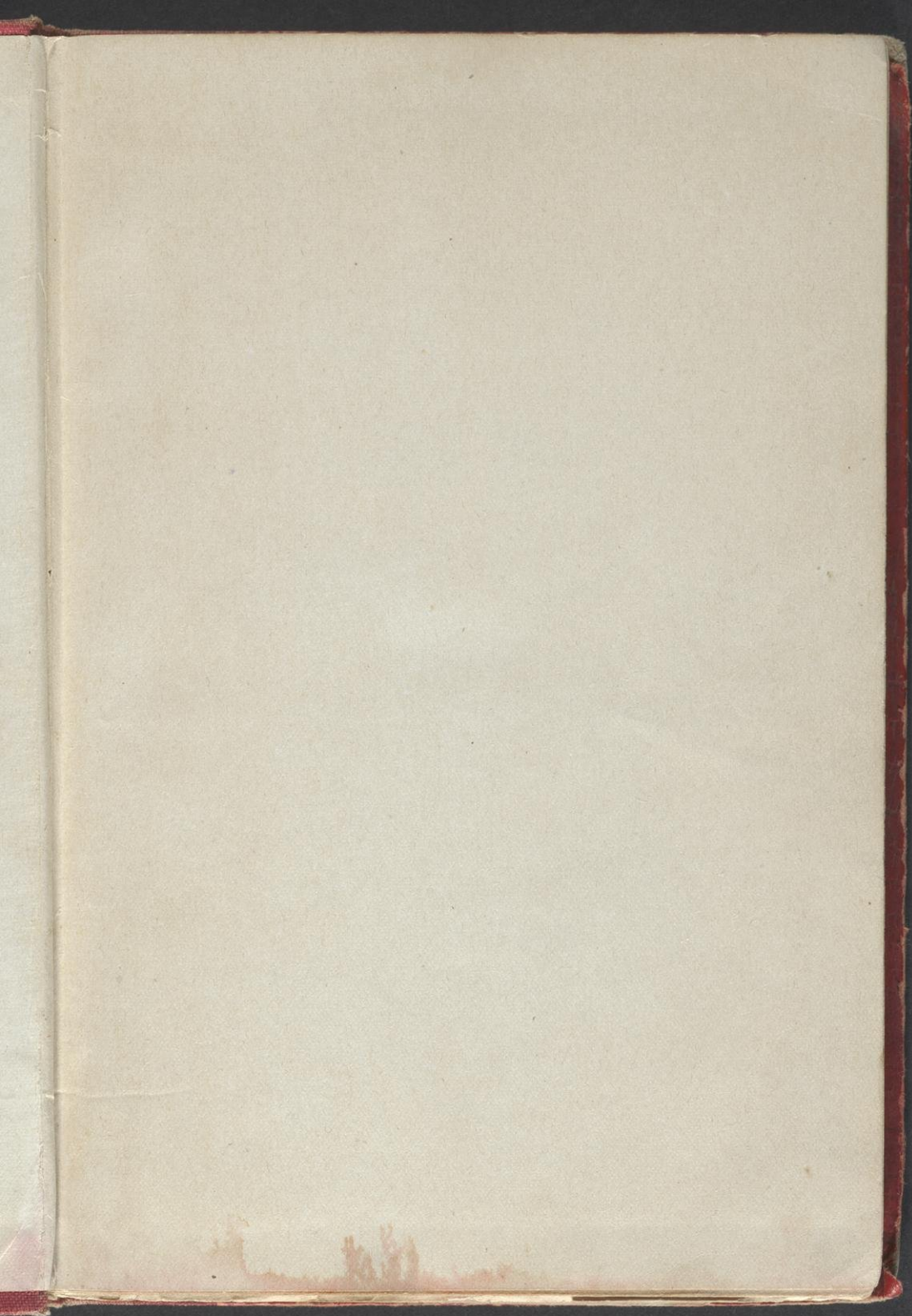
The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

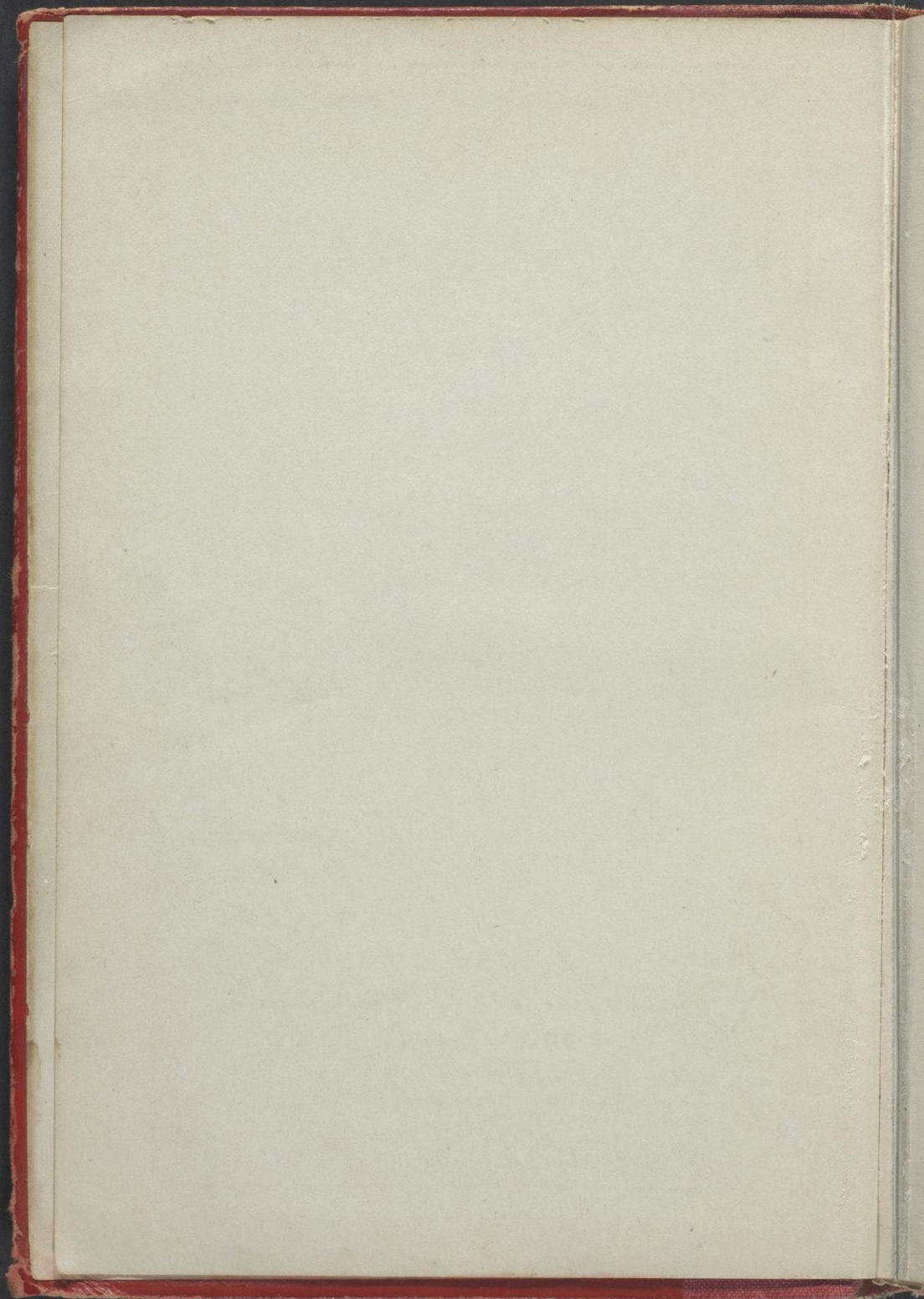
When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Hymns for
His Praise

No. 2 Revised

Mrs. Geo. Fiene





H Y M N S F O R H I S P R A I S E

No. 2.

Mills Music Library
UW-Madison
728 State St.
Madison, Wi 53706

Compiled and Edited by

Rev. William Edward Biederwolf, D. D.

and

Homer Rodeheaver and Bentley D. Ackley.

Contributors

James McGranahan, J. W. Kirkpatrick, W. S. Weeden,
E. O. Excell, Chas. H. Gabriel, O. F. Pugh, Will L.
Thompson, E. S. Lorenz, Charlie D. Tillman

PRICES:

CLOTH BOARDS. { \$25.00 a hundred; \$3.50 a dozen, express not prepaid;
30 cents each by mail, postpaid.
LEATHERETTE. { \$22.50 a hundred; \$2.75 a dozen, express not prepaid;
25 cents each by mail, postpaid.
MANILLA. { \$12.50 a hundred; \$1.50 a dozen, express not prepaid;
15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

Address all orders & correspondence to

The Glad Tidings Publishing Company

602 Lakeside Building

Chicago, Ill.

Prefatory Word.

In commending this second edition of HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE No. 2 to the Christian public we expect the book to be its own testimony. It has an abundance of old familiar hymns, plenty of pieces for Invitation, Solos and other special selections and is especially rich in the great Chorus songs that have recently become so deservedly popular. If in any way you think the book could be improved without increasing its size and price the editor would be grateful for your suggestion. The book is sent forth on its mission with grateful acknowledgement to Him in whose Name we trust all these songs have been written.

W. E. BIEDERWOLF.

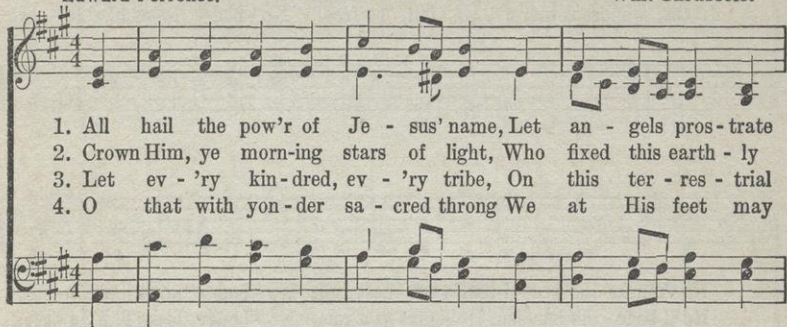
HYMNS FOR HIS PRAISE.



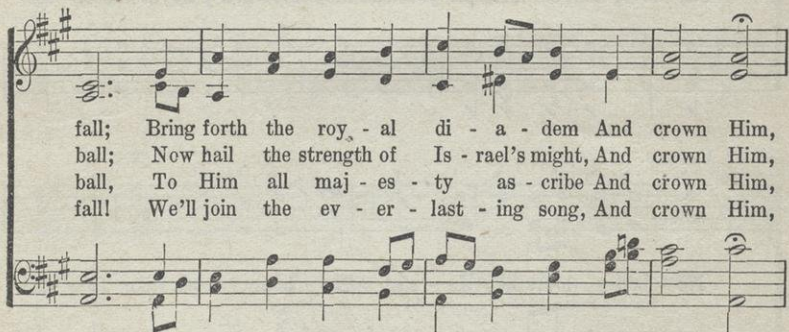
No. 1. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

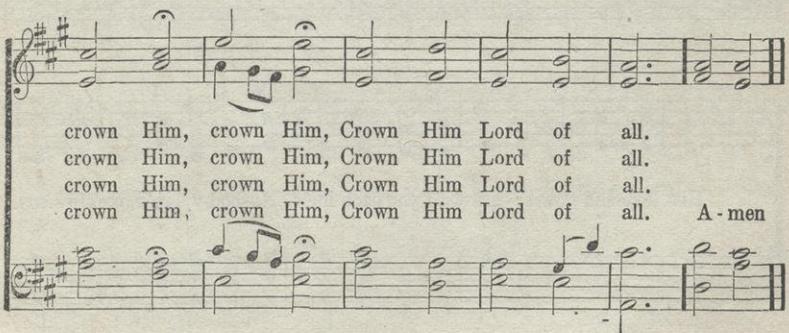
Wm. Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may



fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him,
ball; Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him,
ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe And crown Him,
fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him,



crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A - men

No. 2.

Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

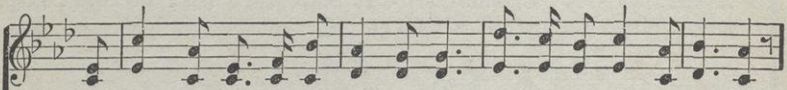
Effie S. Black.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

Robert Harkness.



1. Oh, tell the glo - ri - ous news to all, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
2. Oh, heav - y la - den and sore oppress'd, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
3. Art hun - gry, thirsty, oh, wea - ry soul? No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;
4. Oh, wondrous mer - cy, so full, so free! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus;



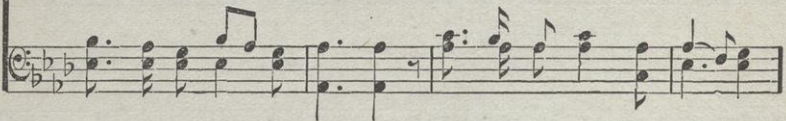
He marks the pen - i - tent's ear - nest call, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 He'll bear the bur - den, He'll give you rest, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Art wound - ed? lo, He can make you whole, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
 Oh, love, that suf - fer - ed for you and me, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



CHORUS.



No - bod - y loves like Je - sus! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus!



His love and pow - er are with you each hour, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.



No. 3.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen L. Dungan.

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

J. M. Dungan.

1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
 2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward 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

temp - est can my barque con-trol, 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.
 chang - es 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. 4.

Calling the Prodigal.

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

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come with - out de - lay, Hear, O
 2. Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten - der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads, Hear, O
 3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare, Hear, O

hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Tho' you've wander'd so
 hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Oh! re - turn while the
 hear Him call - ing, call - ing now for thee; Lo! the ta - ble is
 for thee;

far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still.
 Spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still.
 spread and the feast is wait - ing there, Hear His loving voice calling still.
 calling still.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - ry prod - i - gal,
 Calling now for thee, calling now for thee, Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come,

come; Call - - ing now for thee,
 wea - ry prod - i - gal, come; Calling now for thee, call - ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.

O wea - ry prod - i - gal come.
 Wea - ry prod - i - gal, come, wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.

No. 5.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds,

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

J. S. Fearis.

1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
 2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
 3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

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.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
 Some - where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

Land of the trees where we live a - new, - Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 6.

What is the Cross?

Geo. W. Crofts.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

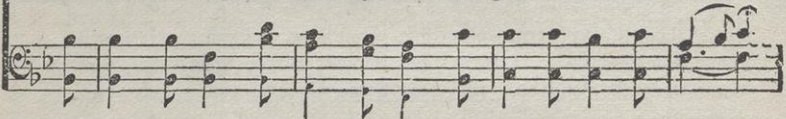
Chas. H. Gabriel.



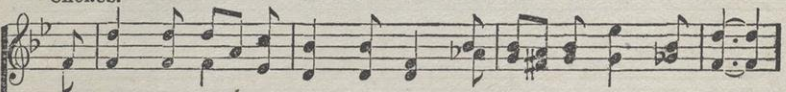
1. What is the cross, the crim - son cross, What mean you by this sign?
2. The cross is not an i - dol, vain; On it was cru - ci - fied
3. The cross de - clares that who - so - e'er Be - liev - eth on His name,
4. Then should His cross e'er suf - fer loss? Or should you hes - i - tate,



Why should it nev - er suf - fer loss? And how may it be mine!
 The Son of God, who bore our pain, And who for sin - ners died.
 Shall e'er thro' grace His glo - ry share, And shall be free from blame.
 Be - cause of hope of world - ly dross, His gift of life to take?



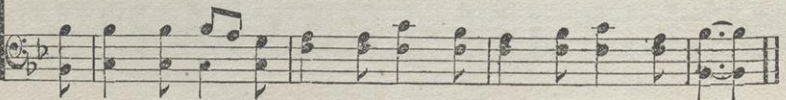
CHORUS.



What means the cross, the crim - son cross, The blood from Je - sus' side?



It means He bore our pain and loss And that for us He died.



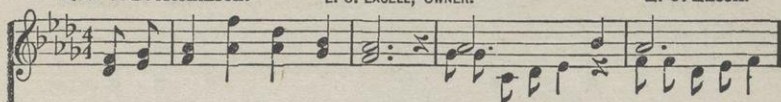
No. 7.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

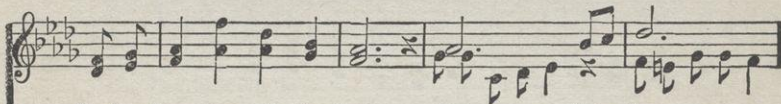
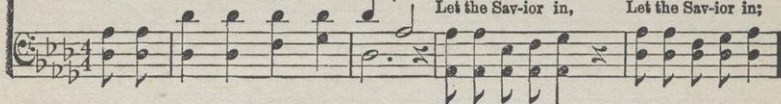
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.



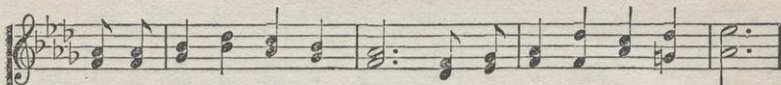
1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice, Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

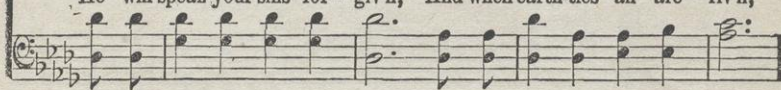


- He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;



- Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth - ties all are riv'n,



- Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;



No. 8.

Wonderful Love.

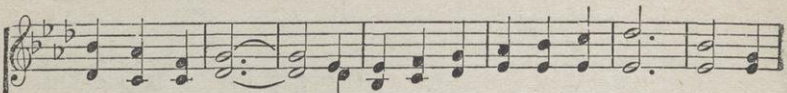
COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.
FROM CONQUEST HYMNS. USED BY PER.

C. H. G.

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



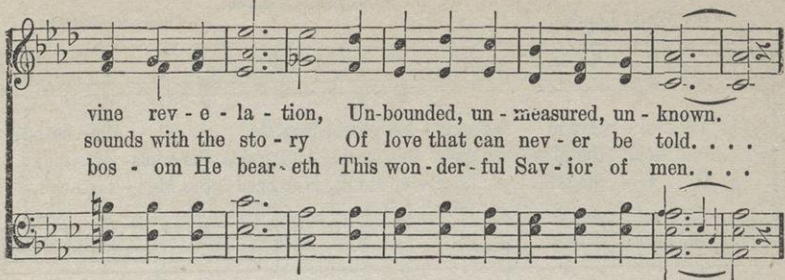
suf - fer and die for His own, . . . Why should He as - sume my ob -
mar - vel such love to be - hold. . . . Why should He re - lin - quish His
mat - ter how way - ward I've been. . . . My bur - den of sor - row He



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

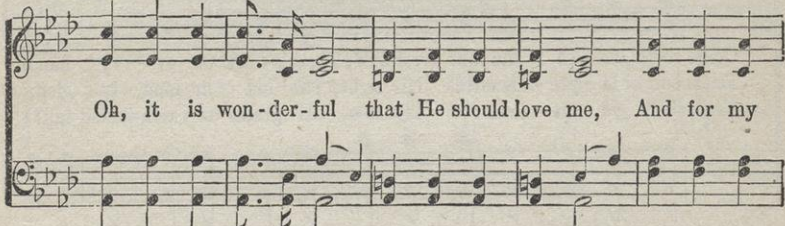


Wonderful Love.

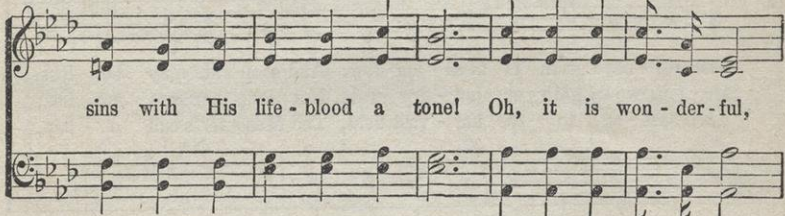


vine rev - e - la - tion, Un - bounded, un - measured, un - known.
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told. . . .
bos - om He bear - eth This won - der - ful Sav - ior of men. . . .

CHORUS.



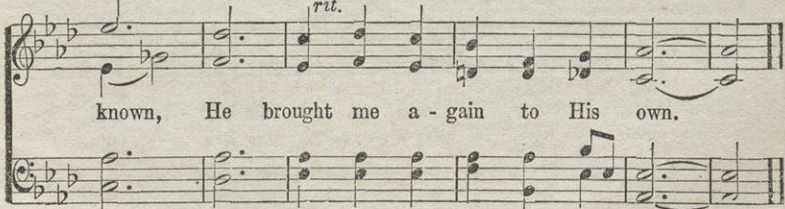
Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my



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. 9.

Come Forth.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

Effie Wells Loucks.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ye loi - trers in the mar - ket - place, Why do ye i - dle stand?
 2. A field, the Mas - ter calls this world, And grains, the souls of men,
 3. If i - dle still ye long - er stand, Nor heed the Mas - ter's call,

Come forth un - to the har - vest field, There's work on ev - 'ry hand!
 Each one is pre - cious in His sight, Tho' hid in lone - ly glen;
 How shall ye an - swer for the loss, If grains to earth should fall?

The rip - ened grain is bend - ing low, And soon it may be lost,
 He fain would gath - er ev - 'ry grain, But la - bor - ers are few;
 Then hast - en to the har - vest field, The Mas - ter's call o - bey,

The ker - nels fair, be quick to save, Wait not to count the cost.
 Come forth and help Him save His own, There's work for you to do.
 And la - bor with a will - ing hand Un - til the close of day.

CHORUS.

Come forth, come forth, . . . the Mas - ter's call o -
 Come forth, come forth, the Mas - ter's call, the Mas - ter's

Come Forth.

Musical score for "Come Forth." in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bey! Come forth, come forth, He call o - bey! Come forth, come forth, He bids you come, He bids you come to - day; bids you come to - day. . . .". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with lyrics: "bids you come to - day; bids you come to - day. . . .". There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the vocal line.

No. 10. Jesus, Lover of My Soul,

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

Musical score for "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" in G major, 4/4 time. The score begins with a piano introduction. The lyrics are: "1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the temp - est still is high! } D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last." The score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical score for "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;". The score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 11.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO.

C. A. Miles.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -
 2. To and fro as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
 3. All the days of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom - ise

ness to dwell, Trust - ing they in their God to lead the way To the
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
 they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid - ance sure, They were

CHORUS.

light of per - fect day.
 faint - ing hearts to cheer. So the sign of the fire by night, And the
 brought to Ca - naan's shore.

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they journey

on their way, Shall a guide and lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

The Cloud and Fire.

For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 12.

Bless the Lord.

Psalm 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
(Metrical Version.)

James McGranahan.

Not too slow.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is;
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for - give;
4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou To death may'st not go down;

Be lift-ed up His ho - ly name, To mag-ni - fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben - e - fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis - eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
Who thee with lov - ing kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.

CHORUS.

"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul,
"Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name."
Bless His ho - ly name."

No. 13. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

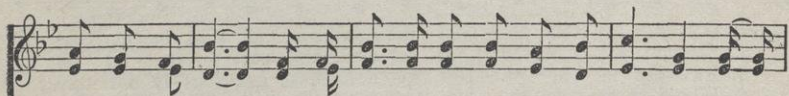
H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.

H. G. Smyth.



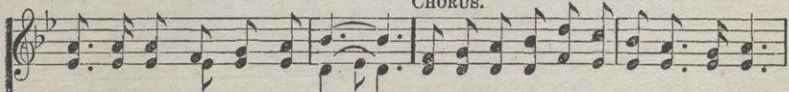
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not



flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urg'd up-on those that are stray-ing, The
tell-ing for Him? Have you spok-en 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 who are try-ing to win.



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



No. 15.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY J. WM. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-tory will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
 prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison,*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is on, but be not
wea-ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

No. 16.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

Arr.

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 garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib. D. C.

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. 17.

Why Not Say Yes To-night.

Effie Wells Loucks. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY. Louis D. Eichhorn.
Duet or all Sopranos and Altos.

1. Oh, 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, Oh, 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 - burd - ened heart For
 ject Him to - night; To - mor - row may bring you the dark - ness of death, Un -
 bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide, And

CHORUS.

par - don so full and so free. Why not say Yes to -
 bro - ken by heav - en - ly light, so free. heav'n - ly light,
 safe - ly keep you in His way. 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, Oh, ac - cept Him to - night.
 ac - cept Him to - night.

R. G. J.
Solo.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ROBT. G. JOLLY.

Robt. G. Jolly.

1. O sin-ner, in sor-row and troub-le to-night, Do you
2. Do you want to be saved by God's won-der-ful pow'r? Do you
3. Do you want to have beau-ti-ful stars in your crown? Do you

want a Sav-ior so dear? Do you want to be saved from your
want your heart to be clean? O won't you ac-cept of the
want to lead oth-ers to Christ? Do you want to keep sin-ners from

guilt and blight? Do you want to be free from all fear?
Sav-ior this hour? Want your face with His glo-ry to gleam?
drift-ing down? If you do, you must get saved to-night.

CHORUS.

Do you want to be saved to-night? Do you want to be saved to-night?
to-night? to-night?

O be-lieve in the Sav-ior, He'll save you right now, Be-lieve in Je-sus to-night.

No. 19. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

COPYRIGHT, 1888 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

El. Nathan.
Moderato.

James McGranahan.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



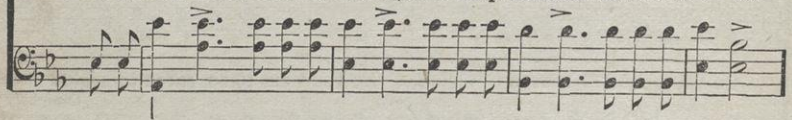
Nor why—un-wor-ty—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



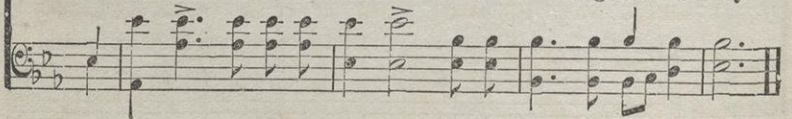
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a-ble



To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-against that day."



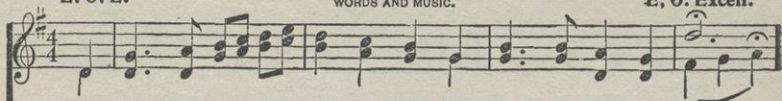
No. 20.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

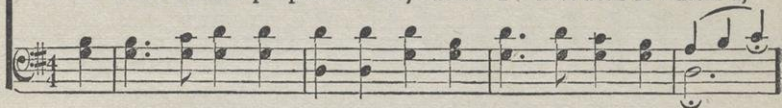
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E.

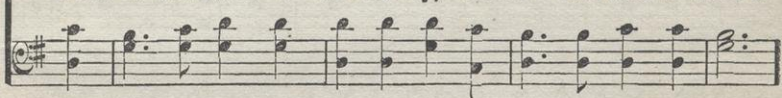
E. O. Excell.



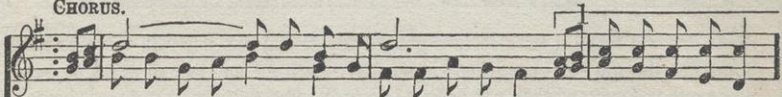
1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd;
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd;
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd;
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd;



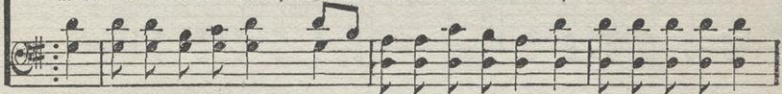
Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.



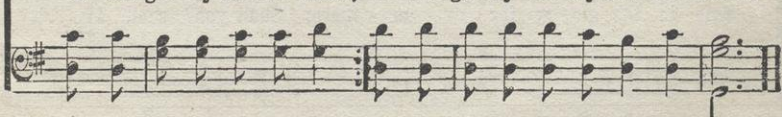
CHORUS.

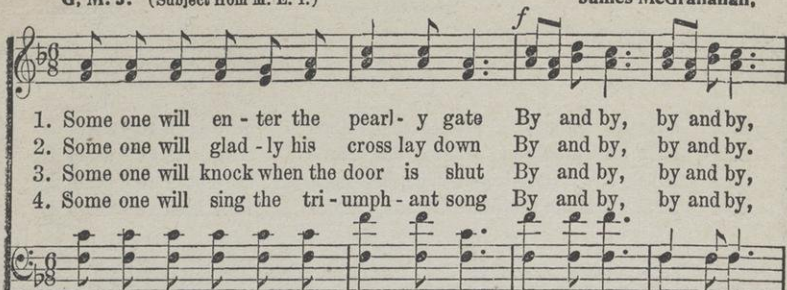


Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,

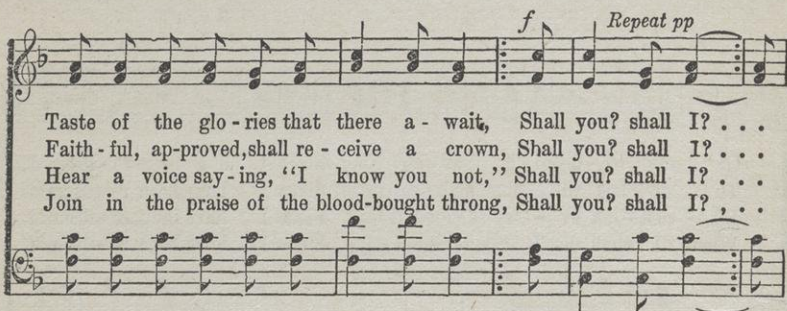


I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

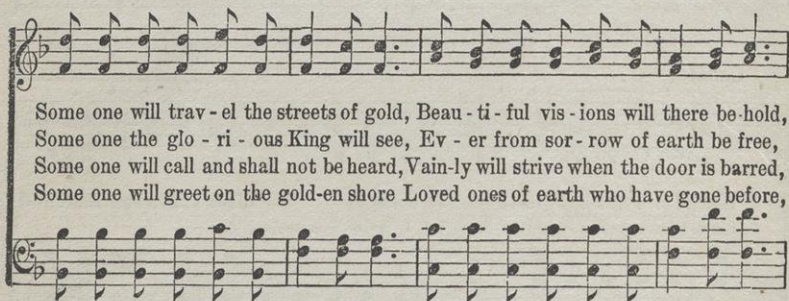




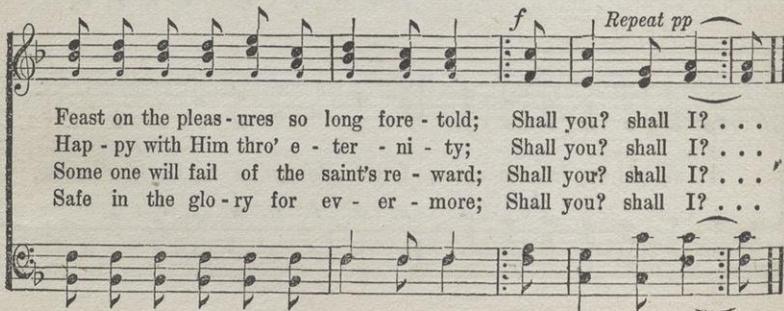
1. Some one will en - ter the pear - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by.
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,



Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Join in the praise of the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I? . . .



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will there be - hold,
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of earth be free,
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the door is barred,
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have gone before,



Feast on the pleas - ures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward; Shall you? shall I? . . .
 Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more; Shall you? shall I? . . .

No. 22. "Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord."

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY HOMER. A. RODEHEAVER.

A. Judson Arrick.

Homer A. Rodcheaver.

1. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," Thro' des-ert and moun-tain and plain,
 2. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," The ti - dings to all men pro-claim;
 3. "Pre - pare ye the way of the Lord," A high - way for sin - ners make plain;

For Je - sus de - clares in His word, "I sure - ly am com - ing a - gain."
 There's free - dom from sin thro' the blood, And Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
 That all may re - turn from a - broad To Je - sus who's com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Is
 is com - ing a - gain.

com - ing to gath - er His own; Re - joi - ce ye, and
 Re - joi - ce ye, and sing, O
 gath - er His own;

sing the re - frain, And ech - o it back to the throne.

No. 23.

Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

Dr. Victor M. Staley.

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 vanquished With all this mor - tal strife; Some day the jour - ney
 day I'll greet with pleas - ure, The dear ones wait - ing 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

Сконча.

ceive, at last, my crown.
 heav'n's immortal song. Some day, some hap - py day,
 His un - dy - ing love. some hap - py day, some hap - py day,

Some Day,

The Lord will wipe all tears a-way, And I shall go to dwell with

Him, To dwell with Him some hap-py day.

No. 24. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart.

Anon.
FINE.

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. }
 2. } Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy; }
 } True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
 3. } Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond-ly dream; }
 } All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }
 4. } Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, }
 } If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }

D.C.—Glo-ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. D.C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

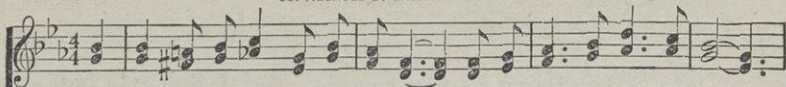
No. 25.

The Cross is Not Greater.

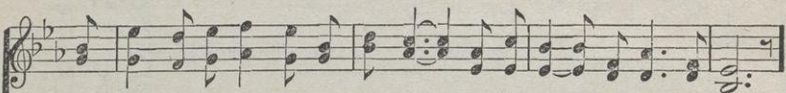
B. B.

COPYRIGHTED BY BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Ballington Booth.



1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



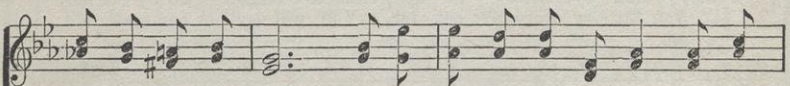
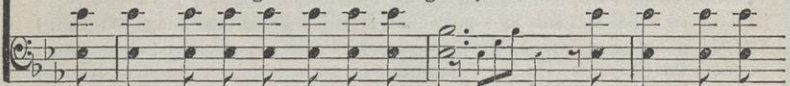
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



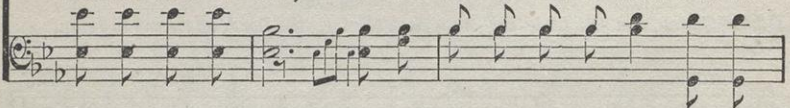
CHORUS.



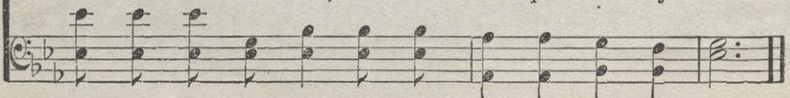
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



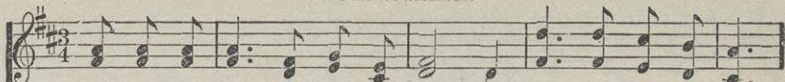
Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



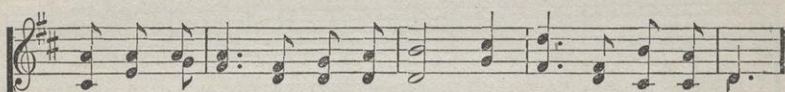
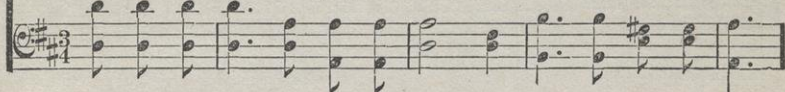
El. Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

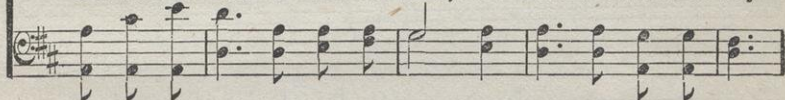
James McGranahan.



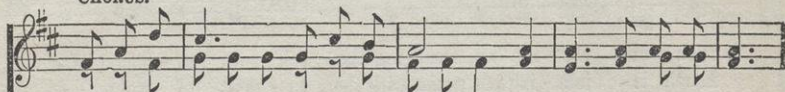
1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The pre - cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n,
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm shall pass the judgment hour, To all who do o - bey



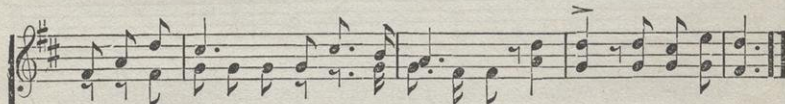
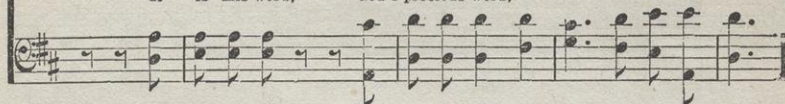
He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
 When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
 The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
 And by His blood, His pre - cious blood, The debt for us was paid.
 The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.



CHORUS.



It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true;
 It is His word, God's precious word,



When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
 When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,



No. 27.

A Song of Victory.

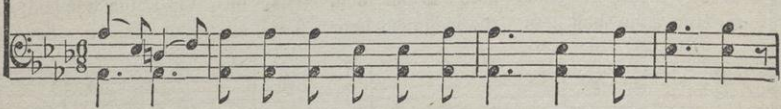
Charlotte G. Homer,

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



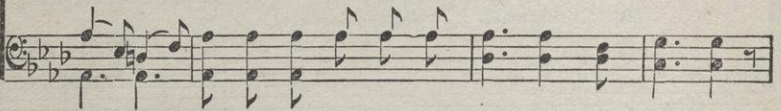
1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



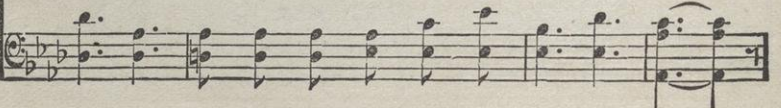
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
 Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
 For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



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.



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 - ri - ous



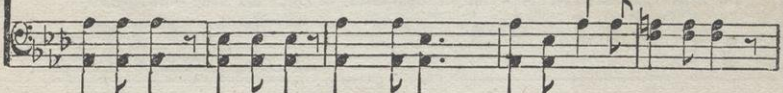
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . O - ver the world now be unfurld His



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 what'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. 28.

His Wonderful Love.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY E. S. LORENZ. USED BY PER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My soul shall for - ev - er be glad and re - joice, To tell His
 2. In grief and in sor - row my com - fort shall be, To tell His
 3. Un - til in His beau - ty I look on His face, I'll tell His

love, His won - der - ful love; The words of my lips and the
 love, His won - der - ful love; And how it falls heal - ing - ly
 love, His won - der - ful love; And when on His throne I'm ac -
 won - der - ful love,

song of my voice Shall speak . . . of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 e - ven on me, This won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. . . .
 cord - ed a place I'll sing . . . of His won - der - ful love. . . .
 speak of His love, of His won - der - ful love.

CHORUS.

No theme . . . could be sweeter on earth be - low, No song . . . more en -
 No theme could be sweet - - er on earth be - low, No song more en - tranc -

tranc - ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now and for -
 ing in heav'n a - bove, I'll sing of it now, yes, new and for -

His Wonderful Love.

ev - er, This won - - der - ful, won - der - ful love. . . .
 ev - er, This won - der - ful love, this won - der - ful love.

No. 29.

Why Do You Wait ?

G. F. R.

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

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-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throug.
 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 thy bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 30. My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.
Solo, or Uniso

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up - on the land or
 2. He makes the rose an ob - ject of His care,..... He guides the ea - gle
 3. I trust in God, for, in the li - on's den,..... On bat - tle-field, or
 4. The val - ley may be dark, the shadows deep, But O, the Shep-herd

on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
 thro' the pathless air, And surely He.... Remembers me, — My heav'nly
 in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
 guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

rit. CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God, — I know He cares for

me, On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
 He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the

sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He keeps my
 sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil - lows roll. He

My Father Watches Over

rit.

soul, My heav'n-ly Fa-ther watch-es o - ver me.
keep my soul,

No. 31.

Satisfied.

A. H. ACKLEY.

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, Counting, the mile-posts by

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

CHORUS.

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

rit.

sat - is - fied; Sheltered above by His infinite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied;

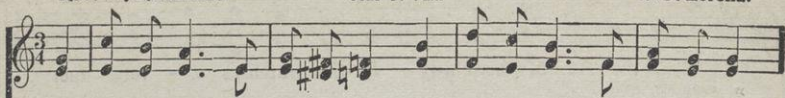
Words and music copyright, 1909, by B. D. Ackley, F. G. Fischer, owner.
From "Songs for the King's Business."

No. 30. My F The Name of Jesus.

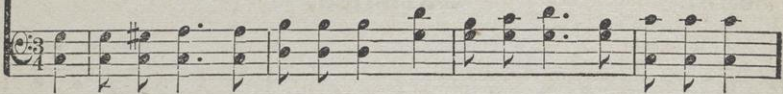
Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1901 AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

E. S. Lorenz.

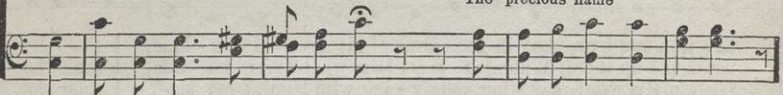


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anxious fears de - part— I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

The precious name



CHORUS.

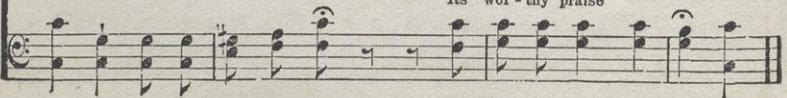


“Je - sus,” oh, how sweet the name! “Je - sus,” ev - ’ry day the same;



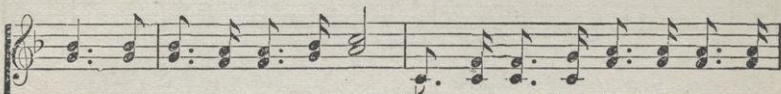
“Je - sus,” let all saints proclaim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.

Its wor - thy praise

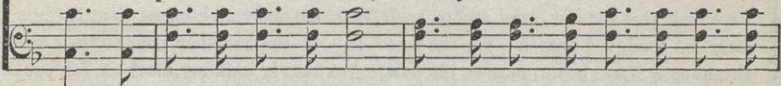




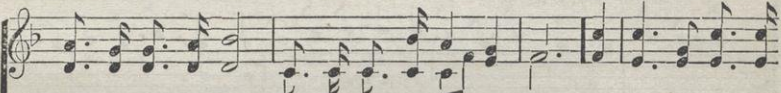
1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



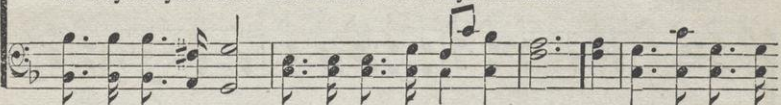
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test, Would you in His serv - ice la - bor



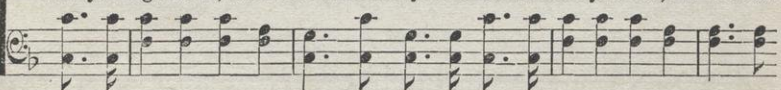
CHORUS.



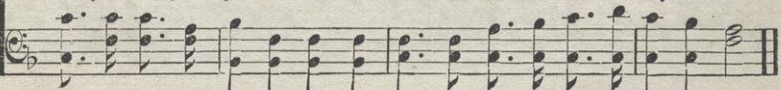
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

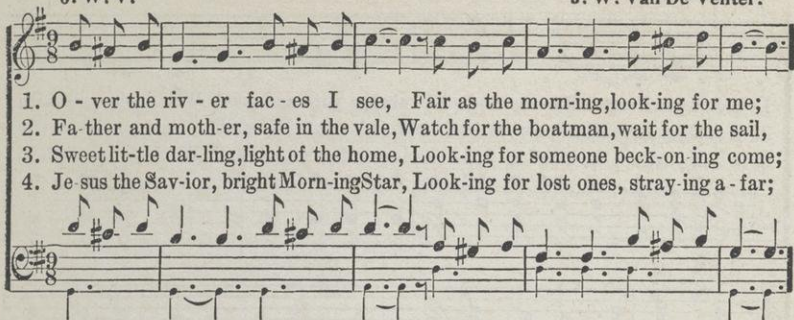
*Rit.*

fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

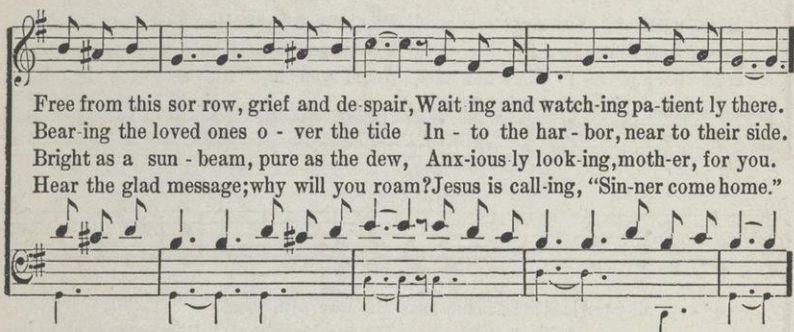


J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

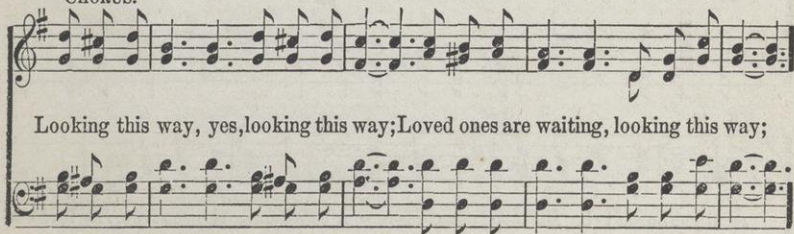


1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for someone beck - on - ing come;
 4. Je - sus the Sav - ior, bright Morn - ing Star, Look - ing for lost ones, stray - ing a - far;

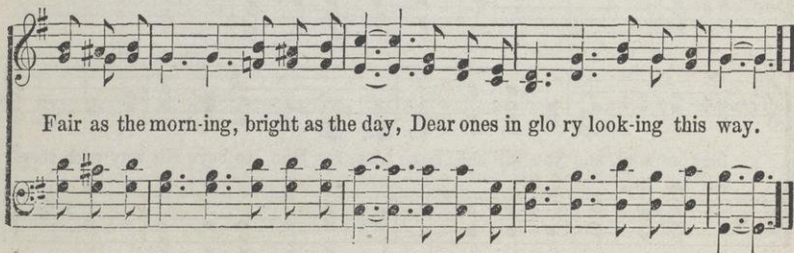


Free from this sor row, grief and de - spair, Wait ing and watch - ing pa - tient ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is call - ing, "Sin - ner come home."

CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morn - ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo ry look - ing this way.

Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on-ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out 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-ning when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleas-ures, yet de-

Would we scat-ter seed

fal-low ground, And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or, e-ven strive e-ter-nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re-fresh-ing, re-viv-ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord the

love, Show-ers from a-bove! sun-shine and the rain.

No. 36,

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
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo-ry
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo-ry
 4. Since I en-ter'd Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob-tain'd God's fav-or, There is
 in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov-ing kind-ness, There is
 in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is
 in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is

CHORUS.

glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my

soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo-ry,

glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul! There is glo-ry in my soul
 glo-ry in my soul

No. 37. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. COPYRIGHT BY WILL L. THOMPSON & CO. EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, & CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
 them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
 part, I know you not,—Are you read-y for that day to come!

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

Rev. Walter C. Smith,

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.
USED BY PER.

Fred H. Byshe,

1. One thing I of the Lord de - sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear - er vis - ion Thou im - part, Grate - ful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg - er vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir - y way, And stanch the springs of guilt - y tho't,

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mir - rored in its depths are seen The things di - vine, The things di - vine.
But, watch and strug - gle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, with - out, with - in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me, Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire, it that must be,

A Clean Heart.

No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
 An-y-how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me,
 Die in me.

rit.

No. 39. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

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 Sav-ior'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 sweetly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.
 I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I do not fear.

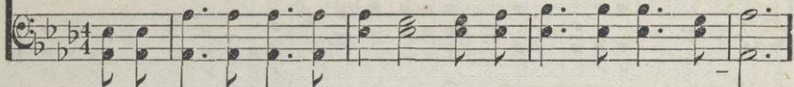
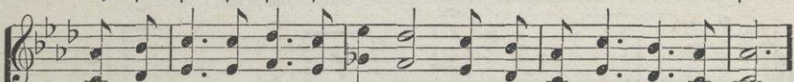
Almeda E. Wight.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY ROBT. C. MARQUIS.
USED BY PER.



Robt. C. Marquis.




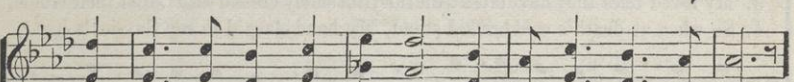
1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Fa - ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warm'd the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak;

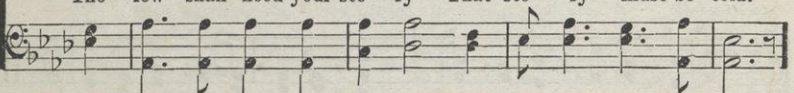
Looked down on His err - ing chil - dren With the pity - ing eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de - part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc - tion, It shall strengthen what is weak.


How He sent His Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange - ly cold.
Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;


That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris - tian, must be told.
To these, O fal - t'ring Chris - tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry That sto - ry must be told.



CHORUS.



It must be told, It must be told The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told. The



It Must Be Told.

sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told;

sto-ry, O Christian, must be told.
won-drous sto-ry, be oft-en sweet-ly told.

No. 41.

The Old Time Religion.

C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PER.

Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
3. It has saved our . . fa-thers, It has saved our . . fa-thers,

'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me!
It was good for our mothers, And it's good e-nough for me!
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, And it's good e-nough for me!
It has saved our . . fa-thers, And it's good e-nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me!

6 It will do when I'm dying,
And it's good enough for me!

5 It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me!

7 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me!

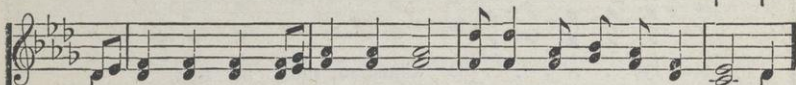
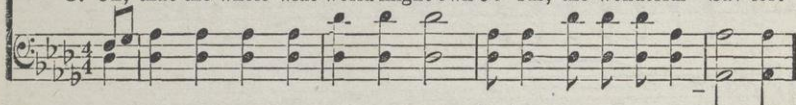
The Wonderful Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

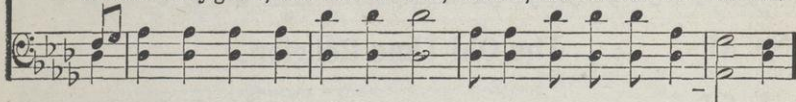
D. C. Carson, Alt. R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, K., OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Chas. H. Gabriel.



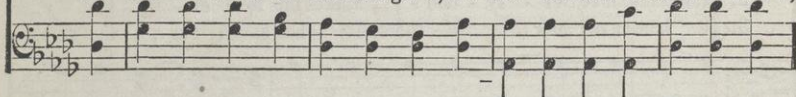
1. I've found a Friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
2. He with the low-ly sat at meat, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!
3. Oh, that the whole wide world might own Je-sus, the wonderful Sav-ior!



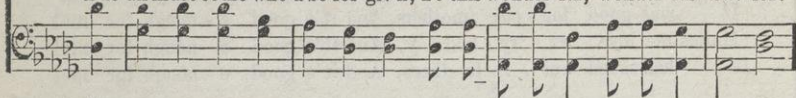
He leads and guides me lest I fall, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 And wash'd His own dis-ci-ples' feet—Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 We're saved by grace, thro' Him a-lone, Je-sus, the won-der-ful Sav-ior!



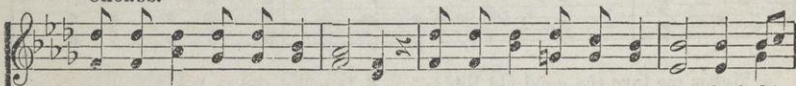
His love with sunshine floods my way, His presence brightens ev-'ry day;
 Tho' with-out sin, for me He died, On Cal-va-ry was cru-ci-fied;
 No oth-er name for sin-ners giv'n; No oth-er name in earth or heav'n;



'Tis joy to hon-or and o-bey, Such a wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!
 Yet up from death, all glo-ri-fied, Came this wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!
 But all must come who'd be for giv'n, To this wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav-ior!



CHORUS.



Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Of



The Wonderful Savior.

Him I'll sing, and ev-er will cling To this won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady accompaniment.

No. 43.

O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge,

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
 2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
 3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a simple melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad.
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.

This section continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous block, maintaining the same musical structure.

CHORUS. **FINE.**

D.S.-Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

The chorus begins with a repeat sign and a dynamic marking of *D.S.* (Da Capo). The melody is simple and the accompaniment is consistent with the rest of the piece.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

The final section of the chorus concludes with the same musical notation as the previous block.

No. 44.

On the Great Highway.

Jennie Ree.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the prom-ised 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 tri-umph, For the Lord of hosts is in com-mand;
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 up-ward ev-er, Singing, praising more and more, Till we

en-e-my shall hold the way before 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 promised land, now

On the Great Highway.

Moves the mighty 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.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a first ending bracket over the final measure. The second system includes a second ending bracket over the final measure.

No. 45.

Perfect Peace.

Frances R. Havergal,
Joyful.

J. Mountain.

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are arranged in three numbered lines.

to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
 fol - low, Nev - er trait - or stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
 di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly

The musical score continues with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. A repeat sign with first and second endings is present above the vocal line. The lyrics are arranged in three lines.

CHO.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,

D. S. for Chorus.

Full - er ev - 'ry day, — Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

The musical score continues with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are arranged in three lines.

Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

No. 46.

He Is the Savior for Me.

E. E. Hewitt

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY HALL-MACK CO.

Howard E. Smith,

1. One who will free - ly for - give all my sin, He is the Sav - ior for me;
 2. One who can turn bit - ter wa - ters to sweet, He is the Sav - ior for me;
 3. One who is lov - ing and ten - der and true, He is the Sav - ior for me;

Bring - ing His pre - cious sal - va - tion with - in, He is the Sav - ior for me.
 Peace "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Sav - ior for me.
 A - ble my courage and strength to re - new, He is the Sav - ior for me.

Spread - ing His mer - cy, like sun - shine, a - round, Won - der - ful grace that will
 Cleans - ing me, keep - ing me, day af - ter day, Help - ing me walk in His
 Lift - ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Call - ing me ev - er to

"much more a - bound;" Just such a Sav - ior in Je - sus I've found,
 roy - al high - way, Hear - ing and an - sw'ring as hum - bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har - vest - ing, let - ting me share,

CHORUS.
 He is the Sav - ior for me. . . . He is the Sav - ior for
 for me,

He Is the Savior for Me.

me, Glo - ry to Him ev - er be; Just such a
for me;

Sav - ior in Je - sus I've found, He is the Sav - ior for me
for me.

No. 47.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sav ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 48.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



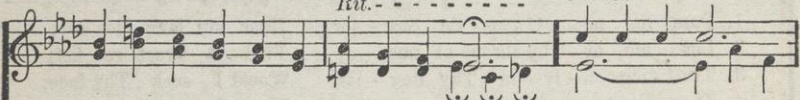
1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



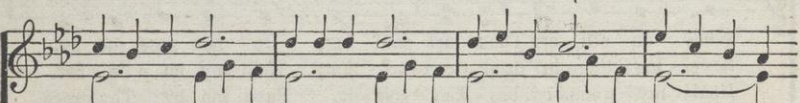
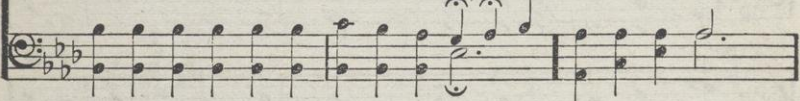
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



Rit. - - - - - CHORUS.



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. 49. Day is Dying in the West.

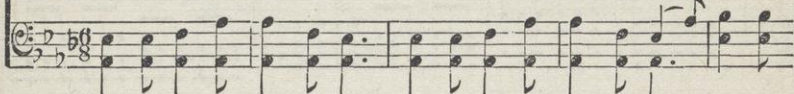
Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
4. When for ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shadows end.



REFRAIN.



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A-men.



No. 50.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

war, With the cross of Je - sus
 flee; On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
 God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
 throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di -
 In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and

Onward, Christian Soldiers:

Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
 quiv - er At the shout of praise;.....
 vid - ed, All one bod - y we,.....
 hon - or Un - to Christ the King,

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.

No. 51.

'Tis Now in Part.

This song was written and first sung at Atlanta, Ga., and is dedicated to Hon. W. J. Northern, former Governor of the State, and Chairman of the Business Men's Gospel Union.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY O. F. PUGH.

M. B. Wharton, D. D.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

O. F. Pugh.

1. 'Tis now in part I know the Lord, I see Him in His writ-ten word,
 2. 'Tis now in part I know His love, Which bro't Him from the realms a - bove;
 3. 'Tis now in part I know His hand, Which leads me thro' this des-ert land;
 4. 'Tis now in part I know His joy, My strength when anx-i-ous fears an - noy;

I see Him mir - rored in His grace: But, oh! to see Him face to face.
 But, oh! to reach that bliss-ful sphere, And from His lips the sto - ry hear.
 But, oh! to stand be - fore His throne, With ev-'ry dark-ning shad-ow flown.
 But, oh! to see Him as He is, My raptur'd heart press'd close to His.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, And glo - ry
 Then I shall know as I am known,

give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as I am
 And glo - ry give to Him a - lone; Then I shall know as

known, And glo - ry give to Him a - lone.
 I am known,

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,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,

The most de-light-ful mis-sion That a-ny-one can know;
And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if, like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed,

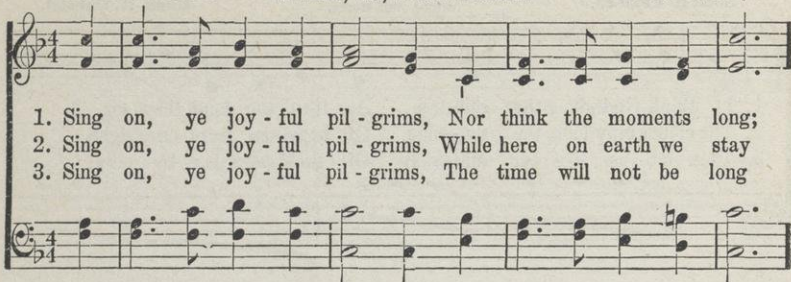
To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft-en gath-er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev-'ry shad-owed heart.
And be the sun-shine mak-ers Of which the world has need.
D. S.-In all life's shad-y plac-es We shine as best we can.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

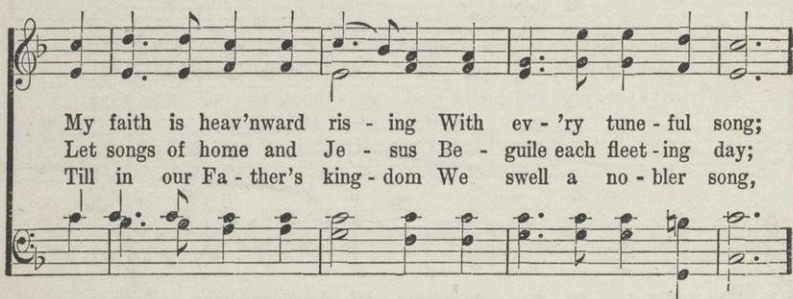
Carrie F. Wilson.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.

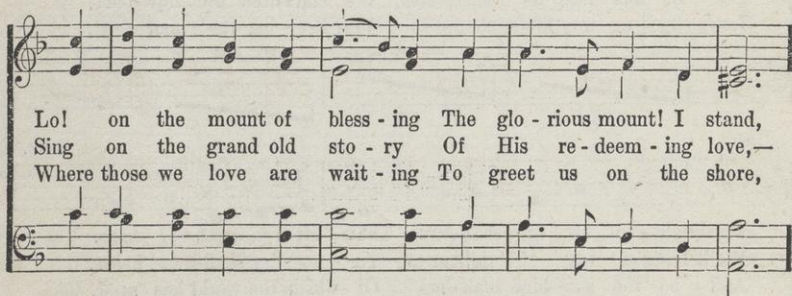
Jno. R. Sweney.



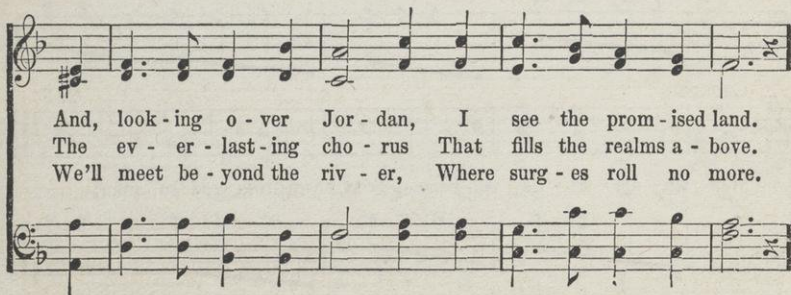
1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long



My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,



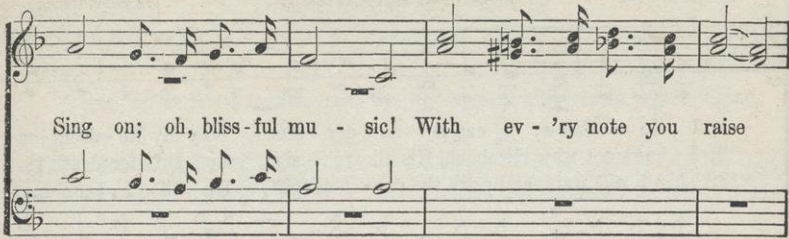
Lol on the mount of bless - ing The glo - rious mount! I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love,—
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,



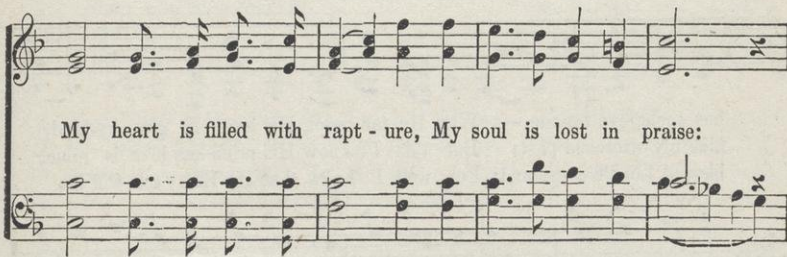
And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the prom - ised land.
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

Sing On.

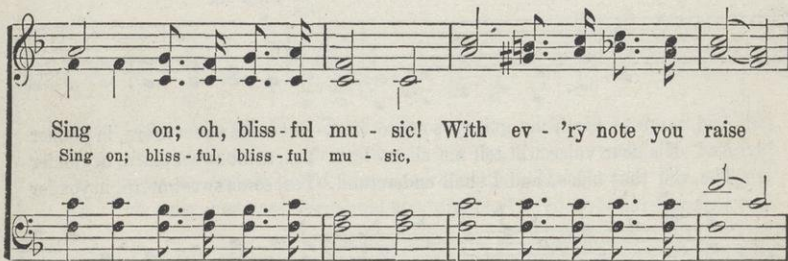
CHORUS.



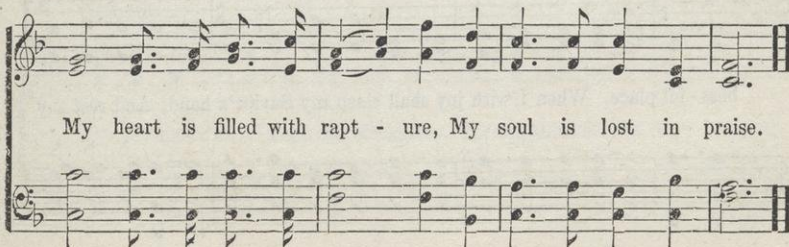
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise



My heart is filled with rapt - ure, My soul is lost in praise:



Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,



My heart is filled with rapt - ure, My soul is lost in praise.

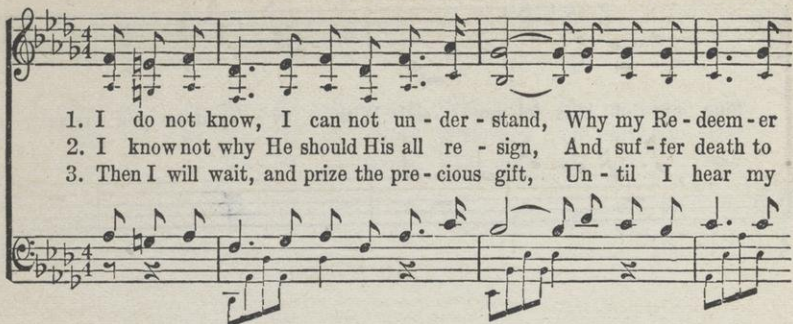
No. 54.

Then I Shall Understand.

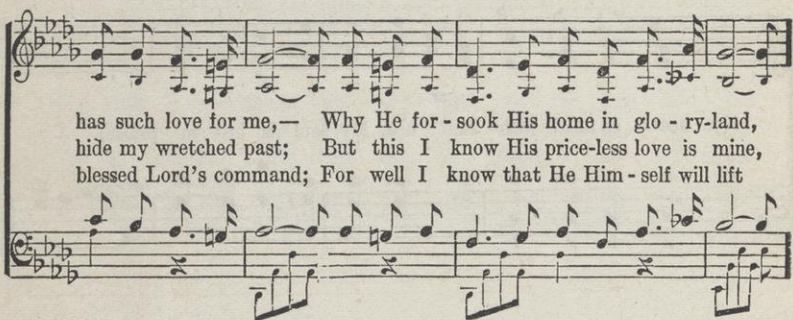
James Rowe.

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

Ira B. Wilson.

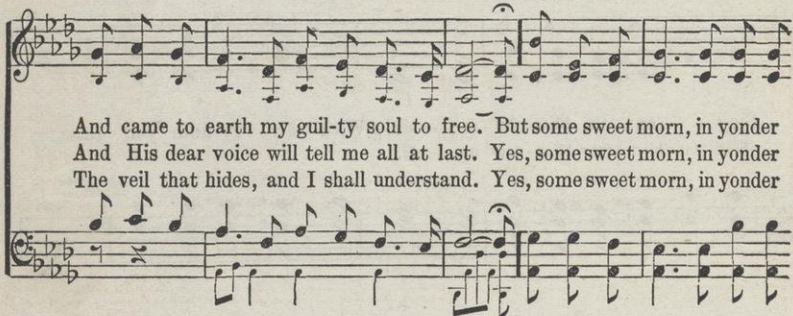


1. I do not know, I can not un - der - stand, Why my Re - deem - er
2. I know not why He should His all re - sign, And suf - fer death to
3. Then I will wait, and prize the pre - cious gift, Un - til I hear my

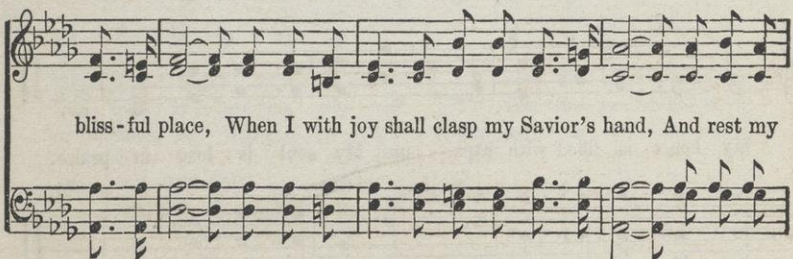


has such love for me,— Why He for - sook His home in glo - ry - land,
hide my wretched past; But this I know His price - less love is mine,
blessed Lord's command; For well I know that He Him - self will lift

CHORUS.



And came to earth my guil - ty soul to free. But some sweet morn, in yonder
And His dear voice will tell me all at last. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder
The veil that hides, and I shall understand. Yes, some sweet morn, in yonder



bliss - ful place, When I with joy shall clasp my Savior's hand, And rest my

Then I Shall Understand.

eyes up-on His matchless face, My hap-py soul will clear-ly un-der-stand.

No. 55.

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!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - ersaint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!

FINE.

None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

No. 56.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, 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
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be - hold; Liv - ing

reach when the sun go - eth down; When, thro' won - der - ful grace, by my
watch as a win - ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the

Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
go - ri - ous day : When His praise like the sea bil - lows rolls.
cit - y of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown, When at
eve - ning the sun go - eth down? When I wake with the blest
go - eth down?

Will There Be Any Stars?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
an - y stars in my crown?

No. 57.

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

E. S. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
USED BY PER.

Effie S. Black.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way; As I
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my heart with Thy rich grace; Let me
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way, When with

jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day; Show me what I ought to do,
all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face, Till at last His life shall be,
rapt - ure I shall wake In e - ter - nal day; I shall dwell with Christ my Lord,

Help me shun the wrong; In this va - ried chain of life Make the weak link strong.
Mirrored in mine own, And the likeness God can see To His own dear Son.
In our heav'n - ly home, And He will present me then Fault - less at the throne.

No. 58.

Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn,

COPYRIGHT, 1885, 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
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your
3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way, Know-ing

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a little sunshine in.

No. 59.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.



1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand - ing there, my trem - bling 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,



Be - neath 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.



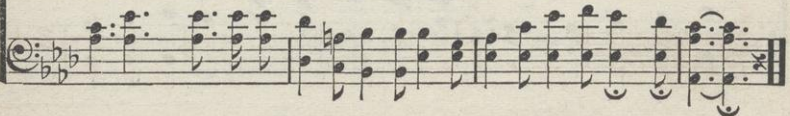
CHORUS.



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,

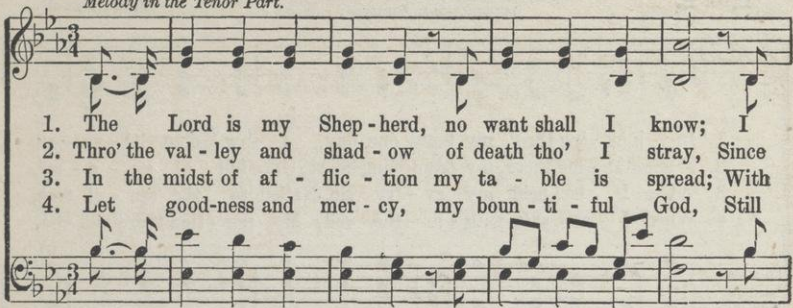


Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, e - nough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A - bun - dant grace I see, e - nough for me.

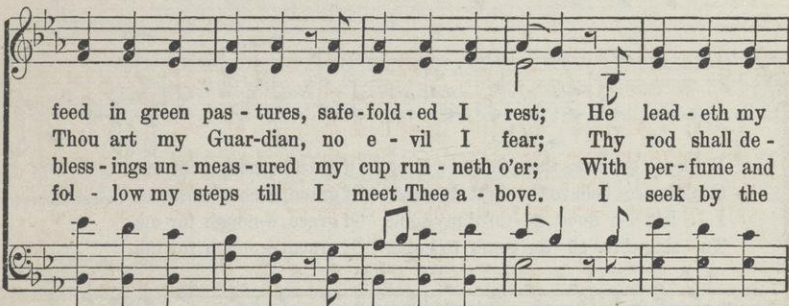


James Montgomery.
Melody in the Tenor Part.

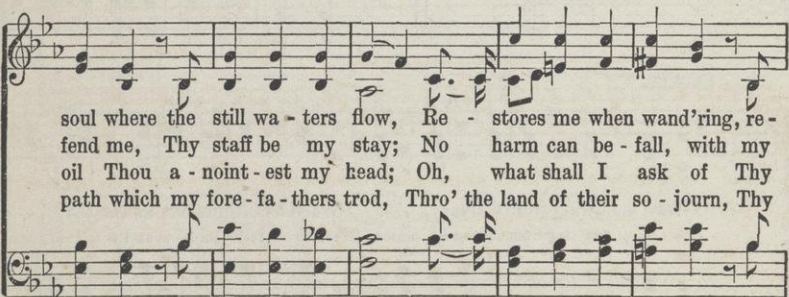
Arr. by T. Koschat.



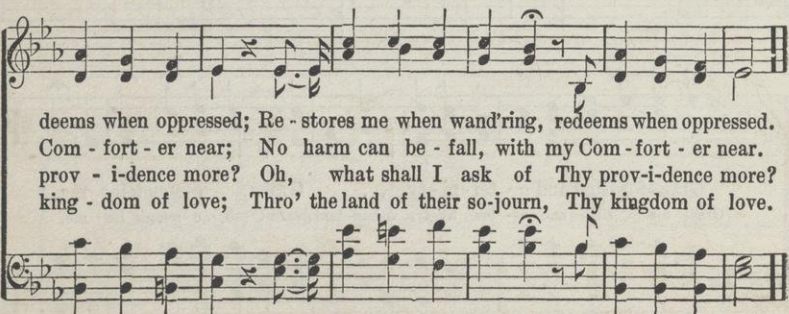
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray; Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still



feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the



soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my
 oil Thou a-noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy



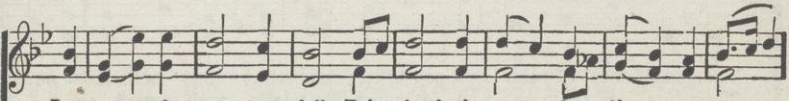
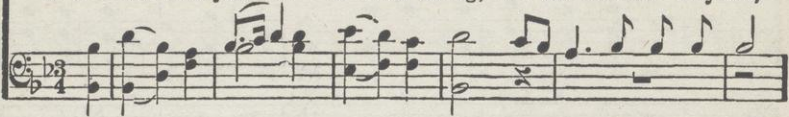
deems when oppressed; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com-fort-er near; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
 king-dom of love; Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy kingdom of love.

E. Perronet.

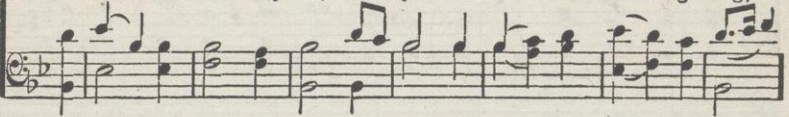
Arr. by T. G. Richards.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,



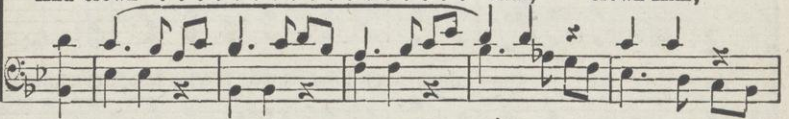
Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 We at His feet may fall, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, crown Him,

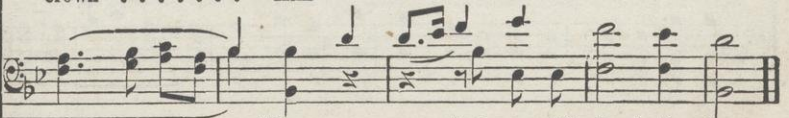


And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown

crown Him, crown Him,



all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
 crown Him



. Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 62.

O How Love I Thy Law.

Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

James McGranahan.

1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - si - red are;
3. More - o - ver, they thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der - stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judgments of the Lord are truth, And right - eous - ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - cy comb That drop - peth, sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre - sum - tuous sins;
I shall be right - eous, then, and from The great trans - gres - sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119:97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -

ta - tion all the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

Rit.

love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day." all the day.

No. 63.

O Love Divine.

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

Maud Frazer.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Dear Lord, my heart has heard Thy call! Be-fore Thy cross I prostrate fall
2. Thy plead-ing eyes have look'd on me, Thy sweet voice said, "I died for thee;"
3. I spurned Thy grace and far did stray, Yet "child, come home," I heard Thee say;
4. O Love, my star in sor-row's night, When foes as-sail, my sword of might;



And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
 O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



CHORUS.



O Love di - vine, so full, so free, Thy wondrous pow'r has conquered me!



For ev - er - more my heart is Thine, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



No. 64.

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-turn-ing
 ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
 moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
 He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-

treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

Meet Mother in the Skies.

heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 65. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears, Pride ruled my will, re - mem - ber not past years.
 smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 66.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.



1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mor down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;



Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul;
 Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
 With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
 But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;



Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
 It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in his day;
 On this road they fought their bat-tles, Shouting vic-t'ry day by day;
 When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,



I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fashioned way.
 I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
 I shall find the gates of heav-en, In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS. **The Good Old-Fashioned Way.**

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fashioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fashioned way.

D. C.

No. 67. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

USED BY PER.

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop - ing on in dark - ness here;
 Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust - ing that our names are there;

D.S.-Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

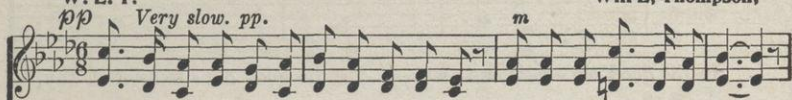
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

D. S.

BY PER. OF MESSRS. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., CHICAGO, ILL., & EAST LIVERPOOL, D,

W. L. T.

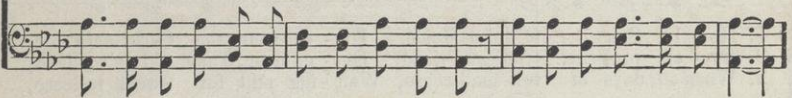
Will L. Thompson,



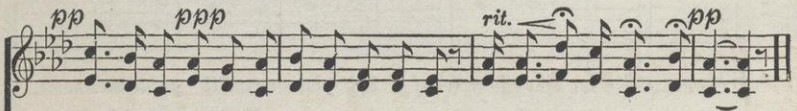
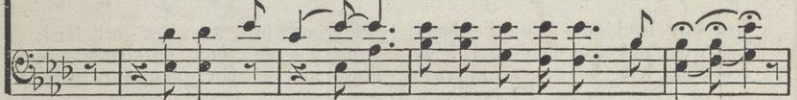
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home,



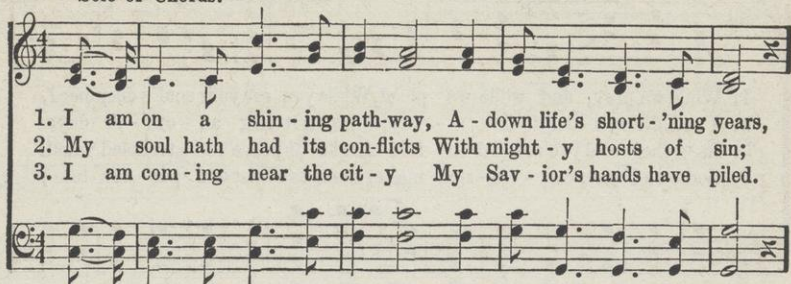
Ear nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



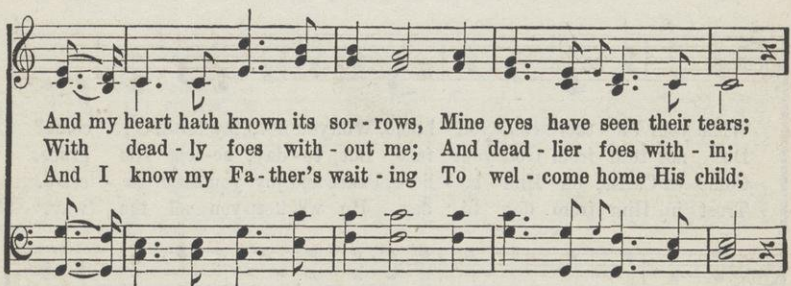
No. 69.

I'm On a Shining Pathway.

Solo or Chorus.
FROM "PUGH'S GOSPEL SONGS." MEYERS BROS. BY PER.

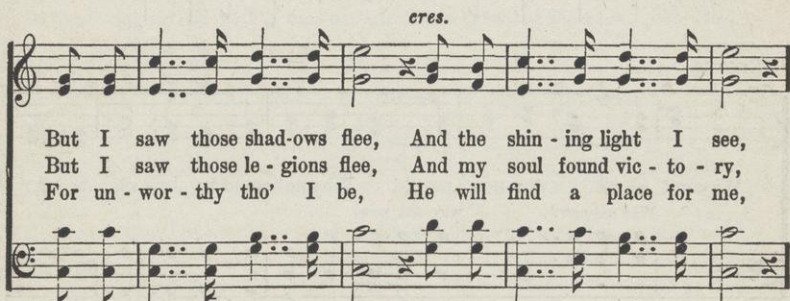


1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A - down life's short - 'ning years,
2. My soul hath had its con - flicts With might - y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled.



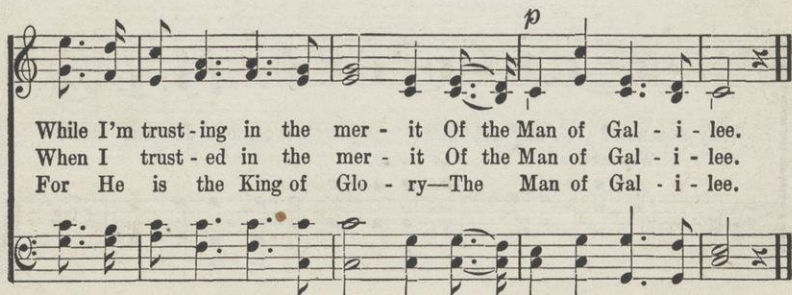
And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With dead - ly foes with - out me; And dead - lier foes with - in;
And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home His child;

cres.



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,

p



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. 70.

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 wan-der'd far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

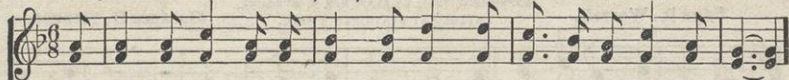


No. 71. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

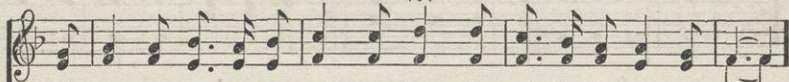
Mary Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.



1. It may not be on the mountain 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 some-where 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 wand'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 Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o the 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.



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

REFRAIN.



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



No. 72. It's Just Like His Great Love.

Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

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.



It's Just Like His Great Love.

roll the clouds a-way, I'ts 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. 73. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

(ORTONVILLE.)

Thos. Hastings.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned; Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair - er is He than
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph

glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'n-ly train.
 shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 o - ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A-men.

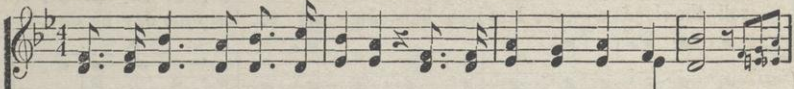
No. 74. Silently the Shades of Evening.

Dedicated to the Hillside Services.

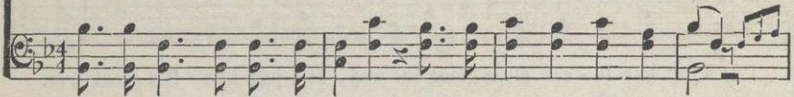
C. C. Cox.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.

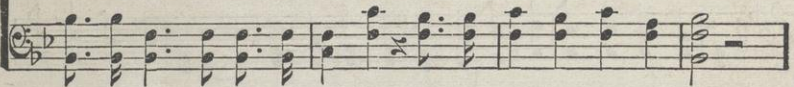
Carey Boggess.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gath - er 'round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,



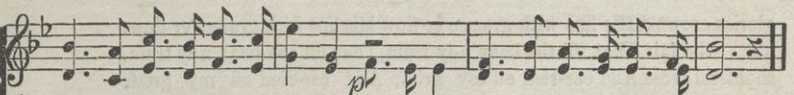
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
 They unlinked with earth - ly troub - le, We, still hop - ing for its end.
 Point - ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.



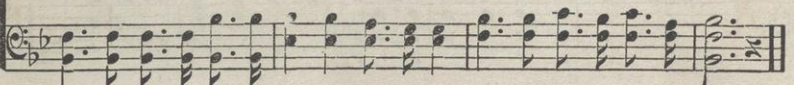
CHORUS.



Come the silent shades of evening, Holy mem'ries cluster 'round me,
 Come the shades of eve - ning si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly,



Point - ing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.
 si - lent - ly



No. 75. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

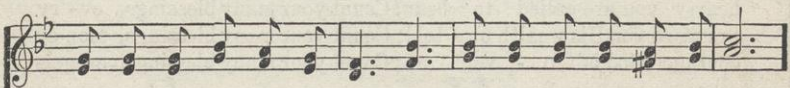
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

James McGranahan.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



CHORUS.



Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers



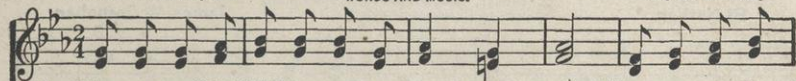
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



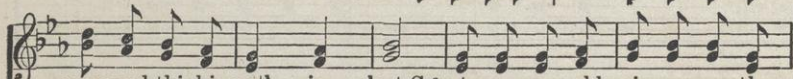
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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

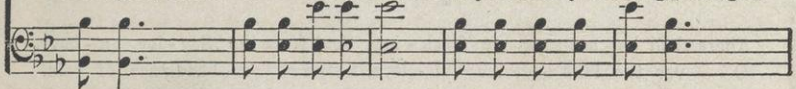
E. O. Excell.



1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burden'd 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, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav-y you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev - ry
promised you His wealth un - told; Count your many blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your many blessings, an - gels



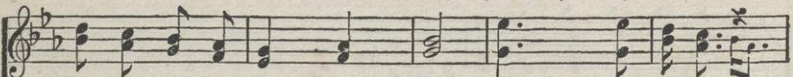
one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your jour - ney's end.



CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many blessings Name them one by one, Count your many



blessings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,



Count Your Blessings.

ri.

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

Musical notation for the accompaniment of 'Count Your Blessings'.

No. 77. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

USED BY PER.

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 -

Musical notation for the accompaniment of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee'.

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

Musical notation for the accompaniment of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee'.

Sav - ior 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."

Musical notation for the accompaniment of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee'.

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-

dwell-ers 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 en-trance dis-play;

The Earth is the Lord's.

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

No. 79. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its, will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 80.

I Am His and He Is Mine.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must sing for joy at the hap - py thought, I be - long to Je - sus, and
 2. Let the world grow wild, let the storms rise high, I be - long to Je - sus, and
 3. He is at my side when my soul is tried, I be - long to Je - sus, and
 4. He will com - fort me when my sor - rows come, I be - long to Je - sus, and

He be - longs to me; With His pre - cious blood He my soul hath bought,
 He be - longs to me; To my trust - ing soul He is ev - er nigh,
 He be - longs to me; More than broth - er He, more than friend and guide,
 He be - longs to me; He is lead - ing me to His own bright nome

CHORUS.

I be - long to Je - sus, and He be - longs to me. I be - long to

Je - sus, bless - ed, bless - ed Je - sus; Ev - 'ry hour His

ten - der smile I see; I am trust - ing in His love, ev - er faith - ful

I Am His and He is Mine.

He will prove, I be-long to Je - sus, and He be-ongs to me.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

No. 81. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber.

EMULATION.

H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner
 2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw His Mas - ter
 3. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their
 4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The matron and the maid, A-round the Sav - ior's.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
 in the sky; And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In
 hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The
 throne rejoice, In robes of white arrayed: They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n Thro'

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below, - He fol-lows in His train.
 midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
 li - on's go-ry mane; They bow'd their necks the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?
 per - il, toil, and pain; O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

No. 82.

Grace, Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON.

J. B. HERBERT.



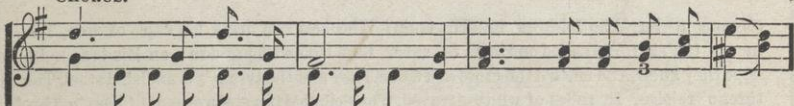
1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me;
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;



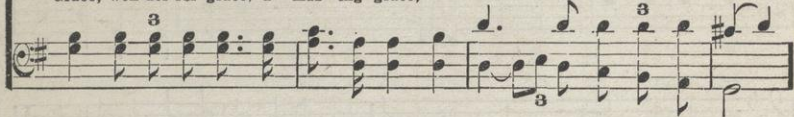
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.



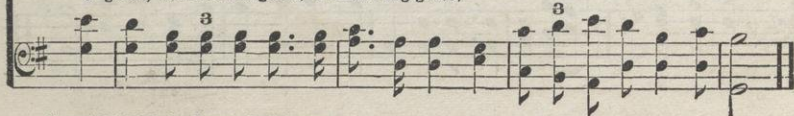
CHORUS.



Grace, a - maz - ing grace, That saved a sin - ner like me!
 Grace, won - der - ful grace, a - maz - ing grace,



O grace, a - maz - ing grace, That saved a poor sin - ner like me.
 O grace, won - der - ful grace, a - maz - ing grace,



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.
Showing 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.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 84.

In the Upper Garden.

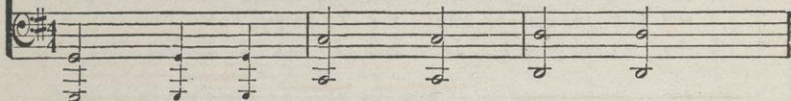
C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY HALL-MACK CO.

C. Austin Miles.



1. Just be-yond the riv-er Jor-don, Just a-cross its chill-ing
 2. Grow-ing in the Up-per Gar-den, "Flow'rs the earth too rude-ly
 3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our com-ing watch and

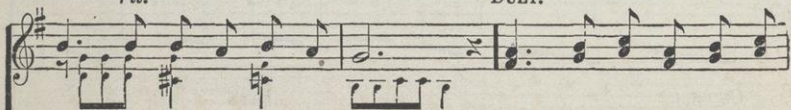


tide, There's a land of life e - ter - nal,
 pressed," In that land shall reach per - fec - tion
 wait, In that Up - per Gar - den grow - ing,



rit.

DUET.



Thro' its vales sweet wa - ters glide. By the crys - tal riv - er
 By the heav'n - ly Gard'ner dressed. There the flow - ers bloom for
 Just with - in the gold - en gate. Tho' our hearts may break with



flow - ing. Grows the tree of life so fair. . . .
 ev - er, Death can find no en - trance there; . . .
 sor - row, By the grief so hard to bear, . . .



No. 85.

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-i-or, my King, His praise all the day long
2. Hestood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain 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 in

with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an entrance 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.

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

pre-cious to me, me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-

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

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

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

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

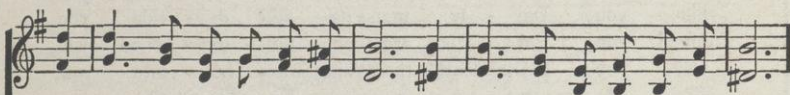
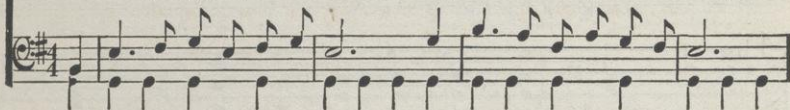
meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet a - gain.

ROBERT L. FLETCHER.

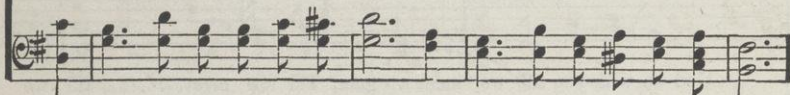
HOMER BODEHEAVER.

Soprano sing softly or hum. Maestoso.

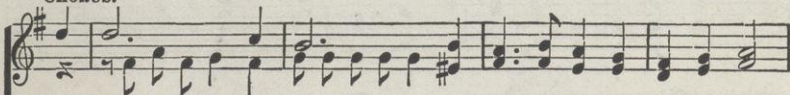
1. In vain they cru-ci-fied my Lord, And at His tomb kept watch and ward;
2. In vain the seal;'tis rent in twain, And death and hell give up their reign;
3. In vain for Him they platted thorns; A di - a - dem His brow a-dorns;
4. All earth, for joy, repeat the strain: "They cru - ci-fied my Lord in vain;"



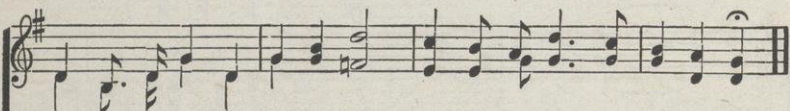
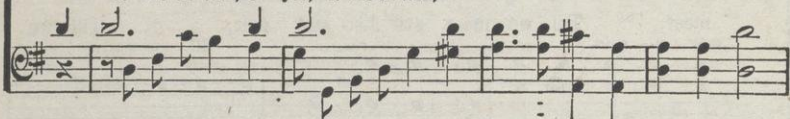
Be - hold, the stone is rolled a - way, And where, O Grave, is now thy prey?
 Be - hold for Him, in roy - al state, Now wide un - folds the heav'nly gate.
 And lo, the bright se - raph-ic throngs To notes of tri - umph raise their song.
 For now enthroned a - bove the sky, He lives a - gain no more to die.



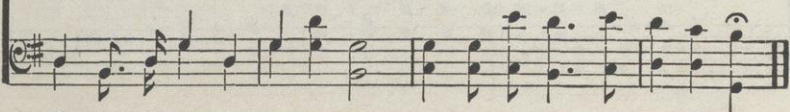
CHORUS.



In vain in vain, They cru - ci-fied my Lord in vain;
 It was in vain, O yes, it was in vain,



Up from the tomb in might He rose, And in dis-may have fled His foes.



No. 88.

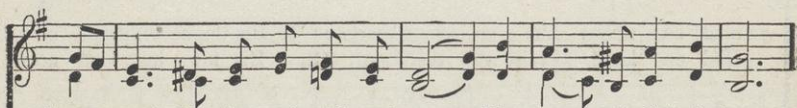
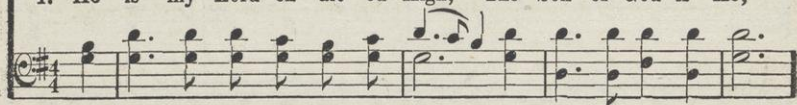
The Man of Galilee.

John R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
4th v. by Rev. H. Ostrom.

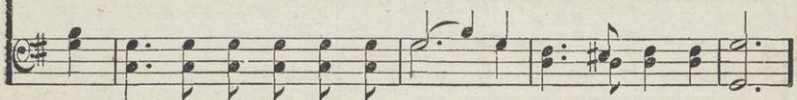
O. F. Pugh.



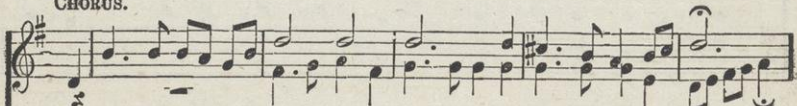
1. 'Mid all the stal-wart sons of men, One fair - est face I see;
2. He knows the bur-dens of my heart, Knows how to set me free;
3. He calls me in - to fel-low-ship, His serv-ant bids me be;
4. He is my Lord ex - alt - ed High, The Son of God is He;



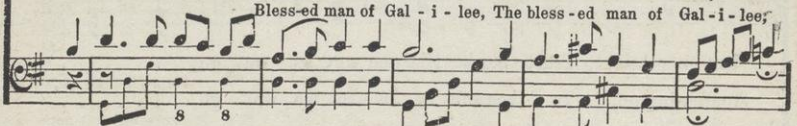
Sweet, wreathed in beau - ty rich and rare, The man of Gal - i - lee.
He speaks in ten - der tones of love, The man of Gal - i - lee.
He gives His strength to meet each need, The man of Gal - i - lee.
His riv - en side a ref - uge strong, The man of Gal - i - lee.



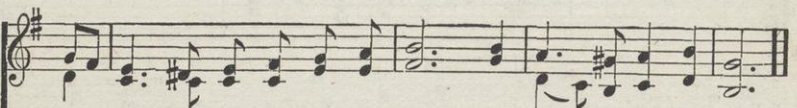
CHORUS.



The bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;
Bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee, The bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee;



Bless-ed man of Gal - i - lee, The man of Gal - i - lee;



The fair - est of the sons of men, The man of Gal - i - lee.



No. 89.

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 - na! 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,
march - ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, trust - ing we 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;

Steadily Marching On,



We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
Gath - er and praise the Sav - ior's name, praise Him for - ev - er.



CHORUS.



Stead - i - ly march - ing on, with our ban - ner wav - ing o'er us,



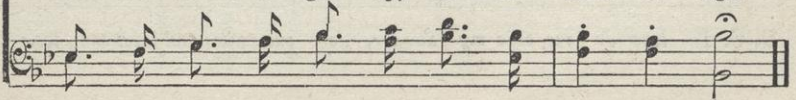
Stead - i - ly march - ing on, while we sing the joy - ful cho - rus;



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. 90.

Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter,

BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, comel While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, comel Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, comel Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, comel Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, comel Jesus will not de - cieve you,
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, comel While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, comel Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, comel
 Come, sin - ner, comel Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, comel
 Come, sin - ner, comel While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, comel

No. 91.

I Love Jesus.

Robert Robinson.

(GREENVILLE.)

Jean J. Rousseau,

FINE.

1. { Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; }
 { He to res - cue me from dan-ger In - ter - posed with pre - cious blood. }
 2. { Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love— }
 { Here's my heart—O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a - bove. }

D. C.—I love Je - sus, He's my Sav - ior, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

I Love Jesus.

CHORUS.

D. C.

I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do;

No. 92.

Look and Live.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give,
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un - to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E - ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Jesus when He made me whole:

S: FINE.

'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trusted and He sav'd my soul.

D.S.-'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

D. S.

"Look and live" . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother live, "Look and live,"

Rev. W. B. Williams.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The times of great re-fresh-ing, O grant us, Lord, a - gain; The vineyard needs the
 2. For times of great re-fresh-ing, Our souls now pant and cry; Our spir-its are de-
 3. A time of great re-fresh-ing, Thy presence, Lord, would be; Thy Zi - on, then re-

bless-ing Of gra-cious, growing rain; O give us now the show-er That
 press-ing, Our hearts are hard and dry; O make us now to blos-som Like
 joic-ing, Would sing her praise to Thee; The tree of con-se-cra-tion Would

shall our hearts renew, And make us, by Thy pow-er, To start our growth a-new.
 flowers in the spring; The fruit that's sweet and wholesome In ho-ly liv-ing bring.
 pre-cious fruit-age bear; A wondrous transformation Would come if Thou wert here.

CHORUS.

Re-fresh - ing times, re-viv - ing rain; The Holy Ghost out-
 Re-fresh-ing times, re - viv-ing rain, re-fresh-ing times, re - viv - ing rain,

pour - ing, The showers warm, in-spir - ing; Re-fresh - ing times, . . . re-
 Re-fresh - ing times, re - viv - ing rain, re-

Times of Refreshing.

v iv - ing rain, . . . O give us once a-gain, give us, Lord, a - gain.
fresh - ing times, re - viv - ing rain.

No. 94. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.

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

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

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

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

No. 95.

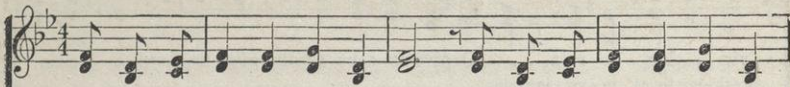
To the Harvest Field.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

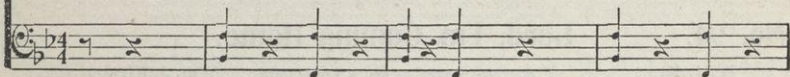
C. H. G.

USED BY PER.

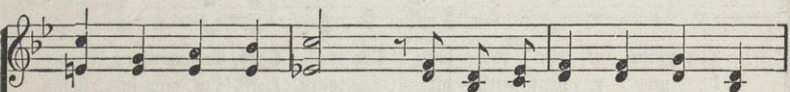
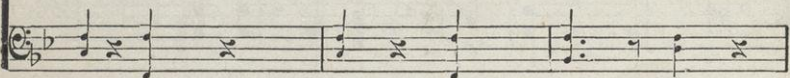
Chas. H. Gabriel.



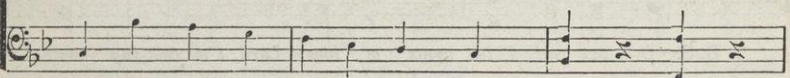
1. A band of faith - ful reap - ers we, Who gath - er for e - ter - ni -
2. We are a faith - ful glean - ing band, And la - bor at our Lord's com -
3. The gold - en hours like mo - ments fly, And har - vest days are pass - ing



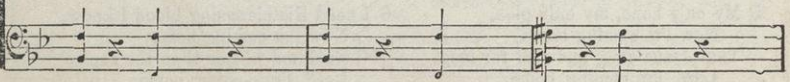
ty, The gold - en sheaves of rip - ened grain From ev - 'ry
 mand, Un - yield - ing, loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the
 by; Then take thy rust - y sick - le down, And la - bor



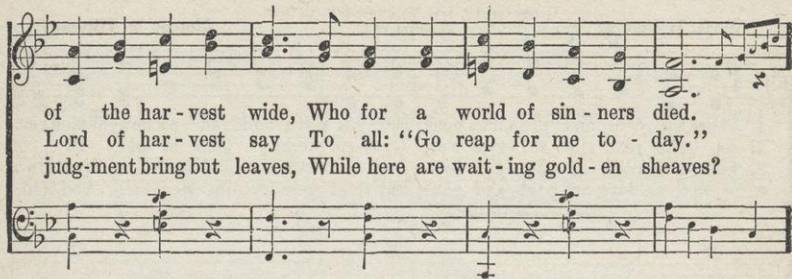
val - ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap - ers
 reap - ers are but few; Be - hold the wav - ing har - vest
 for a fade - less crown; Why will you i - dly stand and



sing, In hon - or of their Lord and King— The Mas - ter
 field A - bundant with a gold - en yield; And hear the
 wait? Be - hold, the hour is grow - ing late! Can you to



To the Harvest Field.

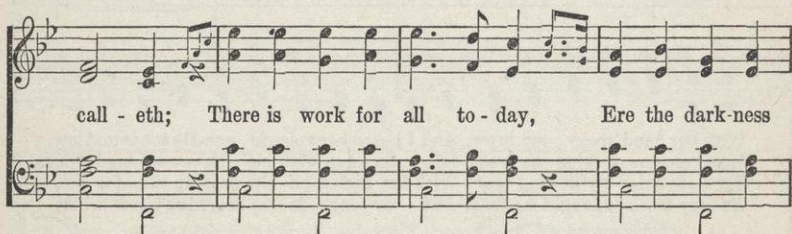


of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."
judg-ment bring but leaves, While here are wait-ing gold-en sheaves?

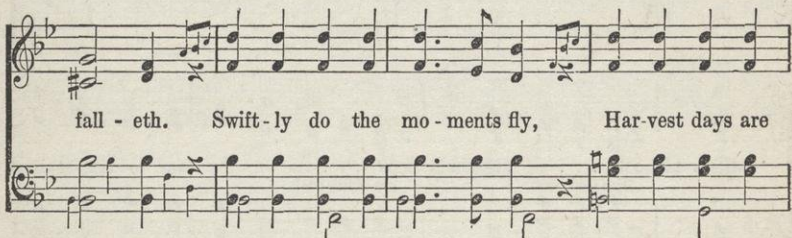
CHORUS.



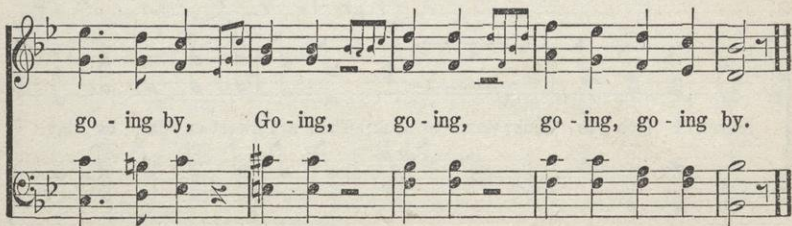
To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter



call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness



fall-eth. Swift-ly do the mo-ments fly, Har-vest days are



go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 96.

My Mother's Bible.

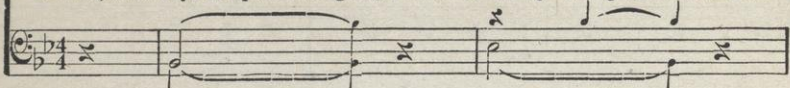
M. B. Williams.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PER.

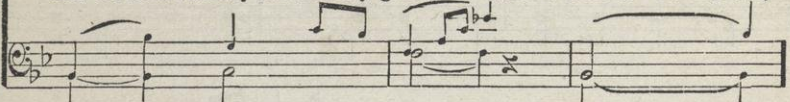
Charlie D. Tillman.



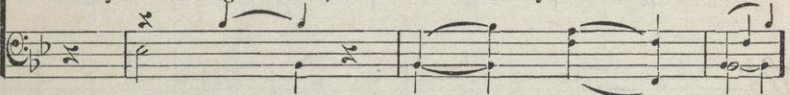
1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-ry lin-gers still, And the



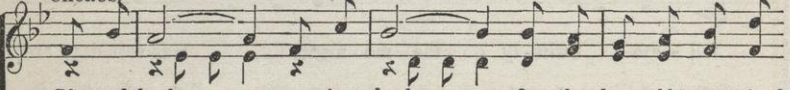
calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos-eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
suffered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with his ma-n-y wick-ed wiles.
Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.



CHORUS



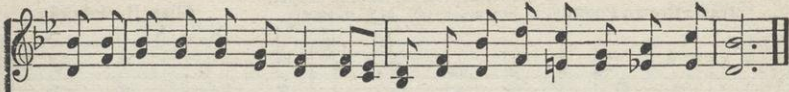
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book, On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



My Mother's Bible.



As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.



No. 97.

Even Me.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner.

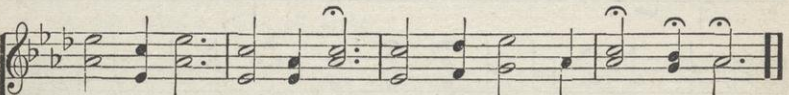
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;



Show'rs the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
 I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
 Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
 Grace of God, so strong and bound-less;—Mag - ni - fy them all in me—
 While the streams of life are spring-ing, Bless-ing oth - ers, oh, bless me—



E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.



No. 98. 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
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To

no oth-er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Sav-ior trod, If I ev-er climb to the heights sub-lime,
walk in it 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 sweet to
leads home, leads home,

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

Anon.

Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And storm-y o - ver-head, And
 2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 those who once pro - fessed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
 march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

Soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, - A lit - tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, - A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - to the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. - trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Je - sus makes it right, all right.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

No. 100.

I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, 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.

I am hap-py in Him, . . . I am hap-py in Him; . . .
I am hap-py in Him, I am hap-py in Him;

My soul with de-light He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 101. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PERMISSION OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT, EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

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 part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
 hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wan-d'ring,

rit. p
 Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
 Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently 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.

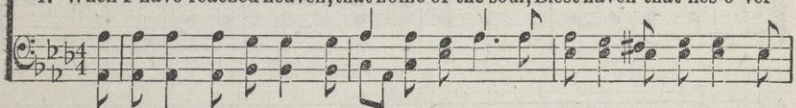
No. 102. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

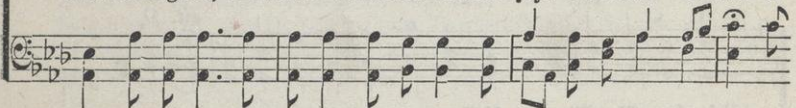
J. B. HERBERT.



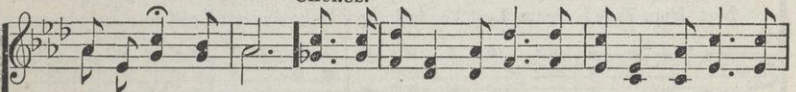
1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven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



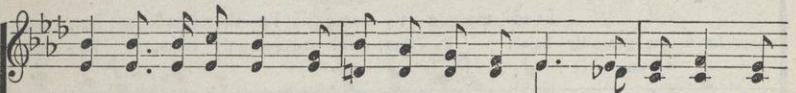
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
 grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
 moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
 times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I 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 - pyl 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. 103.

There is a Fountain.

Unknown.

William Cowper.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }
 1. And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, }
 D. C. - And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, }

2
 FINE.
 D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 104.

In the Cross.

John Bowring.

(RATHBUN)

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'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall the

sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
 cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more 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 thro' all time abide.

No. 105.

My Lord and I.

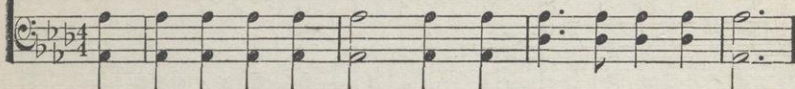
Mrs. L. Shorey.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
USED BY PER.

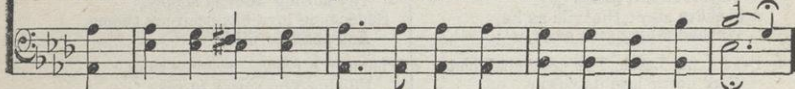
Joseph D. Little.



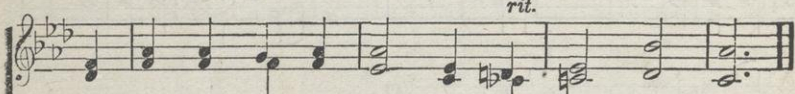
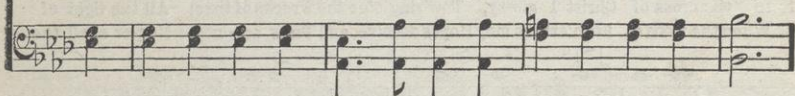
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,



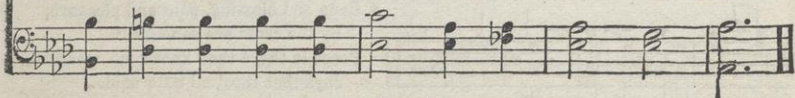
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly,
But with what love He lov - eth me My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die;



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

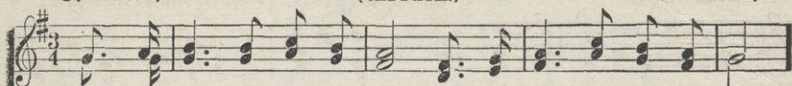


No. 106. Safely Through Another Week.

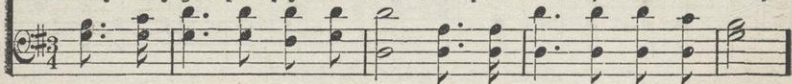
J. Newton,

(SABBATH.)

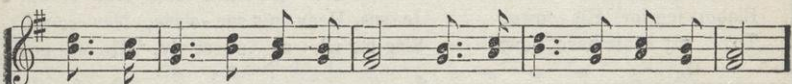
Lowell Mason,



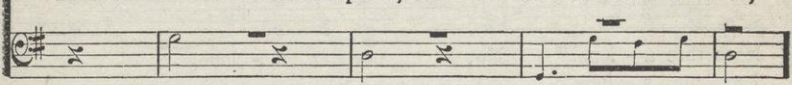
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



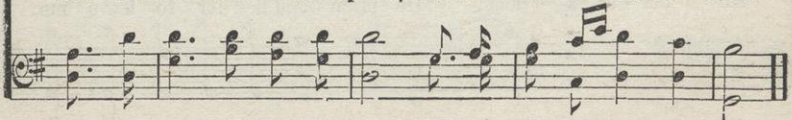
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame.
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.



No. 107.

Never Alone.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

E. E. Hewitt.

USED BY PER. OF G. D. ELDERKIN.

J. C. H. and V. A. White.

1. 'Fear not, I am with thee;' Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er still my

glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,
 Sav-ior, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joy, like birds of spring-time,

This bright prom-ise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Bloom-ing for His own, Je-sus, Heav-en's sun-shine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a-lone." No, nev-er a-lone,
 leave me a-lone.
 leave me a-lone." Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,

No nev-er a-lone, He prom-ised nev-er to leave me

Never Alone.

Musical score for "Never Alone." featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in 4/4 time, marked with a first ending (1) and a second ending (2). The lyrics are: "Nev-er to leave me a - lone; Nev-er to leave me a - lone."

No. 108.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Musical score for "Nearer, Still Nearer." in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes four numbered verses of lyrics:

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav ior, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of-f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

Musical score for "Nearer, Still Nearer." continuing the melody. The lyrics are:

precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

Musical score for "Nearer, Still Nearer." concluding the piece. The lyrics are:

safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Sav - ior, still near er to Thee, Near-er, my Savior, still near er to Thee.

No. 109.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay,

[REVIVE US.]

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise To the God of all grace,
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, And guid - ed our ways.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

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

No. 110.

Sun of My Soul.

John Keble,

(HURSLEY.)

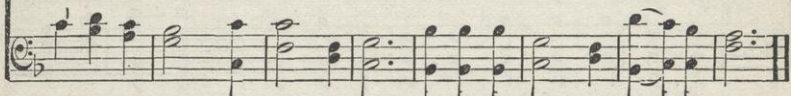
Peter Ritter.

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

Sun of My Soul.



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 A-hide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.



No. 111.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

(NICAEA.)

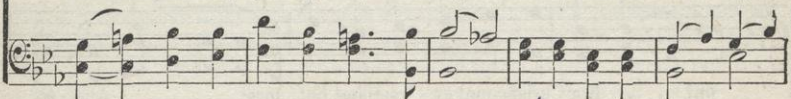
John B. Dykes.



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



morn-ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
 gold-en crowns A-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phem
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly,



Mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty!
 Fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev-er-more shalt be.
 There is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in Love, and pur-i-ty.



No. 112.

The Banner of the Cross.

El. Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1884 AND 1887, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN. James McGranahan.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawn - ing ver - y near— It is hast - 'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS.

While as ransomed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on! . . . march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! March - ing on! on! on! march - ing
 And the cross the world shall sway.

on! . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss; And to
 on! on! on! For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss: And to

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.
 crown Him King, we'll toil and sing Be - neath the ban - ner of the cross.

No. 113.

"Think on These Things."

M. J. C.

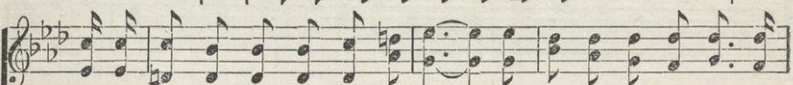
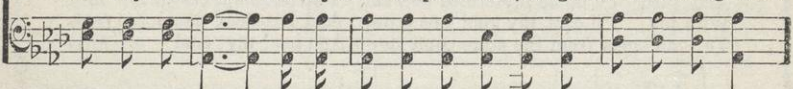
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY NORMAN H. CAMP. Mabel Johnston Camp.



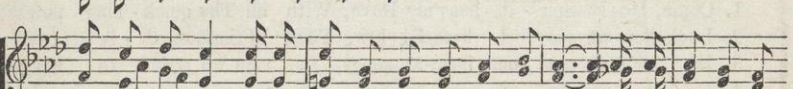
1. O child of God's love have you suf-fered de-feat In the con-flicts of
 2. Your tho'ts are the moulds, which will shape all your life; As one thinks in his
 3. Search me, O my God, and thus know all my tho'ts! And by grace, which hath



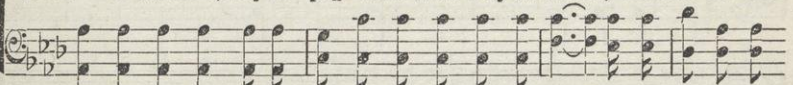
life's pil-grim way? You may vic-tò-ry gain if you guard well your tho'ts,-
 heart, so is he; And sin's en-ter-ing wedge is a tho't har-bored close
 al-ways suf-ficed For my soul's deepest needs, bring each wan-der-ing tho't



Have you tho't up-on "these things" to-day? The things that are hon-est, the
 From which Je-sus would wish you to flee. The things that are love-ly, the
 In cap-tiv-ty un-to the Christ. And when at His com-ing, life's



things that are pure, And the truth that no earth cloud can dim; As He looks on your
 things that are just, Dwell on these, we are told in the Word; You have talk'd of sur-
 book is un-clos'd, May no pag-es be marr'd by sin's blots, Because tho' the



heart with His soul-searching gaze, Does He find it well pleas-ing to Him?
 ren-der and yield-ing to Him,—Have you giv-en your tho'ts to your Lord?
 tempt-er hath fierce-ly as-sailed, I have honored Thee, Lord, in my tho'ts!



No. 114. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free.
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

No. 115. Come, Holy Spirit.

I. Watts.

Wm. H. Havergal.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look - how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;

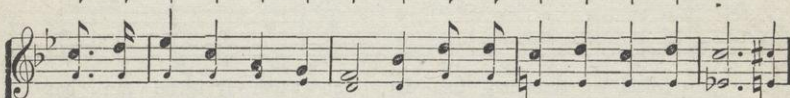
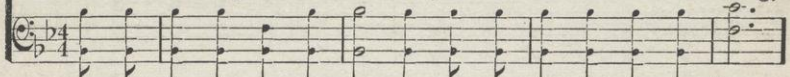
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

In the Army of Our King.

Mattie A. Long. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We are marching on to bat - tle, In the ar - my of our King;
2. We are marching on to bat - tle, And our standard we will raise
3. We are marching on to bat - tle, We are fight - ing for the Lord;
4. We are marching on to bat - tle, We will make our forc - es strong;



We will fight with deeds of kind - ness, And will loud ho - san - nas sing.
 Ev - 'ry day un - to our Sav - ior, As we glad - ly sing His praise.
 He will ev - er be our Lead - er, We'll o - bey His pre - cious word.
 We will win with Je - sus' weapons, Words and deeds and joy - ous song.



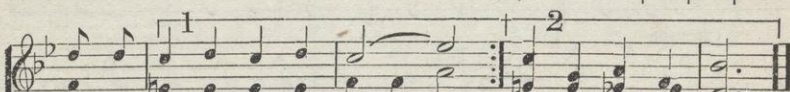
CHORUS.



March - ing, sing - ing, Hap - py all the day, all the
 March - ing, march - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, we are



day; We are march - ing on to bat - tle,
 hap - py all the day; We are march - ing on to bat - tle, We



We are win - ning in the fray; . . . win - ning in the fray.
 are win - ning, win - ning in the fray;



No. 117.

Christ is Everything to Me.

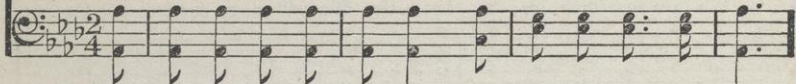
N. L. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY NELLIE L. LODWICK.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

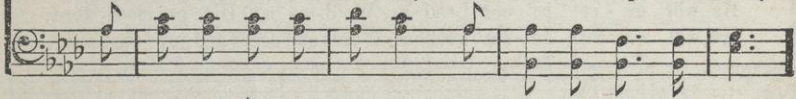
N. L. Lodwick.



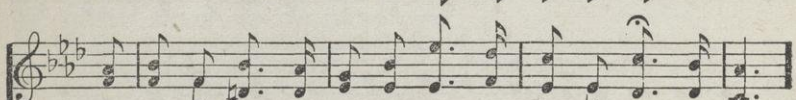
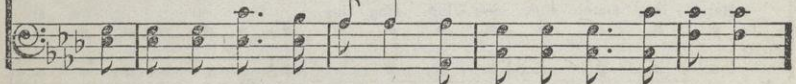
1. The pre-cious love of Je - sus is ev - 'ry - thing to me;
 2. The pre-cious blood of Je - sus is ev - 'ry - thing to me;
 3. The won-drous pow'r of Je - sus is ev - 'ry - thing to me;



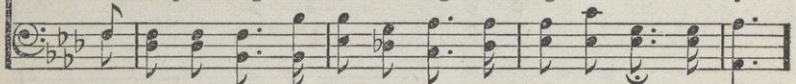
A friend so true and ten - der, no earth - ly friend can be:
 To pur - chase my sal - va - tion, 'twas shed on Cal - va - ry,
 He breaks the bonds of e - vil, and sets the cap - tive free;



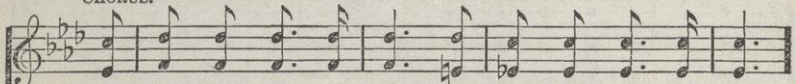
When sin and sor - row la - den, I find in Him a ha - ven,
 That I might be for - giv - en, and find a home in heav - en;
 My ad - vo - cate, He's plead - ing, for - ev - er in - ter - ced - ing;



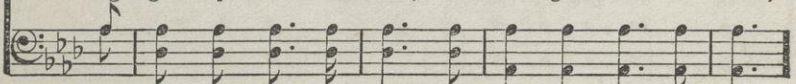
A rest se - cure while time en - dures, till I His face shall see.
 Oh, truth sub - lime! oh, gift di - vine of im - mor - tal - i - ty!
 Tri - um - phant sing! a ris - en King shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



CHORUS.



Sing glo - ry to His name, let an - gels catch the strain,



Christ is Everything to Me.

And ech - o back His praise o'er land and sea; Oh, this shall be my song

while a - ges roll a - long, That Christ my Lord is ev-'ry-thing to me.

No. 118.

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; Be - fore the cross my heart is bend - ing low, The doubts and fears within, Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—Because He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

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

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - v'ry's tree.

S. M. I. Henry.

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

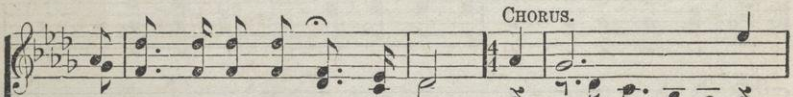
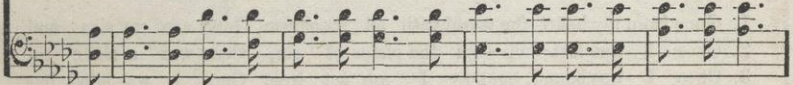
E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

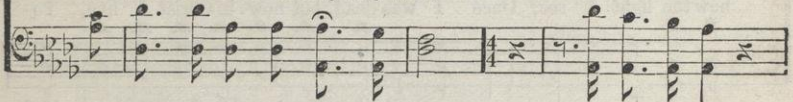


But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



CHORUS.

And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa - ther knows,
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.



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



My Father Knows.

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

No. 120. Blessed Be the Name.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound - ed Spir - it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub - led sia - ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu - sic in the Sav - ior's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sor - rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.

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

No. 121.

Somebody.

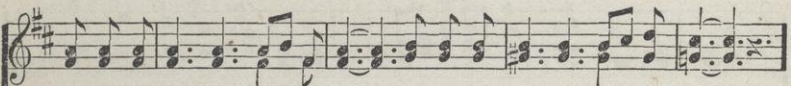
John R. Clements.

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

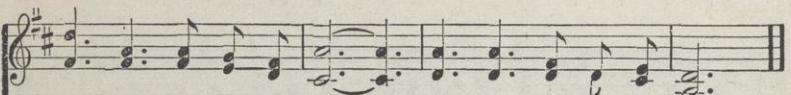
W. S. Weedon.



1. Some-body did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Some-body filled the day 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, Bravely he lived to shield the right, —
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain, —
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease, —



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



No. 122.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

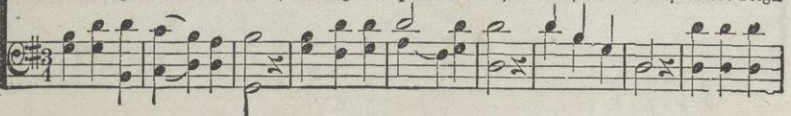
Charles Wesley.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To thee great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence, ever-more! His sov'reign



Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 123. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

(PILOT.)

J. E. Gould.

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

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twi'x me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Wond'rous Sov - reign of Thee sea; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me."
 May I hear the say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee.

No. 124,

Reapers for the Harvest.

Eben Rexford.

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

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Samuel W. Beasley.

1. Lo! all read - y for the gath - ring God's great har - vest stands;
 2. "Great the need but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
 3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song,

Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
 From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
 Let its mu - sic rise to heav - en all the hills a - long;

Hear you not the call for work - men sound - ing o - ver hill and val - ley?
 O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
 Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean - ing in the by - ways,

An - swer quick - ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
 An - swer "Mas - ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
 Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.

CHORUS.

Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day; See, the
 Lo! the har - vest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to - day; See the Mas - ter
 Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y, See the

Reapers for the Harvest.

Master cometh, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
com - eth and He comes, He comes this way,

Mas - ter comes this way; He seek - eth reap - ers;

answer one and all, For a great re-ward is offered if we heed His call.
quickly,

an - swer quick - ly,

A-wake, a-wake, the harvest waits on ev - 'ry hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits on ev - 'ry hill, on hill and plain;

See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;

Go, and gath - er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding
Go and gather in the sheaves of gold - en grain, quickly;

Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap - ing, bind -

ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,

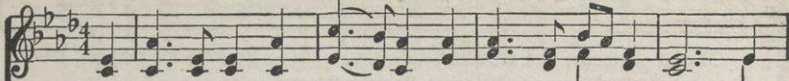
ing ere the har - vest pass a - way,

I Love to Tell the Story.

Catherine Hankey.

USED BY PER. OF W. G. FISCHER.
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.


William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem




Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And, when, in



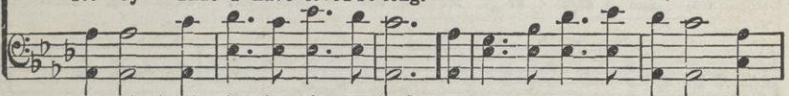

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'Tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal -
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



CHORUS.



long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



No. 126.

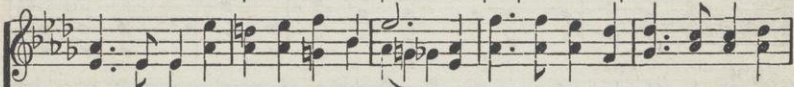
Jerusalem, the Golden.

"Eckington Collection," about 1796.

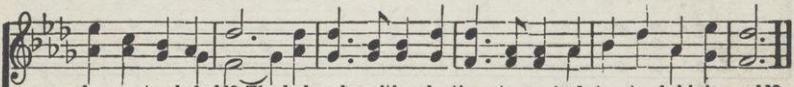
Samuel A. Ward, 1882.



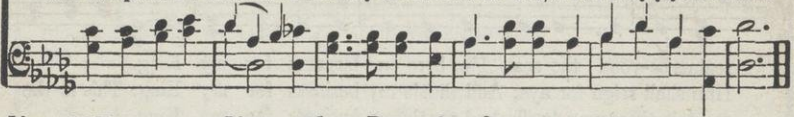
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
2. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats thro' rude and
3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there Around my Savior stand; And soon my friends in



have an end, In joy and peace, and thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My



pearl - y gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold? feel at death dis - may? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day. soul still pants for thee: Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.



No. 127.

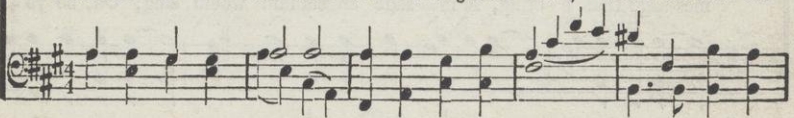
Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

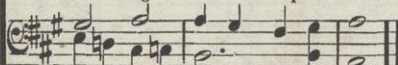
Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; Shad - ows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tend' rest
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors



eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
toss - ing On the deep blue sea.



- 4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

- 5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

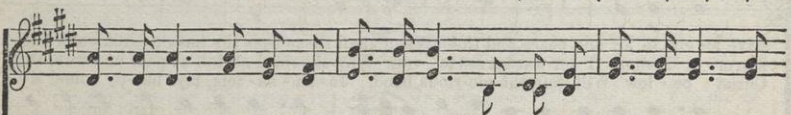
WORDS AND MUSIC

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a strang-er 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 ros-y plain, E-ter-nal

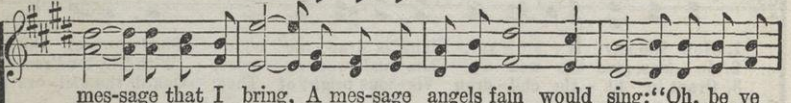
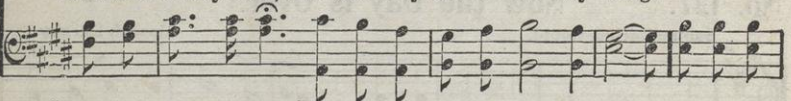


far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of
turn a-way, from sin's se-duct-ive snare; That all who will o-bey, with
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov-erign bids me tell how

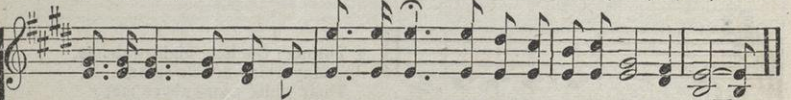
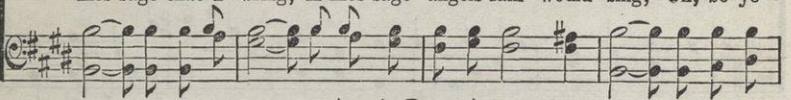


CHORUS.

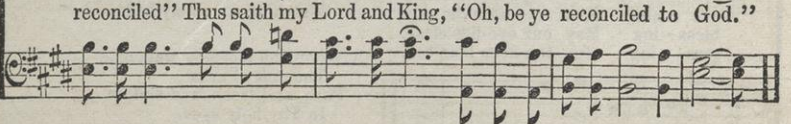
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on busi-ness for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my busi-ness for my King. This is the
mortals there may dwell, And that's my busi-ness for my King.



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



reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."



A Song of Praise.

Jennie Ree.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON, OWINGSVILLE, KY.

Adolph Jesreal.

1. Sunshine and flow-ers tell the Sav-ior's love; Sea-son and harvest do His
 2. Bil-lows that break up-on the o - cean shore, Tempests that thro' the forest
 3. Dai-ly up - on us do His bless-ings fall; Sure-ly His eye of love is

mer - cy prove; Na - ture to Him un - num - bered voic - es raise, While each
 shriek and roar, Breez - es that whis - per o'er the sum - mer - land, Are but
 o - ver all Un - der the shad - ow of His wing we'll hide, And in

CHORUS.

mount - ain and val - ley car - ois forth His praise!
 ech - oes of love we can - not un - der - stand. Praise Him forever, our Re -
 safe - ty for - ev - er in His love a - bide.

deem - er, King, Praise Him for - ev - er, men and an - gels sing! Un - to His
 Praise Him for - ev - er, men and an gels sing!

name let songs of joy a - rise, Un - til His glo - ry fills the earth and skies!
 Un - til His glo - ry,

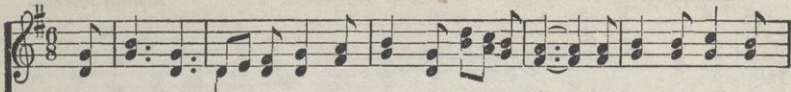
No. 130.

We're Marching to Zion.

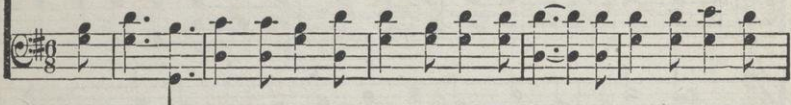
Rev. I. Watts,

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

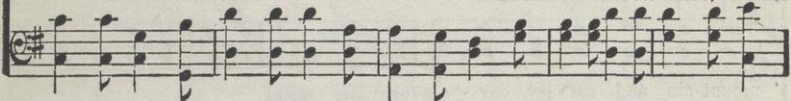
Rev. Robert Lowry.



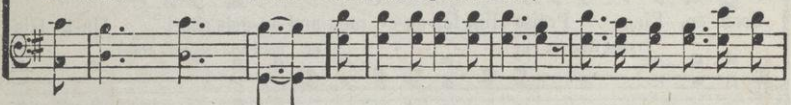
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields; A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching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



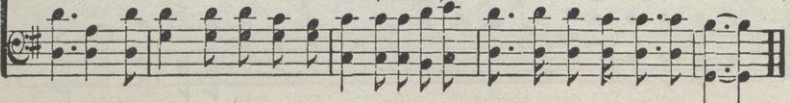
sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,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



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.
To 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. 131.

Jesus Shall Reign.

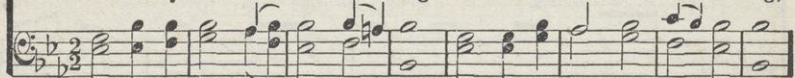
I. Watts.

(DUKE STREET.)

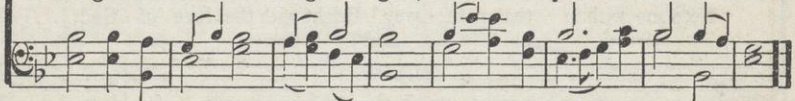
John Hatton.



1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;
2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound wher-e'er He reigns, The pris'n'er leaps to loose his chains;
5. Let ev-'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ors to our King;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice,
 And in-fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men.



No. 132.

Take My Life and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal.

Handel.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in - tel-



let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing, Always, on - ly for my King, Al-ways on - ly for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.



5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasured store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 133. Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

J. S. F.

DUET or SOLO.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.

J. S. Fearis.



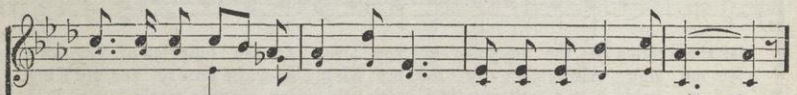
1. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Show me the way to go; . . .
2. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, I can-not go a - lone; . .
3. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Rough is the road I've trod; . .



Lead me from out the shad - ows, In - to the sun-light's glow; . .
 Thine is the strength that holds me, I dare not trust my own; . .
 Keep me with-in that path - way Bright with the love of God; . .



Out of the fear and doubt - ing, In - to the peace and rest; . .
 Guide me to those green past - ures Where the still wa - ters be; . . .
 So let me live, my Shep - herd, That those a-round may see . . .



Show me the way to per - fect faith, Then shall my soul be blest. . .
 Save me from storms of doubt and fear, Keep me still close to Thee. . .
 On - ly Thy grace, and love, and know I have been led by Thee. . .



Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

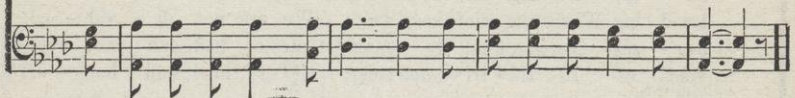
REFRAIN.



Show me the way, Show me the way, Show me the way to go;
Shepherd, Shepherd,



If led by Thy hand, my Shepherd, No - e - vil my soul can know.



No. 134.

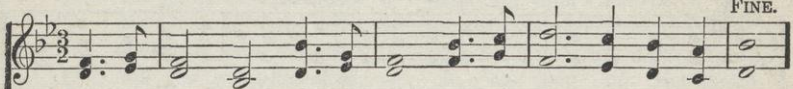
Rock of Ages.

A. M, Toplady.

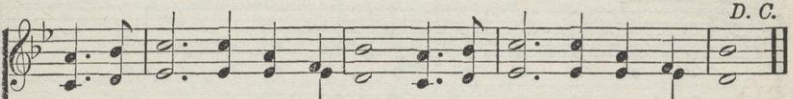
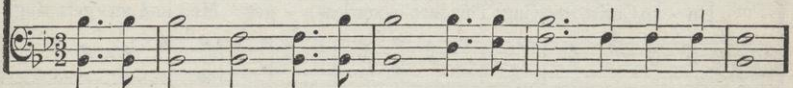
(TOPLADY.)

Thomas Hastings.

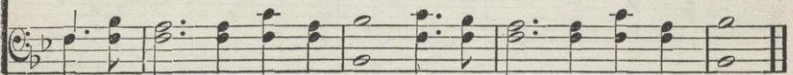
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,



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.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring-Gould.

A. S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

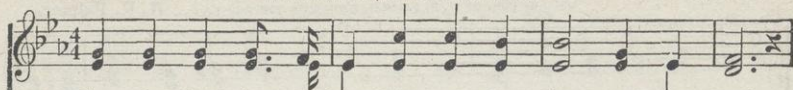
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Mary B. C. Slade.

R. M. MCINTOSH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

A. B. Everett.



1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path - way keep - ing, We fol - low Thee
5. If Thy way and its sor - rows shar - ing, We go a - gain,
6. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals Turn - ing our feet,
7. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,



And we see where Thy foot - prints fall - ing Lead us to Thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fount - ains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 Thro' the gloom of that place of weep - ing, Geth - sem - a - nel
 Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain.
 We shall walk, with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's gold - en street.
 We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.



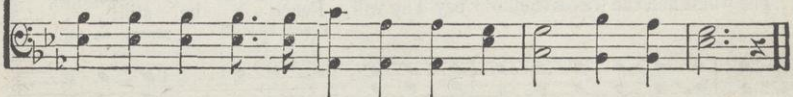
CHORUS.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;



We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.



No. 137. 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!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

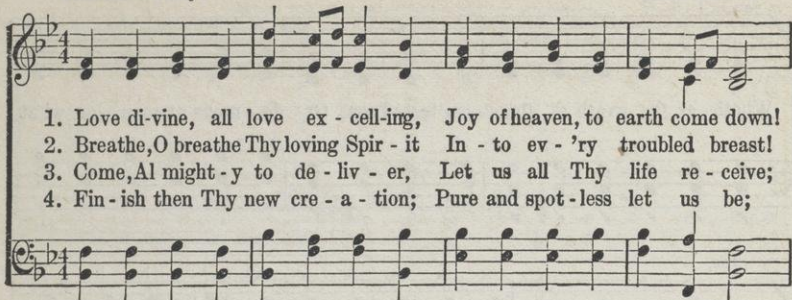
ff Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - *m*

m bey Thy will, Peace, be still! *p* Peace be still! They all shall

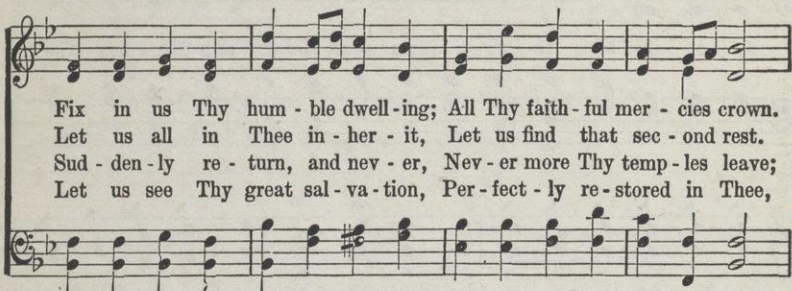
p sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, *pp* Peace, peace, be still!

Charles Wesley.


John Zundel.



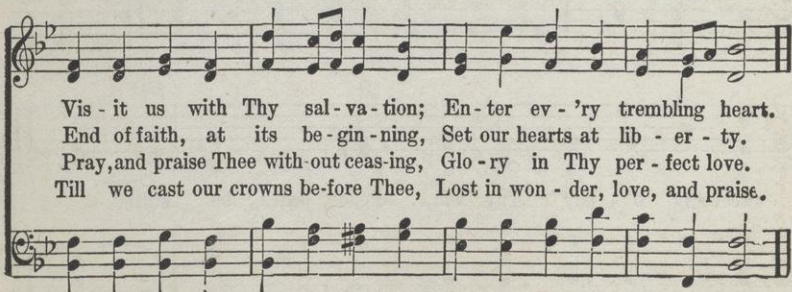
1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
 3. Come, Al might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temp - les leave;
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee,



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - gâ be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 End of faith, at its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

James Rowe.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. I once heard a sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love, And it lift - ed the
2. Tho' a - far I had wan - dered in darkness and sin, And tho' helpless, and
3. That sweet sto - ry of Je - sus Who died on the tree Will be told on e -

cross that I bore, Made me think of the home and the dear ones a - bove;
wea - ry, and poor, This sweet sto - ry left light, hope and gladness with - in;
ter - ni - ty's shore; How He came as a ran - som for you and for me;

CHORUS.

I am long - ing to hear it once more. I am long - ing to hear it once

more; The sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er; . . . It is rapt - ure di -
once more; I am sure;

vine, to know He is mine; I am long - ing to hear it once more.

No. 140.

Speak to Me, Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY L. L. PICKETT, WILMORE, KY.

L. L. P.

USED BY PER.

Adapted by L. L. Pickett.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in ten - d'rest tone;
 2. Speak to Thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re - veal Thy will;

Whis - per in lov - ing kind - ness: "Thou art not left a - lone."
 Fill them with joy and glad - ness, Teach them to watch and pray.
 Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill.

O - pen my heart to hear Thee, Quick - ly to hear Thy voice,
 May they in con - se - cra - tion Yield their whole lives to Thee,
 Lead me to glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise,

Fill Thou my soul with prais - es, Let me in Thee re - joice.
 Hast - en Thy com - ing king - dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Glad - ly to do Thy bid - ding, Hon - or Thee all my days.

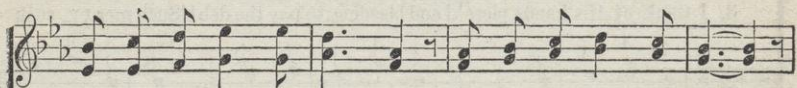
CHORUS.

Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;

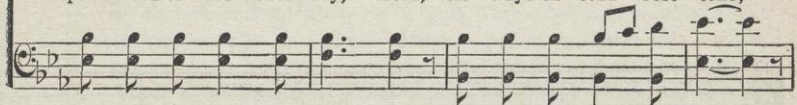
Speak to Me, Jesus.



"Thou shalt be al - ways con - q'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free;"



Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in tend - 'rest tone;



Let me now hear Thy whis - per, "Thou art not left a - lone."



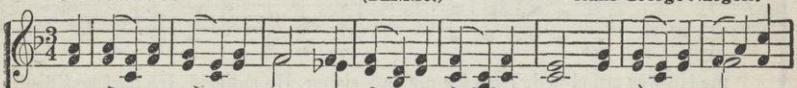
No. 141.

Blest Be the Tie.

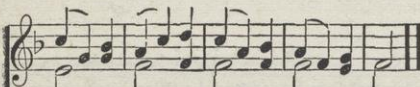
John Fawcet.

(DENNIS.)

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears,our hopes,our



kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.



3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet agan.

No. 142.

Oh, it is Wonderful.

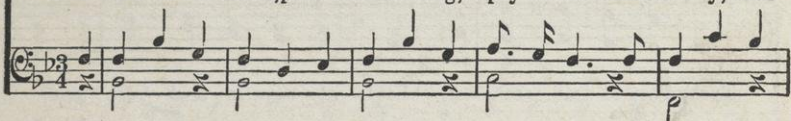
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
USED BY PER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



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 descend from His throne divine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding, to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such



grace that so ful-ly 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 suffer'd, 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 mercyseat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me,
 won-der-ful!

Oh, It Is Wonderful.

E-nough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me.
won-der-ful

No. 143. Never Look Back Again.

James H. Gray. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O nev-er look back to the world a-gain When once you have turned away;
2. Re-mem-ber the pil-lar in yon-der plain, And nev-ersuchend in-voke,
3. How ma-n-y set out for the prom-ised land Whose bones in the des-ert slept,
4. O if you have fastened your hand to plow, Then nev-er look back a-gain!

Its sin is as real and its pleasure as vain To-day as on yes-ter-day.
The rec-ord of one who was look-ing a-gain When Sod-om went up in smoke.
What blessings awaited when Jordan was spanned, But they for old Egypt wept.
Keep true to your furrow, and hold to your vow, That heaven you may at-tain.

CHORUS.

It's the same old world you once did flee, Nev-er look back a-gain!
O nev-er look back

It's just the same as it used to be, O nev-er look back a-gain!

No. 144.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

Dr. Horatius Bonar, arr.

COPYRIGHT. 1882, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

James McGranahan.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! De-
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! It's
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Our

fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown,
 triumph let us tell, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God hereshown,
 sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing,

cres. *ff*

The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not overthrown, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
 Thro' Christ the blessed son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!
 Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our living King, Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross!

cres. *ff*

* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

CHO. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

* If desired, the soprano and alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross!

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

cres.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures, the instrument playing the harmony.

No. 145. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy, di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with - out con-trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme and reign a - lone.

No. 146. I Do Believe.

I. Watts.

Unknown.

1. A - las and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov - reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D. C. for Chorus.
 Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 147. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

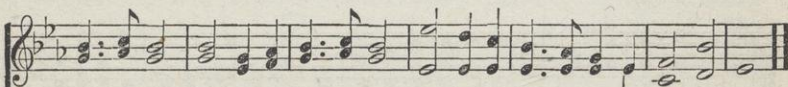
Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET.)

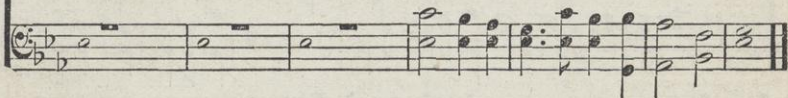
Lowell Mason.



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 impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Savior



while I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire! turn to - day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee aside. then, in love, Fear and distrust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soull

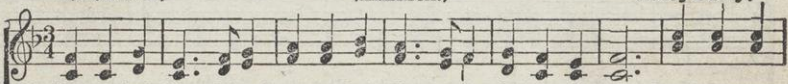


No. 148. My Gountry! 'Tis of Thee,

S. F. Smith,

(AMERICA.)

Henry Carey.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring! rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong. land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



No. 149.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 150,

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliot,

(WOODWORTH.)

Wm, Bradbury,

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my-self of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con- flict, many a doubt.

And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears with-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. 151.

Thomas Ken.

Doxology.

(OLD HUNDRED.)

Guillame Frane.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

No. 152.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

D. S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-And glad - ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

D. S.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,

No. 153.

Tell Jesus.

G. M. Taylor.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

Fred Brooke.

Smoothly.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves. A 'dim.' marking is present above the treble staff.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

1. When thou wakest in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the un-tryed way
2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion, Let thy dai-ly work be done;
3. Then as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt bless-ed guidance know;
4. And if wear-i-ness creep o'er thee, As the day wears to its close;

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bus-y day;
 In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Cares be banished, patience won;
 Thine own burdens be-ing light-ened, Thou canst bear an-oth-er's woe;
 Or if sud-den fierce temp-ta-tion, Bring thee face to face with foes;

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves.

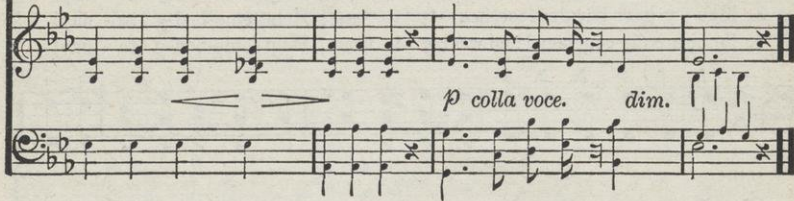
Wheth-er sunbeams promise brightness, Wheth-er dim forebodings fall,
 And if earth, with its en-chant-ments, Seek thy spir-it to en-thrall,
 Thou canst help the weak ones on-ward, Thou canst raise up those that fall,
 In thy weakness, in thy per-il, Raise to heav'n a trusting call,

Musical notation for the seventh system, including treble and bass staves. A 'dim.' marking is present above the treble staff.

Tell Jesus.



Be thy dawning glad or gloom - y, Go to Je - sus, tell Him all.
 Ere thou lis - ten - ere thou an - swer - Turn to Je - sus, tell Him all.
 But re - mem - ber, while thou servest, Still tell Je - sus, tell Him all.
 Strength and calm for ev'ry cri - sis, Come in tell - ing Je - sus all.



No. 154.

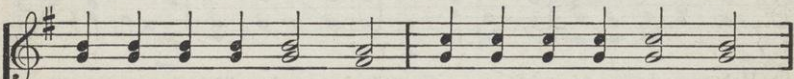
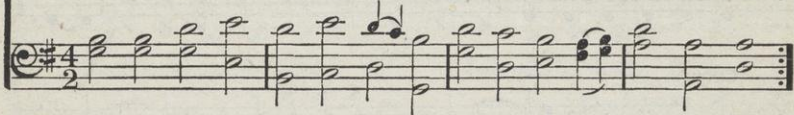
Jerusalem.

Tr. from the Welsh by
 Pastor H. J. Roberts, Philada., Pa.

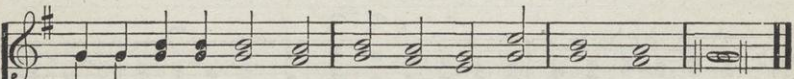
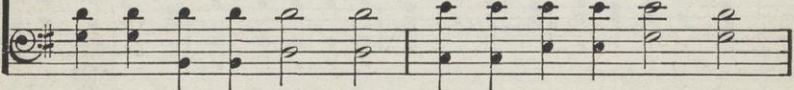
"Thanks be to Him."
 "Diolch Iddo."



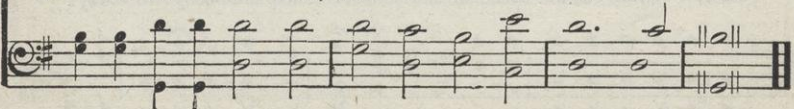
1. { Here's a Sav - ior for the lost one, Great Phy - si - cian for the soul; }
- { Here is One that loves to par - don Ev - 'ry sin - ner, great or small. }
2. { He is King of all the a - ges, Ru - ler of the heav'ns and earth; }
- { Nev - er shall the tribes and na - tions See an - oth - er Sav - ior's birth. }



Thanks, O thanks be to Him, Thanks, O thanks be to Him,
 He is all - suf - fi - cient, He is all - suf - fi - cient,



Thanks, O thanks be to Him, For re - mem - b'ring my poor soul.
 He is all - suf - fi - cient, He's e - ter - nal life for all.



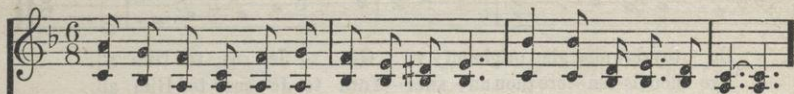
No. 155.

Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



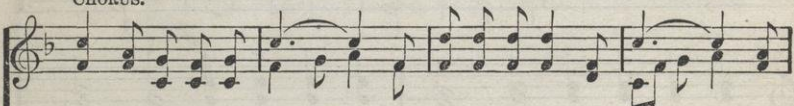
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



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 heav-en 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, Oh, help somebody to - day!



No. 156. Lord, Make Me What Thou Wilt.

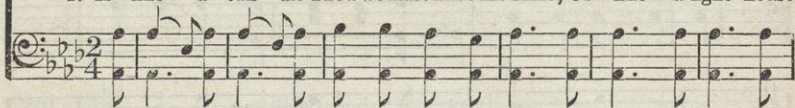
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER,
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James E. Carnal.



1. Just as the scul - tor, from his block of stone, Brings forth some new cre -
2. O take, I pray, this sin - ful heart of mine, And on it place Thine
3. O may my will be lost in Thine, dear Lord, And may Thy na - ture
4. If like a can - dle Thou wouldst have me shine, Or like a light - house



a - tion of his own, So I would yield to Thee, and Thee a - lone, —
im - age, Lord, di - vine; And ev - er from it may Thy beau - ties shine, —
in me be re - stored; To live with - out Thee, I can - not af - ford, —
on the shores of time, For - ev - er and for - ev - er I am Thine, —



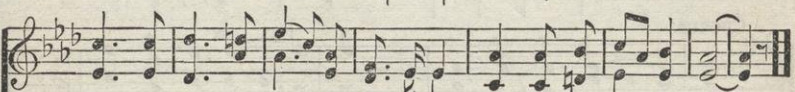
CHORUS.



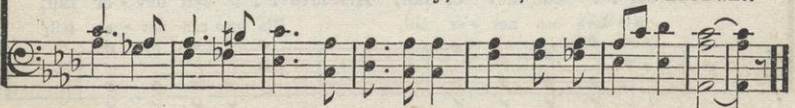
Lord, make me what Thou wilt. Just what Thou wilt, O Lord, I



pray to be; Just as the clay, Lord, mould and fash - ion me To



stand for time and for e - ter - ni - ty, — Lord, make me what Thou wilt.



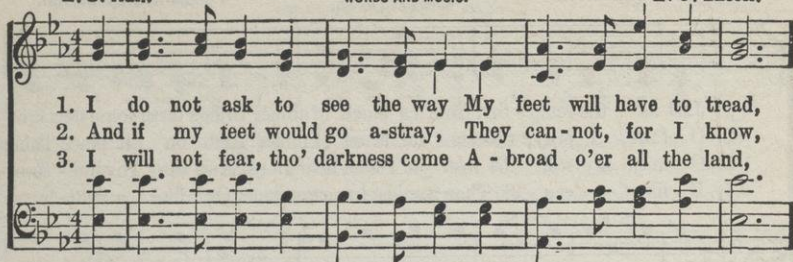
No. 157.

His Love Can Never Fail.

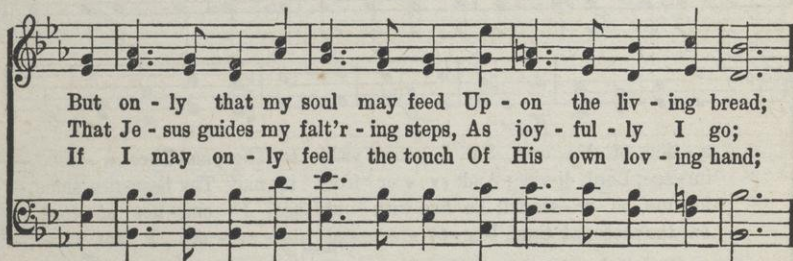
E. S. Hall.

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

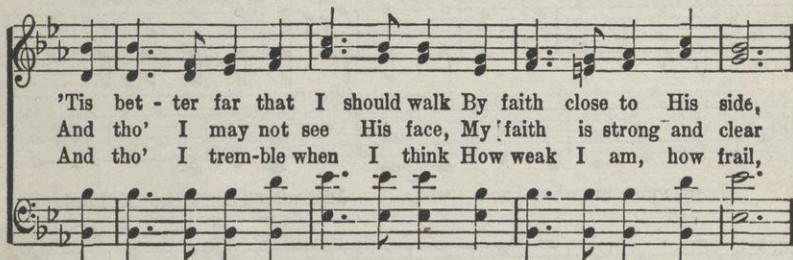
E. O. Excell.



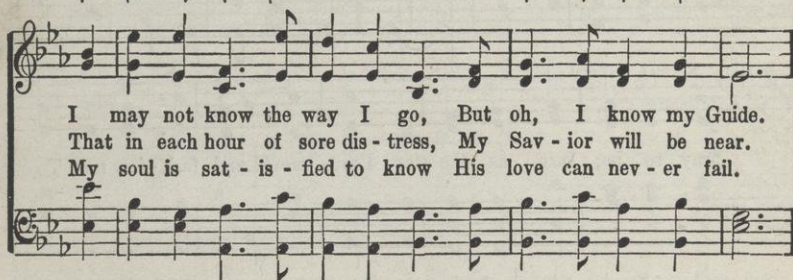
1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know,
3. I will not fear, tho' darkness come A - broad o'er all the land,



But on - ly that my soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread;
That Je - sus guides my falt'r - ing steps, As joy - ful - ly I go;
If I may on - ly feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand;

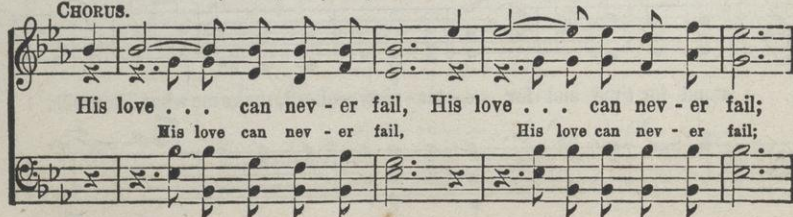


'Tis bet - ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side,
And tho' I may not see His face, My 'faith is strong and clear
And tho' I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,



I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev - er fail.

CHORUS.



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 Never Fail.

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

No. 158.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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

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."
lingering near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but - lost!"

No. 159. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

W. C. Martin.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace - ful - ly welcome the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mortal tongue can - not tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-

done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light In the
gun, One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the

CHORUS.

land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the Land of De-

light When my journey on earth has been run; In the land where there
of de-light jour - ney on earth has been run;

com - eth no sor - row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -

ior tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

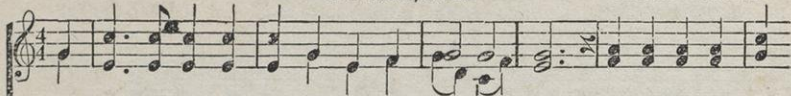
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend could I see you re - ceiv - ing one tool
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

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

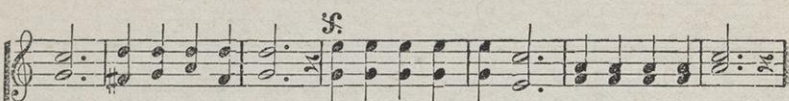
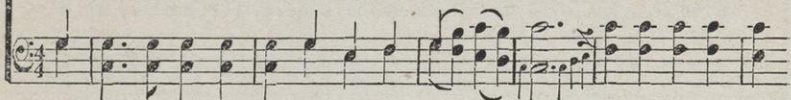
W. S. Brown.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



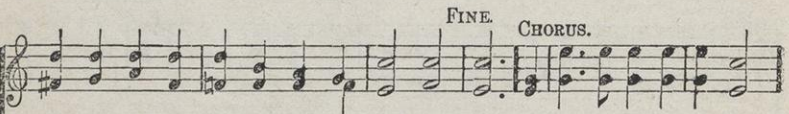
1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je - sus calls for sol-diers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won,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



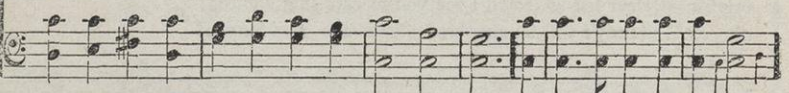
flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,



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



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



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer.



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



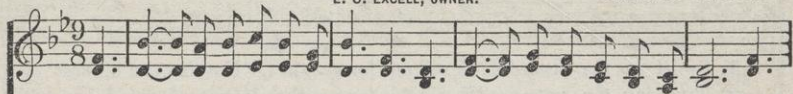
No. 162.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

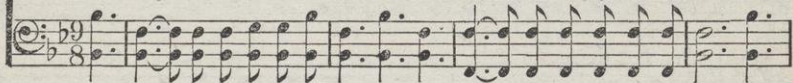
C. H. G.

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

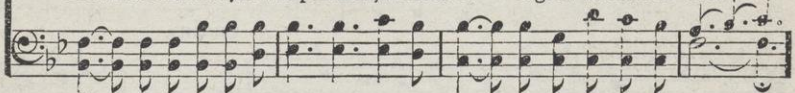
Chas. H. Gabriel.



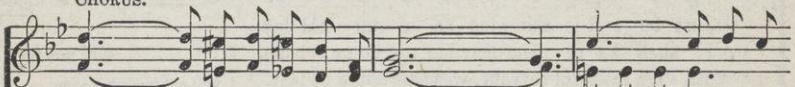
1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will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



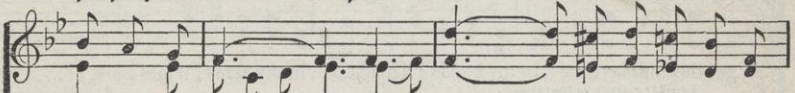
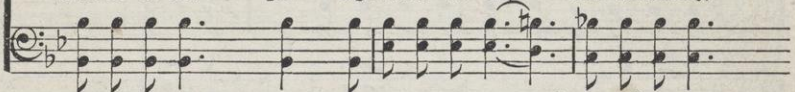
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!



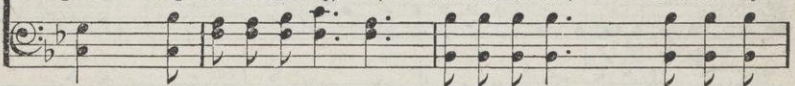
CHORUS.



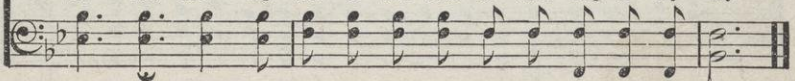
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,



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. 163.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

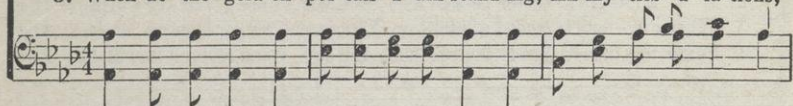
C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.



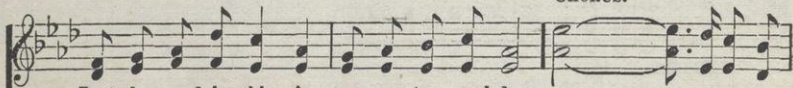
1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,



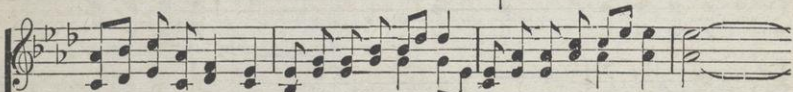
turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends for-sake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,



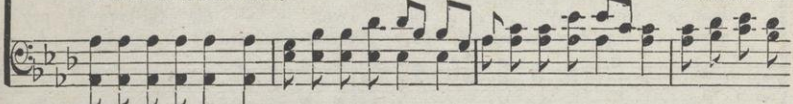
CHORUS.



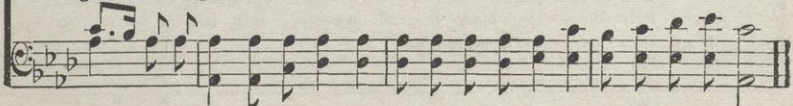
Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I will not for-
"En-ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee.



get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.
I will nev-er leave thee, I will not for-



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



No. 164.

That's Enough for Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I do not ful - ly com - pre - hend The mer - cy shown to me;
2. So dark it was be - fore He came, And set my soul a - glow;
3. I do not know how it was done, How He has made me whole;
4. I do not ask to know the way He did His work of grace,

I on - ly know a Gra - cious Friend Has bro't my blindness to an end,
He kin - dled there a sa - cred flame, And tho' I scarce - ly knew His name,
I on - ly know the night is gone And day e - ter - nal has be - gun
So long as He has sent the ray, By which my spir - it can sur - vey

And now, thro' Him, I see, And now, thro' Him, I see.
He loves me - this I know, He loves me - this I know.
With - in my cloud - ed soul, With - in my cloud - ed soul.
The beau - ty of His face, The beau - ty of His face.

CHORUS.

So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me;

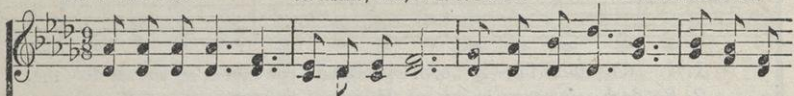
So blind was I, but now I see, And that's e - nough for me.

No. 165. Just When I Need Him Most?

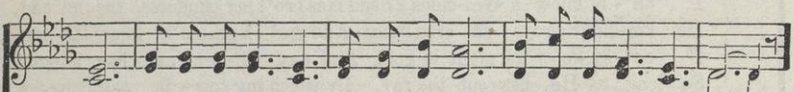
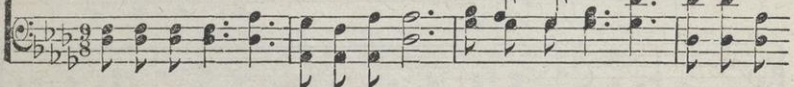
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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

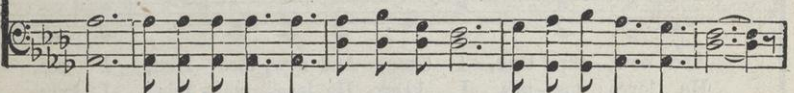
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



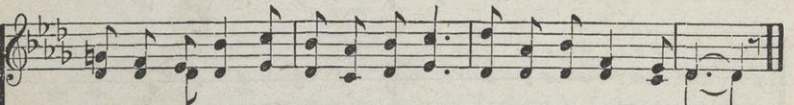
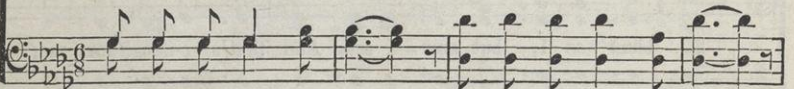
fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
thro'; Civ - ing for bur - dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



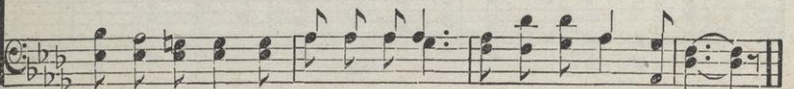
CHORUS.



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.



Edgar Page.

BY PER. OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

Here shines undim'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's border - land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fade - 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. 167.

A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed 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 moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

Rit.

singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

No. 168.

O What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon-tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 169.

The Story Never Old.

C. H. G.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The sweet-est sto-ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a-b-ove,
2. He took up-on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
3. "There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
4. "O dear-ly, dear-ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je-sus and His birth, Of Je-sus and His love.
And on the cross of Cal-va-ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re-deem-ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS

O sto-ry nev-er old, The sweetest ev-er told! Un-til the
O sto-ry nev-er old, The sweet-est ev-er told! Un-til the

gates of gold swing back for me;..... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me; I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yon-der shore It still for-ev-er-more my song shall be.
then on yon-der shore, It still for-ev-er-more my song shall be.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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

C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
 2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
 3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clearly 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 conflict end in vic-to-ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all, He knows it all My Fa-ther
 He knows it all, He knows it all,

knows He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears how
 My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,

fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
 how fast they fall!—

James Rowe.

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

E. O. Excell.

1. When troub- led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
 2. When faint- ing and help - less I fall in de- spair, How sweet is the
 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,
 love of Je - sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor - row I bear,
 love of Je - sus! When long - ing my soul for His com - fort and rest,

CHORUS.

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

sweet is His love, How sweet is His love to mel When
 sweet, how sweet is His love,

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

No. 172.

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 sacred 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. 173. 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 beyond 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.

C. H. G.

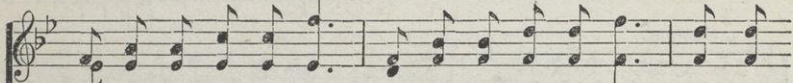
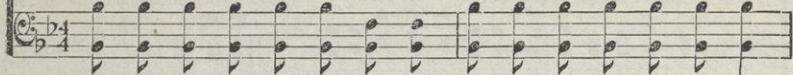
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

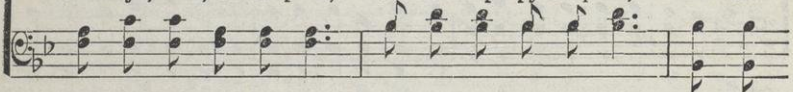
Chas. H. Gabriel.



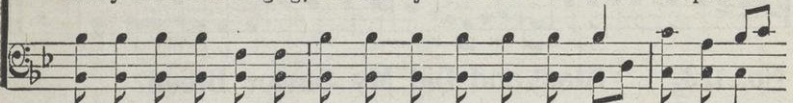
1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and ripened grain;
 2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a - way,
 3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la - bor and the yield?



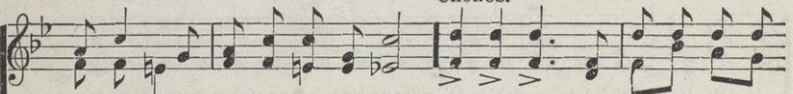
Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
 Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main - ing, Loit'ring
 Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap - py reap-ers; To the



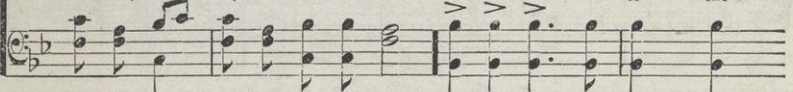
sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
 in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are
 wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick - le wield: "Reapers are



CHORUS.



need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
 need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
 need-ed, A - wake, and to the field! to the



way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may, Lo! He is calling,
 field a - way, Mas - ter while you may,



Harvest Song.

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

No. 175.

The Offering.

Words I. McLaurin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lord, take my all, — The gift is small For Thee, for Thee;
2. Dare I re-fuse My life to use For Thee, for Thee,
3. Would I had more, Earth's rich-est store, For Thee, for Thee;
4. By grace di-vine, Seal what is mine For Thee, for Thee,
5. Lord, here am I, To live or die For Thee, for Thee;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me;
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me;
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me;

What hast Thou done, O bless-ed One, For me, for me!
Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me.
Who suf-fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me.
Thy sac-ri-fice Has paid the price For me, for me.

No. 176.

Send Thy Spirit.

KINDNESS OF REV. H. J. ROBERTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Tune—"Ebenezer."
"Ton y Botel."

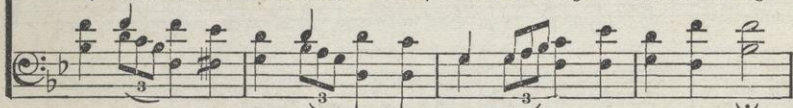
Rev. W. E. Winks.



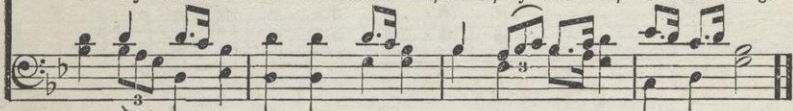
1. { Send Thy Spir - it, I be - seech Thee, Gra - cious Lord, send while I pray; }
 { Send the Com - fort - er to teach me, Guide me, help me in Thy way. }
2. { Thou hast heard me; light is break - ing, Light I nev - er saw be - fore; }
 { Now my soul, with joy a - wak - ing, Gro - pes in fear - ful gloom no more. }
3. { Mul - ti - tudes, whom Thou art seek - ing, Seek for Thee this ver - y hour; }
 { Sav - ior, let them hear Thee speak - ing, Come with soul - con - vert - ing pow'r. }



Sin - ful, wretch - ed, I have wan - dered Far from Thee in dark - est night;
 O the bliss! my soul, de - clare it, Say what God has done for thee;
 Lo, He comes—the ran - somed own Him; This the song I hear them sing:—



Pre - cious time and tal - ents squandered,—Lead, O lead me in - to light.
 Tell it out, let oth - ers share it—Christ's sal - va - tion, full and free.
 "In my heart I will en - throne Him, Christ, my Sav - ior, Lord and King.



No. 177.

I Am Coming, Lord,

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans - ing in Thy
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou dost my vile - ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and



I Am Coming, Lord.

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord, Com - ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 178. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer.

Lowell Mason.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, [Omit.] Work 'mid springing
D. C.—Work, for the night is com - ing, [Omit.] When man's work is

flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
done.

D. C.

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 skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 179.

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
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the

CHORUS.

give you rest By trusting in His word. { On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 crim - son flood That washes white as snow. He will save you, He will save you,

On - ly trust Him now; } save you now.
 He will }

- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in Him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.
- 4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land,
 Where joys immortal flow.

No. 180.

Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley.

Carl Glasser.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re - deemer's praise; The glories of my
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the

God and King, the triumphs of His grace! earth a - broad, The honors 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 cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean.
 His blood availed for me.

No. 181.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Unknown.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "When thro' fiery tri- als thy path- way shall lie, My grace, all- suf- fi- cient, shall

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri- als to bless, And sanc-ti- fy
 be thy sup- ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on- ly de- sign Thy dross to con-

ref- uge to Je- sus have fled? To you, who for ref- uge to Je- sus have fled?
 gra-cious, om-nip - o- tent hand, Up- held by my gra-cious, om-nip- o- tent hand.
 to thee thy deep- est dis- tress, And sanc- ti- fy to thee thy deep- est dis- tress.
 sume, and thy gold to re- fine, Thy dross to con- sume, and thy gold to re- fine."

No. 182,

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

(Second tune.)

Anne Steele.

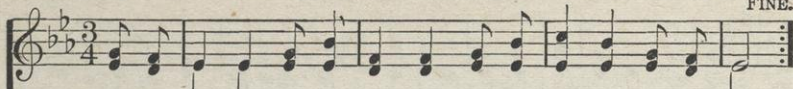
No. 183.

Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson.

John Wyeth.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.



D. C.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

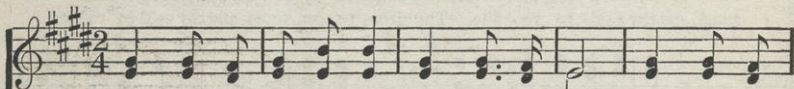


2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

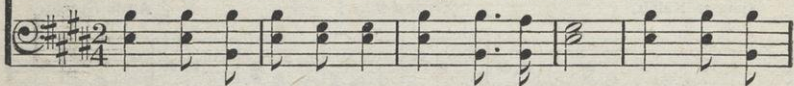
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 184.

There is a Happy Land.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a



glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor - thy
 doubting stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from
 Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a



There is a Happy Land.

is our Sav - ior, King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

No. 185.

Our Need of Divine Help.

Psalm 17.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. B. HERBERT.

J. B. Herbert.

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.

"UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WING." USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 186.

The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO. Will L. Thompson.

SOLO.

A sin-ner was wan-d'ring at e-ven-tide, His tempt-er was
D. C.-He stopped and lis-tened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He re-mem-bered the

watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
time he once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come

right a-gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song:
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song:

QUARTET. *pp*

D. C.

Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly.
While the bil-lows near me roll, While the temp-est still is high.

SOLO.

O tempt-er, de-part, I have served thee too long; I fly to the

The Sinner and the Song.

Sav-ior, He dwells in that song; O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:

SOLO.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past; And,

QUARTET. *pp*

Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! . . .

No. 187.

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 night - 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 -

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign
 Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-que-rs 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,

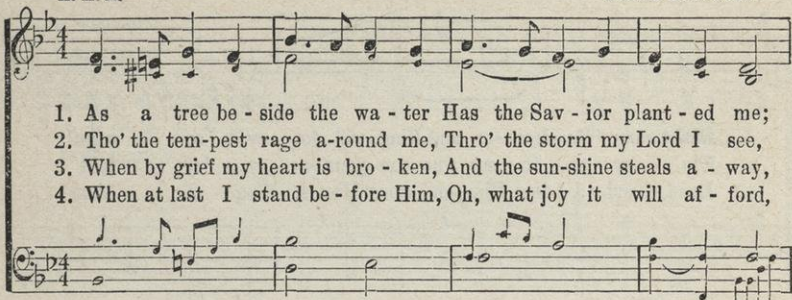
Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

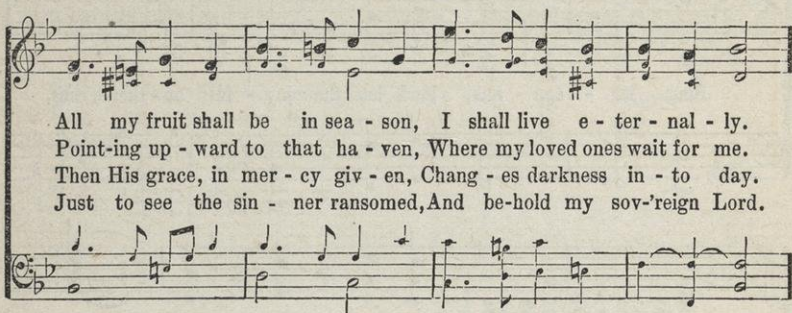
Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!

A. H. A.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

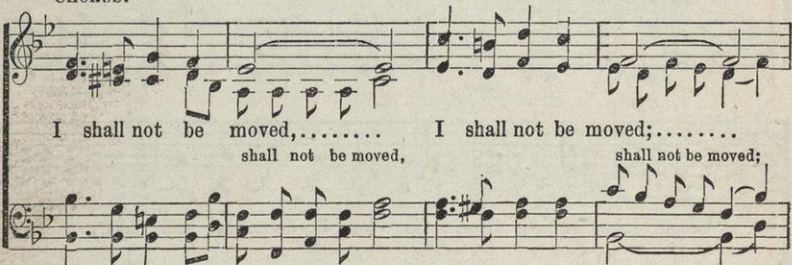


1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
 2. Tho' the tem - pest rage a - round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
 3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun - shine steals a - way,
 4. When at last I stand be - fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,

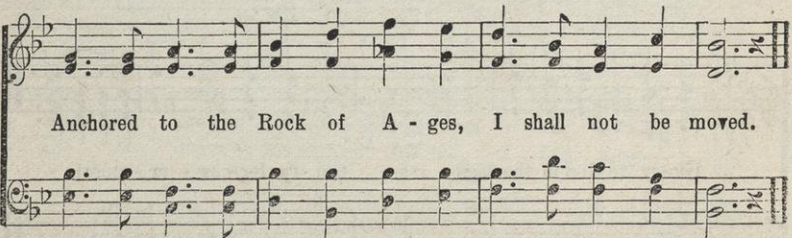


All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
 Point - ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
 Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es darkness in - to day.
 Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be - hold my sov - reign Lord.

CHORUS.



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



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

No. 189. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. REXFORD.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
 2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
 3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead -
 4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's

from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
 at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
 fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
 till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
 Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you
 Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
 No man knows till it sets him free.

know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
 to set you free.

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

No. 190. You Need the Savior.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Friend, you need the Sav-ior, I can ne'er pro-claim, All the pow'r and
 2. Yes, you need the Sav-ior, For thy wounds of sin, And the heal-ing
 3. At the fi-nal summons, We must all ap-pear, Each to face the

bles-sing Of that pre-cious name; All the peace and com-fort It has
 wa-ter Of His blood poured in: Call and He will save you, Ask and
 rec-ord He is form-ing here; In that court of Jus-tice Naught can

brought to me, Je-sus bids me tell you He will give to thee.
 He will give Life to ev-'ry sin-ner, And the pow'r to live.
 set you free, But the blood of Je-sus Drawn from Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Yes, O yes, you need the Sav-ior, And His love each hour,
 His love each hour.

Love that knows no height nor depth Of par-don and peace and pow'r.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

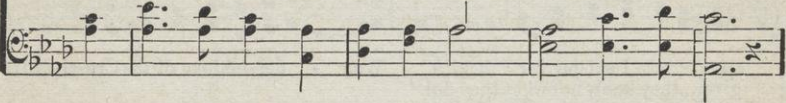
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.



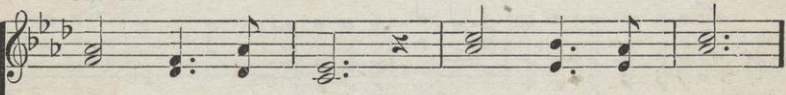
- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, | Oh, how it saves! |
| 2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, | Oh, how it saves! |
| 3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, | Oh, how it saves! |
| 4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven, | Oh, how it saves! |
| 5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, | Oh, how it saves! |



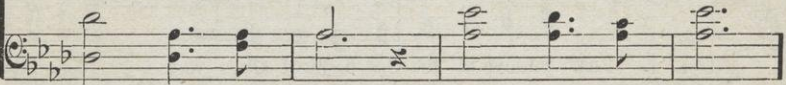
It sets my soul at lib - er - ty,	Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll,	Oh, how it saves!
When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head,	Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given,	Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty,	Oh, how it saves!



CHORUS.



Oh, how it saves!	Oh, how it saves!
-------------------	-------------------



I love, I love this full sal - va - tion,	Oh, how it saves!
---	-------------------



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. With Cal - va - ry stand - ing be - fore me, I look, And One there - on
 2. The ha - lo di - vine o - ver - hang - ing His brow, Speaks love which the
 3. A - gain, as I look, lol a dark - ness descends, His face from my
 4. In an - guish I cried from the depths of my soul—"Lord Je - sus have

hang - ing I see; Who speaks, and His words are as fire to my soul—"Be -
 world nev - er knew, For, hark! He is praying the Fa - ther a - bove—"For -
 vis - ion to hide; And there in that hour with my mouth I confessed—"It
 mer - cy on me! I come, leav - ing all at the foot of Thy cross, Thine,

CHORUS.

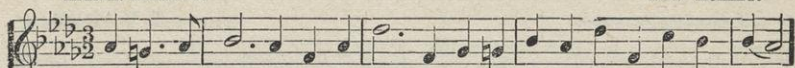
lov - ed, I suf - fer for thee!" Won - der - ful love of the Cru - ci - fi - ed!
 give, ... they know not what they do!"
 was for my sin that He died!"
 Lord, Thine for - ev - er to be!" Won - der - ful love of the Cru - ci - fi - ed!

Won - der - ful love of the One de - nied! Oh, won - der - ful
 Won - der - ful love of the One de - nied! Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful

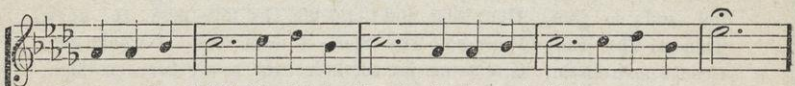
love, that for me He died, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love.
 love that for me He died, Won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. O what a King! Behold He stands And reaches out in love di-vine to day,
2. O what a King! Behold His crown, A crown of thorns they made Him long ago,
3. O what a King! He pleads "Come home! O wayward wand'rer on the downward track,
4. O what a King! Re-sist no more, The patient pleading of a love so great;



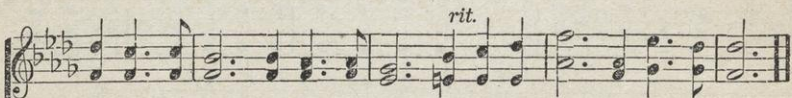
Peace, pardon, in His bloodstained hands, And longs to blot our sins a - way.
 And see! He looks, in pi - ty down, On you, on me, He loves us so.
 Turn thou from sin, come, sinner, come! Heav'n's door stands wide, Come back, come back!
 Come back, while Heav'n swings wide its door, Come back before it is to late!



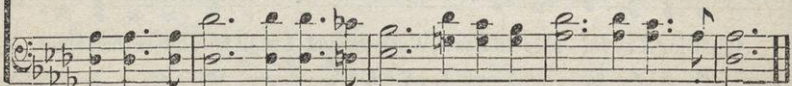
CHORUS.



O what a King! O what a King The mon-arch of my soul is He;



He died for you, He died for me, O what a King! O what a King!



No. 194. Lord, I Come Pleading.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Lord, I come pleading and pray-ing to thee, Seek-ing sal - va-tion so
 2. Glad-ly I give Thee my will and my all; Self and pos-ses-sions are
 3. Come, blessed Spir-it, and dwell Thou with-in, Sanc - ti - fy, purge me, and
 4. I am be-liev-ing— by faith I can see Thou hast ac-cept-ed my

full and so free, Hung'ring and thirst-ing Thy ful - ness to know,
 Thine at Thy call; Wher-e'er Thy Spir - it doth lead I would go;
 cleanse me from sin; Grant me for serv - ice the pow'r from on high,
 off - ring to Thee; Sweet - ly I rest in Thine in - fin - ite love,

CHORUS.

Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Lord, now Thy ful - ness of bless-ings be - stow. Lord I come plead-ing—
 Lord, to the world and the flesh let me die.
 Peace now comes in like a heav-en - ly dove.

plead-ing with Thee, Seeking sal - va-tion so full and so free, Hung'ring and

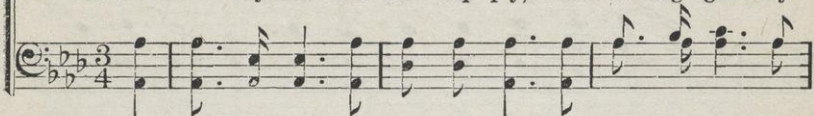
thirst-ing Thy ful - ness to know, Wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

Rev. NEAL A. MOAULAY.

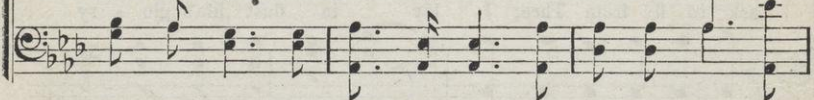
B. D. ACKLEY.



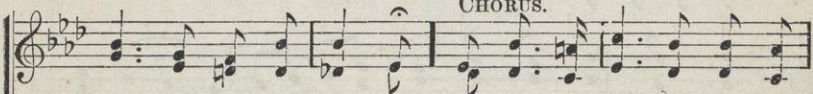
1. For all that Je - sus did for me, For bleed - ing on the
 2. For grace that keeps me ev - 'ry day, For bless - ed peace my
 3. For what His love on me be - stows For dai - ly faith that
 4. For all my needs He doth sup - ply, For crown - ing glo - ry



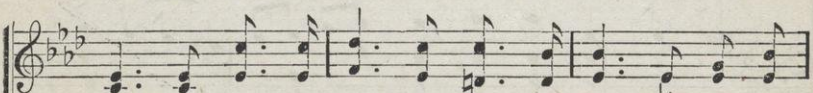
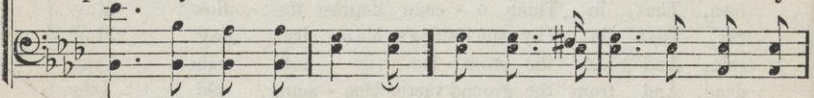
cru - el tree, For help - ing me His child to be, I'll
 soul to stay, For fel - low - ship a - long the way, I'll
 bright - er grows, For vic - to - ry o'er all my foes, I'll
 bye and bye For giv - ing me a home on high, I'll



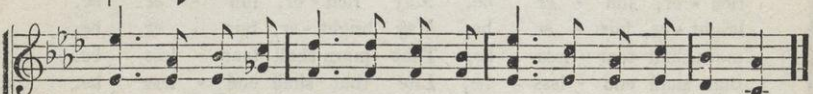
CHORUS.



praise my dear Re - deem - er. Till I am cleans'd from ev - 'ry



stain, Till I be - hold His face a - gain Till I go



home with Him to reign, I'll ev - er praise my dear Re - deem - er.



No. 196. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

Rev. GEORGE MATHESON.

J. B. HERBERT.

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. 197. I Have Naught to Fear.

E. E. REXFORD.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Tho' the road is rough and the hills are steep In the way my pil-grim
 2. In the time of need He is ev - er near; He will al - ways answer
 3. So I jour-ney on, and I know no fear In the path that leads me

feet must tread, There is naught to fear if I on - ly keep In sight of
 when I call; O, 'tis sweet to feel there is naught to fear If I on - ly
 home to God, For 'tis heav-en there, and its heav-en here If I follow

CHORUS.

Je - sus on a - head.
 trust Him all in all. I have naught to fear, With my Savior near,
 where my Sav-ior trod.

Tho' I walk the vale of deep-est sorrow; I will fear no ill
 deep - est sor - row;

He's my Sav-ior still, And I'll trust Him for a brighter day to-morrow.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I have found the blessed se-cret of a deep a-bid-ing joy, I have
 2. I have found the precious se-cret of the peace beyond compare, Peace that
 3. I have found the gracious se-cret of a plen-ti-ful sup-ply, Of the

learn'd how to be hap-py ev-'ry day; I have found the way of gladness And a
 passeth understanding, peace with God; All my sins have been forgiven, I am
 grace that is sufficient, pow'r divine; Grace to keep my glad heart singing, Pow'r the

balm for all earth's sadness, It is Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, ev-'ry day. (ev'ry day.)
 on my way to heaven, Thro' my Saviour and His precious, precious blood. (precious blood.)
 lost for Jesus winning, Jesus and "all power" now praise God is mine. (is mine.)

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, He's the
 Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

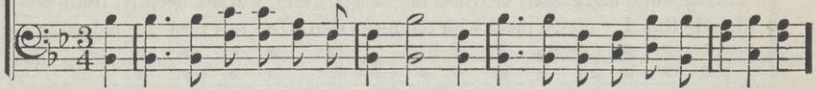
se-cret of a deep a-bid-ing joy; I have found the way of gladness and a

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.



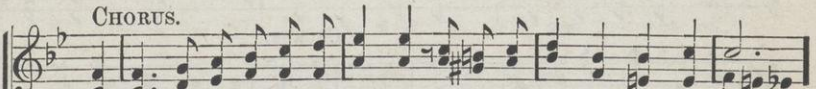
1. 'Twill not be long till all the shadows Of earthly care shall pass away, (away,)
2. 'Twill not be long till I shall see Him, The one who bore the cross for me, (for me,)
3. 'Twill not be long till He will call me, To cross the silent, moving tide, (the tide,)



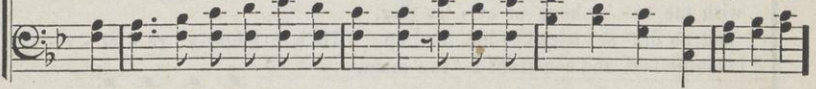
While from the land of endless morn-ing, Shall dawn the souls e-ter-nal day.
His gift of love shall be my sto-ry, My song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
'Tis then I'll look be-yond the riv-er, And there behold my Lord and Guide.



CHORUS.



'Twill not be long till Jesus calls me, 'Twill not be long be-fore I sing, (I sing.)

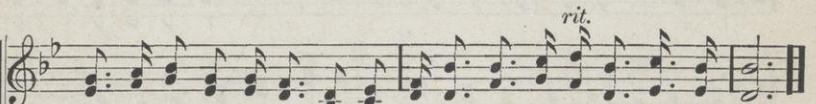


The glo-ry song thro' countless a-ges, Of vic-to-ry thro' Christ my King.



Copyright, 1910, by Ackley & Rodcheaver.

It Is Jesus!—Concluded.



balm for all earth's sadness, It is Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, ev-'ry day.



No. 200. He's a Mighty Reality to Me.

H. R.

HOMER RODEHEAVER.

1. Be-fore I gave my life to the Sav-ior, I was eas-i-ly led a-
 2. The world had greatly charmed me with pleasure; I drank deep-ly from ev-'ry
 3. Al-tho' I oft-en meet with temp-ta-tion To re-tur-n to old paths a-

stray; But since I trust-ed in Him, in my con-flicts with sin, He's been
 cup, And when I suf-fer'd the pangs that our sin al-ways brings, Then I
 gain, Yet thro' the won-der-ful love of my dear Lord a-bove, He still

CHORUS.

with me ev-'ry hour of ev-'ry day.
 had no oth-er friend to lift me up. He's a might-y re-al-i-ty
 holds me fast and con-stant I re-main.

in my life, He is al-ways with me thro'-out ev-'ry strife In my battles with

sin He has helped me to win, He's a might-y re-al-i-ty to me!

No. 201. He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. My faith temp-ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
 2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
 3. Some-times I fal - ter filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love— He will not let me fall.
 If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
 His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

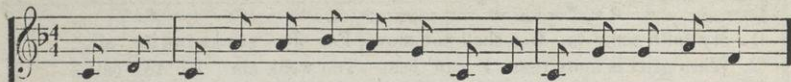
He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall,
 He will not let me fall!

He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

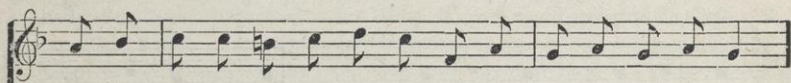
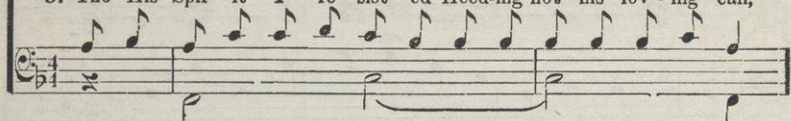
No. 202. Till I See My Mother's Face.

NEAL A. MCAULAY.

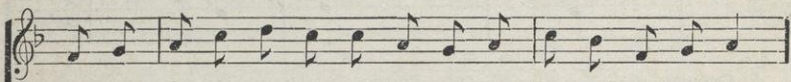
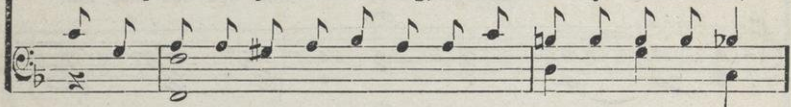
B. D. ACKLEY.



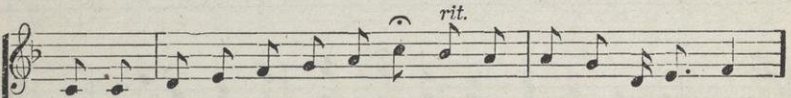
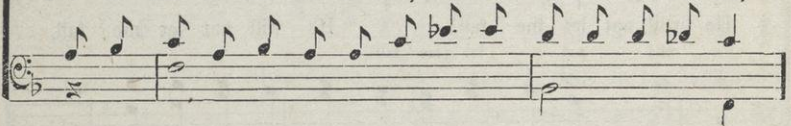
1. Tho' I wan-dered from the pre-cepts That I learned at mother's knee;
 2. Tho' I grieved my dear Re-deem-er By long years of doubt and sin,
 3. Tho' His Spir-it I re-sist-ed Heed-ing not his lov-ing call,



And in ways of shame and fol-ly, oft-en-times I longed to be;
 When he knocked I would not list-en, Long re-fused to let Him in,
 Tho' I spurned His pre-cious cleansing, That He free-ly of-fers all,



God has called me, in His mer-cy, And re-deemed me by His grace,
 Still He ten-der-ly re-ceived me, When my sin I did con-fess,
 Yet at last in true con-tri-tion; Down be-fore His cross I fell,



And my joy shall be to serve Him till I see my mother's face.
 Gave me peace that passeth knowledge; Now my mother's Christ I bless.
 Where I found the full sal-va-tion, That my moth-er knew so well.



Till I See My Mother's Face.

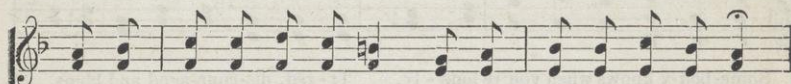
CHORUS.



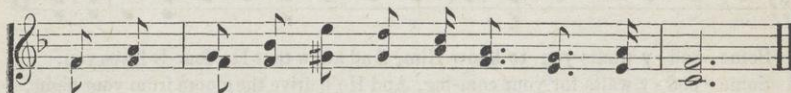
I shall meet my dear old moth-er bye and bye, bye and bye,



In that bright e - ter - nal home beyond the sky; be-yond the sky;

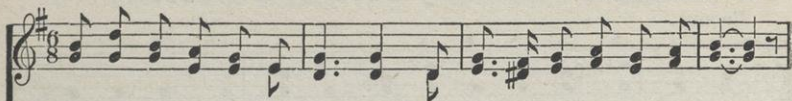


She is with my Sav-ior now, with a crown up - on her brow,

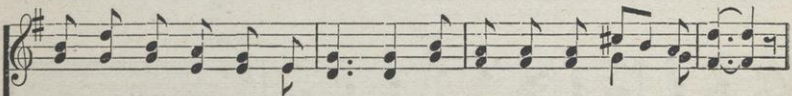


I shall meet my dear old moth - er bye and bye.

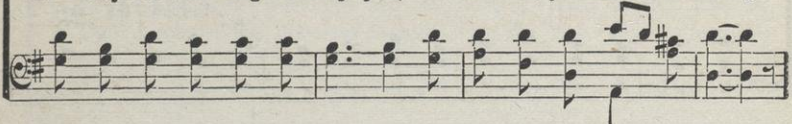




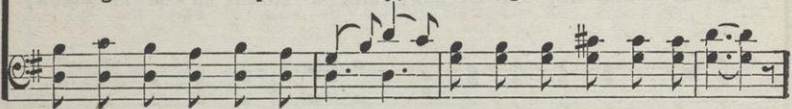
1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



Some - bod - y knows when the shad - ows Need chas - ing a - way with song;
 Some - bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth - est a - way from him.
 Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, Watch - es you — one of the thron



Some - bod - y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis - cour - aged and blue;
 Some - bod - y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
 Need - ing His friend - ship so ho - ly, Need - ing His watch - care so true.



Some - bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear - ly loves you.
 Some - bod - y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
 His name? We call His name Je - sus. He loves ev - 'ry - one, He loves you.



No. 204.

Somebody Knows.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
 2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
 3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

cres.

Wait-ing for some one to ban-ish my woes, Some-body knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
 When the deep shadows sweeps over my soul, Some-body knows, 'Tis Je - sus.
 Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Some-body knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

f *rit.*

He is the One who will keep me— Somebody knows, 'Tis Je - sus.

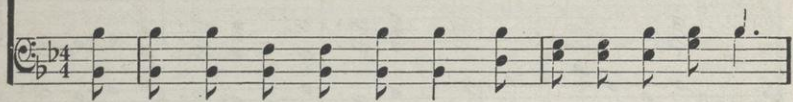
No. 205. My Life is Full of Glory.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

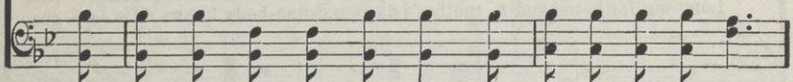
B. D. ACKLEY.



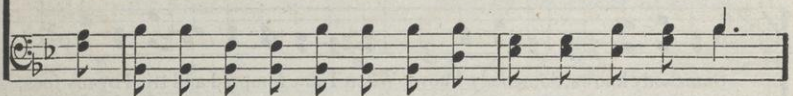
1. My life is full of glo - ry, each du - ty from a - bove,
2. My life is full of glo - ry, since Je - sus came to me,
3. My life is full of glo - ry, and Je - sus longs to be,



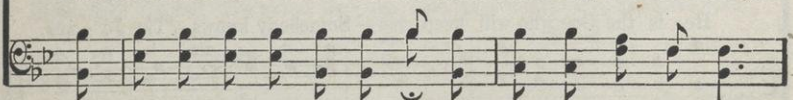
He gives me from His store - house of ev - er - last - ing love;
And now I tell the sto - ry of grace so full and free;
An ev - er - last - ing por - tion, to you as well as me;



I fear not when He bids me go and with my mouth con - fess,
For in each trial He com - forts me, in sor - row and in woe,
He bids you rise and fol - low Him, from sor - row un - to joy,

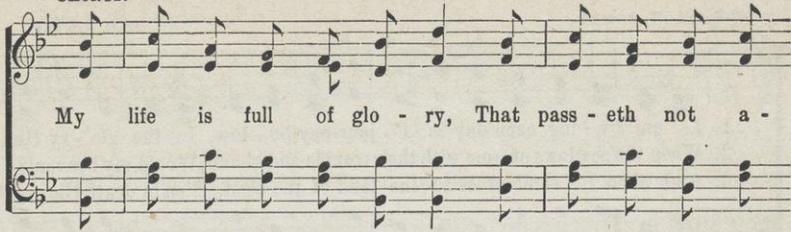


For I am trust - ing not in self, But in His right - eous - ness,
He walks be - side me in the way That He would have me go.
And thou shalt find a bless - ed - ness Which noth - ing can de - stroy.

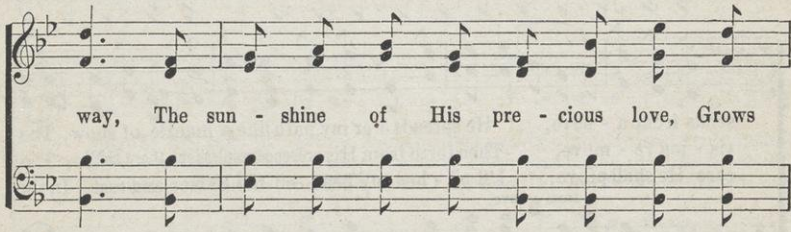


My Life is Full of Glory.

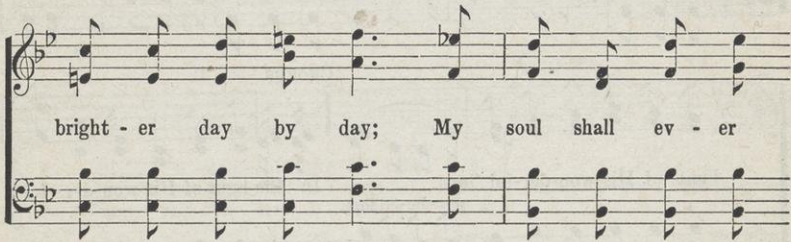
CHORUS.



My life is full of glo - ry, That pass - eth not a -



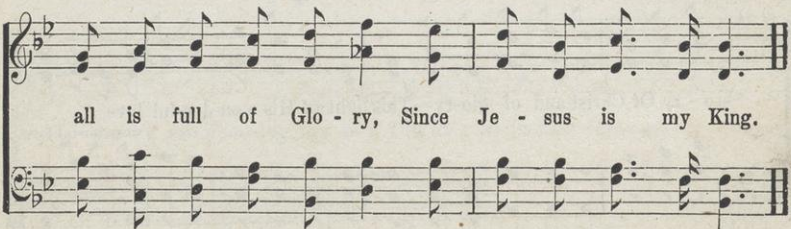
way, The sun - shine of His pre - cious love, Grows



bright - er day by day; My soul shall ev - er



own Him, My heart shall ev - er sing, For



all is full of Glo - ry, Since Je - sus is my King.

No. 206. The Light of His Wonderful Love.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I am liv - ing each day as I jour - ney be - low, In the glo - ry He
2. When the shadows of time with their trouble and gloom, Would my heavenly
3. And when I shall cross to the land of the blest, E'en in death His great

sends from a - bove, He spreads o'er my path like a mantle of snow, The
vis - ion re - move, Then forth from His presence, resplendent there shines, The
care He shall prove, I'll pil - low my head on the Savior and rest In the

CHORUS.

light of His won - der - ful love..... In the light of His won - der - ful
won - der - ful love.

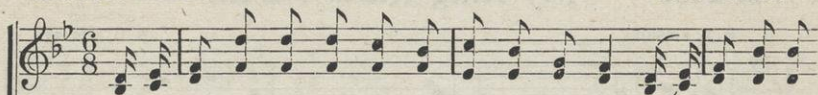
love, As it shines from the throne just a - bove, 'Tis the old gos - pel
won - der - ful love, throne just a - bove,

sto - ry Of Christ and of glo - ry—This light of His won - der - ful love.....
won - der - ful love.

No. 207. His Wonderful Ocean of Love.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

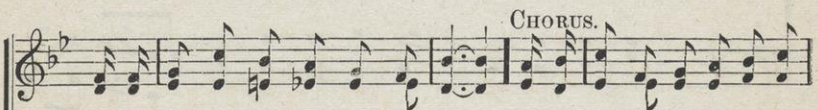
B. D. ACKLEY.



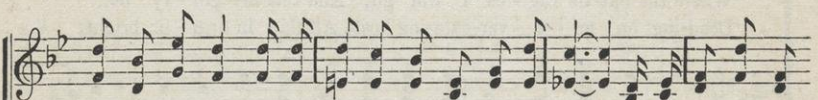
1. In His o - cean of love with my Lord let me stay, For the sins of my
2. In His o - cean of love no rough billows can roll No breakers of
3. In His o - cean of love, not a fear, when to die I am call'd from earth's



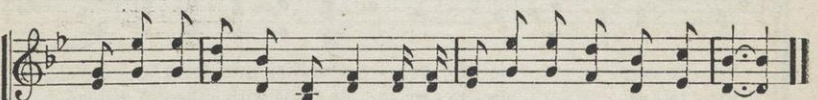
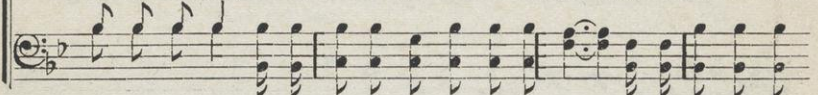
life He has tak-en a-way, And the darkness of night He has turn'd into day,
sorrow can sweep o'er my soul, For the Saviour has taken my life to control,
vis-ions to glo-ries on high, I shall lay down all burdens nor utter a sigh



In His o - cean of love let me rest. }
In His won-der-ful o - cean of love. } In His o - cean of love, blessed
When I rest in His o - cean of love. }



o - cean of love, In the sea of God's fathomless grace, Where the billows of



glo-ry are flood-ing my soul I'm at rest in the "Heav-en-ly place."



No. 208. My King Rides Forth.

H. L. FRISBIE.

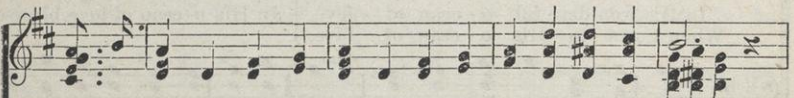
B. D. ACKLEY.



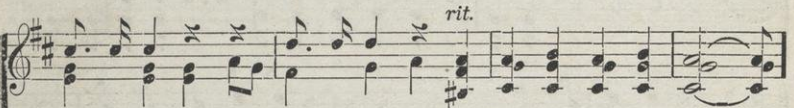
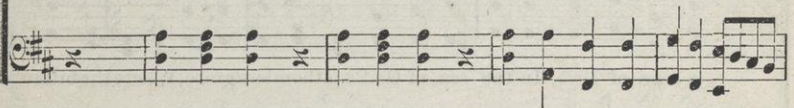
1. Hear the trumpet sounding; For-ward, march! Swing in-to bat-tle line;
2. Hark! the roll is call-ing; quick-ly say, "Here, Lord, am I, use me;
3. Tho' a might-y foe de-fi-ance hurls, Our King hath great-er might;



On-ward sol-diers of the "King of kings," Led by a hand di-vine;
 For Thy serv-ice I am read-y now, Wher-ev-er pleas-eth Thee;
 If we fol-low Him with cour-age bold, We can-not lose the fight;



To the con-flict go, be not dis-may'd, The Cross our conq'ring sign;
 Where the bat-tle rag-es I will go, And this my glo-ry be;
 Lead-ing on an o-ver-com-ing host, All clad in arm-or bright;



Vic-to-ry,	vic-to-ry	Our King rides forth to-day.
Vic-to-ry,	vic-to-ry	I ride with Thee to-day.
Vic-to-ry,	vic-to-ry	Our King rides forth to-day.



My King Rides Forth.

CHORUS.

The King rides forth! the ti - dings speed;..... For loy - al
hap - py ti - dings speed;

hearts their ur - gent need;..... Ral - ly to His stand - ard
to - day their ur - gent need;

He will lead to vic - to - ry!..... The bat - tle
vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry!

will be fierce and long,..... Yet right shall o - ver - come the wrong,
be fierce and long, Yet in

A lit - tle while, the vic - tor's song, And shouts of ju - bi - lee!

No. 209.

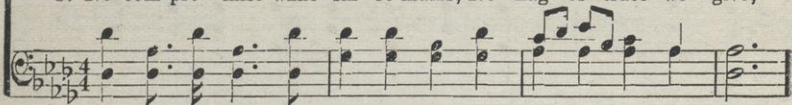
To Arms! To Arms!

A. H. ACKLEY.

E. D. ACKLEY.



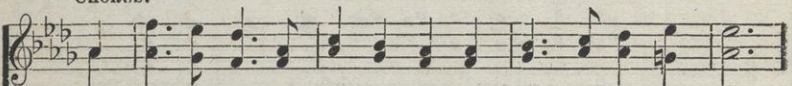
1. Forth from the King's e - ter - nal throne, There comes the cry for men,
2. Put on the ar - mour of your God, Gird on His might - y sword,
3. No com - pro - mise while sin re - mains, No flag of truce we give,



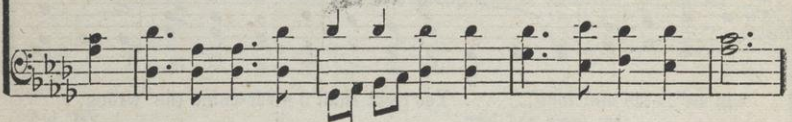
Who dare to fight for God and right, A - gainst the hosts of sin.
Then ral - ly 'round the cross and fight, Till peace shall be re - stored.
We fight that earth's re - mot - est bounds Shall bow to Him and live.



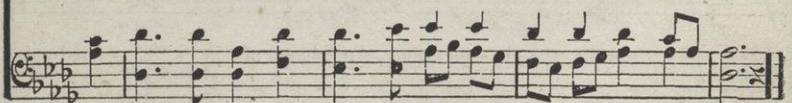
CHORUS.



To arms! to arms! The cry is heard, Come ral - ly 'round the cross,



His bid - ing do Who call - eth you, Go strive to save the lost.



1. When the tempter whispers near, Answer not Hiscall; From His pleasures
 2. Keep the lips from evil stain, Pure and true and clean, Keep the soul, the
 3. We are chil-dren of the King, Roy-al blood we claim, Let us live thro'

CHORUS.

turn thine ear, Shun them one and all.
 heart, the brain, No - ble and se - rene. } Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 ev - 'ry - thing, Wor - thy of the name. }

Hour by hour and day by day; Strength and help our Lord will give

If like Him we try to live, Watch and pray, watch and pray, Put temp-

ta-tion's pow'r a - way, Look to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Watch and pray.

No. 211. Help Me to Serve Thee To-Day.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. (A Prayer for every day.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

Solo.

1. Fa-ther in heav-en, a bless-ing I ask—Trust me to - day with some
 2. Fa-ther in heav-en, this fa - vor I seek, Teach me to - day for my
 3. Fa-ther in heav-en, a gift I de - sire—Grant that to - day I'll not

errand or task, Just for to - day—on - ly to - day—this is the blessing, I
 Mas - ter to speak, Just for to - day—on - ly to - day—this is the fa - vor I
 fal - ter nor tire, Just for to - day—on - ly to - day—this is the gift that I

pray, Something to do for my Saviour Divine, Something to prove that Thy
 pray, Teach me some song that with praises shall ring, Teach me sal - va - tion to
 pray, Make me a sol - dier, equip - p'd for the fight—Make me a reap - er, while

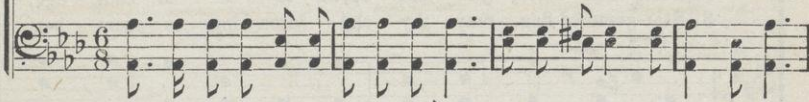
service is mine, Help me to work in that Kingdom of Thine Help me to
 oth - ers to bring—Help me to hon - or my Lord and my King, Help me to
 yet there is light, Help me to further the cause of the right—Help me to

CHORUS.

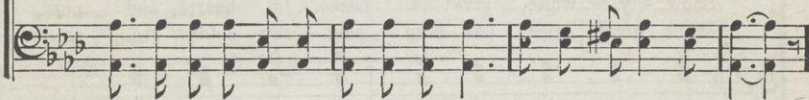
serve Thee to - day. Help me to do Thy bid - ding to - day, Help me to aid some



1. Na-ture is sing-ing a beautiful song, Voices unknown the notes prolong,
2. Na-ture extols the Cre-a-tor above Tells of His wisdom, might and love,
3. Nature is teaching us wonderful things, Leaf that unfolds and bird that sings,



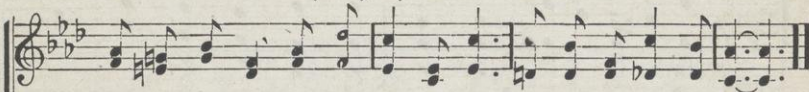
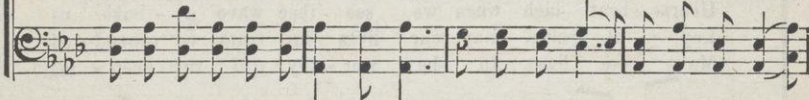
Sing-ing the praise of a won-der-ful Hand Rul-ing o'er ev-'ry land.
Shows us the seasons that pass in their turn, Bids us God's pow'r to learn.
Ev-'ry-thing tells of His life giv-ing plan Made for the good of man.



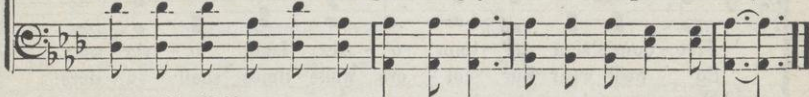
CHORUS.



Myr-i-ad voices all seem to say Praise Him to-day, praise Him to-day,



For-est and meadow and gar-den gay Join in His praise to-day.

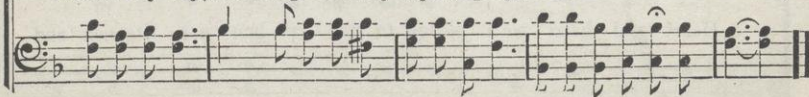


Copyright, 1910, by Ackley & Rodeheaver.

Help Me to Serve Thee To-Day.—Concluded.



soul in Thy way, Make me a part of Thy Kingdom, I pray, Help me to serve Thee to-day.



No. 213.

Song to the Flag.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

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.

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

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "strong we'll stand to col - ors true Day by day we'll serve with".

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

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "best en - deav - er 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

The third system of musical notation, which begins the chorus. The lyrics are: "Three cheers for the red white and blue Three".

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

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "cheers for the red white and blue, The ar - my and na - vy for -".

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

The fifth and final system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "ev - er, Three cheers for the red white and blue."

No. 214. Marching at the King's Command.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSIN.

B. D. ACKLEY,
Chorus adapted.

1. Sing - ing, sing - ing, shouts of triumph ring - ing, On - ward, on - ward
 2. Fight - ing, fight - ing, ma - ny e - vils right - ing - For - ward, for - ward,
 3. Stead - y, stead - y, ev - er prompt and read - y, Faith - ful, faith - ful

comes a might - y band, Cheer - ing, cheering vic - to - ry we're nearing,
 driv - ing back the foe, Work - ing, work - ing not a du - ty shirk - ing,
 ev - 'ry heart is true, Loy - al, loy - al to the ban - ner roy - al,

CHORUS.

As we're marching at the King's command,
 On to glo - ry in His name we go. } Marching, marching on to
 Glad - ly pledg - ing Him our word a - new. }

geth - er, Shoulder touching shoulder Dai - ly grow - ing bolder As we're

march - ing, marching on to - geth - er, Marching at the King's command.
 command.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
 2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
 3. Who wants a peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?

Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
 Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
 Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!

CHORUS.

Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun
 swing-ing, swing-ing,

ev - ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,

ring - ing; Light and free as the birds are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
 ring-ing, ring-ing;

Responsive Readings.

No. 216. Selection I.

Psalm 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit 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. 217. Selection II.

Isaiah 53.

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.

Responsive Readings.

7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

No. 218. Selection III.

John 8: 1-18.

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 saith 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. 219. Selection IV.

Isaiah 55.

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.

Responsive Readings.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

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. 220. Selection V.

Psalm 142.

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. 221. Selection VI.

Psalm 121.

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. 222. Selection VII.

Psalm 1.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

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. 223. Selection VIII.

Matthew 11: 20-30.

Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

Responsive Readings.

- 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 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, shalt 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.
- 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 sowed 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. 224. Selection IX.

Matthew 13: 24—30: 36—43.

Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

INDEX.

A band of faithful reapers	95	God be with you	86
A call for royal soldiers	161	God is calling the prodigal	4
A clean heart	38	Gone from my heart, the world with ..	118
A Friend I have called Jesus	72	Grace, amazing grace	82
Alas! and did my Savior bleed, 146, 172, 173		Grace, enough for me	59
A little talk	99	Growing dearer each day	162
All hail the power of Jesus' name ..	1, 61		
All to Jesus I surrender	123	Had we only sunshine	35
Almost persuaded	158	Hallelujah for the cross	144
As a volunteer	161	Harvest song	174
A sinner made whole	167	Have you heard the voice of Jesus ...	87
A sinner was wandering at eventide ..	186	He is so precious to me	85
A song of praise	129	He is the Savior for me	46
A song of victory	27	He knows it all	170
A song of Nature	212	Help me to serve Thee to-day	211
As of old when the hosts of Israel ...	11	Help somebody to-day	155
At the cross	172	Here's a Savior for the lost one	154
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	113	He's a mighty reality to me	200
		He will not let me fall	201
Beautiful Isle	5	His love can never fail	157
Beulah land	166	His way with thee	33
Bless the Lord	12	His wonderful love	28
Blessed be the name	120	His wonderful ocean of love	207
Blest be the tie	141	Hold up my goings, Lord	185
Bring peace to my soul	3	Holy Ghost, with light divine	145
		Holy, holy, holy	111
Calling the prodigal	4	Holy Spirit, dwell in me	57
Christ is everything to me	117	Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	67
Come, every soul by sin oppressed ...	179	How firm a foundation	181, 182
Come forth	9	How it saves	191
Come, Holy Spirit	115	How sweet is His love	171
Come, sinner, come	90	How sweet is the love of my Savior ..	162
Come, Thou Almighty King	122	How sweet the name	120
Come, Thou Fount	183	How you will love Him	189
Come, we that love the Lord	130		
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy ...	24	I am a stranger here	128
Count your blessings	76	I am coming, Lord	177
Crown Him, crown Him Redeemer ..	187	I am happy in Him	100
Crown Him King of Kings	187	I am His, and He is mine	80
		I am on the gospel highway	66
Day is dying in the west	49	I am praying for you	160
Deeper yet	92	I am thinking to-day of that beautiful	56
Diadem	61	I can hear my Savior calling	16
Doxology	151	I do believe	146
Do you fear the foe will in the conflict	58	I do not ask to see the way	157
Do you want to be saved	18	I do not fully comprehend	164
		I do not know, I cannot understand ..	54
Even me	97	I have a Friend so precious	105
Ever on, and with banners bright ...	102	I have a Savior—He's pleading in glory	160
		I have a song I love to sing	20
Fear not, I am with thee	107	I have naught to fear	197
Footsteps of Jesus	136	I know my heavenly Father knows ...	119
		I know not why God's wondrous grace	19

Pass me not	47	The Lord is my Shepherd.....	60
Perfect peace.....	45	The Man of Galilee.....	88
Praise God, from whom all blessings..	151	The name of Jesus.....	32
Praise ye the Lord, joyfully shout....	89	Then I shall understand.....	54
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.....	22	The offering	175
Reapers for the harvest.....	124	The old-time religion.....	41
Responsive readings.....	188, 196	The precious love of Jesus.....	117
Revive us again.....	109	There is a fountain.....	103
Rock of Ages.....	134	There is a happy land.....	184
Safely thro' another week.....	106	There is glory in my soul.....	36
Satisfied	31	There's a dear and precious book....	96
Send Thy Spirit.....	176	There's a great day coming.....	37
Shall we gather at the river.....	79	There's a royal banner.....	112
Shall you? Shall I?	21	There's a song in my heart.....	167
Show me the way, my Shepherd.....	133	There's a stranger at the door.....	7
Silently the shades of evening.....	74	There shall be showers of blessing....	75
Since I have been redeemed.....	20	There's not a Friend.....	55
Since I lost my sins.....	36	The sinner and the song.....	186
Sing on	53	The Son of God goes forth to war....	81
Softly and tenderly.....	68	The story never old.....	169
Somebody cares.....	203	The sweetest story told on earth....	169 1/2
Somebody did a golden deed.....	121	The times of great refreshing.....	9, 28
Somebody knows.....	204	The way of the cross leads home....	9, 42
Some day.....	23	The wonderful Savior.....	99
Some day, I know not when 'twill be	39	Tho' dark the night.....	202
Someone will enter the pearly gate....	21	'Till I see my mother's face.....	93
Some sweet day I shall enter a place..	159	Times of refreshing	40
Somewhere the sun is shining.....	5	'Tis a sweet and tender story.....	51
Song of the flag.....	213	'Tis now in part.....	209
So precious is Jesus, my Savior.....	85	To arms! To arms!.....	95
Speak to me, Jesus.....	140	To the harvest field.....	199
Speak to my soul, dear Jesus.....	140	'Twill not be long.....	
Steadily marching on.....	89	Unspotted is the fear of God.....	62
Sun of my soul.....	110	Watch and pray..... n to battle.....	210, 116
Sunshine and flowers.....	129	We are marching O God.....	109
Sunshine and rain.....	35	We praise Thee, O God to Zion.....	130
Sweet hour of prayer.....	152	We're marching do.....	14
Sweet is the promise.....	163	What did He cross.....	6
Sweetly, Lord have we heard.....	136	What is all my labors and trials are o'er	48
Swing Song.....	215	When earthly cares and sorrows roll...?	?
Take my life and let it be.....	132	When God the way of life would teach	26
Tell Jesus.....	164	When thou wakest in the morning.....	153
That's enough for me.....	139	When troubled my soul.....	171
That sweet story.....	112	When upon life's billows you are are..	76
The banner of the cross.....	11	Where He leads me.....	16
The cloud and fire.....	63	While Jesus whispers to you.....	90
The Comforter has a greater.....	25	While we pray.....	70
The cross is standeth fast.....	144	Why do you wait.....	29
The cross that He gave may be heavy	25	Why not now.....	70
The dear loving Savior has found me..	30	Why not say yes to-night.....	17
The earth, and the fullness with which	78	Will there be any stars.....	56
The earth is the Lord's.....	78	Wonderful love.....	192
The fight is on.....	15	Work, for the night is coming.....	178
The glory song.....	48	Would you live for Jesus.....	33
The good old fashioned way.....	66	Ye loit'ers in the market place.....	9
The King's business.....	128	You need the Savior.....	190
The light of His wonderful love.....	206		

