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THE
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IN SONG

NUMBERS 1 and 2

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The Message in Song

Numbers 1 and 2

COMPILED BY

ARTHUR S. MAGANN

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MUSICAL EDITORS

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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CHAS. H. MARSH

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Foreword.

The test to which Gospel music is submitted day after day in such work as we undertake, should reveal its merits or demerits to a remarkable degree.

In this book—The Message in Song Number 1 and 2—the many new numbers represent the result of this critical test.

While the book embraces in its scope the cardinal doctrines and subjects necessary to Evangelical church work, it is especially suited to Revivals, Sunday Schools, Prayer-meetings, Young People's Societies, and can be used in any service of the Church.

In this book you will find all of the popular songs of the Billy Sunday campaigns, a valuable collection of new songs and other valuable copyrights, making a collection of the best songs obtainable.

We send this volume forth to win many precious souls for the Master.

THE EDITORS.

Sept. 25th, 1914.

The Campaign Chorus.

On To Vict'ry.

Tune "On Wisconsin."

On to vict'ry, On to vict'ry,

Jesus leads the way,

On to vict'ry, On to vict'ry,

We will win the day.

On to vict'ry, On to vict'ry,

Enlist now in the fray,

With His banner o'er us,

We will win the day.

Arthur S. Magann,

Madison, Wisconsin.

M 2117 THE MESSAGE IN SONG.

M477

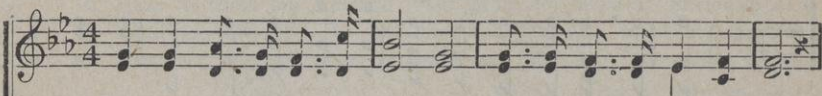
1914

1

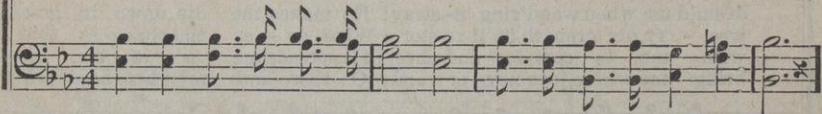
Jesus Only.

E. NASON.

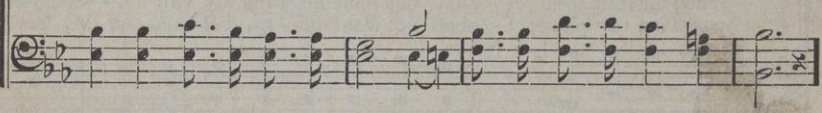
CHAS. H. MARSH.



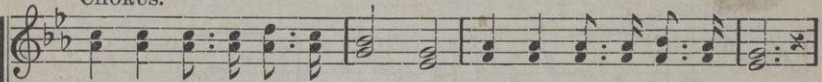
1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn - ing Beams up - on the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, when a - dor - ing Saints their crowns before him bring;



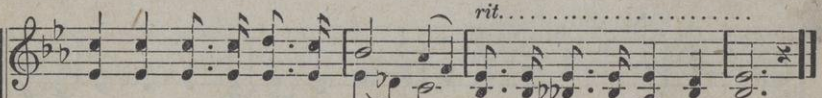
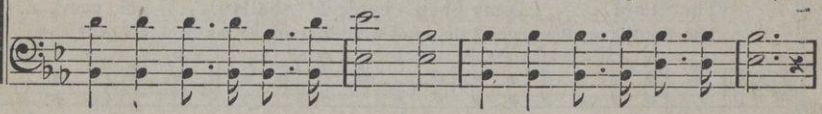
Je - sus on - ly, when the dark - ness Gath - ers round my wea - ry head.
 Je - sus on - ly, when the trum - pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
 Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.



CHORUS.



Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Let me see thy face di - vine,



May my stubborn will be yield - ed, Ful - ly yield - ed, Lord, to thine.



I Shall Not Want.

E. E. HEWITT.

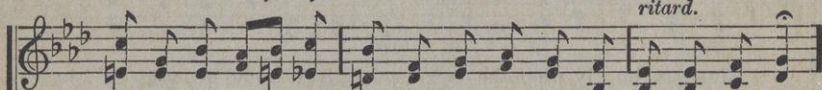
JOHN P. HILLIS.



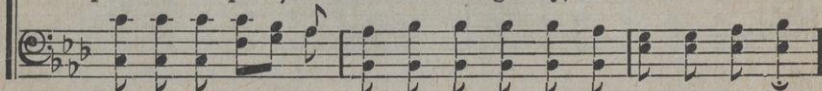
1. I sing a glad song to my Sav-iour to-day, Be-cause he re-
2. Be-side the still wa-ters, he leads ev-er-more; When wounded and
3. Yea, thro' the dark val-ley, no ill will I fear, Since he will be
4. His good-ness and mer-cy my steps shall at-tend, Till safe-ly they



deem'd me, when wand'ring a-stray; He makes me lie down in green
wea-ry, my strength he'll re-store; What-ev-er the chang-es that
with me, to com-fort and cheer; He spreads me a ta-ble, de-
bring me where joys nev-er end; O there hath my Shep-herd pre-



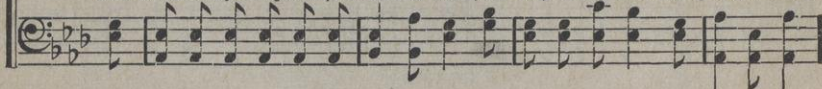
pas-tures so blest, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want rest.
swift-ly suc-ceed, I shall not want guidance, my Shepherd will lead.
fends me from foes; I shall not want bless-ing, my cup o-ver-flows.
pared me a place; I shall not want glo-ry, I'll look on his face.



CHORUS.



The Lord..... is my Shep-herd, I shall..... not want, ...
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Ex-ult, O my soul! So glad, so free;



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Because he cares for me.

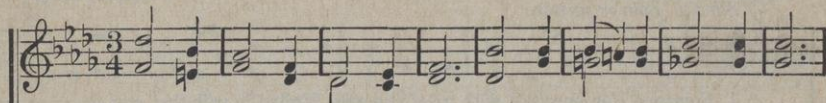


3 Precious Treasure, Thou Art Mine.

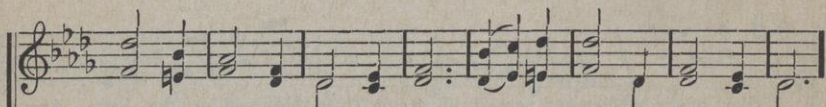
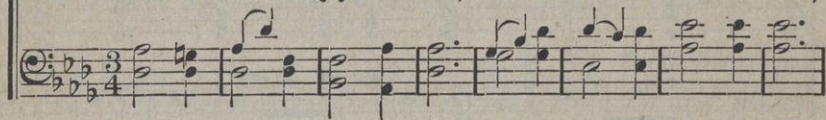
Dedicated to my Associate, HERBERT C. HART.

JOHN BURTON.

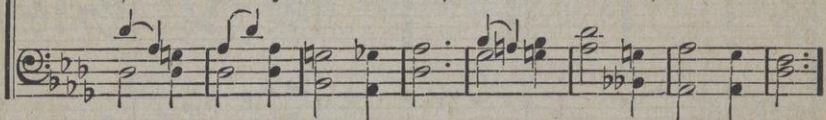
ARTHUR S. MAGANN.



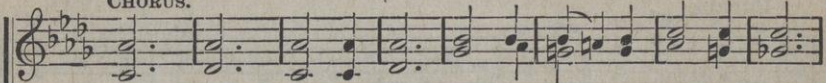
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin - ner's doom;



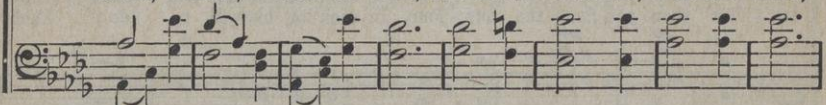
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



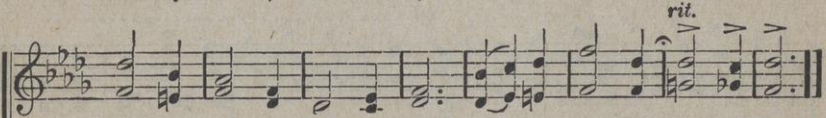
CHORUS.



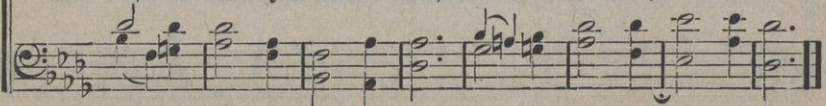
Mine, mine, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;



Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine,



Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

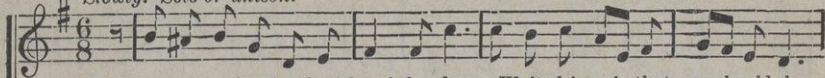


The Lost Christ.

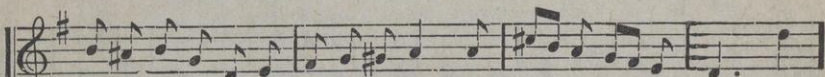
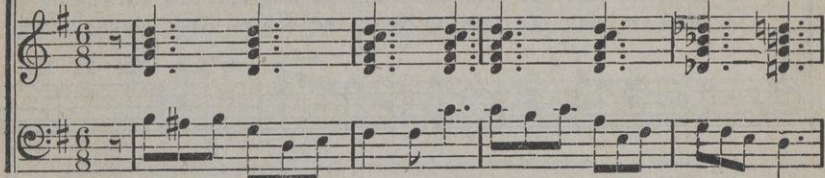
Suggested by Gipsy Smith's sermon on "The Lost Christ."—Luke 2: 42.

JAMES ROWE.

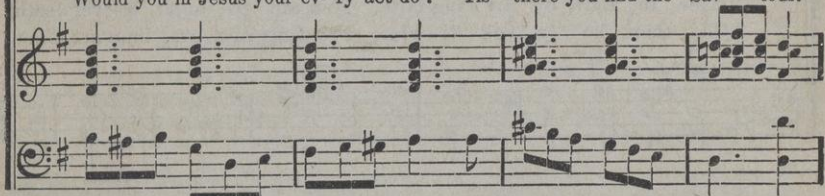
O. H. MARSH.

Slowly. Solo or unison.

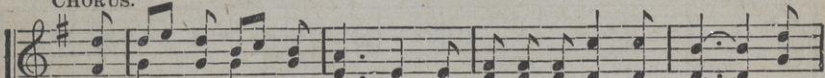
1. Someone o'er burden'd with grief and care Waited in vain that **you** should share
2. Some-one was lost in sin's aw-ful night, You might have guided **his** steps aright;
3. Far from your dwelling they seem'd to be, Far o'er the mountain and over the sea,
4. Up and be doing your vows renew, Lose not your Saviour, be watchful and true;



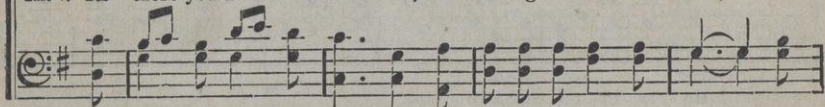
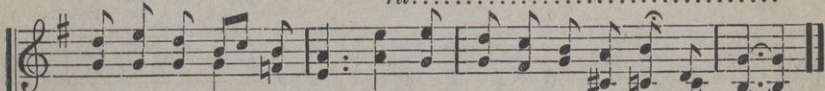
Part of his bur-den and part of his pray'r, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
 Fail-ing to give him the heav-en - ly light, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
 Yet you denied them your Christ's Calvary, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
 Would you in Jesus your ev-'ry act do? 'Tis there you find the Sav - iour.



CHORUS.



'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour, So common the time and place; While
 Last v. 'Tis there you find the Sav - iour, In seek-ing his will to do; Each

*rit.*.....

"Lo! it is I!" he whis-pered, You miss'd the sweet smile of his face,
 deed of your life is bless - ed, If you to his spir-it are true.



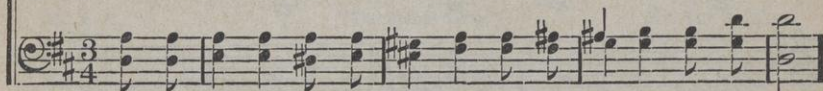
Covered By His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

JEAN HOWARD.



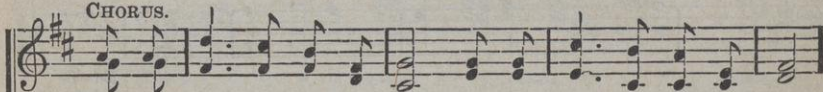
1. Far from home and God I wander'd In the dark for - bid - den way;
2. Long in vain with me he plead - ed, Show'd to me his thorn - crown'd brow;
3. Love di - vine has tru - ly won me And my soul is glad and free;
4. Soul in sin and shame, de - spair - ing, Trust the sinner's Friend to - day;



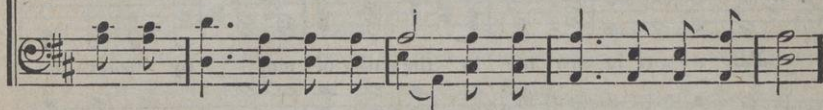
Time and tal - ents both I squander'd, But my sins are gone to - day.
 But at last his love I need - ed And my sins are hid - den now.
 Tho' the whole world frown up - on me, His for - ev - er I will be.
 Ev - 'ry sin that you are bear - ing He will free - ly hide a - way.



CHORUS.



They are cov - er'd by his love, Ful - ly cov - er'd by his love.



All my sins are gone for - ev - er, They are cov - ered by his love.



Far Away He Saw Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

With expression. Solo, or voices in unison.

1. Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his lov-ing
 2. Tho' at first I heed-ed not his gra-cious call— Would not make the
 3. Now my soul is rest-ing on his faith-ful-ness, Look-ing to my

kindness sought my soul to win; Broke the chains that bound me, set my
 bless-ed Lord my all in all, Still with ten-der pa-tience, knowing
 Sav-iour ev-er near to bless; Heir of his sal-va-tion thro' a-

spir-it free, Gave his full sal-va-tion un-to "ev-en me."
 ev-'ry need, Je-sus in his mer-cy proved a friend in-deed.
 bounding grace, Trust-ing in his goodness, I shall see his face.

REFRAIN.

Far a-way he saw me in the paths of sin, By his love un-

cres.

fail-ing sought my soul to win, Far a-way he lov'd me; tuned my

Far Away He Saw Me.

cres......

life to praise, Filled with joy and gladness all life's wea - ry days.

7

He Is the Same.

M. J. H.

"The Sychar Song."

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. I am ful - ly trusting Je - sus, E - ven when the sky is dark;
 2. I am ful - ly trusting Je - sus, For his prom - ise I have tried;
 3. Tho' he may not lead me al - ways In - to paths where I would go,

When the rays of light are hid - den, Then his love is in my heart.
 He's my Par - a - clete and Guardian, Ev - er walking by my side.
 Yet I'll trust his love and wis - dom, Fol - low on, his will to know.

CHORUS.

Trust..... in his name,..... He..... is the same;.....
 Trust in his name, he is the same, Ev - er the same, ev - er the same;

Now..... and for - ev - - er, He's al - ways the same.
 Trust in his mer - its, be - lieve on his name,

8 The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

EDGAR PAGE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sometimes when hearts are weary, The road seems hard and dreary,
 2. Then cheer your walk with singing, Joy to the faint heart bringing,
 3. Life is no time for cry-ing, Nor o-ver trou-ble sigh-ing,
 4. The love of Christ is dear-er, The light is beam-ing clear-er,

Then make the road all cheer-y With the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the
 And let your voice be ring-ing With the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the
 But while the days are fly-ing Join the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the
 The time is drawing near-er To the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the

CHORUS.

sky..... O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus of the sky! We can
 chorus of the sky! O the chorus of the sky,

join the hap-py an-them if we try, For just a-cross the line,
 join the anthem if we try,

It shall be yours and mine This hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky.....
 chorus of the sky.

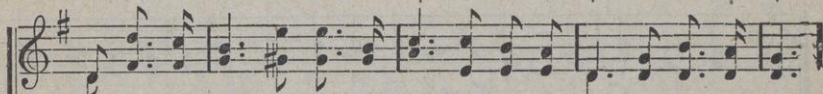
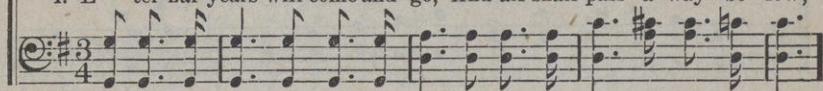
It Shall Be Mine.

J. W. V.

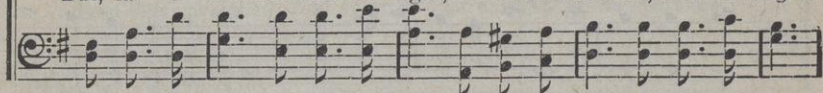
(Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.) J. W. VANDEVENTER.



1. There waits a crown be-yond the skies, A fade-less gem, a roy-al prize,
2. I suf-fer here, en-dure the pain, I bear the cross that I may reign;
3. No cru-el hand can dim or mar, De-ny the crown of one bright star;
4. E-ter-nal years will come and go, And all shall pass a-way be-low;



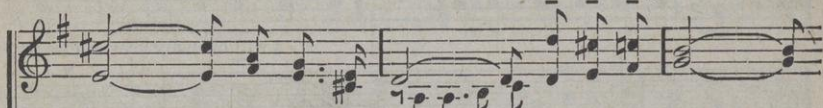
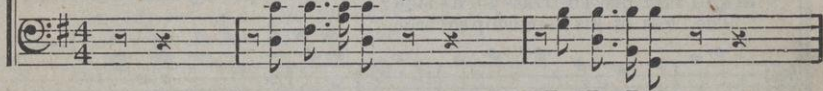
With-in the Sav-iour's ten-der care, For ev-'ry child of God to wear,
I seek the hon-or and re-nown That glo-ri-fies the vic-tor's crown
The light will nev-er fade a-way, But glit-ter like the orb of day.
But, far a-bove the realms of night, The crown will shine, forev-er bright.



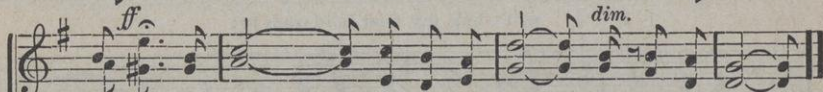
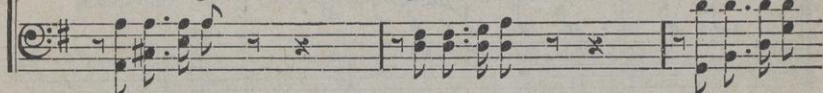
CHORUS.



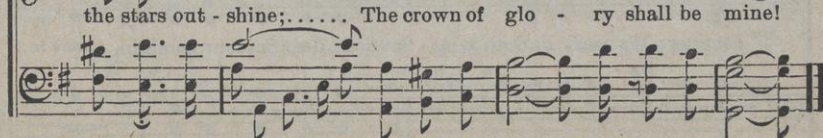
It shall be mine, un-fad-ing gem, E-ter-nal
It shall be mine, un-fad-ing gem,



gift, bright di-a-dem; Its ra-diant light.
E-ter-nal gift, bright di-a-dem; Its radiant light



the stars out-shine; The crown of glo-ry shall be mine!



the stars outshine;

Shall I Close My Heart's Door?

JULIETTE E. PERRY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Shall I close my heart's door in the face of my Lord, Whose brow wore the
 2. Shall I close my heart's door at the knock of the hand That was nail'd to the
 3. Shall I close my heart's door from the Lord who for me, Broken heart-ed, on
 4. I'll swing wide my heart's door, bidding Je - sus come in, Lest that time make it

thorn-crown for me? At the threshold he stands waiting now to come in,
 cross for my sin? To that hand still out stretch'd, pleading gently to-day,
 Cal - va - ry died? Shall I spurn his dear voice, that so tender-ly calls?
 hard to un - do; Lest the Saviour be grieve'd and for-ev - er I mourn

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

My heart's welcome guest he would be.
 My heart's best af - fec - tion to win. } I will o - pen my heart's door wide,
 Shall I turn his en - treat - y a - side? }
 The loss of his friendship so true.

I will open my heart's door wide,

I will bid my dear Lord come in;..... By love he doth

I will bid my dear Lord come in;

conquer; My heart he doth win; Sav-iour, dear Saviour, come in. (come in.)

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. G. H. MORRIS.

1. Has a voice in thy heart oft - en whis - per'd And bid - den thee
 2. Hear it, ye who in dark - ness are wand'ring, Give heed to the
 3. He to high - er at - tain - ments is call - ing, To rich - es of
 4. O his voice will grow faint - er and faint - er, If al - ways his

turn from thy sin? 'Twas the voice of the Spir - it still striv - ing Thy
 small, pleading voice, Cease from all of your doubt - ing and fear - ing, Make
 grace yet in store, To be thine, tru - ly thine for the ask - ing If
 plead - ings you spurn, And ag - griev'd he will take his de - part - ure, And

p CHORUS. *tenderly.*

heart and af - fec - tions to win.
 Je - sus for - ev - er your choice. } That voice is pleading, is gen - tly
 on - ly thou'lt o - pen the door.
 nev - er a - gain will re - turn.

plead - ing, And a pierc - ed hand is knock - ing at thy heart; That voice is

plead - ing, and torn and bleed - ing Is the hand that is knock - ing at thy heart.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. A - wake thou that sleep-est and Christ shall give thee light, Put
 2. A - wake thou that sleep-est, God's call comes loud and clear, The
 3. A - wake thou that sleep-est, Gird on the Spir-it's sword, The

on heav-en's ar - mor, pre - pare for the fight, The day beams are
 time of the tri - umph of Je - sus is near, Too long have you
 Cap - tain who leads you is Je - sus your Lord, His love is your

shin - ing, the shades of night are gone, A - rise from your slum - ber; a
 i - dled the pre - cious hours a way, A - rise from your slum - ber; O
 ban - ner, his name your watchward here, A - rise from your slum - ber; shake

CHORUS.

crown must be won.
 child of the day. A - wake! thou that sleepest, A - wake from the dead,
 off ev - 'ry fear.

rit.
 And Christ will give thee light, and glo - rious vic - to - ry.

All Hail to the Name.

Dr. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

CHAS. H. MARSH

1. Name of all the names the dear - est, Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor,
 2. Love of all the loves the tru - est, Won - der - ful love so
 3. Grace of all the gifts the free - st, Won - der - ful grace for
 4. Pow'r of all our needs the sor - est, Won - der - ful pow'r is

Prince of Peace! Ev - 'ry knee bow - ing, we shall be sing - ing. All
 full and so free; Sav - ing the lost and keep - ing the saved ones All
 you and for me, Giv - ing a Sav - ior, pard'ning a sin - ner, All
 of - fered to me; Pow'r flow - ing from a ris - en Re - deem - er. All

CHORUS.

hail to the name, 'tis Je - sus.
 hail to the love of Je - sus. } Je - sus, I'll praise him, I'll love and a -
 hail to God's grace in Je - sus.
 hail to the pow'r of Je - sus.

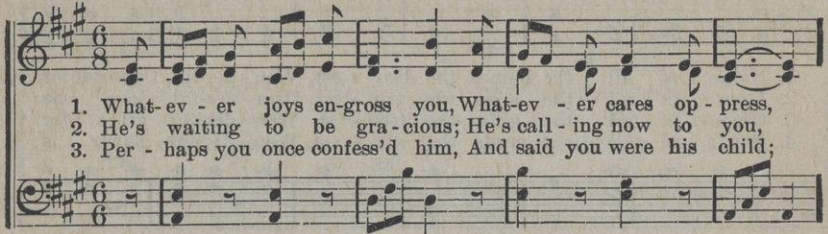
dore him; Je - sus, my Je - sus, ex - alt - ed as King, Now and for -

ev - er his prais - es I'm sing - ing, All hail to the name of Je - sus.

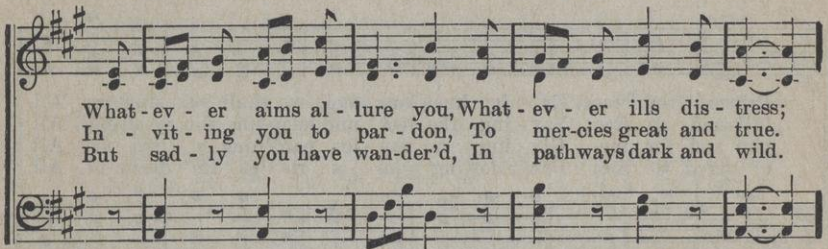
Get Right with God.

E. E. HEWITT.

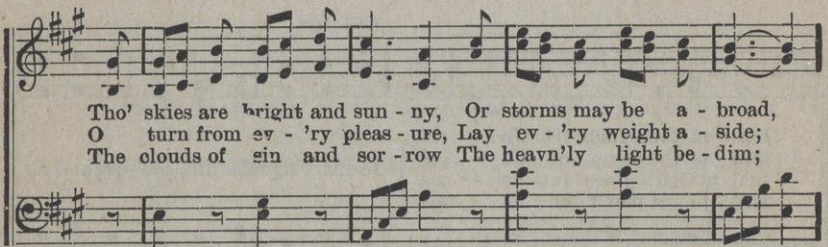
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



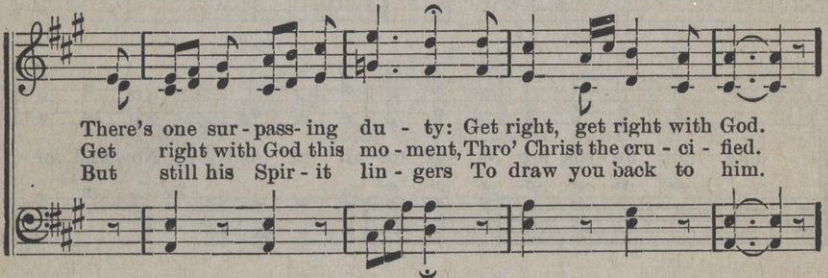
1. What-ev - er joys en-gross you, What-ev - er cares op - press,
2. He's wait - ing to be gra - cious; He's call - ing now to you,
3. Per - haps you once confess'd him, And said you were his child;



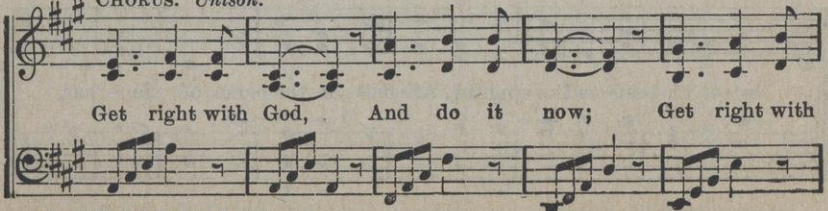
What-ev - er aims al - lure you, What-ev - er ills dis - tress;
In - vit - ing you to par - don, To mer - cies great and true.
But sad - ly you have wan - der'd, In path - ways dark and wild.



Tho' skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad,
O turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side;
The clouds of sin and sor - row The heav'nly light be - dim;



There's one sur - pass - ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.
Get right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
But still his Spir - it lin - gers To draw you back to him.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with

Get Right with God.—Concluded.

God, He tells you how; O come to Christ,

Harmony.

Who shed his blood, And at the cross Get right with God.
Get right with God.

15

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

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."
ling-ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

O Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float..... Sky-ward and
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands..... Shall see from
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls,..... That sink and
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high,..... Sea-ward and

Let it float,

sea-ward, high and wide; The sun that lights its shin-ing
 far the glo-ri-ous sight; And na-tions, crowding to be
 per-ish in the strife, Shall touch in faith its ra-diant
 sky-ward let it shine; Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it

high and wide;

CHORUS.

fold, The cross on which the Saviour died.
 born, Baptize their spir-its in its light. } O fling out the ban-ner!
 hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
 ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign.

Let it

fling out the ban-ner! Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 float, Let it float high and wide;

Our glo-ry on-ly in the cross, Our on-ly hope the Cru-ci-fied!

No. 17.

Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walter Whitcomb.

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Charles H. Marsh.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Saved to Save Others.

MRS. C. H. M.

(Dedicated by the author to Arthur S. Magann.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. We're sav'd to save oth-ers, to point out the way To mansions e -
 2. "Go ye and dis - ci - ple all nations," said he; The Master's com -
 3. Go out in the highways and by - ways of sin And seek for the

ter - nal a - bove; Here on the King's business we're telling each day,
 mis - sion is plain; "Take up thy cross dai - ly, hence - forth fol - low me,
 souls that are lost, For Je - sus' sake hast - en to gath - er them in,

CHORUS.
 The sto - ry of won - der - ful love. Yes, blessed - ly saved, to save
 And thou shalt be fish - ers of men." } We're saved..... to save
 Go win them what - ev - er the cost.

oth - ers are we, Yes,
 oth - ers, To lead err - ing souls to the light,.... We're
 To lead err - ing souls to the light,

blessedly sav'd, to save others are we,
 saved.... to save oth - ers, To win them from darkness to light;...
 To win them from darkness to light;

Saved to Save Others.—Concluded.

We're saved for two worlds, For time and e - ter - ni - ty;

Saved, . . . we are saved, . . . Yes, saved to save others are we
Blessedly saved, blessedly saved, are we, are we.

ritard.

19

A Prayer.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we bend, Gra - cious - ly on us de - scend;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, come with - in, Cru - ci - fy this heart of sin,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, life pro - vide For the heart thus cru - ci - fied,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, I would be Filled, yea, whol - ly filled by thee;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n on earth, Seal me with ce - les - tial birth;

Like a gen - tle dove ap - pear To each wait - ing spir - it here.
Let it die up - on the cross With its soul - de - fil - ing dross.
Let it break the bonds of death By the pow - er of thy breath.
Come with o - ver - flow - ing love, Let me thy sweet pres - ence prove.
Bear me on thy wings of love To my bliss - ful home a - bove.

I Have an Every Day Saviour.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Je - sus who died for me,
 2. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Planning my way for me,
 3. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, On his strong arm I rest,

Full of com - pas - sion and mer - cy, A - ble to make me free; (make free;)
 He knows the end and be - gin - ning—On - ly a step I see; (I see;)
 Seek - ing his glo - ry and hon - or, Do - ing my Lord's be - hest; (be - hest;)

Nev - er a mo - ment un - mind - ful, He will not slumber or sleep;
 Rul - ing the world by his pow - er, Rul - ing my heart by his love;
 I shall find grace for temp - ta - tion, Light he will shed on my way;

He who doth no - tice the spar - row, Safe - ly his lov'd ones will keep.
 O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Liv - ing for - ev - er a - bove!
 O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Sav - ing and keeping each day!

CHORUS.

I have an ev - 'ry day Sav - iour, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour!

I Have an Every Day Saviour.—Concluded.

O what a Friend! I may de-pend Ev-er on Je-sus my Sav-iour.

21

God Will Take Care of You.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. MARTIN.

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

Be - neath his wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea - ry one, up - on his breast; God will take care of you.

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

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

22 The Way He Leads is Best for Me.

H. L.

DUET.

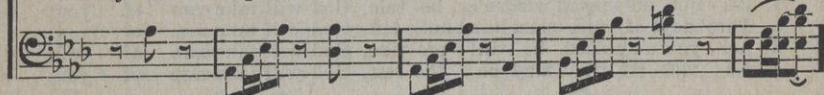
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. The path lies hid behind the veil, I know not where it leads;
 2. Myself, with hopes, ambitions grand, I lay at Je-sus' feet,
 3. Some day my earth-ly path will wend From dark-ness in - to light;



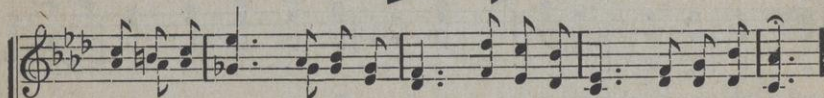
But I can trust, where sight doth fail, My Fa - ther knows my needs;
 An emp - ty ves - sel in his hand, For his own use made meet;
 My faith and hope shall have an end, Be chang'd to blissful sight;



loco rit......



I will not mur - mur nor repine, Nor choose ano - ther, ea - sier way,
 I'll trust in him, my Lord divine, And do his pleas - ure day by day,
 Forgotten then each pain shall be, These tear - dimm'd eyes shall then be dry,



For thro' the mast the sun will shine Up - on my path again, some day.
 And humbly cry, "Thy will, not mine," As I his gra - cious call o - bey.
 For I my bless - ed Lord shall see, And live and reign with him on high.



CHORUS.

poco ritard......



The way he leads is best for me, Tho' often times I can - not see
 The way he leads is best for me, Tho' often times I cannot see



The Way He Leads is Best for Me.—Concluded.

Just why it winds o'er thorny hill; But this I know, he loves me still.
 Just why it winds o'er thorny hill, But this I know

rit.

23

The Gate is Ajar.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

CATHERINE MOTEE BOOTH-TUCKER.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. O sin-ner, see thy Sav-iour At Mer-cy's o-pen gate!
 2. His hands are pierc'd with nail-marks, His ho-ly brow with thorns!
 3. For thee thy Lord was wound-ed, Thy chas-tise-ment he bore;
 4. Thy sins he yearns to par-don, He'll wash them all a-way;

O lis-ten to his plead-ing! Soon, soon 'twill be too late!
 Thy sins have caused his an-guish, Thy way-ward-ness he mourns!
 For thee de-spised, re-ject-ed,—Holds o-pen heav-en's door!
 The gate a-jar he's hold-ing! O en-ter while you may!

CHORUS.

The gate is a-jar! O sin-ner step in! The gate is a-jar for thee!

O wand'rer, a-far, it still is a-jar! The gate is a-jar for thee!

1. One day when heav - en was fill'd with His prais-es, One day when sin
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's mountain, One day they nail'd
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the Gar - den, One day He rest -
 4. One day when full - ness of time was fast dawning, One day the stone
 5. One day He's com - ing, for Him I am long - ing; One day the skies

was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
 Him for me on the tree; Won - der - ful, Coun - sel - lor,
 ed from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down then to
 moved a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
 with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin, Lived, loved and labored my Teach - er is He.
 they had ac - claim'd Him, Now He is Je - sus, — my Je - sus is He.
 keep sa - cred vig - il, Weighted with sins, my Re - deem - er is He.
 death He had conquered, Now He's as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more.
 lov - ed ones bring - ing; Hope of the hope - less, this Je - sus is mine.

CHORUS.

Liv - ing He loved me, dy - ing He saved me, Bur - ied He car - ried my
 sins far a - way; Ris - ing He just - i - fied free - ly for -

One Day.—Concluded.

cres...... *rit.*.....

ev - er, One day he's com - ing, O glo - ri - ous day!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the conclusion of the piece 'One Day'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are 'ev - er, One day he's com - ing, O glo - ri - ous day!'.

25

Calvary.

J. H.

Slowly.

JEAN HOWARD.

1. O tell the wondrous love of God, No deep - er love could be;
 2. 'Mid jeer - ing cries in Pilate's hall, He stood with thorn-crowned head;
 3. Then thro' the streets he bore the cross, He toiled up Cal - va - ry,
 4. How e - ven an - gels must have wept, When they beheld that sight:
 5. It is earth's one un - self - ish act, 'Tis earth's a - tonement free;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first system of 'Calvary'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 5.

It bridged the gulf of sin, and saved A guilt - y soul like me.
 Tho' he the Son of God most high, Yet not a word he said.
 And there a - mid the rab - ble throng Was cru - ci - fied for me.
 How e - ven God him - self was touched And drew the shades of night.
 O how can one this sto - ry hear And not his follower be!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second system of 'Calvary'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are a continuous narrative.

CHORUS.

It was for love of me he died, Was cru - ci - fied for me;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of 'Calvary'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'It was for love of me he died, Was cru - ci - fied for me;'.

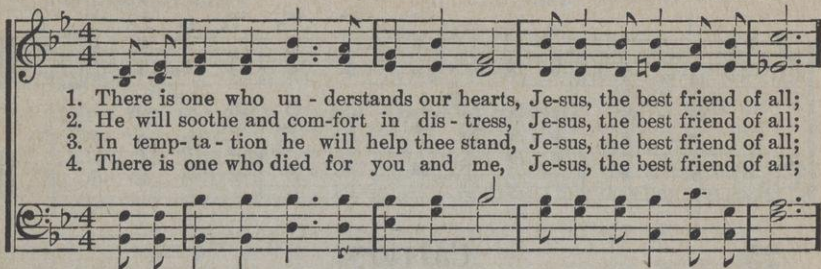
O wondrous, ho - ly love di - vine, That did a - tone for me.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the final system of 'Calvary'. It features a treble and bass clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'O wondrous, ho - ly love di - vine, That did a - tone for me.'.

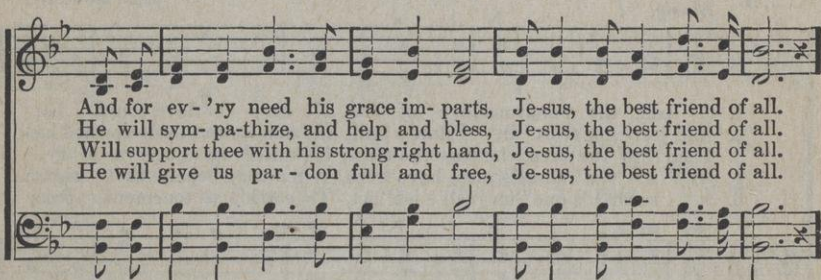
Jesus, the Best Friend of All.

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

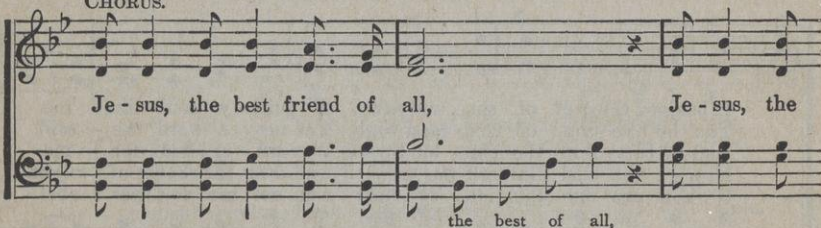


1. There is one who un - derstands our hearts, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
 2. He will soothe and com-fort in dis-tress, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
 3. In temp-ta-tion he will help thee stand, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
 4. There is one who died for you and me, Je-sus, the best friend of all;

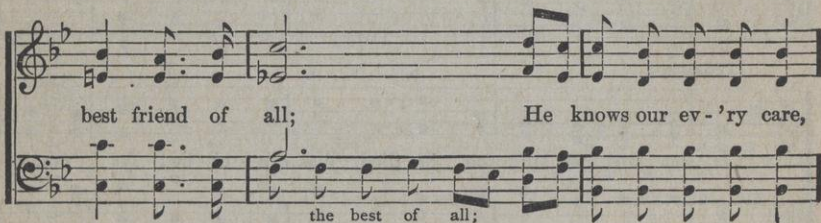


And for ev-'ry need his grace im-parts, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
 He will sym-pa-thize, and help and bless, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
 Will support thee with his strong right hand, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
 He will give us par-don full and free, Je-sus, the best friend of all.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, the best friend of all, Je - sus, the
 the best of all,



best friend of all; He knows our ev-'ry care,
 the best of all;



And will ev-'ry bur-den bear, Je - sus, the best friend of all.

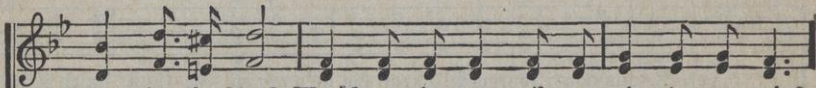
There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

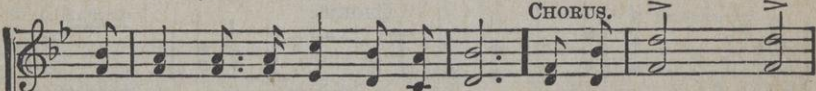
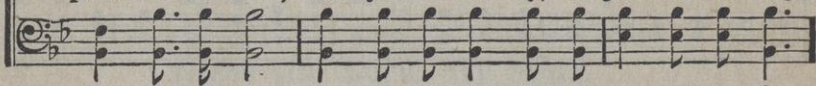
L. E. JONES.



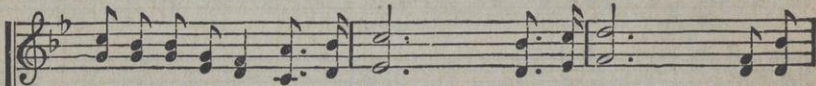
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser - vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,



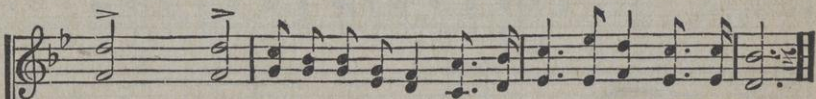
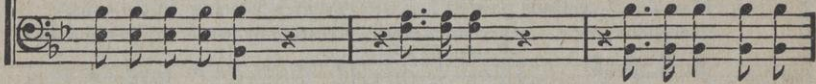
power in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 power in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
 power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 power in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?



There's won - der - ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
 There is power,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is power,



Kept By His Power.

E. E. HEWITT.

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. Out in the con-flict, press'd by tempt-a-tion, Fighting with e-vil,
 2. Close to my Sav-iour, sweet-ly a-bid-ing, Whether he sends me
 3. Gra-cious pro-tect-ion! won-der-ful bless-ing! Christ is my Ref-uge,
 4. Look-ing to Je-sus, trusting, o-bey-ing, Blooms in my pathway

per-il-ous hour; Je-sus will keep me, he's my sal-va-tion, "Faith is the
 sunshine or show'r, In his own promise, humbly con-fid-ing, Here is my
 Covert and Tow'r! Weakness and failure meekly con-fess-ing, Sav'd by his
 joy's brightest flow'r; Ransom'd from bondage, rescued from straying, His all the

CHORUS.

vic-t'ry," kept by his pow'r, } Kept..... by his pow'r,.....
 safe-ty, kept by his pow'r!
 mer-cy, kept by his pow'r! } Kept by his pow'r, kept by his pow'r,
 glo-ry, kept by his pow'r!

Mar - - vellous pow'r,..... Trust - - ing in Je - sus,
 Marvellous pow'r, marvellous pow'r, Trusting in Je-sus, in Je-sus a-lone,

Je - - sus a - lone;..... Kept..... by his
 Trusting in Je-sus a - lone, I am trusting him, Kept by his pow'r,

Kept By His Power.—Concluded.

pow'r,..... Mar - - vel - lous pow'r;.....
 Kept by his pow'r, Mar-vel-lous pow'r, mar-vel-lous pow'r;

O..... how he lov - eth and keep - eth his own.
 O how he lov-eth and keepeth his own,

29

Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him
 3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
 4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him

CHORUS.

for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,
 for the sense of peace, A-mid the surging tide. }
 for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at his feet. }
 for the crown of life In thy e-ter-nal home. Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.
 Bless the Lord,

The Lord Brings Back His Own.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Solo, or Unison.

1. The Shepherd sought his wand'ring sheep, Out in the drear-y way, O'er
 2. The Fa-ther sought his wand'ring child, Out in the sin-ful way, From
 3. I was the sheep that went a-stray, I was the wand'ring child, I

moor and crag and torrents wild, Searching from day to day; From wounded feet we
 love and home and friendship sweet, His child has gone astray; Out in the bus-y
 wan-dered on un-think-ingly, Out in the des-ert wild; He found me wounded,

may behold His blood mark on the ground, He press-es on thro' heat and cold, Un-
 haunts of men, Where depths of sin abound, Un-ceas-ing-ly he seeks each day, Un-
 sick, and sad, The march was hard and long, He sav'd me, fed me, and to-day My

CHORUS.

til the lost is found.
 til the lost is found. } The Lord brings back his own a-gain, O sing with
 heart is fill'd with song. }

heart and voice, The courts of heav'n with praises ring, The host a-bove re-joice.

The Cross Means Love.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. "By this sign we con-quer!" Blessed cross of Christ! Where-up-on they
 2. He for our transgressions Came from heav'n a-bove, Meek - ly died to
 3. Scorn'd and bruis'd, forsaken, Much our Saviour bore, All for our re-
 4. Great is this sal - va - tion! Haste, the sto - ry tell! By this sign to
 5. "By this sign we con-quer," Wheresoe'er we go; Bear it on your

CHORUS. *Unison.*

nailed him, When he was sac - ri - ficed.
 save us, So won - der - ful his love.
 demp-tion; O what could he do more? } The cross means
 con - quer, The cross we love so well.
 ban - ner, Till all the na - tions know:

love, The cross means love; "By this sign we con - quer," The

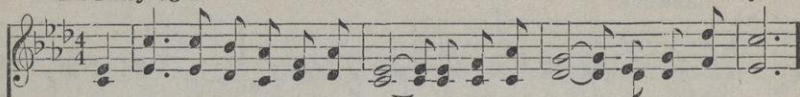
cross that means love; The cross means love, The cross means

love;... "By this sign we con - quer," The cross that means love.

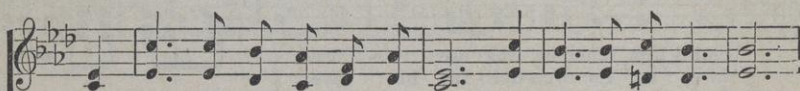
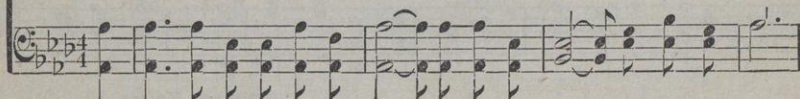
Ina Duley Ogdon

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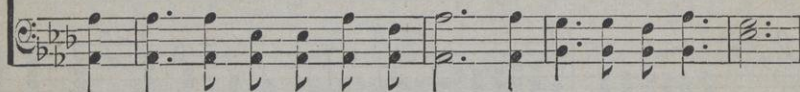
B. D. Ackley.



1. When you my Je-sus un-der-stand, When you ac - cept His lov - ing hand,
2. His joy will gladden ev - 'ry day, His blessing shine a - long the way,
3. You'll see His mercy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low all the years,
4. You'll know His way is always best, And gladly leave to Him the rest,



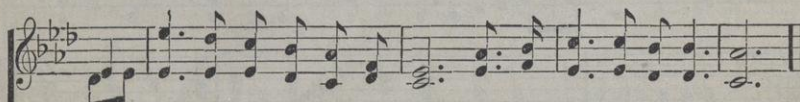
A hap - py morn will dawn for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
 And you will share His prom - ise true, When you know Je-sus, too.
 The val - ley hold no dread for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
 And tell what He has done for you, When you know Je-sus, too.



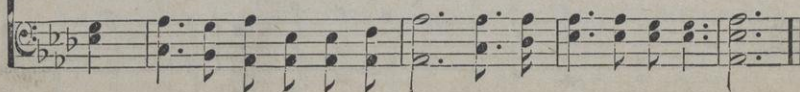
CHORUS.



When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as others do;
 as others do;



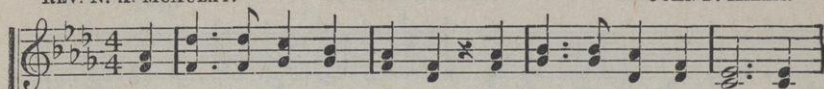
A hap - py morn will dawn for you When you know my Je-sus, too.



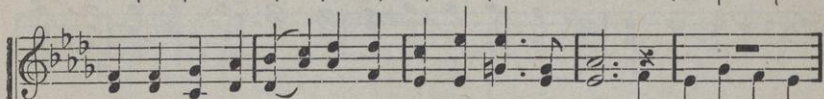
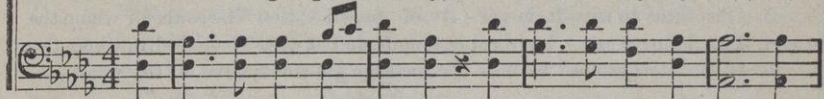
I Love the Gospel Story.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

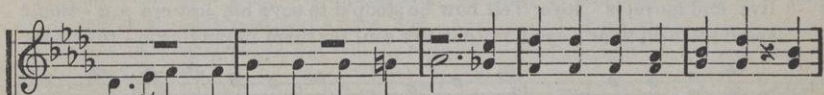
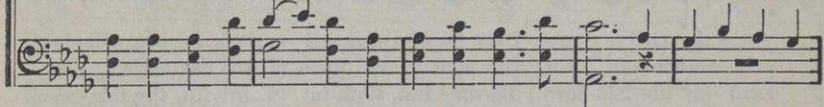
JOHN P. HILLIS.



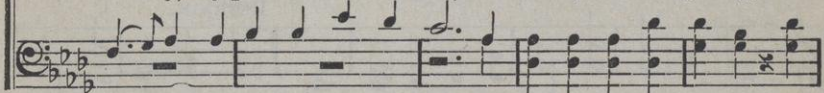
1. I love the gos-pel sto-ry, 'Tis God's re-deem-ing love, It
 2. I love the gos-pel sto-ry, It keeps me ev-'ry hour; For
 3. I love the gos-pel sto-ry, It cheers me day by day; My



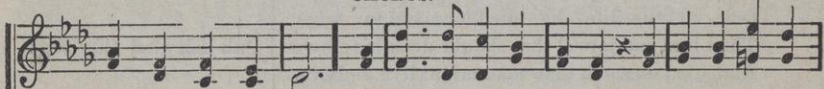
comes with light and glo-ry From him who reigns a-bove. I love the blessed
 Christ, the Prince of glo-ry, Im-parts his sav-ing pow'r. I love the blessed
 hope, my joy, my glo-ry, I own its gen-tle sway. I love the blessed



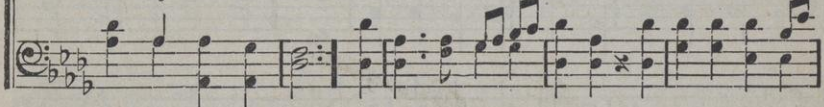
sto-ry, Its theme the Lamb of God, Who left his home in glo-ry, For
 sto-ry, 'Tis man-na to my soul; The balm of life and glo-ry, It
 sto-ry, My por-tion ev-er-more; 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, When



CHORUS.



me to shed his blood. } I love the gos-pel sto-ry, It nev-er can grow
 makes my spir-it whole. }
 earth-ly cares are o'er. }



old; It helps me on to glo-ry, The more I hear it told.



MARY A. THOMSON.

(TIDINGS. P. M.)

JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
 3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
 4. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry people, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
 5. Give of thy sons' to bear the message glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That he who made all nations is not will - ing
 pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,
 Lord his life laid down; Be - ware lest, sloth - ful to ful - fill thy mis - sion,
 live and move, is love: Tell how he stoop'd to save his lost cre - a - tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
 Or of the life he died for them to win.
 Thou lose one jew - el that should deck his crown.
 And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
 And all thou spendest Je - sus will re - pay. } Pub - lish glad tid - ings;

Tid - ings of peace; Tid - ings of Je - sus, Redem - tion and re - lease.

Looking This Way.

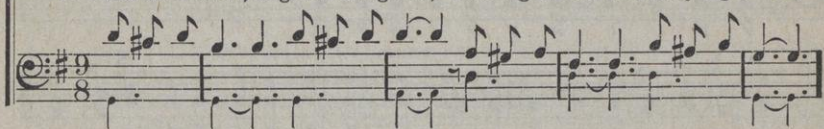
J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

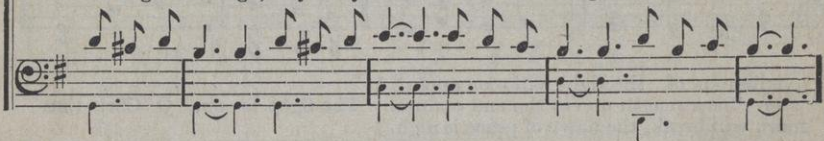
DUET.



1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Broth - er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, com - ing some - time;
4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning "come!"
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones stray - ing a - far;



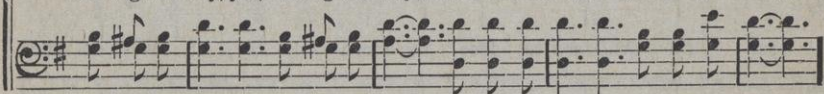
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching, pa - tient - ly there.
 Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus 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 morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.



The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
 spans the eastern sky; His glo-ri-ous name in ev-ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear. }
 in his strength un-to the end endure. } The fight is on, O Chris-tian
 morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh. }

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.....With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;

The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Bestrong and in his might hold
 fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
 vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

37

When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

8:

FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
 I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a-bove.
 A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in saving power.
 When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ werestay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS.

D.S.

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

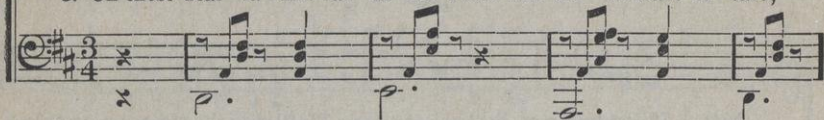
The Blessed Lights of Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
DUET.

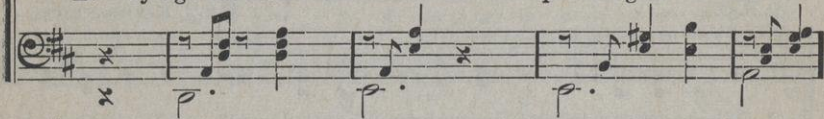
CHAS. H. MARSH.



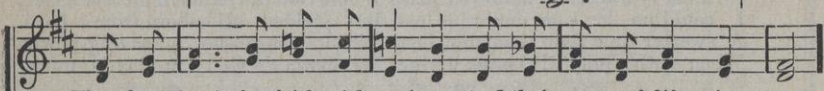
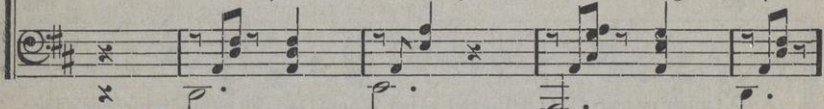
1. O the friends that now are wait-ing, In the cloudless realms of day,
2. They have laid a-side their ar - mor For a robe of spotless white;
3. On those dear fa - mil-iar fa - ces There will be no trace of care;



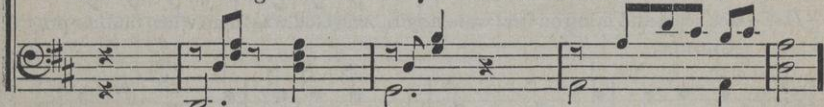
Who are call - ing me to fol - low Where their steps have led the way;
And with Je - sus they are walk-ing Where the riv - er sparkles bright.
Ev - 'ry sigh was hush'd for - ev - er At the pal - ace gate so fair.



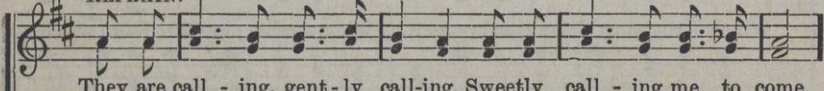
They have laid a-side their ar - mor, And their earth - ly course is run;
We have la-bored here to-geth - er, We have la - bored side by side,
I shall see them, I shall know them, I shall hear their song of love,



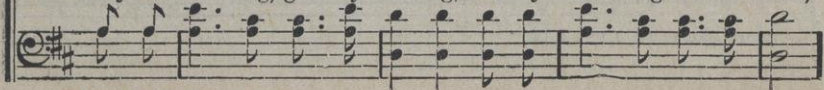
They have kept the faith with patience And their crown of life is won.
Just a lit - tle while be-fore me They have cross'd the roll-ing tide.
And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah In our Father's house a - bove.



REFRAIN.



They are call - ing, gent - ly call-ing, Sweetly call - ing me to come,



The Blessed Lights of Home.—Concluded.

rit.

And I'm look - ing thro' the shadows For the bless-ed lights of home.

39

I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, he's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing
2. I have a Fa-ther, to me he has giv-en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe, 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in
4. When Je-sus saves you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

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

f CHORUS.

o'er me, And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
heav - en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too! } For you I am
glo-ry, And pray'r will be answer'd—'twas answer'd for you!

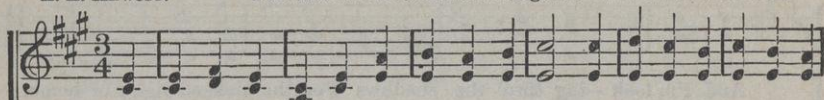
p *f* *pp rit.*

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

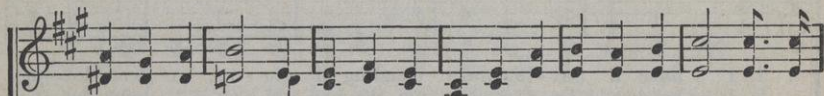
Has He Saved You?

E. E. HEWITT.

Dedicated to Rev. Arthur S. Magann. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. This Je-sus who came from his home in the sky, To suf-fer for sinners, as-
2. He calls to the bur-den'd, the sad and oppress'd, And bids all the weary to
3. Unnumber'd the souls who have heeded his voice, On earth, or in heaven, in
4. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in com-ing to him, The cup of his blessing o'er-



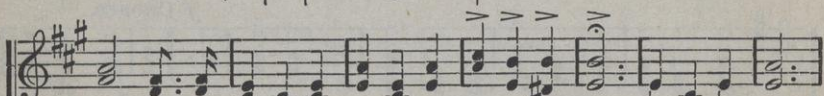
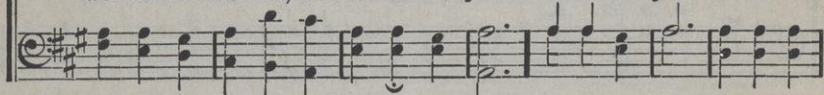
end-ed on high; A-bundant sal - va-tion he of-fers a-new; He's a
 come and find rest; He'll keep them and comfort them, life's journey thro'; He's a
 him they re-joice; The Giv-er of grace will be-stow glo-ry too; He's a
 runneth the brim; His Spir-it is wait-ing your soul to re-new, He's a



CHORUS.



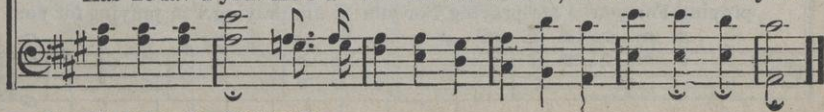
won-der-ful Saviour, but has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd



you? He's a won-der-ful Saviour, But has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd you?



Has he sav'd you? He's a won-der-ful Saviour, But has he sav'd you?



Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber,
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of morning, Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

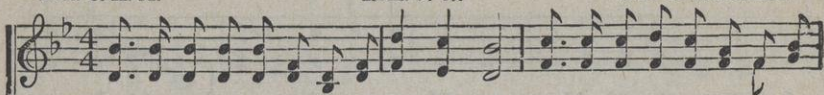
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
com - fort - er to me. }
Jesus makes thee whole."

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

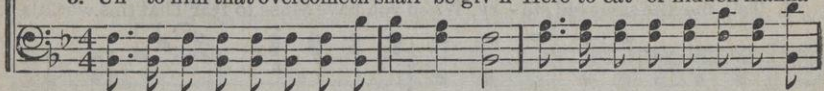
MRS. C. H. M.

Rom. 8: 37.

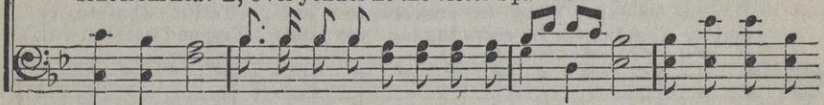
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Conquerors and o-ver-com-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
 2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-ver-coming sin and all un-
 3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna



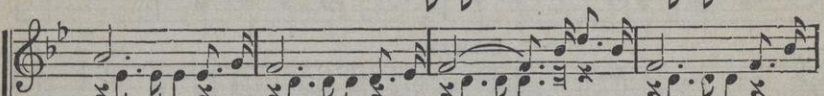
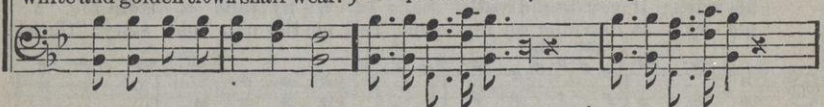
vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his
 righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal - va - tion
 sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of



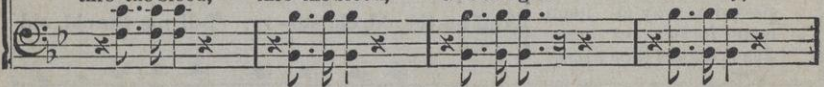
CHORUS.



mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. } Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the
 and for blood-bought vic-to-ry. }
 white and golden crown shall wear. } Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,



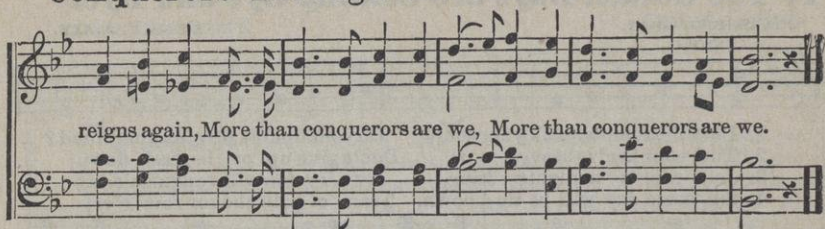
blood; thro' the blood; God will give. . . . us vic-to-ry, thro' the
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic-to-ry,



blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood,



Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.



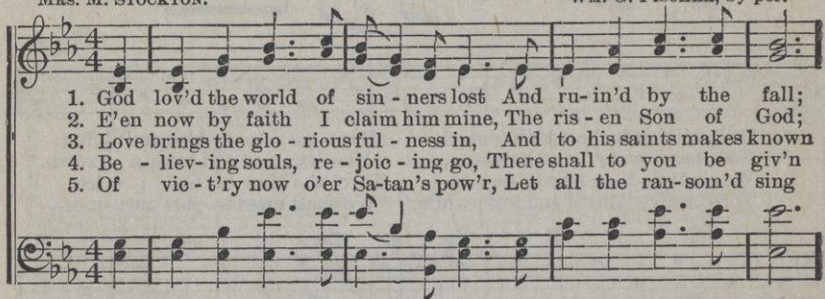
reigns again, More than conquerors are we, More than conquerors are we.

43

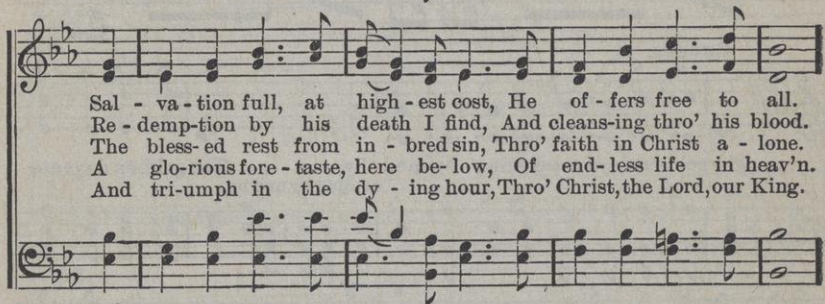
Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - in'd by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to his saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go, There shall to you be giv'n
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r, Let all the ran - som'd sing

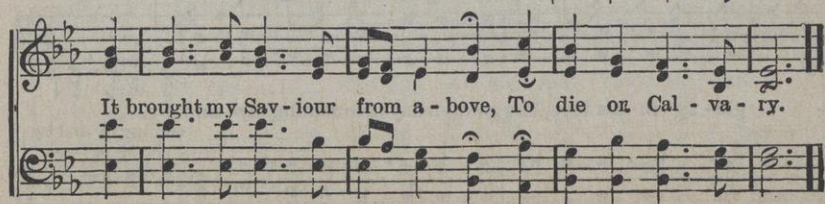


Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by his death I find, And cleans - ing thro' his blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.



O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un-wor- thy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
 2. Wea- ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev-er-more;

And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
 He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
 In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

In glo - - - ry I shall see his face, His
 In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless-ed face, I shall

blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - ry I shall
 see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see his

see his face..... For I'm a sin-ner sav'd by grace!
 face, his bles-sed face,

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I came to the Sav-iour all cov-er'd with sin, No joy of sal-
 2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
 3. Come, come to the Sav-iour, this Friend tried and true; He'll par-don and

va - tion, no com - fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
 moun - tain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
 cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll

CHORUS.

prais-es be - gin? He took all my burden a - way. }
 dear name ex - tol; He took all my burden a - way. } Won't you let the dear
 save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden a - way. }

loving
 Sav-iour be your Sav-iour too? Won't you let the dear Sav-iour be

loving
 your Sav-iour too? He is the Friend of sinners, Faithful and tried and

Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.

true; Won't you let, the dear Sav - iour be your Saviour too?
 loving.

47 At My Redeemer's Feet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

(Solo or Quartet with Chorus.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I ask not for the high-est place, But find a spot more sweet,
2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re - treat,
3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin - est of the wheat,
4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,

Where God be-stows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 No storm can ev - er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I live in heav-en's bor - der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.

CHORUS.

Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com - plete;

My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

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

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

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quist'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst un - num - ber'd foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

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

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

49 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (Omit.....) sin-ner come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Now is the time to know him, Come, (Omit.....) sin-ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

50 God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

LOTTA B. WHITE.

Isaiah xxv: 8.

A. B. MORTON.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
 2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
 3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
 4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by.

When earth's night has pass'd a - way, By and by, by and by;
 In that res - ur - rec - tion day,
 All earth's sor - rows will re - pay,
 We shall sing his praise for aye, By and by, by and by

In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
 In that land so bright and fair, With our lov'd ones we shall share
 No more partings, no more tears, No more sigh - ing, no more fears,
 We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur - den bear,

We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
 All the glo - ries o - ver there,
 Spend with Christ the happy years,
 Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.
MAUD FRAZER.

(A Hymn for Workers.)

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Shall I emp-ty-hand-ed be When be-side the crys-tal sea
2. What re-gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di-vine,
3. When the har-vest days are past, Shall I hear him say at last,
4. When the books are o-pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,

I shall stand be-fore the ev-er-last-ing throne?
If I've wast-ed all the tal-ents he doth lend,
"Welcome, toil-er, I've pre-pared for thee a place?"
Shall I have a rec-ord whit-er than the snow;

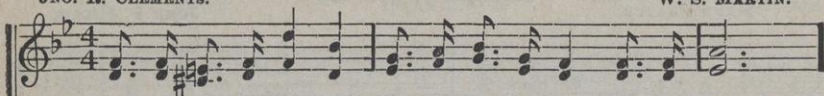
Must I have a heart of shame, As I an-swer to my name,
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you pass'd my way;
Shall I bring him gold-en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad-ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, Shall I hear him say, "Well done,"

With no works that my Re-deem-er there can own?.....
For 'twas you that told me of the sin-ner's Friend"...
When I see the bless-ed Sav-iour face to face?.....
Take the crown that love im-mor-tal doth be-stow."....

Throw the Gospel Line.

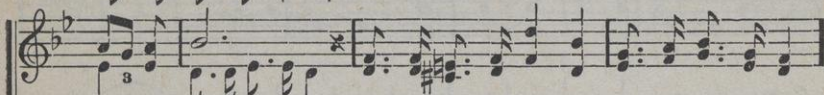
JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

W. S. MARTIN.



1. Pre-cious souls are sink-ing in the sea of sin, Throw the line!
2. By the foaming breakers, tho' your boat is toss'd, Throw the line!
3. Tho' the night be dark and tho' the tempest wild, Throw the line!

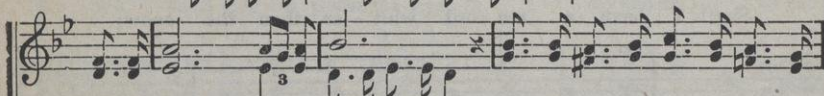
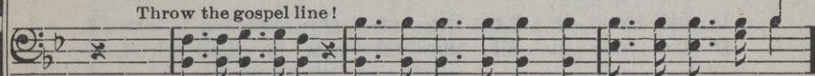
Throw the line!



Throw the line!
 Throw the line!
 Throw the line!

Heart and hand u-nit-ed, love will draw them in,
 Should you i-dly lin-ger, some-one may be lost,
 He who struggles yon-der, is your Father's child,

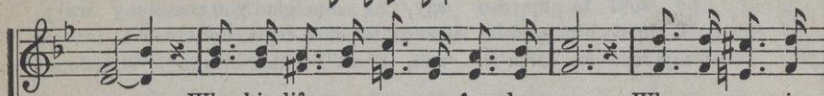
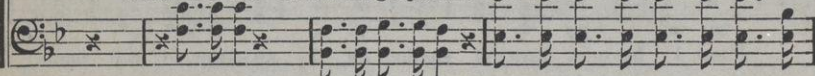
Throw the gospel line!



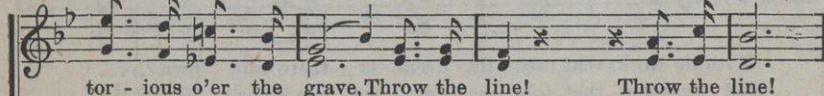
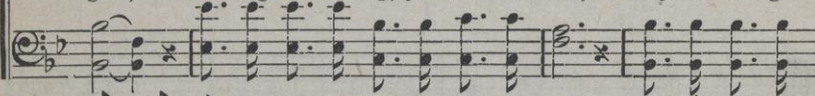
Throw the line! Throw the line!
 Throw the line! Throw the line!
 Throw the line! Throw the line!

In the name of Christ, who died to
 In the strength that meets each hour of
 Greedy death rides on the midnight

Throw the line! Throw the gospel line!



save, Who his life a ran-som free-ly gave, Who a-rose vic-
 need, With a love that knows no sel-fish greed, You may do a
 gale; Trust-ing God to help, you can-not fail; Tho' your hands grow



tor-ious o'er the grave, Throw the line! Throw the line!
 soul a kind-ly deed, Throw the line! Throw the line!
 cold, your cheeks turn pale, Throw the line! Throw the line!

Throw the line!



Throw the Gospel Line.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Throw the precious gospel line! Throw the saving gos-pel line!
 Throw the line! Throw the line!

Throw the precious gospel line! Throw the precious gospel line!

On the mighty arm of God re-ly, Throw the line! throw the line!
 throw the line!

53

How Could It Be?

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

Slowly.

1. Poor and des-pised he came seek - ing for me, Bear - ing my
 2. Down in Geth-sem - a - ne, there I be - hold Je - sus in
 3. See him as - cend the mount, bleeding for me, Where thro' the
 4. Then in the tomb he lay, sleep - ing for me, Till came the

woe and shame my soul to free; For me he suf - fer'd here,
 ag - o - ny, sor - row un - told; Then at the trait - ors call,
 crim - son fount, cleans - ing I see; For me he left his throne,
 prom - ised day of vic - to - ry; He from the grave a - rose,

Shed oft the bit - ter tear, In love so pure and dear, How could it be?
 He went to Pilate's hall, Bearing the sins of all, How could it be?
 For me he did a - tone, Dy - ing in shame a - lone, How could it be?
 He conquer'd all his foes, Then he in glo - ry rose, How could it be?

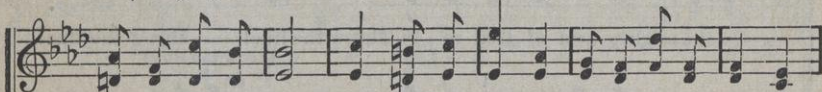
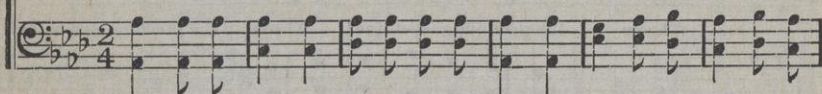
On for the Kingdom.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

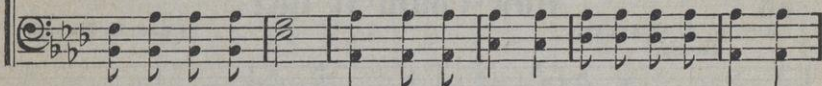
CHAS. H. MARSH.



1. On for the kingdom comrades brave and loyal, Fearlessly marching where
2. On-ward with gladness tho' the world opposes, Holding his promise be-
3. On for the kingdom, numbers are in-creas-ing, Countless the blessings he



waves his ban-ner bright, Walking with Je - sus, always pressing for-ward,
fore us as a shield, Trac-ing his footsteps tho' the way be drea-ry,
giv - eth to his own, Come hearts courageous, round his standard ral-ly,



CHORUS.

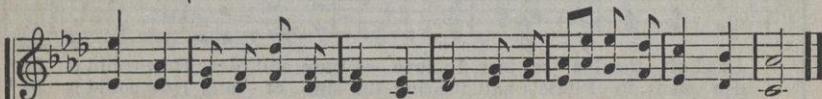
Joy - ful-ly fac-ing the heav'n-ly light. }
True to your colors ne'er leave the field. } On, loy-al comrades, bat-tle
Pledging your best to the Lord a - lone. }



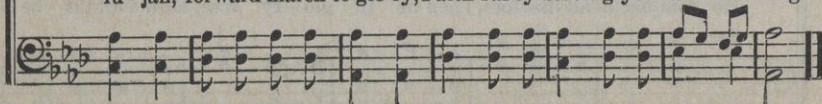
rit...... *a tempo.*



for the Lord, Joy-ful-ly march and songs of triumph sing, Shout hal-le -

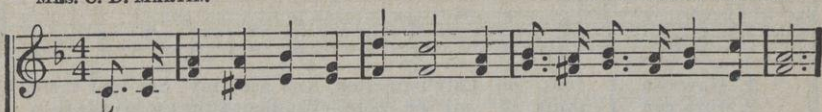


lu - jah, forward march to glo-ry, Faith-ful-ly serving your Saviour King.

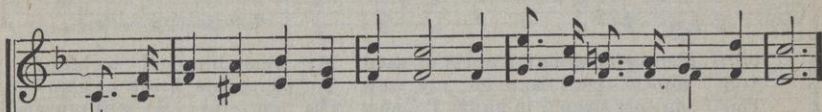
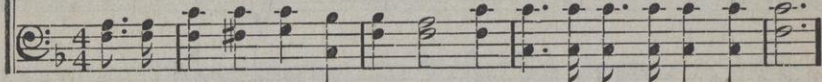


MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

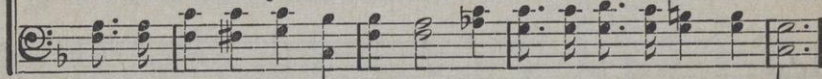
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



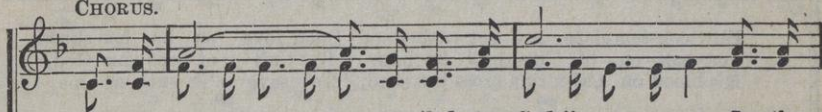
1. To the Lord who lov'd and sav'd us, Our hearts, our all we humbly bring;
2. By the cross which he ac-cept-ed, And by his ho-ly suf-fer-ing,
3. By his glo-rious res-ur-rec-tion, And by the boundless love we sing;
4. There's a home for all his peo-ple, A song "his own" at last shall sing;



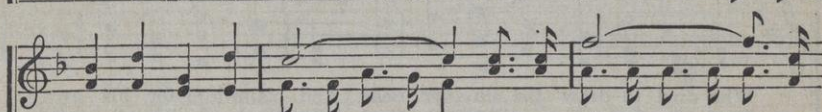
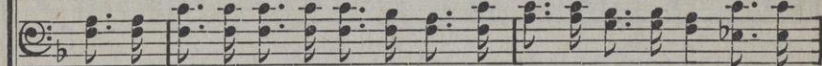
We will spend each day he gives us In business for our gra-cious King.
 We be-seech you now to en-ter The serv-ice of our gra-cious King.
 We will tell the world the pleas-ure Of serv-ice for our gra-cious King.
 And we wel-come you this mo-ment To serv-ice for our gra-cious King.



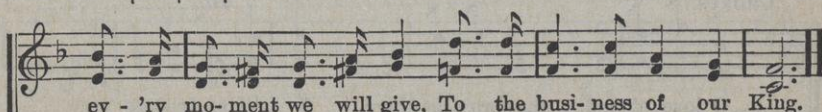
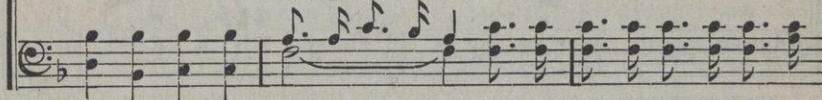
CHORUS.



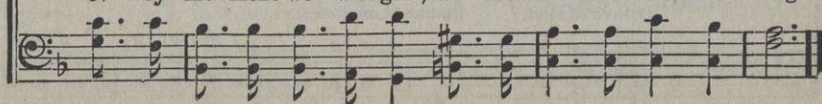
"Be ye rec - - - on-ciled to God," Is the
 "Be ye rec-on-ciled to God, O be ye rec-on-ciled to God,"



mes-sage now we bring,..... All our life..... and
 The mes-sage now we bring, All our life and ev-'ry mo-ment,



ev-'ry mo-ment we will give, To the busi-ness of our King.



56 How Can I Look On Calvary's Cross?

T. A. OWEN.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. How can I look on Calv'ry's cross And see my Sav-iour there,
 2. How can I think of all he bore—The shame, the thorns, the pain,
 3. No, no! I can-not trait-or be, To Je-sus, King of Love,

With outstretch'd arms the world to save, My sins him-self to bear?
 And un-re-pent-ant go my way To pierce his heart a-gain?
 Tho' sin-ner steep'd in guilt I am, His mer-cy I will prove;

How con-tem-plate and yet with-stand Such love as he has shown,
 For-sak-en in his dark-est hour By all ex-cept his God,
 His blood on Cal-v'ry's cross was shed, To save e'en such as me;

Who died to draw the sin-ner near And claim him for his own?
 Shall I de-ny my bless-ed Lord Who died to lift the rod?
 O Je-sus, now ac-cept my all, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS. *rit.*.....

O love of God, that bro't me there, O love so deep, so true, ...
 O love of God, that bro't me there, so true.

How Can I Look, Etc.—Concluded.

Come fill my long - ing heart with light And rapture thro' and thro'.
Come fill my heart with heav'nly light and thro'.

57 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
- O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
- Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
- I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peac'
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the en^d.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

"Like As a Father."

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

DUET.

1. "Like as a fa - ther," this is our song, "Like as a
 2. "Like as a fa - ther," strong is his arm, He will pro-
 3. "Like as a fa - ther," guid - ing in love, On thro' the

fa - ther" so ten - der and strong; Full of com-pas - sion,
 tect all his chil - dren from harm; Shield them from dan - ger,
 world-maze to glo - ry a - bove; Nev - er a mo - ment

God on his throne, "Like as a fa - ther," pit - ies his own.
 keep them each hour, Match - less in good - ness, boundless in pow'r.
 are we a - lone, He, like a fa - ther, cares for his own.

CHORUS.

Nev - er a mo - ment but he is near, Nev - er a heart cry

but he will hear; Match-less in good - ness, God on his

“Like As a Father.”—Concluded.

throne, “Like as a fa - ther,” cares for his own.

59

Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Jos. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ings of rest.
For the glo-ri-ous gift of his love, And the bless-ings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore;
In the sweet by and by, by and by;

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

The Christ Is Come!

A. S. R.

ALBERT S. REITZ.

1. When heav-en swung o - pen its por - tals wide, A Sav - iour came
 2. When sor - row and sin, and death's night were near, A Sav - iour was
 3. When God in his in - fi - nite love did save A world lost in

forth to be cru - ci - fied; For sin - ners he lived and for
 found who could dry ev - 'ry tear, He par - don'd all sin and re -
 sin, it was Je - sus who gave Him - self as Re - deem - er, and

sin - ners died: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - iour, might - y to save.
 moved all fear: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - iour, might - y to save.
 mock'd the grave: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav - iour, might - y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Rejoice! rejoice! let glad hearts sing! Let hal - le - lu - jah anthems ring! The

Christ is come! The Christ is come! Re - joice! rejoice! And crown him King!

Love So Unbounded.

M. J. H.

MELVIN J. HILL.

1. I'm enthralled in the presence of Je - sus, And his wonderful love for me;
 2. He a-bandoned his will in the gar-den, And he suffered the Father's own,
 3. When the weight of my sins fell up-on him, And he pray'd for the Father's pow'r,
 4. When the angel shall o - pen the por-tals, And I stand on the golden street,

My heart welleteth up with his prais-es, And henceforth my song shall be.
 That he my redemption might proffer, That he for my sins might atone.
 There appeared in the heavens an an - gel Who strengthen'd his heart that hour.
 My joy ne'er shall end in the presence Of him whom I long to meet.

CHORUS.

Love so unbound-ed, Won my heart to him, Blood all a -

vail - ing, pur - i - fies from sin; Grace so suf - fi - cient

Keep me pure and clean, In his grace I'll meet my King. *Sva.*

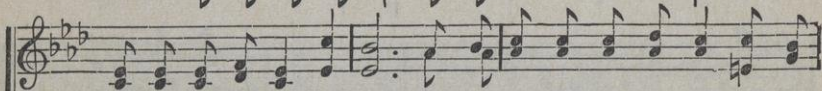
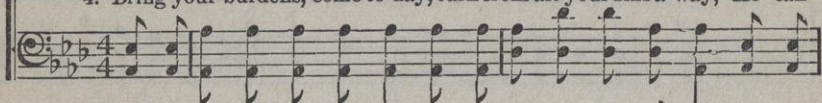
62 The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

Mrs. C. H. M.

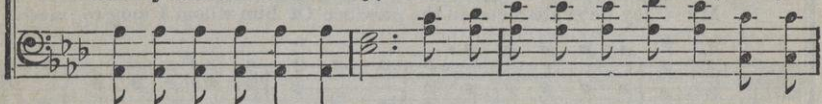
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



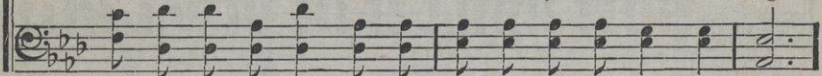
1. In the mist-y days of yore Je-sus' pre-cious blood had pow'r E'en the
2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, but the blood for sinners spilt Wash'd a-
3. God in mer-cy asks you why, brother sin-ner, will you die When such
4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a-way, He can



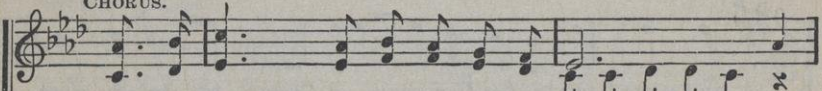
thief up-on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir-it flies to its way my sins and set me free; Now and ev-er more the same, praise, O full re-demp-tion he pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e-ful-ly save and sanc-ti-fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your



home in Par-a-dise, Thro' the pow'r of Cal-v'ry's crim-son wave. praise his ho-ly name! Will the cleansing stream a-vail-ing be-ter-nal he will give, For the pow'r of Calv'ry still a-bides. name re- cord-ed be With the blood-washed, and redeem'd on high.



CHORUS.



And the blood has nev-er lost its power, No,
And the pre-cious blood has nev-er, nev-er lost its pow'r,



nev-er,..... no, nev-er,..... Je-sus' blood a-
Nev-er lost its pow'r, nev-er lost its pow'r Je-sus' blood a-



The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.—Concluded.

vails for sin for ev - er,..... And will nev-er lose its power.
sin for-ev-er.

63 There is Cleansing in His Precious Blood.

I. N.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1. O hasten now to Cal'v'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
2. "Come now to-geth-er let us reason," There's cleansing in the precious blood;
3. Your heart is full of sin and sadness, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood;

And plunge in-to the flowing fountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
"Although your sins be red like crimson," There's cleansing in the precious blood.
In Je-sus there is joy and gladness, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
O Let us keep the anthem ringing, There's cleansing in the precious blood.

CHORUS.

There's cleansing in the precious blood, Plunge now beneath the crimson flood;

Con-fess-ing all your sins to Je-sus, There's cleansing in the precious blood.

64 Precious Comfort in His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. When the homeward path is dreary And a burden bends me low, When a
 2. When mis-fortune o-vertakes me And no earthly aid I see, When the
 3. O 'tis sweet to cling to Je-sus, Sweet to have so true a Friend, Sweet to

tempest hides the beck'ning lights above, To the loving arms of Je-sus
 friends of earth grow cold or faithless prove, To the Friend who never fails me
 know that I shall live with him a-bove! Cares may bend me, foes assail me,

With as-surance sweet I go, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
 I with faith un-dy-ing flee, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
 I will trust him till the end, For there's always precious comfort in his love.

CHORUS.

There is al-ways precious comfort in his love; Ev-'ry troub-le,
 always, always trouble, ev'ry

grief, and care, it doth remove; He's the lov-er of my soul, And shall

Precious Comfort in His Love.—Concluded.

all my life control, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
in his love.

65 He Never Can Be Late.

GEO. WALKER WHITCOMB.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Why should my ceaseless toil - ing Bring neither crown nor goal,
2. Why should these hours of praying Receive no prompt re - ply
3. Why feel the rod af - flict - ing? Why days and nights of pain,
4. Soon will the finished sto - ry Re - veal his pur - pose high,

While time my work is spoil - ing, And hope e - vades my soul?
When 'tis for loved ones stray - ing, In deep dis - tress I cry?
While strange hands seem depict - ing A fu - ture void of gain?
While, 'neath a weight of glo - ry, I'll read it bye and bye.

REFRAIN.

Lol this I know, His mer - cy is so great—

rit.
My Lord may keep me waiting, But he nev - er can be late.

The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the tid-ings round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-b-ove the vault-ed sky, And

ev-er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-b-ove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
 hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
 sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!

round, Wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

My Lord and I.

MRS. L. SHOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have a friend so pre-cious, So ver-y dear to me, He loves me
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea-ry, He knows that I am weak, And as he
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well; But with what
4. I tell him all my sor-rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win, And so he

with such ten-der love He loves me faith-ful-ly. I could not live a-
bids me lean on him His help I glad-ly seek. He leads me in the
love he lov-eth me My tongue can nev-er tell. It is an ev-er-
all that pleas-es me, I tell him what an-noys. He tells me what I
bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for him; He bids me tell his

part from him, I love to feel him nigh, And so we dwell to- geth- er,
paths of light Be-neath a sun-ny sky, And so we walk to- geth- er,
last- ing love, In ev- er rich sup- ply, And so we love each oth- er,
ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk to- geth- er,
won-drous love And why he came to die, And so we work to- geth- er,

ad lib - i - tum. Rit - ard-an - do.

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


my Lord and I, my Lord

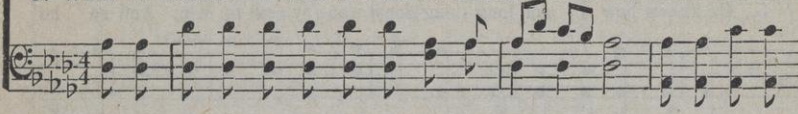
Someone Hears Our Prayer.

R. M. Bronner.

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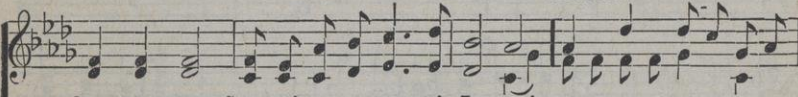
Chas. H. Gabriel.

- 
1. Do you know when we are long-ing for a bet-ter day, Some-one hears our
 2. When the world goes on for-get-ting that our hearts are sore, Some-one hears our
 3. When we wait the fi-nal sum-mons to the realms a -bove, Some-one hears our

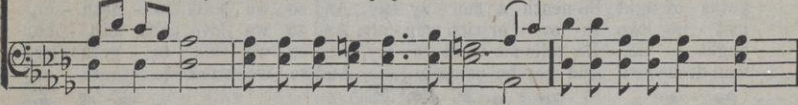


prayer! some-one hears our prayer! Do you feel that when in se - cret si - lent-
prayer! some-one hears our prayer! When the way seems dark and lone-ly to the
prayer! some-one hears our prayer! When at last we hear the sing-ing of the

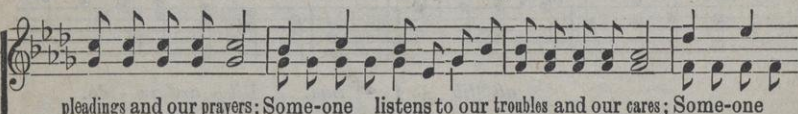
CHORUS.



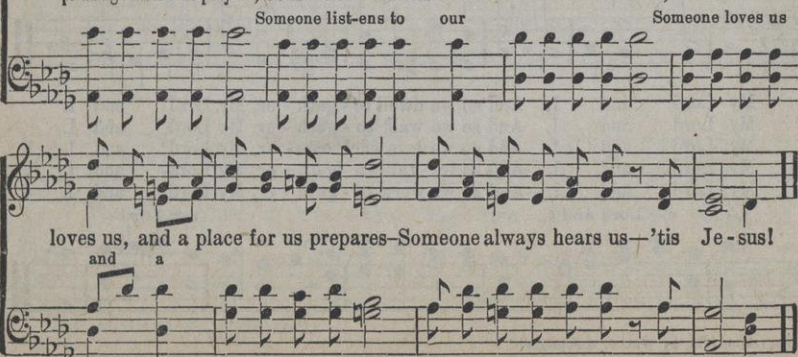
ly we pray, Some-one hears our prayer-'tis Je - sus!
bet - ter shore, Some-one hears our prayer-'tis Je - sus! Some-one al-ways hears our
choirs a -bove, Some-one hears our prayer-'tis Je - sus! Someone always hears our



pleadings and our prayers; Some-one listens to our troubles and our cares; Some-one
Someone list-ens to our Someone loves us



loves us, and a place for us prepares—Someone always hears us—'tis Je - sus!
and a



I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

1. As a tree be-side the wa-ter Has the Sav-iour 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 sunshine 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 lov'd ones wait for me.
 Then his grace, in mer-cy giv-en, Chang-es dark-ness in-to day.
 Just to see the sin-ner ransom'd, And be-hold my sov'reign Lord.

CHORUS.

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

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

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's joy for my heart, there is com-fort di-vine, And light that so
 2. I'll haste to the foun-tain that cleanseth the soul, My bur-den on
 3. O then ev-'ry trou-ble to him I'll con-fide And trust in my
 4. There's grace in his store-house for all that I need; To glo-ry my

bright-ly will shine, Re-memb'ring what-ev - er sweet promise I've heard,
 Je - sus I'll roll, And take the sweet peace that's so free-ly conferred,
 mer - ci - ful Guide; With strength for the bat-tle, my soul he will gird,
 foot-steps he'll lead; E'en thro' the dark val - ley faith sings like a bird,

CHORUS.
 My God will be true to his word. God..... will be
 God will be true,

true,..... God..... will be true;..... When-ev - er the
 true to his word, God will be true, true to his word,

voice of his Spir - it - is heard; My God will be true to his word.

Not a Star in My Crown.

[Dedicated to MR. and MRS. A. D. GEORGE.]

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

JEAN HOWARD.

DUET.

1. Shall I stand all a-lone in the king-dom of God, Not a
 2. Shall I look o'er the fields, with their har-vest so white Where
 3. Shall I stand all a-lone when my Lord com-eth down To

star in my heav-en-ly crown; While the faith-ful ones haste sheaves of
 oth-ers were faith-ful and true; And know that an oth-er will
 bring his glad king-dom be-low; Will but I, of the millions who

CHORUS.

gladness to bring, Be-fore the dear Christ to lay down? }
 reap the re-ward For toil that my hands fail'd to do? } A-lone, all a-lone,
 welcome his call, Have naught for my life-work to show?

when I kneel at his feet, Who died for my sins long a-go, long a-go, O

help me to save just a soul in thy name, And show forth thy love here below.

Share Your Blessings.

JAMES ROWE.

F. CLARK PERRY.

1. As you journey onward thro' the bus-y throng, Drop a cheering sentence,
 2. Just a lit-tle sentence from a lov-ing heart May to some sad spir-it
 3. If your path is sunny, make another's bright; Lighten some one's burden,

sing a hap-py song; Man-y need-y bro-thers dai-ly you will meet,
 hope and cheer im-part; Just a word in pass-ing, or a sun-ny smile,
 if your own is light; Thus your soul will daily grow in strength and love,

REFRAIN.

Whose sad hearts are yearning for a blessing sweet. Share your blessings,
 May make some one happy for a lit-tle while.
 And will lay up treasures in the world a-bove. Share your blessings, as you

as you go a-long, With the need-y in the bus-y throng; Less-en
 go a-long, With the needy in the bus-y throng; Lessen sorrow,

sorrow, pain, and care, and woe; Show your love for Jesus ev-'ry-where you go.
 pain, and care, and woe;

73 The Master Will Come in the Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Toil on tho' dis-couraged and wea - ry, Un-cheered by the sun -
 2. Toil on and be strong in the prom - ise Re - vealed in His ex -
 3. Toil on in the midst of the tri - als That dark - ly en - cir -
 4. Toil on till our work is ac - com - plished, Press on till our jour -

shine we go; If faith-ful to him who has called us, The
 cel - lent word, A prom - ise that nev - er will fail us Of
 cle our way; The Lord will re - mem - ber his child - ren; Then
 ney is o'er; Pray on till re - joic - ing we an - chor Where

CHORUS.

seed that we scat - ter will grow.
 life and e - ter - nal re - ward. } The Mas - ter will come in the
 trust him, be - lieve and o - bey.
 dark - ness will gath - er no more.

morn - ing, And O, at the sound of his voice, The clouds will dis -

perse in a mo - ment, And we in his light shall re - joice.

REV. GEORGE MARSH.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, I want to be ho - ly, Faith-ful and pure and true;
 2. Je - sus, I want to be work - ing, While it is called to-day;
 3. Je - sus, I want to be lov - ing, Honest and upright and kind;
 4. Je - sus, I want to be sing - ing, Sing - ing of thy free grace;

Je - sus, I want to be ev - er Keep-ing the prize in view.
 Je - sus, I want to be read - y Thy ti-dings to por - tray.
 Je - sus, I want to be ev - er Keep-ing the cross in mind.
 In hap - py an - tic - i - pa - tion When I shall see thy face.

Je - sus, I want to be seek - ing Lost ones and tell them of thee,
 Je - sus, I want to be trust - ing, Knowing thy will is the best,
 Je - sus, I want to be will - ing, Ev - er to do or to be
 Je - sus, I want to be watch - ing, Watching for thee to come;

Je - sus, I want to be show - ing How precious thou art to me.
 Je - sus, I want to be wait - ing When thou shalt call me to rest.
 Nothing or an - y - thing, al - ways, On - ly to glo - ri - fy thee.
 Je - sus, I know I am read - y If death should summon me home.

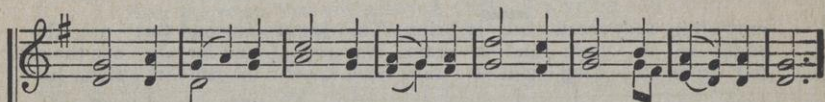
Our Great Saviour.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

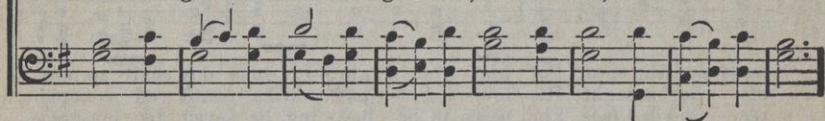
R. H. PRITCHARD.



1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll;
4. Je - sus! what a Guide and Keep - er! While the tem - pest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive him, More than all in him I find,



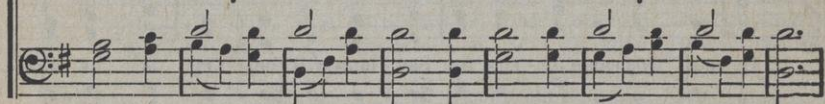
Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Sav - iour, makes me whole.
 Tempt - ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
 Ev - en when my heart is breaking, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am his, and he is mine.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He'll be with me to the end.



Despised and Rejected.

E. E. HEWITT.

To Mr. Chas. E. Rykert, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. De - spised and re - ject - ed, the world's rightful King; The thorns for his
 2. De - spised and re - ject - ed, the Sav - iour of men, His mes - sag - es
 3. De - spised and re - ject - ed! O, sin - ner, be - ware! Lest thou be shut

crown - ing, they scorn - ful - ly bring; The taunt - ing and tort - ure, the
 slight - ed a - gain and a - gain; No room found for Je - sus though
 out from his king - dom so fair; Seek now in con - tri - tion, his

rit.

cross and the spear, For him who in glo - ry, some day shall ap - pear.
 oft he besought; His lov - ing com - pass - ion ac - count - ed as naught.
 rec - on - ciled face, Find peace in be - liev - ing, be saved by his grace.

CHORUS.

O, soul, "this same Je - sus" thy Sav - iour will be, Or, is he de -

spised and re - ject - ed by thee? De - spised and re - ject - ed, His

Despised and Rejected.—Concluded.

serv-ice neg-lect-ed, O is he despised and re-ject-ed by thee?

77 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Isaiah 1: 18.)

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com- pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God:

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

" Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

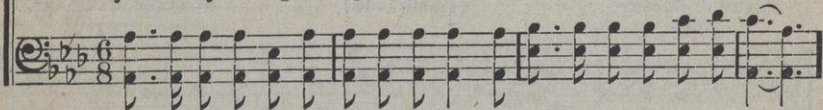
78 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M.

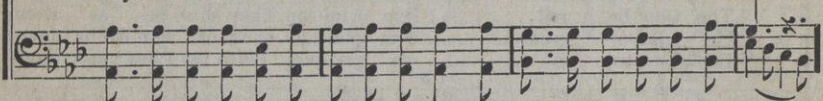
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;



If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be un - to you, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



CHORUS.



Just now, your doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
 5th v. Just now, my doubt - ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;



Just now, throw o - pen the door, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.



His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

Psalm 37: 5.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

(CONSECRATION.)

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have him make you free, and follow 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 burden,
 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 ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. } His power can make you what you
 you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee. }
 always at your best? Let him have his way with thee. }

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.

Go Ye Into All the World.

W. J. K.

Mark 16, 15. Matt. 28, 20.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Unison.

1. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Hear ye not the cry Ring-in,
 2. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Be ye brave and strong, Press the
 3. O Leaders in the Church of Je - sus, Make ye straight the way, Send us

from the sky, The Master's great command? Doors are opening wide, En - ter
 work a - long, Where'er he points the way; Mac - e - don - ia calls, And the
 forth to - day, To work for God and right, We will for - ward go, With our

CHORUS. Harmony.

and a - bide, No longer wait - ing stand. "Go ye in - to all the world,
 ech - o falls, "Come o - ver and help we pray." *Cho. for 3d verse.*
 hearts a - glow, And la - bor in his might. We'll go in - to all the world,

Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry
 We'll go in - to all the world, Or send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry

And preach the gos - pel,
 Or send the gos - pel,

creature, And preach the gospel to ev'ry creature;" "And lo, I am with you!
 creature, Or send the gos - pel to ev'ry creat - ure; And he will be with us!

preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,
 send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,

Go Ye Into All the World.—Concluded.

ad lib......

Lo, I am with you, Lo, I am with you, E-ven to the end of the world."
 He will be with us, He will be with us, E-ven to the end of the world.

81 Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the love that bro't me Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre-par-ing Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I

CHORUS.

love that gave me Pardon and peace within.
 love that keeps me Close to his bleeding side.
 pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
 know its ful-ness, Wonderful, boundless love.

} Great is the love that saves me,

Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je-sus, Who can resist its pow'r.

82 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M.

ACTS, 19: 2.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Ye are the temples, Je - sus hath spo - ken, Temples of God's Ho - ly
 2. He who has pardon'd surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
 3. Showers of mer - cy, ful - ness of bless - ing, Ev - er the Spir - it's in
 4. Wea - ry of wand'ring, come in - to Ca - naan, Feast on the ful - ness and

Spir - it di - vine; Have ye receiv'd him, bidden him en - ter, Make his a
 na - ture re - fine; Cleans'd from all sin, his Spirit will en - ter, Fill you and
 dwelling at - tend; 'Tis the enduement, pow - er of service, Fruits for your
 fat of the land; Feed on the man - na, dwell in the sunshine, Led by his

CHORUS.

bode in that poor heart of thine? Have.... ye re - ceiv'd,....
 thrill you with pow - er di - vine.
 la - bor he sure - ly will send. }
 Spir - it and kept by his hand. Have ye receiv'd, have ye receiv'd,

since ye be - liev'd The bless - ed Ho - ly Ghost?.....
 since ye believ'd, since ye believ'd, The blessed, blessed Ho - ly, blessed Ho - ly Ghost?

He who has promis'd, gift of the Father, Have ye receiv'd the Holy Ghost?
 receiv'd

Someone is Waiting.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Some-one is wait-ing for words you may say, Speak them be -
 2. Some-one in dark-ness is watch-ing your light, O let it
 3. Some-one is long-ing for help you can lend, Hast-en, to -

fore too late:.... Someone is looking to find the true way;
 ne'er grow dim!.... Shine for the Mas-ter with ra-di-ance bright,
 day, be true!.... Tell of the Sav-iour, he is a true friend,

Lead-ing to heav-en's gate..... }
 Souls will be led to him..... } Someone is wait-ing, yes,
 Tell what he did for you..... }

wait-ing to-day, Hast-en, O Christian! no lon-ger de-lay,

Someone is waiting for words you can say: Speak them before too late.
 too late.

Somebody Cares.

IRENE DUFFEE.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth - ly way, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,
 2. When I am singing a hap - py song,Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,
 3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares,Somebod-y cares,

I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebody cares, 'tis Je - sus,
 When I am fighting against the wrong,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
 When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd,Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,

Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -
 Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
 Somebod - y cares,and what-e'er be - tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the

whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below,Somebody cares,'tis Jesus.
 earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown,Somebody cares,'tis Jesus.
 Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares,'tis Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod - y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
 Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares,yes,he cares for me,

Somebody Cares.—Concluded.

In all my life his kind hand I see, Somebod - y cares, 'tis Je - sus.

85

Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
 2. If you can sing the dear Saviour's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
 3. If you can turn oth - er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!

Go tell it, go tell it!

That he is reigning in heav-en a - bove, Go tell of his love to - day.
 Un - to him gladly your voi-ces now raise, Go sing of his love to - day.
 Bid them to follow where Je-sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.

CHORUS.

Tell of a Saviour so kind and true, Tell of his love and his mer - cy too,

Tell of the good he would have us do, Go tell of his love to - day.

Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
 2. Ev-'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad-ly share, Are you sad and
 3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus-tain, Life has vex-ing
 4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav-'ler,
 wea-ry? Je-sus has a care; Well he knows the path-way
 problems which he can ex-plain; Serve him where he sends you
 rug-ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu-ture

heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
 o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
 though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
 in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
 O yes, O hear,

calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu-ture

Pray Through.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. What - ev - er from God you are need - ing to - day Step out on his
 2. If ye shall in Je - sus the Sav - iour a - bide, And his word a -
 3. Shall not he who no - teth the spar - rows that fall Be ten - der and
 4. Faint not tho' the an - swer may long seem de - layed, But ask him your

prom - is - es true; Tho' mountains surround he will o - pen the way,
 bid - eth in you, Then ask what ye will, it will not be de - nied,
 gra - cious to you? He hear - eth his chil - dren tho' fee - bly they call,
 strength to re - new, Per - sist - ent - ly plead, and be nev - er dis - may'd,

CHORUS.

Just trust in the Lord and pray thro'. Just trust in the Lord and pray
 Just trust in the

through, . . . Just trust in the Lord and pray through, What - ev - er your
 Lord and pray thro', Just trust in the Lord and pray thro'.

need he will sure - ly give heed, Just trust in the Lord and pray through.

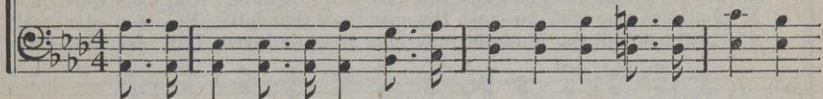
To the Front!

JAMES ROWE.

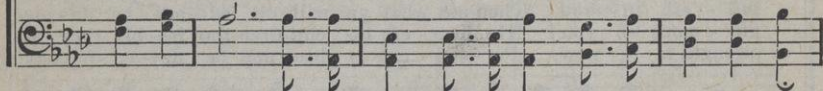
J. E. DELMARTER.



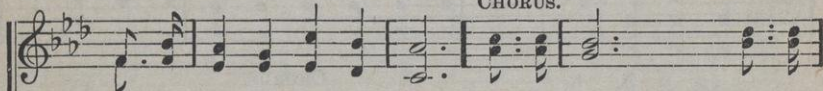
1. To the front, soldiers true, we are called to-day By the might-y
2. On the field there are those who are deep in sin And they plead for
3. If we fight for the Lord till the strife is o'er, When we've laid our



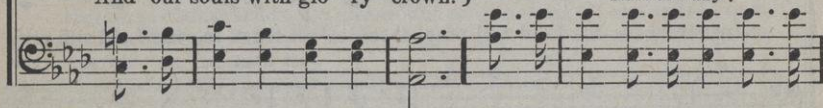
King a - bove; As with swords and with ar - mor we march a - way,
light and cheer; Je - sus wants us to help him these souls to win,
weap - ons down, He will call us a - way to the gold - en shore



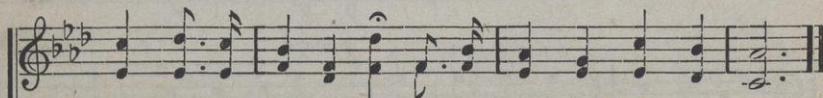
CHORUS.



Let our hearts o'er-flow with love. } To the front, to the
For they all to him are dear. }
And our souls with glo - ry crown. } start to - day!



front, Let the gos - pel ban - ner wave! To the front, march a -
right, a-way!



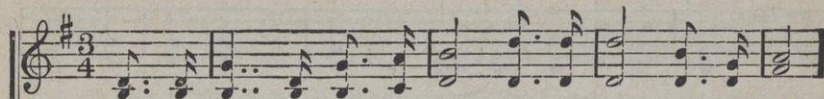
way with the King to day, Precious souls from sin to save.



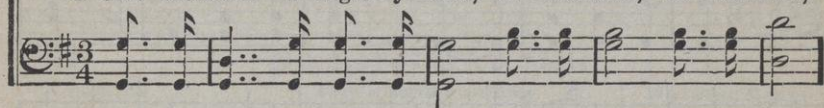
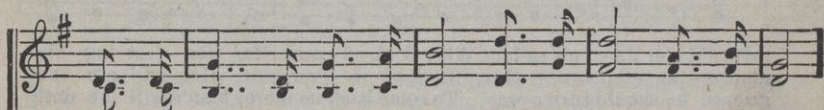
Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

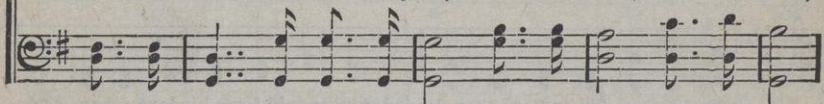
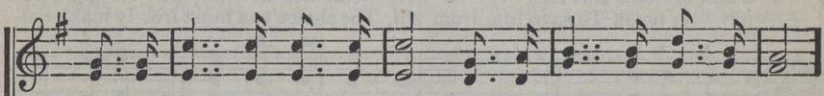
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



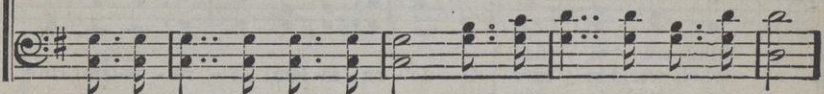
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,




On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

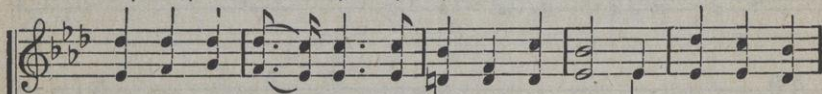
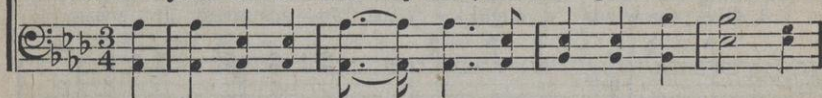


Mrs. C. H. M.

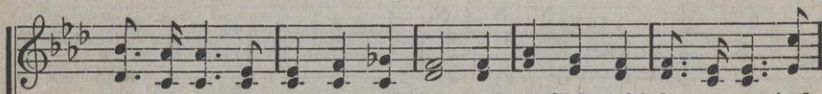
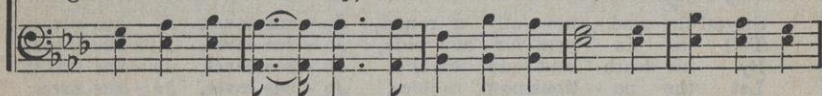
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



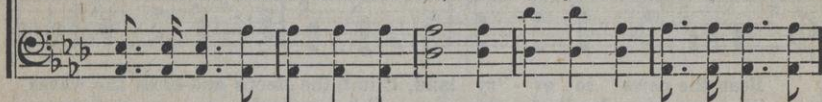
1. "Ye would not come un - to me That ye might have life," Christ
 2. This ver - y same Je - sus With heart fond and true, Is
 3. O yield now to him thy heart, Throw o - pen the door, Lest



mourn'd o'er Je - ru - sa-lem, With wick-ed-ness rife; Re - ject-ing his
 mourn - ing, O bro - ther, In love o - ver you. He will-eth the
 grieved he should turn a-way, To come back no more; Man's will he doth



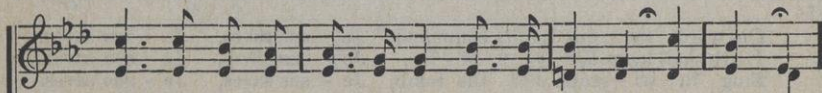
proffer'd grace, Their Lord they denied, And turn'd from his love away, And
 death of none, But free - ly he gave Him-self as an of - fer-ing This
 nev - er break To save him from sin, The choice you must free-ly make Sal-



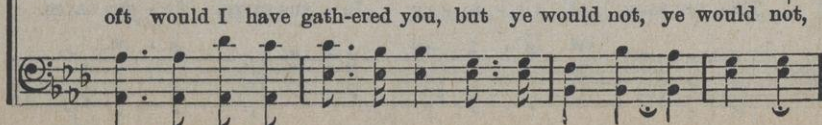
CHORUS.



him cru - ci - fied. }
 whole world to save. } O Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! How
 va - tion to win. }



oft would I have gath-ered you, but ye would not, ye would not,



“Ye Would Not.”—Concluded.

And I glad-ly would have saved you, But I could not, for ye would not.

91

He Loves You Still.

W. E. M.

Duet for Soprano and Alto.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God loves you still, oh, do not doubt him, Nor think that he is harsh and stern,
2. He has for you the full - est par-don, A smile that will you greatly thrill,
3. He has for you a-bun-dant mercy, Come, and your all up-on Him cast,

ritard.

Oh, no—He is a lov-ing Fa-ther; Oh, will you not to him re-turn.
His lov-ing heart is full of wel-come, Oh, come to-day, he loves you still.
He loves you still, oh, come and trust him, He will for-give, for-get the past.

REFRAIN.

He loves you still with love so ten-der, Oh, hear him sweetly call to-day,

ritard.

He loves you still, why longer wander, Why lin-ger yet from him a-way?

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it day by day; Fol - low in his footsteps
 2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, heav - y though it be, He will ease the burden
 3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, as we on - ward go, Burdens he is shar - ing

up the heav'nward way; Hap - py in the guid - ing of the Friend a -
 with his grace so free; All your will sur - ren - der to his will di -
 will the light - er grow; Cross - es with his bless - ing seem up - lift - ing

bove, Ev - 'ry care con - fid - ing to his won - drous love.
 vine, Mer - cies, rich and ten - der, in your heart will shine.
 wings, Till his joy pos - sess - ing, sweet ho - san - na rings.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Bear the cross, bear the cross, hear the Master say, . . . "Fol - low me,

fol - low me, up the heav'nward way;" Bear the cross for Je - sus

Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

till you lay it down, Where in all its beau - ty shines a star-ry crown.

93 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT.

MRS. J. G. WILSON.

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

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

CHORUS.

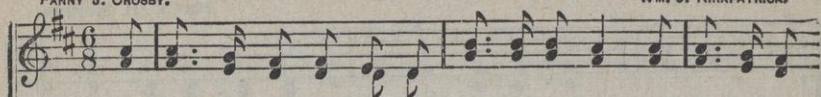
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
 When we all, What a day of rejoicing that will be!

When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.
 When we all, and shout the victory,

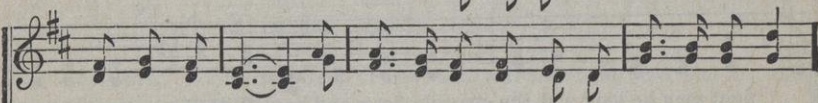
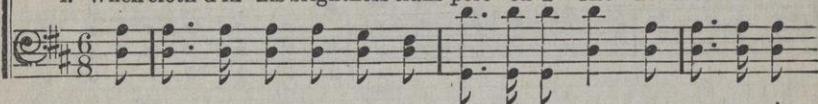
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

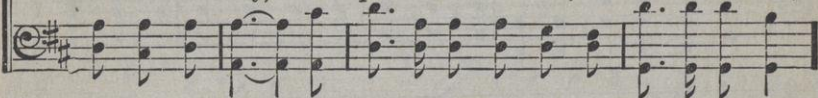
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



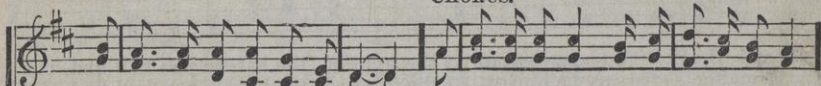
1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port-ed I rise To meet him in



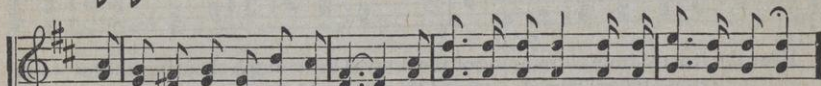
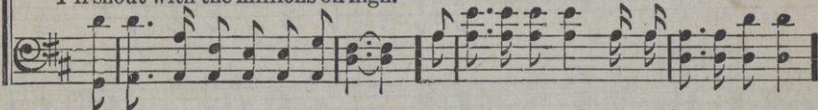
Sav-iour to me; He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O, glo-ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his won-der-ful love,



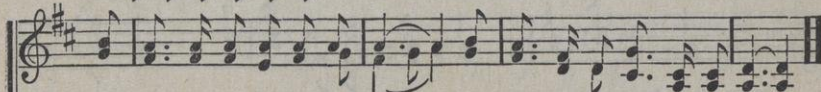
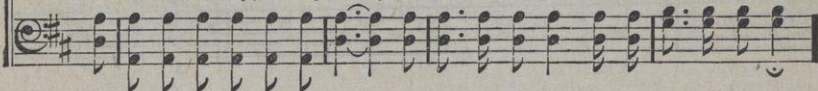
CHORUS.



Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,



And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.



At the Battle's Front.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
 3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
 va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
 dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
 from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
 and the cov - e - nant re - new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rou - ting; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March - ing
 tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

on to vic-to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glorious ar - my, At the front of the battle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

97

With Him In White.

J. H.

Rev. 3: 4.

JEAN HOWARD.

1. Shad - ows fall and end the day; And the pil - grim on life's way
2. Long has been life's bit - ter strife, Full of cares and bur - dens rife,
3. When life's goal is reach'd at last, And the cares and tri - als past,
4. As we near the heav'nly shore, And the fear - ful storms are o'er,

Stops in wear-i-ness to pray, "May I walk with Thee in white."
Grow - ing e'en with each day's life, "O, to walk with Thee in white!"
When our load on Him is cast, "We shall walk with Him in white."
We shall there for - ev - er - more, "Walk with Him, with Him in white."

Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. Je-sus was standing beside a grave, Weeping, but knowing his pow'r to save;
 2. Je-sus is speaking to you in song, Asking why have you delay'd so long:
 3. Je-sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in."

"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will his power display.
 While men are lying in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
 Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.

CHORUS. *faster.*

They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up-

on a man to leave the darken'd grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For

he is here to-day, And waits to show his mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

Abiding Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHARLES F. ALLEN.

1. A - bid - ing faith, O Lord, be mine, That in my soul will brightly shine,
 2. A faith that hears, believes, o - beys, Thy ho - ly laws, thy righteous ways,
 3. A - bid - ing faith, that must prevail, Tho' all my powers of earth should fail,
 4. A - bid - ing faith, thy gift of grace, With whose clear eye my heart can trace

And o'er my life its lus-tre show, Thro' this dark world where'er I go.
 A faith that clings to thee a-lone, And waits ex-pec-tant at thy throne.
 A stead-fast faith that teach-es me, In ev-'ry-thing, to fol-low thee.
 My fa-ther-land be-yond the sea, Where by-and-by my home will be.

CHORUS.

A-bid-ing faith, 'tis all I need, A-bid-ing faith, for this I plead,
 A-bid-ing faith, A-bid-ing faith,

A - bid - ing faith, to do thy will, And thy commands to fol - low still.

100 Can the Lord Depend on You?

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. In the ar - my of the King of kings There's a call for
 2. In the serv - ice of the King of kings, Who will at the
 3. Loy - al ev - er to the King of kings, On his busi - ness
 4. At the bid - ding of the King of kings We'll as - sem - ble

sol - diers brave and true, Her - alds of the gos - pel light, At the
 Master's bid - ding haste? There is work that must be done Ere this
 ev - 'ry day in - tent, Number'd with the faith - ful few His am -
 in the bye and bye, With the o - ver - com - ers there Will you

bat - tle's front to fight, For this serv - ice can the Cap - tain count on you?
 world for Christ is won, For the want of reap - ers gold - en har - vests waste.
 bas - sa - dors are you, Cry - ing out to sin - ners ev - 'ry - where, "re - pent?"
 meet him in the air? With the ran - som'd reign in glo - ry up on high?

Emphatic.

For this serv - ice can the Cap - tain count on you?
 For the want of reap - ers gold - en har - vests waste.
 Cry - ing out to sin - ners ev - 'ry - where "re - pent?"
 With the ran - som'd reign in glo - ry up on high?

CHORUS.

Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord depend on you?
 on you? on you?

Can the Lord Depend on You

Ev-'ry ran-som'd pow'r en-gag-ing, To your trust be true; (be true;)

Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord depend on you?
on you? on you?

rit.
In the might-y con-flict rag-ing, Can the Lord depend on you?

101

Federal Street. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! he stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
3. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di-vine, Turn out his en-e-my and thine,
5. Ad-mit him, ere his an-ger burn; His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit him, or the hour's at hand When at his door, de-nied you'll stand.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. One of God's days ev-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
 2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je-sus in
 3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo-ry are

heav-en-ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see
 life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
 sing-ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet, with all the

CHORUS.

Je-sus One of God's days.
 meaning One of God's days. } One of God's days, beau-ti-ful days,
 ransomed, One of God's days. }

We shall in glo-ry sing his praise; Fight-ings all done,

Vic-to-ries won, We shall see Je-sus, One of God's days.

The Same Old Way.

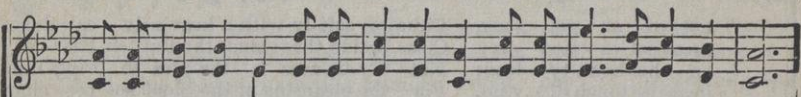
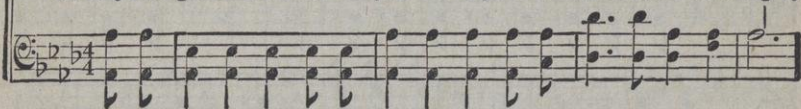
W. T. M.

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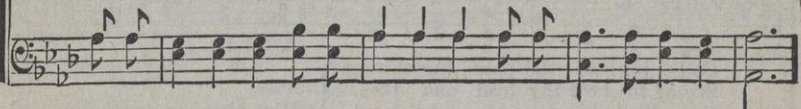
Mrs. W. T. Morris.



1. We are trav'ling home by the good old way, By the way our fathers trod;
2. We at times will chance where the roadways cross, There 'tis Satan will delay,
3. Ma - ny stop to look for a bet - ter way, And are swallowed up in night,
4. 'Twas my father's way, 'twas my mother's way, And 'twill be the way for me!
5. Oh, how glad am I there is just one way, It is nar - row, but 'tis straight;



We will join them there in the land of day, And for - ev - er reign with God.
But we heed the words of the still small voice Saying, "Keep the narrow way."
While the faithful few, by their steady tread En - ter thro' the gates of light.
When my journey's done, and my crown is won, By the same old way 'twill be.
Tho' it leads up - hill we mount upward still T'ward the heav'nly, pearly gate.



CHORUS.



'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus, -

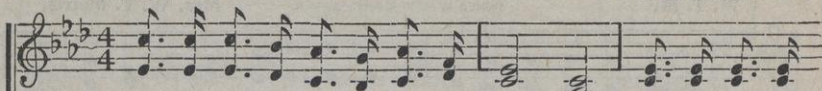


By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



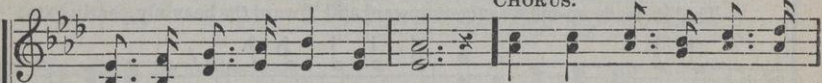
1. List - en to the bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet - er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst - y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun - gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maim'd or sin - ful, Com - ing for his
5. Com - ing hum - bly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breath - ing all the



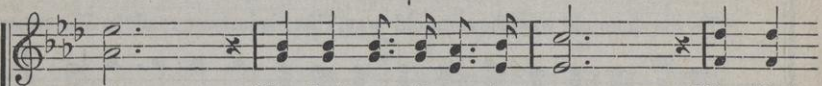
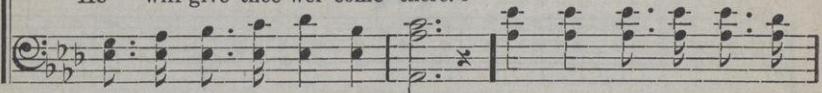
notes of an - gel - song, Chiming soft - ly with a heav'n - ly ca - dence,
 great sal - va - tion see; Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er,
 on his boun - ty feed; Not thy fit - ness is the plea to bring him,
 heal - ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so pre - cious,
 heart to him in pray'r; Com - ing some day to the heav'nly man - sions,



CHORUS.



Call - ing to the pass - ing throng. }
 Strong to bear thy load and thee. } Him that com - eth un - to
 But thy press - ing ut - most need. }
 Prove a - new this gra - cious line. }
 He will give thee wel - come there. }



me, un - to me, Him that com - eth un - to me, un - to me, Him that



com - eth un - to me, I will in no wise cast out.



A. S. Reitz.

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A. W. McKee.

1. When-e'er the tempter pleads with thee Just work and pray..... the live-long day,....
 2. When sorrow's gloom o'er-shad-ows thee, And skies are gray,..... just work and pray;.....
 3. When hope grows dim and shadows come Just work and pray;..... He knows the way;.....

The battles won, temp-ta-tions flee If thou wilt on - ly work and pray.
 Thro' tempest wild or troub-led sea, Just work and pray,..... nor doubt His way.
 His lov-ing hand will guide thee home, So ev-'ry day..... just work and pray.

CHORUS.

Just work and pray..... each bus-y day,..... 'Twill drive all
 just work and pray each bus - y day,

doubt..... and fear a - way;..... Thro' ev-'ry day..... just work and
 'Twill drive all doubt and fear away; thro' ev'ry day

pray,..... And God will bright - en life's dark way.....
 just work and pray, brighten, God will brighten life's dark way, dark way.

Pushing Out the Life-Boat.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. There's a shipwreck on the o - cean, There's a sig - nal of dis - tress;
 2. There's a soul in fear - ful dan - ger, Out a - mid the waves of sin;
 3. O what joy to lift an - oth - er From the dark en - gulf - ing wave!

'Mid the peo - ple there's com - mo - tion, Who will to the res - cue press?
 Be he bro - ther, be he stran - ger, Do your best to bring him in.
 Bring him to the pre - cious Sav - iour, Who is a - ble now to save;

For the bil - lows high are roll - ing And the winds so fierce - ly blow,
 Seel the Lord of life is lead - ing, Boundless grace will he be - stow,
 We can tell the Gos - pel sto - ry, And the love of Je - sus show,

They are push - ing out the life - boat; Who will vol - un - teer to go?

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Hark, hark, hark! hear the bil - lows heav - y roll; Hark, hark,

Pushing Out the Life-Boat.—Concluded.

hark! hear the cry of some poor soul Save the sink - ing sail - ors on

life's tem-pest-uous sea; Bring them to Christ of Gal - i - lee.

107 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
 3. I suf - fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

f
 I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

The King of the Ages.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Unison.

1. See the cross, where the Sav - iour was cru - ci -
 2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges
 3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa - ther's

fied, See the blood, shed for sin - ners when
 lay, See the stone, by the an - gels once
 side, Pray - ing there for the dear ones for

Je - sus died, Hear the song that the
 roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his
 whom he died; Heart and life to his

ransom'd in heav - en sing, See the crown on the
 prais - es the heav - ens ring, See the crown on the
 serv - ice we glad - ly bring, Place a crown on the

CHORUS. *Parts.*

head of our Sav - iour King. Je - sus is liv - ing in
 Je - sus is

The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, The King of the A - ges is he,.....
 liv - ing in glo - ry, The glo - ri - ous King of the A - ges is he;

When he shall come in his king - dom, For ev - er with
 When in his kingdom he comes, for ev -

him we shall be,..... Hap - py with him ev - 'ry mo - ment,
 er with him we shall be, Hap - - py in him ev'ry mo - ment,

Joy - ful the prais - es we sing,..... And the Christ who once
 Joy - - ful the praises we sing,

died to re - deem us, We will now crown our King.....
 We'll crown him our King.

109 Wounded for Our Transgressions.

Mrs. C. H. M.
Adagio.

Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.

1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus the won-der-ful
2. To Beth-le-hem of Ju-de-a, a babe in a
3. Glo-ry to God in the high-est, our glad hearts ex-

Sav-iour of men;..... Sing how he died for our
man-ger he came;..... Lived he a life of the
ult-ant-ly sing,..... Prais-es for-ev-er and

ran-som, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a-gain;.....
low-ly, en-dur-ing the cross and its shame;.....
ev-er to Je-sus our Sav-iour and King;.....

Tell how his grace is suf-fi-cient a world of lost sin-ners to
Tempt-ed in all points as we are, and yet with-out sin was he
No more de-spised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and

save,..... Tell how who-ev-er be-liev-eth a
found,..... God-man, our frail-ties he knows and his
die,..... Wor-shipped, en-thron'd and ex-alt-ed he

Wounded for Our Transgressions.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Largo.*

per - fect sal - va - tion shall have. }
 grace doth to sin - ners a - bound. } Wounded for our trans -
 liv - eth for - ev - er on high. }

gres - sions, Treading the winepress a - lone;..... bro't as a lamb to the

slaught - er, Je - sus the In - fi - nite One.... Shall we not

praise him for - ev - er, Worship his name and a - dore?

He who was slain but now liveth a - gain, Is our Saviour for - ev - er - more.

evermore.

Sing to the Lord.

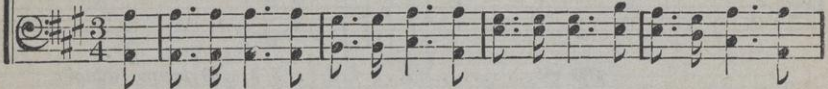
ISAAC WATTS.

CHARLES F. ALLEN.

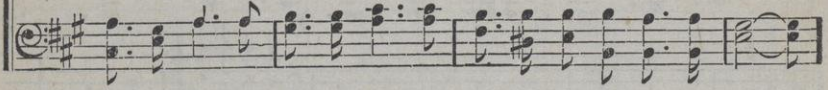
SOLO OR CHORUS.



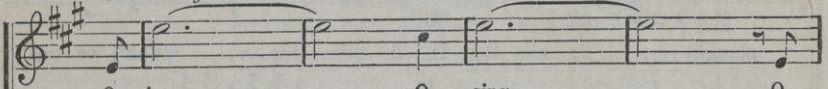
1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi-ces in his praise: His
 2. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His
 3. He makes the grass the hills a-dorn; He clothes the smil-ing fields with corn; The
 4. But saints are love-ly in his sight; He views his chil-dren with de-light; He



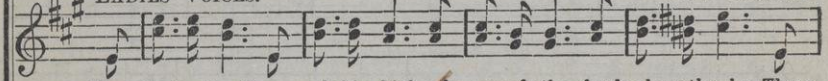
na - ture and his works in - vite To make this du - ty our de - light.
 wis - dom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our thought's are drown'd.
 beasts with food his hands sup - ply, And the young ra - ven's when they cry.
 sees their hope, he knows their fear, He looks, and loves his im - age there.



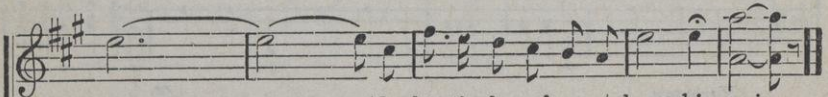
Sop. *Obbligato.*



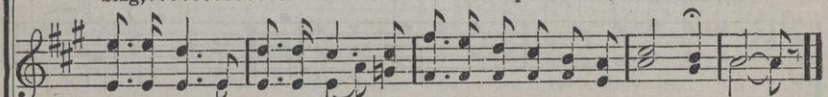
O sing, O sing, O
 LADIES' VOICES. FULL CHORUS.



Sing to the Lord! ex - alt him high, who spreads the clouds along the sky; There



Sing, Nor lets the drops descend, descend in vain.



he prepares the fruitful rain, Nor lets the drops de - scend, de - scend in vain.

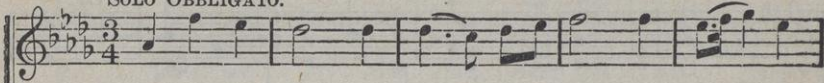


From Every Stormy Wind.

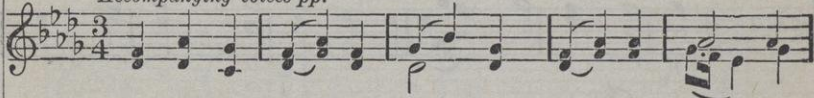
H. STOWELL.

S. WILDER.

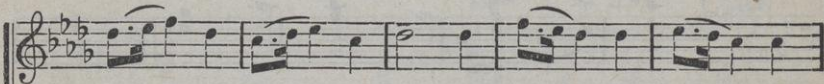
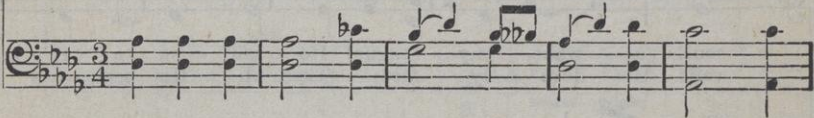
SOLO OBBLIGATO.



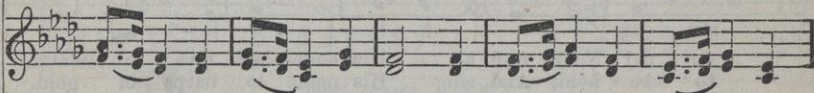
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

Accompanying voices pp.

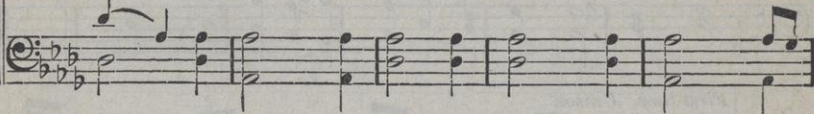
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be



swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -



fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
 si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for -



sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.



faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat.



ISAAC WATTS

Arranged from WAGNER.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song, A - wake, my
3. O, may I live to reach the place Where He un -

soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th'e -
veils His love - ly face; There all His beau - ties

ter - nal Name, And all His bound - less love pro - claim.
to be - hold, And sing His name to harps of gold.

First time. Unison.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The

bright - est im - age of His grace! God in the

Now to the Lord a Noble Song.—Concluded.

per - son of His Son, Hath all His might - iest

works out - done, O praise ye the Lord!

O praise ye the Lord!..... D.C.

Second time.

(After 3rd Verse.) O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

FINE.

And sing His name to harps of gold.

The Battle of the Centuries.

JAMES ROWE.

Dedicated to my friend, Prof. Chas. F. Allen. CHARLES H. MARSH.

UNISON.

1. Driving the foe be - fore us, we are press - ing on, In the
 2. Bearing the price - less mes - sage to be - nigh - ed souls In the
 3. Ev - er - y race and peo - ple shall his goodness know And re-

fight for truth and right, With our banners high in the sun - lit sky,
 haunts and dens of sin, Mak - ing known his grace to a fettered race,
 vere him for his love, Shall ex - tol our King, till the earth shall bring

Find - ing glo - ry in the fight. Hav - ing the sweet as -
 We with Christ are sure to win; Spreading his love and
 Trib - ute to the King a - bove. Mer - cy and grace are

surance that the Lord will win And reward us in the end,
 mer - cy with en - rap - tured hearts, Making known his pow'r to save,
 winning, and, at length, his throne Our Redeem - er shall as - cend,

We are pressing on with God's great Son, The soul's e - ter - nal Friend.
 We will true re - main, till he shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and wave.
 Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sinner's per - fect Friend.

The Battle of the Centuries.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a - gainst the

world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage, Till the

ban - ner of sin be fured; With the might - y Sav - iour

of the lost, Whom the ransomed souls - dore, We will

bat - tle on, till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

114. How He Must Have Loved Me.

Inscribed to my true friend, Dr. S. B. Cook.

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CHAITANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

Robt. E. Johnson.

William J. Ramsay.

1. While out on life's tur-bu-lent o-ccean, Toss'd wild-ly by wind and by
 2. The bil-lows of sin rolled a-round me, The waves of de-spair rag-ed
 3. My path-way was shroud-ed in dark-ness, He said to me, "I am the

1. Tossed wild - ly by

wave..... A sweet voice came out of the tem-pest, An
 high..... And in my deep per-il and dan-ger, He
 Light!"..... Then look-ing to Je-sus my Sav-iour, He

wind and by wave

of-fer to help and to save;..... Two hands were reached toward me in
 heed-ed my soul's ear-nest cry;..... He plead-ed so sweet-ly and
 scat-tered my sor-row and night;..... I felt that my soul was un-

of - - fer to help and to save;

pit - y, Those hands wounded by cru-el nails..... They of-fered me
 gen - tly, His love I could no more op - pose,..... And when at the
 wor - thy Of mer-cy so rich and so free;..... But Je-sus knew

Two hands scarred by sharp, cru-el nails;

How He Must Have Loved Me.

res - cue and guid - ance By one whose great love nev - er fails,
cross I sur - ren - dered He ban - ished my fears and my woes.
well my con - di - tion, And gra - cious - ly He has saved me.

CHORUS.

O how the dear Lord must have loved me! With love that was patient and kind! . . .
so kind!

My heart can yet scarce - ly be - lieve it, So dull is my soul and so blind;

Sopranos and Altos.

Some day it will all be made plain - er, Some day I shall well un - der - stand;

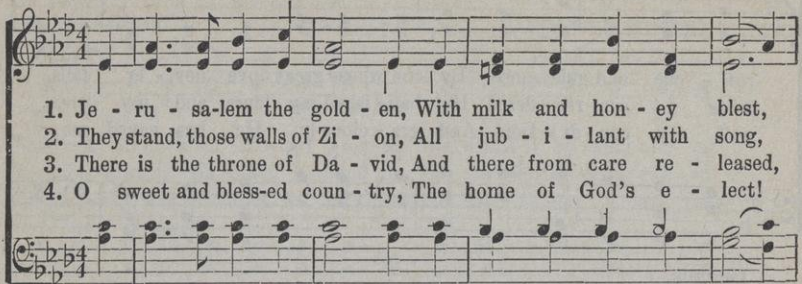
Harmony.

rit.

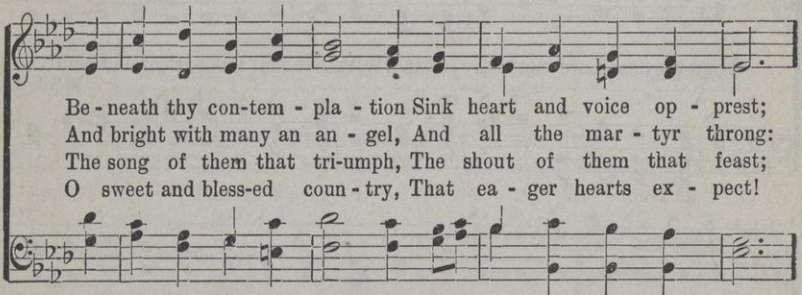
'Twill all be re - vealed when we gath - er At home in the Beau - ti - ful Land.

Tr. by J. M. Neale.

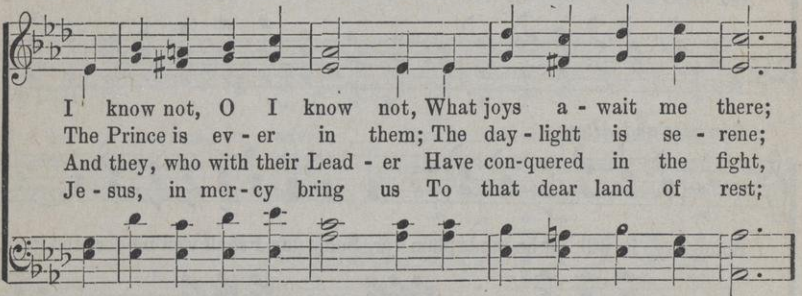
George F. Le Jeune.



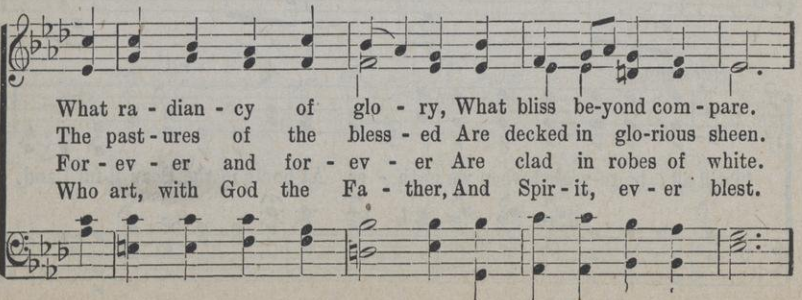
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those walls of Zi - on, All jub - i - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prst;
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them; The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The past - ures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

REFRAIN,

Jerusalem.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, sa - lem the gold - en,
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

116 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges.

George J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark! how the heav'n-ly
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Behold His hands and side, - Rich wounds, yet visi-
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave; Who rose vic - to - rious
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, One with the Father known, One with the Spir - it
5. Crown Him the Lord of years, The po - ten - tate of time; Cre - a - tor of the

anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing Of Him who
ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied; No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly
in the strife For those He came to save; His glories now we sing, Who died and
thro' Him given From yonder glorious throne! To thee be endless praise, For Thou for
rolling spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime. All hail, Redeemer, hail; For Thou hast

died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' alle - ter - ni - ty.
bear that sight, But downward bends His wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright,
rose on high, Who died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.
us hast died; Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days Adored and mag - ni - fied.
died for me; Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Thro' out e - ter - ni - ty.

The Shepherd of Love.

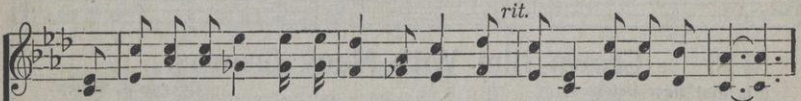
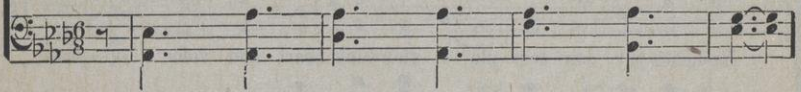
A. S. R.
Duet.

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Albert Simpson Reitz.



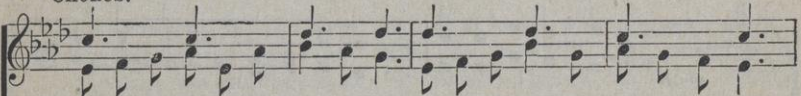
1. The Shepherd of Love is seek-ing the lost In paths that are rough and steep;
2. The Shepherd of Love knows His sheep by name And tenderly leads the way;
3. The Shepherd of Love our ransom hath paid And of-fers sal-va - tion free;
4. The Shepherd of Love now seeketh His sheep He seeketh what-e'er the cost;



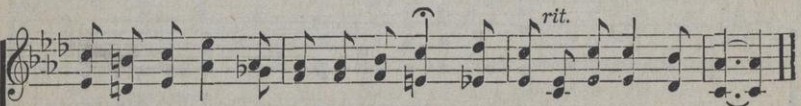
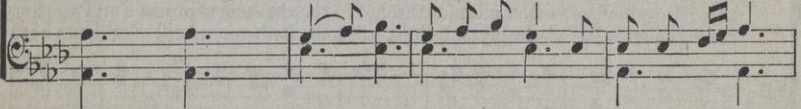
He's calling the lambs that have gone astray, He's call-ing, call-ing His sheep.
 O wea-ry one come to the Shepherd's fold, He's call-ing, call-ing to - day.
 He's pa-tient-ly wait-ing for thee to come, He's call-ing, call-ing for thee.
 Be - hold, He is call-ing the wand'rer home, He's call-ing, call-ing the lost.



CHORUS.



Out of your darkness of sin and shame, In-to His love for - ev - er the same,
 Call - ing, call - ing, Call - - ing, call - ing,



Come to Him now, be - lieve on His name, O an - swer the call to - day.

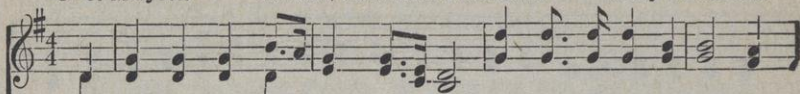


No Other One But Jesus.

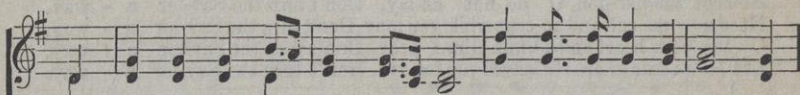
J. C. Midyett.

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Henry P. Morton.



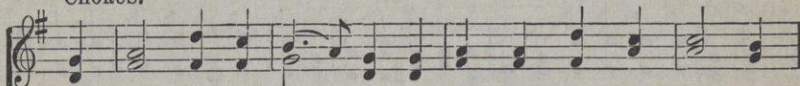
1. O who can take my sins a - way? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
2. O who can to me com - fort give? No oth - er one but Je - sus!
3. O who can set my spir - it free, No oth - er one but Je - sus!
4. O who can drive my gloom a - way, No oth - er one but Je - sus!
5. O who can lead the nar - row road, No oth - er one but Je - sus!



Who turn my dark - ness in - to day? No oth - er one but Je - sus.
 And who can make me tru - ly live? No oth - er one but Je - sus.
 And give me per - fect lib - er - ty? No oth - er one but Je - sus.
 And an - swer when thro' Him I pray? No oth - er one but Je - sus.
 And give me fel - low-ship with God? No oth - er one but Je - sus.



CHORUS.



O Je - sus my Sav - ior, My on - ly hope and ref - uge,



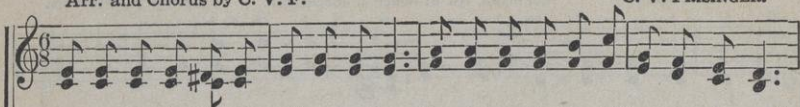
O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, There's no oth - er one but Thee.



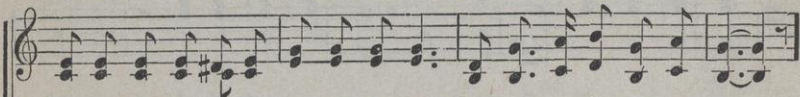
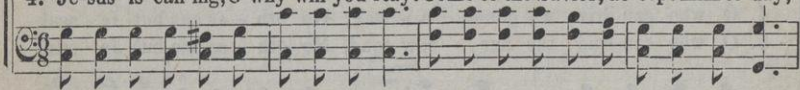
119 Don't Turn the Savior Away.

C. E. CORWIN.
Arr. and Chorus by C. V. F.

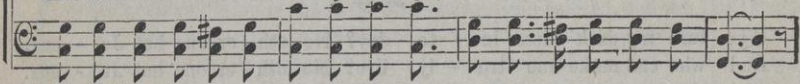
C. V. FRISINGER.



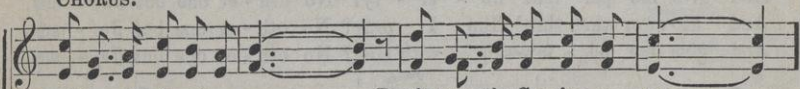
1. Je-sus, the Sav-ior, is call-ing for thee, Ten-der-ly plead-ing "O come unto me,"
2. Wonderful treasure so precious and free, Je-sus in mer-cy now of-fers to thee,
3. Come to Him now and the pardon receive, He will for-give if you on-ly be-lieve,
4. Je-sus is call-ing, O why will you stay? Come to the Sav-ior, ac-cept Him to-day,



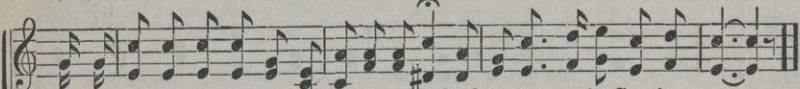
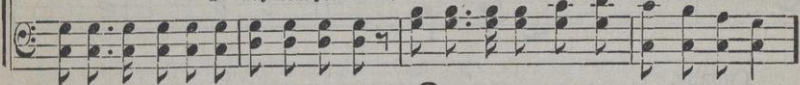
Ac-cept the par-don, O do not de-lay, Don't turn the Sav-ior a - way.
Heed now the call and ac-cept while you may, Don't turn the Sav-ior a - way.
O - pen your heart and ad-mit Him I pray, Don't turn the Sav-ior a - way.
Let Him come in ere He leaves you for aye, Don't turn the Sav-ior a - way.



CHORUS.



Don't turn the Sav-ior a-way, Don't turn the Sav-ior a - way,
a - way from your heart, a - way from your heart,



He will par-don your sin if you let Him come in, O don't turn the Sav-ior a - way.



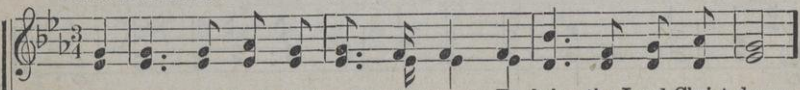
Copyright, 1915, C. V. Frisinger and C. E. Corwin.

120 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(SERENITY. C. M.)

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,



We May Not Climb, Etc.--Concluded.

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
 And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 The last low whispers of our dead Are bur - den'd with his name.
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

121

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har - vest is passing a - way, Your

Sav - iour is wait - ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.
 why not ac - cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
 Sav - iour 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?

Joy to the World.

I. WATTS.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

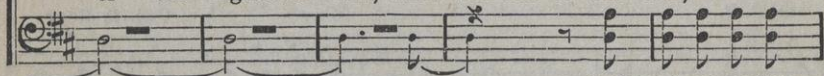
G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries



heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -
of his righteous - ness, And won - ders of his love, And



And heav'n and na-ture



heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy,
won - ders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.



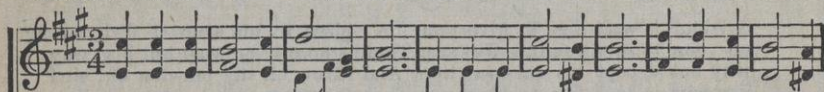
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

123 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL. Tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

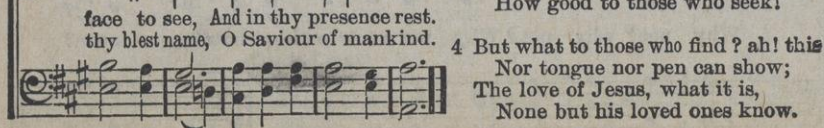


1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than



face to see, And in thy presence rest.
thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind.

- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!



- 4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

No. 124. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

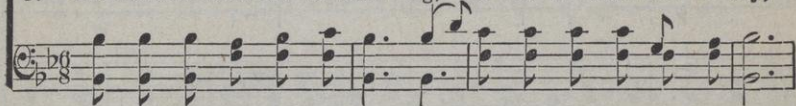
El Nathan.

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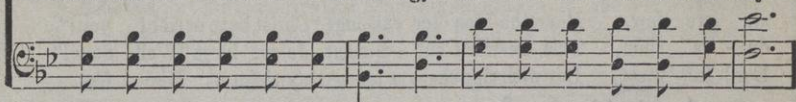
James McGranahan.



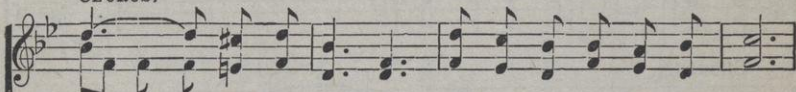
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" This is the prom - ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing" — Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to - day they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



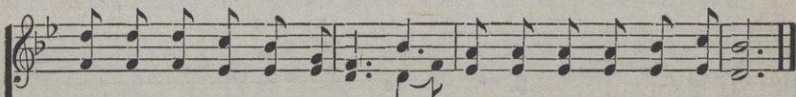
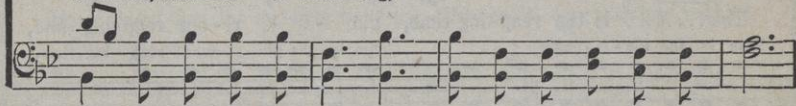
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing; Come, and now hon - our Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, If we let God have His way.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 125.

This Is the Reaping Time.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Fields with harvest bend-ing wait our hands to - day, God is reap-ers
2. To a weak-er broth-er reach a help-ing hand, By a smile as-
3. Winsome souls for Je-sus while the sun is high; Har-vest time so

send-ing-bear some sheaves a - way; Gold-en har-vest wast-ing, la - bor-
sist him for the right to stand; Be a will-ing work-er, nev - er
pre-cious swift is pass-ing by; Go not emp-ty hand-ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas-ter call-ing: "Christ hath need of you!"
du - ty shun, This re-ward suf - fi-cient, Je-sus' blest "Well done!"
Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves laden'd lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.

This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - - ri-ous reap-ing time,
This is the glo-ri-ous This is the glo-ri-ous reap-ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick - le keen, and reap the gold-en grain,
reap the gold - en grain,

This is the Reaping Time.

This..... is the reap - ing time, glo - - ri - ous
 This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous

reap - ing time, Go ye forth the lost to win, the Lord's ap - prov - al gain.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the remaining lyrics.

No. 126. The Gall for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson.

BY PER. OF EATON & MAINS, AGENTS, OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT

J. B. Clem.

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-en-ed grain;
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing; Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
 3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

FINE

Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
 Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

D.S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4. The second system continues the piano accompaniment.

No. 127.

When He is Come to You

"When he is come . . . unto you"—to you, pastor; to you, Sunday-school teacher; to you, member of the official board; to you, father or mother—you will become a storm-center of a new and mighty evangelism, and all the forces of evil cannot keep back the incoming tides of saving grace."—*Bishop J. F. Berry.*

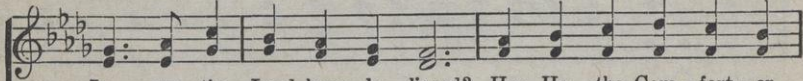
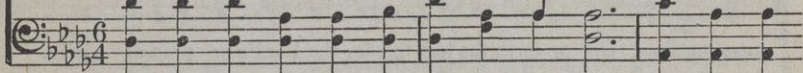
Mrs. C. H. M.

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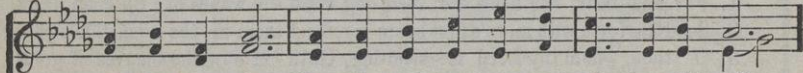
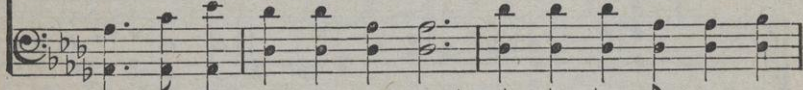
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



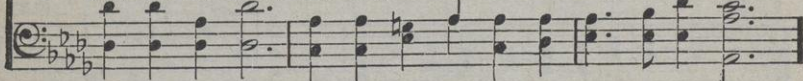
1. Have you the Pen - te - cost full - y re - ceived, Ye who on
2. "When He is come," still the prom - ise is true, Not to some
3. When back to Pen - te - cost God's peo - ple go, Old - time sal -
4. Souls will be lost if this grace we re - fuse, God's call to



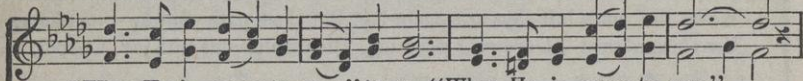
Je - sus the Lord have be - lieved? Has He, the Com - fort - er
oth - er heart, but "un - to you;" He will re - prove this lost
va - tion in riv - ers shall flow; Old - time con - vic - tion on
ho - li - ness dare to a - buse; Will you be true to the



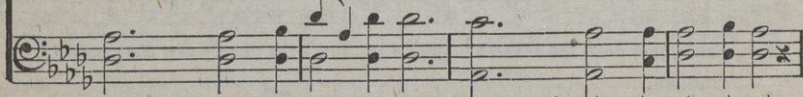
prom - ised, come in, Cleans - ing, em - pow' - ring and reign - ing with - in?
world of its sin; Sal - va - tion's work shall in pow - er be - gin.
sin - ners shall rest; With old - time pow - er His church shall be blest.
trust He has giv'n, Win - ning lost souls for the king - dom of heav'n?



CHORUS.



"When He is come to you," to you, "When He is come to you,"
"When He is come to you," "When He is come to you,"



Souls will be won, and re - vi - vals be - gun "When He is come to you."



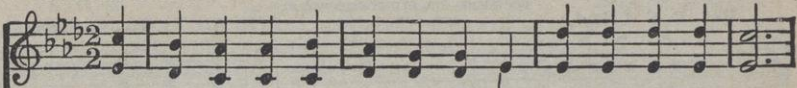
No. 128.

Pentecostal Power.

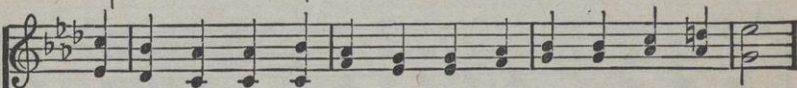
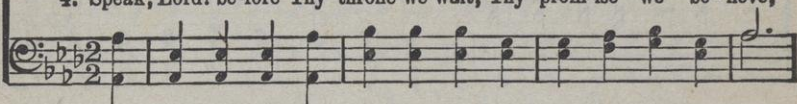
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee prepare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con - sume, all sin de - stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,



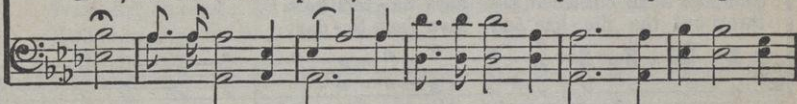
With cleans - ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
 Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - newl
 And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.



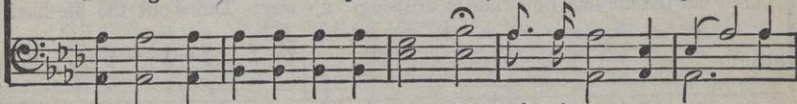
CHORUS.



Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood - gates of



bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r, That sinners be con - vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!



No. 129.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

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USED BY PERMISSION. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

1. Throw out the life-line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
 3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! O who then will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; O hast-en to-day— And
 you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the life - line, his per - il to share?
 out with the life - boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the life - line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 throw out the life - line and save them to - day.

Throw out the life - line! Some one is drift - ing a - way; Throw out the life - line!

Throw out the life - line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

No 130.

Do Something For Others.

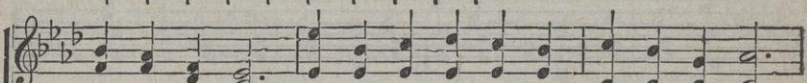
G. H. G.

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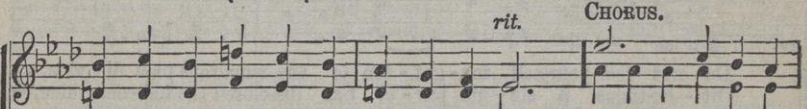
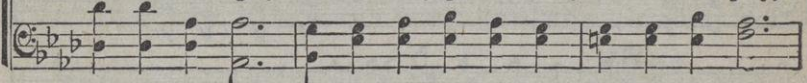
Chas. H. Gabriel.



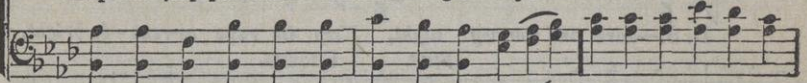
1. Ma - ny a soul in the bat - tle of life Trem - bles with fear at the
2. Ma - ny in doubt or in fear of the way, Mute - ly ap - peal for your
3. Ma - ny, disheartened by cru - el de - ceit, Brok - en and worn by the
4. Ma - ny are turn - ing a - way from the right In - to the maze of the



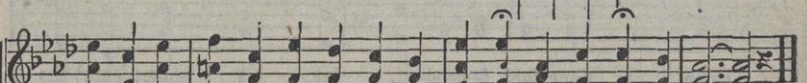
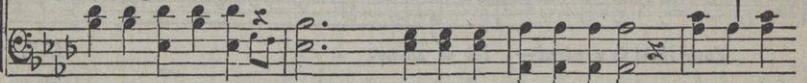
din and the strife, Bear - ing a - lone, a - mid tri - al and care,
guid - ance to - day; On your de - mean - or the choice may de - pend -
pangs of de - feat, Doubt - ing, de - spair - ing - ly, help - less - ly stand
shad - ows of night; Go to them, speak to them, o - ver them pray,



Bur - dens and sor - rows God bids you to share.
Are you concerned for the stran - ger or friend? Do some - thing for
Wait - ing, per - haps, for your strength - en - ing hand. Some - thing for oth - ers, do
Help them, sup - port them - do some - thing to - day.



oth - ers, Some - thing for oth - ers to - day! Du - ty de -
some - thing for oth - ers, Do some - thing for oth - ers to - day!



mands it, And Je - sus com - mands it! Do some - thing for oth - ers to - day.



No. 131.

Your Light is Needed.

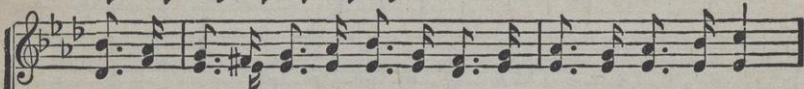
Ina Dudley Ogden.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Do you oft - en grow discouraged with the lit - tle you can do?
2. In the bar - ren, thorn - y plac - es plant a flow - er, sing a song,
3. Ma - ny hearts are sad and lone - ly, ma - ny need a help - ing hand;



Does the world with all its burdens have no seem - ing need of you?
You may guide the lost and wea - ry to the Arm se - cure and strong;
By a word, a deed of kind - ness you may help some one to stand;



Do not feel your - self for - got - ten in the wondrous plan di - vine,
Oft - en - times a sin - gle jew - el has dis - closed the hid - den mine, -
For a nob - ler, great - er mis - sion nev - er mur - mur or re - pine, -

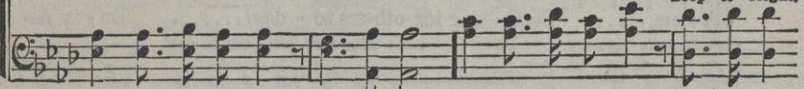


D. S. - dark and storm - y night, *Keep its rays se - rene - ly bright,*

FINE CHORUS.

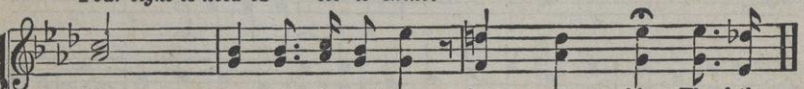


Your light is need - ed - let it shine. Your light is need - ed, let it
keep it bright,



Your light is need - ed - let it shine.

D. S.



shine, Your light is need - ed, let it shine; Thro' the
let it shine, let it bright - ly shine;



No. 132. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
 2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
 3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-

wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du-ties ev-er near you
 nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
 flect the bright and morning star, E-ven from your humble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Brighten the corner where you are.
 song of cheer, Brighten the corner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
 life may feed, Brighten the corner where you are.

where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
 Shine for Jesus where you are!

har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

No. 133.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re -
 3. Dark - est sor - row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav - iest
 4. We may have un - fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend - ship

woe can sad - den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
 joyce in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
 bur - den light - er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth - vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
 When love shines in;..... When love shines in,....
 When love shines in, When love shines in,
 love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
 When love, when love shines in.
 When love shines in,

No. 134. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

GENEVA.

John Cole.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. O how can words with e - - qual warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
 3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,
 4. When in the slip-ery paths of youth, With heed-less steps I ran,
 1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
 When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
 Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.
 That glows with-in my rav-ished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
 Ere yet my fee-ble tho'ts had learned To form them-selves in prayer.
 Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
 Transported with the view. I'm lost,

Mrs. C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Let those who've nev-er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the
2. 'Tis heav'n with-in a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den rolled a-
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le-lu-jah

day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
way, his bur-den rolled a-way; His sins like crim-son, made as
day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubt-ings from my
song, the hal-le-lu-jah song Of praise and hon-or to our

love to sing While press-ing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
God and King, With all the ran-somed, blood-washed throng.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jahl for the blood which re-deems us, Hal-le-
re-deems us from all sin,

lu-jahl we'll sing it o'er and o'er;.... Hal-le-lu-jahl for the

The Hallelujah Song.

blood of the bless-ed Son of God, Hal-le-lu-jah! for-ev-er-more.

136

Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said, "I'll nev-er for-sake thee,"
 Sav-our and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

D.S.—Hal-le-lu-jah! I am re-joic-ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. }
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }

Sing-ing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

D.S.

heav-en-ly sun-light, Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine;

If Your Heart Keeps Right.

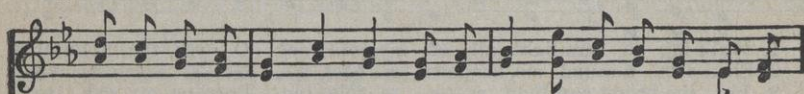
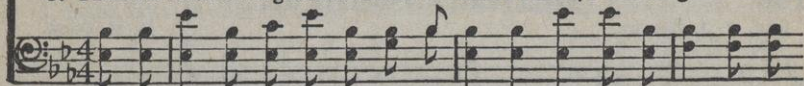
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Lizzie DeArmond.

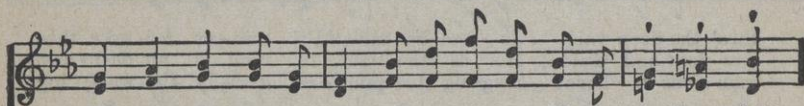
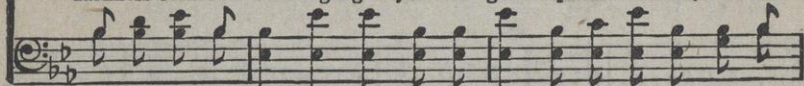
B. D. Ashley.



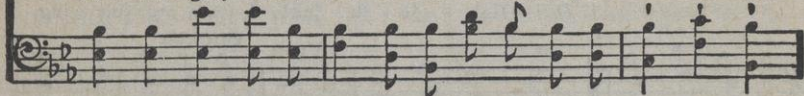
1. If the dark shadows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle, Full of toil and care, Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the



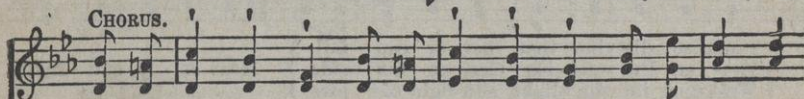
com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
 jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur-dens share; Do not take trou-ble hard-er Than you
 darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



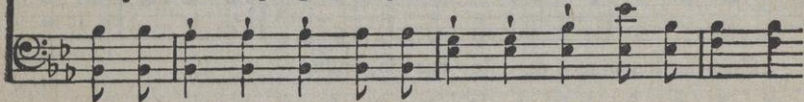
soon be light,—Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
 real - ly might, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
 win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



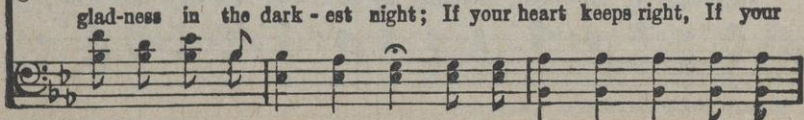
CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



If Your Heart Keeps Right.

heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

138

How it Saves Even Me.

JOHN NEWTON.

A. F. MYERS.

1. { A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind but now I see. }

CHORUS.

Wonder-ful grace! how it saves e - ven me! E - ven me,
e - ven me, e - ven me,

2

e - ven me; How it saves e - ven me.....
e - ven me; How it saves e - ven me.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!</p> <p>3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.</p> | <p>4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.</p> <p>5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 139.

Saved!

H. E. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rev. H. E. Bright.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
 2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
 3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount - ains,
 4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion

out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
 fight - ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre - cious ful - ness
 down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faith - ful to keep me;
 shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,

CHORUS.
 Flood - ed my soul with His won - drous light.
 Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
 Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
 Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.

this is my sto - ry:—Je - sus my Sav - ior cleans - es and keeps me! I'm

saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je - sus, His grace is free.

No. 140. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

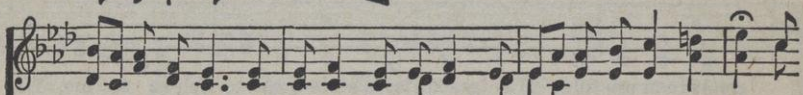
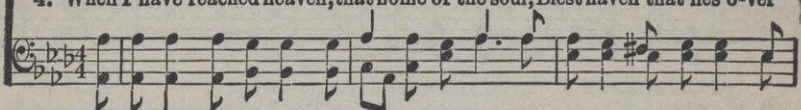
Rev. Johnston Outman, Jr.

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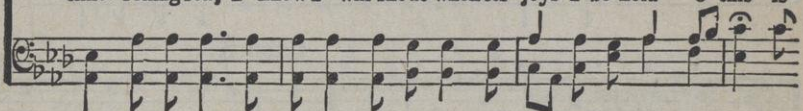
J. B. Herbert.



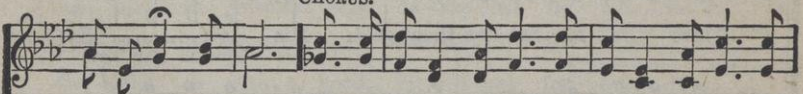
1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven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



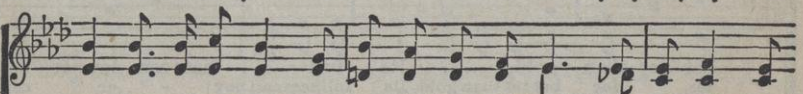
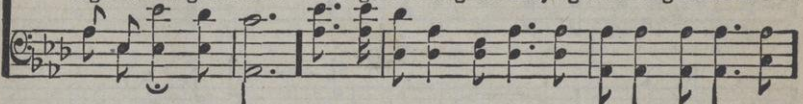
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
 grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
 moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
 times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I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



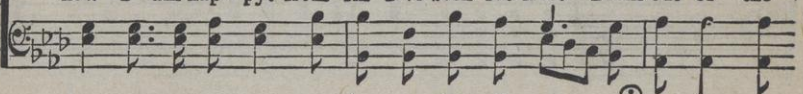
CHORUS.



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



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



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



No. 141. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

A. H. A.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

Rev. A. H. Ackley;

1. The love of the Christ is so pre-cious, That no mor-tal its
2. He meets ev-'ry need with the prom-ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev-er yearns with a long-ing, To be-hold the great

wealth can un-fold; His grace is a store-house of rich-es to me, His
own to with-hold; So dai-ly I trust in the Cru-ci-fied One, His
joy of my soul, For-ev-er to dwell in the presence of Him, Whose

CHORUS.

love is far bet-ter than gold. His love..... [is far
His love is far bet - -

bet-ter than gold,..... Its full-ness can nev-er be
ter, far bet-ter than gold, Its fullness can nev-er be can

told,..... It makes..... me an heir to the
nev-er be told, It makes me an heir to the the

His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

mansions a - bove, For His love..... is far bet - ter than gold.
 man-sions a - bove, For His love is far bet - ter than gold.

No. 142.

When I See the King.

A. H. A.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER,
 COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. When I be - hold the King Clothed in glo - rious maj - es - ty,
 2. Crowned King of Cal - va - ry, There He bore my sin and shame,
 3. Washed in my Sav - iour's blood, I shall pure and spot - less be,

I shall re - joice and sing. Je - sus died for me.....
 Je - sus died for me,
 Con - quer - ing death for me, "Wonder - ful" His name.....
 name.....
 Cov - ered as with a flood, By His love for "Wonderful" His name:
 me.....
 by His love for me.

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied, With Him they cru - ci - fied,

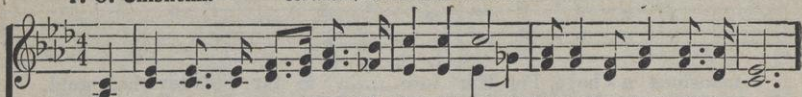
Yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I see the King. *rit.*

No. 143. Never Lose Sight of the Cross.

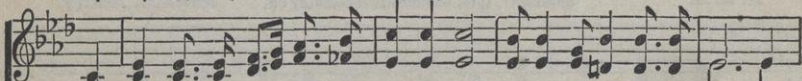
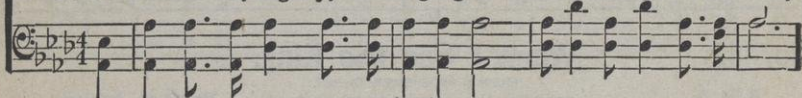
T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



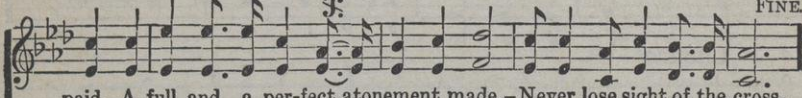
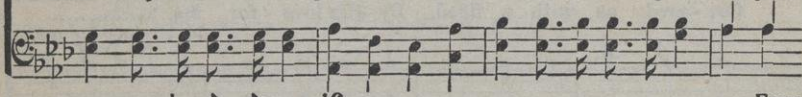
1. As on-ward you press t'ward the heav'nly goal, Never lose sight of the cross,
2. Tho' bit-ter the con-flict with sin and wrong, Never lose sight of the cross,
3. O won-der-ful, might-y, un-chang-ing love! Never lose sight of the cross,



There Je-sus was nailed to re-deem your soul, Never lose sight of the cross; On
The vic-t'ry is sure, tho' the fight be long, Never lose sight of the cross; Tho'
Tho' God ev'-ry to-ken but this re-move, Never lose sight of the cross; Bring



Him your in-iq-u-i-ties all were laid, There, bleeding and dying, your debt He
day should be turned in-to midnight gloom, Tho' weary and lone-ly your path be-
Je-sus your best-tho' a gift so small, For love so a-maz-ing demands your



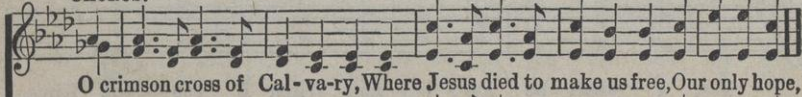
paid, A full and a per-fect atonement made, - Never lose sight of the cross.
come, Press onward, for surely 'twill lead you home, Never lose sight of the cross.
all, And fol-low where Calvary's light doth fall, - Never lose sight of the cross.



D. S.—our on - ly plea, Nev-er lose sight of the cross.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O crimson cross of Cal-va-ry, Where Jesus died to make us free, Our only hope,



No. 144.

That's Why I Love Him.

S. L.

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Scott Lawrence.

1. Je - sus my Shep - herd has prom - ised to be, That's why I
2. His grace I know is suf - fi - cient for me, That's why I
3. If I a - bide I can ask what I will; That's why I

love Him so; One day I heard Him say "Come un - to Me"
love Him so; All thro' e - ter - ni - ty with Him I'll be,
love Him so; Pur - chased my ran - som on Cal - va - ry's Hill,

CHORUS.

That's why I love Him so. That's why I love Him, That's why I

love Him, Be - cause He died for me; When I'm tempt - ed and
for me;

tried, He is close by my side, That's why I love Him so.

No. 145. He is Listening Over There.

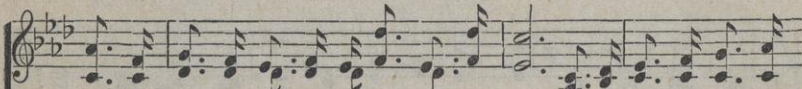
S. L.

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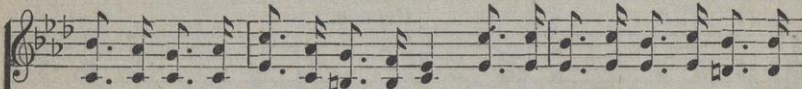
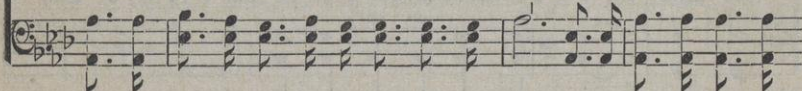
Scott Lawrence.



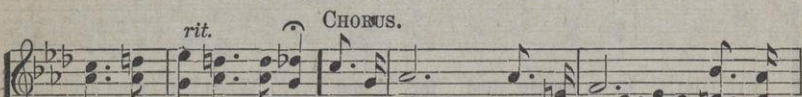
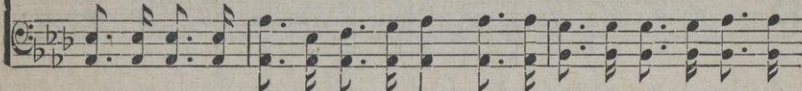
1. When dis-cour-aged and disheartened, And you want a friend who's true,
2. When your heart is sad and drear-y, And the temp-ter's voice you hear,
3. If you want to be more like Him, With-out ceas-ing you must pray;



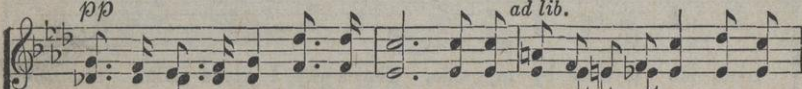
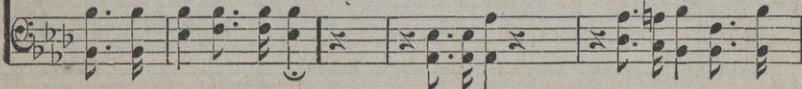
Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing o-ver there; Call up-on Him, He is
Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing o-ver there; Look to Him, in faith be-
Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing o-ver there; He will keep you with-out



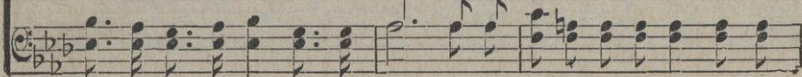
a-ble, And He'll sure-ly com-fort you, Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing
liev-ing, And your doubt will dis-ap-pear, Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing
blem-ish All a-long the nar-row way; Plead with Je-sus, He is list'n-ing



o-ver there, o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there, Just a
O-ver there, o-ver there,



whis-per He can hear, o-ver there; If you'll call, He'll hear your voice, And He'll



He is Listening Over There.

rit.



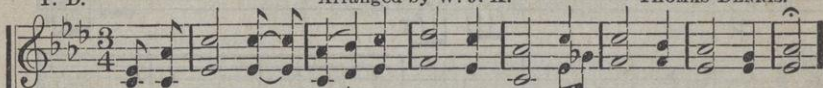
make your heart re-joice, For He's list'ning, list'ning, list'ning o - ver there.

146 He Died of a Broken Heart.

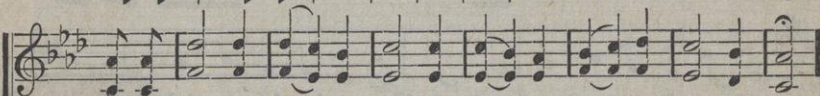
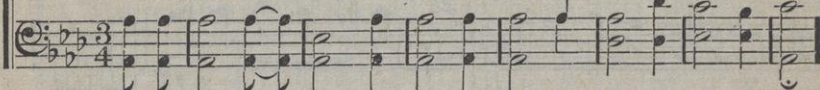
T. D.

Arranged by W. J. K.

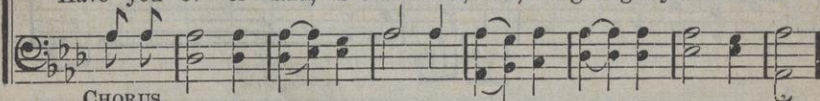
THOMAS DENNIS.



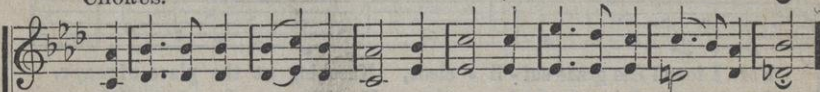
1. Have you heard the sto - ry of the cross, Where Jesus bled and died,
2. Have you heard how they placed the crown of thorns Up - on his love-ly brow,
3. Have you heard that he sav'd the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you heard that he looked to heav'n and said, "'Tis finish'ed"—all for thee?



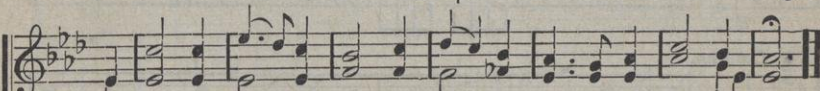
When your debt was paid by his precious blood That gush'd from his wounded side,
When he pray'd, "for - give them, O for - give, They know not what they do?"
Who looked with pit - y - ing eyes and said, "Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me?"
Have you ev - er said, "I thank thee, Lord, For giving thy life for me?"



CHORUS.



He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;



O wondrous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.



No. 147.

At the Place of Prayer.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. At the place of pray'r I sought Him, When I heard His lov-ing call,
2. At the place of pray'r I found Him, With a par-don for my soul,
3. At the place of pray'r how pre-cious, Is the Sav-ior's keep-ing pow'r,

Kneeling there my sins con-fess - ing, Je - sus saved me from them all;
And I cried in my a-maze-ment, "Canst Thou e-ven make me whole!"
For the com - fort of His Spir - it, Is my joy of life each hour;

And my guilt - y heart so bur-den-ed, Was set free from earth-ly care,
Pointing to His cross He answered, "'I | for thee have suffered there,"
All the past His blood has cov-ered, Ev - 'ry bur-den He will share,

For I found His grace suf - fi - cient, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
So by faith I found re - demp-tion, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.
And no e - vil shall be - fall me, Kneel-ing at the place of pray'r.

CHORUS.

At the place of pray'r I'm kneel-ing, Life is sweet-est with Him there,

At the Place of Prayer.

Deep - er truths God is re - veal - ing At the place of prayer.

No.148. Did You Think to Pray?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore trials came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to-day?
 love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
 grace, my broth-er, That you might forgive an-oth-er Who had crossed your way?
 bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor - row At the gates of day?

CHORUS.

Oh, how pray-ing rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;

So when life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for - get to pray.

No. 149. How You Will Love Him!

E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

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 yearning 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.

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

No. 150.

Jesus is Heaven to Me.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My home is the beau-ti-ful Cit-y of Gold, Whose won-der and
 2. No vain or un-ho-ly thing ev-er is there; No sor-row or
 3. No night in that cit-y, no can-dle nor sun,—The Light nev-er
 4. Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal His prais-es shall ring, And I with the

rap-ture can nev-er be told; Its joys I fore-taste ere the por-tals un-fold,
 weep-ing, no tri-al, no care, And I in His ful-ness of glo-ry shall share,
 dim is 'the Glo-ri-fied One; The peace of that home in my soul has be-gun,
 ransomed for-ev-er shall sing The love of my bless-ed Re-deem-er and King,

CHORUS.

For Je-sus is heav-en to me..... Je-sus is heav-en to
 Je-sus is heav-en, is

me,..... Je-sus is heav-en to me;..... Of
 heav-en to me; Je-sus is heav-en to me;

Him will I sing, My Savior, my King, For Je-sus is heav-en to me.

No. 151. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of wondrous
 2. He trod in old Ju-de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
 3. 'T was wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss - To bear, with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
 thronged about Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken
 out a mur-mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heavens, My
 heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
 glo - ry, Let us our voi-ces raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be. Sweet - er as the years go by,.....
 love for e - ven me.
 our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet - er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
 sweet - er as the years go by.

Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

No. 152.

Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Fanny J. Crosby.

George C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
Bring Him Thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no long - er de - lay.
They who be - lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! . . . Call - ing to - day! . . .
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

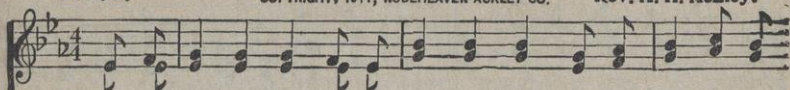
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

No. 153. No Other Friend Like Jesus.



A. H. A.

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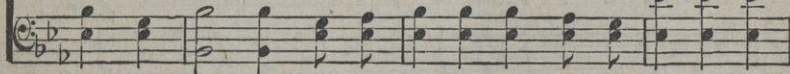
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



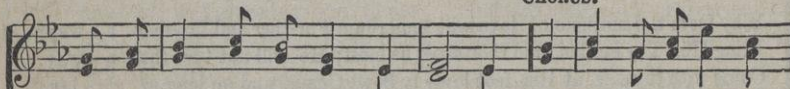
1. Have you ev - er tho't there is one who knows, There is no oth - er
2. Have you turned a-side from the path of life? There is no oth - er
3. Do you struggle on in a lone - ly road? There is no oth - er
4. Will you let Him en - ter your way-ward soul? There is no oth - er
5. Would you meet the ones who have gone be-fore? There is no oth - er



friend like Je - sus; When the storm clouds rise and the wild wind blows,
 friend like Je - sus; Have you kept your faith in the bit - ter strife?
 friend like Je - sus; Is your heart made sad by a heav - y load?
 friend like Je - sus; Will you trust the Christ who can make you whole?
 friend like Je - sus; He can lead y u safe to the oth - er shore,





CHORUS.




There is no oth - er friend like Je - sus. There's no [oth-er friend like

Je - sus, There's no oth - er friend like Je - sus; Tho' life's bil - lows roll,

He will keep my soul, Oh, there's no oth - er friend like Je - sus.



No. 154. Jesus is the Friend you Need.

Ada Powell.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you wandered from the Shepherd's fold a - way, In - to ways for-
2. Are you dai - ly bur - dened with a heav - y load, As you trav - el
3. Would you dwell with-in the man - sions of the blest? Does your wea - ry

bid - den have you gone a - stray? Are you still in darkness, long - ing
in the straight and nar - row road? Are you striv - ing to be loy - al,
heart still long for peaceful rest? You will find the pil - grim way is

CHORUS.

for the day? Je - sus is the Friend you need.
pure and good? Je - sus is the Friend you need. Je - sus is the Friend you
al - ways best, Je - sus is the Friend you need. is the

need, Je - sus is the Friend you need; Let His love and
Friend you need, is the Friend you need;

light be yours to shine a - way the night, Je - sus is the Friend you need.

155. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

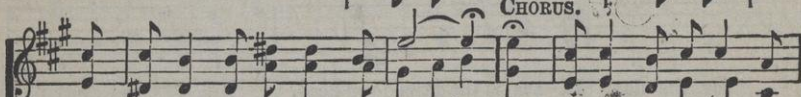
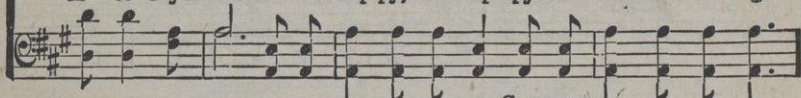
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of Death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came



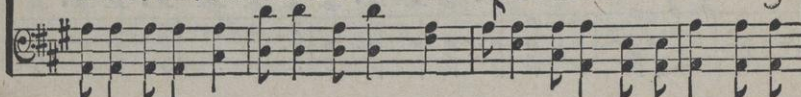
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on - ward I go.



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.



No. 156. 'Tis Wonderful to Know Such a Savior.

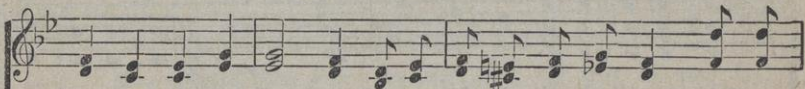
F. A. F.

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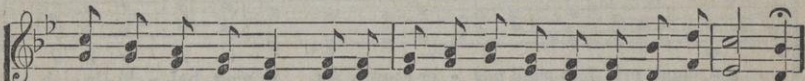
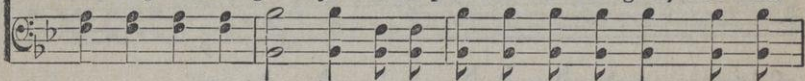
Fred A. Fillmore.



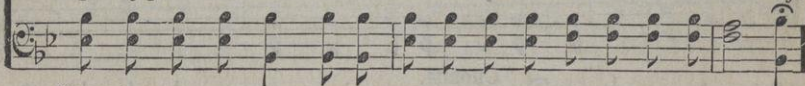
1. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you! Come to
2. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you! If you
3. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you—Sim-ply
4. What the Lord has done for me, He will sure-ly do for you. To His



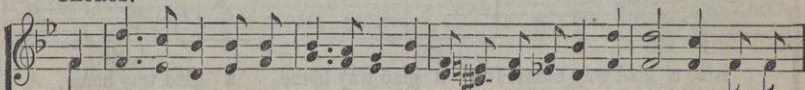
Him your sins con-fess-ing; Come be-liev-ing in His word, Come, ac-
 on-ly learn to love Him; If you trust Him day by day, And His
 trust Him now—be-lieve Him; For He loves you O so well—More than
 name be praise and glo-ry! Of the prec-ious life He gave, Of His



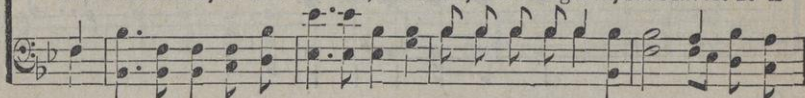
cept the bless-ed Lord, Come with-out de-lay and claim the promised bless-ing.
 grac-ious will o-bey, You will find there's not an-oth-er friend a-bove Him.
 mor-tal tongue can tell, Will you hard-en now your heart and not re-ceive Him?
 migh-ty pow'r to save O I love to tell a-broad the dear old sto-ry!



CHORUS.



'Tis won-der-ful, it is wonderful, Such love, redeeming love, such favor! It is



won-der-ful, it is tru-ly, tru-ly won-der-ful, so won-der-ful to know such a Savior.



No. 157.

A Glad Way Home.

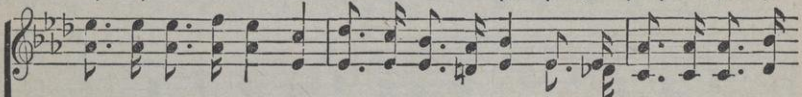
W. C. Poole.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There are ma-ny storm - y tri - als a-long my pil-grim way, There are
2. There are ma - ny hap - py mo - ments to cheer the way a-long, There are
3. Care I not if be my jour-ney on land or on the sea, I have



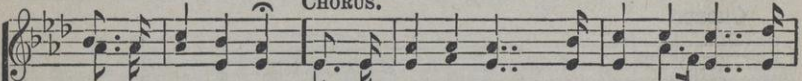
ma - ny self de-ni - als in my path to-day, But His foot-prints I can
ma - ny gold-en hours when I have conquered wrong, And I know my Heav'nly
Je - sus who is ev - er safe - ly guid-ing me, And I know that o'er the



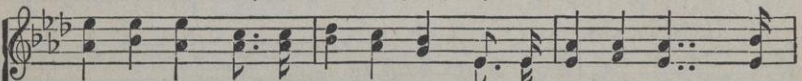
see, and my feet shall nev - er roam, As I sing hal - le - lu - jah,
Fa - ther is wait - ing me to come—So I sing hal - le - lu - jah,
mountains or o'er the o - cean's foam, I can sing hal - le - lu - jah,



CHORUS.



it's a glad way home! It's a glad way home, a glad way home, A



glad way home o - ver which I roam; It's a glad way home, a



The Glad Way Home.

glad way home, My soul sings hal - le - lu - jah, It's a glad way home.

No. 158.

Bless the Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1889 BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

C. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

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 - i - qui - ties who doth Most gra - cious - ly for - give:
 4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou to death mayst 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. 159. Tell it Everywhere You Go.

Herbert Buffum.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If your sins have been for-giv-en you in Je-sus' bless-ed name,
 2. If you've found the Sav-ior pre-cious in your ev - 'ry time of need,
 3. If the love of God is sweet-er than the pleas-ures found in sin,

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; It may help some oth-er wea-ry heart to
 Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; Tell the world that He will always prove He
 Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to

CHORUS.

seek and find the same Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
 is a Friend indeed, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it ev'rywhere you go,
 Jesus you may win; Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it, tell it, ev'tywhere you go.

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go, As you jour-ney here be-low,
 Tell it, tell it, ev-'ry-where you go,

Let the world a-round you know, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.

No. 160. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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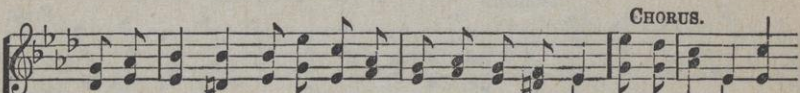
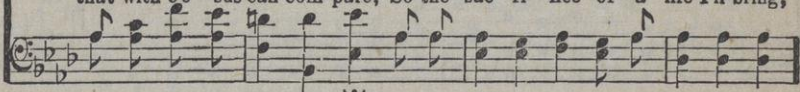
B. D. Ackley.



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

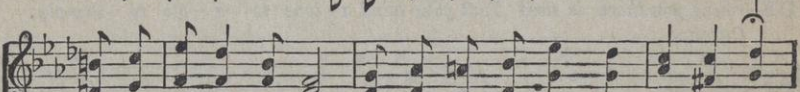
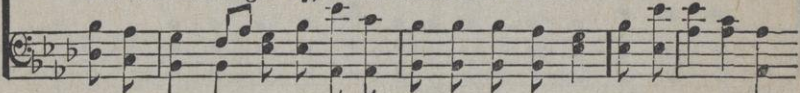


pels the gloom of earth - ly care; In the home of God I shall rest at last,
 with for - bod - ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the Hope is mine,
 that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a life I'll bring,



CHORUS.

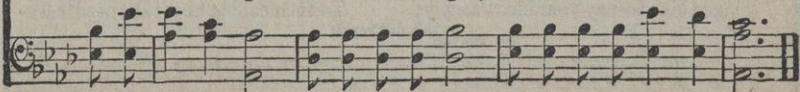
In the land of E - den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
 If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there. I shall walk the streets
 And with Him in glo - ry, I shall dwell for - ev - er there.



of the cit - y of God with its tree of Life so bright so fair,



There will be no night— Jesus is the light, I shall dwell for - ev - er there.



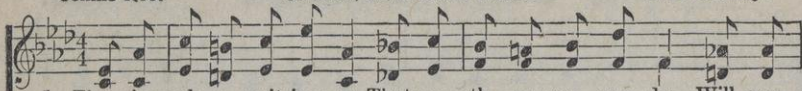
No. 161.

Conscience Bells.

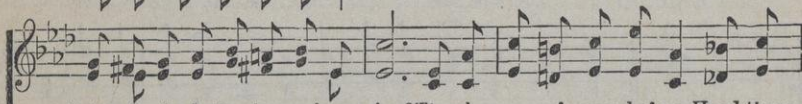
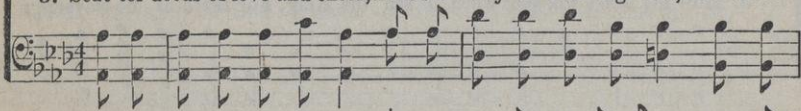
Jennie Ree.

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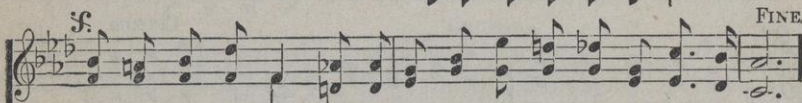
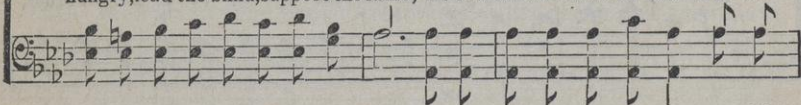
B. D. Ackley.



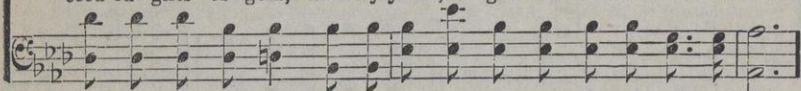
1. There is work a - wait - ing you That no oth - er one can do, Will you
2. Fall - ing soft - ly on the ear, Or with clang - ing loud and clear, They are
3. Scat - ter deeds of love and cheer, Brush a - way a fall - ing tear, Feed the



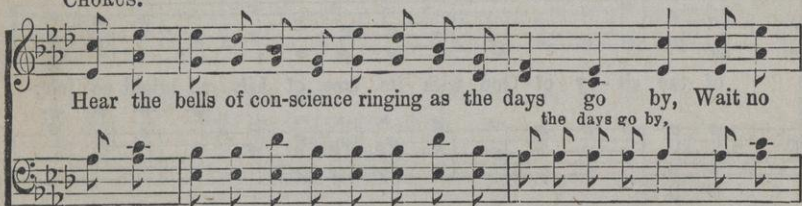
list - en to the bells of conscience ring? They have rung for you before, Heed them, tell - ing of a work that must be done; It may mean a sac - ri - fice! But, no hungry, lead the blind, support the lame; As the widow's mite of old Far ex -



lest they ring no more, And their message is an or - der from the King, mat - ter what the price, Your re - ward will be the great - er when 'tis won. ceed - ed gifts of gold, So may yours, if giv - en in His bless - ed name.



D.S. - round you there is need That your hand a - lone is a - ble to sup - ply.
CHORUS.



longer, give to-day your heart's reply; To their calling now take heed! All a -
this day reply;



No. 162. A Rainbow On the Cloud.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be not wea-ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown, There's a
 2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a-ble to per-form Ev-'ry
 3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sorrow-bowed, Lift your

rain-bow on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of unfading
 word He whispers to your heart; Wholly lean upon Him, then, For the sun will shine a
 voice to praise the Lord to-day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glory, we will

CHORUS.

light Pouring from a sky of ra-diant blue.
 gain, And the shadows ev-er-more de-part. There's a rain-bow on the cloud for
 own That He led us in His per-fect way.

you, There's a prom-ise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a-
 for you, and true;

way; There will dawn a bright-er day, -There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you.

No. 163. Singing As the Days Go By.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. O be hap-py in the Lord, trust-ing ful-ly in His word, Fear
 2. Mak-ing mel-o-dy to Him tho' at times the path be dim, Smile
 3. Stars are shin-ing in the night; life it-self is glad and bright, Our

not the clouds that fill your earthly sky; There's a Friend that's ev-er near,
 bravely, check the wea-ry tho't-less sigh; Things will wear a ros-y hue,
 ma-n-y needs the Lord will yet sup-ply; Then ac-cept what seems the best,

He will give you joy and cheer; Keep sing-ing as the days go by.
 if you take a Christ-like view, Keep sing-ing as the days go by.
 trust-ing Him for all the rest, Keep sing-ing as the days go by.

CHORUS.

Keep sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing as the days
 sing-ing, sing-ing as the days go by, Keep sing-ing sing-ing

go by, If to Je-sus we be-long He will tune our hearts to song,
 as the days go by.

No. 164. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

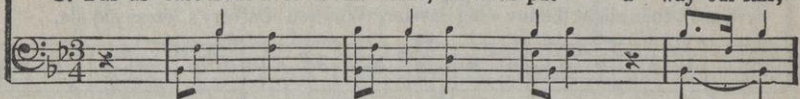
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From Donizetti,
by J. B. Herbert.

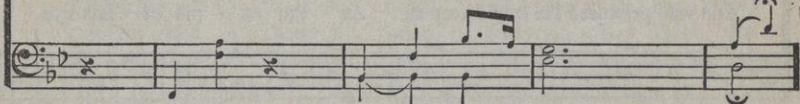
DUET.



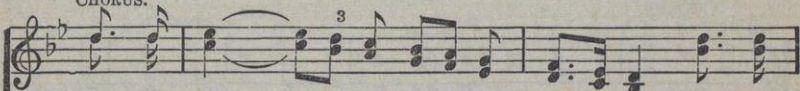
1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho-vah, All with-in me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev-er hide us, Nor keep an-ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis-tant, He hath put a-way our sins;



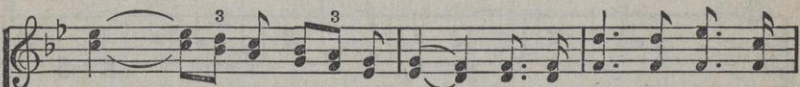
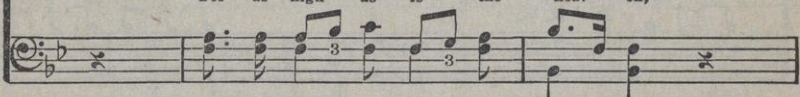
Bless Je-ho-vah, and for-get not All His mer-cies to pro-claim.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Like the pit-y of a fa-ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.



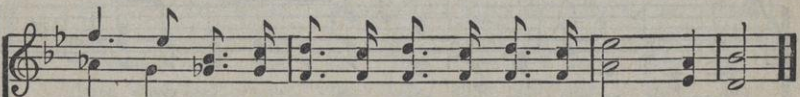
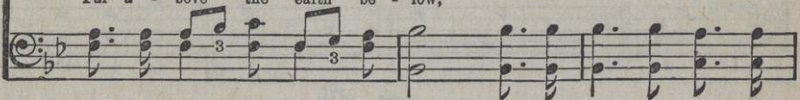
CHORUS.



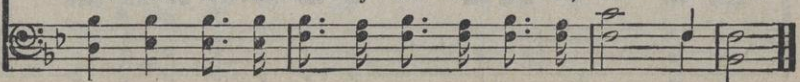
For as high..... as is the heav-en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav-en,



bove..... the earth be-low, Ev-er great to them that
Far a-bove the earth be-low,



fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev-er show.



No. 165. As the Apple of His Eye.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
 Duett, Soprano and Alto (or Tenor.)

1. Ten - der - ly God watch - es o'er us, Ev - er pres - ent, ev - er night;
 2. More than mother's love for children, More than an - y' earth - ly tie;
 3. Deep - er than the might - y o - cean, High - er than the heav - ens high,
 4. Cans't thou slight the lov - ing Sav - ior, Who on Calvary's cross did die,

He hath promised, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
 Is His prom - ise, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
 Is the prom - ise God will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
 And who promised He would keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.

CHORUS.

He will keep us, God will keep us, As the ap - ple

of His eye; God will keep us, safe - ly keep us,

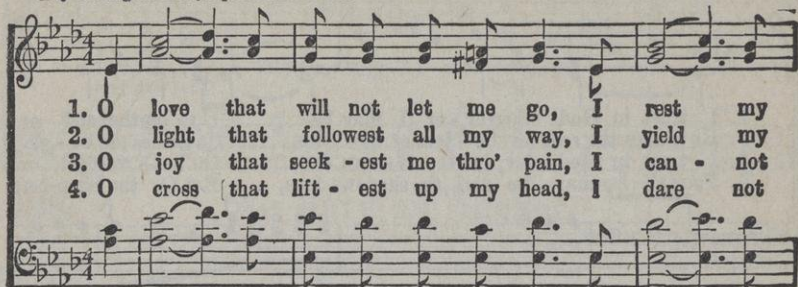
Keep us as the ap - ple of..... His eye.
 Keep us, keep us, as the ap - ple Of His eye.

No. 166. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

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

J. B. Herbert.

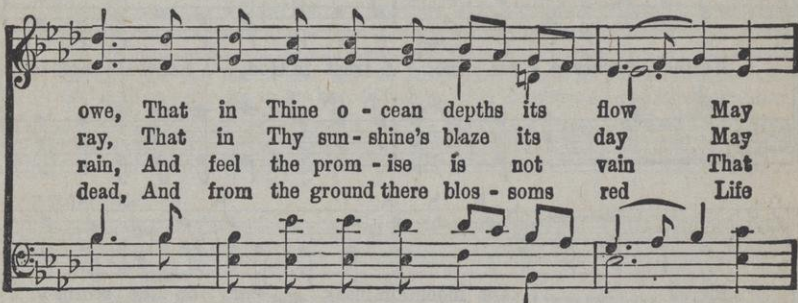
May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.



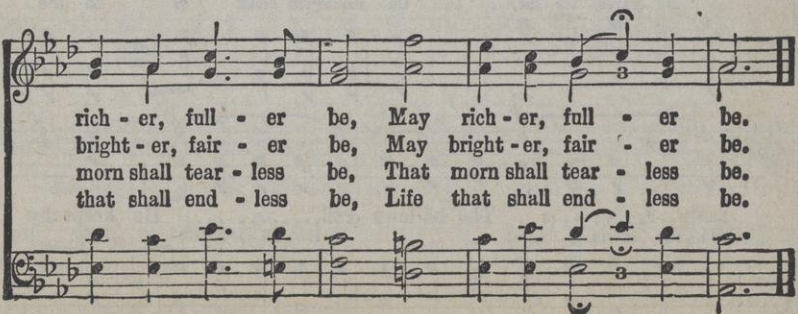
1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
 2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
 3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not



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. 167. My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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 Me.

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

rit.

168 We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
2. It is safe - ly moor'd 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near,
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our lat-est breath,
5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold, our har-bor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an-chor drift, or firm re - main?
 And the ca - bles, pass'd from his heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
 Tho' the temp-est rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow.
 On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 We shall an - chor fast by the heav-'nly shore, With the storms all past for-ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll,

Fas - ten'd to the Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

My Mother.

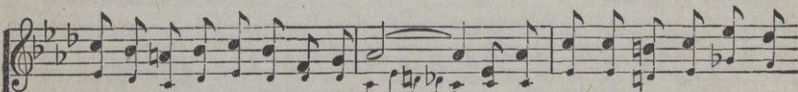
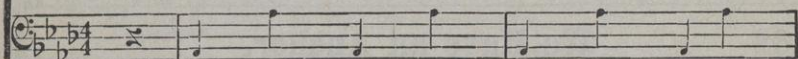
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.



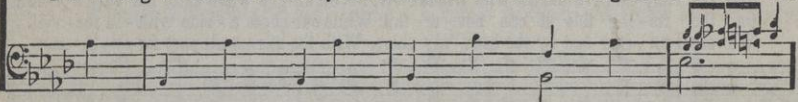
1. To my mem'ry comes a vis - ion That my heart can ne'er for-get, Of my
 2. 'Twas the voice of my dear mother, Full of love and sym-pa-thy, That so
 3. Tho' my mother has de-part - ed, Still I feel her spir - it near, As she



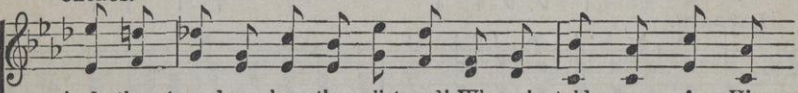
moth-er, with her tender care for me, For the face of years for-got-ten
 oft - en cheered my heart when sad and lone, For I felt the need of Je - sus,
 pleads before the Heav'nly Father's throne, And her pray'rs my life shall answer



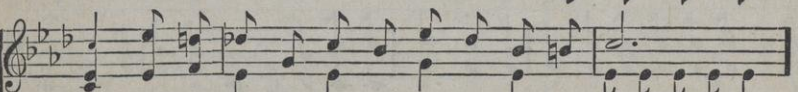
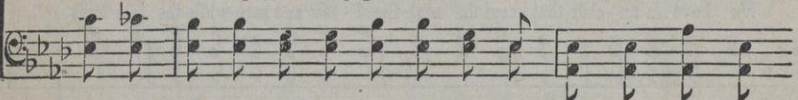
Still remains, I see it yet, And her brow reflects the light of cal-va-ry.
 And her constant pray'r for me Led my wand'ring footsteps to my Father's home.
 For I long to meet her there, And to see the Christ who bought me for His own.



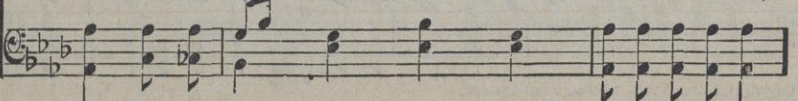
CHORUS.



And the tear-drops, how they glistened! When she told me of His



love, How the ten - der Shepherd came to seek the lost,
 Shep - herd came to seek and save the lost,



My Mother.

rit.

O'er the mount-ain, thro' the val-ley, Ev-'ry foot-print stained with
 blood, Till He pur-chased my Re-demp-tion on the cross.

The score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a *rit.* marking. The second system concludes with a double bar line.

No. 170. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

USED BY PERMISSION.

William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
 2. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are numbered 1, 2, and 3.

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
 With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics describe the speaker's desire for rest and peace.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
 We'll work We'll work And we'll be-gath-er-ed home.

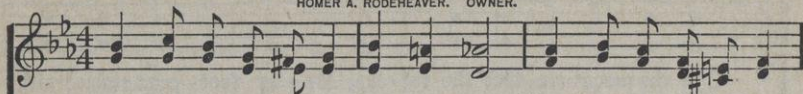
The chorus is marked with a '1' above the first measure and a '2' above the second measure, indicating a first and second ending. The piano accompaniment includes rests (marked with 'x') in the first system of the chorus.

No. 171. Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

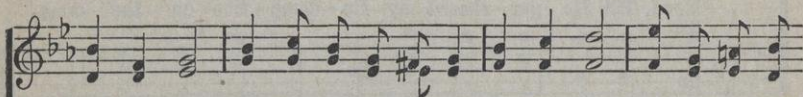
Charlotte G. Homer.

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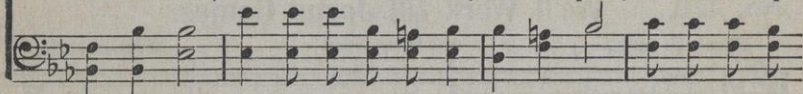
B. D. Ackley.



1. Bright-er the sun-light glows On my way; Strong-er my vi-sion grows,
2. Since yield-ing to my King Full con-trol, Joy-bells so sweet-ly ring
3. This is my dai-ly plea O'er and o'er; More like my King to be,



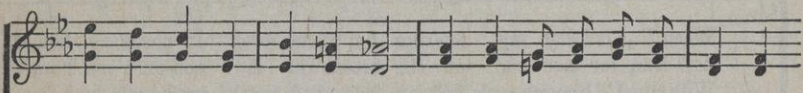
Day by day; Doubts van-ish, and my foes Flee a-way, And my hap-py
In my soul; Days may tempta-tion bring, Seas may roll, I am safe be-
More and more; O walk and talk with me, I im-plore, And from ev-'ry



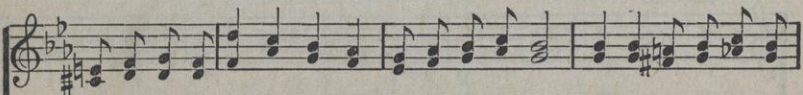
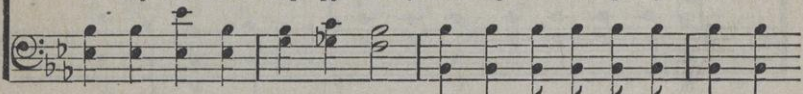
CHORUS.



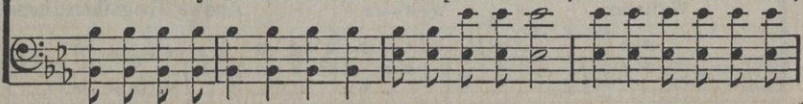
heart with love o'er-flows.
neath His shelt'ring wing. All the day I'm singing, And the joy-bells, ringing
sin, Lord, keep me free.



In my soul their hap-py chime, Fill my life with glo-ry As I



tell the sto-ry Of unbounded love and peace sub-lime; For a life of sad-ness,



Till I Meet Him Face to Face.

I have one of glad-ness, Thro' His sav-ing grace, . . . Je - sus,
and mer-cy,

mine for ev - er! He will fail me nev - er, Till I meet Him face to face.

No. 172. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

BY PER.

C. S. Harrington.

1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will pro-vide; It may not be my time,
3. De-pond then no longer, The Lord will pro-vide; And this be the to-ken—
4. March on, then, right boldly; The sea shall di-vide; The pathway made glorious,

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way The Lord will pro-vide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time The Lord will pro-vide.
No word he hath spo-ken Was ev - er yet bro-ken, The Lord will pro-vide.
With shoutings vic-to-rious, We'll join in the cho-rus, The Lord will pro-vide.

What if it were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
 3. Faithful and true would he find us here If he should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sighing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watching in gladness and not in fear, If he should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim his cho - sen Bride, All the re - deem'd and
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet him
 Signs of his com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
 in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
 east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo. CHORUS.
 What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What if it were To-day?—Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-prepare the
we shall crown him king, Haste to pre-

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

ritard.

174

O Still in Accents Sweet.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

(Chappell. C. M.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

- O still in accents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the an-cient word,
- We hear the call; in dreams no more In self-ish ease we lie,
- Where prophets word, and martyrs blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,
- O thou whose call our hearts have stirr'd, To do thy will we come;

"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More la-b'ers for the Lord."
But gird-ed for our Fa-ther's work, Go forth be-neath his sky.
We, to their la - bors en-t'ring in, Would reap where they have strown.
Thrust in our sick - les at thy word, And bear our har-vest home.

No. 175.

The Great Man of Galilee.

Respectfully dedicated to my friends, Hart and Magann.

E. E. Hewitt.

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C. V. Frisinger.

Introduction. *rit.*

Voices in unison.

1. Come bur - dened soul to the Sav - ior.....
 2. Though on the throne of His glo - ry,.....
 3. Find - ing His won - drous sal - va - tion,.....

He from your sin will set you free;.....
 He will the same kind Je - sus be,.....
 Let all a - round your glad - ness see,.....

Seek - ing His mer - ci - ful fa - vor,.....
 As in the dear gos - pel sto - ry,.....
 Then with a full con - se - cra - tion,.....

The Great Man of Galilee.

rit.

Come to the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Trust in the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Live for the Man of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O, bless - ed Mas - ter of Gal - i - lee,

We would be loy - al and true to Thee,

Parts

On ev - 'ry tongue Thy name shall be, O

Great Man of Gal - i - lee.

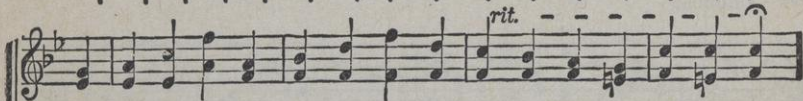
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



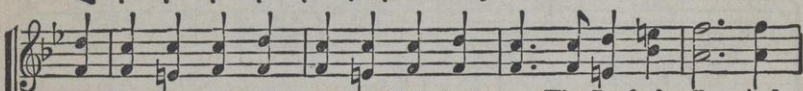
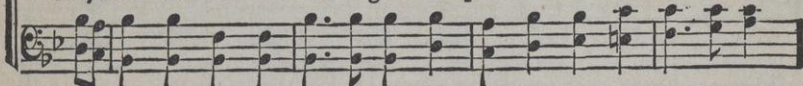
1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let men and an - gels loud pro-claim
2. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! To seek and save the lost He came
3. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame



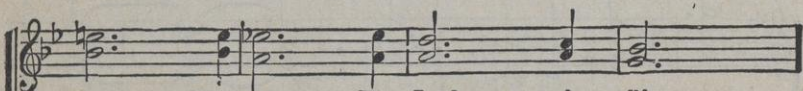
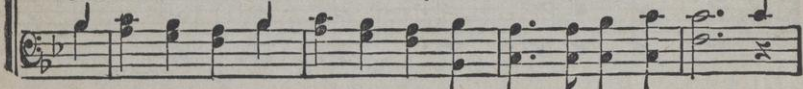
The won-ders of His works and ways, And raise to Him un - end - ing praise;
To earth a Stran-ger, and un-known, A ran - som for His lov'd, His own;
That such a Sav - ior was de-nied, Was scourged, condemned and cru-ci-fied;



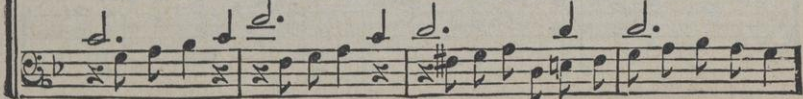
He built the heav'ns, the stars He made; By Him was earth's foun-da-tion laid;
He came to break the bonds of sin, Our souls from Sa-tan's pow'r to win;
Yet, bless - ed news—He lives a - gain! The pow'rs of dark-ness were in-vain!



Be - fore Him let all na - tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all; And
He speaks—O hear His right-eous call, And crown Him Lord of all; And
Let all the earth His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all; And



crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all
Lord of all, Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all!



Crown Him!

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

CHORUS.

Crown Him! crown Him! Hon- or, love and mer- cy
 Won- der- ful is He! wis- dom, pow' r and ma- jes- ty, Hon- or, love, and
 Wen - - der - full ma - - jes - ty!

un- to Him be - long; Crown Him!
 mer- cy a- lone to Him be- long; All earth shall yet be- fore Him fall, Ev- 'ry
 Wen - der - full

Crown Him! Praise Him with a glad tri- umph- ant song; ..
 na- tion shall ex- tol Him in praise with glad tri- umph- ant song, For
 ma - jes - ty!

Crown Him! crown Him! Shall crown Him Lord of all.
 Lord of all, shall crown Him Lord of all.

No. 177.

The Everlasting Father.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Prelude.

1. Won - der-ful (Won - der-ful,) Coun-sel-lor, (Coun-sel-lor,) Ev - er-last-ing Father,
 2. Might - y God, (Might - y God,) King of kings, (King of kings,) Whither shall we go to

*Tenor Ob.

Prince of Peace, We revere, (We re-vere,) we a-dore (we a-dore) Thee, Thy
 hide from Thee? In the depths, (In the depths,) in the heights, (in the heights.) In the

ho - ly name we love; For-ev-er we will Mag-ni - fy, (Mag - ni - fy,) glo-ri-
 vast un-bound-ed space Thou art abiding! Worlds unknown (Worlds unknown) hear Thy

fy (glo - ri - fy) Thee, and nev-er shall our praises cease Till we stand (Till we stand)
 voice (hear Thy voice) And o-bey, as did the an-gry sea; Ho-ly One, (Holy One),

*A few select Tenor Voices should sing the Obligato Solo and melody.

The Everlasting Father.

FINE. Female voices, divid-

face to face, (face to face,) with Thee in our home above. Thou hast bo't us, and
matchless One, (matchless One,) show Thy reconciling face. While we journey be-

Male voices in unison.

ed into sections.

Thine are we; (and Thine are we;) Our allegiance give we to Thee; (we give to Thee;) Breathe on
Thou our guide, (be Thou our guide,) While we travel, walk by our side, (walk by our side,) Lead us

us, O liv-ing Breath Divine, and make us wholly Thine, (yes, whol-ly Thine,) Thou didst
where green pastures grow, And living waters gently flow, (where wa-ters flow,) Be our

hear our cry of distress, (in our distress,) And to save, redeem and bless, (redeem and bless,)
Guardian, be our Friend, (be Thou our Friend, All our days do Thou attend, (do Thou attend,)

Full harmony.

D. C.

Didst come to earth to bleed and die To save e - ven such as I.
Sus - tain us, love and keep us, Lord, We trust in Thy ho - ly Word.

No. 178.

Extol Him!

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

Voices in Unison.

1. Come ye whose souls de-light in the mar-vel-ous King of love,
2. His love is lift - ing nations and tribes o-ver all the earth,
3. Oh, sing to-day, with voic-es of glad-ness, a sweet new song,

And send to-day an an-them of joy to the throne a - bove;
And all the world should now be extolling His bound - less worth;
And praise His name till mountains and valleys His praise pro - long;

His grace has made us hap-py and free from the bonds of sin, And
Our King is He, the Rul-er who came from His throne a - bove And
Re-peat with joy love's mar-velous sto-ry till life be past, That

if we still re - ly on His grace we shall sure - ly win.
bled and died to show to the sin-ner His won - drous love.
we may see our glo - ri-ous King on His throne at last.

Extol Him!

CHORUS.

Praise Him, ye servants of His, Anthems out-pour in His praise; Gathered to-
ser - vants, your

An - - thems out-pour to His praise,

day in His glo - ri - ous Pres - ence Ho - san - - nas
Ho - san - -

glad - ly raise;..... Hon - or His won - der - ful name,
name, won - der - ful,
nas, ho - san - nas raise;

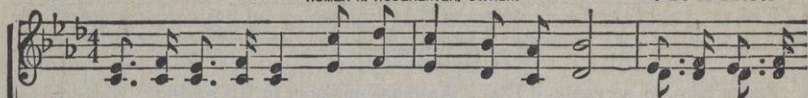
sing of His love o'er and o'er;..... With the glad an - gels of
Sing of His love o'er and o'er; . .

heav - en ex - tol Him for - ev - er and ev - er more.

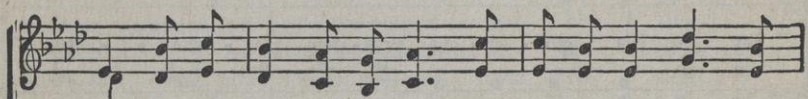
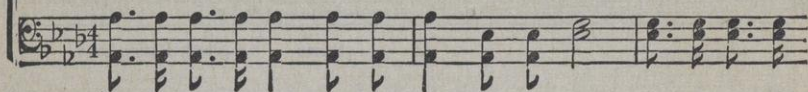
No. 179. The House That Stood the Storm

COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY RODEHEAVER & HERBERT,
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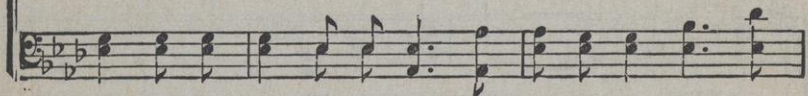
J. B. Herbert.



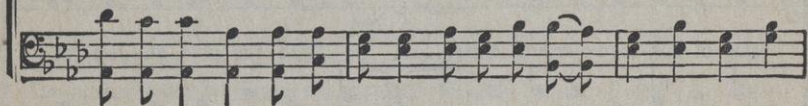
"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er
D.C.—"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er



hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them not, and
hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them well, and



do - eth them not, shall be lik - ened un - to a foolish man, which built his
do - eth them well, shall be lik - ened un - to a wise man, which built his



house up - on the sand." "And the rains de - scend - ed, and the
house up - on a rock."



The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it

1 *slower.* 3 *very deliberately.* D. C.
fell.. it fell.. and.. great was the fall there - of."

2
fell not! And it fell not! for it was found-ed up-on a

ff *slower.* *ff*
rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,
up - on a rock!

rock!

No. 180.

His Name Forever.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

C. H. Junior.

1. His name a-bove all other names Shall men and an-gels sing
2. He built the heav'ns, He made the stars, And gave to each a place;
3. Al - might-y, ev - er-last-ing God, How won-der-ful Thou art!

In
The
O

time and in e - ter - ni-ty, — Redeemer, Sav-ior, King. 'Tis writ-ten on the wa-ters in His hands He holds, And keeps the sun in space. Cre - a - tion is His may Thy will in serv - ice be The joy of ev - 'ry heart. Di - rect us, love us,

walls of time; Em-blaz-oned on the trees; The mighty thunders speak it, And 'tis hand-i-work, E - ter - ni-ty His plan; His pow'r in nature He displayed, — His guide and keep Us in Thy tender care, And in Thine own good time and way May

whispered by the breeze.
im - age gave to man. His name shall be a - bove all
we Thy glo-ry share. His name . . . shall be . . . a - bove all

oth - er names For - ev - er, for - ev - er, Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King.
oth - er names For - ev - er, ev - er

rit.

No. 181.

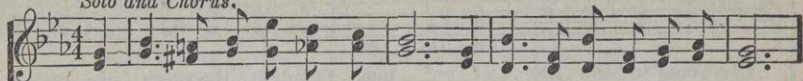
Sail On!

C. H. G.

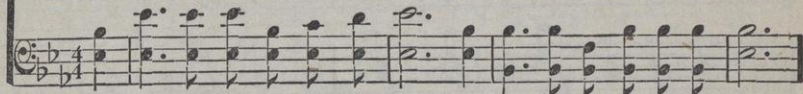
COPYRIGHT, 1909. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNERS.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

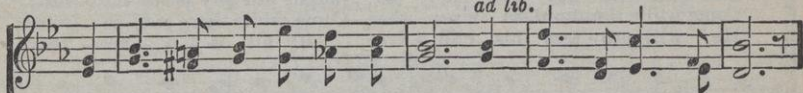
Solo and Chorus.



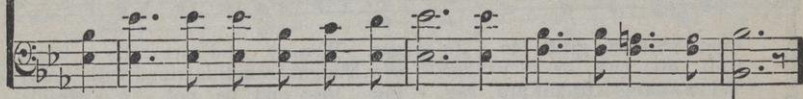
1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sailing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wear-y worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?



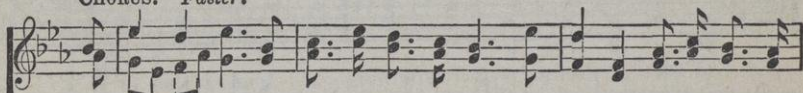
ad lib.



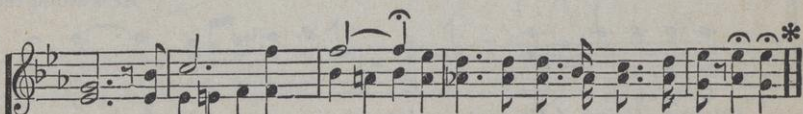
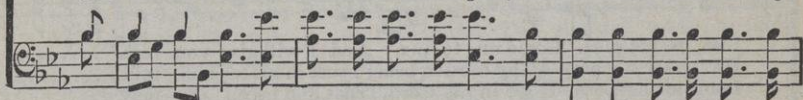
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark yel A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!



CHORUS. *Faster.*



Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways



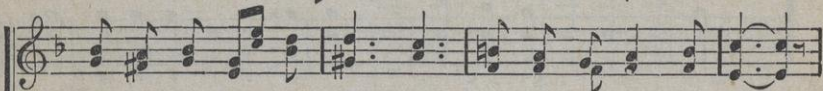
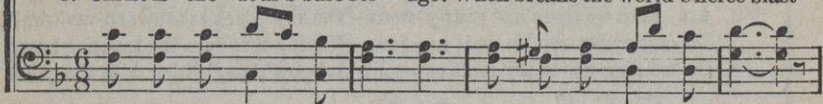
last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
sail on! sail on!



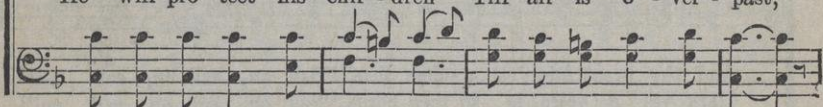
*While the Sop. and Base sustain the last "on," the Alto and Tenor repeat the last "Sail on" three times, *rall. e dim.*



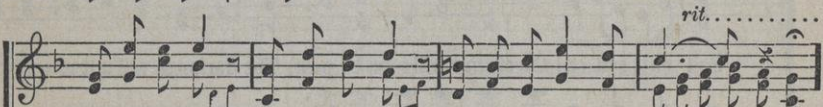
1. Come to the ark of ref - uge, Come to the place of rest;
 2. Come to the heart that loves thee, Come to the soul's true home,
 3. Christ is the soul's sure ref - uge: When breaks the world's fierce blast



Safe in this qui - et har - bor, Naught can thy peace mo - lest;
 Come while the Lord in - vites thee, Come while there yet is room;
 He will pro - tect his chil - dren Till all is o - ver - past;

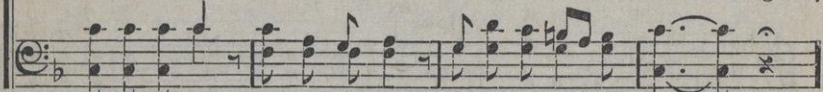


Come with thy guilt to Je - sus, Wea - ry and sore dis - trest;
 Tell him thy ev - 'ry sor - row, Naught from this friend with - hold;
 When storms without are rag - ing Rest and be not a - fraid;

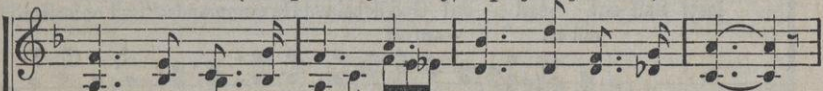


List to his plea, "Come un - to me, And I will give you rest.".....
 He'll hear thy pray'r, Thy burden bear: Trust in his love un - told.....
 Look to the Lord, Hope in his word, Trust, and be un - dis - may'd.

He is calling thee,



CHORUS. Unison. (*Alto part may be sung, or played by cornet.*)



O mes - sage of mer - cy! Un - bound - ed, un - known!



Message of Mercy.—Concluded.

He died to re - deem thee; O make him now thine own!

rall.

a tempo.

By faith in his mer - cy, By trust in his grace;

With saints in his king - dom, He'll give thy soul a place.

183

O for a Soul.

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
 2. A soul so large that all man-kind Can be embrac'd there-in;
 3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
 4. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his deed;
 5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for thee;

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
 The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be counted all a - kin.
 That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for him, His pur - pose to ful - fil.
 That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
 And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

No. 184.

He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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

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!

I Am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's
 2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant
 3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
 4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous -
 5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His

joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
 to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
 sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
 ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,

CHORUS.

I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,

Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I

now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.

CHORUS.

Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain: Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, sing it o'er a - gain: Christ re

ceiv - - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 make the message plain:

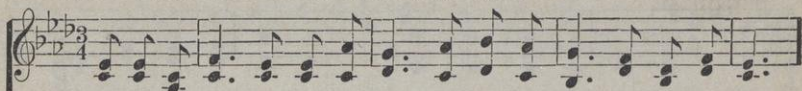
No. 187.

Christ Rescued Me.

Mrs. W. T. Morris.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WM. J. RAMSAY.

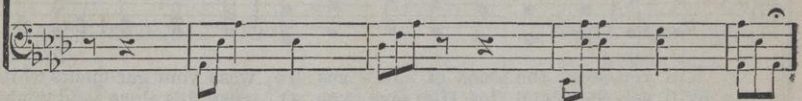
Wm. J. Ramsay.



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



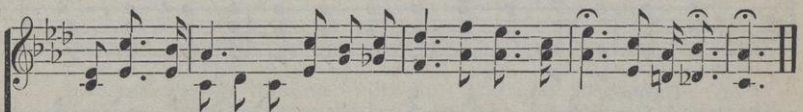
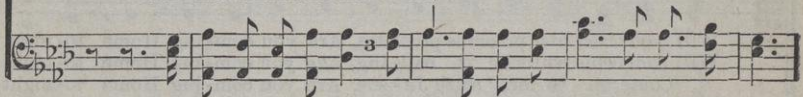
And from the depths of mis-er-y With His own hands He lift-ed me,
 And vain all bet-ter life had been, Till Je-sus' touch had made me clean.
 Then out of blind-ness in-to sight With nail-pierced hands He set me free.
 The lov-ing One, who bore my shame, And with His life-blood res-cued me.



CHORUS.



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



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



188 Are You Coming Home To-night?

Arranged.

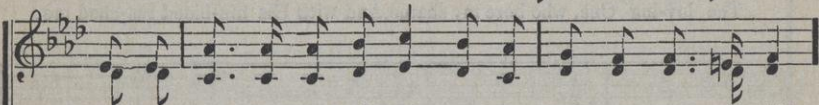
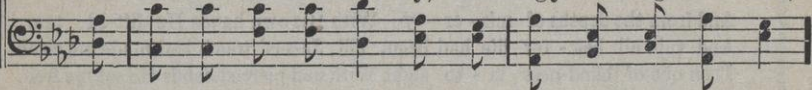
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



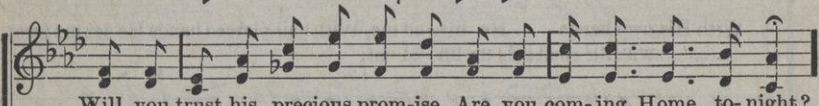
1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'ers, Whom Je-sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait.
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;
4. Are you com-ing Home, ye wea - ry, Who long for rest and peace;



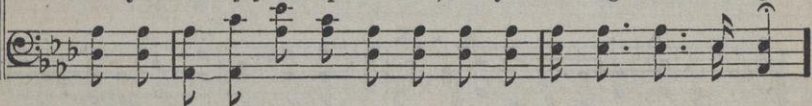
All foot - sore, lame and wea - ry, Your gar - ments stain'd with sin;
 Come, then, no lon - ger lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
 Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;
 Your bur - den has been heav - y, And long you've sought re - lease;



Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your gar - ments white;
 Will you come and let Him save you, O trust his love and might;
 Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust him quite;
 Will you now ac - cept of Je - sus, In him your heart de - light;



Will you trust his precious prom - ise, Are you com - ing Home to - night?
 Will you come while he is call - ing, Are you com - ing Home to - night?
 "Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you com - ing Home to - night?
 Will you ful - ly yield up to him, Are you com - ing Home to - night?



CHORUS.



Are you com - ing Home to - night, Are you com - ing Home to - night,



Are You Coming Home To-night?—Concluded.

1

Are you com-ing Home to Je-sus, Out of darkness in - to light?

2

To your lov-ing, heav'nly Fa-ther, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

189

Come, Come To-day.

(Male Voices.)

ADELAIDE ROBERTSON WEBB.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, come to-day! Do not de-lay, Come to thy Fa-ther's home!
2. Come, come to-day! Trust him al-way, Yield now to him thy soul!
3. Come, come to-day! How canst thou stay Far from thy Fa-ther's side?
4. Come, come to-day! Turn not a-way, If thou wouldst now be blest.
5. Come, come to-day! Earth's joys de-cay. Heav'n's glories thou may share

Look to him now, In meekness bow, Leave all thy sins and come!
 Thou shalt find joy, With-out al-loy; Come, he will make thee whole!
 He'll take thee in, Cleanse ev-'ry sin, And let his peace a-bide
 Hark to his voice! Come and re-joice! Come, he will give thee rest.
 With all his own, Close to the throne And praise him ev-er there.

No. 190.

Would You Be Saved.

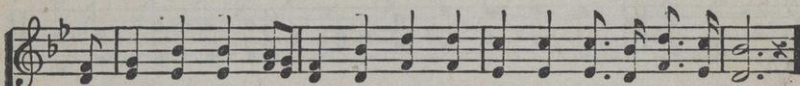
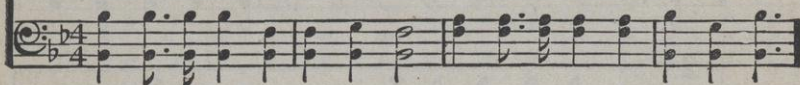
E. E. Rexford.

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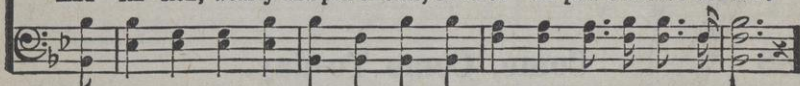
Dr. S. B. Jackson.



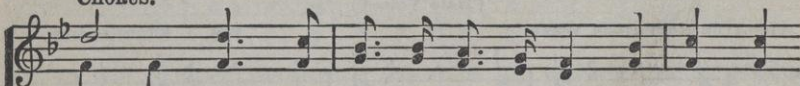
1. Would you be saved? Then why not come Just as you are, and come to - day;
2. Would you be saved? O do not wait! God calls you—heed His lov - ing voice!
3. Would you be saved? There still is room! Christ is the Way, the o - pen Door,
4. O stub-born heart, this hour re - lent! Cry: "Lord, forgive these sins of mine!"



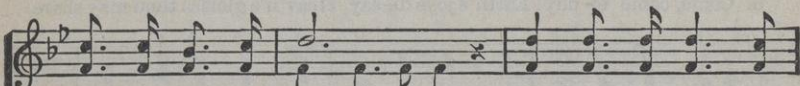
Come while the Spir - it strives with you; Come, for there's danger in de - lay!
 O come be - fore it is too late—Now is the time to make the choice.
 That "who - so - ev - er will" may come, And may find life for - ev - er - more.
 And sin - sick, wear - y and pen - i - tent, Yield to the pow'r of love di - vine.



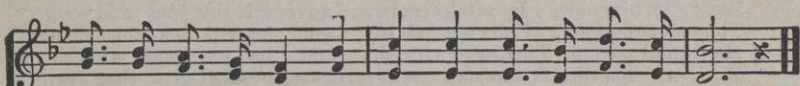
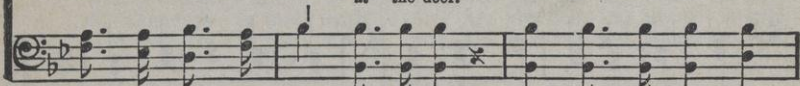
CHORUS.



Now, now is the ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - ior's
 Now, just now is



plead - ing at the door: "O let Me in! I'll
 at the door:



cleanse your ev - 'ry sin, And will re - mem - ber them no more!"



No. 191. The Church In the Wildwood.*

NEW ARR. OF MUSIC, COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. S. P. and E. E. H.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er
 2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
 3. It was there that the sto - ry of Je - sus First at-tract-ed my
 4. It is close to the church in the val - ley That my loved ones so

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, O
 heart by its charms; And 'twas there God's dear messenger taught me How to
 peace-ful - ly rest; I shall see them a-gain in the Homeland, Where we'll

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

FINE CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 come to the church in the vale.
 come to his mer - ci - ful arms.
 join in the songs of the blest. O come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the vale;
 come, come, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

*For male voices—1st tenor sing alto, 2nd tenor or 1st bass sing the melody.

Grace, Wonderful Grace.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Faith saw the Sav-ior on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shed - ding his
 2. Faith claim'd the par - don he pur - chased with blood, Took life e -
 3. Faith leans se - cure - ly on mar - vel - ous love, Sees the Re -

life - blood for sin - ners like me; Saw him a sub - sti - tute,
 ter - nal, the gift of our God; At Je - sus' cross learn'd the
 deem - er now pray - ing a - bove, Longs for a sight of the

tak - ing our place, Knew he was a - ble to save us, by grace.
 new song of praise, Found per - fect cleans - ing thro' in - fi - nite grace.
 heav - en - ly place, Wait - ing the Chris - tian, thro' rich - es of grace.

CHORUS.

Grace, won - der - ful grace for all, Grace, al - ways to help when we call;
 Won - der - ful grace, grace for us all, For ev - 'ry need and grace when we call; There is

Grace, won - der - ful strength and grace For ev - 'ry moment, for ev - 'ry place.
 won - der - ful grace, God's strength and grace

Just to See Jesus.

Dr. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just to see Je - sus, whose love is so pre-cious! Jesus my Sav-ior! my
 2. Just to see Je - sus, once scarred as Re-deem-er! Jesus my Lord, from all
 3. Just to see Je - sus in heav-en ex - alt - ed! Jesus, who died up - on
 4. Just to see Je - sus when saved ones are gath'ring! Dy-ing as Sav-ior, now

Help - er is He; Just to see Je - sus fill heaven with glad-ness, That will be
 suf - fer - ing free; Just to see Je - sus trans-fig-ured for-ev - er, That will be
 Cal - va-ry's tree; Just to see Je - sus, with sainted ones singing, That will be
 ris - en is He; Just to see Jesus—to bow in His presence— That will be

CHORUS.

glo - ry, be glo - ry for me. Just to see Je - sus re - ceiv-ing His

cres.

glo - ry, Won - der-ful Sav-ior, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'tis Hel Just to see

rit.


Je - sus, to praise and a - dore Him, That will be glory, be glo - ry for me.

No. 194. I Love To Tell The Story.

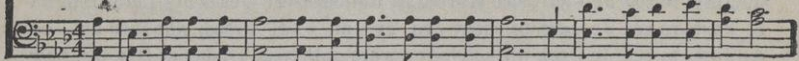
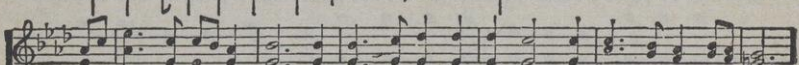
Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

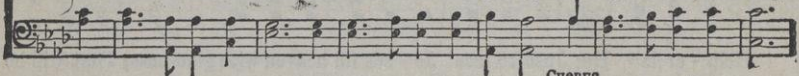
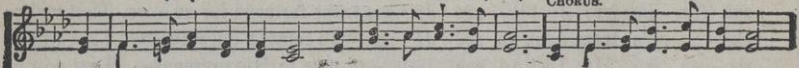
William G. Fischer.



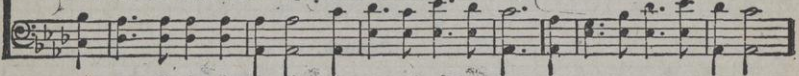
1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and His glo-ry
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing

Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me;
 More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry, For some have nev-er heard
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.
 It sat-is-fies my long-ings as noth-ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry.
 The mes-sage of sal-va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have lov'd so long.



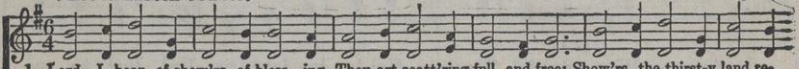

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.



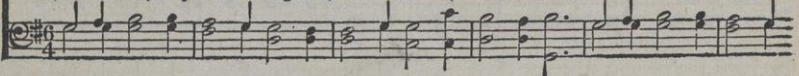
No. 195. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

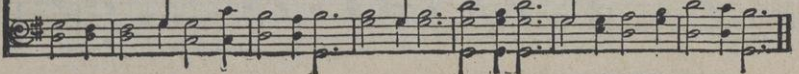
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring-full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long-ing for Thy
 4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and




fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.



No. 196. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 197. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Wallford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { In sea-son
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet } hour of prayer. { My soul has

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of } of dis-tress and grief }
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer, } oft-en found re- } lief,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn }
With strong desires for thy return }
With such I hasten to the place }
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face, }
And gladly take my station there, }
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. }
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of } Thy wings shall my petition bear }
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness }
Engage the waiting soul to bless: }
And since He bids me seek His face, }
Believe His word, and trust His grace, }
I'll cast on Him my every care, }
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. }

No. 198.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!</p> | <p>2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.</p> | <p>3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 199.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, 1 Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

FINE REFRAIN D. S.

{ Sweetest note in ser-aph song,
{ Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> | <p>3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name!
I love the name of Jesus.</p> | <p>4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.</p> |
|--|---|--|

No. 200.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleans this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart;

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

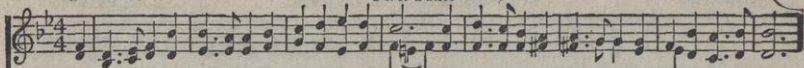
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

No. 201 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

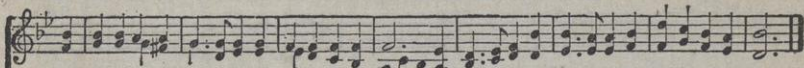
R. Heber.

First Tune.

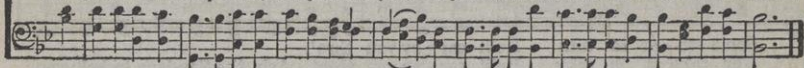
H. S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye,
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?]</p> | <p>3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,</p> | <p>4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.</p> |
|---|--|--|

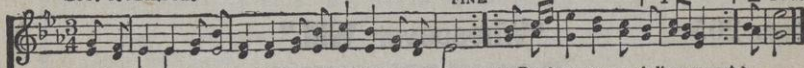
No. 202 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

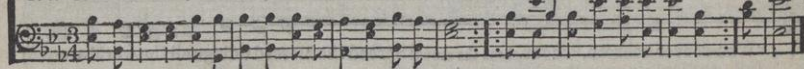
John Wyeth.

2. D. C.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, | Teach me some melodious sonnet, |
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; | Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

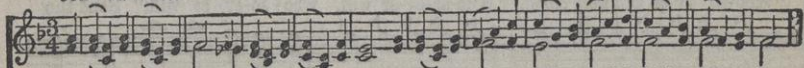


- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p> | <p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll 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.</p> | <p>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;
Prono to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prono to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.</p> |
|---|---|--|

No. 203. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegell



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.



- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares,</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.</p> |
|--|---|--|

No. 204

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
 Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
 Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus,
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
 He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth-er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
 Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you.
 Tho' of-ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

No. 205

"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
 USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who-so-ever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
 Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found:
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
 Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
 "Who-so-ev-er will" 'tis life for-ev-er-more;

FINE CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come," "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will!" Send the
 D.S. "Who-so-ev-er will may come,"

D.S.

proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'r'er home:

No. 206.

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. 207.

Ring the Bells of Heaven:

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.
Jovially,

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

GEO. F. ROOT.
FINE

1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child. }

2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled; }

3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain, }

{ Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain. }

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

No. 211. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where } my pos-ses-sions lie.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore,.....
by and by, ev-er-green shore.

Sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains, 3 When shall I reach that happy place, 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Shines one eternal day; And be forever blest? Would here no longer stay;
There God the Son forever reigns, When shall I see my Father's face, Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
And scatters night away. And in His bosom rest? Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 212. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a-way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma-ny dear to my

over there,

mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathes on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor- row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is the
heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there, Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. M. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
 2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face
 3. While the deep'n'ing shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

REFRAIN

Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art night. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

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

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
 But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
 When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

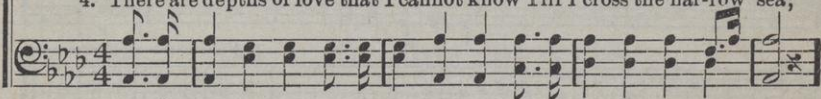
I Am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

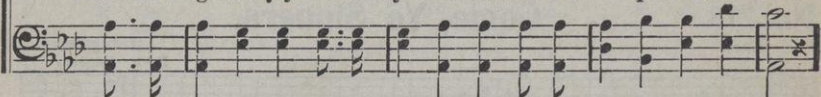
W. H. DOANE.



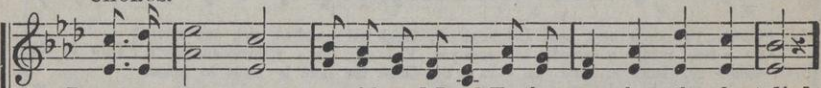
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;



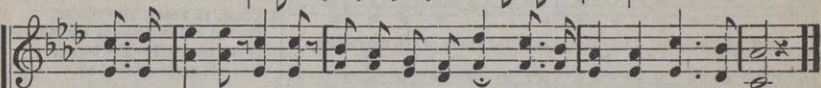
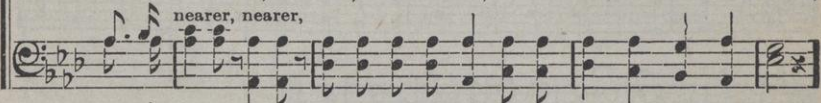
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.



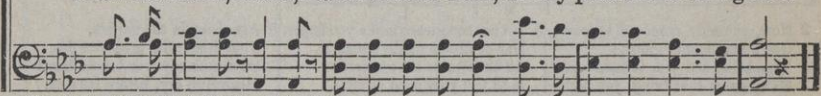
CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
 nearer, nearer,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.



Copyright, 1908, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

216 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

G. F. Handel.



1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.



2 I love Thy Church, O God;
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And gaven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
 Her sweet communion, solemn
 Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 217.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless - ings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where

trust - ing in His word,
wash - es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im - mer - tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will } save you now.

No. 218.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.
FINE CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; } Turn to the
 2. { Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
- D. C. — Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome, 3 Let not conscience make you linger, 5 Agonizing in the garden,
God's free bounty glorify; Nor of fitness fondly dream; Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
True belief and true repentance, All the fitness He requireth On the bloody tree behold Him!
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. Is to feel your need of Him. Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 219.

Jesus Now is Calling.

H. J. Zellely.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY H. L. GILLMOUR,
WENONAH, N. J.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. { The Saviour comes to thee today; Je - sus now is call - ing; } Je - sus calls thee now.
{ O turn Him not in grief a - way, }
2. { He stands and knocks and bids thee rise, Jesus now is call - ing; } Je - sus calls thee now.
{ O do not still His call de - spise, }
3. { He calls in accents soft and sweet, Jesus now is call - ing; } Je - sus calls thee now.
{ He comes to bid thy struggles cease, } Je - sus calls thee now.

Jesus Now is Calling.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing, open thy hearts's door wide and let Him in.
 Je - sus now is calling thee, is calling thee, is calling thee,

No. 220. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1870, BY W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus first four lines.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 221 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 222

L. H.

I Am Coming, Lord.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

1. I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do. |
|---|--|--|

No. 223

S. D. Phelps.

Third Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'r'er sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

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- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
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To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.</p> | <p>4 And He assurance gives
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3. Give me a faith - ful heart - Like - ness to Thee - That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
4. All that I am and have - Thy gifts so free - In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.
Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

Why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand!
 2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;
 3. O, the bliss of life e-ter-nal You may al-so share!
 4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;

FINE.

'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil-worn hand.
 Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
 Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gate of pray'r.
 While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.

D.S.—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where forcleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. O precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

name! Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

No. 229. The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—Matt. 9: 21. BY PER. Geo. F. Root.

1. She on-ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,
 2. She came in fear and tremb-ling be-fore Him, She knew her Lord had come,
 3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

A - mid the crowd that gath-er'd a-round Him, And straightway she was whole.
 She felt that from Him vir-tue had healed her, The might-y deed was done.
 And peace that pass-eth all un-der-stand-ing With gladness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

O, touch the hem of His gar-ment And thou, too, shall be free;

His sav-ing pow'r this ver-y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 230. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson. BY PERMISSION. G. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D.C. Chorus.

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

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

How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

J. READING.

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 dismay'd, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said, To 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
 sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.
 nev-er, no nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE J. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
 2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in his blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

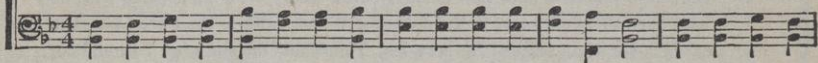
233 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

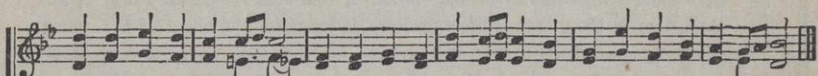
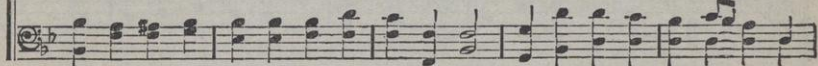
JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love divine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In- to ev-'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let 'it be; Let us see thy



humb'l dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion, thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sinning; turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing, great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in- to glo-ry,



Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart. Al-pha and O-mega be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty. Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love. Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

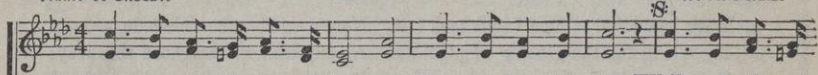


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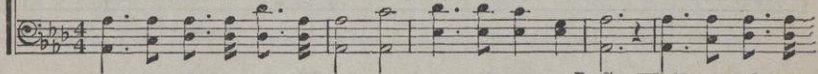
Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-a-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



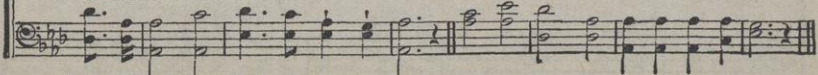
D. S.—While on oth-ers



FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
 deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. } Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry,
 bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace. }
 earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

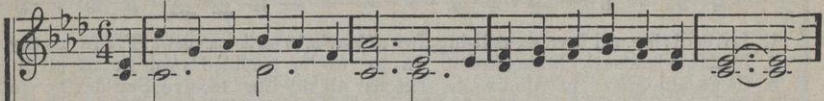


thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

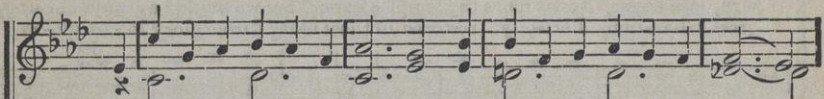
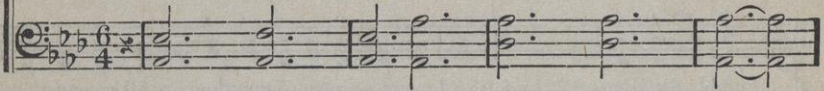
I'll Serve Him To-day.

O. BENJ. HOPKINS.

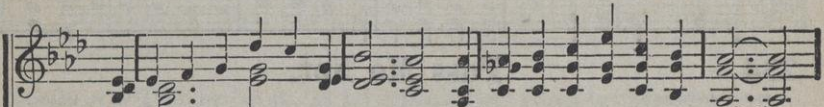
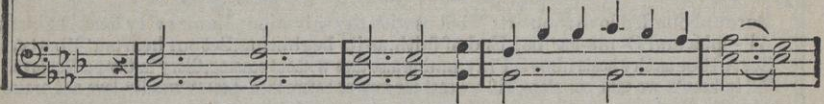
CHAS. H. MARSH.

SOLO. *Slowly.*

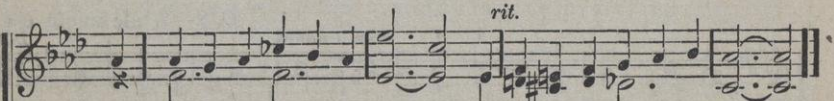
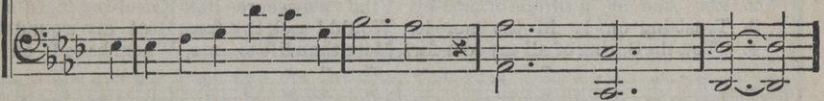
1. Somewhere there's a soul that is lonely, And weary from struggling with sin;
2. Somewhere there's a heart in the darkness, Whose faith in the Christ is not strong;
3. Dear Mas-ter, thou call-est for serv-ice, Then show me the work I should do;



Al - most o-ver-come by its bur - dens—A soul that for Christ I may win.
 And, deep in the gloom of life's shadows, It longs for the cheer of a song.
 Since courage and strength thou wilt give me, I'll work with a con-fi-dence true.



With heart full of love I will seek it, Nor e-ven a mo-ment de-lay;
 I'll sing for the glo-ry of Je-sus, A song that will brighten the way;
 Too late, if I tar-ry a mo-ment, O help me at once to o-bey!



I may be in Heaven to - mor-row—I'll bring it to Je - sus to - day.
 I may be in Heaven to - mor-row—I'll sing it for Je - sus to - day.
 I may be in Heaven to - mor-row—So glad-ly I'll serve thee to - day.



O Thou, in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

(MEDITATION 11s 8s.)

FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,
 2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re-sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
 3. O why should I wan-der, an al-ien from thee, Or cry in the des-ert for bread?
 4. Ye daught-ers of Zi-on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is-ra-el shone?
 5. Dear Shep-herd! I hear, and will fol-low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
 Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wild-er-ness rove?
 Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Say, if in your tents my be-lov-ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
 Re-store and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev-er re-joice.

I'll Go With Him All The Way

Arranged

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

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

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.

238 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

(Matt. 5: 16.)

P. P. BLISS. By per.

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

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

D.S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

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

239

Art Thou Weary?

JOHN M. NEALE.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress? "Come to me," saith
 2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide?—"In his feet and
 3. If I find him, if I fol-low, What his guerdon here?—"Many a sor-row,

One, "and coming, Be at rest!"
 hands are wound-prints, And his side."
 man - y a labor, Man - y a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."

5 If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

No, Not Despairingly.

HORATIUS BONAR.

(KEDRON. 4. 6. 4.)

A. B. SPRATT.

1. No, not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to thee, No, not distrustingly Bend I the
 2. Ah! mine in -i- qui-ty Crimson has been, In - fi-nite, in - fi-nite Sin up-on
 3. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am tell I thee, All I have
 4. Faithful and just art thou, For-giving all; Loving and kind art thou When poor ones
 5. Then all is peace and light This soul within; Thus shall I walk with thee, The lov'd Un-

Ped.

knee: Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died.
 sin; Sin of not lov-ing thee, Sin of not trusting thee, In - fi-nite sin.
 been: Purge thou my sin away, Wash thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
 call: Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
 seen; Lean-ing on thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Nothing between.

241 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

(CANONBURY. L. M.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;

Tell me thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way -ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.
 In peace that on-ly thou canst give, With thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend' rest care. }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Bless-ed Je- sus,
 2. { We are thine, do thou be- friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a- stray; } Bless-ed Je- sus,

Bless-ed Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

243

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Arr. fr. Major James H. Cole.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy
 2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy
 3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy
 4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy
 5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy

won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

244 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

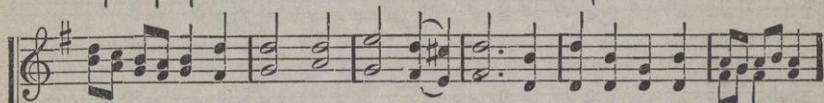
EDWARD PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

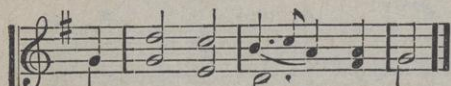
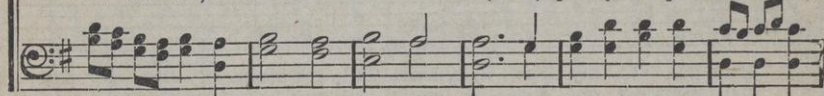
OLIVER HOLDEN.



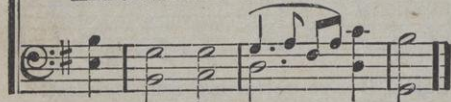
1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
 by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace.
 at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet,



And crown him Lord of all.



- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

245 All Hail the Power. (Second Tune.)

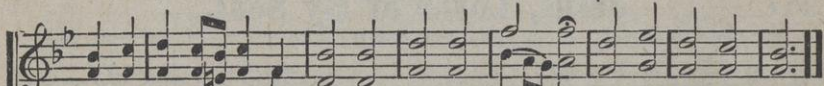
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(MILES LANE. C. M.)

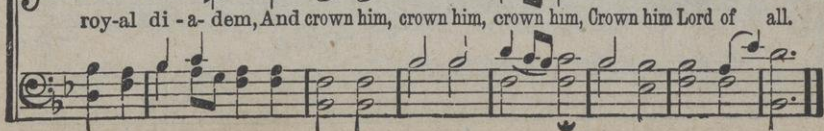
WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the



roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

[For Hymn see above.]

(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D. C.

London Hymn Book.

S. C. Foster, Arr.

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

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

D. S.—Be - cause He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

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

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

249

The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY.

(HAMBURG I. M.)

GREGORIAN.

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

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

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. p

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Calling for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. O 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.

m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry come home;...

p *pp* *rit.* *p*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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What Did He Do.

ANON. alt.

W. OWEN.

1. O list - en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a - mong the lost;
 2. No an - gel could our place have ta - ken, Highest of the high tho' he;
 3. And yet this wondrous tale proceedeth, Stirring heart and tongue a - flame!
 4. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - iour? To his scep - tre hum - bly bow?

Yet, One came down from heav'n's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The lov'd One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head Three!
 As our High Priest in heav'n he plead - eth, And Christ Jesus is his name!
 You, too, shall come to know his fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!

No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

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 - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav- iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re- fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the lowly 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;

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Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { O now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide; (Omit. . . .)
 { Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his (Omit.) wounded side.

CHORUS.
 { The cleansing stream. I see, I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me! (Omit.)
 { O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me—(Omit.) yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin, [white
 With heart made pure and garments
 And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
 My Jesus crucified.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 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

pre - cious 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

safe in that "Haven 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 - iour, still nearer to thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still near - er to thee.

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The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE,

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
 2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
 8. His oath, his cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' name. }
 high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with - in the veil. } On Christ, the solid
 round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }

rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sinking sand, All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know; Now
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow; Now
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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Jesus Calls Us.

OECIL F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us! by thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call;

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
 Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."
 Give our hearts to thy o - be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the
 3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
 5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. Je - sus paid it all!
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the
 book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]

2. Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
 But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
 With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
 Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
 Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
 4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
 5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 day I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
 rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be
 blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

rit.
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet.
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the pre-cious blood

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Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

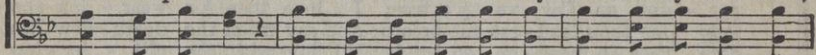
W. H. DOANE.



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



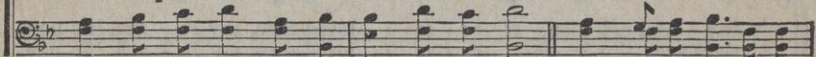
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



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



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



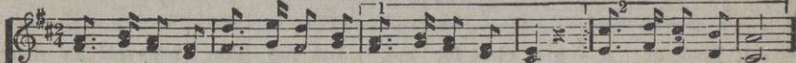
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Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS,
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. BLISS



1. { Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! } Vic - to - ry is nigh.
2. { Re-in-force-ments now appearing, } Vic - to - ry is nigh.
3. { See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on; } Cour-age al-most gonel
4. { Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, } Cour-age al-most gonel
3. { See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! } O - ver ev-'ry foe.
4. { In our Leader's name we'll triumph } O - ver ev-'ry foe.
4. { Pierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; } Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
4. { Onward comes our great Commander, } Cheer, my comrades, cheer.



CHORUS.



"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."



My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

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 purchased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the gliit - ter - ing

Sav - our 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.

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Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. 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 wounded side which flowed,
 D. C.

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 mine 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.

Jesus Will Wash It Away.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Bring all your sin to the Cru-ci-fied One, Je-sus will wash it a - way; }
 { Hastefor your life! un-to Cal-va-ry run, Je-sus will wash it a - way. }

2. { No oth-er fount-ain for sin can a - vail, Je-sus will wash it a - way; }
 { No oth-er com-fort when fears shall as-sail, Je-sus will wash it a - way. }

3. { O, what an off-'ring for sin He hath made, Je-sus will wash it a - way; }
 { Come where the price of redemption was paid, Je-sus will wash it a - way. }

4. { Sing, all ye ran-somed, ex-ult-ant o'er sin, Je-sus will wash it a - way; }
 { This is the shout that will vic-to-ry win, Je-sus will wash it a - way. }

CHORUS.

Come, come, and His bid-ding o - bey; Come, come and be-liev-ing, you'll say,

Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Je-sus hath washed my sin a-way.

268 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

ST. MARGARET. 3, 3, 3, 3, 6.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in thee; I give thee
 2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re-
 3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
 stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
 rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When Is - rael out of bondage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
 2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
 3. When sorrows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;

My Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 My heart's de - sire the Sav-iour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.

The for-ward still, 'tis Je - ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;

With a conqu'ring tread we will push a - head, He'll roll the sea a - way.

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Make Me a Blessing To-Day.

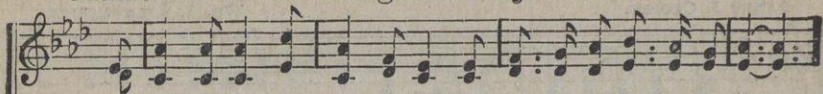
REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

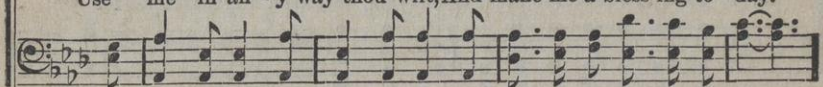
1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
 2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
 3. To those who once thy love hath known, But now are far a - stray;
 4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;
 5. What - ev - er er-rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

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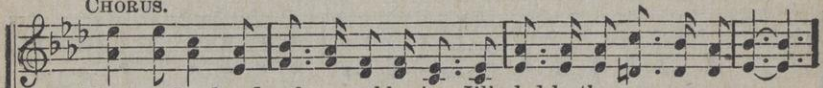
Make Me a Blessing To-Day.—Concluded.



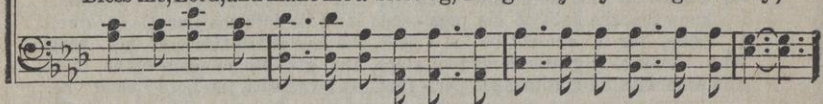
Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to - day.
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to - day.
 Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a blessing to - day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a blessing to - day.
 Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to - day.



CHORUS.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly thy message con-vey;



Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.



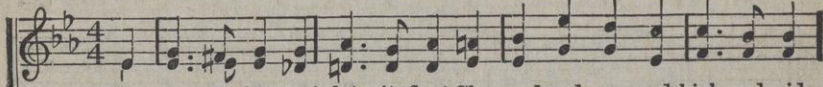
271

Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE.

(WALTHAM. L. M.)

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight;
4. Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife
5. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;



The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
 Our glo-ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Re - deem'd how I love to pro-claim it, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Re - deem'd and so hap - py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
 3. I think of my bles-sed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long;
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing, In yonder bright mansion for me;

Re - deem'd thro' his in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his pres - ence With me doth con-tinu-al-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made per - fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

CHORUS.

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child, and for ev - er, I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Copyright, 1882 and 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Jesus, my Saviour, sal - va-tion af-fords;
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, he cast-eth out fear;
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheerfully sing Loud hal - le-lu - ias to Je - sus my King!

Copyright 1875, and 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Saved to the Uttermost.—Concluded.

Gives me his Spir - it a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trust - ing his prom - is - es, how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness reveal'd un - to me,
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeem'd by his blood, Cleans'd from unrighteousness, glory to God.

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter - most: Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus, the Sav - iour is mine.

274

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - nss be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send - est me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,

D. S.

FINE.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er to thee!

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
 2. Like a mighty ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi-ded, All one bod-y we,
 Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph-song; Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ the King;

CHORUS.
 For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, his ban-ners go!
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty. } Onward, Christian sol-diers!
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
 This thro' countess a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

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

Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 2. { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
cres. *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's work is 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 faded,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus 'is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest;

Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
 An - gels descending, bring from a - bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
 Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.

CHORUS.

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

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

Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE

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

D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

D.C.
 Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois-terous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

{ He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me! }
 { His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he (Omit. . . .) leadeth me. }

Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

(ORTONVILLE. O. M.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
 2. No mortal can with him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For me he
 4. Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a

radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine.

Faith of Our Fathers.

Fredrick W. Faber.

Ad. by J. G. Walton.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword;
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word.
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

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

Full Surrender.

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

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

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dal - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to thee;
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flamel
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

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In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

THAMER CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - til - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

D.S.—And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
D.S.—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
D.S.—Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,
 Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,
 Are saved, to sin no more,..... Are saved, to sin no more,

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,

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,

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Woodworth. L. M.

Wm. B. 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 soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,

And that thou bid'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!
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast

while I pray, Take all my guilt 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 living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread;
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D.

America. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thynome I love; I love thy

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who art
4. To thee, great One in Three, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, Hence, evermore; Thy sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days,
 peo - ple bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 mighty art, Now rule in ev - ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
 ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

290

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D.S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }
 And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

291

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
 2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi - ter

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
 bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
 hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
 died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

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J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
 2. When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 3. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
 4. When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the
 5. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
 6. Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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

No. 294. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottoms.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
 { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex-ult-ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }
 2. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
 { In con-scious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. rit.

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.</p> | <p>4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."</p> |
|--|---|

No. 295. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
 To do my Master's will.</p> | <p>3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.</p> | <p>4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.</p> |
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No. 296. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

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| <p>2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.</p> | <p>3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.</p> | <p>4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
 At Jesus pierced feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
 And His dear name repeat.</p> |
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INDEX

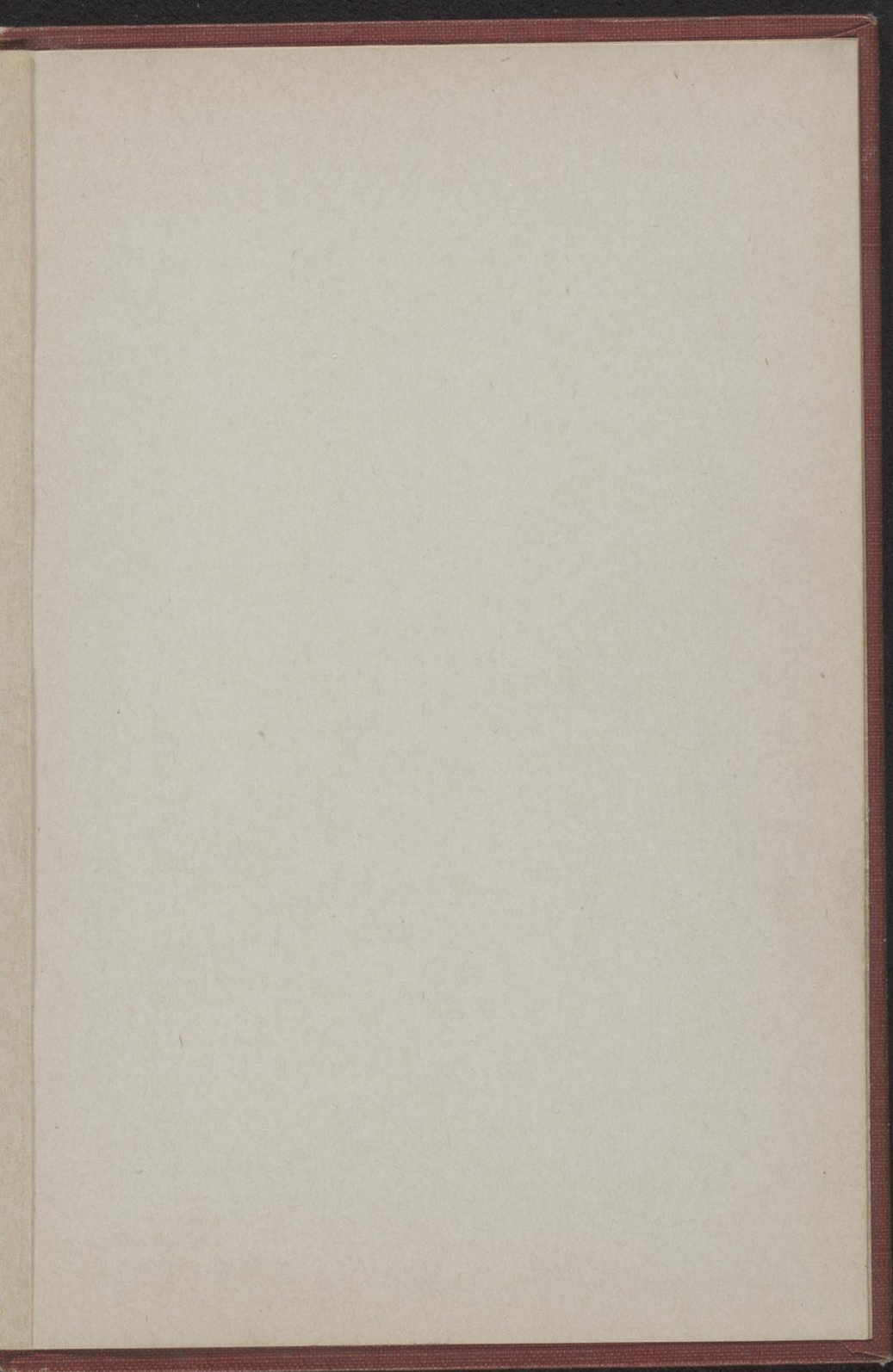
A charge to keep.....	295	Covered by His love.....	5	from.....	154
Abiding faith.....	99	Crown Him with many	116	Heavenly sunlight...	136
A glad way home...	157	Crown Him.....	176	He died of a broken...	146
Alas and did my....	206	Day is dying in the..	213	He hideth my soul...	95
All hail to the.....	13	Deeper yet.....	262	He is listening over.	145
All hail the power...	244	Despised and rejected	76	He is the same.....	7
All to Christ.....	259	Did you think to....	148	He leadeth me.....	279
All to Jesus.....	283	Does the tempter....	44	He loves you still...	91
Almost persuaded...	15	Doing business for the	55	He never can be late.	65
A prayer.....	19	Do not wait until....	132	He rolled the sea	
A rainbow on the		Do something for		away.....	269
cloud.....	162	others.....	130	He will not let me..	184
Art thou weary....	239	Do you know when..	68	His love is far better	141
Are you coming home	188	Do you often grow...	131	His name above all..	180
As a tree beside the..	69	Don't turn the.....	119	His name forever...	180
A sinner saved by...	45	Down at the cross..	224	Him that cometh....	104
As onward you press.	143	Driving the foe.....	113	His way with the... 79	
As the apple of His..	165	Ere you left your		Hold the fort.....	264
As you journey on-		room.....	148	Holy Bible book divine	3
ward.....	72	Even me.....	195	Holy Ghost with love	200
At my Redeemer's feet	47	Extol Him.....	178	Holy spirit while we..	19
At the battle's front.	96	Faith of our fathers.	281	Ho my comrades....	264
At the cross.....	206	Far away He saw... 6		How firm a.....	231
At the place of prayer	147	Far and near the....	126	How can I look....	56
Awake! arise.....	12	Far from home and..	5	How could it be....	53
Awake thou that sleep	12	Federal street.....	101	How He must have..	114
A wonderful Saviour.	95	Fields with harvest..	125	How it saves even... 138	
Bear the cross.....	92	Fling out the banner.	16	How you will love... 149	
Behold a stranger... 101		Fling out the banner.	271	I am coming home... 185	
Be not dismayed... 21		From every storming		I am coming Lord... 222	
Be not weary or.... 162		wind.....	111	I am fully trusting.. 7	
Blest be the tie..... 203		From Greenland's.... 224		I am praying for.... 39	
Blessed assurance... 277		Full surrender..... 282		I am Thine O Lord.. 215	
Bless the Lord..... 29		Get right with God.. 14		I ask not for..... 47	
Bless the Lord..... 158		Give me a heart.... 243		I came to the Saviour	46
Bowed beneath your.	86	Glory to His..... 228		I do not ask..... 270	
Brightly beams our.. 238		Glory to His name... 228		If the dark shadows.	137
Brighten the corner.. 132		God loved the world.. 43		If you are tired.... 78	
Brighten the sunlight	171	God loves you still... 91		If you have heard... 85	
By this sign we.... 31		God shall wipe all... 50		If your heart keeps.. 137	
Calvary.....	25	God will be true.... 70		I have an everyday.. 20	
Can the Lord depend.	100	God will take care... 21		I have a Saviour.... 39	
Christ receiveth sinful	186	Gone from my heart.. 212		I have a friend..... 67	
Christ rescued me... 187		Go tell it..... 85		I hear Thy welcome.. 222	
Cleansing waves.... 254		Go ye into all the... 80		I'll go with Him..... 237	
Come, come to-day... 189		Grace, wonderful.... 192		I'll go where you	
Come, thou fount.... 202		Great is the love.... 81		want.....	196
Come every soul.... 217		Happy day..... 290		I'll live for Him.... 230	
Come thou Almighty.	289	Has a voice in thy... 11		I'll serve Him..... 235	
Come to the ark.... 182		Has He saved you... 40		I love Him..... 212	
Come ye sinners... 218		Have you received the	82	I love Jesus He is... 252	
Come ye yourselves.. 267		Have you the Pente-		I love Him..... 248	
Come ye whose soul.. 178		cost.....	127	I love the sacred book	211
Conquers and over		Have you ever..... 153		I love Thy kingdom.	216
comers.....	42	Have you wandered		I love to tell the story	194
Conquers through the	42				
Conscience bells..... 161					

INDEX

I love the gospel story	33	Let Jesus come into.	78	O Love that will not.	166
I'm enthralled in the.	61	Let the lower lights.	238	O Love that will not.	268
In the blood.....	262	Let those who never.	135	O Master let me walk	241
In the cross of.....	284	Like as a father.....	58	O my soul bless thou	164
In the misty days... 62		Listen to the blessed.	104	One day.....	24
In the army of the.	100	Looking this way....	35	One of God's days... 102	
In some way.....	172	Lord as of old.....	128	On for the kingdom.. 54	
I shall not want....	2	Lord, I'm coming....	292	On Jordan's stormy... 211	
I shall not be moved.	69	Lord I hear of		Only trust Him..... 217	
I shall dwell forever.	160	showers.....	195	O now I see.....	254
I surrender all.....	283	Lord Jesus I long... 257		Onward Christian .. 275	
I sing a glad song... 2		Love divine.....	233	O sinner see thy..... 23	
Is it the crowning day	17	Love so unbounded... 61		O spread the tidings. 66	
It shall be mine.....	9	Make me a blessing.. 270		O sing of.....	294
I trust in God.....	167	Majestic sweetness... 280		O still in accents	
It may not be.....	196	Martyn	247	sweet.....	174
I've enlisted for life.	96	Many a soul in.....	130	O think of the home. 235	
I've wandered far... 192		Message of mercy.... 182		O tell the wondrous. 25	
I will go.....	261	Must Jesus bear?... 296		O the friends..... 38	
Jerusalem	115	My boat had once... 140		O 'tis a great change 140	
Jerusalem the golden.	115	My country 'tis of 288		O Thou in whose.... 236	
Jesus calls you.....	258	My faith looks up... 287		O Thou my soul.... 158	
Jesus will wash.....	267	My father watches... 167		Our great Saviour... 75	
Jesus come with		My faith's temptation 184		Out in the conflict... 28	
power.....	133	My guiding star.... 294		Over the river..... 35	
Jesus I am coming		My heart's desire.... 74		O who can take..... 119	
home.....	185	My home is the.... 150		O why not say yes.. 94	
Jesus I want to be... 74		My hope is built... 256		O ye thirsty ones... 223	
Jesus I my cross... 252		My Jesus I love.... 265		O Zion haste..... 34	
Jesus is calling..... 152		My Lord and I..... 67		Pass me not..... 234	
Jesus is tenderly		My life my love.... 230		Pentecostal power... 128	
calling.....	152	My mother.....	169	Pilot me.....	278
Jesus is coming to		My soul be on..... 209		Poor and despised... 53	
earth	173	Name of all the..... 13		Praise ye the Lord... 110	
Jesus is the friend... 154		Nearer My God to... 274		Pray through..... 87	
Jesus is heaven to me 150		Nearer still nearer... 255		Precious comfort in	
Jesus lover of my soul 246		Never alone in this.. 84		His.....	64
Jesus may come today 17		Never loose sight of.. 143		Precious souls are	
Jesus my Saviour... 139		No other friend like.. 153		sink.....	52
Jesus my shepherd... 144		No not despairingly.. 240		Precious treasure thou 3	
Jesus my Lord to		No other one..... 118		Pushing out the life	
Thee.....	210	No not one..... 253		boat.....	106
Jesus now is calling.	219	Not a star in my... 71		Redeemed	272
Jesus only.....	1	Now the day is over. 260		Redeemed how I love. 272	
Jesus paid it all.... 259		Now to the Lord... 112		Remember me..... 228	
Jesus saves.....	89	O be happy.....	163	Rescue the perishing. 263	
Jesus Saviour pilot.. 278		O bless the Lord my. 29		Revive us again.... 291	
Jesus the best friend. 26		O brothers in the		Ring the bells of	
Jesus understands... 86		church.....	80	heaven.....	207
Jesus what a friend.. 75		O Day of rest and... 208		Rock of ages..... 266	
Jesus was standing.. 98		Of Jesus love that		Roll the stone away.. 98	
Just as I am.....	286	sought	151	Safe in the arms of.. 220	
Just to be loving... 116		O Fling out the ban- 16		Sail on.....	181
Just to see Jesus.... 193		O For a soul.....	183	Saved	139
Just work and pray. 105		O happy day.....	290	Saved to save others. 18	
Kept by His power.. 28		O haste now to..... 63		Saved to the uttermost 273	
Let Him be your		O Listen to our won- 251		Saviour like a shep- 242	
Saviour.....	46	drous.....			

INDEX

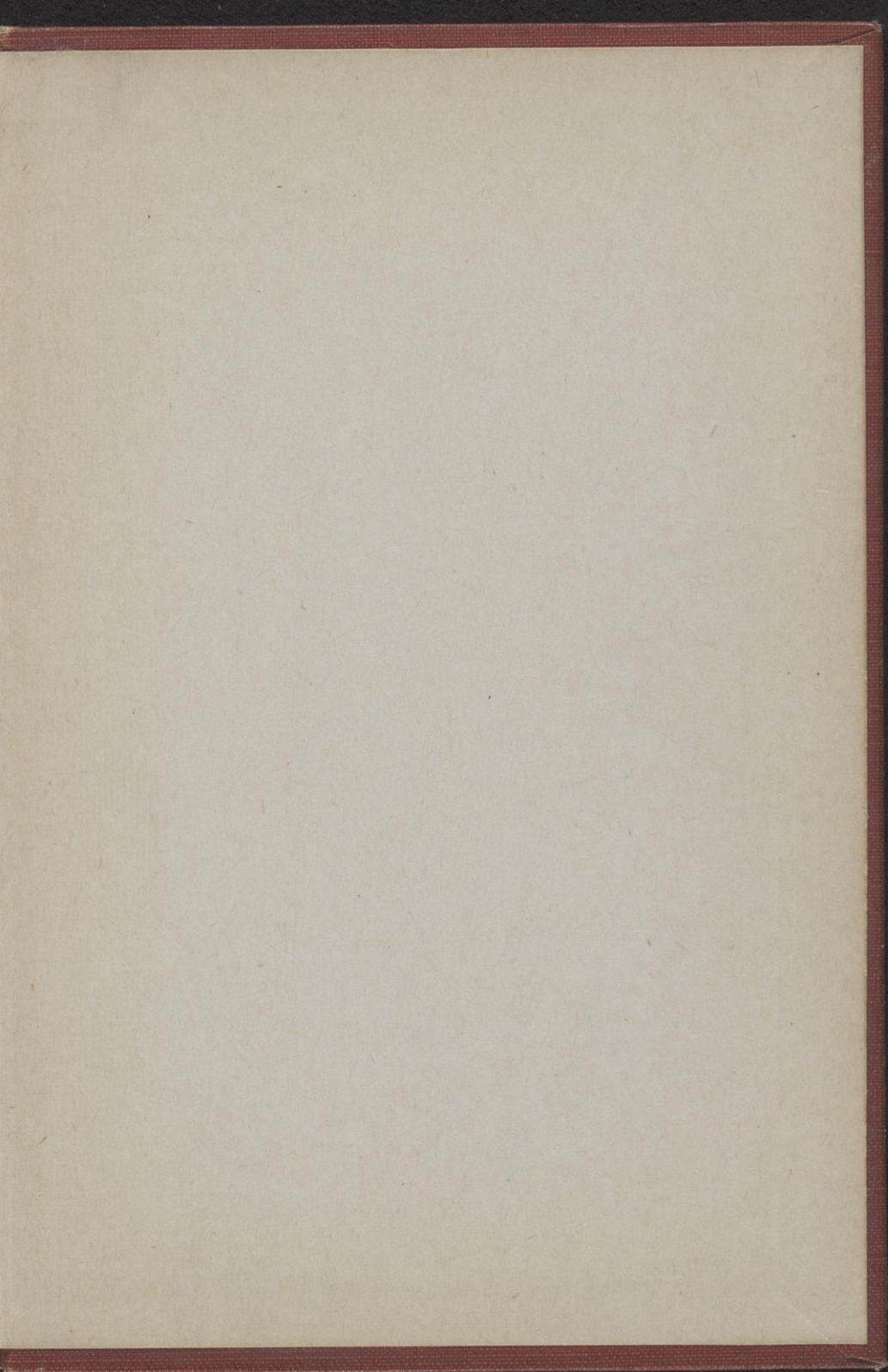
	Saviour Thy dying love..... 222	The King of the ages 108	What a wonderful change..... 155
A ch	See the cross..... 108	The Lord brings back 30	What did He do.... 251
Abid	Share your blessings. 72	The Lord will provide 172	Whatever from God you..... 87
A gl	Shadows fall and end 97	The lost Christ..... 4	Whatever joys en- gross..... 14
Alas	Shall we meet?..... 226	The love of Christ... 141	What if it were to-day 173
All 1	Shall I close my..... 10	The Master will come 73	What the Lord has done..... 156
All 1	Shall I empty handed 51	The path lies hid... 22	When all thy mercies 134
All	Shall I stand all alone 71	The pleading voice... 11	When discouraged and 145
All	She only touched the. 229	The sacred book..... 211	When heaven swung. 60
Almo	Since Jesus came into 155	The same old way... 103	When He is come... 127
A p	Singing as the days go 163	The Saviour come to. 219	When I beheld the.. 142
A re	Sing the wondrous... 93	The shepherd sought. 30	When Israel out of.. 269
c	Sing to the Lord.... 110	The solid rock..... 256	When I see the King. 142
Art	Sing we the praises.. 109	The way He leads... 22	When I survey..... 221
Are	Sinners Jesus will... 186	There are many stormy..... 157	When the roll..... 293
As a	Softly and tenderly.. 250	There is cleansing in. 63	When love shines in. 133
A si	Somebody cares..... 84	There is a fountain.. 285	When mother prayed. 37
As o	Someone hears our... 68	There is one who.... 261	When the homeward path..... 64
As t	Someone is waiting.. 83	There is power in the 27	When the night is .. 160
As y	Someone o'burdened 4	There is work await- ing..... 161	When the tempter pleads..... 105
w	Something for Jesus.. 223	There shall be show.. 124	When the trumpet of 193
At n	Sometimes when hearts..... 8	There waits a crown. 9	When we all get to.. 93
At t	Stand up for Jesus... 48	There's a church.... 191	When you know Jesus 32
At t	Sweet by and by... 59	There's a wide..... 232	When you my Jesus. 32
Awa	Sweeter as the years. 151	There's a great day.. 214	While Jesus whispers 49
Awa	Sweet hour of prayer 197	There's a land..... 59	While out on life's.. 114
A w		There's a shipwreck.. 106	Whiter than snow... 257
	Take me as I am.... 210	There's joy for my... 70	Whosoever heareth shout..... 202
Bear	Tell it wherever you go 159	There's not a friend. 253	Whosoever heareth these..... 179
Behc	Tell me the old, old. 41	This is the reaping.. 125	Whosoever will..... 205
Be	Tenderly God watches 165	This Jesus who came. 40	Why do you wait?... 121
Be r	That's why I love Him..... 144	Though your sins.... 77	Why will ye?..... 227
Bles	The battle of the cen- turies..... 113	Throw out the life line..... 129	Why not say yes... 94
Bles	The blessed lights of. 38	Throw the gospel line 52	Why should my.... 65
Bles	The sacred book..... 249	Till I meet Him.... 171	Why will ye wander. 227
Bow	The Shepherd of love. 117	'Tis so sweet to.... 57	Will your anchor ... 168
Brig	The Son of God..... 201	'Tis wonderful to know..... 156	With Him in white.. 97
Brig	The Great Man of.... 175	Toll on the discour- aged..... 73	Wonderful counselor. 177
By	The home over..... 212	To my memory comes 169	Wondrous love..... 43
	The blood has never. 62	To the front..... 88	Work for the night.. 276
Calv	The call for reapers. 126	To the Lord who loved 55	Would you be free... 27
Can	The Christ is come.. 60	Unto our Jehovah... 175	Would you be saved. 190
Chri	The church in the wildwood..... 191	Upon a wide and.... 181	Would you live for Jesus..... 79
Chri	The comforter has ... 66	Walking in sunlight.. 136	Wounded for our transgressions.... 109
Clea	The cross means love 31	Weak and unworthy.. 45	Ye are the temples... 82
Com	The everlasting father 177	Walk in the light.... 225	Ye who wander.... 149
Com	The fight is on..... 36	We are traveling home 103	Ye would not..... 90
Com	The gate is ajar.... 23	We have an anchor.. 168	Yield not to..... 204
Com	The golden days are. 44	We have heard the 89	Your light is needed. 131
Com	The great physician.. 199	We may not climb... 120	
Com	The hallelujah chorus 8	We'll work till Jesus. 170	
Com	The hallelujah song.. 135	We praise the O.... 291	
Con	The hem of His gar- ment..... 229	Were saved to save.. 18	
c	The house that stood 179	What a friend we... 198	



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