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Milwaukee: Hammond, 1911

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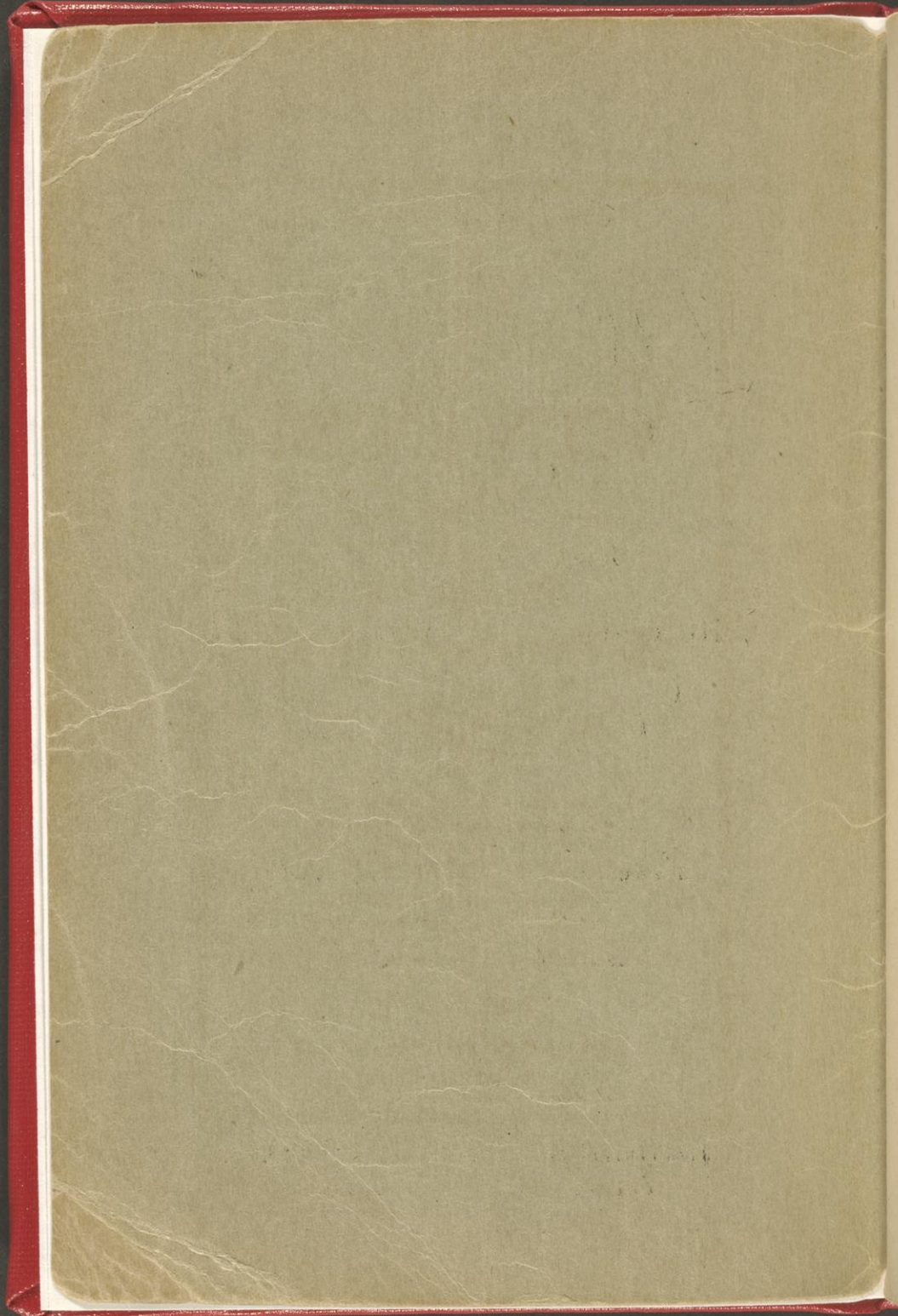
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The
Very Best

Songs for
The Sunday School

Arranged by
Theo. M. Hammond
Edited by
E. O. Excell

Published by
Hammond Publishing Co.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



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The
Very Best
Songs for
The Sunday School

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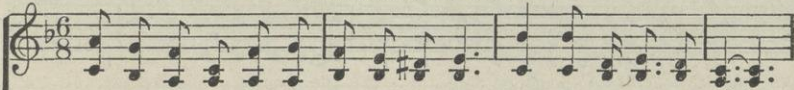
The Very Best.

No. 1. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



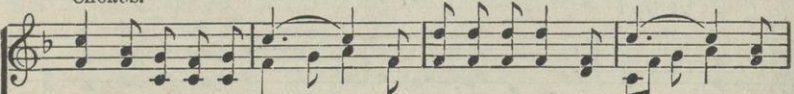
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



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



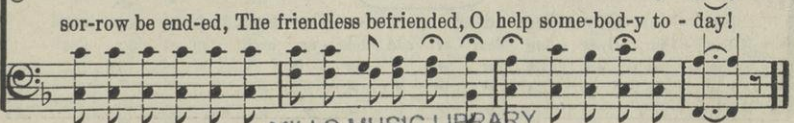
CHORUS.



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



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



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 UNIV. OF WISCONSIN
 MADISON

No. 2.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 3. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad-ly His mer-cy ac-cept-ing, You tru-ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell-eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je-sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov-ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold on e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Lay

hold on the gift of God's on-ly Son; Lay hold on His in-
hold, lay hold on God's on-ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold

fi-nite mer-cy, Lay hold on the Might-y One!
on His mer-cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might-y One!

No 4.

Sunrise in My Soul.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWN R.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In doubt and darkness long I wan-dered, My will be-yond con-trol,
2. The clouds were rift-ed in a mo-ment, I saw them backward roll;
3. He sat - is - fied my long-ing spir - it, He sweet - ly made me whole;
4. When earth-ly toil and care are end - ed, And I have reached the goal;

Till Je - sus came and bro't the glo - ry Of sun-rise in my soul.
And oh, the beau-ty of the morn-ing! 'Twas sun-rise in my soul
And all the day my heart is sing - ing, 'Tis sun-rise in my soul
I know that morning will for - ev - er Be sun-rise in my soul.

CHORUS.

Sun - - - rise, when my Sav - ior came!
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise, O glo - rious

Sun - - - rise, when He made me whole! He
Sun - rise, bless - ed sun - rise,

whispered "Peace!" and O what glo - ry! 'Twas sun-rise in my soul

No. 5.

Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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Wm. Edie Marks.



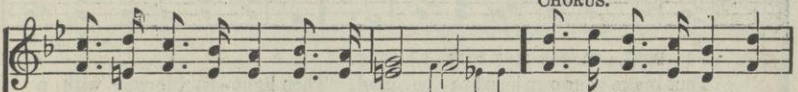
1. What is mak - ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
2. What af - fords me shel - ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
3. What will help me tri - umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
4. What will lead me safe a - cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,



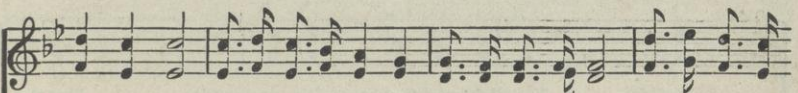
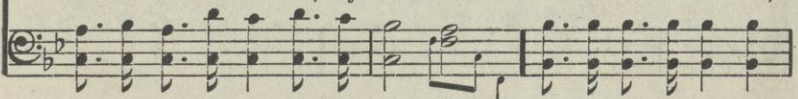
just the love of Je - sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je - sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
just the love of Je - sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je - sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?



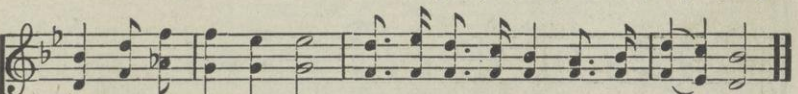
CHORUS.



Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,



O how sweet! Just the love of Je - sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my



soul to that safe re - treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!

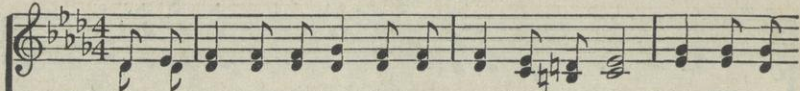


No. 6. Lighten the Way With a Song.

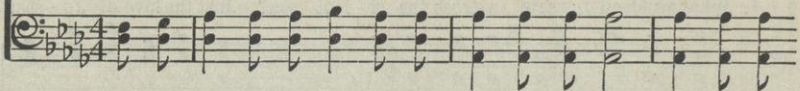
Julia H. Johnston.

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Joshua H. Roberts.



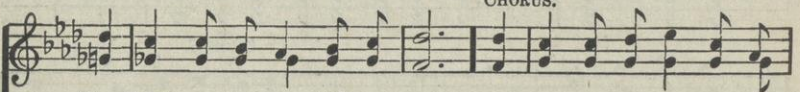
1. There are sor-row-ful hearts that are go-ing your way, Crushed by a
2. If your own wear-y spir-it needs com-fort and cheer, If you are
3. Un-to each fel-low-pil-grim your feet o-ver-take, Bless-ing and



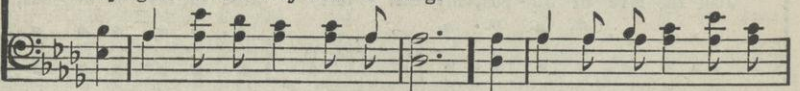
bur-den of wrong; If you wait on the Lord, He will help you to-day
lone-ly or sad, Let your mer-cies be count-ed, your prais-es ring clear,
brightness be-long; And it may be that you, for the Sav-ior's own sake,



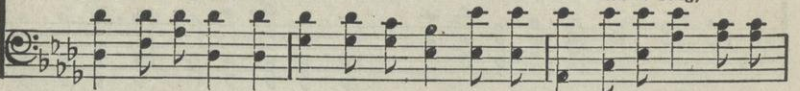
CHORUS.



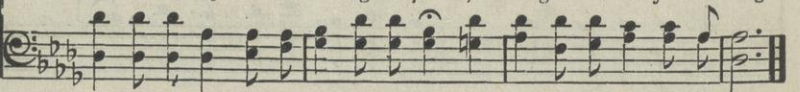
To light-en the way with a song.
Thus make your own heart to be glad. Then light-en the way with a
May light-en the way with a song.



song, Yes, light-en the way with a song; For the
with a song, with a song;



drear-i-est days there is nothing like praise, Then lighten the way with a song.



No. 7.

Keep the Heart Singing.

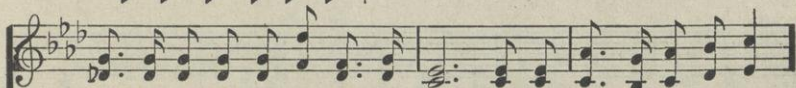
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



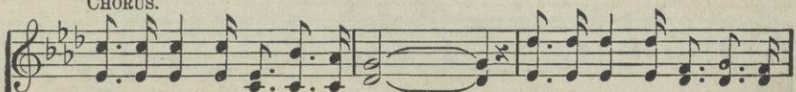
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,



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



CHORUS.



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



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



FINE.

D. S.

No. 8.

How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
 love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
 love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,

CHORUS.

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

sweet is His love, How sweet is His love to mel When
 sweet, how sweet is His love,

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

No. 9.

Open Thy Windows.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

John R. Sweney.

1. Glo - ry to God for His sun-shine is free, Light, blessed light in the
 2. Won-der-ful light, for sal - va - tion it brings, Heal - ing and peace from its
 3. Light of sal - va - tion, oh, wel-come its ray, Beau - ti - ful to-ken of

Sav - ior for thee; Wait - ing to ban - ish the dark-ness of sin,
 life - giv - ing wings; Read - y this mo - ment its work to be - gin,
 heav - en's bright day; O - ver all shad - ows the vic - t'ry 'twill win,

CHORUS.

O - pen thy windows and let it shine in. O - pen thy windows, the

light will shine In - to thy soul bring - ing glo - ry di - vine;

Let it shine in, Let it shine in, The sav - ing light of Je - sus.

No. 10.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.----- CHORUS.

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

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

rit. > > > >

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

No. 11.

Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Sheltered a-bove by His in-fin-ite love, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 12. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

Maud Frazer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,

It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.

CHORUS.

And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,

Where I shall be-hold His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be - hold His face,

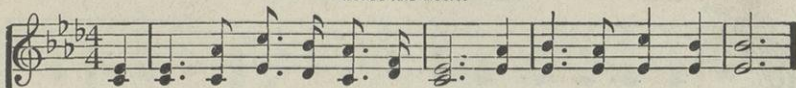
No. 13.

The Gifts of God.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. His gifts are great-er than my dreams, The gifts of God to me;
2. I ask a part, He gives the whole—Him-self, and all be-side;
3. "His ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, His paths are paths of peace;"
4. With-in my heart He shall have place To rule and reign su-preme;



As count-less as the sun-set's gold-en beams, As bound-less as the sea.
His lov-ing-kind-ness o-ver-flows my soul, In-rush-ing as the tide.
His hand is ev-er reaching out to bless; He bids each sor-row cease.
My voice will ev-er praise Him for the grace Of which I ne'er could dream.



CHORUS.



His gifts are greater than my dreams, The gifts of Him who set me free;
His gifts are great-er, they are greater than my dreams.



And more and more a-bun-dant dai-ly seems The grace of God to me.



No. 14.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



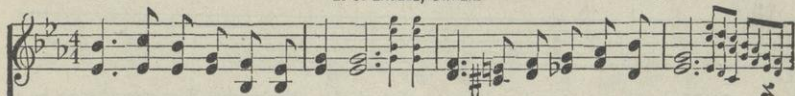
No. 15.

All in All to Me.

C. H. G.

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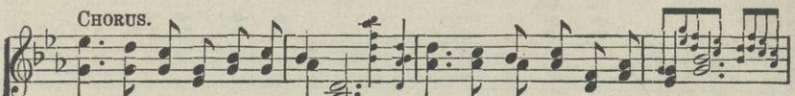
Chas. H. Gabriel



- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. All in all to me is Je - sus! | Ev - 'ry need His grace sup - plies; |
| 2. All in all to me is Je - sus, | Lord, Redeemer, Savior, Friend; |
| 3. All in all to me is Je - sus, | Bless - ed One of Cal - va - ry; |
| 4. All in all to me is Je - sus, | I am His, and He is mine; |



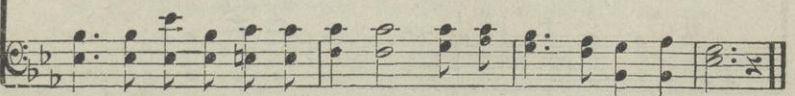
Day by day He guides and keeps me, —	No good thing to me de - nies.
Ten - der Shepherd, He will guard me,	And from ev - 'ry foe de - fend.
I will nev - er cease to love Him	Who has done so much for me.
To His love, and in His serv - ice,	Ev - 'ry - thing I now re - sign.



In His love I am a - bid - ing, Ev - 'ry - thing to Him con - fid - ing;



'Neath His wing my soul is hid - ing, He is all in all to me.



No. 16.

Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je - sus, my Sav - ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta - ken a - way from my side, Tho' rich - es and
4. Tho' all that is e - vil a - gainst me com - bine, Tho' Sa - tan a -

hid - ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as - sur - ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di - vine; 'Twill al - ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon - or to me be de - nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be - tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith - ful a crown will be mine,

REFRAIN.

Be - cause I love Je - sus. Be - cause I love Je - sus,
Be - cause

Je - sus, Be - cause I love Je - sus; My soul is at
Be - cause

rest, and in Him I am blest, Be - cause I love Je - sus.
Be - cause

No. 17.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

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

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

No. 18.

The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 19. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 20.

Loyalty to Christ.

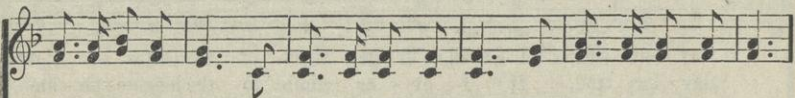
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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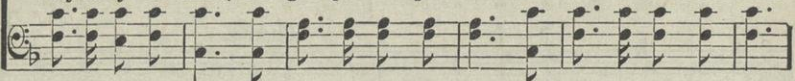
Flora H. Cassel.



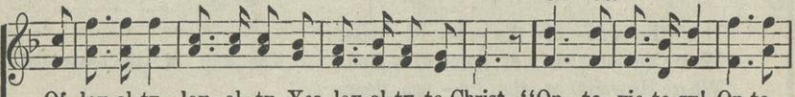
1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je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



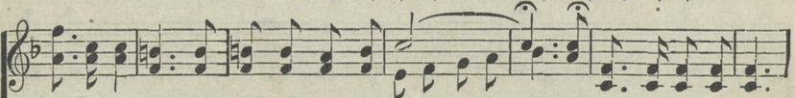
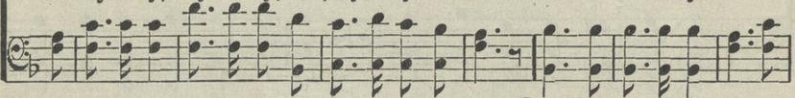
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main



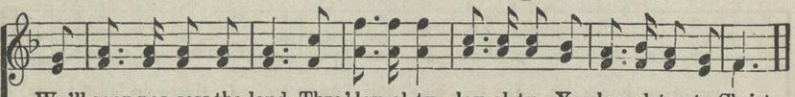
CHORUS.



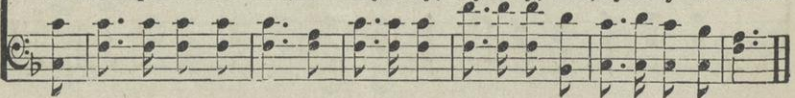
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



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



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



Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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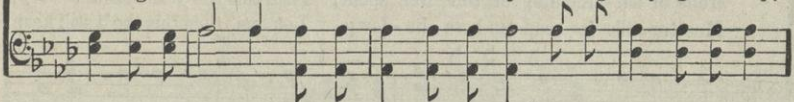
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev - er be
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil - dren of men Should nev - er be
3. Would you care if your crown should be star - less - ly dim, Be - cause you led
4. Then be si - lent no long - er! but ear - nest - ly pray For grace to the



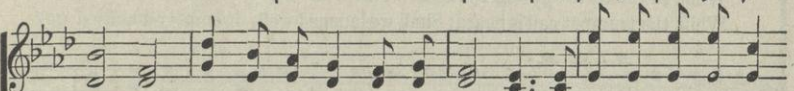
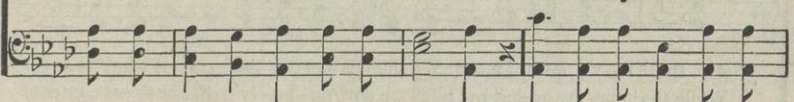
told a - bout Je - sus? Are you will - ing that He in the judgment shall say;
bro't un - to Je - sus? Or would say in that day when He com - eth a - gain,
no one to Je - sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
tell - ing of Je - sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,



CHORUS.



"No one ev - er told me of Je - sus." No - bod - y told me of



Je - sus, No - bod - y told me of Je - sus; So ma - ny I have met -



but they seem'd to for - get To tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus.

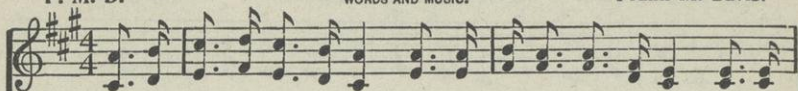


No. 22. As We've Sown So Shall We Reap.

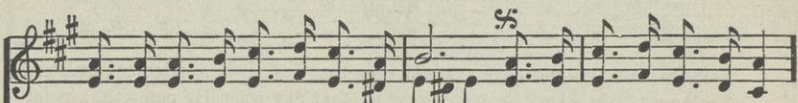
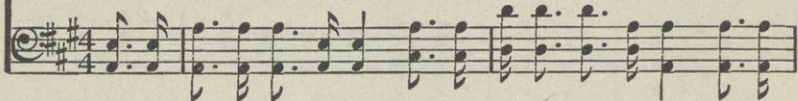
F. M. D.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank M. Davis.



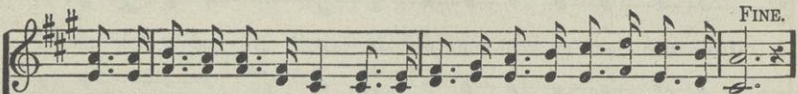
1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest-time ap-pears; Whether
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com-ing years, Reaping
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read-y, white, And the



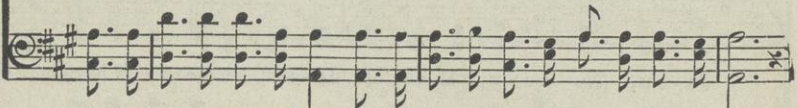
it be joy or glad-ness, weal or woe, This the tho't for us to keep,
fruits of sin-ful life, or time well spent; Then this tho't in view still keep,
Mas-ter calls for reap-ers here be-low; Let us then this tho't still keep,



D. S.—*This the tho't for us to keep,*



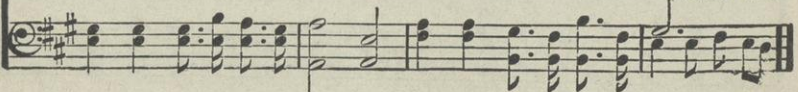
As thro' life we onward move: We shall gather at the har-vest what we sow.
While the hours are go-ing by: Shall we sow un-ho-ly strife, or sweet content?
While the trumpet call is heard: Shall we ladened well, or emp-ty-hand-ed go?



As thro' life we on-ward move: We shall gather at the har-vest what we sow.



On, on, ev-er to the har-vest, Sow-ing ei-ther weal or woe,
weal or woe.



No. 23.

Oh, it is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Con-fused at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne divine, To res-cue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such

grace that so full-y He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
 soul so re-bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
 love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-

me He was cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled and died.
 love un-to such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 dore at the mer-cy-seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
 Won-der-ful!

die for me! Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!
 Won-der-ful!

No. 24.

There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior There is glo - ry
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is glo - ry
 4. Since I en - ter'd Canaan on my way to heav - en, There is glo - ry

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

CHORUS.

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

soul Ev - ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

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

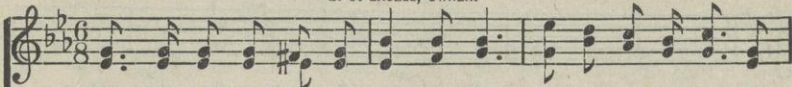
No. 25.

Someone is Looking to You.

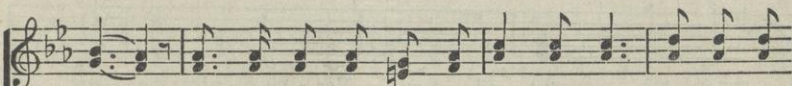
W. M. Lighthall.

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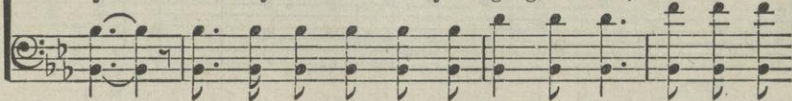
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



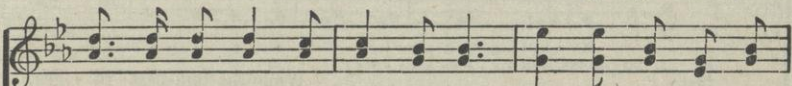
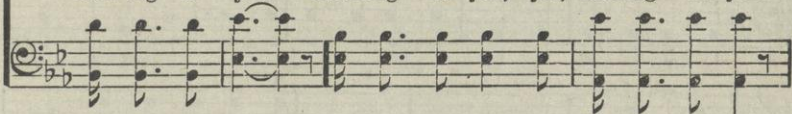
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
 you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
 you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
 you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



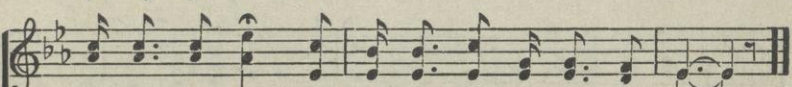
CHORUS.



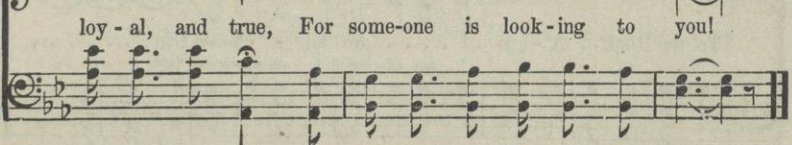
look-ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness through; O be faith-ful, be



loy-al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you!



No. 26.

I Am Anchored Fast.

I. D. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Toss - ing on the bil - low, Rock - ing in the blast,
 2. Skies all clad in sa - ble, Storm-clouds fly - ing past,
 3. Gone each earth - ly treas - ure, Cut a - way each mast,
 4. Sor - rows mul - ti - ply - ing, Pros - pects o - ver - cast,

Faint - ing on the pil - low, Ver - ging tow'rd the last.
 Cling - ing to the ca - ble, I am an - chored fast.
 Van - ish ev - 'ry pleas - ure— I am an - chored fast.
 Weep - ing, moan - ing, sigh - ing, I am an - chored fast.

REFRAIN.

While the tem-pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an-chor'd

I am an - chored fast; While the tem-pest ra - ges,
 fast;
 I am an-chor'd fast; ...

To the Rock of A - ges I am an - chored fast.
 I am an-chor'd, I am an-chor'd fast.

No. 27.

My Savior's Voice.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Like mu - sic, float - ing on the evening air; Like ves - pers, ring - ing
2. As when it rose a - bove the an - gry sea; As it in love com -
3. As when it spake the dead to life a - gain; As to the sleep - ing
4. When earth - ly cares and sor - rows all are past, And at His feet my

out the hour of prayer; Like ech - oes, answ'ring round me ev - 'ry - where,
manded: "Fol - low Me!" As when it plead in dark Geth - sem - a - ne,
ones He called in vain; And as it rang with His ex - pir - ing pain,
gold - en sheaves I cast, I'll sing His praise for - ev - er, when at last

My Sav - ior's voice falls on my ear. He speaks, and darkness changes

in - to day; He speaks, and all my sor - rows flee a - way; He speaks, and

in my soul I hear Him say: "I died for thee, O come to Me!"

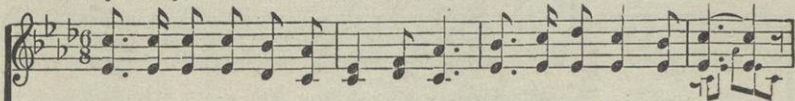
No. 28.

The Hour of Prayer.

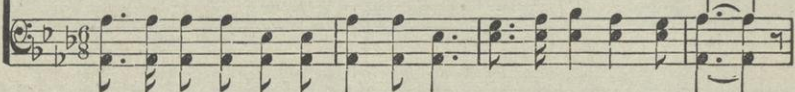
Fanny Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



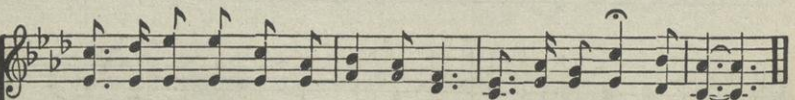
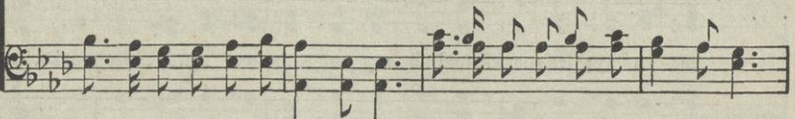
Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



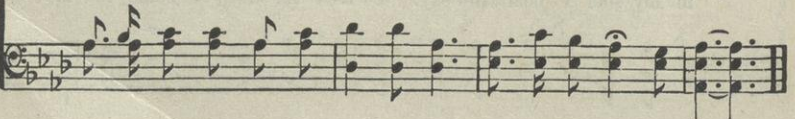
CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.

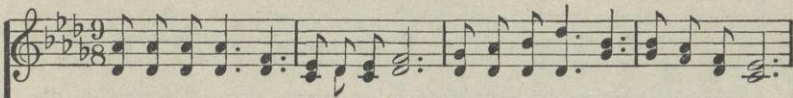


No. 29. Just When I Need Him Most.

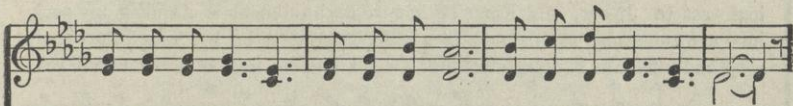
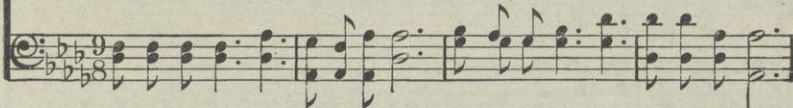
Rev. Wm. Pool.

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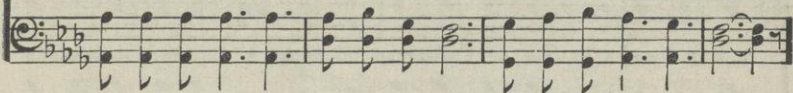
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



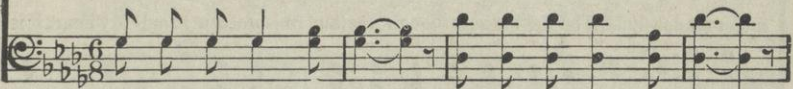
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 30.

A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

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

Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is

Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

No. 31.

His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell, Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whis-per, I am His;
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat;

The love that ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies;
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray;
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes de - stroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy;

CHORUS.

His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to me,

More won - der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid,

My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid; His love is all I need!

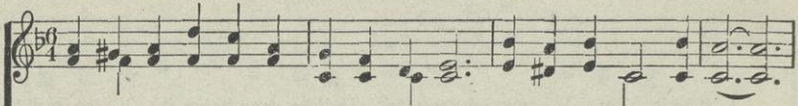
No. 32.

Somebody Needs You.

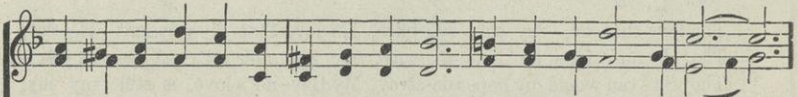
E. E. Hewitt.

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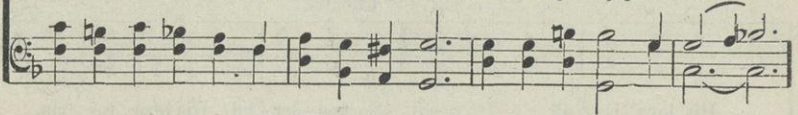
Chas. H. Gabriel.



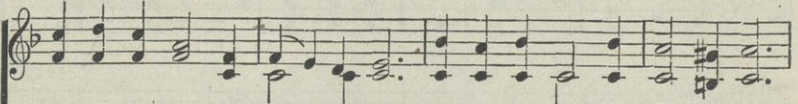
1. Child of the Mas-ter, wher-ev-er you are, Some-bod-y needs your care!
2. Shine for the Master with deeds of good cheer, Some-one is in the night;
3. Sing of your Sav-ior with heart all a-glow, Some-bod-y needs your song;
4. Then, when you en-ter the Cit - y of gold, Some one will meet you there;



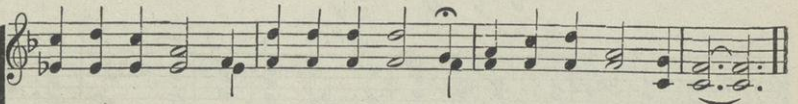
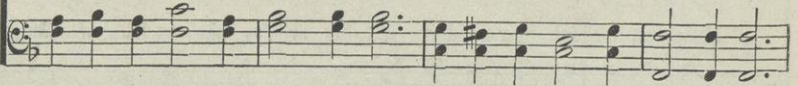
Some one at home or a wand'rer a - far— Some-bod - y needs your pray'r.
Send out the beams that will shine bright and clear, Some-bod-y needs your light.
Bless-ing will fol-low the heart's o-ver-flow, Brighten the way a - long.
Some-one to whom the glad sto-ry you told, Some-one your joy will share.



CHORUS.



Some-bod-y needs you! needs your love, Seeking a bless-ing from a-bove;



Some-bod-y needs you, some-bod-y needs you, Some-bod-y needs your love.



No. 33.

O Love Divine.

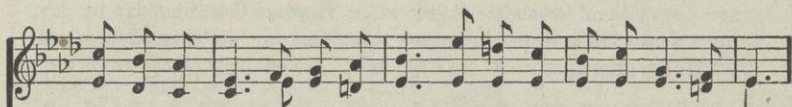
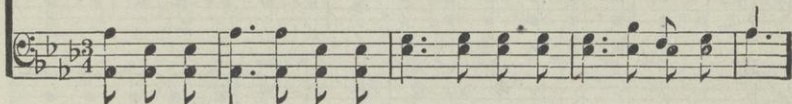
Flad Frazer.

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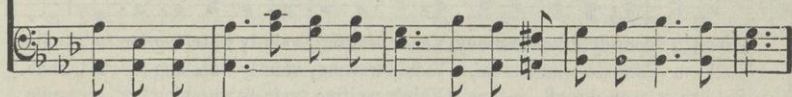
Chas. H. Gabriel.



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



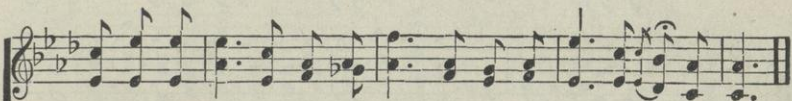
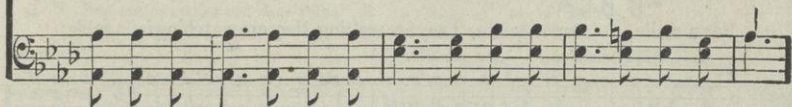
And un - to Thee sur-ren-der all, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
No more a reb - el can I be, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
Love came to meet me on the way, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!
O Love, my joy, my life, my light, O Love di - vine, O Love di - vine!



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 34.

For a Smile.

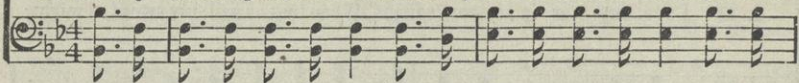
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.



1. In this world of sin and strife, In this cold and storm-y life, Where we
2. Friends to help them they have had, Whose sweet voices made them glad, As their
3. Heav-y burdens press them down, Stormy skies a-bove them frown, And the



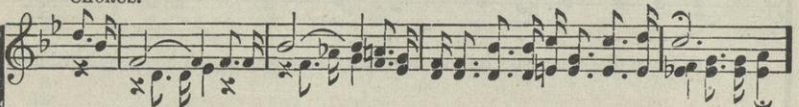
see so much of trou-ble all the while; There are those who, day by day,
mu - sic would the wear-y hours be - guile; One by one they all have gone,
path seems growing dark-er ev -'ry mile; No one points them to the throne,



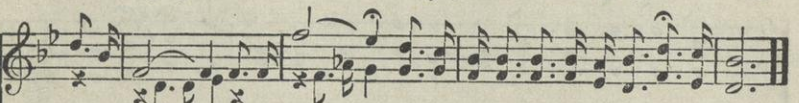
Tread a lone-ly, friendless way, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
Left a - lone to wan-der on, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.
So they wan-der all a-lone, Vainly waiting, vain-ly watching for a smile.



CHORUS.



For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile;
For a smile, for a smile, for a smile;



For a smile, for a smile, They are waiting, they are watching for a smile.
For a smile, for a smile,



No. 35.

Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. In a world where sor-row Ev-er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft-en Meet the sor-est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hay-py song; Meet the world's re-

need-y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com-fort
dai-ly Lit-tle kind-ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor-row
pin-ning With a cour-age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed

You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

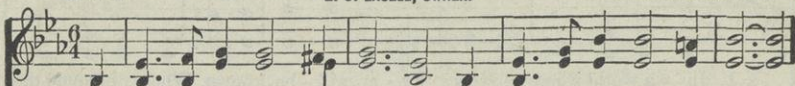
Scat-ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o-ver the way,

bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day.
pass-ing day;

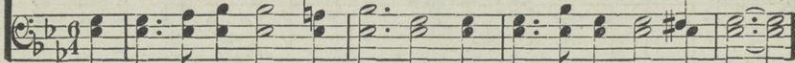
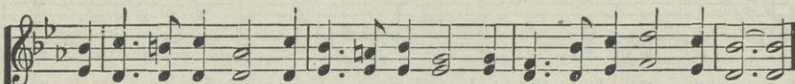
C. H. G.

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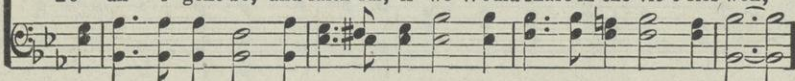
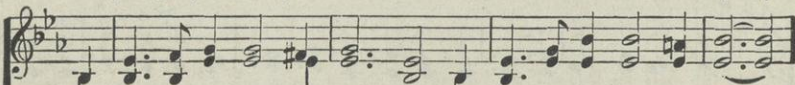
Chas. H. Gabriel.



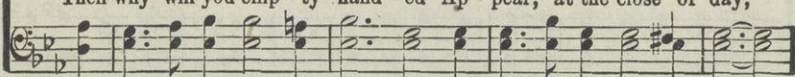
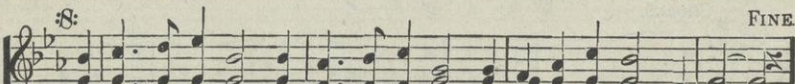
1. The reap - ers are loud - ly sing - ing, As out in the har - vest field
2. "The field is the world," O reap - er, There's plenty for all to do;
3. The Mas - ter hath all com - mand - ed, To la - bor and watch and pray;


They gath - er the grain from val - ley and plain, With will - ing and tire - less hands.
A - rise and be - gin the work that shall win For you an im - mor - tal crown.
To dil - i - gent be, and faith - ful, if we Would share in the vic - t'ries won;

The winds from a - far come bring - ing Glad news of a - bund - ant yield,
The Lord is thy guide and keep - er, With grace to car - ry you thro';
Then why will you emp - ty hand - ed Ap - pear, at the close of day,


Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com - mand.
He calls you to - day, then trust and o - bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
Ac - count - ing to give, and hope to re - ceive, A bless - ing for noth - ing done?



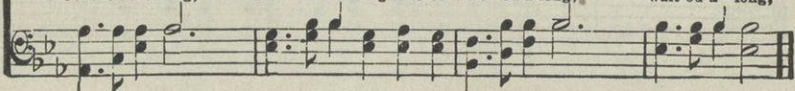
D. S.-- And gath - er the grain from hill and from plain For garners be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Join in the song that is wait - - ed a - long,
Join in the song, Join in the song that is wait - ed a - long, wait - ed a - long,



No. 37.

Marching Orders.

Eleanor W. Long.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a war to wage with sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in, Gird your
 2. Tho' to - day the warfare cease, And the world seem hushed in peace, Keep your
 3. When our Captain gives command, At "At-ten-tion!" we will stand, With our

ar-mor on! Gird your ar-mor on! We've a Captain tried and true, And He
 ar-mor on! Keep your ar-mor on! Not far off the camp-fires shine; Soon there'll
 ar-mor on! With our ar-mor on! We are sol-diers of His grace; We shall

ar - mor on! Gird your ar - mor on!

says to me, to you, It is time to dare and do—Gird your ar - mor on!
 be for thee and thine Fighting all a-long the line—Keep your ar - mor on!
 see Him face to face, And He'll find us in our place With our ar - mor on!

CHORUS.

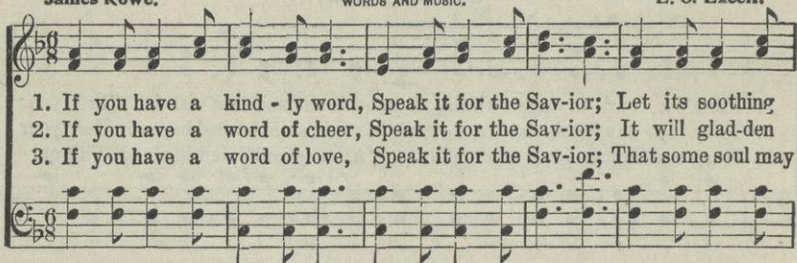
We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, We are
 march, march, march Where He may lead the way—When the

step-ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll
 or - der comes to [Omit.] march, we are read - y!

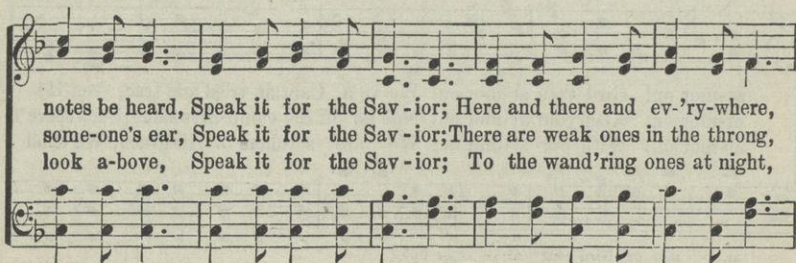
James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

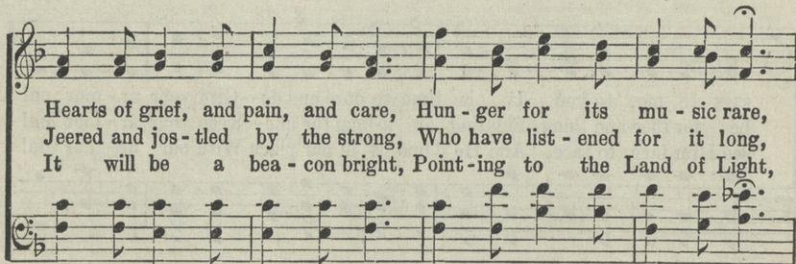
E. O. Excell.



1. If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Let its soothing
 2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav - ior; It will glad - den
 3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav - ior; That some soul may

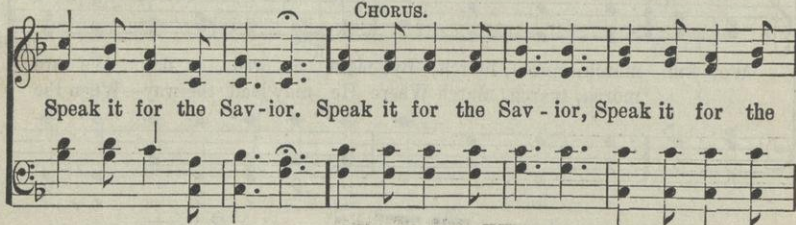


notes be heard, Speak it for the Sav - ior; Here and there and ev - 'ry - where,
 some - one's ear, Speak it for the Sav - ior; There are weak ones in the throng,
 look a - bove, Speak it for the Sav - ior; To the wand'ring ones at night,

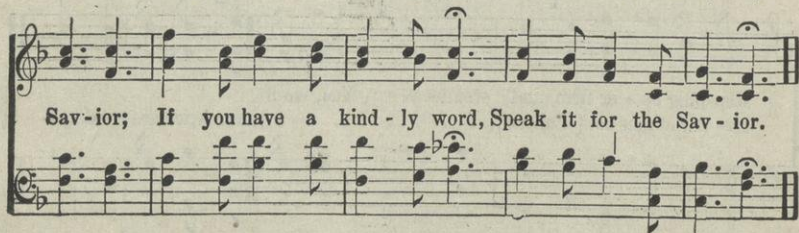


Hearts of grief, and pain, and care, Hun - ger for its mu - sic rare,
 Jeered and jos - tled by the strong, Who have list - ened for it long,
 It will be a bea - con bright, Point - ing to the Land of Light,

CHORUS.



Speak it for the Sav - ior. Speak it for the Sav - ior, Speak it for the



Sav - ior; If you have a kind - ly word, Speak it for the Sav - ior.

No. 39.

If It Be His Will.

Victor M. Hatfield.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If it be His will, I shall be sat - is - fied, E - ven tho' my fond - est
 2. If it be His will, I'll bid fare - well to ease, Give my time and tal - ent
 3. If it be His will, I'll spread the news a - broad, How my sins are par - doned

wish - es be de - nied; I will wait in patience, trust His prom - ise still;
 my dear Lord to please, Know - ing all His prom - is - es He will ful - fil:
 thro' the Lamb of God; How His pre - cious blood a - tones for ev - 'ry ill:

FINE. CHORUS.

I will learn to say, "It is my Mas - ter's will."
 Use me, bless - ed Mas - ter, if it is Thy will. If
 Lord, I'll speak Thy mes - sage, if it is Thy will. If it be His will,

D.S.—*I will sweet-ly say, "It is my Mas-ter's will."*

it be His will, I will wait in patience, I will trust His
 If it be His will,

D. S.
 prom - ise still; Tho' my cup of sor - row to the brim He fill,

No. 40. Open the Door for the Children.

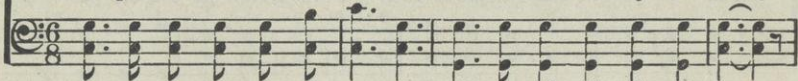
Mary B. Kidder.

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E. O. Excell.



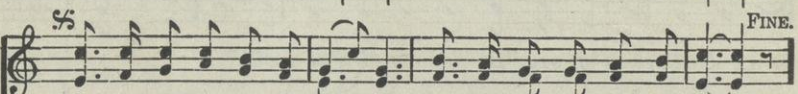
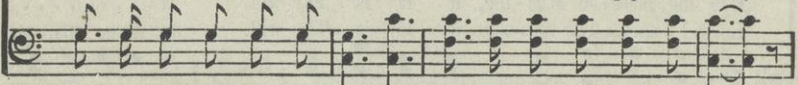
1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;



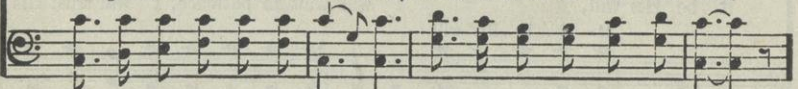
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac-es of sin;
 Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs;
 Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.



Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
 Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
 Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;



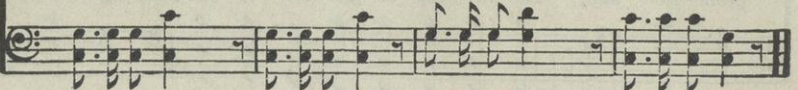
D. S. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
 O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.



CHORUS.



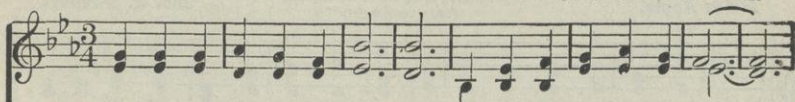
O - pen the door, . . . Gath - er them in, . . .
 O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath - er them in,



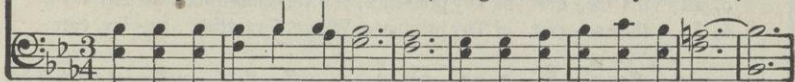
No. 41. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G.

Mrs. Charles Barnard.

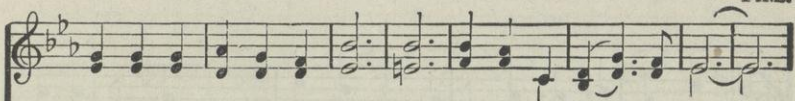


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

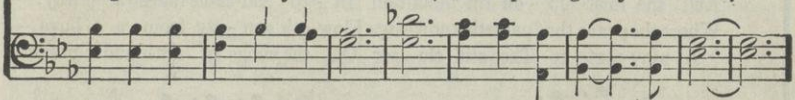


REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

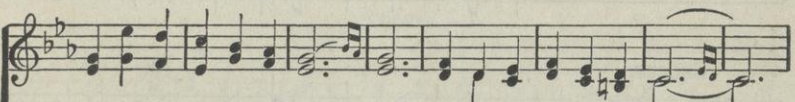
FINE.



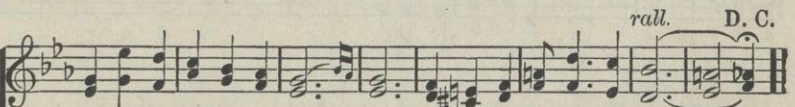
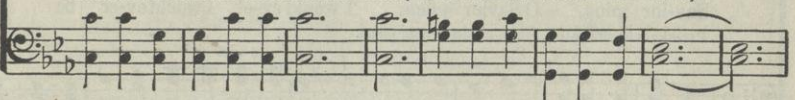
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



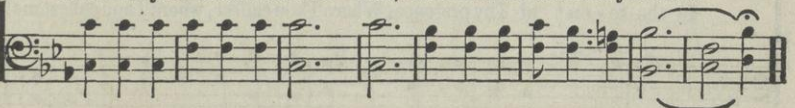
Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.



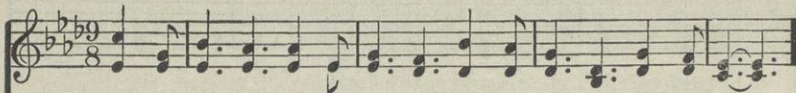
No. 42.

Where Thou Gallest Me.

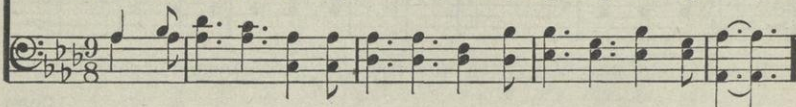
James Apple.

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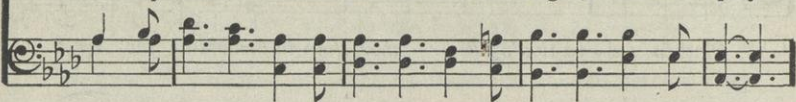
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. O how pre-cious are the mo-ments Of com-mun-ing, Lord, with Thee,
2. When the morn, with ro-sy fin-gers, O-pens wide the gates of day,
3. In the se-cret of Thy pres-ence, O-ver-shad-owed with Thy love,
4. In the se-cret of Thy pres-ence, Where, forgetting ev-'ry care,



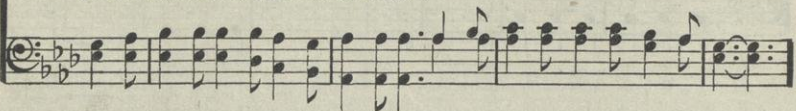
In the se-cret of Thy presence, Where my soul de-lights to be!
 And the mist up-on the mountain In-to sun-shine fades a-way,—
 Where the peace that passeth knowledge Flow-eth gen-tly from a-bove,—
 I may come to Thee still clo-ser On the wings of faith and prayer.



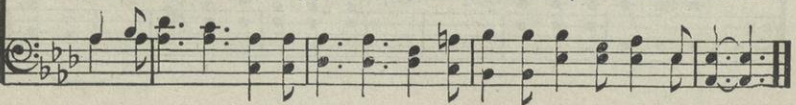
CHORUS.



Sav-ior mine, O Savior mine, I would ev-er, I would ev-er be
 Pre-cious Savior mine, O pre-cious Sav-ior mine



In the se-cret of Thy presence, Where Thou callest, where Thou callest me!



No. 43.

How My Savior Loves Me!

Dr. M. Victor Staley.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oft - en I hear the sweet voice of the Mas - ter Ten - der - ly
 2. Oft - en I feel the kind hands of the Mas - ter Laid with His
 3. Oft - en I think of the man - sion the Mas - ter Now is pre -
 4. Oft - en I dream of the dear ones the Mas - ter Holds in His

call - ing to me, . . . Cheer - ing my heart with His kind words of prom - ise -
 bless - ing on me, . . . Bring - ing sweet peace in the midst of life's con - flict -
 par - ing for me, . . . O - ver the riv - er, in heav - en's fair por - tals -
 keep - ing for me, . . . Whom I shall meet, where there'll be no more parting -

FINE. CHORUS.

Oh, how my Savior loves me! Oh, how my Savior loves me! . . . Oh, how my
 loves me!

D. S. — know that my Savior loves me!

D. S.

Sav - ior loves me! . . . How sweet in the midst of life's wearisome cares, To
 loves me!

No. 44.

The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 45.

Will There be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

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

Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.
 Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
 I shall be remembered in my home above. I will not forget thee or
 "Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er

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

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

No. 47.

All Glory Be Thine.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer - cy, and
 2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un -
 3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an - gels in light With prophets and

judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
 chang - ing, Thy stat - utes are just. All na - tions and peo - ple
 mar - tyrs Their an - thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,

All oth - ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep - ter is love.
 Be - fore Thee shall fall, The Fa - ther, Re - deem - er, And Sav - ior of all.
 O An - cient of days; The boundless cre - a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,

Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

No. 48. The Church in the Wildwood.

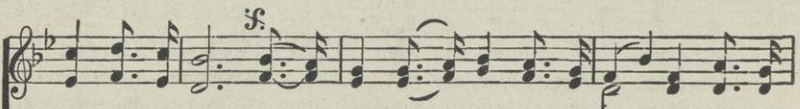
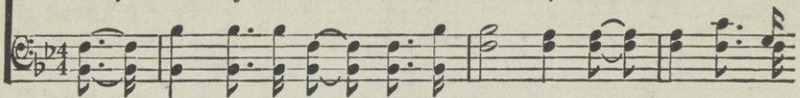
W. S. P.

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

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



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



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



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

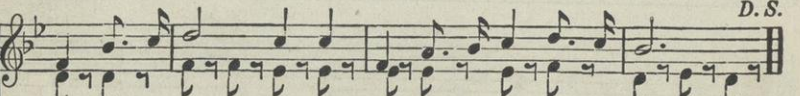
FINE. CHORUS.



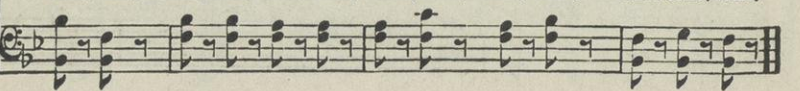
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.



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



D. S.

O What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon-tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-

God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a

change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 50.

O Wanderer, Come Home.

Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. O why have you wan-dered so far from the right way? Come
 2. O think of the love that for - ev - er is call - ing, Come
 3. O 'grieve not the heart that for - ev - er is yearn - ing, Come
 4. O turn from the path - way of doubt and of dan - ger, Come

home, come home; The path you should tread is a
 home, come home; The road is so rough, and the
 home, come home; God keeps in heav'n's win-dow a
 home, come home; And be to thy Fa - ther no

Come home:

D. S.—waits at the por - tals of

FINE. CHORUS.

safe way, a bright way, Come home, . . . come home.
 dark-ness is fall-ing, Come home, . . . come home. O wan - der - er,
 light al - ways burning, Come home, . . . come home.
 lon - ger a stran-ger, Come home, . . . come home.

Come home,

heav-en to greet you, Come home, come home.

D. S.

come, hear the Fa - ther en-treat you, Come home, . . . come home; He

Come home.

No. 51. Have Compassion, Lord, on Me!

Lizzie Edwards,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. O my Sav-ior, I am wea-ry! Let my cry to Thee as-cend
2. O my Sav-ior, tho' un-wor-thy, I have no where else to go;
3. O my Sav-ior, by Thy Spir-it Thou hast called me o'er and o'er;
4. O my Sav-ior, do not leave me Here to per-ish at Thy throne;



While in hum-ble sup-pli-ca-tion Now be-fore Thy throne I bend!
Thou canst par-don my trans-gressions, Thou canst wash me white as snow!
Now re-pen-tant I am com-ing; Lord, my wand'ring soul re-store!
In Thy ten-der, lov-ing mer-cy Cleanse and make me all Thine own!



CHORUS



Weak and help-less, yet be-liev-ing, Cast-ing all my care on Thee,
Weak and helpless, yet be-liev-ing.



I am hop-ing, trust-ing, pray-ing; Have com-pass-ion, Lord, on me!
I am hop-ing, trusting, praying;



W. A. O.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y

theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

CHORUS.

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de -
a - ble, He is a - ble

liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op -
a - ble, He is a - ble

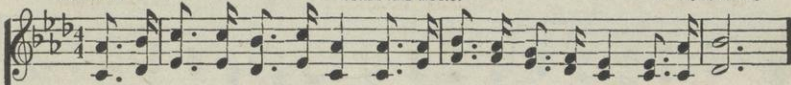
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

No. 53. We Shall Stand Before the King.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E

E. O. Excell.



1. We shall stand before the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

By and by.

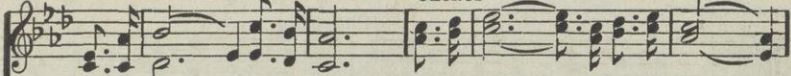


by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

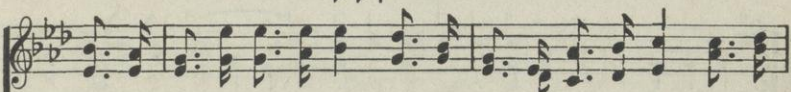
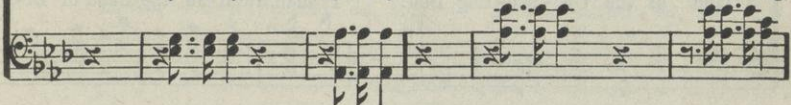
by and by



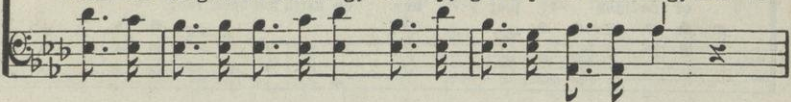
CHORUS



By and by, by and by. We shall stand, . . . before the King,
By and by, by and by. We shall stand, before the King.



With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-



lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, We shall stand before the King.

Hal - le - lu - jah; hal - le - lu - jah; we shall stand



W. C. Martin.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 55.

The Beautiful Land.

J. Nicholson.

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E. O. Excell.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I fain would
2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, I shall en-ter it by and
3. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Then why should I fear to
4. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, Where we nev-er shall say good-



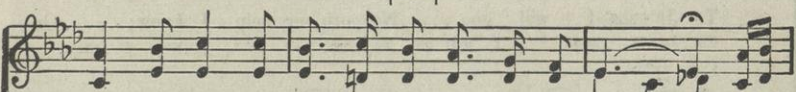
fly; When by sor-row pressed down, I long for my crown,
 by; There, with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
 die, When death is the way To the realms of day,
 by! When o-ver the riv-er, We're hap-py for-ev-er,



CHORUS.



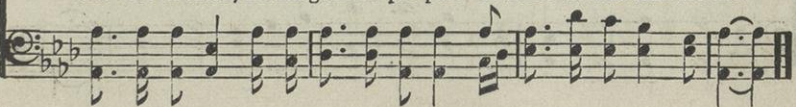
In that beau-ti-ful land on high, In that beau-ti-ful land I'll



be, I'll be, From care and from sor-row set free;..... My
 set free;



Sav-ior is there, He has gone to pre-pare A home in that land for me.



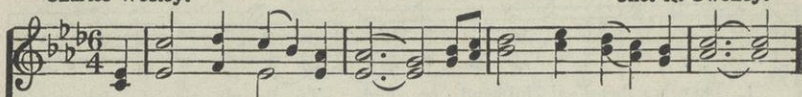
No. 56.

To Jesus I Will Go.

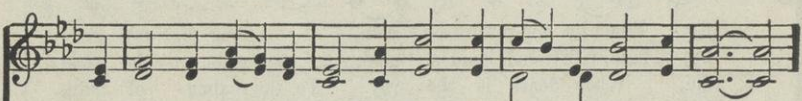
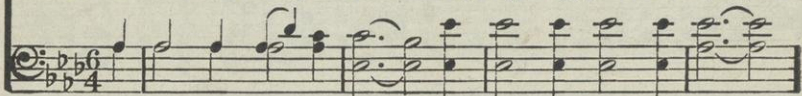
Charles Wesley.

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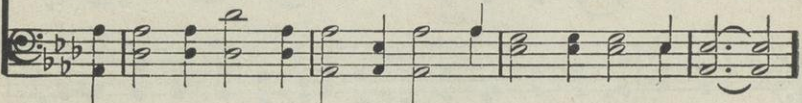
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Ah! whith-er should I go, With bur-dens, sick and faint?
2. My Sav-ior bids me come; Ah! why do I de-lay?
3. What is it keeps me back, From which I can-not part,
4. Search-er of hearts, in mine Thy try-ing pow'r dis-play;



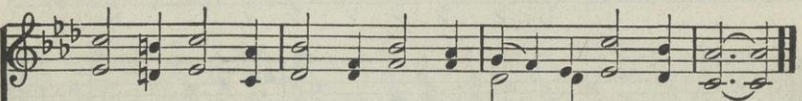
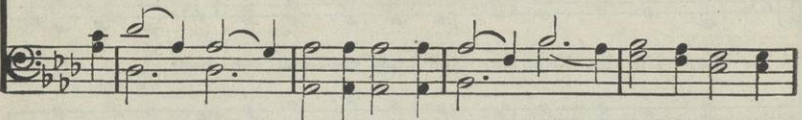
To whom should I my troub-le show, And pour out my com-plaint?
 He calls the wear-y sin-ner home, And yet from Him I stay!
 Which will not let the Sav-ior take Pos-ses-sion of my heart?
 In-to its dark-est cor-ners shine, And take the veil a-way.



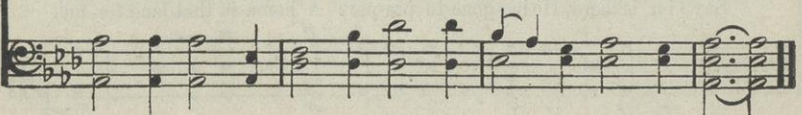
CHORUS.



To Je-sus I will go,.....No oth-er help I know;..... On
 To Je-sus I will go, No oth-er help I know;



Cal-va-ry He died for me—To Je-sus I will go.



My Father Knows.

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

Songs 57 through 68 Missing

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav - lor, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
 2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav - lor, That hon - or brings to Thee; I will
 3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav - lor, In sta - tion high or low; I will
 4. I'll hold ev - ry-thing, my Sav - lor, A sa - cred trust of Thine; And the

Chorus

tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near,
 fol - low close Thy lead - ing, Where - e'er it tak - eth me, An - y-where, my
 toil, or wait, or sul - lar, If Thou dost will it so.
 tal - ents to me giv - er, I'll count them not as mine.

Sav - lor, Anywhere with Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou leadest me.

Oh, For a Clean Heart.

Oh, . . . for a clean heart, A heart from all sin-ning set free.
Oh, for a clean heart, a clean heart,

No. 69. Nearer to the Heart of Jesus.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, as we come be - fore Thee, Hear our ear - nest cry;
2. If the sun shines brightly 'round our path-way, Or the skies grow dim,
3. Lest we wan - der from the path and grieve Thee, Lest we go a - stray,
4. Grant that we may grow more like our Sav - ior While on earth we stay;

FINE.

Draw us near-er to the heart of Je - sus, Near-er as the days go by.
Draw us near-er to the heart of Je - sus; May we ev - er lean on Him.
Draw us near-er to the heart of Je - sus, Near-er to the Life, the Way.
Draw us near-er to the heart of Je - sus, Near-er, near-er ev - 'ry day.

D. S.—Draw us near-er to the heart of Je - sus, Near-er as the days go by.

CHORUS.

D. S.

As the days go by, As the mo-ments fly,
Father, draw us near, Father, draw us near,

No. 70.

Follow Me.

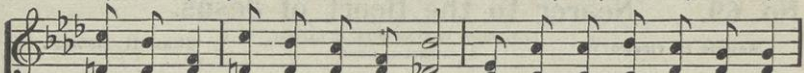
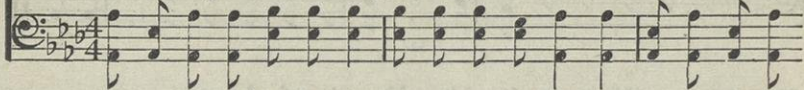
G. M. Bills.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

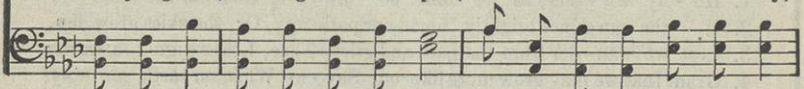
M. L. McPhail.



1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring - ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag - ic sto - ry That can charm a -
3. Lo! the tempter doth de - ceive, Lur - ing you to sad - ness; Then he mocks you



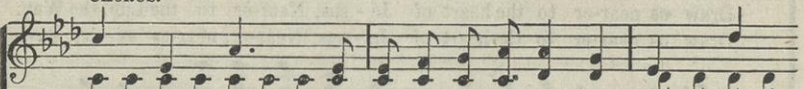
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wan - d' rer from the fold,
way your fears When earth's joys de - part? Shall the spell of e - vil hide
while you grieve, Pointing to de - spair; From his fet - ters break a - way,



Love is ev - er bring - ing Tidings from the gates of gold, Of a wel - come there.
From your eyes the glo - ry That for - ev - er will a - bide With the pure in heart?
Seek the path of glad - ness, Spurn the pleasures that decay, Of their sting beware.



CHORUS.



'Fol - low Me,' O hear the Shepherd say - ing, "Seek the
"Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low Me." "Seek the door to



door to pas - tures ev - er fair;" Heed, O heed thy
yas - tures fair, to pas - tures ev - er fair;" Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O



Follow Me.

Savior's ten-der plead-ing; Fol - low Him and find a wel-come there.
 heed His ten-der plead-ing; Fol-low in His foot-steps, find a bless-ed wel-come there

No. 71. The Old Church Bell.

Birdie Bell.

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 WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. N. Lincoln.

1. When the old church bell that we love so well Swings a-loft in bel - fry tall,
2. Hear the old church bell as its glad notes swell On the balm-y morning air,
3. Swings the old church bell, oh, its measures tell In - vi-tations soft and sweet,
4. Ring the old church bell, o - ver hill and dell, Spread a-far the tune-ful peal;

FINE

With a joy-ous peal, Oh, how glad we feel! As we hast-en to its call.
 Par - ents, teachers, all, At its plead-ing call, Gath-er at the house of pray'r.
 And our school-mates dear, As its chimes they hear Speed to school with willing feet.
 Call the street-waifs in, Let them now be-gin In the Sunday-school to kneel.

D. S.—Let us haste a - way, in the earl - y day, To the Sun-day-school so dear.

CHORUS.

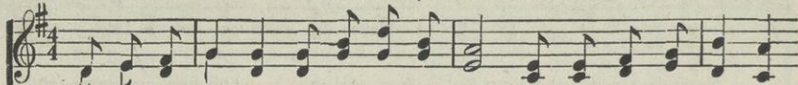
D. S.

Hark! the old church bell, in its glad chimes dwell In - vi-tations sweet and clear;

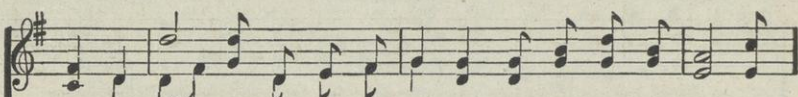
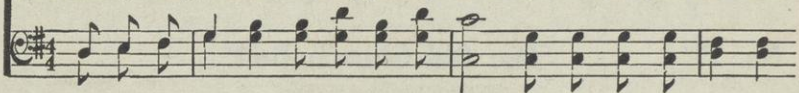
C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

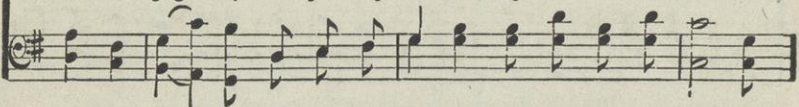
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble to the peo-ple! De-ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble and pro-claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble of our fa-thers, And send it un-to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi-ble, proudly own it, Be-lieve, and search its



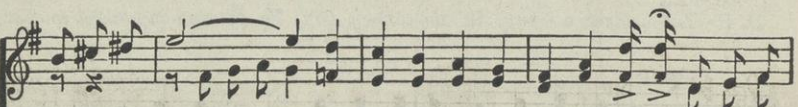
lect it nev-er! Un-fail-ing it has stood the test of a-ges,
 prophets spok-en; His seal im-print-ed glows up-on its pag-es,
 ev-'ry na-tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in darkness,
 sa-cred pag-es; There you may find the way of life e-ter-nal-



CHORUS.



And it shall stand unchanged for-ev-er!
 And not a pre-cept can be brok-en. O bless-ed book,.....
 That lights the way un-to sal-va-tion. O bless-ed book,
 Im-mor-tal life thro' end-less a-ges.



the on-ly book,..... The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
 the on-ly book.



* With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. B. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

The Grand Old Bible.

fire and flood thro' ages it hath stood, And it shall stand unchanged for-ev-er.

No. 73.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

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J. M. Stillman.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol-low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;

I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev-'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro-ken-heart - ed With sweet words of ten-der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.

More and more like Jesus, I would ever be; . . . My Sav-ior who died for me.
I . . . ever would be;

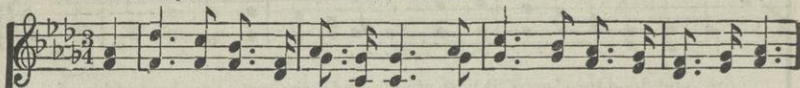
No. 74.

My Father Knows.

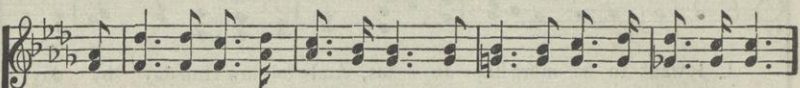
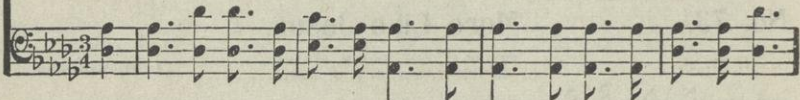
S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

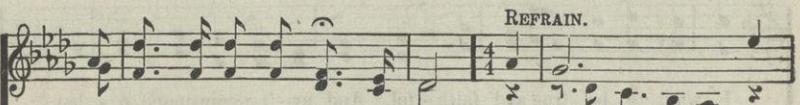
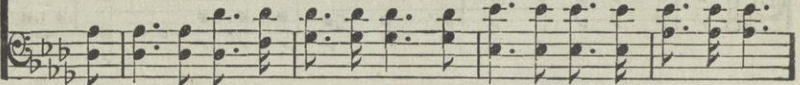
E. O. Excell.



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

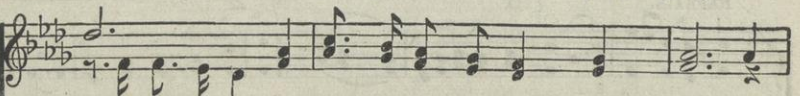
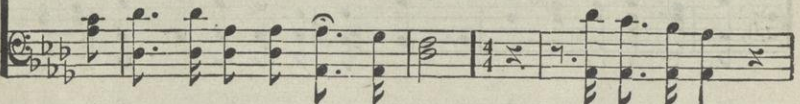


But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



REFRAIN.

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



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



My Father Knows.

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

No. 75.

Anywhere With Jesus.

John R. Clements.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I'll go an - y-where, my Sav - ior, If Thou wilt make it clear; I will
2. I'll do an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, That hon-or brings to Thee; I will
3. I'll be an - y-thing, my Sav - ior, In sta-tion high or low; I will
4. I'll hold ev-'ry-thing, my Sav - ior, A sa-cred trust of Thine; And the

CHORUS.

tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry To lost ones far and near.
fol - low close Thy lead - ing, Wher - e'er it tak - eth me. An - y-where, my
toil, or wait, or suf - fer, If Thou dost will it so.
tal - ents to me giv - en, I'll count them not as mine.

Sav - ior, Anywhere with Thee, Anywhere and ev'rywhere, As Thou leadest me.

No. 76.

More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

More Like the Master.

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

No. 77.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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 E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Weedon.

1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Somebody fill'd the day with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;

Somebody sang a cheerful song. Bright'ning the skies the whole day long, —
 Somebody fought a val - iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right, —
 Somebody made life loss, not gain, Tho'tlessly seemed to live in vain, —
 Somebody's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease, —

rit.

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

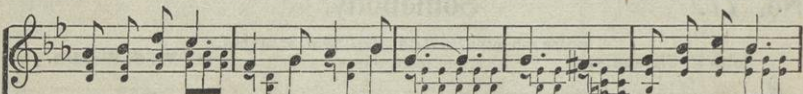
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

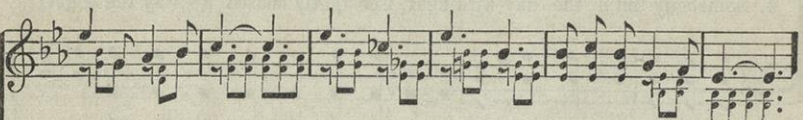
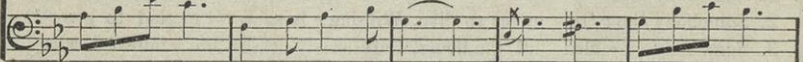
Samuel W. Beazley.



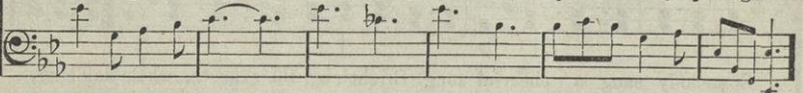
1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
 2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
 3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will



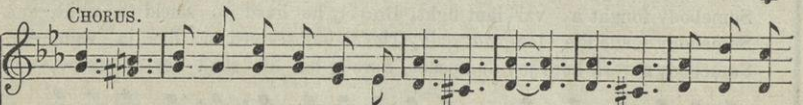
glad-ness is mine in the heav'ward way! Bless-ed fellowship ours
 there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
 rest in the love that is full and free; Cling-ing ev-er to Him,



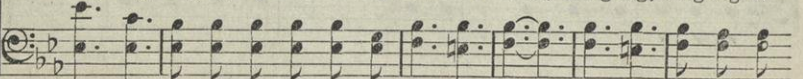
all the way a-long, As my glad-ness voi-ces it-self in song.
 that my feet must tread, And Faith's day-star brightens the path a-head.
 of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav-ior, my Redeemer, my King.



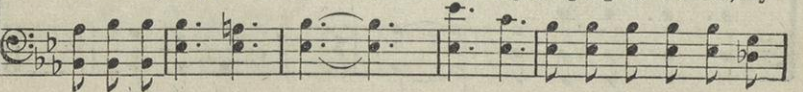
CHORUS.



Cling-ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to



Him who my way hath planned; Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my



Glinging Close to His Hand.

Hope, my All; Cling - ing, cling - ing, cling - ing, I can - not fall.

No. 79.

Forgiven.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A song is ring - ing in my soul, "For - giv - en! for - giv - en!"
 2. When first to me the message came, "For - giv - en! for - giv - en!"
 3. I'm sing - ing on my way to heav'n, "For - giv - en! for - giv - en!"
 4. I'll sing while He shall lend me breath, "For - giv - en! for - giv - en!"

Thro' grace I'm ev - 'ry whit made whole, My sins are washed a - way.
 I shout - ed glo - ry to His name, My sins are washed a - way.
 For blest as - sur - ance He has giv'n, My sins are washed a - way.
 And praise Him in the hour of death, My sins are washed a - way.

CHORUS.

{ For - giv - en! for - giv - en! My heart is sing - ing all the time!
 { For - giv - en! for - giv - en! My sins are washed (Omit) a - way!

No. 80.

Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

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

No. 81.

The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lord, take my all,— The gift is small For Thee, for Thee;
2. Dare I re - fuse My life to use For Thee, for Thee,
3. Would I had more, Earth's rich - est store, For Thee, for Thee;
4. By grace di - vine, Seal what is mine For Thee, for Thee,
5. Lord, here am I, To live or die For Thee, for Thee;

What hast Thou done, O bless - ed One, For me, for me!
 Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
 Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me;
 Who suf - fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me;
 Thy sac - ri - fice Has paid the price For me, for me;

What hast Thou done, O bless - ed One, For me, for me!
 Who shed Thy blood, A cleans-ing flood, For me, for me?
 Thy love has met A bound-less debt, For me, for me.
 Who suf - fered loss, And bore the cross, For me, for me.
 Thy sac - ri - fice Has paid the price For me, for me.

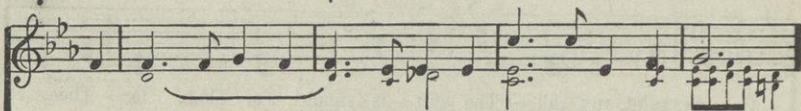
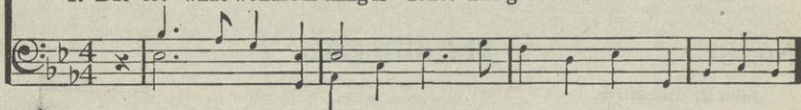
T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

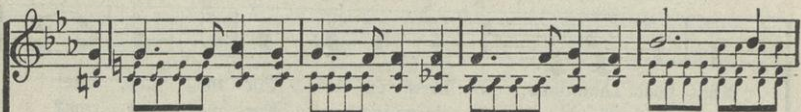
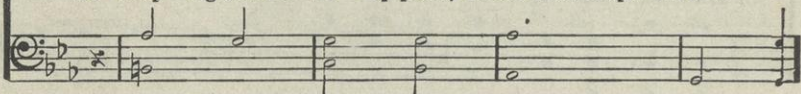
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble gar-ments clad;
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth be-fore:
3. They lead Him forth to Cal - va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die!
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead!



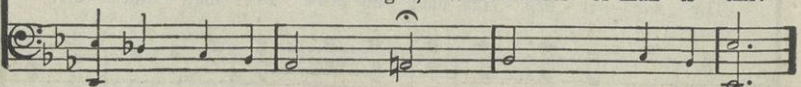
The poor - est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head.
The bur - dened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more.
His parch - ed lips are plead - ing now For those who cru - ci - fy!
To weep - ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled.



The hun - gry, weary, sick and sad In crowds a-bout Him press,— To
He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil - lows cease,— None
His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He
He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The



ev - 'ry one He gives re - lief,—What manner of man is this?
oth - er man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
suf - fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
heav'n's re-ceive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?



It Is Jesus.

CHORUS.

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

It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

No. 83.

God's Will Be Done.

Mrs. W. H. Keesler.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Carl Fischer.

1. Just why I suf - fer loss, I can - not know; I on - ly
2. My life is on - ly mine That I may use The gifts He
3. I am His child, and I Can safe - ly trust; He loves me,

know that my God wills it so. He leads in paths I
lend - eth me As He may choose; And if, in love, some
and I know That He is just. With - in His love I

can - not un - der - stand, But all the way, I know, is wise - ly planned,
boon He doth re - call, I know that un - to Him be - long - eth all.
can se - cure - ly rest, As - sured that what He does for me is best.

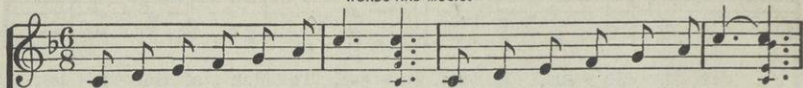
No. 84.

Reapers Are Needed.

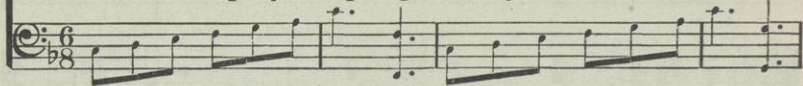
Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.



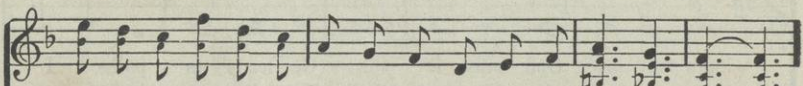
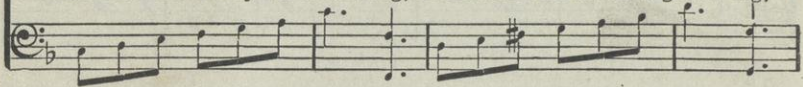
1. Hark to the mu-sic re-sound-ing, Reap-ers are need-ed to-day;
2. Forward with hearts full of glad-ness, Reap-ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing-ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare;



Fields are all white, to the har-vest Let us be up and a-way!
Grain there is read-y and wait-ing, If not soon gathered, will waste;
Soon will the har-vest be end-ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share.



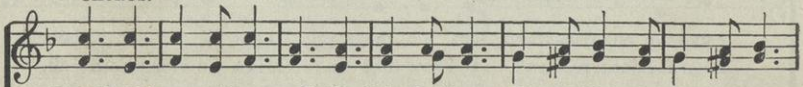
Ev-er the Mas-ter is call-ing, Has-ten! the shad-ows are fall-ing;
Then let us hear you re-ply-ing, La-bor with cour-age un-dy-ing,
Let no one i-dly be dream-ing, Look! look! the har-vest is gleam-ing,



On to the har-vest-field, Gath-er the gold-en yield, Pre-cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap-ing band, Lend them a help-ing hand, Ere the night.



CHORUS.



Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joyful, lov-ing heart,



Reapers are Needed.

Brave-ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;

On where the harvest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 85.

Everything for Jesus.

Flora E. Breck.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Carl Fischer.

1. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! Un - to Him I give All I have and hope for;
2. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! I will con - se - crate Life, and love, and serv - ice,
3. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry-thing I know, On my lov - ing Sav - ior

CHORUS.

'Tis for Him I live.
Ere it be too late. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus, All to Christ my King!
Glad - ly I be - stow.

To Him who gave so much for me, I will give Him ev - 'ry - thing.

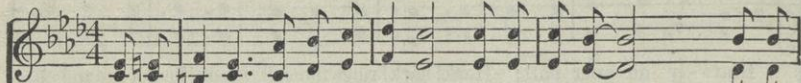
No. 86.

I'm a Pilgrim.

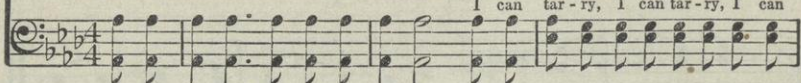
Mary S. B. Dana.

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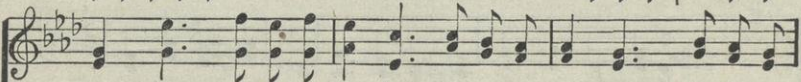
Chas. H. Gabriel.



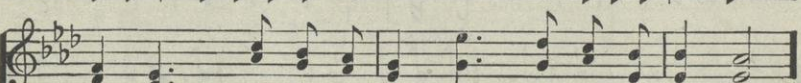
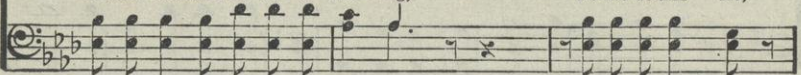
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry but a
2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem-er is the
3. There the sun-beams are ev-er shining,—O my long-ing heart is



night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
 Light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing, Nor an-y
 there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have
 tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To



foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me, for I am
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing; There is no sor-row, nor an-y
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y; Here in this coun-try, so dark and
 where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing; Do not de-tain me,



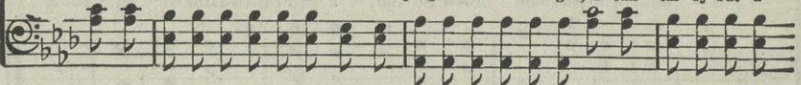
go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
 sigh-ing, Nor an-y tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
 drear-y, I long have wan-dered, for-lorn and wear-y.
 for I am go-ing To where the foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.



CHORUS.



I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry
 I'm a pil-grim and a stranger, I'm a pil-grim and a stranger; I can tar-ry but a



I'm a Pilgrim.

but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a
night, I can tar - ry but a night; For I'm a pil - grim and a stran - ger, I'm a

stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night.
pil - grim and a stranger,

No. 87.

Jesus, Hide Me.

Fred. Woodrow.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Carl Fischer.

1. O Thou shel - ter from the tem - pest, Hide me till the storm goes by;
2. Thou, O Christ, canst still the tem - pest, Thou canst rule the stormy sea;
3. Life, and death, and tears, and troub - le, All are in Thy might-y pow'r;

D. S.—From the gloom-y depths of dark - ness, Sav - ior, hear, O hear my cry.
And the sad and troub - led spir - it Cries a - loud, O Lord, to Thee.
O Thou shel - ter from the temp - est, Hide me in the try - ing hour.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
Je - sus, hide me, Je - sus, hide me, Hide me till the storm goes by;

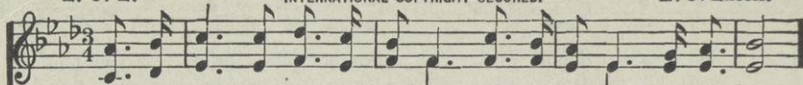
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrence.

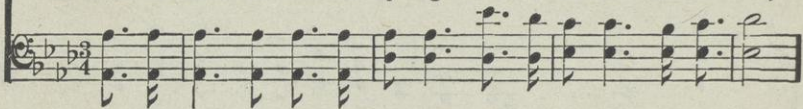
E. O. E.

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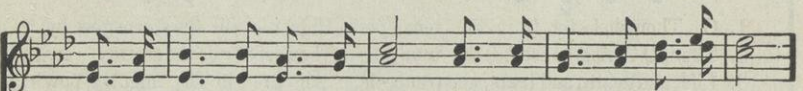
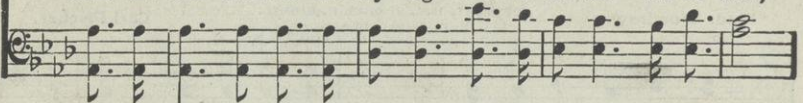
E. O. Excell.



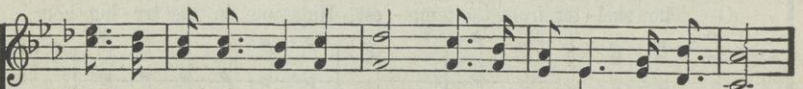
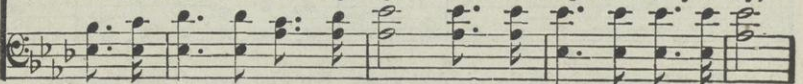
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
 2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
 3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
 4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



- Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
 Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
 While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



- For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
 Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
 If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
 Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;



- They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
 For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.



A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.

For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,

They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love?
 For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say - ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 89.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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J. S. Norris.

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,

D. C.

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

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

No. 90.

The Sunday-School Army.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

CHO.-1. March a - long to - geth - er, firm and true, For lo, the world is
2. On we go, with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the

ev - er watch - ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
bat - tle for the right; U - ni - ted in the serv - ice of the Lord,
shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,

FINE. UNISON SOLO.

De - ter - mined that the foe shall yield. Long and loud the
We're marching at our Cap - tain's word. Val - iant sol - diers
Till Christ is ev - 'ry - where con - fessed. Storm the forts of

bu - gle - call is sound - ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry - where a - bound - ing;
of the Lord are lead - ing; Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead - ing;
sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion;

D. C. Cho.

"Forward!" all a - long the line resounding, Bids us march a - way.
Slow - ly backward see the foe re - ced - ing; Forward march to - day.
And with earnest prayer and sup - pli - ca - tion Forward march to - day.

Childrens Songs

No. 91.

Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won - der - ful
2. An - gels de - scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant - ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and

Sav - ior, was born; There was none to re - ceive Him, none to be - lieve Him, None but the
si - lent re - frain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav - ior of all; I will love Thee for - ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watch - ing that morn. } Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, slept in a man - ger,
shep - herds on Beth - le - hem's plain. } But with the poor He slumbered se - cure, The
me make Thy bed in a stall.

No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 92.

Little Evangels.

Ida L. Reea.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van - gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
 2. Lit - tle e - van - gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Strew - ing glad bless - ings a -
 3. Lit - tle e - van - gels for Thee, dear Sav - ior, Faith - ful and loy - al through

morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
 long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
 all our days, Un - der Thy stand - ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra - grant flow'rs.
 Show - ing Thy good - ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van - gels for
 Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe path - way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

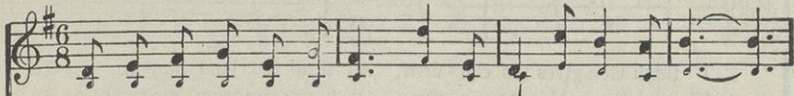
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



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



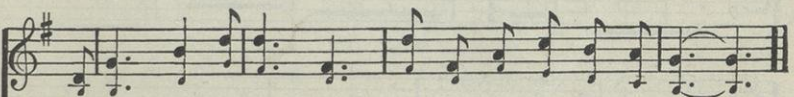
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
 Show - ing how pleas - ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
 Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
 Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 94.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 95.

Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 96.

Honor Bright Gadets.

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat-tle for the right, you see; That is
For our watch-word we have cho-sen "Honor bright!" you see, [Omit.]

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll nev-er know de-feat, you see; If we
For our Lead-er nev-er taught us to re-treat, you see, [Omit.]

why we band our-selves to-gether; And we'll keep it up in
fight for right, we'll win the bat-tle; No mat-ter how the

ev-'ry kind of weather. For the right, then; Honor bright, then;
guns and sabers rat-tle. We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then,

We will march on our journey thro' the world; Col-ors fly-ing,
And we'll work till the set-ting of the sun; Col-ors fly-ing,

Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our ban-ner is un-furled.
Ev-er try-ing To be faith-ful un-til the vic-t'ry's won.

Honor-Bright Cadets.

CHORUS.

Then see us march-ing as to war, . . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [Omit.]

read-y; fore; Then see us march! We are "Honor-Bright cadets!

No. 97. Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

E. L. McCord.

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W. W. Gilchrist.

1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them, too, For
one is red, and one is white, [Omit.] }
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons These lit - tle sis - ters tell; The
first is Love, then Pu-ri-ty, [Omit.] }

And the oth - er one is blue. { Hur-rah for these three lit-tle sisters!
And Truth we love so well. { Hur-rah for the red, white and [Omit.] }

blue! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the red, white and blue!

Neal A. McAuley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet - er tones than all, Di-
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I

those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
rect - ing Christian workers here, In words I now re - call: "Forbid them not," He
felt that I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for

hap - py through The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu-sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho - san - na! bright and clear. we bring!

Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na!

The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Hosanna! Hosanna! to Christ, the children's King.
we bring,

No. 99.

Gather Them In.

H. A. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry A. Lewis.

1. Gath-er the chil-dren in days of youth, Gather them in, Gath-er them in;
2. Gath-er the chil-dren from out the streets, Gather them in, Gath-er them in;
3. Gath-er the chil-dren from scenes of strife, Gather them in, Gath-er them in;

Teach them the right way, the way of Truth, Gath-er the chil- dren in.
In from the hov- els and dark re-treats, Gath-er the chil- dren in.
Gath- er them in - to the way of Life, Gath-er the chil- dren in.

CHORUS.

Gath - - er them in, . . . Gath - - er them in, . . .
Gath-er them in, gath-er them in, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in,

Gath-er them in for the gar-ner a-bove, Gath-er the chil-dren in.

No. 100.

Faithful Helpers.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. True and faith-ful we would be a-long the way of life,
2. There are dark-ened pla - ces where the sun has nev - er shone;
3. Christ, our great Ex - am - ple, bids us do as once did He,

Help - ing oth - ers in this bus - y world of care and strife;
There are hearts re - pin - ing in their sor - row all a - lone;
When He lived, and loved, and walked, and talked in Gal - i - lee;

Ev' - ry bur - den lift - ed sows its seed of hope and love, That shall grow and
We can shed the sunlight that will drive the clouds a-way, Bless and cheer the
Do - ing good to oth - ers, we are told with-in His word, Is but do - ing

CHORUS.

blos - som in the glo - ry-fields a - bove.
ach - ing hearts we find from day to day. With His ban - ner float - ing
His command - is giv - ing to the Lord.

o'er us, Tho' the days are drear - y, we will nev - er wear - y! Je - sus

Faithful Helpers.

knows the way be-fore us, And while He is near, what foe have we to fear?

No. 101.

The Lily Song.

Roscoe G. Stott.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The lil - y is the gem of all, For oh, it marks the day
2. The lil - y is the gem of all, For oh, its fra-grant breath
3. The lil - y is the gem of all, For oh, its re - gal dress

When Christ our Sav - ior left the tomb, To reign, our King, for aye!
A - ris - es to the throne in praise Of Him who conquered death.
A - dorns the path-way from the tomb With love and ten - der - ness.

CHORUS.

Let my heart be like the lil - y; Make me pure and make me true;

As you love and keep the lil - y, So love me and keep me, too.

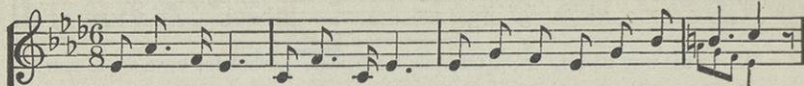
No. 102.

Under the Snow.

Mary Gilbert-Wray.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Un - der the snow, un - der the snow, Snug-ly the flow'rs have been sleeping;
2. Up in the tree, up in the tree, Gai-ly the bird-ies are swing-ing;
3. Blossom and bird, blossom and bird, Giv-ing their best this fair weath-er;



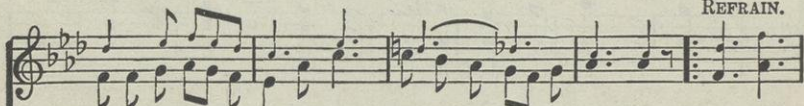
Dear lit-tle flow'rs, they could not know Je-sus a kind watch was keep-ing.
Hap-py and free, songs full of glee, Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly ring-ing;
With them we come in sweet ac-cord, Sing-ing our car-ols to- geth-er;



Un - der the snow they soft-ly lay, Wait-ing to greet the first spring day;
Building their nests on boughs so high, Teach-ing the ba-by birds to fly;
Brighter are we than blooming flow'rs, Gay-er than birds in leaf-y bow'rs;



REFRAIN.



Soon as the winter passed a-way Brightly the flow'rs came peeping. Sleep, sleep,
God watching o'er them from on high, List to their mer-ry sing-ing. Sing, sing,
Pleading to Christ our ear-ly hours, His we would be for-ev-er. Sweet, sweet,



Under the Snow.

sleep, sleep, 'Neath a blanket of drift-ed snow; Not a sorrow you know.
sing, sing, Swing your cradle up in the tree; Car-ol hap-py and free.
sweet, sweet, Bird and blossom and busy bee; God will watch over thee.

No. 103. Garry Us In Thine Arms.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, we are small, Car-ry us in Thine arms;
2. Dear Re-deem-er, we are weak, Car-ry us in Thine arms;
3. Far a-way from all that's wrong, Car-ry us in Thine arms;

Gen-tly bear us lest we fall, Car-ry us in Thine arms.
Thou art lov-ing, kind and meek, Car-ry us in Thine arms.
We are weak, but Thou art strong, Car-ry us in Thine arms.

CHORUS.

{ Look on us, Thy lambs, with love, Car-ry us in Thine arms;
{ To Thy shin-ing home a-bove, Car-ry us in [Omit . . .] Thine arms.

Dwight Williams.

USED BY PERMISSION.

"Maryland."

1. There's dan - gei in the flow - ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 2. "Strong drink is rag - ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 4. Oh, has - ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
 It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
 We need the strong - est, brav - est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
 Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—

And all thy hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not.
 Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!

Chorus Selections

No. 105.

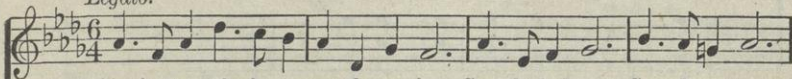
Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

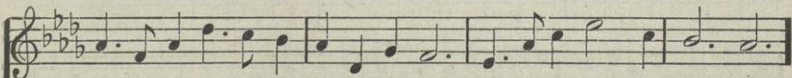
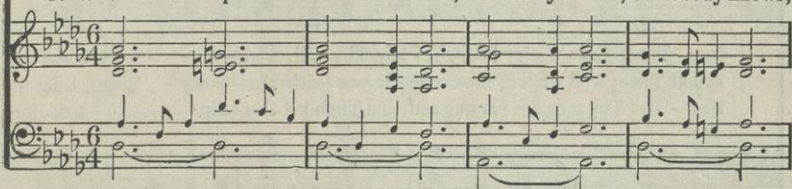
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B. D. Ackley.

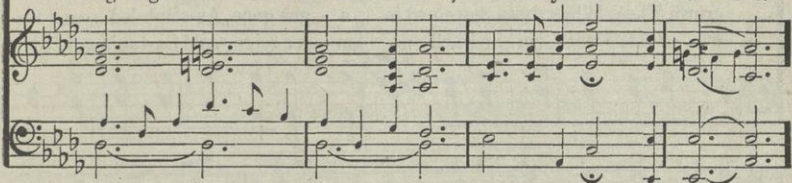
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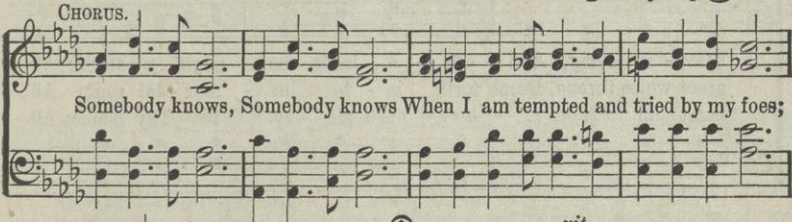
1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;



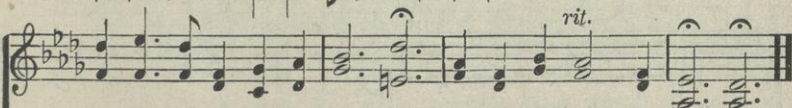
Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.

All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff
 hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!
 All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - ell Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! Hail!

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - ell Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - ell! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! Hail!

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-ell

Hail, Im - man - u - ell King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-ell
Hail!

No. 107.

Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom-age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul-eth by love a - lone;

Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav-en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for - ev - er reign!
 Glo - ry to Je - sus who con-que-rs our ev - 'ry foe!
 Laud and a - dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!

CHORUS.

Sing ho - san - nas, loud let the joy - ful an - thems ring,

Laud and wor - ship Him whom the an - gels a - dore!

Crown Him, crown Him, Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King,

Glo-ry to God in the high - est— Glo-ry for - ev - er - more!

No. 108.

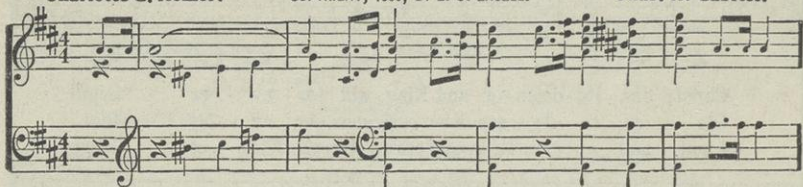
Marching in His Name.

Charlotte G. Homer.

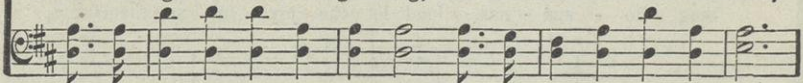
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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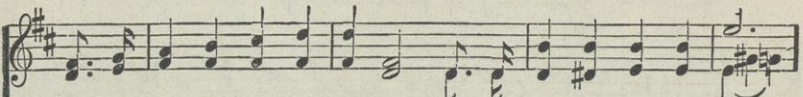
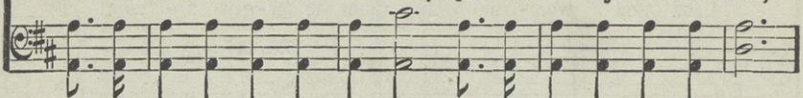
Chas. H. Gabriel.



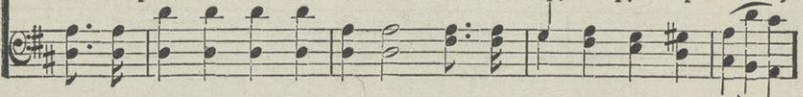
1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com - mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in - vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,



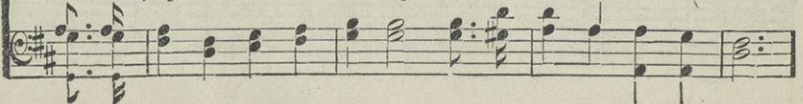
Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun - try, To a bet - ter, bright - er land;
 And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
 And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;



Full e - quip'd, cour - age - ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
 But our Lead - er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun - ning knows,
 Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,



We are march - ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
 And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a - gainst the chief of foes.
 On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.



Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,

For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march - ing in His train;

Our song of joy is ev - er ring - ing, while mov - ing up the great high - way

To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day,
land of cloud - less day,

To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

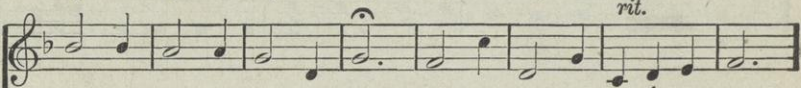
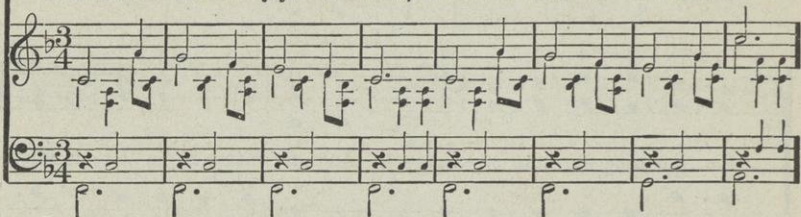
John Burton.

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E. O. Excell

Slow, with dignity.

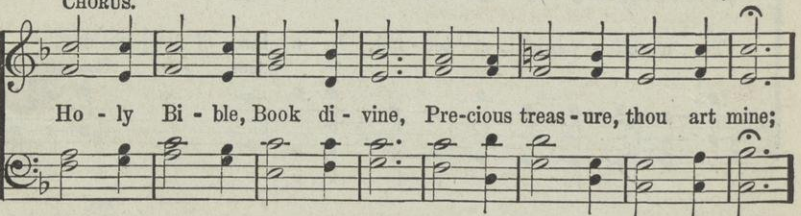
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:



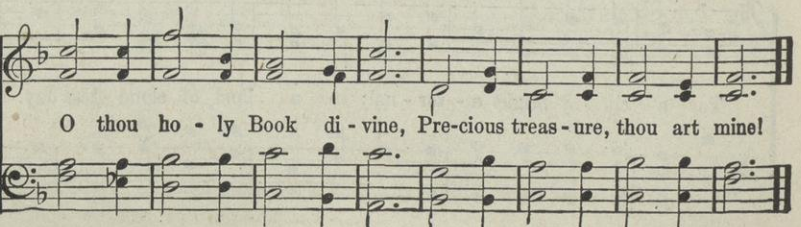
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



CHORUS.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;



O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!

Responsive Readings.

No. 110. Morning Praise.

1. Hymn No. 144.

My faith looks up to Thee.

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

RESPONSE—*Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.*

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

3. Hymn No. 80.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed.

No. 111. Prayer.

1. Hymn No. 149.

Nearer My God, to Thee,

2. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSE—*Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.*

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

3. Hymn No. 151.

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

Responsive Readings.

No. 112. The Name of Jesus.

Compiled by Marion Lawrence.

Superintendent—Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be thy glorious name.

1. Hymn No. 131. (3d verse.) *Rise.*

All Hail the power.

Supt.—By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

School—Over two hundred and fifty.

Supt.—What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before he was born?

School—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Supt.—God has highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

Pastor—He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings.

Officers—Chiefest among ten thousand.

Senior Dept—Son of the Living God.

Young Men's Dept.—Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Young Women's Dept.—The Bright and Morning Star

Intermediate Dept.—The Light of the World.

Junior Dept.—The Good Shepherd.

Supt.—Which of all his names is the sweetest?

School—JESUS.

2. Hymn No. 153. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

Supt.—Why was he called Jesus?

School—Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Pastor—Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

Supt.—He is the Captain of our Salvation.

Officers—The Author and Finisher of our Faith.

Senior Dept.—The Head of the Church.

Young Men's Dept.—He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Young Women's Dept.—The Precious Corner Stone.

Intermediate Dept.—The Friend of Sinners.

Junior Dept.—The Man of Sorrows.

Supt.—But of all his names, which is the sweetest?

School—JESUS

3. Hymn No. 153. (Refrain.)

Sweetest note in seraph song.

4. Prayer.

Supt.—Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

5. Hymn No. 130.

Let every Kindred every Tribe.

No. 113. Value of the Word.

1. Responsive Reading.

LEADER—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;

RESPONSE—That the man of God be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life;

And they are they which testify of me.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Study to show thyself approved unto God,

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth.

2. Hymn No. 109.

Holy Bible, Book divine.

Selected Psalms

No. 114.

PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Hymn No. 150.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

No. 115.

PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voiceshalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Hymn No. 133.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

No. 116.

PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn No. 130.

All Hail the power.

No. 117.

PSALM 15

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Hymn No. 137.

My Jesus, I love Thee.

Selected Psalms.

No. 118. PSALMS 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Hymn No. 139.

Rock of Ages cleft for me.

No. 119. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

Hymn No. 138.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

No 120. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Hymn No 152.

Savior, like a shepherd lead us.

No. 121. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

Hymn No. 142.

O worship the King all-glorious above.

Selected Psalms.

No. 122.

PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

Hymn No. 143.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

No. 123.

PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me above with songs of deliverance. Selah.

Hymn No. 139.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

No. 124.

PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

Hymn No. 144.

My faith looks up to Thee.

No. 125.

PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Hymn No. 150.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

Selected Psalms.

No. 126. PSALL 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Hymn No. 144.

My faith looks up to Thee.

No. 127. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

Hymn No. 149.

Nearer My God, to Thee.

No. 128. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Hymn No. 144.

My faith looks up.

No. 129. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Hymn No. 142.

O worship the King all-glorious above.

Devotional Hymns

No. 130. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET.

(DIADEM. C. M.)

Arr. by T. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
 3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
 5. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown.....

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
 res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all
 Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all

No. 131. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a -
 dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 132.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD.

SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, 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 voi - ces

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 - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
 In the tri-umph 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. On-ward, Christian sol - diers!
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 This thro' countess a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 133.

Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of heav-en,
 { I am weak but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand. }
 2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; } Strong De-liv'-rer,
 { Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'; }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-i-ous fears sub-side; } Songs of prais-es
 { Bear me thro' the swelling cur-rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side; }

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 134. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder - ful it seems Than all the golden fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true,
 Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
 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 - ing As noth - ing else can do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry;
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

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

No. 135. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

W. 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 ma - ny'a con - flict, ma - ny'a doubt -
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, - Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 "Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,
 Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,

No. 136.

Day is Dying in the West.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

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WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and worship
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the un-i-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo-ry
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an-gels,

REFRAIN.

while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend,
on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morning rise, And shadows end.

Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 137.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-

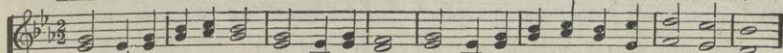
fol-lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my
par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend-est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit-ter-ing

Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow; "If ev-er I loved Thee, My Je-sus, 'tis now."

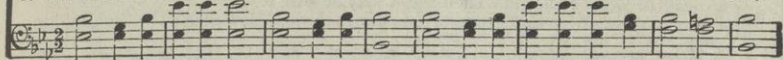
No. 138. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

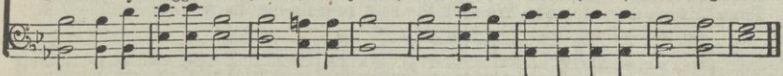
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gali-lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee,



Bey-ond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Ward.
Then shaft all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The Living One.



No. 139. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee: { Let the wa-ter and the blood,
D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure, { From Thy wounded side which flow'd,



- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

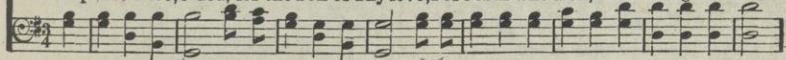
No. 140. Revive Us Again.

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 scatter'd our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry 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.

No. 141. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee, the high and low-ly
 2. { Thou art a port protected From storms that round us rise, }
 { A gar-den in - ter-sect-ed With streams of paradise; } Thou art a cooling fountain
 3. { A day of sweet re-flection Thou art, a day of love, }
 { A day to raise af-fec-tion From earth to things above. } New grac-es ev-er gain-ing

Who bow be-fore the throne, Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the E - ter-nal One.
 In life's dry, drear-y sand; From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised laud.
 From this our day of rest, We seek the rest re-main-ing In man-sions of the blest.

No. 142. O Worship the King.

1. O worship the King, all glorious a-bove, And gratefully sing His won-der-ful love;
 2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, in Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise,
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
 Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end! Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

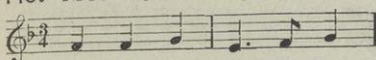
No. 143. Come Thou.

- 1 Come, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise.
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend.
 Come and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy Word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who almighty art,
 Rule now in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

No. 144. My Faith.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine!
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast 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.

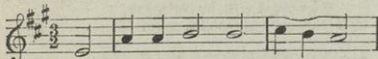
No: 145. My Country.



- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

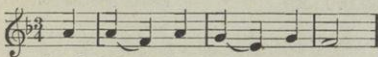
No. 146. For a Thousand.



- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in a sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Charles Wesley.

No. 147. Blest Be the Tie.



- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

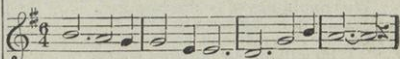
No. 148. Refuge.



- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 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.

Charles Wesley.

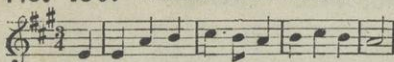
No. 149. Nearer, My God.



- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Still in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beacon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.

Sarah F. Adams.

No. 150. Whiter Than Snow.



1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

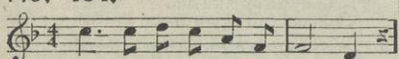
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 151. What a Friend.

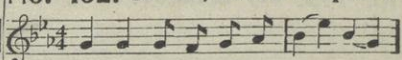


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in pray'r!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 152. Savior, Like a Shepherd.



1 Savior, like a Shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho' we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

No. 153. The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
O hear the voice of Jesus!

Cho:—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear;
No other name but Jesus;
O how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when He comes to bring the crown,
The crown of life and glory;
Then by His side we will sit down,
And tell redemption's story.

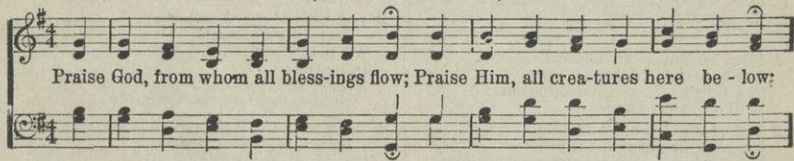
No. 154.

Doxology.

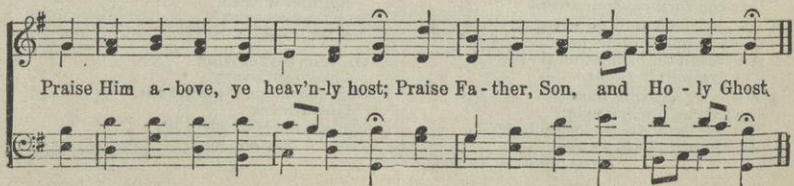
THOS. KEN.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



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



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

Like a Shepherd



lead us;
under care;
as feed us,
prepare;
Jesus,
Thine we are.
befriend us,
our way;
and defend us,
stray,
Jesus,
we pray.
receive us,
we be;
we us,
power to free,
Jesus,
Thee.

Physician



is near,
us;
heart to cheer,
us!
h song,
tal tongue,
ing,
I
rgiv'n,
us;
to heav'n,
Jesus.
mb!
name,
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t and fear;
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hear
Jesus.
ing the cross,
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As Born again



are be - lie -



By Christ



