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The joy-bells of Canaan, or, Burning bush songs, no. 2. 1905

Waukesha, Wisconsin: Metropolitan Church Association, 1905

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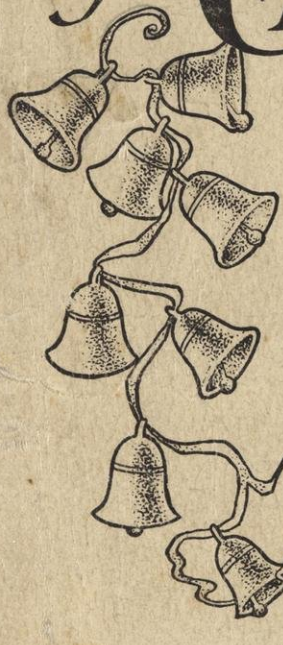
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CTH 1746

The

JOY BELLS

of CANAAN



BURNING BUSH SONGS No. 2.



— Selected by —

DUKE M. FARSON

EDWIN L. HARVEY

F. M. MESSENGER



SEND ORDERS

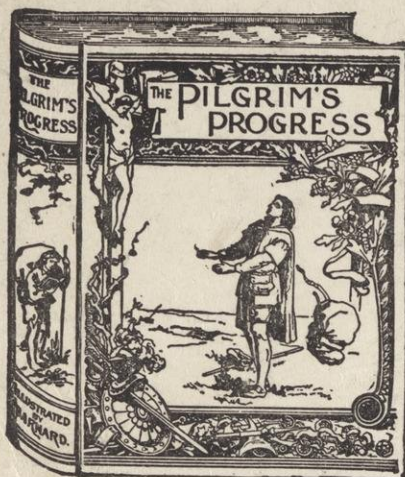
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— THE —
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SELECTED BY
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WAUKESHA WISCONSIN

BIBLE LESS
of it. Send al
Fountain Spring

The Joy-bells of Canaan.

LOUIS F. MITCHEL.

1. The joy - bells of Ca - naan send forth a glo - rious peal, They an - ish all
 2. Peace comes to the sin - ner the mo - ment he be - lieves, Great joy is in
 3. The joy - bells of Ca - naan are sweet est to my ear: O hark - en, be -
 4. The saint has a bel - fry where heav'ly chimes are rung, And out from its
 5. Each saint is a priest and has bells a - bout his feet; Rich fruit in - ter -

woe and bring in God's blessed weal; I'm ravis'd with their mu - sic when
 Heav - en as soon as he re - ceives: But soon he longs for Ca - naan, with
 liev - er, press on where you can hear! One ca - dence of their mu - sic will
 win - dows float tunes by an - gels sung; No clang, nor clash, nor dis - cord is
 min - gles and makes their ring most sweet. The ho - ly and the ho - liest are

none but God is near, And I hear them at day - break, and at noon and night they're clear.
 sighs he can't repress, As still on - ward he journeys tow'rd the land he'll soon possess.
 thrill with joy your soul, And you'll sing, leap and dance with shouts of joy you can't con - trol.
 heard from this blest tower For the songs of re - demp - tion peal forth from hour to hour.
 o - pen now to all But we still need the bells, and the fruit pre - vents a fall.

CHORUS.

Hear the bells! Hear the bells! { They are peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.
 the gold - en bells! sweet Canaan bells! } They are ring - ing out the glo - rious ju - bi - lee.

No. 2.

Life's Railway to Heaven.

M. R. ABBEY.

SOLO, OR DUET, AND CHORUS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Life is like a moun-tain rail-road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
 2. You will pull up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
 3. You will oft - en find ob-structions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
 4. As you near the Gold-en Cit - y, Gates of pearl will o - pen wide;

We must make the run suc-cess-ful From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con-duct-or On this light - ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
 You'll be-hold the Un - ion De-pot, In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels, Nev-er fal - ter, nev-er quail;
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob-struc-tions, Do your du - ty, nev-er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev-er fal - ter, nev-er fail;
 There you'll meet the Sup'rin-tend-ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,

Rit.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 With the heart - y, joy - ous plau-dit: "Wea - ry pil - grim, wel - come home!"

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;

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Life's Railway to Heaven—Concluded.

Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev - er - more.

No. 3. Jesus Is Strong to Deliver.

W. MAY.

J. P. WESTON.

1. When in my sor - row, He found me—Found me and bade me be whole;
 2. When in the tem - pest, He'll hide us; When in the storm, He'll be near;
 3. Why are you doubting and fear - ing? Why are you still un - der sin?

Turned all my night in - to heav - en - ly light, And from me my bur - den did roll.
 All the way long He will car - ry us on—So now we have noth - ing to fear.
 Have you not found that His grace doth abound: He's mighty to save, let Him in!

CHORUS.

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er: Might - y to save, might - y to save!

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er: Je - sus is might - y to save!

From "Songs of the Gospel." Used by per. of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 4.

Lean Upon His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Oh, bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad-ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love,
 gen - tle voice o - bey.
 to the Lord in pray'r. Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trust-ing in His love,
 eyes are nev - er dim.

Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms, and all His mer-cies prove; Lean up - on His

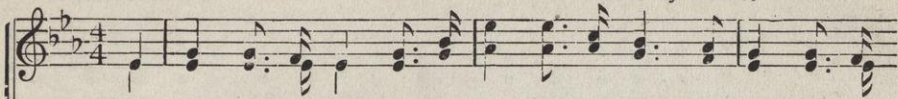
arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - ior's arms.
 arms, ev - er

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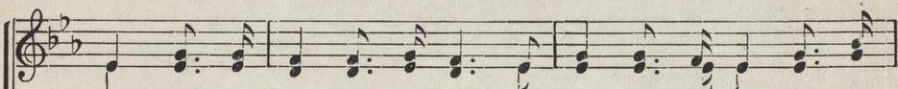
No. 5.

Lord, I Believe.

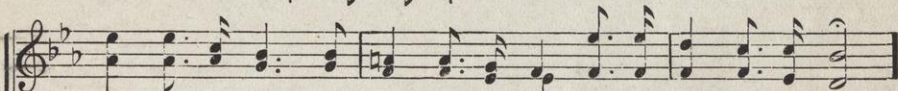
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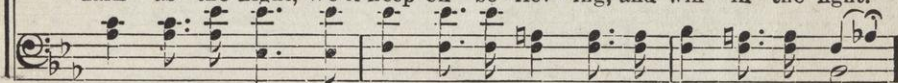
1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is
 2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the
 3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say. "I'll fight till I
 4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the
 5. Then let us re - mem - ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not



whis - p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
 strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the
 die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so
 bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
 feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a - round us seems



dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
 waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a - float.
 fierce - ly as - sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
 con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
 dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.



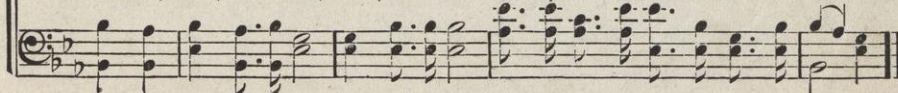
CHORUS.



Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Sav - ior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a



mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.



No. 6.

Parting to Meet Again.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment." Heb. 9: 27.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. We have gathered to hear of the Sav-ior, Of His in - fin - ite mer - cy and love;
 2. Oh, how swift - ly the moments are pass - ing, Oh, de - cide, now for Je - sus to live;
 3. Pause a moment, con - sid - er ere go - ing, Look a - bout on these fa - ces to - night;
 4. Once again there'll be meeting and parting, When we meet at the great Judgment throne;
 5. O ye saints of the Lord, shout for gladness, For your fears and your sorrows are o'er;

But this meeting will soon, soon be end - ed, Shall we meet that dear Savior a - bove?
 If you go to the Judgment a sin - ner, What ex - cuse to the Lord can you give?
 You will meet them a - gain at the Judgment, Are you read - y to face Judgment light?
 Will you join in the greetings e - ter - nal, Or shall Je - sus for - ev - er dis - own?
 You are read - y to meet at the Judgment, Or to meet here be - low nev - er more.

CHORUS.

Part - ing to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment, Part - ing to meet no
Chorus to last verse.
 Read - y to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment, Read - y to meet no

more here be - low, Oh, how sad the thought to thee, trav' - ler
 more here be - low, Oh, how glad the thought to thee, trav' - ler

to e - ter - ni - ty; Part - ing to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment.
 to e - ter - ni - ty; Read - y to meet a - gain at the Judg - ment.

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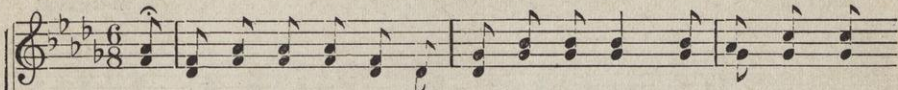
No. 7.

Shall I Turn Back?

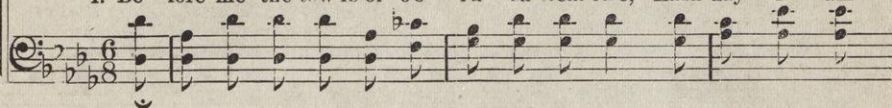
E. E. HEWITT.

Gen. 45: 24.

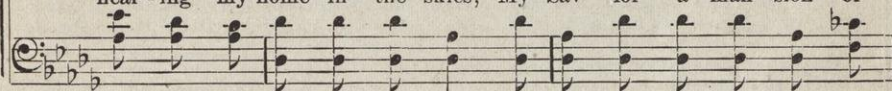
Arranged by J. J. H.



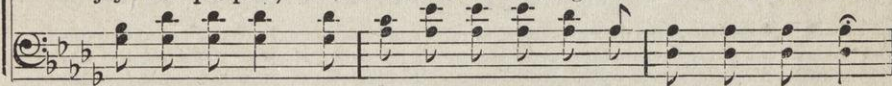
1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je - sus in
2. My days, swift-ly passing, have brought from a-bove So man - y bright
3. How well I re-mem-ber, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of His
4. Be - fore me the tow'rs of Je - ru - sa - lem rise, Each day I am



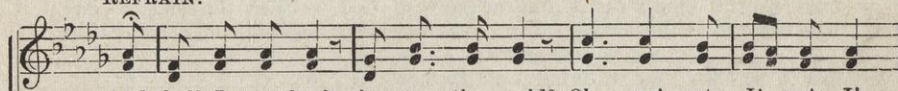
love sought and res-cued me there; He saved me from wan-d'ring, He
tok - ens of mer - cy and love; "More grace" He has giv - en, and
Word shed its beau - ti - ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
near - ing my home in the skies; My Sav - ior a man - sion of



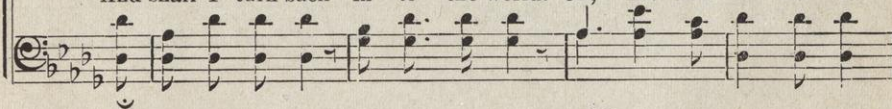
gave me re-lease, And led me to path-ways of bless - ing and peace.
bur-dens re-moved, Yes, o - ver and o - ver His good - ness I've proved.
Com-fort - er then, A - wak - ing new prais-es a - gain and a - gain.
joy will pre-pare, And loved ones are wait - ing to wel - come me there.



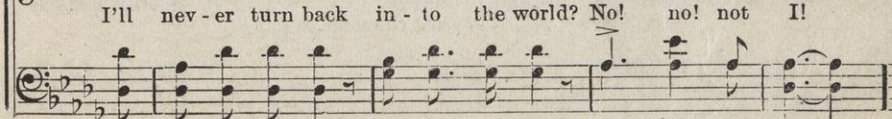
REFRAIN.



And shall I turn back in - to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!



I'll nev - er turn back in - to the world? No! no! not I!



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No. 8.

The Power of God.

F. A. G.

Rom. 11: 29; Heb. 13: 8.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. When A - bra - ham and Sa - rah had promised them a son, They were sur -
 2. When Mo - ses made a ser - pent and placed it on a pole, The bit - ten
 3. When Josh - ua was com - mand - er, the sun for him stood still, The moon its
 4. When Da - vid met Go - li - ath he meant to have a fight, The lead - ers
 5. When Dan - iel was in hon - or, a - bove the hon - ored men, The or - ders
 6. When Mal - a - chi, the proph - et, was preaching all a - broad, And cut - ting

prised and knew not what to say, But they knew what God had prom - ised He was
 ones were told to look that way, And then while they were look - ing Je -
 onward course was made to stay; He won a might - y bat - tle for he
 put the bat - tle in ar - ray; Of course he killed the gi - ant, for
 were that none to God should pray; But he knew the God of pow - er was
 like the sick - le and the scythe; The peo - ple were ac - curs - ed, for

a - ble to per - form: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.
 ho - vah made them whole: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.
 did his Fa - ther's will: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.
 he was in the right: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.
 in the li - on's den: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.
 they were rob - bing God, They failed to bring the off - ring and the tithe.

D. S. - a - ble to per - form: And the pow'r of God is just the same to - day.

CHORUS.

The pow'r of God is just the same to - day, It doesn't mat - ter
 is just the same to - day,

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The Power of God—Concluded.

D. S.

what the peo-ple say; What-ev - er God has prom-ised He's
what the peo-ple say;

7 Then came the blessed Savior, with pow'r to cleanse and heal,
To bear my sin and sickness all away;
My burdens, too, He carries, and doth my sorrows feel:
And the pow'r of God is just the same today.

8 Through Paul and Silas' singing and praying in the jail,
For Paul and Silas knew the way to pray;
The prison doors were opened, for locks could not avail:
And the pow'r of God is just the same today.

No. 9. Pressing Tow'rd the Goal.

C. P. JONES.

"I press toward the mark for the prize." Phil. 3: 14.

Chas. P. JONES.

Moderato.

1. I'm pressing on my way to glo - ry, The blood of Christ has saved my soul,
2. I'm pressing on my way to glo - ry, God's will doth now my life con - trol;
3. I'm pressing in the strength supplied me, His strength He gives me as I run;

CHORUS.

And yonder is the prize be fore me; I'm pressing tow'rd the goal. I'm press - ing
With angel-keepers hov'ring o'er me, I'm pressing tow'rd the goal.
His precious blood has sanctified me, And I am pressing on. I'm pressing, pressing,

on. I'm pressing on tow'rd the shining goal, I'm press - ing on, I'm pressing tow'rd the goal.
pressing on, pressing, pressing, pressing on,

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No. 10. The Promises of God.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil-der-ness of deep de-spair and sin, And my
 2. I was fol-lowed by the tempt-er, as he watched me day by day, While I
 3. Aft-er days of glad re-joic-ing came a time of grief and care, When I
 4. So I pave the path be-fore me with the prom-is-es of God; They have

feet were grow-ing wea-ry of the road; But my sor-row, doubt, and care Fled when
 sought the shining path my Sav-ior trod; But with pan-o-py and shield, And the
 sank be-neath the heav-y chast'ning rod; And the heart so torn by grief Found its
 brightened ev-ry step my feet have trod; And this shining, hap-py way Bright-ens

Je-sus met me there, And I learned to trust the prom-is-es of God.
 Spir-it's sword to wield, I have conquered thro' the prom-is-es of God.
 com-fort and re-lief On-ly thro' the bless-ed prom-is-es of God.
 in-to per-fect day, Thro' the nev-er-fail-ing prom-is-es of God.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve the prom-is-es of God, I can trust His

nev-er-fail-ing Word; When earth-ly hopes shall fail, Or

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The Promises of God—Concluded.

hosts of sin as-sail, I rest up-on the prom-is-es of God.

No. 11.

O 'Tis Wonderful.

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When I was far a-way and lost, O 'tis won-der-ful,
2. I once was blind, but now I see; O 'tis won-der-ful!
3. My guilt was all I had to bring; O 'tis won-der-ful!
4. Come, sin-ner, now, and seek His grace, O 'tis won-der-ful!

That I was saved at such a cost! O 'tis won-der-ful!
 Was bound by sin, but now am free; O 'tis won-der-ful!
 Yet I was made His love to sing; O 'tis won-der-ful!
 And find in Him a rest-ing-place; O 'tis won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

O 'tis won-der-ful! O 'tis won-der-ful, That

Je-sus gave His life for me! O 'tis won-der-ful!

No. 12.

Hallelujah!

"Alleluia salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God." Rev. 19: 1.
 L. D. CARRINGTON. Arr. by B. R. J.

1. My sins are for-giv-en, my soul is set free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Once far from my Sav - ior, I'm near Him to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. His blood bought my pardon, and cleanses with - in, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. My in - bred cor - rup - tion is all tak - en out, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 5. Our ar - my's ad - vanc - ing, the bu - gle sounds shrill, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 6. The glo - ry - dawn breaketh, our Sav - ior is near, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

My Je - sus redeemed me, His own will I be, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 He points me to Heav-en and leads all the way, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 A crown thro' His mer - cy I'm hop ing to win, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 I'm per - fect - ly free, I can sing, leap and shout, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Fresh or - ders from Je - sus our spir - its now thrill, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 We hope to be read - y when He shall ap - pear, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad to tell!

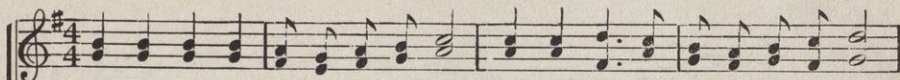
Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! With my soul 'tis well.

No. 13.

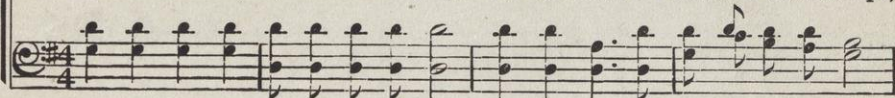
Wondering.

S. H. BOLTON.

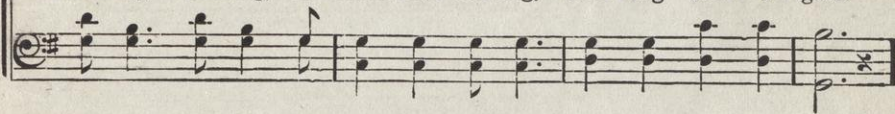
Anon.



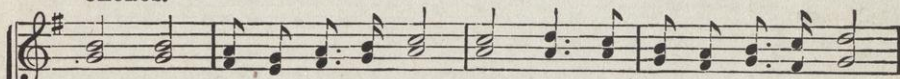
1. Some folks wonder, why they nev-er shout, 'Tis be-cause they grumble, scold and doubt;
2. Some folks wonder, why we shout so loud, 'Tis be-cause we live a-bove the cloud;
3. Some folks wonder, why we march around, 'Tis be-cause our Sav-ior we have found;
4. Some folks wonder, why we pray so much, 'Tis be-cause with God we are in touch;
5. Some folks wonder, why we read God's Word, 'Tis be-cause it's hon-ey ev-'ry word;
6. Some folks wonder, why we're looking up, 'Tis be-cause of Christ, our blessed hope,



Won-der, won-der, they ev - er won-der Why they nev - er shout.
 Won-der, won-der, oh, yes they won-der Why we shout so loud.
 Won-der, won-der, of course they won-der Why we march a - round.
 Won-der, won-der, they al - ways won-der Why we pray so much.
 Hon - ey, hon - ey, 'tis sweet - est hon - ey, Hon - ey ev - 'ry word.
 Com - ing, com - ing, of course He's com - ing, Com - ing soon a - gain.



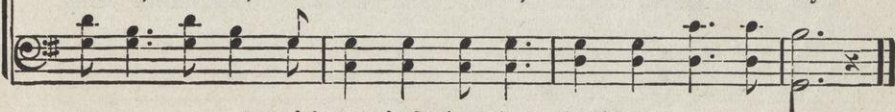
CHORUS.



March on, we have won the day, March on, in Ca-naan land to stay;



Won it, won it, of course we've won it, We have won the day.



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No. 14. If It Had Not Been For Jesus.

Furnished by C. H. C.




1. I was a deep - dyed sin - ner, As vile as I could be,
2. One night I went to meet - ing To hear them sing and shout,
3. O glo - ry be to Je - sus, O glo - ry be to God!
4. I'm go - ing to a cit - y Whose streets are paved with gold,
5. And now, my friend - ly sin - ner, I'll tell you what to do,

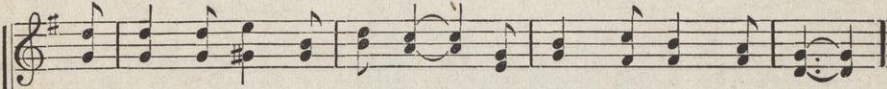


Far out up - on the broad way, The road to mis - er - y.
And there I got sal - va - tion, And found the se - cret out.
He saved and sanc - ti - fied me, And healed me with His blood.
Where all is love and sun - shine, And peace and joy un - told.
Sur - ren - der all to Je - sus, And sing the cho - rus too.

REFRAIN.



If it had not been for Je - sus, I would not be here to - day.
If it had not been for Je - sus, I would not be here to - night,



For He has ful - ly saved me, And washed my sins a - way.
For He has saved and healed me, And washed my black heart white.

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No. 15.

“I Am the Vine.”

John 15: 1-9.

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branch - es, Bear pre-cious fruit for
 2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spo - ken, Abid-ing in me much
 3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as

Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear - eth,
 fruit shall ye bear; “Dwell - ing in thee. my prom - ise un - bro - ken,
 chil - dren of light; Fol - low your Guide, He passed on be - fore you,

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath said, “He tak - eth a - way.”
 Glo - ry in Heav'n with me shall ye share.” } “I am the vine, and ye are the
 Lead-ing to realms where there is no night.

branch - es; I am the vine, be faith - ful and true; Ask what ye will, your

Rit.
 pray'r shall be grant - ed; The Fa - ther loved me, so I have loved you.”

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No. 16.

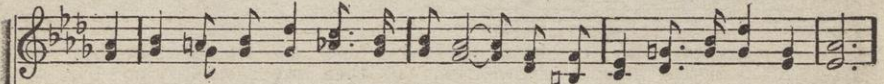
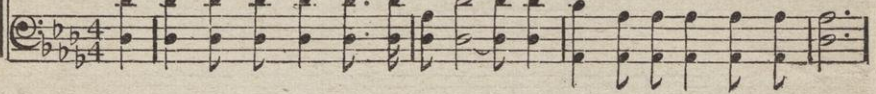
On the Streets of Gold.

(Rev. 21: 21.)

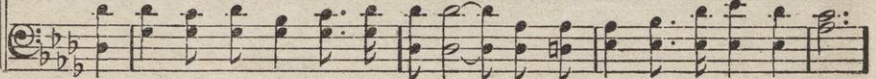
Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. Alt.



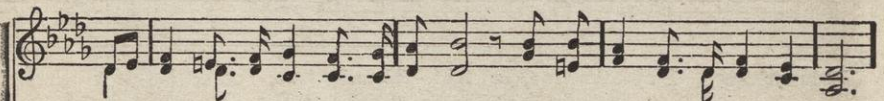
1. The burdens of life may be man-y, The frowns of the world may be cold;
 2. What wonder-ful vi-sions of beau-ty; What glo-ri-ous scenes shall unfold;
 3. The tri-als of earth will have end-ed, And I shall be safe in His fold;



To-me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 What bright, daz-zling splen-dors sur-round me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 Shut in with my Lord and His an-gels, When I stand on the streets of gold.



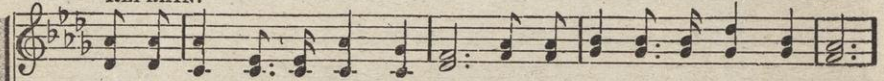
With joy I shall en-ter the cit-y, The face of my Sav-ior be-hold;
 I'll see the white throne of His glo-ry, The names of the saints there en-rolled,
 For a-ges on a-ges I'll praise Him, And nev-er grow wea-ry nor old;



And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 The man-sions that Christ is pre-par-ing, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 Star-crown-ed I'll a-bide in His pres-ence, When I stand on the streets of gold.



REFRAIN.



When I stand on the streets of gold, Je-sus' face I shall then be-hold,



On the Streets of Gold—Concluded.

And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.

No. 17.

In that City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y, There's a home for ev-'ry one,
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing cit-y, Man-sions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a-go;
4. Tow'rd that pure and ho-ly cit-y, Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

Pur-chased with a price most cost-ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
 But that cit-y God's built firm-ly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
 They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no fare-well tears e'er flow.
 Je-sus whis-pers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

In that cit-y, bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Je-sus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y be-yond death's sea.

No. 18. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry.

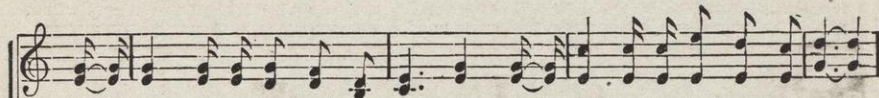
L. L. PICKETT.



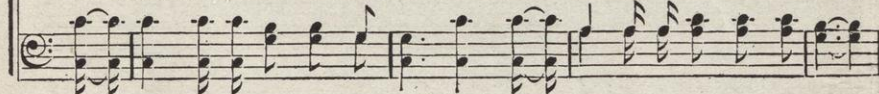
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown,
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way:
3. The wid - ow was there and the or -phan, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor - al man came to the Judg-ment, But his self-right-eous rags would not do;
5. The back - slid - er came to the Judg-ment, His head bowed in sor - row and shame;



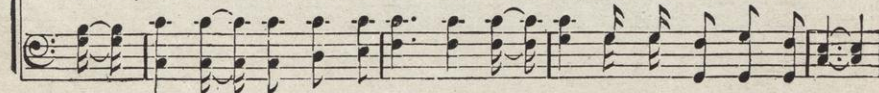
I dreamed that the nations had gath-ered To Judgment before the white throne.
 A pau - per he stood in the Judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
 No sor - row in Heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
 The men who had cru - ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men too.
 He remembered the time he loved Je - sus, That sweet day he called on His name.



From the throne came a bright shining an - gel, And stood on the land and the sea,
 The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind;
 The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold Him the drink,
 The souls that had put off sal - va - tion—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and by;
 But he turned from the Lord and His service, And care-less-ly drift-ed a - way,—



And said, with His hand raised to Heaven, That time was no lon - ger to be.
 The an - gel that o-pened the rec - ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
 With the peo-ple who gave him the li - cense—"To - geth - er in Hell they did sink.
 No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.
 Be - yond the con - fines of mer - cy, And plunged in-to Hell, there to stay.



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The Great Judgment Morning—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost ones were told of their fate;
Chorus for 6th. verse.
 And oh, what a shout-ing and prais-ing, When the sanctified stood with their Lord!

Rit.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayers were too late.
 "Well done," said the King, Judge, and Savior, "Been saved, cleansed, and kept by my blood."

6 The sanctified came to the Judgment,
 Been washed in the Savior's own blood;
 Great boldness had they at the Judgment,
 For they'd been made *perfect in love.*

The haters of sanctification,
 Despising the experience and word,
 Find now to their great consternation
 Not man they'd despised but their God.

No. 19. Angels Hov'ring Round.

1. Poor sin - ners are com - ing home, Poor sin - ners are com - ing
 2. And Je - sus bids them come, And Je - sus bids them

CHO.—There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring
D. S. for Chorus.

home, Poor sin - ners, sin - ners are com - ing home.
 come, And Je - - sus, Je - - sus bids them come.

round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.

3 To carry the tidings home,
 To carry the tidings home,
 To carry, carry the tidings home.
 4 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new Jerusalem,
 To the new, the new Jerusalem.

5 Let him that heareth come,
 Let him that heareth come,
 Let him, let him that heareth come.
 6 We're on our journey home,
 We're on our journey home,
 We're on, we're on our journey home.

No. 20.

I've Washed My Robes.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. My robes were once all stained with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
 2. That promise, "Who-so - ev - er will," In-clud - ed me, in - cludes me still;
 3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are washed a - way,"
 4. Oh, who will come and wash to - day, Till all their stains are washed a - way,

Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
 I came, and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
 For in His Word I read it so; His blood it cleans-eth white as snow.
 Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are washed as white as snow.

CHORUS.

I've washed my robes..... in Je-sus' blood,..... And He has
 I've washed my robes in Je-sus' blood,

made..... them white as snow;..... I've washed my robes..... in Je-sus'
 And He has made them white as snow; I've washed my robes


blood,..... And He has made..... them white as snow.
 in Je-sus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow.

No. 21.

The Happy Pilgrim.


Anon. Alt.

Arranged for this work.




1. On Sun - day I am hap - py, on Mon - day full of joy,
 2. Oh, once I was a sin - ner, — a sin - ner far from God,
 3. Now since the Lord has saved me, and sanc - ti - fied me too,
 4. If you would be made hap - py, I'll tell you what to do, —

CHO. — O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!



On Tues - day I have peace with - in that Sa - tan can't de - stroy;
 But now I am sup - port - ed by His rod, and staff, and Word;
 I'll wit - ness for Him ev - 'ry - where, what - ev - er men may do;
 Just give to Je - sus all your heart, He'll save you thro' and thro';


O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!



On Wednesday and on Thurs - day I'm walk - ing in the light,
 Up - on the Rock I'm stand - ing, no more I sink in mire,
 He feeds me ev - 'ry morn - ing, and rests me ev - 'ry night,
 He'll par - don your trans - ges - sions, and cleanse a - way the stains,

O glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, O glo - ry to the Lamb!

D. C. for Chorus.



O Fri - day is a heav'n be - low, and Saturday's al - ways bright.
 And when I shout, or sing, or pray, I feel the Spir - it's fire.
 And walk - ing in this ho - ly way, I find a real de - light.
 He'll wash you in His pre - cious blood Till not one spot re - mains.

O hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, and bound for the hap - py land.

From "Songs of Redemption."

No. 22.

The Healing Waters.

H. H. HEIMAR.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n! Oh, the bliss the blood-washed know!
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow!
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!
5. Cleansed from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to Heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Stream - ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

joys..... ce - les - tial glow; Oh, there's peace..... and
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow; Oh, there's peace and rest and love,

rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

wa - ters flow!

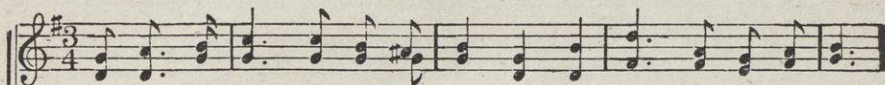
No. 23.

"No More the Curse."

EL NATHAN.

Rev. 21: 4 and 22: 3.

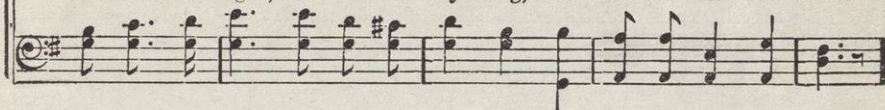
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



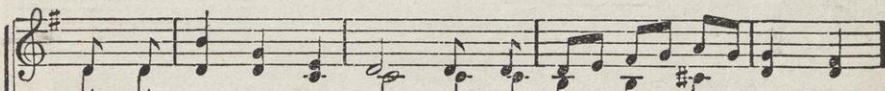
1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain," and care-worn fa - ces, No forms bowed with dis-ease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn - ing; The Lord is draw - ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun - ger o'er;



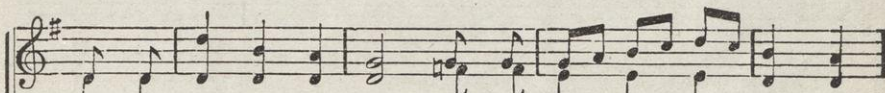
The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
 O'er all the earth the Lord re - pla - ces His Par - a - dise of Peace.
 With Him shall come the longed-for morn - ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
 No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.



CHORUS.



"There shall be no more curse, Nei - ther sor - row nor cry - ing;



There shall be no more pain, Nei - ther dark - ness nor dy - ing;



And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."



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No. 24.

No Wishful Glances.

A. F. I.

Num. 13: 30.

ARTHUR F. INGLER

1. No wish - ful glanc - es now I cast Tow'rd Ca-naan's hap - py shore,
 2. Old Jor - dan's waves now roll be - hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
 3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil - ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
 4. In Beu - lah's vale rich fruits a - bound; And milk and hon - ey flow;
 5. When gi - ants high a - bove me tow'r, And boast of might - y strength,
 6. Here Je - sus comes and whis - pers low His sweet - est words of love,

For I have reached that land of rest, To wan - der nev - er more.
 And all a - long the way I find The joys of "per - fect love."
 The birds, the rills, all sing of God; O broth - er, come this way!
 With - in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
 Faith grasps her "two-edged sword" of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
 And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys a - bove.

CHORUS

I'm o - ver in..... the Promised Land,.... And marching
 I'm o - ver in the Promised Land.

on..... with Joshua's band;..... My life is hid... with Christ in
 And marching on with Joshua's band; My life is hid

God,..... I'm sanc - ti - fied,..... O praise the Lord!.....
 with Christ in God, I'm sanc - ti - fied, O praise the Lord!

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No. 25. The Light Brightly Beamed.

“Show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.” 1 Peter 2: 9. J. M. BLACK.

ADA BLENKHORN.

1. When dan-ger and sor-row en-com-passed my soul, And dark seemed my
 2. Now bright as the noon-tide the path-way ap-pears, The clouds have all
 3. To Je-sus, who res-cued my soul from des-pair, My life's sweet-est
 4. The Sav-ior is call-ing, why lon-ger de-lay? He's wait-ing your

path as the night, I cried to the Lord and He part-ed the clouds,
 van-ished a-way; I walk in the light of my Lord's lov-ing smile,
 serv-ice I bring; And now in my heart with re-joic-ing and song,
 soul to re-ceive; He'll par-don and cleanse you, and make you His child,

CHORUS.

And let in His glo-ri-ous light. The light brightly beamed on my soul,
 And dwell in His beau-ti-ful day.
 I crown Him my Sav-ior and King.
 If on-ly on Him you be-lieve, soul, on my soul,

The light bright-ly beamed on my soul;..... Since Je-sus, my
 soul, on my soul;

Sav-ior, dispelled the dark clouds, The light bright-ly beams on my soul.

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No. 26.

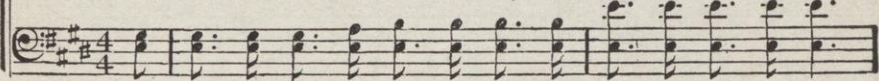
Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



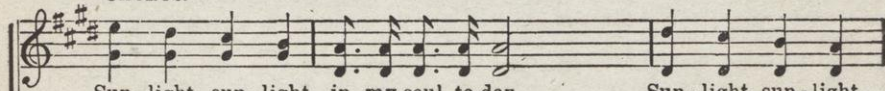
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
 3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
 4. I cross the wide-ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;



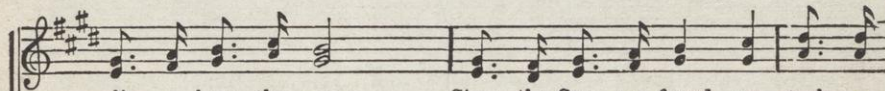
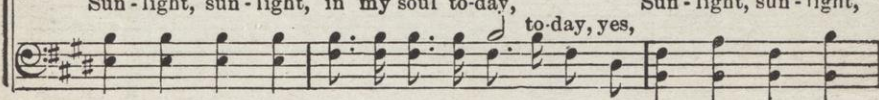
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun-light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright-ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



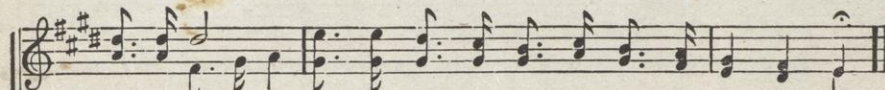
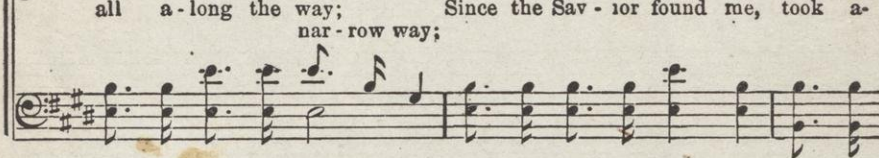
CHORUS.



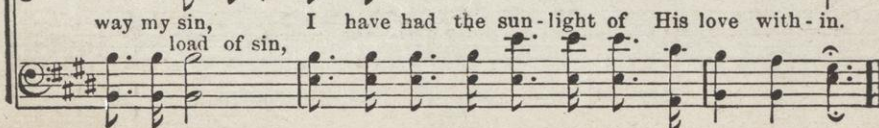
Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to-day, Sun - light, sun - light,
 to-day, yes,



all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me, took a-
 nar - row way;



way my sin, I have had the sun-light of His love with-in.
 load of sin,



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No. 27.

Diamonds in the Rough.

C. W. BYRON, *Air.*

Arranged by A. F. T.

1. Ah! man - y hearts are ach - ing, We find them ev - ry - where,
2. One day, my pre - cious com - rades, You, too, were lost in sin,
3. O there are man - y dia - monds Long bur - ied in the earth,
4. There are com - plain - ing peo - ple Who say we are too bold,
5. While read - ing through the Bi - ble, Some won - drous sights we see,
6. Now keep your lamps a - burn - ing, The lamps of per - fect love,

CHO.—The day will soon be o - ver When dig - ging will be done,

Whose cups are filled with sor - row, Whose homes are filled with care;
 When some one sought your res - cue, And Je - sus took you in;
 We pass them by un - no - ticed, But Je - sus knows their worth;
 And then there are still oth - ers Who say we're aft - er gold;
 We read of Pe - ter, James, and John, By the sea of Gal - i - lee;
 And un - to ev - 'ry sin - ner Point out the way a - bove;

And no more gems be gath - ered, So let us all press on;

When troub - le o - ver - takes them, The world gives them a cuff,
 So when you're tried and tempt - ed By the scoff - er's keen re - buff,
 He bids us seek and find them, His mes - sage is e - nough,
 But they are all mis - tak - en, We crave no earth - ly stuff,
 And when the Mas - ter called them, Their work was rude e - nough,
 The pre - cious blood of Je - sus Was shed, and that's e - nough,

When Je - sus comes to claim us, And says, "It is e - nough,"

D. C. for Chorus.

Or sends them to per - di - tion, Those dia - monds in the rough.
 Re - mem - ber, O re - mem - ber, They're dia - monds in the rough.
 He'll save and sanc - ti - fy them, Those dia - monds in the rough.
 But souls of poor lost sin - ners, Those dia - monds in the rough.
 Yet they were pre - cious dia - monds He gath - ered in the rough.
 Oh, let us tell them of it, Those dia - monds in the rough.

The dia - monds will be shin - ing No lon - ger in the rough.
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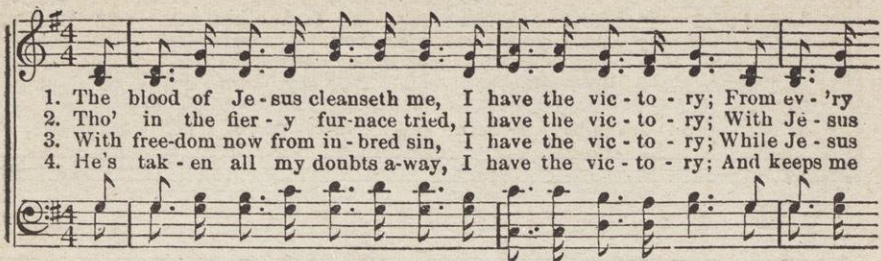
No. 28.

I Have the Victory.

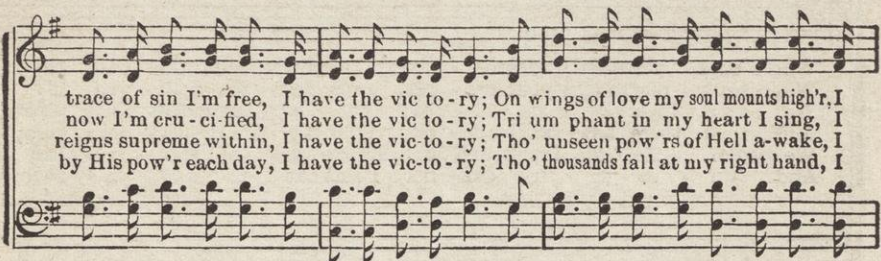
Mrs K. W.

1 Cor. 15: 57.

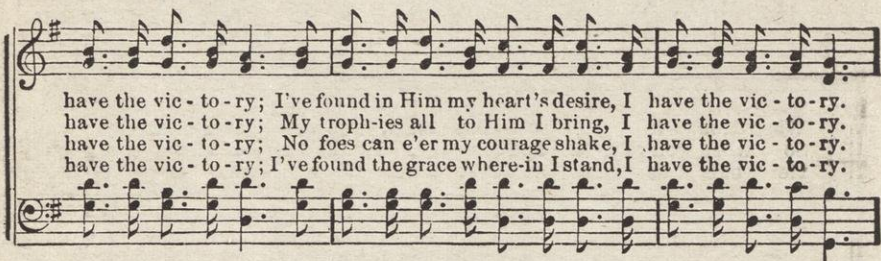
Mrs. KENT WHITE.



1. The blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, I have the vic-to-ry; From ev-'ry
 2. Tho' in the fier-y fur-nace tried, I have the vic-to-ry; With Je-sus
 3. With free-dom now from in-bred sin, I have the vic-to-ry; While Je-sus
 4. He's tak-en all my doubts a-way, I have the vic-to-ry; And keeps me

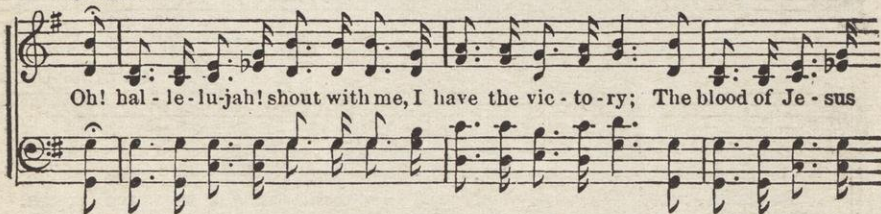


trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic to-ry; On wings of love my soul mounts high'r, I
 now I'm cru-ci-fied, I have the vic to-ry; Tri um phant in my heart I sing, I
 reigns supreme within, I have the vic-to-ry; Tho' unseen pow'rs of Hell a-wake, I
 by His pow'r each day, I have the vic-to-ry; Tho' thousands fall at my right hand, I

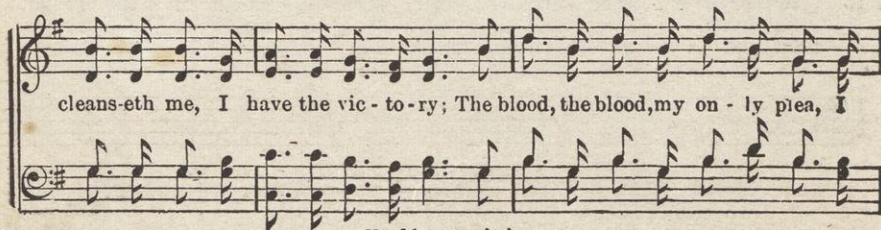


have the vic-to-ry; I've found in Him my heart's desire, I have the vic-to-ry.
 have the vic-to-ry; My troph-ies all to Him I bring, I have the vic-to-ry.
 have the vic-to-ry; No foes can e'er my courage shake, I have the vic-to-ry.
 have the vic-to-ry; I've found the grace where-in I stand, I have the vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.



Oh! hal-le-lu-jah! shout with me, I have the vic-to-ry; The blood of Je-sus



cleans-eth me, I have the vic-to-ry; The blood, the blood, my on-ly plea, I

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I Have the Victory—Concluded.

have the vic - to - ry; The blood, the blood, it cleanseth me, I have the vic - to - ry.

No. 29. I Have Tarried for the Power.

C. P. J.

Luke 24: 49.

C. P. JONES.

1. I have tar-ried for the pow-er of the Ho - ly Ghost, I've received Him
 2. I have tar-ried for the pow-er of the life of love, For the o - ver-
 3. I have tar-ried for the pow-er as the Lord did say, And this pow-er

and He saves me to the ut - ter-most; I sur-ren-dered at the cross, counting all for
 coming faith that's given from a - bove; God has giv - en it to me, and from sin my
 doth re-new me ev-'ry pass-ing day, I am out and out for Him, who thro' death did

D. S.—By the blood I'm sanctified, and the Spir-it
Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus loss, And I'm hap-py on my Heav'nly way. On the way,
 heart is free, As I jour-ney on my Heav'nly way.
 me re-deem, And I'm hap-py on my Heav'nly way. On the Heav'nly way,
 is my Guide, As I jour-ney on my Heav'nly way.

D. S. al Fine.

On the way, I'm re-joic-ing as I pass a-long the way;
 On the Heav'nly way, along the way;

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No. 30. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Rev. 7: 14. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
 2. I am dai-ly trust-ing Je-sus at my side, I've been washed in the
 3. I am work-ing in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
 4. I am list-'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the
 5. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb, By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole,
 blood of the Lamb, I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied,
 blood of the Lamb, I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of His word,
 blood of the Lamb, How His com-ing will each faithful heart re-joice,
 blood of the Lamb, He will come ac-cord-ing to His faith-ful word,

D. S.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow,

Fine. CHORUS.

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
 I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. In the blood,

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 in the blood, of the Lamb,

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No. 31.

Jonah and the Whale.

Furnished by W. E. S.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. In the Bi-ble we are told Of a proph-et who was called To a
 2. Then this prophet forth was sent That old Ninevah might re - pent, But in-
 3. In the cold and bri - ny deep Tears of grief did Jo - nah weep, And the

cit - y that was steeped in aw - ful sin; All the peo-ple in that place Were de-
 stead of that to Tarshish he set sail; Oh! the winds began to blow, O - ver-
 big fish threw him out up - on the shore; Then he glad-ly went his way, Preached to

D.S. - tell me all a - bout it o - ver there; On the hal - le - lu - jah strand I'll take

Fine.

void of sav - ing grace, And the proph-et seemed a - afraid to en - ter in.
 board did Jo - nah go, And he found a mer - cy - seat in - side the whale.
 Nin - evah night and day, And he did not care to backslide an - y more.

Jo - nah by the hand, And he'll tell me all a - bout it o - ver there.

CHORUS.

D. S. al Fine.

O - ver there, o - ver there, In that land bright and fair, Oh, he'll

4 Oh, some people don't believe
 That a whale could him receive,
 But that does not make my song at all un-
 true;
 There are whales on every side,
 With their big mouths open wide,—
 Just take care, my friend, or one will swal-
 low you.

5 Many souls are tossed about
 By the whales of fear and doubt.
 But the Savior wants to take them by the
 hand;
 If they will His voice obey,
 He will save them right away,
 And will guide them safely to the promised
 land.

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No. 32.

The Wise Virgin.

Words and Melody by
F. M. MESSENGER.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. Both my hands are cleansed from sin, and all the past is blot - ted out, And the
2. I have sold my good - ly pearls and bought the pearl of great - est price, And my
3. Yes, my lamp is trimmed and burning, and my vessel's filled with oil, And my
4. Will you join this hap - py com - pa - ny and yield your heart to - day? Will you

blood of Je - sus cov - ers ev - 'ry part; Be - ing jus - ti - fied by faith I
hous - es, land, and friends are left be - hind; I am rest - ing on the mer - its
robes, which once were stained and black with sin, Have been washed with precious cleansing
come and pay the price that Je - sus set? Or be like the rich young rul - er

now en - joy sweet peace with God, And His love is shed a - broad thro' all my heart.
of the bleed - ing sac - ri - fice, And I'm now de - liv - ered from the car - nal mind
which the tempter can - not soil, Free from wrinkle, spot, or an - y such a thing.
whq went sor - row - ing a - way, And at last was shared and caught in Satan's net.

CHORUS.

I am read - y, read - y, read - y now to meet Him, I am
4th v. O get read - y, read - y, read - y now to meet Him, For He's

watching, watching, watching ev - 'ry sign; I am wait - ing, wait - ing,
com - ing, com - ing, com - ing in the air; Then He'll gath - er, gath - er,

The Wise Virgin—Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.

wait-ing now to greet Him, O what rap-ture, O what joy shall soon be mine!
all the pure and ho - ly, And the millions left will sink in dark de - spir.

No. 33. Be Ready When He Comes.

D. O. T.

Matt. 24: 44.

D. O. TEASLEY.

1. Would you flee from sin and serve the Lord, Be read - y when He comes;
2. It is not His will that you be lost, Be read - y when He comes;
3. Do you know the end of time is near? Be read - y when He comes;
4. There is aw - ful dan - ger in de - lay, Be read - y when He comes;

He will soon ap - pear with His re - ward, Be read - y when He comes.
Would you save your soul at an - y cost? Be read - y when He comes.
Can you live and die in sin's ca - reer? Be read - y when He comes.
Will you cast your on - ly hope a - way? Be read - y when He comes.

CHORUS.

Be read - y, be read - y, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes;
When He comes, when He comes,

Be read - y, be read - y, Be read - y when He comes.
When He comes, when He comes,

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No. 34.

There's Music There.

Furnished by C. H. C.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. When Da - vid was a King, He used to dance and sing, To
 2. When Dan - iel went to pray, Three times in ev - 'ry day, Al -
 3. The prod - igo ran a - way, No doubt he went to stay, But
 4. When Paul and Si - las sang, The cells with mu - sic rang. No
 5. Oh, in the glo - ry - land, The mu - sic will be grand, We'll

stop his noise his own wife him im - plored; But he danced with all his might,
 two' they said the wild beasts should him eat; The li - ons took lock - jaw,
 feed - ing swine he felt so dread - ful bad; He came back home once more,
 doubt the pris - ners thought they'd bet - ter pray; For an earth - quake shook the jail,
 meet our loved ones who have gone be - fore; We'll have a great time there,

For he had a per - fect right To sing and shout and dance be - fore the Lord.
 And could not raise a paw, And there old Sa - tan Dan - iel did de - feat.
 And found an o - pen door, His fa - ther had to shout, he felt so glad.
 That made the keep - er quail, In fact he got con - vert - ed right a - way.
 For our throats will all be clear, We'll sing and dance up - on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

There's mu - sic there, There's mu - sic there The "hal - le - lu - jah

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There's Music There—Concluded.

cho - rus" is sung there; Throughout e - ter - nal day, The

saints in glo - ry say: "I'm glad I was a pil - grim there."

No. 35. The Hallelujah Christian.

Arranged by A. F. L.

1. I'm a hal - le - lu - jah Chris - tian, From the wil - der - ness I came;
 2. I... came to Jordan's riv - er, When the cur - rent was so strong;
 3. Oh, then I came to Jer - i - cho, And the walls they were so high;
 4. I... met the gi - ants of the land, They were so great and tall;

CHO.—I'm a hal - le - lu - jah Chris - tian, I'm so hap - py all the time;

D. C. for Chorus.

I'm saved and washed in Je - sus' blood, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
 I jumped right in and came straight thro,' With a hal - le - lu - jah song,
 I gave a shout, and down they came, And the Ca - naan - ites did fly.
 I pierced them with the sword of truth, And the An - a - kims did fall,

I sing, and shout, and leap for joy, And oh, it is sub - lime.

5 I'm dwelling now in Beulah,
 Where the sun shines all the time;
 I live on figs, and grapes, and corn,
 In a hallelujah clime.

6 And when the Bridegroom comes again,
 And the trump sounds loud and long;
 We'll meet our Savior in the clouds,
 With a hallelujah song.

No. 36.

Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow. with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a - long. Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng;
 2. Just one touch! and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin sick soul,
 3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son;
 4. Just one touch! and He turns to me. Oh, the love in His eyes I see!
 5. Just one touch! by His might - y pow'r He can heal thee this ver - ry hour;

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

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry;
 Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine.
 di - vine.

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No. 37.

The Refiner's Fire.

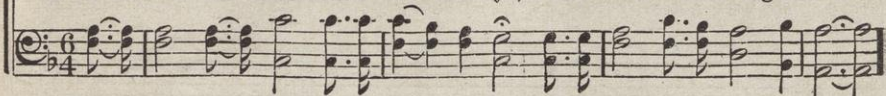
(Mal. 3: 1-3.)

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

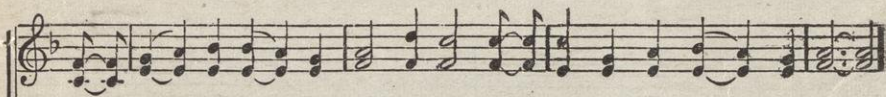
Smoothly.



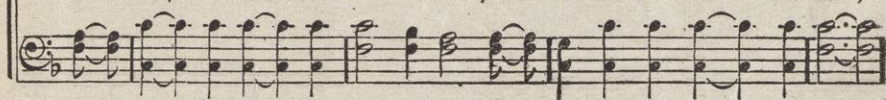
1. He sat by a furnace of seven-fold heat, As He watched by the precious ore,
 2. So He laid our gold in the burning fire, Tho' we fain would have said Him 'Nay,'
 3. Yet our gold shone out with a richer glow, As it mirrored a Form above,
 4. So He waited there with a watchful eye, With a love that is strong and sure,



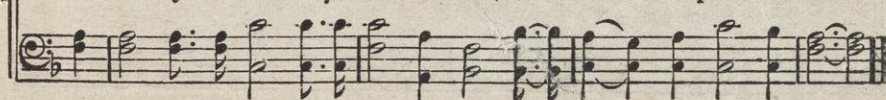
And closer He bent with a searching gaze As He heated it more and more.
 And He watched the dross that we had not seen, As it melted and passed away.
 That bent o'er the fire, tho' unseen by us, With a look of ineffable love.
 And His gold did not suffer a whit more heat Than was needed to make it pure.



He knew He had ore that would stand the test, And He wanted the finest gold
 And the gold grew brighter and yet more bright, But our eyes were so dim with tears,
 Can we think that it pleases His loving heart To cause us a moment's pain?
 Dear soul, when God shall smelt thine ore, Shrink not from the furnace heat;



To mold as a crown for the King to wear, Set with gems of a price untold.
 We saw but the fire—not the Master's hand, And questioned with anxious fears.
 Ah, no! but He saw thro' the present cross The bliss of eternal gain.
 'Twill on-ly the dross from your heart remove, And leave it pure and sweet.



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No. 38.

He Was Not Willing.

"The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

L. R. M.

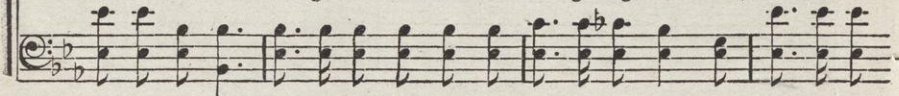
LUCY RIDER MEYER.



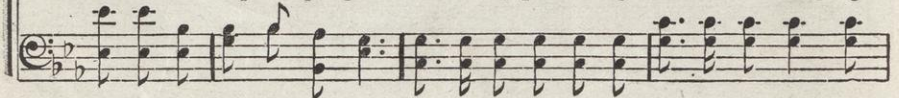
1. "He was not will-ing that an - y should perish." Je - sus, enthroned in the
2. "He was not will-ing that an - y should perish." Cloth-ed in our flesh with its
3. Plen-ty for pleas-ure but lit-tle for Je - sus, Time for the world with its
4. "He was not will-ing that an - y should perish," Am I, His fol-low-er,



glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall-en world, pit - ied our sor - rows, Poured out His
sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com-fort the mourn-er, Heal the heart
troub-les and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed-ing the hun - gry, Lift - ing the
and can I live Lon - ger at ease with a soul go-ing downward, Lost for the



life for us—won-der-ful love! Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Throng-ing our path-way,
bro-ken by sor-row and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Har-vest is pass-ing,
souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Hark, how they call us,
lack of the help I might give? Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thou wast not will-ing, —



Hearts break with bur-dens too heav - y to bear; Je - sus would save, but there's
Reap - ers are few and the night draw-eth near; Je - sus is call-ing thee,
'Bring us your Sav-ior, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wea-ry, so
Mas - ter, for-give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban - ish our tho't-less-ness



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He Was Not Willing—Concluded.

no one to tell them, No one to lift them from sin and de-spair.
 haste to the reap-ing, Thou shalt have souls, pre-cious souls for thy hire.
 heav-i-ly la-den, And with long weep-ing our eyes have grown dim."
 help us to ev-er Live with e-ter-ni-ty's val-ues in view.

No. 39.

I Remember Calvary.

Rev W C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
 2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
 3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-ior, near;

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
 His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.
 Trusting that I some day shall see Je-sus, my Friend of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

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No. 40.

Our Lord's Return.

"Behold, I come quickly." Rev. 22: 7.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch - ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day,
 2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an - swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
 3. Yes, the ran - somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
 4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death, of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless - ed Lord will come and catch His wait - ing Bride a - way;
 For the knowl - edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
 And in all His ho - ly moun - tain noth - ing hurts or shall de - stroy;
 In a glo - rious reign with Je - sus of a thou - sand years of peace;

Oh, my heart is filled with rap - ture as I la - bor, watch and pray,
 God shall take a - way all sick - ness, and the suf - frer's tears will dry,
 Per - fect peace shall reign in ev - 'ry heart, and love with - out al - loy,
 All the earth is groan - ing, cry - ing for that day of sweet re - lease,

CHORUS.
 For our Lord is com - ing back to earth a - gain.
 When our bless - ed Je - sus shall come back a - gain. } Oh, our Lord is com - ing
 Aft - er Je - sus shall come back to earth a - gain.
 For our Je - sus to come back to earth a - gain.

back to earth a - gain, Yes, our Lord is com - ing back to earth a -
 is com - ing back to earth a - gain, is com - ing

Our Lord's Return—Concluded.

gain; Sa tan will be bound a thou-sand years, we'll
back to earth a-gain;

have no temp-ter then, Aft-er Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.

No. 41.

Hallelujah! 'Tis Done.

P. P. BLISS.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly and dan-ger-ous, too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
3. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see stand-ing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There are proph-ets and kings in that throng I be-hold, And they sing as they
6. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

Je-sus, His Son, will be-lieve.
a-ble to car-ry me thro'.
glo-ry, and this is their song: } Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-
song of sal-va-tion they sing.
march thro' the streets of pure gold:
prais-es for-ev-er shall be: }

lieve on the Son; I am } saved
cleansed
healed } by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One.

No. 42.

The Abiding Place in Jesus.

F. M. L.

F. M. LEHMAN.

1. Have you reached this a - bid - ing place in Je - sus? Are you anchored in the
 2. Have you faith that shall never, nev - er fal - ter When your life is threatened
 3. Do you love Je - sus best of all each mo - ment? Have you died to all the
 4. There's a place in the se - cret of His pres - ence, Where the warring sounds of
 5. Here we rest and en - joy His pro - mised full - ness, Here He keeps us in the

True and Living Vine? Have you peace that the Dev - il can - not shat - ter? Is the
 with a thousand cares? Have you grace that will win in ev - 'ry con - flict When the
 trifling things of time? If you've found this a - bid - ing place in Je - sus, You have
 earth can - not an - noy, Where the soul rests se - cure - ly in His keep - ing, And the
 hol - low of His hand; And tho' storms sweep the soul in all their fu - ry, He will

CHORUS.

Spir - it your com - pan - ion all the time?
 Tempter comes up - on you un - a - wares?
 con - stant vic - t'ry all a - long the line.
 charms of earth can - not our peace de - stroy.
 guide us safe - ly to the Har - bor Land. } Have you reached this abiding place in

Je - sus? Are you anchored in the True and Living Vine? There is rest from ev'ry care

in the se - cret place of pray'r, There is vic - t'ry for you all a - long the line.

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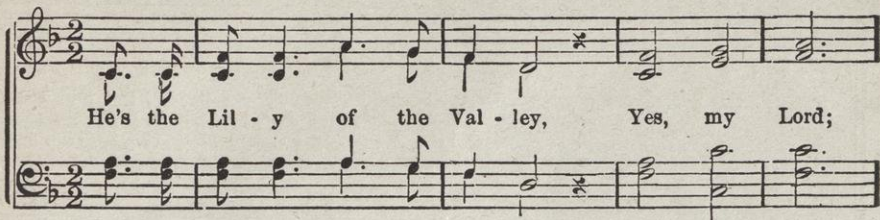
No. 43.

What Jesus Is to Me.

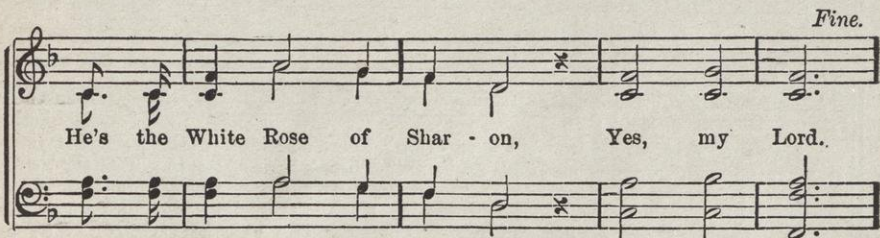
"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Solomon's Song 2: 1.

REV. EDGAR M. LEVY.

Arr. by W. J. K.



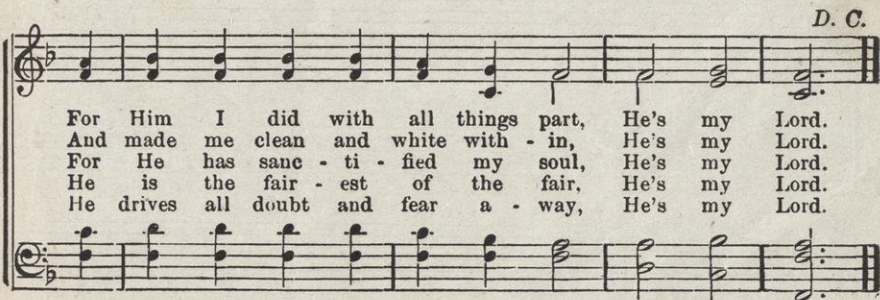
He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley, Yes, my Lord;



He's the White Rose of Shar - on, Yes, my Lord. *Fine.*



1. King Je - sus reigns with - in my heart, He's my Lord;
 2. He took a - way my shame and sin, He's my Lord;
 3. He now has tak - en full con - trol, He's my Lord;
 4. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, He's my Lord;
 5. His voice now charms me all the day, He's my Lord;



For Him I did with all things part, He's my Lord.
 And made me clean and white with - in, He's my Lord.
 For He has sanc - ti - fied my soul, He's my Lord.
 He is the fair - est of the fair, He's my Lord.
 He drives all doubt and fear a - way, He's my Lord.

D. C.

6 I'm waiting now to see His face,
 He's my Lord;
 And sing the triumphs of his grace,
 He's my Lord.

7 Soon in His chariot He will come.
 He's my Lord.
 And take me to His heav'nly home,
 He's my Lord.

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No. 44.

Honey In the Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Psalm 81: 16.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-ior, Who is won-drous kind and true?
 2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious?" Has your heart been made a - new?
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and byways, Preach the word to many or few;

He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion" There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Are you drink-ing from Life's foun-tain? There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Nev - er fear He'll sure - ly an - swer; There's honey in the Rock for you.
 Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er, There's honey in the Rock for you.

CHORUS.

O there's hon - ey in the Rock, my broth - er, There's
 my broth - er,

hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your sins for the blood to
 for you;

cov - er, There's hon - ey in the Rock for you, (for you.)

No. 45.

I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY S. B. DANA

J. LINCOLN HALL.

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

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

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;

foun-tains are ev-er flow-ing.
 tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
 wan-dered, forlorn and wea-ry. } I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger;

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and
 Tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night; I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim,


I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
 and a stranger, and a stranger; Tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry but a night.

No. 46.


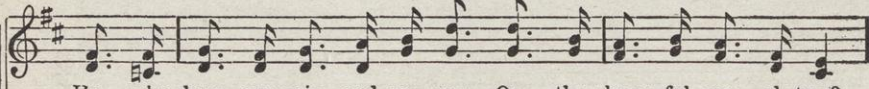
Jesus Heals To-day.

J. M. K.

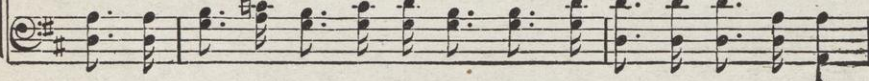
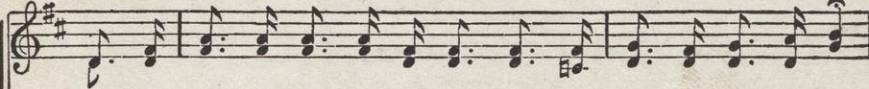
JAS. M. KIRK.

Moderato.




1, Have you found the great Phy - si - cian, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i - lee,
 2. Con - se - crate your life to Je - sus, Spir - it, sou - l, and bod - y too;
 3. Do you doubt God's will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
 4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf - f'rer, Christ has more than heal - ing too;


He who bore our pain and sor - row, On the shame - ful, cru - el tree?
 For the "Lord is for the bod - y," Ev - 'ry pow'r He gave to you.
 If you seek in deep con - tri - tion, He will guide your heart a - right,
 Life a - bun - dant, o - ver - flow - ing, He will glad - ly give to you.

Still He heals the sick and suf - f'ring, As be - fore He went a - way;
 Let there be no res - er - va - tion, Give the Lord full right of way;
 Do not fear to claim His prom - ise, He will not your trust be - tray;
 Step out bold - ly, claim His ful - ness, Let your sad - ness flee a - way;

For His word most plain - ly tells us, "He is just the same to - day."
 He will come and heal His tem - ple, For He's just the same to - day.
 When on earth He glad - ly healed them, And He's just the same to - day.
 When on earth He made them hap - py, And He's just the same to - day.



From "Redemption Songs." Used by per.

Jesus Heals To-day—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

He is just..... the same to - day, As be-
He is just the same to - day, As be - fore He went a - way, As be-

fore..... He went a-way. Look to Him, believe and pray;
fore He went a-way, As be-fore He went a-way.

Rit.

Trust His word and then o - bey. "Praise God, He's just the same to - day."

No. 47. The Loving Jesus.

Words and Music by DUKE FARSON, JR., age 9 years.

1. There is a lov - ing Je - sus, There is a lov - ing Je - sus,
2. Oh, give your heart to Je - sus, Oh, give your heart to Je - sus,
3. I have a home in Heav - en, I have a home in Heav - en,

CHO.—O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahl O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahl
D. C. for Chorus.

There is a lov - ing Je - sus, And He'll be yours to - day.
Oh, give your heart to Je - sus, And He will make you free.
I have a home in Heav - en, And I shall soon be there.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahl O He has set me free.

Copyright, 1904, by D. M. Farson.
(49)

No. 48. In the Twinkling of an Eye.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the trump of the great arch - an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,
 2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And they who loved Him here,
 3. O the seed that was sown in weak - ness Shall then be raised in pow'r,

And, the end of the world pro - claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found,
 From their graves shall a - wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear.
 And the songs of the blood - bought mill - ions Shall hail that bliss - ful hour;

When the Son of man shall come in His glo - ry, With all the saints on high,
 When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And clothed no more to die,
 When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And night's dark shadows fly,

What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - ti - tudes that rise,
 What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see,
 What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more,

CHORUS.

Changed in the twinkling of an eye. Changed in the twinkling of an eye,
 Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye,

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

In the Twinkling of an Eye—Concluded.

Changed in the twinkling of an eye;..... The trump-et shall sound,
 Changed, changed in the twinkling of an eye;

the dead shall be raised, Changed in the twinkling of an eye.....
 in the twinkling of an eye.

No. 49.

All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weak-ness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. } Je-sus paid it all
 garments white In the blood of Cal-vary's Lamb.
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 troph-ies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

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No. 50. Savior, Wash Me In the Blood.

COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; }
 { And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }
 2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; }
 { And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }
 3. { Thou dy-ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, }
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior,
 Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav-ior,

wash..... me in the blood; Oh, wash..... me
 wash me in the blood, in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb; Oh, wash me in the blood,

in the blood, And I shall be whi-ter than the snow.
 in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisp'ing, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

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No. 51. "Beyond the Silent Night."

"Is there beyond the silent night an endless day? I cannot say. Is death the tongueless key that locks our fate? I know not. I hope and wait,"—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL. Alt.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Slow.

1. There is be-yond the si-lent night An ev-er-last-ing day;
 2. There is a fair and hap-py land For those who walk up-right,
 3. The grave is not our fi-nal goal; But all is pure and bright,
 4. Oft waves of sor-row here a-rise; But what a glo-rious sight
 5. We all have friends just o-ver there, In Je-sus' blood washed white,
 6. When we have fought thro' storm and strife, As val-iant sol-diers fight,

'Tis there we'll join the "saints in light" When we are called a-way.
 'Tis there, ere long, we all shall stand, Be-yond the si-lent night.
 Where we shall rest while a-ges roll, Be-yond the si-lent night.
 Looms up be-fore im-mor-tal eyes— Be-yond the si-lent night.
 Who walk the streets without a care, Be-yond the si-lent night.
 'Tis then we'll reach the "tree of life," Be-yond the si-lent night,

REFRAIN.

Be-yond the si-lent night, We'll meet the saints in light, And walk with them in white,

Ritard softly.

Where all is pure and bright, Beyond the si-lent night, Beyond the si-lent night.

No. 52.

The Cross Is Not Greater.

"My grace is sufficient for thee." 2. Cor. 12:9.

B. B.

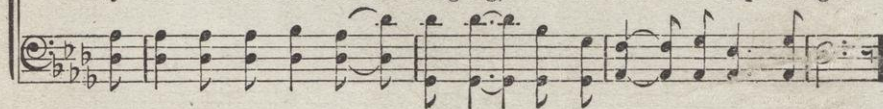
BALLINGTON BOOTH.



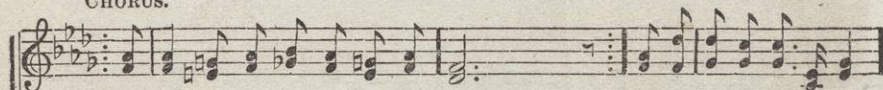
1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me;
3. The scorn of my foes may be dar-ing, For they bowed and mocked my God;
4. The light of His love shineth brighter As it falls on paths of woe;
5. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight;



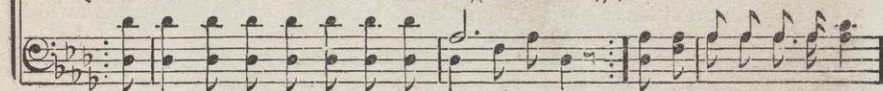
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 They'll hate me for ho-ly liv-ing, For they cru-ci-fied my Lord.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



CHORUS.



{ The cross is not greater than His grace, (than His grace,) } I am sat-is-fied to know
 { The storm cannot hide His blessed face, (blessed face,) }



That with Je-sus here be-low I can con-quer ev-ry foe.

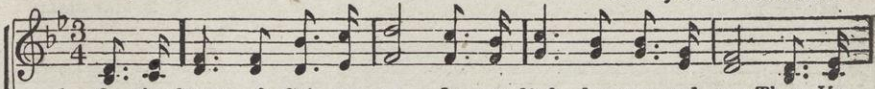


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No. 53.

It Was For Me.

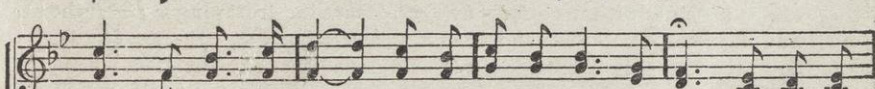
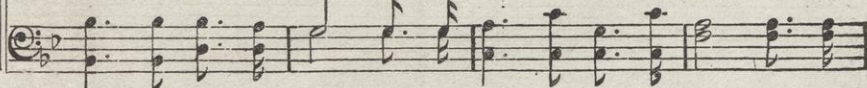
Arr. by GEO. BEAVERSON.



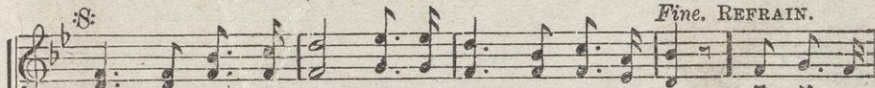
1. On the Cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for you and me; There He
2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! Oh, such
3. Take me, Je - sus. I am Thine, Wholly Thine for - ev - er - more; Bless - ed
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the skies When the Lord was cru - ci - fied. "It is



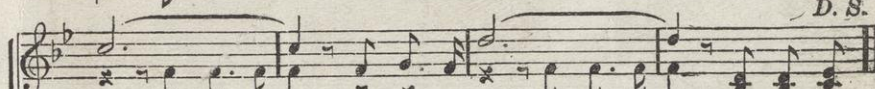
shed His pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the
won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete; Here I
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more; Cleanse, O
fin - ished!" was His cry When He bowed His head and died. It is



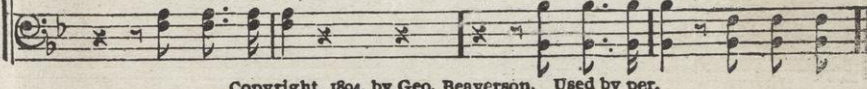
cleansing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow; It was for
give my - self to Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be; It was for
cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in; It was for
fin - ished, it is fin - ished; All the world may now go free; It was for



D.S. - me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!
me Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry! } It was for
this Thy blood was shed On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!
me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!



me,..... For e - ven me;..... It was for
It was for me, For e - ven me, For e - ven me,



No. 54.

Blessed Quietness.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

W S MARSHALL



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health, and glad-ness, All a - round this heav nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless-ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;



He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
 Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our wea - ri-ness to rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
 And the streams of life are flow-ing In the lone-ly wil - der-ness.
 What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place



CHORUS.



Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as-sur - ance in my soul!



Rit.



On the storm-y sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.



By per. of L. L. Pickett, owner.

No. 55.

Love of Christ.

LOUIS F. MITCHELL.

Slow and smooth.

1. The love of Christ fills all my heart, His pres-ence cheers my soul;
 2. A - bove the brightness of the sun My Lord ap-pears to me;
 3. One look from Christ can melt the stone And make the sin - ner weep;
 4. In mansions bright, on streets of gold, I soon shall find my place;
 5. Lord Je - sus, come, O quick - ly come; How can we lon - ger wait!

One touch from Him great joy im - parts That seems be-yond con - trol.
 At noon - day bright, or dark - est night, His light is all I see.
 His rec - on - cil - ing kiss doth heal, The heart with joy doth leap.
 But bright - e., sweet - er, grand - er far Will beam my Sav - ior's face.
 The days are full, the time at hand, Thou must be at the gate.

One word from Him, who made the worlds, Brings per - fect rest and calm;
 His hand of pow'r makes bur - dens light, The mountains dis - ap - pear;
 His Spir - it pours the wine and oil In - to the troub - led breast,
 Soon I shall see Him as He is, In my e - ter - nal home,
 Our hearts' de - sire—the Lord's re - turn, Shall soon ac - com - plished be;

The voice of Je - sus to my soul Is hon - ey, wine, and balm.
 This glad - dest, ho - liest, rich - est life Is mine since Christ is near.
 And from that hour the Spir - it's pow'r Im - parts the "sec - ond rest."
 And I shall know as I am known, And hear His lov - ing "Come."
 And quick and dead, like Christ their Head, Shall Him in glo - ry see.

No. 56.

“I Will Not Forget Thee.”

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sweet is the prom - ise, “I will not for - get thee.” Noth - ing can mo -
 2. Trust - ing the prom - ise, “I will not for - get thee,” On - ward will I
 3. When at the gold - en por - tals I am stand - ing, All my trib - u -

lest or turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be
 go with songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de - spise me,
 la - tions, all my sor - rows past, How sweet to hear the

dark with - in the val - ley, Just be - yond is shin - ing an e - ter - nal day.
 tho' my friends for - sake me, I shall be re - mem - bered in my home a - bove.
 bless - ed proc - la - ma - tion “En - ter, faith - ful serv - ant, wel - come home at last.”

CHORUS.

I..... will not for - get thee, or leave thee, In my hands I'll
 I will not for - get thee, I will never leave thee,

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

"I Will Not Forget Thee"—Concluded.

get thee, or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.

No. 57. It Is Just Like Him.

"For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. 103: 14.
 F. A. G. *Smoothly.* F. A. GRAVES.

1. In . . . times when the flesh is so weak and frail, In times when the
2. When the pow-ers of Hell would en-snare my soul, And turn me a-
3. My Fa-ther doth all of my needs sup-ply, And He know-eth them
4. When the vic-to-ry's won, and the foes all flee, It is then that I

doubts and the fears as-sail, I will look un-to God, naught mine eye shall dim;
 way from the Heav-nly goal, When the spir-it is will-ing but flesh is weak,
 all bet-ter far than I; All my sins He for-gives, all dis-eas-es heals,
 need Fa-ther near to me; Just to rest all se-cure in His ten-der care,

CHORUS.

Then my Fa-ther comes close, it is just like Him.	} It is just like Him,
It is then that I love to hear Fa-ther speak.	
Thus my Fa-ther to me all His love re-veals.	
And be kept from all sin, is my dai-ly pray'r.	

Repeat softly.

it is just like Him; Then our Fa-ther comes close, it is just like Him.

No. 58.

A Merry Psalm.

LOUIS F. MITCHELL.

Arranged by A. F. I.

1. I've in my heart a mer-ry psalm, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord; Christ
 2. King Da-vid was a hap-py king, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord; His
 3. This is the way that Is-rael went, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord; Some
 4. When Ju-dah was in sore dis-tress, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord; Be-

made me up-right like the palm, Praise Him, O my soul. All
 prais-es made the heav-ens ring, Praise Him, O my soul. Sal-
 praised un-til the earth was rent, Praise Him, O my soul. It
 fore, be-hind, the foe did press, Praise Him, O my soul. Their

Rall.

sin is gone, my soul is free, For Je-sus bled and died for me.
 va-tion filled his mouth with shouts, He danced in spite of Michal's pouts.
 made the pris-on quake and ope, The pris-'ners heard, the jail-or woke.
 shouts of praise a-midst the fight, Soon put the al-ien host to flight.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord;
 Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord, Praise Him night and day.

5 Elizabeth and Marv too
 Praised the Lord, praised the Lord;
 And Zacharias joined their crew,
 Praise Him, O my soul.
 John heard the sound, 'twas music sweet,
 And Luke the story did repeat.

6 When round the throne of God we stand,
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 We'll be a happy, blood-washed band,
 Praise Him, O my soul
 Like thunders loud, and waters' roar,
 Our praise will sound along the shore,

No. 59.

What a Wonderful Peace.

J. T. B.

Jno. 14: 27; Phil. 4: 7.

JOHN T. BENSON.

Andante.

1. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which our Fa - ther in Heav'n, (What a
 2. There's a peace, a sweet peace, In my heart as I live, What a
 3. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That comes from a - bove, What a
 4. There's a peace, a sweet peace, That is fill - ing my soul, What a
 5. There's a peace, a sweet peace, Which comes to but few, What a

won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace!) To His chil - dren be - low
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! A heav - en - ly joy
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! It comes to my soul,
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! A pure ho - ly calm
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Je - sus bought it for all,

in His love He hath giv'n, O this won - der - ful peace is mine!
 that the world can - not give, O this won - der - ful peace is mine!
 o - ver - flows it with love, O this won - der - ful peace is mine!
 that hath tak - en con - trol, O this won - der - ful peace is mine!
 He will give it to you, O this won - der - ful peace is mine!

CHORUS.

O this won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, A gift from the Sav - ior di - vine;
 sweet peace,

It fill - eth my soul, all my life doth con - trol, This won - der - ful peace is mine!

No. 60.

They're All Blotted Out.

C. H. M.

Mrs C. H. MORRIS.

1. A mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace The Sav - ior wrought in me,
 2. For He is faith - ful to for - give If we our sins con - fess,
 3. A lep - er healed I stand to - day, And sav - ing grace pro - claim;
 4. Un - chang - ing is His sav - ing pow'r, "Come, who - so - ev - er will;"

When all my sins He blot - ted out, Re - deem - ed and set me free.
 And read - y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all un - right - eous - ness.
 For par - don and for ho - li - ness I praise His ho - ly name.
 Un - fail - ing is His ten - der love, You'll find Him gra - cious still.

CHORUS.

They're all blot - ted out, yes, they're all blot - ted out, My sins He re -

mem - bers no more; Bur - ied un - der the blood, In the

sin - cleans - ing flood, Blot - ted out and re - mem - bered no more.....
 re - mem - bered no more.

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No. 61.

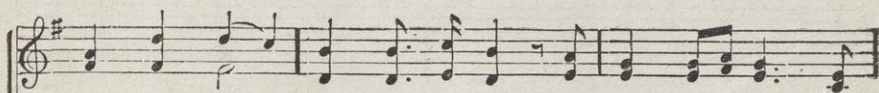
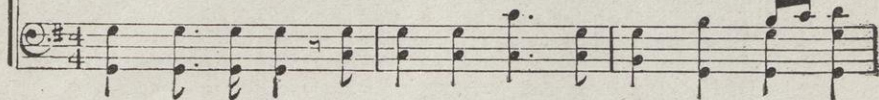
The Sure Foundation.

"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Isa. 28: 16.

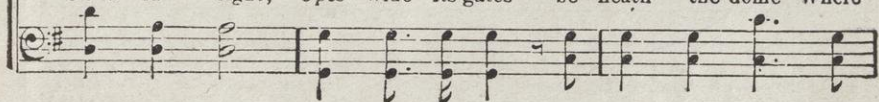
T. C. O'KANE.



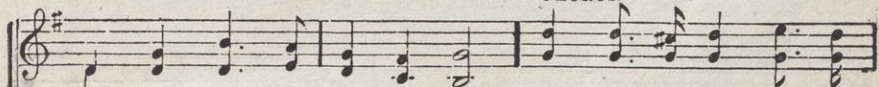
1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft - y height, Il - lumed with Heav'n's un-



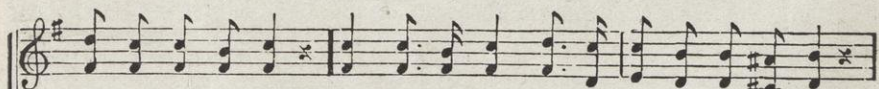
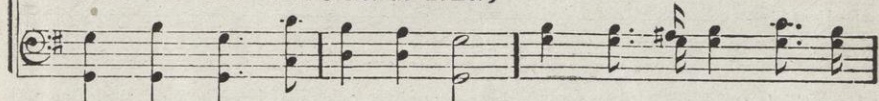
head sub lime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who
 bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And
 cloud - ed light; Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome Where



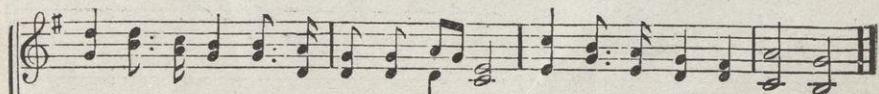
CHORUS.



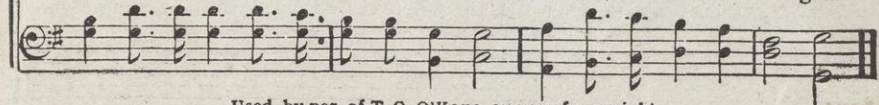
find with in the cleft a rest. } Some build their hopes on the
 to the cross of a - ges cling.
 saints find rest with Christ at home. }



ev - er-drift - ing sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land;



Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."



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No. 62.

"Wake Them Up!"

Among the last words of Martin Wells Knapp was this thrilling exhortation: "Wake them up! Wake them up! Lost souls on their way to hell!"

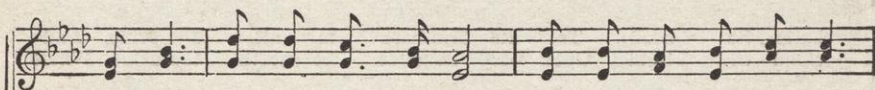
W. L. PHILLIPS. Arr.

ARTHUR F. INGLER,

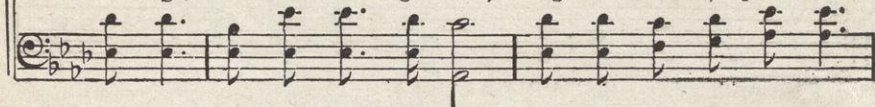
Slow, with feeling.



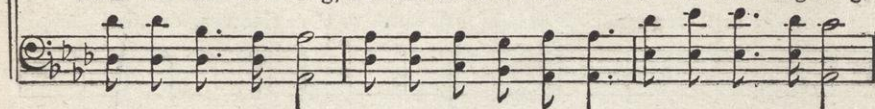
1. Mill-ions now are dy-ing, dy-ing in their sin; Hell's foul mouth is
2. Mill-ions now are sleep-ing, sleep-ing at their ease, While the few are
3. Mill-ions in the homeland, far a-way from God, They will nev-er
4. Mill-ions are in dark-ness, far a-cross the sea, Help-less-ly im-
5. Mill-ions are not read-y for our Lord's re-turn; On-ward with the



o - pen, tak - ing mill - ions in; Mid - night dark - ness deep - ens,
 fight - ing bat - tles on their knees; Car - nal com - fort dark - ens,
 trav - el where His feet have trod; Lift up high the ban - ner,
 plor - ing aid from you and me; God is call - ing, "On - ward!
 mes - sage, let the true light burn; Sing a - loud His prais - es,



thick and black the gloom; Souls are rushing on-ward, heed-less of their doom.
 ev - 'ry ray of light—Oh, their souls are rush-ing on to end-less night!
 "Je - sus saves from sin;" O - pen wide the por - tal, bid them en - ter in.
 "On - ward in the fight!" Tell the gos - pel sto - ry, shed a-broad its light.
 send it on the wing, Je - sus Christ of Naz-'reth is our com - ing King.



REFRAIN.



- 1-4. "Wake them up! wake them up!" Shout sal-va-tion's song! Pass this message on.
5. "Wake them up! wake them up!" Hast'ning to their doom; Christ is coming soon.



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Vale of Beulah

No. 63.

The Bondage of Love.

Rev. G. D. WATSON.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. O sweet will of God, Thou hast girded me round, Like the deep mov-ing
 2. For years my soul wrestled with vague discontent, That like a sad
 3. And now I have flung my-self reck-less-ly out, Like a chip on the
 4. For - ev - er I choose the good will of my God, Its ho-ly deep
 5. Roll on, checkered seasons, bring smiles or bring tears, My soul sweet-ly

currents that gird-le the sea; With Om-nip - o-tent love is my poor na-ture bound,
 an - gel o'er-shadowed my way; God's light in my soul with the darkness was blent,
 stream of the In - fi - nite Will; I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
 rich-es to love and to know, The serf-dom of love to so sweet-en the rod,
 sails on an in - fi - nite tide; I shall soon touch the shores of e-ter - ni - ty's years,

CHORUS.

And this bondage to love sets me per-fect-ly free. }
 And my heart ev-er longed for an un-cloud-ed day. } Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-
 And I just let my God His dear pur-posed-ly fill. }
 That its touch maketh riv-ers of hon-ey to flow. }
 And near the white throne of my Sav-ior a-bide. }

lu-jah! my soul is now free! For the precious blood of Je-sus cleanseth e-ven me.

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good

No. 64.

Eternity's Night.

Matt. 25: 30.

A. F. FERRIS.

ELLA B. BUTE. ALT.

Slow, with expression.

1. O.... sin - ner, re - mem - ber, though fair be life's day, There's
 2. On the edge of per - di - tion now blind - ly you tread, Its
 3. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness! its gloom doth af - fright, No
 4. Oh, e - ter - ni - ty's dark-ness now falls on the shore, The
 5. The... Sav - ior is plead - ing, there's mer - cy to - day, A-

on - ly one step to the tomb; Your life, like a va - por, will
 tor - ments how fear - ful they seem; Ah, soon you will dwell with the
 star ev - er shines in the sky; No morn - ing shall dawn on the
 twi - light be - gins to ap - pear; Soon there will be mer - cy, sweet
 gain He in - vites you to come; O... flee to His bos - om, and

soon pass a - way, Then com - eth e - ter - ni - ty's gloom.
 num - ber - less dead, Where Je - sus can nev - er re - deem.
 gloom of its night, There com - eth no "sweet by and by."
 mer - cy no more, But dark - ness and death draw - eth near.
 walk in His way, 'Twill lead to the heav - en - ly home.

REFRAIN.

To be lost in the night, in "e - ter - ni - ty's night," To
Refrain for 5th verse:
 To be saved from the night, from "e - ter - ni - ty's night," And to

From "Tears and Triumphs," by per. of L. L. Pickett, owner.

Eternity's Night—Concluded.

sink in de - spair and in woe! But such is your doom, if you
walk 'mid the splen - dors a - bove! To dwell with the Lord, and a -

turn from the light, Re - fus - ing God's mer - cy to know.
bide in His light, En - joy - ing His mer - cy and love.

No. 65. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

Selected.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. On ev - 'ry side a voice I hear, That loud - er speak - eth year by year,
2. The fall - ing leaf, the fad - ing flow'r, The sinking sun at evening's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll - ing bell, The grave where, dy - ing, I must dwell,
4. Where'er I turn, whate'er I do, This warning mes - sage thrills me thro';
5. In me there's noth - ing good, I know, I'm fit a - lone for end - less woe,

Rall.

A voice I dare not light - ly treat, "Pre - pare, pre - pare thy God to meet."
All ev - er - more to me re - peat, "Pre - pare, pre - pare thy God to meet."
My throbbing heart with ev - 'ry beat Whispers, "Pre - pare thy God to meet."
In si - lent hall, or nois - y street, "Pre - pare, pre - pare thy God to meet."
But, trusting in my Savior's blood, I am pre - pared to meet my God.

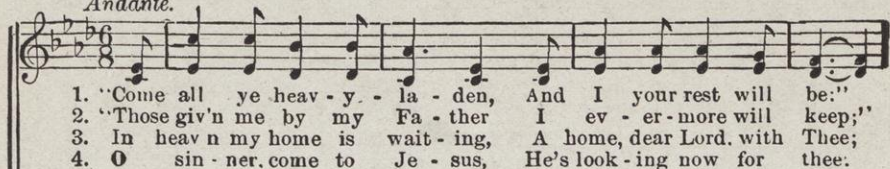
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No. 66.

I Take Him At His Word.

Arranged.
Andante.

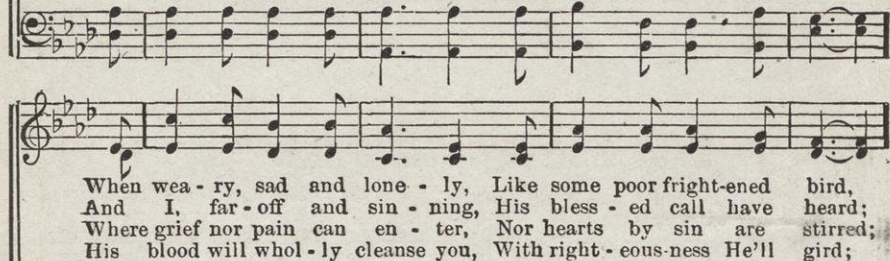
ARTHUR F. INGLER.



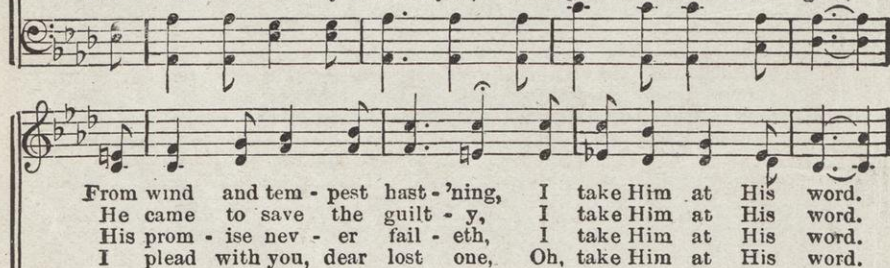
1. "Come all ye heav - y - la - den, And I your rest will be:"
 2. "Those giv'n me by my Fa - ther I ev - er - more will keep;"
 3. In heav'n my home is wait - ing, A home, dear Lord, with Thee;
 4. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He's look - ing now for thee:



Thus spake the lov - ing Sav - ior, Did He not think of me?
 Thro' dark - ness and thro' dan - ger He seeks His wan - d'ring sheep.
 Be - side the crys - tal riv - er, Be - yond death's sol - emn sea.
 In ear - nest tones so ten - der, He calls—"Come un - to me."

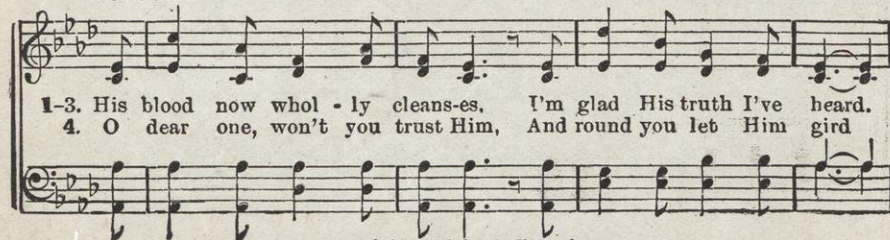


When wea - ry, sad and lone - ly, Like some poor fright - ened bird,
 And I, far - off and sin - ning, His bless - ed call have heard;
 Where grief nor pain can en - ter, Nor hearts by sin are stirred;
 His blood will whol - ly cleanse you, With right - eous - ness He'll gird;



From wind and tem - pest hast - 'ning, I take Him at His word.
 He came to save the guilt - y, I take Him at His word.
 His prom - ise nev - er fail - eth, I take Him at His word.
 I plead with you, dear lost one, Oh, take Him at His word.

CHORUS.



1-3. His blood now whol - ly cleans - es, I'm glad His truth I've heard.
 4. O dear one, won't you trust Him, And round you let Him gird

I Take Him At His Word—Concluded.

For now it makes me hap-py, I take Him at His word.
His right-eous-ness and glo-ry? Oh, take Him at His word.

No. 67.

The Life of Joy.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. I've found the life of tru-est joy, My heart is o-ver-flow-ing;
2. Once self-ish joy I vain-ly tried, And sought the world for pleas-ure;
3. But now the truth that makes me free Is like a well up spring-ing;

By day and night my glad em-ploy, This se-cret to be show-ing.
Now self with Christ is cru-ci-fied, And He is all my treas-ure.
The ris-en Christ now lives in me, And fills my soul with sing-ing.

REFRAIN. *Not too fast.*

Oh, the joy of lov-ing Je-sus, Oh, the glad-ness that is giv'n,

When we know the Fa-ther sees us One with Je-sus there in Heav'n.

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No. 68.

Follow Me.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me."

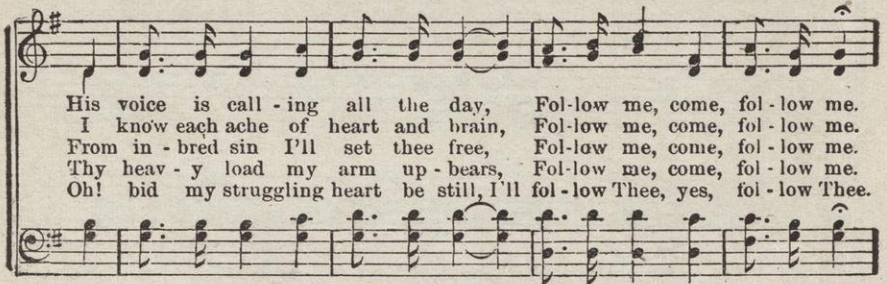
Rev. G. D. WATSON.

Luke 9: 23.

Andante.



1. I hear my dy - ing Sav - ior say, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me;
 2. I know thy life of guilt and pain, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me;
 3. Tho' thou hast sinned, I'll par - don thee, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me;
 4. Come cast up - on me all thy cares, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me;
 5. Dear Lord, I yield to all Thy will, I'll fol - low Thee, yes, fol - low Thee;



His voice is call - ing all the day, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 I know each ache of heart and brain, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 From in - bred sin I'll set thee free, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 Thy heav - y load my arm up - bears, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 Oh! bid my struggling heart be still, I'll fol - low Thee, yes, fol - low Thee.



For thee I tread the bit - ter way, For thee I give my life a - way,
 For thee I left my heav'n - ly train, For thee I o - pened ev - 'ry vein,
 In all thy chang - ing life I'll be Thy God, and guide o'er land and sea,
 Lean on my breast, dis - miss thy fears, And trust me thro' the fu - ture years,
 Come cleanse, and with Thy Spir - it fill, And keep me safe from ev - 'ry ill,



And drink the gall thy debt to pay, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 And now I plead yet once a - gain, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 Thy bliss thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 My hand shall wipe a - way thy tears, Fol - low me, come, fol - low me.
 And all Thy word in me ful - fill, I'll fol - low Thee, yes, fol - low Thee.

No. 69.

O Save Me at the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Arranged.

1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry;
 2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;
 3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray;
 4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;
 5. Wash me in Thy cleans - ing blood, cleans - ing blood, cleans - ing blood;
 6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring;

Trem - bling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
 In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
 Thou of life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
 Have com - pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
 Plunge me now be - neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
 In that faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

CHORUS.

Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee;

Repeat Chorus pp.

Now, bless - ed Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.

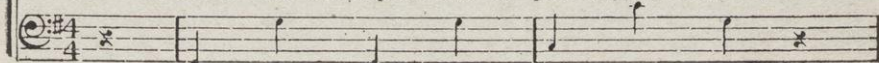
No. 70. When Our Ships Come Sailing Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

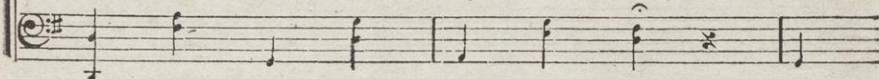
JNO. R. SWENEY



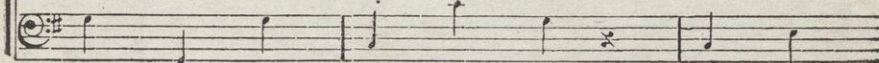
1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all a round the world, When they
2. But if there is such re-joicing to see ves-sels here get home, When we
3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "Here comes an earthly bark, She has
4. So with Je-sus as our Cap-tain we ex-pect to gain that shore, We ex-



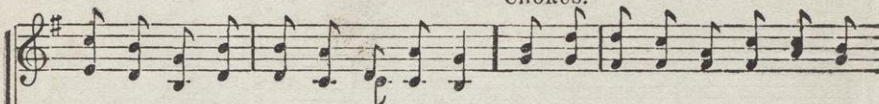
safe-ly gain the ha-ven, and their sails a gain are furled; We re-joyce to know that in a lit-tle while these ships a-gain will roam; Oh, what must it found her way to Heav-en, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she had a pect to cast our an-chor there, and stay for-ev-er more; And we know the



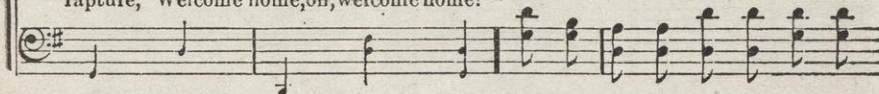
see them en-ter, and to know the anchor's cast, Rais-ing joy-ful shouts of be in Heav-en when a soul comes sail-ing in, To go out no more for-star to guide her, called 'the Bright and Morning Star,' It has guid ed mil-lions an-gels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of



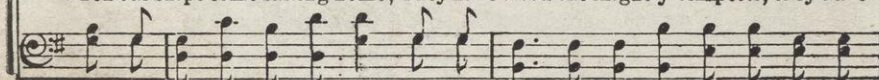
CHORUS.



welcome, for our ships are home at last.
 ev-er sail-ing on the sea of sin?
 o-ver from that dis-tant land a-far." } Oh, what singing, oh, what shouting,
 rapture, "Welcome home, oh, welcome home!"



when our ships come sailing home; They have stood the might-y tempests, they have



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When Our Ships Come Sailing Home—Concluded.

crossed the o-cean's foam; They have passed o'er stormy bil-lows, but they now have

gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safe-ly o'er.

No. 71.

Some Mother's Child.

A. F. I.

Luke 19: 10.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Far from the dear Shepherd's fold;
2. Some mother's child, head-strong and wild, Snared by the de - mon of drink;
3. Some mother's child, lost and be-guiled, Je - sus is pass - ing this way—
4. Some mother's child, looked up and smiled, When the Sa-mar - i - tan came;
5. Some mother's child, saved from the wild, Sit-ting with Christ on His throne;

Bruised by the storm, sad and for-lorn, Lost in the dark-ness and cold.
 Hell is your doom, dense is the gloom, Oh, sin - ner, stop now and think.
 Seek - ing the lost, great tho' the cost, Turn-ing their night in - to day.
 Great tho' the need, kind was the deed, Done in the Mas - ter's dear name.
 Ev - er to be, hap - py and free, With the re-deemed ones at home.

CHORUS.

{ Some mother's child, out in the wild, Strayed from the fold a - way;
 { Loved ones are there, pleading in pray'r, Praying for you all (Omit.) day.

Cho. { Some mother's child, saved from the wild, Walking the streets of gold;
 5th v. { Ev - er to be, hap - py and free, Safe in the heav'nly (Omit.) fold.

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No. 72.

The Death Line.

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3. "Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. 5: 19.
ADDISON. Chorus by M. W. K. Scotch. Arr. and Adapted.

1. There is a time—we know not when, a point—we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die, to die as if by stealth;
3. But on that fore - head God has set in - del - i - bly a mark,
4. He thinks or feels that all is well, and ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may we go on in sin? how long will God for - bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of men to glo - ry or de - spair;
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, nor fade the glow of health;
Un - seen by man, for man, as yet, is blind and in the dark;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in Hell, not on - ly doomed but damned!
Where does hope end, and where be - gin the con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un - seen, that cross - es ev - 'ry path,
The con - science may be still at ease, the spir - it light and gay;
And yet the doomed man's path be - low like E - den may have bloomed,
Oh, where is this mys - te - rious bourn by which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,

D. S.—Oh, come to - day, do not de - lay, too late it soon will be;

D. S. for Chorus.

The hid - den bound - a - ry be - tween God's pa - tience and His wrath.
That which is pleas - ing, still may please, and care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know nor feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which God Him - self hath sworn that he who goes is lost?
While it is called "to - day" re - pent, and hard - en not your heart."

To Je - sus fly, for mer - cy cry, He waits to wel - come thee.

No. 73.

Eternity's Beggar.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

Luke 12: 16-21.

FANNIE BIRDSALB.

1. A rich man was he, and his a - cres were broad, And his barns he tore
 2. He looked all a - ghist at the sound of that voice, As he gazed on his
 3. Out, out from his man - sion he wan - dered a - way, To the depths of e -

down to build more; "But thy soul is re - quired, thou fool," said his God,
 rich earth - ly store; But it melt - ed a - way; he had made a sad choice,
 ter - ni - ty's night, To.... beg for re - lief, and to long for the day,

CHORUS.

"Then to whom shall thy goods be re - stored?" } E - ter - ni - ty's beg - gar! the
 He was pov - er - ty's slave ev - er more.
 Which shall glad - den, no nev - er, his sight. }

call he had heard, But the warn - ing, he turned it a - way; O sin - ner! then

Ritard. ad lib.


list to the voice of thy God, And turn to the Lord while you may.

No. 74.


The Second Blessing.

Rev. H. C. HART, alt.

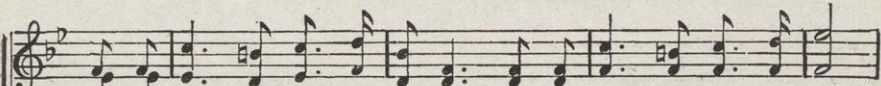
JOHN MCPHERSON



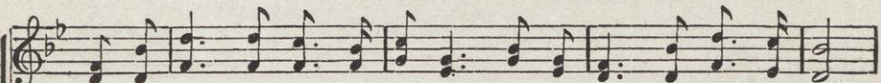
1. Man - y years a faith - ful Christian, Striv - ing hard 'gainst in - bred sin,
2. What a won - drous, wondrous blessing Keeps me calm in times of storm,
3. In this prom - ised land of Ca - naan There is per - fect love and rest,



Un - til Je - sus one day whispered, "Trust my blood, I'll make you clean,"
And, a - bid - ing now in Je - sus, Makes me hap - py all day long;
All the gi - ants now are conquered Since this love I have pos - sessed;




Then I saw this wondrous cleansing, Con - se - cra - ted all to God,
All my cares, and toils, and wor - ries, On the al - tar I have laid;
I am bask - ing in the sun - light, For my soul is sat - is - fied;



Lo! I found the "sec - ond bless - ing," Un - der - neath the pre - cious blood.
I re - ceived the "sec - ond bless - ing" When my sac - ri - fice was made.
And I jour - ney on re - joic - ing, Prais - ing God I'm sanc - ti - fied

CHORUS.



In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, cleansed and free;

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The Second Blessing—Concluded.

Ritard.

Since I've found the "sec - ond bless - ing," Christ is all in all to me.

No. 75.

Praise the Lord.

Rev JNO. MCPHAIL.

J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Praise the Lord, ye ran-somed, praise Him; Swell the cho - rus of the sky;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah! U - ni - ver - sal praise be - stow;
3. Praise the Lord for full sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His love di - vine;
4. Praise the Lord, my feet are tak - en From the pit of mire and sin;

Sing a - loud the might - y an - them, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 Praise Him day and night for - ev - er, Praise Him, ev - 'ry - where you go.
 Praise Him, for no con - dem - na - tion Rests on this poor heart of mine.
 Praise Him, for He gives the Spir - it Who will love, and dwell with - in.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, all ye ho - ly an - gels, All ye sin - ners saved by grace;
 praise Him, all oh, praise Him;

Praise Him high in Heav'n for ev - er, Praise Him in ev - 'ry place!
 praise Him high oh, praise the Lord!

No. 76.

The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be-hold! a roy-al ar-my, With ban-ner, sword and shield, Are marching
 2. And now the foe, ad-vanc-ing, That val-iant host as-sails, And yet they
 3. O when the war is end-ed, When strife and con-flict cease, When all are

forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
 nev-er fal-ter, Their cour-age nev-er fails; Their Lead-er calls, "Be
 safe-ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be-fore the King e-

sol-diers, U-nit-ed, bold and strong, Who fol-low their Com-man-der,
 faith-ful," They pass the word a-long, They see His sig-nal flash-ing,
 ter-nal, That vast and mght-y throng Shall praise His name for-ev-er,

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

And sing their joy-ful song. }
 And shout the joy-ful song. } Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Him that re-
 And this shall be their song. }

deemed us, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord;

The Joyful Song—Concluded.

Voices in harmony.

Vic-to-ry, vic-te-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord....
thro' Christ our Lord.

No. 77. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand be-fore the Judg-ment bar, The quick, the ris-en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on-ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev-er part a-gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the re-cord there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur-den down at Je-sus' feet, And rest for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

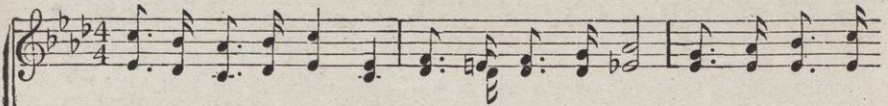
I will an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je-sus' blood.

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No. 78. You May Have the Joy-Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

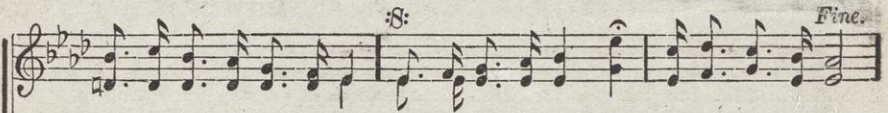
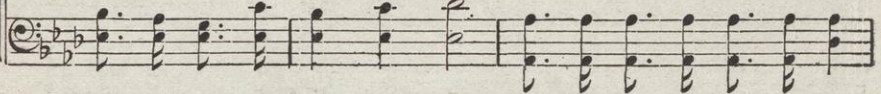
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
 2. Love of Je - sus in its ful - ness you may know, And this love to
 3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,
 those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,
 He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
 ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,



Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
 Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
 He is with you, ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.



D. S.—He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

CHORUS.



Joy - - - bells ring - ing in your heart, Joy - - - bells
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells



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You May Have the Joy-Bells—Concluded.

D. S.

ring-ing in your heart; Take the Savior here below With you ev-'rywhere you go;

No. 79. March On.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Arranged by A. F. L.

Not too fast.

1. We're a hap - py pil - grim band, We shall gain the vic - to - ry;
2. Since we've left the world be - hind, We shall gain the vic - to - ry;
3. We are saved and sanc - ti - fied, We shall gain the vic - to - ry;

CHORUS.

March-ing thro' the promised land, We shall gain the day.
Milk and hon - ey now we find, We shall gain the day.
And in Je - sus we a - bide, We shall gain the day. } March on, and

we shall gain the vic - to - ry, March on, and we shall gain the day.

4 Feasting on the corn and wine,
We shall gain the victory;
We will always shout and shine,
We shall gain the day.

5 There are giants great and tall,
We shall gain the victory;
But we'll meet and slay them all,
We shall gain the day.

6 If we pray, and sing, and shout,
We shall gain the victory;
Satan and his host we'll rout,
We shall gain the day.

7 We shall all outshine the sun,
We shall gain the victory.
Wear a crown when life is one,
We shall gain the day.

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No. 80.

I've Missed It at Last.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

IDA M. DAKE.

1. "I've missed it at last," he re-peat-ed, While the shades of de-
 2. "The thief on the cross, I re-mem-ber, Ne'er re-fused till the
 3. "I've sold out my soul for a feath-er, No hope in the
 4. "The Spir-it, in-sult-ed, re-sist-ed, Still plead till the
 5. He bur-ied his face in the pil-low, With hor-ror his

s-pair gath-ered fast; "My hopes are for-ev-er de-feat-ed, I have missed,
 'sum-mer was past, And now in death's chill-ing De-cem-ber, I have missed,
 whirlwind's fierce blast; I'm un-done for-ev-er and ev-er, I have missed,
 die I had cast, I said 'Go Thy way,' I in-sist-ed; He went,
 soul all a-ghast; And back from e-ter-ni-ty's bil-low, He shrieked,

CHORUS.

I have missed it at last!" "I've missed it at last, missed sal-

va-tion, From the pure and the ho-ly out-cast; Nev-er-

more peace to feel, but dam-na-tion—I've missed, I have missed it at last."

No. 81.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. F. HEWITT.

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 goeth down, When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

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

When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest,
 goeth down?


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

No. 82.

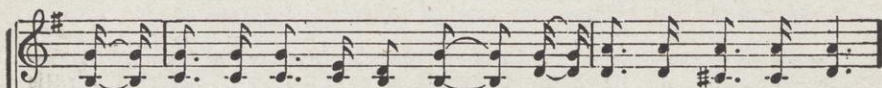
The Coming of the Lord.

A. M. B.


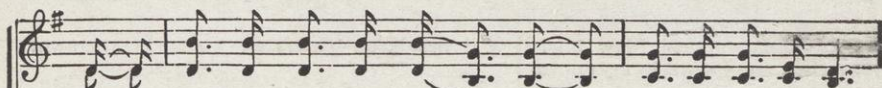
A. M. BEAN.



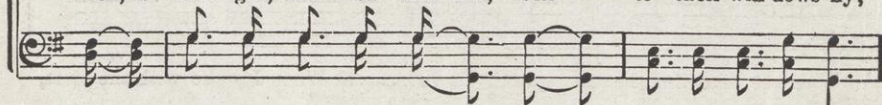
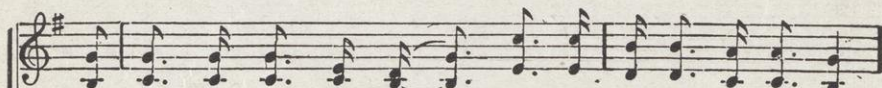
1. There's an aw - ful time of troub - le Such as men have nev - er known,
 2. Je - sus said "You'd know 'twas summer When you'd see the fig - tree bloom,"
 3. How oft we ask each oth - er, I won - der when He'll come;
 4. The last they ev - er saw Him, 'Twas up at Beth - a - ny,
 5. We soon shall hear the trump - et, That shall peal so loud and long;

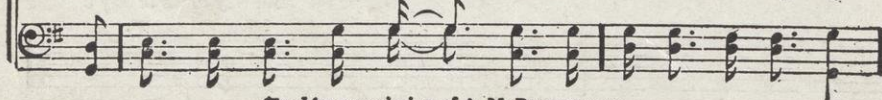
When God shall call the na - ions, To gath - er at His throne;
 So like-wise you'd know the end was near, When He should come a - gain,
 I get so tired of wait - ing, It sure - ly won't be long;
 His dis - ci - ples gath - ered 'round Him, To hear what He might say;
 'Twill wake the bur - ied na - tions, In the sea and un - der ground;

And when that time shall come the saints Shall lift their heads and cry;
 When at mid - night's lone - ly hour, We should hear the wel - come cry,
 For the an - gel said He'd come a - gain, The day He went on high,
 He raised His hands to bless them, As a char - i - ot swept by,
 When, at mid - night, start - led mil - lions, Will to their win - dows fly;

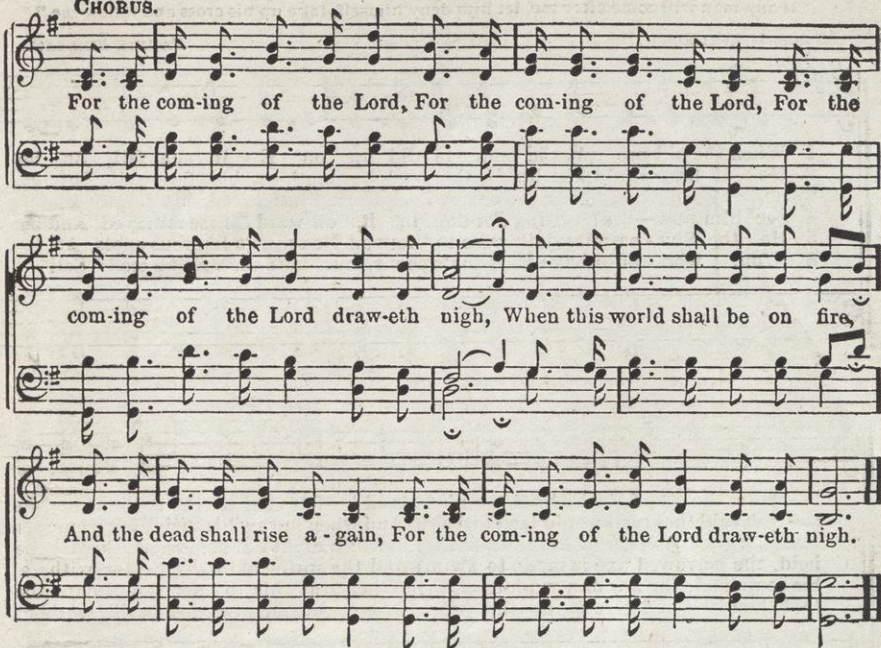
For Him we've long been wait - ing, But His com - ing draw - eth nigh.
 "Go out, ye saints, to meet Him, For His com - ing draw - eth nigh."
 And Je - sus said, "Keep watch - ing, For my com - ing draw - eth nigh."
 And took Him up to Heav - en, But His com - ing draw - eth nigh.
 To see the world on fire, And the Sav - ior draw - ing nigh.



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The Coming of the Lord—Concluded.

CHORUS.

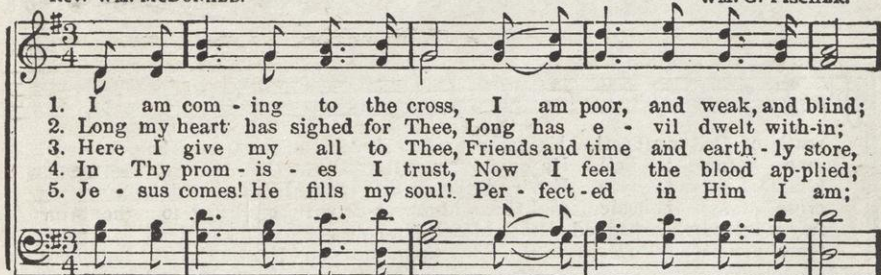


For the com-ing of the Lord, For the com-ing of the Lord, For the
com-ing of the Lord draw-eth nigh, When this world shall be on fire,
And the dead shall rise a-gain, For the com-ing of the Lord draw-eth nigh.

No. 83. I Am Coming to the Cross.

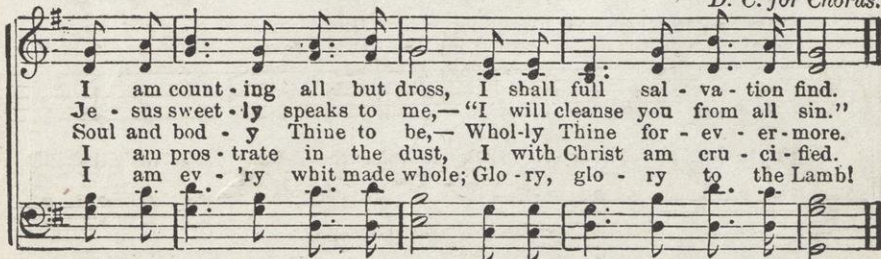
Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e-vil dwelt with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store,
4. In Thy prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je-sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in Him I am;

CHO.— I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
5th v.— Still I m trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
D. C. for Chorus.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod-y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for-ev-er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
I am ev-'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus! save me now!
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Je-sus saves me! saves me now!
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No. 84.

The Prophet's Call.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

TROS. H. NELSON.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1 When the old pro - phet ic man tle did up - on E - li - sha fall, As he
 2 He at first would kiss his fa - ther, and his moth - er bid fare - well, But E -
 3 So he slew and boiled his ox en on the splin - ters of his plow. And
 4 See him now - the swelling Jor - dan in its on - ward course is stay - ed And be -
 5 He the Shu - na - mite doth raise to life; and Naa - man's lep - rous spots, At
 6 You, who would have E li sha's pow'r, must take the way he trod: Sell

la - bored in the field be - hind the plow. And he felt that to the na - tions he the
 li - jah said that road would lead to death; And when he saw his shrieking would send
 made for all his poor - er friends a feast; Leaving naught but bones and ashes to be
 hold, the bor - rowed axe is made to swim; And the spring of bit - ter wa - ter with a
 his command, the Jor - dan wash - es clean; When at his o - pen sep - ul - chre the
 that thou hast and give it to the poor; Leave not your treasures in this world to

truth of God must tell, He ap - peared to shrink the cross, as men do now.
 man y souls to hell, He said, "No, I'll fol - low God till lat - est breath.
 tempt ed back to now Ev 'ry bridge is burned and God - a - points him priest.
 cruse of salt is healed, And the wid - ow's pots with oil filled to the brim
 fu - n'ral march is stopped, His bleach - ing bones re - vive the dead a gain
 tempt you back from God, But lay them up on Heav - en's last ing shore.

CHORUS.

Pow'r to heal the lep - er, pow'r to raise the dead, Pow'r to fill the

The Prophet's Call—Concluded.

emp - ty pots with oil, Is wait - ing for the work - er who in
Je - sus' steps will tread, And leave his life of ease for one of toil.

No. 85. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1: 7.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joi - ces, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge be - neath this fountain That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my Friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'n - ly voi - ces, And sing re - deem - ing love.
Christ - swep - to' - er - me, My all to Him I gave.
way my bur - den, And bade my fears de - part. } For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood,
Cal - v'ry's mountain, With blessing in its flow.
crys - tal riv - er, His praise shall nev - er end.

Pow'r in Je - sus' blood; There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, To wash me white as snow.

No. 86.

Come Home.

"Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord." Isa. 1: 18.
 WM. FRANCIS. F. A. GRAVES.
Tenderly.

1. The kind Shepherd seeks for the wan - der - ing sheep, Ex - posed to the
 2. 'Tis Je - sus, the Sav - ior, whose voice you have heard, To you he is
 3. Since the days of thy youth He has plead with you oft, His plead - ings have
 4. Then come to the Fa - ther, ac - cept of His grace, The rai - ment and

storms and the cold; His love nev - er tires, and His eyes nev - er sleep,
 call - ing to - day; He calls by His good - ness and ten - der - ness too,
 yet been in vain; His great lov - ing - kind - ness you could not de - ny,
 feast in the hall; Now turn from your sins and o - bey Him at once,

REFRAIN.

Till He brings them a - gain to His fold.
 Then why will you lon - ger de - lay? } Then come, O come home to the
 If He nev - er should call you a - gain. }
 By hear - ing and hee - ting His call.

Fa - ther 'a - bove, His grace has pro - vid - ed for all; It may be the

Ritard.

last time in mer - cy and love You ev - er will hear Je - sus call.

No. 87.

In the Morning.

F. M. A.

F. M. ATKINSON.

1. We'll hear the trump-et's wel-come sound, We'll all go out to
 2. On clouds of light and wings of flame, We'll all go out to
 3. Ye saints, lift up your rap-tured eye, We'll all go out to
 4. Bright ser-aphs lead the glit-tring throng, We'll all go out to

meet Him in the morn-ing; A-wake, ye na-tions un-der ground,
 meet Him in the morn-ing; The King of kings will-come to reign,
 meet Him in the morn-ing; The long-ex-pect-ed hour is nigh,
 meet Him in the morn-ing; We'll sing with joy re-demp-tion's song,

CHORUS.

We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing. In the morn-ing, in the

morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing; In the morn-ing,

in the morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in the morn-ing.

No. 88. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

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

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

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

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

REFRAIN.

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

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go—Concluded.

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

No. 89. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

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

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

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

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

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No. 90.

Nor Silver Nor Gold.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, No rich - es of
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The guilt on my
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The ho - ly com-
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob-tained my redemption, The way in - to

earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my
 con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my
 mand - ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my
 Heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

on - ly foun-da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior now mak - eth me whole.
 on - ly foun-da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior could on - ly a - tone.
 on - ly foun-da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior re - mov - eth my fear.
 on - ly foun da - tion, The death of my Sav - ior redemption hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed,..... but not with sil - ver; I am
 I am redeemed, I am redeemed, but not with sil-ver;

bought,.... but not with gold; Bought with a price..... the
 I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price—

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Nor Silver Nor Gold—Concluded.

blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un - told.
 the pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

No. 91.

Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER.

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing, In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing, In - to the man - sions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you ready, O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call;
 should call;

Say, are you read - y? O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

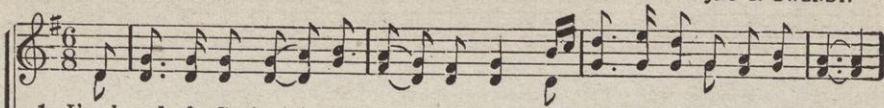
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No. 92.

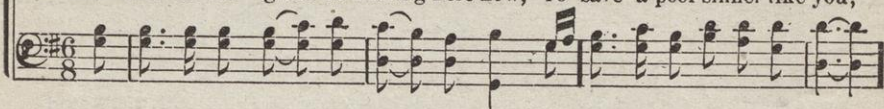
I've Heard of a Savior.

From "Special Songs."

JNO R SWENEY.



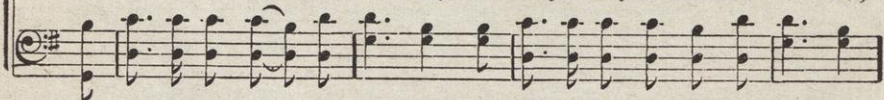
1. I've heard of a Savior whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sinner like me;
2. This won-der-ful Savior took such a low place, To save a poor sinner like me;
3. This Je-sus had nowhere to lay His head, To save a poor sinner like me;
4. This God of all grace is waiting here now, To save a poor sinner like you;



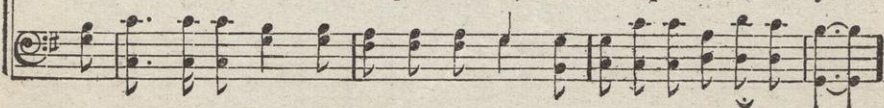
He turned His back on the glo-ri-fied throng, To save a poor sinner like me.
 His heart o'er-flow-ing with won-drous grace, To save a poor sinner like me.
 He was a Lamb to the slaugh-ter led, To save a poor sinner like me.
 Come as you are, at the mer-cy-seat bow, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



The angels they sang Him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the sto-ry;
 Was born in a sta-ble and man-ger, In His own world was a stran-ger,
 Midst darkness my Savior is dy-ing, 'Tis finished!" I hear Je-sus cry-ing;
 Your life may be all re-bel-lion, Still you may have this sal-va-tion;



He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sinner like me.
 With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sinner like me.
 My soul may go free, He died on the tree, To save a poor sinner like me.
 Back sid-er as well, I'm so glad to tell, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



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I've Heard of a Savior—Concluded.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a moun-tain, They all dis-ap-peared in the Foun-tain;

He put my name down for a palace and crown, O bless His dear name, I am free.

No. 93.

The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; }
 { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus! }
 2. { Your man - y sins are all for - giv' n, O hear the voice of Je - sus! }
 { Go on your way in peace to Heav' n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

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 The children too, both great and small,

Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

5 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;

O how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus!

6 And when to that bright world above

We rise to see our Jesus,
 We'll sing around the throne of love,
 The name, the name of Jesus.

No. 94.

Coming Back Again.

Arranged for this work by A. F. 2.

1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil-grim's ear, As he
 2. The moss - y old graves where the saint-ed pil-grims slept, Will be
 3. Then we'll meet all the loved ones with-in that E - den home, Sweet
 4. Our bless - ed Re-deem - er is com - ing back a - gain, And we'll

wan-ders an ex - ile from home, Soon, soon shall the King in His
 o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mill - ions that sleep in the
 songs of re - demp-tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south, all the
 meet Him ere long in the air; O be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

CHORUS.

glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
 cold, bri-ny deep, Shall live on this earth once more. } He is coming, coming,
 ransomed shall come To wor-ship their Heavenly King.
 joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

com-ing for His bride, Com-ing back to this earth once more; We shall

dwell in peace with all the sanc-ti-fied, And with Je - sus shall reign ev-er-more.

No. 95. Jesus, I Am Resting, Resting.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. 4: 9.

JEAN SOPHIA FIGOTT.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Je - sus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing In the joy of what Thou art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov-ing kind-ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art;
4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;

CHORUS.—Je - sus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing In the joy of what Thou art;

Fine.

I am find - ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love so pure, so change-less, Sat - is - fies my heart.
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.

I am find - ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - 'ry need,
 Bright-ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

No. 96.

The Cross My Boast.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. 5: 14.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof and be glad" Psalm 34: 2.

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. What have I on earth to boast of? Why are gifts so glo-rious mine?
 2. Je - sus died, the God - life bring - ing; Je - sus wept, my tears to stay;
 3. He was poor to give me treas - ure; He was slave to make me king;
 4. Have I joy, 'twas sor - row bought it; Have I pow'r, or grace, or love,
 5. Hark! I hear 'mid ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Sounds of Calv'ry's mourn - ful night,
 6. Where then, where is room for boast - ing? In the sight of Cal - v'ry's cross;

God and Heav'n am I the heir of; Why dost Thou, Lord, claim me Thine?
 Je - sus groaned to give me sing - ing; Bore Hell's night to give me day.
 He was hat - ed with - out meas - ure, Heav - en's love to me to bring.
 Have I wealth, 'twas Je - sus brought it Down to me from Heav'n a - bove.
 And be - hold by ev - 'ry treas - ure, Cal - v'ry's cross ap - pears in sight.
 In the blood a - lone I'm trust - ing, Count - ing earth - ly things but loss.

CHORUS.

Je - sus hung on Cal - v'ry's moun - tain, Cried and groaned, and bled for me,

And from out the cleansing foun - tain Poured the stream that sets me free.

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No. 97.

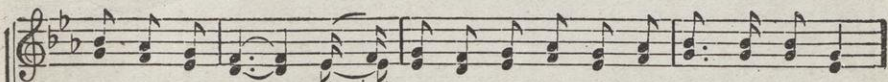
I Want to Go There.

H. L.

HARRY LOPER.



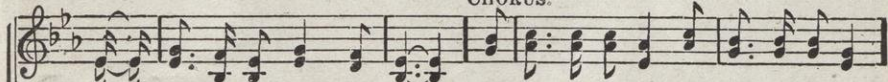
1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a - bove, When with life and its
 2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what He
 3. Soon this brief life is end - ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
 4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be - hold; 'Tis the home of the



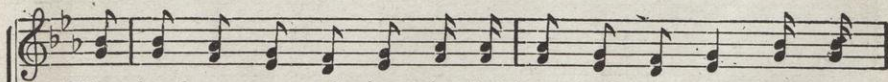
cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—
 gives me to do, For the thought is re - fresh - ing as home - ward I look;—
 fleet - ing and few; Where loved ones have gathered no death ev - er comes;—
 faith - ful and true, Where the Sav - ior a man - sion for me has pre - pared;—



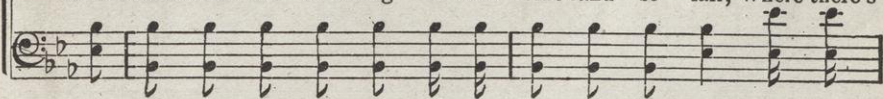
CHORUS.



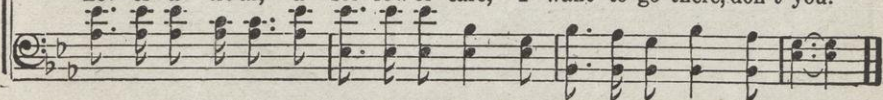
I want to go there, don't you?	} I want to go there, I want to go there,
I want to go there, don't you?	
I want to go there, don't you?	
I expect to go there, don't you?	



Where loved ones are wait - ing in that home - land so fair, Where there's



nev - er a tri - al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?



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No. 98.

At Jesus' Feet.

LORELLE DAMON.
Con espress.

Matt. 11: 29.

Arr. by F. E. RIMANOCZY.

1. I've a pre-cious rec-ol-lection, 'twill nev-er-more de-part, And
2. I have found the pre-cious foun-tain that brings im-mor-tal youth, I have

oh! it makes me hap-py all the day; 'Tis the mem-ry of the hour
proved the cleansing vir-tue of its waves; So I sing of full sal-va-tion,

when Je-sus cleansed my heart, And cast my care and sor-row far a-way.
and tell the bless-ed truth, That our Je-sus is the Might-y One who saves.

I re-call the hap-py eve-ning I came with all my sin, And
O broth-er, do not grieve Him; O sis-ter, come to-day; He

CHO.-He's so gen-tle and so kind, I'll ev-er bear in mind, His

prayed that He my wait-ing soul would meet; I threw my heart's door o-pen,
wants to give de-liv-er-ance com-plete; And when He's sanc-ti-fied you,

man-y gold-en prom-is-es so sweet; They are rich and full of bless-ing

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At Jesus' Feet—Concluded.

D. S for Chorus.

and since He's en - tered in, Oh, the les - sons I have learned at Je - sus' feet.
you'll bless His name and say, "Oh, the les - sons that I learn at Je - sus' feet."

To those who come con - fess - ing, And hum bly seek to learn at Je - sus' feet.

No. 99

Jesus Is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. NO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, con - trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, bur - dened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

See in His rec - on - cil - ing face The sun - shine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
Come where the long - ing heart is blessed, And on His bos - om lie.
The love that lis - tens to your pray'r Will "no good thing" de - ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, Has - ten to meet Him on the way;
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

mf *p*

Je - sus is pass - ing by to - day, Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

p *Rit.* *mp*

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No. 100.

Lost and Found.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

Luke 15. 4: 6.

Rev. N. KEFF SMITH.

1. An hundred dear sheep in my ten - der - ness shared, But one had grown
 2. A - far in the des - ert the lost one I found, But wea - ry and
 3. O won - der - ful res - cue, at won - der - ful cost! It nev - er can

wea - ry of home; No more for my love or my bless - ing it cared,
 worn, and dis - tressed; All foot - sore, and bleed - ing from man - y a wound,
 ful - ly be told; But it was my sheep, yes, my own that was lost,

But far from the Shepherd would roam. So pre - cious to me was the
 I fold - ed it close to my breast. Dear lamb, I have jour - neyed in
 And now it is safe in the fold. So glad and con - tent - ed a -

CHORUS.—Come back to the Sav - ior, He's

sheep that was mine, I breast - ed the storm and the cold, And will - ing - ly
 an - guish, a - lone, And sought thee with sor - row - ing deep, But oh! the Good
 bid - eth my lamb, I know that who - ev - er may stray, The lamb that I

look - ing for thee, Tho' wayward and sin - ful you've been; He's ten - der - ly

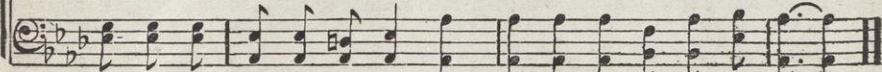
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Lost and Found—Concluded.

Rit. ad lib. D. S. for Chorus.



left the dear nine-ty and nine, That strayed not a-way from the fold.
Shepherd hath love for His own, And "giv-eth His life for the sheep."
res-cued will stay where I am, And nev-er-more wan-der a-way.



call-ing, "O come un-to me, I'll forgive you, and clea-nee you from sin."

No. 101.

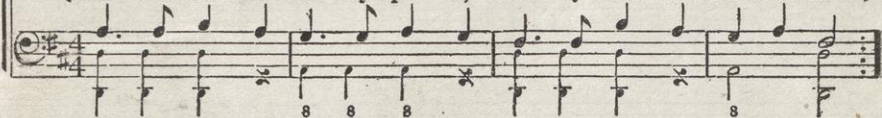
I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol-ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }



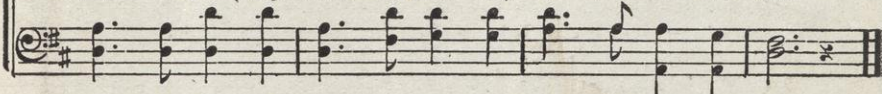
CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
I sur-ren-der all,



All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.



4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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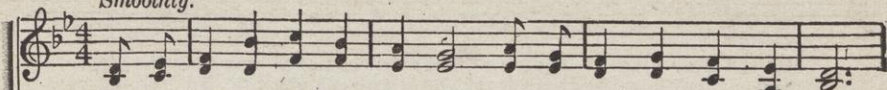
No. 102.

He Will Keep Me.

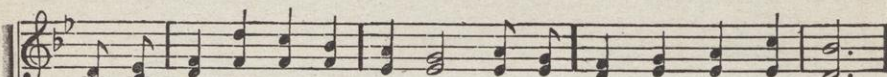
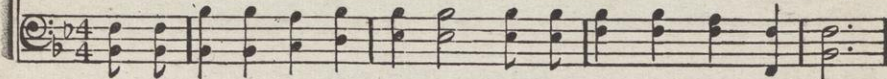
Words and Melody by
F. M. MESSENGER.

Deut. 32: 10. Ps. 17: 8.

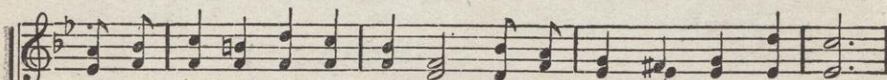
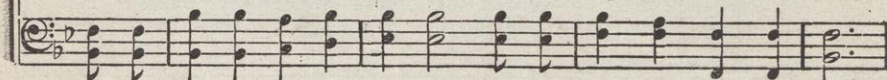
Smoothly.



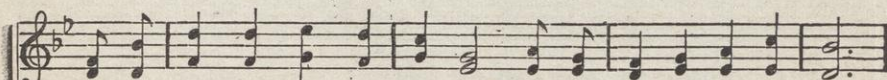
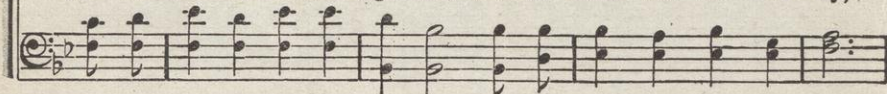
1. When the storms of life as - sail me, and my ves - sel's tem - pest - tossed,
2. Some may trust in horse and char - iot, some may make of flesh their arm,
3. Oh, the man - y dif - fi - cul - ties, heav - y cares and anx - ious thought,
4. As the roe up - on the moun - tain, as the con - qu'ring he - roes come,
5. In the se - cret place I'm dwell - ing, in His shad - ow I a - bide,



With the world ar - rayed a - gainst me, all my hopes seem crushed and lost;
Oth - ers lean to world - ly wis - dom, till a - wak - ened in a - larm;
Of the soul who works and struggles for a crown that comes to naught;
We will leap, and shout the vic - t'ry, all a - long our jour - ney home;
I have made the Lord my ref - uge, 'neath His wings I trust and hide;



There is One who ne'er for - gets me, One who hears my faint - est cry,
But the souls who trust in Je - sus, dai - ly draw - ing new sup - ply,
Weak and wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, rest He gives, and tears He'll dry,
Look - ing ev - er un - to Je - sus, who, at God's right hand on high,
Tho' the ter - ror comes at night - fall, tho' at noon the ar - rows fly,



He has prom - ised that He'll keep me as the ap - ple of His eye.
Mo - men - ta - ri - ly He'll keep them as the ap - ple of His eye.
Naught can harm, for He will keep them as the ap - ple of His eye.
Sounds the prom - ise "I will keep thee as the ap - ple of mine eye."
Fear - ing not, for He will keep me as the ap - ple of His eye.



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He Will Keep Me—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He will keep me, He will keep me, As the ap - ple of His eye;

He will keep me, He will keep me, For the meet - ing in the sky.

No. 103. I'm Believing, and Receiving.

Arranged by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are washed a - way, Black - est stains be - come as snow;
 2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long. On the cur - rent's cease - less flow;
 3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross; Worth - less, earth's de - light and show;
 4. Self - ish - ness is lost in love, Love for Him whose love you know;
 5. Fight - ing is a great de - light, Nev - er will I fear a foe,

CHO.—I'm be - liev - ing, and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the foun - tain go;

D. C. for Chorus.

Dark - est night is changed to day, When I to the foun - tain go.
 Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When I to the foun - tain go.
 All my boast is in the cross, When I to the foun - tain go.
 All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the foun - tain go.
 Armed by King Je - ho - vah's might, When I to the foun - tain go.

And my heart the waves are cleans - ing Whit - er than the driv - en snow.

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No. 104. I Have Found the Blessing.

H. H. HIMER,

2 Cor. 1: 15.

R. T. RINEHART.

1. I have found the "sec-ond bless-ing," I am hap - py in the Lord,
 2. I have found the "sec-ond bless-ing," I have lost the "car - nal mind,"
 3. I have found the "sec-ond bless-ing," I am cleansed from in - bred sin,
 4. I have found the "sec-ond bless-ing," I am filled with per - fect Love,

I have reached the cleansing foun-tain Thro' the ev - er - last-ing Word;
 I am free from care and fret-ting, Doubts and fears are left be-hind;
 I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And His Spir - it dwells within;
 I am read - y for my man-sion, In the bless - ed home a - bove;

I have crossed the riv - er Jor - dan At the bless-ed Lord's command,
 I am liv - ing in the sun - light Of His pre - cious "per - fect Love,"
 I am in the land of Ca - naan Where the gold - en sun - light falls,
 I am read - y for life's bat - tle, Or I'm read - y to de - part,

And I sing the song of tri - umph In the wel - come promised land.
 And my heart is filled with prais - es To the bless - ed One a - bove.
 "And I sing the song of triumph," While we're shouting down the walls.
 For I'm sanc - ti - fied and hap - py, With the Sav - ior in my heart.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - ing now with Je - sus,
 I'm a - bid - ing, I'm a - bid - ing, Je - sus, now with Je - sus,

Used by permission of Mrs. E. T. Rinehart.

I Have Found the Blessing—Concluded.

I am sanc - ti - fied and free; I have found,
hal - le - lu - jah! I have found, I have found

the "sec - ond bless - - ing," And the Lord a - bides with me.
bless - ing, sec - ond bless - ing,"

No. 105. My Redeemer Lives.

Arranged by M. G. P. and A. F. I. Job 19: 25, 26. Arranged by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre - pared a home for me,
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His blood a - tones for me;
3. And now, be - wil - dered at the thought, I stand and won - der at His love,
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He will not tar - ry long,

D. C.—For I'm ex - pect - ing Je - sus soon, I'm wait - ing now for Him to call;

Fine.

And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives To those who would His children be.
I'm list - 'ning for the gen - tle call To say, the Mas - ter wait - eth thee.
How He from Heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I might live a - bove.
I know He soon will call me home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.

He'll take me to His heav'nly home, To dwell with - in the jas - per wall.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Then ask me not to min - gle on A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng;

No. 106. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. BOOTH.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is naught to me;
 2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels, whis - per low,
 3. Just be - yond the roll - ing riv - er, O - ver on the glo - ry side,

All its pleas - ures are for - got - ten In re - mem - b'ring Cal - ya - ry.
 I will lean up - on my Sav - ior, Thro' the val - ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;

Tho' my friends de - spise, for - sake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His pre - cious prom - ise, Worth to me the world of gold,
 In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow - ers bloom on hills of gold,

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 And the an - gels are a - wait - ing Where the pearl - y gates un - fold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - ning bells will toll;

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When the Pearly Gates Unfold—Concluded.

But my heart will know no sad - ness When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

No. 107. Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

FOR MALE VOICES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid fare - well;
 2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A gold - en harp my hands shall bear;
 3. Some day, I'll see my Sav-ior's face, And, wel-come-d to His blest em - brace,
 4. Some day, some bless-ed day, I know I'll find the loved of long - a - go,
Melody in 1st Bass.

For I shall with the an - gels dwell, Some day, some bless-ed day.
 And glist - 'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some bless-ed day.
 Shall with His peo - ple find a place, Some day, some bless-ed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some bless-ed day.

CHORUS.

Some Some bless - ed day, Some Some bless - ed day,
 Some day,..... Some day,.....

Rit. ad lib.

I'll be at home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

No 108. The Shelf Behind the Door.

Rev. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

E. L. BOWYER, arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. I came to Je - sus long a - go, all lad - en down with sin,
 2. I tore it down and threw it out, and then the bless - ing came;
 3. So man - y peo - ple of to - day are des - ti - tute of pow'r;
 4. Some smoke and chew to - bac - co, and some love their fan - cy dress;
 5. That lit - tle shelf be - hind the door will cause you much dis - tress,

I sought Him long for pard'ning grace—He would not take me in;
 But ere I got the vic - to - ry and felt the ho - ly flame,
 'Tis plain to see they can - not stand temp - ta - tion's try - ing hour;
 Oth - ers have wronged their fel - low - men, re - fus - ing to con - fess;
 Es - pe - cial - ly a - bout the time you think of get - ting blest;

At last I found the rea - son why, as light came more and more,
 Be - el - ze - bub came rush - ing up, and said with aw - ful roar,
 By way of an a - pol - o - gy "my weak - ness" is their cry;
 They won - der why they are not blest as in the days of yore;
 While pleading for the vic - to - ry be - fore the Lord in prayer,

I had a shelf with i - dols on just in be - hind the door.
 "You can - not live with - out that shelf right here be - hind the door."
 'Tis all be - cause of i - dols that they're us - ing on the sly.
 The rea - son why is on the shelf just in be - hind the door.
 How man - y times you think a - bout the i - dols hid - den there.

From "Redemption Songs." Used by permission.

The Shelf Behind the Door—Concluded.

CHORUS.

That shelf be-hind the door— don't use it an - y more;

But quick - ly clean that cor - ner out from ceil - ing to the floor.

For Je - sus wants His tem - ple clean, He can - not bless you more,

Un - less you take those i - dols out from in be - hind the door.

6 Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God;
 You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod.
 The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er;
 What are you going to do about that shelf behind the door?

7 You need not go to foreign lands to find a household god,
 To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
 But in this land where gospel light is shining all around,
 If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.

8 Some hypocrites may look like saints—from men their idols hide;
 But what about the Judgment day beyond death's fearful tide?
 That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
 Where God and men, and angels too, shall every idol trace.

No. 109. He is Just the Same To-day

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

I. N. McHose.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth - le - hem, Who was
 2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus Walked upon the roll - ing sea, To His
 3. Once while rest - ing on a pil - low In the ves - sel, fast a - sleep, There a -
 4. Sure - ly you have heard how Je - sus Prayed down in Geth - sem - a - ne, How He

worshiped by the an - gels, And by wise and ho - ly men, How He taught the learn - ed
 dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee, How He res - cued sink ing
 rose a mighty tempest On the wild and raging deep; "Peace, be still," the Lord com -
 shed His precious life - blood On the rugged, shameful tree, Cru - el thorns His forehead

doc - tors In the Tem - ple far a - way? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 Pe - ter From his dan - ger and dis - may? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 manded, Ev - ry an - gry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
 piercing, As His Spir - it passed a - way; Brother, won't you come and love Him? He is

CHORUS.

just the same to - day. He's just the same to - day, Yes, just the same to -

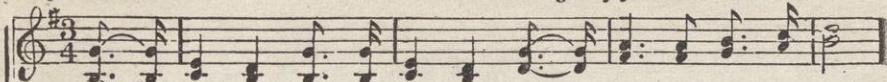
day, I'm glad to tell you, broth - er, He is just the same to - day.

No. 110.

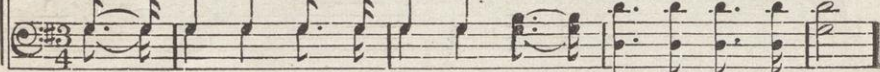
I'm a Soldier.

J. W. B.

Arranged by J. W. BEVILLE and A. F. I.



1. I'm a sol - dier bound for glo ry, I'm a sol - dier march - ing on,
2. Now I'll tell you what in - duced me For the bet - ter world to start;
3. It was ear - ly in the morn - ing, Just be fore the break of day,
4. When I first with Christ en - list - ed, Man - y said I'd turn a - gain;
5. Man - y say I am too nois - y, But I know the rea - son why;
6. Some say that John the Bap - tist Was noth - ing but a Jew,



CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, bound for glo - ry, Saved thro' Je - sus blood I stand;
D. C. for Chorus.



- Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Sav - ior's lov - ing - kind - ness O - ver - came and won my heart.
That the an - gel came from glo - ry, And he rolled the stone a - way.
But I thro' each day re - sist - ed, In the ranks I still re - main.
If they on - ly felt the glo - ry, They would shout as well as I!
But the Bi - ble plain - ly tells me That he had sal - va - tion too.



Saved for serv - ice, saved for Heav - en, Sweet - ly saved in Beau - lah - land.

No. 111.

I Am One of Them Today.

(May be sung to tune No. 109.)

- 1 How I came to love these pilgrims,
Is to me a great surprise;
And the way the Lord has led me,
Is a wonder in my eyes;
No, I never thought I'd be one,
'But I'm happy now to say,
That, although I used to hate them,
I am one of them today!

CHORUS.

I feel constrained to say,
I love this narrow way;
O glory, hallelujah,
I am one of them today.

- 2 Well I knew the world despised them,
So I said 'twould never do;
I would lose my reputation
If I join that noisy crew;
But I heard in Sinai's thunder,
"You must surely go that way;"
I am not ashamed to own it,
I am one of them today.
- 3 Oft I sneered when they were telling
That they felt no foe within,
That the grace of their Redeemer
Daily kept them free from sin;
But conviction seized my spirit,
Took my hatred all away;

- I have found this great salvation,
And I'm one of them today.
- 4 It so shocked me that I could not
All my indignation hide,
When they said that God's old Bible
Never would endorse my pride;—
Though high-headed, proud and haughty,
Yes I heard the Spirit say,
"Will you be a humble pilgrim?"
And I'm one of them today.
- 5 Once I thought their demonstrations
Were entirely out of place;
That I never would consent to
Bring upon me such disgrace;
So I asked the Lord to bless me
In a mild and careful way,—
I broke through and got the glory,
And I'm one of them today.
- 6 I'm so glad I ever found them,
For they've led me to the right;
And I mean to stay among them,
Daily walking in the light;
Then some day I'll join their number
Over on the golden shore;
It is settled, hallelujah!
I'm a pilgrim evermore.

No. 112.

Won't You Go With Me?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is a place where you may rest, 'Tis found in the
 2. There's rest from all your guilt - y fears, 'Tis found in the
 3. There is a rest from ev - 'ry care, 'Tis found in the
 4. There is a place wherè you may hide, 'Tis found in the

arms of Je - sus; Where you may be for - ev - er blest, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; There's rest from all your toil and tears, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; The con - trite find sweet par - don there, 'Tis
 arms of Je - sus; And rest with all the sanc - ti - fied, 'Tis

CHORUS.

found in the arms of Je - sus. Come, poor sin - ner,

won't you go with me? Won't you go with me, won't you go with me?
 O won't

Come, poor sin - ner, won't you go with me? There's rest in the arms of Je - sus.

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No. 113.

“The New Song.”

A. F. INGLER.

Rev. 5: 9; 10; 15: 3.

Southern Melody.

Cho.—Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song;

Wait a lit - tle while, Then we'll sing the New Song.

1. When Ga - briel blows his trump - et loud, Then we'll sing the New Song;
2. When Je - sus comes to claim His bride, Then we'll sing the New Song;
3. Some day we'll drink the King's new wine, Then we'll sing the New Song;
4. When we shall reach the gold - en shore, Then we'll sing the New Song;
5. When all our vic - t'ries here are won, Then we'll sing the New Song;

And Christ descends on the snow-white cloud, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And steals a - way the sanc - ti - fied, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And like the stars in glo - ry shine, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Then we'll sing the New Song.
 And we sur-round the great white throne, Then we'll sing the New Song.

Music and Chorus from "Silver Tones," by the Silver Lake Quartet.

No. 114.

Song of the Pilgrim.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Arranged from "Lockwood"

1. When once a sin-ner vile, And wand'ring far from God, I heard a warn-
 2. Since Je-sus saved my soul, I'm hap-py all the time, The clouds of sin and
 3. And now I have a home, Be-yond the star-ry sky,—The home that Je-sus
 4. When Je-sus went a-way Our man-sions to pre-pare, He bade us wait and

voice from Heaven say: "Why will ye live in sin, And dis-o-bey my Word,
 grief have rolled a-way; My heart is filled with joy, And oh, it is sub-lime,
 prom-ised to pre-pare; And in that hap-py land, The peo-ple nev-er die,
 watch for His re-tur-n; So let us faith-ful be, And nev-er doubt nor fear,

And proud-ly trav-el on in Sa-tan's way?" O I re-mem-ber well The
 I feel to sing, and dance, and shout and pray. O glo-ry be to God! My
 And sin and sor-row nev-er en-ter there. The gates are made of pearl, The
 But let the ho-ly fire blaze and burn. We have the prom-ise true: "His

CHORUS.—O sin-ner, won't you come And

pleadings of my Lord, And how my sins like mountains did ap-pear; But Je sus
 soul is all a-flame, The fire is fall-ing on me from a-bove; Sal-va-tion,
 streets are paved with gold, And all the saints are robed in spotless white; O I shall
 coming draweth nigh," The an-gel soon will sound the ju-bi-lee; We then shall

make a start to-night, Let Je-sus have a chance to save your soul? He'll wash a-

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Song of the Pilgrim—Concluded.

D. S. for Chorus.

heard my cry, And washed me in His blood, And gave to me His witness bright and clear.
 full and free, Is mine since Jesus came, And now I feel the raptures of His love.
 soon be there, And Jesus' face behold, And dwell with Him where all is pure and bright.
 all be changed "In the twinkling of an eye," And ev-er-more with Jesus shall we be.

way your sins And robe you all in white, And in the book of life your name enroll.

No. 115. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans ing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je-sus who confirms The bless-ed work within, By add-ing grace to
5. And He the witness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev-'ry promise
6. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the Gift of

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n a bove.
 welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin. } I am coming, Lord! Com-ing
 is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

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No. 116. He Is Coming Back Again.

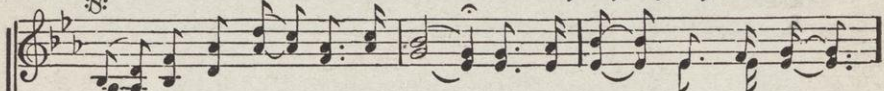
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Acts 1: 9-11.

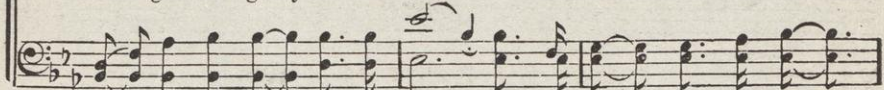
JOHN T. BENSON.



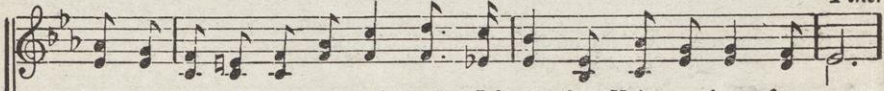
1. Do you know why I'm long-ing for the com-ing of the Lord, And
 2. Do you know why no lon-ger I can call this world my home, And my
 3. Do you know Je - sus promised when He left this world of sin That He'd



watch-ing His glo - ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bride - groom,
 heart from its fet-ters is set free? 'Tis be - cause I'm ex - pect-ing
 come a-gain in glo-ry in the air? And His ransomed Bride will meet Him



D.S.—glad that He is coming back a-gain He is com-ing then for me, *Fine.*



my be - lov - ed and a-dored, And I know that He's com-ing for me.
 that my Bride-groom soon will come, And I know He is com-ing for me.
 when the trumpet loud shall sound, I'm so glad that His glo - ry I'll share.



and His glo-ry I shall see, I'm so glad He is com-ing for me.



Do you know why He's robed me in gar - ments of white, And has
 Do you know why I'm send - ing the ti-dings un - to all, And am
 When I think of the day when from sin He set me free, How my



bid - den me all read - y to be. With oil in my ves - sel,
 warn-ing them from Judg - ment to flee? He has sent me His guests
 heart doth turn to Him, my loved and true, And I long for the time



He Is Coming Back Again—Concluded.

and my lamp all trimmed and bright? 'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.
to the wedding feast to call, O He's com-ing, yes, com-ing for me.
when my Sav-ior I shall see;—Are you sure that He's com-ing for you?

REFRAIN.

D. S. al Fine.

O He's com-ing back a-gain, He is com-ing back a-gain, I'm so

No. 117. I Lift My Heart to Thee.

CHARLES E. MUDIE.

THOMAS M. MUDIE.

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav-ior di-vine; For Thou art all to
2. Thine am I by all ties, But chief-ly Thine, That thro' Thy sac-ri-
3. To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe,—All that I have and
4. How can I, Lord, with-hold Life's bright-est hour From Thee, or gathered

me; And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos-er bond than
fice Thou, Lord, art mine. By Thine own cords of love so sweet-ly
am, And all I know. All that I have is now no lon-ger
gold, Or an-y pow'r? Why should I keep one precious thing from

this, That "my Be-lov-ed's mine, and I am "His?"
wound A-round me, I to Thee am close-ly bound.
mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
Thee, When Thou hast giv'n Thine own dear Self for me?

No. 118. The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

Major D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor - row; A great glad hope.
 2. A star in the sky, a bea-con bright to guide us; An an - chor sure
 3. A call of com - and, like trumpet clear - ly sound - ing, To make us bold
 4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear - est, A part - ing word

which faith can ev - er bor - row To gild the pass - ing day with the
 to hold when storms betide us; A ref - uge for the soul, where in
 when e - vil is sur - round - ing; To stir the slug - gish heart, and to
 to make Him aye the near - est; Of all His pre - cious words, the

glo - ry of the mor - row, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
 qui - et we may hide us, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
 keep in good a - bound - ing, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.
 sweet - est, bright - est, clear - est, Is the hope of the com - ing of the Lord.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Bless - ed hope,..... bless - ed hope,..... Bless - ed hope of the
 bless - ed hope, bless - ed hope,

com - ing of the Lord; How the ach - ing heart it cheers, How it

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The Hope of the Coming of the Lord—Concluded.

glis-tens thro' our tears, Bless-ed hope of the com-ing of the Lord.

No. 119.

The Upward Gaze.

F. M. ATKINSON.

Acts 1: 10, 11.

JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Have you on your wed-ding gar-ments, Are you clothed in rai-ment white,
2. Are you look - ing un - to Je - sus, For the sav - ing, cleansing pow'r;
3. Spread the ti - dings that He's com-ing, Sing a - loud the glad re - frain;
4. O the joy when we shall meet Him, Left be - hind all pain and tears,

Are you look - ing for the Bridegroom Com - ing back on clouds of light?
 Is your heart made pure and ho - ly, Does He keep you ev - 'ry hour?
 Send the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Christ is com - ing back a - gain.
 In His bright mil - len - nial king - dom, Reign with Christ a thous - and years,

CHORUS.

Are you look - ing for the Bridegroom, Are you shout - ing loud His praise,
Chorus for 4th verse.
 I am look - ing for the Bridegroom, I am shout - ing loud His praise,

Are you wait - ing, are you watch - ing, Have you now the up - ward gaze?
 I am wait - ing, I am watch - ing, I have now the up - ward gaze.

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No. 120.

Beulah.

Isa. 62: 4.

1. Once I lay fet-tered in sin's gloom - y pris - on, But
 2. But how do you know that your sins are for - giv - en? Why,
 3. This won-drous sal - va - tion, I've got it, I've got it, And,
 4. He's healed all my limp-ing, and slip - ping, and doubt - ing, And

Je - sus unbound me, and I have a - ris - en; O glo - ry to God,
 Je - sus has sent me the wit - ness from Heav - en; O glo - ry to God,
 glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll sing it, I'll shout it; O glo - ry to God,
 set me to leap-ing, and danc-ing, and shout-ing; O glo - ry to God,

8: *Fine.*
 I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!
 I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!
 I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!
 I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!

D. S. - I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!

REFRAIN.

D. S

Beu - lah, Beu - lah, glo - ri - ous land of Beu - lah! O glo - ry to God,

5 Some people are doubtful of sanctification,
 But Jesus will spread it all over creation;
 O glory to God, I'm under the blood,
 And I'll praise Him over the land of
 Beulah!

6 But can He from inward pollution deliver?
 Yes, glory to Jesus, forever and ever;
 O glory to God, I'm under the blood,
 And I'll praise Him over the land of
 Beulah!

7 This wondrous salvation, O how is it given?
 Why, Jesus will send it right on you from
 Heaven;
 O glory to God, I'm under the blood,
 And I'll praise Him over the land of Beulah!

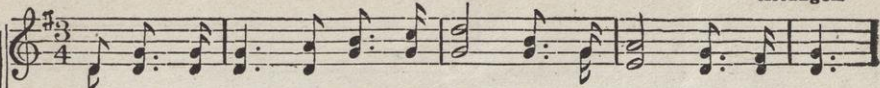
8 O soon, fellow pilgrims, we'll cross o'er the
 river,
 And dwell in the presence of Jesus forever:
 O glory to God, I'm under the blood,
 And I'll praise Him over the land of Beulah!

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No. 121.

Let Me Die.


Arranged.




1. O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, let me die;
 2. My friends may say, "I'll ru - ined be," If I die, if I die,
 3. Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers, Let me die, let me die;
 4. If Christ would live and reign in me, I must die, I must die;
 5. Be - gin at once to drive the nails, Let me die, let me die;
 6. When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee I shall live, I shall live;




Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, let me die.
 If I leave all and fol - low Thee, But I'll die, but I'll die.
 I must be freed from slav - ish fears, Let me die, let me die.
 Like Him I cru - ci - fied must be, I must die, I must die.
 Oh, suf - fer not my heart to fail, Let me die, let me die.
 My time, my strength, my all to Thee I will give, I will give.

Die to the tri - fling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth;
 Their ar - gu - ments will nev - er weigh, Nor stand the try - ing judg - ment day;
 So dead that no de - sire shall rise To pass for good, or great, or wise,
 Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans, My flesh may writhe and make its moans,
 Je - sus, I look to Thee for pow'r To help me to en - dure the hour
 Oh, may the Son now make me free! Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee




My Sav - ior calls, I'm go - ing forth, Let me die, let me die.
 Help me to cast them all a - way, Let me die, let me die.
 In an - y but my Sav - ior's eyes: Let me die, let me die.
 But in this way, and this a - lone, I must die, I must die.
 When, cru - ci - fied by sov'-reign pow'r, I shall die, I shall die.
 For time and for e - ter - ni - ty: I will live, I will live.



7 The carnal mind once troubled me,
 But it died, but it died;
 He sanctified and made me free,
 So it died, so it died;

So dead that no desires arise
 To pass for good, or great, or wise,
 In any but my Savior's eyes,
 So I live, so I live.

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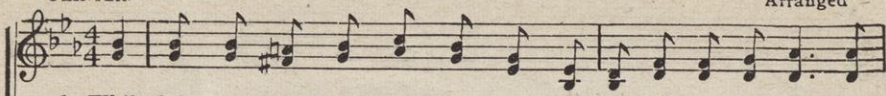
No. 122.

A Little Talk With Jesus.

"And behold there talked with him two men." Luke 9: 30.

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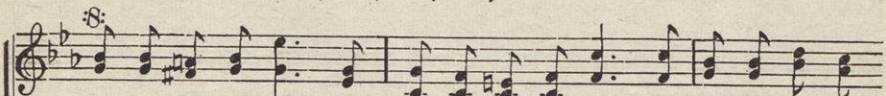
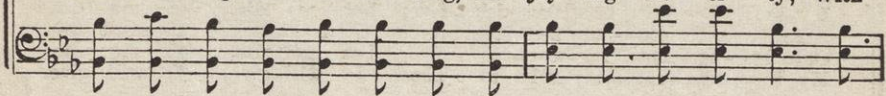
Arranged



1. While fight - ing for my Sav - ior here, The dev - il tries me hard; He
 2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
 3. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
 4. And thus by fre - quent lit - tle talks I keep the vic - to - ry; And



us - es all his might - y pow'r, My pro - gress to re - tard; He's
 tri - als sore of ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 more who once pro - fessed to love Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I
 march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With



up to ev - ry move, And yet thro' all I prove, A lit - tle talk with
 soon I con - quer all, When on the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
 tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with



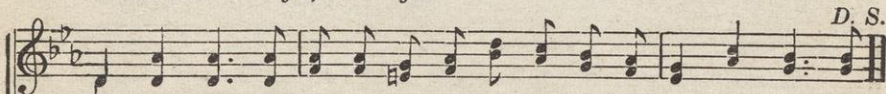
D. S. - trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with
 Fine. CHORUS.



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



Je - sus makes it right, all right.



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



No. 123. God's Love Shineth More and More.

D. J. Y.

D. J. YOUNG.

1. In this Ca - naan I have found, Je - sus leads me round by round;
 2. In this ho - ly, hap - py land I am in His gra - cious hand;
 3. In this bright and hap - py land, Where our fa - thers used to stand,
 4. Oh, praise God, in Je - sus' name I will live and die the same;
 5. I am not a - fraid to die; In Christ's name my soul shall fly;

God's love shin-eth more and more; And for Je - sus I shall stand
 God's love shin-eth more and more; As I pray, and shout, and sing,
 God's love shin-eth more and more, This, the land of corn and wine,
 God's love shin-eth more and more; Heights I'm gain - ing ev - 'ry day,
 God's love shin-eth more and more; Up to Heav - en I shall soar,

And con - tend for all the land; God's love shin-eth more and more.
 Free sal - va - tion it doth bring; God's love shin eth more and more.
 All its rich - es here are mine; God's love shin-eth more and more.
 While I jour - ney on the way; God's love shin-eth more and more.
 Praise His name for ev - er - more; God's love shin-eth more and more.

CHORUS.

God's love shineth more and more, God's love shineth more and more; While this

journey I pur - sue, Je - sus guides and leads me thro'; God's love shineth more and more.

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No. 124.

The Ninety and Nine.

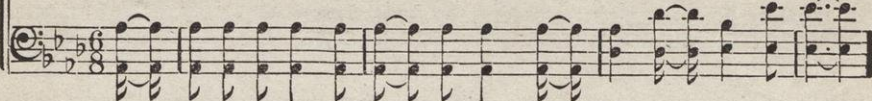
Arranged by A. F. I.

Luke 15: 4-7.

BLISS.



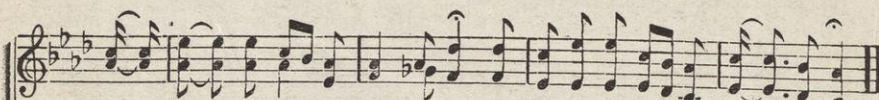
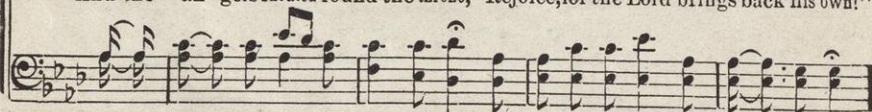
1. There were ninety and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter of the fold,
2. Lord, hast Thou not here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e-nough for Thee?
3. But none of the ransomed ev-er knew How deep were the waters crossed,
4. Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder riv'n, And a-long the rock-y steep,



But one had wandered far a-way, In the des-ert so lone and cold;
 But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine Has wan-dered a-way from me;
 Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed thro', Ere He found the sheep that was lost.
 "They were shed for the one that went a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 A - rose the glad song of joy to Heav'n, "Re-joice, for I've found my sheep!"



A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care,
 The way may be wild, and rough, and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
 A - way in the desert He heard its cry, So feeble and helpless, and near to die,
 Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? I see they are pierced by many a thorn,
 And the an-gels shouted round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"



A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care.
 The way may be wild, and rough, and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
 A - way in the desert He heard its cry, So feeble and helpless, and near to die.
 Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? I see they are pierced by many a thorn.
 And the an-gels shouted round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"



No. 125.

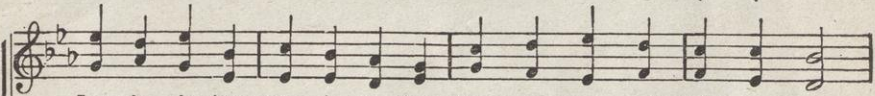
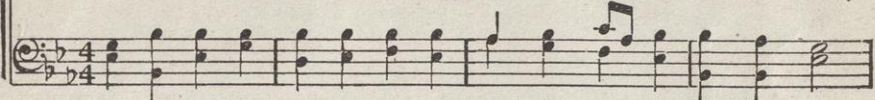
Christ Is Coming!

JOHN MACDUFF and CHARLES WESLEY.

VINCENT NOVELLO.



1. Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion Bid her groans and tra-vail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto-ry Of Thy bit-ter cross and pain;
3. With that "blessed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp re-main un-strung;
4. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;



Let the glo-rious proc-la-ma-tion Hope re-store, and faith in-crease;
 She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry, When Thou com-est back to reign;
 Let the might-y ad-vent cho-rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train:



Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of peace!
 Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Let each heart re-peat the strain.
 Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come!
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.

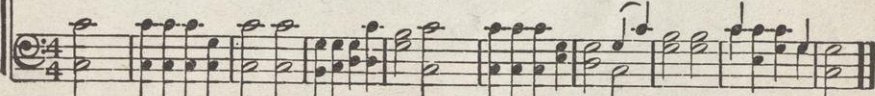
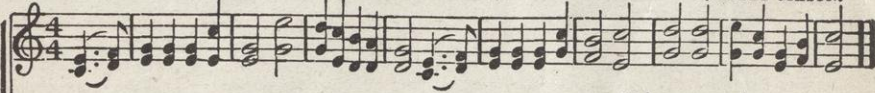


No. 126.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH, alt.

LOWELL MASON.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies. 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er,
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou hast got the crown. 4 Fight on, my soul, and win
 The glorious victory,
 And with thy Savior thou shalt reign
 Throughout eternity. |
|---|---|

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