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Grace and glory carols.
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Southern Baptist Seminary

Grace and Glory Carols

Sing unto the LORD a new song: Make His praise glorious. Make a joyful noise unto Him, all ye people. Praise ye the LORD.

GRACE AND GLORY
Kansas City, Missouri.

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Carols

Sing unto the LORD a new song:
Make His praise glorious. Make
a joyful noise unto Him, all ye
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PREFACE

There are many hymns and songs, whose music is excellent, but whose teaching is unscriptural. Accordingly, several years ago we published *"Hymns of Grace and Glory,"* word edition only, comprising fifty selections of new hymns and old ones made scriptural. These we used in our own meetings with great delight and profit. This suggested the wisdom of publishing a music edition of a similar book for the use of other saints who love the whole truth. By the definite leadings of the Lord, such a project has materialized. *"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before Him"*—Eccl. 3:14.

We are indebted to the great kindness of our dear brother B. F. Steinburg, for making the first substancial offering unsolicited for this very purpose. So we rejoice in the Lord that He has truly enabled us to put into the hands of God's people a collection of hymns in harmnony with the full Gospel which has beome our very life. And we know that many will rejoice with us.

We are not having our own hymns copyrighted, for that would be a contradiction of the teaching of *GRACE:* but we are trusting God to keep them from being stolen and copyrighted by anyone else. No price is affixed to the book. The hymns are written to sing, but not to sell. The Gospel is *"without money and without price,"* whether spoken, written or sung. Our hearts rejoice to know that our Father is making this Free Hymn Book a blessing and a comfort to those who obtain it and sing its contents *"with the Spirit and with the understanding also."* This is the fifth edition, the largest and best of all.

Therefore, send for a copy. You may want some for your assembly. Yours for God's glory in singing *"a new song unto the Lord."*

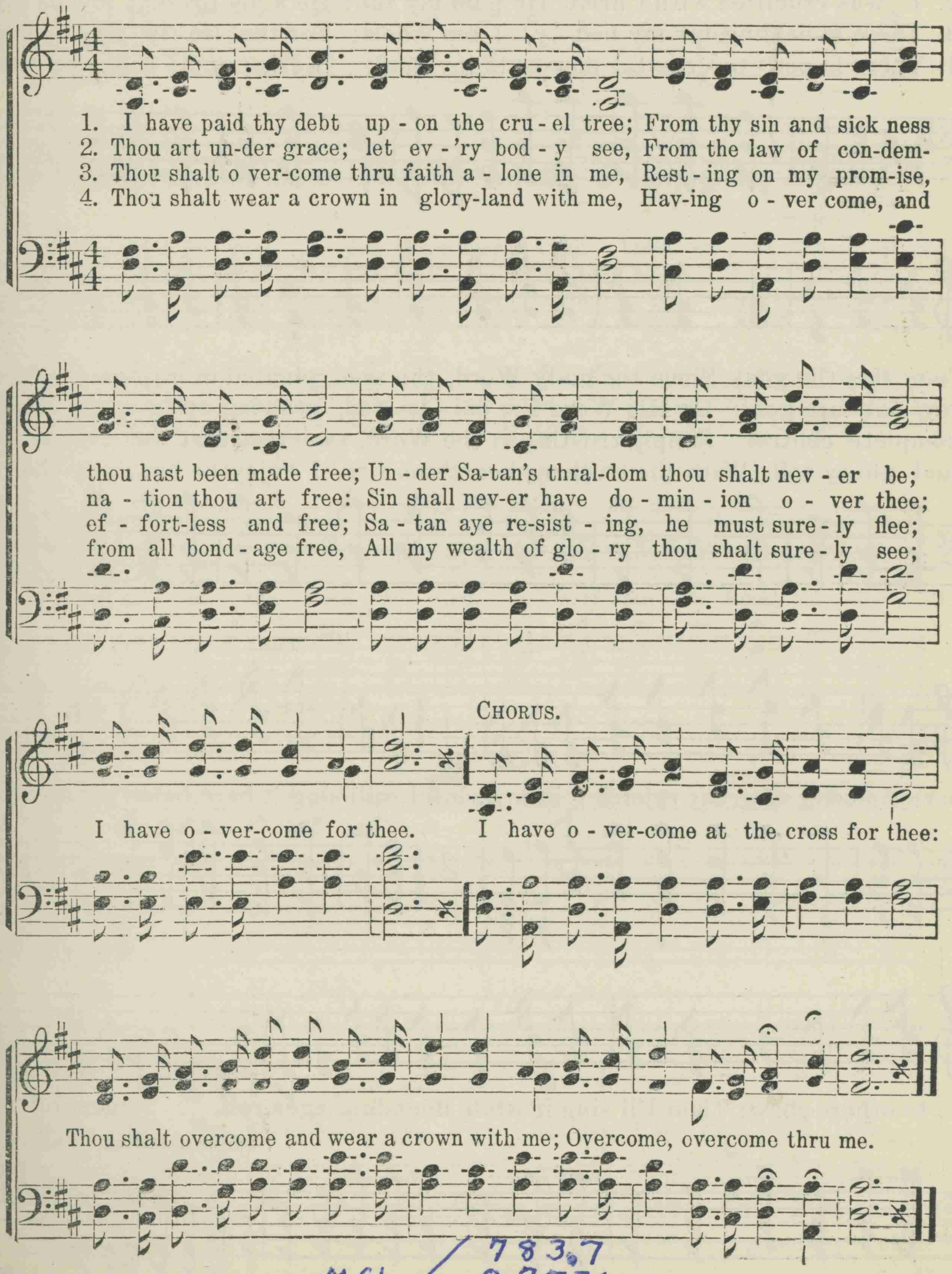
1924. *A. S. COPLEY,* Publisher.

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Grace and Glory Carols

No. 1. Overcomers Thru Christ.

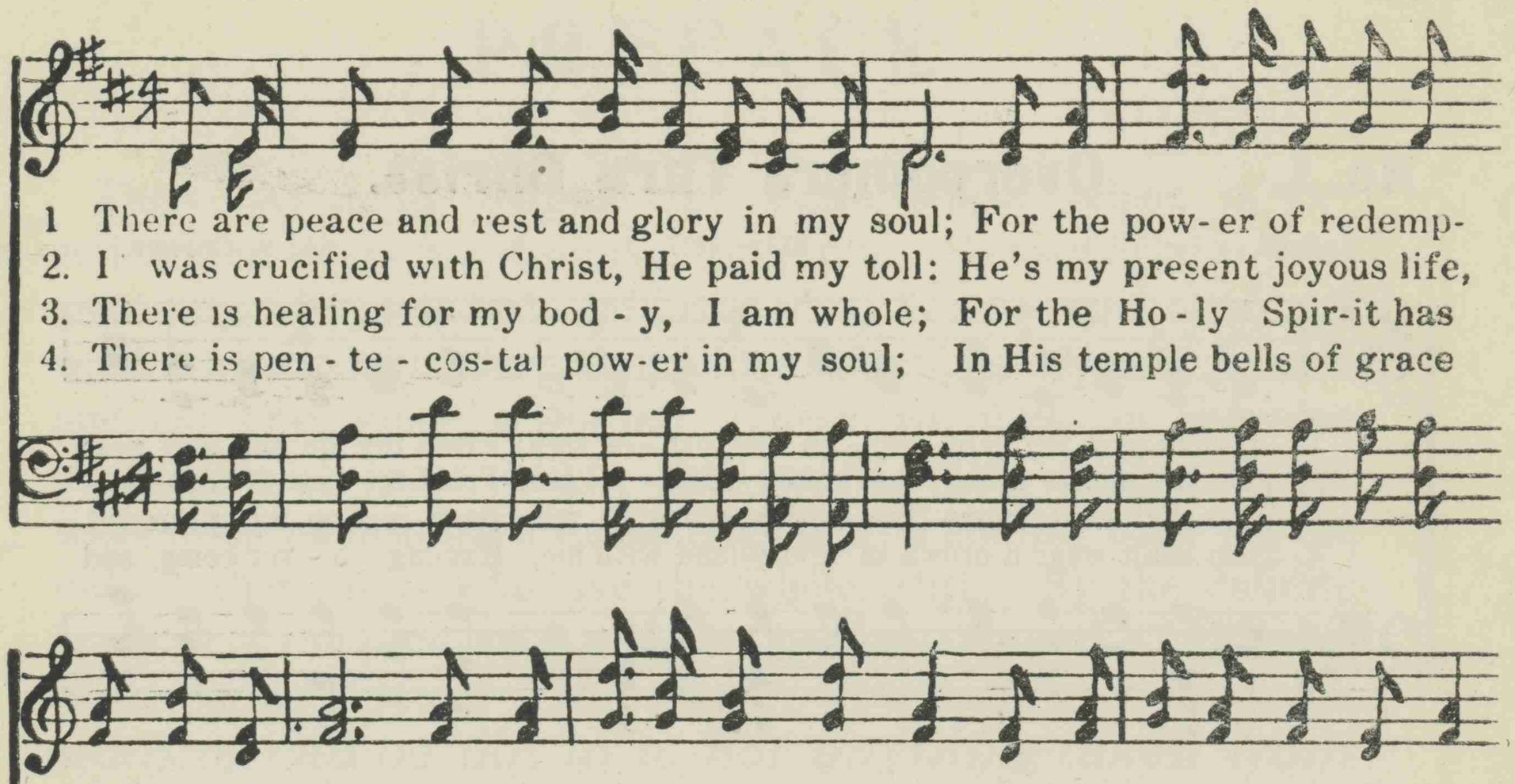
A. S. C. May, 1917. A. S. Copley.



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2 Great Rejoicing In My Soul

A. S. Copley. May 1917 A. S. C.



3. Builded On The Rock

Mrs. C. R, F A. Graves, owner, 1916. Mrs. C. Rice.

1. I build - ed on the Rock, on the Rock of God, Build - ed on the
2. Why should I fear when the winds sweep by? Build - ed on the
3. Hush, rag - ing bil lows, at His com - mand, Build - ed on the
4. Praise God for our foun - da - tion sure! Build - ed on the

Rock, Christ Je - sus; I dug down deep and build - ed on the Rock
Rock, Christ Je - sus; Or shak - en be when the waves roll high?
Rock, Christ Je - sus; Oh, peace be still 'neath His lov - ing hand!
Rock. Christ Je - sus; No storms can harm our house se - cure,

CHORUS.

Build - ed on the Rock of God. I hold not the Rock, but the

Rock holds me, The Rock holds me, the Rock holds me, I rest on the

Rock, and the Rock holds me, Rest - ing on the Rock of God.

Used by Per

4 He Gave Himself For Me

Mary M. Bodie. A. S. Copley.

1. While standing on the brink of woe, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. His dy-ing there my debt has paid— For - ev - er sets me free
3. And gaz-ing on that wondrous scene—My sins nailed to the tree:
4. When I am safe on heaven's shore, My por-tion there will be,
5. And when I see Him as He Is, Like Him I then shall be

Where Jesus full a - tone-ment made; He gave Himself for me.
From all the guilt of Adam's race. He gave Himself for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw. He gave Himself for me.
To sing thru-out e - ter - nal years: "He gave Himself for me."
A body glo - ri - fied I'll have. He gave Himself for me.

Chorus:

He gave Him - self; He gave Him - self for me. He gave His

life, that I might live; And live a - bund - ant - ly.

No. 5. The Bridegroom Cometh.

Mary M. Bodie. 1917. A. S. Copley.

1. Be - hold the Bridegroom cometh; He skippeth o'er the hills, Then looketh thru the windows, And leap - eth o'er the sills. I hear His words of greeting; They fall on rapt-ured ear: "Rise up, my Love, my Fair One;
2. The Tur-tle's coo-ing car - ol Is heard thru-out the land. The Fig-tree, too, is leaf-ing, And tells us spring's at hand. The Vine no more is bar - ren, Nor bare and brown the tree; The shad-ows are re-treat-ing—
3. For lo! the win-ter pass-eth, The rain has gone a - way. The sing-ing birds are coming, To grace our wed - ding day, Then to the mountains go - ing, Up to the hill of myrrh, To wait the morn's glad breaking,
4. For all my heart is rav-ished: Oh, come a-long with me. Thou'rt fairer than the dawning—There is no spot in thee, Be-hold, the Bridegroom com - eth With voice of coo - ing Dove; The Bride is read - y, long-ing,

CHORUS.

No lon - ger tar - ry here."
The sun-light bids them flee. "My com-ing draweth near; A - way with all
With love's flame all a-stir.
Her heart is "sick of love."

thy fear! Rise up, my Love, my Fair One; No lon - ger tar - ry here!"

6. Sins Remembered No More.

S. S. Air adapted. DR. SIDNEY SMITH.

[This song has been largely used of God among the miners of Cornwall.]

1. I'll sing you a song of glad news to - day, My
2. As far as the east is now from the west, My
3. Let men re - mem - ber and foes ac - cuse, My
4. My sins were man - y, my soul was black, My
5. You may search in the depths of the deep, deep sea, My
6. For - giv - en, for - got - ten, and cleansed and gone, My

sins are remembered no more, For Je - sus has tak - en them
sins are remembered no more, And now my soul is at
sins are remembered no more, If God for - gets they may say
sins are remembered no more, For God has cast them be
sins are remembered no more, At the Judgment-throne or e-
sins are remembered no more, Atoned for and covered by

REFRAIN.

all a - way, My sins are remembered no more. No more, no more, no
per-fect rest, My sins are remembered no more.
what they choose, My sins are remembered no more.
hind his back, My sins are remembered no more.
ter - ni - ty, My sins are remembered no more.
God's dear Son, My sins are remembered no more.

more, no more, My sins are re - membered no more; For

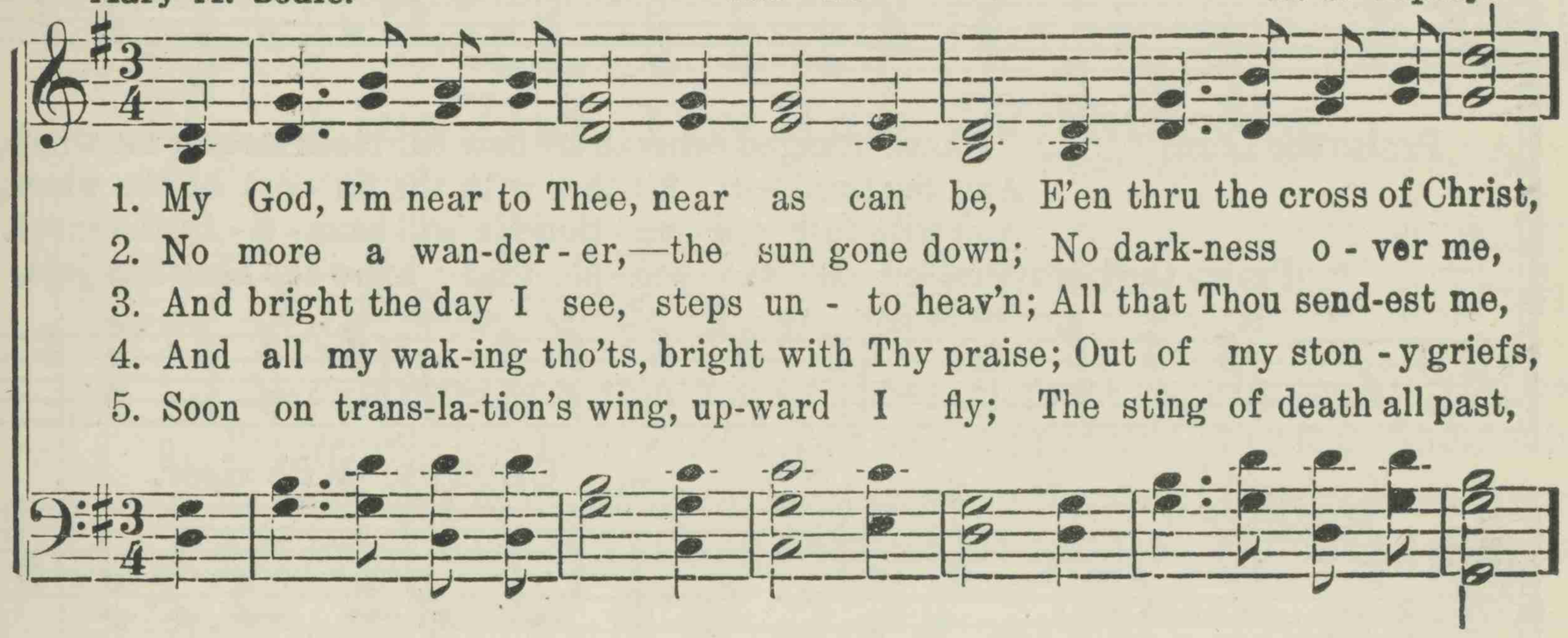
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Sins Remembered No More. Concluded.



No. 7. Near And Dear As He.

Mary M. Bodie. 1917—24. A. S. Copley.





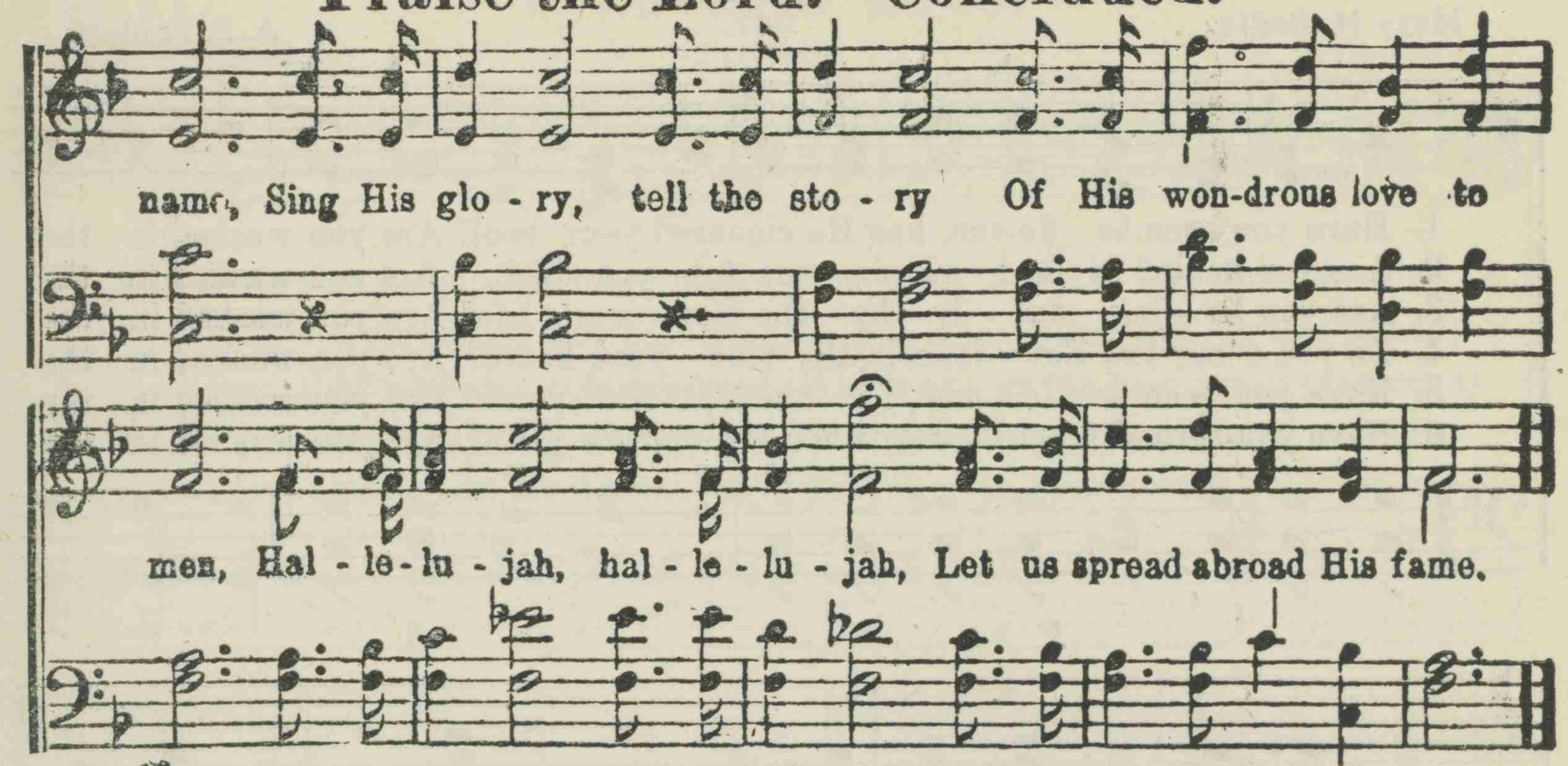


Praise the Lord.

J. V. R. JAS. V. REID.

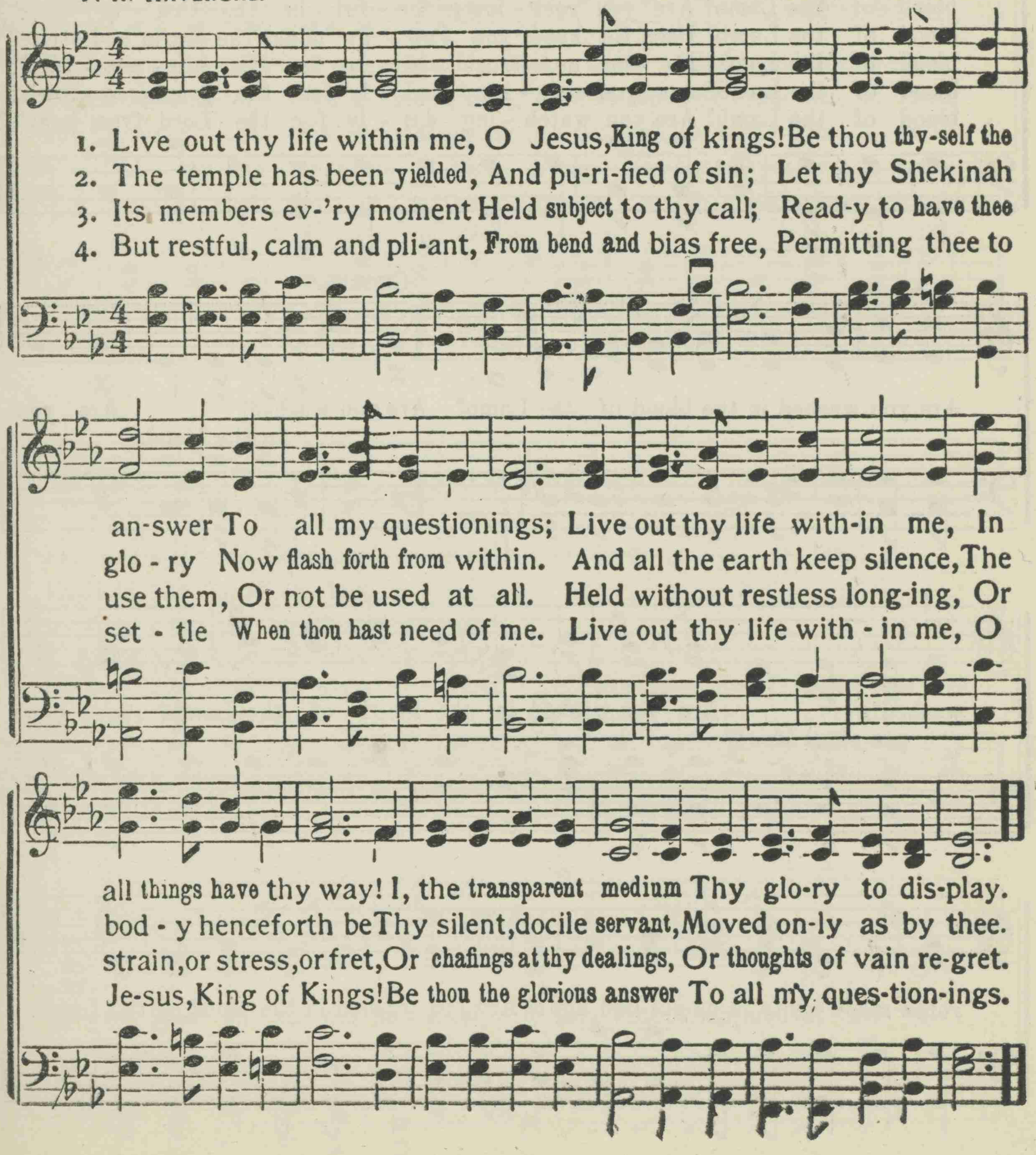


Praise the Lord. Concluded.



9. Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

F. R. HAVERGAL. *Tune:*—AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.

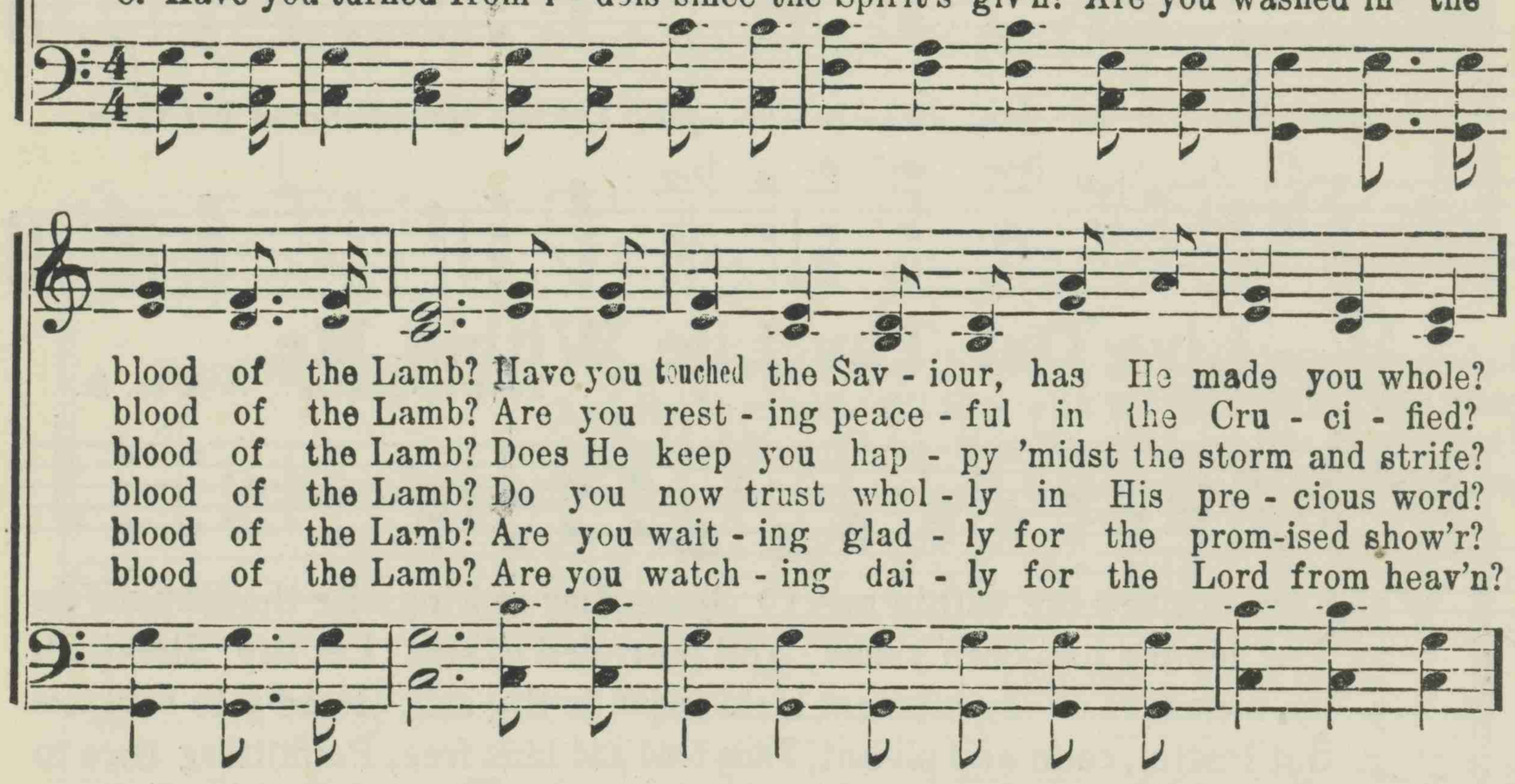


No. 10. Are You Washed?

Mary M. Bodie. 1917. A. S. Copley.

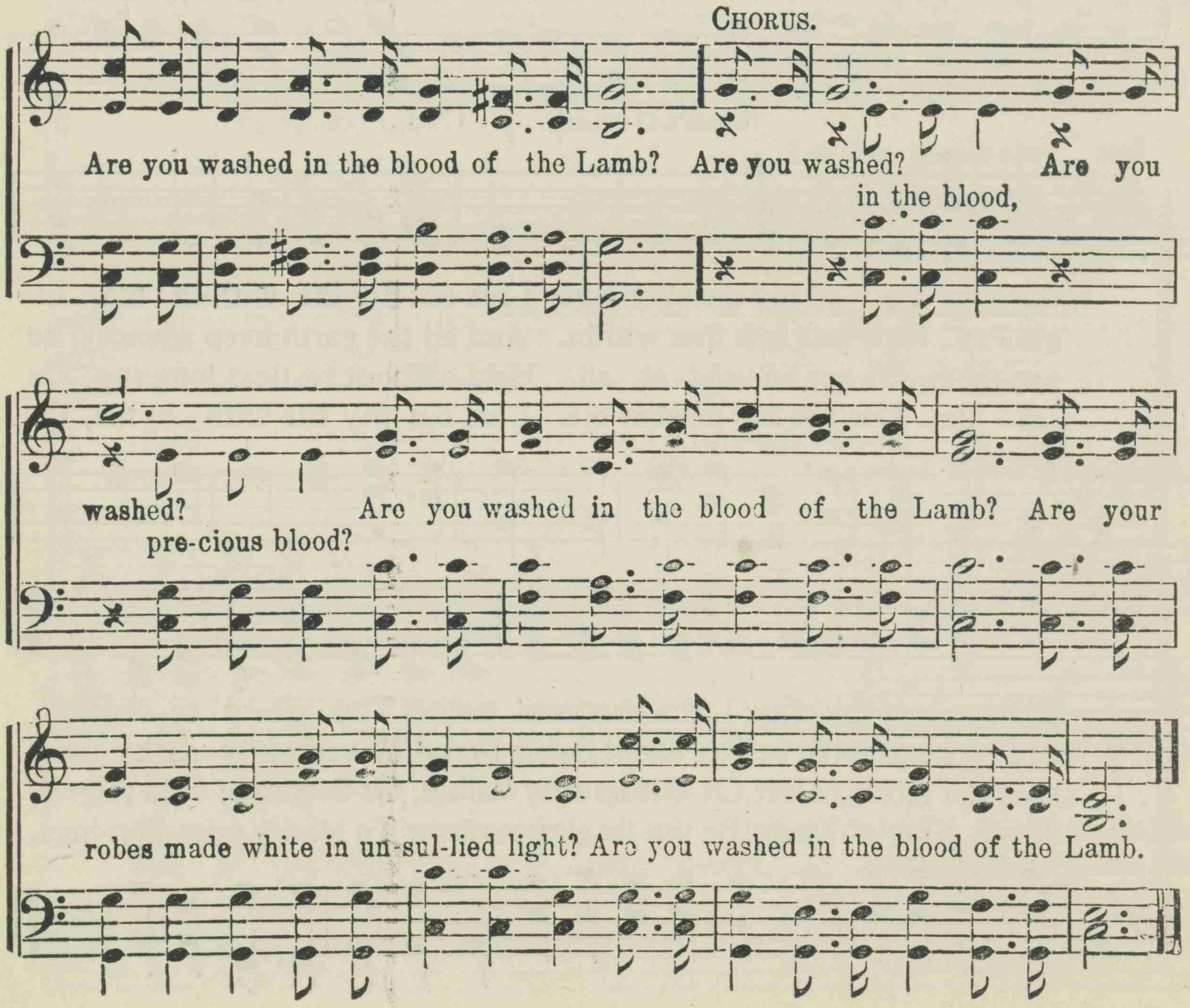


1. Have you been to Je-sus, has He cleansed your soul? Are you washed in the
2. Are you healed in bod - y? Je - sus for you died. Are you washed in the
3. Are you liv - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's life? Are you washed in the
4. Do you serve the Sav - iour in the vine - yard heard? Are you washed in the
5. Have you been to Je - sus for the Spir-it's pow'r? Are you washed in the
6. Have you turned from i - dols since the Spirit's giv'n? Are you washed in the



blood of the Lamb? Have you touched the Sav - iour, has He made you whole?
blood of the Lamb? Are you rest - ing peace - ful in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Does He keep you hap - py 'midst the storm and strife?
blood of the Lamb? Do you now trust whol - ly in His pre - cious word?
blood of the Lamb? Are you wait - ing glad - ly for the prom-ised show'r?
blood of the Lamb? Are you watch - ing dai - ly for the Lord from heav'n?

CHORUS.



Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed? Are you in the blood,

washed? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are your pre-cious blood?

robes made white in un-sul-lied light? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 11. O Love! O Love!

Mary M. Bodie. July 1919. A. S. Copley.

1. O love, that sought me when in sin, That went to Cal - v'ry love to win;
2. O love, con-strain-ing and constrained! This all con-sum-ing, un-con-tained;
3. O love, that none can com-pre-hend, Which ev - en an-gels' grasp transcend!
4. O Love, that would not let me go, That moved my will and bro't me low!
5. O Love, that draws me to the sky, To reign in heav'n with Thee for aye,

That fills and thrills and burns like fire, Makes sense be dumb and flesh re-tire,
Which flows in bil - lows, deep and wide, True es-sence of the Cru - ci - fied,
The Christ a - lone, this love possessed; Its ful-ness, He made man - i - fest,
I find my hap - py home in Thee, A cap - tive bound, yet ev - er free,
Thy Bride I shall for - ev - er be; Thy glo - ry Thou wilt share with me;

CHORUS.

And meets the depths of man's de - sire! O love! ..... O love!
There is no oth - er love be - side.
In bring - ing me pro-found-est rest.
I could not live a - part from Thee.
All hon - or shall be giv'n to Thee. O wondrous love, O bound-less love,

O love that Je - sus did be - stow; O love that would not let me go.

No. 12. A Window in the Ark.

A. S. C. June 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Are you bur-dened down with sin, Whether out or wheth-er in? Is the
2. Are you suff'ring night and day—Sick in bod - y, none to pray? Is the
3. Do you feel the lack of pow'r, In your toil and try - ing hour? Is the
4. Are you dy - ing for God's grace, In no cer - tain dwelling place? Is the

load a break-ing down your bark? Are you filled with grief and pain, Know-ing
load a break-ing down your bark? Does it seem you'll sure - ly die, Tho' all
load a break-ing down your bark? Do the heav - ens seem as brass, And does
load a break-ing down your bark? Does your la - bor seem in vain? Christ is

not how Christ to gain? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.
hu - man help is nigh? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.
noth - ing come to pass? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.
your e - ter - nal gain: There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.

CHORUS.

When your pain is hard to bear, And there's darkness ev'rywhere, And no bod - y
seems at all to care: Look to Je - sus in your grief, He will sure-ly send re-lief;

FINE.

D. S.

13. Healing In His Wings

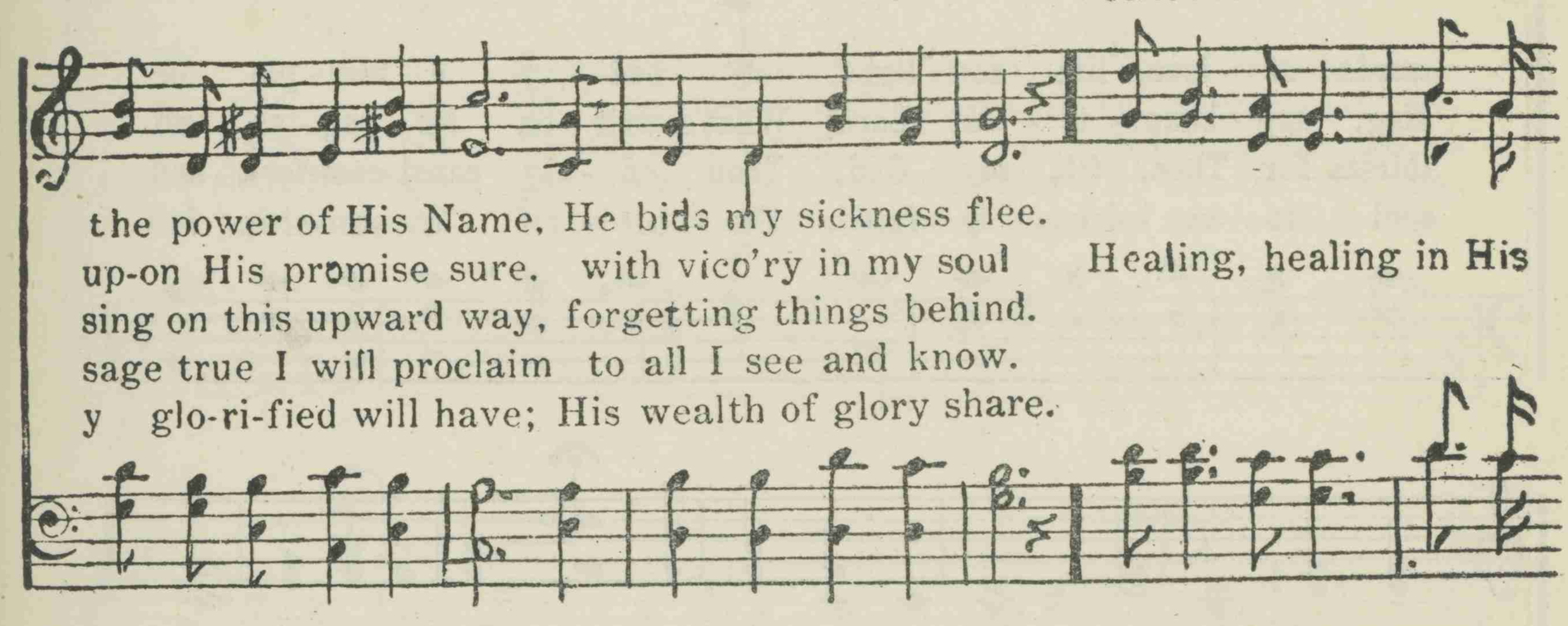
Mary M. Bodie. May 1917 A. S Copley.



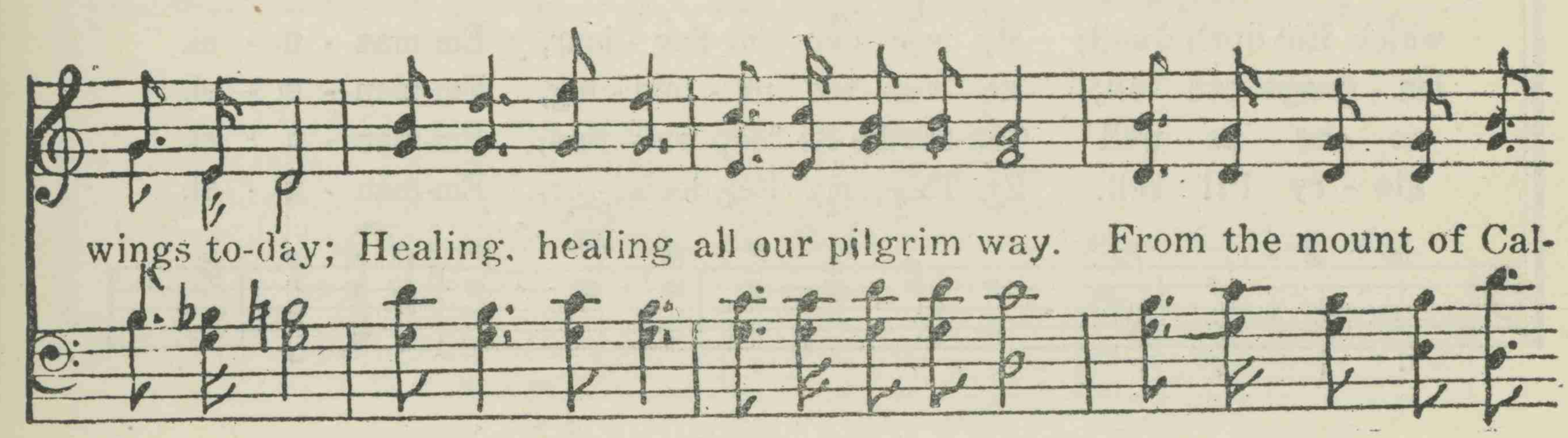
1. I suffered in the throes of pain, Till Jesus came and set me free; For by
2. The pains may struggle in my flesh, Temptations sore around me roll, I rest
3. While trusting in the Lord alone, Sweet followship I always find. I'm pres-
4. While walking in the light of God, I feel the healing balm and glow. This m es-
5. Soon Je-sus up on high I'll see, And be for-ev-er with Him there-- A bo l-



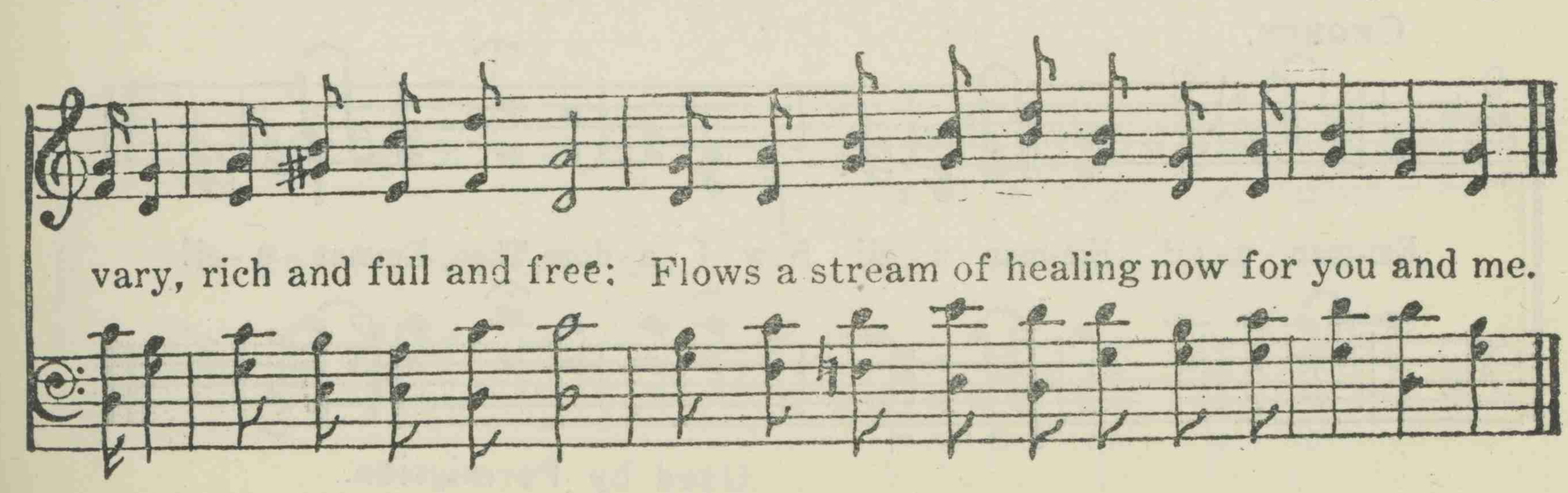
Chorus:



the power of His Name, He bids my sickness flee.
up-on His promise sure. with vico'ry in my soul Healing, healing in His
sing on this upward way, forgetting things behind.
sage true I will proclaim to all I see and know.
y glo-ri-fied will have; His wealth of glory share.



wings to-day; Healing, healing all our pilgrim way. From the mount of Cal-



vary, rich and full and free: Flows a stream of healing now for you and me.



14. Emmanuel.

Copyright, 1916, by M. Turner.

M. T. M. TURNER.

1. My heart is a leaf, on which He doth write His won - der - ful
2. My heart with its depths as yet un - ex-plored; Ex - cept by its
3. 'Twas weighted with woe, Thou took - est the load; It hun - gers and
4. My heart with its love, my life with its need, My bod - y and

words of love, life and light; My bod - y a tem - ple in
king, my - beau - ti - ful Lord; What's writ on its pag - es, no
thirsts for Thee, Oh, my God; Thou on - ly canst com-fort, and
soul so won - drous - ly freed, Ex - alt - ed to son-ship: Its

which He doth dwell; My won - der - ful Sav - iour, Em-man - u - el.
lan - guage can tell; He has the un - fold - ing, Em-man - u - el.
no one so well Can soothe its deep wa - ters, Em-man - u - el.
glo - ry I'll tell. By Thee, my Re - deem - er, Em-man - u - el.

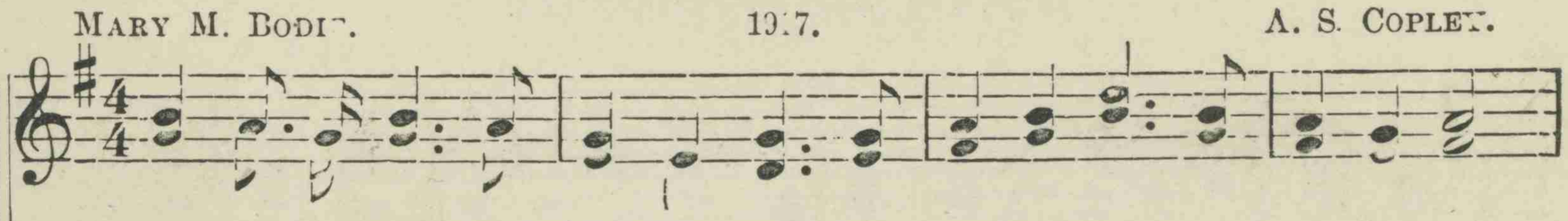
CHORUS.

Em-man - u - el! Em-man - u - el! How I a - dore Thee, Emman - u - el!

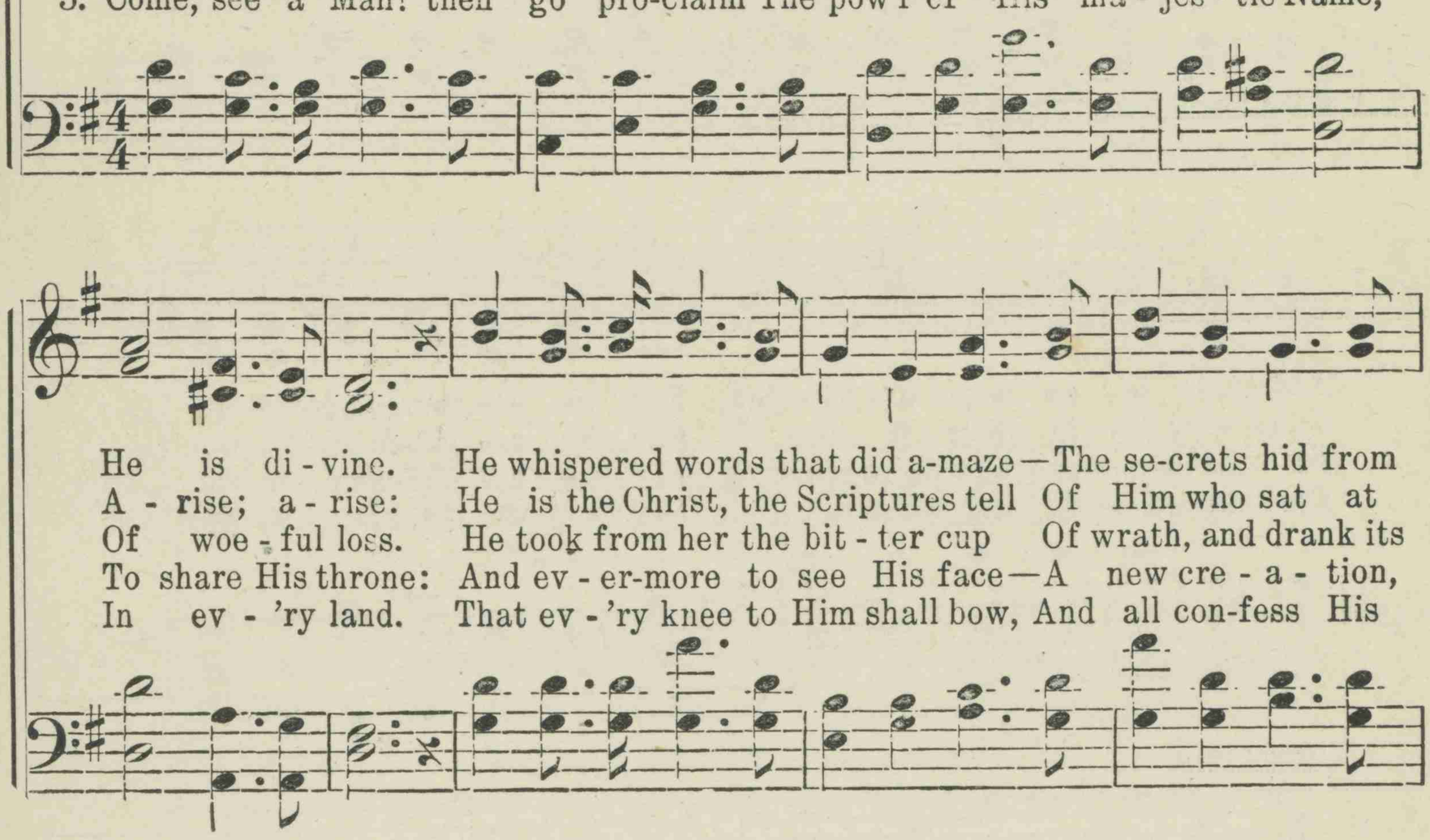
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No. 15. The Wondrous Man.

MARY M. BODI[illegible]. 19[illegible]7. A. S. COPLE[illegible].



1. Come, see a Man—the wondrous Man! Be - hold His grace; His glo - ry scan.
2. Come, see a Man! He is the King, To all who trust He gives a spring.
3. Come, see a Man! He asked a drink Of one who stood up - on the brink
4. Come, see a Man! He stooped in love, Man-kind to raise to heights a - bove,
5. Come, see a Man! then go pro-claim The pow'r of His ma - jes - tic Name,



He is di - vine. He whispered words that did a-maze—The se-crets hid from
A - rise; a - rise: He is the Christ, the Scriptures tell Of Him who sat at
Of woe - ful loss. He took from her the bit - ter cup Of wrath, and drank its
To share His throne: And ev - er-more to see His face—A new cre - a - tion,
In ev - 'ry land. That ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow, And all con-fess His



CHORUS.

hu-man gaze, A sig - nal sign, a sig - nal sign. Come! Come!
side of well; Dis-cern-ing wise, dis - cern-ing wise.
contents up, Up - on the cross, up - on the cross.
heav'nly race, His ver - y own, His ver - y own.
Lordship now, Is God's command, is God's command. Come and drink, Come today,



Come, trust this won - drous Man:.... He will save you now.

No. 16. Joined to the Lord.

MARY M. BODIE. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. There is no more con-dem - na-tion For God's bless-ed new cre - a - tion;
2. We're de - liv - ered from the mire, Set on sol - id ground much higher,
3. By the Pil - lar safe - ly lead-ing, On the liv - ing Bread we're feeding,
4. E - gypt's stig-ma gone and dy - ing, Canaan's corn we now are try - ing;

And there is no sep - a - ra - tion, For we are joined un - to the Lord.
Filled with Ho - ly Spir - it fire, For we are joined un - to the Lord.
As our homeward way we're speeding, For we are joined un - to the Lord.
For the crowning day we're cry - ing, For we are joined un - to the Lord.

CHORUS.

Joined un - to the Lord, Yes, joined un - to the Lord, One with

Him for - ev - er, liv - ing by His Word. Oh, such match-less

mer - cy, man has nev - er heard, We are joined un - to the Lord.

No. 17. Bridal Adoration.

C. E. F. 1917. C. E. FOSTER.



1. It is glo-rious, heav'nly and grand, In grace to know I have a stand,
2. On the Rock of A-ges to stay, Which nev-er can be swept a-way;
3. I'm a-live in Je-sus, my Head, And count the old man to be dead;
4. My faith takes a place by His side, On a throne of do-min-ions wide;
5. All my gar-ments inwrought with gold, And nee-dle-work pre-cious we're told,
6. While the years for a-ges roll on, All trace of sin will then be gone,



And know I'm in the bloodwashed band, For-ev-er saved from sink-ing sand.
For de-mons can-not make it sway; So I re-joice both night and day.
And soon the Bridegroom I shall wed, For Him I love; by Him I'm led.
His foes shall Him no more de-ride, But sub-ject be to King and Bride.
A Queen of youth to ne'er grow old, But glo-ries view as they un-fold.
I'll en-joy with Christ—the Holy One, The Father's love, His faith-ful Son.



CHORUS.



I'm en-joy-ing a foretaste of heav-en, To me the earnest's been giv-en,



I've gone thru the vail that's been riv-en, And now I am hap-py in Him.



18

Nailed To The Cross

Surely He hath borne our sickness and carried our sorrows. Isa. 53: 4,

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

Tenor and Alto Duet.

1. What a won - der-ful, won-der-ful Sa - viour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav - en - ly glo - ry— To ac- complish His Fath - ers plan;
3. He was woun ded for our trans-gres - sions, And He car-ried our sor - rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth - ers, In re- deeming this world from sin;

Freely shedding His prec-ious life blood,
He was born of the Vir - gin Ma - ry,
He's the Healer of ev - ery sick - ness—
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion,

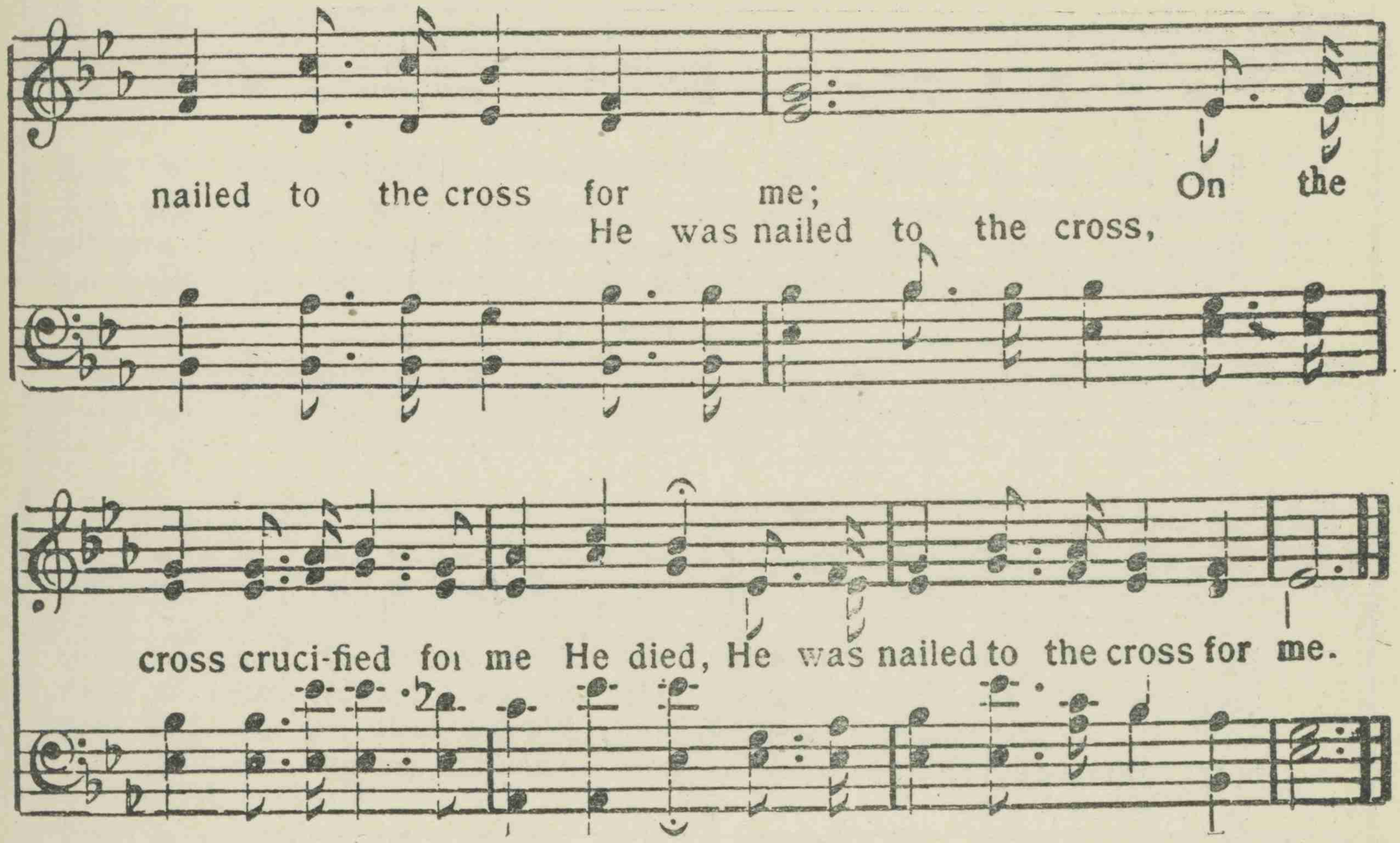
That the sin - ner might be made free.
Took up - on Him the form of man.
This He came to this world to do.
That at last we may en - ter in.

CHORUS.

He was nailed to the cross for me, He was
He was nailed to the cross,

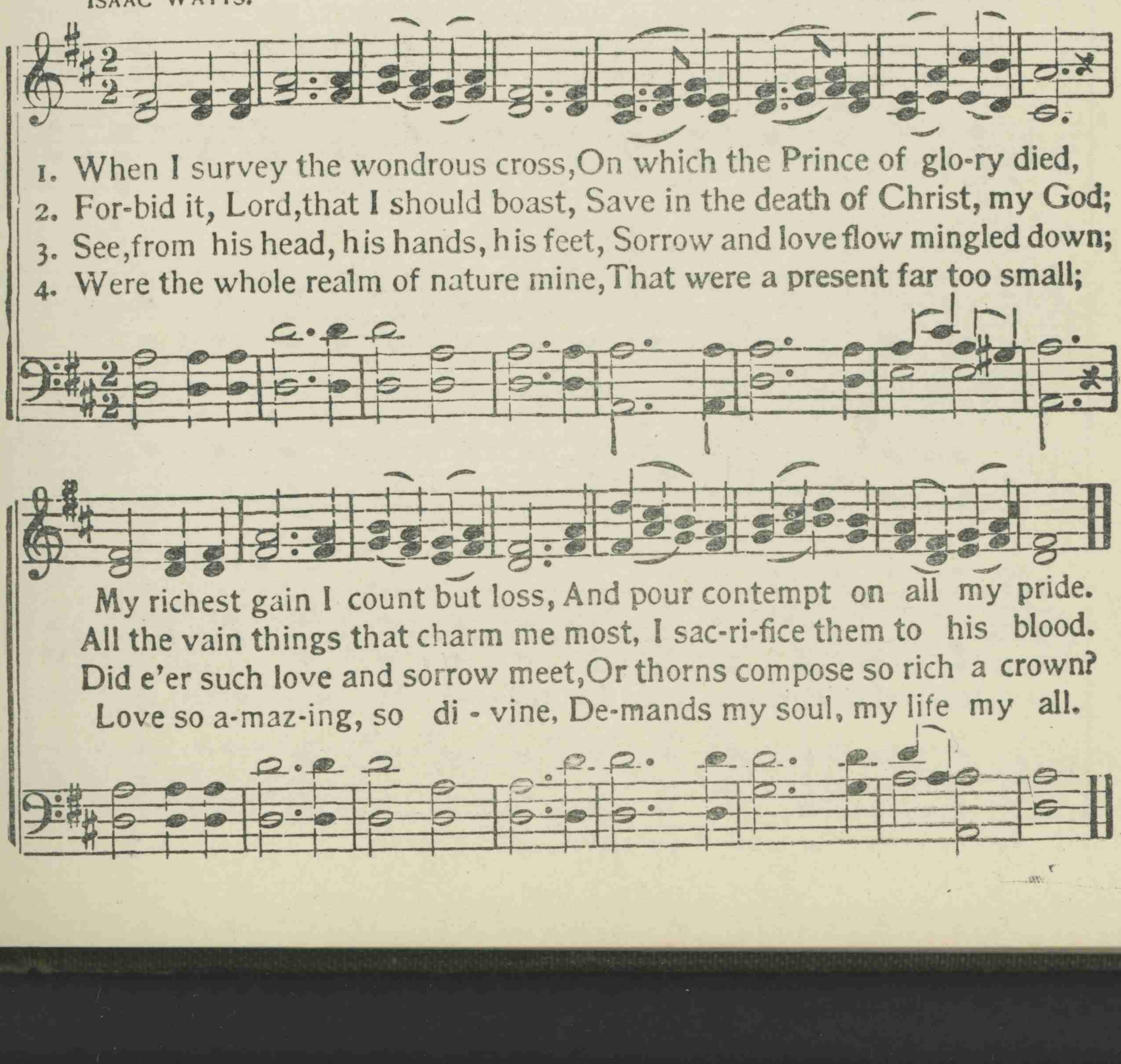
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He was Nailed—Concluded.



When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—EUCHARIST. L. M.

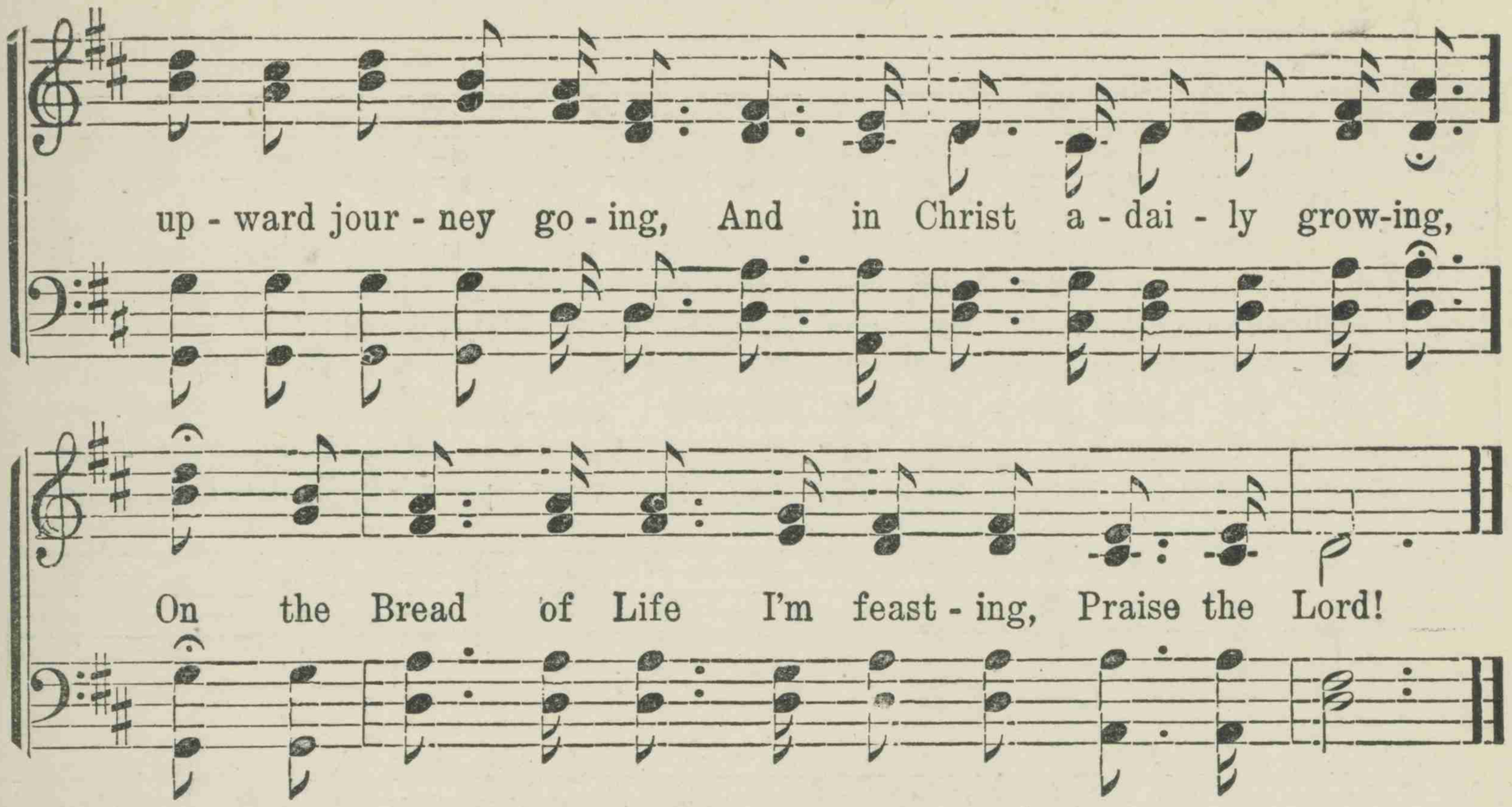


No. 20. Feasting and Praising.

A. S. C. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



Feasting and Praising. Concluded.



No. 21. Author of Liberty.

MARY M. BODIE, 1910. MAUD M. SALINGER, 1917.



No. 22. The Full Salvation.

C. E. FOSTER. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. I am so glad that I found the nar - row way, When out in sin, and not one thing to pay; God let the light of Calv - 'ry
2. Oh, what a won - der, that Je - sus took my place, My guilt He bore, and showed His match-less grace. He put a - way car - nal - i-
3. Cleansed from all sin in the Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, I have the Spir - it's wit - ness by the word, Oh, what a vic - t'ry Je - sus
4. Pen - te - cost comes, and with flam - ing tongues of fire, For blood-washed saints who long to mount up high'r, God doth a - noint us as in
5. Yes, He has giv - en the heav'n-ly cho - rus, too—The Spir - it's car - ol thrills us thru and thru—For - taste of glo - ry, when our
6. Bless - ed are ye who are hun - gry, thirst - y, dry; For "lat - ter rain" is fall - ing from the sky, "You shall re - ceive," de - clares the
7. Je - sus is com - ing: His day is ver - y nigh, We soon shall hear the Bride-groom's trum pet cry— "O, be ye read - y; meet me

fall on me— I saw that Je - sus died to set me ful - ly free.
ty from me, By cru - ci - fy - ing my old A - dam on the tree.
Christ doth give To those who count with Him and to His glo - ry live.
days of old, As when the for - mer rain - fall made dis - ci - ples bold.
bless-ed Lord Shall come to give His wait - ing Bride her full re - ward.
Lord of hosts, "And speak in oth - er tongues—a sign of the Ho - ly Ghost."
in the air; The bat - tle o - ver, all my glo - ry you shall share."

CHORUS.

Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm now in the light, Sing-ing His prais - es, my

The Full Salvation. Concluded.

path is shin - ing bright: O - ver - com-ing dai - ly by His pow'r and grace,

Look-ing for the rap-ture, when I shall see His face.

bless-ed smil - ing face.

No. 23. Jesus Paid it All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim — I'll wash my
4. 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,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
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.

24. Risen And Ascended

By Deborah. May 1917 William Miller.

1. Rejoice, the Lord is risen indeed, E'en heav'n's Beloved One.
2. Hail to the Lord's A-nointed One, Bear - er of sin and shame;
3. His life has once been freely given; Low in the grave He lay.
4. He went with hands uplifted high, Those mansions to prepare;
5. And man-y sons to glo-ry then, As Captain, He shall bring;

Death could not hold in prison's greed, The Father's on-ly Son.
The Heir of all ap-point-ed, now Revealer of God's name.
The bands of death are quickly riven: The stone is rolled away.
But He will come all gifted soon, And with His people share.
For in His tomb, we're seeing now, That death has lost its sting.

CHORUS.

He rose, and went on high: He rose, have you not heard?
He rose He rose

He rose to jus - ti - fy, All who be - lieve His Word.
He rose

No. 25. That Glad Day.

MARY M. BODIE. August, 1917. MRS. M. SALINGER.

1. I am watching for the morn-ing, For the bless - ed sun - light dawn - ing, Of that day, glad day. When the vic - t'ry we will
2. I am long - ing for the break-ing, And the joy of the a- wak - ing, On that day, glad day. Oh to see the beam of
3. I am look - ing for the meet - ing, For the joy - ful, hap - py greet - ing, On that day, glad day. When the Lord will come in
4. I am wait - ing for the shar - ing, When Christ's beauty I'll be wear - ing, On that day, glad day. Then will be the con - sum-

sing, As we see our glo - rious King, Glad day, glad day.
glad-ness, On the face once marred with sadness, Glad day, glad day.
pow - er, With His saints, His great - est dow - er, Glad day, glad day.
ma - tion, And the ful - ness of sal - va - tion, Glad day, glad day.

CHORUS.

How I long from earth to sev - er, With the saints caught up to-geth - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, Glad day, glad day.

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No. 26. Like the Faithful Ox.

MARY M. BODIE. October, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Pull on, pull on, The la - bor-ers are few, we can - not stay, While looms the har - vest in its vast ar - ray; For to each ser - vant does the Mas-ter say: "Go work to - day, go work to - day."
2. Pull on, pull on, Tho' fruitless seem the toil, and ver - y vain; The hus - band - man hath pa - tience for the rain, Till all a - round Him waves the gold-en grain; Our way is plain, our way is plain. Like the ox
3. Pull on, pull on, No time for rest till glows the set - ting sun A - cross our path - way, when the race is run, And we have heard the Mas-ter's voice: "Well done, My friends, we'll done, my friends, well done."

CHORUS.

plod-ding on his way, Nev-er fear-ing rocks, pull-ing ev - 'ry day; So the o - ver-com-ers work and pray, Till they hear the plaudit: "Well done, well done."

27. Indelible Grace

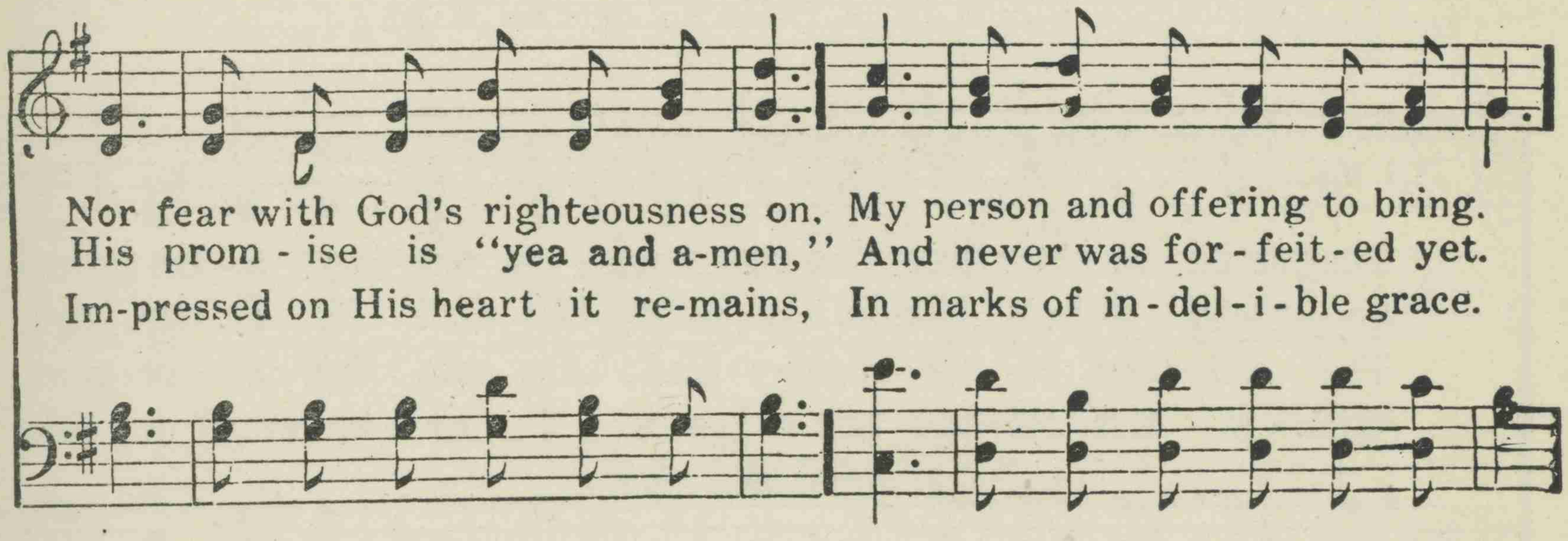
Anor

German



1. A debt or to mer - cy a-lone, Of cov-e-nant mer - cy I sing.
2. The work which His goodness be-gan, The arm of His strength will complete
3. My name from the palms of His hands, E - ter - ni - ty will not e - rase,

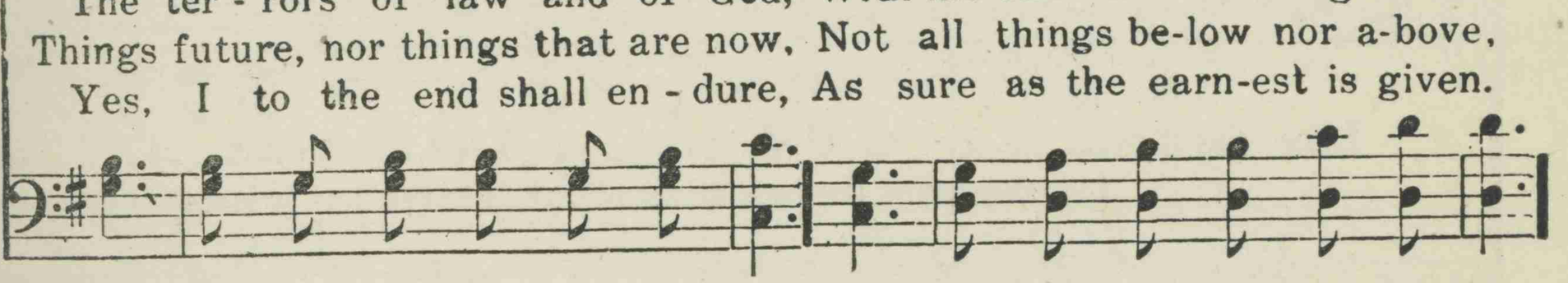




Nor fear with God's righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.
His prom - ise is "yea and a-men," And never was for - feit - ed yet.
Im-pressed on His heart it re-mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.



The ter - rors of law and of God, With me can have noth-ing to do
Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things be-low nor a-bove,
Yes, I to the end shall en - dure, As sure as the earn-est is given.



My Savior's obedience to blood, Hides all my transgressions from view.
Can make Him His purpose fore-go, Or sev-er my soul from His love.
More hap-py but not more se-cure, The glo- ri -fied spir its in heaven.

28. Like Zion's Holy Mount.

C. M. S. C. M. SEAMANS.

1. All they who put their trust in God Can nev - er be re-moved;
2. As round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem The rug - ged mountains lie,
3. Tho' fierce the storm in fu - ry beat And aw - ful thun-ders roar,
4. Thus o - ver-shadowed by His love, Where harm can ne'er be - tide,

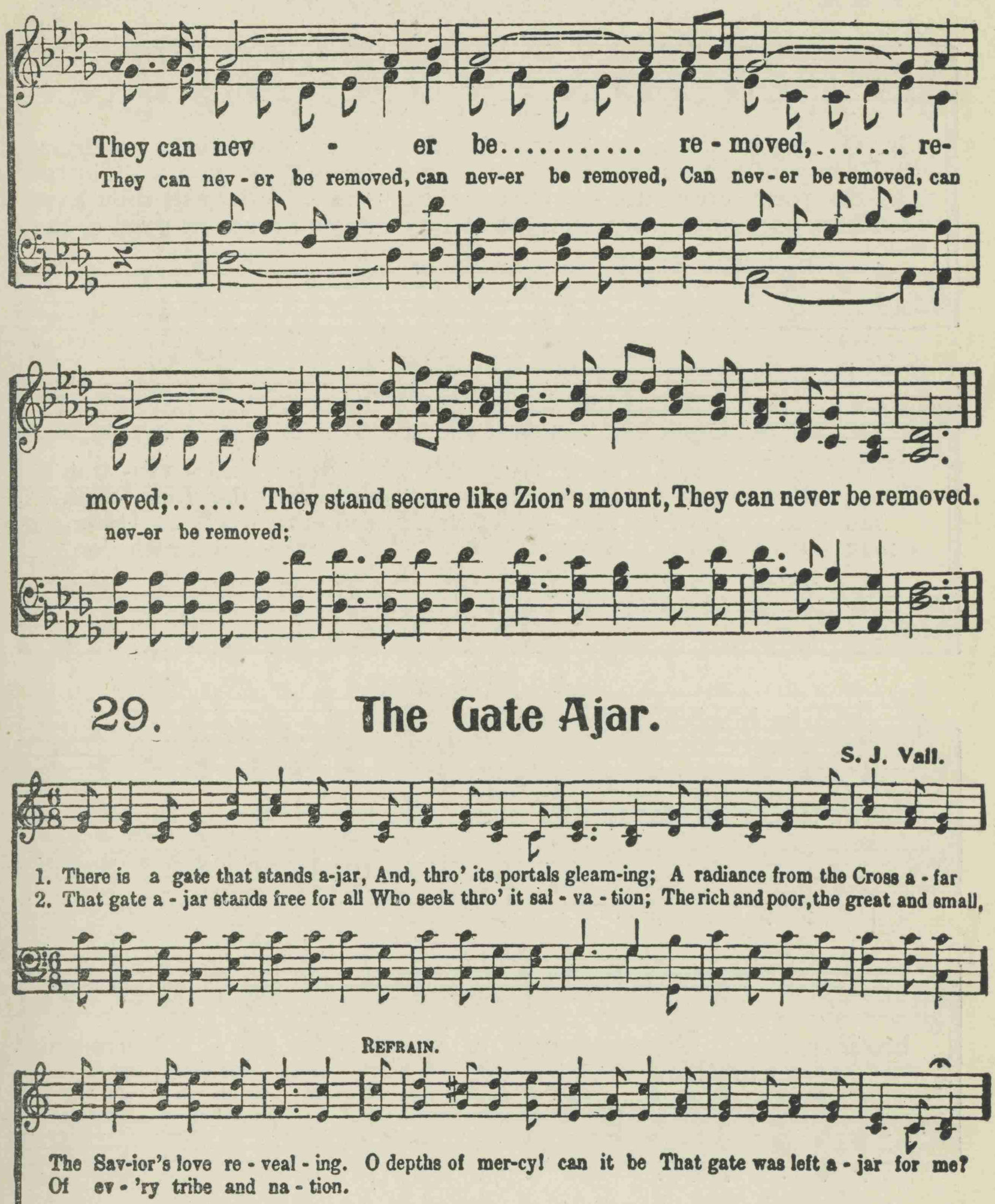
They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount, By ma - ny a - ges proved.
So round a - bout His ho - ly saints Our God is ev - er nigh.
The chil - dren of the might-y God Are safe for - ev - er - more.
With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.

CHORUS.

Like the mount..... of God,..... Like the mount..... of
Like the mount, the ho-ly mount of God, Like the ho - ly mount of God, the

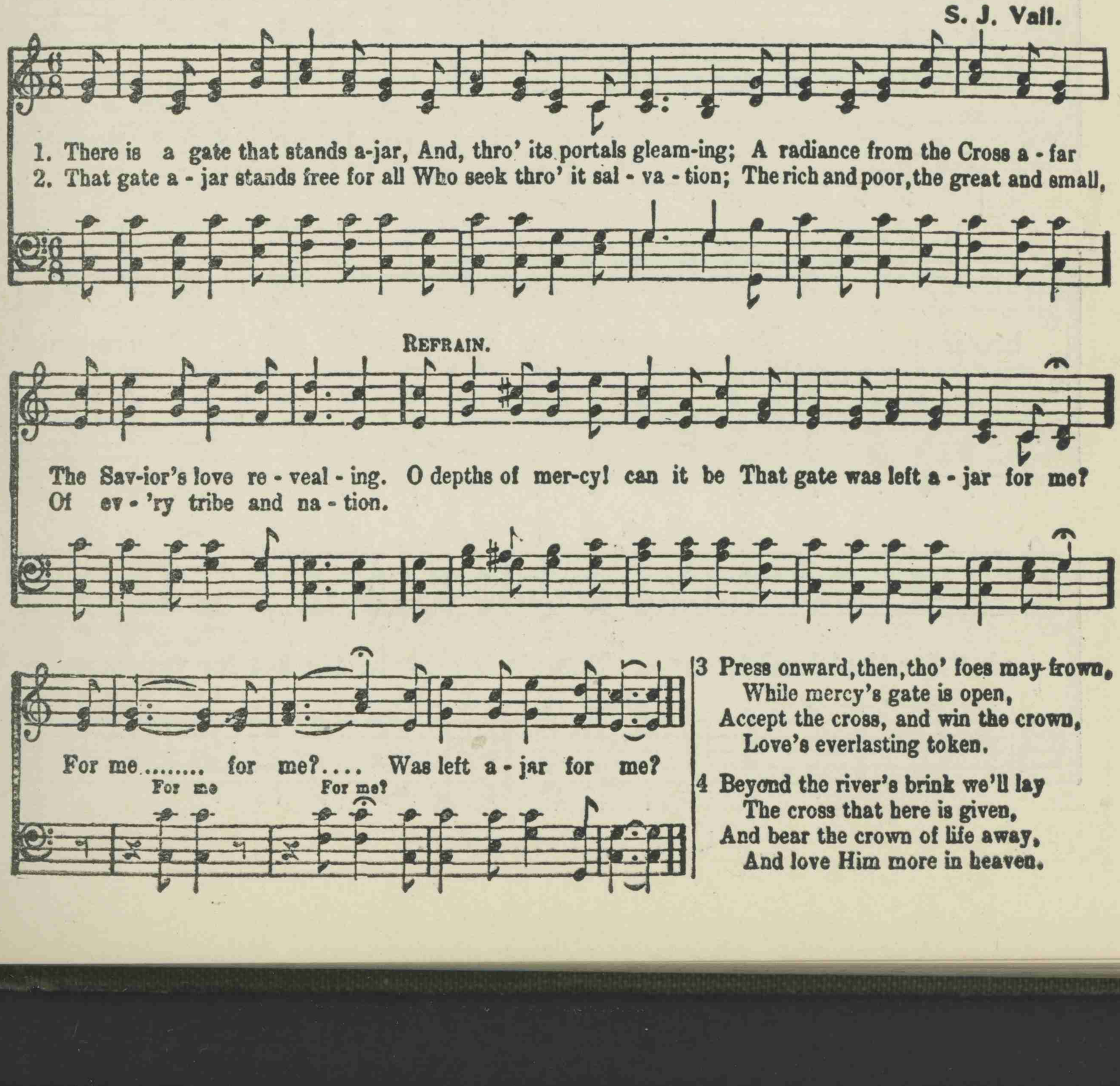
God;..... They stand secure like Zion's mount, By many a-ges proved.
ho - ly mount of God;

Like Zion's Holy Mount.



29. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

30

Honey In The Rock

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

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my broth-er, do you know the Sav - iour, Who is won - drous kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious," Do you walk in the way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing foun - tain?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Nev - er fear He will sure - ly an - swer;
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the man - y or few; Say to ev - 'ry fal - len broth - er,

CHORUS.

There's Honey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my broth-er, . . . There's Honey in the Rock for you; Leave your my brother, for you; sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Honey in the Rock for you. for you.

rit.

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No. 31. Jesus In the Garden.

MARY M. BODIE. August, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Christ came to the gar-den for me; And the thorns were still on the ros - es.
2. 'Twas night in Geth-sem-a - ne's vale; And sin's bit-ter cup He was drinking.
3. He prayed to His Fa-ther a - lone; And the an - gels in pity, hushed singing.
4. This gar-den life waits for a crown; Tho' on earth it is darkness restraining.

And the words I hear, fall - ing on my ear; The Spir-it now dis - clos - es.
O the shade and gloom of His death and tomb, From which all men were shrinking.
Now the ag - o - ny that He bore for me, His life to me is bring-ing.
On a throne a - bove, O what boundless love, 'Twill be for - ev - er reigning.

CHORUS.

And it was for me; yes it was for me, To re -

deem me and make me His own; That His joy I may share,

As I tar - ry where He can speak un - to me a - lone.

No. 32. Jesus is the Door.

Mary M. Bodie. June, 1917. A. S. Copley.

1. The Sav - iour says: I am the door; By me oh en - ter in.
Come un - to me and weep no more; *Omit* . . . . . I'll cleanse thee
from all sin; The way to God, I ev - er am, None other name is giv'n; 'Tis

2. Thy Shepherd too I'll ev - er be, And lead thee in and out,
No more to wan-der far from me, *Omit* . . . . . My love to
nev - er doubt; Thy sor - row all, I'll share with thee, I'll banish ev-'ry care; When

3. Why should I do without thee, then? It is not yet too late.
I paid thy debt, and set thee free, *Omit* . . . . . And o-pened
heav-en's gate; Why wilt thou do without me now? I call and call a - gain; Come

4. How wilt thou do without me, pray, If death be drawing near?
With-out my love, my love so free, *Omit* . . . . . That casts out
ev - 'ry fear; I want to have thee with me aye, Dost thou not want me too? Thou

CHORUS.

ev-er thus: "Behold the Lamb!" The key that unlocks heav'n. Come un - to
friends forsake, thy Friend I'll be; Thy burdens I will bear.
un - to me, be - fore me bow; Let me not call in vain.
canst not do with-out me, nay! And I must have e'en thee. Come to me;

me; I am the door, Let not thy heart be troubled more;
Come to - day, I am still the o - pen door,

Rit.

For thee my heart was very sore, I am the way, the on-ly way to God.

No. 33. Receive the Gospel Story.

H. G. D., Jr. 1919. H. G. Desha, Jr.

1. Have you heard the gospel sto - ry Of the One who came from glory, To
2. Oh, then hear the gos - pel sto - ry Of the One who came from glory, And
3. Oh, be-lieve the gos - pel sto - ry Of the One now in the glory, And
4. If you dis - be - lieve the sto - ry Of the One who came from glory, Re.

par-don poor sin - ners be - low? It will ban-ish night and sad-ness; It will
put sin a - way on the tree; Oh, His life was free - ly giv - en, And His
take the a - tone-ment He made; You'll be in the new cre - a - tion Without
ject-ing God's off'ring for sin; You will taste His wrath for-ev - er, Which from

D. S.—See the FINE.

fill your soul with gladness, Be-lieve and re - ceive it—a life-giv-ing flow.
pre-cious side was riven, Which shed streams of healing for you and for me.
sin or con - dem-na-tion, All man - ner of sin on the Sav - iour was laid.
you all joy will sev - er, The joy of His pres - ence you nev - er can win.

cleansing, healing fountain; He'll save you and keep you e'en un - to the end.

CHORUS.

Oh, receive the gos - pel sto - ry Of the One who came from glo - ry;

D. S.

He'll brighten your pathway, my friend, On - ly look to Cal - v'ry's mountain;

No. 34. Freely Forgiven.

MARY M. BODIE. NOV. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. She owed so much, with naught to pay, This wom - an with her ointment sweet;
2. She braved the scorn of Phar - i - see, Led on - ward by At - trac-tion great;
3. She saw but Him: a - gone her fears, Tho' oth - ers gaze, she does not care;
4. "Her love is great," the Mas-ter said, "She poured the oil on wea - ry feet;
5. "In peace de-part; thy sins for-giv'n;" Un-min - gled joy now fills her breast;

'Twas thus she came to Christ one day, And laid her bur - den at His feet.
His look was love—"O can it be There still is hope? Not yet too late?"
She washed His feet with ma - ny tears, And wiped them with her gold-en hair.
But Si - mon did not kiss my head;" Then from His lips fell words most sweet.
His blood has paid her way to heav'n; Her soul has found e - ter - nal rest.

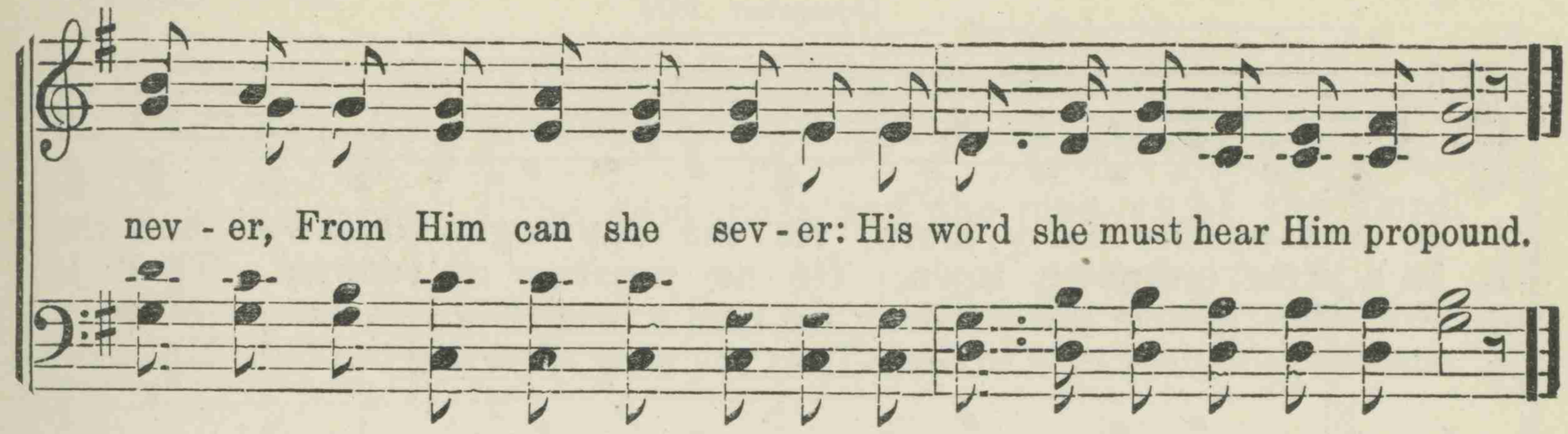
CHORUS.

Her sins all for - giv - en, She start-ed for heav - en; For Je - sus the

Sav - iour she found. Un - end - ing her pleas-ure With such a rich

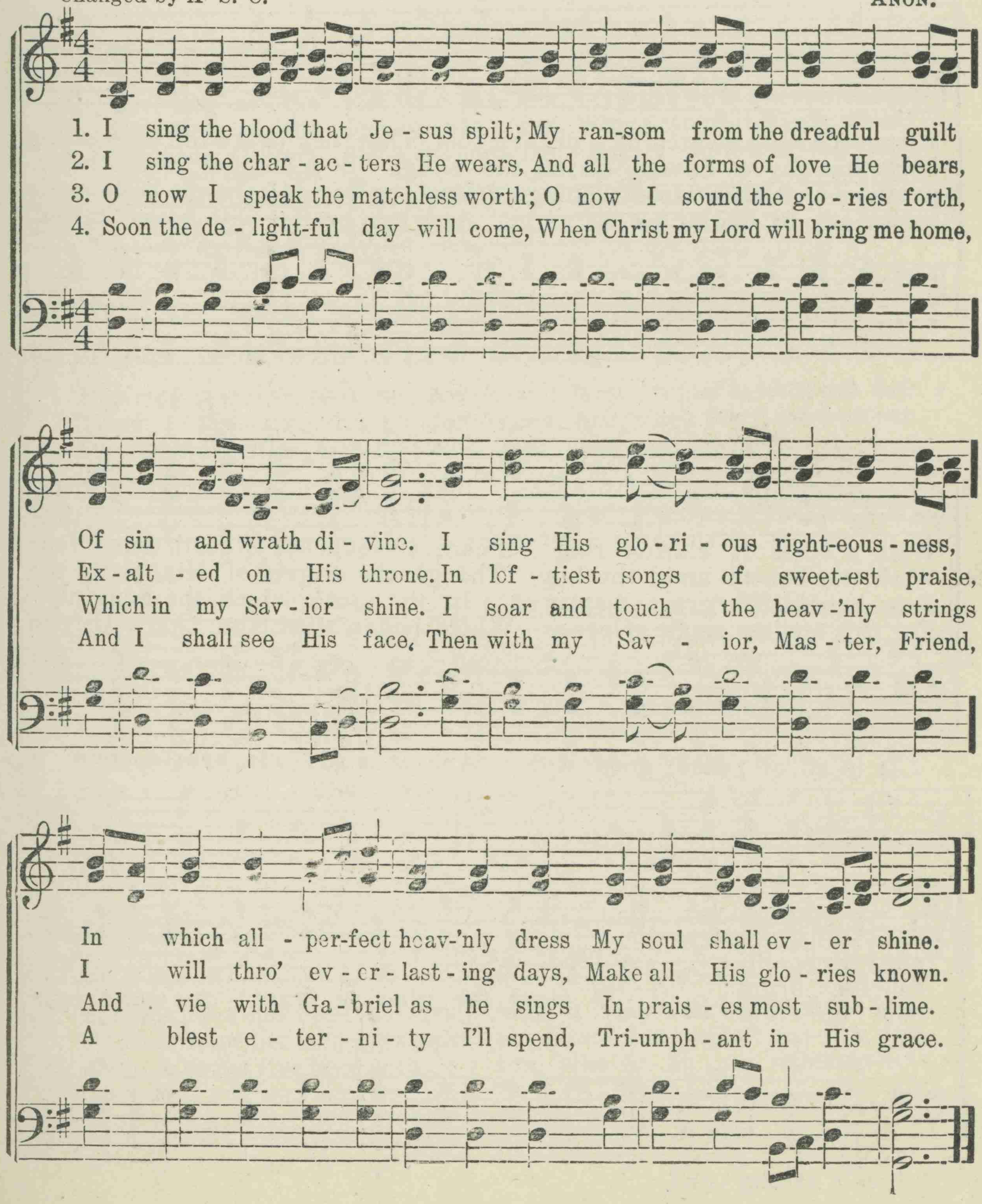
treas - ure; Her love and her joy knew no bound. And nev - er, no,

Freely Forgiven. Concluded.



No. 35. Christ Adored.

Changed by A S. C. ANON.



36. The Priceless Gift.

December, 1915. A. S. Copley

1. It was at the early morn, As the day began to dawn, And the
2. In a little unknown town, Of no prestige or renown, There is
3. For this gentle lowly One, Is God's well-beloved Son, A more
4. And there's glory now to God, That the judgment and the rod, Have been

shepherds were awatching o'er their fold; That they heard the angels sing,
born this day a Savior, Christ the King. In a manger He doth lay,
precious Gift than rarest Ophir gold: And the world His hands have made;
meted out to Christ on Calvary. And our praise will never cease,

D. S.—For there is no word of ill,

With a voice of clarion ring: "Peace, sweet peace on earth today, fear
With the beasts amid the hay, Though the angels of His birth the
Now behold His grace displayed, In the glory which the heav'nly
For this endless reign of peace, Which began with Him, God's Gift to

It is all of peace, good will; And it binds our hearts anew in

FINE.

not, Behold!"
tid - ings bring.
host un - fold
Gal - i - lee.

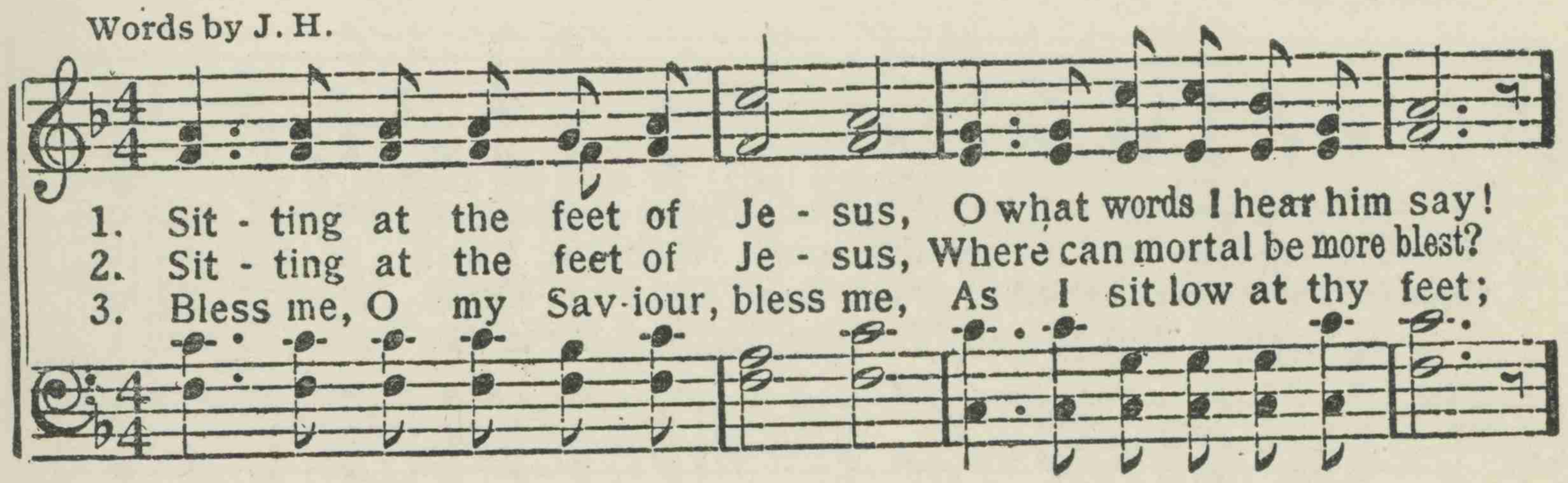
O hear the glad re - frain, A wond - rous

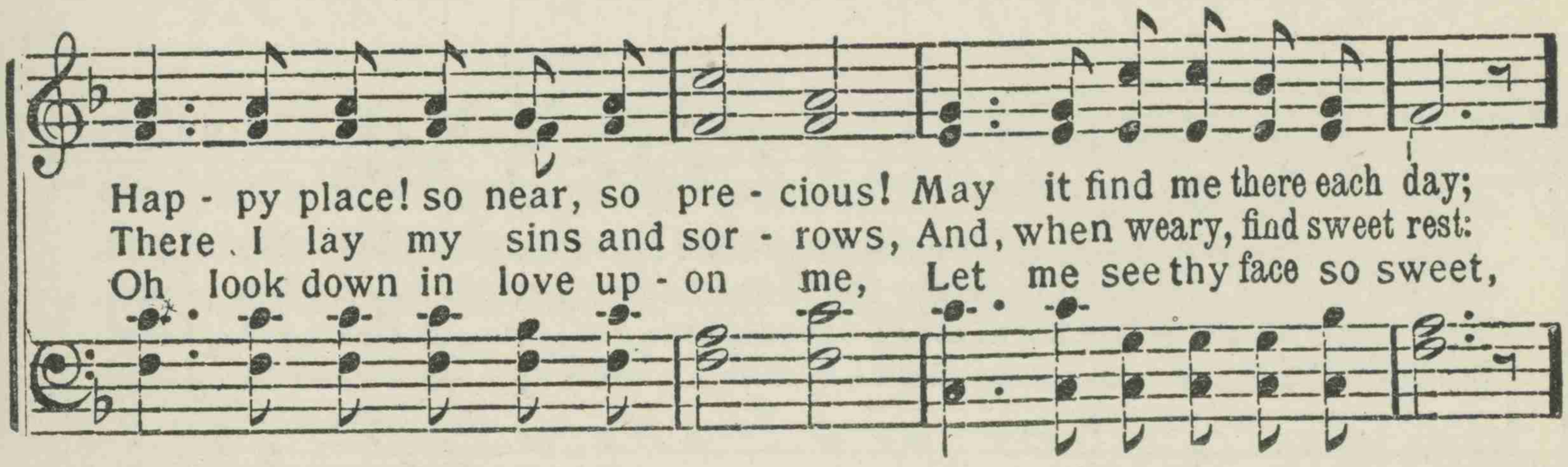
love's strong cord.

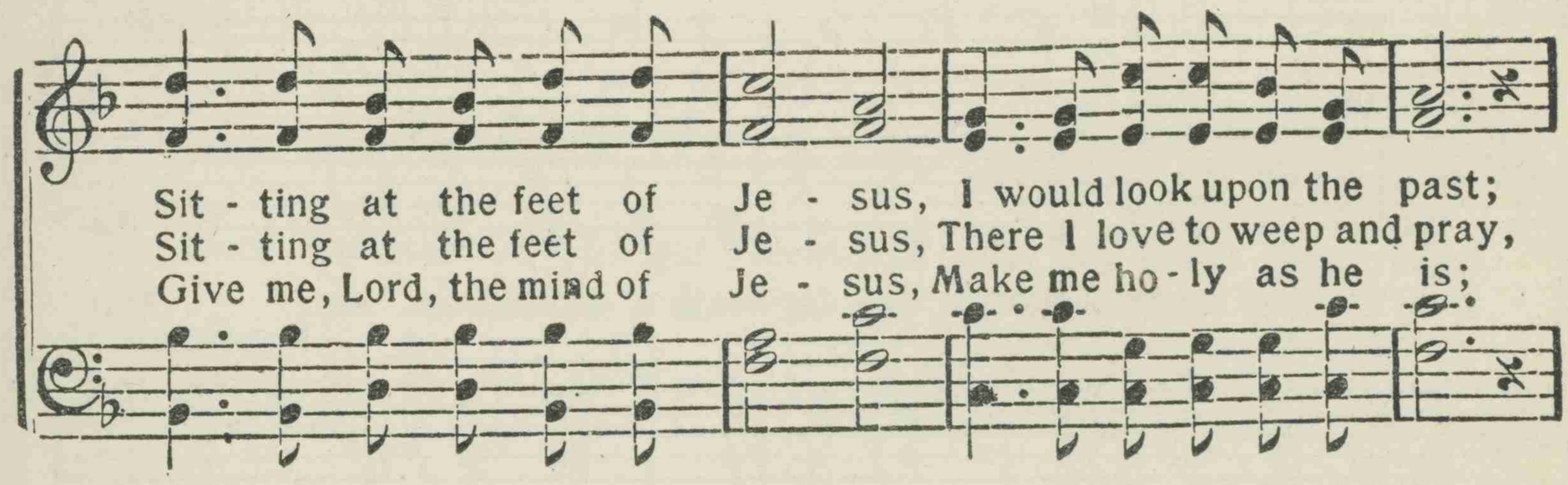


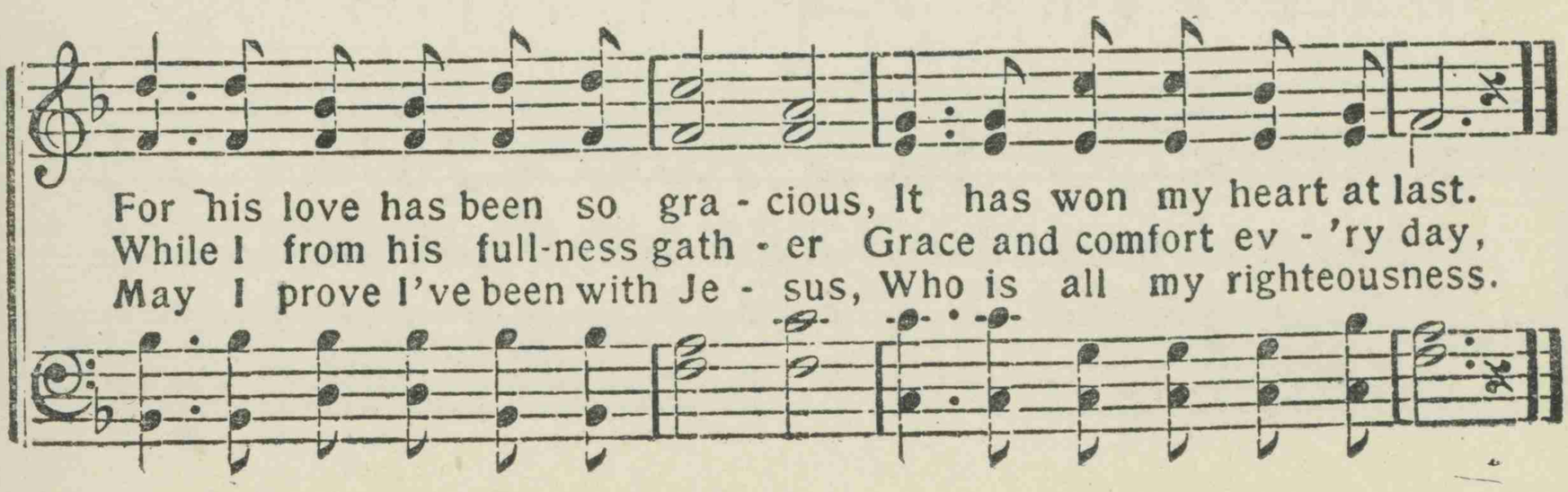
37. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Words by J. H.









Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing there can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm Praise God!
drink-ing at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Beulah Land. Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

39 The Hem of His Garment.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar-ment As to His side she stole,
2. She came in fear and trem-bling be - fore Him, She knew Her Lord had come;
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

A - mid the crowd that gathered a-round Him, And straightway she was whole.
She felt that from Him vir - tue had healed her, The might-y deed was done.
And peace that passeth all un - der-stand-ing With glad-ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shallt be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 40. One With Jesus.

C. E. F. December, 1917. C. E. Foster.

1. I once be-longed to Ad - am's race, Was born be - neath the curse,
2 The old man came un - to His doom By death up - on the tree;
3. The blood makes pure from all al - loy; I know Christ is my life;

Was hope-less, lost and in dis - grace, It could not have been worse.
With Christ was bur - ied in the tomb, He has no pow'r o'er me.
I love this way so full of joy, So free from sin and strife.

But Christ be - came a curse for me; And died up - on the cross,
I am a new cre - a - tion now, In Christ my liv - ing Head;
With Je - sus I'm i - den - ti - fied; His glad - ness crowns my day;

Ob - tained e - ter - nal vic - to - ry O'er Sa - tan, sin and dross.
Be - fore His feet I glad - ly bow, As ris - en from the dead.
In Him I walk, who once had died, O'er - com - ing all the way.

Chorus.

Oh, now I am one with Je - sus, Who be-came a curse for me;

One With Jesus. Concluded.

I live in the heav - en - ly breez- es, En - joy - ing my lib - er - ty.

No. 41. Vessels of Mercy.

CARRY J. MONTGOMERY. July, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Vessels frail and earthen, Full of grace di - vine; Lord of life and glo - ry, What a love is Thine; In my ut - ter dark - ness,
2. If I had one mer - it, Mer - cy could not flow— Fa - vor not de - serv - ing, Bold - ly I may go; Ful - ness of Thy mer - cy,
3. Emptied of earth's glory And my own poor thought; Gone the sad long strug - gle, That which self had wrought: Mine for soul and bod - y,

CHORUS.

Thou hast deigned to shine.
Thus to sure - ly know. Poor, de-spised, yea, noth-ing, What have
All the blood hath bought.

I to claim? All the wealth of heav - en, Mine in Je - sus' name.

No. 42. Abiding in His Presence.

MARY M. BODIE. August, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. I'm a - bid - ing in His pres-ence, Dwell-ing in the se - cret place.
2. I'm a - bid - ing in the sun-shine, Which His glo - ry sheds on me;
3. I'm a - bid - ing, yes, I'm stay-ing In the o - cean of His love;
4. I'm a - bid - ing and con - fid - ing In the full - ness of His grace.

Un - der-neath are arms of pow - er, And a - bove a throne of grace;
And my soul is all trans-port - ed E'en with heav'n-ly ec - sta - cy—
And why should my heart be stray - ing From the woo - ing of the Dove?
Oh, how can I ev - er fal - ter, Or give ques - tions a - ny space?

For the vi - sion calm - ly cen - ters In my Sav - ior's face, And I
Walking in the Spir - it's pow - er In glad lib - er - ty. And I
For I'm car - ried on the pin - ions Of His wings a - bove; And I
For He keeps me e'er from fall - ing In this pil - grim race; And I

FINE. CHORUS.

rest supreme-ly hap - py in His arms. Oh, the marvels of His grace, And this

D. S.

safe and hap - py place; There are strength and wisdom for a rug-ged race;

No. 43. Move to the Front.

A. S. C. January, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. To the front, to the front of the car, Where the air and the vi-sion are clear.
2. Why so few in the front of God's car? There are too many thronging the aisle.
3. There is room in the front of God's car, And the vacant seats call you that way.

Keep the aisle open, friends, heed the Star,'Void the panic—the crowd in the rear.—
O so few have their eyes on the Star, And a pressing right thru all the while,
O be - lov-ed, why heed not the Star, Who is long - ing to bring in His Day?

CHORUS.

Move forward, there's nothing to fear. To the front, to the front of the car,
Like the woman Christ healed with a smile.
Move forward, press onward, why stay? Gospel car,

Be - hold-ing the Morning Star; Let no vain and bus-y crowd, Or re - lig- ious

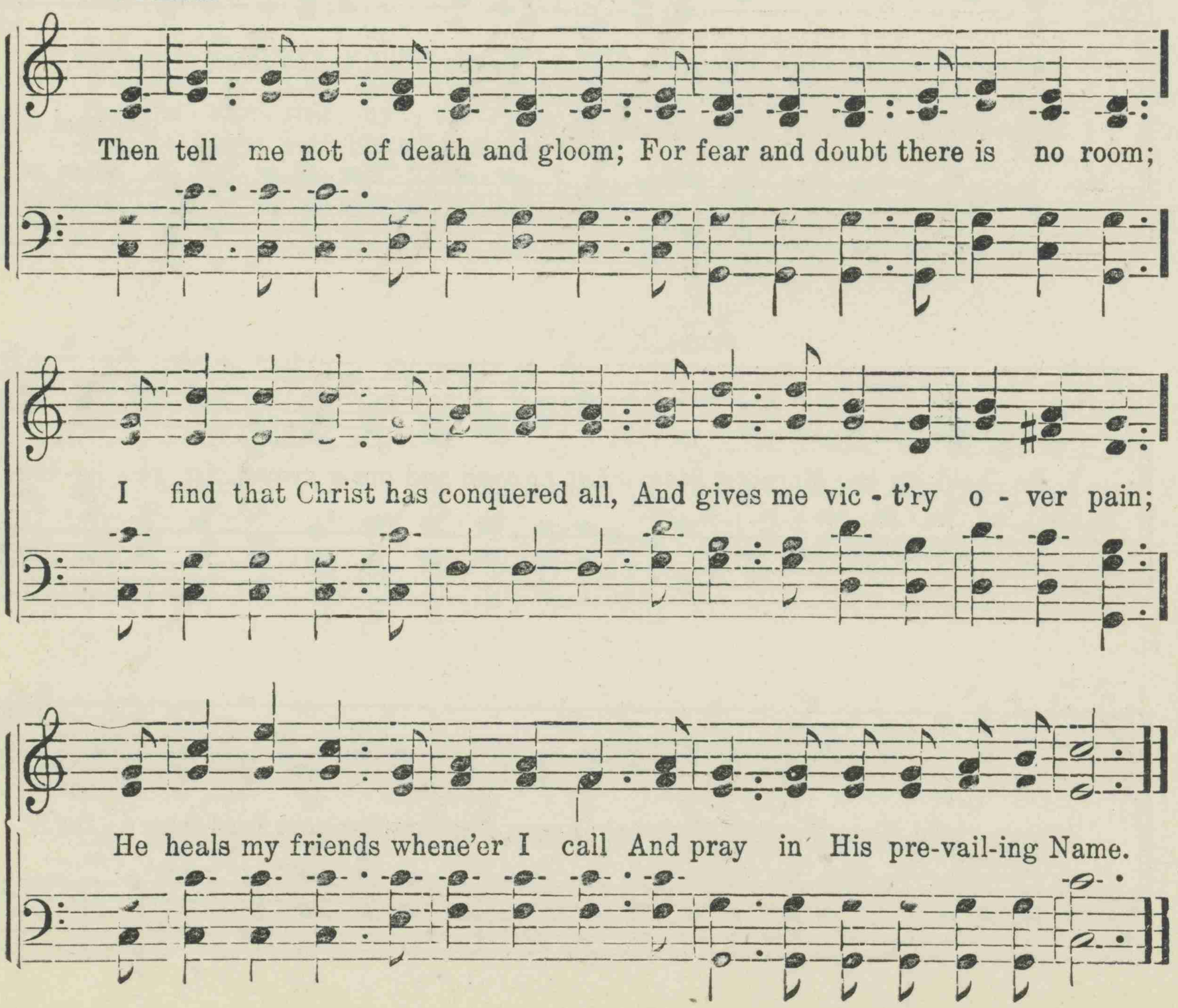
trumpet loud, Your vision of Christ ever mar, But "gather your food from a - far."

No. 44. No Pain in Jesus.

MARY M. BODIE. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



CHORUS.



No. 45. You Will Never Fall.

MARY M. BODIE. October, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. When your heart be - gins to wa - ver; Of man's pit - y seems to
2. When temp - ta - tion's darts are fly - ing, All your cour-age firm de -
3. If your strength be - gins to lan - guish; And your heart is wrung with
4. Christ will guard from e'en a stum - ble, He will nev - er let you

sa - vor, Look a - way un - to God's fa - vor, You need nev - er
fy - ing; And with grief you seem a - dy - ing, You need nev - er
an - guish, Christ will ev - 'ry weak-ness van - quish, You will nev - er
grum-ble; But will ev - er keep you hum - ble, You can nev - er

CHORUS.

fall, Yon need nev - er fall.
fall, You need nev - er fall.
fall, You will nev - er fall.
fall, You can nev - er fall.

Cast your care up - on the Sav - ior,
For He bathed you in His la - ver; Trust - ing in His
faith-ful fa - vor, You will nev - er fall; You will nev - er fall.

No. 46. Promise Baskets.

By DEBORAH, 1912. "Birthday Hymn." — Isa. 61. A. S. COPLEY, 1918.

1. The Lord gave ear un - to thy cry; And ev - en heav'n did rend, When
2. And He has sure-ly been to thee A ref - uge by His pow'r; And
3. For all the vows which thou did'st make, The Lord thy God did hear. He's
4. Be - fore the Lord for ev - er - more, Shalt thou in peace a - bide; For

from the ut - most of thy need, Thy call did then as - cend. The
for de - fense a - gainst thy foes, A strong and might - y tow'r. May
giv - en thee the her - it - age Of those, His name do fear. And
grace and truth have been pre-pared To keep thee by His side. And

time thy heart was o - ver-whelmed, And in per - plex - i - ty, He
thou in His pa - vil - ion grand With con - fi - dence e'er hide; And
life pro-longed for ma - ny years, To thee the Lord will give; And
so wilt thou per - pet - u - ally Sing prais - es to His name; For

CHORUS.

led thee to that blessed Rock, That's higher far than thee. Pass - ing
un - der cov - er of His wings For ev - er more a - bide.
ma - ny gen - er - a-tions be The years which thou shalt live.
He who gave these prom-is-es Will sure per-form the same. He is pass-ing

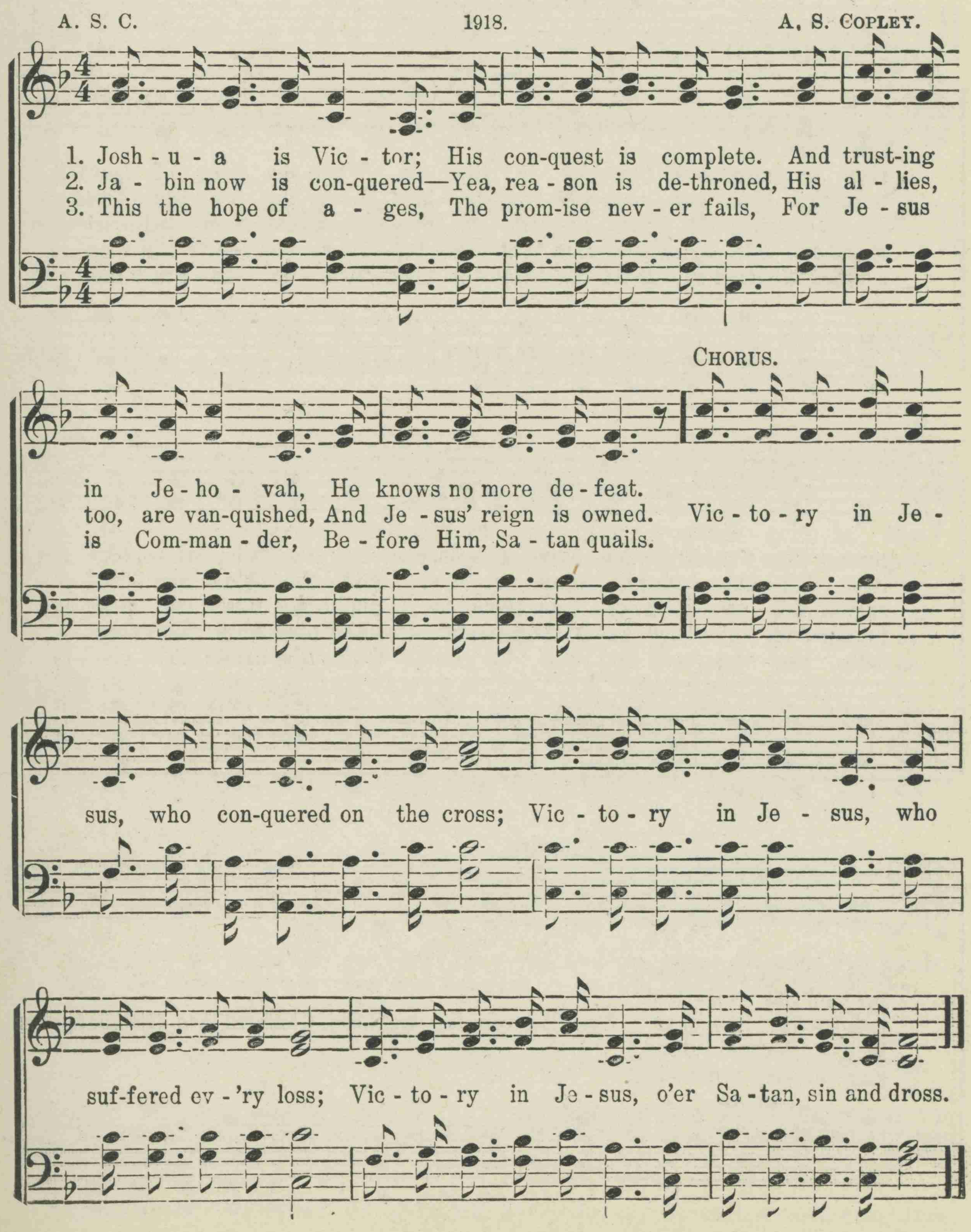
by, Pass - ing by, See - ing ev - 'ry tear,
slow - ly by, Feel-ing ev - 'ry pain and sigh.

Promise Baskets. Concluded.



No. 47. Joshua is Victor.

A. S. C. 1918. A. S. Copley.



No. 48. The Blessed Hope.

S. O. SHELDON, 1914. MRS. M. SALINGER, 1917.

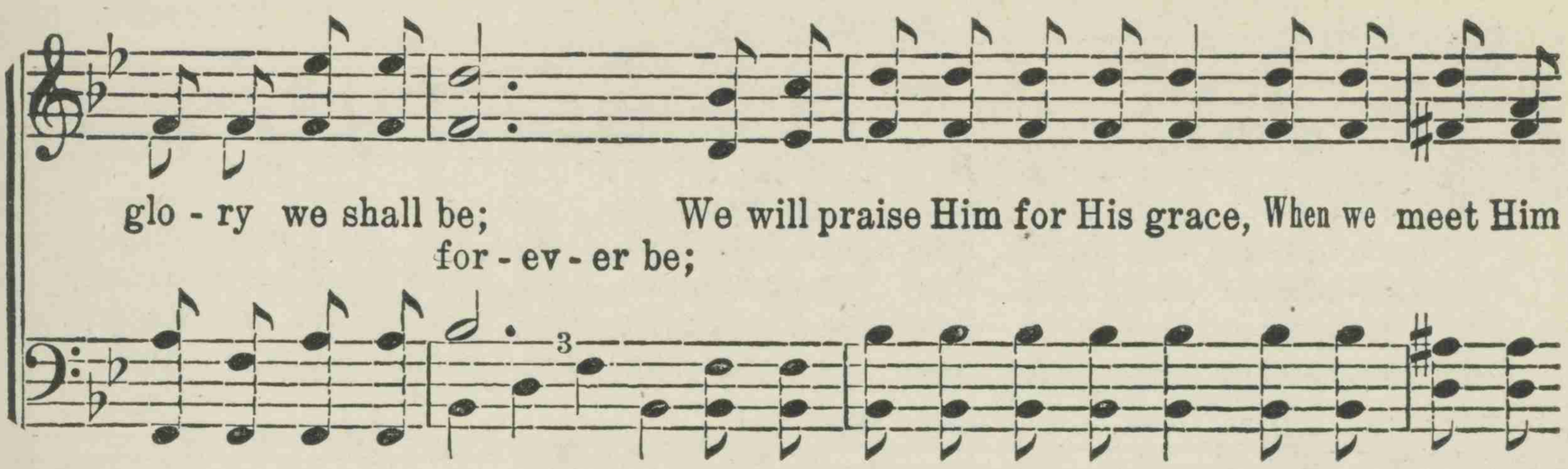
1. Je - sus' com - ing draw-eth near; Soon the trum-pet we shall hear; Then we'll rise to meet our Sav - ior in the air. When the sting of death is
2. Lo! the flam - ing wheels of fire, Tak-ing God's true saints up higher; Oh! the beau-ties that our eyes will then be - hold. Look - ing for that bless-ed
3. "We shall sleep, and yet not all," This a mys-t'ry shown to Paul; "We'll be changed in just a twin - kle of an eye." Then the dead in Christ we'll
4. Christ no more will be a - lone, For His Bride will share His throne; What a grand and glo - rious heir-ship that will be! How our hearts will then re -
5. Then the sleep - y, lukewarm church, For the missing ones will search, With their eyes bedimmed with tears the whole day long. Men in an - guish then will

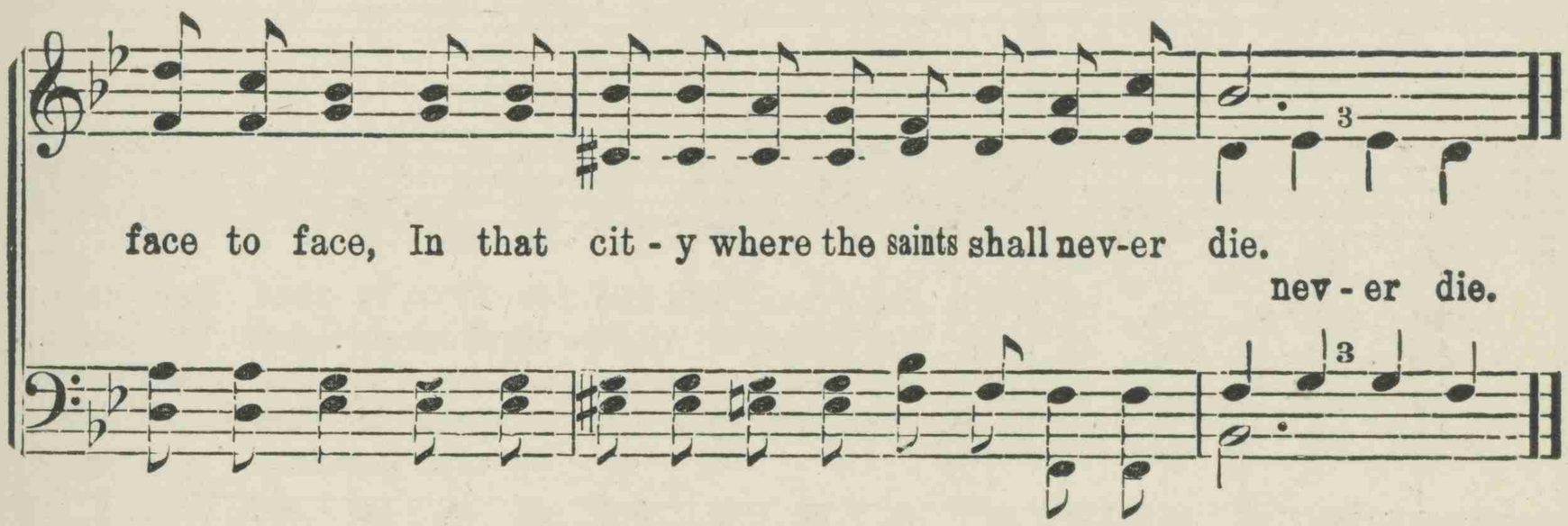
past, Vic - t'ry will be ours at last— In the glo - ries of His
hope Till the gates of heav - en ope, And the glo - ries of e -
see, And to - geth - er with them be, Caught a - way to meet our
joice—Just to hear our Bride-groom's voice, And be with Him thro' a
call For the rocks and hills to fall, While the saints in glo - ry

CHORUS.

king-dom we shall share.
ter - ni - ty un - fold.
Bride-groom in the sky. Soon His com-ing we'll see, Changed into His changeless
long e - ter - ni - ty.
sing re-demp-tion's song.

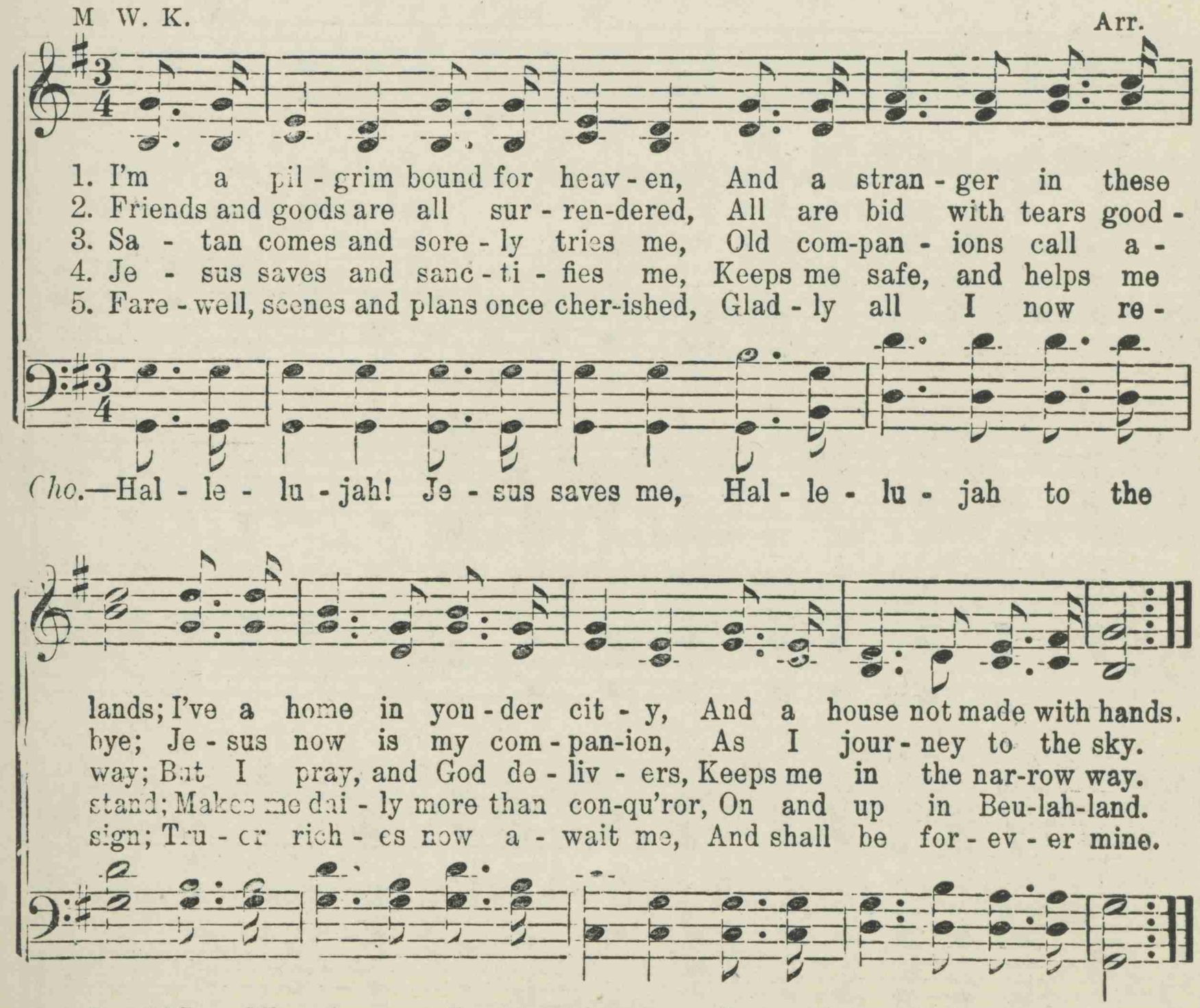
The Blessed Hope. Concluded.





No. 49. Bound for Heaven.

M W. K. Arr.



No. 50.

Another Day.

By DEBORAH. December, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. An - oth - er day to live for Christ, In Him, we are made nigh;
2. An - oth - er day to live for Christ, In Him, when weak we're strong;
3. An - oth - er day to live for Christ, In Him, God's rest we know;
4. An - oth - er day to live for Christ, In Him we'll trust for aye;

An - oth - er day to trust His grace; And find for ev - 'ry need and place,
An - oth - er day to trust His strength; And we shall surely learn at length
An - oth - er day to trust His love; And we shall ev - 'ry mo - ment prove
And joy - ful - ly our hearts shall own That rest is found in Him a - lone,

CHORUS.

There is a rich sup - ply.
To sing a tri - umph song. There is a rich sup-ply for ev - 'ry pass-er -
Its nev - er ceas - ing flow.
And that He fail - eth nay.

by Who longs to run the Chris-tian race; Yes, Je - sus is our store,

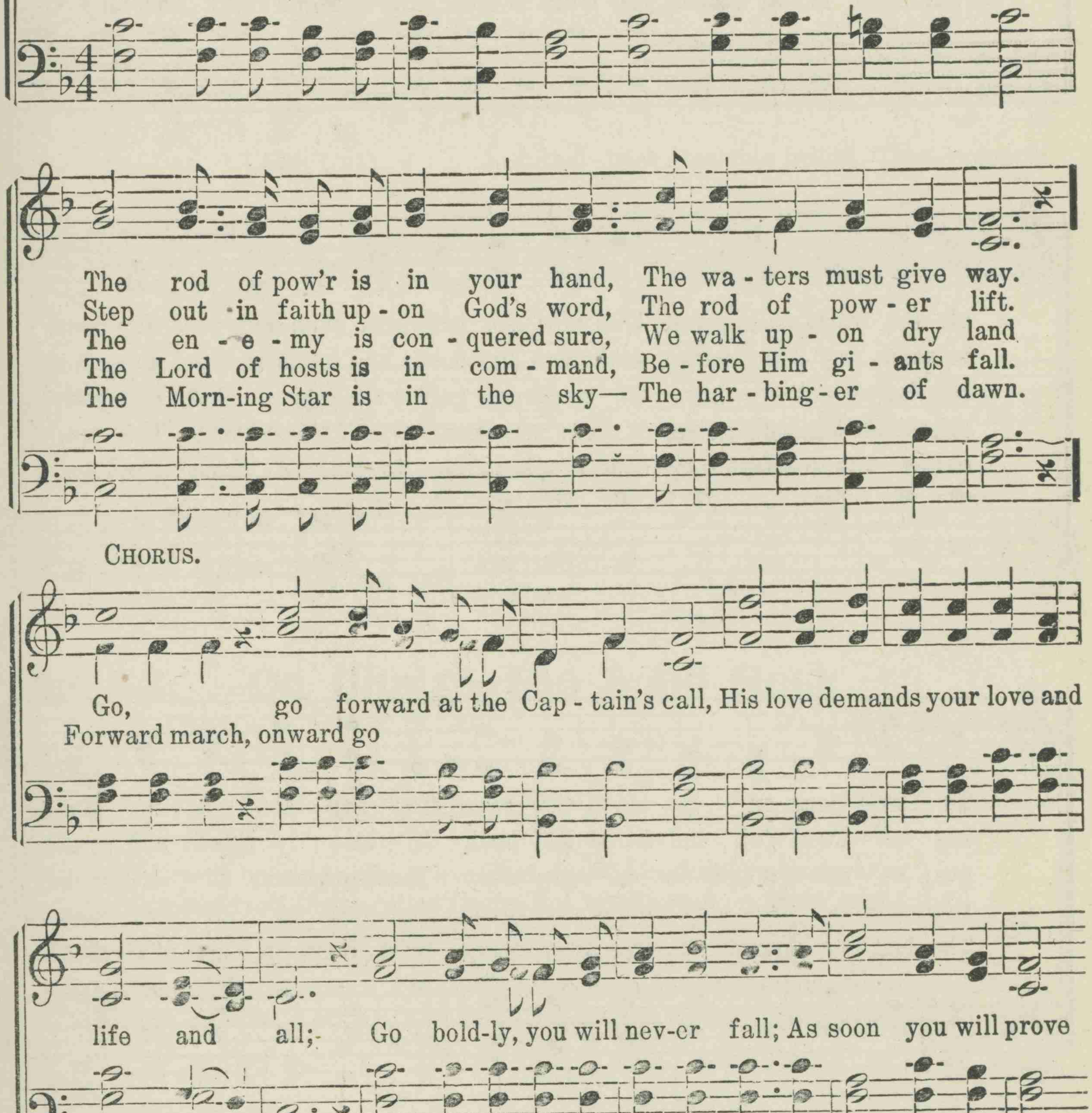
Why should we care for more? Faith al - ways sees the throne of grace.

No. 51. The Captain's Command.

MARY M. BODIE. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



1. Go forward at the Lord's command: Faint not, nor e'en de - lay,
2. Go forward, tho' all hell is stirred, And Pha - raoh's host is swift;
3. Go forward, prom-is-es en - dure, On this then take your stand,
4. Go forward in - to Ca - naan's land: Fear not the gi - ants tall,
5. Go forward, this the bat - tle cry, The night is al - most gone,



The rod of pow'r is in your hand, The wa - ters must give way.
Step out in faith up - on God's word, The rod of pow - er lift.
The en - e - my is con - quered sure, We walk up - on dry land
The Lord of hosts is in com - mand, Be - fore Him gi - ants fall.
The Morn-ing Star is in the sky— The har - bing - er of dawn.

CHORUS.

Go, go forward at the Cap - tain's call, His love demands your love and
Forward march, onward go

life and all; Go bold-ly, you will nev-er fall; As soon you will prove

that the fight was not in vain, Christ, the bright Laurel, you shall surely gain.

No. 52. The Consummation.

A. S. C. June, 1917. A. S. Copley.

1. The end is at hand, The end of men, of sects and state; The end of
2. The end is at hand, We hear the mut-ter-ings of wrath; Dread earth-quakes
3. The end is at hand, We hear of wars in coun-tries far; Or-dained of
4. The end is at hand, The an - ti-christ may soon a - rise—A man of
5. The end is at hand, The Word is true, "the heavens rule;" The an - ti-

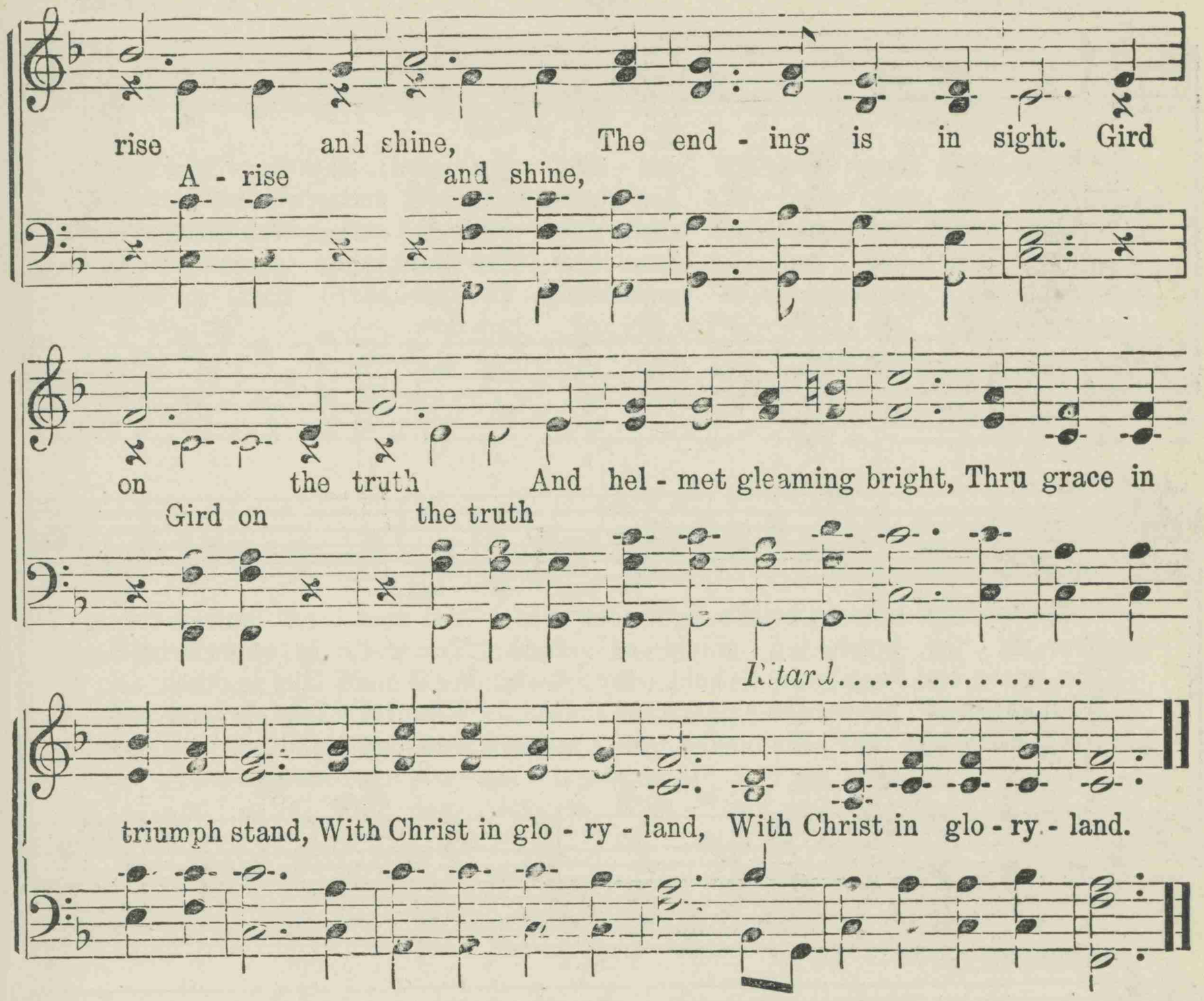
all the world calls great; E'en now the judgment thun-ders peal The doom
in their rag - ing path, And rains and floods and tempest cloud Pro-claim-
heav'n; set not a bar Of pray'r a - gainst the will of God, His pur-
peace—in blind dis-guise, A cov - e - nant with Ja - cob make, The na-
christ—the greatest fool—And prophet false, to lake of flame Shall go.

To Chris-tians on - ly is the weal, The roy - al glo - ry land.
ing vol - umes full and fierce and loud, Di - vine - ly great and grand.
pos - es are wrought on an - gry sod, The truth must ev - er stand.
tions win, a trea - ty quick - ly break: The gaze of all com - mand.
The hap - py saints all free from blame, With Christ in white shall stand.

Chorus.

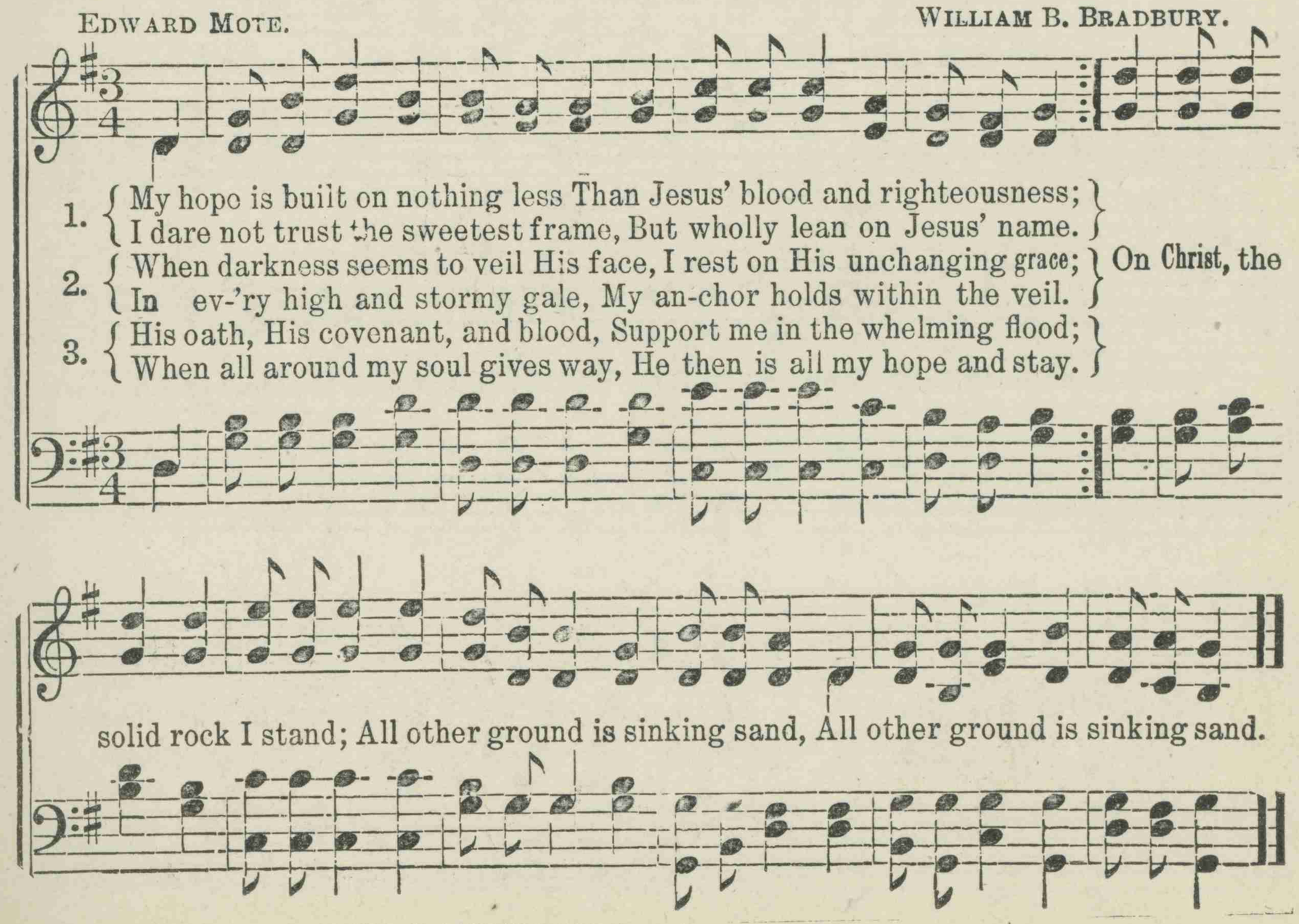
A - wake, be robed, Ye chil - dren of the light; A-
A - rise, be wise,

The Consummation. Concluded.



No. 53. On Christ, the Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



No. 54. The Armor of God.

MARY M. BODIE. 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Faint not, thou wea - ry sol - dier, But gird thy ar - mor on;
2. The Son of God has con-quered—All Sa - tan's pow'r de - fied;
3. The world can nev - er charm thee, For He has van-quished there;
4. For Christ has rent its wa - ters, He took the prom-ised land;
5. All Sa - tan's pow'r is marshalled, He seeks to cast us down;

Press to thy breast Christ's right-eous-ness, And rest on lau-rels won.
Bear in thy hand the shield of faith, 'Tis not in vain Christ died.
The grave can nev - er hold thy flesh, We'll meet Him in the air.
With shoes of peace, the peace of God, We fol - low on and stand.
With Word of God his wiles re - sist, And fight to win a crown.

CHORUS.

Take the shield of faith and the hel-met of sal - va-tion, And the word of

peace e'en the shoes of prep - a - ra-tion, Would you drive the foe in - to hopeless

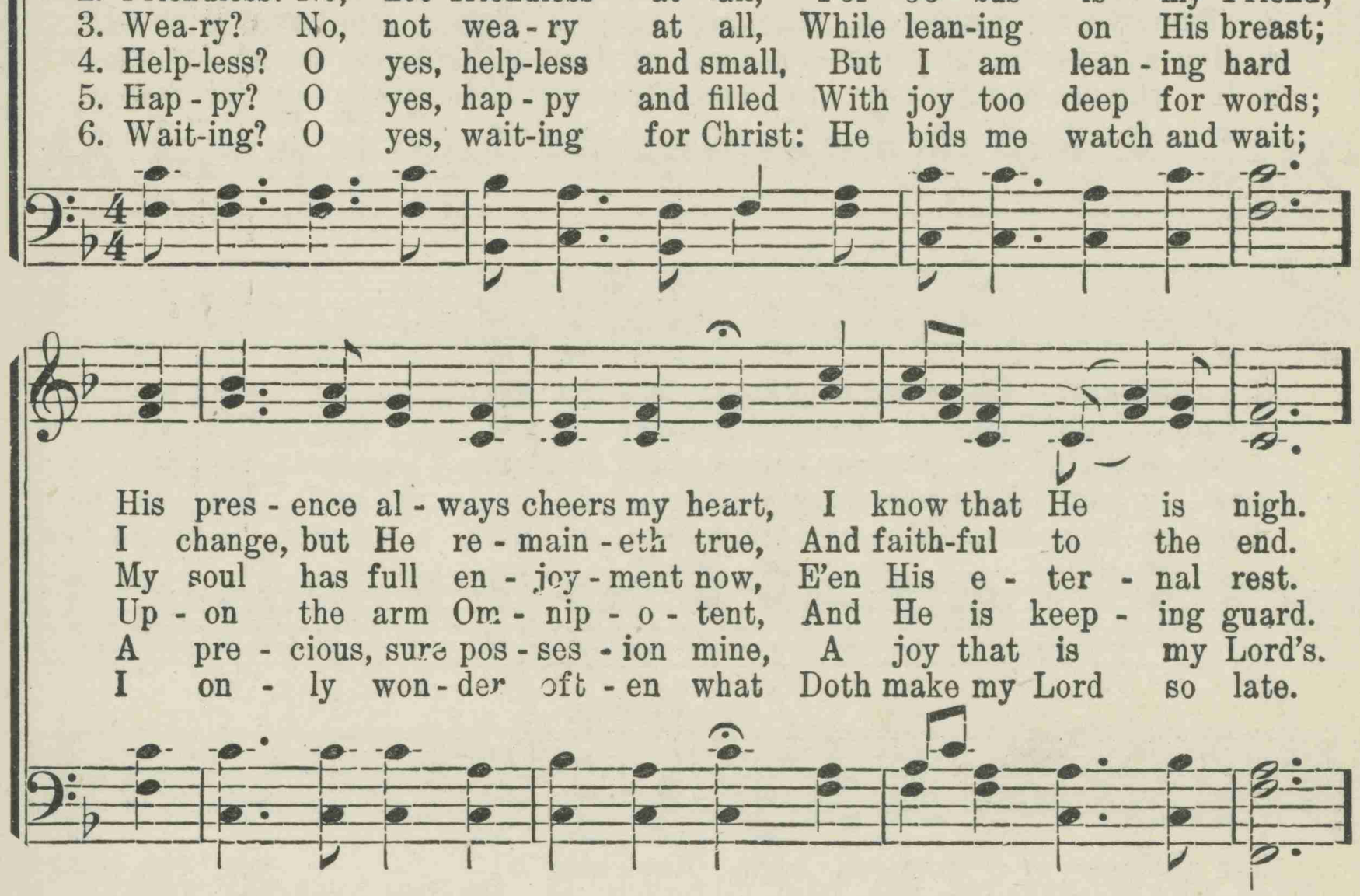
con-ster - na-tion, Stand on the Word, be strong in the Lord.
Stand by faith on the liv - ing Word,

No. 55. Jesus—All-Sufficient.

Arranged. 1918 A. S. COPLEY.

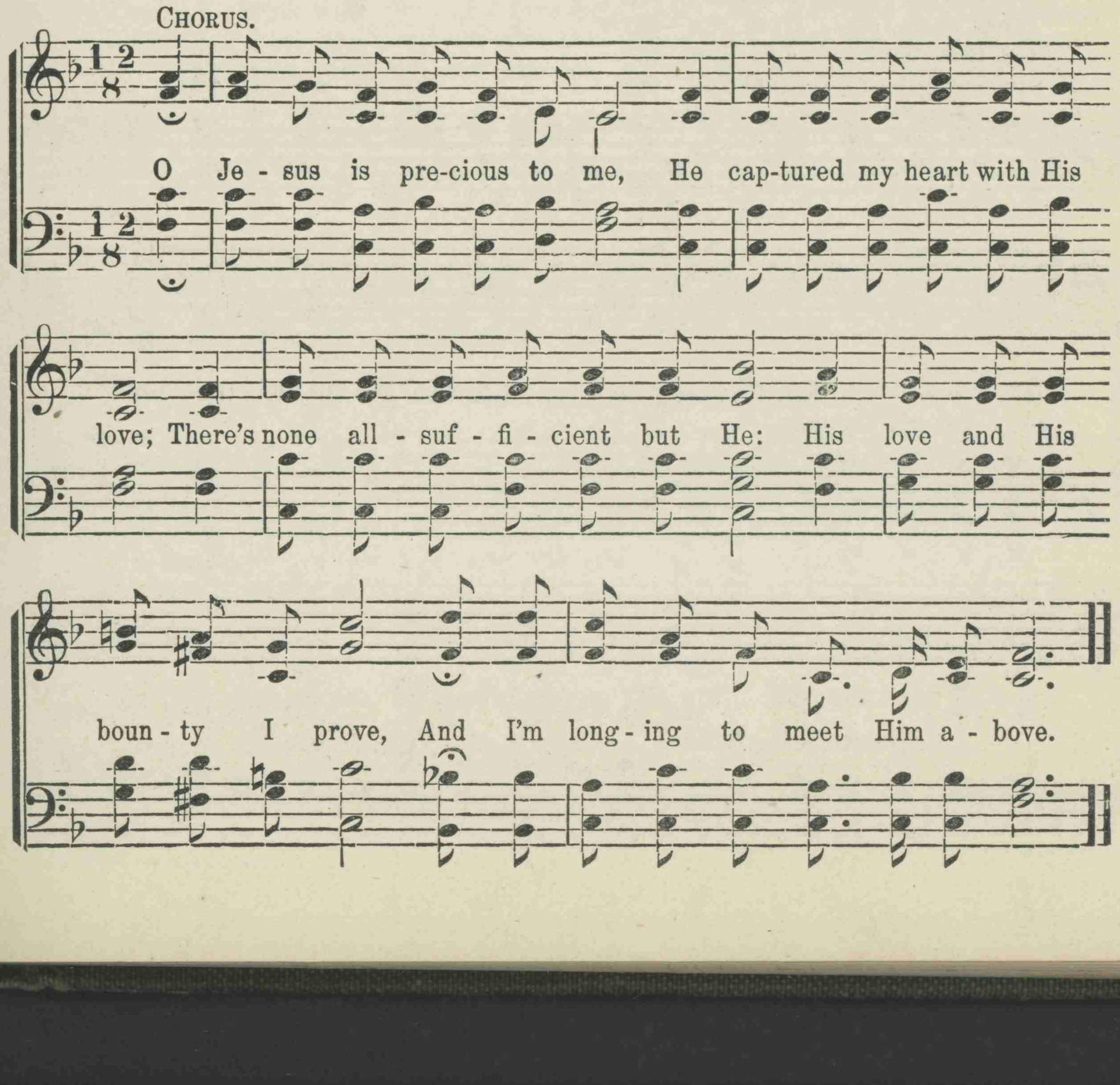


1. Lone-ly? No, not lone - ly at all, While Je - sus stand-eth by;
2. Friendless? No, not friendless at all, For Je - sus is my Friend;
3. Wea-ry? No, not wea - ry at all, While lean-ing on His breast;
4. Help-less? O yes, help-less and small, But I am lean - ing hard
5. Hap - py? O yes, hap - py and filled With joy too deep for words;
6. Wait-ing? O yes, wait-ing for Christ: He bids me watch and wait;



His pres - ence al - ways cheers my heart, I know that He is nigh.
I change, but He re - main - eth true, And faith-ful to the end.
My soul has full en - joy - ment now, E'en His e - ter - nal rest.
Up - on the arm Om - nip - o - tent, And He is keep - ing guard.
A pre - cious, sure pos - ses - ion mine, A joy that is my Lord's.
I on - ly won - der oft - en what Doth make my Lord so late.

CHORUS.



O Je - sus is pre-cious to me, He cap-tured my heart with His
love; There's none all - suf - fi - cient but He: His love and His
boun - ty I prove, And I'm long - ing to meet Him a - bove.

No. 56. Running Over.

A. S. C. January, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Oh, how my heart did yearn for vic - to - ry; For pen-te - cost-al pow-er
2. Oh, how un - wor-thy then my heart did feel, When pleading for the pow-er
3. "Remove what hinders me, O Lord," I groaned, "That I may have the pow-er
4. How won-der-ful and true—I'm just as He, Ac - cept-ed in my Sav-ior
5. If you are hun-gry now to have the pow'r; Then praise the Lord for pow-er

I did cry; Oh, what a glo - ry-time the Lord gave me, When wait-ing
from on high; Could I en - joy the Spir-it's glo - ry seal? "Oh yes!" ex -
from on high;" Up went my heav-y hands, and loud I moaned: The glo - ry
now on high; What were the hin-drance-es? O who could see? 'Tis un - be -
from on high; Praise Him with heart and voice, ex - pect a show'r, O praise Him

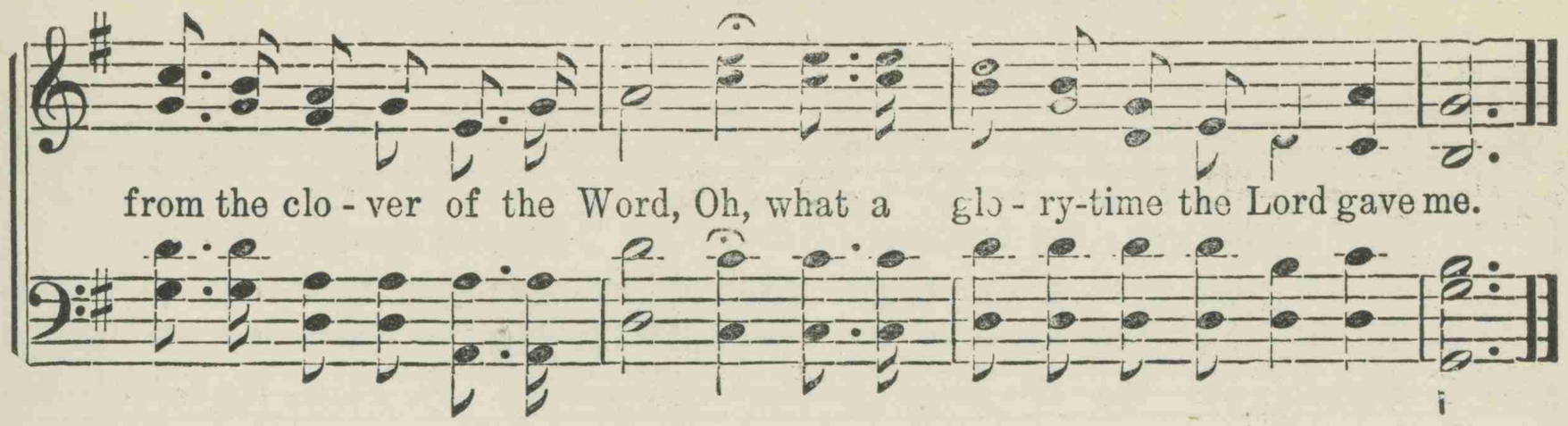
CHORUS.

for the pow - er from on high. Run - ning o - ver, run - ning
claimed the helpers stand-ing by.
broke up-on me from the sky.
lief that clos-es up the sky.
till the glo - ry rends the sky. o - ver ev - 'ry day,

o - ver, Run-ning o - ver with the glo - ry of the Lord;
o - ver all the way,

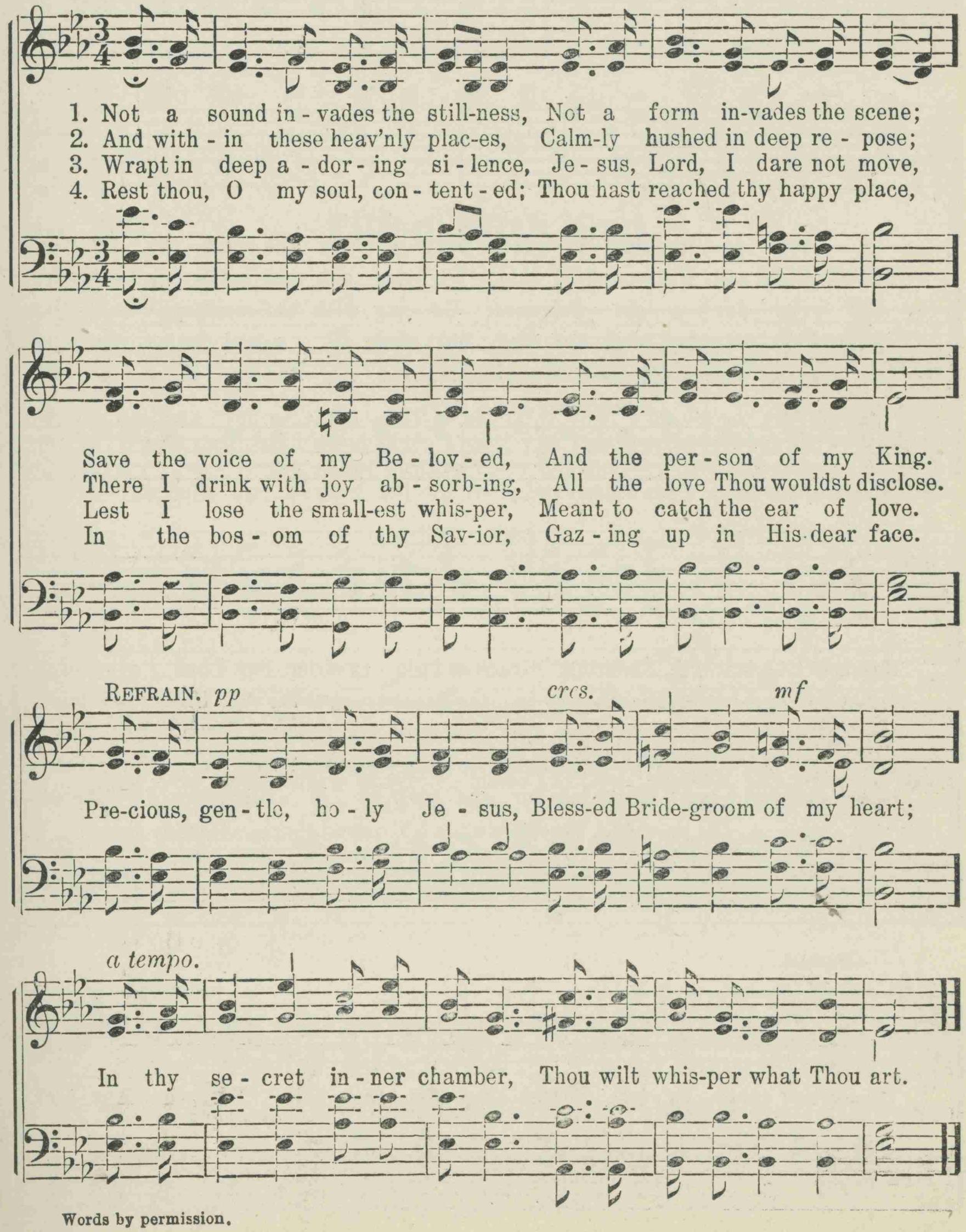
In the clo - ver, in the clo - ver; Sip-ping hon-ey
clo - ver field of love, clo - ver from a-bove;

Running Over. Concluded.



No. 57. The Inner Chamber.

SIDNEY SMITH. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



Words by permission.

No. 58. Grace and Glory.

By the editors. 1917. A. S. CopLey.



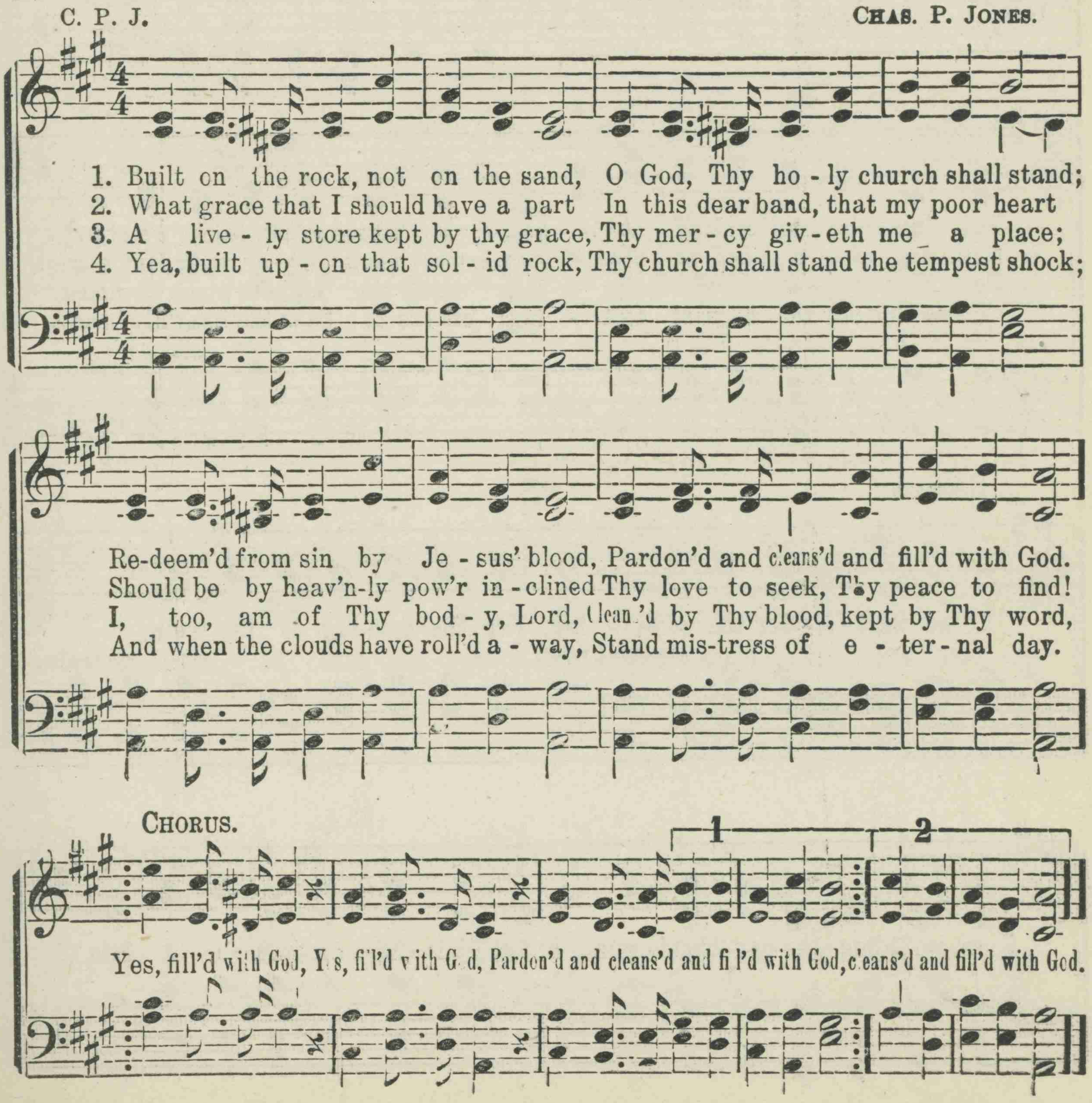
CHORUS.

Grace and Glory. Concluded.



No. 59. Filled With God.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



No. 60. The Train to Glory-Land.

A. S. C January, 1918. A. S. Copley.

1. Long I've wait - ed for the com - ing of the train to glo - ry - land,
2. Je - sus is the great Con-duc - tor on the train to glo - ry - land,
3. Christ will reign o'er earth and heav - en from His throne in glo - ry - land,
4. You may have your choice, my brother: at the de - pot take a stand,

Wait - ed at the Gos-pel de - pot, build - ed not up - on the sand;
Ma - ny years He has been call - ing wand'rers to the de - pot grand;
There the Bride will share His hon - or as a high - ly honored band;
You may reign on earth with Ja - cob, or with Christ in glo - ry - land;

But up - on the Rock of A - ges, in whose worth-i-ness we stand.
Call - ing for a host of vic - tors, who shall ev - er with Him stand.
For the grace He showed in dy - ing doth the highest place de-mand.
Choose this day the highest call - ing: choose to bear the heav'nly brand.

Chorus.

I am wait - ing for the com - ing, For the com-ing of the train;
sig - nal plain, glo - ry train;

Soon we'll hear the car-wheels rum - bling; Wait - ing can-not be in vain.

No. 61. He Is Shining the Same.

MARY M. BODIE. June. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



No. 62. Jesus is Coming Soon.

MARY M. BODIE. February, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Je - sus is com-ing, is com - ing so soon; It may be at morn, or it
2. Je - sus is com-ing, the heav-ens will ope, And we are re - joic-ing in
3. Je - sus is com-ing with shout from the skies; And up from the earth all the
4. Je - sus is com-ing to loose ev - 'ry band, The u - ni - verse bowing at

may be at noon, Or e - ven at twi-light—the close of the day; Je - sus is
this gladsome hope; The groaning cre-a-tion will vic - t'ry proclaim, Anthems re-
saints will a-rise In beau-ty transcendant, His im - age to wear – All of His
His least command; E'en Satan himself then His scep-ter must own, Mighty and

CHORUS.

com-ing in glo - ri - ous ar - ray. Je - sus is com-ing,
sounding with praise to His name.
glo - ry for - ev - er to share.
glo-ri - ous—the King on His throne. Je - sus soon is com-ing to reign,

Peace He will bring; Hail ye the summing,
Perfect peace He'll sure-ly bring, Hail, all hail the glo-rious summing;

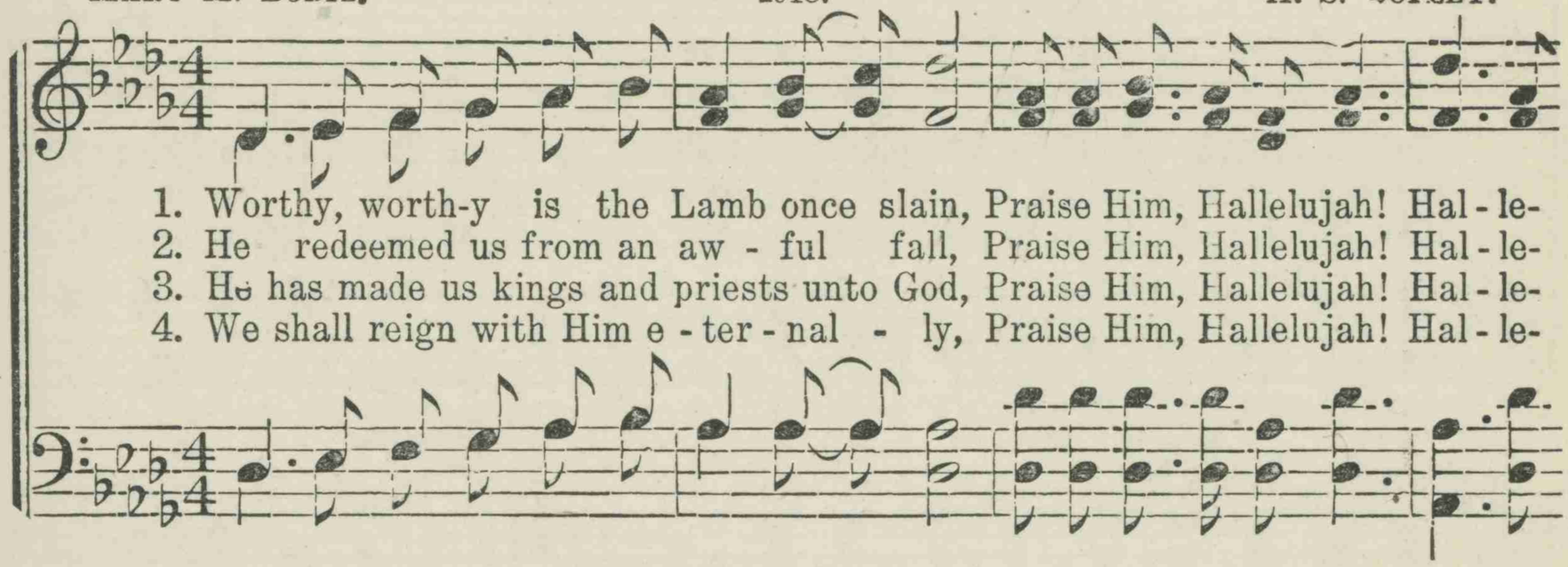
Praise ye the King, Thru the earth and heavens vic-to - ry will
Praise, O praise the coming King, Thru the conquered earth and heavens bells of vic-to-

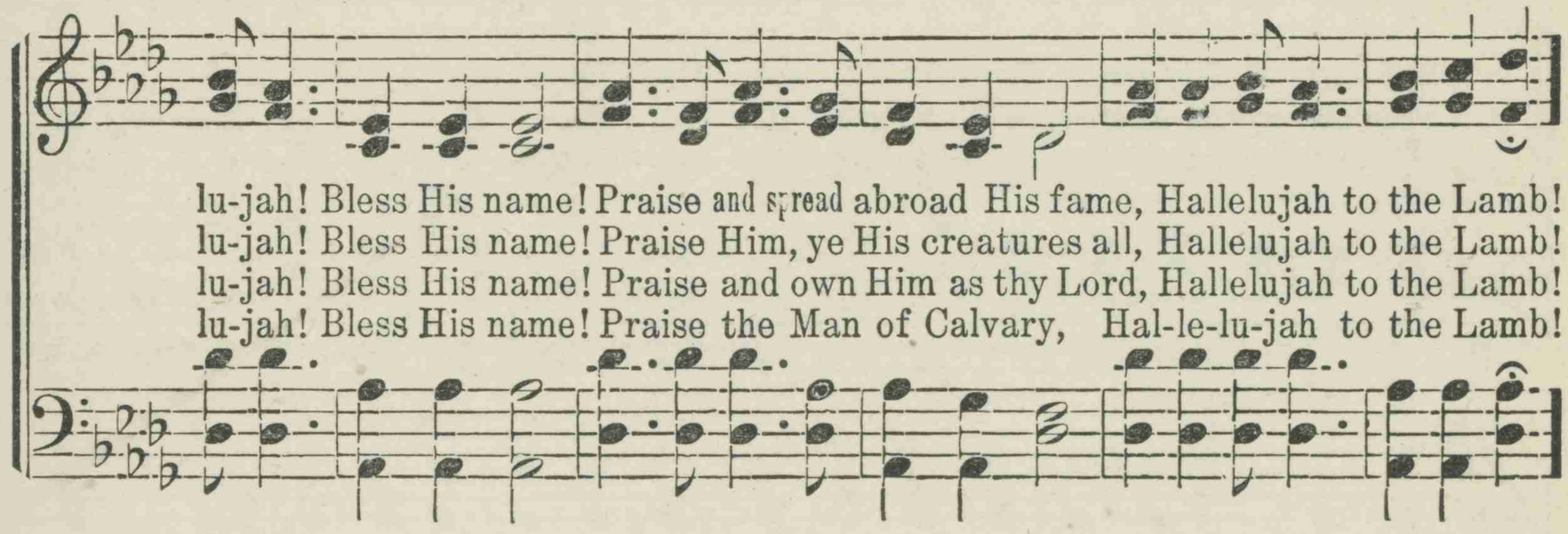
Jesus is Coming Soon. Concluded.



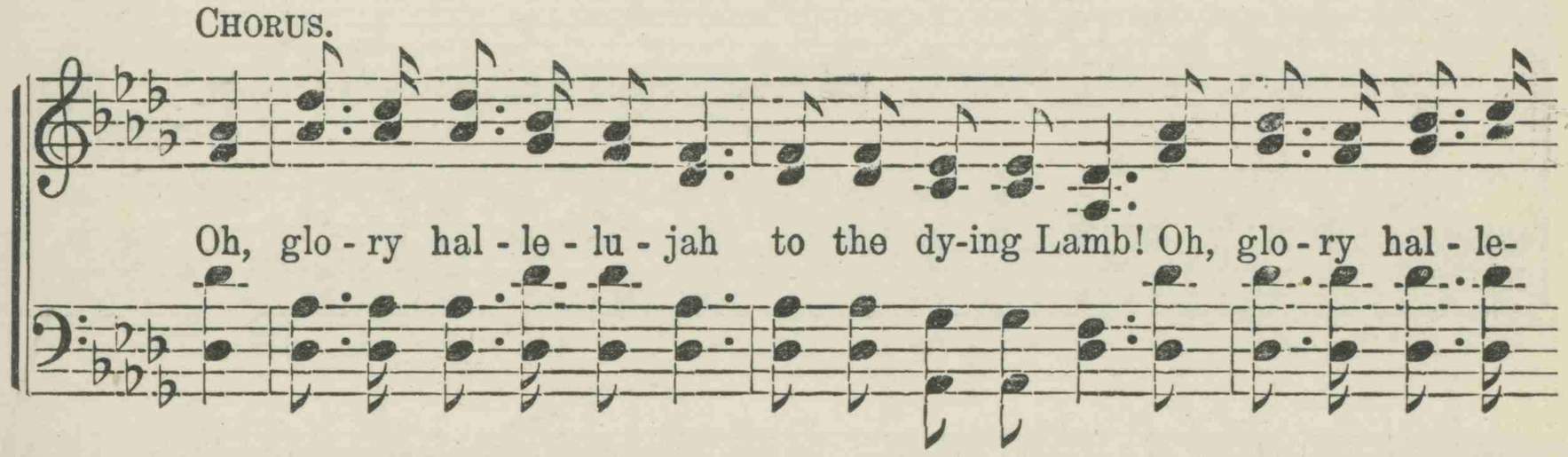
No. 63. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

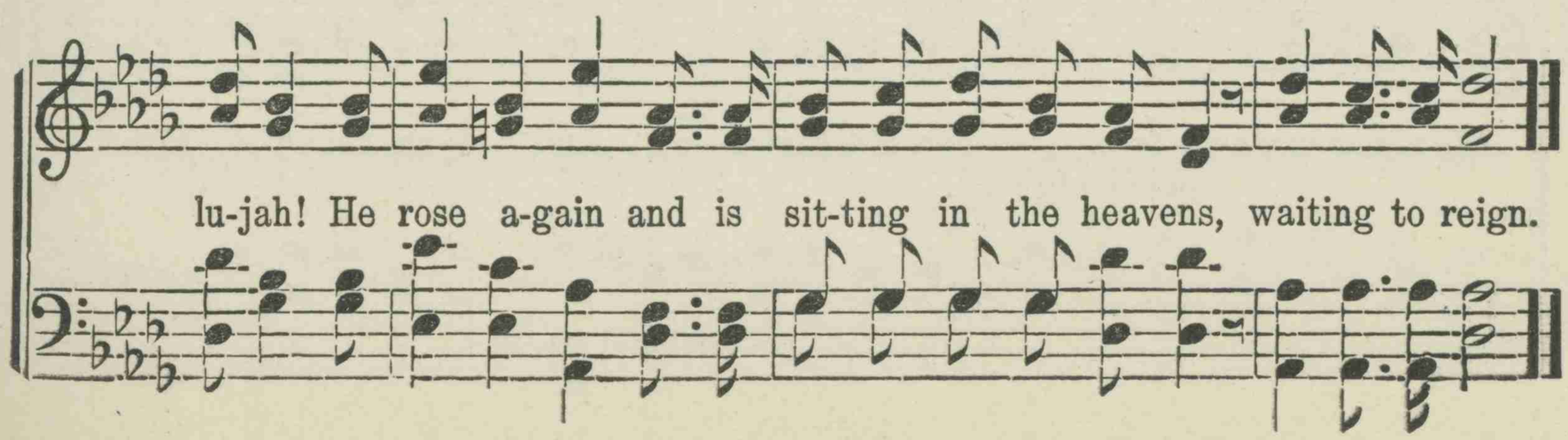
MARY M. BODIE. 1918. A. S. COPLEY.





CHORUS.





No. 64. Happy in Jesus.

GERTRUDE STAFFORD. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Christ went to the cross of Cal - va - ry, From my sins to set me free, Died and rose in triumph from the grave, For my need - y soul to save; I am hap - py,
2. Long I struggled for the Lord to live, Sa - tan had me in his sieve, "It is fin - ished, troubled heart, O hear," Fell up - on my long-ing ear; I re-ceived those
3. I'm re - joic - ing in the bless-ed Lord, Feeding on His precious word, He has giv'n the Ho - ly Ghost to me; Now to tell o'er land and sea: "His re-demp-tion

CHORUS.

hap - py in His grace, For now I see His face.
precious words as true, With nothing else to do. O I am hap-py in
is complete and sure, By faith I am se - cure."

Je - sus, My cup is full to the brim, His blood has atoned for me; His
even me,

Word has made me free, O now His face I see, And I am happy in Him.
glad and free,

No. 65. My Wealth in Christ.

A. S. C. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. A won-der - ful and righteous stand is mine, Who can condemn? Not an - y one;
2. A won-der - ful and ho - ly name is mine, I'm tru - ly called a son of God;
3. A won-der - ful and hap-py place is mine, The heav-en - ly's by faith I hold;
4. A won-der - ful and wealthly state is mine, I share the glo - ry of my Lord;
5. A won-der - ful and glorious hope is mine, The Christ to gain, who died for me;

In Christ, God sees me in the roy - al line, And jus - ti - fied in His just Son.
A - bove the an - gels I shall ev - er shine, The na-tions rule with i - ron rod.
My earth-born members to His pow'r re-sign, My love grows warm, my cour-age bold.
What can I want? How can I once re-pine? We live and move in one ac-cord.
His love my heart with rapture doth entwine, For He my Bride-groom then shall be.

CHORUS.

I'm re - joic - ing, my name is writ in heav-en; Heir un - to all

that in Christ has been giv - en; By His grace to the glo - ry I am

driv-en; My heart is filled with His love— Filled and burning with His love.

No. 66. Listen to My Story.

A. S. C. 10.8. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Have you heard the bless-ed sto - ry, How Je - sus died to save, By re -
2. Have you heard the joy - ful sto - ry, How Je - sus saves by grace, Bringing
3. Have you heard the hope-ful sto - ry, That Christ will come a - gain, Raise the

deem-ing us from sick - ness, sin and woe? He is liv - ing in the
in a new cre - a - tion thru His cross? He is plead-ing in the
dead and change the liv - ing by His pow'r? He will take us up to

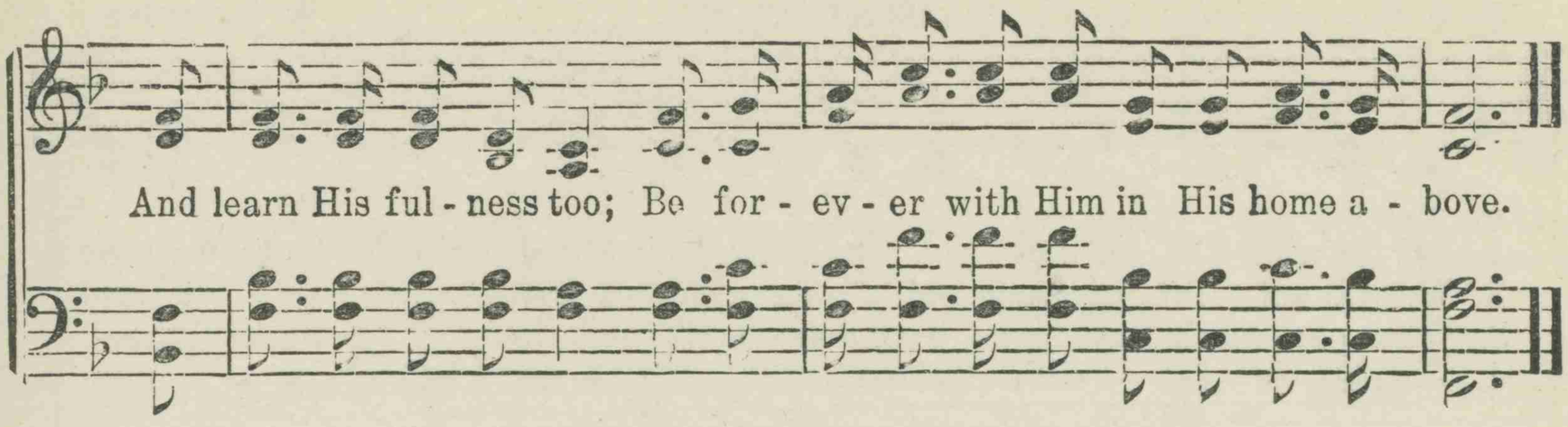
glo - ry to make the tim - id brave, Giv - ing vic - t'ry o - ver Sa - tan
glo - ry for all His trust-ing race, To be formed in them, and keep them
glo - ry with Him for aye to reign, Be ye read - y: He may come at

CHORUS.

here be - low.
from all loss. Come, list - en to my sto - ry, so sim-ple, sweet and true, He
a - ny hour.

bids you all a wel-come to His love, You may taste His grace and glo - ry

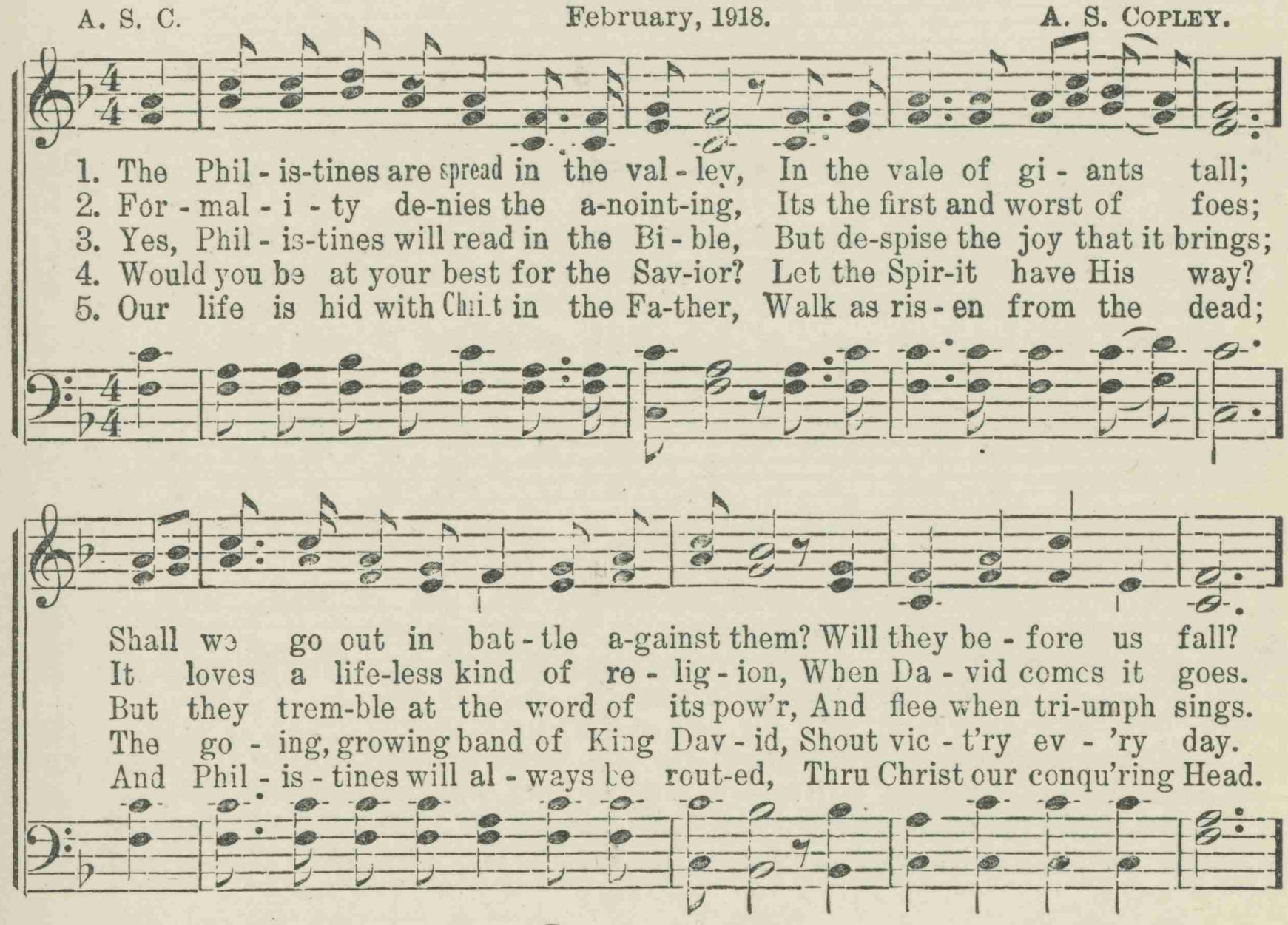
Listen to My Story. Concluded.



No. 67. In the Mulberry Trees.

"The Philistines stand for formality."—2 Sam. 5: 17-25.

A. S. C. February, 1918. A. S. Copley.



Chorus.



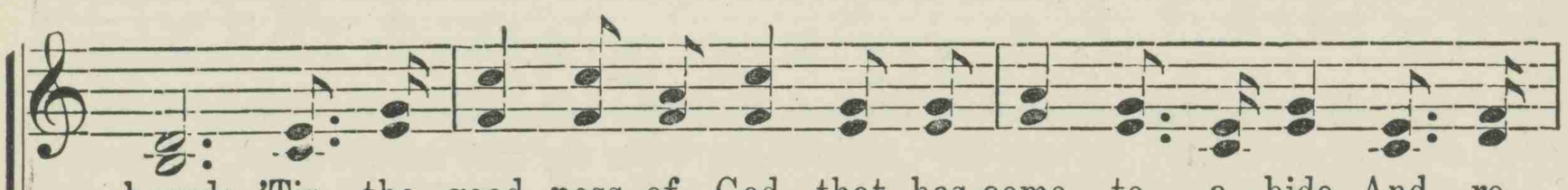
No. 68. Walk In the Light.

A. S. C. September, 1921. A. S. Copley.



1. Let us walk in the light of the Lord, Let us heed all the truth we have
2. We will suf - fer reproach and all loss, Dearest friends will re-ject us and
3. When our friends pass a-way with disease, Hav-ing yield - ed to flesh and ap-
4. Thru the a - ges e - ter - nal we'll prove All the mar - vels of in - fi - nite





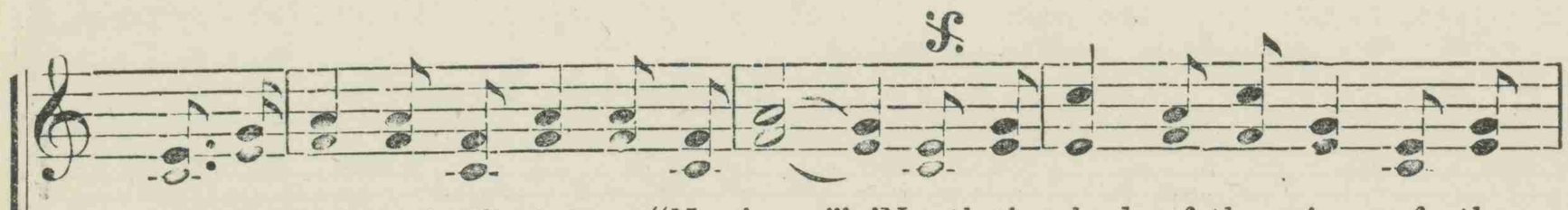
heard; 'Tis the good- ness of God that has come to a - bide, And re-
scorn; Yes, our hearts will be wrung with deep an - guish and grief, And in
plause; And when some turn to self - ish - ness, en - vy and hate, Then we
grace, And for - ev - er re - joice that we walked in the light By the





veal wondrous things thru the word. To the world we must say one "Good-bye,"
sore dis-ap-point-ment we'll mourn. But the Lord will speak peace thru His word,
know what's the deep-seat-ed cause. Let us walk in the light of the Lord,
Spir - it, and quick-ened our pace. In the glo - ry we'll find a re - ward,





To the flesh and all sin one "Nay! nay!" 'Neath the shade of the wings of the
Ample strength will He give us to stand, And the arm of Je - ho - vah will
And with hearts full of gladness press on, Nev - er slack - en our gate, Je - sus'
We will walk on the ev - er-green plane, And for - ev - er have Je - sus our



D. S.—'Neath the shade of the wings of the

Walk In the Light. Concluded.

FINE. CHORUS

Christ we will hide, And to Him shout an e - ter-nal "Yea."
bring quick re-lief, As we press on and heed His command. { We will walk in the
com - ing a - wait, Then in triumph we soon will be gone. { With the Bridegroom in
Bridegroom in sight, As a cer-tain and e - ter - nal gain.

Christ we will hide, And to Him shout an e - ter-nal "Yea."

D. S.

light, We will walk in the light, We will walk in the light of the Lord;
sight, We will walk by His might, Ev - er trust-ing His joy-bring-ing Word,

No. 69. The Cleansing Wave.

Phoebe Palmer. (Altd.) **Mrs. J. F. Knapp.**

1. { O now I see the cleans-ing wave! The foun-tain deep and wide;
   { Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, (*Omit.*) .....
2. { I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world of sin,
   { With heart made pure and gar-ments white, (*Omit.*).....
3. { A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To rest on Him who died;
   { And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, know, (*Omit.*).....

CHORUS.

Points to His wound-ed side.
And Christ enthroned with - in.
As ris'n and glo - ri - fied.

{ The cleans-ing stream, I see, I see!
{ O praise the Lord! it cleans-eth me!

I plunge, and O it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

No. 70. My Resurrection Bounty.

A. S. C. 1918. A. S. Copley.

1. Oh! give e - ter - nal glo - ry to the Man of Cal - va - ry,
2. I find a life e - ter - nal in the Man from Jo-seph's tomb.
3. I'm learn - ing in the Christ of res - ur - rec - tion here to move:
4. I'm liv - ing in the heav'n-lies where my Fa - ther seat - ed me,

He's the Rock of A - ges hoar - y; but He died for you and me.
He as - cend - ed in - to heav - en to pre - pare for me a room.
And the pow - er and the vic - t'ry of that life I dai - ly prove.
In the Man of the As - cen - sion whom from death He had set free.

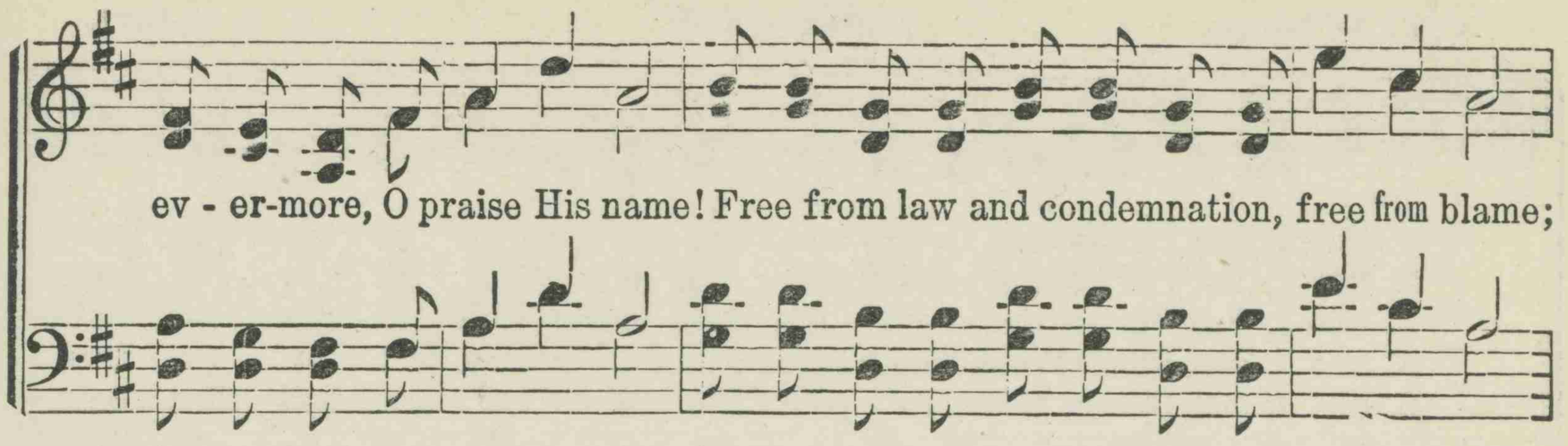
Thru that bless-ed bleeding Lamb, Saved by wondrous grace I am; And with
Thru His in - ter-ces-sion there, I can live a - bove all care, And be
By His buoyant joy with-in, Je - sus keeps me 'bove all sin, And His
I'm a - live for ev - er-more Thru His life my dai - ly store; And with

Chorus.

Him in realms ce-les - tial I shall sure-ly be. I've been raised from the
read - y for trans-la-tion to my glo - ry home.
res - ur - rec-tion glo - ry I shall share a - bove.
Him on high I'll sure-ly reign e - ter - nal - ly. as the

dead, With Christ Jesus my Head; I'm a - live for
scrip - ture said, glo - rious Head;

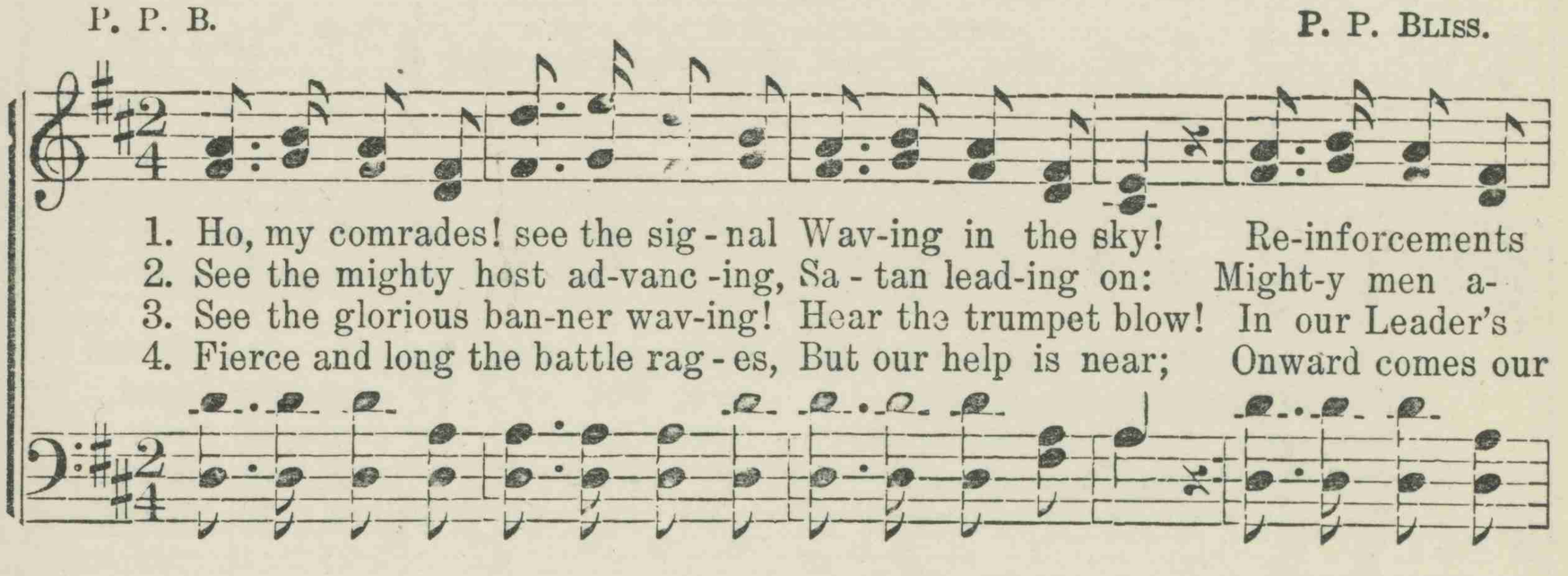
My Resurrection Bounty. Concluded.

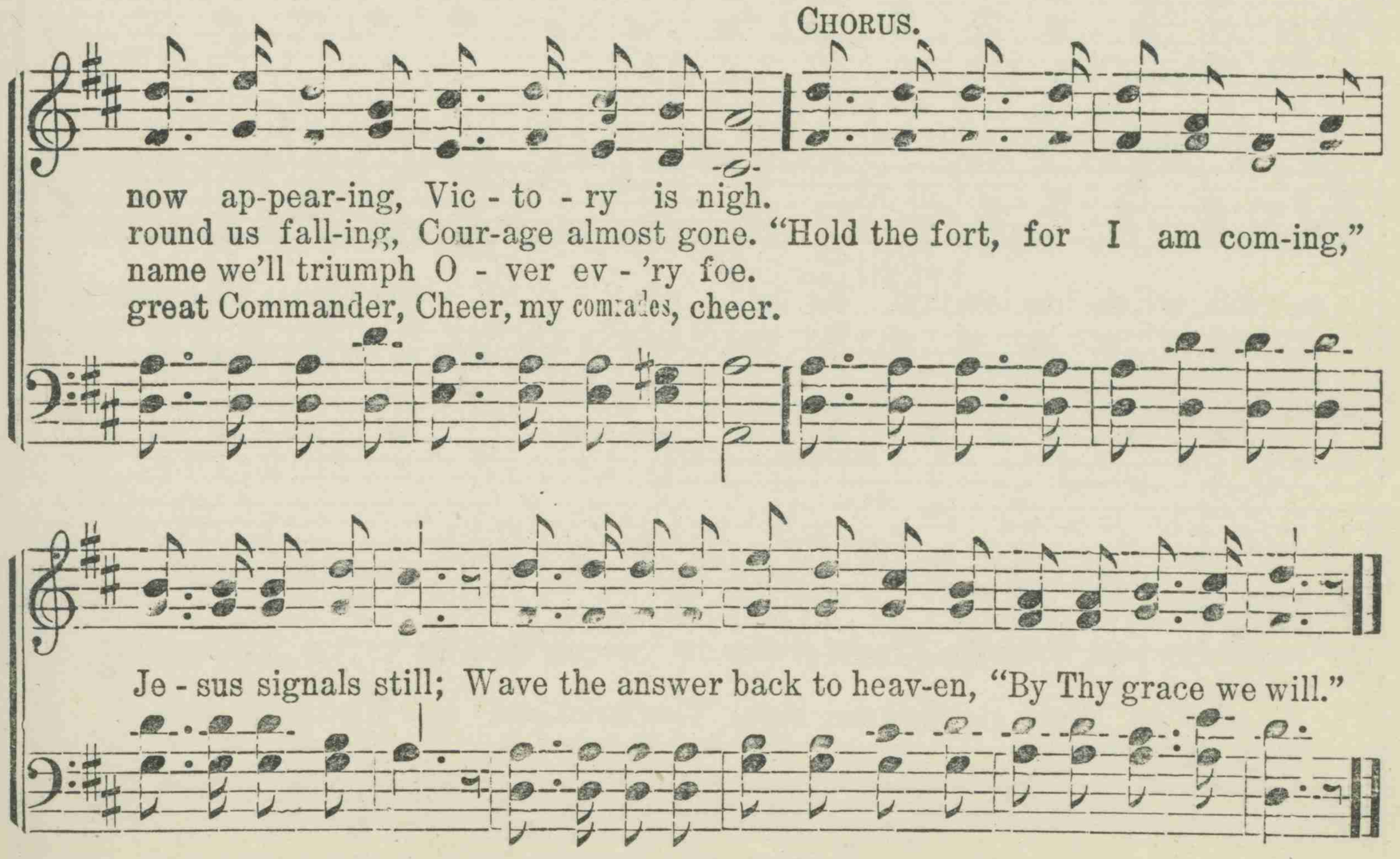




No. 71. Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.





No. 72. Not I, but Christ.

MARY M. BODIE. February, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Not I, but Christ that liv-eth now, Sur-ren-ders all to meek - ly bow,
2. Not I, but Christ, the pulsing pow'r, For ev - 'ry day, for ev - 'ry hour,
3. Not I, but Christ, the vic-tor - life That nev-er fails a - midst the strife
4. Not I, but Christ, that freely gives And dai - ly dies, yet ev - er lives
5. Not I, but Christ, that dai-ly pours His life on oth - ers, and then soars

God's sov'reign will to own. His life the source and boundless spring
Of ev - 'ry worth - y deed. The tears and cries, the groans and sighs,
That reigns with-out, with - in; But ev - er seeks mankind to bless—
To sa - cri - fice a - lone; Fills from his own an-oth - er's cup,
A - bove this world of care, To bask in all the warmth and cheer,

Of all the wor - ship that doth wing Its way up to the throne.
And pray'rs that dai - ly do a - rise, For ev - 'ry press-ing need.
For ev - 'ry blow a sweet ca - ress, Christ o - ver-comes all sin.
And drinks the dregs of sor - row up With-out a sigh or moan.
The mel - o - dy of heav'n to hear, And all its joys to share.

CHORUS.

Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis not I, But Christ that lives and
'Tis no long - er I,

glo - ry gives to God on high, 'Tis Christ, not I, 'Tis Christ, not I.

No. 73. I Am Over Jordan.

A. S. C. January, 1918. A. S. Copley.

1. With prospects bright my rap-tured soul Can here no long-er stay;
2. My Jos-hua leads me by the hand, And guides me with His eye,
3. O now I've reached the hap-py place, And am for-ev-er blest;
4. O here are bound-less fields of grace—I has-ten to ex-plore—

Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, By faith I launch a-way.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
For here I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest.
Pro-vid-ed free-ly for our race, I'll tell it more and more.

Chorus.

O this good-ly land of mine, Abounds in hon-ey, milk and
O be-hold Abounds in pounds of
wine; And has my Fa-ther's care. I'm filled with joy-ous, ho-ly mirth
filled and thrilled
These days of heav'n up-on the earth; And Jos-hua's im-age bear.
glo-rious days

No. 74 Is It Not Wonderful?

Mary M Bodie. June, 1922. A. S. Copley.

1. There's a se - cret God had hid - den, In Him - self 'twas safe - ly sealed;
2. Then the Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, Tho' the name of God is one,
3. When at last in old Ju - de - a, In due time Je - ho - vah came,
4. Yet, it was as man He conquered, And all Sa - tan's pow'r de - fied;

But to those who seek His fa - vor, Is the mys-- t'ry now re-vealed.
There de - cid - ed on the pur - pose, Which to man is now made known—
Man - i - fest - ed was the se - cret, Shin-ing forth in Je - sus' Name;
Thus thru Him we have re-demp-tion—Vic - t'ry thru the Cru - ci - fied.

In the past e - ter - nal a - ges, Long be - fore the worlds were made,
That in Christ the hope of a - ges God's ef - ful-gence should be seen,
For the Word then dwelt a - mong us, Full of De - i - ty pos-sessed;
So the saints of God tri-umph-ant, More than lost es - tate re - gain;

There was held a might - y coun- sel, And Di-vine foun-da - tion laid.
And man's fall and full re-demp-tion, Is the work-ing of this scheme.
And in flesh, the Fa-ther's im - age Was most per-fect - ly ex - pressed.
For when Christ comes back in glo - ry, Ma - ny sons with Him shall reign.

D. S.—Ma - ny sons with Him shall reign.

FINE.

CHORUS.

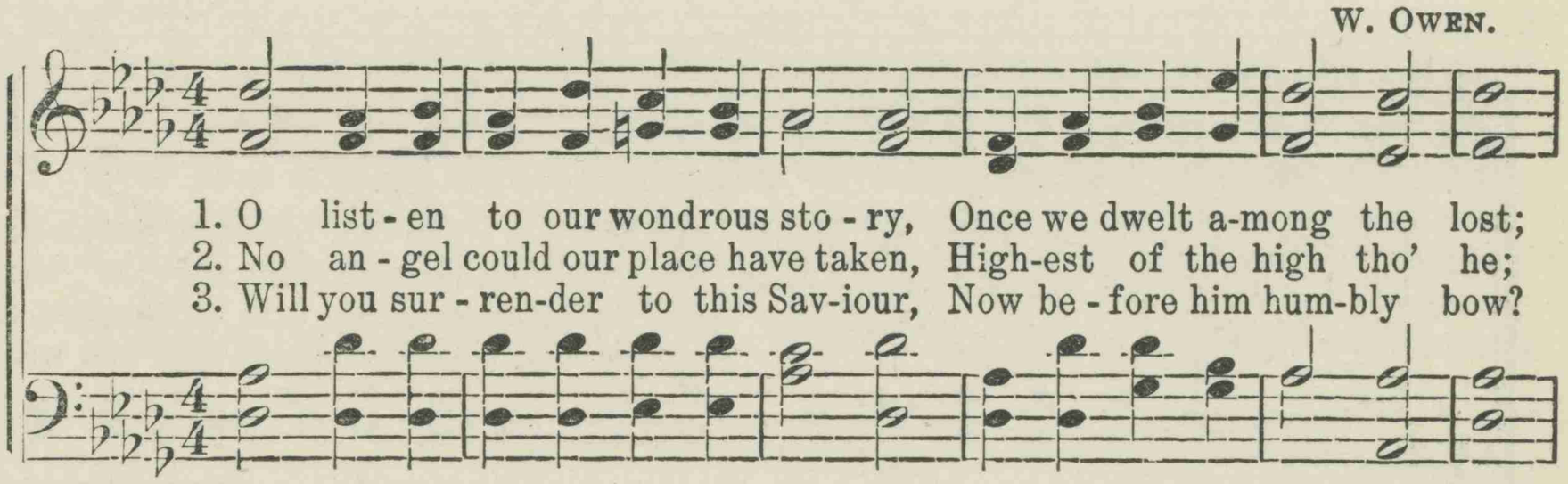
{ Is it not won-der-ful? Yes, it is won-der-ful! Je- sus died and rose a - gain;
{ Oh, it is won-der-ful! Glori'us and won-der-ful! Jesus saves from sin and pain.

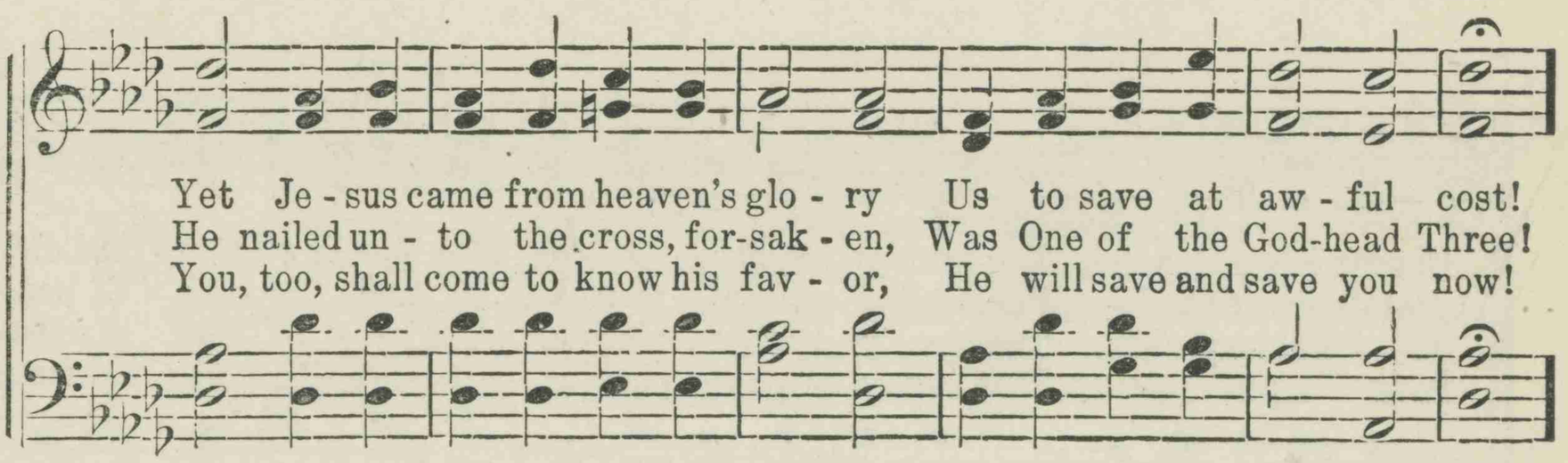
Is It Not Wonderful? Concluded.



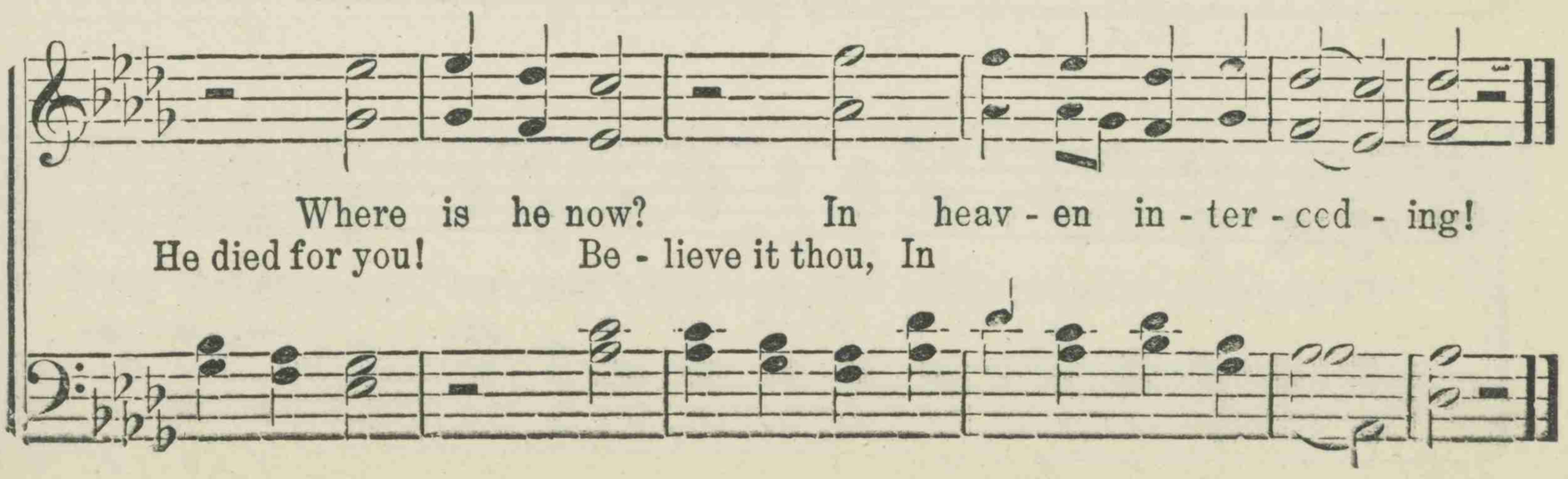
No. 75. What Did He Do?

W. Owen.









No. 76. The Pentecostal Power.

MARY M. BODIE. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

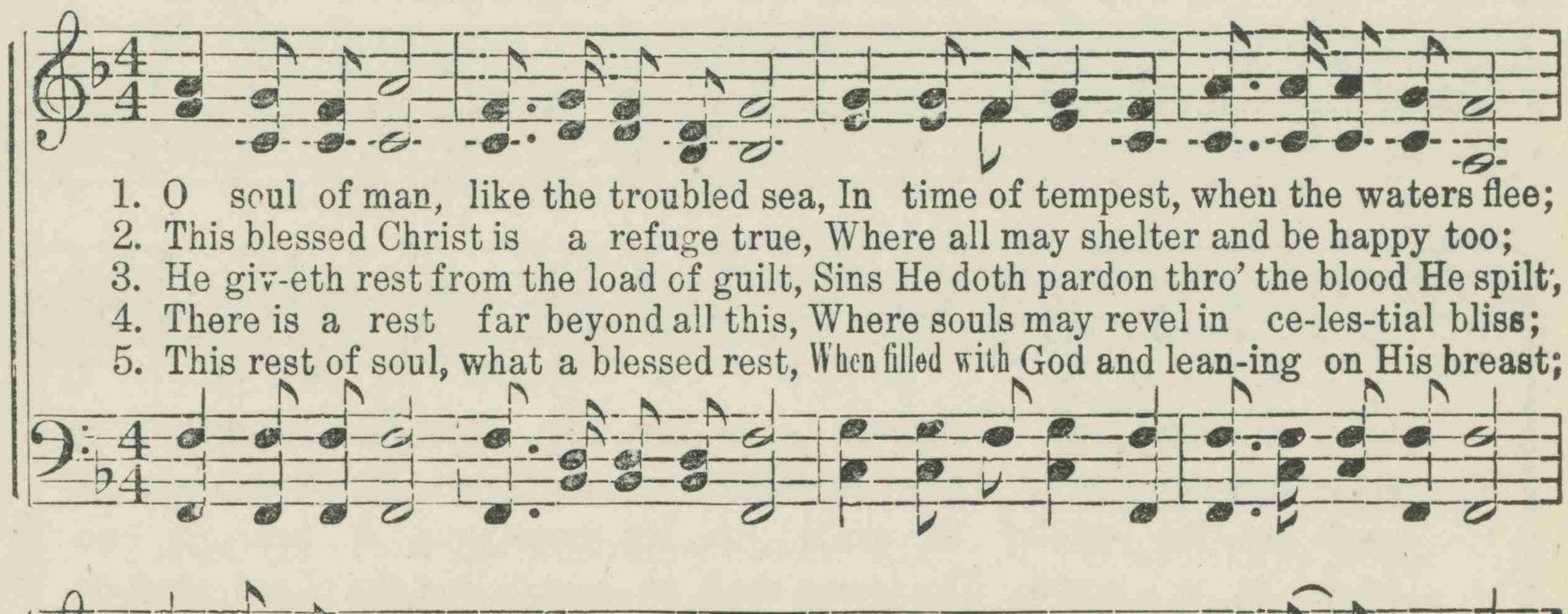


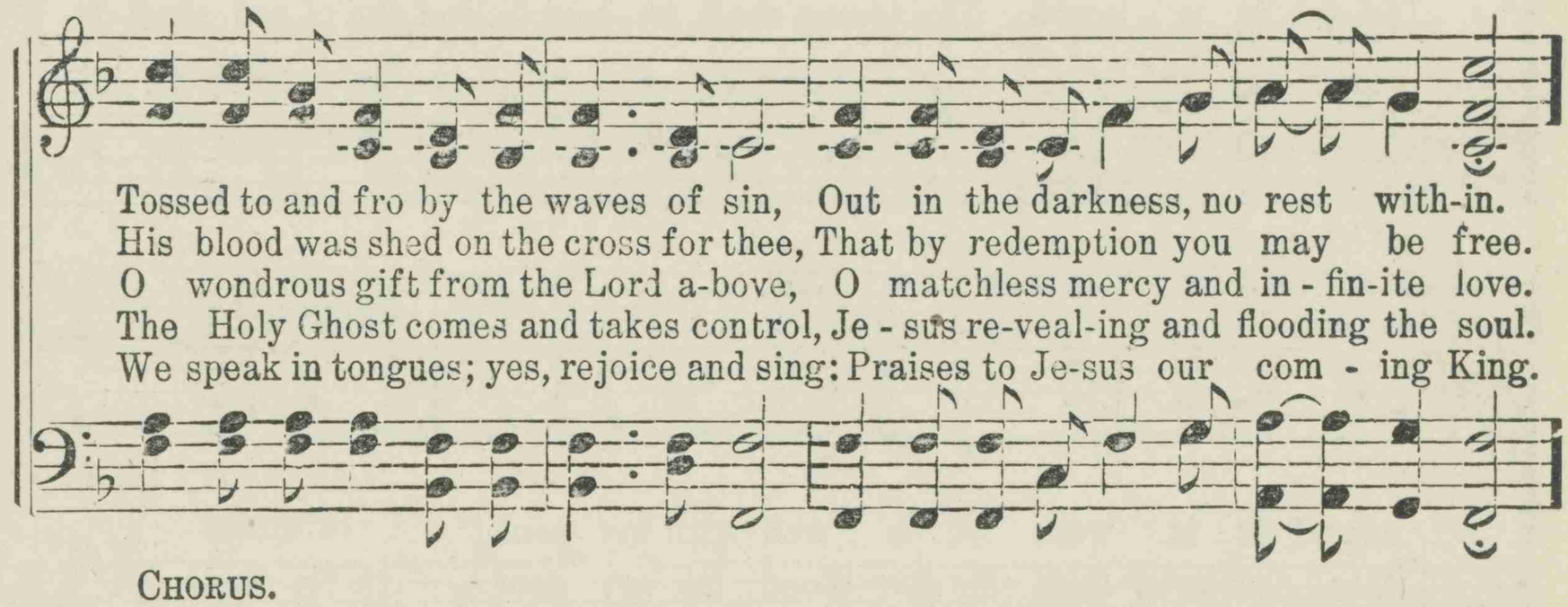
The Pentecostal Power. Concluded.



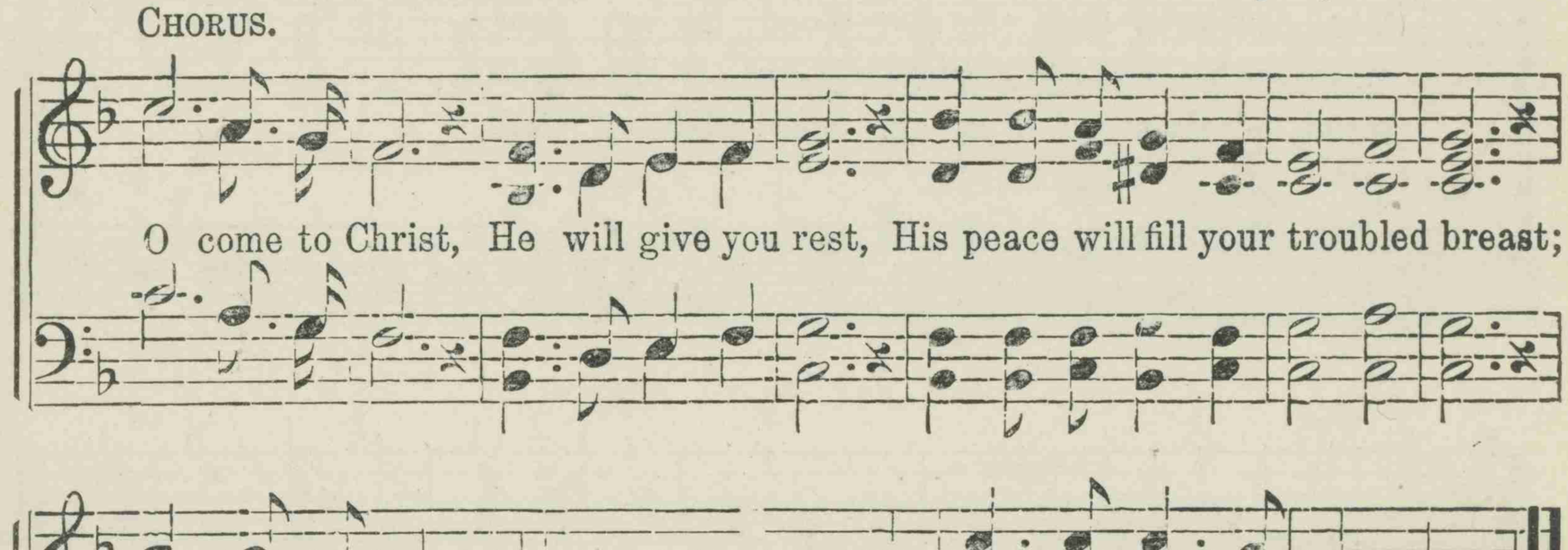
No 77. Fullness of Rest.

C. E. FOSTER. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.





CHORUS.





78. WELL WITH MY SOUL

H. G. STAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es- tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul. It is well.. ..
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin not in part but the whole, Is nail'd to his cross, and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de- scend,—"Even so"— it is well with my soul!

CHORUS.

with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!

well with my soul,

79. Precious Blood!

Frances R. Havergal. *Tenderly.* J. Mountain.

1. Pre-cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid;
3. Pre-cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
4. Tho thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar - let glow;
5. Now the ho - li - est with boldness, We may en - ter in.
6. Pre-cious blood, by this we conquer In the fierc - est fight
7. Paecious blood, whose full atonement Makes us nigh to God!

Shed for reb-els, shed for sin - ners; Shed for me.
Per-fect par-don now is of - fered; Peace is made.
Let it flow in might - y cleans-ing O'er thy soul.
Je - sus precious blood can make them White as snow.
For the o - pen fount-ain cleans-eth From all sin.
Sin and Sa - tan o - ver-com - ing By its might.
Precious blood our song of glo - ry, Praise and laud!

CHORUS.

Precious, precious blood of Je-sus! Ev-er flow-ing free.

Oh, be-lieve it! Oh, re-ceive it. 'Tis for thee.

80. Christ My Life

Mary M. Bodie. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Christ my life in me a-bides And my life in Him He hides;
2. Thus my lips are His a-lone Filled with mes-sag-es His own.
3. Hence my mo-ments and my days Are now full of end-less praise:
4. All my will to Him I give, For it is "not I that live."
5. All my love on Him I pour, At His feet it's treas-ure store;

Thus my hands and feet aye move, At the im-pulse of His love.
All my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite do I with-hold.
Heart and voice His mer-cies sing, Al-ways on-ly for my King.
All my heart it is His own; Tru-ly all His roy-al throne.
All my-self and e'er to be, His a-lone e-ter-nal-ly.

Chorus—

All my spirit, bod-y, soul;
He has touched and made them whole;
Now forever more en-

tire-ly to be, Tem-ple of the Trin-i-ty.

No. 81. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J CROSBY. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber-less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When cloth'd in His brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet Him with

Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full-ness di - vine, I sing in my rapt ure, oh, glo - ry to God For
saints in the sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, His won - der-ful love, I'll

CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleasure I see
giveth me strength as my day He hid eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
such a Re-deemer as mine
shout with the millions on high

That shadows a dry, thirst-y land, He hid - eth my life in the depths of His

love, And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

82. My Savior Knows!

Arranged. *"God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."* I JOHN 3: 20.
A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. While reading from God's word of love, the truths He sent from heav'n above. I find the one that
2. He knows our needs; we are His care: He knows the load we dai-ly bear; And from His throne in
3. He knows our weak - ness; fills with pow'r; His grace a- bounds each day and hour, And thus we gain our

brightest glows, A jew-el rare — "My Savior
heav-en high, Our Savior guides with watchful
por-tion blest, With-in His arms of love to

knows." This comforts me in woe, or weal And is my
eye. A-mid the toil, a-mid the strife, a-mid the
rest. Here is the balm for wounded hearts, And refuge

staff how-e'er I feel; And from my heart a
cares and griefs of life; This precious thought brings
from sa-tan-ic darts. What-e'er be-tide, or

My Savior Knows!



83 The Sure Foundation

T. C. O'KANE.

No. 84. Working Together For Good.

MARY M. BODIE. June, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. While walking in the light of God, On this fair up-ward way, Sore tri - als
2. With weakness we are cumbered here, We need a might-y hand, And nar-row
3. And tho' we are per - plexed in-deed, When clouds o'er-hang our sky; And we can -
4. A treasure we are bear-ing 'bout, In ves-sels yet of earth; Tho' fra-gile,

and af - flic - tion's rod, Be - set us ev - 'ry day; We know how-ev - er
sometimes is the way, Where we can on - ly stand; Our heart doth fal - ter,
not the rain-bow see, For darkness that is nigh; Tho' troub - led, we are
quick-ly brok-en, small, They hold a heav'n-ly birth; We suf - fer in this

that He says To those called out in grace, That naught can an - y one de - feat,
fear and faint, Tho' nev - er in de - spair; For Je-sus' voice is call-ing clear;
sanguine still, That all is sent in love; For saints He nev - er can for-sake,
bod - y now, The dy - ing of the Lord; His life is thus made man-i - fest,

CHORUS.

Who's running in this race.
"On Me cast ev - 'ry care." We know all things are work-ing good, Yea, working
But comforts from a - bove.
As saith His precious Word.

day and night; To - geth-er they are working well, For sol-diers in the

Working Together For Good. Concluded.

fight, A go - ing on to vic - to - ry, With sword and hel - met bright.

No. 85. Pardon For All.

Anon. Arr. by F. M. G.

1. I once was a strang-er to grace and to God, I knew not my
2. Then free grace a - woke me by light from on high, I cried, Je - sus
3. Dear Je - sus, dear Je - sus, my treas - ure and boast, Dear Je - sus, dear

dan - ger and felt not my load; I flew to the cross when I
save me, oh, save ere I die; He heard my deep plead - ings and
Je - sus, I ne'er can be lost; This watch-word shall be my last

heard Je - sus call, "Come, poor trembling sinner, there is par - don for all.
an - swered my call, Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par - don for all.
song when I fall, Bless the name of Je-sus, there is par - don for all.

CHORUS.

Par-don for all, par-don for all, Bless the name of Jesus, there is par-don for all.

No. 86. Jesus Did It All.

A. S. C. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Long I tried to earn sal - va-tion, Knew not it was free; Sad and sick with con - dem-na - tion, Christ I did not see. Some one cried: "A new cre - a - tion, Hear the Gos - pel call." And exclaimed with ex-ul - ta - tion: "Je - sus did it all."
2. Could not mend the old cre - a-tion, Tho' I long had tried; Hence, in bitter con - ster-na - tion, Fre-quent-ly I cried: Till I learned of full sal - va-tion, Heard the Gos-pel call. Now I sing with ex - ul - ta - tion: "Je - sus did it all."
3. Won-der - ful is God's sal - va-tion, Per - fect, free and grand; Onward led by ex - pec - ta - tion, In His grace I stand. Stablished on this firm foun-da-tion, Can I ev - er fall? Nay, I am a new cre - a - tion: "Je - sus did it all."
4. Come and seek this great sal - va-tion, Christ the sinner's friend; Come, enjoy re- gen - er - a - tion To your jour-ney's end. Be prepared for con-sum-ma-tion, Hear the bu - gle call; Join the shout of cor - o - na- tion: "Je - sus did it all."

𝄋 CHORUS.

{ Je - sus did it all, Hear His loving call, } O it is so won-der-ful, won-der -
{ Can-celed all my debt, Ev-'ry need is met, } (*Omit.*)

ful and true; Now I trust and praise Him, Nothing else to do, Je-sus did it all.

D. S.

87 Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

D. W. G. D. W. GRIFFIN.

1. For the world in blind-ness 'neath a ty - rant's rod, Was a foun-tain
2. Je - sus was my ran - som on the cross that day When cre - a - tion
3. Hav-ing once for - ev - er met the law's de-mand, He, my High Priest,
4. Death has lost its ter - rors, sin has lost its pow'r; Thro' the Lamb once

o - pened in the heart of God, And a stream of mer - cy, e - ven
trembled and the vail gave way, And when all man's glo - ry tru - ly
ev - er sits at God's right hand, And His worth and pow - er is at
of - fered all the curse is o'er; Not a foe can en - ter at the

*CHORUS.

un - to blood, And in love it cov-ered me.
passed a - way In the blood that cov-ers me. O that fount-ain o-pened
my command, Thro' the blood that cov-ers me.
sprinkled door, For the blood it cov-ers me.

in the heart of God, That bless - ed cleansing, heal - ing flood, And a

stream of mer-cy flows for e - ven me, I was bound but now I'm free.

By permission of Mrs. Griffin, owner.

No. 88. The Spirit's Fullness.

A. S. C. 1917. A. S. Copley.

1. Hear the words of scrip-ture, prof-fer of God's grace, "I will pour you out the Ho - ly Spir - it,"
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r? Wait up - on the Lord un - til He fills you;
3. Naught can stand between you and your glo - rious Lord, If you love the precious gos - pel sto - ry;
4. Lift your heart this moment, let the Spir - it sing, He will fill your soul with rest and glad-ness;
5. Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jahs from our lips a - rise, Since the Ho - ly Spir - it came in pow - er;

Rest up - on a prom-ise in your pil - grim race,
Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour,
On - ly one con - di - tion writ-ten in His word,
Count up - on His presence, and your praise will ring,
An-thems roll in grandeur thro' the earth and skies,

CHORUS.

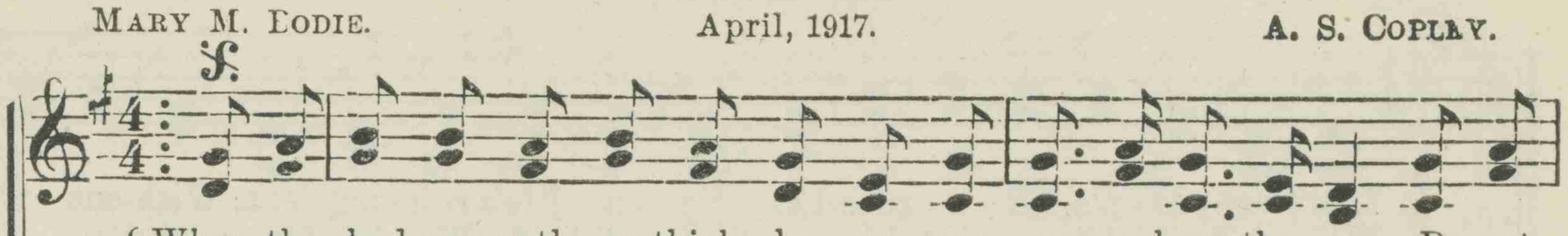
Stand-ing in the Sav-iour's mer - it.
Praise Him till His glo - ry thrills you.
That you seek Him for His glo - ry. Look a - way to Je - sus; trust His
Loos - ing oth - er saints from sad - ness.
Tell - ing out His grace each hour.....

grace; And prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts, And I will fill you

with the Spir - it, There shall not be room e - nough to re - ceive Him.

No. 89. The Heart Trusting Right.

MARY M. LODIE. April, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.



1. When the shad-ows gath - er thick - ly as you go a-long the way; Do not
   There is rest for just the tak - ing, and a hal - le - lu - jah lay; [*Omit*]
2. Though your life seems all a tan - gle, full of toil and pain and care; If you
   He will fill your soul with glad-ness; He will all your burdens bear, [*Omit*]
3. On - ly transient is the sor - row, but a - bid - ing is the joy: You are
   In the pres-ence of the Sav - ior, noth-ing ev - er can an - noy, [*Omit*]





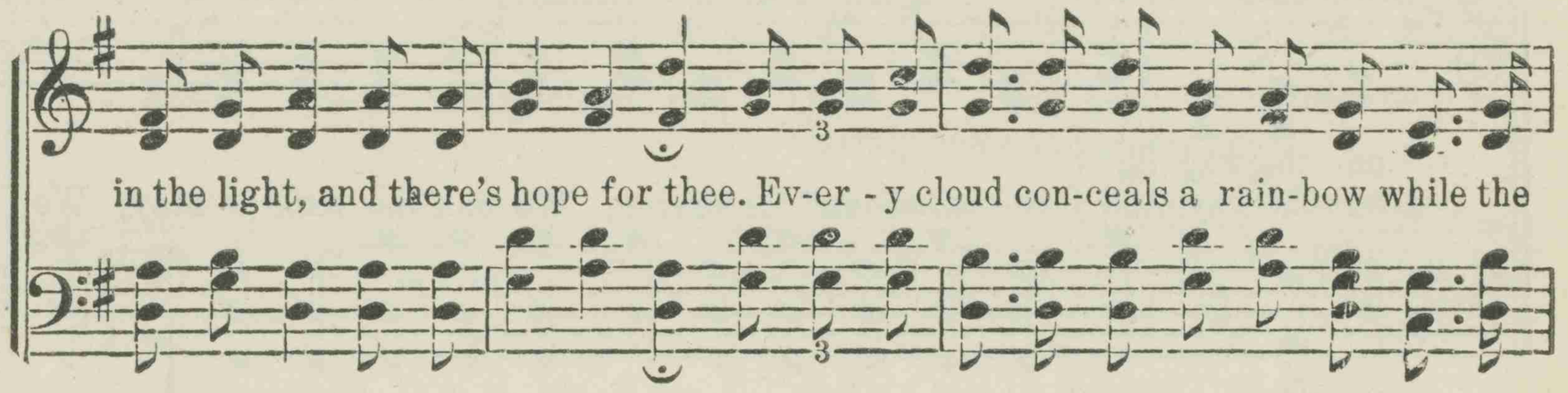
grieve for their ap-pear-ing: Christ is light. And the sky is clear while the heart is
look to Je-sus, they will take their flight. When He finds your harrassed heart is a
liv - ing in the glo - ry day and night. For He finds your hap-py heart is a



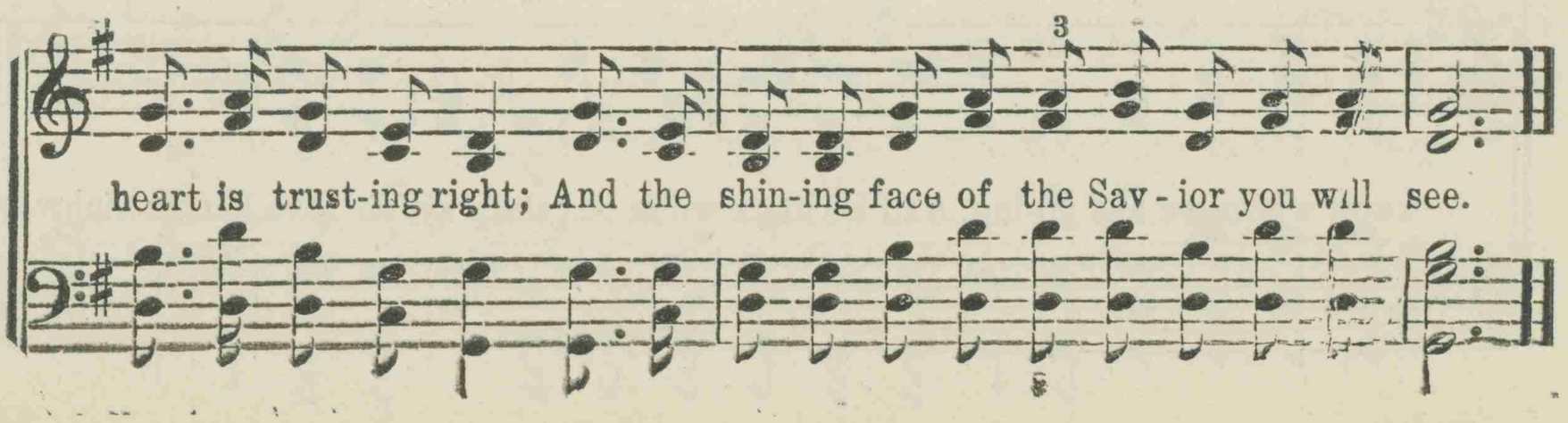


trust-ing right. While the heart . . . . is trusting right; You are walk-ing
peaceful heart day and night;





in the light, and there's hope for thee. Ev-er - y cloud con-ceals a rain-bow while the



heart is trust-ing right; And the shin-ing face of the Sav - ior you will see.

No. 90. Where We Are Going.

MARY M. BODIE. March, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. There are peo - ple all a - round us Up - on life's roll - ing sea, With-out a
2. We are booked for gospel shipping, On the Ark of Bi - ble fame; It's built of
3. Our ship will safe-ly an-chor, For it is sail - ing sure, It's bound to
4. We have left the world be-hind us, We could no long - er stay, We caught a
5. We are cast up - on the o - cean Of God's un - chang-ing love, Our lamps are

guide or compass, Bound for e - ter - ni - ty. The winds are fiercely blow-ing,
heav-'nly tim-ber, And launched in Je-sus' name. We have a straight thro' ticket,
land in glo - ry, And ev - er - more en - dure. There is no fear of judgment,
glimpse of glo-ry, And so we sailed a - way. Our Sav-iour is the Cap-tain,
trimmed and burning, They're light-ed from a-bove. Our hearts are warm and glowing,

The wa - ters splash and spray, They know not where they're going, But they know they're
There is no more de - lay, How - ev - er rough the voy-age, We know we're
But all are blithe and gay, We know where we are go - ing, And we know we're
There is no more de - lay, We're sure of where we're going, We know we're
We're hasting to the day, For we know where we are going, We are sure - ly

CHORUS.

on the way. But }
on the way. And } we are bound for heaven, We can no long-er stay; We

know where we are go-ing, And we know we're on the way, on the King's highway.

No. 91. The Man in the Glory.

A. S. C. February, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. This is my sto - ry—The low - ly Naz - a - rene; Be - got - ten of the
2. Won - der-ful sto - ry—A Man of hum-ble birth; But in - fin - ite His
3. Love you the sto - ry? His name is ointment poured, In whom all wealth of

Great un - seen, Has died to save and win a hap - py Queen To be with
love and worth, In whom a - lone God came from heav'n to earth, This Man is
grace is stored; By men and an - gels here and aye a - dored, He is the

CHORUS.

Him in glo - ry. Oh, that Man, that love - ly Man in
in the glo - ry.
Man in glo - ry. How I love that wondrous Man,

glo-ry, He lives for you and me; Come, and hear, then help me
Quickly come and gladly hear,

tell the sto-ry, And live for Him, to see The Man that's in the glo-ry

No. 92. Not Blessings, But Christ.

A. S. C. December, 1917. A. S. Copley.

1. The birth of the Sav-iour a - noint-ed Brought the birth of an-
2. Not bless-ings, but Christ is our sto - ry, Nev - er seek - ing the
3. The Christ of the Bi - ble I'm tell - ing, E'en the Man in the

oth - er new year; He came by the Fa - ther ap - point - ed To
car - nal to feed; From man - ger to cross and to glo - ry, Of
glo - ry for me; My soul with the mu - sic is swell - ing, His

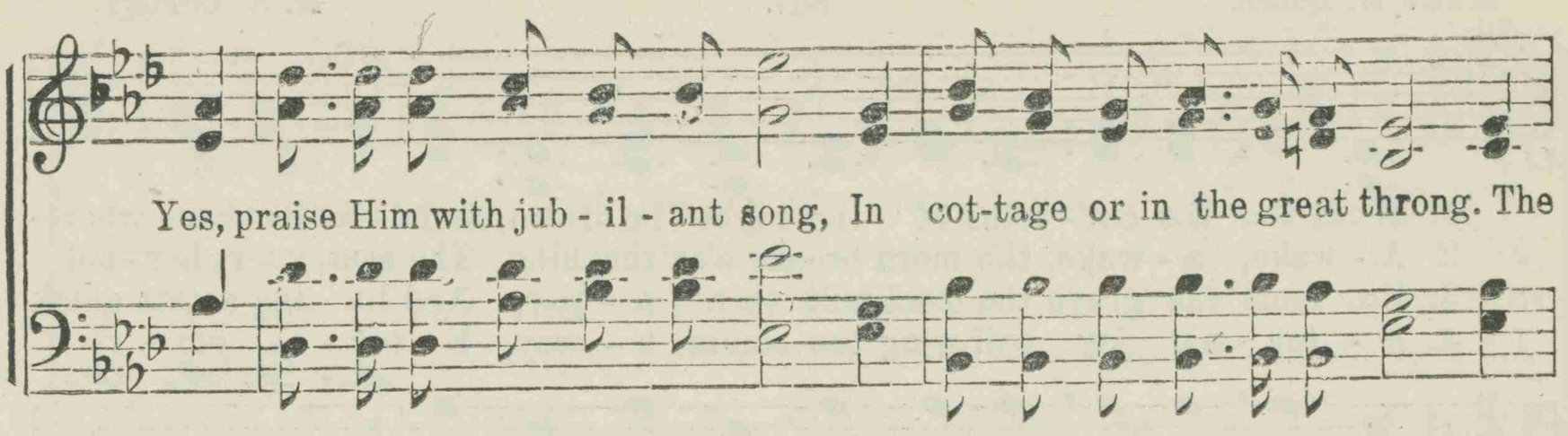
ban-ish transgression and fear; Men cel - e-brate, feast in the day time, Then
Him we en-tranc-ing - ly read; His birth and His death, res-ur - rec-tion, Have
grace ev-'ry - bod - y must see; O join me in shout-ing the sto - ry Of

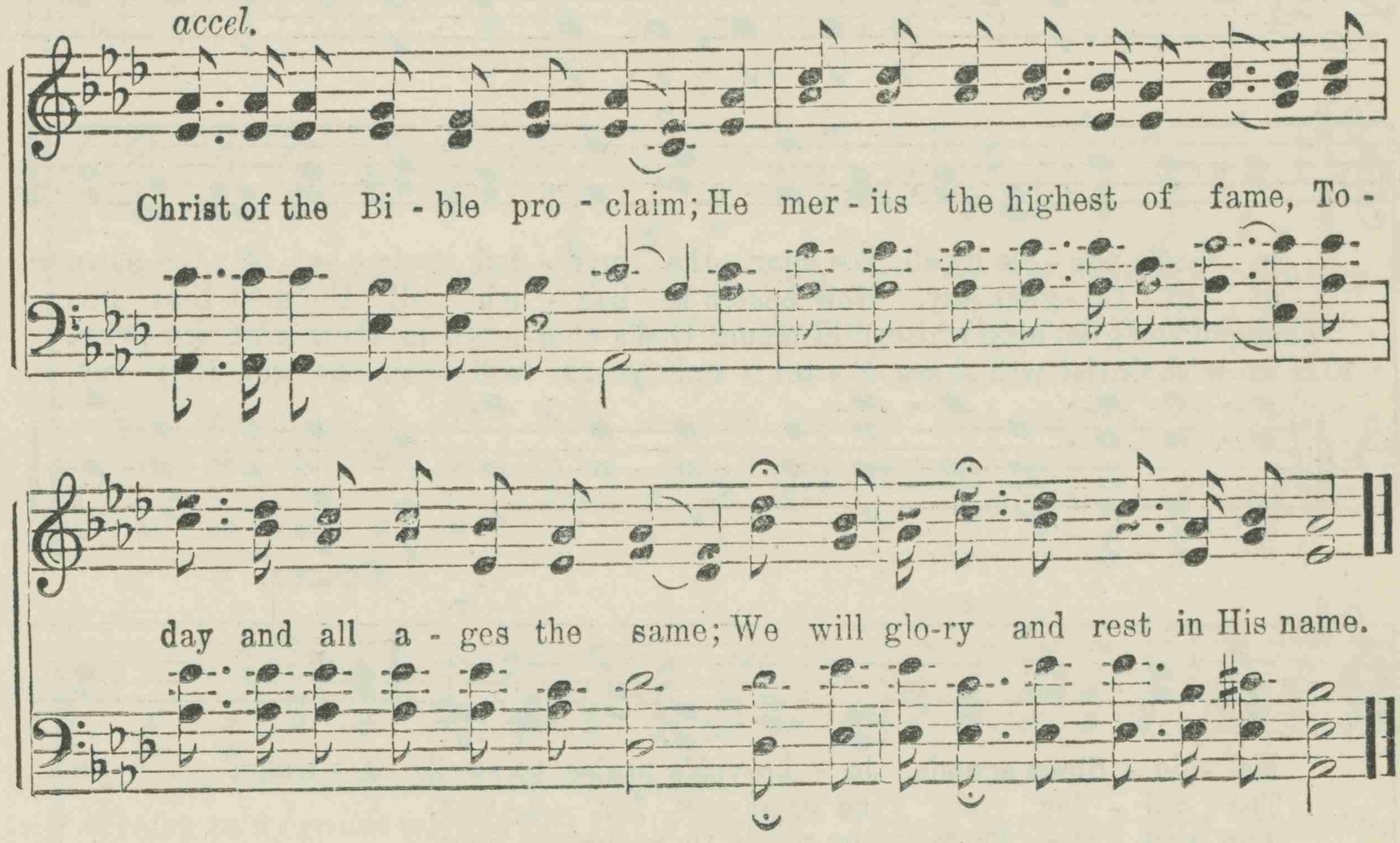
rev - el the dis - mal night long; With nev - er a thought of a love-chime,
wrought out sal-va-tion for men; To some Je - sus' word is cor-rec-tion,
vic - t'ry and pow'r in His name; For soon we shall meet Him in glo - ry

Chorus.

That Christ came to righten all wrong.
For them He is com-ing a - gain. O praise the Lord all the year long,
And share in His won-der - ful fame.

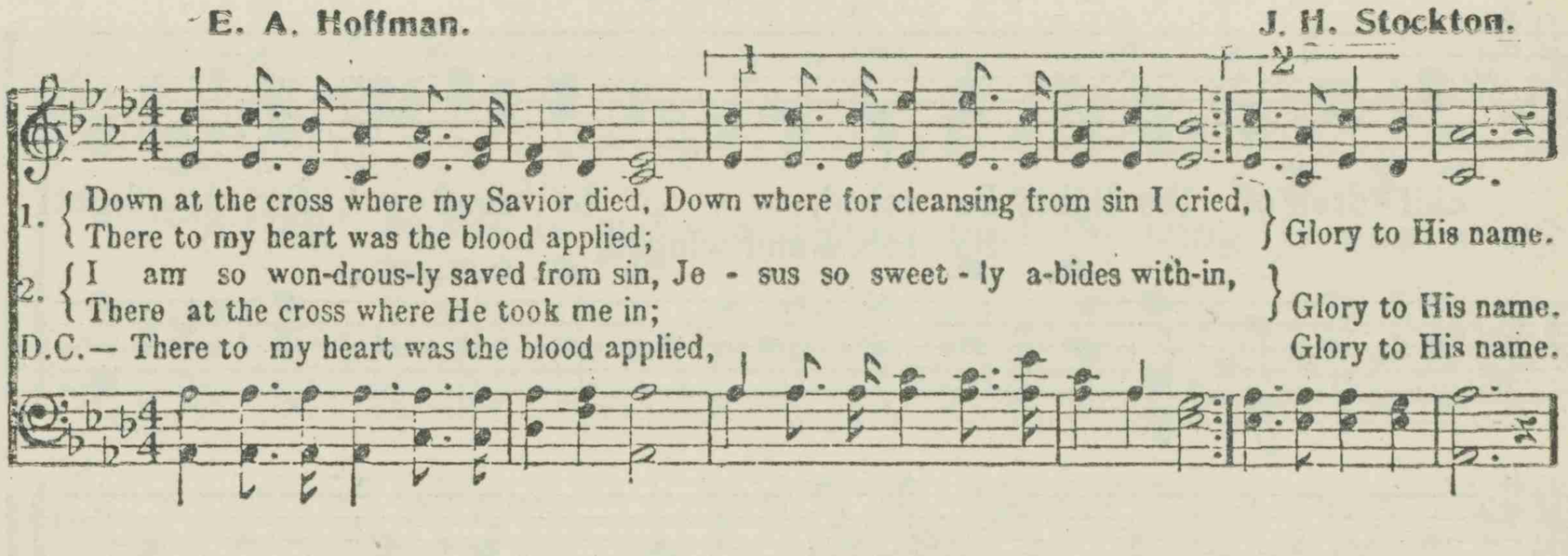
Not Blessings, But Christ. Concluded.





93 Glory to His Name.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Stockton.





3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 94. The Day Dawns.

MARY M. BODIE. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. What tho' the cur - tains of the night be drawn, And dark the shade where-
2. A - wake, a - wake, the morn breaks o'er the hills, The star, swift her - ald
3. Up from the grave the dead will then a - rise, And liv - ing saints quick
4. E - ter - nal joy will wing the saints a - way, E - ter - nal glo - ry

in God's peo - ple dwell, We hear the myr - iad voic - es of the dawn—
of ef - ful - gent day, Now hastes to ban - ish all the mist that fills
changed and glist'ning white, Will mount God's char-iots in their glad sur-prise,
we with Christ will share, E - ter - nal years will span our wed-ding day,

CHORUS.

Me - lo - dious sounds, Je - ho-vah's praise to swell. A - wake, ye
The val - ley of the shad - ow far a - way.
And with the Bridegroom speed to realms of light.
With - in the cit - y ho - ly, bright and fair. A - wake and sing,

chil - dren of the light; Be robed, be read - y for the flight;
Be robed and winged,

He comes in train of spot-less white, Behold the Bridegroom comes.
He comes as King

95. Tune Your Harps

A. S. COPLEY. L. WHITE.

1 Tid-ings of Grace with joy we are proclaiming. News of sal-va-tion,
2 Grace, peace and glory—this our joyous car ol. Fullness of blessing,
3 Je - sus is call - ing us to highest glo-ry. With Him to rule the
4. Why will ye lin ger by a brok-en cistern? You may en - joy a

deep and full and free Viewing His glo-ry we are now exclaiming
fit - ness for a throne His righteousness a - lone is our ap-par - el
heavens and the earth Fruitage of grace must hear this sweetest story,
well of end-less life Why do you fal ter? Get the Ho - ly Spir-it,—

CHORUS.

Where He has gone, forever we shall be
Heirs to a crown we are but little known. Tune a harp and sing. make the
And tune the harps to sing with holy mirth.
Rivers of water, ending care and strife

welkin ring Je-sus is victor and grace is on the wing, O what a won-

derful and loving Savior, Let us tell the tidings, then we'll crown Him King.

No. 96. The Journey and the Glory.

MARY M. BODIE. June, 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Once in Pal - es - tine journeyed a stranger, Yet a prophet of hum-ble re -
2. The scene is so wondrous and thrilling, We're entranced by the sight we be -
3. And these light af-flic-tions of a mo-ment, Can - not with the glo - ry com-
4. In the sky we shall see Him de-scend-ing. His shout will be heard in the

nown; He was toil - ing and teach-ing, tho' home-less, For He sight - ed an
hold: For this ver - y same Je - sus is com - ing, The coun - sels of
pare; The suf-f'ring with Christ is but trans-ient, E - ter - nal the
air; The Bride shall as - cend then to meet Him, And rai - ment of

un - fad - ing crown. And the path of this lone Gal - li - le - an, Is
God to un - fold. And the ar - mies of heav - en shall fol - low, As the
heir-ship we share. And a crown is laid up for the vic - tor, Who
beau - ty shall wear. His face we will see in the glo - ry, And

REFRAIN.

mine as He shows me the way.
King of all kings leads the way. For the toils of the jour-ney seem nothing,
runs on this up - shin - ing way.
nev - er from Him go a - way.

While we look to that glo - ri - ous day, While we look to that glo - ri - ous day.

No. 97. Grace Abounding.

A. S. C. January, 1918. A. S. Copley.

1. Grace the Sav-iour did dis - play, When He died to set us free;
2. If the cross of Christ I see, Grace to oth - ers I will show;
3. "Christ in me," is grace in pow'r, He's my Sab-bath all the way;

Gra-cious mes - sage ev - 'ry day, Mine must ev - er be,
Not a the - o - ry to me, But a liv - ing glow,
Full of love and truth each hour, Mine a gra - cious lay,

CHORUS.

Mine must ev - er be. Grace, a - bound-ing grace,
But a liv - ing glow.
Mine a gra-cious lay. Match - less and

For a need - y race, Grace to live for Christ to-day; Grace for
Rich - es for

vic - t'ry all the way, Need not fall from grace a-way, Grace for ev - 'ry day.

98. MEET ME OVER THERE

B F B

B. F BREWINGTON

1. Far beyond the shores of time, Is a home that is sub-lime, And its joys I hope to
2. Yes I know that home is mine, And I long for that sweet time, When the saints I've known on
3. Oh, I look and there be-hold, That the half has ne'er been told, Of the glo-ry that is

share them all some day, Oh, the glo - ry will be grand, When we in its portals stand;
earth up there I'll see; Oh, the blessedness it brings, And my heart looks up and sings
for us o - ver there, And the loved ones that await, Just within the pearl-y gate.

CHORUS.

I am go - ing, yes, I'm go-ing there to stay. Will you meet me o - ver
When I think of that bright mansion there for me.
Oh, the sweetest song of greeting we shall hear. I will meet you

there,.... In that home.... so bright and fair;.... And with saints in
over there, In that home bright and fair, And with saints

glory. sing.... While we crown.... our Sav ior King.
we will sing while we crown our Sav-ior King.

No. 99. Joy and Glory Too.

MARY M. BODIE. 1913. A. S. COPLEY. 1913.

1. O child of God, there is for thee, A gladsome hope where'er thou be;
2. O child of God, this prom-ise see, A - noint-ed with the Spir - it be;
3. He deigns to come; re-ceive Him now, And low - ly at His foot-stool bow;
4. O child of God, yield all to Him, And He will glad - ly en - ter in;
5. Then joy un - min - gled will be thine, For He will give of His new wine,

The prom-ise of the Fa - ther true—That He with pow'r wilt thee en-due.
He comes to ev - 'ry trust - ing heart, And nev - er will from him de-part.
The love of God makes man to be The tem - ple of the Trin - i - ty.
Dis - pel - ing all thy doubt and fear, And fill - ing thee with hope and cheer.
Earth's tears and tri - als all for - got, His word is sure; He'll tar-ry not.

CHORUS.

He fills with joy and glo - ry too, The fire will
and thrills still high'r

burn and hope re - new; The praise of Christ you'll sing, The glo - ry

bells will ring; For the Ho - ly Spir - it now is fill - ing you.

accel. *f* *m*

No. 100. We Shall Meet Him.

Arranged. April, 1918. Adapted.

1. We shall meet our Bridegroom yonder, Where the surg - es cease to roll;
2. We shall meet our Bridegroom yonder, He has on - ly gone be - fore;
3. We shall meet our bless-ed Bridegroom, With no veil to dim our eye;
4. We shall meet Him, Christ our Bridegroom, When He comes to claim His own;

We shall meet Him, we shall greet Him, Where no sor-rows press the soul.
To pre - pare a hab - i - ta - tion, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.
He shall call us to be with Him, In that rapt-ure in the sky.
We shall see Him and be like Him, And sit down up - on His throne.

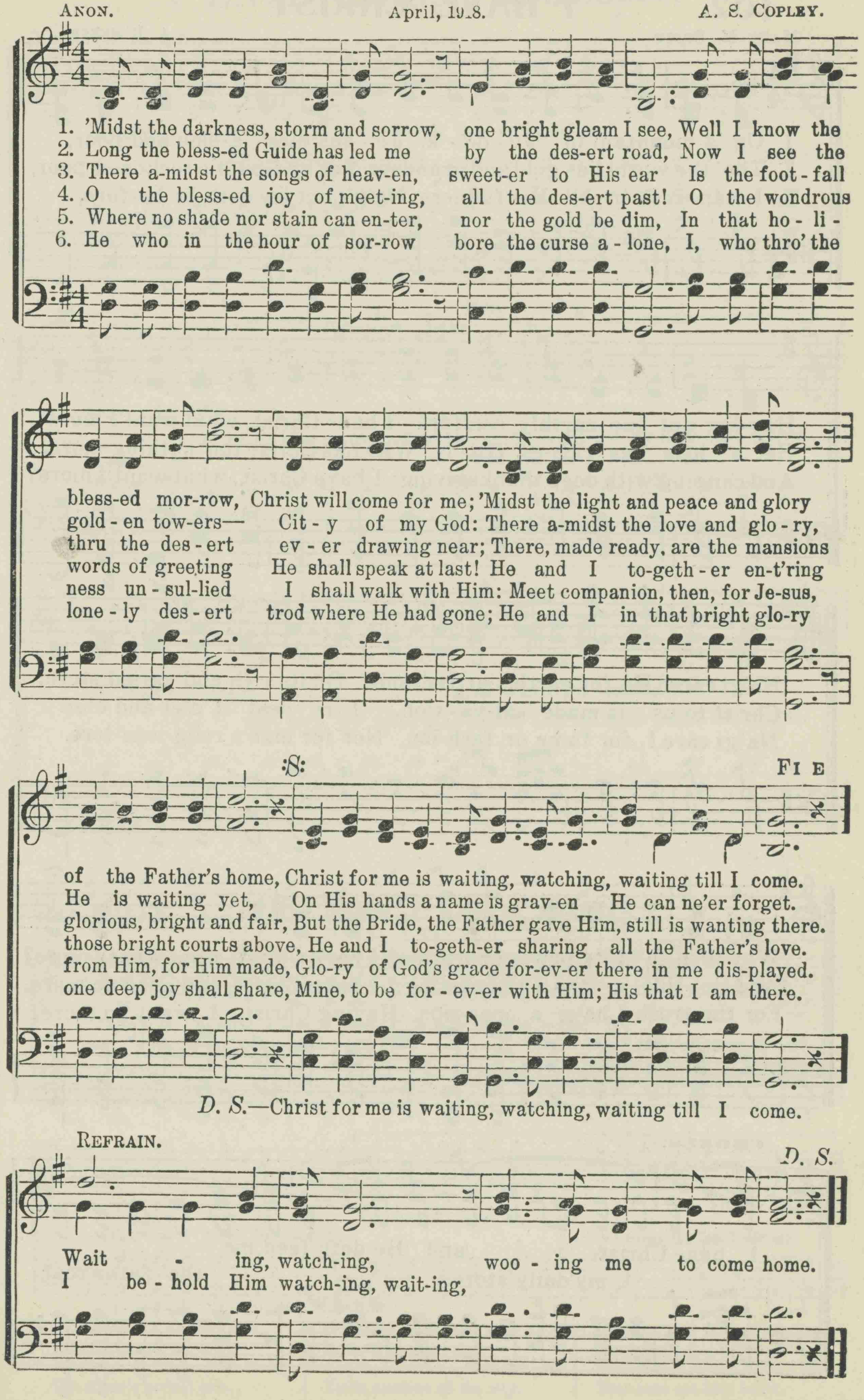
CHORUS.

We shall meet, we shall greet, We shall
Him bright and fair, Him in the air,
meet our bless-ed Bridegroom o-ver there; Then we'll dine..... and
and ne'er re - pine,
drink new wine, And for - ev - er in His glo - ry we shall share.
and with Him shine,

Property of A. S. Copley.

No. 101. Waiting Till I Come.

ANON. April, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.



REFRAIN.

102. I HAVE CHRIST

MARY M. BODIE. A. B. SEBERN.

1. On a mountain in Ju - de - a. Je - sus dies a-lone and poor,
2. Tho' the world has gold and grandeur Yet by God 'tis reckoned poor,
3. I can rest in all His fullness: Na'g't but joy doth lie be-fore,

Hav-ing not one earthly comfort. I have Christ; what want I more?
He a - lone has rich-es tru - ly, Who has Christ tho' nothing more.
And can sing with deep thanksgiving: I have Christ; what want I more?

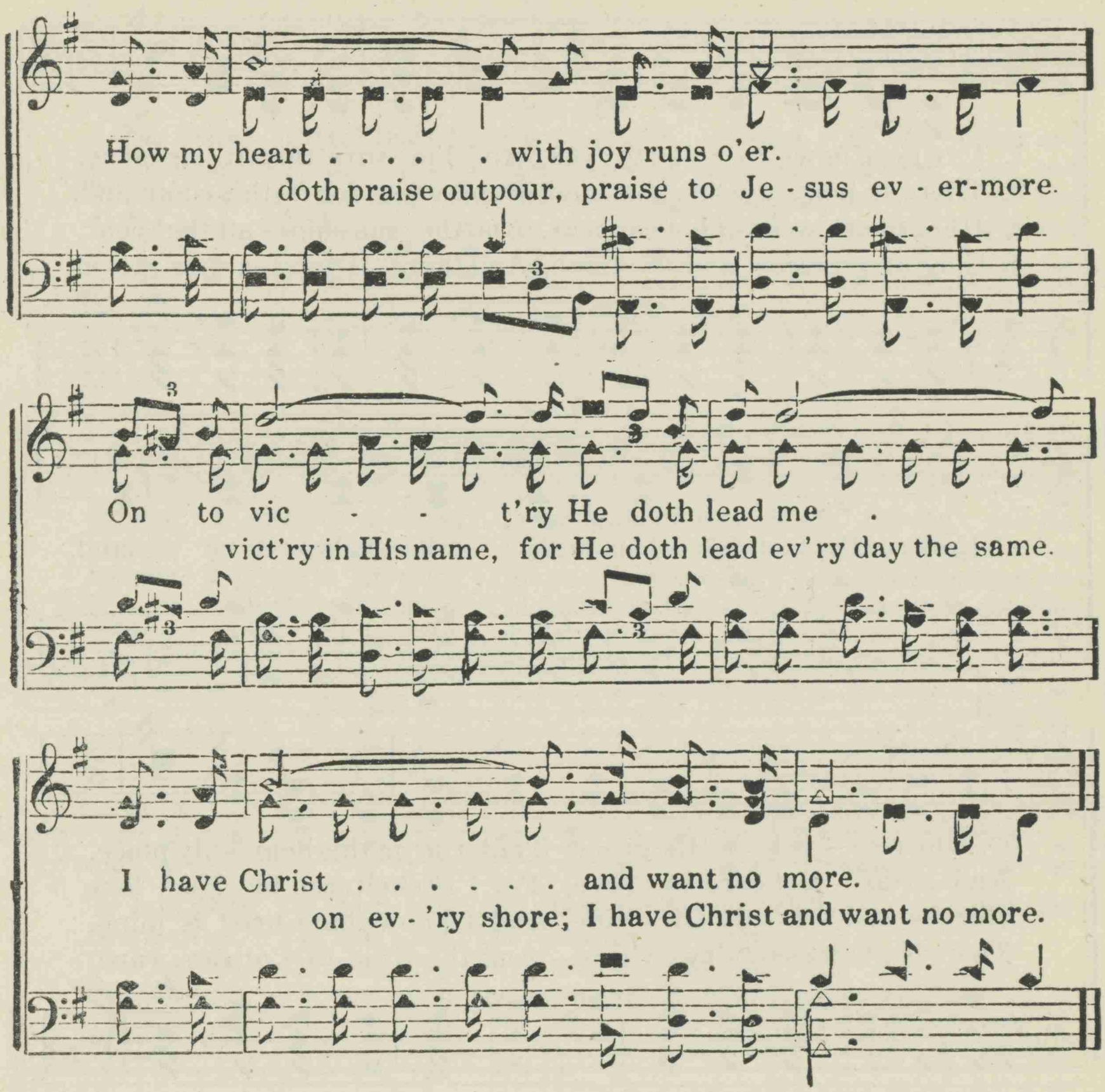
Na'gt cared He for earth's attractions, Or its rich and varied store.
Christ to us is made sal-va - tion, I re - peat it o'er and o'er.
Na'gt care I for fame or fash-ion, Nor for man's relig-ious lore.

Why then sh'ld its power charm me? I have Christ; what want I more?
And in this a - lone I'm boasting; I have Christ and need no more.
For the truth I have a pas-sion Having Christ, I want no more.

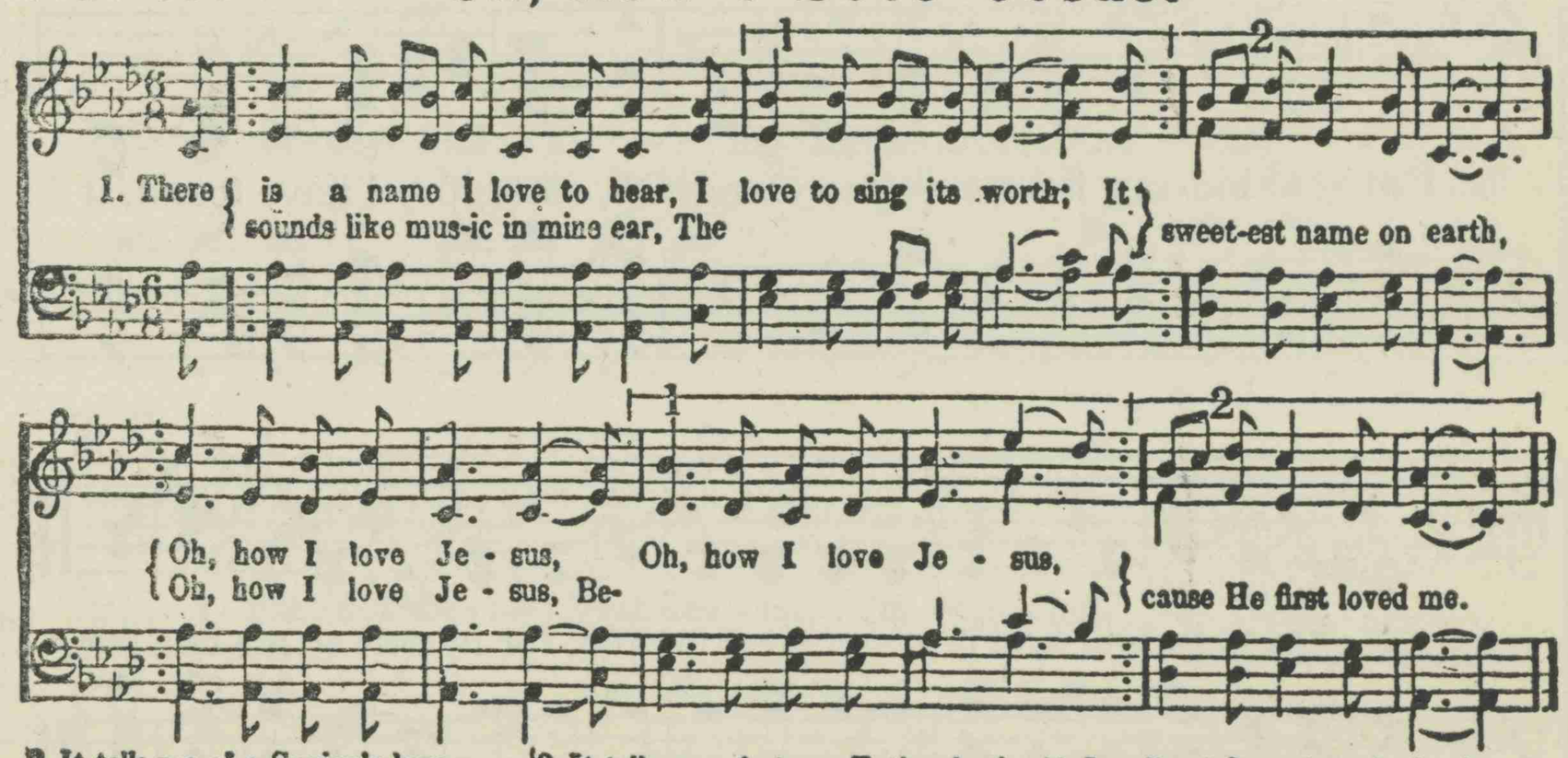
CHORUS.

I have Christ and He doth feed me . . . . . my daily store, tho' Satan roar

I HAVE CHRIST Concluded.



No. 103 Oh, How I Love Jesus.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

104 I Found the Glory Land

MARY M. BODIE. FRANK M. GRAHAM

1. I've good news to tell to you, And I'm sure that it is true.
2. There is hon - ey in this land; But it waits for faith's command.
3. Here the flow'rs of love appear, And the sun shines all the year,
4. Gone are sor-row and the tomb, And there is no fear nor gloom;

Now by faith I'm in the glo - ry land.

f.

O the mar - vel of His grace, That I'm in this heav'enly place.
And I do not care to rove, For I'm sheltered by His love
Here is mel - o - dy Di - vine, And I know that Christ is mine.
There is gladness ev'ry - where, And the wine of Canaan rare.

D. S.- O the joy my heart doth know: I have found a heav'n be-low;

Fine. CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - ing in the glo-ryland. Oh, the glory I have found; it

D. S.

nev - er can be told, and it nev-er shall be sold, for its more to me than gold,

No. 105. The Savior's Voice.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. The voice of the Sav - ior is call - ing, call-ing, As far - ther and
2. The wounds of the Sav - ior are plead-ing, plead-ing, And clear - er and
3. The hands of the Sav - ior are beck-'ning, beck'ning, As near - er and
4. The love of the Sav - ior is bound-less, boundless, In bil - lows and

far-ther I wan-der a-stray; In ac-cents of love it is fall-ing, fall-ing:
clear-er is shin-ing the light; It shows me the nail-prints all bleeding, bleeding.
near-er I press to His side; Up - on His sure word I am reck'ning, reck'ning;
bil-lows it breaks on the shore; The depths of His mer-cy are soundless, soundless;

CHORUS.

"O turn thee, O turn thee; no long-er de - lay." Call - - ing, He's
Dear Sav-ior, I'm com - ing, I'm com-ing to-night.
Dear Sav-ior, I'm com - ing, for me Thou hast died.
Dear Sav-ior, I'm com - ing, the strug-gle is o'er. Ten-der-ly call-ing,

call-ing to - day. Call - - ing for me..... Call - -
Je - sus I see call-ing for me, Loud - ly He's call -

ing, I can - not de - lay; Dear Sav - ior, I'm com - ing to Thee.....
I'm happy and free.

No. 106. Shut In With Christ.

C. E. Foster. April, 1918. Mrs. L. M. Foster.

1. In old - en time when all was dark, No - ah by faith prepared the ark.
2. The an-gels smote dark E-gypt's land, And death did reign on ev - 'ry hand.
3. The name of the Lord is a strong Tow'r, Where we are safe from Satan's pow'r.

He trust-ed God who saves from sin, He and His house were all shut in.
The Is-rael-ites were all se - cure, For the Lamb's blood was on the door.
Our life is hid with Christ in God; So heav-en's way we love to trod.

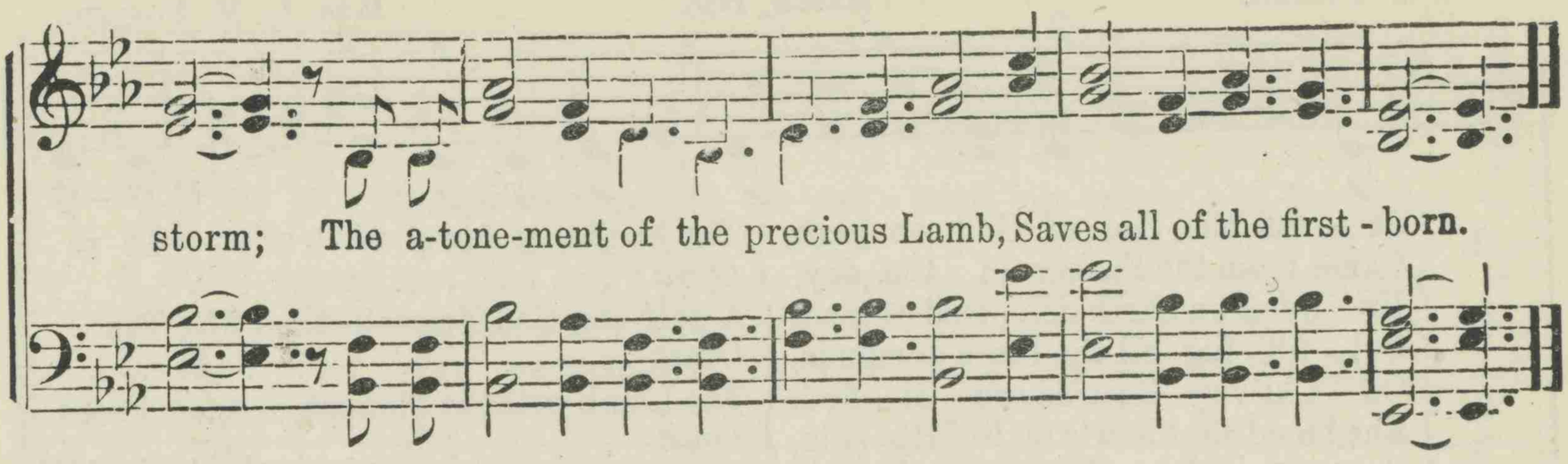
The judgment of the flood then came, With its for - ty days of aw - ful rain;
God led His own by night and day, And He kept them safely in the way;
The judg-ment clouds are hanging low, And they soon will break with awful woe;

The mul-ti-tudes went to their grave; But those in the ark were sweetly saved.
The cloud that led, to them was light, But un - to their foes was dark as night.
The Son of Man will soon ap - pear, His trumpets of wrath the world shall hear.

Chorus.

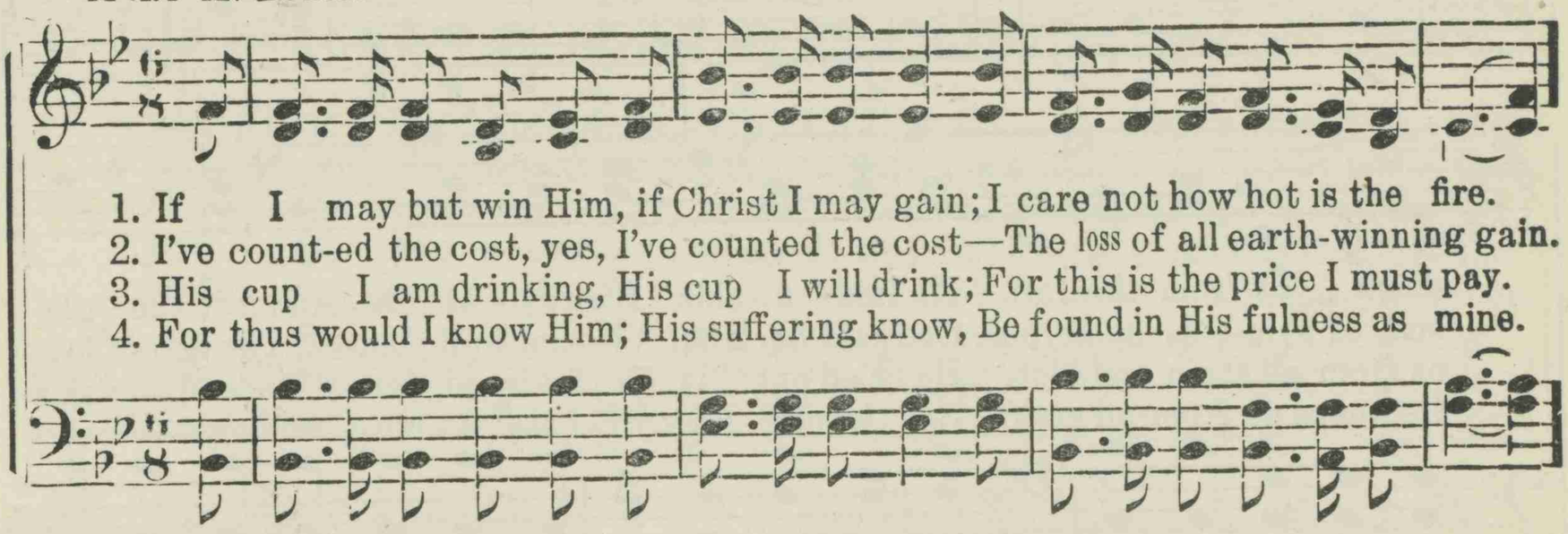
Shut in with Christ..... By God's own hand, from the judgment's coming
Shut in with Christ

Shut In With Christ. Concluded.



No. 107. Christ My Prize!

MARY M. BODIE. JAS. H. YOAMAN.



No. 108. Thinking of Him.

C. E. FOSTER. March, 1918. MRS. L. M. FOSTER.

1. Je - sus the Son of God on high, The brightest Jewel of all; To re -
   Came from the Father in the sky, *Omit* . . . . . .
2. He lived on earth de-spised of men, A self-emptied, Spir - it-filled life, The
   Ful - fill - ing all the law's demands, *Omit* . . . . . .
3. On Cal-v'ry He was cru - ci - fied, The Lamb without blemish or spot, Frees
   The blood that flow'd out from His side, *Omit* . . . . . .
4. He rose up from the tomb so bright, In pow'r of an end - less life, So
   Our High Priest in the Father's sight, *Omit* . . . . . .

deem us from the fall. He laid a - side His roy - al robe, And left the glo -
end of sym-bols and types. God said of Him: "I am well pleased, The Son of love
us from all stain and blot. He cried out: "It is fin-ished, done;" Redemption pur-
He keeps us from all strife. He is our Ad - vo - cate a - bove, And pleads the cause

ry's bright gleam; He took on Him a mor - tal robe, and sought us who were in sin.
in my sight;" He was the One who suffered grief, Re - sist-ed darkness with light.
chased so dear; He fought the bat-tle thru and won; Now e -ternal vic-t'ry is here.
of His own; Restores the fal - len in His love, And brings them gently back home.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver o - ver and o - ver a-gain, Comes to my heart a re - joic-ing,

FINE. D. S.

As I think of Him, of Him, of Him, of Him,
my Star, my Sun, my Bridegroom, King; of Him I sing,

109. Lord I Believe

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in tho strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to tho bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, and it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

No. 110. New Wine in New Bottles.

A. S. C. 1917. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Christ died on the cross; it is sol - emn - ly true, A sub - sti-tute
2. The Spir - it is giv - en; 'tis won-drous - ly true, His pow - er is
3. Such glo - ry old bot - tles can nev - er hold true, New wine in new
4. That Je - sus is com - ing is glo - rious - ly true, Let wine in new

e - ven for me and for you. Old Ad - am was cru - ci - fied there, A
e - ven for me and for you. The new man is ris - en to bear Christ's
bot - tles can sat - is - fy you. New Ad - am is growing and fair, With
bot - tles in - tox - i - cate you. New Ad - am shall reign, we are told, His

new life from Jesus we share, Which heavenly objects forev - er pur - sue.
burdens, His glo-ry to share, In heavenly mansions above the great blue.
Him no flesh-fruits can compare, He's trusting in Jesus to take him straight thru.
glo - ry we then shall behold—New wine in new bottles e-ter-ni-ty through.

CHORUS.

Christ died in our stead on the tree,..... From sin and from sickness we're
transgressors' tree,

free;..... Old Ad - am was cru - ci - fied, too; New wine in new
per-fect-ly free,

New Wine in New Bottles. Concluded.

bot-tles, 'tis true; New wine in new bot-tles for me and for you.
wondrously true;

No. 111. Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long - de - lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

112. The Cross Is Not Greater

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by W J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

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

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drank not more bit - ter, Than He drank in Gethsemane.
The toil of my work grow-eth 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, The storm can - not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with
Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

113 Living in Canaan Now

Arr. by F. B. GILLESPIE.

1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-
3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the blood, By Him made ful - ly whole. From death to life di - vine; Each
4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wilder-ness; You'll find God's Word is true; You're a - ble to pos - sess. So put a-way the things That

rit.

at His cross did bow, I found sal-va-tion thro' the blood; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan
cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Ca-naan
dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul re - ceives it
God does not al-low And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Ca-naan

CHORUS.

a tempo.

now. . . . . I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now, I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan

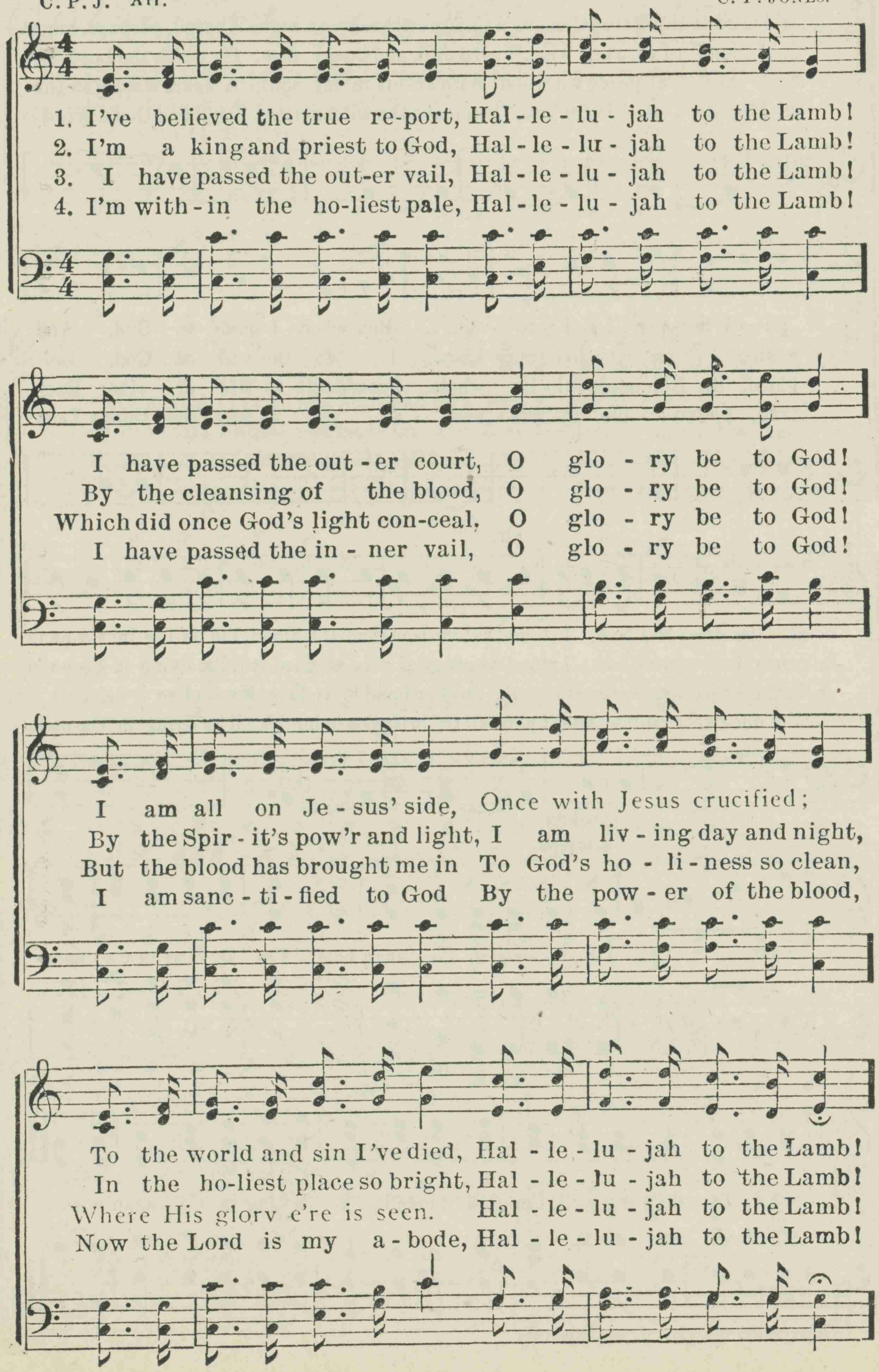
now; I'm do - ing well, I'm glad to tell; I'm liv - ing in Ca - naan now.

Copyright, 1892, by F. B. Gillespie.

114. I Believe the True Report

"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10: 19-22.

C. P. J. Arr. C. P. JONES.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

riv - en vail, where the glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the presence of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

115. He Loves Me.

REV ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?

Would He de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?

D. S. He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!

REFRAIN. D. S.

He loves me, he loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

No. 116. He Takes My Sin Away.

C. ELLIOTT. F. E. H.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con-flict many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken ev - ery bar-rier down;

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

CHORUS.

He takes my sin a - way, He takes my sin a - way,
The spot-less Lamb, by precious blood, Takes all my sin a - way.

117. Redeemed by the Blood

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapt-ure can tell;
3 I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' his in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for - ev - er I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin - ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov - ing - ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re - deemed, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

From "Songs of Triumph."

No. 118. In the Same Old Way.

H. B. By Permission Herbert Buffum.

1. When Je - sus laid a-side the crown and came down to this earth, A man of sor - rows and of grief but with no heart for mirth; He came in - to the
2. The blind who hear, He passed their way, cried out thro' nature's night, He touched their eyes, and thro' that touch they all received their sight; O blind-ed broth-er,
3. The deaf and dumb at His command, were made to speak and hear; The unclean lep - ers at His word were cleansed when He drew near; And lame men when they
4. The man who lay be-side the pool, He lift-ed from the ground; And Zacche- us up in the tree was told he must come down; The pub - li - can was
5. The un-clean spir - its were re-buked, and told they must de-part; And in their place great joy and peace came to the troub-led heart; The nine-ty-nine with-
6. When Pen-te - cost was ful - ly come, ac - cord-ing to the word, The Ho - ly Ghost fell on the ones who had the prom-ise heard; They spoke in tongues and

darkened lives and left a shin-ing ray, And the Lord's still scattering sunshine
I'm so glad to say to you to - day, The Lord's still o-pen-ing blind eyes
met their Lord, walked from that very day, And the Lord's still do-ing busi-ness
jus - ti-fied when He commenced to pray; And the Lord's still sav-ing sin - ners
in the fold He left for one a-stray; And the Lord still seeks the lost ones
proph-i - sied with bold-ness on that day; And the Lord's still do-ing busi-ness

CHORUS.

in the same old way. In the same old way, in the same old way, The Lord is do-ing business in the same old way; business in the same old way.

119. Glory to Jesus, I'm Free

A F M. Arr

A F Myers.

1. If you want par - don, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Sav - ior who died on the tree, Je - sus can
2. Liv-ing be - neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Je - sus can
3. If you want bold-ness, take part in the fight, If you want pur - i - ty, walk in the light, If you want lib - er - ty shout and be free, Je - sus can
4. If you want Je-sus to reign in your soul Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flow-ing for thee, Je - sus can

Chorus.

save you, for He saved me.
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je - sus He sat - is - fies me,
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.
cleanse you, for He cleansed me

Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll

Shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I can - not keep still.

120. Companionship with Jesus

MARY D. JAMES. WM, J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
4. I know His sheltring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread,

Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;
The soft - est whis-pers of His love In fel - low- ship so dear,
My path il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright - er day by day;
And tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread,

In un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
And feel His great Al-might - y hand Pro-tects me in this hos - tile land.
No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might - y Friend so near.
My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings

REFRAIN.

Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

121. The Half was Never Told

"Behold, the half was not told."—KINGS 10: 7

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap - ture will it be With all the host a - bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al *joy* in life I know, But in His Presence sweet.
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love.*

CHORUS.

The half.....was never told,
The half was nev - er told, The half was nev-er told,
nev-er told, The half was nev-er, nev-er told,

The half.....was never told.

1. Of grace divine,
2. Of peace, etc.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

} so won-derful, The half was nev - er told.

nev - er told.

122. Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bear-ing
2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer - ci - ful call, Free - ly
3. Are you halt - ing and strug-gling, O'er - pow'rd by your sin, While the
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the

balm for the wound-ed, Heal-ing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the
of - fers sal - va - tion To one and to all; He is now beckn'ing
wa - ters are troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands
soul heal - ing pow - er On us now be out-poured; Wash a - way ev - 'ry

:S:

suff - 'rer Who lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo-ment, "Wilt
to Him Each sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt
wait - ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt
sin - spot, Take per-fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt

D. S. cleansing waves roll; Step in - to the cur-rent and

FINE. REFRAIN.

thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O, come, weary
thou shalt be whole.

D. S.

suf-f'rer, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the

123 Joy, Joy is Mine

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Zech. ix. 9. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeem - er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His
4. He has come to a-bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as His own cho-sen home; At last I have giv - en the welcome He sought,
be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
word that He will not de-part; No trou - ble can en - ter, no e - vil can come
Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my praise, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all glad-ness has bro't.
And His scep - tre is love, O bless - ed con-trol! Joy! joy is mine, my
To the heart where the God of peace has His home.
Made meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav - ior di - vine Comes to a - bide with me, with me, Comes to a - bide,

with me,

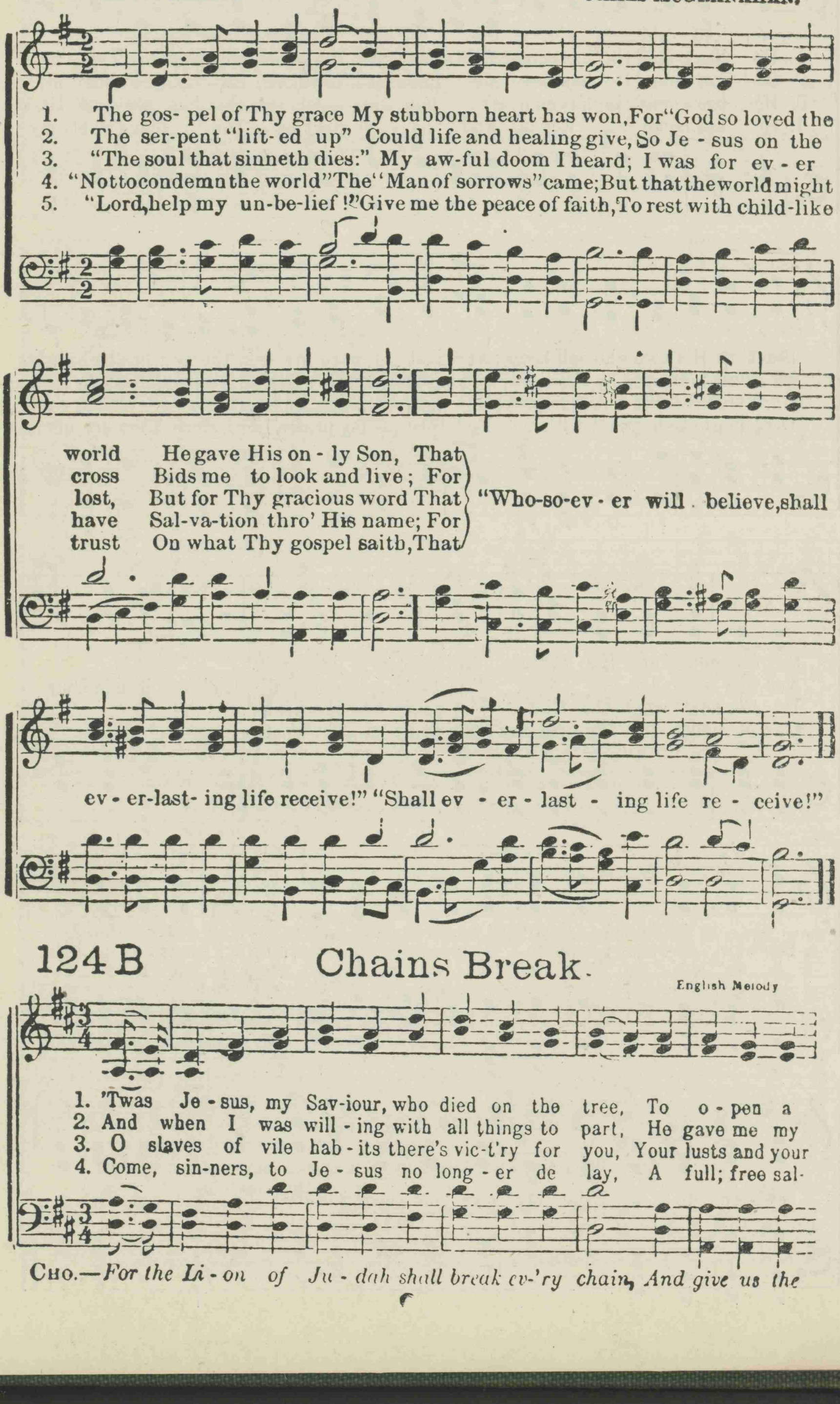
rit.

ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Sav-ior a - bid - eth with me.

124. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

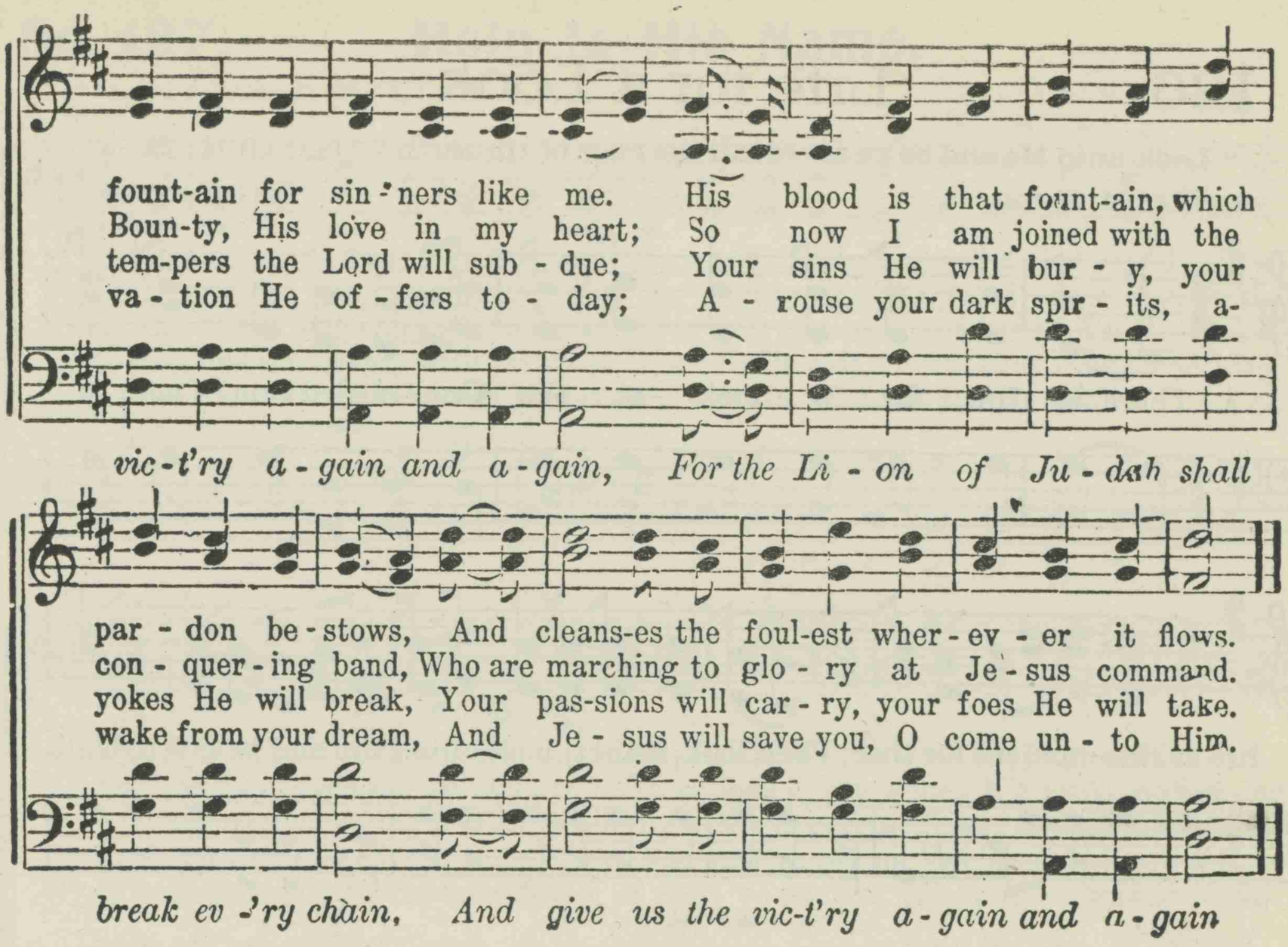
"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

A. T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



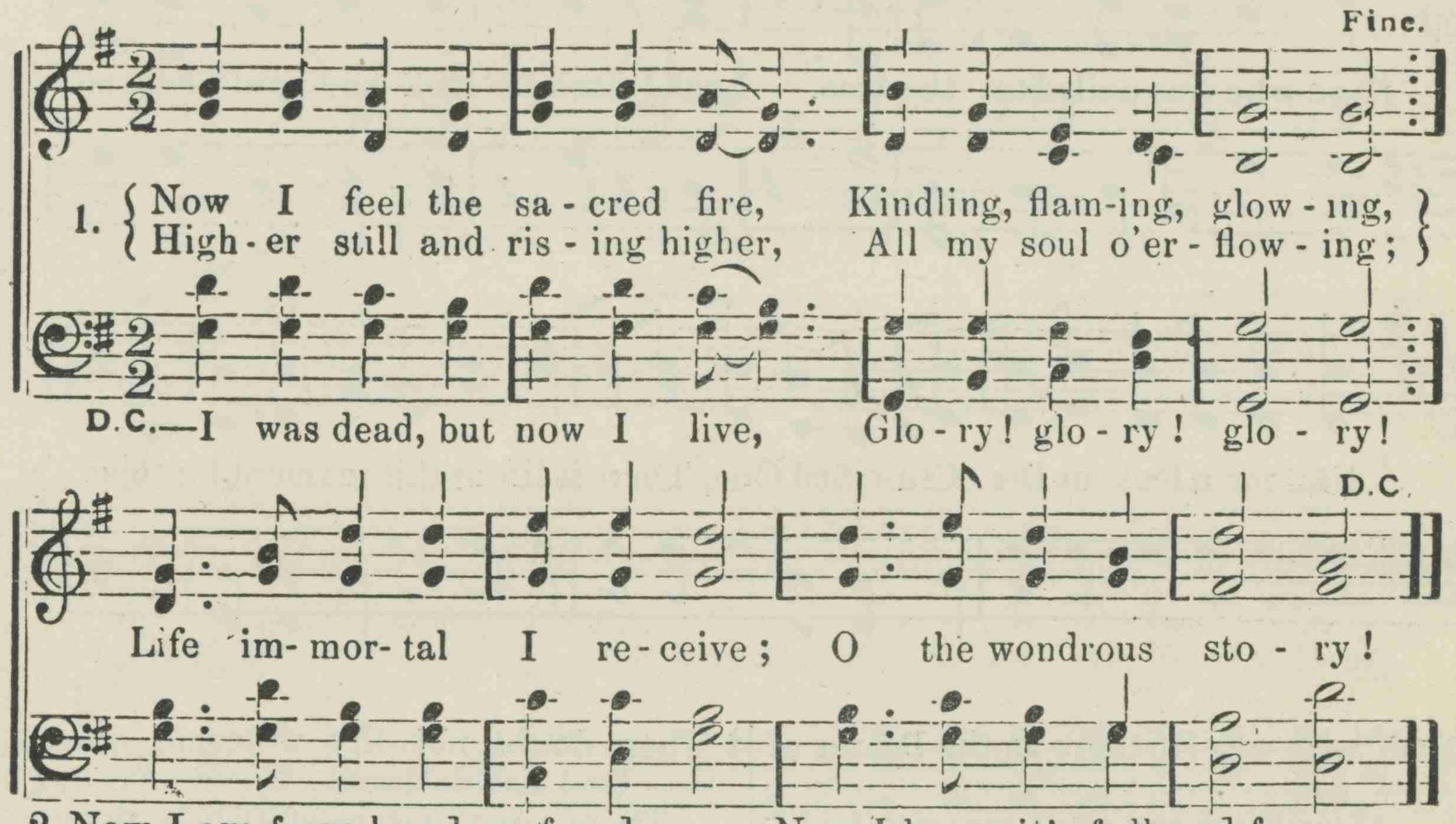
124 B Chains Break.

English Melody



125. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty;
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

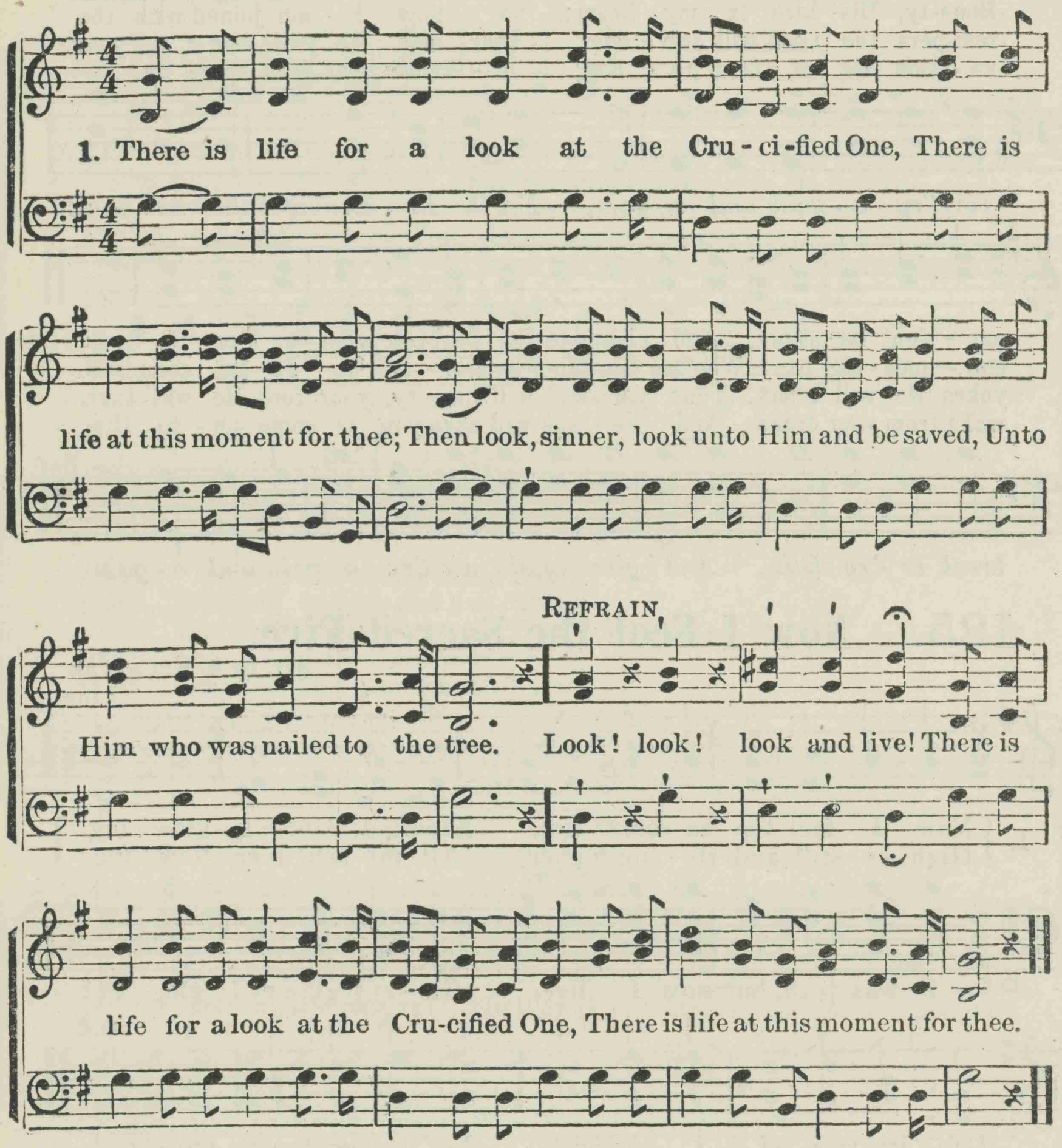
3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

126 Life for a Look

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH 14: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. E. G. TAYLOR.



2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousnes, lives.

No. 127. Holy Is His Name.

Arr. from Luke 1: 46-55, by A. S. C. A. S. COPLEY.

1. My soul doth mag-ni - fy the Lord, My spir-it hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
2. All gen - er - a-tions call me blest, The Mighty One His grace to me is showing.
3. And strength Jehovah's arm has shown; Proud heart im-ag-i-na-tions He has scattered,
4. He filled the hungry with good things, The rich He could not feed; they wanted nothing,
5. Yes, Is - ra - el Je-ho-vah helped: His word to Ab-ra - ham can-not be bro-ken.

This low es-tate of mine He saw, And raised me up in - to His high-est fav - or,
His mer-cy reach-es all mankind—To nations ev-'ry-where, His love o'er-flow-ing,
And hurled the mighty from their seats, He lifts the lowly; human schemes are shattered,
Tho' starving, naked, sad their state, And wretched, poor and blind, and needing something,
In boundless mercy, He came forth, A cov - e - nant to all his seed was spo-ken,

FINE. CHORUS.

1, 2, 3, 5–And holy is His name, And worthy is His fame. Ho - ly, ho -
4–Yet ho - ly is His name, And worthy is His fame. Ho - ly Je - sus, I a-

- ly, Hear my sweet refrain; Ho - ly, ho - ly,
- dore Him, sweet refrain; Ho - ly Je - sus, He is call- ing,

D. S.

'Tis a glor-ious strain, My spir - it doth re-joice, For Je - sus is my choice;

Mary's Pean of Faith, presented to Sister Bodie, by her Bible Class, December, 1918.

No. 128. Safety First In Jesus.

BLANCH BALDWIN. June, 1918. MRS. C. E. FOSTER.

1. At - ten-tion, one and all, and heed the safe-ty call; That your life be not
2. From o-cean's broad expanse, from nation's coast to coast; Safety first in the
3. True safe-ty should be brought before the pub-lic mind; Safe-ty first should be
4. We praise Him for His love, we laud His bless-ed Name; One with Je-sus the

lost when fearful judgments fall. There's safety first in Christ, yes, safety on this
Lord, our mot-to and our boast. That wand'rers on the way may see the promise
taught in work of ev - 'ry kind. Be-lieve and work for souls, your du-ty e'er per -
Lord, e - ter - nal - ly the same. We're safe within the vail, our life is hid with

CHORUS.

line; Se-cure with-in God's hand, there's safety all the time. Safe - - -
true, And know this safety first is e - ven un - to you.
form; In Christ there's life and light and shelter from all storm.
Him; The on - ly place of rest that gives us peace within. Always peace and safe -

ty first in Je - sus; Prais-es to His dear name, He keeps from all dan-

ger: There's safe-ty all the time. { Glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! He's ev - 'ry
{ Glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! O, spread a-

Safety First In Jesus

day the same;
broad His fame. } Safe-ty in Je - sus; peace and safe - ty all the time.

No. 129. Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J. Altd. by A. S. C. C. P. Jones, owner. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. There's no one so pre-cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its
2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de - spair, No light on my
3. When noth - ing but death for my ran - som could pay, And make me ac -
4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up - on

treasures be gone. I'm rich in my Sav-iour, as rich as can be;
path-way to shine, 'Twas Je - sus who found me and made me an heir
cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey
earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach - es me dai - ly to pray,

FINE. CHORUS.

And hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.
To man - sions of glo - ry di - vine. I'm hap - py with Je - sus a -
And ran-somed my soul with His blood.
And walk in the light He has giv'n.

D. S.

lone,..... I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;.....
a - lone, a - lone;

No. 130. His Grace Is Sufficient.

MARY M. BODIE. November, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. When pow'rs of sin as - sail, And en - e - mies pre - vail, And you long for
2. The val - ley may be deep, The moun-tain may be steep, Of trav'l-ing
3. In hard - ships of this life, In bat - tles and in strife, When doubts flow
4. When the race is well-nigh run, When bask-ing in the sun, The ef - ful - gent

peace and lib - er - ty; Then look un - to the Lord, 'Tis writ-ten in His word,
you may wea - ry be; Still trust the ver - y One Who takes you safe-ly on,
o'er you like the sea; Just list un - to His call, He'll nev - er let you fall,
light of heav'n to see; Then Je - sus you will praise, Thru ev-er-last-ing days,

FINE. CHORUS.

"His grace is suf - fic - ient for thee." Grace, won-der- ful
"His grace is suf - fic - ient for thee." Grace, great grace,

grace, Great, bound-less and free, How its rich-es thrill my
grace, free grace, matchless grace,

soul, And its glo - ries o'er me roll; Oh, I'll shout from pole to pole,

D. S.

131. The Song of the Blood.

Johnson Oatman Jr. Herbert Buffum.

1. O what is the song that the blood washed sing?
2. O what is the song of the newborn soul? 'Tis the song - of the blood.
3. O what is the song that the pilgrims love? 'Tis the song of the blood:
4. O what is the song of the Church below?

O what is the theme that they ev - er ring?
What song do men sing when they've been made whole? 'Tis the song of the blood.
What's the sweetest song sung in heav'n above? 'Tis the song of the blood, the blood.
What do an-gels hear, but they do not know?

CHORUS.

O the song of the blood! Blessed song to the ransomed giv'n;
O the song of the blood! the ransomed giv'n;

O the song of the blood! 'Tis the song of both earth and heav'n.
O the song of the blood, earth end heav'n.

rit.

By Permission.

No. 132. Give Me Canaan Land.

LESLIE F. GAY. December, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. I've en - tered in - to Canaan life, 'Tis sweet as hon - ey dew; The res-cue
2. I've eat - en leeks and onions, too, And lived on E-gypt's fare; I traveled
3. I've found some gi-ants in the way; Our Lord has conquered all; And naught could
4. I used to think the price was high To pay for liv - ing there, And Sod - om

out of E - gypt land Is not a whit more true. I've trav - eled in the
in the wil - der-ness, And ate the man-na there; But, oh! the grapes, the
stand be-fore us there, When Joshua made the call; We trust, we rest, we
seemed a bet-ter place To get a world-ly share; But when I read the

wil-der-ness, And heard the Lord's command; But for a rest, the ver - y best—
corn, the wine, The sweets on ev - 'ry hand; And for the best, where all is blest,
fight, we win, The Lord is in command; For feeling right in ev - 'ry fight,
hist'ry thro', How such do real - ly stand, To make investments safe and sure,

D. S.—And for a rest, the ver - y best—

FINE. CHORUS.

Just give me Ca-naan land. Yes, give me Canaan land, (oh, goodly land), Vast,
Just give me Ca-naan land.

D. S.

hap-py Canaan land, Its fruit is sweet and grand, The purest, richest brand·

No. 133. A Hardy Soldier.

MARY M. BODIE. November, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. I do not love the plains, Nor e'en the verdant val-ley; Care not for coun - try lanes, Nor crowd-ed al - ley; But give me hills—the trail, That
2. No fear with-in my breast, While mountain tops I'm scaling A - bove the ea - gle's nest, By pow'r un - fail - ing, For I do love the crag, The
3. High o - ver wood-ed crest And mos - sy, ragged boul-der, By air and sun-light blessed, A hard - y sol-dier. So let me hold my way, By
4. In yon - der heav'nly place The glo - ry bells all chiming, I'll praise the God of grace For strength for climbing To heights up - on the throne, Tho'

FINE.

ev - er scorns the hollow, Far up a - bove the dale, Where few dare fol-low.
summit peak so hoa - ry, Where I may wave the flag Of grace and glo - ry.
nothing dazed or daunted, To stand at close of day With Christ, a-nointed.
Sa - tan fumes and rages, With Christ my ve - ry own Throughout the ag - es.

D. S.—For Christ is all my might; I am a sol - dier.

CHORUS.

Oh, tempt me not to stay In verdant dales to-day, For I must hie a - way,

D. S.

A har - dy sol-dier. I scale the mountain height, With glory just in sight,

No. 134. In the Heavenlies.

S. O. Sheldon. 1919. J. R. Murray. Chorus by S. O. S.

1. What a free and hap - py band! Tho' we're foreign to this land, We're at home at God's right hand, In the heav'n-lies. To this world of sin we died,
2. Christ the Lamb for sin - ners slain, Bless-ed news to-day made plain; All His worth we now may claim, In the heav'n-lies. Since we're saved from endless woe,
3. God a might - y gulf did span, And revealed His wondrous plan; When He made us "one new man," In the heav'n-lies. So if we will on - ly pray,
4. With our sword and hel-met bright, We will win the hot - test fight, As we bat - tle for the right, In the heav'n-lies. We shall nev - er-more re - treat,
5. Christ to us His love has shown, And has sealed us for His own; Now we're wait - ing for a throne, In the heav'n-lies. Naught of earth do we de - sire;
6. When our vic - t'ries all are won, We shall hear the glad "Well done," Then we'll reign with Christ the Son, In the heav'n-lies. We'll be robed in spot-less white,

With our Lord once cru-ci - fied; Now we're seated at His side, In the heav'n-lies.
Dai - ly in His grace we grow, Je - sus on-ly will we know, In the heav'n-lies.
He will do for us to - day, More than we may think or say, In the heav'n-lies.
Neith-er rest our wea - ry feet, Till the vic - t'ry is complete, In the heav'n-lies.
We're baptized with ho - ly fire, On - ly love doth He require, In the heav'n-lies.
Prais-ing Je-sus day and night, For we conquer thru His might, In the heav'n-lies.

CHORUS.

1

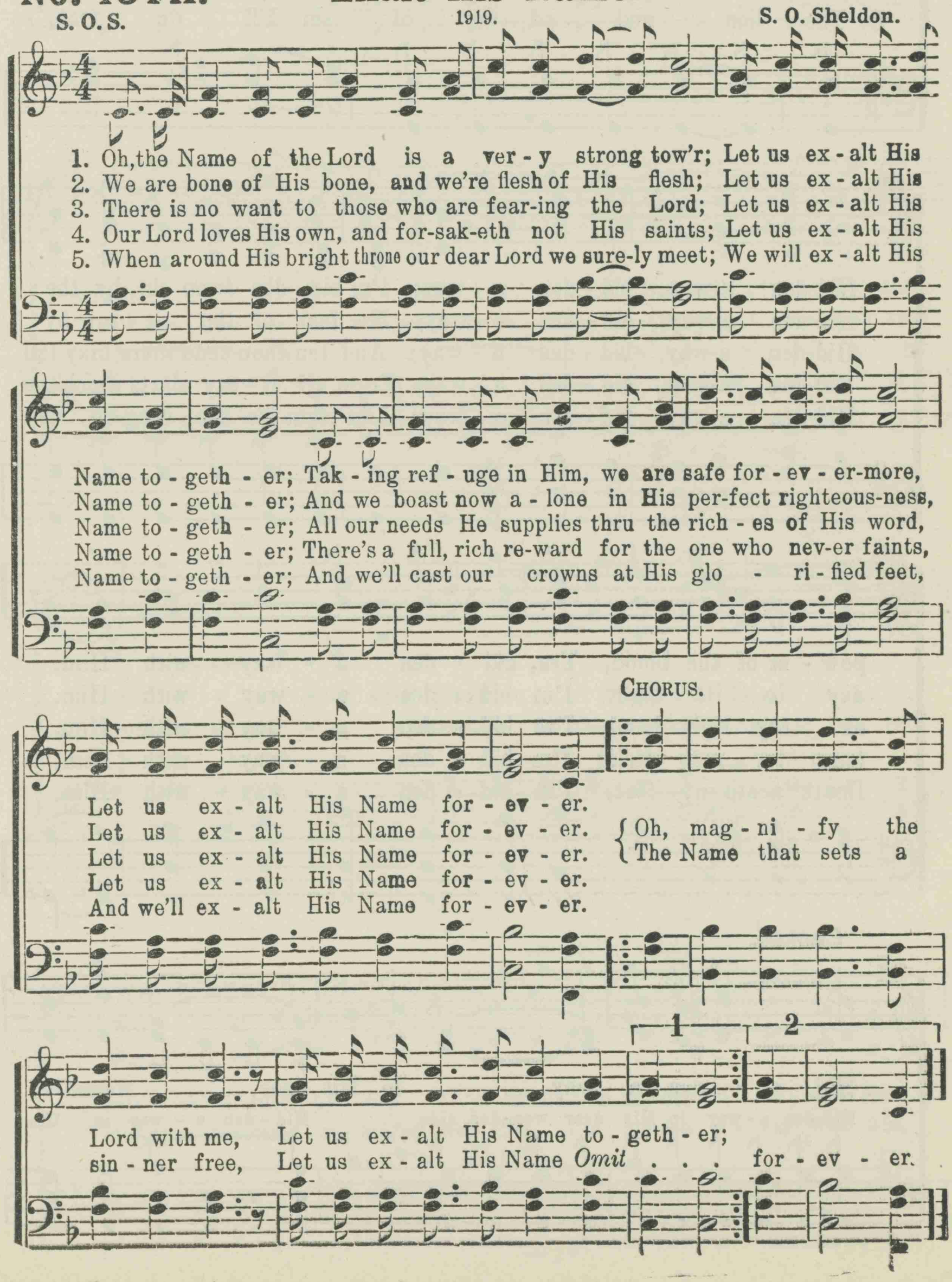
In the heav'n - lies, In the heav'n - lies; Let us sing it o'er and heav-en-lies are we, Saved by grace e-ter-nal-ly;
In the heav'n - lies, In the heav'n - lies; *Omit* . . . . . heav-en-lies are we, Safe in Christ, as safe as He;

In the Heavenlies. Concluded.



No. 134 A. Exalt His Name.

S. O. S. 1919. S. O. Sheldon.

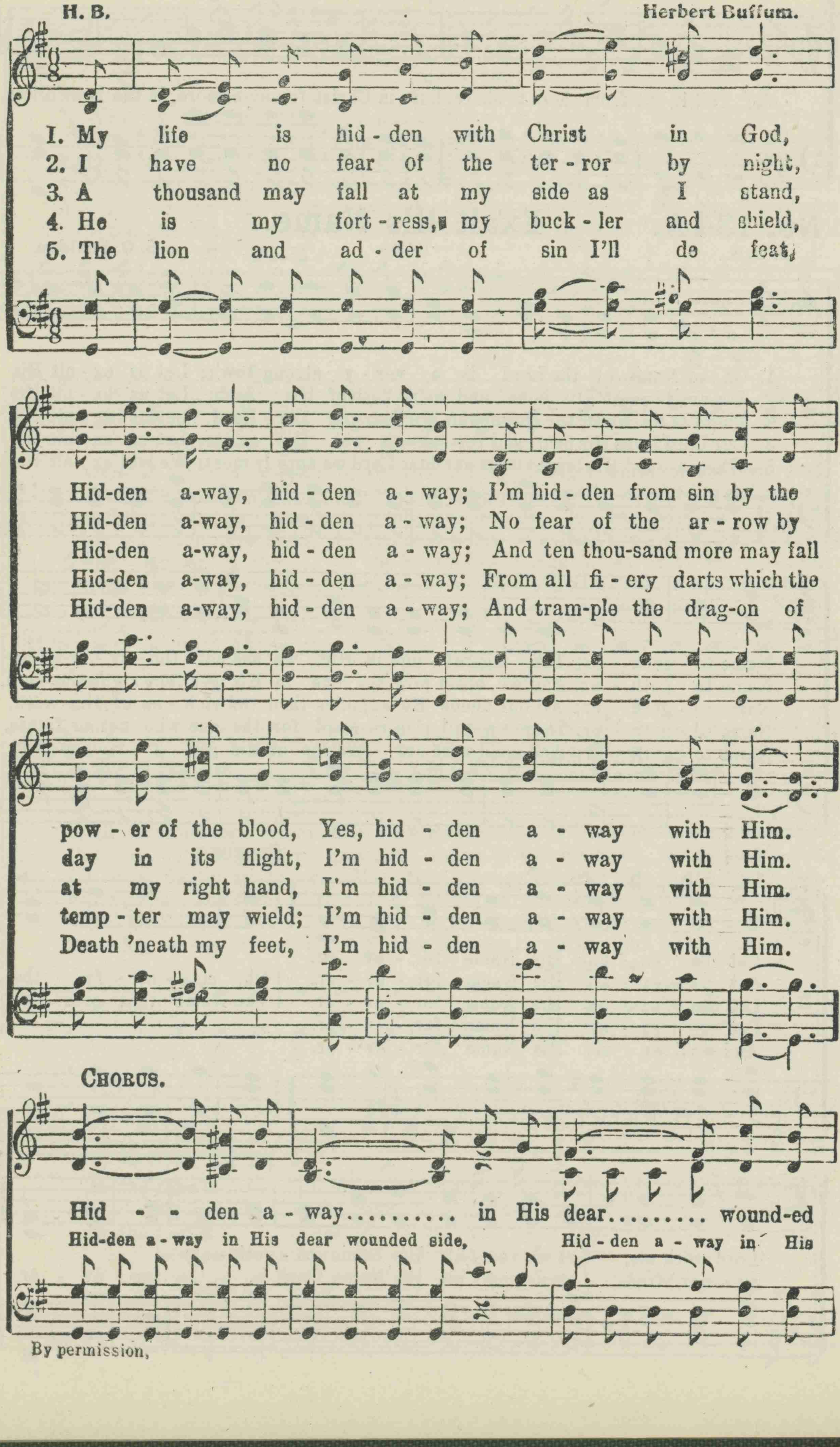


135

Hidden Away With Him.

"Your life is hid with Christ, in God."—Col. 3:3.

H. B. Herbert Buffum.



CHORUS.

By permission,

Hidden Away With Him.



No. 136. Never Pluck Them Out.

A. S. C. March, 1923. **A. S. Copley.**

1. When I was sor-row - ful and sad, One spoke the word that made me glad;
2. I was in need of liv - ing bread, My heart was sick, and faint my head;
3. My way was dark, my feet were sore, I knew not Christ my troubles bore;
4. The Mes - sen-ger I still can see, Who preached the word that set me free;
5. This mes - sage now I love to tell, With bub - bling joy in wood-ed dell,

A word so tender, sweet and grand, "No man can ev - er pluck them out
Then came the word from heaven's strand, "No man can ev - er pluck them out
And that He cried in Canaan's land, "No man can ev - er pluck them out
I'm one with Christ's victorious band, Who teach that none can pluck them out
And for my Sav-iour firm - ly stand, Who shouted, "None can pluck them out

CHORUS.

Of my dear Fa-ther's hand." I nev - er will for - get the day, When
all my sad - ness fled a - way, And when I heard the Sav - iour say:
"No man can ev - er pluck them out Of my dear Fa-ther's hand."

137. Thou Dost Hide Me

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—Ps. 148: 9.

C. P. J. Arr. C. P. JONES.



1. My soul, O Lord, may be distressed, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
2. When storms a-rise and thunders roar, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
3. From strong temptation, bless-ed Lord, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
4. When demons seek to fill with dread, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
5. When e - vil men my soul would slay, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;
6. Un - til our Lord shall come a - gain, I flee un - to Thee to hide me;





Where else, O Lord, can a soul find rest? I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
Though I am weak, de - spised and poor, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
Thou keepest me by thy holy Word, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
When they would bind me to my bed, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
From ev - 'ry dan - ger on life's way, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.
Till ev - er-last - ing peace shall reign, I flee un - to Thee to hide me.



CHORUS.



Thou hidest me from every foe; Thou hidest from a world of woe



Thou keepest me wher-ev-er I go; I flee un - to Thee to hide me.

Owned by H. Buffum.

One With Christ.

Herbert Buffum. L. C. Hall

1. Made one with Christ, O what a bliss-ful un - ion, Made one with Him, what
2. One in His suff'ring, one in pain and sor-row; He gives the cross to-
3. One in the mind of Him when He was dy-ing; One with Him in the
4. One with Him now, while o'er the lost He's yearning; One with Him when to

bless - ed, sweet com-mun - ion! One thru the blood, that poured from Calv'ry's
day, the crown to - mor - row; One in re-proach and one to share His
tomb where He was ly - ing; One with Him in His heav-en - ly as-
earth He is re - turn - ing; One with Him while the throne He is re-

mount-ain; Praise Him for - ev - er, for the cleans-ing fount-ain!
glo - ry; Long as life lasts, I'll tell the bless - ed sto - ry.
cen - sion; One on the throne, what won-drous con - de - scen-sion!
gain - ing; One for a thous-and years of earth - ly reign-ing.

CHORUS.

Made one with him..... who died for me,..... One thru the
One with Him, who died for me,

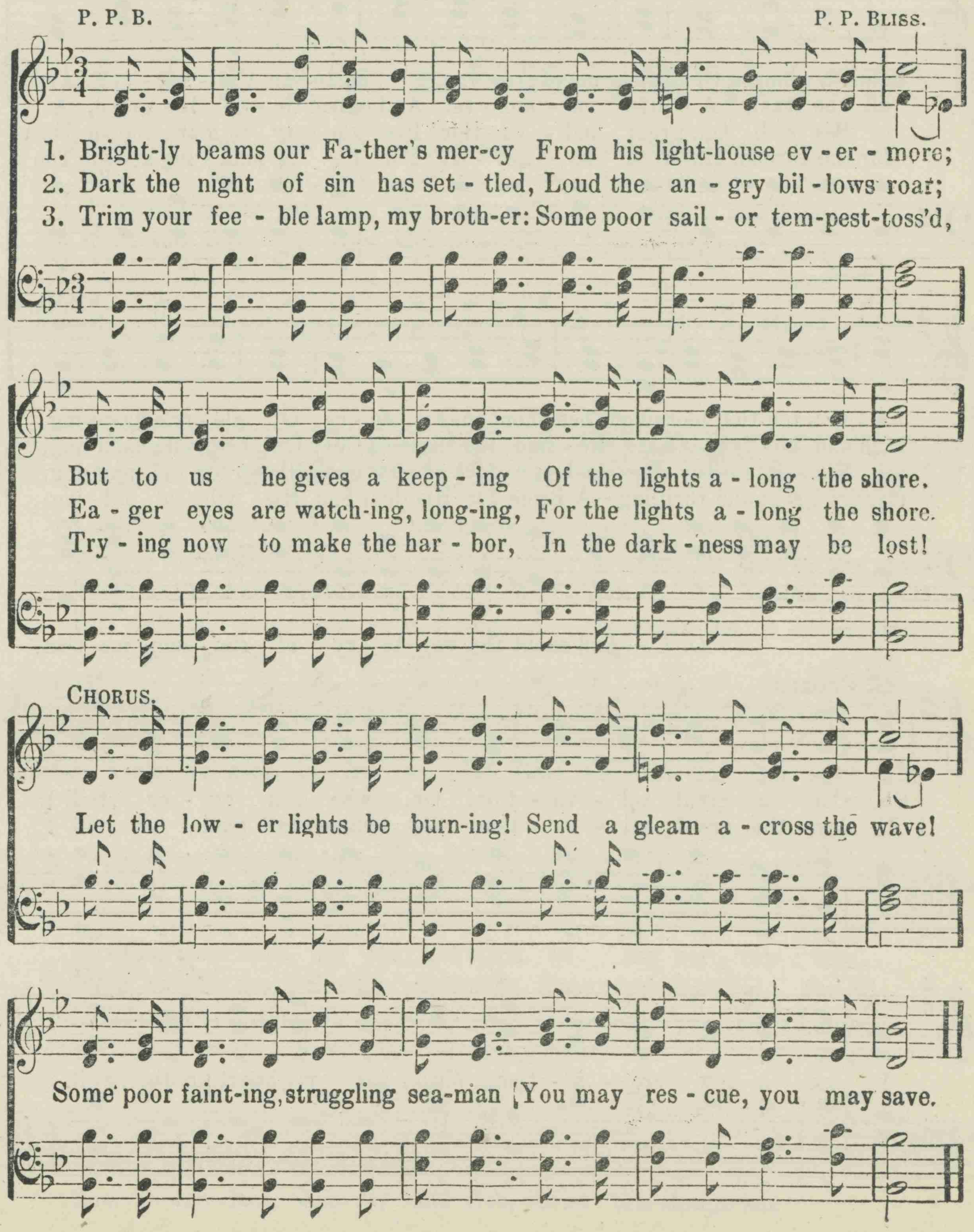
blood..... from Cal - va - ry;..... ..... Made one with Him, I
One thru the blood, from Cal - va - ry;

One With Christ.



139 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 140. The Great Salvation.

ANNA HOLMQUIST. December, 1918. A. S. COPLEY.

1. I gaze not at the stall; The ox - en cease their low-ing. Can on - ly
2. I praise the Son of God, Who came from heaven's por - tal To give to
3. God chose us in His Son, Be - fore the world's foun-da-tion, Ac - cord- ing
4. As Head o'er all things too, We're Je - sus now re - ceiv- ing, Pre - par - ing

catch a glimpse Of Christ once grow-ing, I haste to Cal - va - ry And
all who trust, A life im - mor - tal, And called in - to His grace, A
to His will, Oh, great sal - va - tion! His glo - ry to make known, Thru
for the throne, His word be - liev - ing; For He is mak - ing known The

res - ur - rec-tion morning; Then shout the vic - to - ry Of glo - ry's dawn-ing.
high and ho - ly stand-ing Be - side the Bless-ed One, On heav-en's land -ing.
all His saints o-bey - ing; And per - fect ev - 'ry one, His grace dis- play-ing.
myst'ry great and thrilling—A Bride for His dear Son, His will ful - fill - ing.

FINE.

D. C.—And shout the vic - to - ry of con - sum - ma- tion.

𝄋 CHORUS. *D. C.*

{ Oh, what a great sal - va - tion! Oh, who can ev - er tell? }
{ I love this great sal - va - tion, My tongue shall glad - ly tell }

D. S.

I am a new cre - a - tion, With joy my heart doth swell.

No. 141. I Am So Glad.

H. B. Last verse by A. S. C. Arr. by HERBERT BUFFUM

1. I'm so glad that Je - sus came, Like a dove, From a - bove;
2. Once I wan - dered far in sin, Lone - ly ways, Wast - ed days;
3. If my time may come to die, Shad - ows creep, Do not weep;
4. But I trust He's com - ing soon, Saints, I know, Up will go;

Came to res - cue me from shame, O such won-drous love!
Till I let the Sav - ior in, Now 'tis cease- less praise.
I will meet you in the sky, Tho' I fall a - sleep.
In the night or shin - ing noon, For the trump will blow.

Leav-ing the throne, To be un-known, Seek-ing those who'd gone a - stray;
Now I am glad, No long - er sad, Ev - 'ry day is heav'n be - low;
There on that shore, Sor-rows all o'er, Won't that be a glo'-rious sight?
An - gels will sing, Heav- en will ring, As we enter the o - pen door;

CHORUS. I am so glad, I am so glad, Glad the debt has all been paid;

D. C. Chorus.

Bring-ing them back, To the right track, In the nar - row way.
Down at His feet, Rest is com-plete, Since my Lord I know.
Loved ones we'll meet, Je - sus we'll greet, Where there's no more night.
We'll nev - er die, Dwell - ing on high, Christ is all our store.

Now I am free, Hap - py and free, Christ this change has

142. Jesus Heals All Today

A. S. C. **B. E. Warren.**

1. Have you not heard one say: "Jesus can heal today?" Driving out
2. En ter the op -en gate; Tarry not till too late. Je - sus is
3. Nev er such darkness nigh, Nev-er so loud a cry But the kind

ev'ry pain, If in His Name we prav? He will dispell all gloom,
standing here Making the maimed ones strat He will not ask you, "How?"
hand of Love, Heals all who for Him sigh. Be the case small or great,

Crowning with life and bloom: Vigor and health you gain; Trust Him, I pray.
Nev - er de-mand a vow; Suffering one draw near; Why do you wait?
Je - sus is ne'er too late. Looking to heav'n a bove, You need not die.

CHORUS.

Trust in the Lord; ..... Trust Him today. ....
Trust in the Lord today; Trust Him alway I pray.

Jesus heals all, ... None sent away. .....
Jesus heals all who come, None sent away to roam.

Rest in His word, ... Trust and obey.....
Rest on His promises now, Nevermore saying, "But how?"

E'en tho' you can - not see, sickness will flee.
E'en tho' you cannot see, sickness and pain will speedily flee.

143. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word; Just to rest up-
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood; Just in simple
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Jesus
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that

on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood. Je - sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him!
sim-ple tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er! Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 144. In the Center of God's Will.

H. B. HERBERT BUFFUM.

1. In the cen- ter of God's will I'm sweetly rest-ing, And I know that naught can harm me an - y - where; As a moth-er folds her arms a - bout her chil-dren,
2. In the cen- ter of God's will I'm safe- ly hid - ing, And no e - vil can be- fall me where I dwell; 'Tis the secret place known on - ly to God's chil-dren,
3. In the cen- ter of God's will I am con-tent-ed, Tho' the clouds at times may hide His lov - ing face; I am kept each day by His al-might-y pow - er,
4. In the cen- ter of God's will, why should I mur-mur? For I know that in His lov - ing Fa-ther-hood, He'll per - mit no e - vil thing to o - ver - take me,

CHORUS.

So I'm safe - ly kept in Je - sus' lov - ing care.
Oh, the peace that fills me now no tongue can tell. In the cen-ter of God's will, oh, what a ref - uge! I will hide me till the storms are past; In the cen-ter of His will He'll ev - er keep me, Till I see His precious face at last.
And I'm rest - ing in His all - suf - fi - cient grace.
And "all things" shall work to-geth - er for my good.

No. 145. Since Jesus Came In.

A. S. C. December, 1921. A. S. Copley.

1. A Sav - iour is born, we are told, In pov - er - ty's vale, lone and
2. The shep-herds with won-der are held, For hope-less-ness now is ex-
3. Oh, hear ye the an - gels now sing, An-nounc-ing the birth of the
4. My friend, if He comes to your heart, He'll save you and quench ev-'ry

cold; The long-looked-for glo - ry of cent - u - ries hoar - y, Has
pelled; The prom - ise of a - ges, the hope of the sa - ges, Has
King;— The Son of the High - est has made us the nigh - est, And
dart; The Man of the a - ges your well - fare en - gag - es, And

come Di - vine grace to un - fold, Has come Di - vine grace to un - fold.
come with a peace un - ex - celled, Has come with a peace un - ex-celled.
in our hearts joy-bells now ring, And in our hearts joy-bells now ring.
from you will nev - er de - part, And from you will nev - er de - part.

CHORUS.

This Sav-iour has come to my heart, We nev - er, no, nev - er can part; Oh,

list to my sto - ry, I'm filled with His glory, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

No. 146. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Anon. Paul's Version. Anon.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Bids me on His bos-om stay;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; He my hab - i - ta - tion is:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Rests my help - less soul on Thee;
4. Thou of life the fountain art; Thou dost wash me white as snow;
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my need;

And tho' bil - lows round me roll, I am safe - ly hid a - way:
Here no e - vil can be - fall; I am kept in per-fect peace;
Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone, Nor for - get to com - fort me:
I'm con - tent to dwell a - part From all else, Thy love to know;
Full sup - plies in Christ a-bound— Soul and bod - y on Him feed;

For He holds me in His arms, Quite be - yond the tempest's reach;
I am cov - ered all day long With the shad - ow of His wing—
Thou dost save my soul from death; Thou dost scat - ter doub's and fears;
Bless-ed Son of right-eous-ness, I so love to look on Thee,
Soon my Lord will take me home On that great trans-la - tion tide,

And He whis - pers to my heart, Words un - known to hu - man speech.
Dwell in safe - ty thro' the night; Wak-ing, this is what I sing.
And the sun - shine of Thy face Sweet - ly dri - eth all my tears.
That mine eyes are growing blind To the things once dear to me.
Ev - er - more with Him to roam As His spot - less, glorious bride.

No. 147. The Gospel Story.

S. O. S. January, 1919. S. O. SHELDON.

1. Come and lis - ten to the gos - pel sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me;
2. On the cross He suffered pain and an-guish, That no hu-man heart could bear;
3. While He tast-ed death for all cre - a - tion, Hear, oh hear the Sav - ior cry;
4. He was mocked and bruised for my transgressions, And for me they pierced His side;

f.

How He shed His precious blood so free-ly, That from sin my soul might be made free.
But there was no oth - er way to save me, So He free-ly gave His life for me.
For His life was of-fered for my ran-som, As the wicked soldiers nailed Him there.
Oh, such words of grace and peace and pardon, Spoken by that man who died for me.
Oh, my God, why am I thus for-sak - en? Why hast Thou left me a - lone to die?
For my sin to Je - sus was im - put-ed, When on Cal - va - ry He died for me.
'Tis by faith I take my place and reck-on, I with Him that day was cru-ci-fied.
And He cried in tri-umph, "It is fin-ished," As He bowed His head and died for me.

D. S.

Friends and loved ones fain would per-suade Him, In my help-less-ness to let me be,
But He prayed: "Oh, Father forgive them, Take my life and let them now go free;"
'Twas because God counted Him a sinner, Tho' from sin His life was always free;
He has borne my sins and di - seas-es, In His bod - y there up - on the tree,

CHORUS.

Oh, he loved me! how He loved me, Hang-ing there on Cal - va - ry;

rit.

How I love the gos - pel sto - ry, Of the Christ who bled and died for me.

No. 148. My Precious Bible.

ISAAC BALDWIN. (1851 A. D.) January, 1919. MRS. C. E. FOSTER.

1. My Bi - ble, 'tis..... a book di - vine,..... Where heav'nly truth.....
2. My Bi - ble, here..... with joy I trace..... The rec - ords of .....
3. My Bi - ble, in..... this book a - lone,..... I find God's ho - - -
4. My Bi - ble, source.... of com-fort pure..... To those who tri - - -
5. I love my Bi - - ble; may I ne'er..... Con - sult it but.....

and mer-cy shine;..... And wis-dom speaks.... in ev - 'ry line,..... It
re-deem-ing grace— ... Glad ti-dings for..... a sin - ful race,. ....Good
ly will made known;.... And here His love..... to man is shown,.....His
als here en - dure;..... The hope of heav'n .... it ren-ders sure,.....Best
with faith and pray'r,.... That I may find..... my Sav - ior there;. ....Who

CHORUS.

speaks to thee,..... and speaks to me. Christ my hope, ... an
news for thee,..... good news for me.
love to thee,..... His love to me.
hope for thee,..... best hope for me.
died for thee,..... who died for me. My blessed hope,

rit.

an - chor sure,..... With-in the vale..... I am se -
my an - chor sure, 'Twas rent for me,

cure;..... Not I, but Christ,..... who doth en -
for aye se - cure, My all is He,

My Precious Bible. Concluded.

Rit.

dure, ... 'Tis Christ with-in, ... 'tis Christ with-in . . . . . .
His all for me, to keep from sin, to live for Him, and Him to win.

No. 149. Songs in the Night.

HERBERT BUFFUM. January, 1919. MRS. C. E. FOSTER.

1. I'm hav - ing a good time with Je - sus, While walking with Him in the light;
2. At night, in the hour of sor - row, When loved ones are bur - ied from sight;
3. When plans have mis-car-ried, and all things Have failed me, and nothing seems right;
4. So on - ward I go with re - joic - ing, The days may be cloud - y or bright;
5. I will not re-bel, then, nor mur - mur, What-ev - er my Lord does, is right;

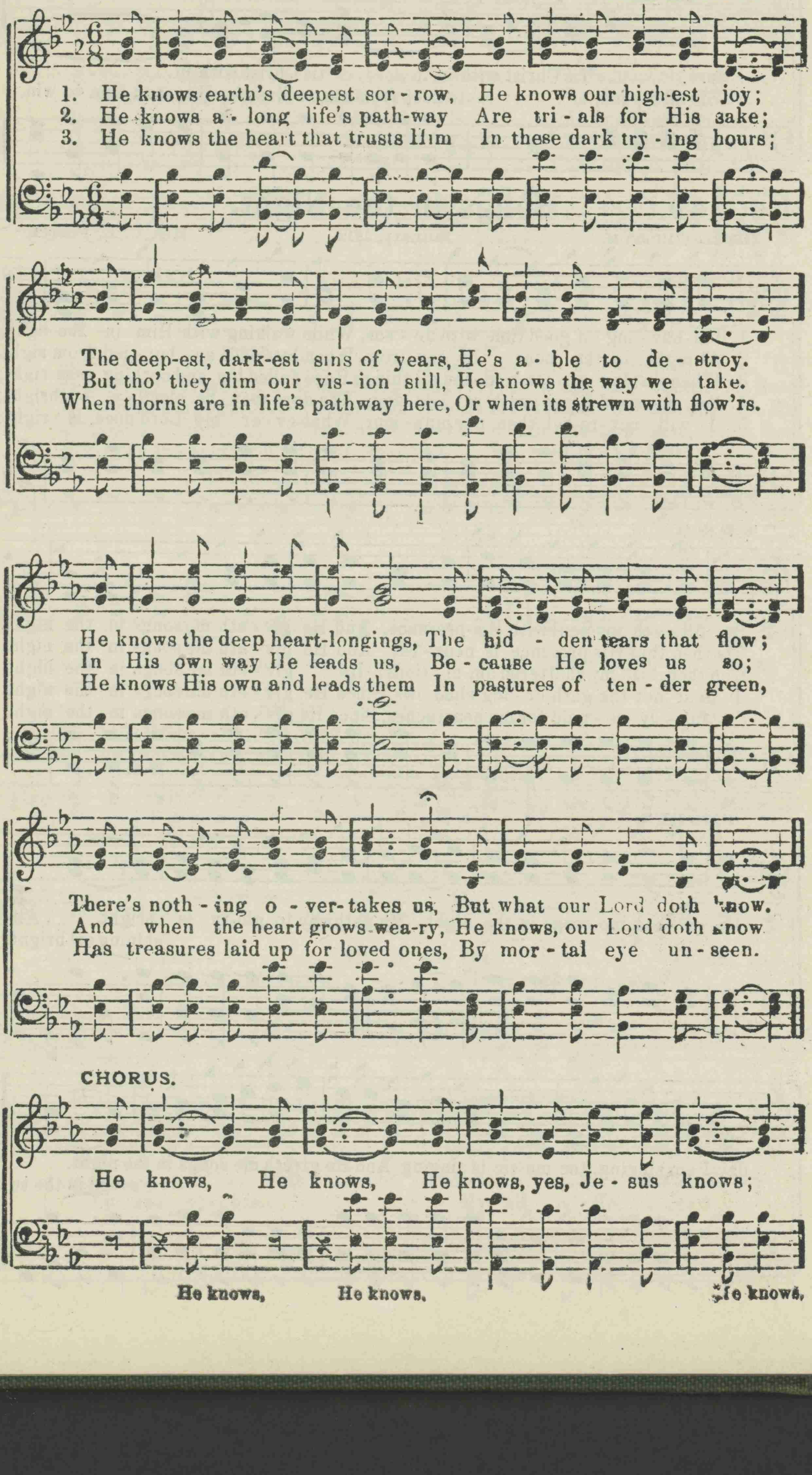
He fill - eth my soul with His presence, And He giv - eth me songs in the night.
'Tis then that His presence is near - est; And He giv - eth me songs in the night.
E'en then, midst my shattered am-bi - tions; He giv - eth me songs in the night.
I fear not the gath-er - ing shad-ows, Since He giv - eth me songs in the night.
I'm ful - ly re - paid for my heartaches, Since He giv - eth me songs in the night.

CHORUS.

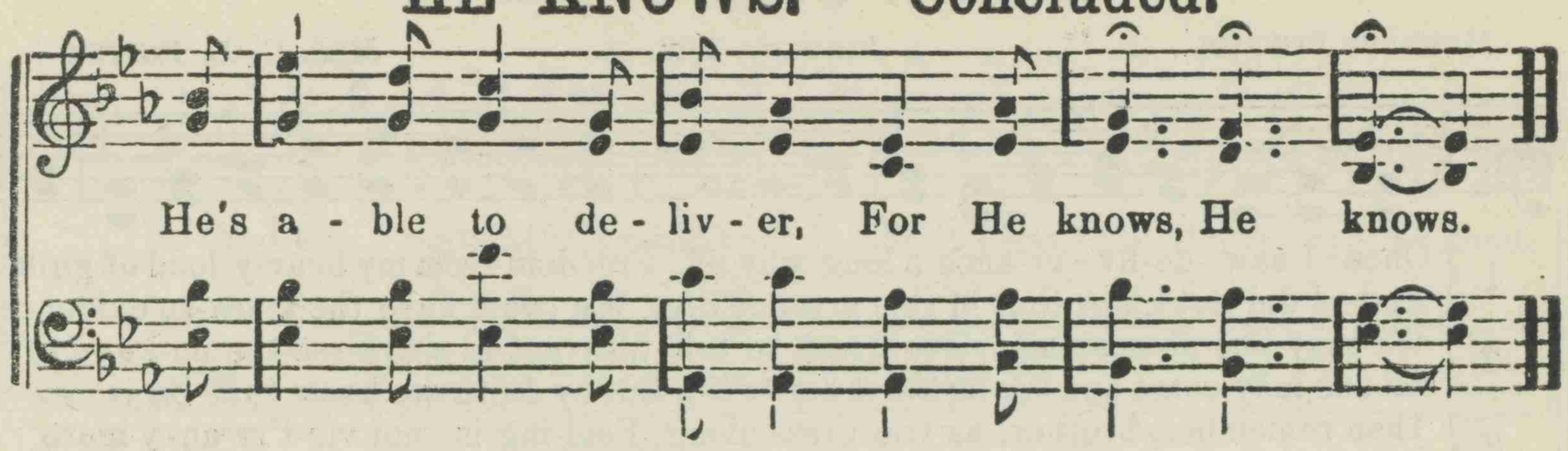
He giv - eth me songs in the night, My pathway to glo-ry is bright, All shining and bright,
day I am singing, the mu-sic is ringing, And He giveth me songs in the night. songs in the night.

150. "HE KNOWS."

C. E. S. CELIA E. STANTON.



"HE KNOWS."—Concluded.



151. Casting All Your Care On Jesus.

F. H. L. 1 PETER 5 : 7. F. H. LEONARD.



No. 152. Victory at Hand.

HERBERT BUFFUM. January, 1919. MRS. C. E. FOSTER.

1. Once I saw de-liv - er-ance a long way off, Freedom from my heav-y load of guilt
And I did not know that in this present life, We could have the know-so evidence
2. We may not possess a joy too great to tell, May not al-ways see the an-swer to
Clouds may come and hide the face of Him we love; But by faith we know that He is ev-
3. Then remember, brother, as you press along, Feel-ing is not vic-t'ry an- y more
For tho' you be tempted, tried on ev'ry line, Faith will always bring the tangled threads

and sin; with-in. But when I sur-rend-ered at the cross of Christ, And for
our pray'r; er there. Faith, then, is the vic - to - ry that o - ver-comes, And tho'
than sight, out right. Do not then look on - ly to some fu - ture time, When with

God and truth I firm - ly took my stand; Then I sang no lon - ger, "Vic - to-
things go dif - fer-ent than we had planned; Still God's ways are best, and we can
o - ver-com - ers you may one day stand, Shout-ing your de - fi - ance in the

CHORUS.

ry a-head;" For I had the vic-to-ry, praise God, at hand.
al-ways say: "Now by faith I have the vic-to-ry at hand." Vic - to-ry at hand!
face of foes, You may sing: "I have the vic-to-ry at hand."

vic - to - ry at hand! Thru the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry at hand. Trusting

Victory at Hand. Concluded.



No. 153 The Promised Comforter.

Alt'd by A. S. C. D. W. MYLAND.





CHORUS.





No. 154. Hark! Come! Drink.

MARY M. BODIE. January, 1919. A. S. COPLEY.

1. Be not sat - is - fied with gleaning Scant-y meas-ures for thy soul, For His
2. Be not sat - is - fied with sip-ping From the way - side well of love, For a
3. Be not sat - is - fied with long-ing For the pen - te - cos-tal show'r: You may
4. Take and use all to the ut - most; He will nev - er thee de - ny. Thou canst

pas-tures smile with blossoms; And thou may-est eat the whole: Yes, thou may-est
"well of liv - ing wa - ter," He has prom-ised from a - bove, Yes, 'tis promised
have the Spir - it in you—The en - due-ment ev - 'ry hour, Yes, en-due-ment
not ex - haust His ful-ness; Need not lack a fresh sup - ply, Yes, there is a

eat the whole; And He'll sat - is - fy thy soul.
from a - bove; And He fills with heav'n - ly love.
ev - 'ry hour, 'Tis the Sav - ior's might - y pow'r.
fresh sup - ply, Flow-ing from the throne on high.

FINE.

And He'll ful - ly sat - is - fy thy trust - ing soul.
And He fills the trust-ing heart with per - fect love.
'Tis the lov - ing Sav - ior's all - suf - fi - cient pow'r.
Flow-ing free - ly from the throne of grace on high.

CHORUS. D. S.

{ Oh! hark! hark! stop and think; Je-sus standeth by; }
{ Oh! come, come, come and drink; (*Omit . . . .*) } Get a full sup - ply;

No. 155. Unknown, Yet Well Known.

Mary M. Bodie. December, 1921. **A. S. Copley.**



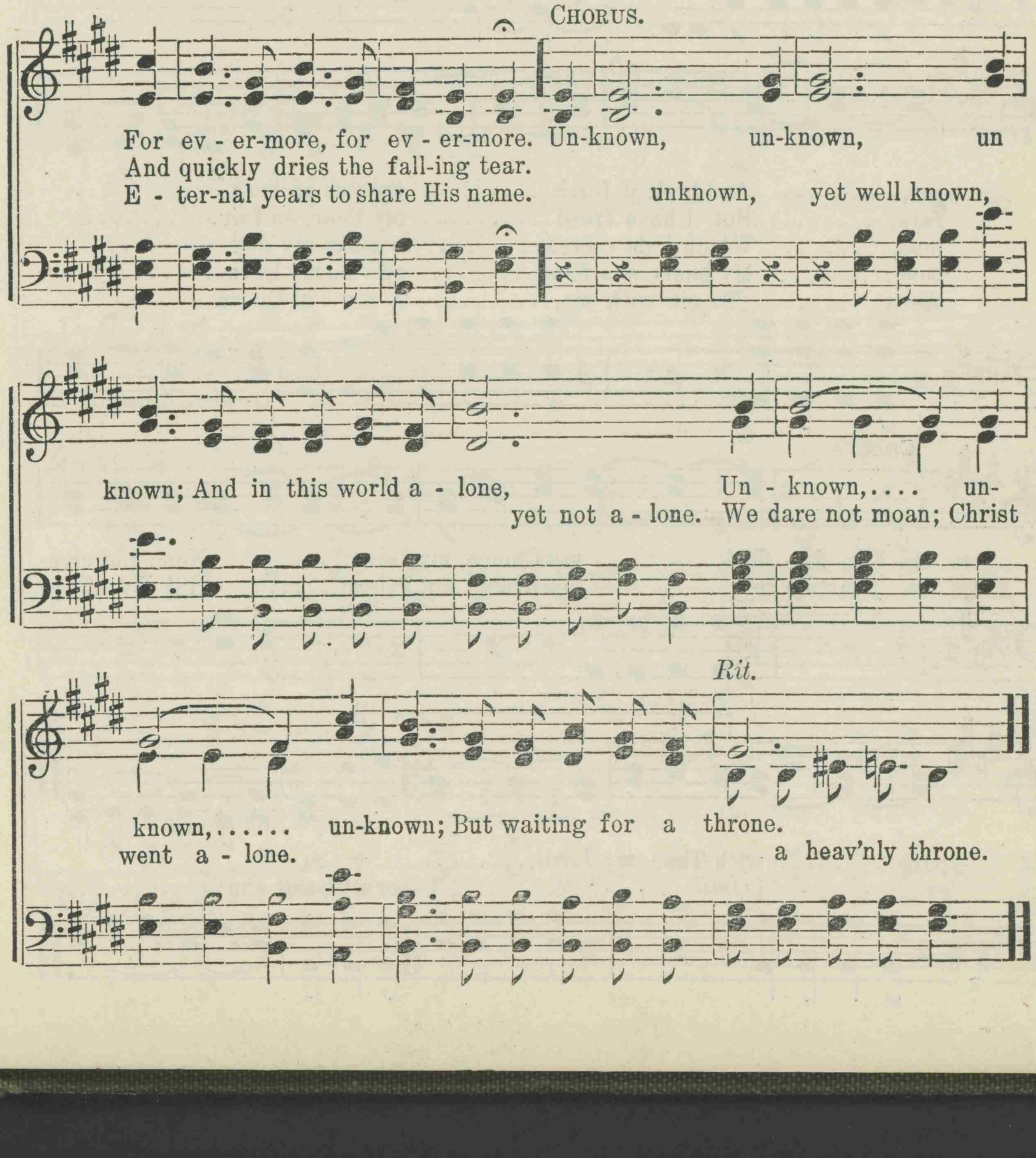
1. Un-known, yet graven on His breast, And can-on-ized on heaven's shore—
2. Un-known, yet angels guard our steps, And God Himself bends low to hear
3. Un-known, yet known to God and dear. It matters not our race or shame;





The saints of God; and in Him blest, For ev - er-more, for ev - er-more.
The slightest cry from sorrow's depths; And quickly dries the fall - ing tear.
A lit - tle while a stranger here: E - ter - nal years to share His name.

CHORUS.



For ev - er-more, for ev - er-more. Un-known, un-known, un
And quickly dries the fall-ing tear.
E - ter-nal years to share His name. unknown, yet well known,

known; And in this world a - lone, Un - known,.... un-
yet not a - lone. We dare not moan; Christ

Rit.

known,..... un-known; But waiting for a throne.
went a - lone. a heav'nly throne.

No. 156. The Goodly Pearl.

Mary M. Bodie. 1919. R. E. Winsett.

1. Down in the o - - cean billow's whirl,..... I went to seek..... a goodly pearl;..... I found one there..... in depth of
2. I saw Thee first..... in mire and gloom,..... A shell of death..... and darkened tomb.... Encased my pre - cious jew - el
3. I did not count..... the aw-ful cost..... Of waves and bil - lows tempest tossed;.... My gaze was on ..... the Pearl a- all..... the way to earth;..... I chose to leave..... the courts a-
4. I loved the Pearl..... of matchless worth,..... That bro't me Pearl,..... Thou art my Bride, ... A Jewel rare,..... of life and
5. My cup is full,..... I'm sat - is - fied,..... I've gained my sea,..... And bro't it forth..... my own to be..... rare;..... But I have freed..... my Pearl so fair..... lone,..... Which I de - sired..... to make my own..... bove;..... My heart was fixed..... up - on my Love..... sheen,..... To sit with me,..... a roy - al Queen.....

CHORUS.

My Un - de - filed,..... my Choice, my Dove;..... None can com- pare..... with Thee, my Love;.....
Oh Pearl so fair,..... my Bride, my Friend,..... I'll love Thee ev - - [*Omit* . . . . .] - er with-out end.....

No. 157. Ev'ry Whit Whole.

A. S. C. March, 1922. A. S. Copley.

1. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, hear the Bi - ble sto - ry, Let Christ con - trol, And
2. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, learn the Bi-ble fit - ness, Bod - y and soul Will
3. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, what a Bi - ble wonder, Health anthems toll In
4. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, hear the Bi - ble promise, Let this con - sole: Fear

heal and fill with glo - ry. His might - y pow'r dis - lodg - es pain; His
bear the Saviour wit-ness: For Je - sus died to save and heal. This
bil - low-peals like thunder. The lame man leaps; the blind now see; The
not like doubting Thomas: For Christ a - rose to just - i - fy, And

ff CHORUS *p*

health and wealth we sure-ly gain.
truth we nev - er dare con-ceal. Shout! shout! shout! Ev - 'ry whit whole.
deaf do hear, and dem-ons flee.
fit us for a home on high.

Count sick - ness out: Je - sus takes con - trol. Sound the sweet sto-ry

To young and hoar-y, Ev - 'ry whit whole, On the way to glo - ry.

No. 158. Wonderful! Out of and Into.

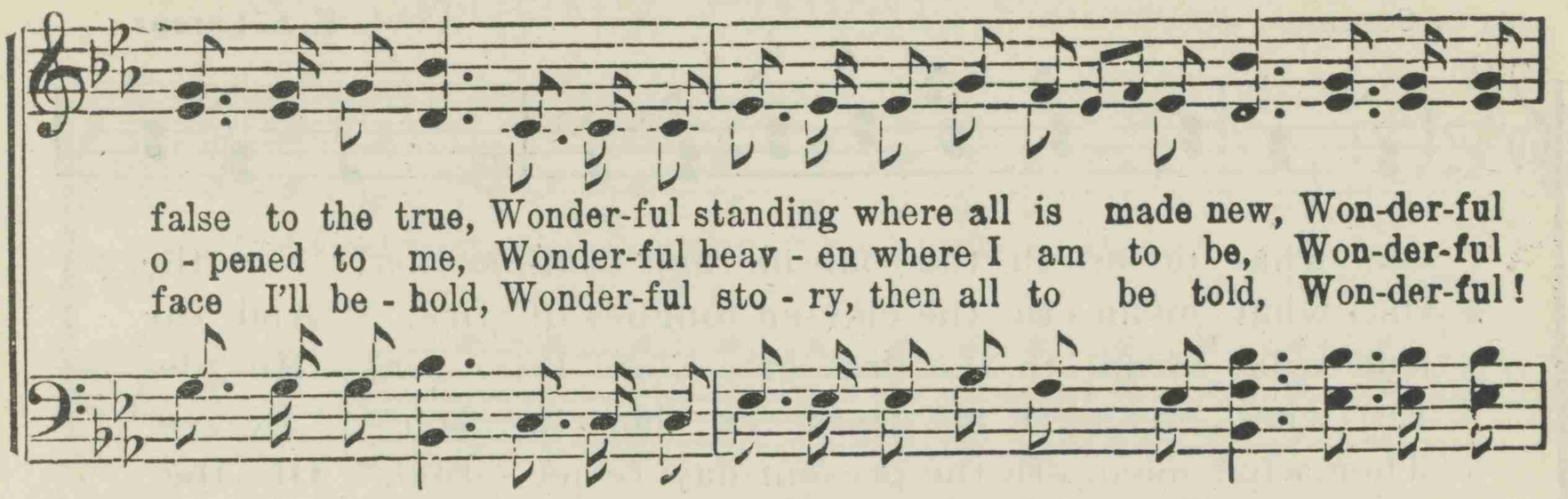
Sept. 1919. **A. S. Copley.**

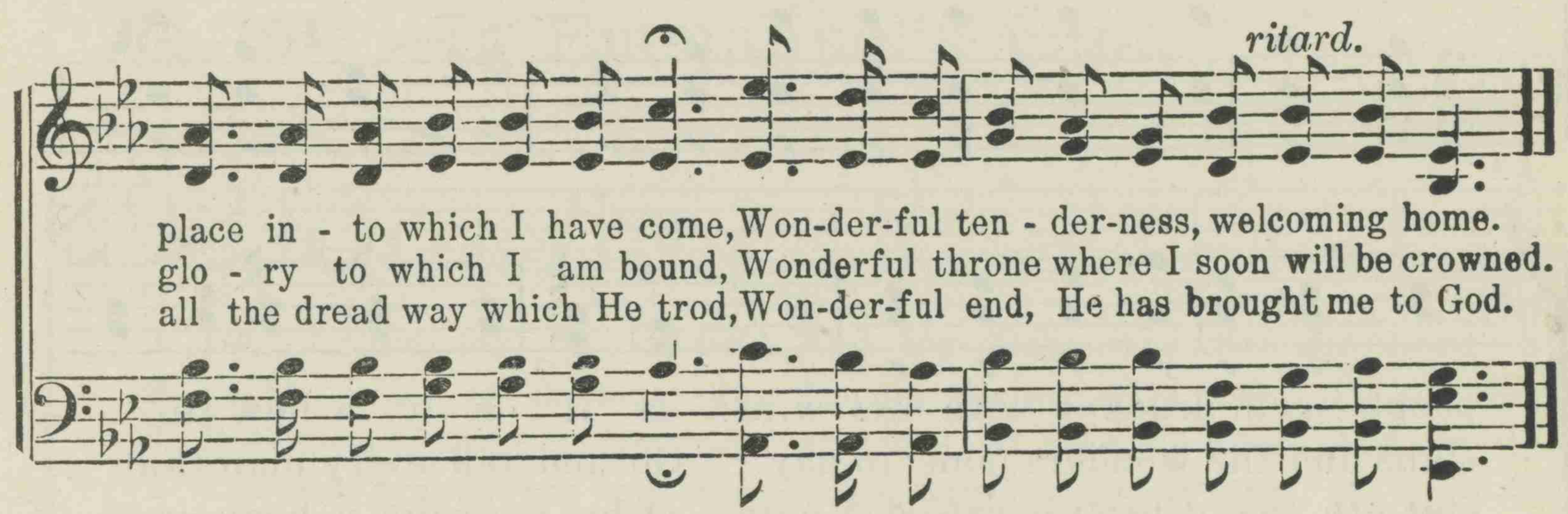
1. Out of the dis - tance and dark-ness so deep, Out of the set - tled and per - il - ous sleep, Out of the re - gion and shad - ow of death, Out of its foul and its pes - ti - lent breath; In - to a sense of forgiveness and rest, In - to a her - it-ance with all the blest, In - to the peace of an in - fin- ite calm, In - to the place of the song and the psalm; Wonderful change from the
2. Out of the clam - or, the noise and the strife, Out of the glamor, which once I called life, Out of the sin and the sor-row and shame, Out of the fol - ly, the sad-ness, the blame; In - to the love and the fav - or of God, In - to the ho - li-est, cleansed by the blood, In - to the fore-taste of rapture di - vine, In - to the Ca - naan of old corn and wine; Wonderful word of life,
3. Out of my pov - er - ty in - to His wealth, Out of my sick-ness - es Out of my pov - er - ty in - to His health, Out of what measured the full depth of "lost," Out of it all, and at in - fin - ite cost; In - to that which there is nothing beyond, In - to that to which my heart doth respond, In - to that union which nothing can part, In - to what sat - is-fies His and my heart; Wonder-ful Person, whose

slowly.

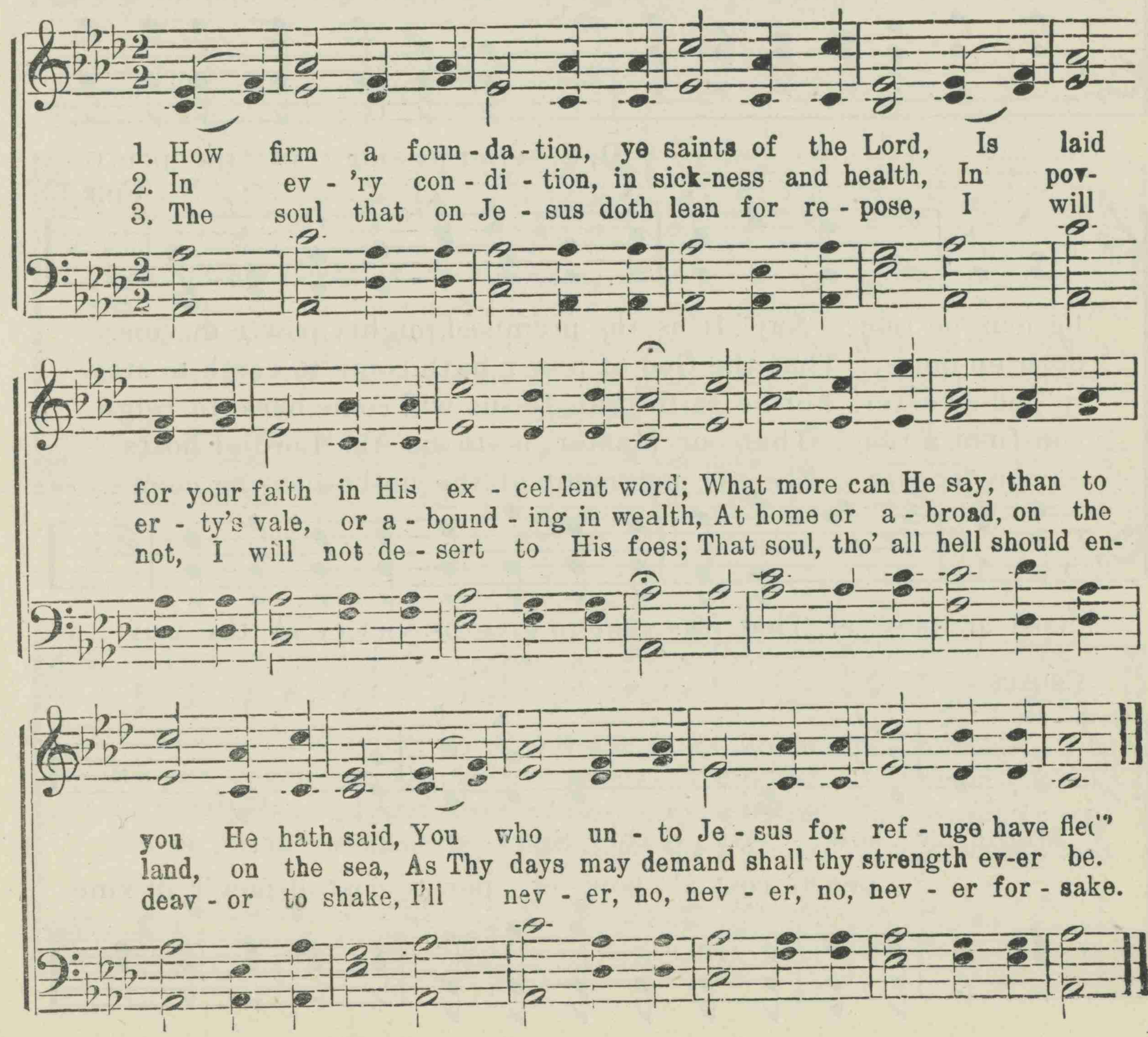
a tempo. *steady.*

Wonderful! Out of and Into. Concluded.





No. 159. How Firm a Foundation.



160. Mighty Power.

A. S. COPLEY — E. S. Lorenz.

1 Oh, what mean-eth this bab-ble and com-mo-tion? For the
2. Oh, what mean-eth the clov-en tongues of fire, And the
3. And what mean-eth the brav-er-y of Pe - ter? He de-
4 But what mean-eth his fiery ex - hor - ta - tion? "Be ye
5. Then what mean-eth the present-day re-jec - tion, Of the

people seem drunken with new wine. Is it on - ly a new re-
signs and the wonders done to-day? Go and tell ev'ry man that
clar eth that Christ is raised a-gain. O his message is heav-en-
filled with the mighty Ho-ly Ghost." O this pow'r is for us, a
pow'r and the speaking in new tongues? 'Tis the foretold and lat-ter-

D. S.— Let us sing of the pen-te-

FINE.

lig-ious no-tion? Nay! It is the promised mighty pow'r di-vine.
doth en-quire, That the God of pow r hath come to earth to stay.
ly and sweeter, For he saith that Je-sus will come back to reign.
con-firm-a-tion That our Master is to us the Lord of hosts.
day in-fec-tion Ere the judgment of the un-be-liev-ing comes.

cost-al pow - er That was sent to give us vict'ry all the way.

CHORUS.

Might - y pow - er, the Spir - it's pow - er;
pen-te-cost-al pow - er, pen-te-cost-al pow'r di-vine.

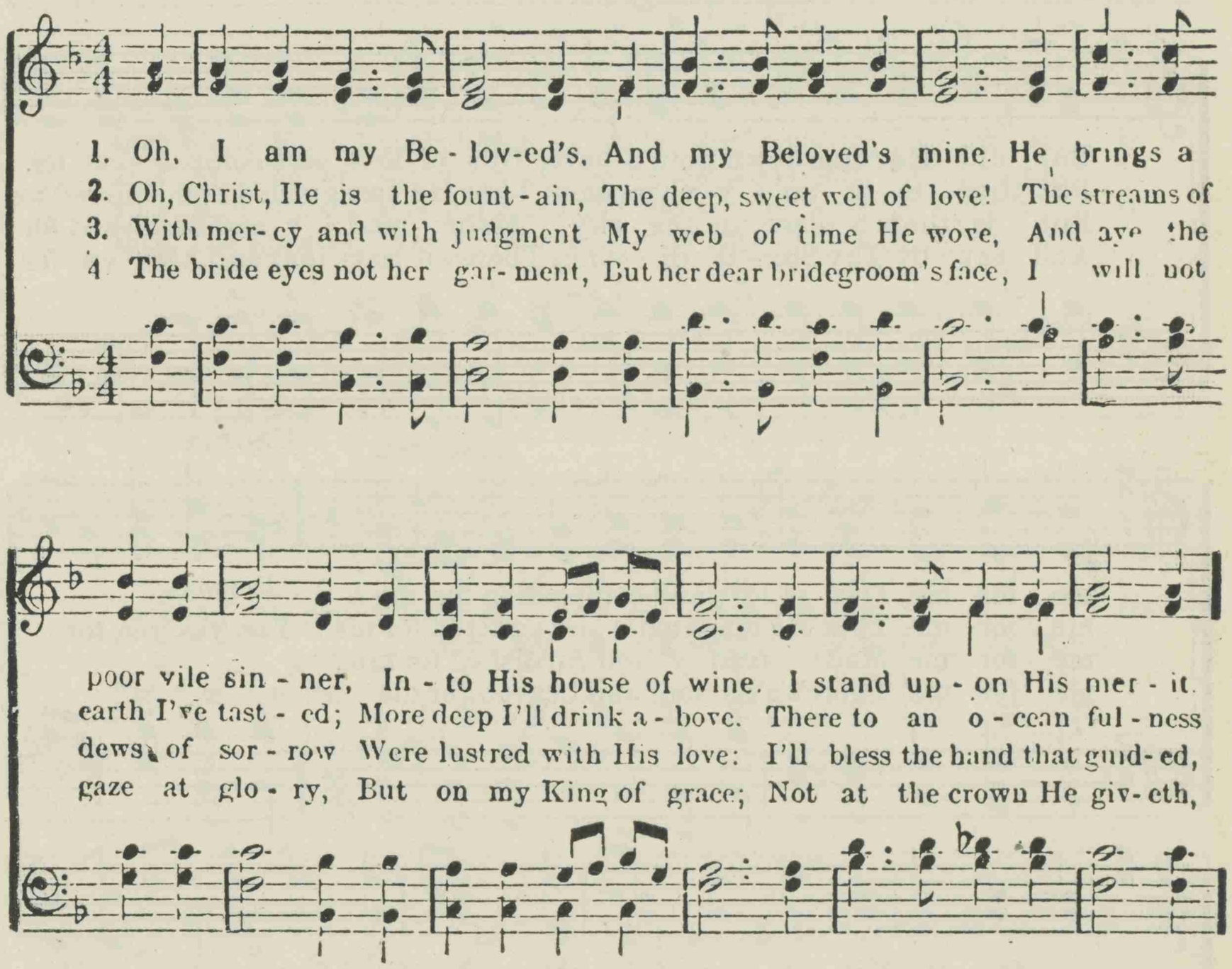
Mighty Power. Concluded.



No. 161 In Emmanuel's Land

ANNR R. COUSIN.

CHRETIEN D'URHAN.
Har E. F RIMBAULT.



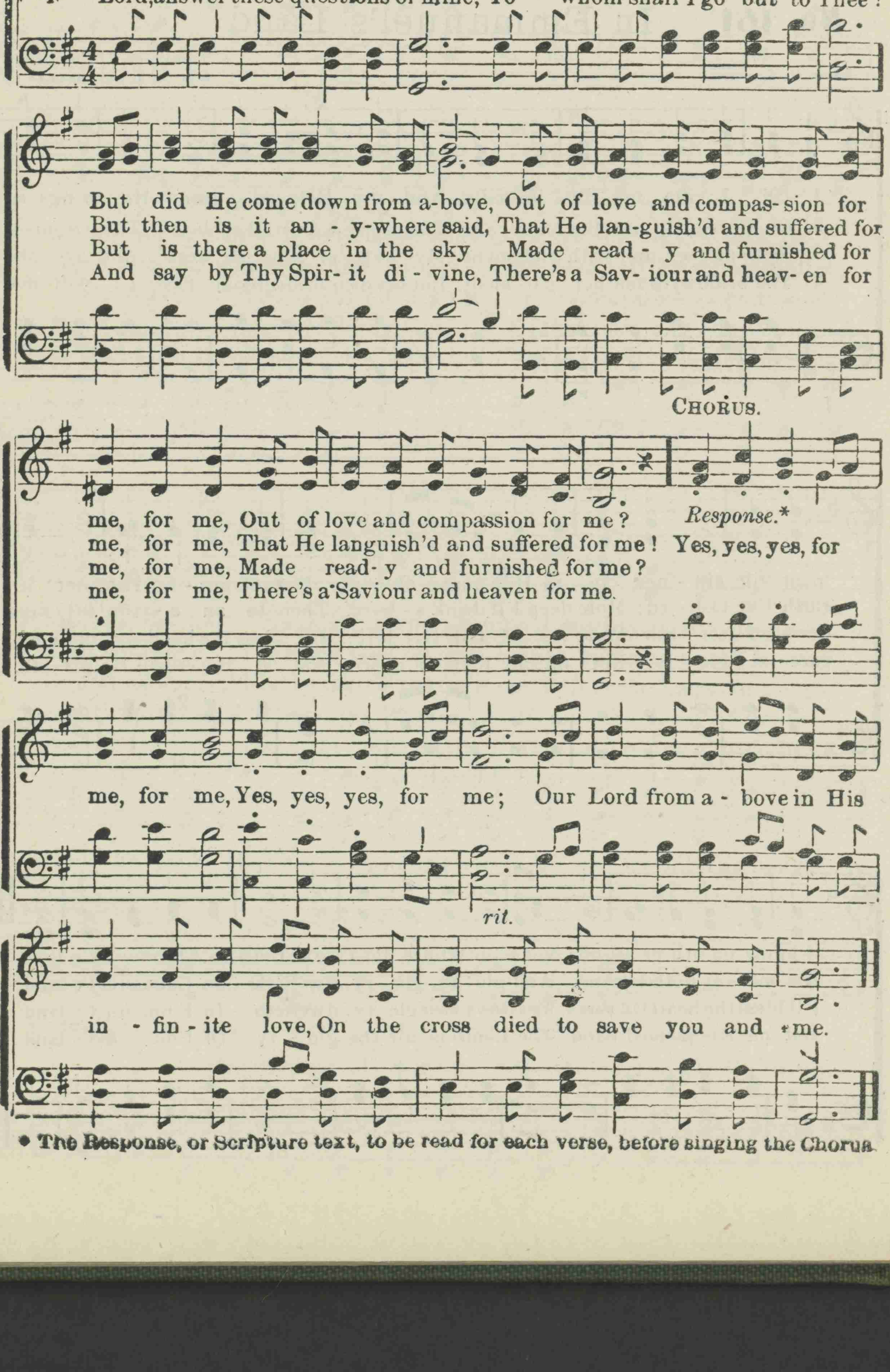
162. Song of Salvation.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der- ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Je-sus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?



But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and compas- sion for
But then is it an - y-where said, That He lan-guish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnished for
And say by Thy Spir- it di - vine, There's a Sav- iour and heav- en for

CHORUS.

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? *Response.**
me, for me, That He languish'd and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read- y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His

rit.

in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

No. 163. He's Looking On You.

Alt'd by M. M. B. 1919. Herbert and Ruth Buffum.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Oh, wand'rer a - far on the mountains of sin, Why long-er your fol - lies pur-
2. When tempted to ling-er out-side of the fold, A slave to the pow - er un-
3. Tho' sorrows have come, and like seabillows roll, While clouds of despair fill your
4. If death draweth nigh and it calls at your door, There's One who can carry you

sue? While Je-sus stands knocking, oh let Him come in; He's lov - ing - ly
true, Beguiled by the voice of an en - e - my bold, He's pa - tient - ly
view, And you are sore burdened and wea - ry in soul; He's yearn-ing - ly
thru, The same One who called you in days gone before; He's ten - der - ly

CHORUS.

look-ing on you. He's look - - ing on you, He's
lov - ing - ly look - ing, look - ing on you,

look - - ing on you; He hears all you say, and He
ten - der - ly look-ing, your wel-fare in view;

sees all you do; For He's look - - ing on you.
pa - tient - ly, ten - der - ly look - ing on you.

No. 164. Jesus Lives!

John R. Colgan. Last two verses by A. S. C. A. F. Myers.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Youth - ful ar - my, filled with pow'r, Pen - te - cost a hap - py show'r,
4. Are they sick? they trust the Lord; All - suf - fi - cient is God's word,

Send the welcome word a-long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all man-kind,
Shin - ing fac - es ev-'ry hour, Je - sus lives! Chil-dren love this Bi - ble way,
Sim - plest sto-ry ev - er heard, Je - sus lives! Li - ons, lit-tle chil-dren lead;

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now He lives to keep us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Cheer-ful, joyful, blithe and gay; And from Christ they never stray; Je - sus lives!
Ox - en, hap - py children feed, As they learn and prove indeed, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
Wait not, Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for
sing for Je - sus ev - 'ry-where you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
sing,
Je - sus,

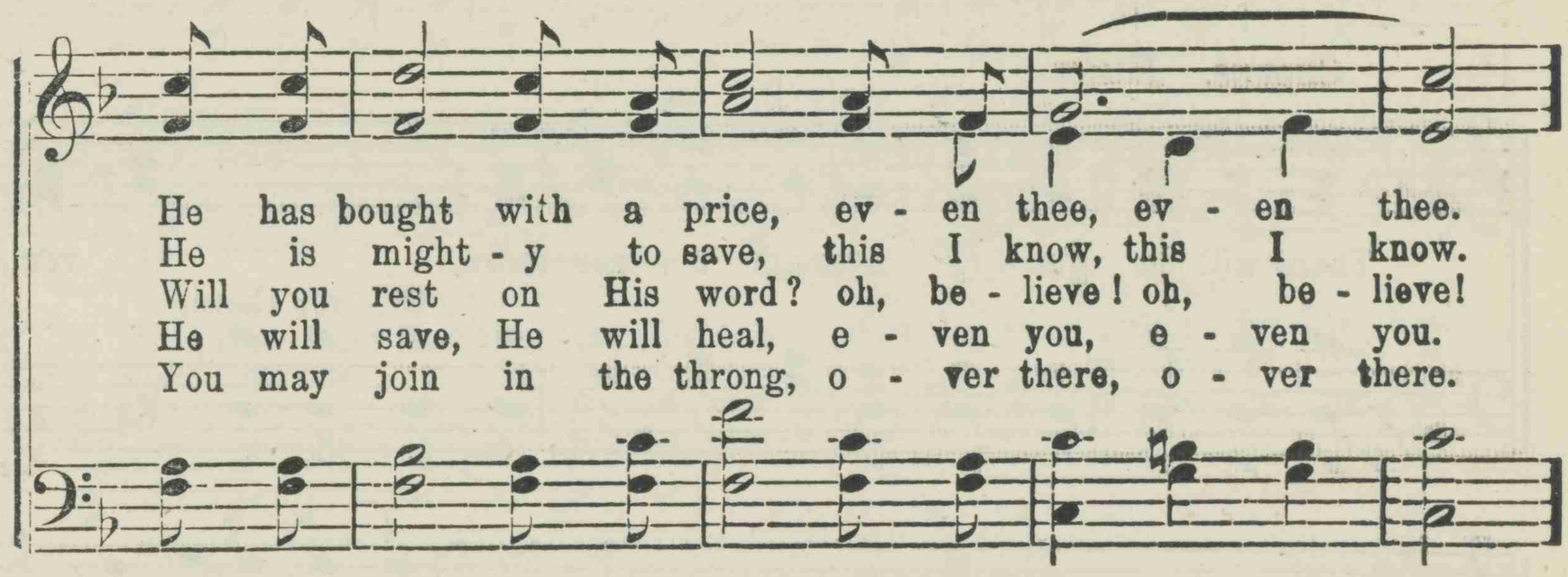
Jesus Lives! Concluded.

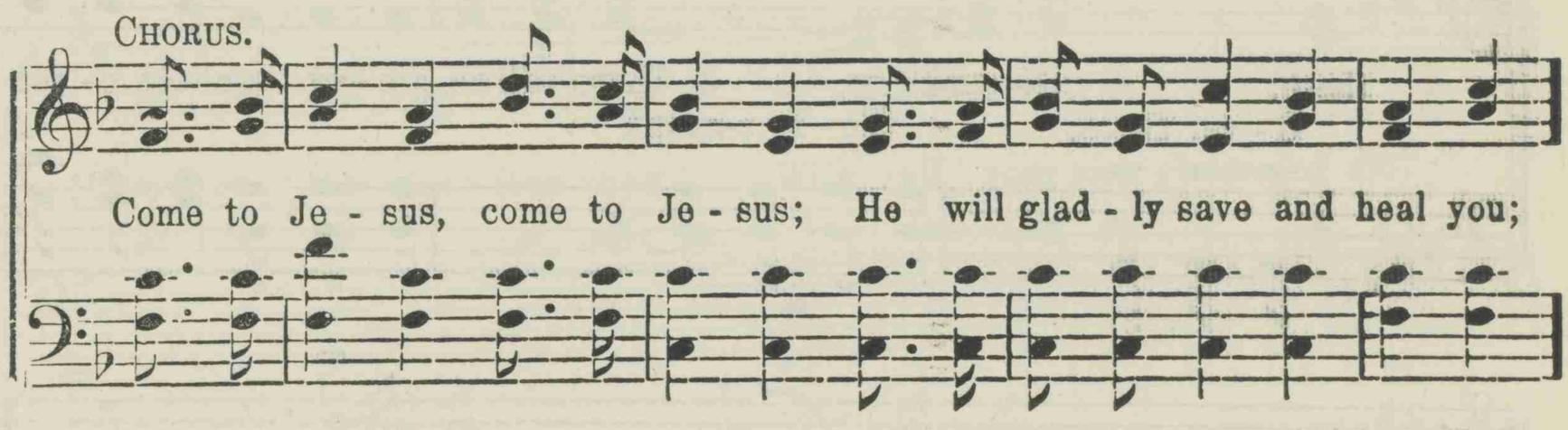


No. 165. He Will Save.

A. S. Copley. R. Lowry.









No. 166. Glory Enough Over There.

Mary M. Bodie. A. F. Myers.

1. Let us the Name of Christ pro-claim, The com - ing King of kings;
2. Let us not wait the glo - ry throne, To shout a - loud His praise;
3. Let us just now be bold and sing The prais - es of our God;
4. Let us lift up the stand - ard high, The blood-stained banner wave
5. Let us now make the wel - kin ring, Our heav'n-ly an-thems raise;

And shout for Him, the Lamb once slain, And touch the heav'n-ly strings.
But ev - en now His worth make known, Fore-taste of end-less days.
Ex - alt the pow'r of our great King, Who saved us by His blood.
O'er land and sea, thru earth and sky, Pro - claim its pow'r to save.
Christ soon shall sit as Zi - on's king, All na - tions Him shall praise.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

There will be glo - ry e-nough o - ver there, O - ver
O - ver there,
there, O - ver there, There will be glo - ry e-nough o - ver
O - ver there, Glo - ry e-nough
there, O - ver there, O - ver there.
O - ver there, Glo - ry e - nough O - ver there, o - ver there.

No. 167. Will You Come?

Mary M. Bodie. 1919. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus has finished His jour-ney on earth, End - ed His la - bor of love;
2. There on the cross He a-toned for all sin, Parted from friends who were dear;
3. Now as you gaze at that marvelous sight, God's Man on Cal - va - ry's tree;
4. Angels are watching on heaven's bright shore, Waiting for you to be - lieve;
5. Say, will you come to the Sav-iour so true, En - ter the hav - en of rest?

Now He is wait - ing for you to come home; Haste to your mansion a - bove.
And as He breathes out His lat - est fare-well, Banished was death with its fear.
Will you not come and accept His great gift, Par-don so full and so free?
Soft - ly the Spir - it is call - ing to you, Bid-ding you Je - sus re - ceive.
Je - sus will nev - er from you turn a-way; You will be hap - py and blest.

REFRAIN.

Will..... you come?..... Will..... you come?.....
Will you come and trust in Him now? Will you at His feet low - ly bow?

1

Come to the Sav - iour now, With all your sick - ness and sin?

2

Low - ly be - fore Him bow, And let the Sav - iour come in.

No. 168. I Love Him, He Loves Me.

Mary M. Bodie. A. F. Myers.

1. There came to this world in the days long a - go, A won - der - ful
2. A Sav - iour, a - noint - ed, for chil - dren of night, To o - pen blind
3. His kins - men re - fus - ing His of - fer of grace, Once crowned Him with
4. How could He thus die for me, one gone a - stray Far out on the
5. He came from the glad-ness and joy of His home, In - to the grim
6. Oh, shout the sweet sto - ry, pro - claim it to all, That Christ has re-

Man, with a heart all a - glow; A mes - sage He had from His
eyes un - to vi - sions of light; To bear heav - y bur - dens and
en - vy-thorns, mar - ring His face; They beat Him and bruised Him on
moun-tains, a wand'r-er a - way? It was that He loved me out
dark - ness and dread of the tomb; Oh, won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
deemed us from Ad - am's deep fall; And soon He is com - ing in

Fa - ther a - bove, Glad words of great mer - cy, long suff'ring and love.
set cap - tives free, And preach the ac - cep - ta - ble year—Jub - i - lee.
Gol - ga - tha's tree; His heart was there bro - ken for you and for me.
there in the night, And brought me safe home in - to ra - di - ant light.
how could it be? That Christ should pay such a great ran-som for me.
glo - ry and pow'r, All robed and re - joic-ing, we hail the glad hour.

CHORUS.

I love..... Him, I love Him, This Sav - -
I'm al - ways re - joic - ing, I'm al - ways re - joic-ing, His love doth en-

I Love Him, He Loves Me. Concluded.

- - iour of mine,..... He loves me, He
twine, and Je - sus is mine, He al - ways is lead-ing and

loves me, Oh, rap - - ture di - vine,.....
heal - ing and teach-ing, Oh, rap-ture di - vine, Oh, rap - ture di - vine.

No. 169. Drinking at the Fountain.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drink - ing;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the foun-tain drink - ing;
3. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the foun-tain drink - ing;
4. Let all the world fall down and know, I'm at the foun-tain drink - ing;
5. In - sa - tiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the foun-tain drink - ing;

CHORUS.

I will for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Ask, and He turns my hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
Je - sus, Thy balm now makes it whole, I'm on my jour-ney home. Glo - ry to
That none but God such love can show, I'm on my jour-ney home.
I drink, and so am nev - er dry, I'm on my jour-ney home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo-ry to God, I'm on my journey home.

No. 170. Christ In Me.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.

1. This is my won - der-ful sto - ry, Christ to my heart has come;
2. I am so glad I re - ceived Him, Je - sus my heart's dear King;
3. How can I ev - er be lone - ly, How can I ev - er fall;
4. Now in His bo - som con - fid - ing, This my glad song shall be;

Je - sus, the King of Glo - ry, Finds in my heart a home.
I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.
What can I want, if on - ly Christ is my all in all?
I am in Je-sus a - bid - ing, Je - sus a - bides in me.

CHORUS.

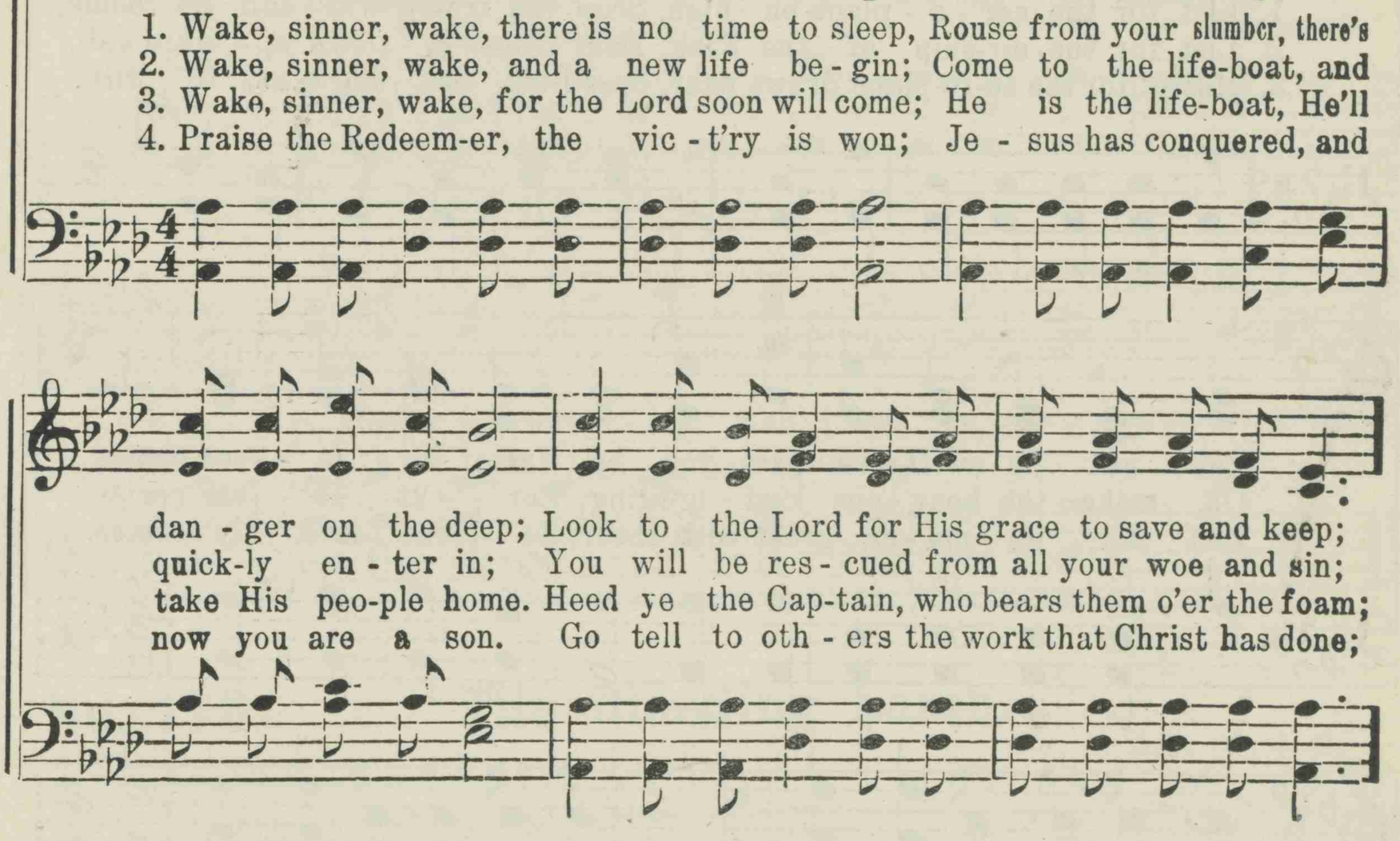
Christ in me. Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto - ry:
Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry.

No. 171. Come Into the Life-Boat.

Charlie D. Tillman.



1. Wake, sinner, wake, there is no time to sleep, Rouse from your slumber, there's
2. Wake, sinner, wake, and a new life be - gin; Come to the life-boat, and
3. Wake, sinner, wake, for the Lord soon will come; He is the life-boat, He'll
4. Praise the Redeem-er, the vic - t'ry is won; Je - sus has conquered, and

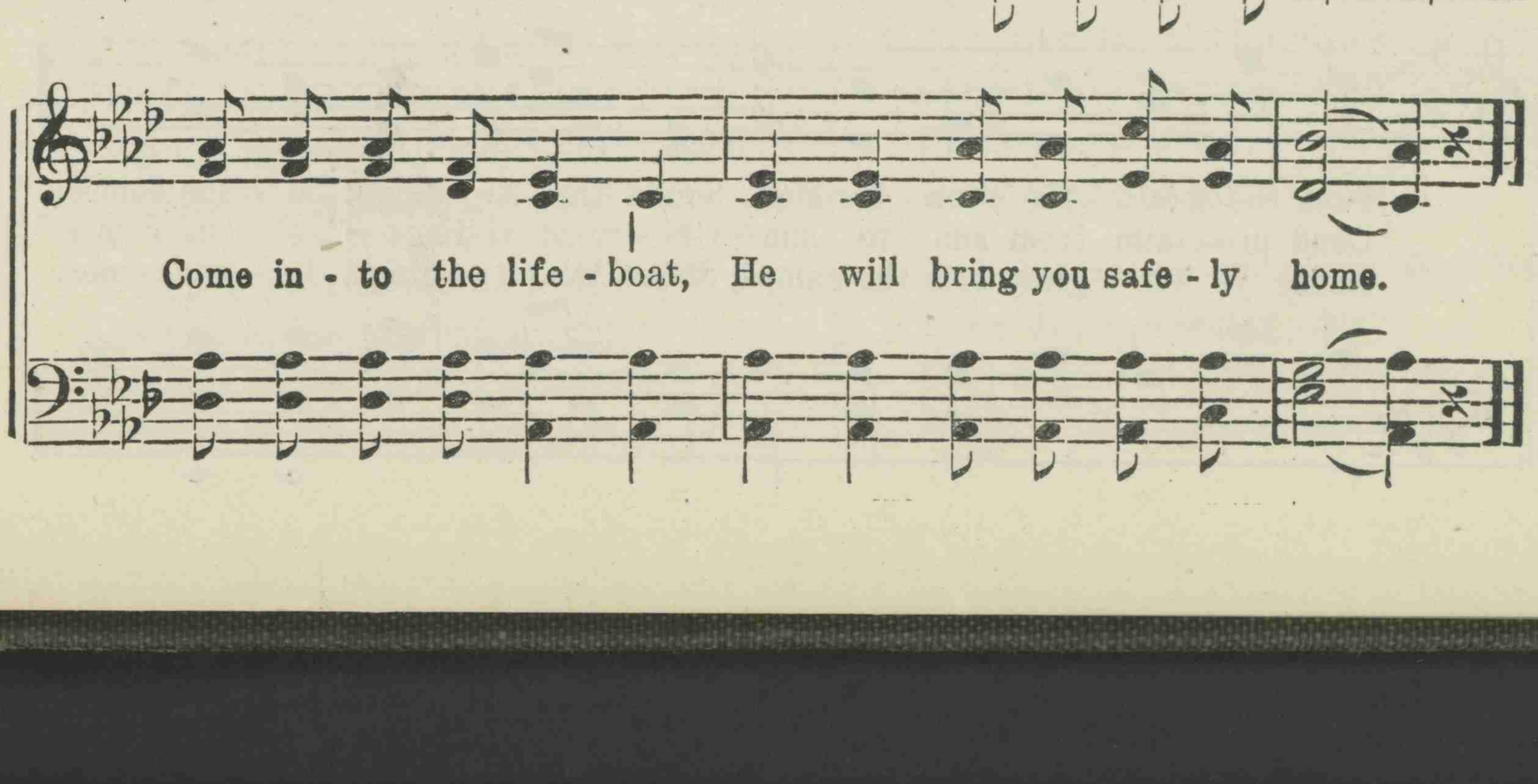


dan - ger on the deep; Look to the Lord for His grace to save and keep;
quick-ly en - ter in; You will be res - cued from all your woe and sin;
take His peo-ple home. Heed ye the Cap-tain, who bears them o'er the foam;
now you are a son. Go tell to oth - ers the work that Christ has done;



CHORUS.

There's peace and safe-ty in the life - boat. { Come in - to the life-boat, }
There's peace and safe-ty in the life - boat. { Come in - to the life-boat, }



Safe - ly ride the an - gry foam, Come in - to the life - boat,

Come in - to the life - boat, He will bring you safe - ly home.

No. 172. The Aeroplane of Heaven.

A. S. Copley. 1919. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. List for the aer - o - plane on high, Soon the trump will call us home;
2. List for the air-ship of the King, Hear trans - la - tion's up - ward call.
3. Haste! for the ae-ro-plane draws near, Speed-ing, call - ing us to rise.

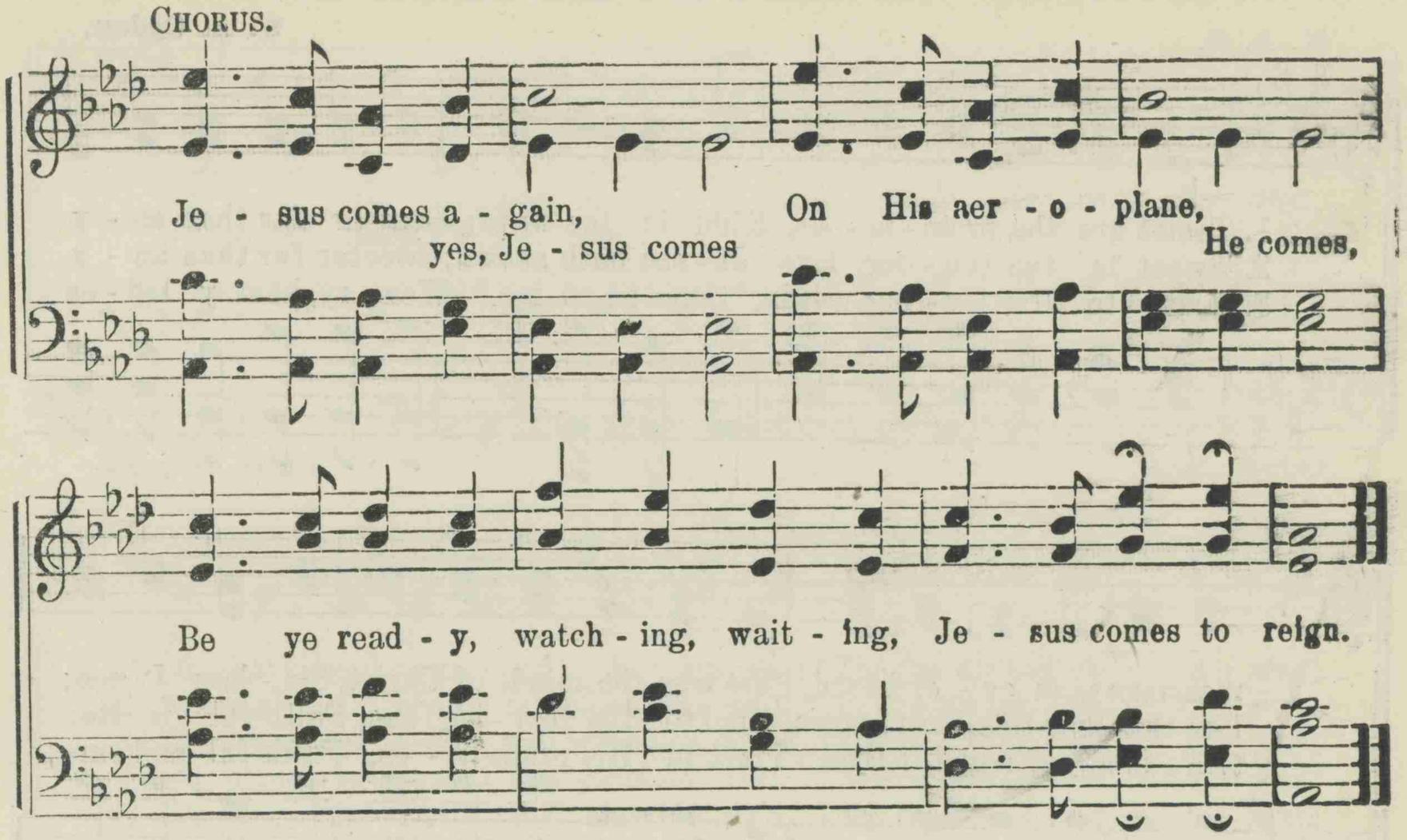
Let not its swift-ness pass you by, Haste! for Je - sus comes.
Oh, make the heav - ens loud - ly ring, For our Je - sus comes.
List for its mu - sic, greet with cheer; Je - sus sure - ly comes.

Be ye filled with ho - ly fire, Read - y for the up - ward flyer.
Let your heart be all a - glow, Read - y with the Lord to go.
Have your air-ship gar-ments on, Read - y any time to be gone.

Pass the strain a - long the line, Haste! for Je - sus comes.
Loud pro - claim to ev - 'ry one, "Je - sus quick - ly comes."
Rouse, ye vir - gins, trim your lamps, Je - sus sure - ly comes.

Pass the strain—the coun - ter-sign, Sound the ti - dings: Je - sus comes.
Loud pro-claim from sun to sun—Glo - rious ti-dings—"Je - sus comes."
Rouse, ye vir - gins, stir the camps, Shout the ti - dings, Je - sus comes.

The Aeroplane of Heaven. Concluded.



No. 173. The Bleeding Lamb.

Arr. W. J. K.





2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am saved through Jesus' name,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
And I am on my way to heav'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
That Jesus tasted death for me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

No. 174. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than an - y
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than an - y
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea - ry, heav-y lad - en

mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ, Sin - less I see;
love that mor-tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one, Faith-ful is He;
there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es, Faith-ful and sure;

CHORUS.

He the great ex-am-ple is and pat-tern for me. Where ..... He
He the great ex-am-ple is and pat-tern for me.
Lean up - on the Sav-iour, and thy soul is se - cure. Where He leads I'll follow,

leads I'll fol - - low, Fol - - low all the
where He leads I'll fol - low, Fol-low all the way; yes,

way,
fol - low all the way, Where ..... He leads I'll
Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Where He Leads I'll Follow. Concluded.



No. 175. They're All Taken Away.

Mary M. Bodie. J. H. Weber.



No. 176. The Hope of the Ages.

R. KELSO CARTER E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF

1. Je - sus comes, He comes in glo - ry, Ech-oes thro' the a - ges hoar - y
2. Je - sus comes, the dead are waking, Earth with mortal pangs is quak - ing;
3. Je - sus comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Sin re-straining, sor-row end - ing,
4 Je - sus comes, all things re-stor - ing, Cry a-loud, His grace im - plor - ing;

Jesus comes!

Blessed hope and thrill-ing sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Stars are fall - ing, heav-ens shak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Broken ties for - ev - er mend - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
Bow the knee, the King a - dor - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

CHORUS.

Hope of all the a - ges past, King of kings, He comes at
Blessed hope, Blessed hope, King of kings,
last. Up, ye saints of God a - wak - ing! See the
Je - sus comes.
morn - ing light is break-ing! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

No. 177. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISAIAH 45: 22.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.**

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night.

Ten-der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Bless-ed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sor-row, for-give my sin;

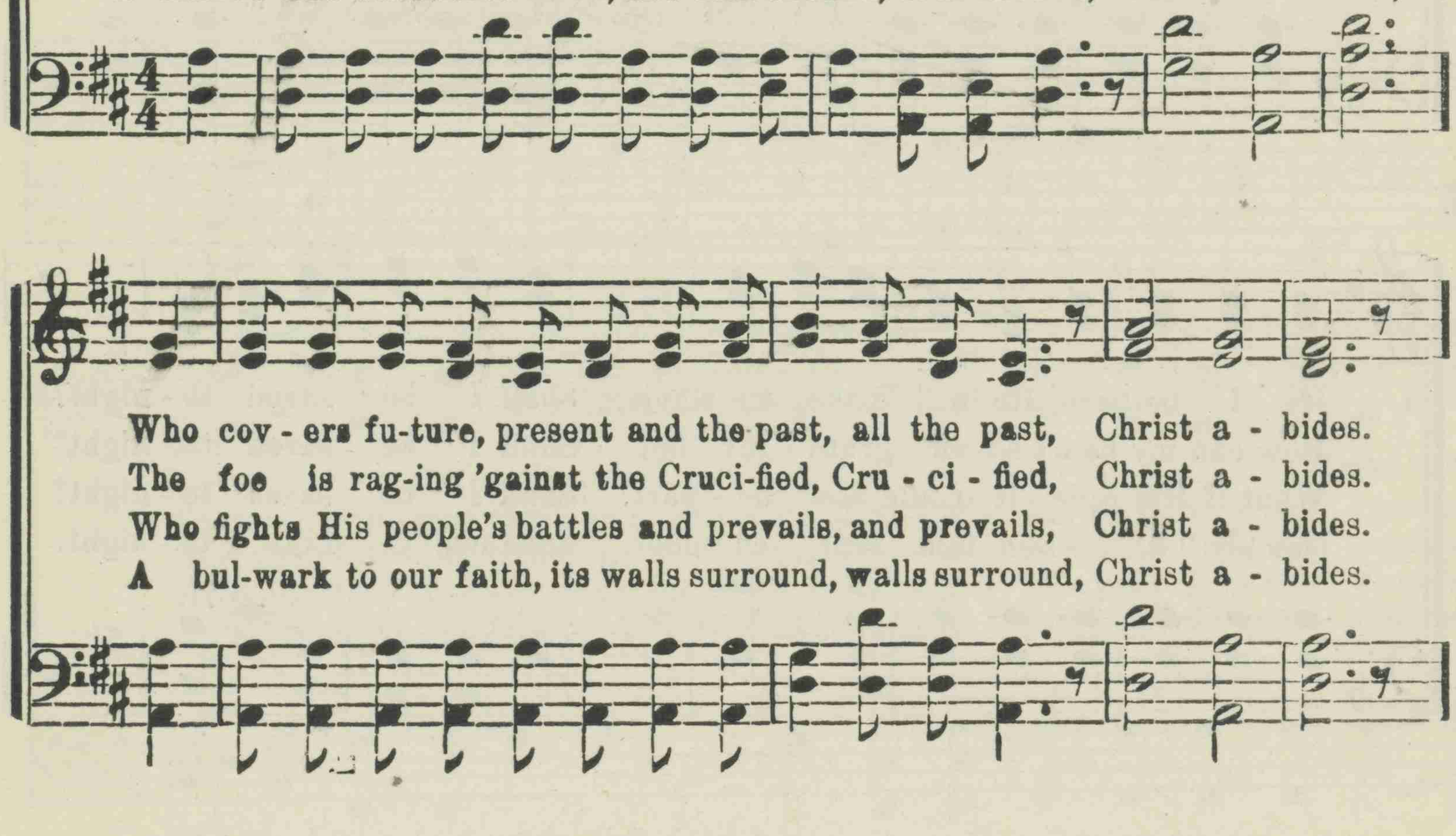
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night.

No. 178. Christ Abides—The Rock.

Mary M. Bodie. 1919. Mrs. C. E. Foster.



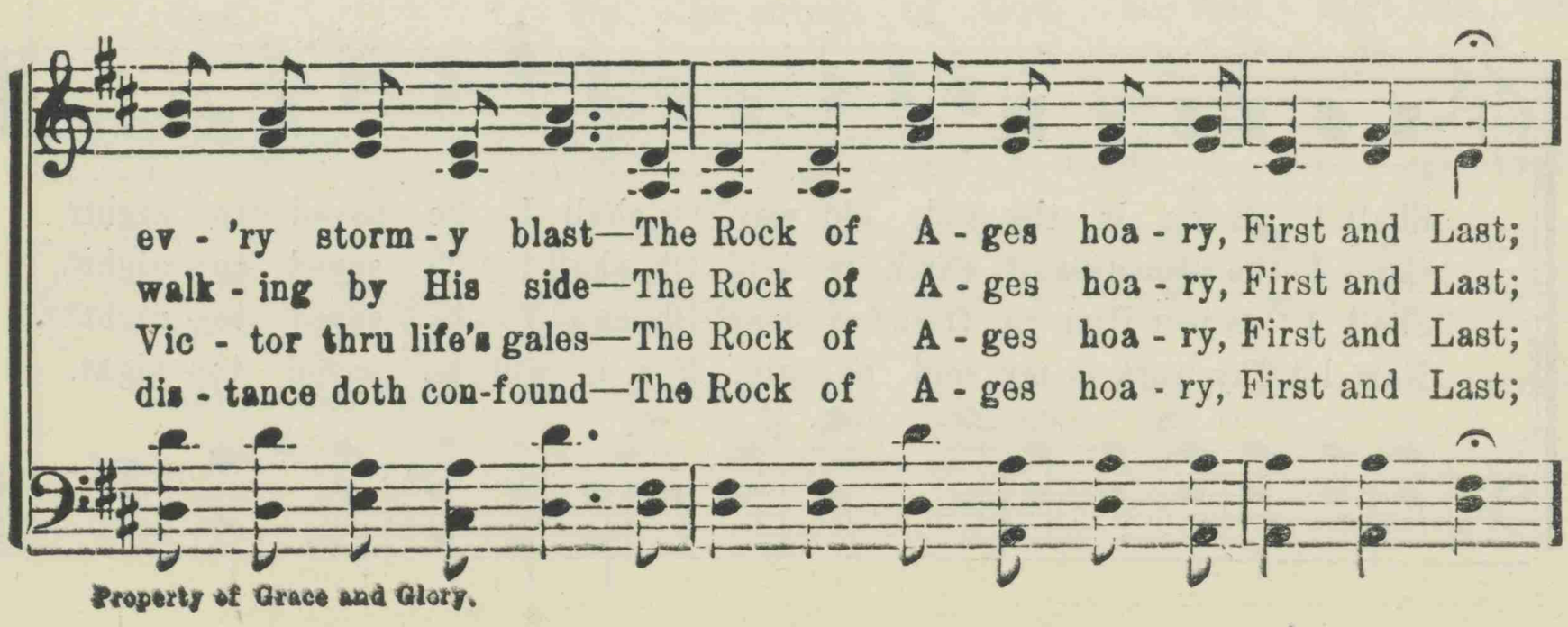
1. There's One a - mid all changes, who stands fast, ever fast, Christ a - bides;
2. There's One who standeth thru the dreadful tide, dreadful tide, Christ a - bides.
3. There's One whose arm of power nev - er fails, nev-er fails, Christ a - bides;
4. There's One whose love exceeds, and doth abound, doth abound, Christ a - bides;



Who cov - ers fu-ture, present and the past, all the past, Christ a - bides.
The foe is rag-ing 'gainst the Cruci-fied, Cru - ci - fied, Christ a - bides.
Who fights His people's battles and prevails, and prevails, Christ a - bides.
A bul-wark to our faith, its walls surround, walls surround, Christ a - bides.



De - cay and change in all cre - a - tion vast, Yet, Christ a - bides thru
No fi - 'ry dart can touch the true and tried, They are pro - tect - ed,
Tho' Sa - tan oft their path-way sore as - sails, Yet, Christ a - bides the
Tho' high as heav'n, un - meas-ured is its sound, And on its bos - om,



ev - 'ry storm - y blast—The Rock of A - ges hoa - ry, First and Last;
walk - ing by His side—The Rock of A - ges hoa - ry, First and Last;
Vic - tor thru life's gales—The Rock of A - ges hoa - ry, First and Last;
dis - tance doth con-found—The Rock of A - ges hoa - ry, First and Last;

Property of Grace and Glory.

Christ Abides—The Rock. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Christ abides, yes, Christ a-bides. Yes, Christ abides, as Al-pha and O - me - ga,

Oh, praise His name! He stand-eth fast, First and Last, And in God's hand, our

life He safe - ly hides; The Rock of A - ges a - bides, yes, Christ a - bides.

No. 179. My Abiding Place.

"Mary, which also sat at the Lord's feet and heard His word."—Luke 10: 39.

Priscilla J. Owens. **E. S. Lorenz.**

f. FINE.

1. { Oh, the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; / Cleansed from sin, made free and whole, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus. }
2. { Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; / All my wounds are filled with balm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus. }

D. C.—Look-ing up - ward to His face, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

This is my a - bid - ing place, Clothed with His a - bound-ing grace,

3. Here I rest from toil and strife,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4. Come ye guilty and be healed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Freely is God's love revealed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

No. 180. Oh! Its Coming This Way!

Mary M. Bodie. Mrs. C. E. Foster.

1. The Spir - it is call - ing, is call - ing to - day, The Lat - ter Rain's fall - ing, its com - ing this way; Oh, hear ye the pat - ter as
2. The Rain is now pour - ing up - on thirst - y ground, As hearts are all soar - ing and sing - ers a - bound; Oh, hear ye the glad - ness, the
3. The Fa - ther's ful - fill - ing His prom-ise of pow'r, The Spir - it is thrill - ing our hearts ev - 'ry hour; Oh, hear ye the speak - ing in
4. Oh, come to the Foun-tain that's o - pened for thee, It flows from the moun-tain of Cal - va - ry's tree; Oh, hear ye the an - swer—the

hun - gry hearts pray, Be ye filled with re - joic - ing in Je - sus.
sweet, joy - ful sound, Be ye filled with re - joic - ing in Je - sus.
new tongues—His dow'r, Be ye filled with re - joic - ing in Je - sus.
wa - ter is free, Be ye filled with re - joic - ing in Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh,..... its com - ing this way..... com-ing this way.
Hear what I say; its fall - ing to-day,

Oh,..... its com-ing this way,..... com-ing to stay. By
Make no de - lay, re-ceive it, I pray,

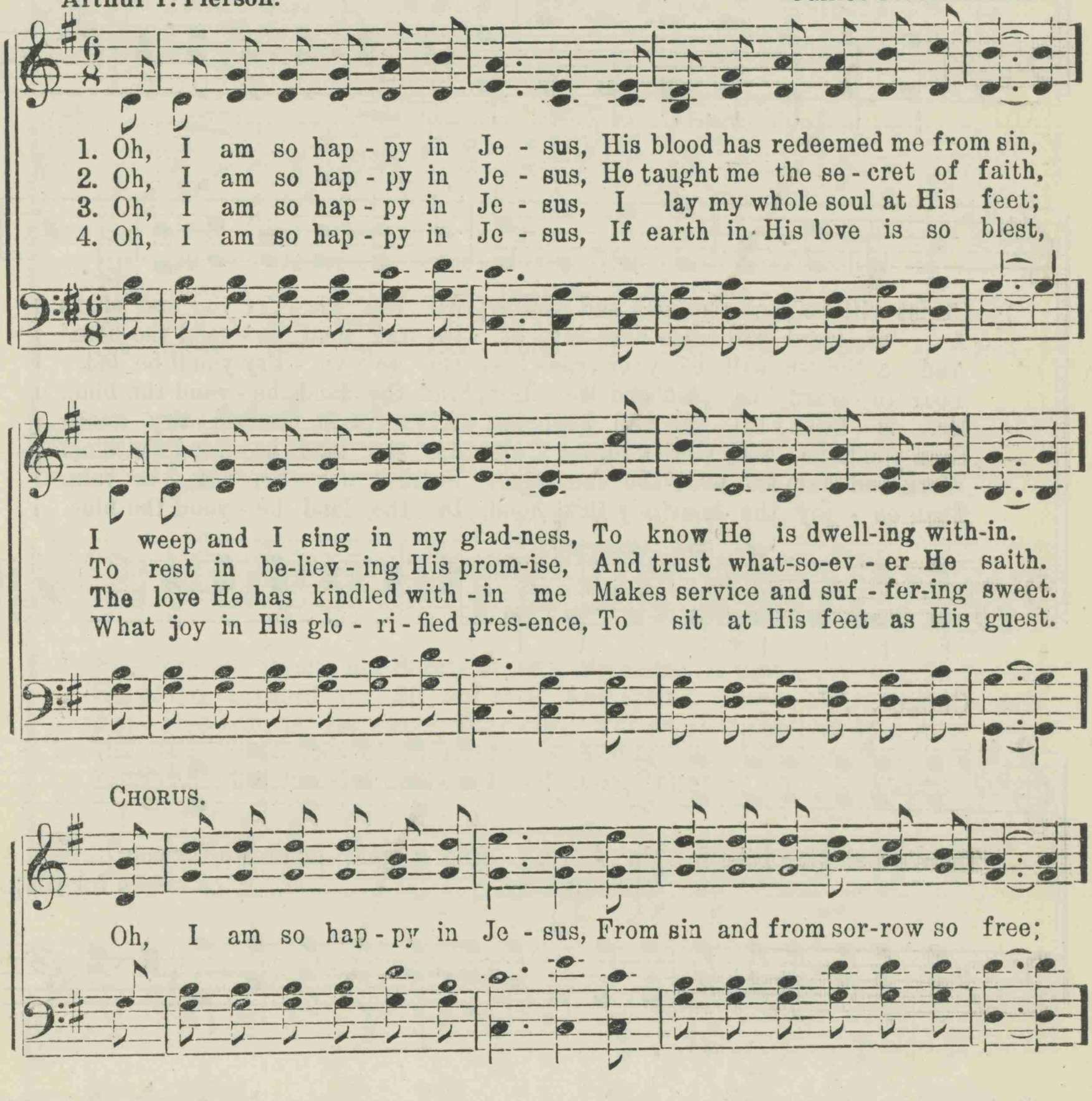
Property of Grace and Glory.

Oh! It's Coming This Way! Concluded.



No. 181. Oh, I Am So Happy In Jesus.

Arthur T. Pierson. James McGranahan.

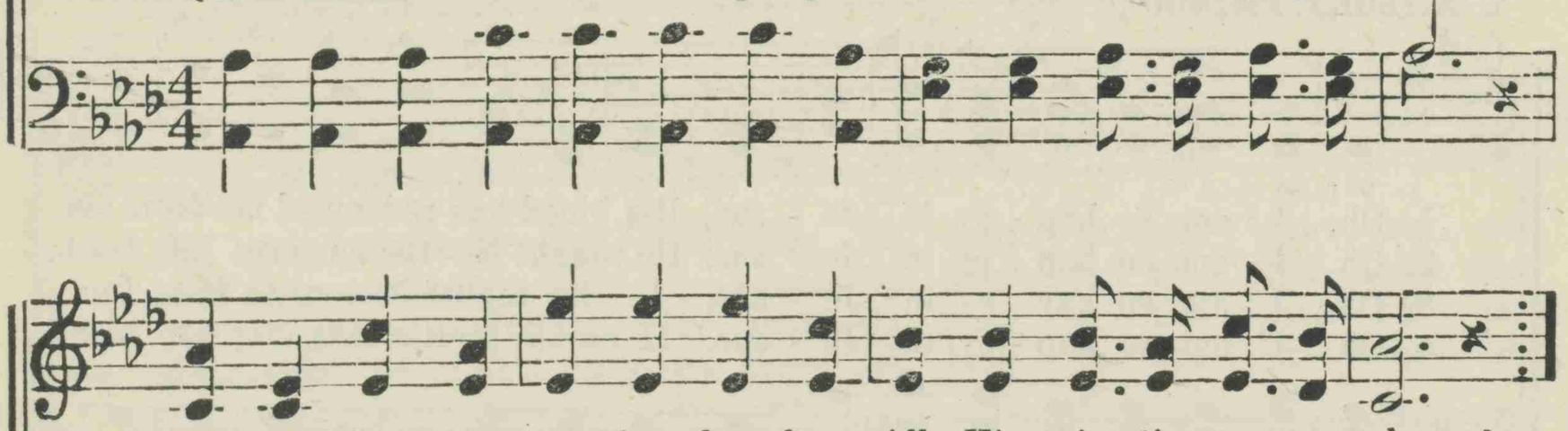


182 Land Beyond the Blue.

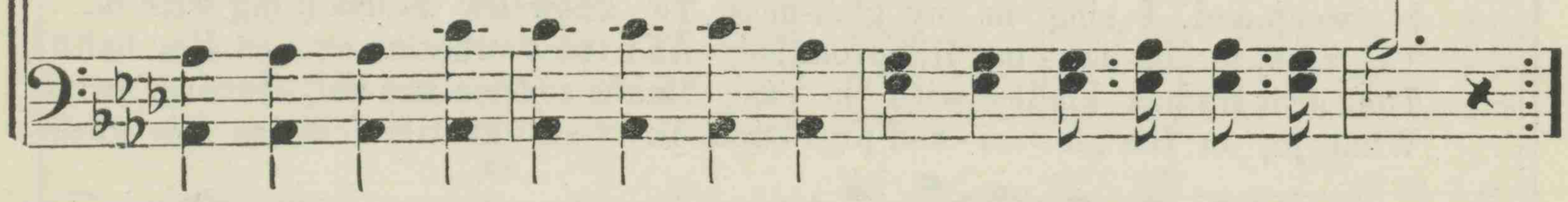
A. S. Copley. 1919. W. A. Ogden.



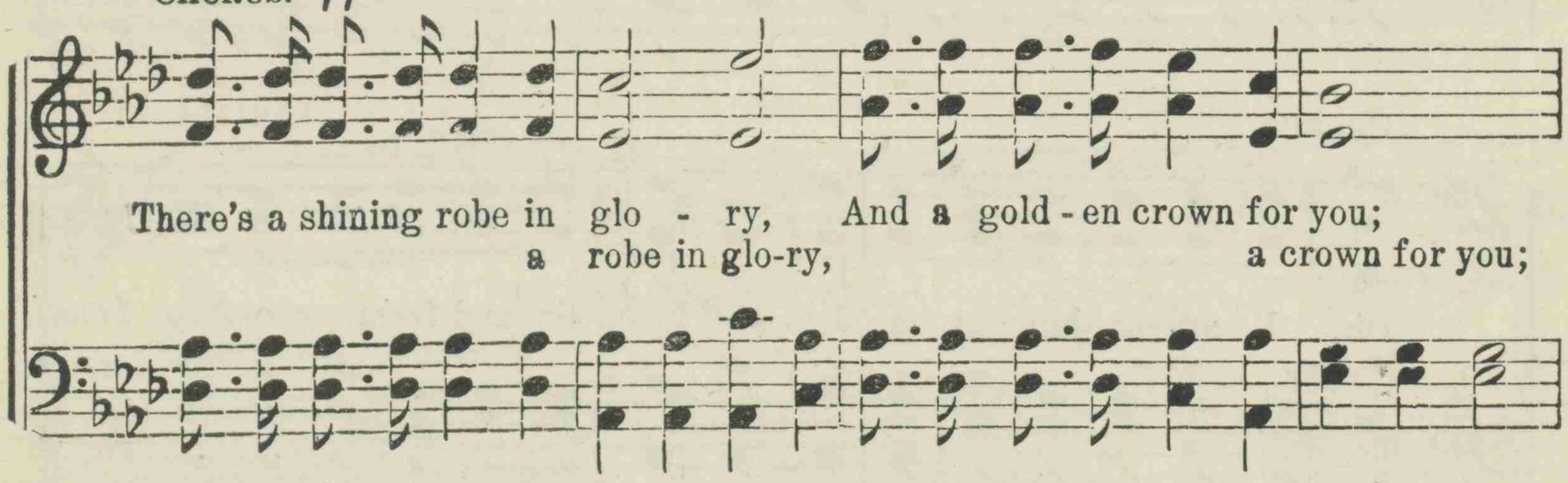
1. On-ward, Christian; do not fal - ter, Tho' the cross be hard to bear.
   Je - sus will il - lume your path-way, All the darksome jour-ney thru;
2. On-ward, Christian; be not faith-less, But be-lieve what God has said,
   God the Fa-ther's eye is watching, Not-ing all the deeds you do.
3. On-ward, Christian, war-ring ev - er, Look-ing to the Lord a - lone.
   Mov-ing on - ward, up-ward, Godward, Ev - er keep the crown in view;
4. On-ward, Christian, hop - ing, running, For the prize you'll sure-ly gain.
   All the Fa - ther's will and pur-pose Ev - er faith-ful - ly pur - sue.



Christ will be your strength and psalter; All His vic - t'ry you may share.
A re - ward will come here-aft - er, In the land be - yond the blue.
And a crown will be your por - tion, On to vic - t'ry you'll be led.
Your re - ward is just and cer - tain, In the land be - yond the blue.
He is faith - ful, He will lead you Al - ways in the vic - t'ry zone.
Soon you'll be with Christ for-ev - er, In the land be - yond the blue.
Work and war, and wait the sum-ming, Faith is nev - er, nev - er vain.
Then en - joy the heav'n-ly Bridehood, In the land be - yond the blue.



CHORUS. *ff*



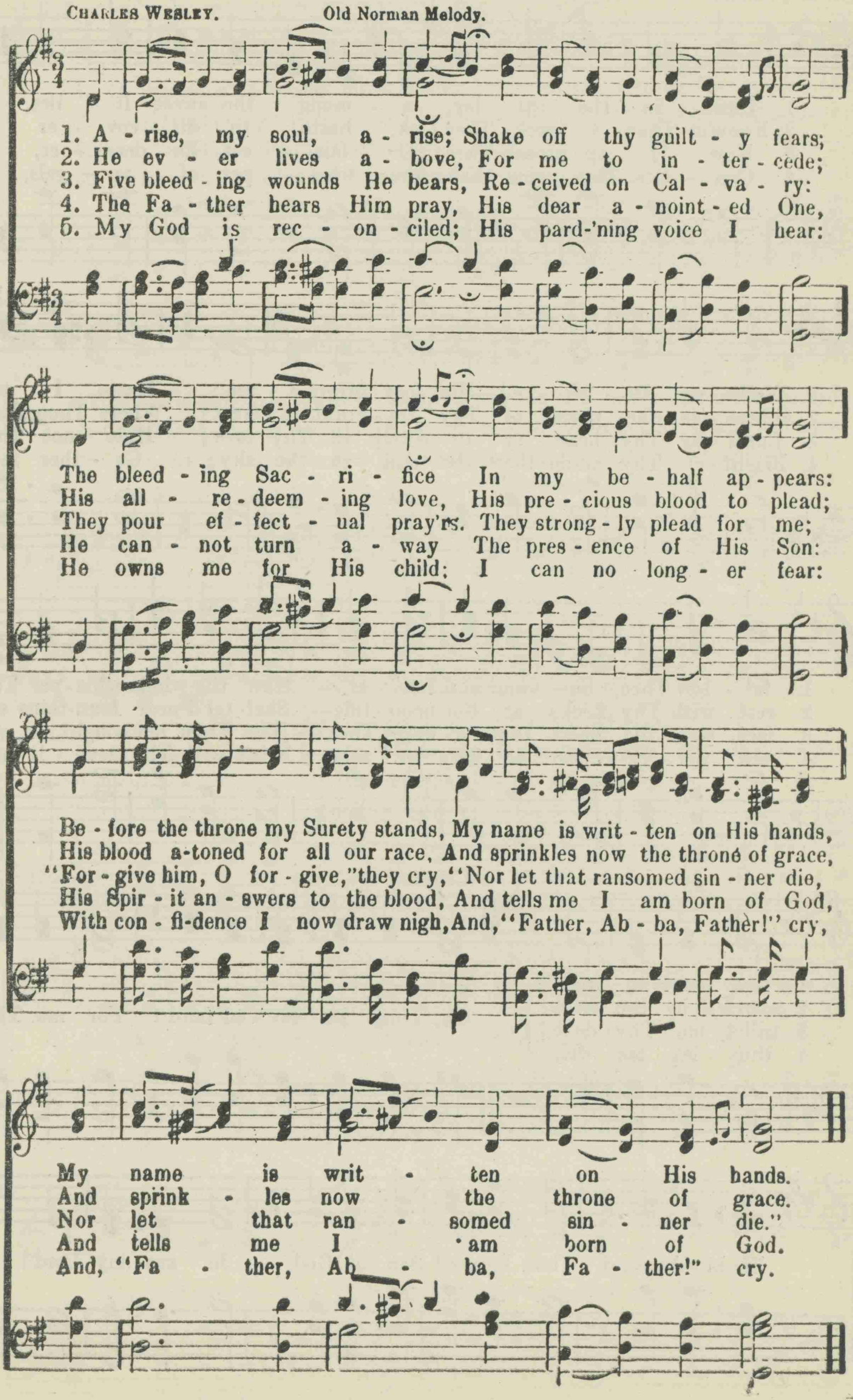
There's a shining robe in glo - ry, And a gold - en crown for you;
a robe in glo-ry, a crown for you;



There's a throne of won-drous splen - dor In the land be-yond the blue.

183 Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Old Norman Melody.



184

My Beloved Lord!

H. M. Bradley. Thos. O. Lowe.

1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,
2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er
3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,
4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,

1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost
3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me

1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy
2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun-tains un-
3. face from the heart that a - dores Thee!—Hast Thou not sought me, and
4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness

Chorus.

1. dear name to me!
2. search'd by the heat!
3. call'd me Thy dove?
4. thus let me die.

Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy

life-blood pour'd, Thou bless-ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!

No. 185. Coming Soon, I Know.

H. G. D., Jr. 1920. H. G. Desha, Jr.

1. At the morn's e-ter-nal break, Saints immortal will a-wake, To be-hold the
2. Saved from ev-'ry nation 'round, Will be mounting from the ground, Changed immortal
3. Yes, that day is drawing near; Cast a - way your ev-'ry fear; On - ly trust in
4. We know not the day nor hour, When He'll come in mighty pow'r; But the signs of

blessed Bridegroom in the sky. There to worship and a-dore, Sing His praises
in the twink-ling of an eye; Waft-ed in - to glo-ry bright, Where can never
Je - sus as the moments fly. With our wedding garments on, He will sure - ly
His ap-pear-ing now are seen. We are told to watch and pray, To be read - y

CHORUS.

o'er and o'er, Oh, my brother, that glad day is draw-ing nigh.
come a night, Hal-le - lu-jahs will be ring-ing thru the sky. Hal - le - lu - jah!
take us home, To be with Him in the glo - ry by and by.
for that day; Oh, my brother, do you see the fig-leaves green?

hal - le - lu - jah! He is com-ing soon, I know; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le-

lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Soon to heav-en we shall go; Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 186. One Of These Days.

A. S. C. 1920. A. S. Copley.

1. One of these days all earth-scenes will be changed; All of the ways of men be dis - ar-ranged. Mighty and pom-pous things will then go down;
2. One of these days a stone cut not with hands Then will a - maze the na - tions break their bands. Je - sus our Lord will reign in righteous-ness
3. One of these days our Lord will call us home; One of these days we'll cease on earth to roam. All of our toils and tears will then be o'er;
4. One of these days with Christ with - in the throne, 'Velloped in praise, we'll reap what we have sown. Then we will wear a gold - en glo - ry crown;

Peo - ple of wealth and wis - dom lose re - nown, One of these days.
O - ver the earth, and Jews and Gen - tiles bless, One of these days.
Up - ward on wings of faith to heav'n we'll soar, One of these days.
And with the Sav - iour share His great re - nown, One of these days.

CHORUS.

One of these days, One of these days. We shall won - der-ful days! glo - ri - ous days!

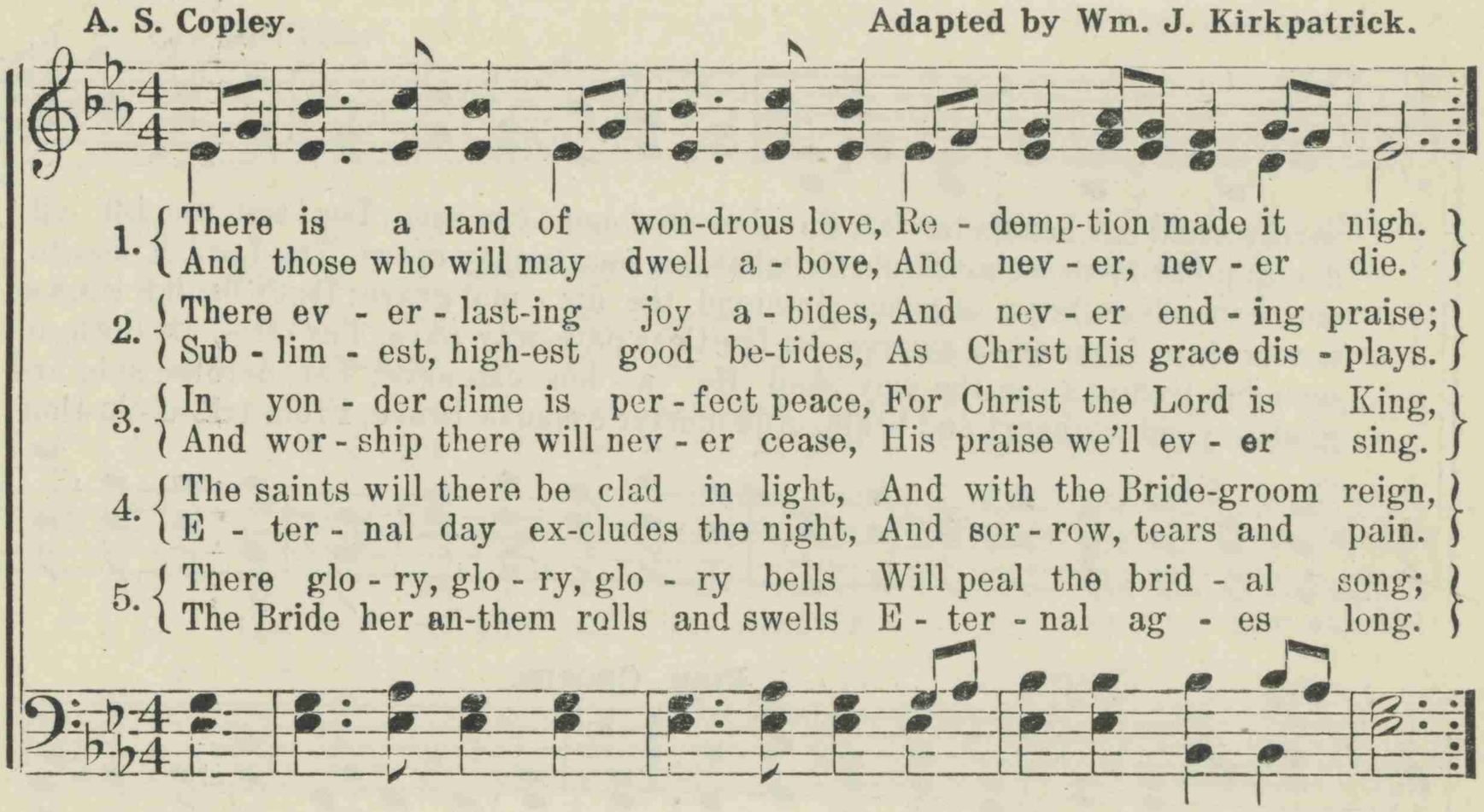
join in heav-en - ly lays, Dwell with Christ wher-ev - er He stays,

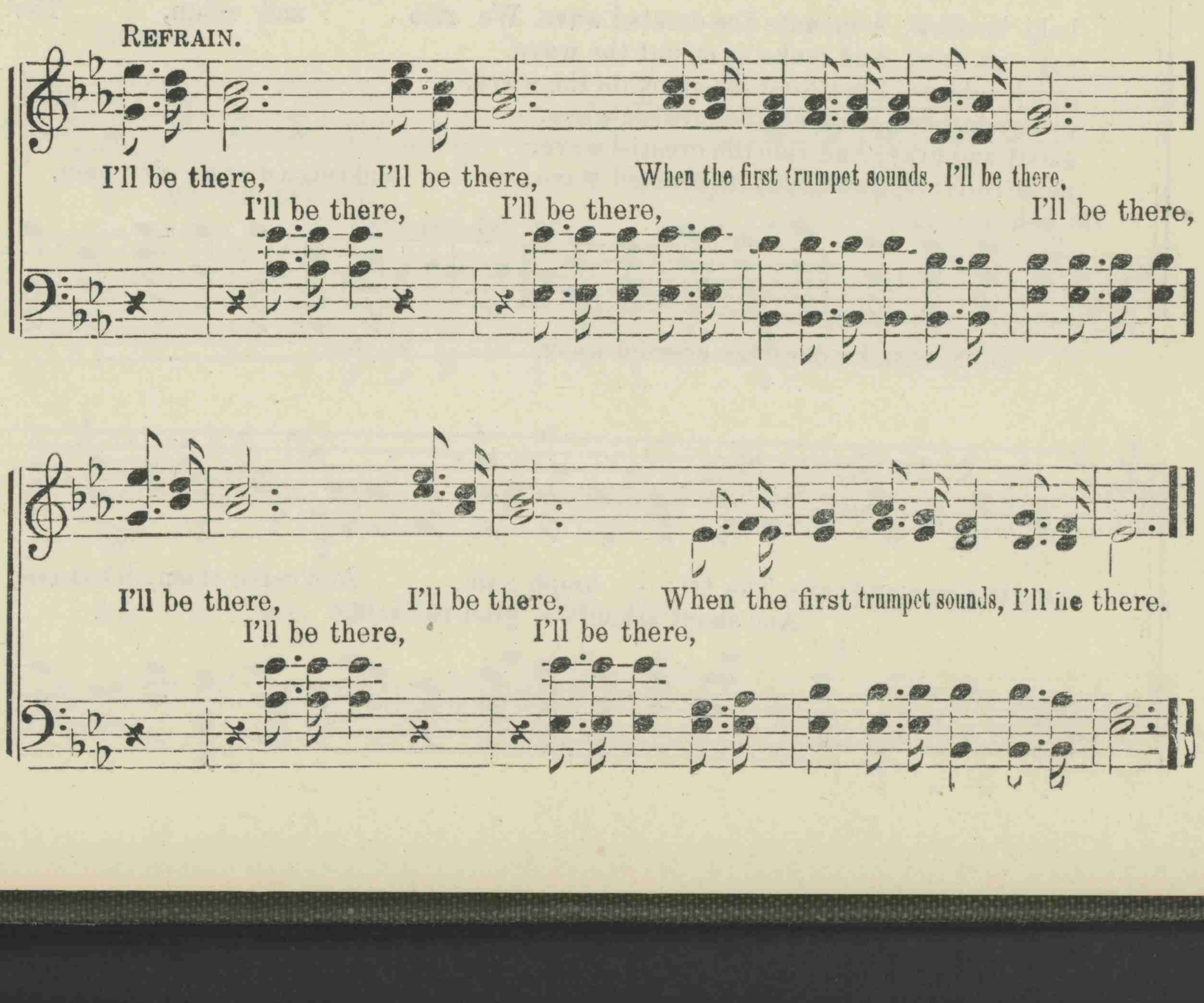
One Of These Days. Concluded.



No. 187. I'll Be There.

A. S. Copley. Adapted by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





No. 188. Mount the Wave.

A. S. C. November, 1920. A. S. Copley.

1. When troubles come and rise and flow, And nev - er do be-have, And
2. No mat - ter whence the troubles be, From friend or fiend-ish knave, What
3. Tho' tri - als nev - er seem to cease, But glow and grow and rave, And
4. Our trib - u - la - tions patience serve, For faith makes them behave; They
5. We are in per - il ev - 'ry day, And hid - den in a cave, Where
6. I love the Christ who suffered pain And death, all men to save; I

sorrows make our hearts bend low, So low that none can save; Then Christ, who doth all
dis-ap-point-ment we may see, Or what our hearts may crave; The Lord is near to
we can see no beam of peace, In-stead the dis - mal grave; There's One that brings us
nev-er dare from du-ty swerve, Or fruitless path-way pave; For Christ, who doth all
none but God can see the way, And He a - lone can save; Yet, here we sing and
glad-ly yield my heart and brain, And martyr's mantle brave; From trib-u - la-tion

help be-stow, A-mounts the crested wave. We rise and reign, Tho'
set us free, And make us mount the wave.
quick release, 'Tis Christ who mounts the wave.
praise deserve, Controls the crested wave.
shout and pray, And ride the crested wave.
ne'er re-frain, But mount its crested wave. and reign o'er ev - 'ry pain,

tri-als surge and rave, The tri - umph gain, And make them all behave;
And shout a-loud a glad re-frain,

D. S.—And mount the crested wave.

Mount the Wave. Concluded.



No. 189. I Surrender All.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.



No. 190. Let Us Sing, Hallelujah!

P. C. Tankersley. 1920. A. S. Copley.

1. I have bid my a-dieu to the world and its lure, Since the fullness of love I can see:
2. I will praise Him for-ev-er; I praise Him today, For the perfect provision He made:
3. Will you join in His praises, and sing of His love? Will you bow with me low at His feet?

And I'm will-ing for Christ's sake all things to endure, Since His wonderful grace made me free.
For my hope is in Christ, whom I love and obey; And my mind upon Him now is stayed.
What a fore-taste of heaven and rich-es a-bove, To be-hold that in Christ we're complete!

Now my highest am-bi-tion is whol-ly in Him That His life man-i-fest - ed may be;
Oh, I so love to come with the Saviour apart—Oh, what comfort He brings to me there!
Let us sing, Hal-le-lu - jah! O glo-ry! A-men! Let the an-them ring out ev-'ry-where;

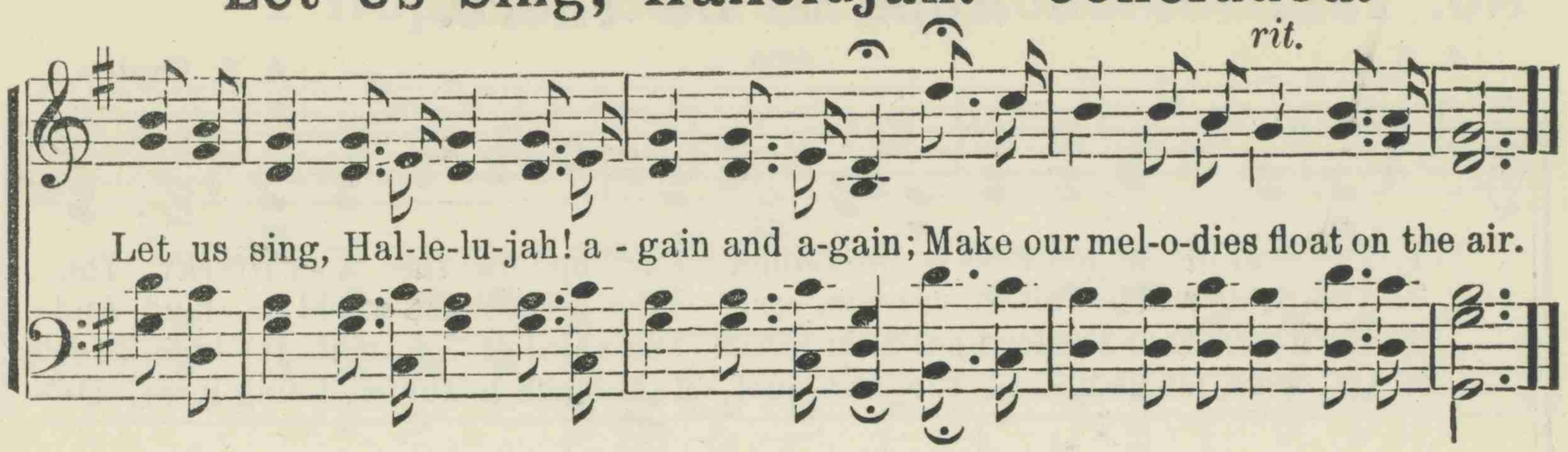
And the things of the world now are growing quite dim, Since He caused me with Him to agree.
For His Spirit broods o'er the great deep of my heart; And He takes from my mind ev'ry care.
Ver - y soon, He is coming: He's coming again; And I'm longing that rapture to share.

CHORUS.

cres.

Let us sing, Hal-le-lu - jah! O glo-ry! A-men! Make the anthem ring out ev'rywhere.

Let Us Sing, Hallelujah! Concluded.



No. 191. Trust the Lord.

Mary M. Bodie. October, 1920 A. S. Copley.



No. 192. I Hope to Be There.

A. S. C. 1920. A. S. Copley.

1. I read of a most ho-ly wed-ding, Far up in the a - zure sky, The
2. The Bride will be full o - ver-com-ers, Who left all the world be - hind, And
3. We'll soon hear the loud hal-le-lu-jahs, The voice of a mul - ti - tude, Praise
4. Oh, come, let us go to the ban-quet, And dance to the wed-ding lyre; Or

Saints will be caught up to heav- en, A thousand, five hundred miles high. The
pressed to the mark for the crowning, The Christ as the Prize then to find. All
God, all that serve and that fear Him; The na-tions will have been subdued. The
join in the sweet Brid - al an-them, Whose notes angel ears will ad - mire. Best

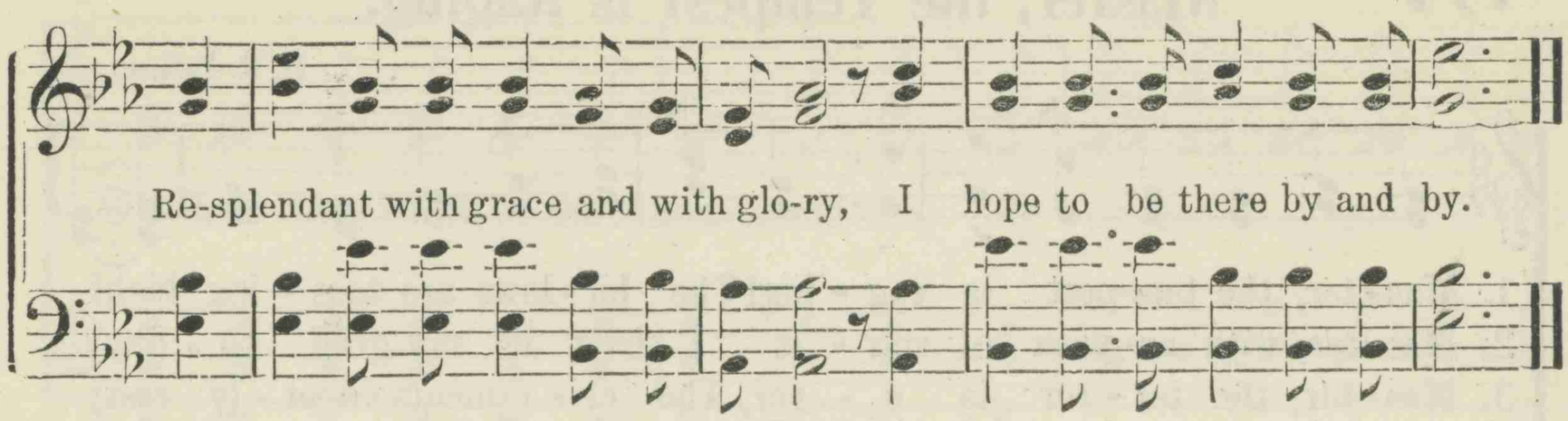
Bride and the guests will be joyful, The fruits of redeeming blood; Re-splendant with
fel-low-ship car-nal is severed; The road is "the narrow way," And suff'ring with
Bride will have made her-self read-y To put on the wedding ring; The servants and
wine will be poured in the goblets, Communion with Christ above; The Bride will en-

grace and with glory, A jasper stream like a flood, I hope to be there by and by.
Him is her wag - es, She's dy-ing now day by day, I hope to be there by and by.
guests will give honor, All heaven praises will sing, I hope to be there by and by.
joy high-est glo-ry, The crown of redeeming love, I hope to be there by and by.

CHORUS.

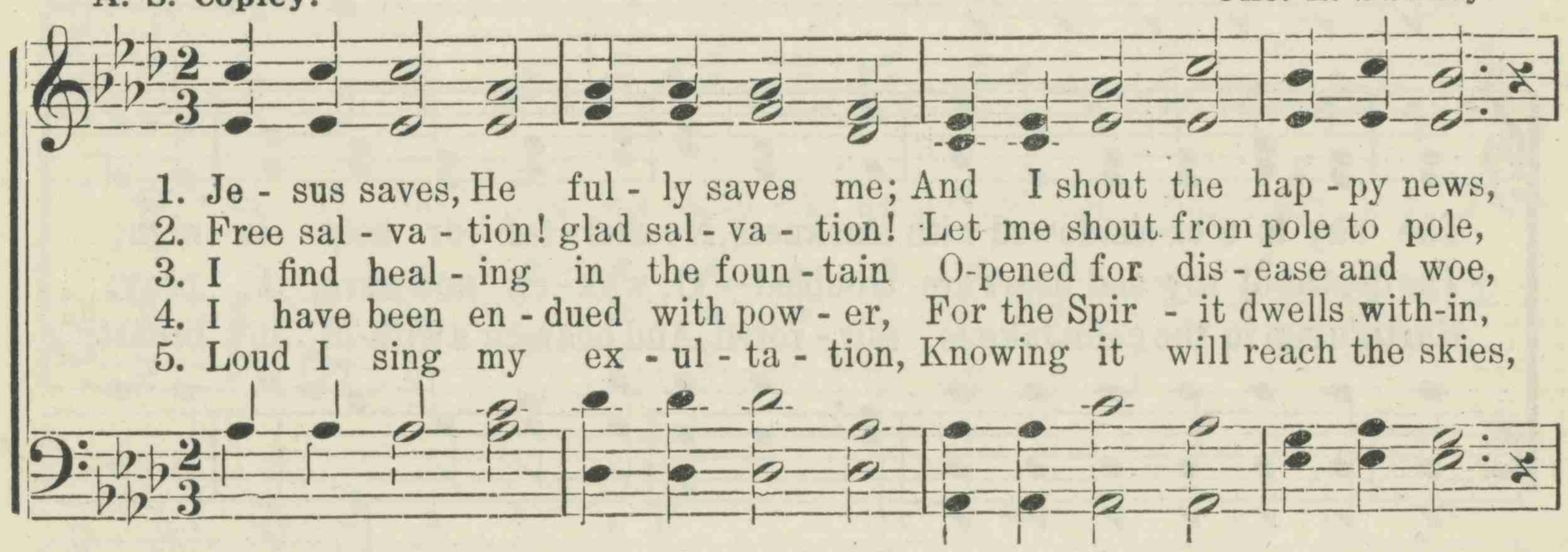
I hope to be there, I hope..... to be there,
hope to be there, Christ's glory share, a glo - ry crown to wear,

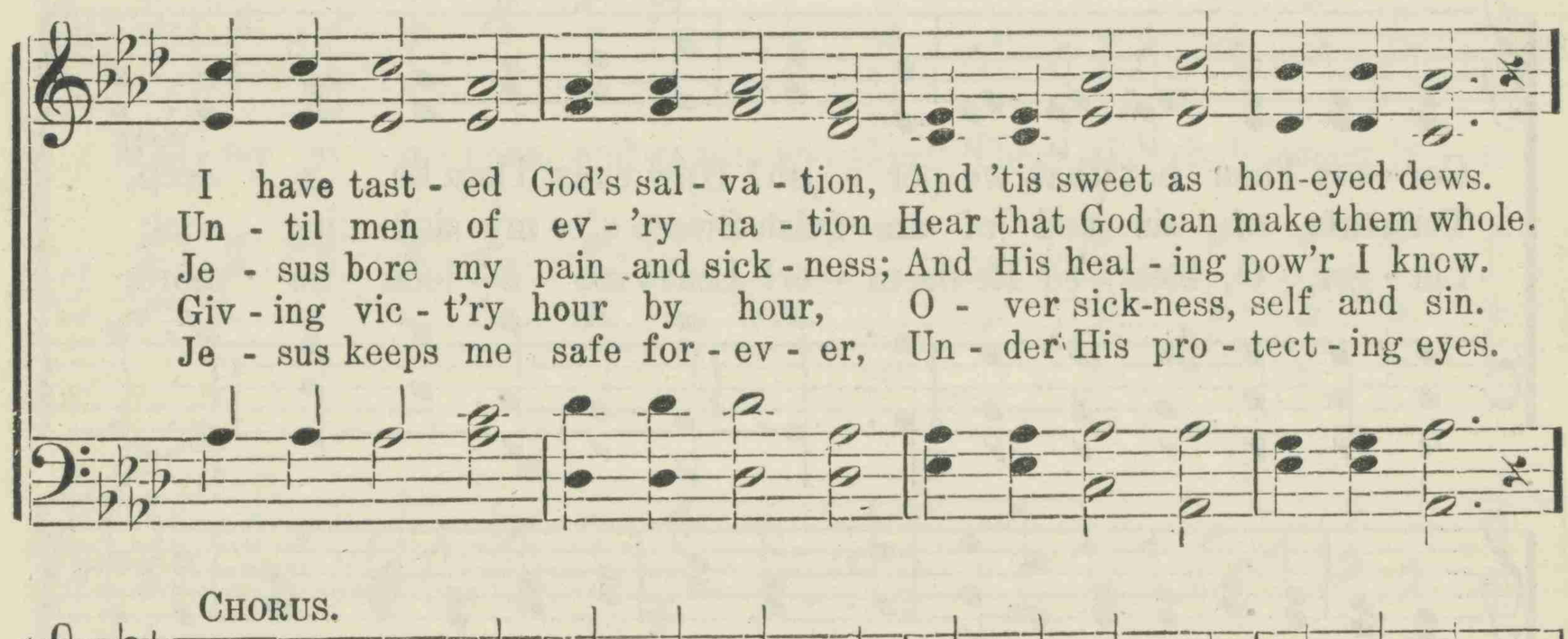
I Hope to Be There. Concluded.

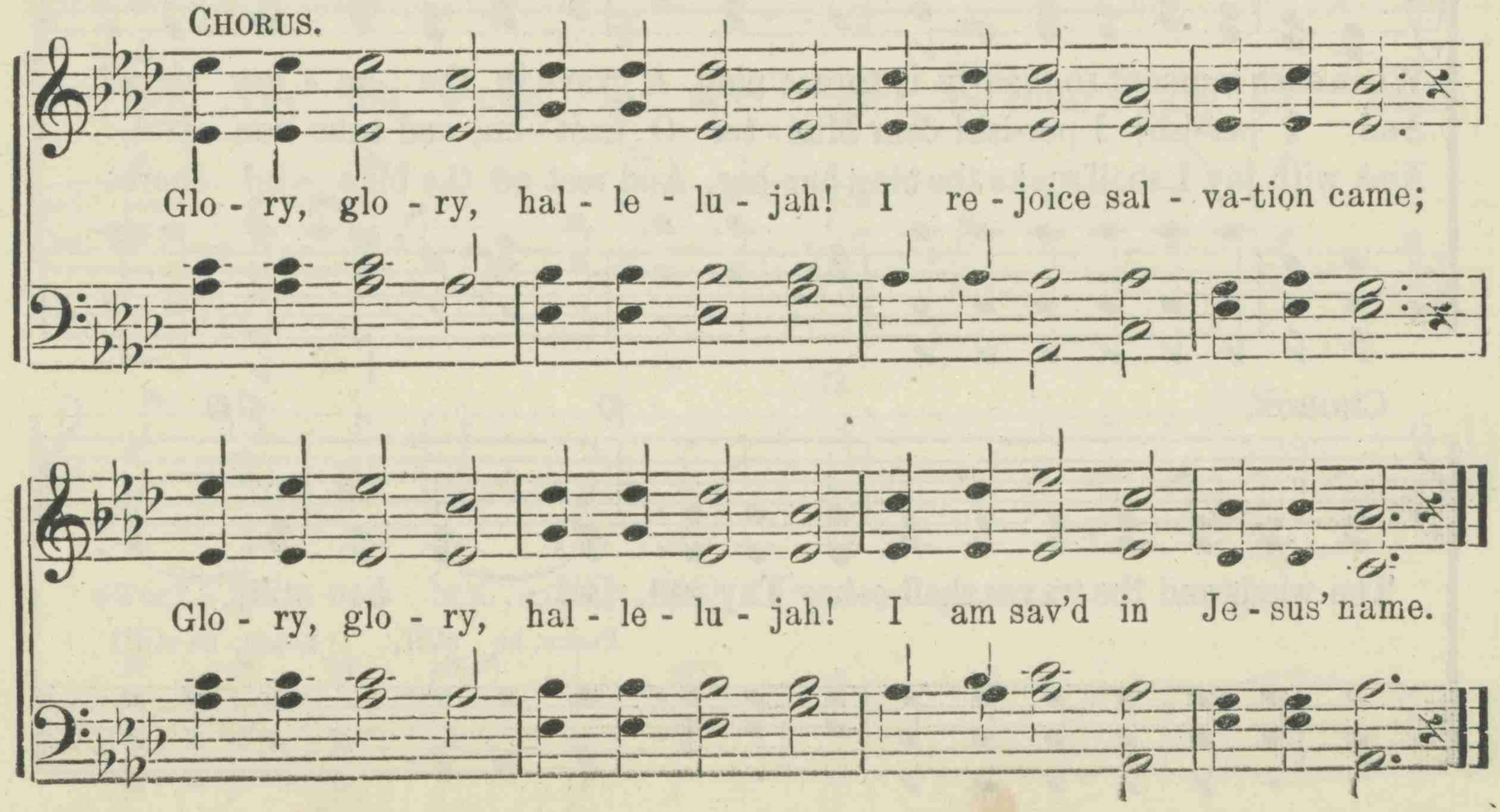


No. 193. I Am Saved.

A. S. Copley. Jno. R. Sweney.







194 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O, wak - en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink .. ing soul;
Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re-deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter O hast - en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons or men, or what

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

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

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

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

195 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson, J. B. O. Clemm.

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

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

196 Fills Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O the Spirit hovers o'er me, Bathes my yielding heart and brow.
2. He can fill me and controll me, Tho' I cannot tell Him how.
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At His sacred feet I bow.
4. O such peace and joy and comfort; How can Jesus this allow?
5. He will keep me, lead and use me; As I seize the gospel plow;

FINE.

Fills me with His joyous presence; Yes, He comes and fills me now.
For I need Him, greatly need Him, O He comes and fills me now.
As I rest up-on His promise, With His pow'r He fills me now.
In another tongue I praise Him; For He fills, and fills me now.
Keep me youthful, faithful, joyful; For He fills and thrills me now.

Fills me with the Holy Spirit. Je-sus comes and fills me now.

CHORUS. D. S.

Fills me now; He fills me now; Jesus comes and fills me now.

197 There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

Hope Tryaway. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1, My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the heav'n - ly voic - es, And sing re-deem-ing love.
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.
3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a - way my bur-den, And bade my fears de - part.
4. I plunge be-neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from Calv'ry's mountain, With bless-ing in its flow.
5. O Crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my Friend; By Zi - on's crys - tal riv - er His praise shall nev - er end.

CHORUS.

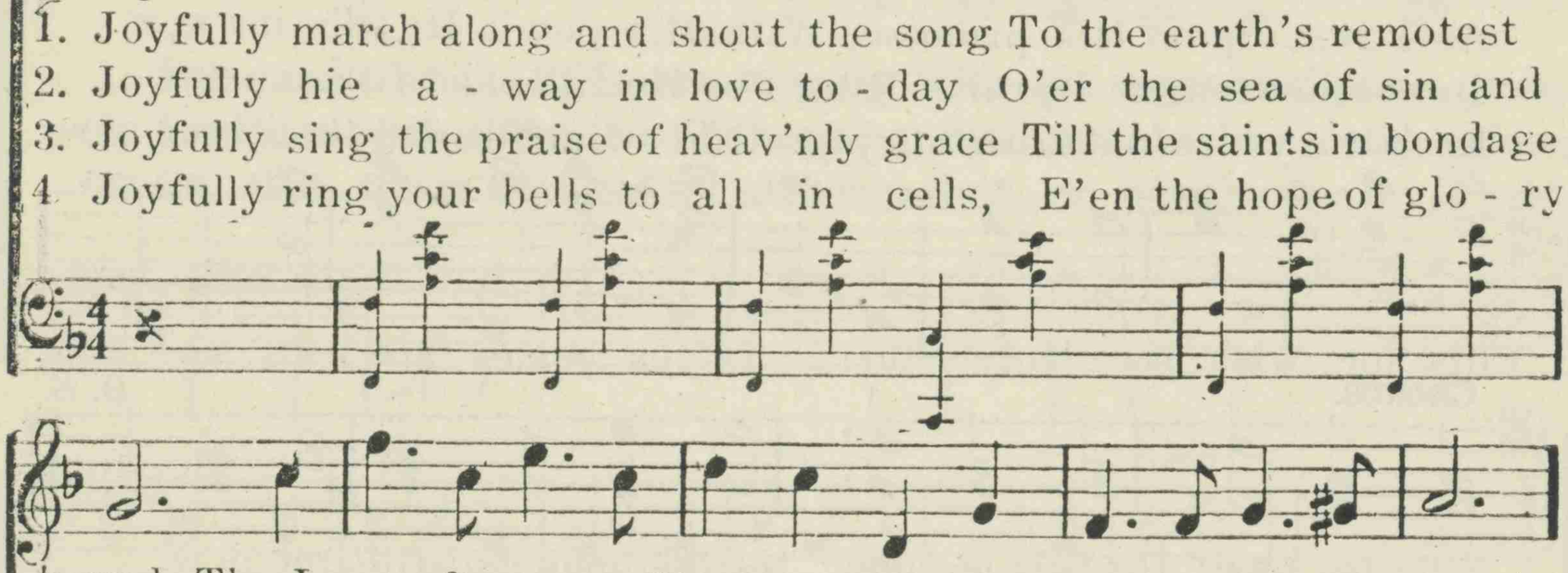
For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, pow'r in Je-sus' blood; There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow,

No. 198. Rejoice! Grace Will Win.

A. S. C. **Frank L. Bristow.**



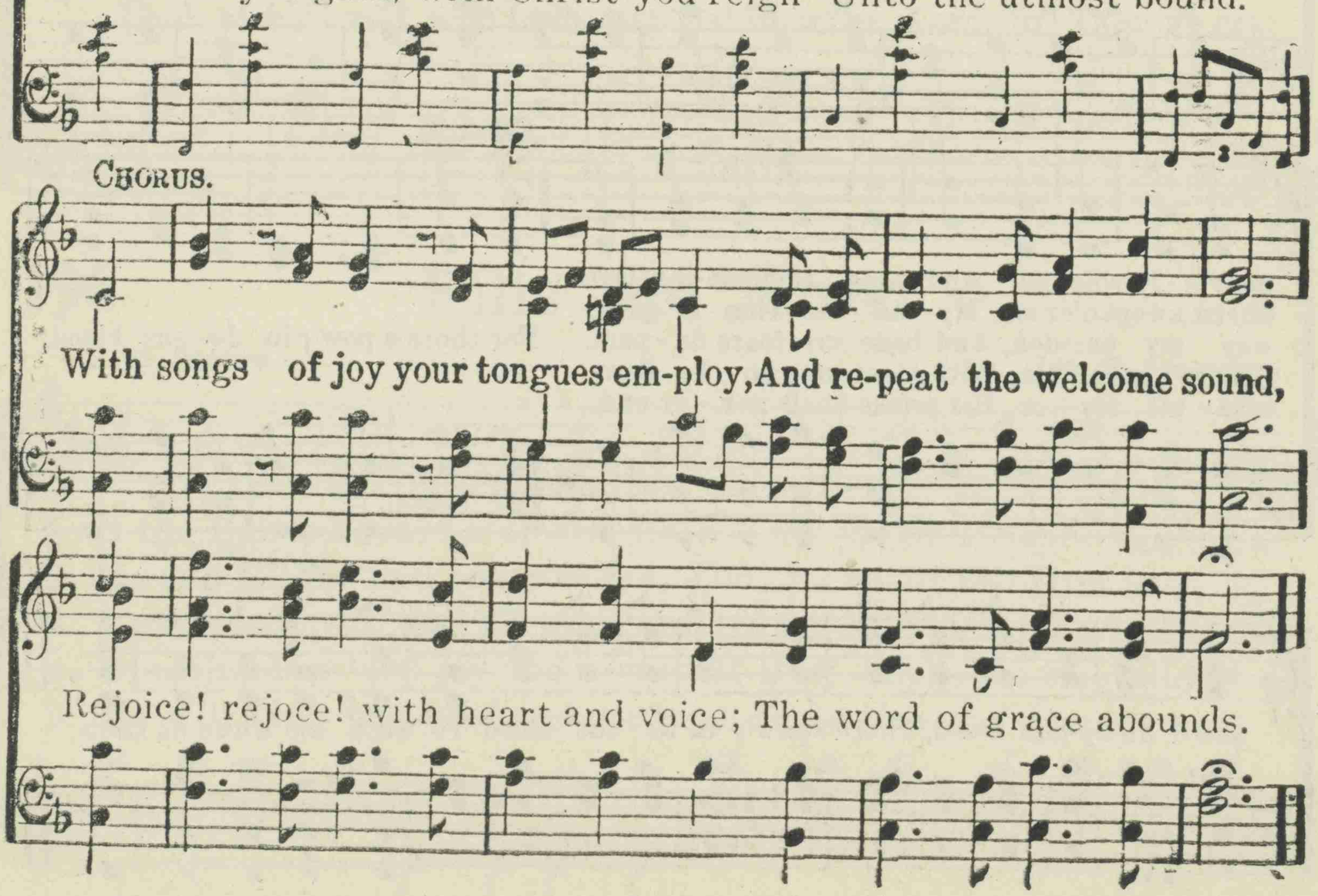
1. Joyfully march along and shout the song To the earth's remotest
2. Joyfully hie a - way in love to - day O'er the sea of sin and
3. Joyfully sing the praise of heav'nly grace Till the saints in bondage
4. Joyfully ring your bells to all in cells, E'en the hope of glo - ry



bound; The Lord of grace will win the race, And be for aye renowned.
woe. In ev'-ry case God saves by grace; Let all the people know.
see, That law may rave; but God doth save All who will bow the knee,
sound. By grace begin and glo-ry win, Man's reason thus confound.



Rejoice! rejoice! with heart and voice; Repeat the welcome sound.
Tho' men deride and sins they hide; The word of grace doth grow.
And trust His pow'r each day and hour; For Calv'ry made men free.
A throne you gain, with Christ you reign Unto the utmost bound.



CHORUS.

With songs of joy your tongues em-ploy, And re-peat the welcome sound,

Rejoice! rejoce! with heart and voice; The word of grace abounds.

No. 199. The Healing Waters.

H. H. Heimar. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd 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. Cleans'd 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.
Streaming 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,

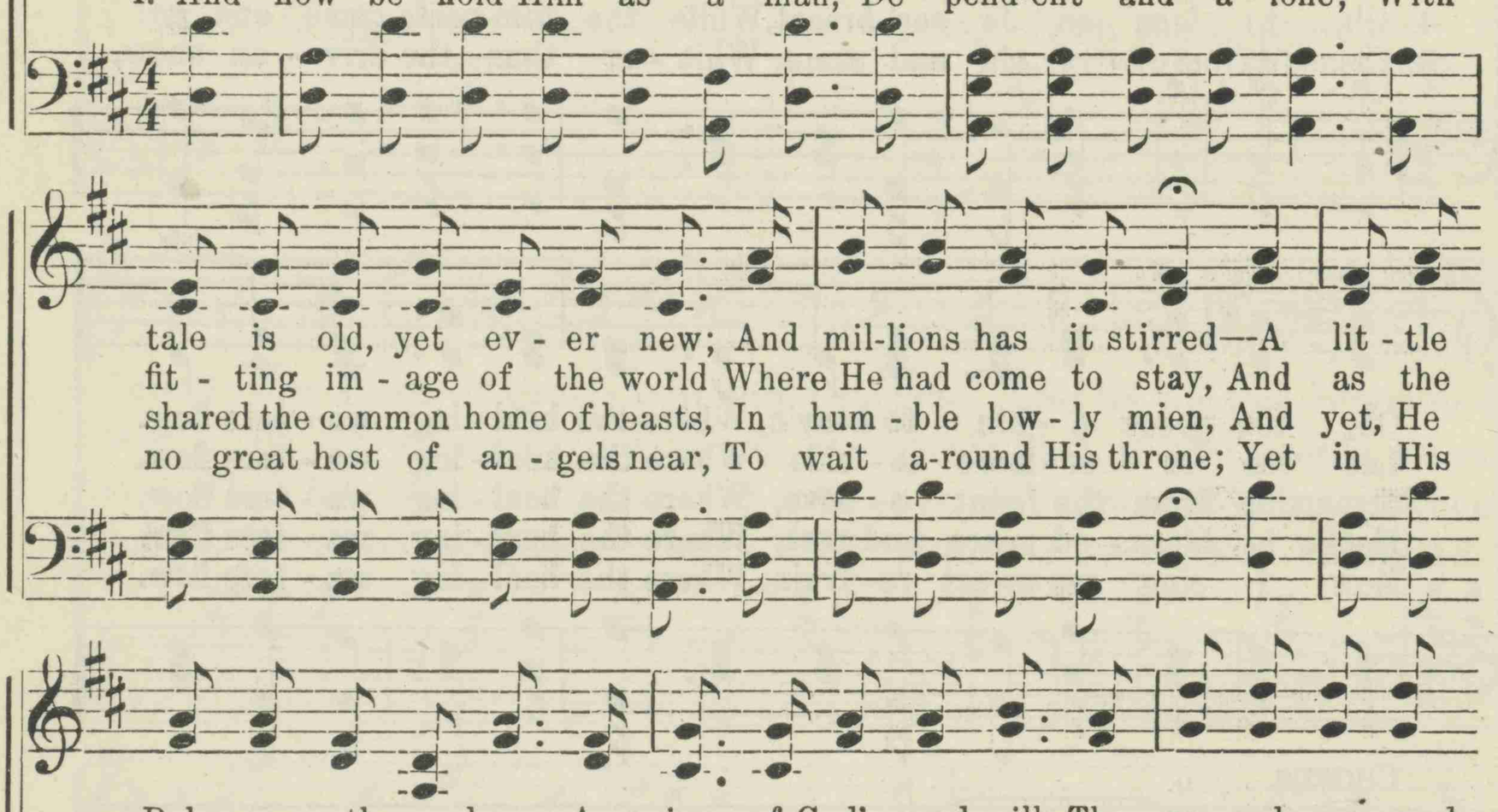
rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa-ters flow.
Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow.

No. 200. The Babe of Bethlehem.

Mary M. Bodie. December, 1920. A. S. Copley.



1. One star - ry night in old - en days, The sto - ry you have heard; The
2. In man - ger bare, this Roy - al Son Was laid a - mid the hay, The
3. No couch had He of splen-dor bright, Of gold - en glitt'ring sheen; He
4. And now be - hold Him as a man, De - pend-ent and a - lone; With

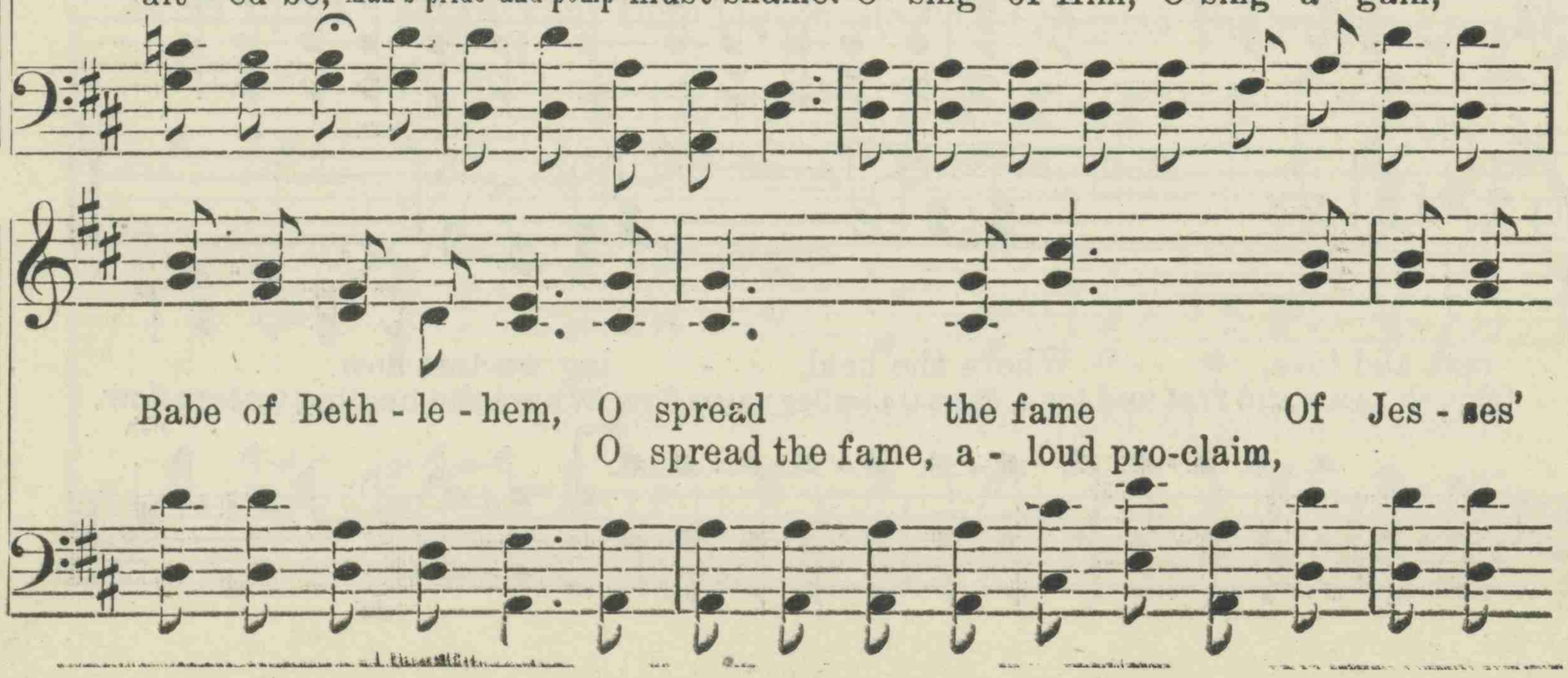


tale is old, yet ev - er new; And mil-lions has it stirred—A lit - tle
fit - ting im - age of the world Where He had come to stay, And as the
shared the common home of beasts, In hum - ble low - ly mien, And yet, He
no great host of an - gels near, To wait a-round His throne; Yet in His
Babe on earth was born, A sign of God's good will; The an - gels came and
or - dained sac - ri - fice, The Lamb to Cal - v'ry led; His birth was in the
was the Lord of life From out the glo - ry land; All pow - ers in the
deep a - base-ment here, Un - riv-aled still His claim; For he who would ex-

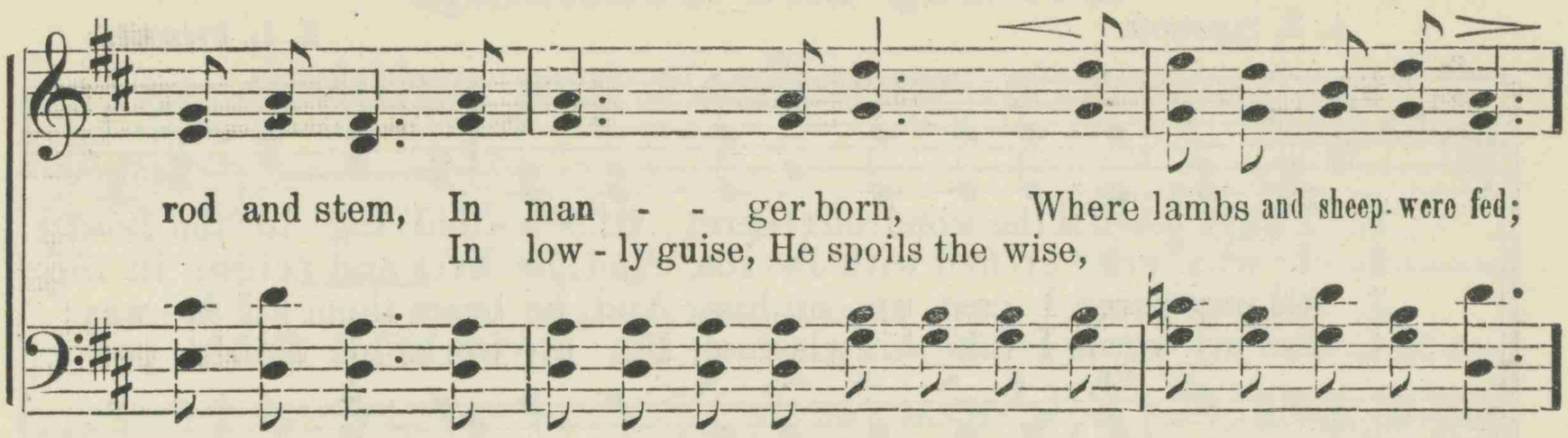


CHORUS.

sang of Him, When all the world was still. O sing of Him, the
low - ly place, Where lambs and sheep were fed.
u - ni-verse O-beyed His least command.
alt - ed be, Man's pride and pomp must shame. O sing of Him, O sing a - gain,
Babe of Beth - le - hem, O spread the fame Of Jes - ses'
O spread the fame, a - loud pro-claim,



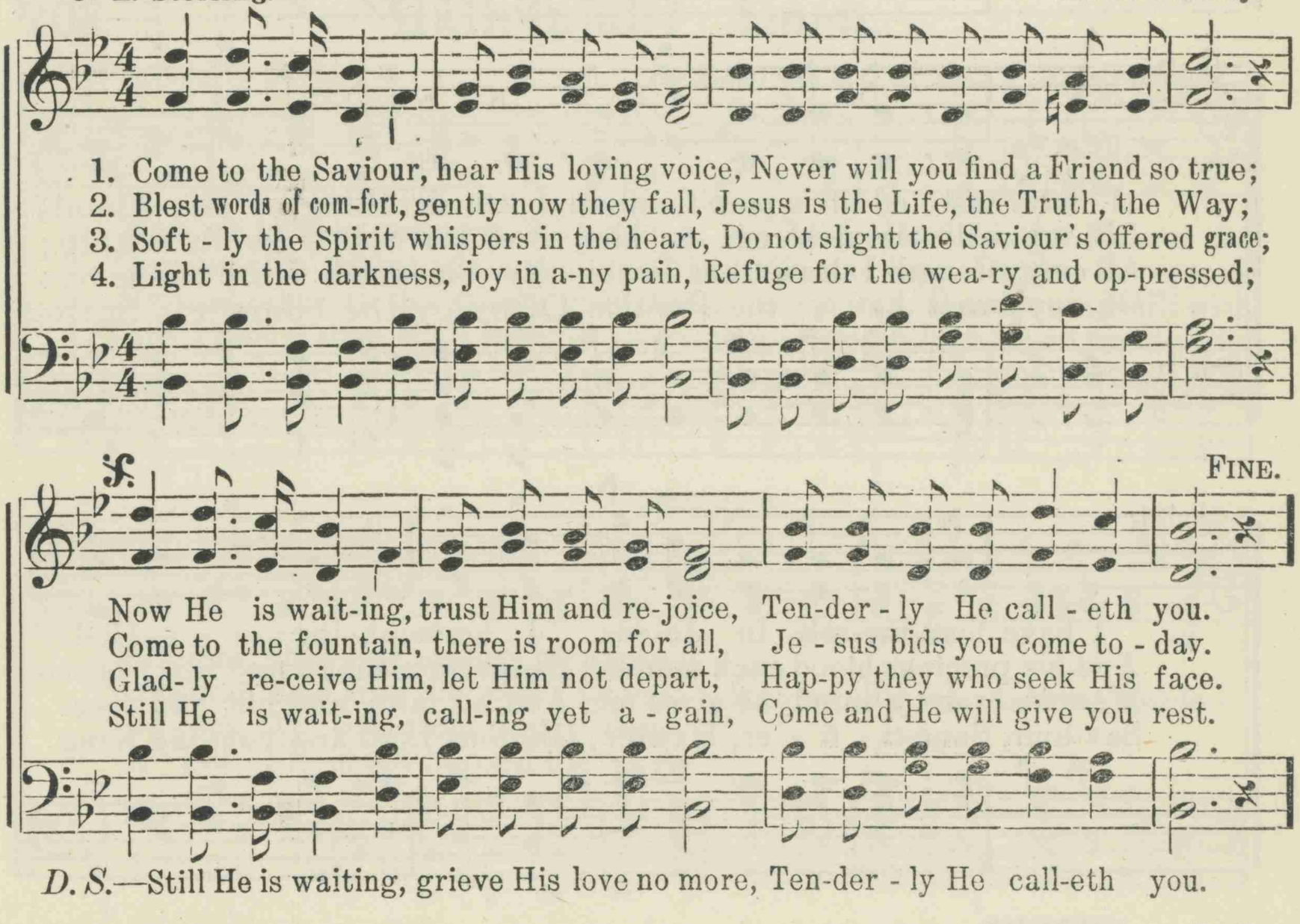
The Babe of Bethlehem. Concluded.

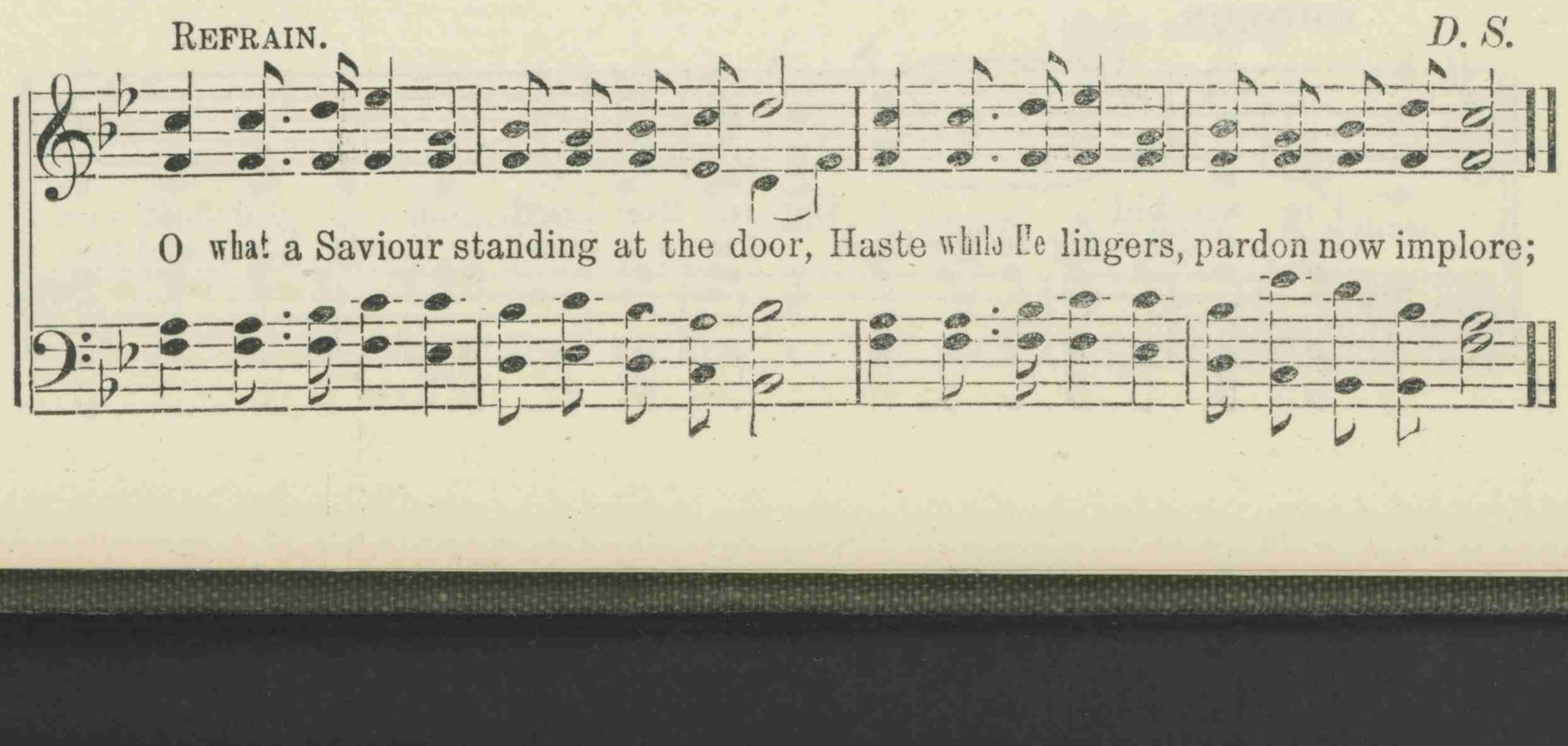




No. 201. O What a Saviour.

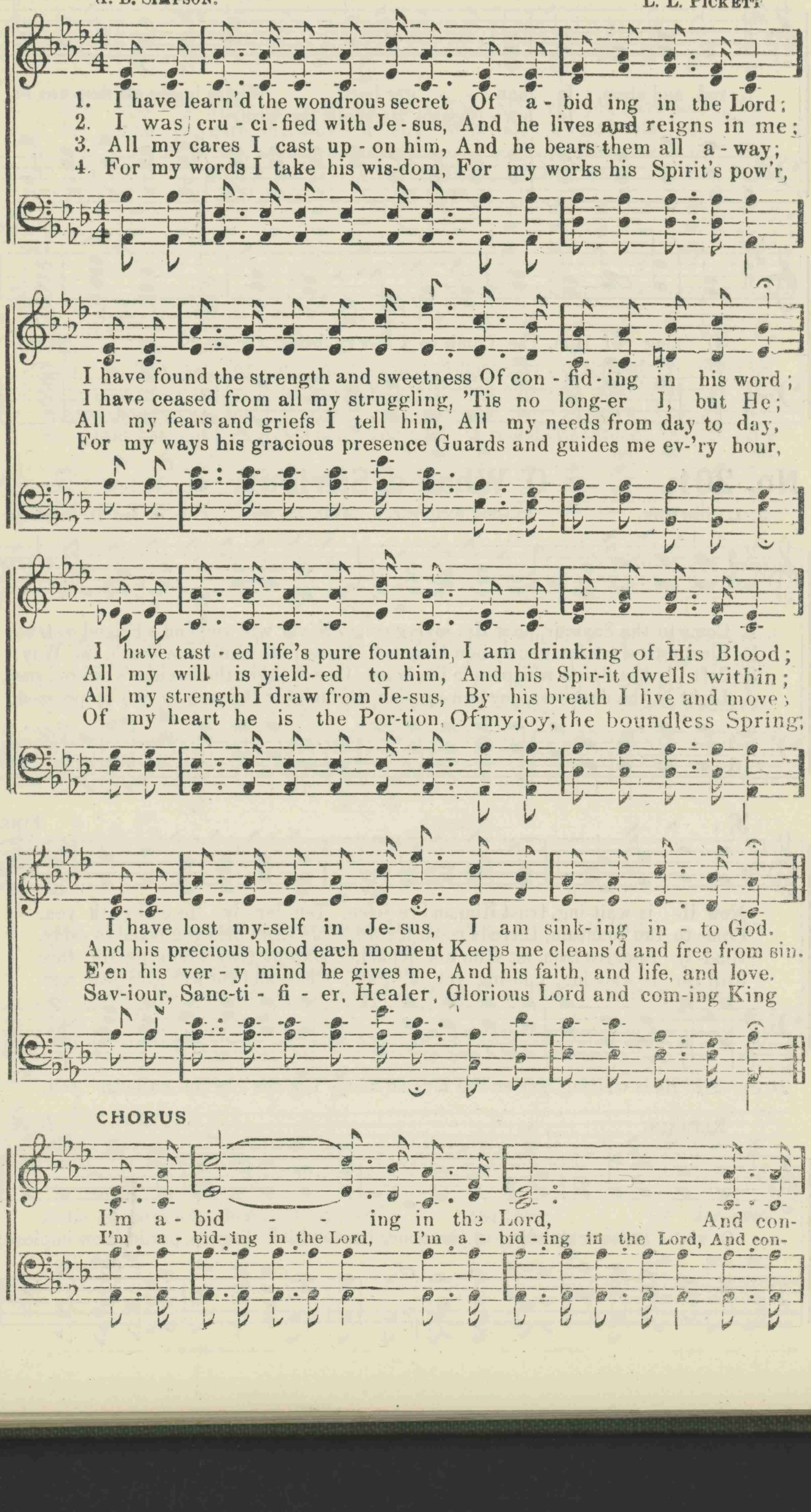
J. L. Sterling. "Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28. Ira D. Sankey.



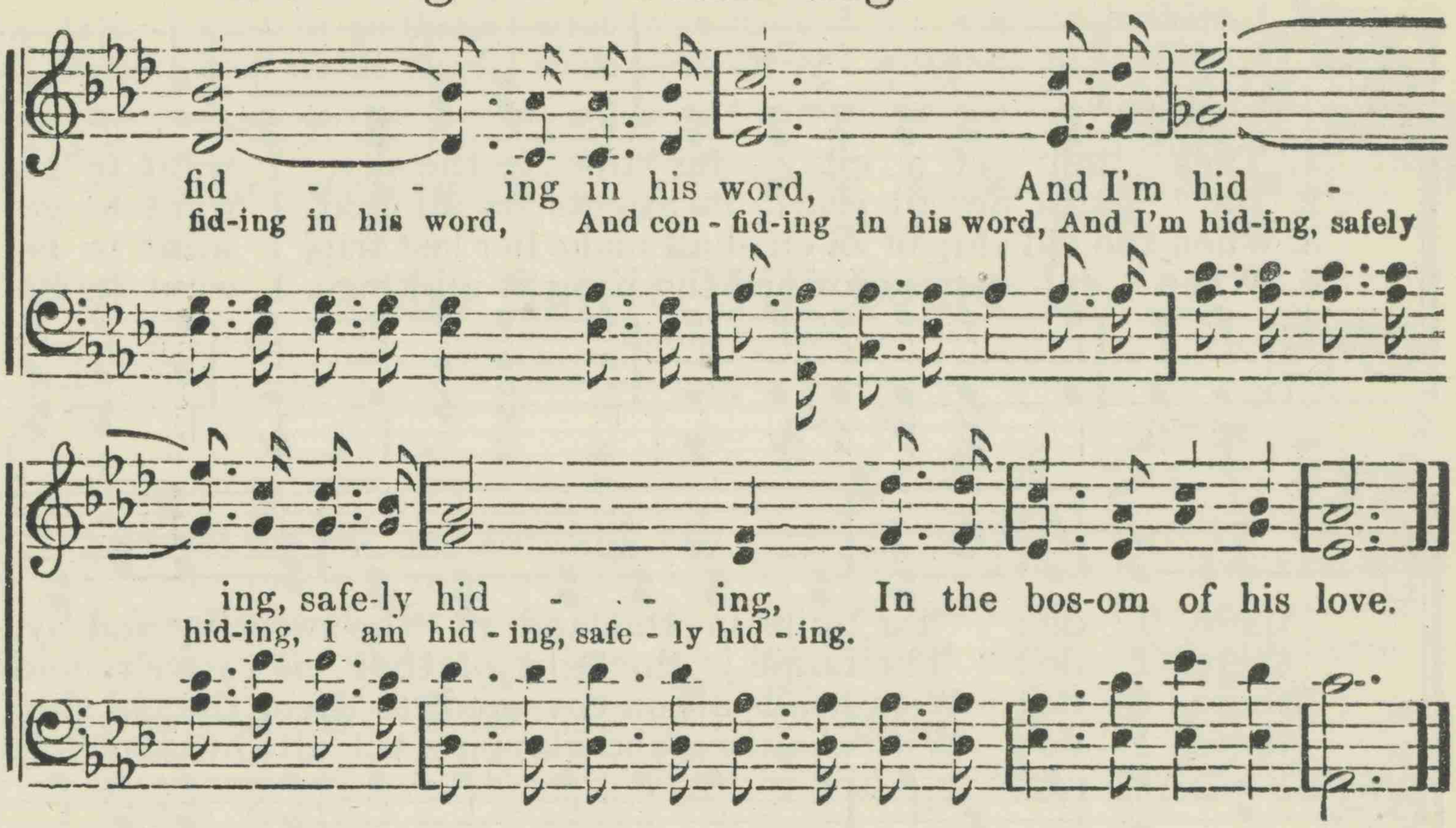


202. Abiding and Confiding.

A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT.

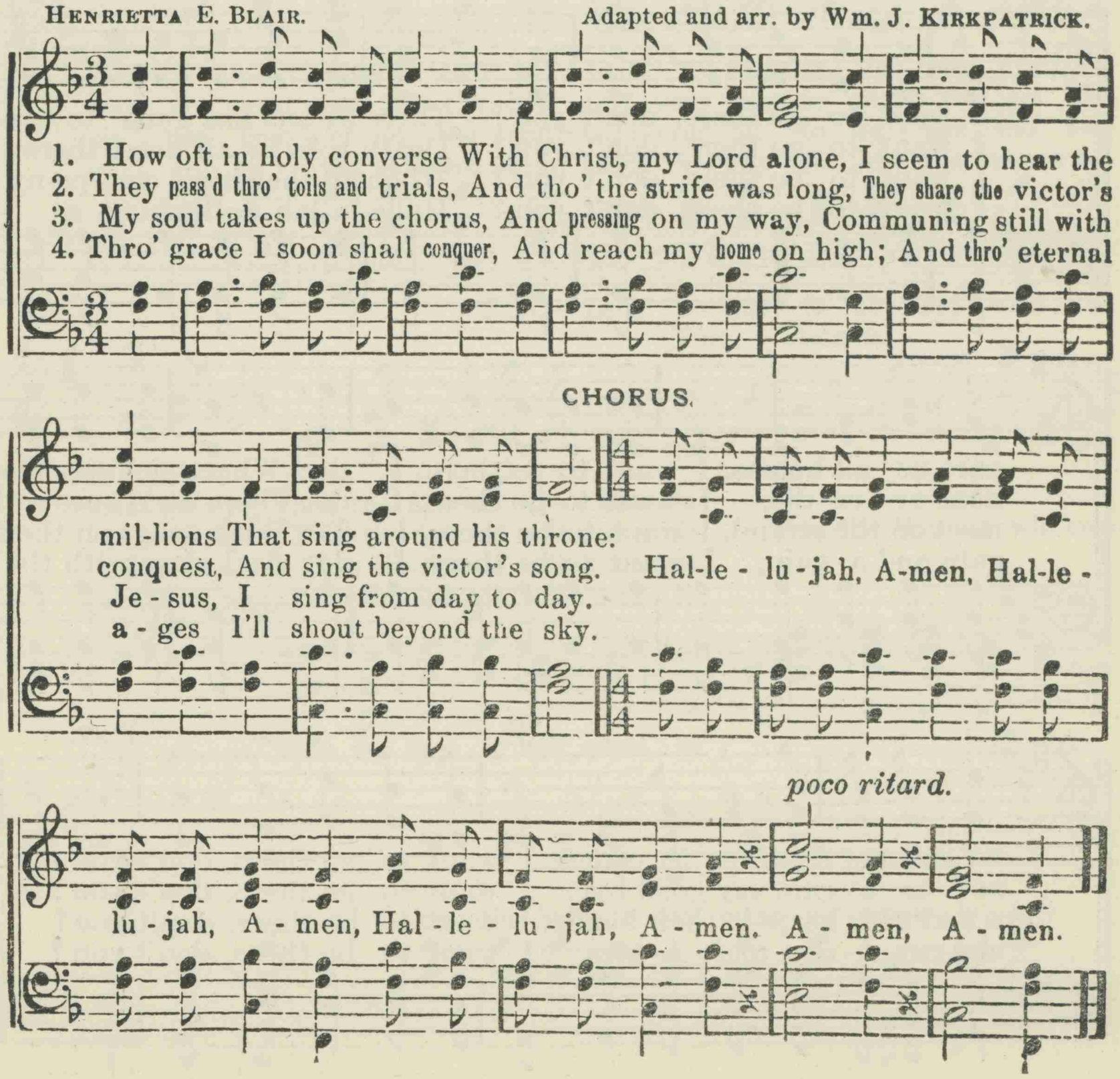


Abiding and Confiding.—Concluded.



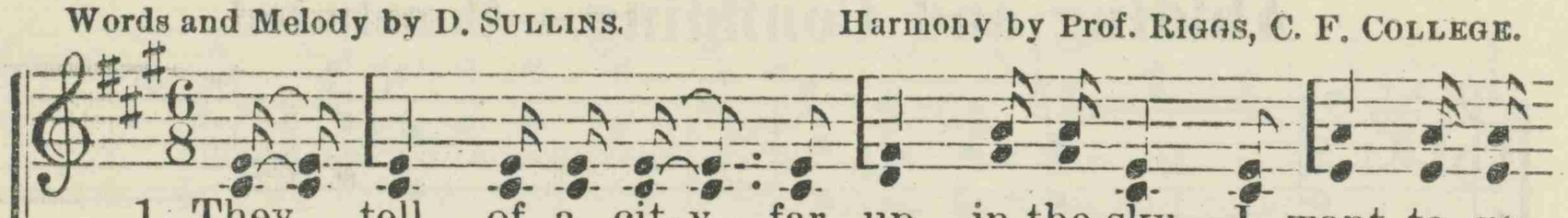
203. Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



204. I Want to Go There.

Words and Melody by D. SULLINS. Harmony by Prof. RIGGS, C. F. COLLEGE.



1. They tell of a cit-y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do;
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go there, I do;
3. When the old ship of Zi-on shall make her last trip, I want to be there, I do;
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be there, I do;

'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,
With heads all un-cov-ered to greet the old ship,
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,

I want to go there, don't you? There Je-sus has gone to pre-
I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com-pa-ny
I want to be there, don't you? Halle-lu-jah we'll shout a-

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sickness nor
none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There lov'd ones will
meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their
gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

f. FINE.

sor-row nor death ev - er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
nev - er a - gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
lips and with harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?
cho-rus, *A - men and A - men*, I want to be there, don't you?

I Want to Go There. Concluded.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

1–2. I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do;
3-4. I want to be there, I mean to be there, I ex-pect to be there, I do;

205 The Spirit Will Come In.

A. S. C. January, 1921. A. S. Copley.

1. Would you be en - dued with pow - er from on high, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it con - sciously near by? Look a - way to Je - sus with a
2. Would you be re-lieved from ev - 'ry fear and doubt? Would you know the way of count - ing Sa - tan out? Lift your voice in prais - es, join the
3. Would you of - fer heal - ing to the sick and faint, Par - don to the sin - ner, pow - er to the saint? Give your all to Je - sus, tho' men
4. Would you with the vic - tors win the high-est prize, Reign with Christ for- ev - er in the hallowed skies? Look a - way to Je - sus, scenes of

D.S.— Look a - way to Je - sus with a

FINE. CHORUS.

sin - gle eye, Then the Spir - it will come in.
victor's shout, Then the Spir - it will come in. Yes, the Spir - it will come
call you quaint, Then the Spir-it will come in.
earth despise, Then the Spir - it will come in.

sin - gle eye, Then the Spir - it will come in.

D. S.

in; (quick - ly in;) Yes, the Spir - it will come in, (quick - ly in;)

No. 206.. BE NOT AFRAID.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er bound-less seas of space,
3. Thro' chang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm - y winds that blow, And molds the gold-en day.
And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bos - om hides.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
But sweet - ly whispers while His hands Up - on my own are laid,—
On nois - y street, in still re- treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,

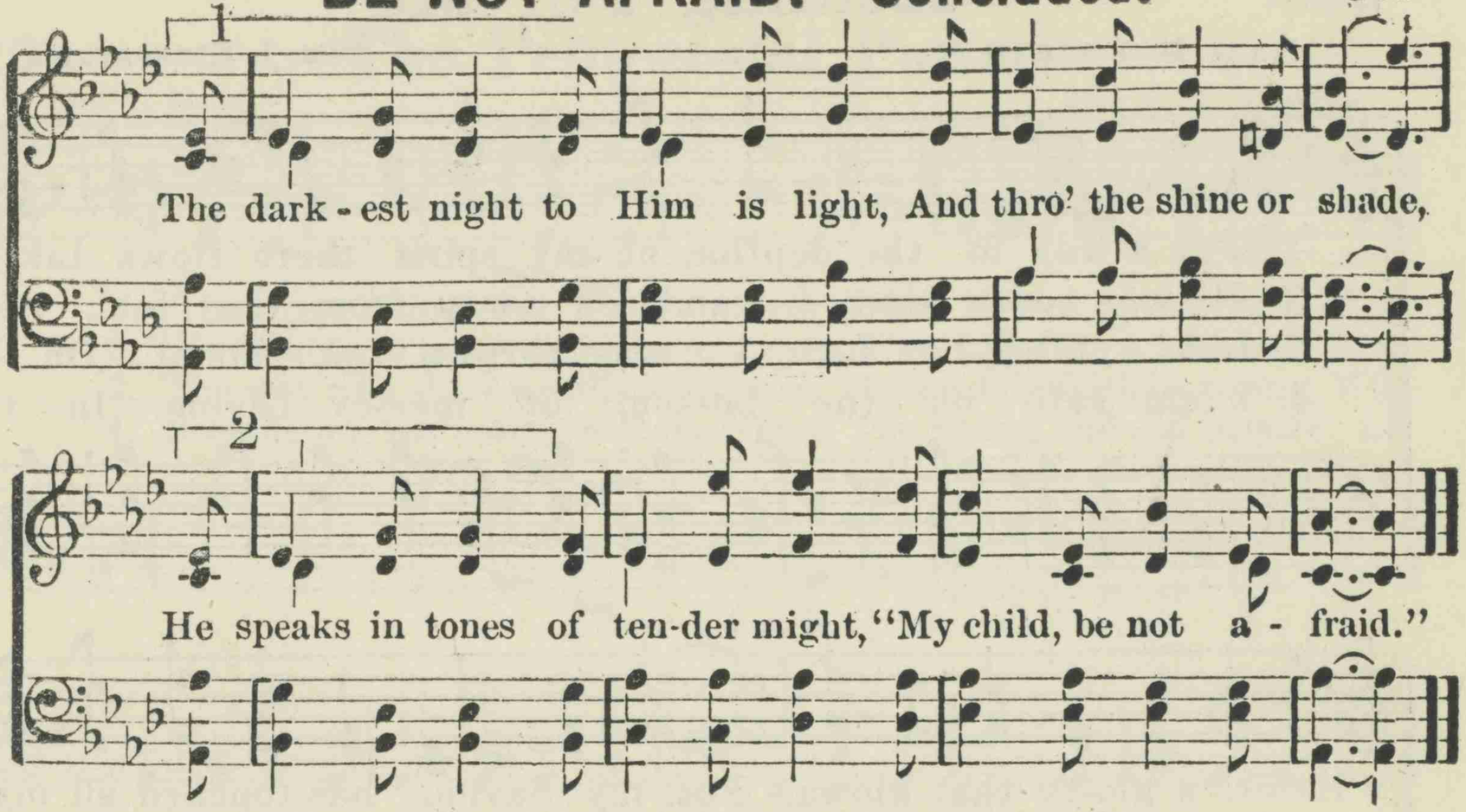
He speaks in tones of ten-der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
"Lo! at thy side thy Fa-ther stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
That voice is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS. *f* *p*

Be not a - fraid, ... Be not a - fraid, ...
Child, be not, be not a - fraid, Child, be not, be not a - fraid,

BE NOT AFRAID.—Concluded.

D. S.

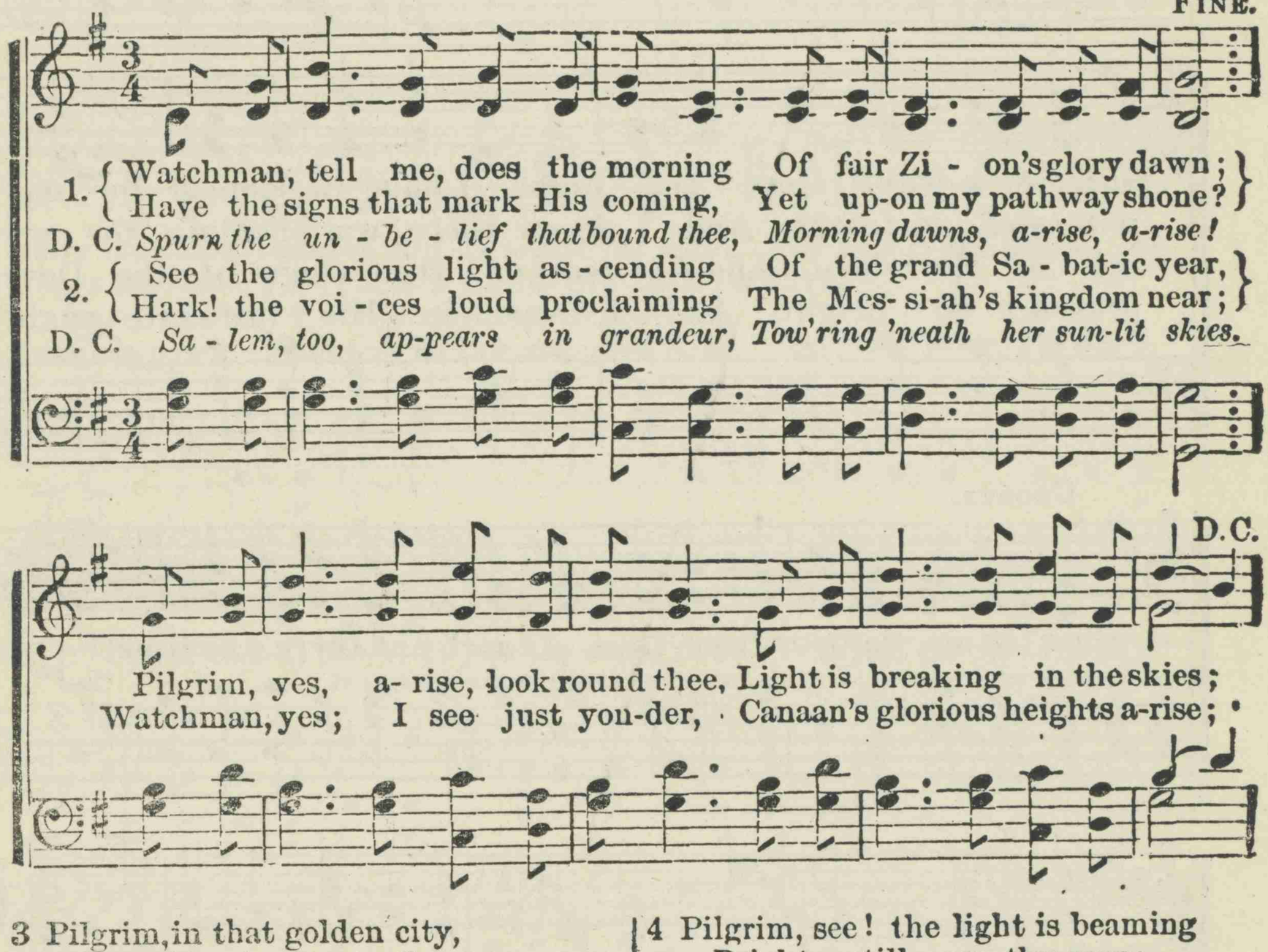


No. 207. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night."—ISA. 21: 11.

REV. SIDNEY S. BREWER. Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.



3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding
Shall awake from earth to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

208. Healing For Me

MARY M. BODIE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spirit there flows Like a
2. It was years that I wandered away from the fold, As a
3. Like a mar-i-ner lost, I was thrown all about On the
4. I am safe on the bo-som of mer-cy Divine, In the

riv-er, a glo-ry that glows; For my Saviour has touched all my
captive by sin's pow'r controlled; But the Saviour called softly, "O
sea of great sorrow and doubt; But I've anchored my soul in the
home that will ever be mine. I am filled with delight in His

sorrow a-way; Gone the night, I have welcomed the day.
will you go free? And I knew there was healing for me.
ark of His love, And I rest on the wings of the Dove.
presence so bright, And I boast in His in-fi-nite might

CHORUS.

Healing for me, Saviour from Thee. A touch and there's healing for me

Now at Thy side, I ev-er a-bide, And always find healing in Thee

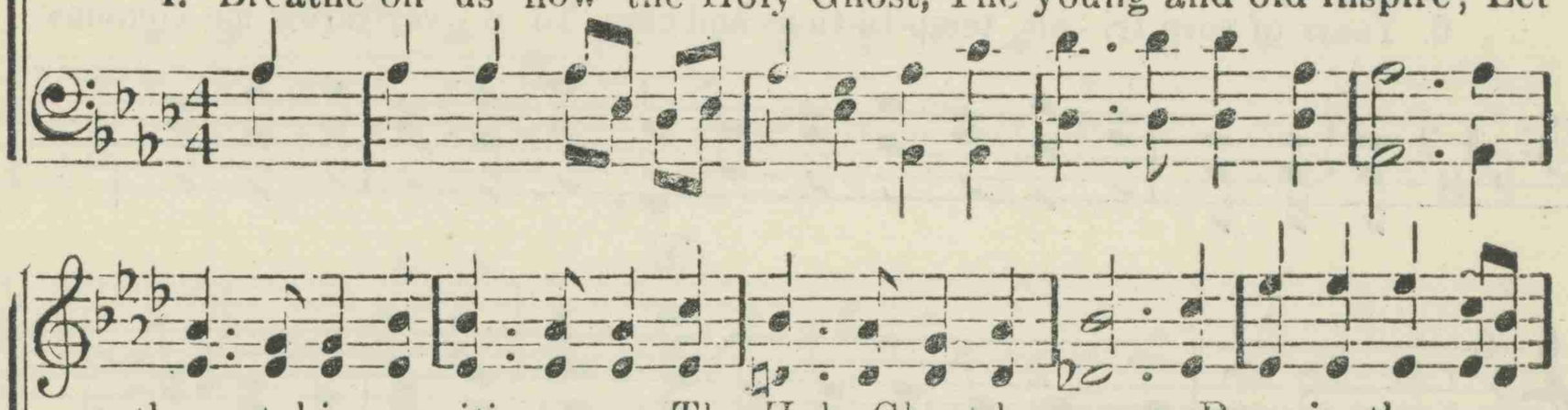
in thee.

209. The Pentecostal Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1 The pow'r that fell at Pentecost, When in that up-per room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Jesus) when, The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
4. Breathe on us now the Holy Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let

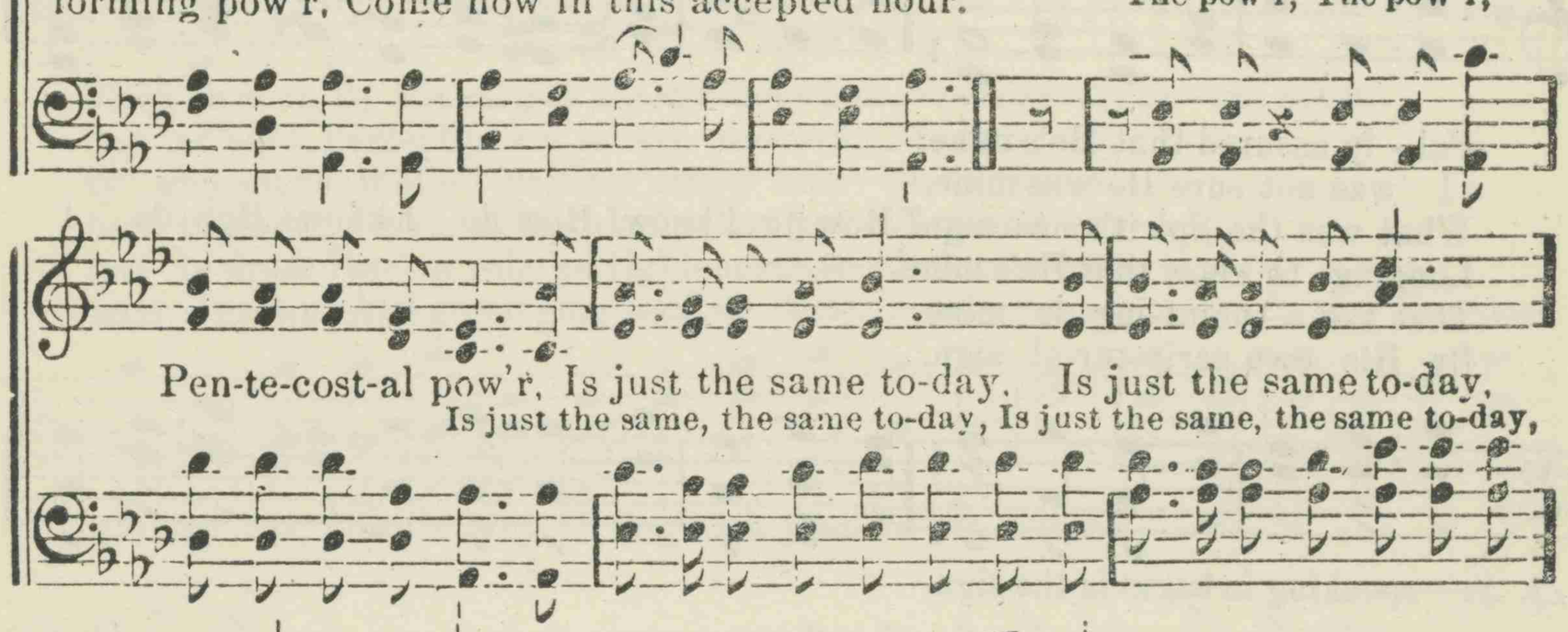


on the watching, waiting ones, The Holy Ghost has come, Remaineth ev-er-
loosen'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The timid, shrinking
holy boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each
each receive his Pentecost, Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonderfull trans-

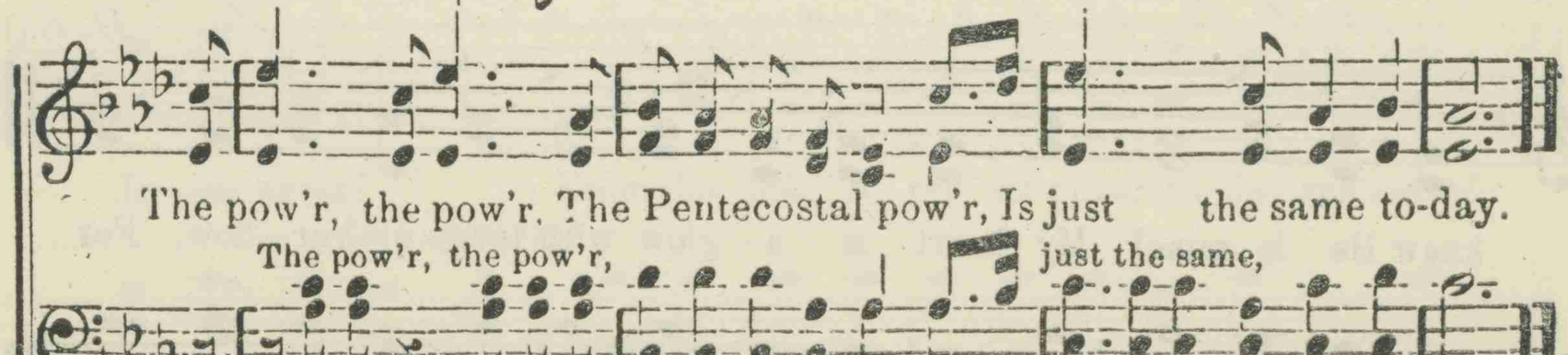


CHORUS

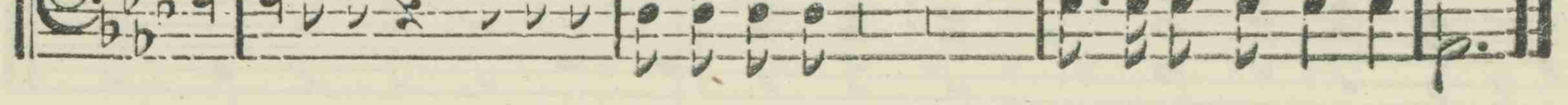
more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name. The pow'r, the pow'r, the
ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.
heart aflame, A whole salvation to proclaim.
forming pow'r, Come now in this accepted hour.



The pow'r, The pow'r,
Pen-te-cost-al pow'r, Is just the same to-day. Is just the same to-day,
Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day,



The pow'r, the pow'r. The Pentecostal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.
The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,



No. 210. How Do I Know?

A. S. C. March, 1921. A. S. Copley.

1. How do I know that the Spir - it has come? What is the scrip-tur-al sign?
2. Puzzled and fretted, my heart was so sad, Some say the gifts are the sign;
3. Vic-t'ry o'er sickness, the world and all sin, This was my por-tion Di-vine;
4. Pow-er to pray for the sick I have had, Light on my pathway did shine,
5. Glo - ry to Je - sus! I found it at last, On His strong arm I re - cline;
6. Years of sore tri - als, temp-ta-tions and care, To o - ver-throw me combine;

When did He make e'en my bod - y His home? How do I know He is mine?
Gifts I did have for to make oth-ers glad, Still I knew not He was mine;
But that the Spir - it was dwelling with-in; No one could tell me the sign,
And to my knowl-edge Christ dai-ly did add; But for the Spir - it I'd pine,
Sigh - ing is end - ed, my long-ings are past, Speaking in tongues is the sign,
But Je - sus' hon - ors and joys I still share, Knowing the Spir-it is mine,

FINE. CHORUS.

Ful - ly assured that He's mine?
I was not sure He was mine.
What was the Spirit's own sign? How do I know? How do I know? How do I
Longing to know that He's mine.
That the a - noint-ing is mine.
By His own scrip-tur-al sign.

D. S.—speaking in tongues is the sign.

know He is mine? My heart is a - glow with love's o - ver - flow, For

D. S.

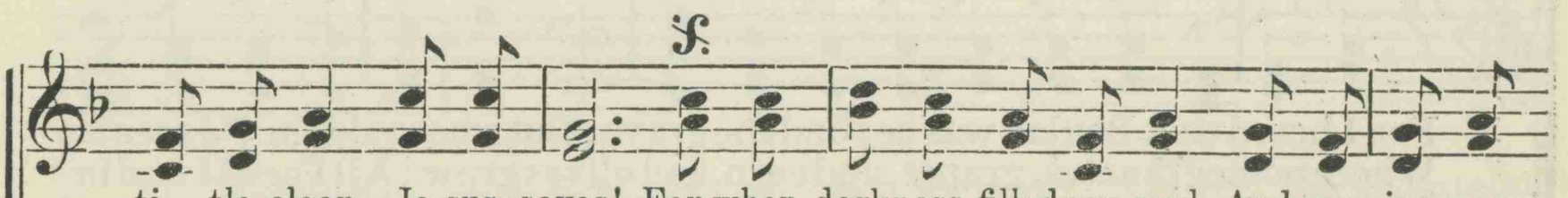
No. 211. Jesus Saves.

Anon. Property of "Grace and Glory."



1. There's a word to me so dear, In the pit, with Je-sus near; I can read my
2. Grace there is to make me fit To shout "glo-ry" in the pit, When with lumps of
3. Mates have often at me laughed, Of - ten said that I was "daft" Sing-ing in the
4. While descending in the cage, For to earn a liv - ing wage, I can sing tho'
5. All thru sin now in dis-tress, If they will their sins con-fess, From hell's bot-tom-
6. Let the joy-ful news a-bound On the top or un-der-ground, That wher-ev-er





ti - tle clear—Je-sus saves! For when darkness filled my soul, And my sins were
coal I'm hit, Je-sus saves! Let the coal be soft or hard, Working by the
coal pit shaft—Je-sus saves! But in spite of all their "rubs" And "the dep-u-
oth - ers rage—Je-sus saves! We black diamonds for them get, Tho' they force us
less a - byss, Je-sus saves! With sal - va-tion, then, O bless, From the pitman's
man is found, Je-sus saves! When the pit cap he lays down, He may rise to



D. S.—In the pit from sin set free, Sudden death would

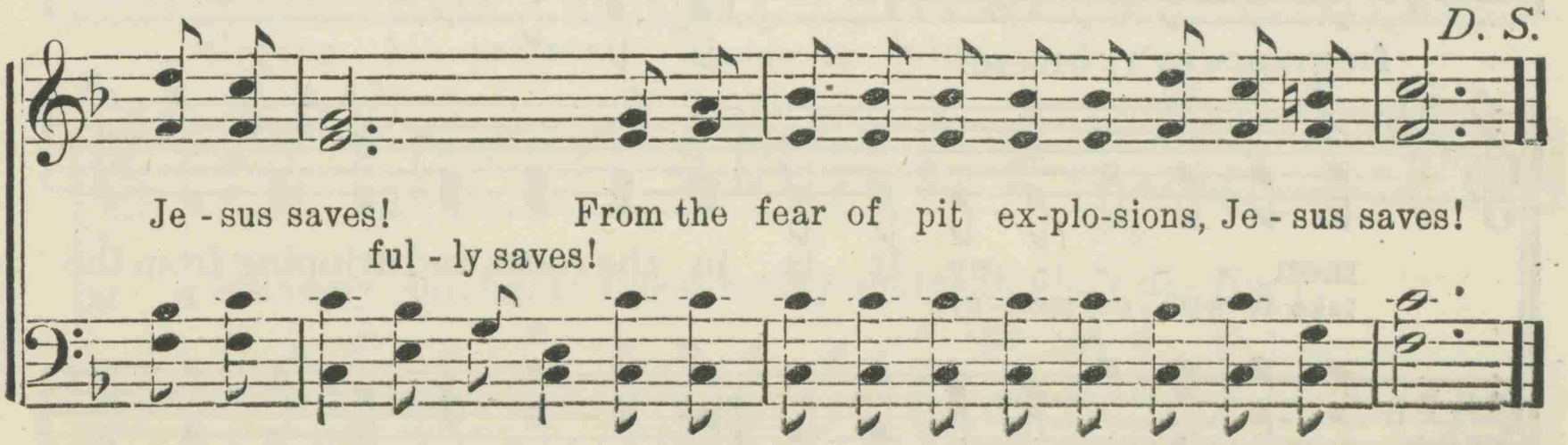
FINE. CHORUS.



black as coal, By His stripes He made me whole, Jesus saves! Je - sus saves!
day or yard, Perfect peace is my re-ward, Je-sus saves!
ty" who snubs, While I wait for empty tubs—Je-sus saves!
hard to sweat, There's sal-va-tion for them yet—Je-sus saves!
low - ly dress There's a robe of righteousness—Je-sus saves!
wear a crown, And go singing round the throne, Je-sus saves! yes, He saves!



glo - ry be; This is why I sing with glee, Je-sus saves!



D. S.

Je - sus saves! From the fear of pit ex-plo-sions, Je - sus saves!
ful - ly saves!

212. Honey Without Money

J. C. Briggs. "And thy land shall be called Beulah." W. A. Watson.

1. Long I sought for worldly treasure, Found in earth-joys all my pleasure,
2. Glad, I sought the great Physician, Who now bro't me to E - lys-ian,
3. I am now in Canaan living, Where the richest gifts God's giving:
4. Tho' I'm oft in strait and tri-al, Yet I look not at the di - al,

For I heard that Beulah was beyond the grave; But some said they'd seen its
Where pomegranates, grapes, and corn, and olives grow; All I need I find in
And my heart is ev - er bounding with delight; All its hills are green and
For time ends so soon, e-ter - ni - ty be-gins, But I look a-lone to

mountains, And its cool and sparkling fountains, And had pass'd dry-shod, both
Beu-lah, And my heart sings hal-le-lu - jah, While I plant and gath-er,
growing, And with wine and milk are flowing, O this land is full of
Je - sus, For with pitying eye he sees us, And he bears my sorrows,

sea and Jordan's wave. 'Here is hon - - - - ey, with-out
eat, drink, reap and sow.
joy, and song, and light.
since he hid my sins.

fragrance ev'ry breeze.

mon - - - - ey, It is in the rocks and dripping from the
take it with - out mon - ey,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S. treasure, And the sweetness fills with

Here, O here is hon - ey,

It is

Honey without Money—Concluded.

D. S.

trees;
dripping from the trees;

Here I found it without measure, When I sought it as hid

213. Heavenly Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my journey; O-ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

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

D.S.—Hal-le-lu-jah I am re-joic-ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

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

Singing his praises, Je-sus is mine.

D. S.

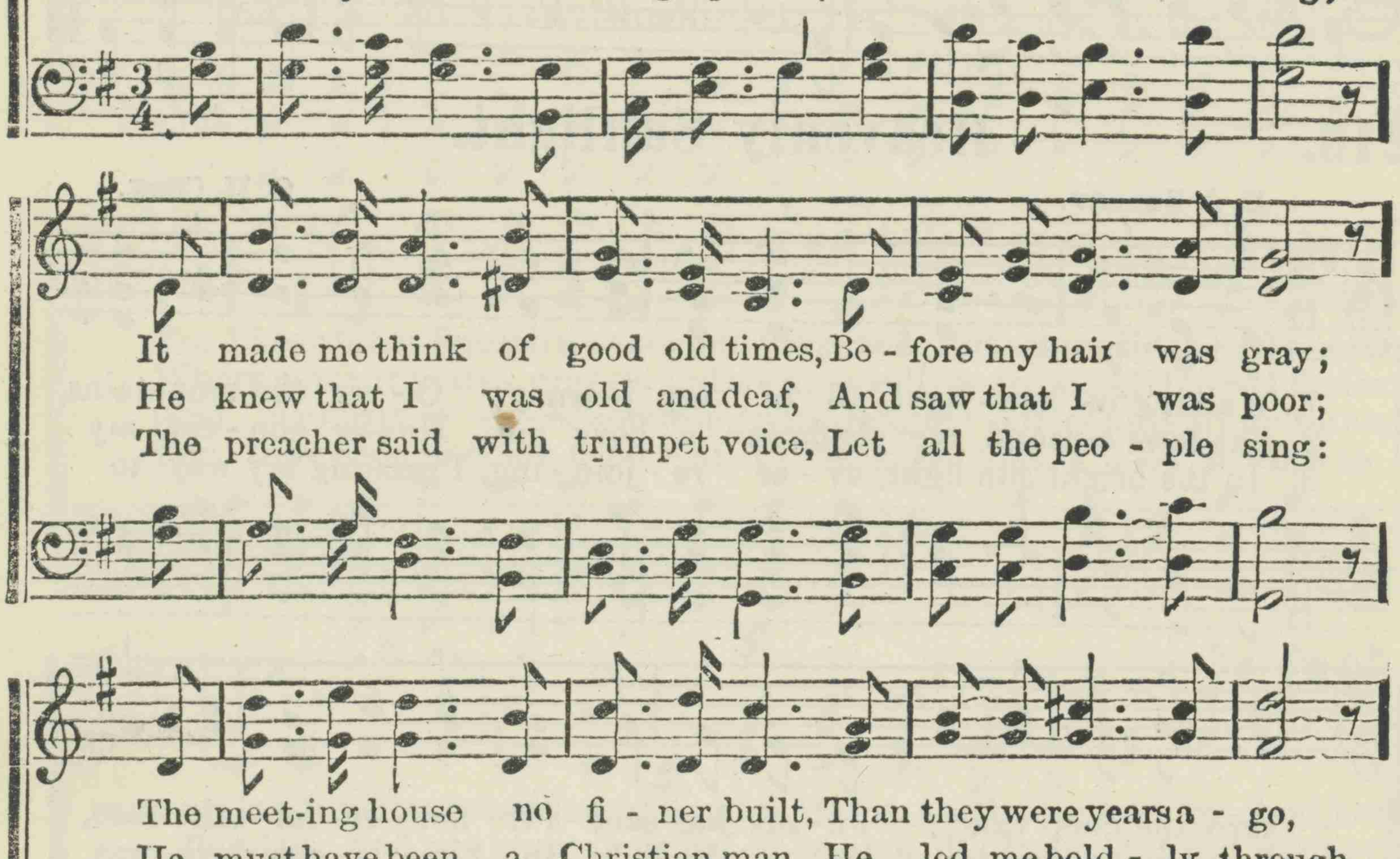
heavenly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glory di-vine:

214. The Model Church.

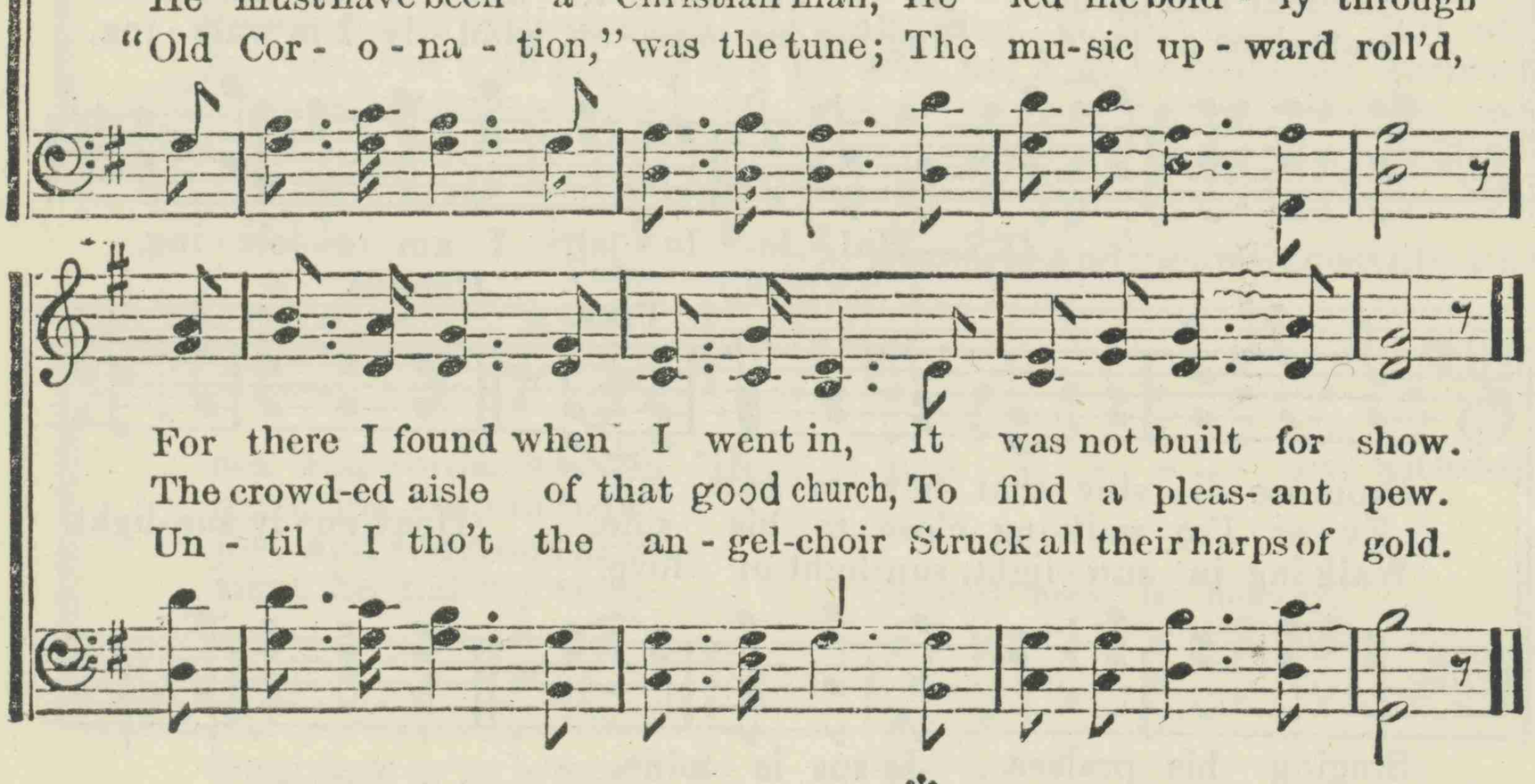
JOHN H. YATES. Arranged — Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



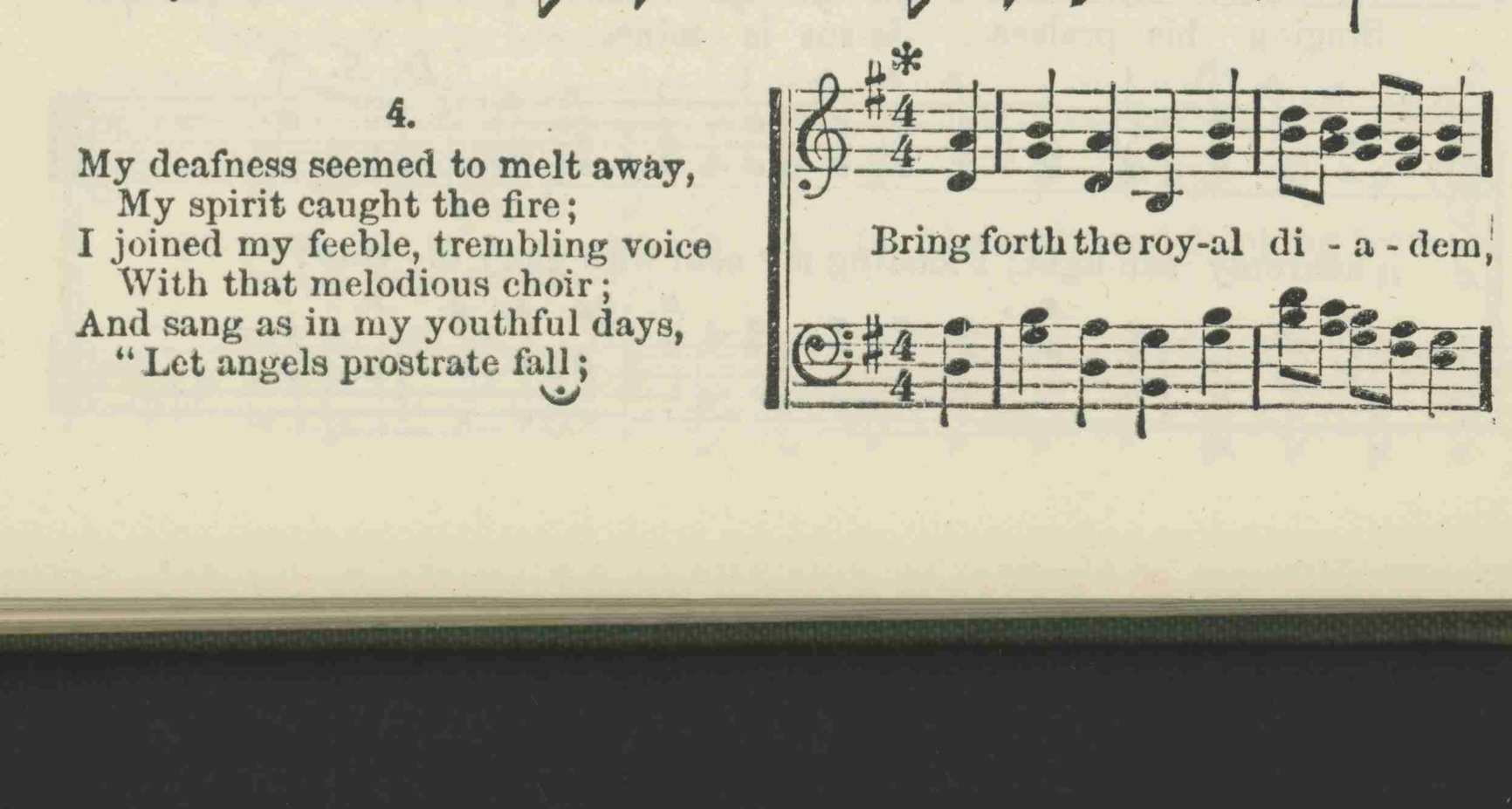
1. Well, wife, I've found the mod- el church, And worshipp'd there to-day;
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the singing there, It had the old - time ring;



It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preacher said with trumpet voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:



The meet-ing house no fi - ner built, Than they were years a - go,
He must have been a Christian man, He led me bold - ly through
"Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune; The mu-sic up - ward roll'd,



For there I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The crowd-ed aisle of that good church, To find a pleas- ant pew.
Un - til I tho't the an - gel-choir Struck all their harps of gold.

4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,

The Model Church—Concluded.







5.

I tell you, wife, it did me good
  To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
  Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
  This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
  Forever from the storm.

6.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
  But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
  It suited hopeful youth;
To win lost sin-ners unto Christ,
  The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
  But Jesus crucified.

7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
  The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
  Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
  Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



215 Loosed Long Ago.

Mary M. Boule. March, 1922. A. S. Copley.

1. There's good news to be told, And we ought to be bold, We were loosed at the cross long a - go;
2. "Go in peace," we can tell, To the man bound for hell, We were loosed at the cross long a - go;
3. Now we sing and we shout, There is nev - er a doubt, We were loosed at the cross long a - go;
4. And we cry on the way, "There is noth-ing to pay," We were loosed at the cross long a - go;
5. And this truth we do know, Tell to all, high and low, We were loosed at the cross long a - go;

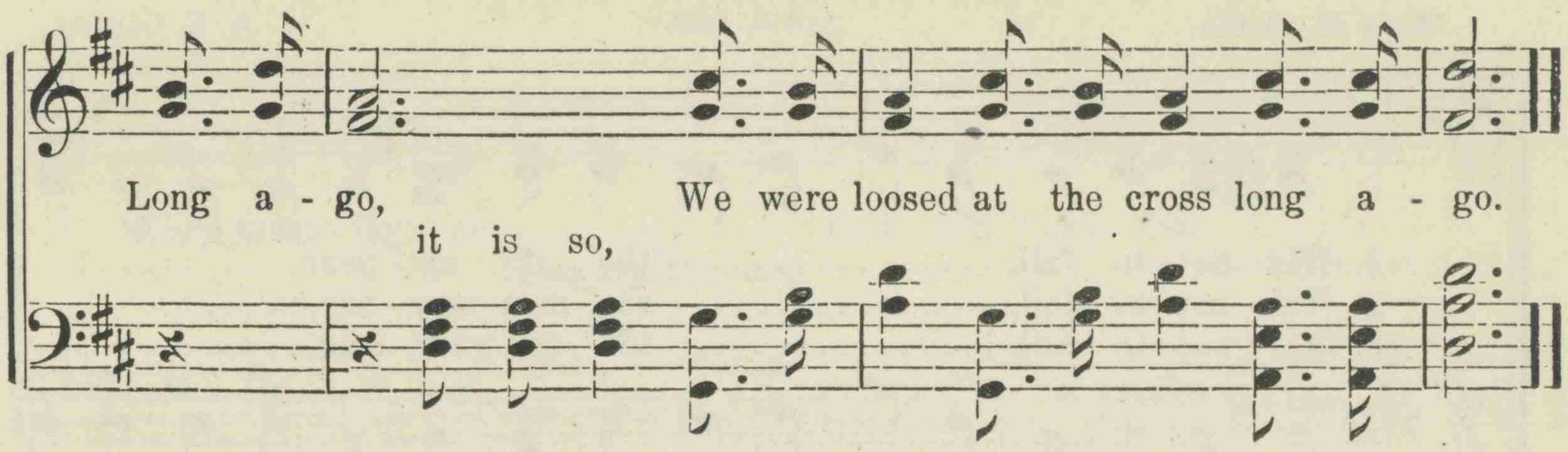
Je - sus paid all our debt, And sin's pen-al - ty He met,
Je - sus Christ did it all, He redeemed us from the fall,
From our pain, don't you see? Je - sus sets us ful - ly free,
For His word standeth true, And we bank up-on it too,
Lo! our voice we now raise, And our Lord we tru-ly praise,

CHORUS.

We were loosed at the cross long a - go. Long a - go, Long a-
at the cross

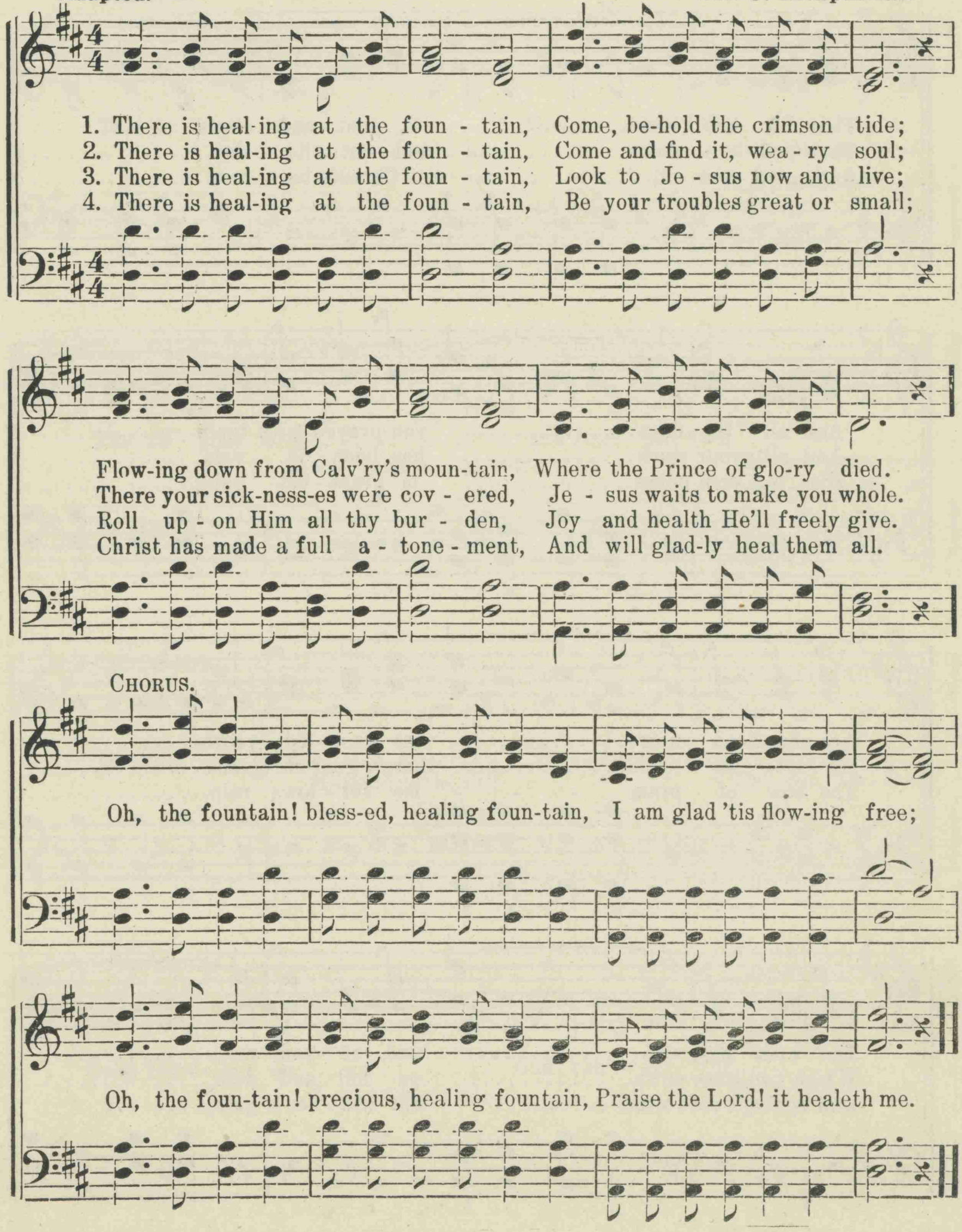
go, We were loosed at the cross long a - go; Long a - go,
at the cross, now we know,

Loosed Long Ago. Concluded.



215A Healing at the Fountain.

Adapted. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 216. God Cannot Fail.

Mary M. Bodie. April, 1922. A. S. Copley.

1. 'Tis not to fail, ... tho' it ap - pear.....
2. 'Tis not to fail, ... tho' men may say.....
3. 'Tis not to fail, ... to do your best,.....

That life has lost..... its zest and cheer,.....
That you are down..... and out to - day,.....
And give your all..... at Christ's be - hest.....

And all the days..... you prayed with tears.....
And all your work..... has been in vain.....
His re - com-pense..... is great - est gain;.....

Are count - ed now..... as wast - ed years.....
Do not de - spair;..... there's gold-en grain,.....
The bow of prom - - - ise fol - lows rain,.....

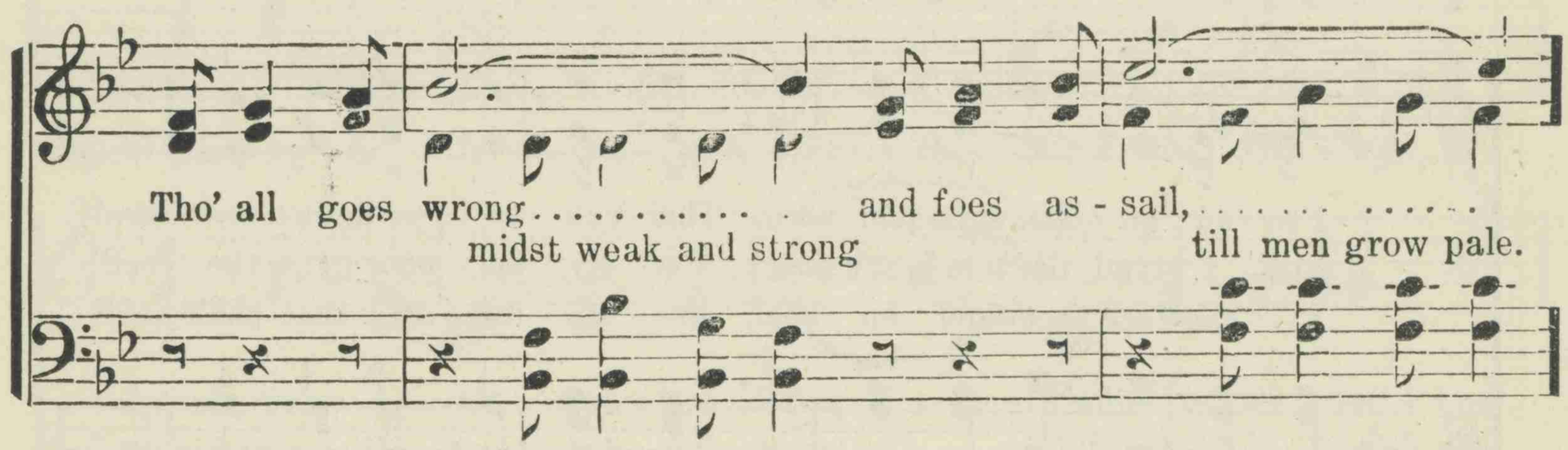
Tho' men de - ride..... and at you rail,.....
Which you have sown. ..... on hill and dale,.....
And spring's soft wind..... the win - ter's gale,.....

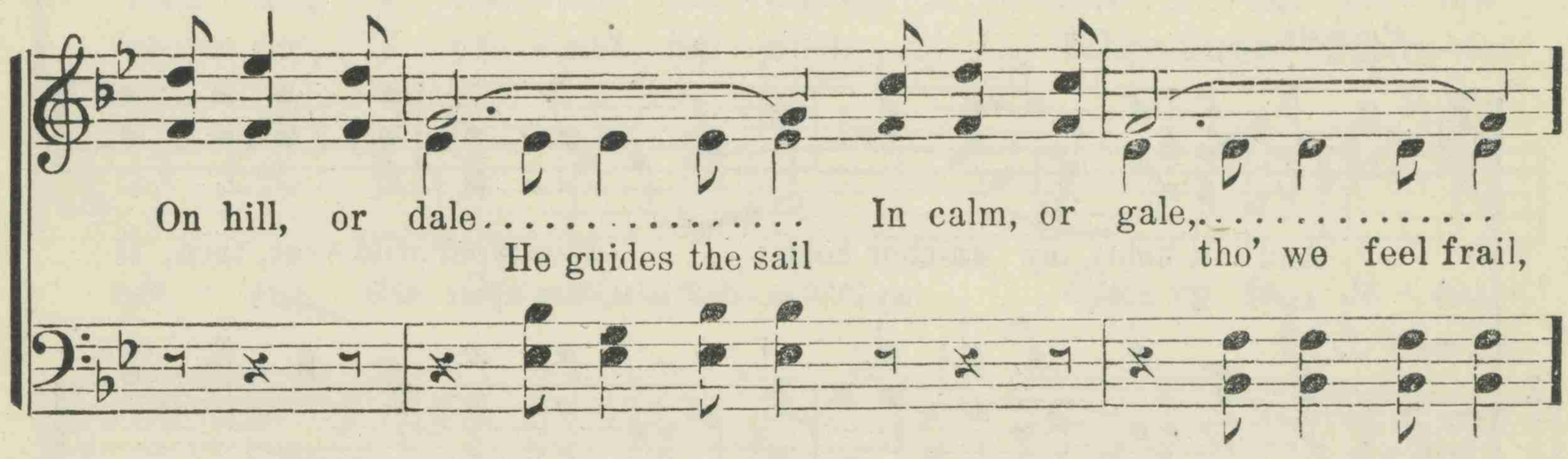
God Cannot Fail. Concluded.



CHORUS.









218. My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempt-ers seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure!
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock!
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, . . . my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est

gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.

fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

219 Glory to Jesus.

WAKEFIELD MACGILL. Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN. and ELLA MACGILL.

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—*Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to*

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... Came He to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is
lead me, I can - not tell where,..... But I will fol - low
crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen-dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore; Glo - ry to Je - sus—

D. C. Chorus.

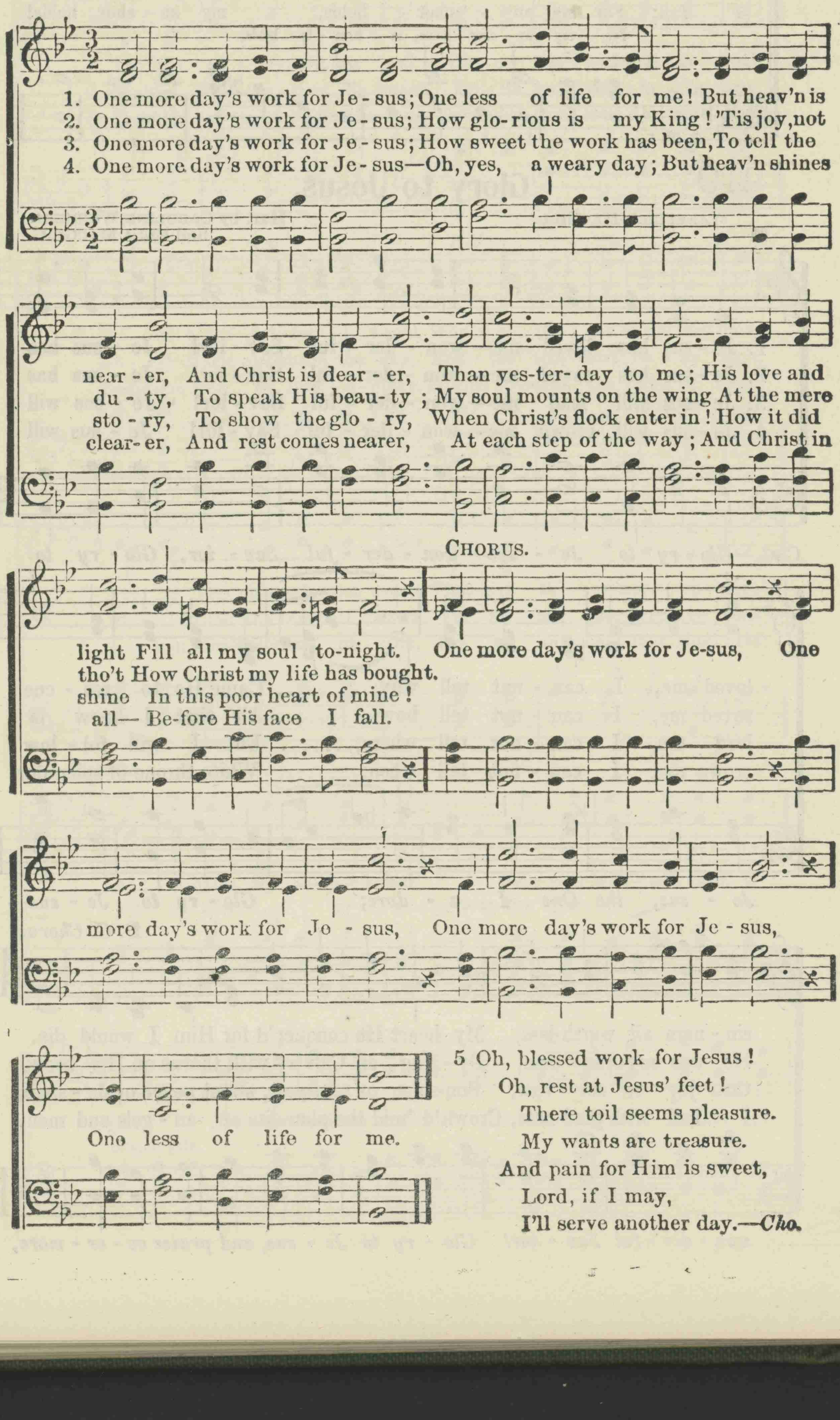
sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd for Him I would die.
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, sweet peace or de - spair.
I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

220. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. ROBERT LOWRY



5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

221. He is Coming For Me.

Rev. A. B. Simpson, Changed — John T. Benson.

1. Do you know why I'm longing for the com-ing of the Lord, And watching His
2. Do you know why no longer I can call the world my home, My heart from its
3. Do you know why He's robed me in garments of white, And bid-den me
4. Do you know why I'm send-ing the ti-dings to all, And warn-ing from

glo-ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom, beloved, and a-dored,
fet-ters is free? 'Tis be-cause I am waiting my Bridegroom to come,
read-y to be..... With oil in my ves-sel, and my lamp trimmed and bright?
judgment to flee?..... He has sent me His guests to the wed-ding to call,

Fine. Chorus.

And I know He is com-ing for me. Oh! He's com-ing aft-er me,
And I know He is com-ing for me.
'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.
For He's com-ing, and com-ing for me.

D. S.—I'm so glad He is com-ing for me.

Like Him I shall ever be, I'm so glad that He is com-ing aft-

D. S.

er me. He is com-ing aft-er me, And His glo-ry I shall see,

No. 222. The Latter Rain.

Mary M. Bodie. April, 1924. A. S. Copley.

1. Leap-ing down and sweep-ing down, Comes the might-y flow; Lat - ter
2. Dash-ing down and splash-ing down, Like a temp - est sound Of a
3. Fall - ing down and call - ing down, Get your Pen - te - cost— Pow - er
4. Prancing down and danc - ing down, Lat - ter rain for all: It is

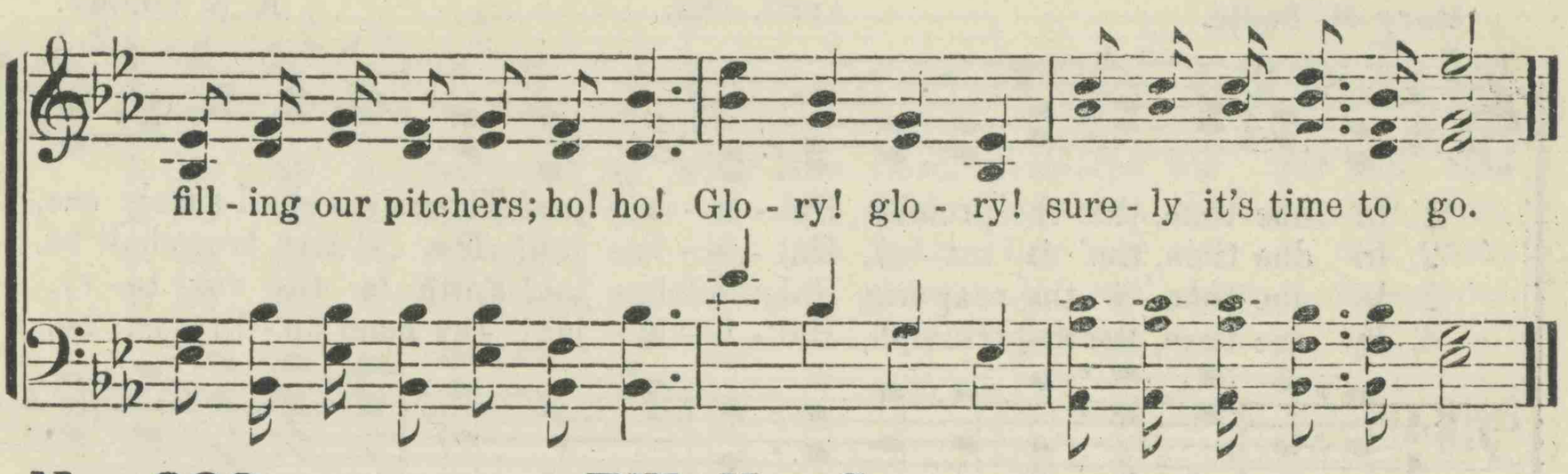
rain from Christ a - bove, On His saints be - low. Lo, the Ho - ly Ghost
might-y, rush - ing wind, All the world a - round; Driv - ing in its pow'r,
for the youth and sage, Thru the Ho - ly Ghost. Makes the tim - id brave,
com - ing now this way, Do you hear the call? Fills with love's de - sire,

Fills the wait - ing host, Ev - en as He fell a long a - go.
Cleansing as a show'r, Ev - 'ry-where that thirst - y men are found.
Proves that Christ can save, This is what be - liev - ers need the most.
Makes us mount up high'r, Hal - le - lu - jah! Let it quick - ly fall.

CHORUS.

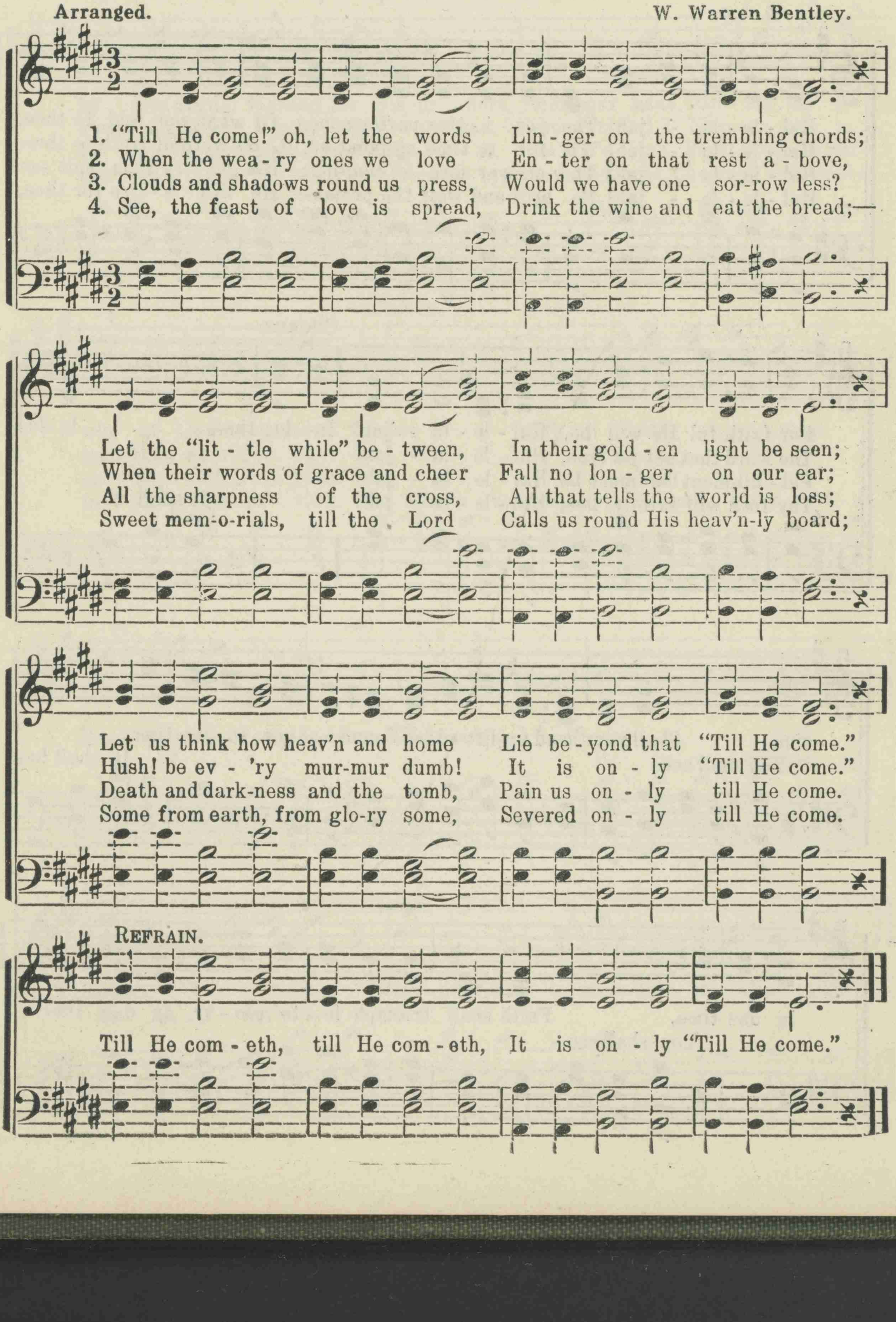
{ Pat - ter - ing falls the rain, Hear it, oh, hear it, my broth - er;
{ Let it not fall in vain; Broth - er, put down your um - brel - la;

Rip - en-ing, golden grain, Melting our hearts all to-geth-er.
Je-sus will come to reign; We may be caught up to-geth-er. } Pour-ing, pour-ing,



No. 223. Till He Come.

Arranged. W. Warren Bentley.



No. 224. In Due Time.

Mary M. Bodie. April, 1924. A. S. Copley.

1. In due time, this the promise, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine eyes shall surely see,
2. In due time, tho' it tar - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! The vi-sion true shall be,
3. In due time is the reap-ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Faith is the vic - to - ry,
4. In due time, thou shalt triumph, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thy head up - lift - ed be,

Hal - le - lu - jah! The pos - i - tive performance Of what was told to thee,
Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis for a time ap-point-ed, God's word of truth to thee,
Hal - le - lu - jah! The answer sure is com-ing; His glo - ry thou shalt see,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Be still and wait the promise; He will a - rise for thee,

CHORUS.

For faith-ful He will be, Hal - le - lu - jah! In due time, In due
The word that set you free, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Ful - fill-ment there must be, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Thy foes will sure-ly flee, Hal - le - lu - jah! It shall be,

time, Shall your head up-lift-ed be, Sound a chime; In due time,
You shall see, It shall be,

cres.

In due time, Faith shall triumph in - to glo - ry, In due time.
You shall see,

No. 225. Be An Overcomer.

Mary M. Bodie. April, 1924. Adapted by A. S. C.

1. Be an o - ver-com - er with the Lord, Armored for the con - flict by His word; Waiting for His or - ders, yield your hand, Go - ing on to win at God's com-mand. Choose now, choose now,
2. Be an o - ver-com - er in the field, Bear a shin - ing hel - met, sword and shield; Read-y, quick to answer, "Here am I," Nev - er ask a ques-tion, where? or why?
3. Be an o - ver-com - er in the fight, Loy - al as a wit - ness to the light; Stand a-gainst the foe in Canaan's land, Faint, yet e'er pur- su - ing with God's band.
4. Be an o - ver-com - er, choose to share Je - sus' deep a - base-ment, tho' un - fair; Yet, with Him in glo - ry, tried and true, Crowned with honors in the grand re - view.

CHORUS.

Be an o - ver-com - er, be an o-ver - com - er, Read - y, quick to an - swer, "Here am I," Choose now,
Be an o - ver-com - er, Choose now, Nev - er ask a ques - tion, where? or why?
Be an o - ver-com - er,

No. 226. Run For the Prize.

Mary M. Bodie. April, 1924. A. S. Copley.

1. Soon comes the dawning, brother, day is at hand, Je - sus is near - ing,
2. Press on the pathway, brother, sound no re-treat, Keep in the front rank,
3. Wake up the sleeping, there is no time to lose, Harv - est is rip'ning,
4. Hear, hear the trumpet, brother, shout, "Saints arise;" Lo, now the Bride is

rouse the conqu'ring band; Push past the judg - es, tho' the li - ons loud-ly roar,
nev - er know de-feat; Let no man take your crown nor pass you swiftly by,
glo - ri-ous the news; Bright gleams the morning, broth - er, up-ward lift the eye,
wait-ing for the prize; Go forth to meet Him, as His chosen One, His Love,

FINE. CHORUS.

Stren-u - ous the rac-ing, broth-er, now al-most o'er.
Stepping on the gas, my broth-er, win tho' you die. Run for the prize, brother,
And be-hold the breaking light in yon az - ure sky.
Mounting up to-geth - er gold-en stair-way of love.

D. S.—Leave the worldly church behind, And run for the Prize.

Run for the Prize, Heed not the tempter's voice, What-ev - er the guise;

D. S.

Speed up your go - ing, broth - er, Slug - gish - ness de - spise;

No. 227. The Story can Never Grow Old

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we preach something new;
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' its new ev - 'ry morn, all the same;
3. For what can we say to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal - va - tion from sin?
4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers far from the fold;

They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,
As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
And how can we com-fort the souls that de- part,
With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,

Refrain.

For the wise of this world will not do.
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.

It can nev-er grow old, It can nev-er grow old, Tho' a mill-ion times o- ver the sto- ry is told; While sin lives un- vanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Je - sus can nev-er grow old.

rit.

No. 228. The Way of the Sea.

Mary M. Bodie. May, 1924. A. S. Copley.

1. Oh, the way of the sea is the path-way for me, For it leads to the promised land; And the Captain said, "Go, I will make Egypt know All the pow'r of my own right hand." Sing,
2. It was dense, dark-est night, when I first caught a sight Of the pil - lar of cloud and fire; And I fol-lowed the light that was shining so bright, To the land of the harp and lyre.
3. Phar'oh's host com-ing fast, but the danger was past, When the Lead-er His rod lift up; So the way thru the sea was made o - pen for me, For an-oth - er has drank my cup.
4. On the Christ was the rod, and I journeyed dry-shod Thru the waters di-vided for me; Hence, I stand on the brink, liv-ing wa - ters I drink, For the fruit of the land is free. Sing ye to the Lord,

CHORUS.

Sing, Sing, Sing of the way thru the sea; Sing, Sing, Sing ye of the blood, Sing ye to the Lord, Sing ye to the Lord, Sing ye of the blood,

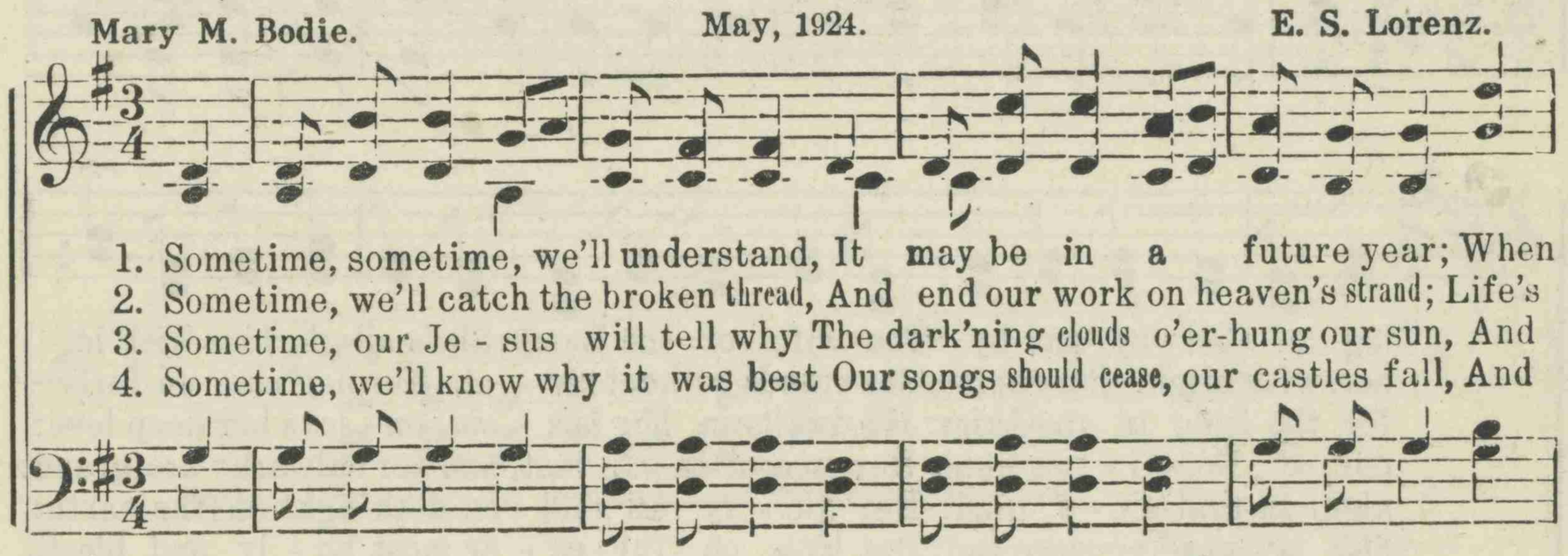
Sing, oh, ye blood-washed band, Oh, the way of the hap - py band,

The Way of the Sea. Concluded.



No. 229. Sometime, We'll Understand.

Mary M. Bodie. May, 1924. E. S. Lorenz.



230 The Holy City.

Mary M Bodie. 1920. A. S. Copley.

1. Be - hold a white Cit - y far up in the sky, The beau - ti - ful dwell-
2. Come hith - er: I'll show you this Cit - y di - vine. Her walls gleam with jas-
3. The Cit - y is built by the Ar - chi-tect wise, A heav - en - ly home
4. No need of the sun has this Cit - y so bright: She basks in the splen-
5. No clos - ing of gates in that Won-der, sun-clad; For there shall be no
6. And there's a pure riv - er, the streams which make glad The Cit - y of God.

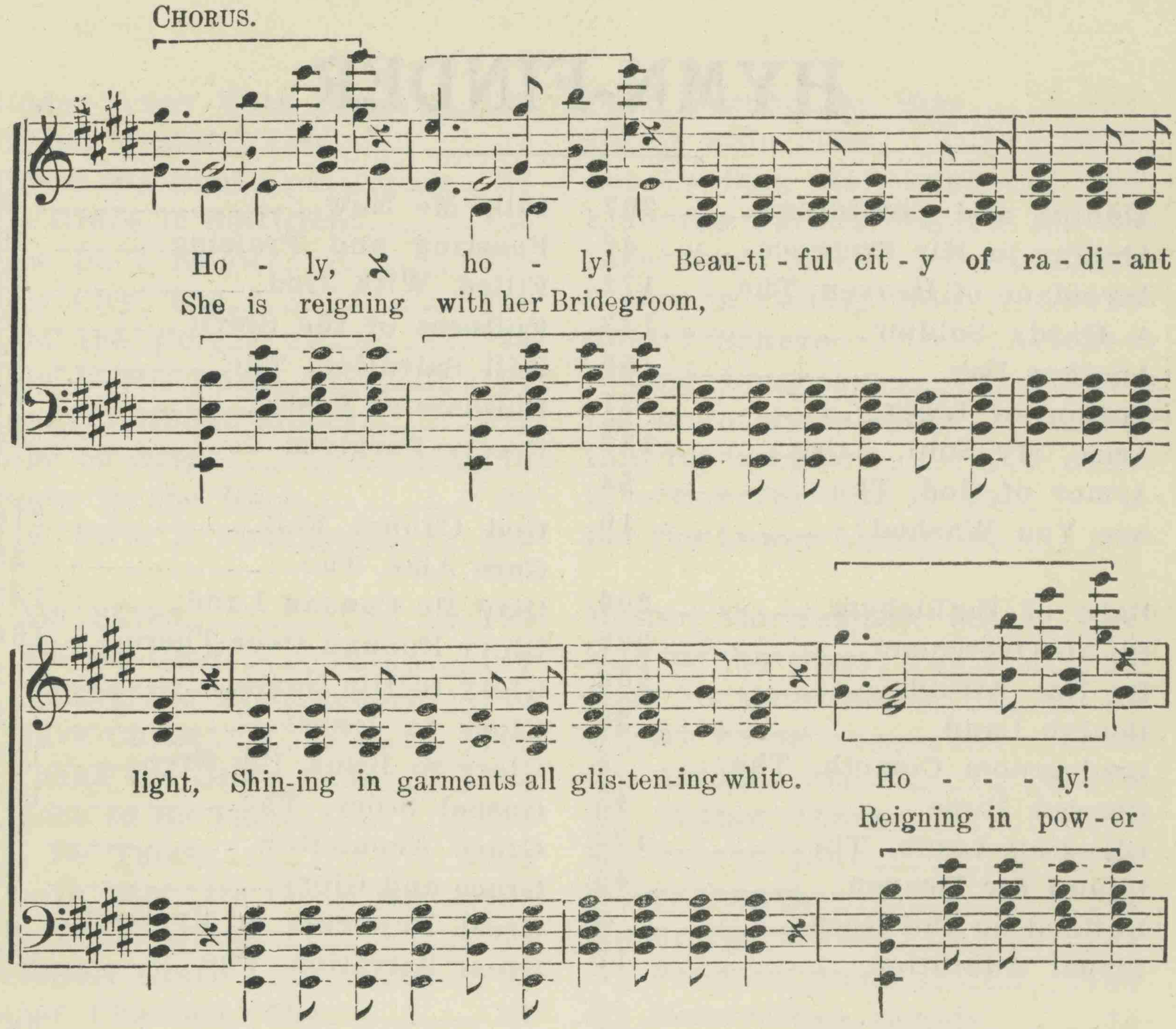
ing of God by and by—The wife of the Lamb; She's all-glorious with-in.
per, with bright glory shine. She stands without riv - al, Her flag she un-furls—
for the King in the skies. He dwells in her bos - om, en - joys her deep love:
dor of De - i - ty's light. Her measurements vast, and her bulwarks are grand:
night in that cit - y glad: Her glo - ry all-gold - en doth light-en the earth:
She is nev - er-more sad: But lives on for - ev - er most ho - ly and blest,

With rai-ment of nee-dle-work, His love she did win. And now on a mount,
The Bride of the conqu'ring Lamb; her gates sparkling pearls. She's made herself read-
She reigns with Him jointly on His throne from a-bove. And gone are the sor-
She boasts in the bri - dal robes all made by her hand—The fine lin - en gar-
Redeemed nations bring un-to her, treas-ures of worth. And naught can there en-
The Bride of the reigning Lamb; She's loved and caressed. And God the great build-

She sits state-ly and fair, A cit - y most ho - ly, trans-cen-dant - ly rare.
y, this Wo-man so fair. To her has been granted, King's hon-or to share.
row, the tears and the care: The curse has been lift-ed from Cit - y up there.
ments so daint-y and white, Be - fit - ting a Prin-cess ma - jes - tic with might.
ter of sin's woe and strife; But those who are written in Lamb's book of life.
er re - joic - es to see The beau-ti - ful Cit - y, which He has made free.

The Holy City. Concluded.

CHORUS.



After last verse.



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