Songs of Full Salvation

Edited by

Haldor Lillenas

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Songs of Full Salvation

For the Church, Sunday School Revival Meeting, Prayermeeting, Young People's Society, and all other Devotional Services

Compiled and Edited by
HALDOR LILLENAS

NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE
2109-15 Troost Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

Hymn
1920
Song A

Z7
L628

Preface

Christianity must either sing or stifle. The joys of full salvation can find no better mode of expression than that of holy song.

"FULL SALVATION SONGS" is sent out to meet a growing demand for a new song book carrying a message of complete deliverance from sin.

The book has been carefully and prayerfully prepared and contains a wealth of songs suitable for the church, Sunday school, prayermeeting, and all devotional services. The new songs number more than sixty, the Invitation, Devotional, Children's, and Chorus choir songs are grouped in departments.

We wish to gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the numerous publishers who have granted us permission to use their valuable copyrights.

The book is sent out in the name of the Master whom having not seen we love.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
AUG., 1920

Songs of full Salvation

1 Jesus.

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W. M. R. William M. Runyan.

1. All that my soul in its sin can need, All that my faith in its prayer can plead,
2. My on-ly claim for all sin for-giv'n, Ground for my hope of a home in heav'n;
3. Bread for the soul when I hunger sore, Grace for my heart when I thirst for more,

Cen-ter of life and soul of my creed Is Je-sus to me.
Pow-er thro' which my chains are all riv'n Is Je-sus to me.
Shel-ter-ing Rock when storms round me roar Is Je-sus to me.

CHORUS.

He is my Rock in a wear-y land, He is my Spring midst the des-ert sand;

Strength in my weak-ness that I may stand, Is Je-sus, Je-sus.

He Is The Rose of Sharon.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. In Je - sus I found such a won - der - ful friend, He sat - is - fies all of my need; He's more than my heart ev - er could com-pre-hend,
2. My con - stant Com-pan-ion, my Coun - sel - or too, My High Priest most ho - ly is He; The King of my soul and my Ad - vo- cate true,
3. Far more than the tri - fles that earth can af - ford, In Christ my Re- deem-er I see; In Him all the treas-ures of Heav - en are stored,

CHORUS.

O He is a Sav - ior in - deed.
My Sav - ior for - ev - er will be. He is the rose of Shar - on,
E - ter - nal His prais - es shall be.

Fra-grant and sweet to me, He is my light when shad-ows fall, Sav-ior and keep-er is He; He is the rose of Shar - on, He is my all in all.

God Leads Us Along.

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G. A. Y. G. A. YOUNG.

1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Where the water's cool flow bathes the
2. Sometimes on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Some-times in the val - ley in the
3. Tho' sor - rows be - fall us, and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; Through grace we can con-quer, de-
4. A - way from the mire, and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear chil-dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e-

wea - ry one's feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.
ter - ni - ty's day, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long.

CHORUS.

Some thro' the waters, some thro' the flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood;
Some thro' great sorrow, but God gives a song, In the night season and all the day long.

rit.

Some Golden Daybreak.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Some day the light of earth shall fade a - way, And I at last shall
2. That gold-en day-break I can al - most see, A veil but thin - ly
3. The hills of Par - a - dise with pur-ple gleam, The zephyrs ev - er

cease to roam; Then bur-dens I have borne I down shall lay; Some
in - ter-venes; Soon at the gates e - ter - nal I shall be To
soft - ly play, And all is fair - er than the fair-est dreams When

CHORUS. *mf*

gold - en day-break in my home, sweet home.
gaze up - on those fair, ce - les - tial scenes. Some gold-en day-break,
breaks at last that glad e - ter - nal day.

f *ff*

some gold-en day-break I shall ev - er cease to roam; Some gold-en

p *pp* rit.

day - break, some golden day-break I shall reach my home, sweet home.

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Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Jesus, Turning from the world a - way,
2. Naught reserving, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Jesus, Glad for Him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise His precious name forever That His blood hath made me free;

Stepping out up - on the promise, All I have is His to - day.
When the fire from heav'n descending Shall at-test His glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es, For the glo - ry of His name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Leaving all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav-ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way,..... Stepping out up -
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a-way, Stepping out up-

on His prom - ise, All I have is His to - day.
on His bless-ed promise,

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6

My Wonderful Friend.

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H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I found such a won-der-ful Sav-iour, In Je-sus, my Lord and my King;
2. Sur-pass-ing the love that a moth - er May have for the child of her care;
3. The pleasures the world could afford me Are naught to compare with His joy;
4. When sorrow and pain is my por - tion, When tears of bereavement must fall,
5. When tempests around me are sweeping, My Pilot and Guide He will be;

Un - dy - ing and true His de-vo - tion, My heart shall His glad praises sing.
The love of a sis - ter or broth - er With His we can nev-er com - pare.
The rapture and peace that He gives me, Earth's sorrows can never de - stroy.
My Saviour, my friend and companion Will comfort and keep through it all.
And safe is my soul in His keep- ing, My mighty de-liv -'rer is He.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a won-der-ful Sav-iour is He! Constant and true is Je - sus;
More than I fan-cied He ev- er could be, Is Je- sus, my wonderful friend.

Nearer the Cross.

BY PERMISSION.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep - er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.

(Dedicated to Leroy J. Mitchell by whom theme was suggested.)

8 Not For This World.

H. L. Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas. HALDOR LILLENAS.

mf

1. Not made for the trif - ling things of time, But to live for e - ter - ni - ty,.....
2. Not made that our souls in sin should rust, And God's pur - pose for ev - er miss;.....
3. Not made as the flow'rs that fade and die, When the bright summer days are o'er;.....
4. Not made for the fleet - ing joys of earth That will all quick-ly pass a - way;.....

Cre - a - ted to know the things sub - lime In the pres - ence of God are we.....
Not made to be bur - ried in the dust, But to rise to the heights of bliss.....
Not made as the mists that soon drift by But en - dur - ing for ev - er - more.....
Not made for the wealth of lit - tle worth, But for rich - es that last for aye.....

CHORUS.

Made for a life that nev - er ends, Made for the home of God
Made to commune with God Him - self And with Him ev - er reign

1

love;..... Made for a bet - ter land than this, Made for the be.....

2

glo - ri - ous world a - bove. Not made for the

trif - ling things of time but to live For e - ter - ni - ty.....

9

Pilot Me.

RICHARD HAINSWORTH. Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When shades of night are fall - ing, O - ver life's rest - less sea,
2. Ma - ny the shoals a-round me Ma - my the rocks I see,
3. Soon is the voy - age end - ed Soon I at home shall be;

poco rit.

Lord be Thou near To comfort and cheer And ten-der - ly pi - lot me.
Stand by my side O be Thou my guide And con-stant-ly pi lot me.
Storms soon shall cease To harbors of peace Thou safely wilt pi - lot me.

10

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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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
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I

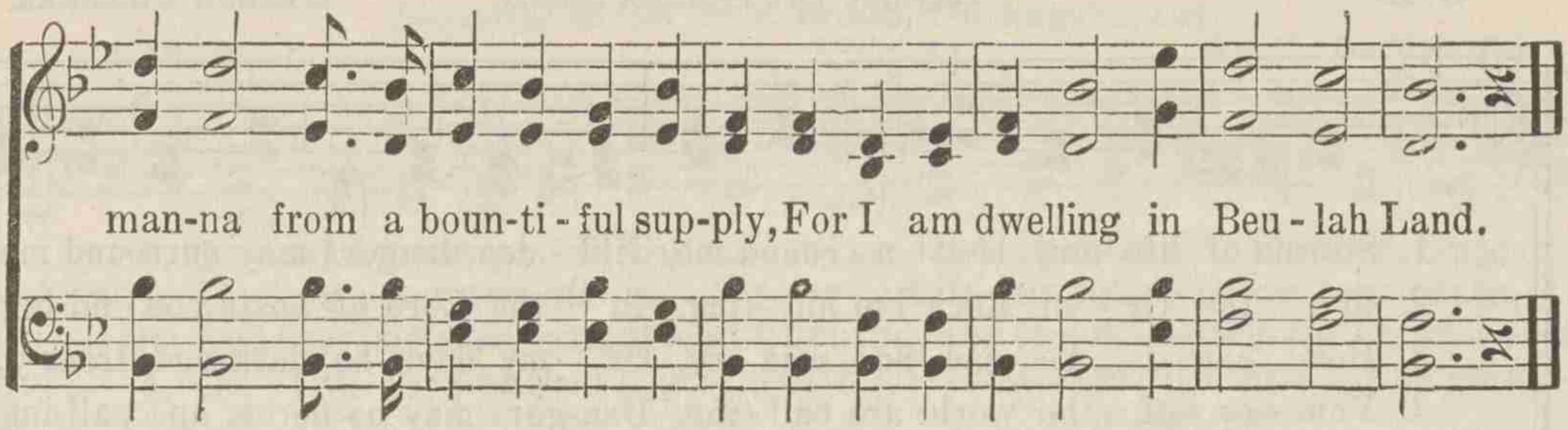
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing there can reach me–'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

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

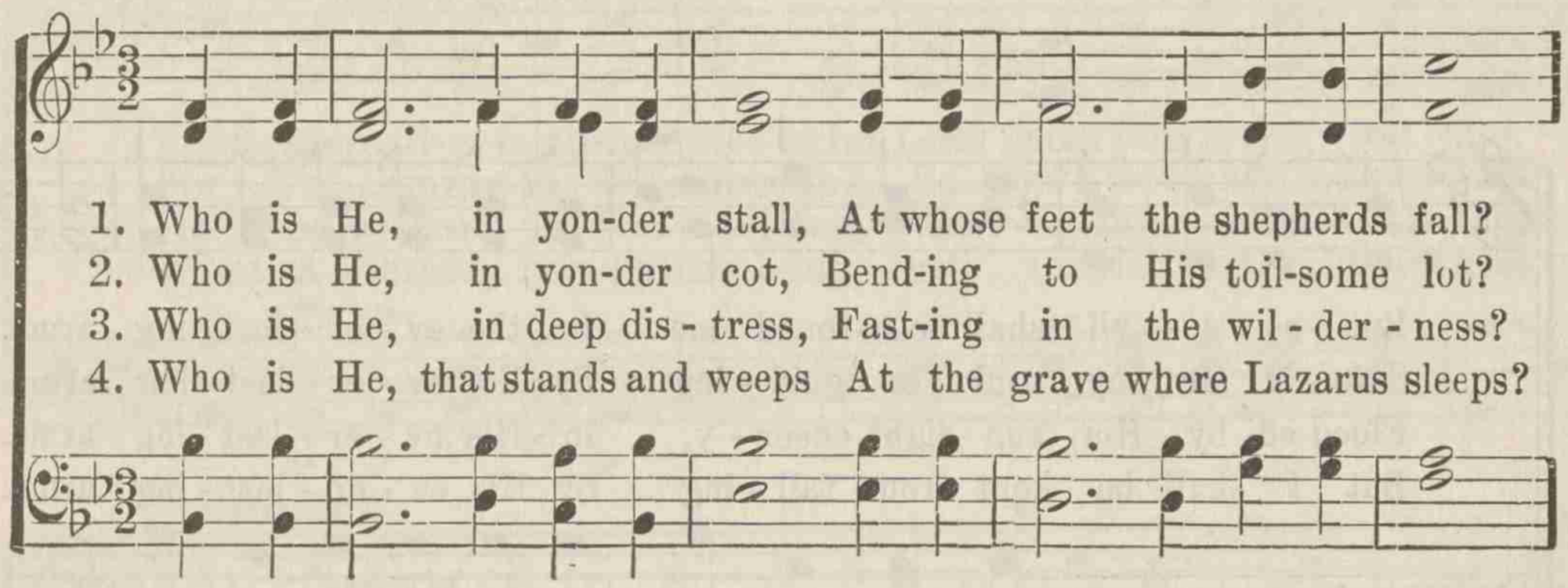
Dwelling in Beulah Land.

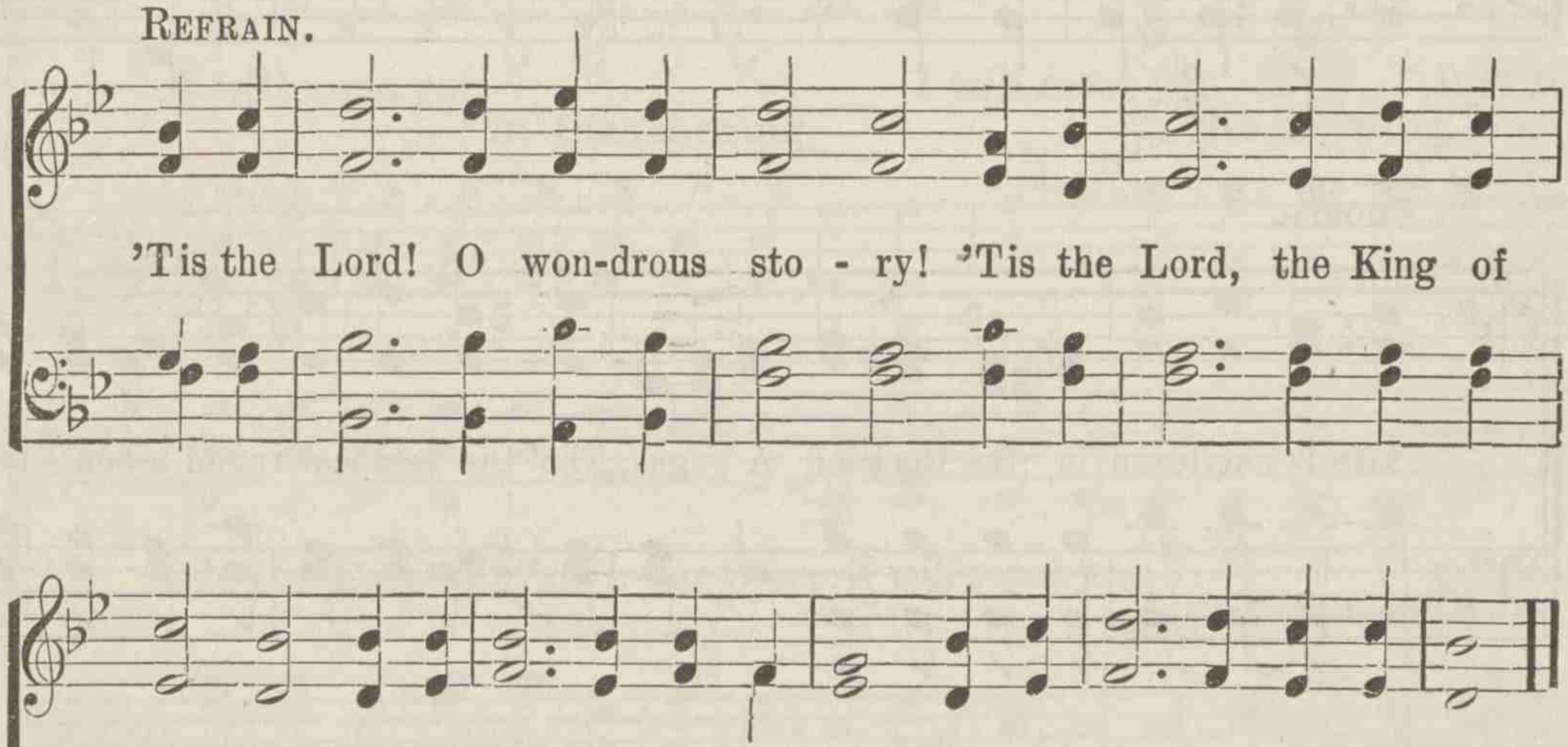


11

Who is He?

D. R. H. D. R. Hanby.





5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and save?

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

12

Safely Sheltered.

H. L.

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HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Storms of life may beat a - round me, Hid - den dangers may surround me,
2. In the riv - en Rock I'm hid - ing, In the Lord of hosts con - fid-ing;
3. How can I be sad and wea - ry, Or my days be dark and drear-y,
4. Voic - es of the world are call - ing, Dan-gers may be fierce, ap - pall-ing,

But no e - vil shall con-found me In the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Safe - ly He my soul is guid - ing By His ev - er - last - ing arms.
Flood-ed by His sun - light cheer - y, In His ev - er - last - ing arms.
But I shall be kept from fall - ing By His ev - er - last - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock of A - ges, Tho' the tempest round a-bout me

cres.....

rag - es; Shield-ed from all fear and harm In the ev - er - last-ing arms.

The Eastern Gate.

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

I. G. M. Arr. I. G. MARTIN.

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East - ern Gate.
What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, Just in-side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.

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All the Way Along.

ADA BLENKHORN. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MEYER & BROTHER. L. E. JONES.

1. There is One who loves me, One who is my friend All the way a - long,
2. He doth still the tempest, bid its tu-mult cease, All the way a - long,
3. In my Lord and Sav - ior I will joy - ful be All the way a - long,
4. I will sing the prais - es of His wondrous love All the way a - long,

all the way a - long; He is ev - er near me, read - y to de - fend;
all the way a - long; In the time of troub - le keeps in per-fect peace:
all the way a - long; Speaking words of com - fort sweet and dear to me,
all the way a - long; I will sing more sweet-ly in my home a-bove:

CHORUS.

All the way a - long it is Je - sus. All the way a - long it is

Je - sus, All the way a - long bless - ed Je - sus; He's my joy and song

All the way a - long; All the way a - long it is Je - sus.

15 The Arm That is Stronger Than Mine.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Richard Hainsworth. **Haldor Lillenas.**

DUET.

1. I'm trust-ing-ly walk-ing a - long my way, Se - cure - ly pro-tect - ed from
2. The problems of life would perplex me here, The tri - als would oft fill my
3. How oft-en en-cum-bered with anxious care, How need-less the bur-dens I

day to day, My bur-dens and sor-rows I glad - ly lay On the
heart with fear; When most I am tempt-ed, then He is near, With an
oft - en bear, When Je - sus is wait - ing my load to share, With an

CHORUS.

arm that is stronger than mine. The arm that is stronger than
arm that is strong-er than mine..... is
mine,..... Up-holds me by pow-er, by pow'r di-vine; No e - vil mo-
stronger than mine,

Poco rit. - - - -

lest-ing while here I am rest-ing On the arm that is stronger than mine.

16 That Will Be the Resting Time.

W. M. R. WILLIAM M. RUNYAN.

1. When the calls of du - ty are urg - ing on, When the spir-it wav-ers and
2. In the field is standing the ripened grain; Shall these souls now perish and
3. Res - cu-ing the fall - en, the lone and lost, Do- ing love's sweet service all

strength is al- most gone; Breathe a pray'r for cour - age a - long your way,
wait for help in vain? Those who serve their Saviour have life's short day,
heed - less of the cost; Ev - er speed-ing on - ward to dare and do,

CHORUS.

God will give His grace suf-fic-ient for each day.
O to use these golden hours in God's own way.
All too soon the evening time will come to you.
} There will be a resting time,

by and by, It is now our testing time as the moments fly, When our work is

end- ed, our souls to God ascend- ed, That will be the resting time by and by.

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17 The Garden of My Heart.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. There's a sa - cred and hal-lowed re - treat, Where my soul finds a
2. There is naught can dis - turb or mo - lest, There my spir - it finds
3. Shut a - way from earth's strife and its din, And pro-tect - ed from
4. There the dove of sweet peace al-ways sings, And my faith ev - er

fel - low-ship sweet, Where the Lord of my life I may meet, In the
com-fort and rest, And my soul is no lon-ger dis - tressed In the
soul-stain-ing sin, For my Sav-ior is dwell-ing with - in, In the
trust-ing - ly clings; And the chime of sweet hap-pi-ness rings In the

CHORUS.

gar - den of my heart. In the cool of the day He walks with me,
In the rose-bordered way He talks with me; In love's ho - ly un - ion,
And sa - cred com-mun-ion, In the gar - den of my heart.

Robert H. Coleman, Owner

18 Victory Ahead.

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W. G. REV. WILLIAM GRUM.

1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jer - i - cho
2. Da - vid with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi - ant on the field
3. Dan - iel pray'd un-to the Lord thrice each day, Then un to the li-on's den
4. Of - ten with the car-nal mind I was tried, Ask-ing for de - liv - er-ance
5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's river cold and dark

firm - ly trod; Trust-ing in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
all a - lone; Trust-ing in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
led the way; Trust-ing in the Lord, He did not fear nor dread, By faith he
oft I cried; Trust-ing in the Lord, I reckoned I was dead, By faith I
I may stand; Trust-ing in the Lord, I will not fear nor dread, By faith I

CHORUS.

saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head. Vic-to - ry a-head! Vic-to - ry a - head!
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
see the vic - to - ry a - head.

Thro' the blood of Je - sus, Vic - to - ry a-head; Trusting in the Lord, I

feel the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head!

The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS. D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;
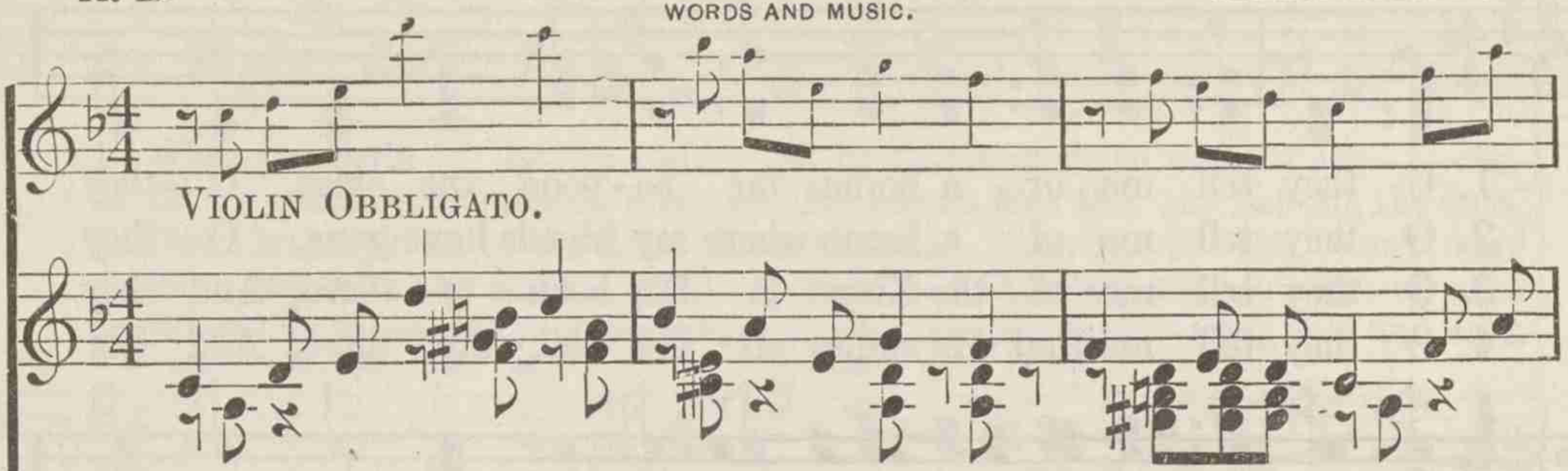
After the Shadows.

(Inscribed to my friend, Earl F. Wilde.)

H. L.

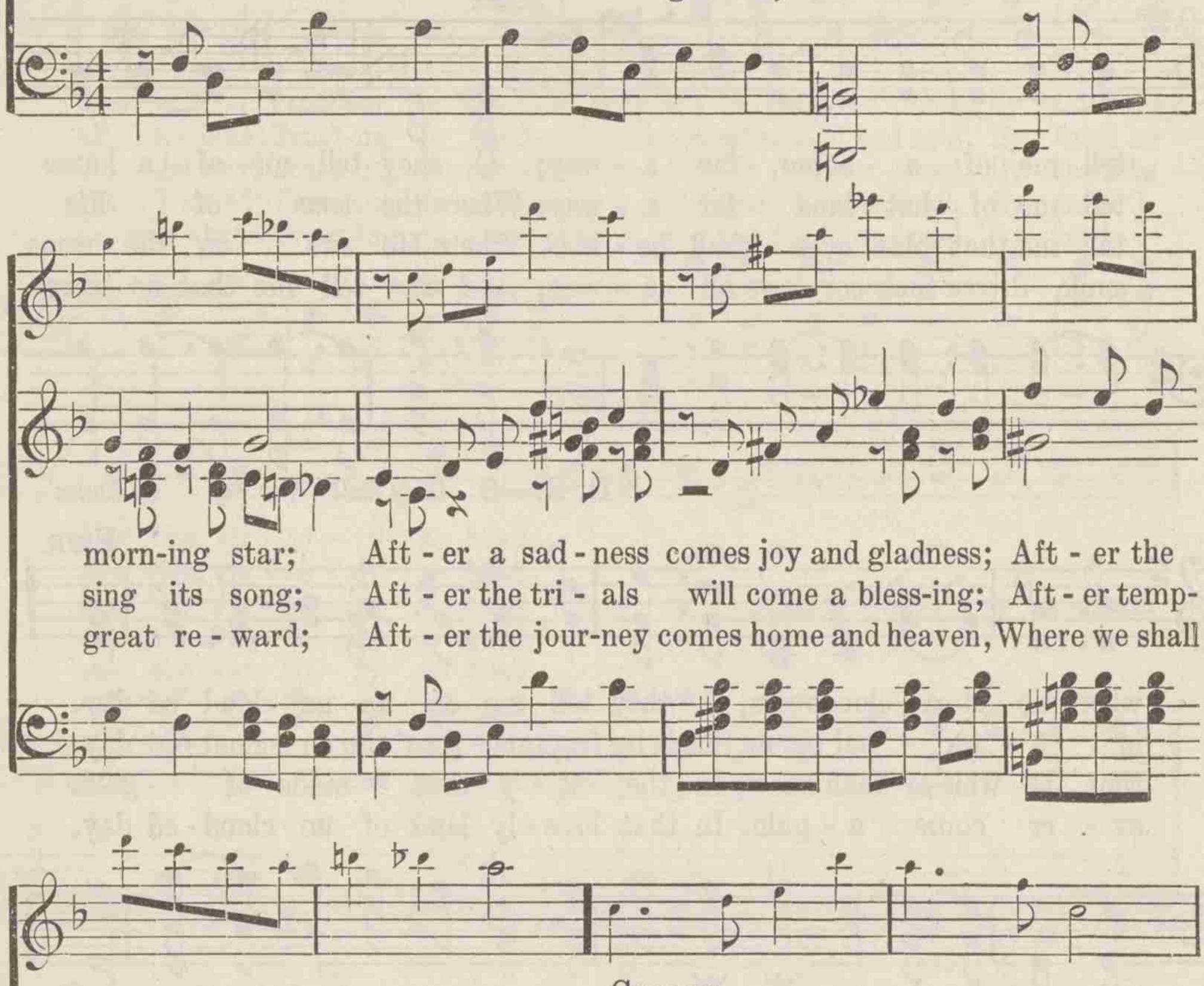
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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.



VIOLIN OBBLIGATO.

1. Aft - er the shad - ows com - eth the sunshine; Aft - er the night beams the morn-ing star;
2. Aft - er the tem - pest calm will en-fold you; Aft - er the tears hope will sing its song;
3. Aft - er the cross the crown will be giv - en; Aft - er the toil come the great re - ward;

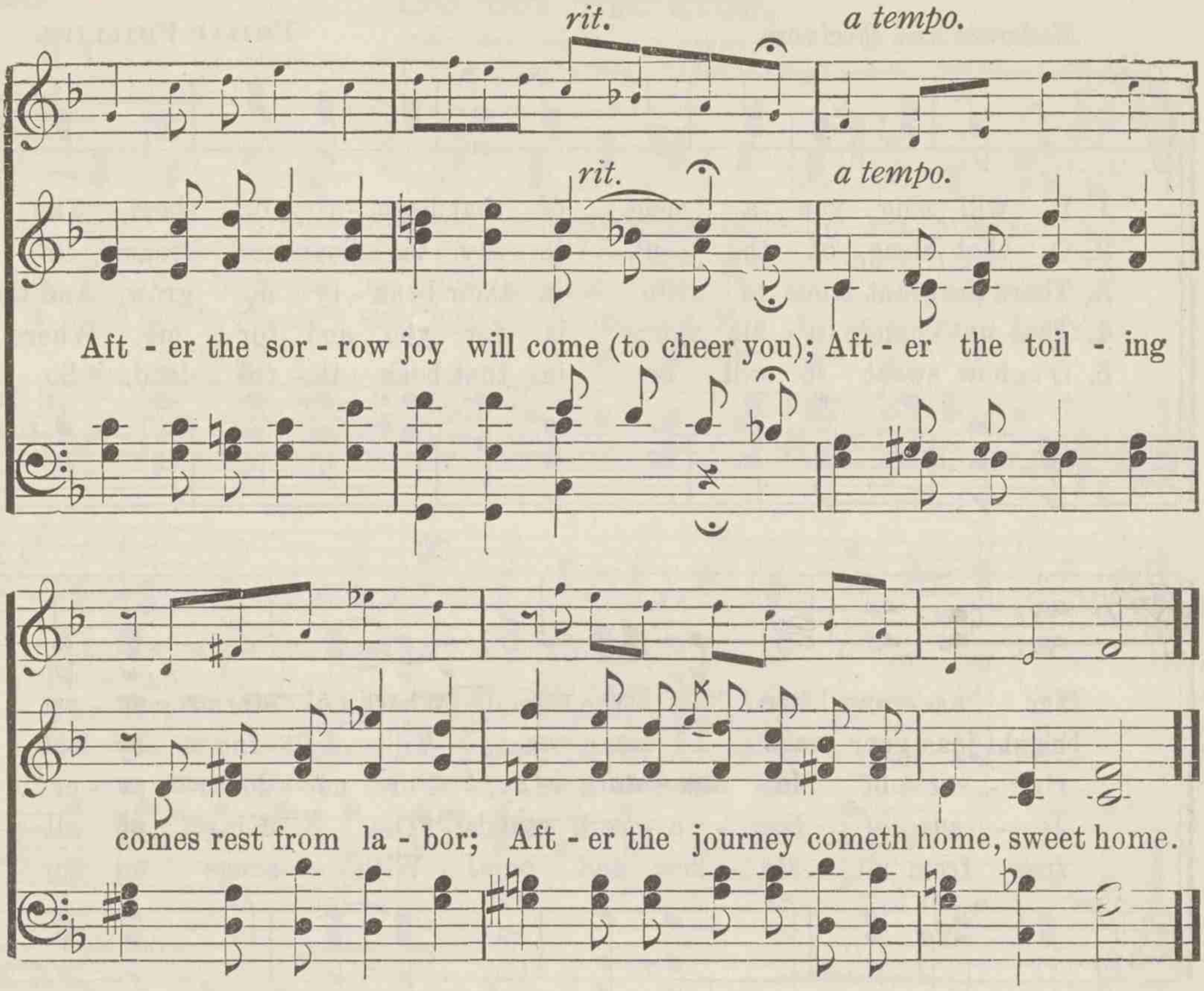


Aft - er a sad - ness comes joy and gladness; Aft - er the
Aft - er the tri - als will come a bless-ing; Aft - er temp-
Aft - er the jour-ney comes home and heaven, Where we shall

CHORUS.

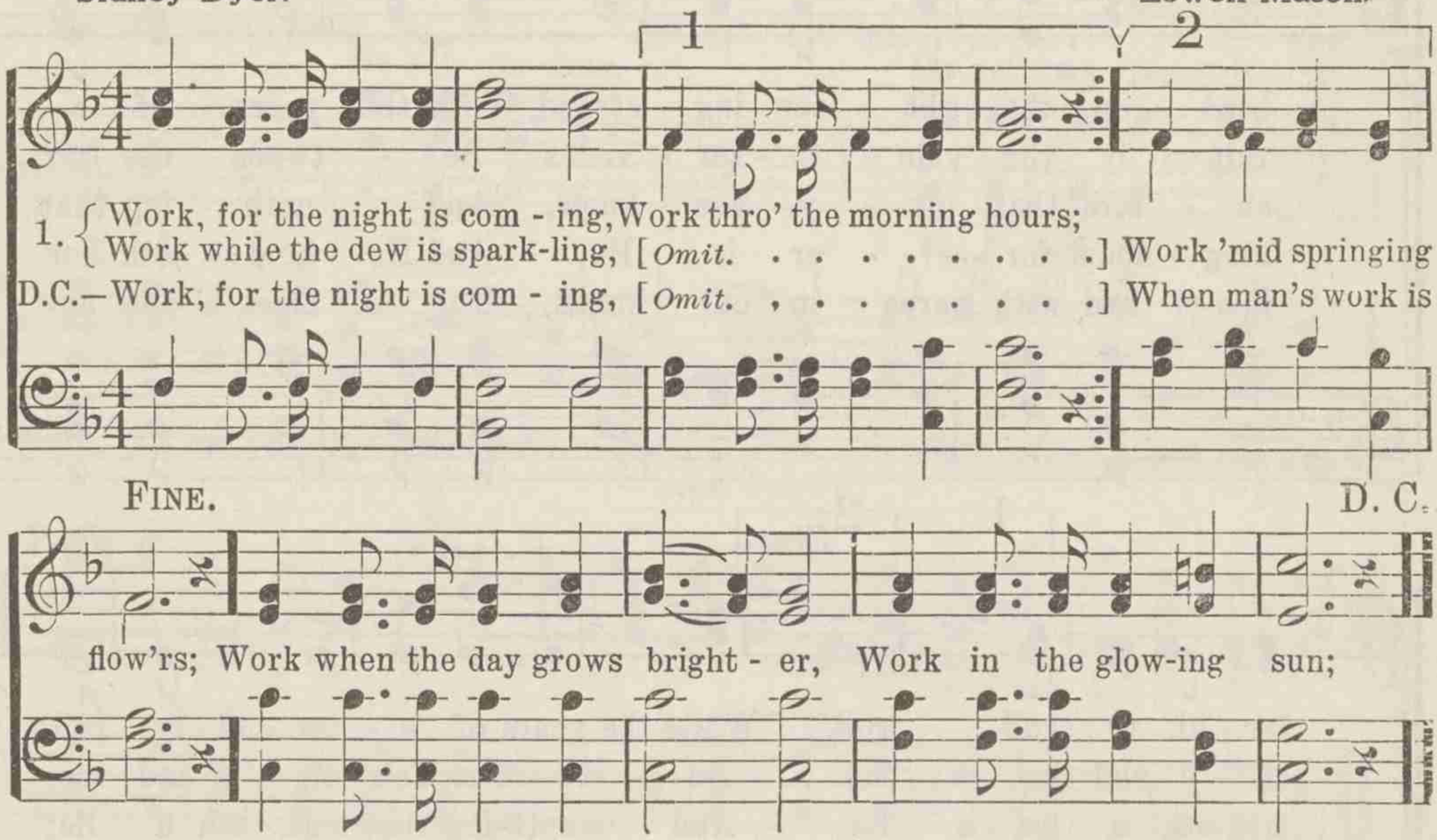
battle, peace that naught can mar.
ta-tion, tri-umph o - ver wrong. Aft - er the shadows com-eth the sun-shine;
dwell for-ev-er with the Lord.

After the Shadows.



21 Work, For the Night Is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. Lowell Mason.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Home of the Soul.

Moderato and effectuoso. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its
3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the
4. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where
5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

:8:

far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but
riv - er of life flow - eth by, For no death ev - er
Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e-
thin - ly the vale in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
en - ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that
king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-

1 2 *Fine.* *D. S.*

ter - ni - ty roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
cit - y and me, me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me;
mak-eth a lie, lie. And noth-ing that mak - eth a lie;
crowns in His hands, hands. And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands;
oth - er a - gain, gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain;

23 He Set Me Free.

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H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. My soul is filled with joy and glad-ness, Since Je - sus came to me,
2. The chains of sin have all been bro - ken, And I have lib - er - ty,
3. The in - ward foe no more can harm me, The blood a - vails for me;
4. The grace of Je - sus has a-bound - ed, For all my sin I see;

His love has ban-ished all my sad-ness, From sin I am set free.
Since pard'ning grace to me was spo - ken, From sin I am set free.
The world - ly pleas-ures can - not charm me, From sin I am set free.
Sal - va - tion walls has me sur-round - ed, From sin I am set free.
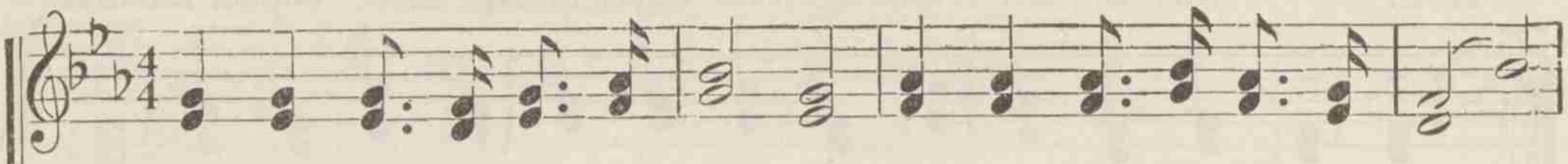
CHORUS.

He set me free,..... He set me free,..... I was
He set me free, He set me free,
blind, but hal - le - lu - jah, now I see!..... I shall ne'er for-get the day
now I see!

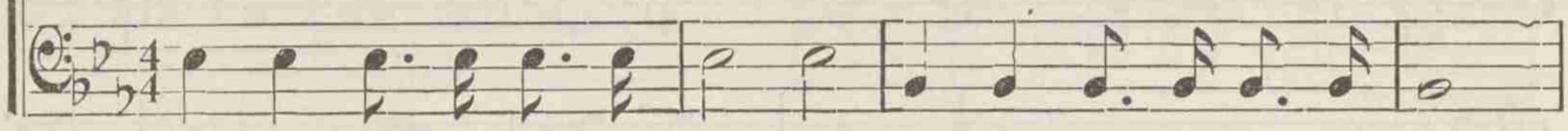
When He washed my sins a - way, And He set, He set me free.....
He set me free.
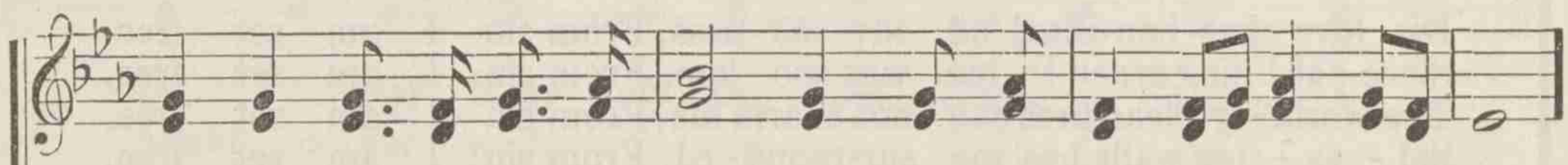
Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. R. Lowry.
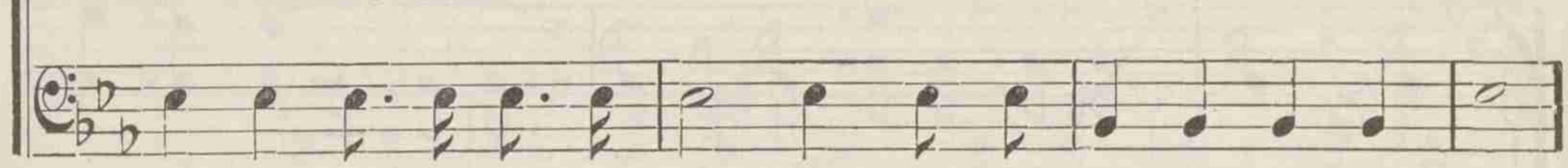


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll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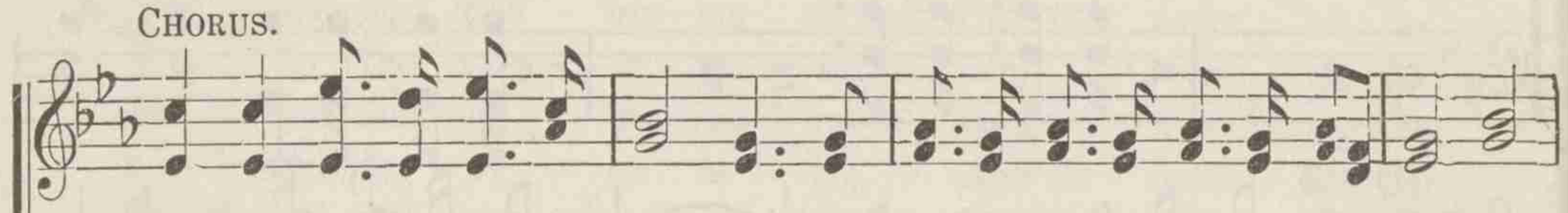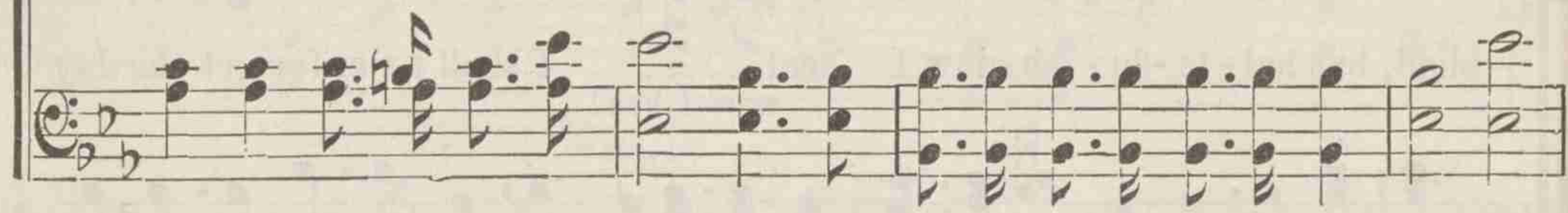




With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap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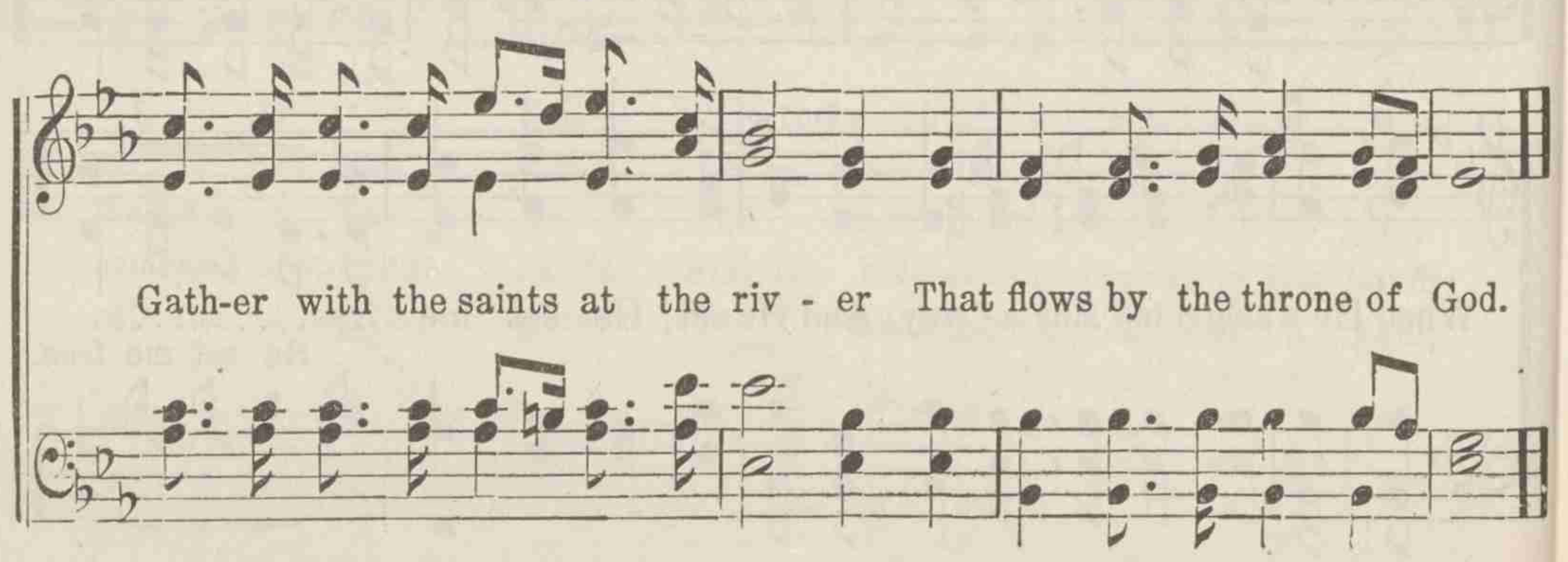


Chorus.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beauti - ful riv - er;



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



25

Not Empty-Handed.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. He that, weeping, goeth forth to sow In life's harvest field so wide,
2. Dai - ly go-ing forth to seek the lost; Nev-er serv-ice was so sweet;
3. While the summer's sun is shining bright, Till the evening shadows dim,
4. Bringing to the gar-ner of the Lord Souls my la-bors here have won;

Doubtless shall the joy of reaping know, Joy that ev-er will a - biue.
Bringing them, whatever it may cost, To the dear Redeem-er's feet.
Toil - ing in the fields to harvest white, Winning precious souls for Him.
God's approving smile my rich reward, And His gracious "Child, well done!"

CHORUS.

Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
No, not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
To meet my Lord who loves me so;
Forth to meet my Lord who loves me so;

Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go, But la- den with golden sheaves.

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26 Eternity is Calling You.

Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas. Words and music.

J. M. HUMPHREY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. E - ter - ni - ty is call - ing you As sea - sons come and go,
2. E - ter - ni - ty is call - ing you Thro' ev - 'ry hoar - y head;
3. E - ter - ni - ty is call - ing you Thro' mu - sic, wind and wave;
4. E - ter - ni - ty is call - ing you From yon - der vault - ed sky;

It speaks to you in smil - ing spring And win - ter's glist'ning snow,
It speaks from all the blast - ed hopes That 'long your path are spread,
'Tis call - ing from each fad - ing leaf And ev - 'ry si - lent grave,
'Tis call - ing thro' the twinkling stars Whose voi - ces nev - er die.

CHORUS.

And win - ter's glist - 'ning snow.
That 'long your path are spread.
And ev - 'ry si - lent grave.
Whose voi - ces nev - er die.

} Call - ing you, Call - ing you, O seek the Lord, your days on earth are few; You must o - bey, you can - not stay; E - ter - ni - ty is loud - ly call - ing you.

27 Do You Think He Will Leave You Alone?

H. L.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Faint-ing pil-grim so way-worn and wea - ry, Has the path-way of peace rug-ged grown? Tho' the face of your Lord may be hid - den, Do you
2. When thro' val-ley of shad-ow you wan - der, Where it seems that no light ev - er shone; Do not fear for the Sav-iour is near you, Do not
3. Tho' the friendships of earth should all van - ish, And mis-for-tune a - round you be thrown; Put your trust in the friend of the friend - less, For He
4. He is near - er to you than a broth - er, Think of mer-cies He oft - en has shown; He whose heart o-ver-flows with com-pas - sion, Nev-er,

CHORUS.

think He will leave you a - lone?
think He will leave you a - lone.
nev - er will leave you a - lone.
nev - er will leave you a - lone.

} Do you think He will leave you a - lone?.....

He will leave you a-lone?

When for you He sur - ren-dered His throne,..... Will He ev - er for -
surrendered His throne,

sake you or let e-vil o'ertake you? No, He nev-er will leave you a - lone.....
will leave you alone.

28 "Whosoever," That Means Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HALDOR LILLENAS

H. L. WORDS AND MUSIC Haldor Lillenas.

1. Fath - om-less the love and match-less grace That in-cludes the lost in
2. Sweet the gos - pel bells of mer - cy chime, Peal-ing forth their strains of
3. Tho' a - far from God I went a - stray, All my sin and guilt is
4. When the day of toil has end - ed here, When the gates of Par - a-

ev - 'ry place; All - suf - fi - cient for each tribe and race,—
peace sub-lime Un - to ev - 'ry soul, in ev - 'ry clime,—
washed a - way, And my heart with glad-ness sings to - day:
dise ap - pear, I shall sing this song of end - less cheer:

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er," that means me. "Who-so-ev-er," that means me, yes,
O that means me, yes,

"Who - so - ev - er," that means me; .... Bless - ed word of prom - ise,
yes, that means me;

gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er," that means me.

Alone.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. I am dreaming to-day Of the home far a - way In realms of su-
2. Here a stranger, I stray From that home far a - way; I would that an-
3. Let me toil, let me pray For the lost ev -'ry day, In hope that my

per - nal de - light, Where no storms can molest, Where the weary shall rest, Where
oth - er might share In the joy of my King, When the Savior shall bring His
loved ones may meet In that land free from pain, Life e - ter - nal to gain, And

CHORUS.

com - eth no shad-ow of night.
ran-somed to rest o - ver there.
cast down their crowns at his feet!

All a - lone shall I stand In that

beau - ti-ful land, Not one star to a-dorn his bright crown? Emp-ty-
Je-sus' crown?

hand-ed, to bring Not one soul for my King, No tro - phy of grace to lay down?

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30

The Set of the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

A. N. O. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) Richard Hainsworth.

1. One ship drives east and one drives west, By the self - same wind that blows; 'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale Which tells the way it goes....
2. Like the waves of the sea are the gales of fate, As on-ward we journey thro' life; 'Tis the set of the soul which determines the goal, And not the storm or strife...
3. At my helm stands the Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee, He will safe - ly guide me thro'; He my friend and my con-stant help-er will be, Till the gold-en gate I view....

CHORUS.

I've set my sail for heav-en, I've set my soul to go thro'; Tho' storm-y gale my barque as - sail, I shall reach the har-bor land.....

I've set my sail for heav-en, I've set my soul to go thro'; Tho' storm-y gale my barque as - sail, I shall reach the har-bor land.

31 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,

rit.....

The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!

32

In Canaan Land.

D. Deware.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

C. C. Crammond.

1. I am liv-ing now in Canaan since my soul is sanc-ti-fied; Vict'ry o - ver all my tri - als, with His love I'm sat-is-fied; Could I tell thee all the pleasures that are mine along life's way, You would come and share its treasures; why not come, and come to-day?
2. As I gaze back o'er my journey, when I wandered onward still, Longed my heart for something bet - ter, but I did not know His will; All my good in-ten-tions failed me, and my courage well nigh fled, But my Saviour saw my struggling, took my hand and gently led.
3. I am praising my Redeemer, for this land of pure delight, And His presence is so precious, drives away all fears of night; Here the sun is ev - er shin-ing, warms and cheers me by its ray, Now I'm looking for His coming, in that bright and glorious day.

CHORUS.

Come o - ver now in - to Ca-naan land, This land of per - fect love, ...
Come now, come now, Come to this land of per-fect love,
Pleas-ures are here ev - er flow - ing, Down from the throne a - bove.

33 I Ought to Know Him.

W. M. R. WILLIAM M. RUNYAN.

1. They tell me there is one who knows my need, Who for my sin-ful soul will in - ter-cede, And pardons all who will His warnings heed, To know Him
2. The way of life was o-pened for us here, By bleeding cross, by thorns and anquished tear; To make the sin-ner's heav'nly ti - tle clear– To know Him
3. To know Him, yea, to know His dy-ing love, To find the pil-grim way to heav'n above; Just now by faith His mer - cy I would prove, To know Him

CHORUS.

is e - ter - nal life. I ought to know Him, I want to know Him, Too long I've known the way of sin; I ought to know Him, I want to know Him,

I ought to know Him, I want to know Him, Too long I've known the way of sin; I ought to know Him, I want to know Him, The way of life I now be - gin.

Copyright, 1919, by W. M. Runyan.

34

Beautiful.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall leave this shore.

Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross
Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to

CHORUS.
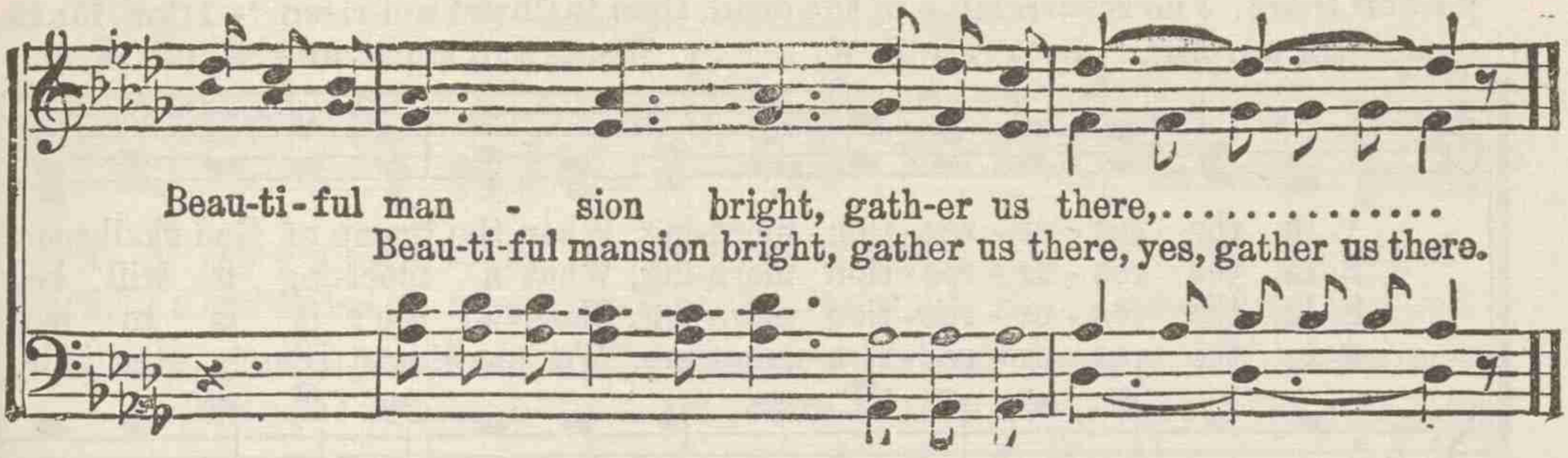
mansions fair, Gather us there. Beautiful robes,..... Beautiful land,...
o · ver there, This is my pray'r.
sor-row more, Heav-en-ly store. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful

..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beau-ti-ful band,.....
land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful land no night,

Beau - ti - ful crown,..... Shin-ing so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shining so fair,

J. A. Lee, owner of copyright.

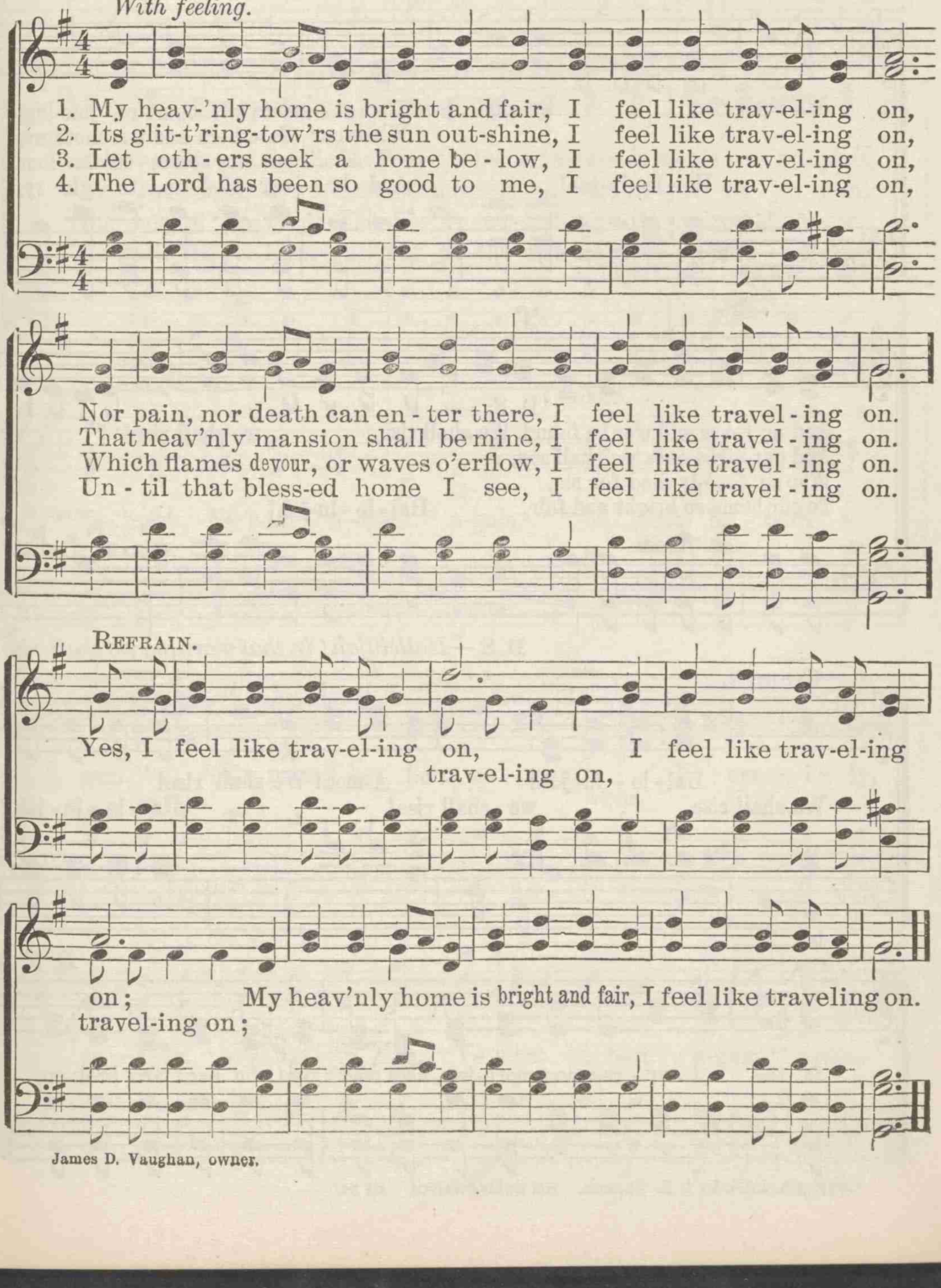
Beautiful.



35 I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. ARR. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.



James D. Vaughan, owner.

36 Hallelujah! We Shall Rise.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

Not too fast. Last v. R E W. Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, What a meet-ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,
4. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, We shall meet Him in the air,

We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic-ing,
When our fa - thers and our mothers,
I shall see my bless - ed Sav-iour,
Hal - le - lu-jah! And be car - ried up to glo - ry,

D. S.

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free-ly died for me,
To our home so bright and fair, Hal - le - lu-jah!

D. S.—*Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise.*

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu- jah! A-men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.

In the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing, When death's pris - on bars are brok-en,

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37 Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul-er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

sal-va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je-sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-gain," "Ye must be born a-gain," "Ye must be born a-gain," I ver-i-ly,

a-gain, a-gain,

ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

38

If Jesus Goes With Me.

C A. M

Copyright, 1908, by Hall-Mack Co.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dan-gers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go a - ny - where!
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go a - ny - where!
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be-yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con- fess his judgments fair, And, if he stays with me, I'll stay a - ny - where!
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con-tent a - ny - where!
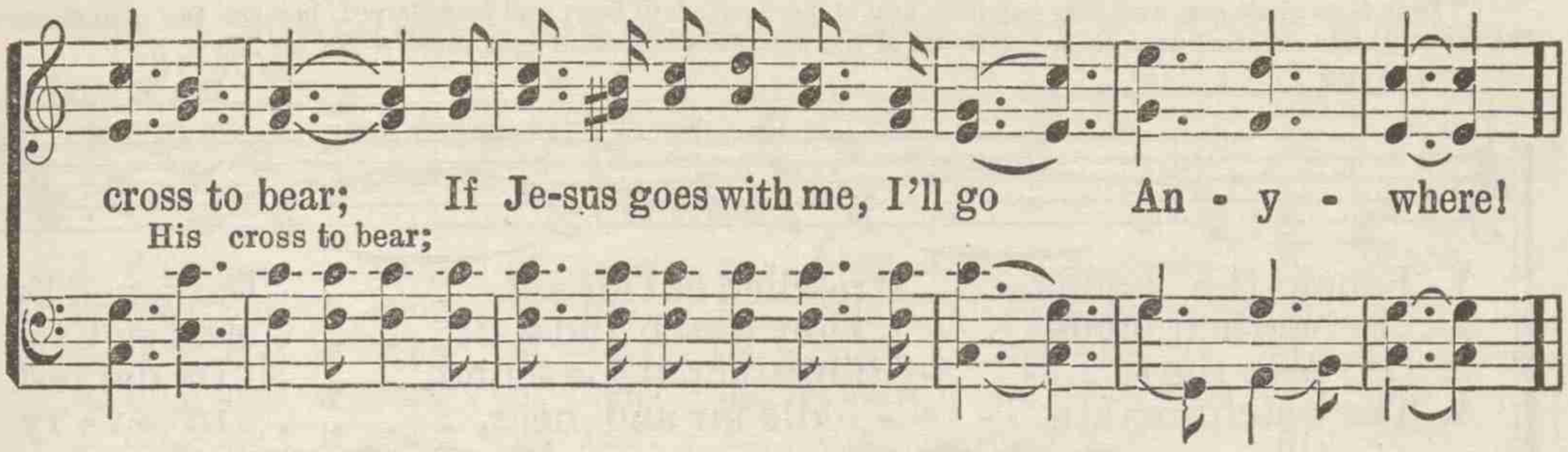
CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... A - ny - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher- e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here... His

I'll go

His cross, His

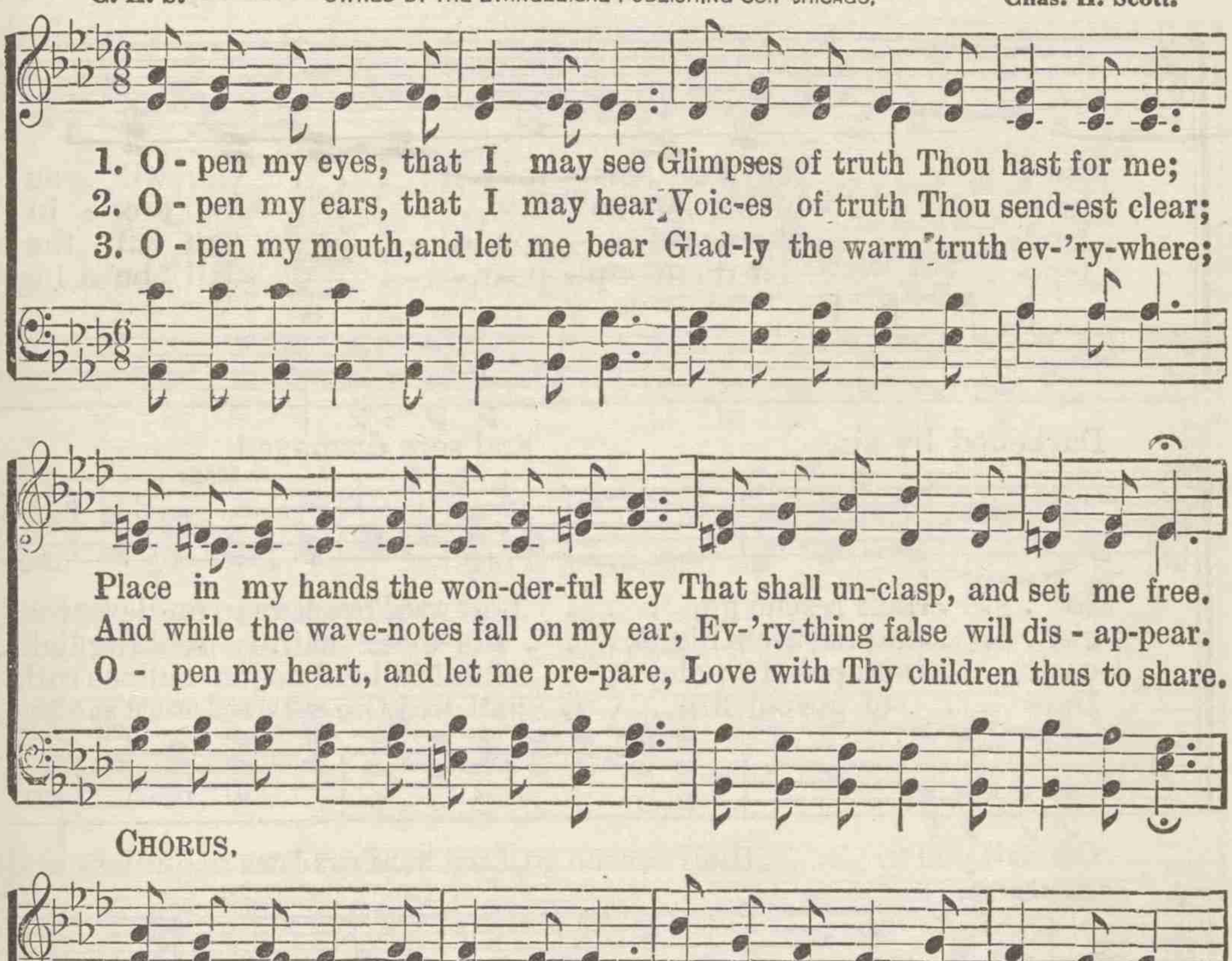
If Jesus Goes With Me.



39 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

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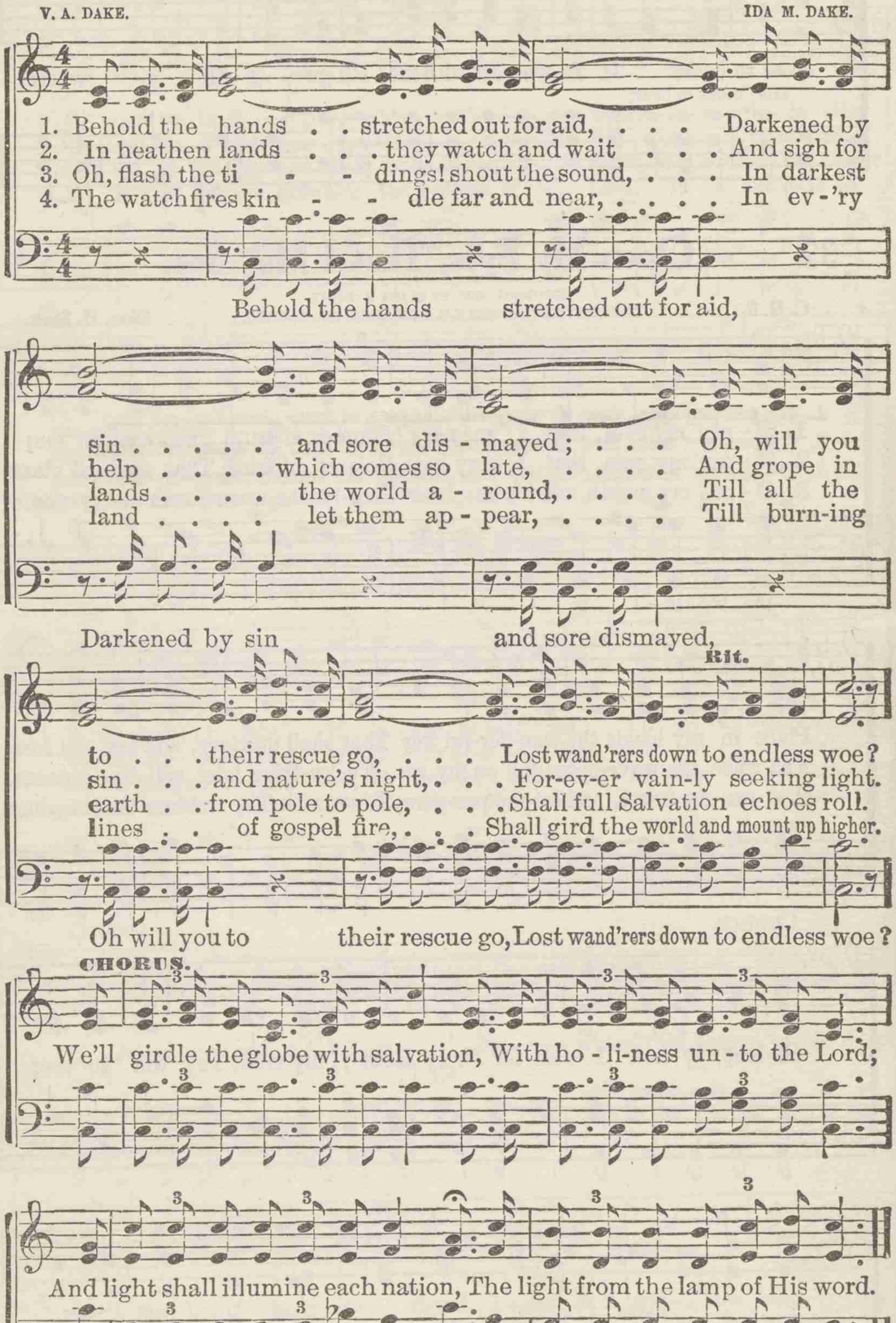
C. H. S. Chas. H. Scott.



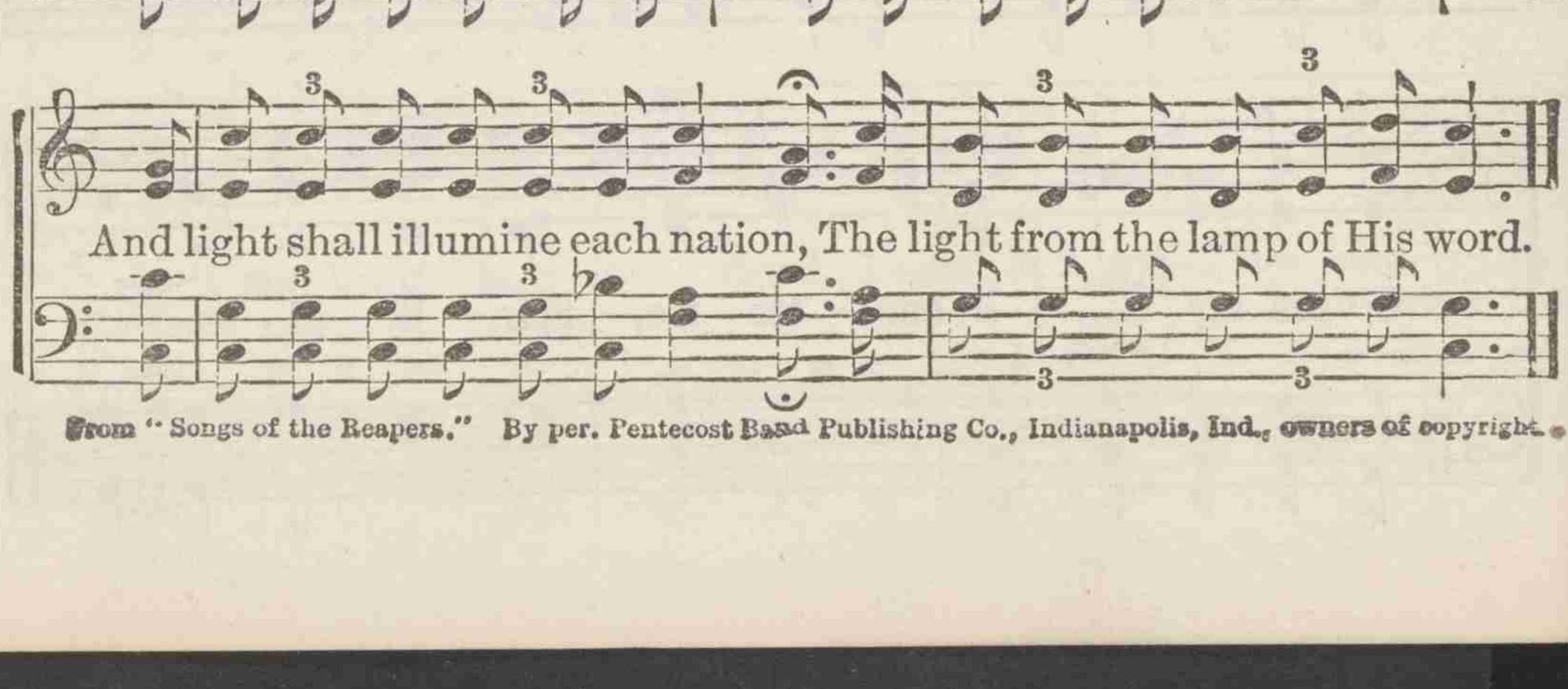
WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

"Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged, because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."—Isa. 60 . 5.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.



CHORUS.



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41 Sing Me a Song of Heaven.

H. L. Words and music copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Auburn, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Andante.

1. Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful home-land of peace;
2. Sing me a song of heav - en, Sing of its bright, jas-per wall;
3. Sing me a song of heav - en, When I am wea - ry of strife;
4. Sing me a song of heav - en, Where I my loved ones shall see;
5. Sing me a song of heav - en, When life shall come to a close;

Glo - ri - ous place of beau - ty, There all my tri - als shall cease.
Sing of the ma - ny man - sions, Where shadows nev - er shall fall.
Sing of its gold - en glo - ry, Sing of its riv - er of life.
Those who have gone be - fore me Ov - er the bright crys-tal sea.
There in the arms of Je - sus My spir - it shall find re - pose.

CHORUS.

{ Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful E - den land;
{ Land where no tears are flow - ing, Land where no sor - rows come;

1

Dear ones are wait - ing for me, There on that gold - en strand. }
Sing me a [*Omit* . . . . .] }

2

rit.

song of that beau - ti - ful land, My home, sweet home....
my home, sweet home.

42 The Sweetest One of All Will be Jesus.

FRANK E. ROUSH. Copyright, 1918, by Frank E. Roush, Lynchburg, Ohio. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. 'Twill be won-der - ful in heav-en when the mill-ions I shall see, But the
2. O the faithful friends in glo - ry, they will sing my wel-come home, But the
3. How the an - gel band of harp-ers in the heav'nly light will shine, But the
4. Just to meet the saints and sa-ges o - ver on the gold - en shore, But the

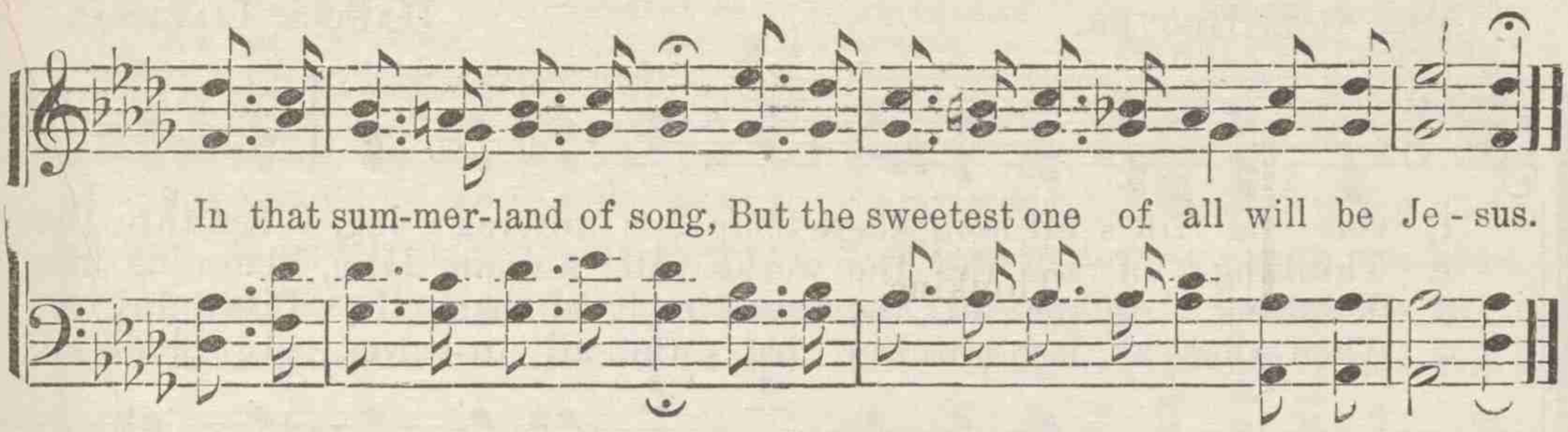
sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus; What a hap - py day of vic - t'ry
sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus; 'Twill be bliss in yon - der homeland
sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus; How the white-robed hosts around the
sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus; Just to live be - side the riv - er

with the ransomed that will be, But the sweetest one of all will be Je - sus.
o'er the fields with them to roam, But the sweetest one of all will be Je - sus.
throne will praise their King di-vine, But the sweetest one of all will be Je - sus.
with the loved ones ev-er-more, But the sweetest one of all will be Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh the sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus, He'll be sweet-er
Je-sus, will be Je-sus,
than He ev - er was be-fore..... I will meet the blood-washed throng,
than He ev - er was be-fore,

The Sweetest One of All Will be Jesus. Con.

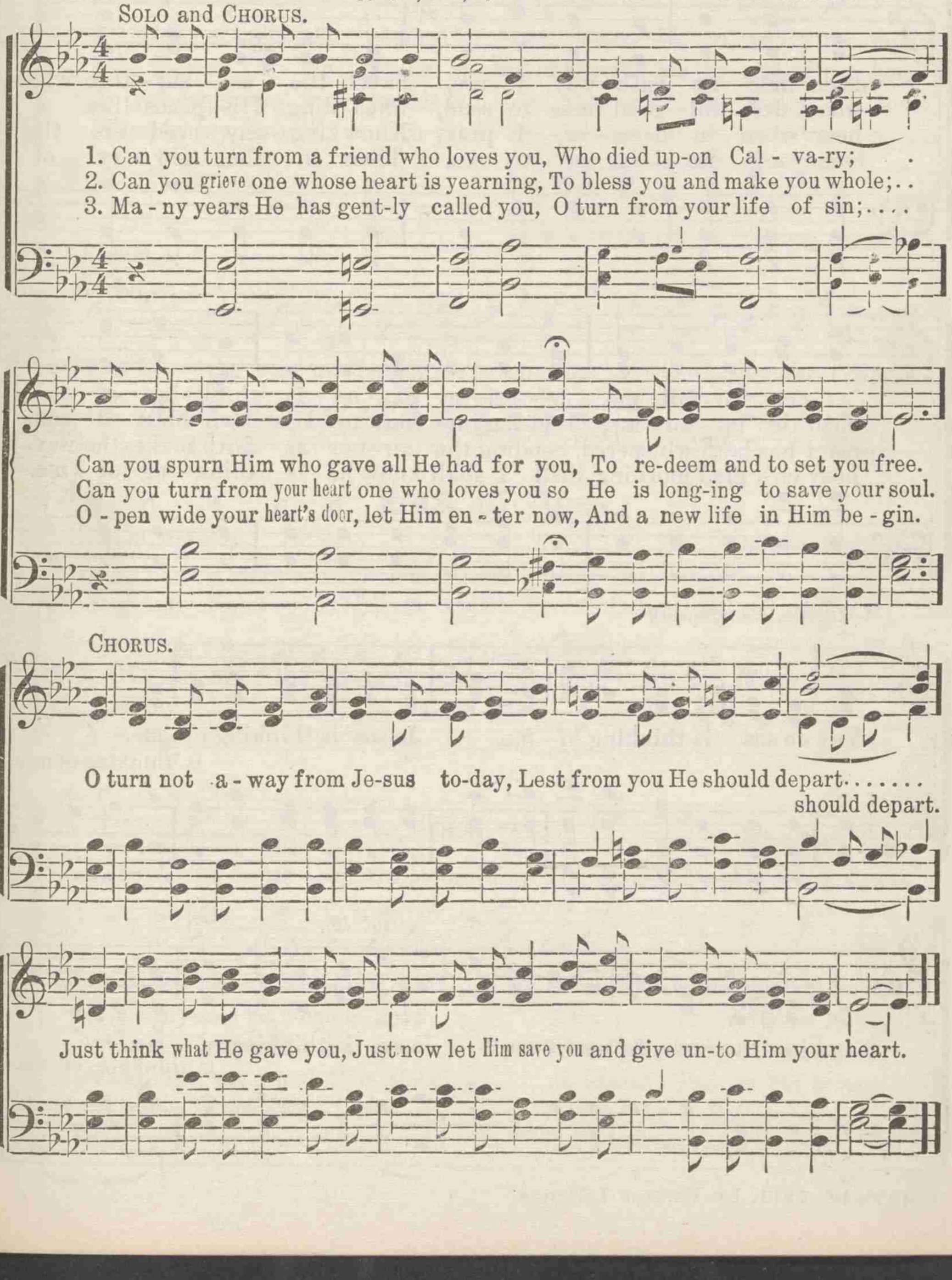


43 Can You Turn From the Friend Who Loves You.

H. L.

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HALDOR LILLENAS.



THINKING OF ME.

MRS. C. S. HOOVER. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Out on life's bil-lows where temp-ests are rag - ing, When thro' the dark - ness no path - way I see, Sweet the as - sur - ance what-
2. Thinking of me tho' the worlds roll a-round Him, Plan-ning His won - der - ful good - ness to send, Shed - ding His peace like a
3. Thinking of me in the tu - mult of bat - tle, List - 'ning to hear when in dang - er, I pray, Know - ing my need ere the
4. Then when at last with the bat - tle all o - ver, I shall go home my Re - deem - er to see, Then in the glo - ry of

ev - er be - falls me, Je - sus my Sav - ior is think - ing of me.
man - tle up - on me, Guid - ing me on to His own bless - ed end.
prayer has been whispered, Sending the an - swer as faith makes the way.
heav - en's glad morning, Still I shall know he is think - ing of me.

CHORUS. *thoughtfully*

Yes, Je-sus is thinking of me, Je-sus is thinking of me.
is thinking of me.

ad lib. — — —

Watching a - bove, In tender-est love, Je-sus is thinking of me.
is thinking of me.

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45

Swing Low.

Ve.ses by H. L.
Except first verse.

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ARRANGEMENT AND WORDS.

Southern Melody.
Arr. by Haldor Lillenas.

1. Look a-way o - ver yon-der what I see, Com-ing for to car-ry me home,
2. See E - li-jah's char-i - ot, steeds of fi-re, Com-ing for to car-ry me home,
3. At the gates of pearl my loved ones stand, Coming for to car-ry me home,
4. What a glo - ri-ous day 'twill be for me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home;

A band of an-gels coming for me, Coming for to car-ry me home.
Like E-noch I am go-ing up higher, Coming for to car-ry me home,
To wel-come me to yonder fair land, Coming for to car-ry me home.
When I my Sav-ior's face shall see, Coming for to car-ry me home.

D. S. *Coming for to car-ry me home.*

CHORUS.

Swing low sweet char-i-ot, Coming for to carry me home, Swing low sweet chariot,

46

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

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

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,

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

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

47

Jesus Can.

H.

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HALDOR LILLENAS.

mf

1. Who can lift the fall - en one? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;
2. Who can break the chains of sin? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;
3. Who can walk with us each day? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;

ff *p*

Who can help when hope is gone? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;
Who can help the vic - t'ry win? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;
Who can be our guide and stay? Je - sus can, Je - sus can;

mf

Who can wipe the fall - ing tear, Who can drive a - way all fear,
Who can words of com-fort say, Who can drive the night a - way,
Who can give us need-ed grace, Who can help us run life's race,

Fill the heart with hope and cheer? Je - sus (Jesus) can, Je-sus can.
Turn our dark - ness in - to day? Je - sus (Jesus) can, Je-sus can.
Un - til we shall see His face? Je - sus (Jesus) can, Je-sus can.

CHORUS.

He can need - ed grace im - part, He can heal the brok-en heart,

Jesus Can. Concluded.

Son of God and Son of Man, Je - sus can,.... Je - sus can.
Je-sus can,

48

My Soul Is Clinging to Jesus.

H. L.

Copyright, 1915, by Haldor Lillenas, Olivet, Ill.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My soul is clinging to Je - sus, As the i - vy clings to the wall,
2. My soul is clinging to Je - sus, I can nev-er let Him go,
3. My soul is clinging to Je - sus, Of Him I will ev - er sing,
4. My soul is clinging to Je - sus, And His arm up-hold - eth me,

His love is so sweet and ten - der, I find Him my all in all.
He has won my heart for - ev - er, Be-cause He loves me so.
When tempests are fierce - ly rag - ing, He hides me beneath His wing.
And thus we will cling to each oth - er, In time and e-ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

My soul is clinging to Je - sus, So close to His wound - ed side,...
wounded side,

For He is the Rock of A - ges, In Him I can safe-ly hide.

49 BLOTTED OUT AND GONE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. On the re-cord book di-vine, There's a page I know as mine, On its
2. 'Neath the bil-lows of the sea, There my sins are said to be, They were
3. Now my soul has found its rest,—Far as east is from the west, God re-

leaves my deeds are writ-ten one by one. Once its record spoke of sin,
placed there thro' the pow'r of God's dear Son. From their bondage I am free;
moved my sins and with them I am done. Now my page is white and fair,

But to Je-sus I have been, Now my sins are blot-ted out and gone.
Let them all for-got-ten be, For my sins are blot-ted out and gone.
And no stain can be found there, For my sins are blot-ted out and gone.

CHORUS.

{ They are blot-ted out and gone, They are blotted out and gone, My sins are all
{ From their bondage I am free, Let them (*Omit*.....)

blot-ted out and gone; all for-got-ten be, My sins are blotted out and gone.

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SING ON, DEAR HEART.

B. M. L. BERTHA MAE LILLENAS.

DUET.

1. Sing on, dear heart, bright days are near, The low'ring clouds will drift away;
2. Think not alone thou'rt crown'd with grief, For others too, meet sorrow here;
3. Sing on, dear heart, do not re-pine, Unnumbered blessings come to thee;

God's face now veil'd will soon appear, The darkest night be turn'd to day.
Life's lit-tle day is on-ly brief, Then comes the song in place of tear.
Let faith a-bout thy life entwine And trust in God e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS.

Sing on, sing on, ... tho' days are drear, ... God's sun-ny
Sing on, dear heart, tho' days are drear,

skies..... will soon ap-pear, ... He will dis-play ..... His mighty
God's sunny skies will soon appear, He will display

pow'r, ... His pow'r to keep ..... for-ev-er-more. .....
His mighty pow'r, His pow'r to keep for-ev-er-more.

Copyright, 1911, by Bertha Mae Lillenas. Used by per.

51 Under the Atoning Blood.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I have found a pre - cious rest - ing place, In the shel - ter
2. Where shall I the praise of Christ be - gin? Gone the heav - y
3. E - vil shall not here my soul en - snare, Ten - der - ly I'm
4. Now its heal - ing pow - er makes me whole, Thro' its mer - it

of re - deem - ing grace; Here with joy I see my Saviour's face,
bur - den of my sin! Grace has changed the world I'm liv - ing in,
kept with jeal - ous care, Je - sus walks be - side me ev - 'ry - where,
Je - sus saves my soul; Sav - iour keep me while the a - ges roll

CHORUS.

Un-der the a- ton - ing blood. Un-der the a- ton- ing blood of the Lamb,

Un- der the a - ton - ing blood of the Lamb; Safe - ly I am

hid - ing, Con-stant- ly a - bid - ing, Un- der the a - ton - ing blood.

52

Lead Me Higher.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY C. F. WEIGELE. **C. F. Weigele.**

1. Je - sus lead me up the moun-tain, Where the whitest robes are seen,
2. High-er up, where light in - creas - es, Rich a - bove all earth- ly good,
3. Lead me high - er, noth-ing dread- ing, In the race to nev - er stop;
4. Save me bet - ter, make me sur - er, Put me where the fire re - fines,

Where the saints can see the foun-tain, Where the pure are keeping clean.
Where the life of sin - ning ceas - es, Where the Spirit comes in floods—
In thy footsteps keep me tread - ing, Give me grace to reach the top.
Where the breath of hope is pur - er, Where the brightest glory shines.

CHORUS.

Lead me high - - - - er up the moun - tain, Give me
Lead me high - er

fel - - - low-ship with thee; In thy light.....
Give me fel - low - ship with thee; In thy light

sweet fel - low - ship with thee;

I see the foun-tain, And the blood is cleansing me.
it cleanses me.

He's Coming Again.

Arr. for this work.

1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grim's sleep, Shall be
3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a

wan-ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in
o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the
lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

CHORUS.

glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,
ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.

com - ing, com-ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;

And the wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain.

54 Since the King Came In.

Richard Hainsworth. COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY HALDOR LILLENAS. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. O what won-drous joy there is in my soul, Since the King came in;
2. Ev - 'ry drear - y shad - ow has gone a - way Since the King came in;
3. Ev - 'ry song I sing is a song of praise, Since the King came in;
4. I am sweet-ly kept by His might-y pow'r, Since the King came in;

Thro' re-deem-ing grace I have been made whole, Since the King came in.
Ev - 'ry night is changed to a gold - en day, Since the King came in.
Ev - 'ry place I dwell is a ho - ly place Since the King came in.
All my needs sup-plied ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, Since the King came in.

CHORUS.

Since the King came in,..... Since the King came
King of kings came in, came in, Since the King of kings came

in;..... What a ho - ly peace is mine, O, what
in, came in,

hap - pi - ness di-vine, Since the King of kings came in. (came in.)

55 His Love Never Knows Any Change.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALDOR LILLENAS

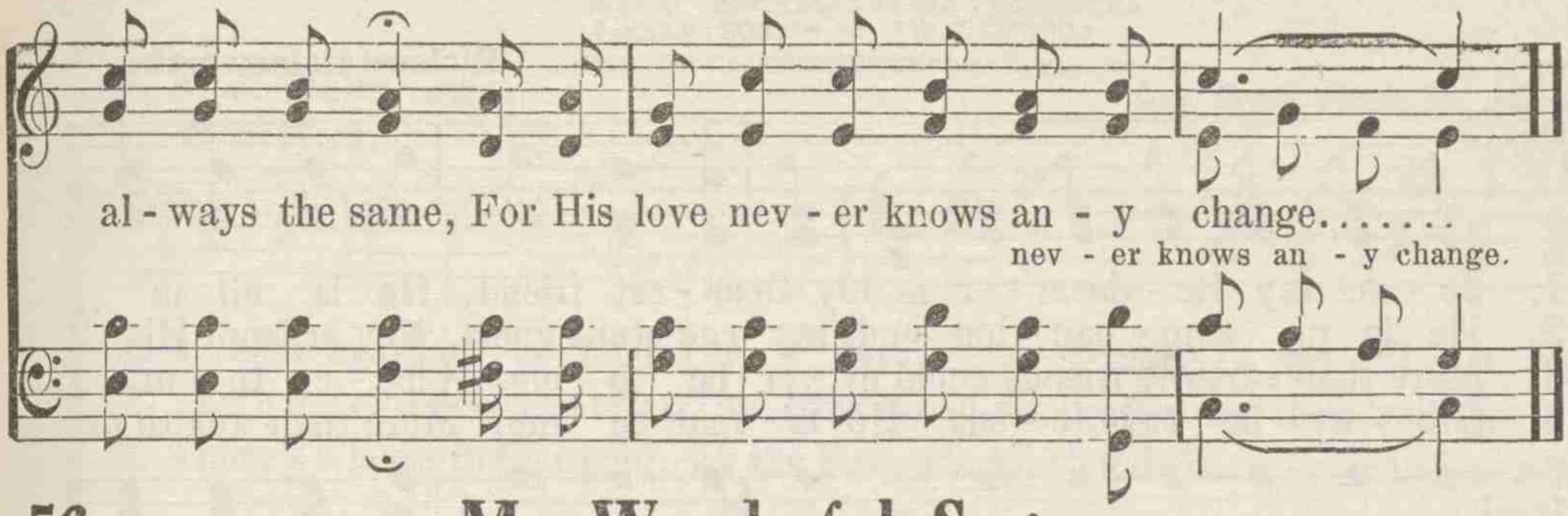
Rev. Alfred Barratt. WORDS AND MUSIC Haldor Lillenas.

1. There's a won - der - ful peace in my heart ev - 'ry day, For I'm trust - ing in Je - sus each step of the way; On His prom - ise I rest as my strength and my stay, For His love nev - er knows an - y change.
2. Tho' the path - way be sto - ny and steep where I tread, By the strength of His grace I am con-stant - ly led; There is noth - ing to harm me and noth - ing to dread, For His love nev - er knows an - y change.
3. When my heart is per-plexed then He shows me the right; He il- lu - mines my way with His ra - di - ant light; There is noth - ing but sin hides His face from my sight, For His love nev - er knows an - y change.
4. I will fol - low His lead - ing till life's day is o'er, For I know He will guide me to heav-en's glad shore, There to dwell in His pres-ence with joy ev - er - more, For His love nev - er knows an - y change.

CHORUS.

His love nev - er knows an - y change,.. ..... His love nev - er knows an - y change, knows an - y change,..... Praise His won-der - ful name, He is nev - er knows an - y change,

His Love Never Knows Any Change.

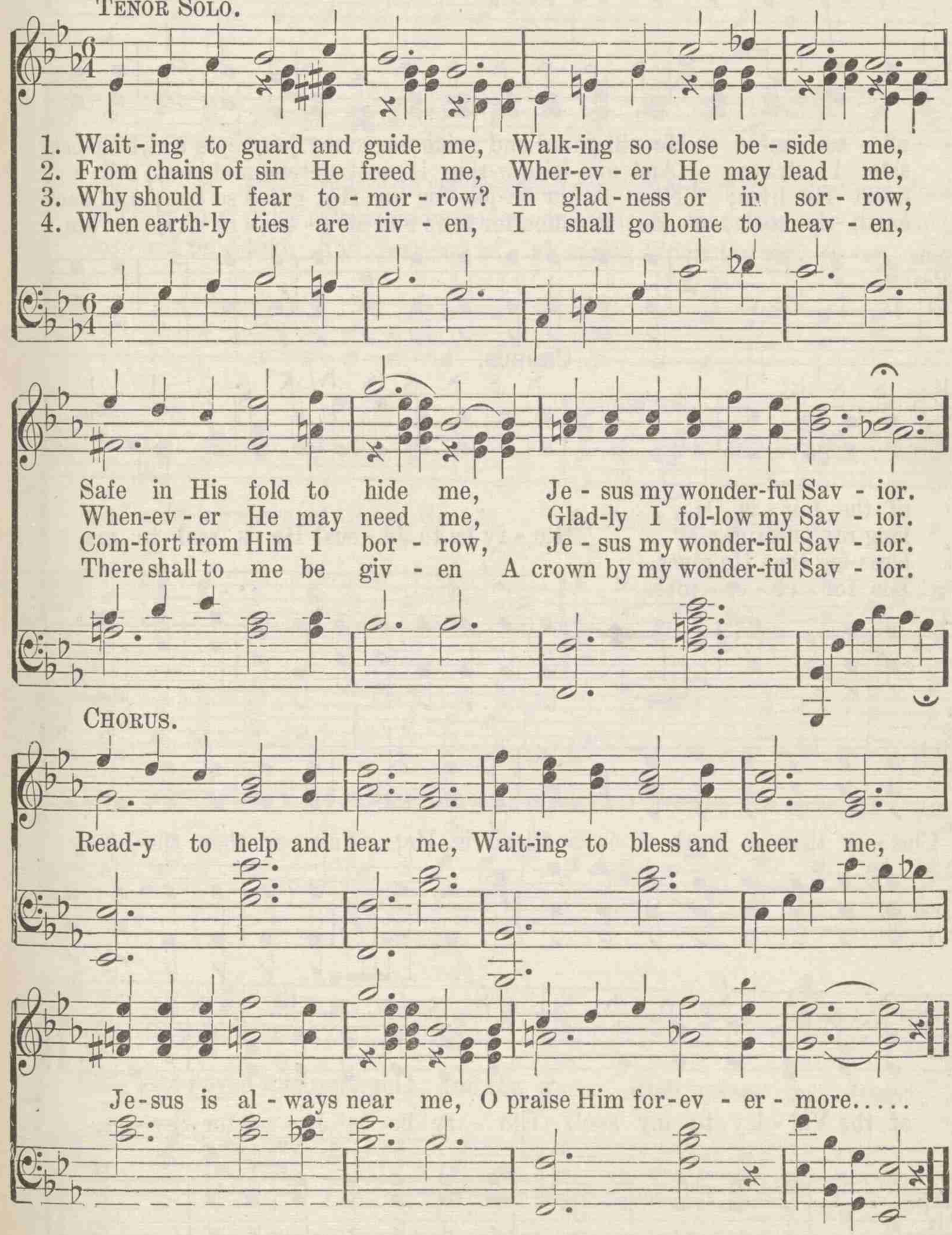


56 My Wonderful Savior.

H. L.

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Haldor Lillenas.



57

He is Real to Me.

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OLIVET, ILL.

Richard Hainsworth.

1. Je - sus my Re - deem - er is my dear - est friend, He is all in all to me.
2. He is my com - pan - ion and my con-stant guest, Nev-er from His side I stray;
3. More than earth-ly friends could ev - er be to me, Clos - er to my heart He lives;
4. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, He is real to me, More than wealth or earth - ly store;

He will guard and guide me to my journey's end, Fair-est
And our fel-low-ship is most se-rene and blest, All a -
Now I am re-joic-ing in His grace so free, And each
He is mine for time and all e - ter - ni - ty, I am

CHORUS.

of the fair is He.
long my pil-grim way.
bless-ing that He gives.
His for - ev - er - more.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus! He is real to me,

Clos - er than a broth-er or a friend is He; Fair - er than the Lil - y

of the Val - ley to my soul, Glo - ry be to Je - sus for - ev - er.

The Beautiful Land.

USED BY PERMISSION OF HAROLD F. SAYLES.

F. A. F. White. Arr. **Arr. from Mark M. Jones.**

M. 50 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand—In the Bi - ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruit-age is
3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose

sto - ry is told—Where no sor-row shall come, Nei-ther dark-ness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair - est of lands,
joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring Where the birds ev - er sing,

CHORUS.

And noth-ing there ev - er grows old. In that beau - ti - ful land On a
far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am
told, Are paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev-er go down.

59

Sweeter Every Moment.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My hap - py heart to- day with joy is sing - ing The prais- es of the
2. Tho' human love should cease and friends should leave me, The love of Christ for-
3. His ev - er - last - ing arms of love en- fold me, I'm shel-tered by the

one who saved my soul; By faith un - to His prom-ise I am cling - ing
ev - er will re-main; His heart of great com-pas- sion will re-ceive me
pow- er of His might; He walks with me to coun- sel and up-hold me,

And rest- ing in the love that made me whole.
His mer - cy and His grace shall nev-er wane.
I'm walk-ing in the bless - ed gos- pel light.

FINE. CHORUS.

Sweet - - er ev - 'ry
Sweeter, He is sweeter

D.S.—His love is grow-ing sweeter ev - 'ry day.

mo-ment of the day, Dear - - er all a - long my
Dear- er, grow-ing dear-er

pil- grim way; Je - - sus is my com- fort and my stay,
Je-sus, blessed Je- sus

D.S.

It Is Truly Wonderful.

B. E. W. Is. 25: 1. B. E. Warren.

1. He par-doned my trans - gres-sions, He sanc - ti - fied my soul,
2. He keeps me ev -' ry mo - ment By trust-ing in His grace;
3. He brings me thro' af - flic - tion, He leaves me not a - lone;
4. He pros-pers and pro - tects me, His blessings ev - er flow;
5. He keeps me firm and faith-ful, His love I do en - joy,
6. There's not a sin - gle bless -ing Which we re- ceive on earth

He hon - ors my con - fes - sions, Since by His blood I'm whole.
'Tis through His blest a - tone - ment, That I may see His face.
He's with me in temp - ta - tion, He keeps me for His own.
He fills me with His glo - ry, He makes me white as snow.
For this I shall be grate - ful, And live in His em - ploy.
That does not come from heav - en, The source of our new birth.

Chorus.

It is tru - ly won - der - ful! What the Lord has done! It is
tru - ly won - der - ful! It is tru - ly won - der - ful! It is
tru - ly won- der-ful! What the Lord has done! Glo - ry to His name.

Copyright, 1897, by Charlie D. Tillman

W. M. 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.
Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett.

62

Victory.

B. E. W. BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full salvation brought, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
3. Shout your free-dom ev-ery-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleet-ing life is o'er, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-

Victory,

ry! Let the pow'rs of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail, Vic-to-
ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin, Vic-to-
ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of every foe, Vic-to-
ry! Sing it here, ye ransomed throng, Start the everlasting song; Vic-to-

Victory!

CHORUS.

ry, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,..... yes, vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, victory!

Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free! Jesus gives me victory. Glo-ry, glo - ry,
Glory, glory,

hal-le-lu - jah! He is all..... in all to me .....
hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me. (all to me.)

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

63

That Some One Is Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Olivet, Ill.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I've some one to help me when I am in need, I've some one to
2. I've some one who knows when I'm tempted and tried, I've some one whose
3. I now have a joy that I once nev - er had, I've some one to
4. I've some one who helps me to car - ry my load, I've some one to

fol-low wher-e'er He may lead; And some one whose friendship is friendship indeed,
grace has been nev-er de-nied, And some one who ev - er with me will a-bide,
comfort me when I am sad, And some one to cheer me and make my heart glad,
brighten each step of my road, And some one to lead me to yon blest a-bode,

CHORUS.

That some one is Je - sus my friend. That some one is Je - sus my

friend, His friendship and love will not end;..... I've some one to

Je - sus my friend, will not end;

Poco rit.

guide me, To walk close be-side me, That some one is Je - sus my friend.

64

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

By permission.

65

Rapture Indeed!

Copyright, 1913, by W. E. Marks, Wilmington Del.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Aft - er my tri - als and troubles are past, Aft-er my burdens a -
2. When the last bat-tle with sin shall be o'er, When the wild tempest can
3. When I be-hold Him and praise Him up there, Sing-ing with angels in

side have been cast, I shall see Je - sus my Sav-iour at last,
beat me no more, I shall see Je - sus on heav-en's glad shore,
garments most fair, When in His glo - ry at last I shall share,

CHORUS.

That will be rapture in - deed! That will be rapture in-deed,
That will be glo-ry and rapture in-deed,

Poco a poco. *rit.*
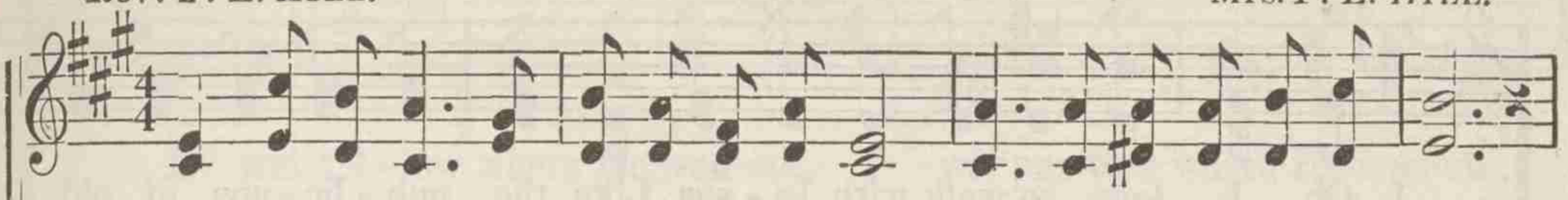
Glo - ry and rap-ture in - deed, When I shall see Him who
That will be glo-ry and rap-ture in - deed,

died on the tree; O that will be rap - ture for me!.....
be rapture for me!
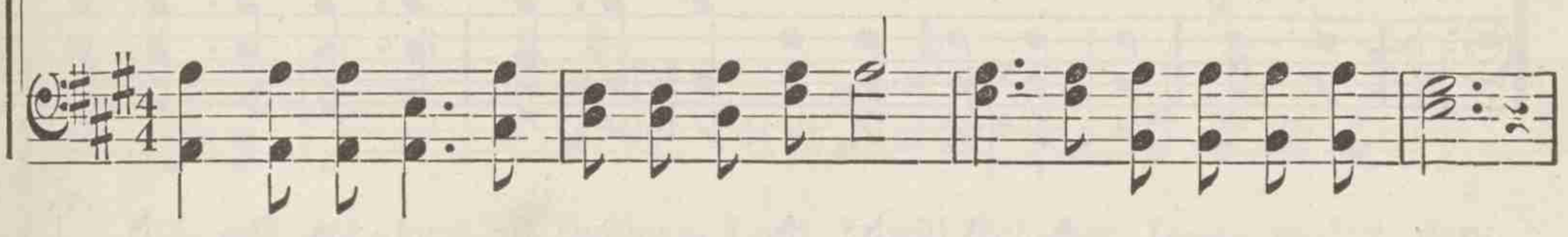
66 Since the Holy Ghost Abides.
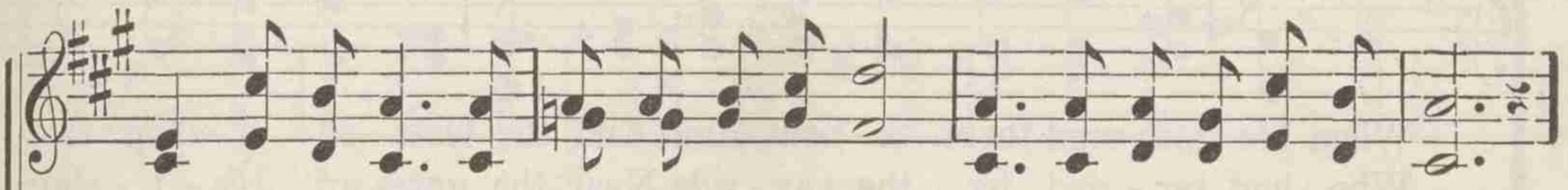
He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever.—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. E. HILL. Mrs. F. E. HILL.
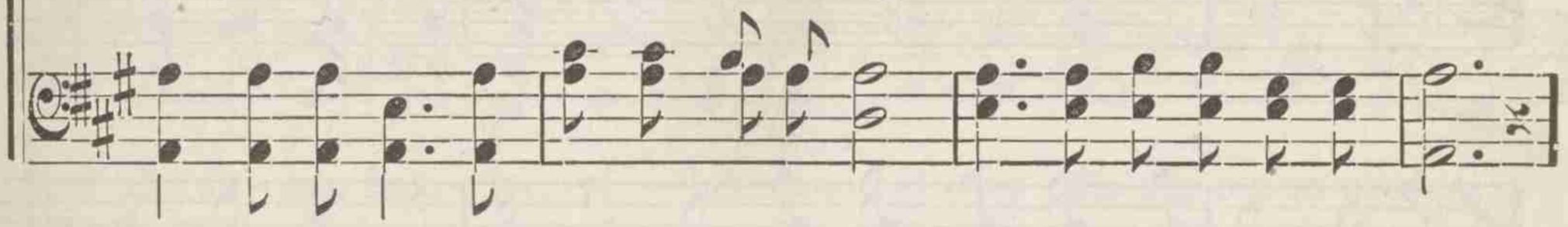


1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo - ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd my blinded eyes;
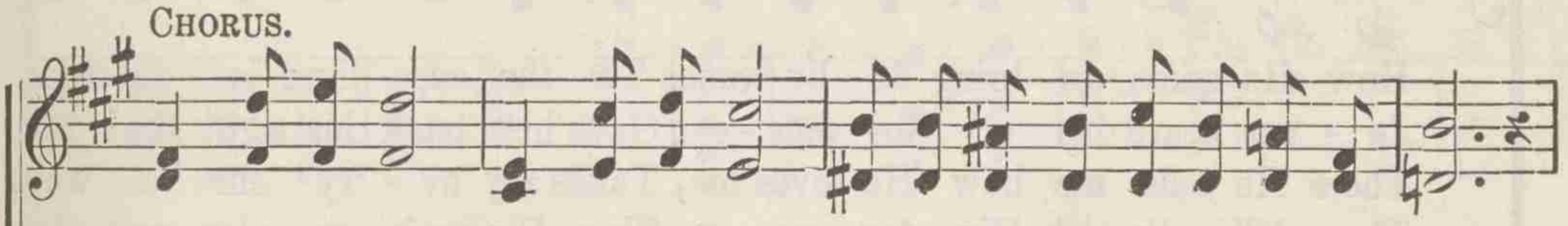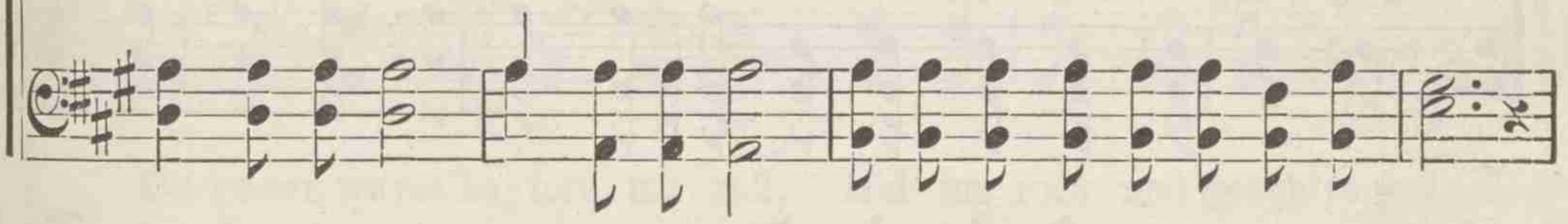




Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."
Pow'r, ho - ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a - bides.
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that sanc-ti-fies.



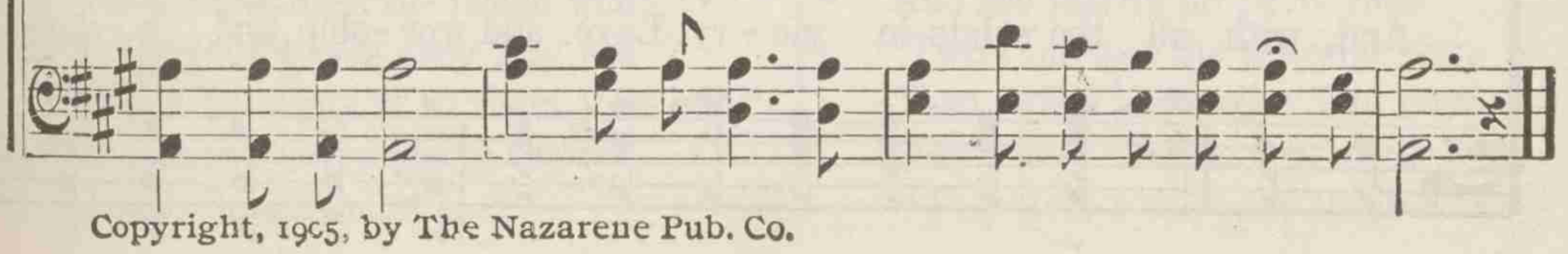
CHORUS.



Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!



Rest, perfect rest! Joy, perfect joy! is mine since the Holy Ghost a-bides.



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67 I Love to Walk With Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY C. F. WEIGELE.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.

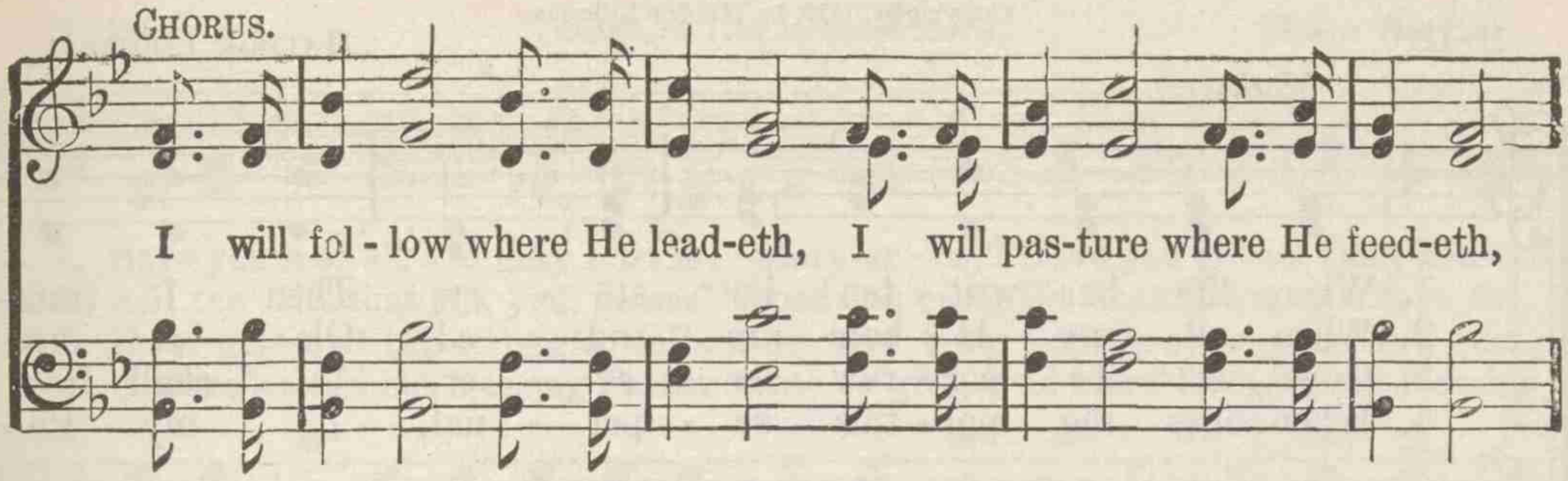
1. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the pub - lic - ans of old,
2. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus, Like the man of long a - go,
3. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus All the way to Calv'ry's brow,
4. Oh, some-time I'll walk with Je - sus In the land of end - less day,

When He gath-ered them a - bout Him, And the bless - ed ti - dings told,
Who had tar - ried by the way - side Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suf-f'ring While my tears of sor - row flow.
When our jour - ney here is o - ver, And we've reached our home to stay;

How He came to bring de - liv-'rance To the cap - tives in dis-tress,
Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way,
Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er,

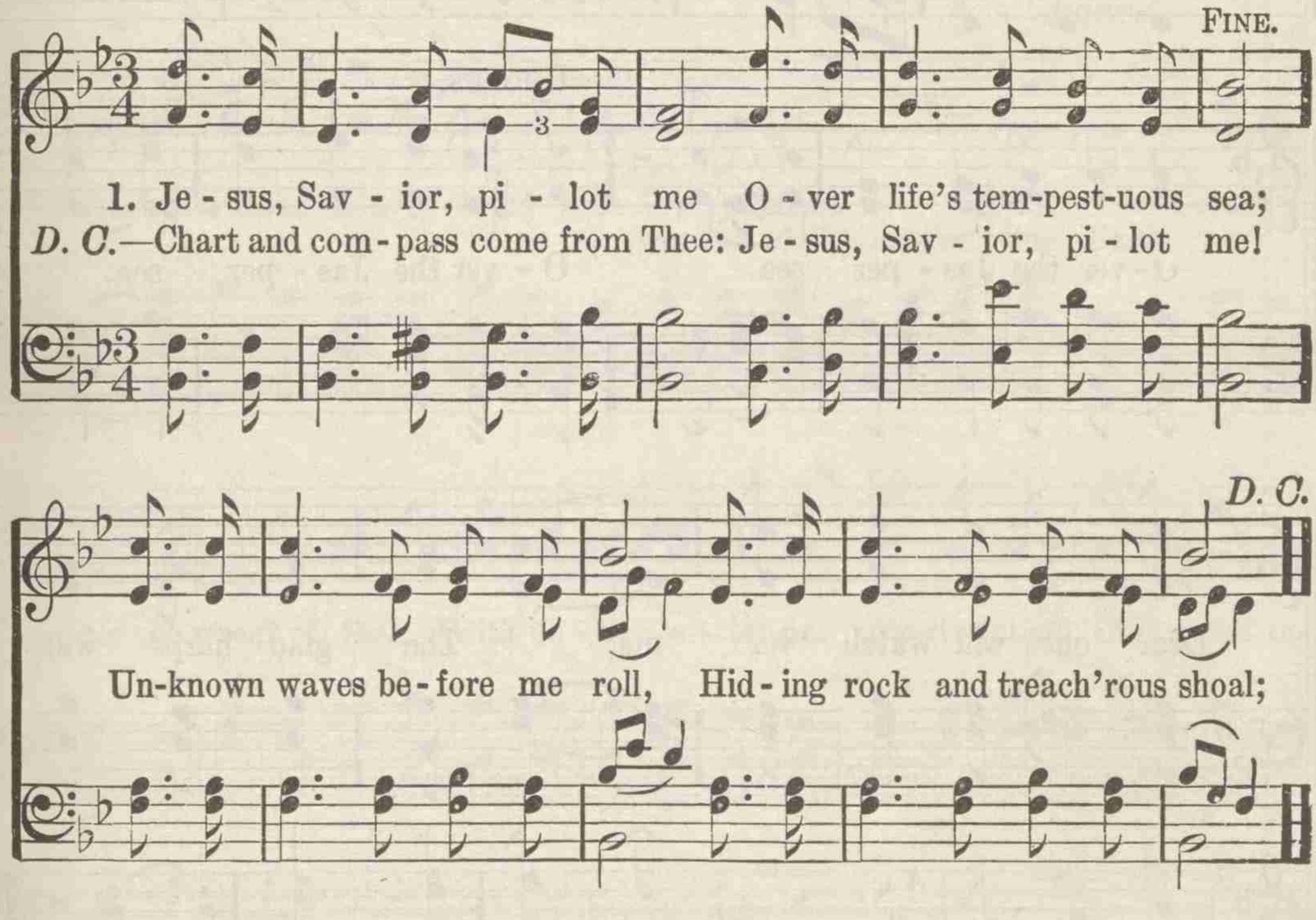
Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per - fect peace and rest.
And im - me - diate - ly he fol-lowed Je - sus all a - long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y - where He may.
And, with all the saints in glo - ry, Love, and wor - ship, and a - dore.

I Love to Walk With Jesus.



68 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

69 Over the Jasper Sea.

Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Moderato.

1. When life has writ - ten its sto - ry, Then I trans-
2. When all my la - bors are end - ed, Glo - ri - ous
3. Gone will be sor - row for ev - er, I shall from
4. When opes the por - tals su - per - nal, I my Re -

port - ed shall be, In - to the home-land of glo - ry,
things wait for me; More than I here com - pre - hend - ed,
fet - ters be free; Noth-ing our love ties can sev - er
deem - er shall see; Crowned with His glo - ry e - ter - nal,

CHORUS.

O - ver the Jas - per sea. O - ver the Jas - per sea,
Dear ones will watch for me; The glad harps will
ring and the an - gels will sing My wel - come home.

70 Faith Will Win the Victory.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. Have you met sin's mighty host in stern ar - ray? Have you grown faint-hearted in the fear - ful fray? Do the pow'rs of e - vil seem to gain the day?
2. All the ills that vex you, Je-sus' blood can cure; Be thou brave and hope-ful, steadfast to en - dure; For Je - ho-vah's prom-ise stand-eth firm and sure.
3. Ne'er give o'er the struggle; valiant be and true; God is strong to con-quer, and your foes sub - due; And the fi - 'ry fur- nace He will walk with you.
4. O there's naught but blessing Father waits to give, And there's naught but blessing we can e'er re- ceive If we ful - ly trust Him and His word be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Faith will win the vict-'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time). Faith will stand a-
win the vict'ry ev - 'ry time. Faith

mid the wreck of time, Faith un - to e - ter-nal glo-ries climb; Only count the

promise true And the Lord will stand by you: Faith will win the vict'ry ev - 'ry time.

cres.

71 Washed in the Blood.

C. P. J. Copyright, 1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per. C. P. JONES.

1. Washed in the blood, by the Spir - it sealed, Christ in His word is to
2. Once I was blind, but be-hold, I see; God from a-bove now hath
3. O that the world might the Saviour see, That bless-ed Sav-iour who
4. Washed in the blood! sinner, come to - day; Je - sus so free - ly the

me re - vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine,
shined in - to me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold
saved poor me! O how the lost ones would come shouting home,
debt will pay; Come to His arms, to His arms of grace,

CHORUS.

God, my sal - va - tion, and His life is mine!
Wealth which can nev - er be compared to gold. Washed in the
Nev-er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er-more to roam!
Come, now in meekness seek the Sav-iour's face.

blood, washed in the blood! Washed in the blood, in the
O glo-ry! Hal-le - lu-jah!

soul-cleansing blood! Sealed in the Spir-it true, and washed in the blood!
O glo - ry!

72 Living in Ganaan Land.

H. L. Copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Olivet, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I've left the land of E-gypt with its bond-age drear, I've crossed the mighty
2. I wan-der not in des-ert or or burn-ing sand, But thru the smil-ing
3. My sus-te-nance is not the food that once was mine, On man-na of the
4. I'm drinking of a fountain that can-not run dry, Redeemed thru grace di-

Red sea with my Lord so dear, And now the songs of Beu-lah fill my heart with
meadows of a bet-ter land; For God is ev-er lead-ing me by His right
wil-der-ness I can not dine, I'm feed-ing on the hon-ey and the milk and
vine and pu-ri-fied am I, I'm sing-ing while the gold-en hours are pass-ing

CHORUS.

cheer, For I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.
hand, I am liv-ing in Ca-naan land. I am liv-ing in Ca-naan
wine, For I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.
by, For I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.

I am

liv-ing in Canaan, I am liv-ing in Ca-naan land; ..... The joy-bells are
Canaan land;

ringing, and with rapture I'm singing, For I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan land.....
Canaan land.

73 Climbing Up the Golden Stairs.

Arrangement copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas, Au urn, Ill.

Salvation Army. Arr. by RICHARD HAINSWORTH

1. O my heart is full of mu - sic and of glad - ness, As on wings of faith and love I up - ward fly; While I'm climbing to my homestead in the sky.
Not a shad - ow-cloud my Sav-iour's face ob - scur - ing [*Omit.* . . in the paths of sin I roam; While I'm climbing nearer to my heav'nly home.

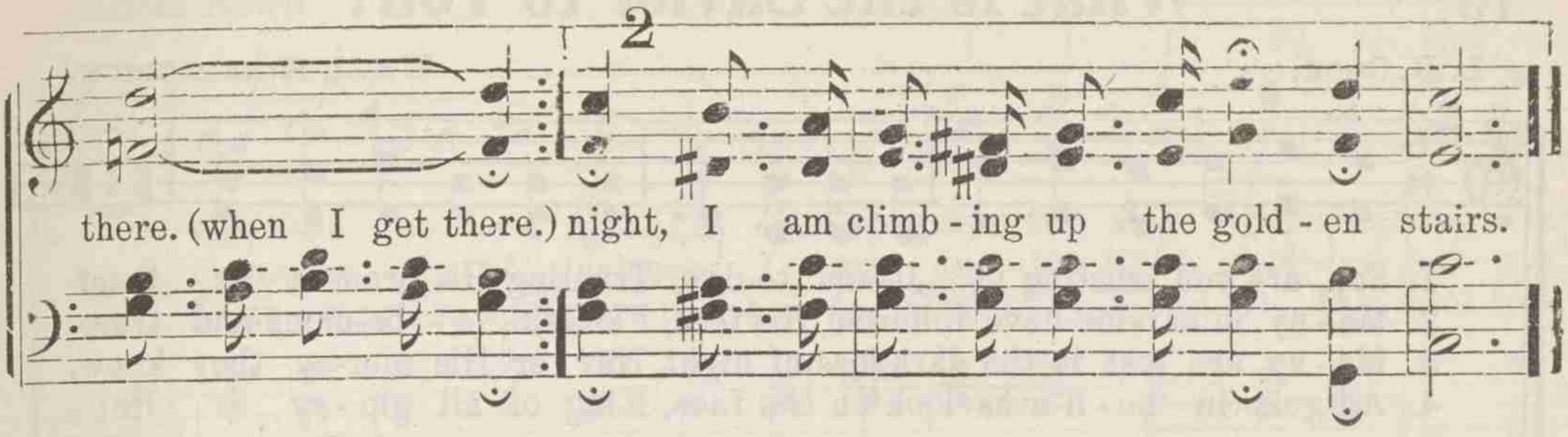
2. I have ta - ken up my cross to fol - low Je - sus, And no long - er bro - ken hearted, all may come; Sin - ner, lay your burden down and hasten home.
And my heart can hear the mu - sic of the ran - somed, [*Omit.* . .

3. O the joy of get - ting oth - ers to climb with me! Lost, de-spair-ing,
Cal-v'ry's love has made the stair a ver - y wide one, [*Omit.* . .

CHORUS.

I am climb-ing up the golden stairs to glo - ry, I am climb-ing with my gold - en crown be - fore me, I am climb-ing in the light, I am climb - ing day and night, I will shout with all my might when I get

Climbing Up the Golden Stairs. Concluded.

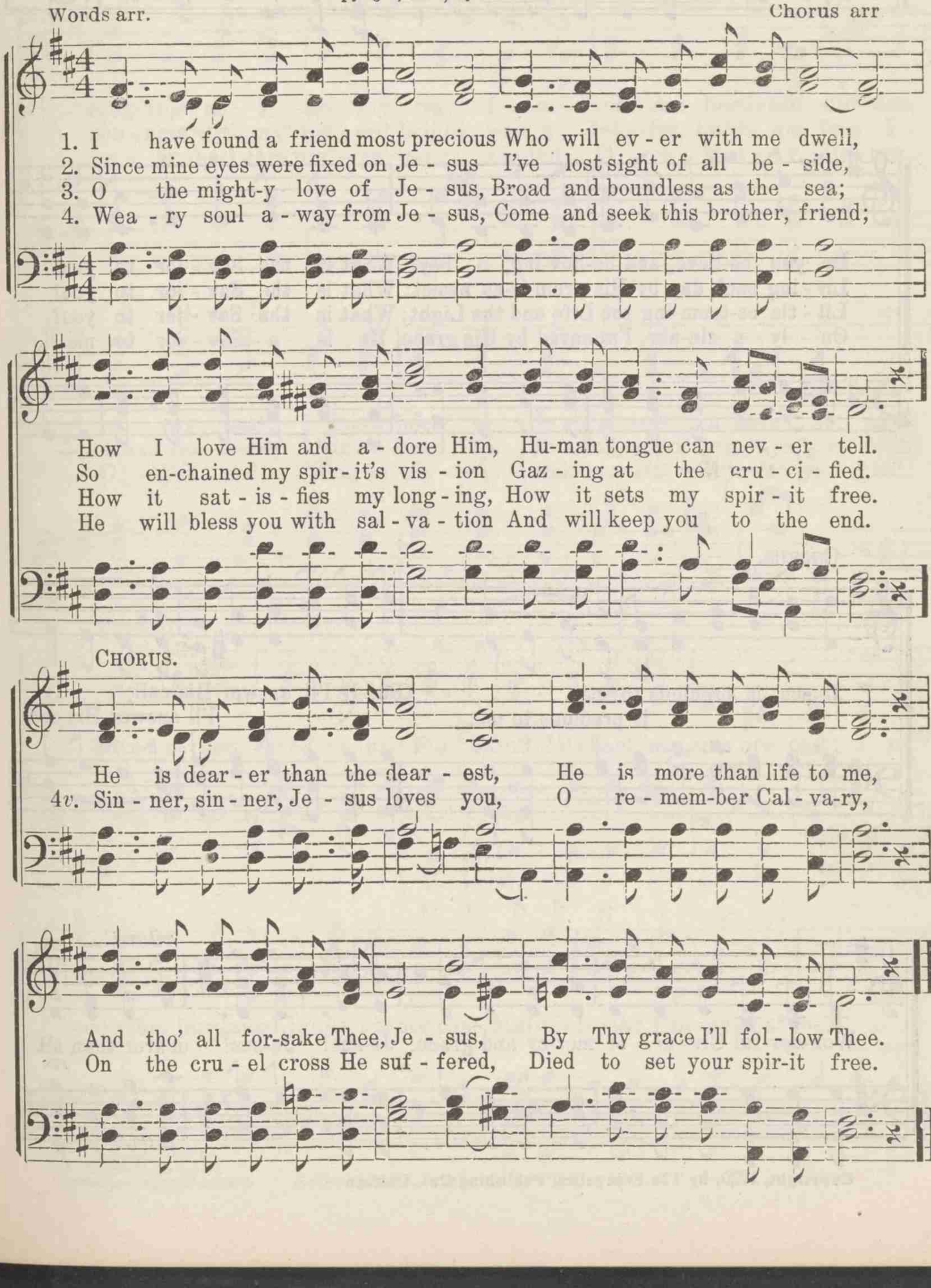


74 Dearer Than the Dearest.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas

RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

Words arr. Chorus arr



75 What is the Savior to You?

L. B. COOK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Say, are you trusting in Je-sus to-day, Trusting His prom-is - es true?
2. Ma - ny in service have followed His feet, Faithful, o - be-dient and true,
3. Ma - ny are lost in the darkness of night, Nev - er His mer-cy they knew,
4. An-gels in ho - li-ness look on His face, King of all glo - ry is He;

Do you be-lieve, and be-liev-ing, o - bey? What is the Sav - ior to you?
Liv - ing each day by His prom-is-es sweet; What is the Sav - ior to you?
Lit - tle es-teem-ing the Life and the Light; What is the Sav - ior to you?
On - ly a sin-ner, I'm saved by His grace, He is a Sav - ior to me.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is precious to me,..... Glad-ly I'll answer His call;.....
is precious to me, I'll answer His call;

Won-der-ful Giv - er of mer-cy and grace, Je-sus! Je-sus! dearer than all.

ritard.

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76

Saved at Last.

JAMES ROWE. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Oh, the joy that fills me ev - 'ry pass - ing day! Oh, the song I'm sing- ing as I go my way! I no more am burdened, hid- den is my past; I have been to Je - sus and am saved at last.
2. Gone the time of darkness, I am in the light, Sing-ing hap- py son - nets with my rec - ord bright; Not a fet - ter holds me, foes I dread no more; I have been to Je - sus, wand'ring days are o'er.
3. Hon - or, praise and glo - ry be to Christ my King, Oh, my soul for- ev - er shall His prais- es sing; Lis-ten, O ye wea - ry, lis - ten, O ye sad; Come to Je - sus quick-ly, He will make you glad.

CHORUS.

Saved at last, saved at last! Far behind His back my sins are cast; I no more am burdened, hidden is my past, Hal-le- lujah! I'm saved at last! . . . at last!

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77 Can it Be That My Soul is Dying?

Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Car it be that my soul is dy - ing, The death that shall know no end?
2. Can it be that my soul is dy - ing, To all that is pure and good?
3. Can it be that my soul is dy - ing, A death that I scarce can feel,

Is God's Spir- it no lon - ger try - ing To in- duce me to com- pre-hend
And my Lord, have I been de - ny - ing, Has my heart never un - der-stood
Is with- in me no voice re - ply - ing, To the Spir-it's di-vine ap- peal?

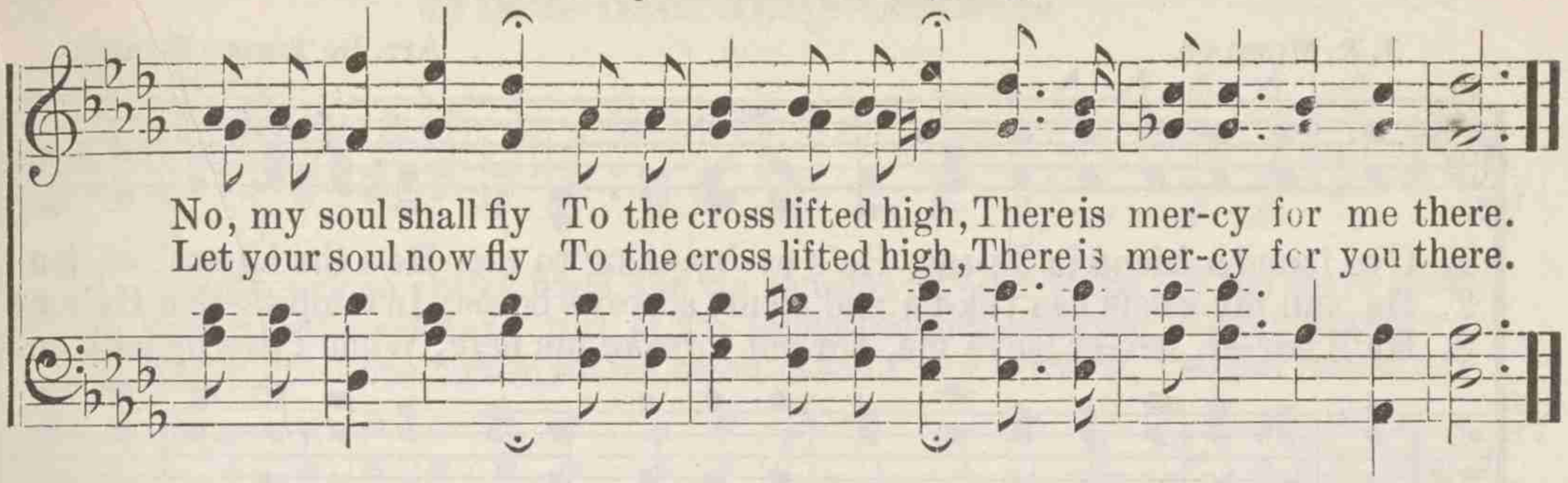
All the loss that my sin has brought me And the woe that shall be my store?
How so pa - tient-ly He has called me, And how heedlessly I have turned,
Is my heart growing hard with-in me, Can no tears of con- tri-tion fall,

Have I turned from the love that sought me, Will it seek for me, nev - er more?
To the pleasures that here en-thralled me, While His mercies I oft have spurned.
Is there noth-ing that now can win me, Have I drift-ed beyond re - call?

REFRAIN.

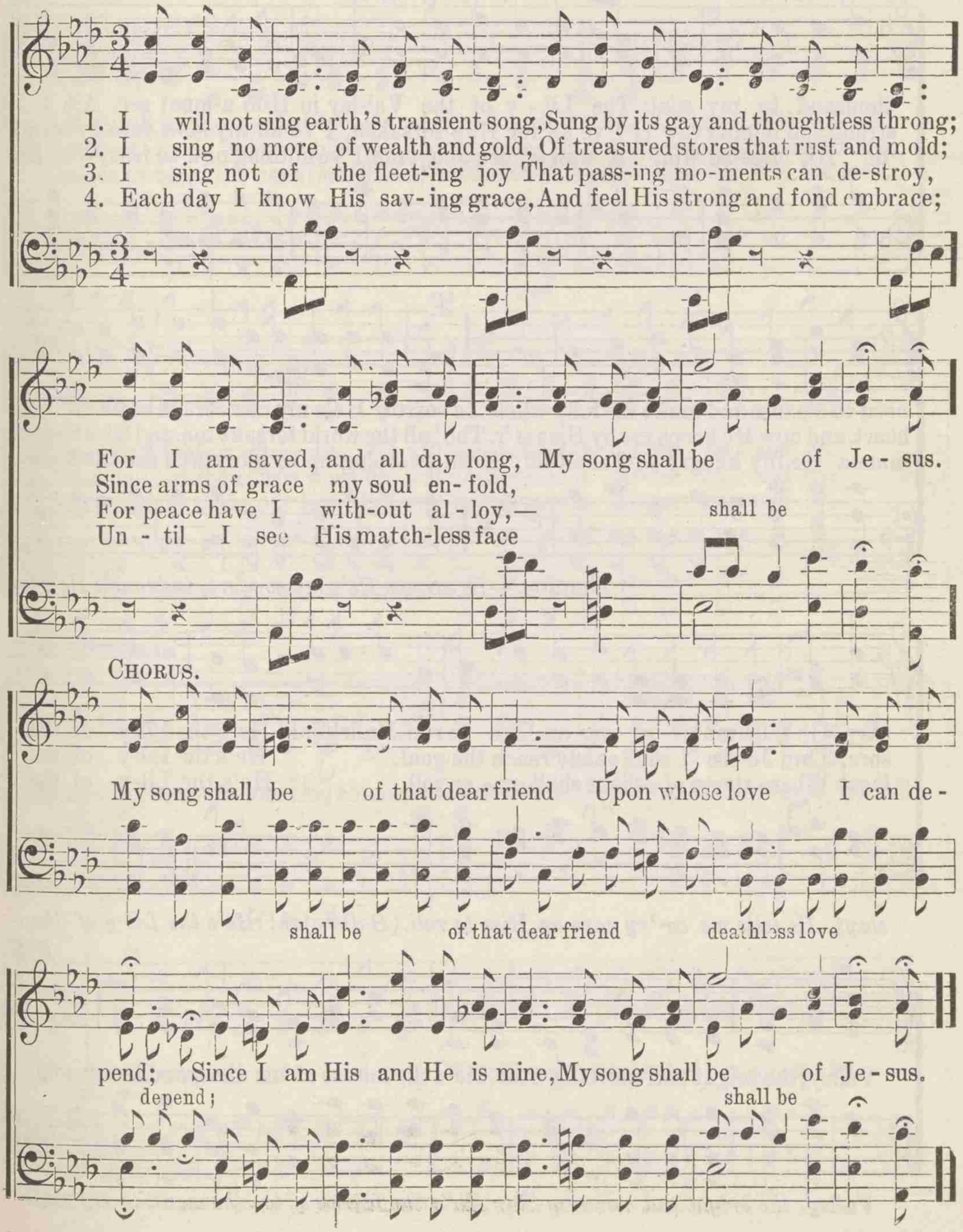
Can it be that my soul is dy- ing? Must I per - ish in dark de- spair?
Can it be that your soul is dy- ing? Must you per-ish in dark de- spair?

Can it Be That My Soul is Dying?—Concluded.



78 My Song Shall Be of Jesus.

HALDOR LILLENAS. Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas. RICHARD HAINSWORTH.



The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see, All I
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed

CHORUS.—*In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my*

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the

stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the

D. S

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

When Morning Comes.

M. 88 = ♩

1. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the ways that
2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of shel-ter
3. Temp-ta-tions, hidden snares, often take us un-a-wares, And our hearts are

God will lead us to that blessed promised land; But He'll guide us with His eye,
and of food, thirst-y hills and bar-ren land; But we're trusting in the Lord,
made to bleed for each thoughtless word or deed; And we won-der why the test,

and we'll fol-low till we die, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
and ac-cord-ing to His word We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
when we try to do our best, But will understand it bet-ter by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, when the morning comes, All the saints of God are gathering home, We will

tell the sto-ry how we've over-come, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.

81

Deeper, Deeper.

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
3. Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con-flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis-dom, More of grace to know.
Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

Chorus.

O deep - - - er yet, I pray,..... And high - - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er, bless - ed Lord, bless - ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.

O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord, .wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

R. E. Winsett, Owner 1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per.

82 The Last Mile of the Way.

Copyright, 1908, by W. E. Marks.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the close of the day;
2. If for Christ I proclaim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a - stray,
3. Here the dearest of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are seen ev - 'ry day;
4. And if here I have earn-est - ly striv-en, And have tried all His will to o - bey,

I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
But no sickness, no sigh-ing for - ev - er
'Twill enhance all the rap-ture of heav - en,

:S: When I've gone the last mile of the way.

FINE. CHORUS. When I've gone the last mile of the way.

D. S.–*When I've gone the last mile of the way.*

mile of the way,..... I will rest at the close of the day,.....
the last mile of the way, at the close of the day,

And I know there are joys that a - wait me,

D. S.

Dusky Hands.

H. L. REV. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Dusky hands are reaching for the bread of life Far a - cross the roll - ing sea; Shall they per-ish in their mis-er - y and strife,
2. Dusky hands are bound in chains of want and woe In the far - off heath-en lands; Shall we not in haste un - to their bor-ders go,
3. We can not be i - dle a - ny lon - ger now, While the souls in dark-ness die; Gath - er them as jew - els for the Sav - ior's brow,
4. Dusk-y fac - es look to us for hope and peace, Shall they look to us in vain? Je - sus can redeem them, cause their sighs to cease,

CHORUS.

Shall they al-ways hun-gry be?
Set them free, as God commands? Send the gos-pel tid - ings o - ver land and sea, Let the hungry souls be sat - is - fied, Till the pow'r of
Je - sus sets the cap-tives free, O lead them to the Mas-ter's side.
While the days are pass-ing by.
Fill their hearts with joy a - gain.

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My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S. Mrs. MINNIE A. STEELE.

1. I re - mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had car-ried them for
2. I re - mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would nev-er
3. I re - member when my burdens rolled a - way, That had hindered me for
4. I am sing - ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my

years night and day; When I sought the bless-ed Lord, and I took Him at His
leave night or day; Je-sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

CHORUS.

word Then at once all my bur-dens rolled a - way.
cross, I was glad when my bur-dens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my bur-dens could not stay.
sing Hal - le-lu-jah! all my bur-dens rolled a - way.

Rolled a-way,

way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a-way, since my bur-dens rolled a - way;

way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a - way.
Rolled a - way, rolled a-way,

Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin.

85 The Promise Unfailing.

Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My hope of sal - va - tion is stead-fast and sure, I've builded my house on foun-da-tion se - cure, The rock of His word that shall ev-er endure,
2. The storm clouds of sor - row may o - ver me spread, My hopes, glad and gold - en may from me have fled, Still on this as - sur-ance I pil-low my head:
3. The Temp-ter may strive to en - snare and de - feat, And man - y a pit - fall is laid for my feet, But grace all a-vail-ing, each trial shall meet,
4. How hap - py my lot since the Lord has con - trol What glad, sweet as- sur - ance a - bides in my soul; My heart sings with joy as I press t'wards the goal.

CHORUS.

The prom-ise un - fail - ing is mine. The prom-ise un - fail-ing is
The prom - - ise un -
mine,..... I rest on this bul-wark di - vine,..... Tho'
fail - ing is mine, I rest on this bul - wark di - vine,
earth pass a - way, His word stands for aye, The promise unfailing is mine.

86

Back to Mother's Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Maud Frazer Jackson. **Richard Hainsworth.**

1. I've come back to Mother's Bi - ble, With the heart I now be - lieve;
2. I've come back to Mother's Bi - ble, Book that filled her heart with grace;
3. I've come back to Mother's Bi - ble, And her prayers are answered now;
4. From the feast that left me famished, From the gleams that turned to night,

rit. – – –

I have called on Mother's Sav-ior, And His love doth me re - ceive.
Brought her thro' much trib-u-la-tion With the joy - light on her face.
I can feel her spir - it near me, And her hand up - on my brow.
I've come back to Mother's Bi - ble, To the ways of peace and light.

1. And His love

CHORUS.

I've come back to Mother's Bi ble, From the path of sin I trod;

I've come back From the path

I've come back ..... to Mother's Bi - ble, I've come back to Mother's God.

rit. – – –

I've come back to Mother's Bi - ble,

87 Give Me Jesus.

C. E. S. Copyright, 1918, by Chas E. Smith. CHAS. E. SMITH.

1. When we're tempted, when we're tried, In His lov - ing arms we hide, For no ill can e'er be - tide, He is near us. In this land of sin and shame, 'Tis so sweet to trust His name, For He's ev - 'ry day the same,—
2. Sor - rows oft - en come and go In this land of sin and woe, But He keeps us white as snow, O how pre - cious! We will strive His will to do, Day by day to Him be true, By His grace we will go thru,—
3. Dark - est hours are sure to come Just be - fore the morn-ing sun, When the Mas-ter says, "Well done," How it cheers us; On that hap - py, gold - en shore We shall meet to part no more, Ev - 'ry bat - tle will be o'er,—

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus! Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, How I love to praise His name o'er and o'er. Let me dwell with Him for ev - er - more.

Lovelight All the Way.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Since I prayed that Je - sus my guide would be, I have nev - er
2. Thro' the vales of life may my path - way lead, Where the sun - beams
3. Up the rug - ged hill, o - ver de - serts wild, I may safe - ly
4. Soul in dark - ness deep, let a change be made, Fol - low Je - sus

cared to stray; For He holds my hand, and that I might see, There is
nev - er play, There will still be light for my pre - sent need, There is
go to - day, For the Lord is near and to light His child, There is
while you may, For with this dear Friend al-ways near to aid, There is

CHORUS.

There is love - light, Pre- cious
love - light all the way. There is love-light all the way, Pre- cious
love - light,
love-light all the way, Shin- ing bright - ly night and day, Nev - er
dark for me will the home-path be; There is love-light all the way.

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89

In the Harbor-Land.

H. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. We are sail-ing o'er life's storm-y o-cean To a bet-ter land on high;
2. Tho' the frowning rocks of strong temp-ta-tion May be near on ev-'ry hand,
3. There the waves of sin no more shall threaten To en-gulf us in de-spair;
4. Oh, the glo-ry of that glad, sweet morning, When our an-chors we have cast!

In its smil-ing and se-ques-tered har-bor
Christ, the Pi-lot of our ship, will guide us
There the Bright and Morning Star is shin-ing
And the gold-en har-bor-bells are chim-ing

CHORUS.

We shall an-chor by and by.
Safe-ly to the har-bor-land.
In the har-bor-land so fair.
When the storms of life are past.

In the har-bor-land, On the gold-en strand, We shall meet to part no more; . . Storms for-ev-er past, Anchored safe at last On the gold-en shore.

to part no more:

bright and golden, golden shore.

90 My Sins Are Remembered No More.

H. L.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My heart is with ju - bi - lance sing - ing, My sins are re -
2. My bur - den of guilt has been lift - ed, My sins are re -
3. My sins were as high as a mount - ain, But they are re -
4. To Je - sus my praise shall be giv - en, My sins are re -

membered no more; The bells of sal - va - tion are ring - ing,
membered no more; The dark clouds a - bove me have rift - ed,
membered no more; They all dis-- ap-peared in the fount - ain,
membered no more; He o - pened the gate-way to heav - en,

CHORUS.

My sins are remembered no more. My sins are remembered no more,
no more,

My sins are remembered no more; My chains have been bro- ken, My
no mere;

par - don is spo - ken, My sins are re-mem-bered no more.....
re - membered no more.

91 Soldiers of Immanuel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. Soldiers of Im-man - u - el, go for-ward in His name, Ho - ly
2. Soldiers of Im-man - u - el, go for-ward to the fray, Songs of
3. Soldiers of Im-man - u - el, the bat-tle soon shall cease; In a

war-fare waging, pow'rs of sin en-gag-ing; Lift His roy-al standard and His
tri-umph singing, shouts of vic-t'ry ringing; Fol-low your Commander, He is
home of splen-dor we shall hom-age ren-der Un - to Je-sus, He who is the

truth di - vine pro-claim, Till the world shall own Him King.
with you ev - 'ry day; On-ward! is the bat - tle - cry.
glo - rious Prince of Peace, When we lay our ar - mor down.

CHORUS.

Go forth, go forth, and battle for the right, De-feat the foe and put his host to

flight; Ye soldiers of Imman-u-el, press on Un-til the vic-to-ry is won.

92

The Child of a King,

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN R. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof - fers are full,—He has riches un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King! The
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

child of a King! With Je - sus my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

93

In the Great Triumphant Morning.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap- py time 'twill be, When the
3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the

dead..... in Chist shall rise, We'll be changed to life im-
When the Lord descends in
We'll be crowned with life im-

the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e-

mor-tal, In the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - sus in the
glo-ry, Sets His waiting chil-dren free, And we meet..... Him in the
mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - ture in the
ter-nal, Un-der Christ for-ev-er blest, Aft-er meet - - ing in the

And meet Je-sus in the skies, up

REFRAIN.

skies, (heav'nly skies). We shall all rise to meet Him, we shall all go to greet Him,

In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise.
And shall have the marriage supper (*Omit*.....) in the skies, up in the skies.

dead shall rise

Owned by R. E. Winsett, E. Chattanooga, Tenn. From "Pentecostal Song Evangel,"

94

On That Morrow

Copyright, 1920, by Haldor Lillenas,
Words and music.

Lucia B. Cook. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On that mor - row, bless - ed mor - row, Dawn - ing of the
2. On that mor - row, bless - ed mor - row, We shall leave our
3. On that mor - row, bless - ed mor - row, What re - joic - ing

per - fect day; All our sad - ness shall be glad - ness, God shall
earth - ly cares, Sin and sigh - ing, pain and dy - ing, When He
there will be, Safe for - ev - er and for - ev - er Thro' a

CHORUS.

wipe our tears a - way..... Bye and bye,..... sweet bye and
wipes a - way our tears.....
glad e - ter - ni - ty..... Bye and bye, sweet

bye, For that hap - py morn we sigh, As we
bye and bye, For that hap - py morn we sigh,

rit.

jour - ney thro' the night To those pearl - y gates of light.
As we jour - ney thro' the night

95 The Dear Old Bible.

(Inscribed to my friend, Rev. W. G. Schurman.)

H. L. Copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Olivet, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Give me the dear old Bi - ble as my guide each day, Be it my help and com-fort on my pil - grim way, Un - til the gates of glo - ry I at last shall see, The dear old Bi - ble is good e-nough for me.....
2. Give me the dear old Bi - ble as my teach-er true, Precious the words of promise, old, yet ev - er new; On ev - 'ry page the love of God I plain - ly see, The dear old Bi - ble is good e-nough for me.....
3. Give me the dear old Bi - ble as a shin-ing light, That will il - lum - ine me and guide my steps a - right, Be it my sword to drive a - way the en - e - my, The dear old Bi - ble is good e-nough for me.....
4. Give me the dear old Bi - ble when my life shall end, When in the vale of sha-dow it will com - fort lend; It shall en - dure for time and all e - ter - ni - ty, The dear old Bi - ble is good e-nough for me.....

CHORUS.

Good e-nough for me, Good e-nough for me, The dear old Bi - ble is yes,

1. good e-nough for me, ... 2. good e-nough for me.. .....
Is good enough for me, Is good enough for me.

96 Since Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

Frank E. Roush. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALDOR LILLENAS. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. I'm won-drous-ly saved and re-deemed from all sin, Since Je-sus spoke
2. With joy I have crowned Him the King of my heart, Since Je-sus spoke
3. The joy of my soul I can nev-er ex-press, Since Je-sus spoke
4. I look for a cit-y where com-eth no night, Since Je-sus spoke

peace to my soul, (to my soul,) All dark-ness has van-ished, the sun-light shines in,
peace to my soul, (to my soul,) And from Him I nev-er, no nev-er will part,
peace to my soul, (to my soul,) I'm clothed in the gar-ment of His right-eous-ness,
peace to my soul, (to my soul,) I'm bound for the homeland of end-less de-light,

REFRAIN.

Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul, ... to my soul,

Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul; . . . . . All my sins have been for- to my soul;

giv-en, I'm on my way to heav-en, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

97 The Golden Bells of Welcome.

H. L. Copyright, 1917, by Chas H. Forsyth e HALDOR LILLENAS.

Slowly, with expression.

1. When life's evening shadows fall, And I hear the Mas-ter's call, When with con - fi-dence I'll cross death's rolling sea;
2. When the pearl-y gates appear, When an - gel - ic hosts draw near, They will wel come me to yon-der hap - py clime;
3. Ma - ny dear ones I shall meet, And with joy they will me greet, And es- cort me to the shade of life's fair tree;
4. But my joy will be com-plete, When the Sav-iour I shall meet, When with love's a-dor - ing eyes His face I see;

I shall reach the land of rest,
Thro' the hallowed vales of peace,
We shall talk our tri - als o'er,
He will fold me to His breast,

And with all the pure and blest, I shall hear the bells of welcome ring for me.
O'er the hills of sweet re-lease I shall hear the gold-en bells of welcome chime.
And re-joice for ev - er-more, When the golden bells of welcome ring for me.
On His bos - om I shall rest, While the golden bells of welcome ring for me.

REFRAIN.

When the gold-en bells of welcome ring for me, ... Just be-yond the ring for me,

borders of the crys-tal sea; . . . . . What su-per-nal joy divine Shall trans- the crystal sea;

The Golden Bells of Welcome. Concluded.

port this heart of mine, When the golden bells of welcome ring for me . . . . . .
ring for me.

98 He Died of a Broken Heart.

T. D (Welch.) T. DENNIS.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the cross, Where Jesus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up - on His brow for you,
3. Have you read how He saved the dying thief When hanging on the tree,
4. Have you read how He looked to heav'n and said, " 'Tis finished," 'twas for thee!

Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?
When He prayed, "Forgive them, O for - give; They know not what they do?"
When He looked with pleading eyes and said, "Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me?"
Have you ev - er said, "I thank Thee, Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me?"

CHORUS.

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

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

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine, Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*

FINE.

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And sav, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

100 It is Jesus.

W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. When the days are bright, as some days will be: When the cause of
2. As we trav - el on to the great white throne, There is One who
3. When the shad - ows come, as some-times they will; When the days are
4. When we try so hard and we seem to fail, When our hopes are

right wins the vic - to - ry; When the sun - beams play o - ver
all of the way makes known; And the way He shows, for the
dark and the winds are chill, There is One whose light with a
lost in the storm - y gale, There is One who cares just how

life's glad day, There is One who can cheer us a - long our way.
way He knows, And He tem - pers for us each wind that blows.
glo - ry bright Will a - bove us shine thro' the dark - est night.
each one fares, And the wind and storms with His own He shares.

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, He's the One who knows our ev - 'ry need;

It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, He's a Sav - ior in - deed.

101 Come Over Into Canaan.

Dedicated to the General Assembly of the Church of The Nazarene, held at Kansas City, Mo.

H. L. Copyright, 1915, by Haldor Lillenas, Olivet, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Why wander in the wilderness, O fainting soul, Come ov - er in - to
2. Its sun-kiss'd mountains rise above the val-ley fair, Come ov - er in - to
3. Sweet songs of triumph ring within its borders bright, Come ov - er in - to
4. This charming land of Canaan is a land of love, Come ov - er in - to

Ca - naan land; By faith cross over Jordan tho' the waves may roll, Come
Ca - naan land; And luscious fruits de-lec-ta-ble grow ev - 'ry where, Come
Ca - naan land; No burning sands but fountains sparkling with delight, Come
Ca - naan land; And thro' it we must pass to reach our home above, Come

CHORUS.

ov - er in - to Ca-naan land. Come ov - er in - to Ca - naan

land, ... Come ov - er in - to Canaan land; ..... Where the
into Canaan land, into Canaan land,

grapes of Eshol grow, Where the milk and honey flow, Come ov-er in-to Canaan land.

rit ad lib

102 If I Cling to the Cross.

I. M. Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas. IRENE MCCAGUE.

Duet.

1. When my day seems dark and drea-ry And I know not God's sweet will, Tho' my road seems rough and wea - ry Yet I know He's with me still; If I
2. Tho' the storms of life o'er take me, And my dim eyes fail to see, Yet He nev - er will for - sake me For my friend di - vine is He; If I
3. If the joys of earth should fail me, If my cherished hopes have died; If the pow'rs of sin as - sail me, Christ will be my strength and guide; If I
4. When I reach the gates of glo - ry And my Sav-iour's face I see; I shall sing the sweet old sto - ry Of what Christ hath done for me; If I

cling to the cross, I shall find thro' the cross The light of life in Je - sus.
cling to the cross, I shall find thro' the cross The way of life in Je - sus.
cling to the cross, I shall find thro' the cross A great- er joy in Je - sus.
cling to the cross, I shall find thro' the cross My home, my heav'n in Je- sus.

CHORUS.

{ If I cling to the cross, If I cling to the cross I shall not dis - ap -
{ I find com-fort and rest, I am con-stant-ly (*Omit*.....

1

2

rit.

point - ed be; ..... blest While I cling to the hal-lowed cross.

103 A Closer Fellowship.

H. L.

Copyright. 1919, by Haldor Lillenas

HALDOR LILLENAS.
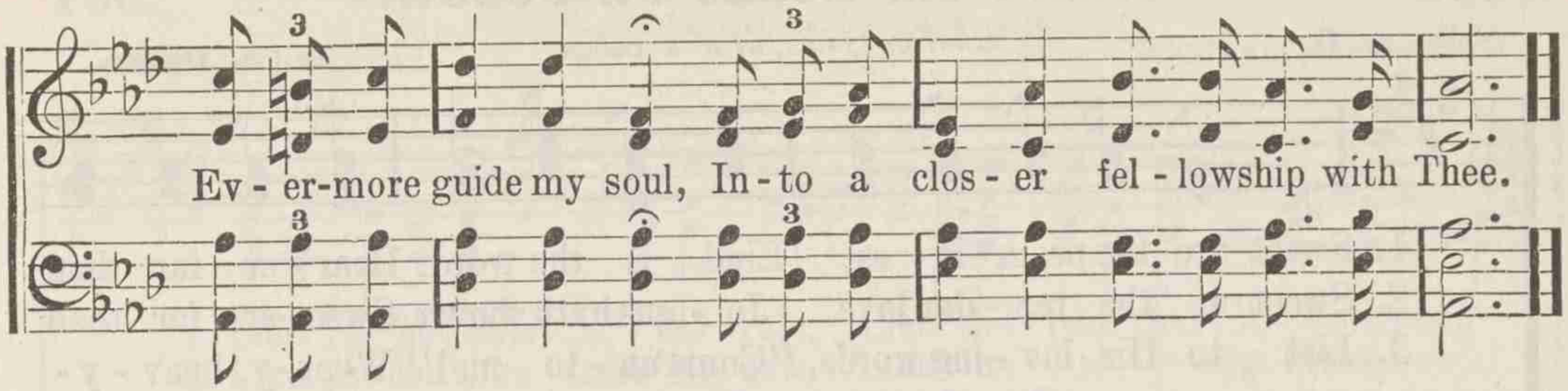
Moderato.

1. In - to a clos - er fel - low-ship with Thee Lord, Draw me I pray Thee, clos - er to Thy side; Be Thou a - bid - ing con-stant-ly with me Lord, With-in Thy se - cret pres-ence let me hide.
2. In - to a clos - er fel - low-ship with Thee Lord, This is my long - ing and my con - stant prayer; Un - til the cen - ter of Thy will shall be Lord, All my de-light and com-fort ev -'ry-where.
3. In - to a clos - er fel - low-ship with Thee Lord, Tho' it may mean the suff - 'ring Thou hast known; I would be Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty Lord, Make Thou my heart a heav- en for Thy throne.
4. In - to a clos - er fel - low-ship with Thee Lord, Draw me O Sav - iour, till my life shall end; Un - til at last, Thy bless- ed face I see Lord, And my glad song with an- gel choirs shall blend.

CHORUS.
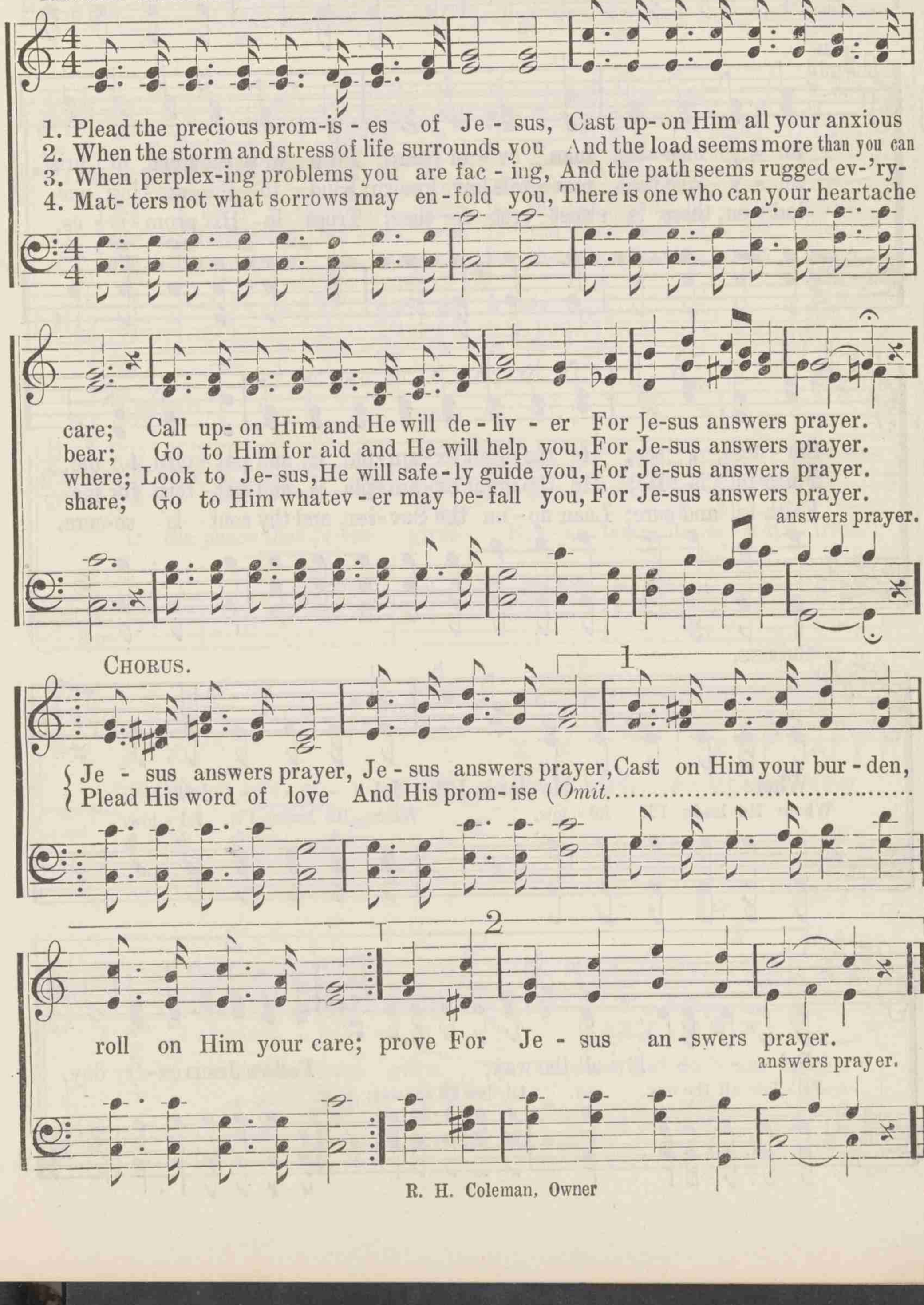
Clos - - er un - to Thee Lord,
Clos - er, draw me clos - er, draw me clos - er un - to Thee, to Thee,
Thee Lord,
Clos - - er un - to Thee Lord, Take Thou complete control
Clos - er, draw me clos - er, draw me clos- er un - to Thee,

A Closer Fellowship—Concluded.



104 Jesus Answers Prayer.

RICHARD HAINSWORTH. Copyright, 1919, by Haldor Lillenas. HALDOR LILLENAS.



105

Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W A OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.

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

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

106 The Peace That Jesus Gives.

Copyright, 1917, by Chas. H. Forsythe.

HALDOR LILLENAS. RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

Legato.

1. Like the sun-shine af - ter rain, Like the rest that fol - lows pain,
2. Like the soft, re - fresh - ing dew, Like a ros - y day break new,
3. Like a riv - er deep and long, With its cur-rent, cease-less, strong,

Like a hope re-turned a - gain, Is the peace that Je - sus gives.
Like a friendship ten - der, true Is the peace that Je - sus gives.
Like the ca-dence of a song Is the peace that Je - sus gives.

CHORUS.

O the peace that Je-sus gives Nev - er dies, it al - ways lives,

Like the mu - sic of a psalm, Like a glad, e - ter - nal calm

Is the peace that Je-sus gives, Is the peace that Je - sus gives.

107 In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spoken And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed army In the summerland above, And the

bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test-ings and the tri-als I must go; But I'll trust and glad-ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo-ry fair, Then with bound-ing hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav-iour we be-hold, We will sing and shout for-

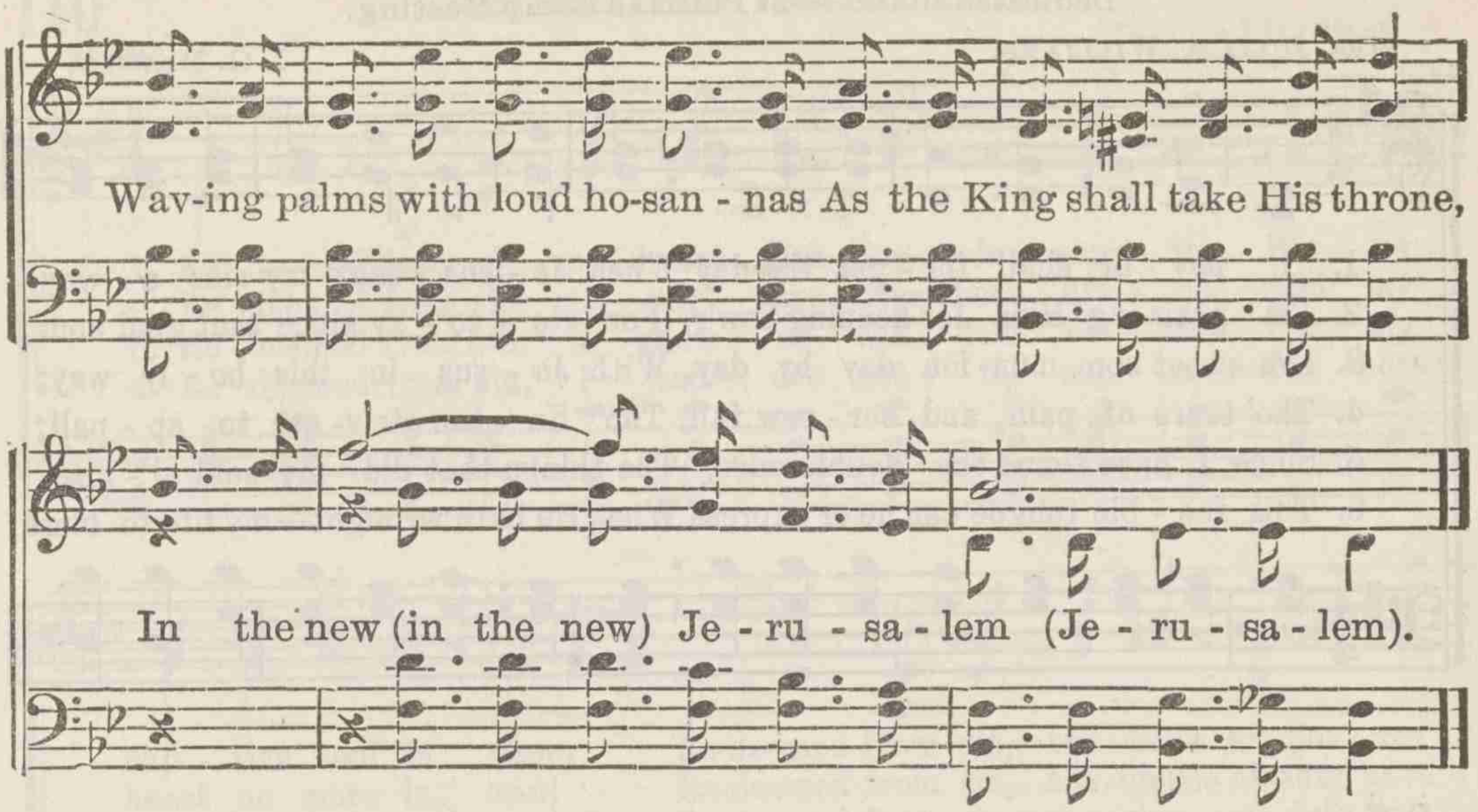
loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
fol-low, For sometime I'll understand, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins away, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
ev-er And we'll grow in per-fect love, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

CHORUS.

There'll be singing, there'll be shouting When the saints come marching home,
In Je-ru-sa-lem, In Je-ru-sa-lem;
In the new Je-ru-sa-lem, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem;

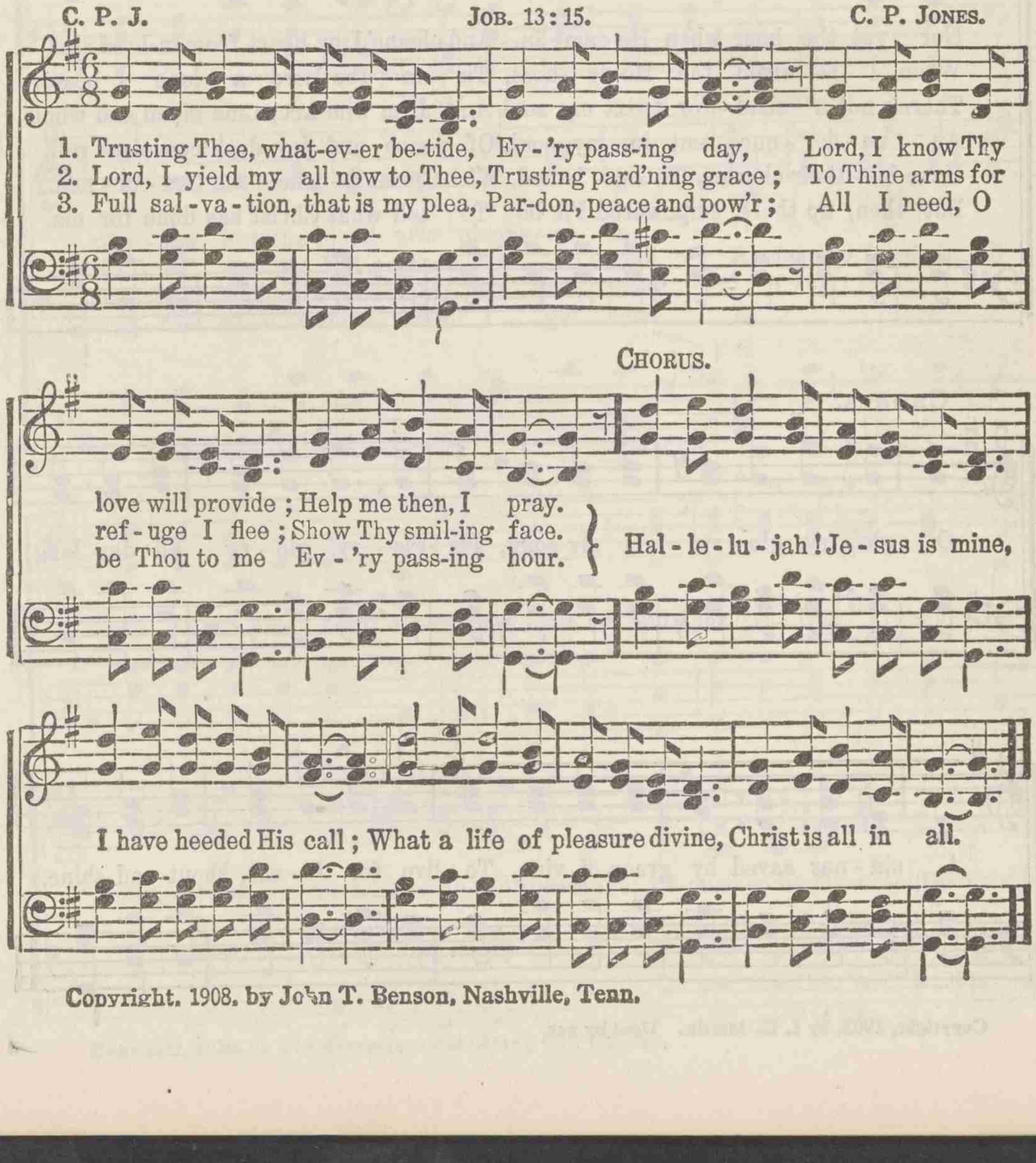
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In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.



108 TRUSTING THEE, WHATEVER BETIDE.

C. P. J. JOB. 13:15. C. P. JONES.
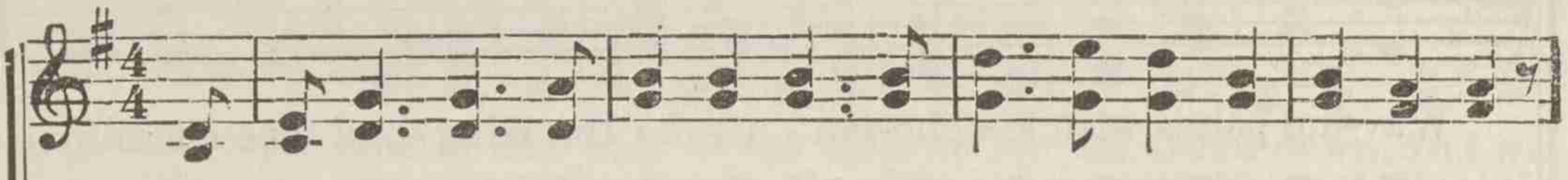


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109
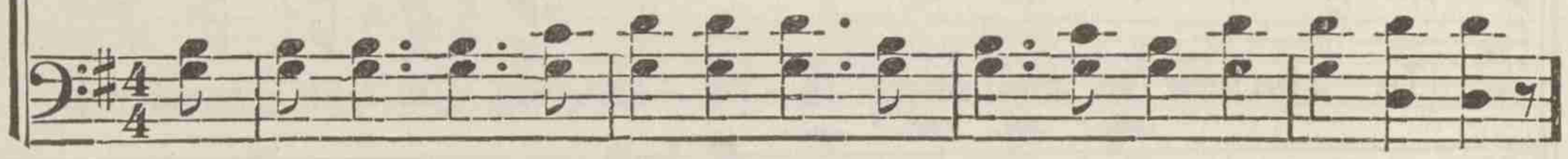
The Glory Song.
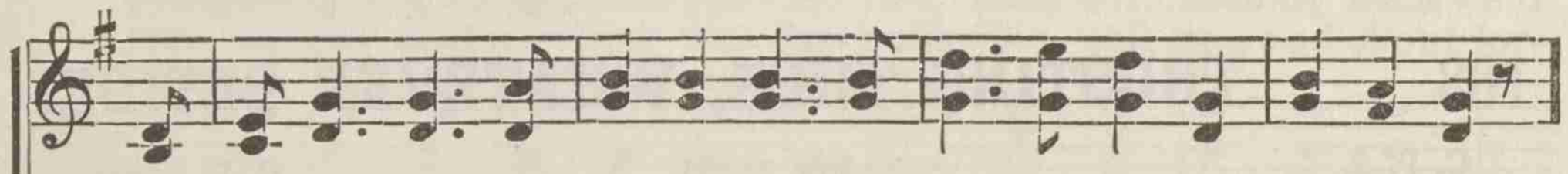
Dedicated to the West Pullman Camp Meeting.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. I. G. MARTIN.
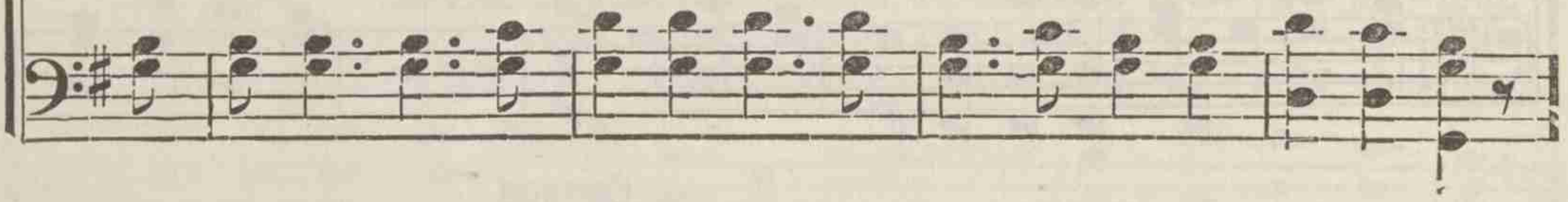


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way;
2. I'm prais-ing Him for keeping pow'r, For vic - to - ry since that glad hour;
3. I've sweet com- mun- ion day by day, With Je - sus in this ho - ly way;
4. Tho' tears of pain and sor - row fall, Tho' Sa - tan striv- eth to ap - pall;
5. Since I have found the "double cure," The things that did my soul al - lure,
6. This fee - ble tongue can ne'er express What He hath wrought—my life to bless;

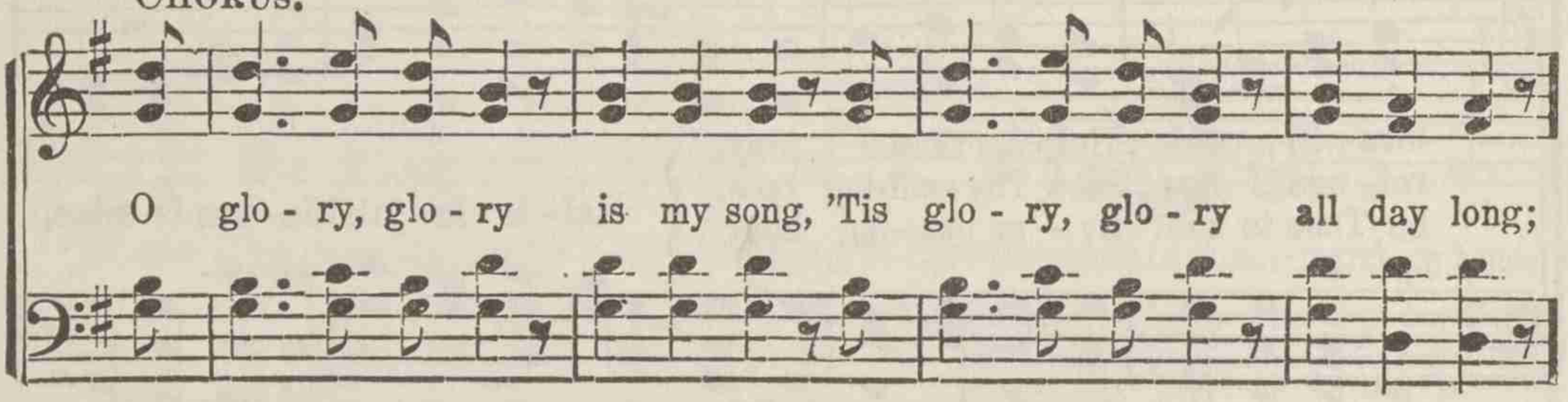




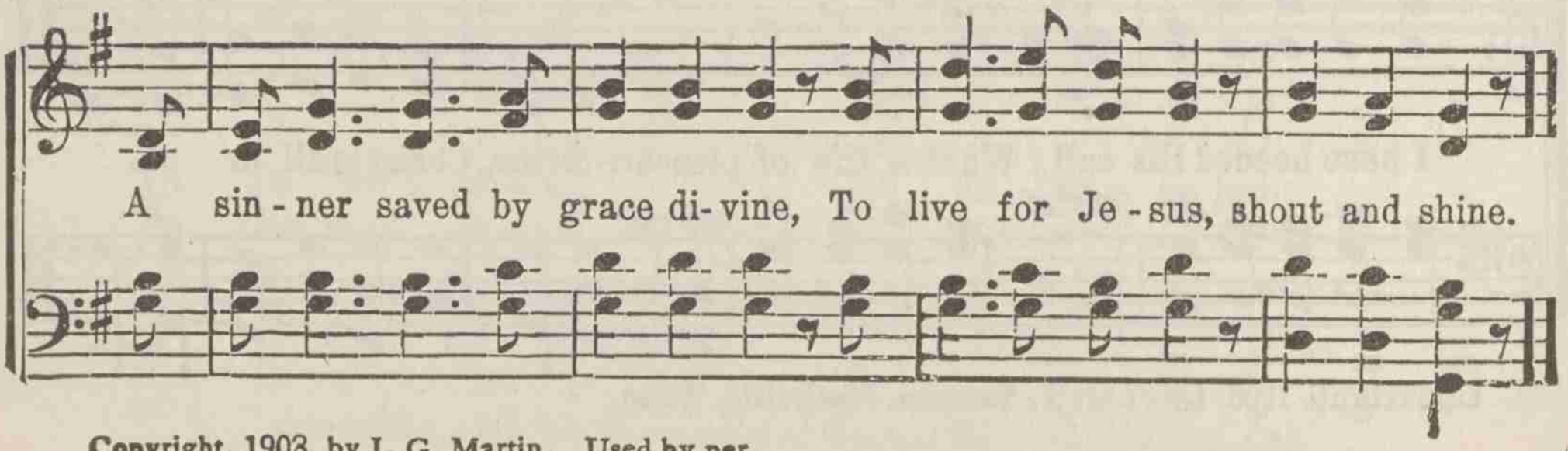
Nor yet the hour when He came in, And cleans'd my heart from in-bred sin.
When I re-ceived the Ho- ly Ghost, 'Tis in the Lord a - lone I boast.
There's not a shad - ow twixt my soul And Him who keeps me clean and whole.
An un - der - cur - rent in my soul, Of peace and joy doth ceaseless roll.
Have lost their charms, I'm sat - is-fied, With Christ a - lone—the Cru - ci - fied.
But then, up there, empowered I'll be To tell what Christ has done for me.



CHORUS.



O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;



A sin - ner saved by grace di- vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

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110 Redeemed From Sin.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Re - deemed from sin, my heart with joy is sing - ing, For my cap - tive soul is free;
2. Re - deemed from sin, my bur - dens have been lift - ed, And my heart no more is sad;
3. Re - deemed from sin, I know no con - dem - na - tion, For my debt has all been paid;
4. Re - deemed from sin, I wan - der not in sor - row, No more paths of sin I roam;

Re-deemed from sin, the bells of joy are ring - ing, For the blood now cleans - es me.
Re-deemed from sin, the clouds of fear have rift - ed, And my ran - somed soul is glad.
Re-deemed from sin, I sing of full sal- va - tion, And a home that love hath made.
Re-deemed from sin, a gold - en, glad to- mor - row Shall be mine when I get home.

CHORUS.

Re-deemed from sin, all glo - ry to the Lamb! Re deemed from sin and jus - ti - fied I am, Re- deemed from sin, my heart with rap-ture sings: Re-deemed by the precious blood!

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111 Tell the Blessed Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. Church of God, a - wak - en, heed the Lord's com-mand, Tell the bless - ed
2. Has He not com-mis-sioned you the news to bear? Tell the bless - ed
3. Stand no lon - ger i - dle while the mo - ments fly, Tell the bless - ed
4. Pub - lish un - to all the world re - deem - ing grace, Tell the bless - ed

sto - ry of the cross; Fields are white for har-vest-ing on ev - 'ry hand,
sto - ry of the cross; "Go ye in - to all the world," and ev - 'ry - where
sto - ry of the cross; Mul - ti-tudes in hea-then darkness live and die,
sto - ry of the cross; Un - til in the home of rest you find your place,

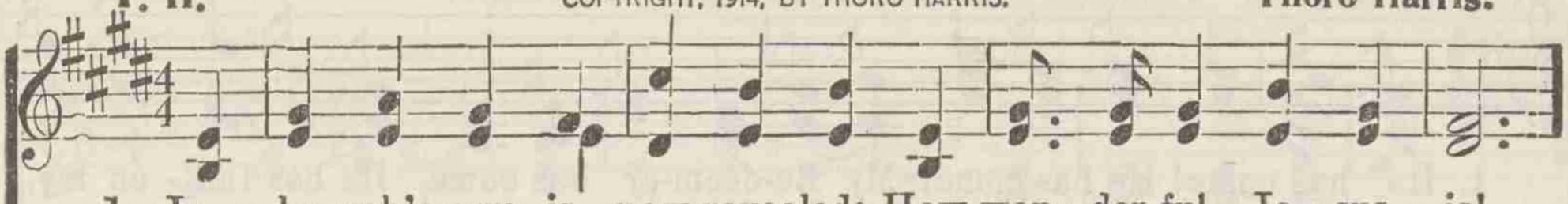
CHORUS.

Tell the bless - ed sto - ry of the cross. Tell the bless-ed sto - ry of the
cross of Je - sus, Tell the bless-ed sto-ry of the hal-lowed cross; Un-til ev - 'ry
na - tion learns of full sal - va - tion, Tell the bless-ed sto-ry of the cross.

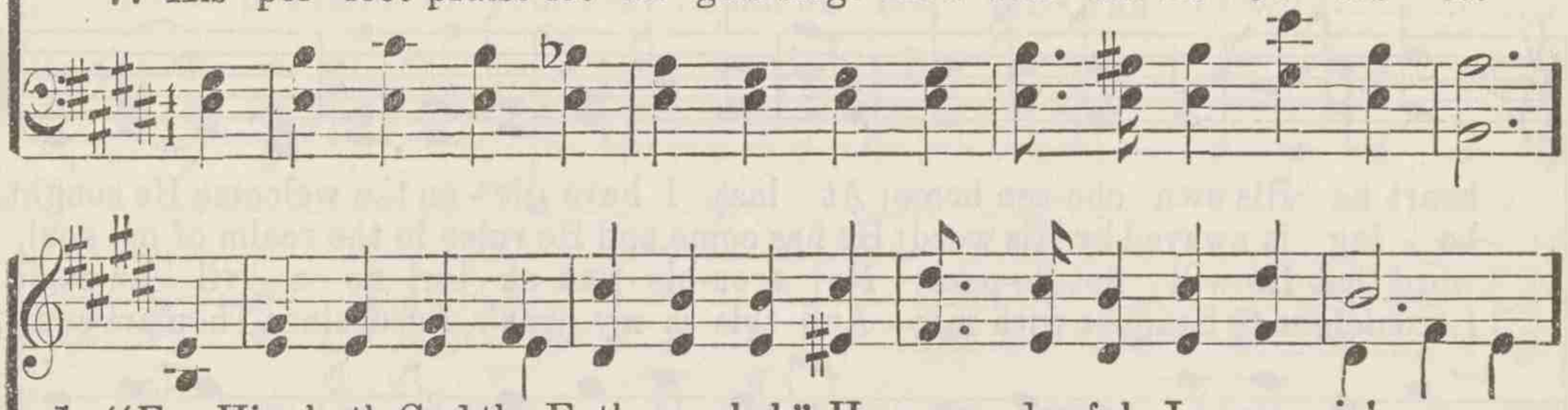
112 How Wonderful Jesus Is!

"His name shall be called Wonderful."

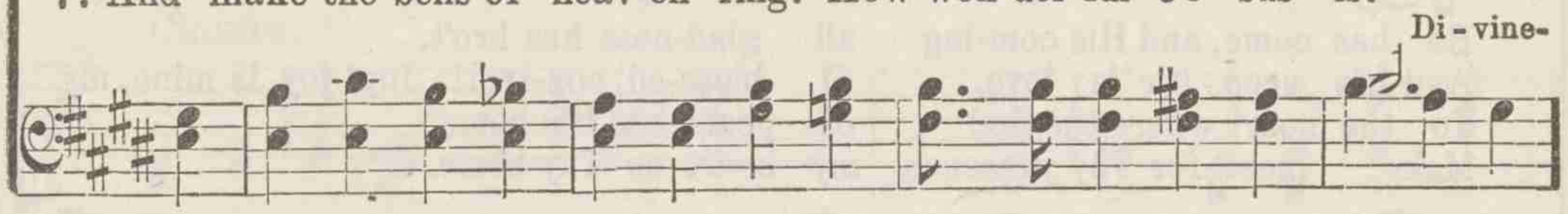
T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



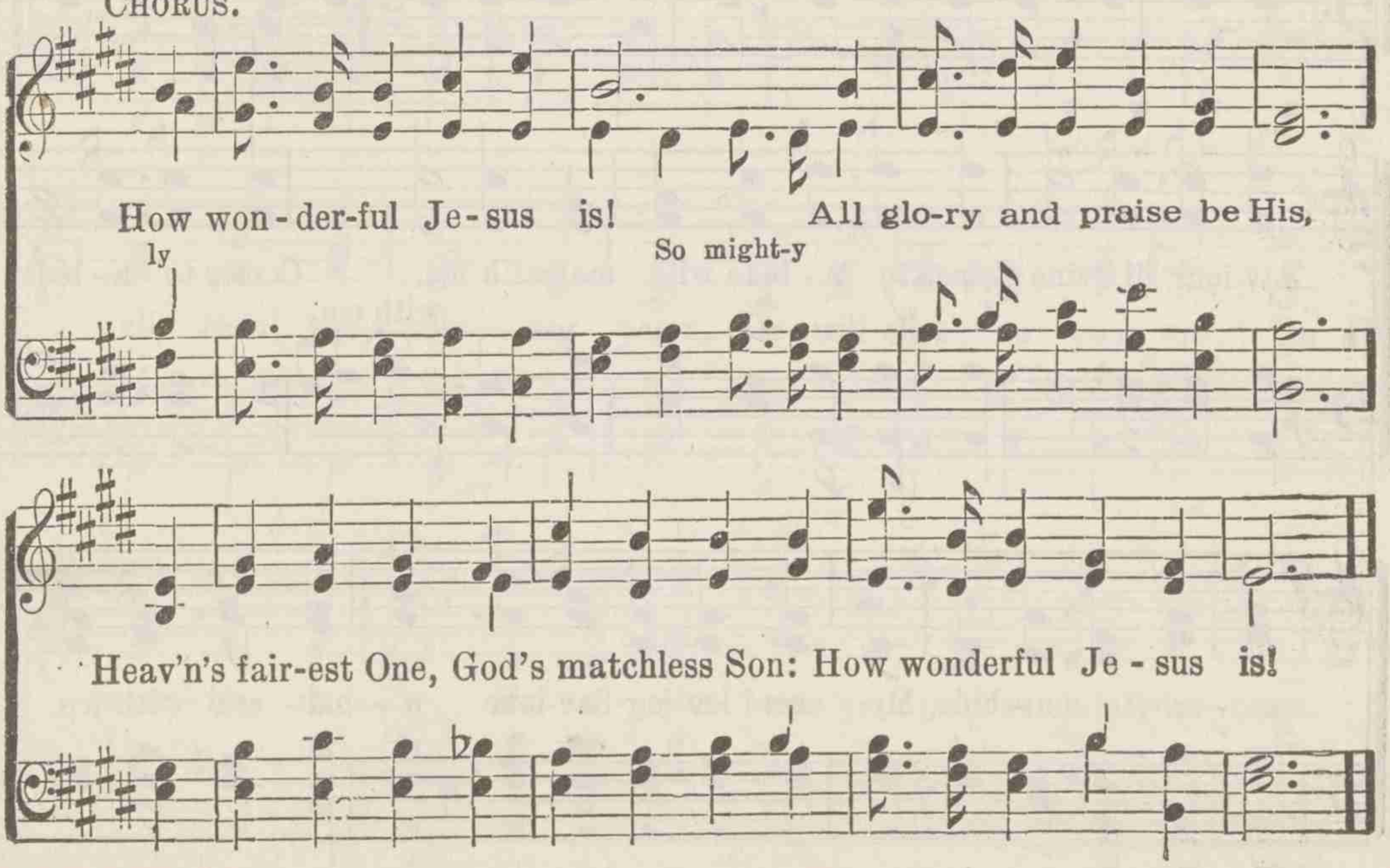
1. Je - ho-vah's arm is now revealed: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Great Sac - ri - fice or-dained by God, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
3. The Li - on strong of Ju - dah He, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. He pleads be-fore the courts of heav'n, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. He bears our sor - rows far a-way, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. His death-less love let saints de-clare: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. His per - fect praise let an - gels sing: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!



1. "For Him hath God the Father sealed:" How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Pro - claim thru all the earth a-broad How won-der-ful Je - sus is.
3. The smit-ten Lamb of Cal - va - ry, How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
4. Thru His a-tonement peace is giv'n: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
5. In His pre-vail-ing name we pray: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
6. And speak His glo-ry ev-'ry-where: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!
7. And make the bells of heav-en ring: How won-der-ful Je - sus is!



CHORUS.



113 He Has Come.

MRS J. H. KNOWLES. ZECH. 9: 9. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-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 pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

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

Sav-iour di - vine Comes to a - bide with me, with me, Comes to a - bide,
with me,
ev - er to a - bide, My own lov-ing Sav-iour a - bid - eth with me.

rit.

114 He Remembers Your Prayers.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. (Inscribed to my wife, Bertha Mae Lillenas.) HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. { You have prayed ma-ny long, wea - ry, try - ing years But the an - swer has
   { And your pray'rs may be min-gled with bit - ter tears, (*Omit.*.....

2. { You have earn-est - ly plead- ed your ur - gent case, At the throne of God's
   { But at times He has hid - den His bless - ed face, (*Omit.*.....

3. { You have sometimes grown wea-ry of grief and pain, When your burdens seemed
   { And it seemed that you plead- ed at times in vain (*Omit.*.....

4. { Just re-mem- ber His word can not, can not fail, Bnt con - tin - ue pre-
   { Do not faint for your pray'r shall at last pre - vail (*Omit.*.....

1

2

oft been de - layed; O take cour - age and be not dis - mayed.
in - fi - nite love; Just your faith in His prom - ise to prove.
heav - y to bear; When no an - swer was sent to your pray'r.
sent - ing your plea; And the an - swer a - bund - ant shall be.

CHORUS.

He re-mem-bers your pray'rs and your bit - ter tears, He has guid - ed you

all thro' the pass - ing years, He will list to your cry, On His

prom - ise re - ly, He re- mem- bers your pray'rs and your tears.

115 Closer to Thee.

Mabel Brown Denison.
and Lucia B. Cook.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Life were as noth-ing with-out Thee, my Sav-ior, Pleasures grow dim and no
2. Clos-er in glad-ness and clos-er in sor-row, Know-ing, no mat-ter what
3. Thou art my Sav-ior, my Hope, my Re-deem-er, Life ev-er-last-ing Thy
4. O let me live for the things of the spir-it, Till that glad morn when Thy

com-fort I see; Thou canst a-lone fill my heart with true glad-ness,
life brings to me, In Thee a-lone can I find its com-plete-ness;
por-tion to me; Lord, of Thy bless-ing, I crave the full meas-ure,
face I shall see; This be my heav-en to dwell in Thy pres-ence,

CHORUS.

Let me live clos-er, clos-er to Thee.
Let me live clos-er, clos-er to Thee. Let me live clos-er,
Let me live clos-er, clos-er to Thee.
There to be clos-er, clos-er to Thee.

clos-er to Thee, Low-ly, un-wor-thy, tho' I may be; Thou art my
help-er, oh, hear Thou my plea, Let me live clos-er, clos-er to Thee.

116 Pray.

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W. M. R. WORDS AND MUSIC William M. Runyan.

1. Prayer is the breath of the soul's deep life, Pray, pray, pray;
2. Prayer is the key to the door of grace, Pray, pray, pray;
3. Prayer will bring bless-ing from heav'n a - bove, Pray, pray, pray;
4. Pray when the shad-ows of grief hang low, Pray, pray, pray;

Prayer is the shield in the midst of strife, Pray, pray, pray.
Prayer is a look tow'rd the Fa - ther's face, Pray, pray, pray.
Prayer claims sal - va - tion for those we love, Pray, pray, pray.
Pray in life's morn - ing and eve - ning glow, Pray, pray, pray.

Pray when a - bout you the clouds hang low, Pray when you know not which
When trib - u - la - tions are throng - ing you, When you are bur-dened, when
Na - tions and neigh-bors in dark - ness wait; Chained to their i - dols, how
Pray un - til e - vil shall take its flight, Pray till tri - um-phant you

way to go; God's ho-ly will you may sure-ly know If you pray, pray, pray.
friends are few; Je - sus the Sav-ior will help you thro' If you pray, pray, pray.
sad their fate! They may be saved ere it be too late If you pray, pray, pray.
win the fight; Burdens so heav-y will soon seem light If you pray, pray, pray.

117 My Heavenly Home, Sweet Home.

Copyright, 1920, by Haldor Lillenas.

LUCIA B. COOK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis not the shining walls, nor bright celes-tial dome; 'Tis not the gleaming
2. 'Tis not because it stands up-on the golden street; That house not made with
3. My heav'nly treasures wait with Jesus o - ver there, Be-yond the pearl-y

halls that make my home, sweet home. It is the presence there of
hands, e - ter - nal and com - plete; But Je - sus and His love when
gates where gleam the mansions fair, O I have ma - ny friends a -

one I long to meet, The fair-est of the fair with pierced hands and feet.
I His face shall see, Will make that home above di-vine-ly sweet to me.
mong the ransomed throng; Our voices soon shall blend and love shall be the song.

CHORUS.

O love and joy, O love and joy and rest, From thee I'll
O love and joy, love and joy, From thee I'll nev- er

nev - er roam in thee for - ev - er blest; My home, my home, my
My home, my home,

My Heavenly Home, Sweet Home—Concluded.

heav'nly home sweet home From thee I'll never roam in thee for-ev - er blest.

118 I Am Leaning On His Arms.

Copyright, 1918, by Dr. Sidney Smith,

S. S.

Dr. Sidney Smith.

1. The e - ter - nal God is my on - ly ref-uge, Un - derneath the ev - er -
2. The e - ter - nal God is my on - ly ref-uge, Un - derneath there lies the
3. The e - ter - nal God is my on - ly ref-uge, Un - derneath His faithful
4. The e - ter - nal God is my on - ly ref-uge, Un - derneath e - ter - nal

last - ing arms, My soul look up with ho - ly cour-age, Ban - ish from thee
sol - id rock; The precious blood, the blood of Je - sus, Hath redeemed His
prom-ise sure; Tho' storms and waves around are roaring, He will keep His
mer - cies stand, The Shepherd's arms are twined around me, Oth - er stays are

Chorus.

all a - larms.
lit - tle flock.
own se - cure.
shift - ing sands.

} I am lean-ing, safe - ly lean-ing, Lean-ing on my

Saviour's arms, I am leaning, safe- ly leaning, Leaning on my Saviour's arms.

119
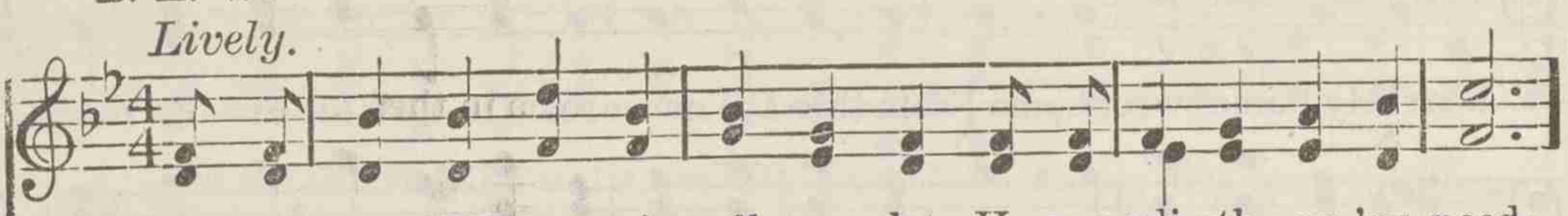
Joy Unspeakable.

(I Pet. 1: 8.)
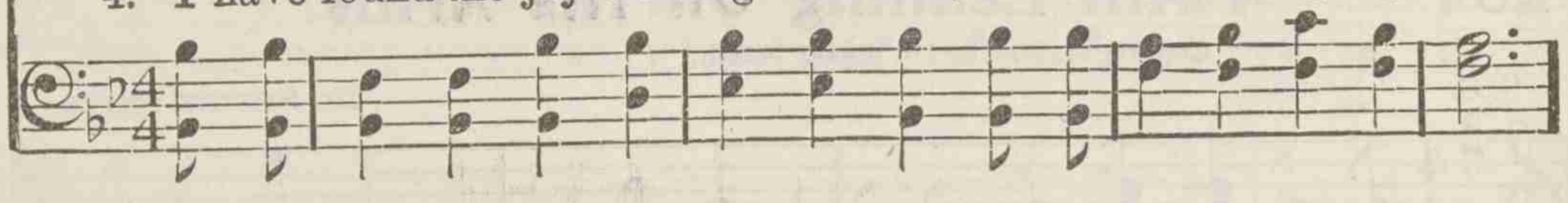
B. E. W.
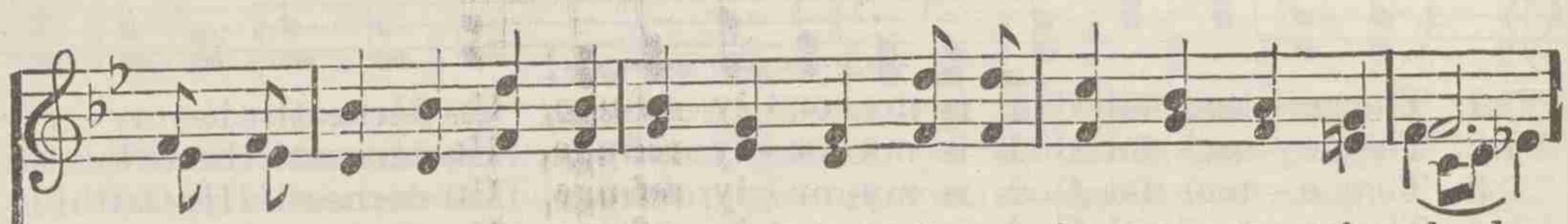
B. E. WARREN.

Lively.
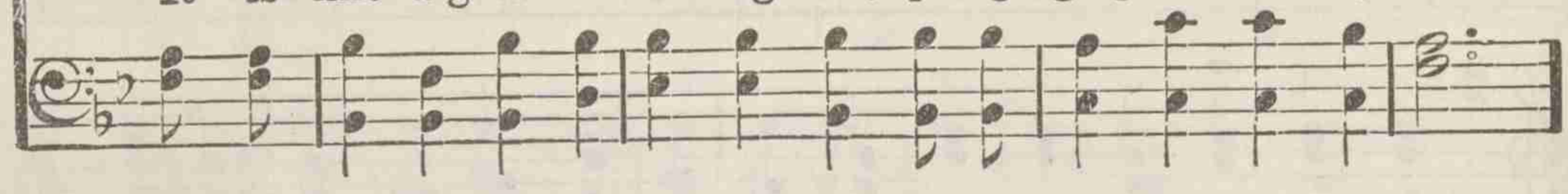


1. I have found His grace in all complete, He sup-pli-eth ev-'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace within;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv-ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glory roll!

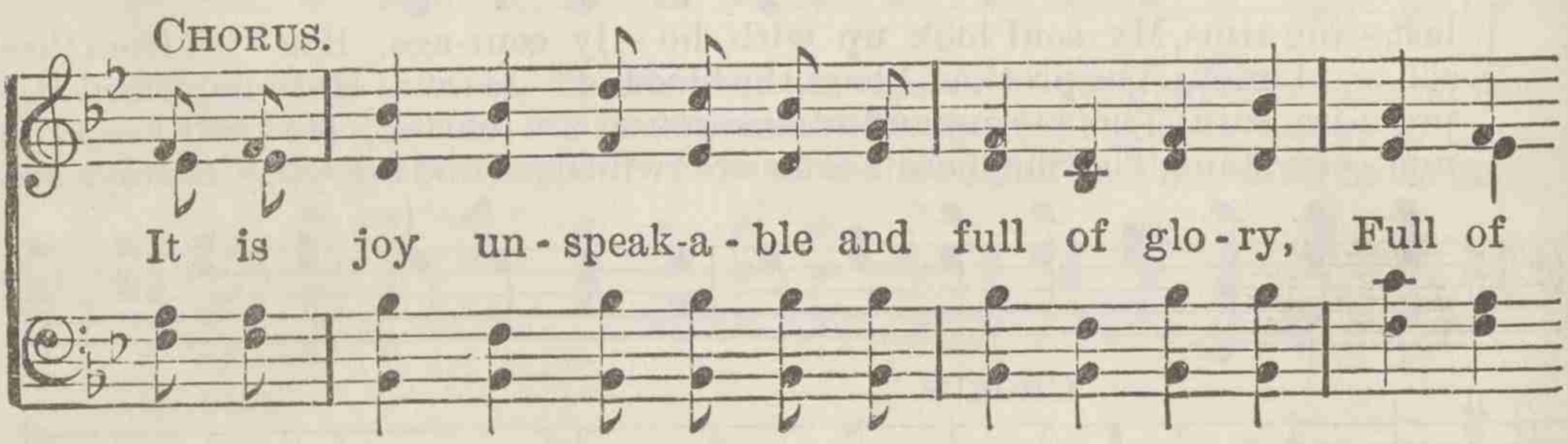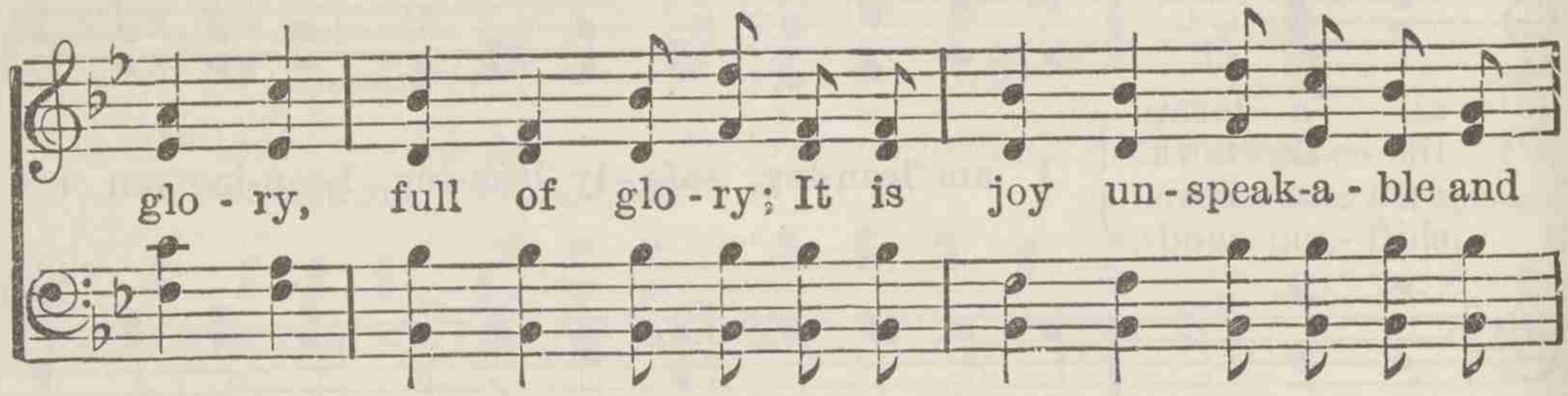




While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed.
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin.
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face.
It is like a great o'erflowing well, Springing up with-in my soul.



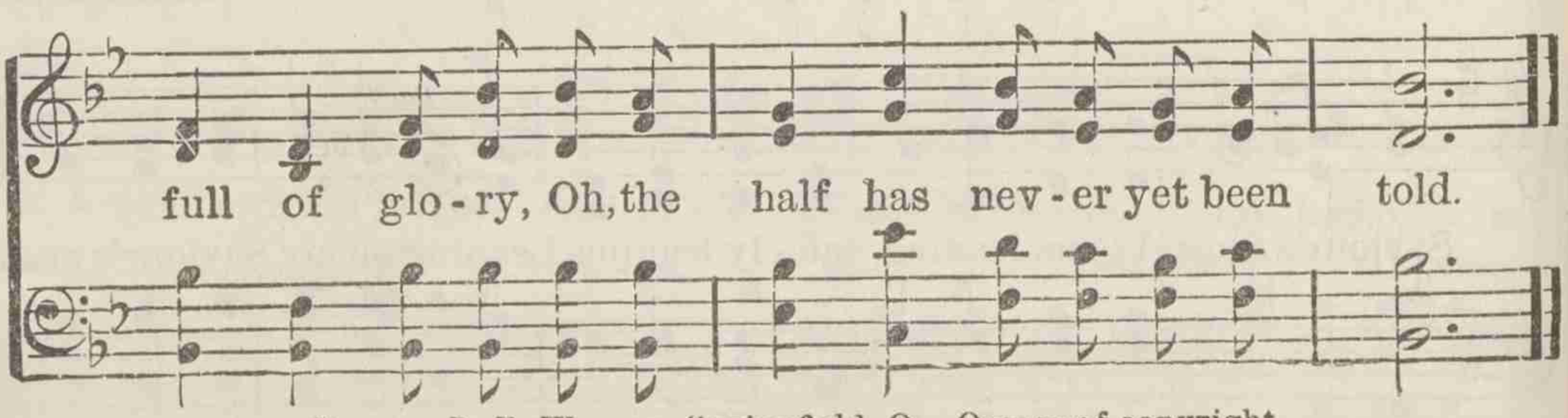
CHORUS.



It is joy un - speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of



glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak-a - ble and



full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

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Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY S. H. POLTON.
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C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
   With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
   There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
   O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
  O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Now come and dine;"
  Thus He sat - is - fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem-bled be;
  And with Je - sus they will feast e-ter-nal - ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in- to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

121 My Sheep Know My Voice.

Copyright, 1005, by I. G. Martin

First stanza, chorus and melody by H. BUFFUM. Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.

1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol-low where-
2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas-tures of green, Where I lead them so
3. My sheep know my voice, And the val - ley of death Thro' which I shall

ev - er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
oft - en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool sparkling stream Where be-
lead them some day; But no dan-ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For
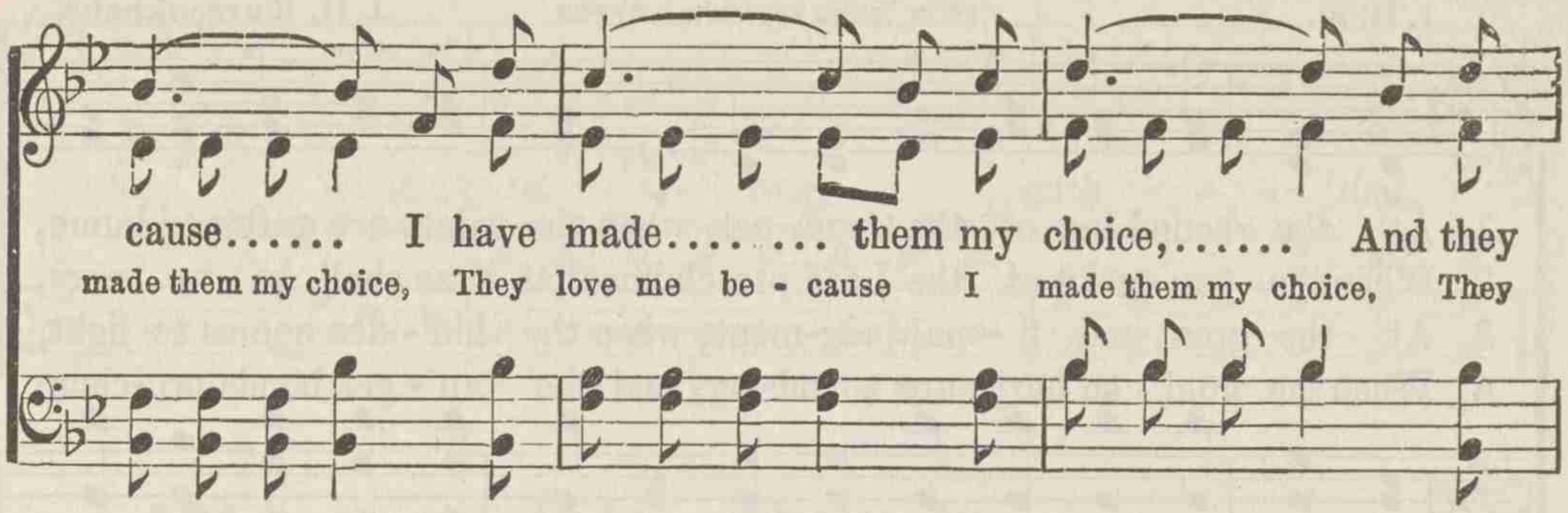
CHORUS.
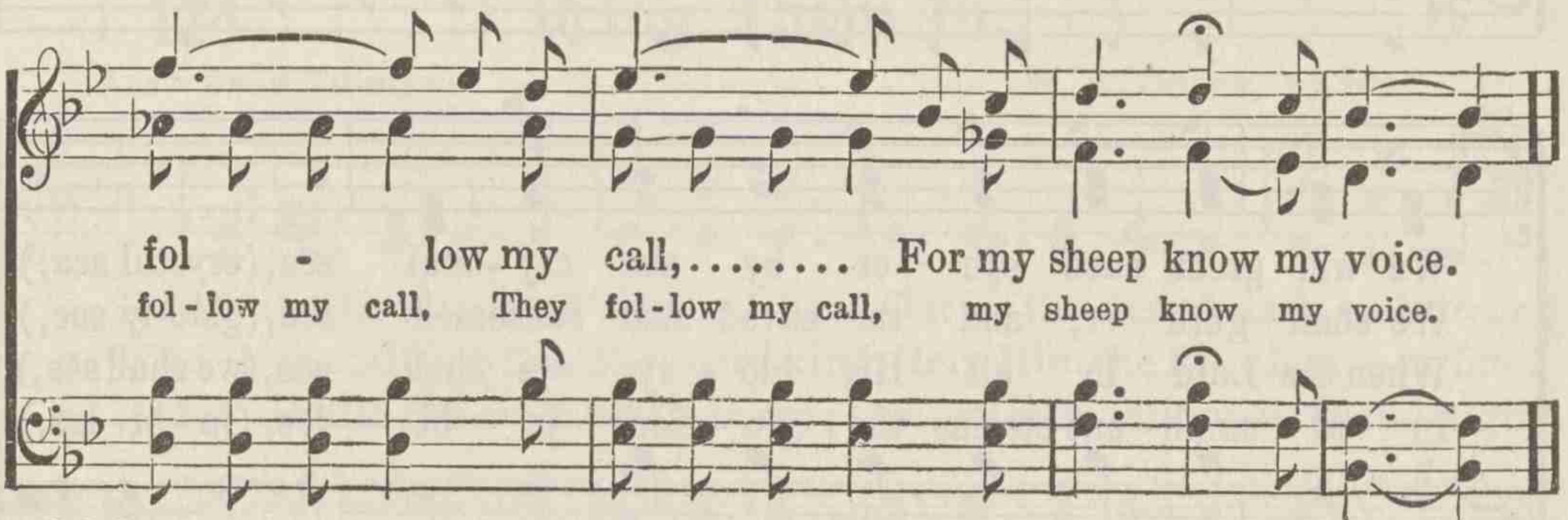
stranger's voice do they not know.
side its still wa - ters I lead. My sheep .... know my voice,.... And
I will be with them al - way. My sheep know my voice, day by day, My

day ..... by day,..... They a - bide ..... in the fold .....
sheep know my voice day by day, They a - bide in the fold, They go not a-stray,

And go ..... not a - stray,..... They love .....me be-
A - bide in the fold, They go not a - stray, They love me be - cause I

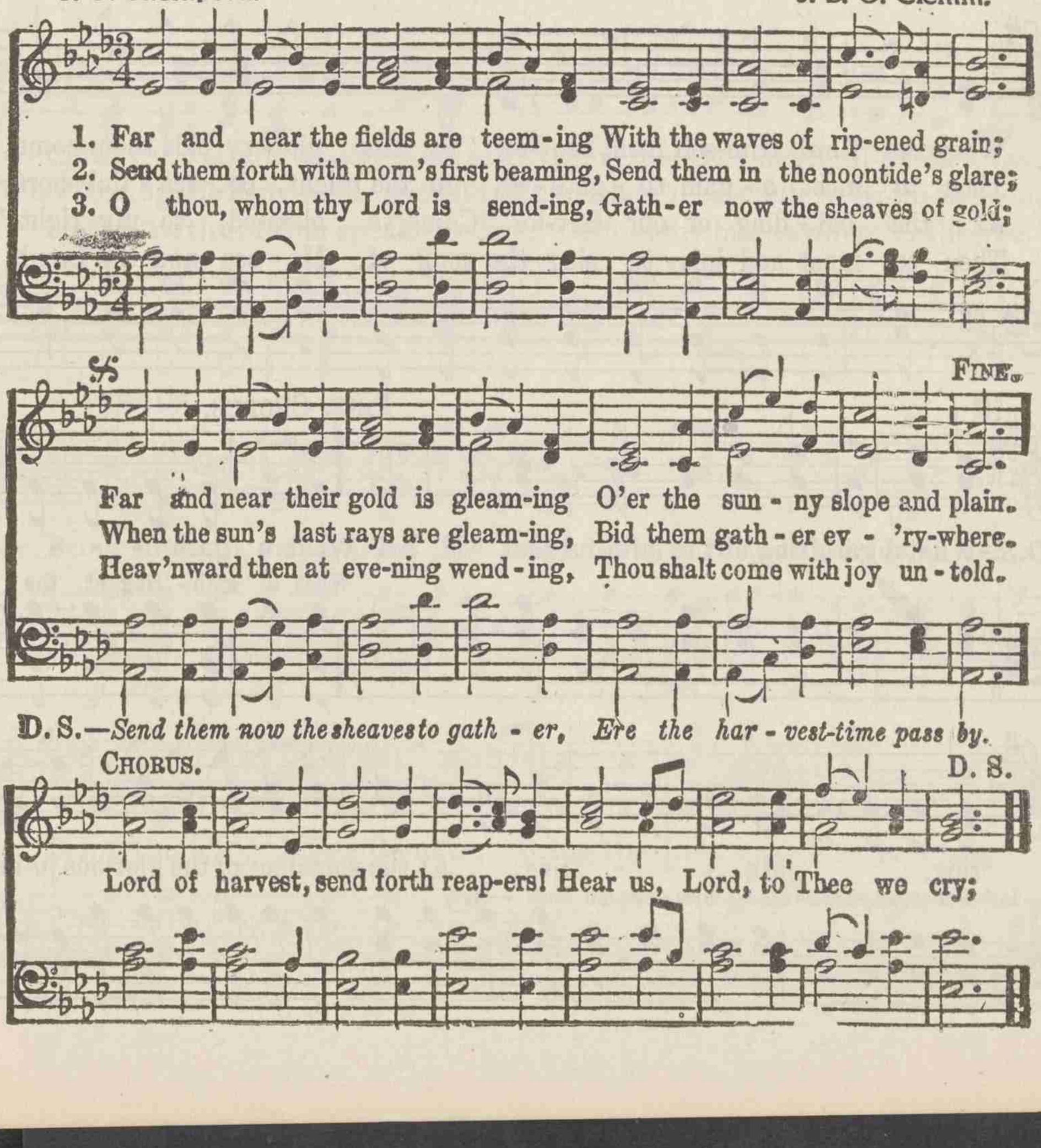
My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.





122 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.



123 What a Gathering.

J. H. K. FROM "SONG TREASURY," BY PER. **J. H. Kurzenknabe.**

1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord pro-claims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judg-ment, when the hid - den comes to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sound-ing, and the an - gel bands pro-claim

We will greet each oth - er by the cry - stal sea, (crystal sea;)
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see, (glad-ly see,)
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,)
In tri - umph - ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,)

When the Lord Him-self from heav-en to His glo - ry bids them come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright, ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid - ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

FINE. CHORUS.
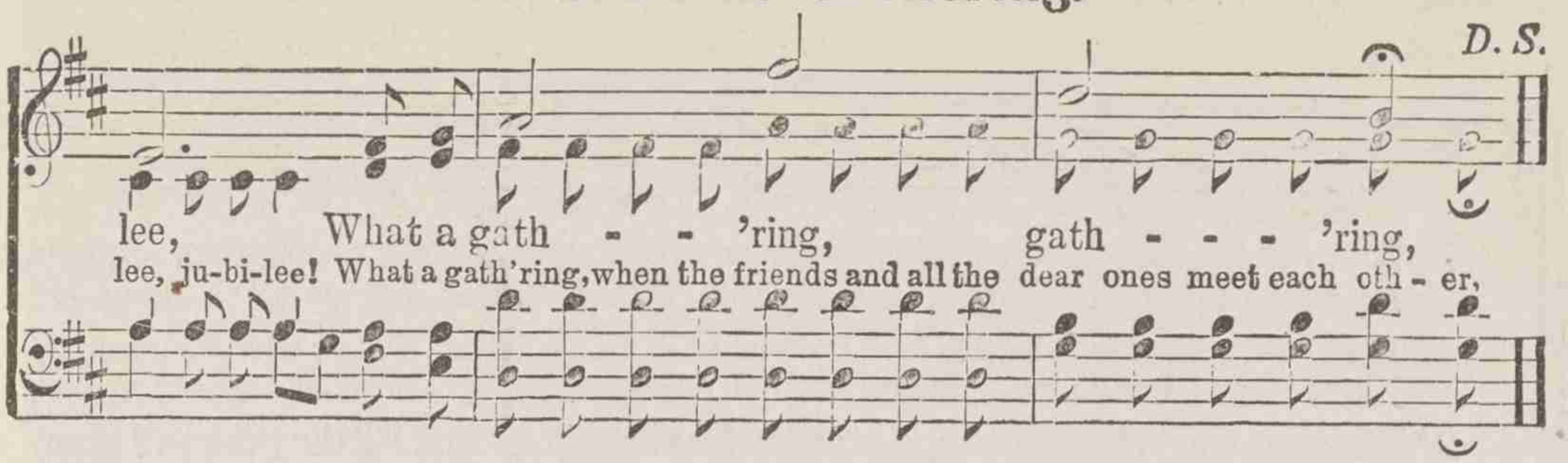
D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -

What a gath - 'ring of the

'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-

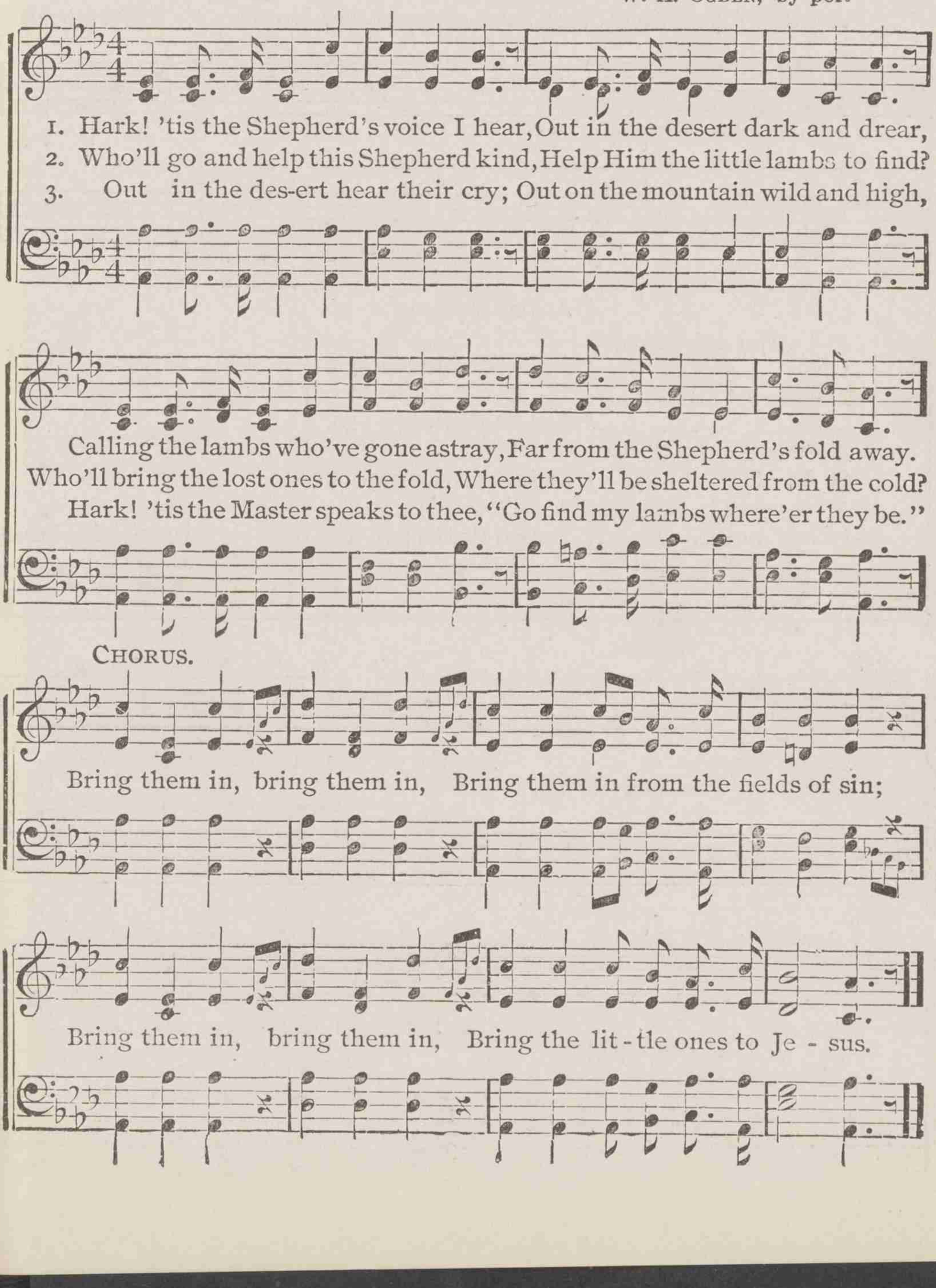
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering.
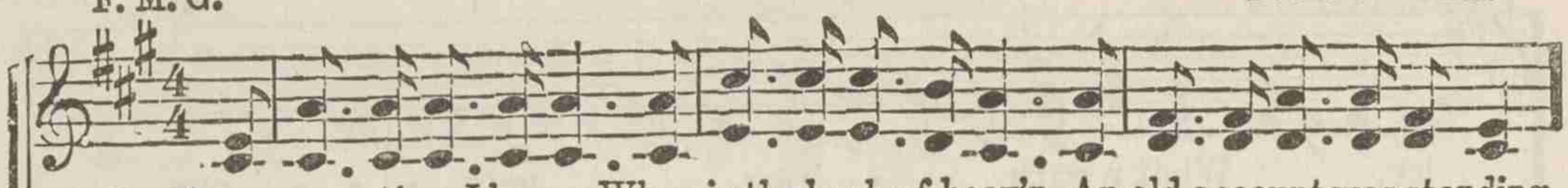


124 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.
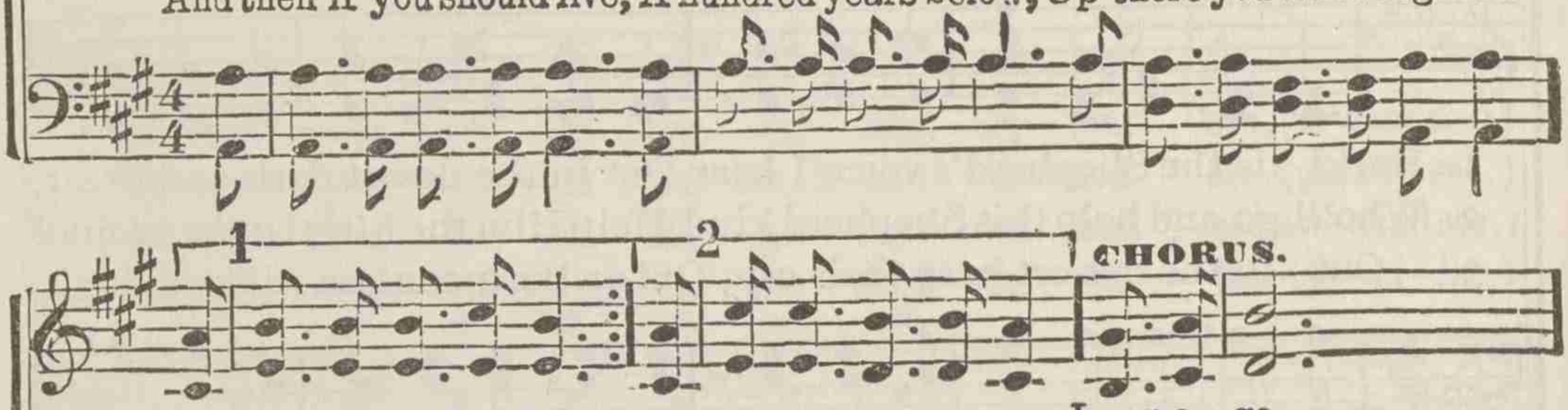


125 THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.



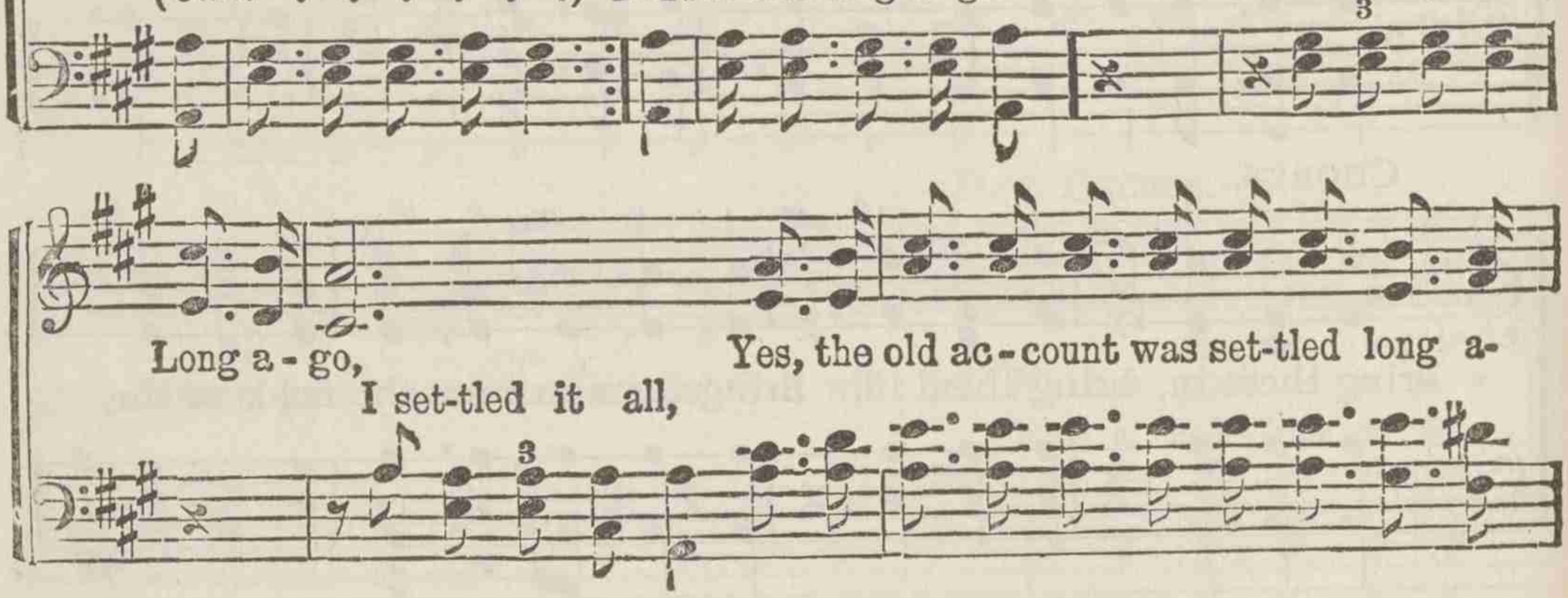
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it



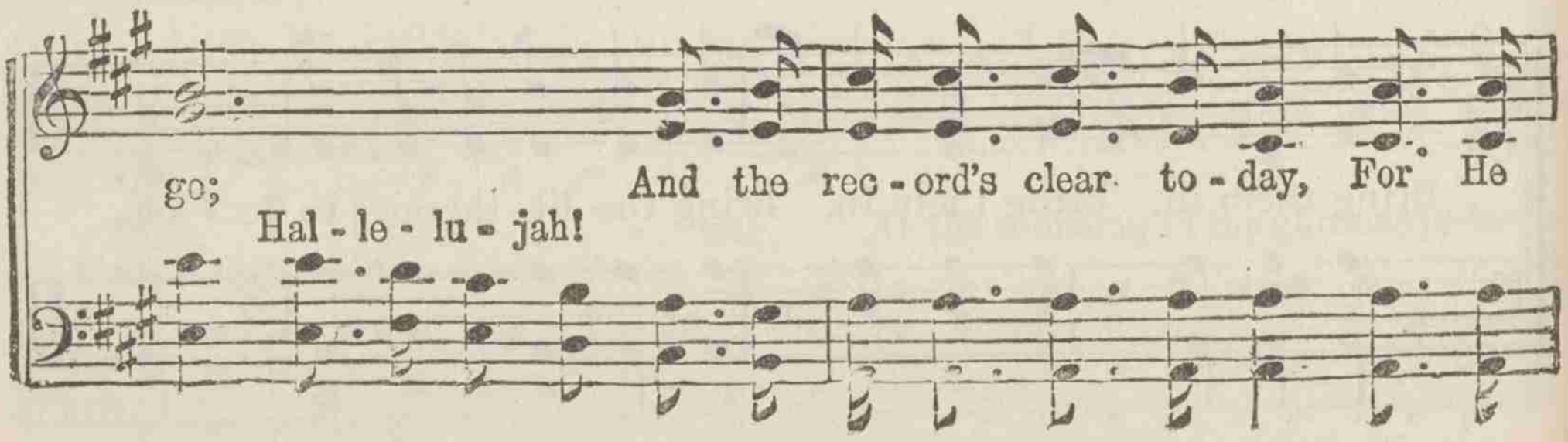
For sins yet un-for-giv'n;
(*Omit . . . . . .*) And set-tled long a-go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(*Omit . . . . . .*) And set-tled long a-go.
And can not find a thing;
(*Omit . . . . . .*) And set-tled long a-go.
And praise Him for His love;
(*Omit . . . . . .*) And set-tled long a-go.
If you would en-ter in;
(*Omit . . . . . .*) You set-tled long a-go.

CHORUS.

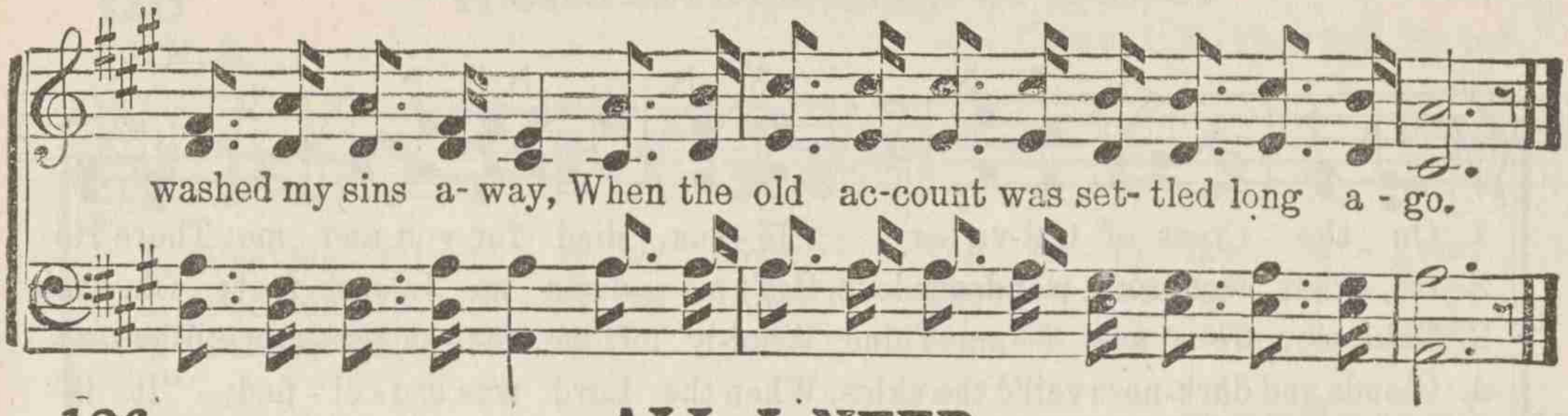
Long a-go,
Down on my knees,



Long a-go,
Yes, the old ac-count was set-tled long a-go;
I set-tled it all,
And the rec-ord's clear to-day, For He
Hal-le-lu-jah!



THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.
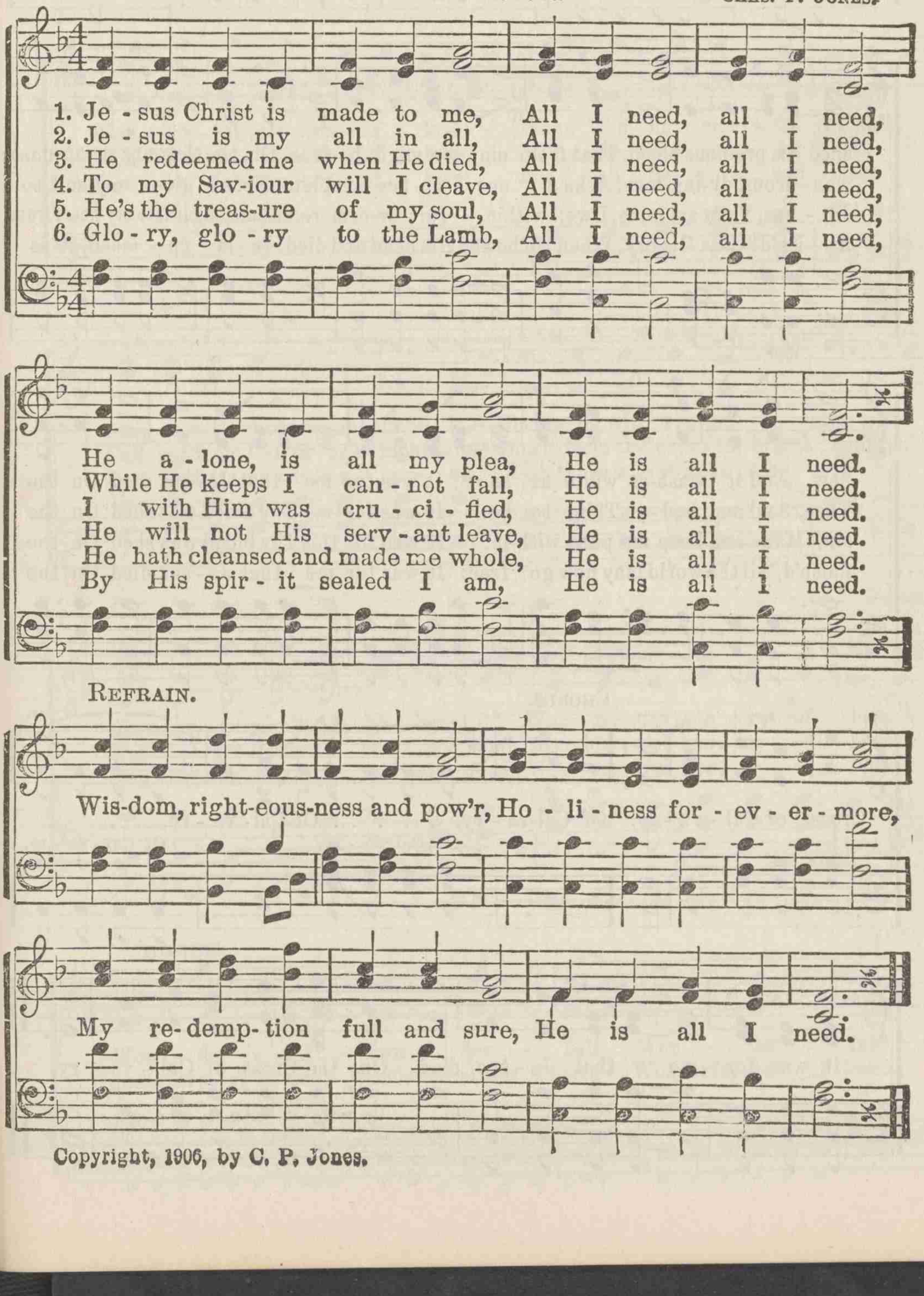


126

ALL I NEED.

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." I Cor. 1; 30.

C. P. J. Chas. P. Jones.



Copyright, 1906, by C. P. Jones.

On the Cross of Calvary.

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

shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the cleansing stream does
won - drous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri - fice complete. Here I give my-self to
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within, for - ev-ermore. Cleanse, oh, cleanse my heart from
fin - ish'd!" was His cry, When He bowed His head and died. It is fin - ished, it is

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died On the
Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be: It was for me Thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure with-in: It was for this Thy blood was shed On the
finish'd, All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je - sus died On the

CHORUS.

Cross of Cal - va - ry. Of Cal-va - ry, ... Of Cal - va - ry, ...
Of Cal - va - ry, Of Cal - va - ry,

It was for me that Je - sus died On the Cross of Cal - va - ry.

128 Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. REV. J. M. DRIVER. By per.

1. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain;
2. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way;
3. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Je - sus pro-vides a rest;

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; Still He doth call to - day;
Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; For all the pure and blest,

An-gels with rapture announce it, Shepherds with won-der re - ceive it;
Call- ing from Cal-va - ry's mountain, Down from the crys - tal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a - bove us, With those who've gone on be - fore us,

FINE.

Sin - ner, O won't you be - lieve it? Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

D. S.—*Won - der - ful sto - ry of love!*

CHORUS. D. S.

Won - der - ful! Won - der - ful! Won - der - ful!
Wonderful story of love; Wonderful sto-ry of love; Wonderful sto-ry of love.

(Inscribed to C. A. McConnell by whom the air was suggested.)

129 I Serve Him Because I Love Him.

Copyright, 1920, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I serve the Lord from day to day Be-cause I love Him so;
2. Com-mun - ing with my Lord di-vine, In fel - low-ship so blest,
3. What ho - ly rap-ture, bless - ed peace, And joy be-yond com-pare,
4. I serve the Lord with joy - ful-ness, His love en-folds my heart;

For me He bore the shame- ful cross, And trod the paths of woe.
I wor - ship Him who saves my soul, And keeps my heart at rest.
With - in my hap - py soul re-sides, Since Je - sus en-tered there.
Thro' all the cease-less years to come, From Him I will not part.

CHORUS.

I serve Him be-cause I love Him, I love Him be-cause He

first loved me, I give Him my heart's de - vo - tion

For time and e - ter - ni - ty. time and e - ter - ni - ty.

130 If You Lose Your Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY HALDOR LILLENAS
WORDS AND MUSIC

Haldor Lillenas. **Richard Hainsworth.**

1. There's a burn - ing ques - tion that comes to you, 'Tis a ques - tion
2. Tho' its gold - en rich - es you may ob - tain, Tho' its fad - ing
3. Tho' you climb the steeps of im - mor - tal fame, Tho' the world a-
4. Like a pleas - ant dream life will soon be past, Lo, the eve - ning

old yet for - ev - er new; What a - vails the world with its pleas-ures few,
treasures you strive to gain; Will it not be use - less and all in vain,
dore and applaud your name, You will know but sor - row and bit - ter shame,
shad-ows are fall - ing fast; What re-gret and pain you will know at last,

CHORUS.

1-2. If you lose your im-mor - tal soul? If you lose ..... your soul,
3-4. If you lose your im-mor - tal soul. If you lose your soul,

If you miss..... your goal,.... What prof-it will you ob - tain?...
If you miss your goal, your goal, ob-tain?

Tho' the world you gain, Is it not in vain, If you lose your im-mor-tal soul?

131

I'M DETERMINED.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Since my sins have been for-giv'n, And I'm on my way to heav'n,
2. If at times the way seems long, I can sing the hap-py song,
3. Tho' the day be dark and drear, Yet my heart shall know no fear,
4. Soon I'll reach the pearl-y gate, Where the white-winged an-gels wait,

I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; In this glo-rious heav'nward race,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; Tho' I'm in a world of sin,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; Count-ing all the world but dross,
I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'; By the shin-ing crys-tal sea,

There can be no stop-ping place, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
I the vic-to-ry can win, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
All its van-i-ties but loss, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....
I shall shout the vic-to-ry, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro'.....

go thro.'

CHORUS.

I'm de-ter-mined to go thro', I'm determined to go thro'; Tho' the fight be hard and long, And the en-e-my be strong, I'm de-ter-mined to go thro' (go thro').

Copyright, 1910, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

132 The Judge Is At the Door.

Haldor Lillenas. Copyright, 1920, by Haldor Lillenas. **Richard Hainsworth.**

1. What matters wealth or earth - ly gain, When the Judge is at the door;
2. Your world-ly pleasures soon must end, For the Judge is at the door;
3. What will your righteousness a - vail, When the Judge is at the door;
4. Soon God's great mer-cy you will need, For the Judge is at the door;
5. How can you mer - cy lon - ger spurn, When the Judge is at the door;
6. If you are washed in Je - sus' blood, When the Judge is at the door;

Your long sought treasures all are vain, When the Judge is at the door.
Will He your deeds on earth commend? O the Judge is at the door.
Your best en - deav- ors all must fail, When the Judge is at the door.
O guilt - y soul for par - don plead, For the Judge is at the door.
O has - ten un - to Je - sus turn, For the Judge is at the door.
Then you'll go shout-ing home to God, When the Judge is at the door.

CHORUS.

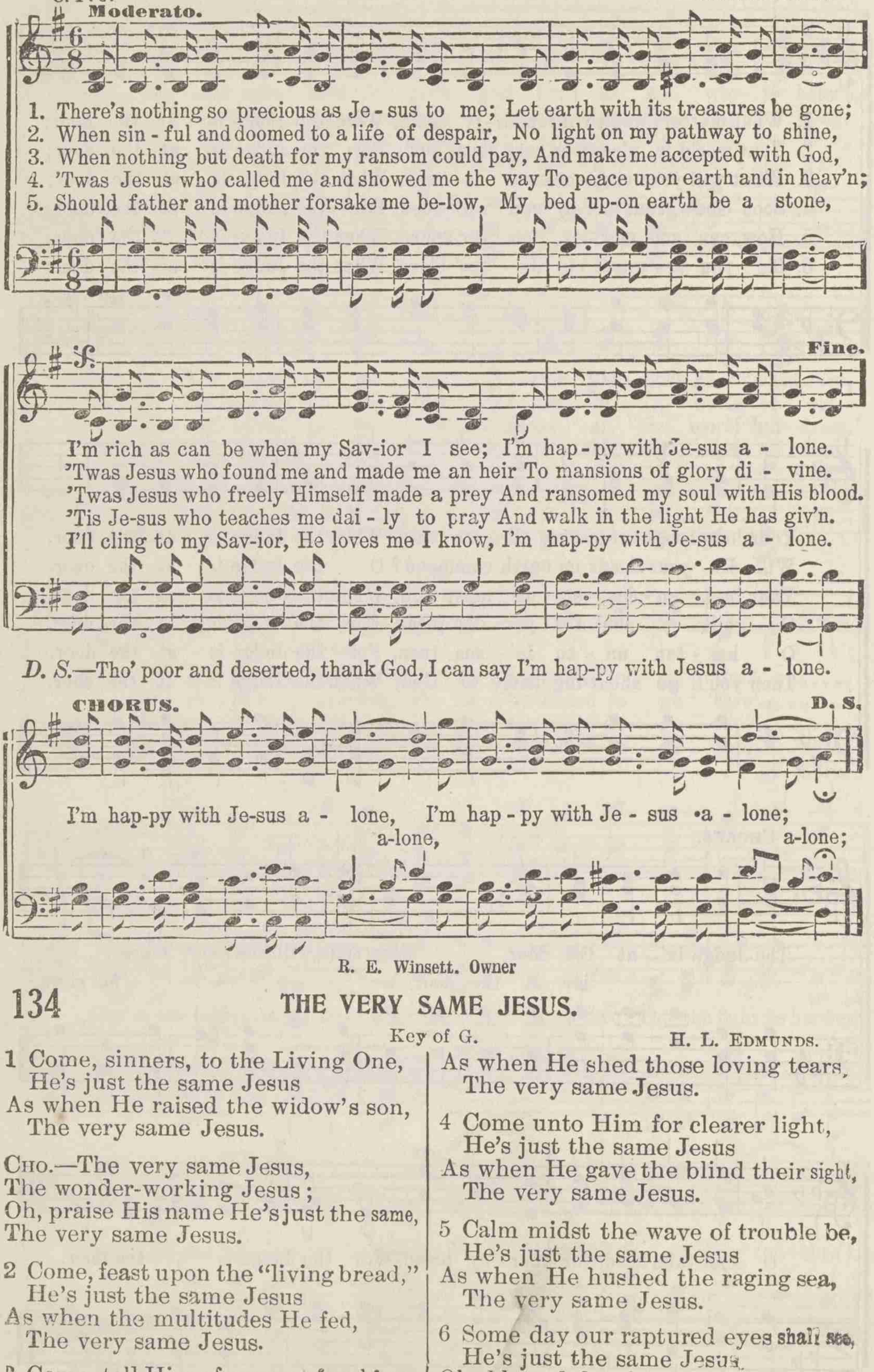
The Judge is at the door, Soon time will be no more,.....
is at the door, no more,

O soul take heed, for mer - cy plead, For the Judge is at the door.

133 I'M HAPPY WITH JESUS ALONE.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.."—JER. 17: 7.

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



R. E. Winsett. Owner

134 THE VERY SAME JESUS.

Key of G. H. L. EDMUNDS.

1 Come, sinners, to the Living One,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus;
Oh, praise His name He's just the same,
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the "living bread,"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes He fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him of your griefs and fears.
He's just
As when He shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Calm midst the wave of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus
Oh blessed day for you and me!

Special Selections.

135 Walking and Talking.

J. P. S.

Copyright 1916, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

Unison.

1. Why need I fear with Christ so near? I'm walking with the Lord; Thru
2. The way is bright, for He's the light; I'm walking with the Lord; His
3. When life is done and vict'ry's won; I'll walk home with my Lord; When

night and day He lights my way, I'm talk-ing with my Lord.
voice I hear to guide and cheer; I'm walk-ing with my Lord.
He shall come and say, "well done;" I'll walk home with my Lord.

CHORUS.

I'm walk-ing with the Lord; I'm talk-ing with the Lord,
I'm walk - ing with the Lord, I'm talk - ing with the Lord;

rit.

Why need I fear when He's so near? I'm walk-ing with my Lord.

136

Keapers Are Needed.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Standing in the mar-ket plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id - ly say-ing,
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gath - er will be-come a jew - el bright In the crown you
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the eve-ning fol-lows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how man-y loi - ter, while the
hope to wear in yon - der world of light. Seek the gems im-mor - tal that are
reap - ing will for - ev - er-more be past. Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter

Mas - ter calls a - new—"Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"
pre - cious in His sight! "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y,
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand; Rouse ye, O sleepers!
Ripe and ready for the will-ing gleaner's hand; O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand; O

Reapers are Needed.

Ye are need - ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to an-swer, "Master,
quick-ly,

here am I?" Far and wide the rip-ened
"Mas - ter, here am I?" Far and wide the rip - ened

O an - swer! Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez - es gen - tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez - es, in the breez - es gen - tly

grain bends low, And in the breeze wave

wav - ing to and fro; Rouse ye, O sleep - ers! Ye are
wav - ing to and fro; O rouse ye;

to and fro; O

need-ed as reap-ers, And the gold - en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.

137

Crown Him!

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. M. HARRIS, Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Be - hold one day a wondrous scene; There rode a Man of low - ly mien, A -
2. He's pass - ing by, just as of yore, And great and small and rich and poor, To -
3. Soon He is com - ing back a - gain, A thousand years on earth to reign; We'll

long the dust - y way; A - long the dust - y way; The peo-ple thronged Him
day, their Lord deny, To - day their Lord de - ny; Oh, make of Him su -
see Him by and by, We'll see Him by and by; All the redeemed with

as He passed, Palm branches in His way they cast, And cried, "Ho - san - na
prem - est choice, And with up - lift - ed heart and voice, "Ho - san - na to the
Him He'll bring, Who in their hearts have crowned Him King, And they shall live and

CHORUS.

to the King, to - day, (to - day!)"
King of kings," still cry, (still cry.) Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Savior
reign with Him on high, (on high.)

King of kings; In your hearts en - throne Him, Lord and Mas - ter

Crown Him!

own Him; Crown Him! Crown Him! While heaven ex-ult - ant
Crown Him today, yes, crown Him today,

rings; Crown the bless - ed Sav - ior King of kings. . . . . .
the glo-ri-ous King of kings.

138 America.

S. F. Smith. Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing— Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pilgrims' pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

139 The Fields Are White Unto the Harvest.

H. L. Copyright, 1919, by J M Harris. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Lo, the fields are white un-to the har - vest,
2. Spend no precious time in i - dle dream - ing,
3. Shall the gold-en grain so ver - y pre - cious

1. Lo, the fields are white un - to the har - vest,

See the ri-pened grain is bend - ing low;.....
When for work - ers there is such a need;.....
Wast - ed be for want of will - ing hands?.....

See the ri-pened grain is bend - ing low;

Though the reap - ers are but few, Who the work will glad - ly do,
In the ear - ly morn - ing hour, La - bor on with all your pow'r,
La - bor on with might and main, Gar - ner in the ri - pened grain,

Lin - ger not, but has - ten where the har - vest breez - es blow.
Your re - ward is sure, and it is won - der - ful in - deed.
Tell the gos - pel sto - ry here and in the hea - then lands.

Work for Je - sus while the sun is shin - ing,
Work for Je - sus while the sun is shin-ing,

The Fields Are White Unto the Harvest.

Do not spend your mo-ments in re - pin - ing,
Do not spend your mo-ments in re - pin - ing, in re - pin - ing,

ff FINE.

For the Lord hath need of work - ers for the har - vest field.

CHORUS.

See the whi - tened har - vest
See the fields are white, un-to the harvest hasten, Gather in the golden grain, Your

field,.... Go and reap its
la-bor shall not be in vain; O, work for Jesus while the sun is shining, Spend no

D. S.

gold - en ..... yield.....
time re - pin - ing, for the har-vest days are here;

yield, its gold-en yield for the Master; O,

140 The Bells of Freedom.

H. L. Copyright, 1919, by J. M. Harris. HALDOR LILLENAS.
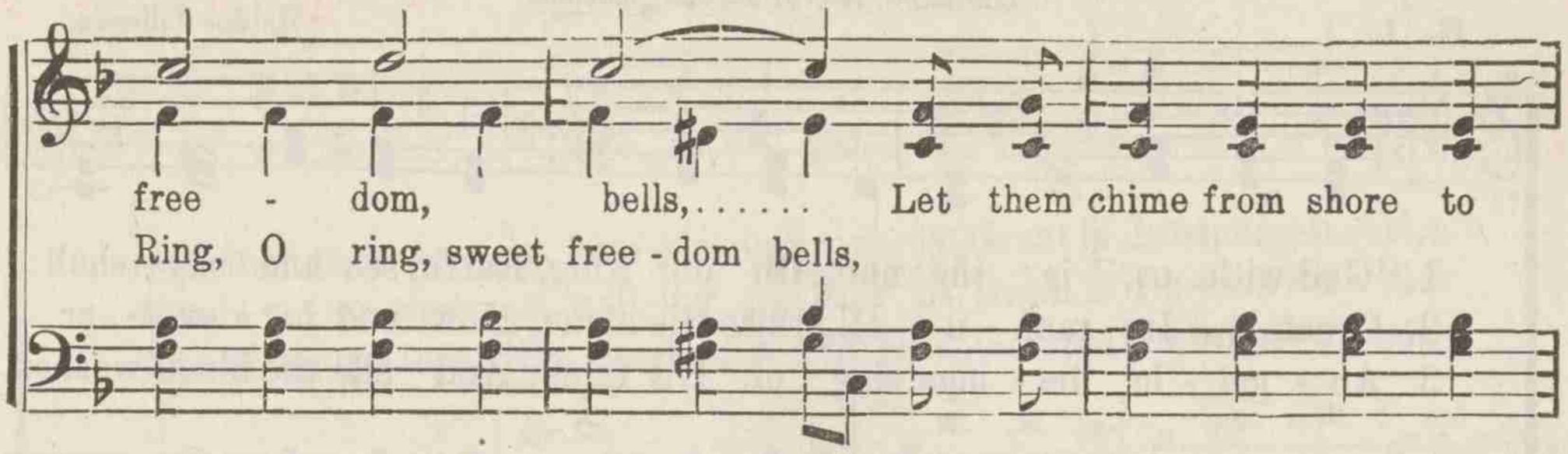
1. O ring the gold-en bells of free-dom, And make them peal thro'-out the world; For lo! the great E-man-ci-pa-tor, His flag of free-dom has un-furled. O tell the news to those in bond-age, To those en-slaved by sin and fear, For He who breaks their chains and gives them lib-er-ty is draw-ing near. Ring, sweet bells, ...
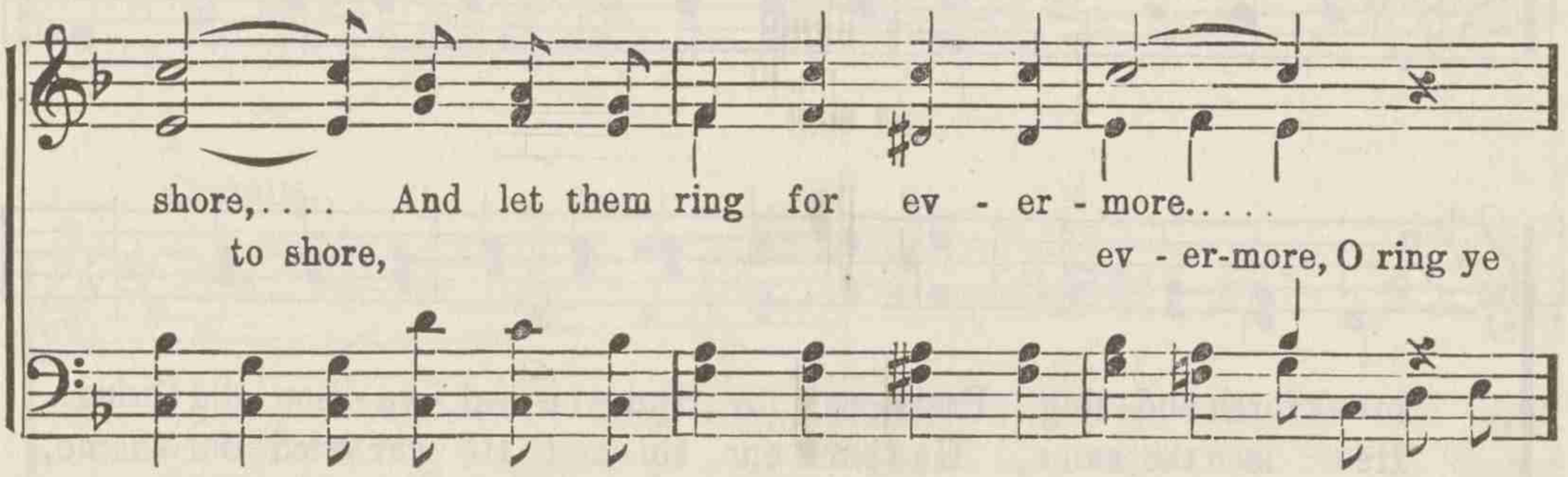
2. O ring the gold-en bells of free-dom, To those in dark-est heath-en night, To those who long have sat in dark-ness, Shall come the gold-en, gos-pel light. Let mourning turn to glad re-joic-ing, Let hills and vales with prais-es ring, For He the Li-on of the tribe of Ju-dah, will de-liv-'rance bring.

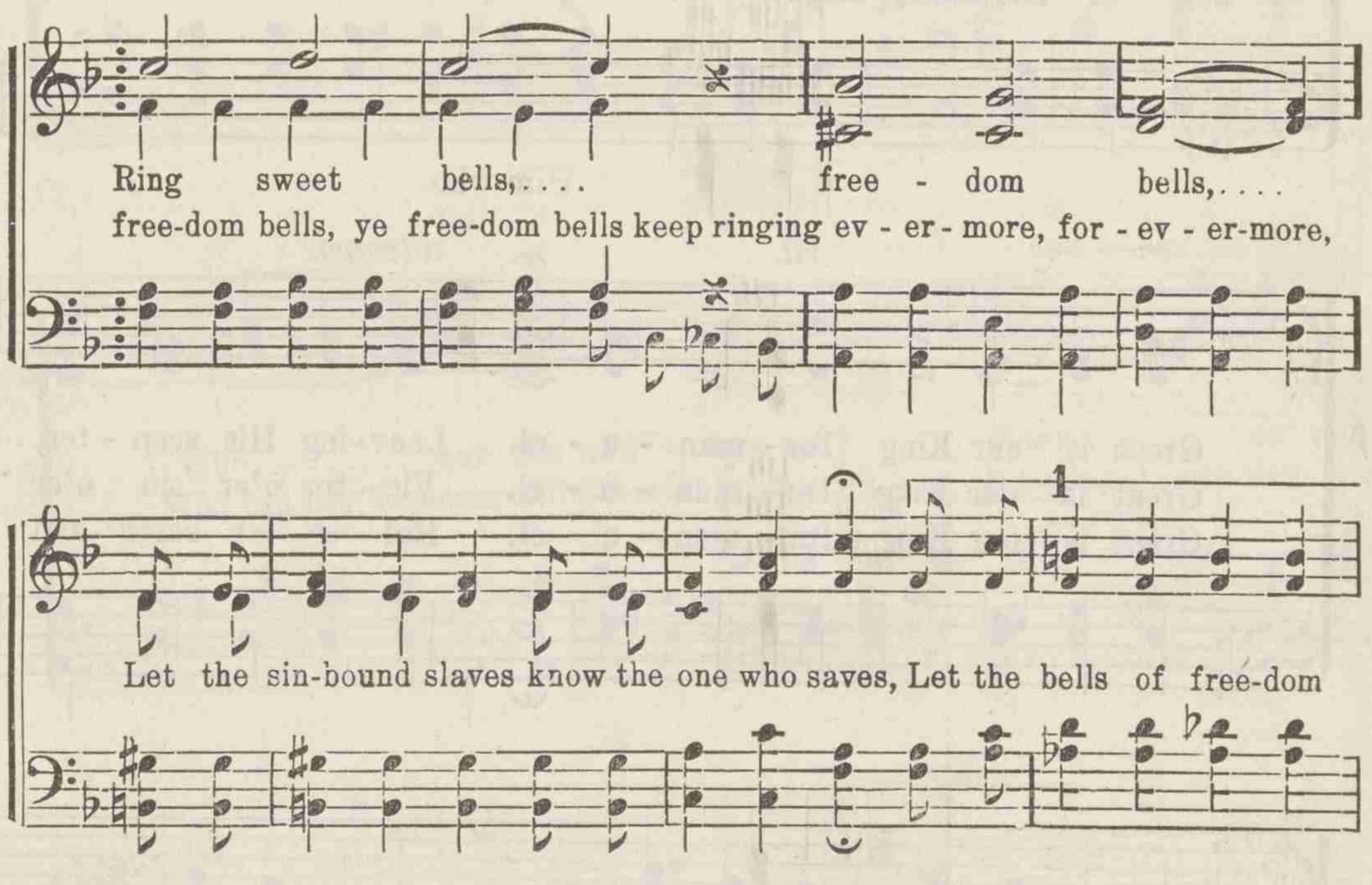
3. O ring the gold-en bells of free-dom, And let their notes of glad-ness swell, To those in deep-est deg-ra-da-tion, The bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry tell. No one so far a-way has wan-dered, In-to the night of sin and shame, But that he may find peace and par-don in the great Re-deem-er's name. Ring, O ring, sweet freedom bells, for-ev-er,
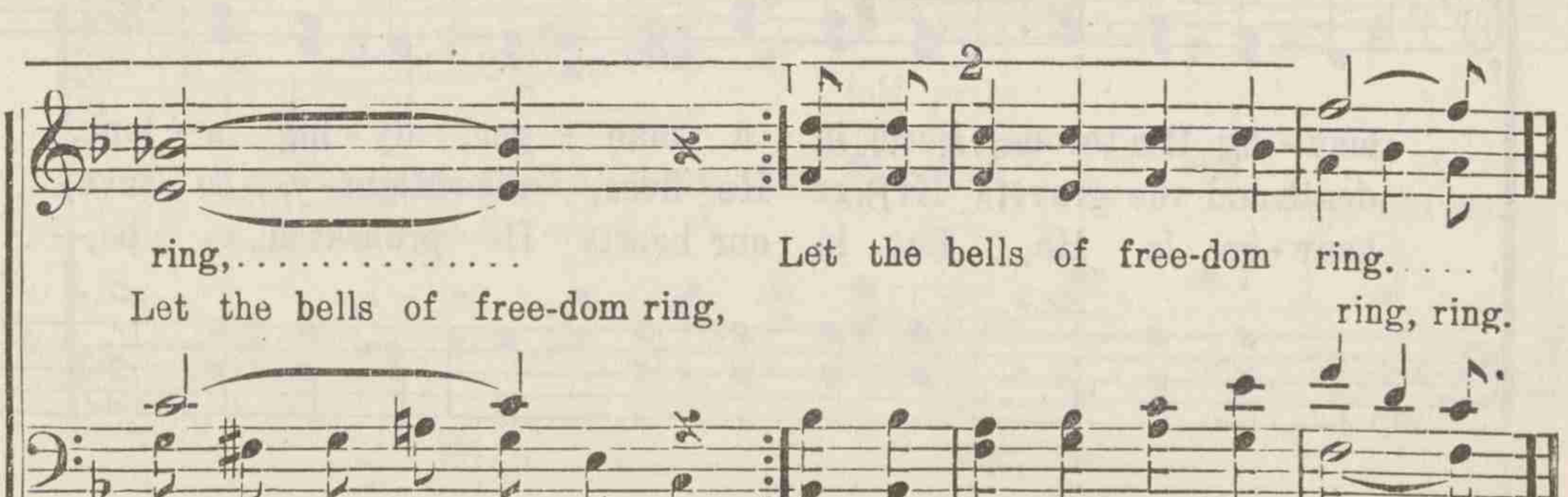
CHORUS.

The Bells of Freedom.









141 Great is Immanuel.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

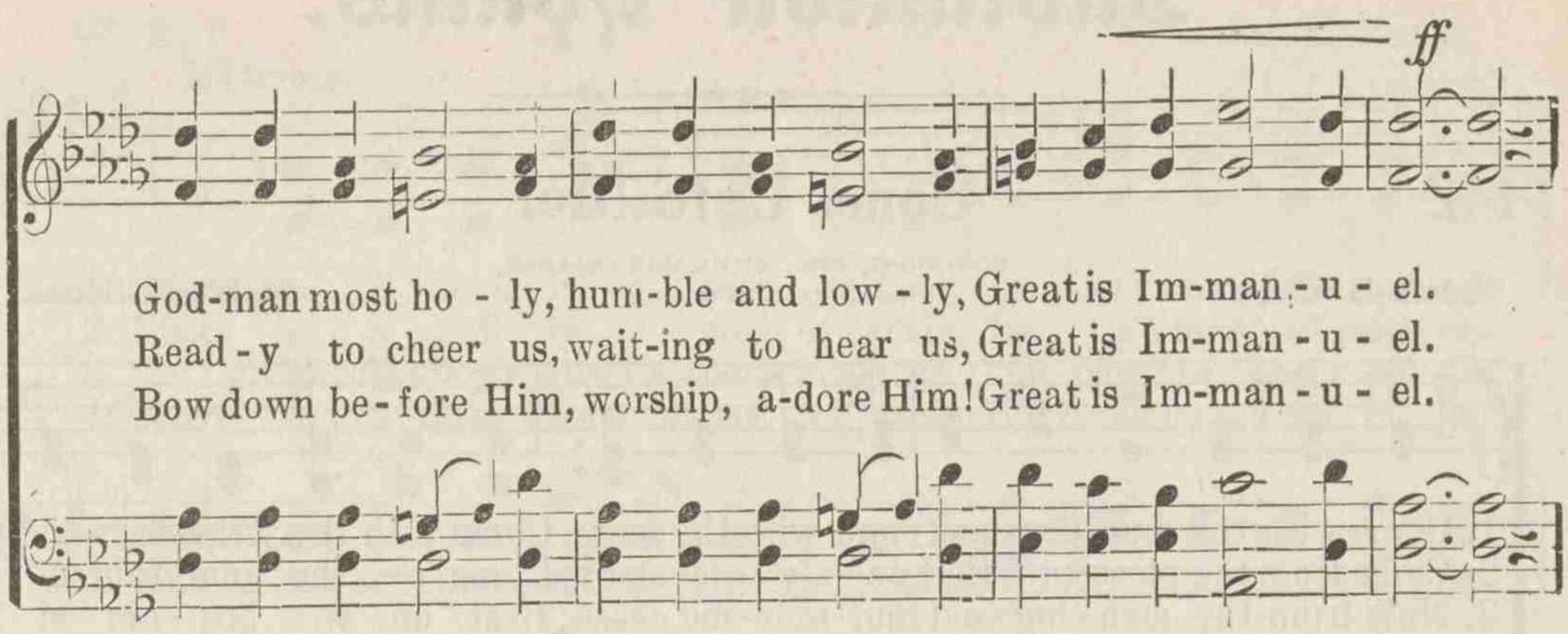
1. "God with us," is the name of our King, Earth, sea and sky shall break forth and sing Prais - es to Him who sal - va - tion did bring.
2. Great is Im - man - u - el, praise His name, Now and for - ev - er He is the same, He bore our sin and He car - ried our shame,
3. An - gel - ic be - ings sing of His fame, And all the blood-washed hon - or His name, Might - y to help us, "He know-eth our frame,"

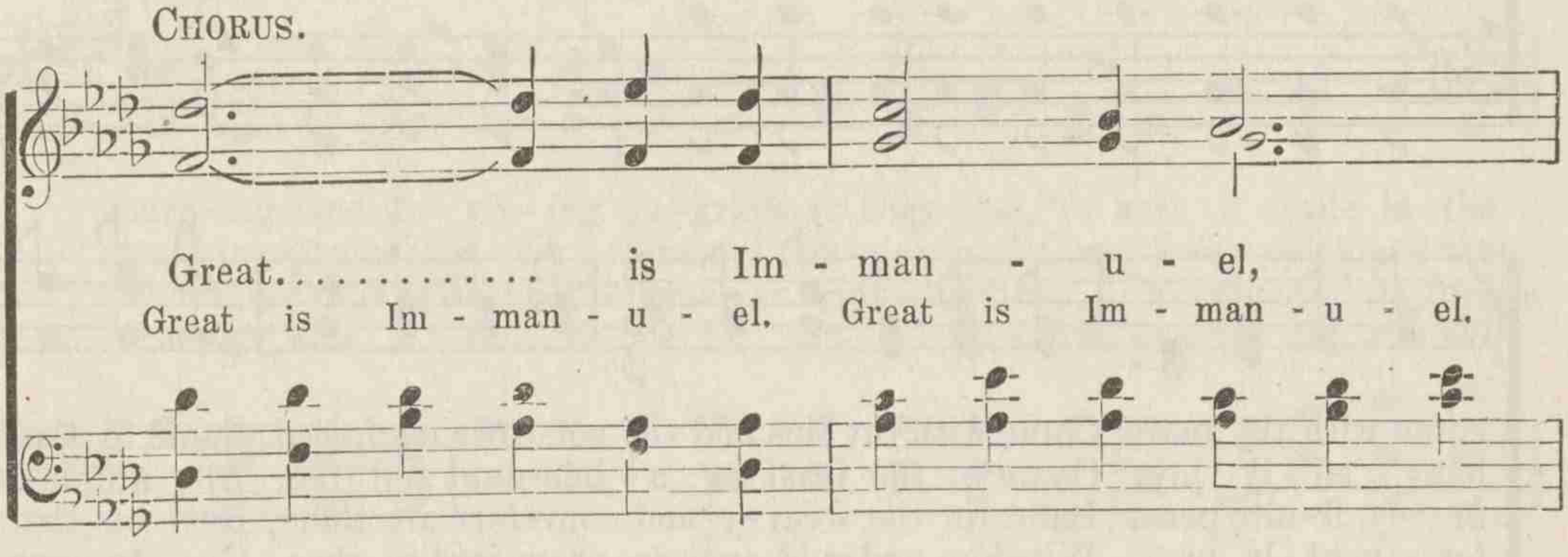
rit. *a tempo.*
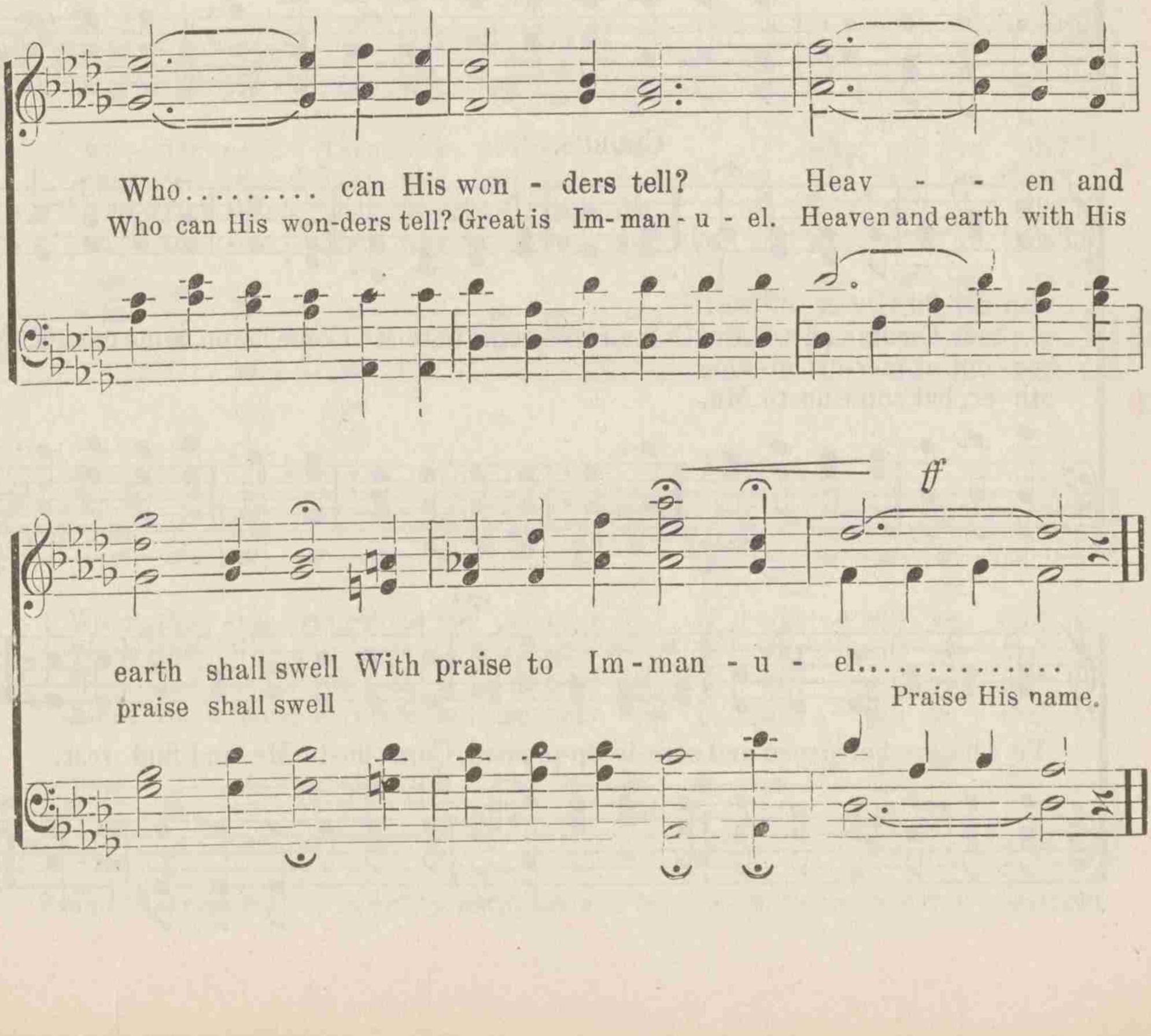
Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Leav - ing His scep - ter,
Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Vic - tor o'er sin o'er
Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Rul - er of earth and

leav - ing His throne, Born in a man - ger, dy - ing a - lone,
death and the grave, Ev - er He lives, the Might - y to save,
heav - en is He, But in our hearts He prom-ised to be,—

Great is Immanuel. (Concluded.)







Invitation Hymns.

142 Come Unto Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lucia B. Cook. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. Come with thy bur-dens and come with thy fears, Come with thy weak-ness and
2. Come from the pleas-ures that on - ly de-stroy; Come to the foun-tain of
3. Now from thy sigh-ing and mur-mur-ing cease, Rest on the bos - om of
4. Come for the pow - er to serve and o - bey, Trust in the prom-ise and

come with thy tears; Come with thy sins and thy sor-rows confessed, Come to the
heav - en - ly joy; Come to the feast so a - bun-dant and free, All are in-
in - fi-nite peace; Balm for the wear-y and com-fort are thine, Rest on the
fer - vent-ly pray, Wis-dom and guid-ance are prom-ised to thee, Go to none

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Giv-er of rest,
vi - ted, O come un-to Me! Come, come, come unto Me, Come, come, come unto Me;
bos - om of mer-cy di-vine.
oth-er, but come un-to Me.

rit.

Ye who are bur-dened and sore-ly op-pressed, Come un-to Me and find rest.

143 The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. W. E. Penn.

Moderato.

1. There is a Rock in a wear - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died, His blood flowed out in a

burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-y, sin - sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will

Chorus.

wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?

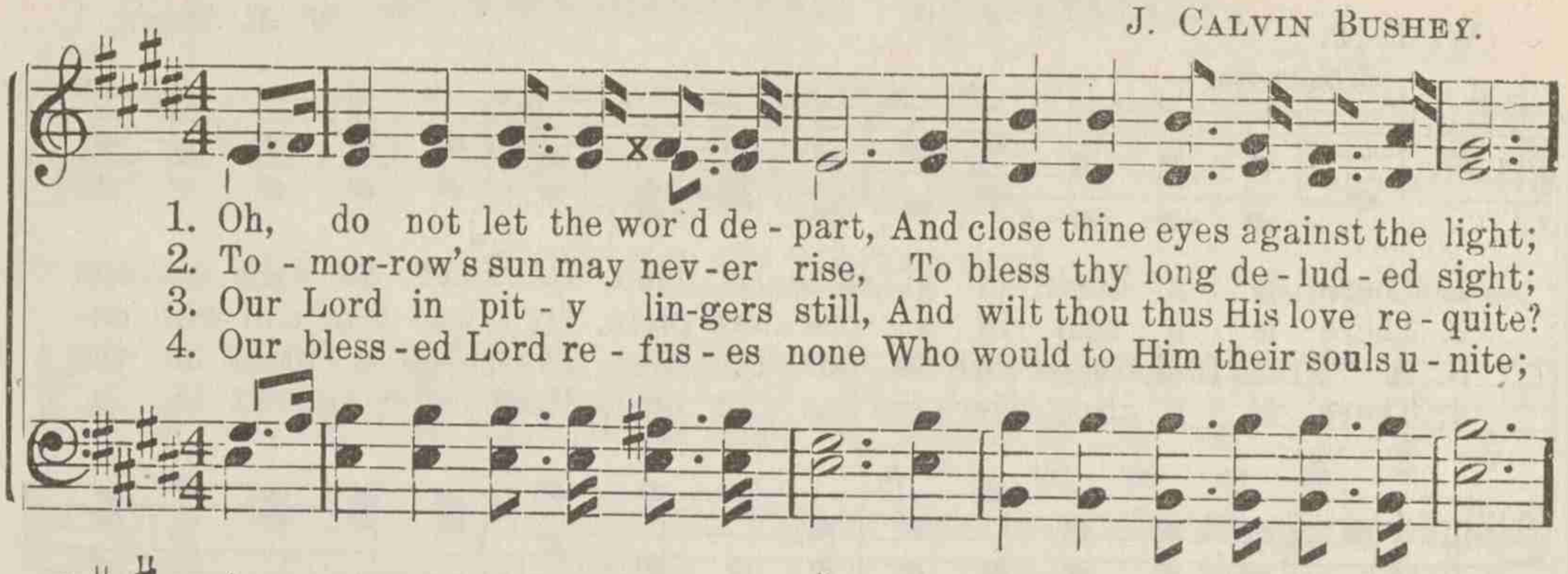
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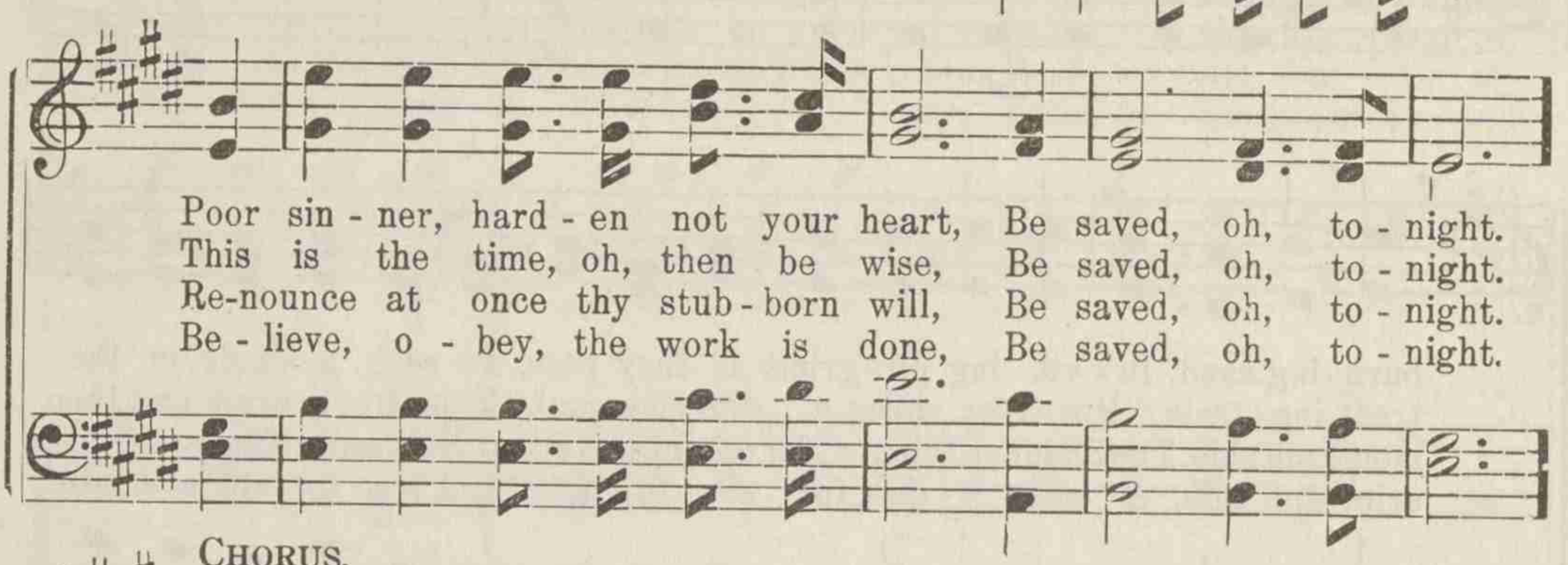
When the shel-t'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the liv - ing well is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?
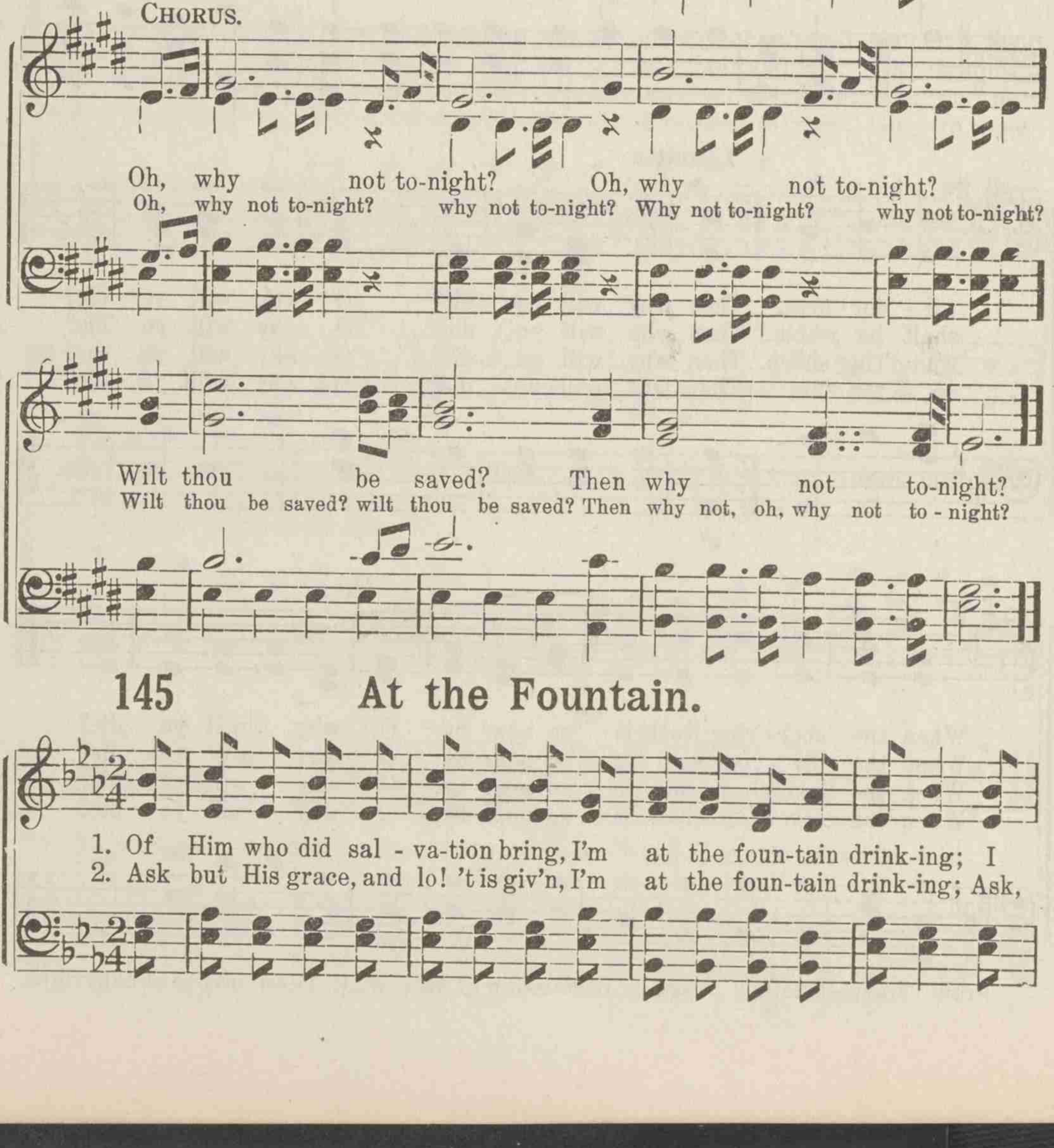
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144 Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. Calvin Bushey.







145 At the Fountain.

At the Fountain. Concluded.

CHORUS.

could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home. Glo - ry to

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.
Last v.—My soul is sat - is - fied.

3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

146 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART. Anon.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
   { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
2. { Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
   { True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.

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

CHORUS. *D. C.*

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

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

147 The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHOEBE PAMLER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Oh! now I see the crim - son wave, The fount - ain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak - ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low, To feel the blood ap - plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
It speaks! pol - lu - ted na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans-ing flood.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ en-thron'd with - in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!

Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

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148 WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. Haldor Lillenas, Owner JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Wea - ry soul, thy Sav-iour died, Yea, for thee was cru - ci - fied,
2. Crim-son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He shed for thee,
3. While the Spir - it plead-eth still, Yield, O yield to Him thy will,
4. Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Make Him now thy life and stay,

Heaven's gate He o-pened wide, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
There is cleansing full and free, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Wondrous peace thy heart will fill, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
He will keep thee safe al - way, Won't you come to Je - sus now?

REFRAIN.

Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now?

Won't you come to Je-sus now? Come and
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
and be - fore Him bow,

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149 I Will Arise and Go to my Father.

H. L. Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Far I have wan-dered, sad - ly I've squandered All the pos-ses-
2. I am re - turn - ing, my heart is yearn-ing, Once more to know
3. Sin can not charm me, but on - ly harm me, Husks of the world
4. Sor - rows en - fold me, naught can up - hold me, While far a - way

sions that once were mine; E - vil hath bound me, dark-ness hath found me,
His for-giv - ing grace; Wea - ry of stray-ing, no more de - lay - ing,
can not sat - is - fy; I am re - lent - ing, tru - ly re-pent - ing,
from the Lord I stray; Hun - gry and wea - ry, from by-ways drear - y,

CHORUS.

I am in need of grace di - vine.
Long - ing to see His bless - ed face. I will a - rise and
Sure - ly He will not pass me by.
Glad - ly I'm com - ing home to - day.

go to my Fa - ther, In sin no more to roam, (to roam);

He will for-give me, He will re-ceive me, Now I am com-ing home.

150 WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chief - est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. O, what com-pas-sion, oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all his due; All who re-cieve Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have re-fused? Oh, sin-ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

CHORUS

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

Rit

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

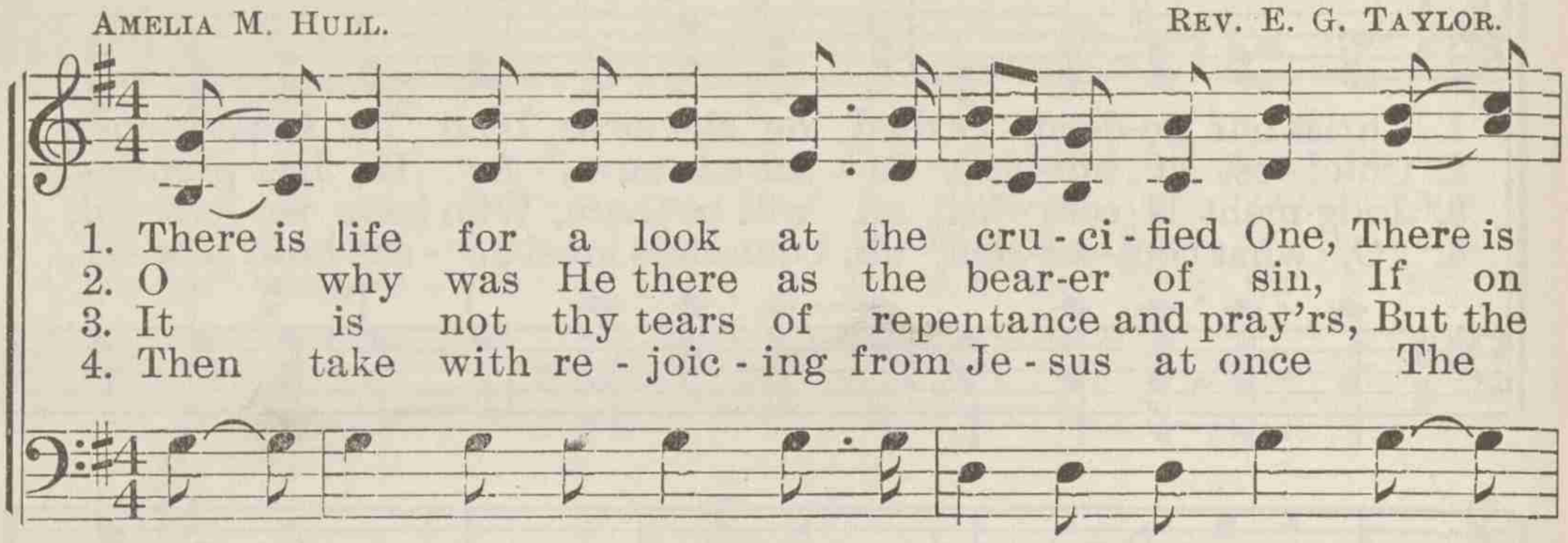
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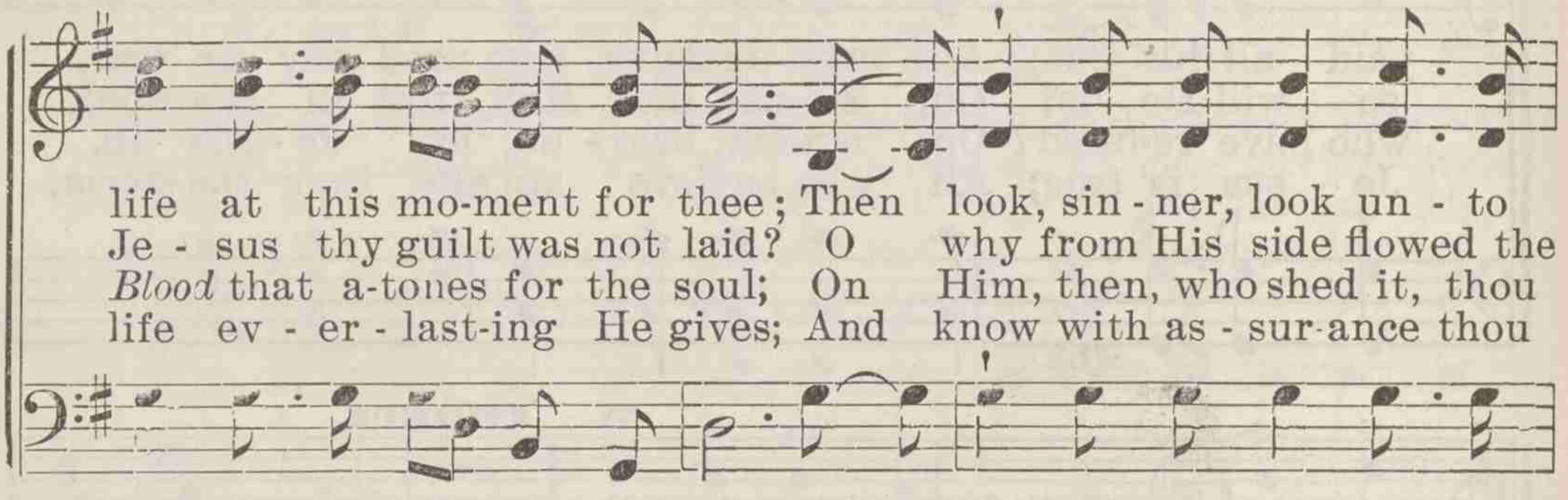
151 There Is Life For A Look.

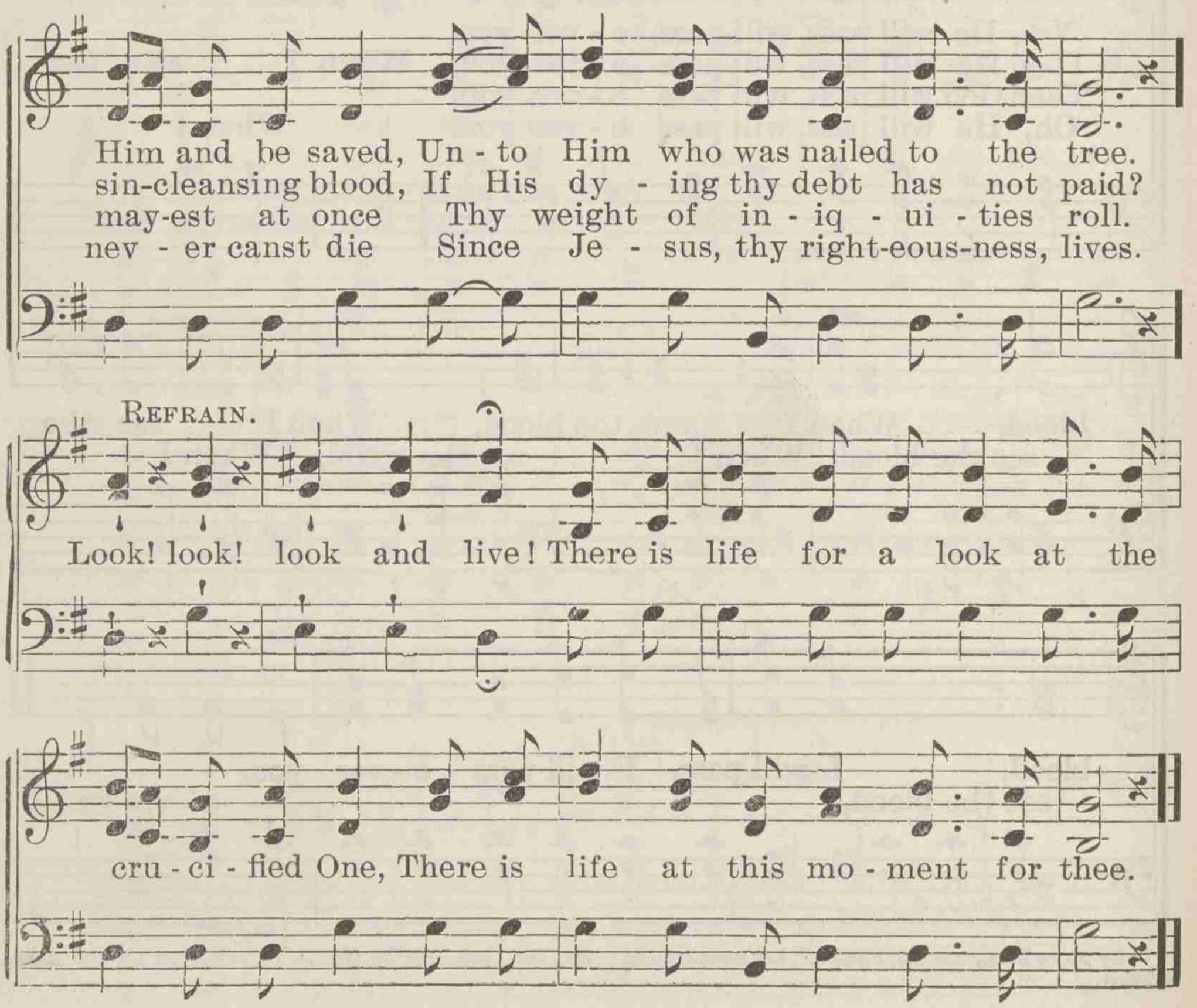
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"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH 45: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. REV. E. G. TAYLOR.







152 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man-sions bright, And be
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flow - ing for the soul un-clean, O be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments of the Lamb?
spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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153 Don't Turn Him Away.

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H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS. Chorus arr.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold the lov-ing Saviour stands Out - side your bolted door, There knocking
2. He stood there when in childish play Your heart was free from care, And now when
3. He stood there when your heart was filled With sorrow, grief, and pain, And when your
4. The blood-stained hands of Christ some day Their gentle knocks will cease, When you at

CHORUS.

with His nail-pierced hands, As oftentimes be - fore.
locks are sil-ver gray He still is standing there. Don't turn Him a-way,
life with joy was thrilled He stood there all in vain.
last have grieved away The bless-ed Prince of Peace.

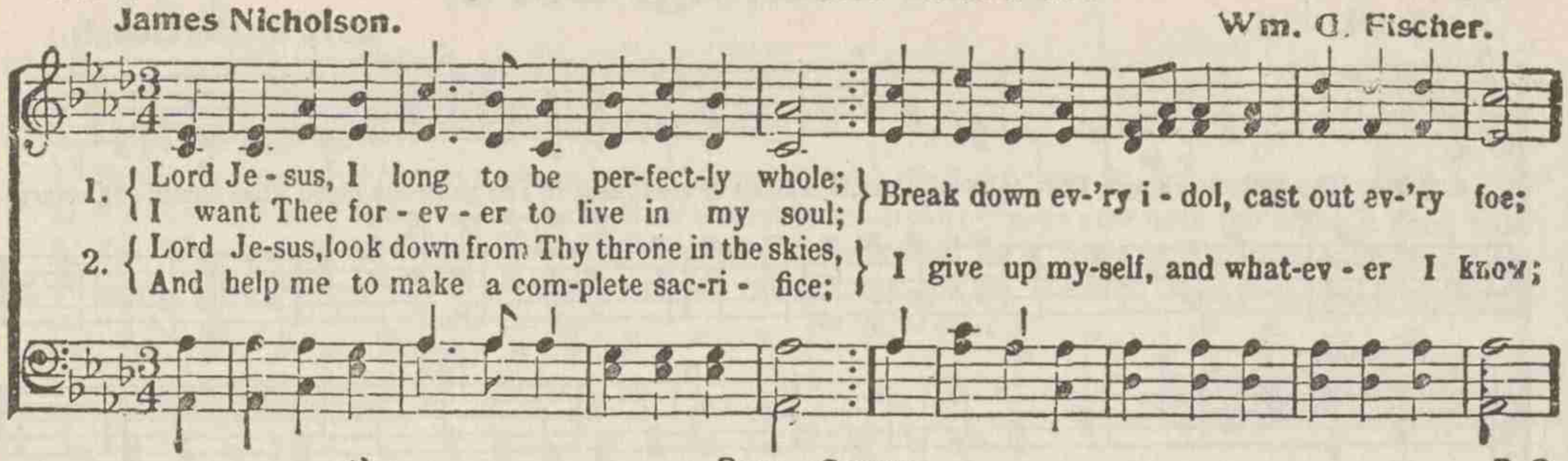
Don't turn Him a - way, He has come back to your heart again, Al-tho' you've

gone a - stray; O how you need Him to plead your cause On that e - ter - nal

day! Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart, Don't turn Him a - way.

154 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. C. Fischer.
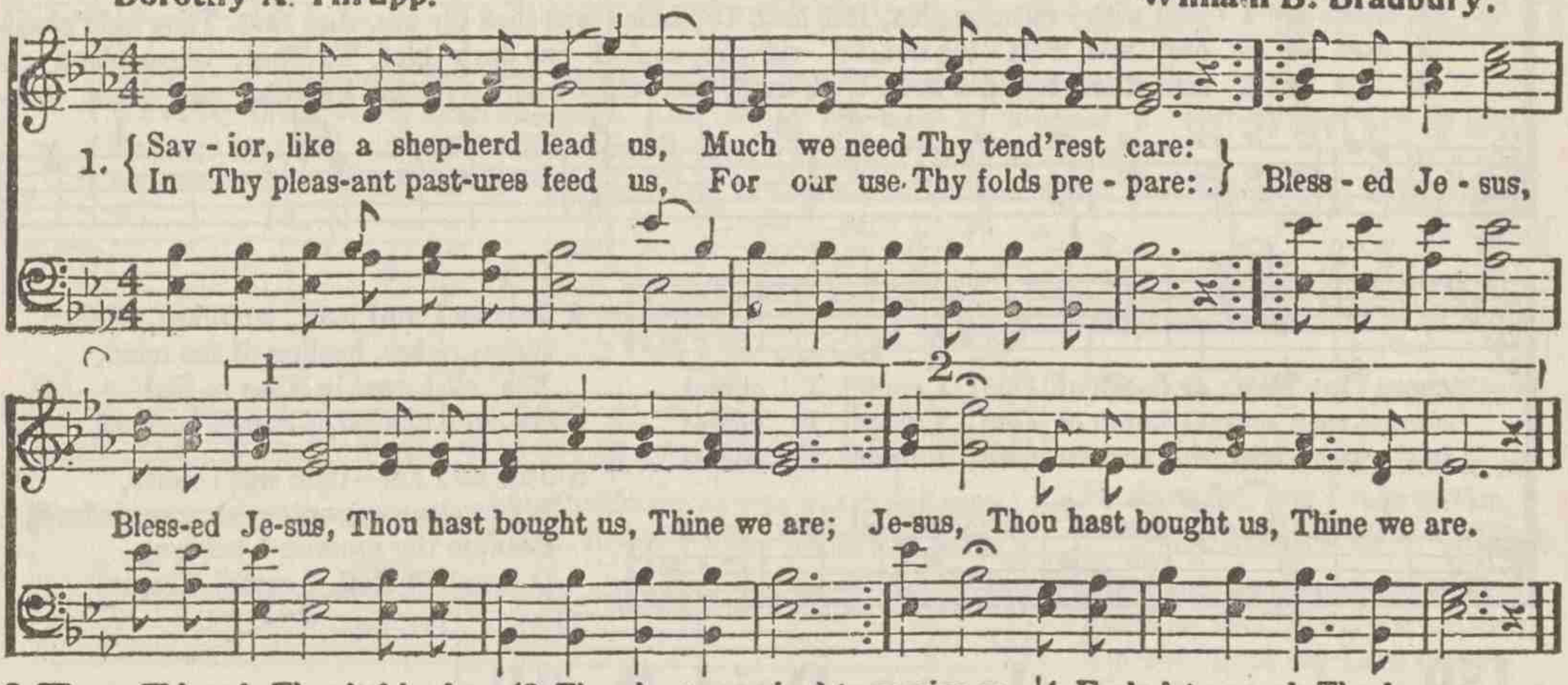


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

155 Savior, Like a Shepnerd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



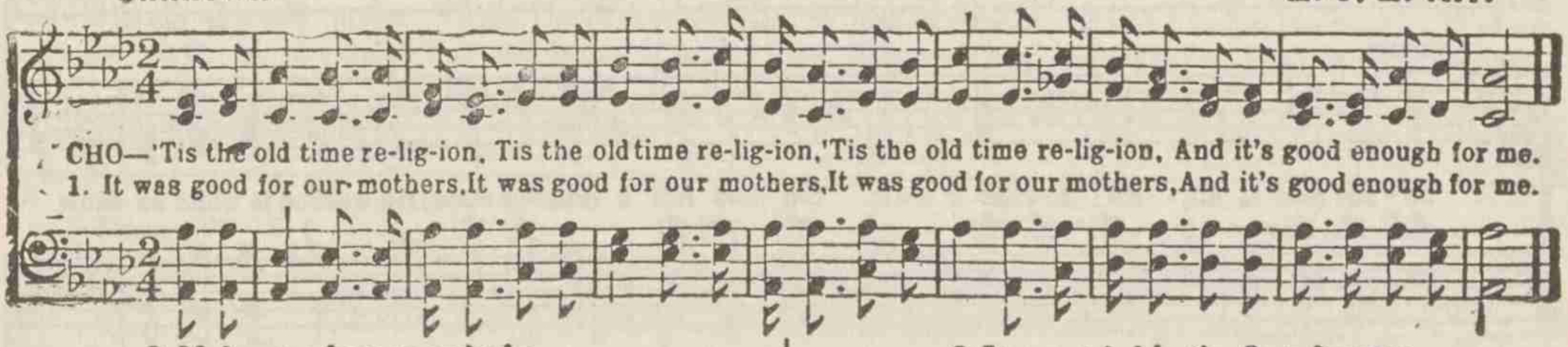
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

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

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

156 The Old Time Religion.

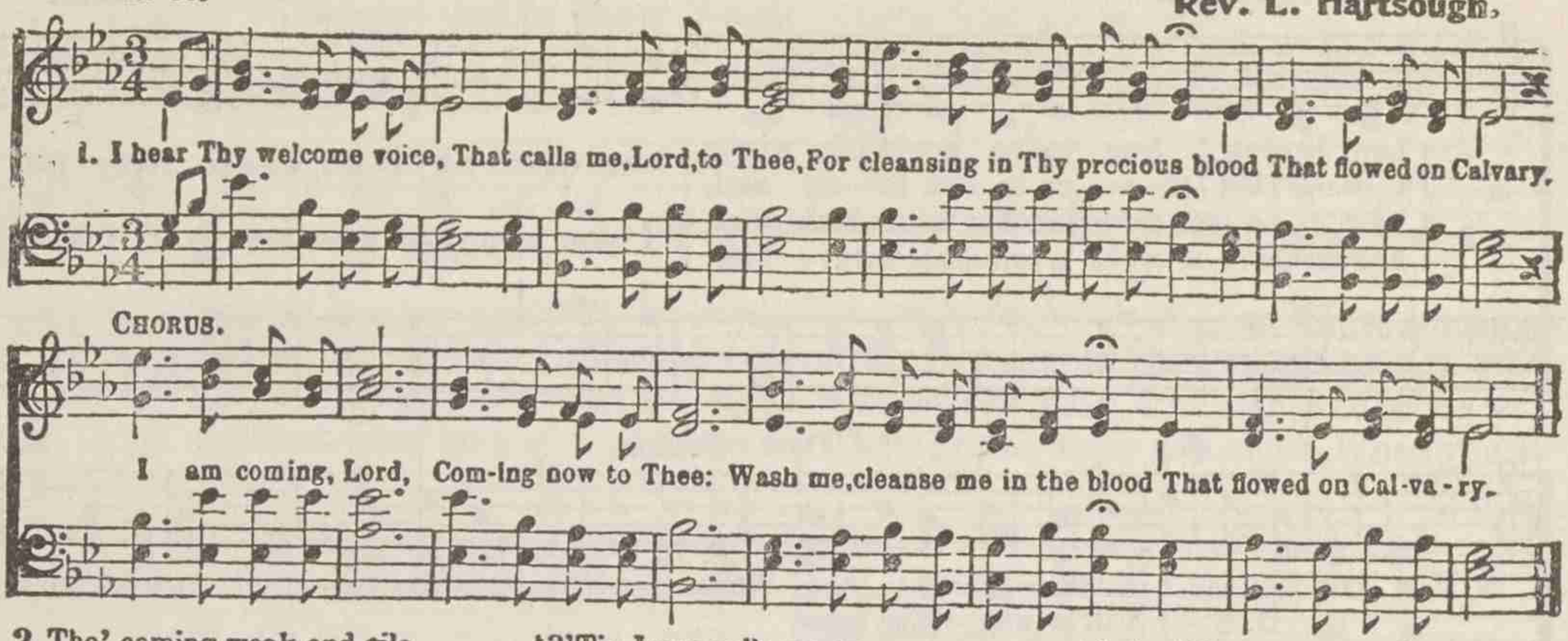
Unknown E. O. E. Arr.



2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

157 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



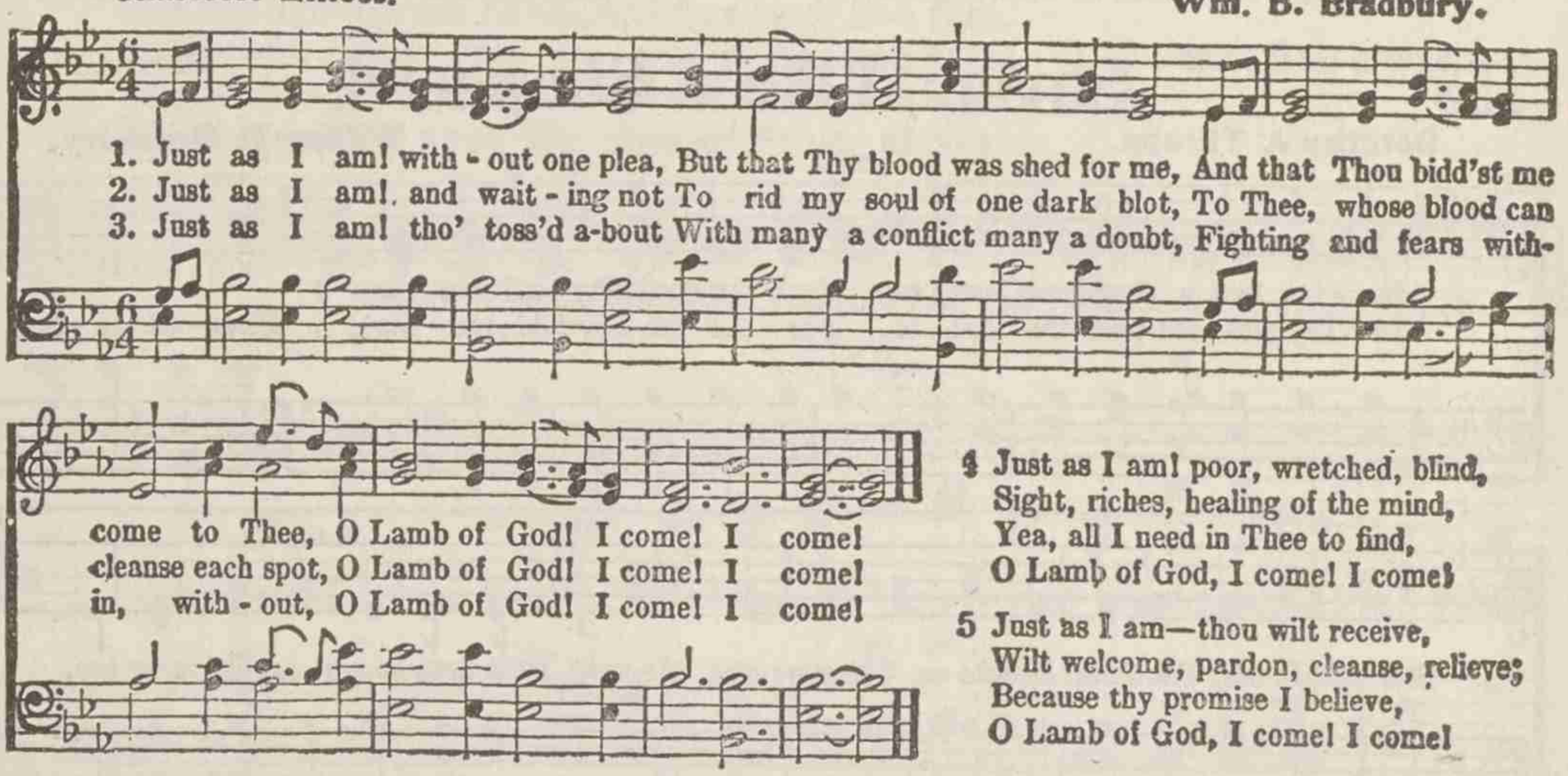
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

158 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

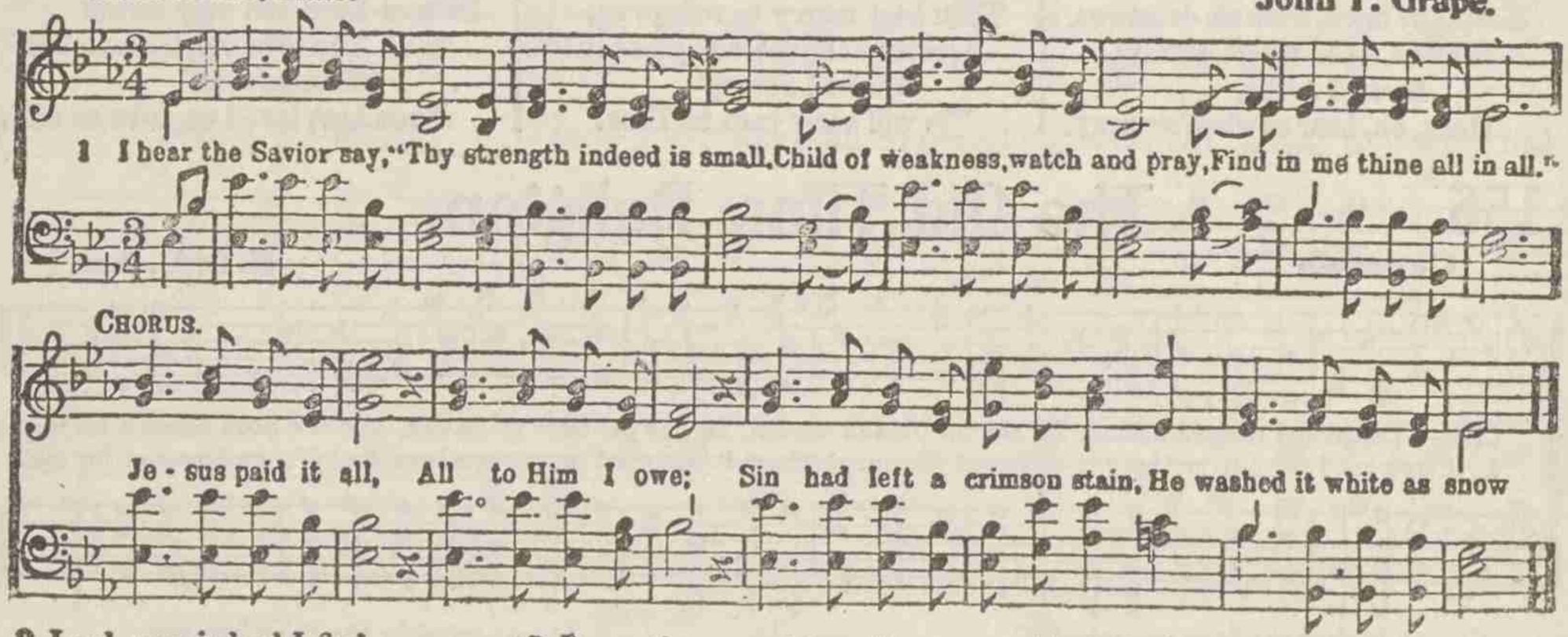


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

159 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

160 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mer-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

161 O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
   { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
   { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away!

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

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

162 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

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

163 Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,
Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

CHORUS.

hal - low us there,
met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

164 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE. D.C.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

165 Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

166 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.
M. 152 = ♪

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per - suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—har-vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most—but lost!"

167 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.
M. 166 = ♩

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C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
2- O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.–I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Junior Department

168 We Are Coming.

Miss Z. I. Davis. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And we love Him, too; Hap-py are we,
2. Je - sus comes to bless us, And to Him we pray For His gen - tle
3. He is like the sun-shine Of the morn-ing bright, And He watch-es
4. We are in His keep-ing, And we will be good, Words of kind - ness

do - ing What He bids us do.
guid-ance In the right each day.
o'er us Thro' the day and night.
speak-ing As we al - ways should.

CHORUS.

We are com-ing from the east and west..... To the One whom we all love the best; Of His goodness we will al-ways sing— Je-sus Christ the lit - tle chil-dren's King.

east and west love the best;

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169

W-a-t-c-h.

(Primary.)

H. L.

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HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Watch your Words whate'er you do, Think be-fore you speak; Striv-ing with a pur-pose true, Truth a - lone to seek.
2. Watch your Ac - tions day by day, Let them al - ways be Good and kind a- long life's way, From all e - vil free.
3. Watch your Tho'ts and keep them pure, Thinking as you should; Then your peace will be se - cure And your life be good.
4. Watch your Com-pa - ny with care, With them do not dwell If to live in sin they dare, You may shun them well.
5. Watch your Heart and keep it clean, Pure and un - de - filed; On the arms of Je - sus lean, He will keep His child.

CHORUS.

W - a - t - c - h, watch and p - r - a - y, pray, Do your best to live for Je - sus day by day. W - - a - t - c - h, watch and p - r - a - y, pray, Nev - er yield to sin, But ev - er watch and pray.

170 They Should All Be Brought To Jesus.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. There are ma - ny lit - tle lambs That are not with-in the fold Of the Shep - herd who is ten - der, kind and true; They have wan-dered far a - way
2. There are ma - ny chil-dren, sad, Who have nev - er been made glad By the sun - shine of the gos - pel full and free; We should take them to the light,
3. In far In - dia's dark do-main Chil - dren cry for help in vain; Shall we leave them there to per - ish in their sin? In Ja - pan and Chi - na, too,

On the hills so cold and gray, They should all be bro't to Je - sus, for He loves them. They should all be brought to Je - sus, for He loves them,
We should lead them to the right, They should all be bro't to Je - sus, for He loves them. They should all be brought to Je - sus, for He loves them,
And in Af - ri - ca so few Have been bro't to Je - sus, He who dear - ly loves them. They should all be brought to Je - sus, for He loves them,

D.S.—Where they safely may a - bide, They should all be bro't to Je - sus, for He loves them.

FINE. CHORUS.

They should all be brought to Je - sus, for He loves them, They should all be bro't to Je - sus, for He loves them; Let us lead them to His side,

D. S.

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171 Faithful Little Workers.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Faith-ful lit - tle work - ers we must be, Do - ing what is right,
2. Faith-ful lit - tle work - ers we must be, Tho' we may be small,
3. Faith-ful lit - tle work - ers we must be, Work-ing for the Lord,

Walk-ing in the light; Help-ing ev - 'ry one whom we can see,
We can con-quer all; We can do our work if we a - gree,
Tell - ing of His word; From all sin and e - vil we will flee,

CHORUS.

Work-ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus.
Work-ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus. Working, toil - ing, We will do our best,
Work-ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus.

Work - ing, toil - ing, God will do the rest; We must help each

oth - er all the way, Work-ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus.

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172 Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Mrs. Lettie Moncton.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

rit.

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en, To live with Thee there.

173 The Children's Jubilee.

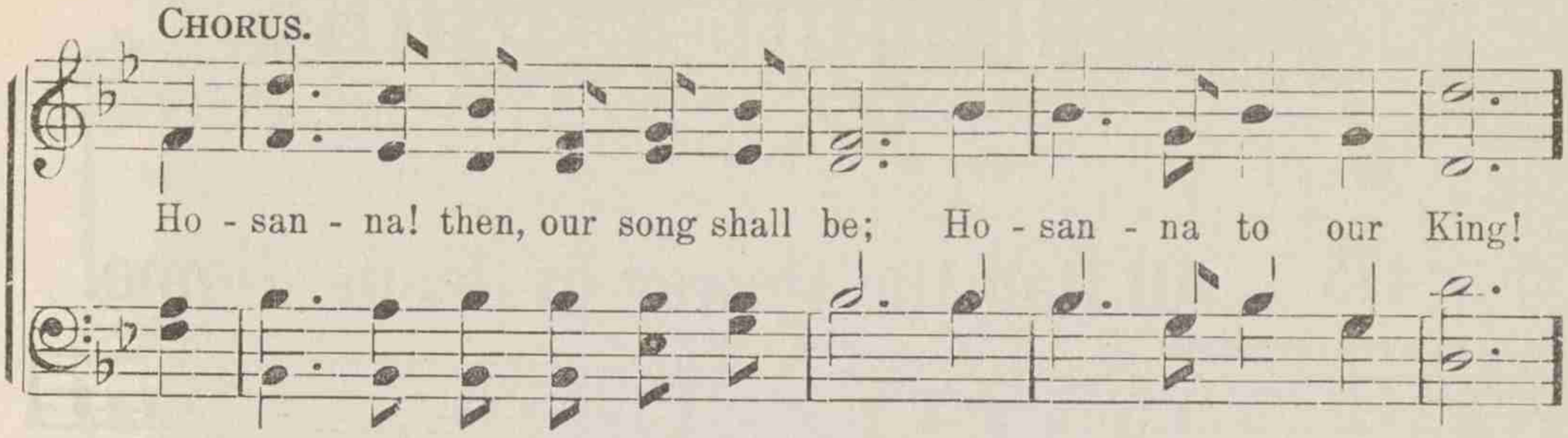
James Montgomery. Nellie A. Liscomb.
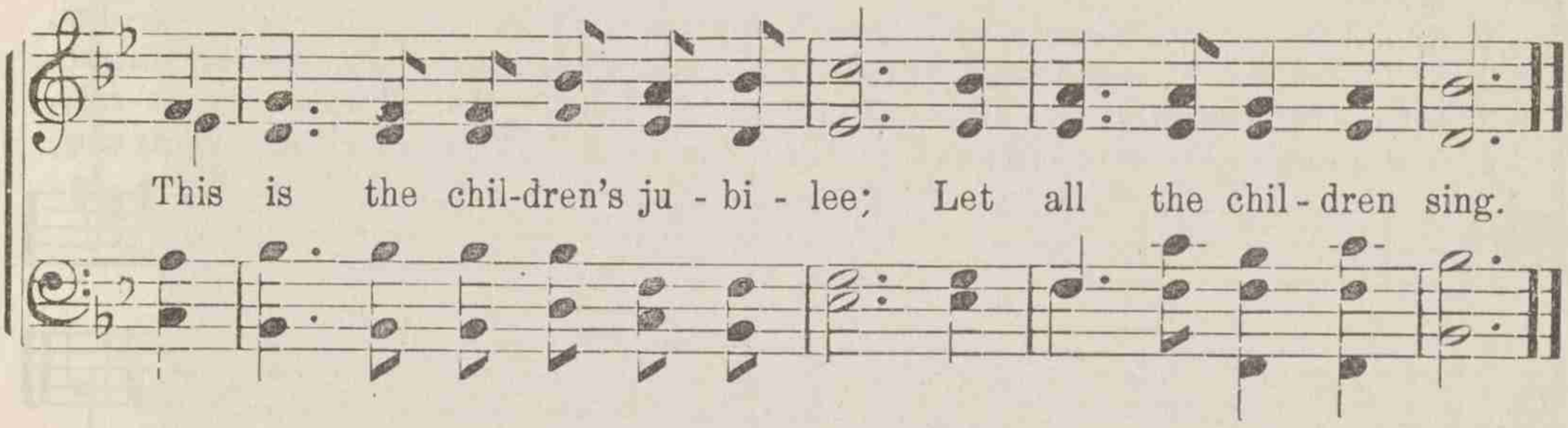
1. Ho - san - na! be the chil-dren's song, To Christ, the chil-dren's King;
2. Ho - san - na! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain,
3. Ho - san - na! on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly,

His praise, to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
While loud - er, sweet - er, clear - er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.
Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply.

The Children's Jubilee. Concluded.

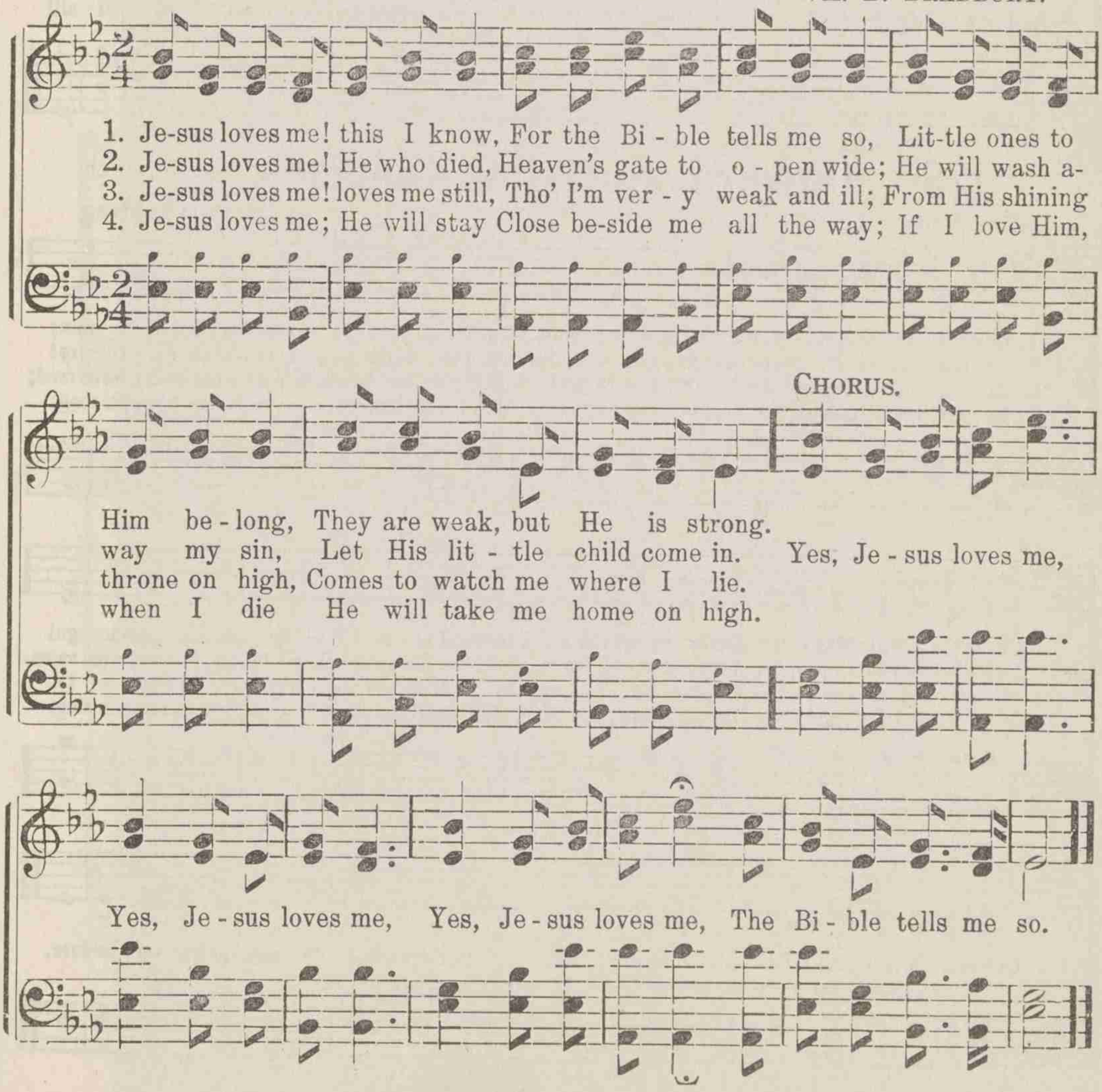
CHORUS.





174 Jesus Loves Me.

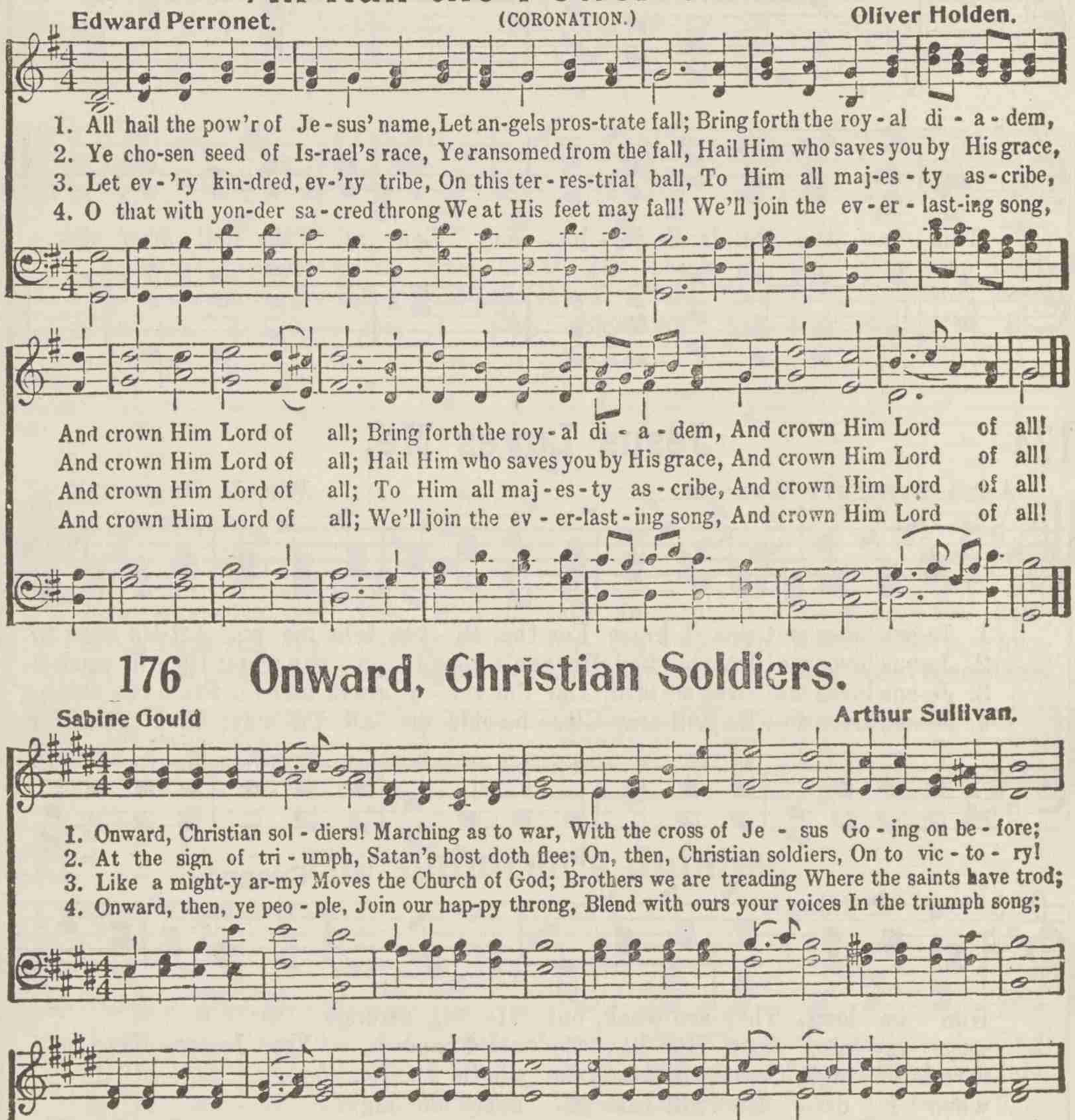
ANNA BARTLETT WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Devotional Hymns

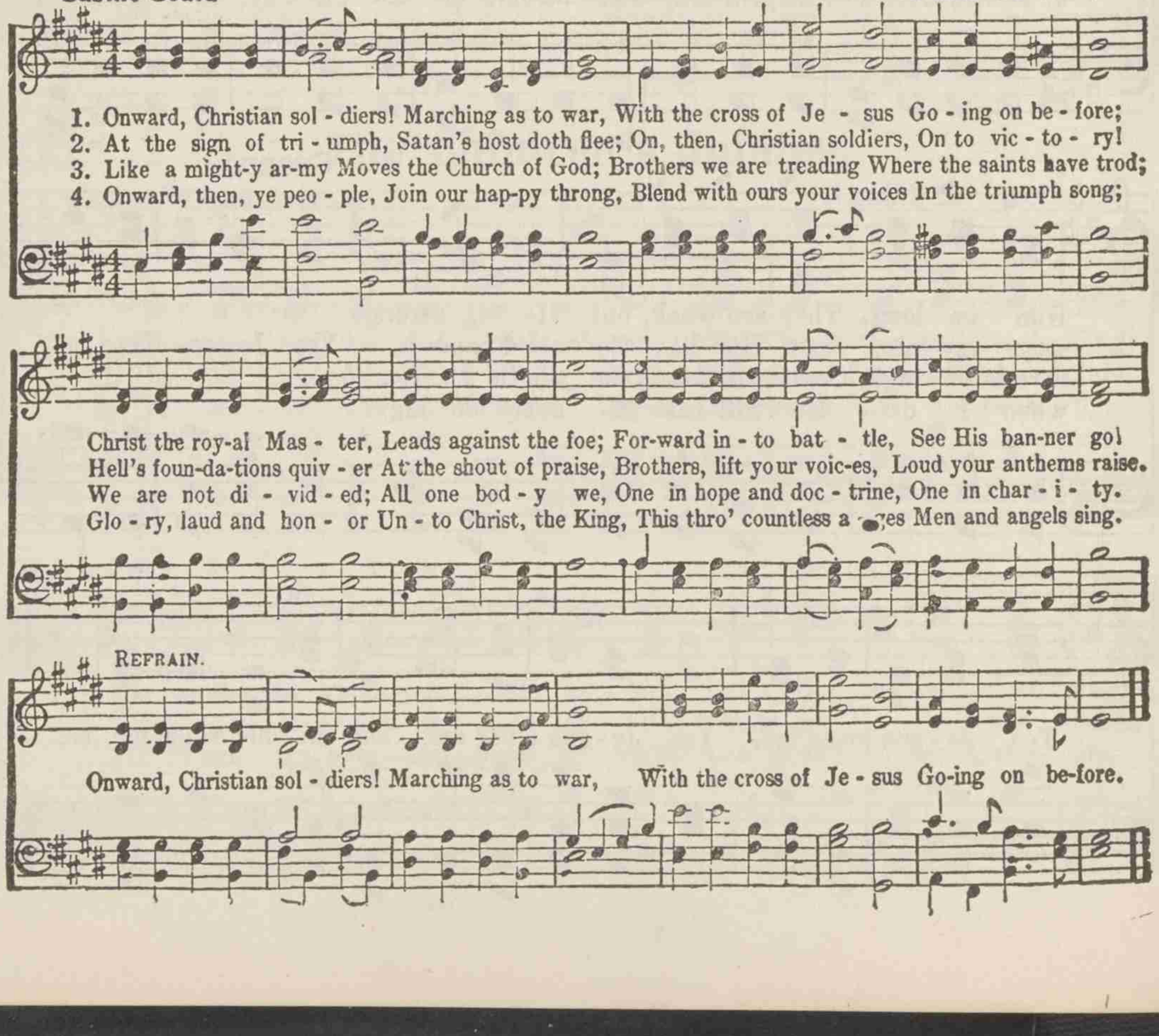
175 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.
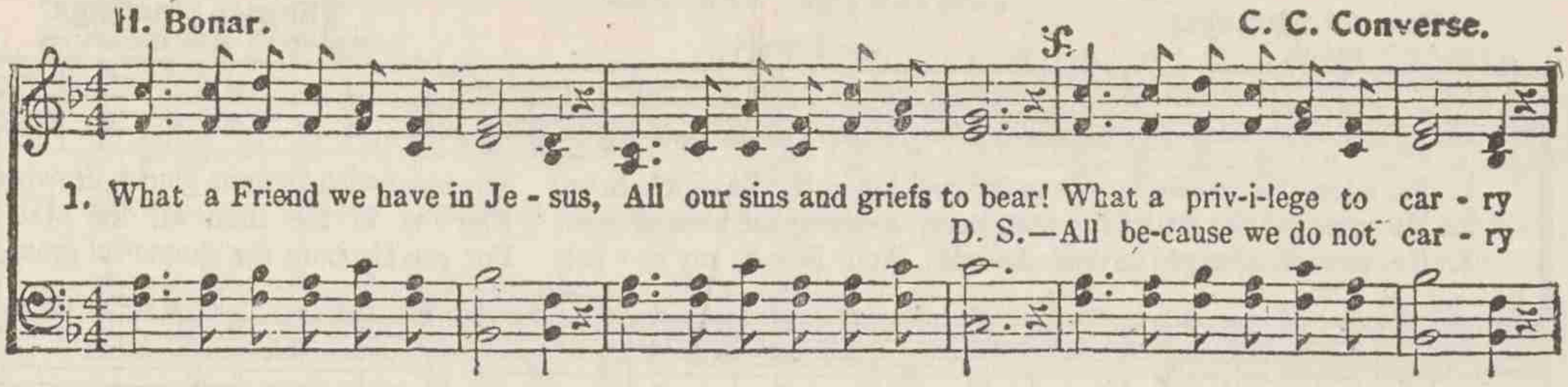


176 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

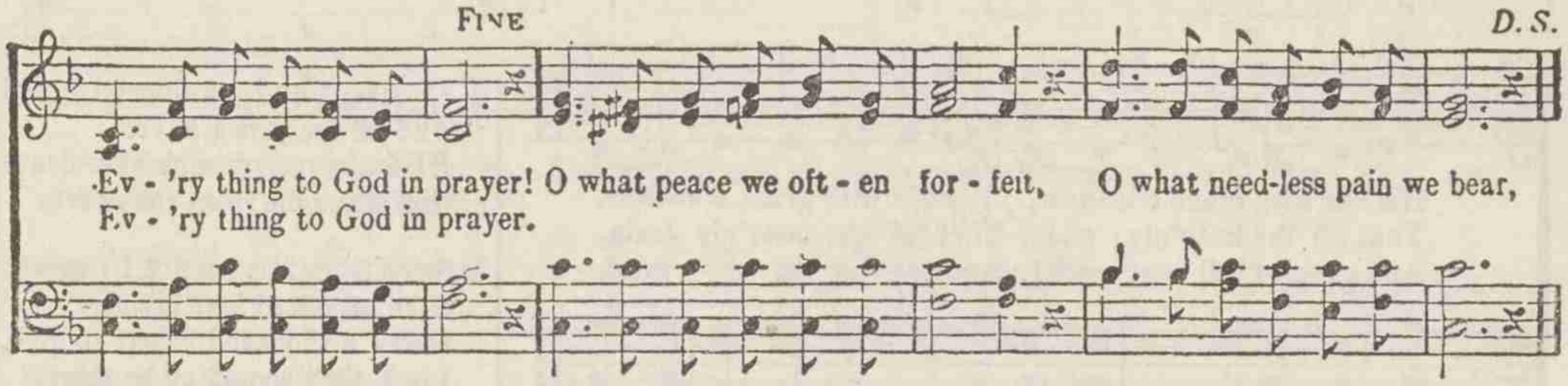
Sabine Gould Arthur Sullivan.



177 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

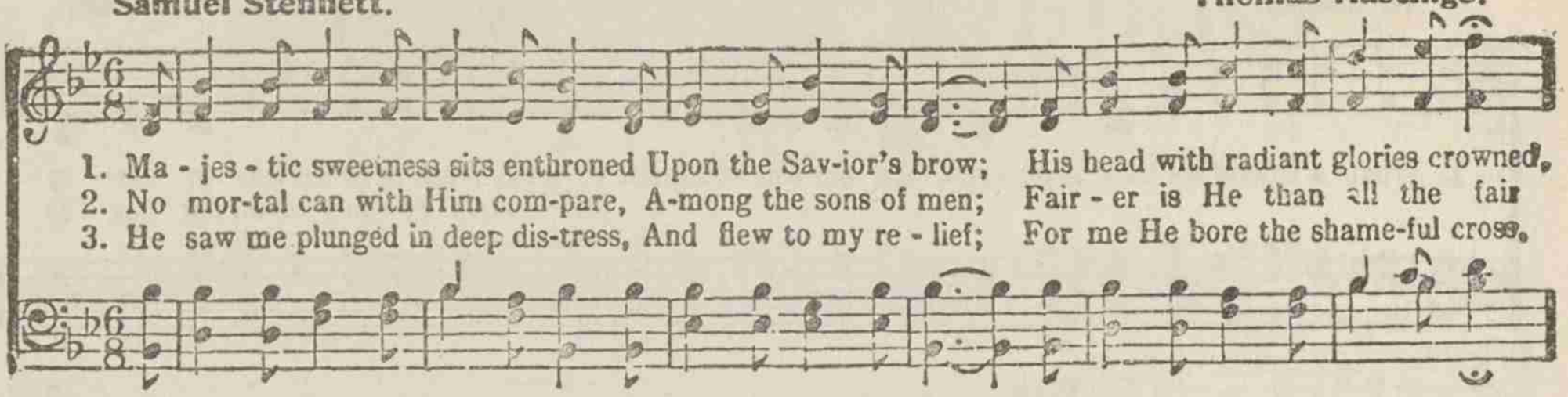
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

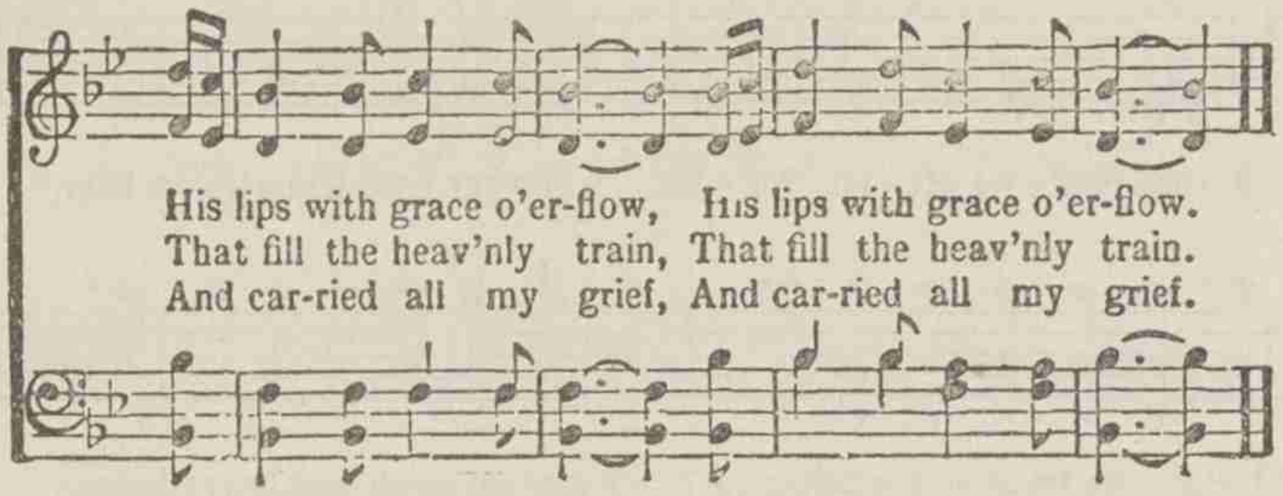
178 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. Bridges. (DIADEMATA.) G. J. Elvey.

179 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



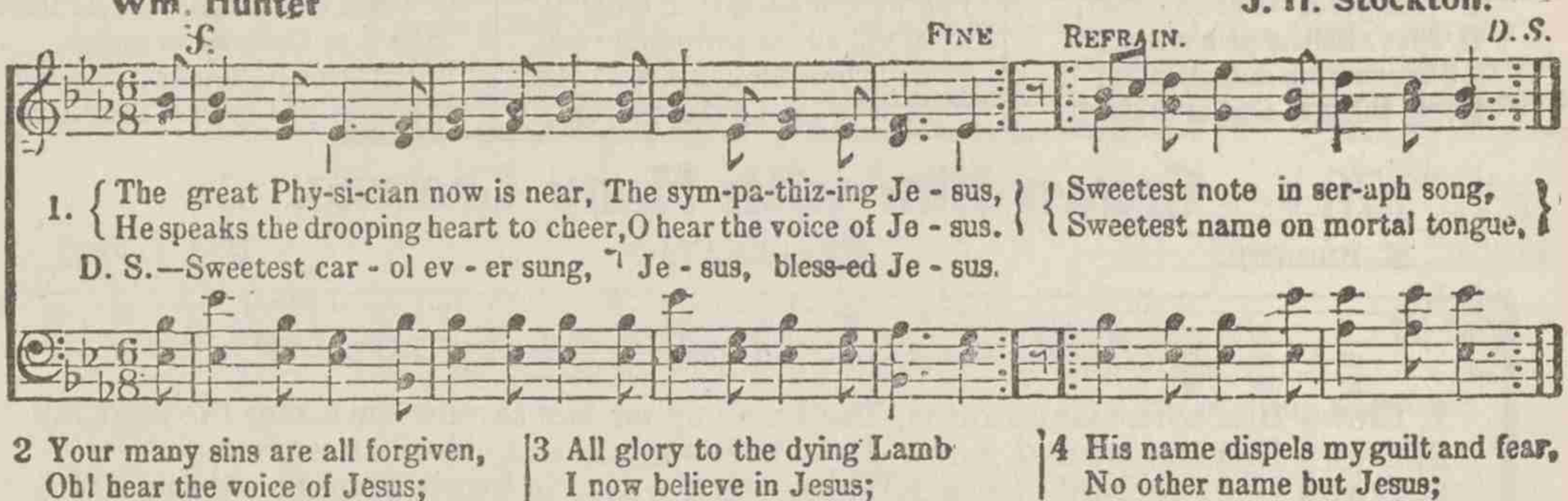


4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

180 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.
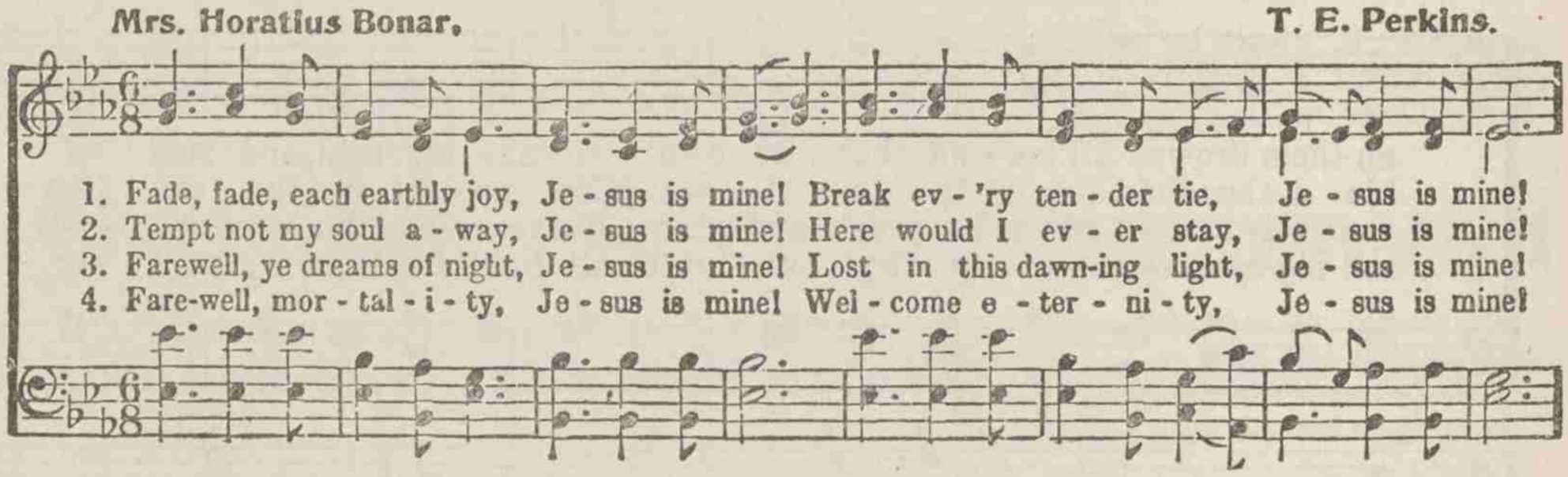


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

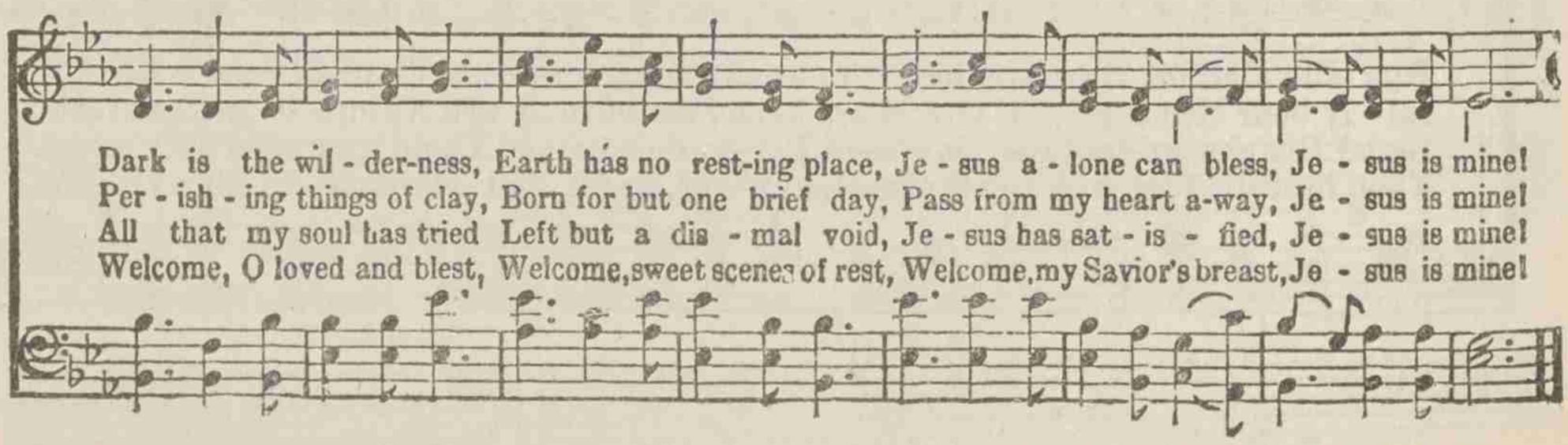
3 All glory to the dying Lamb
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

181 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.
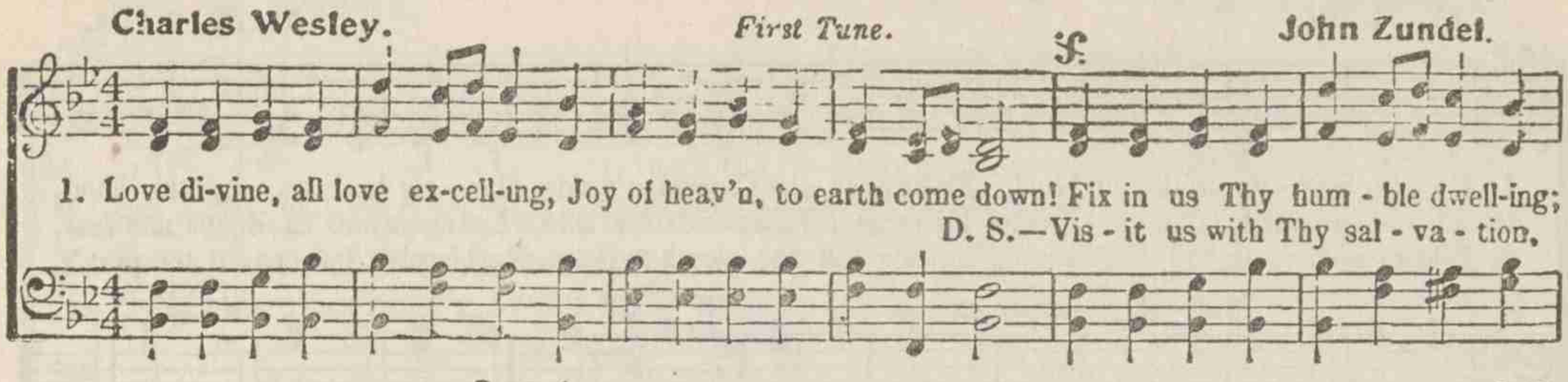
Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.
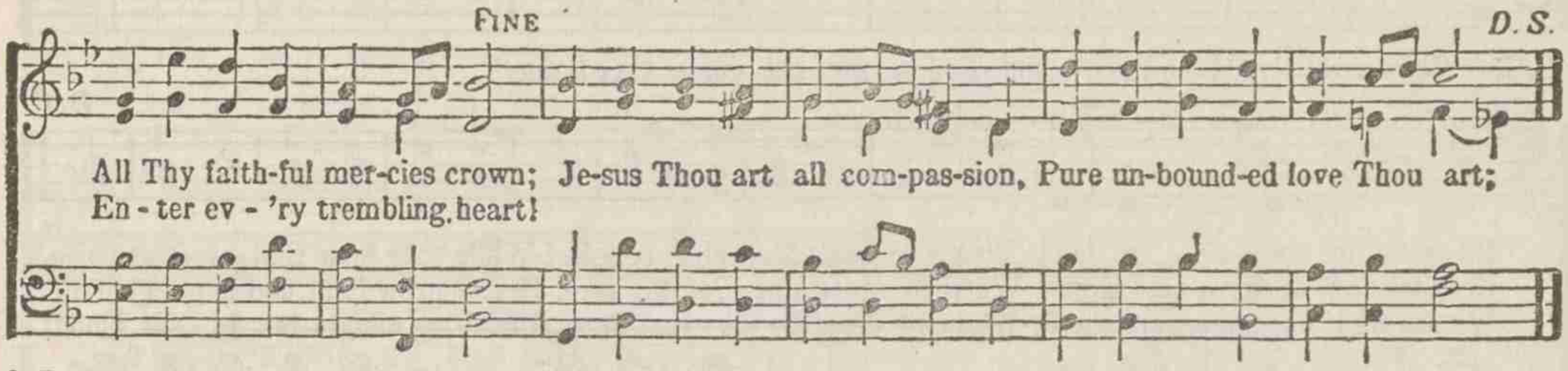




182 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.





2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

183 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

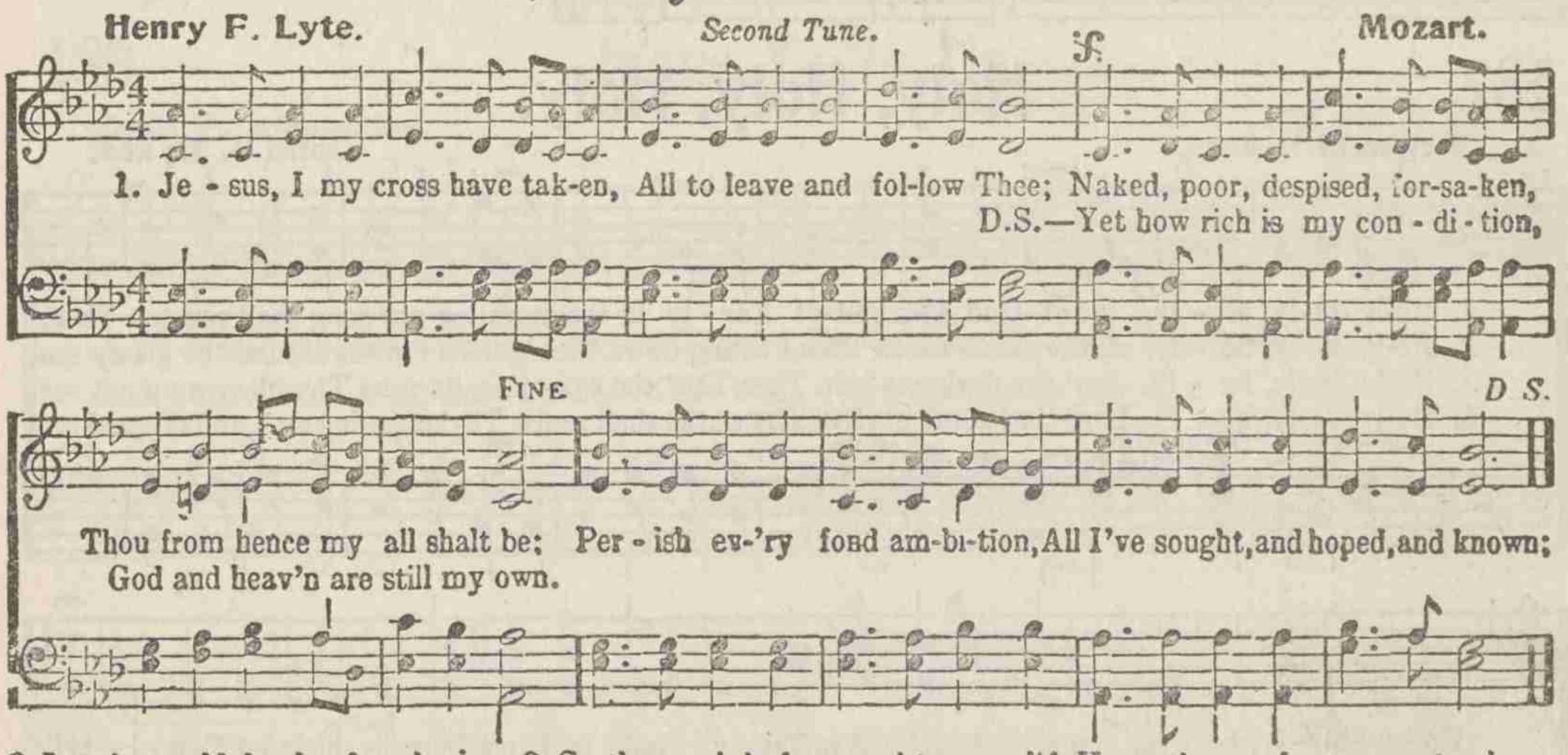
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

184 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



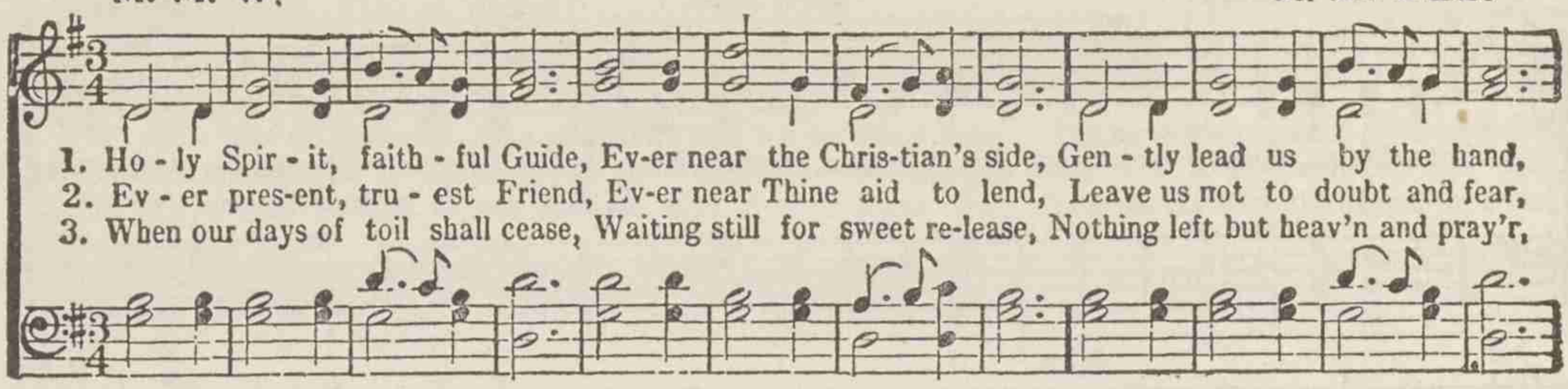
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms of doubt may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal days before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

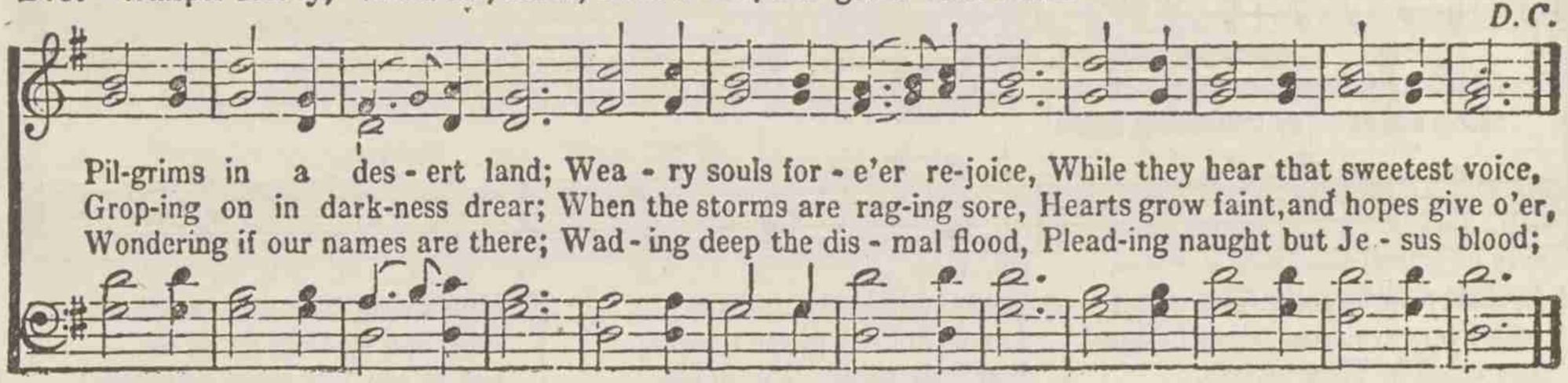
185 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.
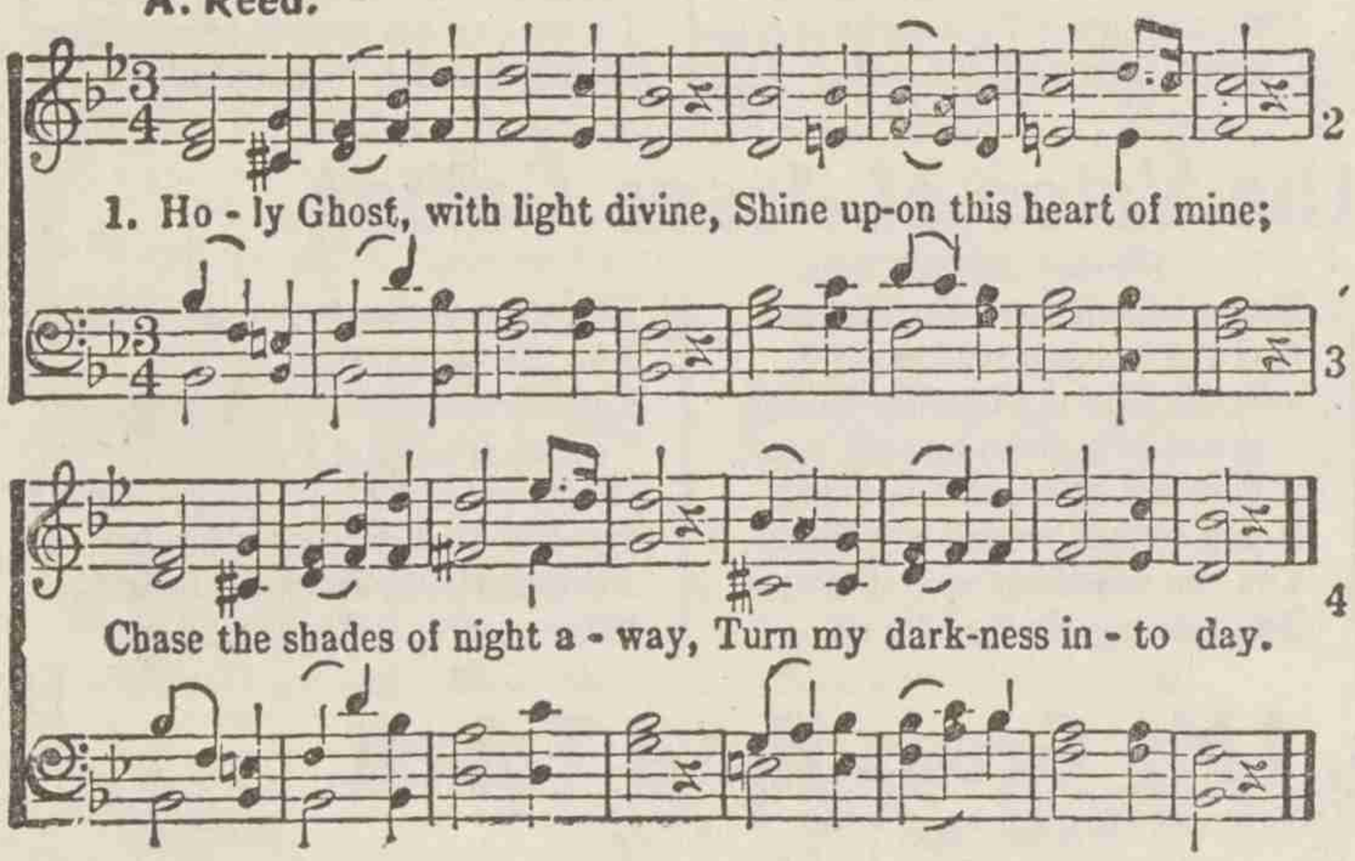


D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.



186 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



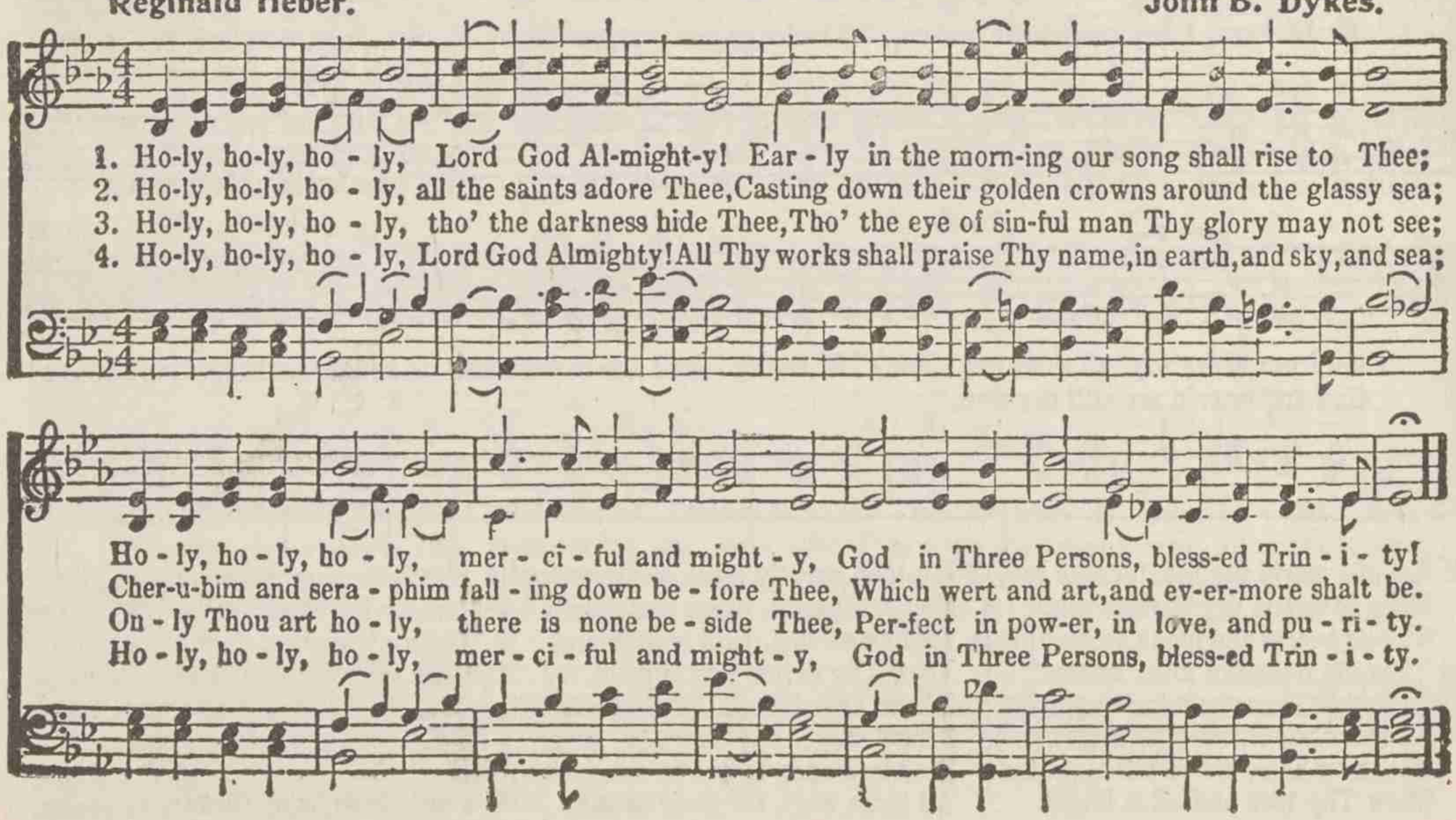
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

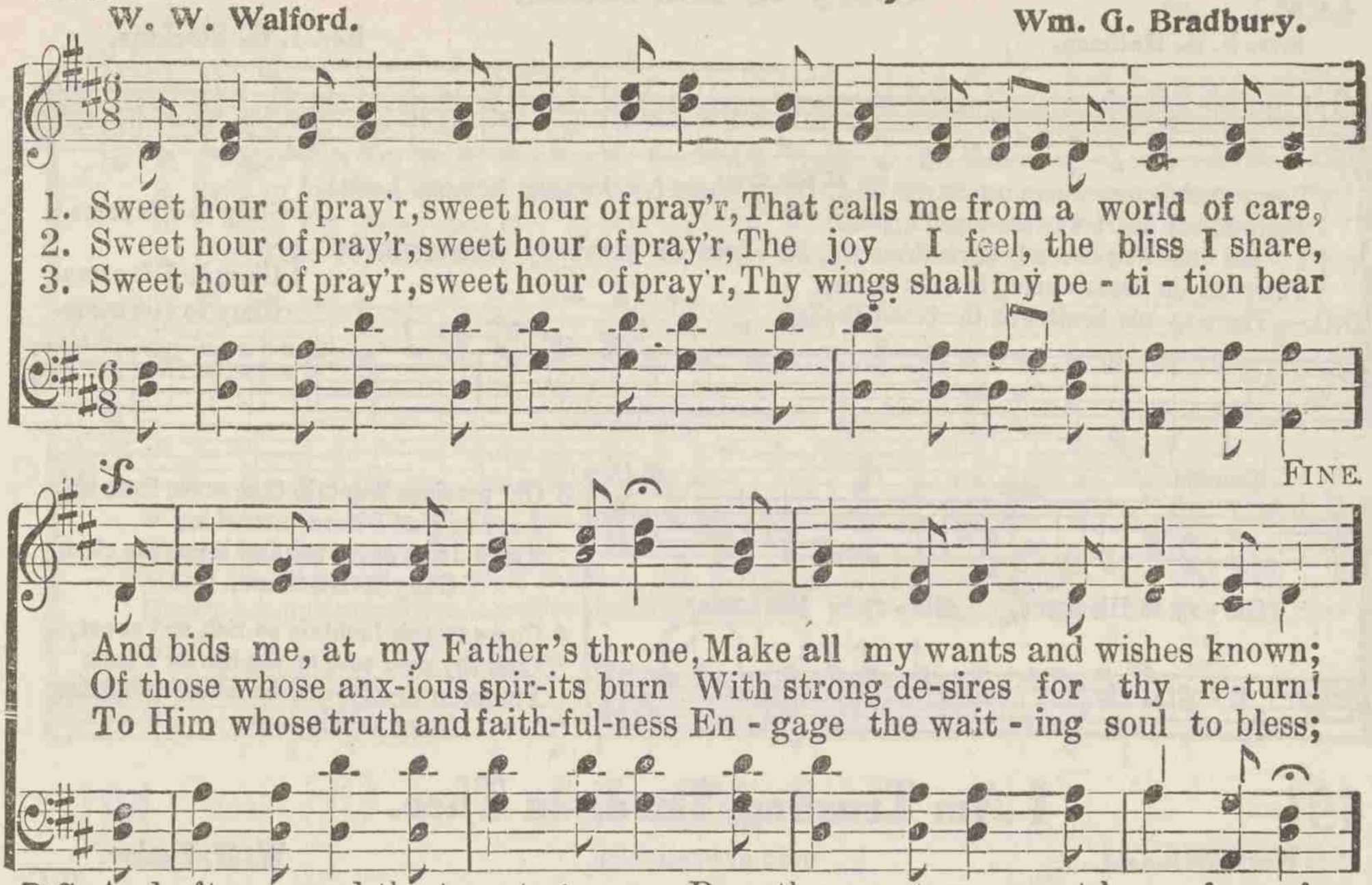
187 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



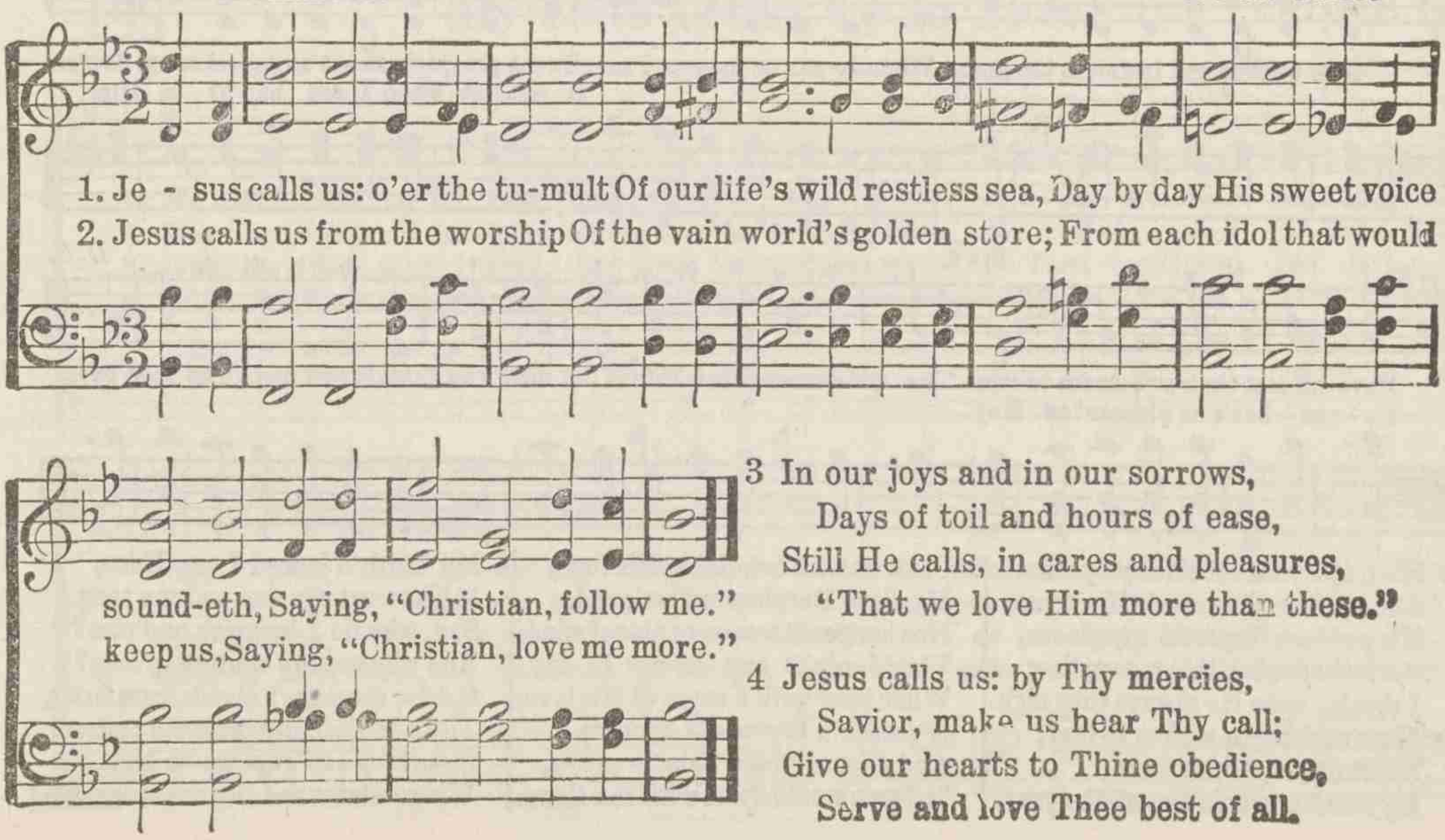
188 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. G. Bradbury.



189 Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.

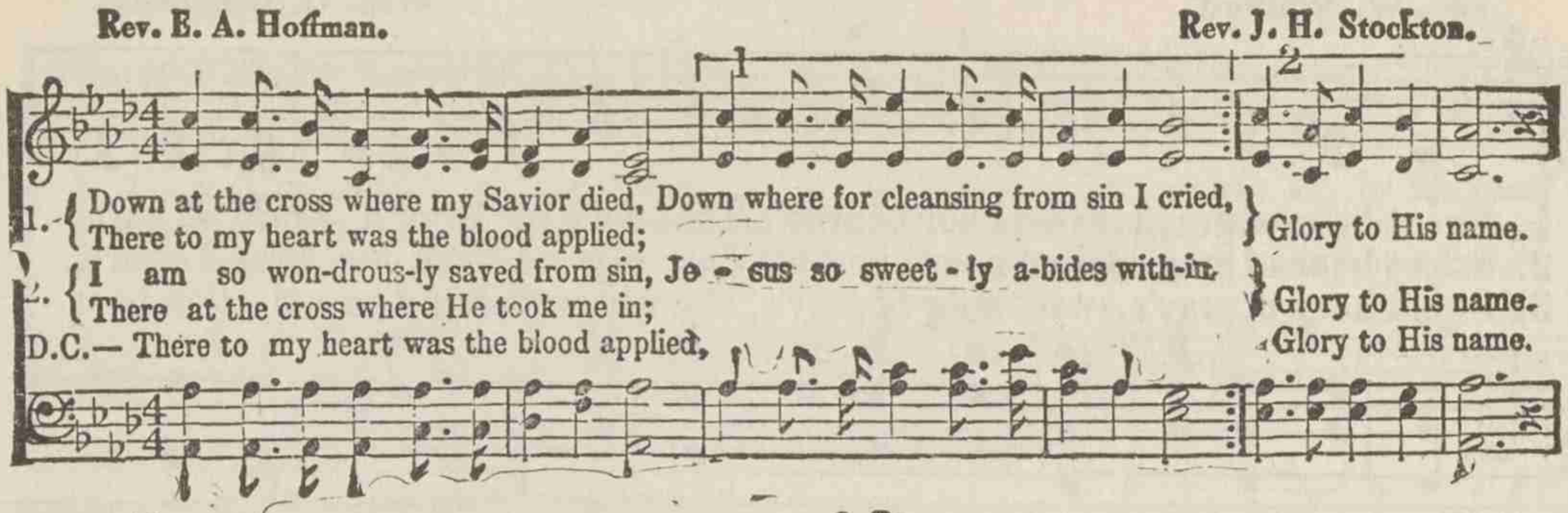


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

190 Glory to His Name.

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

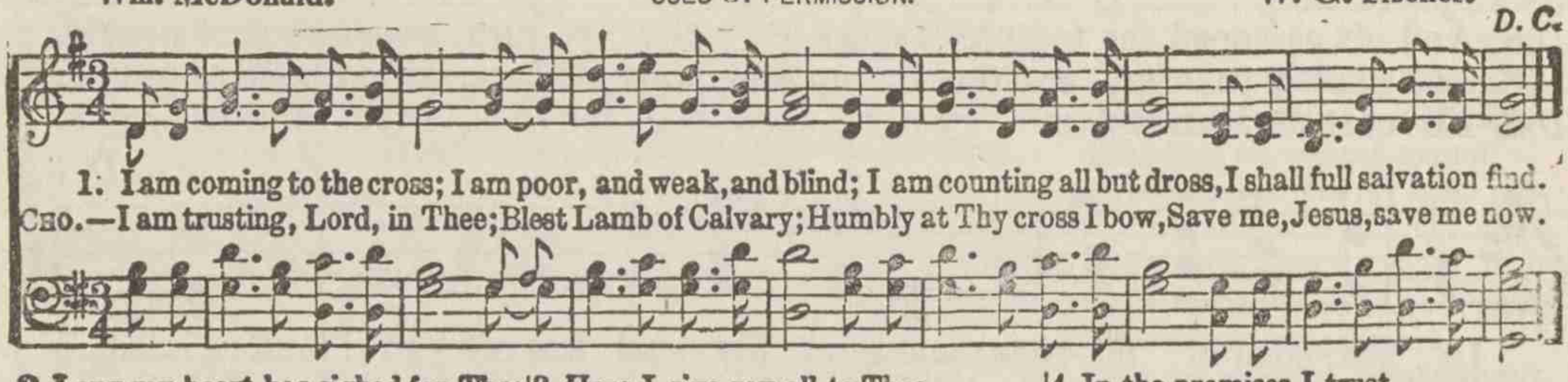


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

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.

191 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.



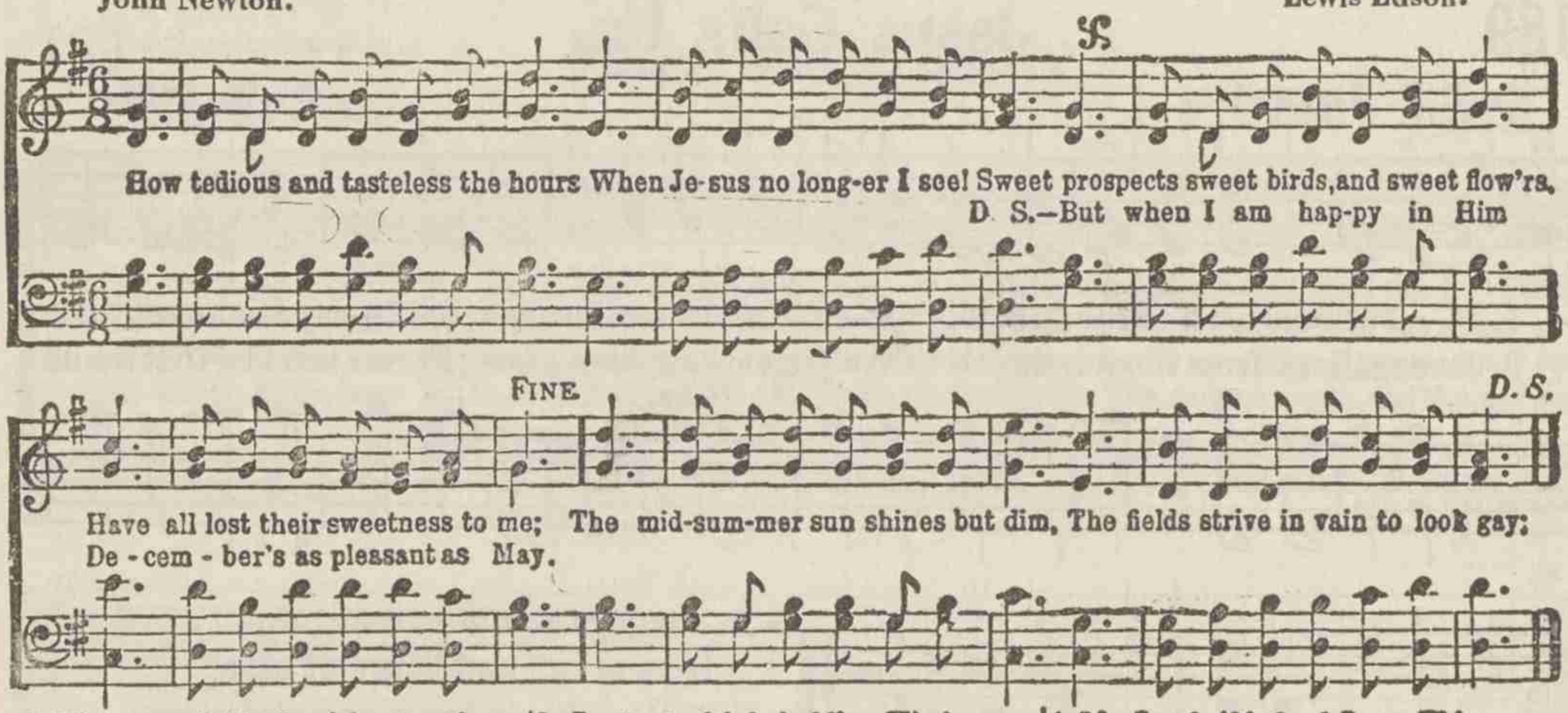
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

192 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.
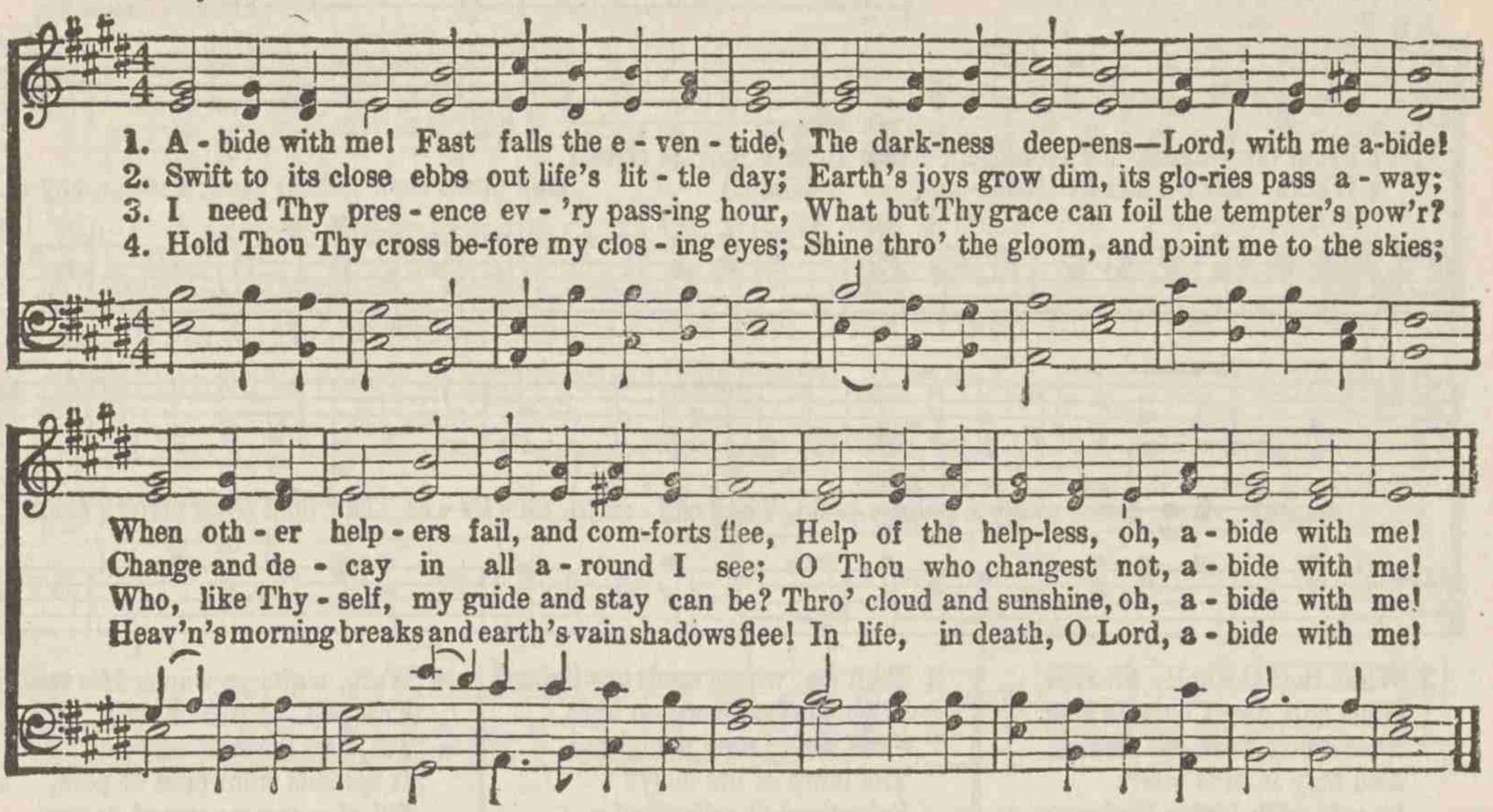


2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.
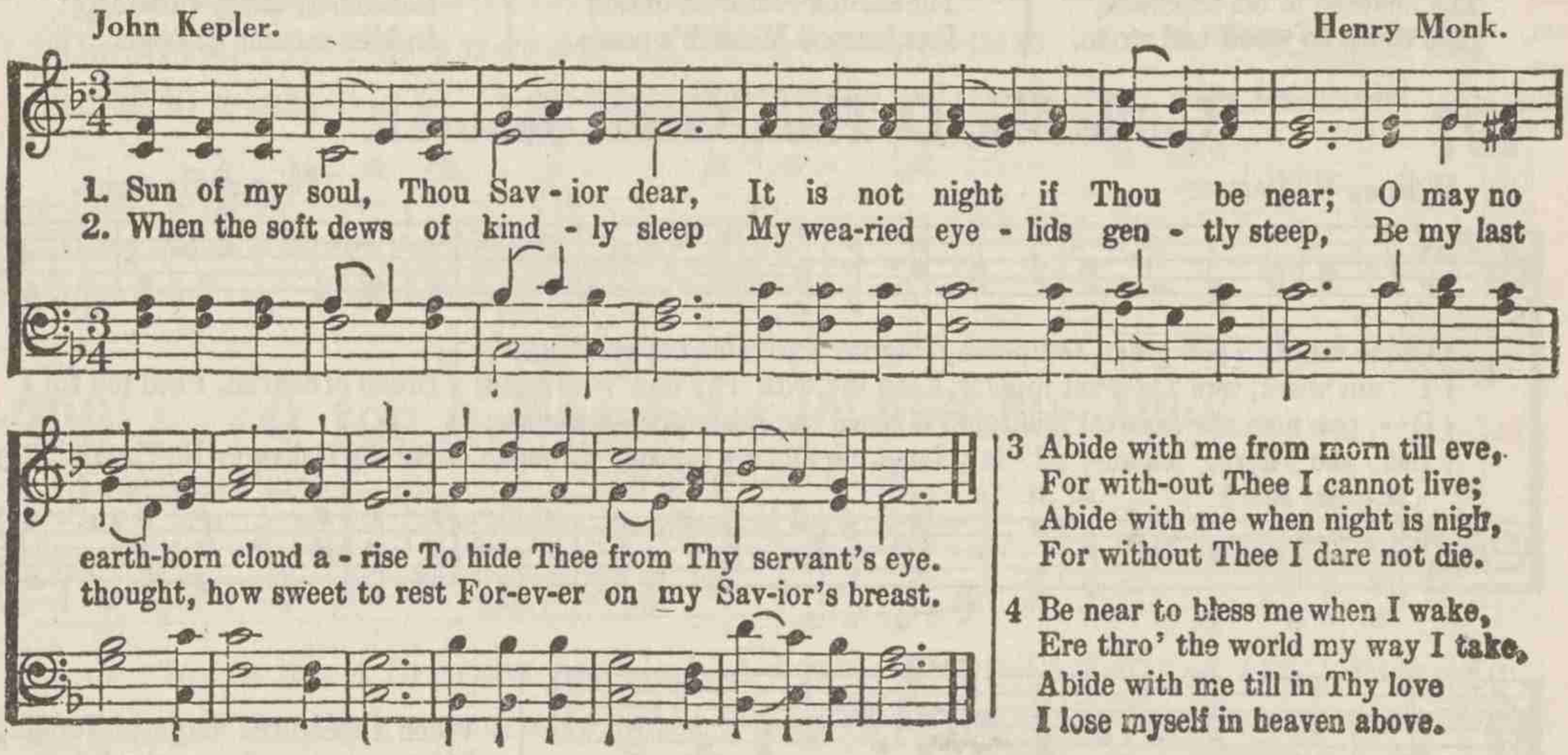
193 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



194 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

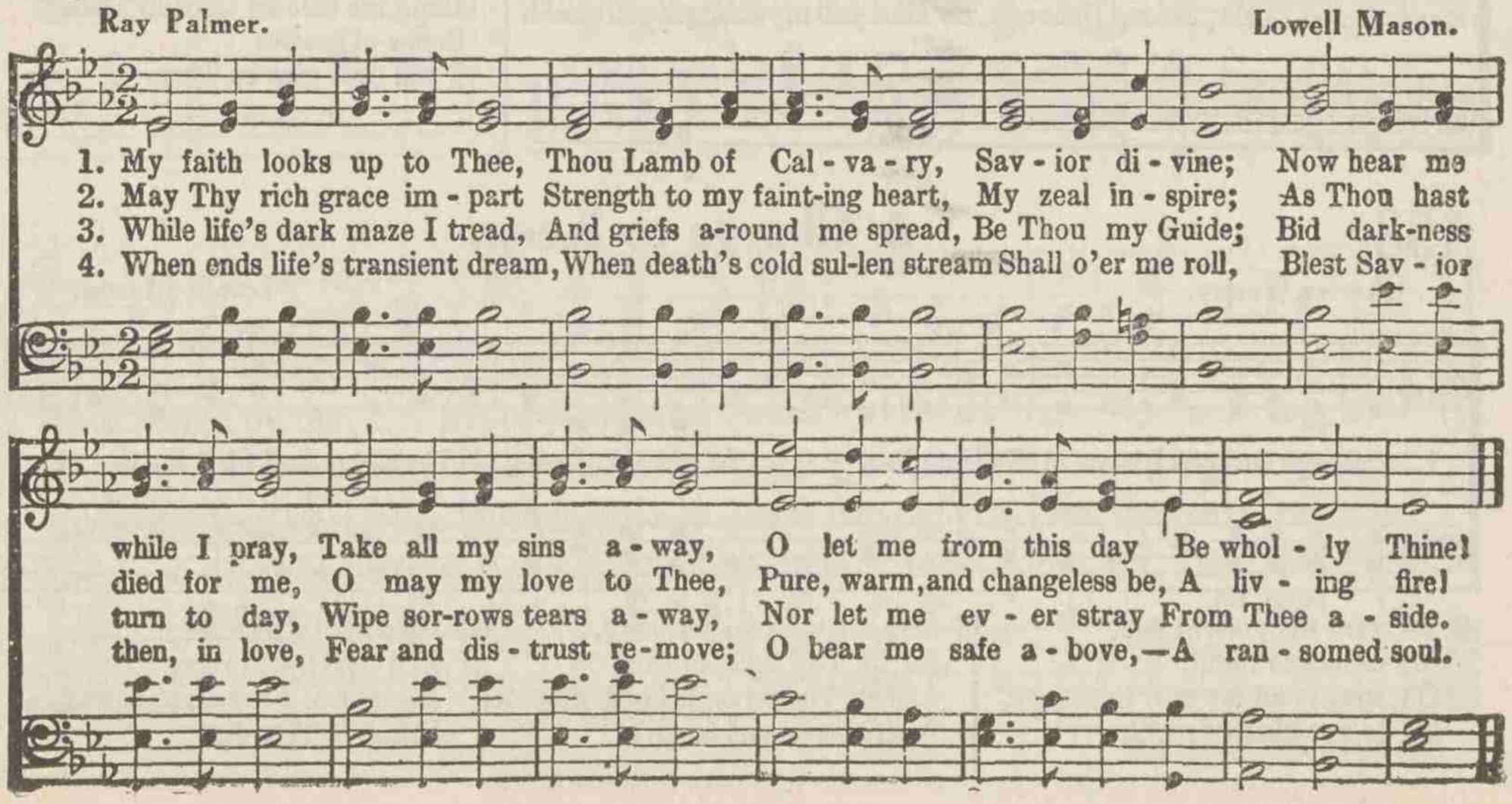


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.
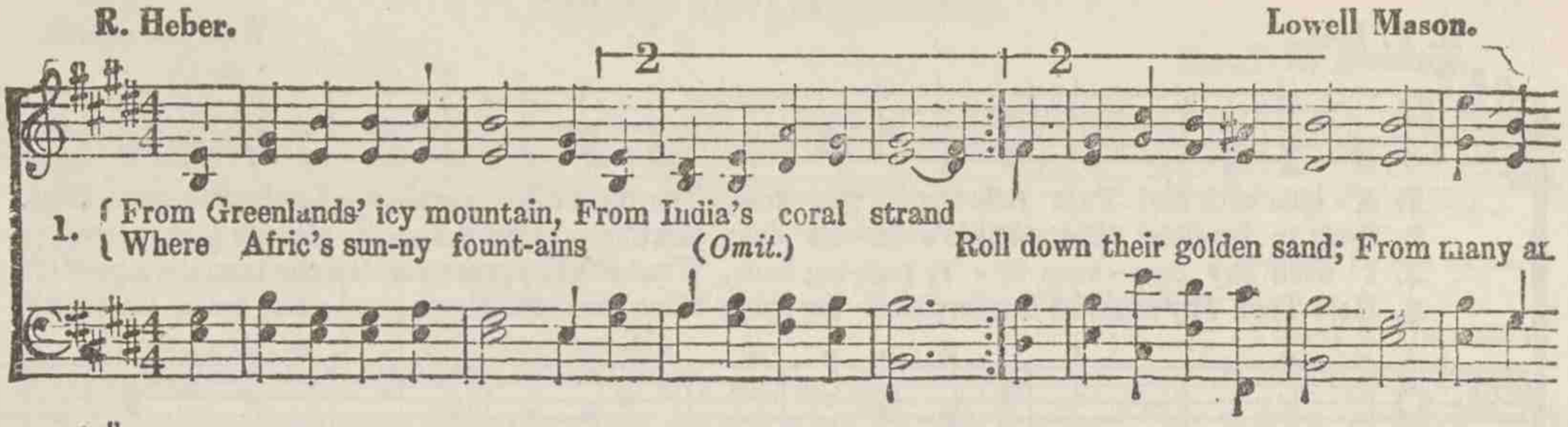
195 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



196 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. Lowell Mason.



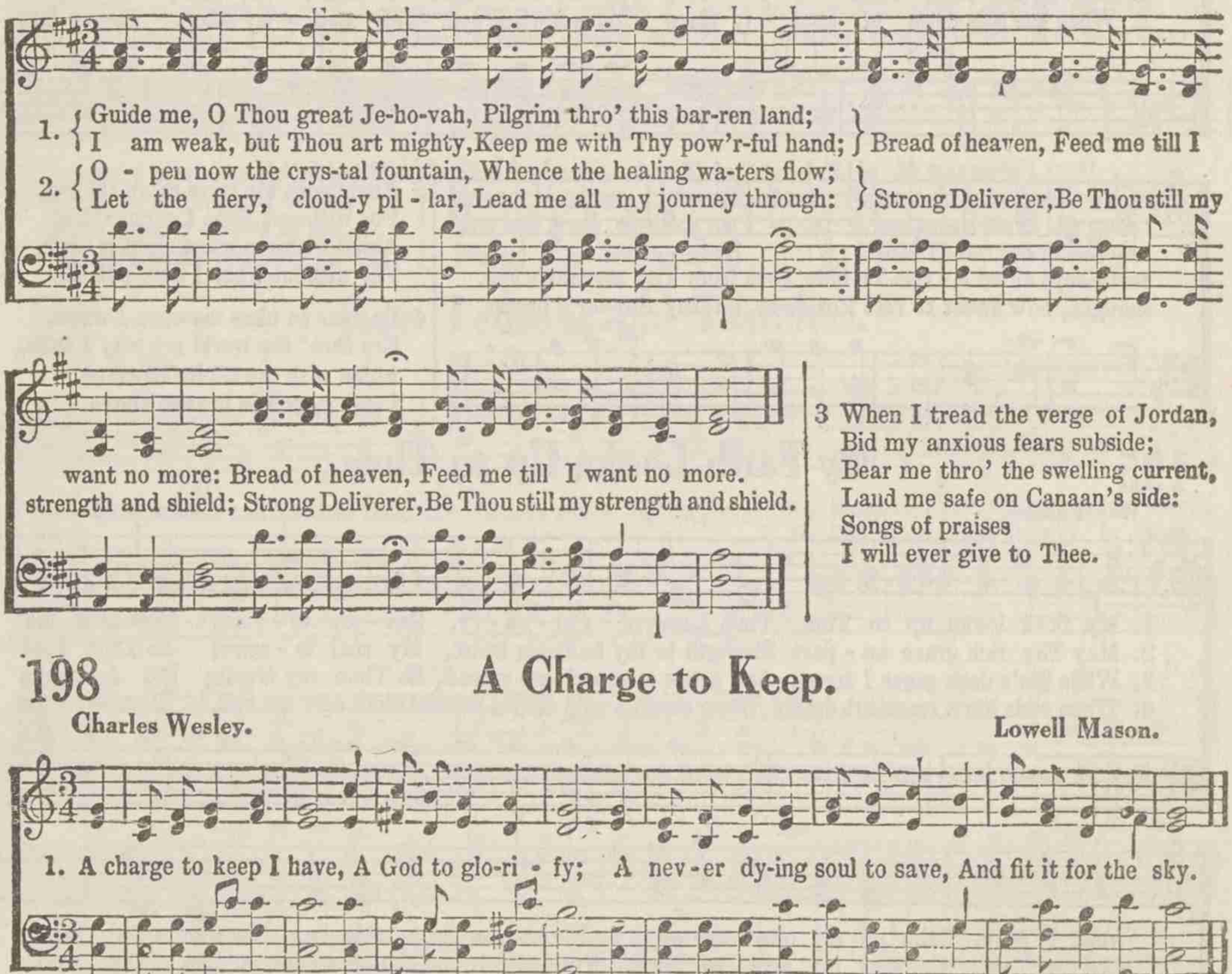
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

197 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.
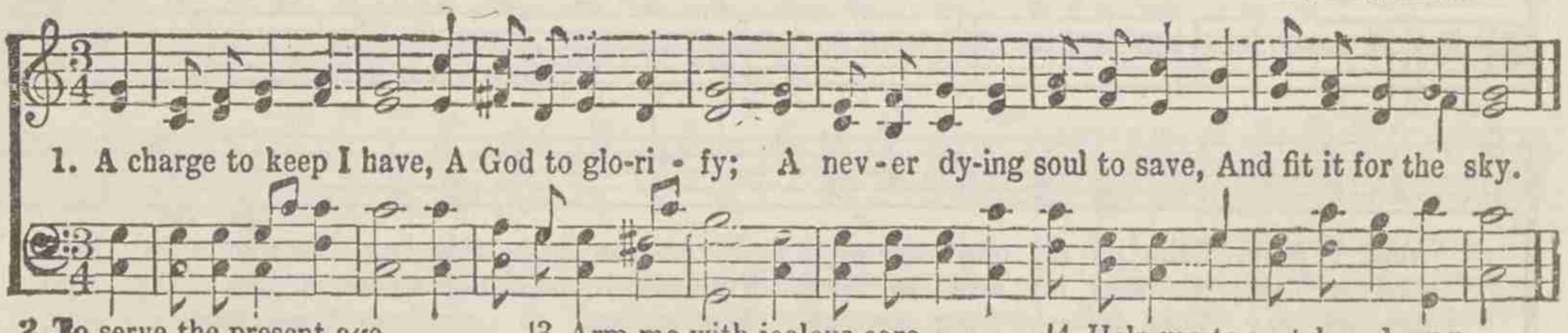
William Williams. Thomas Hastings.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

198 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.
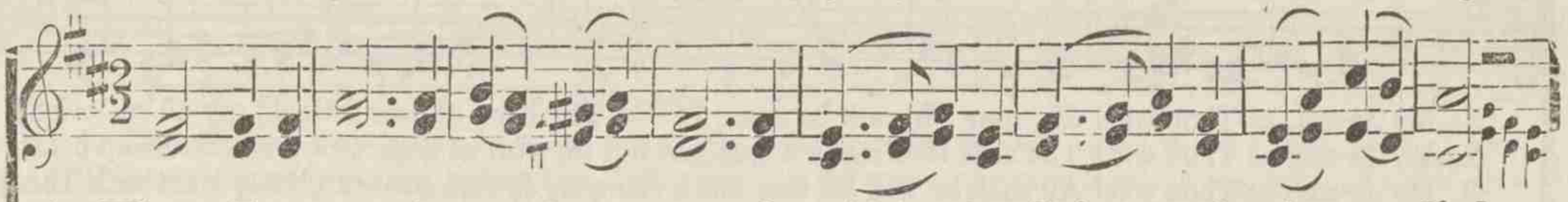


2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
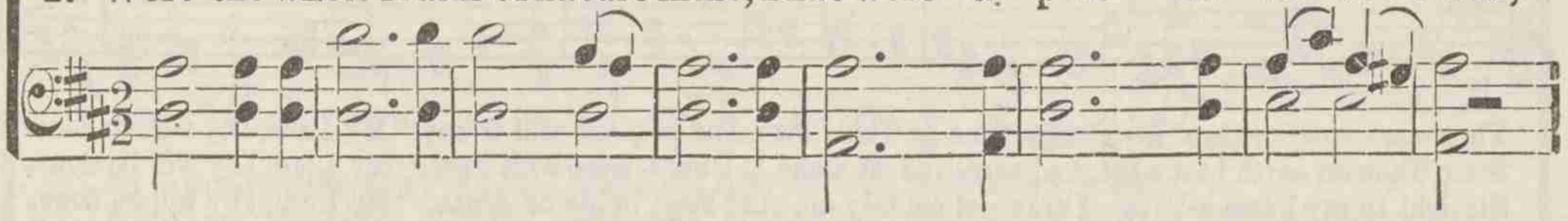
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.
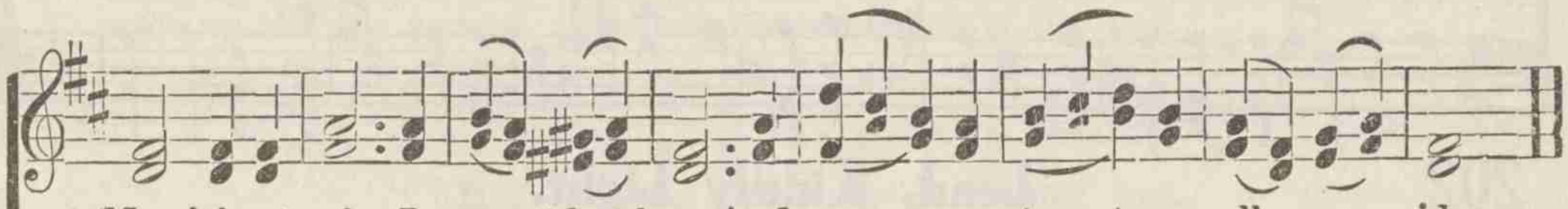
199 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. EUCHARIST. L. M. Isaac B. Woodbury.
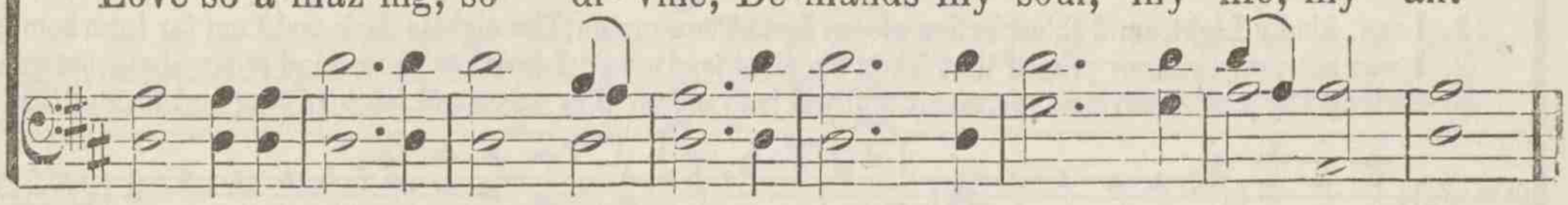


1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



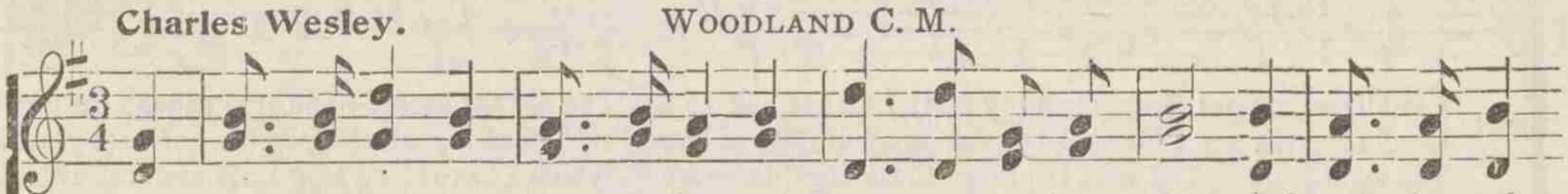


My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all!
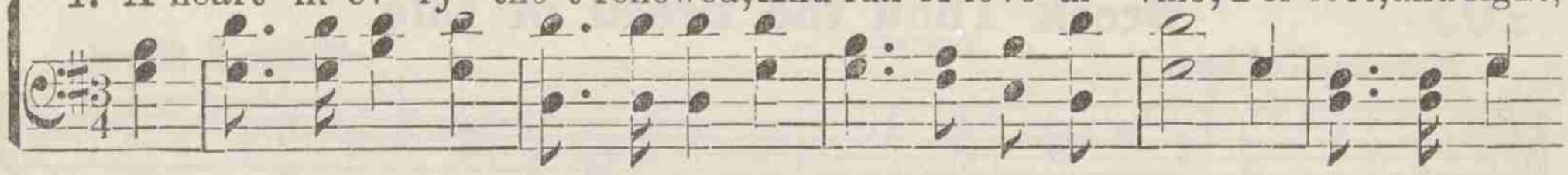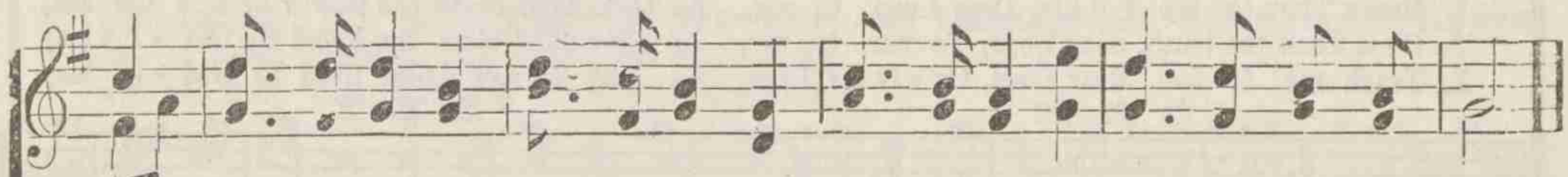


200 O for a Heart to Praise My God!

Charles Wesley. WOODLAND C. M.
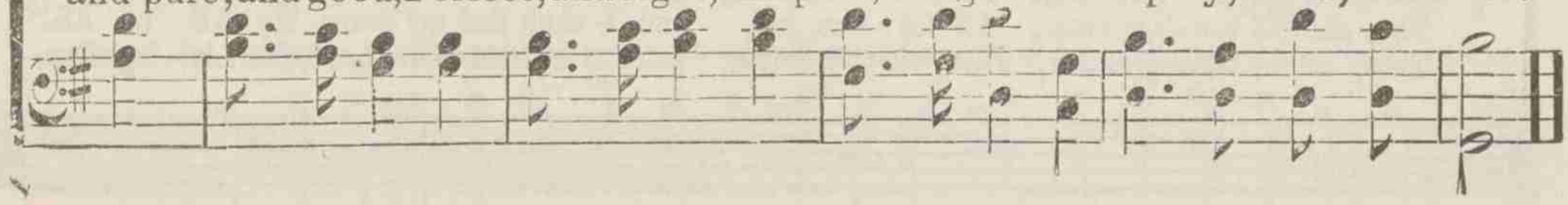


1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al-
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne, Where on-ly Christ
3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean, Which nei-ther life
4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di-vine; Per-fect, and right,





ways feels Thy blood, A heart that always feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
is heard to speak, Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
nor death can part, Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within!
and pure, and good, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good- A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.



201 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear,Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,Conduct me as Thine own,And help me still to say,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept,And sorrowed oft alone,If I must weep with Thee,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord,Thy will be done."

202 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light,amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on;The night is dark,and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus,nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;I loved to choose and see my path;but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me,sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen,o'er crag and torrent,till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day,and spite of fears,Pride ruled my will:Remember not past years.
The night is gone;And with the morn those angel-faces smile,Which I have loved long since,and lost awhile.

203 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

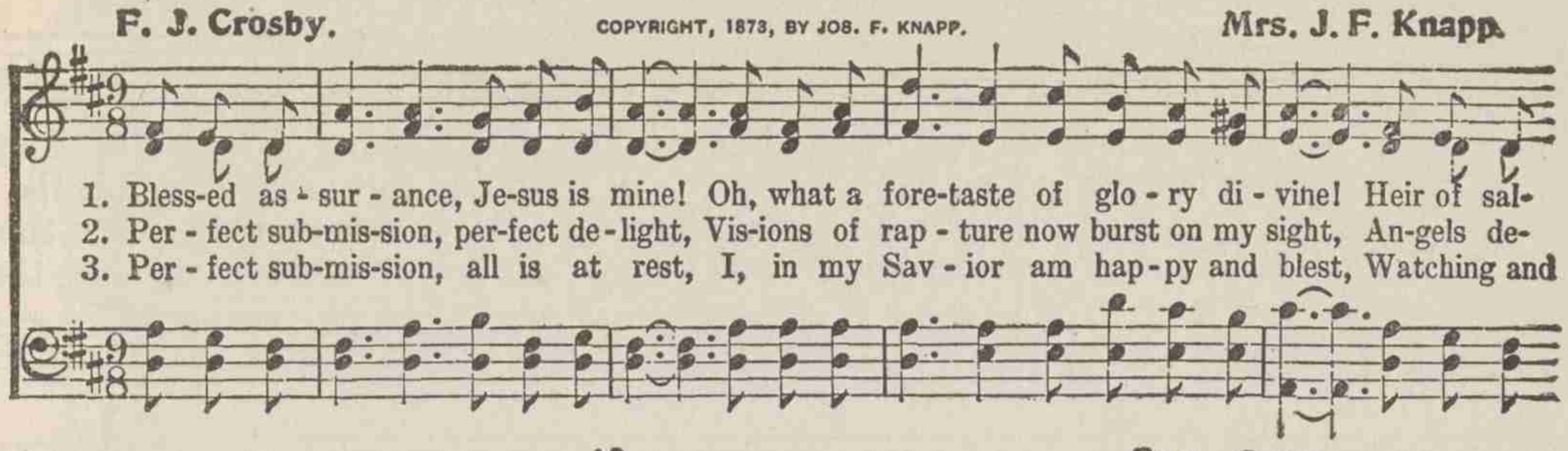
Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

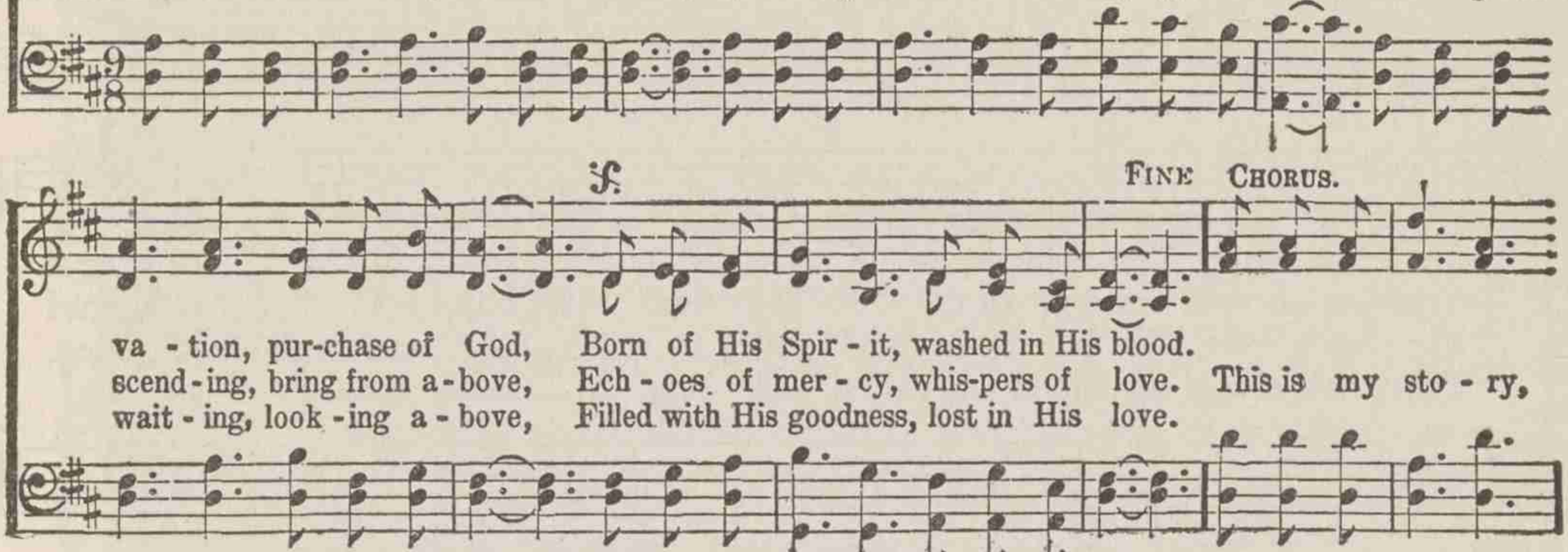
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord,The Liv - ing One.

204 Blessed Assurance.

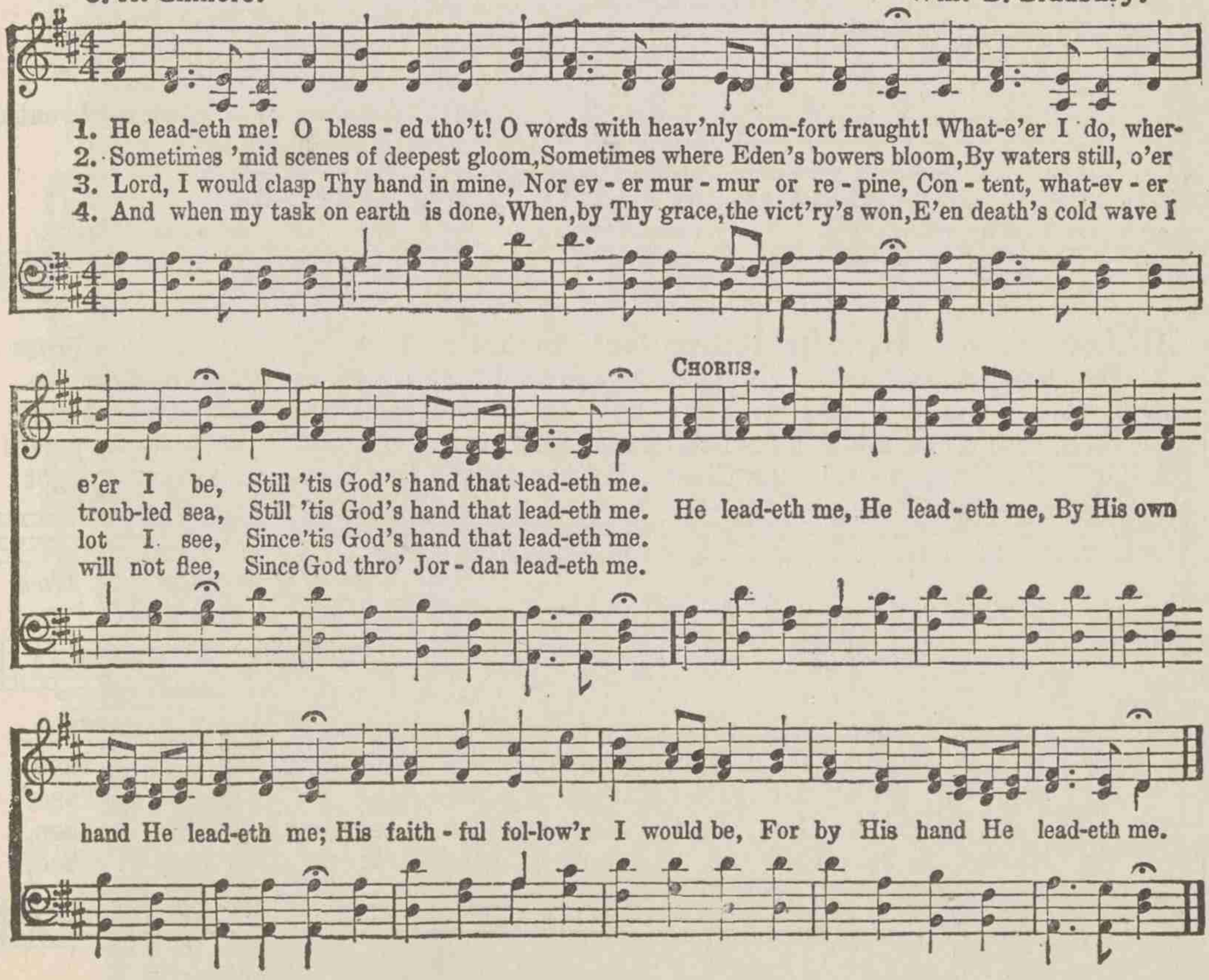
F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.





205 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



206 OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Ortonville.) CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! The tri-umphs of His grace!
earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. The hon-ors of Thy name!
sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.
foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His blood a-vailed for me.

207 MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (Laban. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly

press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
ev-'ry day, And help di-vine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring me to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

208 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (Bethany.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got

D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

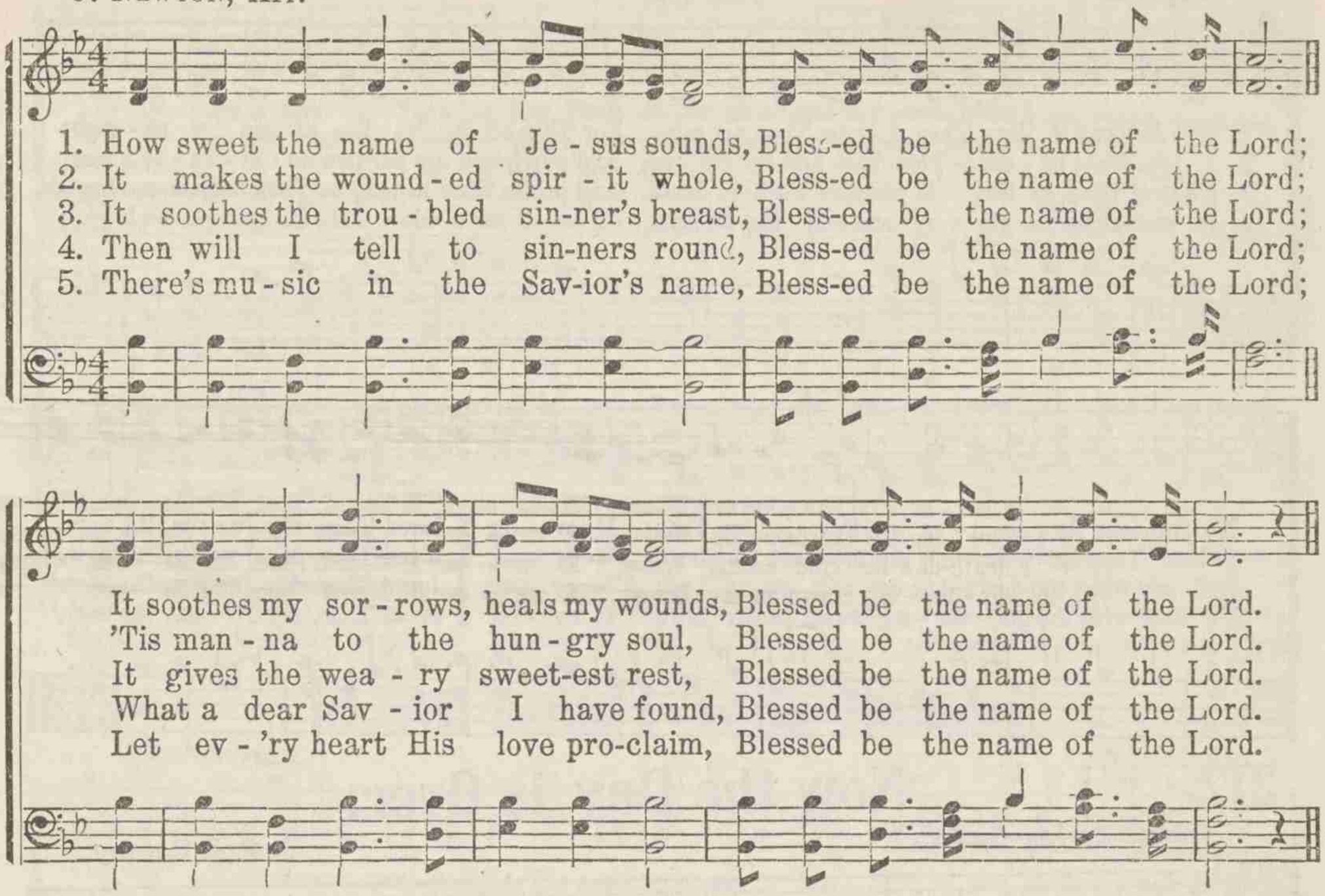
FINE. D. S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee!

209 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

J. NEWTON, ARR.



210 PASS ME NOT.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief:
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

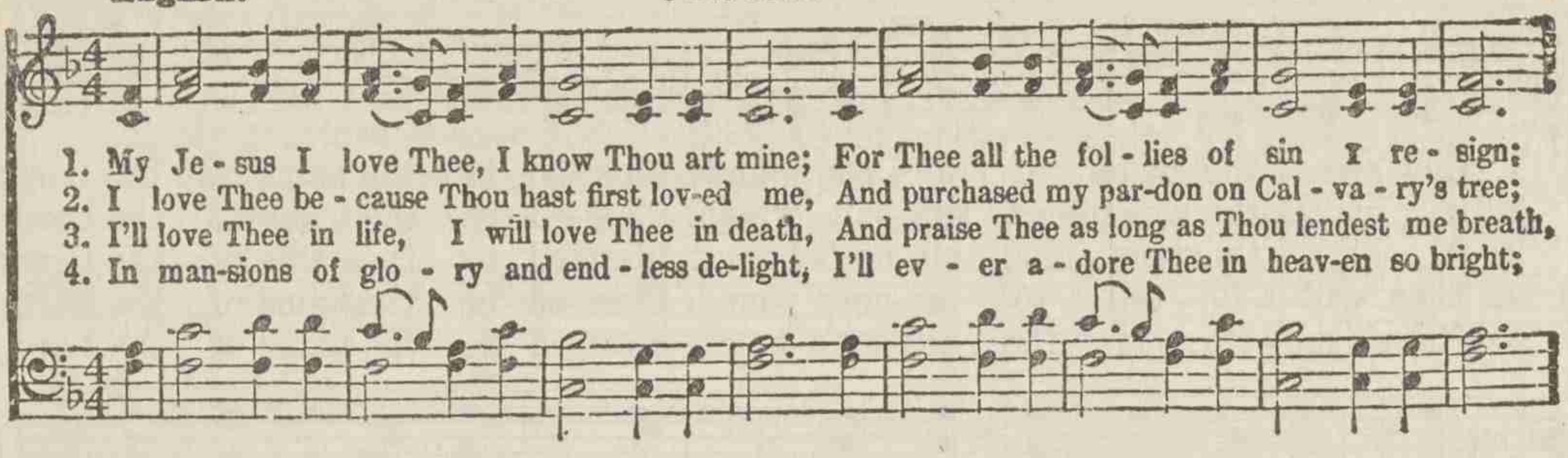
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

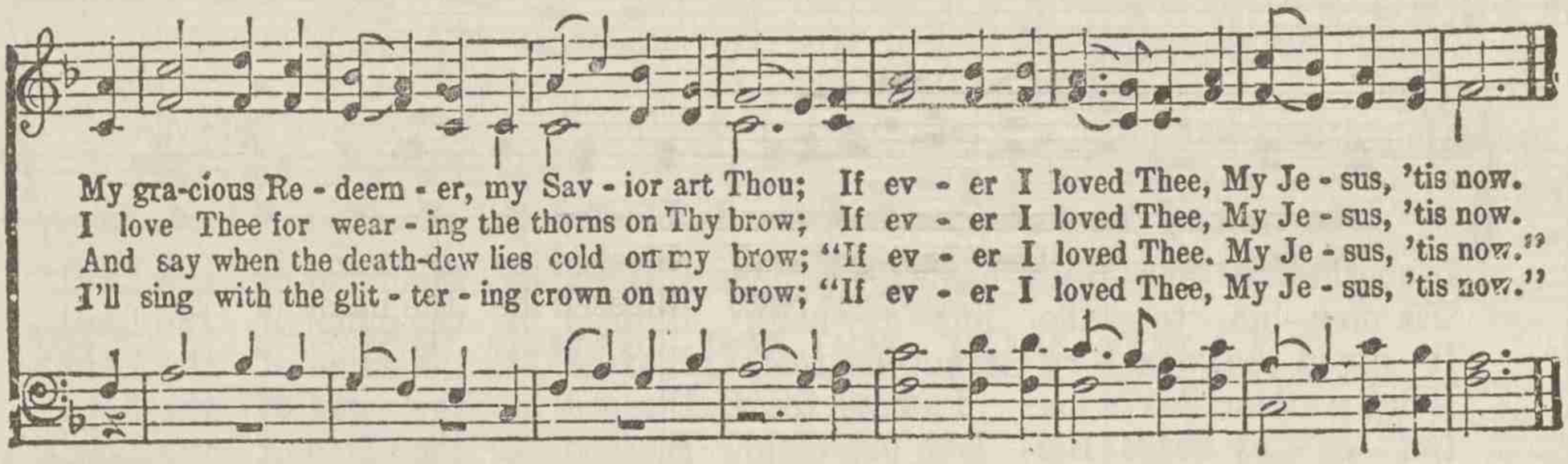
4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

211 My Jesus I Love Thee.

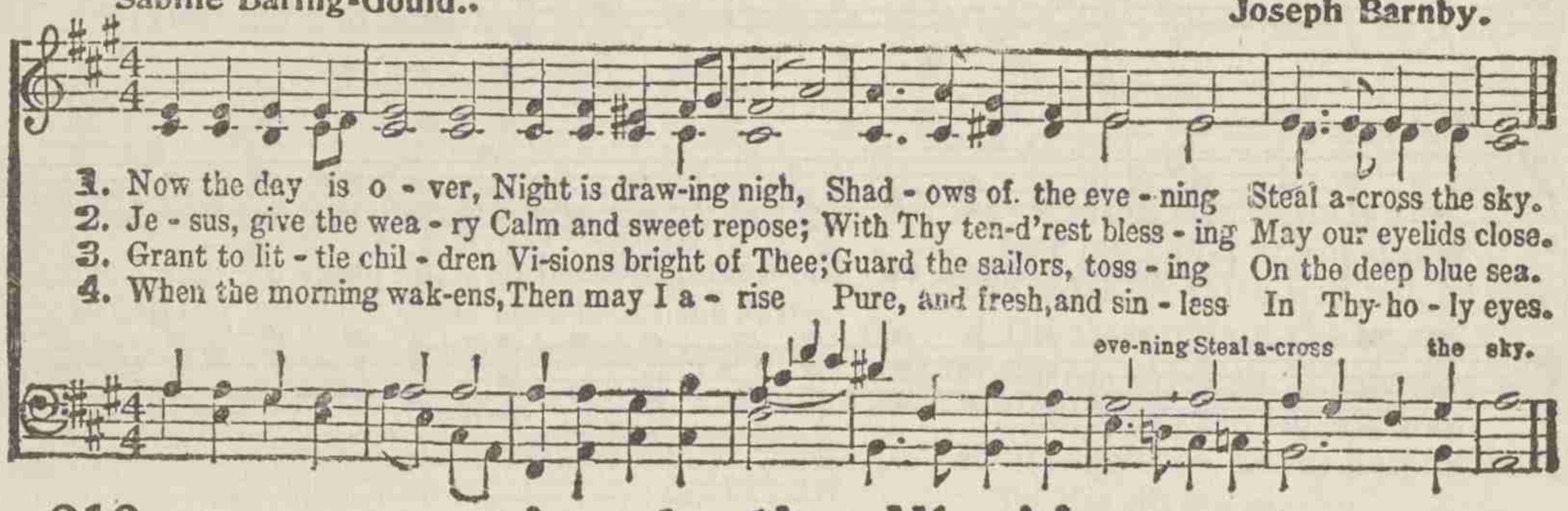
English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.





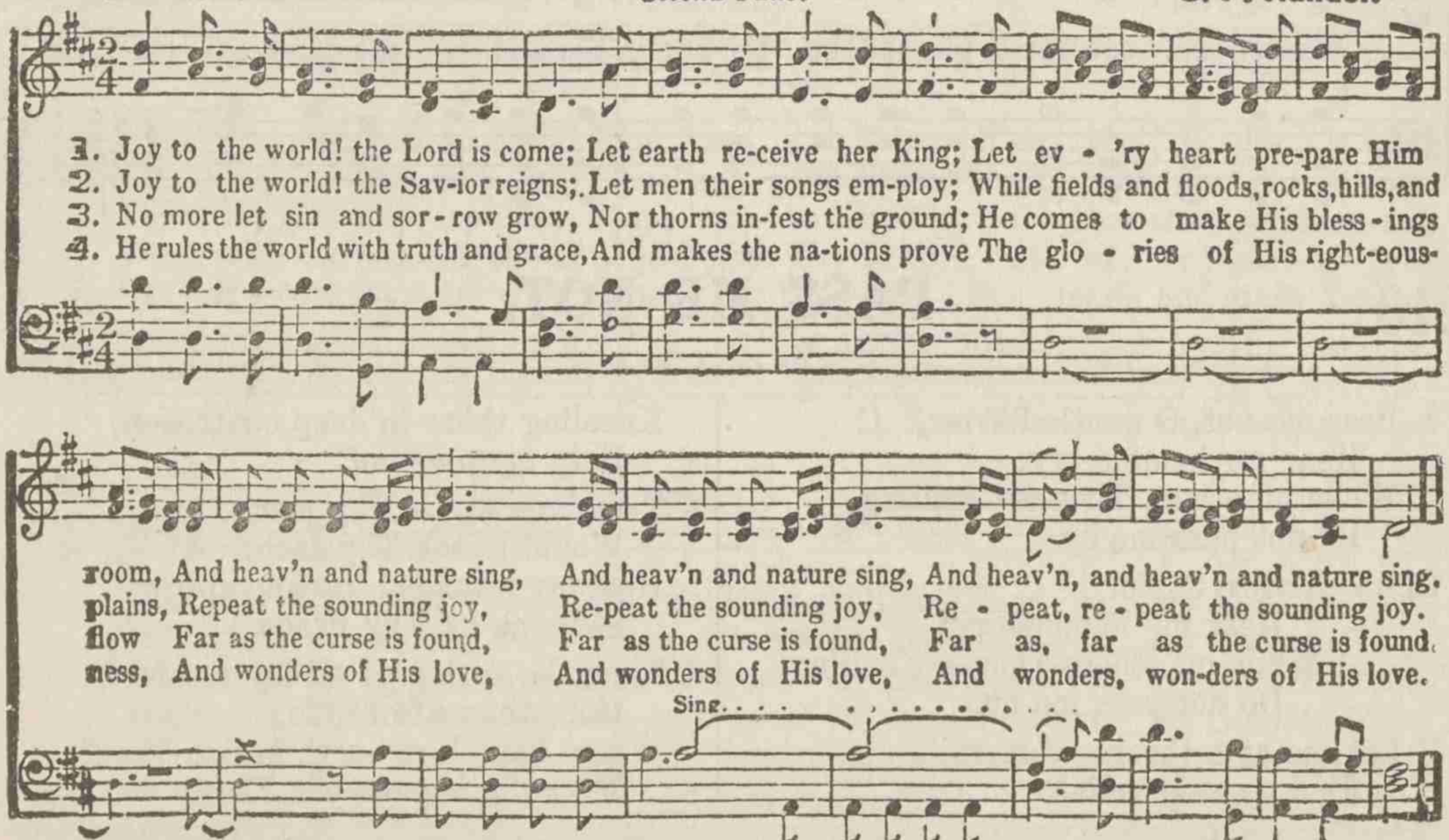
212 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.. Joseph Barnby.



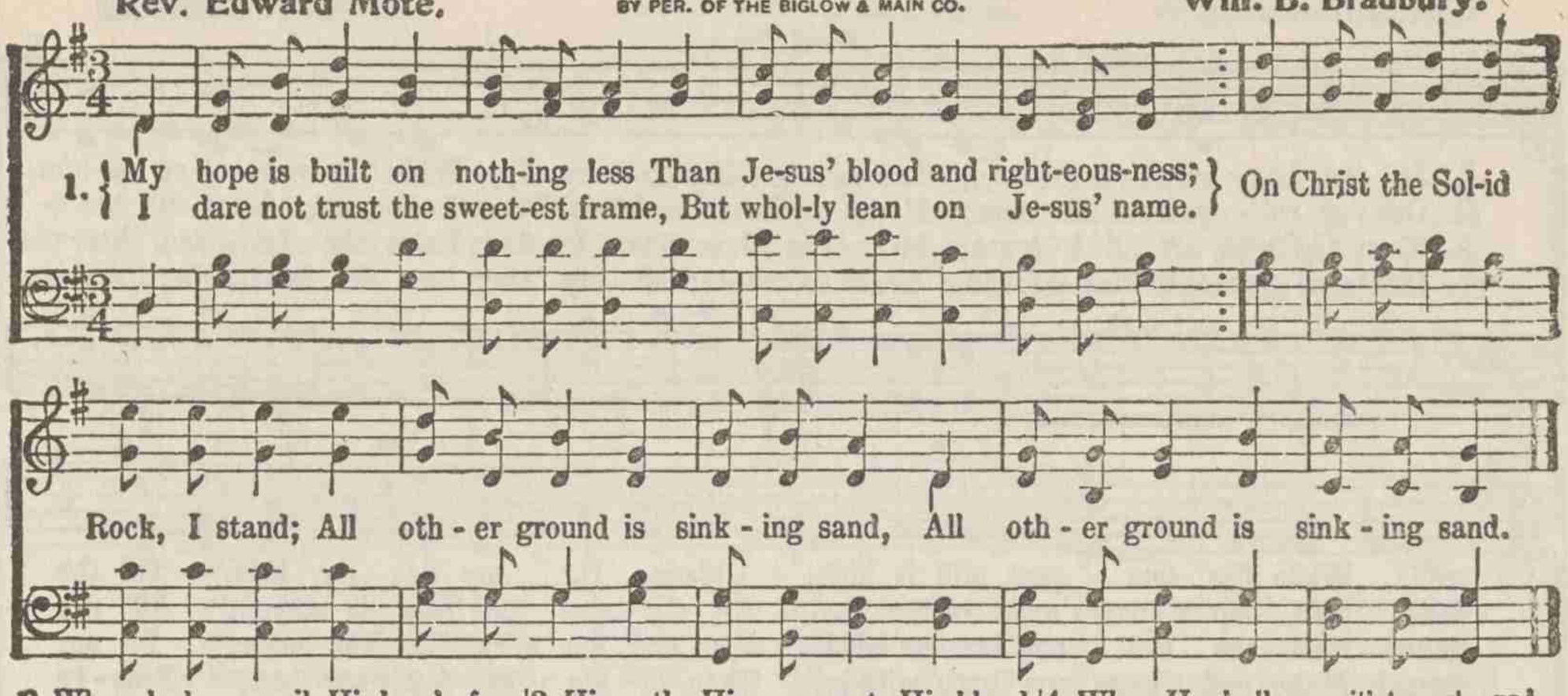
213 Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



214 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.
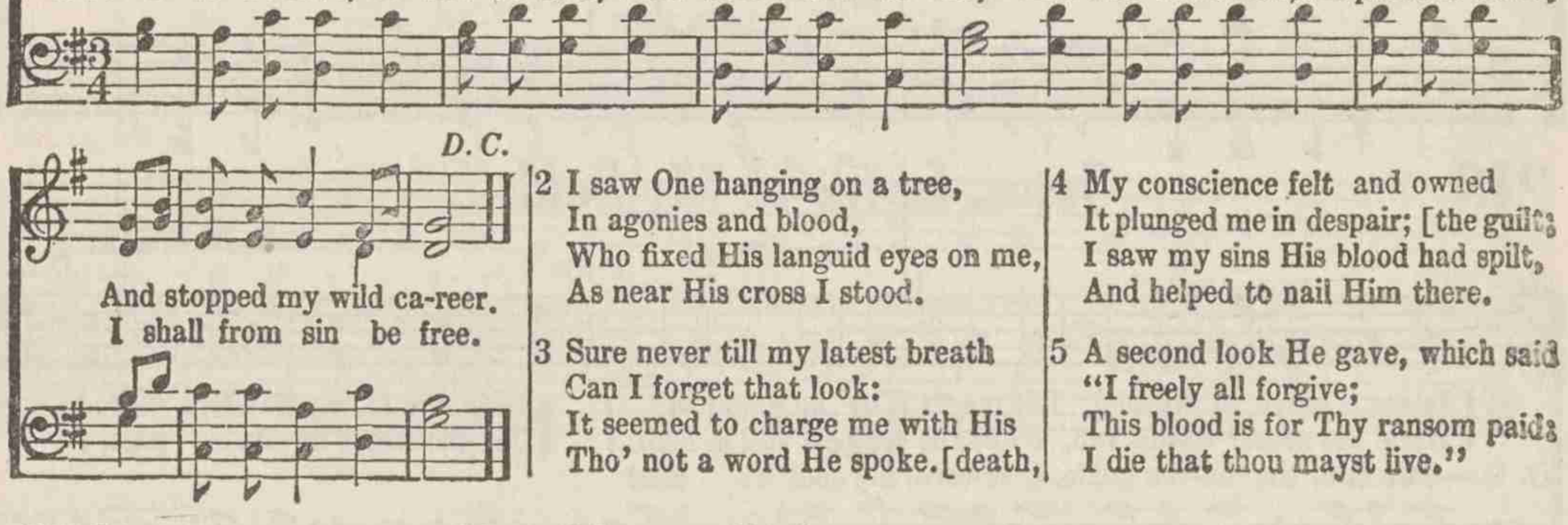


2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

215 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



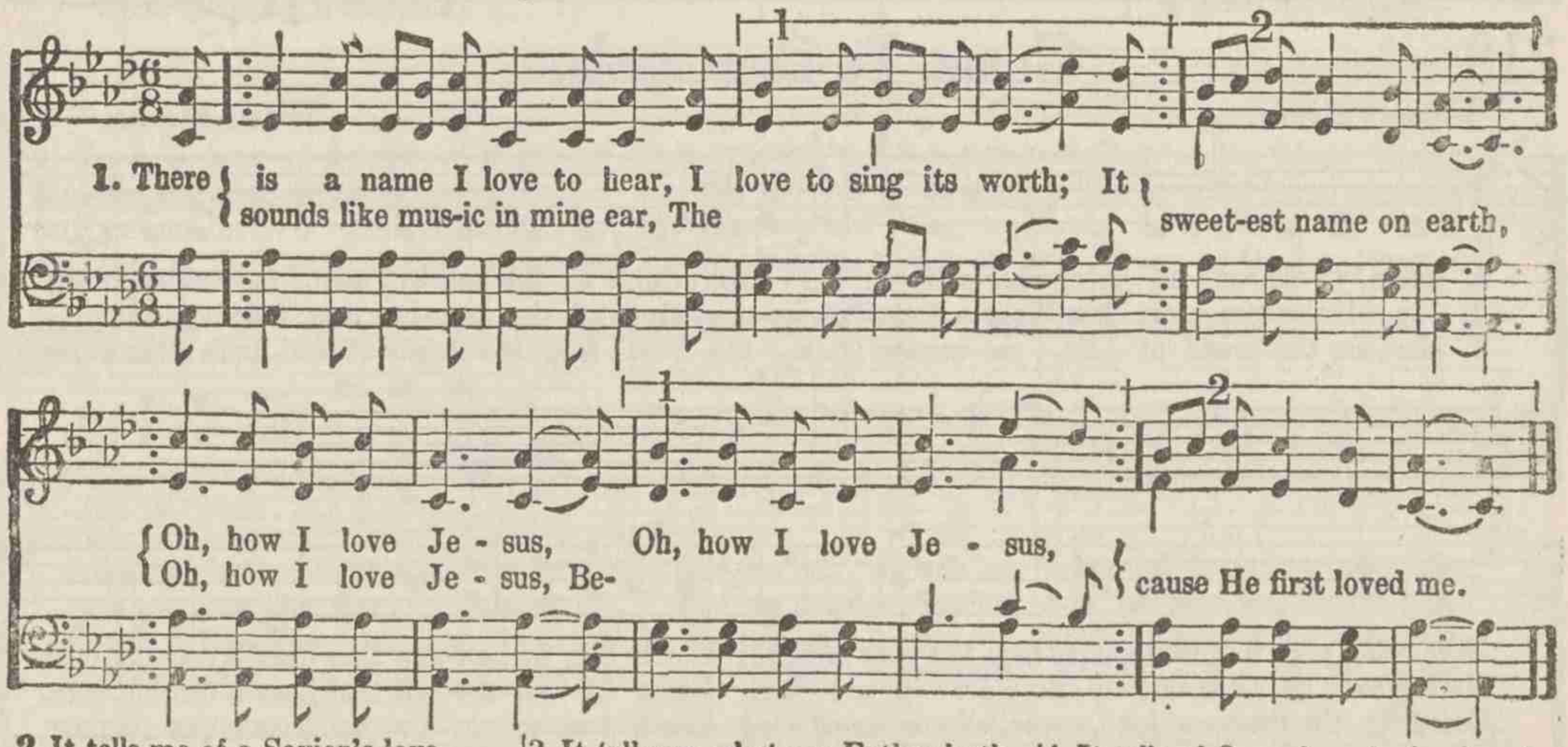
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke. [the guilt;

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

216 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.

217 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. J. P. Holbrook.

First Tune.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly,

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

218 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D.C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
   { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

219 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

220 I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

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

221 Even Me, Even Me.

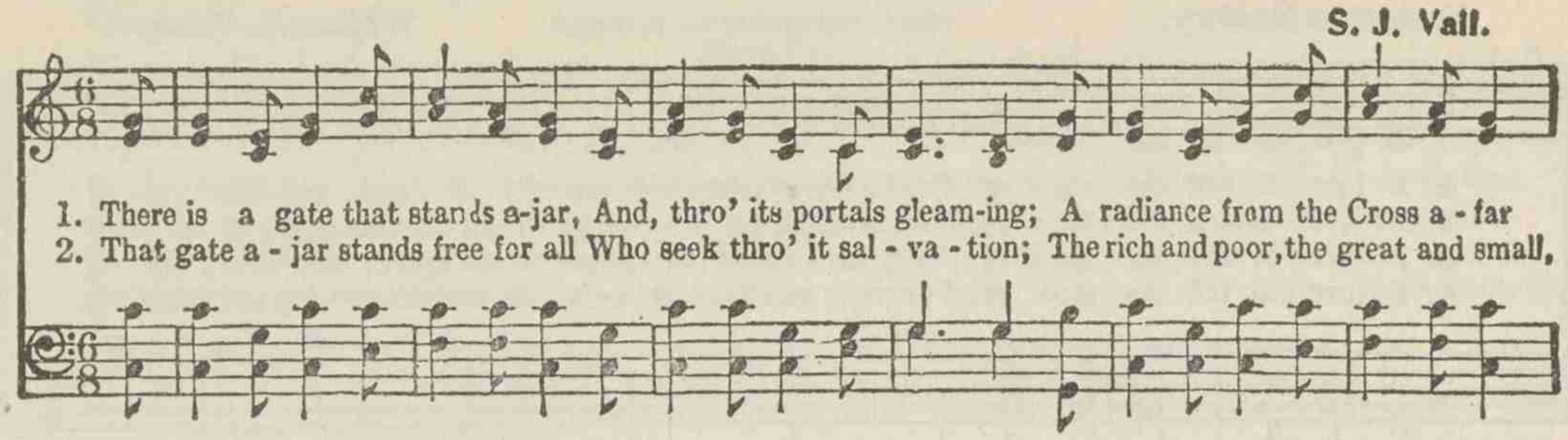
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
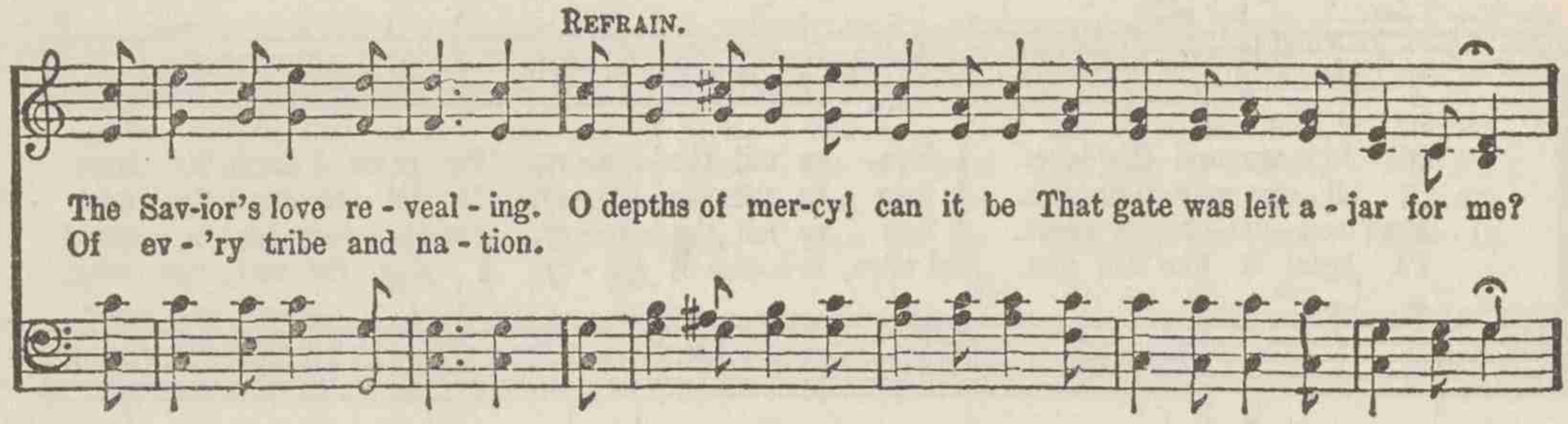
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

222 The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



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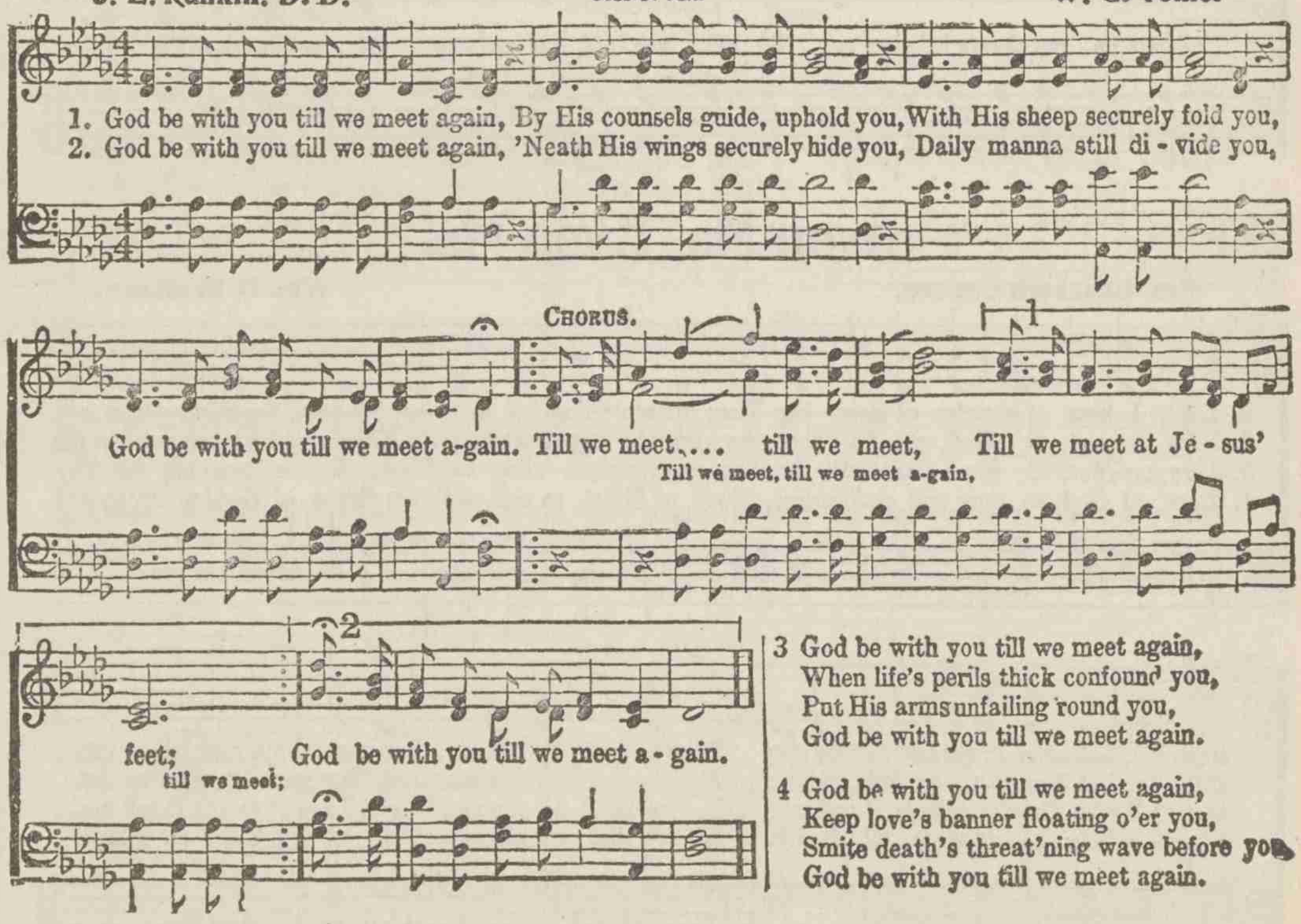
3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown.
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

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 Eden.

223 God Be With You.

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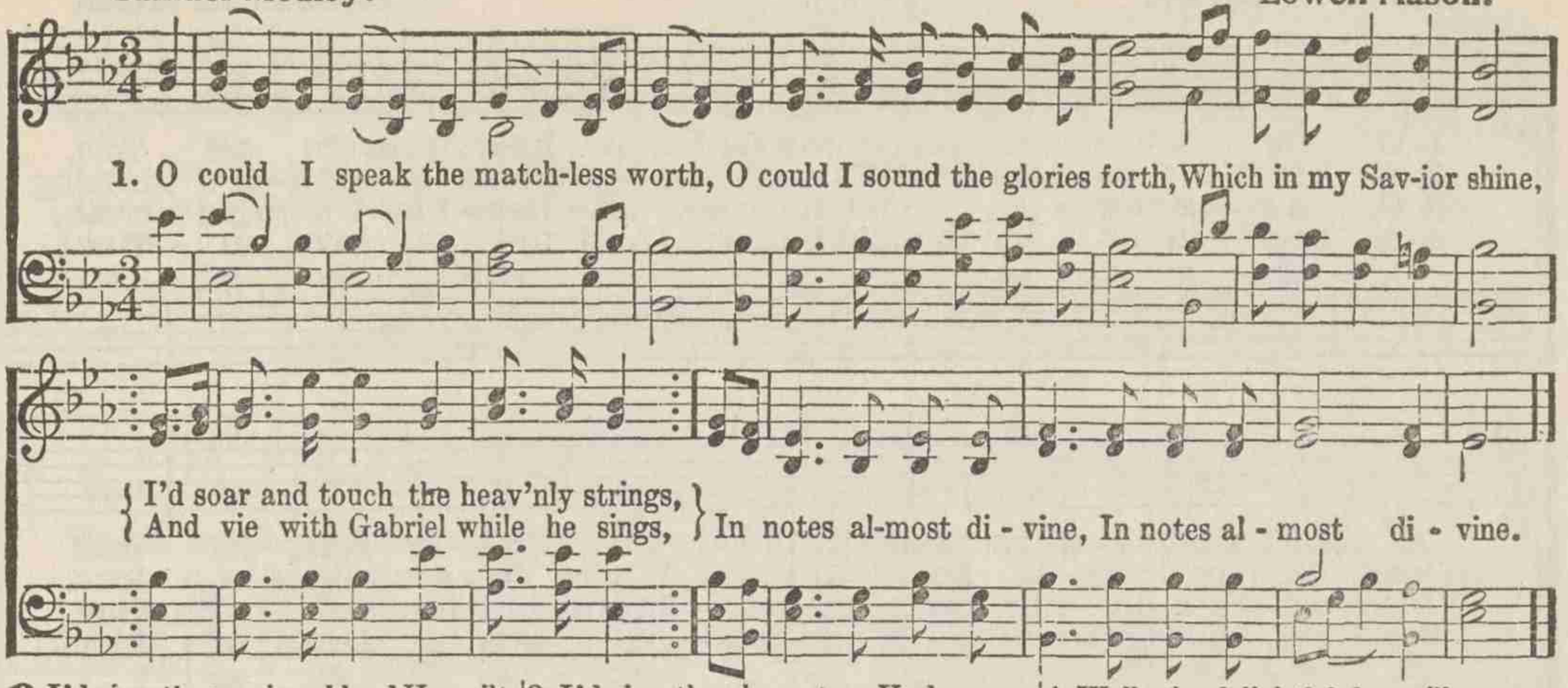


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

224 O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



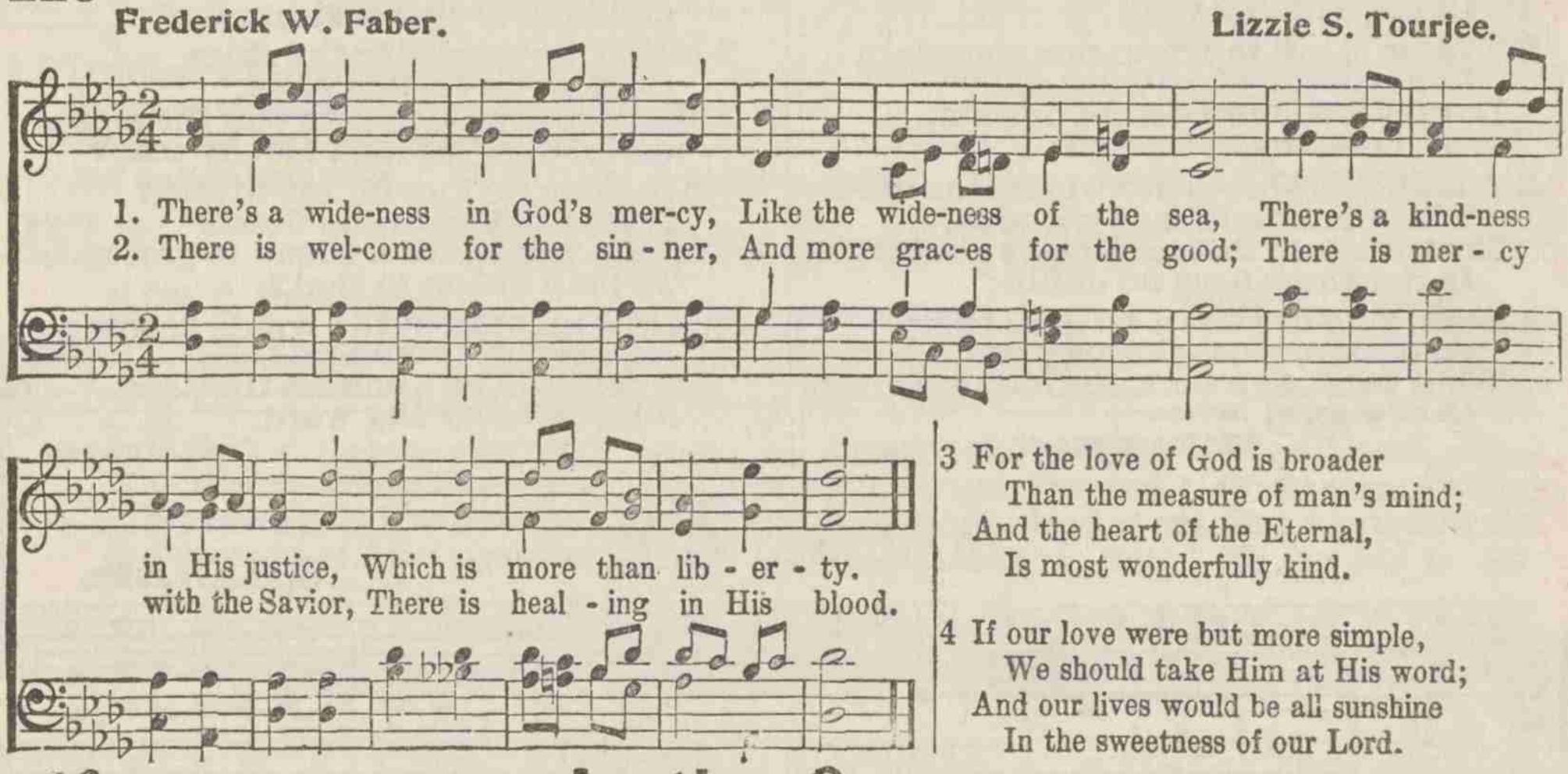
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

225 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.
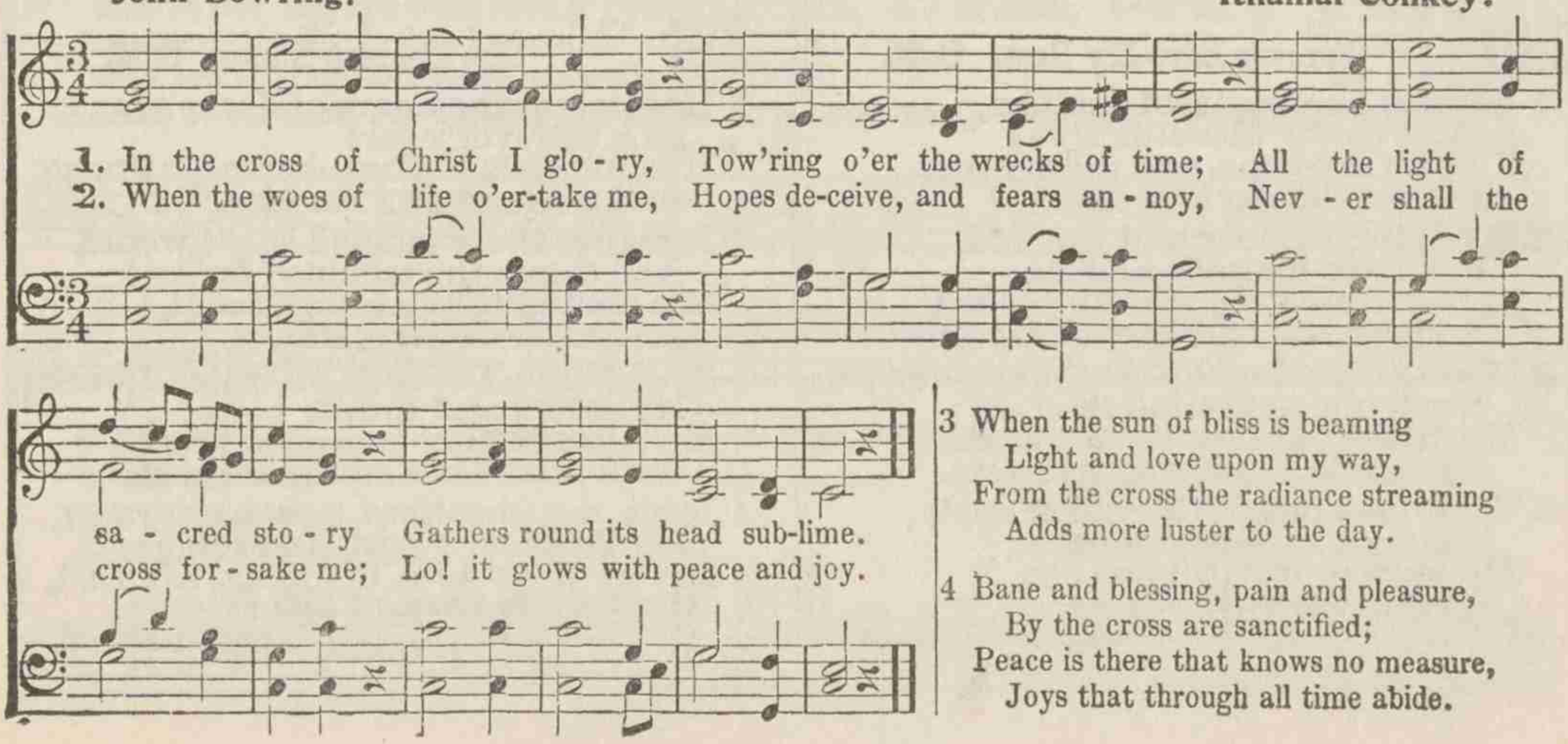


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

226 In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.
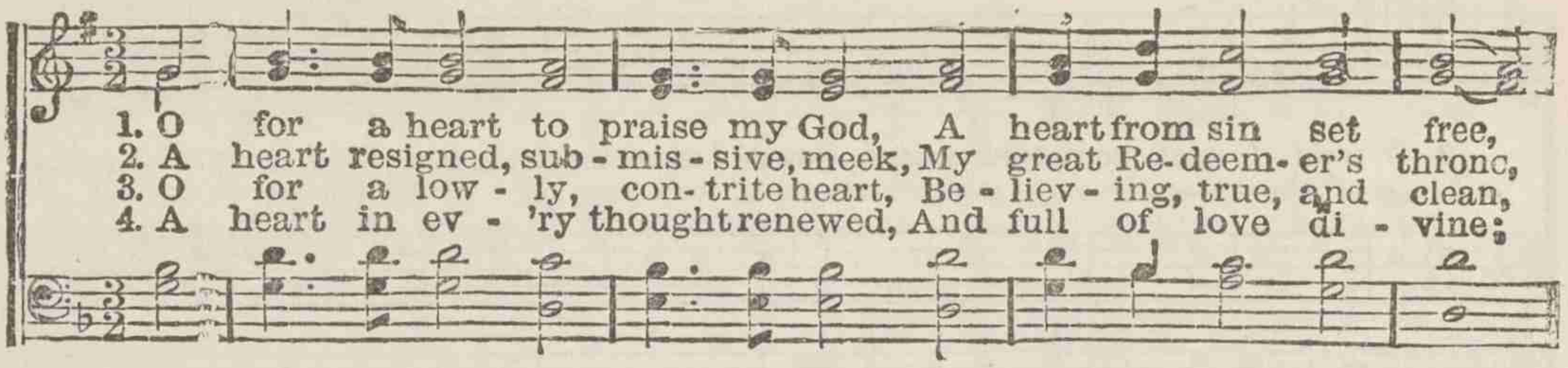


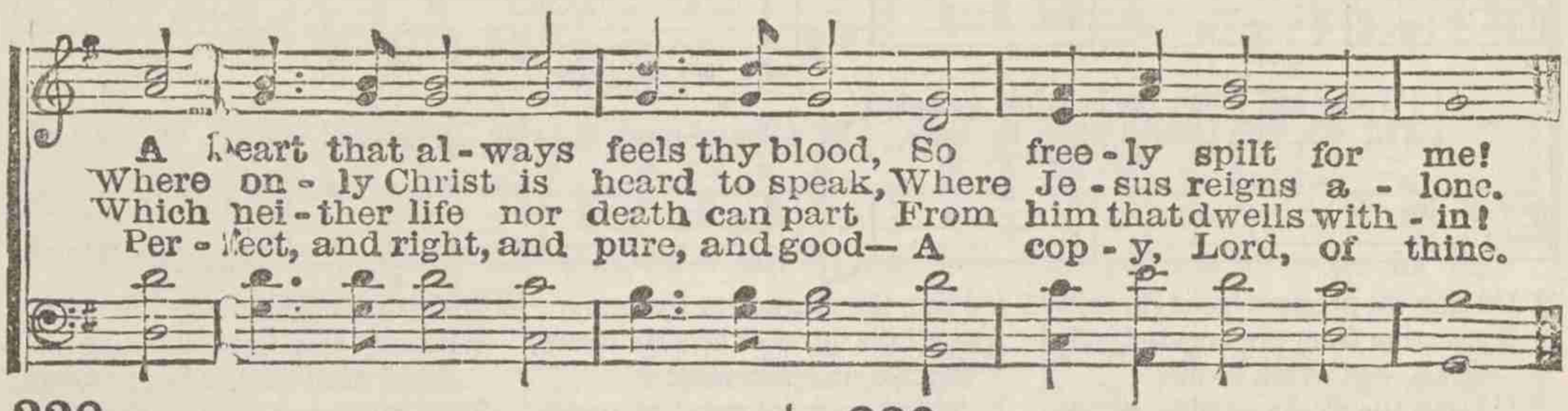
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

227 ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.





228 O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

229 Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

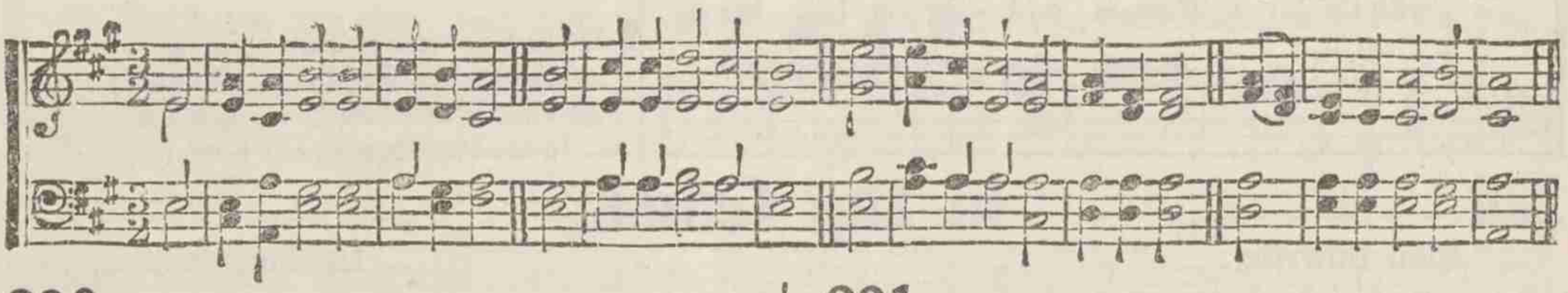
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



230 Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

231 The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spir't whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

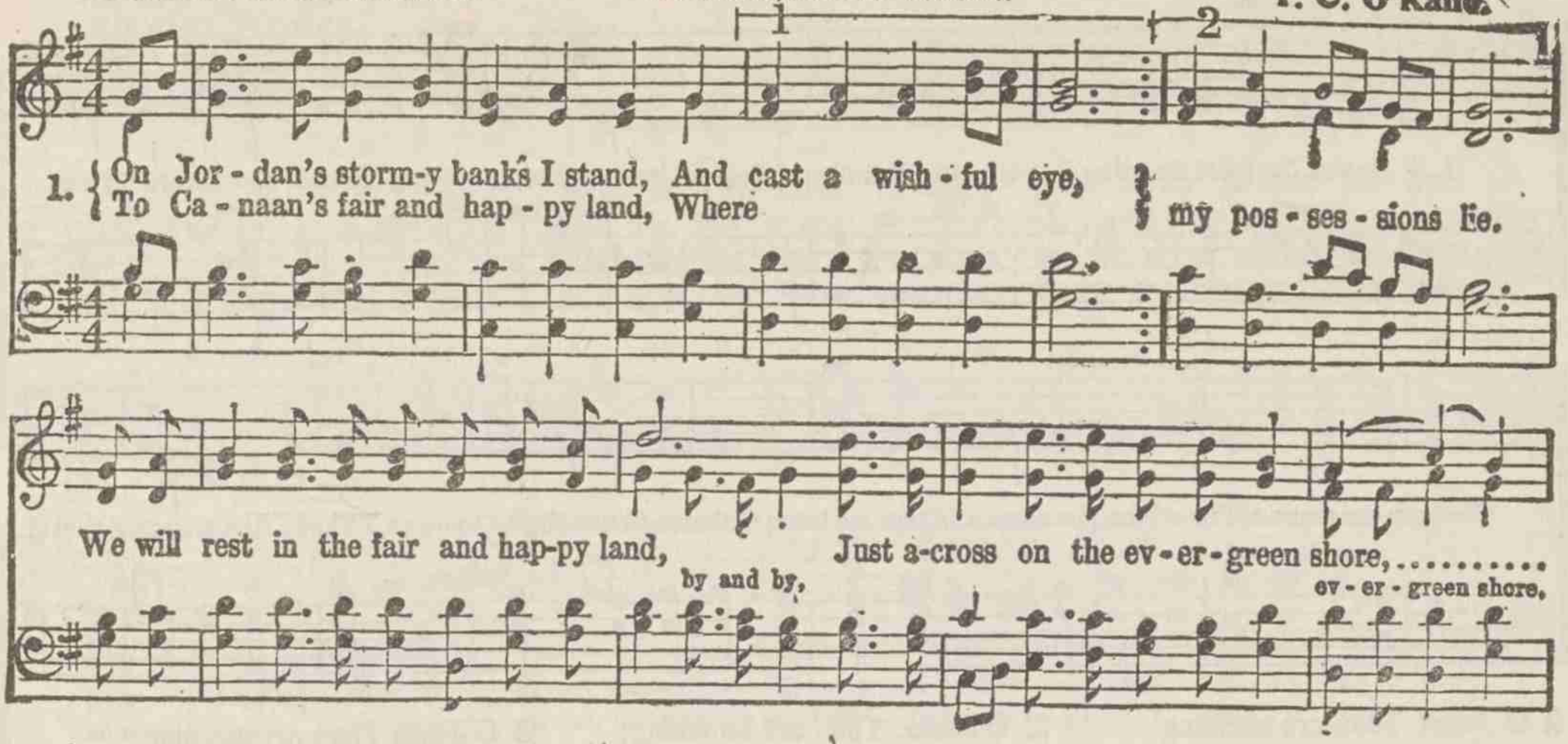
JOHN NEWTON.

232 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.



2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
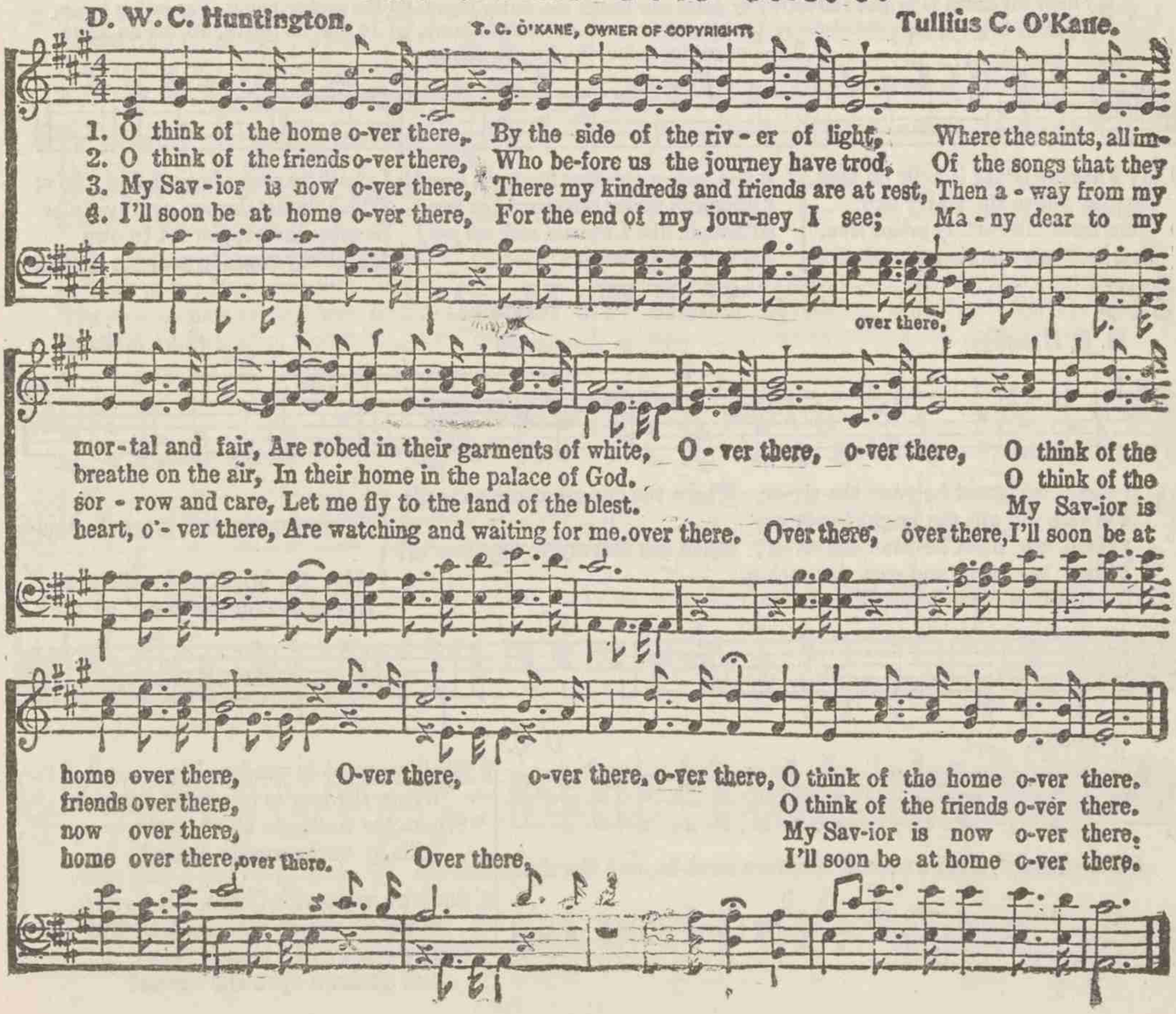
4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

233 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

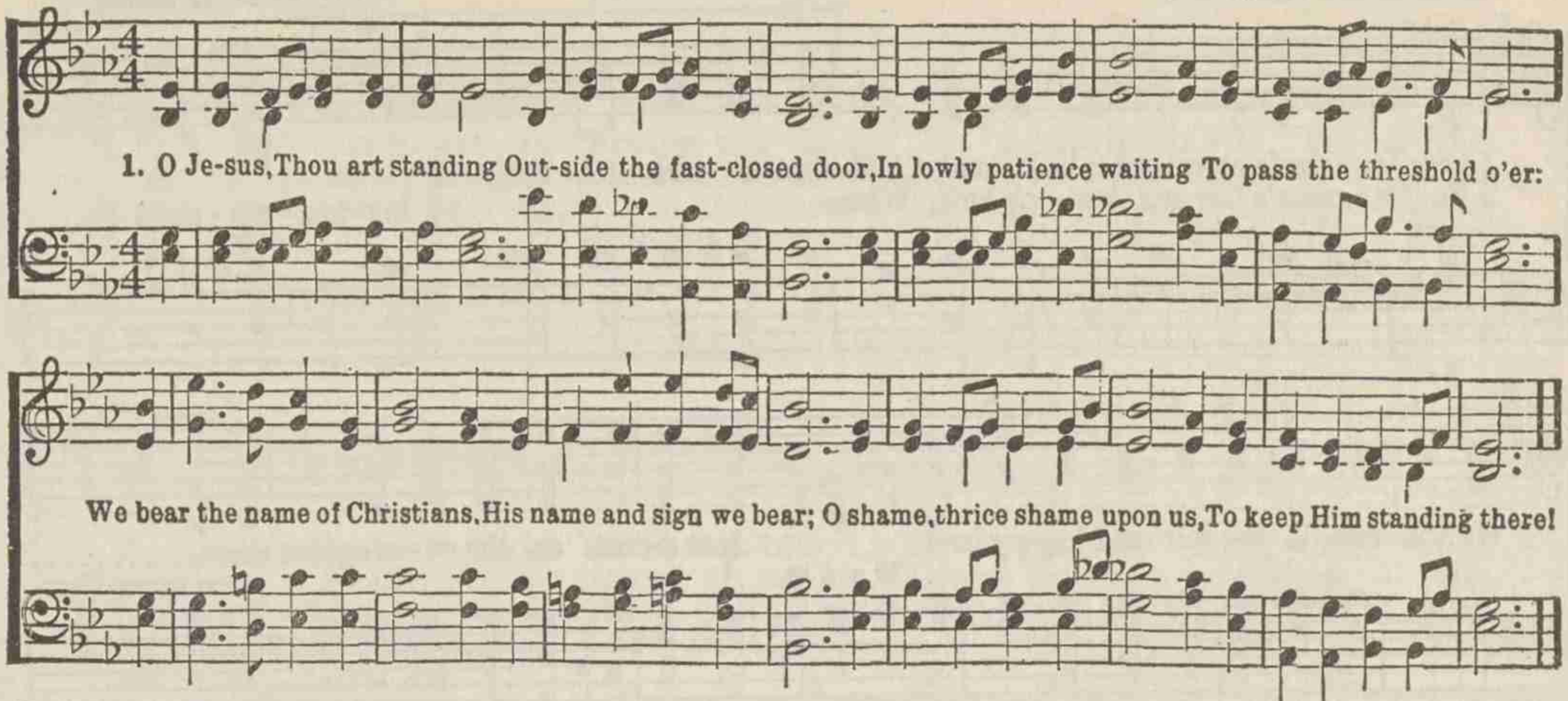
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Tullius C. O'Kane.



234 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. Justin H. Knecht.



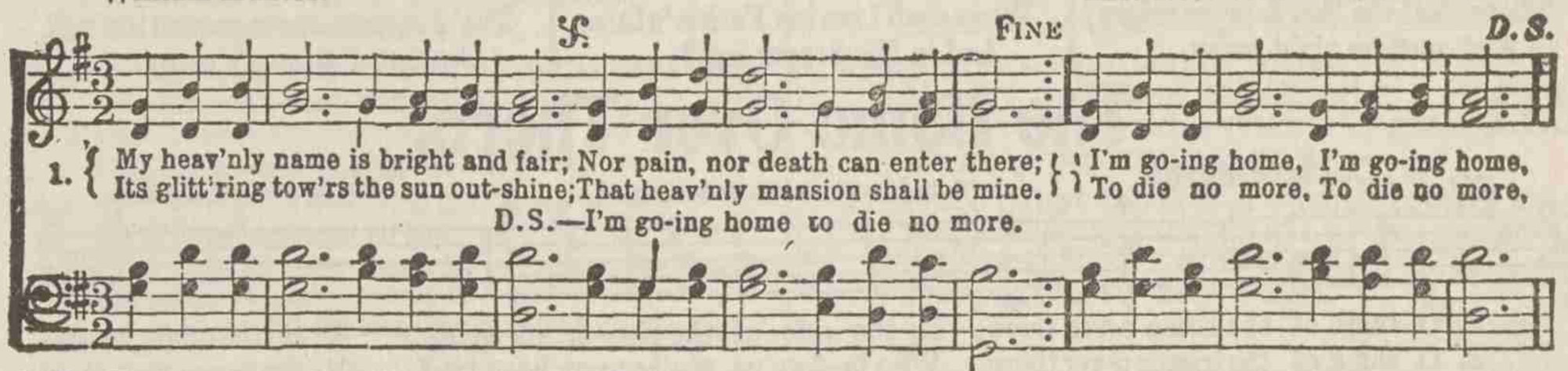
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

235 My Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.
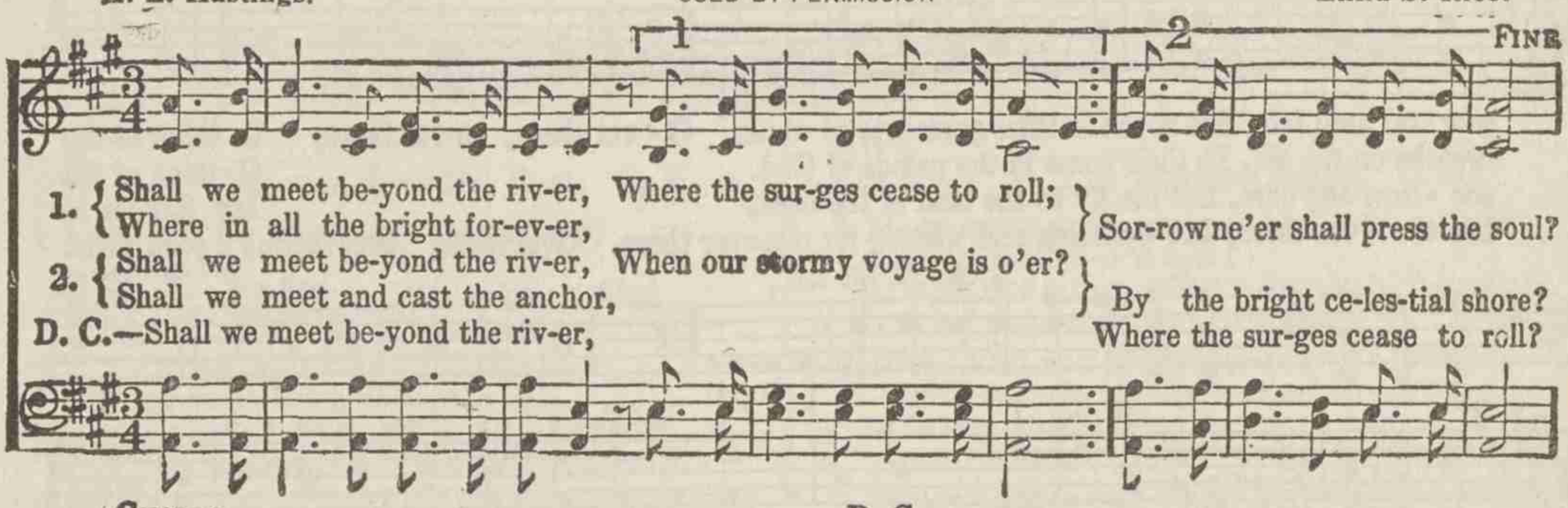


2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

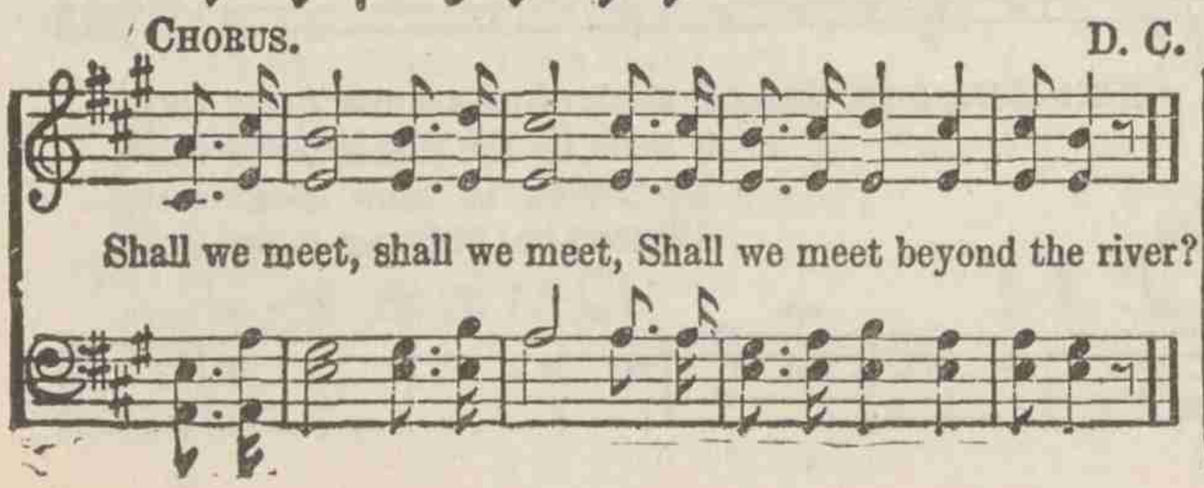
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

236 Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



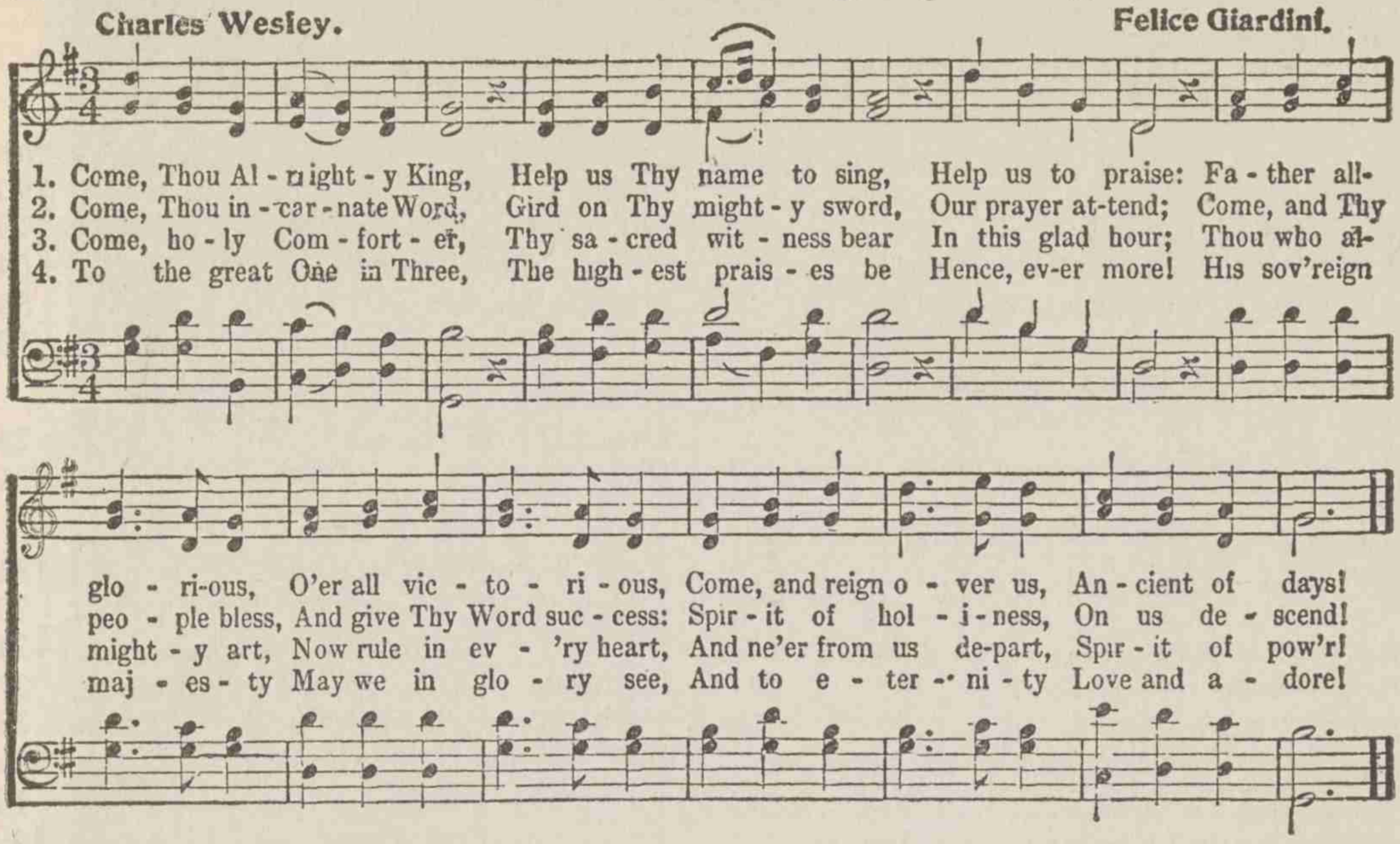


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

237 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



238 O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

239 Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

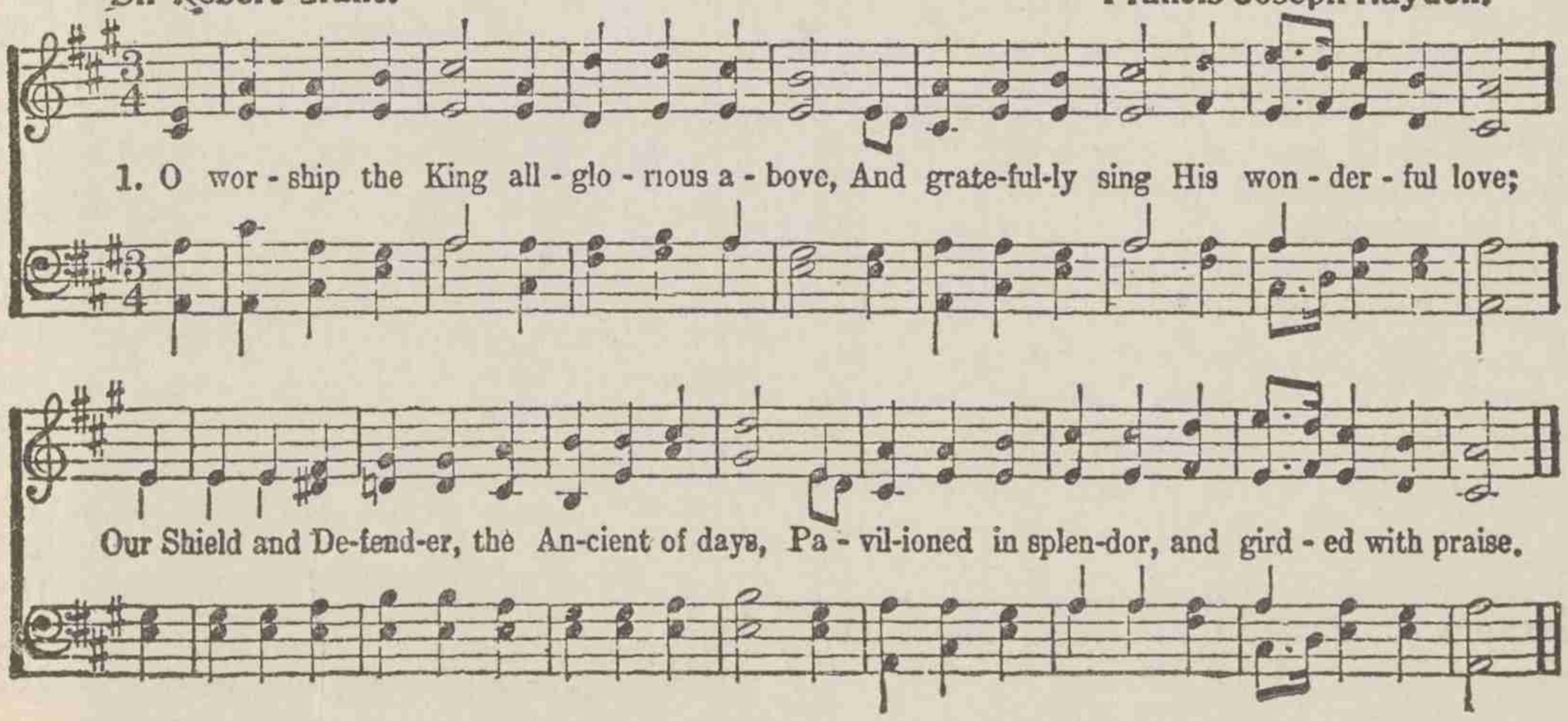
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

240 Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



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A PSALM OF PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord:~
Praise God in his
sanctuary: praise him
in the firmament of
his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts:
praise him according to his
excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound
of the trumpet: praise him
with the psaltery and harp:
Praise him with the timbrel
and dance: praise him with
stringed instrume~ts and
organs.

Praise him upon the loud
cymbals: praise him upon
the high sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath
breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.