# DIAMONDS

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Music

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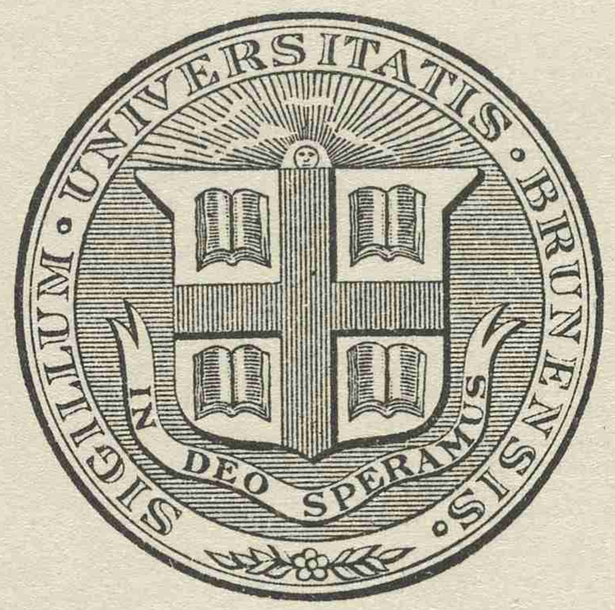


THE HARRIS COLLECTION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY

# DIAMONDS

*by*

# R. H. CORNELIUS

## J. W. DENNIS and T. N. BEALL

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# We Send DIAMONDS

forth on its great mission with a strong conviction that the songs herein are of such a character as to move the people Godward wherever the songs are sung.

¶ We invite a critical examination of the hymns, the flowing melodies, and the suitable harmonies, which, we believe, are so wedded as to make the soul of the songs cling to the hearts of the people. The Gospel glistens on the surface of every song.

25 June 1919
129295

¶ Ninety of these new songs have been tested out in the great "Billy" Sunday campaigns, and will be used in all his meetings in the future. They are evangelistic to the core. Just the kind of songs that should be used in every church service.

¶ We wish to call attention to the large number of invitation songs, choruses, male quartettes, children's songs, and the splendid collection of standard old hymns.

hC 814 1d
Music

R. H. CORNELIUS,
Seminary Hill, Fort Worth, Texas
January 1, 1916

JAN 21 1916

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# Diamonds.

## 1. Trust God Still.

**W. C. Martin, D. D.** COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. If no an - swer comes to prayer, Trust God still, keep on be-liev-ing;
2. Tho' the shad-ows lin - ger long, Trust God still, keep on be-liev-ing;
3. When the temp - ter tries your soul, Trust God still, keep on be-liev-ing;
4. When the last of foes you face, Trust God still, keep on be-liev-ing;

Nev - er give up to de - spair Trust God still; keep on be - liev - ing.
Fill the night with val - iant song, Trust God still, keep on be - liev - ing.
When the bil - lows o'er you roll, Trust God still, keep on be - liev - ing.
He will give a - bund-ant grace, Trust God still, keep on be - liev - ing.

REFRAIN.

Trust God still, keep on be-liev - ing, To His arm of pow - er cleaving,
Praise Him just as tho' re-ceiv-ing; Trust God still, keep on be - liev-ing.

2.

# O I Want to See Him.

R. H. C.

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R. H. Cornelius

1. As I journey thro' the land sing-ing as I go, Point-ing souls to cal - va - ry— to the crim - son flow, Ma - ny ar-rows pierce my soul
2. When in ser-vice for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light; Sa-tan's snares may vex my soul,
3. When in val-leys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And be-hold my Sav - ior there, lead-ing in the fight, With a ten-der hand outstretched
4. When be-fore me bil-lows rise from the mighty deep, Then my Lord di- rects my bark; He doth safe - ly keep, And He leads me gent - ly on

from without, with-in; | But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.
turn my tho'ts a - side; | But my Lord goes a-head, leads what-e'er be-tide.
tow'rd the val-ley low, | Guid-ing me, I can see, as I on-ward go.
thro' this world be-low; | He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.

FINE

D. S.—*Cares all past, Home at last, ev - er to re - joice.*

REFRAIN.

O I want to see Him, look up-on His face, There to sing for-ev - er of His sav - ing grace; On the streets of Glo - ry let me lift my voice;

His saving grace;

D. S.

# Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# 4 Closer Still.

David J. Beattie. COPYRIGHT. 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sav - ior, draw me to Thy side, Near - er still, near - er still!
2. Songs of prais - es I would sing Loud - er still, loud - er still!
3. May Thy love with - in me shine Bright - er still, bright-er still!
4. Lord, I would be in Thy sight Pur - er still, pur - er still!
5. More than life Thou art to me, Dear - er still, dear - er still!

There would I in peace a - bide, Near-er still, near - er still!
Praise to glo - ri - fy my King, Loud-er still, loud - er still!
As a bea - con light of Thine, Bright-er still, bright-er still!
Make and keep me by Thy might, Pur - er still, pur - er still!
Dai - ly grows my walk with Thee Dear-er still, dear - er still!

CHORUS.

Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee, Let me now Thy beau-ty see;

Help me, Lord, to know Thy will, Draw me clos - er, clos - er still.

5

# What Will You Do With Jesus?

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JOHN O. BEALL.

Rev. W. F. Allen. John O. Beall.

1. The Lord now stands on trial to-day, And waits to hear what you will say;
2. Our Sav-iour will be tried by all, Just like He was in Pi-late's hall;
3. You can't e-vade this Christ, dear soul, He comes to all, both young and old;
4. Will you, like Pe - ter, Him de - ny, Or, like Pi - late, con-demn to die?

You treat no one in such a way, What will you do with Je - sus?
What is your an-swer to this call; "What will you do with Je - sus?"
His love for you has oft been told, What will you do with Je - sus?
Or will you say "Lord, here am I," That's what I'll do with Je - sus?

REFRAIN.

What will you do with Je - sus, Will you be false, or true?

Shall they some day be ask - ing: "What will He do with you?"

# Saved!

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, Rev. H. E. Bright.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan-d'ring out in the night.
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and fightings with - in;
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains; down thro' the vale.
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion, shin - ing a - bove.

Rich es of glo - ry free - ly gave me, Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
Still He is with me faith-ful to keep me; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,

CHORUS.

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

this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav-ior cleanses and keeps me! I'm saved! saved! filled with His glo-ry! Glo-ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

7

# Jesus Met Me There.

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A. H. Ackley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. At the cross I met the Mas - ter, And His smile I'll ne'er for - get,
2. When I reach the si - lent riv - er, I will not em-bark a - lone,
3. O the joy of un - der-stand - ing, Al-ways how, and when, and where,

Or the words of blessed greet-ing to my soul; Trust-ing on, I shall not
But shall meet my ex - pec - ta-tion on its shore; When my Pi-lot, there in
You can find His help so pre-cious and so free; In thy full - est joy or

fal - ter, For I'm trust - ing e - ven yet, In the One who made my
wait-ing, Guides me safe - ly to my home, Where my prais - es shall as-
sor-row, Go to Him in se - cret pray'r, For such serv - ice doth thy

sin - sick spir - it whole.
cend for - ev - er - more. Je - sus met me there! He lift-ed all my care;
King de-mand of thee.

CHORUS.

I shall rise to meet Him, Meet Him in the air, yes, in the air.

# Love Planned It All.

W. C. Martin, D. D.

T. N. BEALL, OWNER, 1914.

T. N. Beall.

1. My life may have its bur-dens or its pain; The thorns which pierce my side may still re - main;
2. Sometime the sun will shine and shadows flee; And all my heart de- sires will come to me;
3. The paths by which He leads me are the best; The sor-rows of my life are sure - ly blest;

A-cross my path the shad-ows dark may fall, And yet I trust, for love has plan'd it all.
Sometime to sweet-est rest my Lord will call, Till then I trust, for love has plan'd it all.
The work He gives me, whether great or small, These all are good, for love has plan'd it all.

REFRAIN.

Love plan'd it all, the cloud-ed skies and fair; Come storm or calm, my Father's hand is there; Come rest or toil, what-ev - er may be-fall I sing for joy, for love has plan'd it all.

# My Old Home.

J. B. E.

COPYRIGHT. 1916. BY J. B. EASTERLING.

J. B. Easterling.

1. Du-ty caused me to roam far a-way from my home And from those that I
2. It was sad to be there near my fa-ther's old chair, And the bib-le he
3. Mother's love is still true, and the dear ones are, too, But the home is not
4. Dry to-day is the spring that was near the old swing, And the old well no
5. But a bright home a-waits just be-yond the pearl gates, Where with father a

still fond-ly love; | But one day I re-turned, for from mother I learned
read ev-'ry day; | Where he taught us to love the Re-deem-er a-bove,
what it was then, | For the girls and the boys that gave childhood its joys
long-er is there; | Time its chang-es has made, caus-ing all things to fade,
gain we shall be, | And no chang-es will come to that heav-en-ly home

D.S.—*Where in childhood's glad day moth-er taught me to pray*

FINE. REFRAIN.

That the Lord had called fa-ther a-bove.
And to walk in the heav-en-ly way.
Have at last be-come wo-men and men. O, what changes were there, in that
In the home that was al-ways so fair.
And no part-ings and tears we shall see.

*And to cling to the Sav-ior di-vine.*

*D. S.*

home once so fair, Where such hap-pi-ness al-ways was mine,

# Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafford. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Homer Rodeheaver.

1. Some-bod-y knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-bod-y cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows diz-zy and dim;
3. Some-bod-y loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;

Some-bod - y knows when the shad-ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
Some-bod - y cares when you're weakest, And farth-est a - way from Him;
Al - ways is wait - ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng;

Some-bod - y knows when you're lone-ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
Some-bod - y grieves when you're fall-en, You are not lost from His sight;
Need - ing His friend-ship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true;

Some-bod - y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
Some-bod - y waits for your com - ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
His name? We call His name Je - sus; He loves ev - 'ry one, He loves you.

# 11 Leaning On The Promises Divine.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Lean - ing on the prom-is - es, we march a-long, Fol-low-ing our Savior with a hap - py song; Ev - er brave-ly fighting, ev-er true and strong, Lean-ing on the
2. Trust-ing Him who leads us, we shall nev-er fail, Al-ways we are ready when our foes as - sail; Soon the hap-py morning, we with joy shall hail, Lean-ing on the
3. Soon our earth -ly sto-ry will have all been told, Soon the gates of glory will for us un - fold; Then our might-y Leader we shall all be - hold, Lean-ing on the

REFRAIN.

prom - is - es di - vine. Prom - - is - es di-vine,
Prom-is - es di-vine, prom-is - es di-vine,
Lean-ing on the One whose love is yours and mine; Prom - - is-
we're leaning On the prom - is-es,
es di - vine, - - - Lean - - ing on the prom-is-es di - vine.
Prom-is - es di-vine, We're leaning, ev-er lean-ing on the prom - is - es di - vine.

# 12 When Our Hosts to Battle Go.

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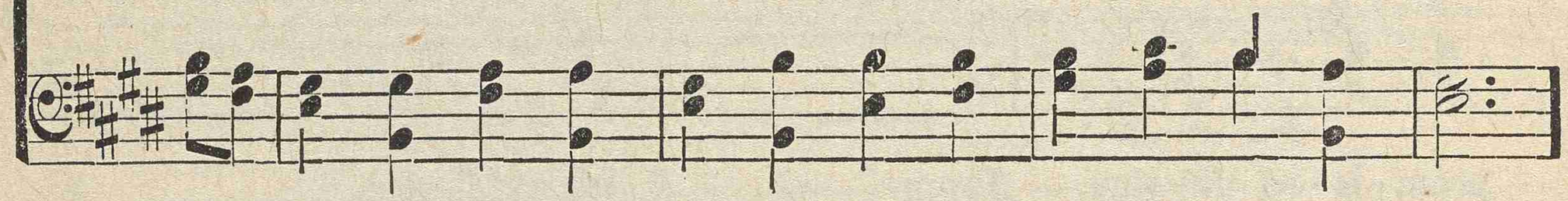
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER,

**Psalm 108.** **J. B. Herbert.**

*With strong accent.*

1. Be Thou a - bove the heavens, Lord, Ex - alt - ed ver - y high,
2. That Thy be - lov - ed peo-ple may From bondage be set free;
3. O who is he will bring me to The cit - y for - ti - fied?
4. Help us from troub-le, for the help Is vain which man sup-plies;

And far a - bove the earth do Thou Thy glo - ry mag - ni - fy.
O do Thou save with Thy right hand, And an - swer give to me.
O who is he that to the land Of E - dom will me guide?
Thro' God we'll do great acts; He shall Tread down our en - e - mies.



CHORUS.

When our hosts to bat-tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,
When our hosts to bat - tle go,

When our hosts to bat - tle go, When our hosts to bat - tle go,

O God, do Thou our Lead-er be, When our hosts to bat - tle go.

13

# Make the World Brighter.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Have a sun - ny smile to give a - way, Have a hap-py song to
2. Many souls are need - ing hope and cheer, Ma - ny fol - low path-ways
3. You shall be re-ward-ed if you do All you can for Him who

sing each day, Love for God ex-press-ing, Try to be a bless-ing,
wild and drear, Be a friend and help them, Try to cheer and guide them,
died for you; So up - hold the wea-ry, Cheer the lone and drea - ry,

REFRAIN.

Scat - ter gos - pel sun-shine while you may. Make the world brighter as you
For the sake of your Re - deem - er dear.
Make the world grow bright-er and be true. Make the world bright-er,

Make..... the world

go,.....
bright-er as you go,

La - bor-ing for Je-sus here be-low; Have a sweet

bless-ing al - ways to be - stow, Make the world brighter as you go.

# 14. Joy in the Morning.

James Rowe. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1915. J. W. Dennis.

1. How the bells will be ring-ing, How our souls will be sing-ing, When we
2. In that heav-en-ly dwell-ing End-less songs will be swell-ing, From the
3. Soul in doubt, ev-er scorning, What of you on that morn-ing? You have

come to the gates of gold a-bove, End-ed then will be scr-row, Joy will
throng of re-joic-ing an-gels there; And how friends will surround us, When the
dear ones and friends who wait a-bove; Come to-day to the Sav-ior And re-

come on the mor-row, To the souls that are rest-ing on His love.
Sav-ior has crowned us, Giv-ing joy and de-light be-yond com-pare.
ly on His fa-vor, And go home sweet-ly sing-ing of His love.

REFRAIN.

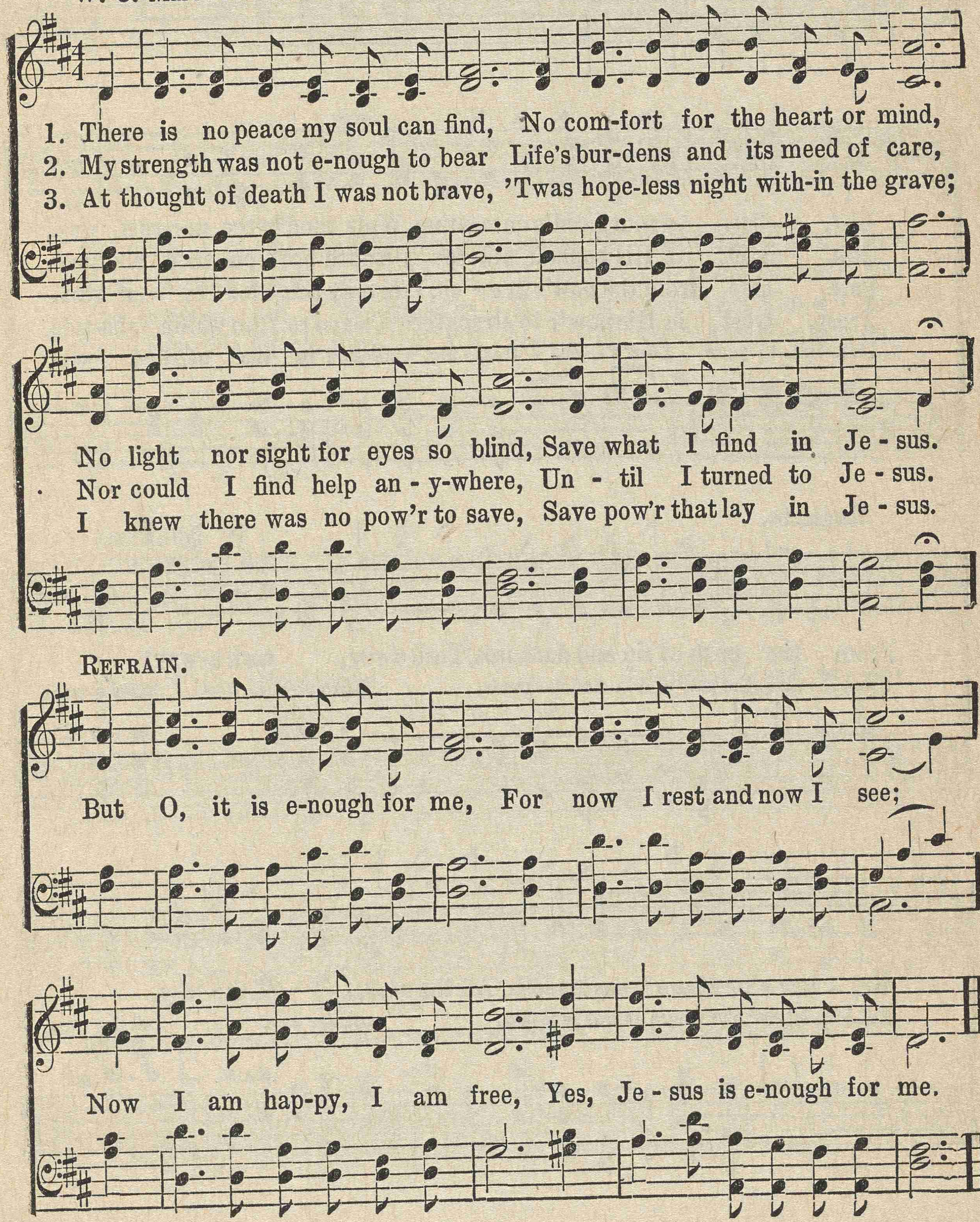
Won't there be joy in the morn-ing, Joy in the morn-ing,
Won-der-ful

When we shall en-ter that cit-y fair on high! How we shall sing out the sto-ry!

## Joy in the Morning.

## 15. Jesus Is Enough For Me.

**W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**



# Follow Thou Me.

E. H. S. BEALL, OWNER, 1916.

**Maud Sims.** **E. H. S. Beall.**

1. Soul, soul, on life's journey pressing, Swift - ly on from day to day;
2. Long, long, you have lonely wandered, Know-ing not the Fathers' love,
3. Flee, flee, when the storm clouds lower, To the shel-ter of His breast;
4. Cling, cling, in thy weakness ev - er Close to Je-sus's pierced side;

(1.) Soul, soul, on life's jour - ney press - ing, Swift - ly on from day to day;

List, list, to your Lord's entreating, Walk thou in the nar-row way.
Still, still, in His boundless mercy, He doth beck-on thee a - bove.
Safe, safe, from the pow'r of e - vil, You may there for - ev - er rest.
Trust, trust, in His pow'r to strengthen, Cleave to Him whate'er be-tide.

List, list, to your Lord's en - treat - ing, Walk thou in the nar-row way.

REFRAIN.

From the path of sin and darkness, Turn away, turn a-way!

From the path, the path of sin and darkness, Turn a-way, turn a-way!

Fol - low e'er where Jesus leadeth, All the way, all the way.

Fol-low, fol-low e'er where Je-sus lead-eth, All the way, all the way.

# O Don't Turn Him Away.

L. D. HUFFSTUTLER; OWNER. 1916.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. L. D. Huffstutler.

1. Out - side your door the Sav - ior stands, O don't turn Him a - way;
2. While yet He calls in ac-cents mild, O don't turn Him a - way;
3. Tho' you re - fuse, He calls you still, O don't turn Him a - way;
4. You'll need this Friend when time is past, O don't turn Him a - way;

He waits for you with outstretched hands, O don't turn Him a - way.
Now to your Lord be rec - on - ciled, O don't turn Him a - way.
You treat no oth - er friend so ill, O don't turn Him a - way.
Per - haps this knock may be His last, O don't turn Him a - way.

REFRAIN.

O don't turn Him a-way, Ac-cept Je - sus to - day,
O don't turn Him a - way,

While now He stands with outstretched hands, O don't turn Him a - way.

# Sail On.

COPYRIGHT. 1909. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

*Solo and Chorus.*

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wear-y worn— The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves that craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?

*ad lib.*

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on, sail on, sail on!
Take heart God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways

last! Sail on! Sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"

sail on! sail on!

*While the Sop. and Bass sustain the last "on," the Alto and Tenor repeat the "Sail on" three times. *rall, e dim.*

# 19 Are You Written In The Book?

G. L. Cox. J. W. DENNIS. OWNER, 1916. J. W. Dennis.

1. You have heard the priceless sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's matchless love;
2. He is off-'ring full sal - va - tion To the sin - ful fall - en race;
3. Do not wait till death is near you, Call up - on the Lord to - day,
4. Ere an aw - ful fate be - fall you, To the great Re-deem - er look;

Are you work-ing for His glo - ry? Do you hope to meet a-bove?
And the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion May be saved to - day by grace.
Al-ways He is near to hear you, And will take your sins a - way.
And, be - fore the an - gel calls you, Oh, be writ-ten in the book.

REFRAN

Are you writ - ten in the book of life? Are you faith-ful in this earth - ly strife; Are you do - ing what you may For the Sav - ior day by day? Are you writ - ten in the book of life?

# 20 If Your Heart Keeps Right.

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Lizzie DeArmond. B. D. Ackley.

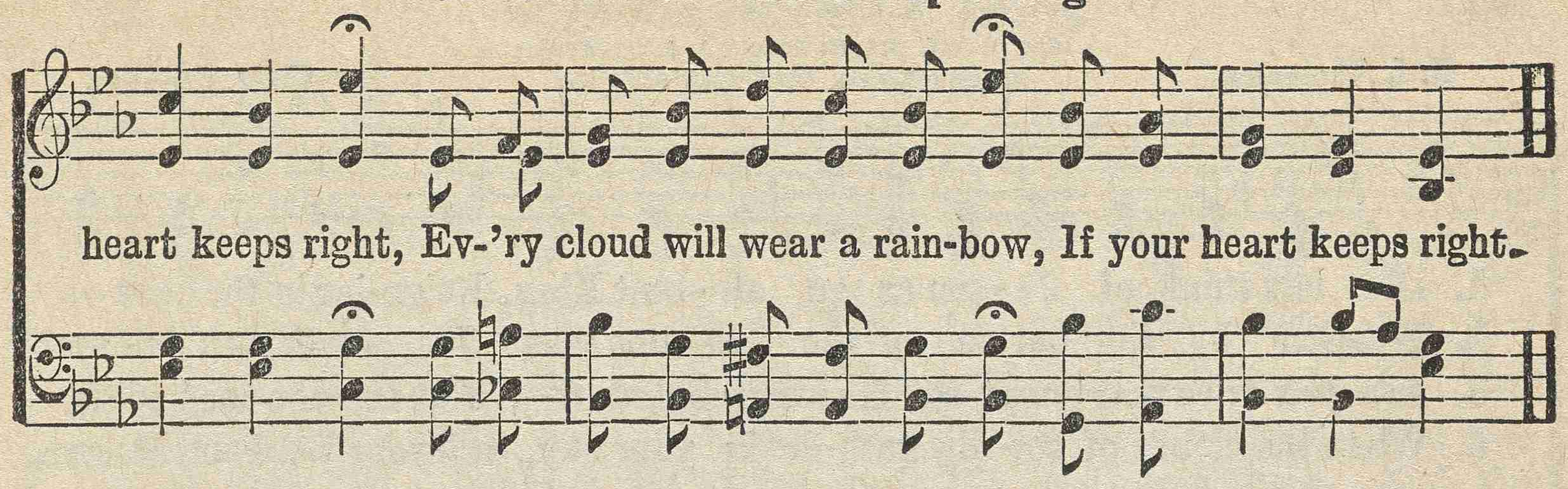
1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
2. Is your life just a tan - gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will

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

CHORUS.

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your

## If Your Heart Keeps Right.




# 21 The Shadow of Thy Wing.

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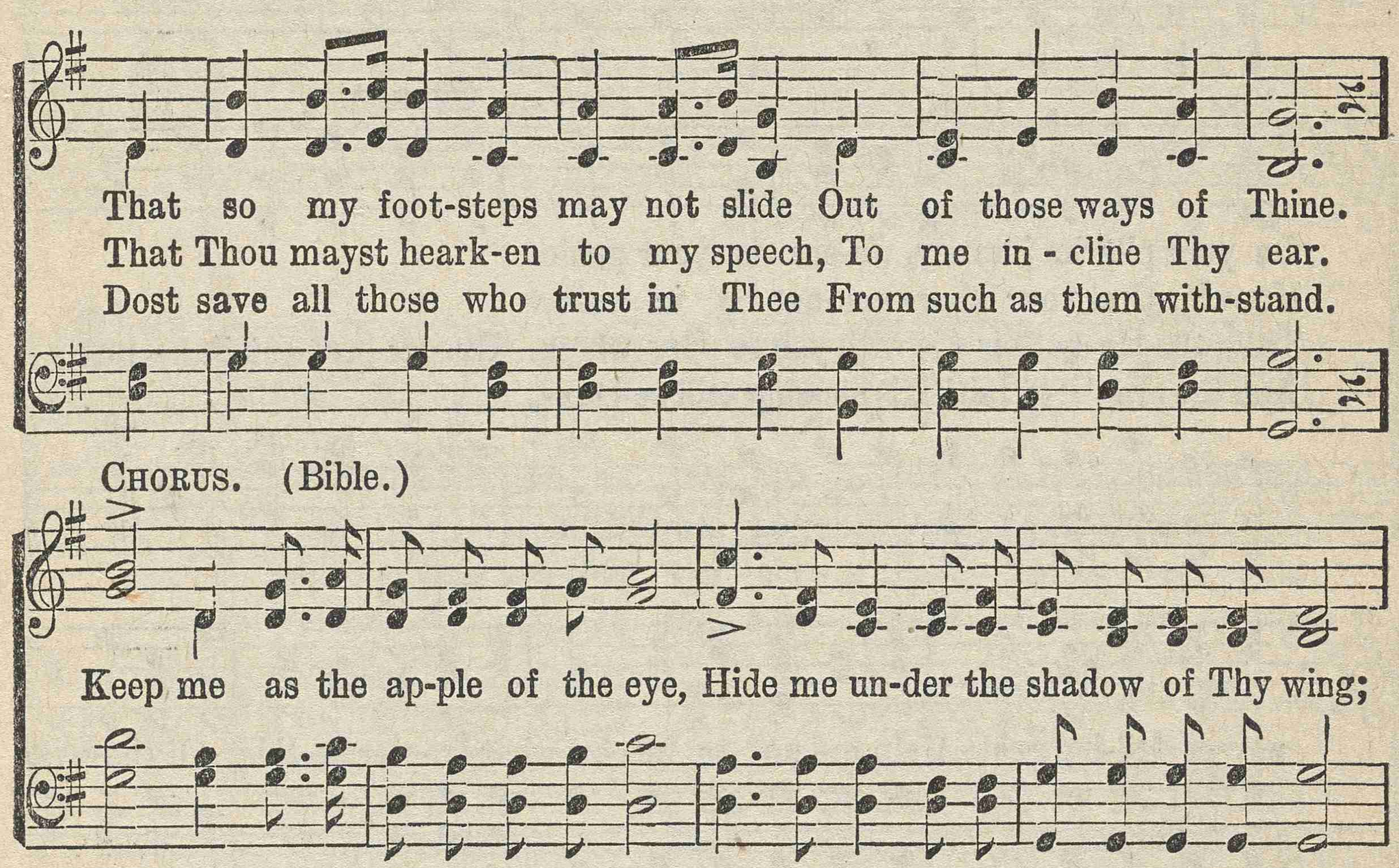
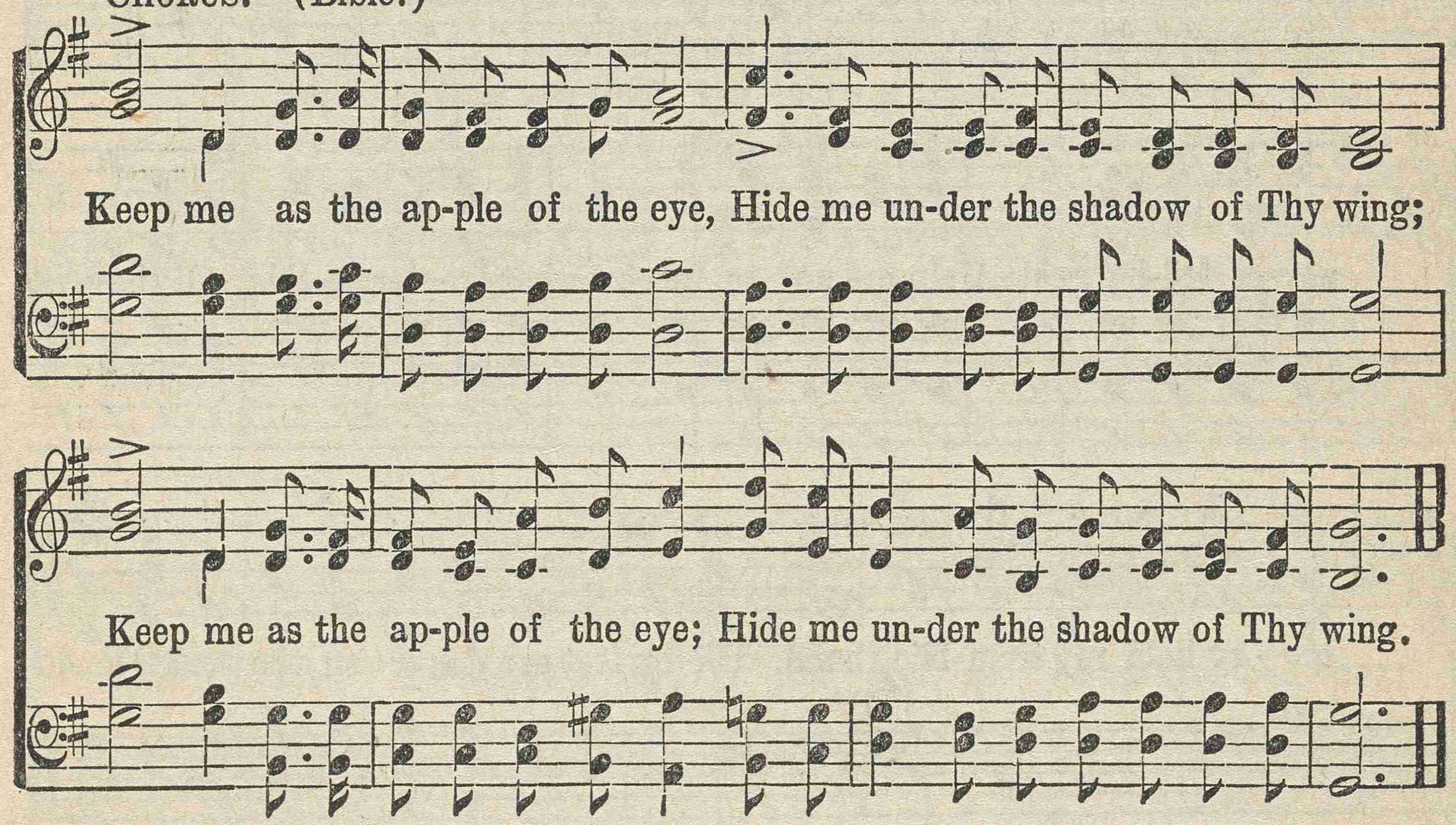
C. M. Psalm 17: 5: 7. J. B. Herbert.




CHORUS. (Bible.)



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# Ever Present Savior.

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E. L. Thompson. C. D. Emerson.

1. Do not think of Je-sus as an ab-sent King, Reign-ing in the heav-en
2. Wearied by the bur-den of the toil-some way? Just a talk with Je-sus
3. Are you tried and tempt-ed? He was tempted, too, But He won the bat-tle
4. When the clouds of sor-row gath-er in your sky, Still your Lord and Master,

where the an-gels sing; He is ev-er near you and will there a-bide;
bright-ens ev-'ry day; Help the reap-er gath-er in the gold-en grain,
and will win for you; Rest up-on His prom-ise, trust His lov-ing care;
though un-seen, is nigh; Still the sun is shin-ing, still His love en-dures,

CHORUS.

On your pilgrim journey, Je-sus is your guide.
Knowing that your labors can-not be in vain.
Take the Ho-ly Spir-it with you ev-'ry-where. Ev-er pres-ent Sav-ior,
And the pray'r of faith His blessing still se-cures.

nev-er fail-ing guide, Help me not to fal-ter what-so-e'er be-tide; All the way to
glo-ry hold my trem-bling hand, Till my feet are plant-ed on the promised land.

# 23 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 a 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 day;

# 24 The Same Old Way.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

W. T. M. [Mrs. W. T. Morris.

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

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

CHORUS.

'Tis the same old way, the same old way, There is just one road to Je - sus,—
By the way of the cross of Cal - va - ry! We must travel the same old way.

# 25. I Knew There Was Welcome for Me.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Like a lamb in the des-ert a - stray I had wandered from Jesus a-
2. Like the prod-i-gal far from his home I had left the dear Sav-ior to
3. O His wel-come to me is so sweet I am hap-py to lie at His

way, But He called me so gen-tly to come That my soul found the
roam, But when noth-ing was left me to spend I re-turned to the
feet, And I want to for-ev-er a - bide Ver-y close to my

REFRAIN.

way to its home. And I knew..... there was welcome for me, A
arms of my Friend.
dear Sav-ior's side. And I knew there was welcome, sweet welcome for me. A

kind..... lov-ing wel-come for me, And now on His breast my
kind lov-ing wel-come, lov-ing wel-come for me,

soul is at rest Be-cause there was wel-come for me.....
sweet wel-come for me.

# 26. Live Closer to Your Lord.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. If seems the world to you un - kind, If foes a-gainst you have combined,
2. If you are yield - ing to de-spair, If heav - y grows your load of care,
3. If sor-row's wa - ters o'er you roll, And doubt and fear as - sail your soul,
4. Each day live clos - er to His side, Then all your needs shall be sup-plied,

And strength and com - fort you would find, Live clos - er to your Lord.
And no one of - fers it to share, Live clos - er to your Lord.
If strives the temp - ter to con - trol, Live clos - er to your Lord.
And safe your spir - it will a - bide, Live clos - er to your Lord.

REFRAIN.

Live clos - er, clos - - - er to your Lord, And give Him full con - trol, Then He will watch,.....

Live clos - er, clos - er to your Lord,

And give Him full con - trol, Then He will watch,

will watch and guard you, And sat - is - fy your soul.

And sat - is - fy your soul.

# 27 Every Day I Need Thee More.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind - ed
3. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help - less,
4. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shad-ows

o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re - store,
eyes to see, Vis - ions of the Christ whom I a - dore,
sick and lone; Pit - e - ous - ly plead and help im - plore,
all are past, Then, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

Keep my life in Thy con - trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear - ing neither storm nor blast.

Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more,

For my heart is tempt-ed o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy might-y arm,

Safe - ly keep me from all harm, Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more.

# 28. Tell the Message.

**James Rowe.** W. R. CAMPBELL, OWNER. 1915, **W. R. Campbell.**

1. As you walk the glo-ry way With the Lord from day to day, Try to help the lost and lone to look a-bove; In the glo-ry of His smile, Prov-ing
2. There are youth-ful ones and fair Who are yield-ing to de-spair, Who are wait-ing for the hope your Lord can give; Tell them of the Saviour dear Who is
3. All a - long the shin-ing road To the soul's di - vine a - bode, Tell the sto - ry of sal-va-tion o'er and o'er; Fill the valleys with the praise Of the

faith-ful all the while, Sweet-ly tell and sing the mes-sage of His love.
ev - er wait-ing near, Bid them has-ten to His pre-cious side and live.
Friend who crowns our days, O ex - tol, and serve, and wor-ship ev - er - more.

D. S.—*Sweet-ly tell and sing the mes-sage of His love.*

REFRAIN.

Tell the mes-sage,... pre-cious mes-sage; Tell how Je-sus left His throne in heav'n a-bove, To re-deem your soul from loss;

tell the message, pre-cious message; To redeem your soul from loss,

*D. S.*

# 29 If I Could But Tell it All.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Henry P. Morton.

1. Christ is mine! My own heart knows it, For the flood-ing joy o'er-flows it;
2. Christ is love! I see Him dy - ing, For a world His love de - fy - ing;
3. Christ is pow'r! I see Him reigning, With His word the worlds sus-tain- ing;
4. Christ is life! His care is keep - ing Those we give to death's calm sleeping;

How I long for speech that shows it! If I could but tell it all!
Could there be one soul de - ny - ing, If I could but tell it all?
Could there be a doubt re - main - ing, If I could but tell it all?
Would not mourners cease their weeping, If I could but tell it all?

CHORUS.

If I could but tell it all, If I could but tell it all;
If I could but tell it, tell it all, If I could but tell it, tell it all;

How could hearts resist His call..... If I could but tell it all.
How could hearts re - sist His call, re - sist His call

# 30 He Promised to Keep Me.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ will not fail me! How precious the word! I am se-cure with my Savior and
2. Christ will not fail me, a child of His care; All of my bur-dens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I journey, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-

Lord; His love faileth nev - er en-dur-eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share; He's ev - er be - side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win; My weakness He know-eth; His love ev - er show - eth, So sweet-ly con-
stow; The while I am cling-ing, my glad heart is sing - ing, For Christ is be-

CHORUS.

an - gels shall o - ver me guard.
need Him, my Sav-ior is there
trol-ling my spir - it with - in. He prom-ised to keep me, sup-port and de-
side me wher-ev - er I go.

fend me When tri-als o'er-take and temp-ta-tions as - sail; He promised to
guide me, and I am per-suad-ed His prom-is-es nev-er, no, nev-er can fail.

# 31 When Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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W. M. Lighthall. Edward M. Fuller.

1. I love to think of that hap - py day, When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul;
2. He call'd to me from the King's highway, The day He spoke peace to my soul;
3. Such joy is mine that I love to tell, How Je - sus spoke peace to my soul;

It seems to me such a won-drous way, That Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.
I heard His voice and I knelt to pray, When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.
He bids me tell you that all is well, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul,..... He whis - pered,
peace, peace to my soul,

"Thy faith makes thee whole!..... Full par-don I give, And
faith, Thy faith makes thee whole!

now thou shalt live, With this won - der - ful peace in thy soul!"

# 32 I Shall Dwell Forever There.

COPYRIGHT. 1911. BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO,
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod - ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for-ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit-y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;

There will be no night—Je-sus is the Light—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

# 33 Jesus Remembered You.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! when tempted to sin, Trust in His prom - ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He tho't of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is

dark is the day; Don't for - get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with-out and with - in,
you were un - true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour-ney thro',
wan - der - ing by! Sure - ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,

CHORUS.

O don't, don't for - get Je - sus! Don't for - get Je - sus,
don't for-get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;.....
so lov - ing and true;
*rit.*
When you were lost in dark-ness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!

# 34 Are You Counting the Cost?

CORYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER
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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. Your Sav-iour is call-ing from Cal - va - ry's tree, His sac - ri - fice
2. How can you neg-lect His sal - va-tion so great? His word stand-eth
3. Why tar - ry to gath-er the treas-ures of earth That short-ly must
4. For what shall it prof - it you there, tho' you gain The wealth of the

can you re - fuse? Re-ject His sal-va-tion so pre-cious and free, Your
true ev - er - more; Come, en - ter the king-dom be-fore it's too late; Come
crum-ble a - way? Come, lay up the jew-els of in - fi - nite worth, That
world as a whole? O shall not your la - bor be worse than in vain, If

CHORUS.

hope of e - ter - ni - ty lose?
while there's a wide-o-pen door!
shine thro' e - ter - ni-ty's day.
there-by you lose your own soul?

Are you counting the cost, are you counting the

cost? When your Lord you refuse are you count-ing the cost? Do you know with-out

Je-sus your soul will be lost? When your Lord you refuse are you counting the cost?

# 35 Only One Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion—The glo-ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal-va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion, Tho' oft-en it seems to be vain—

It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar-den, Thro' pain, self-de - ni - al and loss.
And winds thro' the vale of re - pent-ance, And out of the val-ley of sins.
It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des-erts of pas-sion and pain—

'Tis nar-row, but ev - er a-bound-ing With glimpses of heav-en a - bove;
'Tis marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sor-rows un - told,
But Je - sus, the Sav-ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;

FINE.

It is rug-ged, but ra-diant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mer-cy and love.
But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will guide you, and cheer you, and love you—O make Him your Savior to-day!

D.S.—*There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion, The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.*

Chorus. D. S.

There is on - ly one way of sal-va - tion—The way. ..... of the cross;.....
One way,..... one way—The glo-ri-ous way..... of the cross;

# 36 I Have Been to Jesus.

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R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. I have been to Je-sus and He saved my soul, Praise His ho - ly name!
2. Now I'm tell - ing sin-ners Je-sus saves from sin, Praise His ho - ly name!
3. I'm re - joic - ing dai - ly in His light and love, Praise His ho - ly name!
4. I will love and serve Him while I live be - low, Praise His ho - ly name!

I but touched His garments and He made me whole, Praise His ho - ly name!
And His blood can make the foul-est sin - ner clean, Praise His ho - ly name!
And I'm press-ing on-ward to my home a - bove, Praise His ho - ly name!
And I'll serve Him bet-ter when to heav'n I go, Praise His ho - ly name!

CHORUS.

Praise His ho - ly name, His ho - ly name! He has cleansed my soul and set me free;
I am hap-py now and will ev - er be, Praise His ho - ly name!

# 37 How It Saves.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heaven Oh, how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!

It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans - ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor - dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran - somed and for - given, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!

CHORUS.

Oh, how it saves! Oh, how it saves!

I love, I love this full sal - va-tion, Oh, how it saves!

# 38 I Want To See Jesus, Don't You?

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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Ada Blenkhorn. Kem G. Bottorf.

1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious Sav - ior so true;
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my strength doth re- new;
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He guards me a - new;
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall soft as the dew;
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by faith I can view;

On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,

CHORUS.

I want to see Je-sus, don't you?.. I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?
My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
so faith - ful and true,
of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?.....
rit.
don't you?

# 39 He Will Not Let Me Fall.

COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temp - ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter, filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,

He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall.

# 40. He Arose.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **J. M. Copeland,**

1. When the King a-wak-ened in His low-ly grave, He a-rose,
2. There were an-gels watch-ing by His hum-ble bed,
3. Je-sus took a-way from death its aw-ful sting;
4. He a-rose and now He reigns, a King on high, He a-rose,

He a-rose; He a-rose a Vic-tor, He a-rose to save;
When He laid a-side the vest-ments of the dead;
In the dark, dark val-ley now His child can sing;
from the grave, He a-rose: He a-rose a Vic-tor, so by grace, shall I;

REFRAIN.

He a-rose, He a-rose. He a-rose from the
He a-rose, He a-rose, He a-

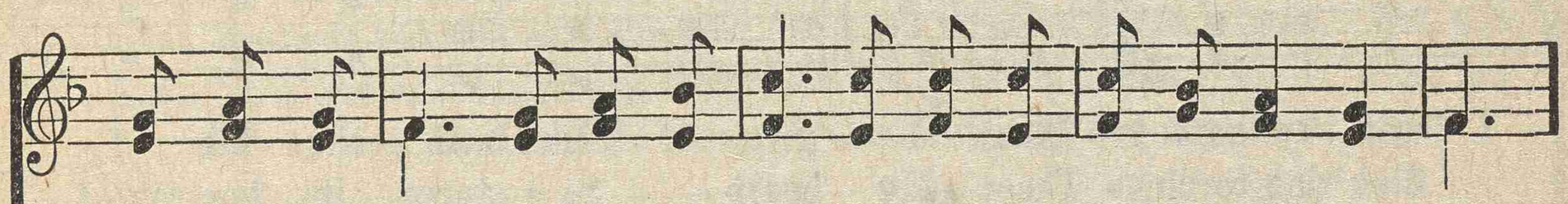
grave; From its pow'r, He will save; He will save His
rose from the grave; From its pow'r, He will save, will save;

peo-ple from the last of foes, He a-rose, He a-rose.
He a-rose,

# 41. I Live for Thee.

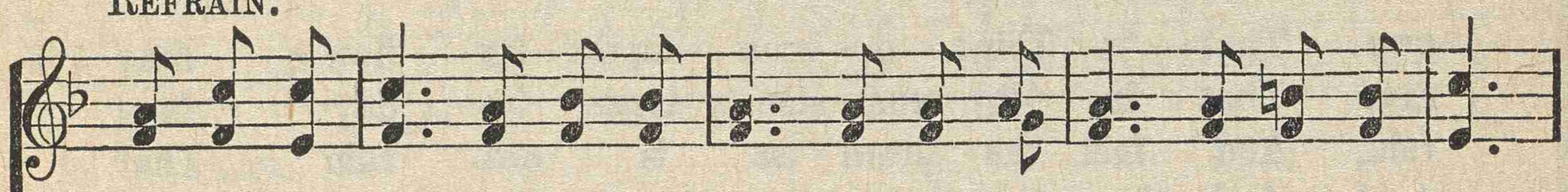
W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. I look, dear Sav - ior to Thy Cross; It gives me grace to suf - fer loss;
2. Too long I lived for self a - lone, And tho't my life was all my own,
3. My pleas-ure is to do Thy will, Thy words and wish-es to ful - fill;
4. The path-way may be dark or bright, The load a heav - y one or light—

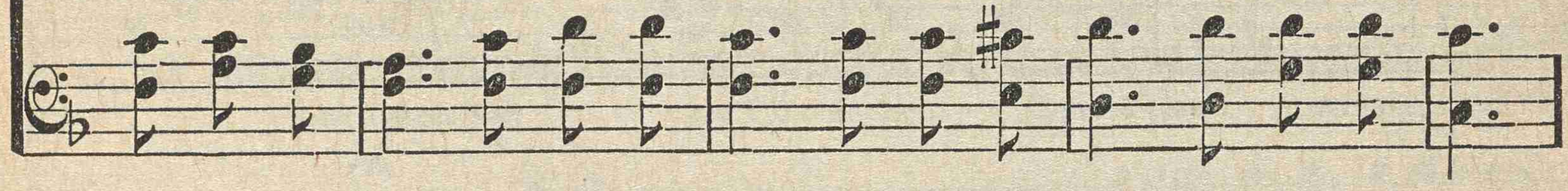


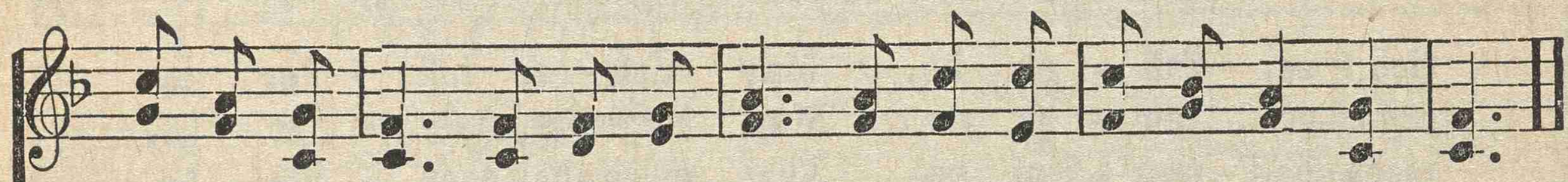
'Twas borne for me to Cal - va - ry, And so I bear my Cross for Thee.
But now the light has come to me, And I shall give my life to Thee.
Thy serv-ant I would ev - er be, O, give me grace to live for Thee.
Each du - ty brings but joy to me, For I de - light to live for Thee.

REFRAIN.

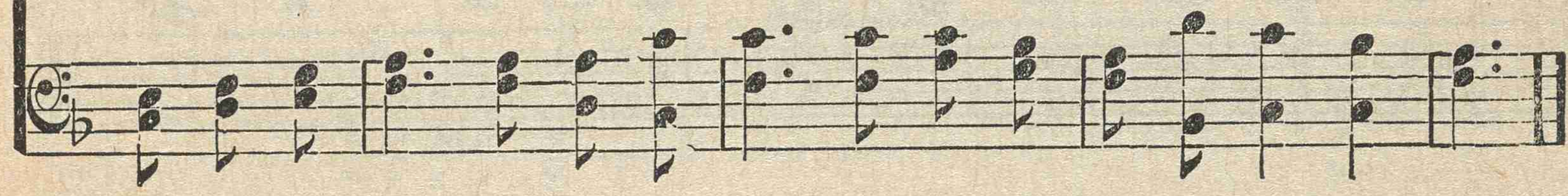


For Thee, dear Lord, who died for me, I live for Thee, I live for Thee,





I fix my eyes on Cal - va - ry, And live for Thee, and live for Thee.



# 42 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

**Rev. Geo. Matheson.** COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. **J. B. Herbert.**

May be sung as duet, Soprano and Tenor.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright-er, fair - er be, May bright-er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

# 43. I Will Meet My Mother There.

**Effie Lee Owens.** J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1913. **J. W. Dennis.**

1. Oft my mem'ry wanders back To sweet days of long ago, And a-gain I seem to
2. Oft her gentle words return, Drifting down the tide of years, And methinks I see her
3. Oft in fan - cy I be-hold Mother in her own low chair, But no more on earth can

hear Mother's tones so soft and low; Now her voice on earth is still, But up-
form Thro' the mist of fall-ing tears; But 'tis all a dream I know. For her
I Ev - er see her seat-ed there; I shall miss her lov-ing smile, 'Till I

on the heav'nly shore I shall meet my sainted mother Where sad part-ings come no more.
face I'll see no more Till I meet her o-ver yonder, On the bright e-ter-nal shore.
cross the dusky tide, Then in heaven's blissful mansions We to-geth-er shall a-bide.

CHORUS.

I will meet her, yes, I'll meet her, ... In that home.. so bright and fair;
I will meet her, yes, I'll meet her, In that home so bright and fair;

Where an - gel - ic harps are ring-ing, ..... I will meet... my mother there.
everr inging,

# Redeemed and Saved.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Sav-ior suf-fered, Laid down His life, a ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! blessed was the mo-ment, When, in de-spair, I found His par-don free, When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth,

CHORUS.

And trod the cru-el wine-press all a-lone.
Had died for me, had died for ev-en me. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more!

grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! How wonderful it seems! My sin is deemed!

gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss in-deed beyond my brightest dreams!

# 45 It Was Jesus Who Set Me Free.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. When I was tread-ing the path-way of wrong, When I was bound by the
2. When for my soul there was no one to care, When con-dem-na-tion seemed
3. When on my path-way no light seemed to shine, When I was dread-ing the
4. When I am sing - ing His glo - ry and praise, Mar-vel-ous, won-der-ful,

fett-ers so strong, When I had lost all my sun - shine and song,
mine ev-'ry where, When I was bound by the chains of de - spair,
judgment di-vine, When e - vil pow - ers seemed all to com - bine,
in - fin - ite grace, That He should suf - fer and die in my place—

CHORUS.

It was Je - sus who set me free. It was Je - sus who set me
free,..... It was Je - sus who set me free;..... Now ev-'ry
set me free, set me free;
chain has been bro-ken in twain, It was Je - sus who set me free.....
set me free.

# 46 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

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

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

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

# 47. Fully Saved.

**Johnson Oatman.** R. D. BURLESON, OWNER. **R. D. Burleson.**

1. I had wandered far a - way from the fold, (from the fold,) On the bar - ren hills of sin, dark and cold,
2. When I bro't Him all my great load of sin, (load of sin,) Then His ten - der arms of love took me in,
3. Let the bil - lows of this life round me toss, (round me toss,) Let the tempter of my soul seek its loss,
4. So I'm rest - ing in His love day by day, (day by day,) And I find He sweet-ly saves all the way;

But I heard my Sav-iour's voice,
And I soon found per-fect rest
But I'm rest - ing on the arm
So I still will shout and sing,

D. S.—*Kept by God's al-might - y pow'r,*

FINE

And it made my heart re-joice, As I cried, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
On my precious Saviour's breast, Shouting out, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
That can save my soul from harm, And to-day I am saved, ful-ly saved!
As I make His praises ring, Praise the Lord, I am saved, ful-ly saved!

*I am trust-ing ev - 'ry hour, And I'm saved, hal-le - lu-jah, ful-ly saved!*

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved, (ful - ly saved,)

D. S.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved; (ful-ly saved;)

# 48 What a Day of Victory!

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James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past, we re-ceive the crown at last, What a

day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we join the an - gel throng in the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When be-fore the King we stand in that

faith-ful shall a-bide, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing song, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing land, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

*D. S.—pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!*

CHORUS.

What a day of vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry! What a
day of vic - to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the

FINE.

D. S.

49

# The Blessings of Today.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.

W. C. Martin, D. D. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Let us pause to count the bless-ings, Which are giv - en from a - bove;
2. We shall find our sweetest com -fort, In the bless - ings of to - day;
3. Let us sing our songs of glad-ness, Hush the mur - mur and the sigh;
4. Tho' our sor - rows have been man - y, Grace di - vine has nev - er failed;

Let us sing of wheat and ro - ses, Which re - veal the Fa-ther's love;
O, there's joy and strength and courage, In the bless-ings of to - day;
Let us fill the world with mu - sic, Like the an - gels sing on high;
Tho' the tempt - er has been might-y, Yet our faith in God pre - vailed;

Let us turn a - way from shad-ows, To the sun-beams in our way.
Let us turn a - way from shad-ows, To the sun-beams in our way.
Let us help the brok -en heart -ed, With a mes - sage full of cheer.
And our strong hope, like an an - chor, Has been cast with - in the vail.

We shall find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day.
We shall find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day.
Let us sing a-bout the bless-ings Till the shad-ows dis - ap - pear.
Let us sing a-bout the bless-ings Of the Lord which nev - er fail.

# 50 O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. B. Herbert.

1. My boat had once floated a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
2. My life was once darkened and fettered by sin, But now, Hal - le - lu-jah! By grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
3. No more is my spir-it con-formed to this world, But now high-er joys ev - 'ry mo-ment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o - ver time's rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is

CHORUS.

a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O now I am hap - py! From sin I've been set free! From out of the dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!

# 51 Joy To Serve Jesus.

COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just to feel the Mas-ter near and to do His bid-ding here, It is joy,
2. Just to know that His bright smile is up-on me all the while, It is joy,
3. Just to know that, by His grace, I shall meet Him face to face, It is joy,

joy, joy,

won-der-ful joy; Just to let His precious word from my will-ing lips be heard,
won-der-ful joy; Just to know that He has bless'd ev-'ry tho't of love expressed,
won-der-ful joy; Just to know that I shall be His for all e - ter-ni - ty,

CHORUS.

It is joy, won-der-ful joy. It is joy, won-der-ful

joy, joy, It is joy,

joy, Just to work for Him each day, just to praise Him all the way; It is

joy, joy,

joy, won-der-ful joy, Just to fol-low in His steps ev - 'ry day.

wonderful joy, joy, joy,

# 52 Sweeter As the Years Go By.

COPYRIGHT. 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

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

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

## Sweeter As the Years Go By.

53

# The Open Door.

Dedicated to Melvin E. Trotter.

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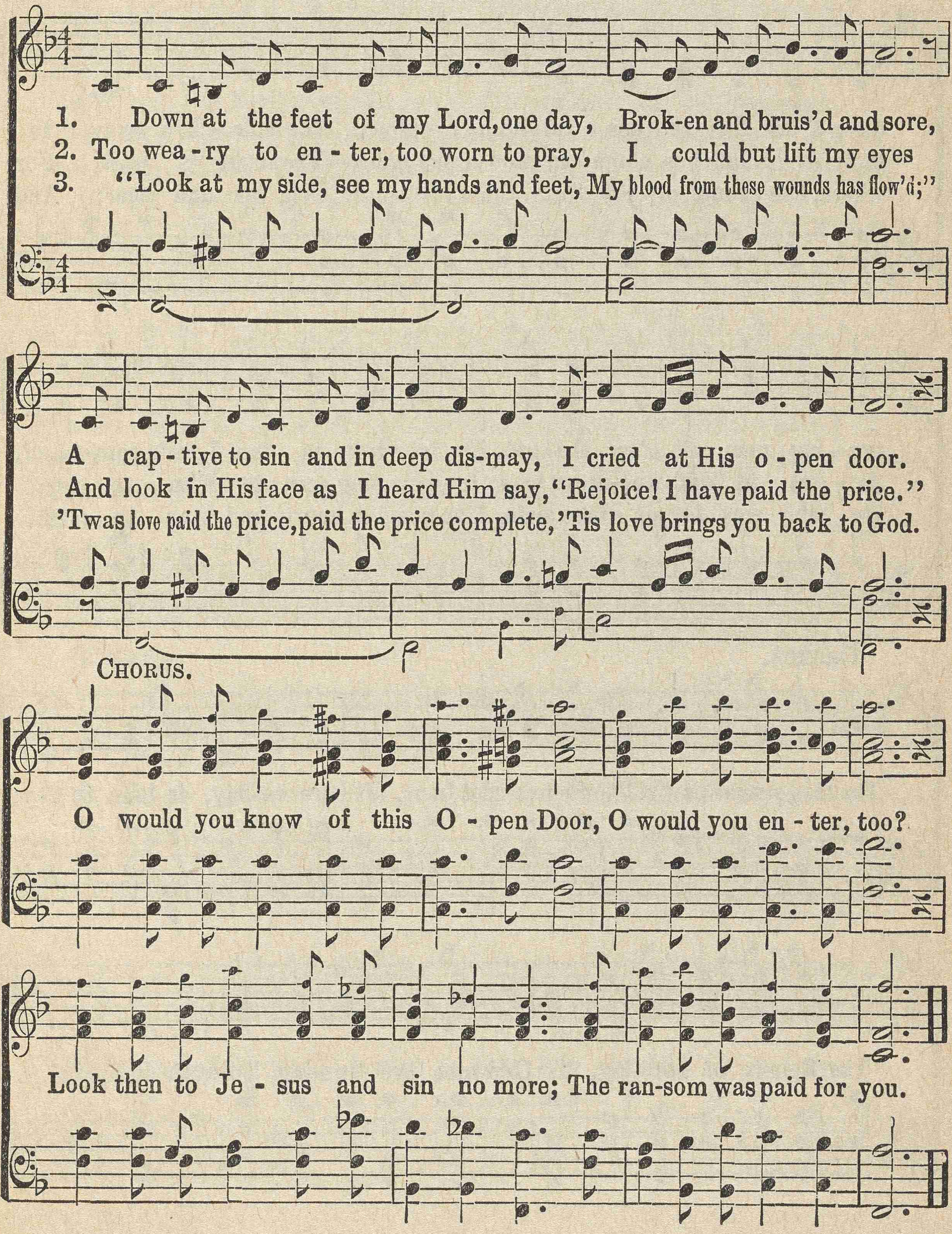
F. S. P. Florence S. Parkhurst.



# 54 It Is Here.

COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The promised pow'r of long a - go, Is here to - day, is here to-
2. Un-an-swered pray'rs of oth - er days, Are heard at last, are heard at
3. The gift of God—sal - va-tion's peace, Is ev - 'ry-where, is ev - 'ry-

day; With Pen - te - cos - tal flame a - glow, The Spir - it's sway Is
last; And God has come in won-drous grace—The night is past; For
where; The shouts of joy from Sin's re - lease, Ring far and near; And

sav - ing men all o'er the land, To fol - low in the Lord's com-mand.
Je - sus in His won-drous way, Is win - ning men to Him to - day.
He who was for sin - ners slain, Has come in hearts and lives to reign.

CHORUS.

The long promised pow'r, The Pen-te-cost hour, Is here to-day, is here to-day;
The Spir-it of burn-ing, To God men are turn-ing, To work and pray!

55

# O, He Is So Precious.

Rev. L. A. Morris. COPYRIGHT, 1916. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. S. F. Lee.

1. He leads me where He needs me, And keeps me ev'ry hour; With ho-ly manna feeds me; I'm shielded by His pow'r, He watches all my foot-steps, He knows my strength is small, He calls me when I wander, He lifts me when I fall.
2. He knows just where I'd fal-ter, If I were left a-lone, So in His great com- pas - sion, When I in sin would roam, He sends a guar-dian an - gel To keep me back from wrong, And by His pow'r eter-nal, In weakness makes me strong.
3. He keeps me in His presence, He knows I'm only dust, He gives me sweet as- sur - ance, When I His prom-ise trust; He says He'll nev-er leave me, But guide me with His eye, From all these earthly sorrows, To glo - ry bye and bye.

FINE.

D. S.—*And I will see Him there.*

REFRAIN.

O, He is so precious to me, He is mind-ful of my ev-'ry care, His bright smil-ing face I want to see; I,m a child of glo - ry,

D. S.

# 56 Pentecostal Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# 57 How You Will Love Him!

COPYRIGHT. 1910. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who wander, of sin grown weary, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Wait-ing for you at the place of pray'r;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fathom Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en, Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Height and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets Him free.

CHORUS.

O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
to set you free,

*rit.*

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

# 58 Give Your Heart to Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. E. H. S. BEALL, OWNER, 1916. E. H. S. Beall.

1. Do you long for fair - er skies and sun-shine ev -'ry day? Give your heart to
2. Would you lose the bur-den that has bro't you ver - y low? Give your heart to
3. You may break the bonds that bind your spirit and be free; Give your heart to
4. Do you feel condemned beneath a heav - y weight of sin? Give your heart to

Je-sus just now; Would you go re-joic - ing all a - long the upward way?
Je-sus just now; Would you find a sweet re-lief from sor-row and from woe?
Je-sus just now; Vic - tor o - ver all the pow'rs of e - vil you may be;
Je-sus just now; Ti - tle to a hap - py home in glo - ry would you win?

REFRAIN.

Give your heart to Je-sus just now. Give your heart to Jesus just now, just now;
O give your heart just now.

Give your heart to Je - sus just now; Low be-fore Him bow,
just now; hum-bly bow,

make this ho - ly vow; Give your heart to Je - sus just now.
ho - ly vow; just now.

# 59 I Am Ready, Are You?

COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Jennie Ree. B. D. Ackley.

1. There is need of deep - er con - se - cra - tion To the work the
2. Not with trump - et blast or flam - ing ban - ner, That the world our
3. Might-y works are wait - ing for the faith - ful, But, a - las, the

Mas - ter bids us do; He has called us, and the way is o - pen,—
work of love may view, But with deep hu - mil - i - ty in ser - vice,—
loy - al ones are few Who, re - nounc-ing self, take up the bur - den,—

CHORUS.

I am read - y— are you? I am read-y,.. I am read-y,
here am I; I re-ply;

I am read-y and I will be true; I am read - y,..
Here am I;

I am read - y,.. I am read-y for the work— are you?
I re-ply;

# 60. The Song that Reached His Breast.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912, R. H. Cornelius.

1. The vil - lage Choir was sing - ing And all the world seemed glad,
2. He tho't of home and moth-er, And days of long a - go,
3. "Dear Lord," he cried, "for - give me, No more I wish to roam;

Yet there was one who listened, Whose soul was faint and sad;
When oft she sang at twi-light This song that touched him so;
I'm weak and worn and wea - ry, To Thee for rest I come,"

He had not come to wor-ship, But he was worn and sore,
He tho't of his trans - gres-sions, And wast - ed wea - ry years,
The wan-der - er was pardoned, Made peaceful. free and whole,

A wan - der - er, a sin-ner, Out-side the Old Church door.
And soon his heart was soft-ened, And fell like rain his tears.
And homeward went re - joic-ing, With mu-sic in his soul.

CHORUS.

"Come un-to me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest;"

Come un-to me, And I will give

# The Song That Reached His Breast.

This is the song..... the sing-ers sang, The song that reached his breast.
This is the song,

## 61. Jesus of Calvary.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Fair-er than all the world is He, Chief-est of all my joys to me;
2. Giv-ing to me a - bid - ing peace, Breaking the chains for my re-lease;
3. Fountain of com - fort in my tears, Fountain of grace thro' all the years;

Wor-thy of all my heart of love, Je-sus, my Friend, who reigns a-bove.
Suf - fer-ing, my poor soul to win, Dy - ing to free my soul from sin.
This, is my dear - est hope, to see Je - sus, the man of Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, the man of Cal - va - ry, Je-sus, who gave His life for me;
O, how I love this pre-cious Friend; Sure-ly, my love can nev - er end.

# 62. Hear the Master's Call.

**W. C. Martin.** PROPERTY OF ETHEL STAGG, 1912. **Miss Ethel Stagg.**

1. Where the gold-en grain is wav-ing there is work to do, Where a sick - le may be need-ed there's a call for you, O, the field is sure - ly read - y, lift your eyes and see, And the hon - or of the reaping is for you and me.
2. In the world of sin and sor - row there are souls to win, And the Lord is ev - er read - y to re-deem from sin; And He bids us tell the sto - ry of His sav - ing love, And the grace we need is free-ly giv - en from a - bove.
3. There are lone - ly hearts to com-fort, there are tears to dry, Wea - ry souls may need as-sur-ance that the Lord is nigh; And the weak may need a friendly hand to help them on, Let us then be up and do-ing ere the day be gone.

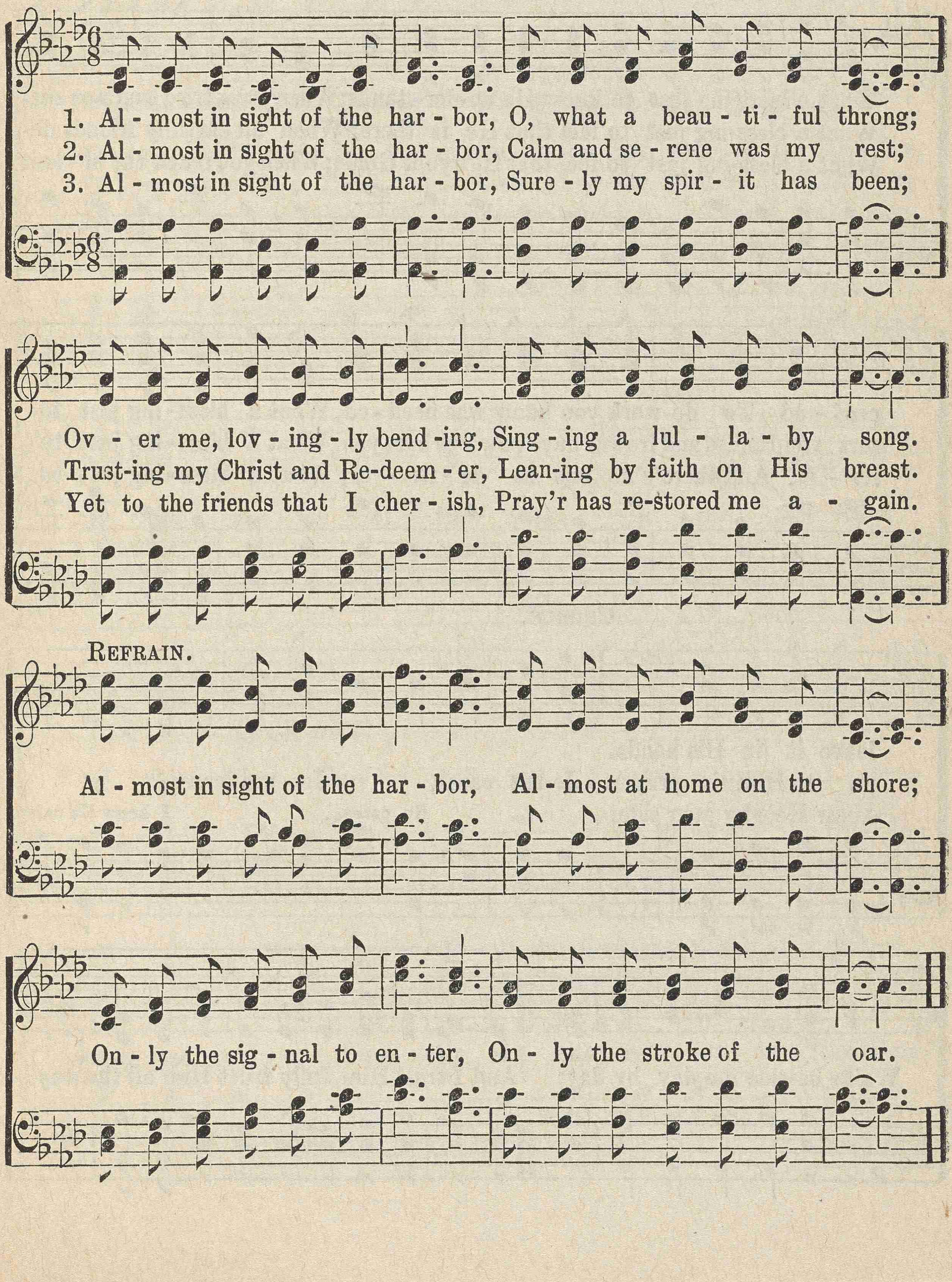
REFRAIN.

Hear..... the Mas-ter's call, hear the Mas - ter's call, hear the Mas - ter's call, There..... is work for all; And it should be done to-day, There is work for all, hear the Mas-ter's call;

## Hear the Master's Call.

## 63. Almost In Sight Of The Harbor.

**Fanny J. Crosby** J. W. DENNIS, OWNER. 1915. **J. W. Dennis.**



# 64 Just to Know Jesus Cares.

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Claire Ward. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When your path is dark and drear-y, When with care your soul is wea - ry,
2. When temp-ta - tions shall surround you, Sa-tan's legions shall have found you,
3. When your way's be - set with dan-ger, You're a pil - grim and a stran-ger,

What a bless-ing just to know He un-der-stands; When you've tried and not suc-
What a bless-ing just to feel that He is there; When all earth-ly friends de-
What a bless-ing just to feel that He's your Guide; When you reach the si - lent

ceed - ed To do work you know was need - ed, What a bless - ing just to
sert you, Smiles and frowns have pow'r to hurt you, What a bless - ing just to
riv - er, And there's no one to de - liv - er, What a bless - ing just to

leave it in His hands.
go to Him in prayer. Je-sus cares, Je - sus cares,
know He's by your side. He cares, I know He cares,

CHORUS.

Walks be-side me day by day; And I trust Him, fully trust Him all the way.

# 65 In the Service of the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

CHORUS.

In the serv - ice of the King, In the serv - ice
of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have
peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

# 66 He Brightens the Shadows.

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W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. As the sun-shine on the rain cloud Makes the rain-bow in the sky,
2. O the glo - ry of His pres-ence Shin-ing on the world of sin,
3. Will you let the light of Je - sus Shine in - to your soul to - day?

As the dew - drops brightly spar-kle Neath the sun-shine up on high,
Paint-ing rain-bows on the shad-ows, When you let the Sav-iour in;
It will bright-en all the shad-ows, Which it does not drive a - way;

So the smil - ing face of Je - sus Shin-ing on the darkened soul,
Oh the sun-shine of the Mas-ter, How it leaves a glo - ry bright
As the sun-shine on the storm cloud Makes the rain-bow up a - bove,

Chang-es it to won-drous glo - ry, As the shad - ows backward roll.
On the shad-ows where it lin - gers, With a ho - ly pre-cious light.
Christ will change your cloud to glo - ry, By the pow - er of His love.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

When Je - sus shines in—When Je - sus shines in— His glo - ry can

## He Brightens the Shadows.

bright-en A dark world of sin, As sun-shine on shad-ow Makes

rain - bows a - bove, So bright glo - ry lin-gers Where shin-eth His love.

# 67 Calvary.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. The ag - o - nies of Cal - va - ry, Could not His love dis-may;
2. He stood con-demned in Pilate's Hall, He heard the rab-bles' cry;
3. Lo! Je - sus stands with brok-en heart, With nail-pierced hands and feet;
4. The Sav - ior stands at thy heart's door Bruised for thy cru - el sin;

He would not yield, tho' God re-vealed The price that He must pay.
The King with none to own His cause, My cause would not de - ny;
He points un - to His cross of woe, Where love and mer-cy meet.
O why not o - pen wide the door And let Him en - ter in?

He would not yield, tho' God re - vealed The price that He must pay.
The King with none to own His cause, My cause would not de - ny.
He points un - to His cross of woe, Where love and mer-cy meet.
O why not o - pen wide the door And let Him en - ter in?

# 68. Wonderful Love.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Won-der-ful gift..... from the Fa-ther a-bove, ( the Father above,)
2. I was con-demned,.. for a sin-ner was I, ( a sin-ner was I,)
3. Earth has grown bright - er, and heav-en is near, ( and heaven is near,)

Dear-er than gold..... is His won-der-ful love; (His won-der-ful love;)
Jus-tice de-creed..... that a sin-ner must die; (a sin-ner must die;)
All of the bless - - - ings of life are more dear; (the blessings more dear;)

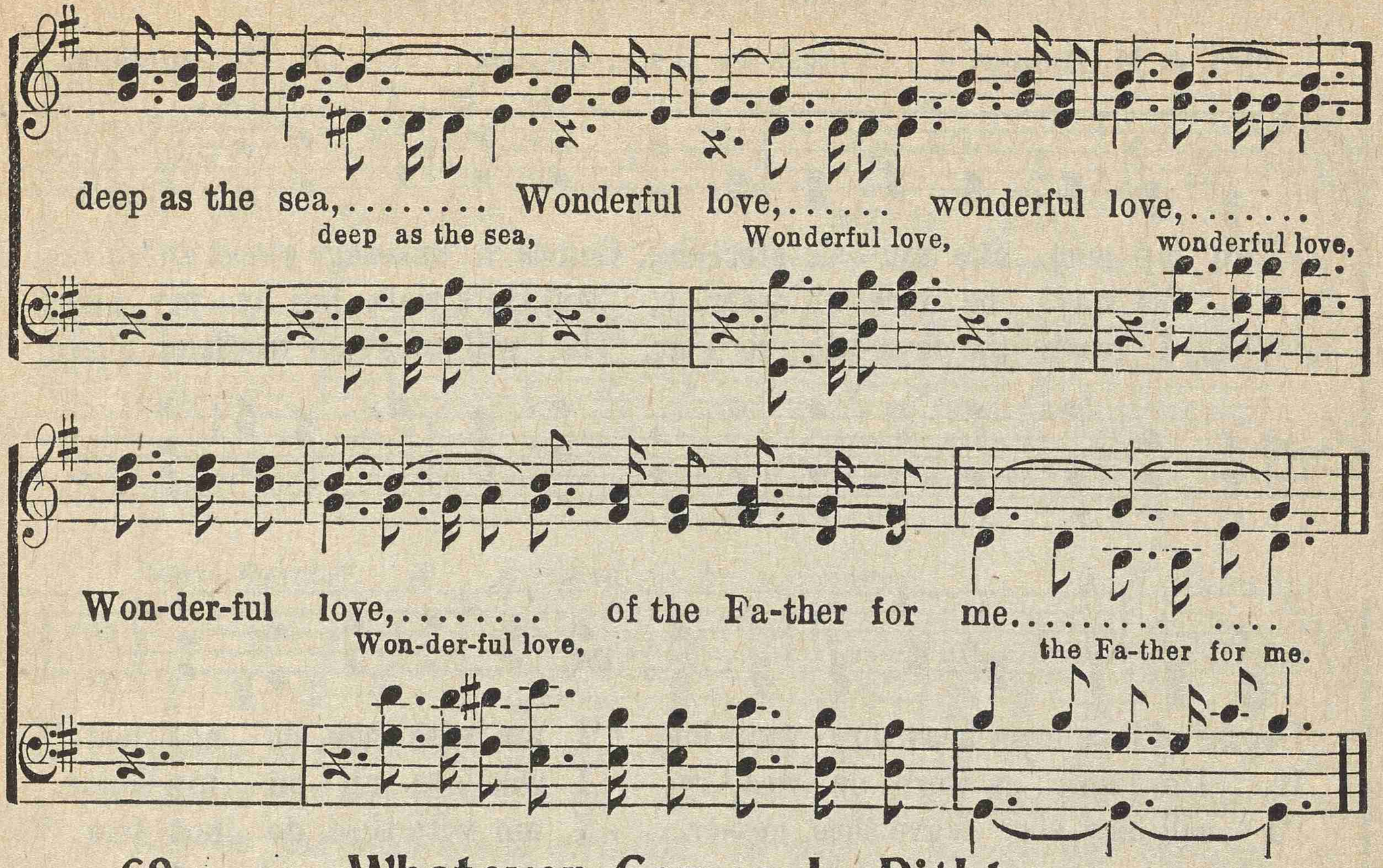
Fill-ing the soul..... with a rap-ture di-vine, (a rap-ture di-vine)
Dark was the night..... and no hope could I see, (no hope could I see,)
All of the shad - ows will sure-ly de-part, (will sure-ly de-part,)

O, I am hap-py..... be-cause it is mine. (because it is mine.)
Then this great love was..... re-vealed un-to me. (revealed un-to me.)
Heaven has come to..... a-bide in my heart. (abide in my heart.)

REFRAIN.

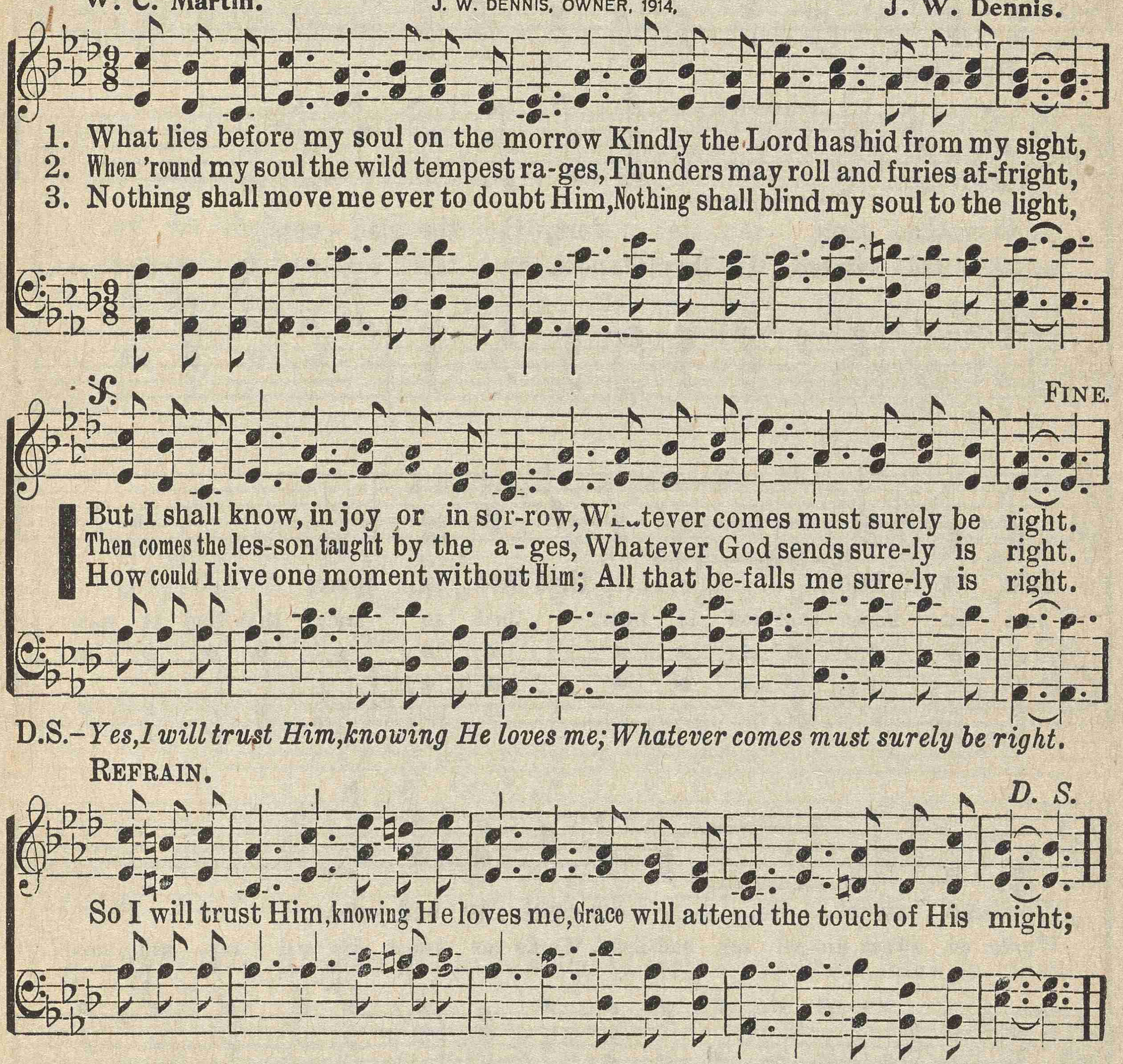
Wonderful love..... wonderful love,..... Broad as the sky,.....
Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love, Broad as the sky.

# Wonderful Love.




## 69. Whatever Comes Is Right.

W. C. Martin. J. W. DENNIS, OWNER, 1914, J. W. Dennis.




REFRAIN.

# 70. I Am With Thee, Never Fear.

**Mrs. J. M. Hunter.** COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Thro' my soul, like mu - sic steal-ing, Comes a mes-sage sweet and clear,
2. If the way be dark or drear - y, Still He's walk - ing by my side;
3. When I reach the mys - tic riv - er, He will whis - per words of cheer,

Depths of love from heav'n re - veal - ing, "I am with thee, do not fear."
If I'm faint, or worn, or wea - ry, I will lean up - on my Guide.
"I will nev - er leave thee, nev-er, I am with thee, do not fear."

REFRAIN.

O the com - - fort, O the glad - ness,
O the com-fort, O the glad - ness, O the com - fort, O the glad-ness,

Just to know..... that God is near;
Just to know that God is near, Just to know that God is near;

Words so sweet..... dis - pel my sad - ness,
Words so sweet dis-pel my sad-ness, Words so sweet dis - pel my sad - ness,

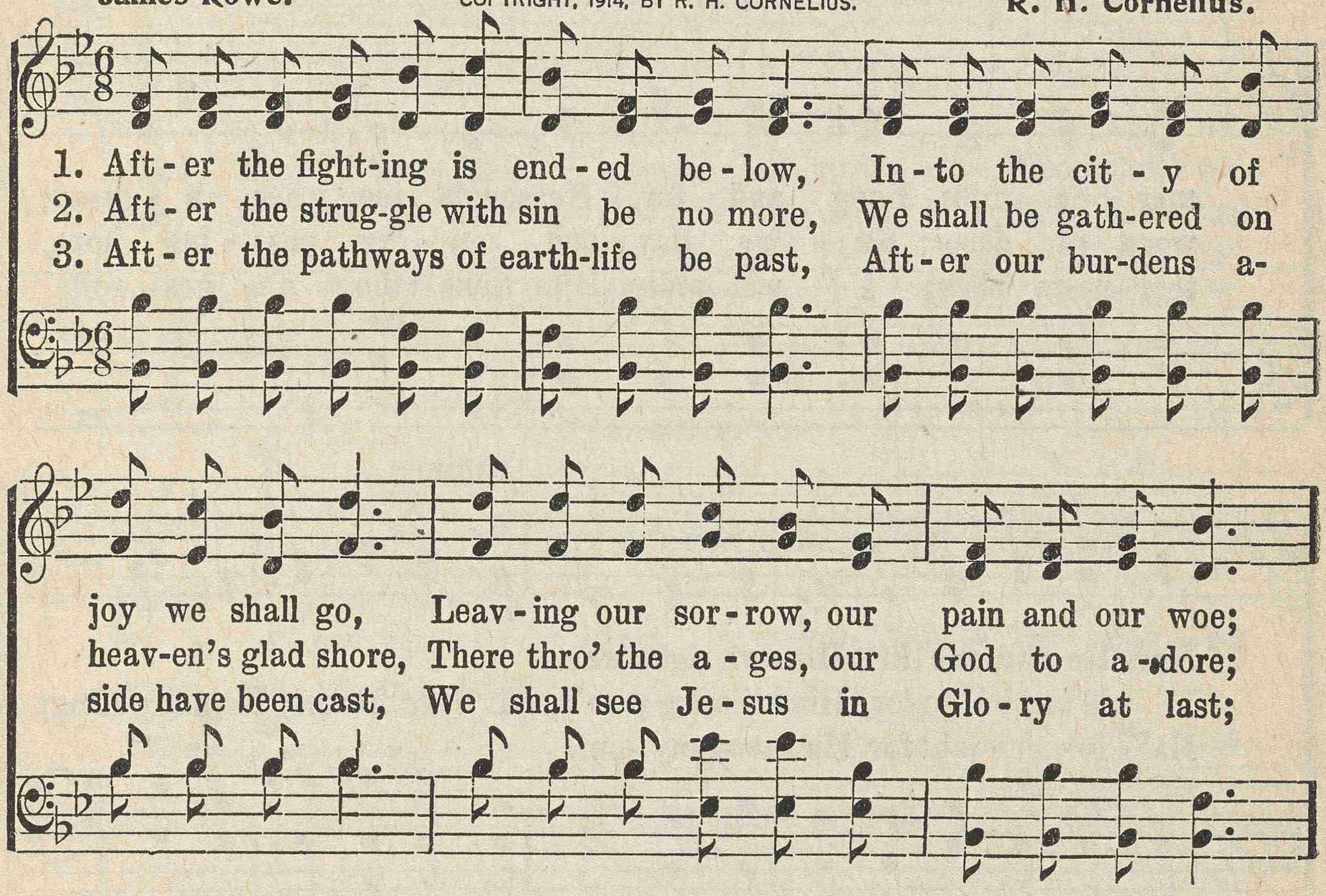
## I Am With Thee, Never Fear.

## 71. Then.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.

R. H. Cornelius.

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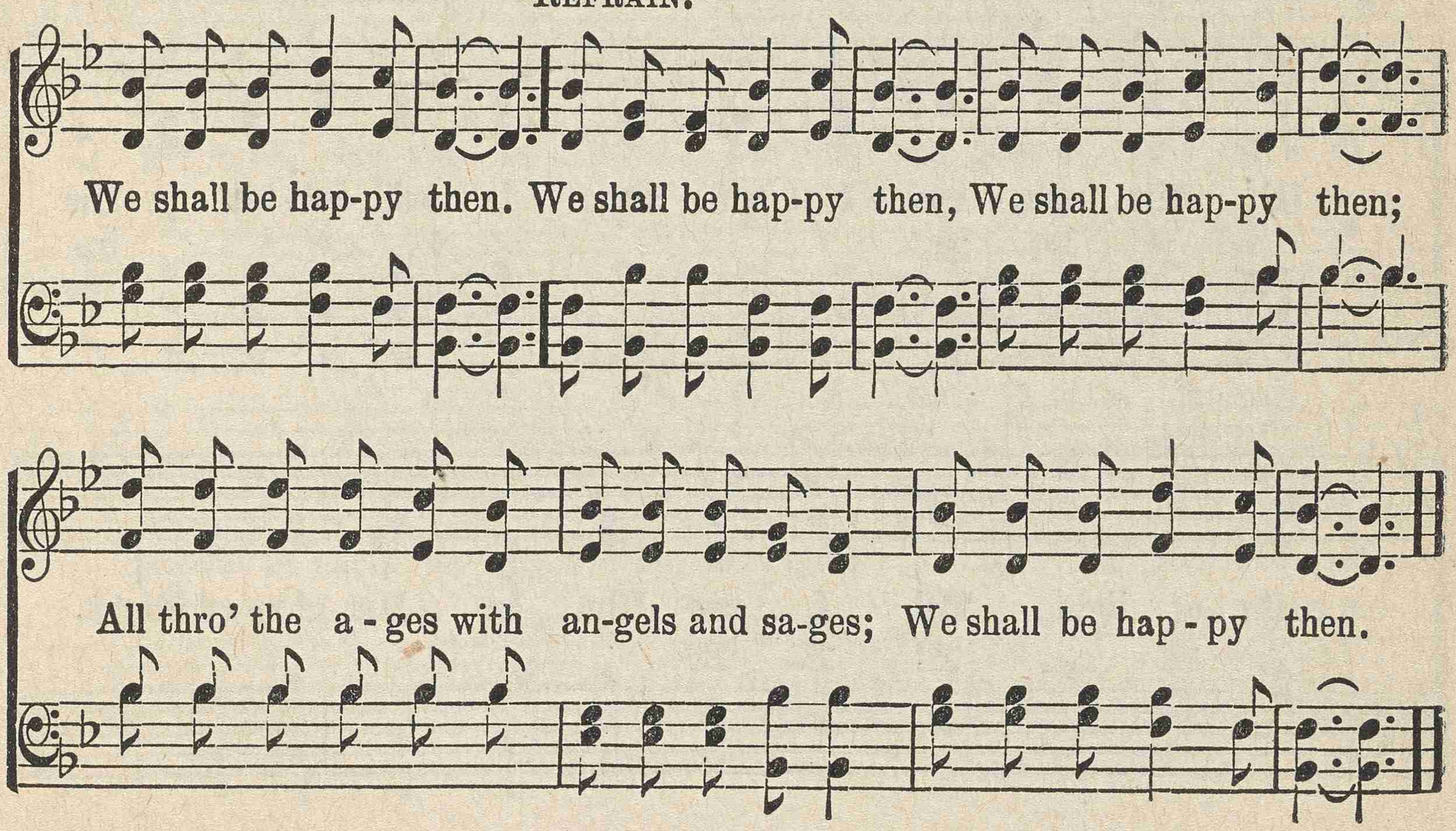

# 72 I Love Jesus.

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

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

*Not too fast.*

1. I love Je-sus, for He saved my soul; From His cross the tides of mer - cy roll; Long and far He sought me, when a - stray;
2. I love Je-sus, for He's al-ways near, Ev - er read - y with a word of cheer; Ev - 'ry day, and ev - 'ry pass - ing hour,
3. I love Je-sus when the joy-beams glow; Love Him, when the storm-y tem - pests blow; I will praise Him while the a - ges roll;

CHORUS.

Now, He leads me in His own right way.
I will trust Him for His keep-ing pow'r. I love Je-sus; He's my King;
Hal - le - lu - jah! for He saved my soul.

Of His mer - cy I will sing; I will fol - low in His paths of light, Till I see Him in His glo - ry bright.

73

# My Only Hope.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

1. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, To lose the bur - den of my
2. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, For cleansing by His prec-ious
3. My on - ly hope must be in Je - sus, No oth - er Friend of love di-

sin; There is no oth - er pow'r to help me, A - new in
blood; My faith must build up - on His prom - ise, Whose truth all
vine; No oth - er sac - ri - fice be - side Him, Who made such

CHORUS.

Christ I must be - gin.
tri - al has with-stood. There is no oth - er Sav - ior
great sal - va - tion mine.

giv - en, No oth - er hope be-yond the grave; No oth - er

Name in earth or heav - en, My guilt - y dy - ing soul to save.

# 74. At the Great Roll-call in Heaven.

W. C. Martin PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the Lord shall call His peo-ple all to-geth-er 'round the throne, Some
2. Tho' my steps may sometimes fal-ter as I journey thro' the world, Toward
3. When the har-vest shall be gath-ered and the reap-ers raise their song, Their
4. Those I love will be with Je - sus in their robes of spot-less white, In
5. So I work for my Re-deem - er with a smile up - on my face; A-

day, some-where; To re-ward with crowns of glo - ry and a - vow them
home so fair; When the pil-grim-age is end - ed and the ban-ners
joy I'll share; When the might-y choirs of heav-en shall their mel - o-
beau - ty rare; They were love-ly in the shadow, they are fair - er
way with care! For I know that when they call my name, by His a-

REFRAIN.

as His own, Then I'll be there.
all are furled, Then I'll be there.
dy pro-long, Then I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there,
in the light And I'll be there. I'll be there, I'll be there
mazing grace I shall be there.

1 2

At the great roll call in heav-en I'll be there; in heav-en I'll be there.
I'll be there;

# 75. The Nail-Pierced Hands Have Lifted Me.

J. B. P. J. B. PENNINGTON, OWNER, 1915. James B. Pennington.

1. In sin's dark bond - age once was I, A help-less cap-tive doomed to die;
2. With-out a com - pass, chart or guide, My soul was drift - ing with the tide;
3. I'm now an heir with God's dear Son, From sin and death my soul He won;
4. And when beyond death's shadows grim, I, face to face, a-bide with Him,

But thro' God's love and sym - pa - thy The nail-pierced hands reached down to me.
But from this dark and treach'rous sea The nail-pierced hands have res-cued me.
And, while I live, my song shall be, "The nail-pierced hands have lift-ed me.
My ev - er - last - ing theme shall be, "The nail-pierced hands have lift-ed me.

REFRAIN.

They've lift - ed me,..... they've lift-ed me,..... From sin's dark bond - age made me free;.... They've lift-ed me,..... they've lift-ed made me free;

me;..... The nail-pierced hands..... have lift - ed me..... lift - ed me.

# 76 All Will Be Right.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Jennie Ree. B. D. Ackley.

1. Tempt-ed and tried, en-cum-bered with care, Un-der the cross that is heav-y to bear, Nev-er a mo-ment yield to des-pair,—God rules the
2. Bro-ken with sor-row tho' you may be, Think not the Lord is un-mind-ful of thee; With clear-er eye some day you shall see,—God rules the
3. Strength may for-sake you, foes may a-larm, Fear not, the Fa-ther will shield you from harm; Trust in His might, and lean on His arm,—God rules the

CHORUS.

world, and all will be right. All will be right, all will be right, Trust Him and see Al-might-y is He; All will be on-ly trust Him for Al-might-y is He to save!

right, all will be right, God rules the world, and all will be right for our

# 77 Send the Power Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the days of old, To kin - dle a fire in hearts grown cold; That we on Thy word may now lay hold, Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
2. There was pow'r by which ev'ry tongue could speak, New life-giving pow'r unto the weak, That sent them the wand'ring ones to seek—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
3. There was pow'r to set ev-'ry cap-tive free And give to Thy servants lib - er- ty To speak and to pray and work for Thee—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.
4. There was pow'r, O Lord, in the old-time pray'r, It thrilled ev'ry heart and lingered there, Till we in Thy glo-ry seemed to share—Lord, send that pow'r a - gain.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the pow'r a - gain, O send the pow'r a - gain!
A - men! A - men!

We believe on Thy name, And Thy promise we claim, Lord, send the pow'r a-gain.

# The Crown of Thorns.

**Isaiah LIII.**

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**John R. Clements.** **Marie D. Forrest.**

1. De - spised and re - ject-ed; Ac-quaint-ed with grief; In sor - row He
2. O love all sup-pass-ing, A - maz-ing to see; To bear un-com-
3. Like sheep we have wandered; Each turned to his way; The Lord on the
4. O sad Man of Sor-row, So lit - tle esteemed; In an - guish more

suf-fered To bring man re - lief; His path - way was sor - rows, His
plain-ing These sor - rows for me; His path - way was sor - rows, His
Shepherd The bur - dens must lay; His path - way was sor - rows, His
try - ing Than mor - tal has dreamed; His path - way was sor - rows, His

pil - low was thorns, And these make the crown that His fore - head a-

dorns, And these make the crown that His fore - head a - dorns.

# 79 I Shall Be Ready.

COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I shall be read - y to wel-come the Sav - ior, I may be-
2. I shall be read - y, for Him I have trust - ed, Us - ing the
3. Shall His re - turn - ing to you mean a bless - ing? Or will you
4. Reign-ing with Him, He has prom-ised to make me Heir un - to

hold Him de - scend from on High, Clothed in His gar-ments of
tal - ents com - mit - ted to me; Things I once loved, from my
trem - ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de-
God and Joint-Heir with His Son; All shall be well when He

heav - en - ly splen-dor, O what a day when the King shall draw nigh.
heart have de - part - ed, Liv - ing in Je - sus my soul is made free.
ny - ing, con - fess - ing? Seek Him, be - liev - ing, while yet He is near.
comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.

CHORUS.

I shall be read - y when Je-sus comes, When He comes, when He comes,

I shall be read-y when Je-sus comes, When Je-sus comes back for His own.

# 80 I Have Never Found a Friend Like Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Lavinia E. Brauff. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So ten-der and so mild,
2. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, No mat-ter where I go;
3. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So faith-ful and so true;

And my heart re-joic - es in my Sav-ior, Who owns me as His child;
He's the lov - ing One who died for sin-ners, The One you ought to know;
He is with me in my fields of la - bor, And shows me what to do;

I have al-ways found Him kind and pa-tient In hours of sore dis - tress;
He will give you grace and strength to serve Him, If you His name con - fess;
Day by day He gives me "liv - ing wa - ter," Free grace and hap-pi - ness:

I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, To com-fort and to bless.

FINE.

D. S.

CHORUS.

I have nev-er found a friend like Je-sus, Nev-er such a friend as Je-sus,

# 81. No Room For Thee.

**W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. No room for Thee? Lord can there be A heart that has no room for Thee?
2. No room for Thee, the best of friends, On whom our hope of heav'n de-pends?
3. No room for Thee? How dark the place Un-light-ed by the lamp of grace;
4. No room for Thee? Here is one heart; O en-ter now and ne'er de-part;

This heart of mine is all Thine own, And there is room for Thee a-lone.
Where is the heart so dark with sin It will not let the Sav-ior in.
God sends no ray to pierce the gloom Of hearts that have for Thee no room.
In life, in death, be-yond the tomb, For-ev-er in my heart find room.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Dear Lord,.. this low-ly heart of mine Is whol-ly Thine, is whol-ly Thine;

Dear Lord,

*ff rit.* *pp*

To Thee I o-pen wide the door, O dwell in me for-ev-er-more.

# 82 His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

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

A. H. A. Rev A. H. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

## His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

# 83 He Did So Much For Me.

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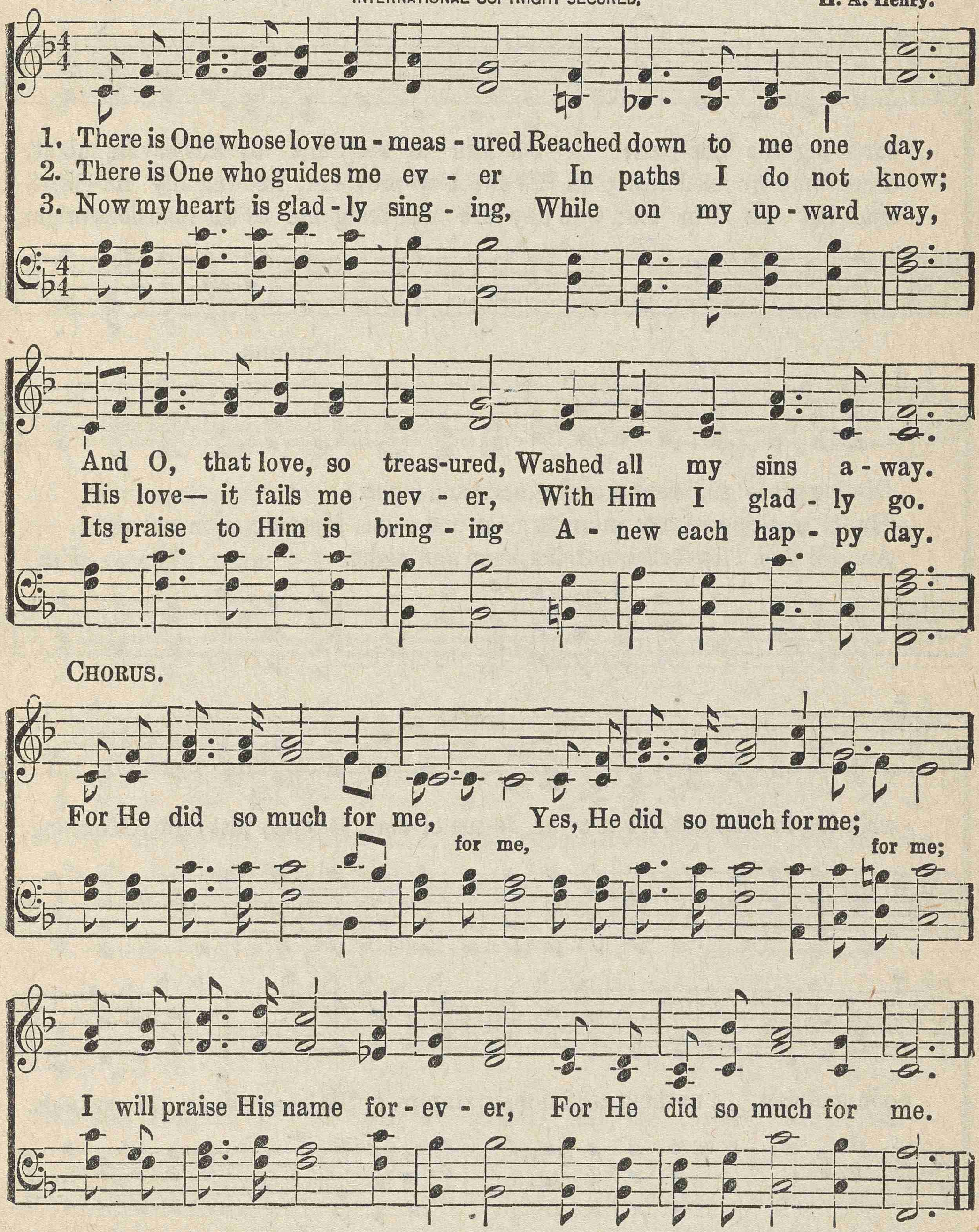
Rev. W. C. Poole. H. A. Henry.



# 84 Morning, Noon and Night.

COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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E. E. Hewitt. Charles H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Since I came to Je-sus I'm no more a-lone, He is al-ways with me
2. In His bless-ed serv-ice, I must bear my part; Rescue some poor wand'rer,
3. Tho' my steps may falter, stormclouds overhead, May new pow'r be giv-en,

car-ing for His own; A-ble still to keep me by His saving might,
cheer some troubled heart; In His sweet ap-prov-al, find-ing my de-light,
trust-ing as I'm led; One day He will bring me to the mansions bright,

CHORUS.

Giv-ing grace sufficient morning, noon and night.
Ho is working with me, morning, noon and night. Morning, noon and night,
And till then I'll praise Him, morning, noon and night. I'm
walk-ing in His light, What-ev-er Je-sus or-ders, is right, just right; Morn-ing,
noon and night, and nothing need af-fright; Hap-py in His keep-ing Morning, noon and night.

# 85. Tell Jesus.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the deep shad - ows lin - ger a-round you, When the dark clouds hide all the blue sky, Let not your griefs one mo-ment con-found you;
2. Hin-dered by doubt or pressed by temp-ta - tion, When your bright faith grows mist - y or dim, Ask God for strength and sweet con - so - la - tion;
3. O, there is com - fort for ev - 'ry sor - row, There is re - ward for la - bor and pain, Night shad-ows go at dawn of the mor - row,

REFRAIN.

All your heart needs the Lord will sup - ply.
Go to the Sav - ior, tell it to Him. Whis - per your troub-les
Clouds quick-ly pass, but bless-ings re - main.

soft-ly to Je-sus, Tell Him what brings you grief and dis - tress; Tell all the
pains and loss - es to Je - sus, It is His joy to com-fort and bless.

86

# God is Calling Still.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY JOHN O. BEALL.

Rev. W. F. Allen. John O. Beall.

1. O sin - ner, lost in aw - ful sin, The Christian life you may be - gin,
2. He called in ear - ly childhood days; He calls you in so man - y ways;
3. The call you hear so clear to day May be your last a - long this way;

For God to - day doth love you still, And pleads with you to look and live.
O sin - ner, hear the call to - day, And turn not from thy God a - way.
O broth-er, sis - ter, do God's will While He is call - ing, call - ing still.

REFRAIN.

God is call - ing, call - ing still, Call - ing you to do His will;

Let your heart His Spir - it fill, While He's call - ing, call - ing still.

# 87 Hold Thou My Hand.

**Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.** COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, Still keep me close to Thee;
2. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, In sor-row's e - vil day;
3. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, Close may I walk with Thee;
4. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, When death is draw - ing nigh;

In paths of safe - ty lead me, From sin's de - lu - sions free.
Thy pres-ence will sus - tain me, Thy arm will be my stay.
And on my soul re - flect - ed, O, may Thy im - mage be.
And bring me safe o'er Jor - dan, To Thy bright home on high.

CHORUS.

Hold Thou my hand, Sav - ior, hold my hand;
I can-not go with - out Thee, O, Lord, hold my hand.

88

# He Knows the Way.

A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

A. H. Ackley.

1. There is a Guide that nev-er fal-ters, And when He leads I can - not stray,
2. Oft-times the path grows dim and dreary, The darkness hides the cheer-ing ray,
3. He knows the e - vils that sur-round me, The turnings that would lead a-stray,
4. O heart weighed down with nameless anguish, O guilt-y soul torn with dis-may,

For step by step, He goes be - fore me, And marks my path, He knows the way.
Still I will trust tho' worn and wea - ry, My Sav-ior leads, He knows the way.
No foes of night can ere con-found me, For Je - sus leads, He knows the way.
Thine ev-'ry foe, His pow'r will vanquish, Let Je - sus lead, He knows the way.

CHORUS.

He knows the way that leads to glo - ry; Thy ev -'ry fear He will al - lay,

He knows the way

Thy ev-'ry fear

And bring thee safe at last to heav-en, Let Je-sus lead, He knows the way.

89

# Better Each Day.

COPYRIGHT 1913. BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I love Him each day far bet - ter Than ev - er I've
2. My joy is a name - less glo - ry, The star of my
3. I hold with Him sweet com - mun - ion, And more of His

loved Him be - fore; I'm learn-ing the bless - ed se - cret
Hope bright-er grows; The soul of my life is Je - sus,
beau - ty I see; The win-dows of Heav - en o - pen,

CHORUS.

Of trust-ing Him more and more.
The Conq'ror of all my foes. I love Him each day far
Re - veal - ing His face to me.

bet - ter Than ev - er I've loved Him be - fore; I'm
learn-ing the bless - ed se - cret Of trust-ing Him more and more.

# 90. Will my Mother Know me There?

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF WM. M. GOLDEN. **Wm. M. Golden.**

1. When I reach... my home e - ter - nal, (home eternal,) Reach that cit - y
2. I have changed with chang-ing sea-sons, (changing seasons,) I am bent... with
3. Oft for me..... my mother wrestled, (mother wrestled,) When she used... to
4. Mother's face..... has been a bea-con, (been a beacon,) O'er a sea..... of

bright and fair, (bright and fair,) When I stand... a-mong the angels, (with the angels,)
toil and care, (toil and care,) Do you think... she will re-mem-ber (will remem-ber,)
kneel in pray'r, (kneel in pray'r,) Do you think.. she has for-got-ten, (has for-got-ten,)
deep despair, (deep de-spair,) I shall look... for her up yon-der, (her up yon-der,)

FINE. REFRAIN.

Will my moth - er know me there? Yes, I know..... that
Will my moth-er know me there? Yes, I know that

D.S.—*And I'm sure..... she'll know me there.* (*know me there.*)

she will know me, In those man - sions bright and
sure - ly know me, In those man-sions

D.S.

fair; Mother's love..... can ne'er for-get me,...
bright and fair; Moth-er's love ne'er for-get me,

# 91 When You Know Jesus, Too.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

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

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

CHORUS

When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers do;.....
as oth-ers do;

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

# 92. Yes, We'll Meet.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. and G. W. Field.

PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS, 1912.

J. W. Dennis.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, On the hap - py, gold-en shore,
2. Shall we meet our friends and dear ones Who have gone a-while be - fore,
3. Shall we meet that dear old fa - ther, When the storms of life are o'er,
4. Shall we join our lov-ing chil-dren, Those that death from us once tore,
5. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When we pass the o - pen door,

When the saints in robes of splen-dor Sing for Je - sus ev - er more?
They are wait-ing for our com - ing, Shall we meet to part no more?
Shall we meet that lov-ing moth - er, Join them there to part no more?
Feel once more their arms around us, Meet them there to part no more?
Hear Him say, "Come in, my chil - dren, Welcome home to part no more?"

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll
Yes, we'll meet, we'll meet o - ver there; O, yes, we'll meet, we'll

meet,— On the gold-en shore; Friends to part no more.
meet o - ver there,— On the hap - py, gold-en shore;

93

# The Gate of Blessing.

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Lucia B. Cook. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. E-ven in the darkness I will not de-spair, Sor-row is an an-gel
2. Tho' I'm heavy lad-en I will not de-spair, Tri-als are a blessing,
3. O the gate of blessing! 'tis the place of pray'r, Je-sus is the keep-er,

sent to teach me pray'r; When the heart is heav-y, when the eyes are dim,
if they lead to pray'r; When with many bur-dens I am sore op-pressed,
free-ly en-ter there; Are you poor and needy? Seek the Lord to-day,

CHORUS.

When the life is lone-ly, then we look to Him.
Then I go to Je-sus for the promised rest. At the gate of blessing Je-sus
For the gate of blessing o-pens when we pray.

stands to-day, Waiting there to bless us—don't for-get to pray; He has balm for
sor-row, grace for ev-'ry call, At the gate of blessing there are gifts for all.

# 94 Do Something For Others.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

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

1. Ma - ny a soul in the bat-tle of life Trem-bles with fear at the din and the strife, Bear-ing a - lone, a - mid tri - al and care,
2. Ma - ny in doubt or in fear of the way, Mute - ly ap - peal for your guid-ance to - day; On your de-mean - or the choice may de - pend—
3. Ma - ny, disheartened by cru - el de - ceit, Brok - en and worn by the pangs of de - feat, Doubt-ing, de - spair-ing - ly, help-less - ly stand,
4. Ma - ny are turn-ing a - way from the right In - to the maze of the shad-ows of night; Go to them, speak to them, o - ver them pray,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# 95 His Grace is Satisfying Me.

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James Rowe. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

1. My life was drear - y, my soul a - wea - ry, Be - fore I heard the Sav-ior's plea; But all my sad - ness was turned to glad-ness
2. My best I'm giv - ing, for Je - sus liv - ing, I'm help - ing oth - ers to be free; The sto - ry tell - ing, His prais-es swell-ing,
3. When ends my sto - ry on earth, in glo - ry With Him for- ev - er I shall be, And there be-fore Him, ex - tol, a - dore Him,

CHORUS.

For grace is sat - is - fy - ing me.
For grace is sat - is - fy - ing me.
For grace is sat - is - fy - ing me.

His grace is sat - is - fy - ing

me,..... And faith-ful I will ev - er be;..... I'm trusting
sat - is - fy - ing me, I will ev - er be;

sweet - ly, I'm His com-plete-ly, His grace is sat - is - fy - ing me.

# 96. O What a World This World would Be.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. If ev - 'ry knee..... would hum-bly bow,..... And ev - 'ry
2. If all the world..... would now be - gin..... To live the
3. If ev - 'ry heart..... would glad - ly own..... Our Sav - ior

tongue..... con-fess the Lord, (confess the Lord,) If ev - 'ry heart.....
life..... of char-i - ty; (of char - i - ty;) And put a - way.....
as..... its Lord and King; (its Lord and King;) If He should reign.....

would humbly vow..... To live ac - cord - - ing to His word,
the reign of sin,..... O what a world..... this world would be!
and He a - lone,..... What joys His kind - ly reign would bring!

REFRAIN.

O what a world..... this world would be;..... What wonders

ev - - 'ry eye should see;..... If all would hum - -
eye should see;

# What a World This World would Be.

bly bow the knee,..... O what a world..... this world would be.

bow the knee,

## 97. Guiding Light.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. J. F. Caffey.

1. Thro' the shad-ows of the night, Came a strange and ho - ly light, A
2. O - ver des-erts moved the star, Wise men fol-lowed from a - far, A
3. Still this kind - ly light I see, 'Tis the light of life to me, A

light, so bright; 'Twas a glow-ing star to guide
Ho - ly, ho - ly light, shining thro' the night, And it led them wor-ship-ing,
D. S.— I will fol - low all the way,

To the dear Re-deem-er's side, Bless-ed light, ho - ly light.
To the pres-ence of the King, Bless-ed guide, still a-bide, ho - ly light.
On-ward to the per-fect day,

FINE.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Guide me home, home above, To the home of love.
Guide me home, home above, To the home of love. to the home of love.

# My Wonderful Dream.

COPYRIGHT. 1912 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a dream that I dream, of my Sav-ior di-vine, And I know that my
2. There is sweet com-pen-sa-tion for heart-ache and loss In the hope that is
3. It will still be my stay when the fashions of earth In the mist are dis-

dream will come true; At the morn, in the night, comes the vis-ion of light,
giv - en to me; I shall quickly for - get how the road was be - set,
solv - ing a - way; For the pass-age of death will be on - ly a breath—

CHORUS.

With a prom-ise e - ter - nal - ly new.
When the King in His beau-ty I see. O this won-der-ful dream is a
But a breath, and my dream will come true.

se-cret of grace, And I would that this se-cret you knew;..... For I
that you knew;

dream that at last I shall look on His face, And I know that my dream will come true.

# 99 Wonderful Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Won-der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King! Mer - cy un-bound-ed, I
2. Won-der-ful pow'r of the pray'r-hearing Lord; Tri - als a claim on His
3. Won-der-ful pow'r that will guide me a - right, Lead from the shad-ows to
4. A - ble and will-ing, O Sav - ior art Thou! A - ble and will - ing to

grate - ful - ly sing; From all the bil-lows that round me may roll,
grace will af - ford; On my dear Sav - ior I cast ev -'ry care,
mar - vel-ous light; In fierce temp-ta-tions, my ref - uge and stay,
save me just now; When earth-ly path-ways no long - er I roam,

CHORUS.

A - ble and will - ing to res - cue my soul.
A - ble and will - ing to an - swer my prayer.
A - ble and will - ing to keep me each day. Won - der-ful pow'r,
A - ble and will - ing to wel - come me home.

won - der-ful pow'r! Sav-ing me, keep-ing me, life's ev -'ry hour; Glad-ly I
sing, trust - ful - ly sing, Won - der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King.

# 100. When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

**Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav - en, (clouds of heaven,) Christ shall come.... to earth a - gain, (to earth a-gain,) Will the world..... be glad to see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come a - gain?
2. Will His com - ing bring re - joic-ing? (bring re-joic-ing?) Or will it..... bring tears and pain? (bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re- ceive Him, (to re-ceive Him,)
3. Will you join..... in lam - en - ta-tion? (lam - en-ta-tion?) Or the an - gel's glad re-frain? (their glad refrain?) Will you help... His peo-ple crown Him, (help to crown Him,) shall come again?
4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to gath - er in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy..... you'll meet the Sav-iour, (meet the Saviour,)

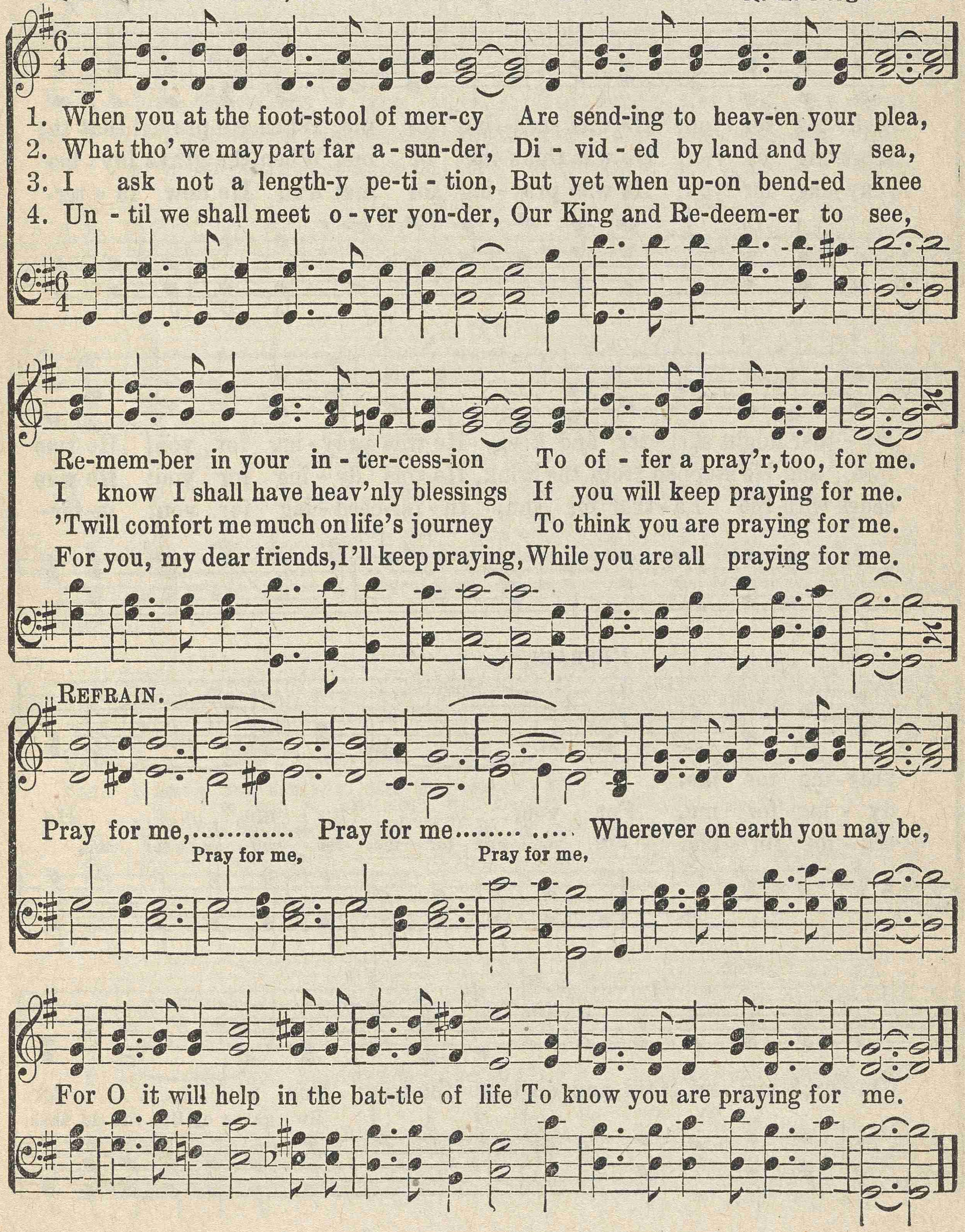
REFRAIN.

There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing, There'll be
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,
sor-row,... there'll be pain; There'll be weep-ing,
There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart-rending pain; There'll be weeping,

## When Our Lord Shall Come Again.

## 101. Pray For Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. R. L. Ferguson.



# 102. For You, For Me.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. When the shep-herd went seek - ing the wan - der - ing sheep, He was seek - ing for you; He was seek - ing for me; When He prayed that the
2. When He drank of the cup that He dread-ed to drink, He was think-ing of you; He was think-ing of me; When the grave lay be-
3. When He prayed, "O for - give, they know not what they do," He was pray - ing for you; He was pray - ing for me; And He now in - ter-

Fa - ther might shel - ter and keep, He was pray - ing for you; He was
fore and He stepped from the brink, He was dy - ing for you; He was
cedes with the Fa - ther for you, In - ter-ceed - ing for you; in-ter-

REFRAIN.

pray - ing for me.
dy - ing for me. For you,..... for me,..... He
ced - ing for me. For you and for me, for you and for me,

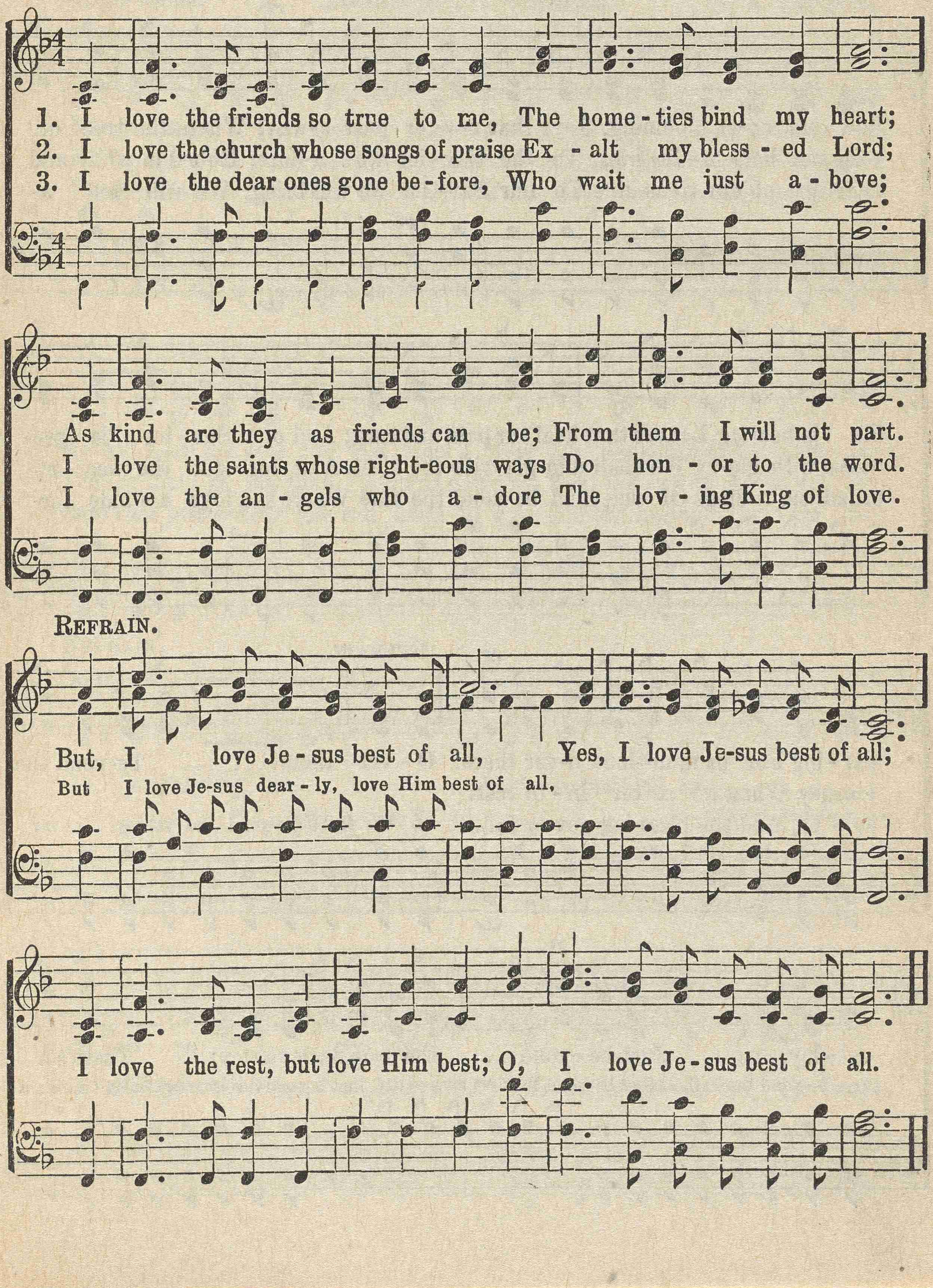
*cres.*

la-bored and suf-fered and died on the tree; For you,..... for
He gave up His life in that

## For You, For Me.

## 103. I Love Jesus Best of All.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



# 104. A Land Beyond the Valley.

**W. C. Martin.** AREL BERTRAND. OWNER, 1915. **Arel Bertrand.**

1. There's a land be-yond the val-ley That is fair-er than the day; Where the
2. We shall sing be-yond the val-ley, And our weep-ing will be o'er; We shall
3. Till we pass be-yond the val-ley We will toil and pray and sing; And the

flow-ers ev-er blooming, Joys that nev-er pass a-way; Where the tree of
raise our hal-le-lu-jahs, To the Sav-ior we a-dore; Robed in white and
dear-est of our treas-ures To our Sav-ior we will bring; We will tell a-

life is bearing Leaves that heal our pain and care; And our Sav-ior is pre-
crowned with glo-ry We shall min-gle with the blest, And for-get the wea-ry
broad the ti-dings Of the land be-yond the vale Where the joys a-bide for-

par-ing For us man-sions o-ver there. O-ver there..... be-yond the
journey When we en-ter in-to rest.

REFRAIN.

ev-er, And the bless-ing nev-er fail. O-ver there be-yond the val-ley, O-ver

val-ley, Just be-yond..... the deep, dark val-ley; There's a

there be-yond the valley, Just be-yond the deep, dark valley, Just beyond the deep, darkvalley There's a

## A Land Beyond the Valley.

## 105. God Is Keeping Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

# 106. I Have Found At Last the Pleasure.

**W. C. Martin.** J. M. SUMMERS OWNER, 1915. **J. M. Summers.**

1. Mas-ter, I..... have left those pleasures (left those pleasures) That were once..
2. Earth once bound.. my heart and held me (bound and held me) Till I learned....
3. This new treas - ure is e - ter -nal; (is e - ter - nal;) Peace is mine ...

so dear to me, (so dear to me,) All my earth - - ly sin - ful
the bet - ter way, (the bet - ter way,) Then a high - - er love com-
that shall a - bide, (that shall a - bide,) This great rapt - - ure is su -

pleas-ures, (sin - ful pleas-ure) And I give (I give) my heart to Thee.
pelled me (love com-pelled me) And I cast (I cast) the old a - way.
per - nal, (is su - per - nal) I am ful- (ly ful-) ly sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

I have found glo - rious pleas - ure

I have found..... at last the pleas-ure.... I had

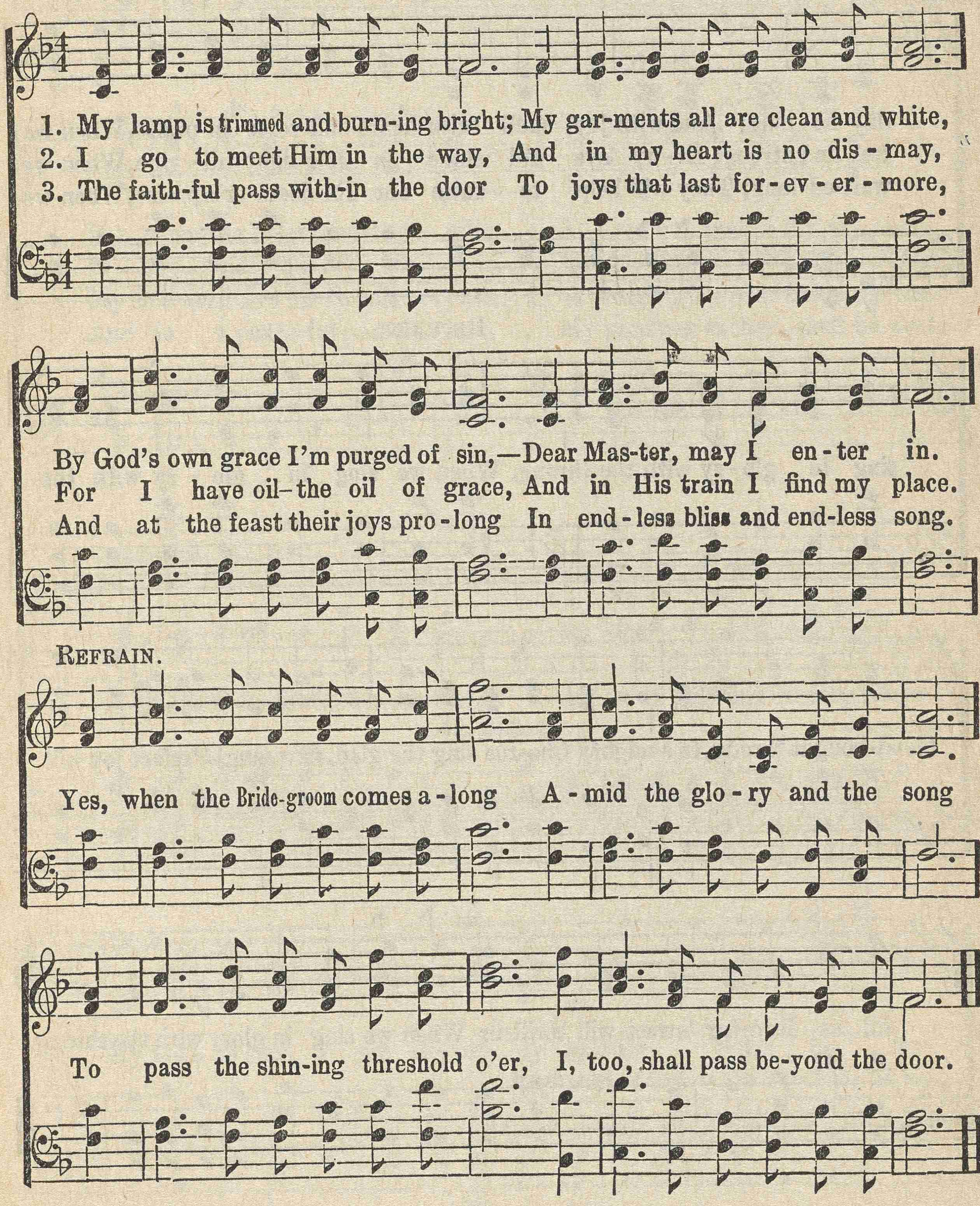
I had sought had sought in vain; Thy great love is

sought for years in vain; Thy great love..... is

# I Have Found At Last the Pleasure.

## 107. When the Bridegroom Comes.

W. C. Martin. C. M. LYLES. OWNER. 1915. C. M. Lyles.



# 108. When We Sing In Glory.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF B. E. CHANDLER, 1916. Rev. B. E. Chandler.

1. We shall see the face of the King of grace, Un-to Whom our hearts to-
2. Care will come no more, trouble will be o'er, We shall all be hap-py,
3. Friends de-part-ed then we shall see a-gain, Loving friends who now have

day be-long; And with joy shall raise heart and voice in praise, When we
free and strong; Ev-'ry eye will shine in His light di-vine, When we
wait-ed long; They will help to raise our Re-deem-er's praise, When we

REFRAIN.

sing in glo-ry with the throng. When we sing in glo-ry with the

blood-bought throng, In a mighty Cho-rus sing the glad, new song! Perfect joy will

fill us, Rap-tur sweet will thrill us When we sing in glory with the throng.

# 109. My Anchor Holds Me.

W. C, Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. My life is like a storm-y sea, Where oft the gales sweep o-ver me;
2. When thro' the dark and troubled night I fail to see the har-bor light;
3. Tho' many wrecks may strew the shore, And souls go down to rise no more;
4. The sum-mer-time is draw-ing near, And soon the skies will all be clear;

But when the billows wild-ly roll,.... I have an anchor for my soul.
I lift a pray'r a-bove the gale,.... And trust the pow'r that cannot fail.
My soul shall live till storms are past,.... A mighty an-chor holds me fast.
And in a peace-ful port at last,... My precious anchor shall be cast.

REFRAIN.

A might-y an-chor holds me fast, In ev'ry wild and stormy blast;
holds me fast, stormy blast;

My hope is sure, I am se-cure, My an-chor holds me fast.
My strong and might-y an-chor holds me fast.

# 110 Holding On to Jesus.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. COPYRIGHT. 1914, HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' my faith may not be strong, Tho' of all His own the weak-est I may be; Still my hold I will not loos-en,
2. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' the way at times is rough, And I stumble where the path I may not see; But I follow where He leads me
3. I am hold-ing on to Je - sus tho' the tempests dash and roar, And the har-bor lights I can but dim - ly see; But the Morn-ing Star is shin-ing,

but I'll sing my trust-ful song, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and I know I cannot stray, While His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.
and my anchor's hold is fast, For His mighty hand is hold-ing on to me.

CHORUS.

I'm hold-ing on to Je - sus when temp-ta-tions fierce assail, I'm hold - ing on to Je-sus when the way I can - not see; And lest my footsteps fal - ter,

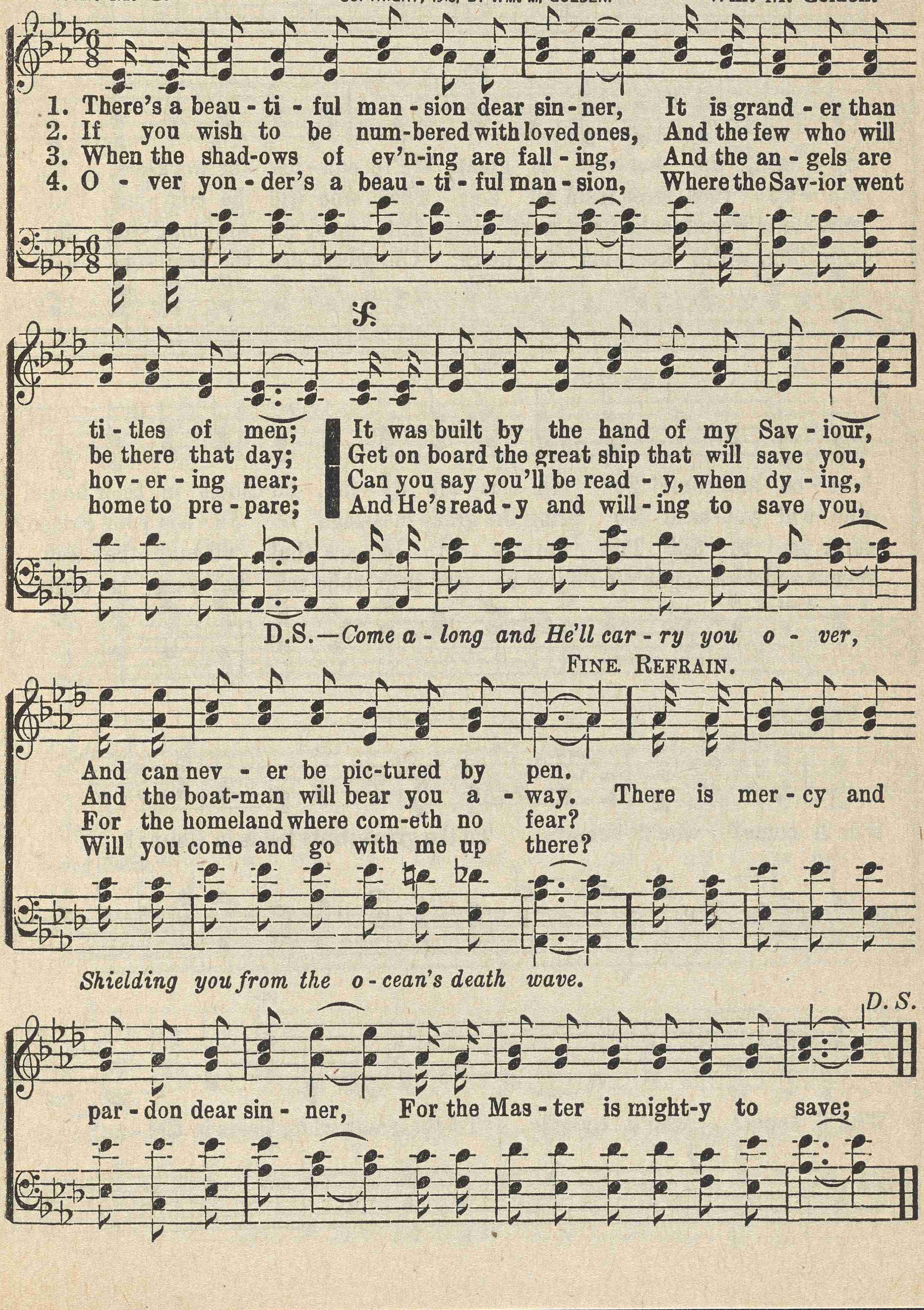
## Holding On to Jesus.

## 111 There Is Mercy For You.

Wm. M. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY WM. M. GOLDEN.

Wm. M. Golden.



# 112. Who'll Come?—A Call from China.

R. S. Mishler. LEE JONES, OWNER, 1914. Lee Jones.

1. Come o - ver and help us, oh, why do you wait? The fields are all rip - ened, the har-vest is great; We're call - ing for work-ers, oh,
2. Our doors are now o - pen, we bid you come in And tell the old sto - ry that frees from all sin; Then who will be com - ing, oh,
3. Our i - dols are noth-ing, our war-ships are vain And some of God's serv - ants were mocked and were slain, But, now, we are long - ing for
4. We stand at the har - bor, we wait on the shore; Some few have been com - ing, we're long - ing for more; Oh, where are the reap - ers with

hast - en and come! For mill-ions are dy - ing, no Christ in their home.
who will you send To bring the great mes-sage of Je - sus your Friend?
some one to tell The sto - ry of Je - sus that all may be well.
means and with might Who'll join us and help while the har-vest is white.

REFRAIN.

Who'll come? who'll come?.. To the great white fields in Chi-na?....
who'll come?

Who'll come?.. who'll come?.. To the great white fields in Chi - na?

# 113. Away to the Fields.

J. B. P.

J. B. PENNINGTON, OWNER. 1914.

James B. Pennington.

1. The fields are all white, but the la-b'rers are few, And this is the
2. The sheaves are all His and not one should be lost; He paid a price
3. At life's ev-'ning fall, when the shad-ows grow long, Our sheaves to the

great har-vest day, My broth-er, the Mas-ter is call-ing for you,
dear-er than gold; Then en-ter the har-vest and count not the cost,
gar-ner we'll bring; And sing with the an-gels Re-demp-tion's sweet song,

REFRAIN.

So let us be up and a-way. A-way..... to the
But gath-er them in-to the fold. A-way to the beau-ti-ful
Till all heav'n with mu-sic shall ring.

field!..... A-way..... to the field!.....
har-vest field! A-way to the beau-ti-ful har-vest field!

1 2

Stand i-dle no long-er I pray; The Mas-ter needs reapers to-day.

# 114. I'm a Witness.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. I. ROWE, OWNER, 1915. J. I. Rowe.

1. I have had my smiles and tears, I have had my hopes and fears, Thro' the
2. I have been a way-ward child, Oft-en times by sin de-filed, Thro' the
3. How such pa-tience He can show I have nev - er come to know, Thro' the

days that God has suffered me to live; And I want to say to you:
days that God has suffered me to live; But the blood has cleansing pow'r,
years that He has suffered me to live; O, 'tis won-der - ful, but true,

Je - sus is a Sav-ior true, I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.
He ap-plies it ev-'ry hour, I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.
He can bring us safe-ly thro', I'm a wit-ness of the grace that He can give.

REFRAIN.

1 2

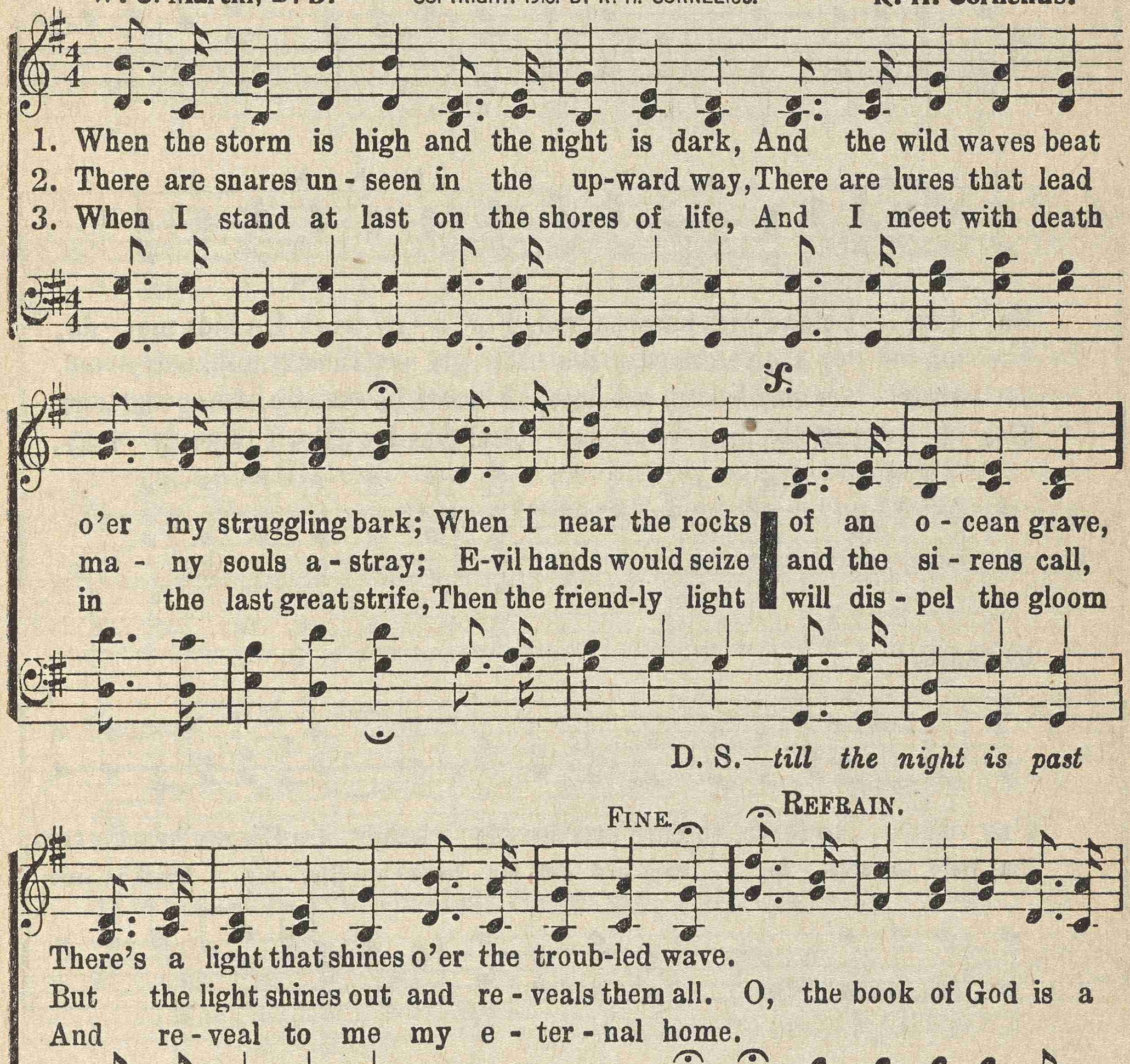
I'm a wit - ness of His grace; I'm a His grace, Thro' the
I'm a witness, I'm a witness of His boundless grace; I'm a of His boundles grace.

years that God has suffered me to live; I will trust Him to the end,
I will trust Him, ever trust Him, trust Him to the end.

# I'm a Witness.

## 115. The Book of God.

W. C. Martin, D. D. COPYRIGHT. 1916. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



# 116. I Am Here to Serve the Lord.

**W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. I vol - un-teer to serve the Lord, And ev - er to o-bey His word;
2. To a - ny work I lend my hand To which my Master may com-mand;
3. If there are bur-dens I must bear, Or ti - dings that I must declare;
4. For me there can be no retreat, Nor must I ev-er know defeat;

So here I stand with purpose true, For a - ny work He bids me do.
I on - ly ask to clear-ly see It is my Lord commanding me.
If there are sorrows to en-dure, I must be stead-y, strong and sure.
For I must conquer ev-'ry day And trusting Him I sure-ly may.

REFRAIN.

I'm here... to serve, to dare and do; My hands are His, my heart is true;
I'm here to serve, to dare and do; My hands are His, my heart is true;

I know.. He will His grace afford, So I..... am here to serve the Lord.
I know He will His grace af - ford, So I am here to serve the Lord.

# 117 Have You Forgotten God?

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

1. In the glare of earth - ly pleas-ure, In the fight for earth - ly treas-ure, 'Mid your bless - ing with-out meas-ure, Have you for-got-ten God?
2. You are thought - ful of the stran - ger From the pal - ace or the man-ger, And the weak you shield from dan-ger—Have you for-got-ten God?
3. While His dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing Are you still His spir - it griev-ing By a heart of un - be - liev-ing—Have you for-got-ten God?
4. While His boun - ty you're ac - cept - ing, Are you His com-mands neg- lect - ing, And His call to you re - ject-ing—Have you for-got-ten God?
5. See the shades of night ap - pall - ing, On your path - way now are fall - ing! Hear ye not those voic - es call - ing—Have you for-got-ten God?

CHORUS.

Have you for - got - ten God? Have you for - got - ten God? O soul, I plead, Be-ware! take heed! Have you for - got - ten God?

# 118 The Old-Fashioned Way of the Cross.

W. C. Martin. D. D. T. N. BEALL, OWNER, 1916, T. N. Beall.

1. There is on - ly one way to be saved from your sin, The old-fashioned
2. There is on - ly one way to get rid of all wrong, The old-fashioned
3. There is on - ly one way to find com - fort in grief, The old-fashioned
4. There is on - ly one way thro' the val - ley of gloom, The old-fashioned

way of the cross; There is one way the life ev - er - last - ing to win,
way of the cross; There's one way out of weakness, one way to get strong,
way of the cross; And what-ev - er the tri - al one way to re - lief,
way of the cross; One sure way in - to glo - ry, one cer-tain way home,

FINE REFRAIN.

The old-fashioned way of the cross. The old-fashioned, well test - ed

D. S.—*The old - fashioned way of the cross.*

way of the cross, The heaven-wrought, Bible-taught way of the cross;

D. S.

There is sure - ly one, on - ly one way of sal - va - tion,

# 119 Send a Wave of Salvation Today.

**Rev. Johnson Oatman. Jr.** JOHN O. BEALL. OWNER, 1916. **John O. Beall.**

1. We are wait-ing and watch-ing dear Sav - iour, For an old-time re-
2. We are pray-ing for sin - ners dear Sav - iour, And for sheep who have
3. Man - y sad hearts are weep - ing in sor - row, For the years they have
4. In that home of the soul we have loved ones, We've been lone-ly since

viv - al we pray; Thou Who hast all the floods in Thy keep - ing;
wandered a - stray; Noth - ing Lord but Thy pow'r can re - claim them,
squandered a - way; But their tears with-out Christ will not save them,
they went a - way, O that all may pre - pare to re - join them,

REFRAIN.

Send a wave of sal - va-tion to - day. Send a wave of sal - vation dear
Sav - iour, O - ver cit - y and country we pray; To re-deem and re-
store poor lost sin - ners; Send a wave of sal - va-tion to - day.

120

# Only a Smile.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. On - ly a smile that is cheer - y and bright, Pierc-ing the gloom like a ray in the night;
2. On - ly a smile, but some soul in dis-tress, Needs just the joy of its lov - ing ca - ress;
3. On - ly a smile, but a heart that de-spaired Gathered new hope when it found some-one cared,
4. On - ly a smile, but it brings a re - ward—It is not vain if we smile for the Lord;

Some-one will wel-come its warmth with de-light,
Naught can its sweet in - spi - ra-tion re-press,
Eas - ing the bur - den that no one had shared,
So keep your heart and your smile in ac - cord,

CHORUS.

On - ly a smile, on - ly a smile. On - ly a smile will make sun-shine your own; On - ly a smile, let its glo-ry be shown; On-ly a smile, help His love to make known, On-ly a smile, on - ly a smile.

On - ly, on - ly a smile, a smile.

# 121. My Soul is Singing to Thee.

James Rowe. J. S. HARPER, OWNER, 1915, J. S. Harper.

1. So sweet is Thy love bless - ed Je - sus, It keeps me so hap-py and free, That e - ven when foes are a - round me, My
2. So much Thou dost help me dear Je - sus, A bless - ing to oth-ers to be That e - ven when bur - dened and wea - ry, My
3. And so it will be to the end, Lord, When cross - ing the si - lent, dark sea, My soul with Thy love o - ver - flow - ing Will

REFRAIN.

soul is sing-ing to Thee.
soul is sing-ing to Thee. My soul is sing-ing to Thee, sweet Friend;
still be sing-ing to Thee.

My soul is sing-ing to Thee; In sun - shine or
is sing-ing to Thee;
gloam, a - long the way home, My soul is sing-ing to Thee.

# 122 Let Us Keep a Steady Light.

**W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT. 1916, BY R, H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. A light-house in life's dang'rous sea Is giv - en you is giv - en me;
2. The night of sin is wild and dark, And near us rolls some storm tossed bark
3. So let us keep our lights a-glow, For souls a - bout us come and go;

And some soul tossed up-on the wave Your stead-y light, or mine may save.
That may be wrecked beside the sea For want of light from you and me.
Nor let one soul, now tempest tossed, By fail - ure of our light, be lost.

REFRAIN.

Then let us keep a stead - y light To gleam out

Then let us keep a steady light To gleam out thro' life's starless night, Then let us keep a

thro' life's star - less night, To mark a path a-

stead-y light to gleam out thro' life's starless night, To mark a path a-cross the wave For

cross the wave, For some soul whom our light may save.

some soul whom our light may save, To mark a path across the wave For some soul our light may save.

# 123 The King's Highway.

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Mrs. J. J. Coate. Chas. H. Powell.

1. We are trav'ling in the bless-ed, ho - ly high-way, Which the King hath
2. Test - ed, tried and true, has al-ways been this high-way, Lead-ing saints up
3. This great highway leads from ban-ish-ment and darkness, It is nar-row
4. Come then, sin - ner, leave the pathway you are tread-ing, Let the blood of

cast up for His own, Where no dan-ger is, or tri - al, or temp-ta - tion;
to their heav-'nly home; 'Tis the road o'er which the patriarchs and proph-ets,
but its paths are peace, 'Tis the way that leads from all that is de - fil - ing,
Je-sus cleanse your soul, Come and trav-el with us on this bless-ed high-way;

CHORUS.

'Tis the road that leads us to the throne.
And a - pos-tles in all time have come. We are walk-ing in the ho-ly high-way,
To that home where pleasures nev-er cease.
Know the grace of God that makes us whole.

Pressing onward, upward, day by day; Tell - ing out the bless-ed sto-ry,
day by day;
Of our Sav-ior and His glo-ry, We are trav-'ling in the King's high-way.

# 124 Have You a Friend Like That?

COPYRIGHT. 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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H. B. Herbert Buffum.

1. I have a Friend who is al-ways the same, He nev - er changes thro'
2. This Friend knows all of my tri - als and grief, He knows just how to send
3. When oth - er friendships of earth-ly life fail, When fi - ery darts shall my
4. When I shall en - ter the val - ley of death, Loved ones are wait-ing for

sun - shine or rain; One who can share all my sor - row and pain, Oh,
bless - ed re - lief; All of His prom - is - es I can be - lieve, Oh,
spir - it as - sail; He gives me strength o-ver all to pre - vail, Oh,
my lat - est breath; "Fear not for I will be with you" He saith, Oh,

CHORUS.

have you a Friend like that? Have you a Friend like the Sav - ior so

dear? Have you a Friend who is al - ways near? A Friend who in

*rit.*

sor-rows can com-fort and cheer, Oh! have you a Friend like that?

# 125 No Other One But Jesus.

J. C. Midyett. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Henry P. Morton.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# 126. At the Cross.

E. R. Latta. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There is par-don, full and free, What - so-e'er our sins may be,
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, In the Sav-iour's "all is well!" At the cross;
3. There's a joy that all may feel, at the cross, If in hum - ble faith they kneel, at the cross;
4. There's a hope that will en - dure, It is like an an - chor sure,

Let us now the Lord entreat, With our burdened souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet,
Let us seek that peace to prove, That is showered from a-bove Thro' the Master's dy-ing love, At the cross.
Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it be, for us, too late, Mer-cy will not al-ways wait, at the cross.
Let us now that hope ob-tain, That shall nev - er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main,

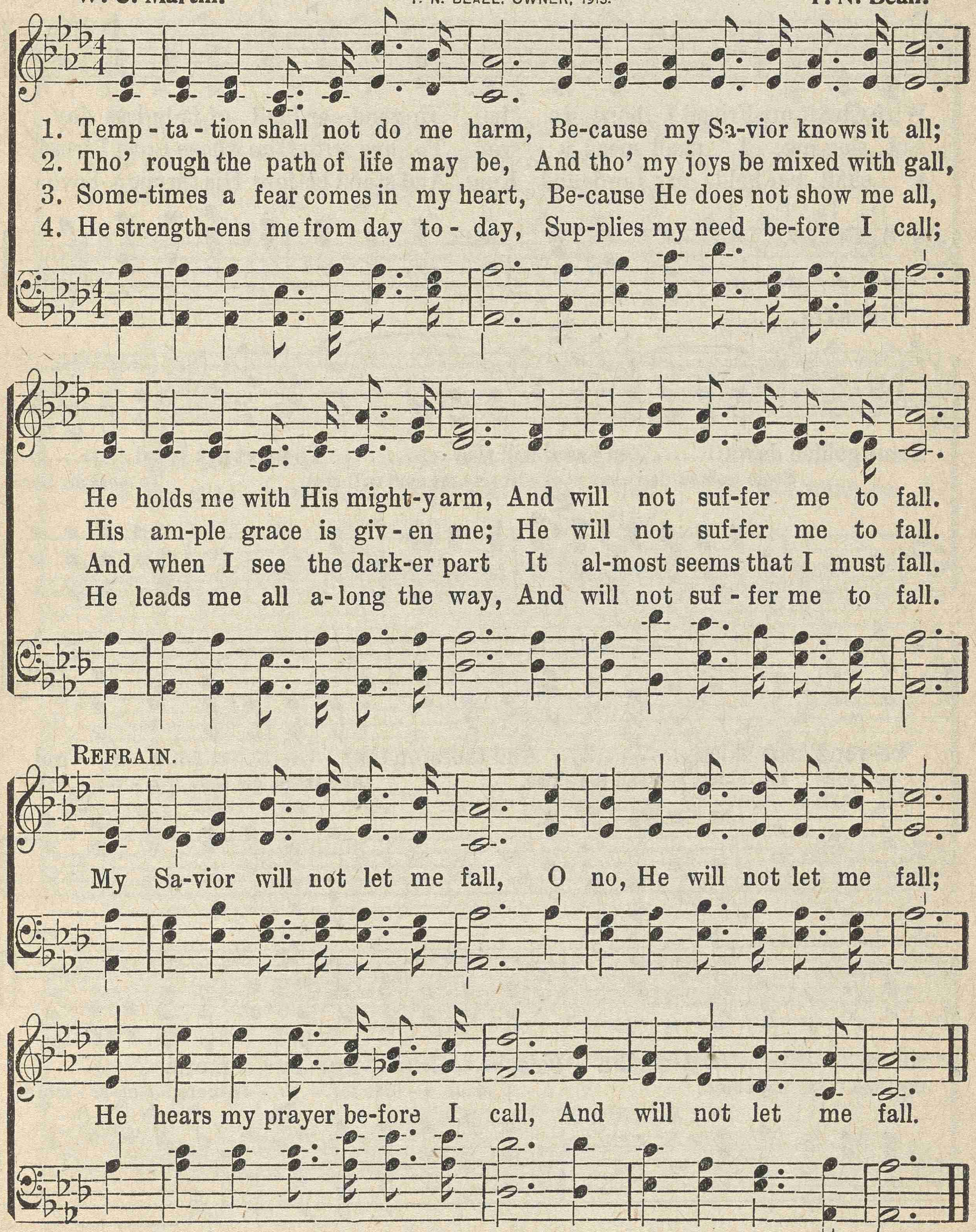
REFRAIN.

At the cross, At the cross, There's re-demp-tion there for thee, There's re - demp-tion there for thee,
demption there for me, At the cross; At the cross,
At the cross; There's re-demp-tion there for thee,

# At the Cross.

## 127. My Savior Will Not Let Me Fall.

**W. C. Martin.** T. N. BEALL. OWNER, 1915. **T. N. Beall.**



# 128 Some Golden Dawn.

**James Rowe.** PROPERTY OF B. E. CHANDLER. 1916. **Rev. B. E. Chandler.**

1. Some golden dawn, when shadows flee, And pain and care have fled a - way,
2. Some golden dawn this house of clay Will fall and min - gle with the dust;
3. Some golden dawn, where angels sing His praise in tones of joy and love,

With Christ my Friend I hope to be, In yond - er land of fade-less day.
But, sing-ing, I shall speed a - way To live with Him whose Love I trust.
I shall be - hold my Lord and King, And stand be-fore His throne a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Some golden dawn..... ..my soul will rise..... .....To meet my Lord.....
Some golden dawn my soul will rise, my soul will rise, To meet my Lord

be-yond the skies,..... And there, on that ..... e - ter - nal
be - yond the skies, be-yond the skies, And there, on that e - ter - nal

shore, ..... I shall a - bide .....for - ev - er more.
shore, e - ter - nal shore, I shall a - bide for - ev - er-more, for-ev-er - more.

# 129 If You Want to be Happy, Take Jesus.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

A. H. Ackley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If you want to be hap-py, take Je - sus, When your heart has been brok-en by grief; His grace full and free Gives a sin - ner like me,
2. If you want to be hap-py, take Je - sus! E - ven death in its aw - ful ar - ray, No change can im-part To the peace in your heart,
3. If you want to be hap-py, take Je - sus! For con-tent-ment with- out and with - in Is found for each strife, In the bat - tle of life;

CHORUS.

'Mid the sor - rows of life, sweet re - lief.
For His pres - ence shall bright - en the way. If you want to be
If you want to be hap - py, take Him.

hap-py, take Je - sus, He loves to walk close by your side; You can tri-umph o'er ev - 'ry temp-ta - tion, If He is your Sav-ior and Guide.

# 130. The Stormy Sea.

J. S. Kimbrough. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Standing on the crumbling verge Of a dark and stormy sea,
2. Far be-yond the an-gry wave, And the swell - ing billow's foam,
3. On that bright e-ter - nal shore, Shall my an - chor safe, be cast;
4. To that heav'n - ly mansion fair, We shall gath - er by-and-by;

While be-yond.... its beating surge... Lies the soul's.. e - ter-ni - ty.
Christ who died... the world to save,.. Has pre - pared for me a home.
When the storms of life are o'er,.. There my soul shall rest at last.
With our loved ones o-ver there, In a home be-yond the sky.

REFRAIN.

On - ward roll, thou storm - y sea, Bear me on thy
On-ward roll..... thou stormy sea,..... Bear me on..... thy swollen

swoll-en tide; Safe my soul shall ev - er be, Safe my soul shall ev - er be,
tide,..... Safe my soul..... shall ev - er be,.....

## The Stormy Sea.

## 131. My Savior Journeys by My Side.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

# 132. When We March Through the Gates.

**James Rowe.** PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS. 1916. **J. W. Dennis.**

1. What an an-them we shall raise In our might - y Sav-ior's praise,
2. What a sight we shall be-hold As we reach the streets of gold,
3. We shall see our Friend di - vine, With His glo - ry we shall shine,

When we march (so proud - ly march) thro' the gates; (the pear - ly gates;)

*f.*

What a - maze-ment, what de - light, As we see our mansions bright,
What a greet - ing we shall hear, From our friends and loved ones dear,
Ev - 'ry hard - ship will be past, Per - fect joy will come at last,

D.S.–*What an an - them we shall raise, In our might - y Savior's praise,*

FINE.

When we march (so proud - ly march) thro' the gates, (the pear - ly gates.

*When we march (so proud-ly march) thro' the gates, (the pear - ly gates)*

REFRAIN. D. S.

When we march Thro' the gates, Thro' the bright.... pear-ly gates.

# 133. All the Way.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. **W. A. Stewart.**

1. Our Sav-iour al-ways goes a-head, All the way, all the way;
2. How far will Sa-tan tempt to sin?
3. Our Lord will prove a faith-ful friend
4. We'll need Him ev-'ry day and hour,
5. He'll give to us His pre-cious rest, All the way, all the way;

Wher-e'er He goes we're safely led, All the way, (He leads,) all the way.
How far will Christ the vict'ry win? All the way, (He'll win,)
He'll guide us safe-ly to the end, All the way, (He'll guide,)
In weakness we shall need His pow'r, All the way, (His pow'r,)
He'll guide our souls to mansions blest, All the way, (He leads,) all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, Je-sus leads His children all the way;
All the way, all the way,

All the way, all the way, Jesus leads His children all the way.
All the way, all the way,

# 134 Steady and True.

Catherine A. Grimes.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Stead-y and true, in the up-ward way, Nev-er to fal-ter, or faint or fear; So would I trav-el from day to day, Know-ing my
2. Stead-y and true thro' the sun-ny days, Help-ing my broth-er to rise and smile; Scat-ter-ing joy in some lone-ly way, Cheer-ing some
3. Stead-y and true when the dark-ness falls, Fol-low-ing Christ as my bea-con light, Keep-ing the path where His dear voice calls, Wheth-er 'tis

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Lord is near. (my Lord is near.)
heart the while. (some heart the while.)
noon or night. ('tis noon or night.)

Stead-y and true as the stars that shine, So would I keep this heart of mine, Fit for a gift to my Lord di-vine; Stead-y, stead-y and true.....

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y and true.

# 135 All the Way to Calvary.

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A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. I do not ask for di - a-dem or scep-ter, I do not seek for world-ly joy or fame, I on - ly ask to fol - low my Re-deem-er, And
2. I know the path He trod is nev - er eas - y, It cost the Son of God His pre-cious blood, It leads on to the cross of name-less an-guish, But
3. I can - not turn a - side, for love im - pels me To drink the cup of sor - row and of woe; But min-gled with the tears I find the com-fort, The
4. So trust-ing in His love, I'll toil and suf - fer, Sup - port - ed by His ev - er - last-ing grace, Un - til at last I rise com-plete, per-fect-ed, Trans-

CHORUS.

tell a - broad the won-ders of His name.
ev - er climb-eth up - ward un - to God.
peace that on - ly Je - sus can be - stow. I will trav-el all the way to
formed to look up - on His bless - ed face.

Cal-va - ry, I will walk the road that Jesus walked for me, I will serve Him to the end, For He is my dear-est friend, I will trav-el all the way to Cal-va - ry.

# 136 The Friend You Need.

W. C. Martin. T. N. BEALL. OWNER, 1916, T. N. Beall.

1. Have you wan-dered far a-way From the straight and narrow way? Then
2. Do you bear a heav - y load, On a rough and rugged road? Then
3. Would you dwell a-mong the blest, In the land of peace and rest, Then

Je - sus is the Friend you need; Are you burdened with your sin, Is there
Je - sus is the Friend you need; Try - ing hard to do the right, Al - most
Je - sus is the Friend you need; Would you live with saints on high, Where the

gloom and grief within? Then Je - sus is the Friend you need.
beat - en in the fight? Then Je - sus is the Friend you need.
pleas-ures sat - is - fy? Then Je - sus is the Friend you need. (the Friend you need.)

D.S.—*nev - er vain-ly plead; For Je - sus is the Friend you need,* (*the Friend you need.*)

REFRAIN.

O yes, Je - sus is the Friend you need, He is sure-ly just the
the Friend you need,

Friend you need; He's a Friend in word or deed, You will
the ver - y Friend you need;

# 137 Alone.

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B. H. P.

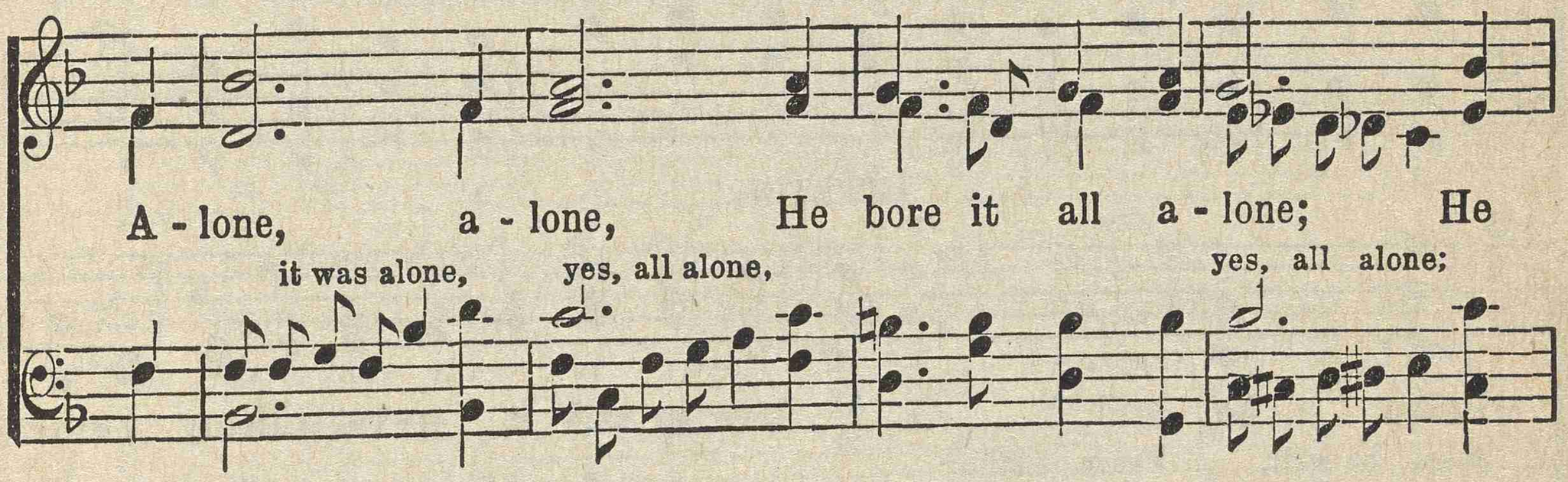
Ben H. Price.

*Duet.*

1. It was a - lone the Sav-ior prayed In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
2. It was a - lone the Sav-ior stood In Pi - late's judgment hall;
3. A - lone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?

A - lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf-fered there for me.
A - lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sak - en thus by all.
For-sak - en then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.

REFRAIN. *Quartet.*



# 138. "Peace Be Still."

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. R. H. Cornelius.

1. O I love to tell my Fa-ther all the tri - als of the way,
2. O I love to tell my Fa-ther when my wea - ry soul would rest,
3. O I love to tell my Fa-ther when I suf - fer pain or loss,
4. O I love to tell my Fa-ther, as He stills the storm-y sea,

For He al - ways gives me com-fort and He wipes the tears a - way,
For the sweet-ness of His pres-ence soon is felt with-in my breast;
For He glo - ri - fies the pa-tience that can meek - ly bear a cross,
Of my long-ing for the har - bor and the man-sion there for me;

And the bur - dens all grow light - er as I hear Him soft - ly say,
And my weak-ness quick-ly leaves me when I hear the words ex-pressed,
And the bless-ings lost seem on - ly dross when He is speak-ing thus:
And it seems to bring it near - er when He ut - ters His de - cree,

REFRAIN.

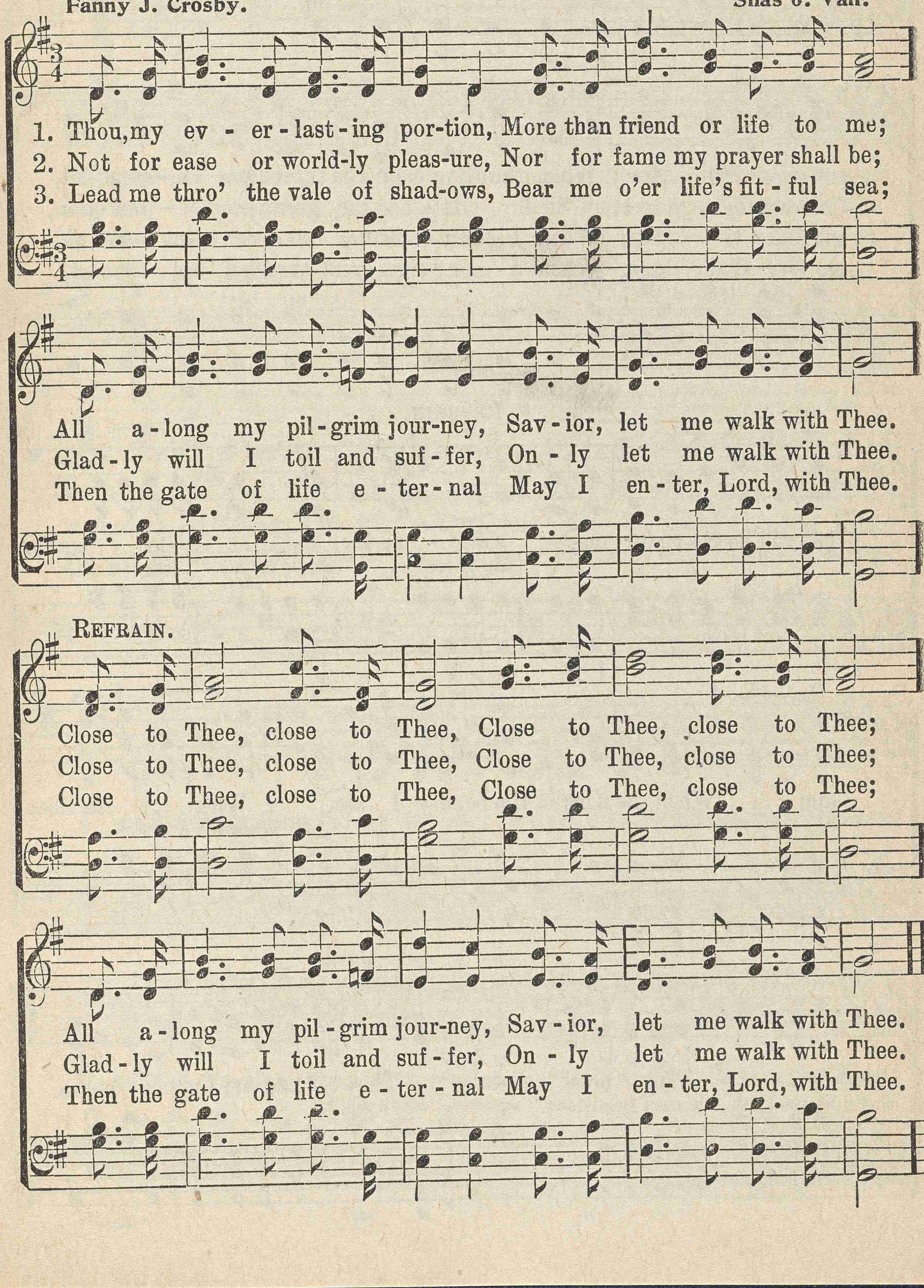
"Peace be still." O I love to talk it o - ver with my Fa-ther
"Peace be still, Peace be still."

day by day, For a ho - ly peace my spir - it seems to fill, And it

## "Peace, Be Still."

## 139. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.



# 140. Glory For Me.

J. B. P.

PROPERTY OF J. B. PENNINGTON, 1915.

James B. Pennington.

1. When the cares of this life are all end - ed, And from all of earth's sor - rows I'm free; When the King from His throne has de - scend-ed,
2. When the Sav - ior Who bo't my sal - va - tion With His blood up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shall is - sue the great proc-la - ma - tion,
3. When the bright crown for which I have striv - en, In its glo - ri - ous splen-dor I see; When I en - ter my man-sion in heav - en,
4. When my bless - ed Re-deem - er I've greet - ed, And my dear ones in glo - ry shall see; When a - mong that great throng I am seat-ed,

REFRAIN.

'That will be glo-ry for me. Glo - ry for me,... Glo - ry for me; When the King in His beauty I see, When.... the dear Son.... Whis - pers "well done".. That will be glory for me.

Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me,

Glo-ry for me;

When the dear Son,

God's Blessed Son, whispers "well done," whispers "well done,"

*rit.*

for me.

# 141 I Walk With the King.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am hap - py — se - cure - ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve - ning glad car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son: I walk with the King.
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me — no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing — I walk with the King.
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to you He would bring — Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.

CHORUS.

I walk with the King, hal - le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

# 142 Have You Made This Old World Better?

W. C. Martin, D. D. T. N. BEALL. OWNER. 1916. T. N. Beall.

1. Have you made this old world a - ny bet - ter, my friend; Have you
2. Have you res - cued some soul that was go - ing a-stray, Have you
3. Have you sowed the good seed in the great fields of God, Have you

brought a - ny sor-row or sin to an end; Have you end-ed some grief
cheered on some pil-grim who fell by the way, Have you raised a bright song
helped send the news of sal - va - tion a-broad, Has the mes-sage so true

Or sup-plied some relief; Have you made this old world a - ny bet - ter?
That made weary men strong; Have you made this old world a - ny bet - ter?
Sound-ed clear-ly from you; Have you made this old world a - ny bet - ter?

REFRAIN.

Is the world a - ny bet - ter be-cause you are here, Have you

stilled someone's fear, Have you dried someone's tear, Have you kindled some hope,

## Have You Made This Old World better?

have you scattered some cheer? Is this world a - ny better because you are here?

## 143 Draw Near to God.

W. C. Martin, D. D. E. H. S. BEALL. OWNER. 1916. E. H. S. Beall.

1. Draw near to God in the morn - ing, And thus be - gin the day,
2. Draw near to God at the noon - tide, Lay down your toil and care;
3. Draw near to God in the eve - ning; For His kind care at night;

Nor ven - ture forth to your la - bors Un - til you pause to pray.
The world must wait on the spir - it, At noon take time for prayer.
Com - mit your-self to His keep - ing, And noth-ing shall af - fright.

REFRAIN.

Draw near to God in the morn - ing, And at the noon of day,

Draw near to God in the eve - ning; O wait, take time to pray.

# 144 Drifting.

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E. E. Hewitt.
*Duet.*

B. D. Ackley.

1. Drift - ing care-less-ly with the tide, Drift - ing o - ver the wa-ters wide,
2. Drift - ing al-most up - on the bar, Los - ing sight of the Bea-con Star;
3. Drift - ing on, with no shore in view, Think not skies will be al - ways blue;
4. Drift no long - er! let Je - sus save, Let Him guide you a - cross the wave,

With no Cap-tain your course to guide, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
From the ha - ven of joy a - far, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
Storm and shipwreck will come to you, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
Lest you sink in a sin - ner's grave, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.

CHORUS.

Drift-ing, drift-ing, no port in sight, Drift-ing far from the gos-pel light;
Lest you go down in the storm-y night; Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.

# 145 Jesus Has You on His Heart.

COPYRIGHT 1911. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you car - ry bur-dens hard to bear? Are you some-times
2. Do you think you suf - fer here a - lone? All your pain and
3. If the way be heav - y you must tread, Tho' your eyes can
4. Still He loves, as on that aw - ful day When for you His

tempt-ed to de - spair? Go tell Je - sus, He will hear your prayer,
grief to Him are known; Plead-ing there be - fore the Fa-ther's throne,
see no light a - head, Still press on, there's naught for you to dread,
life-blood ebbed a - way; Love like that can nev - er know de - cay,—

CHORUS.

Je - sus has you on His heart. Je - sus has you on His
heart, Je - sus has you on His heart; He knows, and waits to
He loves you, al - way;
share the bur - dens you must bear, Je - sus has you on His heart.
yes,

# 146. Sailing With Jesus.

**James Rowe.** COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **C. C. Clements.**

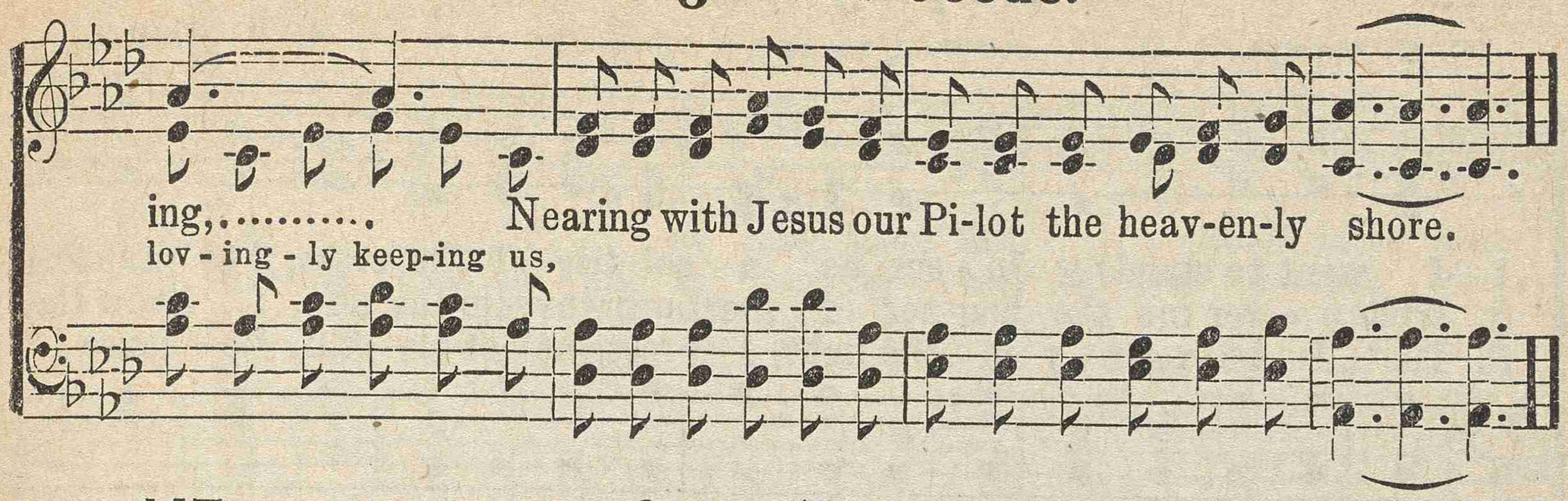
1. O'er the sea of life we sail to - day, Meet-ing storms and billows high,
2. There is naught to fear from fall-ing waves, We are safe for-ev-er - more,
3. We are sing - ing of his migh-ty love, As we sail across the sea,

But a Pi - lot true in the ship will stay Till we an - chor by and by.
For the Son of God still com-plete-ly saves And will guide us all to shore.
And we hope to sing to our King a-bove, Thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

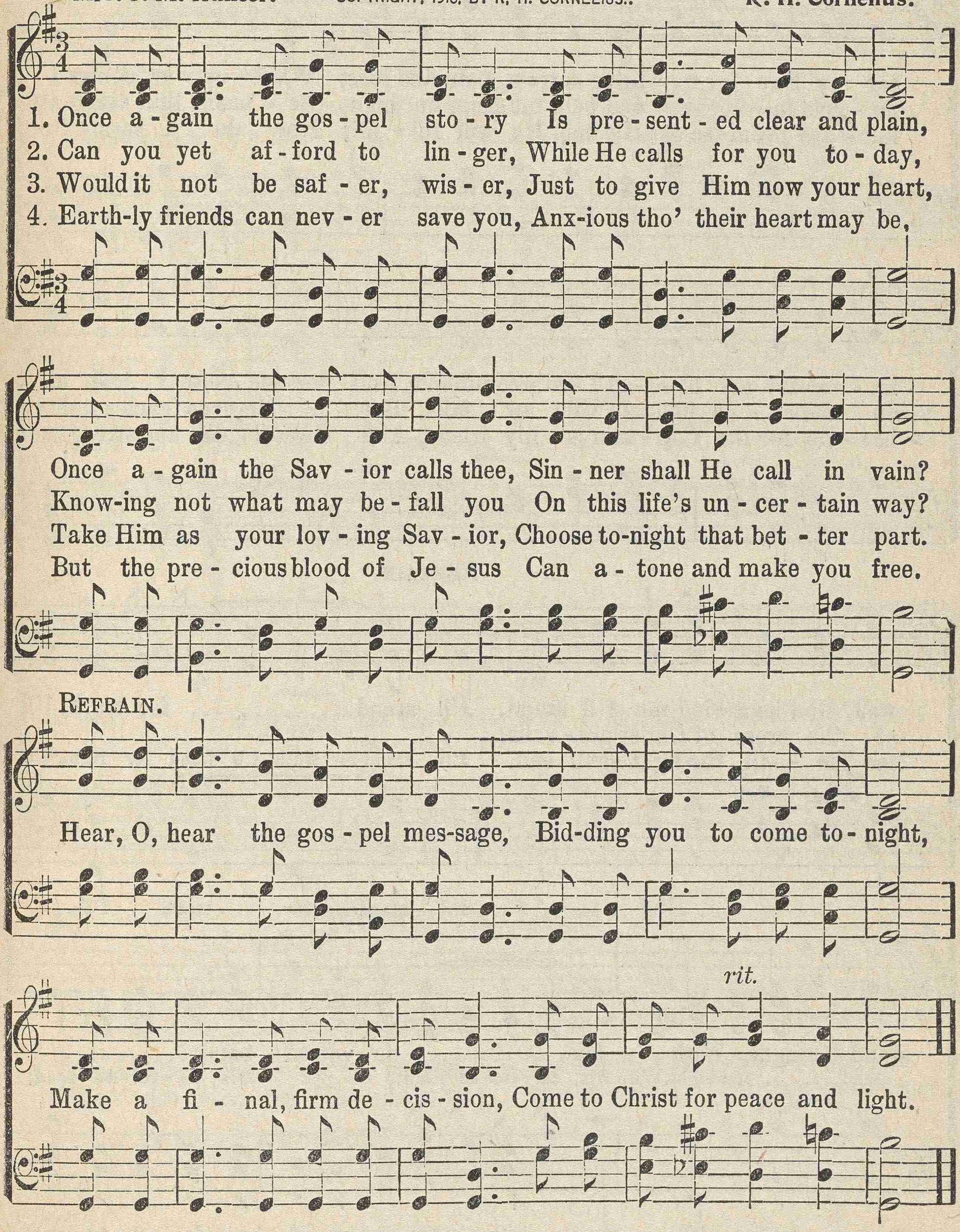
Sail - - ing, sail - -
Leav-ing the troubles and cares of the sto - ry land. Sail - ing with Je - sus our
ing, Sail-ing with Je-sus to Glo-ry, Prais-ing His love ev-er-
Pi - lot to Glo - ry land,
more; Sail - - ing, sail - -
Fearless are we when the tempest is sweeping us, Je-sus is near and is

## Sailing With Jesus.




## 147 Once Again.

**Mrs. J. M. Hunter.** COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.. **R. H. Cornelius.**



# 148 God Helping Me, I'll Stand.

W. C. Martin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. G. A. Carlton.

1. I want to stand for Je - sus as a sol-dier of the cross, Tho' standing
2. While o - ver me the ban-ner of the Lord waves in the sky, I know the
3. Tho' I be wear - y in the fight, I press the bat-tle still, Be - cause I

for my Sav - ior may bring sorrow, pain and loss; What - ev - er comes I
an - gels fa - vor me and help me from on high; Be - neath that stand-ard
know the prom-ise of His help He will ful - fill; Nor do I shrink from

lis - ten for my bless - ed Lord's command, And for the cause I love so
no one ev - er fights in vain or fails, But by His grace each sol-dier
bat - tle for the Cap - tain is my friend, And He will cheer and strengthen

REFRAIN.

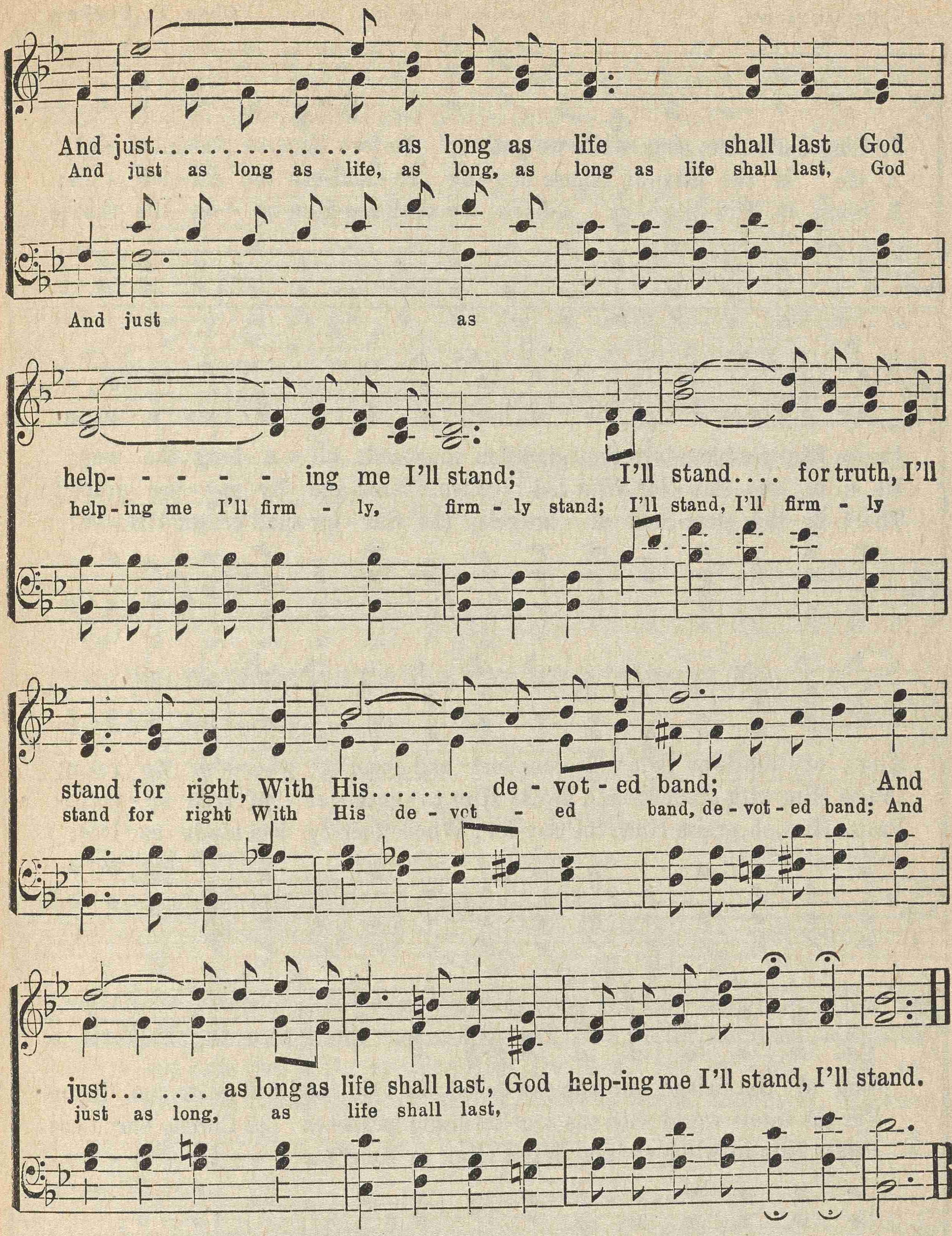
well, God help - ing me I'll stand. I'll stand..... for truth, I'll
of the cross of Christ pre - vails.
me un - til the fight shall end. I'll stand for truth, I'll stand for right, I'll

I'll stand for truth, I'll

stand for right, With His..... de - vot-ed band;.....
stand..... for right, With His de - vot - ed band; His de - vot - ed band;

stand for right, I'll stand with His de - vot - ed band, de - vot - ed band;

# God Helping Me, I'll Stand.




## 149 Where He Leads Me.

Key of F.

1 I can hear my Savior calling:‖
Take thy cross and follow, follow me.

2 I'll go with Him through the garden,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 I'll go with Him through the judgment,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 He will give me grace and glory,:‖
And go with me, with me all the way.

CHORUS.—Where He leads me I will follow:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

# 150. Praise Him.

**James Rowe.** C. E. DURHAM, OWNER, 1914. **Chas. E. Durham.**

1. Sing Chris-tian, sing, while we gath-er be-fore Him on this glad day;
2. He is the Sav-ior Whose mer-cy en-fold-eth the fal-len race;
3. Soon in His glo-ry a-bove we shall see Him up-on His throne,

Praise Him for bless-ings that glad-den our souls all a-long the way;
He is the Sav-ior Who led us from bond-age by sav-ing grace;
There in the pres-ence of an-gels, the Sav-ior shall crown His own;

Sing of the love that will com-fort and cheer us wher-e'er we roam;
Praise Him with gladness and praise Him to-geth-er in true ac-cord;
Praise Him, oh, praise Him, the Sav-ior, Whose mer-cy has made us free;

Sing of the Friend who has can-celled our sin and will guide us home.
Fill the whole world with the soul-thrill-ing prais-es of Christ, our Lord.
Praise Him in sto-ry and praise Him in song for e-ter-ni-ty.

REFRAIN.

Praise Him with heart and with voice, .... Sing till the heavens re-joice; .....
Praise Him with heart and with voice, Sing till the heav-ens re-joice;

## Praise Him.

Sing till the valleys repeat the glad praises that we out - pour;

Sing . . . . . till the val-leys re-peat the glad prais-es that we out-pour;

Praise Him ye people, a-gain,(and again,) Christ,the Redeemer of men;.....

Praise Him a-gain and a-gain—Christ, the Re-deem-er of men;

Praise Him, oh, praise Him the King Whom the an-gels of light a-dore.

## 151. Jesus Calls Thee.

**Miriam E. Oatman.** PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1911. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Hark, O sin - ner, Je - sus calls thee, Hear His lov - ing voice, He is
2. Hark, He call - eth thee so gen - tly, O re - sist no more, Cease de-
3. Je - sus calls thee, O, re-ceive Him, Do not yet de - lay, But ac-
4. Je - sus calls thee, O, dear sin-ner, Cease to grieve Him now; An-swer,

D. S.—*gen - tly calls thee, "Come, O come to me," An-swer*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

waiting for thy an-swer, Let Him be thy choice.
lay - ing and re-ceive Him, Ope to Him thy door. Je - sus calls thee,
cept Him free - ly, glad-ly, Bid Him come to stay.
"Je - sus, I am com-ing, At Thy feet I bow."

*glad-ly, "O my Sav-ior, Now I yield to Thee."*

# Male Voices

## 152 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

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

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child - hood As the*

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

FINE. CHORUS.

Come to the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

*lit-tle brown church in the vale.*

D. S.

church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

# 153 Let God Use You.

COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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Rev. A. H. Ackley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let God use you to tell the old, old sto - ry; Go let thy love for
2. Let God use you! O list - en to His plead-ing, "I free - ly gave my
3. Let God use you! He can if you are will - ing; Let Je - sus fill you

way-ward souls be shown; There is some heart that needs a friend like Je - sus, Some
life to set you free;" Is there no need of love I ought to ren - der For
with His might-y pow'r; You then will find a joy in help-ing oth - ers, And

CHORUS.

sin-sick soul that stumbles on a-lone.
all the sac - ri-fice He made for me? Let God use you,.....for souls are
grow in grace and knowledge hour by hour. Let God use you, for

dy - ing! Tell them of Him.... who saves with-out de-lay;.. The blood of
precious souls are dying! Tell them of Him who saves with-out de-lay;

Je - sus life sup-ply - ing, Let God use you to win some one to-day.
The blood of Je - sus is new life sup-ply-ing, Use you to win some one to-day.

# 154 Wandering Child, O Come Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOMER A RODEHEAVER,
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Kem G. Bottorf. Kem G. Bottorf.

*Moderato.*

1. Have you wandered a-way from your Father's care, Heav-y heart-ed and
2. Is your frail bark a-drift on life's rag - ing sea, Are you tossed on its
3. He is plead-ing to-day, heed His gen - tle voice, As He bids you no

sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gen-tle voice call-ing now to you—
bil-lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, wait-ing now for you—
long-er to roam, To that dear Father's house haste with-out de - lay—

CHORUS. *pp Second time.*

Child, come home,

Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O come home. Child, come home, child, come

Child, come home,

child, come home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam?

home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam? 'Tis thy

Wand'ring child, O. come home, come home.

'Tis thy Fa-ther now en-treats— Wand'ring child, come home, come home,

Fa - ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O come home.

# 155. On the Cross.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF J. W. DENNIS, 1916. J. W. Dennis.

1. My soul had wan-dered far in sin, So my Re-deem-er died,
2. A crown of cru - el thorns they laid, Up - on His fore-head fair;
3. They pierced His sa - cred hands and feet, A sword, thrust in His side;
4. O, how my soul goes out in praise, Of my Re-deem-er's love!

That I e - ter - nal life might win, And in His love a - bide.
But no com-plaint my Sav - ior made, While He was hang-ing there.
Yet there for me, with pa-tience sweet, My pre - cious Sav-ior died.
I'll love and serve Him all my days, And ev - er - more a - bove.

REFRAIN.

On the cross, Je-sus died, Was cru - ci-fied for me;
On the cross, Je - sus died,

All my sin there to hide, Je - sus died for me on Cal-va-ry.
All my sin, there to hide,

rit.

# 156. It Was There.

**James Rowe.** COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. The ev - 'ning sun was sink-ing low, To rest, the birds had flown,
2. A ten - der song of love di - vine Came ring - ing to me there;
3. The song was waft - ed down to me From out a house of prayer
4. It made me think of "Home, sweet home" Which, then, was far a - way,
5. Oh, lit - tle church up - on the hill, Tho' now a - far from me,
6. My way - ward life was end - ed there, As sank the gold - en sun;

I stood with - in its gold - en glow, De - spair - ing and a - lone.
It touched this way-ward heart of mine And lift - ed my de - spair.
Which in a dis-tance I could see With - in a grove most fair.
For I in sin had loved to roam Since boy-hood's hap-py day.
I still can feel that hap - py thrill, When-e'er I think of thee.
'Twas there I lost my heart's despair, 'Twas there my heart He won.

REFRAIN.

It was there, it was there, I lost my load of sin;
It was there, it was there,

It was there, it was there, A flood of glo - ry came in.
It was there, it was there,

# 157. Soul, Ahoy!

W. C. Martin.

PROPERTY OF A. L. MYRICK, 1912. A. L. Myrick & E. O. Allen.

Soul, A - hoy!

1. The storm is a-wak-ing, The rocks are a-bout thee,
2. Take Je-sus to guide thee, The night groweth darker,
3. The head-lands of glo - ry Are gleaming be-yond o'er

and per - ils are nigh; White is the shore-line where billows are breaking: And
and stars dis - ap-pear; Dan-gers un-seen in the wa-ters be-tide thee, And
the tur - bu-lent wave; Je - sus draws near in the old gos-pel sto-ry—Take

wrecks on the shore of e - ter-ni - ty lie.
death on the wings of the wind draweth near. Take the good Pi - lot Who know
Je - sus, the Pi-lot who's a - ble to save.

REFRAIN.

Take the good Pi - lot

all the ocean,—Fully sur-ren-der to Jesus' con - trol; Give Him thy trust.....

Give Him thy trust

and thy humble de - vo-tion, Then He will save thee, will save thee, O soul.

# 158 My Father Watches Over Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER, A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I trust in God wher - ev-er I may be,..... Up - on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,..... He guides the ea - gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,..... On bat- tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shadows deep,..... But O, the Shep-herd

on the roll - ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure - ly He.... re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Fa-ther watches o - ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me..... On mountain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On mount-ain bleak or on the
sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm - y sea; tho' bil-lows roll, He

# My Father Watches Over Me.

# 159 Just Outside the Door.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Oh, wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im-part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass - ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out-side.
How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out-side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out-side!
Be - fore the tem-pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out-side.

CHORUS.

Just out-side the dcor, just out-side the door, Be - hold it stands a - jar!

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near and yet so far!

# 160 Sometime, Somewhere.

A. W. S. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY THE RODEHEAVER CO. Arthur W. Spooner.

1. An - gels are al - ways sing - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, Joy-bells are
2. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, God His full
3. Home is a - wait-ing God's chil-dren, Somewhere, somewhere, Bright golden

ev - er ring-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; Somewhere the sun is shin-ing,
par-don be-stow-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; O - ver the hill-tops of glo - ry,
crowns will be giv-en, Somewhere, somewhere; Then the glad harps will be sounding

E - ven in dark-est night; Cease then your sad re - pin-ing, Soon will your
Shine the fair streets of gold; Won - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Nev-er has
Round the white throne on high; Heav-en with praises re-sound-ing, Nev-er-more

CHORUS.

sky be bright.
half been told. Some-time,... Some-where,.. God will make all come
pain or sigh. Some-time, Some-where,

right,... Sometime,.. Somewhere,... Skies will be al-ways bright.
right, come right, Sometime, somewhere, up there,

# 161 From Every Stormy Wind.

**H. Stowell.** **S. Wilder.**

*Solo Obligato.*

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

*Accompanying voices pp.*

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

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

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

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

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

# 162 Pure White Ribbons!

COPYRIGHT. 1913, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Homer A. Rodeheaver.

1. Have you seen our badges new? Pure white ribbons! Don't you want to wear one too? Pure white ribbons! They are em-blems of a band That is work-ing hand in hand, And for tem-per - ance they stand, Pure white rib-bons!
2. They will drive strong drink a-way, Pure white ribbons! They will sure-ly win the day, Pure white ribbons! They will right the wrongs we bear, Drive out pov - er ty and care, So we're ver - y proud to wear Pure white rib-bons!
3. They make stalwart men and strong, Pure white ribbons! And they help the world a- long, Pure white ribbons! They make sin and suff'ring cease, They bring hap - pi- ness and peace, Make pros - per - i - ty in-crease, Pure white rib-bons!

CHORUS.

Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!

Join the ringing chorus, wave them proudly o'er us, Pure white ribbons, hurrah! hurrah!

# 163 Swing Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A RODEHEAVER, OWNER,

Edith Sanford Tillotson. B. D. Ackley.

1. Who wants to travel to Tree Top Land? Who wants to ride with a jol - ly band?
2. Who wants to see where the Robin lives? Who wants the pleasure that flying gives?
3. Who wants to peep into Cloudland bright? Who wants to follow the sunbeams' light?

Who likes to rise like a bird on the wing? Come and we'll go in the swing!
Who loves to hear what the soft breezes sing! Come then with us in the swing!
Come then, the fare is the song that we bring, Come take a trip in the swing!

CHORUS.

Off we go— to and fro, Swinging, swinging, swing - ing; O what fun—
swing-ing, swing-ing,
ev-'ry one, Singing, singing, sing-ing; Merry lay—laughter gay, Ringing, ringing,
ring - ing; Light and free as the birds are we! O, the joy of swing-ing!
ring - ing, ring-ing,

# 164 Swing, Little Blossoms.

COPYRIGHT 1915. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, the sun-shine is fall-ing In - to your gold-en hearts;
2. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, the sun-beams and shad-ows Are play-ing at hide and
3. Swing, lit-tle blos-soms, each gold-en heart lift-ing, Filled with the morn-ing light

dew - y and sweet, Lift up your heads, lo, the warm winds are call - ing,
seek, hap-py and free, Flit the wild birds, as they sing, o'er the mead-ows,
gemmed with the dew, High, high a - bove you the white clouds are drift-ing,

CHORUS.

As they sweep o'er you with joy - ful wings fleet.
Songs of thanks-giv - ing as glad as can be. Swing, swing,
May-times glad glo - ry ar - rays earth a - new.

lit-tle blos-soms, swing, As'neath the sunshine your golden hearts glow, Swing,

swing, little blossoms, swing, Breathing love's fragrance, swing high and swing low.

*Motion song for a group of children, each swinging in unison a cluster of flowers. Words suggest motions.

# 165 The Heavenly Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. No warm down-y pil-low His sweet head pressed, No soft silk-en garments His
2. No jub - i - lant clang of re - joic-ing bell The glo - ri - ous news to the
3. All hail to Thee, Je-sus, Thou Ho-ly One! All hail to Thee, Je-sus! Je-

fair form dressed; He lay in a man-ger, this heav - en - ly Stranger, The
world did tell; But an - gels from glo-ry sang sweet-ly the sto - ry Of
ho - vah's Son; While an-gels a - dore Thee, we'll wor-ship be - fore Thee, Our

CHORUS. (*With Violin Ob.*)

precious Lord Je-sus, the won-der - ful Child. { Thou heav - en - ly Strang - er
Bethlehem's Stranger, the Sav-ior of men. { We'll wor-ship be - fore Thee,
bless - ed Mes-si-ah, our Sav - ior and King.

so gen-tle and mild, Tho' born in a man - ger, the
and praise and a - dore Thee,

Father's own child; And sing the glad sto - ry a-gain and a - gain.

# 166 All We Can.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. On - ly lit - tle hands have we, But we do our best, We would use them
2. On - ly lit - tle feet have we, Walk-ing day by day, Where the Mas-ter
3. On - ly lit-tle tongues have we, But we will em-ploy Them in speak-ing
4. On - ly lit - tle ears have we, But we glad - ly hear That sweet sto - ry
5. On - ly lit-tle hearts have we, But we free - ly give Them to Je - sus

CHORUS.

for the Lord, He will do the rest.
lead-eth us In the nar-row way.
for the Lord—That will be our joy,
of the love Of our Sav-ior, dear.
that we may Al-ways for Him live.

All we can we will do, How much more than that can you do? All we can we will do For the bless-ed Lord.

# 167 All For Jesus.

Mary D. James.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed pow'rs:
   { All my tho'ts and words, and do-ings, All my days and all my [*Omit.*] hours.
2. { Let my hands perform His bid - ing, Let my feet run in His ways:
   { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak for His [*Omit.*] praise.
3. { Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
   { So enchained my spir-it's vis - ion, Look-ing at the cru-ci- [*Omit.*] fied.
4. { Oh what wonder! how a-maz - ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings;
   { Deigns to call me His be-lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His [*Omit.*] wings.

## All For Jesus.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak for His praise; praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Looking at the Cru-ci - fied; fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest-ing now beneath His wings; wings.

# 168 Busy For Jesus.

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**Miriam E. Arnold.** **Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.**

1. Je - sus wants these lit - tle 1 feet, Read - y for His serv - ice sweet;
2. Je - sus wants 3 each lit-tle ear, Quick His words of love to hear,
3. Je - sus wants these lit - tle 5 eyes, Filled with glad-ness from the skies,
4. Je - sus wants this lit - tle 6 heart, Wants it all, not just a part;

Lit - tle 2 hands He needs you, too, Deeds of love for Him to do.
And these 4 lips to speak and sing, Tell - ing oth - ers of my King.
And to read the Bi - ble, too; There I learn His will to do.
7 Now I give it all to Thee, Je - sus, for You first loved me.

Chorus.

Bus - y may I ev - er be Je - sus dear, in serv-ing Thee;
Shin - ing like the sun's bright ray, Driv-ing all the clouds a - way.

**Motions—1 Point to feet; 2 Spread hands; 3 Touch ears; 4 Touch lips; 5 Point to eyes; 6 Place hands on heart; 7 Raise eyes and let two last lines be used as a prayer.**

## 169. The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long - er stay;

*D. C.*-I am bound for the promised land!..... I am bound for the promised land!

*D. C.*

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

Oh. who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!

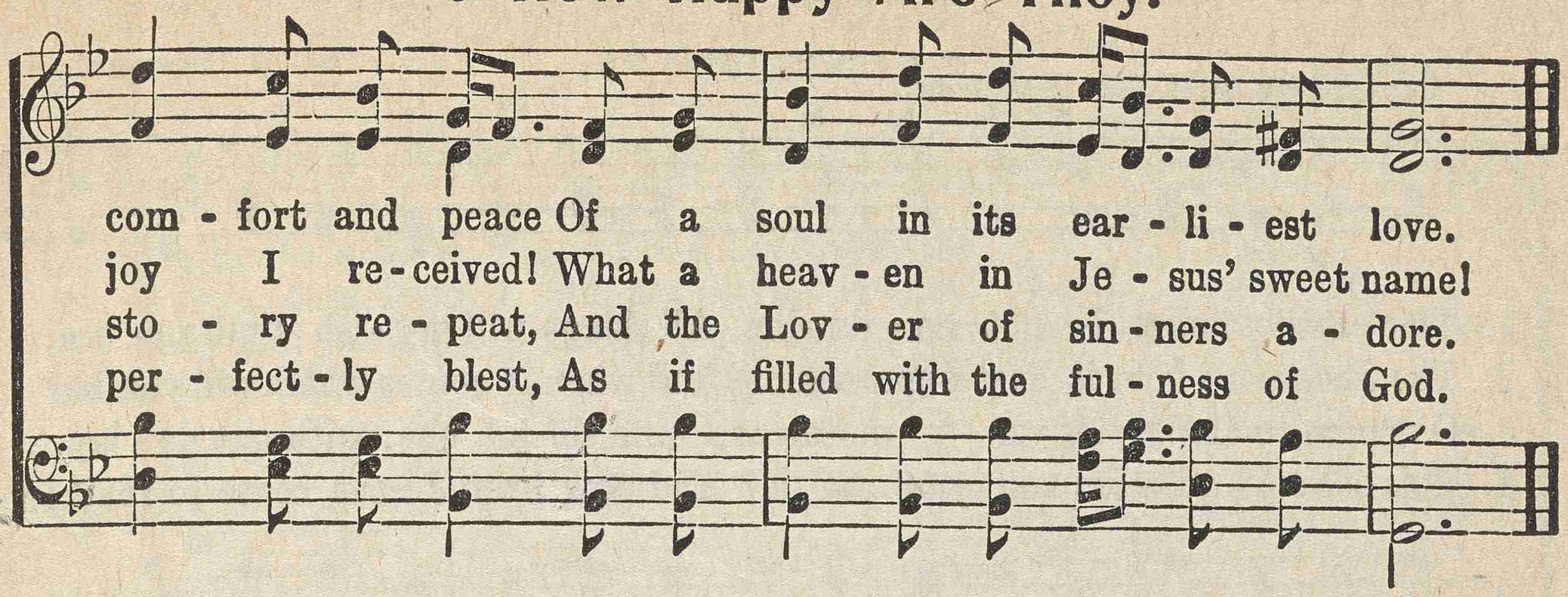
## 170. O How Happy Are They.

C. Wesley. Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

1. O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And whose
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re - deem - er to know; And the
4. O, the rapt - ur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I

treas-ures are laid up a-bove; Tongue can nev - er ex-press That sweet
found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I believed, O, what
an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet, And the
felt in the life - giv-ing blood! Of my Sav - iour possessed, I was

## O How Happy Are They.




## 171. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Leroy.

## 172. Pisgah.

1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans.
And then remember me.

3 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

# No. 173. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

W. A. S.
Revised by Miss Jennie Wilson.

W. A. STEWART, OWNER, 1913.

W. A. Stewart.

1. This earthly house is not en - dur-ing, All things will per - ish that you see;
2. The Judgment hour is fast approaching, And when it comes where will you be?
3. O come to Christ this ver - y mo-ment, Come, sin-ful one, with-out de - lay;
4. This sol-emn question will you set-tle? And now from Je-sus cease to roam;

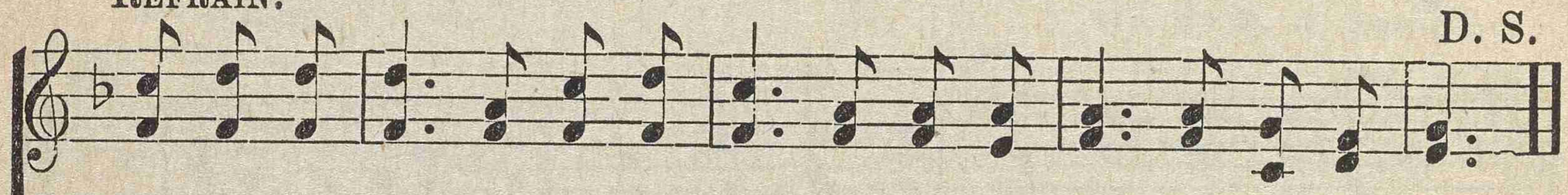
FINE.

O pon-der well this sol-emn ques-tion, Where will you spend e-ter - ni - ty?
O stop just now and ask your spir - it, Where must you spend e-ter - ni - ty?
He'll give you life and peace e - ter - nal, Pre-par - ing you for that great day.
Then safe with Him you'll dwell forever, Re - joic - ing in His heav'nly home.

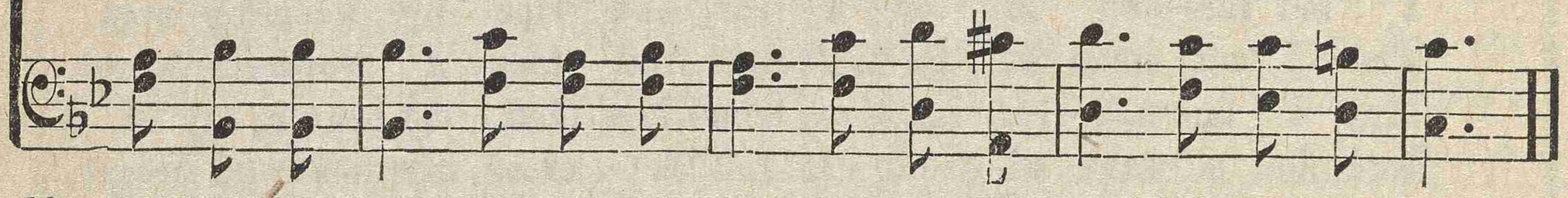
D.S. - *The scenes of time ere long will van-ish, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?*

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?



# No. 174. Lord, Send Me.

J. B. Cranfill, D. D.

PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS.

R. H. Cornelius.

1. Dear Lord, I own that I am weak, From sin I ne'er am free; But when Thou
2. In earth-en ves-sels shall Thy name Be car-ried to the lost; Then let me
3. Let my poor pen be blest to write Of Thy un - dy - ing love, So that the
4. And when I lay me down to die, And my poor work is done, Take me to

## Lord, Send Me.

REFRAIN.

hast lost lambs to seek, I pray Thee, Lord, send me.
go, I pray, dear Lord, I will not count the cost. Lord, send me,
lost may find the light, And Thy rich mercies prove. Lord, send me, Lord, send me,
realms be-yond the sky, To dwell with Thy dear Son.

Lord, send me, O touch my tongue with fire di-vine, Lord, . . . send me.
Lord, send me, send me, Lord, send me, send me.

## 175. O Lord, Send Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS.

R. H. Cornelius.

1. If to work some one is need - ed, Lord, send me;
2. Touched by coals from off Thine al - tar,
3. For some work my soul is yearn - ing, Lord, send me, send me;
4. If my past has been for - giv - en,

FINE.

For some mis - sion I have plead - ed,
Now no long - er do I fal - ter, O Lord, send me.
Since my lips have felt the burn - ing,
To help some soul on t'ward heav - en,

D.S.-*If Thy pres - ence will go with me, O Lord, send me.*

D. S.

REFRAIN.

Send me, Lord, to pray or la-bor, Send me, Lord, to friend or neigh-bor;

# 176. God Keep You True.

*To my husband.—Mrs. R. H. C.*

**W. C. Martin.**

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS.

**Mrs. R. H. Cornelius.**

1. God help you ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, And keep you pure and true,
2. O may His Spir - it be your shield, His hand point out the way,—
3. The temp-ter seeks to lure a - stray And soft - ly calls to you,
4. God help you thro' the years of life To keep the crown in view,

And strengthen you with heav'n-ly pow'r The work of life to do.
May you a true o - be-dience yield, And fol - low day by day.
God keep you in the nar - row way, And help you to be true.
And in the griefs and toil and strife Be ev - er strong and true.

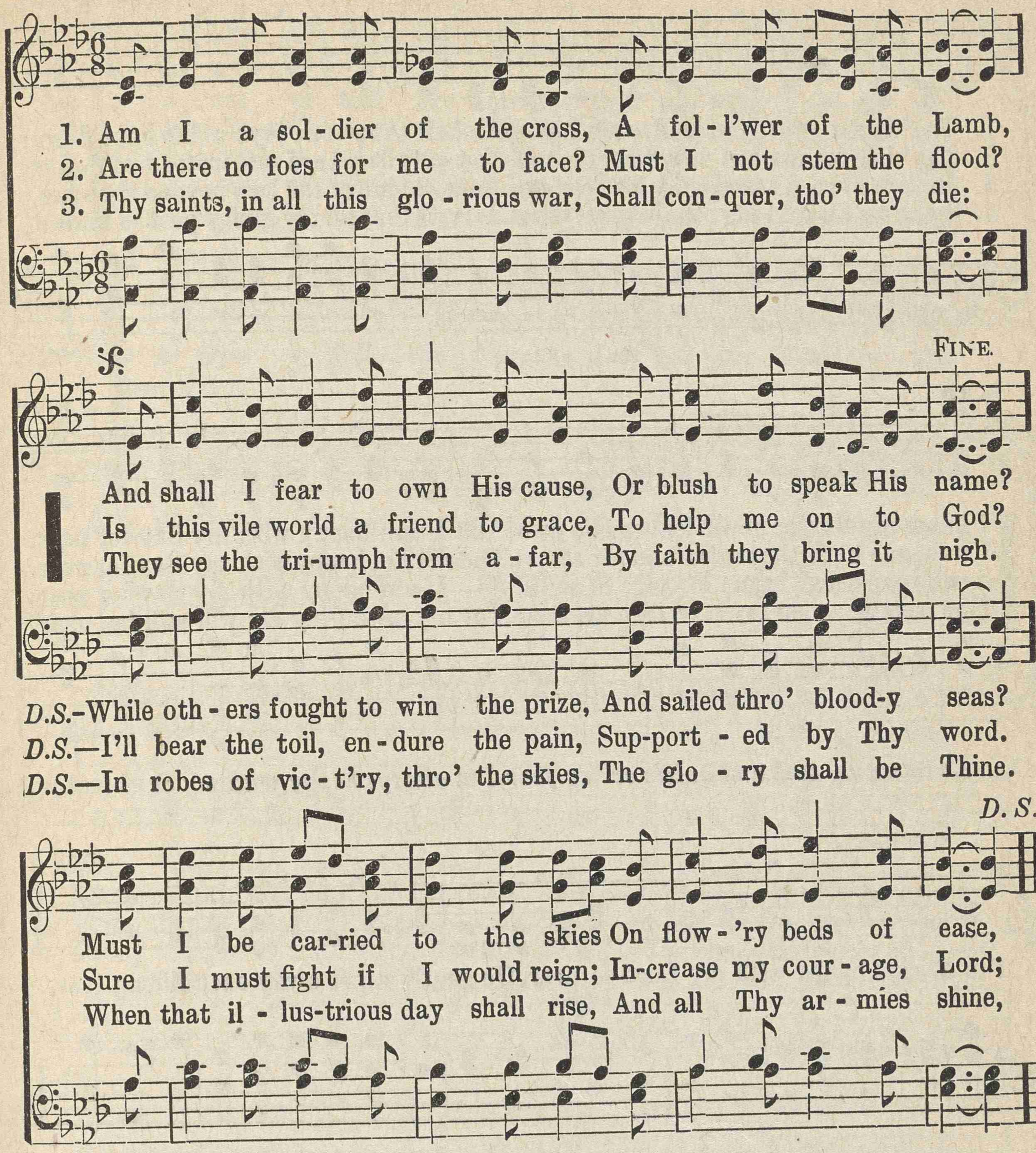
CHORUS.

God keep you true, God keep you true, What-ev - er voice may call to you;

Wher-e'er you go, what-e'er you do, God keep you pure and true.

## 177. McAnally.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.




## 178.

Tune—McAnally or No. 262.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

## 179. Happy With My Savior Near

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. R. D. Burleson.

1. Tho' under stormy skies I walk alone, And all the precious joys of life have flown;
2. Tho' life for me have many weary hours, And only thornes are mine instead of flow'rs,
3. He knew my griefs when speaking life's good-byes, And told me of the home beyond the skies,
4. Some day I'll stand before the judgment throne. A-ware that all my guilty past is known,

I know my Savior never leaves His own, And I am happy with my Sav-ior near.
I welcome both the sunshine and the show'rs, And still I'm happy with my Sav-ior near.
A-wak-ing songs in me in place of sighs, So I am happy with my Sav-ior near.
Nor tremble when my secret tho'ts are shown, For my a-ton-ing He will still be near.

D.S.-*He calms my soul and quiets ev-'ry fear, I'm always happy with my Savior near,*

REFRAIN.

I'm always happy with my Lord so near, He gently wipes away each falling tear,

## 180. Tell the Master All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. Make a full, com-plete con-fes-sion When on the Lord you call,
2. Not a-lone the great temp-ta-tions That may your heart ap-pall,
3. For the One who guards cre-a-tion And notes the spar-row fall,
4. Tell to God your cares and sorrows, And noth-ing count too small,
5. Till at last you reach that cit-y Where tear-drops nev-er fall,

## Tell the Master All.

FINE.

Do not car - ry half the bur-den, But tell the Mas - ter all.
But the lit - tle cares and troub-les, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
Will give heed to your pe - ti-tion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
For His ear is ev - er o - pen, Just tell the Mas - ter all.
When you pray to Him in se - cret Just tell the Mas - ter all.

D.S.-*Make to Him a full con - fess-ion, Just tell the Mas - ter all.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

All, all, what-ev - er your burdens may be, Wheth-er great or small;

## 181. Does it Pay to Follow Jesus?

**James Rowe.** PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day and hour of life;
2. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus When the friends of earth grow cold;
3. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus On the nar-row, thorn - y track;
4. Does it pay to fol - low Je - sus When the whole world frowns and jeers;

FINE.

Thro' the shad-ows deep or sun-shine, In the time of peace and strife?
And re-fuse to share our tri - als As they loved to do of old.
When the voice of fame or for-tune Does its best to call us back?
And we scarcely see the pathway Thro' the mist of sor-rows' tears?

D.S.-*To the end, thro' shade or shine, Christ shall lead this soul of mine.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Yes, it pays, yes, it pays, Wheth-er ways be bright or dim;
to fol - low Him;

## 182. O Jesus, Receive Me.

R. H. Cornelius — PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. — Arr. by R. H. C.

1. Dear Lord, I've wan-dered far from Thee, Far from Thee, far from Thee;
2. So vile and full of sin am I, Sin am I, sin am I;
3. My brok - en heart I bring to Thee, Bring to Thee, bring to Thee;
4. Dear Lord, my all I yield to Thee, Yield to Thee, yield to Thee;
5. And now I'm lean-ing hard on Thee, Hard on Thee, hard on Thee;

Show pit - y now and par - don me,— O save me at the cross.
But no lost soul wilt Thou de - ny,— O save me at the cross.
Thy heal - ing balm is rich and free,— O save me at the cross.
Thy serv - ant I would ev - er be,— O save me at the cross.
O wash my soul and set me free,— O save me at the cross.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

O Je-sus, receive me, No more will I grieve Thee, Thou precious Re-deem-er,

## 183. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. — USED BY PERMISSION. — William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come,
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

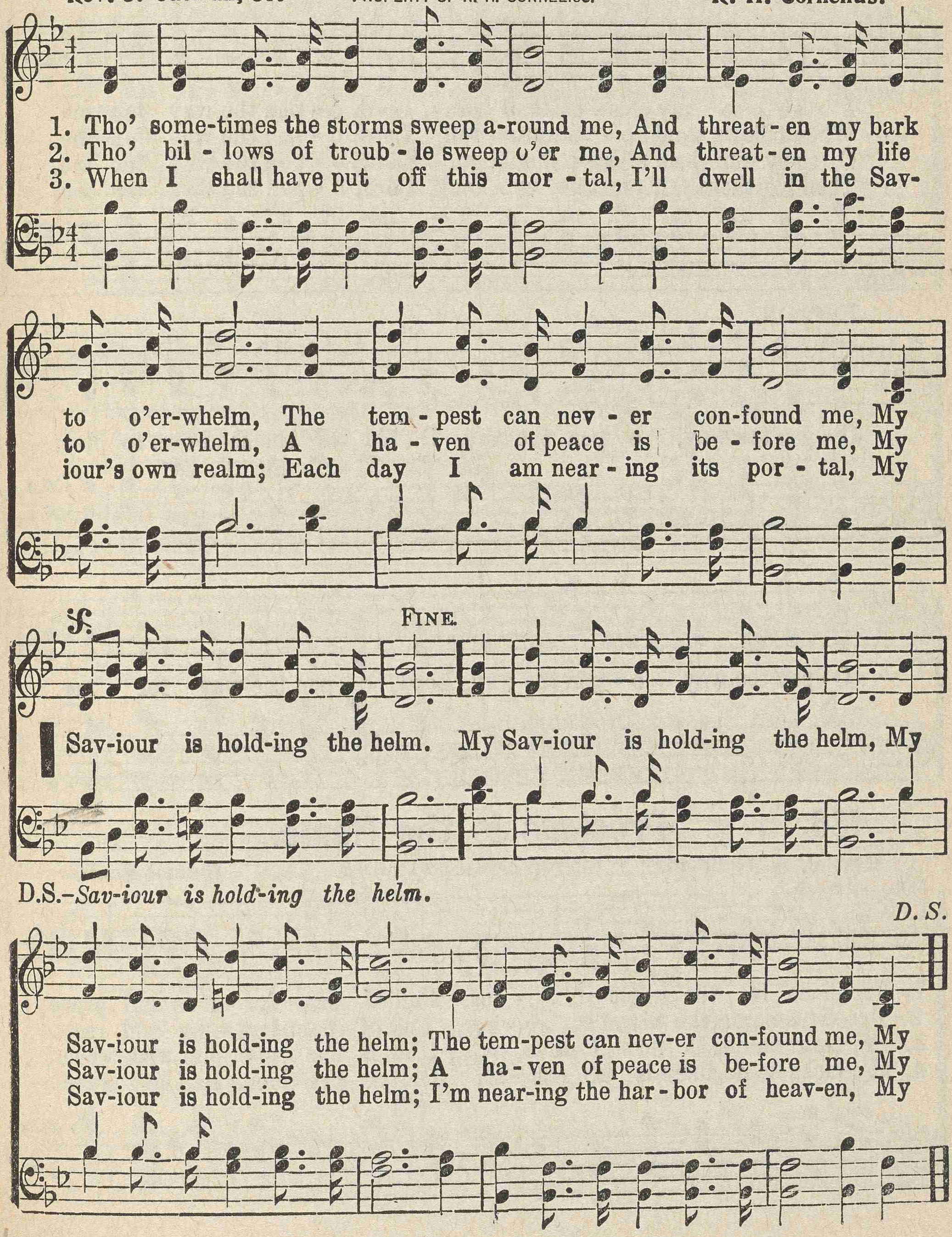
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide. And reach my heav'n - ly home.

# We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

CHORUS.

## 184. My Saviour is Holding the Helm.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.



## 185. Open the Way for Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. A. STEWART. W. A. Stewart.

1. When darkness is hedg-ing my way, The path I no long-er can see,
2. When danger would threaten my soul, To whom can I go but to Thee?
3. With-in Thy dear church here be-low, Of use to Thee, Master, I'd be;
4. And when at the pearl-gates I stand, De-sir-ing ad-mis-sion to Thee,

I go to my clos-et and pray, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
When billows would o-ver me roll, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
O show me just where I should go, Lord, o-pen the way for me.
Then bid those fair por-tals un-lock, Lord, o-pen the way for me.

REFRAIN.

O-pen the way, o-pen the way, O bid all the shad-ows to flee;
O-pen the way, o-pen the way, Lord, o-pen the way for me.

## 186. Precious Is the Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS. Emmet Ramer.

1. Pre-cious is the name of Je-sus, Full of ten-der-ness and grace;
2. Pre-cious name, the name of Je-sus, Full of com-fort-ing and rest;
3. Pre-cious name, O how I love it, How it fills my life with cheer;
4. Pre-cious name, there is no oth-er, Half so pre-cious, half so sweet;

## Precious Is the Name.

FINE.

Of all names the sweetest, dear-est, To our lost and fall - en race.
So - lace in our times of sor - row, Of all friends He is the best.
For no e - vil can be - fall me When the bless-ed Christ is near.
O I love in ad - o - ra - tion Low to bow at His dear feet.

D.S.—*All my life-long will I love Thee, Till in death my days shall end.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Wondrous Sav-iour, ten-der Friend;

## 187. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B.

USED BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

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 convenient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

188

# I Am Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT. 1911. BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
3. Oh, the mis-er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row I have known; Now I seek Thy sav-ing grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sins His blood will still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, Nev-er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;
Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

189

# Still Undecided.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ernest G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Still un-de-cid-ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now en-ter,
2. Still un-de-cid-ed, why yet still de-lay? All things are read-y,
3. Still un-de-cid-ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His suff'ring
4. Still un-de-cid-ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who wea-ry
5. Still un-de-cid-ed! O wait not too long; O turn rom the world and

al-read-y 'tis late; Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for you;
Love shows you the way, Night fast ap-proach-es, the day pass-es by,
for thee be in vain? Think of the scourg-ing, the spear and the cross!
who fal-ter and fear, Free-ly I par-don, and cleanse and re-ceive!"
its wild, rest-less throng; Je-sus now calls you—once more doth He call—

CHORUS.

Chains He will sev-er— all things He can do.
Heed now His pleading:-"O why will you die?"
Life He would give you,—all else is but loss. Why not de-cide to-night?
Why not ac-cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.

Why not de-cide to-night? Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for thee,

1

2

Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call-ing now for thee.

# 190 Souls Are Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Tired of sin and tired of stray-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
2. To the Fa-ther's arms re-turn-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
3. Yield-ing to the Spir-it's plead-ing, Souls are com-ing home;
4. Stirred by mem'ries sweet and tender, Souls are com-ing home;
5. Earth-ly fol - lies left be-hind them, Souls are com-ing home;
6. T'ward the gate of mer-cy bend-ing, Souls are com-ing home;

Now the Gos-pel call o - bey-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
While the light of hope is burn-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
Long in des - ert-plac - es feed-ing, Souls are com-ing home.
All to Je - sus to sur-ren-der, Souls are com-ing home.
To be freed from chains that bind them, Souls are com-ing home.
Pray'rs are answered, long as-cend-ing, Souls are com-ing home.

CHORUS.

O what joy the sight is bring-ing! How the an - gel choirs are sing-ing,

Heav'n is with their mu - sic ring - ing While souls are com-ing home!

# 191. You May Tell My Dear Old Parents.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. If you reach the gates be-fore me to that land of end-less day,
2. Thro' my mind there steals a pic - ture of a fire-side warm and bright,
3. Then my home was al-most heav - en, tho' but hum-ble at its best,
4. Then no mat - ter what the jour - ney, tho' the way be dark or bright,

To that home that is for-ev - er bright and fair, When my fa - ther and my
I can see my moth-er in her old arm-chair; I can hear my fa - ther
But to me it was most beau-ti-ful and fair; O what will it be in
I will push a-head with hope, and not de - spair; For I soon will join my

D.S.-*That the Lord has heard and answered ev'ry prayer; Yes, be sure to give this*

moth-er ask you if I'm on the way, You may tell my dear old par-ents
pray-ing that I might be led a-right, And reach home at last in an-swer
heav-en, in those mansions of the blest, When with fa-ther and with mother
loved ones in that land of love and light, Then be sure to tell my par-ents

*mes-sage when they meet you at the gate, You may tell my dear old par-ents*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll be there.
to his pray'r. You may tell them I'll be there,.....
I'll be there. tell my par-ents I'll be there,
I'll be there. (I'll be there.)

*I'll be there.*

# 192. There's Room for You.

**Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF R. H. CORNELIUS, 1912. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. O, soul, so far a - way from God, Who long the paths of sin have trod, No long - er wan - der in the cold, The Shep - herd
2. Although you long on husks have fed, The ban-quet ta - ble now is spread, Here's milk and wine, and hon - ey too, Come, broth - er,
3. You're wand'ring far on mountains cold; Of Je - sus love, you have been told, The Shep - herd Who is ev - er true, Says, "still there's

REFRAIN.

wants you in His fold.
come, there's room for you. There's room for you, there's room for
room, dear soul, for you."

you; 'Tis not con - fined to just a few, God bids you

come, His word is true; Come, brother, come, there's room for you.

# 193. Hear the Saviour Calling.

**Johnson Oatman, Jr.** PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON. **R. L. Ferguson.**

1. List-en to the Saviour while He calls to you, Hearken to His voice just now;
2. Are you tired of liv-ing in a state of sin? Come to Je-sus, He'll forgive;
3. Are you growing wea-ry of your heav-y load? Hear the Saviour's "Come to me;"
4. Would you meet your loved ones in that land on high? Still the Saviour bids you come;

Would you prove each promise of the Saviour true? Then before Him humbly bow.
Would you thro' your being feel new life be-gin? Come to Jesus Christ and live.
Would you walk untrammeled all a-long life's road? Je-sus Christ can set you free.
Ho-ly an-gels beck-on, beck-on from the sky, Come to-night and start for home.

REFRAIN.

Hear..... the Sav-iour call-ing, O why
Hear the Sav-iour call-ing, call-ing now for you, Why will you roam?
will you roam? Still..... in ac-cents
Why will you roam? Still in ac-cents ten-der,
ten-der, Dear sin-ner, come home.
Still in ac-cents ten-der, Dear sin-ner, O dear sin-ner, come home, come home.

# 194. The Prodigal.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R H. CORNELIUS. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Far from the dear old homestead, There a-mong sin - ful men,
2. Sin was to me so charm-ing, Pleas-ure al-lured me so,
3. Sin leaves a pain be-hind it, Pleas-ure soon fades a - way,
4. Let me come home, my Fa-ther, Let me a - bide with Thee,

Rose up a soul re-pent-ing,—Long-ing for home a - gain.
Far from Thy side I wan-dered, Find-ing at last but woe.
Earth has no balm for heart break, World-ly friends but be - tray.
Thy love will nev - er fail me Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, take me back, Back to Thy lov - ing breast,

Back to the home I once de-spised— My Fa-ther's house is best.

# 195. He Never Turns a Soul Away.

**Rev. W. C. Martin.** COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

1. There was nev - er a cry of a sin - sick soul But the Mas - ter at
2. There was nev - er raised a re - pent - ing plea, That the Lord ev - er
3. Ev - 'ry seek-er shall find, and to those who knock Shall the door be

once gave heed, And He made the lame and the lep - er whole, For He
would de - ny, And there will not be, for there can - not be, A re-
o - pened wide; Let the sheep re - turn to the Mas-ter's flock, In the

REFRAIN.

glad - ly an - swers all who plead.
turn - ing sin - ner left to die. He nev-er turns a soul a-
sheep fold ev - er to a - bide.

way, He nev-er turns a soul a - way; Je - sus an-swers ev-'ry
a - way,

cry, Nev - er one need die; He nev - er turns a soul a - way.

# 196. He Calls for You.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY R. H, CORNELIUS R. H. Cornelius.

1. When the shad-ows fall and the shepherds call, And the flocks are in the fold;
2. Lo, the gales a-rise and the storm-swept skies Are as wild and black as doom;
3. O, the Shepherd true in the rain or dew, Still is call-ing for His own;

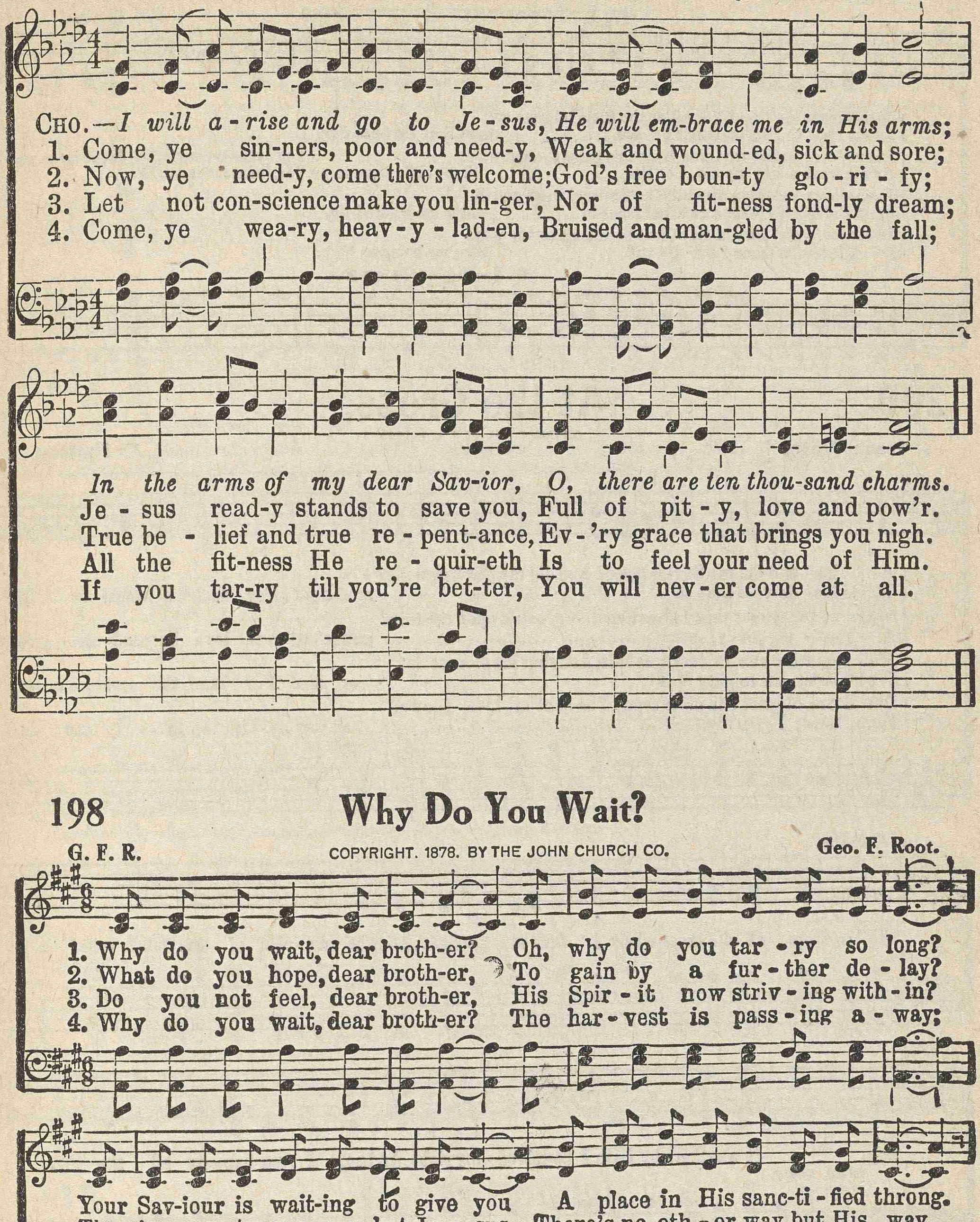
Then the Shepherd true looks and longs for you Still a-way in the gloom and cold.
But a door a-jar like a sin-gle star, Can be seen op'ning thro' the gloom.
Will you nev-er heed, will you die in-deed Tho' the straight way of life is known.

REFRAIN.

And He calls for you, Still He calls for you,
And He calls for you, still He calls for you, And He calls for you, still He calls for you,
O He calls for you to-day; There are nine - - ty - nine
There are nine-ty-nine in the fold di-vine,
In the fold di - vine, But He longs for the one a-stray.
There are nine-ty-nine in the fold di-vine,

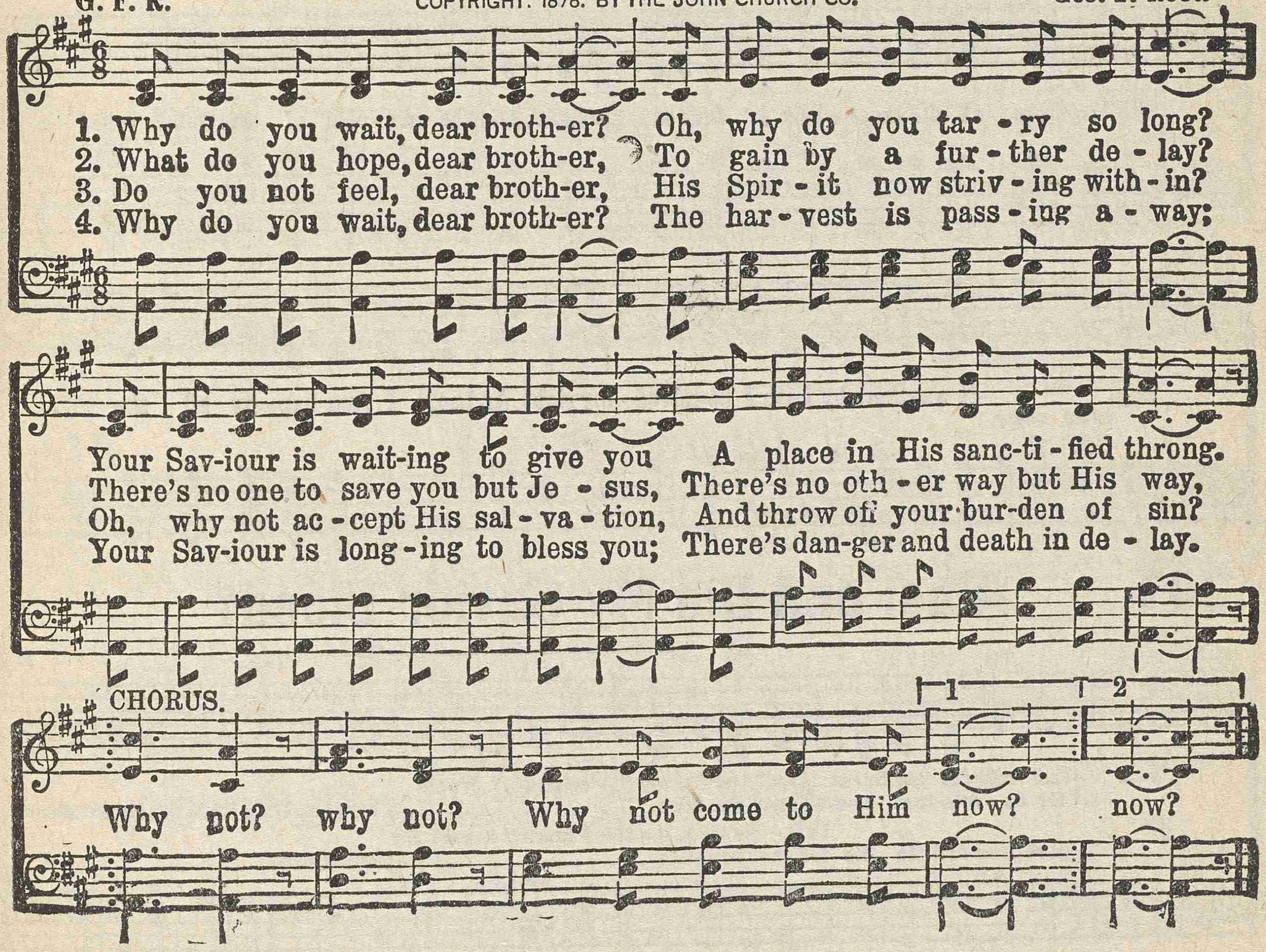
## No. 197 I Will Arise.

**Sing with words of No. 216 also.** **Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.**




## 198 Why Do You Wait?

**G. F. R.** COPYRIGHT. 1878. BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. **Geo. F. Root.**



## 199 Yes, Jesus Loves Me.—Children's Song.

Anna Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je-sus loves me this I know! For the Bible tells me so;
   Lit-tle ones to Him be-long, They are ..... weak, but He is strong.

2. Je-sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to open wide;
   He will wash a-way my sin, Let His ..... lit-tle child come in.

3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still! Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
   From His shining throne on high, Comes to ..... watch me where I lie.

4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;
   If I love Him when I die, He will ..... take me home on high.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me, The .....

D. S.—Bi-ble tells me so.

## 200. At the Gross.

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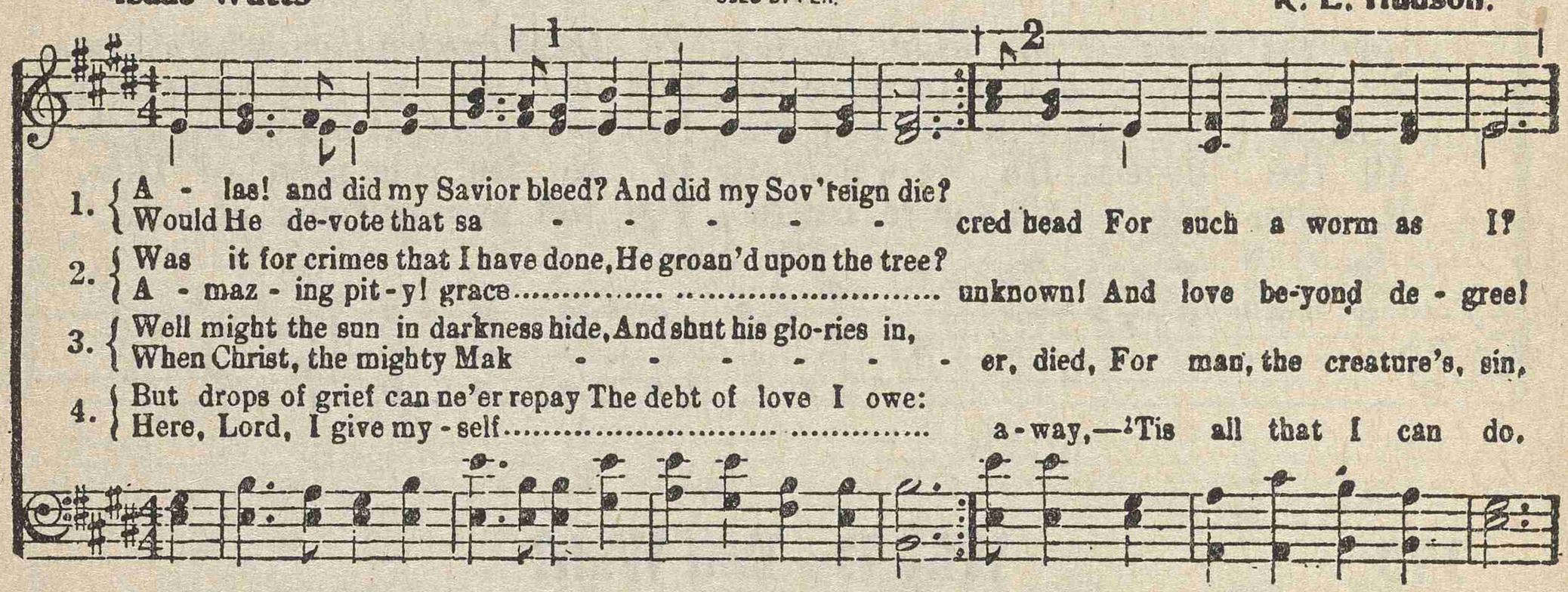
Isaac Watts R. E. Hudson.




1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
   Would He de-vote that sa - - - - - - cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
   A - maz - ing pit - y! grace ..... unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
   When Christ, the mighty Mak - - - - - - er, died, For man, the creature's, sin.

4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give my - self ..... a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a-

way, It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

rolled a-way.

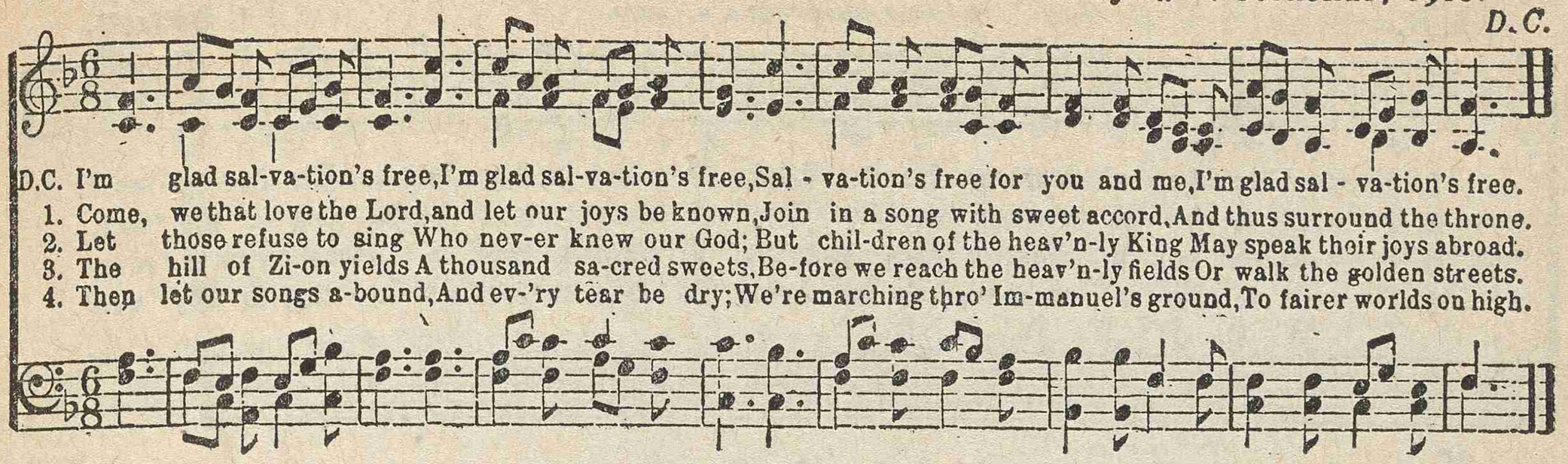
## 201 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would
   He de - vote that sa-cred head For such ..... a worm as I? He loves me, He loves me.

D. S.—He loves me this I know (I know), He
gave Him-self to die for me be-cause ..... He loved me so.

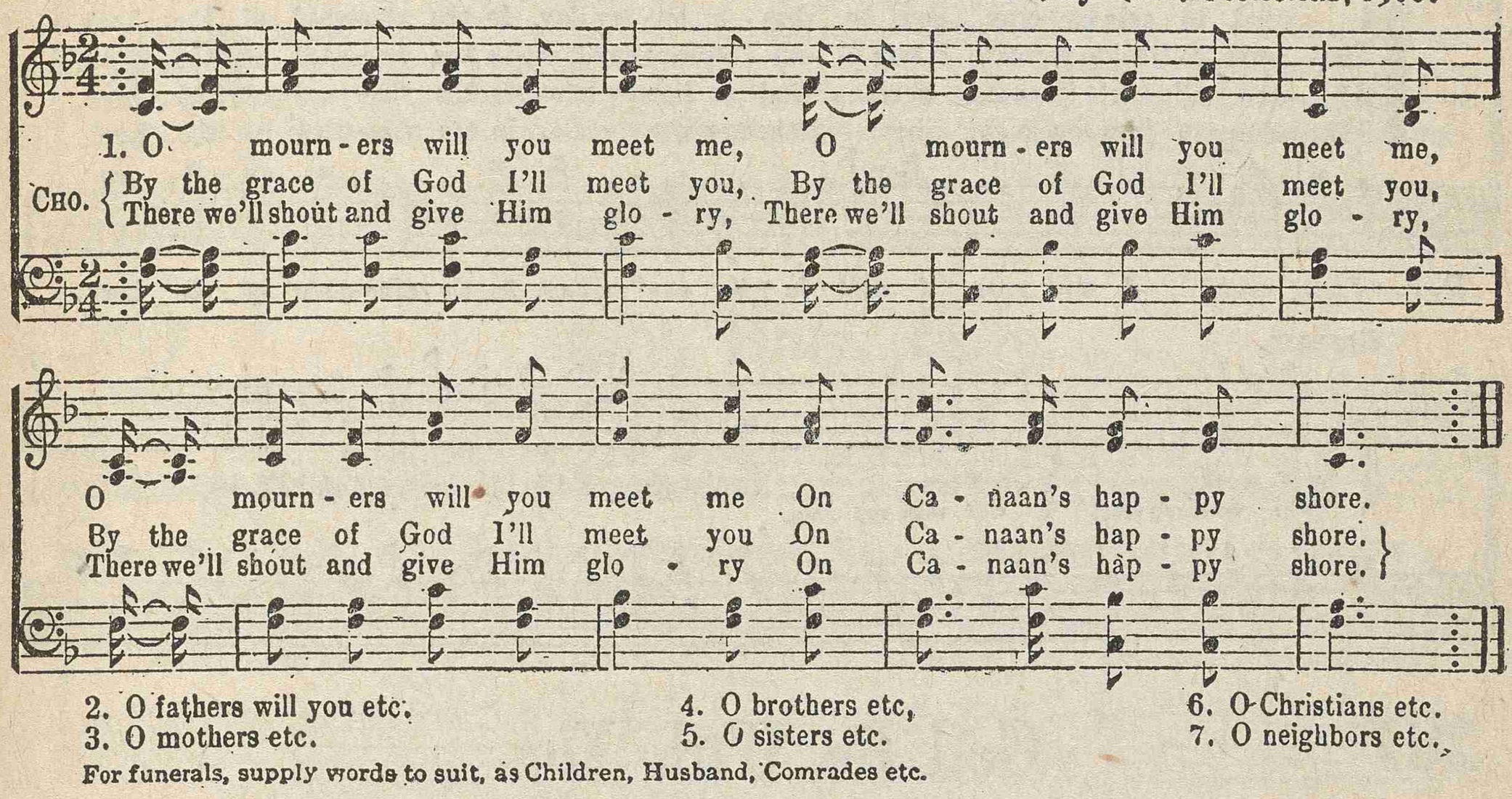
## 202 I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by R. H. Cornelius, 1916.




## 203 On Canaan's Happy Shore.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius, 1916.




2. O fathers will you etc.
3. O mothers etc.
4. O brothers etc,
5. O sisters etc.
6. O Christians etc.
7. O neighbors etc.

For funerals, supply words to suit, as Children, Husband, Comrades etc.

## 204 Gaining Ground.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius. 1916.

## 205 Room Enough.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius, 1916.

# 206 I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

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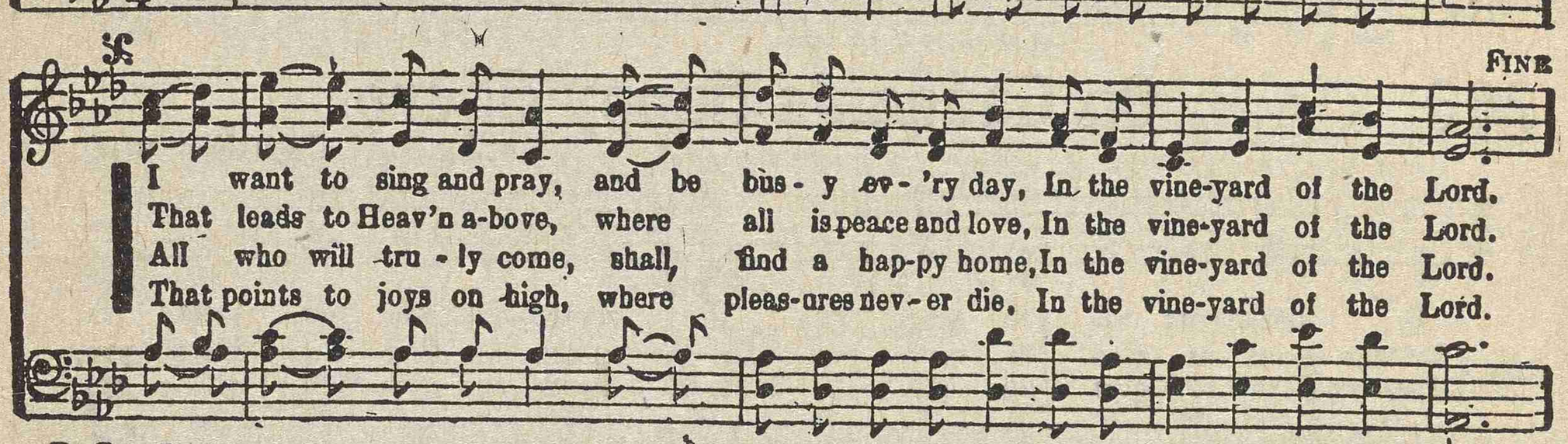
I. Baltzell.



# 207 God Be With You.

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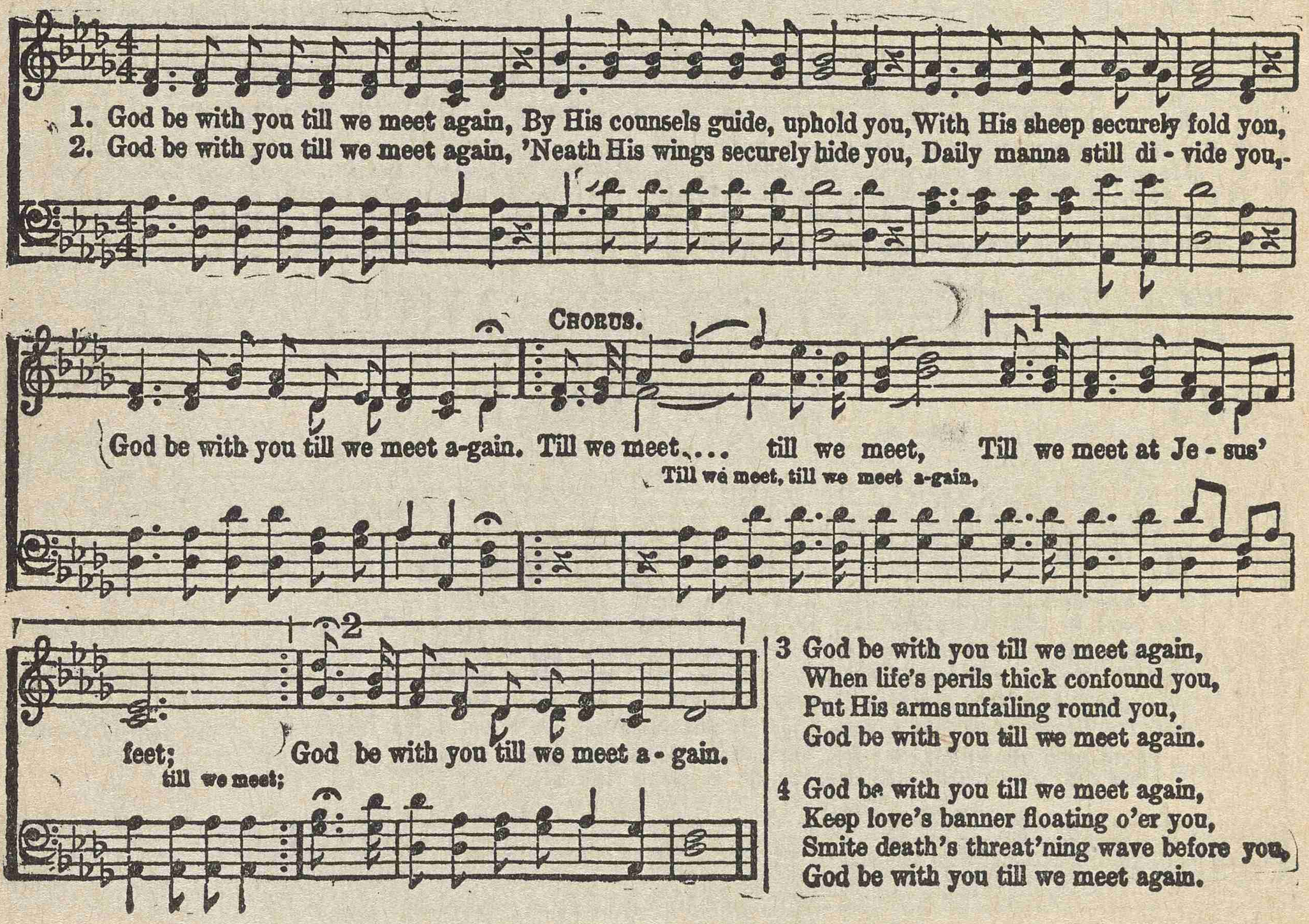
W. G. Tomer.

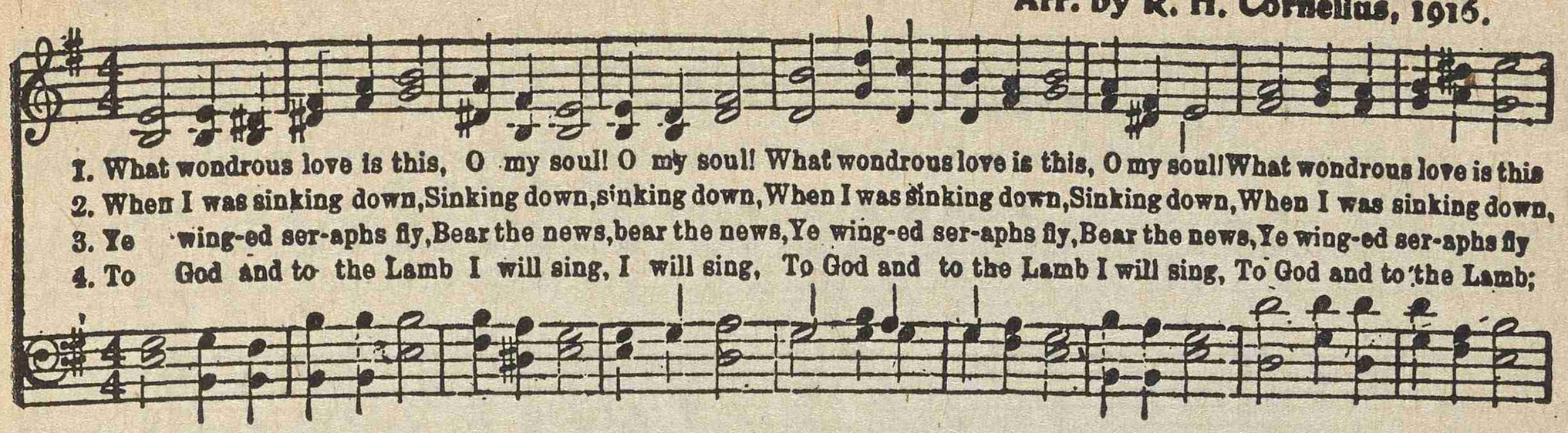



3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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.

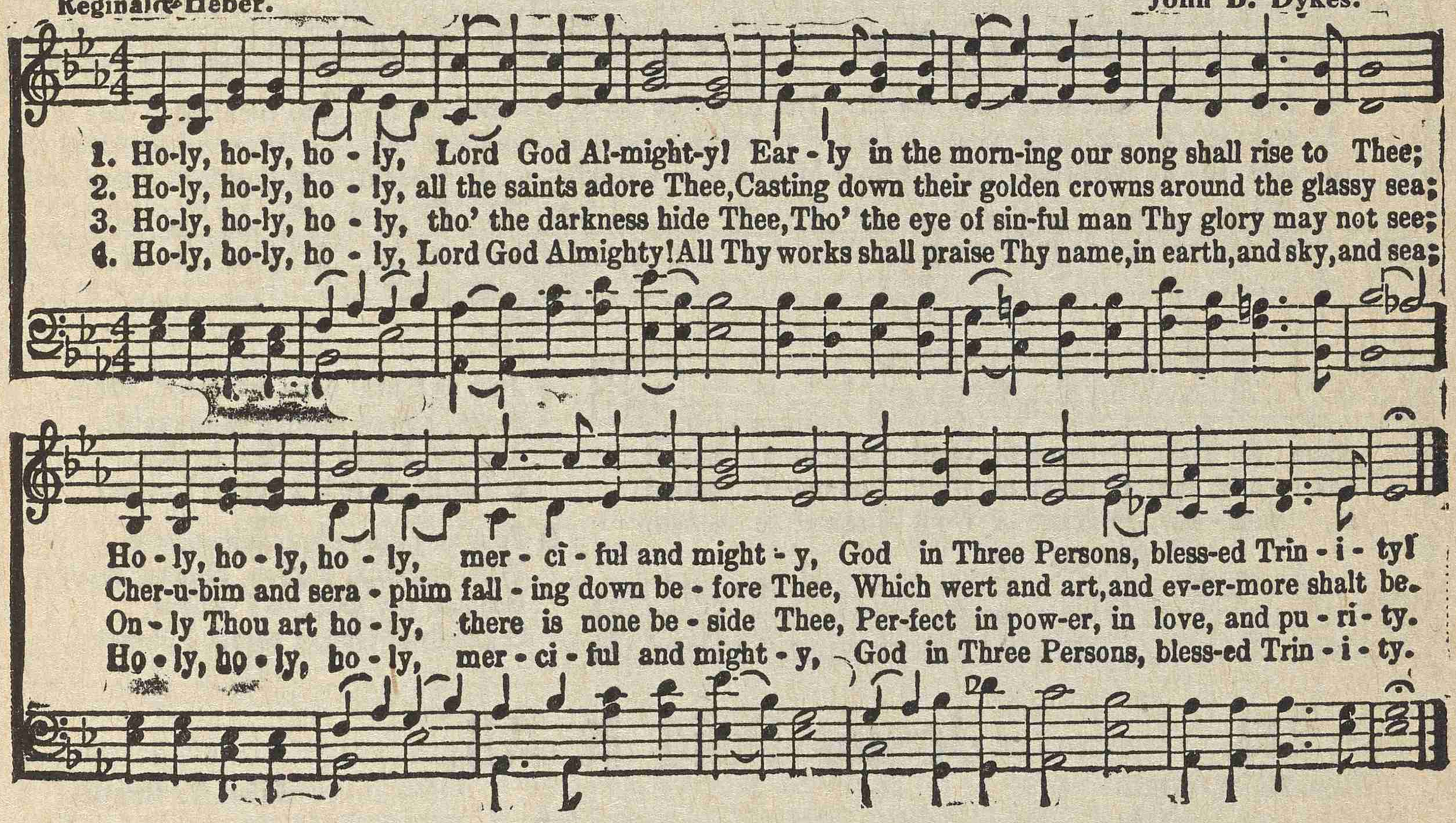
# 208. What Wondrous Love.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius, 1916.



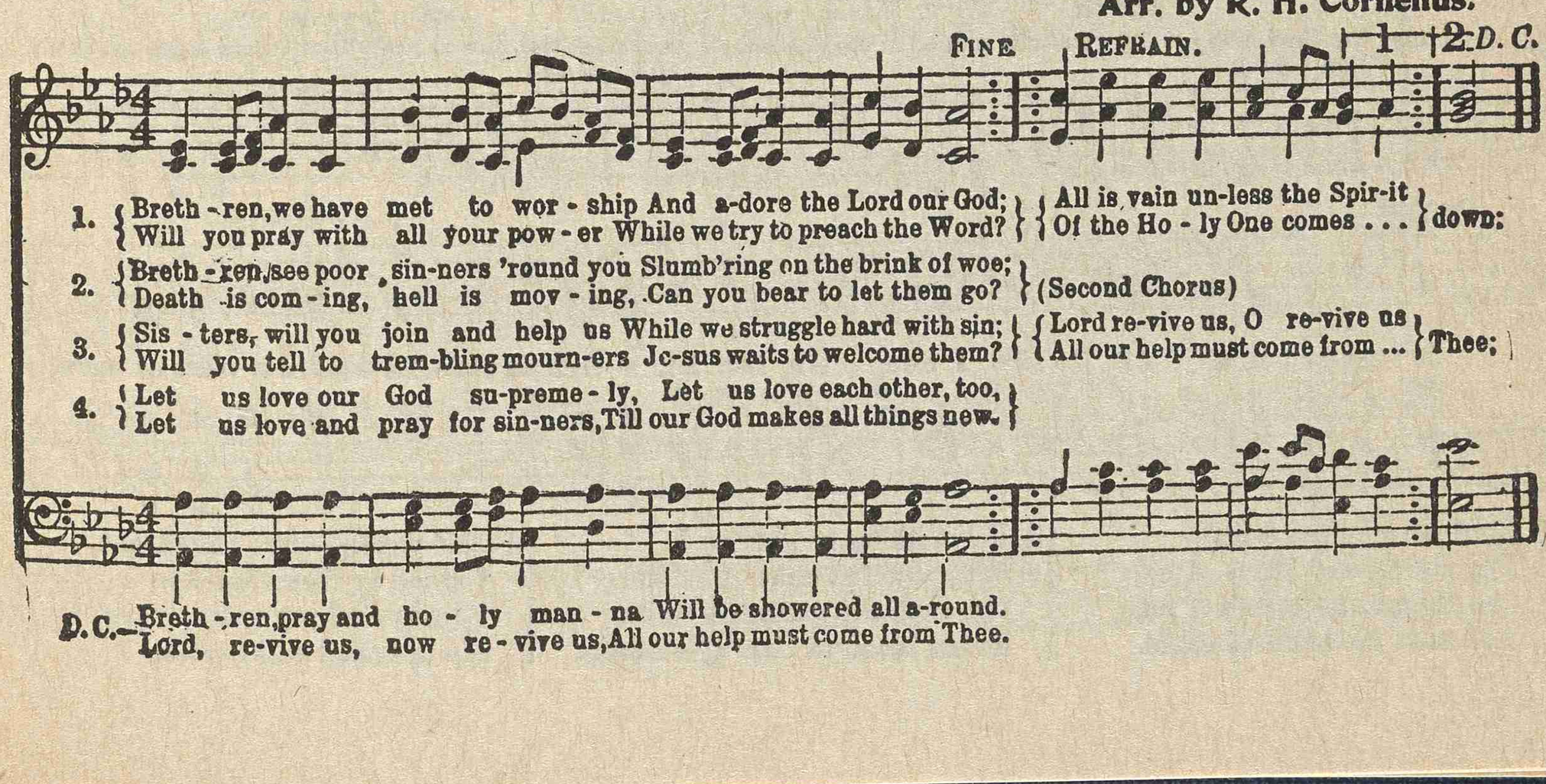

# 209 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



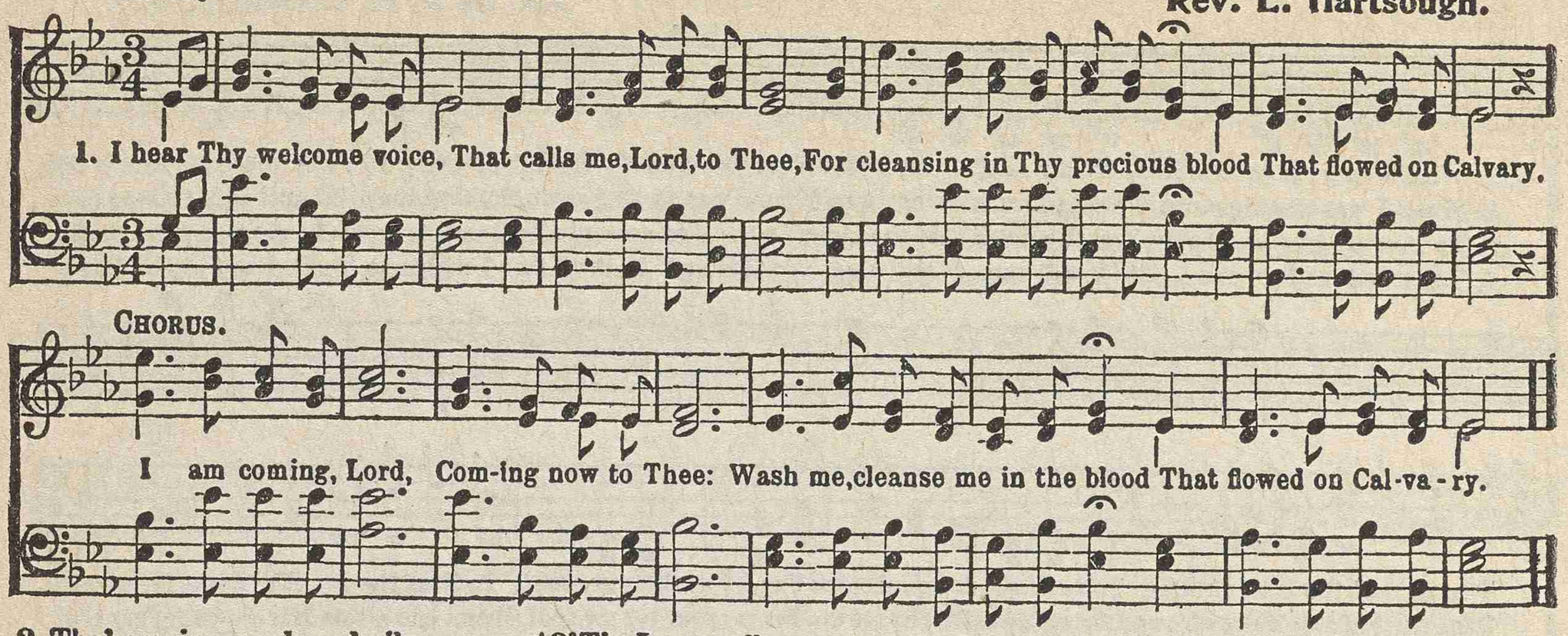

# 210. Holy Manna.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.



## 211. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



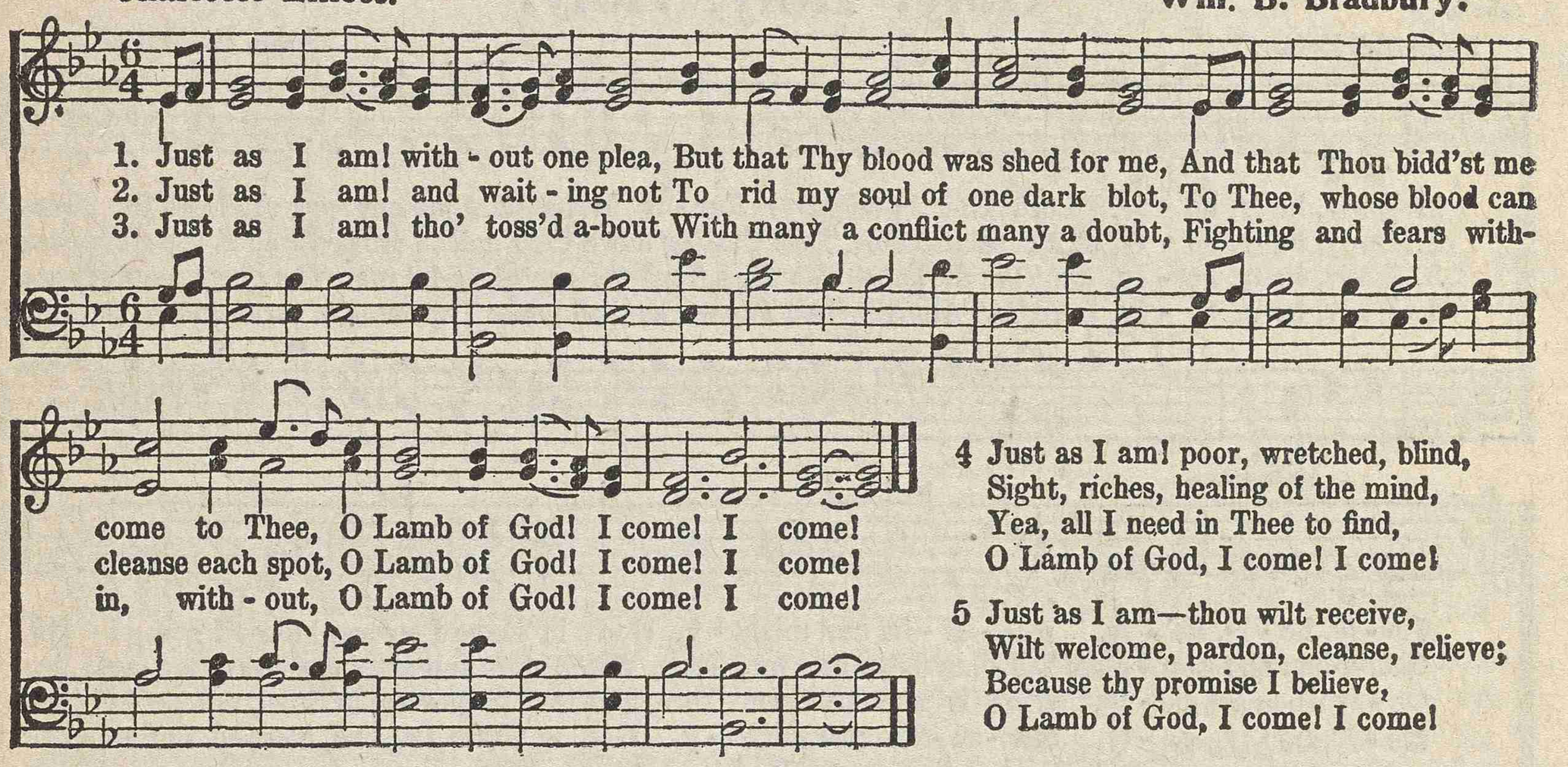

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

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.

## 212. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

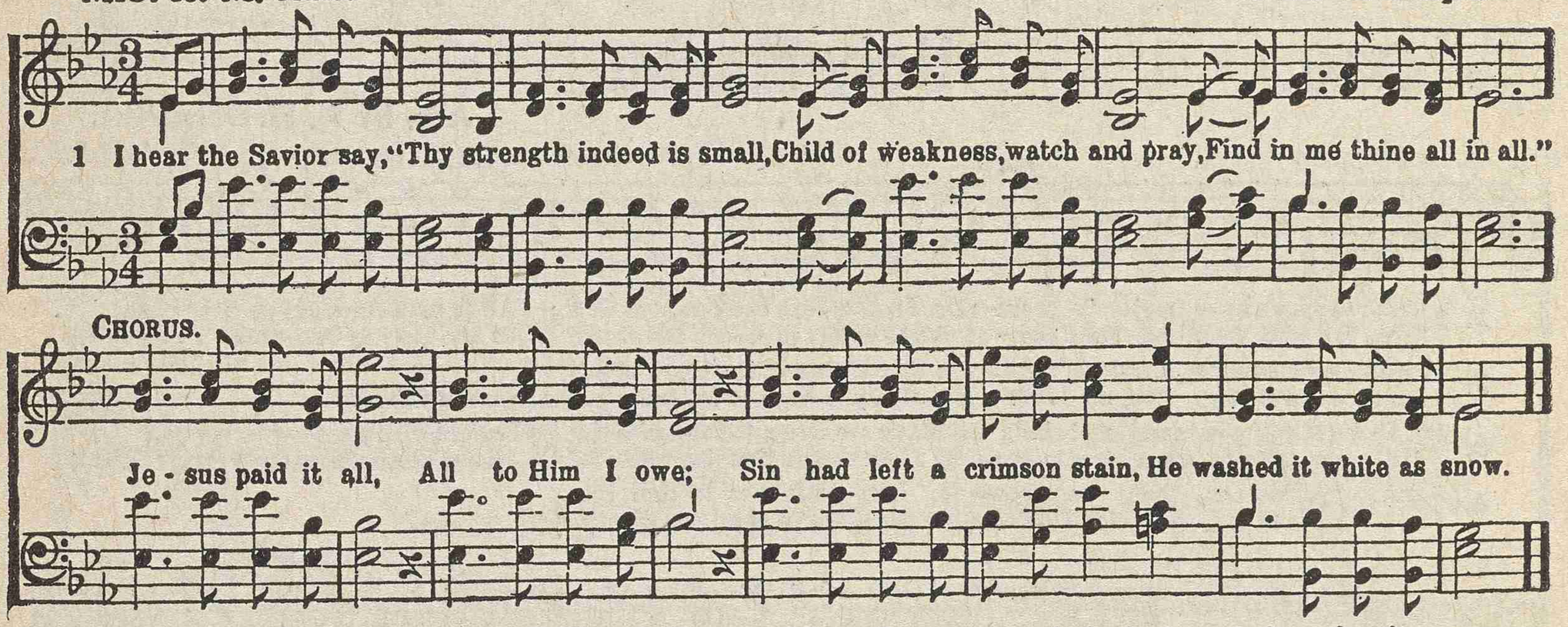



4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

## 213. 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.

## 214. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

## 215. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. Excell.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far.

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

## 216. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

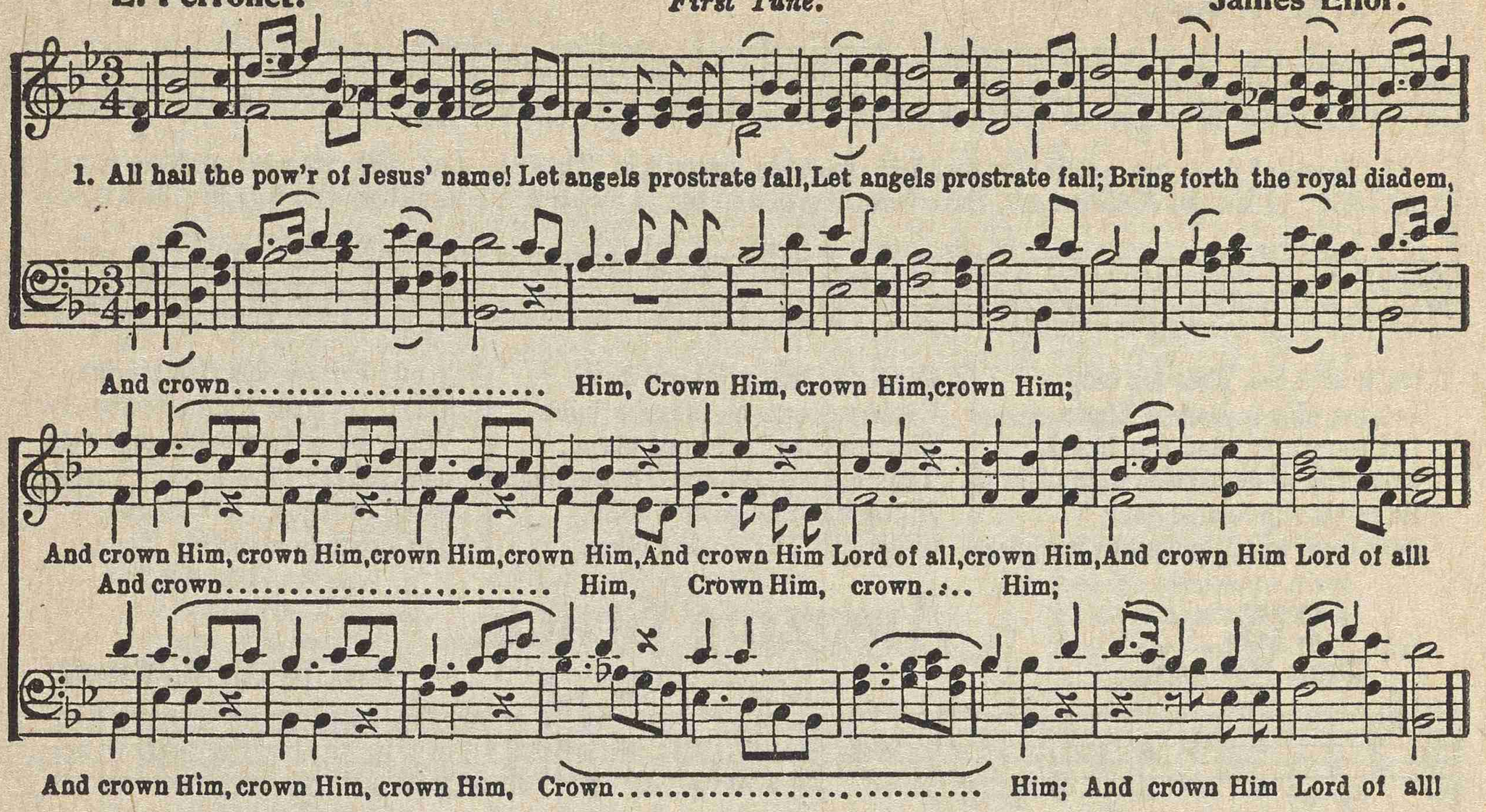
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 217. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. J. J. Rousseau.

## 218. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.




2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

## 219. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.

## 220. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

## 221. 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,

## 222. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

## 223. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

## 224. 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.

## 225. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
{ sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- { cause He first loved me.

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.

## 226. 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 trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-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.

## 227. O Happy Day.

Philip 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.
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, 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.

## 228. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

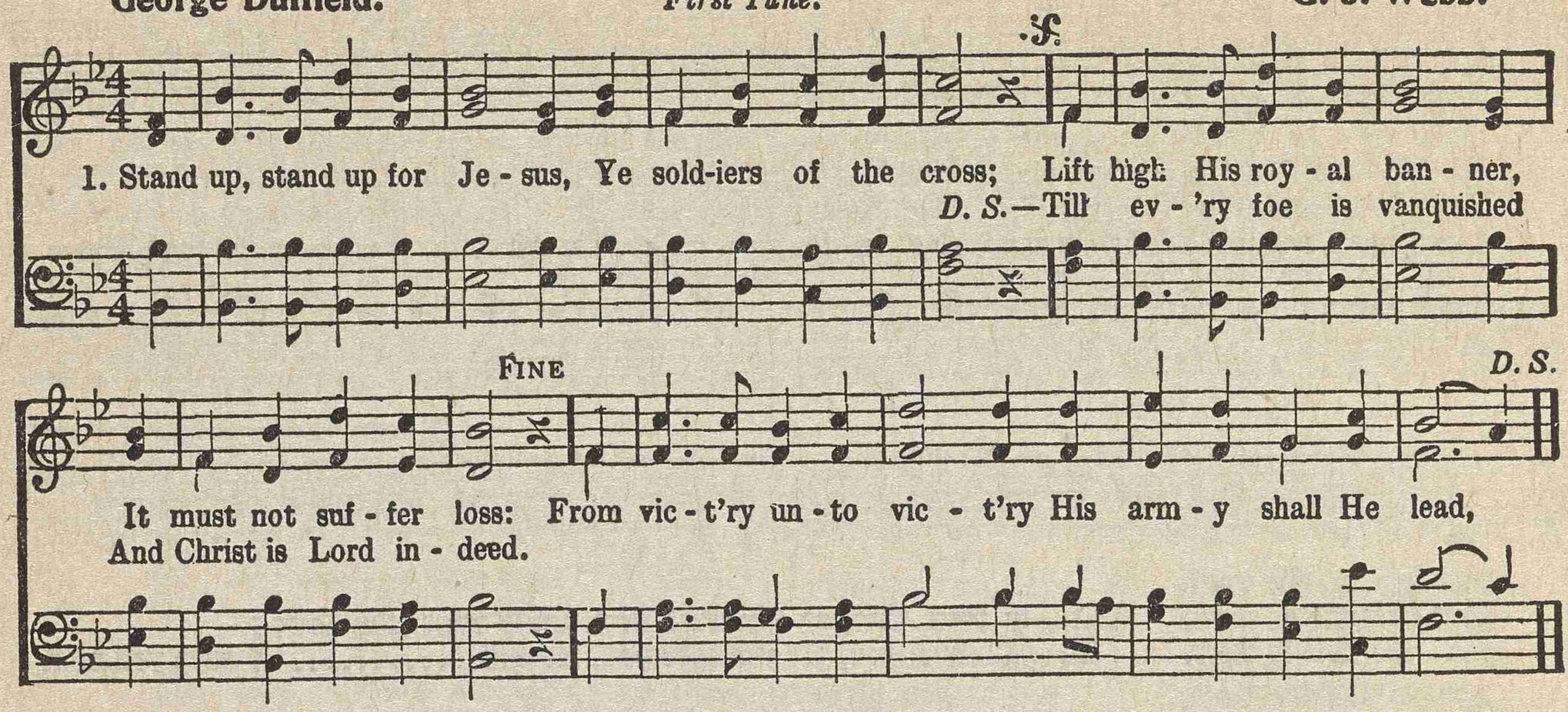
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed 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.

## 229. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.




2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

## 230. The Morning Light is Breaking.

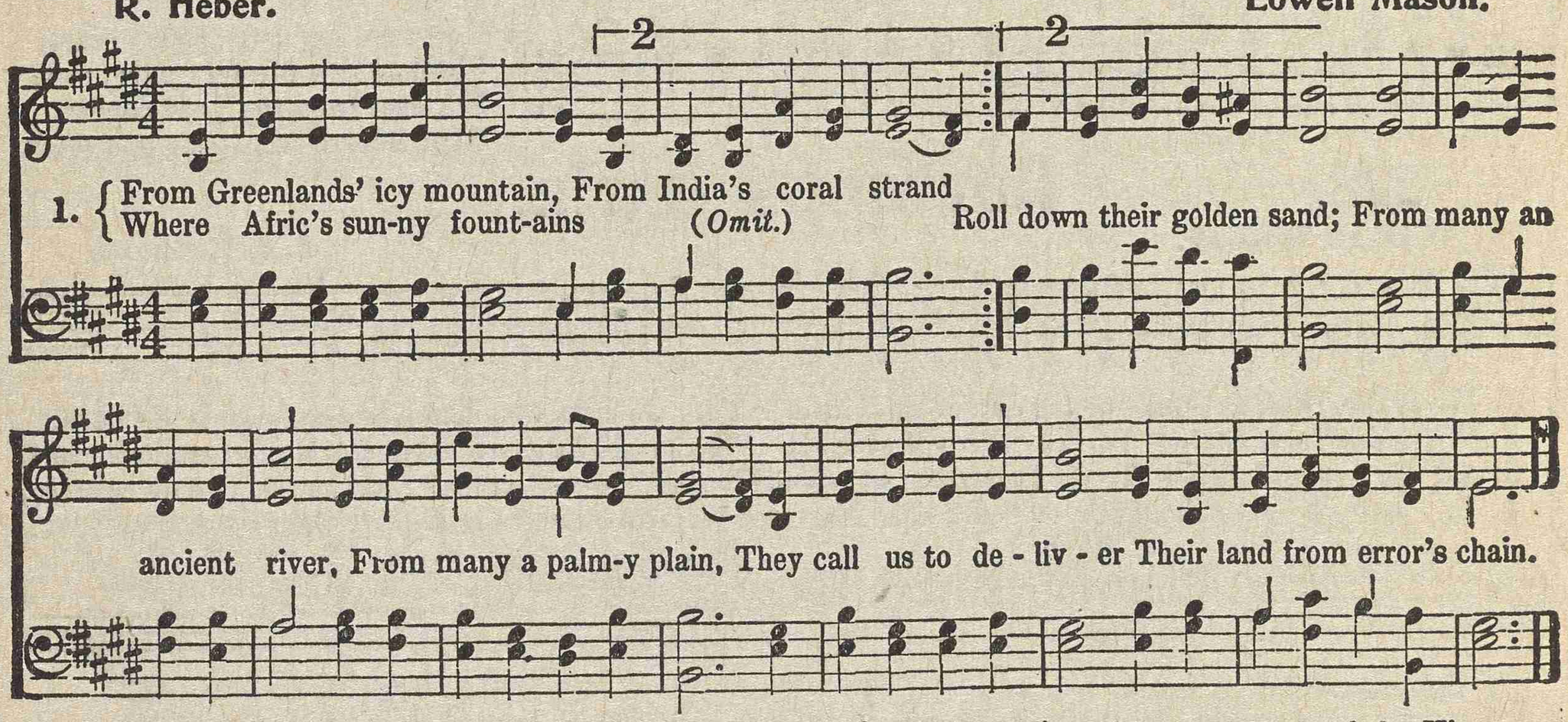
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

## 231. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. Lowell Mason.



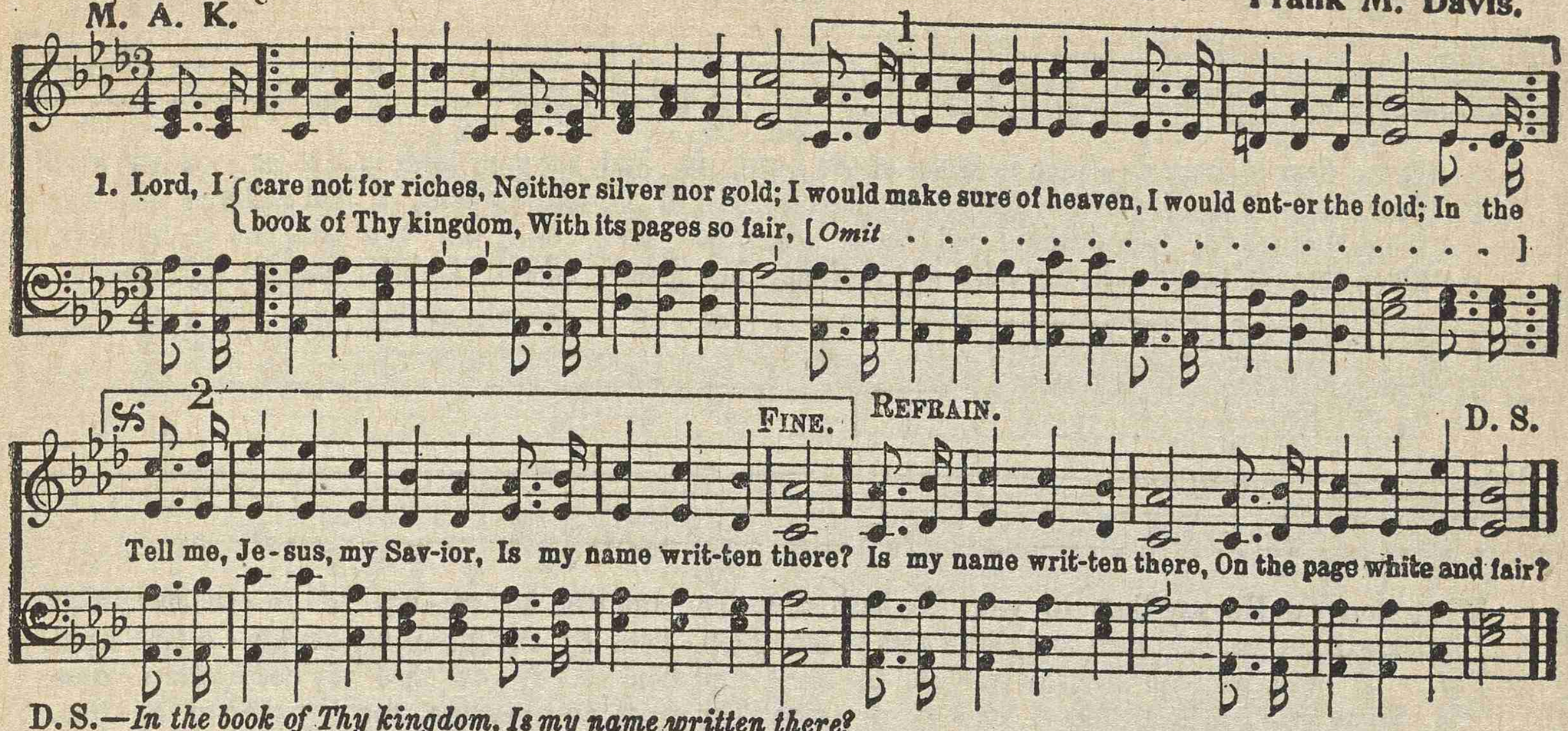

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

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.

## 232. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. — Frank M. Davis.



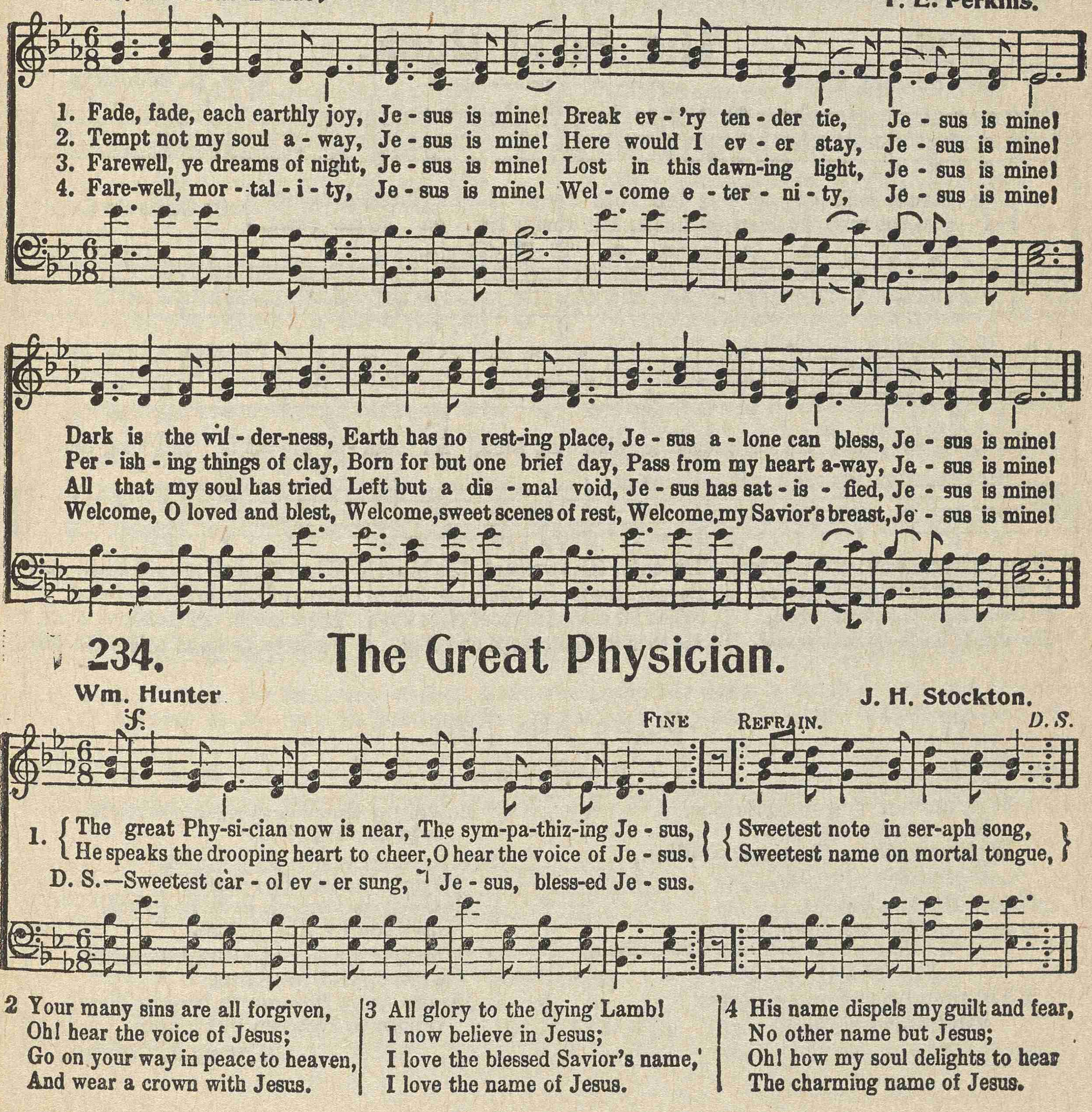

D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

## 233. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. — T. E. Perkins.




## 234. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter — J. H. Stockton.



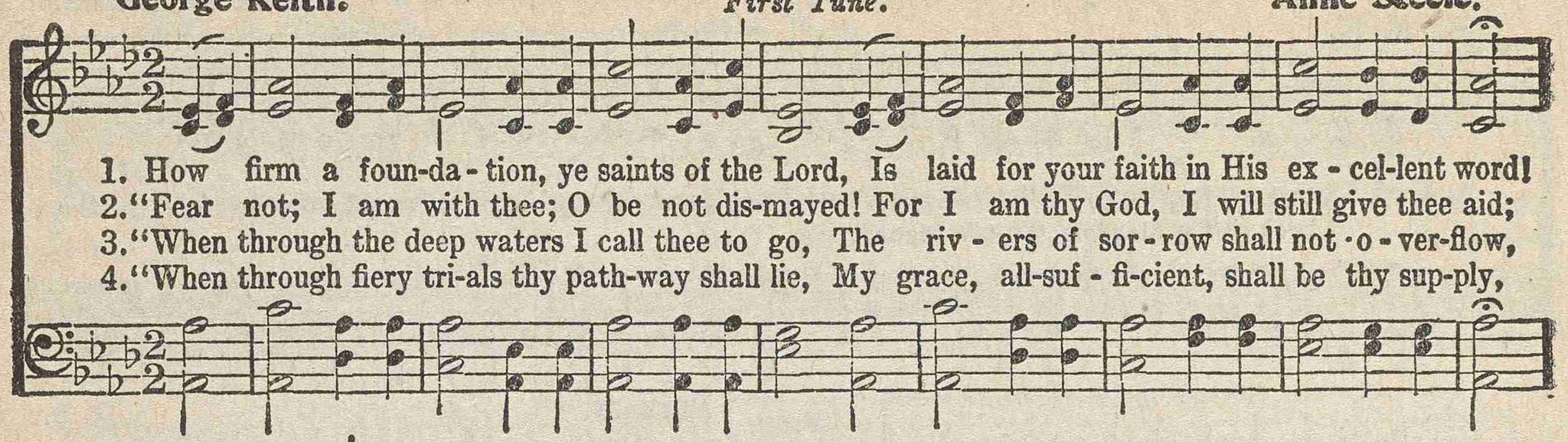

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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.

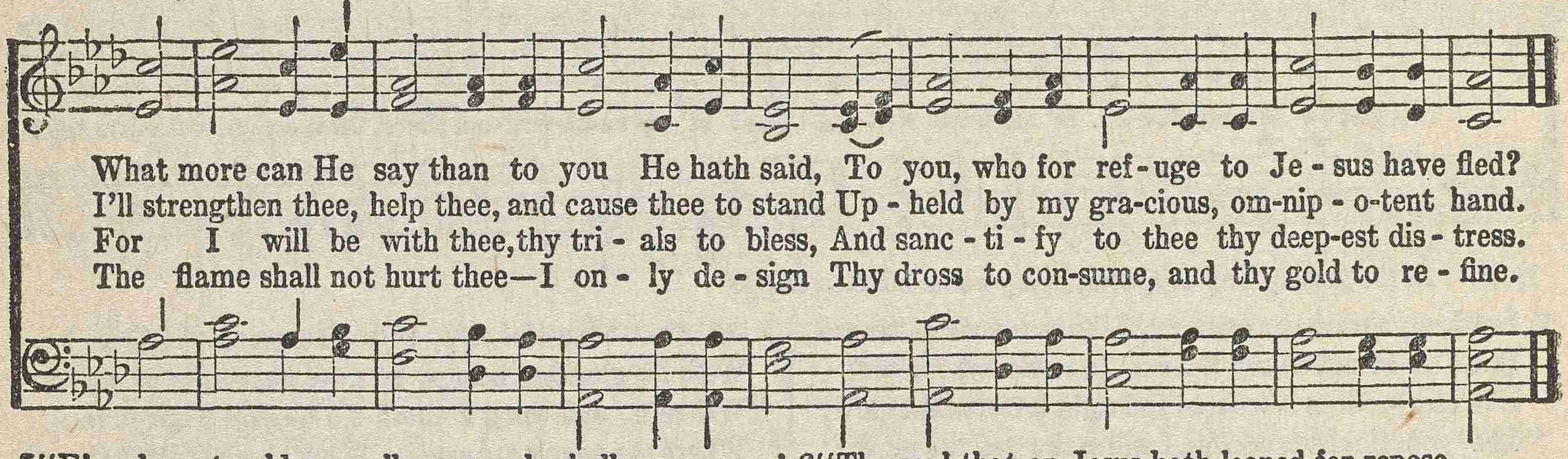
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

## 235. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,



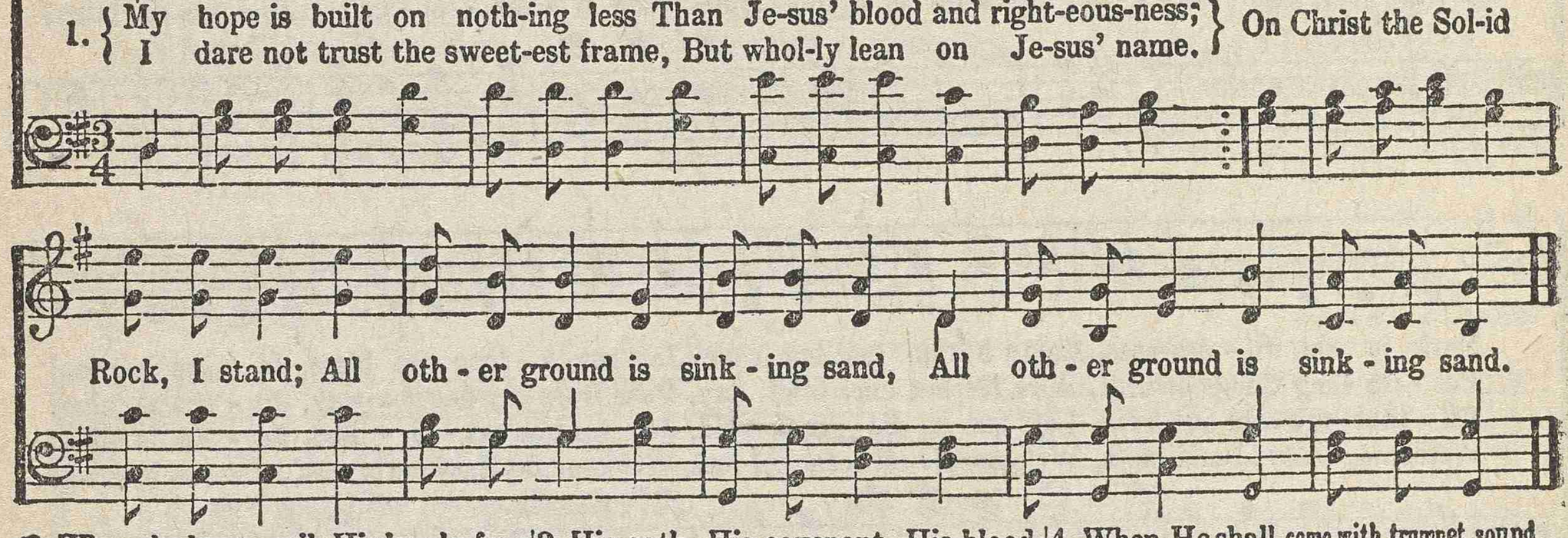
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

## 236. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; / I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

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.

## 237. 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.

## 238. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.

## 239. O Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

## No. 240. Look to Jesus.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

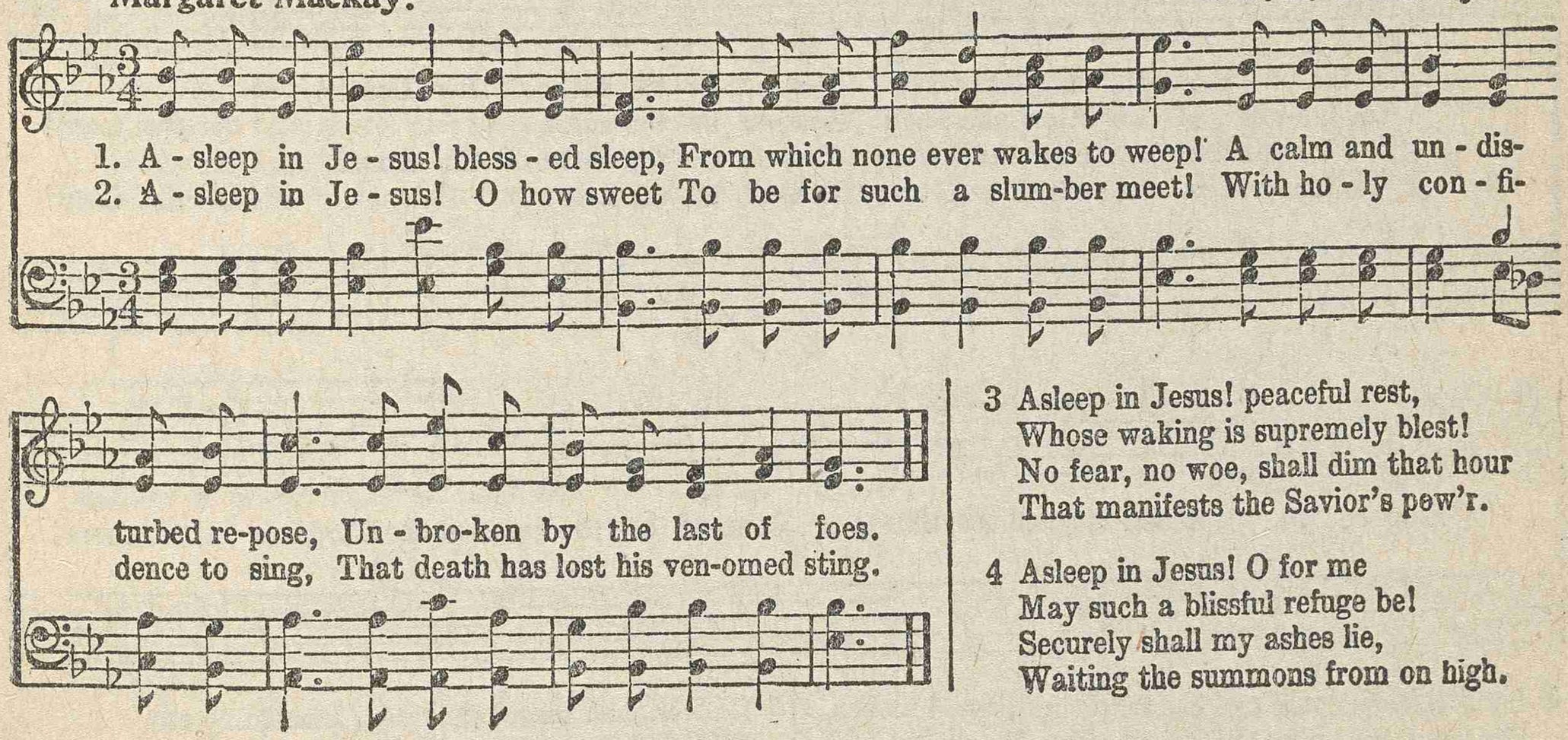
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

## 241. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.




3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

## 242. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole;
   I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
   Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
   And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice;
   I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

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

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

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

## 243. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

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.

## 244. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

## 245. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## 246. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, / While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, / Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

## 247. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

## 248. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

## 249. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

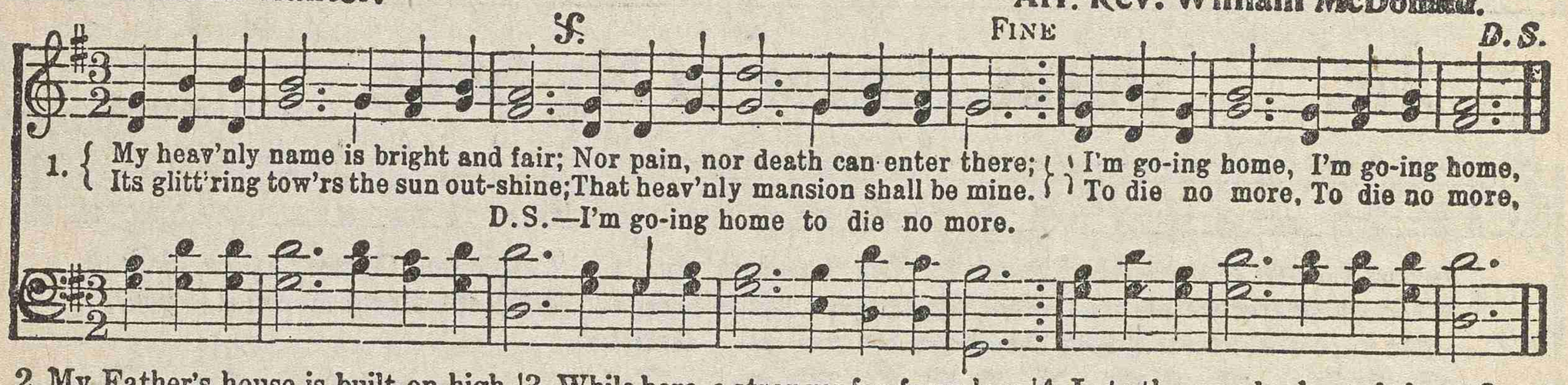
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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 thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

## 250. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



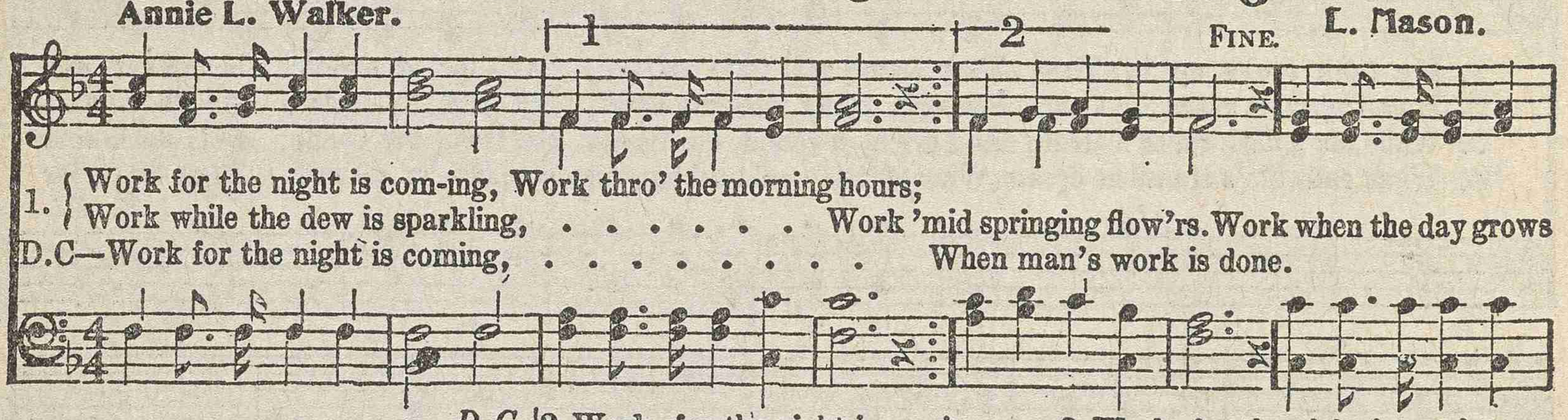

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

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.

## 251. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

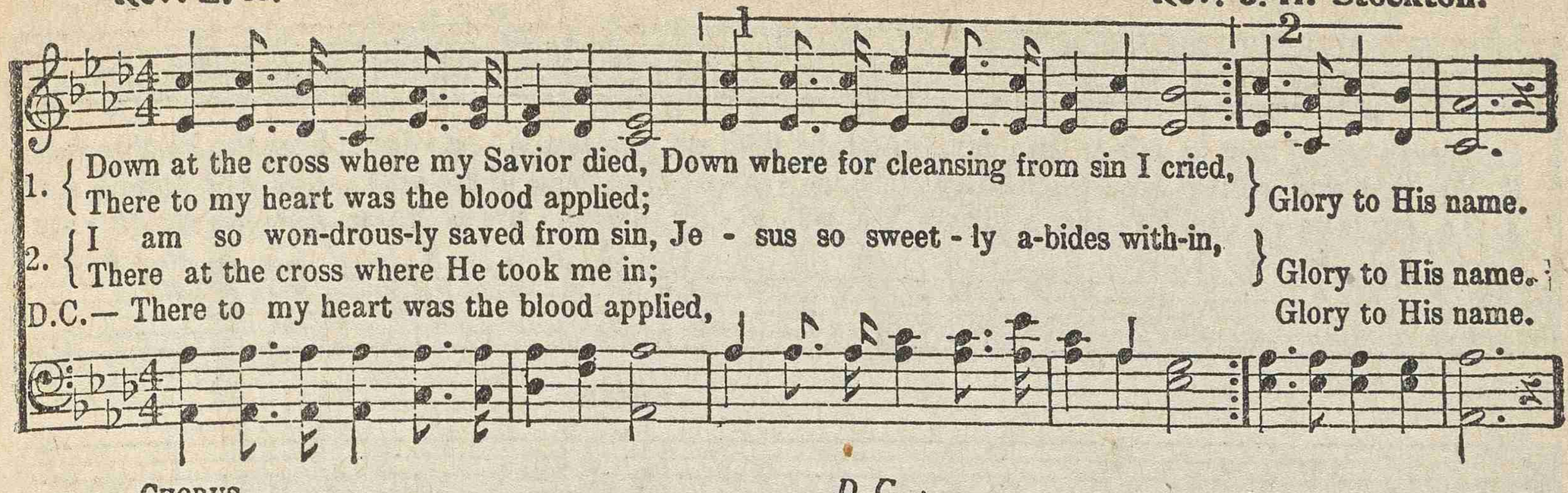



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the 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.

## 252. Glory to His Name.

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



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
   There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D. C.

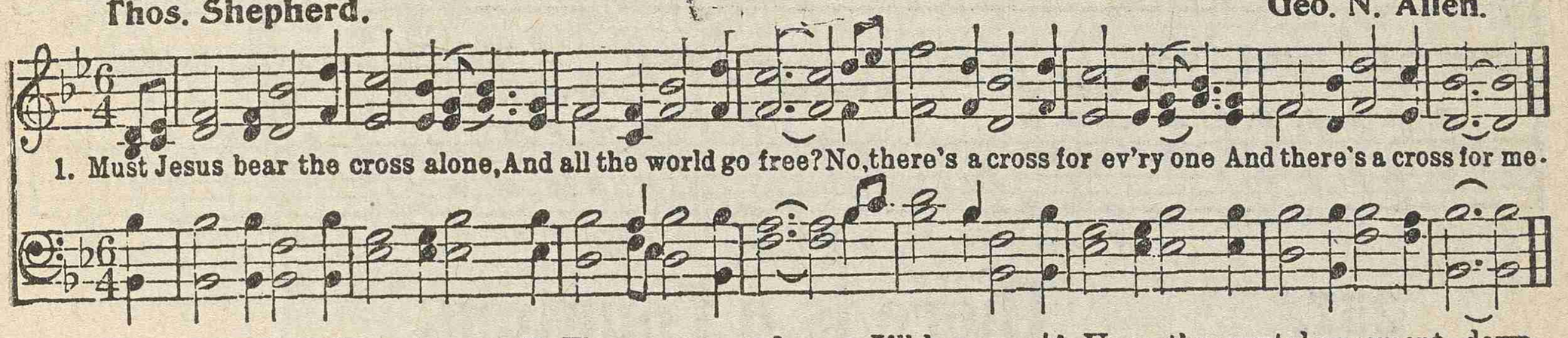
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

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.

## 253. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

## 254. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.

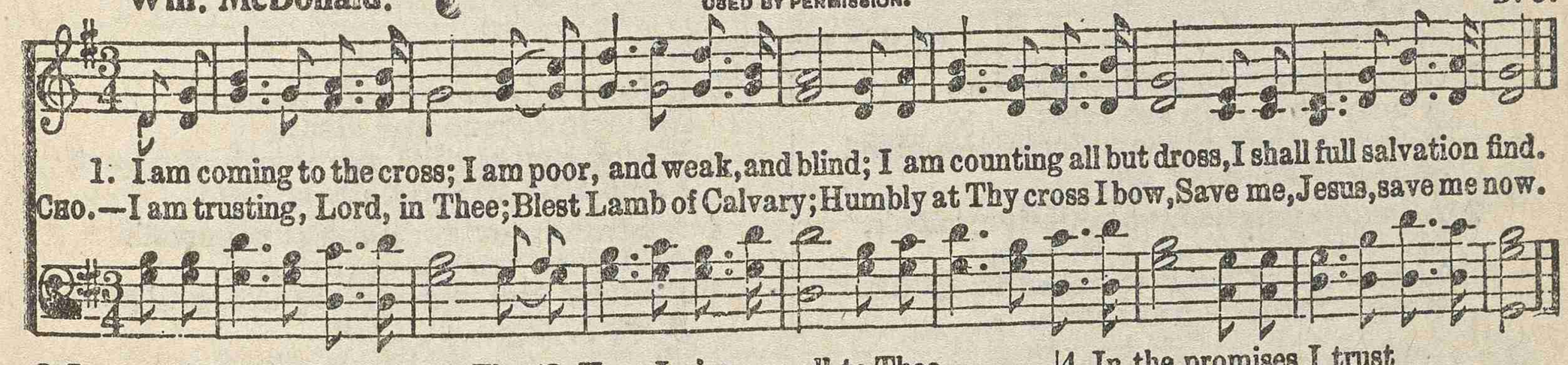
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

## 255. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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."

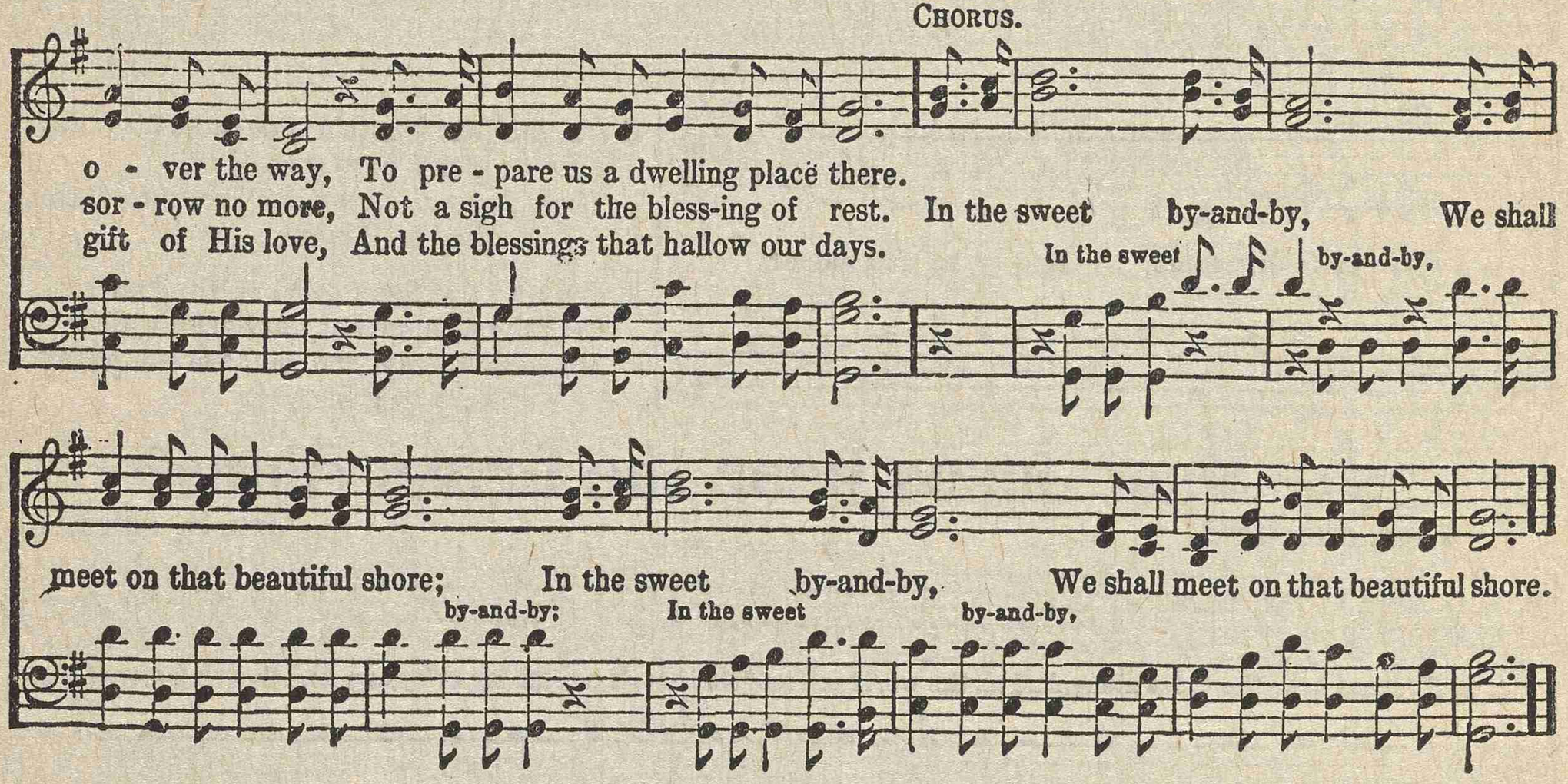
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

## 256. Sweet By-and-By.

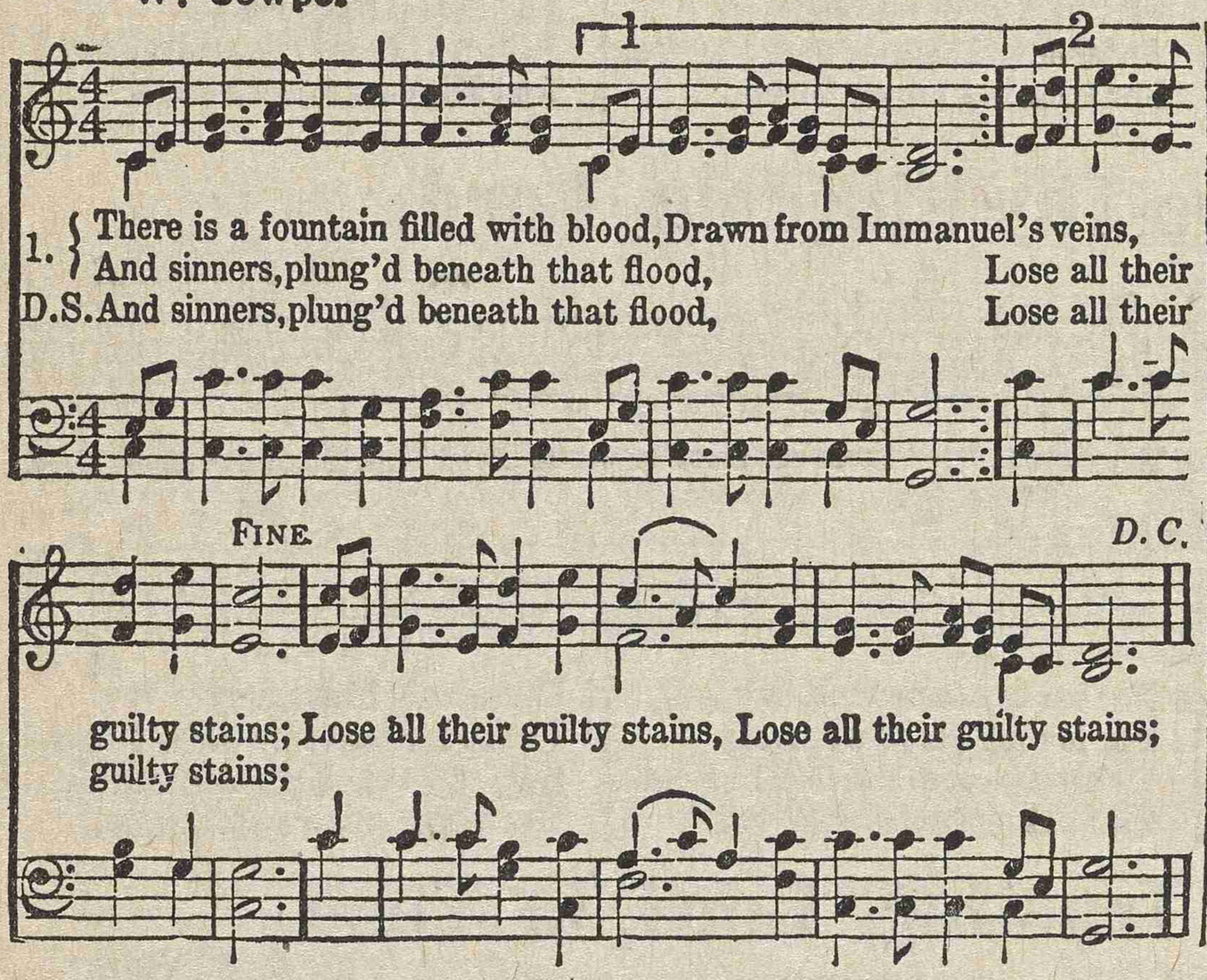
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

CHORUS.




## 257. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper Lowell Mason.




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.

## 258.

Music number 262.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

## 259. Come to Jesus. Key of G.

1 Come to Jesus etc.
2 He will save you,
3 He is able.
4 Only trust Him.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 Don't reject Him.
9 Hallelujah! Amen.

## 260. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

## 261. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

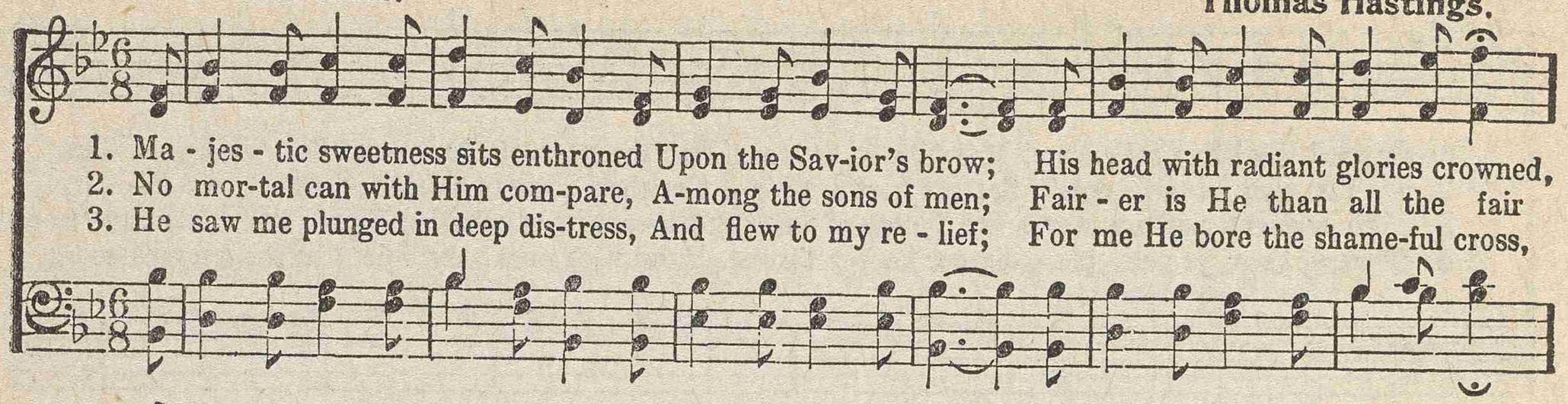
CHORUS.

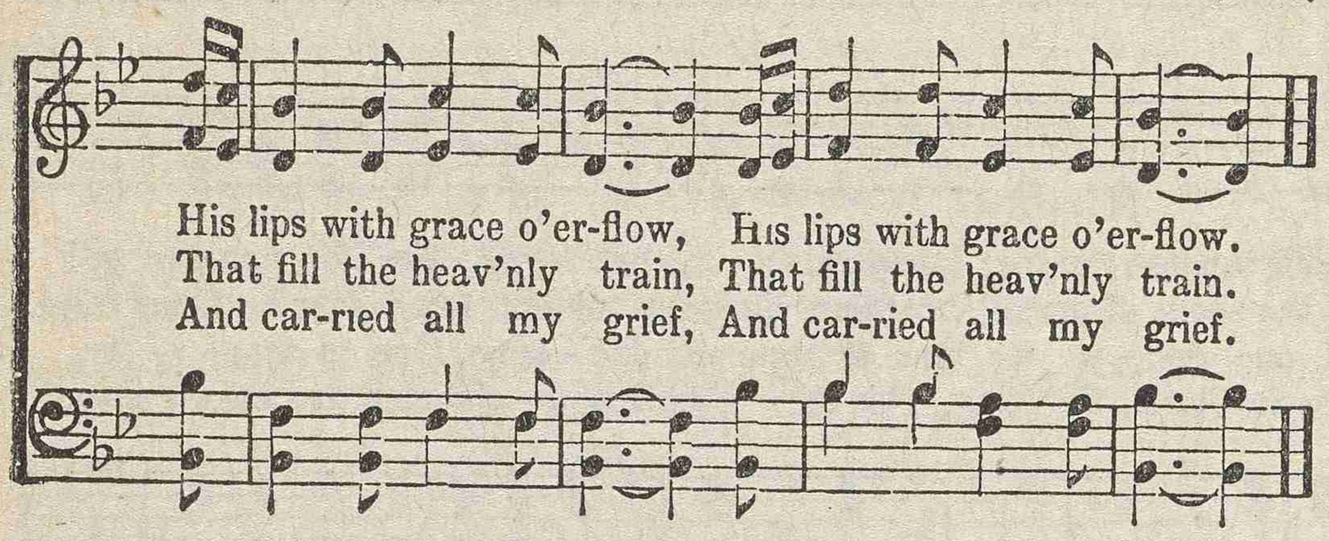
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

# 262. 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.

## 263.

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 spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

## 264.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

## 265.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower 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 flowery 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 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

## 266.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility.
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember Thee!

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee!

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee!

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

## 267.

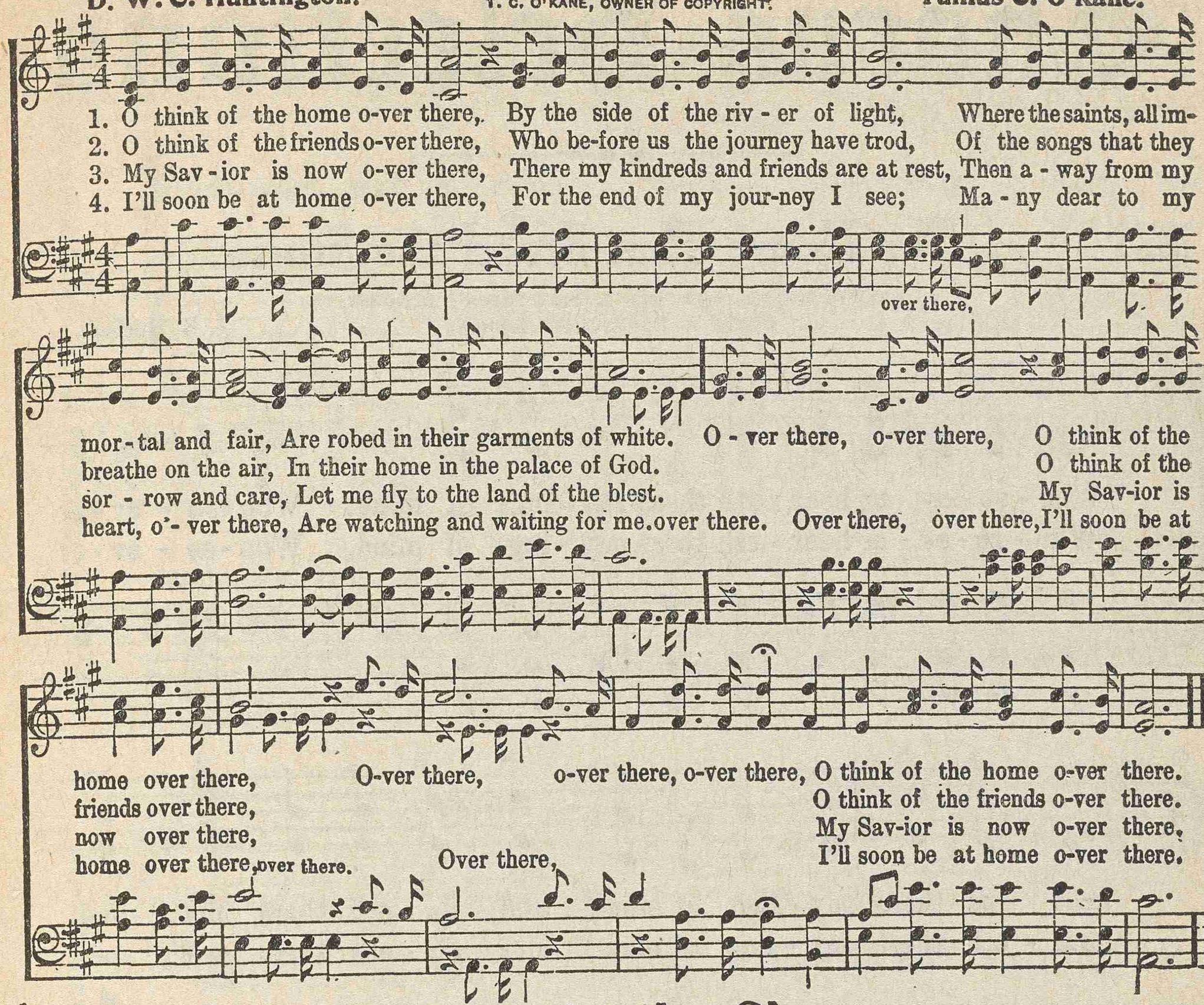
1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

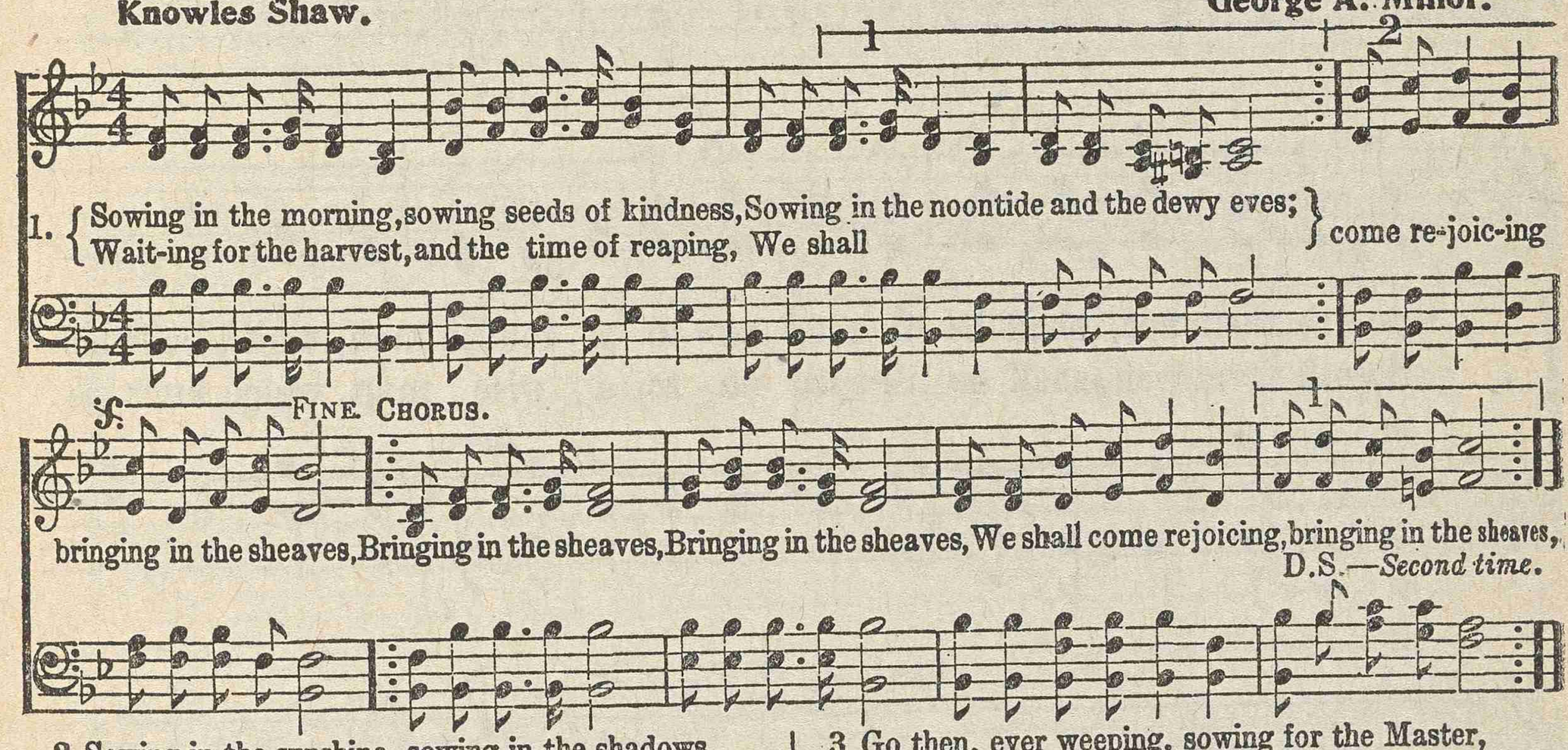
## 268. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.




## 269. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.




2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## 270. O For a Closer Walk with God.

Tune—No. 262.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

# Chorus Selections

## 271 The House That Stood the Storm.

COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER & HERBERT,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. B. Herbert.

"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er
D.C.–"Who - so - ev - er hear - eth these say - ings of mine, Who - so - ev - er

hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them not, and
hear - eth these say - ings of mine, and do - eth them well, and

do-eth them not, shall be lik-ened un - to a foolish man, which built his
do-eth them well, shall be lik-ened un - to a wise man, which built his

FINE.

house up - on the sand." "And the rains de-scend - ed, and the
house up - on a rock."

# The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up - on that house, and beat up - on that house, And it

*slower.* *very deliberately.* D. C.

fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there - of."

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found-ed up - on a

*slower.* *ff*

rock!.... For it was founded up - on a rock!.....

up - on a rock!

rock!.....

# Crown Him!

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let men and an - gels loud pro-claim
2. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! To seek and save the lost He came
3. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Mine, mine shall be the tears of shame

*rit.*

The won-ders of His works and ways, And raise to Him un - end - ing praise;
To earth a Stranger, and un-known, A ran - som for His lov'd, His own;
That such a Sav - ior was de - nied, Was scourged, condemned and cru-ci - fied;

He built the heav'ns, the stars He made; By Him was earth's foun-da-tion laid;
He came to break the bonds of sin, Our souls from Sa-tan's pow'r to win;
Yet, bless-ed news—He lives a-gain! The pow'rs of dark-ness were in vain!

Be - fore Him let all na-tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all; And
He speaks—O hear His right-eous call, And crown Him Lord of all; And
Let all the earth His name ex - tol, And crown Him Lord of all; And

crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all!
Lord of all, Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all, and crown Him Lord of all!

# Crown Him!

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!.....
Lord of all, Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

CHORUS.

Crown Him! crown Him! Hon-or, love and mer-cy
Won-der-ful is He! wis-dom, pow'r and ma-jes-ty, Hon-or, love, and

Won-der-ful! maj-jes-ty!

un-to Him be-long; Crown Him!
mer-cy a-lone to Him be-long; All earth shall yet be-fore Him fall, Ev-'ry

Won-der-ful!

Crown Him! Praise Him with a glad tri-umph-ant song,
na-tion shall ex-tol Him in praise with glad tri-umph-ant song, For

ma-jes-ty!

Crown Him! crown Him! Shall crown Him Lord of all.
Lord of all, shall crown Him Lord of all,

273

# Onward to Victory.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. On-ward to vic - to - ry, sol-diers true and loy-al, Christ our Cap-tain
2. Out on life's bat-tle field, Sa-tan's hosts as - sem-ble And no com-prom-
3. On-ward to vic - to - ry, keep your ban-ners fly-ing, Up - on ev - 'ry

bids us hast - en to the fray; On-ward to vic - to - ry 'neath His
ise we'll make with such a foe; At God's commanding voice, hell's foun-
moun-tain-top, and hill and vail; On - ward to vic - to - ry, sin and

ban-ner roy - al, Vol - un-teers are want-ed at the front to - day.
da-tions trem - ble, While His hosts from conqu'ring un - to con-quest go.
hell de - fy - ing; Ju-dah's Li - on shall o'er all the world pre-vail.

CHORUS. *Male voices, unison*

He shall reign from sea to sea and shore to shore, Wars and

tu - mults shall for - ev - er cease; All shall own Him

# Onward to Victory.

*Parts*

might - y King and Con-quer-or, Lord of lords and glo - rious

Prince of Peace, Fall in - to bat-tle line, fall in - to bat-tle line,

On - ward ev - er on - ward 'gainst the might - y hosts of sin;

Fall in - to bat - tle line, fall in - to bat - tle line,

Let the shout keep ring - ing out, "We're in the fight to win!"

274

# The Lord Is King.

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E. G. W. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Lord, our God, is King! Let earth re - joice, And praise His ho-
And praise His ho-ly name with
2. The Lord, our God, is King! Al - might - y He, He speaks the word
He speaks the word and nations
3. The Lord, our God, is King! Let joy - ful praise From heart and mind
From heart and mind ascend tho'

ly name with heart and voice; Let mountains, plains and seas His might pro-
heart and voice; .....
and nations cease to be; All things must work ac-cord-ing to His
cease to be .....
as - cend thro' all our days; Let all mankind ex - alt His gra - cious
all our days, .....

claim; Let all things which have breath ex-tol His fame; The Lord, our God,
will; When He commands, the winds and waves are still; The Lord, our God,
name; Let ev - 'ry tongue His wondrous love pro-claim; The Lord, our God,

is King, and shall for - ev - er reign! His glo - ry
The Lord is King, for - ev - er reign! His glo - ry and His
is King, all ho - ly, just and true, Who sin - ful,
The Lord is King, is just and true, Who sin - ful, ru - ined
is King! Let earth re-joice and sing, And to Him
The Lord is King! re - joice and sing, And to Him trib - ute

# The Lord is King.

and His greatness ne'er shall wane; Tri-umph-ant Conq'ror He, up - on His
great - - ness ne'er shall wane;
ru-ined men doth make a - new; His love un-fath-omed is and ne'er can
men doth make a - new;
trib - ute and de - vo - tion bring; Be - lieve, con-fess and live for Him a-
and de - vo - tion bring;

throne..... Our Lord is God, and He.... is God a - lone.
up-on His throne! Our Lord is God..... and He is God a - lone,
fail;..... For us o'er sin and death He doth pre - vail.
and ne'er can fail; For us o'er sin..... and death He doth pre - vail.
lone;..... Our Sav-ior Lord and God o'er all we own.
for Him a - lone; Our Sav-ior, Lord..... and God o'er all we own.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord is King, the
Hal - le - lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - - - jah!

*Rall.* *ff* *Largo.*

Lord is King, the Lord is King, the Lord is King, Hal - le - lu - jah!
the Lord is King!

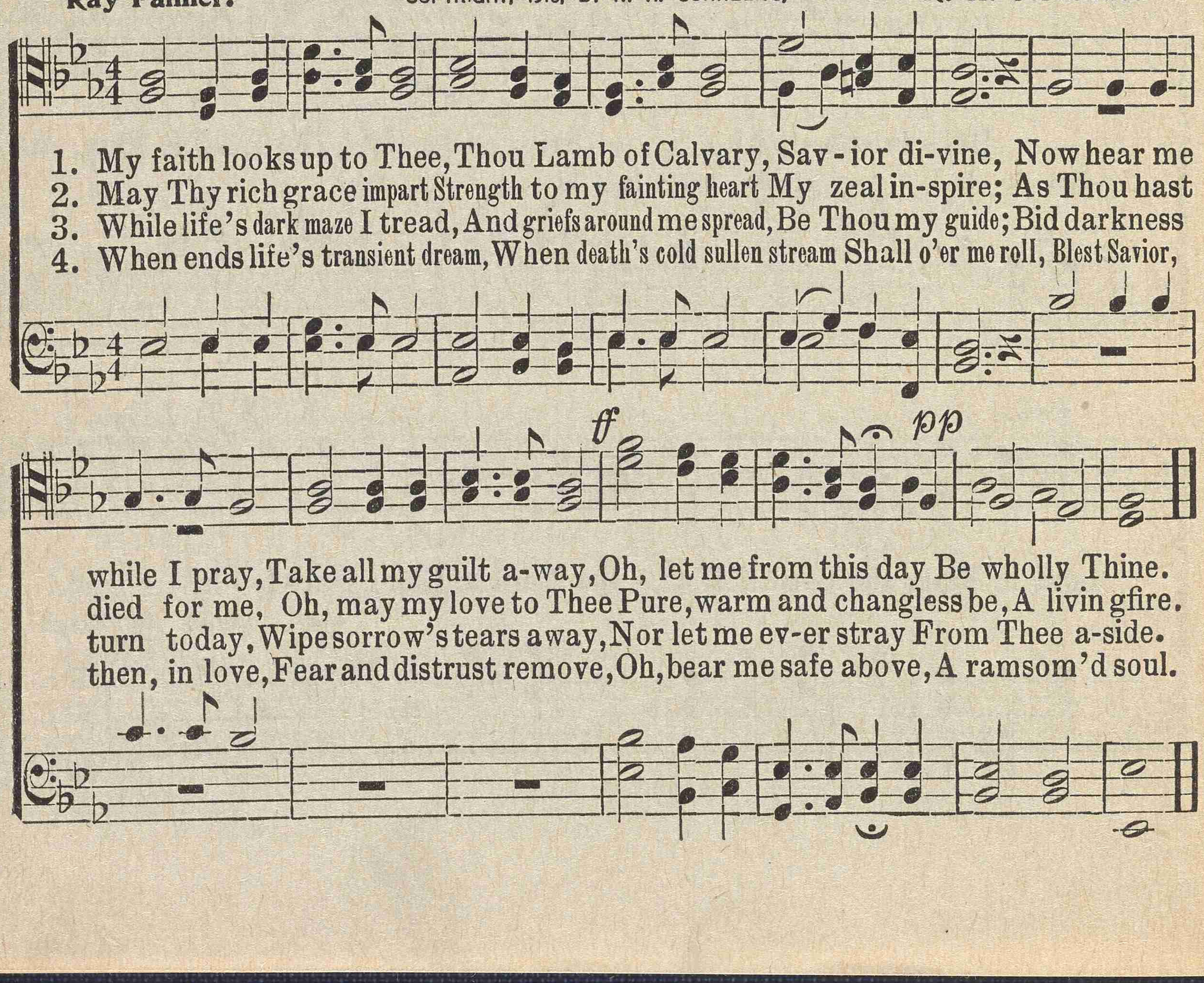
## 275 The Veil Between.

In the last interview I had with Dr. B. H. Carroll, he said, "I have been sick so long that the veil between earth and heaven has almost disappeared. Sometimes I can see across the border line and catch a glimpse of the Savior's face"—J. B. C.

**J. B. Cranfill, D. D.** COPYRIGHT. 1916. BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**

## 276 My Faith Looks Up To Thee.

**Ray Palmer.** COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY R. H. CORNELIUS. **R. H. Cornelius.**



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