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REVIVAL

NUMBER TWO

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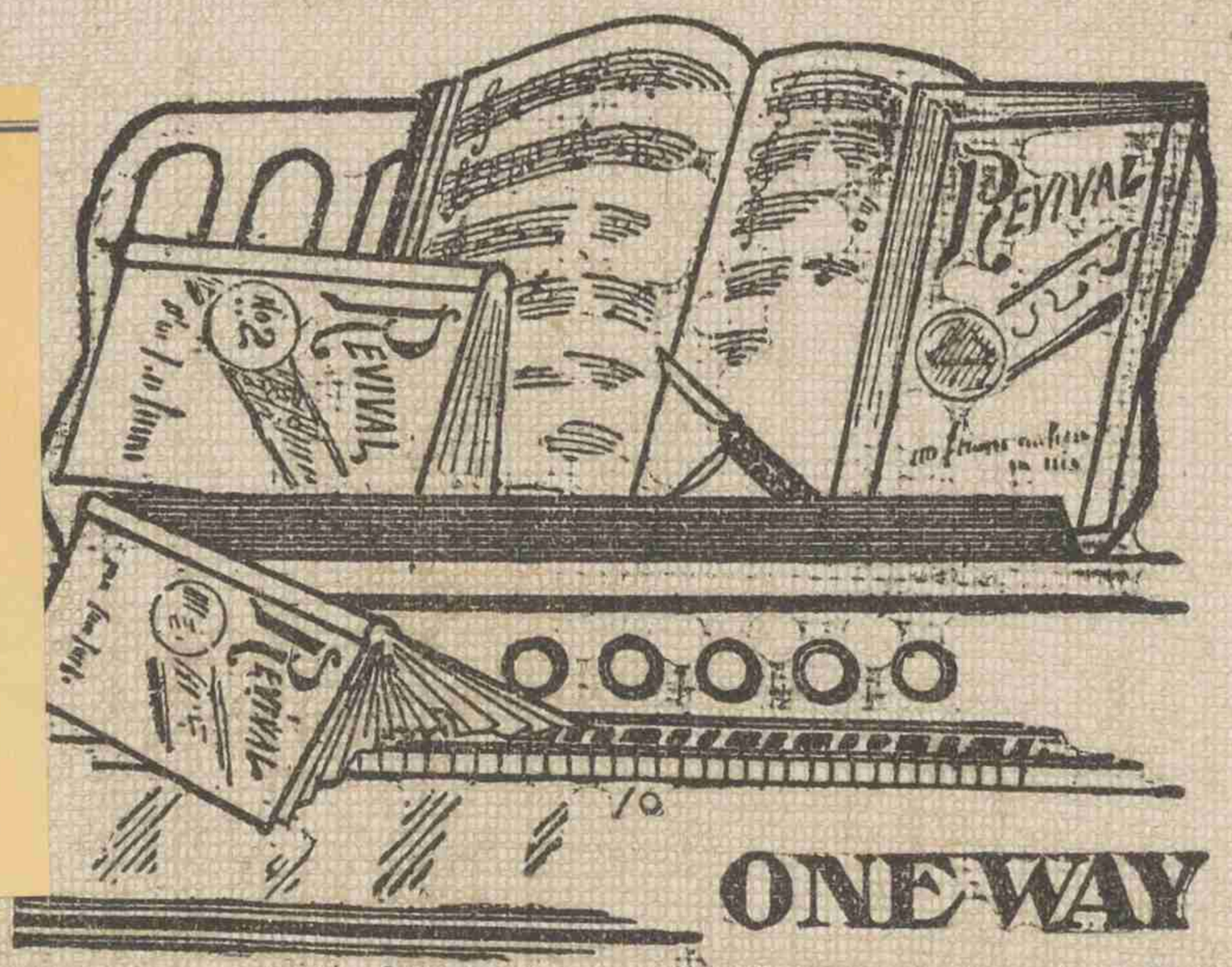

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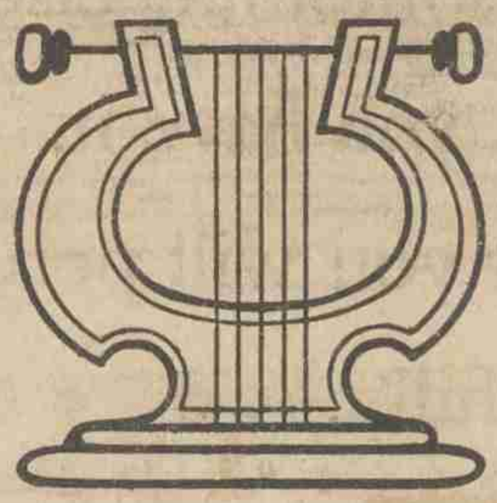

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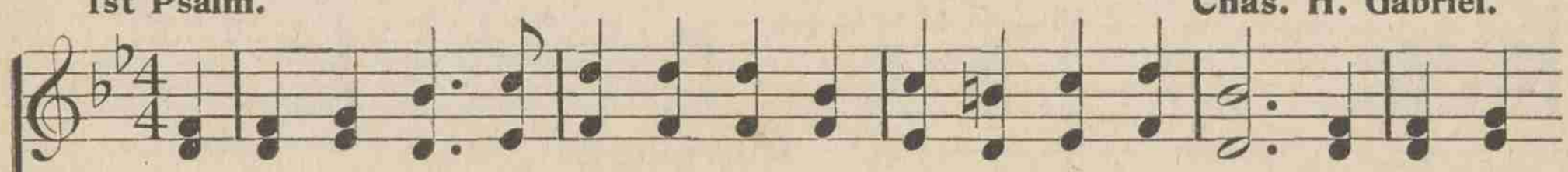
Number Two.

No. 1. Blessed is the Man.

1st Psalm. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. How blest and hap - py is the man Who walketh not a - stray In coun - sel
2. Nor sit - teth in the scorner's chair, But pla-ces his de - light Up - on God's
3. He shall be like a tree that grows, Set by a riv - er's side, Which in its
4. And all he does shall prosper well: The wick-ed are not so, But like the

CHORUS.

of un-god-ly men, Nor stands in sinner's way.
law, and med - i-tates On His law day and night.
seasons yields its fruit, And green its leaves a-bide.
chaff be-fore the wind, Are driv-en to and fro.

Bless-ed is the man that

walk-eth not In the coun - sel of the wick - ed, But his de-light is in the

law of the Lord, His de-light is in the law of the Lord, In the law of the Lord.

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No. 2. Love Made Me What I Am.

James Rowe. **Haldor Lillenas.**

Unison.

1. No more I live in sad - ness, No more I droop in sin, ...
2. No more I love the pleas - ures That charm the sin-ful throng; . .
3. Re-peat-ing love's glad sto - ry To all who need its cheer, . . .

My soul o'er-flows with glad - ness, For Je-sus lives with - in. . . . .
The Lord is now my treas - ure, His love my con - stant song. . . .
I'm on my way to glo - ry, With Je-sus al - ways near. . . .

CHORUS.

'T was love, 't was love that made me what I am; 'T was love, 't was

love, All glo - ry to the Lamb; 'T was love, 't was love that

made me what I am, 'T was love, 't was love that found me.

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No. 3. Not To-morrow, but Now.

W. C. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The time to be serv-ing the Lord with your might, Is not to-
2. The time to re - pent and for - sake all your sin, Is not to-
3. The time to con-fess your sur - ren - der to God, Is not to-
4. The time to speak com-fort to spir - its de - press'd, Is not to-
5. The time to bow down and make read-y to die, Is not to-

mor-row, but now; The time to be glow-ing with heav - en - ly light,
mor-row, but now; To o - pen your heart and let Je - sus come in,
mor-row, but now; To praise Him at home and ex - alt Him a - broad,
mor-row, but now; To lead wea - ry hearts to the Sav - ior for rest,
mor-row, but now; The time to en - sure you a man-sion on high,

CHORUS.

Is not to - mor-row, but now. Oh no, not to - mor-row, but

now;..... Your to - mor-row God may not al - low! The
just now:

time to seek Je - sus and serve Him Is not to - mor-row, but now.

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 4. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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C. D. Martin. **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 5. We Shall Know Some Happy Day.

Jennie Wilson. **Charles H. Marsh.**

DUET.

1. Why our joy with sor-row min-gled, Why the shadows dimmed our way,
2. When the morn-ing bright, e - ter-nal, Dawns with nev - er - fad - ing light,
3. We shall know why sin's temp-ta-tions Fill the days with care and strife,
4. We shall know when we are rest - ing Where the liv - ing fountains flow,

Blot-ting out the bless-ed sun-shine, We shall know some hap-py day.
Man - y things that now are hid - den, Then will be re-vealed to sight.
Why the dear - est ties are bro - ken, Mar-ring sweet - est joys of life.
That the hand di - vine has led us All the way we trod be - low.

CHORUS.

We shall know some hap-py day, We shall know some hap-py day;
We shall know some hap - py day, We shall know some hap - py day;

All our Fa - ther's lov-ing-kind-ness, We shall know some hap-py day.
All our Fa - ther's loving-kindness, We shall know some hap - py day.

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No, 6. I Want to Be True.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When I think how the Lord could have mer-cy on me, And pour out His
2. When I think how com- pas - sion- ate, ten- der and kind He was to the
3. When I think of Him there in the gar-den a - lone, And see Him de-
4. When I think of the thorns that were placed on His head, And look on the
5. When I think of the friends who have gone on be - fore, Who rest in His

love at my pen - i - tent plea, Could suf-fer and die my Re-deem-er to be,
poor, to the sick and the blind; When nothing but love in His pathway I find,
spised and be-friend-ed by none, Neg- lect- ed, for - got- ten, betrayed by His own,
wounds in His hands that were spread On Cal - va-ry's cross, where He hung in my stead,
care, and are safe ev - er-more; To meet them a - gain on that beau-ti-ful shore,

CHORUS.

I want to be true to Him.... I want to be true to
Him,..... I want to be true to Him;..... Till
want to be true, I want to be true;

la - bor is done, And heav-en is won, I want to be true to Him.

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No. 7. Just the Right Savior is Jesus.

Kittie Deason. **Mark 15: 14.** **Dan W. Milam.**

Solo.

1. A Sav-ior once came from the mansions of light, He's just the right
2. This Sav - ior was lov-ing, so gen - tle and kind, He's just the right
3. Tho' He was despised and re - ject - ed of men, He's just the right
4. Once nailed to the cross, where He suffered and died, He's just the right
5. Tho' bur - ied, He rose from the gloom of the grave, He's just the right

Sav-ior for me; To save my poor soul from its darkness and night,
Sav-ior for me; No sin in His life could His en - e-mies find,
Sav-ior for me; He car - ried my sorrows, my griefs and my sin,
Sav-ior for me; The blood flowing down from His hands and His side,
Sav-ior for me; He's reign-ing in heav-en, my soul He can save,

Chorus.

He's just the right Savior for me. He's just the right Savior for
me (for me), My King and Redeemer is He (is He); Yes, just the right
Sav-ior is Je - sus, He's just the right Savior for me (for me).

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No. 8. Walking as Christians.

D. R. VAN SICKLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Souls that are pardoned, and hearts that are pur - i - fied, Washed in the life - blood of Je - sus the Lord; Kept by His prom - ise, and heirs with the glo - ri - fied, Look - ing to heav - en, our hope and re-ward.
2. Lives that are lift - ed and sweetened by love di - vine, Hearts once in sor - row, now filled with His peace; Home cir - cles brok - en, knit fast by His grace sublime, Fa - vors from heav - en, which nev - er shall cease.
3. Bur - dens and sor - rows that once we could hard-ly bear, Now in the strength of His Spir - it made light; And for each tri - al, a sim - ple and trustful pray'r, Brings sweetest com-fort, how - e'er dark the night.
4. Chris-tians, the love of our Sav - ior con-strain-eth us Dai - ly to walk as the chos - en of God; Not as the world, but as chil - dren of ho - li - ness, Pur-chased, re-deem'd by His sin - cleansing blood.

CHORUS.

Let us walk as be - com-eth Christians, In an hon - est, up-right way, Ev - er true to the One who loves us, Nev - er fal - ter,—nev - er stray.

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No. 9. Lord Send a Revival.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Lord, send a re - viv - al, O hear our hearts cry, For Thee we are
2. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Sin kill-ing, sublime, Till ma-ny shall
3. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Old-fashioned and grand, Lord, show forth Thy
4. Lord, send a re - viv - al, Till men will get right With God and their
5. Lord, send a re - viv - al, A Ho-ly Ghost flame, A stream of sal -

CHORUS. UNISON.

1. wait-ing, Lord pass us not by.
2. flee to Thee while there is time.
3. glo - ly, Re-veal Thy great hand. Send a re - viv - al, Might-y,
4. neighbor, And walk in the light.
5. va - tion, In Je-sus' own name.

stir-ing and deep, Un - til the sin - ners Over their sins shall

FULL HARMONY.

weep; Send a re - viv - al, One that shall not pass a -

way, Lord, send a re - viv - al that will come to stay.

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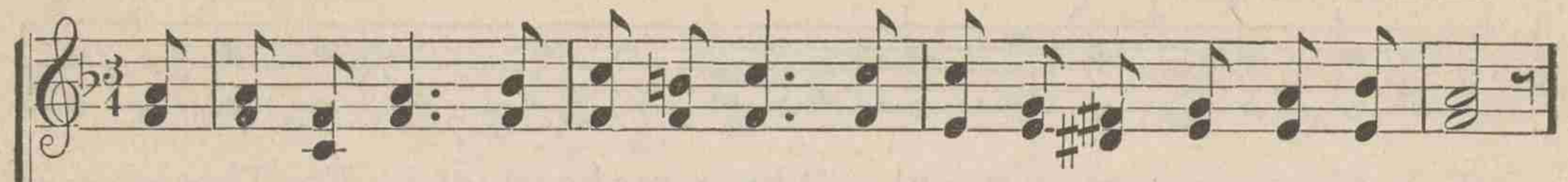
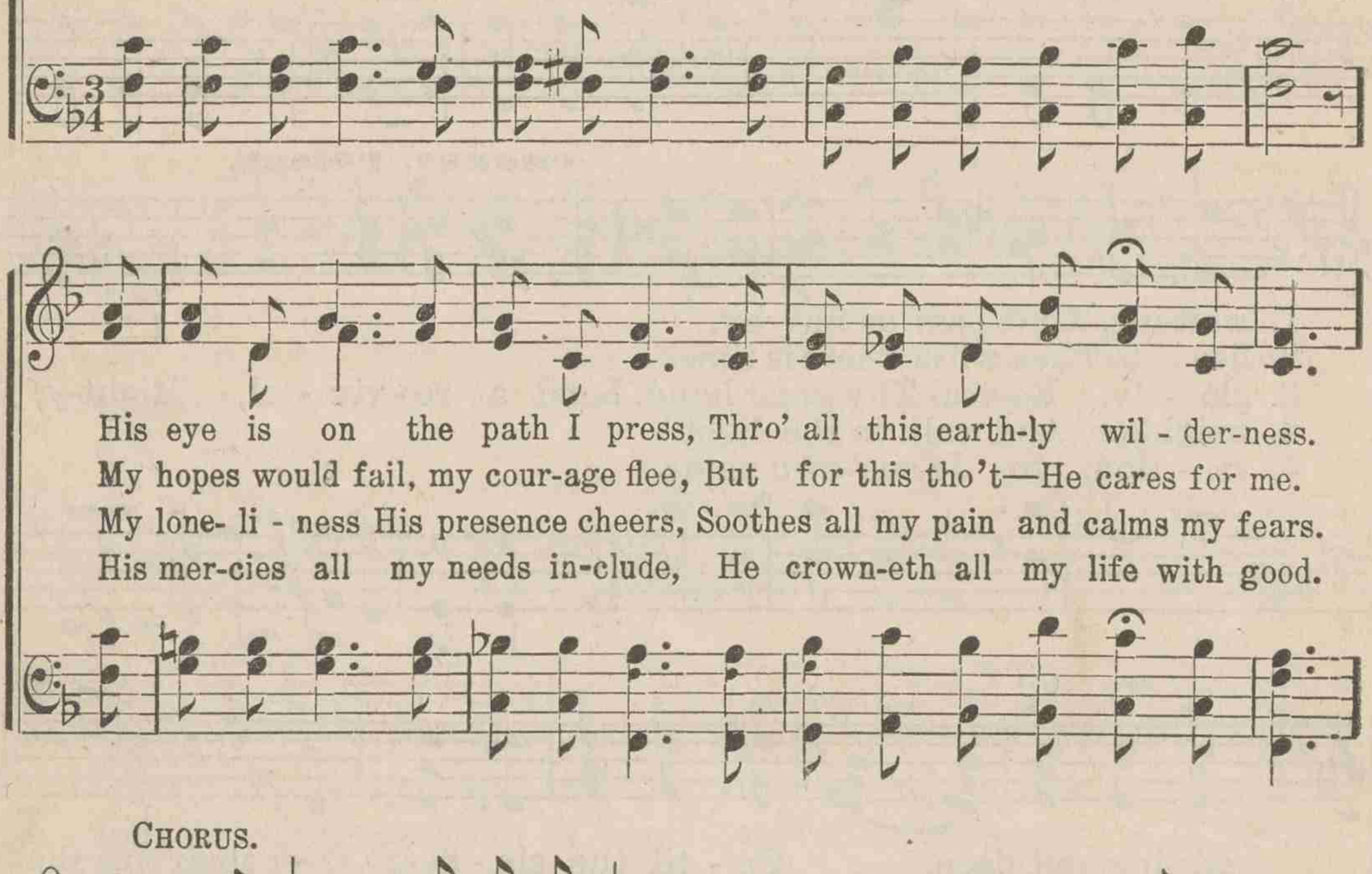
No. 10. He Cares For Me.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

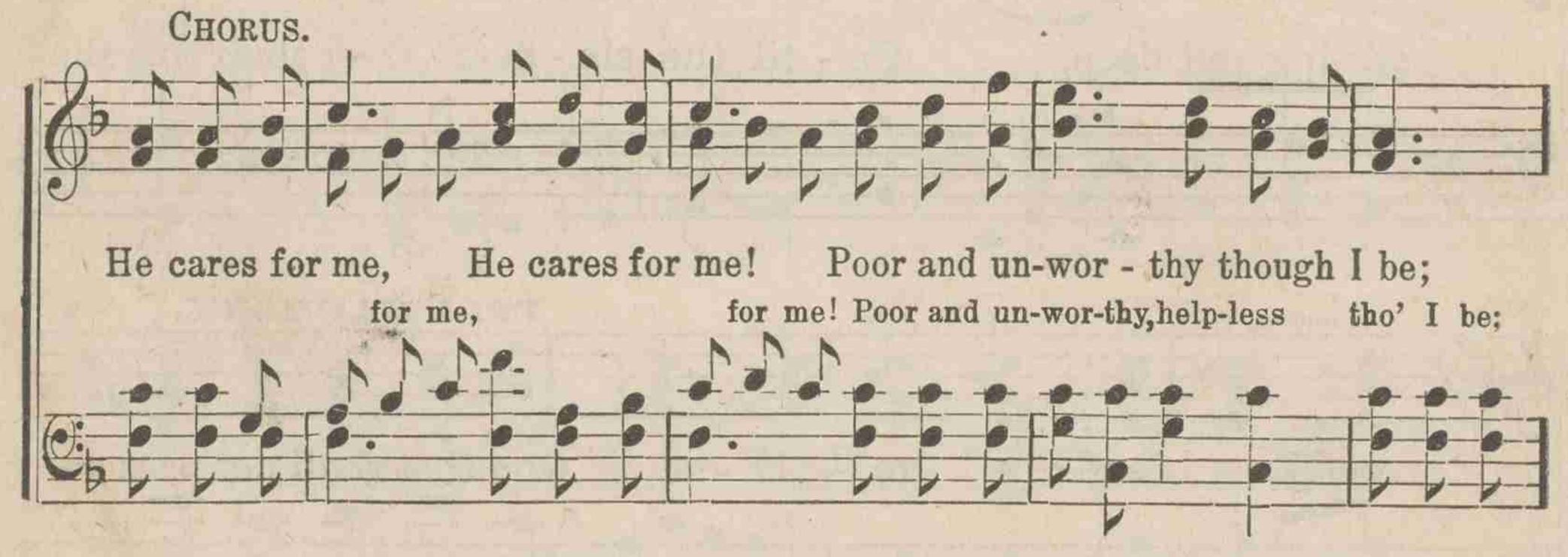


1. There's one who cares for me, I know, Who guards me ev-'ry-where I go;
2. I could not bear the ills of life, I could not meet its pain and strife;
3. When troubles come, when friends forsake, He knoweth still the way I take;
4. He giv-eth songs in dark-est night, He girds my weak-ness with His might;



His eye is on the path I press, Thro' all this earth-ly wil - der-ness.
My hopes would fail, my cour-age flee, But for this tho't—He cares for me.
My lone- li - ness His presence cheers, Soothes all my pain and calms my fears.
His mer-cies all my needs in-clude, He crown-eth all my life with good.

CHORUS.



He cares for me, He cares for me! Poor and un-wor - thy though I be;
for me, for me! Poor and un-wor-thy, help-less tho' I be;

He cares for me, He cares for me! My Sav-ior loves and cares for me.
for me, He cares for me!

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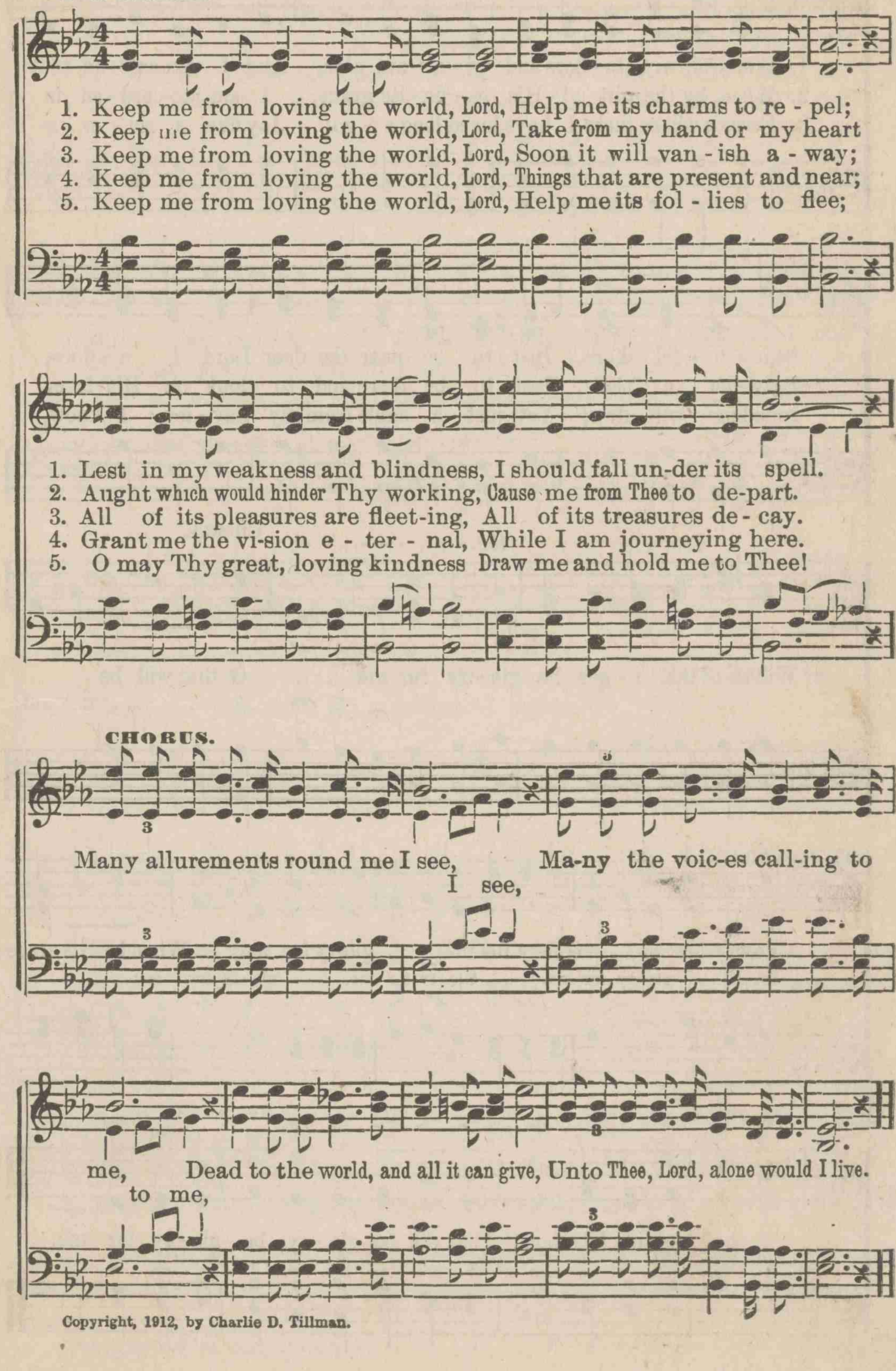
No. 11. Keep Me From Loving the World.

"Love not the world, neitner the things that are in the world."—1 JOHN.
"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."—2 TIM. 4: 10.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 12. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

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

No. 13. His Cleansing Power.

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

1. I was lost but Je - sus sought and found me, Ten - der - ly lift - ed me from de - spair; Now His love and mer - cy are a-round me,
2. Where, O where can there be oth - er ref - uge, Save in the shel - ter of Christ my Lord! Where a ha - ven from the sin - ful del - uge
3. Why, O why, dear sin - ner will you tar - ry, Why will you lin - ger out-side the fold? On the mountain hear the Shepherd call - ing,

CHORUS.

And I am hap - py an - y - where.
But in the prom - ise of His word. Hal - le - lu - jah!
Come, for the night is dark and cold.

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am the Lord's, and He is mine! In my soul I feel His cleansing pow-er, I've been re-deemed by grace di - vine!

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No. 14. His Love Lights Up the Way.

Used extensively by Bass and Stapleton in their evangelistic campaigns.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. **W. Stillman Martin.**

1. When the heart is filled with sigh - ing, His love lights up the way;
2. Tho' the path seems dark be - fore me, His love lights up the way;
3. Tho' His bless - ings seem to tar - ry, His love lights up the way;
4. From the cross to home in heav - en, His love lights up the way;

When the eyes are dim with cry - ing, His love lights up the way.
Tho' the clouds hang thick - ly o'er me, His love bright-ens each day.
Heav - y is the cross I car - ry, His love bright-ens each day.
As each task to me is giv - en, His love bright-ens each day.

CHORUS.

Love lights up the way, ... Love bright-ens each day; . . . .
it lights the way, bus - y day;

How hap - py our hearts should be When love lights up the way.

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No. 15. Trust In Him.

"Trust in Him at all times."—Ps. 62: 8.

T. O. Chisholm. Mrs. T. O. Chisholm.

1. Is thy heart by fears as-sailed? Trust in Him, trust in Him;
2. Do thy bur-dens press thee sore? Trust in Him, trust in Him;
3. Have the light and glad-ness fled? Trust in Him, trust in Him;
4. Then, what-ev-er be thy lot, Trust in Him, trust in Him;

Nev-er hath His prom-ise failed, Trust in Him, trust in Him;
Grace He giv-eth, more and more, Trust in Him, trust in Him;
Are life's sweet-est ro-ses dead? Trust in Him, trust in Him;
God thy Fa-ther chang-eth not, Trust in Him, trust in Him;

Trust in Him thro' dark-est night, He will guide thy steps a-right,
He doth all thy an-guish feel, He thy deep-est wound can heal,
If thy treas-ure He re-move, Bet-ter still thy heart to prove,
He hath made and He will bear, He hath num-bered ev-'ry hair,

Thou art pre-cious in His sight, Trust in Him, trust in Him.
Tri-als but His love re-veal, Trust in Him, trust in Him.
Fal-ter not, nor doubt His love, Trust in Him, trust in Him.
None can pluck thee from His care, Trust in Him, trust in Him.

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No. 16. Hold Up the Cross.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.

1. Hold up the cross of Je - sus, And to the world pro - claim The
2. Hold up the cross of Je - sus Un - til the sa - cred lore Of
3. Hold up the cross of Je - sus, And once a - gain re - peat The

maj - es - ty, the glo - ry And beau-ty of His name Who built the
a - ges shall em-bla - zon Up - on it more and more The hope we
old, old precious sto - ry Of grace di - vine com-plete; Lift high - er

heav'ns, and holdeth The wa - ters of the sea, Yet who in His com-
have e - ter - nal Of peace from care and strife, The source of our sal-
yet, and high - er The em - blem of His love, Nor cease un - til He

pass - ion Was lift-ed up for thee.
va - tion, The O - pen Door of Life. Hold up the cross, the
calls you To reign with Him a - bove. Hold up the cross,

cross of Je - sus, Hold up the cross of Je - sus, And tell the world of Him.

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No. 17. Wear a Smile for Jesus.

MAGGIE A. PULVER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Wear a smile for Je - sus as you pass a - long, Cheer this world of sor-row with a hap - py song; If a cloud should low-er, hid - ing all the blue, Smiles will rift the gloom and let the sun-shine thro'.
2. Wear a smile for Je - sus, speak a word of cheer, Ma - ny hearts are sigh-ing 'neath their bur-dens here; Like the spark-ling dew-drops on the droop-ing flow'rs, Smiles will cheer and bright-en e'en the dark-est hours.
3. Wear a smile for Je - sus—do not stop to weep; Tho' some dis - ap- point-ment o'er your path-way creep, Smiles will light-en la-bor, soothe and ban - ish care; Scat-ter free-ly, then, your bright-est ev - ry - where.

D.S.—And with smile of triumph view the prom-ised land.

CHORUS.

Smil - ing, smil-ing, hap - py ev - 'ry day; Smil - ing, smil - ing,
Smil - ing, smil - ing, hap - py, hap - py ev-'ry day; Smil - ing, smil - ing,
up the nar-row way; On the Mount of Pis-gah some day we shall stand,

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No. 18. Do You Know Where You'll Stand?

REV. N. A. MCAULAY. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When your la - bors on earth are for - ev - er past, And the cy - cles of time
2. Shall you pass to the left where the lost must go, When the faithful are called
3. When on high you ap-pear at the judgment seat, Shall the mer - cy of God
4. Hear the voice of your Lord pleading now with thee, Come and kneel at His cross,

shall have rolled a - way, Shall you dwell in the light with the good at last?
to the shin - ing way? When the books shall re-veal how you lived be - low
be your hope and stay? Will you rest ev - er-more in His love complete?
mak - ing no de - lay: From your sin and its guilt He will set you free;

REFRAIN.

Do you know where you'll stand on that day?
Do you know where you'll stand on that day? When that day shall come what will
Do you know where you'll stand on that day?
Then you'll know where you'll stand on that day.

be your fate? Will He call you in love to His blest es - tate? Or will you

witht he lost go a - way? Do you know where you'll stand on that da

go a-way?

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No. 19. When Jesus Calls Your Name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. I. E. REYNOLDS.

1. 'Tis the day of grace when Jesus calls your name, Will you listen now to Him?
2. He has wait-ed long before your bolted door, Will you o-pen now to Him?
3. Jesus speaks your name, He asks, "Will you believe?" Will you answer now, "I will?"
4. Do you choose this Guide to lead you all the way? Will you answer Him, "I do?"

O re-fuse Him not, and put your Lord to shame, Will you listen now to Him?
Lest your Lord depart, and come again no more, Will you o - pen now to Him?
Peace and joy He gives—He asks, "Will you receive?" Will you answer now, "I will?"
Do you wish to fol - low clos-er day by day? Will you answer Him, "I do?"

REFRAIN.

1–2. Listen now, lis-ten now, For Jesus calls you now by name;
Listen now to Him, Listen now to Him,
3–4. Answer now, Answer now, For Jesus calls you now by name;
Answer now, "I do," Answer now, "I do,"

Listen now, Listen now, For Jesus calls you now by name.
Listen now to Him, Listen now to Him,
Answer now, Answer now, For Jesus calls you now by name.
Answer now, "I do," Answer now, "I do."

Copyright, 1910, by I. E. Reynolds.

No. 20. Trust in God, and Do Your Best.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. While the sun is shin-ing, while the skies are blue, While the morn-ing
2. Make your dai-ly life a hap - py song of praise; You can bright-en
3. Have you felt dis-cour-aged with the progress made? With a task be-

flow'rs of life are wet with dew, There are du-ties great and small a-
up the world in ma - ny ways; Do not mar the fut - ure beau-ties
fore you have you been dis-may'd? Nev - er doubt or fal - ter, nev - er

CHORUS.

wait-ing you, Then trust in God and do your best.
with de-lays, But trust in God and do your best. Do the best you
be a - fraid, But trust in God and do your best. Do the best,

can,..... Un - to God and man,—..... Un - to Him who
do the best you can, Un - to God, un - to God and man,—

loves you, faith-ful be, and true, Trust in God and do your best.

Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 21. The King of the Ages.

James Rowe. Haldor Lillenas.

1. With sim - ple faith in Je - sus, And with a hap - py song,
2. The charm of world - ly pleas - ure No more af - fects our hearts;
3. The life - crown will be giv - en To those who trust His grace;

In praise of love that frees us, We brave - ly press a - long.
For joy that naught can meas - ure Our King to us im - parts.
So, all the way to heav - en, His foot-steps we will trace.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

We will fol - low Je - sus the King of the a - ges,

Harmony. *Unison.*

Yes, fol - low Him and praise His love; And at length, with an - gels and

Harmony.

mar - tyrs and sa - ges, We will praise, we will praise Him a - bove.

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No. 22. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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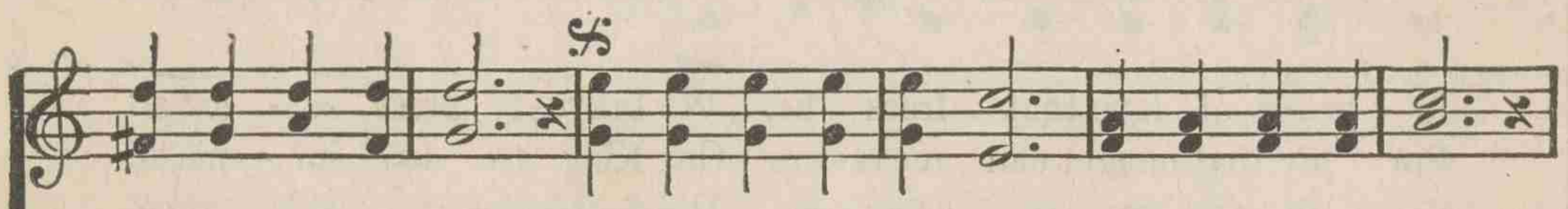
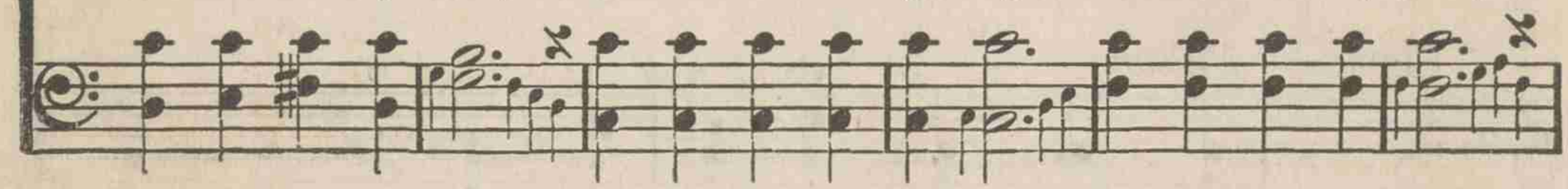
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy - al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con - flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read - y cheer,
Ev - 'ry day and hour; He will not for - sake you, He is ev - er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo - ry All who there ap-pear;



D. S.—*Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un-teer for Je - sus,

Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer?

D. S.

A sol - dier true! Oth - ers have en - list - ed, Why not you?
Oh, why not?

No. 23. Jesus Saves.

J. T. McKim. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - to God be all the glo - ry, Is my song by night and
2. In my soul a song re - ech - oes, Sweet-er than the an - gel's
3. Far be - yond my un - der - stand - ing, Is the glo - ry of my
4. When the night of death ap - proach-es, With its shad - ows long and

day, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! He hath par-doned my trans-
theme, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! I will tell it un - to
King, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! In the cit - y of the
deep, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! With my lips a - gain I'll

Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

gres-sions, He hath washed my sins a-way, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves.
oth-ers Till shall end life's trancient dream Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
bless-ed We His matchless love shall sing, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
whis-per, As I sink to dream - less sleep, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! I will sing in life, in death;

Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bless - ed Christ of Naz - a - reth.

Je - sus saves!

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No. 24. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. **Flora H. Cassel.**

1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how

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

CHORUS.

mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye
reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 25. Will There be any Stars?

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E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 26. How the Fire Fell.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for-ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait-ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc - ti - fied me, For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc - ti - fied me, For His peace flowed o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc - ti - fied me, For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc - ti - fied me, For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me. O I nev - er can for-get how the

fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell; O I

nev - er can for-get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc-ti-fied me.

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No. 27. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet - er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor - row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - - er each step of my way!

Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear - er each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love, love of my Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 28. Not Empty-Handed.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
No, not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go
To meet my Lord who loves me so;
Forth to meet my Lord who loves me so;
Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go, But la- den with golden sheaves.

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No. 29. Taste and See.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Bet - ter far is He
2. Taste and see that the Lord is good, O how sweet to rest
3. Taste and see that the Lord is good, O the vic - to - ry
4. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Come and seek His face

than all else could be, I would tell you if I could Of the won-der-
on His loving breast, I would tell you if I could Of this glo - ri-
and the lib - er - ty, I would tell you if I could Of this ut - ter-
and receive His grace, I would tell you if I could, Of this full and

CHORUS.

ful sal - va - tion.
ous sal - va - tion. Taste and see that the Lord is good, Better felt than
most sal - va - tion.
free sal - va - tion.

understood, I would tell you if I could, Come and seek this great sal-va-tion.

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No. 30. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. **J. M. Dungan.**

1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's

tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . Bring peace . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,

Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

No. 31. Just When I Need Him Most?

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Rev. Wm. Pool. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter, just when I fear; Read-y to help me, read - y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing all the way thro'; Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a - new, Just when I need Him most.
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear-ing my bur - dens all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up - on Him I call; Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.

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

No. 32. Save One Soul for Jesus.

Rev, Elisha A. Hoffman. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Try to save one soul for Je - sus, Some poor soul by sin de - filed; Bring him to the lov - ing Sav - ior,
2. Try to bring one soul to Je - sus From the wea - ry paths of sin; All will have a heart - y wel - come
3. Try to lead one soul to Je - sus, To the fount of life and light; He can cleanse from all de - file - ment,
4. Try to do some work for Je - sus, Try some pre - cious soul to win; Some poor wan - d'rer in the dark - ness,

CHORUS.

He will own him as His child.
Who a bet - ter life be - gin. He is call - ing now in
Make the sin-stained pure and white.
Waits for thee to bring him in.

ten - der-ness, Stand-ing read - y, wait - ing to for-give; He will

wel-come all who come to Him, He the sin - ner will re - ceive.

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No. 33. When He Shall Appear.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Oh, won-der-ful love that a-waits us on high When Je - sus re-turns in the
2. Oh, won-der-ful joy that His coming will bring, When we shall be-hold Him our
3. Oh, won-der-ful peace which we then shall obtain, No more shall our tri-als bring
4. Oh, won-der-ful vis - ion our eyes shall be-hold, When safe we have entered the

cloud of the sky; Then we shall be - gin our im - mor - tal ca - reer,
glo - ri - fied King; His prais - es a - new with the blest we shall hear,
sad - ness and pain; En-throned by His mer - cy, His name to re - vere,
heav - en - ly fold With all the re-deemed, who have fol-lowed Him here;

rit. ff

CHORUS.

We shall be like Him when He shall ap-pear. We shall be like Him, Oh,

poco rit. a tempo.

won-der - ful sto - ry; We shall be like Him in mansions of glo - ry; Free from the

molto rit.

bur-dens of sor - row and fear, We shall be like Him when He shall ap-pear.

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No. 34. Let the Sunshine In.

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Ada Blenkhorn. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 35. Lighten the Way With a Song.

Julia H. Johnston.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Joshua H. Roberts.

1. There are sor - row-ful hearts that are go - ing your way, Crushed by a bur - den of wrong; If you wait on the Lord, He will help you to - day
2. If your own wear-y spir - it needs com-fort and cheer, If you are lone - ly or sad, Let your mer-cies be count - ed, your prais-es ring clear,
3. Un - to each fel - low-pil - grim your feet o - ver - take, Bless - ing and brightness be - long; And it may be that you, for the Sav-ior's own sake,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 36. Judgment Day is Coming.

H. L. (SPECIAL SONG.) **Haldor Lillenas.**

Solo. *Quartet or Choir.*

1. Sin - ner, spurn-ing mer - cy's hand, Judg-ment day is com - ing;
2. Skies are clear and bright to - day, Judg-ment day is com - ing;
3. Ten - der - ly the Sav - ior pleads, Judg-ment day is com - ing;
4. Will you lose your pre - cious soul? Judg-ment day is com - ing;

Quartet or Choir. *Solo.*

Solo.

Where, O where then will you stand? Judgment day is com-ing; Torment's fires are
And your heart is light and gay, Judgment day is com-ing; Soon you'll hear the
Still for you He in - ter-cedes, Judgment day is com-ing; Will you spurn His
Soon the bells of death will toll, Judgment day is com-ing; O how swift the

Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

burn-ing still, Aw - ful vengeance to ful - fil; Sin-ner, yield your stubborn will,
thun-der roll, Bringing an-guish to your soul, Writ-ing on a burn-ing scroll,
lov - ing plea? "Sinner, I have died for thee; Heav-y - la - den, come to Me,"
moments fly, And how fleet the years go by; Soon 't will be your time to die;

Quartet or Choir. CHORUS.

Judgment day is com - ing. Coming, coming, coming soon, Judgment day and
hope-less doom; Cast in - to e - ter - nal gloom, Judgment day is com - ing.

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No. 37. Are You Living For Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

Spirited.

1. Are you liv - ing for Je-sus? Are you loy - al and true? Are you seek-ing to please Him In what-ev - er you do? Are you faith-ful in du - ty As you meet it each day?
2. Are you bearing His com-fort To the sad and distressed? Are you tell - ing the wear - y Of His par-don and rest? Is your light bright-ly shin - ing, So that oth - ers may see?
3. Do you love Him supremely? Have you giv-en Him all? Time and tal-ent and treas - ure, Ev - er wait-ing His call? Do you fol - low His lead-ing, E'en thro' tri - al and loss?
4. "Are you liv - ing for Je-sus?" Solemn question for all! Soon the shadows of eve - ning On our path-way will fall: When the earth-life is clos-ing, At the dark riv-er's brim,

Is the light of His presence Your as-sur-ance and stay?
Is your life an ex - am-ple Of His pow'r to make free?
Are you filled with His Spir-it, Meekly bear-ing your cross?
Can we say, looking backward, We have lived it for Him.

CHORUS.

rit.

Liv-ing for Je-sus! Liv-ing for Je-sus! A life that no shadows can dim! . . . .

can dim!

What a price He has paid to redeem you from sin! In return, are you living for Him?

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No. 38. Come, Wash in This Fountain.

W. Cowper. D. Ward Milam.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day,
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. .
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. . .
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more. .
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. . . .

CHORUS.

Come, wash in this foun - tain, 'T is o - pened now for thee;

It cleans - es ev - 'ry stain a - way, It flows for you and me. .

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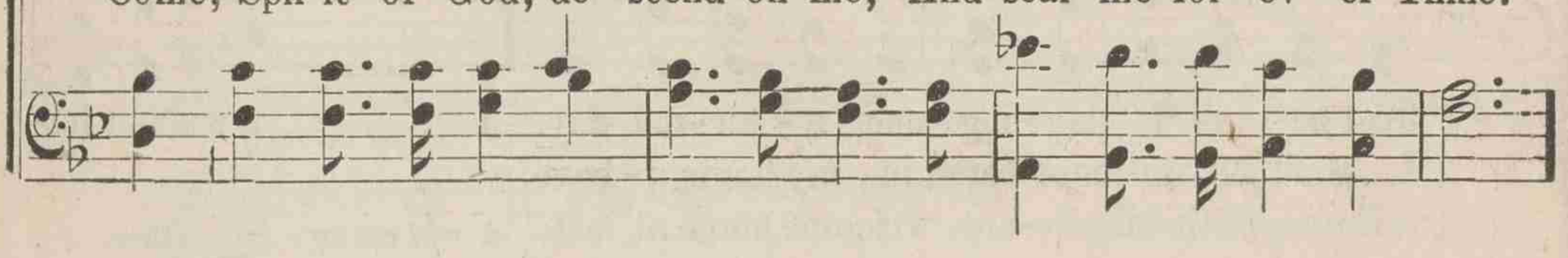
No. 39. Keep On Telling It.

C. H. G. Suggested by Elijah P. Brown. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go out in the world and tell a - gain The sto - ry so grand and true,
2. Tell how for the world His Son He gave To die up - on Cal - va - ry;
3. He look'd on the cross while Je-sus died, Be-held Him in ag- o - ny,
4. O love so a - maz - ing, full and free, So deep, so pro-found, di - vine!

Of God and His love for sin - ful men, Of God and His love for you.
How His on - ly was the pow'r to save A poor sin-ner—e - ven me.
Nor yield-ed when His Be - lov-ed cried:—"Why hast Thou for-sa-ken me?"
Come, Spir-it of God, de - scend on me, And seal me for - ev - er Thine.



CHORUS.

Keep on tell-ing it! keep on tell-ing it, The won-der-ful sto-ry of God's love;

Keep on tell-ing it! keep on tell-ing it, The won-der-ful sto-ry of God's love.

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No. 40. I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can molest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,

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

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shin-ing one e-ter-nal day. I . . . . will not for-
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.
"Enter, faith-ful serv-ant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee,

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

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

rit.

No. 41. For God So Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt. D. Ward Milam.

1. For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son To res-cue guilt-y souls,
2. If God so loved the world Then let our hearts expand That we may seek the lost
3. Since God so loved the world We'll love our neighbor,too, And comfort burdened hearts

His ho - ly will be done, And let us spread a-broad This message from a - bove,
In ev - 'ry distant land; At home and far a-broad We'll ring the gos-pel bell,
With con - so-la-tion true; Our Je-sus lives to save Each child of earth to - day,

CHORUS.

That sinners ev'rywhere May know redeeming love.
The sto-ry of the cross Re-joic-ing now to tell. For God so loved the world
Let us to ev-'ry shore The blessed truth convey.

That He gave His on - ly Son That who-so - ev - er be - liev-eth May have e-

ter - nal life, That who-so - ev-er be-liev-eth May have e - ter - nal life.

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No. 42. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Wm. Edie Marks.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 43. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

pre-cious to me. so pre-cious to me;

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

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

No. 44. God's Unchanging Love.

NEAL A. MCAULAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God's love is like the sun - light, It shines with radiance bright, Di-spell-ing all my dark - ness, With floods of sav - ing light; Its gold - en rays of mer - cy Bring glad-ness to my soul, In light and love e - ter - nal Its
2. God's love is like a mountain, Ma - jes - tic, high and grand! Its nev - er changing beau - ty Is seen in ev - 'ry land; To have it as my por - tion, A faith sub-lime I need; To know its might-y pow - er, Thy
3. God's love is like an o - cean, So bound-less deep and wide! Its waves of grace and mer - cy Are man's re-deem-ing tide; I can - not know its full - ness Nor all its depths ex-plore, Un - til I see my Sav - ior On

CHORUS.

blessings o'er me roll.
Spir - its help I plead. Oh, love to me so pre-cious, My treas - ure
God's e - ter-nal shore Oh, the love 'Tis my treas - ure
from a-bove; My hope, my trust is ev - er In God's un-chang-ing love.
For my hope,

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No. 45. Good Enough for Me.

N. E.
C. D. T.

E. L. O.
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There's a way that leads to glo - ry, Which long has stood the test, Tho'
2. This way is straight and nar - row, And does not suit the world, And
3. A - long this way re - joic - ing, While walk - ing in the light, So

some have claim'd that oth - er ways were ver - y much the best; Con -
they, like Sa - tan, ev - 'ry - thing a - long this way have hurled; But
ma - ny of - fers Sa - tan makes to lure me from the right; But

tent to fol - low Je - sus And His sal - va - tion see, I find this
when I think how ma - ny Have found this way to be A safe, and
trust - ing all to Je - sus From such I am set free, So the bless-ed

CHORUS.

way our fa-thers trod Is good e-nough for me.
sure, and hap - py way, I'ts good e-nough for me. It's good e-nough for me, it's
way our fa-thers trod Is good e-nough for me.

rall.

good e-nough for me, The same old way our fa-thers trod Is good e-nough for me.

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No. 46. The Good Shepherd.

J. M. SLUSSER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the wea - ry tasks of the day are done, And our
2. Oh, the path was rough and our hearts are sore, For we
3. Oh, the blind - ing dust and the cru - el thorn! Is there
4. Oh, He knows the thorns, for they pierced His brow; Yet He

spir - its welcome the set-ting sun, In the twilight hush, lo! the
lost the way, with the load we bore; Blessed shadows, fall, for the
room for such a torn, blackened form? Hark! I hear my name, for the
loved men then and He loves us now, Spite of stain and sin still the

REFRAIN.

good Shepherd stands call - ing, call-ing: "I am the door,
I am the door, Ye are bruised, ye are thirsty, Come, be
healed and refreshed, And go in and out,..... and find pasture."
And go in and out,

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No, 47. Lift the Banner High.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. E. L. OZENDORFF.

1. We will lift the ban-ner high, We will wave it to the sky, For the
2. Lift the ban-ner for the right, See it gleams with glory bright, Ev - 'ry-
3. Lift the ban-ner high for peace, Till all earth-ly strife shall cease, Thro' the

King,..... for the King;..... To the na - tions of the world
where,..... ev - 'ry-where;..... En - sign of the might - y God,
land,..... thro' the land;..... Bid the peo - ple now re - joice,
For the King; for the King;

Let the ban - ner be unfurled; Glad-ly sing,..... glad - ly sing.....
Praise Him for His precious word And His care,..... and His care.....
Who hath heard His tender voice And command,.... and com-mand.....
Glad-ly sing, glad - ly sing.

CHORUS.

{ Wave the banner high, Wave it to the sky,
{ Let it be unfurled, Tell to all the world,

{ Wave the ban - ner high, Wave it to the sky; Let it
{ Let it be un - furled, Tell to all the world, He will

1 2

Let it wave, let it wave; He will save, He will save.

wave,..... let it wave;..... save,..... He will save.....

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No. 48. The Savior's Invitation.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly

as you go, as you go?

bless-ed fore-taste here be - low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be - low? Would you have in you a - bid-ing,
fol - low Je - sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en

here be - low, here be - low?

FINE.

day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev - 'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....

all the way?

D.S.–*and distress"d, Come, and in His love for - ev - er be at rest*.....

be at rest.

CHORUS.

Hear the Sav-ior's in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," And His of - fer

Come to me, O, come to me,

D. S.

of sal - va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,

ev - er full and free;

No. 49. Love That Passeth Knowledge.

G. A. G. Rev. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

1. Love that passeth knowledge, Grace beyond degree, O my bless - ed Sav - ior
2. Naught had I to give Thee, But my load of guilt, Yet thy precious life - blood,
3. O the bliss un-meas-ured, Held in store for me, When with all the ransom'd

Thou hast giv - en me; Day by day re - veal - eth To-kens of Thy care;
For my soul was spilt; Thro' Thy grace a-ton - ing, Thro' Thy Spirit's night
Thy dear face I see, From thy glorious pres-ence Nev - er more to move,

CHORUS.

Mar-vels of thy goodness Meet me ev-'ry-where.
Joint-heir am I with Thee To the realm of light. Nev-er shall I weary of Thy
Fixed in the en -joy-ment Of im-mor-tal love.

wea - - ry

serv - ice, Spot-less Son of God who died for me;
wea-ry of Thy serv - ice, who died for me;

Nev - er will I cease to sing Thy prais-es, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

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No. 50. Praises.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thankful hearts we bring, Songs of praise we sing To the King e-ter-nal
2. He hath mul - ti-plied Blessings un-de-nied, Like the dew up - on the
3. Clos-er things divine 'Round our hearts entwine, More completely are the

on His throne; We His name a-dore, And for - ev - er - more He shall
grass they fall; Then in grat - i - tude Be our thanks renewed To the
bat - tles fought; With His mighty arm Shielding us from harm; May His

CHORUS.

reign in ev - 'ry heart a - lone.
King of kings and Lord of all. Prais-es! prais - es! let the might-y
per - fect will in me be wrought!

chor-us rise, Ech - o - ing joy-ful - ly thro' the skies! Prais-es! prais-es!

Earth and heav'n u-nite to sing, Glo-ry and hon - or to Christ, our King.

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No. 51. Who is Ready?

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Touch'd with a coal from God's ho - ly al - tar, Cleans'd from all sin
2. Out in the har-vest reap-ers are need-ed, Back of the work
3. "To ev - 'ry crea-ture" this is our business All must be told

by the pow'r di - vine, God is pre-par - ing for this great service,
is the might-y God; None are so weak but Je - sus can use them,
of His love and grace; Nev - er a mo-ment rest-ing for sin-ners,

CHORUS.

Fit - ting His own in this world to shine.
Use them to spread forth His gracious word. Who is read - y,
'Till we shall see our Re-deem-er's face.

just now read - y, Wit - ness - es to be?

now to be?

Who will an-swer, quick-ly answer, "Here, Lord am I, send me?"

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No. 52. Safe On the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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

1. There is great re-joic-ing in my soul, O - ver me waves of glo-ry roll;
2. I am sing-ing now a glad new song, Praising Je-sus the whole day long;
3. Days of gloom and doubting now are past, I am safe on the Rock at last;
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav-ior who died for me;

For I feel the joy of par-doned sin,— Je - sus dwells with - in.
For it was to save the lost He came, Glo - ry to His name.
Leaning on His ev - er - last-ing arm, Death no more can harm.
And at last on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore, Praise Him ev - er - more.

D. S.—*Praise His name for-ev - er, He is mine, Je - sus I am Thine.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the beauty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths of His un-chang-ing
Oh, the beauty, the beauty of His smiling face! Oh, the depths of His unchanging

grace! Oh, the blessing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me ev'ry hour,
grace! that keeps me;

No. 53. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be
told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;

2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be
bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,

3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led
no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:

4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the
tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,

CHORUS.

"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny] I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 54. I Shall be Satisfied.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Aft - ter the storms and the tri - als are past, Aft - er the shad-ows which
2. In that bright world where there cometh no night, When ev-'ry hope is per-
3. When I a - wake in that cit - y of gold, When those I love I a-

sor-row has cast, And I am at home with my Sav - ior at last,
fect - ed in light, When faith shall be changed in-to won - der - ful sight,
gain shall be - hold, A - mid all that rap - ture and beau - ty un - told,

CHORUS.

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

I shall be sat - is - fied,..... When I a - wake in His
I shall be sat - is - fied,

like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied....
then

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No. 55. Let Me Be Thy Messenger.

Ada Blenkhorn. Howard E. Smith.

1. Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger To pub-lish far and wide The glorious gospel's
2. The sheep for whom the Shepherd bled Have wandered from His fold; They perish on the
3. Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger, For this I humbly pray; Bless Thou each step that

message sweet, That Christ for sinners died; And that He triumphed o'er the tomb, As-
trackless waste And on the mountains cold. 'Mid scenes of strife, in haunts of sin, Wher-
I shall take, Each word that I shall say. Give me Thy wis-dom from a-bove, Fill

cended in-to heav'n; That grace and peace and life di-vine To man be free-ly giv'n.
ev - er they may be, Lord, let me be Thy mes-sen-ger To bring them back to Thee.
me with pow'r divine, That I may win some blood-bo't soul Within Thy crown to shine.

CHORUS.

Lord, let . . me be Thy mes-sen-ger Thy gos - pel to pro-claim;

Lord, let pro-claim;

O give . . me grace that I may live To glo - ri - fy Thy name.

O give to glo - ri - fy Thy name.

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No. 56. Marching Orders.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

We will march, march, march, By night as well as day, We are
march, march, march Where He may lead the way—When the
step-ping ev - er firm and stead - y! Yes, we'll
or - der comes to [*Omit.* . . . . .] march, we are read - y!

No. 57. Since I've Been Saved.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. Joys are like a riv - er flow-ing, Since I've been saved; In His love I'm dai - ly growing, Since I've been saved. He has taught me how to pray, Leads and guides me on my way, Now I serve Him ev - 'ry day, Since I've been saved.
2. I am trusting Him com-plete-ly, Since I've been saved; Rest-ing in His love so sweetly, Since I've been saved. Je-sus hears my faint-est cry; In His love all things have I, Heart and soul to sat - is - fy, Since I've been saved.
3. Ev - 'ry day is growing bright-er, Since I've been saved; Ev - 'ry bur-den is the light-er, Since I've been saved. More and more I love Him, too, As I try His works to do; And my pray'rs a - rise for you, Since I've been saved.

CHORUS.

Since I've been saved, ... Since I've been saved; .... He chang'd my sadness To love and gladness, Since I've been sav'd; Since I've been sav'd.

Since I've been sweet-ly, won-drously saved, Since I've been ful - ly, glo-rious-ly saved; I've been sweetly sav'd;

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No. 58. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;

May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus. give me Je - sus.

To sat - is - fy with ev-'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;

To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 59. Believe in Me.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O Christian soul, thy Sav-ior speaks to thee, Be-lieve in Me,
2. When heavy seems the cross, and hard to bear,
3. Thy crown is sure! thou art my Father's heir, Be-lieve in Me,

be-lieve in Me; Fear not tho' dark and drear the path may
I know thy grief and meas-ure ev - 'ry
be-lieve in Me; I have pre - pared for thee a pal - ace

be—Be-lieve in Me, be-lieve in Me; I leave thee not one
care, I'll stay be-side thee
fair, Be-lieve in Me, be-lieve in Me; I have ordained a

step of all the way; Confide in Me, and trust Me day by day, For I the
till the day is done, I'll give thee strength the weary race to run, And by my
scep-tre for thy hand, For thou shalt reign a King in glo-ry land, With-in my

Lord, will nev - er let thee stray, Believe in Me, be-lieve in Me.
grace the struggle shall be won,
pal - ace ev - er-more to stand, Believe in Me, be-lieve in Me.

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No. 60. He Was Despised.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. "He was de-spised and re - ject - ed of men," My won - der- ful Sav-ior,
2. "He was de-spised and re - ject - ed of men!" As light, was His love, and
3. "He was de-spised and re - ject - ed of men!" Was ev - er an - oth - er
4. "He was de-spised and re - ject - ed of men!" Was cru - ci - fied, bur-ied,

my Re-deem- er, my King! "As one from whom men hide their fac-es" was He,
as e - ter - ni - ty deep, And yet for the an-guish He bore for my soul,
such Geth-se - ma-ne known? It was for my sins that in mer - cy He shed
yet in tri- umph a - rose! And we thro' His own res - ur - rec-tion may rise,

CHORUS.

Who came from His glo-ry my sal - va-tion to bring. He . . . . . was de-
The an-gels be-holding, in their pit - y might weep.
Those blood-drops of sorrow, as He prayed there alone.
Vic - to-rious for-ev- er o'er the last of our foes. He was despised,

spised and re - ject- ed, He . . . . . was de - spised and re- ject - ed; A
He was despised,

man of sor-row, and ac-quaint-ed with grief, And we esteemed Him not.

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No. 61. Is the Helm in the Master's Hands?

Rev. M. S. BROWN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. You're sail-ing life's o-cean, my brother, You're launched out afar from the shore,
2. The port you have left is for - ev - er, You can-not re-turn to the land;
3. Why wait with a hope vain and i - dle, For help? See! the rocks and the sand
4. There's One who can save you this moment, He'll pi-lot you safe-ly to land

The tide you're re-sist-ing al - read - y, Is the helm in the Master's hands?
The storm and the waves are approaching—Is the helm in the Master's hands?
Are strewn with the wreckage of others— Is the helm in the Master's hands?
Where tempest nor ocean can harm you—Is the helm in the Master's hands?

Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands? Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands? Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands? Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands? Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?

f *rit.*

The tide you're re-sist-ing al-read - y,—Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
The port you have left is for - ev - er, Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
Why wait with a hope vain and i- dle, Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?
There's One who can save you this moment! Is the helm in the Mas-ter's hands?

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No. 62. The Savior's Smile.

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Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ters not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,

and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial
sus, He sends re - lief, When temp-tations sore would my soul be-guile
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while

FINE. CHORUS.

There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing

D. S.—*There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.*

so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we

D. S.

kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,

No. 63. I Am Anchored Fast.

I. D. K.

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E. O. Excell.

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

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

REFRAIN.

While the tem-pest ra - ges, To the Rock of A - ges I am an-chored

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

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

No. 64. He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. There's with-in my heart a mel - o - dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Discord filled my heart with pain;
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' some-times He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept a-cross the bro-ken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways looking on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus— Sweet - est name I know,

Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

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No. 65. The Love of Jesus.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O the might - y love of Je - sus! O how far He came to save!
2. O the pat - ient love of Je - sus! Tho' re - ject - ed o'er and o'er,
3. O the ten - der love of Je - sus! Hold-ing me in warm em - brace,
4. O the faith - ful love of Je - sus! Guiding, keep - ing all the way,
5. O the pre - cious love of Je - sus! Ev - er - last - ing, bound-less, free!

Bear-ing all my sin's dis - hon - or To the cross and to the grave.
Lov - ing still and still en - treat-ing,—Ne'er was love like this be - fore.
Free - ly cleans - ing me, and fill - ing With the full - ness of His grace.
Nev - er leav - ing nor for - sak - ing—Love that know - eth no de - cay.
How my hap - py heart re - joic - es In the love of Christ for me.

CHORUS.

O the love of Christ my Savior, Growing sweet - er ev-'ry day;
wondrous love dear-er, sweet-er ev -'ry pass-ing day;

Love in - deed that "passeth knowledge," How can I such love re - pay.
Love, O wondrous love

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No. 66. He Never Turns Away.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912. BY CHARLIE TILLMAN. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. I have a pre - cious Friend indeed, For be it night or day,
2. Some friends when we have need of them, Their lack of love be - tray,
3. On Him I ev - er will de-pend, For faith-ful He will stay;
4. He calls to those in trou-ble sore, "On me your bur - dens lay;"

When a - ny-thing from Him I need, He nev - er turns a - way.
But Je - sus, praise His ho - ly name, Has nev - er turned a - way.
The need-ed bless - ing He will send, And nev - er turn a - way.
How I have proved Him o'er and o'er, He nev - er turns a - way.

CHORUS.

He nev - er turns a - way, He nev - er turns a - way, He's al-ways near, my pray'r to hear, He nev - er turns a - way;

He's al-ways near, my pray'r to hear, He nev - er turns a - way.

No. 67. Love Lifted Me.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in danger, look a-bove, Je-sus complete-ly saves; He will lift you

1. stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so mighty and so true
3. by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

1. Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lift - ed me, Now safe am I....
2. Merits my soul's best songs, Faithful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
3. Billows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift - ed me.

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No. 68. By His Stripes I am Healed.

MRS. FRANK BRECK. D. WARD MILAM.

1. Oh! the Lord is good, He is kind in - deed, For He came to me in my deep - est need; And my ear - nest pray'r He was
2. Oh! His pre - cious blood cov - ered all my sin, That my par - doned soul might be pure with - in; That e - ter - nal life He for
3. Spotless Lamb of God, let my heart a - dore, Let me live to love Thee as ne'er be - fore; Let my life be Thine hence-forth

swift to heed, He was bruised for you, for me.....
me might win, Oh! the Lord was bruised for me.....
ev - er - more, Thou hast been my sac - ri - fice.....

CHORUS.

Oh! the Lord is good, let His name be praised, Let my thankful voice unto Him be raised;
For His great compassion has been revealed, By His stripes I am healed, I am healed.

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No. 69. Steady, Brother, Steady.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Ida L. Reed. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, tho' the storm-winds rise, And darkness gath-er o'er you and it veil your skies; Keep your course un-wa-vered, and be brave, be true; Fear not while the Mas-ter holds the helm with you.
2. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y tho' the wild waves sweep, Your barque will ride in safe-ty for He rules the deep; Waves shall not o'er-flow you while the Pi-lot's near, By the chart He giv-eth you, your course can steer.
3. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, look you o-ver there, Be-yond the cloud and tem-pest see, the port lies fair; There with-in the har-bor with the storms all past, You can safe-ly an-chor, sheltered safe at last.

CHORUS.

Steady, steady, tho' clouds veil the sky; Steady, steady, tho' waves roll high;
surging waves are rolling high;
Steady, steady, be brave, be true, Fear not while the Master holds the helm with you.

No. 70. Scatter Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lanta Wilson Smith. E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine o - ver the way,
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 71. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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Jessie Brown Pounds. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink-led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 72. Come, All Ye Weary.

Minnie B. Johnson. **E. L. Ozendorff, Arr. by C. D. T.**

1. Ye who are burdened and wear - y, Ye who are sick and dis - tressed,
2. Ye who are wear-y and wait - ing, List to that voice so di - vine,
3. Ye who are wear-y, why lin - ger? Come, ere your sun go - eth down;
4. Ye who are wear-y of wait - ing, Lose not a mo-ment, but come;

Je - sus, your Sav-ior, is wait - ing, Wait - ing to give you sweet rest.
Call-ing, so ten - der - ly call - ing; Why not to His will re - sign?
Haste to the arms of His mer - cy, Je - sus will make you His own.
Je - sus will par - don and save you, Fit you for heav - en, thy home.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, all ye wear - y ones, Come, come, all ye dis-tressed;
Come, oh, come, Come, oh, come,

Je - sus is wait - ing to wel-come and give you rest. . . .
sweet rest.

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No. 73. We Shall Be Like Him.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We shall be like Him, O won-der-ful tho't! Bless-ed the hope the as-
2. Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear ev - er heard What we shall be, but a
3. Why, then, re-pine when the road-way is rough? Are not His word and the
4. We shall be like Him, the Hope of the soul; We shall be like Him, made

sur-ance hath wrought: Chang'd from the sor - row and tri - als of years,
voice from His word Whis-pers a mes-sage that charms all our fears,
prom-ise e - nough? Rain-bows of love span the val - ley of tears,
per - fect - ly whole; Caught up with saints, as the fir - ma-ment clears,

CHORUS.

We shall be like Him, when Je - sus ap-pears. We..... shall be
We shall be like Him,

like Him, Oh,..... how the prom - ise cheers!
We shall be like Him, Oh, how the hope of the prom - ise cheers!

rit.

We..... shall be like Him, when Je - sus ap - pears.
We shall be like Him, be like Him, When Je - sus in glo - ry ap - pears.

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No. 74. Come to the Savior.

Nina Clarke. **Jno. R. Bryant.**

1. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Make no de-lay, See, Je-sus is wait-ing
2. Come, come to the Sav-ior, List to the call, Soft-ly He is pleading
3. Come, come to the Sav-ior, Lite giv-eth He, E'en un-to the vil-est

For you to-day; Je-sus will for-give you, And you re-ceive,
To one and all; Oh, hear Him now, sin-ner, He calls a-gain;
Cleansing may see; A home up in heav-en, Harp, robe and a crown;

CHORUS.

If you on the Sav-ior On-ly be-lieve.
Why lon-ger from Je-sus Will you re-main?
Come, come while His mercy Now may be found.

} Come, come while His mercy

Is flowing so free; Come, seeking salvation, It is for thee. He's a-ble to

save you, He will for-give; New life He will give you If you be-lieve.

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No. 75. O What a Change!

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Mrs. C. D. Martin. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 76. My Father's Keeping.

Rev. C. A. GAGE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am in my Father's keep-ing, Guarded by His tend'rest care,
2. When the darkness deep-ens round me, And the way I can - not see,
3. Tho' the storm may break in fu - ry, I have neith - er doubt nor fear;
4. In His hand the wind He hold - eth, Keeps the waves that rock the sea;

Safe - ly shield-ed by His presence, Kept from ev - 'ry hid - den snare.
Sweet-ly to my trembling spir - it, Comes His whis-per "Fol-low me."
I can sing a - mid the tem-pest, With my bless-ed Sav - ior near.
Then why should I fear to trust Him, When I know He lov - eth me.

CHORUS.

His love is nev - er - fail - ing, His mer - cy full and free;

rit.

His arms are al - ways o - pen To help and com - fort me.

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No. 77. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 78. Whom Having Not Seen I Love.

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Maud Frazer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 79. May I be Faithful.

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

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,

A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,

CHORUS.

May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 80. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

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

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

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

No. 81. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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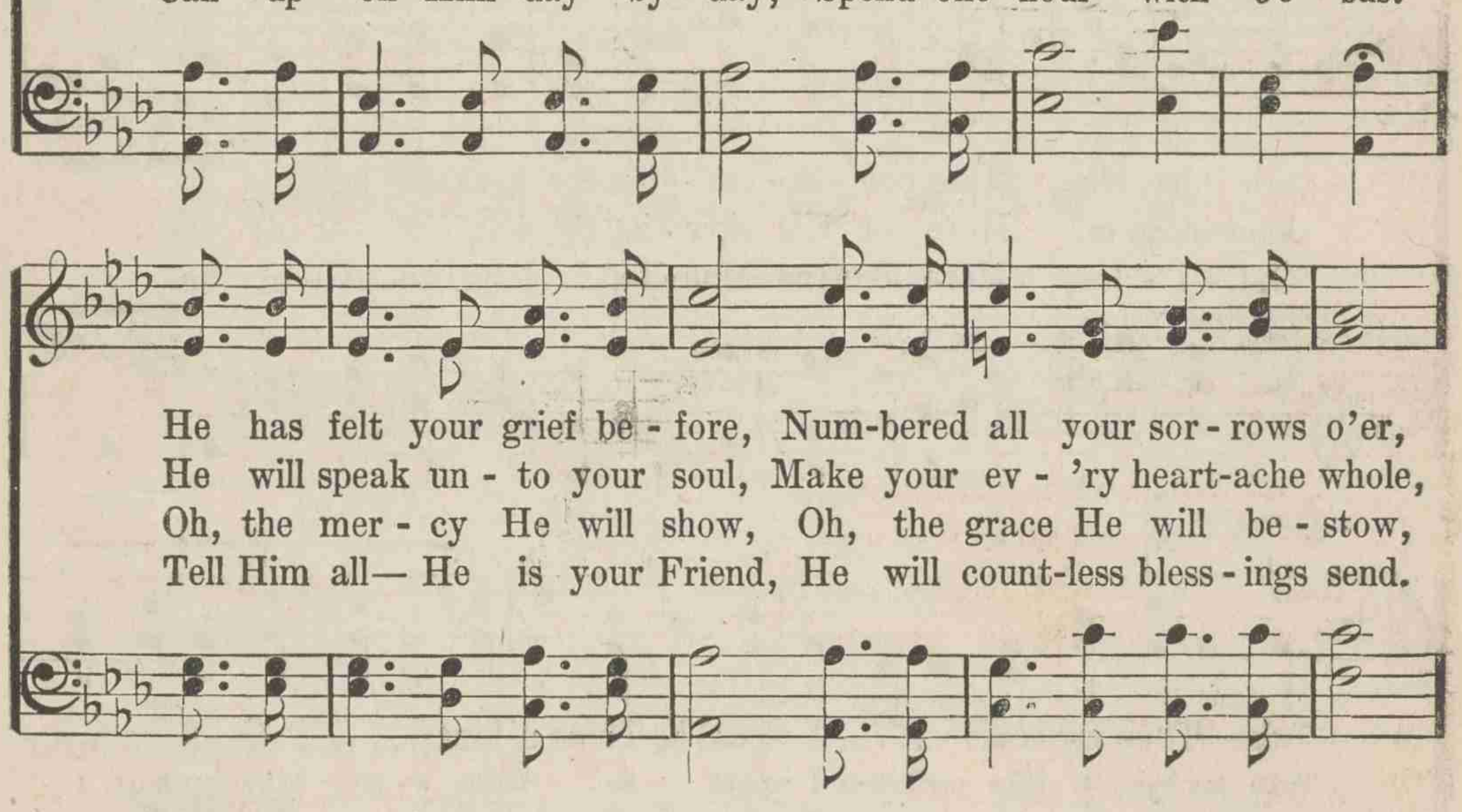
Katharine A. Grimes. **E. O. Excell.**

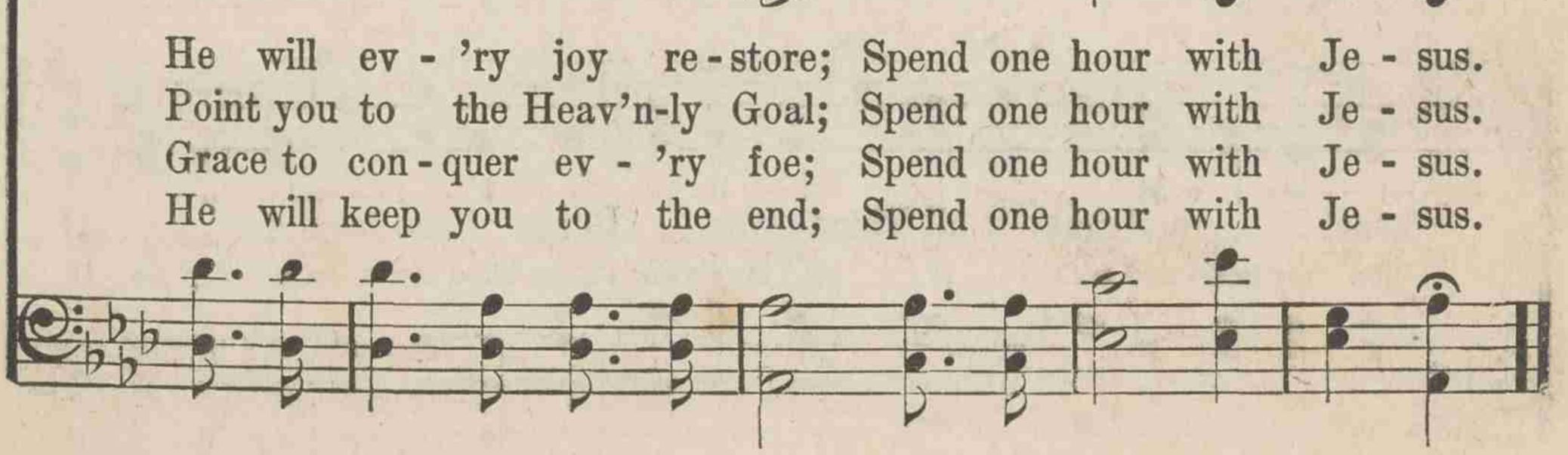
1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:



He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send.

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.



No. 82. More Like the Master.

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

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow, More of His

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

More Like the Master.

No. 83. We Would See Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. Chas. H. Marsh.

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No. 84. Work for Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Work for Je - sus day by day, Help the weak a - long the way; Have a kind - ly word to say All the while; Have a bless-ing in your heart, To the need - y it im-part; Turn a - side each an - gry dart With a smile.....
2. Work for Je - sus! don't for-get You are deep - ly in His debt; Tho' you feel your weakness yet, Do your part, Some one's weight of sorrow share; Lighten troub-le, pain and care; Dai - ly, hour-ly, here and there Cheer a heart.....
3. Work for Je - sus; O be true! Think of what He did for you; There is work for all to do, You've a share; Do not heed the tempter's frown! When you lay your burden down, An e - ter - nal, fadeless crown You shall wear..... with a smile.

CHORUS.

Work for Je- sus, sing or smile, Pass-ing to and fro, Do your du - ty all the while, As you go; Where-so - ev - er Je-sus leads you, It will be where As you go;

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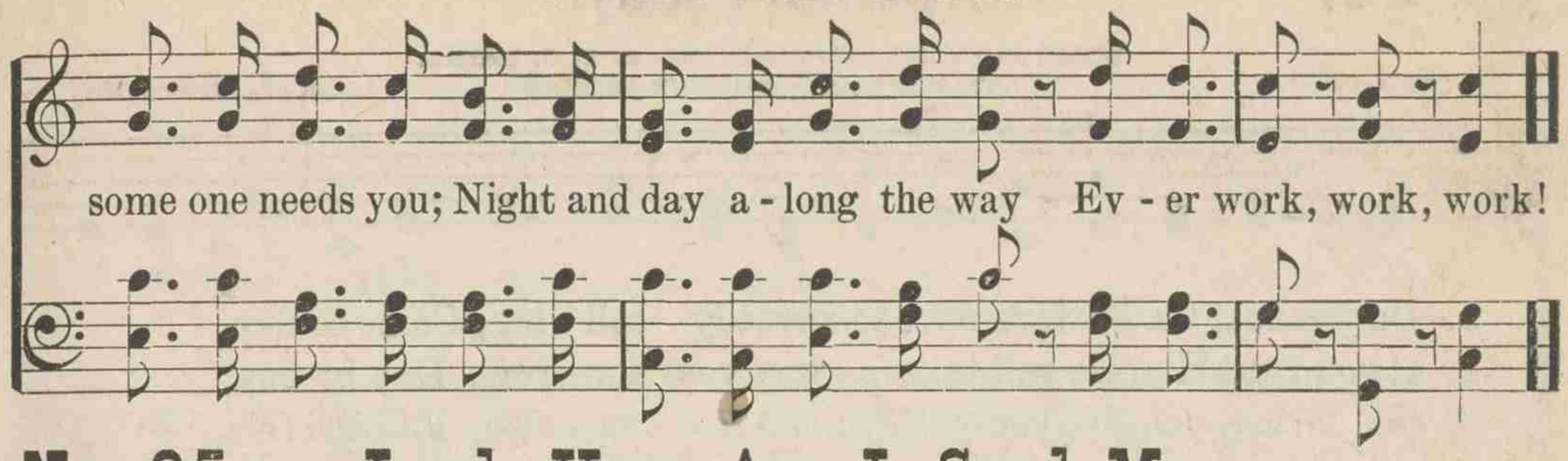
Work For Jesus.



No. 85. Lord, Here Am I, Send Me.

Nella F. Ford. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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No. 86. Come Today.

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R. L. B. R. L. Blowers.

1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,

Come to - day.

come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,

come to - day;

All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is

All a - way, all a - way;

CHORUS.

sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;

Come To-day.

No. 87. He Loves You Still.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

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No. 88. Over and Over Again.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Floy S. Armstrong. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .

2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,

3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

Over and Over Again.

No. 89. Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

No. 90. What Did it Mean?

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from His home of light,
2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of His deeds of might;
3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry;
4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from His dream-less bed?

Lay - ing a - side His glo - ry there, En - ter - ing this dark night;
Heal-ing the ills and pains of men, Giv - ing the blind their sight,
Heav- en and earth were joined in grief Dy - ing like His to see!
Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Finished a - tone - ment made!

Tak - ing the form of sin - ful man, Shar - ing our want and woe,
Rais- ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed-ing the mul - ti - tude,
Lips that were filled with bless- ing once, Parch'd with His fail - ing breath,
Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fi - nite reach of love!

Hav - ing not where to lay His head, Hat - ed, yet lov - ing so?
Spending His life, His wondrous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
He that was ho - ly, harm-less, pure, Dy - ing a sin - ner's death!
Won- der of men, and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!

CHORUS.

What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure-ly ev - er lov'd as He!

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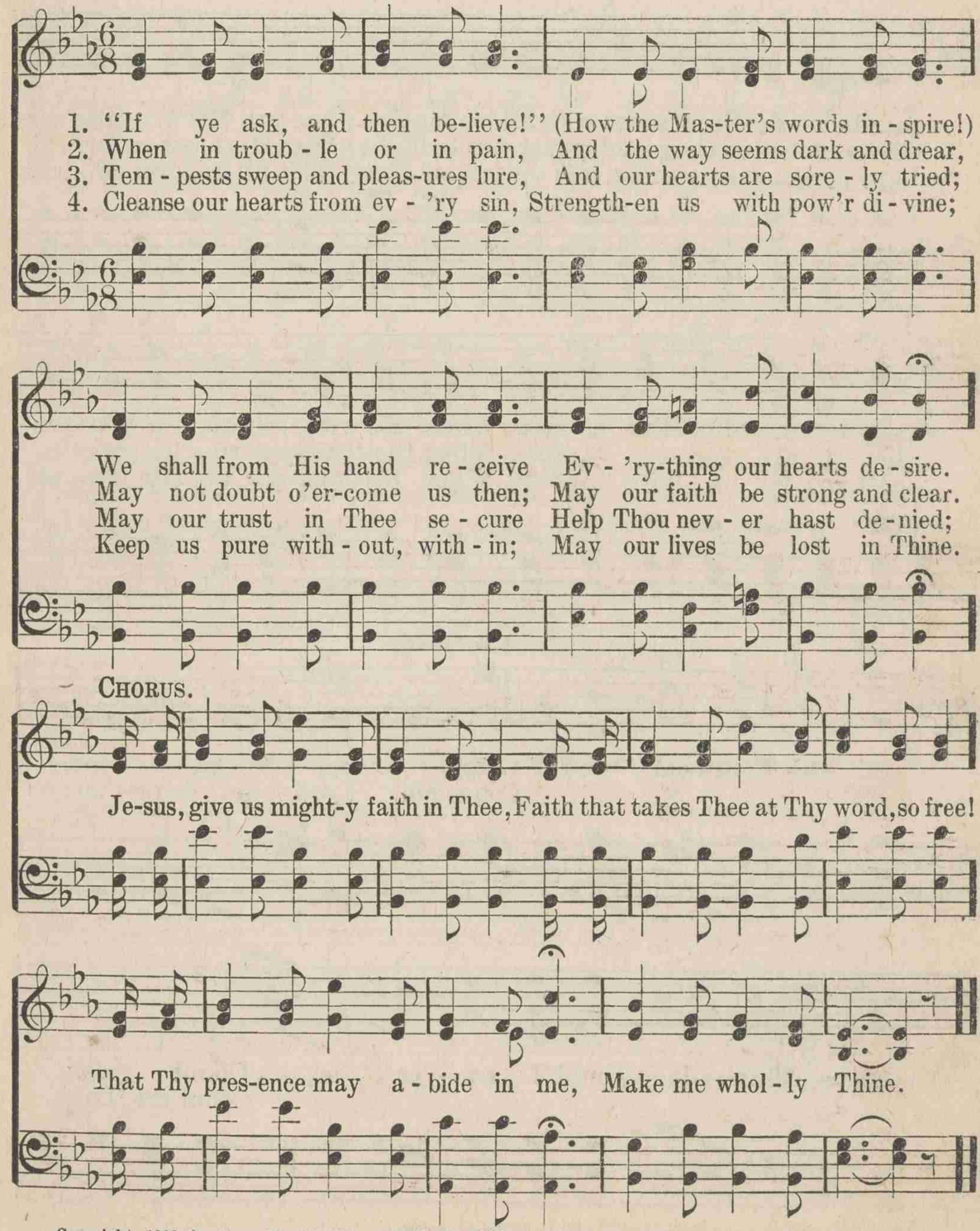
What Did It Mean?

No. 91. Give Us Mighty Faith.

W. A. Schell. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



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No. 92. Will the Lord Count You?

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ev - 'ry soul that comes to Je - sus is to Him so dear, That He guards it as His treasure with a love sincere; Are you His with glad sur-
2. One of His shall chase a thousand thro' His saving might, Two shall o-ver-come ten thousand, putting them to flight; When His hosts go forth to
3. When this earthly toil is o - ver com-eth then the rest, In the hap - py home up yonder, with the pure and blest; When His ran-somed children

ren-der, trust-ing Him a - new, When He writ - eth up the peo - ple
bat - tle, are you read - y, too? When the trum-pet calls for serv - ice
gath - er far a - bove the blue, When He mak-eth up His jew - els

CHORUS.

will the Lord count you? Count me, count me,
Count me, Lord, oh, count me,
Thine, yes, Thine a-lone would I ev - er be, Count me,
Count me, Lord,

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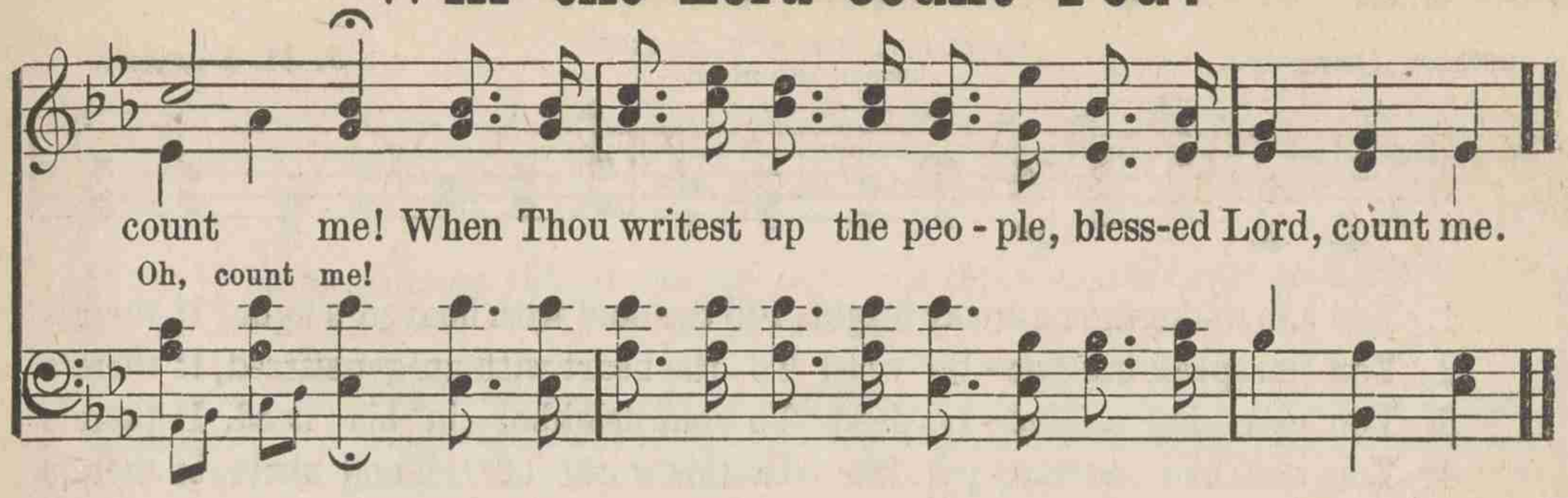
Will the Lord Count You?



No. 93. Open Your Heart to the Savior.

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

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No. 94. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

Helen Dungan.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Dungan.

1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an-ger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neighbor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

sun - shine in your heart; Turning dark-ness in - to day, As the shad - ows
sun - shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing, It will heav - en's
sun - shine in your heart; And his bur - den you will share, As you lift his
sun - shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the per - fect

CHORUS.

fly a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
blessing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
load of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
Light above, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.

sun-shine

heart, You can send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

No. 95. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

No. 96. The Kindly Light is Leading.

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Juliette E. Perry. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O the kind - ly light is shin - ing on my path-way, Thro' the
2. I was lost a - mid the heav - y mist of sor - row, Griev-ing
3. When the jour - ney of this life is some - time o - ver, I know

gath'ring gloom and dark-ness of the night, And I fear no e - vil,
for the loved ones who had passed from sight, When the light be - fore me
I'll be glad I fol - lowed all the way, For the light that guid - ed

for the way be-fore me In a flood of glo - ry now ap-pears to sight.
led my falt'ring foot-steps To the path they journeyed to the mansions bright.
safe - ly thro' the dark-ness Then will lead me on-ward to the per-fect day.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed kind - ly light, Glo-rious cheer - ing ray, 'Tis the
Bless - ed kind - ly light, the

light of heav'n shin - ing glad and free; Blessed kind - ly light,
'Tis the light of heav'n clear, Bless-ed kind-ly light is

The Kindly Light is Leading.

No. 97. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

No. 98. Christ a Friend.

Fronia Smith. Fred A. Fillmore.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend of love! Great Thy mis - sion from a - bove;
2. Lib - er - ty Thou didst pro-claim, And each cap - tive soul re - claim;
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend most dear, Thou hast brought to all good cheer;

Bro - ken hearts Thy mer - cy binds, Rest in Thee the wear - y finds.
Thou didst seek the pris - on bound, Quick re-lease their spir - its found.
Thro' this life, what-e'er be - tide, Thou canst lead and Thou canst guide.

CHORUS.

Prais - - es and hon - - ors and grate - ful love . . .
Prais - es and hon - ors, prais - es and hon - ors, grate - ful love

Be . . . . . un - to Him. . . . . who dwells a - bove; . .
Be un - to Him, Be un - to Him, Un - to Him who dwells a - bove;

Glad - - ly our hearts and voi - - ces raise, . .
Glad - ly our hearts, glad - ly our hearts, Glad - ly our hearts and voi - ces raise,

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Christ a Friend.

In . . . . . this joy - ful, joy - ful song of praise.
In this joy - ful song, joy - ful song of praise.

No. 99. Old Time Power.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

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No. 100. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!"
to the fields a-way,

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

No. 101. Somebody.

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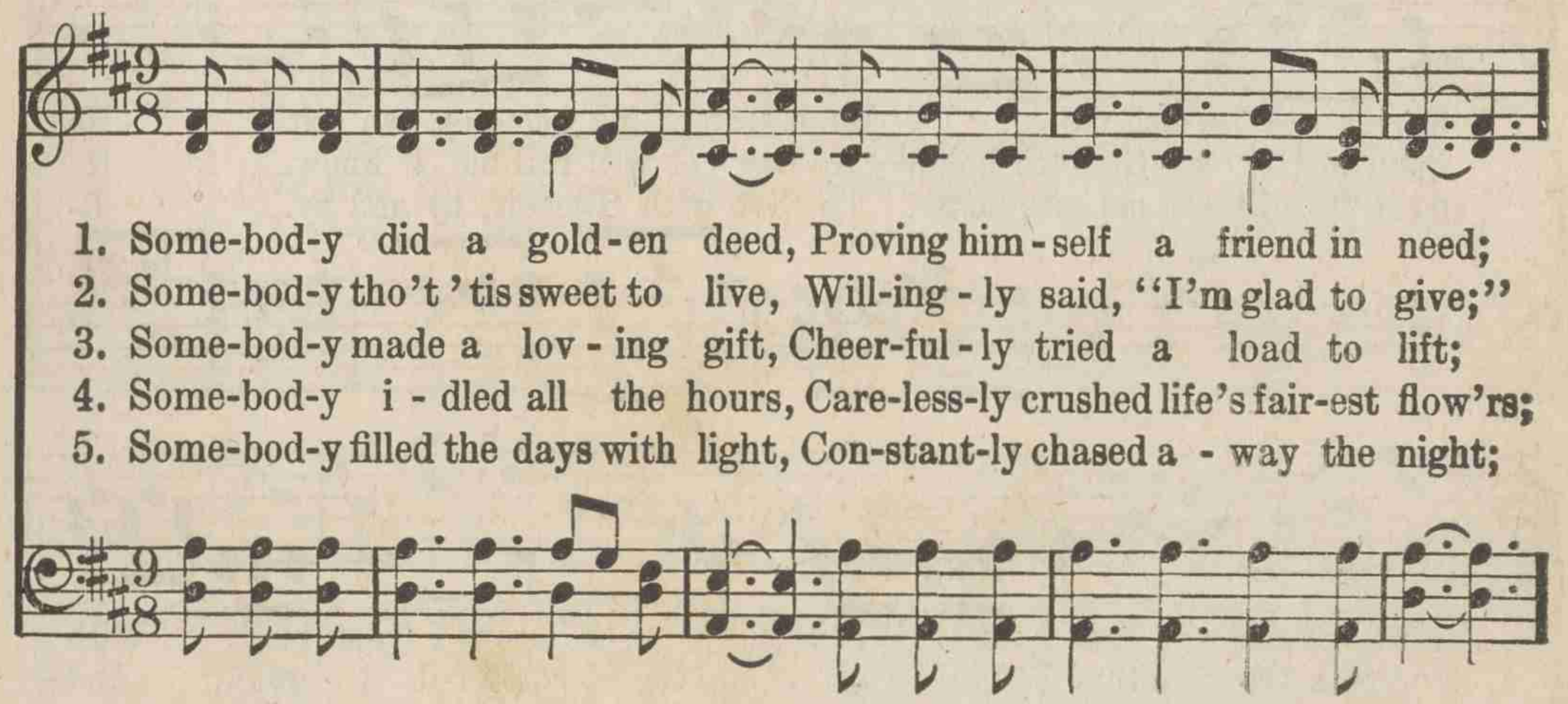
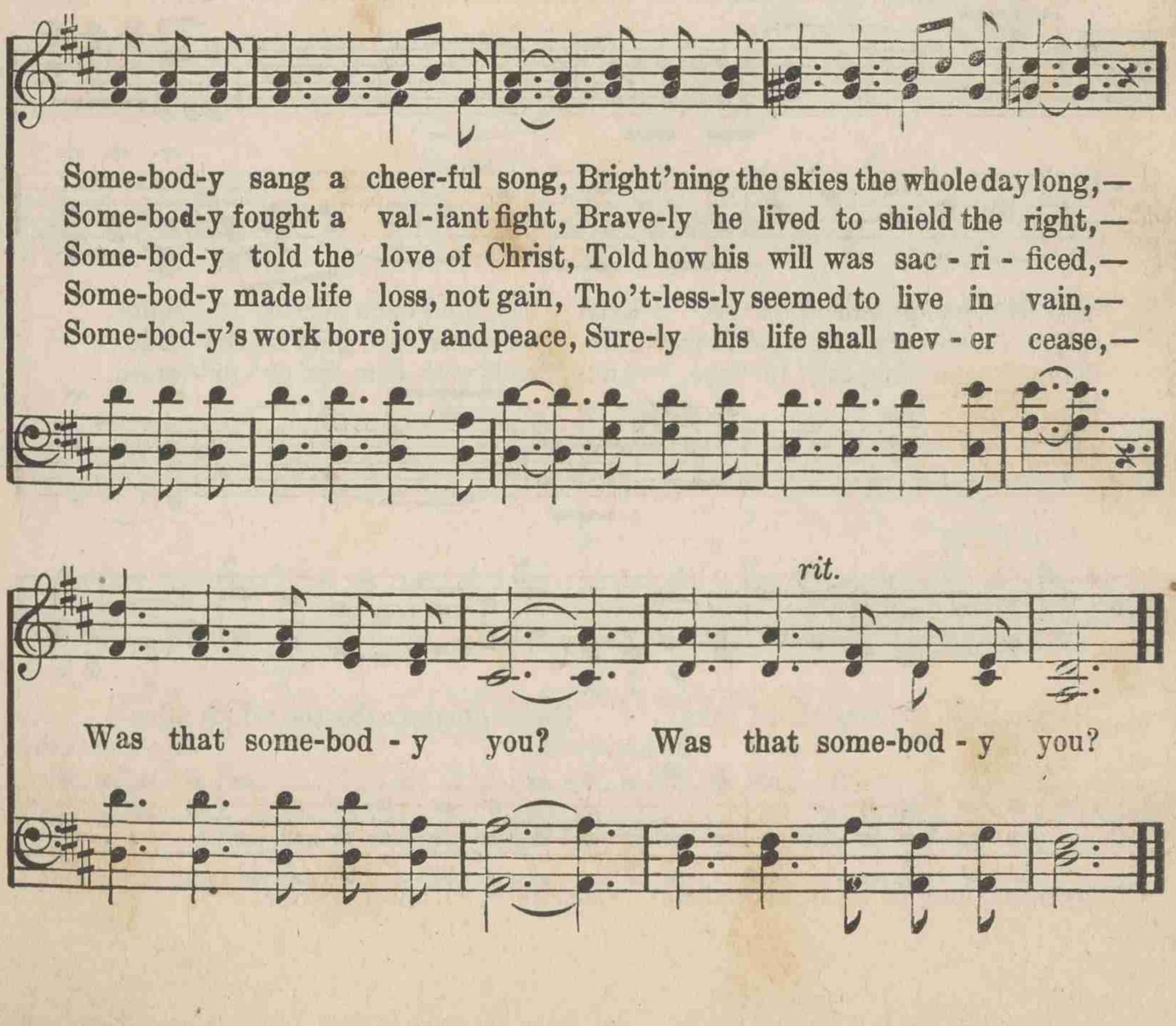
John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.





No. 102. He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He knoweth the way that I take, Al-though it is hid-den from me; My
2. He knoweth the way that I take! When falt'ring my footsteps, and slow, My
3. He knoweth the way that I take! And tho' most unworthy am I, Thro'

Savior who lov-eth me so, Each step of my jour-ney can see. He
hand in His own He doth hold,— He nev - er will fail me, I know. He
grace He will lead me safe home, To live with Himself, by and by. E-

knoweth the way that I take! When heav - y the cross I must bear, With
knoweth the way that I take! And sends the blest Spir-it to guide; And
ter - ni - ty then will be mine, To praise Him, re-joice and a - dore; The

me He has promised to be, Each joy and each sorrow to share.
when I so oft - en would stray, He wooes me a - gain to His side.
King I am long-ing to see, And dwell with Him for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

He knoweth the way that I take! ..... Sweet comfort the tho't doth afford; ....
He knoweth, He knoweth,

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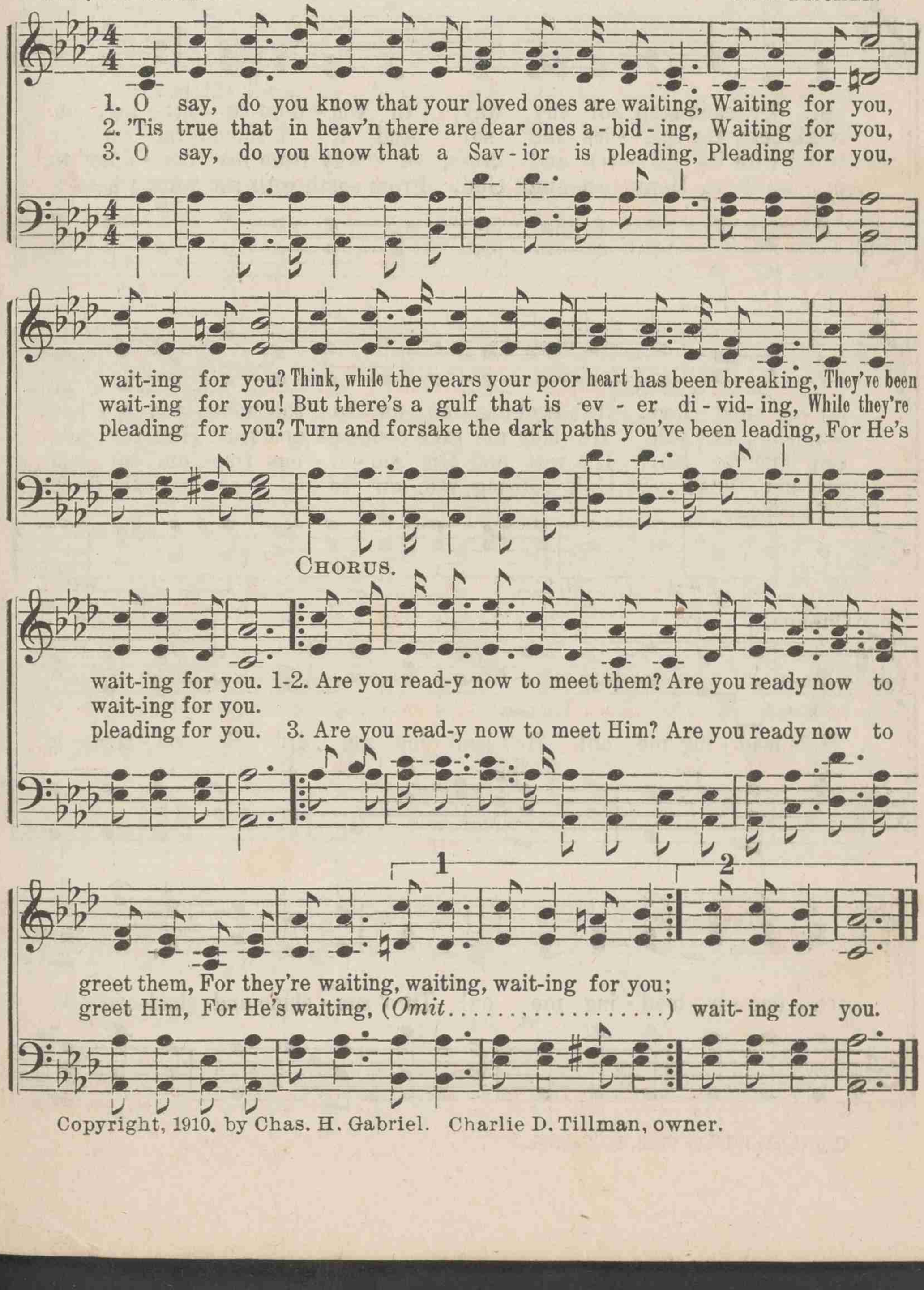
He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

No. 103. Waiting for You.

D. R. VAN SICKLE. CARL FISCHER.



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No. 104 He is Leading Me On.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Sav - ior is lead - ing me on day by day, With hand strong and ten - der, each step of my way; In wis - dom un - err - ing, in
2. He's lead - ing me on as I'm a - ble to go; He knows all my weak-ness, He pit - ies me so! And if I should fal - ter, or
3. He's lead - ing me on in the way of the cross, A - way from this world with its gli - ter and dross, A - way from my bon - dage to
4. He's lead - ing me on in the path that He trod, The path that leads up - ward to Heav - en and God; From earth with its want where I pit - y and love, He's lead-ing me on to the home-land a - bove.
stum-ble, or fall, He bids me take cour-age and trust Him for all.
self and to sin, His rest and His glo - ri - ous free-dom to win.
jour-ney, un- known, He's lead-ing me on to a seat in His throne.

CHORUS.

He's lead - ing me on! He's lead - ing me on! So pa - tient - ly, ten - der - ly, lead - ing me on! Thro' sun - shine and shad-ow, in

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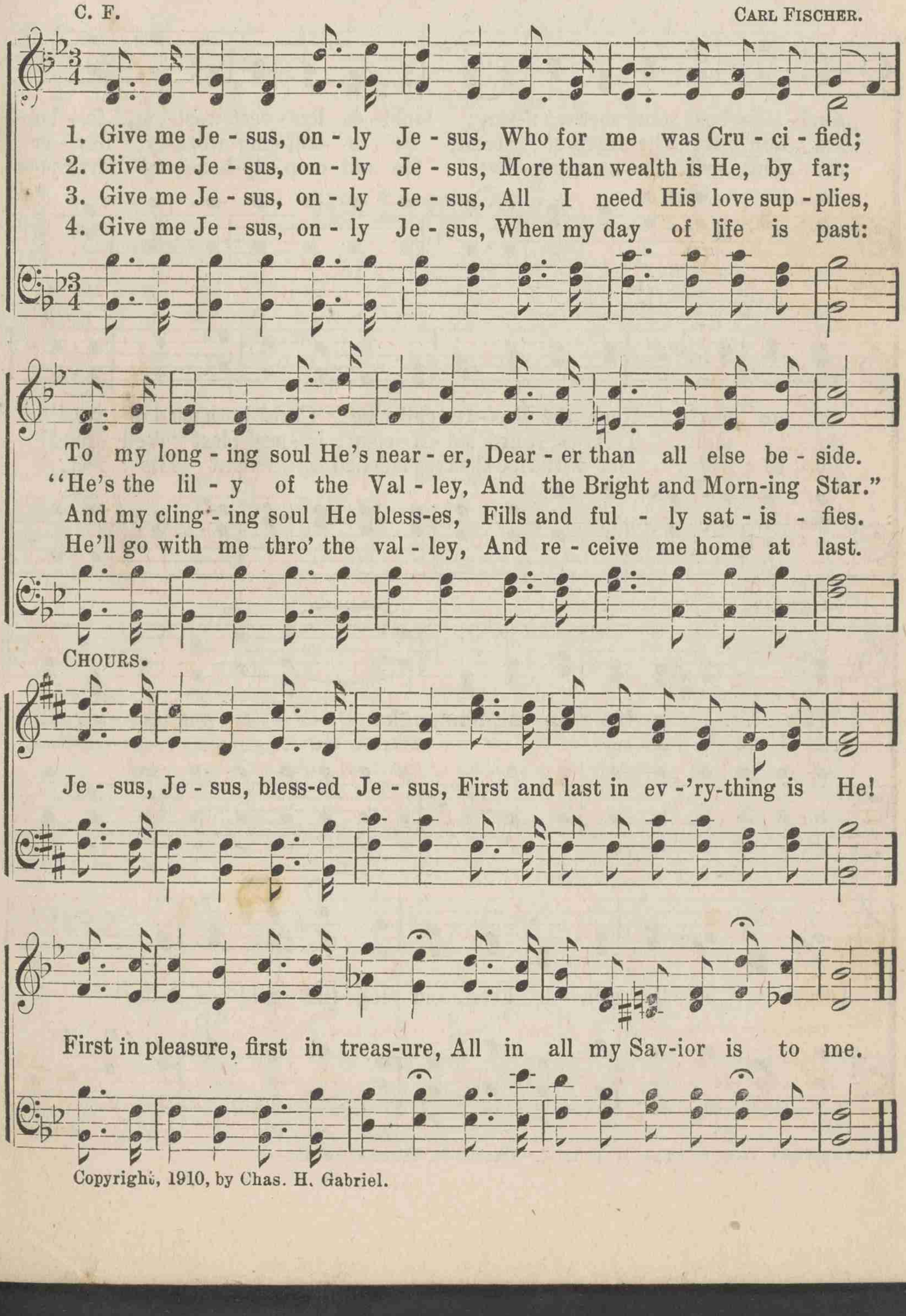
He is Leading Me On.

No. 105. Give Me Jesus.

C. F. CARL FISCHER.



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No. 106. This is the Reaping Time.

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

1. Fields with har-vest bend-ing wait our hands to - day, God is reap - ers
2. To a weak - er broth - er reach a help - ing hand, By a smile as-
3. Win some souls for Je - sus while the sun is high; Har-vest-time so

send - ing—bear some sheaves a-way; Gold - en har - vest wast-ing, la - bor-
sist him for the right to stand; Be a will - ing work-er, nev - er
pre - cious swift is pass - ing by; Go not emp - ty-hand - ed forth your

ers are few, Hear the Mas - ter call - ing: "Christ hath need of you!"
du - ty shun, This re-ward suf - fi - cient, Je - sus' blest "Well done!"
Lord to meet, But with ripe sheaves ladened lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.

This . . . . is the reap - ing time, glo - - - - ri - ous reap - ing time,
This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous reap - ing time,

Thrust ye in the sick - le keen, and reap the gold - en grain;
reap the gold - en grain;

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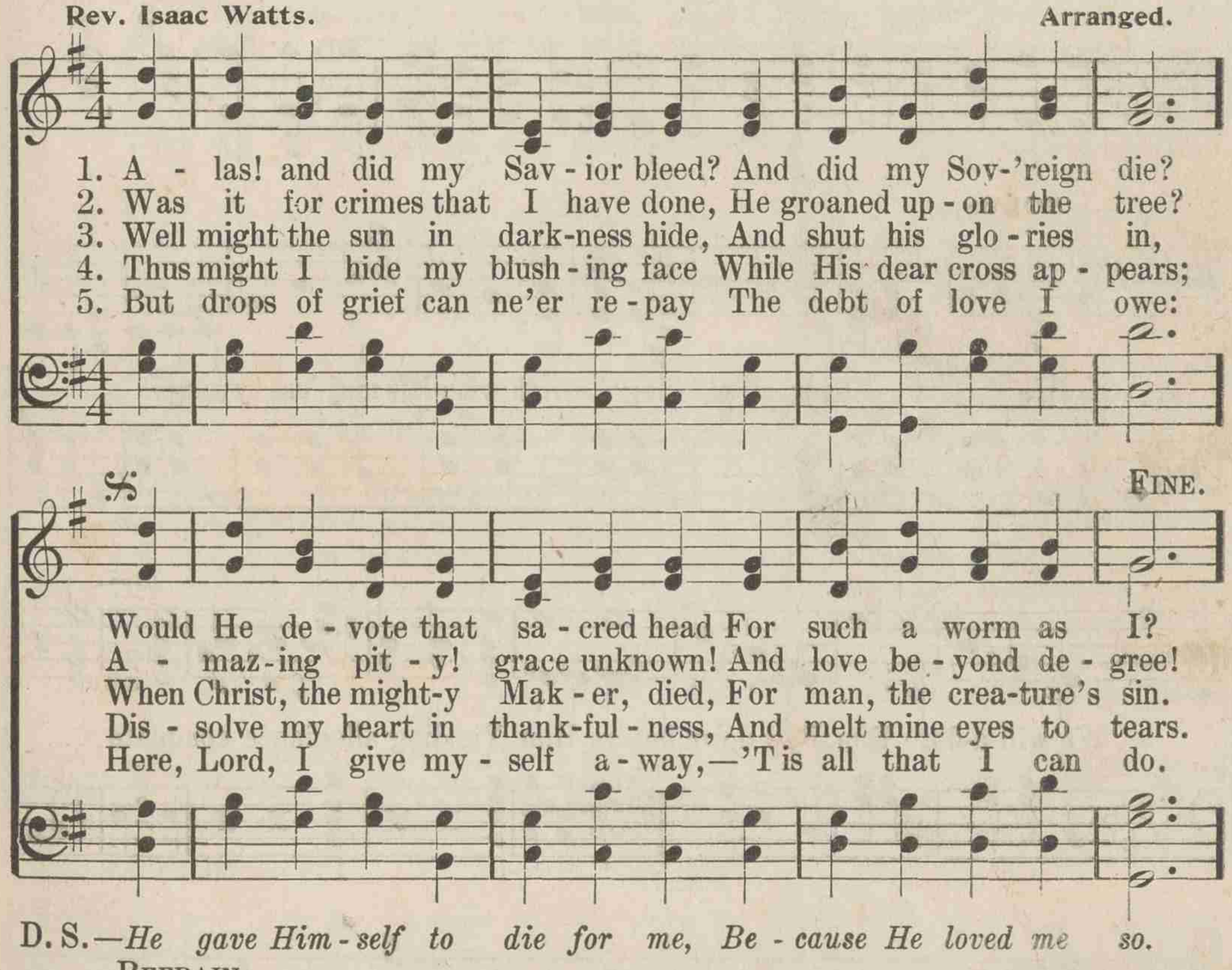
This is the Reaping Time.

No. 107. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arranged.



D. S.—*He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.*

No. 108. King of Kings.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. King of kings for ev-er-more is He, Christ our Lord, the Man of Gal- i - lee;
2. On the cross of Cal - va - ry He died, For a world of sin was cru - ci - fied;
3. King of kings for ev-er-more is He, And His will our law shall ev - er be,

All the earth shall yet on Him believe, Shall repent, look up to Him and live.
Yet from death tri-umphant-ly He came, And He lives for-ev-er, praise His name.
Un - til we, thro' His redeeming grace, With the ransomed stand before His face.

CHORUS.

He is King of all kings! Earth with His maj- es- ty rings!. . .

We will a-dore Him, Bow down before Him, Yielding allegiance complete. . . .

On the throne of His love, When we be - hold Him a- bove,. . . .

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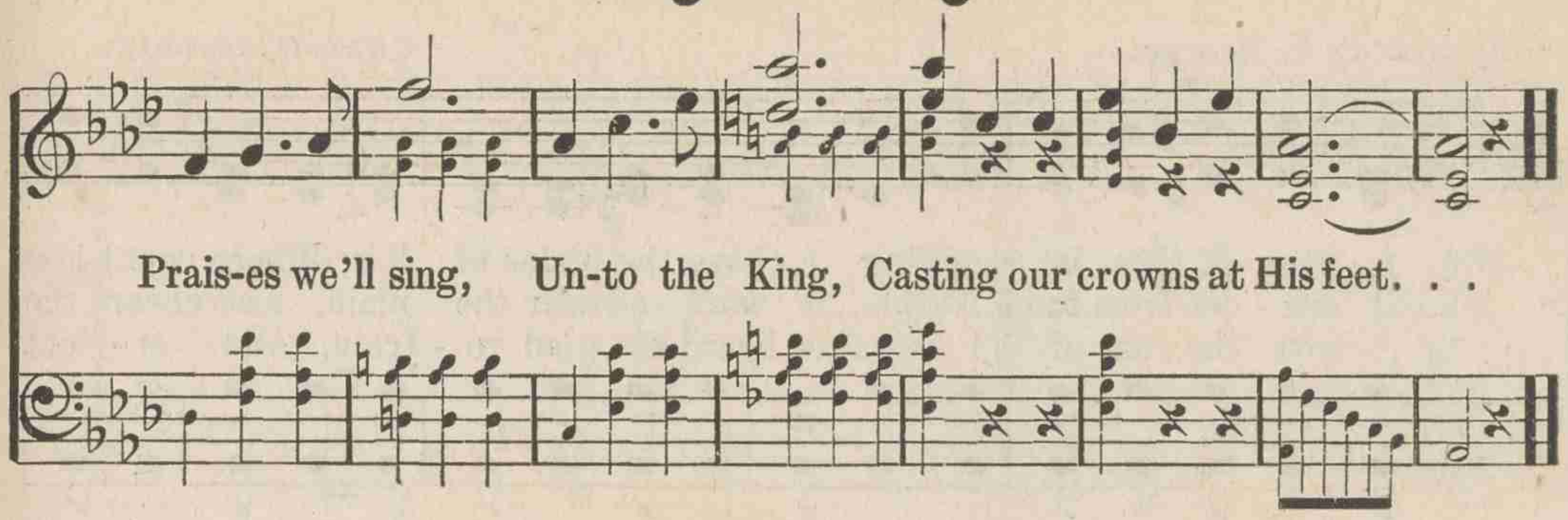
King of Kings.



No. 109. Jesus Saves Me.

G. R. Stuart. Zollie Stuart.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D Tillman.

No. 110. His Love Declare.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A song of joy is ring - ing a - bove the plains of life; Where count-less
2. It ech - oes from the hill - side, is waft - ed o'er the plain, And cheers the
3. A- bove the roar of bil - lows is heard the glad re - frain, And si - lent

hosts are sing - ing a - mid their care and strife; It fills the world with
reap - ers toil - ing a - mid the fields of grain; They catch the notes of
des - ert plac - es are vi - brant with the strain; Ring on, O song of

glo - ry, it reach-es heav'n a - bove, And tells to all the sto - ry of
beau - ty that ring thro' heav'n a - bove, And join the le-gions sing - ing of
beau - ty till earth with heav'n a - bove, Shall sing the blessed sto - ry of

CHORUS.

Je - sus and His love. His love de - clare un - to men ev - 'ry -
His love to all the world declare un - to all men

where ... His truth and grace pub - lish in ev - 'ry
ev-'ry-where, And His won-drous truth and grace tell in ev - 'ry

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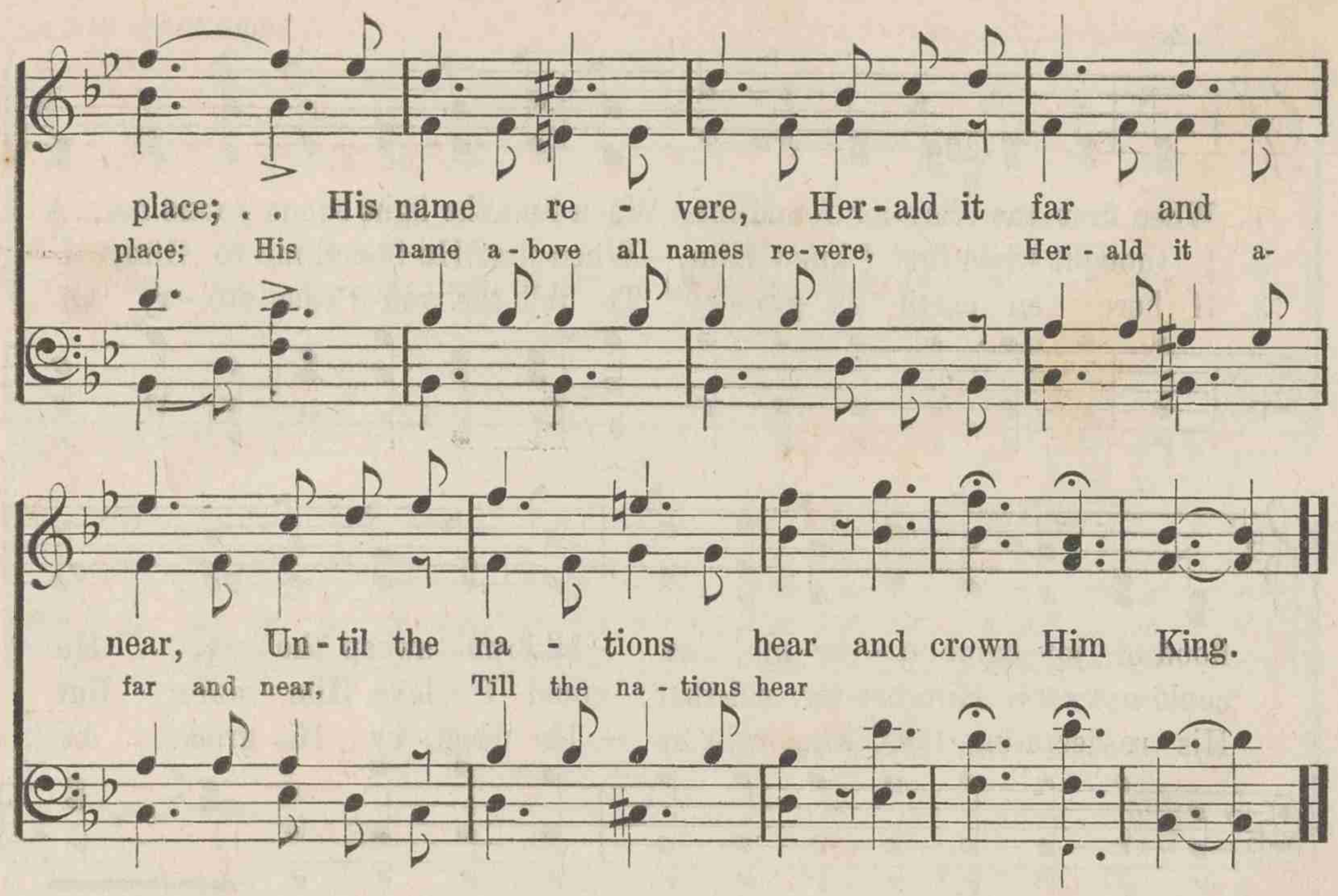
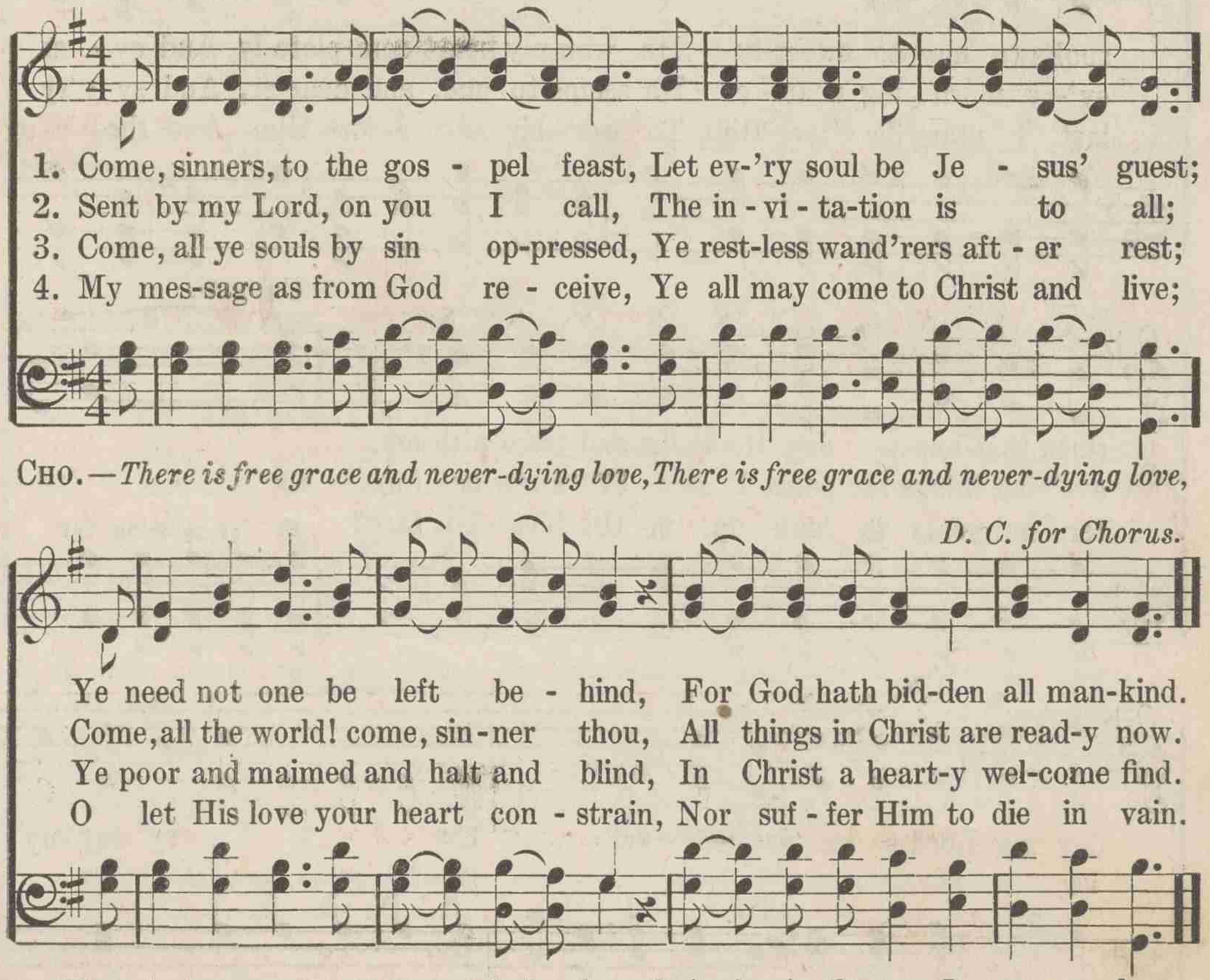
His Love Declare.



No. 111. Free Grace and Never-Dying Love.

Chas. Wesley. Arr. Jno. R. Bryant.



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No. 112. With Every Passing Day.

L. Z. LOUIS ZIMMERMAN.

1. When first the Sav-ior found me, When first the light shone round me, A flood of joy came o - ver me, as bil-lows sweep the sea; He
2. I thought when first I knew Him,—When first He bound me to Him, I could not serve Him bet-ter, nei-ther could I love Him more; But
3. If here on earth 'tis glo - ry To tell the won-d'rous sto - ry Of His re-deem-ing love, what will it be when, by His grace At

spoke to me so sweet-ly He won my heart com-plete-ly, And ev - er
ev'-ry morn - ing near - er He seems to me, and dear-er, And ev - 'ry
last, I stand be - fore Him, To wor-ship and a-dore Him, And thro' e-

CHORUS.

since that hap-py day He walks and talks with me.
ev-'ning brings me peace I nev - er knew be - fore. Ev - 'ry
ter - nal years to look up - on His bles - ed face? Ev - 'ry pass-ing day

my day my Lord to me is dear - er! Ev - 'ry day my
my Ev - 'ry pass - ing day my
Ev - 'ry day

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With Every Passing Day.

faith is grow - ing clear - er! Ev - - - - - 'ry day to
Ev - 'ry pass - ing day to
Him I'm drawing near-er, Near-er with ev - 'ry pass - ing day. . . . . .
Near - er, near - er, ev-'ry passing day.

No. 113. Lord, Remember Me.

Isaac Watts. (PISGAH. C. M.) **An old Favorite.**

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, . . .
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, . . .
3. There shall I bathe my wear - y soul In seas of heav'nly rest, ...

FINE.

I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

D. S.—*Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me, . . Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me; . . . .

No. 114. Count Your Blessings.

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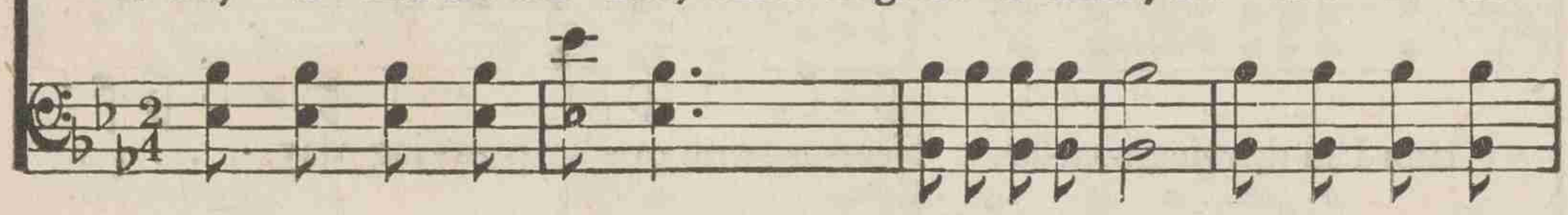
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

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



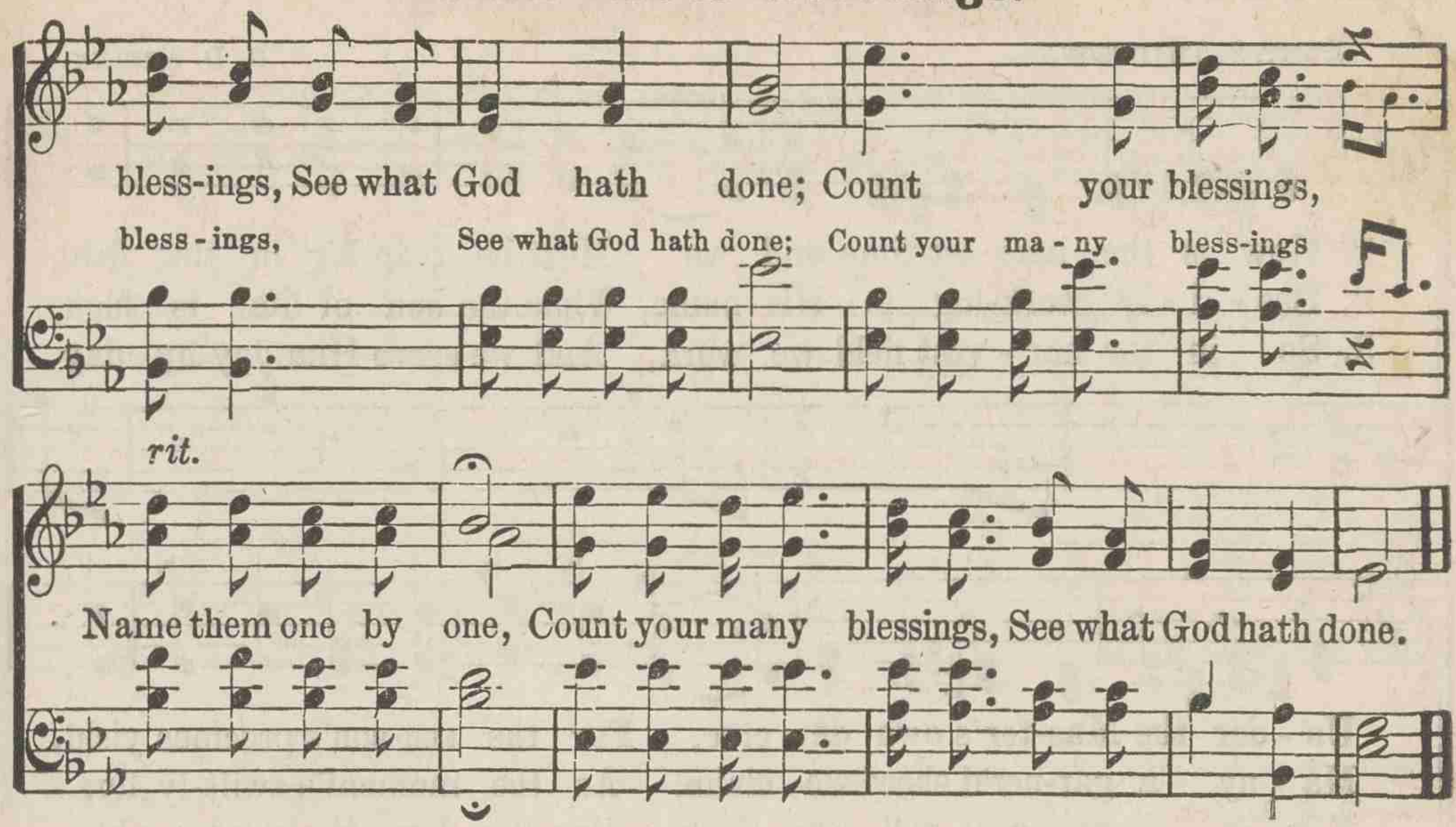
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
coura ged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

CHORUS.

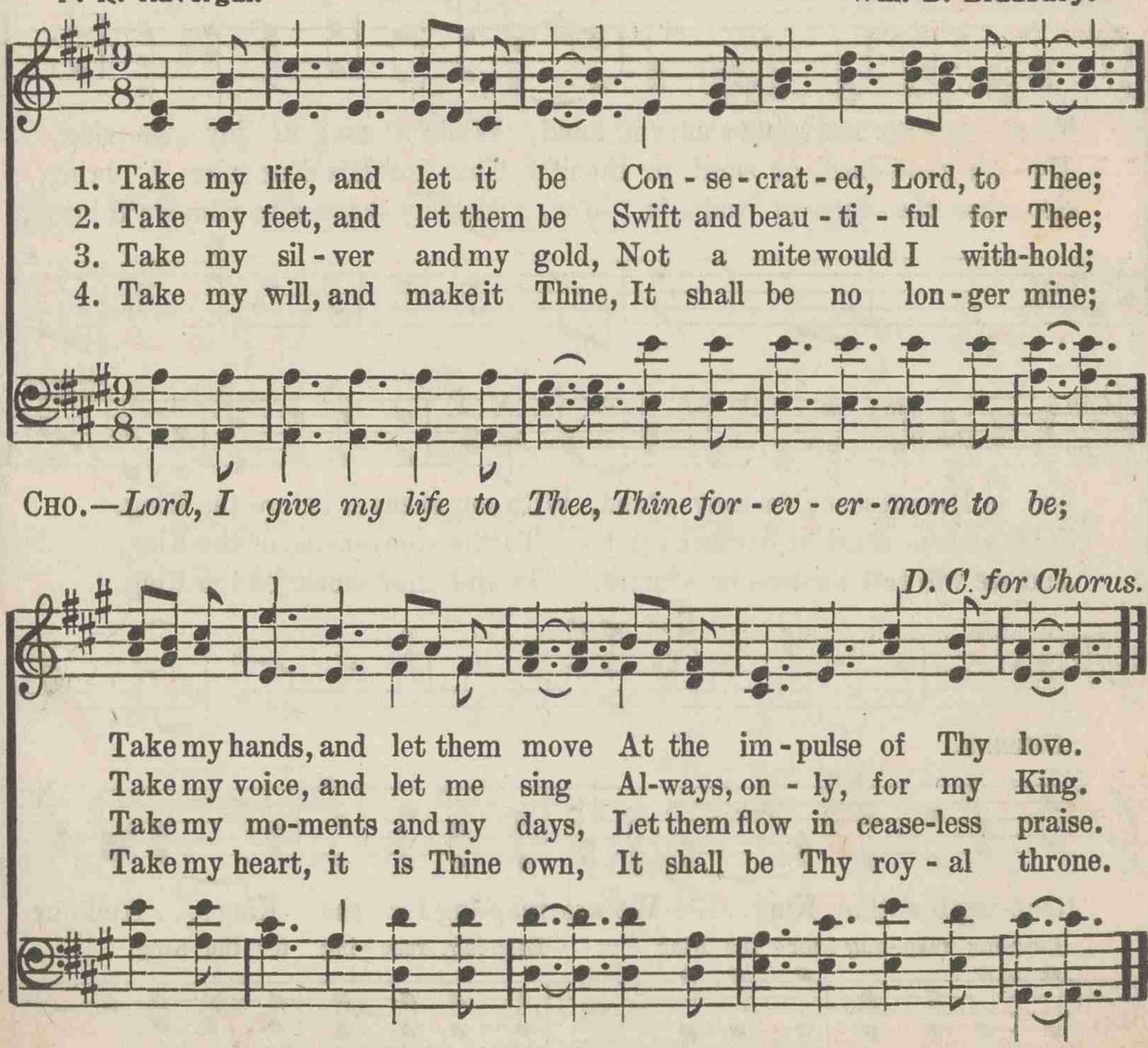
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Count Your Blessings.



No. 115. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 116. Reaping for the King.

EDITH S. TILLOTSON. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Now is the harv-est time and we Must be reap-ing in the field,
2. Bus - i - ly work-ing in His name, While the sun of life is high,
3. So in the har - vest field we work, And we serve Him day by day

Un - der the Mas-ter's own de - cree, For the sea-son's precious yield.
Ma - ny a gar-ner'd sheaf we claim, As the moment's swift-ly fly;
Nev - er a mo-ment will we shirk, But His lov - ing voice o - bey.

Work-ing with heart, and soul, and hand, While a song of joy we sing,
Ev - 'ry good deed, or word, or thought, That for His dear sake I bring,
So when the time of toil is o'er, Ma - ny sheaves to Him we'll bring,

So in His presence we may stand, With our sheaves before the King.
Counts as our share of harvest bro't To the store-house of the King.
And we will rest for-ev - er - more, In the man-sions of the King.

CHORUS.

Reap-ing for the King.... We are reap-ing for the King.... And our
Reap-ing, reap - ing for the King Reap-ing, reap - ing for the King,

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Reaping for the King.

No. 117. Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

C. D. T. Old Melody.

2 ‖: He accepts all I've brought Him, :‖
And that's even me.

3 ‖: I will never more doubt Him, :‖
For He cleanses me.

4 ‖: I will rest on His promise, :‖
Which was made for me.

5 ‖: Hallelujah! I will praise Him, :‖
For He sets me free.

No. 118. The Way-side Cross.

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C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for

Slower and sustained. *rit.*

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

*CHORUS.

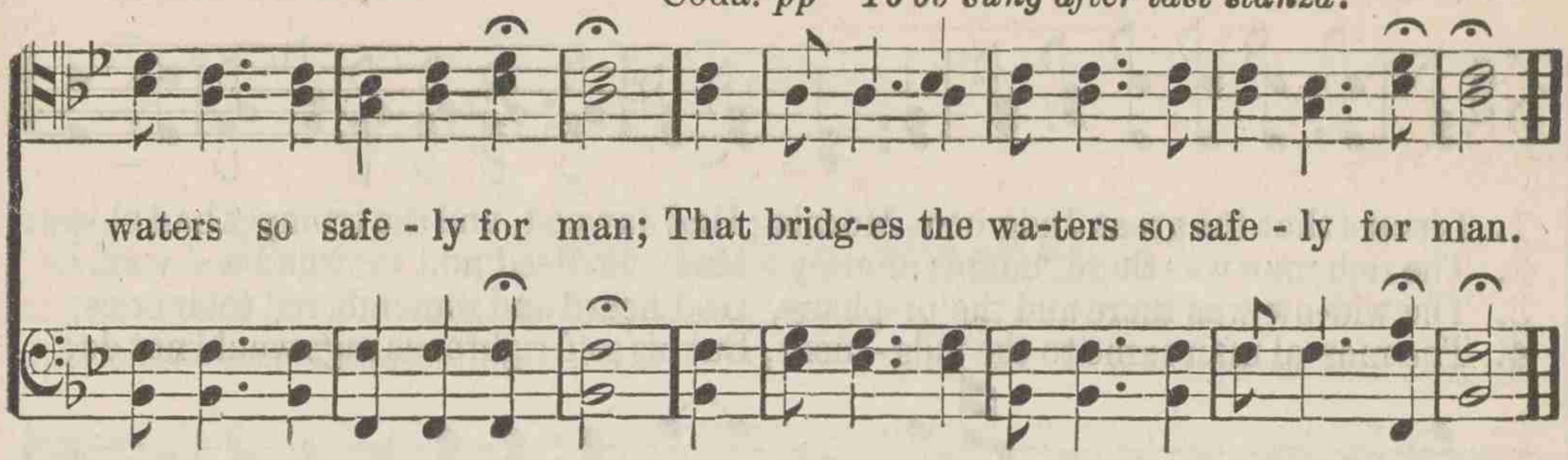
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in linchens

and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

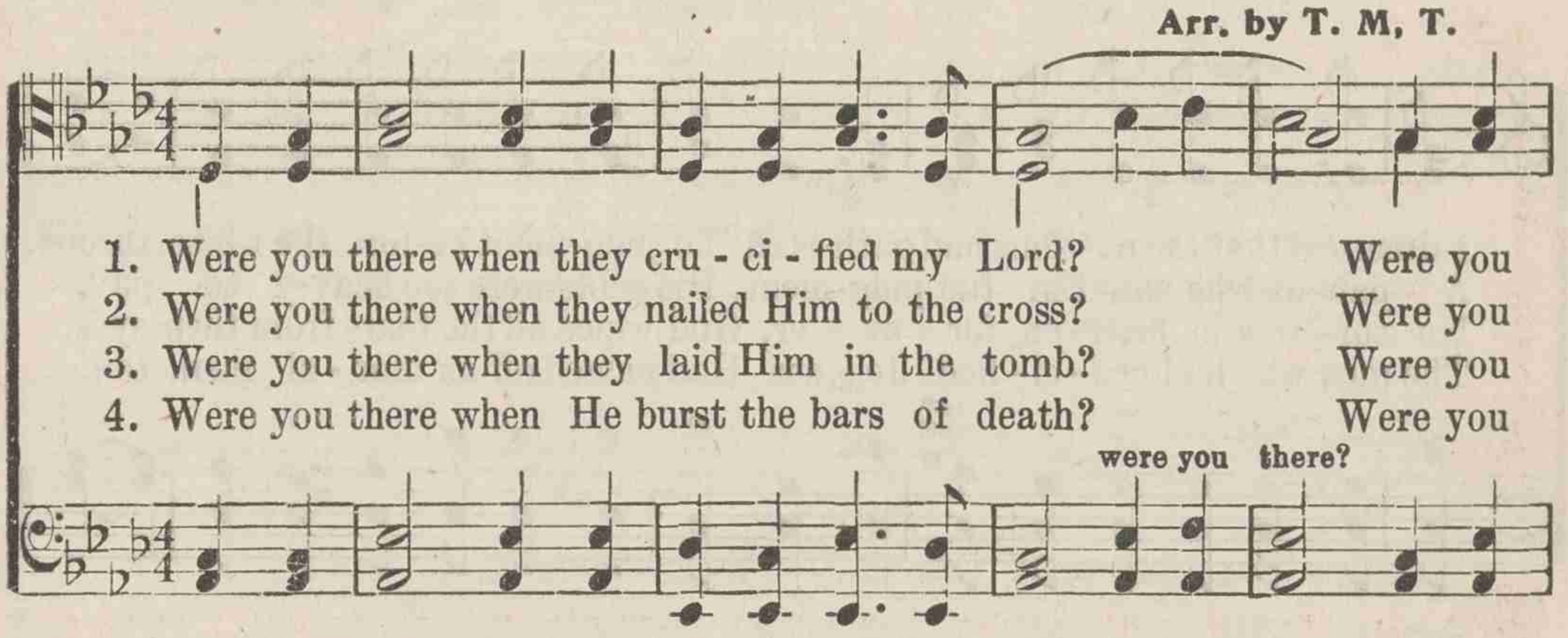
The Way-side Cross.

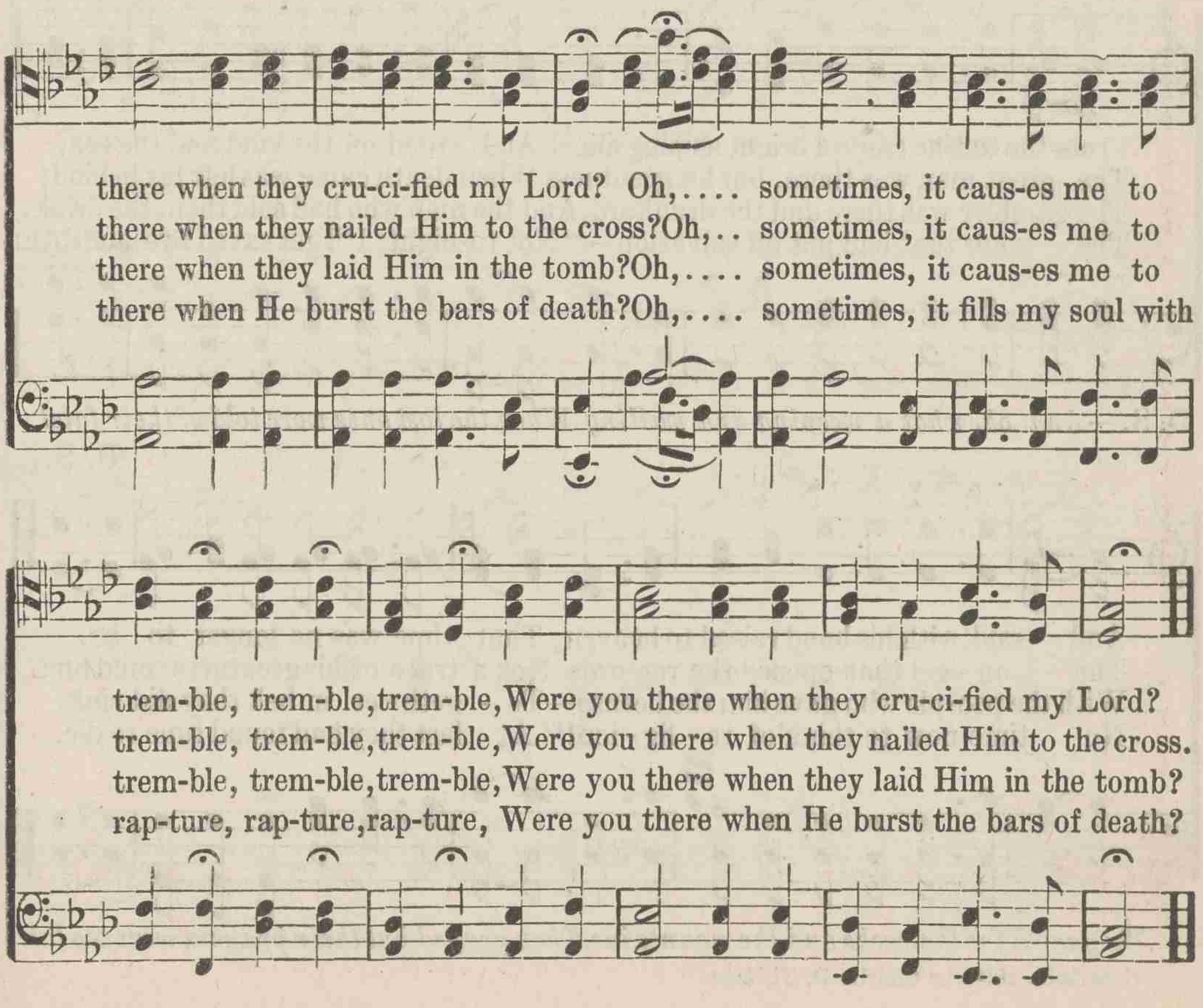
Coda. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 119. Were You There?

Arr. by T. M, T.





No. 120. The Judgment.

War Cry. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way,
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judg-ment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judg-ment be-fore the white throne.
A pau-per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus Had passed off as mor-al men, too.

From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind;
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved bye-and-bye:

D. S.—*And oh, what a weeping and wailing When the lost ones were told of their fate!*

D. S.

And said, with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no longer to be.
The an-gel that opened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the license—To-geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion!" At last they had found time to die.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayers were too late.

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No. 121. Two Little Friends.

Appropriate gestures make this song very impressive.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

1. Two use - ful lit - tle friends have I, My Je - sus gave to me,
2. I must not ev - er let them do An ac - tion mean or wrong,
3. These lit - tle friends are my two hands, The left one and the right;

That I might teach them day by day, To serve Him faith - ful - ly.
But on - ly things both good and true, For they to Him be - long.
From e - vil keep them spot - less, Lord, And clean with - in Thy sight.

CHORUS.

Two lit - tle friends God gave to me, His work to help me do;

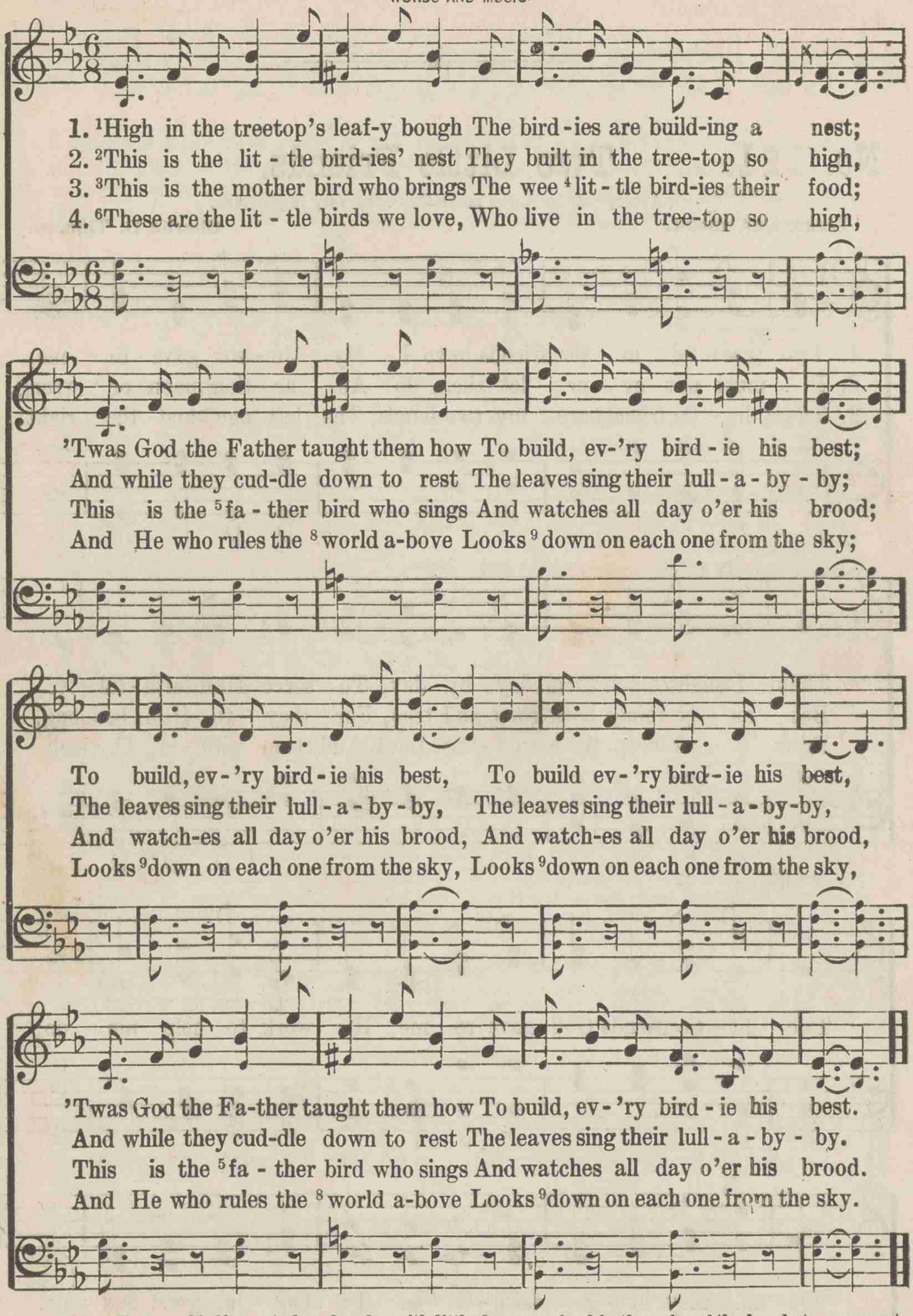
O may they ev - er faith - ful be To One so good and true.

Copyright, 1907, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 122. The Birds' Nest.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. B. B. Selby. Arr. E. O. Excell.



1. [1]High in the treetop's leaf-y bough The bird-ies are build-ing a nest;
2. [2]This is the lit - tle bird-ies' nest They built in the tree-top so high,
3. [3]This is the mother bird who brings The wee [4]lit - tle bird-ies their food;
4. [6]These are the lit - tle birds we love, Who live in the tree-top so high,

'Twas God the Father taught them how To build, ev-'ry bird - ie his best;
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by;
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood;
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky;

To build, ev - 'ry bird - ie his best, To build ev - 'ry bird - ie his best,
The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by, The leaves sing their lull - a - by-by,
And watch-es all day o'er his brood, And watch-es all day o'er his brood,
Looks [9]down on each one from the sky, Looks [9]down on each one from the sky,

'Twas God the Fa-ther taught them how To build, ev - 'ry bird - ie his best.
And while they cud-dle down to rest The leaves sing their lull - a - by - by.
This is the [5]fa - ther bird who sings And watches all day o'er his brood.
And He who rules the [8]world a-bove Looks [9]down on each one from the sky.

NOTE—To form bird's nest clasp hands, with little fingers raised in the palm of the hands to represent the baby birds. Let the thumbs represent the father and mother bird sitting on the forefingers which form the edge of the bird's nest.

MOTIONS—1, Point upward to treetop; 2, Hands clasped to form bird's nest; 3, Raise left hand thumb to represent the mother bird; 4, Raise little fingers representing the baby birds; 5, Raise right hand thumb representing the father bird; 6, Raise little fingers and thumbs representing the family of birds in the nest; 7, Point upward to treetop; 8, Look upward toward the sky; 9, Look down on the birds in the nest.

No. 123. Little Star.

Jennie Ree.

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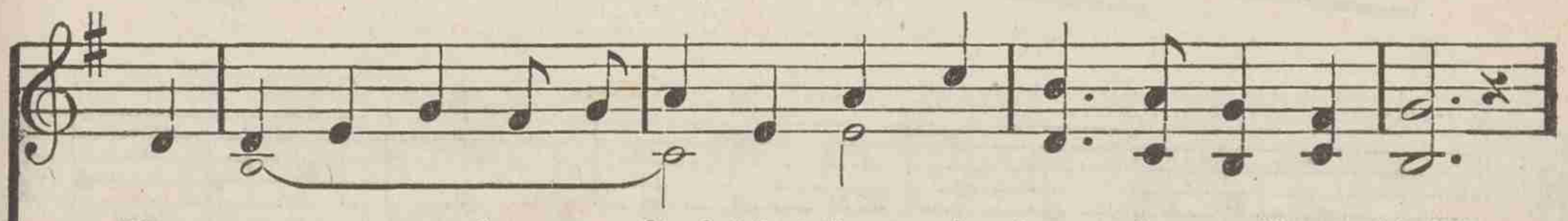
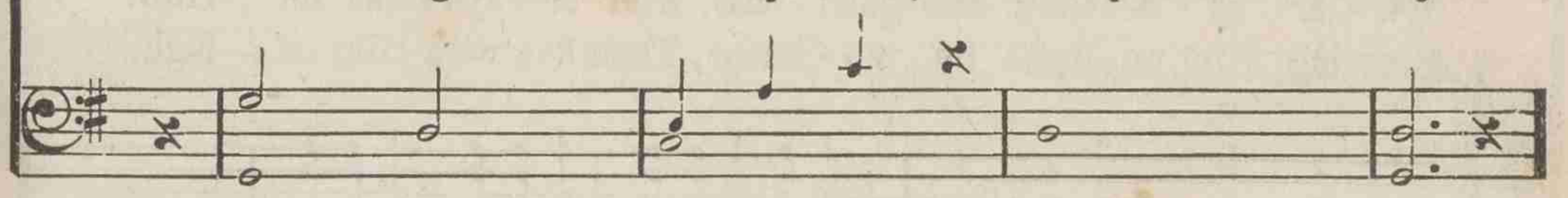
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

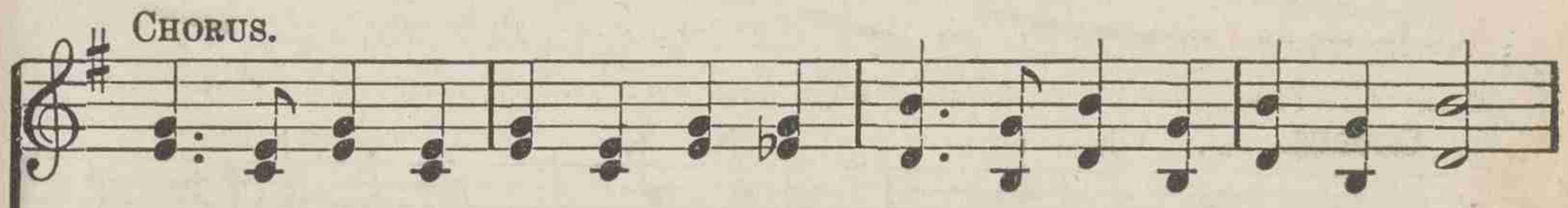
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. [1]How wise you look, lit-tle star, a-way Up yon-der in the sky;
2. I oft-en won-der if you were [3]there When Christ lay in the [4]stall;
3. If you had [6]lis-tened..... Could you have heard the song
4. O [8]yes, a wise lit-tle star are you, Yet, [9]not a word to say;



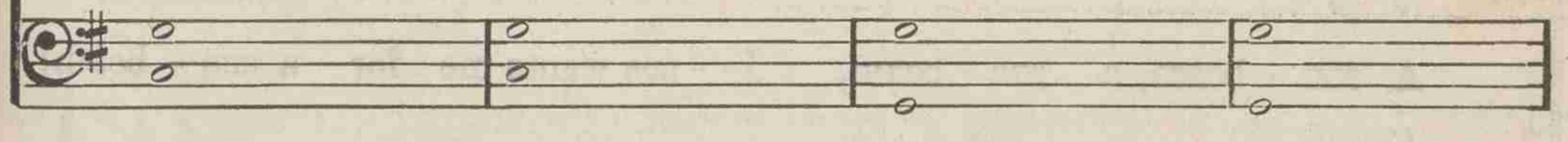
How man-y years have you [2]twinkled there A-bove the world so high?
And if you saw, from your diz-zy height, The [5]in-fant Lord of all.
That [7]float-ed down on the mid-night air From that an-gel-ic throng?
You [10]watch all night o'er the drow-sy earth, And [11]sleep all thro' the day.

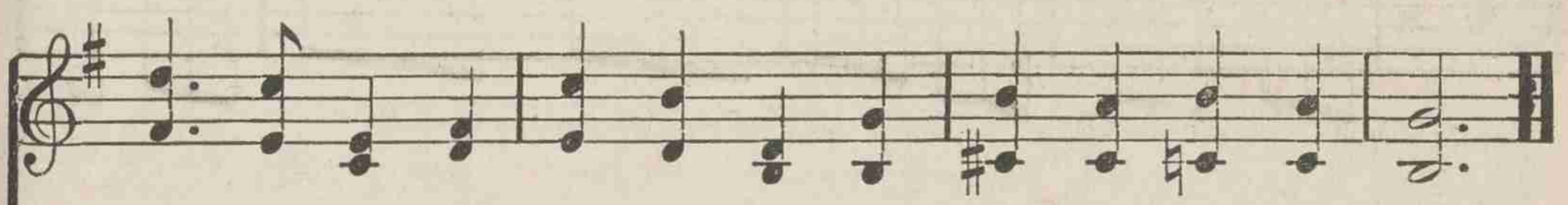




CHORUS.

[12]Lit-tle star, a-way up yon-der, [13]Tell me, were you shin-ing then?





Did you hear the an-gels sing-ing [14]"Peace! good-will to men?"

1. Eyes upward. 2. Twinkling motion of fingers. 3. Pointing upward. 4. Pointing as toward a cradle or manger. 5. Bow heads reverently. 6. Listening attitude. 7. Raise arms and lower in a diagonal sweep. 8. Shake forefinger at supposed star. 9. Motion of lost faith. 10. Right elbow in left hand, right hand supporting chin, as if drowsy. 11. Ritard the music, close eyes as if going to sleep. 12. Eyes upward. 13. Both arms raised. 14. Hands clasped as in prayer.

No. 124. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Nellie Talbot. **E. O. Excell.**

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No 125. Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

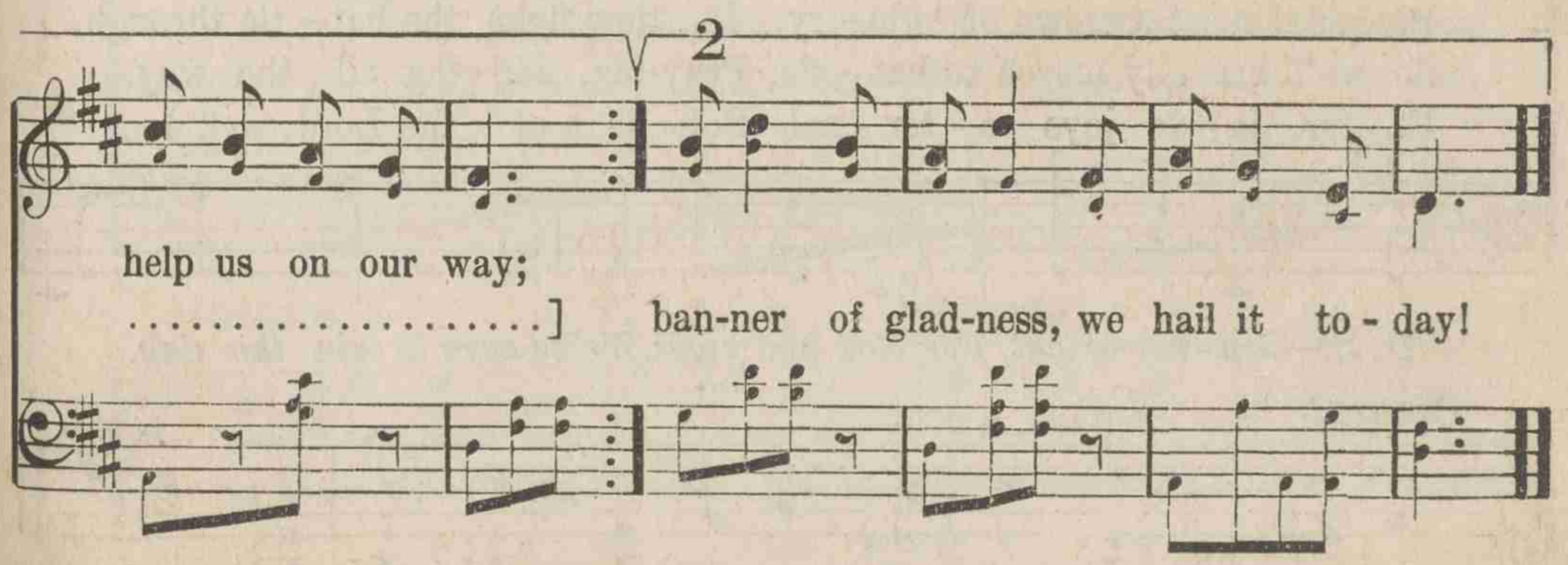
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. [1]Three col - ors has the na-tion's flag Our [2]hearts de - light to see,
2. [3]Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood For all the [4]whole world shed,
3. [5]White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav - ior's face,
4. [7]Blue tells us of the faith-ful ones Who like the [8]stars shall be,

The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like - ness dai - ly grow, In [6]heav-en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Vic-tor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
{ O [1]Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [*Omit*.....



help us on our way;
.....] ban-ner of glad-ness, we hail it to - day!

GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars.

All hold American flags.

No. 126. Little Soldiers.

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Lena Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol-diers, lit - tle sol-diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit - tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,

Ev-'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has promised a re - ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say-ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev - er - more;

He has promised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my battles, Bravely fought and no - bly won,

Promised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal—Sol - diers of the Lord, well done!"

D. S.—*ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

CHORUS.

So we march, march a - way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 127. Little Sunbeams.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.

D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

No. 128. Onward, Little Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. **Martin A. Elliott.**

1. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Bravely on-ward go; Right a - bout for Je - sus,
2. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, In the gos - pel light; Keep your banner wav-ing,
3. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Onward ev - 'ry day, Full of love for Je - sus,

Learn to face the foe; Je - sus is your Lead-er, And your soul will shield;
And your ar-mor bright; Fol-low Je - sus close - ly, And from fear be free;
Ea - ger for the fray; Ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, E - ven you may win

CHORUS.

On-ward, lit - tle sol - diers, To the bat-tle - field.
Let your weapons al - ways Love and kindness be. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers,
Vic - to - ries for Je - sus O - ver doubt and sin.

Brave-ly on - ward go; Right a-bout for Je - sus, Learn to face the foe.

No. 129. Little Evangels.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 130. The Children's Hosanna.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Neal A. McAuley. **J. S. Fearis.**

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

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

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

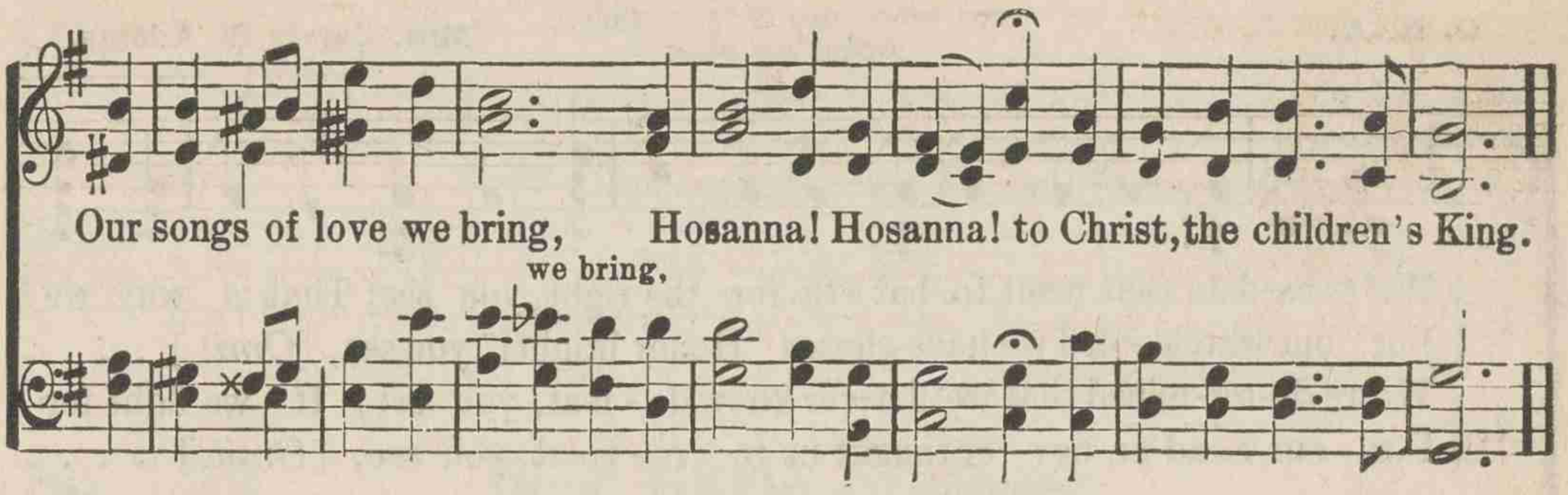
REFRAIN. *Faster.*

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

we bring!

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

The Children's Hosanna.



No. 131. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

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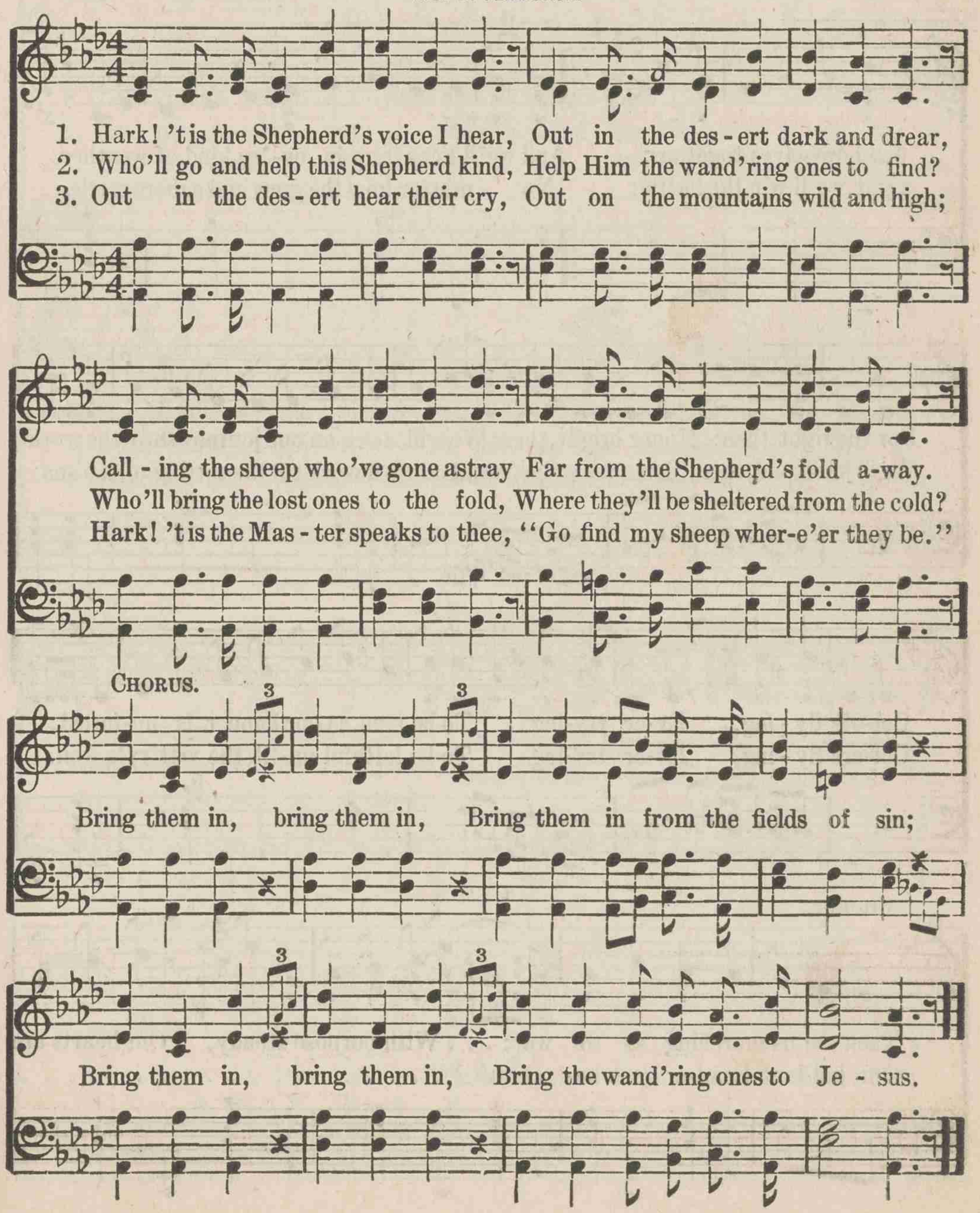
W. A. Ogden.



No. 132. Honor-Bright Cadets.

C. B. A.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca-dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is why we band ourselves together; And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
   For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit.*] . . . . right, we'll win the battle; No matter how the guns and sabers rattle.

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de - feat, you see; If we fight for
   For our Lead-er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit.*] . . . .

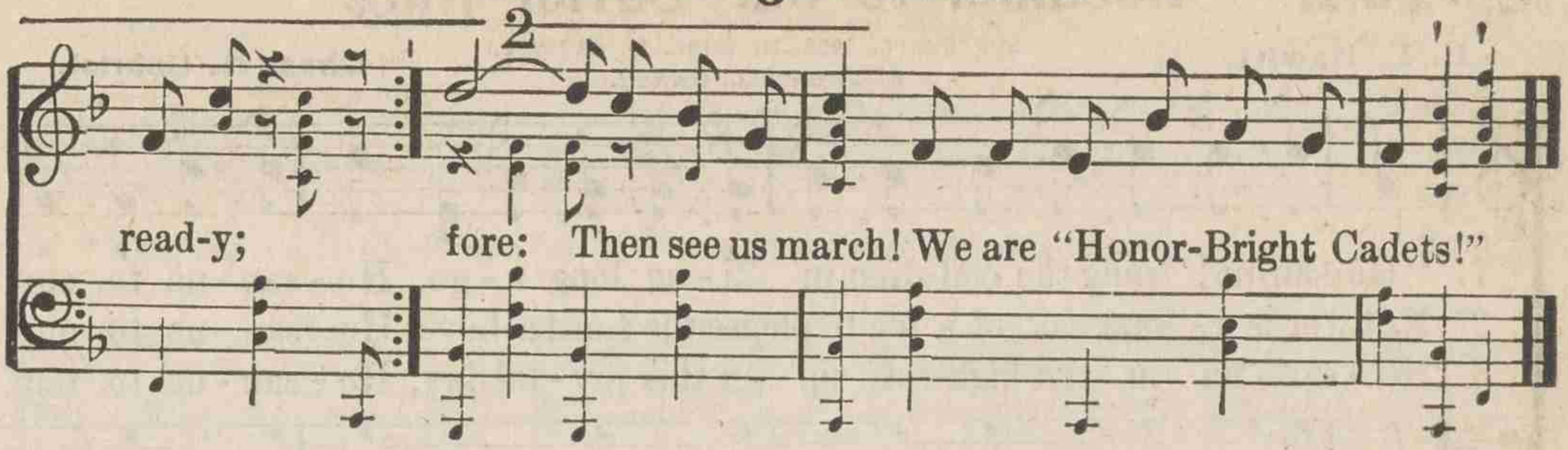
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly - ing, Ev-er try-ing To be true, as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly - ing, Ev-er try-ing To be faithful un-til the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

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

Honor-Bright Cadets.



No. 133. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

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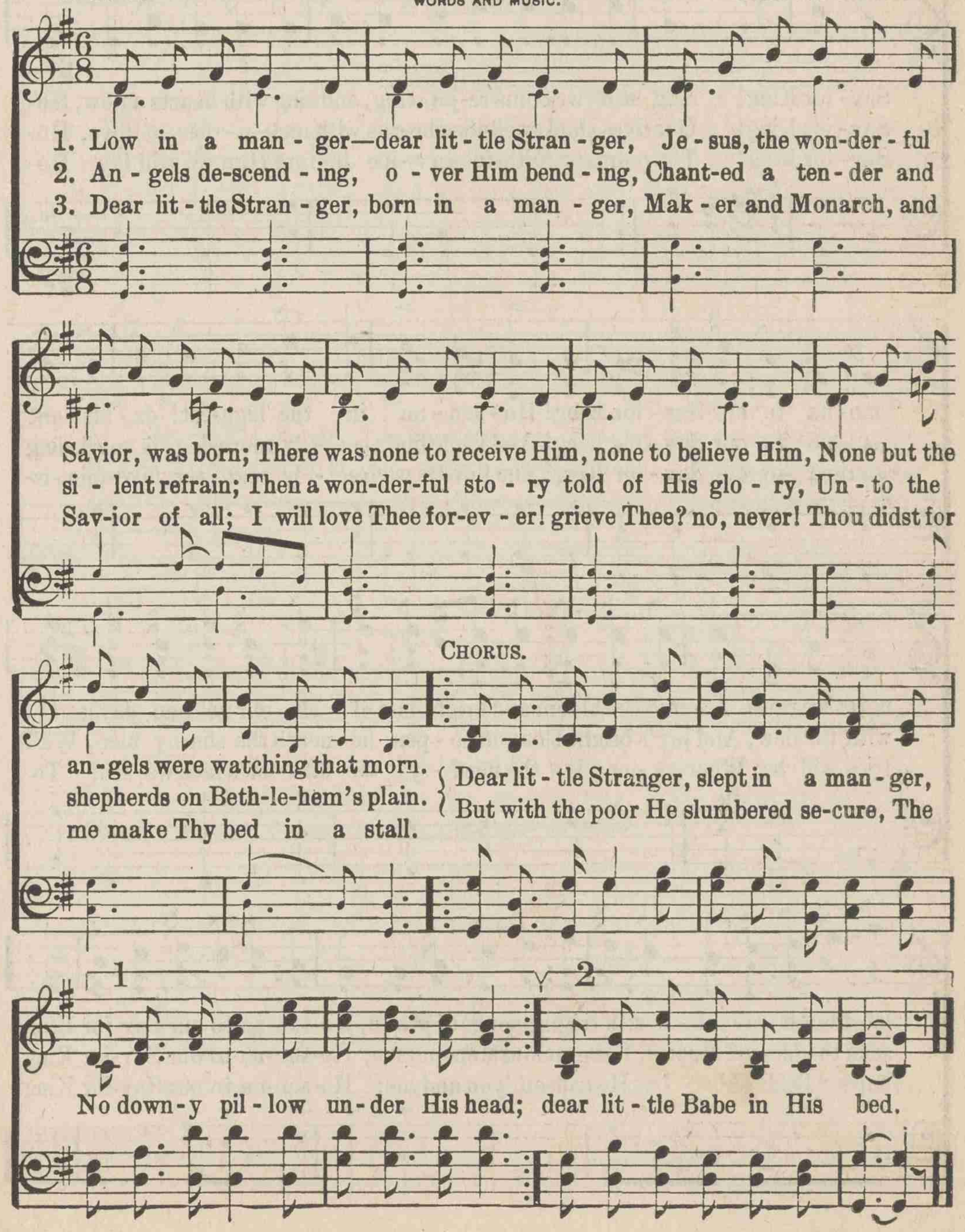
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 134. Hosanna to Our Savior King!

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Ho-san-na!" sang the chil-dren in Zi - on long a - go, Ho - san - na to our
2. Not words a - lone we of - fer to please the Lord a-bove, Ho - san - na to our
3. Ho - san - na in the high-est, up - on this joy - ful day, Ho - san - na to our

Sav - ior King! And still we come re-joi - cing, and sing with hearts aglow, Ho-
Sav - ior King! Our lives shall swell the cho-rus with mel - o - dies of love, Ho-
Sav - ior King! The palms of faith-ful serv - ice be-fore Him we will lay, Ho-

san - na to our Sav - ior King! Ho - san - na in the high-est! ex - ult - ant
san - na to our Sav - ior King! And while life's ear - ly morn-ing is spark-ling
san - na to our Sav - ior King! The flow'rs we free - ly scat - ter, love-min - is-

notes we raise A - mid the bloom and brightness of all our gold-en days; O
with the dew, And joy's bright blossoms o - pen be - neath the sun-ny blue, We'll
tries will be; Wher-ev - er is the need - y, the Mas-ter's face we see; To

let the air re - ech - o with ringing songs of praise, Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!
seek the blessed Master, His gracious steps pursue; Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!
hap-py fields of la - bor He call-eth you and me; Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King!

Hosanna to Our Savior King!

CHORUS.

1 2

Ho-san - na! ho - san - na! Ho-san-na to our Sav-ior King! King!

No. 135. Little Sowers.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle sow-ers, Sow-ing seeds of love, To be reaped and gathered
2. We are lit - tle sow-ers, Sow-ing here and there Lit - tle seeds that comfort
3. We are lit - tle sow-ers, And we pray that we May, as years pass o'er us,

In the fields a - bove; Je - sus helps us dai - ly, Shows us where to sow,
Hearts of grief and care; Oh, what joy it gives us Just to sow each day
Bet - ter sow-ers be; That when comes the whisper—"Reaping-time has come!"

CHORUS.

And His love is with us Ev-'ry-where we go.
Lit - tle seeds of kind-ness As we go our way. We are lit-tle sow - ers,
Man - y sheaves for Je - sus We may car - ry home.

Sow-ing seeds of love, To be reaped and gathered In the fields a - bove.

No. 136. If I Were a Sūnbeam.

Selected. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. If I were a sun-beam I know what I would do, I'd seek the
2. If I were a sun-beam I know where I would go, In-to the
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child, whose life is glad, Endowed with

whit-est lil-ies the sun-ny wood-land thro'; Steal-ing in a
low-'ly hov-els, all dark with want and woe; Till sad hearts looked
clear-er ra-diance than sun-shine ev-er had; As the Lord has

mong them, the soft-est light I'd shed, Un-til each graceful lil-y
up-ward I then would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven,
bless'd thee, O scat-ter rays di-vine, For there can be no sun-shine

CHORUS.

raised its droop-ing head.
their sweet home and mine. Sunbeams, sunbeams, make us, Lord, to-day,
so help-ful as thine.

Sun-beams chas-ing all the gloom a-way; Sunbeams shin-ing in each

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If I Were a Sunbeam.

No. 137.

Sunbeams Bright.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Pointing right hand slowly upwards.

No. 138. Shine For Jesus.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of

can - dle burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav-en,
dark - ness in this world a - bound— Sin and want and sor - row;—

we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.
we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

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No. 139. Jesus Loves Me.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Jesus Loves Me.

No. 140. Growing Up For Jesus.

Miriam E. Arnold.

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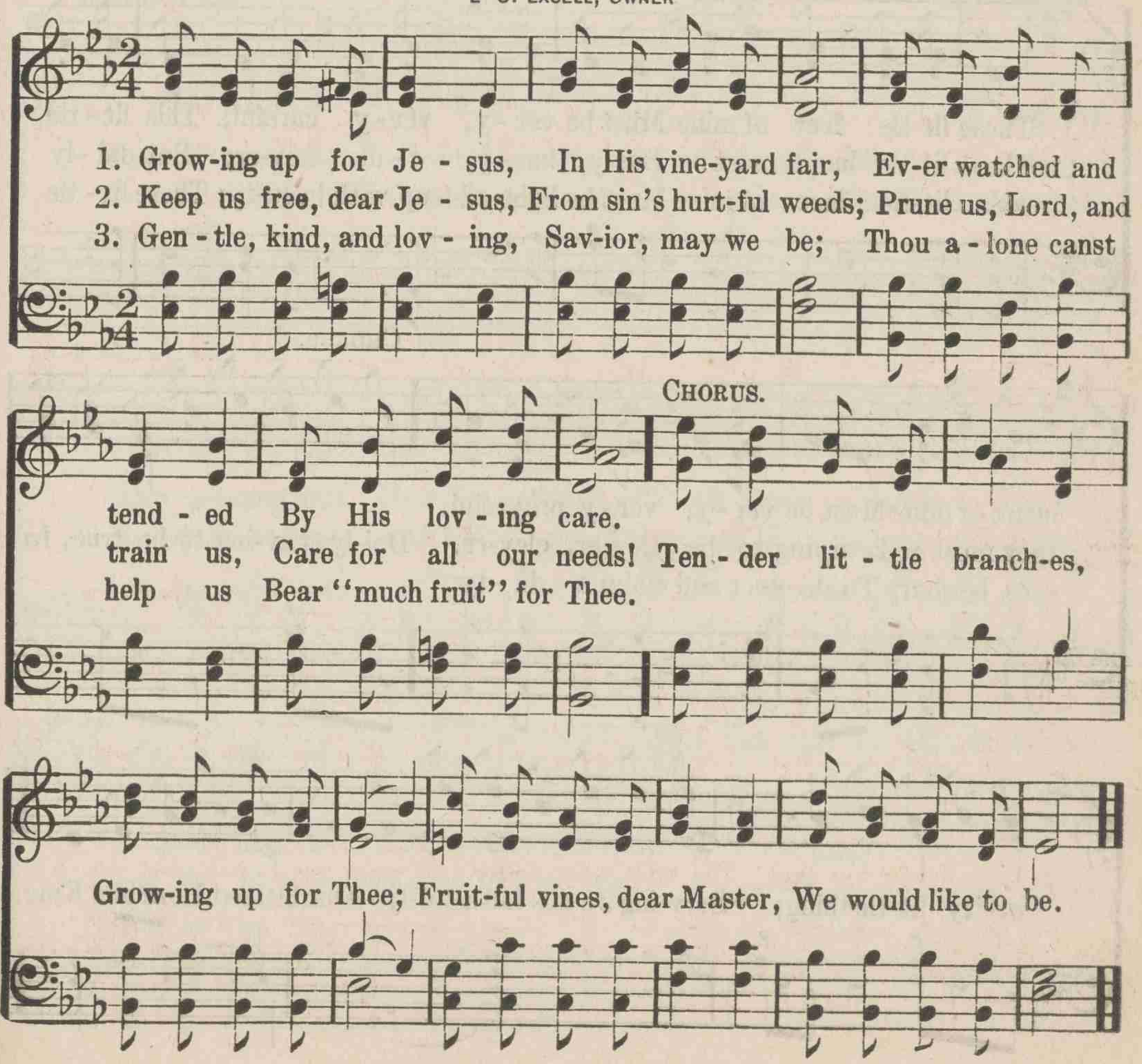
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 141. His Holy Temple.

(To be sung before prayer.) E. O. E.

No. 142. Serving Jesus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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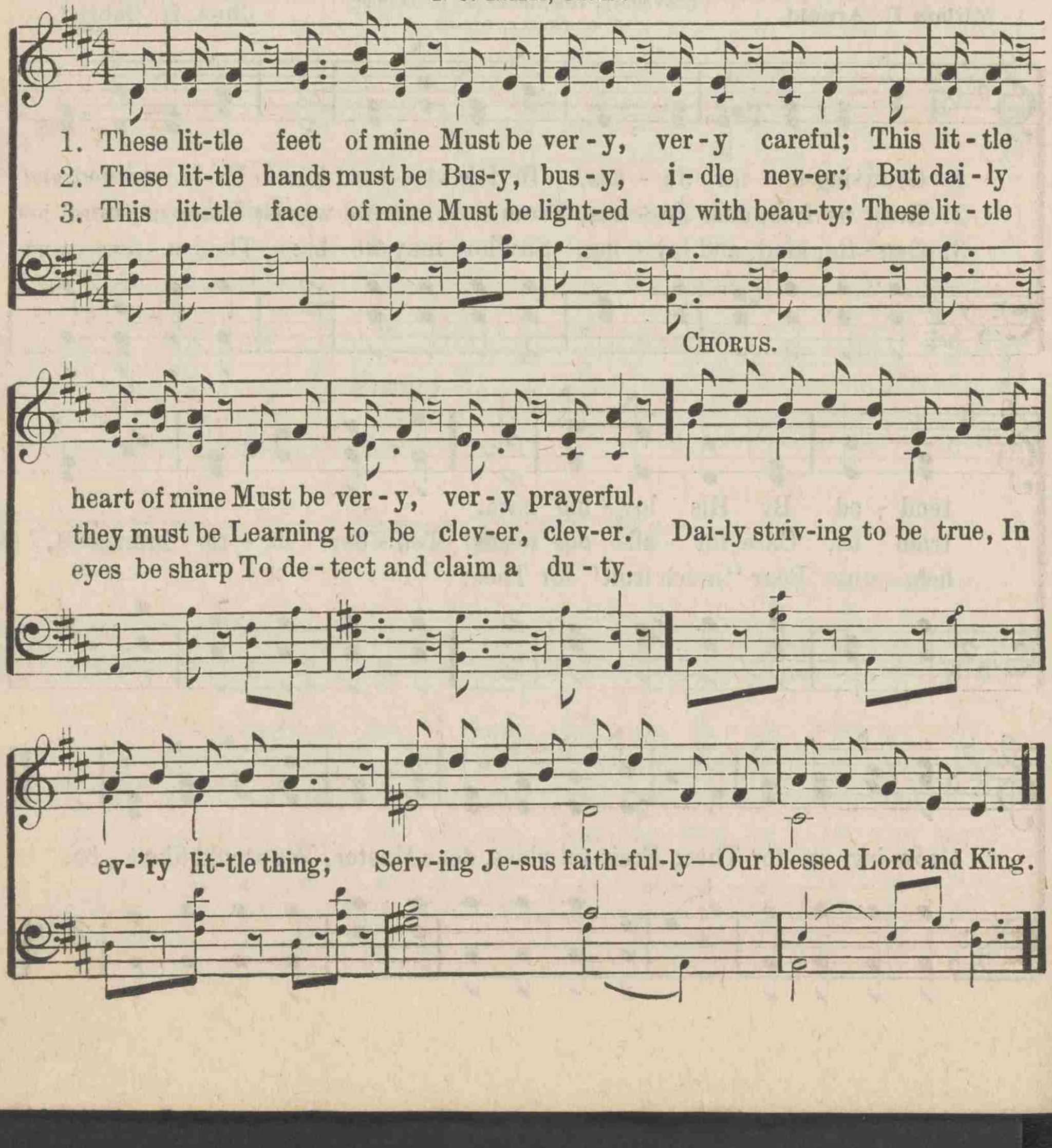
Chas. H. Gabriel.

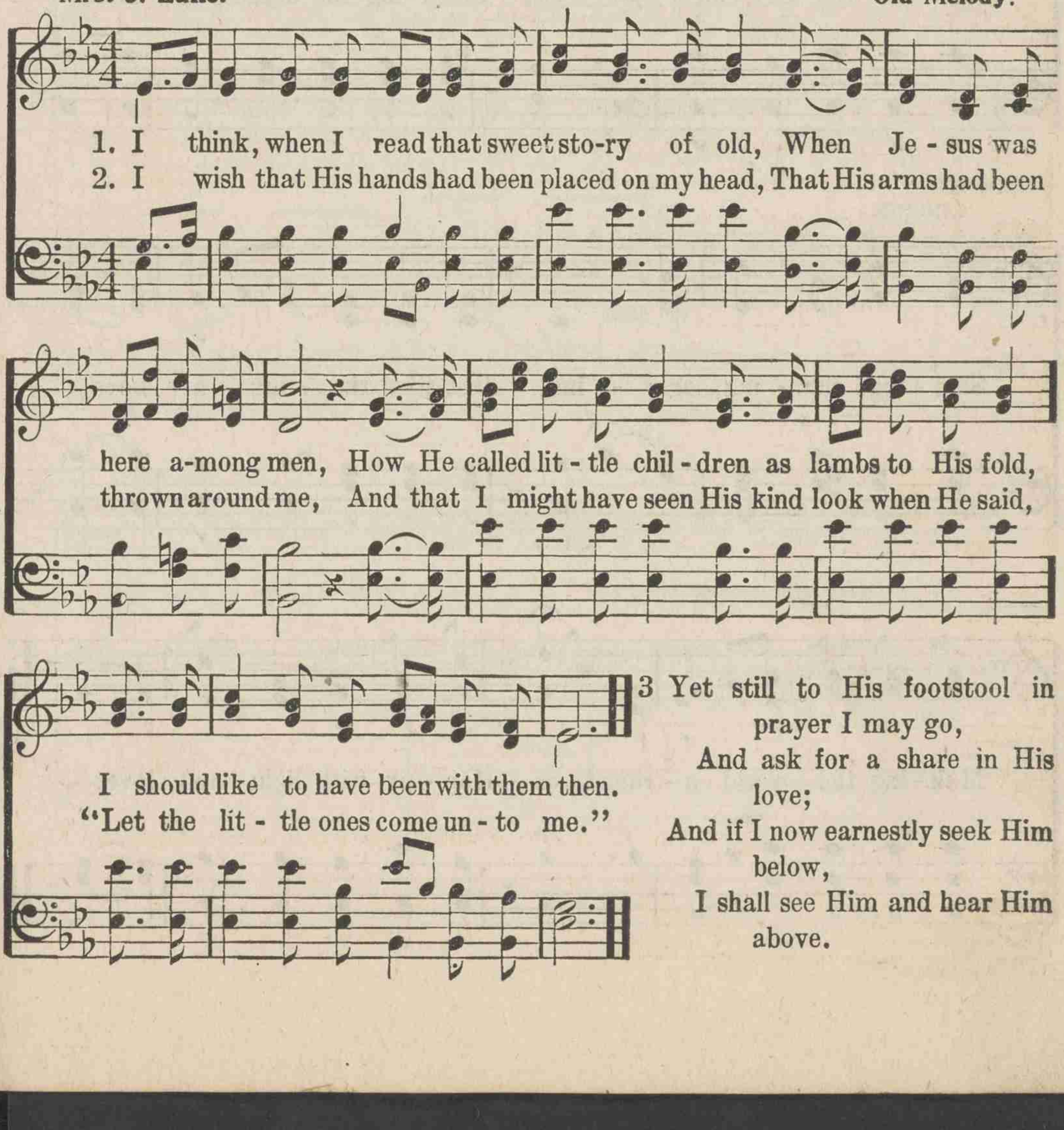


No. 143. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

No. 144. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. J. Luke. Old Melody.



3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

No. 145. Little Stars.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

H. H. Pierson. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,
Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

Solos, Duets, Choruses.

No. 146. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, . . Hous - es and a - cres so broad? No
2. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, . . Friend-ships to share and to make? And
3. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, . . Earth - ly am - bi - tion and fame? If

FINE.

ti - tle to man - sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, And none to the Cit - y of God? . .
know not the friend-ship of Je - sus the Sav - ior, Of Je - sus who died for thy sake? . .
Christ in the life - book of glo - ry e - ter - nal Had nev - er re - cord-ed thy name? .

D. S.—*When the death-an gel has called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has flown?* . .

REFRAIN. D. S.

What shall it prof - it thee then? . . Tho' the whole world be thine own. . .

No. 147. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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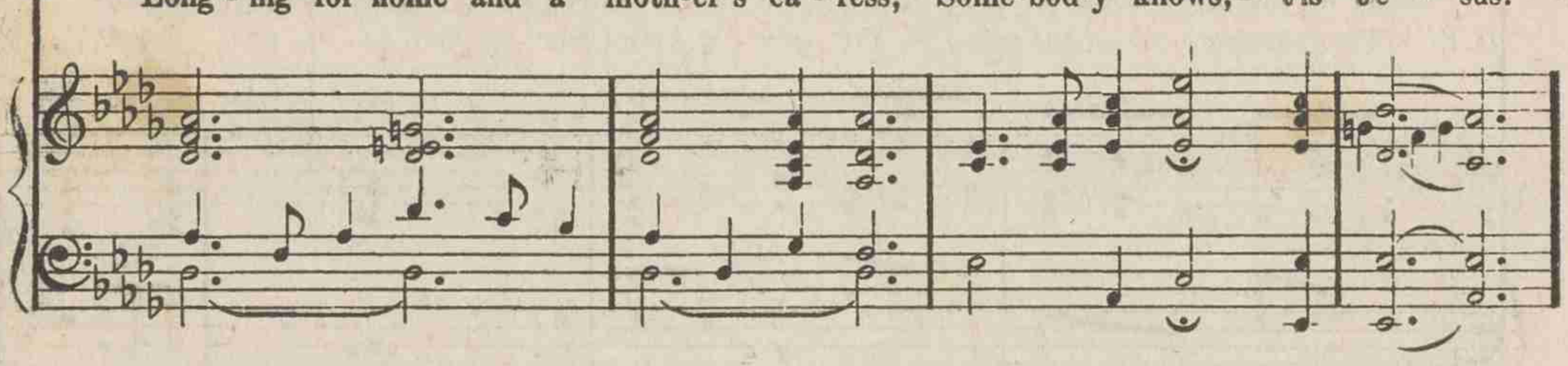
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

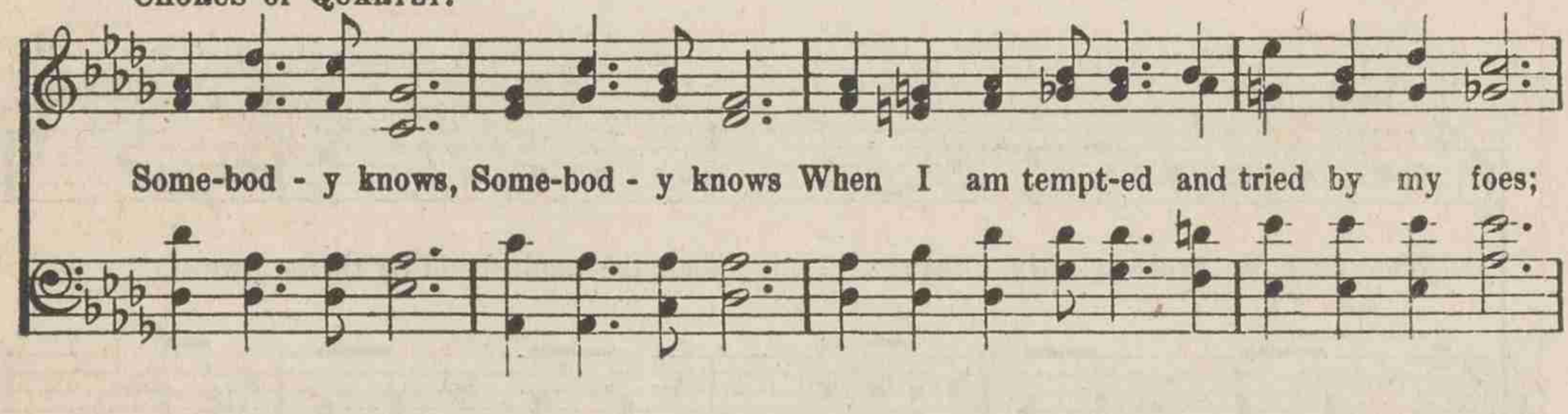
Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.



CHORUS or QUARTET.



Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

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

No. 148. His Love is All I Need.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. Excell.

Andante.

Introduction.

mf *Con espress.*

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

p *f* *rit.*

ev - 'ry want sup-plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies; His love is all I need!
fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a-stray; His love is all I need!
would my hopes destroy, My Sav-ior's love is still my joy; His love is all I need!

f *rit.*

CHORUS.

So won - der - ful, His love to me, More won-der - ful how could it be? My ev - 'ry

f ten. *rit.*

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

ten. *f* *rit.*

No. 149. Take Hold of the Lifeline.

Eben E. Rexford.

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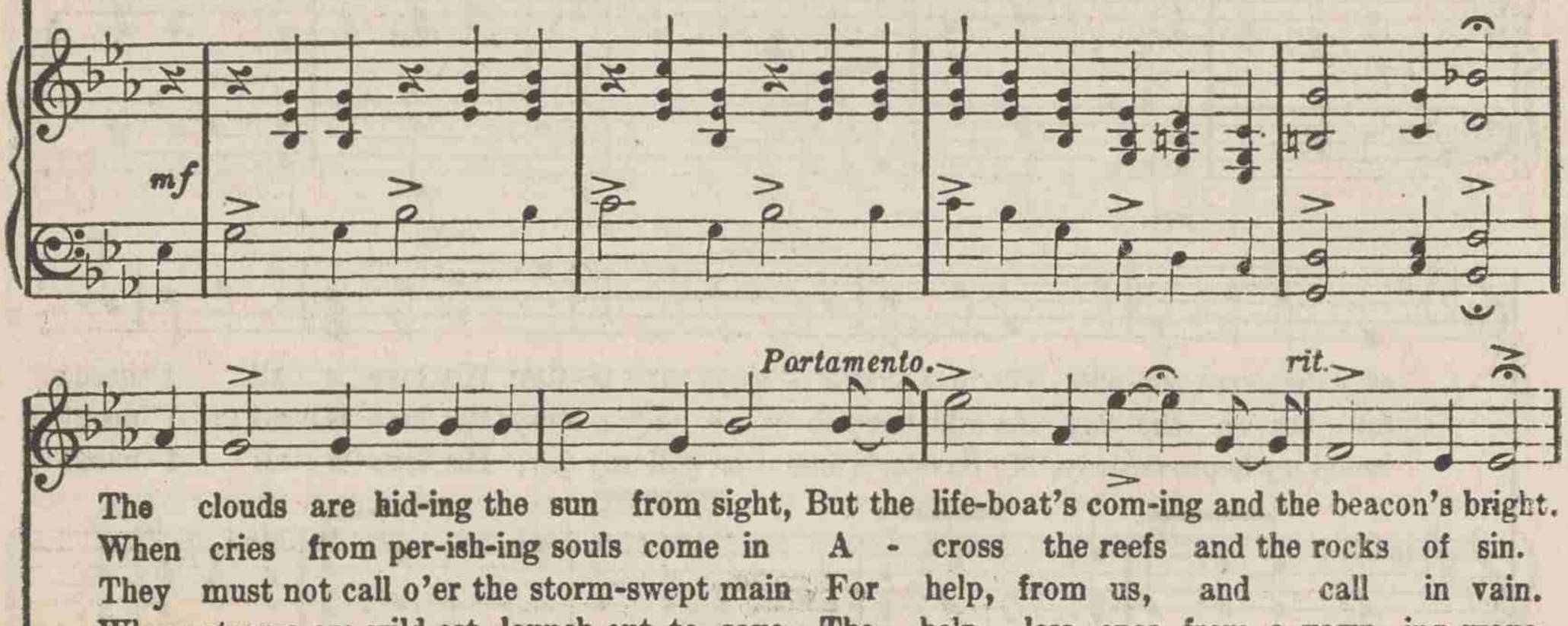
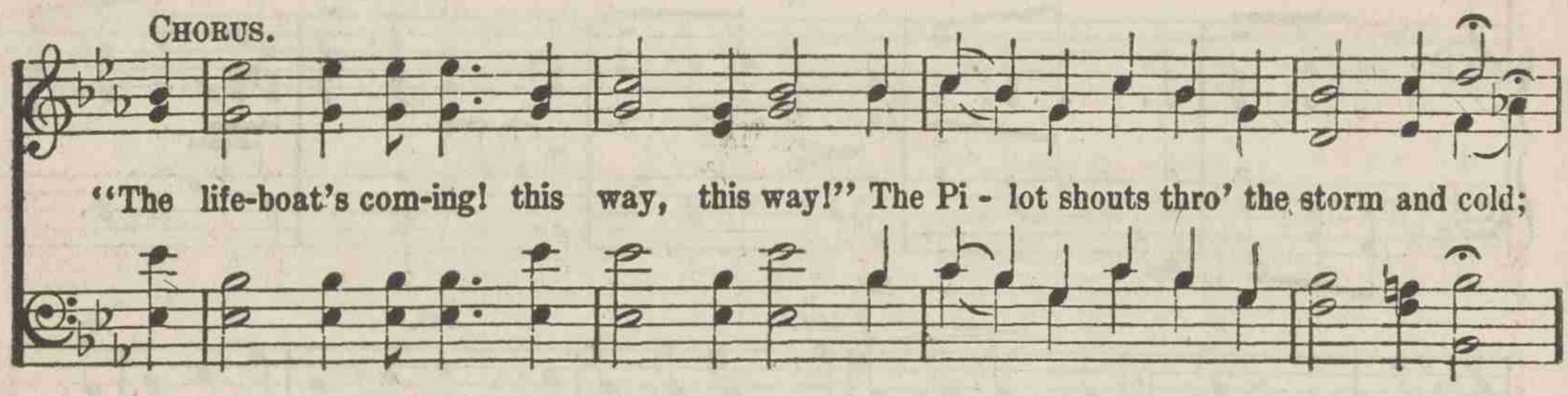
Samuel W. Beazley.

1. A storm is rag-ing up- on the deep, The wild winds howl and the mad waves leap;
2. The Pi - lot stands at the helm to guide The life - boat o - ver the wa - ters wide,
3. The souls that bat - tle with wind and wave Are cry-ing "We per-ish! O save, O save!"
4. Then haste to res - cue each sink - ing soul! Lay hold of the oar, tho' the thun-ders roll!



The clouds are hid-ing the sun from sight, But the life-boat's com-ing and the beacon's bright.
When cries from per-ish-ing souls come in A - cross the reefs and the rocks of sin.
They must not call o'er the storm-swept main For help, from us, and call in vain.
Where storms are wild-est, launch out to save The help - less ones from a yawn - ing grave.



"The life-boat's com-ing! this way, this way!" The Pi - lot shouts thro' the storm and cold;

"The life - line's thrown" I hear Him say—"Take hold, take hold, take hold!"

No. 150. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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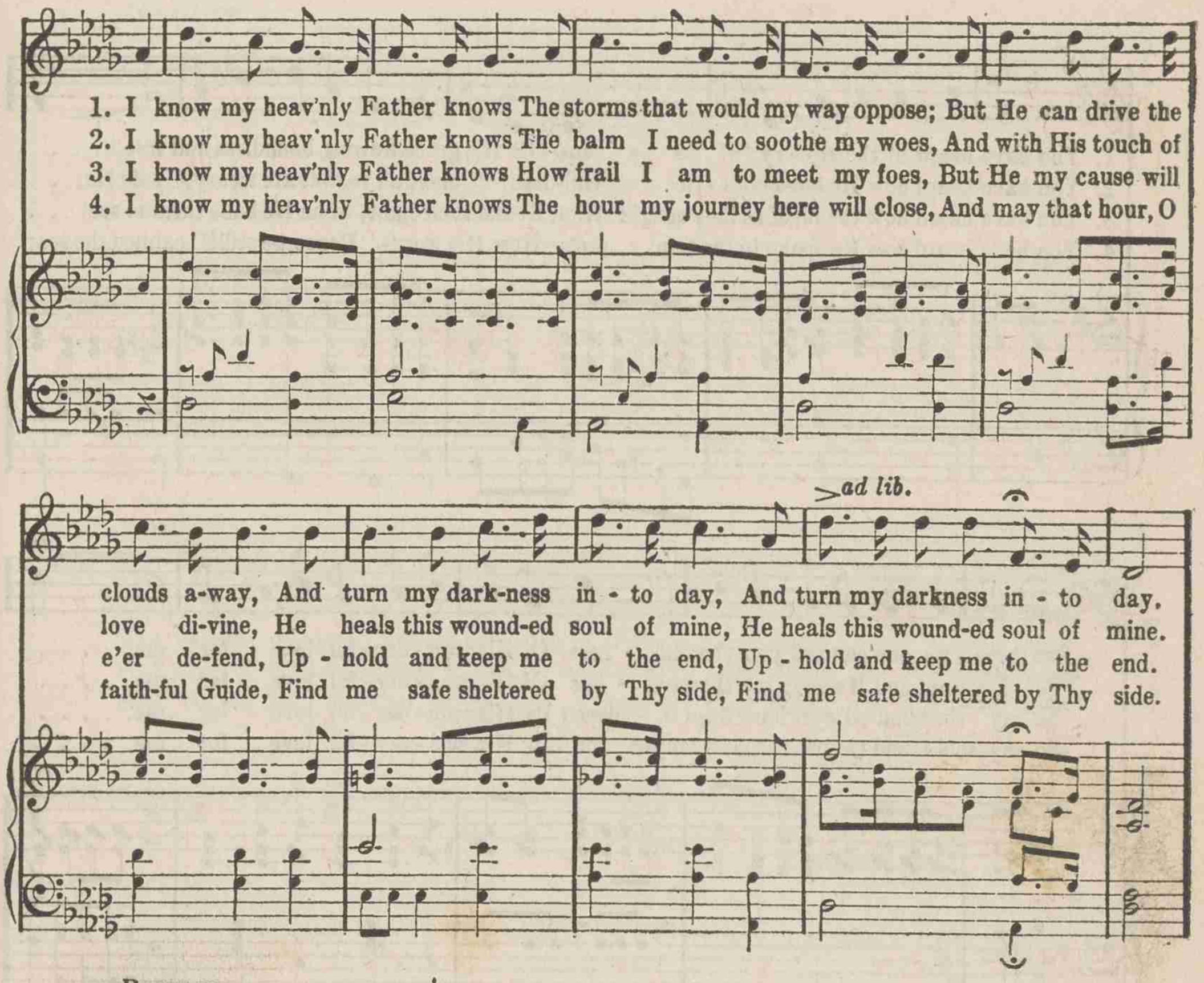
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O



clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;
He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 151. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

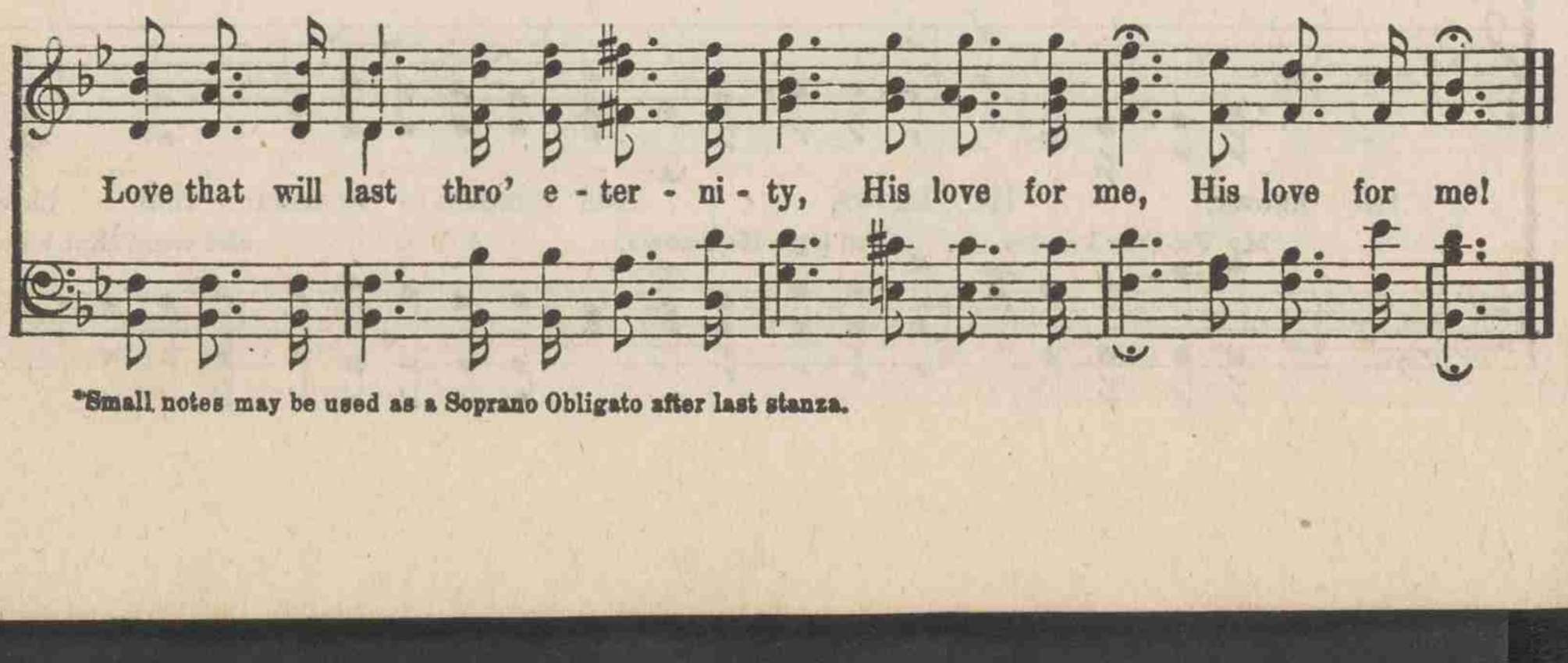
Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, ...
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words, "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;

But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .

CHORUS.*

His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;



Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 152. O Wanderer, Come Home.

Eben E. Rexford.

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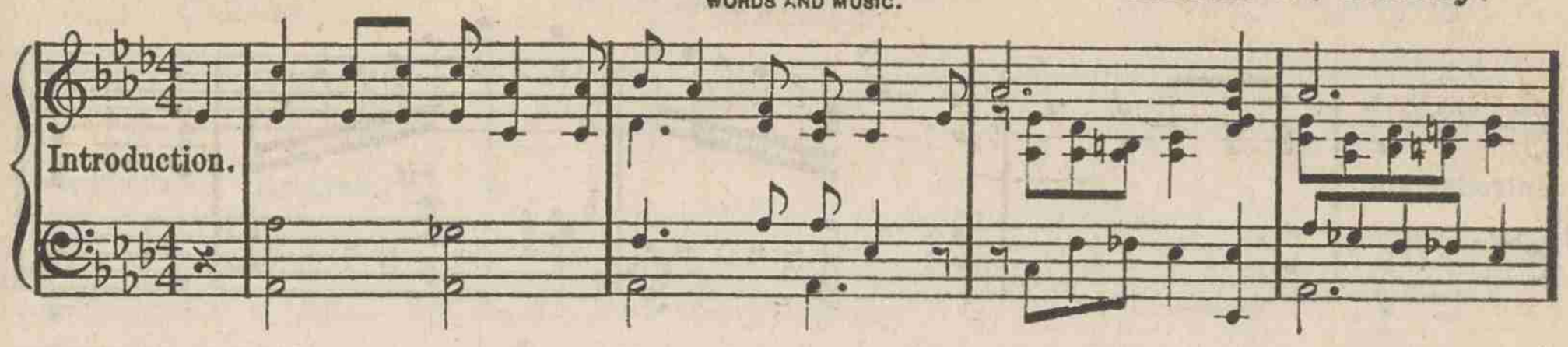
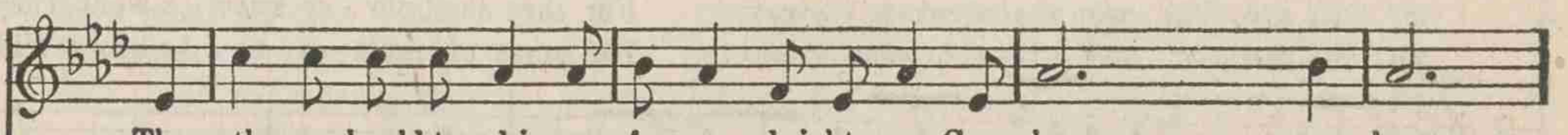
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.



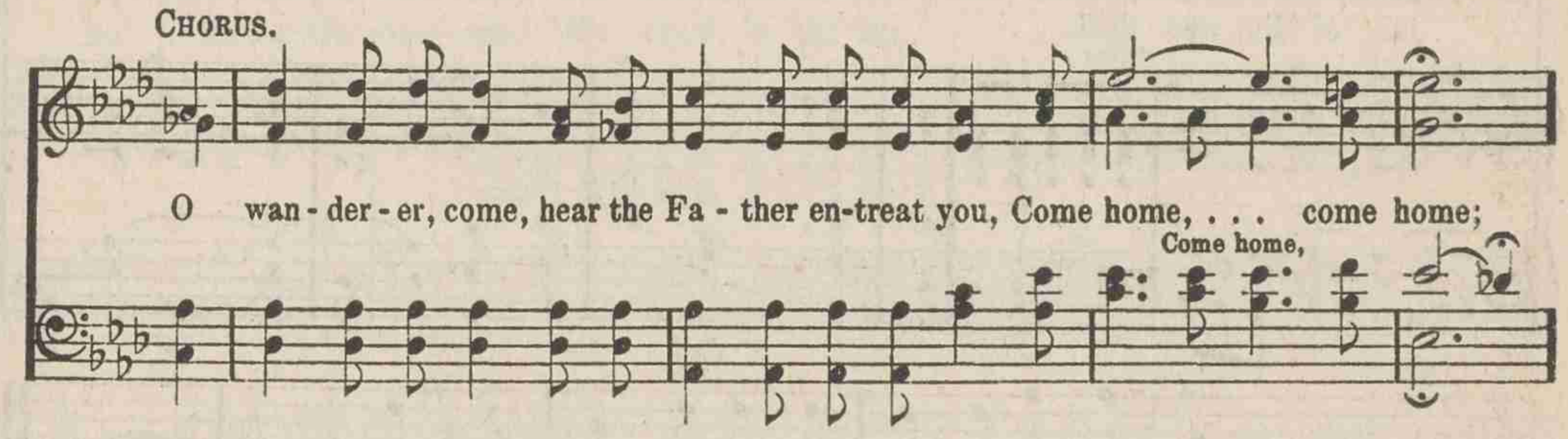
Con espress.

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



The path you should tread is a safe way, a bright way, Come home, come home.
The road is so rough, and the dark-ness is fall-ing, Come home, come home.
God keeps in heav'n's window a light al-ways burning, Come home, come home.
And be to thy Fa-ther no lon-ger a stran-ger, Come home, come home.

CHORUS.



O wan-der-er, come, hear the Fa-ther en-treat you, Come home, . . . come home;
Come home,

He waits at the por-tals of heav-en to greet you, Come home, . . . come home.
Come home,

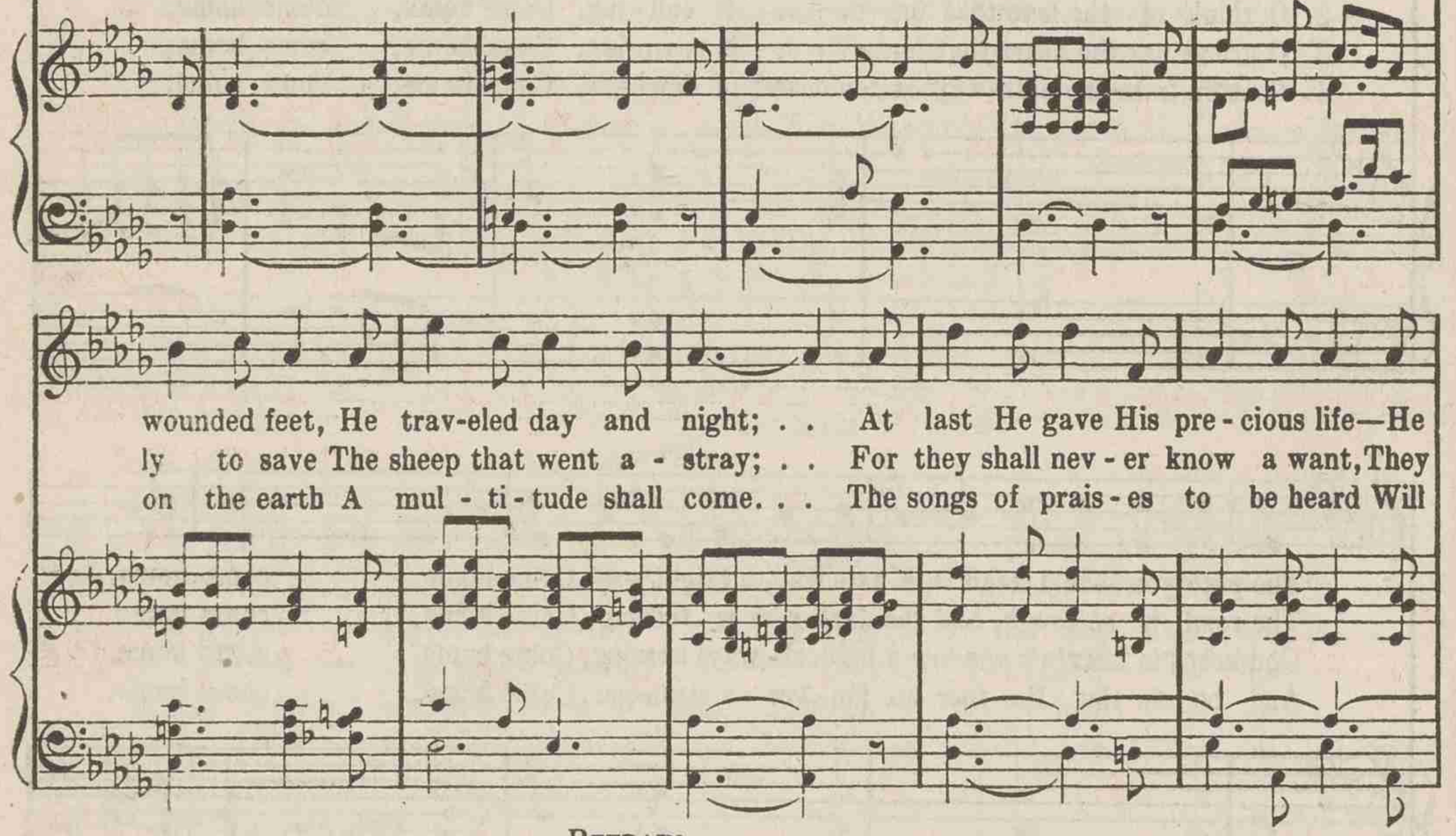
No. 153. Because He Loved His Own.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

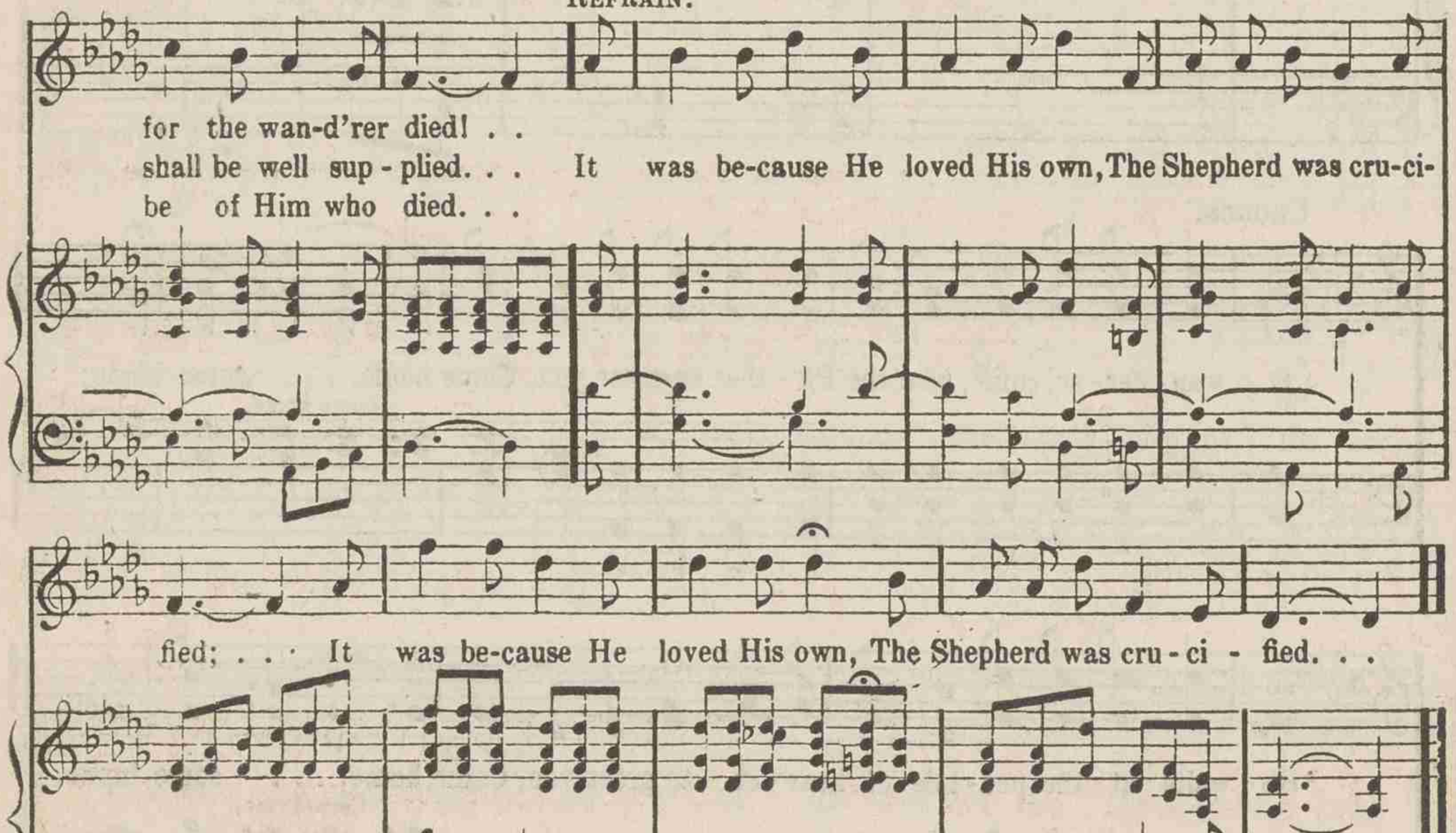
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The "Good Shepherd" sought for one lost sheep, Away on the mountain height, With bleeding hands and
2. The "Great Shepherd" lives, He conquered death! All power is His to-day; He lives e - ter - nal-
3. The "Chief Shepherd" soon will come again, To gather His loved ones home; From ev - 'ry na - tion



wounded feet, He trav-eled day and night; . . At last He gave His pre - cious life—He
ly to save The sheep that went a - stray; . . For they shall nev - er know a want, They
on the earth A mul - ti - tude shall come. . . The songs of prais - es to be heard Will



REFRAIN.

for the wan-d'rer died! . .
shall be well sup - plied. . . It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shepherd was cru-ci-
be of Him who died. . .

fied; . . . It was be-cause He loved His own, The Shepherd was cru - ci - fied. . .

No. 154. No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

Introduction. *Andante.* *poco rit.*

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man-ger,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No wel-come while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't for their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sor-row for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure, No weep-ing for sin,

rit. CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.

rit.

give Him wel-come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

rit.

No. 155. I'm Not Your Judge.

Sarah Spencer-Ruff.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction. *f*

1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God for - bids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds; But
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un - fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ; He
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by; But
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up - on His throne will judge in love, His own; So,

tells me wait, with read - y hand, To love and help and un - der - stand; But tells me
bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup; He bids me
while we jour - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide; But while we
o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sa-cred man - tle to the last; So o - ver

wait, with read - y hand, To love, and help, and un - der - stand.
raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov - ing - cup.
jour - - ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be - tide.
all your faults I cast Love's sacred man - tle to the last.

RESPONSE.

Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 156. The Offering.

John J. McLaurin.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

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

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

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

No. 157. I Will Abide With Thee.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. **Frank A. Simpkins.**

1. Who at my door is stand - ing— Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
2. Lone - ly with-out He's stay - ing— Lone - ly with - in I am I;
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is He;

En - trance with-in de - mand - ing, Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wear - y, Wait - ing so long for me?

1-2. Sweet-ly the notes are fall - ing, "O - pen your door for Me, O - pen your door for
3. Door of my heart, I has - ten, Thee will I o - pen wide, Thee will I o - pen

Me. If thou wilt heed My call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."
wide. Tho' He re-buke and chas - ten, He will with me a - bide.

CHORUS.

"I will abide with thee, I will abide with thee; If thou wilt heed My calling, I will abide with thee."

No. 158. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Introduction.

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

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

rit.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

won-der-ful!

No. 159. The Slighted Stranger.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC, COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Stran-ger stands out-side the door, And longs thy guest to be; He knows thy name, for
2. From lone-ly, dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Thro' Pi-late's hall of shame, Up o - ver cru - el
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear The plead - ing voice, so

o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee! His hands are pierced, His brow is torn, His
Cal - va - ry, To thee in love He came! De - spised! re-ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O
oft - en has It fal - len on thine ear: O soul, a - rise and let Him in, Lest

face is sad, but sweet—It is the Lord of Par - a - dise! A - rise, thy Sav-ior greet.....
love, O grace un-known, That He should still re-mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own!....
from the bolt-ed door In sor-row He should turn a-way, To call for thee no more.....

CHORUS.

He was wound-ed for thy trans-gres-sions; He was bruis - ed for thy sin;

Yet He stands at thy heart's door plead - ing, Why, O why not let Him in?

No. 160. What Will You Do?

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT 1898. BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Introduction. *mf*

1. What if the watch-man should cry a - loud; And pro-claim the day of judgment near?
2. What will you do on that dread-ful day, As be - fore the Judge you trembling wait?
3. What will you do in that sad, sad hour, When the Judge has said, "de-part" to thee?

What would you do if you heard him say "You must at the judgment bar ap-pear?"
What will you do if the door is shut, And you hear it said "too late, too late?"
What will you do as He turns you back, If your soul is lost e - ter - nal - ly?

rit.

rit.

What would you do? What would you do? Say, What would you do?
2-3 What will you do? What will you do? Say, What will you do?

rit.

What would you do if you heard him say: "You must at the judgment bar ap - pear?"
What will you do if the door is shut, And you hear it said "too late, too late?"
What will you do as He turns you back, If your soul is lost e - ter - nal - ly?"

rit.

No. 161. Jesus and His Love.

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John R. Clements. **E. O. Excell.**

Solo. *For Introduction see last brace.*

1. A voice is sweet-ly sing - ing Its mes - sage in my heart, And oft - en, o'er it
2. How oft-en, when life's path-way Is heaped a-bout with care, And ev - 'ry step that's
3. I fan-cy, when the morn-ing Of heav-en's day shall break, And I from earth for-

mu-sing, The tears un-bid - den start; No day can be so drear-y But this a balm will
tak - en Re-veals some hid-den snare, Will this sweet song of com-fort A ben - e-dic - tion
ev - er My journey thence shall take, No song of an-gel voic-es More sweet to me shall

prove: Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love;

CHORUS. This Chorus used by permission of the Author, Dr. W. H. Doane.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

FINE. Introduction.

Moderato.

No. 162. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO.

Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Oh, tempter, de-part,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

pp Quartet.

come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 163. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He

poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In
hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids
plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His
re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To

crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

Chorus.

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

Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction.

rit. *dim.*

No. 164. Sometime, Somewhere.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Charlie D. Tillman.**

DUET or SOLO.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the

years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the

vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be

rit. ad lib.

sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

No. 165. "Let Us Alone."

T. P. W

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Thos. P. Westendorf.

1. "Let us a-lone" hear the e-vil spir-its cry, As the voice of the Sav-ior spake
2. Still do we cling to the e-vil in our hearts, And we hear how the tempters laugh,
3. Are you content, oh! my brother, thus to live, While the days and the years go by?

To the poor af-flict-ed, that stood so meekly by, Who the bands of sin would break;
And we feel the sting of the quick-ly fly-ing darts, As the cup of death we quaff;
Have you no de-sire for the par-don He can give, Are you will-ing thus to die?

And they all came forth at His blest com-mand, And His won-drous pow'r was shown,
For our eyes are blind and we can-not see How for sin He would still a-tone,
Bring your heart to Him, let Him make it whole, Let Him take a-way the stain

Ad lib.

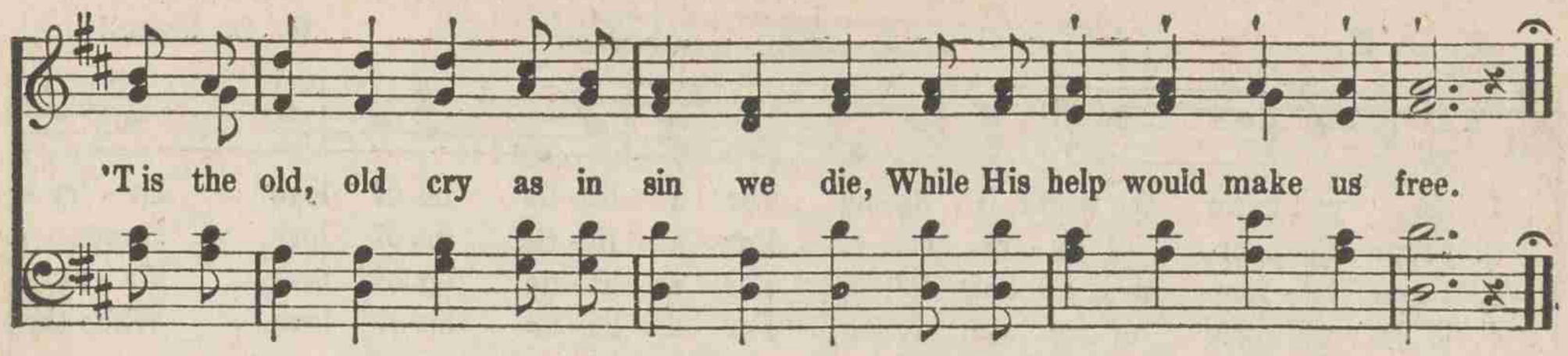
For the blind did see and the lame did walk, While the spir-its said, "Let us a-lone."
How His life He gave that we might be free, While the spir-its said, "Let us a-lone."
That is weigh-ing down un-to death your soul, With this cry of "Let us a-lone."

Colla voce. *rit.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

"Let us a-lone," "Let us a-lone," "What have we to do with thee?"

"Let Us Alone."



No. 166. The Tearless Land.

Rev. A. E. Cooke.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

No. 167. A Little Bit of Love

E. O. E.

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E. O. Excell.

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

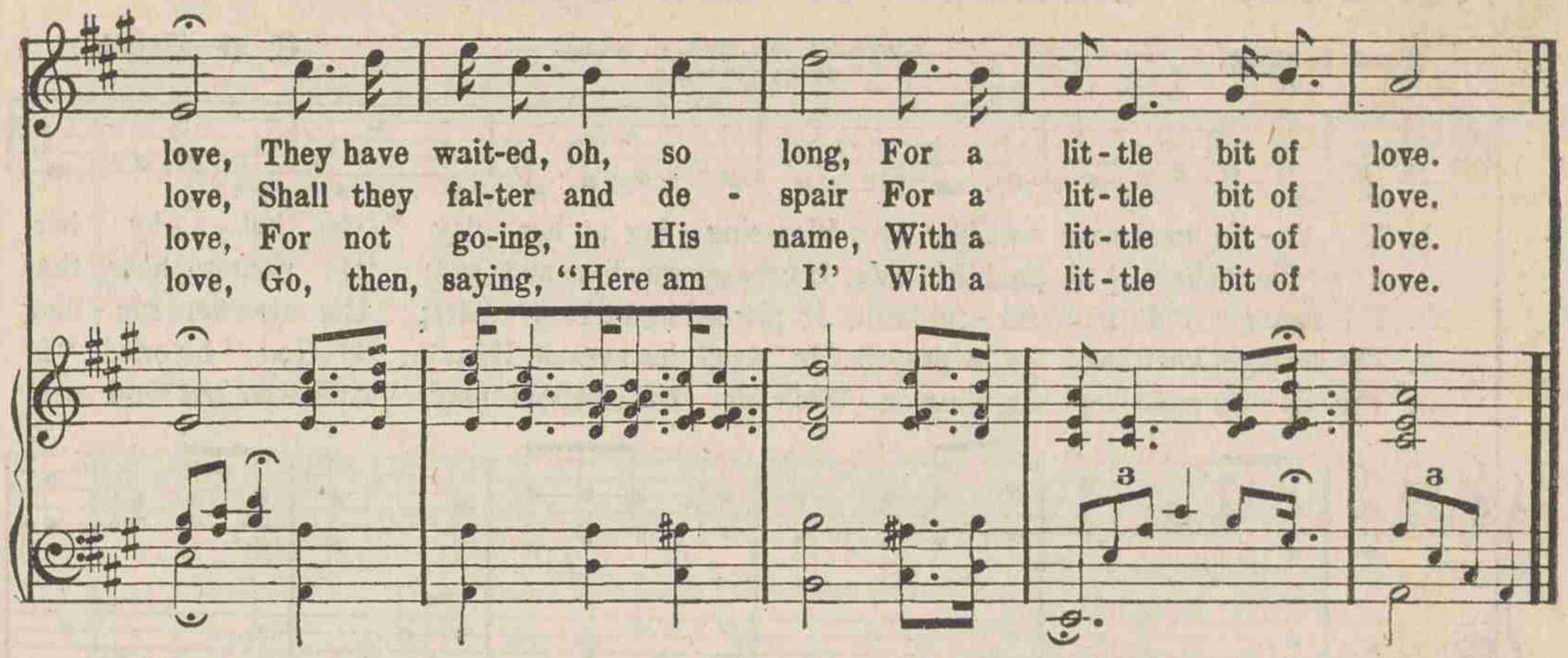
where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have bur-dens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren too are crying For a lit-tle bit of love; Stand no long-er i-dly

wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sor-rows we should share; Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a
shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

REFRAIN.

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

A Little Bit of Love.



No. 168. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

No. 169. Echoes of Old Hymns.

Rose Keene.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. A lit - tle maid with soft blue eyes Was sing - ing at her play The lull - a - by her
2. A stranger chanced to pass that way, His heart was lone and sad; "I used to hear that
3. The stranger's life had sin - ful been, It pierced him like a dart; His eyes were run - ning
4. The stranger knelt, and as he prayed He fixed his eyes on Heav'n; "O God," he cried, "I
5. The lit - tle maid kept sing - ing on While at her child-ish play, And who but God can

moth - er sang To her at close of day; Her child-ish voice rose sweet and clear, Up-
song," he said, "When I was but a lad." Then like a flash there came to him The
o'er with tears, The song had reached his heart; He heard a - gain his moth-er's voice, In
come to Thee, And ask to be for - giv'n." An - oth - er song came float - ing near, While
tell the hearts Her songs had reached that day. The stran-ger rose with sins for-giv'n, The

on the sum-mer air, . . . And o'er and o'er these words she sang: (*Omit, see No. 1.....*)
mem - 'ries of the past; . . He saw his lov-ing moth-er's face, With sor-row o - ver-cast.
hum - ble, earnest prayer, . The while the lit - tle maid sang on, (*Omit, see No. 2.....*)
there on bend-ed knee; . . He heard the lit - tle maid-en sing, (*Omit, see No. 3.....*)
Sav - ior heard his plea, . . And then he sang that pre-cious song, (*Omit, see No. 4.....*)

No. 1. *Sing after 1st stanza.*

No. 2. *Sing after 3rd stanza.*

Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an - gels guard thy bed. Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed.

No. 3. *Sing after 4th stanza.*

No. 4. *Sing after 5th stanza.*

No. 170. My Savior's Voice.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET.

1. Like mu - sic, float-ing on the eve-ning air; Like ves - pers, ring-ing out the hour of prayer;
2. As when it rose a - bove the an - gry sea; And it in love commanded: "Fol-low Me!"
3. As when it spake the dead to life a - gain; As to the sleep-ing ones He called in vain;
4. When earth-ly cares and sor-rows all are past, And at His feet my gold-en sheaves I cast,

Like ech - oes, answ'ring round me ev -'ry-where, My Sav - ior's voice falls on my ear.
As when it plead in dark Geth-sem - a - ne, My Sav - ior's voice falls on my ear.
And as it rang with His ex - pir - ing pain, My Sav - ior's voice falls on my ear.
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er, when at last My Sav - ior's voice falls on my ear.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

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

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

No. 171. 'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

Rev. L. F. Cole. USED BY PER. OF THE AUTHOR. T. Martin Towle.

With pathos.

1. I have seen a moth-er weep-ing, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face;
2. I have known a moth-er wait-ing, Wait-ing while the years roll'd by,
3. I have seen a moth-er pac-ing On the shore where breaks the sea,
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek;

rit.

I have seen her kiss the fore-head, Seen the last, sad, fond em - brace;
Start - ing from her dreams at mid-night, Wait - ing, watch - ing ea - ger - ly,
Plead - ing with the storm - y wa-ters, "Give, oh, give my boy to me!"
Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the thrill you can - not speak;

A tempo.

I have seen her heav - y, heart-sore, Turn - ing t'ward her home a - gain;
For her boy, long lost and wand'ring In some strange and dis - tant land,
But by waves by far more cru - el, Waves that drown my sweet-est joy,
Link your - self to God and heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy,

And I've en - vied her her sad - ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
And I've tho't, oh, blest the watch-er! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.
I am sit - ting and la - ment - ing, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!
That your lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy.

CHORUS

Oh, 'twas rum that spoil'd my dar - ling, Rum, en - thron'd but to de - stroy:
Drive the mon - ster from the na - tion, Then you'll shout, "We've sav'd the boy!"

No. 172. Some Happy Day.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas H. Gabriel.

1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day— I know not when.
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day— it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up - on the throne, Some day— will speak to me,

But fruit and tares ma - ture - ly grown Will all be gath - er'd then.
Will rise be - fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of noon.
Will ei - ther wel - come or dis - own Me for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Some day— I can-not tell.... ..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
but oh, I can-not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,
That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
may go, with Thee, With Thee some hap-py, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 173. Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. Zundel.

Introduction. *Andante.*

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet-ing, Be - yond the fare-well and the

sleeping, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shading, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.

dim.

Solo.

Love, rest, and Home, sweet.....

CHORUS. *Accomp.*

I shall..... be soon;

Solo.

Home.. CHORUS. Lord, tar - ry

Accomp.

Love, rest and Home,..... sweet..... Home.

Beyond the Smiling.

Solo.

not, Lord, tar - ry not,..... but come, but come.

CHORUS.

f Lord, tar - ry not, *f* Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come. *ff*

p D. S

No. 174. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Fa-ther knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The strength or weak - ness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai - ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be - side.
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all,..... He knows it all,..... My Father knows,..... He knows it all; .....
He knows it all, He knows it all, My Father knows He knows it all;

Thy bit-ter tears..... how fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
Thy bitter tears how fast they fall!—

No. 175. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a - rose and as-cend - ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri - um-phant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft - en, wher-ev - er I go That same old sto - ry is told;
To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow - er of hell;
He's pre-par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev - er may dwell:
There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain.

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;
Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
He in-vites you to come—He will free - ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you,

rit.

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
"There's a man-sion in Glo - ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto - ry is true.

That Old, Old Story is True.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, ... That old, old sto - ry is true; . . . .

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 176. Just For To-day.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just for to-day, dear Fa - ther, we pray, Bright let Thy love - light gleam o'er our way;
2. Just for to-day, oh, help us to be Lights trimmed and burn-ing, shin - ing for Thee;
3. Just for to-day, what - ev - er be - tide, Clasp our hands clo - ser, walk by our side;

Wash us and make our hearts pure with-in, Take from us e'en the long - ing to sin.
Where du - ty calls us, point - ing the way, Serv - ing Thee tru - ly each pass - ing day.
Safe in Thy keep - ing, naught can af-fright, Fol - low - ing Je - sus, dark-ness is light.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Just for to - day, Just for to - day, Guide us and keep us Just for to - day.

No. 177. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault-less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu-sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high-est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each mo-ment is thrill-ing my soul,
im-age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a-ges un-end-ing the ech-oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing-ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

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

sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!
sin-ner made whole! The Sav-ior hath bought me and ran-somed my soul!

rit.

D. S.

No. 178. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By

fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How

faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

FINE.

faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

D. S.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

No. 179. Drifting Away From God.

F. A. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, He who would bear your load;

SOLO or QUARTET.

3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, E - ven the an - gels weep;

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing a - lone.
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drift - ing from God.

Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fath - om - less deep.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the
Drift - ing a - way from the Sav - ior, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the
Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.
Sav - ior is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drift - ing a - way from God.

No. 180. Speak It For the Savior.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. If you have a kind-ly word, Speak it for the Sav-ior; Let its sooth-ing notes be heard,

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. If you have a word of cheer, Speak it for the Sav-ior; It will glad-den some one's ear,
3. If you have a word of love, Speak it for the Sav-ior; That some soul may look a-bove,

Speak it for the Sav-ior: Here and there and ev-'ry-where, Hearts of grief, and pain and care,

Speak it for the Sav-ior: There are weak ones in the throng, Jeered and jos-tled by the strong,
Speak it for the Sav-ior: To the wand'ring ones at night It will be a bea-con bright,

CHORUS.

Hun-ger for its mu-sic rare; Speak it for the Sav-ior. Speak it for the Sav-ior,

Who have lis-tened for it long; Speak it for the Sav-ior.
Point-ing to the Land of Light; Speak it for the Sav-ior. Speak it for the Sav-ior,

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

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

No. 181. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G.
UNISON

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A band of faithful reapers we,
Who gather for e-ter-ni - ty,
2. We are a faithful gleaning band,
And labor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly,
And harvest days are passing by,

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry valley, hill and plain;
Unyielding, loyal, tried and true, For lo! the reapers are but few;
Then take thy rusty sickle down, And la - bor for a fadeless crown;

Our song is one the reapers sing,
In honor of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the waving harvest field
A-bundant with a gold - en yield;
Why will you idly stand and wait?
Be-hold the hour is growing late!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, OWNER.

To the Harvest Field.

The Master of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sinners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for me to-day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves.

CHORUS.

To the harvest field a - way, For the Maste call - eth; There is work for

all to - day, Ere the darkness fail - eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly,

Harvest days are go - ing by, Going, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.

No. 182. The Eyes of God Are On You.

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO. Baritone or Contralto.

1. The eyes of God are on you,. Be - hold - ing all your ways;
2. The eyes of God are on you, He slum-bers not nor sleeps,
3. "The eyes of God are on me," The saint, ex - ult - ing sings;

No se - cret tho't or mo - tive Is hid - den from His gaze.
But o'er His trust - ing chil - dren Un - wear - ied vig - il keeps;
The tho't to him is pre - cious, Un - meas-ured com-fort brings;

Tho' borne on swift - est pin - ions O'er land or o - cean wide,
And if your path be hid - den By shad-ows deep and dim,
But thou whose life is e - vil, Doth fear not fill thy heart?

You can - not flee His Spir - it, Nor from His pres-ence hide; . . .
Fear not! the light and dark - ness Are both a - like to Him; . . .
The eyes of God are on thee! He sees thee as thou art! . . . .

Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.

The Eyes of God Are On You.

rit.

You can-not flee His Spir - it, Nor from His pres-ence hide. . .
Fear not! the light and dark - ness Are both a - like to Him. . .
The eyes of God are on thee! He sees thee as thou art! . .

rit.

CHORUS.

He se - eth you, ... He se - eth me, ...

He se - eth you, He se - eth me,

His eyes dis - cern the false, the true; . . . . . All things are

the false, the true;

o - - - pen to the gaze . . . . Of "Him with whom we have to do."

All things are o - pen to the gaze

No. 183. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

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

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

ff

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

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

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

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

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

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

Hail, : . . . . . Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

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

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

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

No. 184. Crown Him King of Kings.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Rexford. De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.

VOICES IN UNISON.

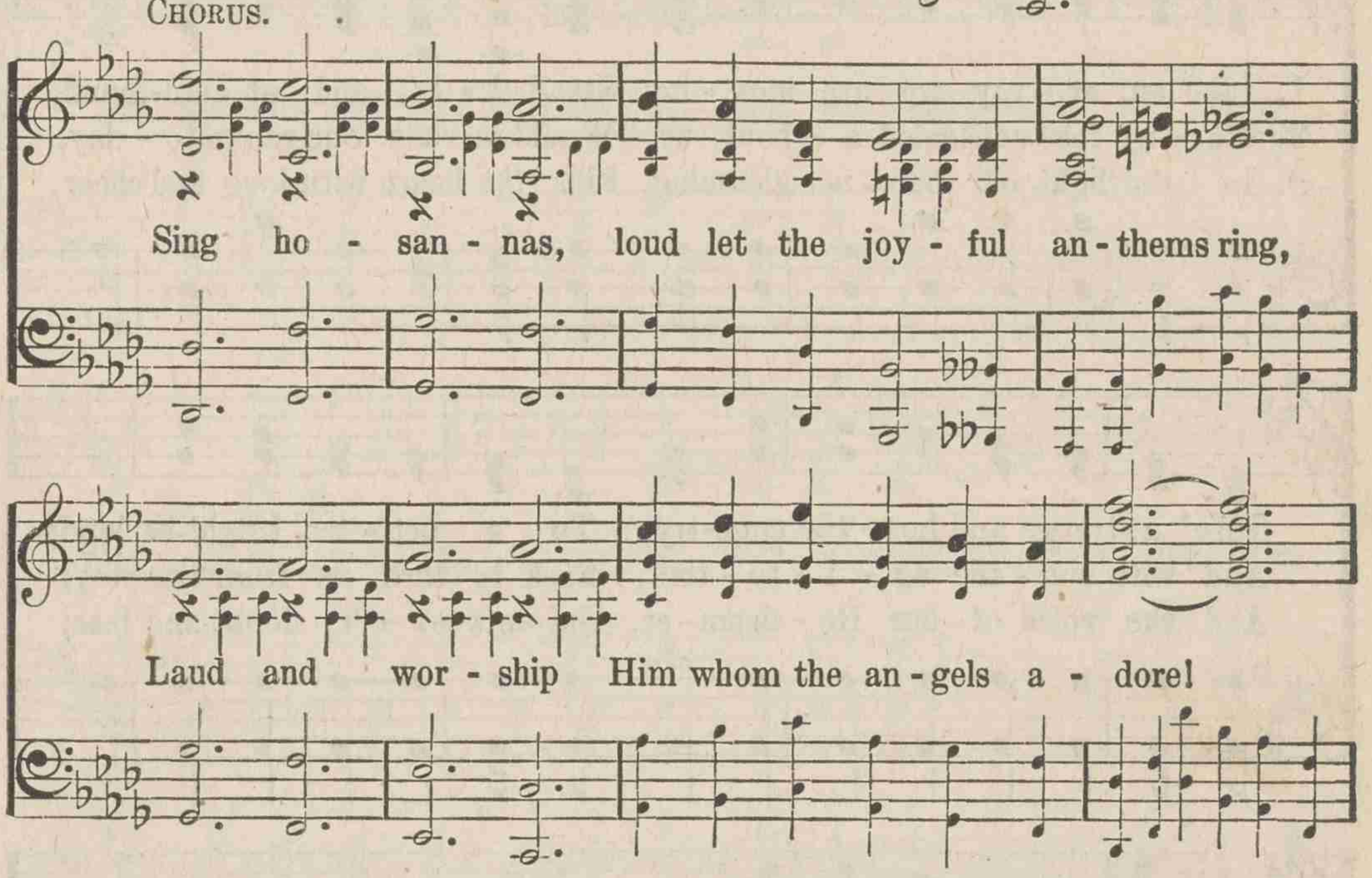
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

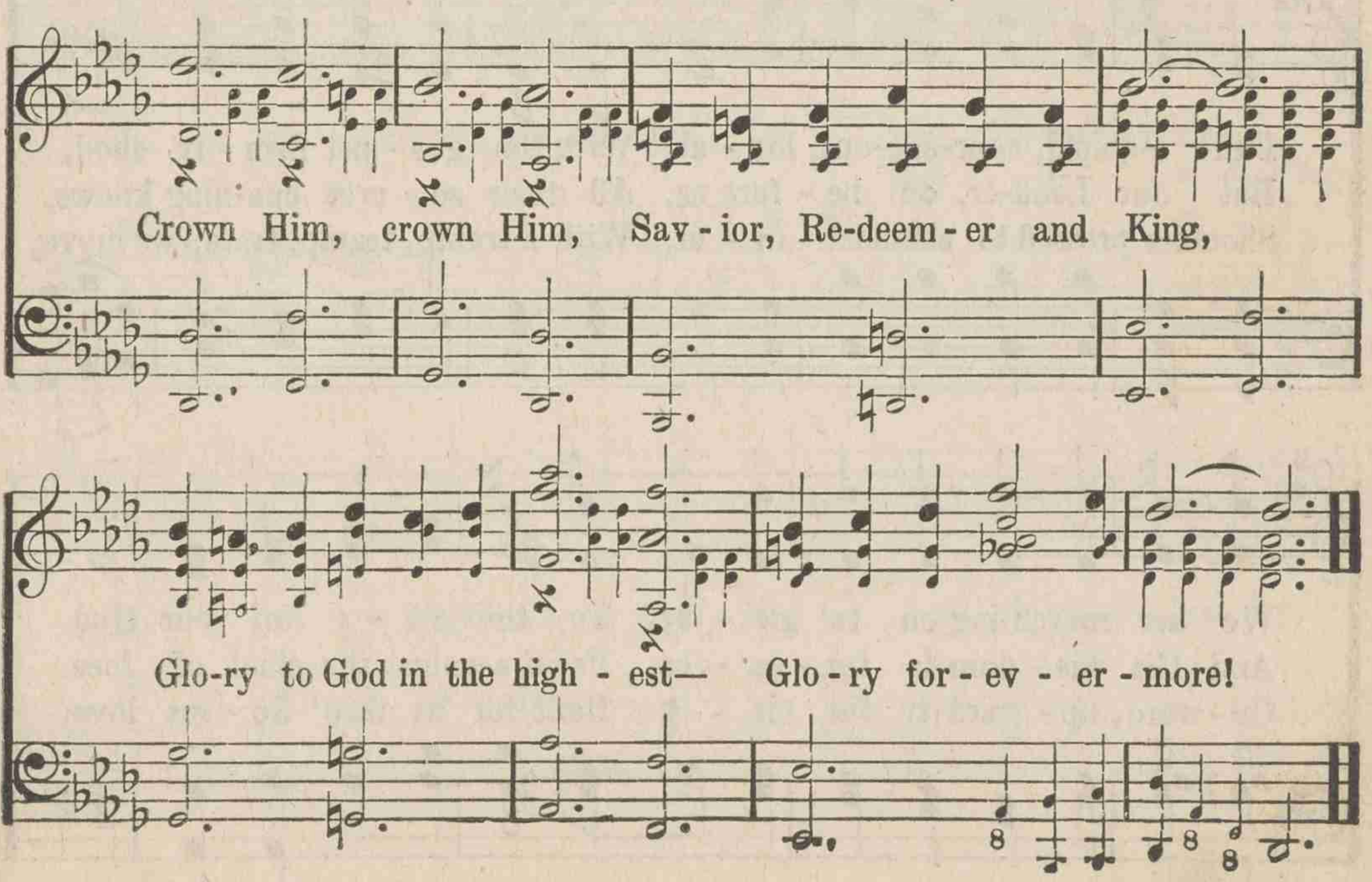
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

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

Crown Him King of Kings.

CHORUS.





No. 185. Marching in His Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

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

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

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

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

Marching in His Name.

CHORUS.

186. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.—D. W. MILAM.

1. On- ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
2. Like a might- y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane,
4. On- ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
Bro-thers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod.
But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main;
Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph - song;

Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
Glo - ry, praise and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King;

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Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom- ise, And that can - not fail.
This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 187. Jehovah is King.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I will sing the praise of Je - ho - vah while I live; I will crown Him in my heart and life the King of kings; All there is with-in me of good to Him I give, For He hides me 'neath His shelt'ring wings.

2. Where He bids me, I, His am - bas - sa - dor, will go; His com-mand shall be my law, His word my guide and stay; All of self I yield, sat-is - fied His will to know, As I walk beside Him day by day.

3. I shall fear no ill, tho' the pow'rs of sin as - sail; He is a - ble to de - liv - er, faith - ful to de - fend; He is just and true, and His love shall nev-er fail; He will guide and keep me to the end.

CHORUS.

He is the King . . . . . for - ev - er - more; . . . . . He rules in love . . . . . from shore to shore; . . . . . His mandates shall . . . . . Je - ho - vah is King! Je - ho - vah is King! for - ev - er is King! Je - ho - vah is King! His glo-ry we sing! The word of His law

Jehovah is King.

the worlds o - bey, ... Till sun and moon . . . . . shall pass a-
shall nations o - bey Till e - ven the sun and

rit.

way. . . . . The tempest recedes, o - bey-ing His will;
moon shall pass a - way. The tempest yields . . . . . un-to His will; . . . . . .

He speak-eth, and, lo! the wa-ters are still!
He speaks, and, lo! . . . . . the waves are still! . . . . . .

ritard.

The nations of earth u - ni-ted shall sing,
The sons of earth . . . . . His praise shall sing, ...

ff

He is King! He is King! He is King of kings!
For He is King! He is the King! He is the King of kings!

No. 188. "The Theme Eternal."

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James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. DeLoss Smith.

1. Oh, could my voice make the u - ni-verse ring, Love still my theme should be; . . . . . More than has ev - er been sung I would sing Of
2. Had I a thou-sand more years still to live Here in this earth - ly place, ... All to my Sav - ior di - vine I would give, Ex-
3. Soon in the land where the ransomed rejoice, I with my Lord shall be; . . . . . Then I shall sing with a far sweet-er voice, In

Je - sus who suf - fered for me; . . . . . Moun-tains and val - leys their
tol - ling His won - der - ful grace; . . . . Stars for my crown should be
praise of His good-ness to me. . . . . There, near the throne of my

voi - ces should raise, Sun, moon, and stars a - bove, ...
ev - er my aim, "More love to Thee" my plea, ...
glo - ri - fied King, With all the throngs a - bove, ...

"The Theme Eternal."

All should repeat thro' the ages my praise Of Christ and His wonderful love.
Sweeter and sweeter my voice should proclaim The Savior who suffered for me.
Sweet-er as age fol-lows age, I shall sing Of Christ and His wonderful love.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, praise Him, Je-sus the King a-bove;

Praise Him, ye nations, ye throngs on high, Sing of His mer-cy and love;

Hon-or, glo-ry, His thro' the a-ges shall be,

Honor, and glo-ry, and praise to the Lamb Who suffered death for me.

No. 189. Reapers are Needed.

C. H. G. The original imitation of which is attempted in some other books. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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

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

Mas-ter calls a-new "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reap-ers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read-y

Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all

Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,

Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed.

sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to answer, "Mas-ter,
quickly,

here am I." Far and wide the rip-ened
"Mas-ter, here am I." O an-swer! Far and wide the rip - ened
Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In the breez-es gen-tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breez-es, In the breez-es gen - tly
grain bends low, and In the breeze waves

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

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

No. 190. We Shall Have a New Name.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Beau - - ti - ful sto - ry, Fra - - grant with glo - ry, Prom - ise of God while time..... shall en-dure;..... Guer - don of du-
2. If..... we be - lieve it, We..... shall re- ceive it,— Faith..... in His word shall have..... its re-ward;..... Who..... can di - vine
3. There..... is no sor - row, In..... that to- mor - row, And..... we are told no night..... shall be there;..... Joys..... that for - ev-

ty, Gold - en with beau - ty, And..... as the heav'ns, e - ter - nal, sure.....
it? Who..... can de - fine it? Mar - vel - ous hope thro' Christ, our Lord.....
er Flow..... like a riv - er, With..... all the ran - somed we shall share.....

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We Shall Have a New Name.

CHORUS.

We shall have a new name in that bright

land,..... When, thro' grace, be-

fore the great King we stand,..... There in

all its beau-ty His face we shall see,..... And

shall reign with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty.....

No. 191. Forward.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Like a tid - al wave of glo - ry, Reach-ing o - ver land and sea,
2. Sa - tan's forc - es flee in ter - ror At the com - ing of the host;
3. What a song of joy and glad - ness Will re-sound from shore to shore

Sweeps the grand old gos - pel sto - ry Of the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Sin and wrong, de - ceit and er - ror Of their skill no lon - ger boast;
When the night of gloom and sad - ness Shall be light for - ev - er - more;

Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp un-ceas - ing Of the her - alds of the King!
Loud their sub - tle theme is chan - ted As re - luct - ant - ly they yield,
When from ev - 'ry land and na - tion Souls re-deemed shall voic- es raise,

Dai-ly are in the ranks in-creas-ing, Loud their songs of vic'-try ring.
And Je - ho-vah's flag is plant-ed Far-ther out up - on the field.
To the God of our sal - va- tion, One u - ni - ted song of praise!

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Forward.

CHORUS.

For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious! For the
For - ward to the bat - tle glo - rious, Go for - ward! For the

King pos - sess the land! (Be brave, and) Force the fight

For the right, For, is it not the Lord Je -ho-vah's call! O Christian,
For 'tis Je - ho - vah's call!

For - ward! You shall be vic - to - rious, Christ Him - self is in com-
Forward! you shall be vic - to-rious, For-ward! Christ Him-self

mand! In His name Go proclaim lib - er - ty for all.
Re-joic-ing, un-daunted, The day of

No. 192. A Song of Victory.

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Charlotte G. Homer **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

No. 193. The Song of Triumph.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

D. C.–1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
3. On-ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er;

Leav - ing all at the call of the Com-man-der we love;
In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray,

Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem-ble be - fore us,
Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount-ain or riv - er,
Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum-mons to serv - ice,

FINE.

"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" ech - o the courts a - bove!
We will go for we know in - fi - nite is His love.
Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

The Song of Triumph.

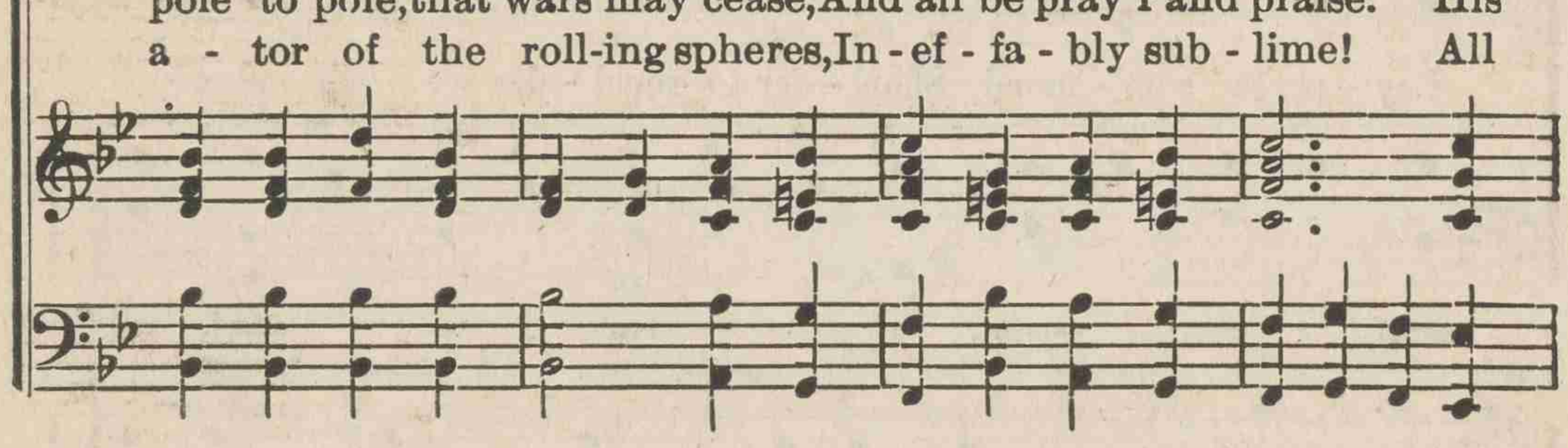
CHORUS.

No. 194. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on His throne; Hark
2. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From
3. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-tent-ate of time, Cre -

how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own! A -
pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His
a - tor of the roll-ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All



Largo.

wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for me, And
reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet Fair
hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy

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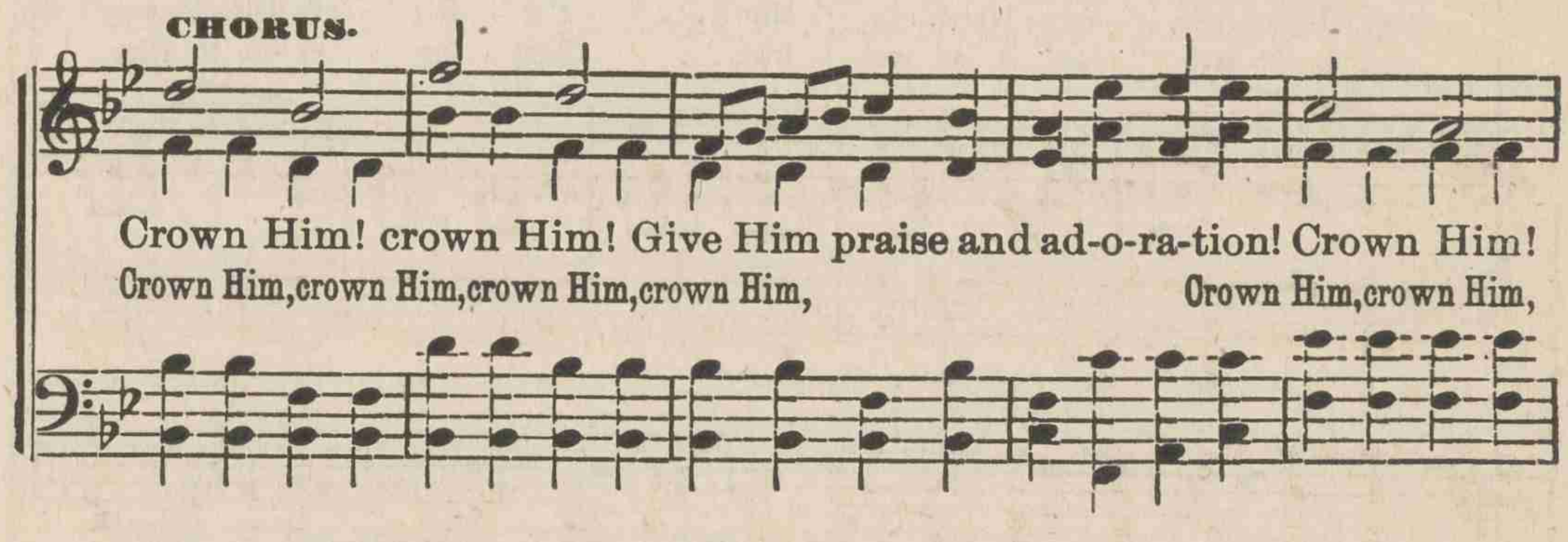
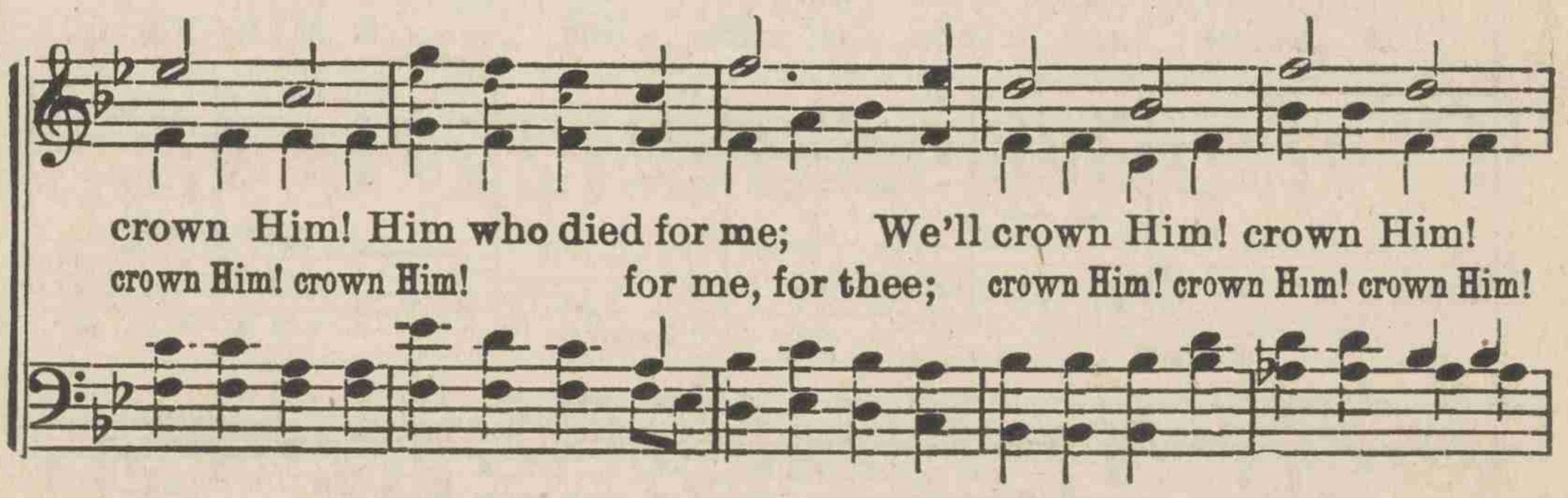
Crown Him With Many Crowns. Concluded.





No. 195. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

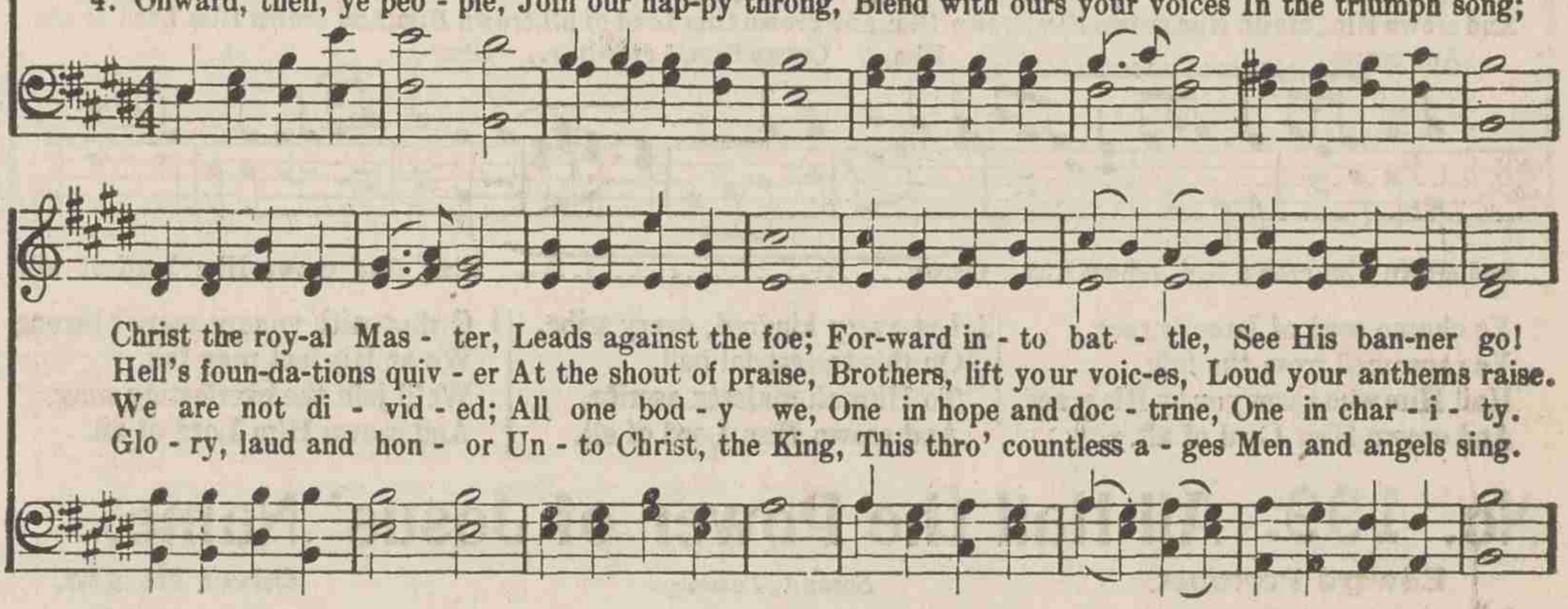
Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

116 Standard Hymns. 116

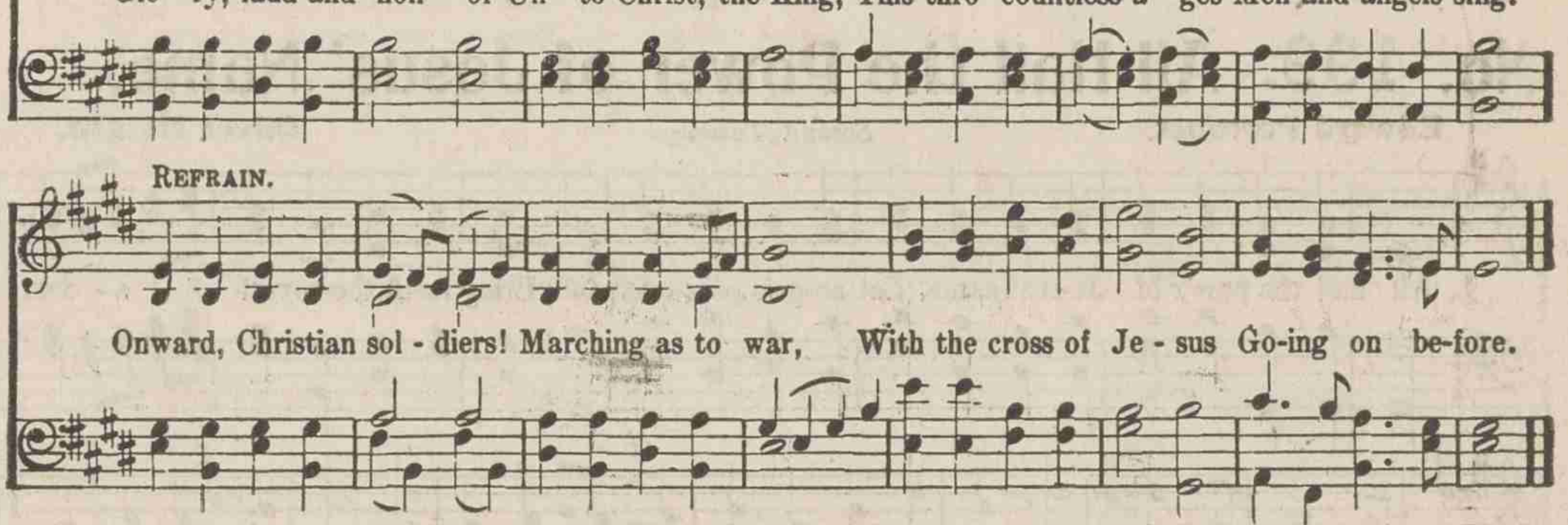
No. 196. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* 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.

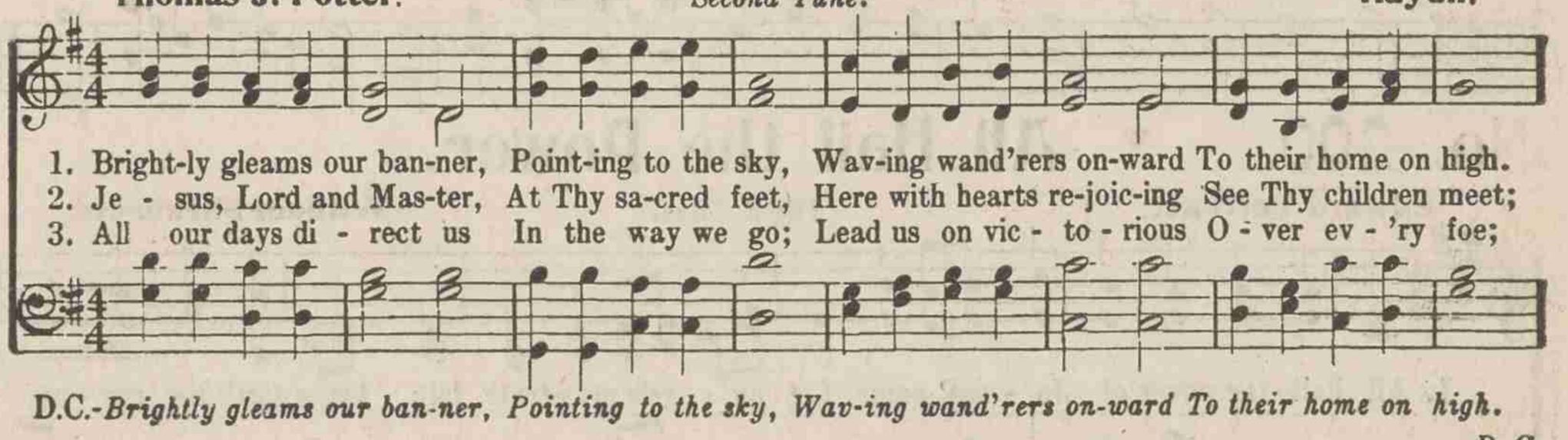


REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 197 Brightly Gleams our Banner.

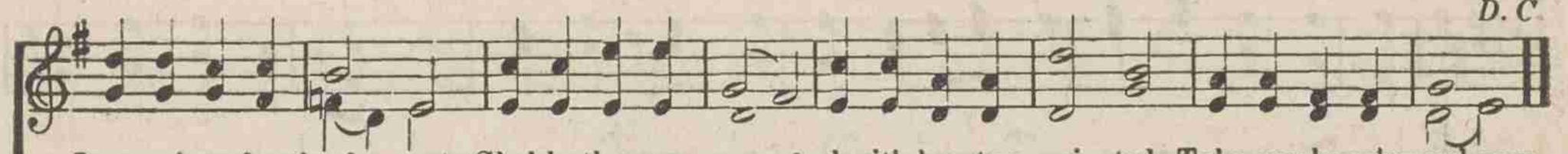
Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* Haydn.



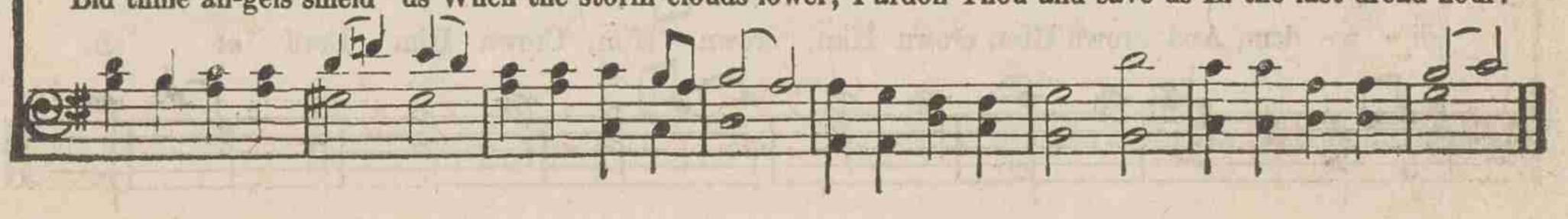
1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

D.C.-Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

D. C.

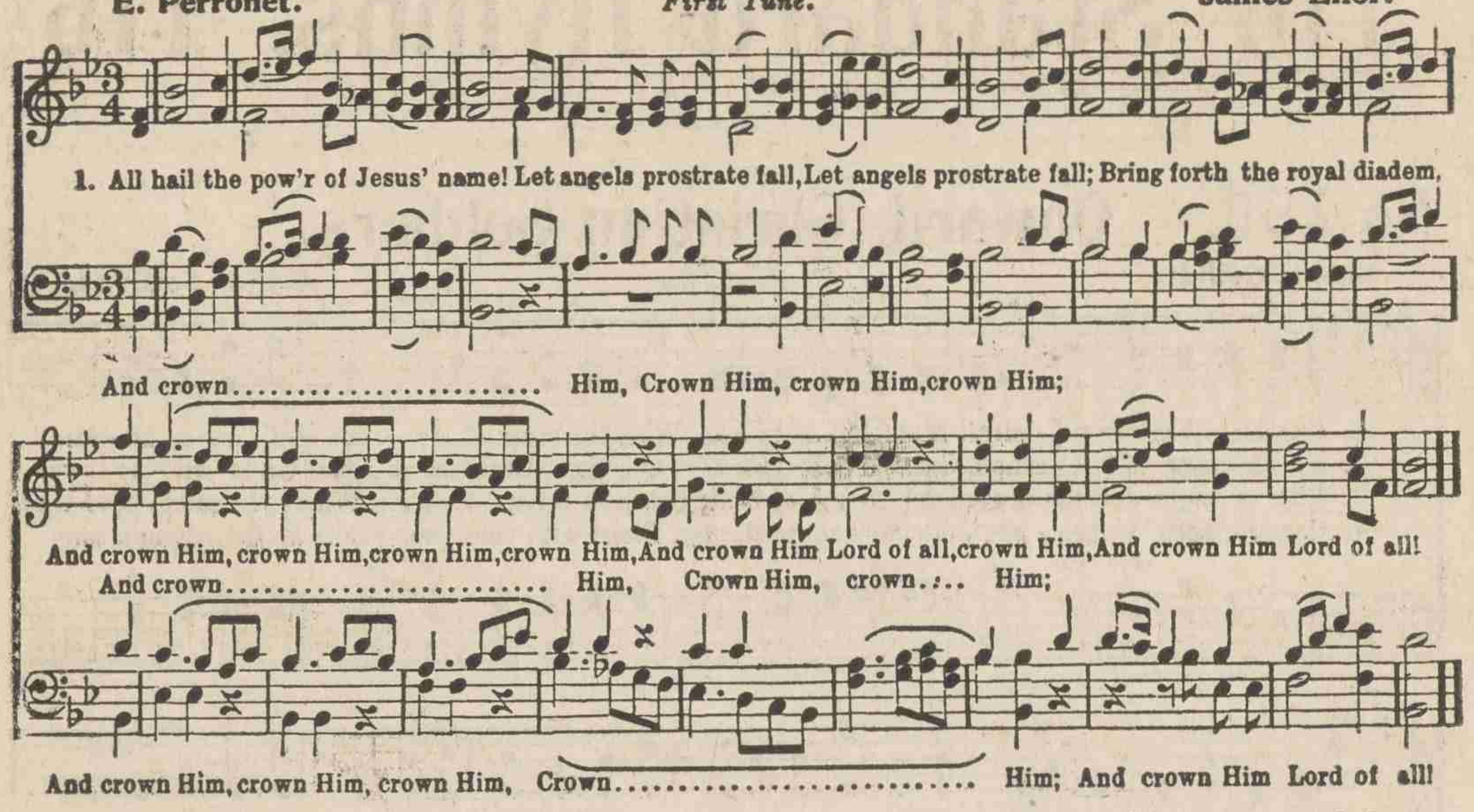


Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.



No, 198. 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.

No. 199. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.

No. 200. All Hail the Power.

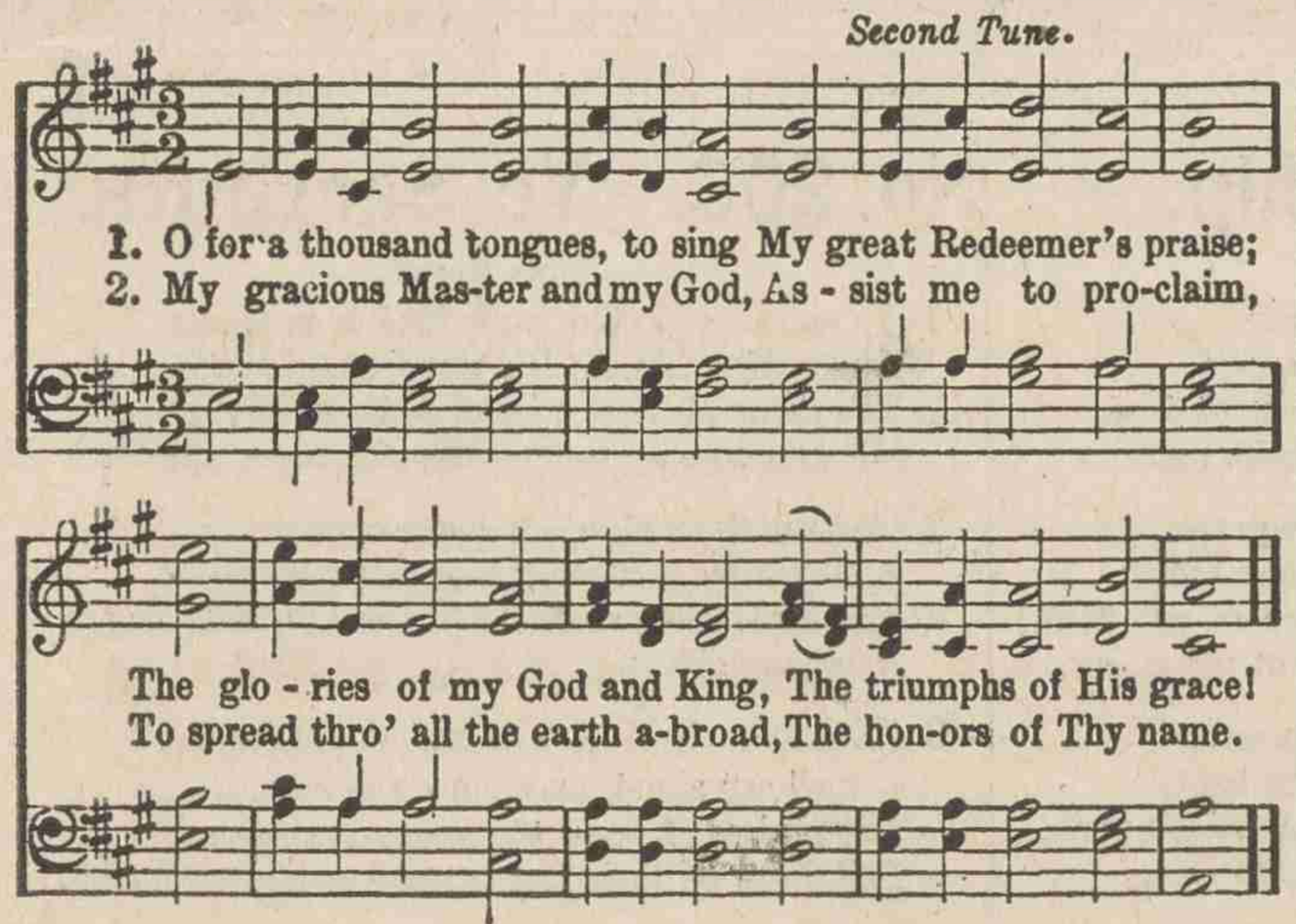
Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.

No. 201. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. **Jeremiah Ingalls.**

No. 202. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



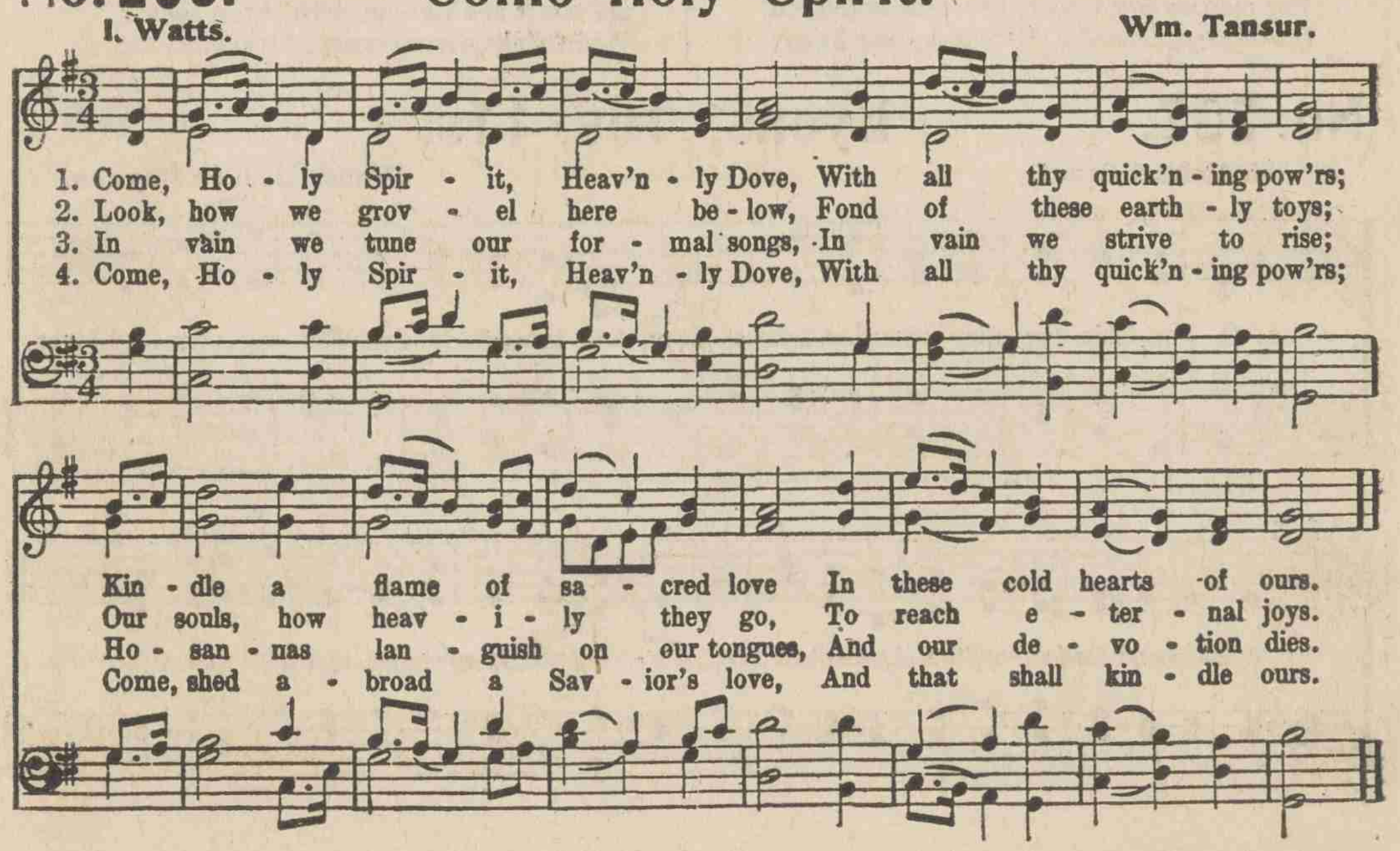
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 203. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. **Wm. Tansur.**



No. 204. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.

No. 205. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 206. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

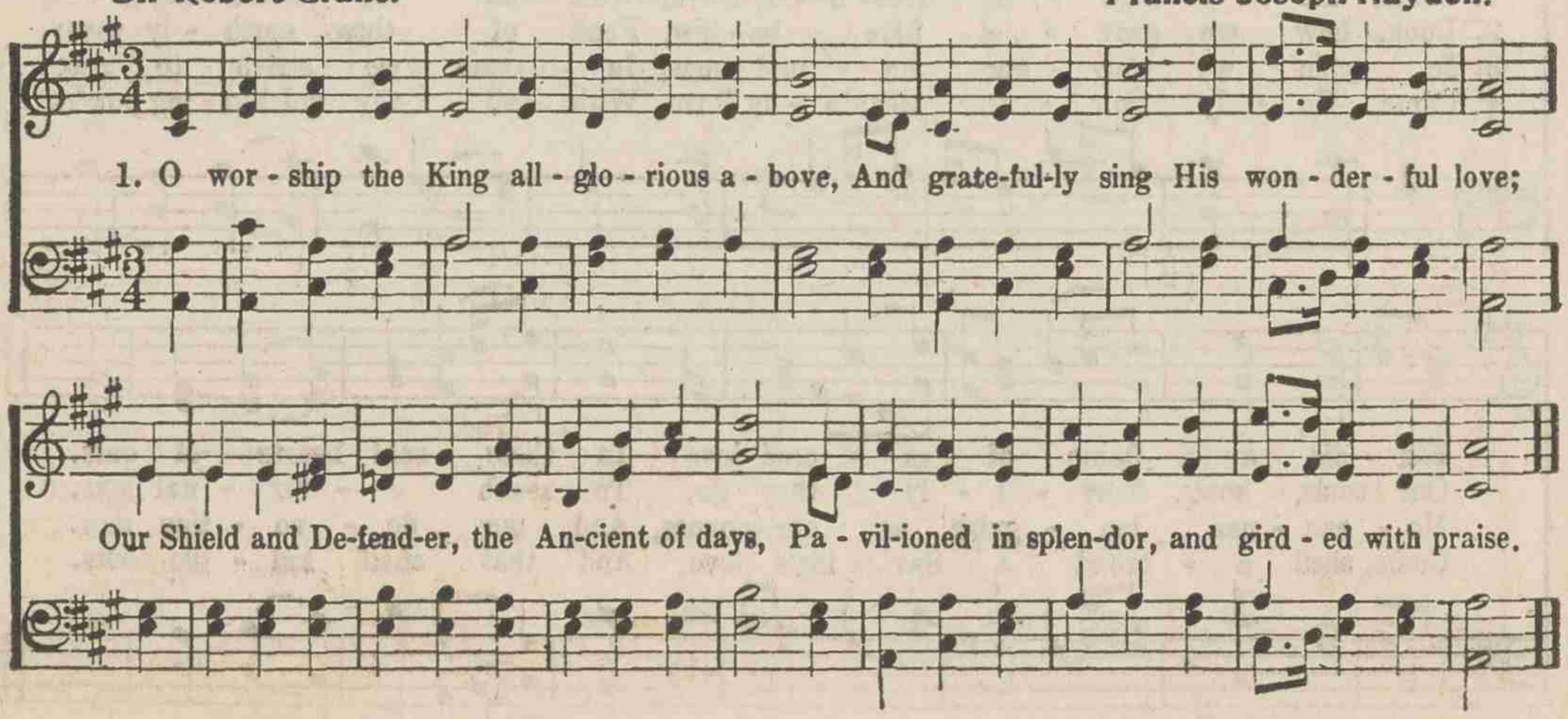
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

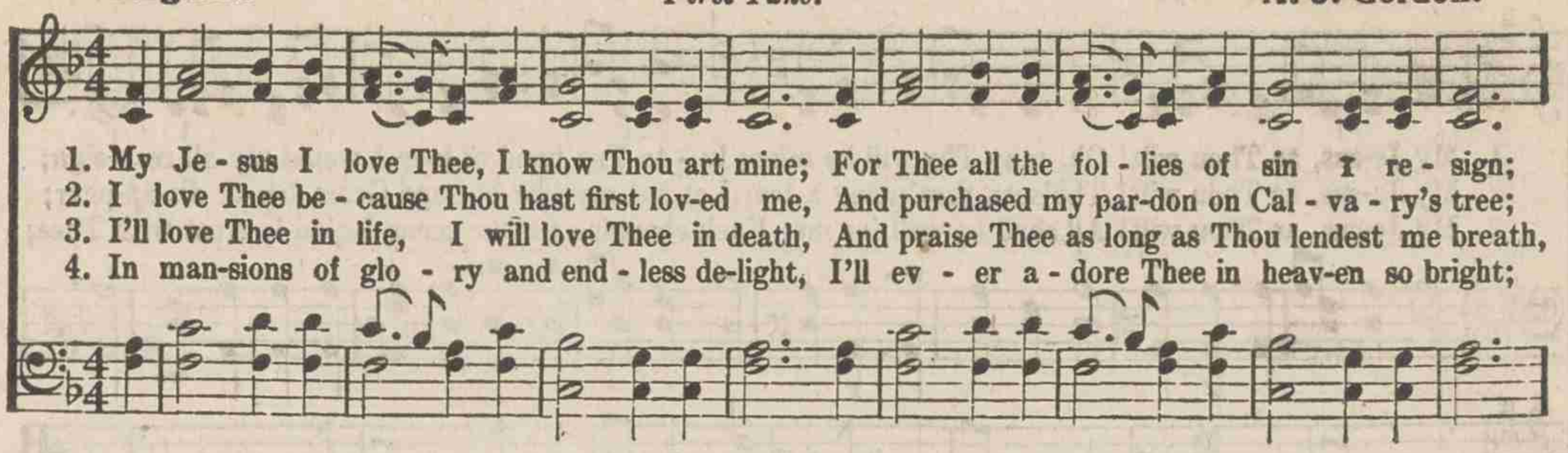
No. 207. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

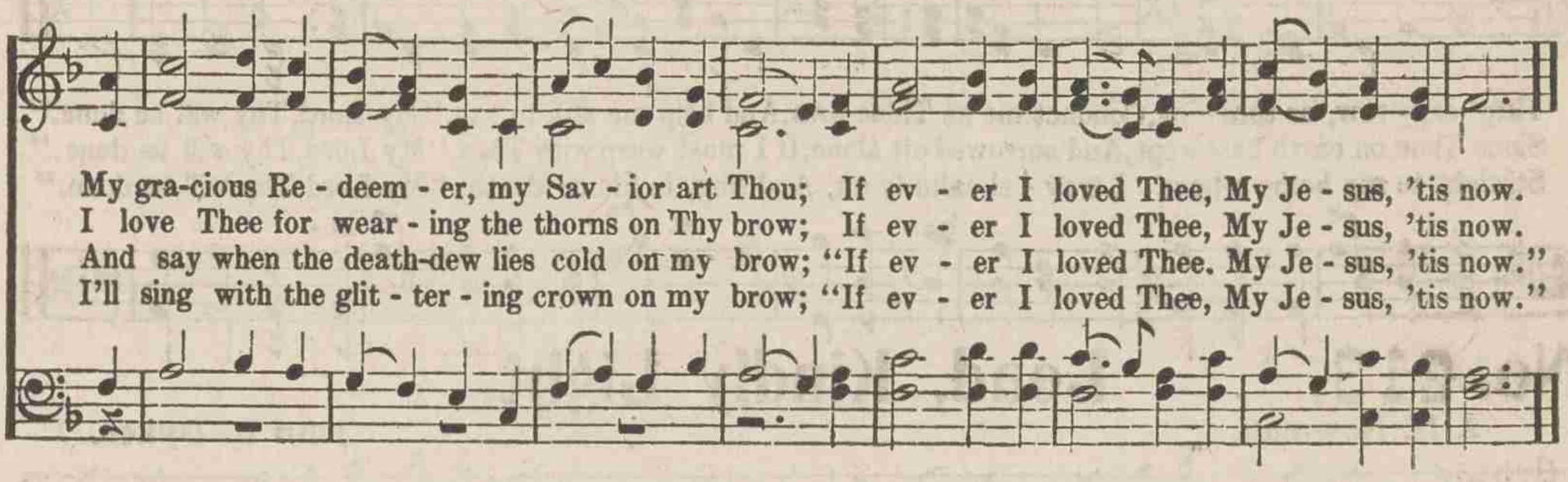
Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 208. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* **A. J. Gordon.**





No. 209. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

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. 210. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

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.

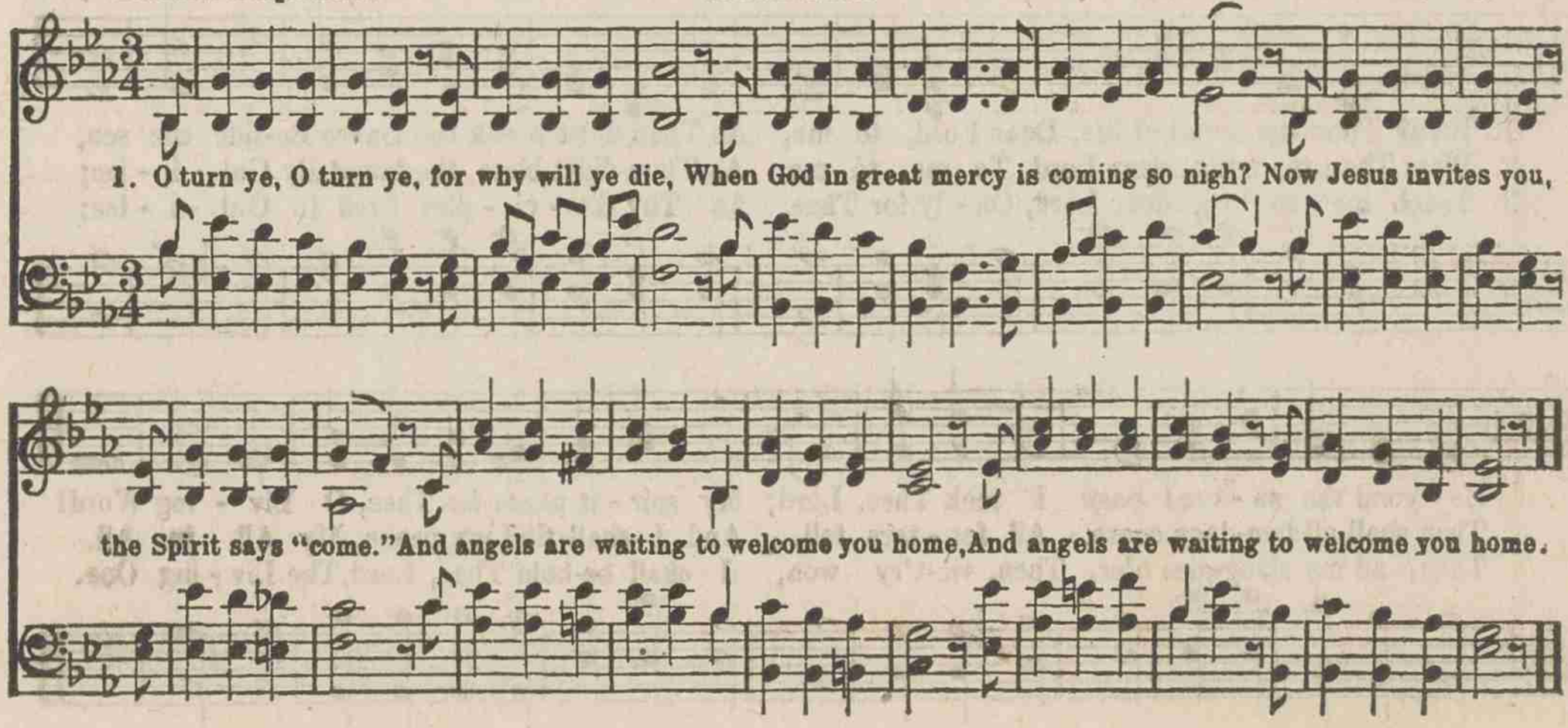
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

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.

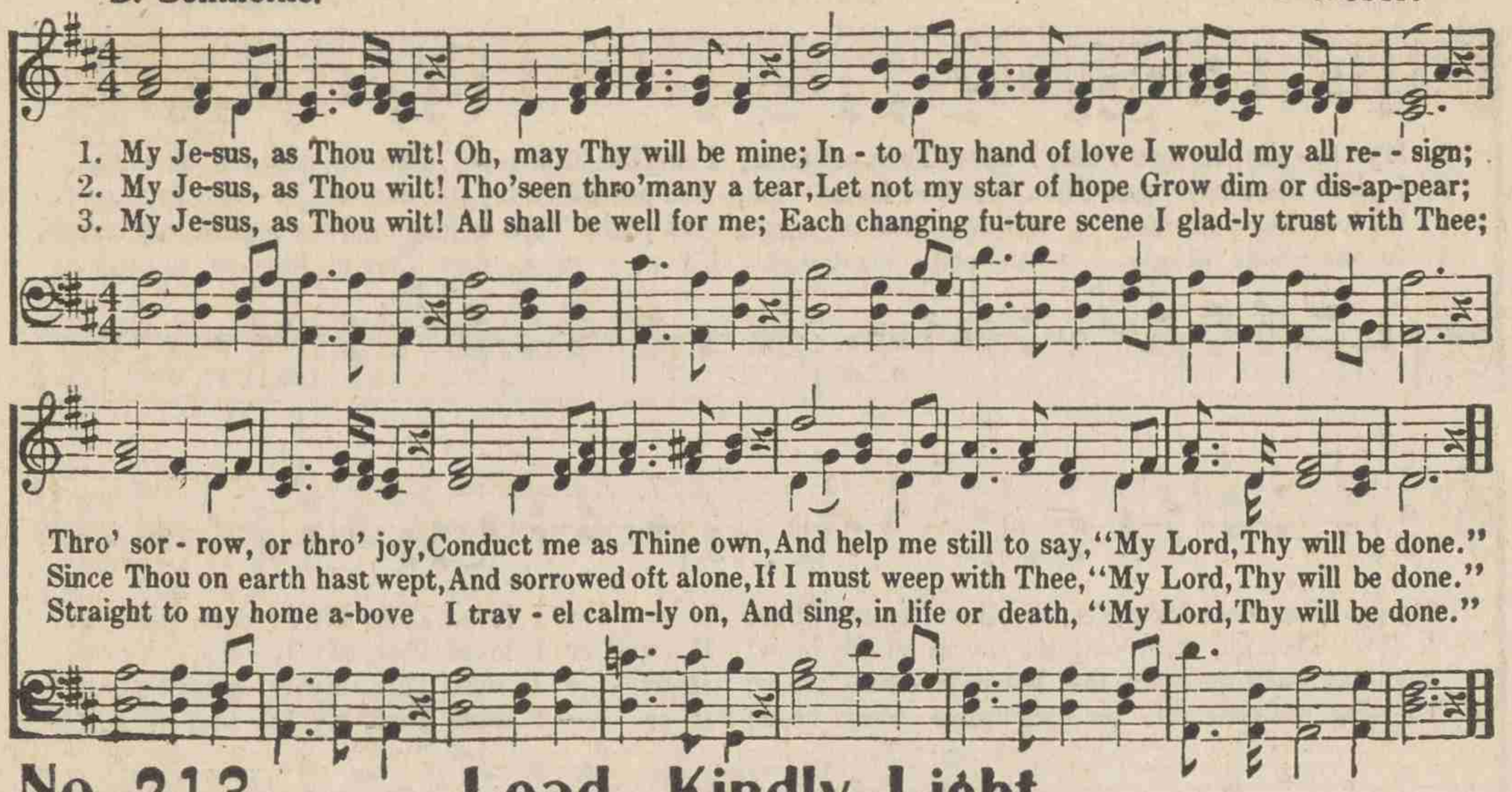
No. 211. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* **Koschat.**



No. 212.. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

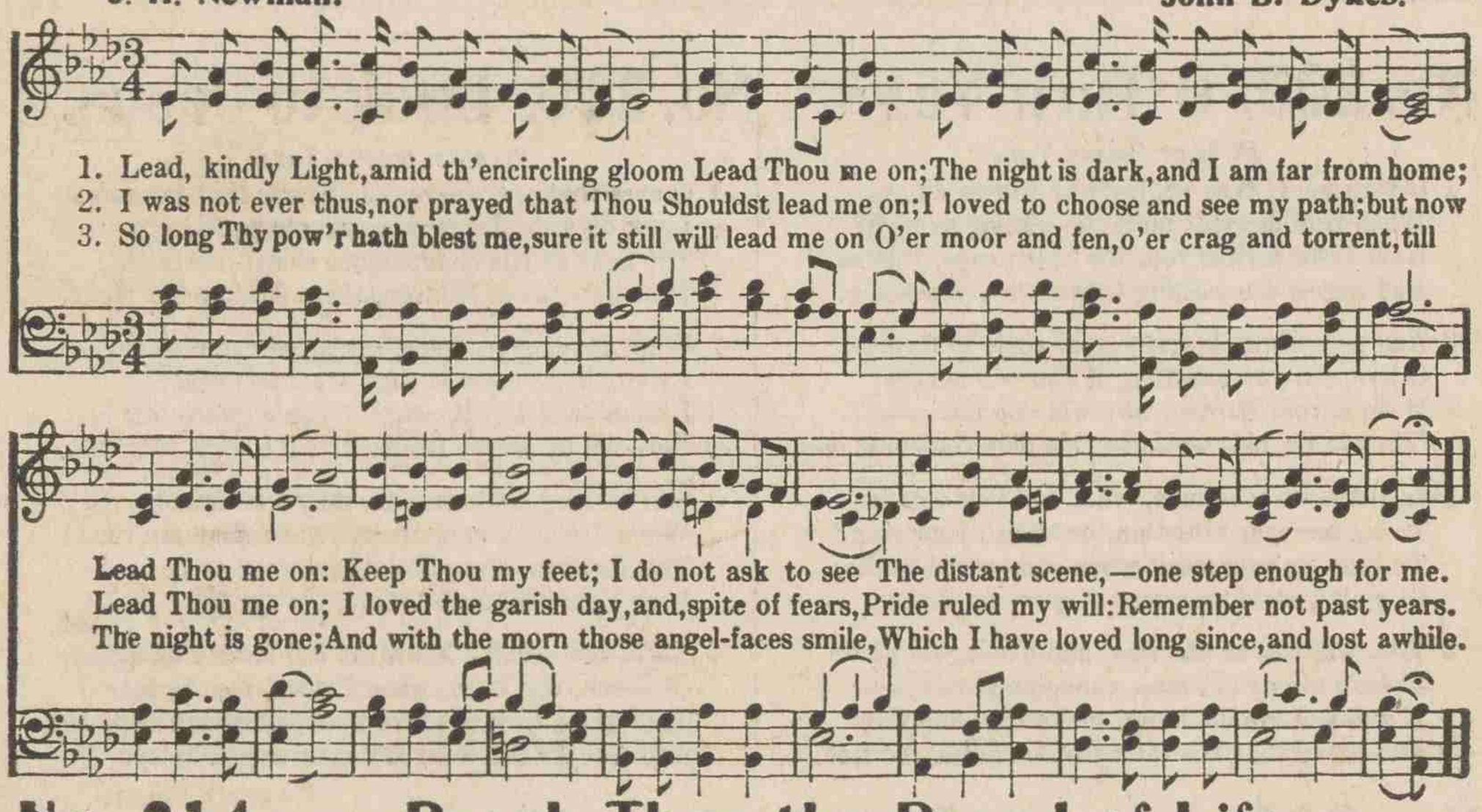


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 213. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

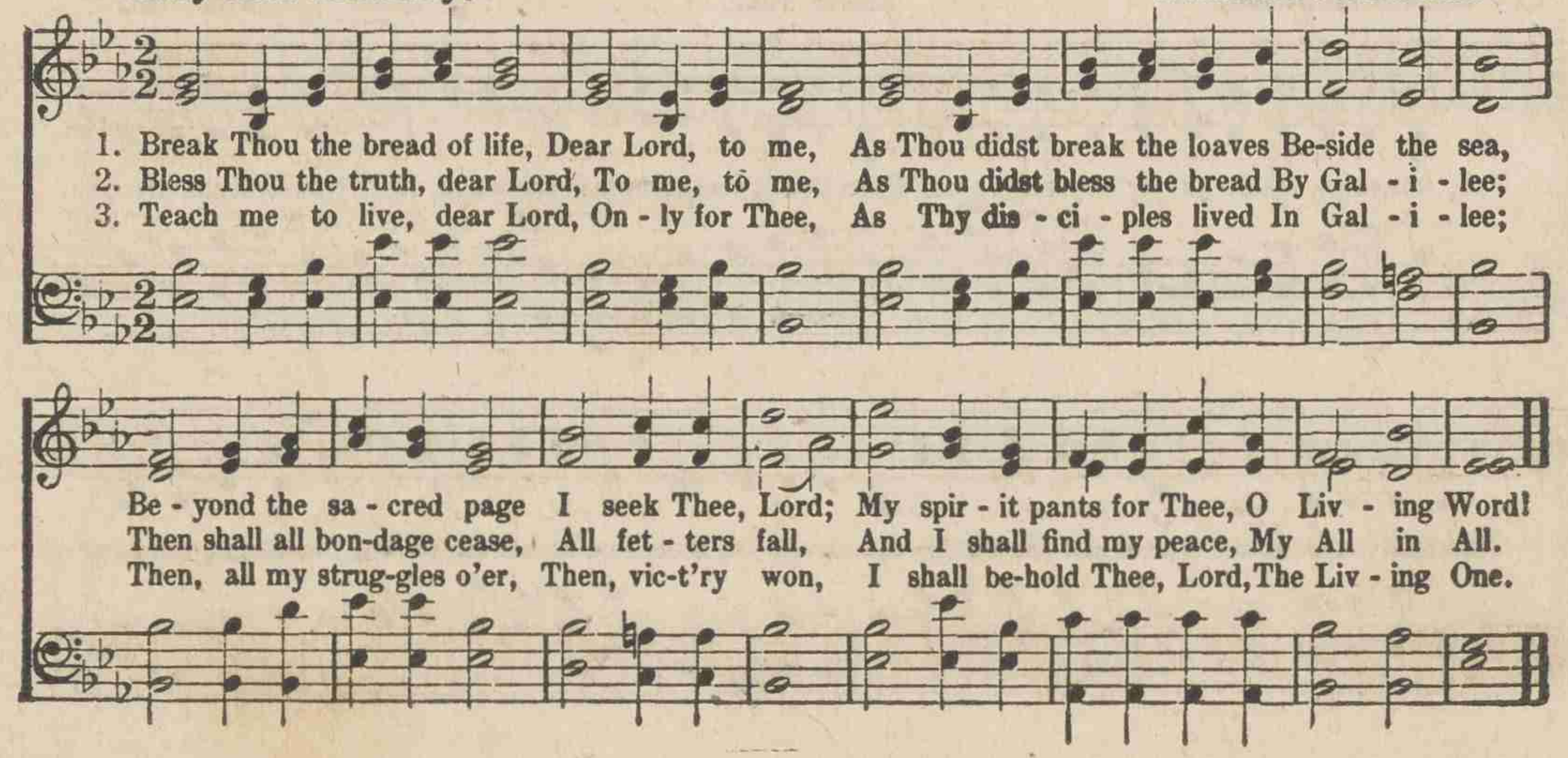


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 214. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



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

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 215. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 216. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 217. 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
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 218. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

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

FINE

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

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

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 219. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

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

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

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

No. 220. Holy, Holy, Holy.

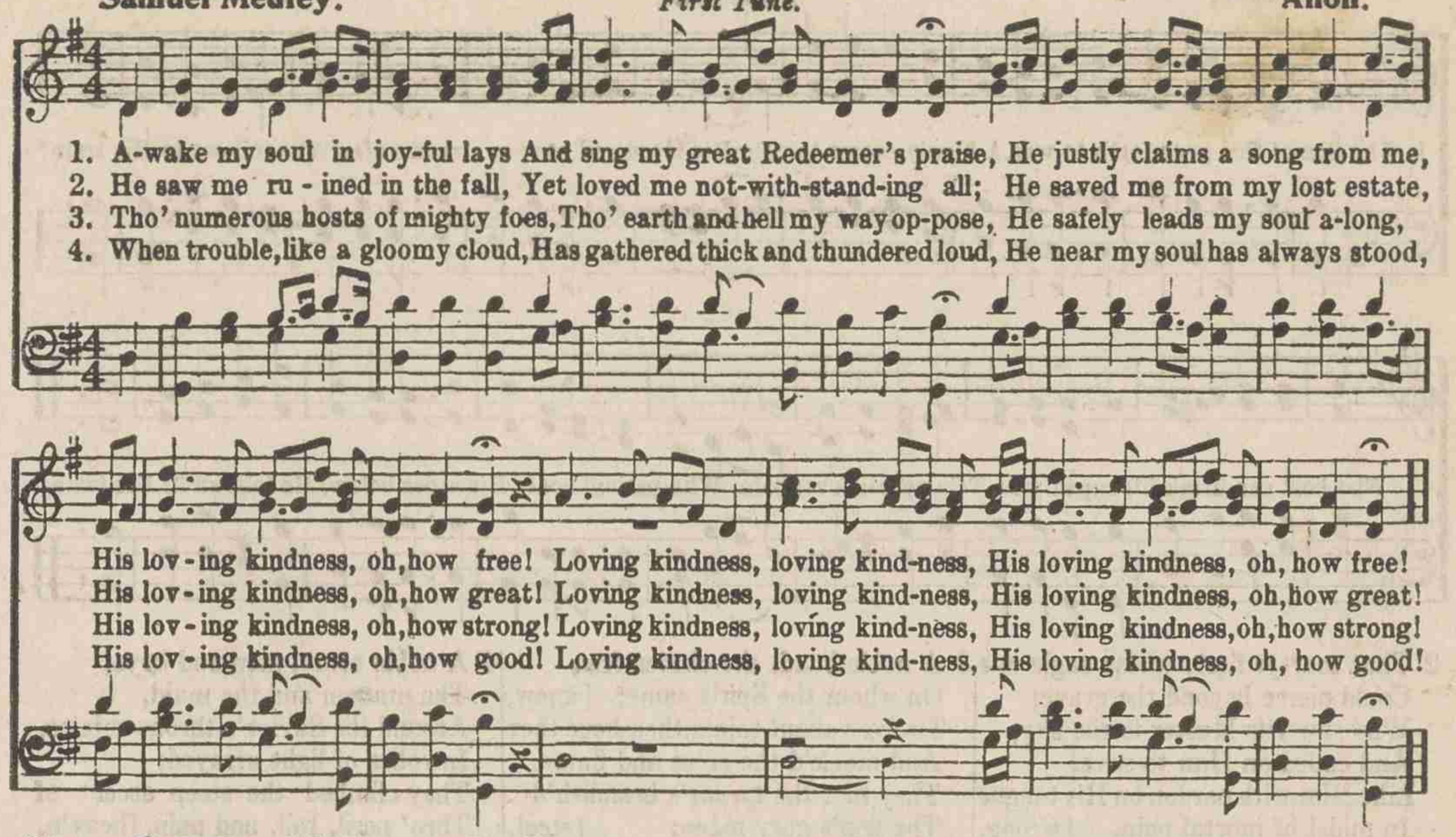
Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

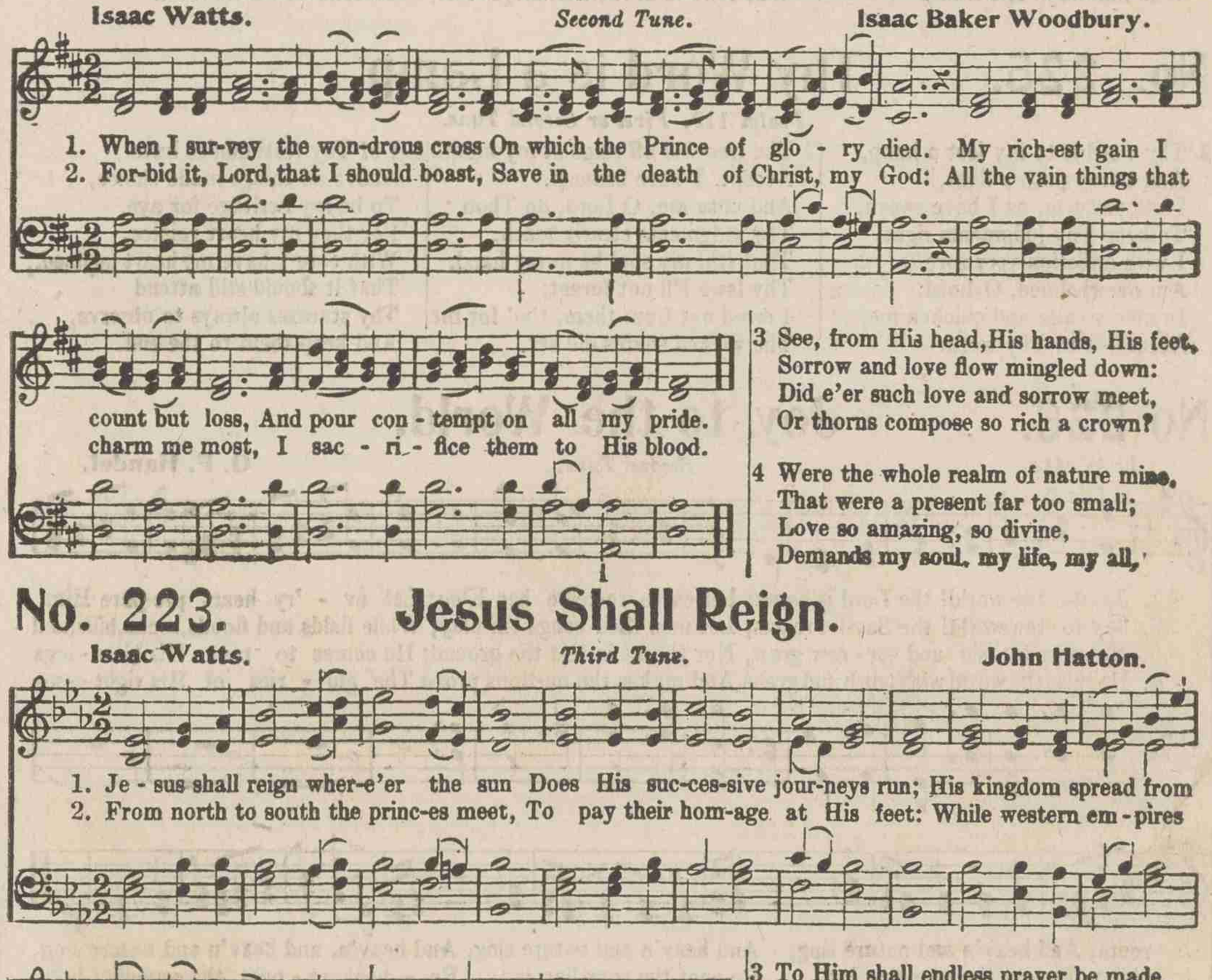
No. 221. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* **Anon.**



No. 222. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* **Isaac Baker Woodbury.**

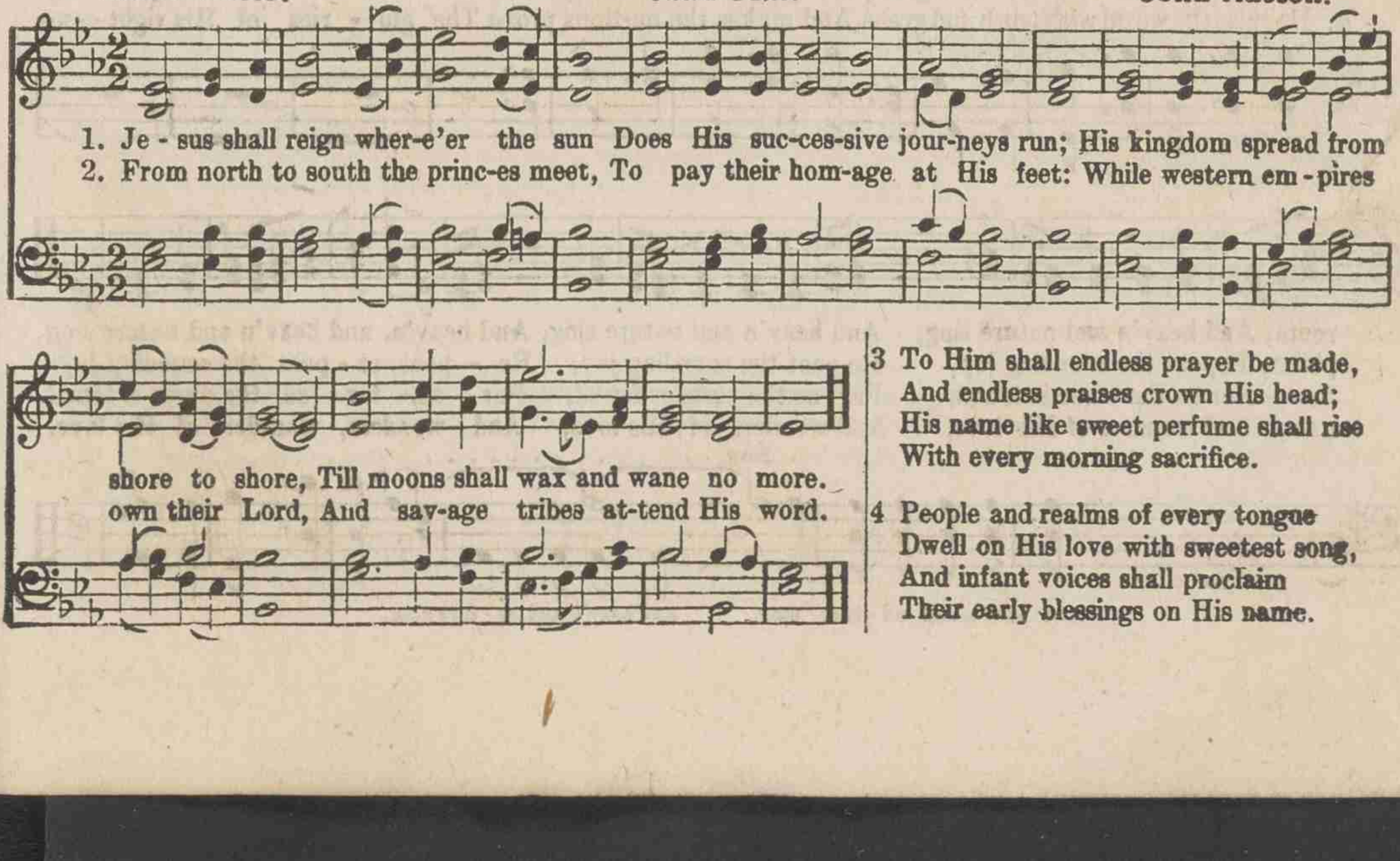


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 223. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* **John Hatton.**

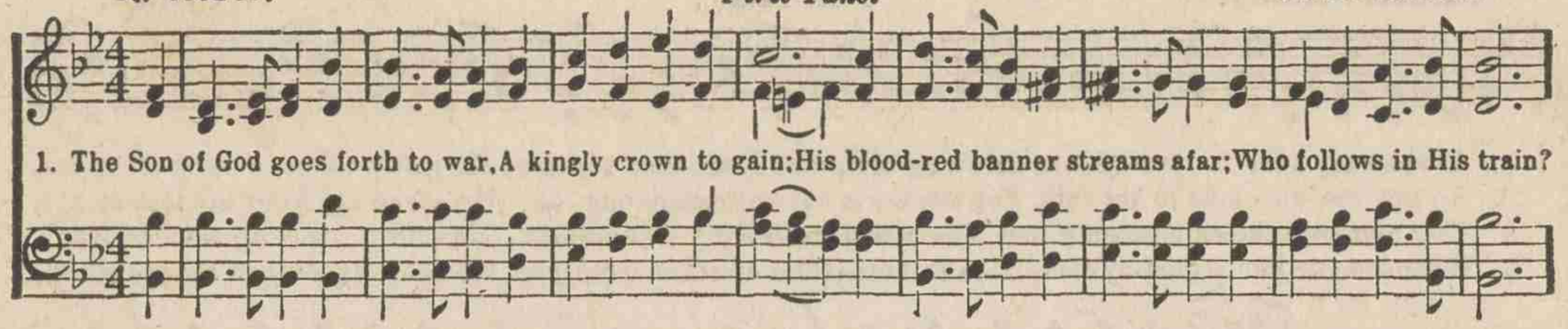


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

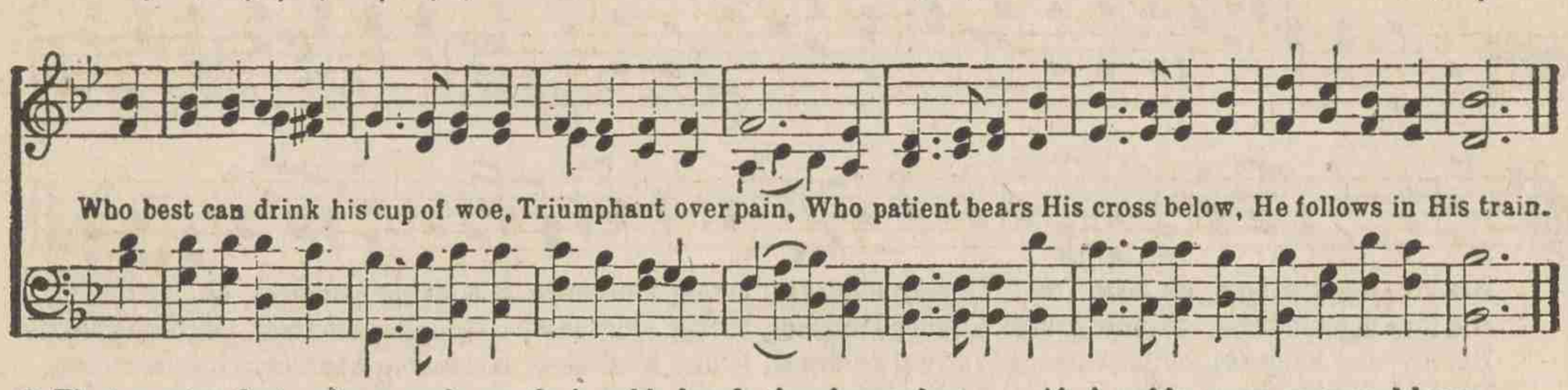
4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 224. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 225. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The tree-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

No 226. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

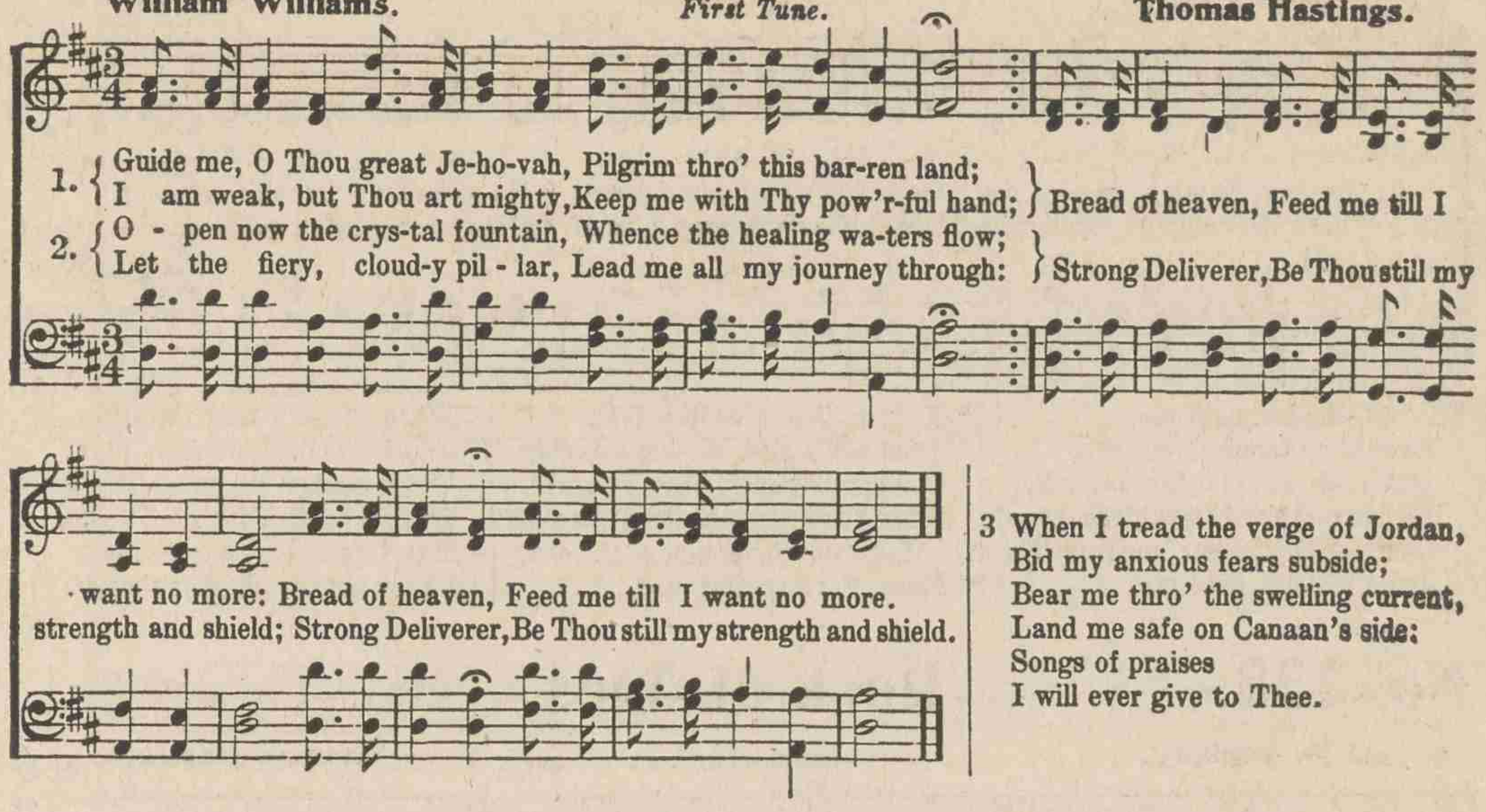
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.

Sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 227. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 228. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 229. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 230. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 231. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* **J. E. Gould.**

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

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

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

No. 232. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* **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.

No. 233. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

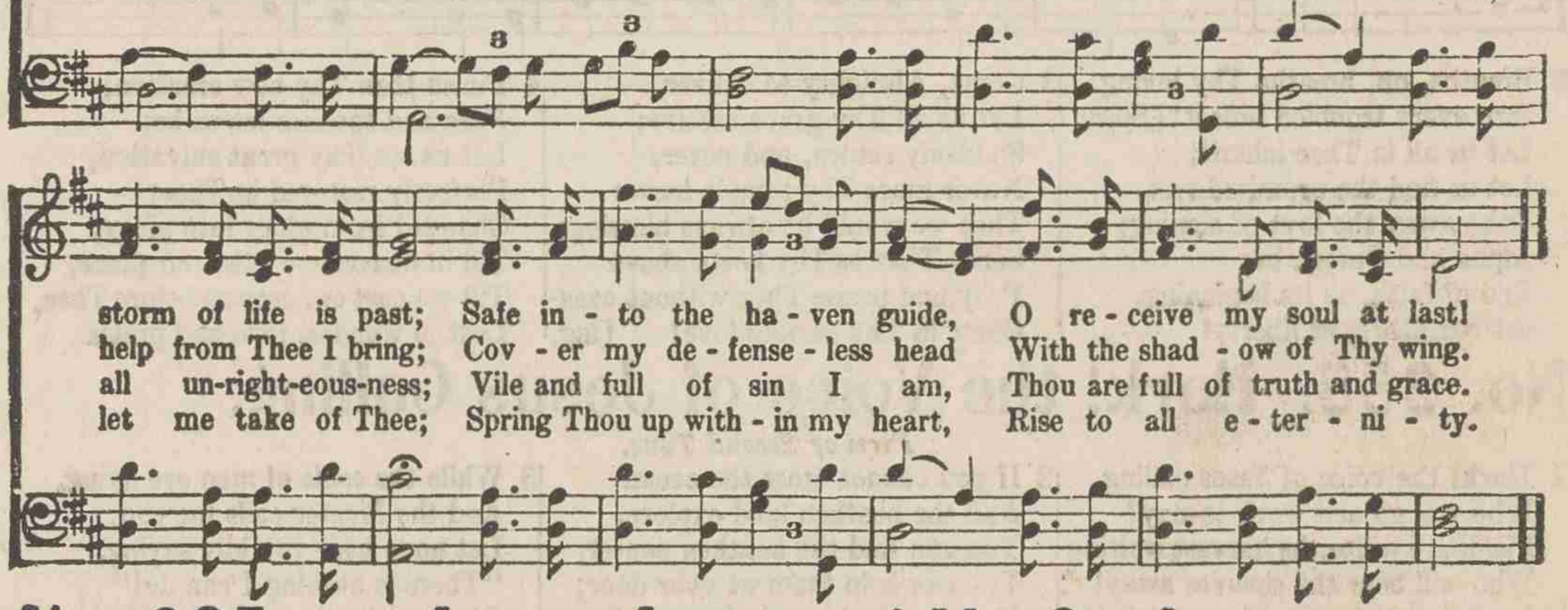
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 234. 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
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly



storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 235. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

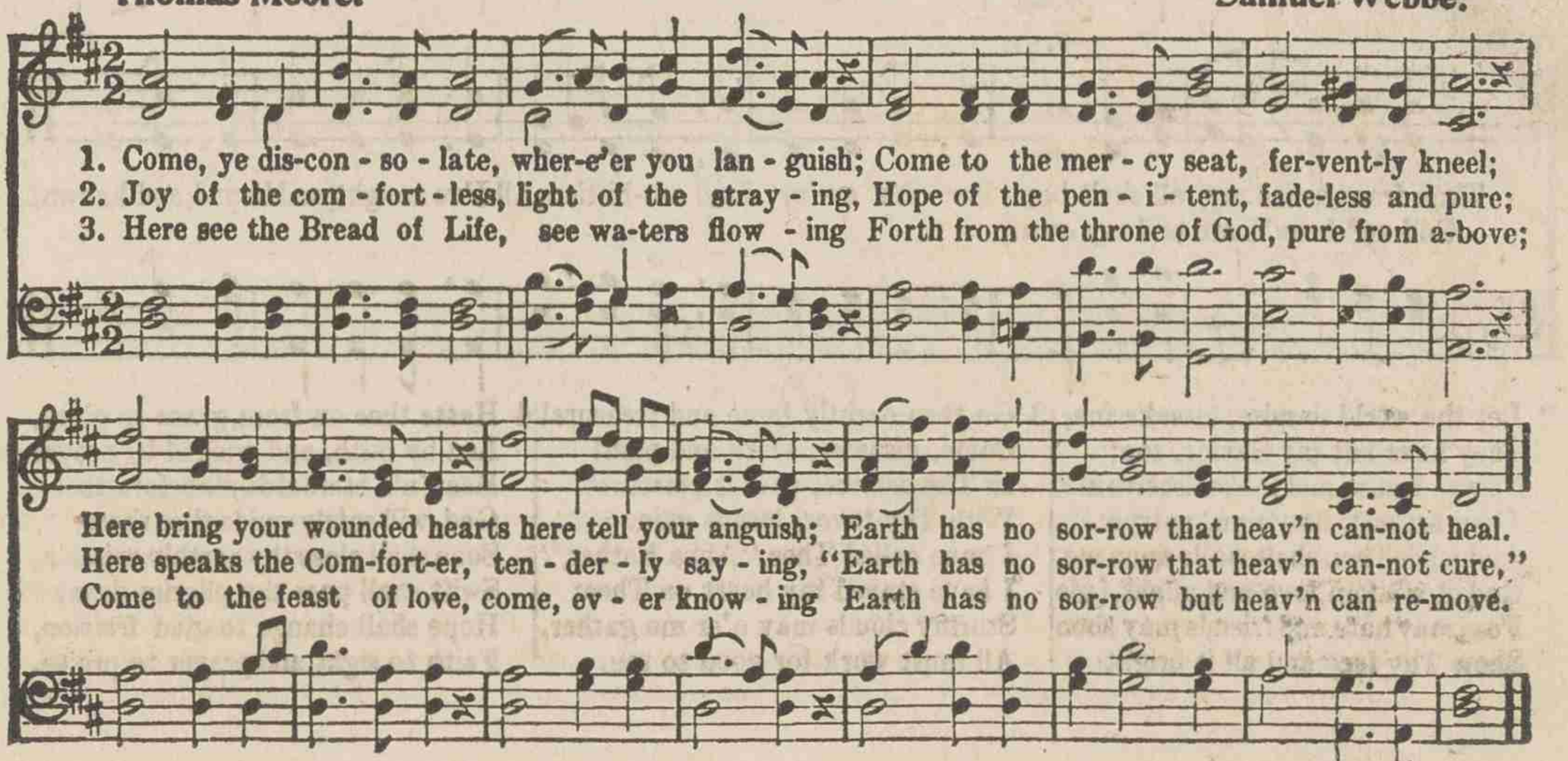
Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, / 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!

No. 236. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

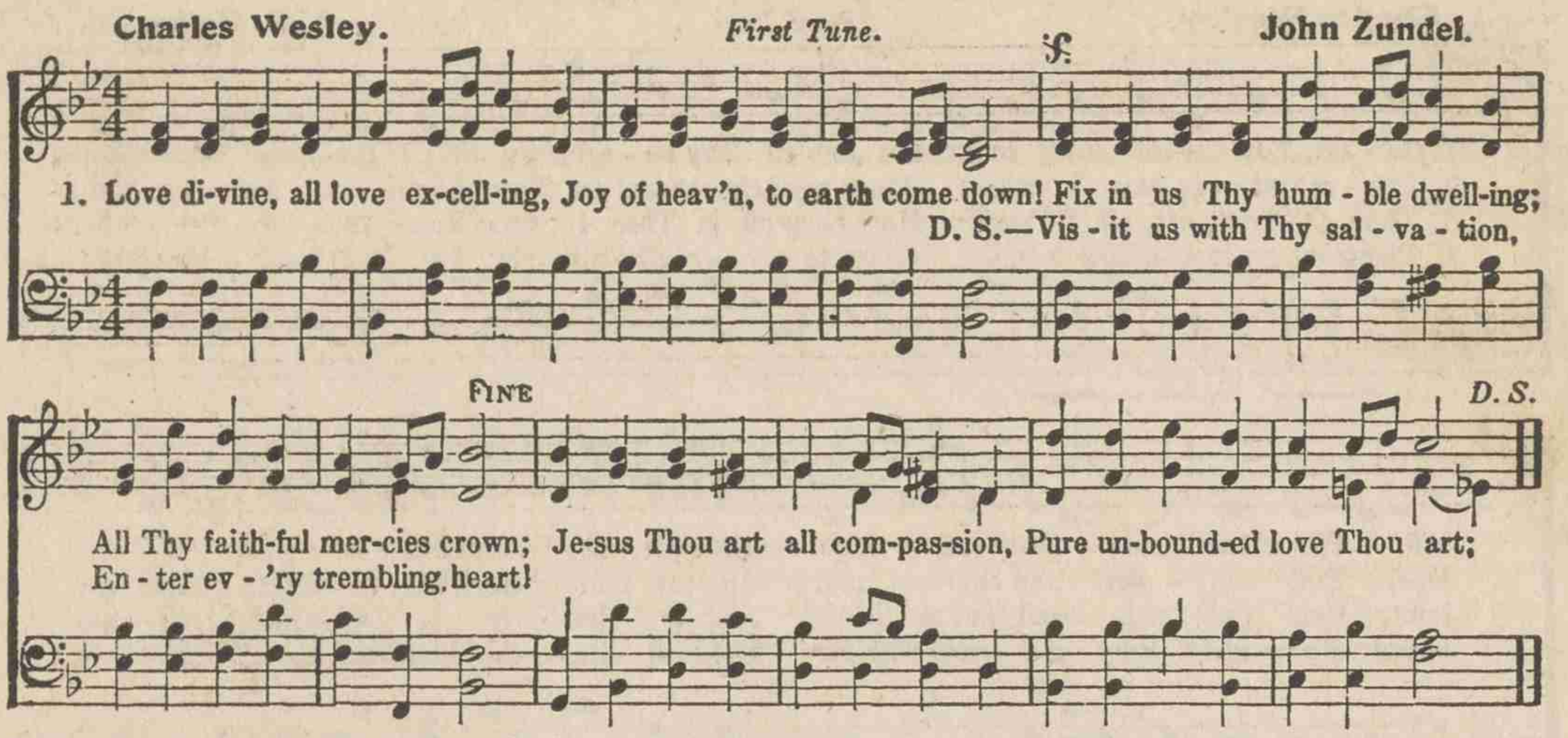


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 237. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



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

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

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

No. 238. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

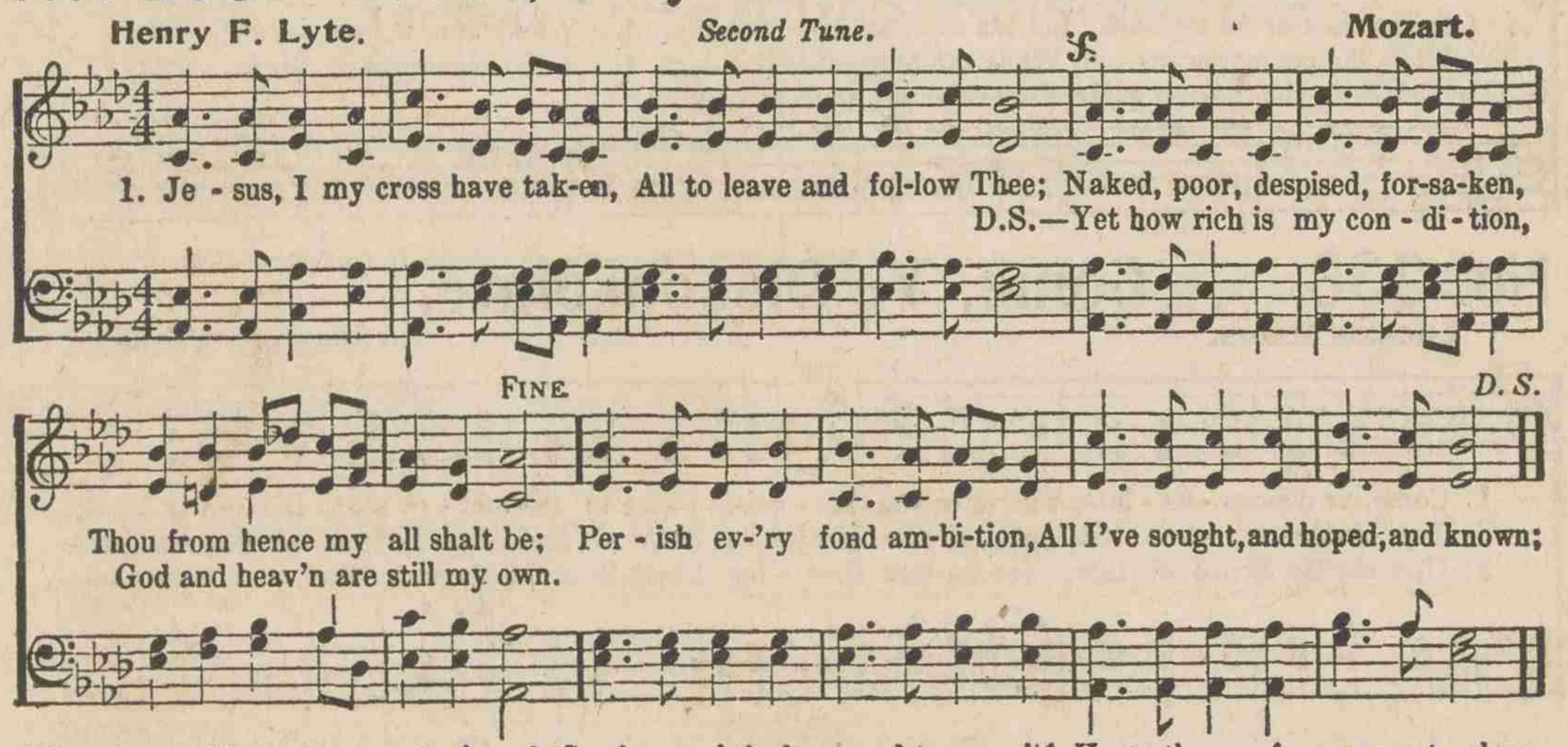
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

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

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

No. 239. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

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



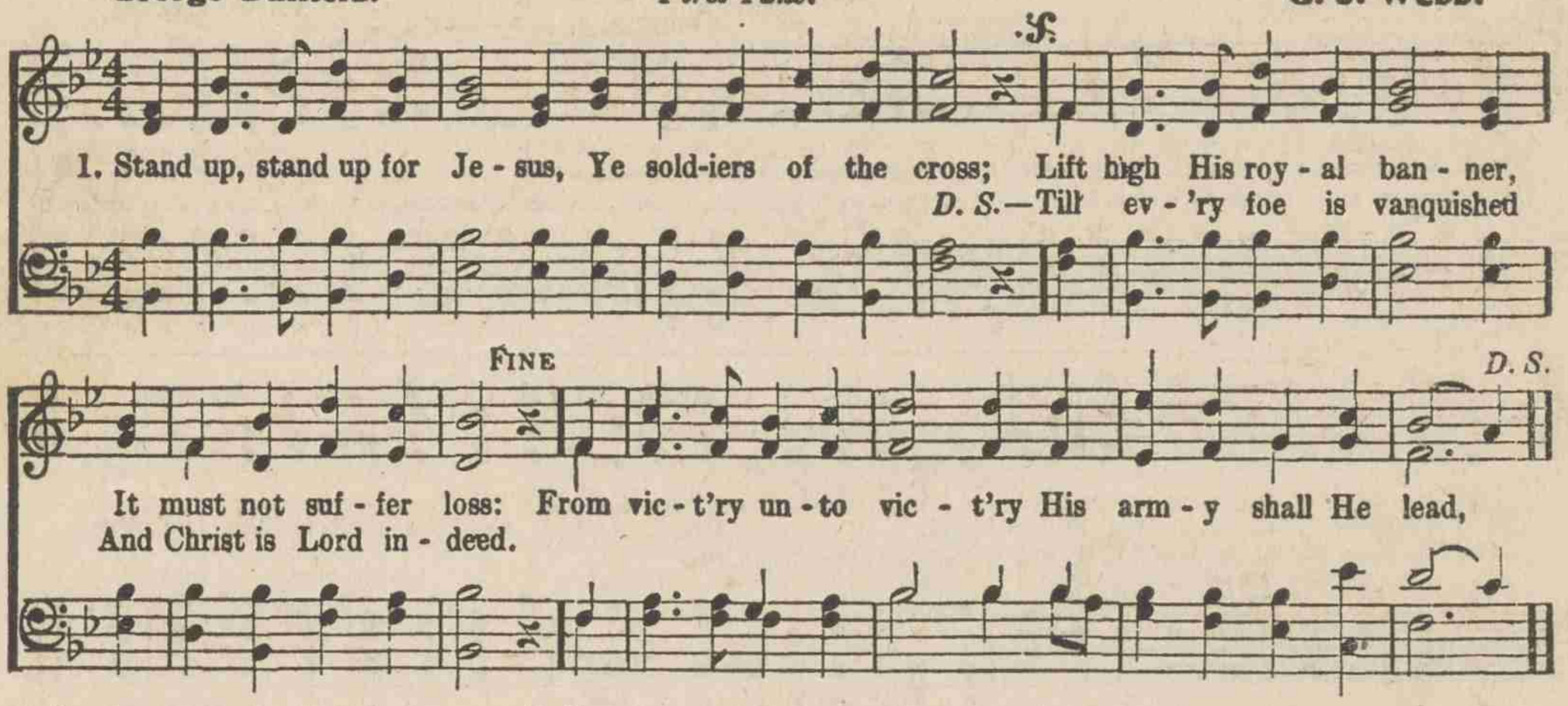
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright

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

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

No. 240. 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.

No. 241. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

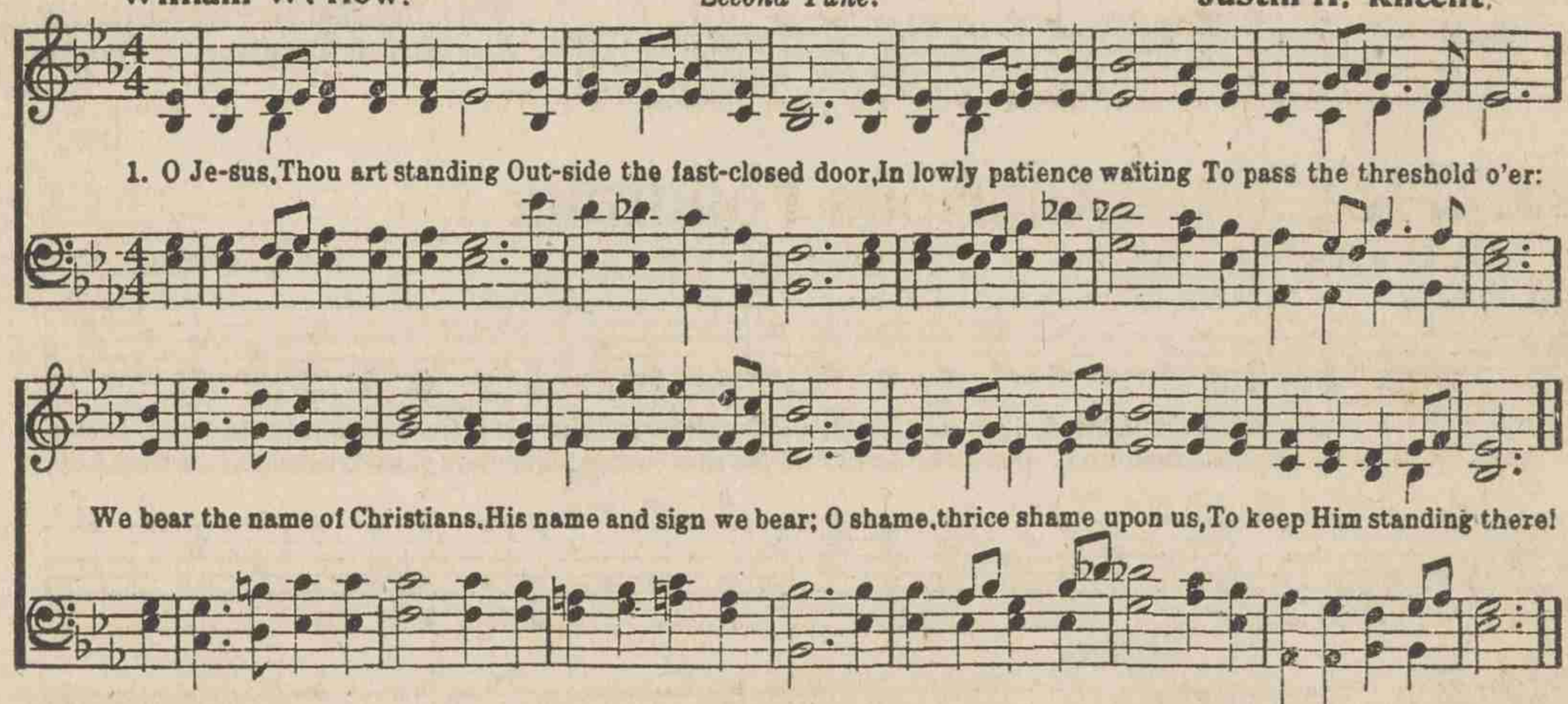
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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."

No. 242. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 243. Wash Me in the Blood.

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W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.

CHORUS.

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

Savior wash..... me in the blood,
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav - ior wash me in the blood. in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh.

No. 244. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

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

FINE. D. C.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 245. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.

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

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 246. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyth. 1 2 D. C.

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.

No. 247. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.

No. 248. The Fountain Stands Open.

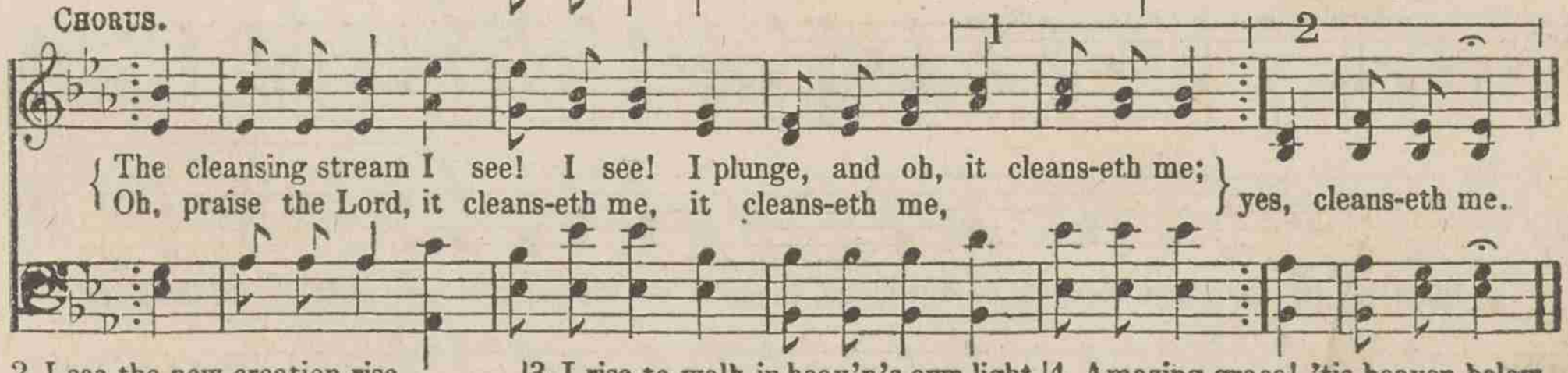
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

No. 249. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2

CHORUS. 1 2



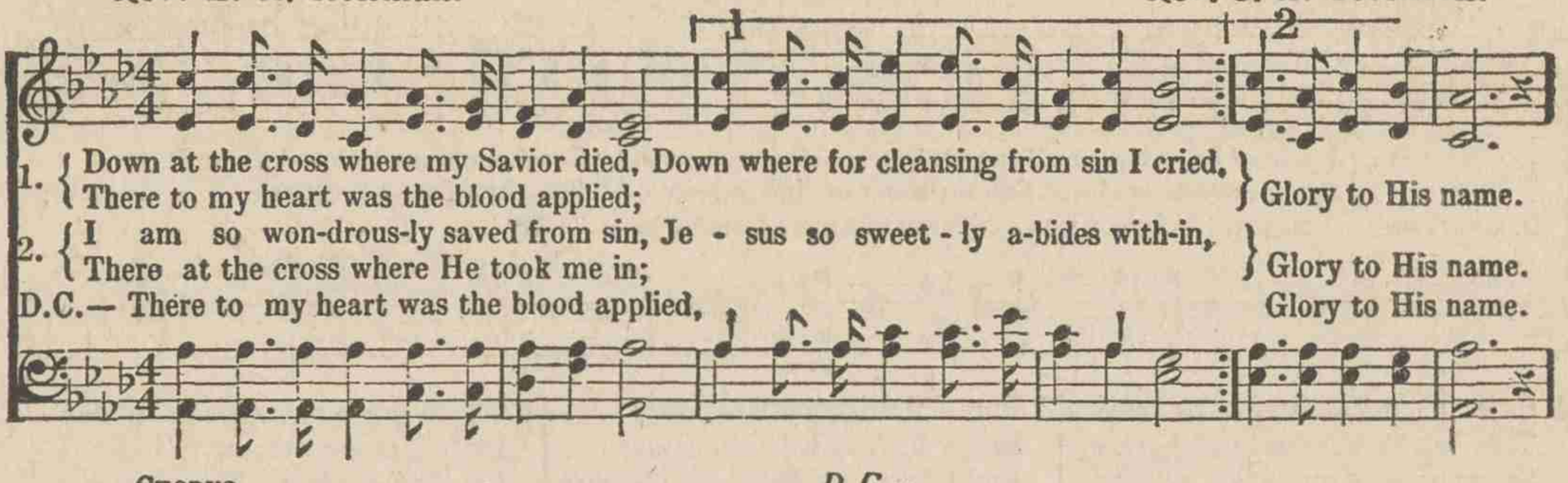
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

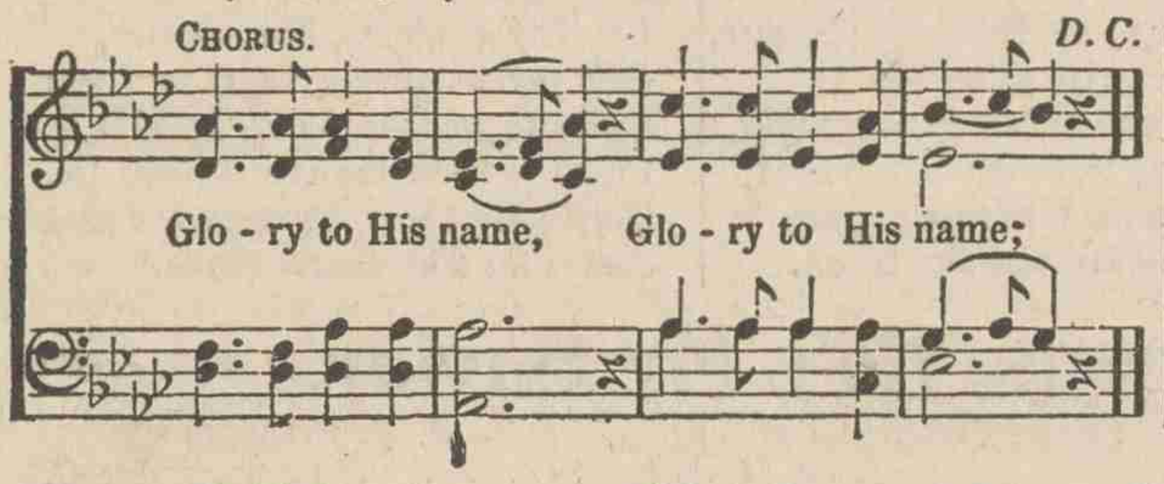
3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 250. Glory to His Name.

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





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

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

No. 251. Under the Gross.

Wm. McDonald. E. O. Excell.

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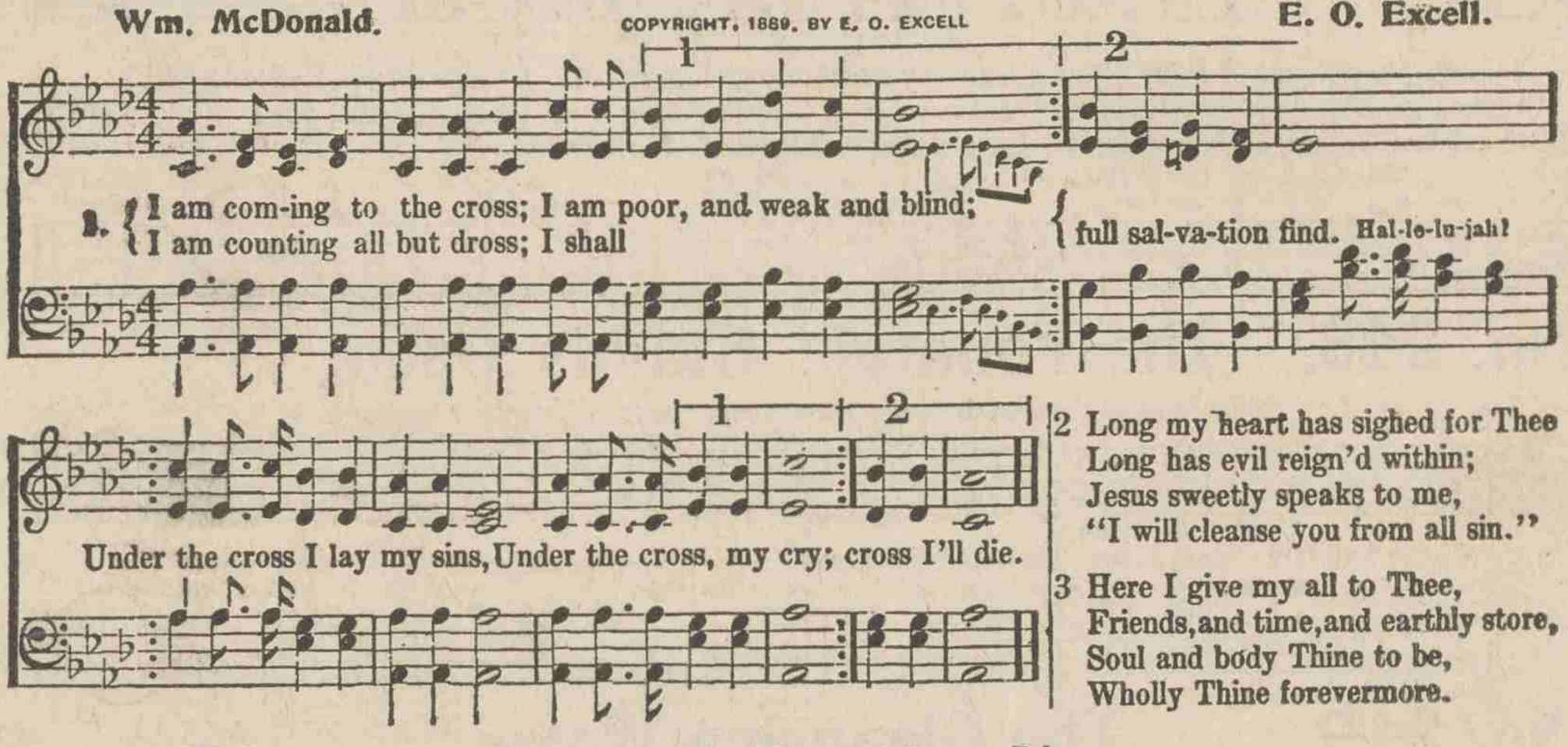
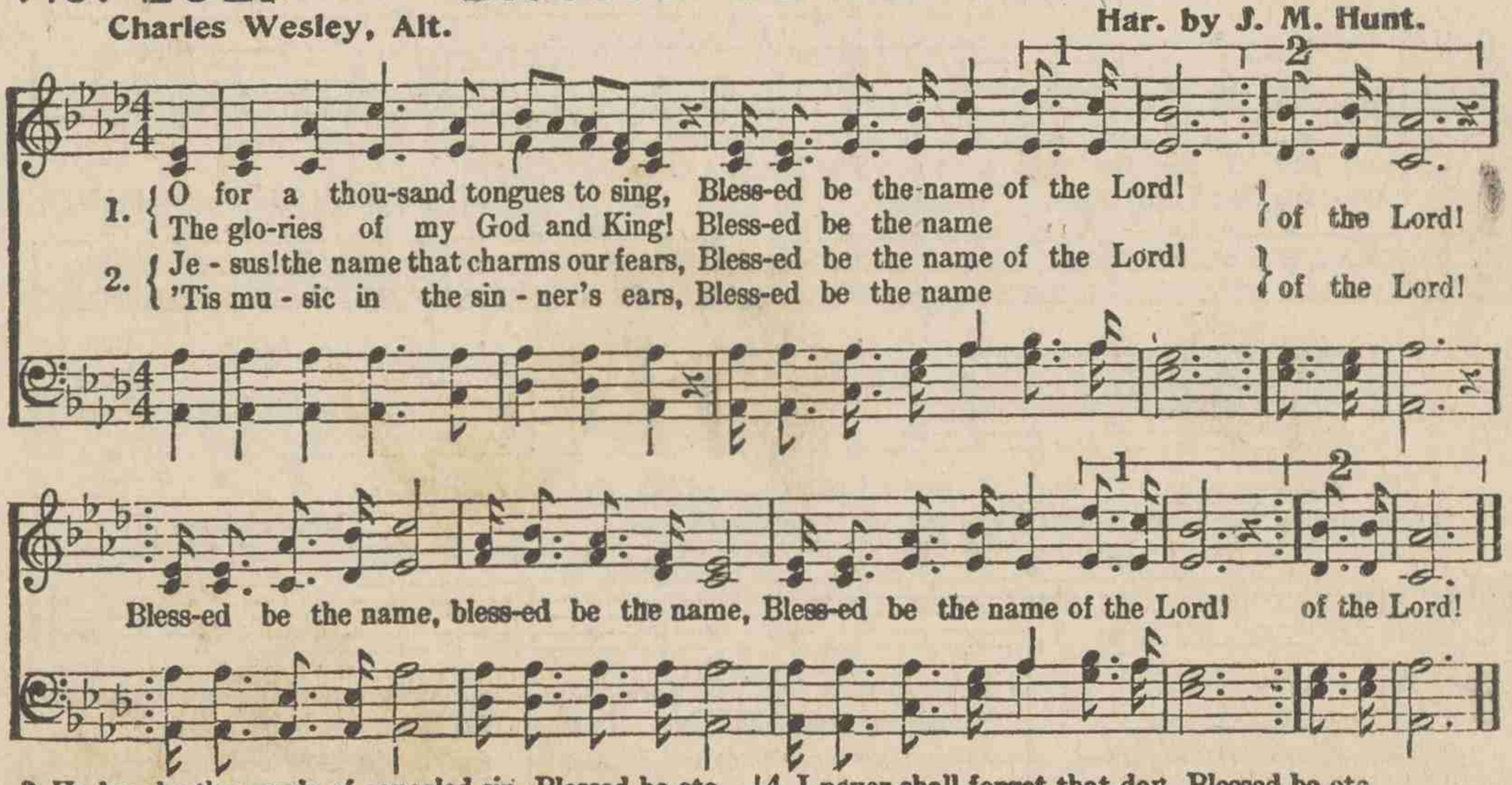


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 252. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



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,

No. 253. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* **Sir Arthur Sullivan.**

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 254. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*

D.S.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

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!

No. 255. Something for Jesus.

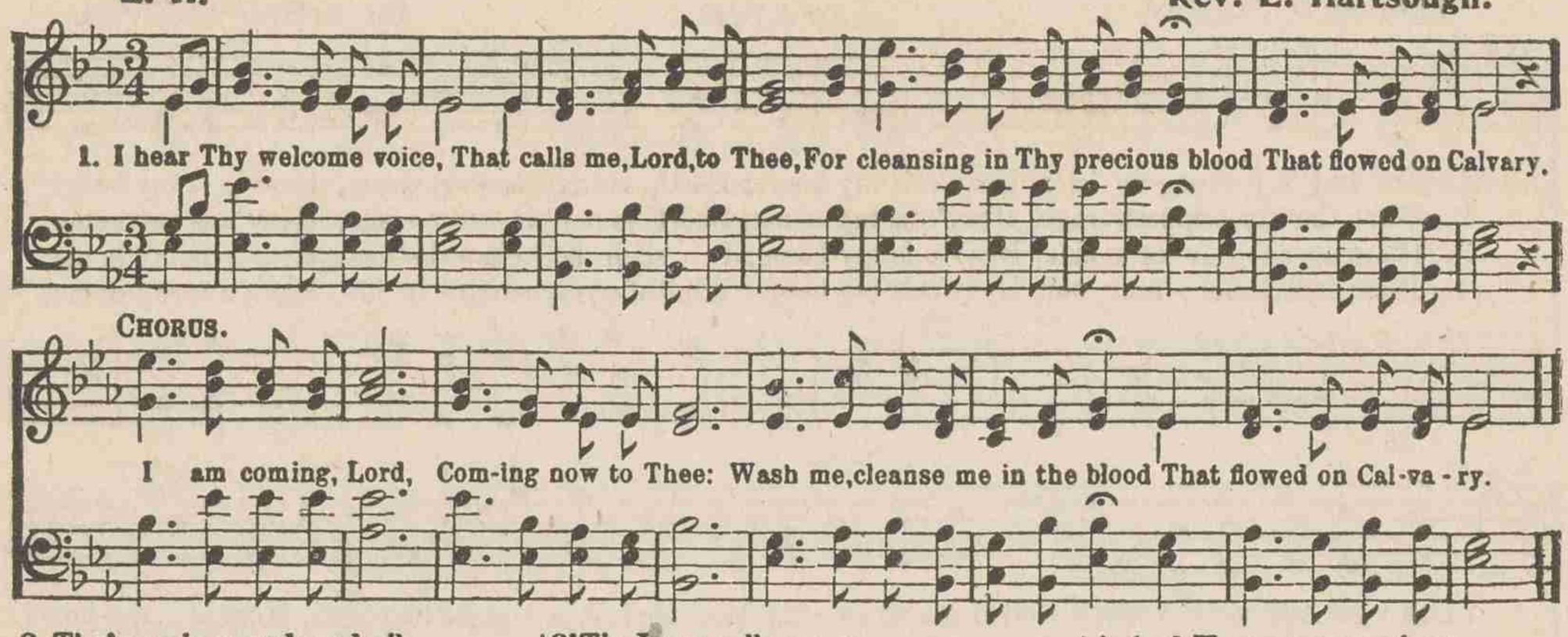
S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* **Lowell Mason.**

1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 256. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



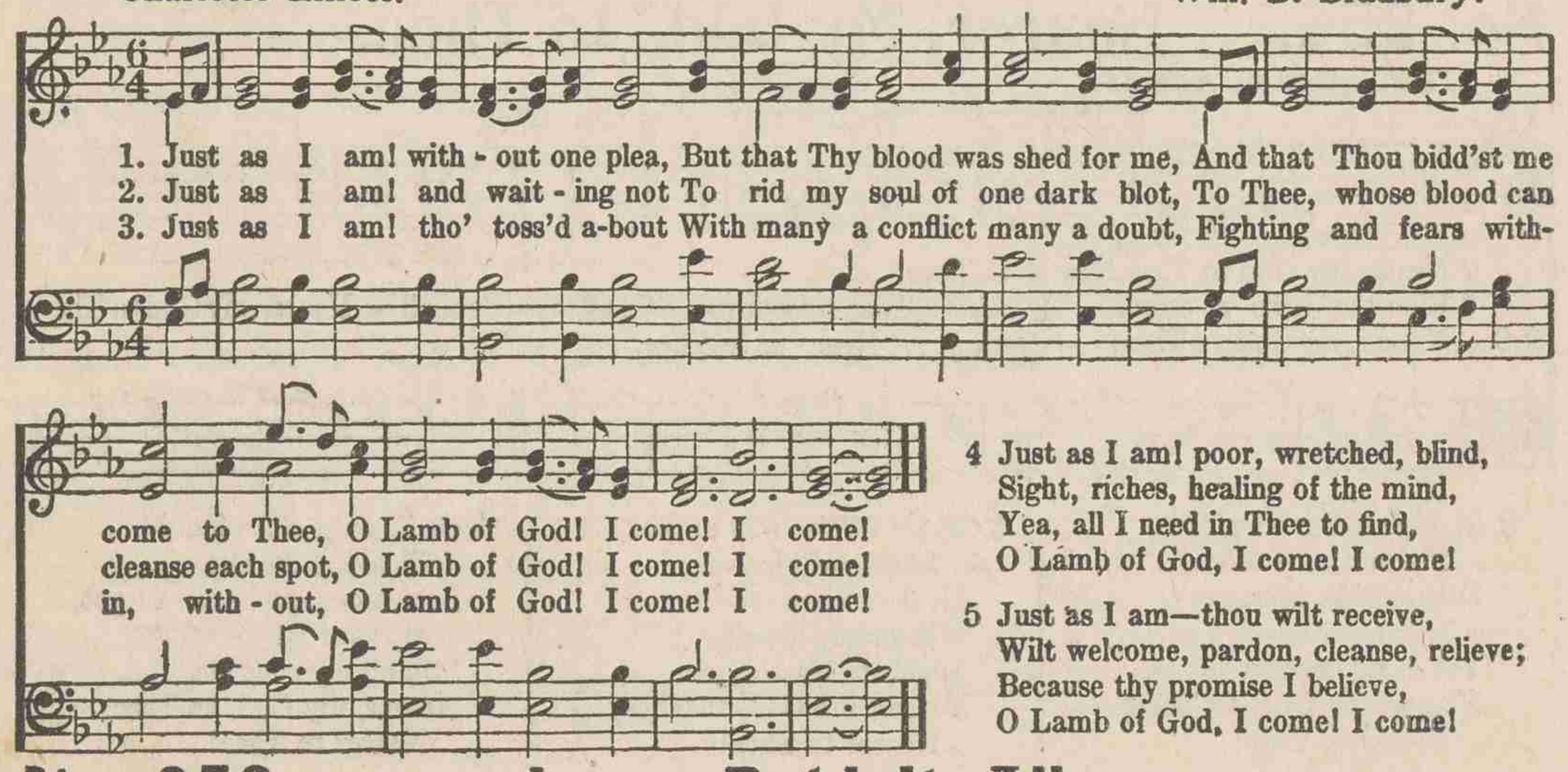
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

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.

No. 257. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

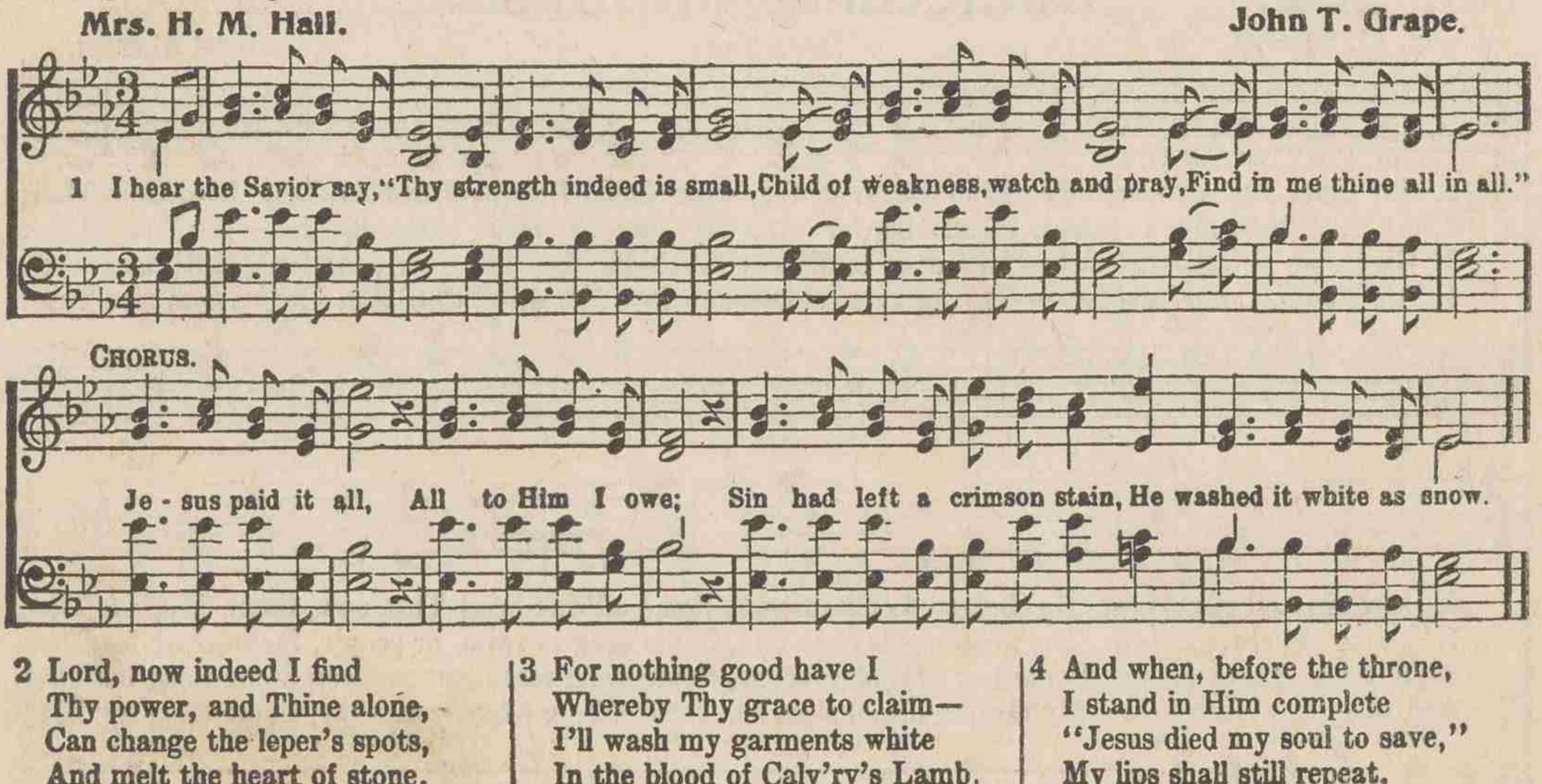


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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!

No. 258. 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.

No. 259. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. { Why do you lin - ger in dark-ness so long? Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
   { Have you not friends in the heav-en - ly throng? Je - sus is wait - ing [*Omit . . .*] to save. (you now.)

2. { Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;)
   { An - gels are long - ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait - ing [*Omit . . .*] to save. (you now.)

CHORUS.

Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; (you now;) to save. (you now.)

3 Time will not linger; how soon we must go!
Jesus is waiting to save;
Why turn away, and to Jesus say, No?
Jesus is waiting to save.

4 While we are praying, oh, stay not away,
Jesus is waiting to save;
Come to Him now, not a moment delay,
Jesus is waiting to save.

No. 260. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

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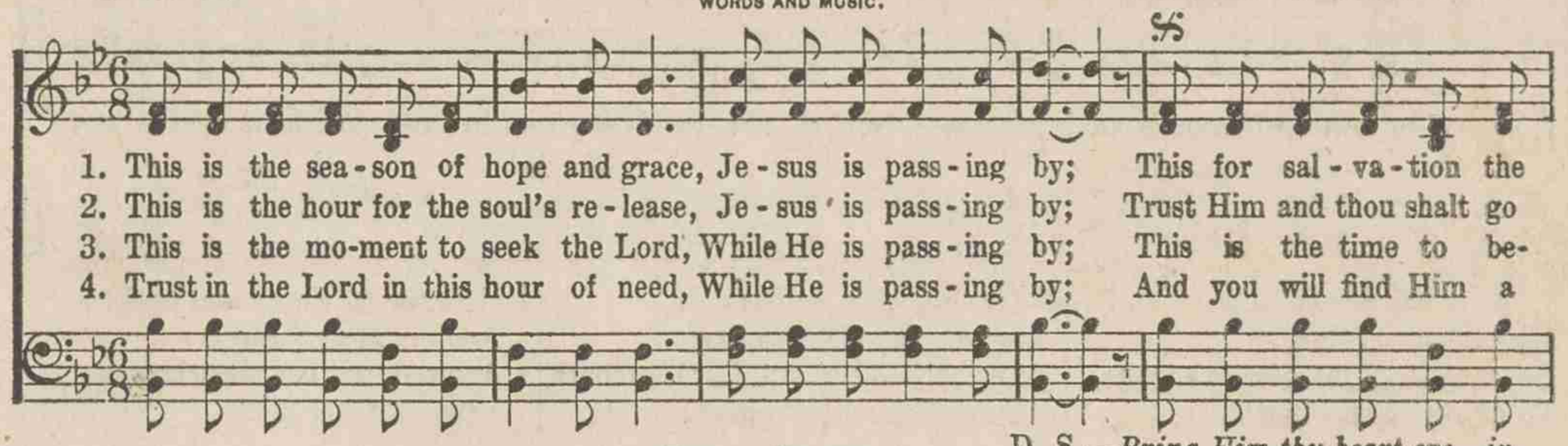
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by; This for sal - va - tion the
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by; Trust Him and thou shalt go
3. This is the mo-ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by; This is the time to be-
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by; And you will find Him a

D. S.—*Bring Him thy heart ere in* D. S.

FINE. CHORUS.

time and place, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
forth in peace, Je - sus is pass-ing by. Je - sus is pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
lieve His word, While He is pass-ing by.
Friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass-ing by.

No. 261. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.

1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
   { And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [*Omit . . . . . .*] O Lamb of God, I come!

1st. CHO.—*We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.*
2d. CHO.—*I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.*

No. 262. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

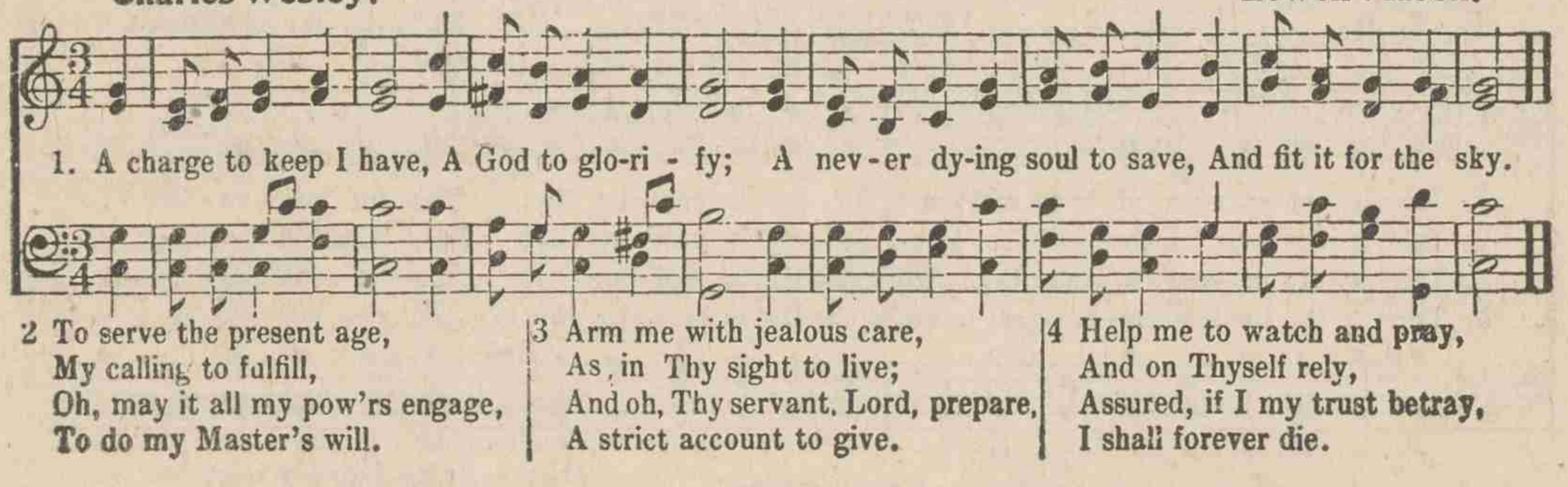
Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 263. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

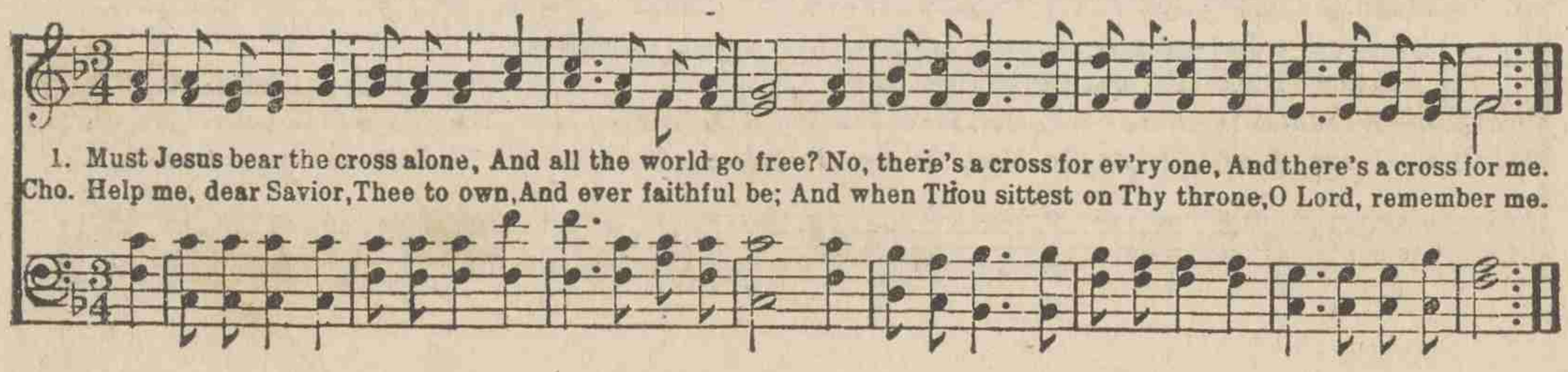
Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

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.

No. 265. Remember Me.



No. 266. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; / He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, } Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.

Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

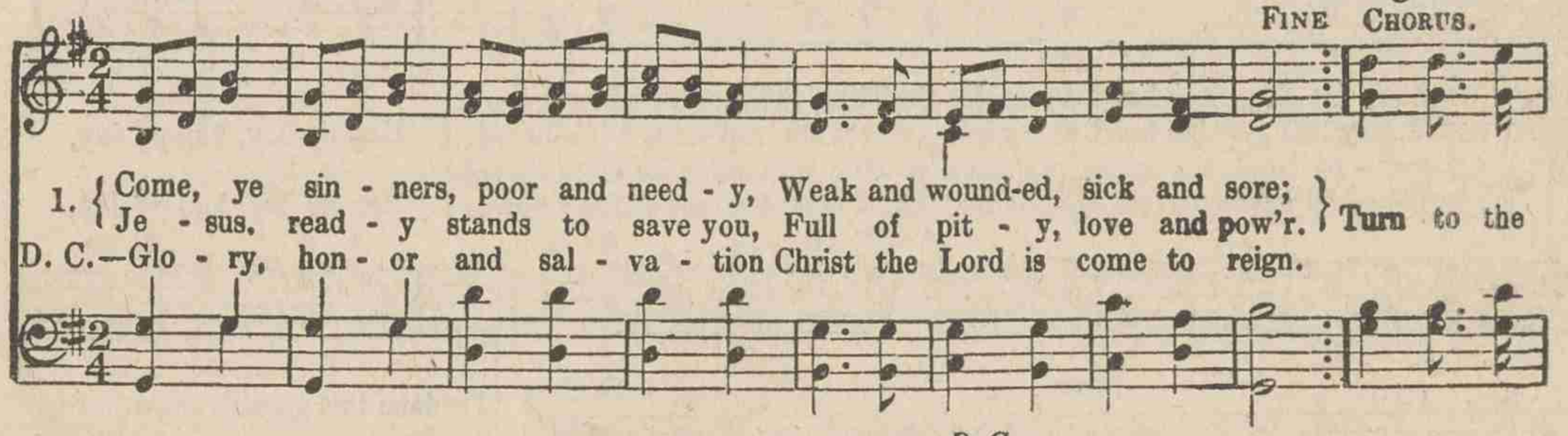
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 267. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; / Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

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

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

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

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 268. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon. Unknown.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 269. 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.

No. 270.. 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. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

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

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

No. 271. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

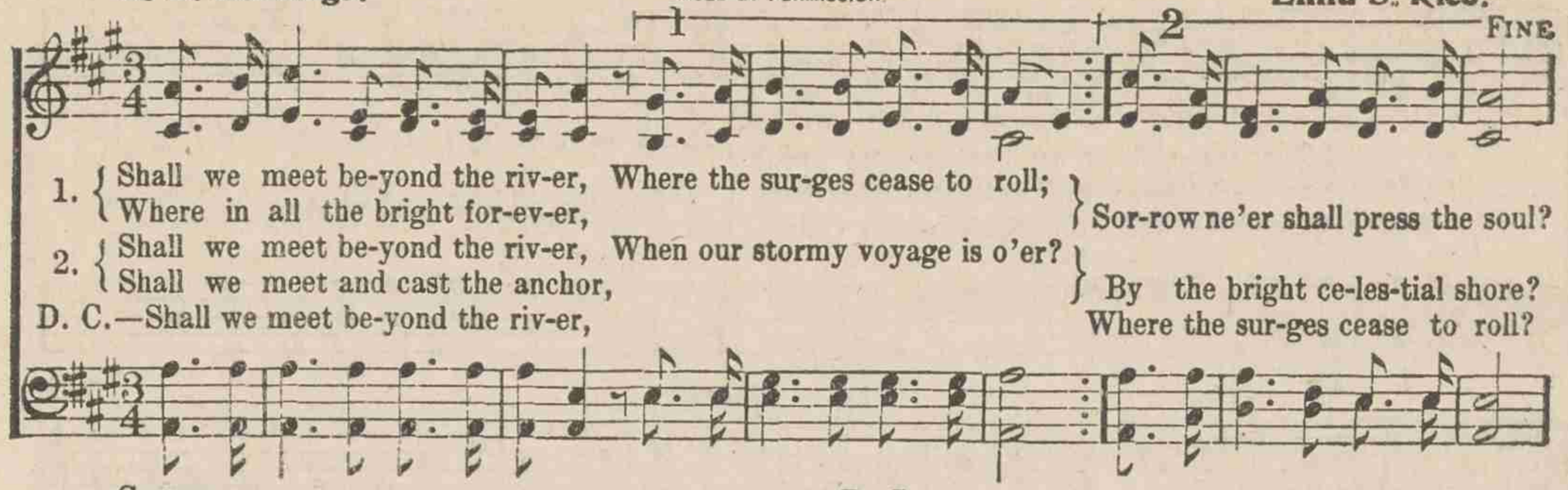
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed 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.

No. 272. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; } Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? } Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS. D. C.

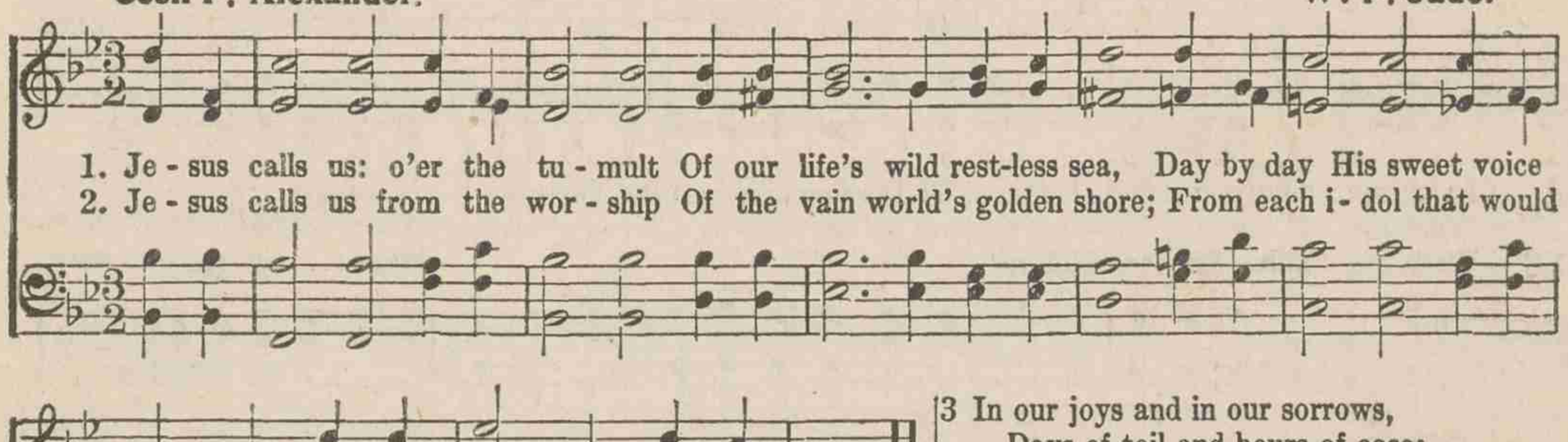
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

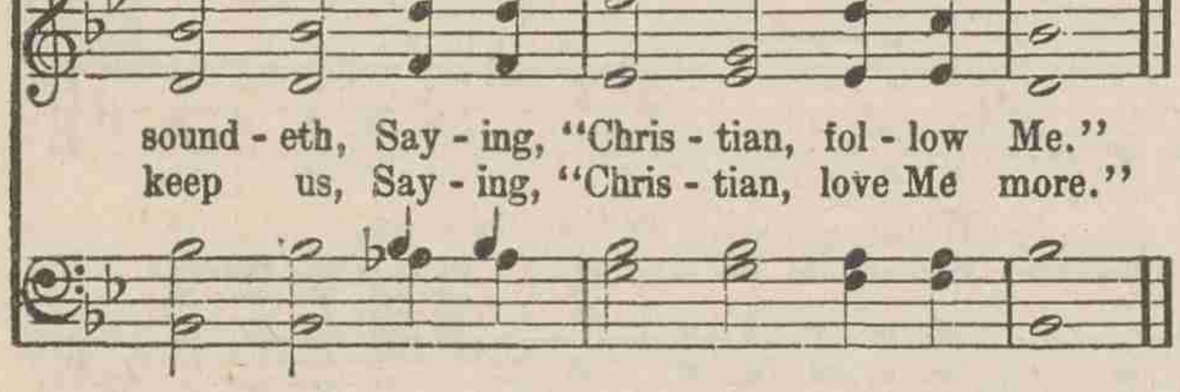
4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 273. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would



sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 274. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-

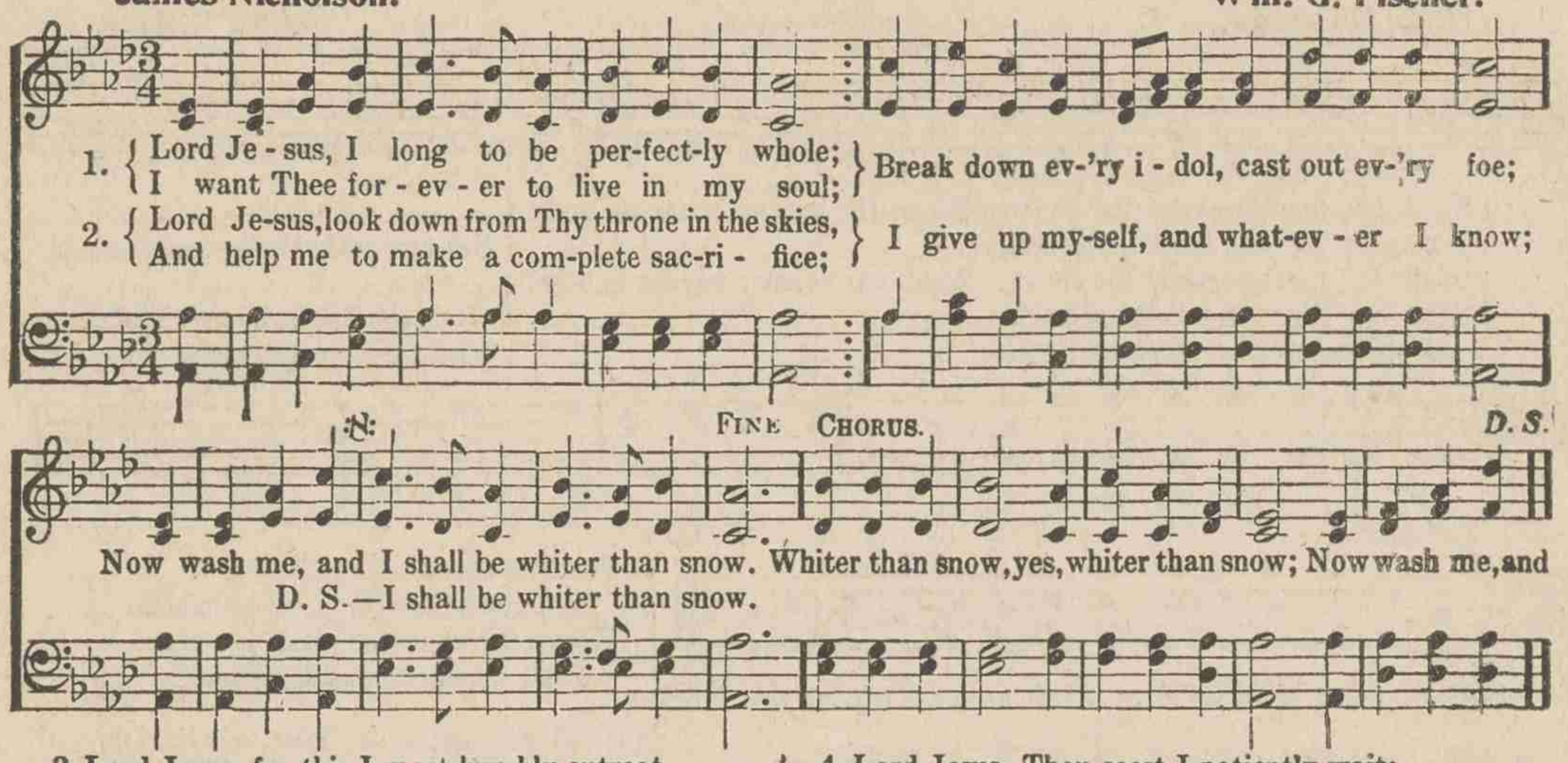
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sing.

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.

No. 275. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



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

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

No. 276. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S.

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Frank A. Simpkins.

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

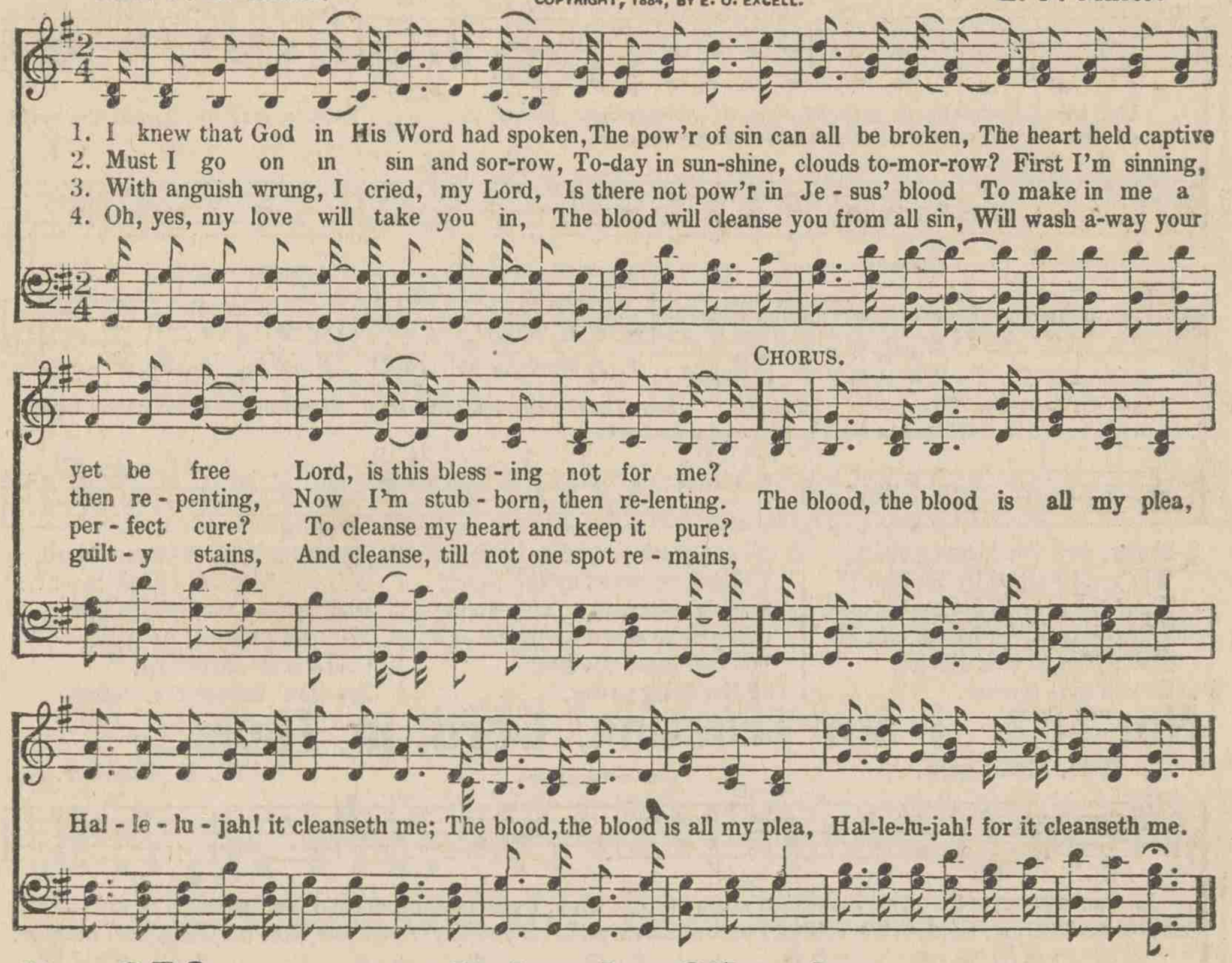
No. 277. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

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

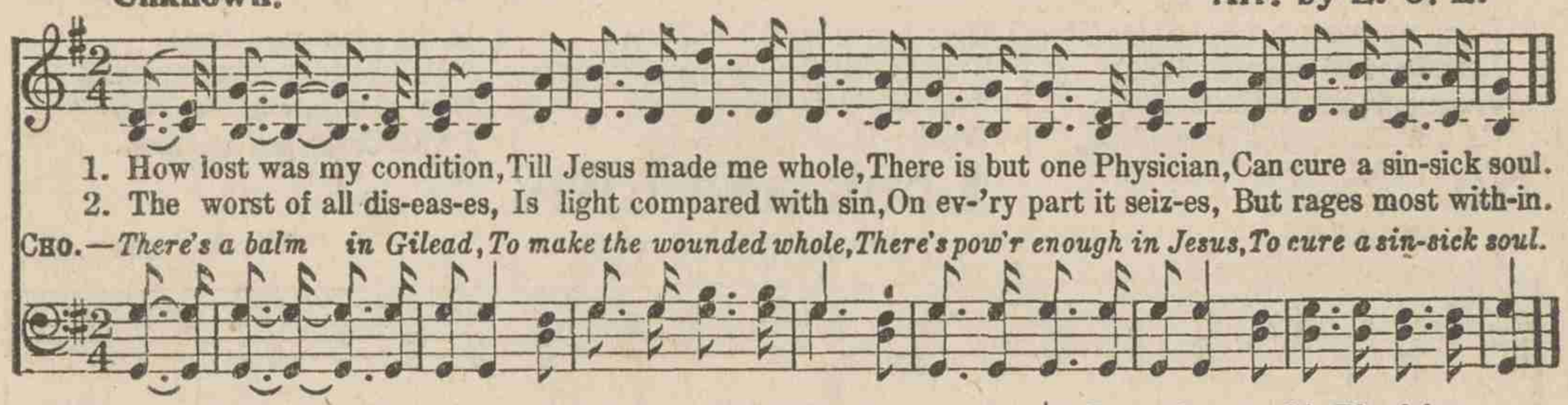
No. 278. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.



No. 279. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



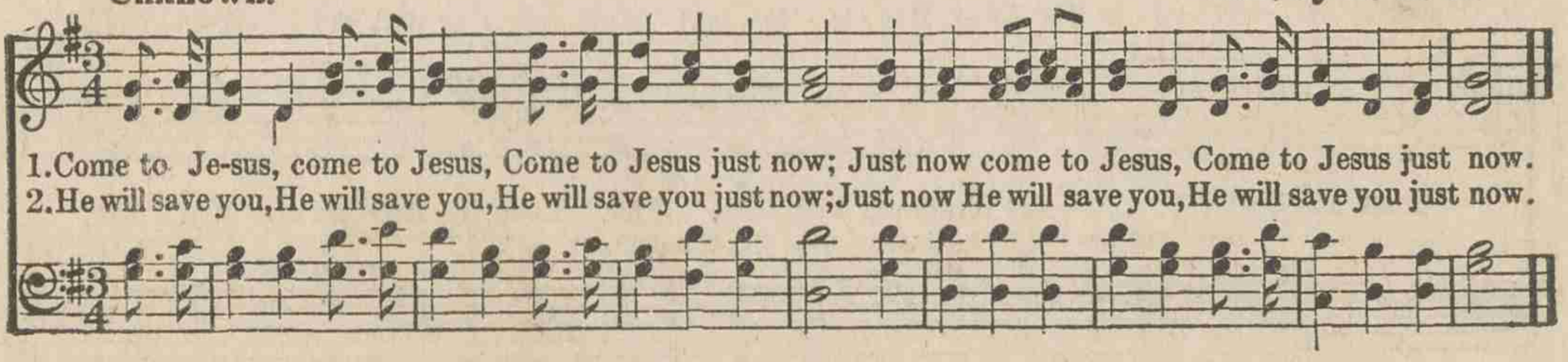
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 280. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



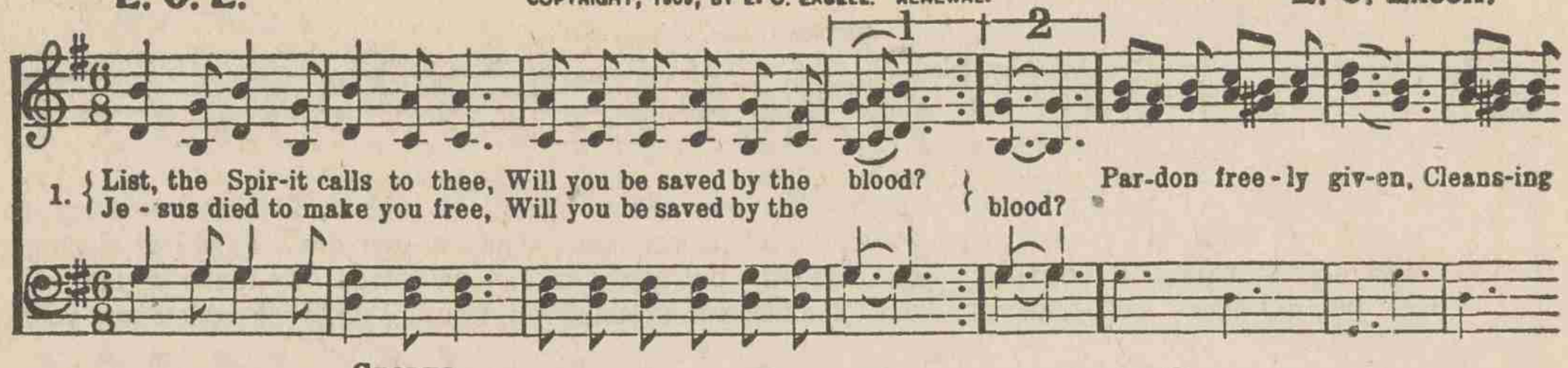
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

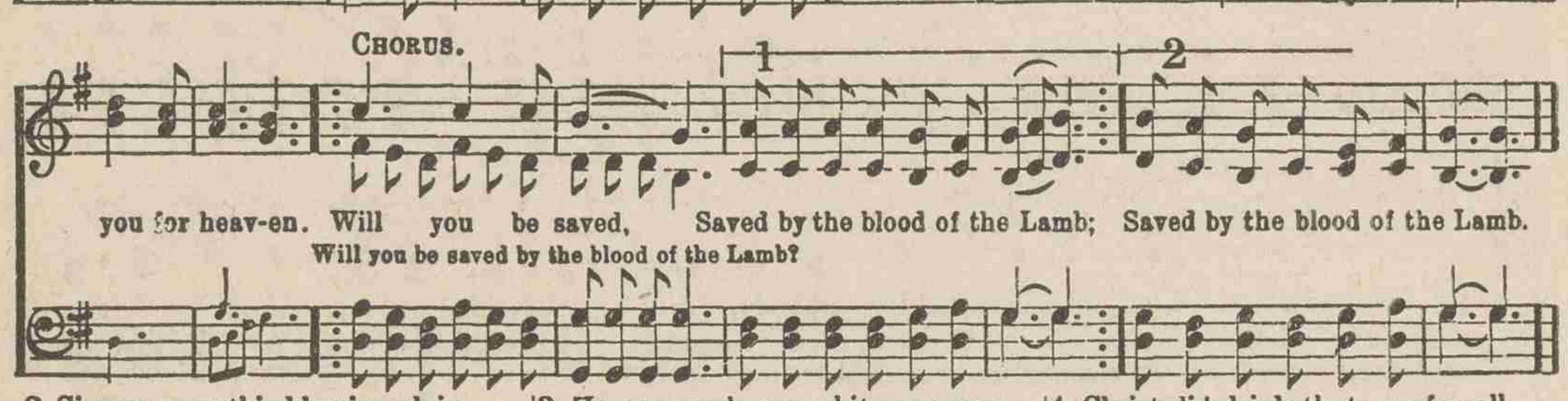
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 281. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.





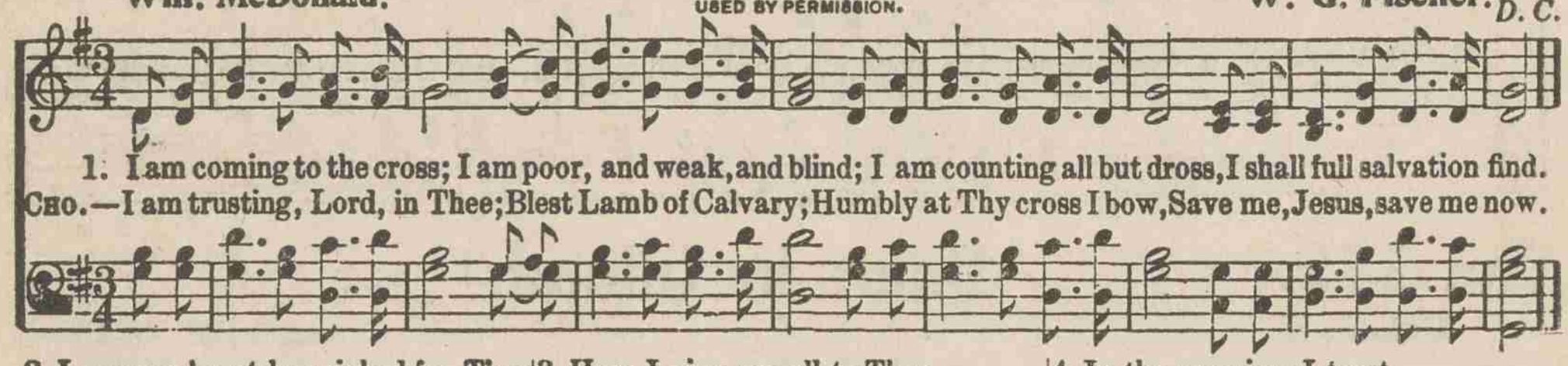
2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 282. 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.

No. 283. Look and Live.

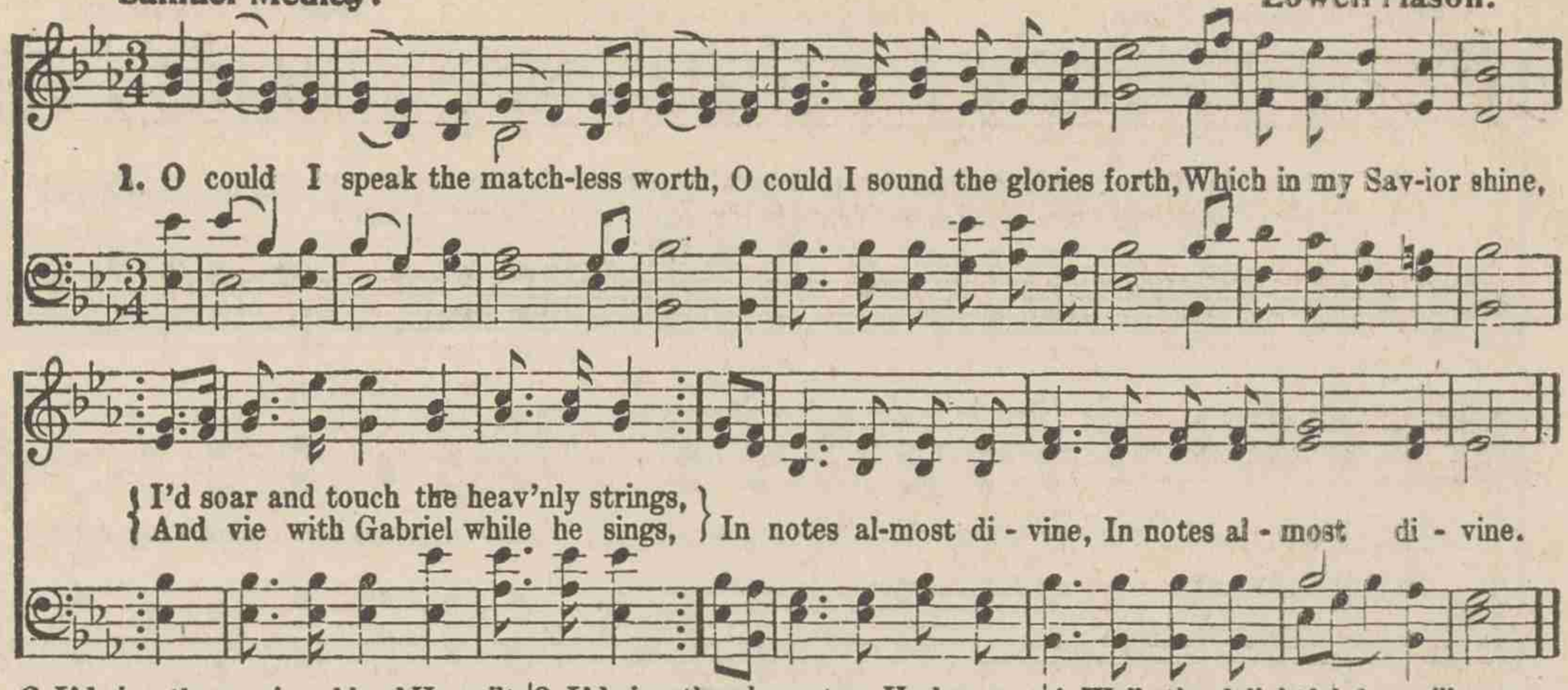
W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden. FINE

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 284. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace. [Friend,

No. 285. There's a Wideness.

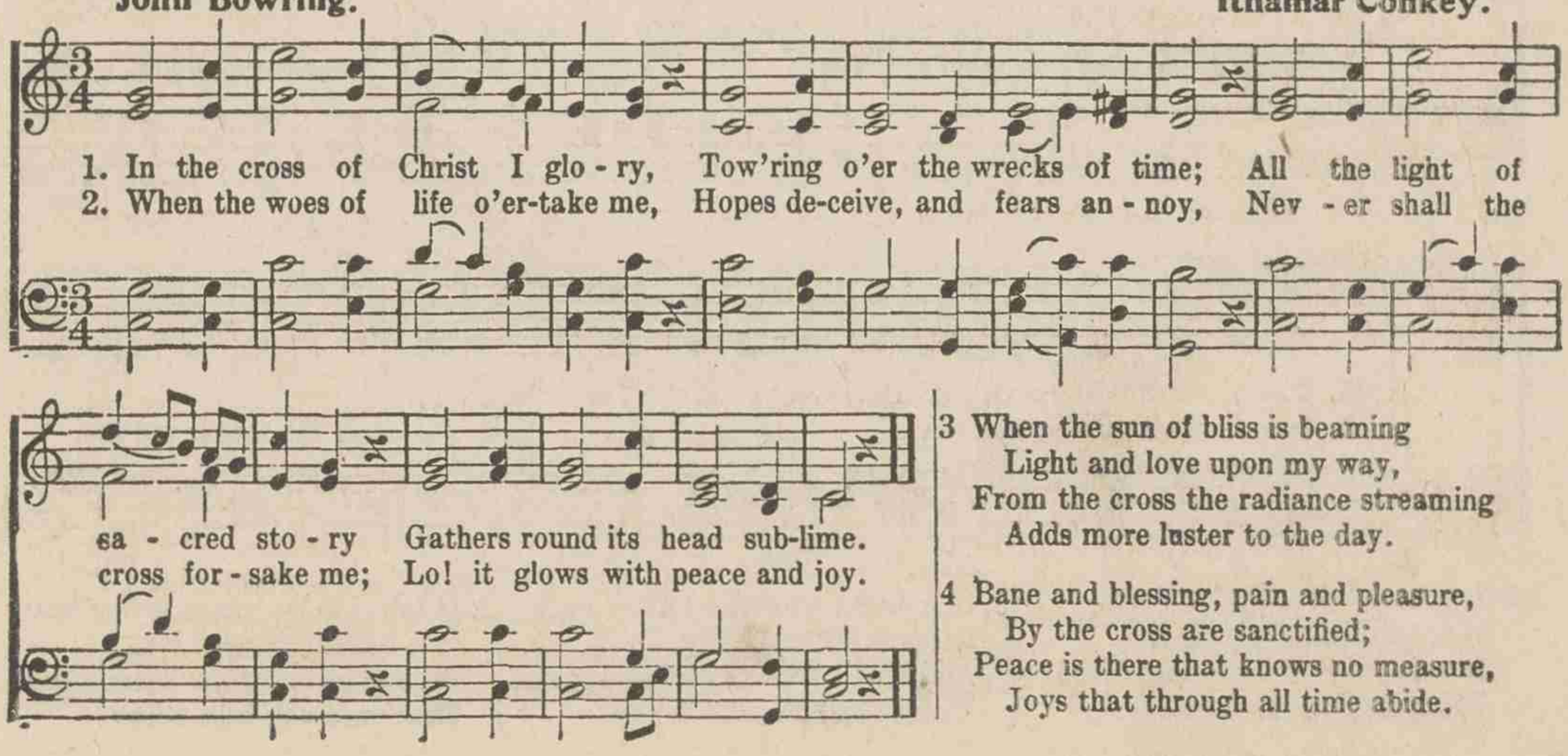
Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 286. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

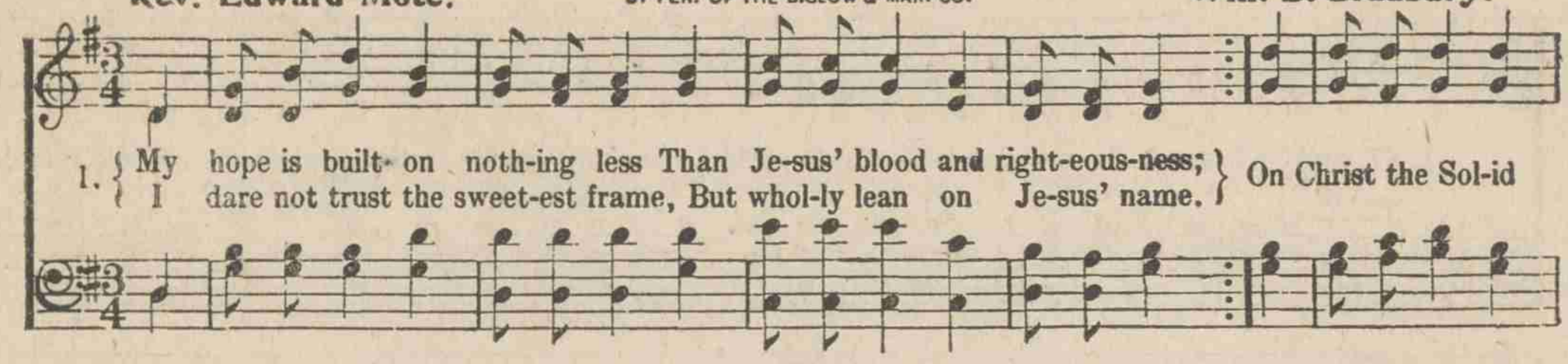


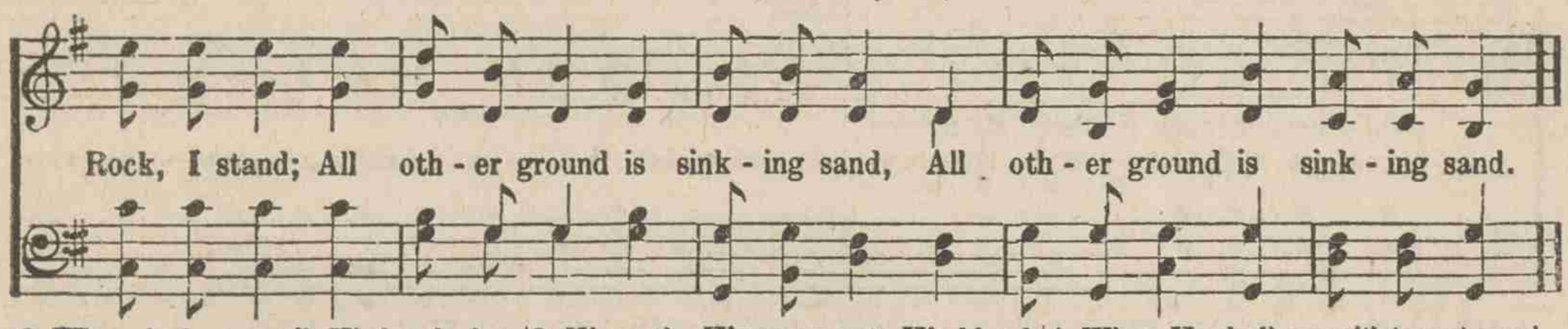
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 287. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.





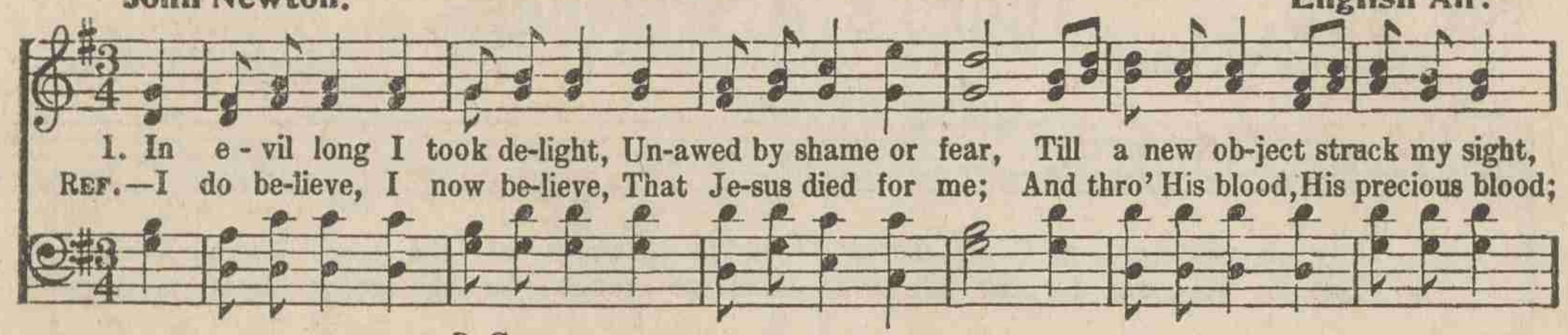
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

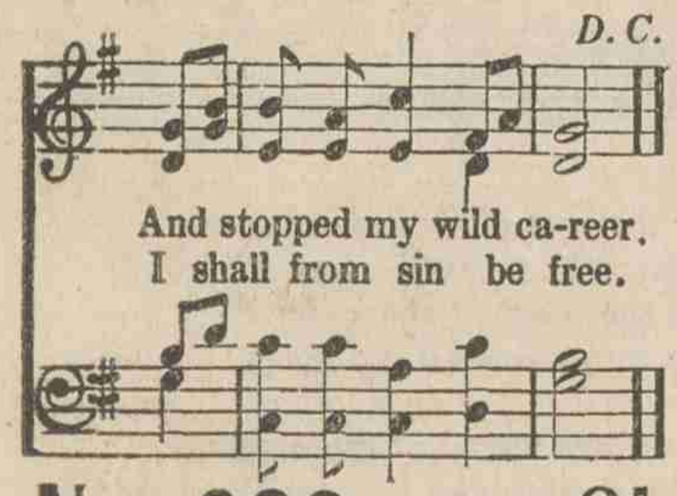
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way.
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 288. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.





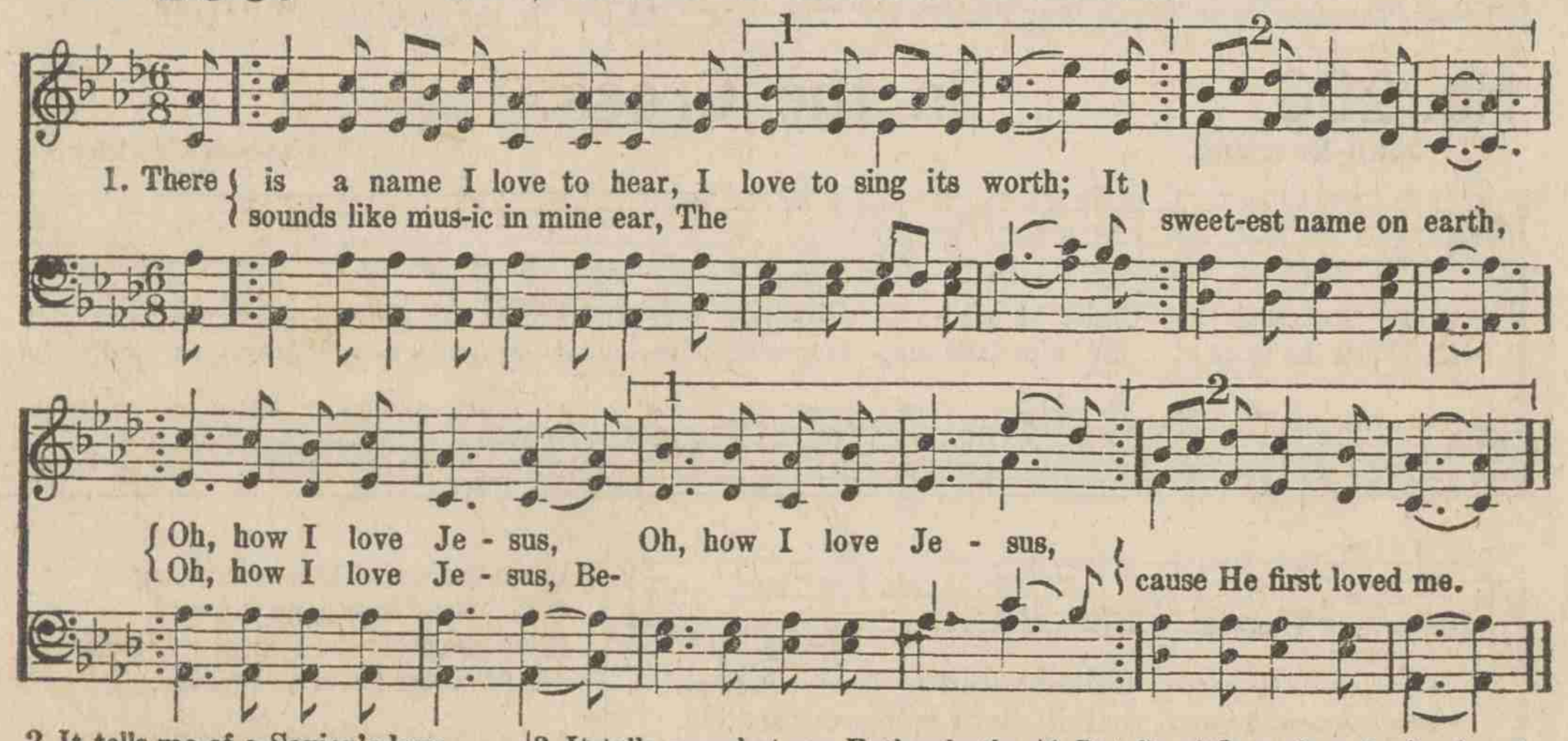
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 289. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



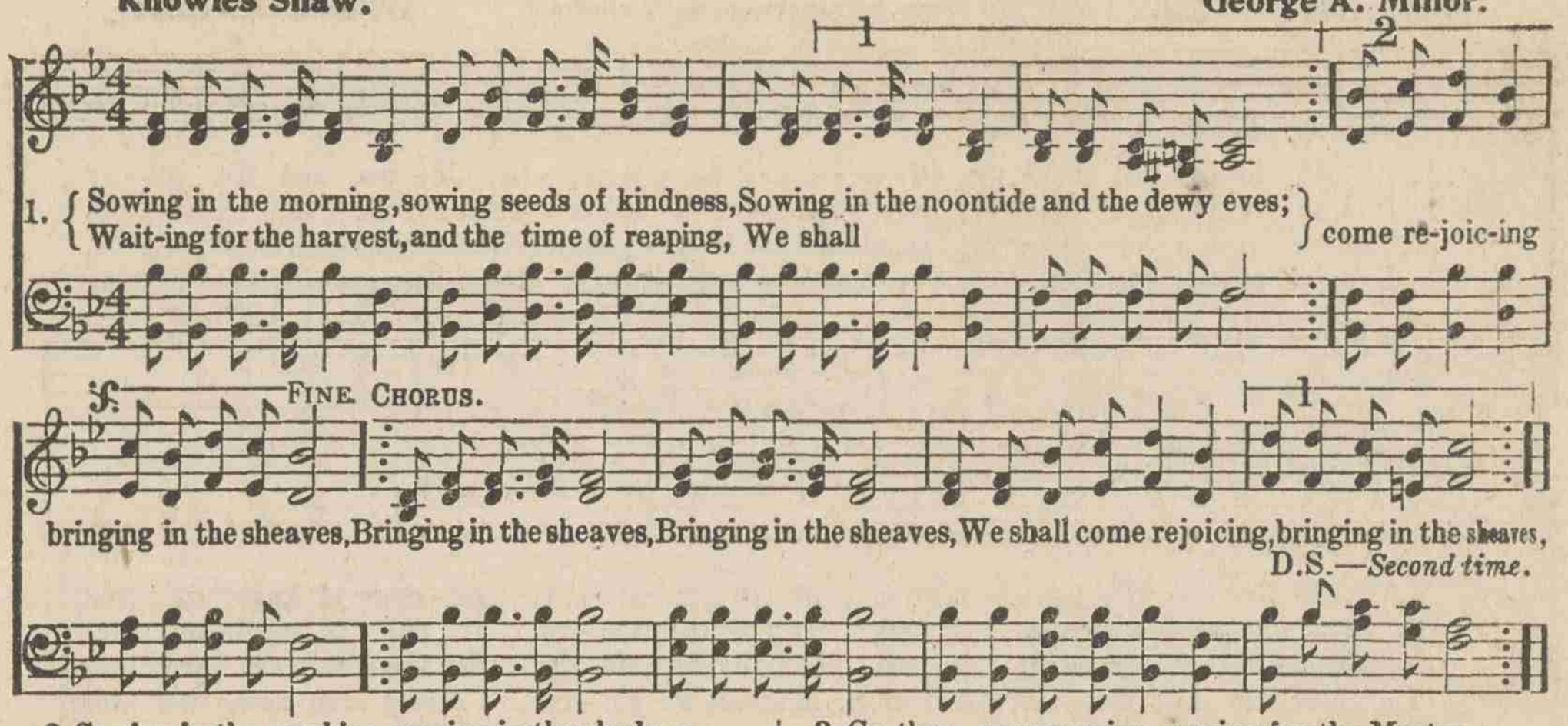
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

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

No. 290. 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.

No. 291. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

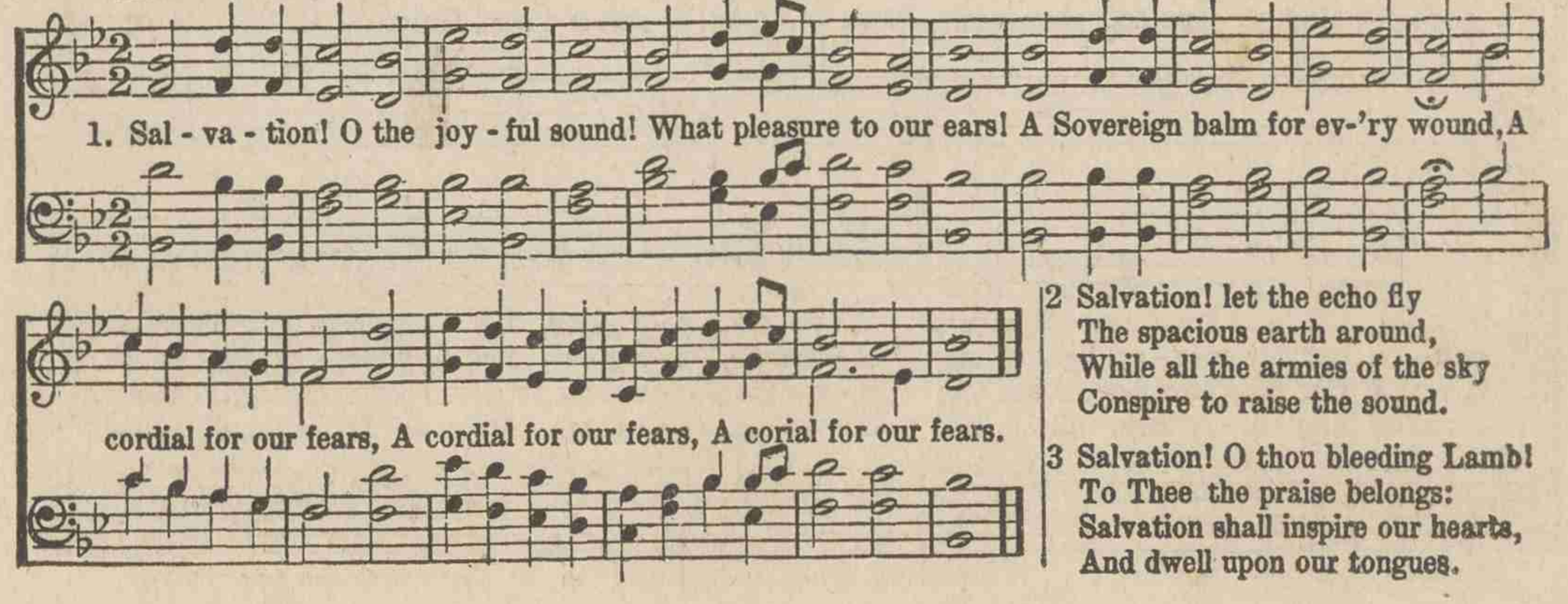
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

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

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

No. 292. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 293. 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,

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.

CHORUS.

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

No. 294. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 295. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

1 2

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 296. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul.
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

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

No. 297. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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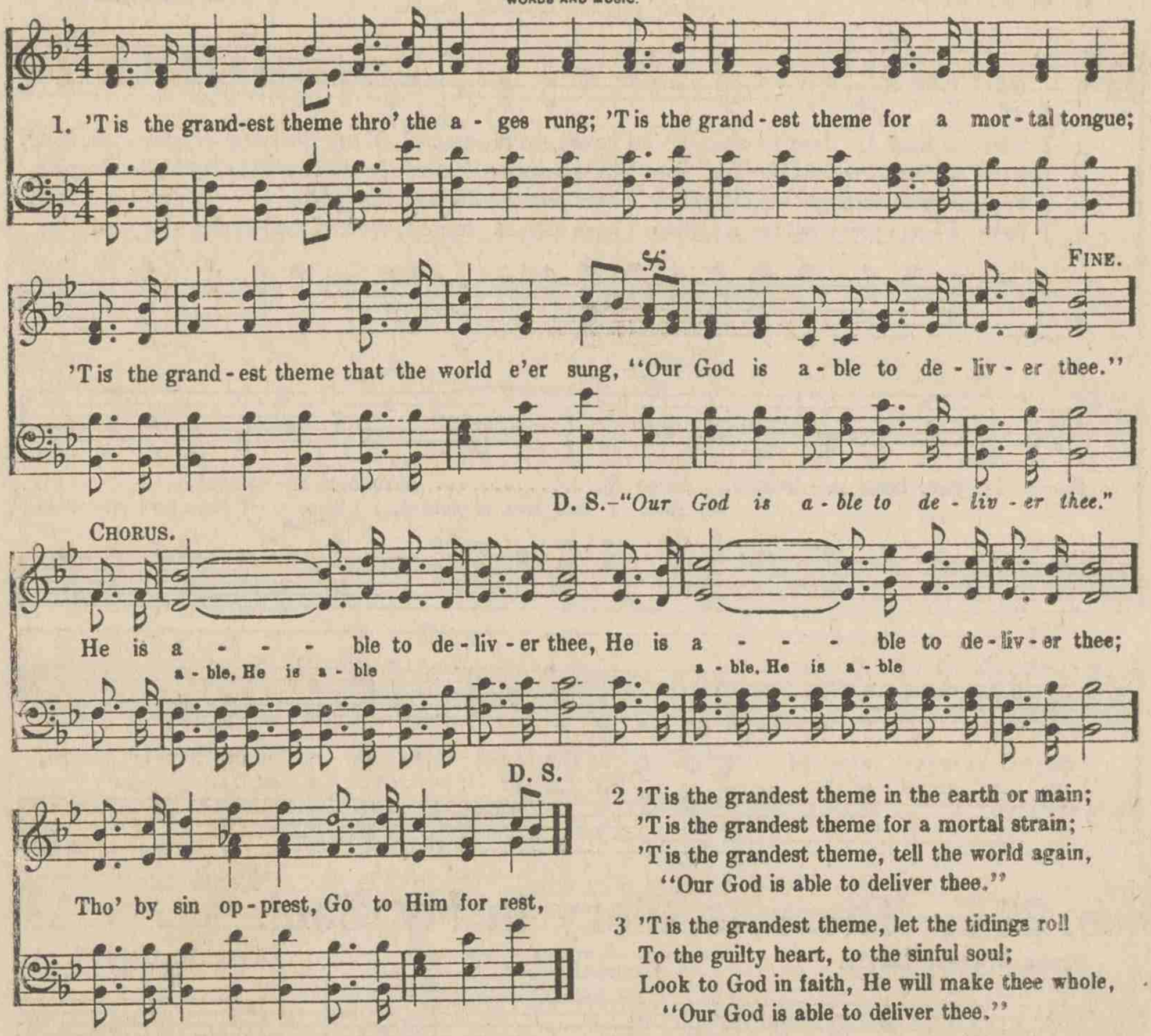
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.



2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 298. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 299. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 300. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

FINE.

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!* [*Omit . . .*] *no, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 301. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

FINE CHORUS.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 302. 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.

No. 303. Galling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

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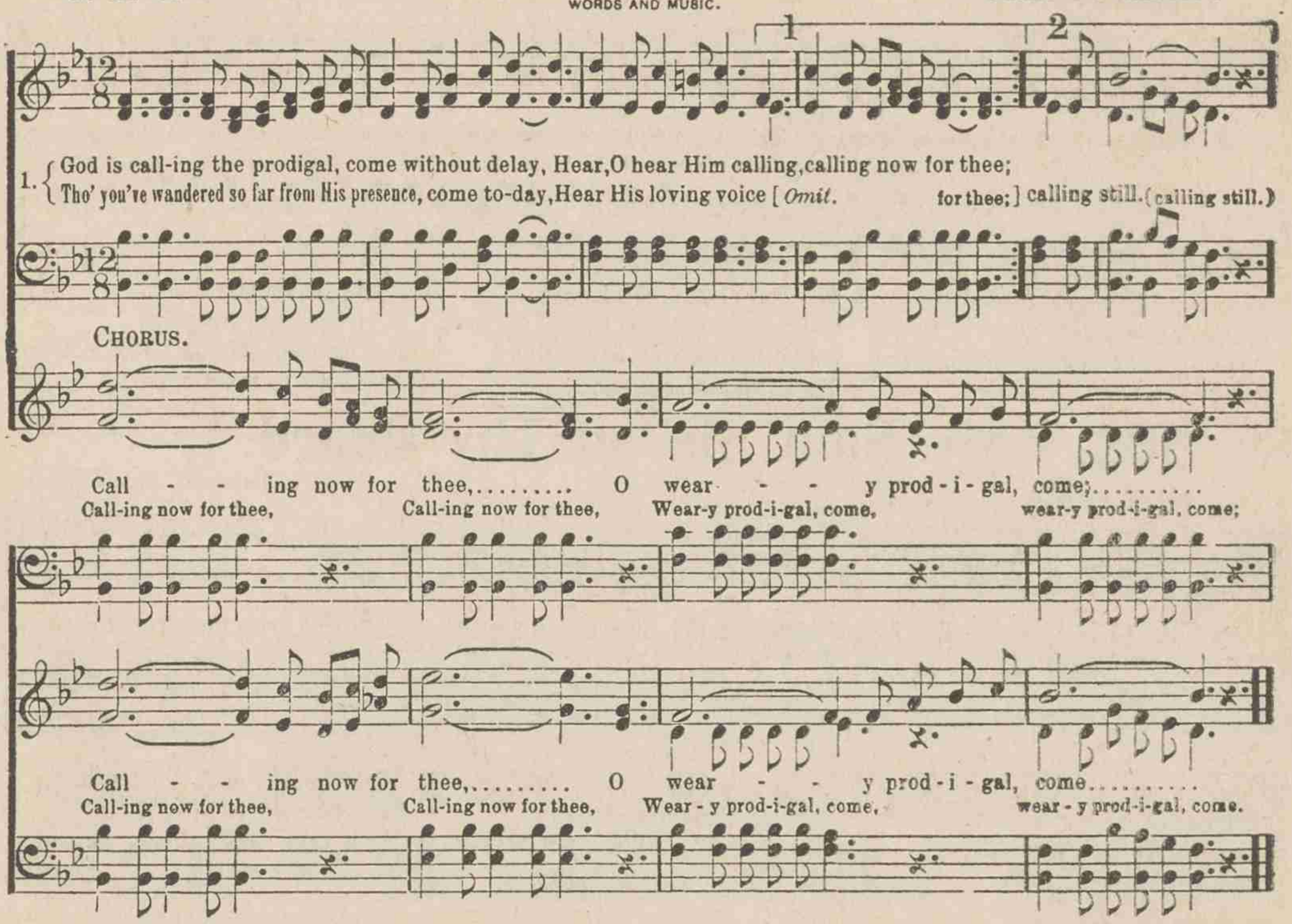
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 304. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

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E. O. Excell.

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 305. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

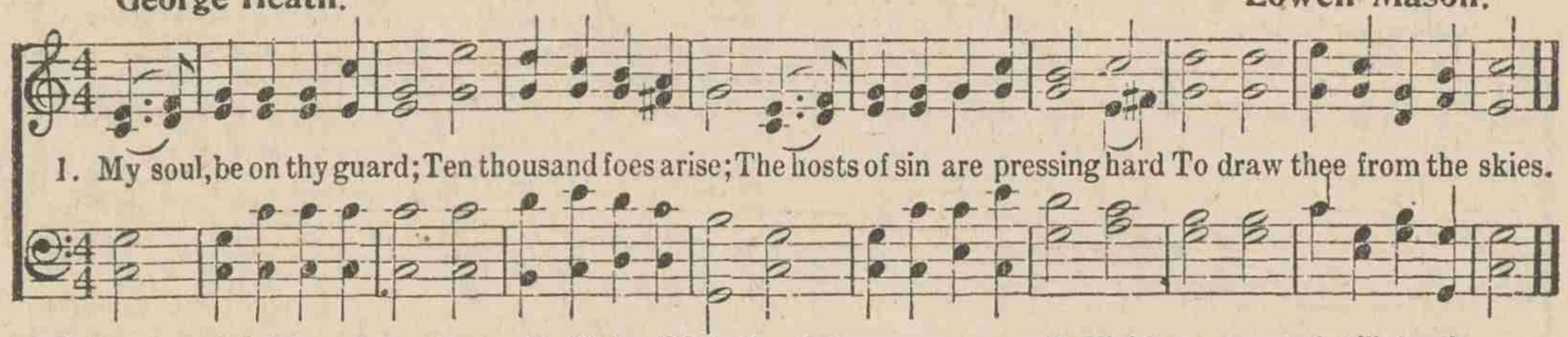
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

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.

No. 306. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



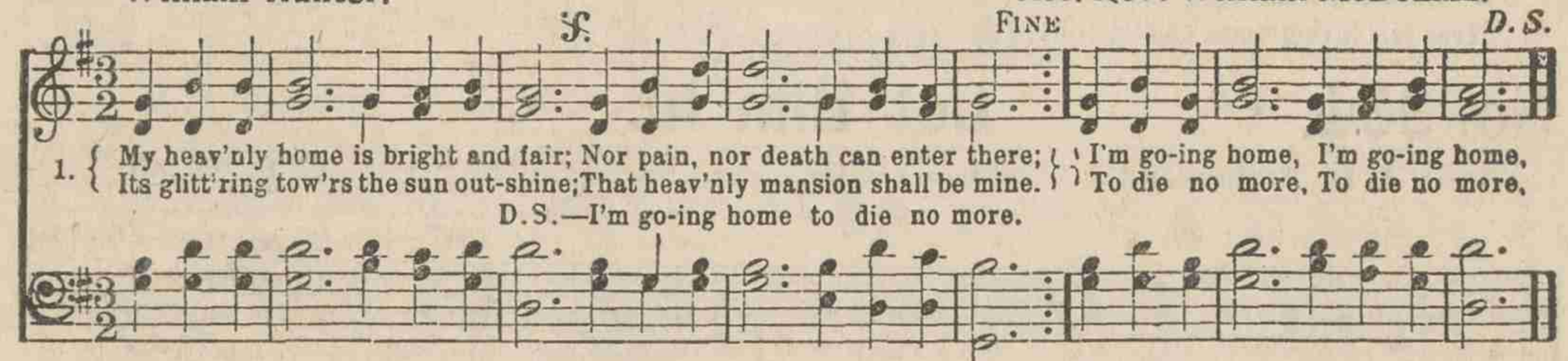
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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,

No. 307. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



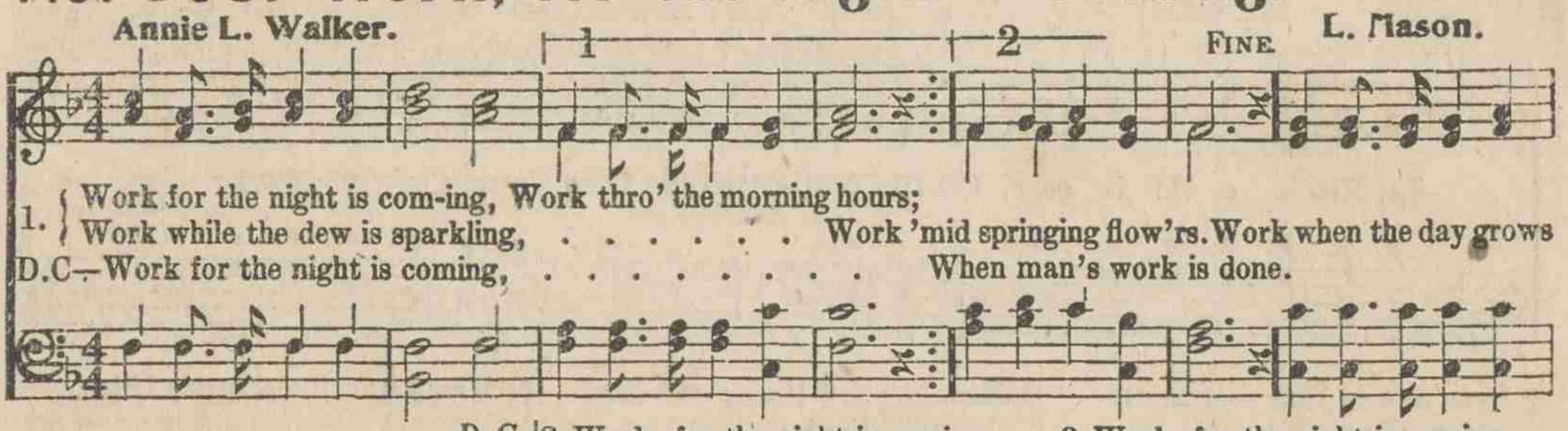
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

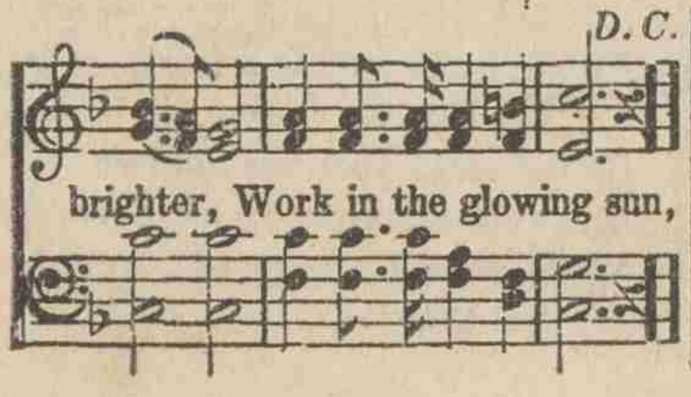
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

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.

No. 308. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



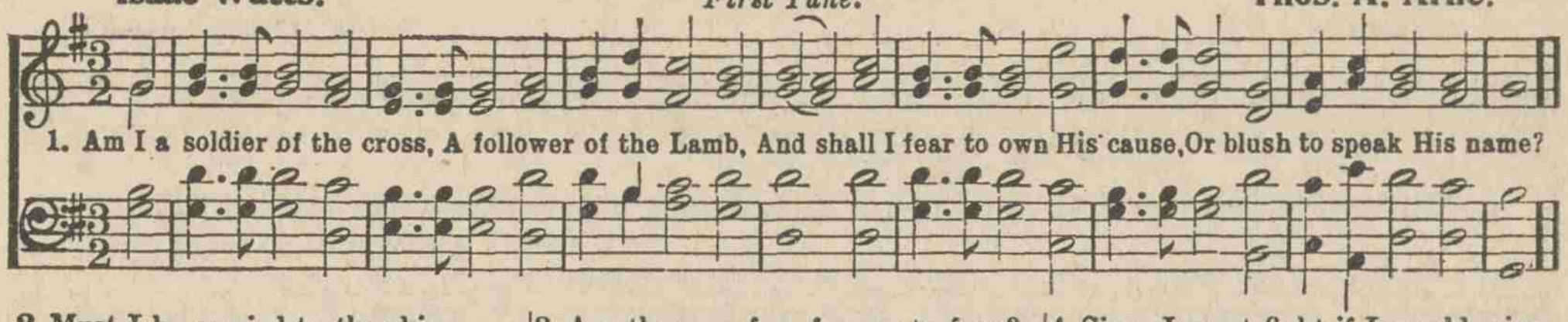


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

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.

No. 309. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' 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.

No. 310. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.

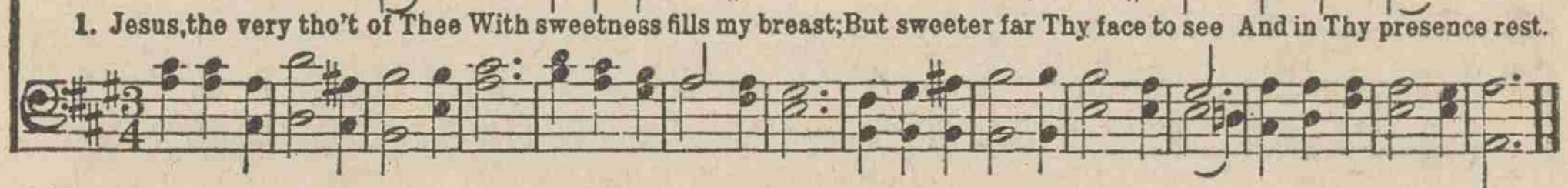
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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

No. 311. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



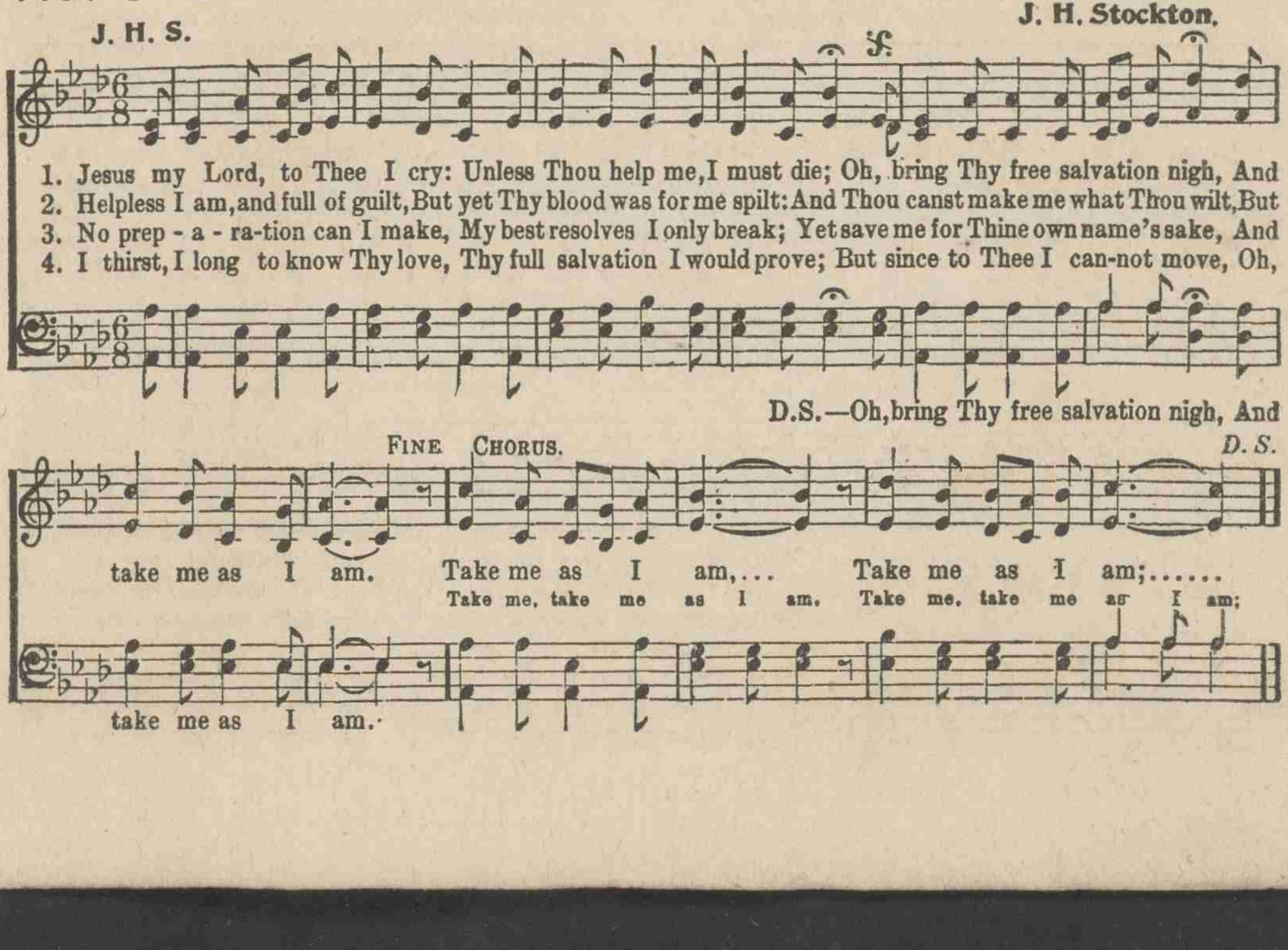
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 312. Take Me As I Am.

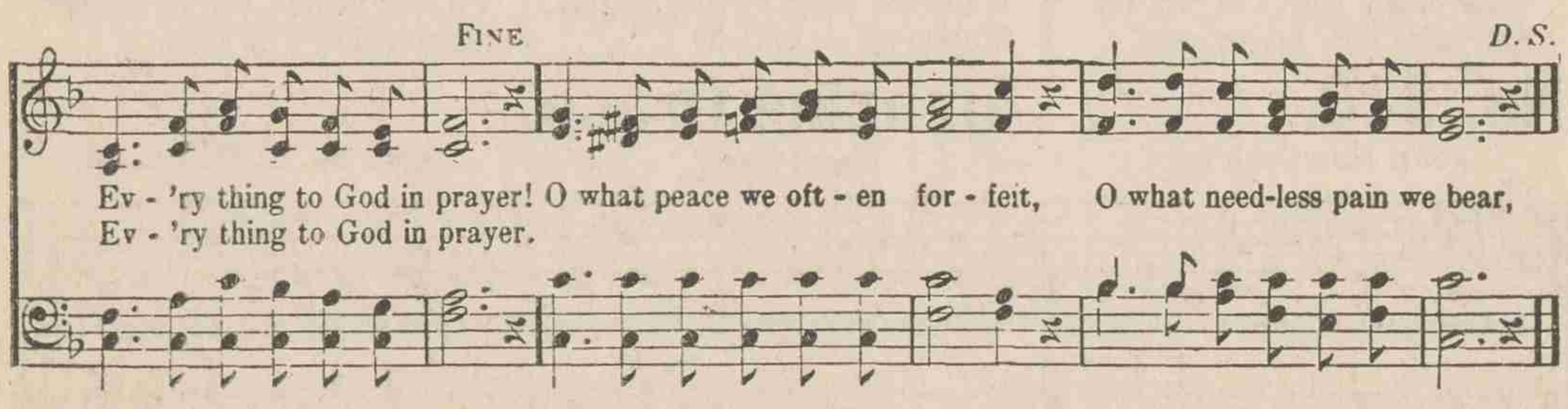
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 313. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

FINE D. S.



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.

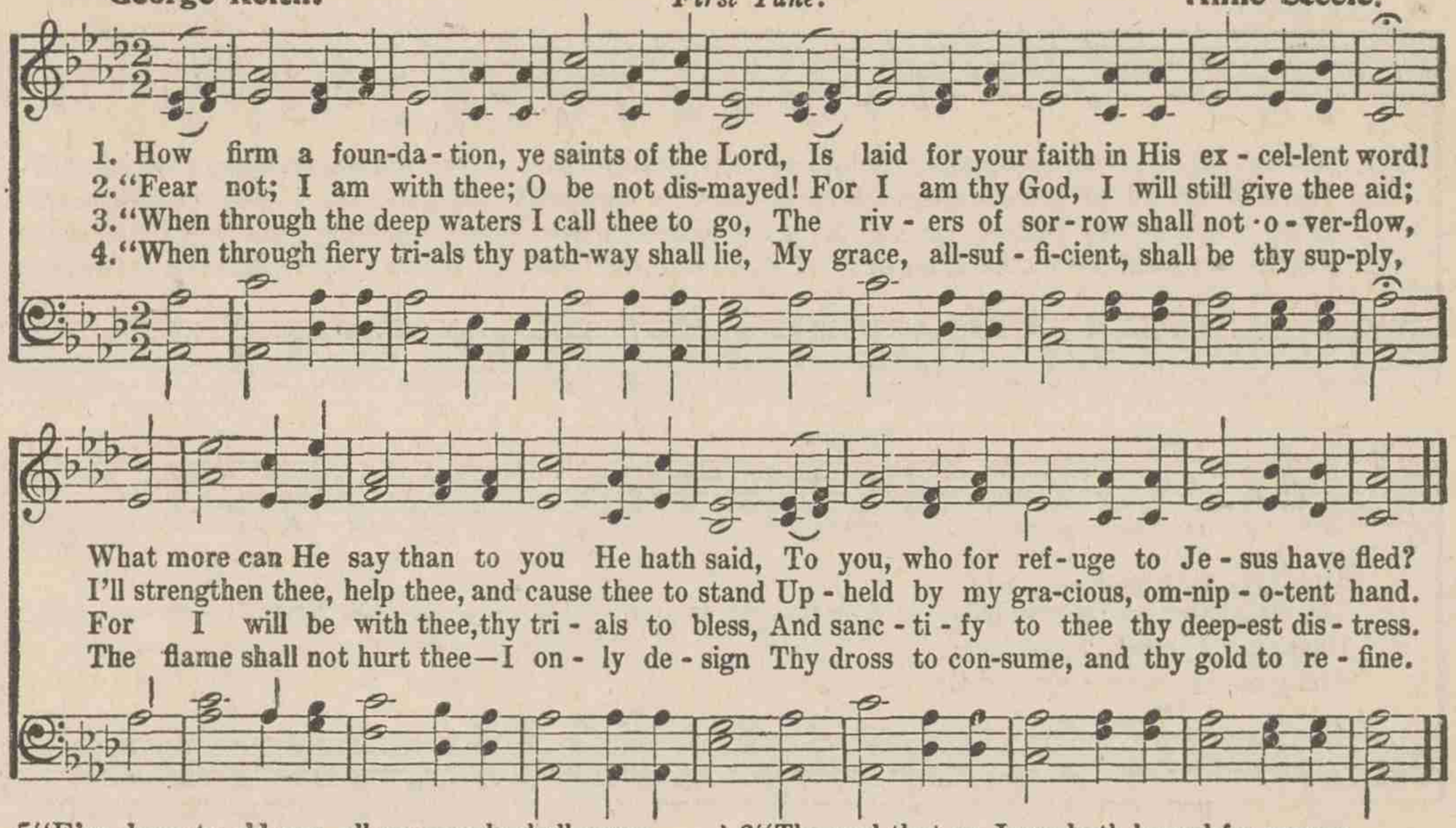
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

No. 314. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.

No. 315. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



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."

No. 316. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 317. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

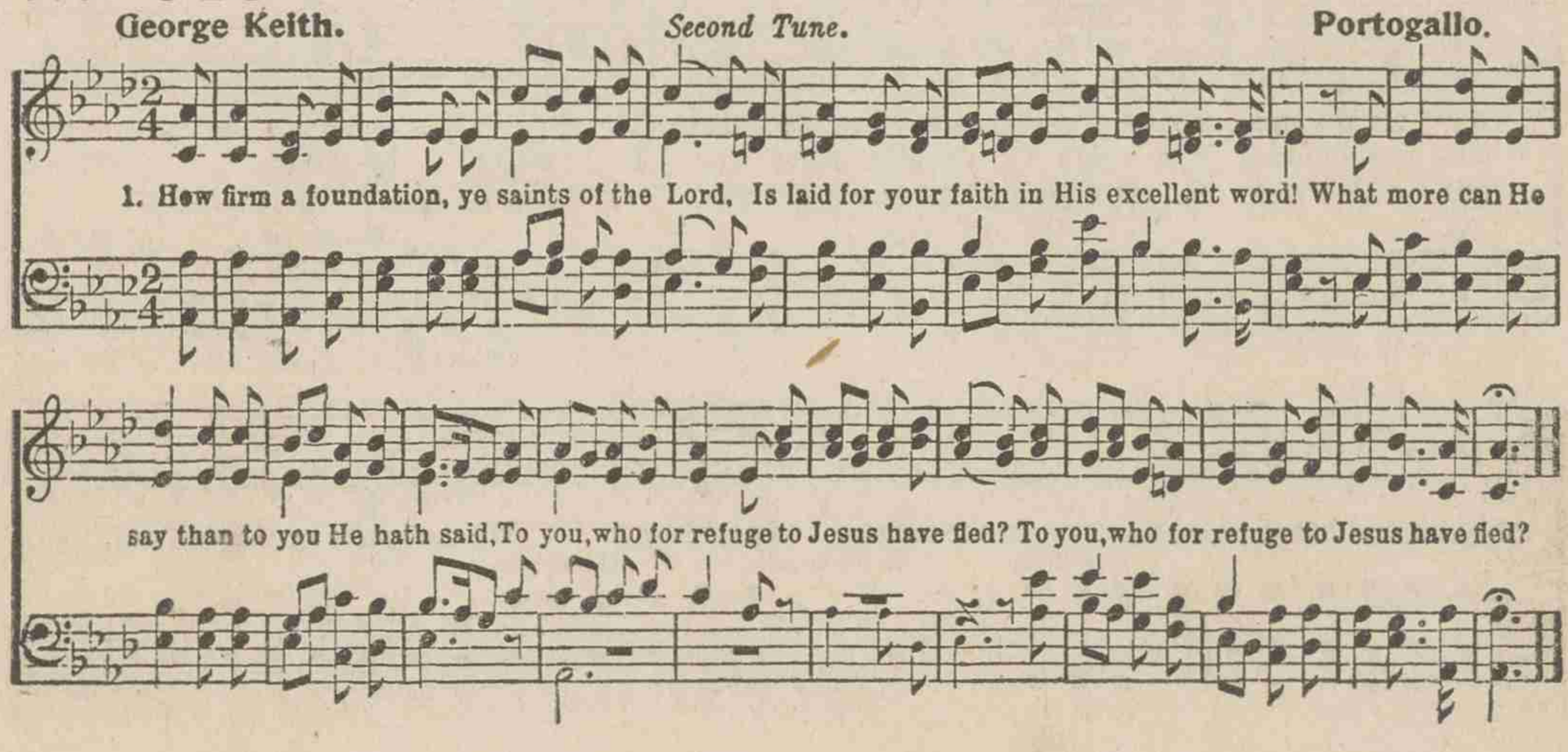
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 318. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 319. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

1 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
in the blood of the Lamb;

2 I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 320. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 321. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a ' hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

FINE CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 322. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN. D. D. USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin. D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'

Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.

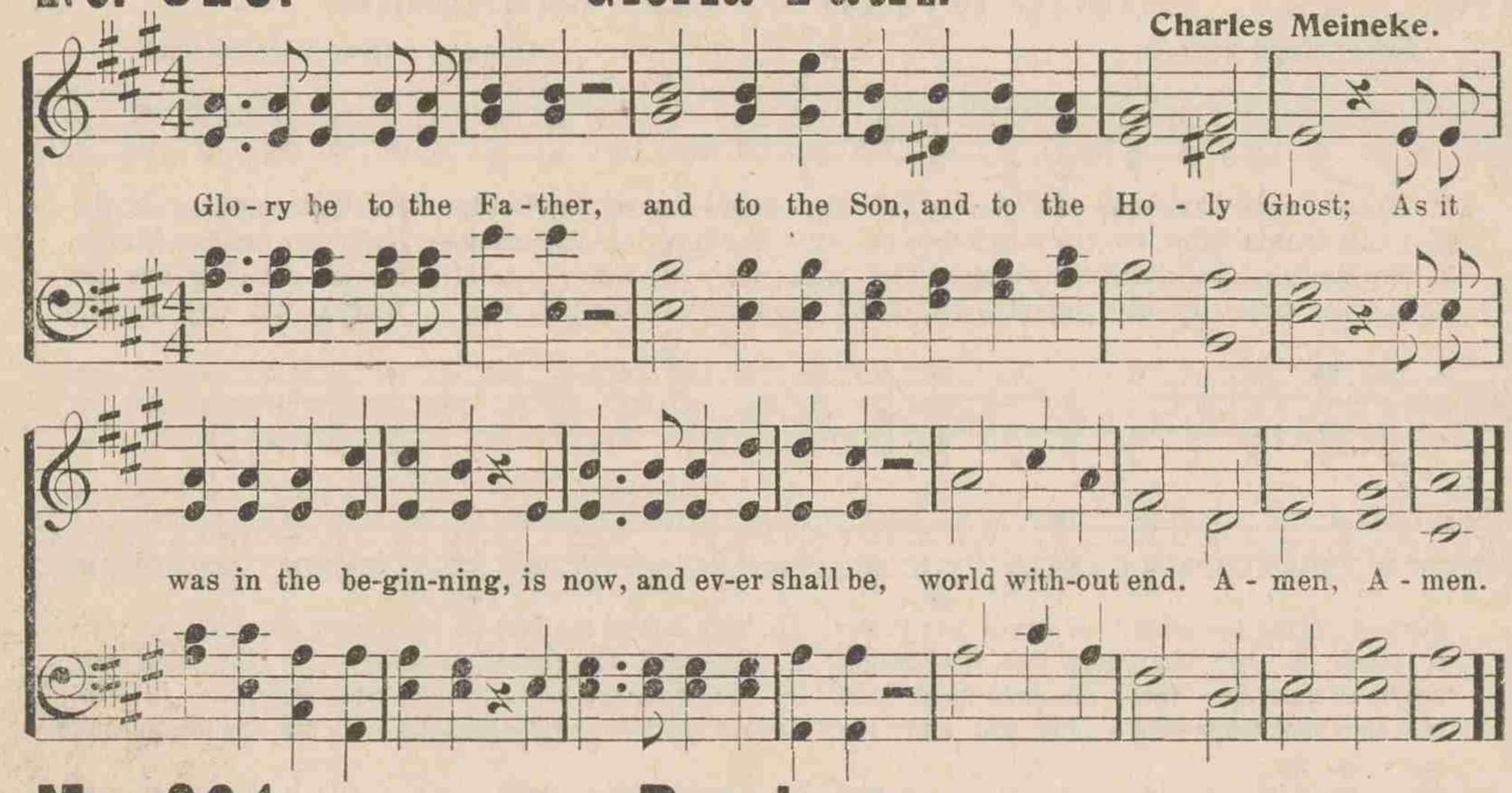
till we meet;

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.

No. 323. Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.

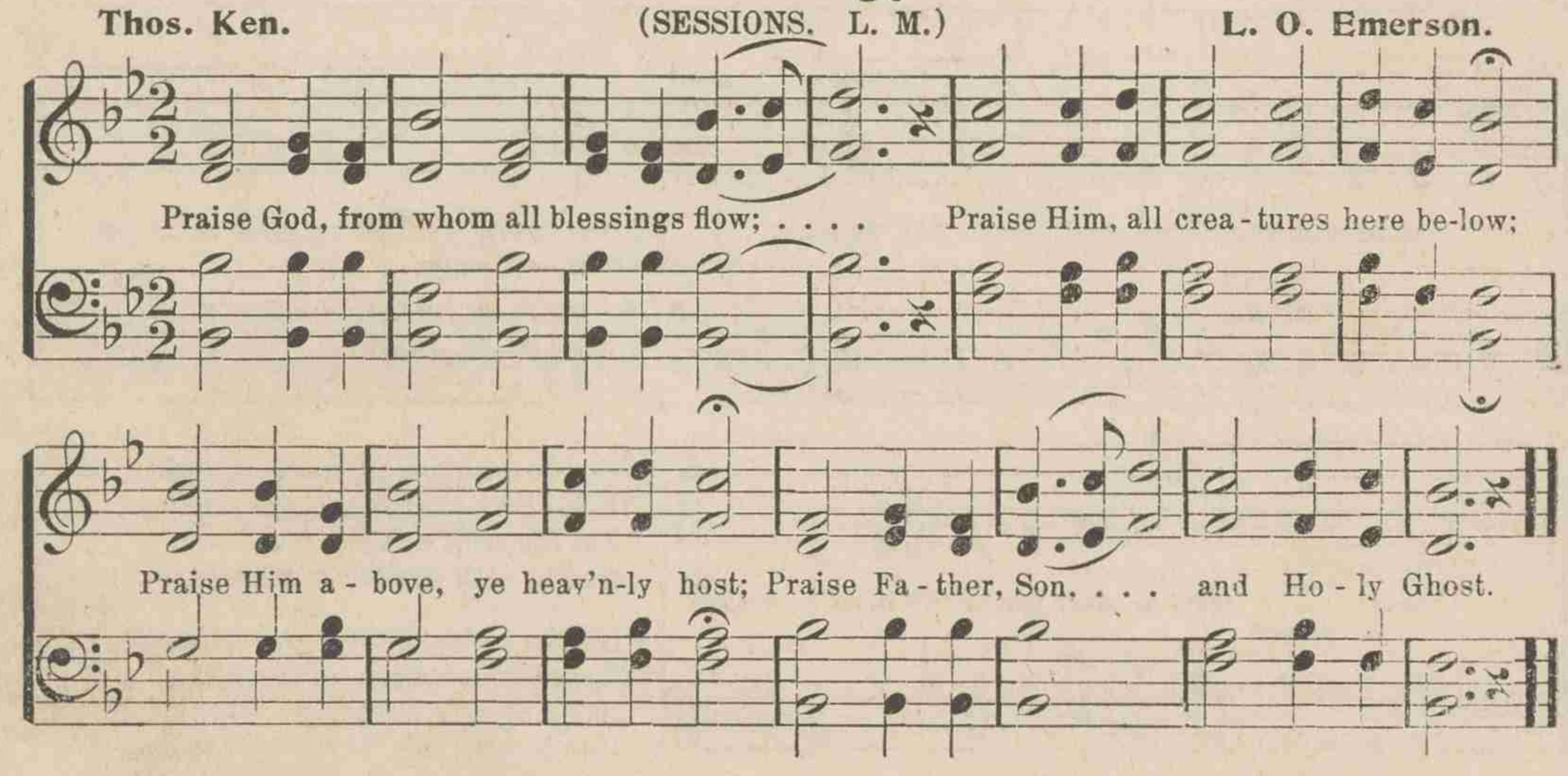


No. 324. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. Franc.

No. 325. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O. Emerson.



INDEX

A BAND OF FAITHFUL . 181
A CALL FOR LOYAL . . . 22
A CHARGE TO KEEP . . 263
A FRIEND HAVE I 78
A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE 167
A little maid with soft . . . 169
A Savior once came 7
A SINNER MADE WHOLE . . . 177
A sinner was wand'ring . . 162
A song of joy is ringing . . 110
A SONG OF VICTORY 192
A storm is raging 149
A stranger stands outside 159
A voice is sweetly singing 161
ABIDE WITH ME 215
After the storms and the . 54
Alas and did my 97- 107
ALL HAIL IMMANUEL 183
ALL HAIL THE 198-199-200
AMAZING GRACE 310
AM I SOLDIER 309
ANGELS HOVERING 268
ARE YOU LIVING FOR 37
AS A VOLUNTEER 22
As I cling to the hand . . . 195
As the sunlight breaks . . . 62
ASLEEP IN JESUS 274
AT THE CROSS 97
Awake my soul in joyful . 221

BALM IN GILEAD 279
BATTLE HYMN OF THE . 321
BEAUTIFUL ISLE 95
Beautiful story 190
BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS . . 153
BECAUSE HIS NAME IS . . . 168
Behold one cometh 163
BELIEVE IN ME 59
Be not dismayed 4
BEYOND THE SMILING 173
BLESSED ASSURANCE 301
BLESSED BE THE NAME . . . 252
BLESSED IS THE MAN 1
BLEST BE THE TIE 305
BREAK THOU THE BREAD . 214
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR . . . 197
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES 290
BRING PEACE TO MY SOUL 30
BRING THEM IN 131
BY HIS STRIPES I AM 68

CALLING THE PRODIGAL 303
CHRIST A FRIEND 98
CLINGING CLOSE TO HIS . 195
COME ALL YE WEARY 72
Come ev'ry soul by sin . . . 269
COME HOLY SPIRIT 203
Come sinners to the gospel 111
COME THOU ALMIGHTY . . . 204
COME THOU FOUNT 246-247
COME TODAY 86
COME TO JESUS 280
COME TO THE SAVIOR 74
COME WASH IN THIS 38
COME YE DISCONSOLATE . . 236
COME YE SINNERS 267
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS . . 114
Crown Him crown Him . . 184
CROWN HIM KING OF 184
CROWN HIM WITH MANY . . 194

DEAR LITTLE STRANGER 133
DELAY NOT 317
down at the Cross . . . 250
Down into the fountain . . 299
DOXOLOGY 324-325
Do you fear the foe will . . 34
Do you hear the Savior's . 86
Do you know the world . . 167
DO YOU KNOW WHERE . . . 18
DRIFTING AWAY FROM . . . 179

ECHOES OF OLD HYMNS 169
EVEN ME, EVEN ME . . . 294
ev'ry soul that comes 92
EXPOSTULATION 211

Failing in strength 147
Fields with harvest 106
for all the Lord has . . . 298
FOR GOD SO LOVED THE . . 41
FORWARD 191
FREE GRACE AND NEVER . . 111

GIVE ME JESUS 105
GIVE US MIGHTY FAITH 91
GLORIA PATRI 323
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN 245
Glory be to the Father . . . 323
GLORY TO HIS NAME 250
GOD BE WITH YOU 322
God is calling the 303
God loves you still 87
God's love is like the 44
GOD'S UNCHANGING LOVE 44
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF . 4
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME . . . 45
GOOD NEWS 228
Go out in the world 39
GROWING DEARER EACH . . 27
GROWING UP FOR JESUS . . 140
GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT 227

HALLELUJAH 229
HARK! TEN THOUSAND 230
HARK! THE VOICE OF . 238
Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's 131
HARVEST SONG 100
HEAVEN IS MY HOME 253
HE CARES FOR ME 10
HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER . . 297
HE IS LEADING ME ON 104
HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME 43
HE KEEPS ME SINGING . . . 64
HE KNOWETH THE WAY . . . 102
HE KNOWS IT ALL 174
HE LEADETH ME 302
HE LOVES ME 107
HE LOVES YOU STILL 87
HE NEVER TURNS AWAY . . 66
He that weeping goeth . . . 28
HE WAS DESPISED 60
HELP SOMEBODY TODAY . . . 77
High in the treetop's leafy 122
HIS CLEANSING POWER . . . 13
HIS HOLY TEMPLE 141
HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL 178
HIS LOVE DECLARE 110
HIS LOVE FOR ME 151
HIS LOVE IS ALL I NEED . . 148
HIS LOVE LIGHTS UP THE . 14
HOLD UP THE CROSS 16
HOLY GHOST WITH LOVE . 219
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY 220
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL . . 218
HONOR BRIGHT CADETS . . . 132
Hosanna sang the children 134
HOSANNA TO OUR SAVIOR 134
How blest and happy is . . 1
HOW FIRM A 315-318
How lost was my condition 279
How many times has He . 88
How sweet is the love of . 27
HOW THE FIRE FELL 26
How wise you look, little . 123

I am all on the altar 117
I AM ANCHORED FAST 63
I am a stranger here 24
I AM COMING, LORD 256
I am coming to the . . . 251-282
I am in my Father's 76
I am thinking today 25
I AM TRUSTING LORD IN . . 282
I do not ask to see the . . 178
I dreamed one night not . 130
I dreamed that the great . 120
I have a precious friend . . 66

I have a song I love to... 295
I have seen a mother.... 171
I hear the Savior say.... 258
I hear Thy welcome voice 256
I knew that God in his... 278
I know my Heavenly.... 150
I LOVE JESUS, HE'S MY .. 247
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 293
I love to think my Father 174
I must needs go home.... 71
I NEVER WILL CEASE TO.. 298
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.... 54
I stand all amazed..... 158
I think God gives the.... 127
I think when I read that. 144
I WANT TO BE TRUE..... 6
I WAS LOST BUT JESUS... 13
I was sinking deep in sin. 67
I WILL ABIDE WITH THEE. 157
I WILL NOT FORGET THEE 40
I will sing the praise..... 187
IF I WERE A SUNBEAM... 136
IF THERE'S SUNSHINE IN.. 94
If ye ask and then believe 91
If you cannot on the ocean 314
IF YOU HAVE A KINDLY... 180
I'LL BE A SUNBEAM..... 124
I'm but a stranger..... 253
I'M NOT YOUR JUDGE..... 155
I've a message from the.. 283
In a world where sorrow . 70
IN EVIL LONG I TOOK..... 288
IN THE CROSS..... 286
In vain I've tried..... 168
IS THE HELM IN THE..... 61
Is thy heart by fears..... 15
IT IS JESUS..... 163
It was good for our mothers 277

JEHOVAH IS KING..... 187
Jerusalem my happy.... 319
JESUS AND HIS LOVE.... 161
Jesus bids us shine..... 138
JESUS BREAKS EVERY.... 117
JESUS CALLS US..... 273
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE . 239
JESUS IS PASSING BY..... 260
JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE 259
JESUS LOVER OF MY.. .234-235
JESUS LOVES ME..... 139
Jesus my all to heaven is 109
Jesus my Lord to Thee... 312
JESUS PAID IT ALL..... 258
JESUS SAVES..... 23
JESUS SAVES ME..... 109
Jesus Savior friend of love 98
JESUS SAVIOR PILOT ME.. 231
JESUS SHALL REIGN..... 223
Jesus the very thought... 311
Jesus wants me for a 124
Joys are like a river..... 57
JOY TO THE WORLD..... 226
JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING 36
Just a little sunbeam.... 137
JUST AS I AM.....257-261
Just as the stars are..... 145
JUST FOR TODAY..... 176
JUST THE LOVE OF JESUS. 42
JUST THE RIGHT SAVIOR.. 7
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM.. 31

KEEP ME FROM LOVING 11
EEP ON TELLING IT.. 39
ING OF KINGS..... 108

Land of the tearless... 166
EAD KINDLY LIGHT... 213
EAD ME O MY SAVIOR 276
LET HIM IN..... 304
LET ME BE THY MESSENGER 55
LET THE SUNSHINE IN.... 34
LET US ALONE..... 165
LIFT THE BANNER HIGH.. 47
LIGHTEN THE WAY WITH.. 35
Like an army we are..... 185
Like a tidal wave..... 191
Like music floating..... 170
List the Spirit calls to thee 281
LITTLE EVANGELS..... 129
LITTLE SOLDIERS..... 126
LITTLE SOWERS..... 135
LITTLE STAR..... 123
LITTLE STARS..... 145
LITTLE SUNBEAMS..... 127
Look all around you..... 73
LOOK AND LIVE..... 287
Look the harvest field is.. 100
LOOK TO JESUS..... 210
LORD HERE AM I SEND ME 85
Lord I hear of show'rs... 294
Lord in thy temple waiting 85
Lord Jesus I long to be .. 275
Lord let me be Thy..... 55
LORD REMEMBER ME..... 113
LORD SEND A REVIVAL.... 9
Lord take my all..... 156
Loudly unto the world... 192
LOVE DIVINE..... 237
LOVE LIFTED ME..... 67
LOVE MADE ME WHAT I AM 2
LOVE THAT PASSETH..... 49
LOVING KINDNESS..... 221
Low in a manger..... 133
LYONS 10S 11S..... 207

MAKE ME WHITE AS.. 276
ARCHING IN HIS... 185
ARCHING ORDERS... 56
MAYI BE FAITHFUL..... 79
Mine eyes have seen the . 321
MORE LIKE THE MASTER. 82
MUST JESUS BEAR THE 264-265
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO .. 217
MY FATHER KNOWS..... 150
MY FATHER'S KEEPING... 76
MY HAPPY HOME..... 319
My heavenly home..... 307
My hope is built..... 287
MY JESUS AS THOU WILT 212
MY JESUS I LOVE THEE.. 208
My Savior is leading me . 104
MY SAVIOR'S VOICE..... 170
MY SHEPHERD..... 316
MY SOUL BE ON THY..... 306

NEARER MY GOD TO.. 254
EVER LOSE SIGHT OF. 266
o beautiful chamber 154
No more I live in sadness 2
NO NOT ONE..... 300
NO ROOM IN THE INN.... 154
NOBODY TOLD ME OF JESUS 53
NOT EMPTY HANDED..... 28
NOT TOMORROW BUT NOW 3
NOTHING SATISFIES BUT.. 58
Now is the harvest time.. 116

O Christian soul Thy 59
COULD I SPEAK.... 284
eyes that are weary 210
O FOR A THOUSAND 201-202-252
O HAPPY DAY..... 270
O I love to tell the blessed 26
O JESUS THOU ART..... 242
O Pilgrim bound..... 266
O SING OF HIS MIGHTY... 262
O THAT WILL BE GLORY... 12
O the mighty love of Jesus 65
O Thou God of my..... 229
O TURN YE.....209-211
O WANDERER COME HOME 152
O WHAT A CHANGE..... 75
O why have you wandered 152
O WORSHIP THE KING. 205-207
Oh bliss of the purified.. 262
Oh could my voice..... 188
OH HOW I LOVE JESUS... 289
OH IT IS WONDERFUL..... 158
Oh now I see the crimson 249
Oh say do you know..... 103
Oh the Lord is good..... 68
Oh wonderful love that.. 33
OLD TIME POWER..... 99
ONLY TRUST HIM..... 269
On the mountain's top... 228
ONWARD CHRISTIAN.. 186-196
ONWARD LITTLE SOLDIERS 128
OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE 93
OUR COLORS SO TRUE.... 125
Our Father which art.... 143
OVER AND OVER AGAIN... 88

PISGAH..... 113
raise God from whom 325
RAISES..... 50

Reapers are needed 189
Reaping for the King 116
Remember me..... 265
Revive us again..... 271
Rock of ages..... 232

Safely through..... 233
Safe on the rock.... 52
Salvation O the joy. 292
Save one soul for Jesus 32
Savior like a shepherd. 291
Savior thy dying love.... 255
Scatter sunshine..... 70
Serving Jesus..... 142
Shall we meet..... 272
Shine for Jesus..... 138
Since I have been..... 295
Since I lost my sins..... 296
Since I've been saved.. 57
Sinner spurning Mercy's. 36
Somebody did a golden. 101
Somebody knows..... 147
Some day I'll reap..... 172
Some happy day..... 172
Something for Jesus... 255
Sometime, somewhere.. 164
Somewhere the sun is.... 95
So precious is Jesus..... 43
Souls that are pardoned. 8
Sowing in the morning... 290
Speak it for the Savior 180
Spend one hour with... 81
Standing in the market 189
Stand up for Jesus..... 240
Steady, brother, steady .. 69
Sunbeams bright..... 137
Sun of my soul..... 216
Sweet by-and-by..... 320
Sweet is the promise..... 40

Take hold of the... 149
Take me as I am.... 312
Take my life and let 115
Taste and see..... 29
Teach me Thy will..... 89
Thankful hearts we bring 50
That old old story.... 175
The bird's nest..... 122
The blood is all my plea 278
The children's hosanna. 130
The church in the..... 80
The cleansing wave.... 249
The eyes of God are on 182
The fountain stands... 248
The glory song..... 12
The good shepherd...46-153
The heavenly home.... 307
The judgment..... 120
The kindly light is.... 96
The King of the ages.. 21
The King's business.... 24
The Lord is in His holy.. 141
The Lord is my shepherd. 316
The Lord's prayer..... 143
The love of Jesus....65-148
The Master has gone to a 79
The morning light is.. 241
The offering..... 156
The old time religion. 277
The Savior's invitation 48
The Savior's smile..... 62
The sinner and the song 162
The slighted stranger. 159
The solid rock..... 287
The song of triumph... 193
The Son of God goes.. 224
The tearless land..... 166
The theme eternal.... 188
The thought of Thee.. 311
The time to be serving... 3
The way of the cross leads 71
The way-side cross..... 118
There are angels hov'ring 268
There are sorrowful hearts 35
There is a fount 38-243-244-245
There is a name I love to 289
There is glory in my... 296
There is great rejoicing.. 52
There's a church in the.. 80
There's a land that is.... 320
There's a song in my heart 177
There's a stranger at the. 304
There's a war to wage with 56
There's a way that leads. 45
There's a wideness.... 285
There's a wonderful story 175
There's not a friend..... 300
There's one who cares for 10
There's within my heart. 64
These little feet of mine.. 142
They were in an upper... 99
This is the reaping time 106
This is the season of hope 260
Three colors has the..... 125
Thy word is a lamp.... 225
'Tis the day of grace 19
'Tis the grandest theme.. 297
To Calvary I will go.. 299
To the harvest field.. 181
Tossing on the billow.... 63
Touch'd with a coal from 51
Trust in God and do... 20
Trust in Him..... 15
Try to save one soul for.. 32
'Twas rum that spoiled 171
Two little friends..... 121
Two useful little friends.. 121

Unanswered yet..... 164
Under the cross.... 251
nto God be all the.. 23

Waiting for you... 103
Walking as..... 8
Wash me in the... 243
Wear a smile for Jesus 17
Weary soul by sin..... 81
We are little sowers..... 135
We are marching under.. 193
We are soldiers, little.... 126
We praise Thee, O God.. 271
We shall be like him... 73
We shall have a new.. 190
We shall know some... 5
We will lift the banner... 47
We would see Jesus.... 83
We're cadets that want to 132
We're kneeling at the..261
Were you there.....119
What a friend.....313
What did it mean..... 90
What if the watchman....160
What is making life so.... 42
What shall it profit....146
What will you do.....160
When all my labors and.. 12
When earthly cares and... 30
When first the Savior.....112
When He shall appear.. 33
When I can read my title 113
When I survey the.....222
When I think how the.... 6
When Jesus calls your . 19
When the heart is filled... 14
When the weary tasks.... 46
When upon life's billows .114
When your labors on earth 18
Which way shall I take...118
While the sun is shining .. 20
Whiter than snow.....275
Who at my door is standing157
Who is ready..... 51
Whom having not seen.. 78
Why do you linger.....259
Why our joy with sorrow . 5
Will the Lord count... 92
Will there be any stars 25
Will you be saved by...281
With every passing day.112
With simple faith in.... 21
Work for Jesus..... 84
Work for the night is..308
Would you care if some... 53
Would you have the..... 48

Ye Servants of God.206
e who are burdened.. 72
ou can make the path 94
You have heard the story.151
You're sailing life's ocean.. 61
Your Mission..... 314

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