1914

DOWN at the CROSS

BY

D. E. DORTCH
W. G. COOPER

J. C. MIDYETT
W. W. BENTLEY

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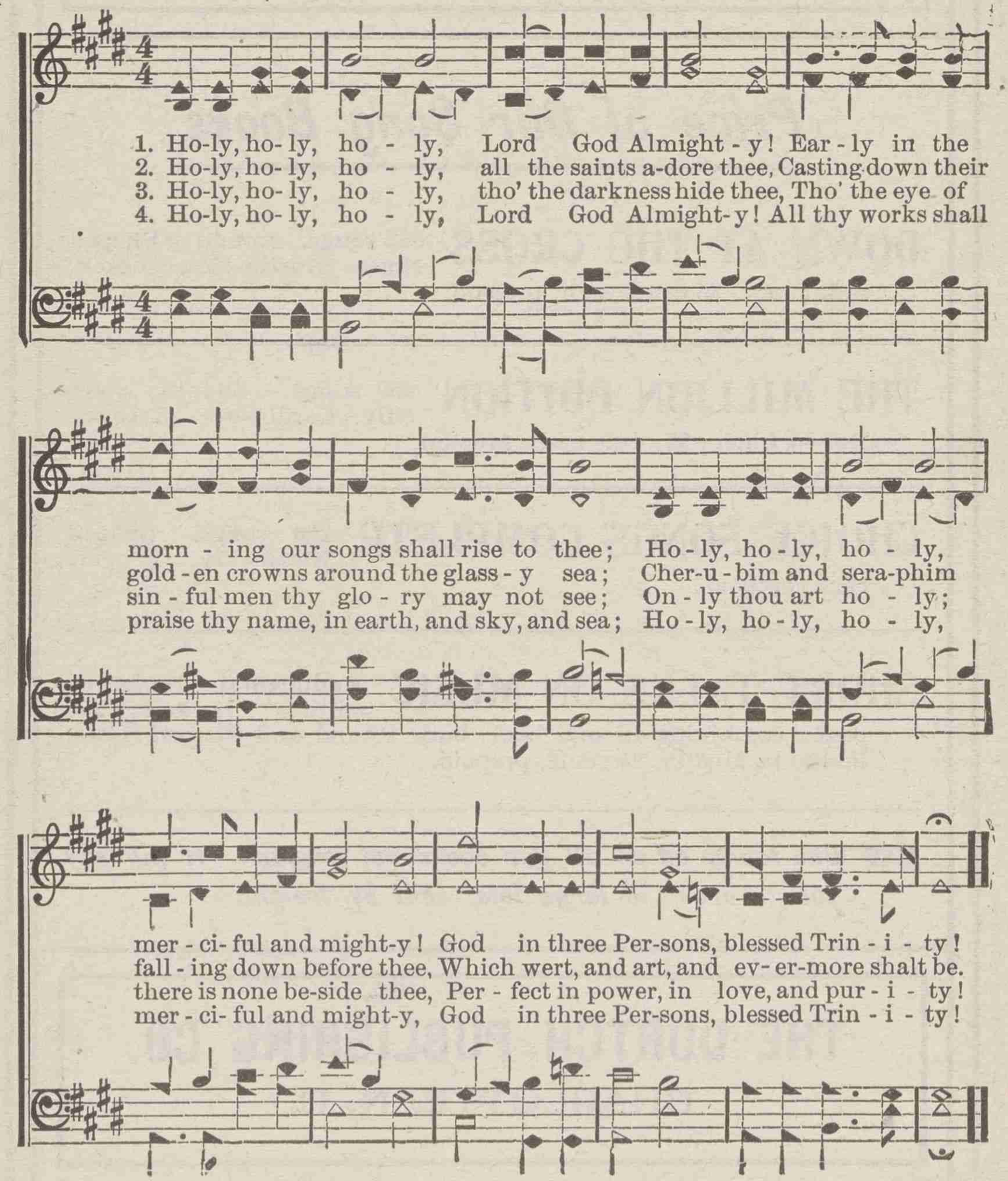
1914
Dort

PREFACE.

No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

(NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.)

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



DOWN AT THE CROSS

Incorporating "Ministry of Song" and "The Go Ye Hymnal"

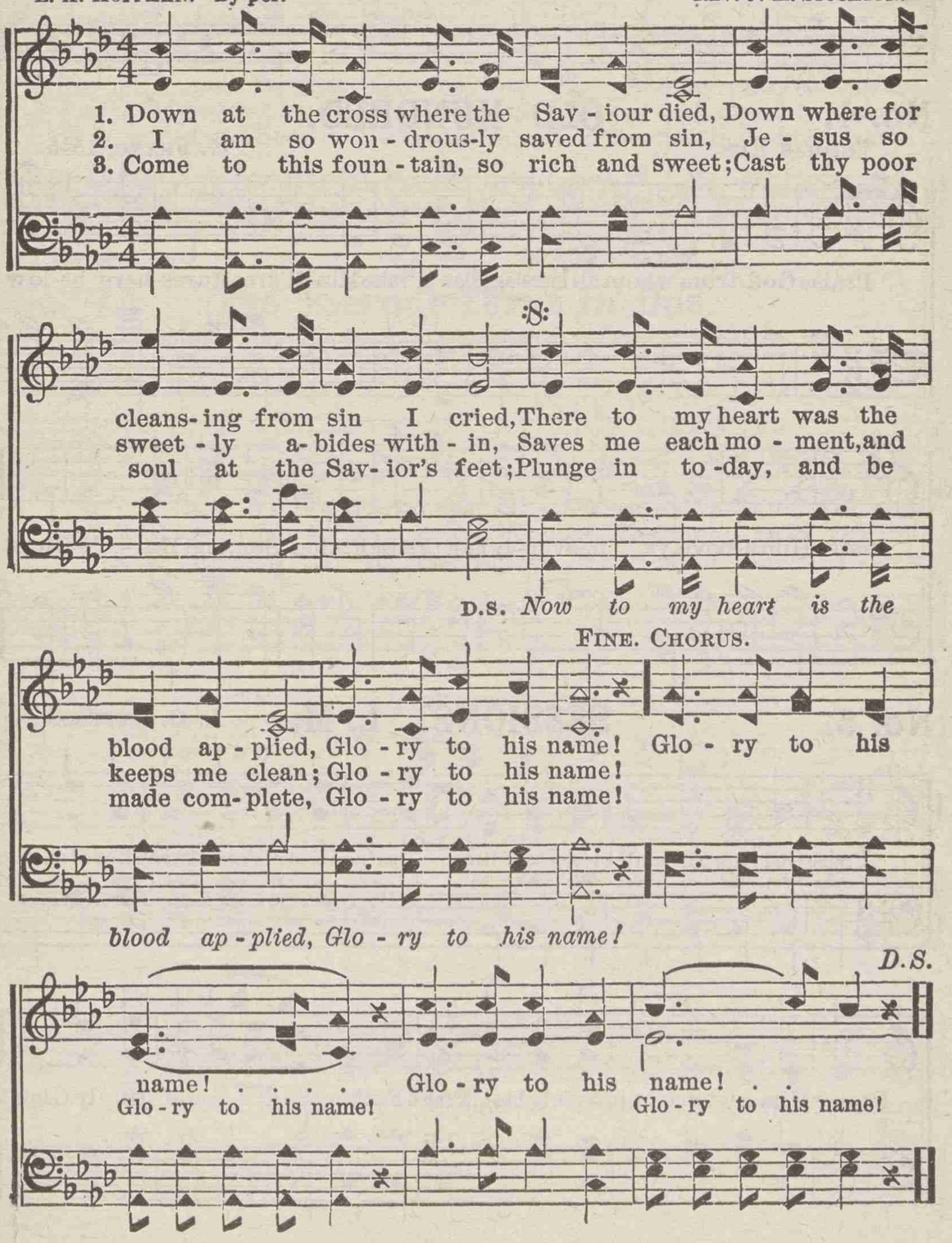
— BY —

D. E. DORTCH, W. W. BENTLEY,
W. G. COOPER, J. C. MIDYETT.

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No. 2. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. By per. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



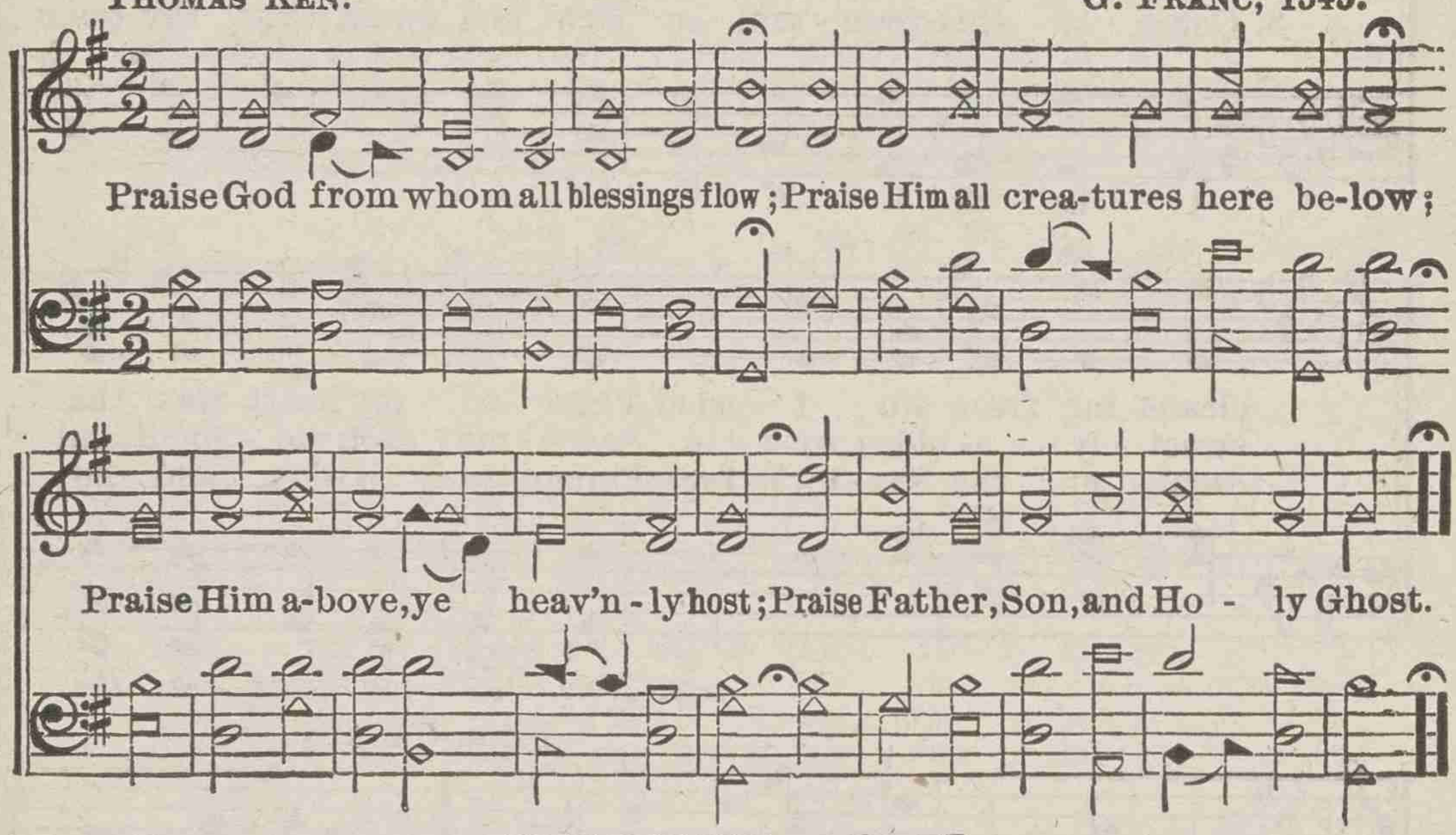
No. 3. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 4. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



No. 5. SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



No. 6. Triple Doxology.

L. E. HALL, at suggestion of G. W. KNIGHT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. To Thee whose throne is far a - bove The star-ry heights of heav'n,
2. Praise Him who died up - on the tree, The Son who suf-fered shame,
3. To God, the Spir - it, bless-ed Guide, Our Com-fort - er be - low,

To Thee, our Fa-ther, God of love, Be end-less prais-es giv'n.
Praise Christ whose blood has made us free, For - ev - er praise His name.
We would to Thee our all con-fide, And boundless praise be-stow.

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No. 7. The Eternal Three In One.

"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.—1 JOHN 5: 7.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther, mighty King, We worship t'ward Thy face,
2. E - ter - nal Son, Thou Prince of peace, We worship t'ward Thy throne,
3. E - ter - nal Spir - it, bless-ed One, We worship in Thy might,

f.

And try with fal-t'ring tongues to sing The glo-ries of Thy grace.
And try to tell Thy right-eous-ness, And make Thy beauties known.
And praise Thy witness with our own, That we are sons of light.

D. S.—*Be ev - er - last - ing hon-ors done By earth and heav'n to Thee.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

E - ter-nal Fa-ther, Spir-it, Son, E - ter-nal God-head, One in three,

SEND SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Plead we the prom-ise Thy word does re-cord, While in Thy pres-ence we bow;
2. Low at Thy foot-stool of mer-cy we wait, Lord, canst Thou turn us a-way?
3. Lord, our trans-gres-sions, like sands of the sea, Rise to our vi-sion a-gain;
4. Mer-cy-drops free-ly are fall-ing a-round. Hon-or our faith and Thy word;

Now is His sea-son, then send us, O Lord,
Show-ers of bless-ing, re-fresh-ing our souls,
We have confessed them, for-give us once more,
Pour from the win-dows of heav-en a-bove,

CHORUS.

Show-ers of bless-ing just now.
Send us, O Lord, while we pray.
Show-er Thy bless-ing like rain.
Show-ers of bless-ing, O Lord.

Send show-ers of bless-ing just now, Send show-ers of bless-ing just now;

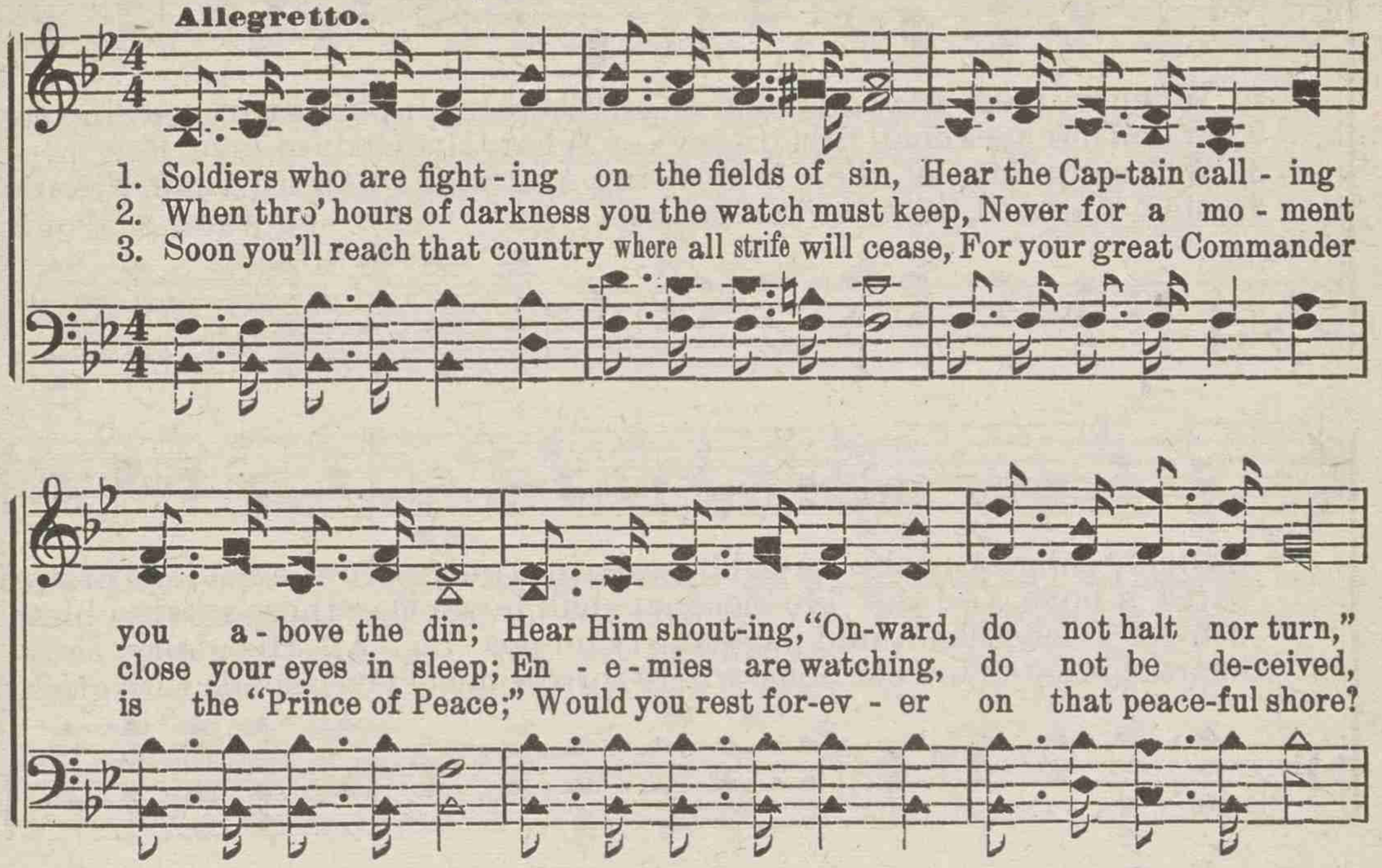
Lord, in Thy love, Send from a-bove, Show-ers of blessing just now.

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9. NEVER CEASE TO FIGHT.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 TIM. 8: 12.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



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No. 10. The Glad Reunion Yonder.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. ELD. E. HANKS.

1. When we meet beyond the riv - er, Where triumphant throngs Sing en-
2. When our eyes shall first discov - er What the God of love Has pre-
3. When our day of life is clos - ing, And we homeward wend, Where our
4. May we, Lord, with best en-deav-or, Ev - 'ry sin be-ware, And our

trancing songs, And the an-gel harp-strings quiver To the Savior's praise,
pared a-bove, And the glo-ries that shall hover O'er those scenes so blest,
dearest Friend Shall, 'mid pag-eant-ry im-pos - ing, All His glo-ry show,
hearts prepare For that home where sorrow never Overclouds with gloom

Legato.

CHORUS.

Thru un-end-ing days (unending days).
Where our loved ones rest (our loved ones rest). O how sweet to meet and our
'Twill be joy, I know (be joy, I know).
Its e - ter - nal bloom (eternal bloom).

loved ones greet, For a glad re-un-ion yonder, Where with hearts a - glow,

And our longings grow, As we o'er that vi-sion pon-der.....
vision ponder.

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No. 11. The Hills of God.

TILA RIPLEY BARNWELL. D. E. DORTCH.

rit.

1. Bright sunlight on the hills, God's hills (upon God's hills), That seem to touch the
2. Like them I wait se-rene and calm (se-rene and calm), For God has prom-ised
3. When woes distress and cares oppress (and cares oppress), My soul with com-fort
4. Some-times in de-vious paths I stray (I of - ten stray), And faith and love grow

skies (that touch the skies), From thence shall come His promised help (His promised help),
me (has prom-ised me) That all my need shall be sup-plied (shall be sup-plied),
fills (with com-fort fills), I rest se - cure whene'er I look (whene'er I look)
dim (yes, they grow dim), Like sen-ti - nels the hills of God (the hills of God)

CHORUS.

To them I lift mine eyes (I lift mine eyes).
What-e'er that need may be (what-e'er it be). I know God's prom-is-es are
Up to the hills, God's hills (up to God's hills).
Point me a - gain to Him (point me to Him).

sure (they are all sure), Each anxious thot He stills (each thot He stills), I trust His love

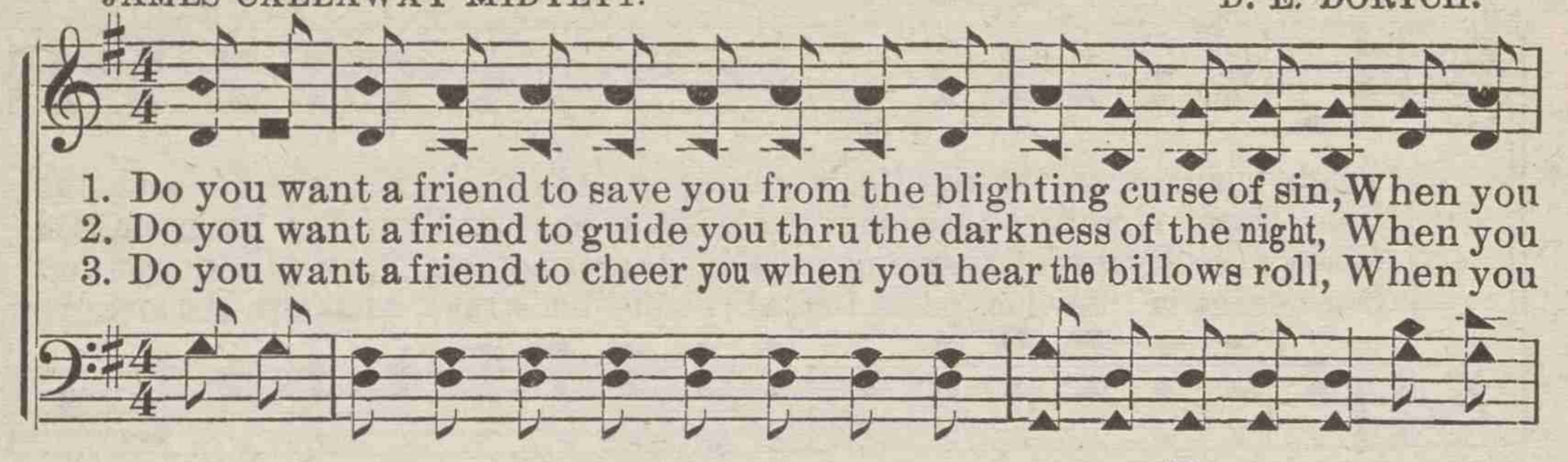
and lift mine eyes (I lift mine eyes) Up to the hills, God's hills (up to God's hills).

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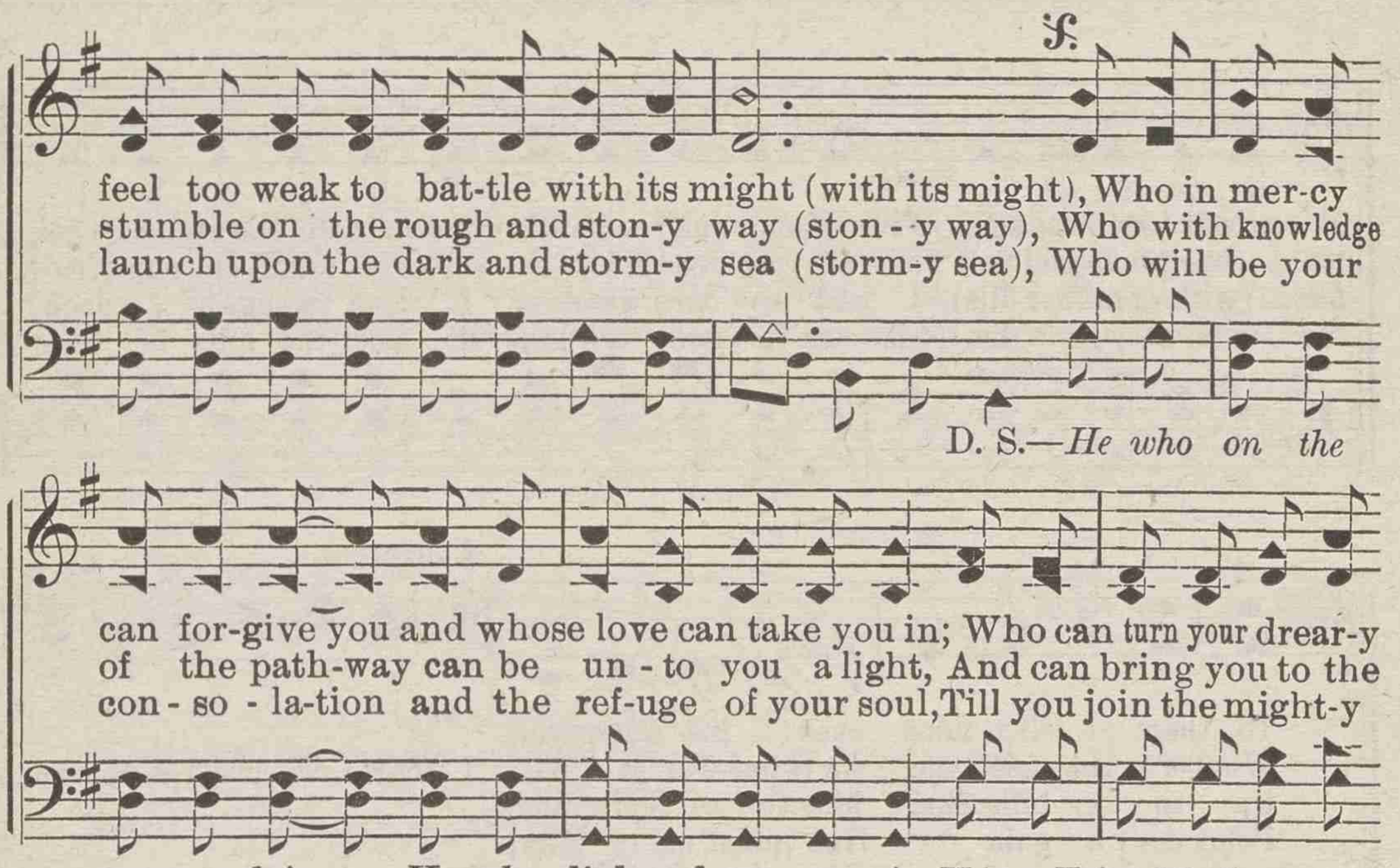
No. 12. Do You Want a Friend?

"A friend loveth at all times."—PROV. 17: 17.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Do you want a friend to save you from the blighting curse of sin, When you feel too weak to bat-tle with its might (with its might), Who in mer-cy
2. Do you want a friend to guide you thru the darkness of the night, When you stumble on the rough and ston-y way (ston - y way), Who with knowledge
3. Do you want a friend to cheer you when you hear the billows roll, When you launch upon the dark and storm-y sea (storm-y sea), Who will be your



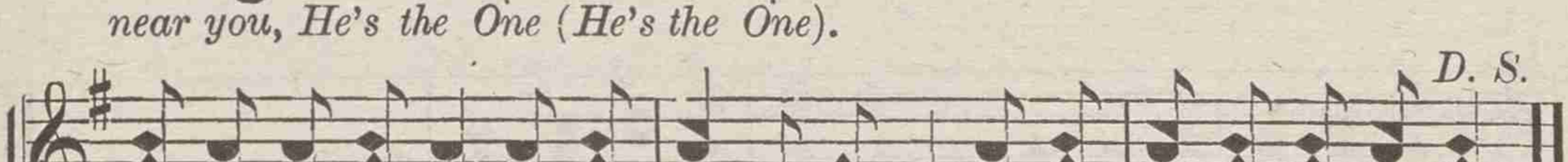
can for-give you and whose love can take you in; Who can turn your drear-y
of the path-way can be un - to you a light, And can bring you to the
con - so - la-tion and the ref-uge of your soul, Till you join the might-y

cross was slain, He who died and rose a-gain, He's a Friend that's ev - er

FINE. CHORUS.



dark - ness in - to light (in - to light)?
bright and perfect day (perfect day)? There's a Friend, dearest Friend, who can
hymn of vic - to - ry (vic - to - ry)?



near you, He's the One (He's the One).

D. S.



to your rescue run, There's a Friend, truest Friend, Tis God's own beloved Son.

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No. 13. The Gospel Shall Triumph.

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—HAB. 2: 14. See also HEB. 10: 13.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. On the world He re-deemed, lo, the Sav-ior looks down, Ex-pect-ant-ly waits, till ful-filled e - ven-down; Is each prom-ise fore-told, of His
2. With the good and the pure lie the a - ges im-pearled, Like gems set in wick - ed - ness, ug - ly and buried; And the gos-pel these saints to the
3. When the tu-mults and wars shall for evermore cease, And earth from its woes shall find sweet-est re - lease; How contentment and joy then shall
4. Je - sus help us, we pray, thru Thine in-fi-nite grace, Thy promise with full - ness of faith to em-brace, So that we may with zeal the pure

fame and renown, And na-tions in love their Re-deem-er shall crown.
na - tions unfurled, Shall spread till its folds shall en-cir-cle the world.
spread and increase, As safe - ly they dwell neath His banner of peace.
gospel embrace, And when dawns the day, view the smiles of Thy face.

D. S.—*woes that enchain, Earth's millions shall yield, And Mes-si-ah shall reign.*

CHORUS.

The gos - pel shall tri-umph, The right shall prevail; Je - ho-vah hath spo-ken, His Word can - not fail, And the time has-tens on When the

FINE.

D. S.

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No. 14. Hallelujah.

Music as sung by the Salvation Army.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. I'm quicken'd by the Spirit and led to Je-sus' feet—Blessed
2. I've plunged into the fountain that washes white as snow, Blessed
3. I feel the bliss of par-don and know I'm rec-on-ciled, Blessed
4. The blessed Ho-ly Spirt-it now wit-nesses with mine, Blessed
5. My doubts and fears have vanished, I'm kept in perfect peace, Blessed

be the name of the Lord. Repenting, I've accept-ed His
And now I want to tell it, so
I call Him now my Father—He
That I'm a child of glo-ry—and
of the Lord. And I have full as-sur-ance of

FINE. REFRAIN.

precious words complete—Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
all the world will know, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
answers me, His child, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord. I will praise
heir by right di-vine, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
life that can not cease, Blsss-ed be the name of the Lord.

God the Father who has loved me, And the Son who has suffered for

D. S.

me, Hal-le-lu-jah! And the Holy Spirit's might who led me to the light.

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No. 15. Let the King of Glory In.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O-pen wide the door, Slight the Lord no more, Let the King of glo-ry
2. Gently now He pleads, Yes, He intercedes, Let the King of glo-ry
3. Glory, joy and peace, Shall, no, never cease, Let the King of glo-ry
4. Up the shining way, Thru the gates of day, Let the King of glo-ry

in, (O let Him in); Tho U oft have slighted Him by whom in-vit-ed,
in, (O let Him in); He the word has spoken, Fills the heart that's broken,
in, (O let Him in); He'll forsake you never, But will keep you ev-er,
in, (O let Him in); In that cit-y gold - en, With His love en-folden,

CHORUS.

Let the King of glory in.
Let the King of glory in.
Let the King of glory in.
Christ the King of glory in.

O-pen wide the door, Slight the Lord no

more, Let the King of glory in, (O let Him in); Christ, the hope of

glo - ry, Is the sweet old sto-ry, Let the King of glo - ry in.

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No. 16. The Love Most Amazing.

"The love of Christ that passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O'er-whelmed with a-maze-ment at Je - sus I gaze, My heart o - ver -
2. En-throned in His glo - ry ere time first be - gun, Ere worlds rolled in
3. A mother's fond love for the child of her breast, As sweetly at
4. To love and o - bey Him my busi-ness be - low, The way of sal -

flow - ing with rap-ture and praise; He saw me all help - less and
form or their cir - cuits had run; He looked down the a - ges, O
night-fall it nes - tles to rest; Its in - no-cence pic-tured on
va - tion poor sin - ners to show; I may, if I will, thus be

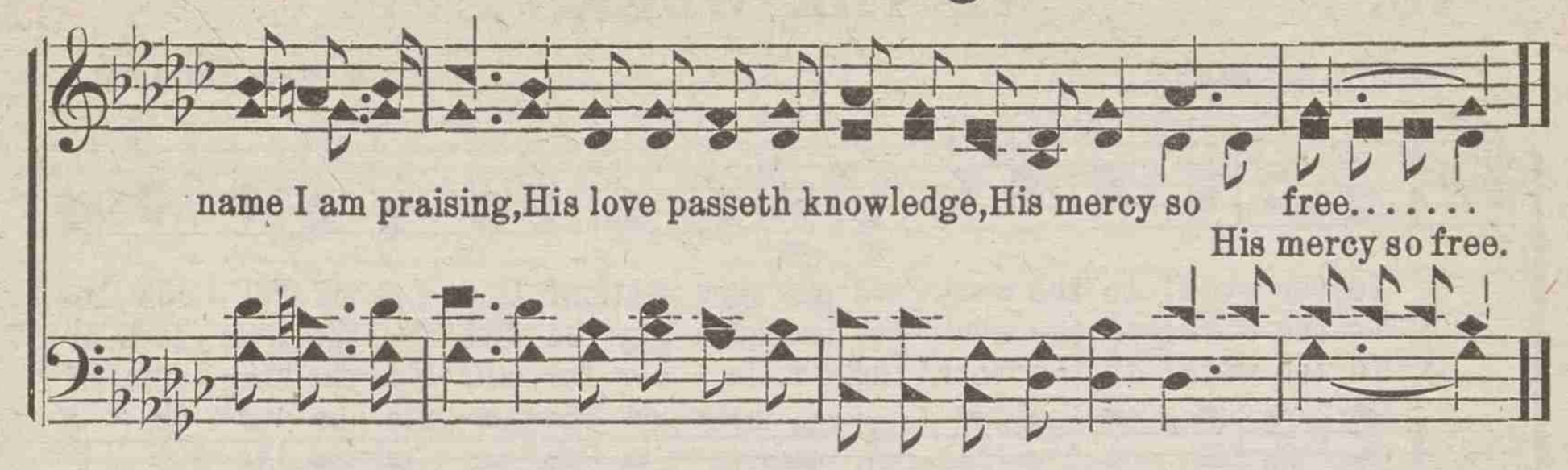
ru - ined by sin, He came to my res - cue, His love took me in.
won-der to tell! He planned them to save me from ru-in's dark spell.
fea-tures of bliss, I un - derstand faint-ly, but not love like this.
fit - ted to grace The cit - y that gleams with the smiles of His face.

CHORUS.

O love most a - maz - ing! O thought almost daz - ing, That Je - sus should
save a vile sin-ner like me;..... .... At Him I am gaz - ing, His
a sin-ner like me;

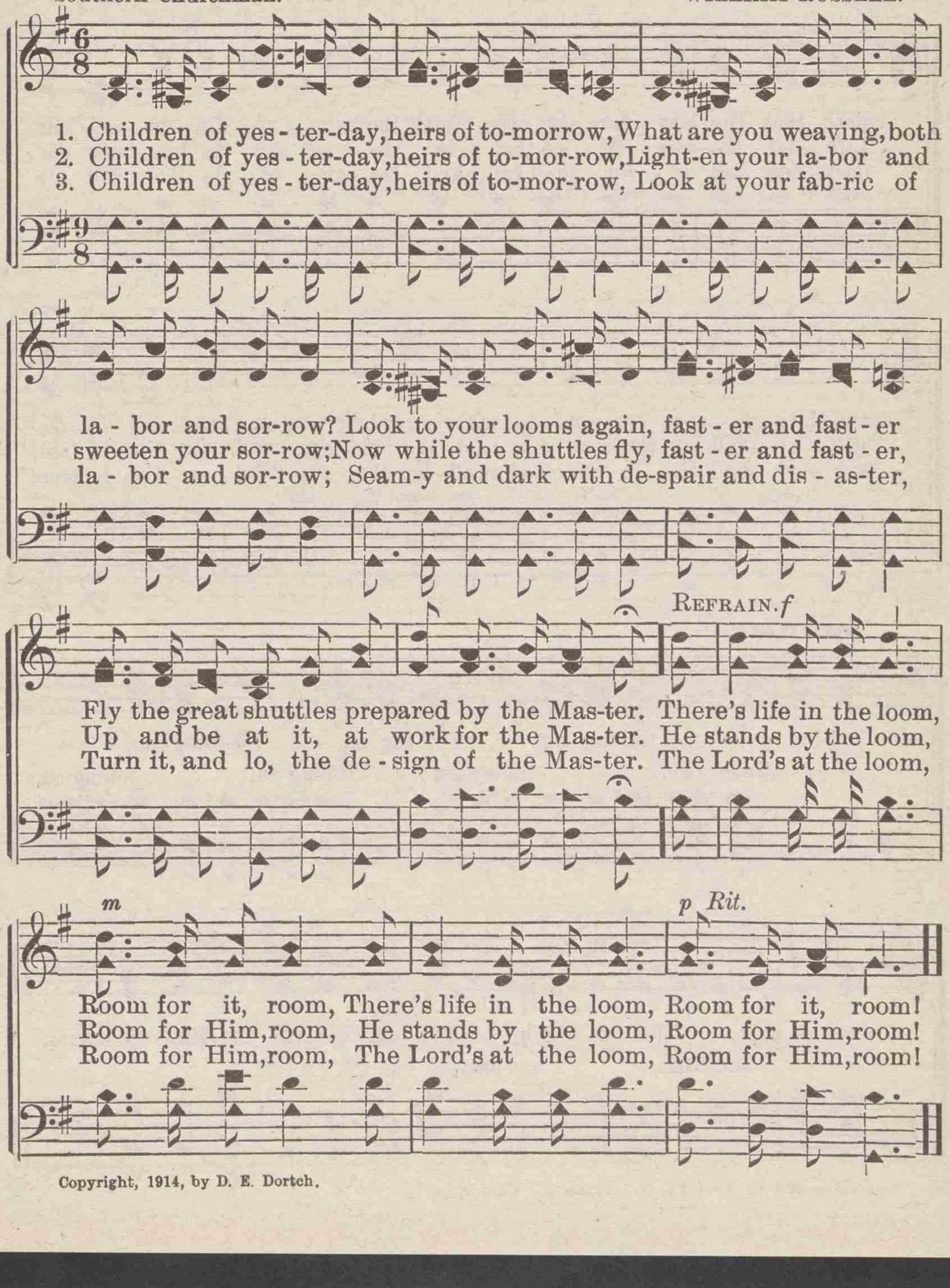
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The Love Most Amazing. Concluded.



No. 17. The Lord At The Loom.

Southern Churchman. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



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18. TO THE WORK.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that the Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed, To the foun - tain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid-ings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex- alt - ed shall be, In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

REFRAIN.

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

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No. 19. Marching Bravely On.

"Let us go on to perfection."—HEB. 6: 1.

NOTE.—On the fourth Sunday in June, 1913, the author went to the organ just before preaching time, wrote the words and music of this song, and then sang it as a solo just at the close of the sermon. That afternoon he attended a singing service at another church, the song was called for, and it was sung again. He thought if it would so impress the people while it was fresh it might prove valuable to the public at large.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 20. The Summons to the Wedding.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come. His bride hath made herself ready."—REV. 19: 7.
"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—ROM. 13: 10.

W. G. C. W. G. COOPER.

Sing slowly, don't hurry.



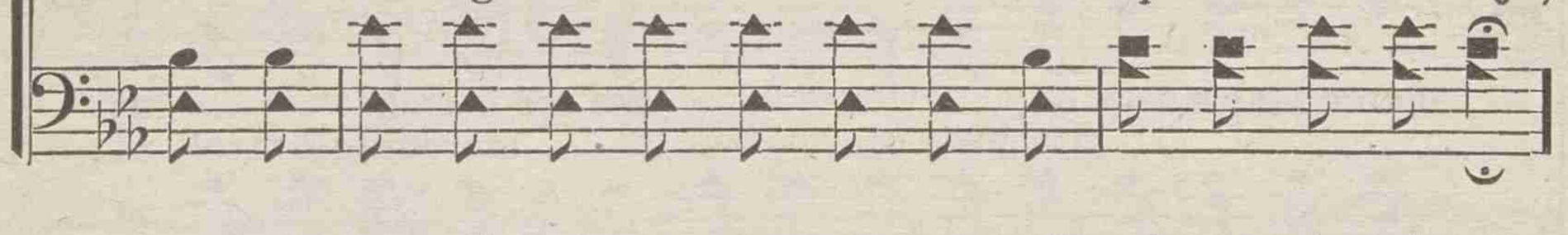
1. In the ev - an - es-cent beau-ty of the ear-ly morning's glow,
2. They shall come from ev-'ry na - tion, from the land and from the sea,
3. O the hope of meet-ing yon-der cheers a-like 'neath hut and spire,
4. Come, O come, Thou glo-ri-ous Bridegroom, robed in majesty and light,



Or it's soft trans-lu-cent splendor e'er the stars have vanquished quite;
And em-blaz-oned and be - jewel-ed with the dow - er - y of Light;
And no tongue can ev - er men - tion half the blessings that it brings,
For that fes - tal day long promised gaze we still with yearning eye;



Lo, Thy Church, dear Lord, awaits the dawn that ends the night of woe,
They shall live and dwell to - geth - er in the sweet-est har - mo-ny,
For it kin-dles in the hearts of all a new and ho - ly fire,
We are wait-ing for the summons with our lamps all trimmed and bright,

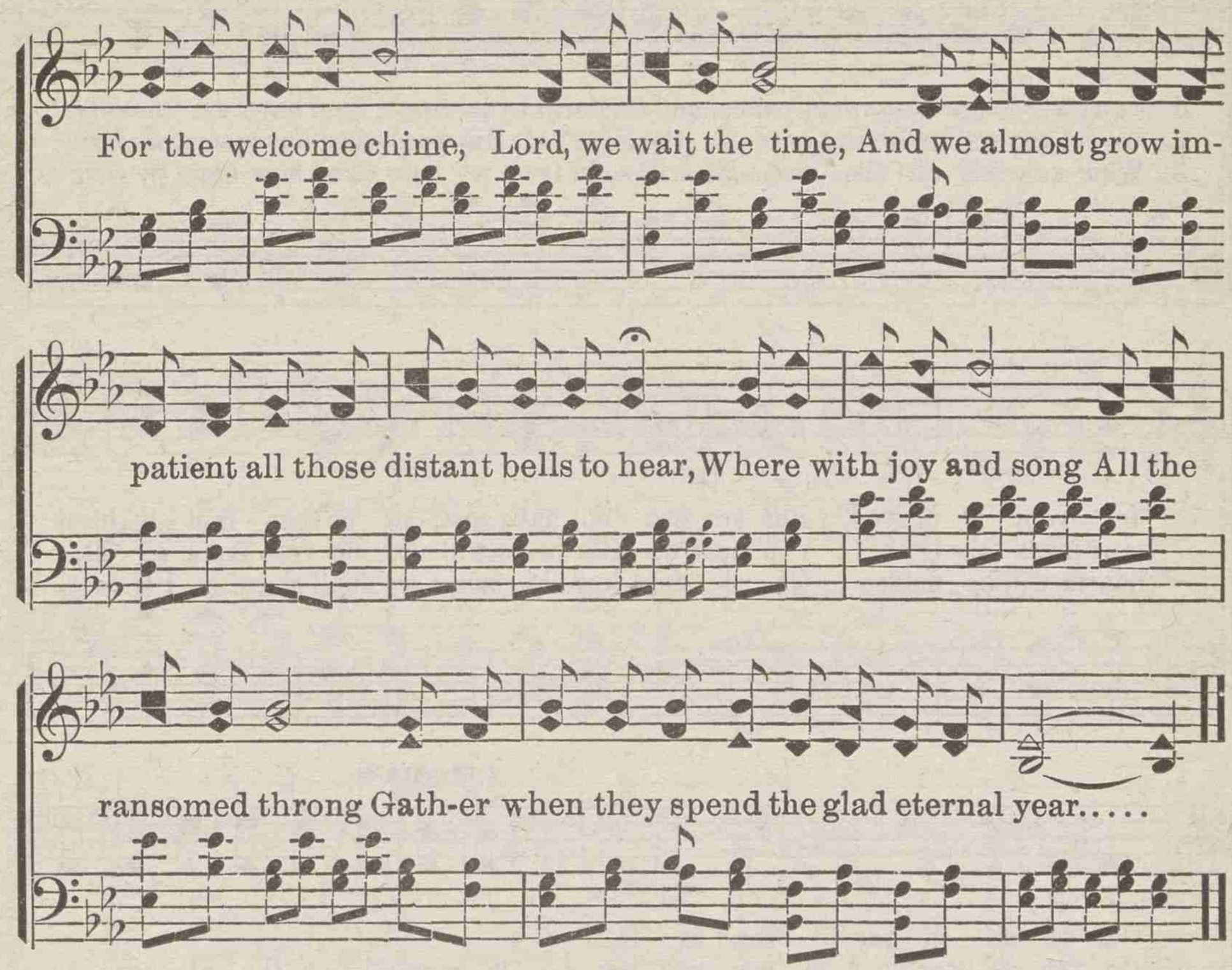


And shall call her to Thy pal - ace halls in bri - dal robes of white.
And in praise to their Re - deem-er shall in grow-ing love u - nite.
And ac - com-pa-nies the an-them that the choir im-mor - tal sings.
O re - ceive Thy bride made ready to the man-sions in the sky.

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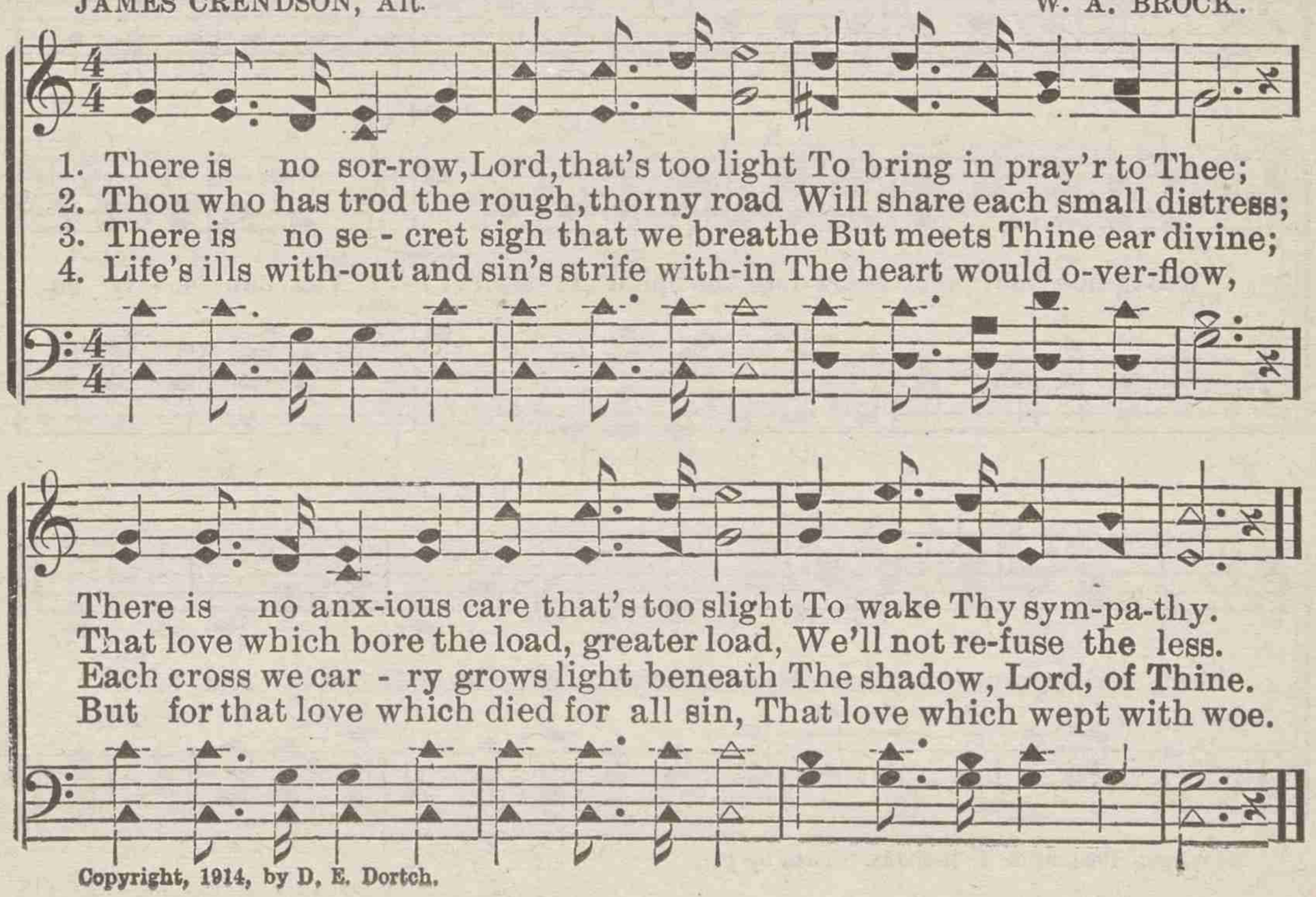
The Summons To The Wedding. Concluded.

DUET. Accompanied by Swiss bells or piano, and the humming of many voices, producing distant bell-chiming effect. Sing very slowly. Hum the accompaniment accurately.



No. 21. There Is No Sorrow.

JAMES CRENDSON, Alt. W. A. BROCK.



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22. IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have ear - nest-ly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord in the light of His word, And have peace and con -
3. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how hap - py our

fer - vent - ly prayed, But you can - not have rest, or be per - fect - ly blest
tent-ment al - way? You must do His sweet will to be free from all ill,
hearts will be made; Of the fel - low-ship sweet we shall share at His feet,

CHORUS.

Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al - tar of
When our all on the al - tar is laid.

sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart does the Spirit con-trol?..... You can on - ly be

blest, and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod - y and soul.

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23. YOU ARE NEEDED.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Are there a - ny stand-ing i - dle while the har-vest pass - es by, Help-ing not the pre - cious gold - en sheaves to bring? Lin - ger not, but haste to gath - er for the com - ing by and by— You are need - ed in the pur - pose, let your life a bless-ing prove— You are need - ed in the Je - sus ear - nest la - bor here be-low— You are need - ed in the gath - er for the com - ing by and by— You are need - ed in the serv - ice of the King! You are need - ed in the serv - ice of the King!

2. O how pre-cious are the mo-ments that are sent from God a - bove! You can ill af-ford their wealth a - way to fling! Live for some en - no - bling

D. S.—Lin - ger not, but haste to

3. When the reaping time is o - ver, O how sweet 'twill be to know You have faith-ful been as to the cross you cling; Come to - day, and give to

Fine.

CHORUS.

King!.....Come to - day and help the gold-en sheaves to bring.....
serv-ice of the King! come to-day.

D. S.

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No. 24. We Shall Meet Them In the Morning.

"Farewell, dear friend, we shall meet one morning in glory."—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

W. G. C. W. G. COOPER.

1. Tis a wondrous contemplation, Born of ho - ly rev - e - la - tion,
2. Friends have parted by the river, Trusting in the great Life Giver,
3. Who can picture the re-un-ion, Or de-scribe the sweet communion,

There will dawn a glorious morning For the ransomed by and by;
Then a last "good-by" was whipered, And we saw the closing eye;
When the saved of earth long severed Meet again to part no more;

Then the saints of all the ages, When no more the con-flict rag-es,
In that lonely home of sadness, Oh! the comfort and the gladness,
Then me-thinks the growing splendor Full reward to all shall render,

For a grand re-view shall gather In the home-land of the sky.
In the prom-ise of re - un-ion In the home-land of the sky.
And a thousand-fold re-pay them For all earth-ly woes ga - lore.

CHORUS.

We shall meet.... them in the morn - ing, We shall meet.... them
We shall meet them in the morn - ing, We shall meet

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We Shall Meet Them In the Morning. Concluded.

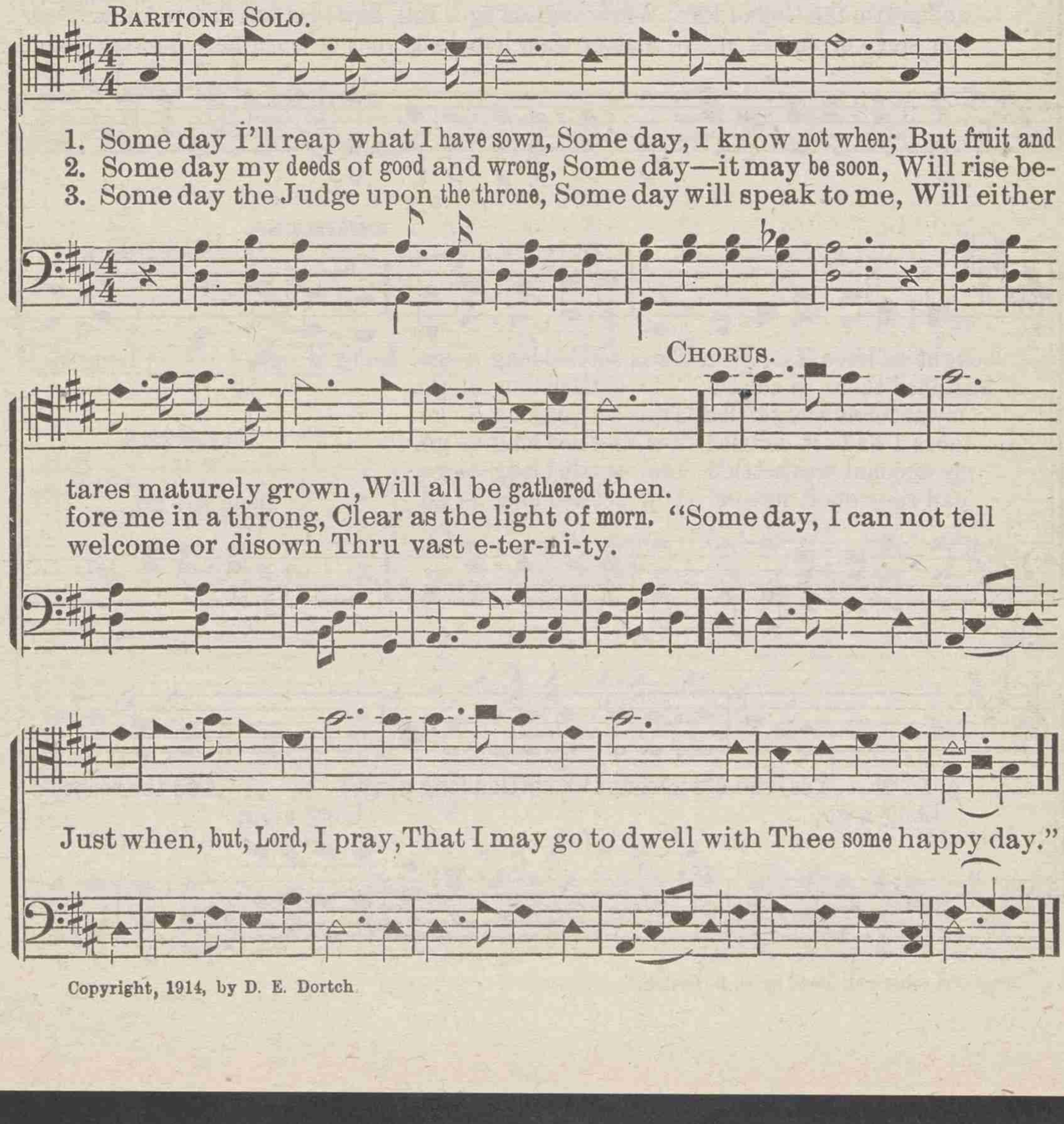




No. 25. Some Day, I Can Not Tell.

Copied by MRS. T. P. JOHNSON. D. E. DORTCH.

BARITONE SOLO.



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26. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

"My record is on high."—Job 16 : 19.

F. M. G. Alt. by W G. COOPER. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. I have in mind a time, when in the Book of heav'n, An old account was standing
2. That old account was large—it larger grew each day, For I was ev - er sin-ning,
3. I saw my guilt-y past, which nothing could undo, That Christ, who paid my ransom,
4. And when before the King in judgment I appear, When He the Book shall open,
5. In yonder realms of light, the ransomed hosts above, Shall sing redemption's story,
6. Then come and seek the Lord, repent of all your sin, Or you that home of glo-ry,

for sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, with ma - ny sins be-low, I
and yet had naught to pay; Thank God! I then a-woke, I saw my doom and woe, I
could save me thro' and thro'; And so my sins He hid beneath the crimson flow, Thus
and find my record clear; Then joy shall thrill my soul, which can no measure know, Be-
and praise the God of love; While endless ages roll, how sweet with them to know, That
can nev - er en-ter in; No matter then how long your sojourn here be-low, You

CHORUS.

sought to have it settled, 'Twas settled long a - go. Long a - go, Long a-
hastened there to set-tle, I settled long a - go.
my account was settled, 'Twas settled long a - go.
cause I had it settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
my account was settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
can re-gret it nev-er, You settled long a - go. Long a - go,

go, Yes, the old account was settled long a - go; And the record's
Long a-go, Long a-go;

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THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.



27. SPEAK JUST A WORD.

"In my name . . . they shall speak with new tongues."—MARK 16 : 17.

E. R. LATTA. Arr. D. E. DORTCH.



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28. YOU MAY HAVE THE JOY-BELLS.

RUARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below With you ev'ry-where you go,

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29 LET THE HOLY GHOST COME IN.

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—JOHN 20: 21.

R. F. REYNOLDS. C. E. ROWLEY. By per.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be re-deemed from all your guilt and sin,
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer?
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul,
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave,

Have the Ho - ly Spir - it con - stant - ly with - in?
Would you be re - lieved from ev - 'ry doubt and fear?
Burn the dross with - in and make you ful - ly whole?
So that you can res - cue those whom Christ would save?

D. S. Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, (come in,) Let the Ho - ly Ghost come

in, (come in,) Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, (come in.)

D. S.

Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Rowley.

No. 30. The Song of Redemption.

Anon. D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the far bet-ter land, filled with glo - ry and light, Where the ransomed
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their cho-rus of praise Round the star-cir -
3. Bless-ed Sav - ior, may we with our voic-es so faint, Sing the cho-rus
4. Let the chil-dren and friends with the teach-er u - nite, And we'll swell the

are sing-ing in garments of white, There the harp-ers are harp-ing and
cled throne of the An-cient of Days; There the thrones and do-min-ions re -
ce - les - tial with an-gels and saints; Yes, O yes, we will join them, their
glad song with the ran-somed in light; We will sing to the Lord that me -

all that bright train Sing the song of re - demp-tion to the Lamb that was slain.
ech - o the strain Of the glo - ry e - ter - nal to the Lamb that was slain.
ear we will gain With the song of re - demp-tion to the Lamb that was slain.
lo - di - ous strain, Sing the song of re - demp-tion to the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le -
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal-le -

1 2 *rit.*

lu - jah to the Lamb that was slain. Lamb that was slain.
lu - jah to the Lamb that was slain, that was slain, Lamb that was slain, that was slain.

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No. 31. O That Beautiful Home.

W. B. B. W. B. BLANTON.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful mansion a - bove, Which the Sav-ior has
2. Ma - ny loved ones are waiting for me, Robed in garments by
3. O be read - y to meet me up there, When this life and its

gone to pre - pare, Tis a place of great splendor and love,
Je - sus made white, What a meet-ing in - deed it will be,
toils are all o'er, There we'll rest in our Sav - ior's own care,

D. S.—*Soon we'll meet with each oth - er up there;*

FINE. CHORUS.

And its treas-ures are precious and rare. O that beau -
When I en - ter that cit - y of light.
On that beau-ti - ful ev - er-green shore. O that beau - ti-ful, beau-

What a meet - ing in - deed it will be.

ti - ful home..... Tis for you ..... and for
ti - ful home ov - er there, O that beau - ti - ful home, tis for

D. S.

me, ... How I long with the dear ones to roam.
you and for me,

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32. GOD IS ON THE WINNING SIDE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Are you help - ing win the bat - tle of Je - ho - vah, Are you trust-ing in His pow'r to help and guide? Tho' the con-flict seem - eth long,
2. Where Je - ho - vah leads a few shall be a thou - sand; In con- fu - sion might-y hosts of wrong shall hide; Who can, trembling, stand in fear
3. O the gos - pel flag shall wave o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, And the name of Christ shall ech - o far and wide; Help to speed the bless-ed hour,

Right shall tri-umph o - ver wrong, For God is on the win - ning side.
When the vic - t'ry is so near, And God is on the win - ning side.
It is com-ing now in pow'r, For God is on the win - ning side.

D. S.—For God is on the win - ning side.

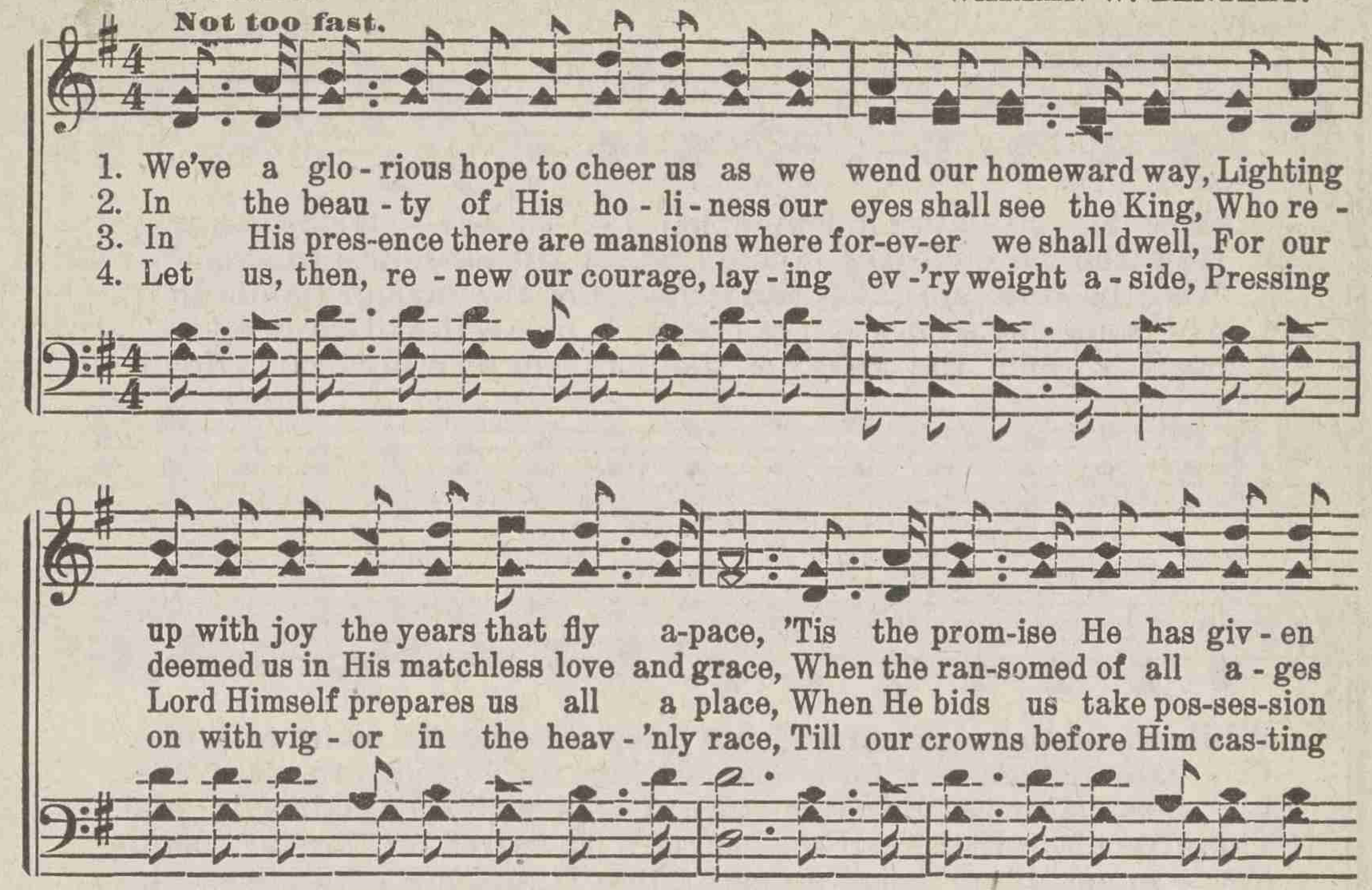
CHORUS.

God is on the win - ning side, He will with His host a- bide; Onward go with courage strong, Right shall triumph over wrong;
God is on the win - ning side, He will with His host a- bide; Onward go with courage strong, Right shall triumph over wrong;
God is on the win - ning side, He will with His host a- bide; Onward go with courage strong, Right shall triumph over wrong;

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33. WE SHALL SEE HIS BLESSED FACE.

KATE ULMER. WARREN W. BENTLEY.



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34. CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

"What then shall I do with Jesus?"—MATT. 27: 22.

G. W. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

QUARTET.

1. Once at Pi - late's judgment bar, Lo, the Sav-iour stood on tri - al;
2. How the e - vil pow'rs combine, At the Saviour's great mock trial!
3. 'Tis be - fore my own heart's throne, Now the Saviour stands on trial;
4. Ah! some day scenes will re - verse; I my - self will stand on tri - al;
5. Shall I join the rab - ble then? Je - sus hear my heart's de-ni- al;

While the mob from near and far Did His ho - ly name re - vile.
Pi - late listened—what a crime! Gave the verdict, cru - el, vile.
I must Him as Sovereign own, Or give all His claims de - nial.
There be - fore Him shall re - hearse With regret or joy-ful smile
Nev - er shall my voice a - gain Help Thine en-e - mies re - vile.

Yearning for His death, they cried—"Let Him now be crucified;" Burned they in their
"Cru-ci-fy Him then," He said As He turned with guilty tread; Washed his hands—O
If from Him I turn a-way, In the paths of sin to stray; Then I cru-ci -
My whole life—the worst and best, And must pass the solemn test; If I cru-ci -
All I am I now re-sign To be Thine, yes, wholly Thine; Now my heart shall

maddened rage, Pilate would their anger suage, Pilate would their anger suage.
lift your eye; Je - sus led a - way to die! Je-sus led a - way to die!
fy a - gain, Him who died for sinful men, Him who died for sinful men.
fy Him here, Who will calm my guilty fear? Who will calm my guilty fear?
be Thy throne, Reign unrivaled, reign alone, Reign unrivaled, reign a-lone.

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

CHORUS.

What shall I do with Je - sus? What shall I do with Je - sus?
shall I do with Jesus? shall I do with Jesus?

How shall I meet Him by and by If now my Lord I cru-ci - fy?
meet Him by and by

35. ONLY A BROKEN HEART.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."—Ps. 51: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a bro - ken heart, Saviour, I bring While to Thy
2. On - ly a bro - ken heart, I have no more; Lord may I
3. On - ly a bro - ken heart, yet I be - lieve; On - ly a
4. Lord, to Thy prom - ise now faith lifts mine eyes, Thou my poor

bless - ed cross help-less I cling; There in Thy name I wait,
en - ter in? Thou art the door; Where can I go for rest,
bro - ken heart Thou wilt re - ceive; Thou in Thy Word dost call
bro - ken heart wilt not de - spise; Take then the gift I bring

plead-ing with Thee; O my Re-deem- er, save, save Thou me.
where but to Thee? O my Re-deem- er, save, save Thou me.
lost ones to Thee; O my Re-deem- er, save, save Thou me.
on bend - ed knee; O my Re-deem- er, save, save Thou me.

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No. 36. Sunned With Cloudless Hopes.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Sunned with cloudless hopes of glo-ry, I'm a sin-ner saved by grace;
2. Sunned with cloudless hopes of glo-ry, I can look back o'er the way,
3. Sunned with cloudless hopes of glo-ry, Who can pic-ture the de-light,

Well do I re-call the sweetness Of the Saviour's first embrace,
When my fears and sore temptations Of-ten led my soul a-stray;
When the curtains shall be lift-ed, And my faith is lost in sight;

When the peace of sins for-giv-en Like a sun-rise dawned a-pace,
Till I learned to trust Him ful-ly, And to always watch and pray;
When with all the ransomed millions I shall in that song u-nite,

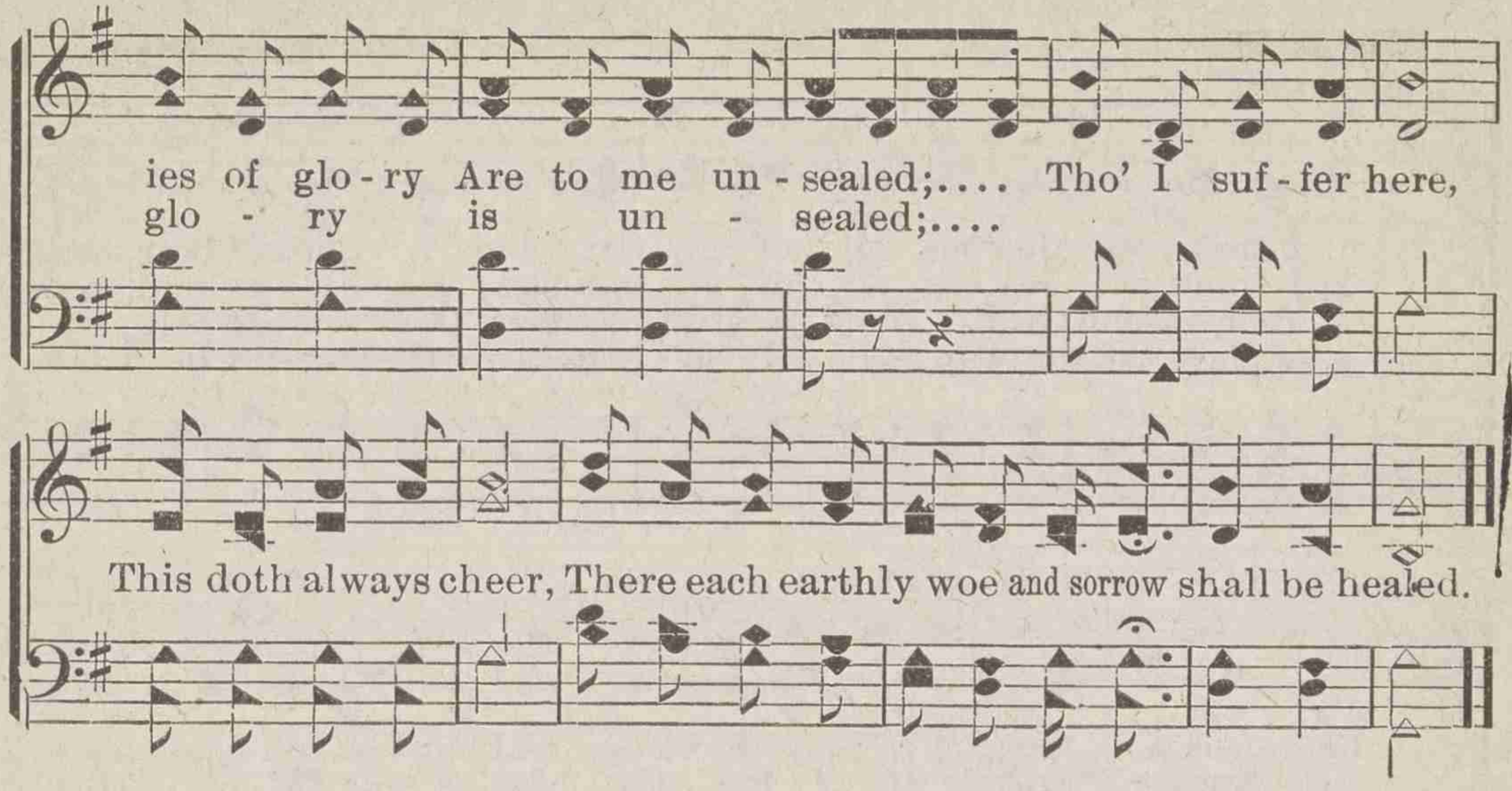
When I tast-ed joys im-mor-tal, Then be-gan my heav'nly race.
Now I walk each day the journey 'Neath the Spirit's quick'ning ray.
Say-ing, "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," And shall praise Him day and night?

CHORUS.

Sunned with cloudless hopes, Soon to be re-vealed,.... When the galler-
Sunned with hopes, Soon re-vealed, When His

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Sunned With Cloudless Hopes. Concluded.



No. 37. Why Not Come?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.



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38

I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus,
Make of my trou-bles quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vict'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

rit.

Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je- sus can help me, Je- sus a - lone.

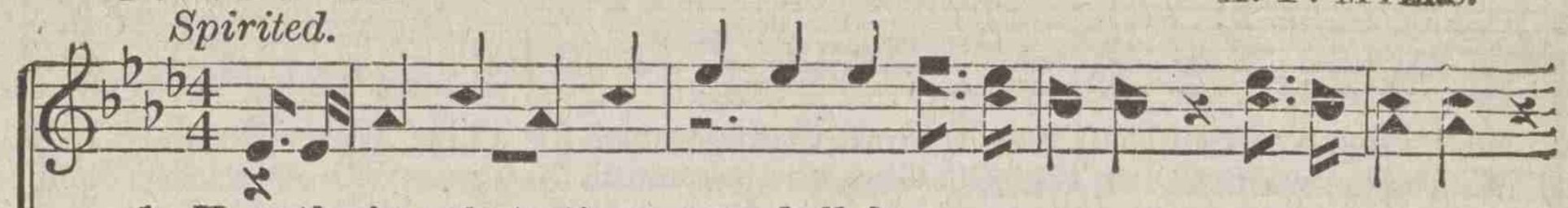
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39. WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

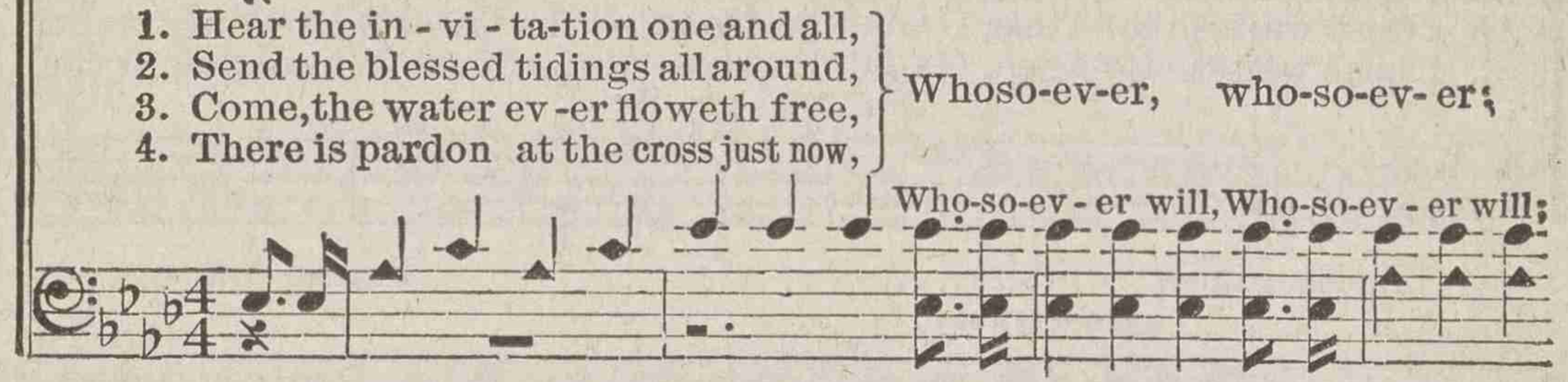
D. E. DORTCH. A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

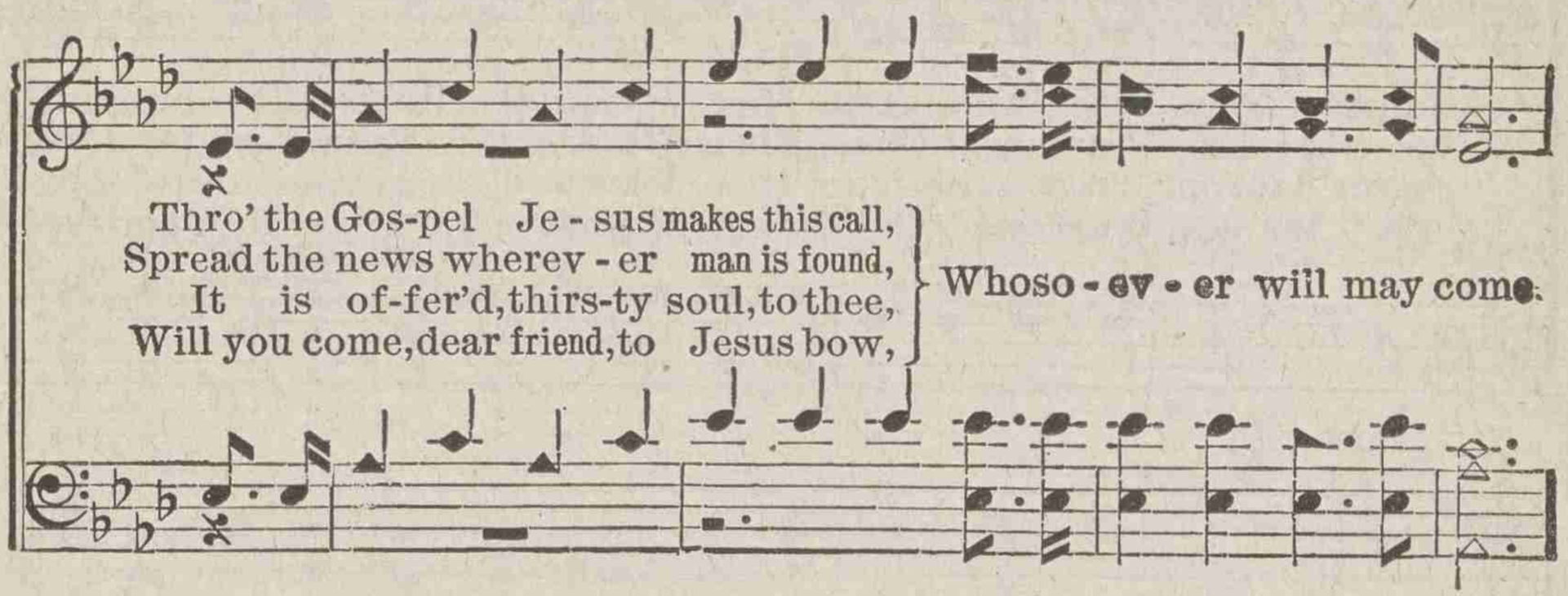


1. Hear the in - vi - ta-tion one and all,
2. Send the blessed tidings all around,
3. Come, the water ev -er floweth free,
4. There is pardon at the cross just now,

Whoso-ev-er, who-so-ev- er;



Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will;



Thro' the Gos-pel Je - sus makes this call,
Spread the news wherev - er man is found,
It is of-fer'd, thirs-ty soul, to thee,
Will you come, dear friend, to Jesus bow,

Whoso - ev - er will may come.

REFRAIN.



Who-so -ev - er, who-so - ev - er, Who-so - ev- er will may come, may come;
Who - so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev-er will may come, may come;



At the fountain you may drink to-day, Who-so - ev- er will may come.



5 If you trust in Jesus He will save,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
On the cross His life for you He gave,
Whosoever will may come.

6 There's a mansion in that home above,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
For the one who rests in Jesus' love,
Whosoever will may come.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH and A. F. MYERS.

40. PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.

"Praise waiteth for thee, O God in Zion."—Ps. 65: 1.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET. QUARTET. DUET.

1. Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, Praise waiteth for Thee; Where pleadeth Thine
2. Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, Praise waiteth for Thee; Where standeth Thine
3. Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, Praise waiteth for Thee; Where meet the en-
4. Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, Praise waiteth for Thee; Where gleameth the

Praise, praise, praise,.... Praise, praise,

QUARTET.

humble saints, Praise waiteth for Thee. A - mid the din of earth's complaints,
ho - ly place, Praise waiteth for Thee. Where flows the stream of saving grace,
raptur'd throng, Praise waiteth for Thee. Where swell the symphonies of song,
crys - tal sea, Praise waiteth for Thee. Where flows life's river full and free,

praise,....

Where cour-age droops and spir - it faints, Praise waiteth for Thee, O God,
Where shines the glo - ry of Thy face, Praise waiteth for Thee, O God,
And tongue and heart the notes pro-long, Praise waiteth for Thee, O God,
And shines the light e - ter - nal - ly, Praise waiteth for Thee, O God,

REFRAIN.

Praise waiteth for Thee. Praise, praise, praise, praise, Praise waiteth for Thee;

Praise wait - eth for Thee in Zi - on, Praise waiteth for Thee (for Thee).

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41. ON THE WINGS OF THE MORN.

"The wings of the morning."—Ps. 130 : 9.

NELLIE MONTGOMERY. DR. W. H. DOANE.

1. On the wings of the morn, speed, O speed ye a - way! There are mil-lions who per-ish because of de - lay; Sound the trump of sal -
2. On the wings of the morn; speed a - way, then, O speed! Lo! the hun-gry are cry-ing; go help ye their need; When ye know that a
3. On the wings of the morn, speed ye on - ward His love, Tho' the va - tion, ye her-alds of light; Let the beams of His beauty dis - Sav-iour each want can supply, Will ye still lin - ger on, will ye giv - eth a rest from their cares, And proclaim to the fet-tered that

CHORUS.

pel all the night. Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to - day; Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to - day.
leave them to die?
freedom is theirs. Speed thee onward, speed thee onward, on-ward, on-ward,

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42. WHEN THE CROWNING TIME SHALL COME.

HARRIET E. JONES. WILLIAM WARREN BENTLEY.

1. In the home of bliss, where the Sav-iour is, When the crown - - ing
2. Gathered sheaves we'll bring to our Sav-iour King, When the crown - - ing
3. O the treas-ures new for the tried and true, When the crown - - ing
4. In that home a - bove, bright with peace and love, When the crown - - ing

time shall come, How the courts will ring as we praise our King, When the
time shall come; Hear the sweet "Well done!" from the matchless One, When the
time shall come; Heart can-not be-lieve what we shall re - ceive, When the
time shall come, We will ev - 'ry crown at His feet lay down, When the

CHORUS.

crown - - ing time shall come. When the crown - - - ing time shall
When the crown - ing
come, When the crown - - - ing time shall come, How the
time shall come, When the crown - ing time shall come,
glad hallelujahs thro' the courts will ring, When the crown - ing time shall come.
When the crowning

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43. GLORIOUS REDEMPTION.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 7.

JNO. C. F. KYGER. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

With expression. Effective as a Solo.

1. What won - der-ful words in the gos - pel! What won - der - ful
2. Christ came from the throne of His Fa - ther, He left the bright
3. Then come to this mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, Ye wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er Sav - iour but Je - sus, O poor, trembling

mes-sage they bring! To pub - lish this bless-ed re - demp-tion,
mansions a - bove, A world to re - deem from its bond - age;
sor - row op - pressed, O look to the cross where He suf - fered,
sin - ner, draw nigh, That Sav - iour is ten - der - ly call - ing,

CHORUS.

To tell of our Sav-iour and King!
How great His compassion and love! O come and be - lieve in His
That you in yon heav-en might rest.
Then turn ye be - fore ye shall die.

mer - cy, It flows like a foun-tain so free; O come and re -

ceive the re - demp-tion He of - fers to you and to me.

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No. 44. The One Found Worthy.

"Behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof."—REV. 5: 5.

ELD. J. C. MIDYETT. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.



1. High seated on the great white throne, God held a volume all His own, 'Twas written
2. 'Twas sealed with seven seals, and none Could break those seals or look thereon, A mighty
3. Then angels from the mercy-seat, Both strong of wings and swift of feet, Searched heav-
4. The heavenly hosts were silent then, And anguish wrung the hearts of men, Tho all cre-
5. He takes the book, He breaks the seals, He reads, the way of life re-veals, Let heav-en



both without and in, And told how He could pardon sin, Thru One found worthy, Thru
an-gel stood to cry to all, To all below and all on high, Is one found worthy, Is
en above and earth beneath, And all the realms of endless death, There's none found worthy, There's
ated ones had failed, Great Judah's Zion has prevailed, There's One found worthy, There's
and earth their anthems raise To Him in everlasting praise, For He's found worthy, For



CHORUS.



One found worthy. O Thou Lamb once slain, . . . O Thou Lamb once
one found worthy?
none found worthy.
One found worthy.
He's found worthy. O Thou Lamb once slain, who lives again, O Thou Lamb once



slain, ... O Thou Lamb once slain, who lives again, Thou art found worthy.
slain, who lives again, O Thou Lamb once slain, who lives again, Thou art found worthy.



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45

HIS WAY WITH THEE.

PSALM 37: 5.

C. S. N. (CONSECRATION.) REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him each day with-in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden,
2. Would you have Him make you free and fol - low at His call? Would you know the per-fect peace that comes by giv-ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him good and true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His ser-vice la - bor

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him hav^ His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul and you will see, 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

Rit.

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WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver.

1. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Je-sus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto-ry of love: Wake the immor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho - rus,

Chorus.

Wonderful sto- ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won -
Wonder-ful sto- ry of love: Won-der -ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
sto-ry of love: Wonderful story of love:

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47. HOME OF REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

QUARTET. With feeling.

1. Faintly flow, thou falling riv-er, Like a dream that dies a-way,
2. Ros - es bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright, then fades their glow,
3. Life is one pure, shining river, Flow-ing to the crystal sea,
1. Faintly flow, thou fall - ing riv-er, Like a dream that dies a-way,

Down to o - cean gliding ev-er, Keep thy calm, unruffled way;
Shades of light are wafted hither, Then like vis - ions, too, they go;
We are sail - ing on it ev-er To the vast e-ter-ni - ty;
Down to o - cean gliding ev-er, Keep thy calm un - ruf-fled way;

Time, with such a si - lent motion, Floats a - long on wings of air
Quick as clouds at ev'ning driven O'er the ma - ny-colored west,
Swift - ly on to home and heaven, With the rush - ing, heaving tide,
Time, with such a si - lent mo-tion, Floats along on wings of air

To e - ter - ni-ty's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasures there.
Time is bear - ing us to heaven, Home of hap - pi-ness and rest.
Soon we'll an - chor and be giv-en Mansions where the saved abide.
To e-ter - ni - ty's dark ocean, Bringing all its treasures there.

W. W. Bentley, owner.

No. 48. U May If U Will.

"The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins."—MATT. 9: 6. "Ye will not come to me, that you might have life."—JOHN 5: 40.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. U may know the Cru-ci-fied, If U seek His smiling face; U may
2. U may weep and sigh no more, If U seek His smiling face; U may
3. U may fall at Je-sus' feet, If U seek His smiling face; U may
4. U may leave the world so gay, If U seek His smiling face; U may
5. U may on the Sav-ior call, If U seek His smiling face; U may
6. U may walk with Him in light, If U seek His smiling face; U may
7. U may press the streets of gold, If U seek His smiling face; U may

feel the blood applied, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may merge from
taste His bliss B - 4, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may all ure
there His mer-cy meet, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may shun sin's
en - ter Christ, the Way, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may to the
yield to Him ure all, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may now B
wear a robe of white, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may go where
bide where none grow old, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may join the

sin's dark night, U may en-ter in - to light, U may have ure soul washed white,
sins con - fess, U may share His righteousness, U may in His beauty dress,
dark al - loy, U may all ure pow'rs employ, U may share the blessed joy,
Sav - ior cling, U may shelter 'neath His wing, U may crown Him Lord and King,
saved from sin, U may perfect pardon win, U may share His love within,
an - gels stay, U may soar from earth away, U may pass thru gates of day,
ransomed throng, U may voice the triumph song, U may notes of praise prolong,

After last stanza or may be used after each stanza.

REFRAIN. *pp*

If U trust His pow'r to save. If U trust..... His pow'r to
If U trust,

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U May If U Will. Concluded.

save,..... U may in His fountain lave, If U trust His pow'r to save.
His pow'r to save.

No. 49. Jesus Is Watching You.

W. G. COOPER. H. E. OGDEN.

1. A mar-vel-ous gos-pel, and one you need, Brot plainly to you
2. His eye is up - on you, re - mem ber this, You nev-er can hide
3. No way to be hap-py, till rec - on-ciled, For-giv - en and saved,
4. Some day if you love Him and serve Him here, And grow to be like

dur - ing all your days, Sur-pass-ing - ly sol-emn to know in-deed,
from His searching gaze, And you are pre-par-ing for woe or bliss,
to His will re-signed, And con-stant-ly liv - ing as God's own child,
Him in all your ways, Your rapture shall be in a happier sphere,

That Je-sus is watching you. O Je-sus is watching you,.... Yes,
Lo, Je-sus is watching you.
For Je-sus is watching you.
That Je-sus is watching you. watching you,

D. S.—*Je - sus is watching you.*

Je-sus is watching you, Wher - ev-er you go, What-ev-er you do,

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50. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There 's a great day com-ing, a great day com-ing, There 's a great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
2. There 's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing, There 's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
3. There 's a sad day com-ing, a sad day com-ing, There 's a sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De- part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

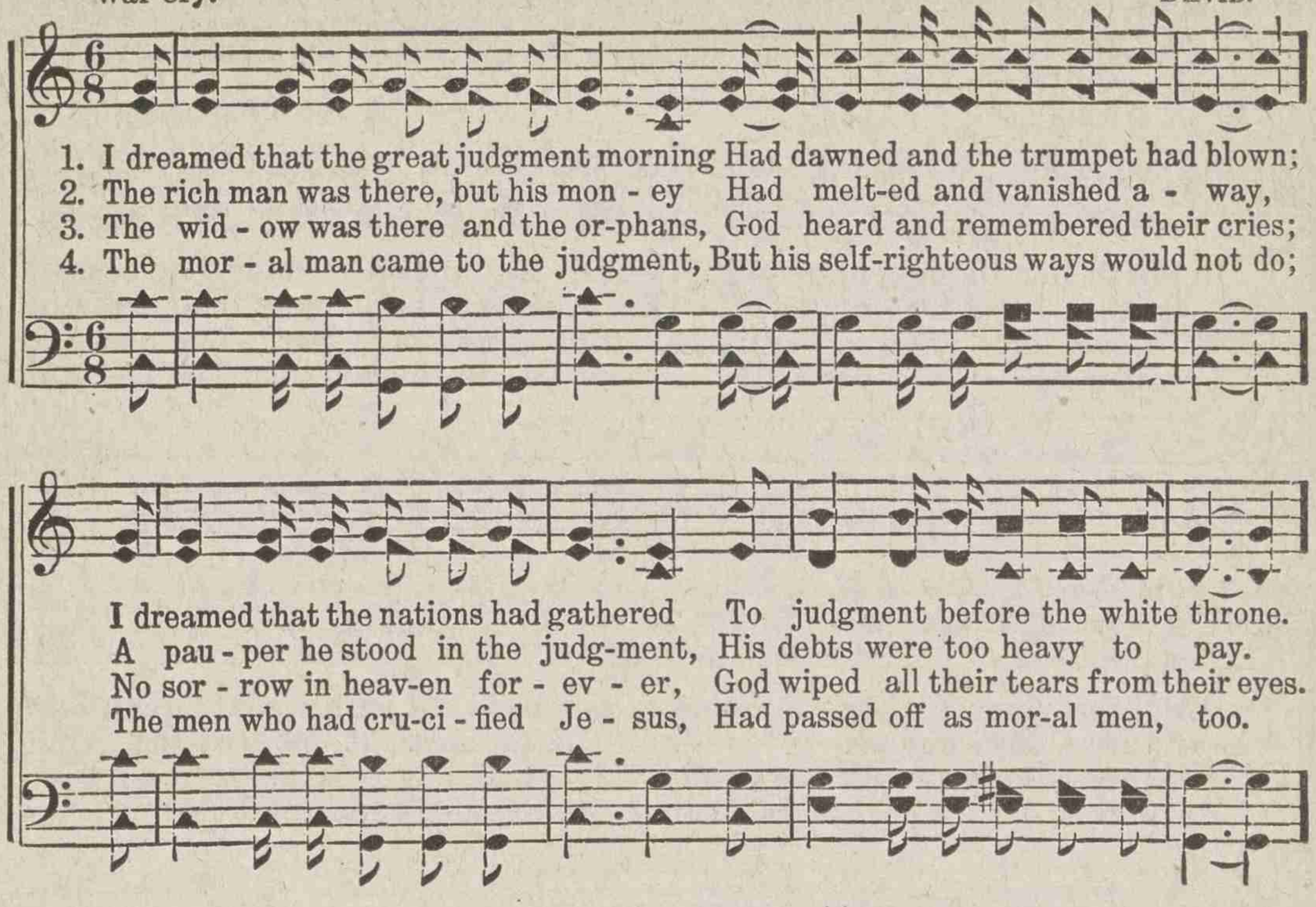
Are you ready? are you read-y? Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you read - y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?

By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON AND Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

No. 51 The Great Judgment Morning.

"And before him shall be gathered all nations."—MATT. 25: 32.

"War Cry." DAVID.



*Use small notes in chorus for first ending and large notes for second.

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No. 52. The Best and Brightest Days.

A young girl of fifteen,—a bright, laughter-loving girl,—was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days, poor child!" "Oh, no, doctor," she exclaimed, "my best days are yet to come, when I shall see the King in His beauty!"—*Ram's Horn.*

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



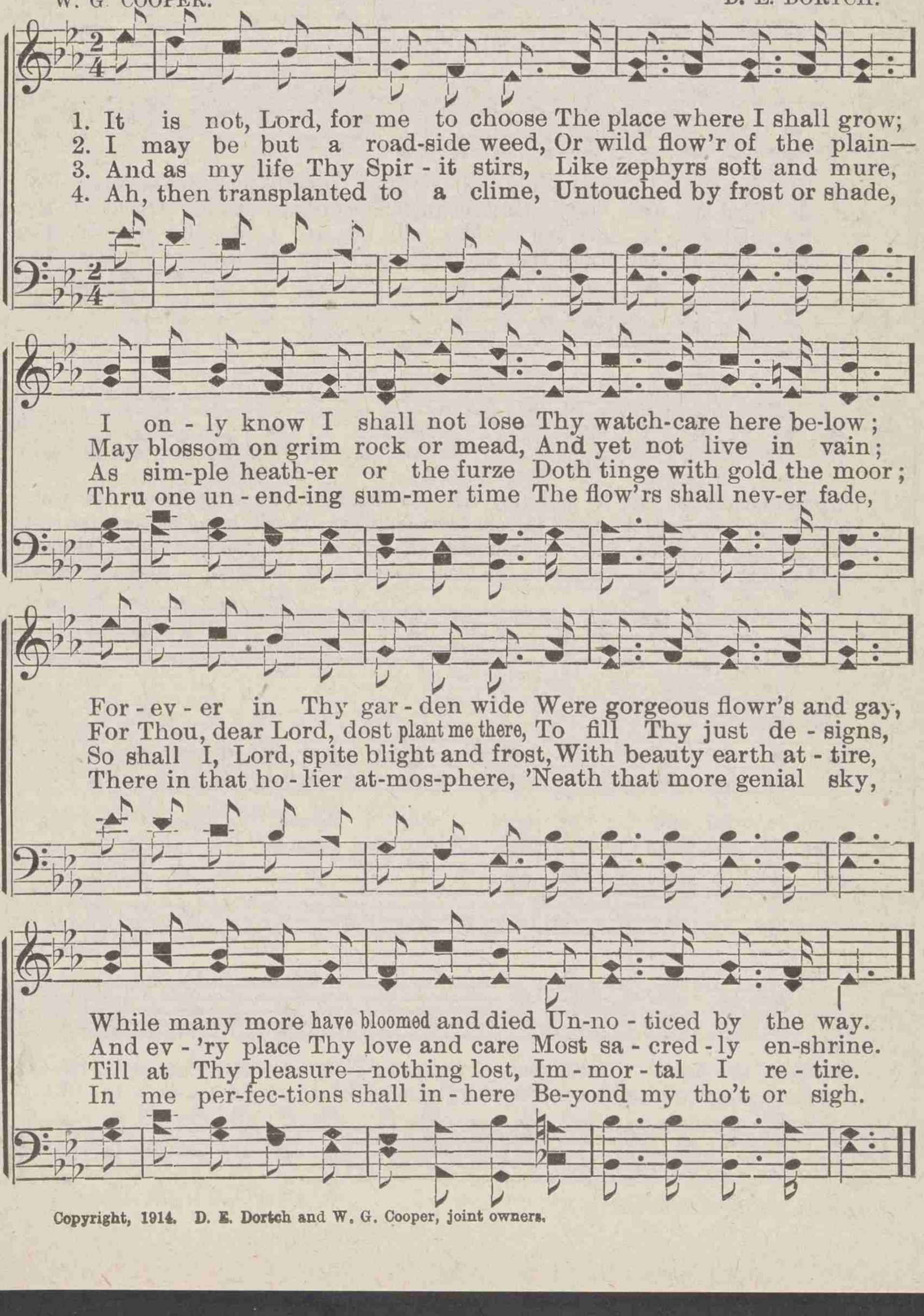
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The Best and Brightest Days. Concluded.



No. 53. Growing in the Garden.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 54. Beautiful Life of Service.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. What wondrous fields of beau - ty Spread out on ev - 'ry side, When in the
2. No fail - ure can at - tend me While by my Sav-ior's side, From harm He
3. Lord, help me thus to la - bor My mis-sion to ful - fill, To help my
4. Ac - cept my thanks, dear Sav - ior, For all things bright and fair, And grant that

paths of du - ty I cheer-ful-ly a - bide; A rest-ful hope pos-sess-ing, My
will de - fend me, And be my constant guide; Temptations can but strengthen, My
err - ing neigh-bor, To love and do Thy will; For, as I do Him serv-ice, Thou
my be - hav-ior May praise Thee ev-'ry-where, Till at the pearl-y por-tals I

purpose naught can foil, To make my life a blessing, And faith-ful-ly to toil.
loy - al - ty they test, As night-fall shadows lengthen, They'll bring me sweeter rest.
dost my spir - it bless, And o - pen wide the pur-vis To great-er use - ful-ness.
lay life's bur-den down, And, with the blest im-mor-tals, I wear a star - ry crown.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful life of serv - ice, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful life,
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful life of serv - ice, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful life,

Flooding the world with glad - ness, Where it with sad-ness is rife.
Flooding, yes, flood-ing this world with gladness, Where it with sad-ness is rife.

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No. 55. Sheltered By the Rock.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Tho the clouds come nigh and the roll-ing thunders crash, I am
2. Tho my friends dis - card and my foes my ru - in try, I am
3. E - ven death may come and e - ter - ni - ty draw near, I am

shel-tered by the Rock that stands secure; Tho the winds are high
shel-tered by the Rock that stands secure; Tho they press me hard
shel-tered by the Rock that stands secure; In the judg-ment doom

D. S.—*Tho the winds are high*

and the foam - ing wa - ters dash, I am shel-tered by the
and their fi - ery mis-siles fly, I am shel-tered by the
I shall noth - ing have to fear, I am shel-tered by the

and the foam - ing wa - ters dash, I am shel-tered by the

CHORUS.

Rock that must en - dure.
Rock that must en - dure. I am shel-tered by the Rock, by the
Rock that must en - dure.

Rock that must pre - vail.

D. S.

ev - er-last - ing Rock, I am sheltered by the Rock that can-not fail;

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No. 56. The Road Leads Home.

British Melody. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O pil - grim, as you journey do you ev - er glad-ly say,
2. Home! the safe and blissful shel-ter where is glad and full content,
3. And so of - ten for your comfort you will read the guide and chart,

In spite of heav - y burdens and the roughness of the way,
And com-pan-ion-ship of kindred and the treasures ear - ly rent,
It has wis - dom for the mind and sweet sol - ace for the heart;

That it does not sure - ly matter, all the strange and bitter stress,
From your holding shall be giv-en back more pre-cious than be-fore,
It will serve you as a mentor, it will guide you sure and straight,

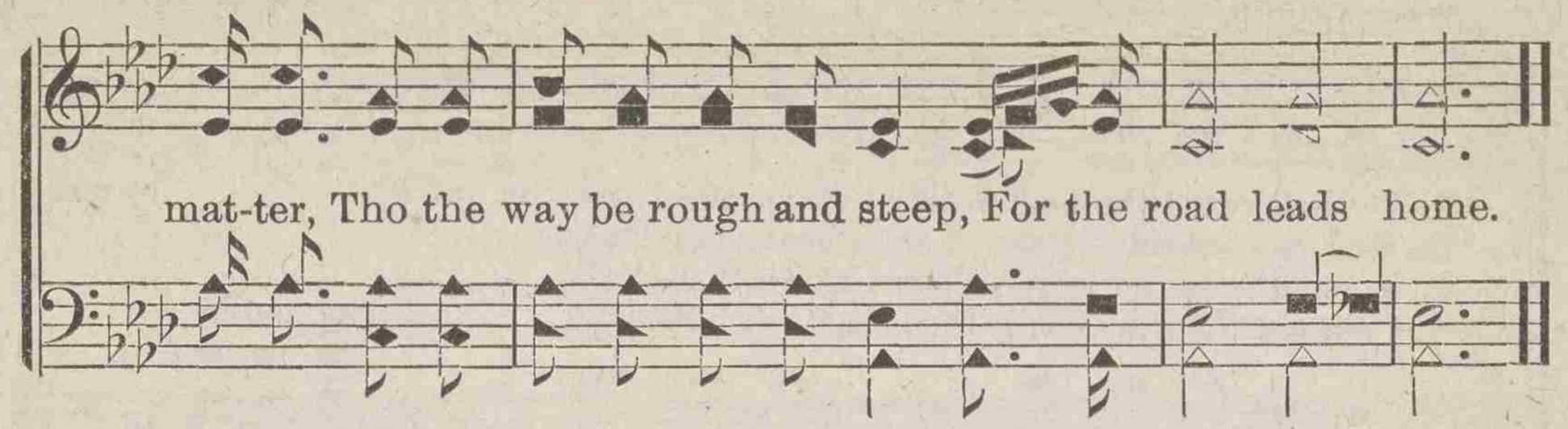
Heat and cold, and toil and sor-row, twill be healed with blessedness?
O you will not mind the journey with such bless-ed-ness in store.
All the time that you will journey, be the end-ing soon or late.

REFRAIN.

For the road leads home, yes, the road leads home; O it does not surely
When the road leads home, when the road leads home;

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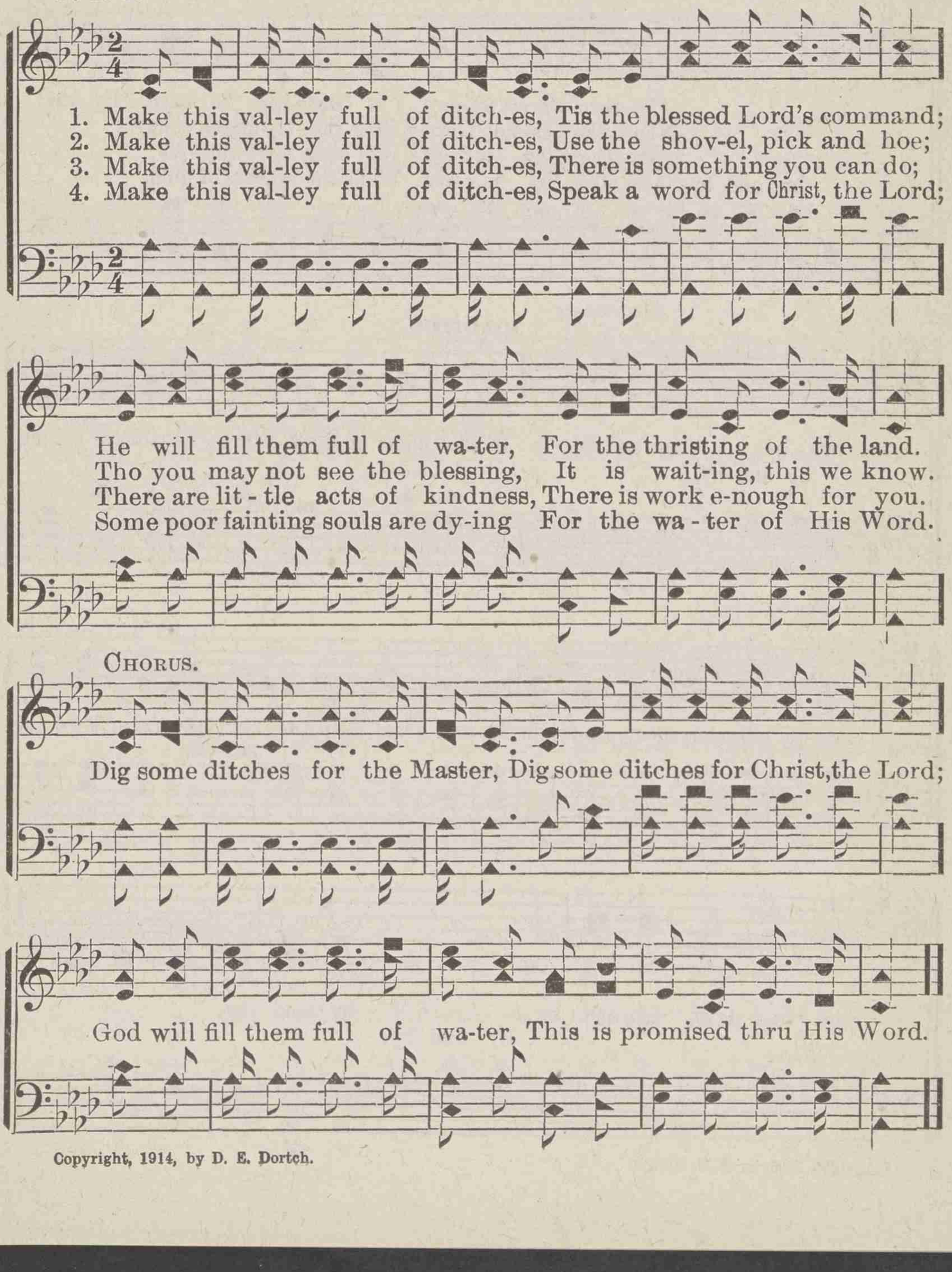
The Road Leads Home. Concluded.



No. 57. Dig Some Ditches.

"And he said, Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches."—2 KINGS 3: 16.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



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58. BY AND BY.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I shall reach the land Where the ransomed stand, By and by, by and
2. O'er ce - les-tial plains, I shall hear sweet strains;
3. I shall want no more, When I reach that shore,
4. Courage, then, my soul, Thou shalt reach the goal. By and by,

by; 'Tis thro' Christ se-cure, If my life be pure, By and
Where the heav'nly throng Sing the tri-umph song,
For the King on high Will each need sup - ply,
by and by; And with joy un - told, Walk the streets of gold,

CHORUS.

by, by and by. In that home of light, Where 'tis always bright,
By and by,

Hap-py pilgrims meet, And their Saviour greet, There they sing His praise Thro' the

end - less days, By and by, by and by,
By and by, by and by.

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59. NO NIGHT THERE.

W. C. MARTIN. E. HANKS.

1. There's a land of day Nev-er far a - way, Where a shadow nev-er
2. Ne'er a cloud-ed sky Shall we see on high; Not a mist shall ev-er
3. We shall have no fears, We shall shed no tears, We shall have sweet peace thro'

falls, they say; 'Tis a land of light, And it has no night, For the
greet the eye; Ev -'ry day is bright, Ev'ry heart is light, In the
end - less years, When at last we [stand In the glo - ry - land, With the

CHORUS.

Lamb's the Light there-of al - way.
land we'll en - ter by and by. There is no night there, Not a
One whom ev -'ry heart re - veres.

grief nor care, For the Word of God doth so declare; There is no night there,

But a day most fair, Whose e - ter - nal glo - ry I shall share.

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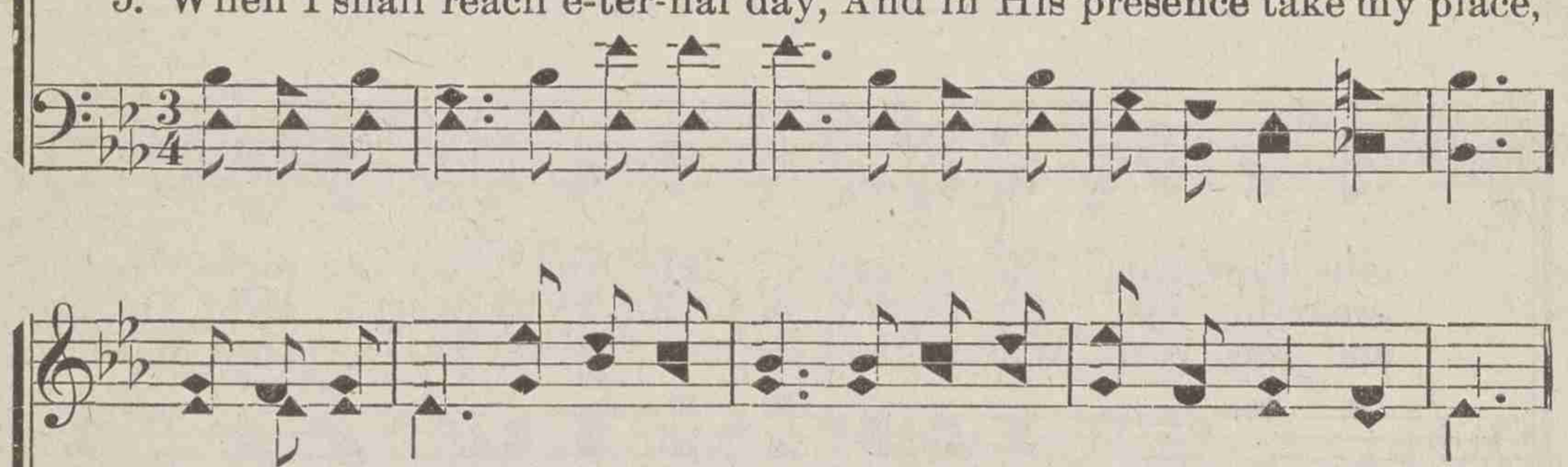
No. 60. All of Grace.

'The gift of God is eternal life thru Jesus Christ our Lord.''—ROM. 6: 23.
This song was written and inserted by request of William R. Shook, B. S., M. D.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



1. No righteous works which I have done, Nor other claims I may enlink,*
2. Twas grace alone contrived the plan To woo and save our fallen race,—
3. This brot my Sav-iour from a-bove, To die, to suf - fer in my stead;
4. My mind with gospel truth instilled, God's free salvation did em-brace,
5. When I shall reach e-ter-nal day, And in His presence take my place,



Can stay the work of sin begun, Nor snatch my soul from ruin's brink.
To bridge the gulf 'twixt God and man, Renew and rescue from disgrace.
To plant within me life and love, When all the gloom of life is fled.
Now He life's pathway doth engild, With fondest hopes of sovereign grace.
I'll shout amidst the bright array, I'm saved thru grace—yes, all of grace



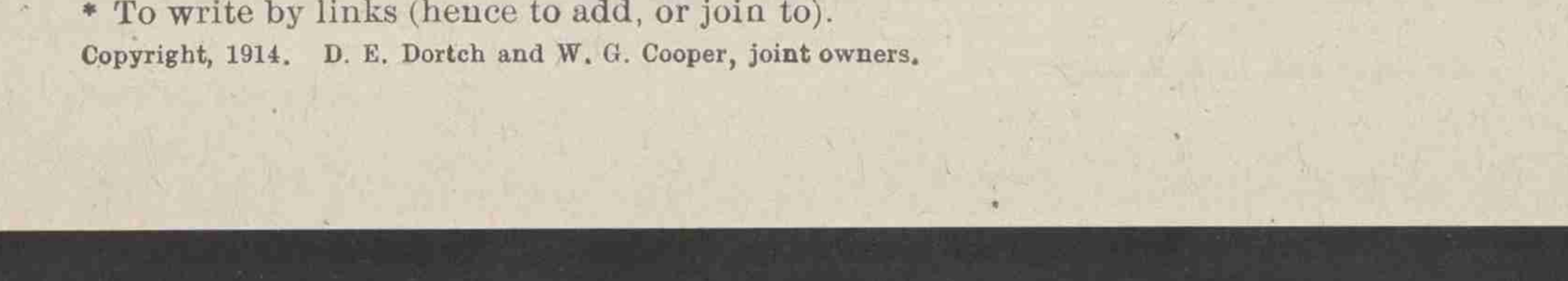
CHORUS.



Tis God's free gift in Christ alone Which can the marks of sin ef-face,



Its pardon gain, its pow'r dethrone, Tis all of grace, tis all of grace.



* To write by links (hence to add, or join to).

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61. GOD HOLDS THE KEY.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM. 8: 28.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.
Arr. by J. C. MIDYETT.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. God holds the key to all unknown, And I am glad (and I am glad),
2. What if to-mor-row's cares were here, With-out its rest (with-out its rest),
3. I can-not read His fu-ture plans, But this I know (but this I know),
4. E-nough, this cov-ers all my needs, And so I rest (and so I rest),

Yes, I am glad (yes, I am glad); If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or if He
Its blessed rest (its blessed rest)? I'd rather He'd un-lock the day, And as its
Yes, this I know (yes, this I know), I have the smil-ing of His face, And all the
Se-rene-ly rest (se-rene-ly rest), For what I can-not He can see, And in His

D. S.—If oth-er hands should hold the key, Or if He

trust-ed it to me, I might be sad (I might be sad), I might be sad.
morn swings open say, "My will is best (my will is best), my will is best."
ref-uge of His grace, While here below (while here below), while here below.
con-stant love I'll be For-ev-er blest (for-ev-er blest), for-ev-er blest.

Fine.

trust-ed it to me, I might be sad (I might be sad), I might be sad.

REFRAIN.

God holds the key (for you and me), For you and me, (He holds the key,)

D. S.

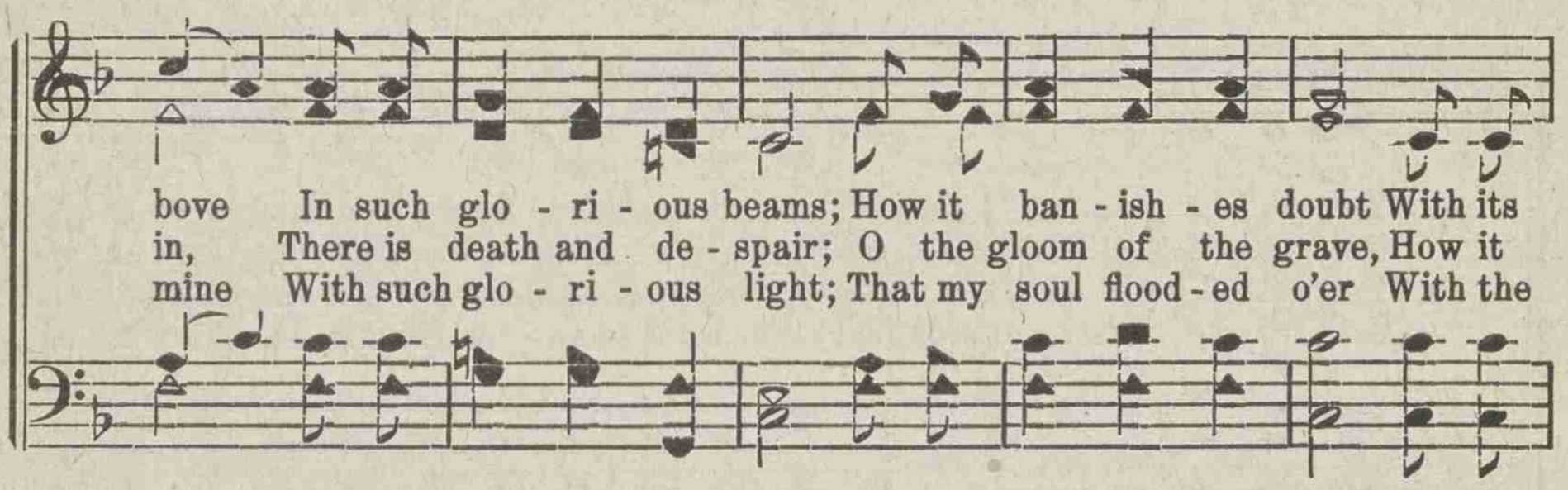
And I am glad (so ver-y glad), Yes, I am glad (so ver-y glad).

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62. BLESSED SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

REV. WALLACE R. STRUBBLE. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.











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No. 63. He's Calling For Thee.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

MRS. E. GREEN FLOYD. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Je- sus is call-ing the wan-der-ers home, Calling you, sin-ner, O hear Him and come! Come at the mer-cy-seat fer-vently bow, Sin-ner, dear
2. On the dark mountain He suffered and died, Groaning and bleeding while scof-fers de-ride; Sin-ner, behold Him, behold Him and live, Freely He
3. Out in the hedg-es and by-ways of sin, Christian, go seek them, and bid them come in, Tell them the sto - ry of Jesus' great love, Show them the

CHORUS.

sin - ner, He's call-ing you now.
loves you, He'll freely for-give. He's calling you now, He's calling you now,
path way to mansions a-bove.

Affectuoso.

Je - sus is call-ing, O how can you stay? He's calling you now, gen-tly

Rit.

call - ing you now, He's calling, gen-tly calling! O why do you de-lay?

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64. THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

"The old gospel has lost none of its power, O preach it and live it."—MOTHER.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Preach the gos - pel, tell the sto - ry, How the Sav - iour left His glo - ry,
2. Hear the gos - pel, ne'er a sin - ner Who o - beyed but was the win - ner,
3. Live the gos - pel, let the Sav - iour Ev - er shine in your be - ha - vior,
4. When we meet no more to sev - er, We shall praise Him there for-ev - er,

For the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Tell He died to
For the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Make from sin a
Show the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; That the sin - ful
That the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Then at Je - sus'

bring sal - va - tion, From all sin and de - gre - da - tion, And the grand old
sep - a - ra - tion, And be - lieve un - to sal - va - tion, Find the grand old
world, be - liev - ing, May its won-d'rous truth re - ceiv-ing, Know the grand old
cor - o - na - tion We shall each with ex - ul - ta - tion Shout the grand old

CHORUS.

gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r. The grand old gos - pel, The dear old
gos - pel, The pure, bless-ed gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; The grand old

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THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL. Concluded.



65. WHEN I THINK ABOUT THE CROSS.

W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



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66. A LETTER FROM MY FATHER.

1 JOHN 2: 13.

JAMES CALLOWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. I've a let-ter from my Fa-ther in my hand, Which the Ho - ly Spir-it
2. In this let-ter from my Fa-ther which I hold, Ma-ny grand and precious
3. In this let-ter I can hear my Fa-ther say, I am with my faithful
4. O this let-ter from my Fa-ther is so dear, Speaking words of con-so-

wrote at His com-mand; As its pag - es turn be - fore me, I can
things to me are told; How His own He will de - liv - er, How they'll
chil - dren all the way; And my mer - cy will befriend them, And my
la - tion and of cheer; As I read this Book of a - ges, All my

read the wondross story, How my Saviour left his glo - ry For this land.
rest beyond the riv - er, How their feet shall pass for-ev-er, Streets of gold.
faithfulness defend them, And the love of Christ commend them, In that day.
heart its truth en-gag-es, God is speaking thro' its pa-ges, Let me hear.

REFRAIN.

Blessed Bi - - ble, book di-vine, Precious treasure thou art mine, thou art mine;
Blessed Bible, book divine, thou art mine;

Rit.

Blessed Bi - - ble, book di-vine, Precious treasure thou art mine, thou art mine.
Blessed book divine, thou art mine.

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No. 67. Alleluia.

CHARLES WESLEY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Al - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an-gels say,
2. Time's redeeming work is done, Al - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the battle won,
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia! Fol-l'wing our ex-alt - ed Head,

Al - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and triumphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Lo! our sun's e - clipse is o'er, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Death in vain for-bids His rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

CHORUS.

Sing, ye heav'n and earth reply, Al - le - lu - ia!
Lo! He sets in blood no more, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day,
Christ hath opened Par-a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia!

After last verse.

rit.

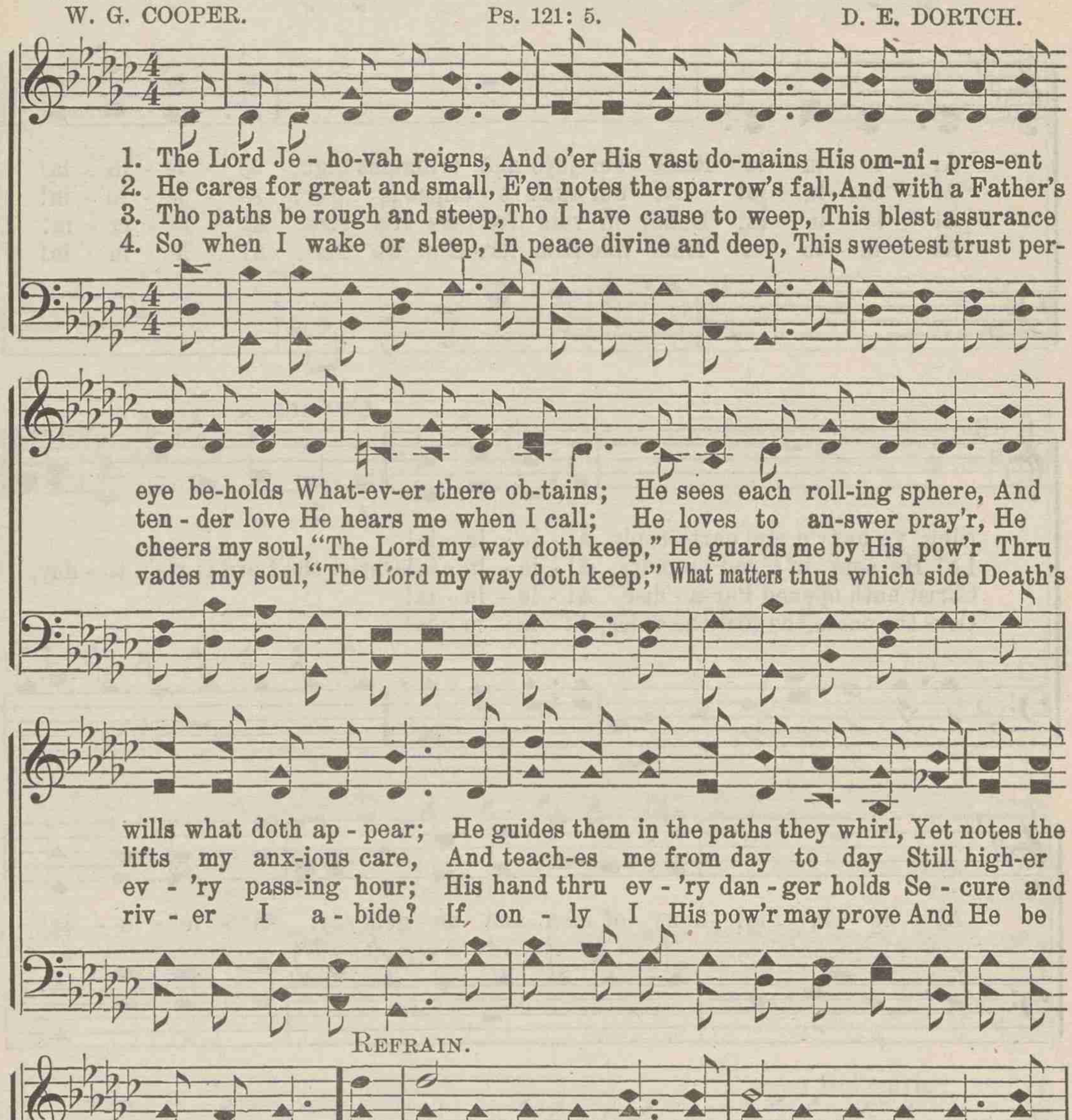
Al-le - lu-ia, a-men, Al-le - lu-ia, a - men, A-men, A - men, A - men.

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No. 68. The Lord Keeps Me.

The rains had fallen in streams, and the river had swollen to an impassable torrent, and for two weeks had separated me from the little shack I called home, situated in the Canadian west. Day after day I had ridden on horseback into the raging waters to ascertain its depth, and to see if its bottom were gravel or quicksand since the freshet, and as often had been forced to return, as the water was too deep and the current too swift for a horse to ford. Finally it had lowered some, and I resolved to make a dash and cross or go down in the effort. So I knelt on the shore and there asked the Ruler of the elements to keep me, to guide as to place, to give strength to the horses, and permit us to get safely over. In we plunged, horses and wagon. Bottom was hard but water deep and current swift. I urged on the horses. Wagon began to float, horses began to float. I plied the whip. Horses' feet still touched bottom as they paddled on, on. We were over the deepest and began to near the other shore. The water grew more shallow, and we at last pulled out on the other side, the first man who had succeeded in crossing since the flood. Then I kneeled again on the opposite banks of the river and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance from the fury of the waters. This gave rise to the following hymn. It afterward turned out that the river bottom was quicksand in both directions, and that where I crossed was about the only place possible at the time.

W. G. COOPER. Ps. 121: 5. D. E. DORTCH.



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The Lord Keeps Me. Concluded.

keeps me ev - 'ry day;..... He keeps me,
He keeps me ev - 'ry day, He keeps me all the way,

rit.

He keeps me, He keeps me all the way.....
He keeps me ev -'ry day, He keeps me all the way.

No. 69. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face:
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

f. FINE.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heel my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—*While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,

70. WE SHALL SEE HIM.

"We shall see him as he is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We have seen the Saviour com-ing in the king-dom of His grace, When the sto - ry of sal - va - tion has been told (has been told;) And the footprints of His
2. We have seen His face re-flect-ed from the fac - es of His own, As their souls have been il - lum - ined by His grace (by His grace;) As from glo - ry un - to
3. By the eye of faith be-hold-ing we have seen Him bleed and die, And have seen Him break the fet - ters of de-spair (of despalr;) Ev - er-last-ing doors up-
4. We have heard His tender ac-cents call-ing sin - ners to His arms, We have felt our wear - y spir - its touch-ing His (touching His;) We have seen, and felt, and

go - ings thro' the na - tions we can trace, But we long His bless-ed presence
glo - ry they have to His like-ness grown, But we long to see that glo - ry
lift - ed at His pres-ence draw-ing nigh, But our long-ing eyes would look up-
heard Him in His rec - on - cil - ing charms; But we long to look up - on Him

REFRAIN.

to be - hold (to be-hold.) We shall see ..... Him, we shall
face to face (face to face.)
on Him there (on Him there.)
as He is (as He is.) We shall see Him in His king-dom, we shall

see Him, 'Tis the prom - ise of His nev - er - fail - ing
see Him as He is,

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WE SHALL SEE HIM.

grace; We shall see..... Him, we shall see
failing grace; We shall see Him in His kingdom, we shall see Him as He

Him, We shall see Him in His glo - ry face to face.
is, face to face.

71. SILENT THOUGHTS.

* * * * * *

1. And far in the deep there are billows, That never shall break on the beach, And
2. And I have seen tho'ts in the val - ley, Ah! me how my spir-it was stirred, They

I have heard songs in the si - lence That nev - er shall float in - to speech; And
wear ho - ly veils on their fa - ces, Their footsteps can scarcely be heard; They

I have had dreams in the val-ley Too lofty for language to reach; yes, reach.
pass thro' the valley like vir-gins, Too poor for the touch of a word; they word.

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No. 72. How Sweet to Wake.

REV. W. M. FOSTER. By per. B. RAY.

1. How sweet to wake..... at ear - ly morn,..... With
2. As morning dawns,..... oh, let us sing..... The
3. Let thank-ful-ness..... dwell in your heart,..... And
4. To Thee our pray'rs..... will we di - rect,..... No
5. Dear Father, help..... us watch and pray,..... And

spir-its bright..... from conscience born,..... To hail the
prais-es of..... our wondrous King,..... Who gives us
from His law..... let none de - part,..... His precepts
morning this..... shall we neg-lect,..... No oth-er
glo - ri - fy..... Thy name each day,..... And when our

day..... with thankful-ness,..... With soul made
all..... we have be - low,..... From whom a-
sure..... will ev - er stand,..... While man's is
name..... on earth can save,..... Our fall - en
toils..... on earth are o'er..... Then bring us

CHORUS.

free..... from all dis - tress .....
lone..... all blessings flow..... .....
naught..... but sinking sand ..... Let all the
race..... from sin's dark grave.....
safe..... to that bright shore.....

How Sweet to Wake. Concluded.



No. 73. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon. Unknown.



3. To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4. See poor sinners coming home, etc.
5. Jesus bids the wayward come, etc.
6. Let the ones that heareth come, etc.
7. There is glory all around, etc.
8. We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 74. Lost In God's Will.

"I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."—John 6: 38.

ELD. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I know not what is best for me, (is best for me,) Nor how I
2. My Lord shall rule me day by day, (shall rule each day,) My trust-ing
3. Thus ruled my life is calm and sweet, (is calm and sweet,) Nor come the

best may serve my Lord; (may serve my Lord;) So I would ev-er, ev-er
heart would have it so; (would have it so;) I love His sweet and kind-ly
struggles once I knew; (those once I knew;) My days with joy are now re-

be, (would ev-er be,) With His pure will in sweet ac-cord. (in sweet ac-cord.)
sway, (His kind-ly sway,) Nor oth-er mo-tive would I know. (nor would I know.)
plete, (are now replete,) My strength for service I re-new. (yes, I re-new.)

CHORUS.

Sweet will of God, I yield my own, (I yield my own,) I want no
will but Thine a-lone; (but Thine a-lone;) Sweet will of God, I

Lost In God's Will. Concluded.



No. 75. Palms Waving.

Rev. 7: 9-12.

ELD. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.



CHORUS.



No. 76. May You Gain Many Stars.

"O brother, I hope you will be blessed more and more each year of your life, that you may be able to add many stars to your crown."—A. F. HALE.

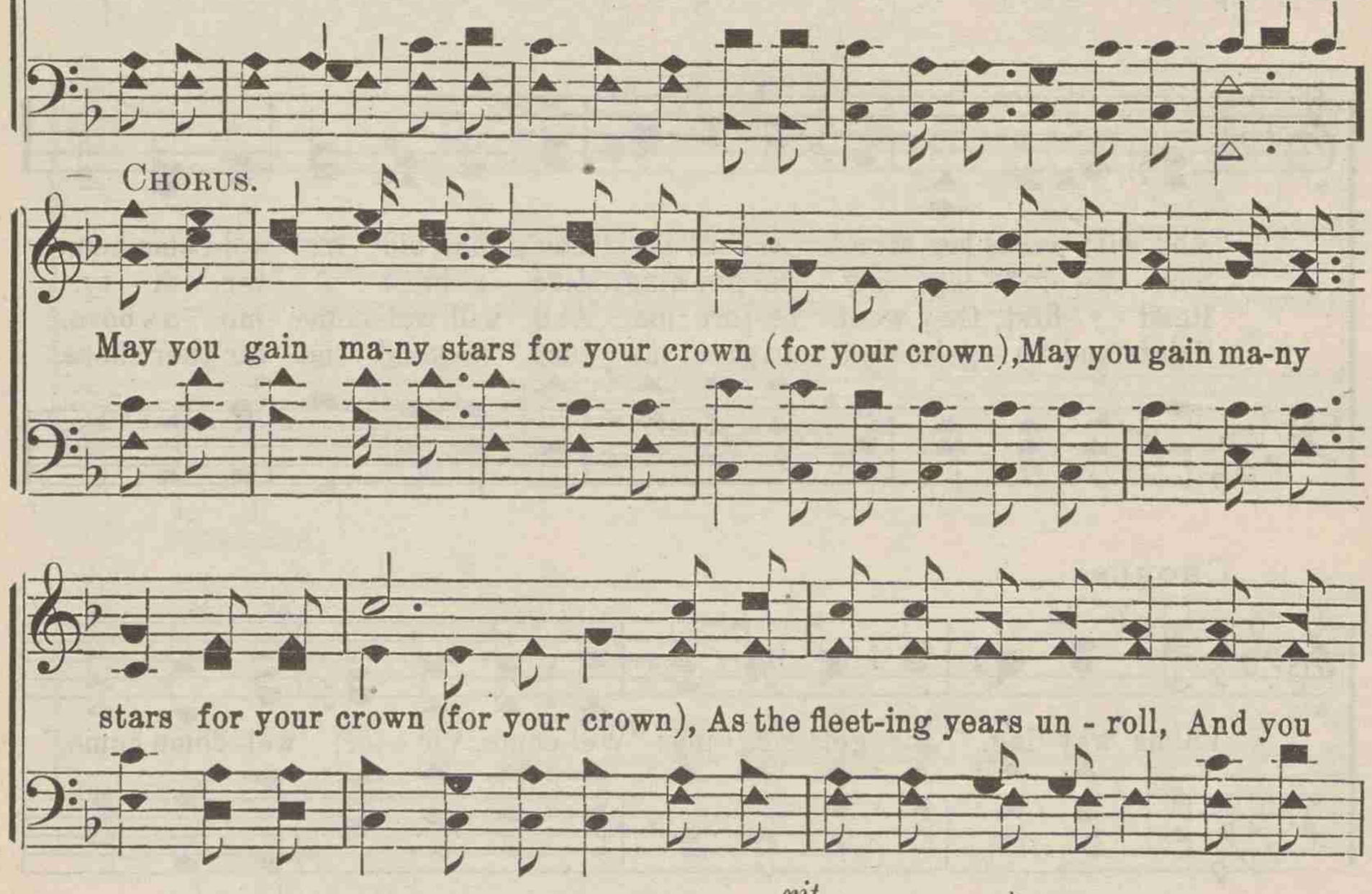
W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



1. In the con - flict now being waged with sin, Go and seek the lost to win;
2. Ev-er-more and more, may your life be blessed, And your fight 'gainst wrong be pressed,
3. Ev - 'ry soul you win while the years unroll, Ev-'ry lamb brot to the fold,
4. O the mo-ments how they do swift-ly wing, You should prize them for they bring
5. And me-thinks of all that will charm you most When you join the ransomed host,



Seems it great, the cost, There's no effort lost; You may gain many stars for your crown.
Till its sto-ry told, You with joy behold; You have gained many stars for your crown.
Was a new bright gem In your di-a - dem; As you gained many stars for your crown.
Op - por-tu - ni-ties For some add-ed bliss, As you gain ma-ny stars for your crown.
When each grateful one Who from sin you've won Shall admire ev-'ry star in your crown.



May you gain ma-ny stars for your crown (for your crown), May you gain ma-ny

stars for your crown (for your crown), As the fleet-ing years un - roll, And you



near the heav'nly goal, May you gain ma-ny stars for your crown (for your crown.)

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77. GRACE IS FREE.

"Justified freely by his grace."—Rom. 3: 24.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Here is a mes-sage to de-clare, Grace is free; To men in ru - in
2. Since God has loved our ru-ined race, Grace is free; And planned to save us
3. Let ev - 'ry sin - ner saved by grace, Grace is free; Tell how the Sav - iour
4. O matchless fa - vor, grace di - vine, Grace is free; To save this sin - ful

and despair, Grace is free; O wondrous sto-ry strange and true, Grace is free;
by His grace, Grace is free; And since the Saviour bore the load, Grace is free;
took His place, Grace is free; And how His blood applied to men, Grace is free;
soul of mine, Grace is free; To cross the mountain of my guilt, Grace is free;

REFRAIN.

The sto - ry old yet ev - er new, Grace is free.
That re - con-ciled us un - to God, Grace is free. Grace is free,
Could make the dead to live a - gain, Grace is free.
And wash me in the blood He spilt, Grace is free.

D. S.—Grace is free,

Grace is free, The mes - sage sweet let all re - peat, Grace is free.

Grace is free, The sto - ry tell, the mu - sic swell, Grace is free.

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78. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

1. In the res-ur-rection morning We will see the Saviour coming, And the
2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare 'll soon be ov-er, And we 'll
4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we 'll

CHORUS.

sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
comfort one anoth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.
shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.
keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the

rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Praise the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound.

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

No. 79. Song of the Angels.

ANNA H. WOODRUFF. D. E. DORTCH.

CHORUS. In "Baptist Reflector," Dec. 25, 1902.

1. Sweet-ly the an-gels of heav-en are sing-ing, Soft-ly it ech-oes o'er
2. Sweet-ly the Sav-iour of man-kind is sleep-ing, Ma-ry, His mother, is
3. Brightly the stars in the heav-ens are shin-ing, Faithful-ly guarding the
4. Sad-ly the earth-born night breezes are sigh-ing, Mur-mur-ing ev-er that

val-ley and plain, Faint-ly the cho-rus re-spon-sive is ring-ing,
close by His side; Dark-ly night shad-ows a-round Him are creep-ing,
glo-ri-ous Child; Glit-ter-ing jew-els His bright crown en-twin-ing,
hope now is o'er, Heav-en-ly voic-es tri-umph-ant are cry-ing,

REFRAIN.

"Glo-ry to God! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!"
Hinting of sor-row and Him cru-ci-fied. Peace: let the peo-ple of
Di-a-dem wor-thy the meek and the mild.
"Peace and good-will to men ev-er-more."

earth shout hosanna: "Peace" softly echoes o'er moorland and fen, Peace and good-

will, then ho-san-na, ho-san-na, "Glo-ry to God in the highest. A-men."

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80. GIVE OVER THE KEYS TO JESUS.

"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple."—MAL. 3: 1.
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The soul is a won-der-ful tem - ple With ma - ny departments and rooms,
2. The own-er - ship of this soul tem - ple, We can-not with Je - sus di - vide,
3. Whene'er Je-sus en - ters the tem- ple He cleanses each chamber from sin,
4. When under His fin - ish-ing touch-es, This tem-ple all perfect shall stand,

A place of pe - cu - liar a - dorn-ments, Where virtue or ug - li-ness blooms;
The whole we must freely sur-ren - der, Henceforth in Him free-ly con - fide;
He cures ev -'ry form of dis - or - der, And makes it all love-ly with - in;
I know in that day it will gar - nish That cit - y sur-pass-ing-ly grand;

The build-ing abounds in dis - or - der, 'Tis all sin-pol - lut - ed and grim;
We dwell then in peace and in safe - ty, His hand from all dan-ger will keep;
And vic - to - ry comes with surrender, The rough im-per - fec-tions He'll trim;
And Je - sus re-veal-ing His glo - ry To eyes that will nev - er grow dim;

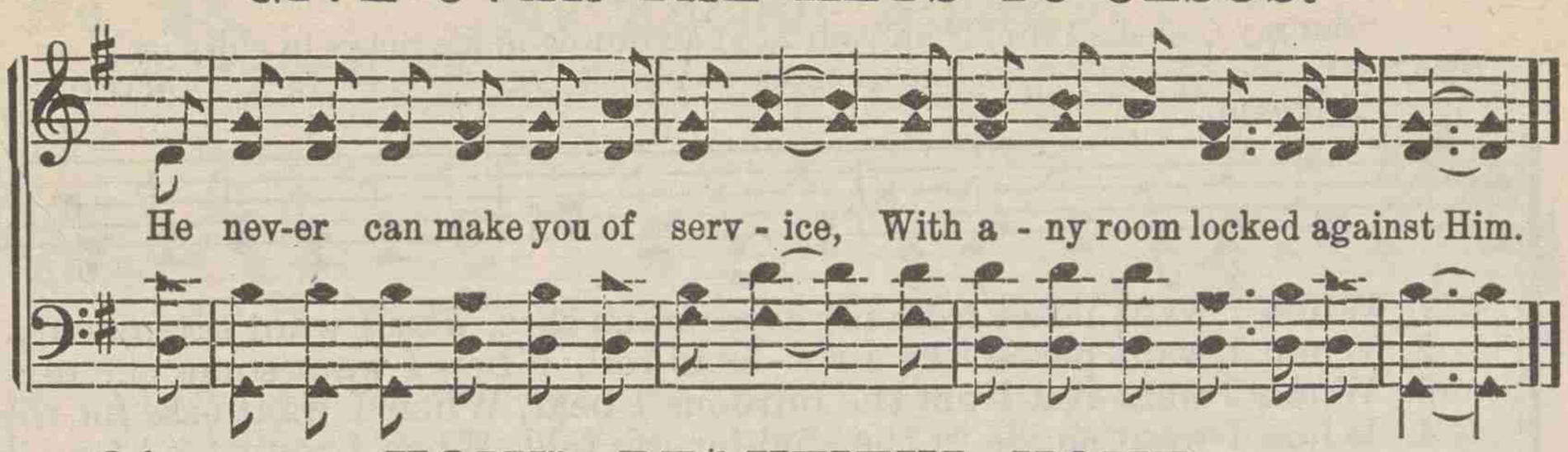
So vile Je - sus nev - er will en - ter, With a - ny door locked against Him.
His presence will flood ev-'ry cor - ner, With joy o - ver-flow-ing and deep.
And deck it with marvelous beau - ty, When keys are turned over to Him.
Will view it with great ad-mir-a - tion, No door ev - er locked against Him.

CHORUS.

Give o - ver the keys, then, to Je - sus, Ope wide each compartment to Him;

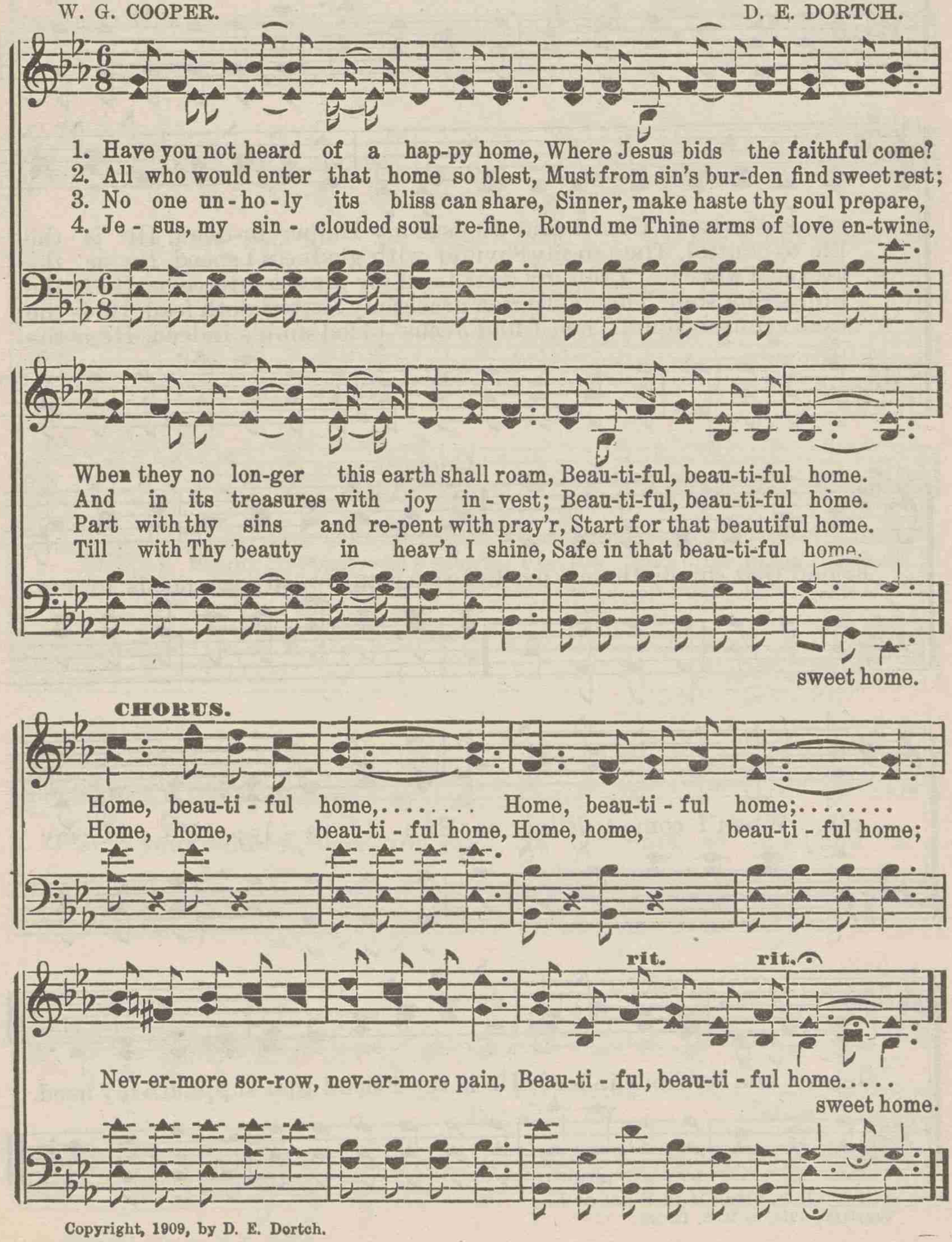
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GIVE OVER THE KEYS TO JESUS.



81. HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 82. He Supplieth My Need.

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—PHIL. 4: 19.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

Affetuoso.

1. When I want peace from my sorrow and care, When I want some one my tri-als to share, Then I find Je - sus my Helper in-deed, He is the
2. When I want peace like a riv - er to roll, When I want some one my life to control, Then to my Saviour with gladness I speed, He is the
3. When I want rest from the burdens I bear, When I want ease for the heart filled with care, Then my dear Lord for me doth intercede, He is the
4. When I want shade in the shel-ter-ing fold, When I want food for my hungering soul, Then with rich graces my Shepherd doth feed, He is the
5. When I want love in my be - ing to reign, When I want cleansing from each crimson stain, Then I find Jesus' blood ample indeed, He is the

CHORUS.

Friend that supplieth my need. Jesus stands ready my needs to sup - ply, When I come trusting, on Him I re - ly; He is my Help-er and Sav-iour indeed, He is the Friend that supplieth my need.

* If too low, pitch it in E-flat or E.

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10 23-02

No. 83. My Anchor Holds.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."—HEB. 6: 19.

W. C. MARTIN, in "Baptist and Reflector," Feb. 8, 1906. D. E. DORTCH.



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84. REMEMBERED IN YOUR PRAYERS.

"Remember us at the throne of grace, we need the prayers of all
W. G. COOPER. praying people."—A. F. HALE. D. E. DORTCH.

* Quintuple measure.

1. When the georgeous tints of morning Paint the east in red and gold,
2. I shall hope to be re-mem-bered, When in tho't you turn a-side
3. I shall hope to be re-mem-bered, Kneeling at the throne of grace;
4. If we on-ly prayed more often, For each oth-er thro' the day;
5. When for me life's sun is set-ting 'Neath the haz-y tint-ed west;

Up, down. left, right, left, up, etc.

With mag-nif-i-cence a-dorn-ing The new day now to un-fold.
From the toils of life, re-mem-ber, And im-plore the Cru-ci-fied.
I shall hope to be re-mem-bered When the night comes on apace.
It would lighten, it would soft-en The hard burdens of the way.
When my earthly cares for-get-ting I shall en-ter in-to rest.

Pray for me, or give a warn-ing, That of sin I may be-ware;
If you pray for me in ear-nest, I shall know you are my friend;
When the evening shades are fall-ing, And for slumber you pre-pare,
And the kingdom would move onward At a rate no pow'r could stay;
When my Lord shall call me high-er, Where I shall His glo-ry share;

That I each temptation scorn-ing This new day, may watch with pray'r.
And your friendship true and earnest, Will go with me to the end.
And your pleading tones are call-ing. On the Fa-ther in your pray'r.
Were by Christains, Jesus hon-ored, And they took more time to pray.
As I from these scenes re-tire, Then re-mem-ber me in pray'r.

*In playing this song count five. In beating let the motion of the hand be up, down, left, right, left, etc., until the chorus is reached, then the time is regular.

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REMEMBERED IN YOUR PRAYERS.

CHORUS. *Soprano legato, other parts staccato.*

I greatly need your pray'r, I greatly need your pray'r, 'Twill en-
I greatly need, I need your pray'r, I greatly need, I need your pray'r,

courage me to know, In the warfare here below, I'm remembered in your pray'r.

85. TRIFLE NOT WITH GRACE.

W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Je - sus gave His life for you, Gave His life in deep dis - grace, Now He
2. He has wait - ed long for you, Tears up - on His lov - ing face, Wait-ed
3. Take Him as your Sav-iour now; If of Him you have a trace, Rich-ly

comes to plead and woo, O tri - fle not with grace.
as a lov - er true, O tri - fle not with grace. Tri - fle not with grace,
He will faith en - dow, O tri - fle not with grace.

CHORUS.

Tri - fle not with grace, Time is mov-ing on a-pace, O tri - fle not with grace.

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No. 86. My Soul Is Weary.

W. G. COOPER. "My soul is weary of my life."—Job 10: 1. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I am wea - ry, Lord, and the day seems long And I fain would be at rest,
2. Tho I'm wea - ry, Lord, I would not com-plain Of the work Thou givest me,
3. Tho I'm wea - ry, Lord, Thou dost nerve my arm For each bat-tle with the wrong,

I am tired of the con-flict with the wrong, And my life is sore distressed;
And I can - not the fond de - sire restrain, For to be at rest with Thee;
And Thou turn - est the ar-rows that would harm, And dost say to me, "Be strong,"

I'm tired of the march and the din and dust, And the strain of keeping guard,
So oft do I seem-ing - ly walk a - lone, And my eyes then fail to see
And yet do I long for a glad re-lease From a life of care possessed,

Yet still in Thee do I put my trust, Tho the way seems rough and hard.
The path-way bright, or the jour-ney thrown In the Lord's own com - pa - ny.
Where wick-ed all from their troubling cease, And the wea - ry are at rest.

CHORUS.

Dear Lord, I am tired and wea-ry, And the path-way oft seems drear-y, But Thy

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My Soul Is Weary. Concluded.



No. 87. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

88. LOOK UNTO ME.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."—Is. 45: 22.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O hear the heav'n - - ly Fa-ther say, O hear Him say,
2. Ye wand'ring ones, ... for-sake your way, forsake your way,
3. I am your God, ... O come to Me, O come to Me,
4. There is none else . . . . to give you grace, to give you grace,

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved; . . . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd;

Come en - ter now . . . . . the liv - ing way, the liv-ing way,
Re- turn to Me, ... My words o - bey, My words o- bey,
From ev - 'ry stain . . . . . I'll make you free, I'll make you free
O quick - ly come . . . . . to My em-brace, to My em-brace,

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved. . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd.

CHORUS.

Look un - to Me, . . . look un - to Me, ...
Look un - to Me, look un - to Me,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

LOOK UNTO ME.

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved; . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd;

For I am God, ... and there's none else. . . . . .
For I am God, and there's none else, and there's none else.

rit. et dim.

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved. . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd.

89. I AM THINE.

"I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts."—Psalm 119: 94.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. E. Dortch.

1. Weak and low - ly tho' I be, Sav-iour, I would come to Thee,
2. Wea - ry, friendless, tho' I roam, There is rest for me at home,
3. What is all the care and strife Of this fleet-ing, earth -ly life?

Cho.—*I am Thine, on - ly Thine, I am Thine, on - ly Thine;*
D. C. for Chorus.

All for Thee I would re-sign; I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.
In the mansions of Thy love, In the realms of light a - bove.
When e - ter - nal joy is mine! I am Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

All for Thee I would re - sign; I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

No. 90. Victory Is Our Battle Cry.

"Therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

1. Vic - to - ry is our bat - tle cry, Un- der Im-man-uel's ban - ner high,
2. Christ our great Leader goes be - fore, Pi - lot - ing us the dan - gers o'er,
3. Aft - er the con - flicts all are past, Vic - to - ry won, at home at last,

We are now march-ing out to fight 'gainst Satan's dark throng; Nev-er a
In - to the thick - est of the fray, with courage that's strong; We are now
Aft - er our ar - mor we have lain for - ev - er a - way; In a bright

D. S.—*Aft - er the*

fear we en - ter-tain, Sure that the vic - t'ry we shall gain, We are re-
press - ing with our might, Charging the foe by day and night, Singing with
clime of peace and joy, Where sin can nev - er-more an - noy, We shall re-

con- flicts all are passed, vic - to-ry won, at home at last, We shall re-

FINE. REFRAIN.

joic - ing as we go a - long.
joy a glo-rious vic - t'ry song. Vic - to - ry is our bat - tle cry, Under Im-
joice thro' one e - ter - nal day.

joice while years roll on and on.

D. S.

manuel's banner high, We are now marching out to fight 'gainst Satan's dark throng,

91 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John vi. 47.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect sub- mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight.
3. Per-fect sub- mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest.

Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove,
Watch-ing and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,

Chorus.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech'-oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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92. THE CROSS-ROADS.

FLORA V. JENKINS. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

Effective as Solo.

1. Have you reached the cross-roads, brother, On life's stern and rugged way, Have you
   How per-plex-ing seems the ques-tion, "Shall I turn to right or no?" Yes, 'tis
2. One road seems so full of pleas - ure, Sure-ly this is just the one; Ere we
   Af - ter all the road so gloom - y At the end is brightest still, At the
3. Tho' if nar-row be the path-way You'll be sure to 'scape the wrong, And per -
   Then when you have reached the cit - y, With its walls and mansions bright, You'll look

1

turned your foot - steps heav'nward, Are you trav - 'ling there to - day?
are a - ware, pur - su - ing, Our best na - ture is un - done.
chance while you are trav - 'ling, Oth - ers you may help a - long.

2

hard to an - swer ful - ly On which cross-road shall I go.
cross-roads, if you're wait - ing, Take the one to Cal - v'ry's hill.
back up - on the cross - roads, Where you said, "I'll take the right."

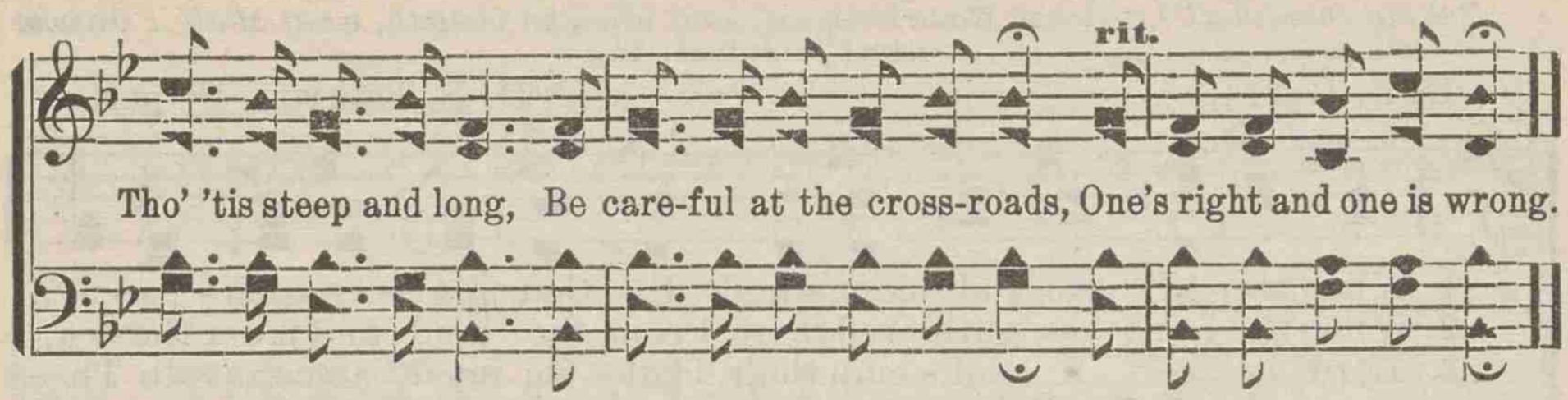
CHORUS.

Have you reached the cross-roads? Have you made your choice? Have you chos - en

Calv'ry's path, And does your heart re - joice? Are you trav -'ling up grade,

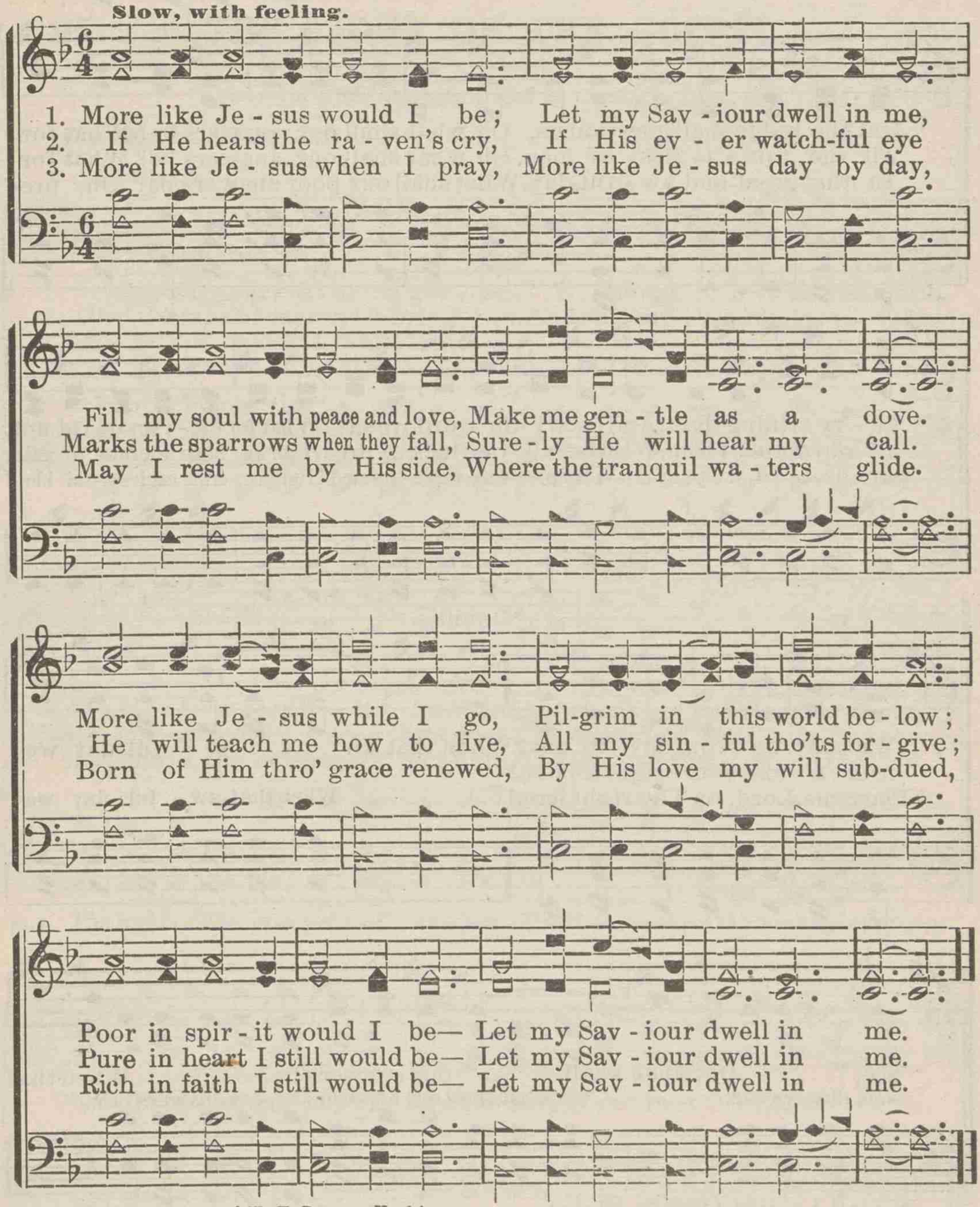
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THE CROSS-ROADS.



93. MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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94. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that migh - ty com - pa - ny,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be? Oh, pre-

ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i -dle word we say? What for ev -'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot!

CHORUS.

We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
And a mansion bright a-bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be? When that
Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

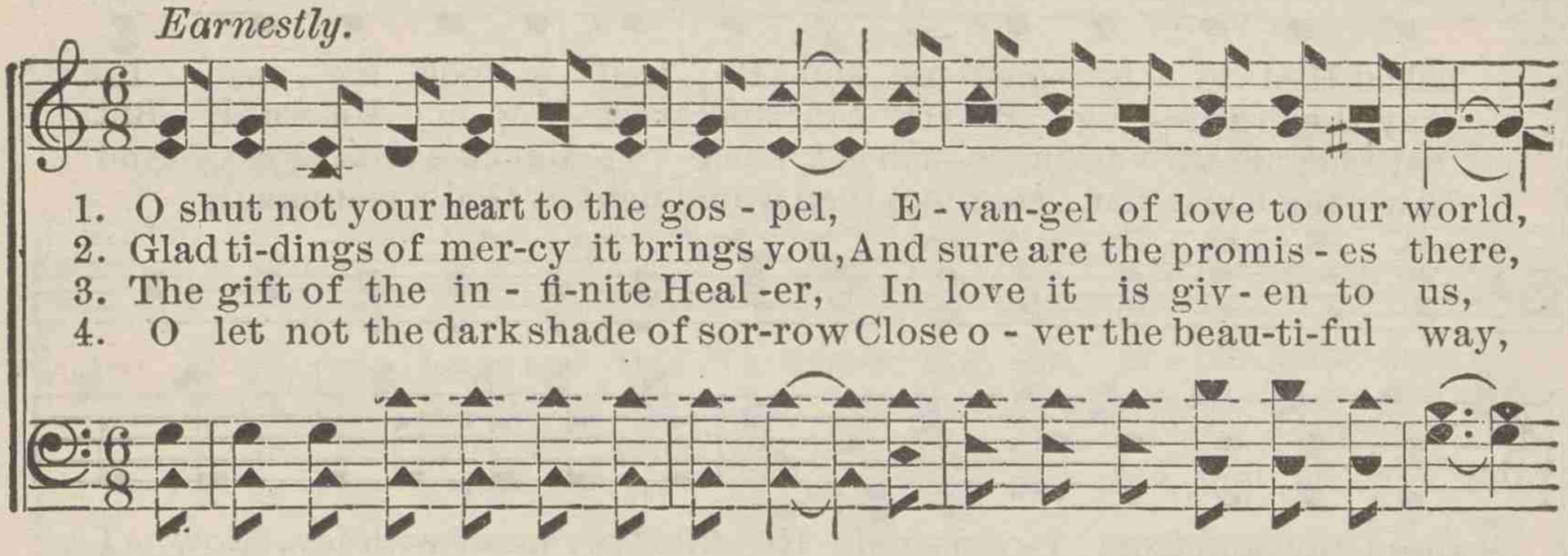


95. THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

"The light of the glorious gospel of Christ."—2 Cor. 4: 4.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

Earnestly.





D.S. *The light of the gos-pel of Je - sus, 'T will shine thro' the dark fields of sin.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*



No. 96 The Shelf Behind the Door.

"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, — (and) also put off all these: anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy cummunications out of your mouths."— 2 Cor. 7: 1; Cal. 3: 8.

Anon. D. E. Dortch.

Duet.

1. When first I came to Je - sus with my load of guilt and sin, I asked Him to for - give me and He free - ly took me in; He
2. So man - y peo-ple now - a-days, con - fess to love the Lord, And say they're do - ing all His will and trust - ing in His word, But
3. Some love the fil-thy weed you know, and some the so - cial glass, Some say they'd rath - er dance than eat, some i - dol - ize their dress; And
4. O how the gos - pel char-iot would go sweep-ing thro' the land, O how the Chris-tian sol-diers then would fight at God's command; O

cleansed my soul from i - dols and He filled my heart with joy, Now I have sweet peace and hap - pi - ness old Sa - tan can't de-stroy.
yet they're al-ways grumbling, do you know the rea-son why? 'Tis be- cause they have some i - dol, that they're keep - ing on the sly.
ere they get their hearts made right they give the contest o'er, And they put them on the lit - tle shelf just in be - hind the door.
how the work of Christ our Lord would spread from shore to shore, If it were not for that lit - tle shelf that's in be - hind the door.

The shelf behind the door! The shelf behind the door! Tear it down, throw it down,

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The Shelf Behind the Door. Concluded.

don't use it an - y more! For Je - sus wants His temples clean from

ceil-ing to the floor; He e - ven wants the corners clean, just in behind the door.

No. 97. Jesus Loves Me.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER. 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, Heaven'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;

Lit - tle ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way our sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

CHORUS. *rit.*

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The bible tells me so.

Copyright, 1862, in Golden Shower, by W. B. BRADBURY.

No. 98. I Know He Cares.

"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."—Isa. 3:10.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.

1. I know that my Sav - iour cares for me, His prom - ise I have di-
2. I know that my Sav - iour cares for me, He makes all my bur-dens
3. I know that my Sav - iour cares for me, In com - fort - ing words di-
4. I know that my Sav - iour cares for me, He's gone to pre- pare a

vine; That He will pro- tect and guide me here, In paths where His
light; He gives me His grace to sing His praise, He leads me each
vine; He speaks to my soul, O bless - ed tho't, And fills me with
place; Where mil-lions of earth shall live for aye,—Redeemed thro' His

REFRAIN.

glo - ries shine..... I know that He cares,.....
day and night .....
joy sub - lime.....
wondrous grace .....

I know that He cares,

I know that He cares;..... He gives me His

I know that He cares;

grace to sing His prais- es, He cares for me.....

He cares, He cares for me, for me.

No. 99 No Compromise.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. D. E. Dortch.



Copyright, 1906, by D. E. Dortch.

100. HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. 21: 9.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," The Hebrew children sweetly sung
2. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," They cried while foes stand frowning there;
3. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," While palms of vict'ry waved a-round;

And pealing thro' the ho-ly tem-ple, Their swelling strains trium-phant rung.
And louder grew the swelling anthem, While shouts of prais-es filled the air.
And bursts of hal-le-lu-jahs peal-ing Made ev-'ry heart with rap-ture bound.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-na let us sing, ho-san-na let us sing, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na,
Ho-san-na let us sing, ho-san-na let us sing, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na,
ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na to our King,
san-na let us sing, ho-san-na let us sing, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na to our King,
san-na let us sing, ho-san-na let us sing, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na to our King,
ho-san-na, Ho-sanna to our King, ho-san-na to our King.
ho-san-na to our King, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na!
ho-san-na, Ho-san-na to our King, ho-san-na to our King.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 101. Take Jesus On the Ship.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. R. A. Rollins, owner.

R. A. R. R. A. ROLLINS.

1. While out on the sea of life you're drifting a-long, With none to guide the
2. He stilled rag- ing tempests in the long, long a - go, He is a pi - lot
3. When sorrows o'ertake you and your soul would despond, There is a hand to

tem - pest thro'; When storms rage in fu-ry and the wild billows roll, Take Je - sus
tried and true; He speaks, and the wind and waves obey His command, Take Je - sus
guide you thro'; Look on - ly to Him whose love for-ev-er en-dures, Take Je - sus

CHORUS.

on the ship with you. The waves..... o - bey His will,
on the ship with you.
on the ship with you. The waves obey His will, the waves o - bey His will,

Rit.

The waves obey His will when He speaks "Peace, be still;" While sail - - ing
While sailing o'er life's sea,

o'er life's sea, Take Je - sus on the ship with you.
while sail - ing o'er life's sea,

102. WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.

"In the name of our God, we will set up our banners."—Ps. 20: 5.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. E. Dortch.

1. We are march-ing, onward marching 'neath the banner of the Lord,
2. We are pass-ing thro' the wa-ters, but our hearts are un-dis-may'd;
3. By the faith that rests on Je-sus shall the bar-ri-ers of sin,
4. There is life and joy im-mor-tal in the ser-vice of the Lord,

We are guid-ed with the ar-mor of His might; We are
He will guide us to the bright and hap-py shore; Where the
That im-pede our on-ward course, be swept a-way; In His
In His pres-ence is the glo-ry of the day; Shall we

trust-ing in the prom-ise of His nev-er fail-ing word, We shall
stream of life is flow-ing, where the blos-soms nev-er fade, We will
pow'r a-lone we tri-umph, we the vic-to-ry will win, If His
choose the path of dark-ness? shall we lose our sure re-ward? Shall we

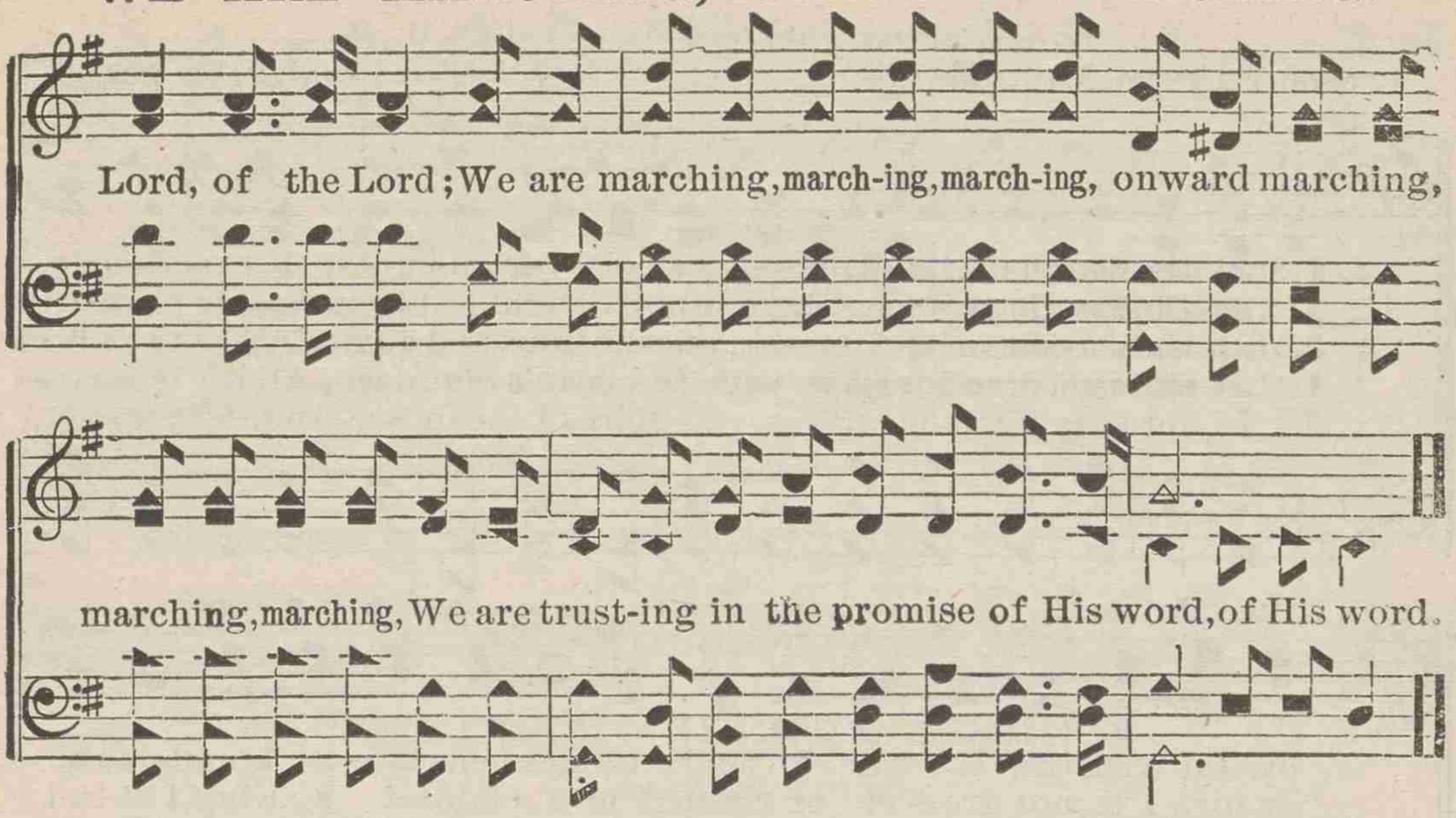
Chorus.

con-quer, we shall con-quer in the fight. We are marching, marching, march-ing,
praise Him, we will praise Him ev-er-more.
precepts, pure and ho-ly, we o-bey.
lin-ger, shall we lin-ger by the way?

Onward marching, march-ing, march-ing, We are marching 'neath the banner of the

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

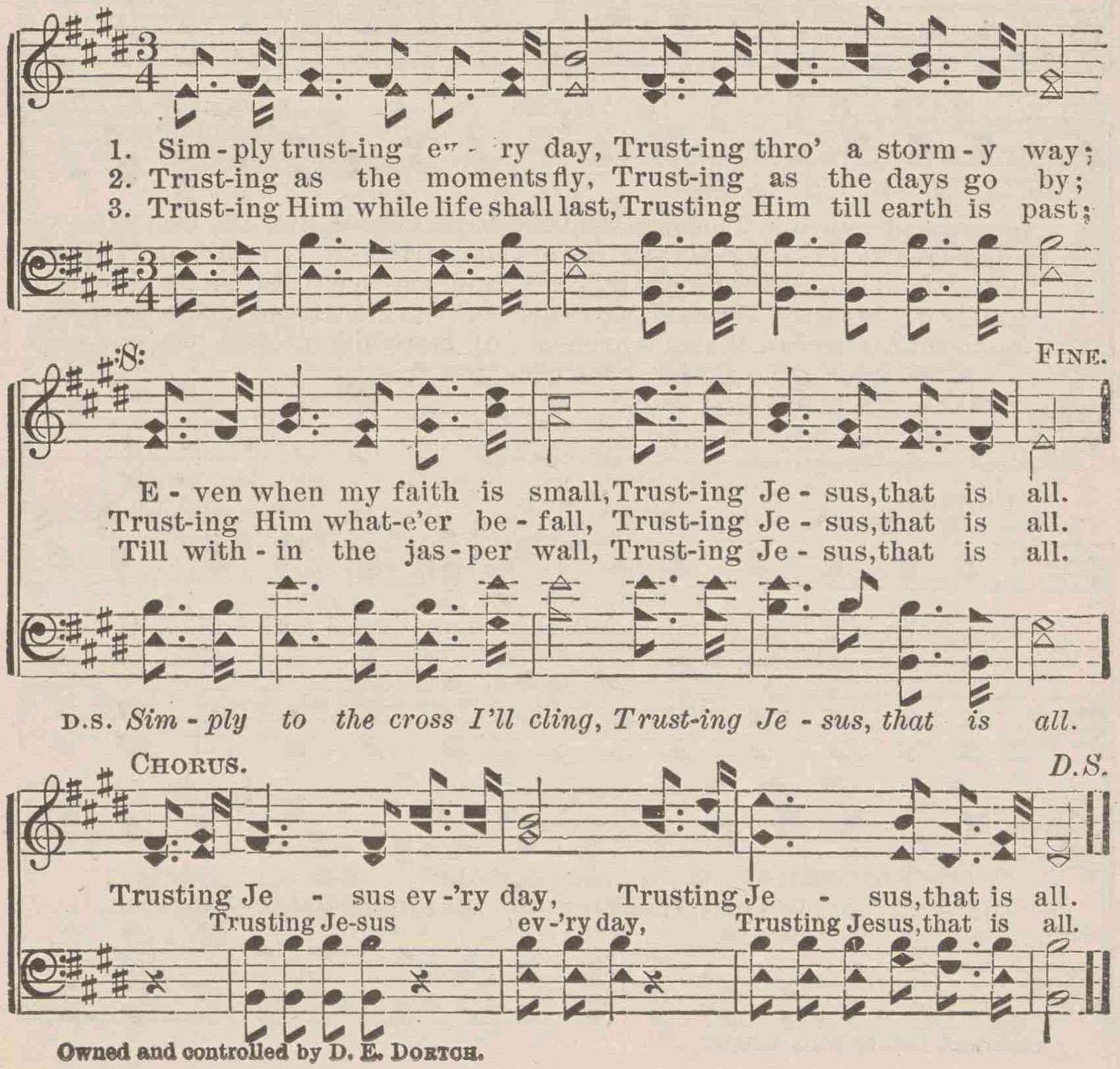
WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.



103. SIMPLY TRUSTING.

"*Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.*"—**Job 13: 15.**

EDGAR PAGE. J. M. HAGAN.



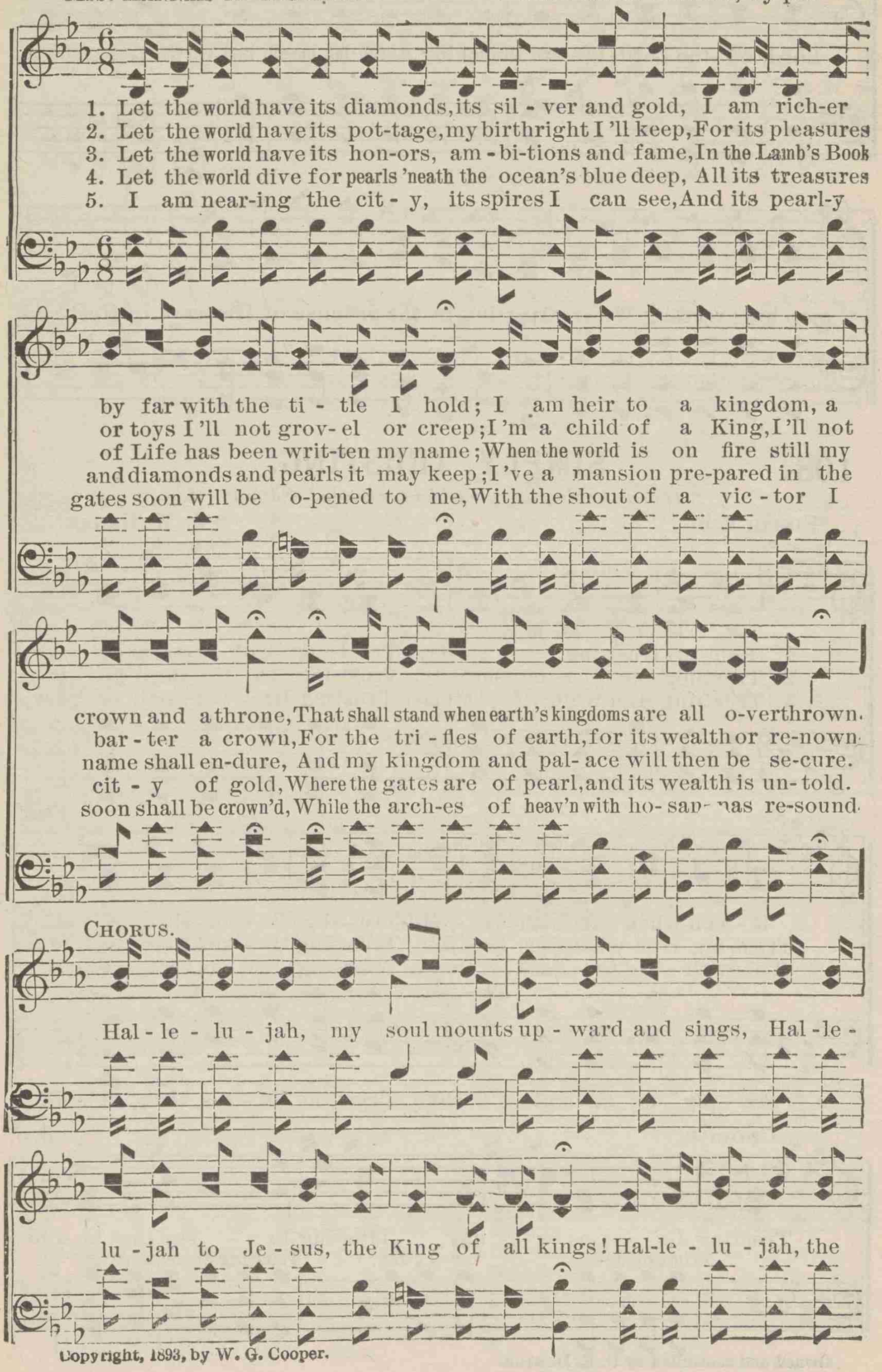
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

104. THE KINGDOM TO COME.

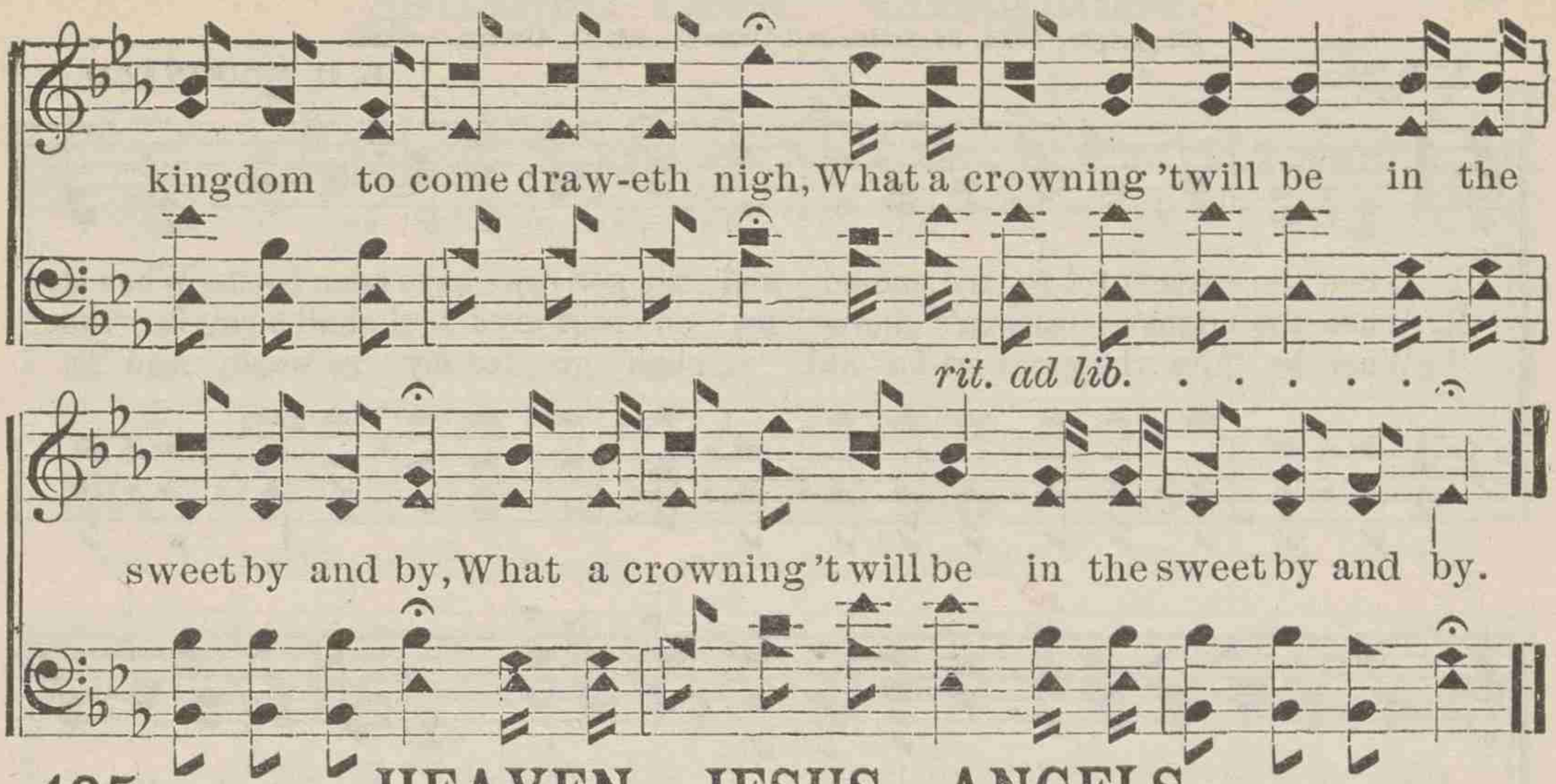
"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

Mrs. Hannah M. Richards. Rev. W. G. Cooper, by per.



Copyright, 1893, by W. G. Cooper.

THE KINGDOM TO COME.



105. HEAVEN, JESUS, ANGELS.

FOR WEE VOICES.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



No. 106 Satisfied Then.

Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. M. D. Ussery, owner.

L. D. McD. L. D. McDONALD.

1. When the cares of life are end-ed and all sor-rows have been borne, When the
2. When the might-y ransom'd chorus my en-rapt-ured soul shall hear, In that
3. When be-fore the great tri-bu-nal I shall go for my re-ward, And is

morn of endless rapture greets this weary heart forlorn, When the matchless King of
clime where comes no sorrow, falls no more the anxious tear, When with all the hosts of
heard the welcome plaudit: "come, ye blessed" of the Lord; When up-on the fields of

Glo-ry and His an-gel host descend Un-to earth, arrayed in splendor,
heav-en shall my voice in prais-es blend Un-to Christ, my blest Re-deem-er,
E-den, where no sor-rows en-ter in, I shall bask in heaven's sunlight,

CHORUS.

I'll be sat-is-fied then. I'll be sat-is-fied then, I'll be

sat-is-fied then, When I see my bless-ed Sav-iour face to face,—

Satisfied Then. Concluded.



No. 107 Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

DELMA E. STEPHENS. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 108. The Man of Galilee.

Anon. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I am on a shin-ing path-way, A-down life's short'ning years,
2. And my soul hath had its conflicts With mighty host of sin,
3. I am coming near the cit - y My Saviour's hands have piled,

And my heart has known its sorrow, And mine eyes have seen their tears;
While the deadly foes without me, And the deadly foes with-in;
And I know my Father's waiting, And will welcome home His child;

But I saw those shadows flee, Now the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le-gions flee, Then my soul found vic - to - ry,
Tho un - wor - thy I may be, He will find a place for me,

Cho.—*Christ is all the world to me, And His glo - ry I shall see,*

While I'm trusting in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trusted in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of glo - ry, He's the Man of Gal - i - lee.

When I reach the man-sions yon-der He's preparing up there for me.

D. S. for Chorus.

Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch.

No. 109 Nature's Chorus.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Sun-light now is gleam - ing On the sparkling dews; Morning now is
2. Thus the bird-ies praise Him At the morning light; Flow-ers per-fume
3. When life's noonday splen-dor Shall our toils inveigh; And we manhood
4. When life's evening shad - ows Hov - er o'er the tomb; Praise to the Re -

streaming Skies with gorgeous hues; Birds beneath and o'er us, Wake their joy-ous lays,
raise Him O - ver vale and height; Join we hearts and voi-ces, In our youth-ful days,
ten-der Ev-'ry childish way; Midst the thorns or ros-es, At the dai - ly care,
deem-er, Drives away the gloom; Thus we would for-ev - er, Praise and love Him too;

CHORUS.

Thus would nature's chorus Voice her Maker's praise. Praise Him, praise Him,
Our whole soul re - joi - ces With our Maker's praise.
Who in God re-pos - es Finds sweet praises there.
Till where naught can sever, We His praise re-new.

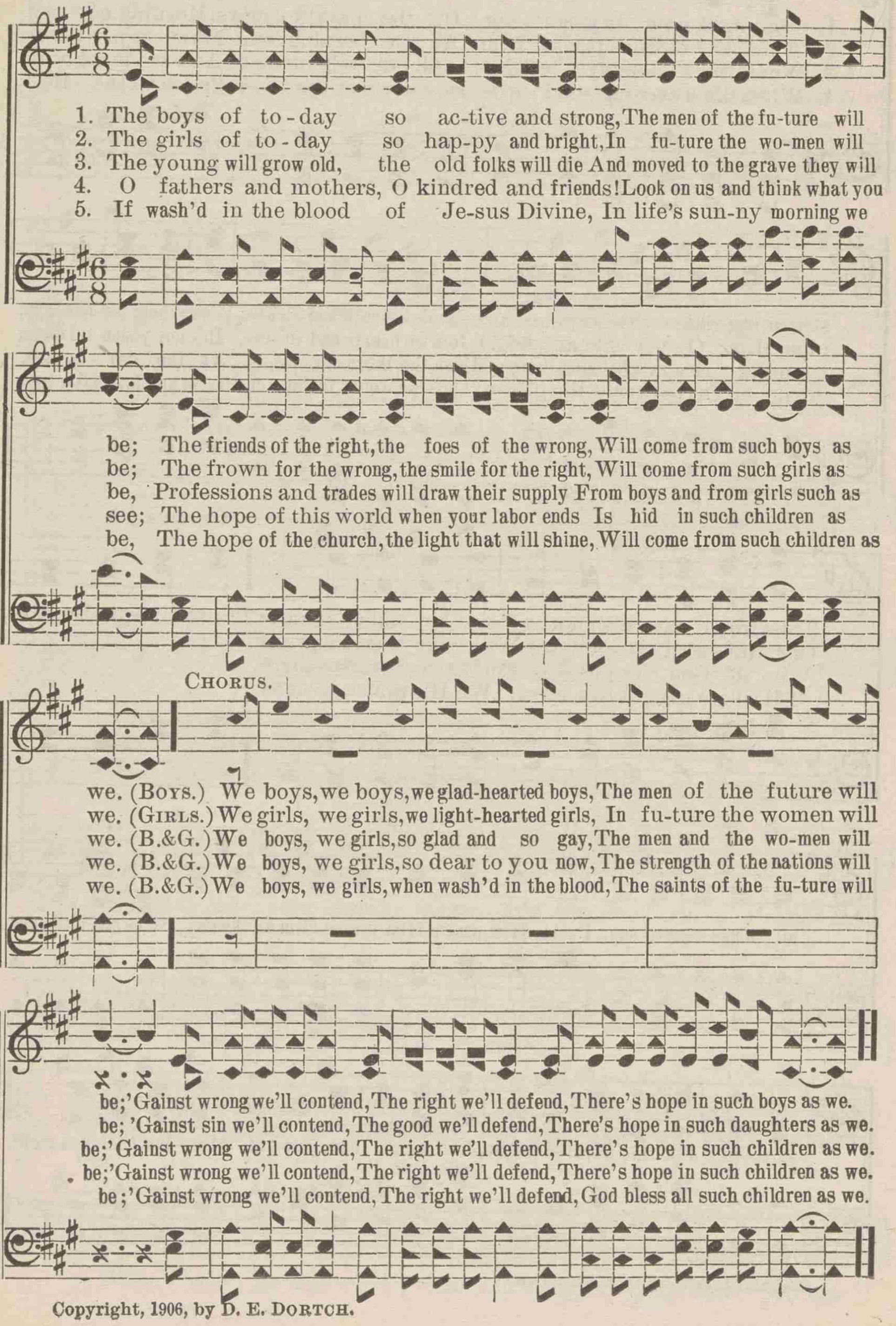
all things seem to say, Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him all the day; Skies and birds and
flow-ers, For this world so bright, Join we all our pow-ers, Morn-ing, noon and night.

Copyright, 1906, by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 110 Hope in the Children.

I wrote this song on my forty-fifth birthday, and dedicated it to the boys and girls of Smithville, Texas, where I was at that time holding a meeting. I have the boys alone sing first verse and chorus of first verse. Girls alone sing second verse and chorus of second verse. In the chorus to third, fourth and fifth verses I have boys sing "We boys" then the girls sing "We girls" and then both join in remainder. It is beautiful and thrilling, if sung well. It is the substance of one of my sermons to children from Prov. 26: 20. J. C. M.

J. C. MIDYETT. E. HANKS.



1. The boys of to-day so ac-tive and strong, The men of the fu-ture will be; The friends of the right, the foes of the wrong, Will come from such boys as
2. The girls of to-day so hap-py and bright, In fu-ture the wo-men will be; The frown for the wrong, the smile for the right, Will come from such girls as
3. The young will grow old, the old folks will die And moved to the grave they will be, Professions and trades will draw their supply From boys and from girls such as
4. O fathers and mothers, O kindred and friends! Look on us and think what you see; The hope of this world when your labor ends Is hid in such children as
5. If wash'd in the blood of Je-sus Divine, In life's sun-ny morning we be, The hope of the church, the light that will shine, Will come from such children as

CHORUS.

we. (BOYS.) We boys, we boys, we glad-hearted boys, The men of the future will be; 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll defend, There's hope in such boys as we.
we. (GIRLS.) We girls, we girls, we light-hearted girls, In fu-ture the women will be; 'Gainst sin we'll contend, The good we'll defend, There's hope in such daughters as we.
we. (B.&G.) We boys, we girls, so glad and so gay, The men and the wo-men will be; 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll defend, There's hope in such children as we.
we. (B.&G.) We boys, we girls, so dear to you now, The strength of the nations will be; 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll defend, There's hope in such children as we.
we. (B.&G.) We boys, we girls, when wash'd in the blood, The saints of the fu-ture will be; 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll defend, God bless all such children as we.

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No. 111. He's the Pilot At the Wheel.

S. W. J. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. S. W. Jones, owner. S. W. JONES.

1. Storms may gath - er all a - bout me, (all a - bout me,) And my barque may
2. When my cour - age oft would fail me, (oft would fail me,) Un - to Him in
3. Tho' the tem - pest wild - ly rag - es, (wild-ly rag - es,) I press on with
4. I shall safe - ly reach the harbor, (reach the harbor,) Where my Sav-iour

rock and reel;(may rock and reel;) Yet, thro' grace my Saviour keeps me,(ever keeps me,)
pray'r I kneel;(in pray'r I kneel;) And He lov-ing-ly draws near me, (He draws near me,)
Christian zeal;(with Christian zeal;) For my Sav-iour's care is o'er me,(care is o'er me,)
shall re-veal (shall there reveal) Heav - en and im-mor-tal glo - ry, (won-drous glory,)

CHORUS.

He's the pi - lot at the wheel. He's the pi - lot at the wheel,.....
He's the pilot at the wheel. He's the pilot at the wheel, at the wheel,

He's the pi . - lot at the wheel; I shall safe - ly
He's the pi - lot at the wheel, at the wheel; I shall safe - ly

reach the har-bor,..... He's the pi - lot at the wheel.
I shall safe - ly reach the harbor, He's the pi - lot at the wheel.

No. 112 They Are Waiting For Me.

J. A. C. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. J. A. Cole, owner. J. A. COLE.

Slowly, with expression.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home where my spir - it shall rest, When I've crossed o'er life's bil - low - y sea; There for - ev - er I'll dwell with the saved and the blest,
2. I have loved ones who've gone to that heav - en-ly clime, From all sor - row and care they are free; In the pres-ence of God, 'mid the beau- ties sub- lime,
3. Ma - ny saints have long gone to that beau - ti - ful land, With the Sav - iour for- ev - er to be; I am long - ing to join them up - on that bright strand,

Rit.

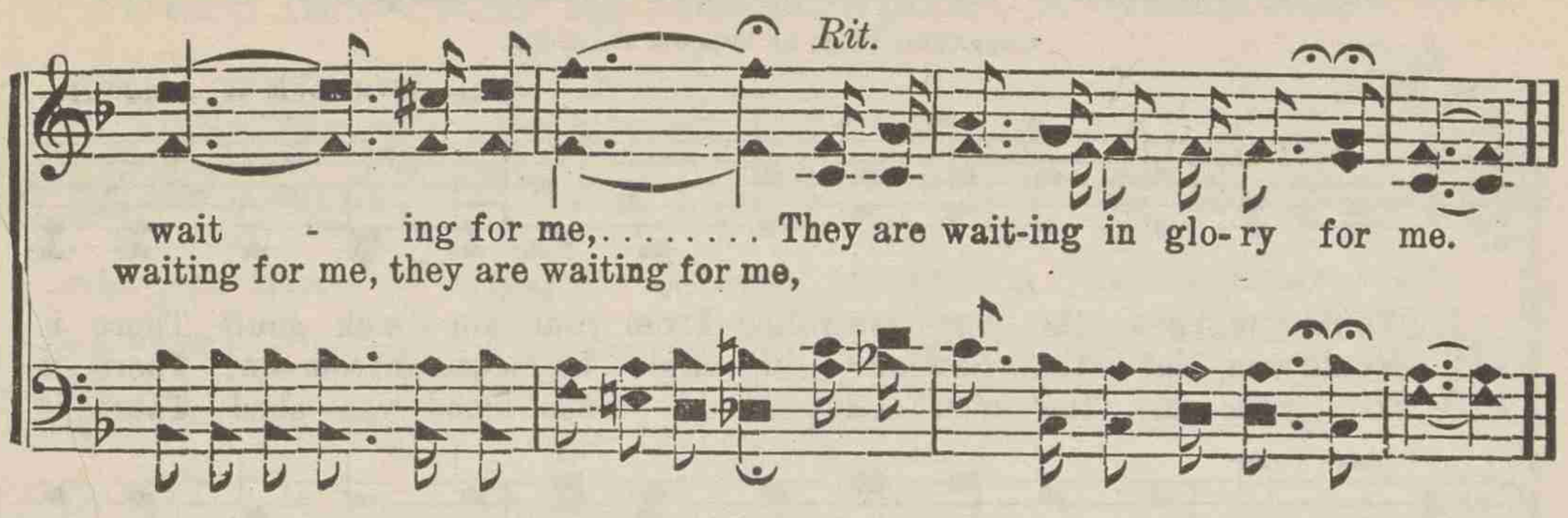
REFRAIN.

Who are wait - ing in glo - ry for me. They are wait - ing for
They are wait - ing in glo - ry for me.
They are wait - ing in glo - ry for me. They are waiting for me, they are

me,..... They are wait - ing for me,..... With the blest they are
waiting for me, They are waiting for me, they are waiting for me,

hap - py and free; They are wait - ing for me,..... They are
They are waiting for me, they are waiting for me, They are

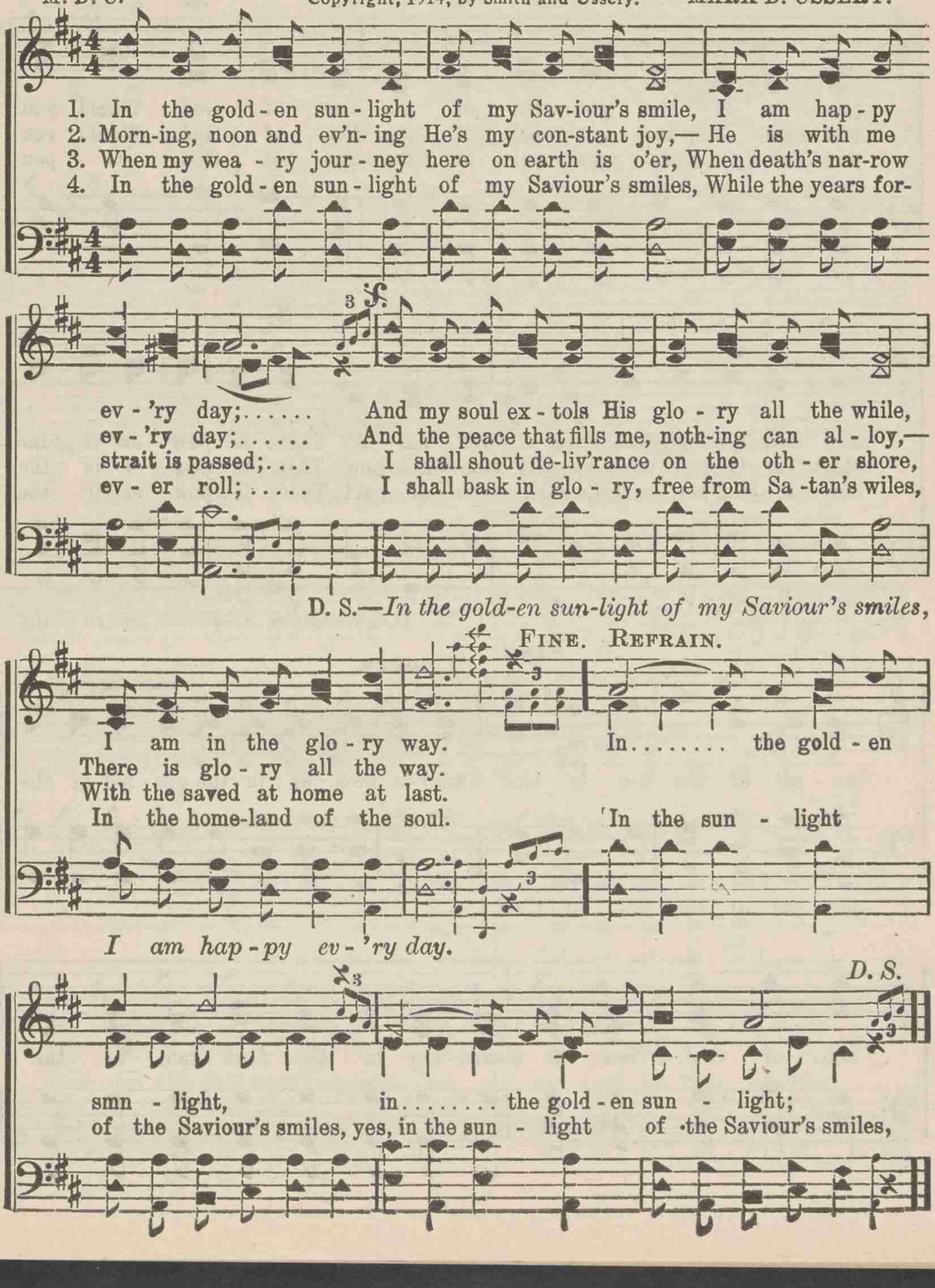
They Are Waiting For Me. Concluded.



No. 113 In the Golden Sunlight.

"Let us walk in the light of the Lord."—Is. 2:5.

M. D. U. Copyright, 1914, by Smith and Ussery. MARK D. USSERY.



No. 114. There is Power in the Gospel.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

W. W. S. MRS. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Would you have the bur - den rolled From your sin - sick soul? There is
2. Would you let the Sav-iour in, And be cleansed from sin? There is
3. For your sins, tho' crim - son red, Je - sus' blood was shed; There is

pow - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you
pow - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; Would you
pow - er in the gos - pel of the Son of God; O - pen

be from bondage free, Free e - ter - nal - ly? There is pow - er in the
start for heav-en now, At His man-dates bow? There is pow - er in the
now to Him thy heart, Lest He soon de - part; There is pow - er in the

D. S.—*There is pow - er in the*

FINE. CHORUS.

gos - pel of the Son of God. There is pow - er in the gos - pel of the

gos - pel of the Son of God.

Son of God, There is cleans - ing in the foun - tain of the

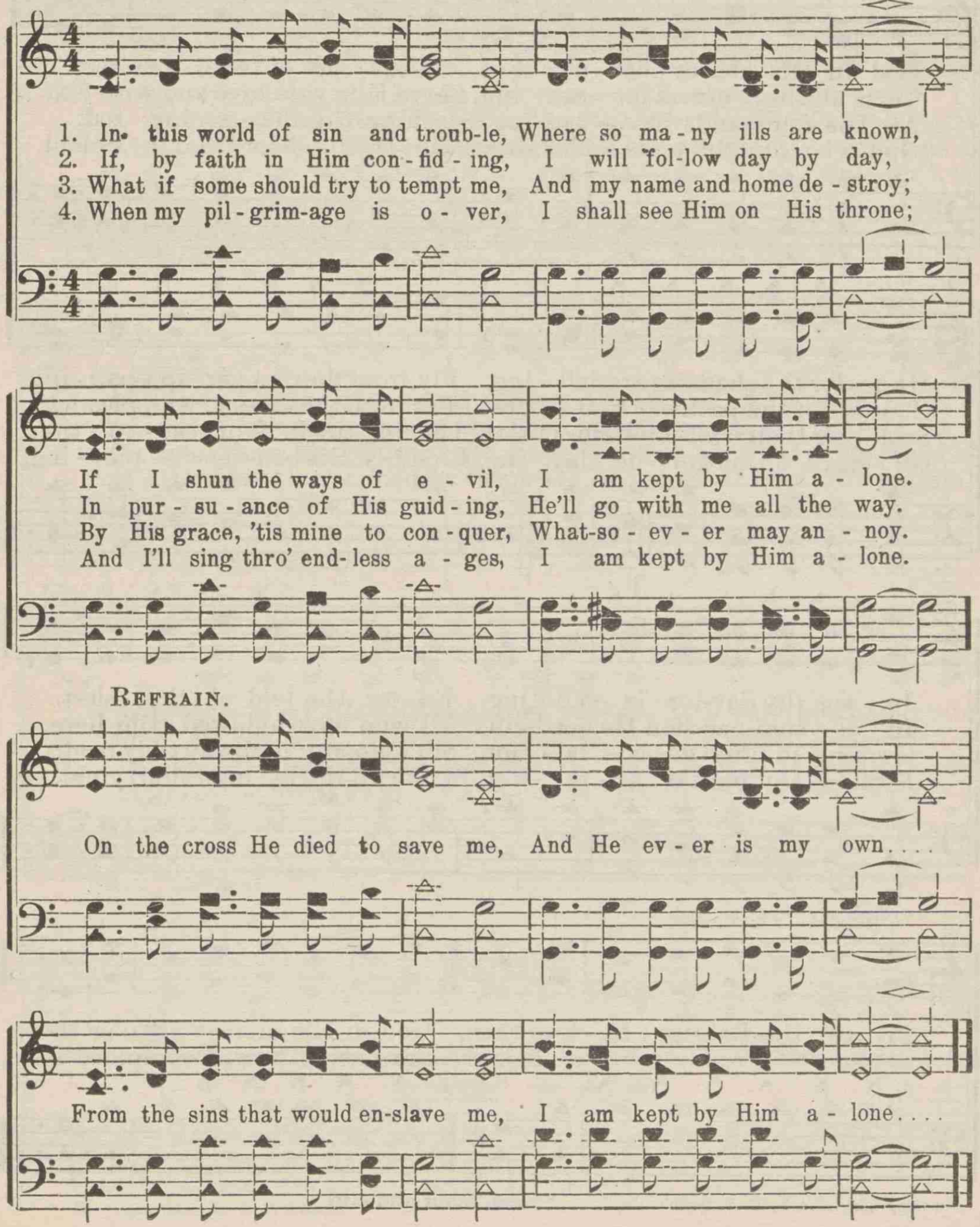
There is Power in the Gospel. Concluded.



No. 115. I Am Kept By Him Alone.

Coyyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

E. R. LATTA. WOODIE W. SMITH.



No. 116. Come To The Savior and Live.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Fly to the Ref-uge be - fore thee, Des - o - late, sad and op-pressed;
2. Light o'er the hill-tops is breaking, God and His an-gels are near;
3. Far from the fold they were straying, They who were chosen of God;
4. Now is the con-flict be - fore thee, Sa - tan's a-broad in the field;

God in His mer-cy is o'er thee, Je-sus has of-fered thee rest.
Turn, all thine errors for - sak - ing; Serve Him with love and with fear.
All His commands dis-o - bey-ing, Scorning the chas-ten-ing rod.
God, who is might-y is o'er thee; He is thy Sword and thy Shield.

Haste, for the shadows are fall - ing; Fly from the dan-ger ap - pall - ing;
Choose not the pathway that leadeth Far from the Savior, who pleadeth;
Seal - ing their own con-dem-na-tion, Leaving the light of sal - va - tion,
On - ward, no lon-ger de - lay - ing, Proud-ly His ban-ner dis - play - ing,

Je - sus thy Sav-ior is call - ing, En - ter the fold of the blest.
In His com-pas-sion He heed-eth All who have followed Him here.
Groping in blind des-o - la - tion, Sin's gloomy pathway they trod.
Firm in thy bat-tle ar - ray - ing, Strike till the foe-man shall yield.

CHORUS. *Earnestly.*

Fly to the Ref-uge be - fore thee, God in His mercy is o'er thee,
Ear-nest-ly now, we implore Thee,

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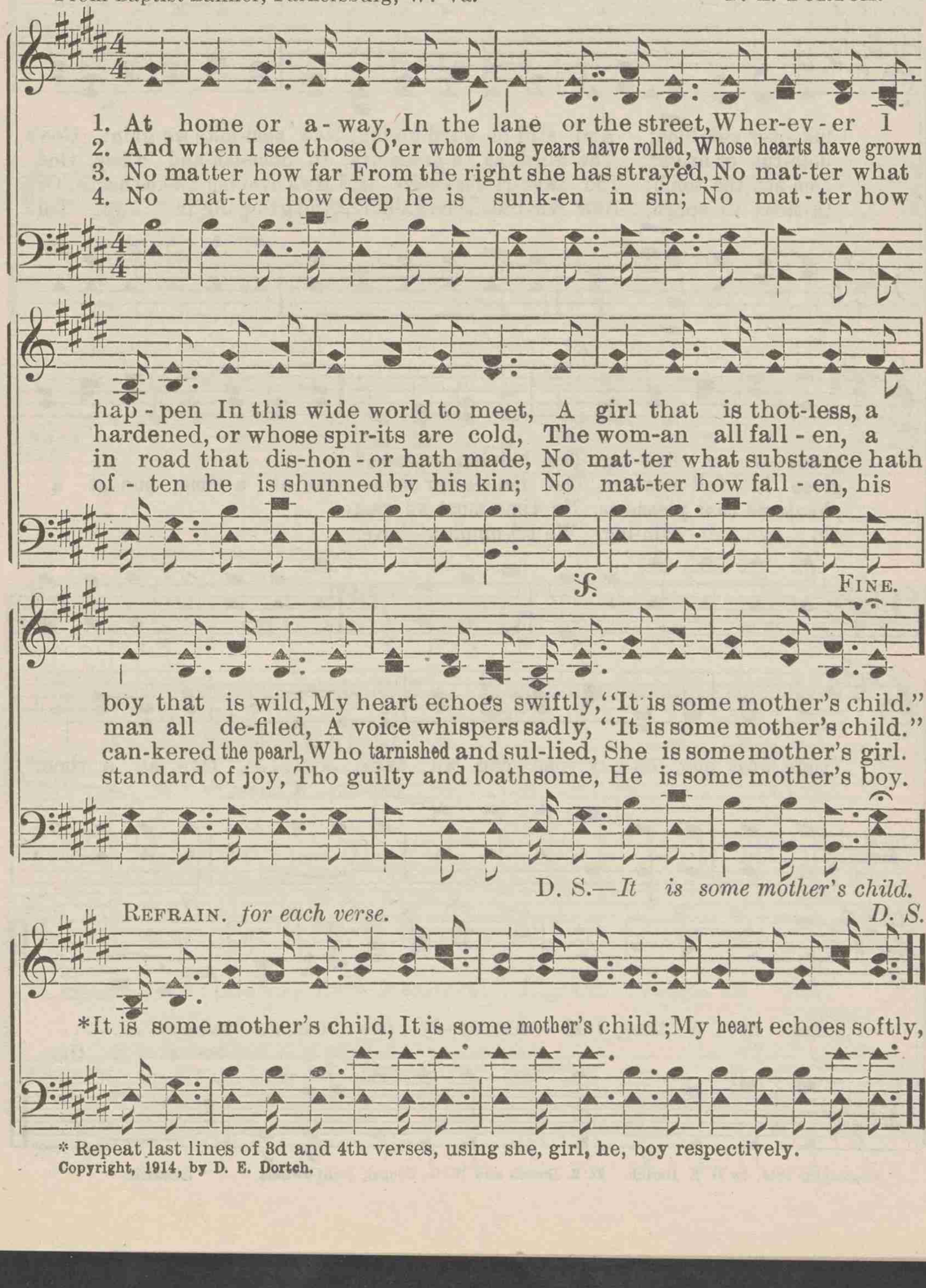
* Bass, tenor and alto.

Come To The Savior and Live. Concluded.



No. 117. Some Mother's Child.

From Baptist Banner, Parkersburg, W. Va. D. E. DORTCH.



* Repeat last lines of 3d and 4th verses, using she, girl, he, boy respectively.

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No. 118. One At a Time.

"We can not rush thru life by leaps and bounds, we can take only one step at a time."—A TESTIMONY.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. One step at a time Life's mountain we climb; View pinnacles glowing With lus - ter sub-lime; And still on-ward go-ing, New sum-mits we gain; God's
2. One note at a time Life's anthems we write, In sad-ness or pleasure, Make dole-ful or bright; The words as a treas-ure, To cher-ish and o-bey, God
3. One step at a time From morning's full bloom To la-bor for Je - sus, Till com-eth the tomb; Tho wea-ri-ness seize us, Life's evening makes haste, Or
4. One page at a time Life's les-sons we learn, With part of our training Temp- ta-tions to spurn, New vir-tues thus gaining, And grow-ing in love, Till

REFRAIN.

grace ov - er - flow-ing, The hid-den ar-cane.*
gives in full measure, The mu-sic our choice. One at a time, one at a
phantoms that please us, No time must we waste.
glo - ry ob - tain-ing, We tri-umph a - bove.

time, Just one, on - ly one can we take;..... One at a time,
one at a time;
One at a time, Just one, on - ly one can we take.....
one at a time.

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* Secret.

119 IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and with in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,

Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

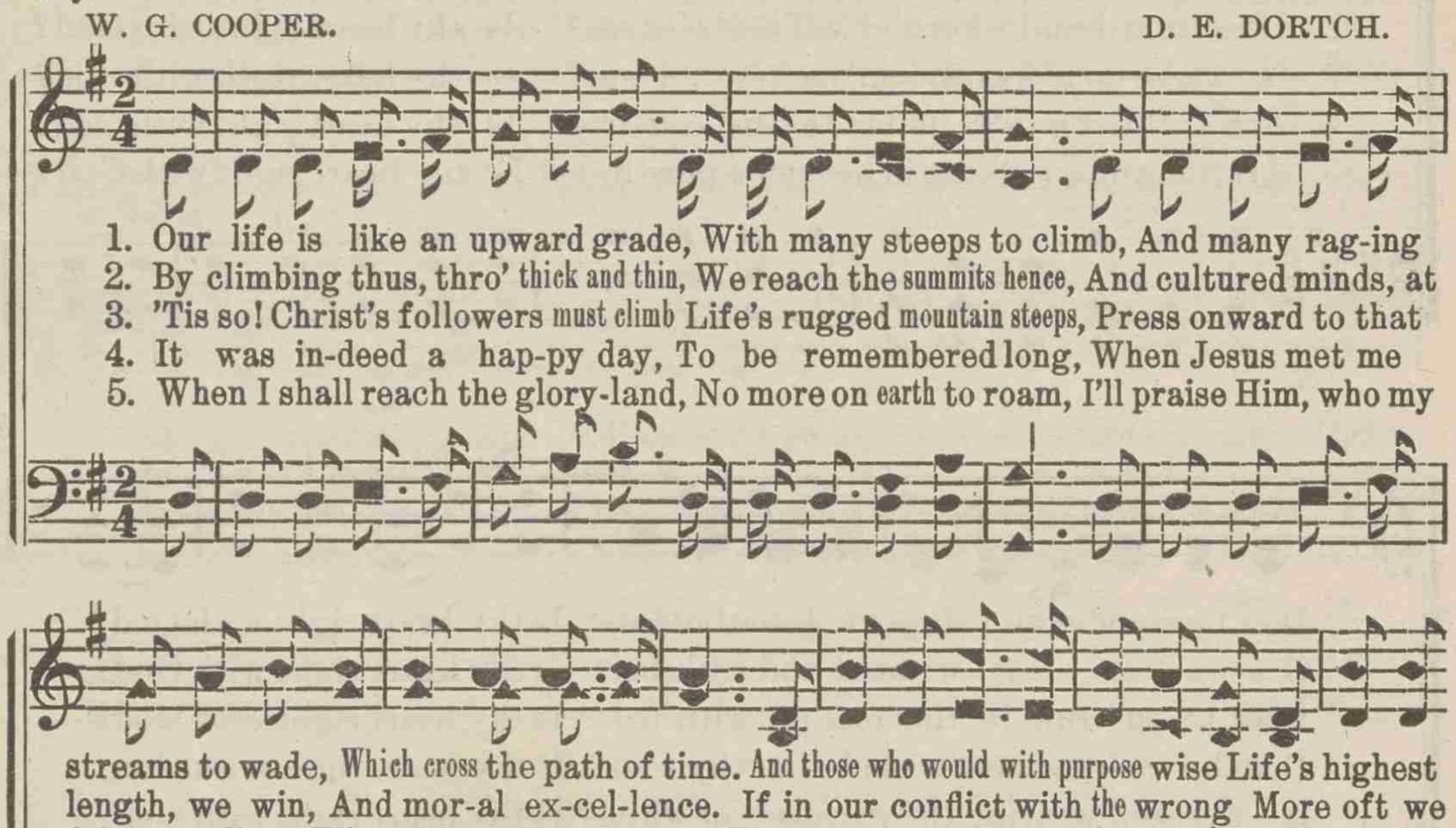
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120. KEEP SINGING AS YOU CLIMB.

Though they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song.

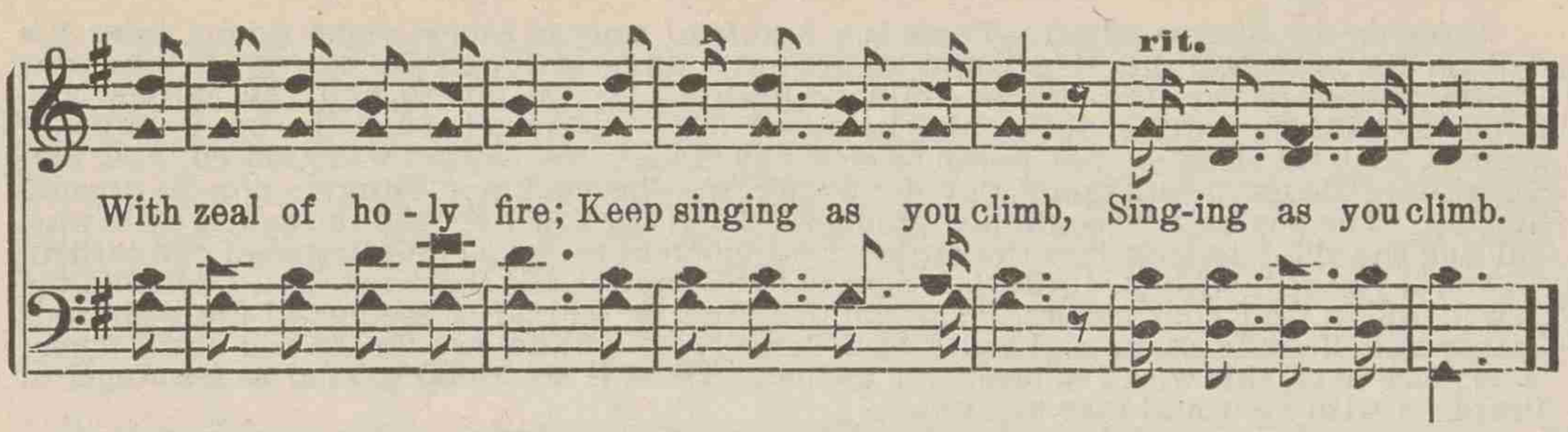
Not long since, a small party of friends were climbing a mountainside with the purpose of conducting a prayer meeting at the home of a family who are in a way "shut in." The day was warm and the climb hard and tedious; but one of the climbers kept singing on the up grade. Another member of the party, referring to it afterward in a joking way, spoke of the singer as one who could sing climbing a mountain. But are not all Christ's true followers trying to climb the steeps of life. And may we not all say: "He has put a new song in my mouth." If we are seeking the higher levels of life, let us sing, no matter how hard the way.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



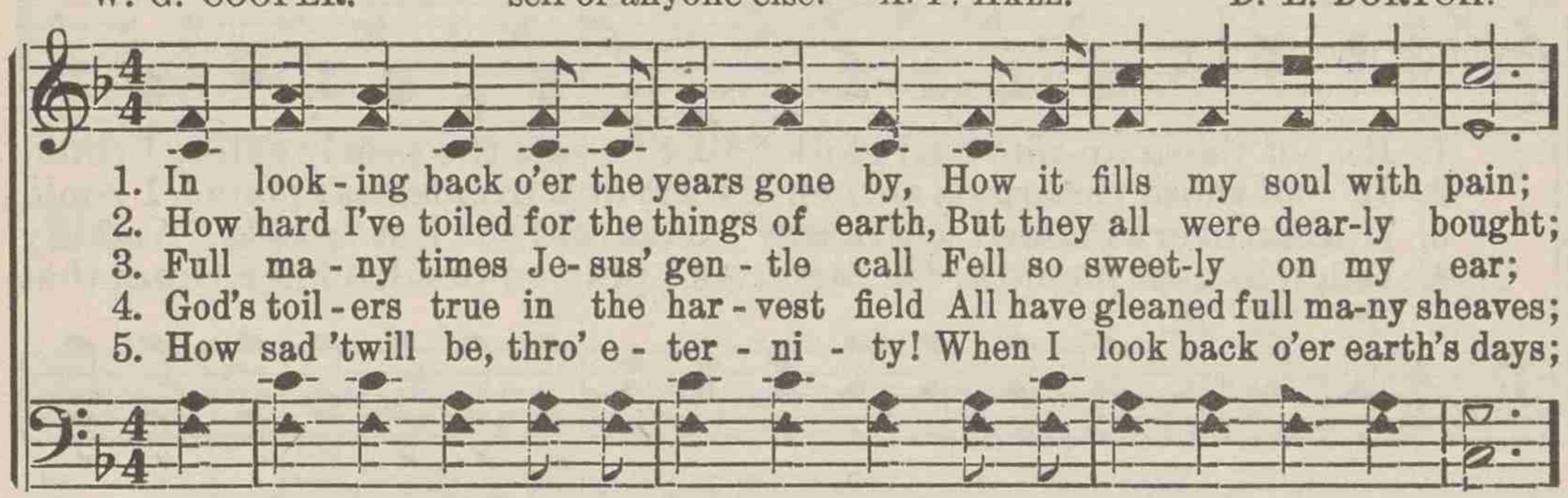
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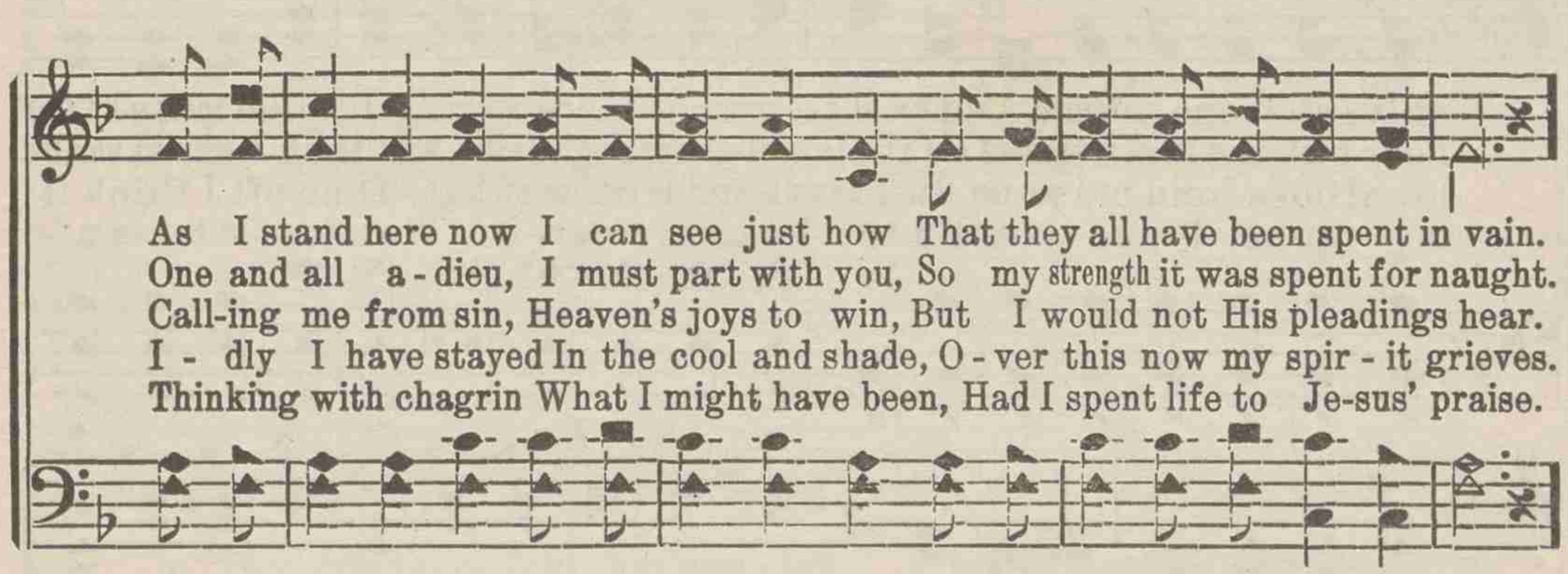
KEEP SINGING AS YOU CLIMB.



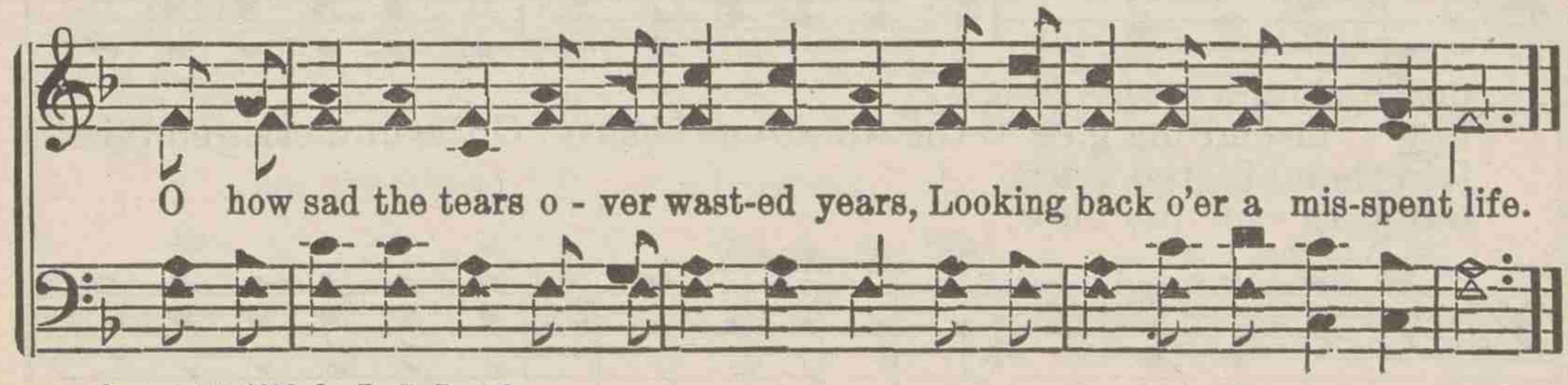
121. LOOKING BACK.

"What a misspent life mine has been! I have not accomplished anything for my-
W. G. COOPER. self or anyone else."—A. F. HALE. D. E. DORTCH.









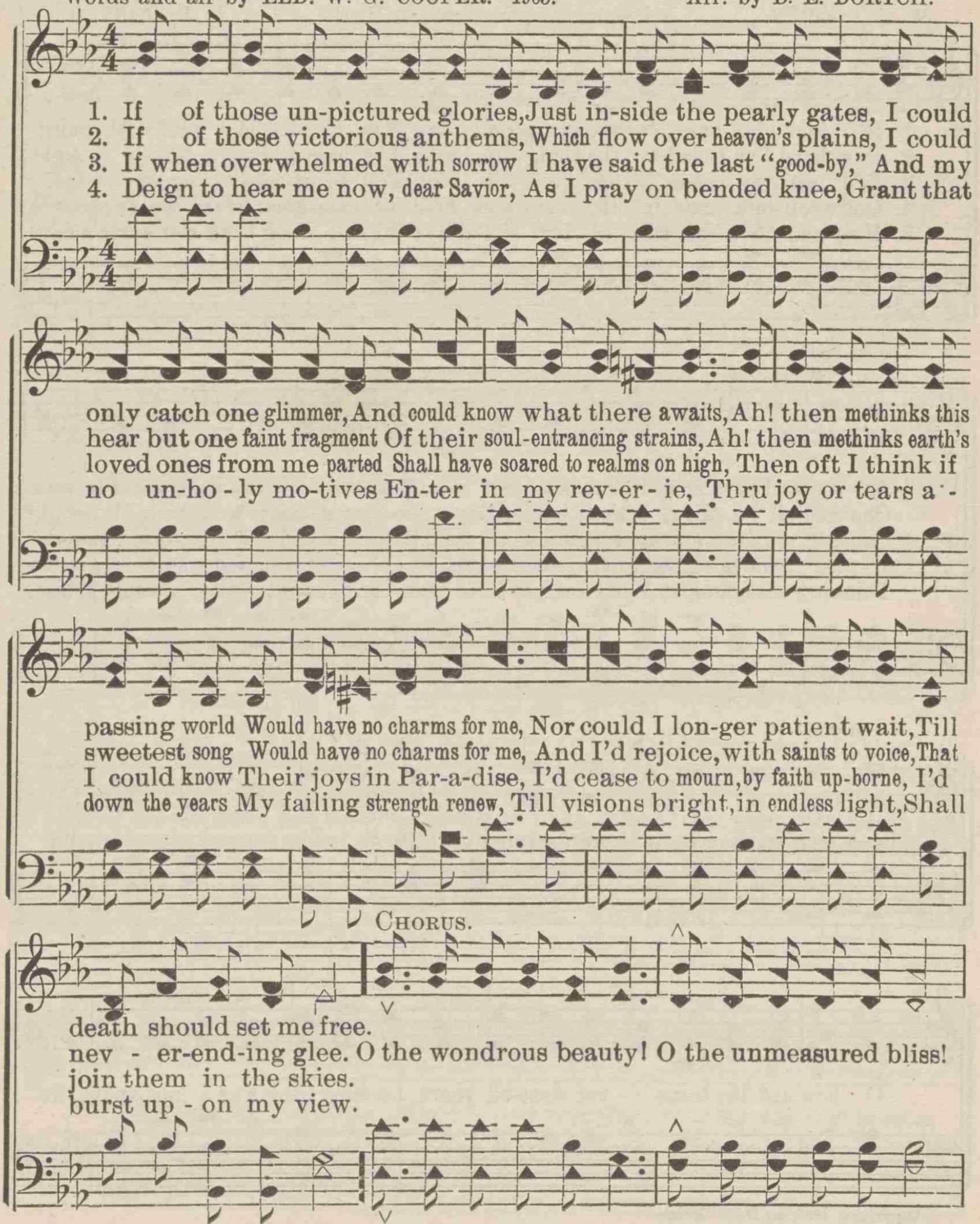
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No. 122. No Other Place So Beautiful.

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.—There is a beautiful story of a boy whose young sister was dying. He had heard that if he could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God the illness could be healed. He set out to find the garden, and implore the angel sentinel to let him have one leaf. The angel asked the boy if he could promise that his sister should never be sick any more if his request was granted, and that she should never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor be cold nor hungry, nor be treated harshly. The boy said he could not promise. Then the angel opened the gate a little way, bidding the child to look into the garden for a moment to have one glimpse of the garden. "Then if you still wish it," said the angel, "I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister." The child looked in, and, after seeing all the wondrous beauty and blessedness, he said softly to the angel: "I will not ask for the leaf now. There is no place in all this world so beautiful as that. There is no friend so kind as the Angel of Death. I wish he would take me, too."

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments."—*Sunday School Times.*

Words and air by ELD. W. G. COOPER. 1905. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



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No Other Place So Beautiful. Concluded.



No. 123. I Am Trusting Thee.

D. E. DORTCH. J. C. BREWINGTON.



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No. 124. So Great a Salvation.

This song is the substance of a sermon preached by the author from Heb. 2: 3.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. So great a sal-va-tion! O won-der-ful thot! Its plan by the In - fi - nite
2. Tis suit-ed to mortals made wretched by sin, Its am-ple pro - vi-sions take
3. It's great in its au-thor and great in its cost, And great in pro - vi-sions to
4. So great a sal-va-tion! look ov - er the tide! And see when the Bride-groom shall

TRIO.

Fa - ther was wrought, Twas rendered com-plete by the Sav - ior who died,
ev - 'ry class in, Its on - ly de - mand is ac - cept - ing the Word,
com-pass the lost, And great, O my soul, in the arms of its might,
wel-come His bride, A host with - out num - ber re-deemed by the blood,

QUARTET. *rit.* FULL CHORUS.

And un - to my soul by the Spir - it ap-plied.
With ab - so-lute trust in the cru - ci-fied Lord. So great a sal - va-tion! praise
That lifts from de-spair to an in - fi - nite height.
Shall shout, "Hal-le-lu - jah, sal - va-tion to God."

God, it is mine, So great a sal - va-tion, O sin-ner tis thine; Be-lieve it, re -

rit.

ceive it, no lon-ger de - lay, This blessed sal - va-tion can save you to - day.

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No. 125. There Is Joy.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 7.

S. V. R. S. V. RIDGWAY.



1. In the land of joy, free from sins' annoy, We shall dwell for-ev-er there;
2. In the judgment day, sins all washed away, We shall stand as white as snow;
3. Hap - py we shall be when our Lord we see, And with Him to glo-ry rise;
4. In that blessed fold, we shall ne'er grow old, But with youth shall always bloom;
5. When the news from earth, o'er a spirit birth, Hath been borne to that bright shore;



Then we'll work and pray, till shall close life's day, Trusting to the Sav-ior's care.
While the wicked there grief and pain shall share, And a - way from Je-sus go.
We shall rest in peace, in His love in-crease, In that home be-yond the skies.
Neath the waving trees, fanned with gentle breeze, There shall be no shades of gloom.
There is joy to know, that a soul from woe, Hath been saved to sin no more.



CHORUS.



There is joy,..... there is joy,..... There is joy a-mong the an - gels;
There is joy, glad joy, there is joy, glad joy, There is joy, glad joy on that blest shore;



There is joy,..... there is joy,..... There is joy in heav'n for me.
There is joy, glad joy, there is joy, glad joy, There is joy for ev - er-more for me.



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126 TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.



1. May the love of God be with you, Un - til we a - gain shall meet,
2. May the love of God be with you, Whate'er path your feet may tread,
3. May the love of God be with you, Thro' the flight of ev - 'ry hour,
4. May the love of God be with you, Till your journey's sol - emn end,





Strength and guidance may he give you, And his con - so - la - tion sweet.
May you thro' the light or shad - ow Ten-der - ly by him be led.
Sanc- ti - fy - ing grief or glad - ness By its sweet and sa - cred pow'r.
Where the words of earth - ly part - ings With an - gel - ic wel-come blend.



CHORUS.



Till we meet a-gain, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet on life's sunny shore,



May the love of God, may the love of God Guard and keep you all ev-er-more.



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127. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The whit'- ning fields de - clare the har - vest near, (har - vest near;)
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor wand' ring souls need hum - ble help like mine, (help like mine;)
3. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command For Him I'll la - bor on thro' life's short day, (life's short day;)

A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest
Far bright - er than the gem In monarch's di - a - dem, Each
The eve will come at last, Life's cares for - ev - er passed, E-

D. S. *A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Yes,*

I with emp-ty hands at last ap-pear. Work - - ing for the
soul a star in Je - sus' crown may shine.
ter - nal rest will then my toil re - pay. Working for the Mas - ter,

CHORUS.

gath - er for His gar - ner in the sky.

Fine.

Mas - ter, For..... the home on high.
working for the Lord, Working for a home, a home that is on high.

D. S.

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No. 128. I Shall Be Satisfied Then.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is —1 JOHN 3: 2.

ELD. E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When all my tri - als here have passed away, When on this earth no
2. When I shall lay a - side this mor - tal veil, When I shall hear no
3. When up the shin-ing way my soul shall wing, When I shall stand be-
4. When I shall see His glo - ry face to face, When I shall know the
5. When I shall en - ter thru the gates a-bove, When I shall clasp the
6. When I shall see with eyes no lon - ger dim, When I shall gaze up-

lon - ger I shall stay, When I shall wake in that e - ter - nal day,
more the world's sad wail, When I shall o - ver death and hell prevail,
fore my Sav - ior King, When un-to Him my trophies I shall bring,
full-ness of His grace, When in His arms I feel His warm embrace,
hands of those I love, When dressed in beauty like the Spir-it Dove,
on the form of Him, When I shall voice in praise the glo-ry hymn,

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied then. I'll be sat - is - fied, sat - is-fied then,
then,
I'll be sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied then; When in His like-ness
I shall see Him as He is, I shall be sat - is - fied then.

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129 WONDERFUL GLORY FOR ME.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. From grace I shall sweep on to glo - ry, The King in His beau-ty to
2. By sin I was once bound in fet - ters, But Je - sus, the Christ, set me
3. I'll fol - low wher-ev - er He leads me, If close to my Lord I may
4. Sometime I will reach yonder cit - y, That lies o-ver time's roll-ing

see, But since I found peace in be - liev - ing, On earth there is
free, And now to be named as His serv - ant Is won - der - ful
be, With Him to be walk - ing and talk - ing Is won - der - ful
sea, There Christ has prepared me a man - sion, What won-der-ful

REFRAIN.

glo - ry for me! O won - der-ful glo - ry for me!.....
what glo-ry for me!

Yes, won - der - ful glo - ry for me!..... The King of all
what glo - ry for me!

kings is my Fa - - ther, What wonderful glo - ry for me!.....
Fa-ther in heav'n, for me!

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No. 130. Whatsoever.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. JOHN 14: 13. D. E. DORTCH.

1. This the crown of all the prom-is - es re - cord-ed in His Word,
2. If in faith ye make your pleadings, ye shall have the blessings sought,
3. If your claim on heav-en's boun-ty be in-dorsed with Jesus' name,

What-so - ev - er, what-so - ev - er, For it
Faith that
What-so - ev - er ye shall ask, what-so - ev - er ye shall ask, He will

cov - ers ev-'ry want, Ev'ry good His love may grant, Tis the never-fail-ing
credits what He said, Faith that trusts the work He did, Pray'rs of faith will reach
grant your feeble cry, And His majesty on high Will regard your poor pe-

prom-ise of our in - ter-ced-ing Lord, What-so-ev - er ye shall ask.
the riches which His sacrifice has bot, What-so - ev - er ye shall ask.
ti - tion as a just and worthy claim, What-so - ev - er ye shall ask.

What - so - ev - - - - er ye shall ask, What-so -

REFRAIN.

What-so - ev - er, what-so - ev - er, What-so -
What-so - ev - er ye shall ask, what-so - ev - er ye shall ask,

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What-so -

Whatsoever. Concluded.

ev..... er ye shall ask,

ev - er ye shall ask, What-so - ev - er ye shall ask, He will

ev - er, What-so - ev - er,

grant you your petition if ye ask Him, doubting not, Whatsoever ye shall ask.

No. 131. Nearer Than I Think.

"I may be much nearer life's close than I think."—A TESTIMONY.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lord, to my way-ward heart A se-rious mood impart, That I may choose the
2. Who heaven's bliss would share Must here on earth prepare, And for Christ's kingdom
3. I shall, if I re - fuse Sal - va-tion and a - buse My freedom, stand with-
4. When standing on the brink, Whence mortals fear and shrink, How sweet twill be e'en

"bet-ter part," And to my ways take heed; Wake me from sin's repose, Make viv-id
do and dare, "Ye must be born a-gain," My time! how fast it flows, O prize it
out ex-cuse Be-fore God's bar at last; Then, help me, Lord, I pray, Thy precepts
there to think Of years for Je-sus spent; To drop this mor-tal gown, No more to

rit.

all it's woes, For I, per-haps, am to life's close Much nearer than I think.
as it goes, For I, per-haps, am to life's close Much nearer than I think.
to o - bey, For I, per-haps, am to that day Much nearer than I think.
heed earth's frown, Perhaps the day to wear the crown Is nearer than I think.

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132 THE BUSINESS OF THE KING.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet and old, That is wait - ing to be told
2. Soon the Pen - te - cos - tal show'r Shall descend with old-time pow r,
3. When lhe bells of heav'n shall ring, And its gate-ways o - pen swing,

Un - to ma - ny souls that dwell in sin to - day! Haste, the
If with one ac - cord all Christians work and pray; Then with
O what joy to know you told some soul the way! Then be

joy - ful news make known, Till the world to Christ is won, For the
will - ing hand and heart, Quick-ly run to do your part, For the
bus - y hour by hour, Tell of Je - sus' sav - ing pow'r, For the

REFRAIN.

busi-ness of the King must not de - lay. O the busi-ness of the
King must not de-lay, Souls are dy-ing as you pass a-long life's
must not delay,

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THE BUSINESS OF THE KING.

way ; Haste, the joy-ful news make known, Till the
a - long life's way ;

world to Christ is won, For the business of the King must not de-lay.

133 PEACE, BE STILL.

"And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, peace, be still."—MARK 4: 39.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The night is dark and star-less, The sea is rough and wild! O
2. When broken hearts are bleeding With bit - ter, ach-ing grief, O
3. The ma - ny times the dark ness Has settled round my soul, Some-

God in mer - cy res-cue Thy tempest-driven child, From Thy lips, just a
then, in mer-cy, Father, Send wretched souls relief, For Thou canst calm their
times onrushing billows Would o'er my spirit roll ; But God with just a

whis-per Will make the o-cean mild ; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."
sor-row With gentle words and brief ; "Peace, be stiil," "Peace, be still."
whisper Would hold them in con-trol ; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."

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No. 134. Glory To Jesus.

EPH. 3: 17-19.

E. HANKS. Arr. by J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Do you want comfort like riv - ers of peace? Do you want anguish of spir - it to cease? Then look unto Him who was nailed to the tree, Je-sus
2. Do you want pardon of sins that are past? Do you want gladness that ev - er shall last? Then cry un-to Him who was nailed to the tree, Je-sus
3. Do you want cleansing of heart and of soul? Do you want healing that maketh one whole? Then flee unto Him who was nailed to the tree, Je-sus
4. Looking to Je - sus is seek-ing His face, Cry-ing to Je - sus is ask - ing His grace, And flee-ing to plunge in the sea of His blood, Simply

CHORUS.

can comfort, for He com - fort-ed me.
can par-don, for He pardoned e - ven me. Glo - ry to Je-sus my
can cleanse you, for He cleansed e - ven me.
is trust-ing in "the full-ness of God."

Saviour and King! Glory to Je-sus for - ev - er I'll sing! O won-der -

rit.

ful sto-ry, sal - va-tion is free, Je-sus can save you, for He saved even me.

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No. 135. Jacob's Ladder.

W. G. COOPER. GEN. 18: 22; JOHN 1: 51; 14: 6. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 136. When the Flowers of Grace are Blooming.

"Every heart should be a little garden full of sweet and beautiful plants or flowers."—J. R. MILLER.

W. G. C. W. G. COOPER.

1. O the soul is like a gar-den o - vergrown With the vilest weeds, or
2. When the flow'rs of grace are blooming in the soul, And we're dwelling in the
3. When the flow'rs of grace are blooming in the soul Then we tread no more "a
4. When the flow'rs of grace are blooming in the soul O how few the faults of
5. When the flow'rs of grace are blooming in the soul Our am-bi-tions to a

barren, bleak and sear, Till beneath the Master's magic touch and pow'r Lo, the
blessed Spirit's light, Then the life sends cheer and heav'nly fragrance round, Changing
wilderness of woe," For redeemed are we and joy and peace abound, Making
oth - ers seem to be, For we view them all in kindness and in love, And their
high-er life as - pire, Oft we seem to catch faint fragments of the song Sung by

CHORUS.

flow'rs of grace appear. When the flow'rs..... of grace are bloom - ing
sor - row to de-light.
heav'n be-gun be - low.
good traits we can see.
heav'n's all-glorious choir. When the flow'rs of grace are blooming in the soul,

In the gar - - den of the soul,..... It a-bounds in
In the gar-den, in the gar-den of the soul,

wondrous beau-ty neath the Master's loving care When we yield Him full control.

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No. 137. He Was Found Worthy.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. All men from God had gone a - stray, None was found worthy;
2. Till God in flesh was man - i - fest, None was found worthy
3. He came a ran - som for the lost, He was found worthy;
4. The wine press of His wrath He trod, He was found worthy;
5. He paid the debt man could not pay, He was found worthy;
6. He's in - ter - ced - ing now for men, He is found worthy;
7. Fair man-sions He's pre-pared on high, He is found worthy;
8. Let saints and an - gels join their lays, He is found worthy,

Each one had turned to His own way, None was found worthy.
To give the bur-dened spir - it rest, None was found worthy.
He pur-chased life at fear - ful cost, He was found worthy.
He sat - is - fied the claims of God, He was found worthy.
He took the guilt of sin a - way, He was found worrhy.
He shall in tri-umph come a - gain, He is found worthy.
There He will take us by and by, He is found worthy.
And give Him ev - er - last - ing praise, He is found worthy.

CHORUS.

O the bleeding Lamb! O the bleeding Lamb!
the bleeding, the bleeding,
O the bleed-ing Lamb! *None was found worthy.
the bleeding,

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* After stanzas 3, 4, 5 use He was, etc., and after 6, 7, 8 use He is, etc., in chorus.

No. 138. According To Thy Word.

"According to the commandment of the Lord they journeyed."—NUM. 9 : 20.

GEORGE C. ALBORN. W. G. COOPER. 1905.

1. Lord, my path leads oft mid ways un-known, Dan-gers oft be - set my wand'ring feet; Dai - ly would I see Thy mer - cy shown,
2. Dark sometimes the way Thy wis-dom leads, Weak my faith, and fear my heart doth fill, Yet Thy Word hath light for all my needs,
3. Praise to Thee, O Lord, my heart doth raise, From a - bove the light doth ev-er stream; Strength Thou givest to me as Thy days,

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry hour I would Thy fa-vor meet.
By its rays I jour-ney safe-ly still. Dai - ly light up - on my pathway throw, Grace and strength upon me now bestow; Let Thy presence
At the end lies heaven's golden gleam.
guide me homeward, Lord, While I march ac - cord - ing to Thy Word.

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No. 139. Abide With Me.

"And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day isfar spent. And he went in to tarry with them."—
LUKE 24: 28, 29.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 140. The Mind of Christ.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. 2: 5.

W. G. COOPER. J. A. BELL.

1. Je - sus, Lord,..... may my con - cep-tion. ..... Of this life..... be like to thine,
2. I would in..... Thy foot-steps fol-low,..... Do - ing good..... to all be - low,
3. Je - sus, hear,..... O Sav - ior, hear me,..... Tho I have..... un-faith-ful been;
4. I shall sing..... of my dear Sav-ior..... When I reach.... the glo - ry - land,

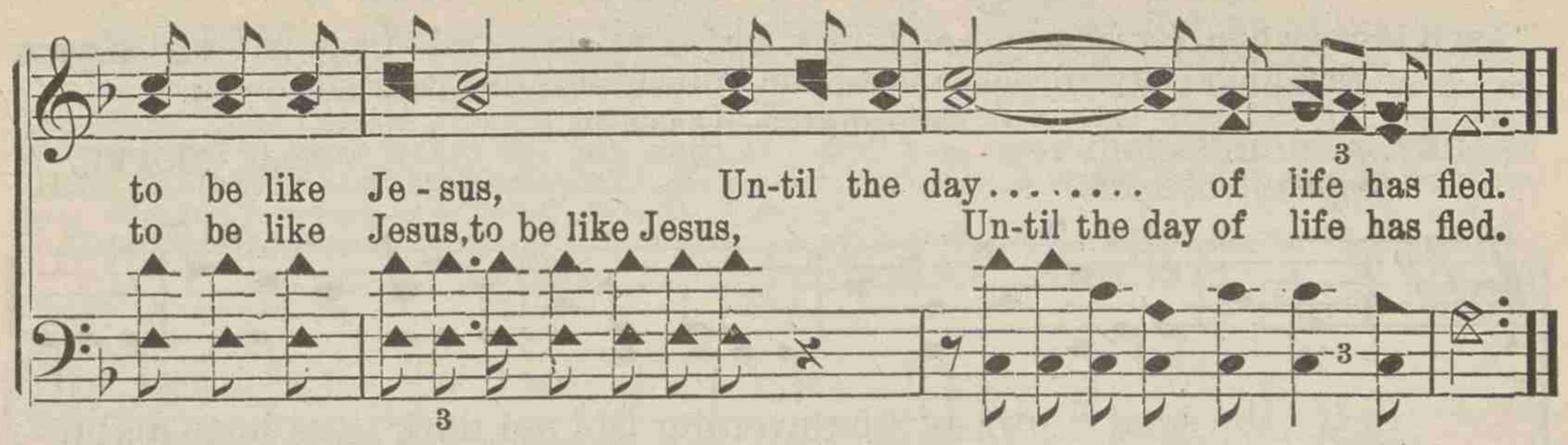
To the end,..... from its in - cep-tion,..... Ev - er may I..... Thy vir - tues shine.
And I know..... that Thou wilt hal - low..... Ev - e - ry deed..... of love I show.
Let me feel..... Thee ev - er near me,..... Con-stant-ly keep..... me free from sin.
And en - joy..... His bless-ed fa - vor,..... Ful - ly re-deemed..... I then shall stand.

CHORUS.

O for a mind..... to be like Je - sus, And in His foot - - - steps ev - er trace;. ..... O for a mind.....
O for a mind to be like Je - sus, to be like Je-sus. And in His foot-steps ev - er trace, ev-er trace, O for a mind

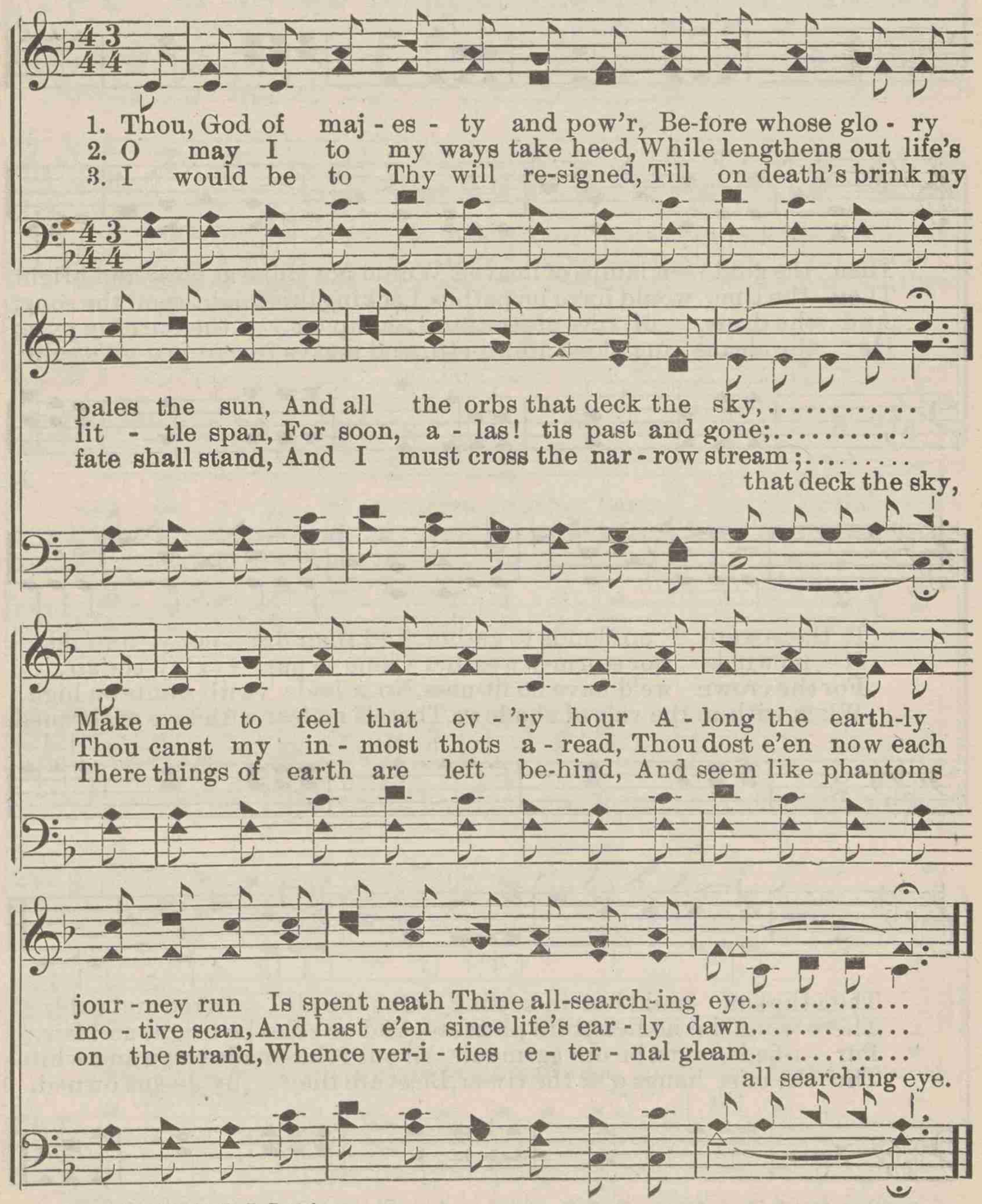
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The Mind of Christ. Concluded.



No. 141. Thou, God, Seest Me.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. GEN. 16: 13. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 142. Made Perfect Thru Suffering.

"For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."—HEB. 2: 10.

REV. A. B. RUSSELL. W. G. COOPER.

Soprano obligato.

1. If the shad - ows of the evening Did not dark - en in-to night,
2. If no steps were set to mu-sic, And no rests the tune prolong,
3. If there were no vale of sor-row, Were our faith not tried by fire,
4. "God is love," and whom He loveth He will purge from ev-'ry stain,

Then the gold - en lamps of heaven Would not shine as clear and bright;
Then the time would have no pathos, Lacking this might spoil the song;
And the dross of vile af-fec-tion Laid up-on the burning pyre;
He the cleans - ing blood ap-pli-eth, And makes free from e-vil's gain;

If there were no clouds to gather, And their dra - per-y un-fold,
If no winds nor storm-y weather Came to pur - i - fy the air,
For the crown we'd have no fit-ness, No a-bode with saints on high,
When with-in the vale of shadows, There's no fear with love enthroned,

Then the sun could not in setting Paint the air in red and gold.
There would be no healthful pleasure, And no skies be bright and fair.
Pur - i-fied must be our garments, All our robes made clean and white.
Tho' the mist hangs o'er the riv-er, Blest are they by Je-sus owned.

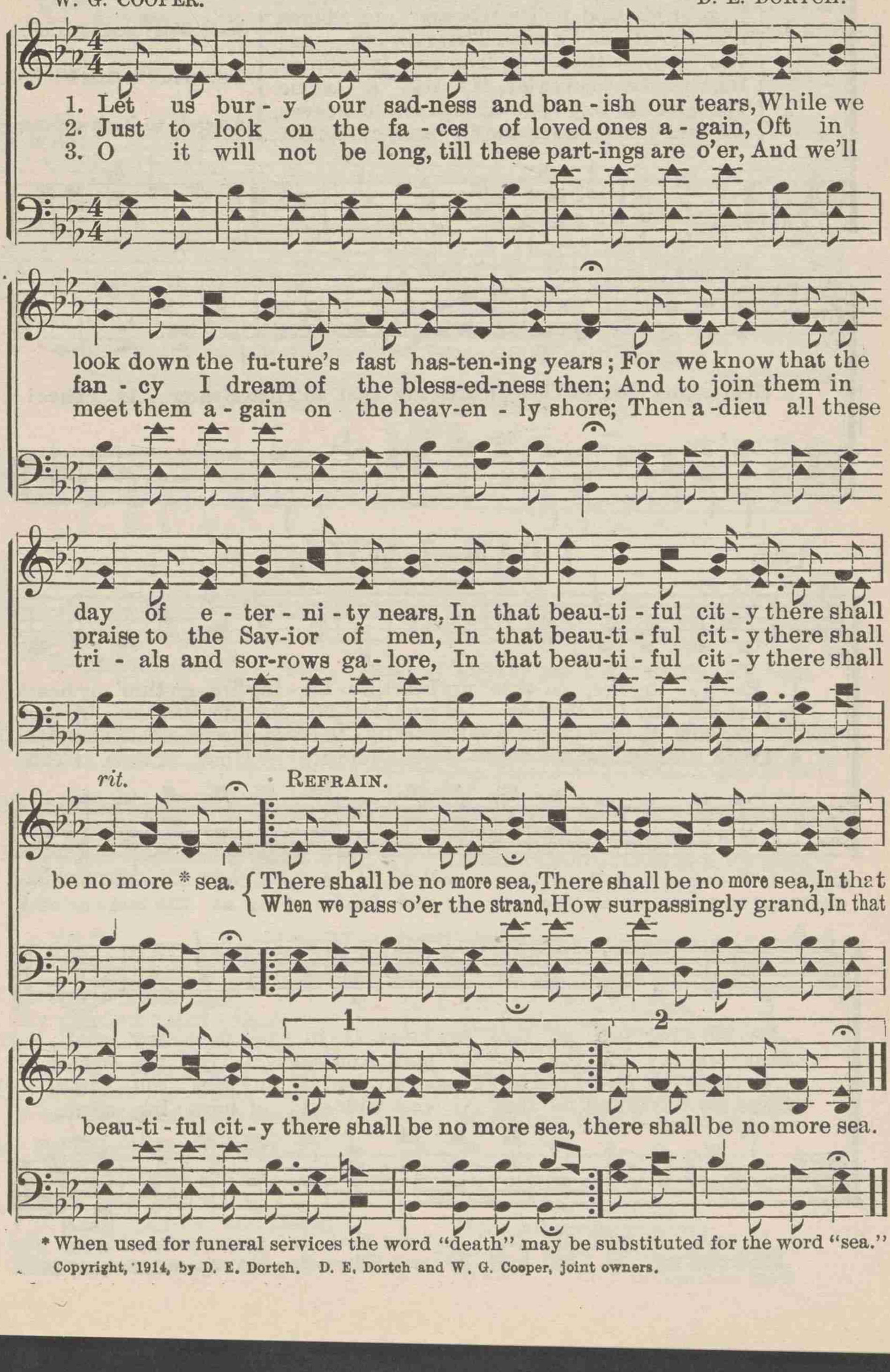
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No. 143. There Shall Be No More Sea.*

No More Sea.—The sea is the symbol of separation. It separated John on Patmos from his friends in Ephesus. I think that is his first thought here. But, he says, this not for long. Continents and seas, and misunderstandings, and sin, and prejudices sunder us here, but not there. The friends who fell asleep not long ago are separated from us. But when we follow them and get where the redeemed are, and look upon the well-remembered faces, there will come to our memories like the words of some old sweet song—there is no more sea. United nevermore to be separated.—*Exchange.*

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." —Rev. 21: 1.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



* When used for funeral services the word "death" may be substituted for the word "sea."

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144 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Scotch Air.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,
   Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heaven.
   All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given; } An-gels to beck-on me



Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



145 I CAN I WILL.

1. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart,
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,



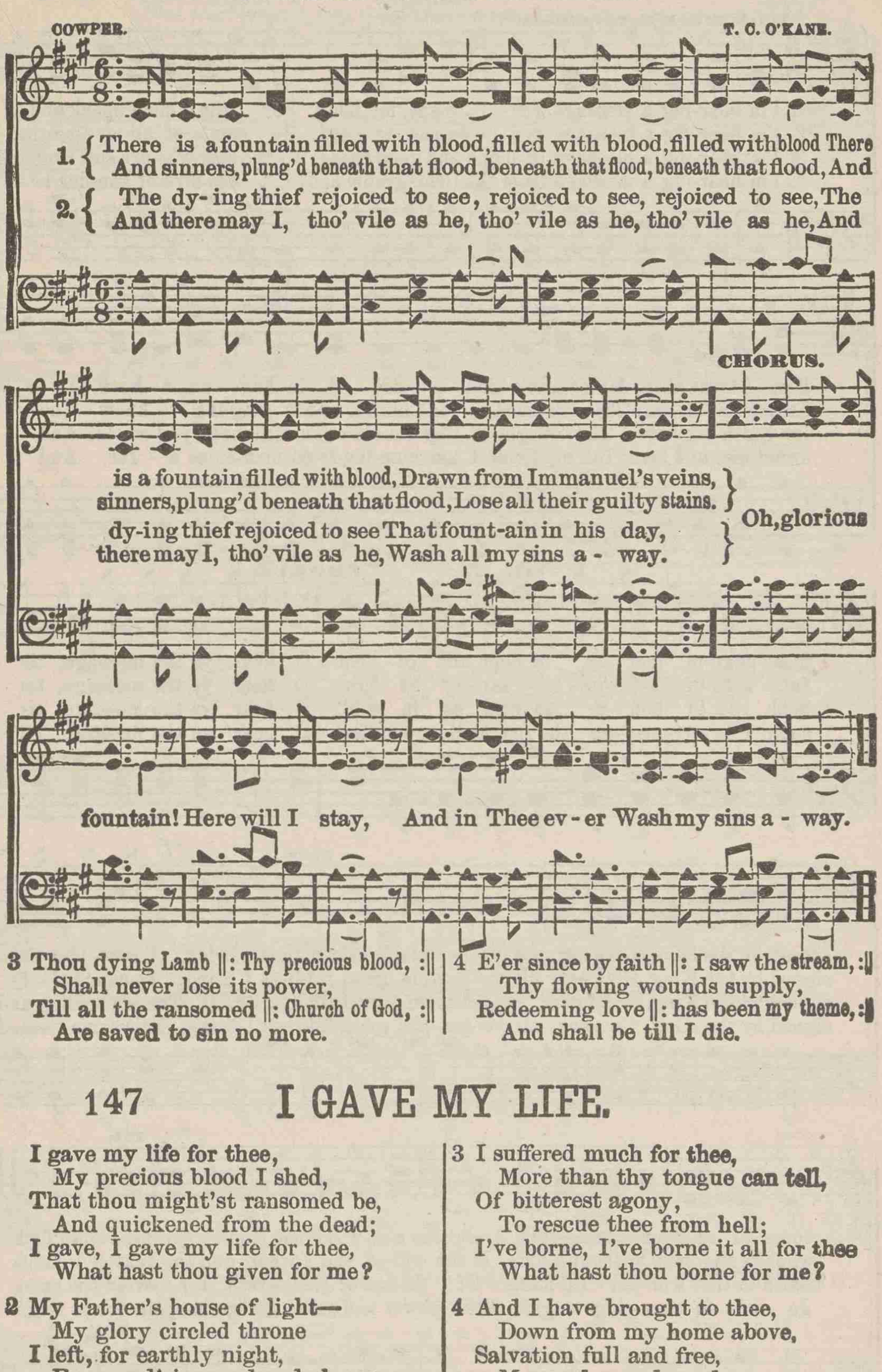
Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-mi-nate my soul.
Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.
Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Spir-it of burn-ing, come.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.
I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.

146 GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.



3 Thou dying Lamb ‖: Thy precious blood, :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God, :‖
Are 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.

147 I GAVE MY LIFE.

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and alone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What ' ' thou brought to me?

148 I'M BEARING A MESSAGE FOR JESUS.

F. E. R. (Solo.) F. E. RIMANOCZY. By per.

With much earnestness.

1. I'm bear-ing a message for Je-sus, my King, For Him I must speak and of Him I must sing; My com-mis-sion is dat - ed in heav - en a - bove, 'Tis a mes - sage of mer - cy, of hope and of love. O hear ye the message, 'tis
2. I'm bear-ing a message for Je-sus, my Lord, By saints of all a - ges in heav-en a - dored; 'Tis addressed to the Church, who is long-ing to know The full - ness of God, while they tar - ry be - low. O hear ye the message, 'tis
3. I'm bear-ing a message of hope and good cheer, To the sick who are suff'ring and lan-guish-ing here; The Might-y Phy - si-cian can still make you whole, And heal you in bod - y as well as in soul. O hear ye the message, 'tis
4. I'm bear-ing a message from the Bridegroom above, A mis-sive of ten-der - ness, sweetness and love; Tell my Bride I am com-ing from man-sions a - far, And soon I'll ap - pear as the Bright Morning Star. O hear ye the message, 'tis

rit. CHORUS.

signed by the King, Give ear, all ye peo-ple, good tid-ings I bring, A Sav - iour has come to re-deem all mankind, And those who will trust Him forgiveness shall find.
signed by the King, Give ear, all ye peo-ple, good tid-ings I bring, To sanc - ti - fy whol-ly and keep without blame, Is the will of the Father, and the reason I came.
signed by the King, Draw near, ye af-flict-ed, good tidings I bring, There's healing and health in that won-der - ful name Of Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, for - ev-er the same.
signed by the King, Give ear, all ye peo-ple, good tid-ings I bring, This same blessed Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, With power and great glo-ry in splen-dor to reign.

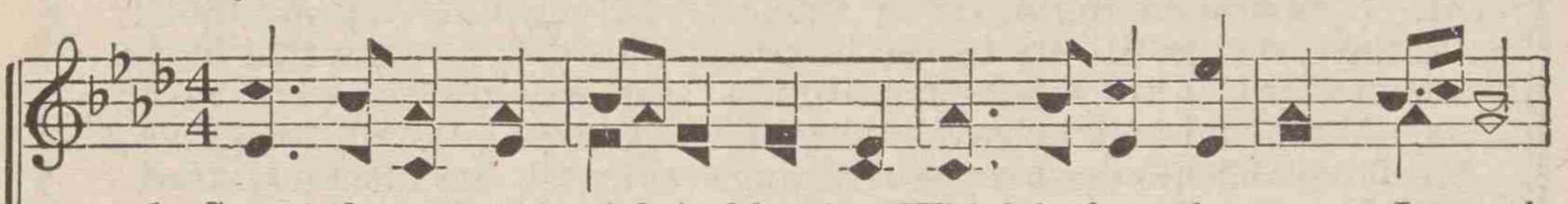
cres. *ff* rit.

149 STANDING BY THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."— John 19: 25.

ALLAN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

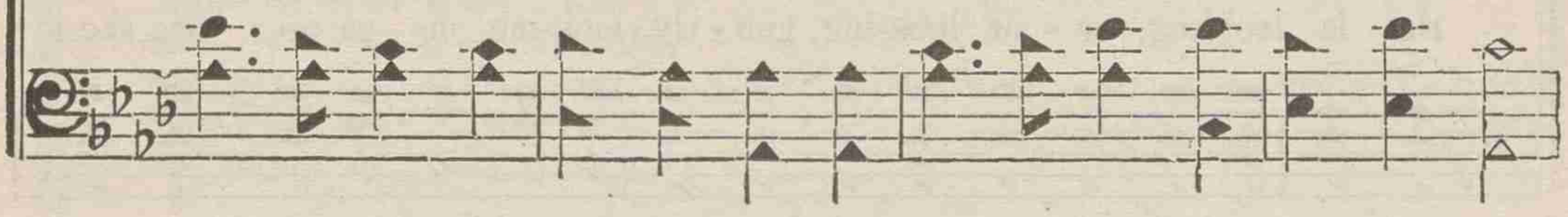
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv -en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in ceaseless con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,



Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Precious drops my soul be - dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine compass-ion, Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o erflow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unveiled, Thy glo - ries see.



REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calva - ry;



Looking up to Christ, trust-ing in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

From "Perennial Songs," by per. A. J. SHOWALTER.

150

He Will Save You.*

NEWTON. LUKE 22: 61. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. I saw one hanging on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er till my lat-est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. A - las! I knew not what I did,— But now my tears are vain;
4. A sec-ond look he gave that said, "I free - ly all for - give;
5. Thus while His death my sin displays In all its black-est hue,

Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for Thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live.
Such is the mys-ter - y of grace, It seals my par-don too!

CHORUS.

He is look-ing, ev - er look-ing, gen - tly look-ing on us all; See those

pleading eyes now looking on you, (looking on you,) Sin-ner, come and learn of Jesus

and before Him humbly fall, If you trust Him He will save you thro' and thro'.
thro' and thro'.

* This song is not copyrighted, but is free to be used by all for the glory of God.

No. 151. The New Glory Song.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. (As originally written.) D. E. DORTCH.

1. Me-thinks, when bursts upon my raptured ear, The heavn'ly song of vic - to - ry, From countless mul - ti - tudes, so loud and clear, Twill
2. When an-gel bands their golden harp-strings touch, And sweetest har-mo - nies un - fold; I fan - cy then the mu - sic will be such As
3. All hon-or, glo - ry, pow'r and maj - es - ty To Thee, Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, King; This is the theme the might-y com - pa - ny In
4. Tis true, that on - ly those who here on earth Have learned in part re - demption's song; Thru liv - ing faith in Christ and heav'nly birth Shall
5. Ah! we'll for us if we have learned the song, And robed and read - y stand to share The fes - tal hon - ors of that hap - py throng, For

rit.

CHORUS.

make it heav'n for me.
on - ly heav'n could hold.
praise for - ev - er sing. There'll be glo-ry in that song I know,
sing the glo - ry song.
Je - sus will be there.

Far sur-pass-ing all e'er heard be-low; When I hear the Sav - ior's prais-es sing, By that tre - men-dous throng.....
that tremendous throng.

cres. *ff*

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No. 152. God Bless You.

"God bless you and make you a blessing to your people."—MOTHER'S LETTER,

W. G. COOPER. August 7, 1905. D. E. DORTCH.

1. God give you in full-ness His Spir - it, To fill with salvation's sweet song,
2. If you would suc-cess-ful-ly la - bor, And cause the hard-hearted to yield,
3. Tho' passionate longing should seize you Without His sin-pardoning grace,
4. God bless you and make you a blessing, A real help to some one each day,

Your whole heart and life to o'er-flow-ing, And help you to pass it a - long;....
The Word, as a two - edg - ed sa - ber, With pow'r you must skillfully wield;
You could not lead sinners to Je - sus, They would not the new life embrace;
Un - til you, the Saviour ca - ress - ing, Shall kiss your glad spirit a-way;....

"The joy of the Lord" will give cour-age, Without it a fail-ure you prove,
So stud - y it dai - ly and care - ful, Your mind and your soul it will feed,
But when you're salvation pos-sess - ing, His grace all-suf-fi-cient you prove,
Then up to the mansions of glo - ry, Where you shall earth's labors review,

Should obstacles come to dis - cour-age, O then shall they quickly remove.
His Spir-it will make you, if pray'r - ful, A workman ef-fi-cient in - deed.
He'll make you to oth-ers a bless - ing, While kindled and fired with His love.
And joy that you published the sto - ry, And served Him thus faithful and true.

CHORUS.

God bless you and make you a bless-ing,—A flaming e - van-gel of truth;

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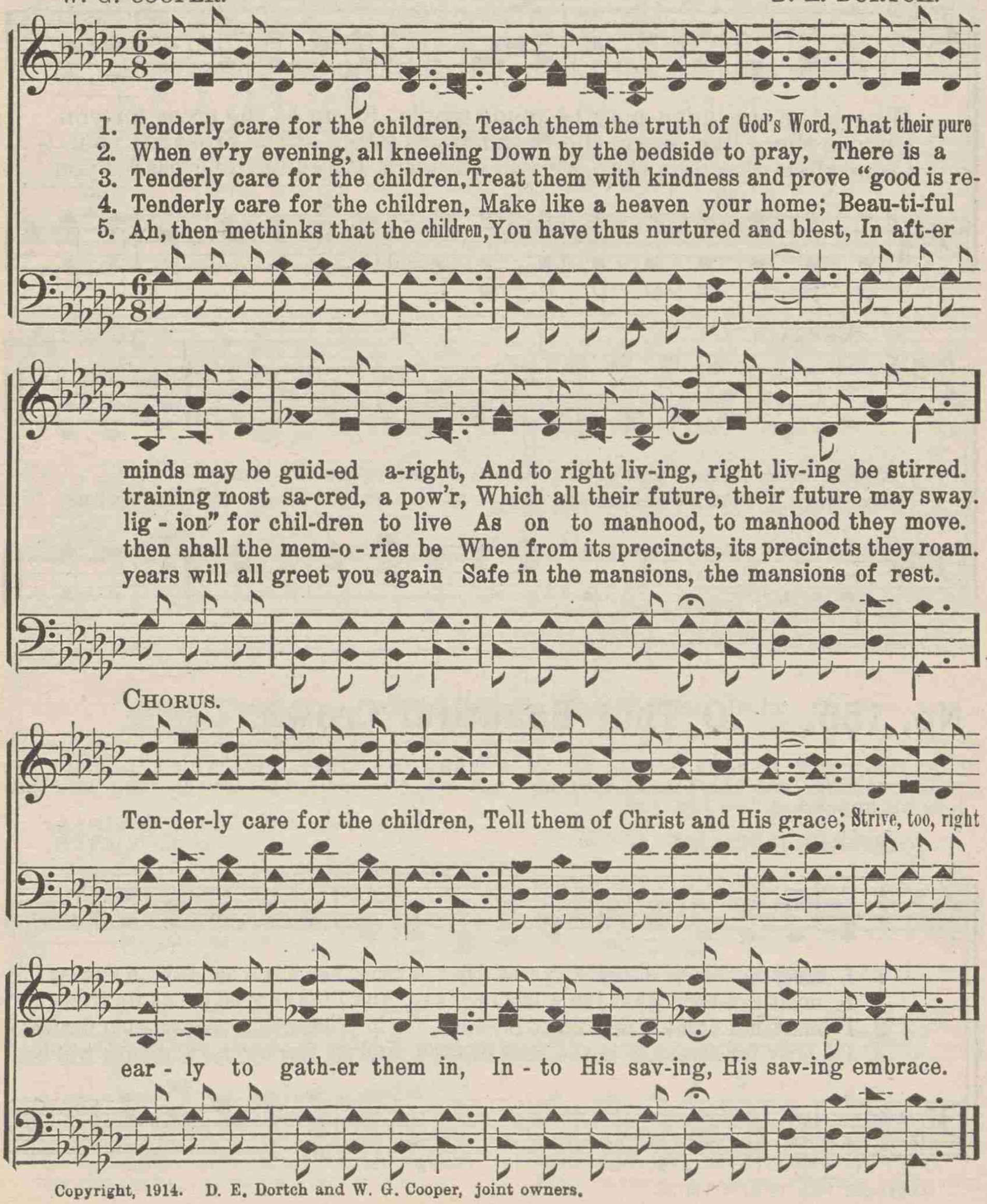
God Bless You. Concluded.



No. 153. Tenderly Care For the Children.

"May be if I can direct these children aright I will have accomplished something for the Master, even if I never do anything more."—A. F. HALE.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

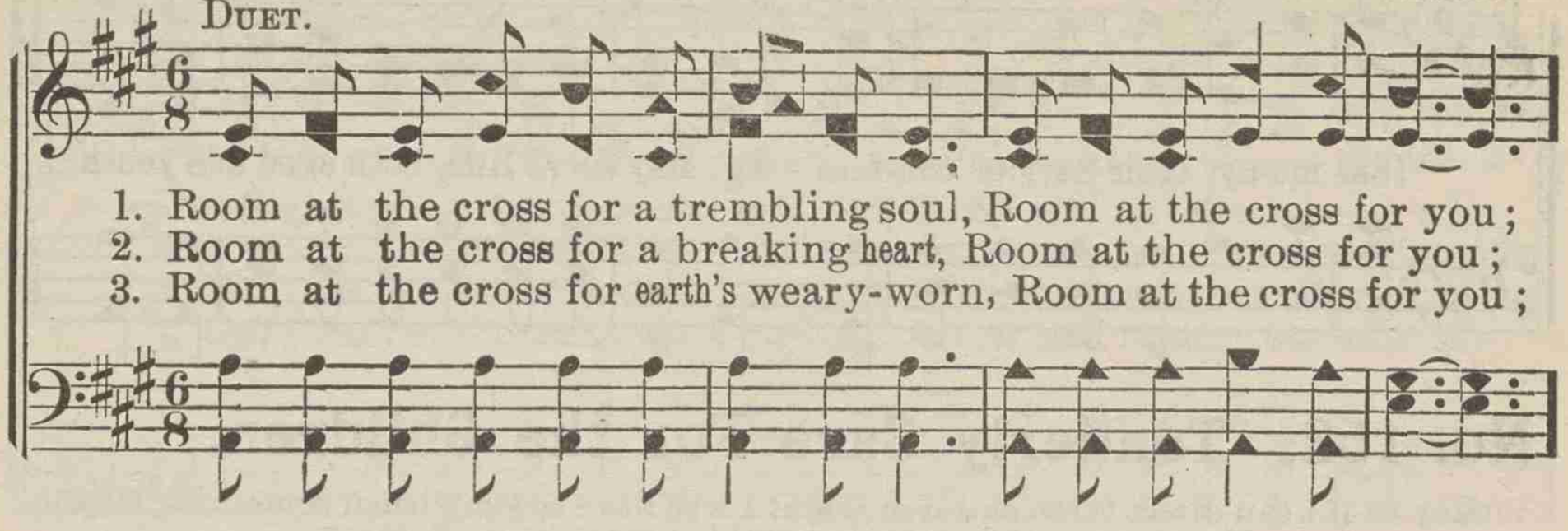


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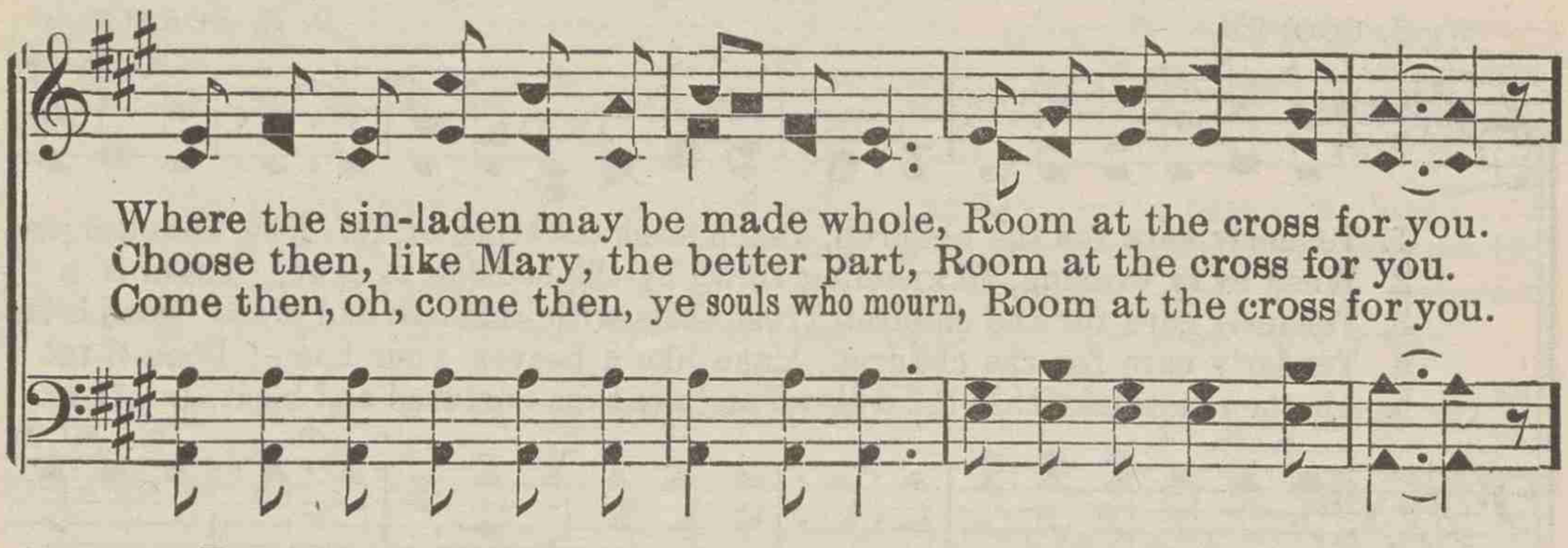
No. 154. Room At the Cross.

W. B. B.
DUET.

WM. B. BLAKE.

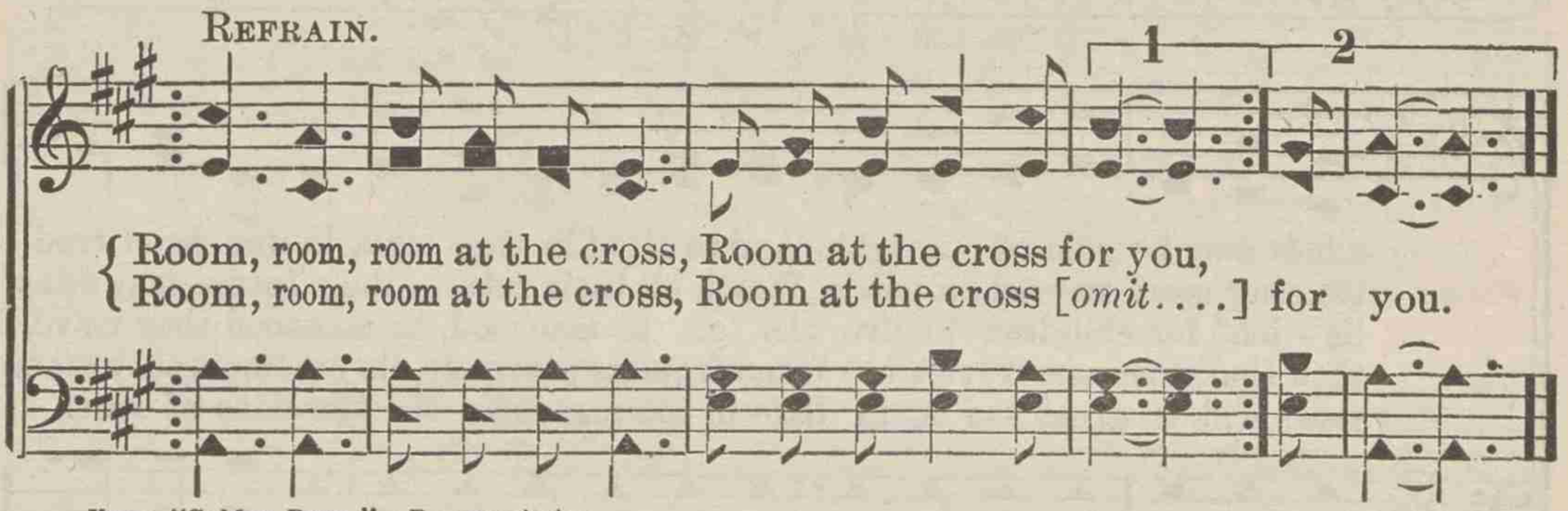


1. Room at the cross for a trembling soul, Room at the cross for you;
2. Room at the cross for a breaking heart, Room at the cross for you;
3. Room at the cross for earth's weary-worn, Room at the cross for you;



Where the sin-laden may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.
Choose then, like Mary, the better part, Room at the cross for you.
Come then, oh, come then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.

REFRAIN.



{ Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you,
{ Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross [*omit....*] for you.

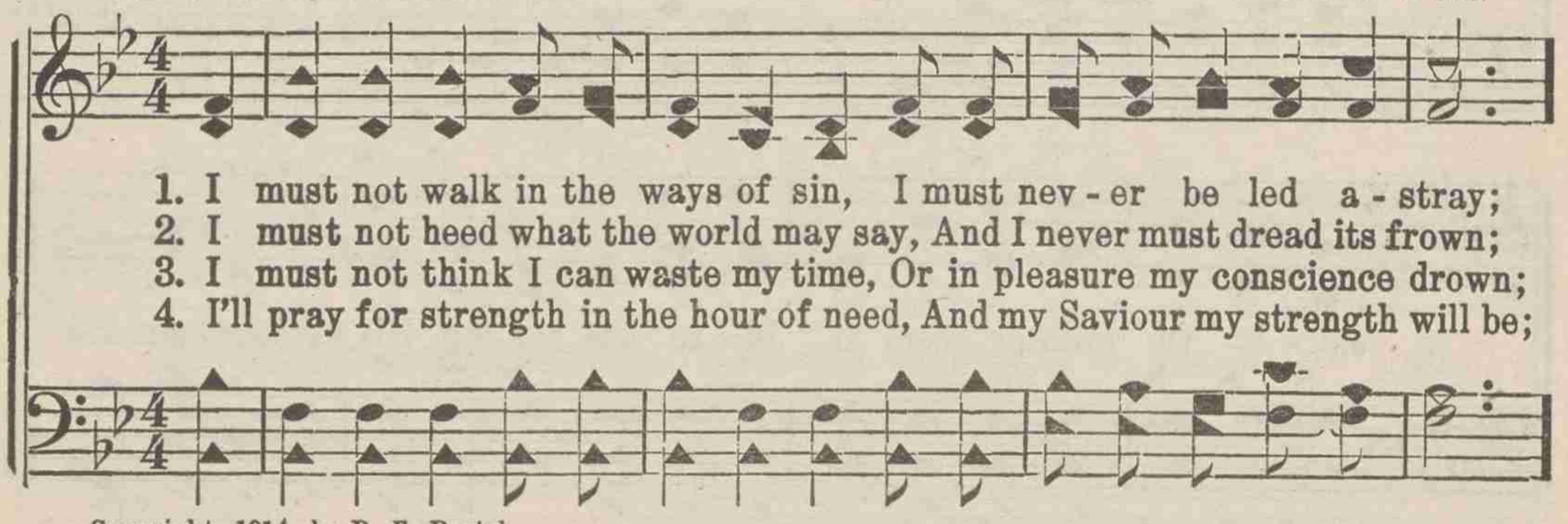
From "Golden Rays." By permission.

No. 155. O That Beautiful Crown.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—2 TIM. 4: 8.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Alt. and arr. from W. O. PERKINS by D. E. DORTCH.



1. I must not walk in the ways of sin, I must nev-er be led a-stray;
2. I must not heed what the world may say, And I never must dread its frown;
3. I must not think I can waste my time, Or in pleasure my conscience drown;
4. I'll pray for strength in the hour of need, And my Saviour my strength will be;

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O That Beautiful Crown. Concluded.

FINE.

A crown is the prize I hope to win, And I'll strive for it ev - 'ry day.
For thru that same path my Saviour trod, I must go to ob - tain my crown.
The fear of the Lord must rule my heart, Or I nev-er can wear a crown.
He helps me to bear each earthly cross, And He of - fers a crown to me.

D. C.–If I bear the cross while trav'ling here, My Sav - iour will give me a crown.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O that beautiful crown, that beautiful crown, O that beau-ti-ful gold-en crown;

No. 156. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I { care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
{ book of Thy kingdom, With its pag - es so fair, [*Omit*.....

heaven, I would en - ter the fold; In the Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav - iour,

D. S.—In the book of Thy king - dom,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Is my name written there? Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 157 The Lily in the Bog.

G. A. LOFTON.
TRIO.

W. G. COOPER.
ARR. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. All pure and white, and sweet as pure, The li-ly blooms
2. 'Tis thus that Christ with- in us lives, The Tree of Life
3. Tho' in the world, but of it not, The saint is free

1. All pure and white, . . . and sweet as pure, . . . The li - ly blooms . . .

in foul-est place, Nor col-or takes, nor odor breathes
in sin- ful soil; And so the soul in beauty blooms,
and li - ly fair; He eats its bread and drinks its cup,

in foulest place, . . . Nor color takes, . . . nor o-dor breathes . . .

Of filth-y soil a sin - gle trace. So grows the shrub
The li - ly fair in flesh-ly coil. Around it grow . . .
Un-tainted still by touch or care. Tho' often sin . . .

Of filth-y soil . . . . a sin-gle trace. . . . So grows the shrub

and grasses green, . . With shade and fruit, . . so rich and rare, . . .
the shrubs of tho't, . . The grass-y green . . . of conscience clear; . .
and sor-row roll . . . Their bur-den o'er . . . the anx-ious heart, . . .

and grasses green, With shade and fruit, so rich and rare,

That hedge a - bout . . . the dead-ly fen, . . . The li- ly shields . . .
The soul is hedged . . with faith and hope, . . . And love embalms . . .
Re-penrtance comes . . . with chast'ning touch . . Thro' Him who keeps . . .

That hedge about the deadly fen, The li- ly shields

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The Lily in the Bog. Concluded.

ALTO SOLO.

so sweet-ly there. The ser-pent sly . and croaking frog, . The tur -tle dark
the li - ly there. The serpent sin, with hid- eous forms, In car-nal toil
the li - ly's part. The dev - il seeks but noth-ing finds In li - ly white

and reptile sleek, Their living keep with-in the bog, But nev-er taint the li-ly's
the soul en - twines, The world allures and Sa -tan tries—But whit-er still the li - ly
of saint-ed soul; Tho' tempted strong and burdened long, The li - ly keeps in self-con-

cheek. From wa- ters vile and ven-omed sod
shines. From na-ture's sod her substance draws—
trol. Old death will come, but all in vain,

From waters vile . . . . . and venomed sod . . . . Her beauty

Her beau-ty feeds with pur - est grace; But dew of night
From fleshly root of graft- ed tree— But breathes the air
The li- ly fair will live and bloom, In spot-less white

feeds . . . . with pur-est grace; . . . . But dew of night, ...

rit.

and ray of sun Illume with life her spot-less face.
and light of God, A li - ly still, both pure and free.
a- bove the sky, In bog nor fen be-yond the gloom.

and ray of sun . . . . Il-lume with life . . . . her spotless face.

No. 158. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

English. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say, when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
Thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 159. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

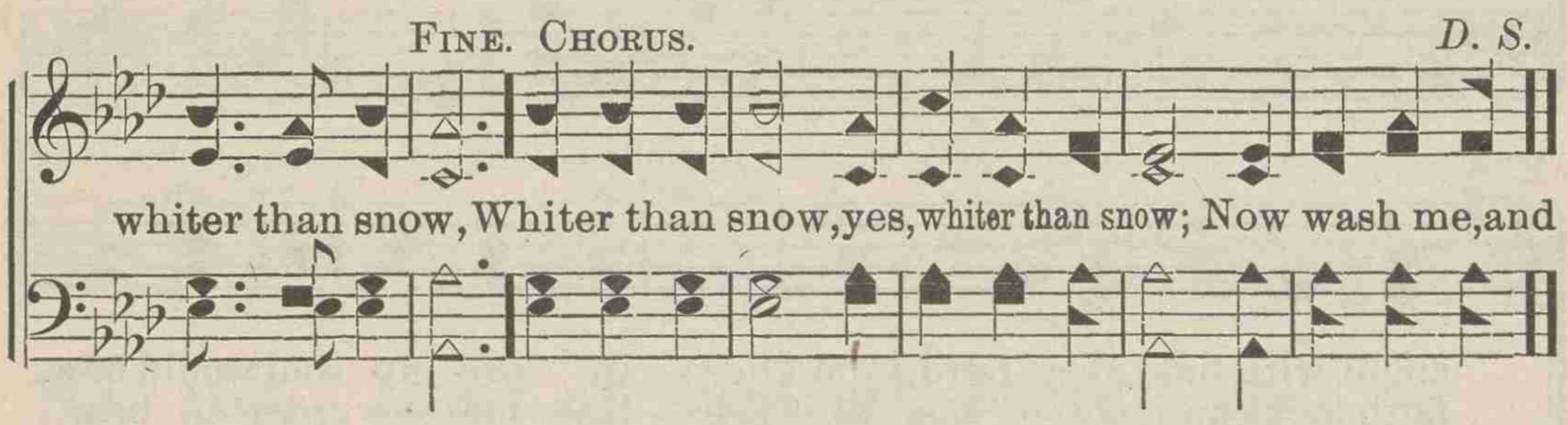
1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; / I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul, } Break down ev'ry
2. { Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, / And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; } I give up my-

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 saidst no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

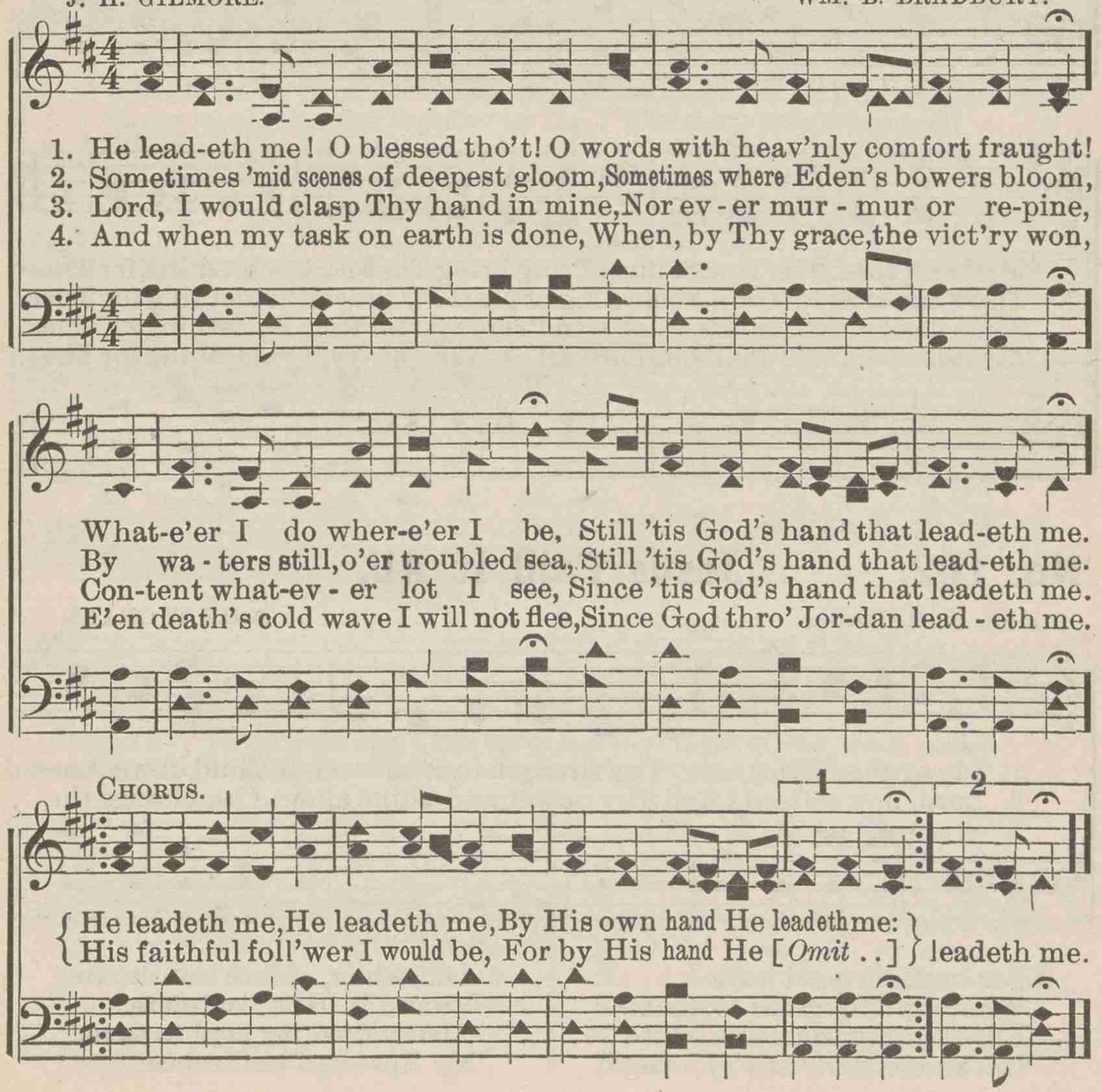
Whiter Than Snow. Concluded.





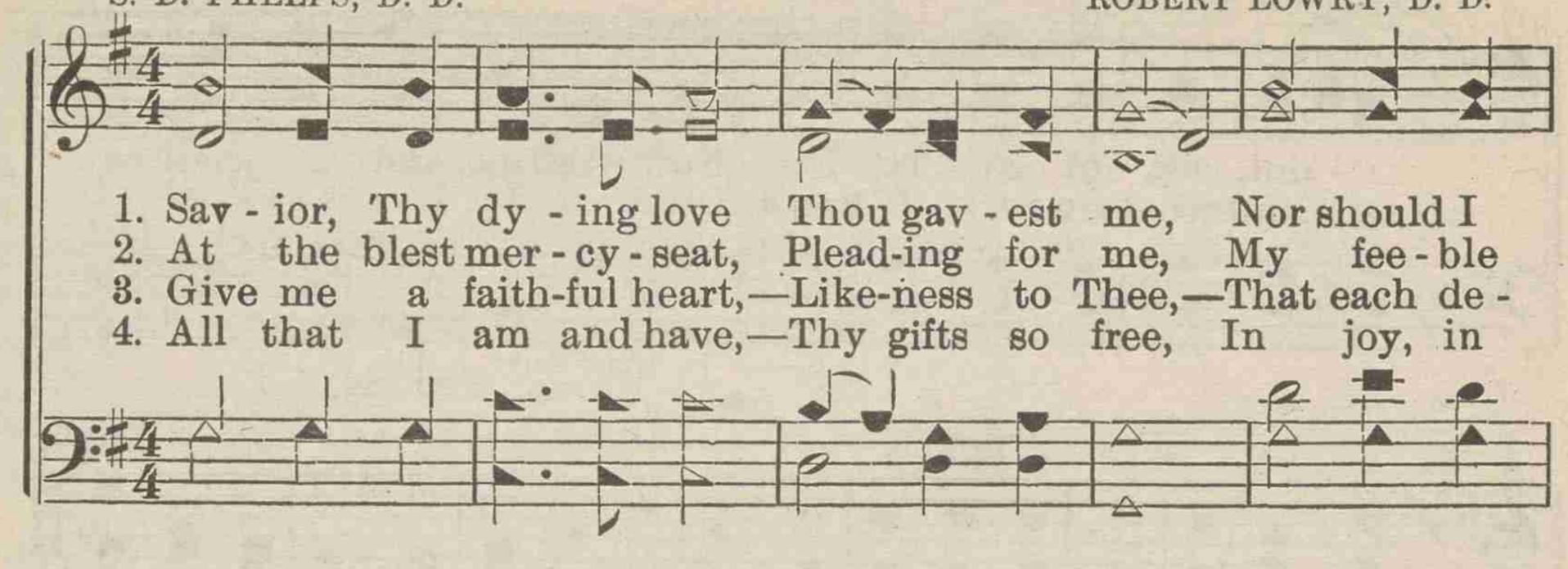
No. 160. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



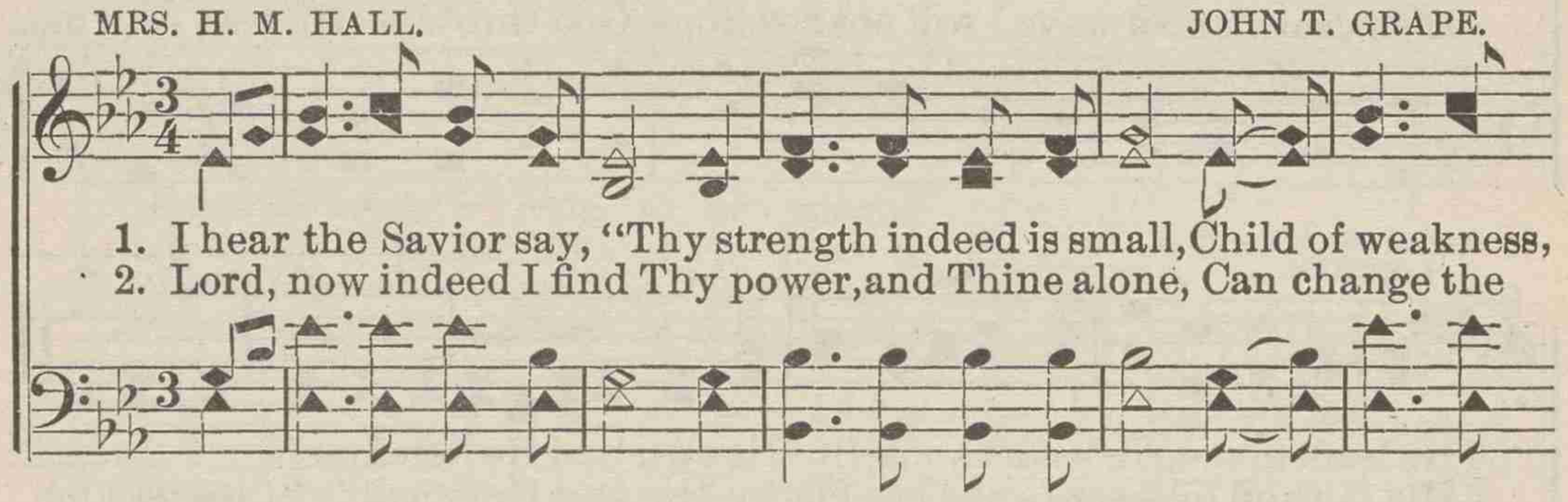
No. 161. Something For Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS, D. D. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



No. 162. Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. H. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

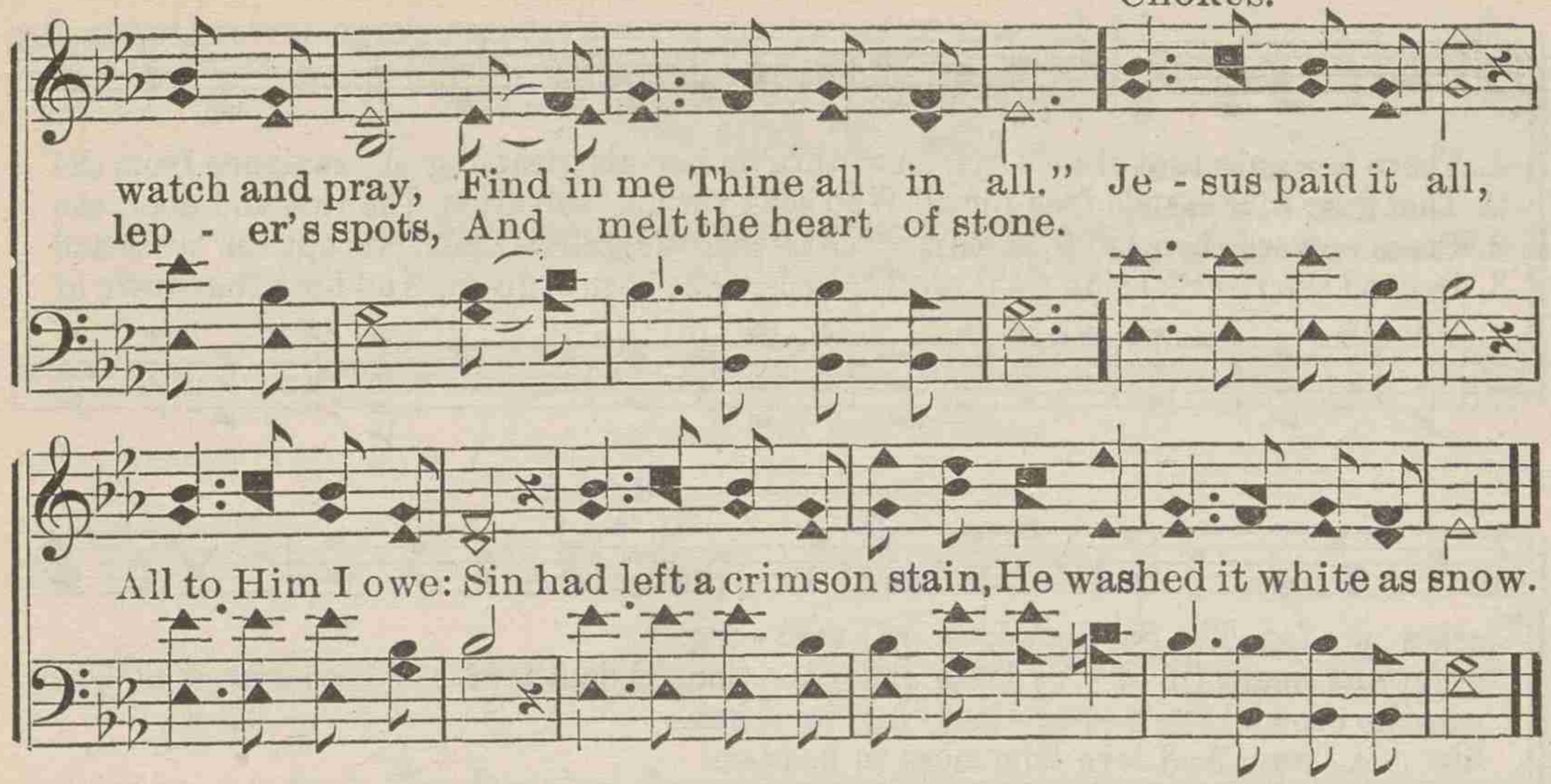


3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

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

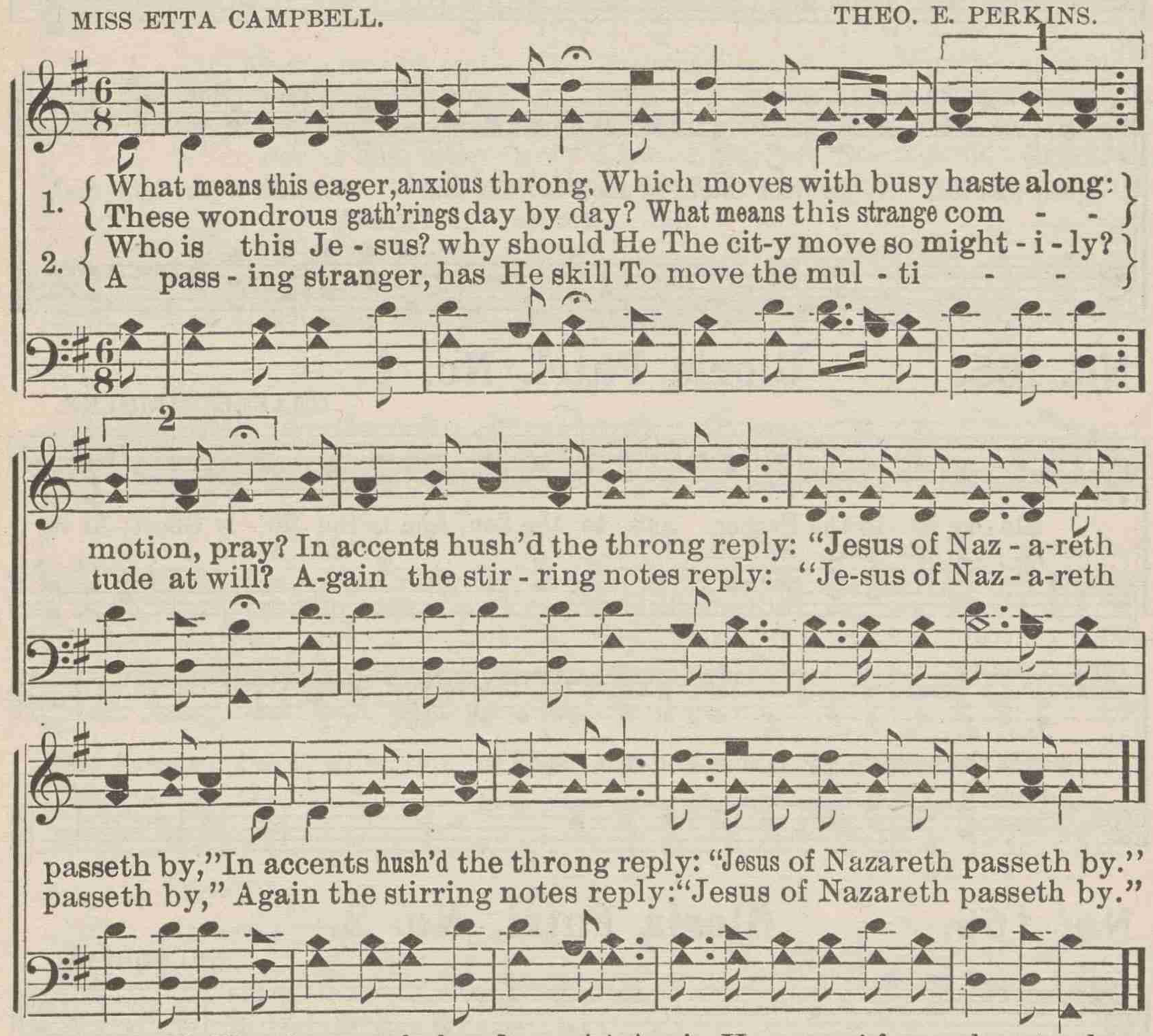
Jesus Paid It All. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 163. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

MISS ETTA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS.



3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Brot out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 164. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands ajar, And thru its portals gleaming A radiance from the
2. That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek thru it salvation, The rich and poor, the
3. Press onward,then,tho foes may frown,While mercy's gate is open, Accept the cross and
4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given, And bear the crown of

REFRAIN.

cross a - far The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing.
great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion. O depths of mer - cy! can it be That
win the crown,Love's ev-er - last - ing to - ken.
life a - way, And love Him more in heav-en.

gate was left a - jar for me? For me,.... for me?.... Was left a-jar for me?
for me, for me?

No. 165. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be-gin-ning, is now and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

No. 166. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

GREGORIAN.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men.

PART II.

OUR CHURCH SONGS.

Compiled by D. E. Dortch and W. G. Cooper.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

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167. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"There shall be a fountain opened, . . . for sin, and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Anon. Anon.



168. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

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

Arr. Arr.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Je - sus makes it, right all right.

D.S.

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

169. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'w-er of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's

o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown.
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

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? — CHO.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

170. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"*I will come again.*" — John 14 : 2.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.



3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

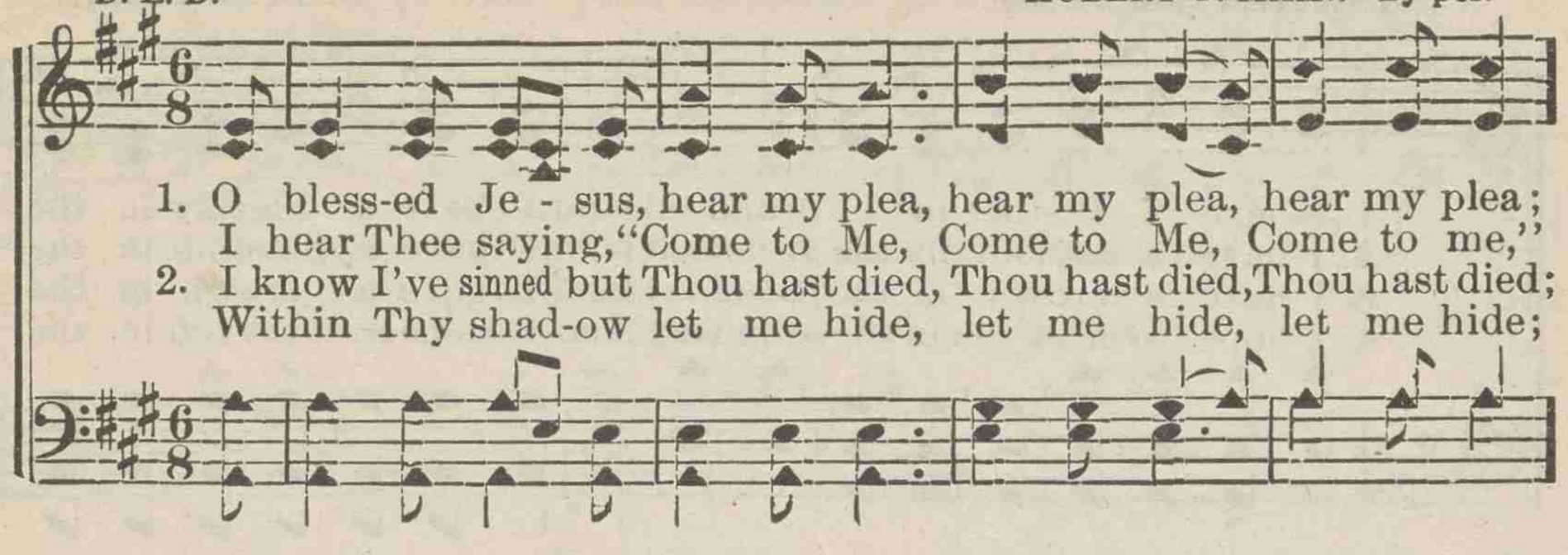
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground
And dwell with Christ at home.

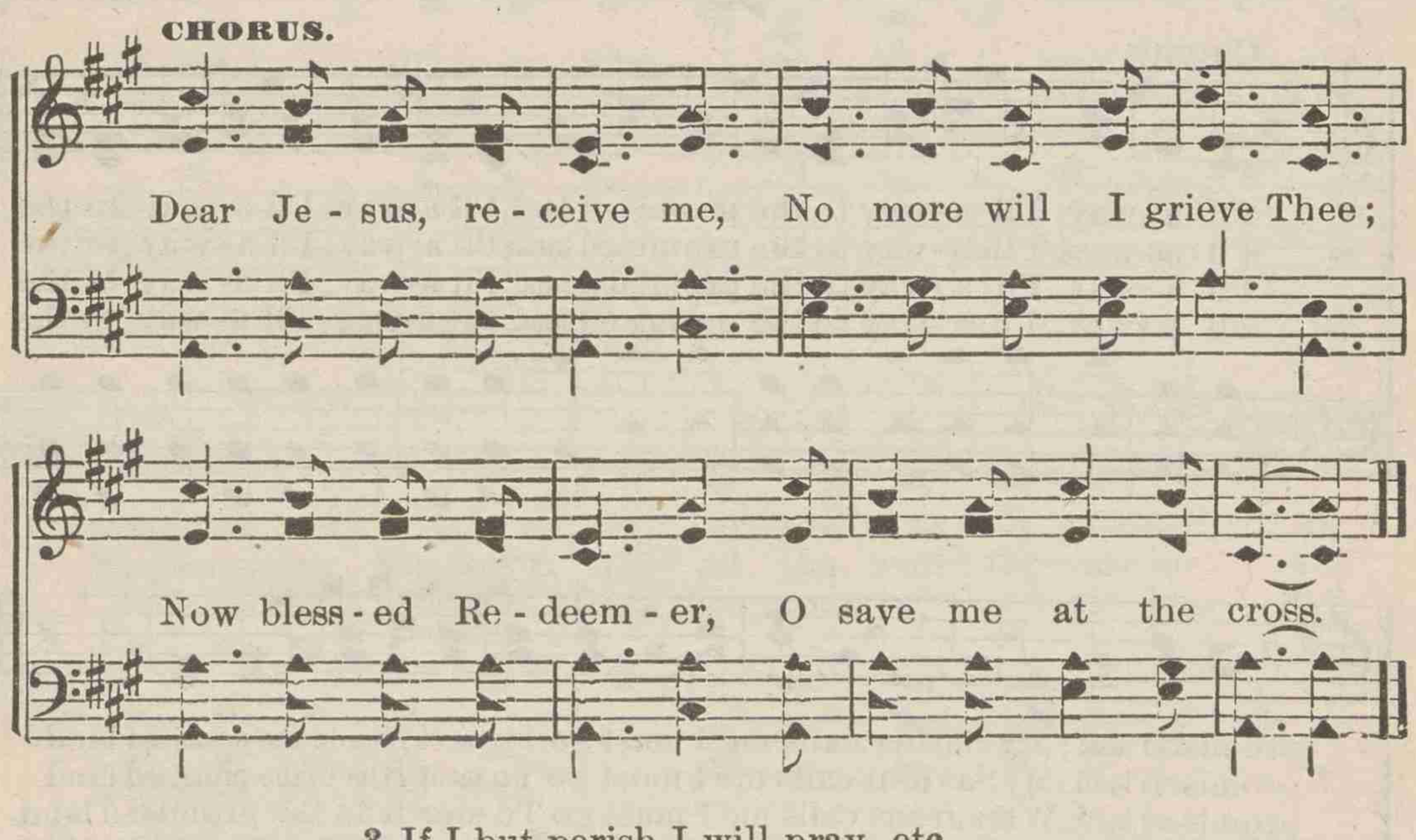
171. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14

D. E. D. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.







3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

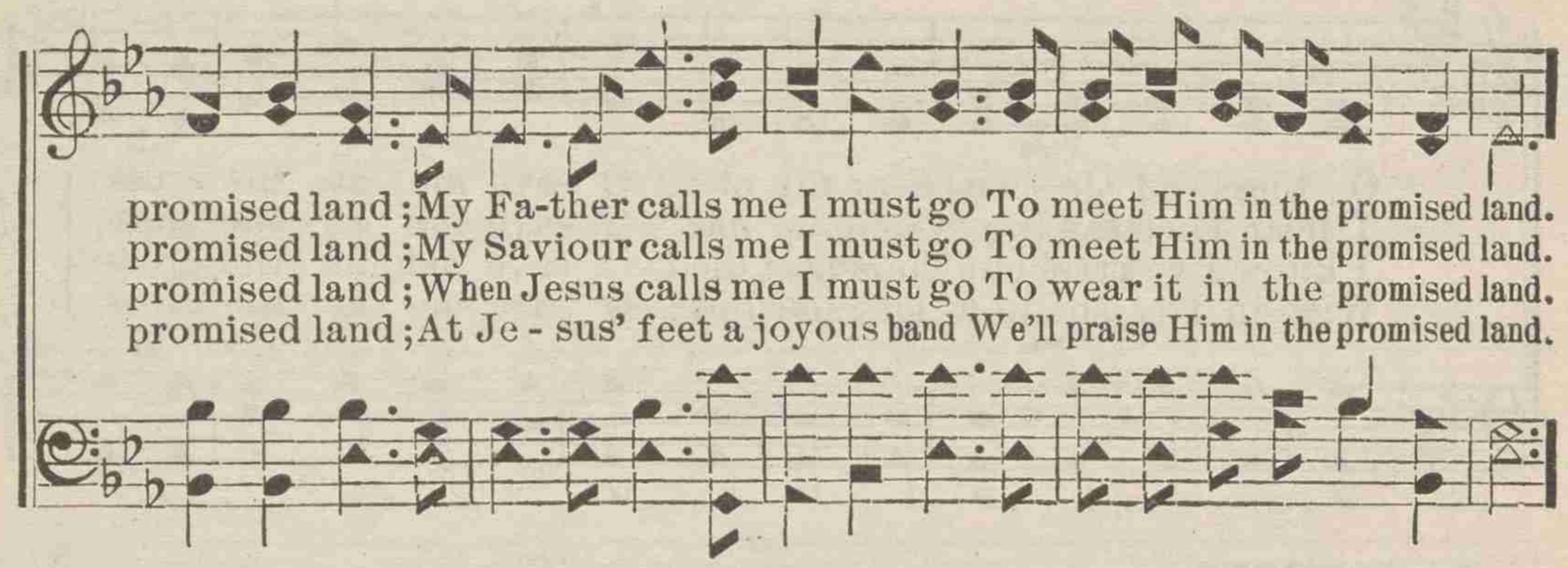
6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

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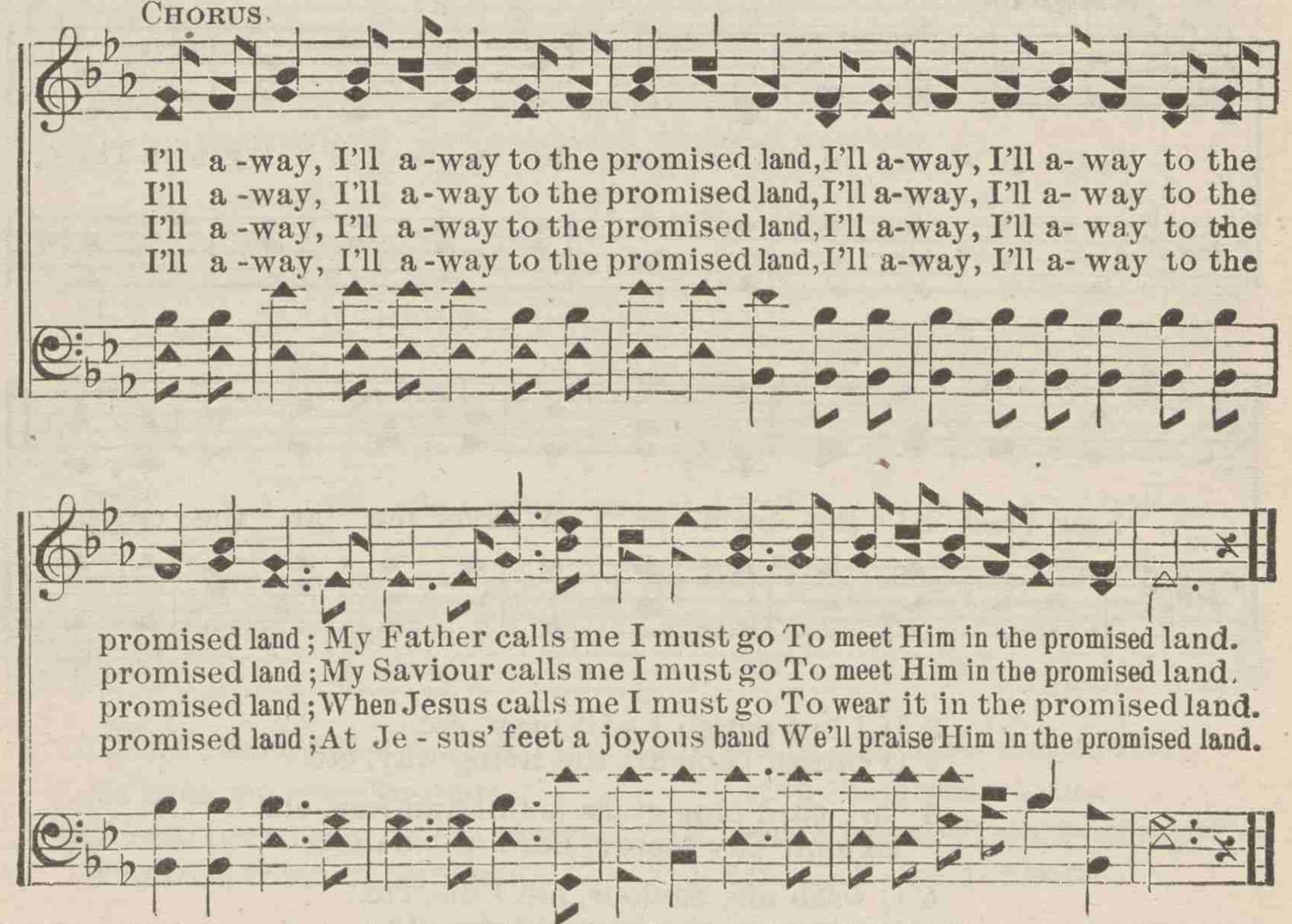
172. THE PROMISED LAND.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.





CHORUS.



*Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

173. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val- ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp- ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for- sa- ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the Val- ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul.*

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

D.S.

Copyright, 1890, by D. E. DORTCH.

174. THE CHILD OF A KING.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour so fair, Once wandered on
3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
earth hu - man sor - row to share; But now He is reign-ing for -
choice and a lov - er of mirth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet my

sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
glad heart can sing, All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;
With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.

175. HOLY MANNA.

Arr by D. E. DORTCH, by per.

FINE.



CHORUS. D.C.



3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

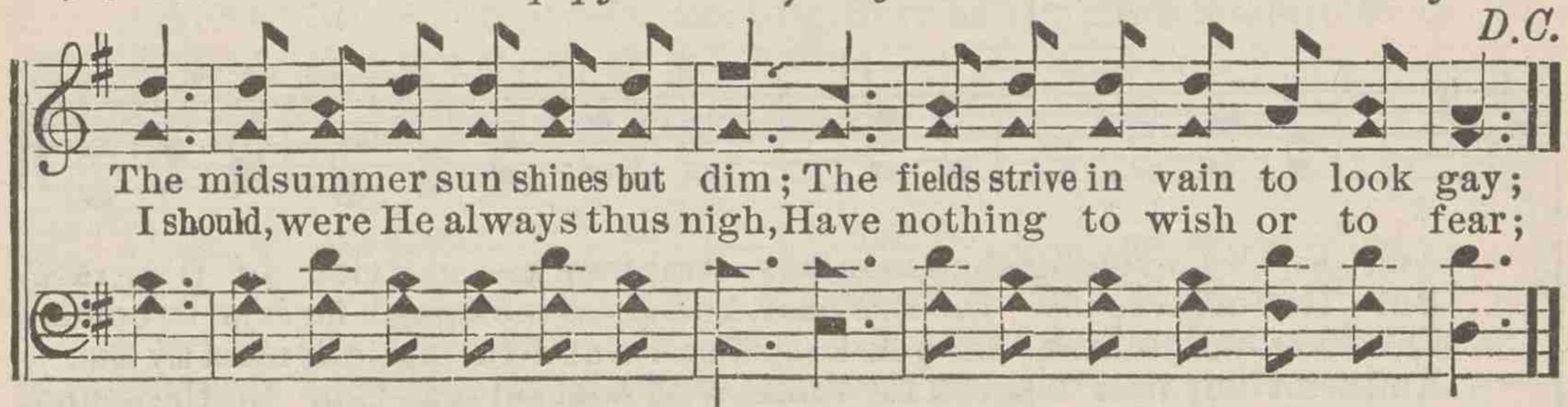
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176. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



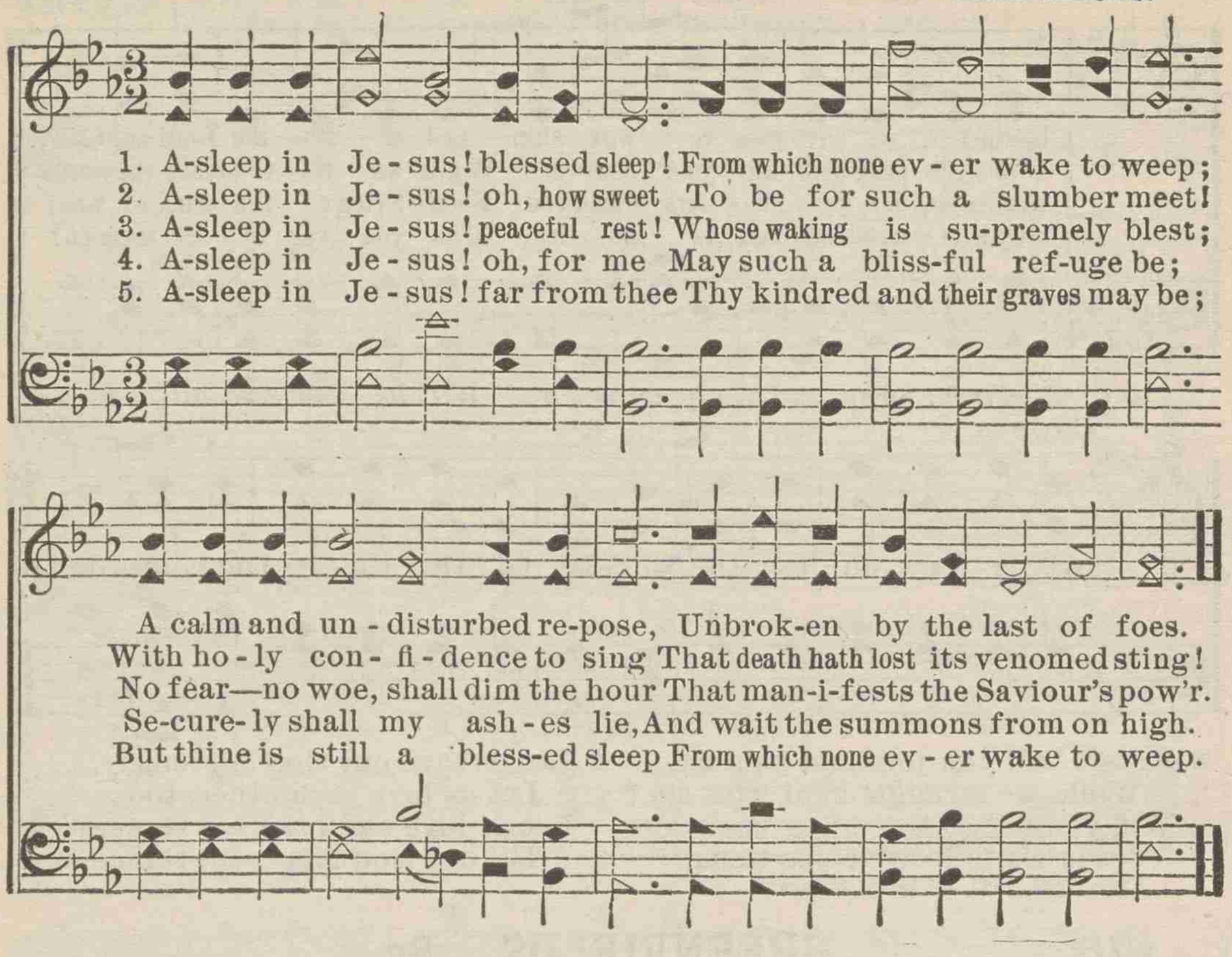
D.C.



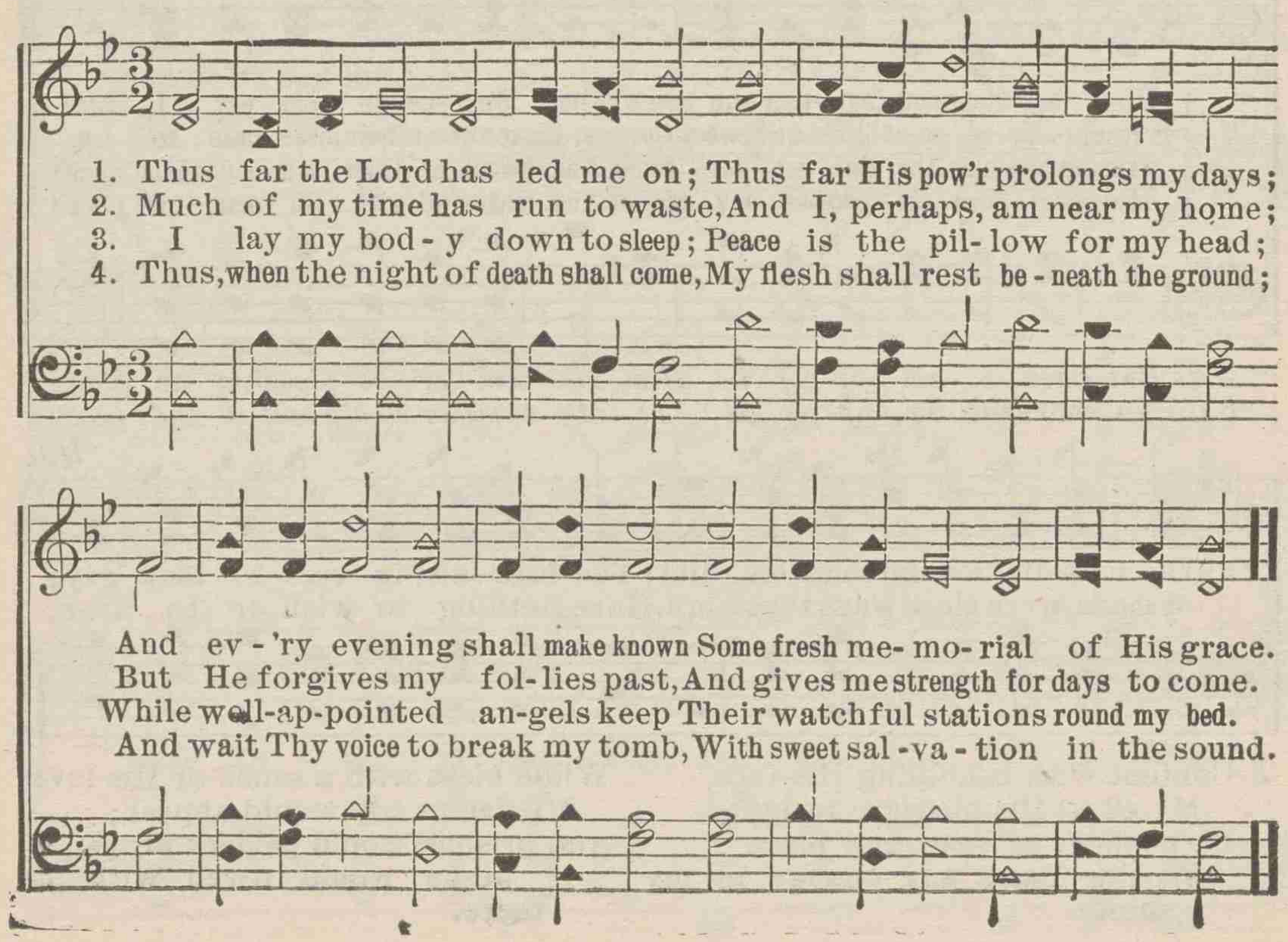
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

177. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

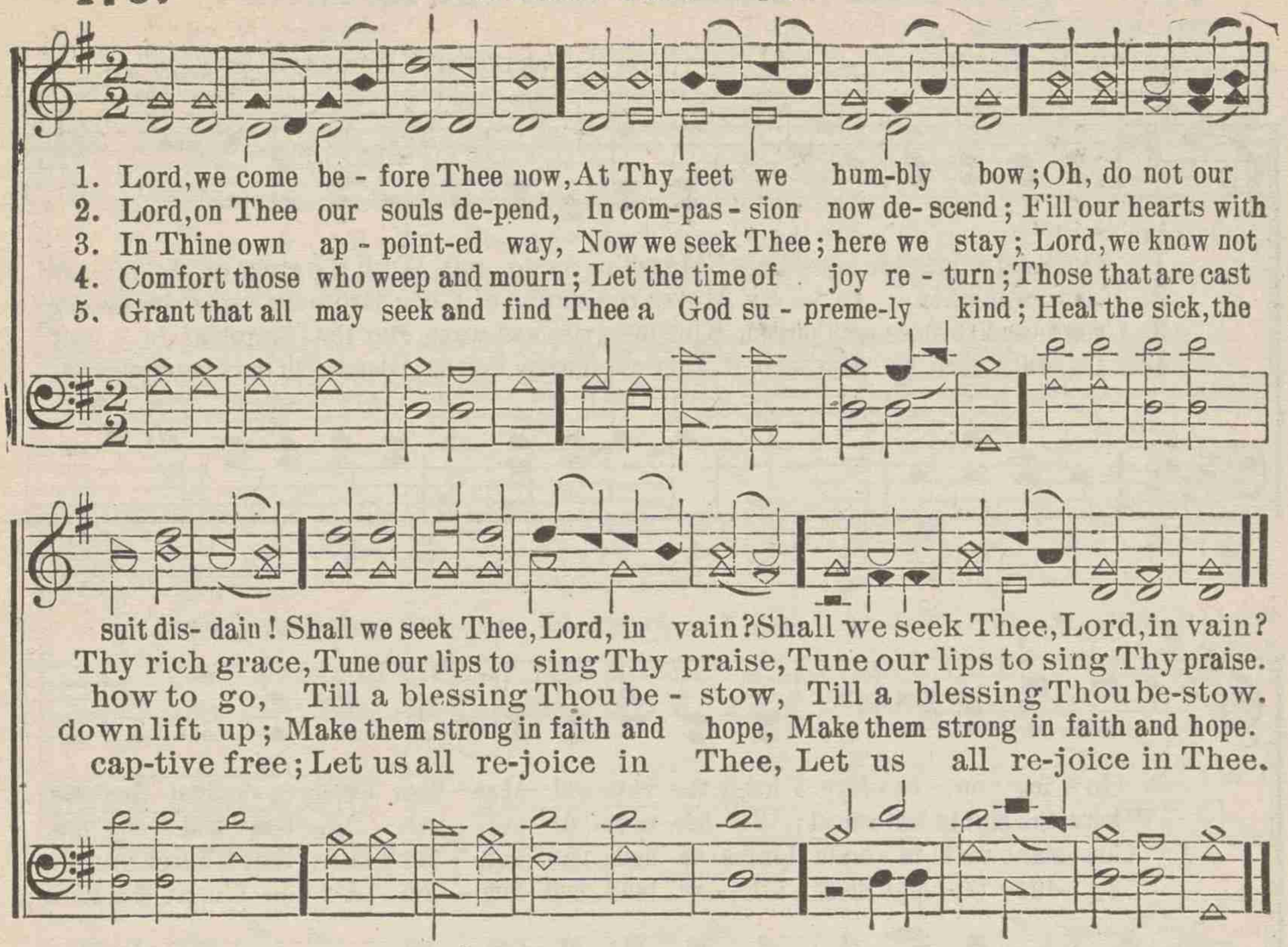
Mrs. MACAY.



178. HEBRON. L. M.



179. HENDON. 7s.



180. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

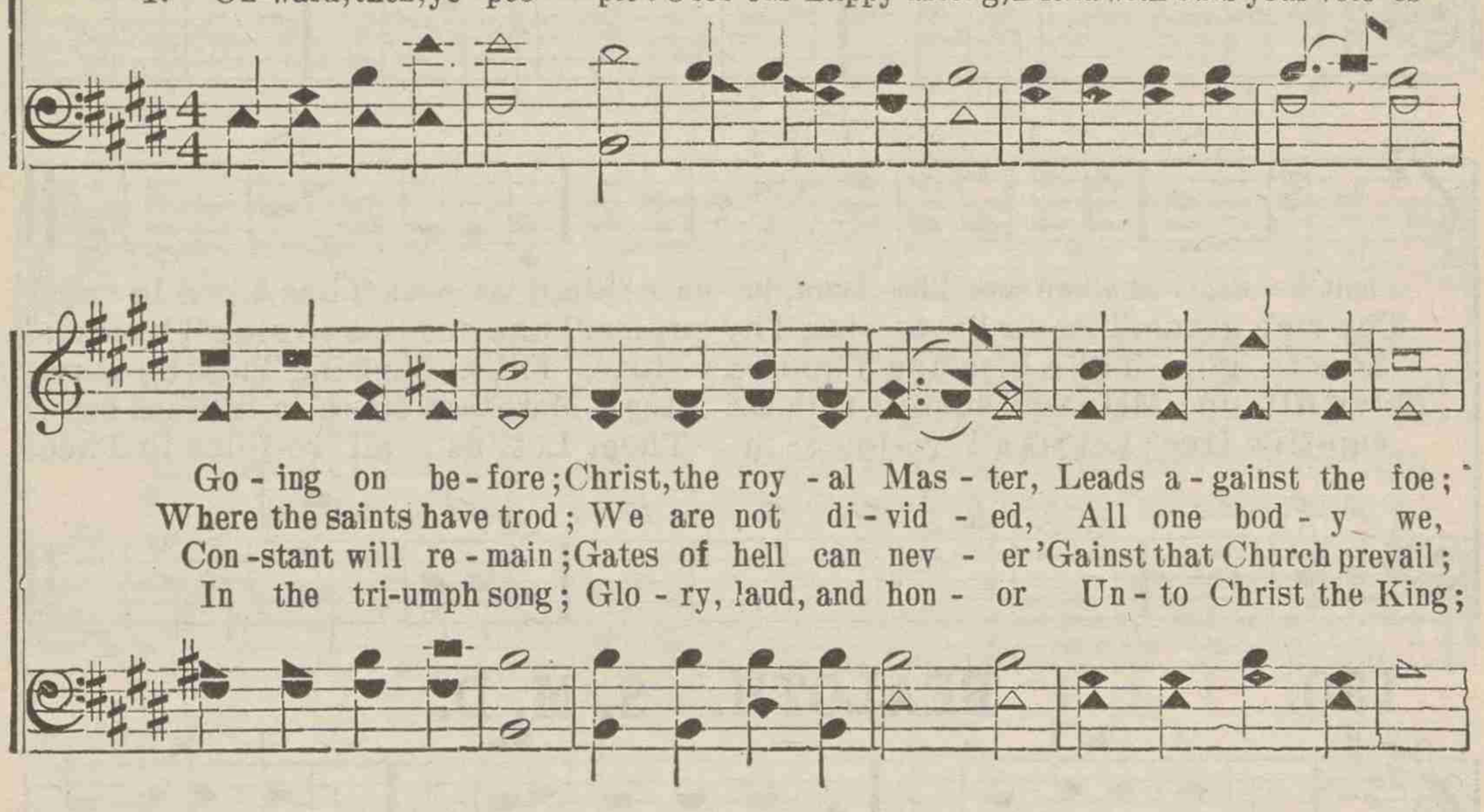


181 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

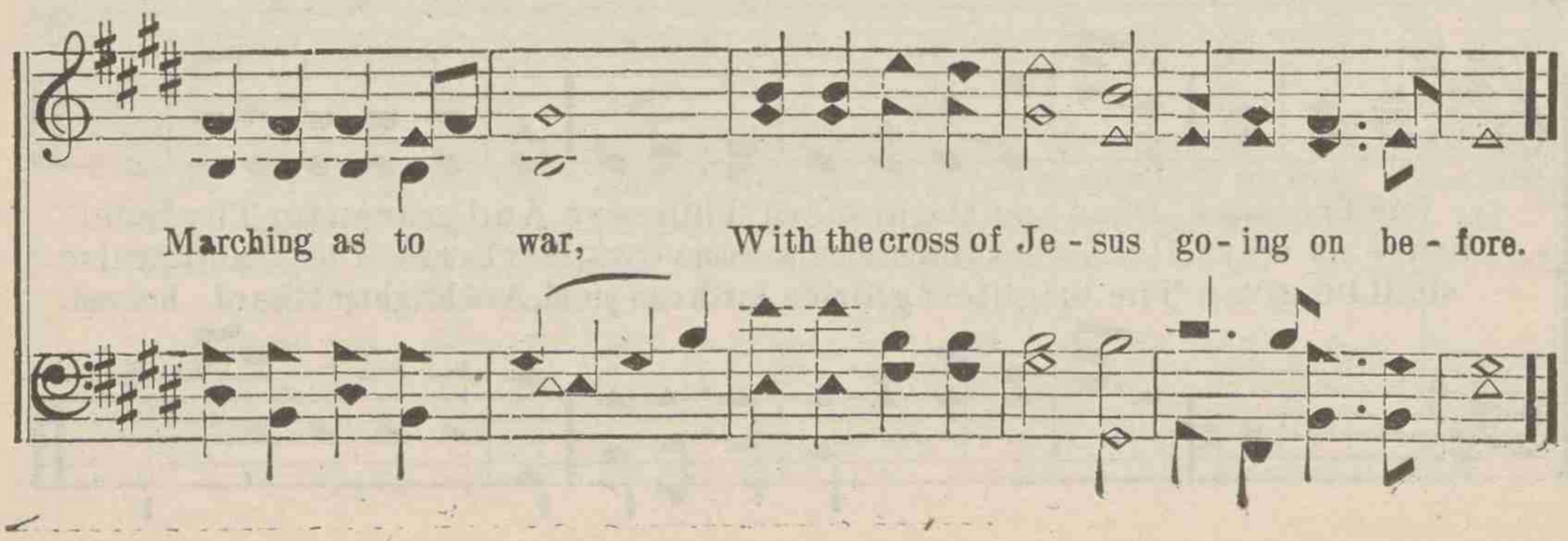


Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

182 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win. Fight man - ful - ly on-ward, Dark
2. Shun e - vil compan-ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind -
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down. He who is our Sav-iour, Our

passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Copyright, 1897, by H. R. PALMER.

183 · O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

AZMON. C. M

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

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.

184 *See music above.*

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears?
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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 all praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

John Newton.

185 *See music above.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

186 *See music above.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain;
Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts.

187. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

English Melody.



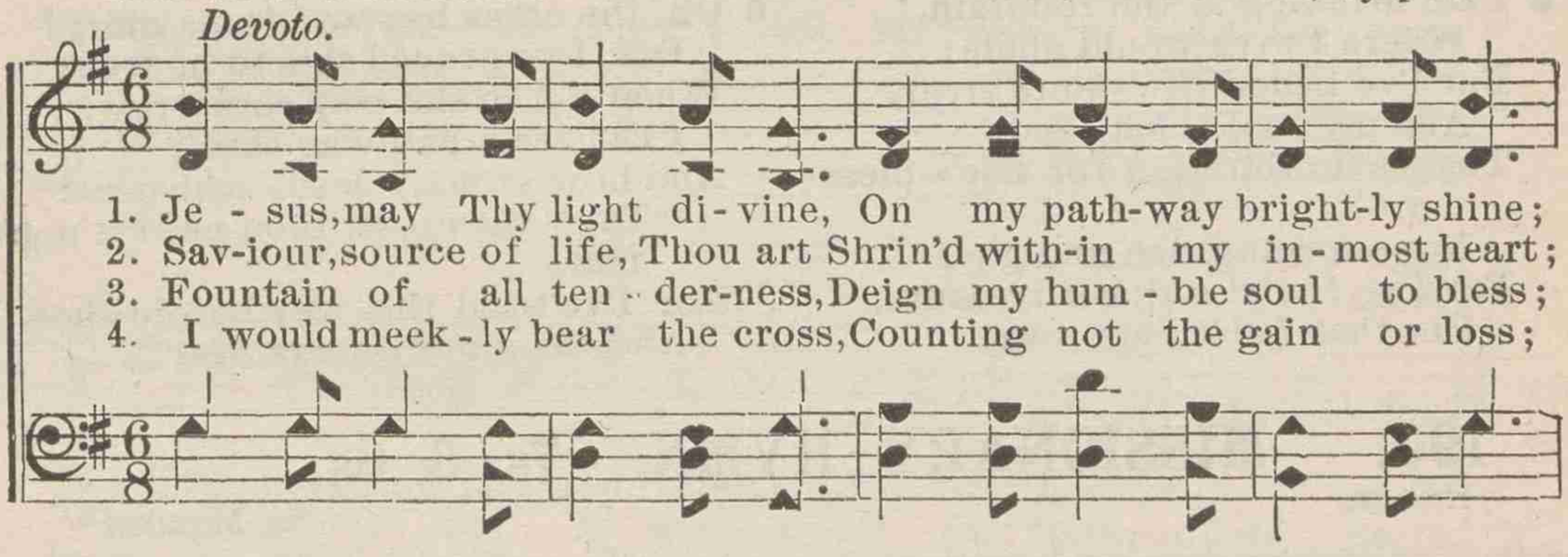
2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc.
7 He will save you, etc.
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

188. THE WAY, TRUTH, LIFE.

"*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*" — John 14: 6.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Mrs. D. E. Dortch, by per.

Devoto.

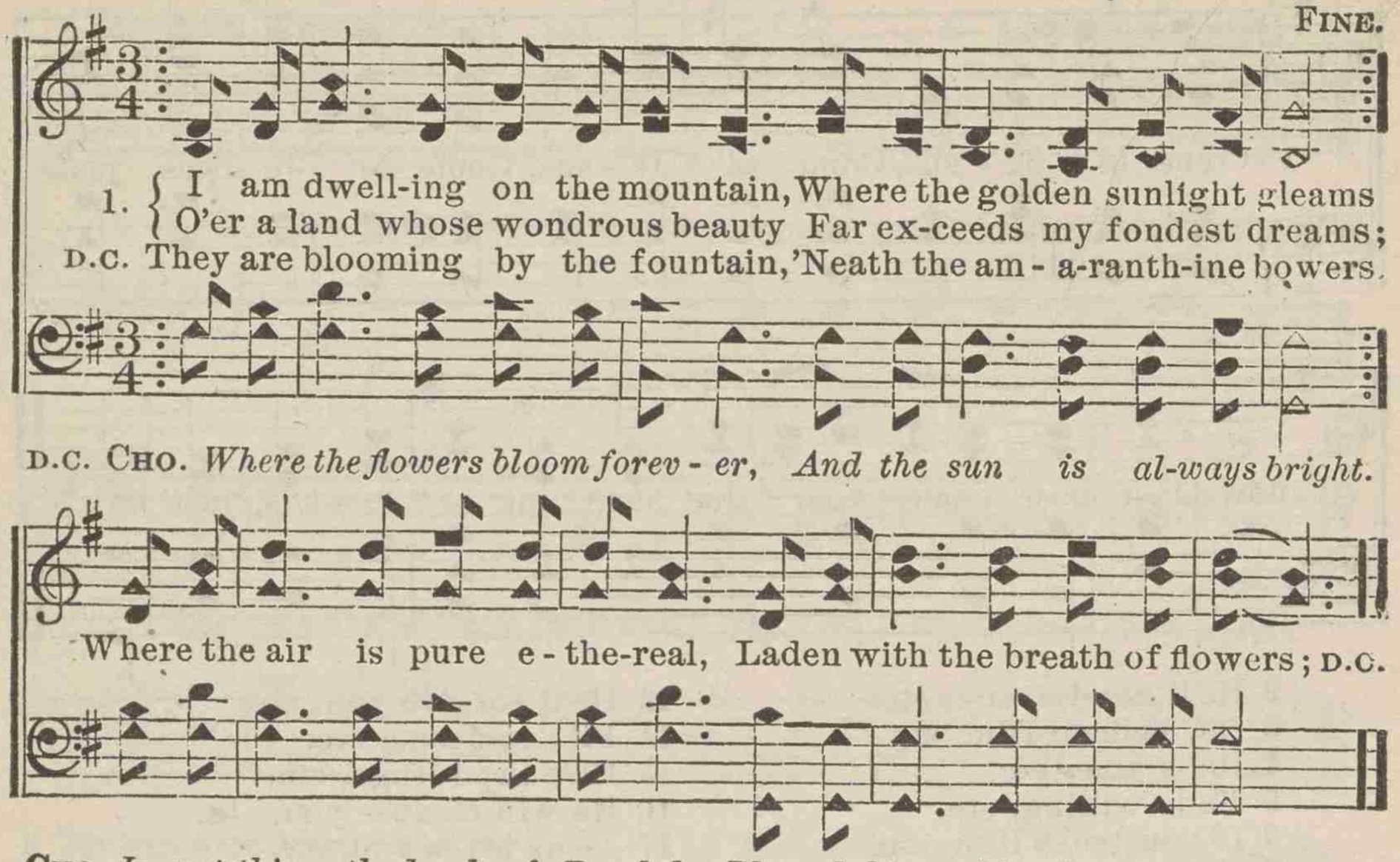




189. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

"Thy land shall be called Beulah." — Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by E. Hanks.



2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the spirit led, unerring
To the land I hold today.

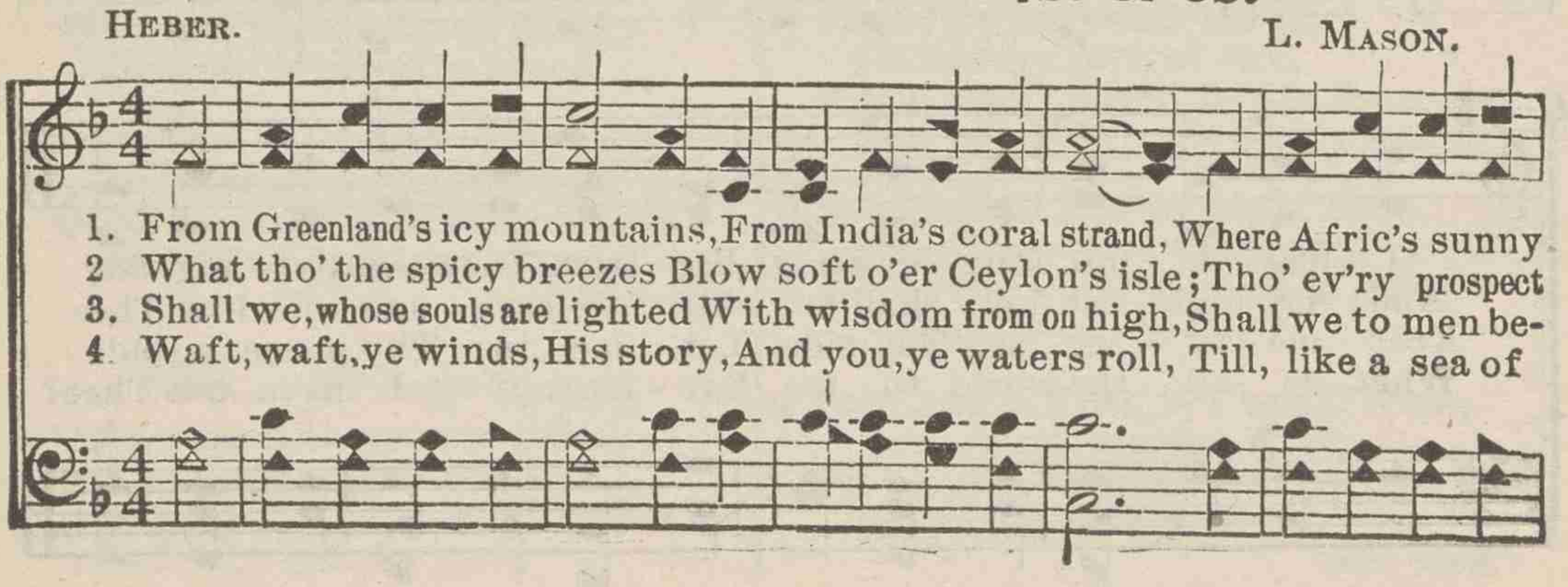
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear;
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear,
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross;
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

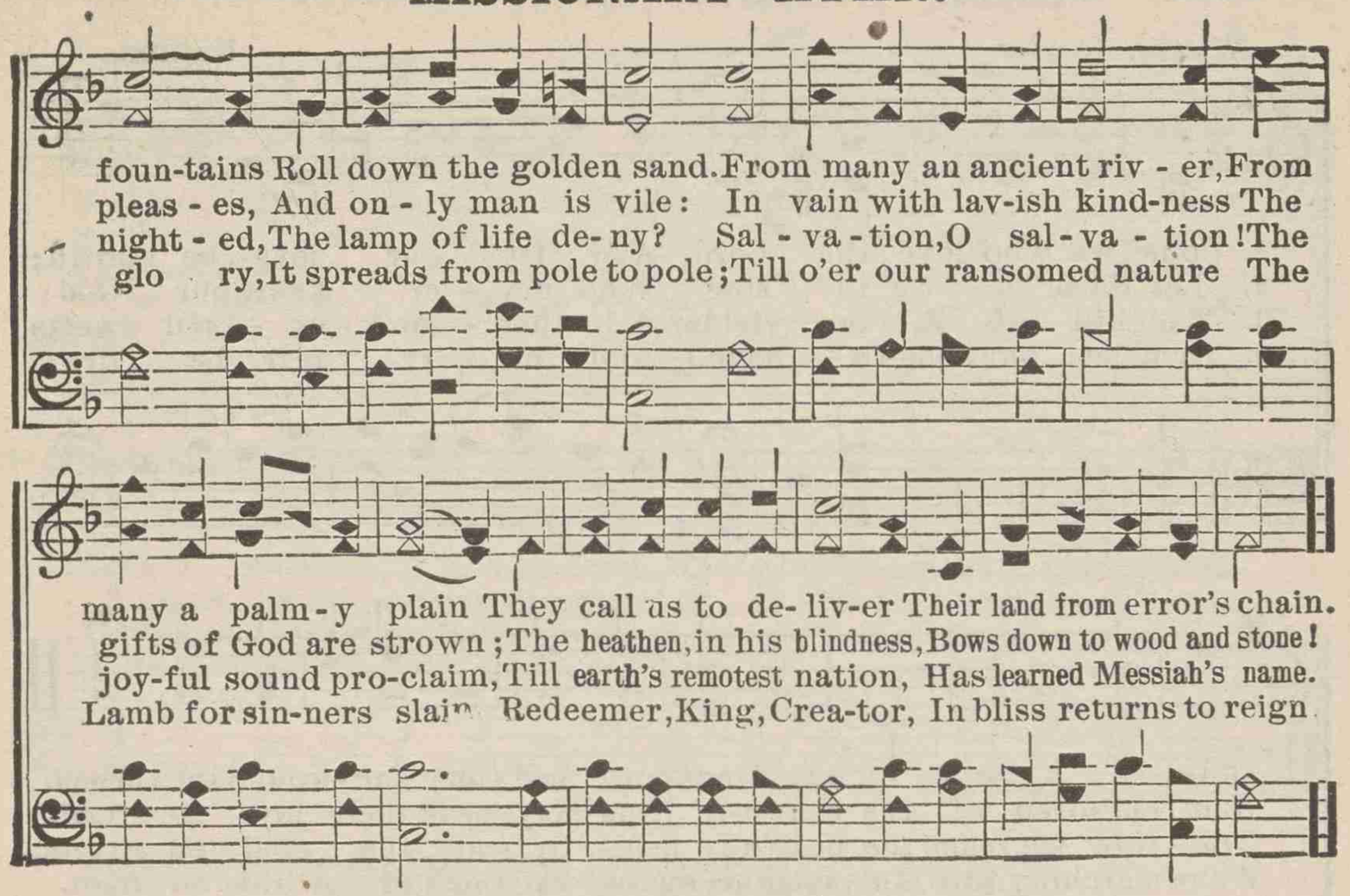
5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft, I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway thro';
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near"

190. MISSIONARY HYMN 7s. & 6s.

Heber. L. Mason.

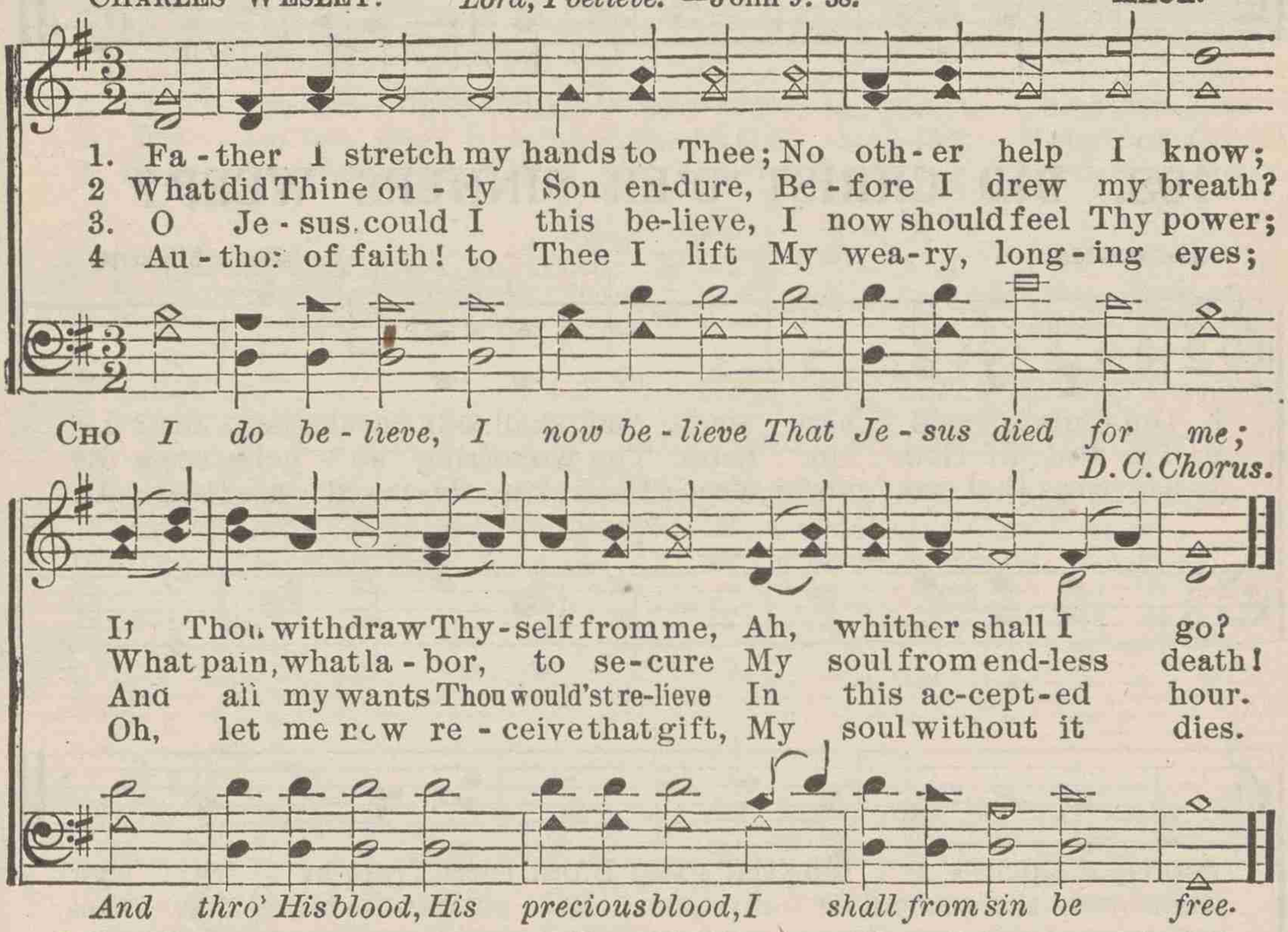


MISSIONARY HYMN.



191. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. **Anon.**

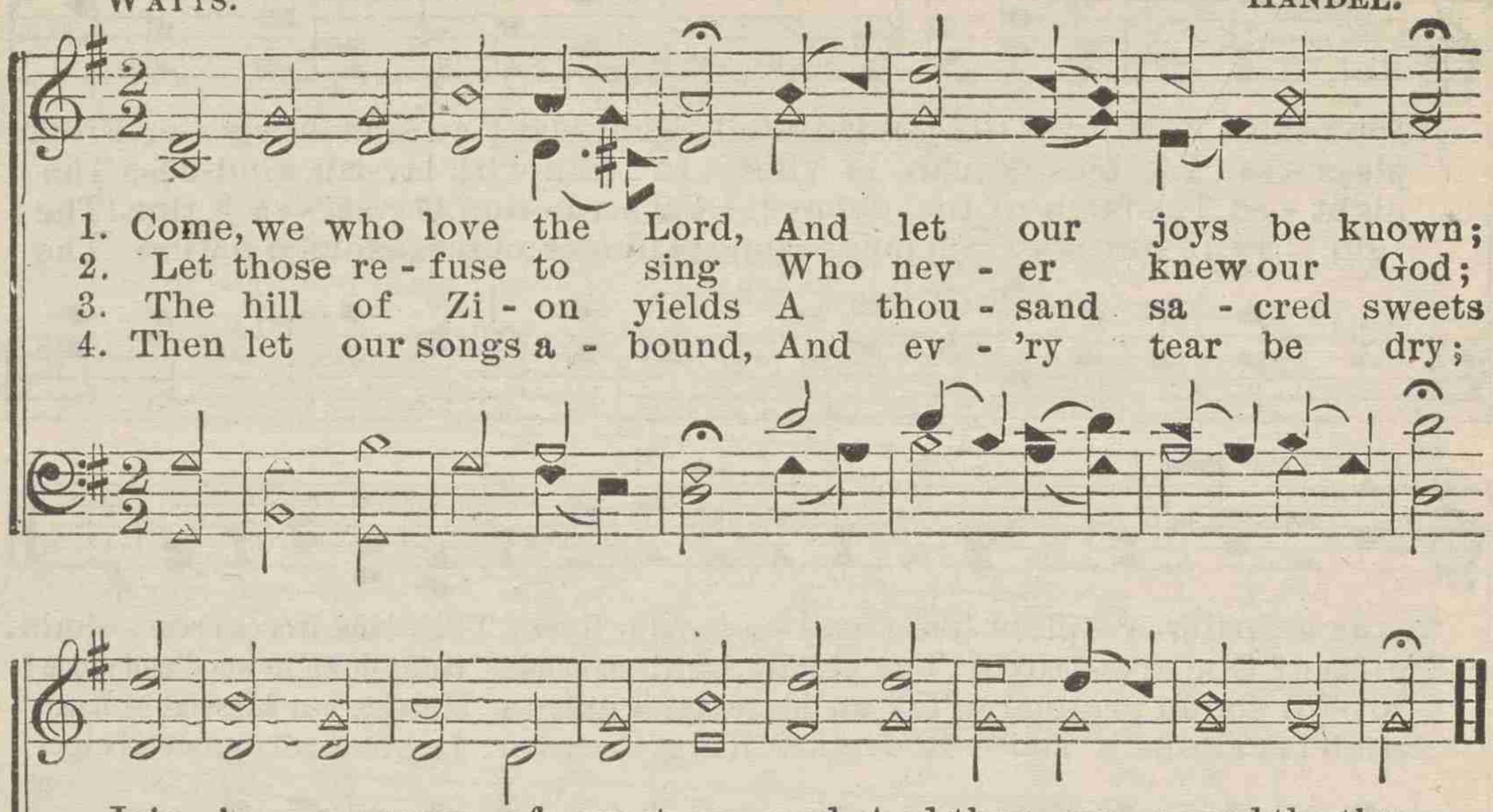


5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

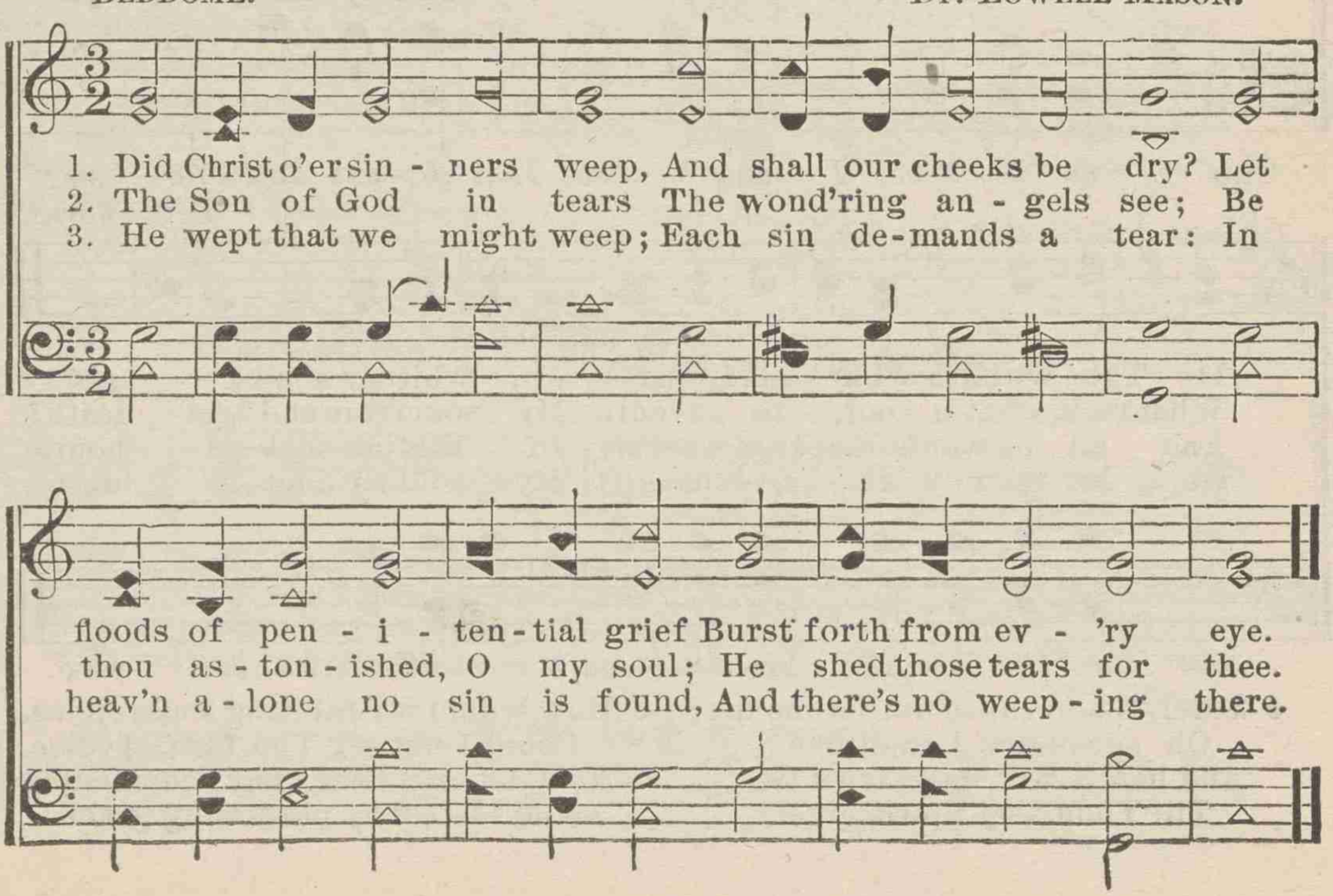
192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.



193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

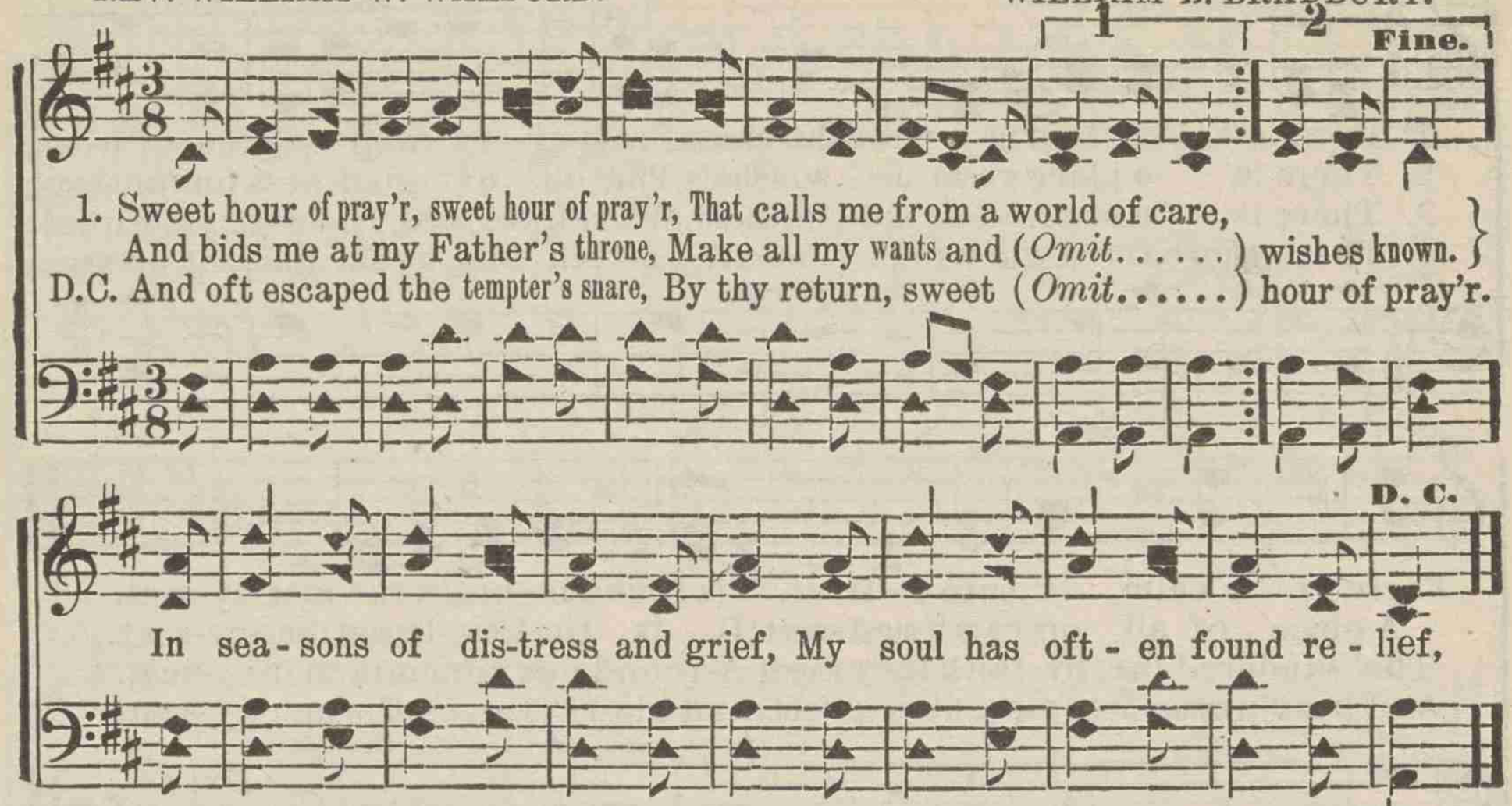
1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des- o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

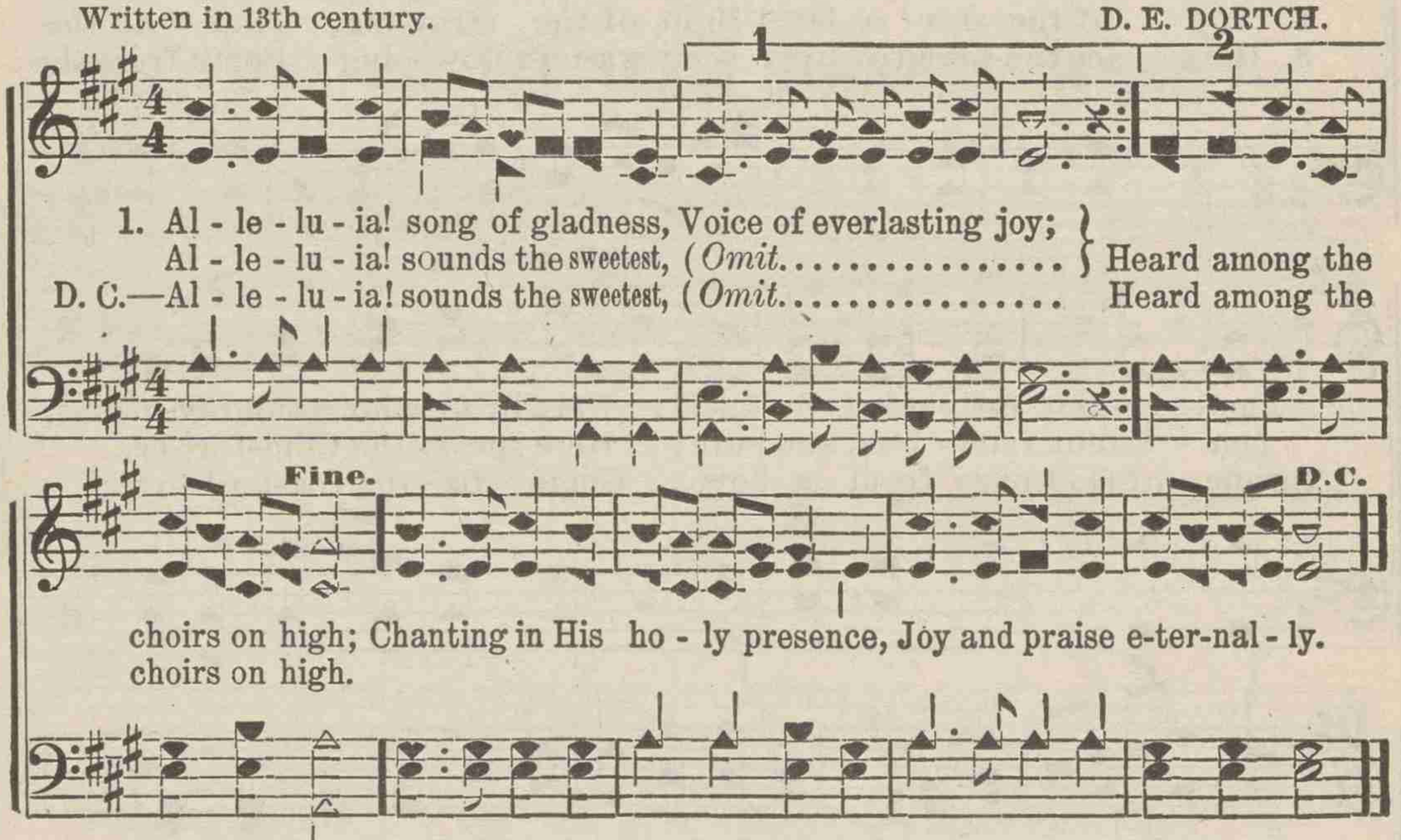


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I Thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

197. ALLELUIA.

Written in 13th century. D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Alleluia! O how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise;
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise. D. C.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity. D. C.

198. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Unknown author. (CHILDREN.) Hindoo Melody



2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

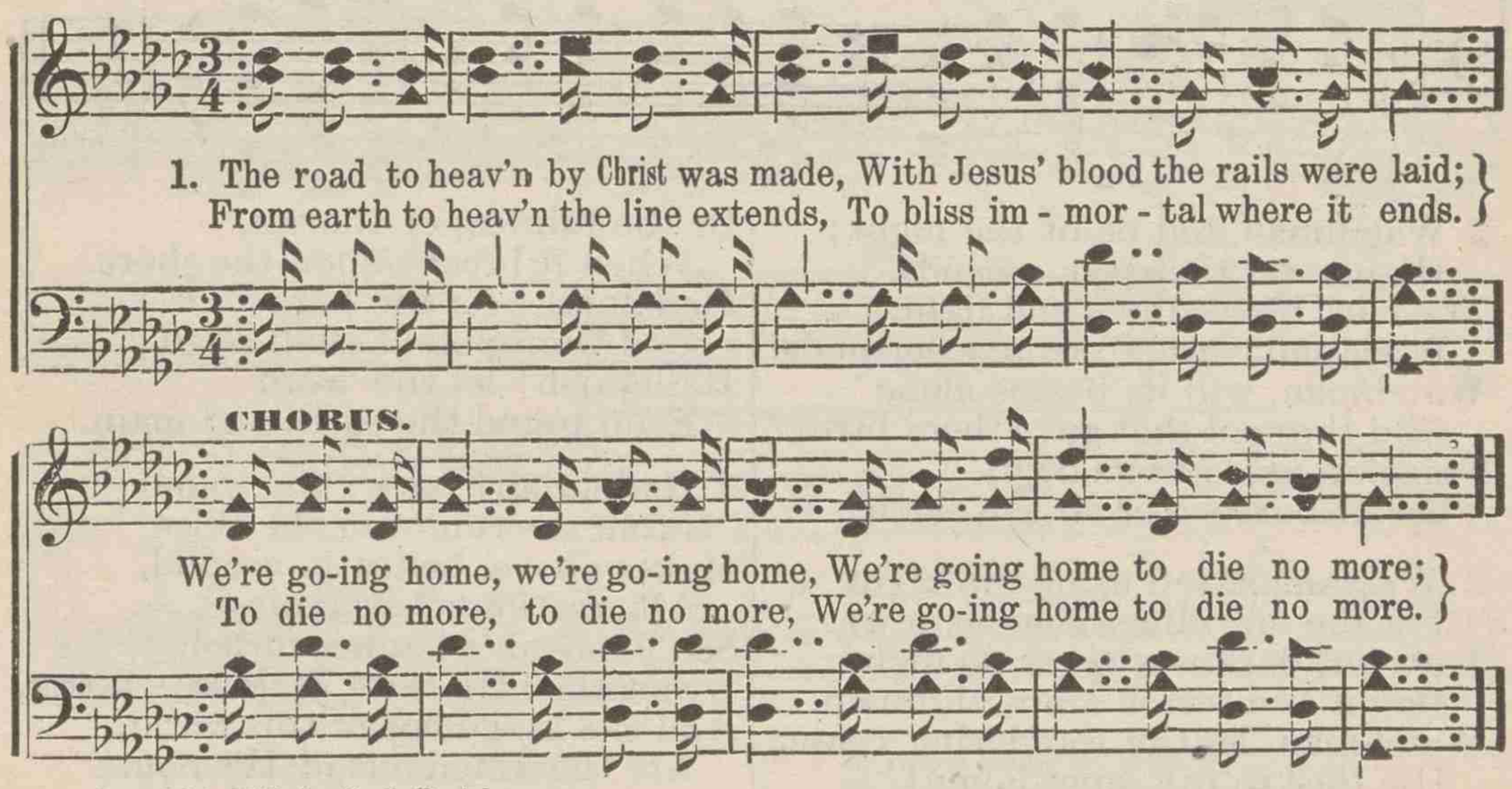
3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.

O then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,
Our souls to bless;
No sin can there be found
Us to oppress.
Jesus will keep us there,
Ever blooming, ever fair;
Come then and glory share
Eternally.

199. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon. Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
The fare for every one is paid
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

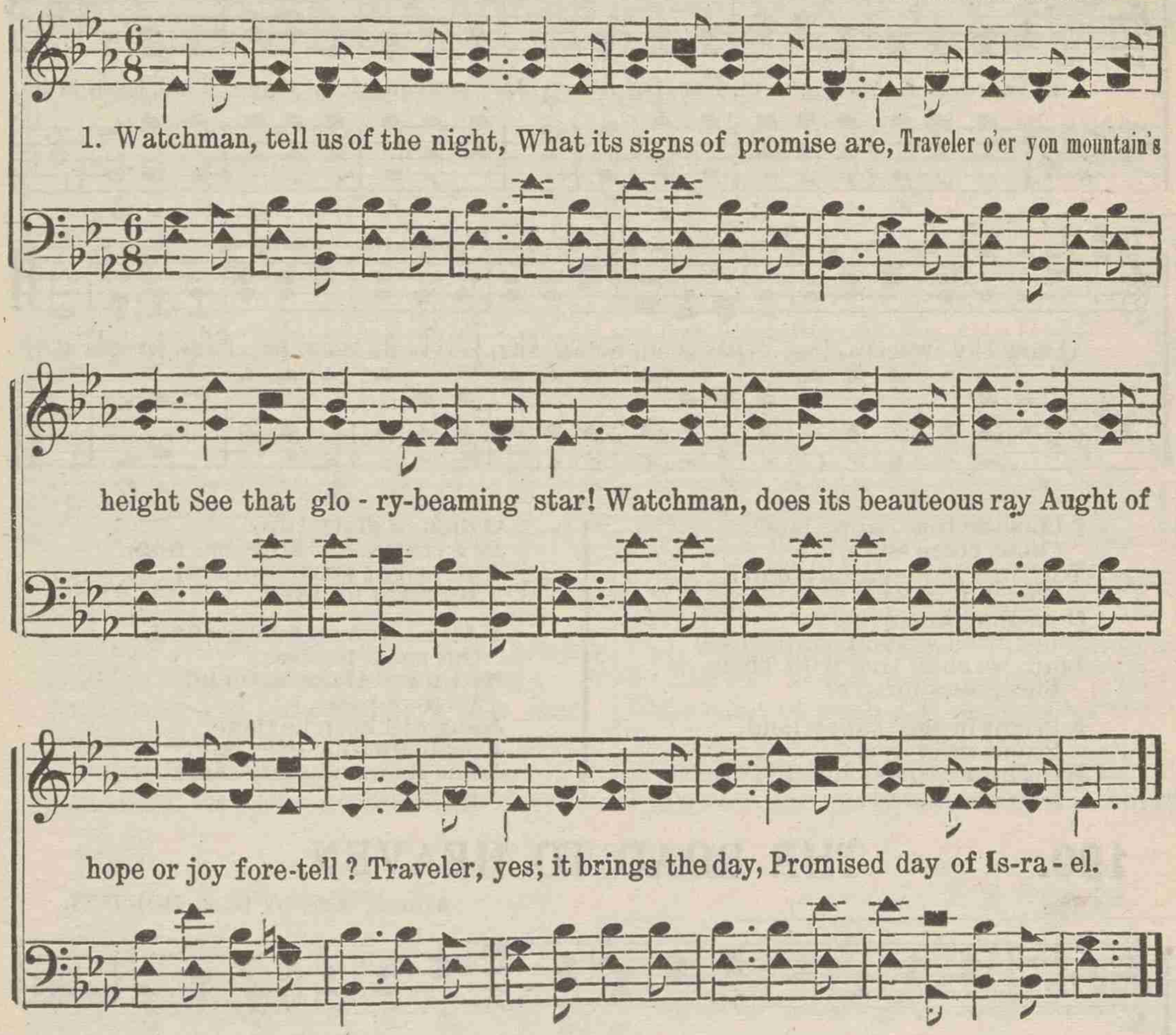
5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day;
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

200. WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

201. Hark! the Song.

Tune: Watchman, No. 200.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the center of the skies
Makes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

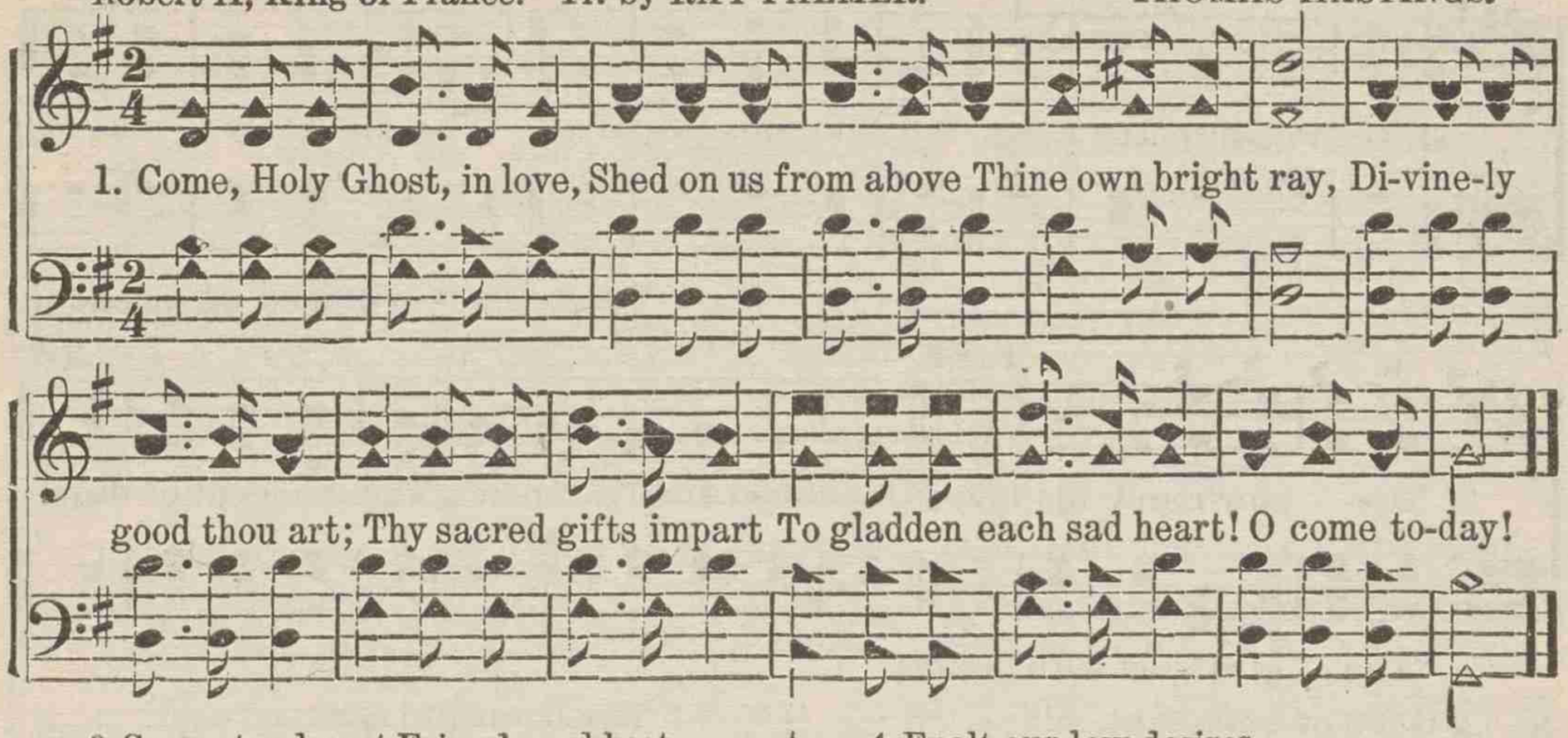
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery.

202. NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

"But when the comforter is come."—JOHN 15: 26.

Robert II, King of France. Tr. by RAY PALMER. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3 Come, Light, serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

203. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER. 7s. D.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—ISA. 58: 13.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
‖: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :‖

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through 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;
May we feel Thy presence 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 sinner's' comfort saints:
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
‖: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above. :‖

204. LYONS. 5s, 6s. D.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

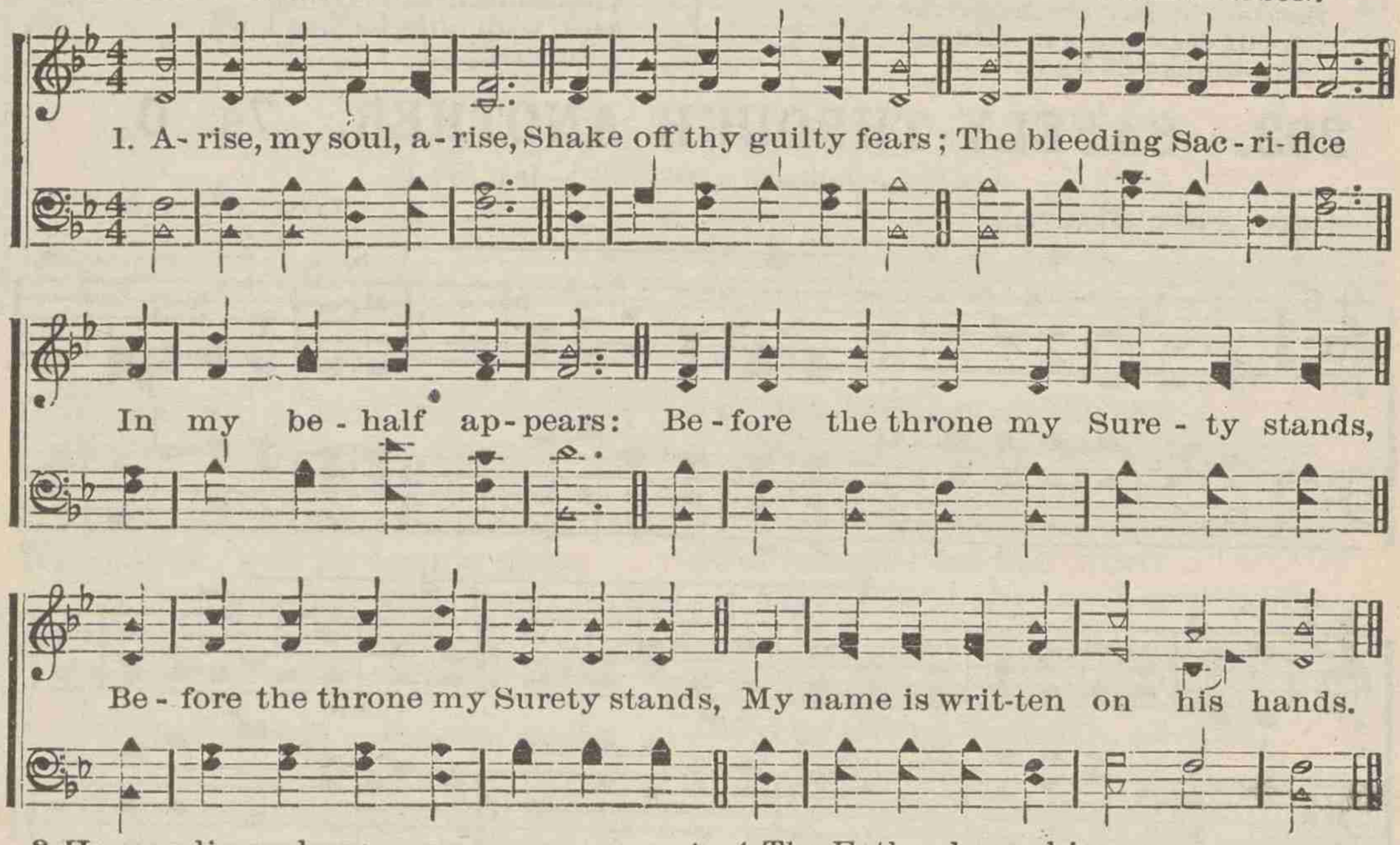


2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

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.

205. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

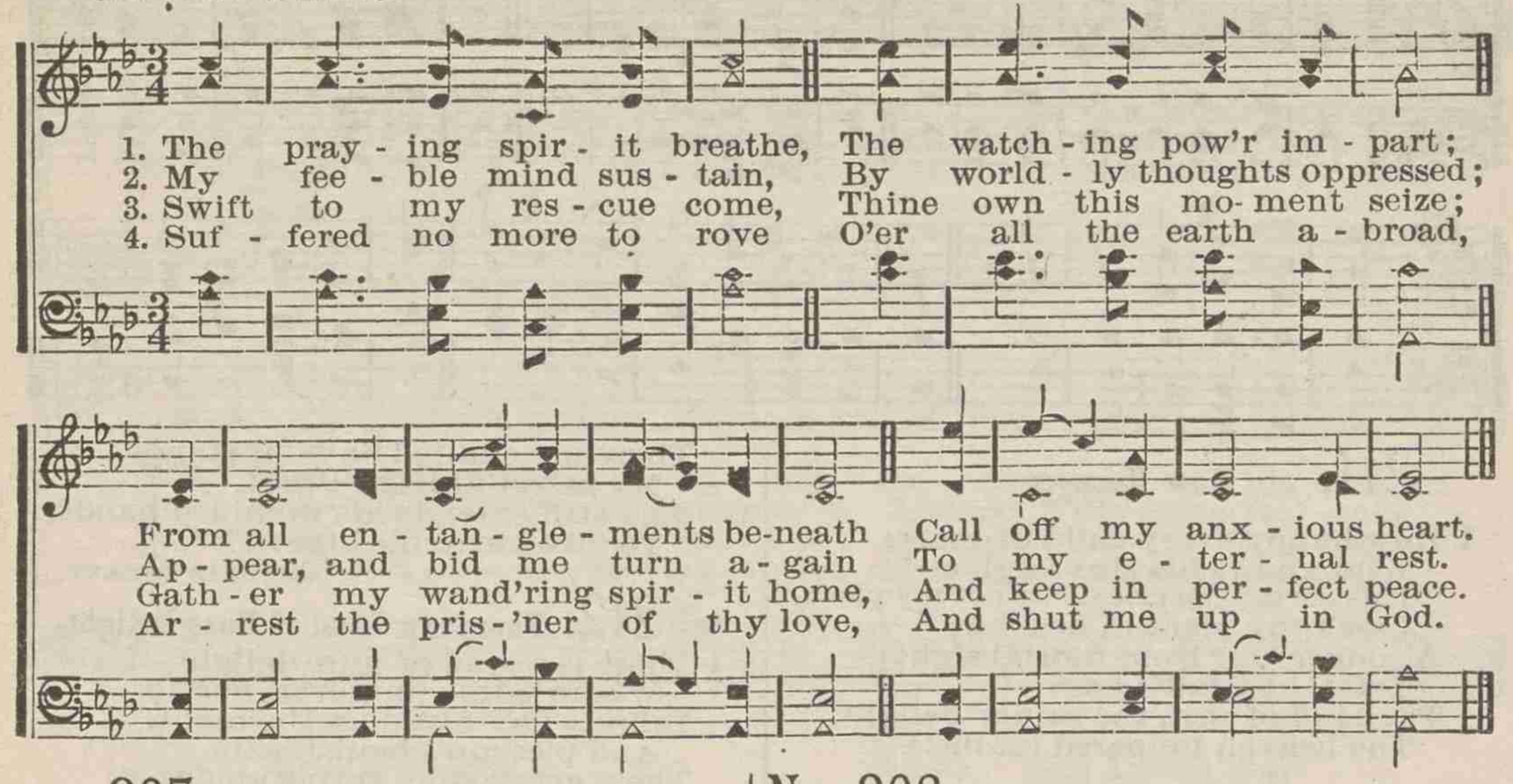
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 208. How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



No. 209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

No. 210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

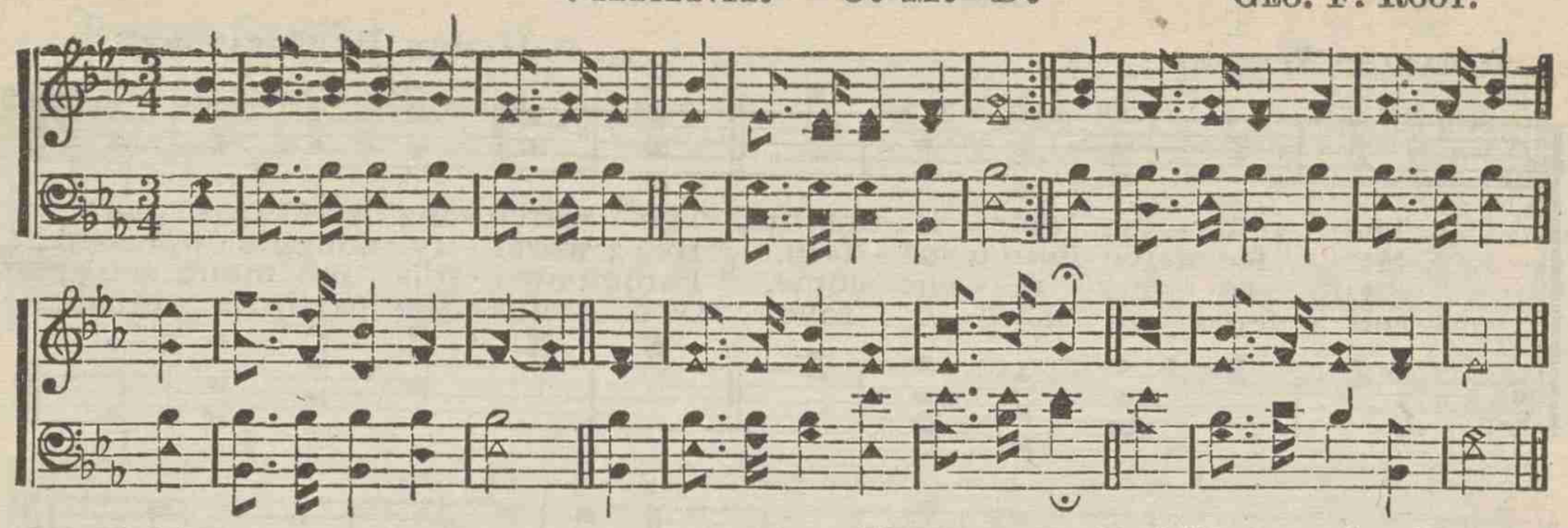
2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

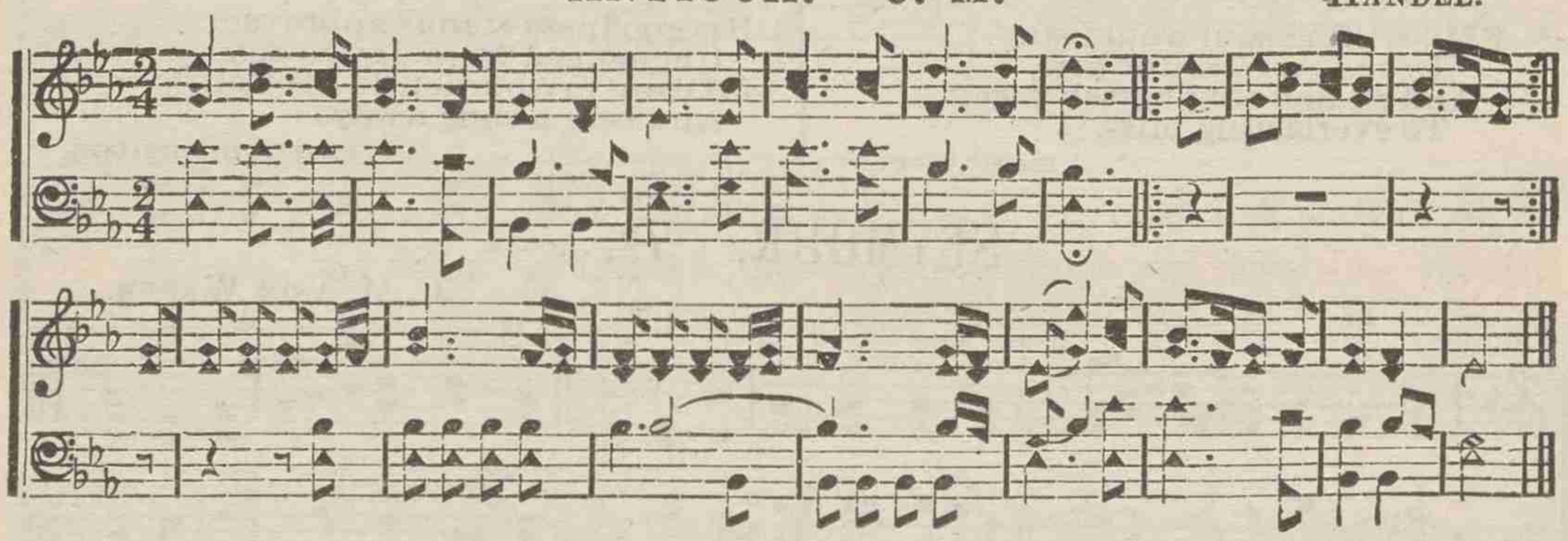
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



213. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

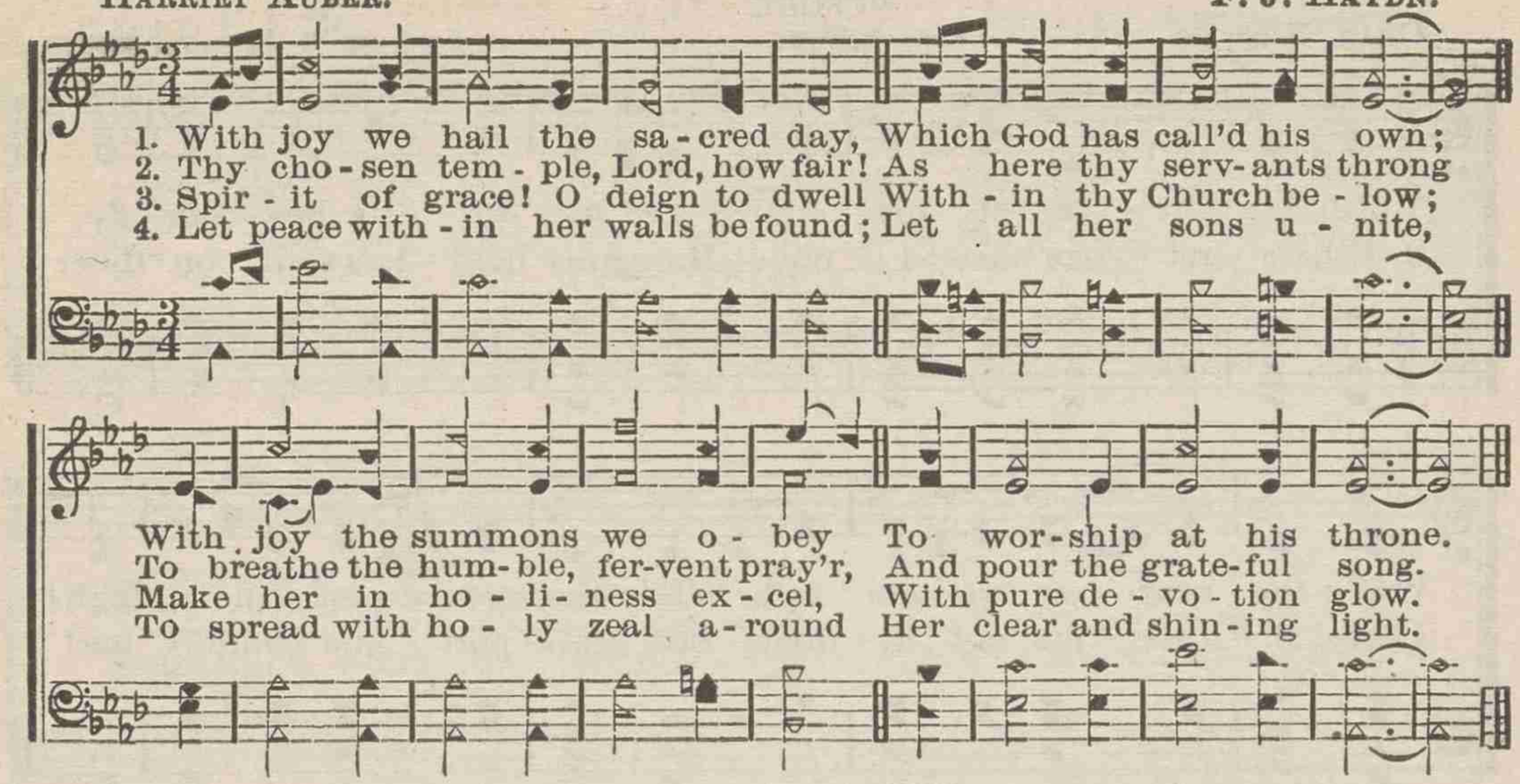
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



223. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

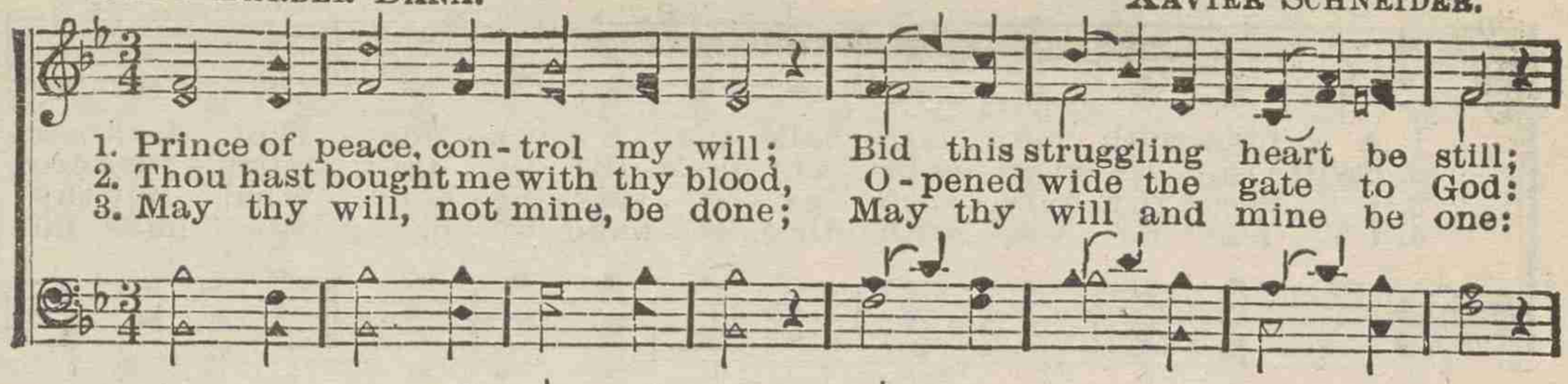


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.





225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power 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 every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

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.

ISAAC WATTS.

231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



234. O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

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.

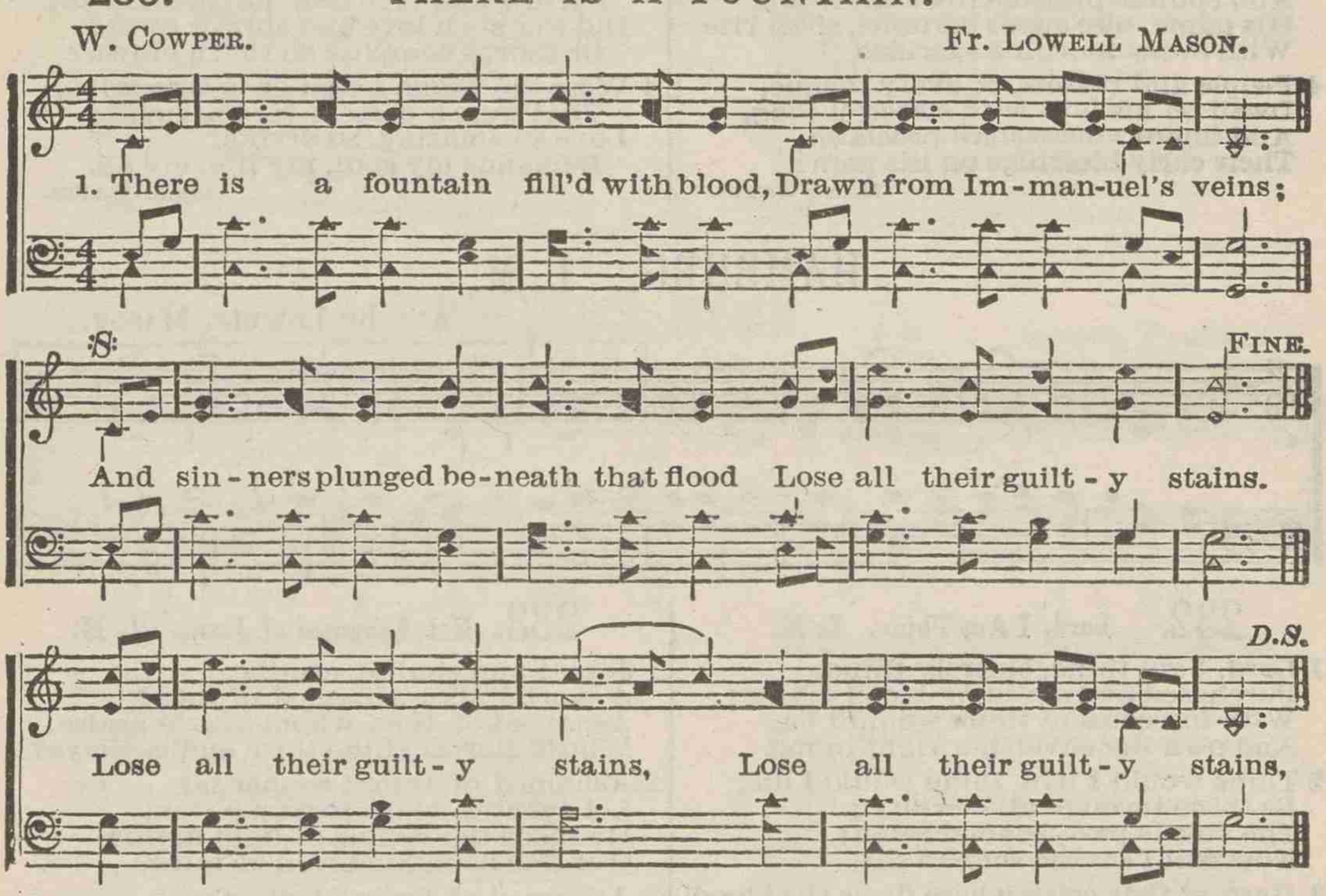
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.



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

3 Dear 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, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

239. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. 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.

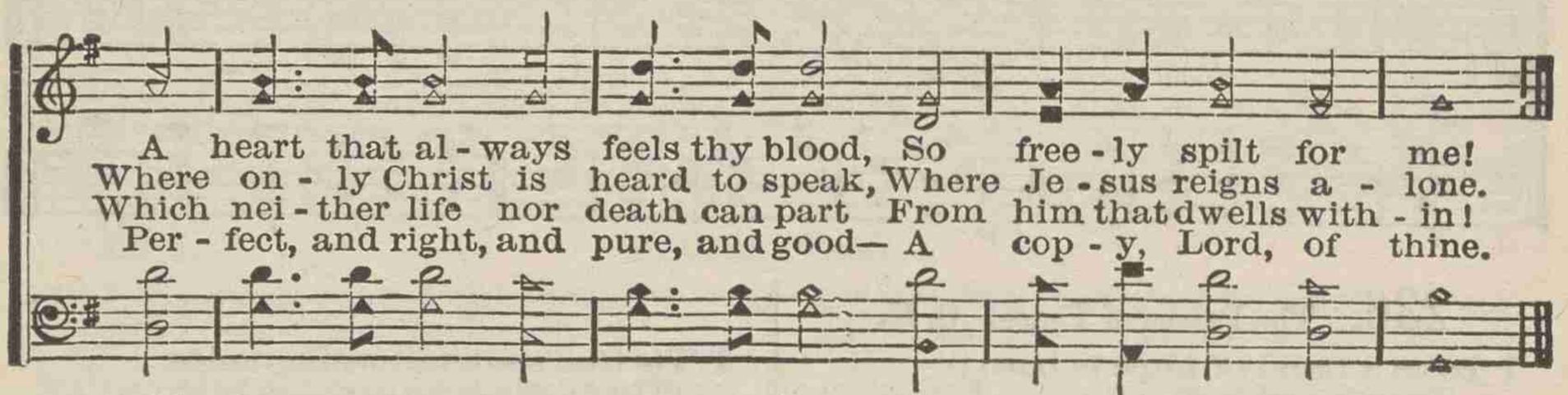
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.





241. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

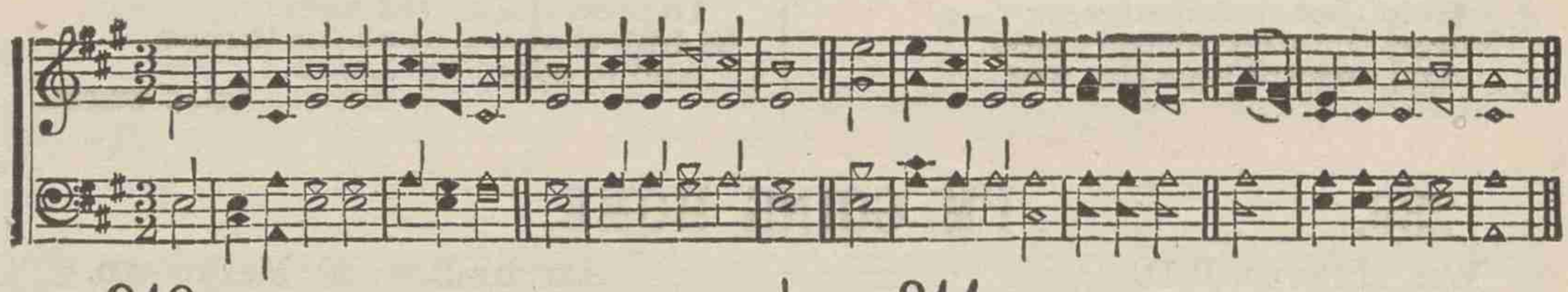
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th'atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

245. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



246. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

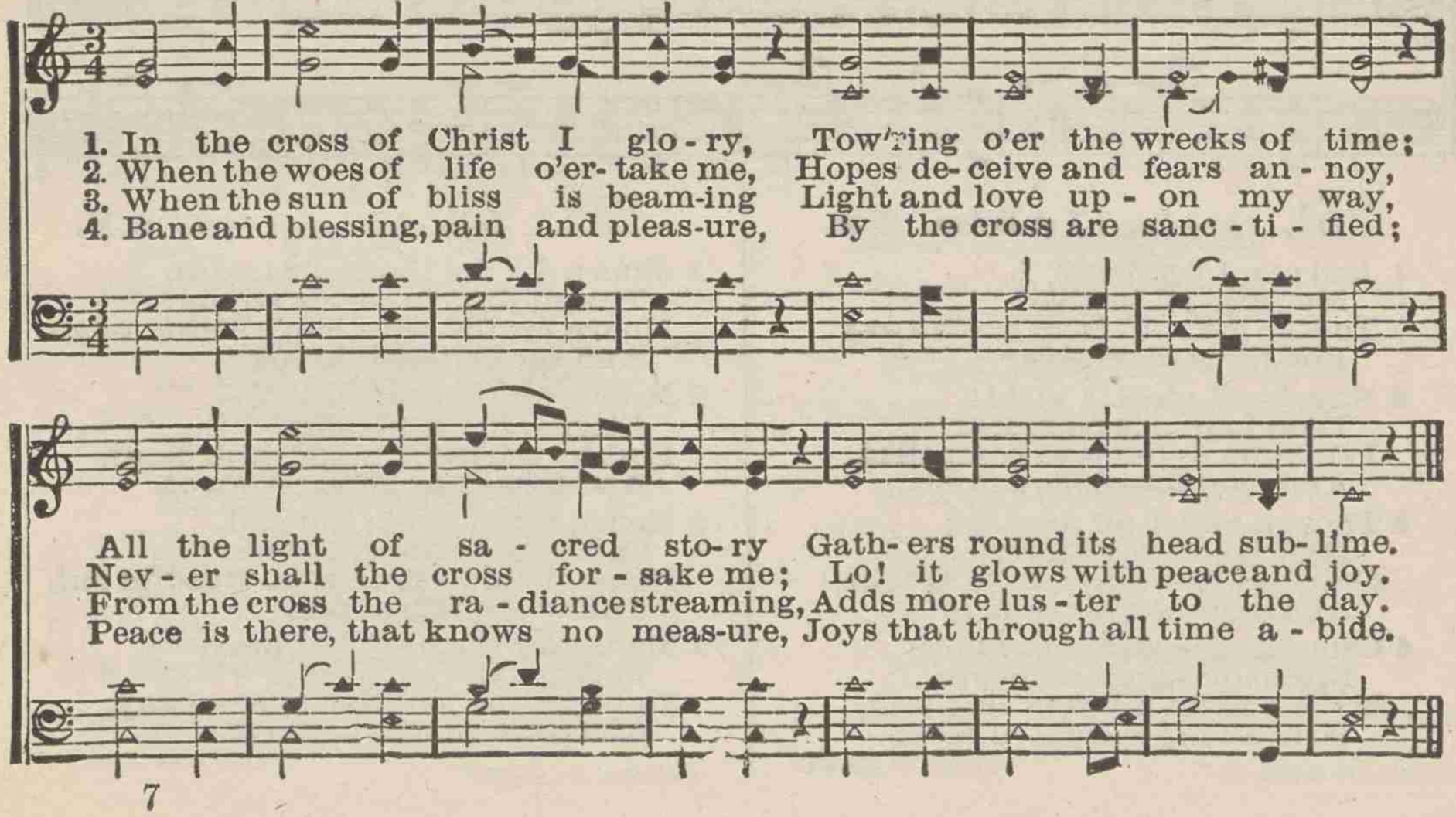
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

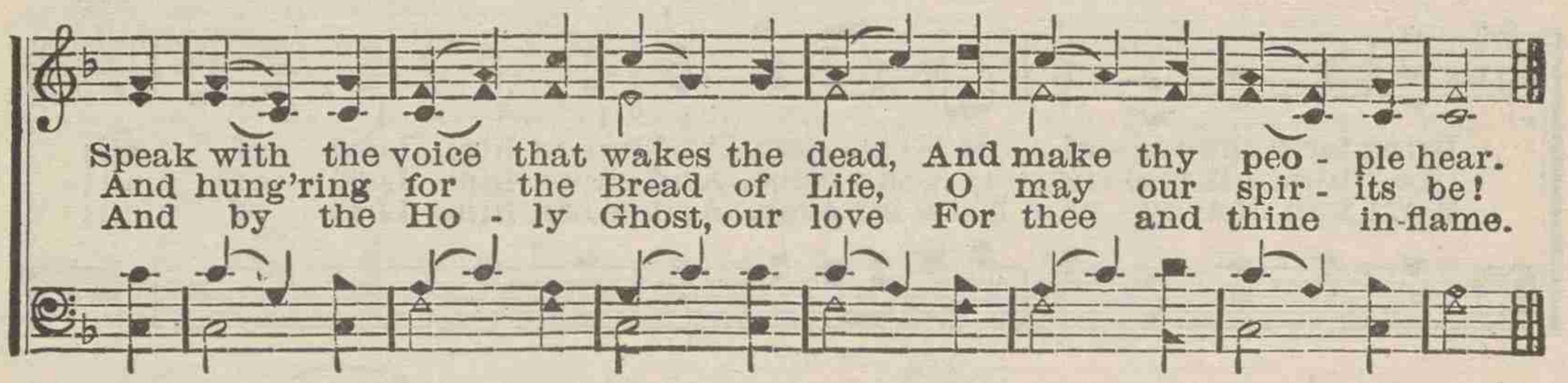
J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.





249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
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.

JOHN FAWCETT.

250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

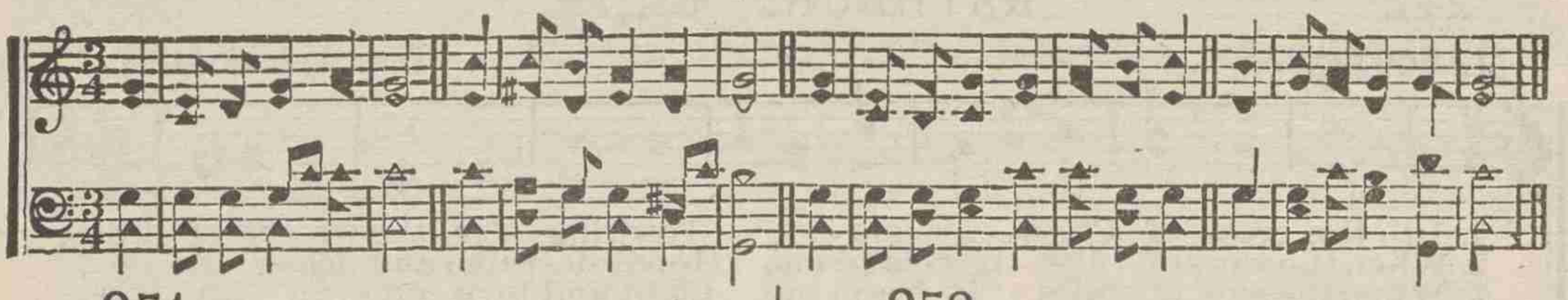
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

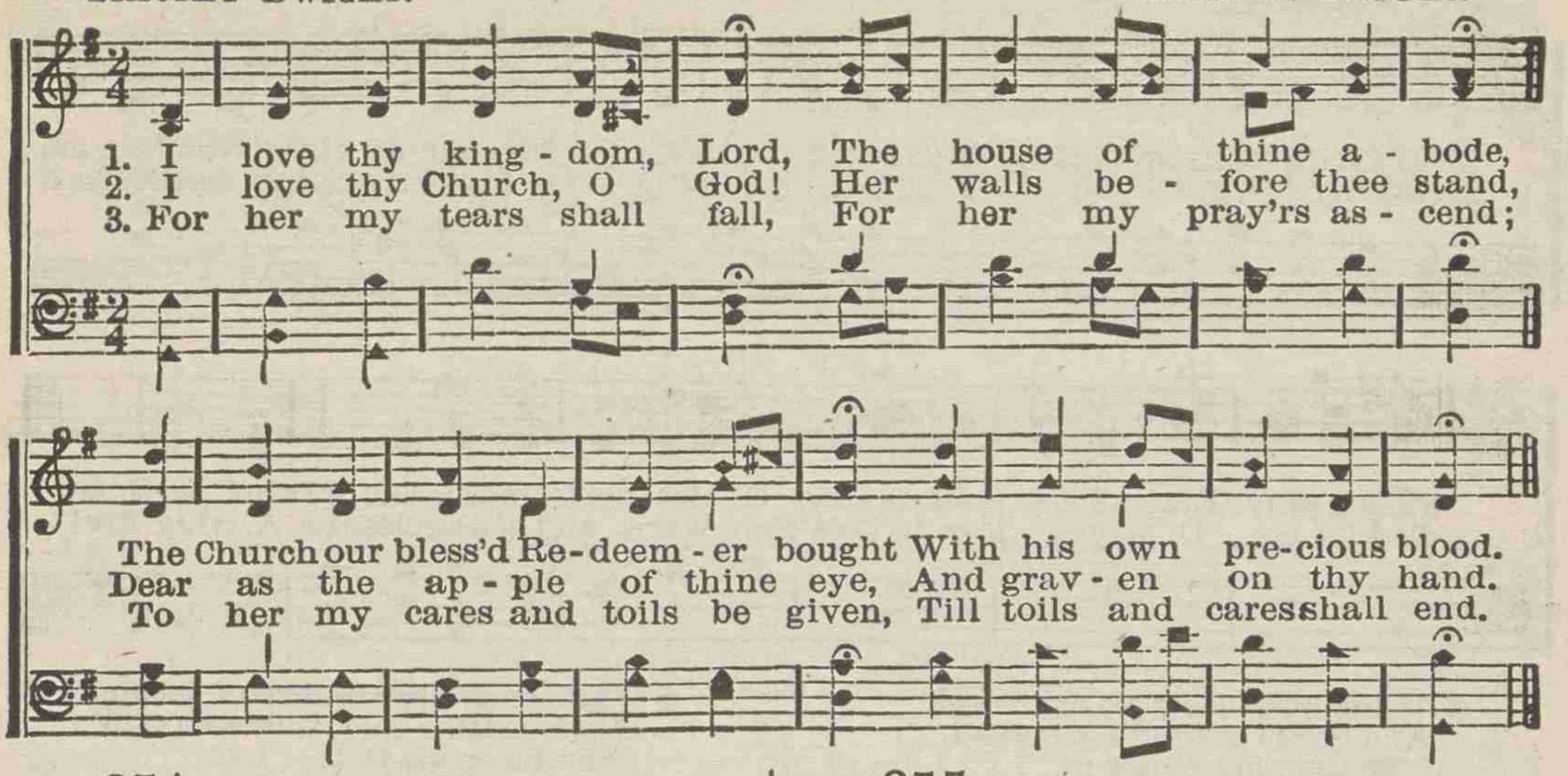
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



256. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 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 vict'ry 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 breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

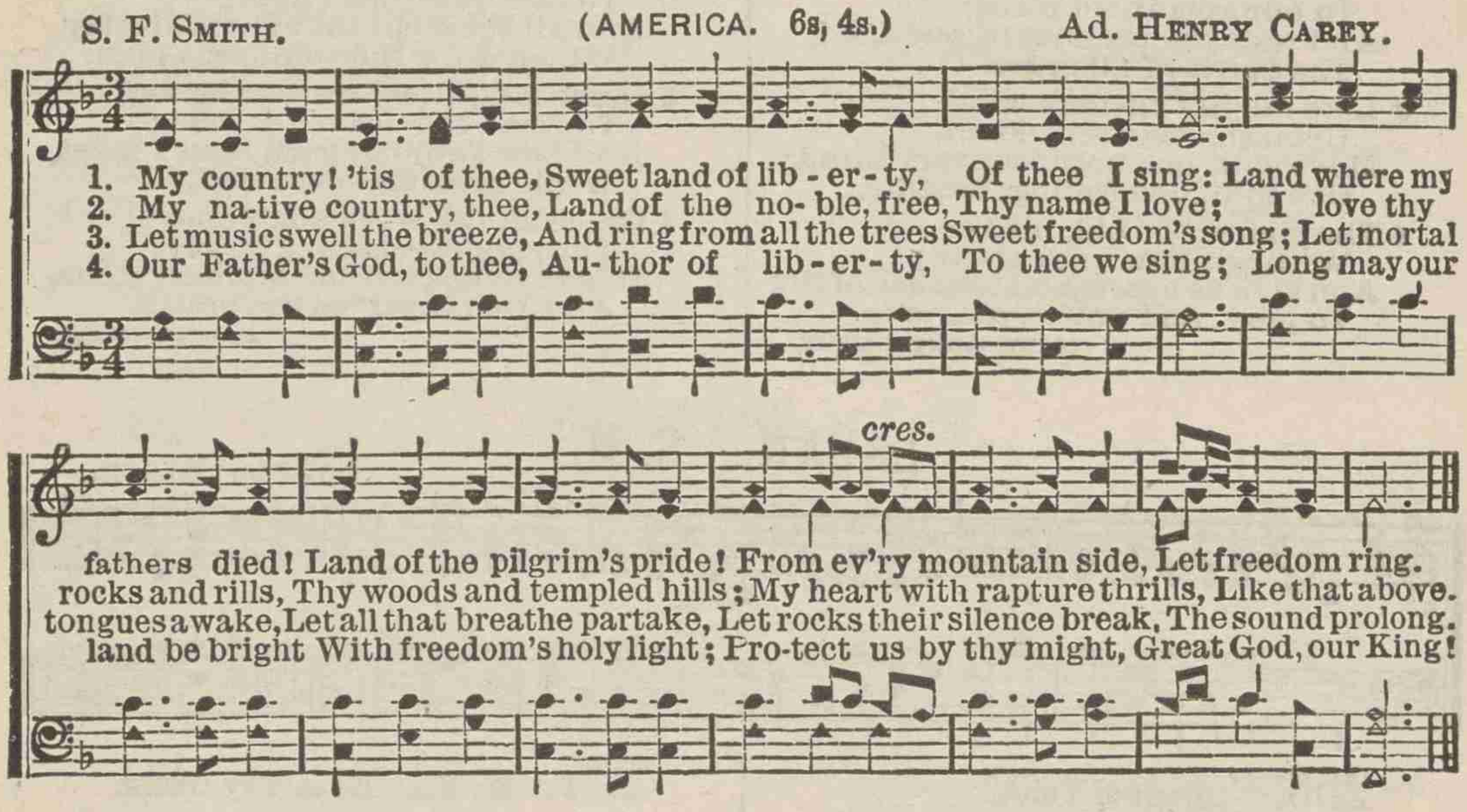


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

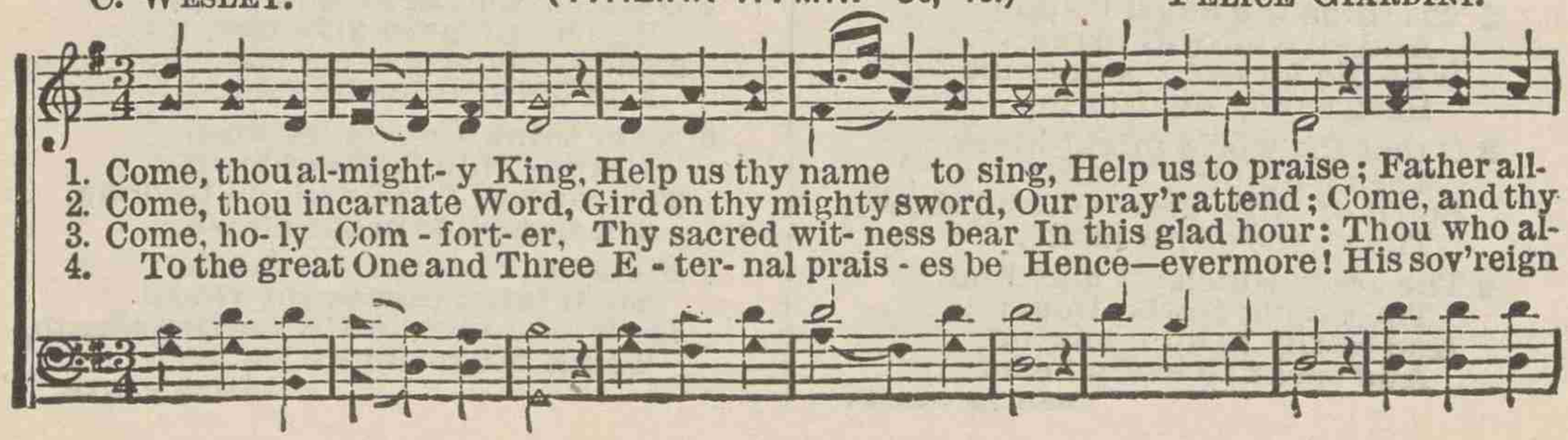
259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

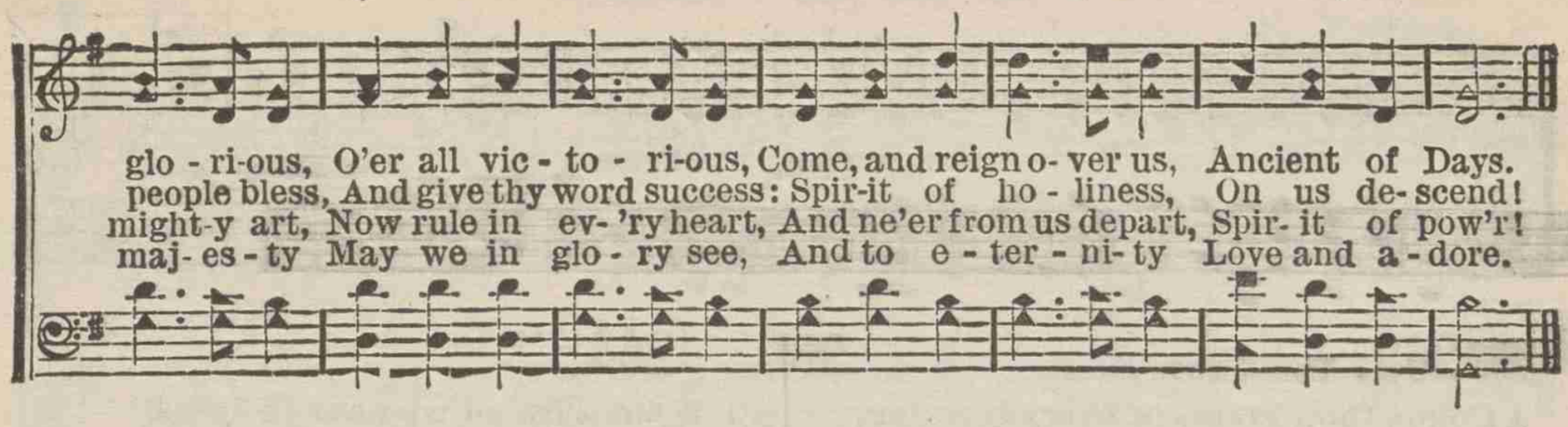


260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the 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.

262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



263. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every 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 mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

264.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything 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 Saviour, 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 thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



265. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

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;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



267. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 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,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 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.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

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 we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine 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!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

270. LISCHER. H. M.

THOMAS HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.



1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill His throne of grace,
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

271. Awake, Ye Saints.

Acts 7: 49.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
Through endless years to live and reign.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

272. Lord of the Worlds.

Psalm 84: 12.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

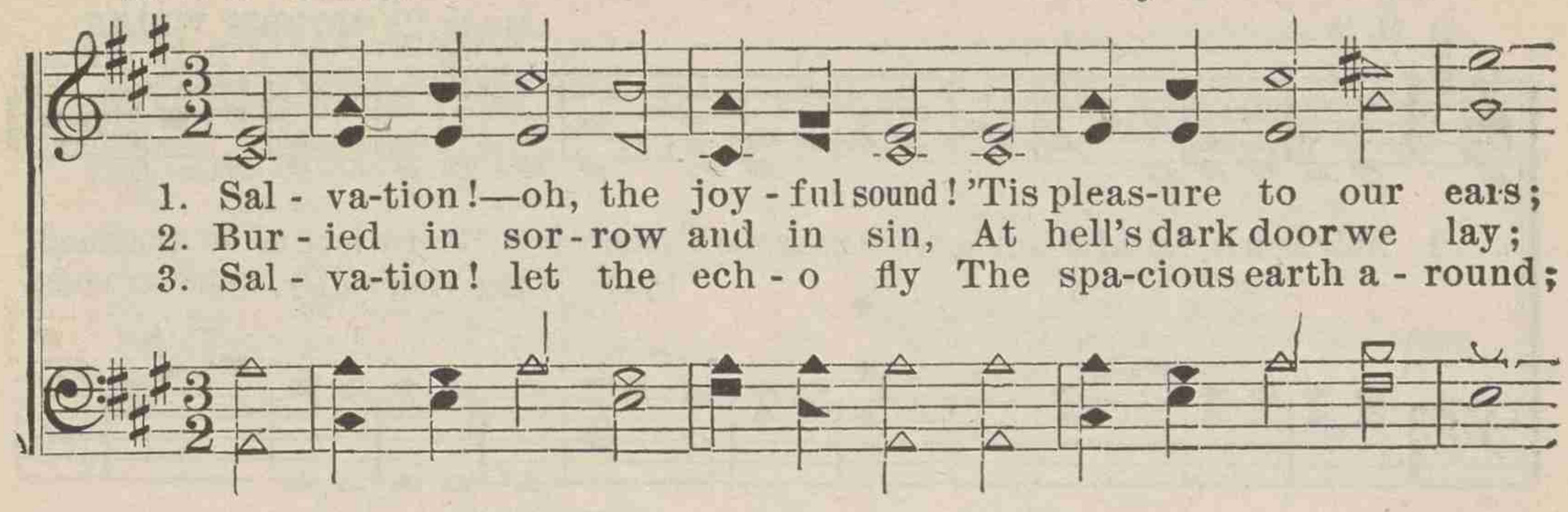
3 Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ISAAC WATTS.

273 SALVATION.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



274. UNITY. 6s. 5.

ALARIC A. WATTS. 1821. Vs. 2, 3, 4, S. F. SMITH. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

275. GUIDE. 7s. D.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSA. 38: 8.

M. M. W. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

276. Harvest Home.

TURE: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home,
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever purified.
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thy angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,

HENRY ALFRED.

277. Strive to Enter.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,
Follow those who've gone before;
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,
Now their work on earth is o'er.
Now they rest, no more to stray,
Never more to weep and wait:
See their footprints on the way;
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,
Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
For a never-fading crown.
Few there be upon the way,
Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,
Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way
Bidding enter and rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,
Haste to enter at the gate.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. Alt.

278. HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again;
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279. CROSBY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call,
O how I pine for Thee,
'Tis all my hope and plea,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No. 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,
O wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
O wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,
O wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
O wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God now is glorified,
O wondrous love!

3 There, there at God's right hand,
O wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
O wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
O wondrous love!

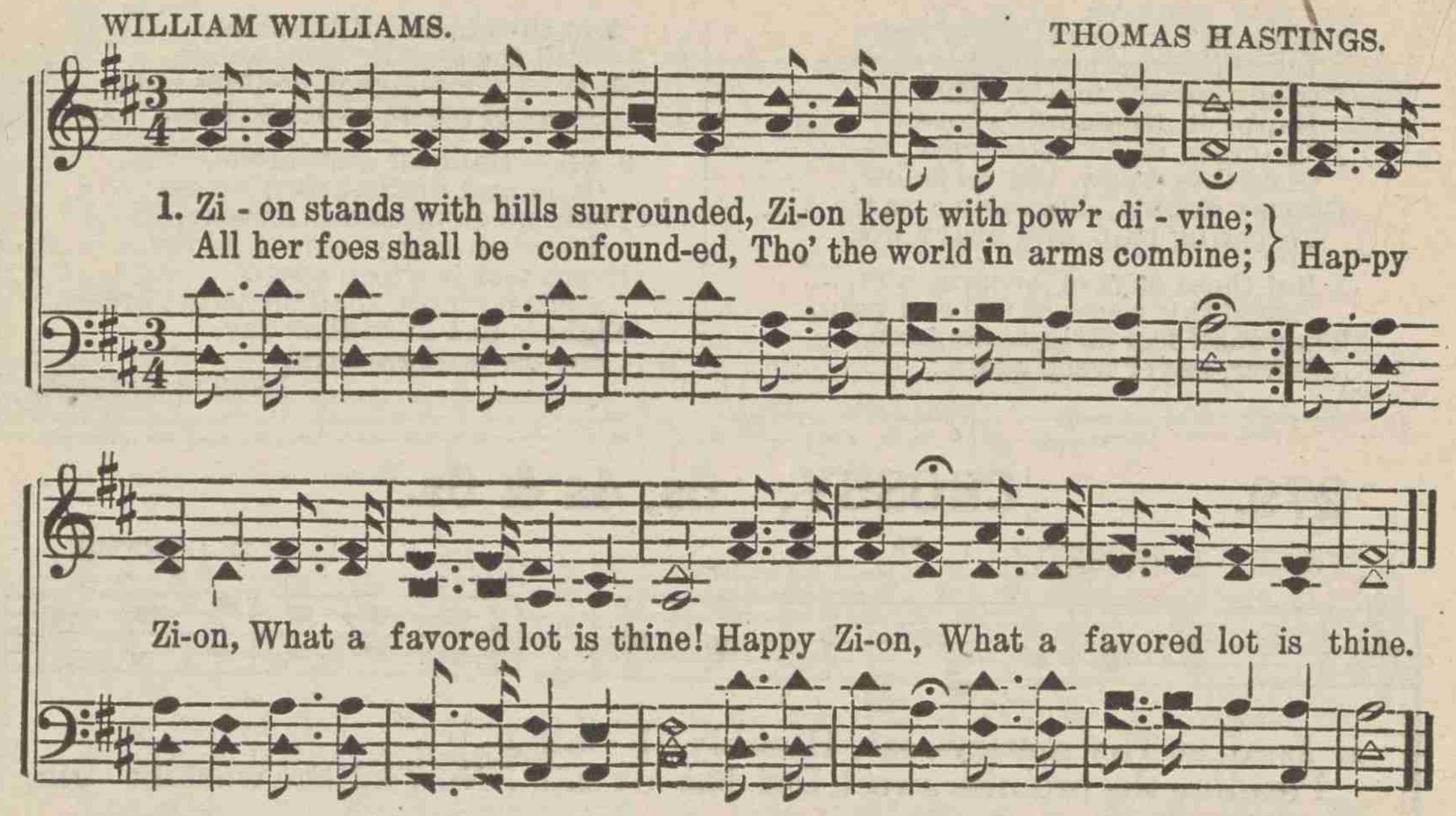
4 He'll give me needful grace,
O wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
O wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, heaven for evermore,
O wondrous love!

F. W. FRY.

281. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"Thou leadest thy people like a flock."—Ps. 77 : 20.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
‖: But no changes,
Can attend Jehovah's love. :‖

3 In the furnace, God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee out more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
‖: God is with thee,
God, Thine everlasting light. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

282. On the Mountain Top.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 On the mountain 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 the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sights 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.:‖

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is theirs at last.
‖: All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

283. Crown the Saviour.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
‖: Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow. :‖

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies, Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
‖: Crown Him, Crown Him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :‖

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus their Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
‖: Crown Him, crown Him,
Spread abroad the Victor's fame. :‖

4 Hark, what bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords.
‖: Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

284. THE SECOND ADVENT.

TUNE : Zion, No. 281. REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of His train;
‖: Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign. :‖

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree:
‖: Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see. :‖

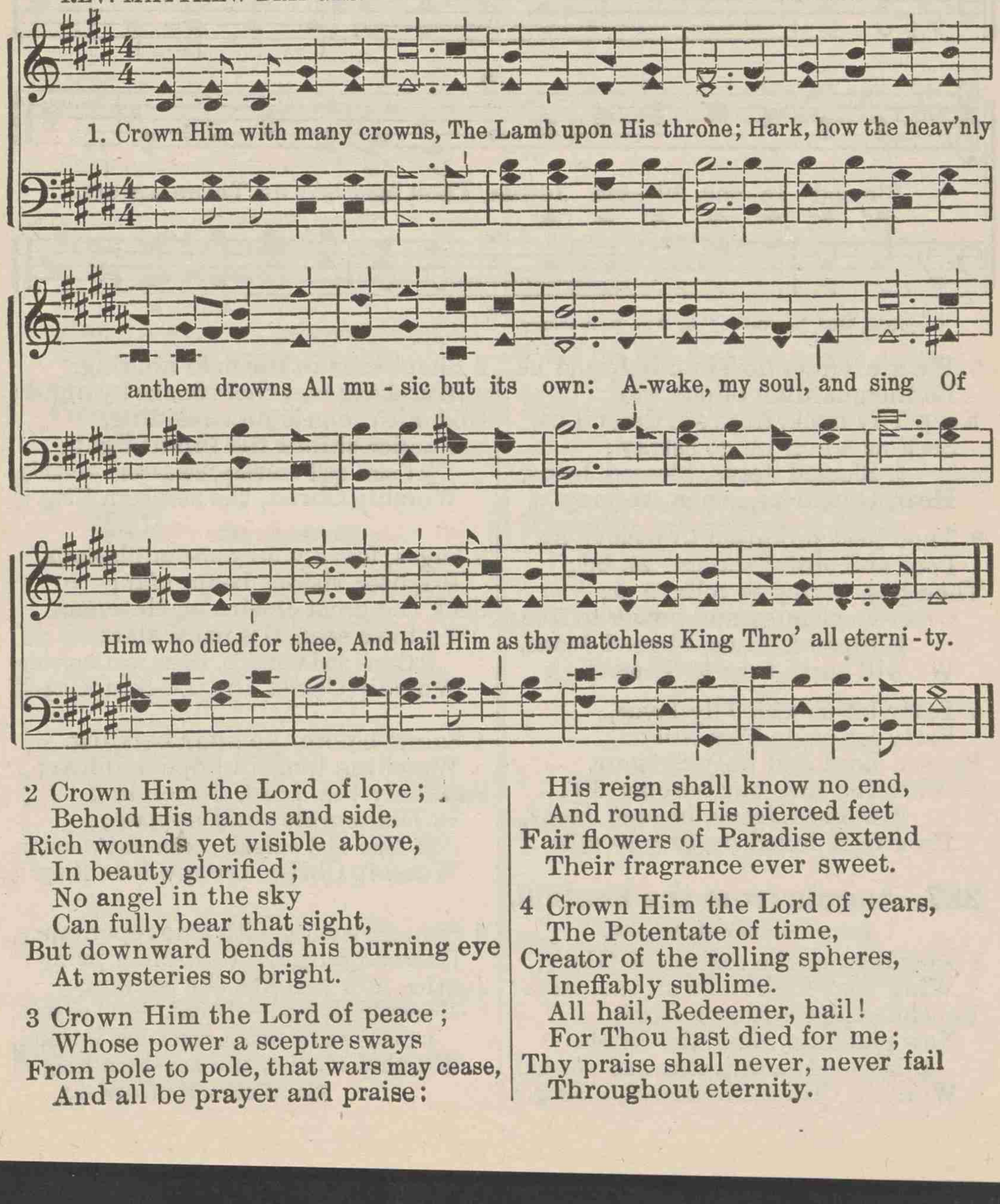
3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night;
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
‖: Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light. :‖

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
‖: "Hide me, hide me,
Rocks and mountains from His eye." :‖

285. CROWN HIM WITH MANY. S. M. D.

"On his head were many crowns."—REV. 19 : 12.

REV. MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEO. J. ELVEY.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

286. SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



Copyright, 1859, in "Oriolo," by Wm. 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, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O 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 power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus, 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 Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

287. Angels from the Realms.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
‖: Come and worship. come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.:‖

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, come and worshlp,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

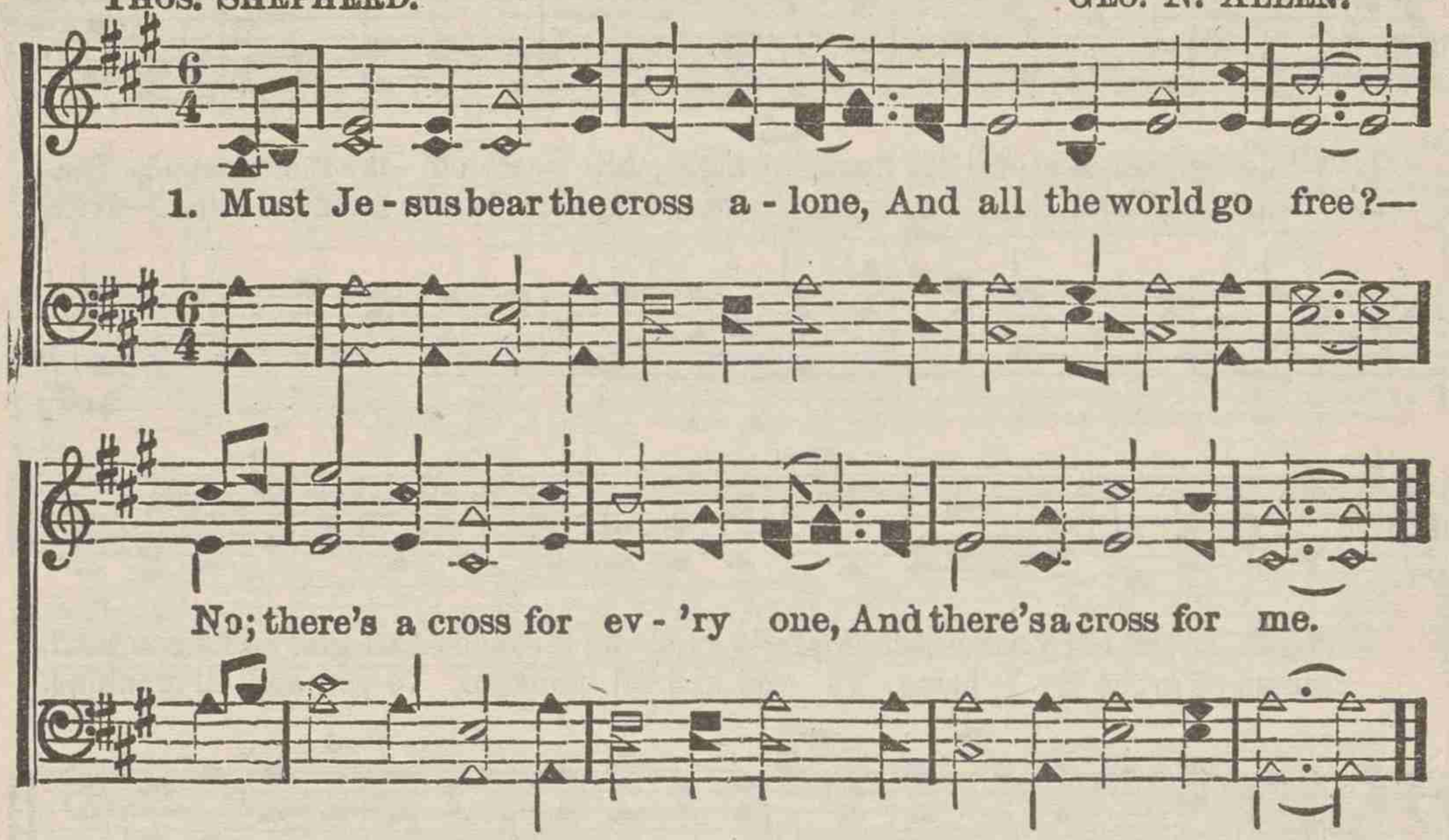
5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

288 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



2 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.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

289 *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

290 *See music above,*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

291 *See music above.*

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

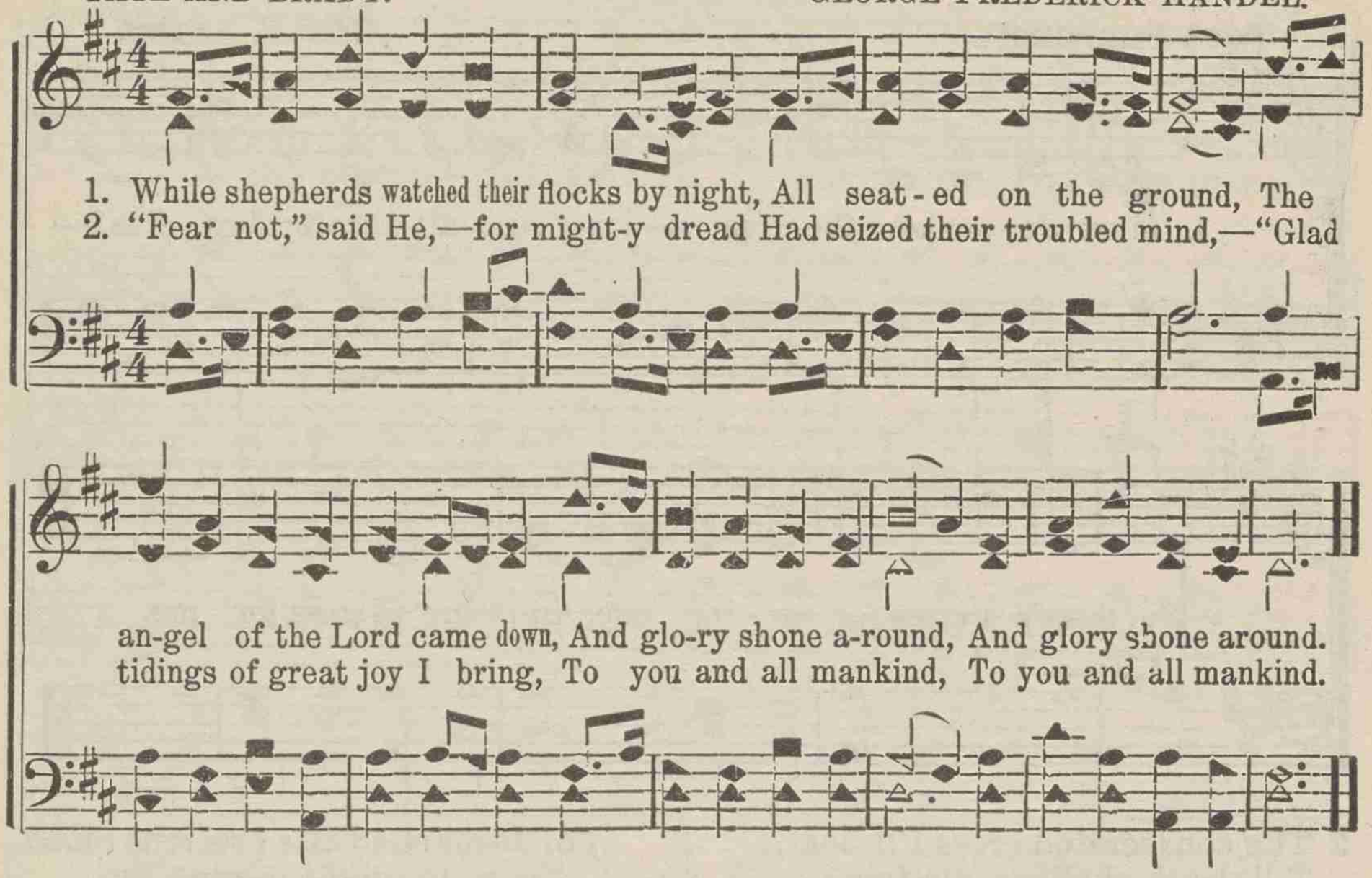
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

292. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2. 10.

TATE AND BRADY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
‖: And this shall be the sign. :‖

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
‖: And in a manger laid.":‖

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
‖: Who thus addressed their song :‖

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
‖: Begin and never cease." :‖

293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
‖: And feed the pure desire. :‖

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
‖: And give the weary rest. :‖

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
‖: May worship only Thee :‖

294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

1 Mortals awake with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
‖: To hail the auspicious day. :‖

2 In heaven the rapturous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
‖: And strung and tuned the lyre. :‖

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
‖: 'Twas more than heaven could hold.:‖

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
‖: To bear the news to man. :‖

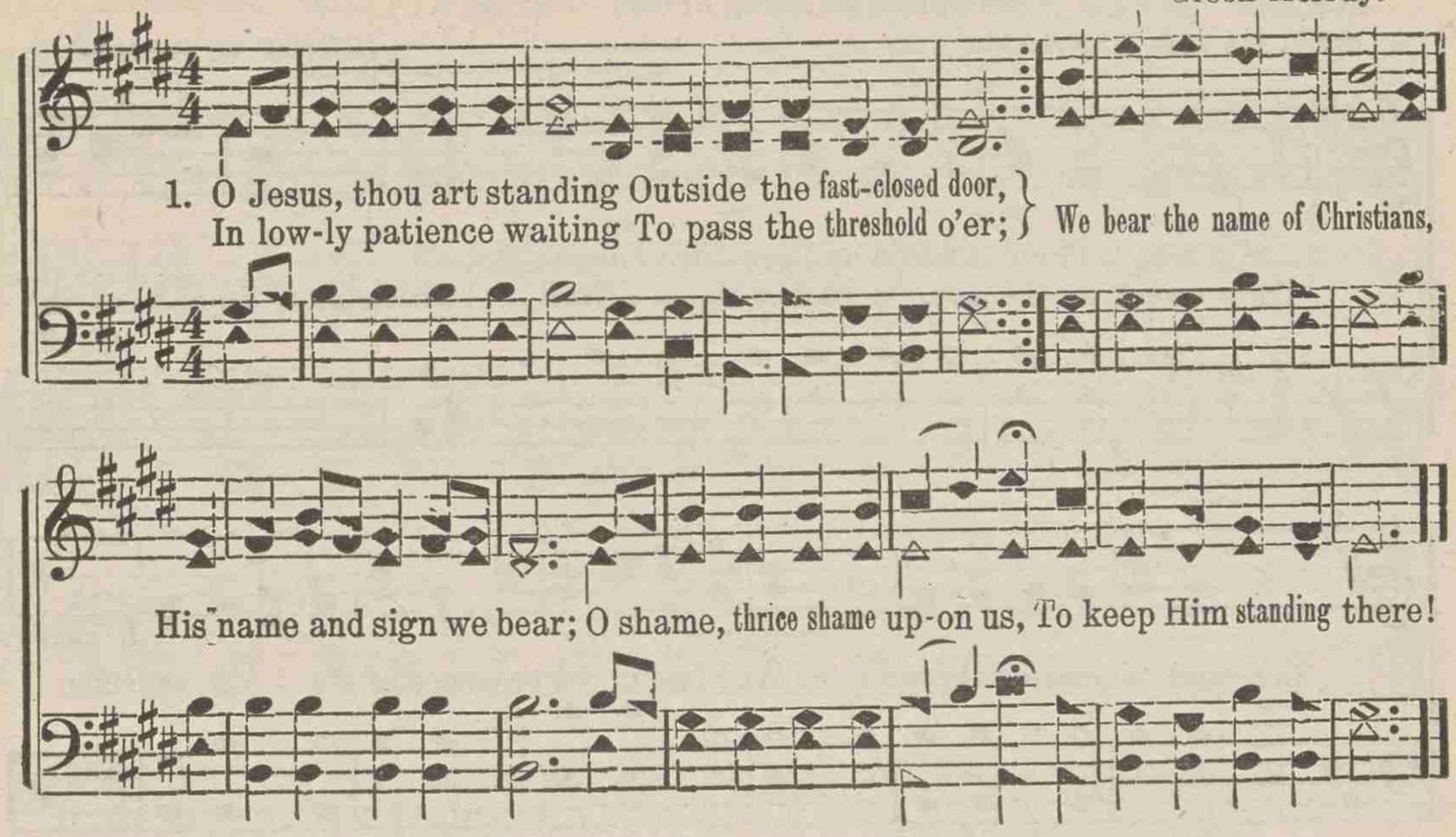
5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
‖: Jesus was born to die.: ‖

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
‖: Thy praise shall never end. :‖

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

295. CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s D.

Greek Melody.



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 knowledge,
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 Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

296. When His Salvation.

TUNE: Crucifix No. 295.

1 When His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came;
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since our Lord retaineth,
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna!
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well, hosannas raise;
But shall we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

REV. JOHN KING.

297. We Bring No Glittering.

TUNE: Crucifix, No. 295.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems of earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine;
Children Thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth;
To us is early given,
To guide our steps of youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

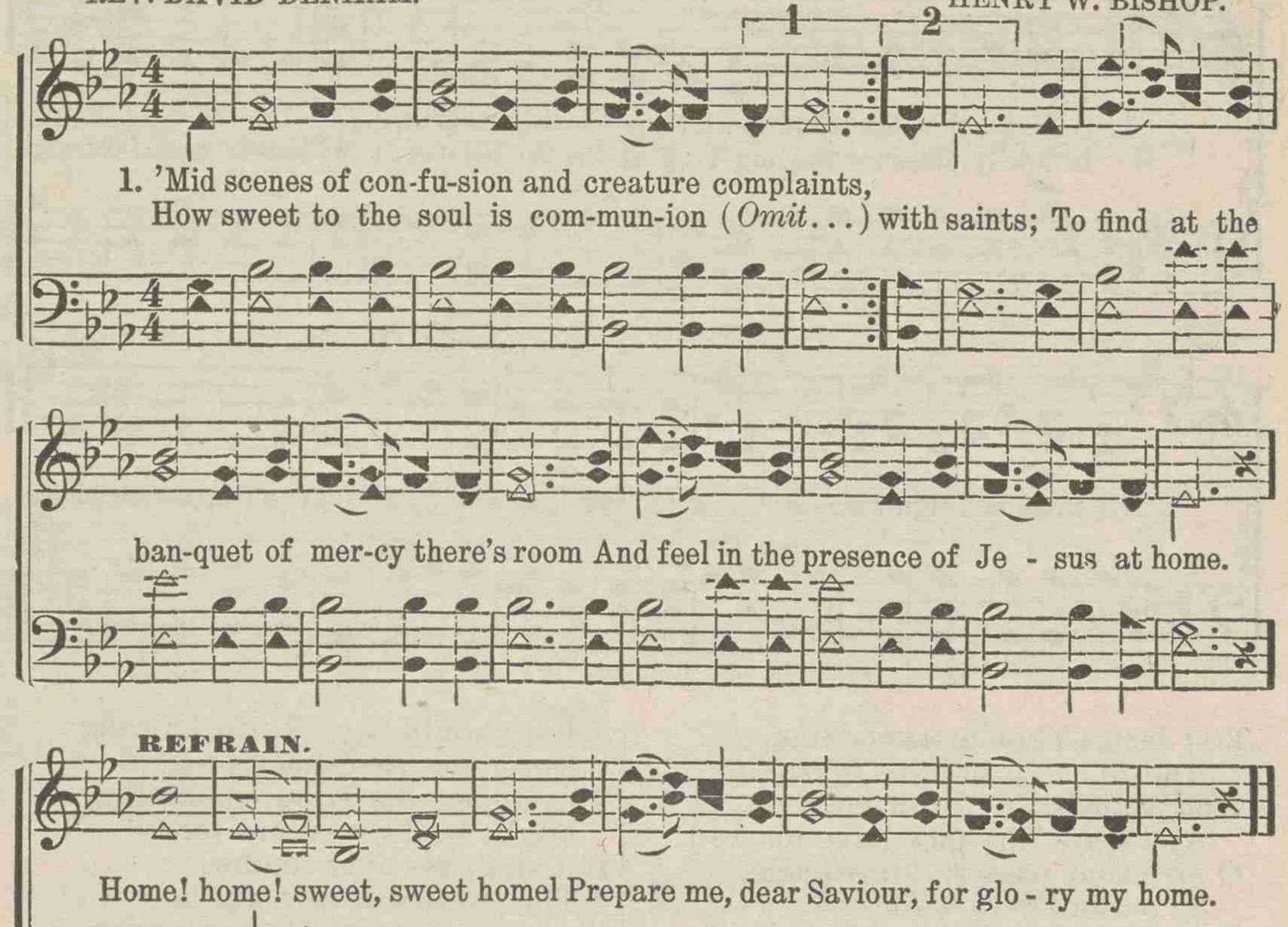
3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
O teach us how to pray!
That each Thy love possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

HARRIET PHILLIPS.

298. HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5 : 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM. HENRY W. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

299. Bright Home.

Tune: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture unceasing and high
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.—Ref.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.—Ref.

3 The home that my Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—Ref.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—Ref.

—Unknown.

300. NAOMI. C. M.

S. F. SMITH. 1832. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



2 Behold, Thy weary churches t,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid Thy light arise!

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,-
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine.—
Let us Thy mercy share.

301. Lord, in the Morning.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Lord, in the morning, Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

302. Father Whate'er.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart.
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

303. Alas! And Did My.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Soverefgn die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

304. THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it might be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

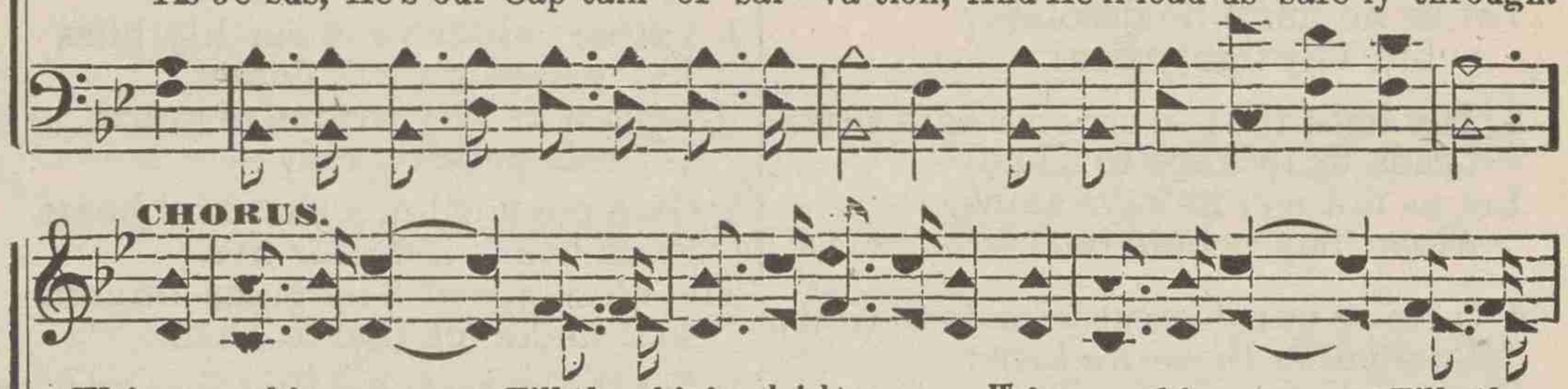
MARY B. C. SLADE. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH and W. G. COOPER.



1. Behold the glorious banner of sal - va-tion, That is float - ing all a - round;
2. The hosts of sin are coming forth to try us, But their ranks we will not fear;
3. We'll follow where His loving voice can call us, Till the glo-rious fight we win;
4. Who is our Leader great and strong and mighty, And our Captain brave and true;



Its shining folds shall wave till ev -'ry na - tion, Shall have heard the joyful sound.
Our Captain full of might is ev - er nigh us, And His cheering call we hear.
We know no fail-ure ev - er can be - fall us, 'Till we conquer death and sin.
'Tis Je-sus, He's our Cap-tain of sal - va-tion, And He'll lead us safe-ly through.



CHORUS.

We're marching on,.... Till the shining heights we see, We're marching on.... Till the marching on, marching on,



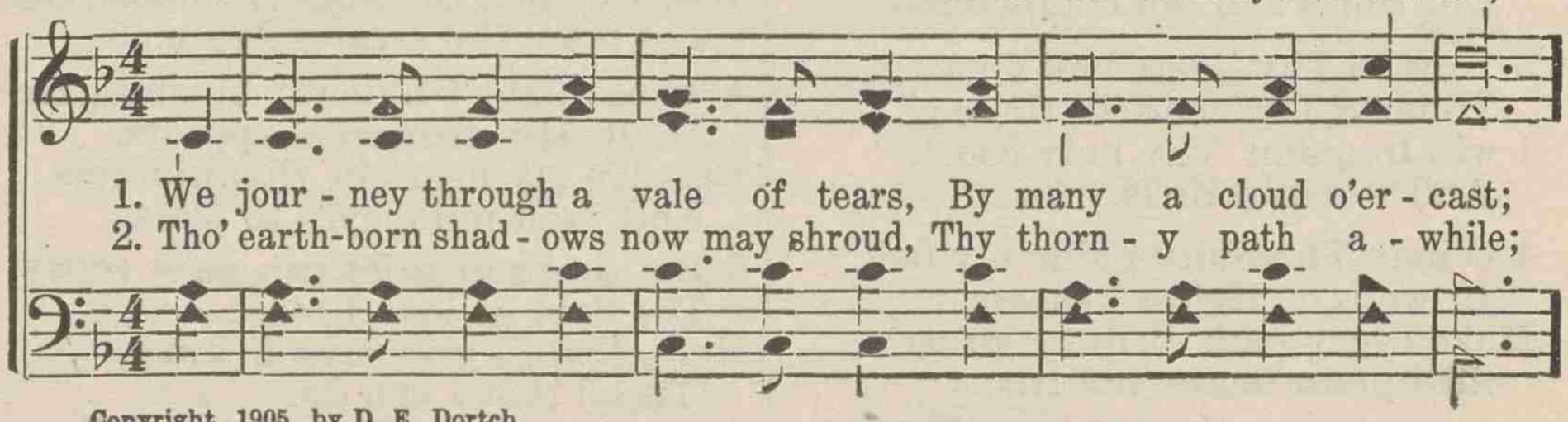
world from sin is free, Then rally 'neath the banner of salvation, Where we'll fight for victory.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

305. AULD LANG SYNE.

"And at evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 7.

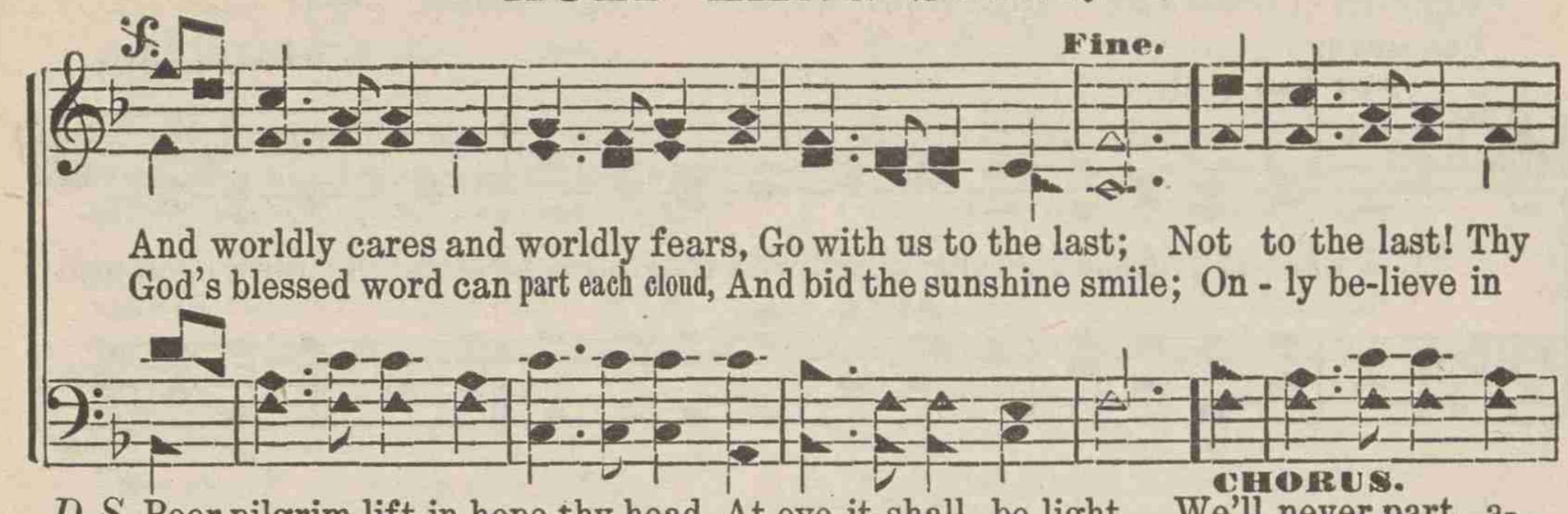
Unknown. Scotch air. Arr. by D. E. Dortch,



1. We jour - ney through a vale of tears, By many a cloud o'er - cast;
2. Tho' earth-born shad - ows now may shroud, Thy thorn - y path a - while;

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

AUULD LANG SYNE.





3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace;
Shine sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease;
Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled,
At eve it shall be light.

306. The Mighty God.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 O who is like the mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky?
Who compasseth the universe
With His all-searching eye;
At whose creative word appeared,
The dry land and the sea;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

2 Around Him suns and systems swim,
In harmony and light,
Before Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth He;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

3 Yes! though unlimited His works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall;
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend His ear to me,
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

MOIR.

307. Rise Above.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 Soldies of Christ, why thus cast down,
Why droops thy nerveless hand?
Have faith and hope and courage gone?
Fear'st thou the alien band?
Take heart, 'twill not be always night;
Through riven clouds afar,
Gleams down in rays of diamond light,
The Bright and Morning Star.

2 Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath sufferings rod;
The fight thou wagest, is the care
Of the all-loving God:
Joy comes thro' sorrow, death brings life;
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams on darkest night of strife,
The Bright and Morning Star.

3 Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant faith already hears,
Truth's glad victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far;
Once more to Him their offerings bring,
The Bright and Morning Star.

4 Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye through dust and tears may see
On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I'll give to thee,"
The Bright and Morning Star.

Author unknown.

308. JOYOUS CHORUS. 7s & 6s. D.

Unknown. E. L. WHITE. Arr.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Angels look on in wonder,
They can not join that song;
But list in silent rapture,
While saints the notes prolong;
Make me a saint in glory,
O let me see Thy face;
Like those who, now before Thee,
Repeat Thy wondrous grace.

3 They cast their crowns before Thee,
They hail Thee, Saviour, King;
And while they then adore Thee,
New praises strive to sing;
And thus through endless ages,
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages,
Thy love unchanging flows.

3 I would not be an angel—
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ, the crucified;
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At His right hand He'll place me,
In our eternal home.

309. I Love to Hear the Story.

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308.

1 I love to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad the blessed Savior
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He loves my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among the angels,
Because He loves me so.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

310. PLEASANT PATHWAYS. (National).

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

1 We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise;
'Twas His kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

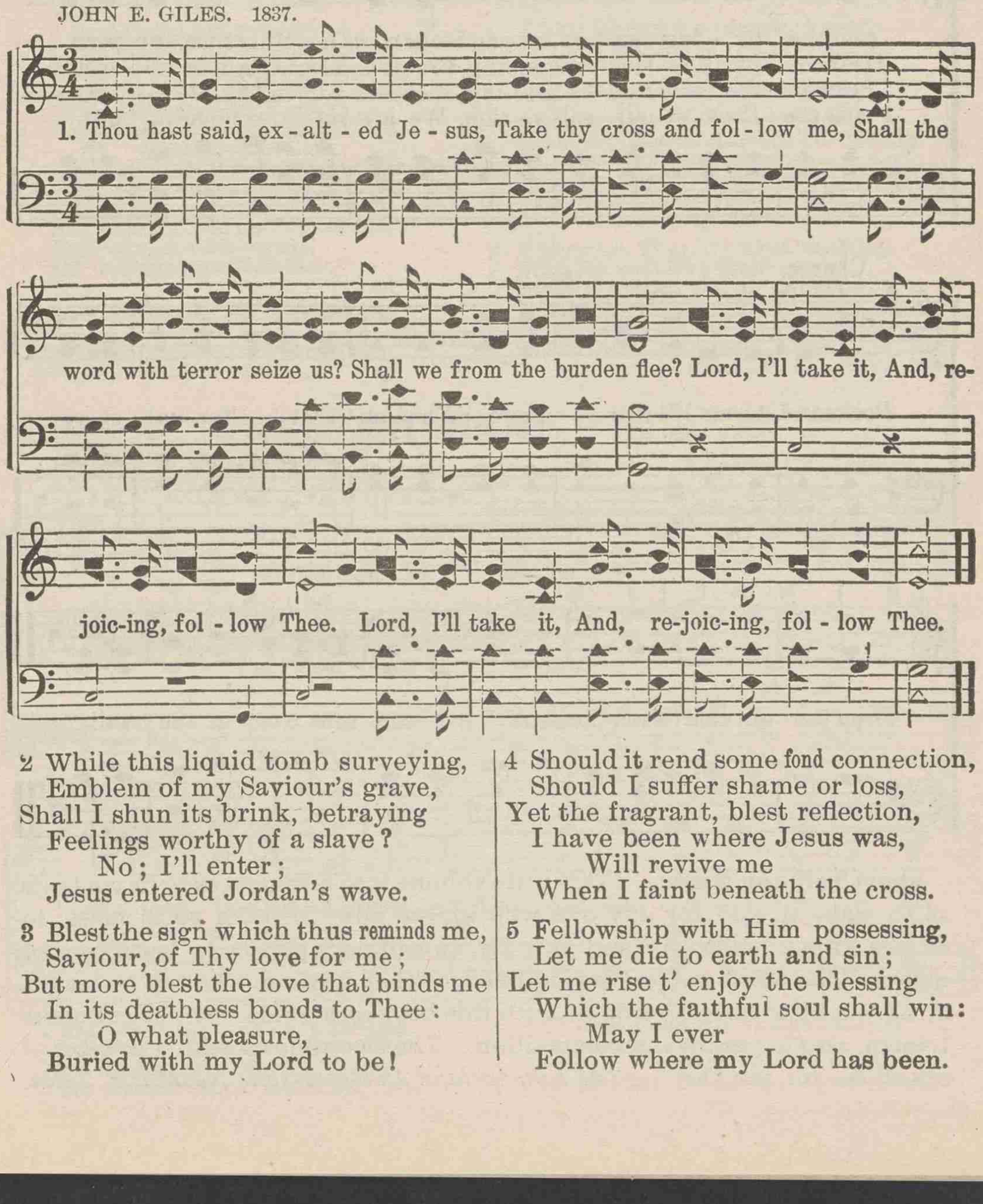
2 We'll thank Him for the Sabbath,
This holy day of rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The Book we love the best;
For church and schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We thank Thee for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience
And right to worship God;
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may Thy gracious scepter
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to Thy command;
Send forth Thy gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

311. DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s, 4.

JOHN E. GILES. 1837.



2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No; I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

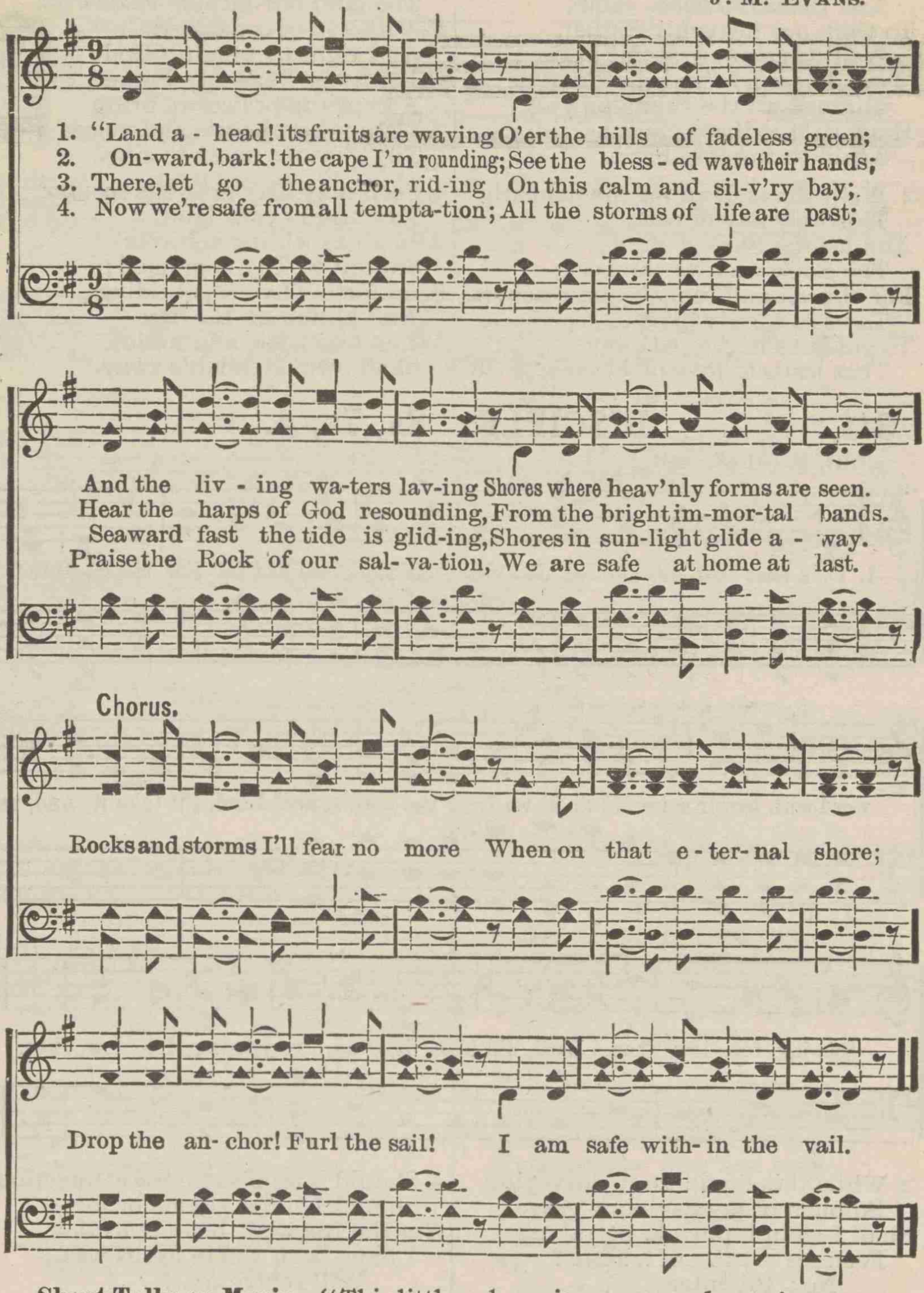
3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

No. 312 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

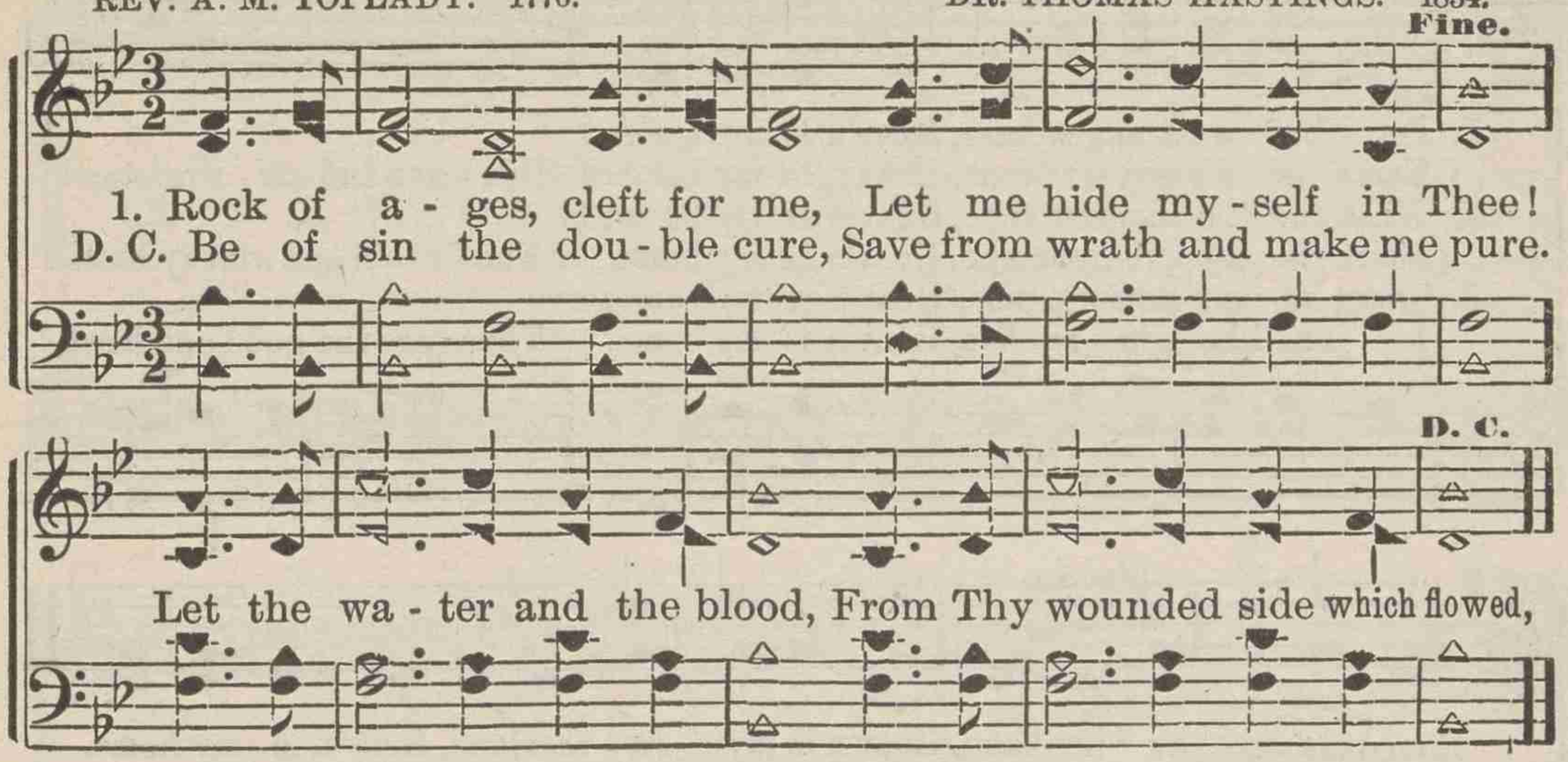


Short Talks on Music. "This little volume is so arranged as to its contents as to make it easy for any one who knows how, to teach vocal music to classes without difficulty, and easy for an ordinary person to learn to read music. The whole subject is simplified, so that any one who can be taught at all ought to have no trouble with this book as a guide. Voice culture is treated, also harmony and composition. The book closes with a number of selections for practice."—*The Cumberland Presbyterian; Nashville, Tenn.*

313. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite 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.

314. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

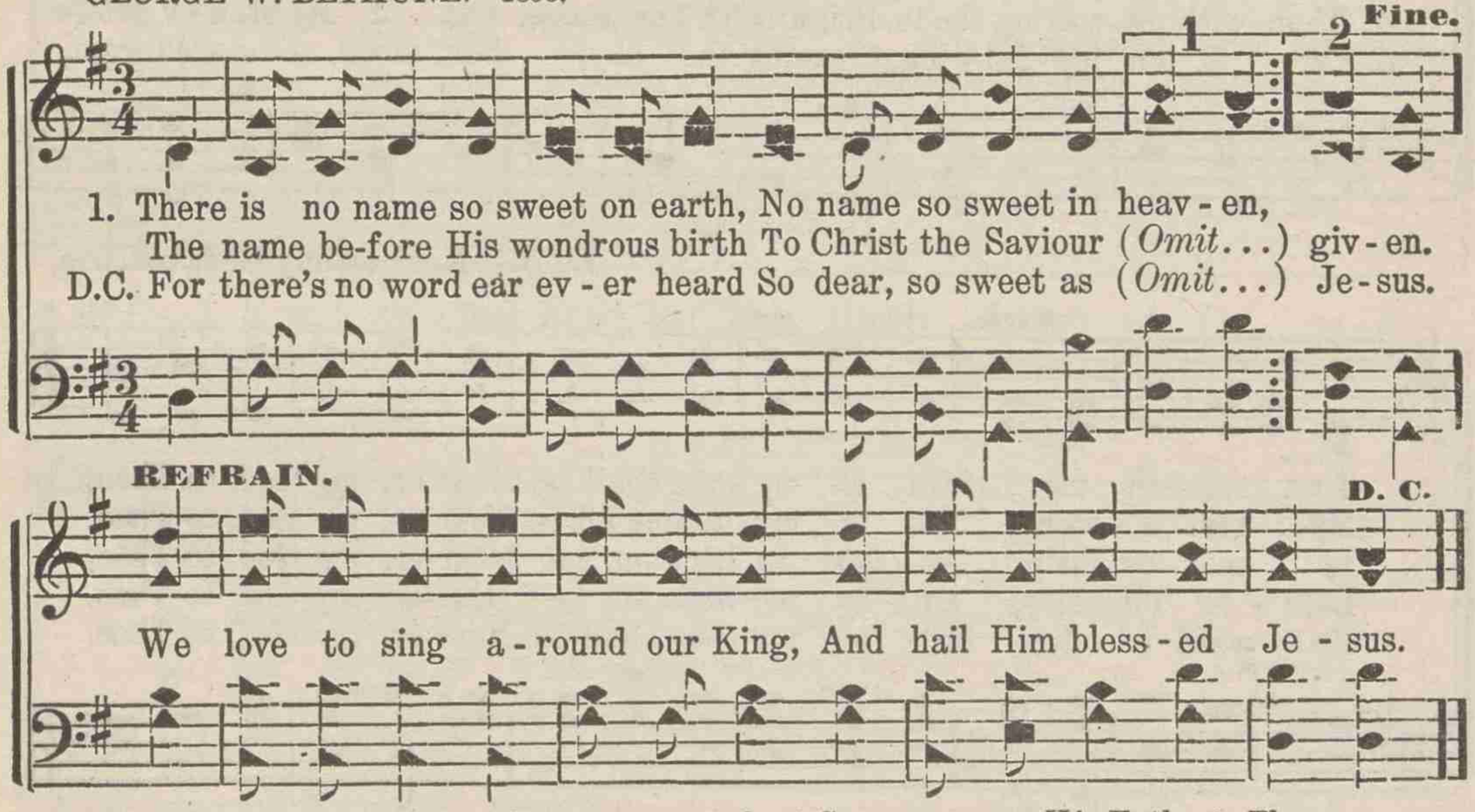
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

Henry L. Morehouse. 1872.

315. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him,—Ref.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Ref.

316. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



317. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

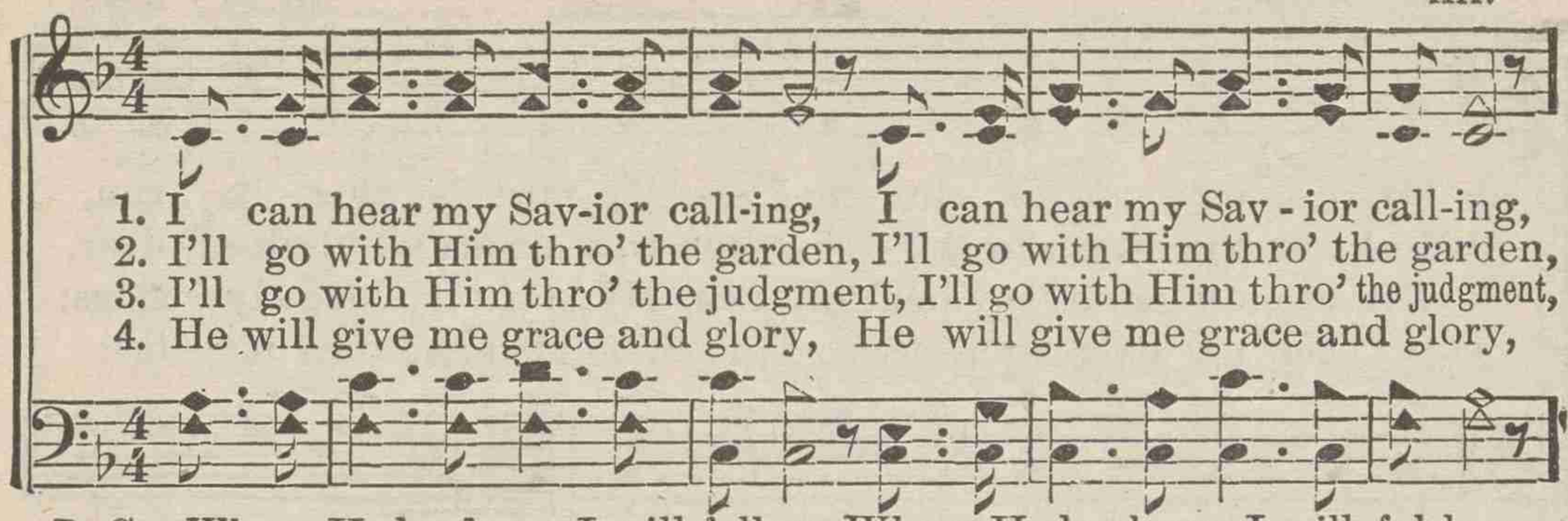
(BETHANY.)

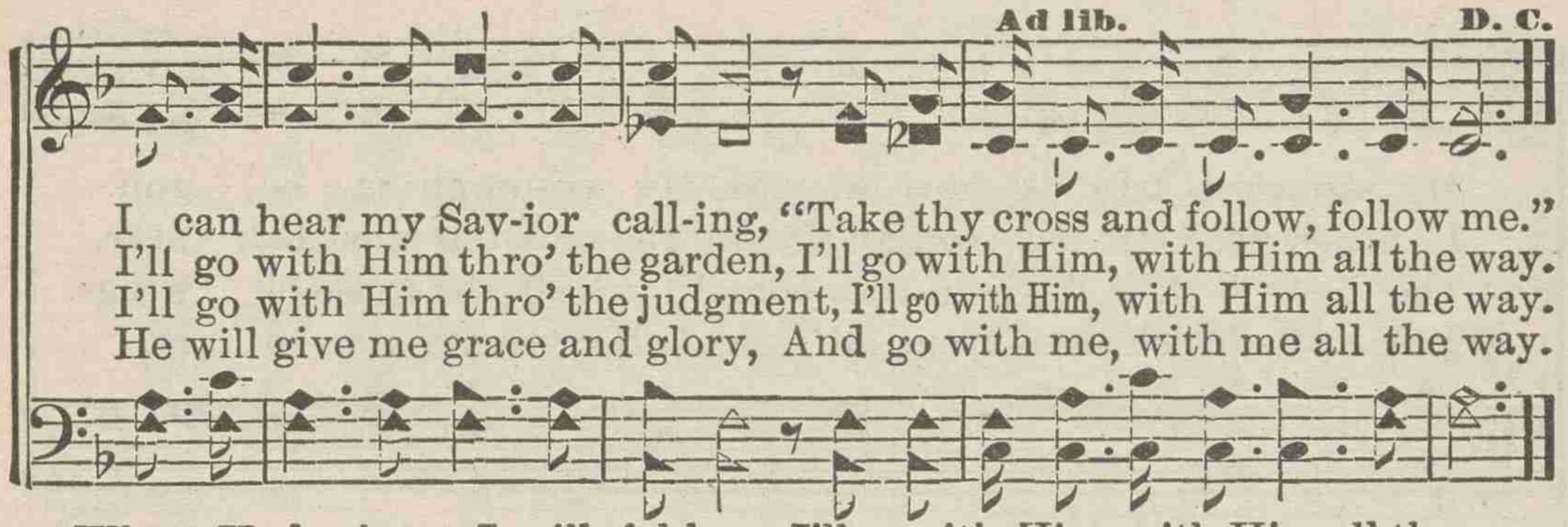
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



318. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

Arr.

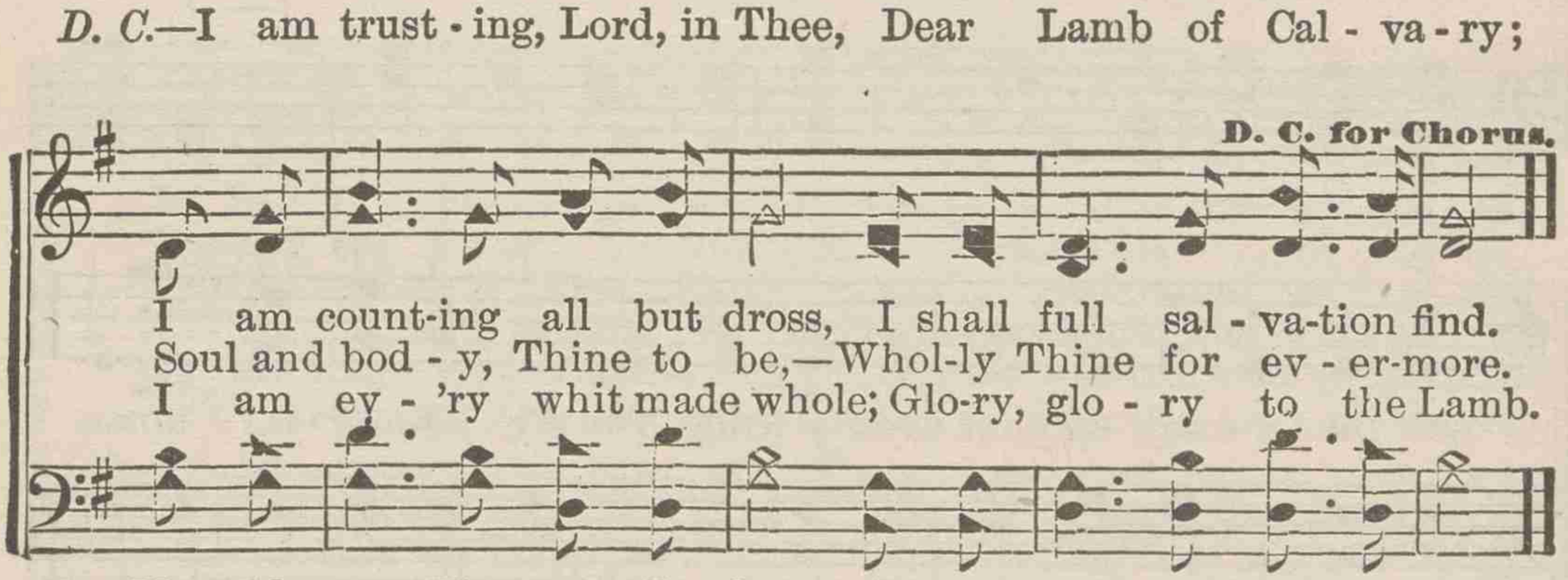




319. I AM COMING.

W. G. Fischer.





320. ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arr. by J. B. V.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-
way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O
bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

321. OUR BONDAGE HERE SHALL END.

Arranged.

1. Our bond-age here shall end, By and by, by and by; Our
2. Our De - liver - er will come, By and by, by and by; Our
3. Tho' our ene-mies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on; Tho'
4. Thro' Ma - ra's bit - ter streams We'll go on, we'll go on; Thro'
5. And when to Jor-dan's flood, We are come, we are come; And
6. Then with all the happy throng, We'll re - joice, we'll re - joice; Shout-

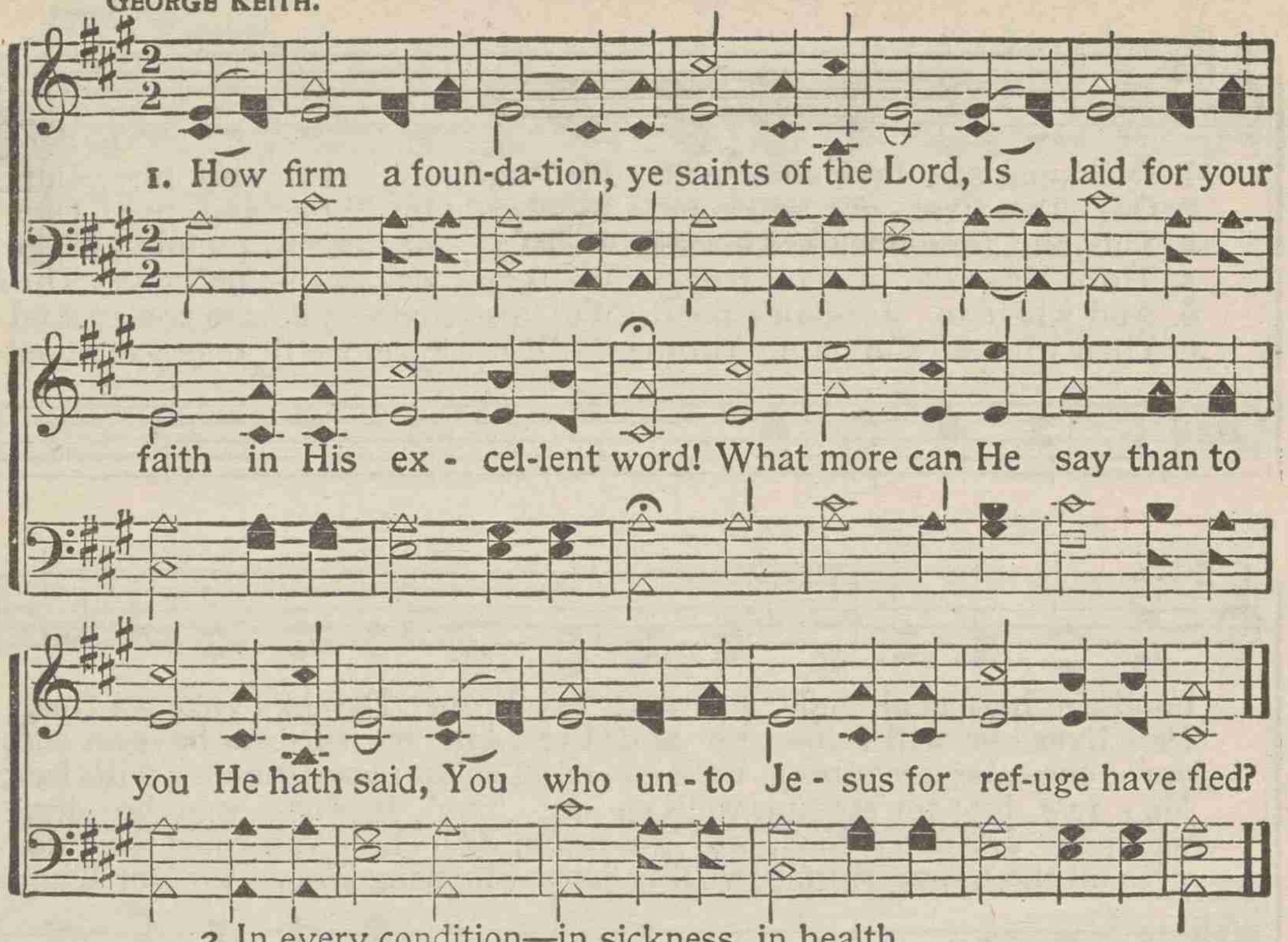
bond-age here shall end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
De - liver - er will come, by and by; And our sorrows have an end,
our ene-mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Ma - ra's bit - ter streams we'll go on; Tho' Ba - ca's vale be dry,
when to Jor-dan's flood, we are come; Je - ho - vah rules the tide,
with all the happy throng, we'll re-joice; Shouting glory to our King,

Hail the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn,
With our three-score years and ten, And vast glo - ry crown the day,
Lo, Sin - ai's God is near, While the fier - y pil - lar moves,
And the land yield no sup - ply, To a land of corn and wine,
And the wa - ters He'll di - vide, And the ransomed host shall shout,
Till the vaults of heav'n shall ring, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

By and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll re-turn by and by.
By and by, by and by, And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
We'll go on, we'll go on, While the fier-y pil-lar moves, we'll go on.
We'll go on, we'll go on, To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
We are come, we are come, And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.
We'll rejoice, we'll re-joice, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, we'll re-joice.

322. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

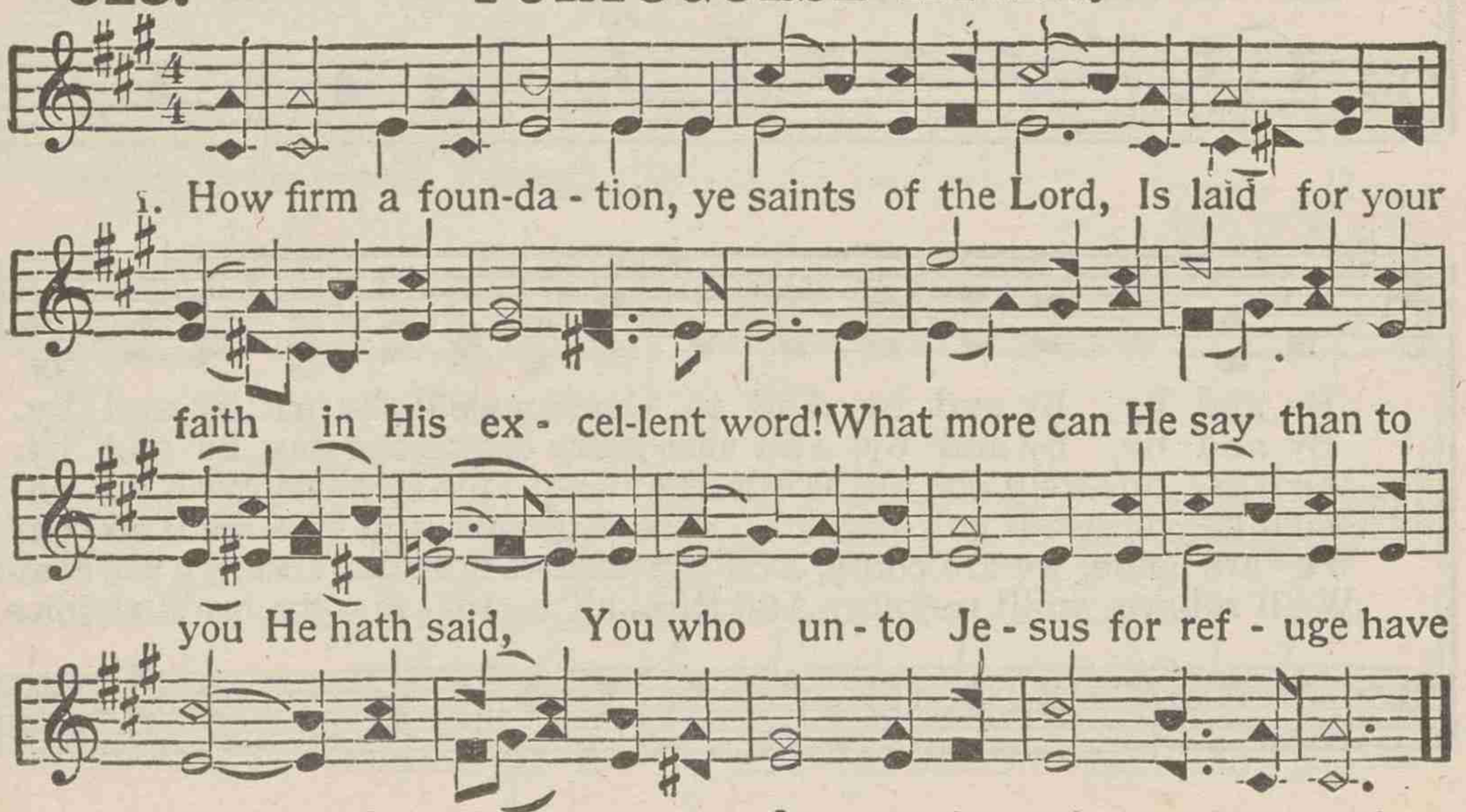


2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "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."

323. PORTUGUESE HYMN.



INDEX.

	No.
Abide with Me	139
According to Thy Word	138
A Letter from My Father	66
Alleluiah	67
All of Grace	60
Angels Hovering Round	73
Beautiful Life of Service	54
Blessed Assurance	91
Blessed Sunshine of Love	62
By and By	58
Christ B4 Pilot	34
Come to the Saviour and Live	116
Dig Some Ditches	57
Do You Want a Friend	12
Doxology	3
Give Over the Keys	80
Gloria Patri (1)	165
Gloria Patri (2)	166
Glorious Fountain	146
Glorious Redemption	43
Glory to His Name	2
Glory to Jesus	134
God Bless U	152
God is On the Winning Side	32
God Holds the Key	61
Grace is Free	77
Growing in the Garden	53
Hallelujah	14
Heaven, Jesus, Angels	105
He Leadeth Me	160
He's Calling for Thee	63
He's the Pilot at the Wheel	111
He Supplieth My Need	82
He was Found Worthy	137
He will Save U	150
His Way with Thee	45
Holy, Holy	1
Home, Beautiful Home	81
Home of Rest	47
Hope in the Children	110
Hosanna to the Son of David	100
How Sweet to Wake	72
I Am Thine	89
I am Kept by Him Alone	115
I am Trusting Thee	123
I Can, I Will	145
I Dare Not Idle Stand	127
I Gave My Life	147
I Know He Cares	98
I Must Tell Jesus	38
I'm Bearing a Message	148
In the Golden Sunlight	113
Is My Name Written There	156
I Shall B Satisfied Then	128
Is Thy Heart Right	119
Is Ure All on the Altar	22
Jacob's Ladder	135
Jesus, Loves Me	97
Jesus of Nazareth	163
Jesus is Watching U	49
Jesus Paid it All	162
Keep Singing as U Climb	120
Let the Holy Ghost Come in	29
Let the King of Glory in	15
Looking Back	121
Look Unto Me	88
Lost in God's Will	74
Made Perfect Thru Suffering	142
Marching Bravely On	19
May U Gain Many Stars	76
More Like Jesus	93
My Anchor Holds	83
My Jesus, I Love Thee	158
My Soul is Weary	86
Nature's Chorus	109
Nearer, My God	144

	No.
Nearer than I Think	131
Never Cease to Fight	9
No Compromise	99
No Night There	59
No Other Place so Beautiful as	122
Nothing Satisfies but Jesus	107
Old Hundred	4
One at a Time	118
Only a Broken Heart	35
On the Wings of the Morn	41
O That Beautiful Crown	155
O That Beautiful Home	31
Palms Waving	75
Pass Me Not	69
Peace B Still	133
Praise Waiteth for Thee	40
Remembered in Ure Prayer	84
Room at the Cross	154
Satisfied Then	106
Sends Showers of Blessing	8
Sessions	5
Sheltered by the Rock	55
Silent Thots	71
Simply Trusting	103
So Great a Salvation	124
Some Day, I Cannot Tell	25
Some Mother's Child	117
Some Sweet Day	87
Something for Jesus	161
Song of the Angels	79
Speak Just a Word	27
Standing by the Cross	149
Sunned with Cloudless Hopes	36
Take Jesus on the Ship	101
Tenderly Care for the Children	153
The Best and Brightest Days	52
The Business of the King	132
The Cross Roads	92
The Eternal Three	7
The Gate Ajar	164
The Glad Reunion Yonder	10
The Gospel Shall Triumph	13
The Grand Old Gospel	64
The Great Judgment Morning	51
The Hills of God	11
The Kingdom to Come	104
The Lily in the Bog	157
The Light of the Gospel	95
The Lord at the Loom	17
The Lord Keeps Me	68
The Love Most Amazing	16
The Man of Galilee	108
The Mind of Christ	140
The New Glory Song	151
The Old Account Settled	26
The One Found Worth	44
The Road Leads Home	56
The Resurrection	78
The Shelf Behind the Door	96
There is Joy	125
There is No Sorrow	21
There is Power in the Gospel	114
There Shall be No More Sea	143
The Song of Redemption	30
There's a Great Day Coming	50
The Summons to the Wedding	20
They are Waiting for Me	112
Thou, God, Seest Me	141
Till We Meet Again	126
To the Work	18
Trifle Not with Grace	85
Triple Doxology	6
U are Needed	23
U May Have the Joy Bells	28
U May if U Will	48
Victory is Our Battle Cry	90
We are Marching	102
We Shall Meet them in the Morning	24
We Shall See His Blessed Face	33
We Shall Rest at the Fountain	95
We Shall See Him	70
What Shall Our Answers Be	94
Whatsoever	130
When I Think About the Cross	65
When the Crowning Time Shall	42
When the Flowers of Grace are	136
Whiter than Snow	159
Whosoever Will, May Come	39
Why Not Come	37
Wonderful Glory for Me	129
Wonderful Story of Love	46

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PART II.

INDEX TO OUR CHURCH SONGS.

A

222 Abide with Me.
250 A Charge to Keep I Have.
303 Alas! and did my Savior.
168 A Little Talk with Jesus.
197 Alleluia.
245 All Hail the Power of.
291 Amazing Grace, how Sweet.
259 America.
186 Am I a Soldier of.
169 Am I a Soldier.
251 And Can I Yet.
320 Angel Band.
287 Angels from the Realms.
213 Antioch.
234 Ariel.
205 Arise, My Soul, Arise.
240 Arlington.
177 Asleep in Jesus.
167 At the Fountain.
305 Auld Lang Syne.
237 Awake, My Soul.
271 Awake, Ye Saints.
243 Azmon.

B

169 Battle Hymn.
180 Bealoth.
304 Behold the Glorious Banner.
249 Blest be the Tie.
251 Boylston.
175 Brethren, We Have Met.
299 Bright Home of My Savior.

C

292 Christmas.
202 Come, Holy Ghost, in Love.
289 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly.
263 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.
260 Come, Thou Almighty King.
238 Come, Let Us Join.
187 Come to Jesus Just Now.
192 Come, We Who Love the Lord.
195 Come, Ye Disconsolate.
265 Come, Ye Sinners.
276 Come, Ye Thankful People.
245 Coronation.
279 Crosby.
285 Crown Him with Many Crowns.
283 Crown the Savior.
295 Crucifix.

D

210 Day by Day the Manna.
248 Dennis.
227 Depth of Mercy.
193 Did Christ O'er Sinners.
311 Disciple.
229 Duke Street.

E

293 Eternal Spirit, God of.
222 Eventide.
252 Evils of Intemperance.

F

191 Father, I Stretch My.
214 Father of Mercies.
302 Father, Whate'er of Earthly.
243 Forever Here My Rest.
314 Friend of Sinners.
229 From All that Dwell.
194 From Every Stormy Wind.
190 From Greenland's Icy Mountain.

G

231 Gloryfying in the Cross.
280 God Gave His Son.
255 Grace.
255 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.
176 Greenfield.
265 Greenville.
275 Guide.
266 Guide Me, O Thou Great.

H

232 Hamburg.
261 Happy Day.
201 Hark, the Song of Jubilee.
276 Harvest Home.
316 Heaven is My Home.
178 Hebron.
179 Hendon.
278 High in Yonder Realms.
228 Holy Bible, Book Divine.
225 Holy Ghost, with Light.
175 Holy Manna.
275 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.
298 Home, Sweet Home.
224 Horton.
322 How Firm a Foundation.
208 How Gentle God's Commands.
211 How Happy.
244 How Sweet the Name.
176 How Tedious and Tasteless.
269 Hursley.

I

319 I am Coming to the Cross.
189 I am Dwelling on the Mountain.
318 I Can Hear My Savior.
191 I Do Believe.
172 I Have a Father in the.
173 I Have Found a Friend.
309 I Love to Hear the Story.
180 I Love Thy Kingdom.
253 I Love Thy Kingdom.
308 I Want to Join the Ransomed.
318 I Will Follow Jesus.
316 I'm But a Stranger Here.
239 I'm Going Home.
247 In the Cross of Christ.
189 Is not this the Land.
160 Italian Hymn.

J

233 Jesus, and Shall it Ever.
290 Jesus Commands Us.
220 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
188 Jesus, may Thy Light.
230 Jesus Shall Reign.
219 Jesus, the Very Thought.
213 Joy to the World.
308 Joyous Chorus.
223 Just as I Am.

L

256 Laban.
312 Land ahead! its Fruits.
206 Leighton.
205 Lennox.
270 Lischer.
284 Lo, He Comes with.
283 Look, Ye Saints, the.
279 Lord, at Thy Mercy Seat.
254 Lord God, the Holy Ghost.
232 Lord, I am Thine.
301 Lord, in the Morning.
272 Lord, of the Worlds Above.
179 Lord, We Come.
226 Lord we Come.
204 Lyons.

M

215 Manoah.
221 Martyn.
298 'Mid Scenes of Confusion.
190 Missionary Hymn.
294 Mortals, Awake, with Angels.
252 Mourn for the Thousands.
288 Must Jesus bear the.
259 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.
258 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.
174 My Father is Rich.
239 My Heavenly Home.
320 My Latest Sun is Sinking.
257 My Soul, Be on thy Guard.

N

300 Naomi.
317 Nearer, My God to Thee.
263 Nettleton.
202 New Haven.
233 Not Ashamed of Jesus.

O

171 O Blessed Jesus, Hear.
234 O Could I Speak the.
240 O for a Heart to.
185 O for a Heart to Praise.
241 O for a Faith that.
183 O for a Thousand Tongues.
246 O for a Thousand.
261 O Happy Day.
295 O Jesus Thou Art.
170 O Land of Rest.
171 O Save Me at the Cross.
306 O Who is Like the.
280 O Wondrous Love.
204 O Worship the King.
167 Of Him Who Did.
258 Olivet.
282 On the Mountain Top.
181 Onward Christian Soldiers.
321 Our Bondage Here Shall.

P

310 Pleasant Pathways.
227 Pleyel's Hymn.
323 Portuguese Hymn.
224 Prince of Peace, Control.

R

247 Rathbun.
220 Refuge.
248 Revive Thy Work.
262 Revive Us Again.
307 Rise Above Discourgements.
313 Rock of Ages.

S

203 Safely Through Another Week.
312 Safe within the Vale.
273 Salvation, oh the.
184 Salvation, O the Joyful.
171 Save Me at the Cross.
286 Savior, Like a Shepherd.
209 Seymour.
286 Shepherd.
209 Softly Now the Light.
307 Soldier of Christ.
300 Spirit of Holiness.
256 Spirit of Faith.
267 Stand Up for Jesus.
267 Stand Up, Stand Up.
218 St. Agnes.
253 St. Thomas.
277 Strive to Enter at the.
269 Sun of My Soul.
315 Sweetest Name.
196 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

T

304 The Banner of Salvation.
174 The Child of a King.
244 The Dearest Name.
173 The Lily of the Valley.
306 The Mighty God.
268 The Morning Light.
266 The Pilgrim's Guide.
206 The Praying Spirit.
236 The Prince of Peace.
172 The Promised Land.
199 The Road to Heaven.
284 The Second Advent.
188 The Way, Truth, Life.
235 There is a Fountain.
218 There is an Eye.
198 There is a Happy Land.
212 There is a Land of Pure.
315 There is no Name.
216 There is no Sorrow.
217 Thou Art the Way.
311 Thou Hast Said, Exalted.
178 Thus far the Lord Has.
236 To Us a Child of Hope.

U

274 Unity.

V

211 Varina.

W

200 Watchman.
200 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.
267 Webb.
297 We Bring No Glittering Treasures.
305 We Journey Through.
310 We Meet Again in.
262 We Praise Thee, O God.
207 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.
270 Welcome, Delightful Morn.
170 We'll Wait Till Jesus.
264 What a Friend We Have.
296 When His Salvation Bringing.
231 When I Survey the Wondrous.
274 When Shall We Meet Again.
168 While fighting for my.
292 While Shepherds Watched.
215 With Joy We Hail.
223 Woodworth.

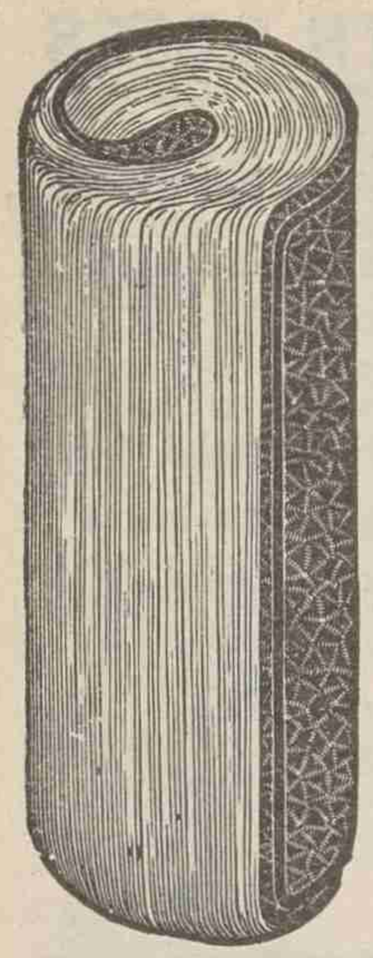
Y

182 Yield not to Temptation.

Z

236 Zerah.
281 Zion.
281 Zion Stands with Hills.

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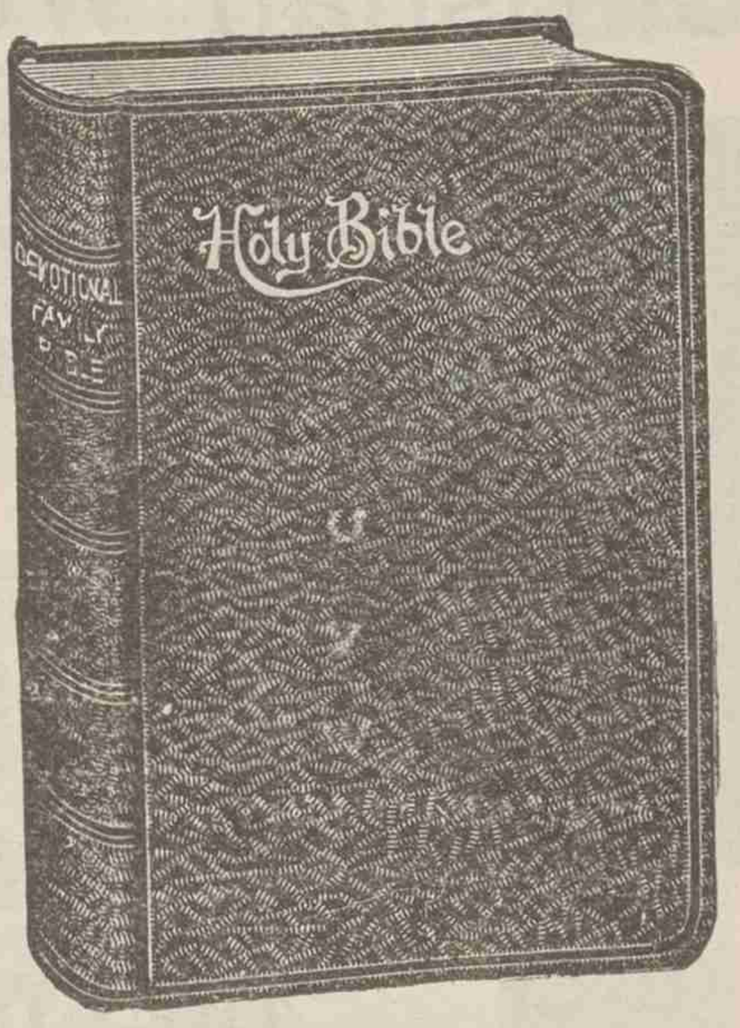
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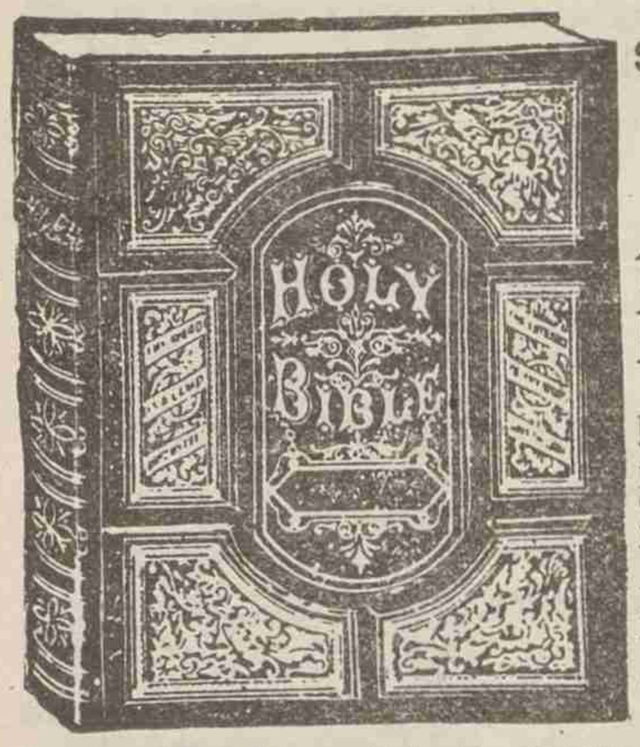
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5 For neither did his brethren
believe in him.[b]
6 Then Jesus said unto them,
My time is[1] not yet come:[c] but
your time is always ready.

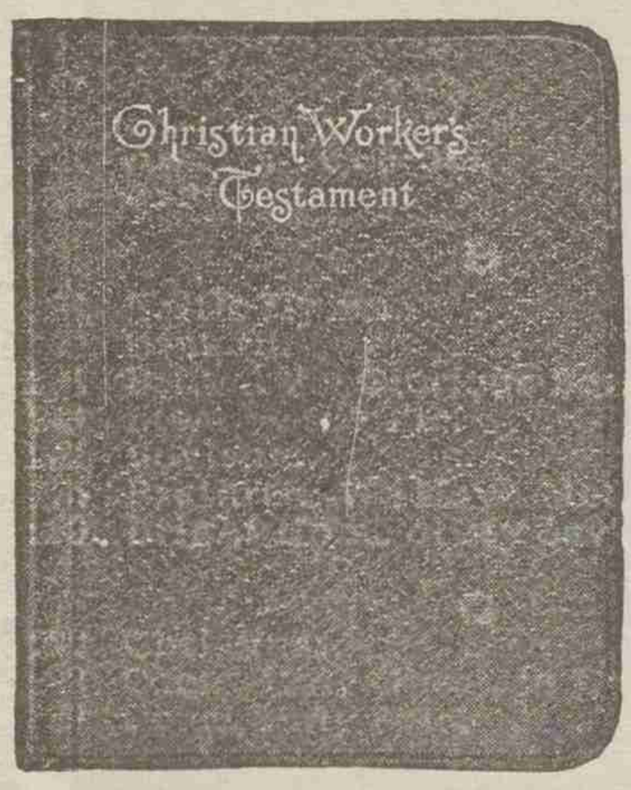
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is against me; and he that
gathereth not with me scatter-
eth abroad. **A.** Mark 9. 40.

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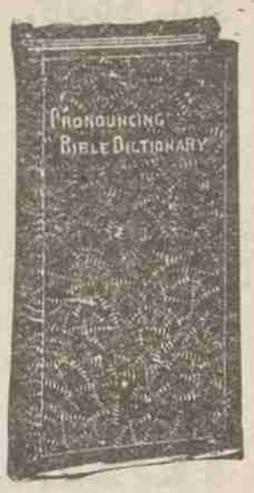
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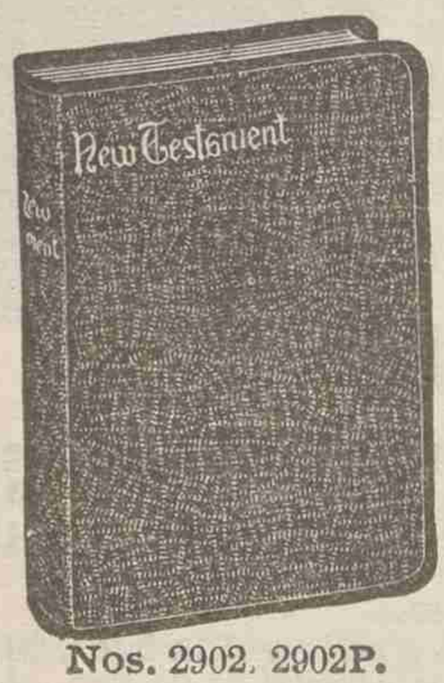
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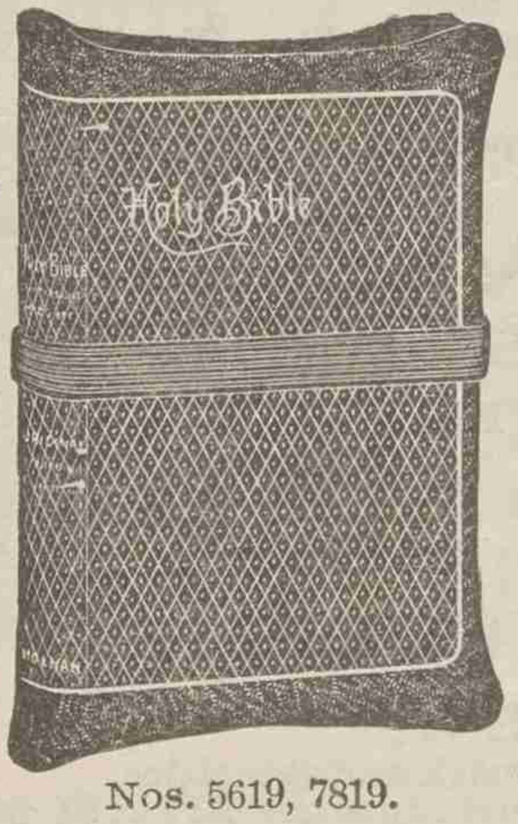
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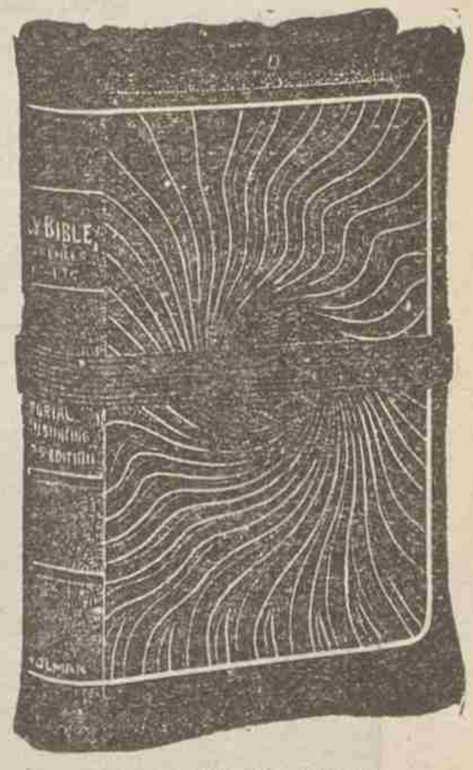
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