# Canaan Melodies

Let Everything That Hath Breath

## Praise the Lord


**Arthur F. Ingler**
*Editor*

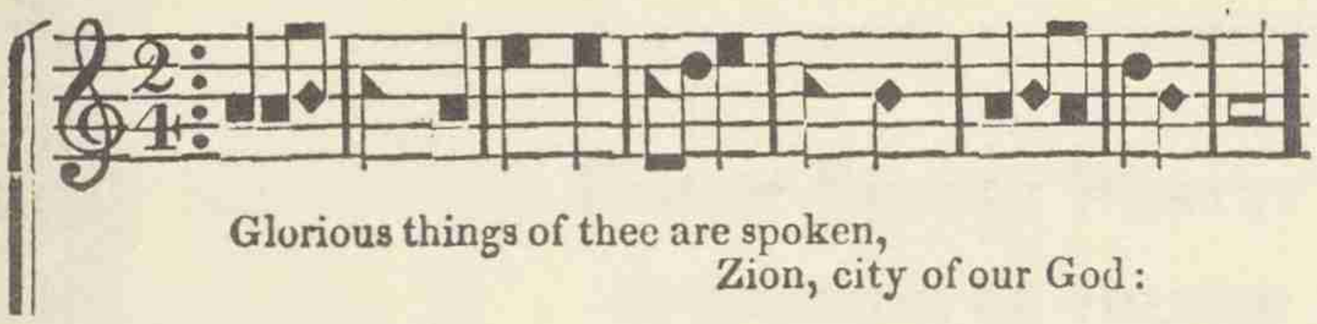
**Wm. J. Kirkpatrick**
*Contributing Editor*



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# CANAAN MELODIES.

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## No. 1. Living In Canaan.

J. G. G. and A. F. I. Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinne, Agt. J. GLENN GOULD.

1. I am prais-ing God for full re-demp-tion, Sal - va - tion
2. I re - mem-ber how I fought the tempter And tried to
3. It was Christ that sanc-ti - fied me whol - ly, 'Twas He who
4. Ca - naan now is o - pen to be - liev-ers, Its milk and

to the ut - ter-most, That brings to all a per-fect cleansing,
hold my vantage ground ; But when I gave my strug - gling o - ver
cleansed away my sin ; Destroyed my car - nal na - ture ful - ly,
wine and fruits are free ; By faith now make the fi - nal cross-ing,

CHORUS.

And fill - ing with the Holy Ghost.
I trusted Christ and cleansing found. Praise the Lord, I'm living now in
And pur - i - fied my heart within.
And all things clearly thou shalt see.

Canaan, Praise the Lord, I'm free from inbred sin ; Yes, my soul is

*rit.*

cleansed from all corruption, The Ho - ly Ghost a - bides with-in.

# No. 2. Canaan Melodies.

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E. H. P. and A. F. I. REV. E. HILTON POST.

1. My heart is filled with singing, I'm hap - py all the time; With-
2. My life was full of pin - ing and grumbling ev-'ry day; But
3. You ask me, "What's the secret of such a hap - py frame?" I
4. O Christian, cease your struggling with carnal nature's pow'r, And

in the bells are ringing their mel-o-dy sublime. The mu sic of re -
now 'tis spent in shining and singing on the way. My soul is filled with
answer, 'tis the Spirit that keeps my heart a-flame. He sanc-ti - fies me
seek the *sec - ond bless-ing* for pur - i- ty this hour. Your service for the

demption is waft-ed on the breeze, My soul is filled with glory And
laughter, and with me it a-grees, So now I'm always sing-ing, Sweet
whol - ly, from sin my soul He frees, And fills me with His glory And
Mas- ter will then be done with ease, And you'll be always singing, Sweet

CHORUS.

Ca - naan mel - o - dies. O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! my
soul is sanc - ti - fied; He fills me with His glo - ry as in Him

I con-fide. I have the "second blessing," I'm free from sin's disease,

And now I'm al - ways sing - ing, Sweet Ca-naan mel - o - dies.

## No. 3. Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE. Arr. from FOSTER.

1. A friend of Je - sus, O what bliss, That one so vile as I Should ev - er have a friend like this To lead me to the sky.
2. A friend when other friendships cease, A friend when others fail, A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend when foes as - sail. Friend-ship with Je - sus, thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
3. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near, A friend as meet on heaven's shore, A friend when home at last.
4. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past, A friend to

CHORUS.

Fel-low-ship di-vine, O what blessed, sweet communion, Jesus is a friend of mine.

# No. 4. The Blood Will Never Lose Its Power.

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MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. The blood that Je - sus once shed for me, As my Re-deem-er, up - on the tree; The blood that set-teth the pris'ner free, Will nev - er lose its pow'r.
2. It gives us ac - cess to God on high, From "far-off plac-es" it brings us nigh; To precious blessings that never die, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
3. It is a shel-ter for rich and poor, It is to heav-en the o - pen door; The sinner's mer - it for ev - er-more, It will nev - er lose its pow'r.
4. And when with all the blood-washed throng We sing in glo - ry re-demp-tion's song; We'll pass the glo-ri - ous truth a-long, It has nev - er lost its pow'r.
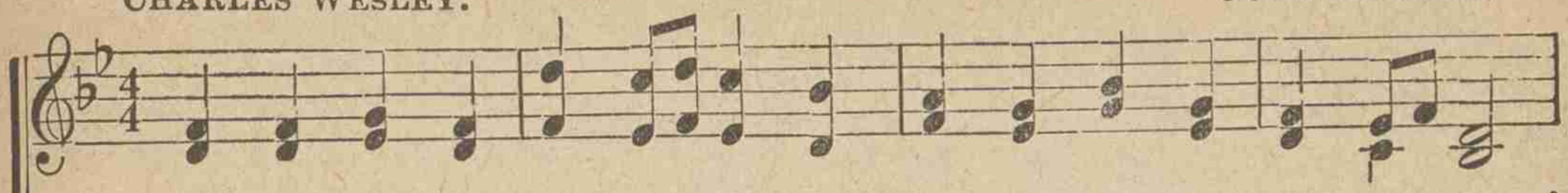
CHORUS.

It will nev - er lose its pow'r,.... It will nev - er lose its pow'r;....
ho - ly pow'r, ho - ly pow'r;
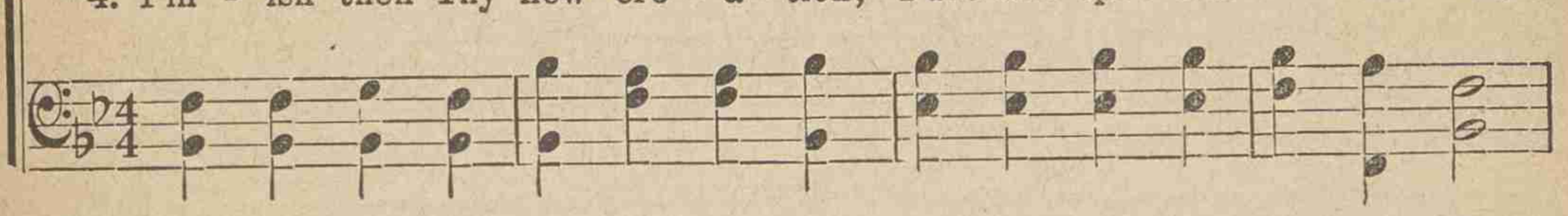
The blood that cleans-es from all sin Will nev - er lose its pow'r.

## No. 5. Love Divine.
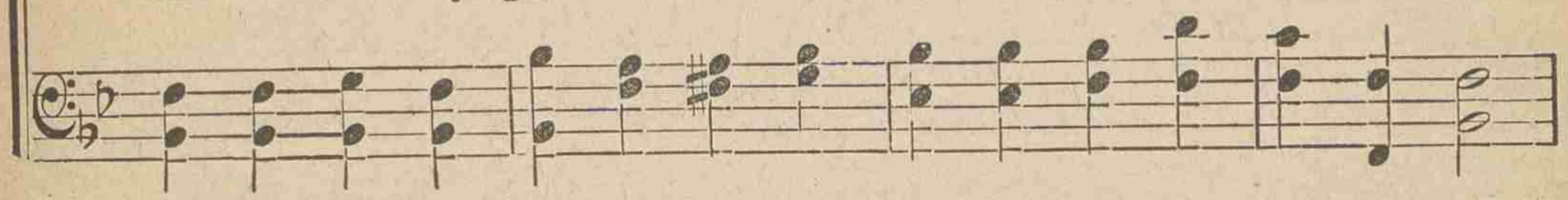
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL,



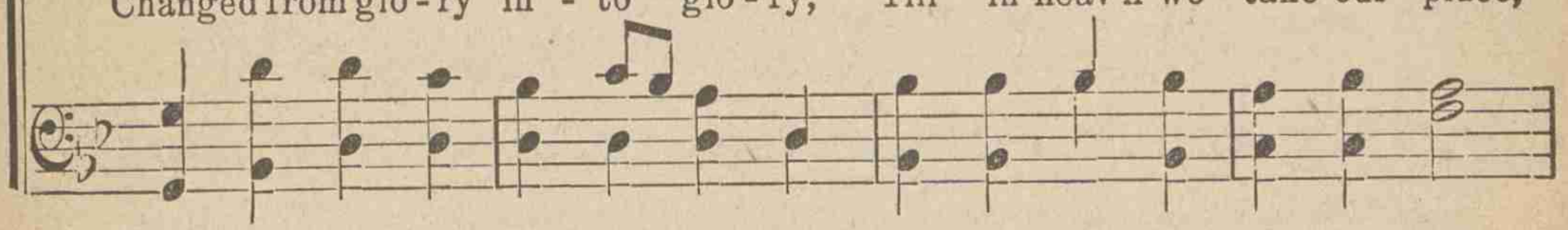
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
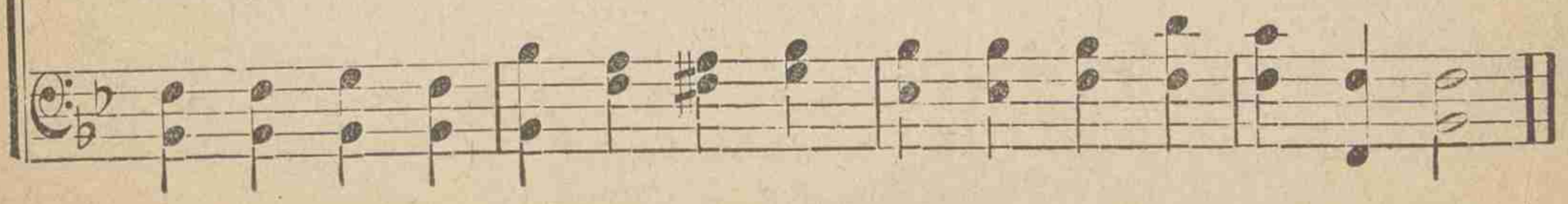


Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee.



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



# No. 6. 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1910, by J. M. Harris. By per. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.
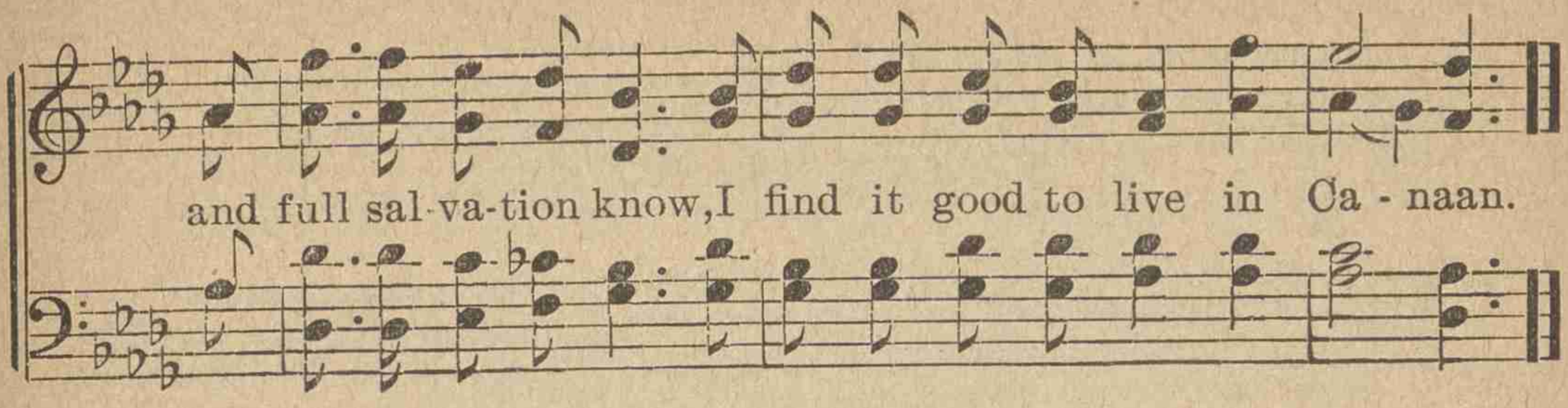
1. I heard God's voice commanding, "go up the land pos-sess," And trust-ing in His grace I fol-lowed on; From Egypt's cru-el bondage
2. The land I'm now ex-plor-ing and get-ting far - ther in, And tenting t'ward the highlands ev'ry day; Still farther from the lowlands
3. This land of peace and plen-ty is yours by faith to claim, There's per-fect love and rest from in-bred sin, Its mountain heights possessing

and from the wil-der-ness, From Kadesh in-to Ca-naan I have gone.
of un - be-lief and sin, From glo-ry un - to glo - ry all the way.
thro' faith in Jesus' name, Cross o-ver and the vic-t'ry life be - gin.

CHORUS.

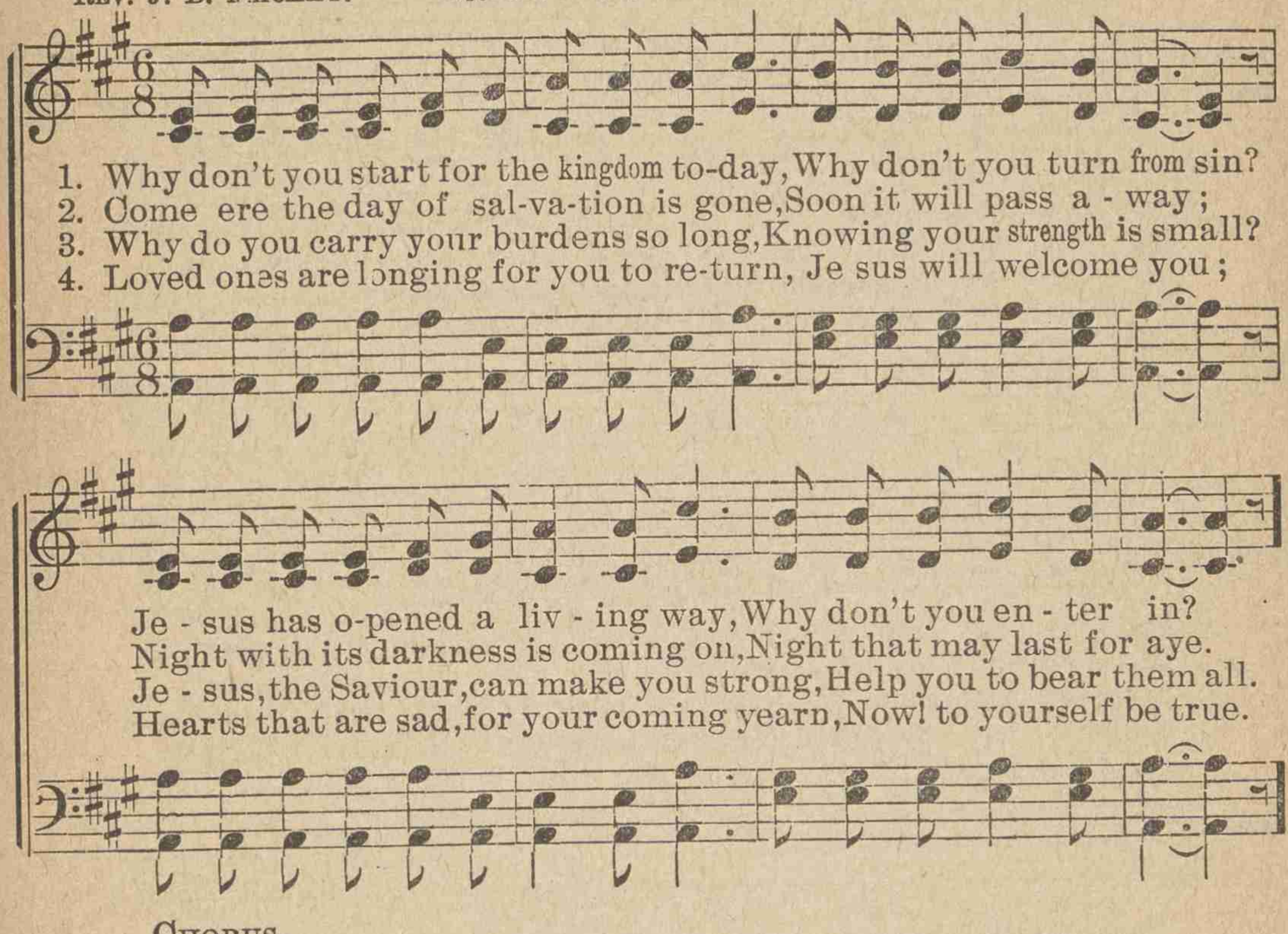
'Tis good to live in Canaan where grapes of Eschol grow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan where milk and honey flow; 'Tis good to live in Canaan

## 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan. Concluded.




## No. 7. Now Is the Day!

REV. J. B. MACKAY. Copyright, 1907, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



# No. 8. Some Day.

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J. G. G. and A. F. I.

J. GLENN GOULD.

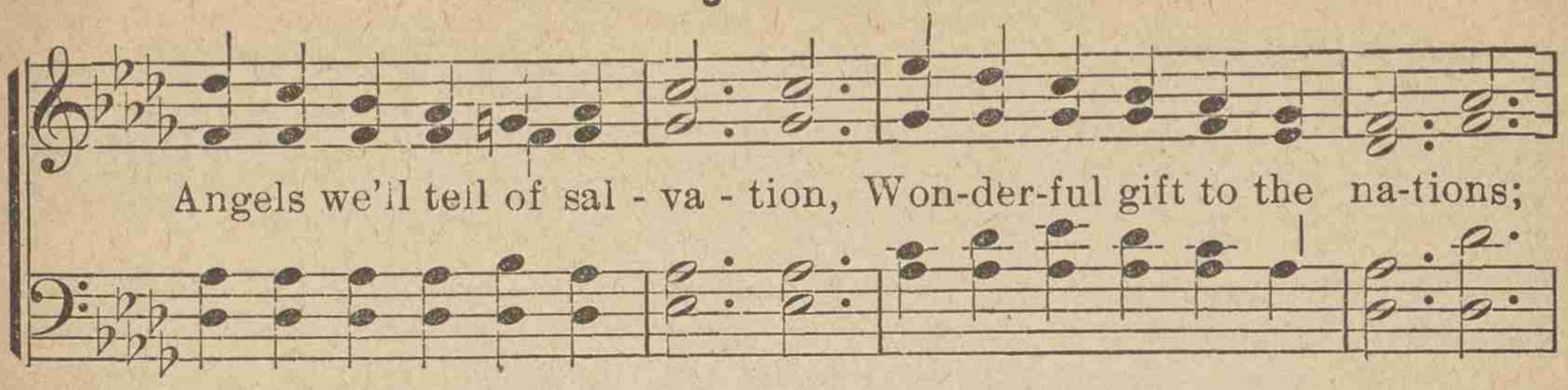
1. So me day when all of life's sad-ness is o - ver, And we shall stand on that beau - ti - ful shore; When all our heart-aches are
2. Oh, praise the Lord for the gift of the Saviour! Fa - vor di- vine to the chil - dren of men; But all the joys of our
3. Free from all sor - row, all care and all sigh-ing, Free from the pain that we can't un - der-stand; In that bright cit - y there's
4. Some day the King will re - turn in His beau-ty; Some day our loved ones will greet us a - gain; Some day we'll join in the
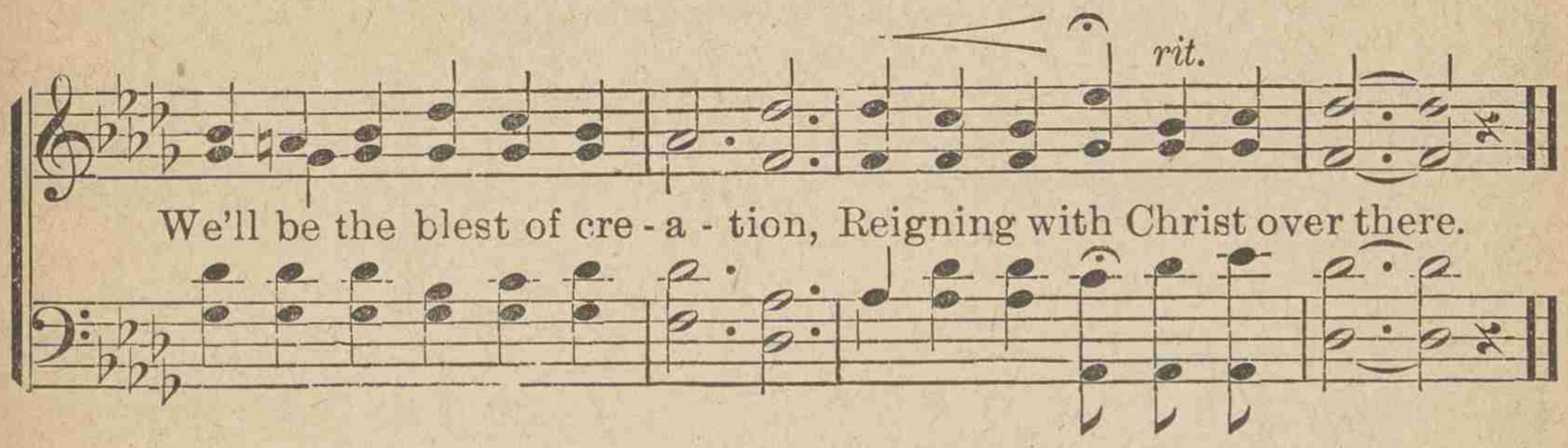
end - ed for - ev - er, Dwelling with Christ ev-er - more,—
life here with Je - sus Burst in - to ec - sta - cies then.
noth-ing but gladness, Oh, let me fly to that land!
songs of the an-gels, That will be glo - ri - ous then.

CHORUS.

We'll tell the wonderful sto - ry, There with the King in His glo - ry;
Je-sus a mansion will give us, In that bright home over there;
He's prepared for us;

## Some Day. Concluded.



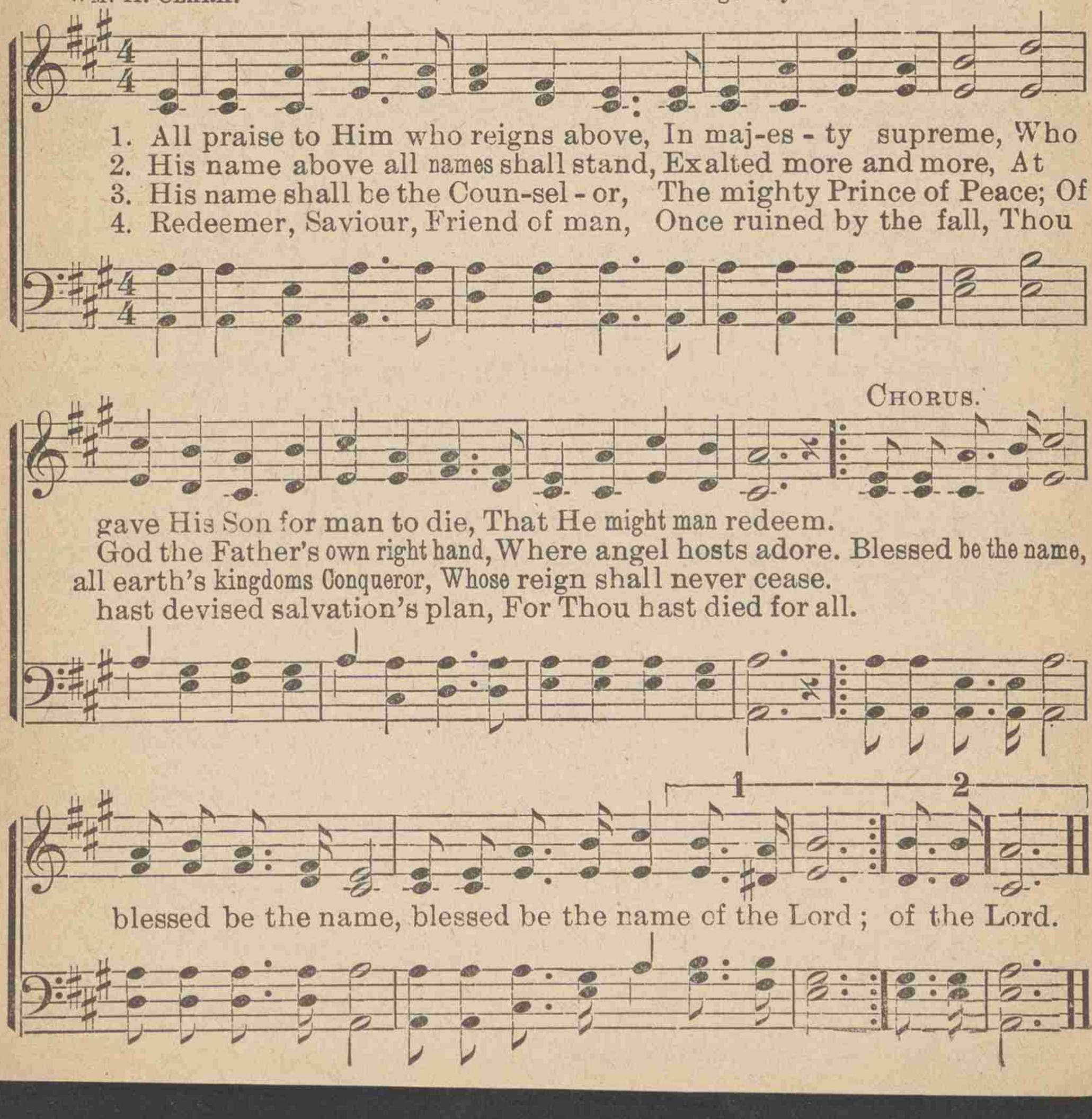




## No. 9. Blessed Be the Name.
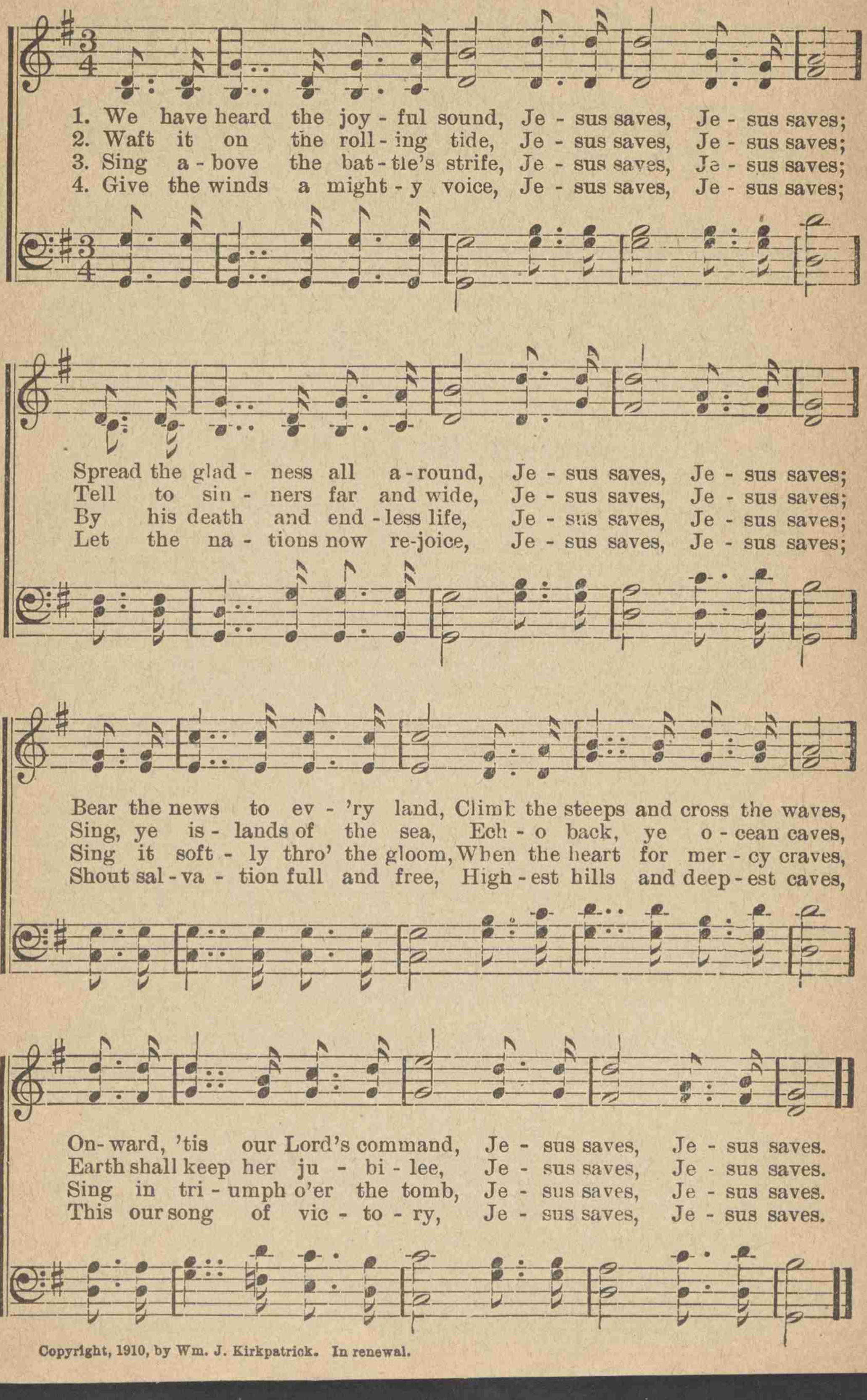
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WM. H. CLARK. Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



# No. 10. Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




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# No. 11. Home of the Soul.

*Moderato and effectuoso.* PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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

:S:

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

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

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

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

# No. 12. When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with power to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that woe can sadden, When love shines in, Love will teach us how to pray;
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re- joice in du - ty, When love shines in, Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest bur - den, lighter, When love shines in, 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship true and ten-der, When love shines in, When earth-vict'ries shall be won

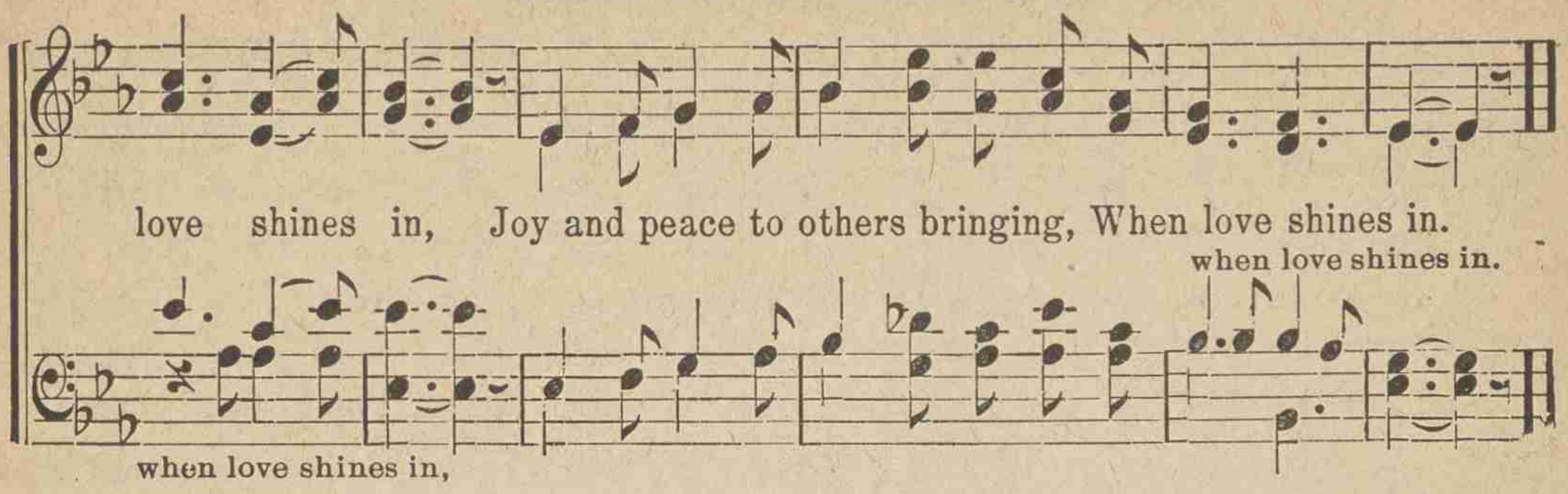
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When lovs shines in.
And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When
When love shines in, When love shines in.
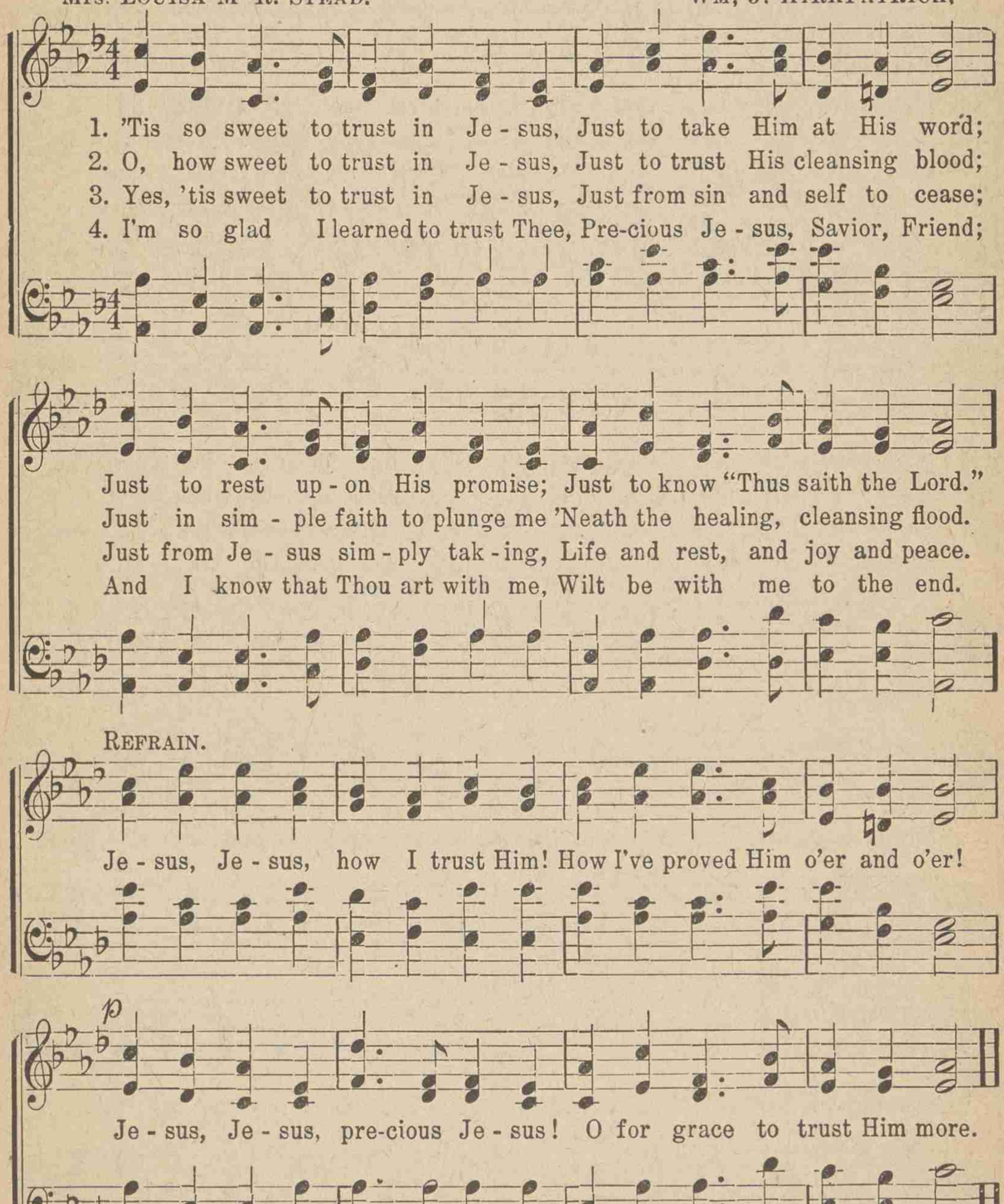
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## When Love Shines In.




## No. 13. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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




From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

# No. 14. Saved to the Uttermost.

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

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter most: this I can say, "Once all was
4. Sav'd to the u - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le-

Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; trust - ing His prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
lu - ias to Je - sus my King! Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re-

wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.
deem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, Glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Sav'd, sav'd by pow - er di - vine;

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is mine.

Copyright, 1875, by Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

# No. 15. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mount-ain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams
2. I can see far down the mount-ain, Where I wan-dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross - es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the cross has won-drous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose won-drous beaut-y Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney, By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va-tion Makes each bur - den light ap - pear;
When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a path-way thro';

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Brok - en vows and dis - ap-point-ments Thick-ly sprin-kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad - ly count - ing all but dross,
And how sweet - ly Je - sus whis-pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,

*D.S.*—*Is not this the Land of Beu - lah? Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light;*

*D. S.* CHORUS.

They are bloom - ing by the foun-tain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
But the spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
World-ly hon - ors all for - sak-ing, For the glo - ry of the cross.
For I've tried the way be-fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

*Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.*

# The Royal Telephone.

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman.
Har. by Claudia F. Lehman.

1. Central's nev-er "bus-y," Al-ways on the line, You may hear from
2. There will be no charg-es, Tel - e-phone is free; It was built for
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Satan's crossed your wire By some strong de-
4. If your line is "grounded," And con-nec-tion true Has been lost with
5. Car-nal com - bi - na-tions Can-not get con-trol Of this line to

heav-en Al-most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv-ice
serv-ice, Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing
lu - sion, Or some base de - sire. Take a - way ob-struc-tions—
Je - sus, Tell you what to do: Pray'r and faith and promise
glo - ry, Anchored in the soul. Storm and tri - al can - not

Fine.

Free for one and all—When you get in trouble Give this roy-al line a call.
On this roy-al line— Tel-e-phone to glo - ry Al-ways answers just in time.
God is on the throne–And you'll get the answer Thro' this royal tel-e-phone.
Mend the broken wire, Till your soul is burning With the Pen-te-cos-tal fire.
Dis-con-nect the line Held in constant keeping By the Father's hand divine.

D. S.—*We may talk to Je - sus Thro' this roy-al tel - e-phone.*

**Chorus.**

Tel - e-phone to glo - ry, O what joy di-vine! I can feel the current

D. S.

Moving on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For His loved and own—

Copyright, 1909, by F. M. Lehman.

# No. 17. Contentment.

V. C. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

1. I am hap - py, O so hap - py At God's side, At God's side,
2. I am drink - ing at the fountain Of sweet peace, Of sweet peace,
3. I will praise Him that He ev - er Made me whole, Made me whole,
4. He has prom-ised thus to lead us All the way, All the way,
5. We shall there be - hold His glo - ry With our eyes, With our eyes,

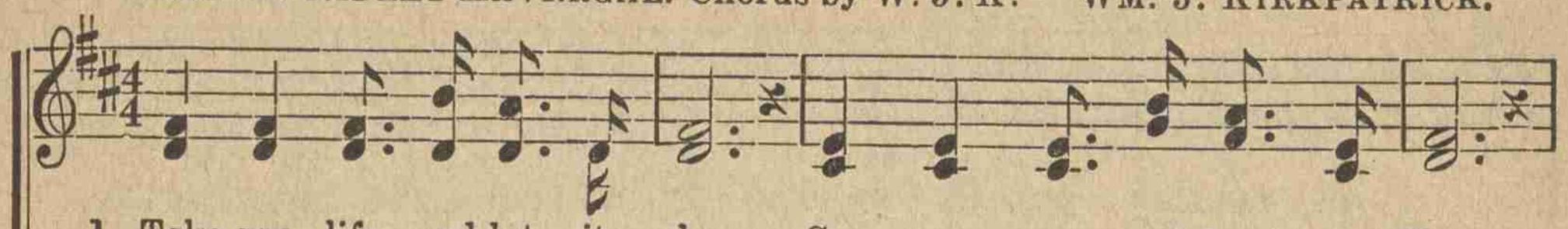
I am walk - ing in His presence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
While the bless - ings from my Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev - er cease.
Praise Him for His sweet com-mun-ion With my soul. With my soul.
We'll en-camp in fields e - lys - ian Some sweet day. Some sweet day.
And en - joy those heights for-ev - er—Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I am walk - ing in His pres - ence, Sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Bless - ings from my heav'nly Fa - ther Nev - er cease. Nev - er cease.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise Him for His sweet com-mun - ion With my soul. With my soul.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en - camp in fields e - lys - ian Some weet day. Some sweet day.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We'll en - joy those heights for - ev - er— Par - a - dise! Par - a - dise!
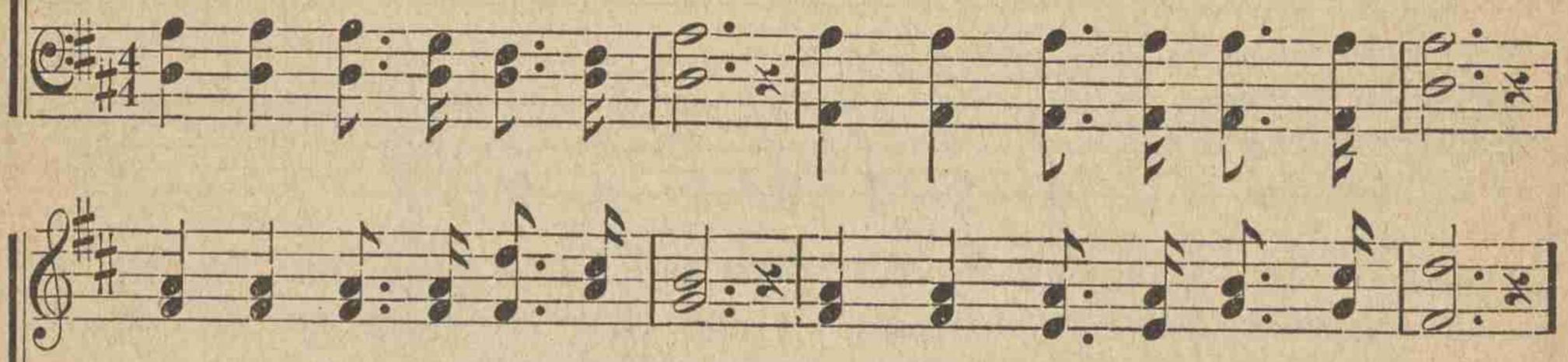
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# No. 18. Entire Consecration.
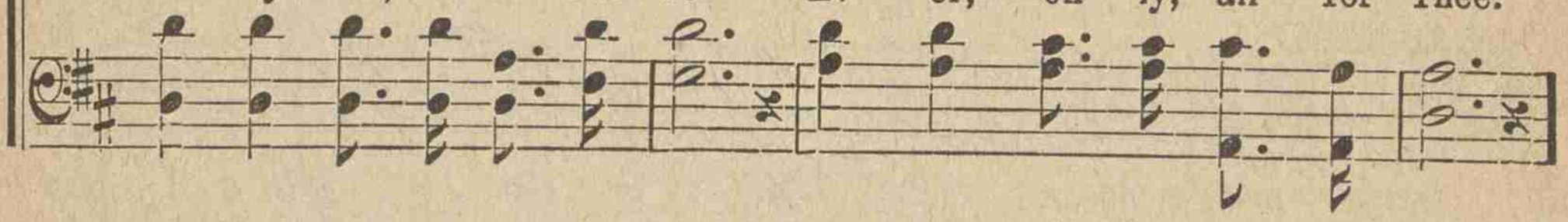
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



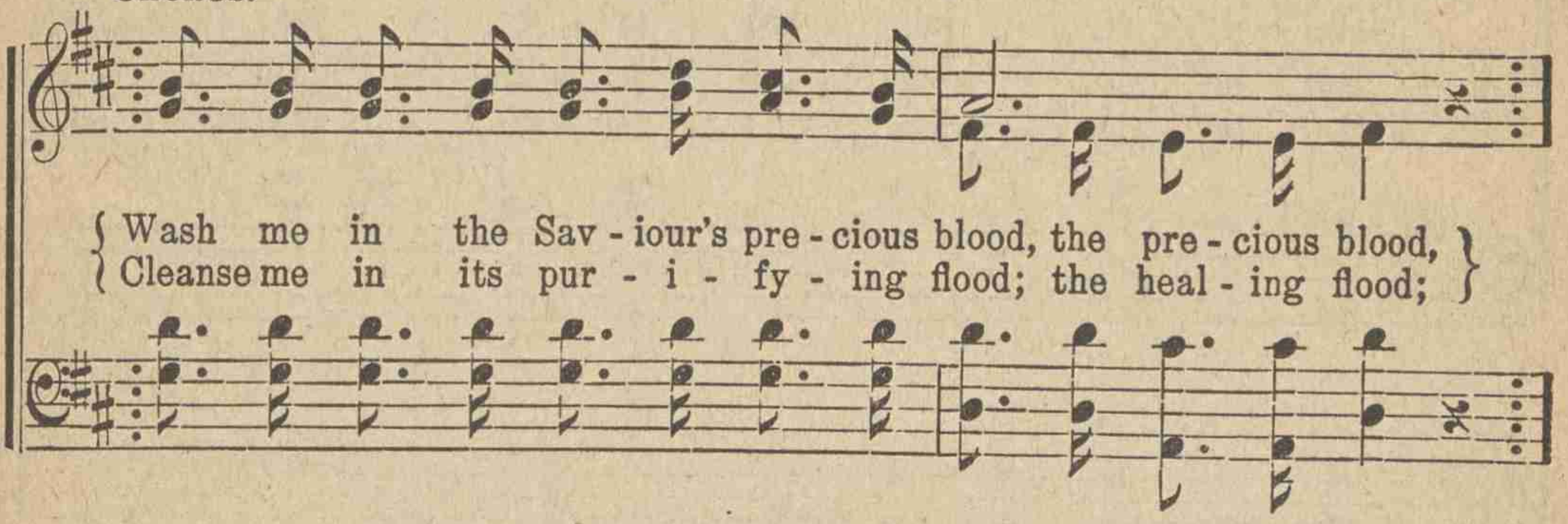
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store!
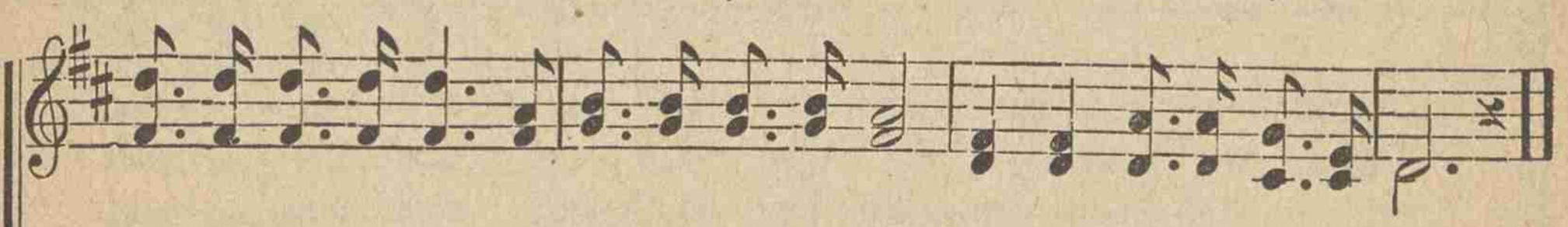


Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.
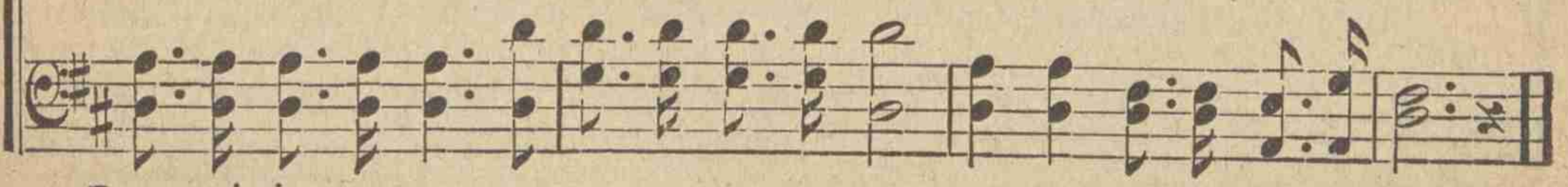


CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood,
{ Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; the heal - ing flood; }



Lord, I give to Thee, my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.



By permission.

# No. 19. Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap - pear on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to - day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
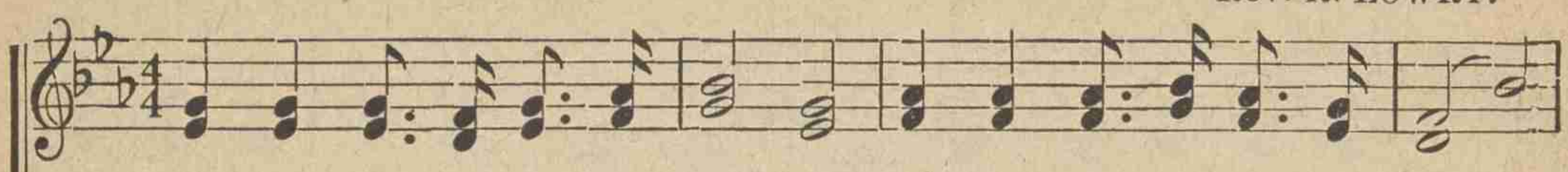
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

*rit.*

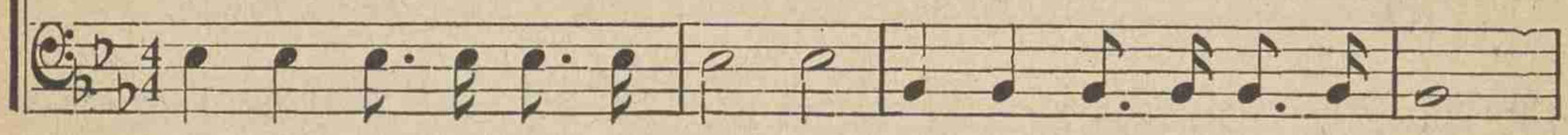
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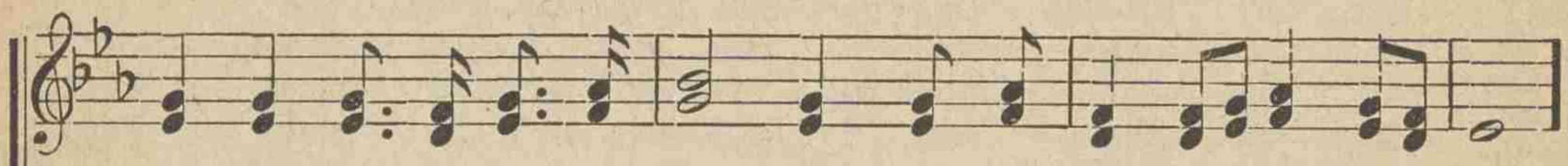
# No. 20. Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. R. LOWRY.
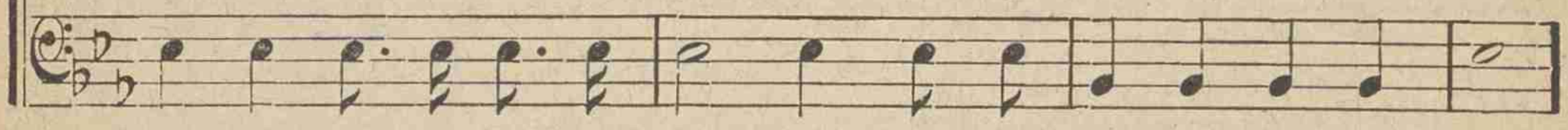


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll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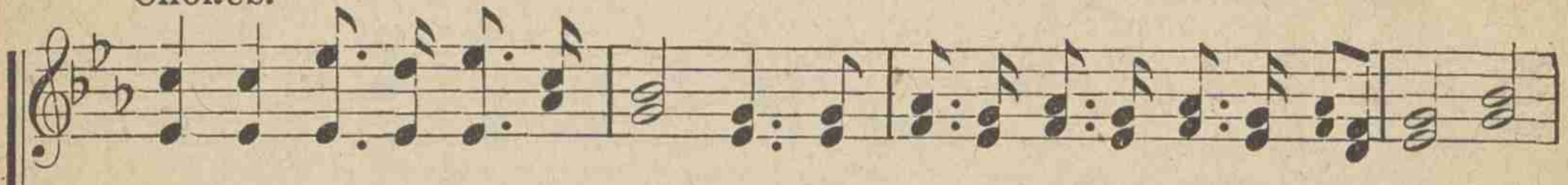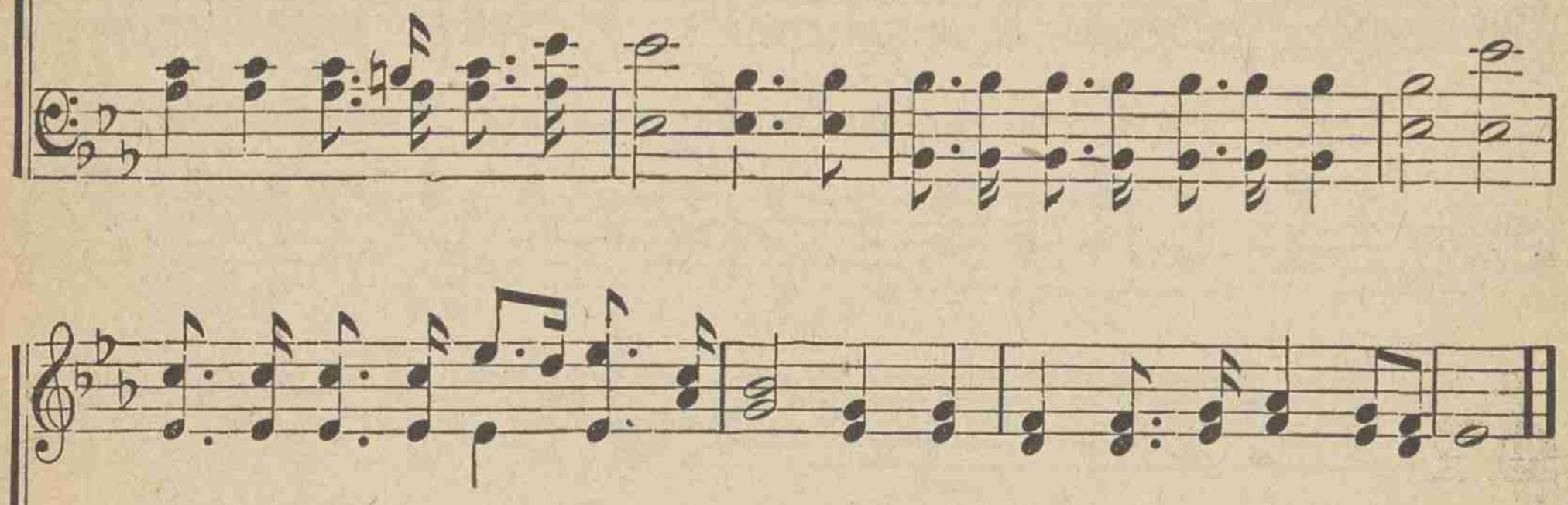




With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap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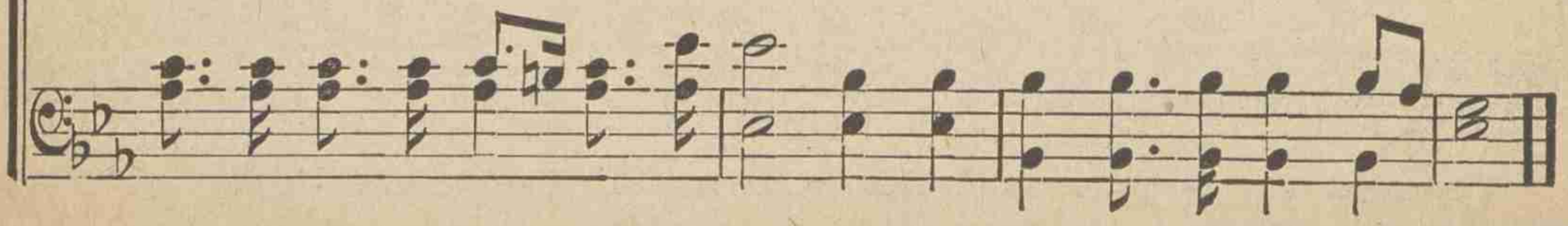


CHORUS.



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



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



# No. 21. Marching to Glory.

H. C. WORK.

1. Come with hearts and voic-es now and sing a gos-pel song, Sing it with a
2. Gird the gos-pel ar-mor on and du-ty's call o-bey; See the host of
3. For-ward then to bat-tle 'neath the ban-ner of the cross; Counting worldly

spir-it that will move the mighty throng; Sing it till the world shall hear the
Sa-tan read-y marshaled for the fray; Go-ing forth to meet them we will
hon-ors at their best as on-ly dross; Je-sus is our Cap-tain and we

D. S.—*Now we'll shout sal-va-tion o-ver*

CHORUS.

FINE.

ech-oes loud and long, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.
watch and fight and pray, While we are march-ing to glo-ry. Then hail! all
ne'er can suf-fer loss, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.

*mountain, land, and sea, While we are march-ing to glo-ry.*

D. S.

hail! the com-ing ju-bi-lee! Redeemed from sin, our Je-sus makes us free;

# No. 22. Fitted For Service.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinlie, Agt. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Fit - ted for serv - ice, I would ev - er be, Read - y to fol - low
2. Fit - ted for serv - ice, Christ's em-bas-sa-dor, If He shall send me
3. Fit - ted for serv - ice, cleansed and spirit filled, Sanc - ti - fied whol-ly,

where Thou leadest me; Up the bleak mountains, if the lost be there,
to the lands a - far; Pointing the way to Je - sus cru - ci - fied,
as the Lord hath willed; Scat-ter-ing sun-shine all a - long life's way,

CHORUS.
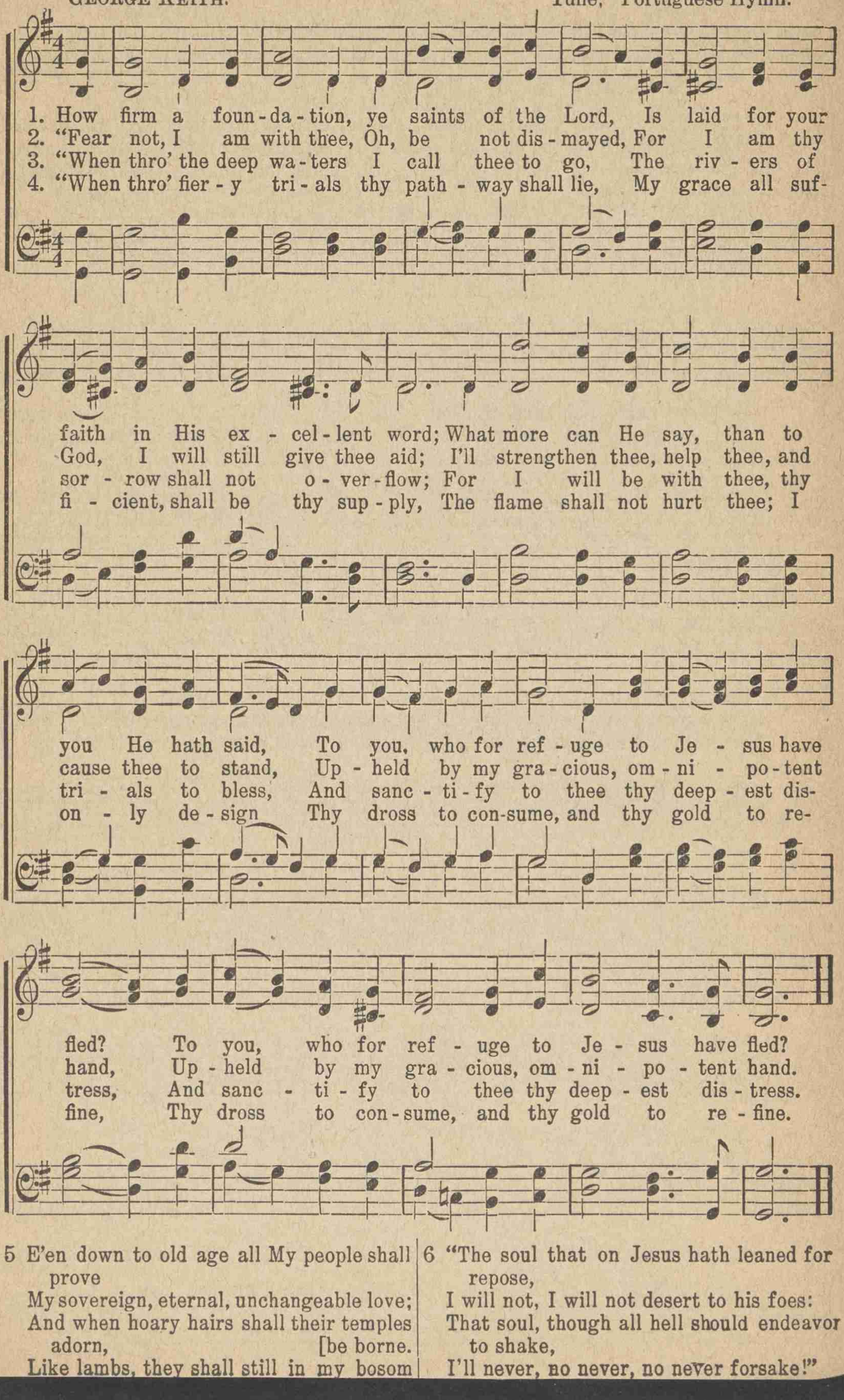
Read - y to la - bor, a - ny time or where.
Bring-ing un - to Him souls for whom He died. Fit - ted for serv - ice,
Be - ing a bless-ing to some one ev'ry day.

I would ev - er be, Give me a heart like Thine,..... Emp-tied of
like Thine,

self, from ev - 'ry sin set free, Filled with Thy pow'r di - vine.....

# No. 23. The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."




5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom [be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

# No. 24. Lift Up the Banner.

Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinne, Agt.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Christian sol-diers, go pro-claim Un - to ev - 'ry na - tion, Thro' the pow'r of
2. Tell to ev -'ry sin-sick soul, God Him-self hath spoken, Je-sus' blood makes
3. Till from ev -'ry hill re-mote, Ev - 'ry plain and val-ley, Shall the gos-pel

Je - sus' name, Full and free sal - va - tion, Tell it out to all the world—
ful - ly whole, Sin's do - min- ion bro - ken, To the breeze your banner fling,
ban - ner float; To this cause we ral - ly, Ho - li - ness to all de-clare,

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Be love's banner wide unfurled, Lift it up.
Ut - ter-most sal - va-tion sing, Let the glo-rious anthem ring, Lift it up.
For the coming King prepare, Till He shall in clouds appear, Lift it up.

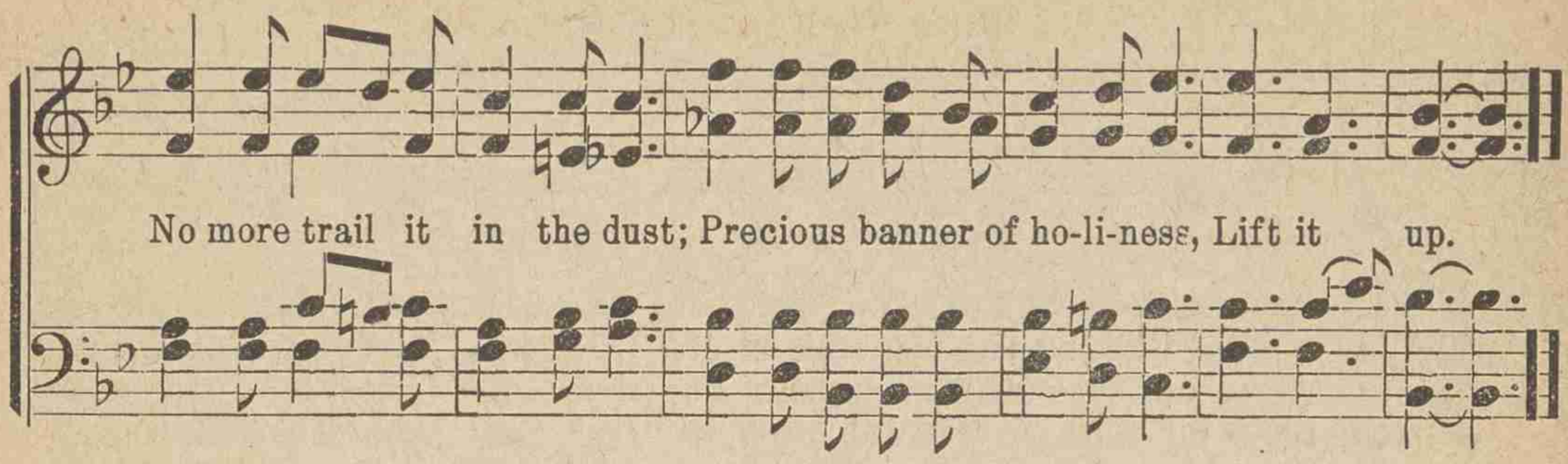
CHORUS. *Unison.*

Pre-cious ban-ner of ho - li - ness, Keep it proud-ly fly - ing, While God's armies

PARTS.

onward press, Sin and hell de - fy - ing. Lift it up we sure - ly must;

## Lift Up the Banner. Concluded.




## No. 25. Joy To the World.

ISAAC WATTS. Antioch. C. M. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.

# No. 26. Keep On Believing.

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Dedicated to the Rev. John Norberry, Providence, R. I.

J. G. G. J. GLENN GOULD.
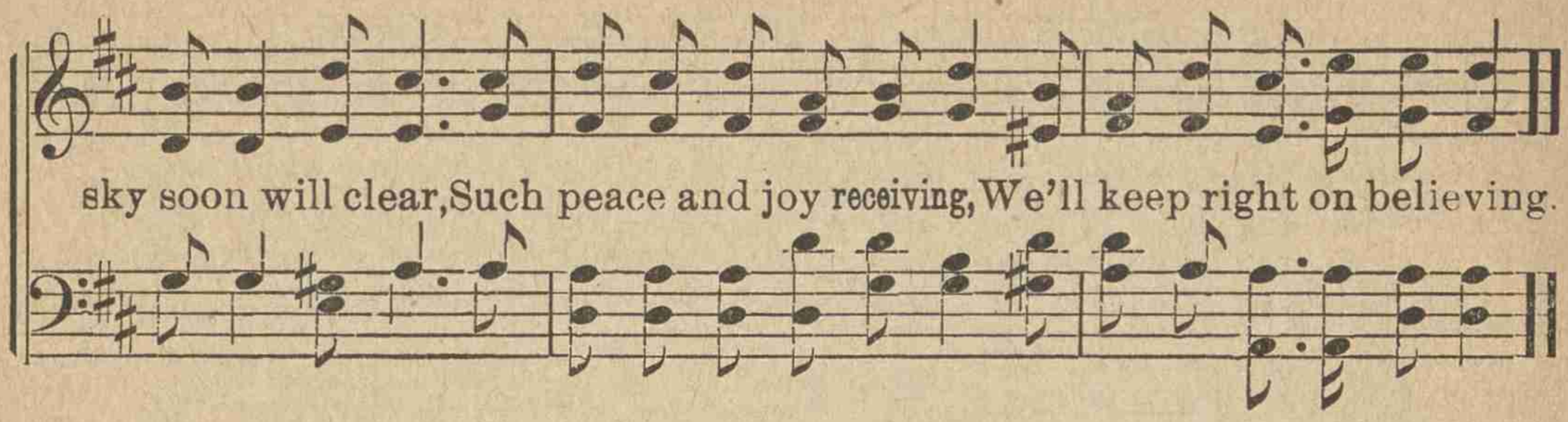
1. The Is - rael-ites left E-gypt for the promised land, They wand-er'd thro' the wil - der-ness, a doubt-ing band; But by and by they found that sin was them de-ceiv-ing, They cross'd the riv-er Jor-dan, And
2. Thank God! I've left the bondage of old E-gypt's land, And fled from Sa - tan's des-ert with it's burn - ing sand; I sure - ly met the Lord, sal - va - tion full re-ceiv-ing, I'm liv - ing now in Ca-naan, And
3. This wondrous *sec-ond bless-ing* in my heart a - bides, And Je - sus Christ, the Saviour, my trans-gress-ion hides; And now the cunning foe my heart is not de-ceiv-ing, My soul is cleans'd from evil, And
4. This bless-ed land of Beu-lah now is free to you, Your Lord is wait-ing for you there, He'll take you thro'; From sin He'll make you free, your bur-den'd heart re-liev-ing, Come, march right in to Ca-naan, And

CHORUS.

kept right on be-liev-ing.
keep-ing on be-liev-ing. Keep on be-liev-ing for the vic-t'ry is near,
I keep on be-liev-ing.
just keep on be-liev-ing.

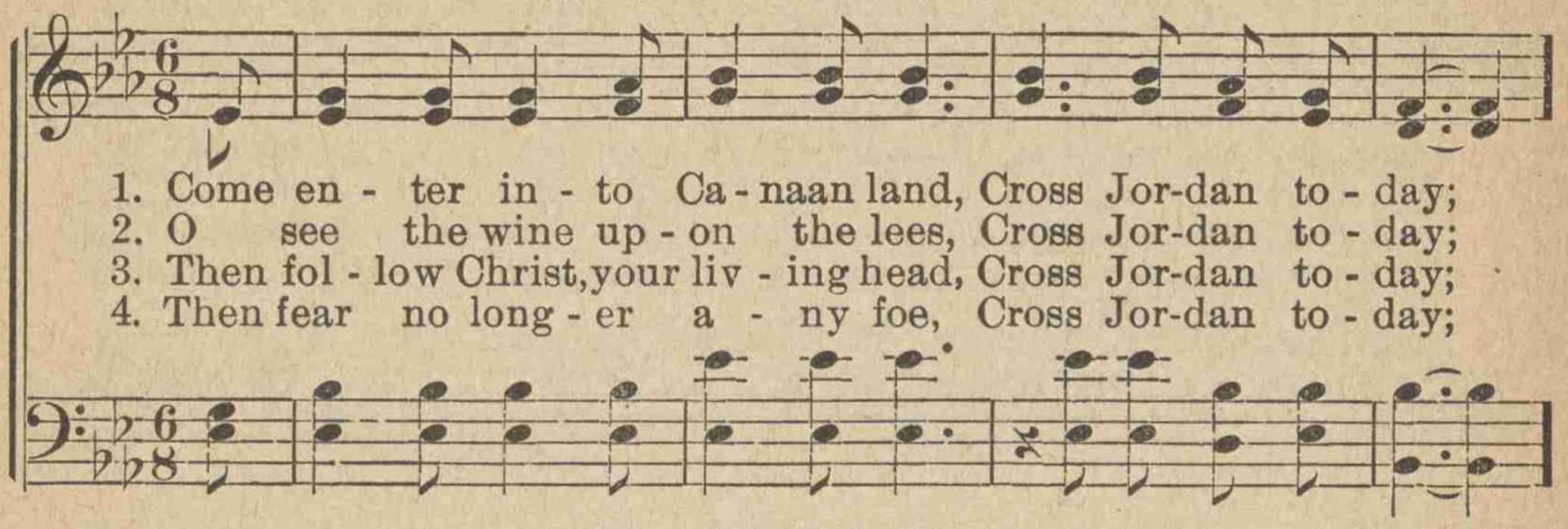
Keep on be-liev-ing, there is nothing to fear; Keep on be-liev-ing for the

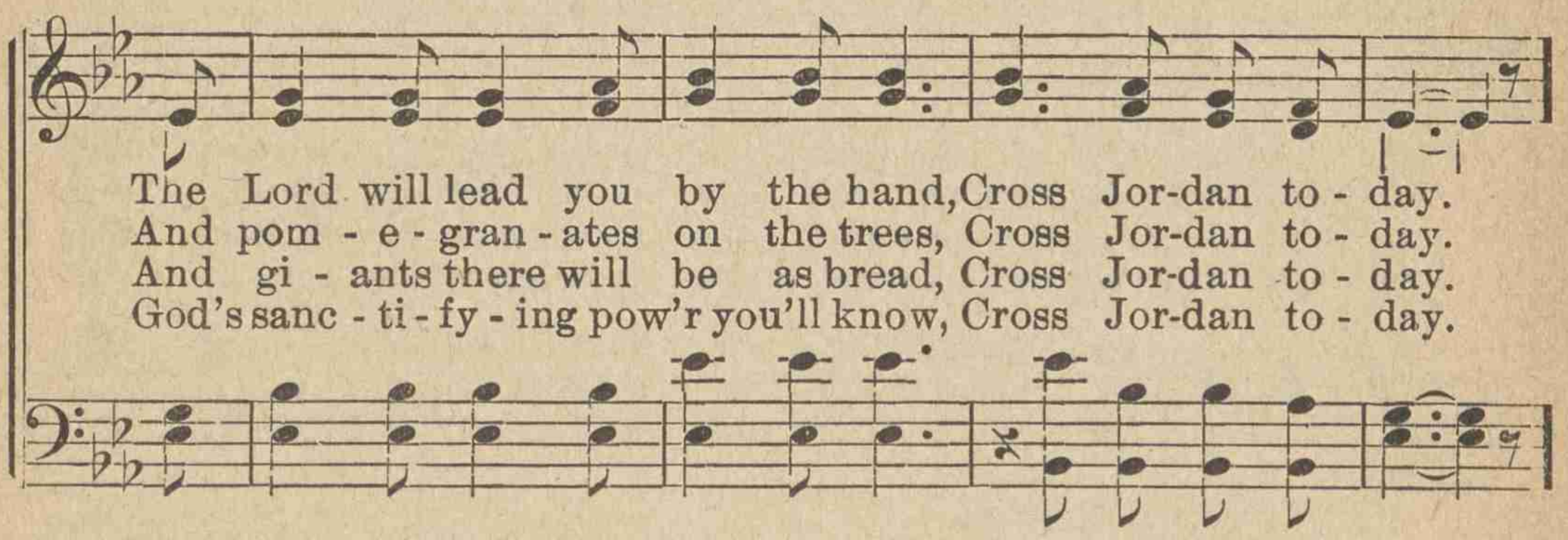
## Keep On Believing. Concluded.
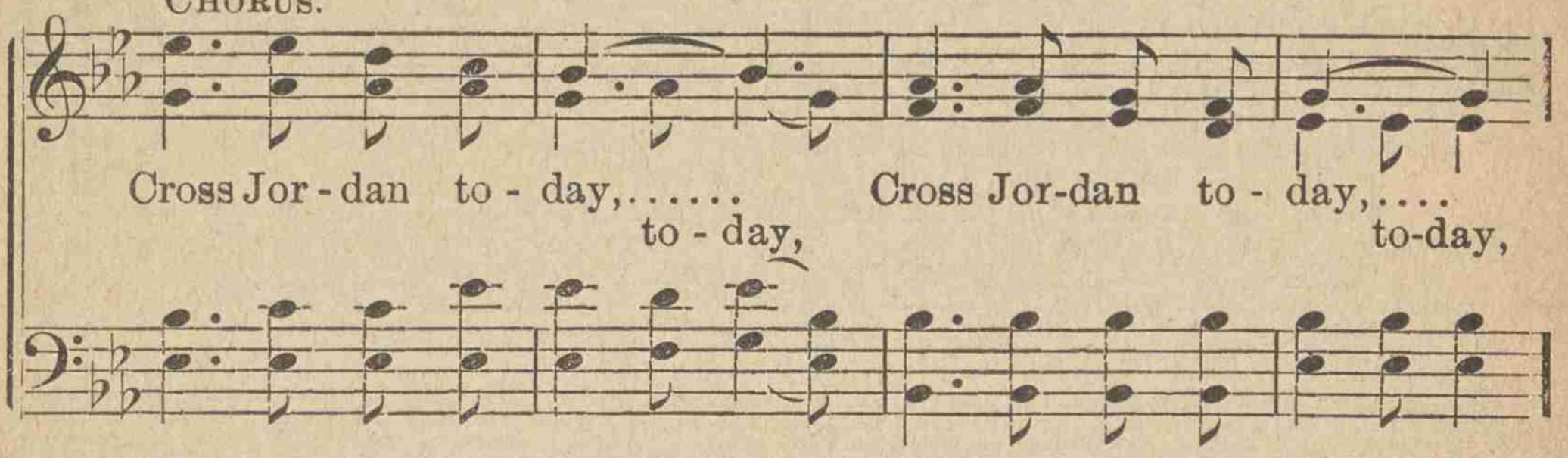



## No. 27. Cross Jordan To-day.
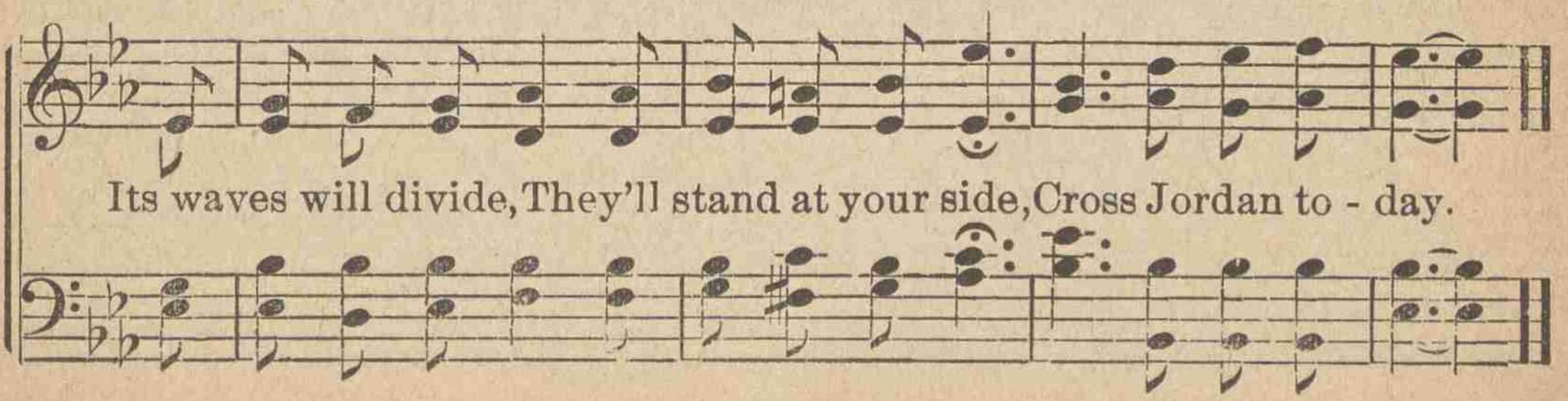
MRS. M. J. H. Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Harris. By per. MRS. M. J. HARRIS




CHORUS.






# No. 28. Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

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

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

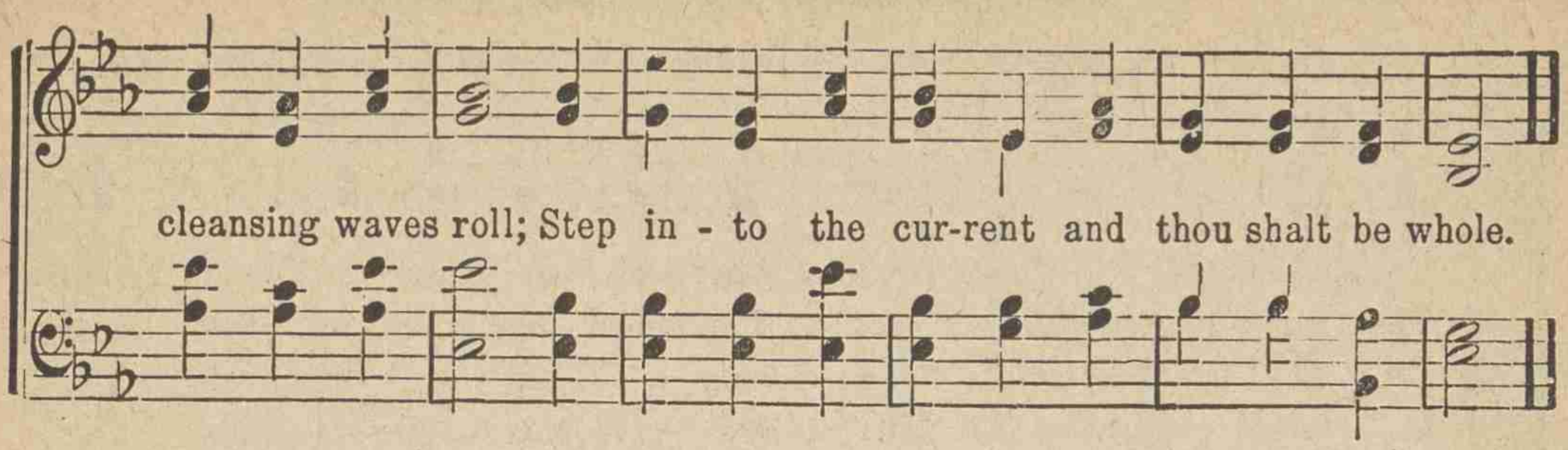
suff - 'rer Who lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo-ment, "Wilt
to Him Each sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt
wait - ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest - ly plead-ing, "Wilt
sin - spot, Take per-fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir - it, "Wilt

REFRAIN.

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

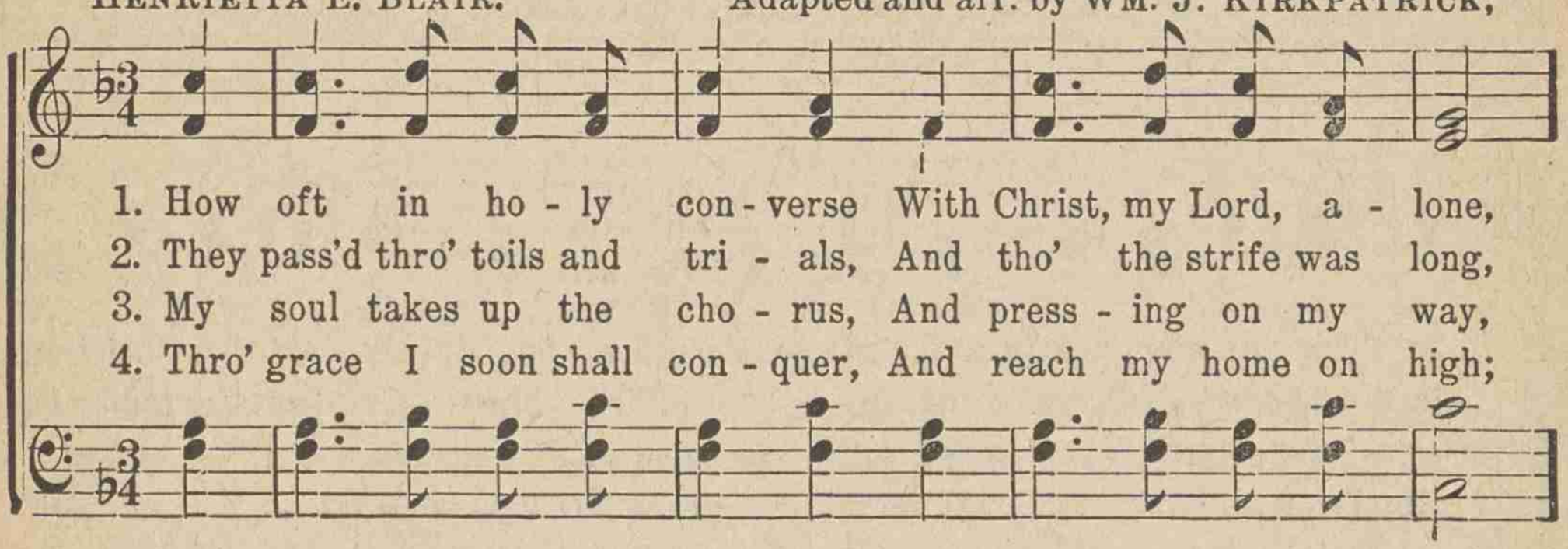
suf-f'rer, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow - ing, See, the
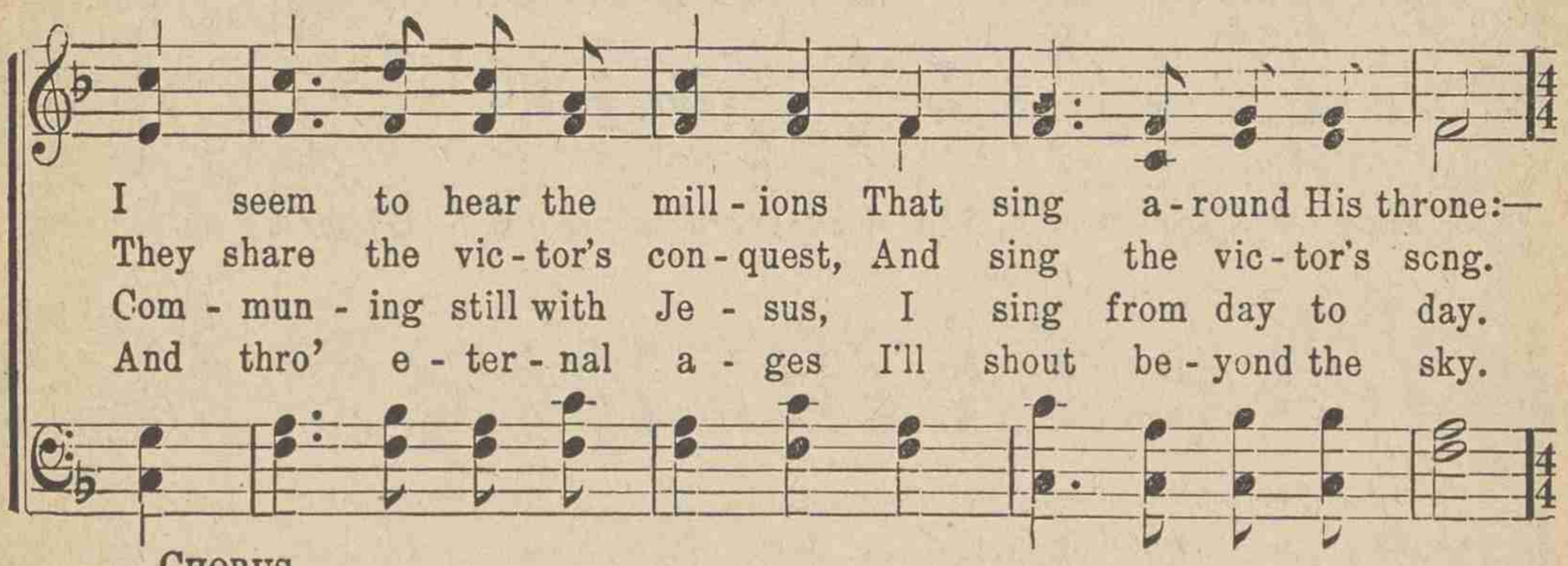
## Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?
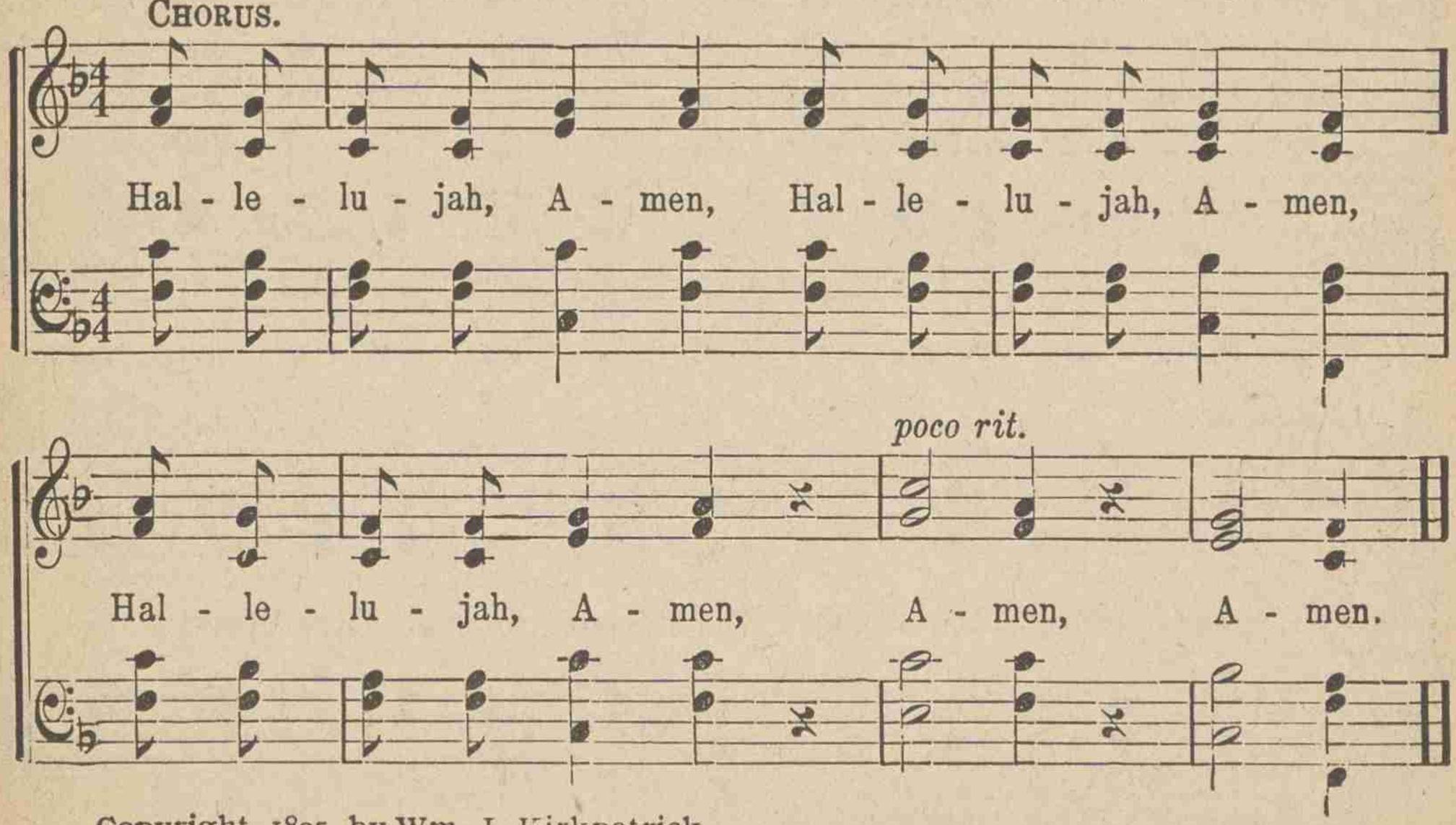



# No. 29 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
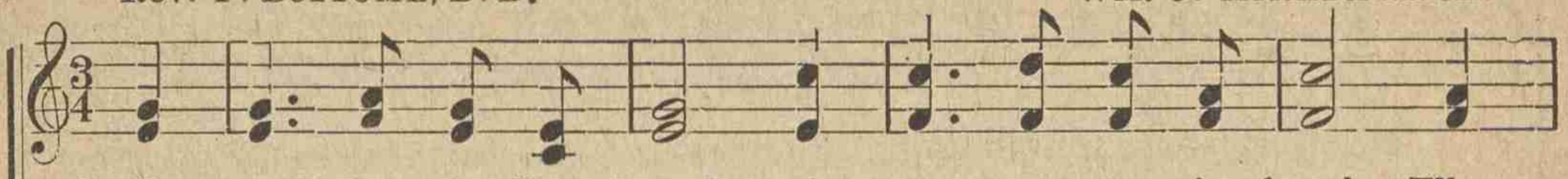






CHORUS.
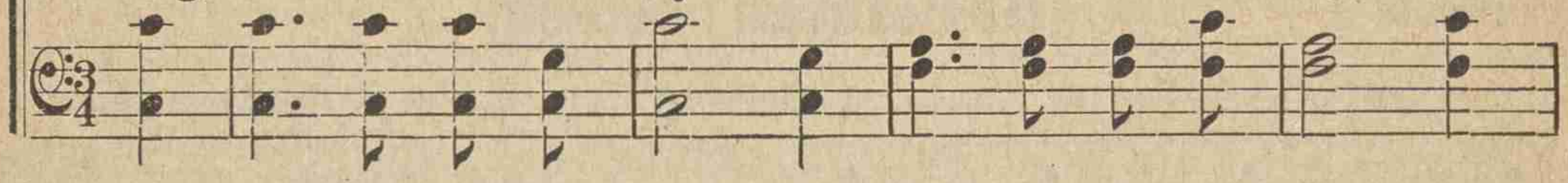



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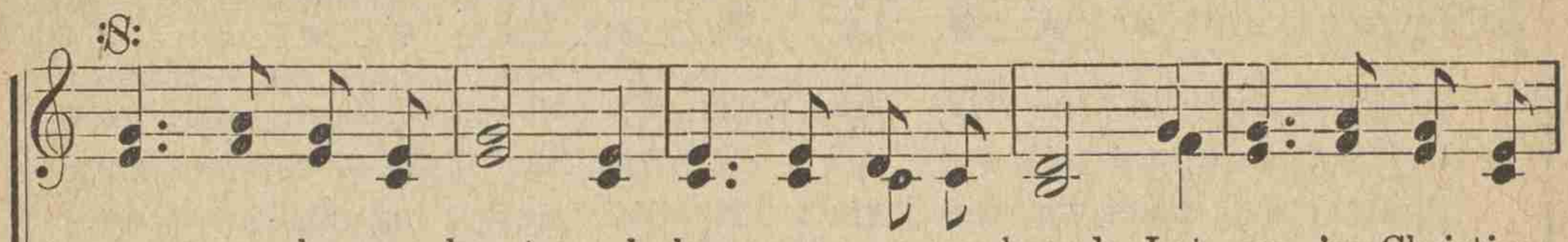
# No. 30. The Comforter has Come!

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
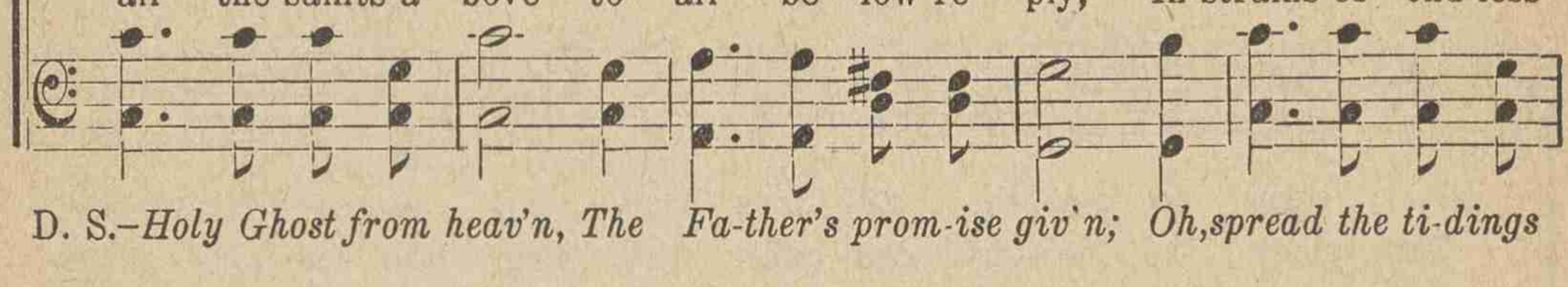


1. Oh, spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And
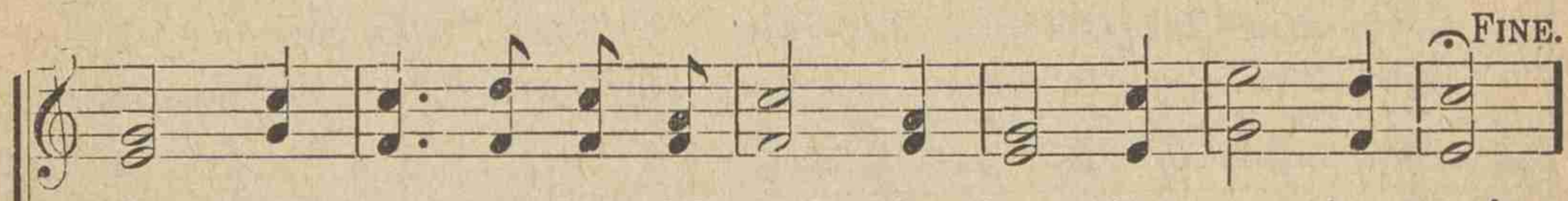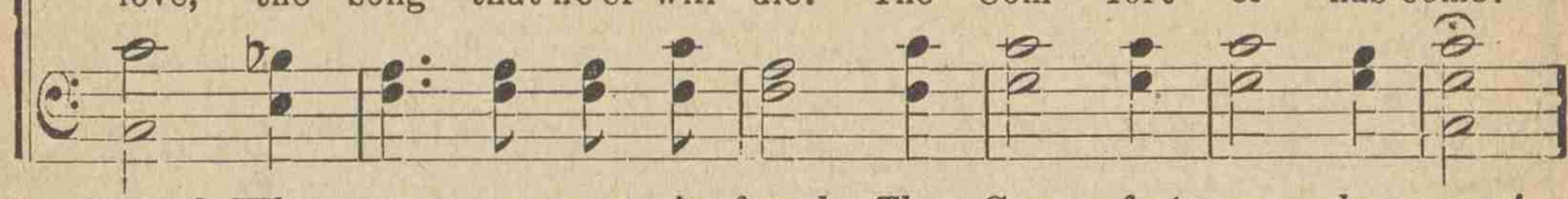




ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less



D. S.–*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings*
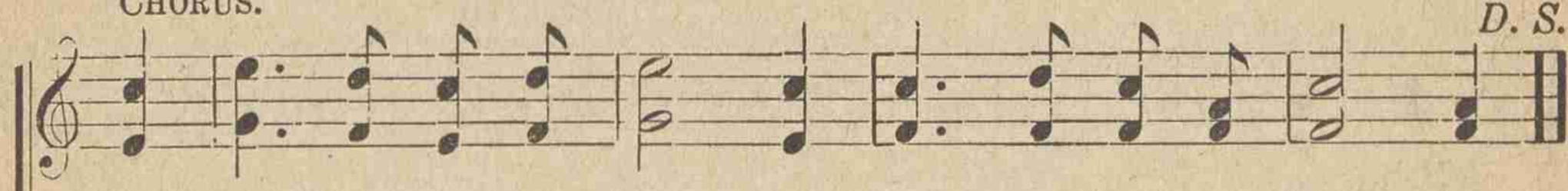



tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!
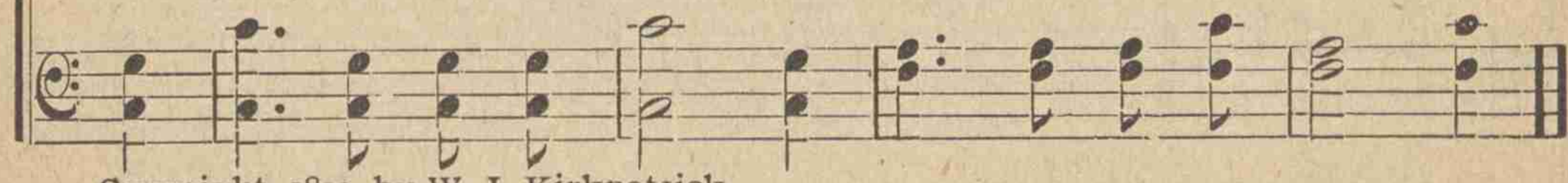


*'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!*

Chorus.




The Com - fort-er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



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# No. 31. The Child of a King,

"Heirs of the kingdom."—James 2: 5.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

*ad lib.*

# No. 32. Cleansing In the Blood.

Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinne, Agt.

J. G. G. J. GLENN GOULD.

1. Oft I struggled with my sinful na-ture, Sa - tan almost gained the vic - to - ry; But at once I looked to Christ, my Sav-iour, There was
2. Sa-tan fought my ev'ry movement for-ward, Said I never would from sin be free; But the precious blood availed, hallelujah! There was
3. I am trav'ling on the blessed highway, Where the children of the Lord are free; On "the way within the way" I'm walking, And there's
4. Now my heart with joy is running o - ver, I'm so glad that I can say, I m free; Yes, the Saviour sanctifies me whol-ly, There is

CHORUS.

cleansing in the blood for me. { 1. There is cleansing in the blood for me,
2. There is cleansing in the blood for thee,

From indwelling sin I now am free; Je sus sanc-ti-fies my soul,
From indwelling sin you may be free; Je-sus sanc-ti-fies the soul,

*Use second chorus in repeat.*

I am ev-'ry whit made whole, There is cleansing in the blood for me.
He can ev-'ry whit make whole, There is cleansing in the blood for thee.

# No. 33. The Way Is Narrow.

C. F. WEIGELE. Copyright, 1903, by C. F. Weigele. THORO HARRIS.

1. My life is not what it used to be, My sor - row and sins are gone;
2. Once life was all dis - ap-point-ment, Friends trust-ed all proved un-true;
3. I mourn no lon-ger in sor - row, The clouds have all passed a - way;
4. I've peace past all un - der-stand - ing, The Com - fort-er dwells with-in;

I sing and I shout hal - le - lu - jah, I'm on my hap - py jour-ney home.
In Je - sus I found help and com-fort, He proved a Friend and Brother, too.
I look up to heav-en re-joic - ing, There's glo-ry, glo-ry ev -'ry day.
I've songs full of joy nev - er end - ing, For Je - sus saves me from all sin.

CHORUS.

The way is ver - y nar - row, but I'll fol - low,..... I'll all the way,
fol-low,..... I'll fol-low;..... The way is ver - y nar-row, but I'll all the way, all the way;
fol-low,..... I will fol-low in the footsteps of my Lord. all the way, bless-ed footsteps of my Lord.

# No. 34. The Hallelujah Song.

MRS. C.H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Let those who've nev- er known our Lord and King Go mourn-ing all the
2. 'Tis heav'n with - in a sin - ner's heart to know His bur- den rolled a-
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal - le - lu - jah

day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
way, his bur - den rolled a- way; His sins, like crim-son, made as
day, is on my soul to - day, And fears and doubtings from my
song, the hal - le - lu - jah song Of praise and hon - or to our

love to sing, While press - ing on our up - ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay.
heart have flown Since Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
God and King, With all the ran- somed, blood - washed throng.
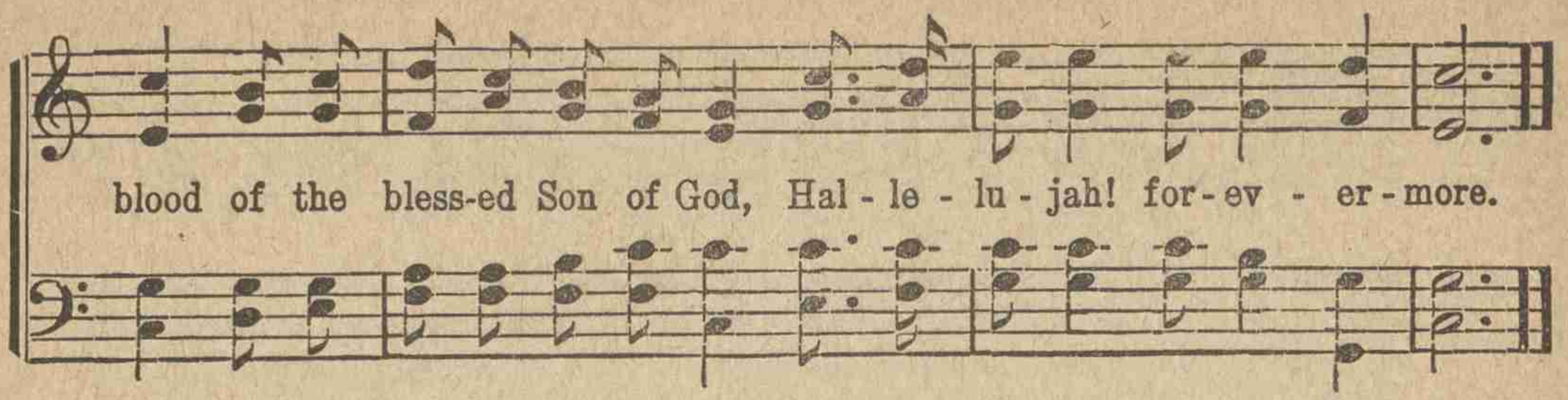
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the blood which re-deems us, Hal - le-
re-deems us from all sin,

lu - jah! we'll sing it o'er and o'er;..... Hal - le - lu - jah! for the

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## The Hallelujah Song. Concluded.
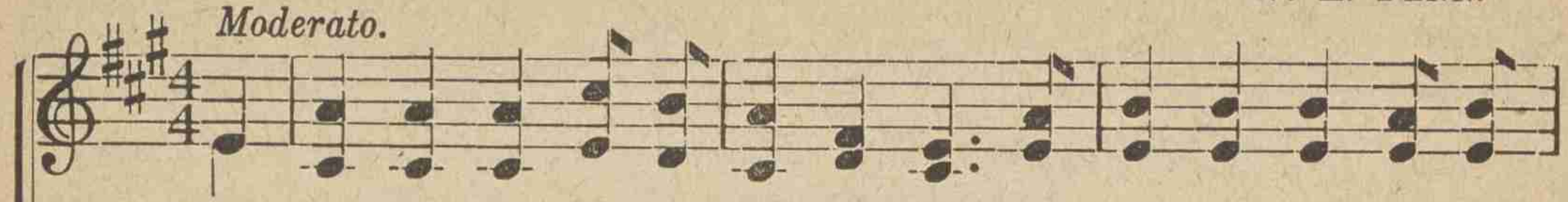



## No. 35. At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.
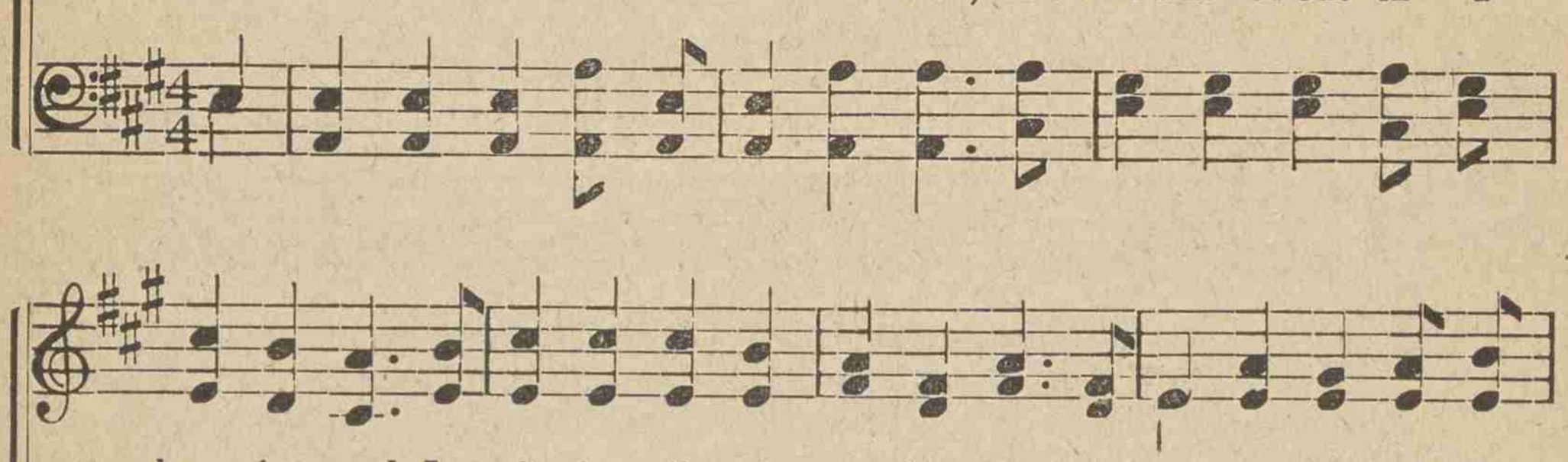
# No. 36. The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. W. E. Penn.
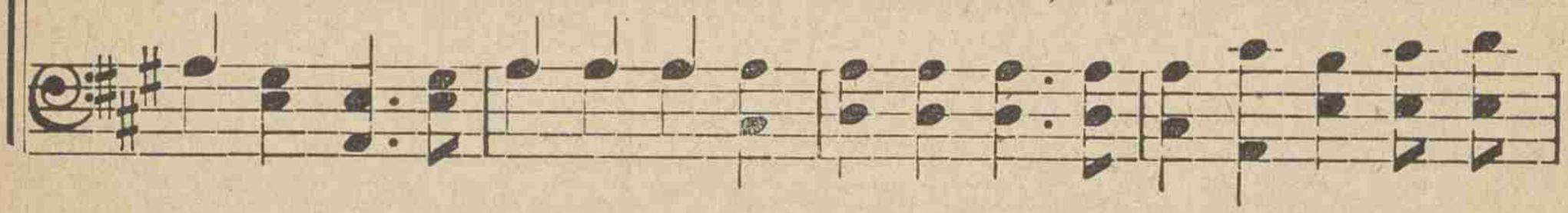
*Moderato.*



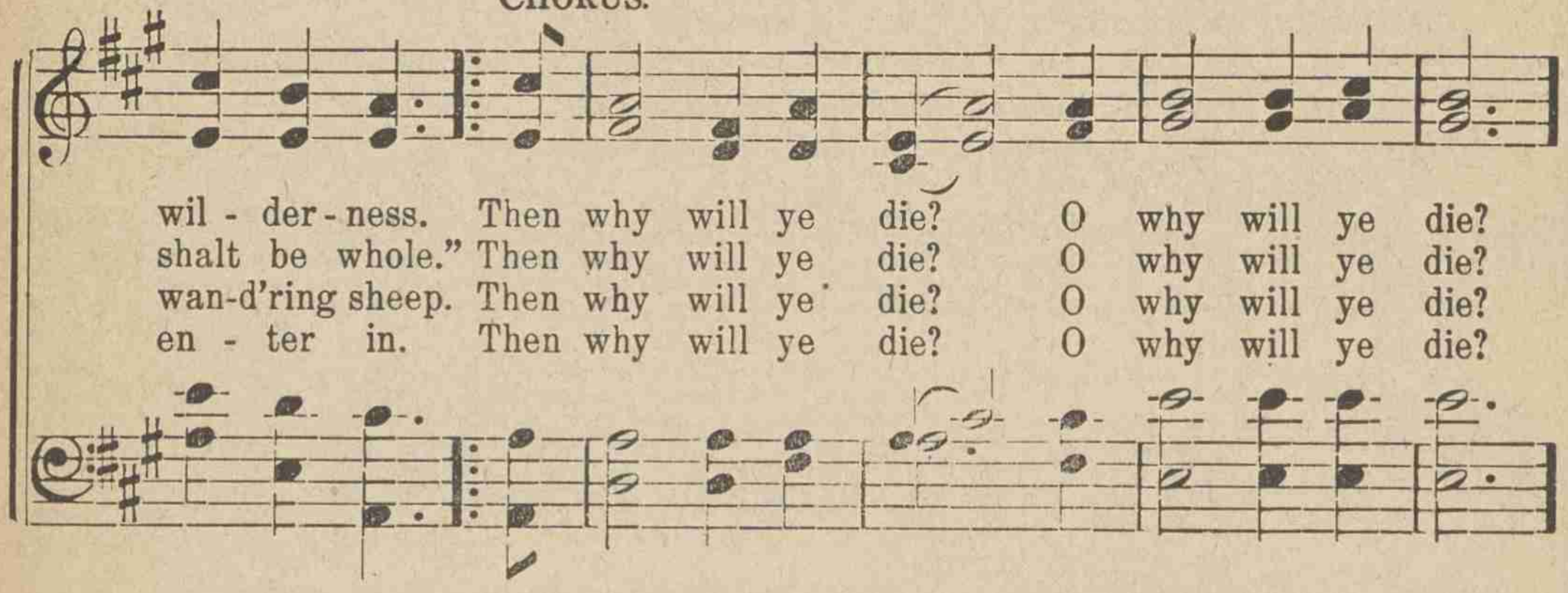
1. There is a Rock in a wear - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died, His blood flowed out in a
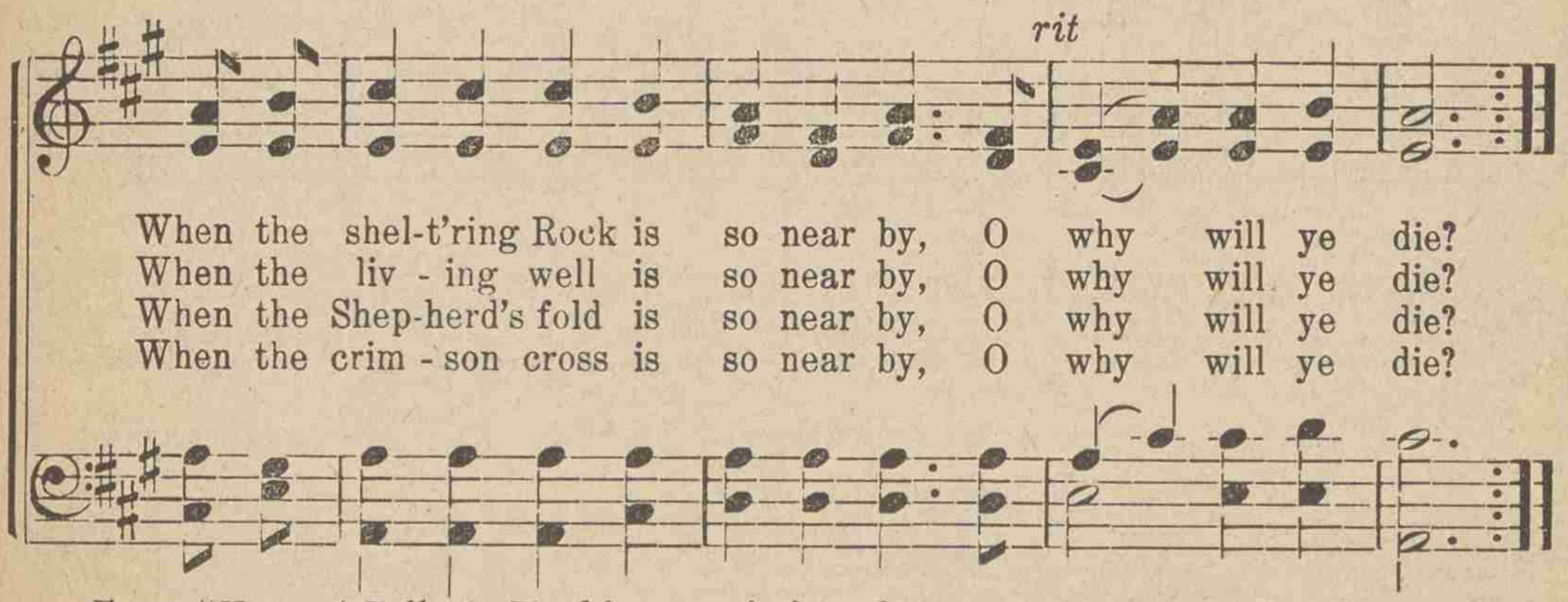


burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-y, sin - sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men,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



Chorus.



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




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

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# No. 37. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

# No. 38. Let the Harps of Zion Ring.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let the harps of Zi - on ring To the prais - es of our King, Who, en-
2. Man - y man-sions are pre-pared, As the Sav - ior has de-clared, For the
3. There we'll sing our sweetest lays, Thro' the nev - er - end -ing days, As the

throned in glo - ry, reigns in life a - bove;.... Chant the wor-thy ho - ly song,
right-eous ones who know their sins for-giv'n;... They shall walk in garments white,
a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty go by;..... Guilt - y man by grace re-stored,

Which the ransomed ones prolong, In the bless-ed home of changeless joy and love.
And be filled with pure de-light, When they shine among the glo-ri - fied in heav'n.
As the ran-somed of the Lord, Will give glo - ry to our King who reigns on high.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah ev - er - more!.... Let it sound.... from shore to
Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more! Let it sound from
shore;... Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er-more!
shore to shore;

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# No. 39. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Onward. 6, 5.

1. On - ward Chris-tian sold - iers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er,
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sold - iers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus, go - ing on be - fore.

# No. 40. I Shall See Him When He Comes.

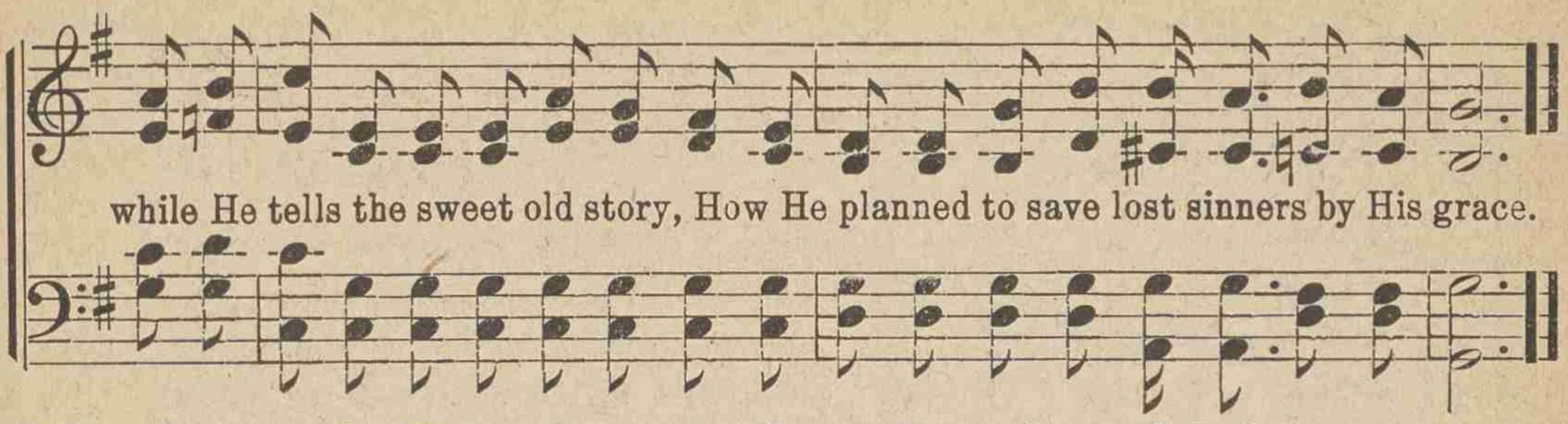
REV. GEO. P. HOLT. Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I shall see Him when He comes in all His glory, And with all the ho - ly an-gels in ar - ray; With the saints all robed in light's re - splendent glory, When earth's dark'ning clouds for-ev-er fade a - way.
2. I shall see Him as He is and join the cho-rus, With the ransomed ones who sing around the throne; O what joy to have His ban - ner ev - er o'er us, In the land where sin and sor - row are un-known.
3. I shall see Him and the sight will be most glorious, When His ten - der, loving eyes shall rest on me; I shall see Him, O my soul, what heav'nly rapture! In the glo - ry of His pres-ence e'er to be.

CHORUS.

I shall see Him when He comes, when He comes in all His glory, I shall know Him when I see Him face to face;..... I shall listen while He tells, face to face;
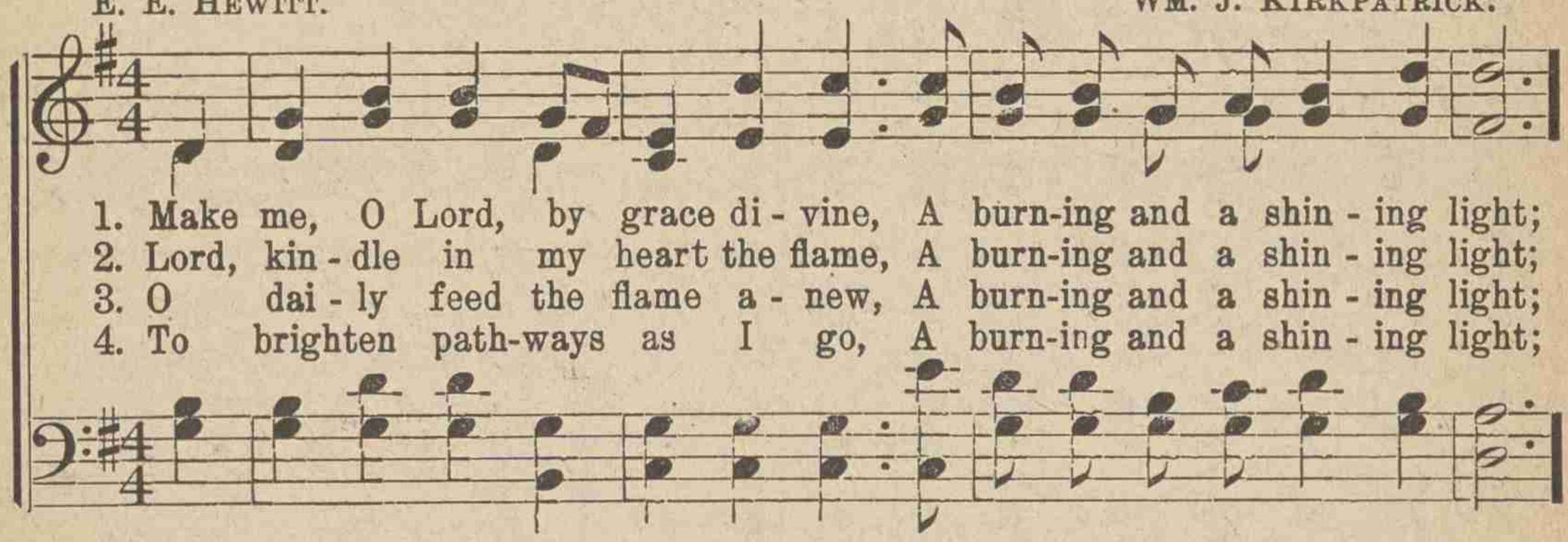
# I Shall See Him When He Comes. Concluded.

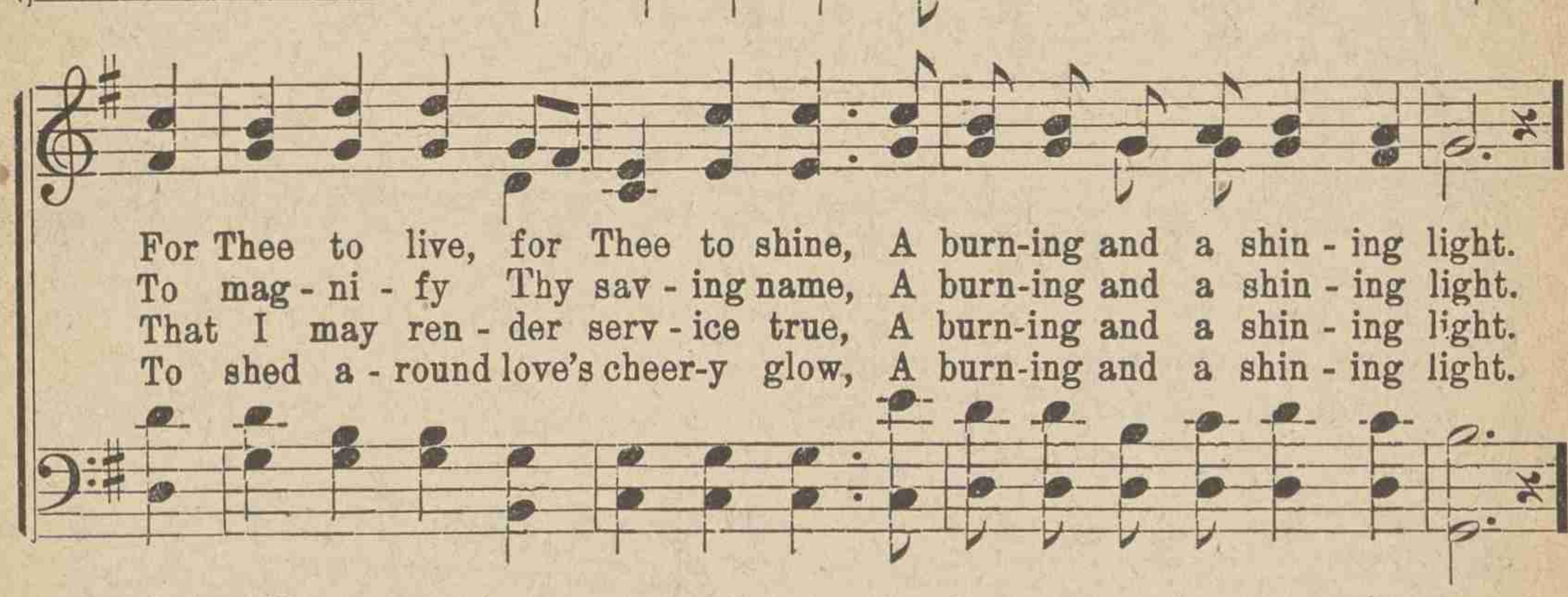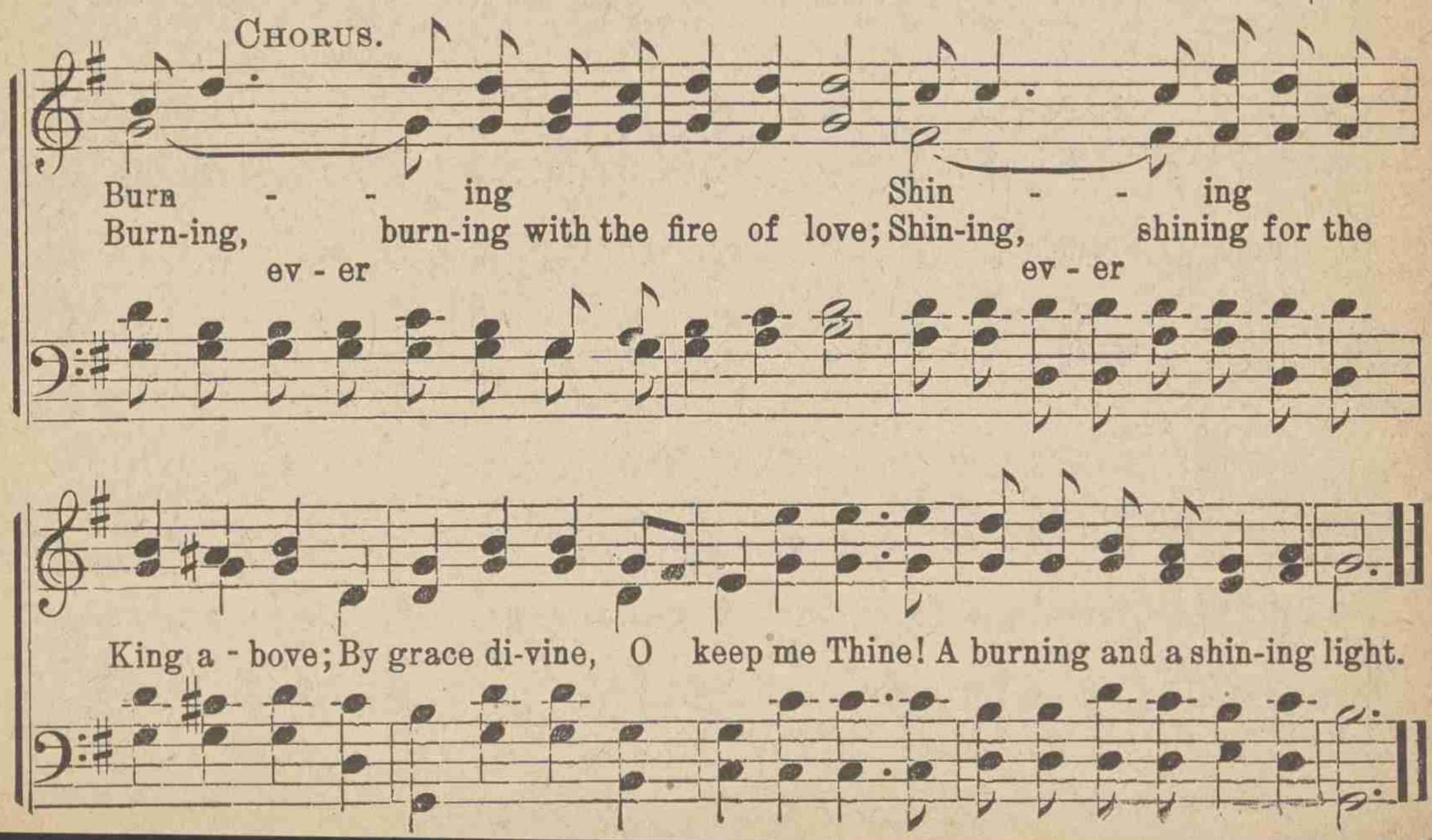



## No. 41. A Burning and a Shining Light.

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E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.






# No. 42. Riches in Glory!

Mrs. F. G. Burroughs. A. F. Bourne.

1. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a thought! Je - sus' own blood this
2. Rich-es in glo - ry, O what a store! Treas-ures the soul can
3. Rich-es in glo - ry, for you and me, What a de - light the
4. Rich-es in glo - ry faith hath bro't nigh, E'en now we boast the

wealth for us bought; He be-came poor so we might be made Heirs to the
nev - er de - plore; E'en while we bear the cross and its shame, Rich-es in
vis-ions we see! Pil-grims to - day as strangers we're known, While un-to
por-tion on high, Bless-ed this taste of all that shall be, When in his

Chorus.

joy that nev - er will fade. Rich - es in glo - ry! rich - es in
glo - ry glad - ly we claim.
God we're heirs to a throne.
beau - ty Je - sus we see.

glo - ry! Rich - es in glo - ry to meet ev - 'ry need; Rich - es in

glo - ry! rich-es in glo - ry! Roy-al sup - ply our wants to ex - ceed.

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# No. 43. You Can Never be Lonely with Jesus.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. You can nev - er be lone-ly if Christ is your friend, He says he'll be
2. You can nev - er be lone-ly in earth's darkest night, God's pil - lar of
3. With no Christ and no hope, O so lone - ly life's road! Come now and be

with you un - to the end; And up - on his great promises you may depend;
fire now is burning bright, And your soul shall be flooded with heavenly light;
cleansed in the precious blood; You may have as companion the dear Son of God;

CHORUS.

You can nev - er be lone-ly with Je - sus. O 'twould be dreary with
out him, With-out the dear Saviour each day; Let him be your com-
each day;
pan-ion, your brother and friend, He will lead you and keep you al - way.

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# No. 44. The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

EDGAR PAGE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Some-times when hearts are wea - ry, The road seems hard and drear - y,
2. Then cheer your walk with sing - ing, Joy to the faint heart bringing,
3. Life is no time for cry - ing, Nor o - ver trou - ble sigh - ing.
4. The love of Christ is dear - er, The light is beam-ing clear - er,

Then make the road all cheer - y With the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
And let your voice be ring - ing With the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
But while the days are fly - ing Join the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the
The time is drawing near - er To the hal - le - lu - jah chorus of the

CHORUS

sky. . . . . O the hal-le - lu - jah chorus of the sky! We can
chorus of the sky.
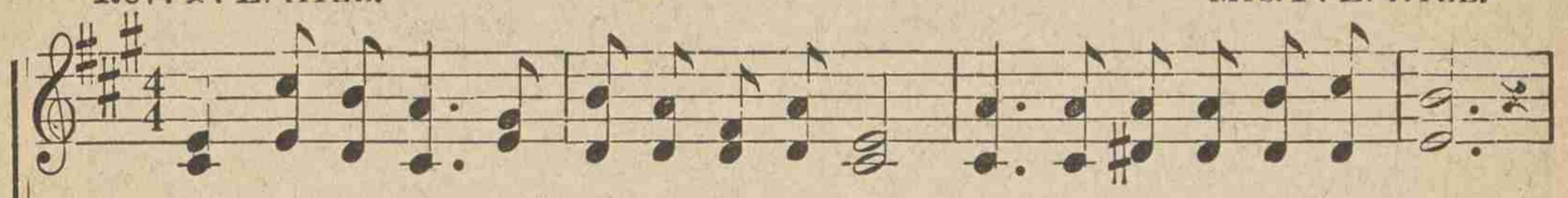
join the hap py anthem if we try, For just a cross the line,
join the anthem if we try,

It shall be yours and mine, This hal-le - lu-jah cho-rus of the sky.. . . . . .
orus of the sky.
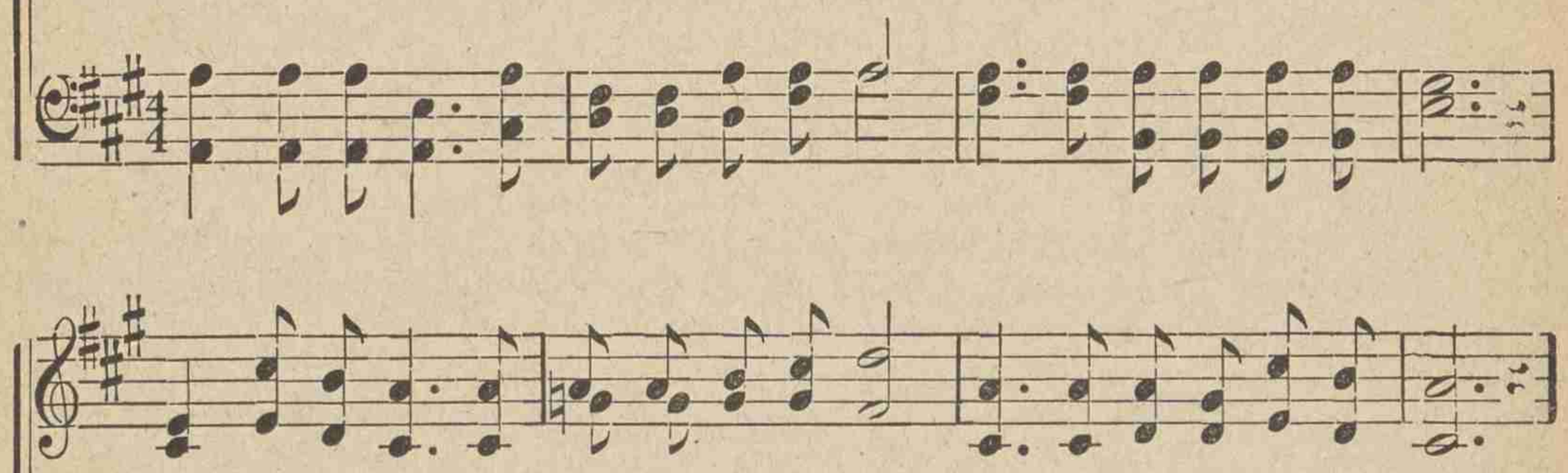
# No. 45. Since the Holy Ghost Abides.

He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever.—John 14: 16.
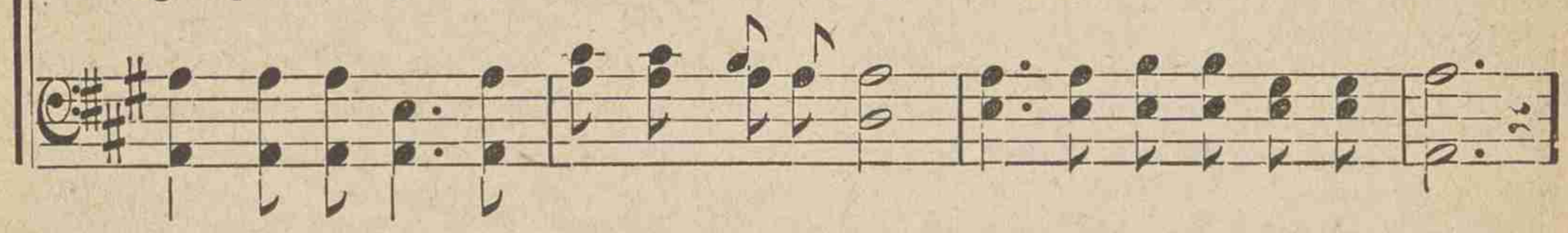
Rev. F. E. HILL. Mrs. F. E. HILL.
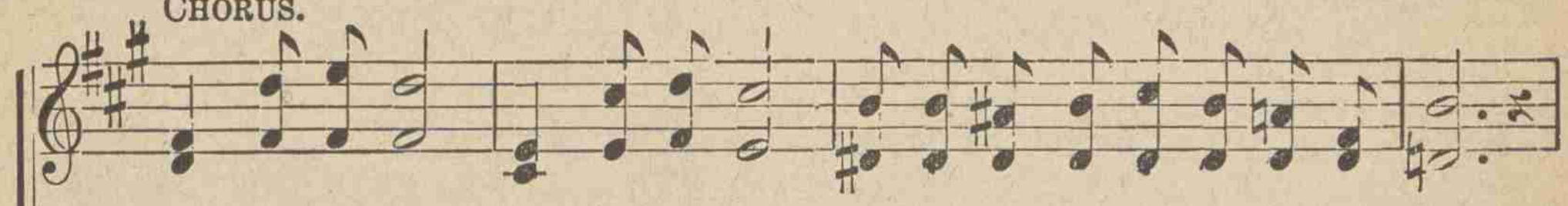


1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo - ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd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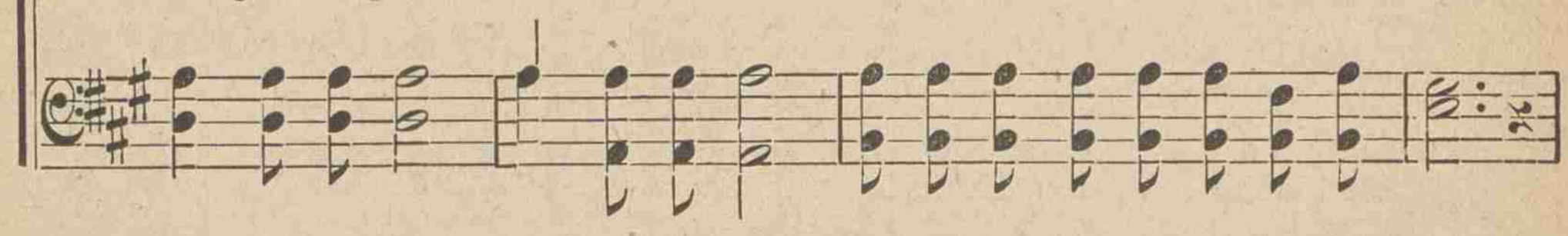


Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."
Pow'r, ho - ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a - bides.
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that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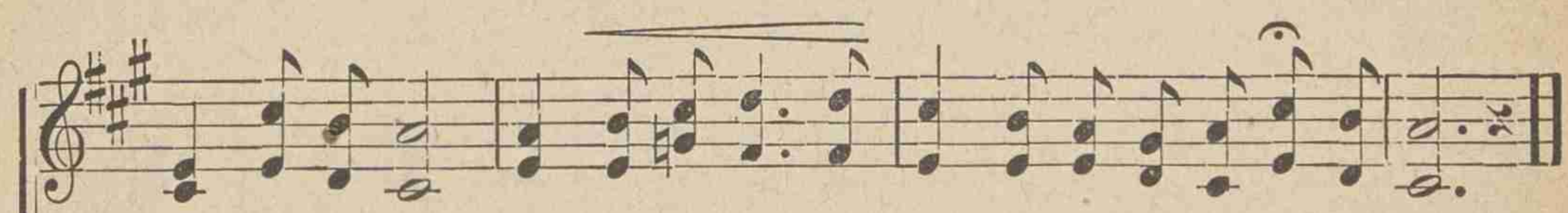


CHORUS.
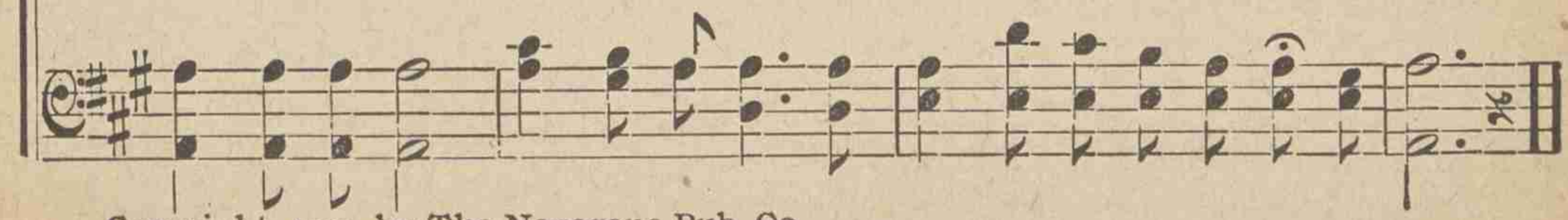


Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!





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



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# No. 46. The End is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have tried to count His bless-ings, and I fail to un-der-stand
2. Like an arm-y I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
3. Sure-ly good-ness, love and mer-cy have been mine a-long life's way,

Why the Lord should so rich-ly re-ward; Could I count the stars of heav-en,
O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in pass-ing,
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and glad-ness

add to them earth's grains of sand, Still His blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, bat-tal-lions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'er-flow-ing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!

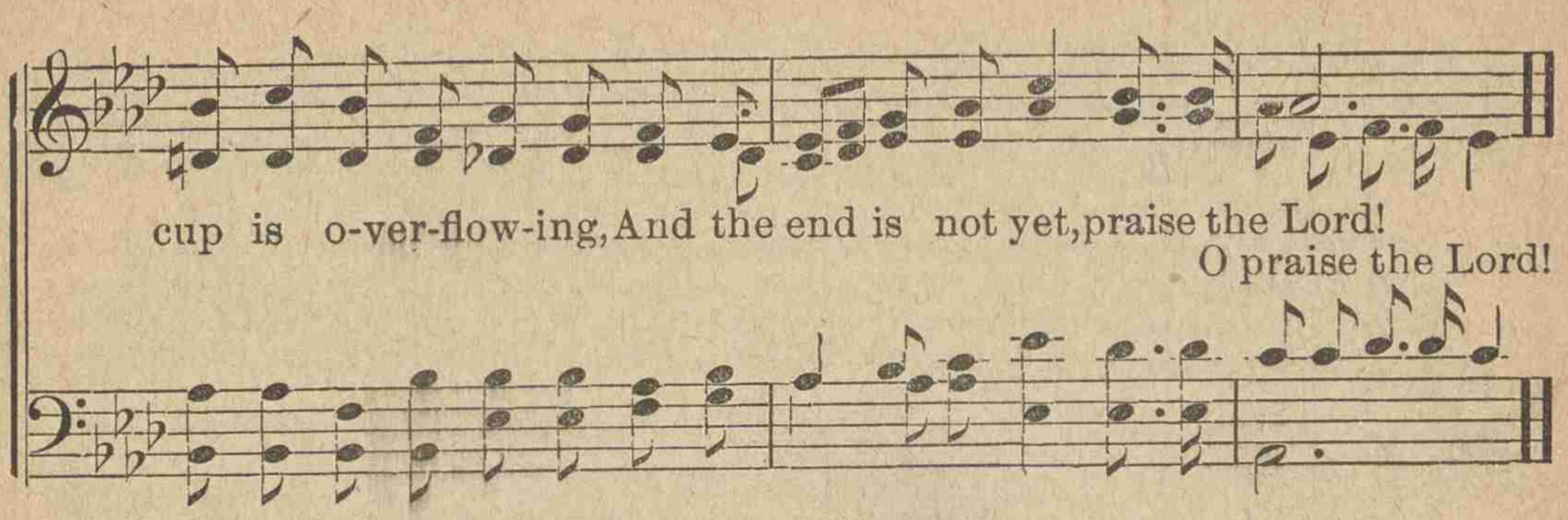
CHORUS.

And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
praise the Lord,

praise the Lord; Bless-ings new He's still be-stow-ing, And my
O praise the Lord;

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## The End Is Not Yet. Concluded.




## No. 47. Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.

# No. 48. A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
Friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair; There is

Chorus.

al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be-

lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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# No. 49. He's Coming Again.

Arr. for this work.

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

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

CHORUS.

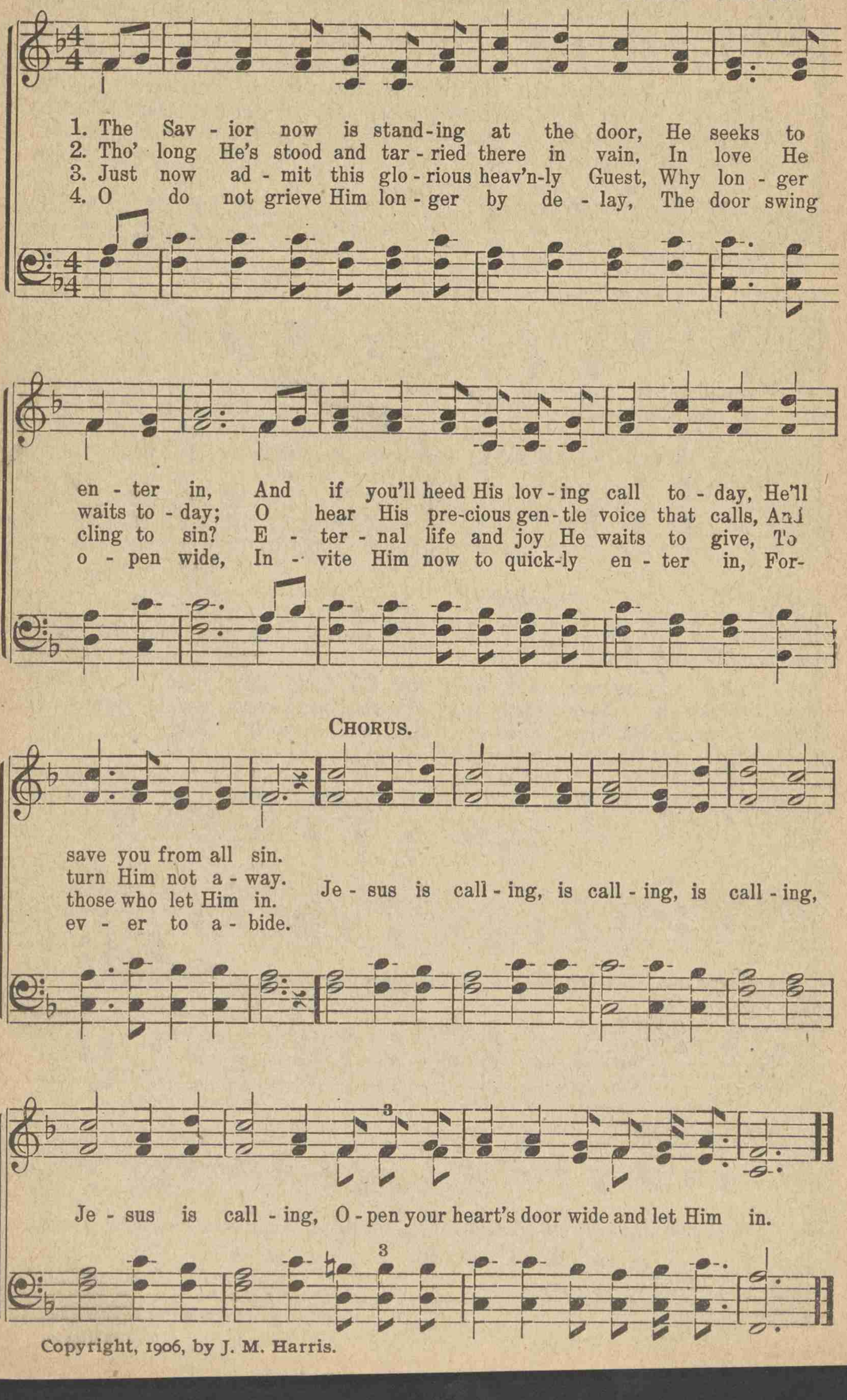
glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,
ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.

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

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

# No. 50. Jesus is Calling.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS. Cho. arr.




CHORUS.

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# No. 51. O it is Wonderful.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O it is won-der-ful! when I was drear-i-ly Wan-der-ing far in the gloom of the night, Christ, the Good Shep-herd, came
2. O it is won-der-ful! safe-ly en-fold-ing me With the strong arms of his in-fin-ite grace; "Mo-ment by mo-ment," so
3. O it is won-der-ful! keep-ing and hid-ing me From e-vil foes that my soul would en-snare; All that I need he is
4. O it is won-der-ful! still he is lead-ing me In the green pas-tures of mer-cy and love; By the still wa-ters, a-

call-ing so cheer-i-ly, Bring-ing me in-to his mar-vel-ous light.
kind-ly up-hold-ing me, Shed-ding up-on me the light of his face.
rich-ly pro-vid-ing me, Bid-ding me cast up-on him ev-'ry care.
bund-ant-ly feed-ing me, Lead-ing me on to his glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

O it is won-der-ful, glo-rious and won-der-ful! Love's blessed ban-ner shall o-ver me wave; Je-sus is might-y to save.

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# No. 52. Give Me Thy Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis- pers wher- ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep- ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound- ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate- ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren- der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

*p*

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher- ev-er thou art; From this dark

world, he would draw thee a-part, Speaking so ten- der- ly, "Give me thy heart."

*Rit.*

# No. 53. The Bloodwashed Pilgrim.

Anon.

1. I saw a blood-washed pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
2. I saw him in the fur - nace; He doubt - ed not, nor feared,
3. 'Mid storms, and clouds, and tri - als, In pris - on, at the stake,
4. I saw him o - ver - com - ing, Thro' all the swell - ing strife,

Up - on the King's great high - way With peace - ful, shin - ing face;
And in the flames be - side him The Son of God ap - peared;
He leaped for joy, re - joic - ing, 'Twas all for Je - sus' sake;
Un - til he crossed the thresh-old Of God's E - ter - nal Life;

Temp-ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright;
Tho' sev - en times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt-er's might,
That God should count him worth - y, Was such su - preme de - light,
The Crown, the Throne, the Scep - tre, The Name, the Stone so White,

He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."
He cried, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den is so light."
Were his, who found, in Je - sus, The yoke and bur - den light.
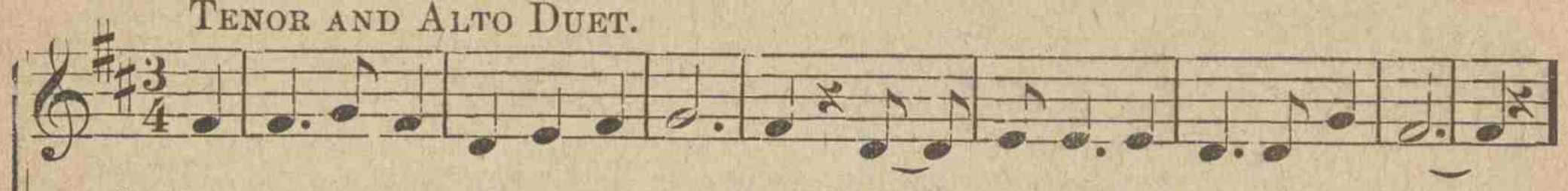
CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to-ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to-ry I shall wear.

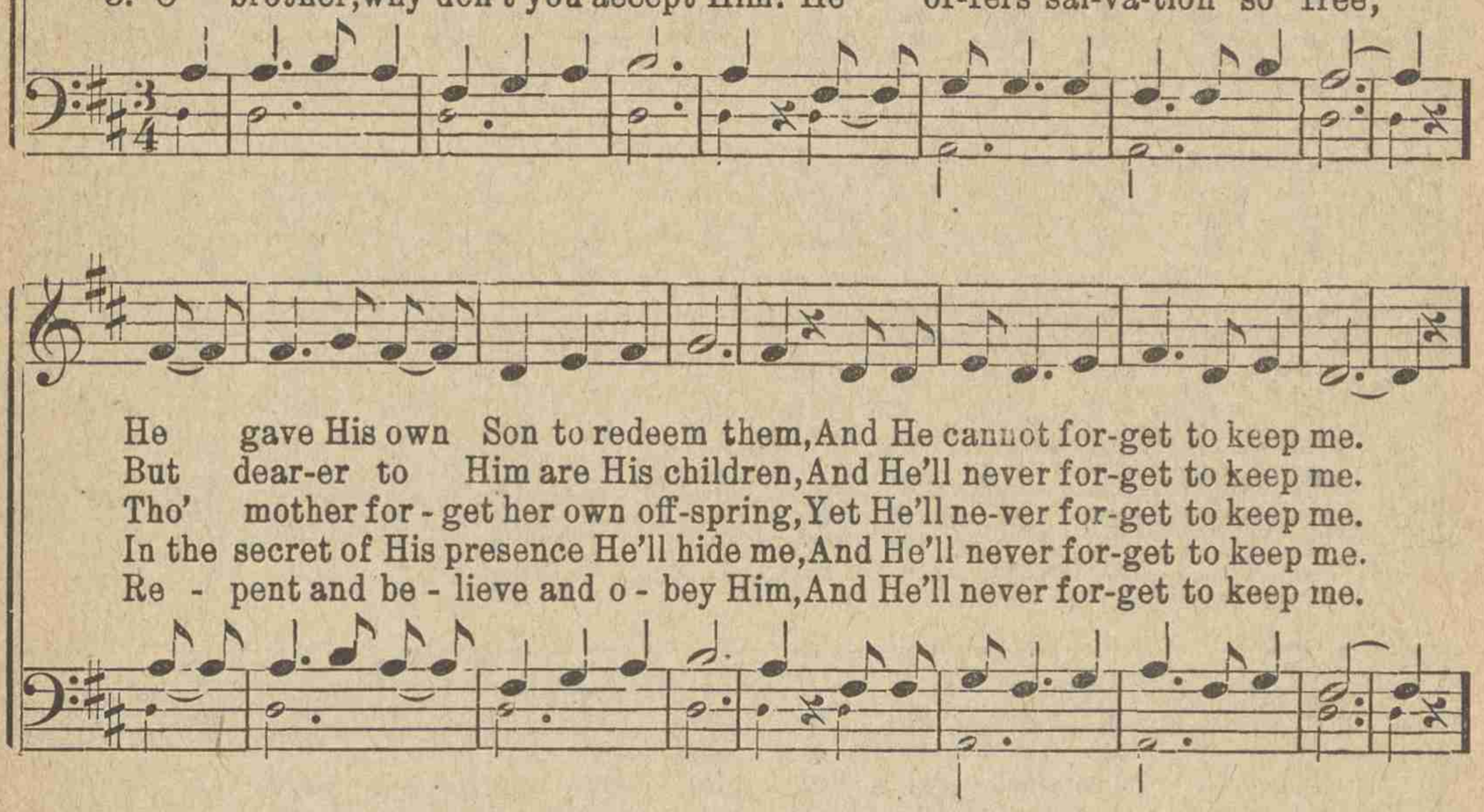
# No. 54. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

F. A. G. Copyright, 1899, by F A. Graves. F. A. GRAVES.
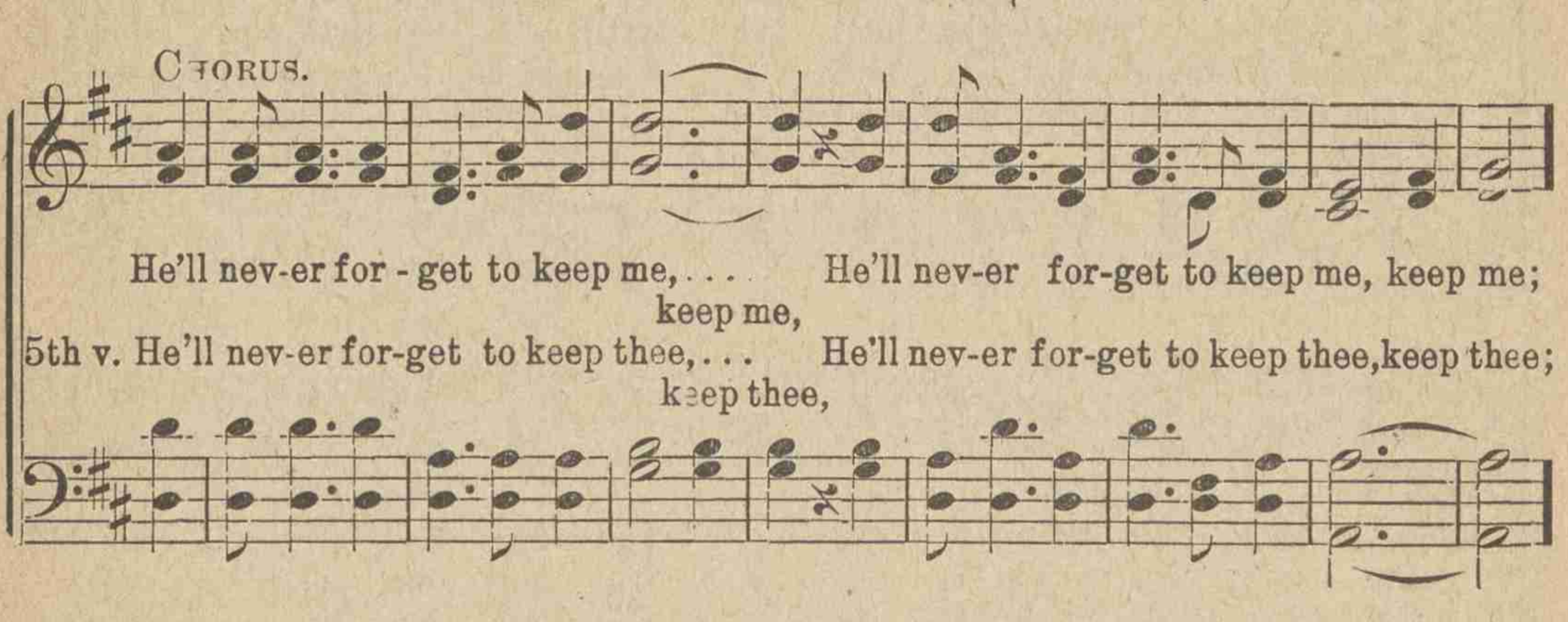
TENOR AND ALTO DUET.



1. My Father has many dear chil-dren; Will He ev - er for-get to keep me?
2. Our Father re-mem-bers the sparrows; Their val-ue and fall He doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so price-less, How patient and watchful is He;
4. I now will a - bide in His shad - ow, Nev-er restless nor fear-ful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you accept Him? He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;
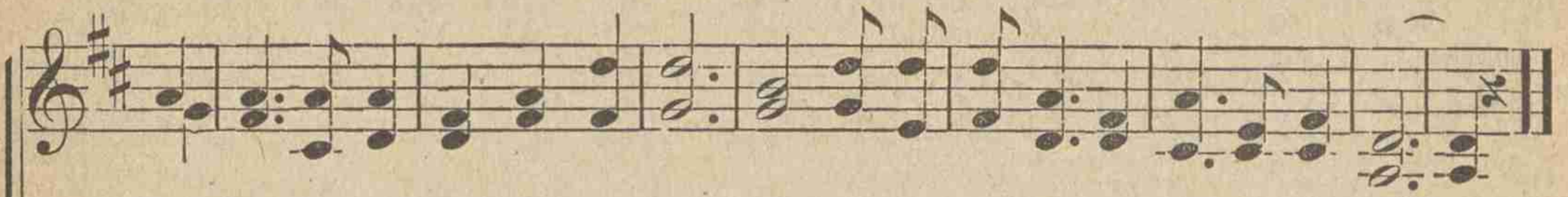


He gave His own Son to redeem them, And He cannot for-get to keep me.
But dear-er to Him are His children, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Tho' mother for - get her own off-spring, Yet He'll ne-ver for-get to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Re - pent and be - lieve and o - bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep me.



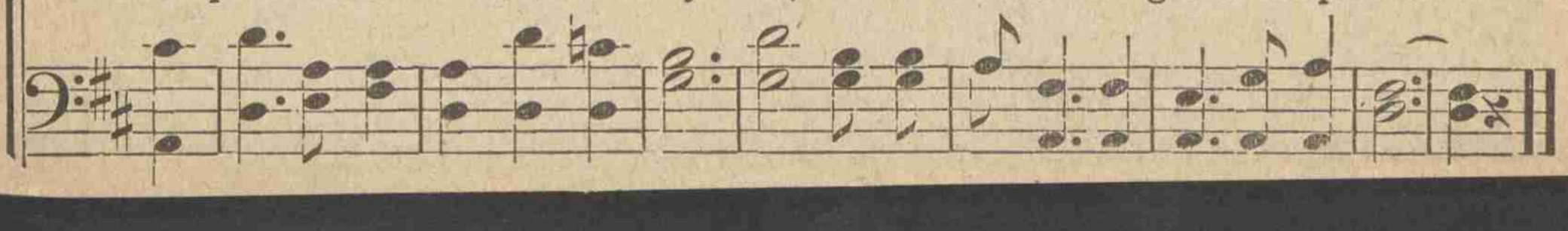
CHORUS.



He'll nev-er for - get to keep me, . . . He'll nev-er for-get to keep me, keep me;
keep me,
5th v. He'll nev-er for-get to keep thee, . . . He'll nev-er for-get to keep thee, keep thee;
keep thee,



He gave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll nev-er for-get to keep me.
But dear-er to Him are His children, And He'll nev-er for-get to keep me.
Tho' mother forget her own off-spring, Yet He'll nev-er for-get to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Re - pent and believe and o - bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.



# No. 55. The Lord Into His Garden Comes.

1. The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spic - es yield their rich per-
2. O that this dry and bar - ren ground In springs of wa - ter may a -
3. The glo-rious time is roll - ing on, The gra-cious work is now be -
4. Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord, And taste the sweet-ness of His

fumes, The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re -
bound, A fruit - ful soil be - come, A fruit - ful soil be-come. The
gun, My soul a wit - ness is, My soul a wit - ness is. I
word, In Je - sus' ways go on, In Je - sus' ways go on. Our

fresh-ing show'rs of grace di - vine, From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine,
des - ert blos-soms as the rose, While Je - sus con-quers all His foes,
taste and see the par - don free For all man-kind as well as me,
trou - bles and our tri - als here, Will on - ly make us rich - er there,

Which make the dead re - vive, Which make the dead re - vive.
And makes His peo - ple one, And makes His peo - ple one.
Who come to Christ may live, Who come to Christ may live.
When we ar - rive at home, When we ar - rive at home.

5 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
‖:When all the saints get home,:‖
Come on, come on, my brethren dear;
Soon we shall meet together there,
‖:For Jesus bids us come.:‖

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
‖:And claim my mansion there;:‖
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
‖:Where we shall part no more.:‖

# No. 56. I Love to Walk With Jesus.

Copyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigele.

C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.

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

When He gathered them about Him, And the bless-ed tid - ings told,
Who had tar-ried by the way-side, Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
Gaze up - on that scene of suf-f'ring, While my tears of sorrow flow;
When our journey here is o - ver, And we've reached our home to stay;

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

Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur-den, Giv - ing per-fect peace and rest.
And im me-diate-ly he fol-lowed Je - sus all a-long the way.
So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me a - ny-where He may.
Laugh and shout, and ever tell Him That I love Him more and more.

# I Love to Walk With Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low where He leadeth, I will pas-ture where He feed-eth,

I will fol-low all the way, Lord, I will fol-low Je-sus ev-'ry day.

## No. 57. Pass Me Not.

Copyright renewed, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

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

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

Hear my hum-ble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

# No. 58. The Fight is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you. And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The

CHORUS. *Unison.*

triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

} The fight is on, O Chris-tian

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.....With ar-mor

gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;

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## The Fight Is On.---Concluded.

*Harmony.*

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold

fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

## No. 59. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

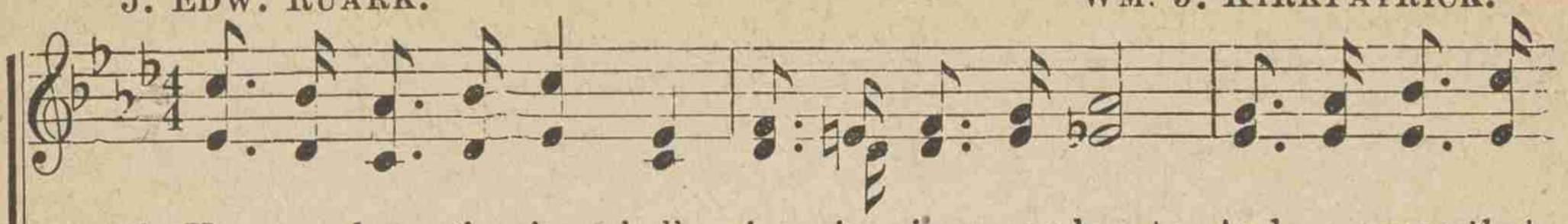
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
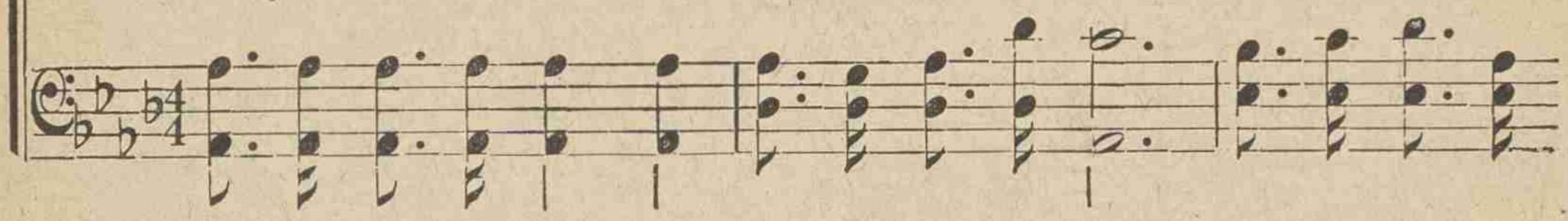
Faith of our fa-thers! Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

# No. 60. You May Have the Joybells.
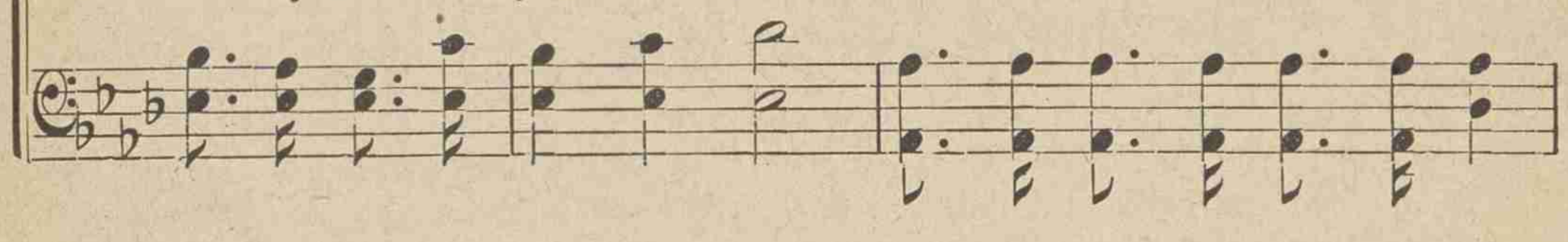
J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
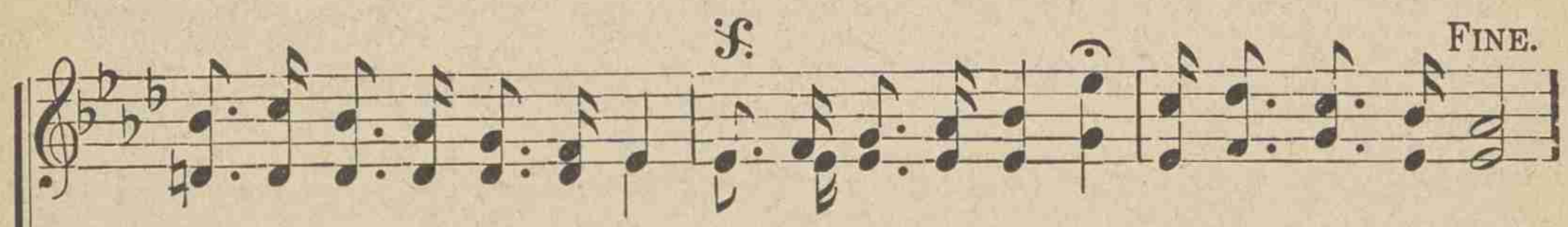


1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to
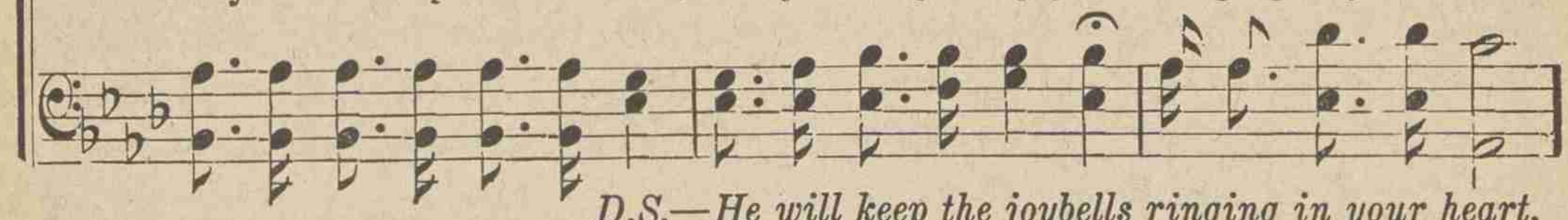


from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar - row way,
those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al - ways say,
He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un-seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,
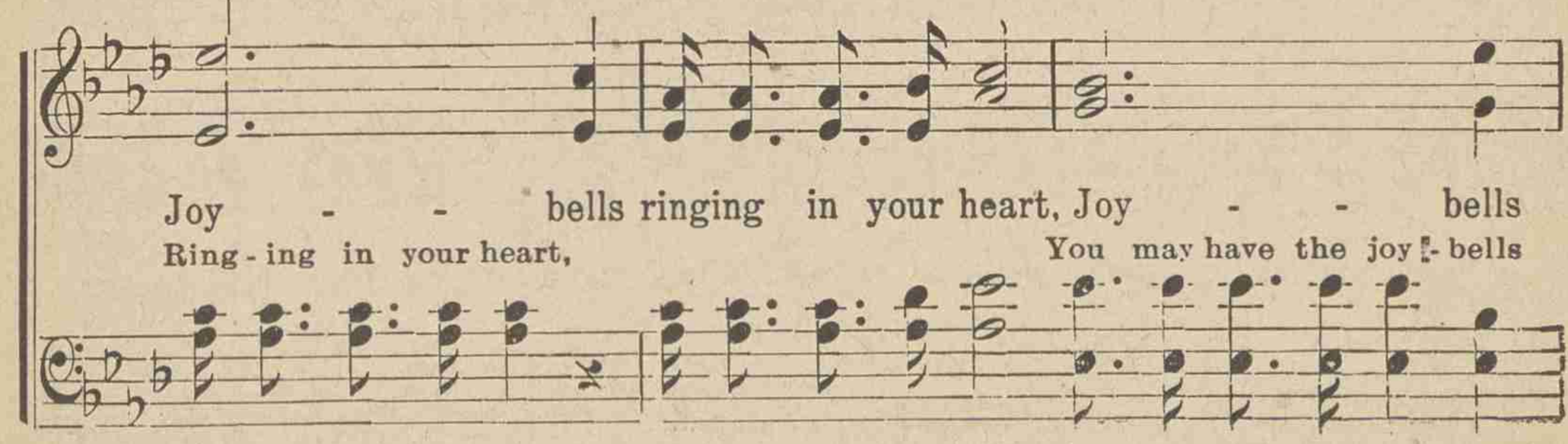





Live for Je-sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.



*D.S.—He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.*
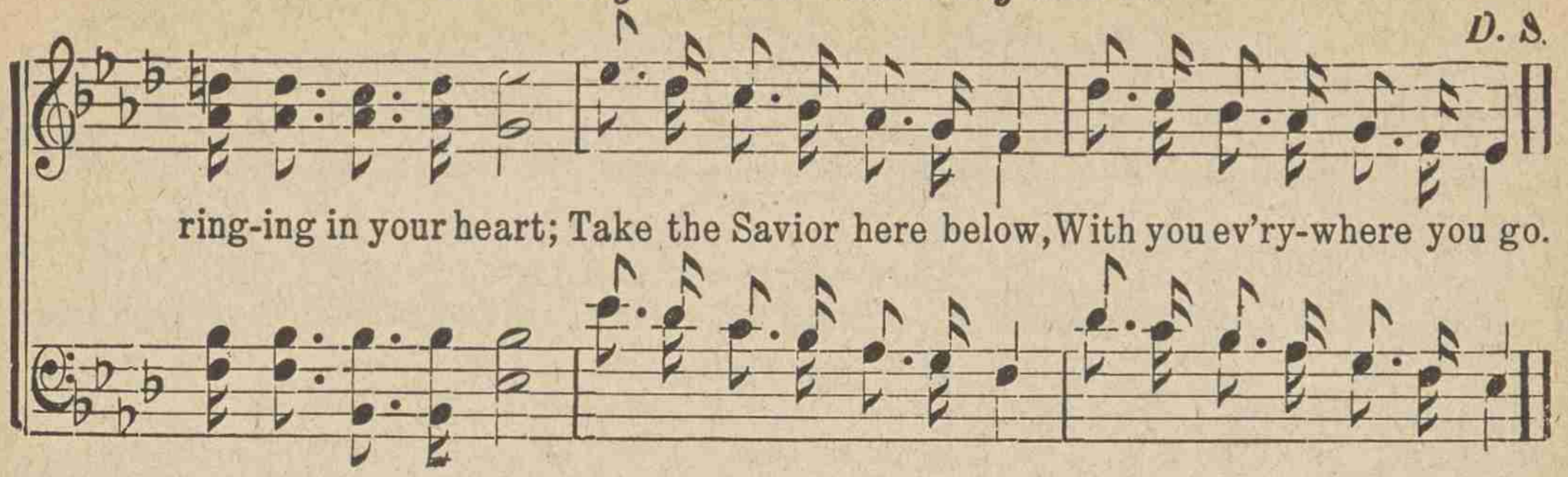
Chorus.



Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells

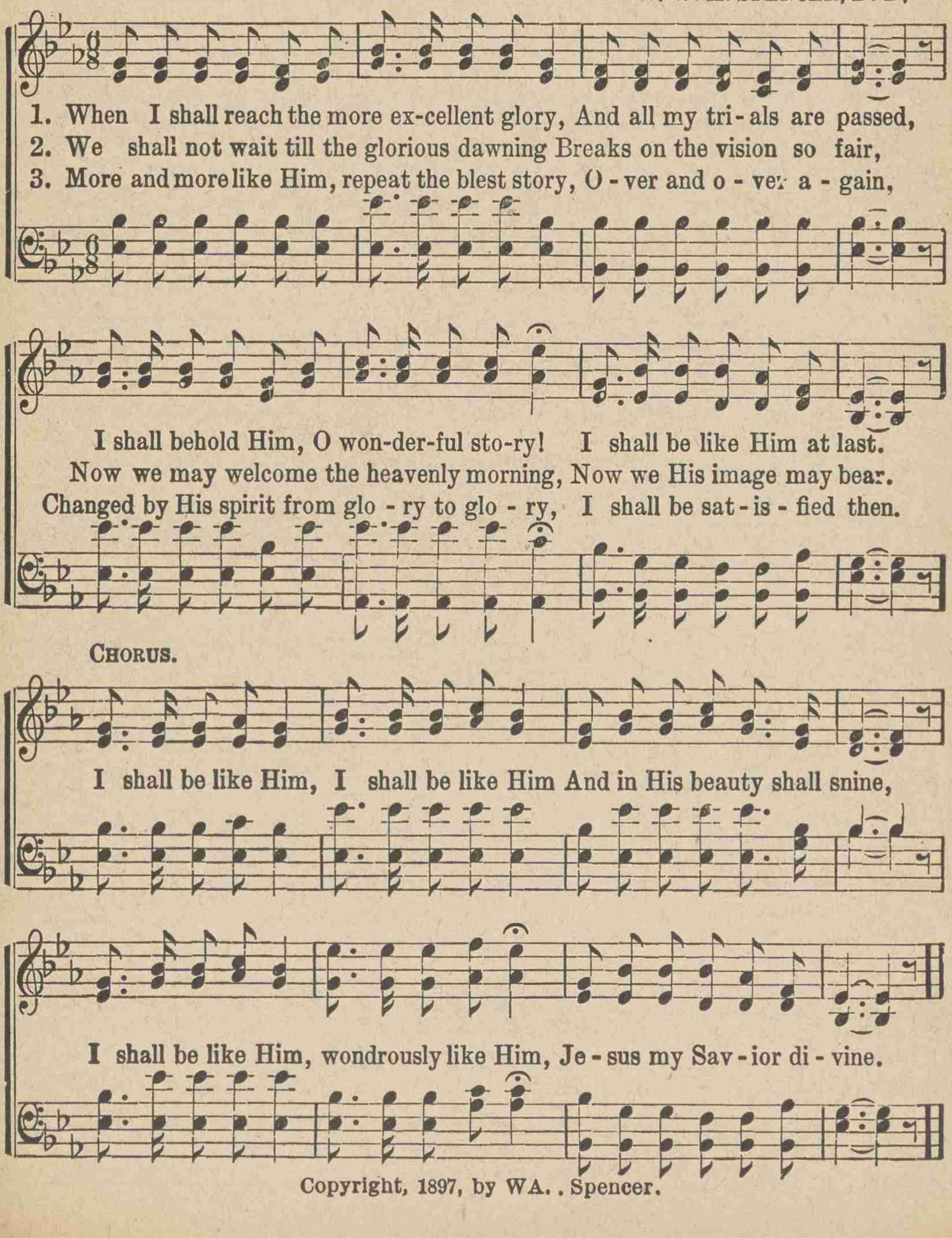
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## You May Have the Joybells.




## No. 61. I Shall Be Like Him.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.




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# No. 62. Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. F. Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. J. A. Lee, owner. J. E. FRENCH.

1. Come and hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
2. I am glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be - side the Gal - i - lee;
3. I will sing His boundless mer - cy, all the beau-ty of His ways;

How Je - sus left His home a - bove, and came on earth to dwell;
His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free;
If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise;
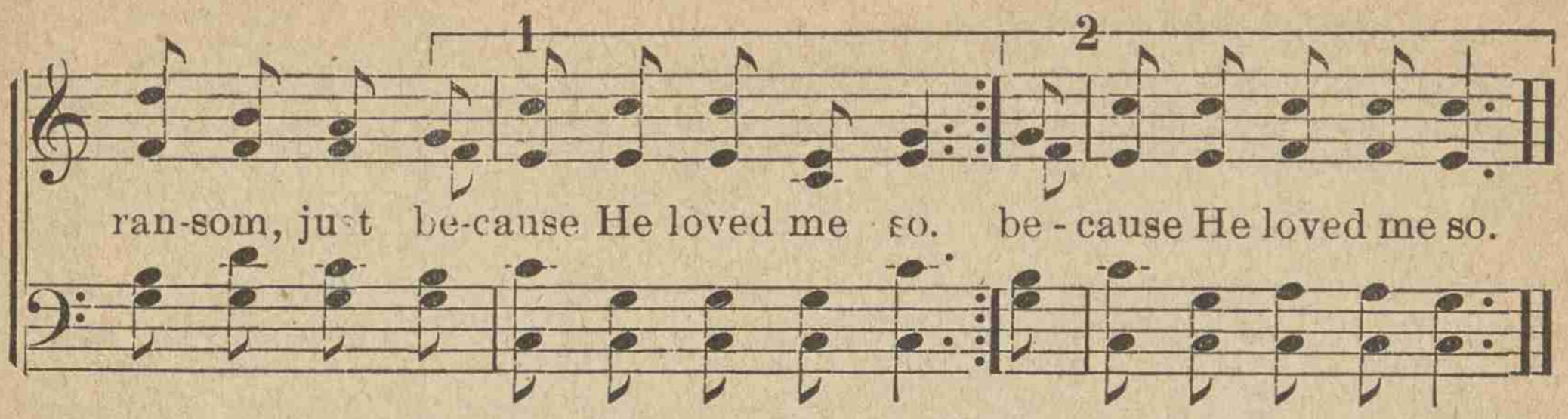
If you ask me why He suf-fered, I can on - ly say, "I know,
As He calls for me to fol - low, I will walk with Him be - low,
And no mat-ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know,

He gave His life a ran-som, just be-cause He loved me so."
He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause He loved me so.
I will lean up - on His prom-ise, just be-cause He loved me so.

CHORUS.

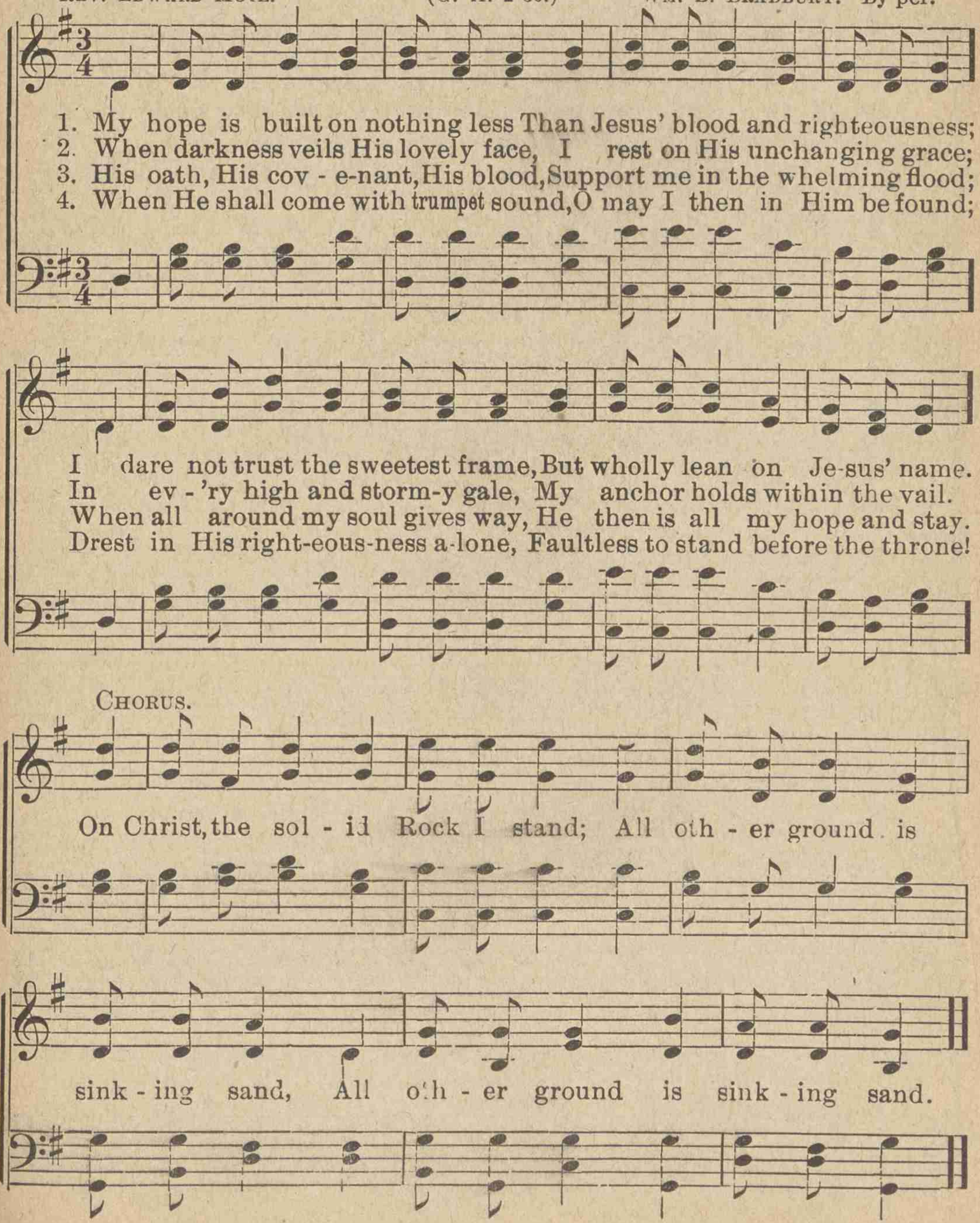
He loved me so, He loved me so,
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He lov d me so, He ga e His life a

## Just Because He Loved Me So. Concluded.




## No. 63. The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. (G. H. 2-30.) WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



# No. 64. Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days.

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the
by - and - by, by - and - by,

sweet by - and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and - by

# No. 65. At the Mercy-Seat.

E. CUTLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A - mid the toils and cares of life, A - mid the tur-moil and the strife,
2 In sore temp-ta-tion's try-ing hour, When o'er the wi - ly tempt-er's power
3. When darkness gathers round my way, And I can see no cheer-ing ray
4. And when my path is bright and clear, With-out a cloud of doubt or fear,

Rest to the wear - y soul is sweet: I find it at the mer - cy - seat.
I strive for vic - to - ry com-plete, I gain it at the mer - cy - seat.
To guide my wear - y, fal-t'ring feet, I tar - ry at the mer - cy - seat.
My heart is filled with peace so sweet, While waiting at the mer - cy - seat.

REFRAIN.

At the mer - - - cy - seat, At the mer - - - cy - seat:
At the mer - cy - seat, At the mer - cy - seat:

I love to hold com - mun-ion sweet With Je-sus, at the mer-cy - seat.

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# No. 66. I Have Found It.

F. G Burroughs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Since I came at Je - sus' bid - ding, And received the promised rest,
2. On His love my rest is found-ed, And no storms that Rock can shake,
3. Oh, this rest the Saviour gives me Is the pearl of great-est worth,

I have found His ways most pleasant, And His paths se-rene and blest;
Tho' the winds may blow about it, And the waves a-gainst it break;
In its pre-cious-ness and com-fort Far sur-pass - ing gems of earth!

Tri - als have been changed to conquests, Sighs are lost in songs of praise,
Not a doubt can mar this trys-ting, Not a fear dis-turb my calm,
Moth and rust can - not cor-rupt it, Naught shall rob this treasure mine,
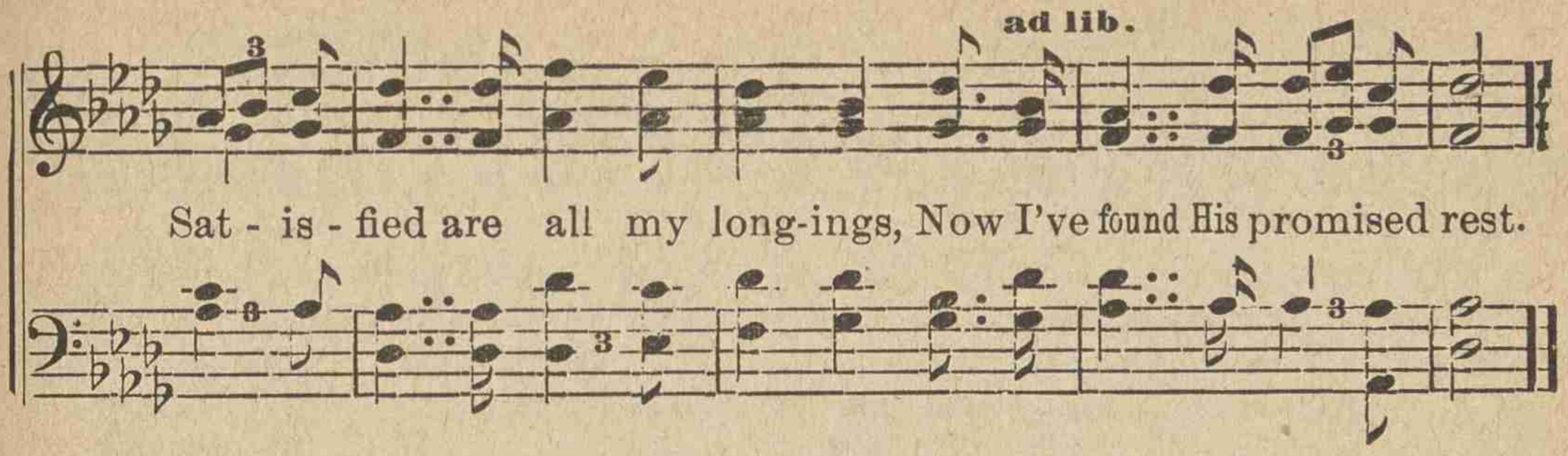
And all tur - moil, care and conflict Are transformed by hope's bright rays.
Nor a weap - on formed against me Do my peace-ful spir - it harm.
For the rest is His who gave it, And is kept by grace di - vine.

CHORUS.

I have found it, I have found it, That for which I've been in quest,

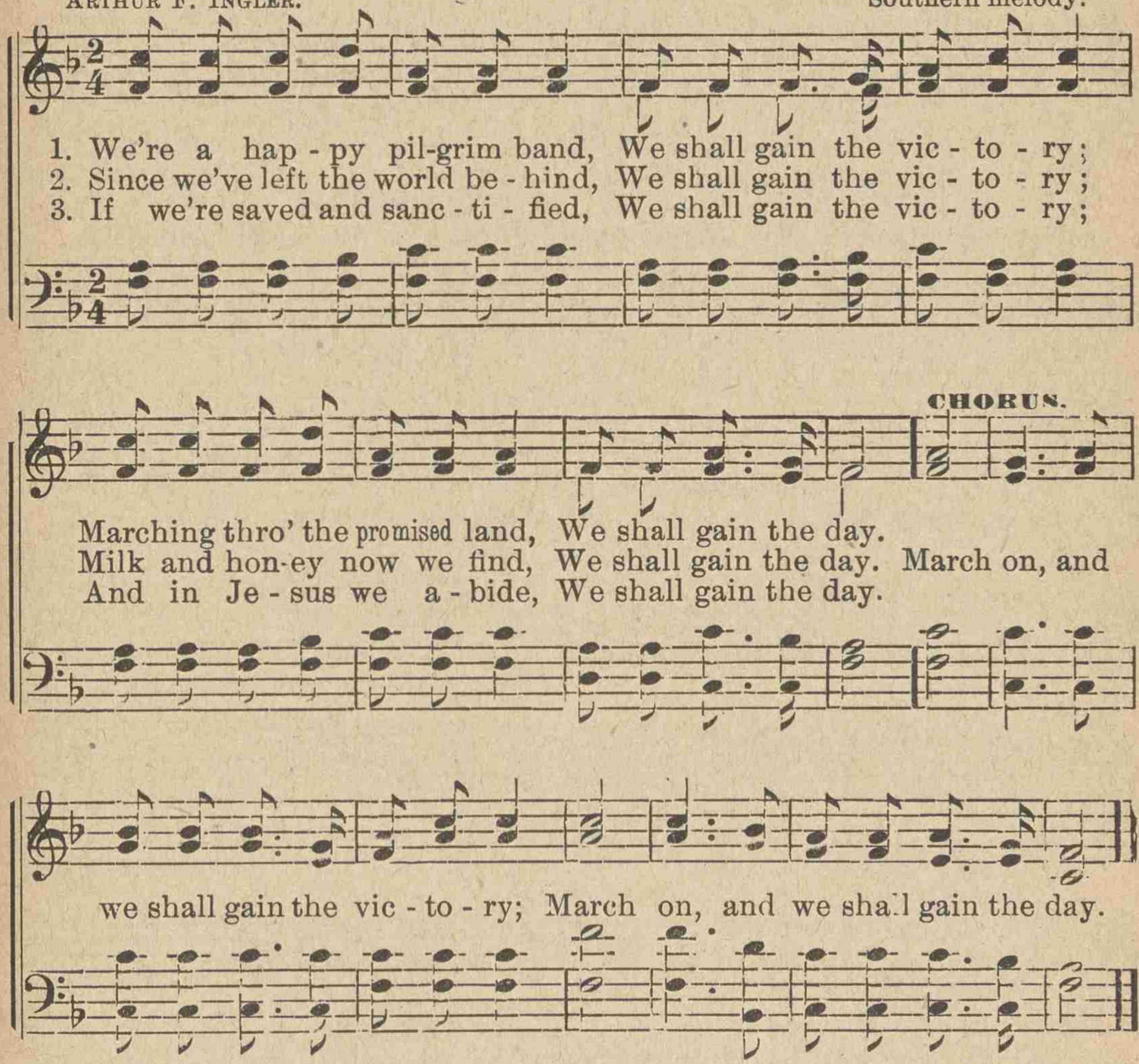
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# I Have Found It. Concluded.




# No. 67. March On.

ARTHUR F. INGLER. Southern melody.




4 Feasting on the corn and wine,
We shall gain the victory;
We will always shout and shine,
We shall gain the day.

5 There are giants great and tall,
We shall gain the victory;
But we'll meet and slay them all,
We shall gain the day.

6 If we pray, and sing, and shout,
We shall gain the victory;
Satan and his host we'll rout,
We shall gain the day.

7 We shall all outshine the sun,
We shall gain the victory;
Wear a crown when life is done,
We shall gain the day.

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# No. 68. Alone With God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When storms of life are round me beat-ing, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gathered o'er me? What tho' I've passed beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod;
4. And when I see the mo-ment near-ing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's per-fect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all His beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

Chorus.

A-lone with God,..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
A-lone with God,
God,..... O blest re-treat! A-lone with God,.....
A-lone with God,
A-lone with God,
and in Him hid-den, To hold with Him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
To hold with Him

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# No. 69. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. Once I served in E-gypt's bondage, But my Sav-ior on the tree,
2. Once I tho't this land of Ca-naan Was a type of heav'n a-bove,
3. Now in Je-sus' love a-bid-ing I have reach'd the land of rest;
4. Fear and fret and sin-ful hur-ry, Beu-lah dwell-ers do not know;

Broke the cru-el chains which bound me, Set the mourn-ing cap-tive free.
But in-stead on earth I found it, In my Sav-ior's per-fect love.
Here the King is now re-sid-ing, And with Him I'm ful-ly blest.
Pride and en-vy, doubt and wor-ry, In its cli-mate can-not grow.

CHORUS.

{ There is sweet rest in Ca-naan, Where the Es-chol grapes are
{ In these bright fields of Beu-lah, There is per-fect con-se-

grow-ing, And the Fount of Life is flow-ing, Bless-ings dai-ly fall;
cra-tion, And a full and free sal-va-tion, bless-ed rest for all. }

4 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go,
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

# No. 70. A Blessing in God's House.

Rev. ABNER BOWLING. CLEMIE GAY.

1. I have come to seek a bless-ing in the house of God to-day; I have
2. I have come to hear the message, and with waiting heart, receive; Come to
3. In com - ing with such motives, I am sure I will be blest; For, to

come to be a bless-ing while in the house I stay; I have come to
weigh the words as spoken, and, with joy and trust be-lieve; Come to meet the
all who thus approach him, God gives the ver - y best; He in - vites me

bow in rev'rence while with lips and heart I pray; I have come to take a
Ho - ly Spir - it, and for his pow-er to plead; Come to take of God's rich
to be seat - ed at his ta - ble as his guest, And ful - fills his precious

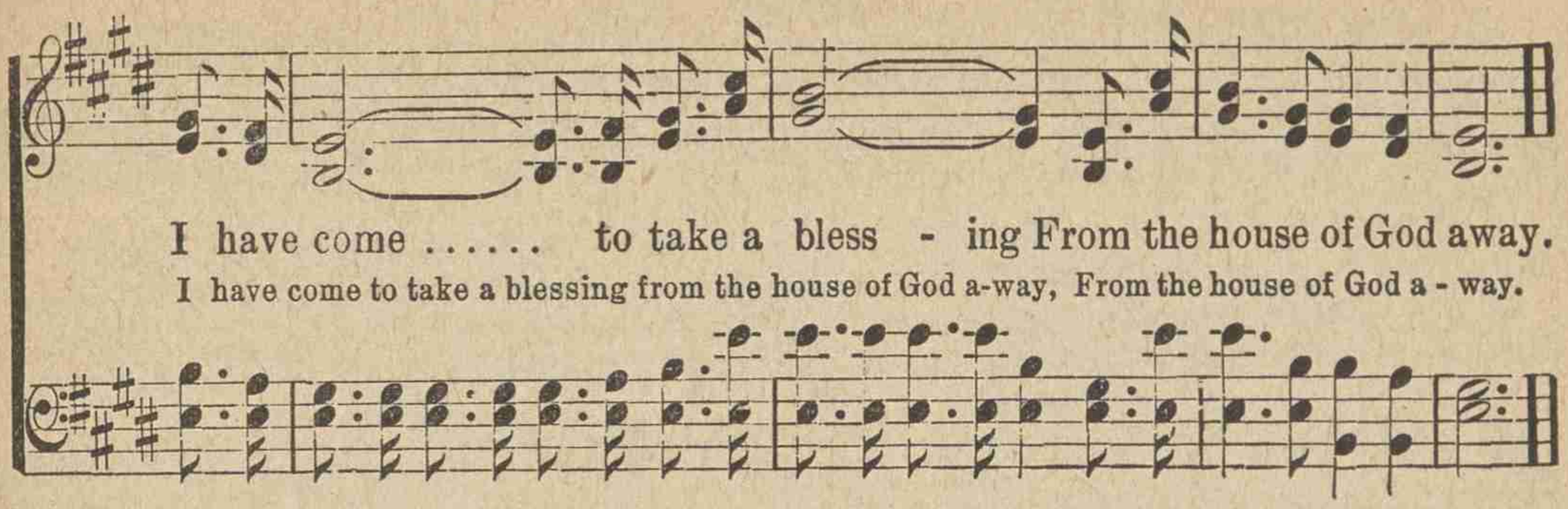
CHORUS.

bless-ing from the house of God a-way.
boun-ty for the ma-ny things I need. I have come..... to seek a
promise, "to your souls ye shall find rest." I have come to seek a blessing in the

bless - ing In the house ..... of God's to - day;.....
house of God to-day, I have come to seek a bless-ing in the house of God to-day;
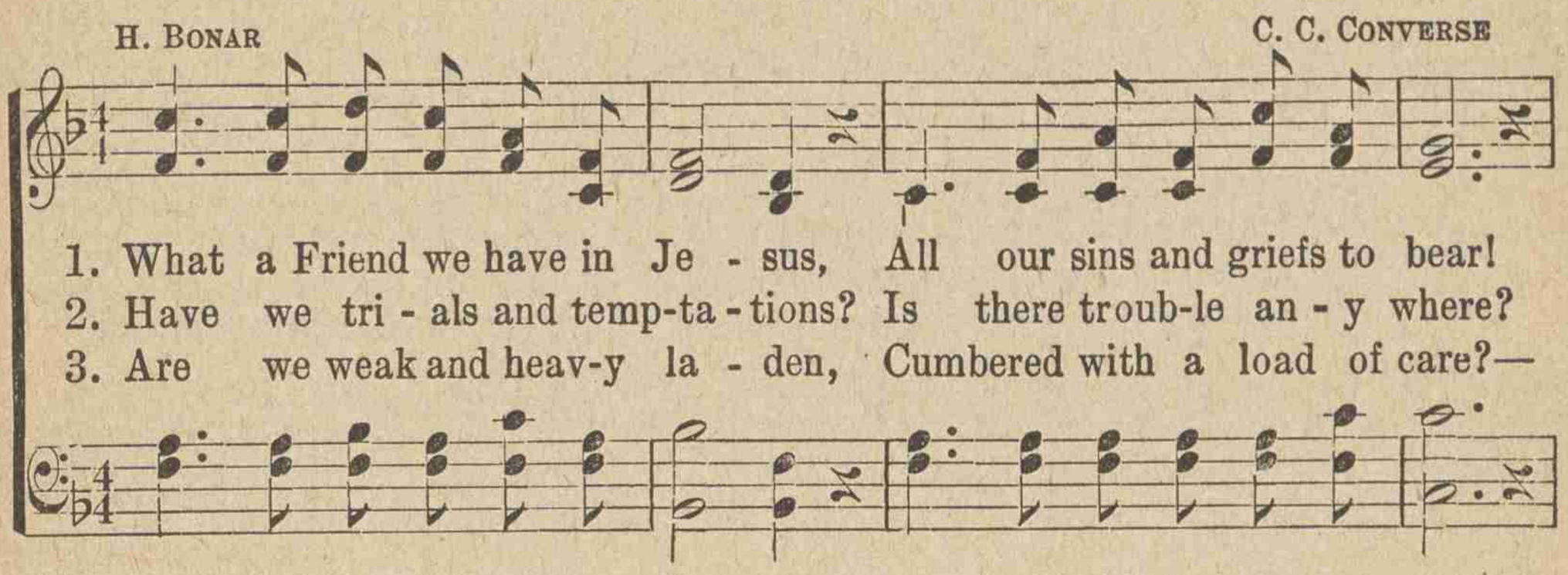
Copyright, 1909, by I. G. Martin.

# A Blessing in God's House. Concluded.




## What A Friend. No. 71.

H. Bonar C. C. Converse




Fine

D. S.

# No. 72. Holiness Is Heaven To Me.

D. RAND PIERCE. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. There's praise and glory in my soul, For O the Lord has blessed me;
2. Be - fore I sought and found this grace, I sometimes fell to doubt-ing;
3. O broth - er, do you know the joy This wondrous blessing gives us?
4. Some day our bless-ed Lord will come, And earth ly joys will sev - er;

He came one day and washed a-way, The sin that so dis-tressed me;
When saints were moved the Lord to praise, I could not stand the shouting;
No tongue can tell what raptures swell, The soul that dwells in Je - sus;
And with His bride, the sanc-ti - fied, We'll praise the Lamb for-ev - er;

And now I'm happy, glad and free, For ho - li - ness is heav'n to me.
But now, praise God, I too am free, And ho - li - ness is heav'n to me
O now my soul from sin is free, And ho - li - ness is heav'n to me.
And O what bliss for aye 'twill be, For ho - li - ness is heav'n to me.

*f* CHORUS. *p*

Blest ho - li - ness, God's ho-li-ness, As full and boundless as the sea.

Lord, more and more Thy blessing pour, For ho-li-ness is heav'n to me.

Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinne.

# No. 73. The Healing Waters.

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. Used by per.

H. H. HEIMAR. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O the joy of sins for - giv'n! O the bliss the blood-washed know!
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest-ing low;
3. O this pre - cious, per-fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow!
4. O to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tempest come and go!
5. Cleansed from ev'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv-en snow,

O the peace a - kin to Heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!
Let me ev - er-more a - bide, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Streaming from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Here is bless-ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

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

joys..... ce - les-tial glow; O there's peace..... and
joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial flow, O there's peace and rest and love,

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

wa-ters flow.

# No. 74. The Old-Time Religion.

MRS. M. J. H. Copyright, 1908, by Mrs. M. J. Harris. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For it saves from all sin
2. I be-lieve in a heart-felt re - lig-ion, That brings joy to the soul
3. I be-lieve in a ho - ly re - lig-ion, For the saints of all a -
4. I be-lieve in the old-time re - lig-ion, For we know we are right

here be - low, Gives me peace passing all un-der-standing, While the
ev - 'ry day, The as - sur-ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bondage, When they
with our God, And there's joy in our hearts as we're walking In the

CHORUS.
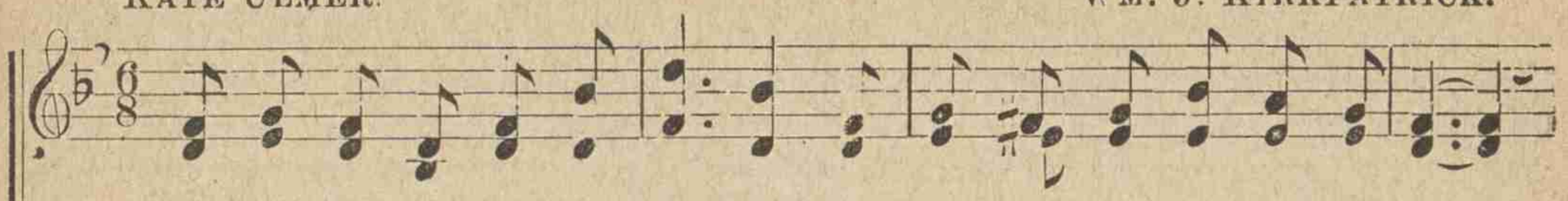
riv-ers of pleasure doth flow. O give me the old-time religion,
blood they are all washed away.
heard the sweet story of old.
paths which our fathers have trod. the old - time religion,

O give me the joy I can know; I be-lieve in the old-
I can know;
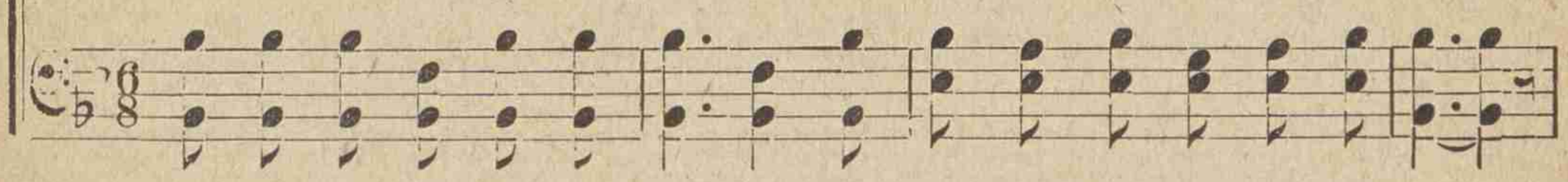
time re - lig-ion, As our fath-ers received long a - go.
the old - time re-lig-ion,
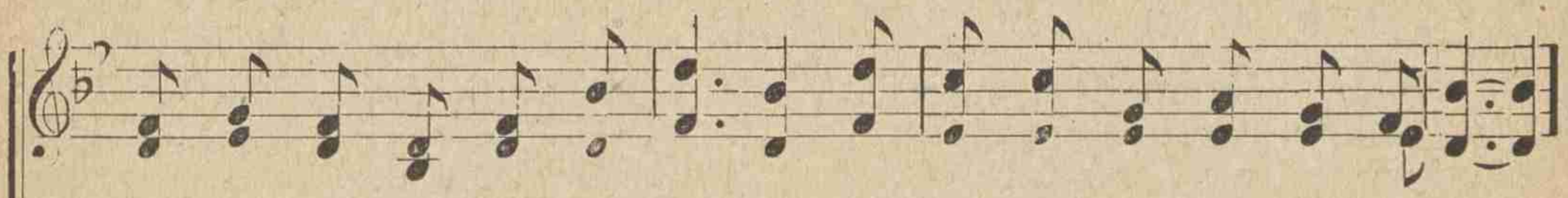
# No. 75. His Grace Aboundeth More.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
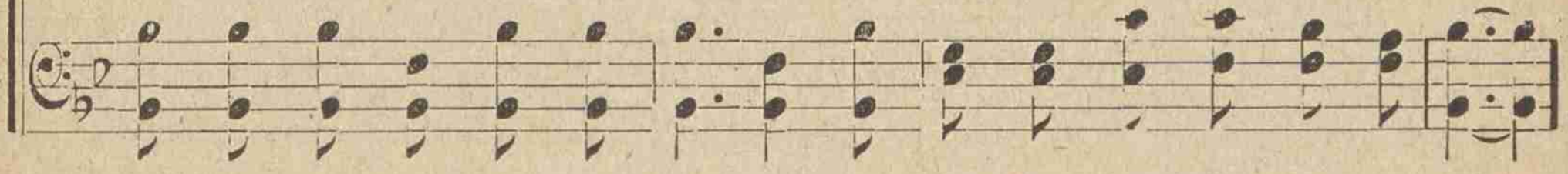


1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-ior In Je - sus my Lord I have found,
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No good-ness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay,
4. In Him my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My pro-phet, my Priest and my King;
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul;
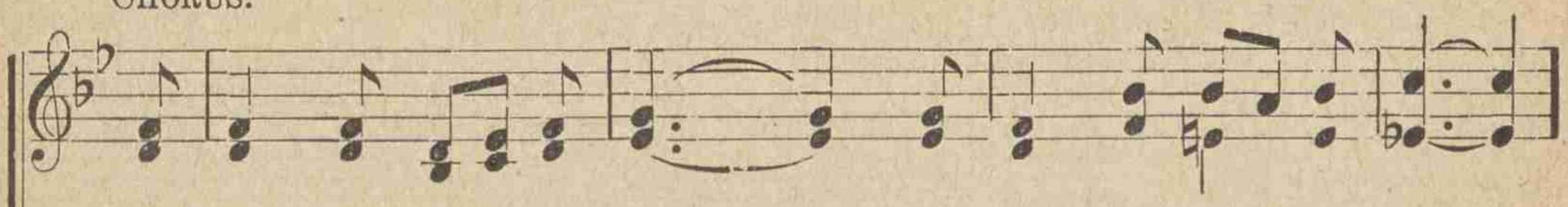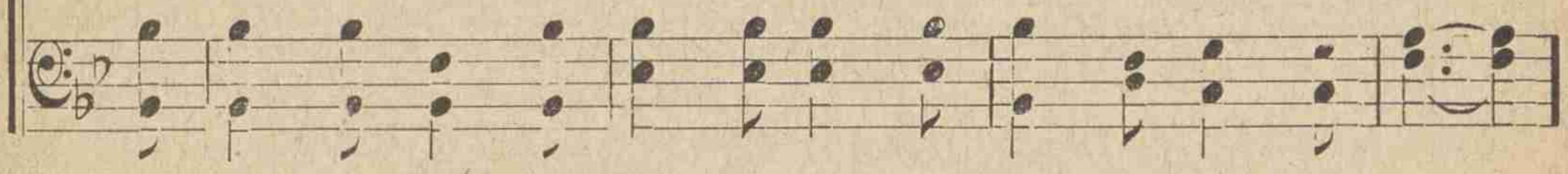




Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un - to me did a-bound.
Oft - en His law I had brok-en, And mer - it - ed naught but to die.
But in the pre-cious blood flow-ing He wash'd all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer - cy I find and for-give-ness, My all to His keep-ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-ior, While years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
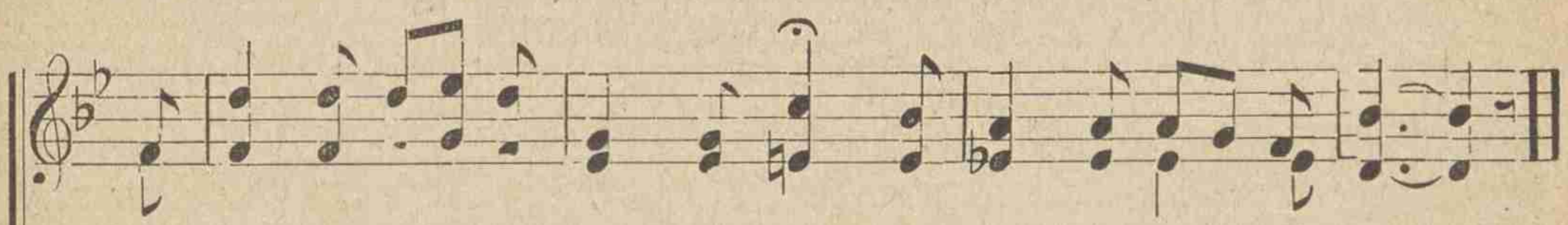


CHORUS.
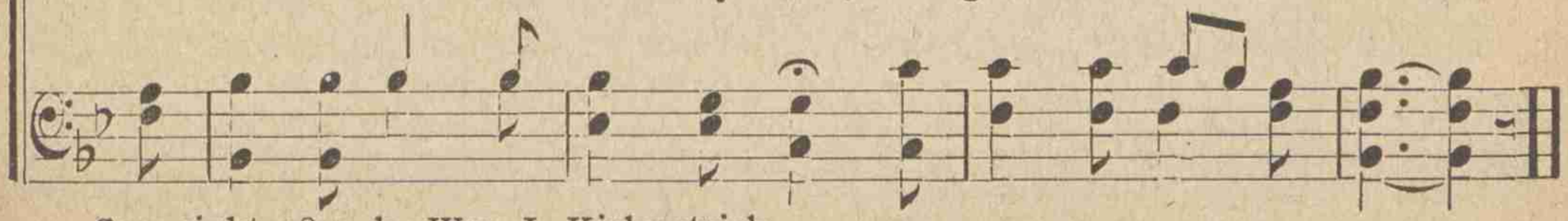


His grace a - bound-eth more, His grace a - boundeth more,
and more.





'Tho' sin a - bound-ed in my heart, His grace a - bound-eth more.



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# No. 76 There Is a Fountain.

As sung by Miss Essie Morris and
Mrs. Winifred Carroll.

Arr. by Mrs. Jno. T. Benson.

DUET.

1. There is a foun - - tain filled with blood, Drawn
2. The dy-ing thief..... re-joiced to see That
3. E'er since by faith..... I saw the stream Thy
4. Then in a no - - - bler, sweet-er song I'll

1. There is a foun-tain, filled with blood,

from Immanuel's veins,..... And sinners, plunged..... be-
foun - tain in his day,..... And there may I..... tho'
flow - ing wounds supply,..... Re-deem-ing love ..... has
sing.... Thy pow'r to save,..... When this poor, lisp - ing,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged

neath that flood, Loose all..... their guilt-y stains.
vile as he, Wash all..... my sins a - way.
been my theme, And shall.... be till I die.
stamm'ring tongue Lies si - - lent in the grave.
be-neath that flood,

CHORUS.

I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been redeemed (and so have

I), I've been redeemed (and so have I), I've been washed in the blood of the

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## There Is a Fountain. Concluded.

Lamb, I've been washed in the blood of the
Hal - le - lu - jah,

Lamb, I've been washed in the blood of the
Praise the Lord,

Lamb, that flows from Cal - va - ry.
Hal - le - lu - jah, from Cal - va - ry.

## No. 77 There Is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. estern Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
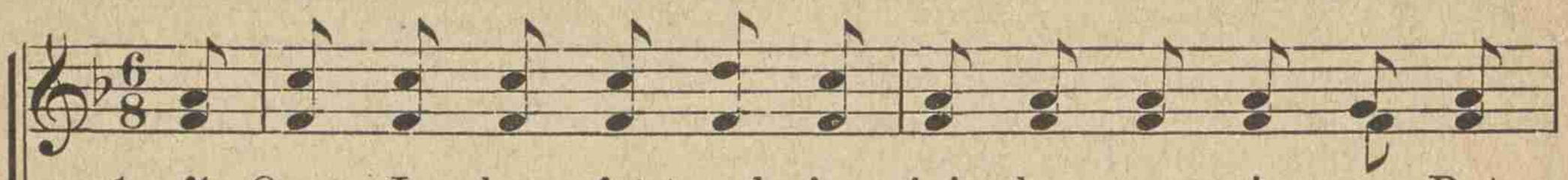
FINE. D. S.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.
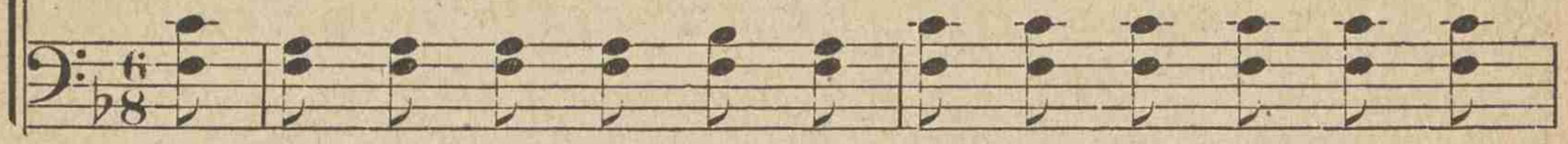
# No. 78. Beulah.
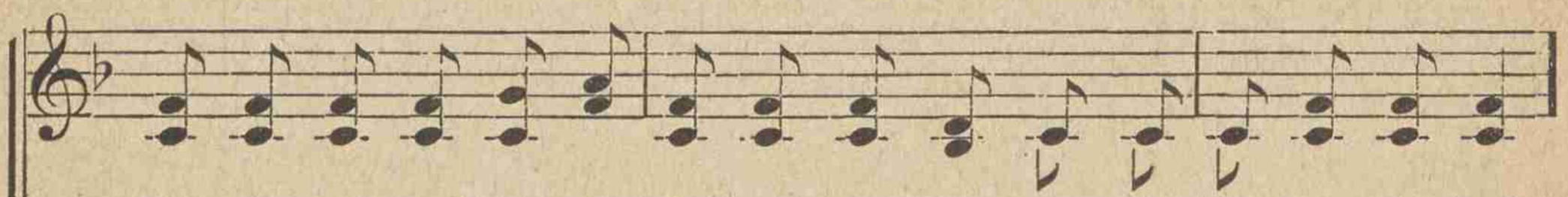
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Furnished by E. L H. Cho. by A. F. I. Isa. 62: 4. Har. by A. F. I.
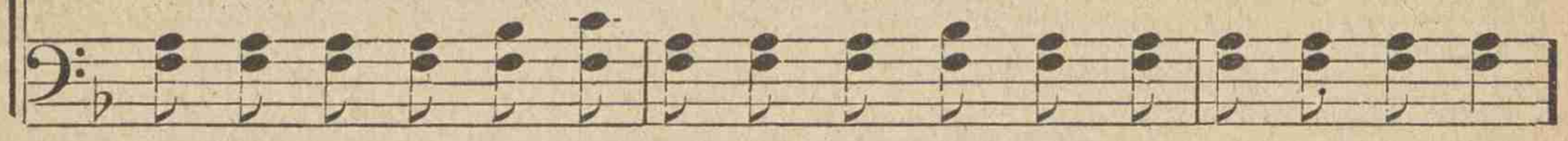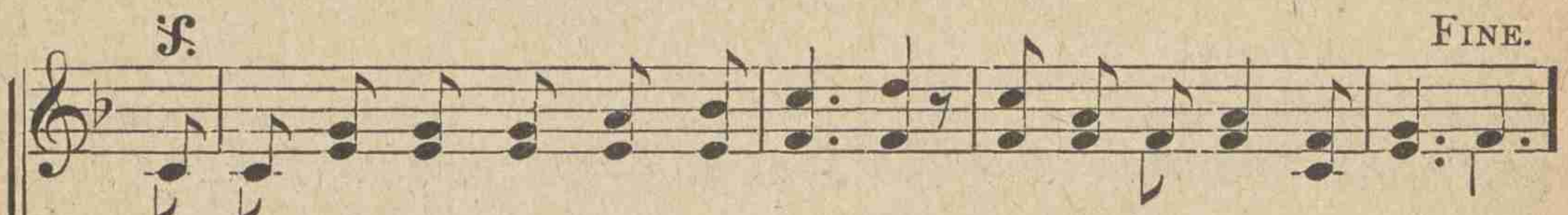


1. 7 Once I lay fet-tered in sin's gloom-y pris - on, But
2. But how do you know that your sins are for - giv - en? Why,
3. This won-drous sal - va - tion, I've got it, I've got it, And,
4. He's healed all my limp - ing, and slip - ping, and doubt - ing, And
5. Some peo-ple can't see in - to sanc - ti - fi - ca - tion, But
6. But can He from in - ward pol - lu - tion de - liv - er? Yes,
7. This won-drous sal - va - tion, O how is it giv - en? Why,
8. O soon, fel - low pil - grims, we'll cross o'er the riv - er And
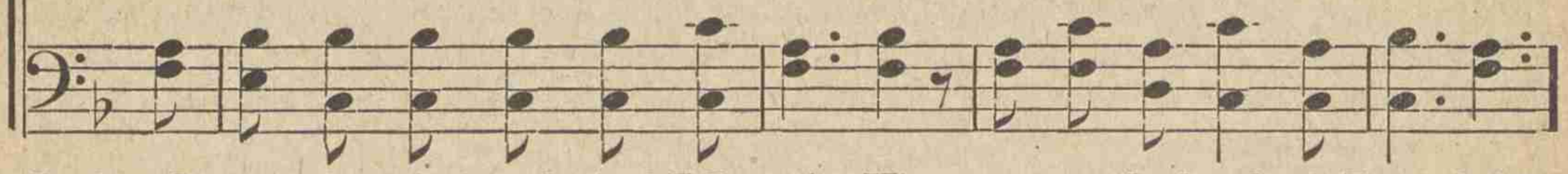




Je - sus un-bound me, and I have a - ris - en; O glo - ry to God,
Je - sus has sent me the wit-ness from Heav-en; O glo - ry to God,
glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll sing it, I'll shout it; O glo - ry to God,
set me to leap-ing, and danc-ing, and shouting; O glo - ry to God,
Je - sus will spread it all o - ver cre - a - tion; O glo - ry to God,
glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er and ev - er; O glo - ry to God,
Je - sus will send it right on you from Heav-en; O glo - ry to God,
dwell in the pres-ence of Je - sus for - ev - er; O glo - ry to God,
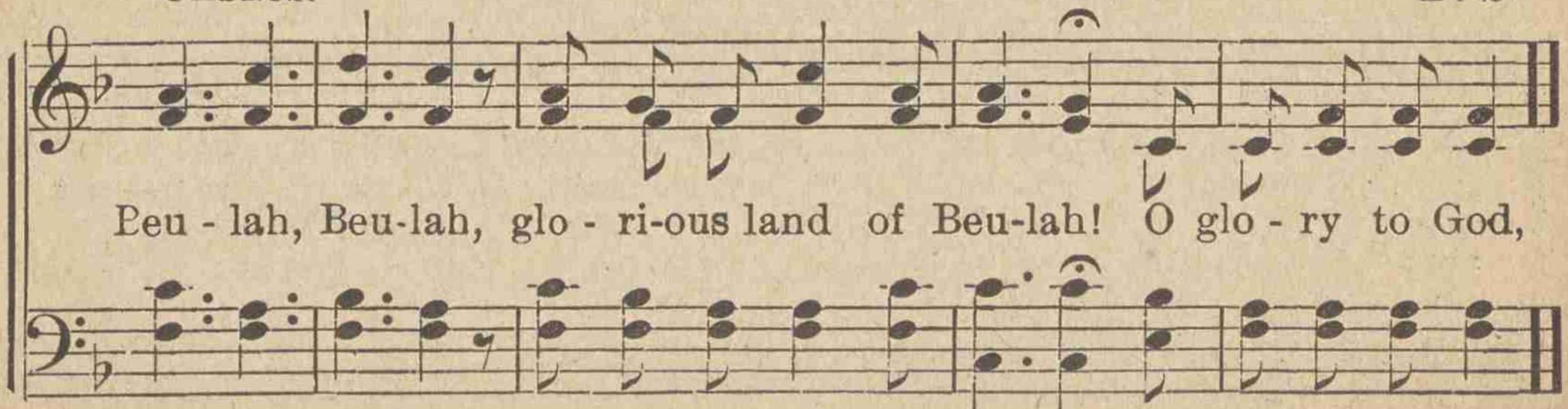




I'm un - der the blood, And I'll praise Him o-ver the land of Beu-lah!



D. S.—*I'm un-der the blood, And I'll praise Him o - ver the land of Beu - lah!*

Chorus. D. S.



Beu - lah, Beu-lah, glo - ri-ous land of Beu-lah! O glo - ry to God,

# No. 79. I Have Redeemed Thee.

*Dedicated to the Tabernacle Brotherhood of Manchester, N. H., Rev. Samuel Russell, pastor, and sung for the first time at their Men's Meeting, Feb. 7. 1909.*

E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. I have re-deemed thee, and gone is all thy sin; Trust me to keep thee with per - fect peace with - in; Press ev - er on - ward e- ter - nal life to win; I have redeemed thee and thou art mine.
2. I have re-deemed thee, O put thy trust in me; I am thy Shep-herd, and I will com - fort thee; Bright - er and saf - er thy path shall dai - ly be; I have redeemed thee and thou art mine.
3. When thou art tempt - ed I'll drive the foe a - way; When dark - ness tries thee I'll make it light as day; Shout mid thy tri - als for I'm thy guide and stay; I have redeemed thee and thou art mine.

CHORUS.

{ I have redeemed thee and brought sal-va-tion nigh, Thou art my treasure, the
{ Safe to my king - dom I'll bring thee by and by, [*Omit* . . . . . ,

ap - ple of my eye;
. . . . . ] For I have re-deemed thee and thou art mine.
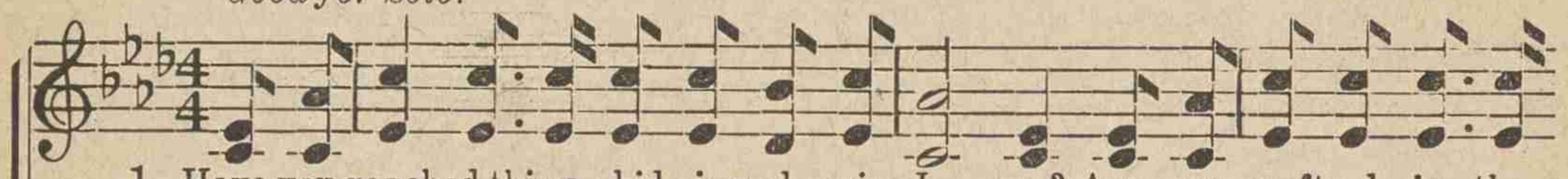
Copyright, 1909, by E. S. Ufford.

# No. 80. The Abiding Place in Jesus.
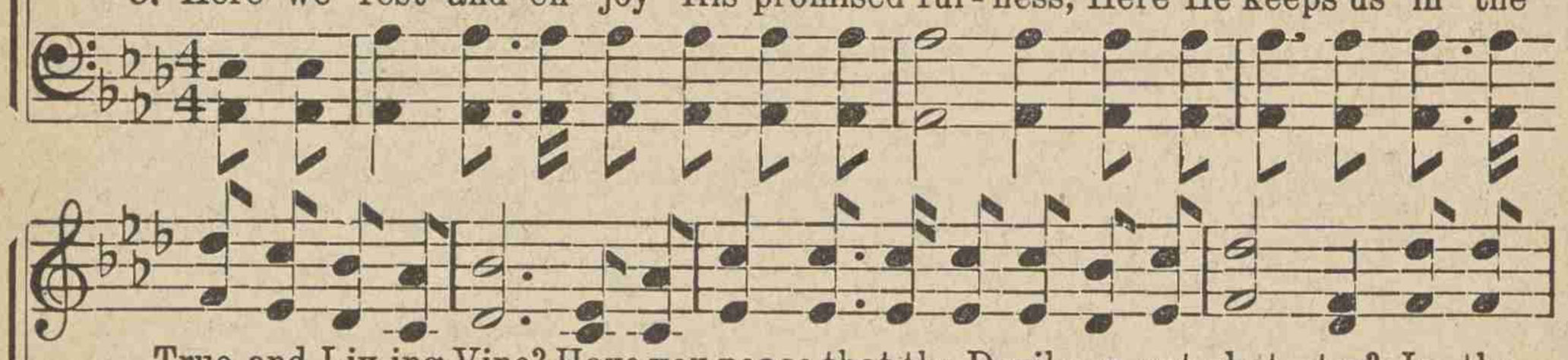
*This song was born amidst the storms of adversity while upon our knees in the Secret Chamber. May it cause the barren wastes of joyless, fruitless lives to blossom as the rose.*

F. M. L. F. M. LEHMAN.
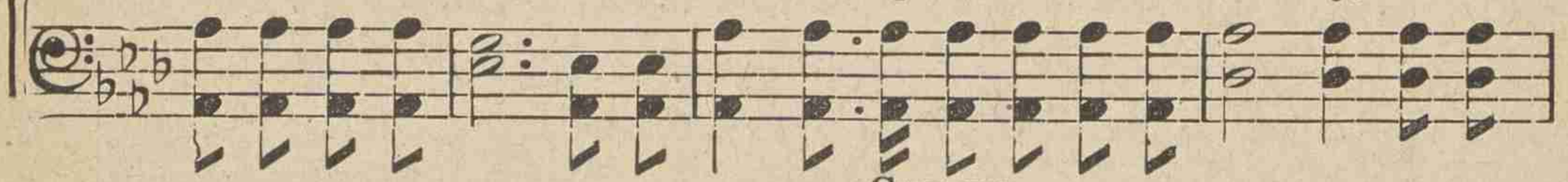
*Good for Solo.*
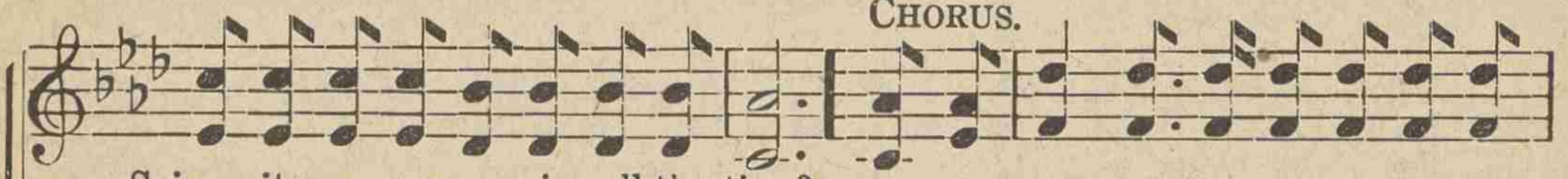


1. Have you reached this a - bid - ing place in Je - sus? Are you graft-ed in the
2. Have you faith that shall nev-er, nev - er fal - ter When your life is threatened
3. Do you love Je - sus best of all each mo - ment? Have you died to all the
4. There's a place in the se - cret of His pres-ence, Where the warring sounds of
5. Here we rest and en - joy His promised ful - ness, Here He keeps us in the



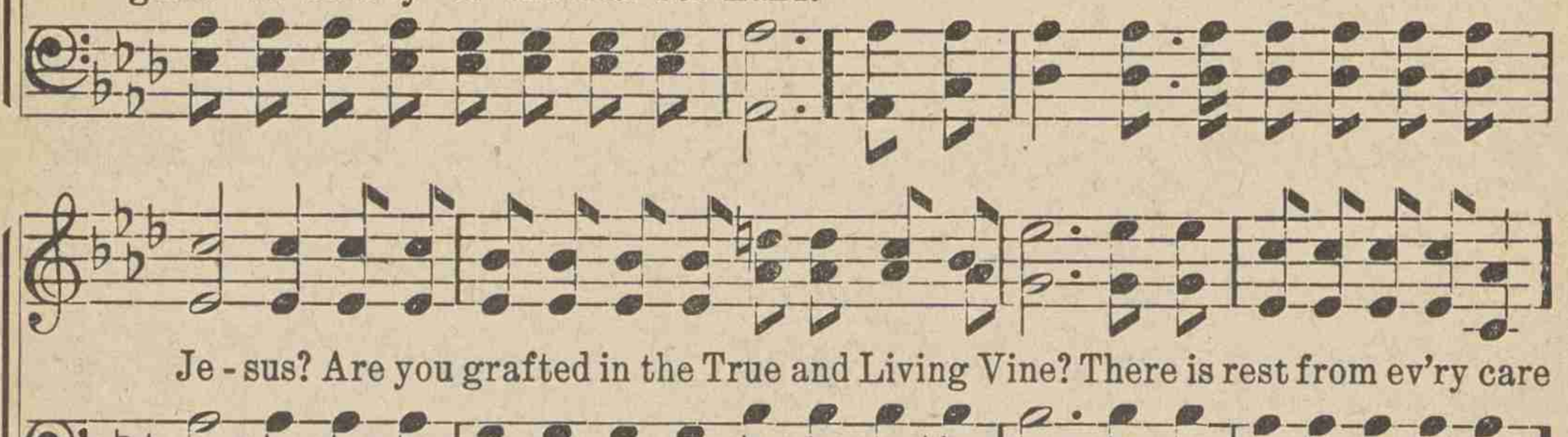
True and Liv-ing Vine? Have you peace that the Devil can-not shat - ter? Is the
with a thousand cares? Have you grace that will win in ev-'ry con - flict When the
tri - fling things of time? If you've found this a-bid-ing place in Je - sus, You have
earth can-not an - noy, Where the soul rests se-cure-ly in His keep-ing, And the
hol - low of His hand; And tho' storms sweep the soul in all their fu - ry, He will



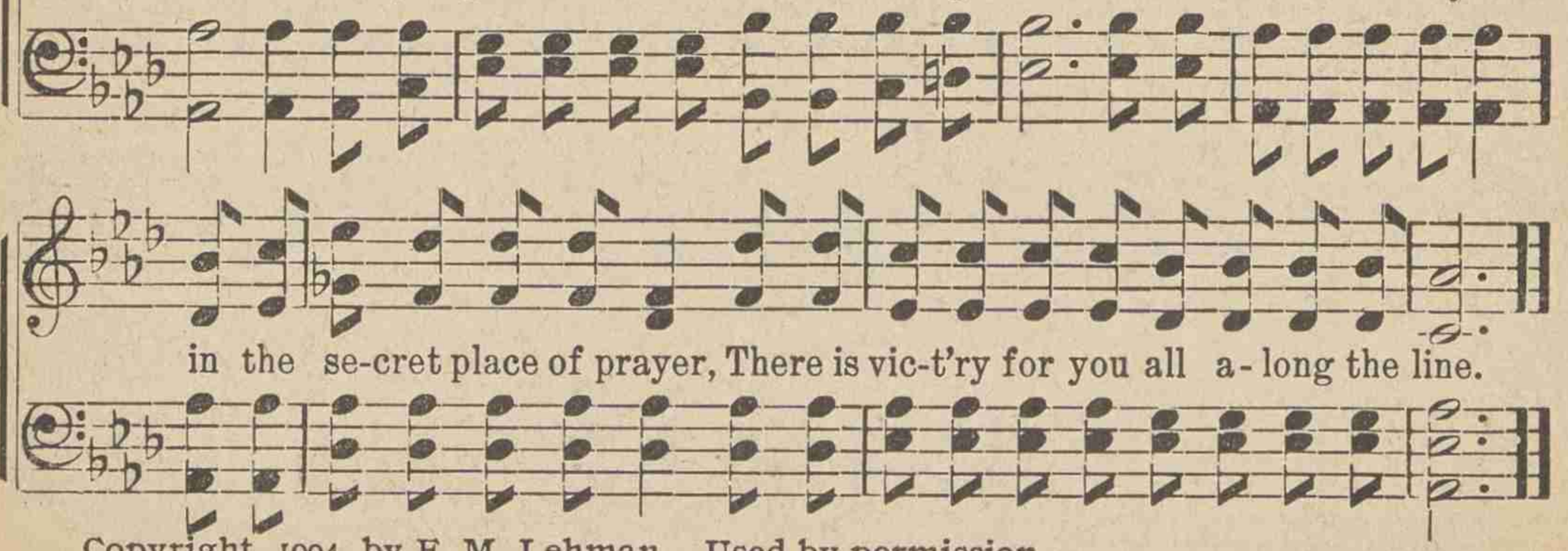
CHORUS.



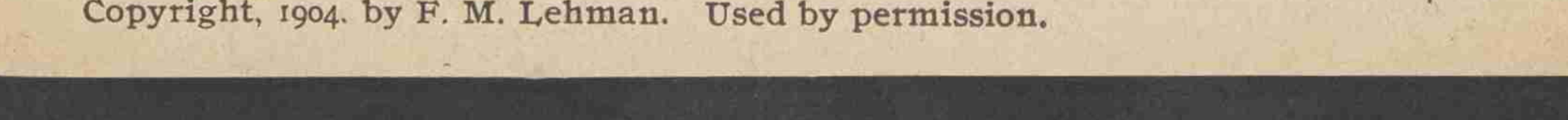
Spir - it your com-pan-ion all the time?
tempt-er comes up - on you un - a-wares?
con - stant vic-t'ry all a - long the line. Have you reached this a-bid-ing place in
charms of earth cannot our peace destroy.
guide us safe-ly to the Har-bor-Land.



Je - sus? Are you grafted in the True and Living Vine? There is rest from ev'ry care



in the se-cret place of prayer, There is vic-t'ry for you all a - long the line.



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# No. 81. No Wishful Glances.

Copyright, 1900, by A. F. In ler. By per.

A. F. I. NUM 13: 30. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. No wish - ful glanc-es now I cast Tow'rd Canaan's hap-py shore,
2. Old Jor-dan's waves now roll be-hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil-ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
4. In Beu - lah's vale rich fruits abound, And milk and hon - ey flow;
5. When gi - ants high a-bove me tow'r, And boast of might-y strength,
6. Here Je - sus comes and whispers low, His sweet-est words of love,

For I have reached that land of rest, To wan - der nev - er-more.
And all a - long the way I find The joys of per - fect love.
The birds, the rills, all sing of God, O broth - er, come this way!
With-in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
Faith grasps her two-edged sword of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys a - bove.

CHORUS.

I'm o-ver in ..... the promised land,..... And marching on ..... with Joshua's band;..... My life is hid..... with Christ in God,..... I'm sanc-ti-fied,..... O praise the Lord!.....

I'm o - ver in the promised land,
And marching on with Joshua's band; My life is hid
with Christ in God, I'm sanctified, O praise the Lord!

# No. 82. Living in the Sunshine.

"The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4: 18 (*R. V. marg.*)

S. H. B. S. HENRY BOLTON.

1. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, bright and hap - py day, As I walk with
2. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, walk-ing in the light, How my soul re-
3. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, this is joy di - vine, Sweet the light of
4. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, sweet the life of praise, Grow - ing up in

Je - sus, all a - long the way, Hold-ing sweet commun - ion with my
joic - es as I know my right; Cleans'd from all that's sin-ful, made as
heav - en in my soul doth shine; And the path grows brighter as I
Je - sus all the com - ing days; Watching for the Bridegroom, who will
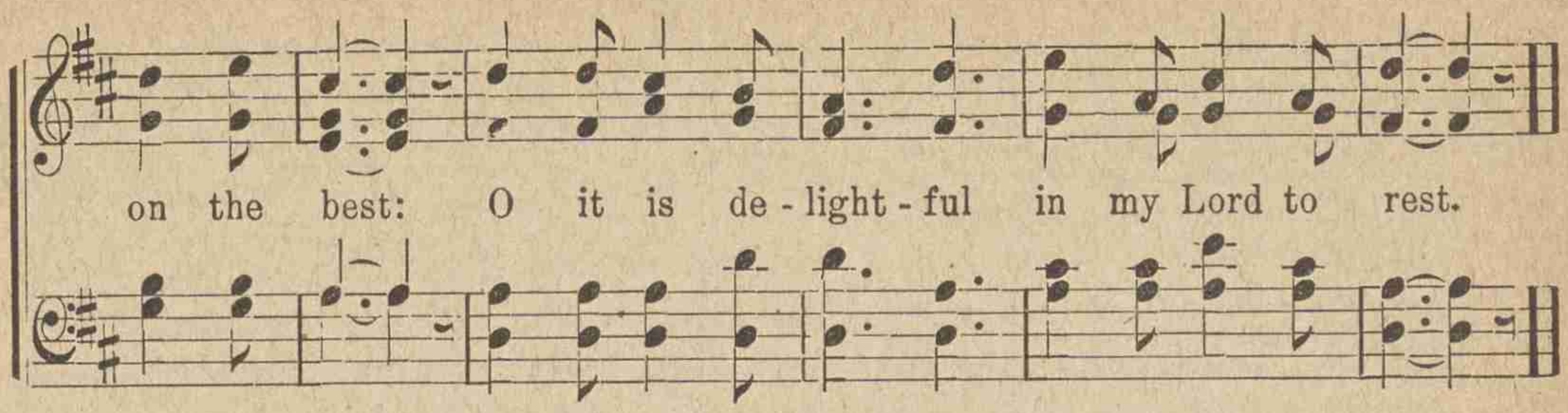
heav'n-ly King: O 'tis sweet-est pleas - ure while His praise I sing.
white as snow: O it is so glo - rious all God's will to know.
on - ward go; In my Lord I tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe.
soon be here: In an hour we know not, Je - sus will ap - pear.

CHORUS.

Liv - ing in the sun - shine, as I pass a - long, Glo - ri - fy - ing
Je - sus all my life a song; Find-ing milk and hon - ey, feed - ing
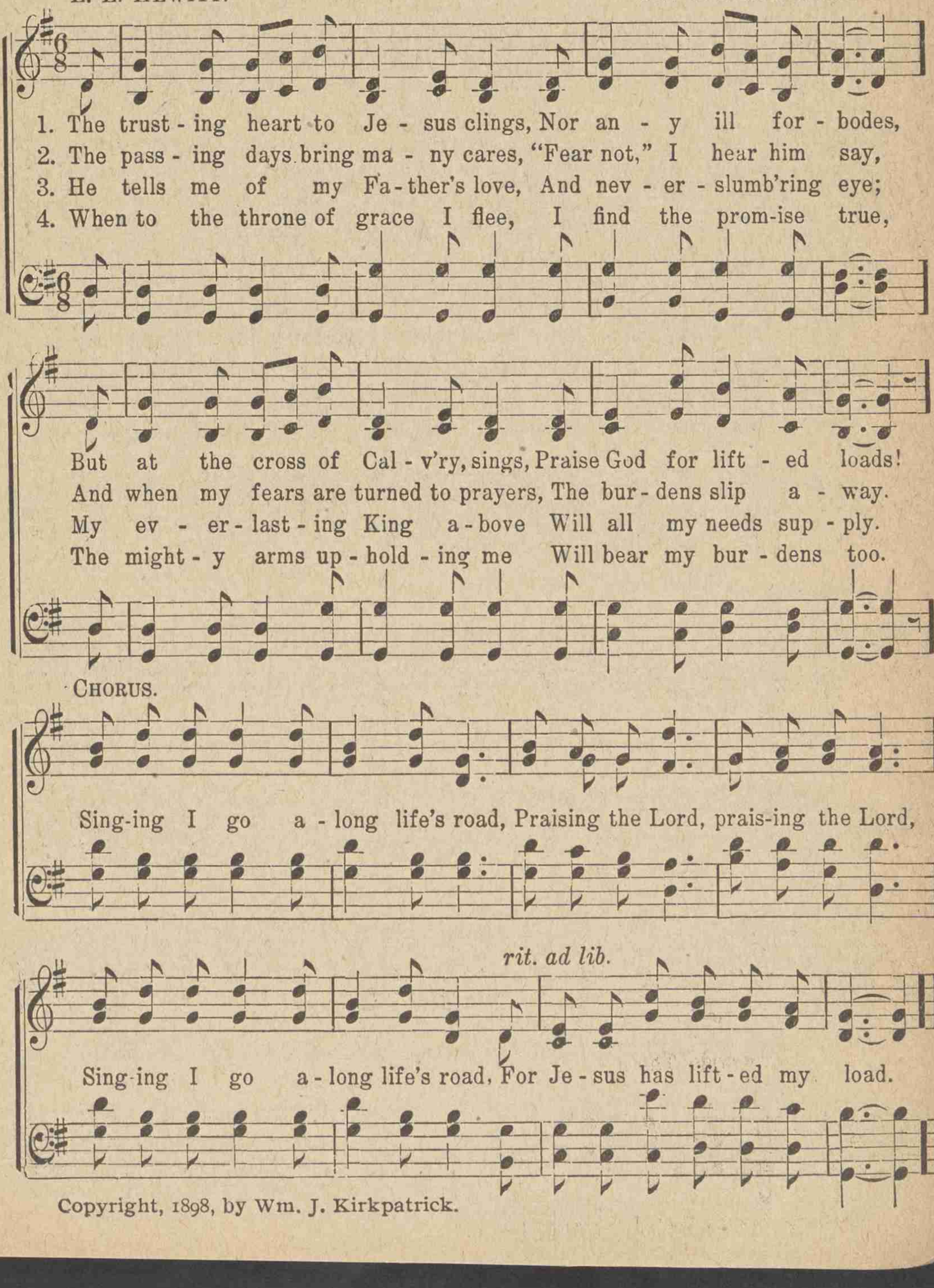
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## Living in the Sunshine.




## No. 83. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




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# No. 84. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans - ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm, J, Kirkpatrick.

# No. 85. An Open Bible For the World.

HENRY M. KING, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glo-rious mot - to be!
2. Wher-e'er it goes its gold - en light, Stream-ing as from an un-veiled sun,
3. It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra-diant with for - giv - ing love;
4. It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro-cured for dy - ing men;
5. It of - fers rest to wear - y hearts; It com-forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un-furled Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of Ad - am's race Proclaims sweet mer-cy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' e-ter-nal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God!..... send forth thy light.....
Blest word of God! send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea,..... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,

wan - der in the night..... Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

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# No. 86. Victory Ahead.

Copyright, 1905, by William Grum. Used by permission.

W. G. REV. WILLIAM GRUM.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# No. 87. He's Coming Some Day.

E. A. KILBOURNE. A. F. INGLER.

1. O Je - sus, my Je - sus, is com - ing some day, The heav - ens will
2. Thrice bless-ed are ye who are bid - den to feast, When Je - sus shall
3. If this hope you've treasured, like Him thou shalt be, All pure and all
4. O friends, are you read - y this mo - ment to stand, With bold-ness be-

o - pen, O why bid Him stay? His bride hath made ready, her garments are white,
name you a king and a priest; At that feast a - new with His bride He'll re-veal,
ho - ly, yes, e - ven as He; An heir to a king-dom, a crown and a throne,
fore Him a sanc - ti - fied band? The blood is your plea, are you hap - py and free,

CHORUS.

Ar - rayed in fine lin - en so pure and so bright.
The new wine of heav-en, the mar-riage to seal.
With rich-es in glo - ry for - ev - er thine own.
Made white in the fountain 'neath Cal-va-ry's tree?

O glo - ry! He's com-ing, yes, com-ing some day, To gath-er His loved ones and take them a - way; He's coming, He's com - ing, He's coming some day, My Sav - ior is com - ing for me.....
He's com - ing for me.

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# No. 88. The Pearly White City.

A. F. I

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

*Moderato.*

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-low'd in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er mois-ten the eye;
4. My lov'd ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends are fast passing a-way,

John saw it de-cend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos in ex - ile he, trod;
No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape in that cit - y is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold,
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc-ti-fied, whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are · past,
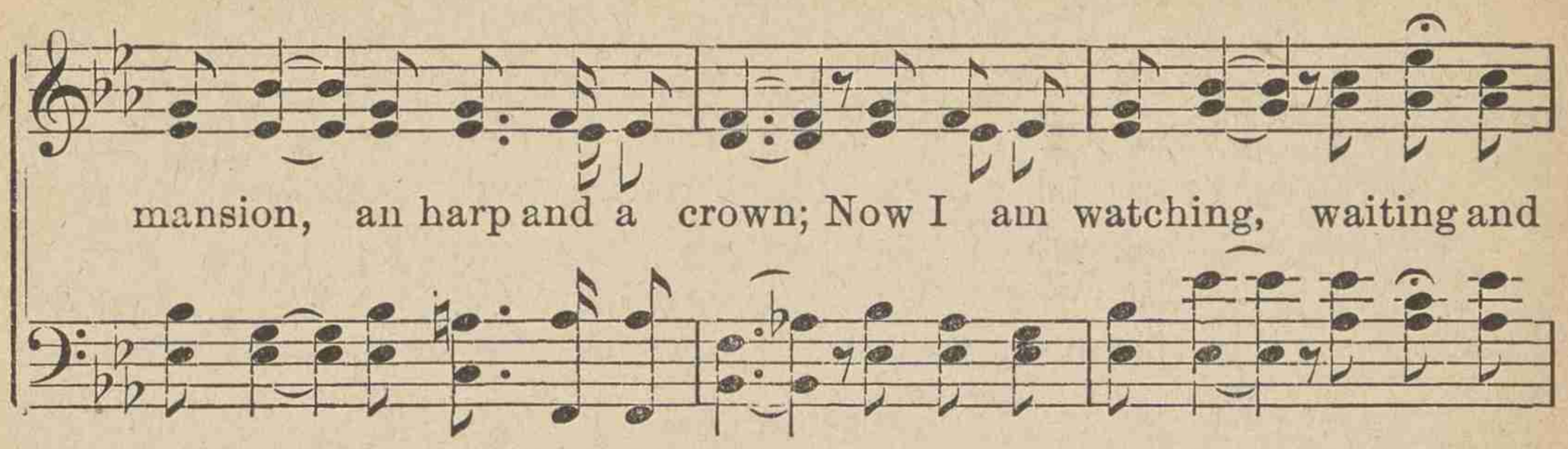
*rit. ad lib.*
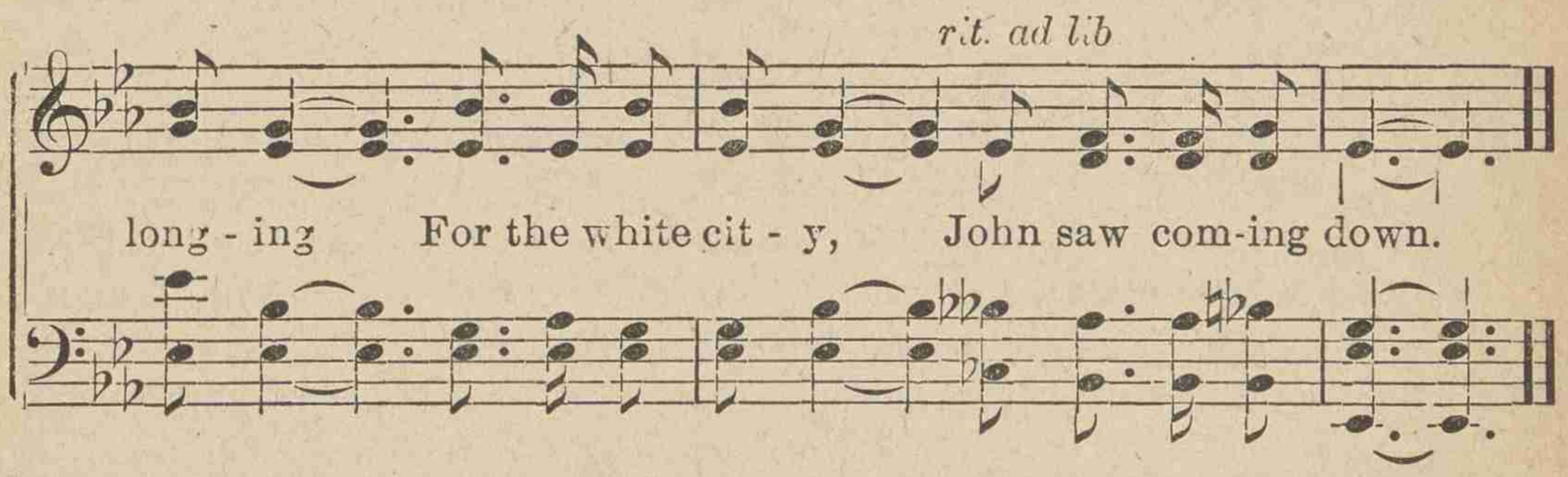
And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spoken, There's nothing to hurt and de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, pearl - y white cit - y, I have a

## The Pearly White City. Concluded.

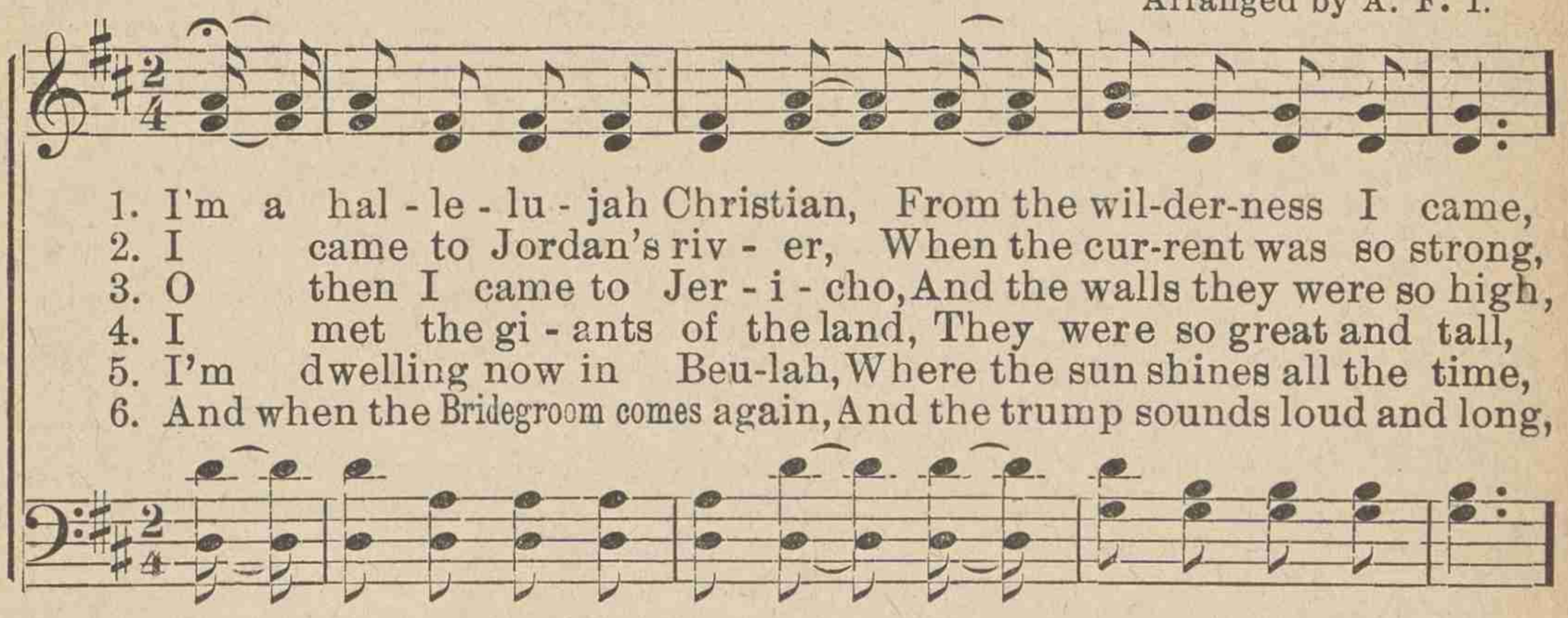




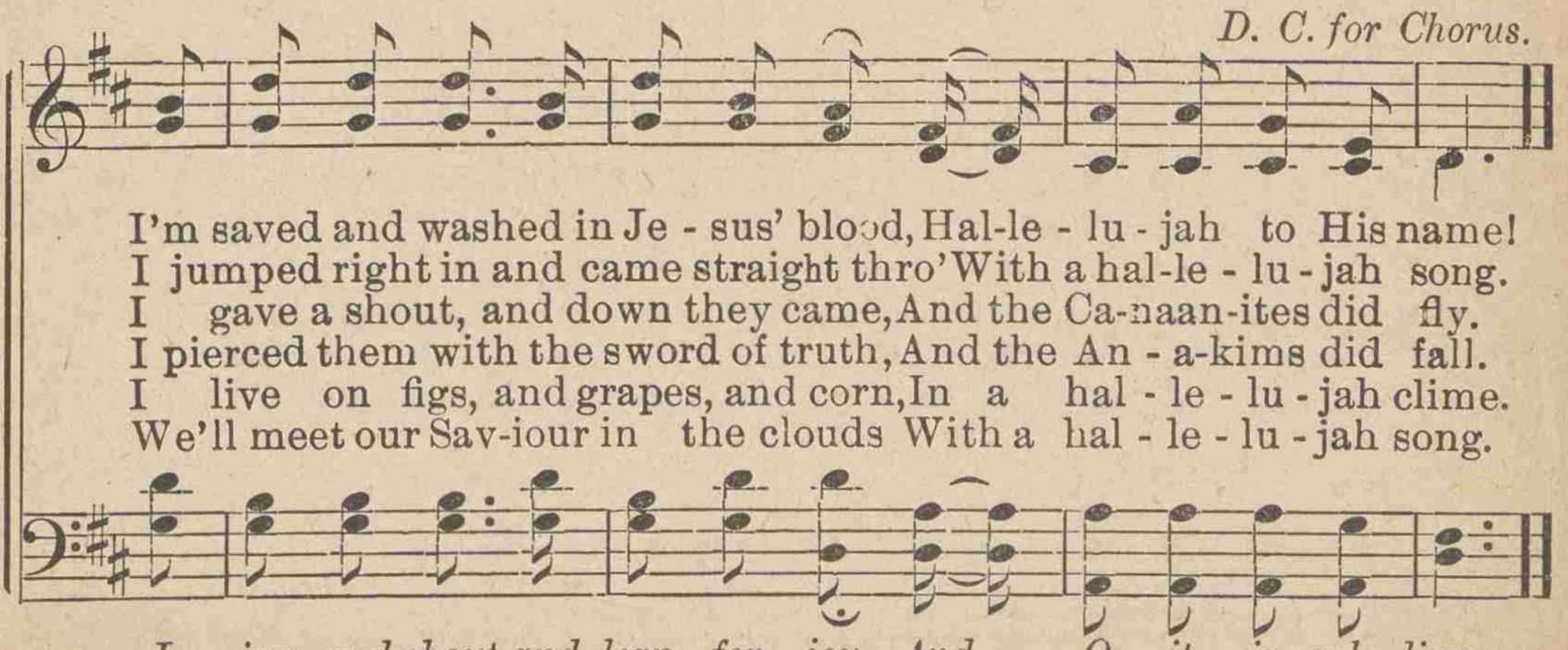


## No. 89. The Hallelujah Christian.

Arranged by A. F. I.




Cho.—*I'm a hal - le - lu - jah Chris-tian, I'm so hap-py all the time;*



# No. 90. Companionship With Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM, J. KIRKPATRICK,

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

# No. 91. Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bowed be - neath your bur - den, is there none to share? Wear-y with the jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour - age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur - den He will glad - ly share, Are you sad and wear - y? Je - sus has a care; Well He knows the path - way
3. Tho' temp - ta - tion meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing prob - lems which He can ex - plain; Serve Him where He sends you,
4. Wear - y heart, He calls you, "Come to Me and rest," Does the path grow rug - ged? yet His way is best; Leave the un - known fu - ture

*Fine.*

heed your Lord's commands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus un - der-stands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, faint-ing pil - grim, Je - sus un - der-stands
tho' in dis - tant lands, Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus un - der-stand
in the Mas-ter's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un - der-stands

D. S.—*in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un-der-stands.*

CHORUS.

Yes, He un - der-stands, All His ways are best; Hear, He
O yes, O hear,
calls to you, "Come to Me and rest;" Leave the un-known fu - ture

*D. S.*

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# No. 92. In the New Jerusalem.

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

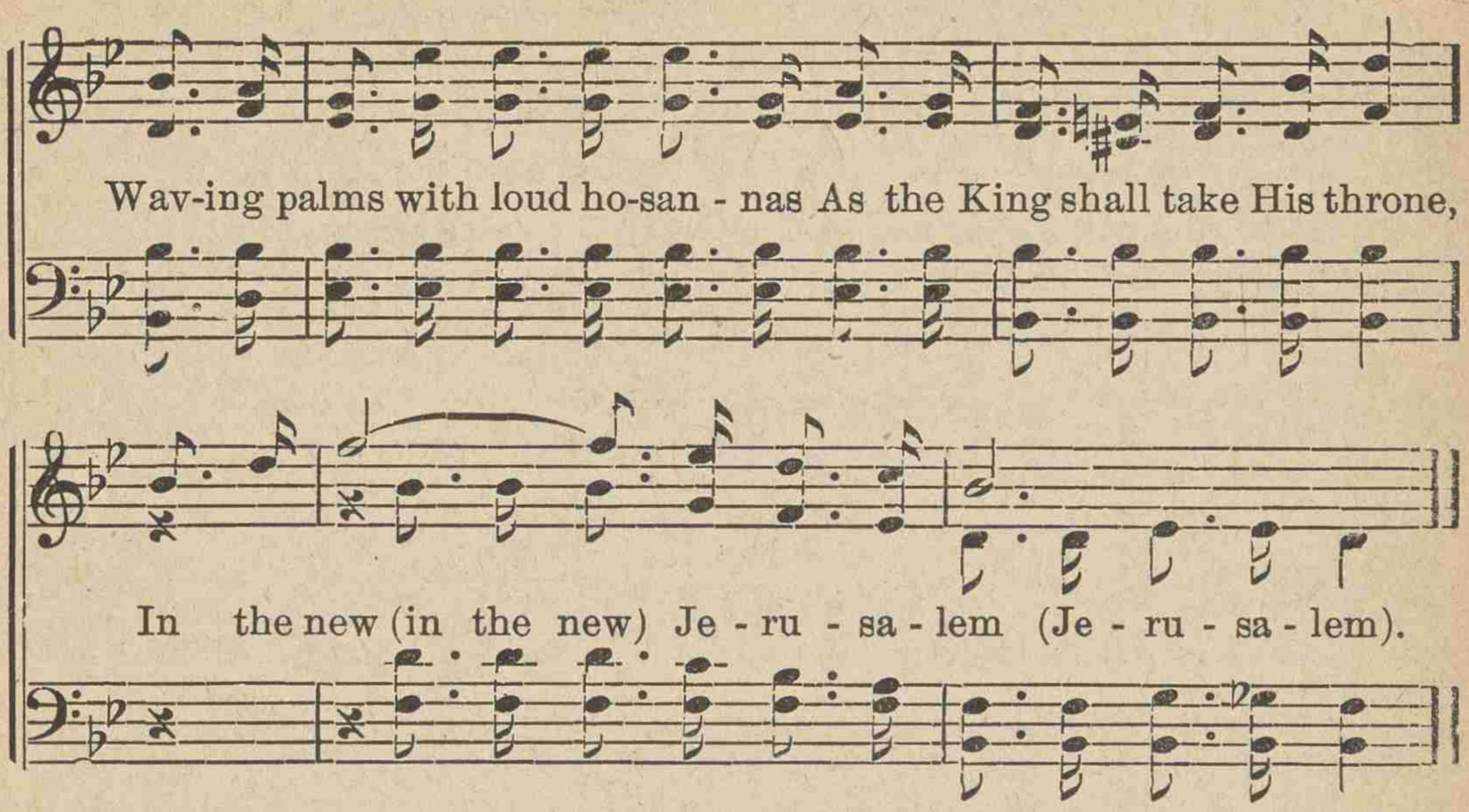
1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the test-ings and the tri-als I must go; But I'll trust and glad-ly fol-low, For sometime I'll understand, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
3. When the last good-by is spoken And the tear stains wiped away, And our eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo-ry fair, Then with bound-ing hearts we'll meet Him Who hath washed our sins away, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
4. When we join the ransomed army In the summerland above, And the face of our dear Sav-iour we be-hold, We will sing and shout for-ev-er And we'll grow in per-fect love, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

CHORUS.

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

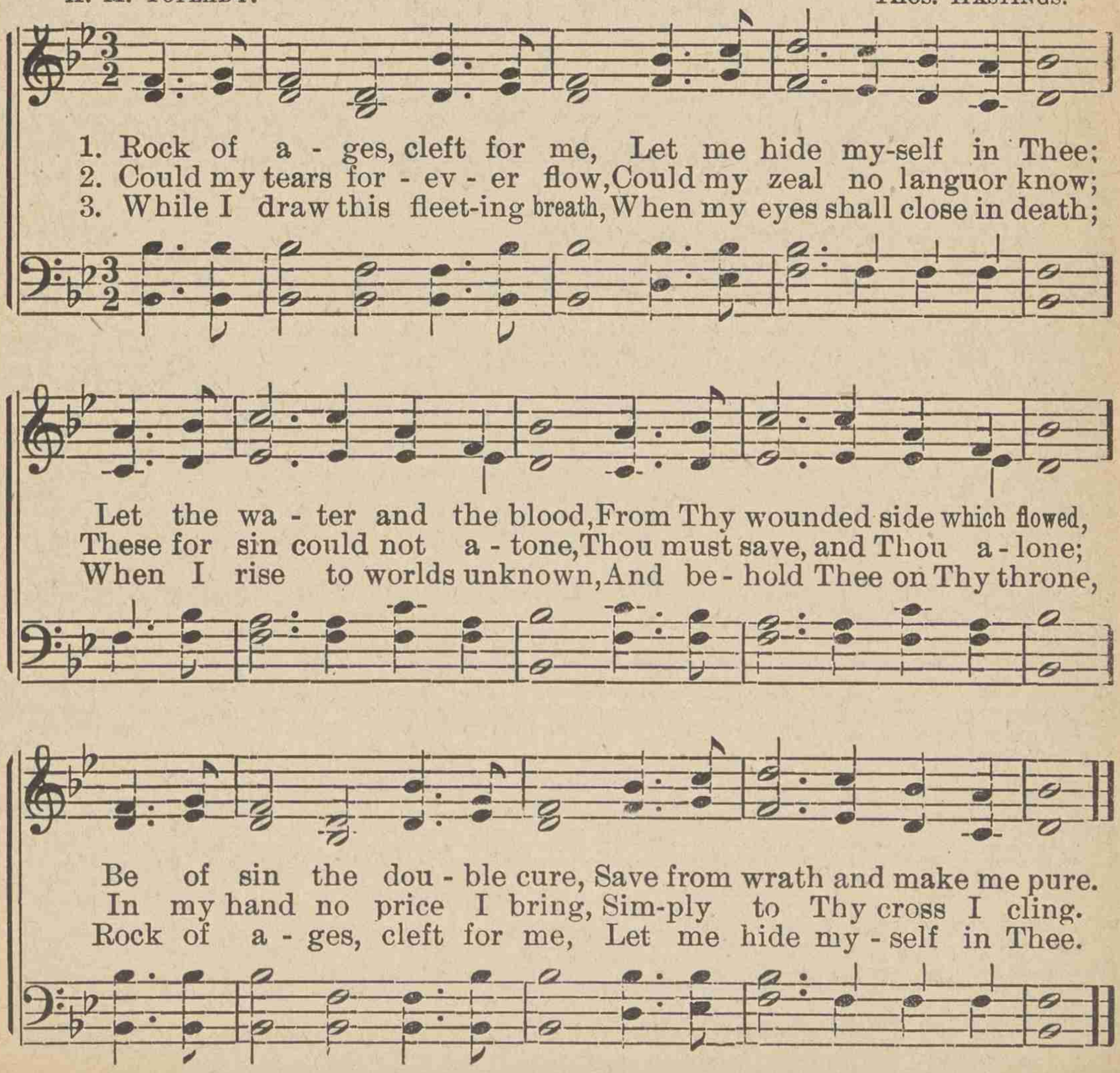
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## In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.




## No. 93. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



# No. 94. I'll Follow Jesus.

Used by permission of A. L. Byers, owner, Anderson, Ind.

W. J. H. MATT. 4: 19. W. J. HENRY.

1. I'll fol-low Jesus here, I'll nev-er, nev-er fear, Tho' Satan's tempting
2. I'll fol-low by His side, what-ev - er may be-tide, Tho' per-ils thick-ly
3. I'll fol-low all the way, I'll never, never stray, This world no more can
4. I'll fol-low, fol-low on un-til the crown is won, And heaven's gates un-

pow'rs as - sail; And tho' I'm tempted sore, I'll trust Him ev-er-more, For
throng the way; Tho' billows deep may roll, there's naught can harm my soul, For
win my love; I've left it all be-hind, more last-ing joys to find, My
fold to me; Then with my harp in hand, I'll join that happy band, And

CHORUS.

thro' His grace I shall pre - vail. I'll fol - low, I'll
He is with me night and day,
treas-ures all are stored a - bove.
praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty. I'll fol - low, fol - low on, I'll

fol - low,
fol - low, fol - low on,

I'll fol - low Je - sus all the way; I'll

# No. 95. The Glory Song.

Dedicated to the West Pullman Camp Meeting.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;
A sin - ner saved by grace di- vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

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# No. 96. O Sweet Rest.

C. F. O. Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.

1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main; Press on, pre-cious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. O at last I have found it, this bless - ed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in His
4. Now the Sav - iour is wait-ing, O what will you give? And what will you

souls, till the rest you ob - tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so
la - bor and lean on His breast; I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how
fulness, the Bless-er, pos-sessed; And no more wea - ry wait-ing for
suf-fer, this rest to re - ceive? Will you give up for - ev - er, count

*f.* FINE.

hap - py and blest, The joy of His presence, a per-fect sweet rest.
soon may it be? Low down in the val - ley I'm wait-ing for Thee.
Je - sus to come, For Christ dwell-eth in me my heart is His home.
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?

D. S.—*My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest.*

CHORUS.

O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so

hap - py and blest; By faith in His promise I lean on His breast,
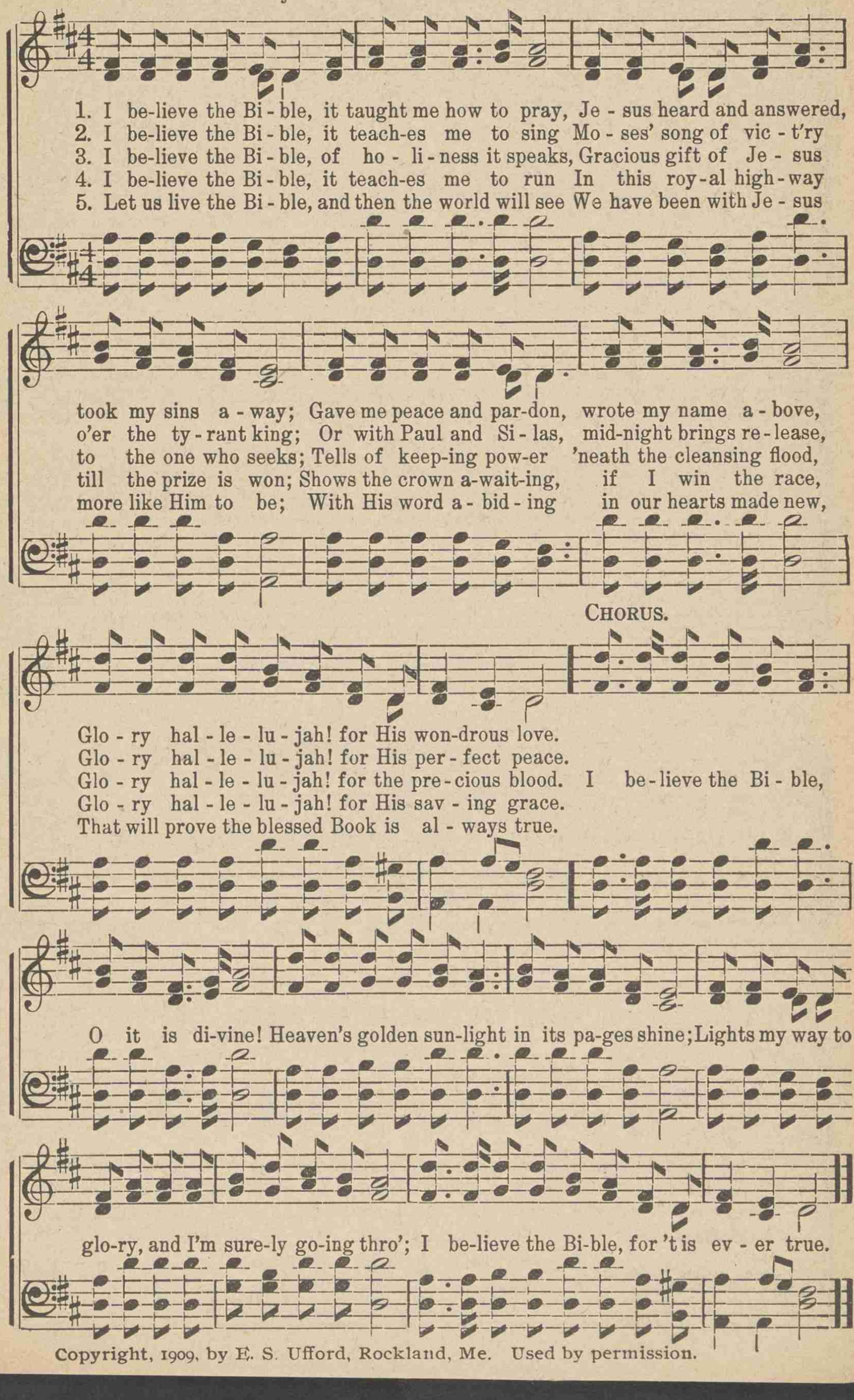
*D. S.*

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# No. 97. I Believe the Bible.

*To Rev. G. W. Schurman. Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.*

E. S. U. 3rd. verse by Rev. G. W. S. Pastor E. S. UFFORD.
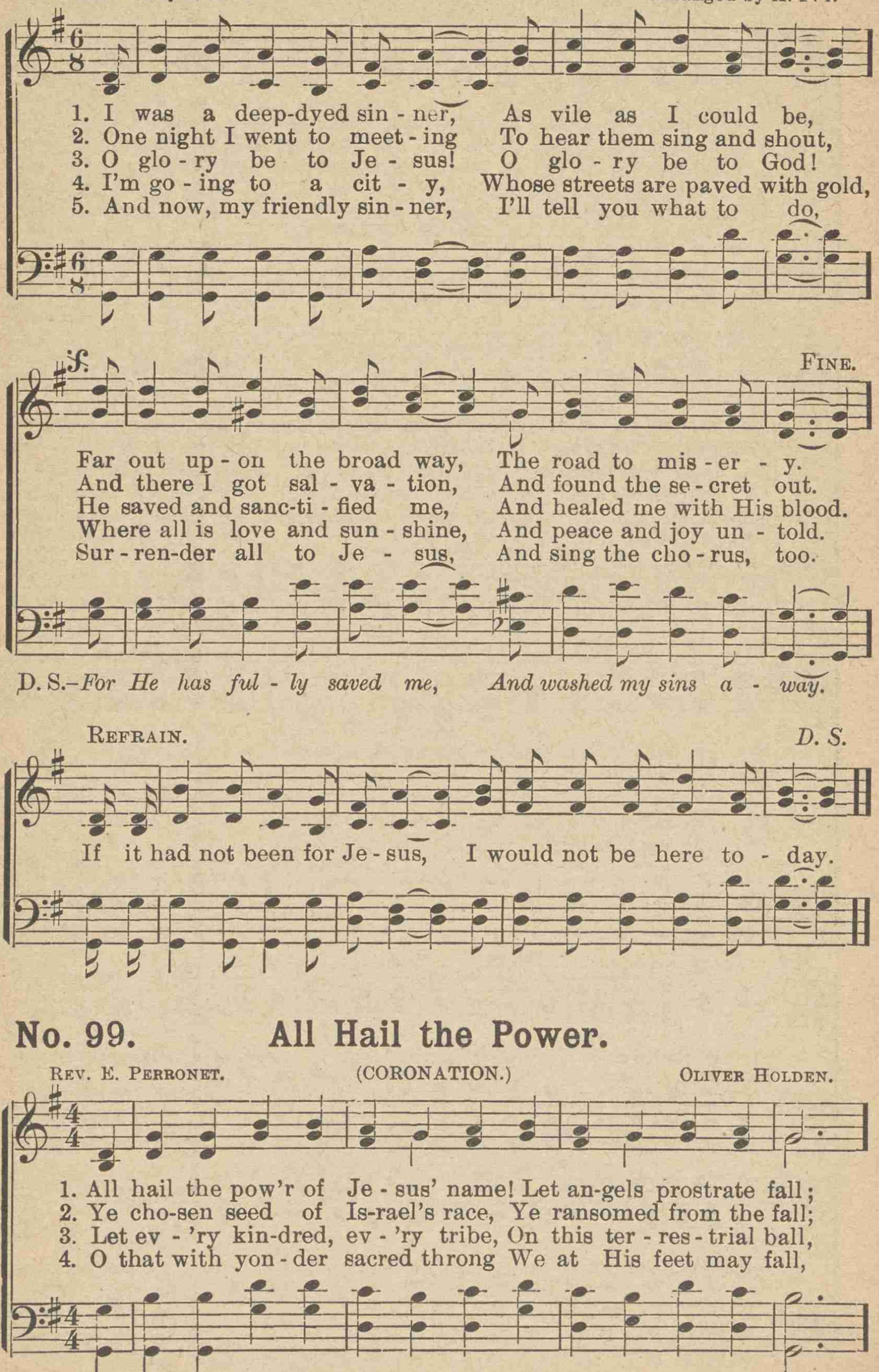



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# No. 98. If It Had Not Been For Jesus.

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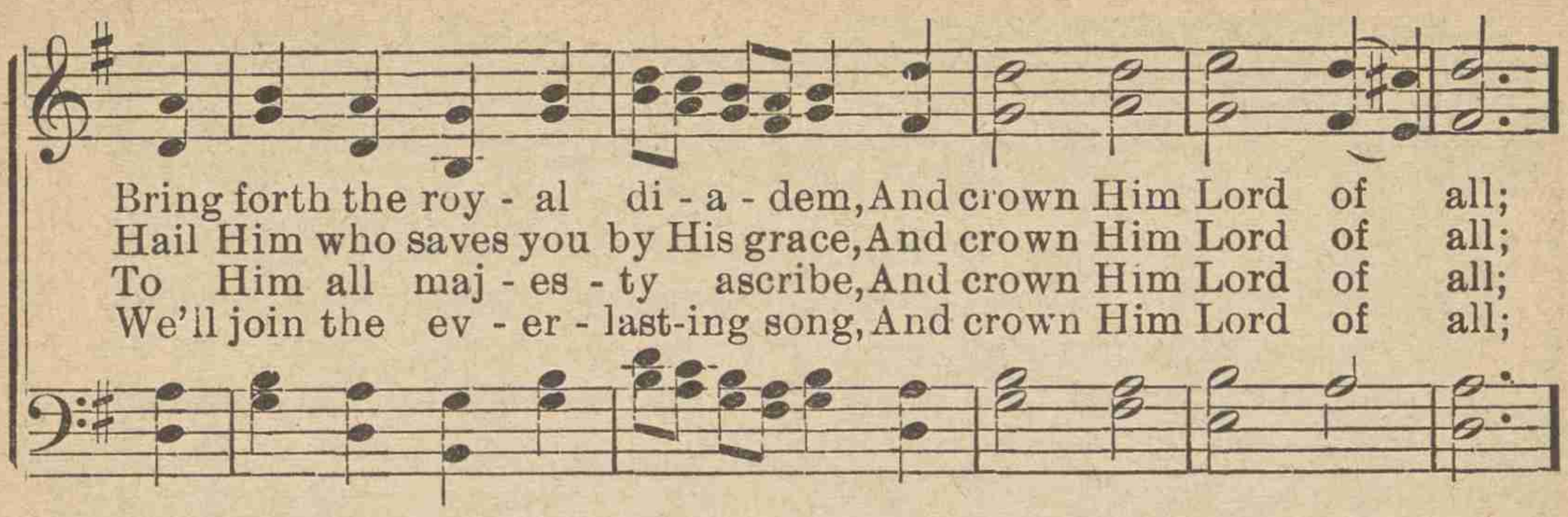
Furnished by C. H. C. Arranged by A. F. I.

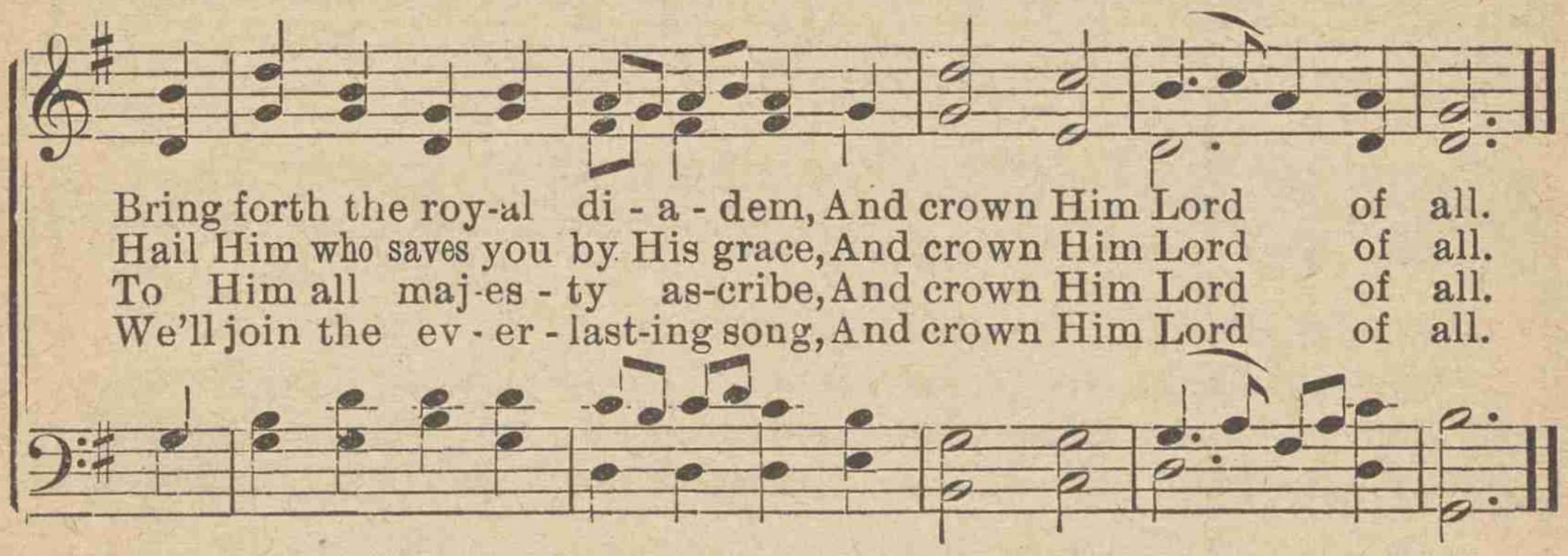



# No. 99. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

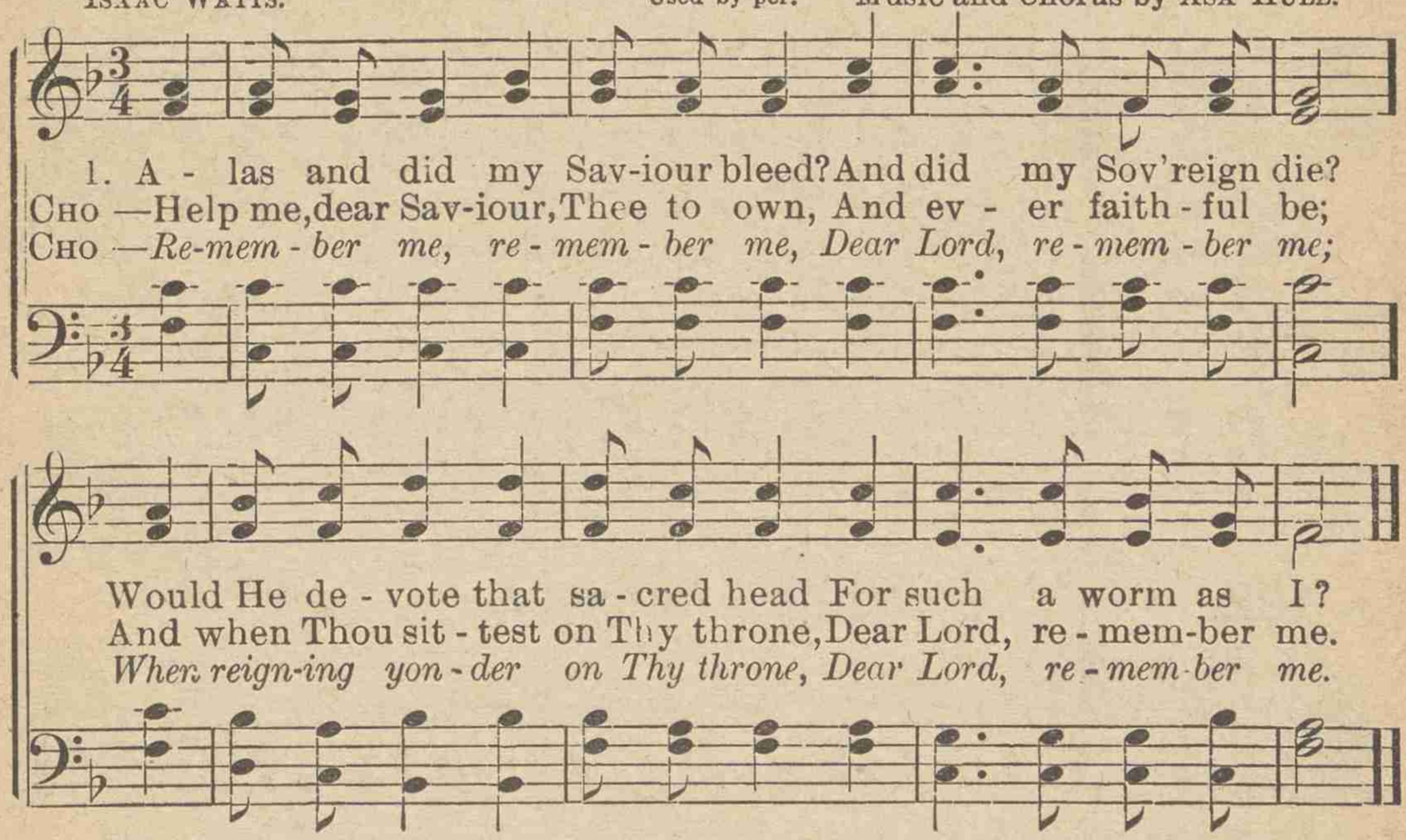
## All Hail the Power. Concluded.




## No. 100. Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Used by per. Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.




2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
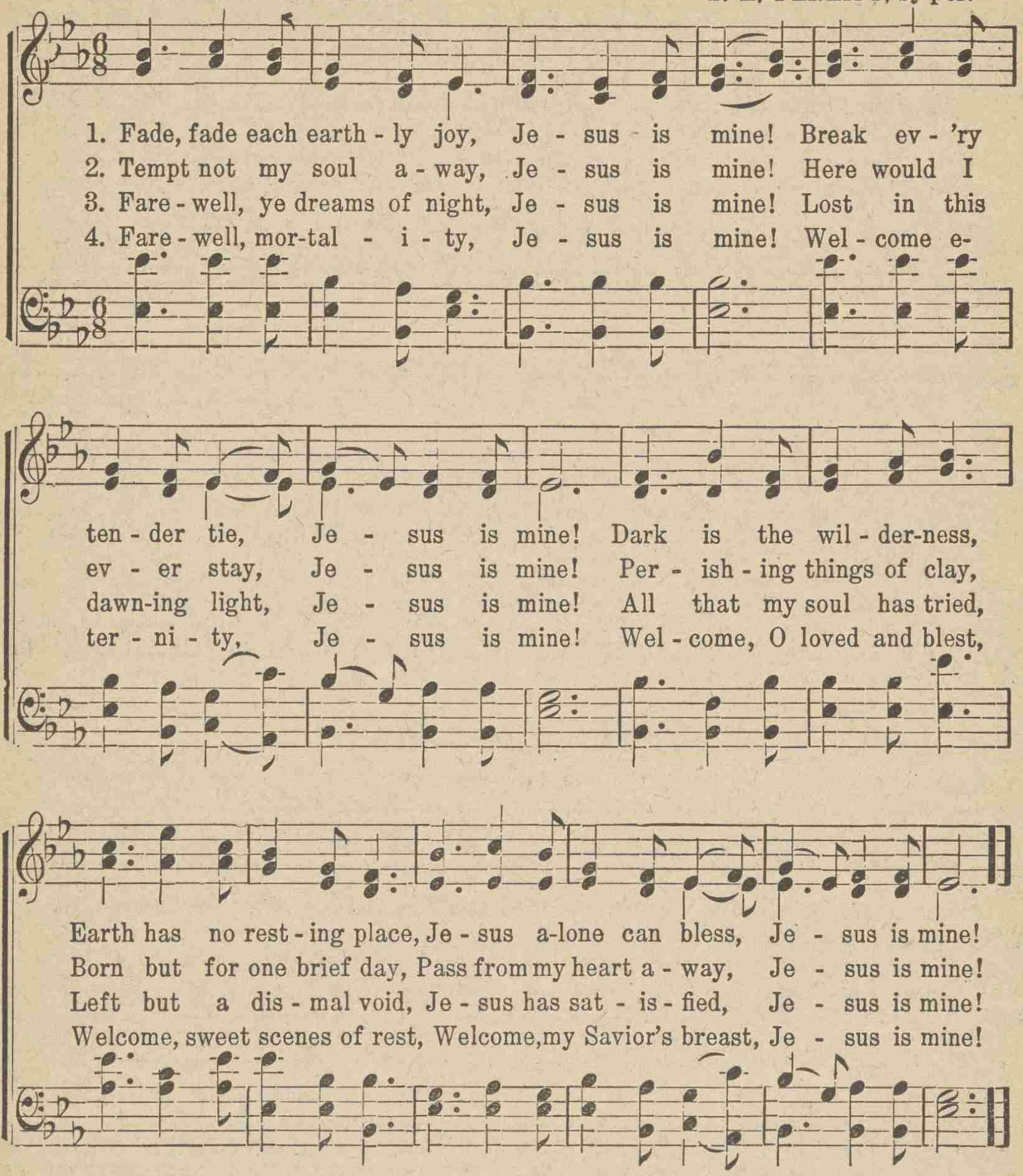
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.

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.

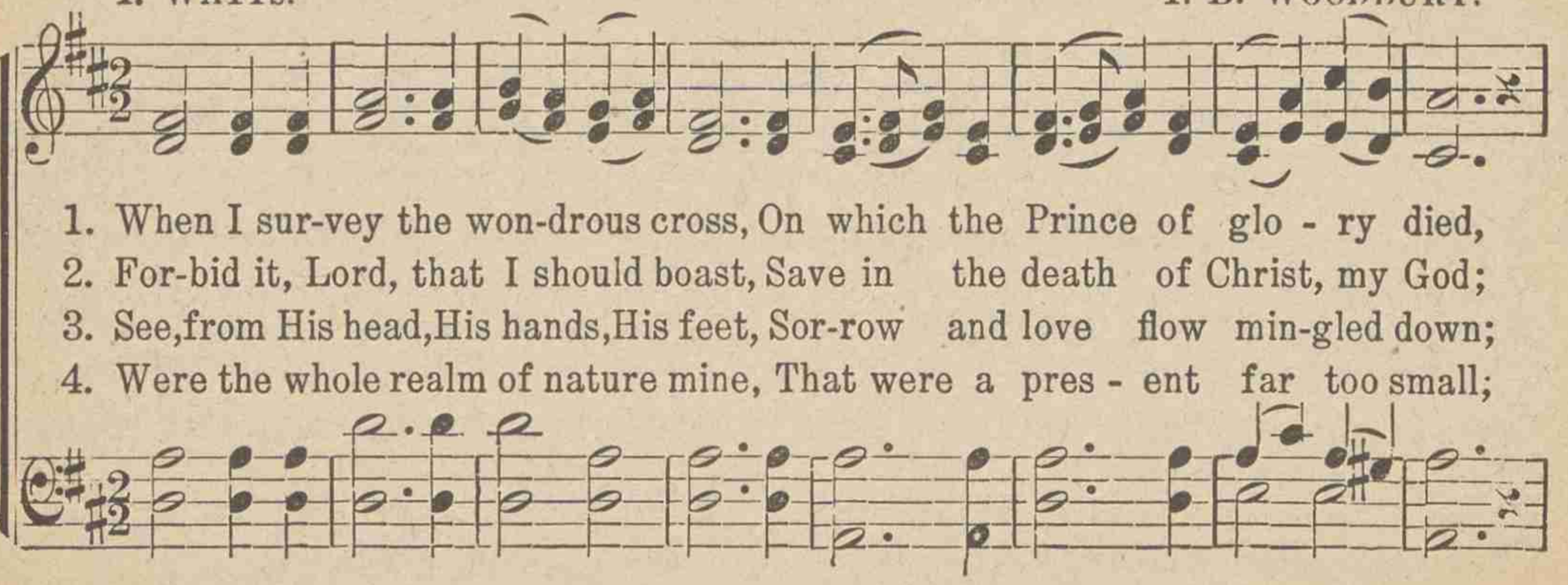
## No. 101. Jesus is Mine.

Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins, by per.

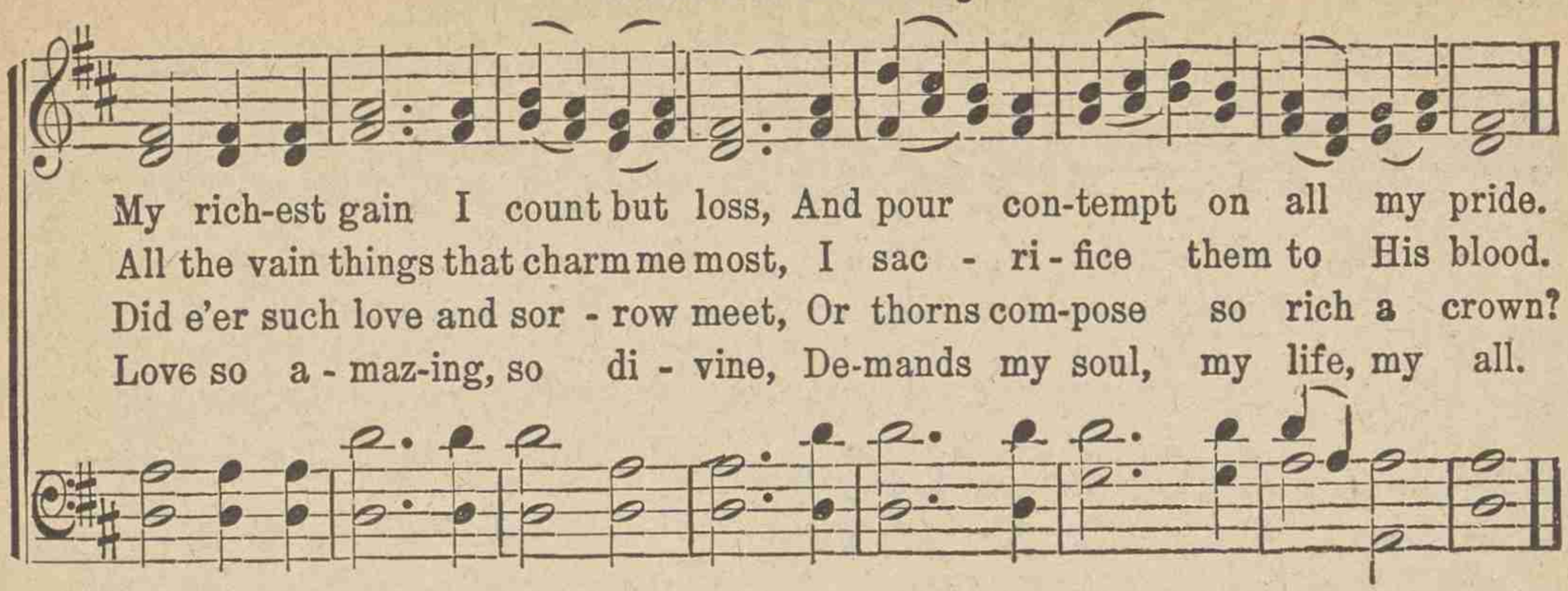



## No. 102. When I Survey.

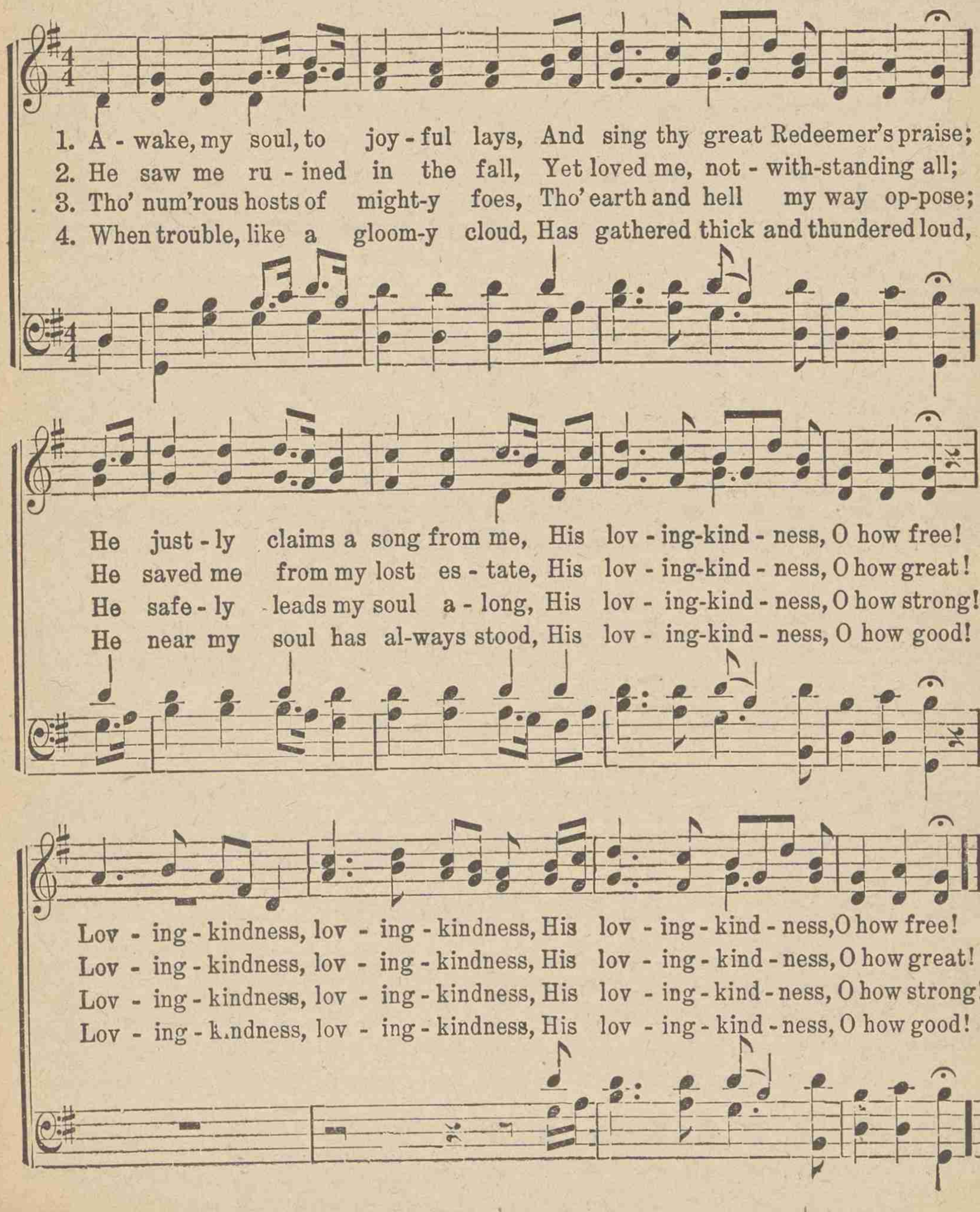
I. Watts. I. B. Woodbury.



## When I Survey.




## No. 103. Loving-Kindness.



## No. 104. Oh, Why Not To-night?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

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

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

CHORUS.
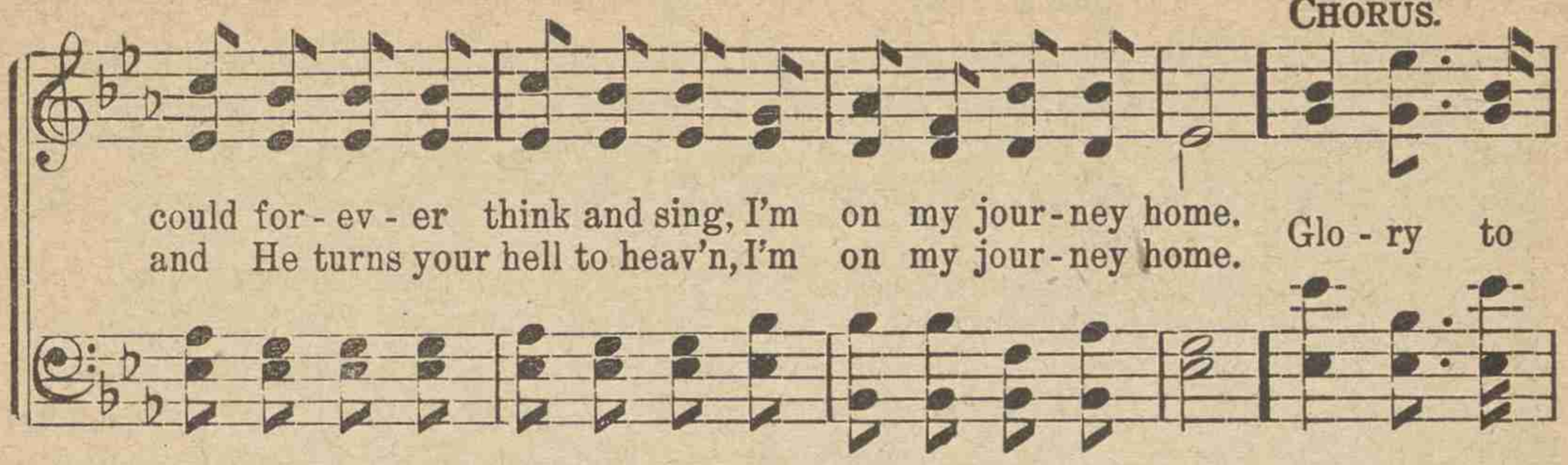
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?
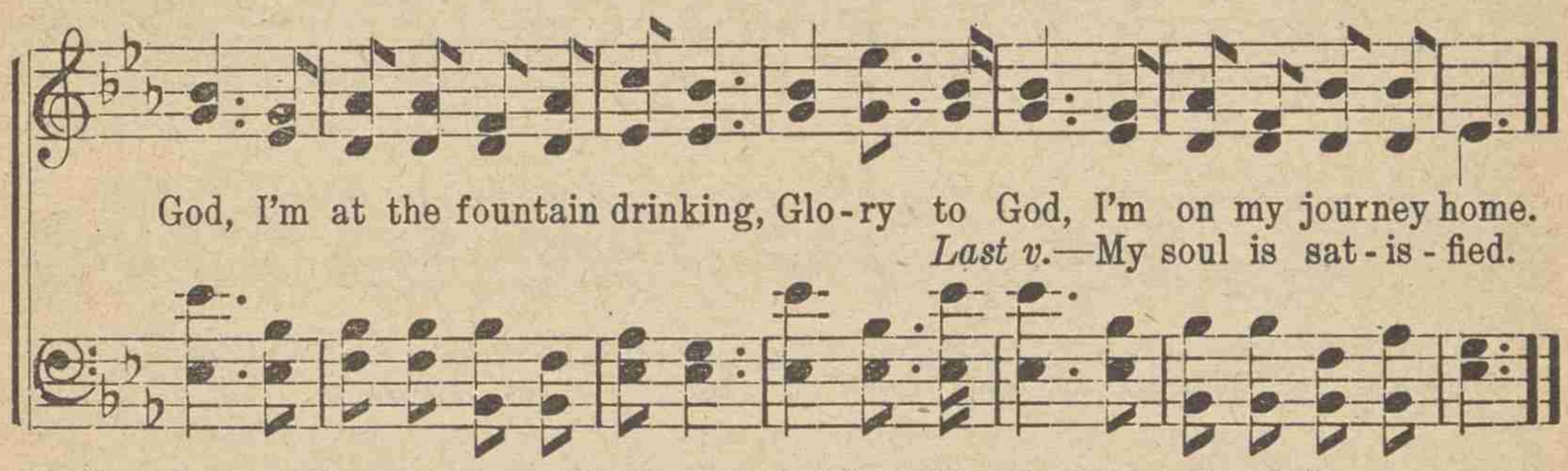
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

## No. 105. At the Fountain.

1. Of Him who did sal - va-tion bring, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; I
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 't is giv'n, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; Ask,

## At the Fountain. Concluded.





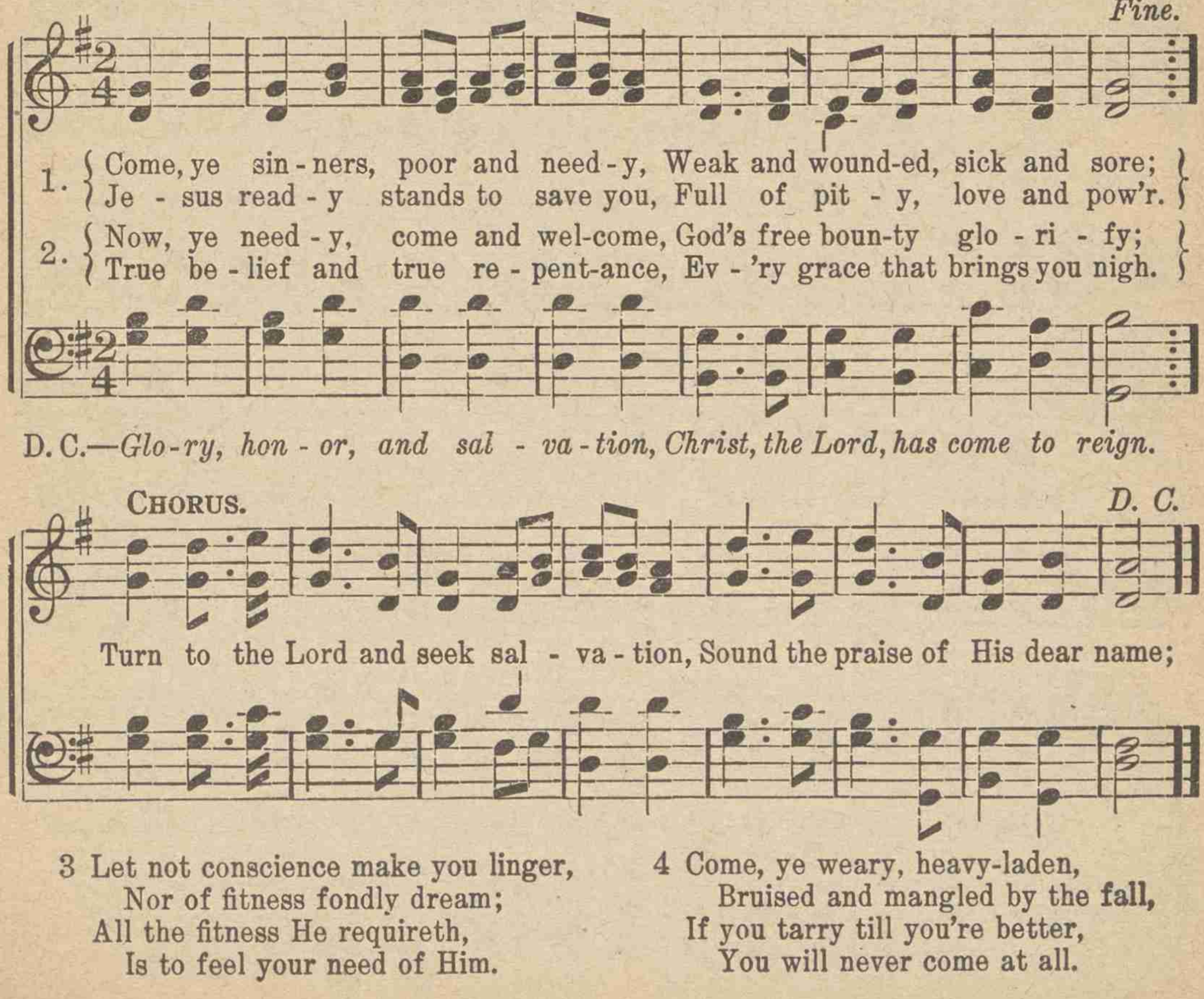


3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

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

## No. 106. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART. Anon.







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

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

# No. 107. Sweeping Through the Gates.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chill - y wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in af - flic-tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
3. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er - shin - ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
4. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly Thine, Dai - ly, from sin, be

of the si - lent grave, Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the
sor - row are all o'er, Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Washed in the
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the

CHORUS.
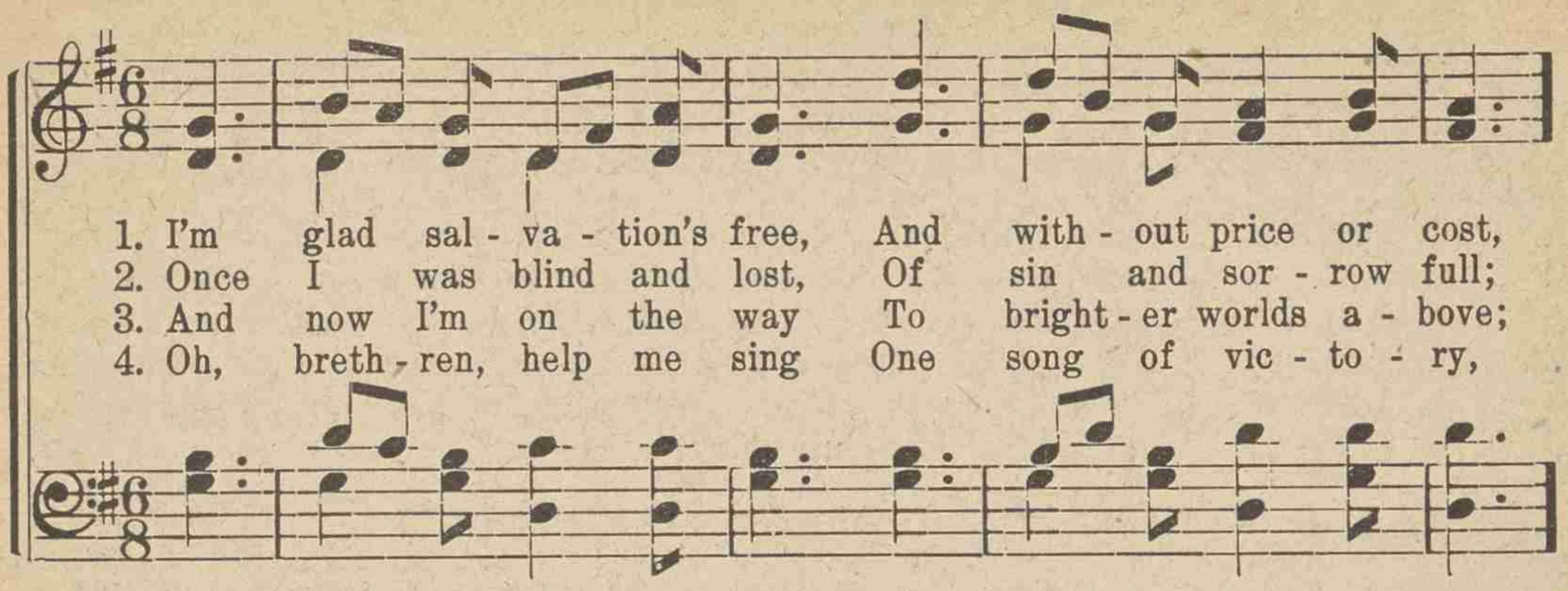
blood of the Lamb?
blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb.
blood of the Lamb.
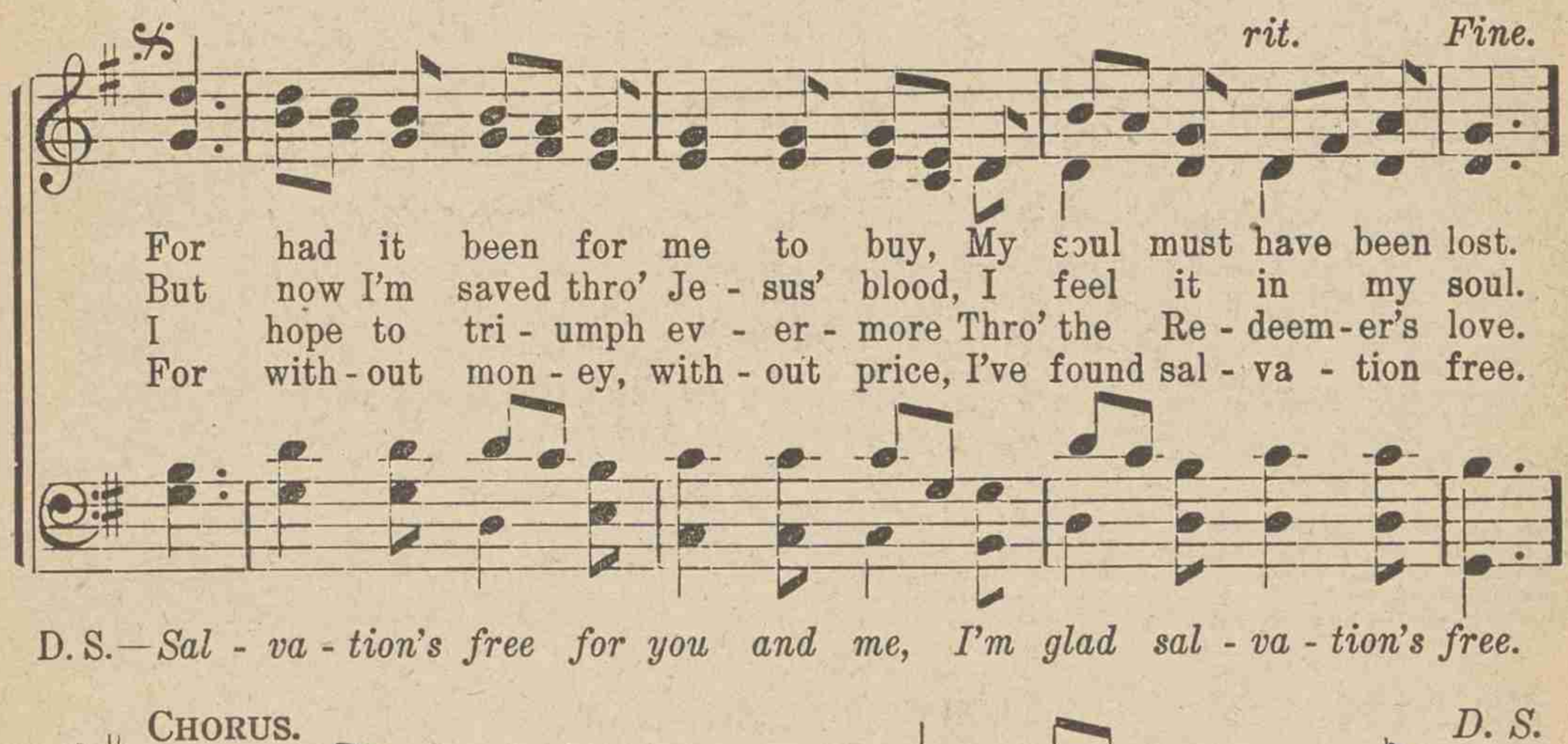
"Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"..... "Sweep-ing thro' the
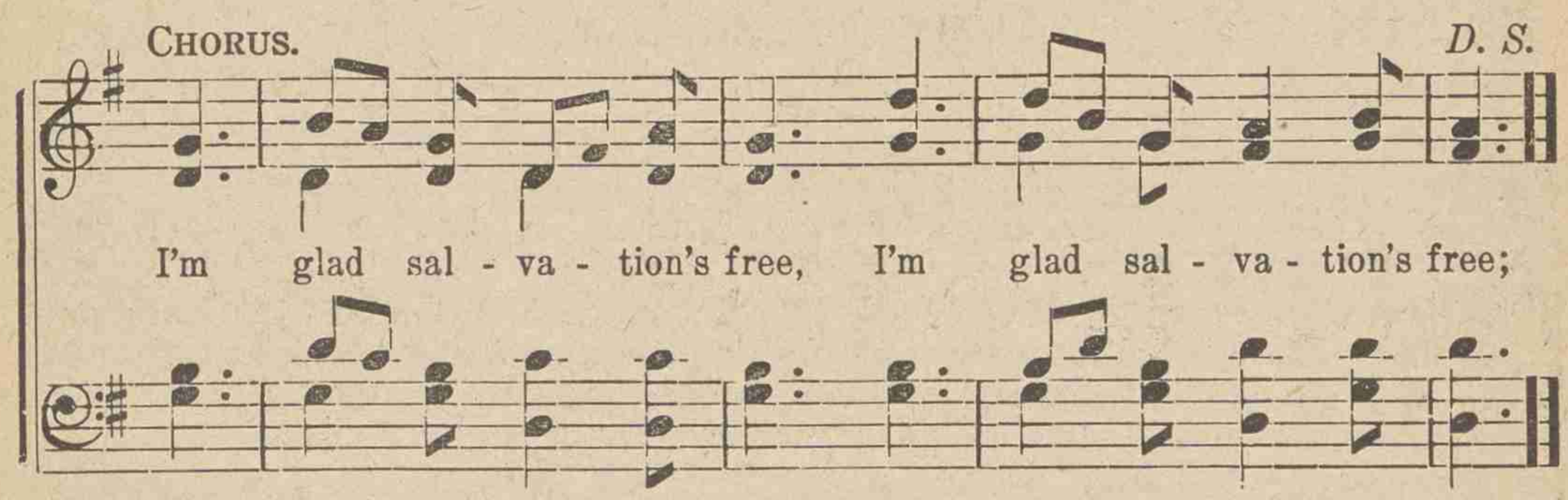
gates" to the New Je - ru - sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

## No. 108. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.







D. S.—*Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.*




## No. 109. There'll Be No Sorrow There.

1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.
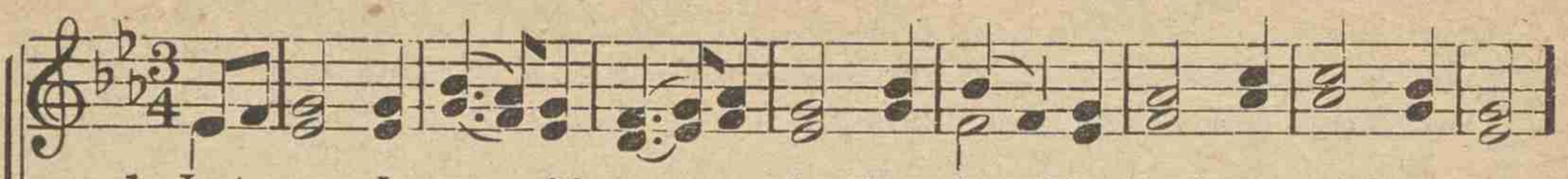
3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home, [fade,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er
And all their joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.
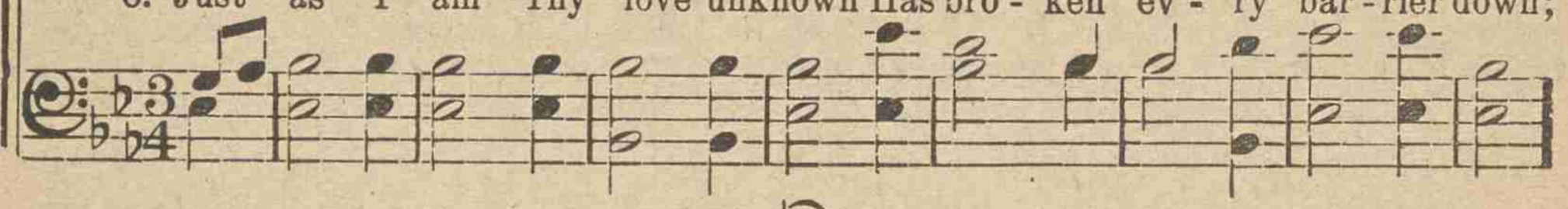
5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.
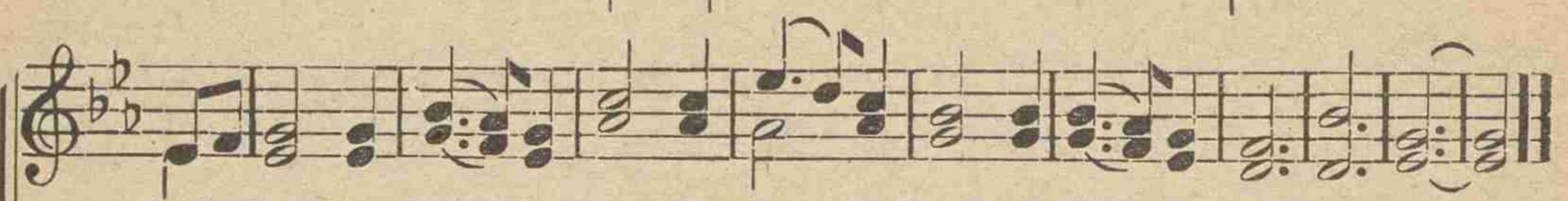
## No. 110. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.
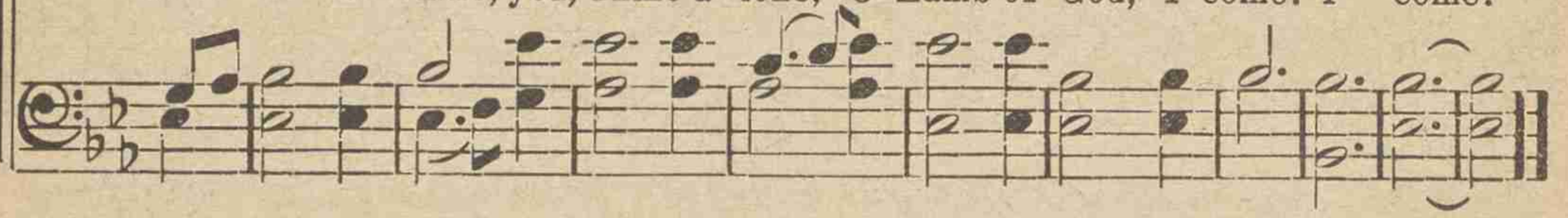


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse relieve;
6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
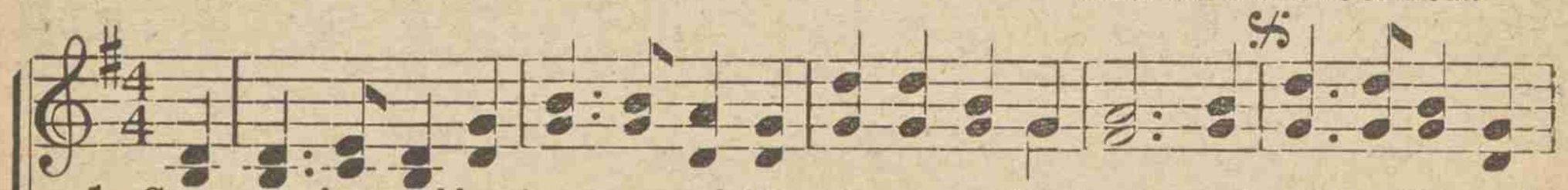




And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
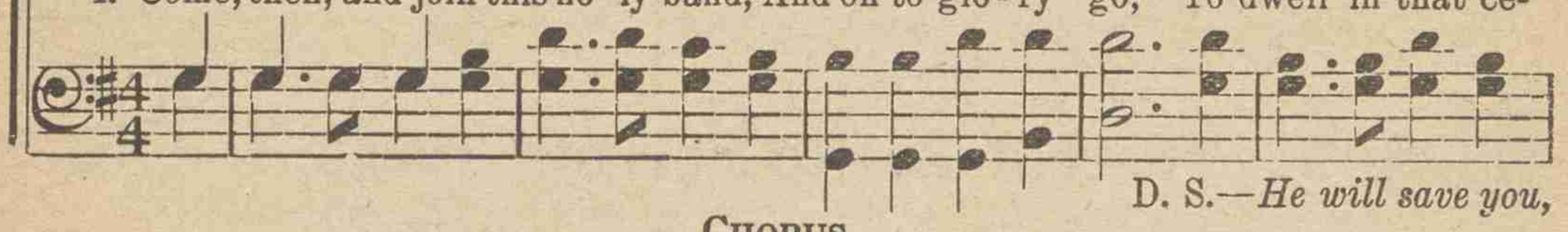


## No. 111. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.
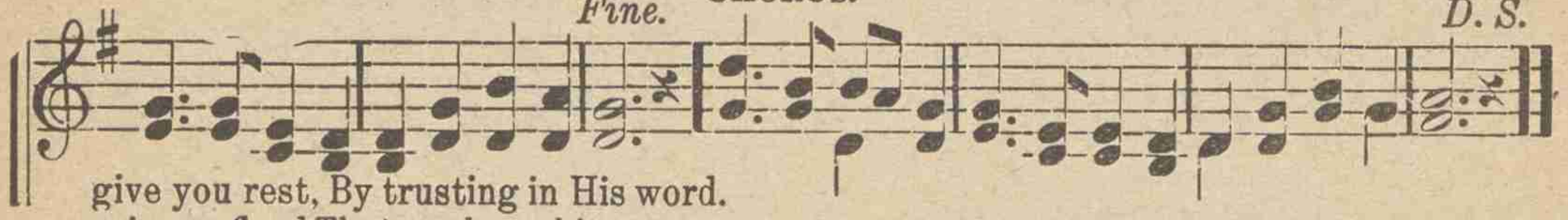


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow: Plunge now into the
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Be-lieve in Him with
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-
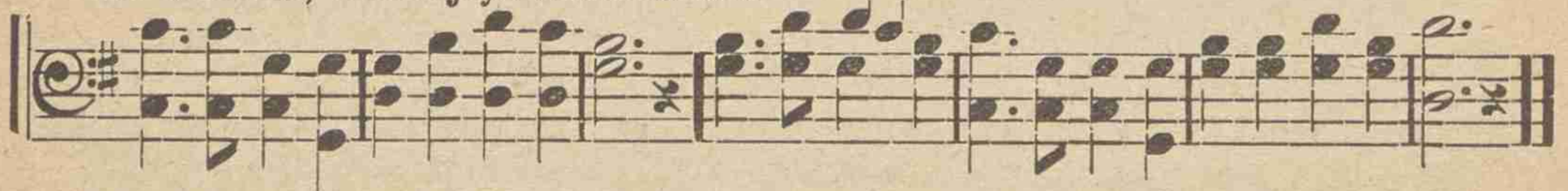


D. S.—*He will save you,*

CHORUS.

*Fine.* *D. S.*
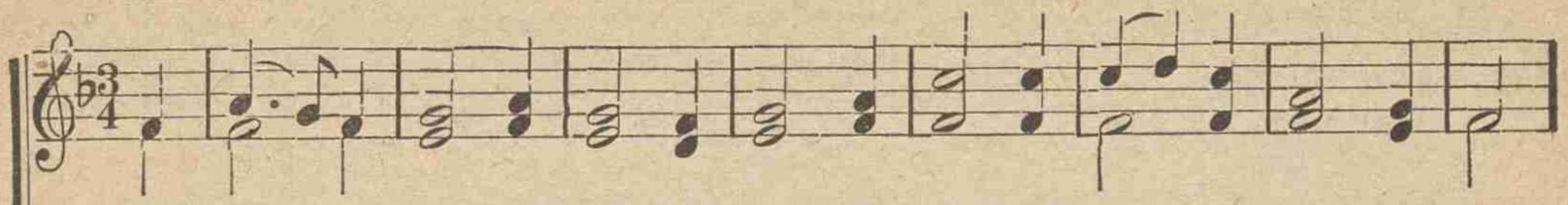


give you rest, By trusting in His word.
crimson flood That washes white as snow.
out de-lay, And you are full-y blest. Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now
les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow.
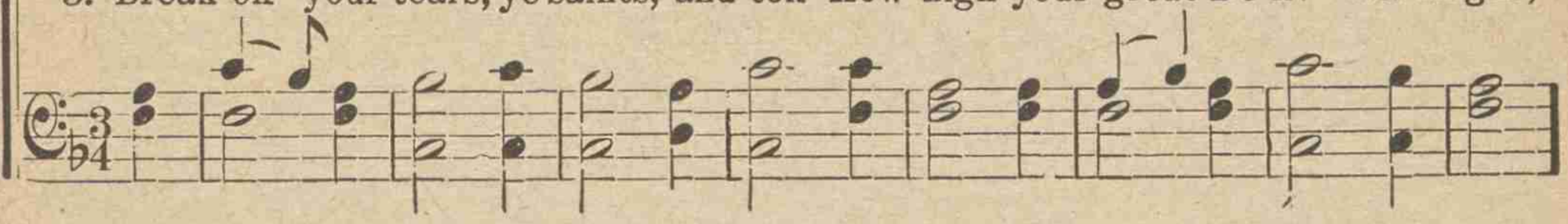


*He will save you, He will save you now.*
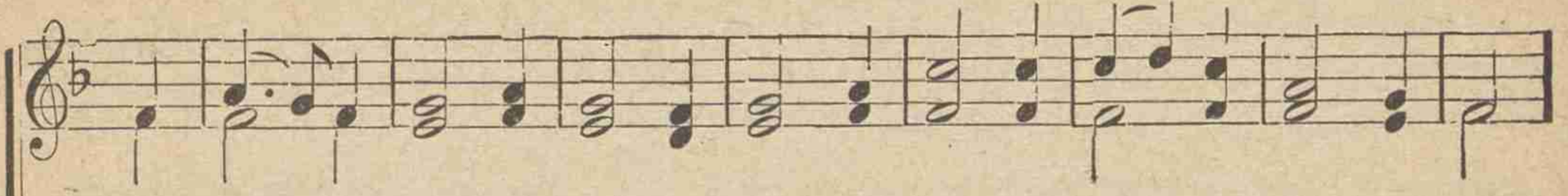
# No. 112. The Friend of Sinners Dies!

ISAAC WATTS. Fillmore. L. M. D. JEREMIAH INGALLS.
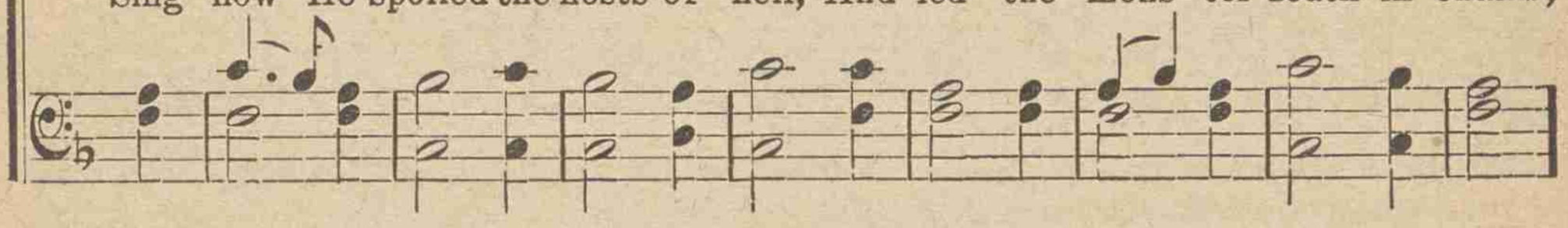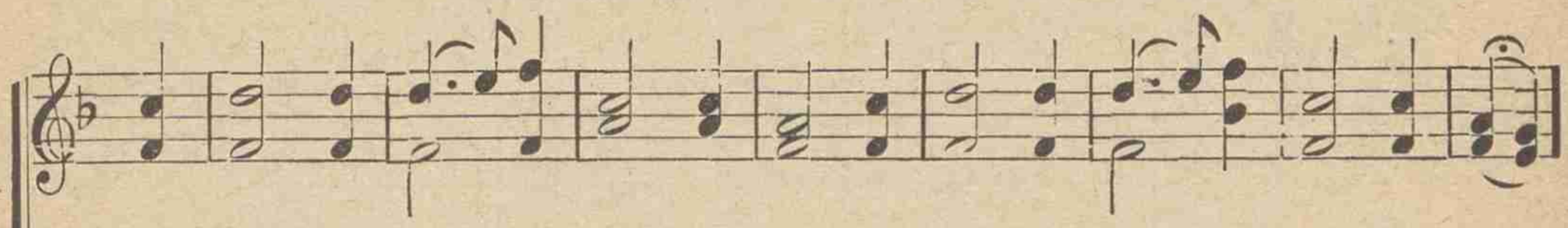


1. He dies! the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daugh-ters weep a-round;
2. Here's love and grief be - yond de-gree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for man!
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De-liv - 'rer reigns;
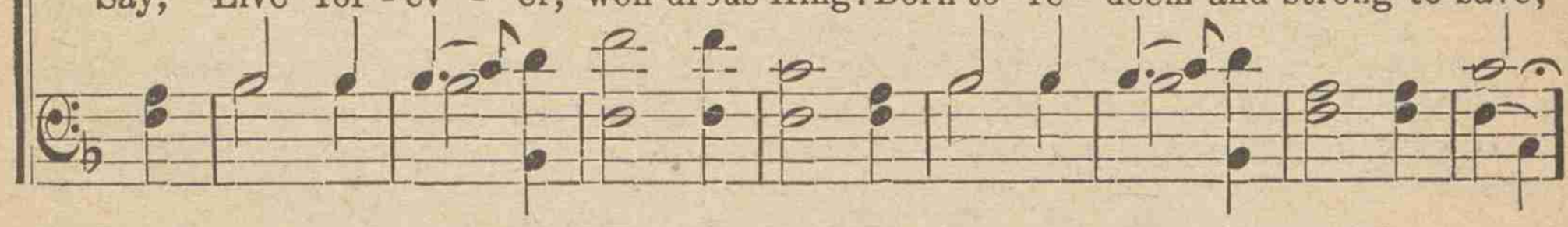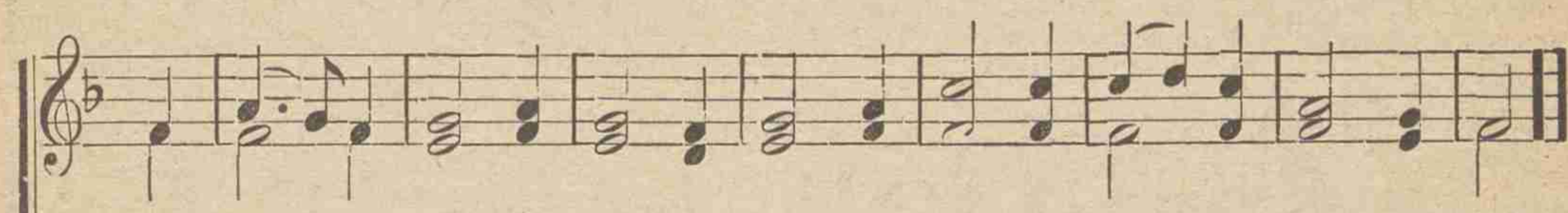




A sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud - den trembling shakes the ground;
But lo! what sud - den joys we see; Je - sus, the dead, re-vives a - gain.
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the mons - ter death in chains;
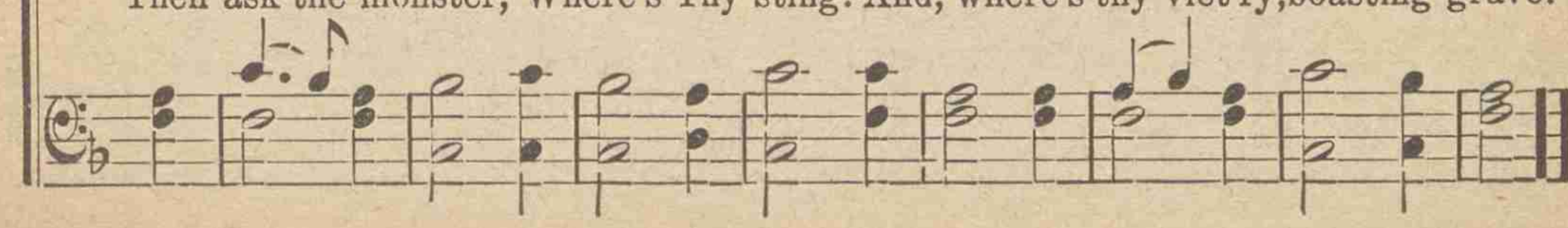




Come, saints, and drop a tear or two, For Him who groaned beneath your load;
The ris - ing God for-sakes the tomb, In vain the tomb for-bids His rise;
Say, "Live for - ev - er, won-drous King! Born to re - deem and strong to save;"





He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich - er blood.
Cher - ub - ic le-gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel - come to the skies.
Then ask the monster, Where's Thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?



# No. 113 Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

PSALM 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er he es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

All his hosts to - geth - er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.
Praise his name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,

Let them praises

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

## Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah ! Concluded

And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,

And his glo-ry

And his glo-ry

*pp* *p*

*ff*

And his glo - - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.

And his glo - ry

## No. 114. Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,

*Fine.*

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D. S.—*bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

# No. 115 He'll Take You Through.

J. V. R. JAMES V. REID.

**Slow with expression.**

1. In the midst of joy and blessing, And when all the way seems bright,
2. It may seem God does not hear you, And with-holds the gift you seek,
3. Think not strange of fier-y tri - al, Which is sent your faith to try,
4. When af-flic - tion is up - on you, You may say, as Job of old,
5. Then, O broth-er, nev-er wav - er E - ven tho' in pris - on cast,

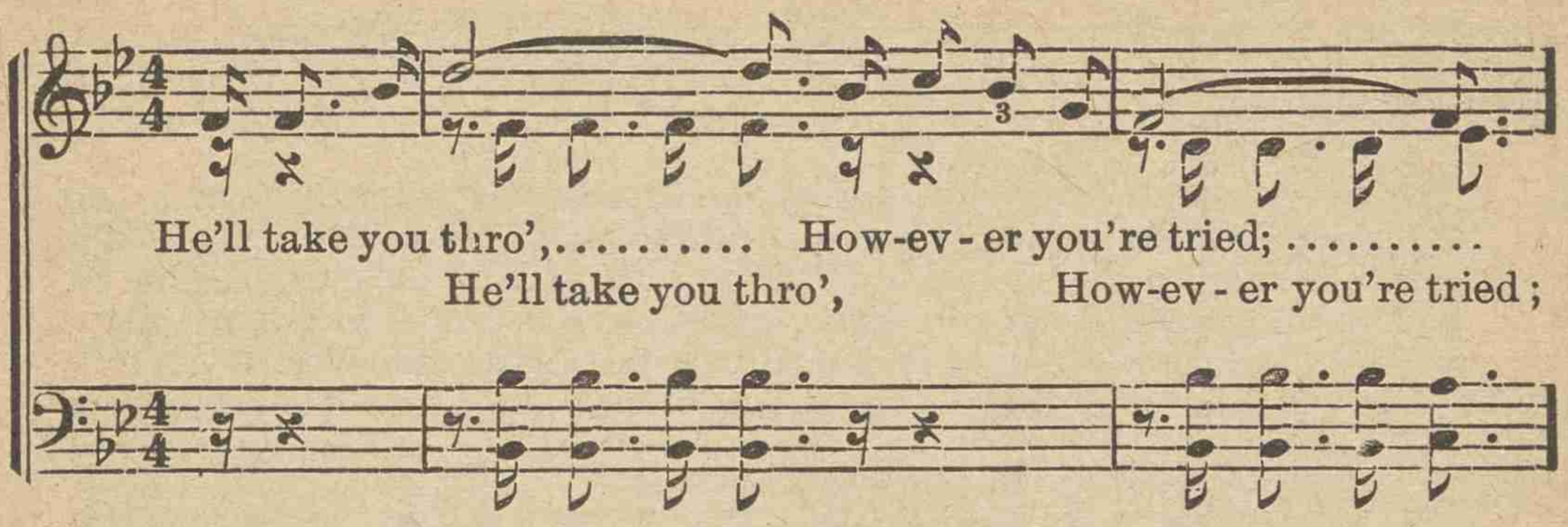
Clouds may come which seem distressing, And they may ob-scure the light,
Then just learn to trust His si-lence When the Fa - ther does not speak;
Tho' it mean great self-de - ni - al To live for Him, or yet to die,
"When He's test-ed, when He's tried me, I shall then come forth as gold,"
Tho' you lose all worldly fa - vor You will gain a crown at last,

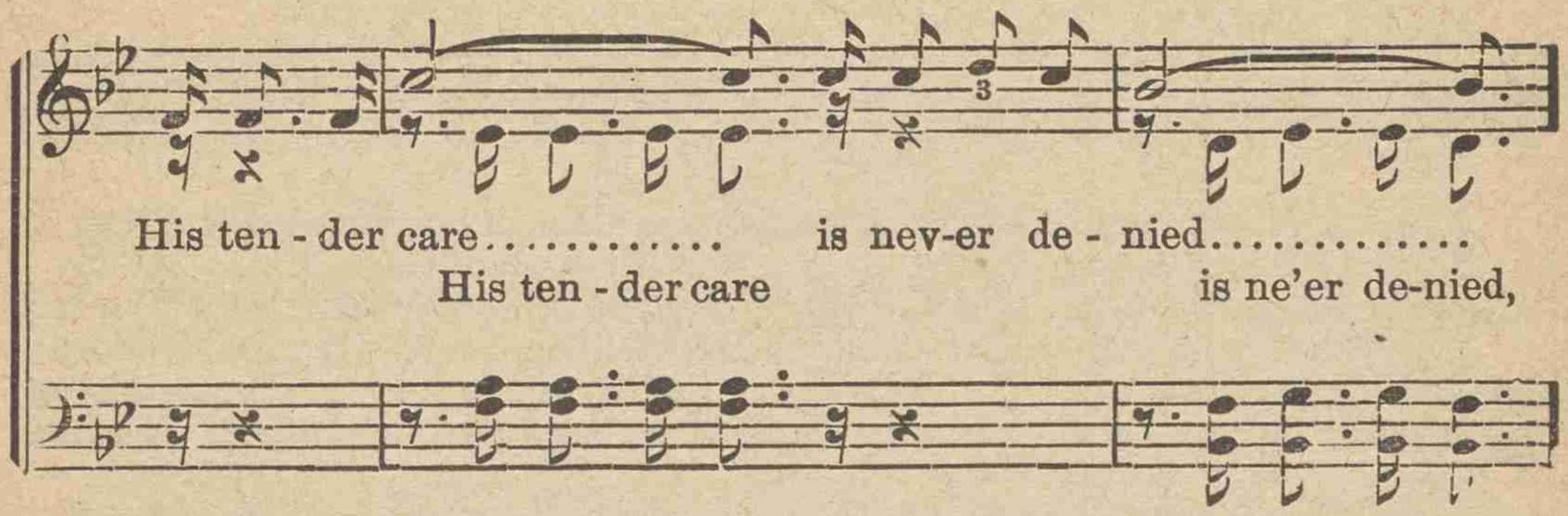
Tho' you weep at night with sor-row, And the gloom op-press-es you,
Let your heart new courage bor-row, For His prom-is - es are true,
Count it joy to share Christ's sor-row, Gladness then will come to you,
Then take cour-age in your sor-row, Cease your sighs, let tears be few,
And when tri - als all have end-ed, If to Je - sus you've been true,
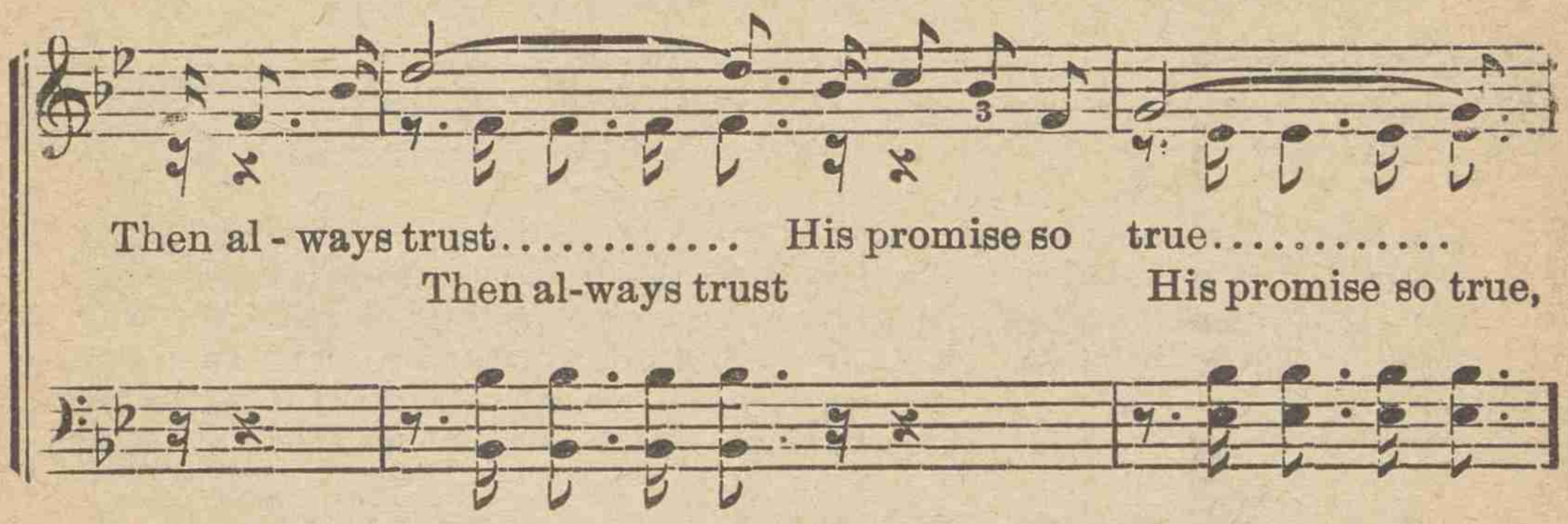
Joy is sure to come to-morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
He'll reward your faith to-morrow—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
For there's sure a bright to-morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Just re-mem-ber on the morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Then the pearl-y gates will open,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
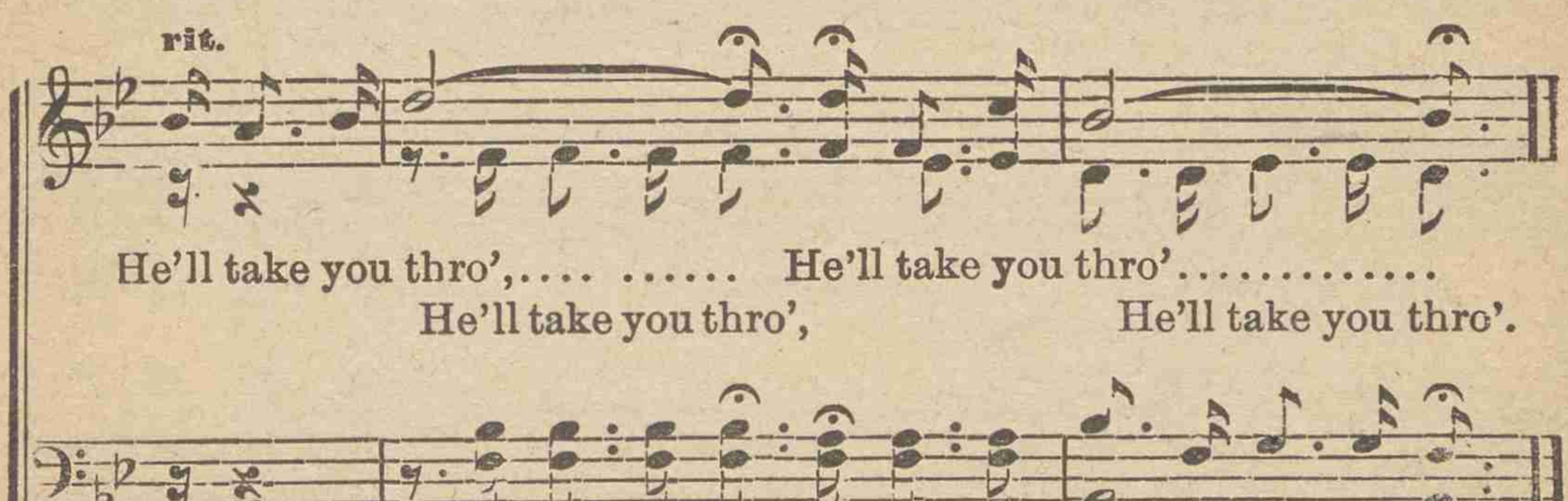
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# He'll Take You Through. Concluded.









# No. 116. Hid Away.

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A. G. H. ADAM G. HORST.

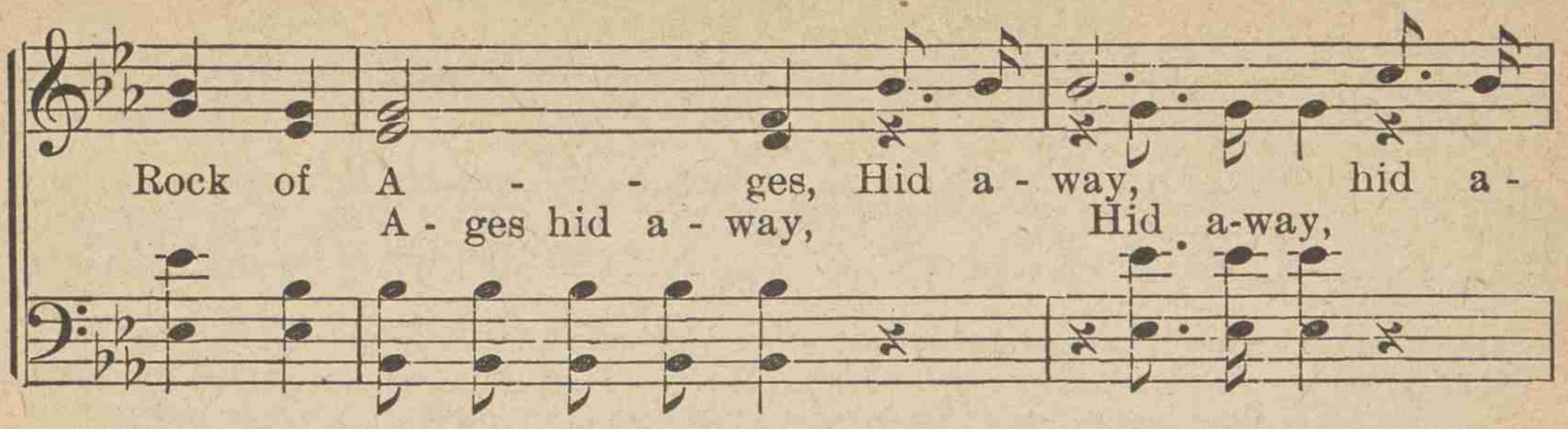
1. Since my soul is saved by grace, And I view His shin-ing face, I am kept in His embrace, Hid a - way. What a place of comfort sweet, What a
2. There He talks to me each day, And He keeps me in the way, In this se-cret place I'll stay, Hid a - way. So with faith in God I'll go, A - ny -
3. There He shows to me His will, Keeping me from ev - 'ry ill, This no one can know un-til Hid a - way. This great se-cret is with those Who keep
4. This vain world ne'er comes to view, If to God I'm always true, He will car-ry me right thro', Hid a - way. He will con-quer ev-'ry foe, And will
5. Nev - er will I yield to sin, But will let Him rule with-in, We the vic - to - ry shall win, Hid a - way. I will in His love a-bide, Walking
6. Ma - ny seek for worldly show, And this se - cret do not know, How the heart is all a-glow, Hid a - way. Give me Je-sus—I have tried, This vain
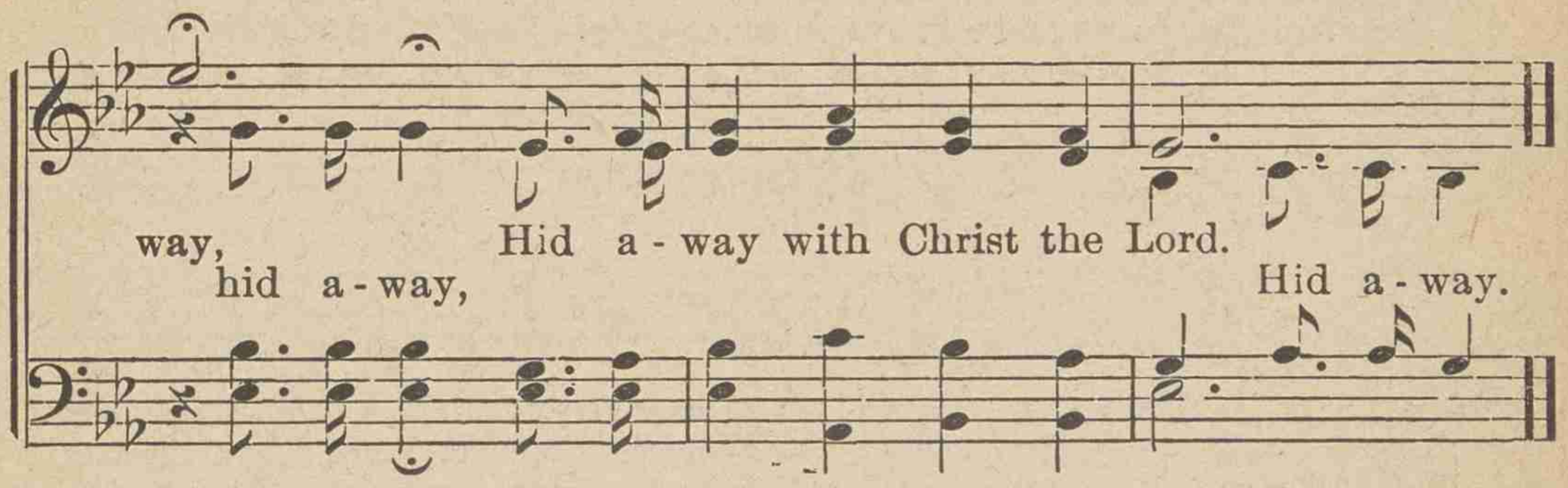
place of joy complete, Since I'm sit - ting at His feet, Hid a - way.
where while here below, On - ly that this joy I know, Hid a - way.
vic - t'ry o'er their foes, He be-fore them ev - er goes, Hid a - way.
give me joy, I know, As I on-ward, up-ward go, Hid a - way.
with Him by His side, Al - ways in His Word confide, Hid a - way.
world ne'er sat-is - fied, And I'm safe what-e'er be-tide, Hid a - way.

CHORUS.

Hid a - way, hid a - way, Hid a - way in the
Hid a - way, hid a - way,

## Hid Away. Concluded.



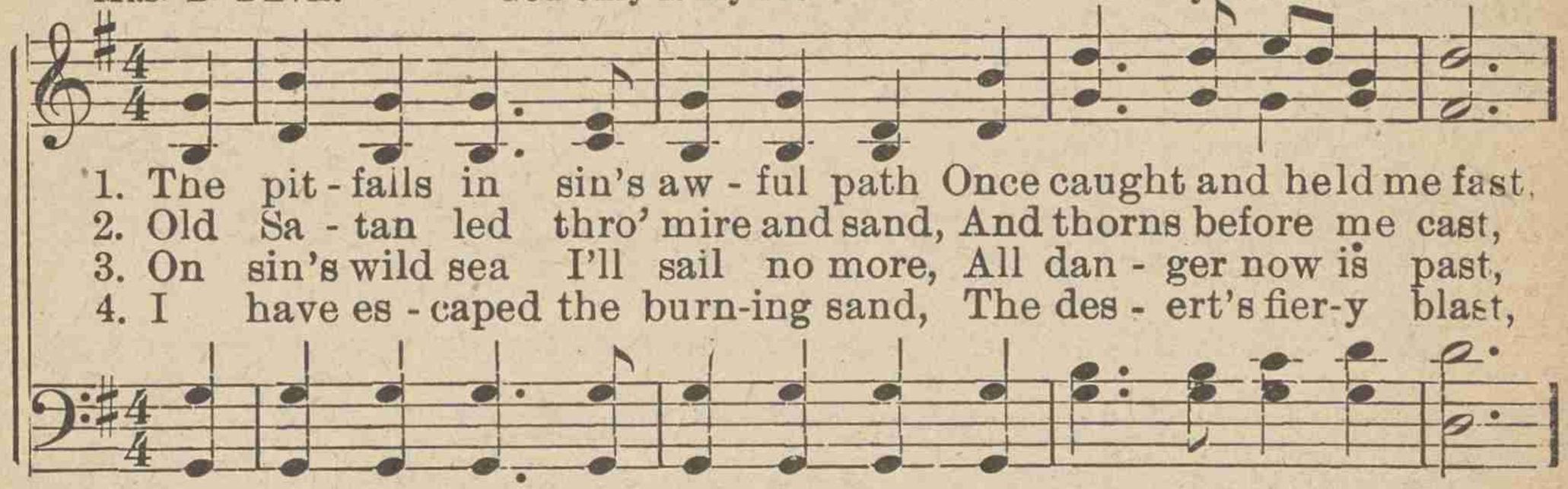


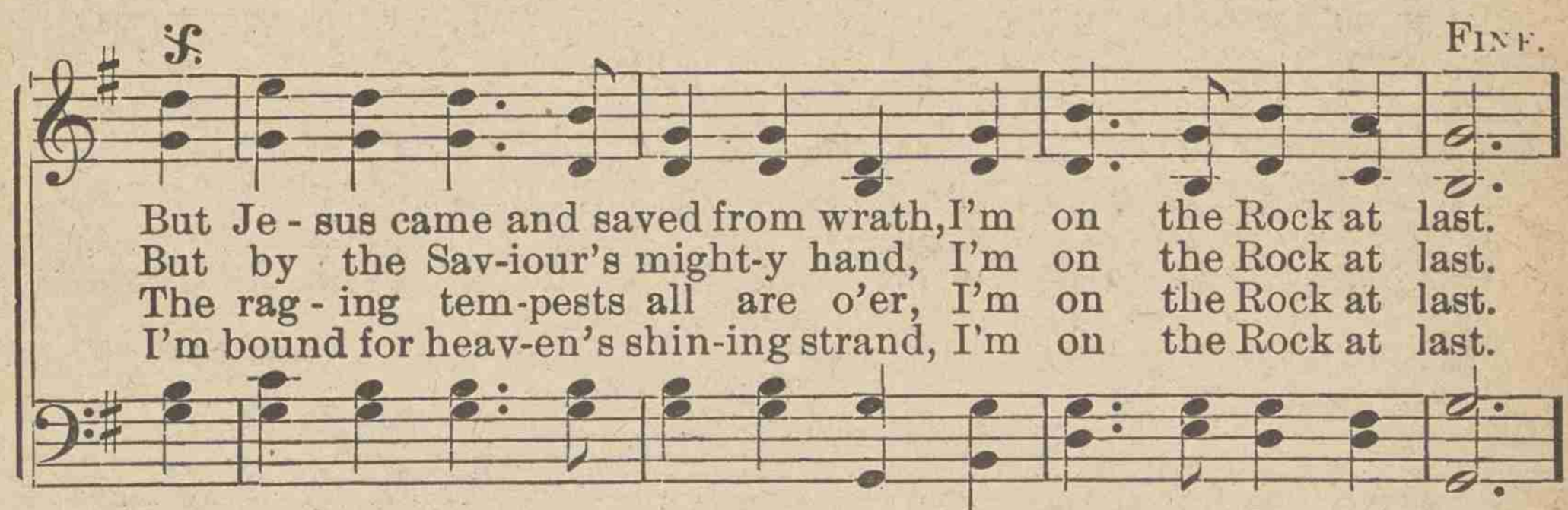


## No. 117. I'm On the Rock.
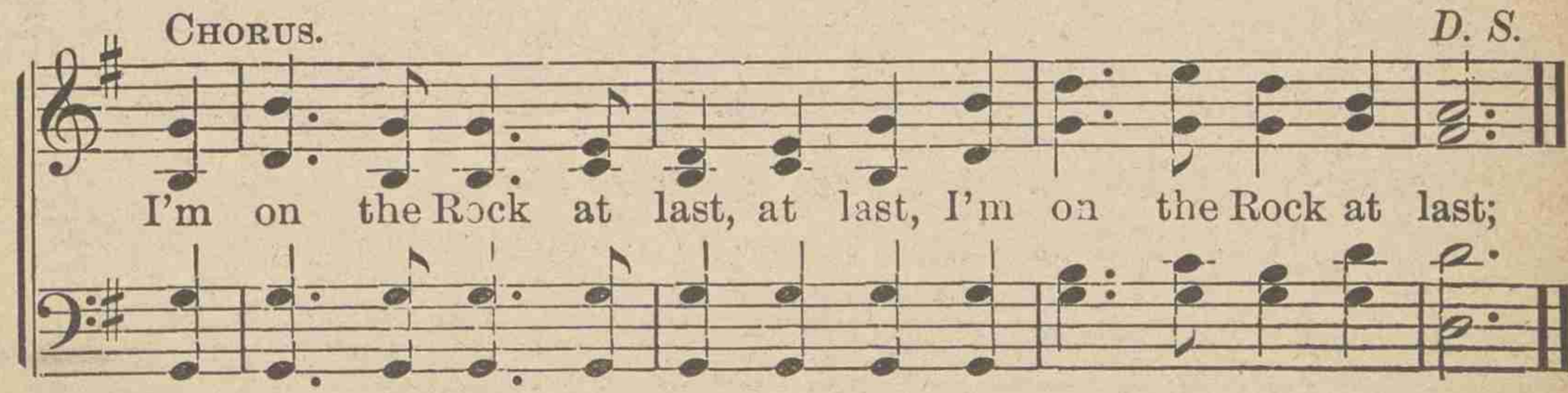
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MRS. B. DAVIS. "God only is my rock."—PS. 62: 2. Arr. by JNO. T. BENSON.




D. S.–*My feet have found a rest - ing place, I'm on the Rock at last.*



# No. 118. Covered By the Blood.

Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

*Not too fast.*

1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring a-lone, A stran-ger to mer-cy I
2. From my er-rors and faults, Je-sus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift-ed my
3. I can ne'er un-der-stand, Why He sought even me, Why His life blood on Calv'ry
4. Now He comes to my heart And re-moves ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring

stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
load; O the love and the grace, I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
flowed; But suf - fi - cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins

REFRAIN.

un-der the blood. They are cov-ered by the blood, They are cov-ered by the blood,

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui - ties so vast,
precious blood,

Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
precious blood.

# No. 119. God Leads Us Along.

Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. C. F. Weigele, owner. Used by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

*rit.*

# No. 120. This Is Like Heaven to Me.

Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. C. F. Weigele, owner.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap - py and free; We've crossed o-ver Jor - dan to Canaan's fair land,
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout,Some don't un-der - stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir - it, there is - n't a doubt,
3. We've heard the sweet music,the heav-en-ly chord,From glo - ry land o - ver the sea; A soul-thrill-ing message from Je - sus,our Lord,
4. We're looking for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis Je - sus who died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry us home,

CHORUS.

-3. And this is like heaven to me. Oh, this is like heav-en to ma (to me), Yes, this is like heav-en to me (to me); I've crossed over Jor dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heaven to me (to me).
4. Oh, that will be heav-en to me. Oh, that will be heav-en to me (to me), Yes, that will be heav-en to me (to me); A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me (to me).

# No. 121. Just A Little Sunshine.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev -'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened path-ways,
2. Like the bless-ed Mas-ter, in this life, are we Sent to com-fort oth - ers,
3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros-es grow, In the bar - ren plac - es

rays of bless-ing throw; Gold-en rays of glad-ness from a lov - ing heart
pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will-ing hands out-reach-ing, strengthening the weak,
flow'rs be-gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row, cheer the hour of gloom,

CHORUS.

Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
In the name of Je - sus, con - so-la-tion speak. Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit-tle
Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im-mor-tal bloom.

sun-shine, Bearing heavenly gladness thro' this world be-low; Sunshine, sunshine,

just a lit - tle sunshine, Tell-ing love's sweet sto - ry ev -'ry-where we go.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# No. 122. Sing Unto God.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHO.–1. Sing un - to God, our hope and our de - liv - 'rer; He is the Lord,—the
2. Sing un - to God, for He a - lone is wor - thy; Sing un - to God, for
3. Sing un - to God, ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, Ye who have reached the

might-y theme pro-long: Pour out your hearts in mu - sic's sweet-est num-bers,
He a - lone is King; Come, O ye lands, and, trust-ing His sal - va - tion,
shin-ing realms of peace, Ye who are safe with - in the bless - ed king-dom,

FINE.

Pour out your hearts in mel-o - dy and song. Seek ye the gates, the
Sing un-to God, in grateful cho-rus sing. Great is the Lord, and
Safe in that land where praise shall never cease. Sing un-to God, ye

Seek ye the gates, seek ye the gates,

love - ly gates of Zi - on, Now let His courts with
won - der-ful His mer - cy, Strong is His love, a-
an - gels that be-hold Him, Sing as ye fly to

Seek ye the gates, the lovely gates of Zion, Now let His courts, now let His courts,

ho - ly rap-ture ring; Wake, wake a-
bid - ing ev - er - more; Sing un - to
do..... your Sov'reign's will, Sing un - to

Now let His courts with ho-ly rapture ring; Wake, wake a-gain,

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

## Sing Unto God. Concluded.

gain the si - lent harp of Ju - dah; Break
God, and let..... the voice of glad - ness Break
God, let an - thems ev - er roll - ing, Earth
wake, wake again, Wake, wake again the silent harp of Judah; Break forth, ye hills,

*D. C. for Chorus.*

forth, ye hills, and let..... the des-ert sing.
from our hearts, and spread.... from shore to shore.
and the sky with joy..... and gladness fill.
break forth, ye hills, Break forth, ye hills, and let the des-ert sing.

## No. 123. Save Me Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, my way-ward heart is bro - ken, May I come to Thee? In Thy
2. Tho' I long have grieved Thy Spir - it, Long re-fused Thy grace, Do not
3. Could my faith but touch Thy garment, Healed my soul would be; Let Thy
4 Save me now, or I must per - ish, Save me, I im - plore; Speak those

gen - tle arms of mer - cy Hast Thou room for me?
cast me from Thy pres-ence, Do not hide Thy face. Save me! save me!
smile of sweet for-give - ness Shed one beam for me.
lov - ing words so ten - der, "Go, and sin no more."

FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*—Je - sus, save me now.

*D. S.*

Weep-ing at the cross I bow; Hear my hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion,

Copyright, 1909, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

# No. 124 At the Battle's Front.

MRS. C. H. M

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal - va - tion pro-claim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world, Tho' the darts thick and fast
3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you dare now to stand with the Sav-iour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

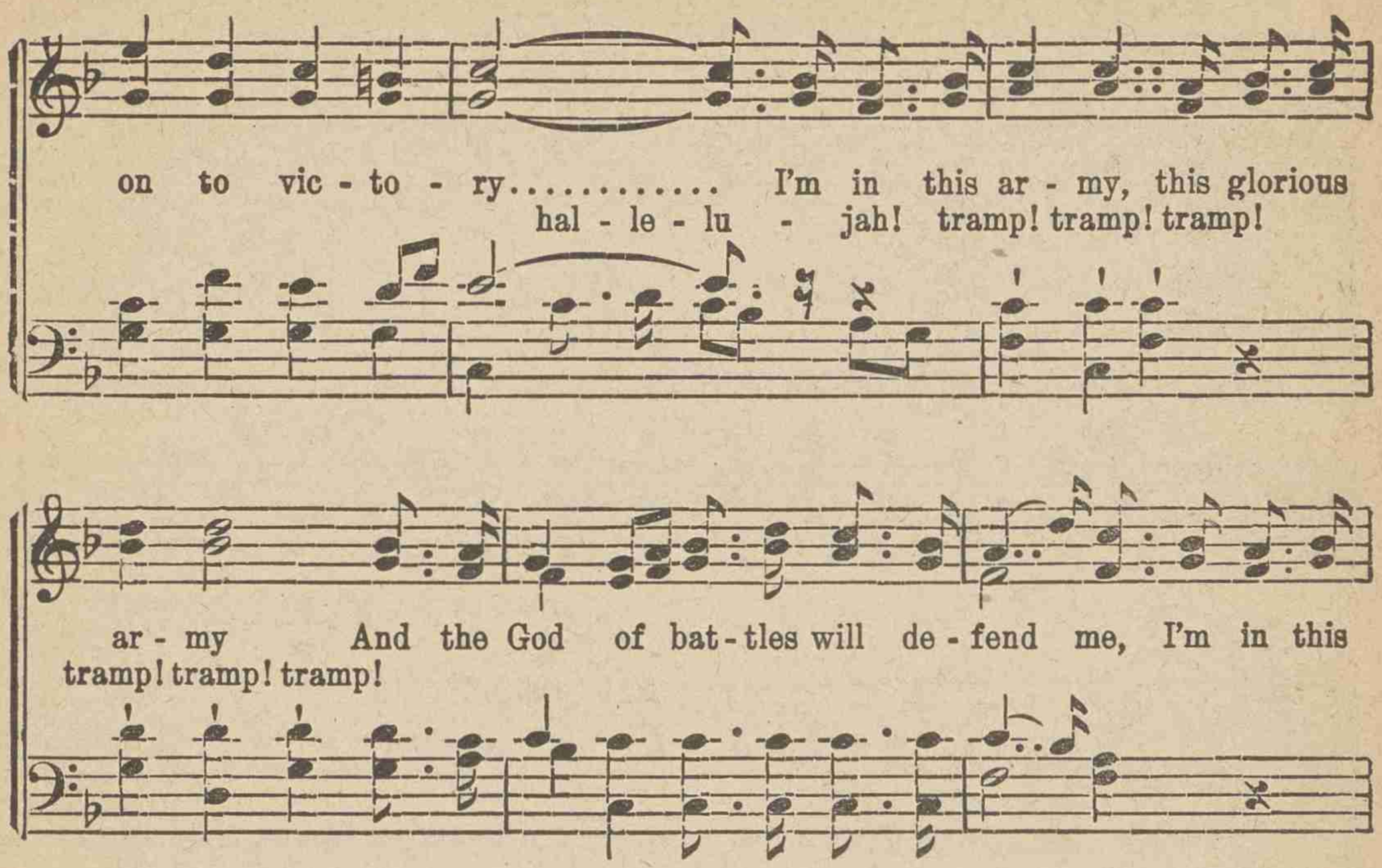
and the Spir-it's trust-y sword, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re - new? At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.

CHORUS.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
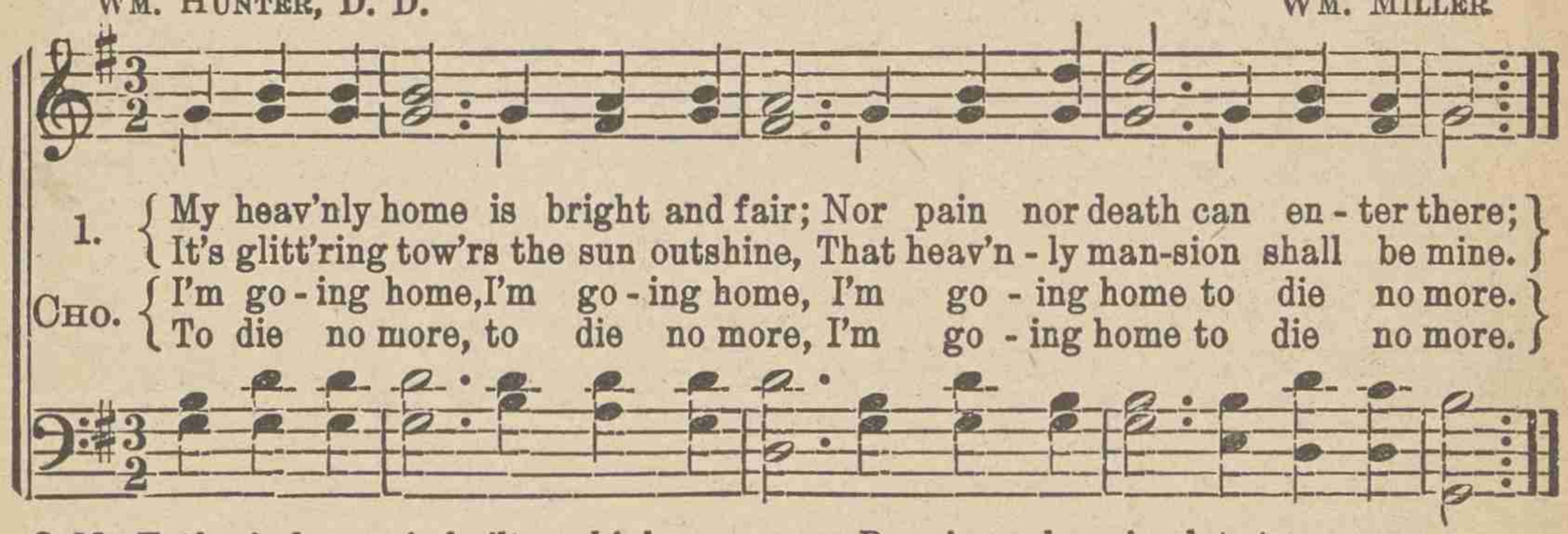
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## At the Battle's Front. Concluded.




## No. 125 I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. WM. MILLER.




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.

# No. 126. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

(HARWELL. 8, 7, D.)

THOMAS KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way:

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Des-tined to be - hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

# No. 127. Trusting Jesus.

CHARLES C. PORTER. Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. Oh,'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, ev - 'ry day to live for Him;
2. Oh,'tis sweet to live for Je - sus, Him who died to set us free;
3. For this peace I find in Je - sus, noth-ing can my blessing buy;
4. Would you also live for Je - sus, in your life crown Him the King?

With a heart made free from e - vil, pur - i - fied from ev-'ry sin;
Ev - 'ry day to be a vic - tor, ev - 'ry day His glo ry see;
For I'm going to dwell for - ev - er in my Saviour's home on high;
Would you know His love surpass-ing ev - 'ry fond and earthly thing?

Ev - 'ry day to feel the glo - ry, ev - 'ry day for Him to shine,
Ev - 'ry day His love pos - sess - ing, ev - 'ry day His presence know;
All my tri - als will be end - ed, all my vict'ries will be won,
At the cross you'll find sweet pardon, cleansing too from inward sin;

Ev - 'ry day to have Him with you and to know that He is thine.
Ev - 'ry day His prais-es sing - ing, while the heart with joy doth glow.
When I reach the hills of glo - ry, bright and shining as the sun.
Joy and comfort He will give you if you'll bid Him en - ter in.

D.S.—*On the nar-row way to glo - ry with my Lord I'm go - ing thro'.*

CHORUS. *D. S. al Fine.*

I've sur-rendered all to Je - sus, I have bid the world a - dieu,

# No. 128. Sanctifying Power.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r like a sweet re-fresh-ing show'r
2. I'm so glad it reach-es me, all un-wor-thy tho' I be,
3. This God's will for you and me, that we sanc-ti - fied should be,
4. Songs of prais-es let us sing to our bless-ed Lord and King,

Wait-ing for each con-se-crat - ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O - ver-coming grace made freely mine; Since the Com-fort-er a - bides,
Dwell-ing in this land of plenteousness; Fling your doubts and fears aside,
For this great sal - va-tion, rich and free; Ev-'ry need-ed grace supplied,
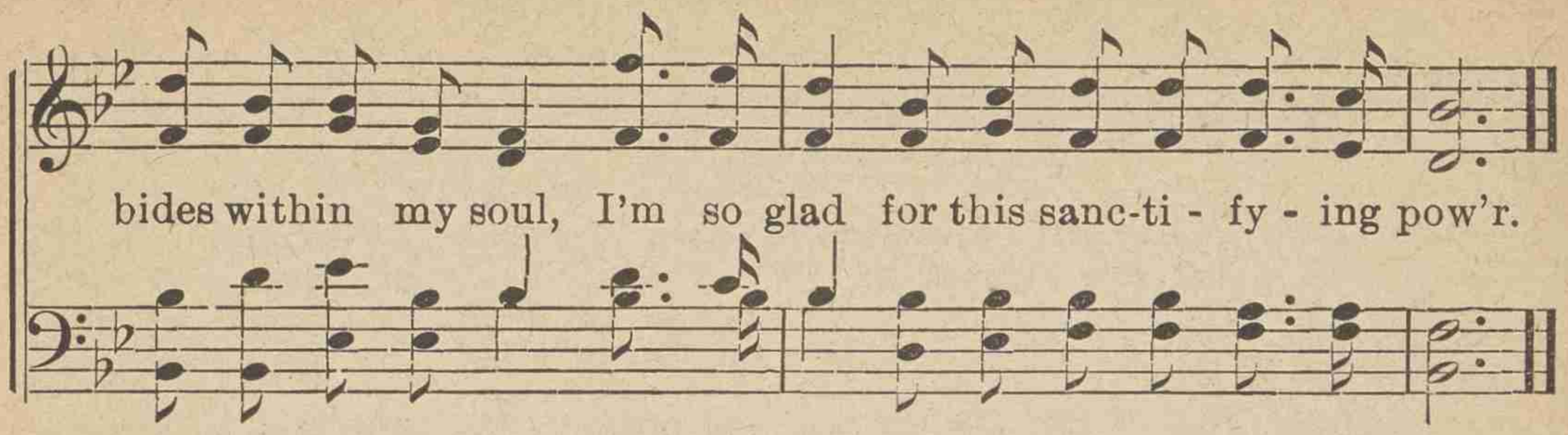
pow'r to keep us pure within, Pow'r for service which He will im-part.
and with - in my heart resides, I am walking in the light di - vine.
bold-ly cross the Jordan's tide, And your her-i-tage in Christ possess.
ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is-fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad,..... I'm so glad,..... For this sav-ing,
I'm so glad, Hal - le - lu-jah, I'm so glad,

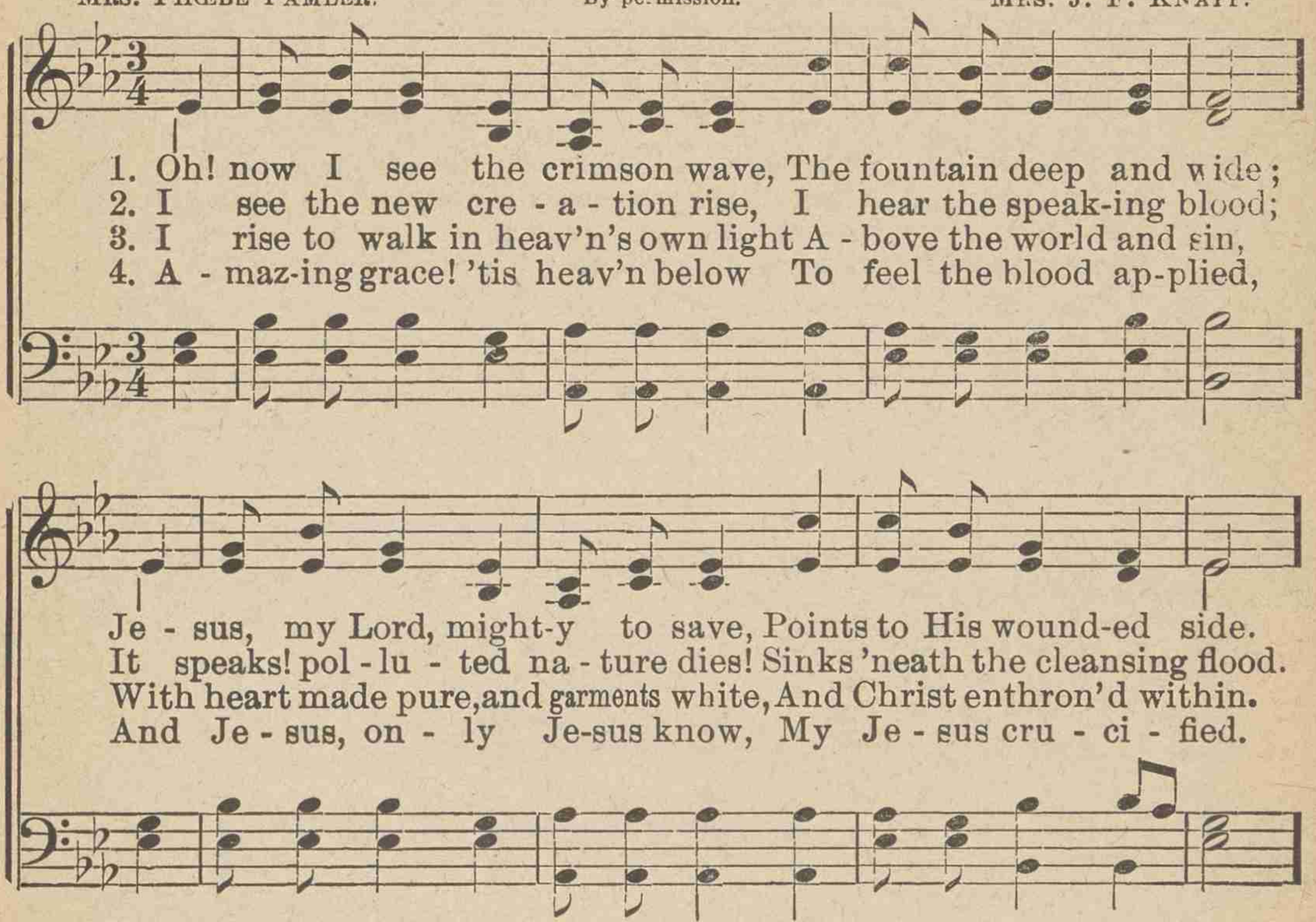
sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a
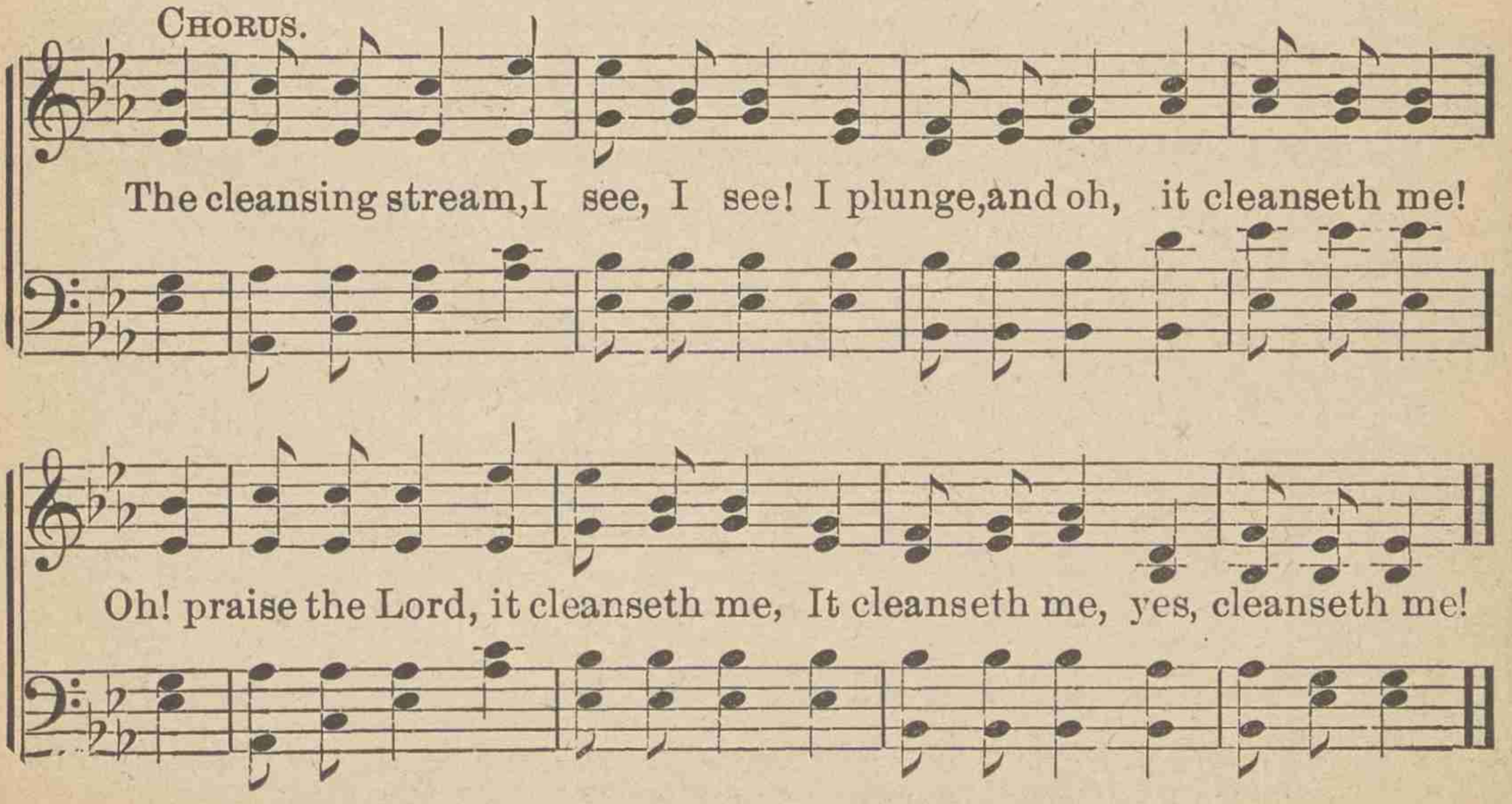
## Sanctifying Power. Concluded.




## No. 129. The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHŒBE PAMLER. By permission. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.






# No. 130. He Has Come.

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

1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my heart as His own cho-sen home; At last I have giv - en the welcome He sought,
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come,and He rules in the realm of my soul,
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His word that He will not de-part; No trou-ble can en - ter, no e - vil can come
4. He has come to a - bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

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

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

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

*rit.*

# No. 131. The Sweet Beulah Land.

Copyright, 1891, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

"Let us go up at once and possess it."—NUM. 14: 30.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I am walk - ing to - day in the sweet Beu-lah land, I have
2. I am now go - ing on to ex-plore Beu-lah land, 'Tis the
3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can - not know, As I
4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en - rap-tures my soul, For com-

crossed to the glo - ry side, I am washed in the blood and my
gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
walk by my Sav-iour's side, I am kept by His pow'r, I am
mun - ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to -

CHORUS.

soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti - fied. Glo - ry,
walk-ing in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
day thro' my soul Liv-ing streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glo-ry to God, oh,

Glo - ry to God, My heart now is clean:ed from sin, I've abandoned my
from sin,

self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His full-ness a-bides with-in.

# No. 132. I Will Trust Jesus.

R. C. WARD. Copyright, 1909, by A F. Ingler. ROLLIN C. WARD.

1. Tho' loud and long the thunders roll, And clouds obscure the light of day;
2. When dearest friends unfaithful prove, In Christ I find a hope and stay;
3. To serve Him is my chief de-light, For grace to do His will, I pray;
4. When life here draweth to a close, When earthly scenes have passed a-way,

Tho' break-ers dash a-gainst my soul, I will trust
I rest on His unchanging love, And sweet-ly
His word, my coun-sel day and night, I will trust
I'll spend e - ter - ni-ty with those Who trust-ed

CHORUS.

Je-sus all the way. I will trust Je-sus all the way.
trust Him all the way.
Je-sus all the way.
Je-sus all the way. Yes, I'll trust Him all the way,

I will trust Je-sus all the way; It matters not, let come what
Yes, I'll trust Him all the way;

may (let come what may), I will trust Je-sus all the way (all the way).

# No. 133. The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

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

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

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me
man - na He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry we see His bless-ed

CHORUS.—*In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my*

Hallelujah!

stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Lil - y of the
sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Lil - y of the
face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev - er roll. He's the Li' y of the

*stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the Lil - y of the*

*D. S. for Chorus.*

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

*Valley, the bright and Morning Star. He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.*

Copyright, 1884, by McDonald & Gill.

# No. 134. Jesus, Most Precious.

Copyright, 1914, by C. J. Kinne, Agt.

J. G. G. and A. F. I. J. GLENN GOULD.

1. Je - sus, most precious, Re-deem-er of sin-ners, Sav-iour of all
2. Leav-ing the throne He came down from His glory, Came to the earth
3. Low in the tomb there they laid the Redeemer, Won-der-ing then
4. Je - sus as-cend - ed triumphant to heav-en, There with the Fa -

who will come unto Him; Saving from death and the bondage of Satan,
all its captives to free; Bleeding and dying on Cal-va-ry's mountain,
what their future would be; Breaking the bars He arose a de - liv-'rer,
ther to plead for His own; Soon He is coming to gather His saved ones,
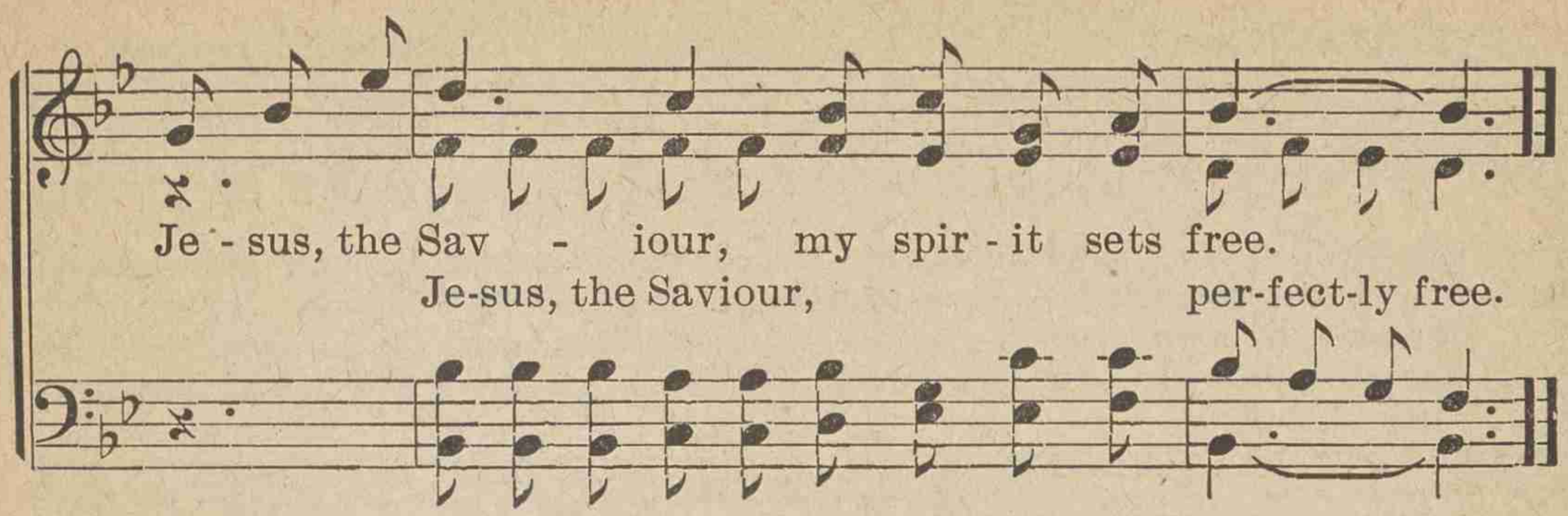
CHORUS.

Giving the conquest to all o - ver sin. Je-sus, Re-deem - er,
He paid the price that redeemed you and me.
That from their bondage they all could be free.
Ever to reign there with Him on His throne. Jesus, Redeemer,

the friend of the friendless, Saviour and cleans - er and keeper is
Saviour and cleanser and keeper and

He;..... He is the One who to me is most precious,
keep - er is He; He is the One who
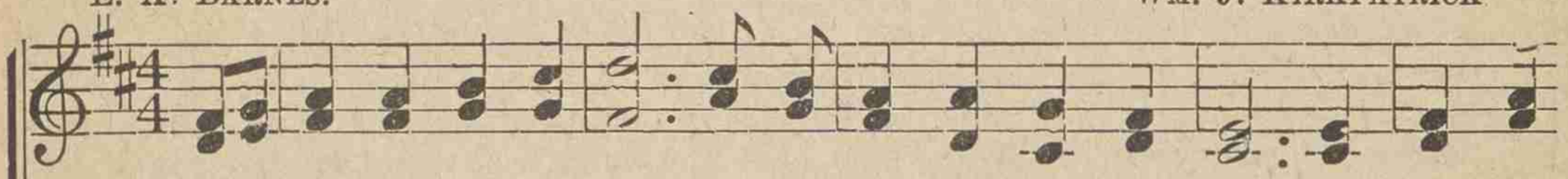
# Jesus, Most Precious. Concluded.



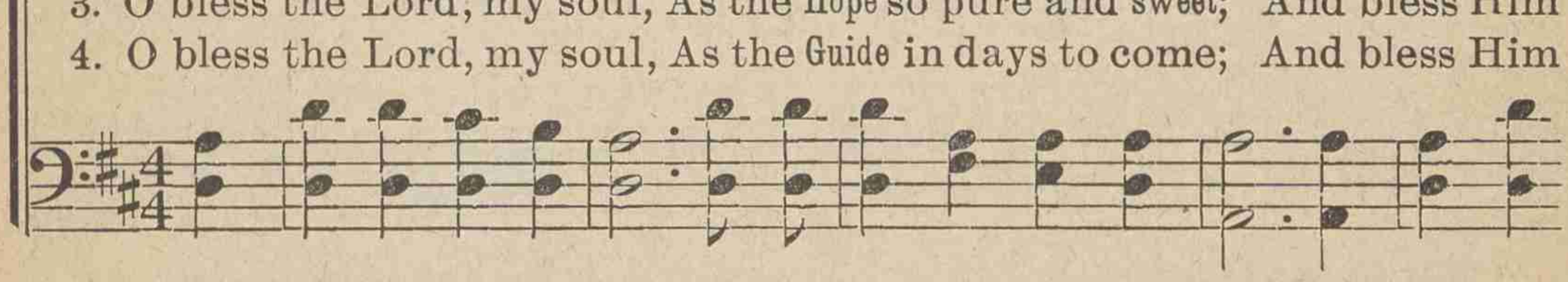

## No. 135. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

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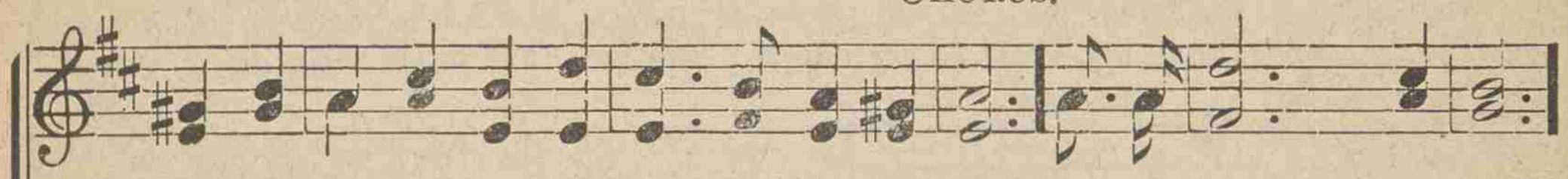
E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick
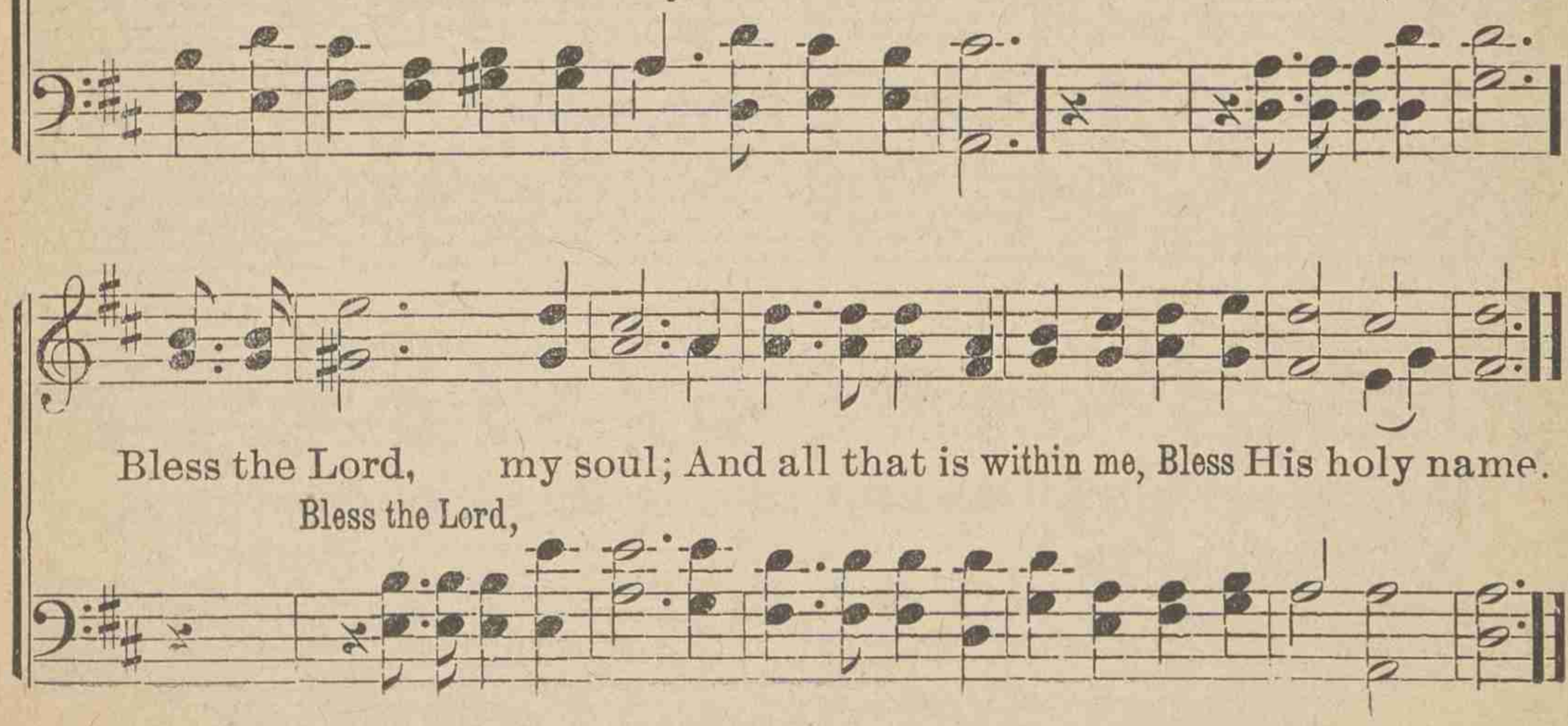


1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless Him
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless Him
3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so pure and sweet; And bless Him
4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless Him



Chorus.



for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.
for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at His feet.
for the crown of life In Thy e-ter-nal home. Bless the Lord,



Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless His holy name.
Bless the Lord,

# No. 136. The Whole Wide World.

Copyright, 1913, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. In renewal.

J. DEMSTER HAMMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
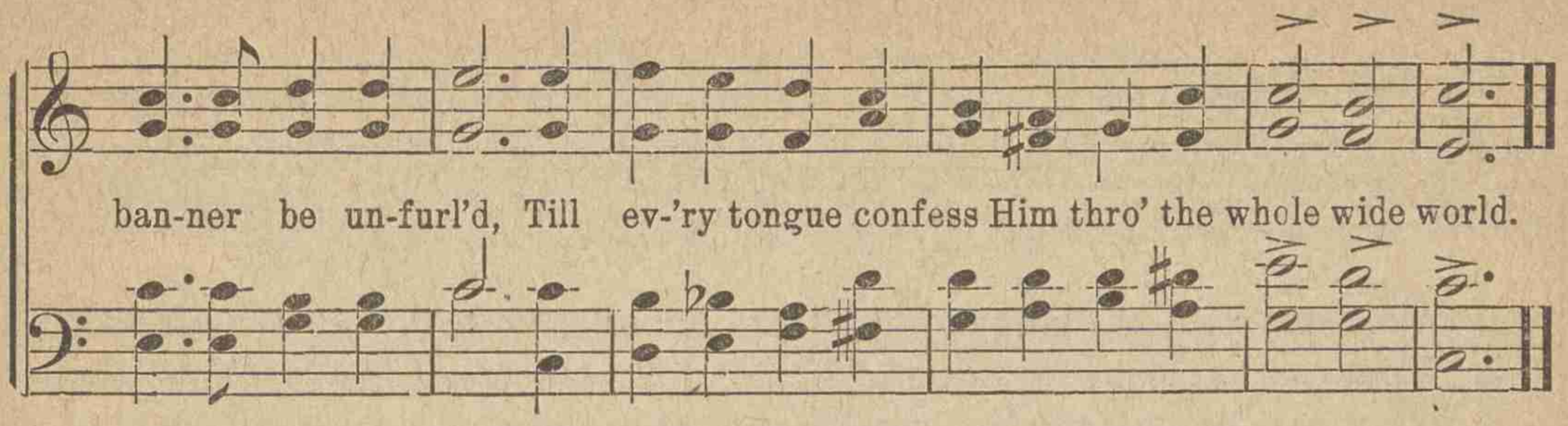
1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Up - on the high-est mountain, Down by the wid - est sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
2. The whole wide world for Je-sus, In-spires us with the tho't That ev - 'ry son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Je - sus, O
3. The whole wide world for Je-sus, The marching or-der sound, Go ye, and preach the gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
4. The whole wide world for Je-sus; In the Father's home a-bove Are ma - ny won-drous man-sions, Man-sions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

Him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prai-rie, The world for Je - sus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer, In this our glo-ri - ous day.
ban-ner is unfurled, We bat-tle now for Je-sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conq'ring King, Thro' all the might-y nations, The world to glo - ry bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro - claim the gos - pel tid-ings through the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

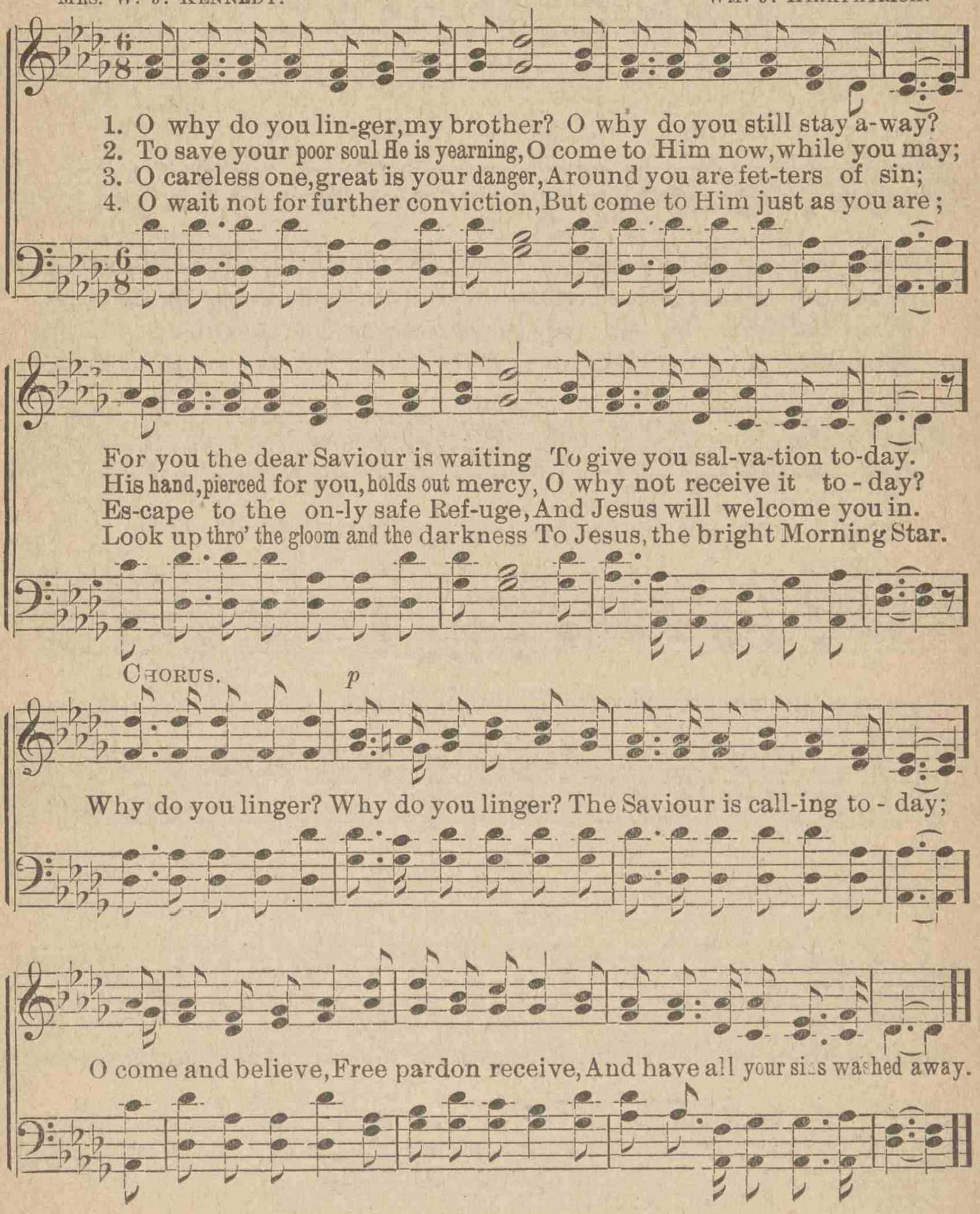
## The Whole Wide World. Concluded.




## No. 137. Why Do You Linger?

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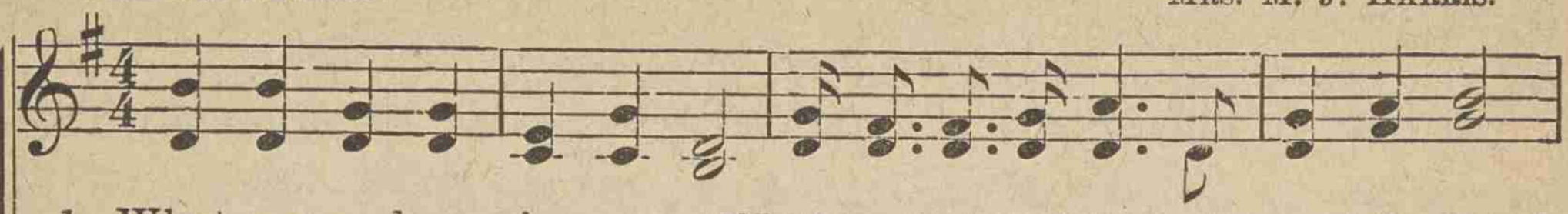
MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
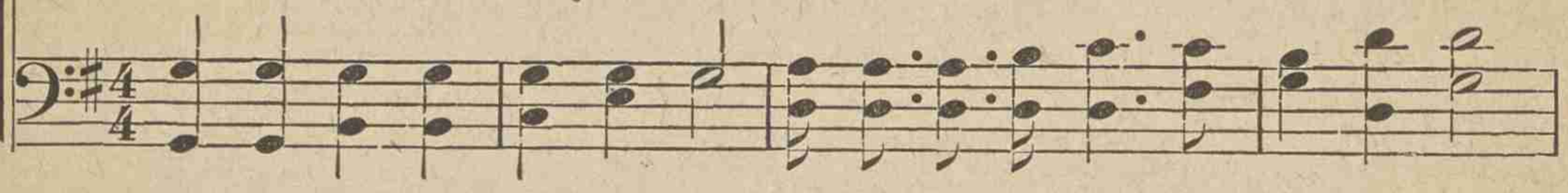


# No. 138. Nothing But the Blood.
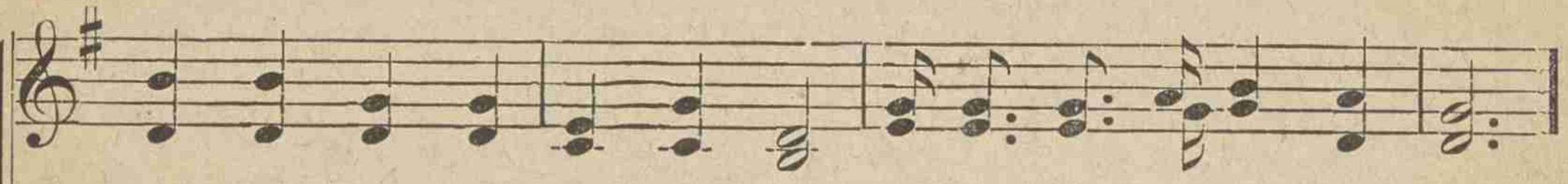
Copyright, 1910, by Mrs. M. J. Harris. Used by permission.

MILDRED HAINES. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.
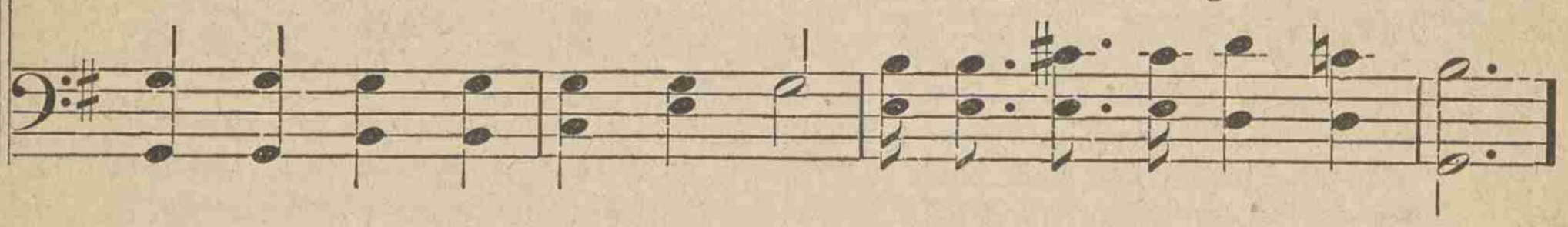


1. What can wash my sins a-way?Nothing but the blood,the precious blood;
2. What can make me free from sin? Nothing but the blood,the precious blood;
3. What can give me perfect peace?Nothing but the blood,the precious blood;
4. What can vict'ry give each day?Nothing but the blood,the precious blood;
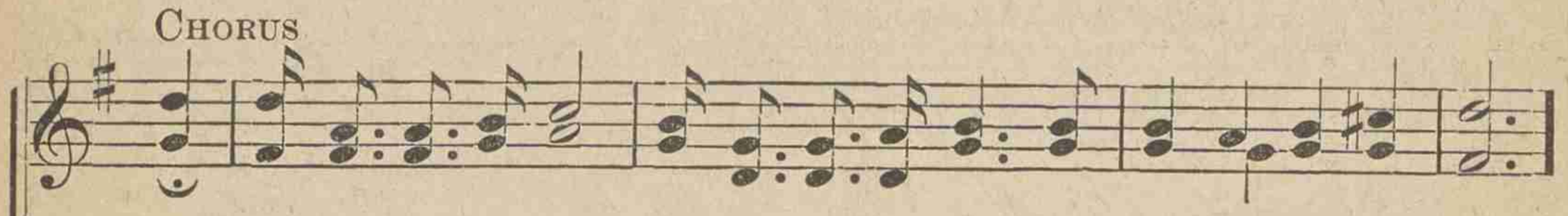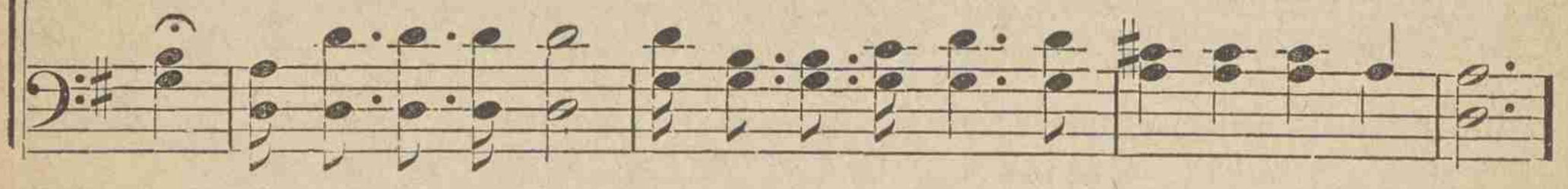




What can save my soul to - day?Nothing but the pre-cious blood.
What can give me rest with - in? Nothing but the pre-cious blood.
What can from all sin re - lease? Nothing but the pre-cious blood.
What can all my fears al - lay? Nothing but the pre-cious blood.
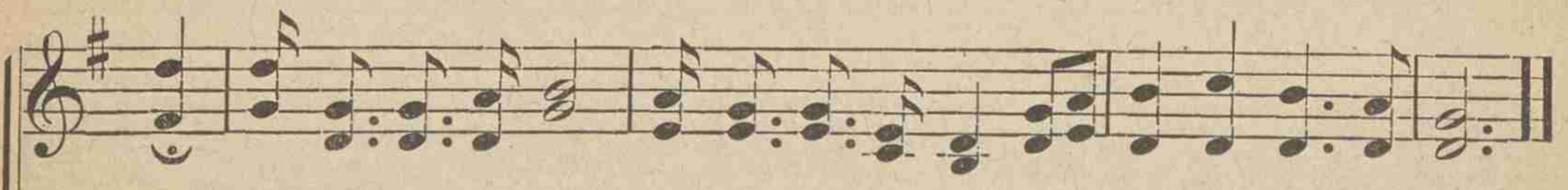


CHORUS
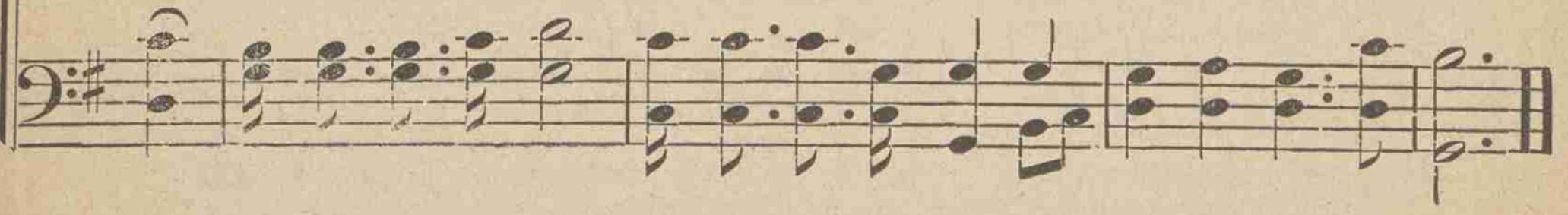


There's nothing but the blood, nothing but the blood, Can wash my sins away;





There's nothing but the blood, nothing but the blood, Can save my soul to-day.



# No. 139. Has He Saved You?

E E Hewitt. Copyright, 1911, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. This Jesus who ca ne from His home in the sky, To suf-fer for sin-ners, as-
2 He calls to the burdened,the sad and oppressed,And bids all the wea - ry to
3. Unnumbered the souls who have heeded His voice, On earth or in heav-en in
4. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in com-ing to Him, The cup of His bless-ing o'er -

cend-ed on high; A - bun-dant sal - va - tion He of - fers a - new; He's a
come and find rest;He'll keep them and comfort them life's journey thro;He's a
Him they re-joice; The Giv - er of grace will be - stow glo - ry, too; He's a
run-neth the brim; His Spir-it is wait-ing your soul to re-new; He's a

Chorus.

won-der-ful Sav-iour, but has He saved you? Has He saved you? Has He saved

you? He's a won-der-ful Sav-iour,But has He saved you? Has He saved you?

Has He saved you? He's a won-der - ful Sav-iour,But has He saved you?

# No. 140. Why Do You Wait?

Copyright, 1878, by The John Church Co.

G. F. R. "Rise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har-vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? O why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

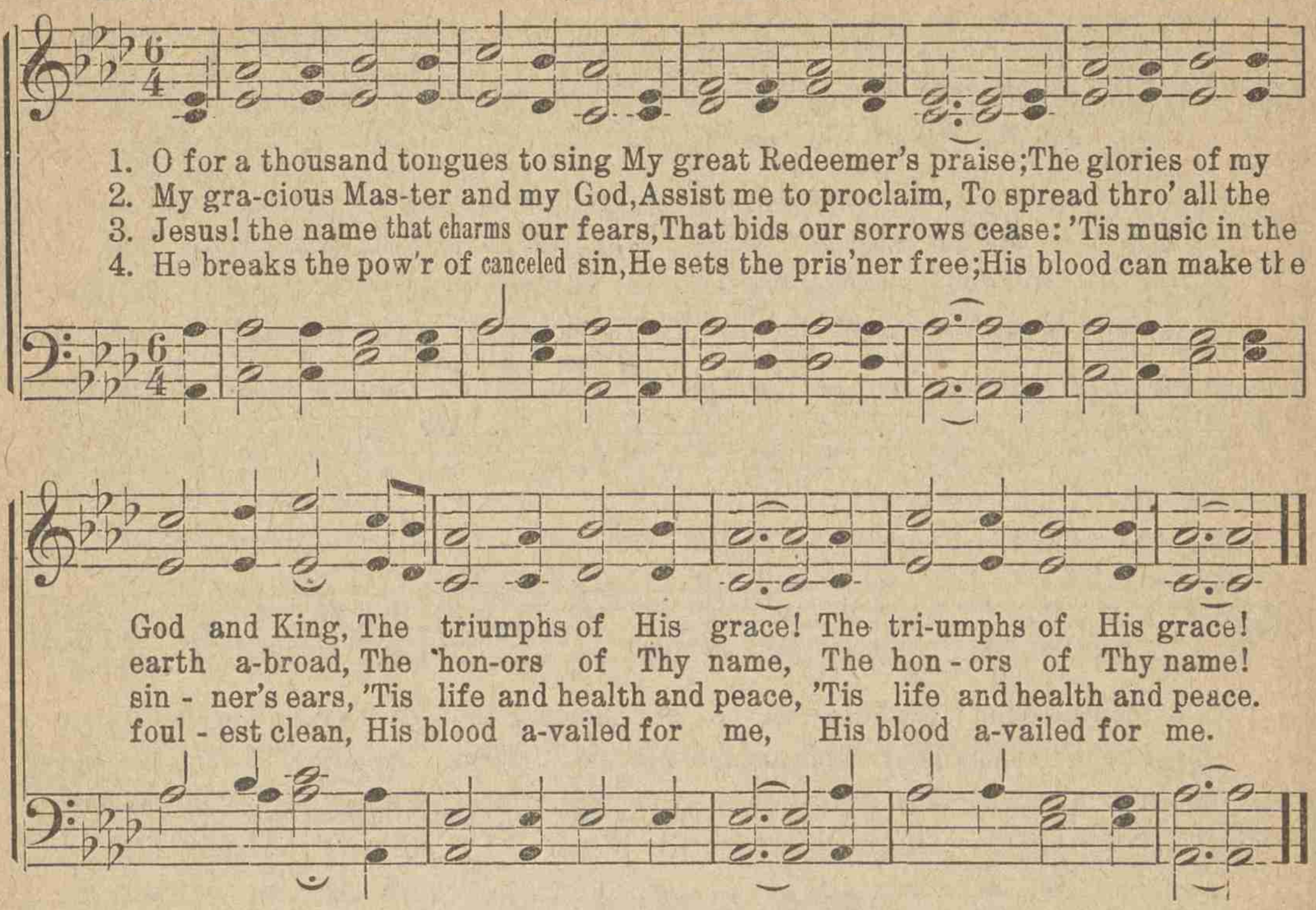
CHORUS.

Why not, why not, Why not come to him now?

Why not, why not, Why not come to Him now?

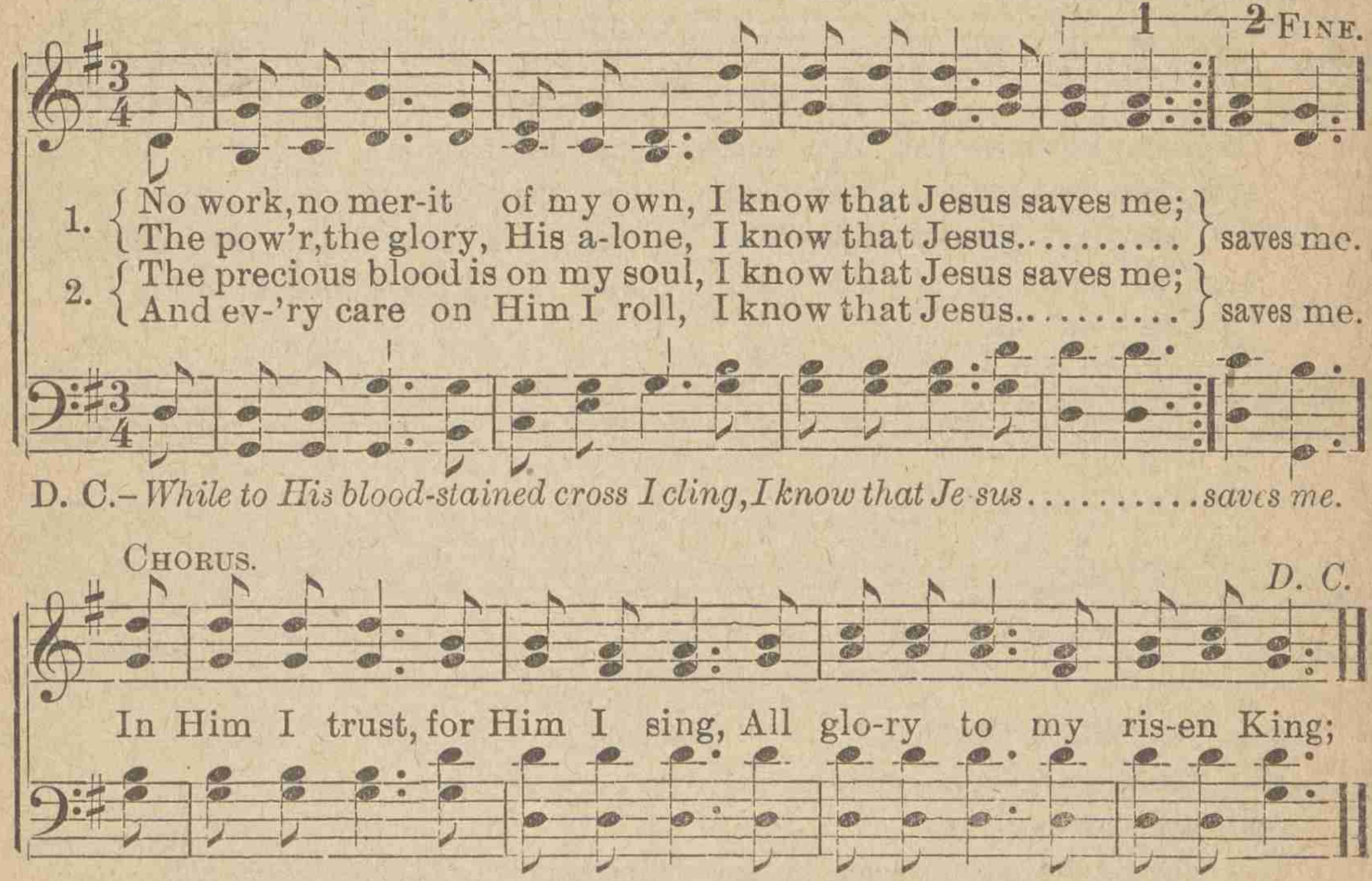
## No. 141. O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ORTONVILLE) CARL GLASSER.




## No. 142. I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

L. H. EDMUNDS. Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




3 For service pure and glad and free,
I know that Jesus saves me;
For blessed, joyful liberty,
I know that Jesus saves me.

4 'Tis only in His strength I stand,
I know that Jesus saves me;
I'm kept by His almighty hand,
I know that Jesus saves me.

# No. 143. Jacob's Ladder.

Copyright, 1914, by W. P. Jay. By permission.

Words and melody by REV. W. P. JAY. Arr. by FRANK B. SMITH.

1. I am glad to tell you something That makes our hearts rejoice; We are climbing
2. This lad-der leads to glo-ry, With heav-en just in view; And all who
3. O will you come, dear sin-ner? You've loved ones over there; Re - mem-ber,
4. I can al-most see God's children Who've reached the ladder's end; And hear the

Ja - cob's ladder, And heav-en is our choice. For ev-'ry round leads high-er
meet con - di-tions May climb the lad-der too. First, we must be con-ver-ted
moth-er plead-ed For you when she was here. Come, let her pray'rs be answered,
songs and mu-sic In praise and glo - ry blend. It seems I hear my moth-er

From Sa-tan's mire and clay; Since start-ing from the low-est round We'll
And then be sanc - ti - fied; And on the res - ur - rec-tion morn We'll
Do not re - ject the light; To fail to climb the lad - der here Means
Sing as she sang of old; And catch a glimpse of Je-sus through The

REFRAIN.

go up all the way. We are climbing Ja-cob's lad-der
all be glo - ri - fied.
death and endless night.
o - pen gates of gold. We are, we are climbing higher, climbing Jacob's ladder higher

## Jacob's Ladder. Concluded.

To the realms of end-less day; We are climbing, ris-ing
We are, we are climbing high-er, ris-ing upward

higher,(higher,) On this ho - ly way. We have left the fog beneath us, Heaven's

sunlight we have found; Rising, shining, reaching higher; Homeward we are bound.
Rising, shining, reaching higher;

rit.

## No. 144. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath,And all the joys I have; He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a

ra-diant glories crowned,His lips with grace o'erflow,His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill'd the heav'nly train, That fill'd the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross,And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph o - ver death, He saves me from the grave,He saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give,Lord,they should all be thine,Lord they should all be thine.

# No. 145. Who Will Follow Jesus?

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will fol-low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Hold-ing up His ban-ner
2. Who will fol-low Je - sus In life's bus - y ways, Working for the Mas - ter,
3. Who will fol-low Je - sus When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safe - ty
4. Who will fol-low Je - sus In the work of love? Lead-ing oth - ers to Him,

In the thick-est fight? List'ning for His or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv-ing Him the praise? Ear-nest in His vine-yard, Hon - or - ing His laws,
To the Sav-iour's arms; Trust-ing in His mer - cy, Trust-ing in His pow'r,
Lift-ing pray-ers above? Cour-age, faithful serv - ant; In His Word we see

CHORUS.

Who will fol - low Je - sus, Serv-ing Him to - day?
Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watchful for his cause? Who will fol - low Je - sus?
Seek - ing fresh re-new - als Of His grace each hour.
On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav-iour be.

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?' Who will follow

Je - sus? Who will make re-ply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

# No. 146. Open the Door.

Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 N. Fifteenth St, Philadelphia, Pa In renewal.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the door of thy heart; Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly re-ceive Him,
2. Long has He called thee and thou hast refused Him, Long has He waited thy an - swer to hear; Still He is knocking, how canst thou be si - lent?
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darkened? What if the Sav-iour should call thee no more? Think of the an-guish, thy spir - it ap - pall-ing?
4. While He is call-ing and waits to be gracious Haste to ad-mit Him, the warning o - bey; While He is hold-ing the scep - ter of par-don,

CHORUS.

Or wilt thou bid Him in sor - row de-part?
Now at this moment sal - va - tion is near. O - pen the door, 'tis the
Knowing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.
Quickly re-ceive Him, no long - er de - lay.

Sav-iour knocking, Pa-tient-ly knocking to - day at thy heart; O-pen the

*ad libitum.*

door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Knocking, knocking, must He de-part?

# No. 147. Canaan.

Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

A. G. H. Arr. ADAM G. HORST

1. When I left the realm of sin, And the Saviour took me in, T en I started out to find the land of Ca-naan; And when Sa - tan tried me hard, Tried my
2. As I walked in all the light, Shining brightly day and night, Showing clearly what it meant to en - ter Ca-naan; Then I found that I possessed Ma - ny
3. I could hear the Saviour's voice, Making heart and soul rejoice, But I knew that I had nev-er en-tered Ca-naan; I had such an ach-ing void, Which I
4. When at last I yield-ed all, Then the fire be-gan to fall, And the Sav-iour quick-ly led me in - to Ca-naan; When I marched to Jer - i - cho, And by
5. Since I'm liv-ing in the land, Blessings fall on ev-'ry hand, And I'm marching up and down and on in Ca-naan; When I meet the gi - ants tall, Je - sus

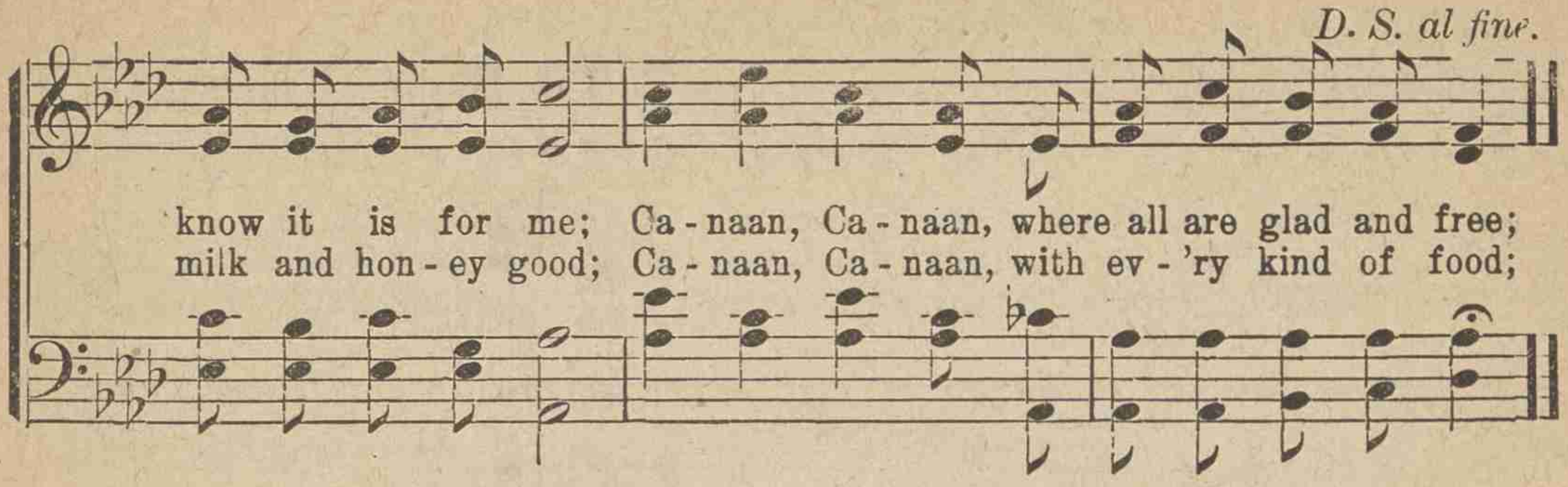
prog-ress to re-tard, Je - sus beckoned me to come right on to Canaan.
things that would molest, And would hinder me from going in - to Canaan.
felt would be destroyed, Just the moment I would en - ter in - to Canaan.
faith did lay it low, I be - gan to un - der - stand the life in Canaan.
helps me slay them all, And I've blessed vic - t'ry all the time in Canaan.

*D. S.*—There is per - fect rest and joy and love in Canaan.
*D. S.*— I am liv - ing in the bless-ed land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

1–2–3. Ca-naan, Ca - naan, its beau-ties now I see; Ca-naan, Ca - naan, I
4–5. Ca-naan, Ca - naan, with pom-e-gran-ates strew'd; Ca-naan, Ca - naan, with

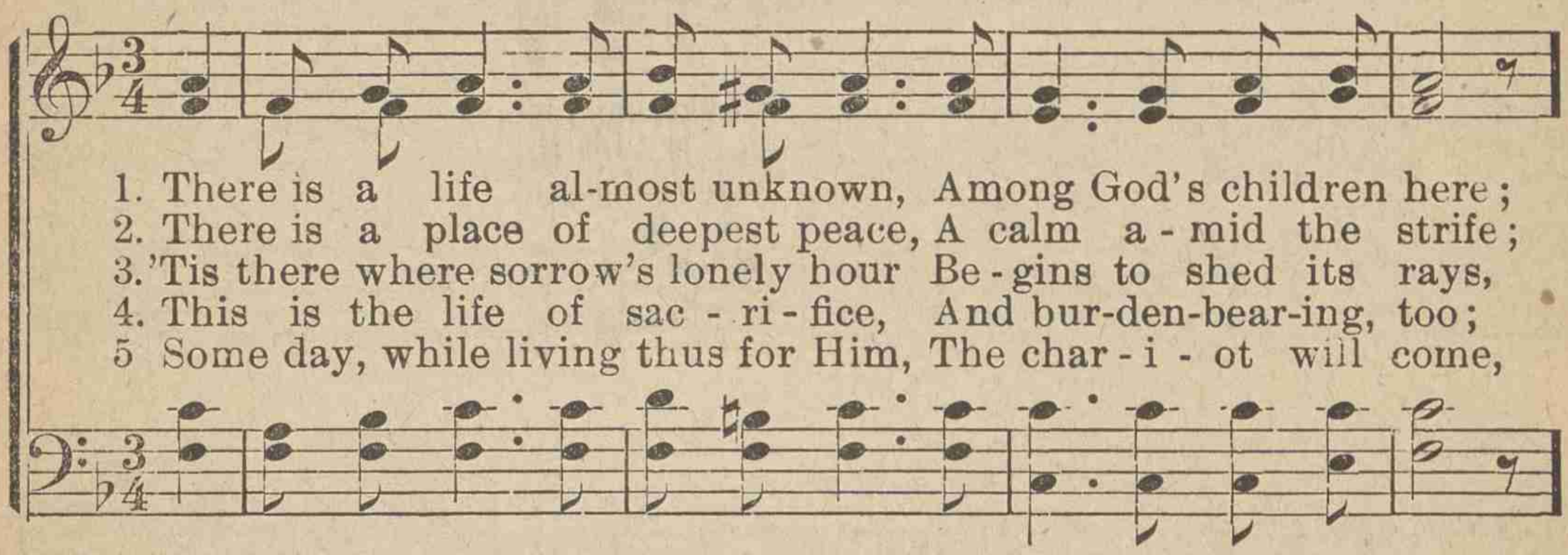
## Canaan. Concluded.

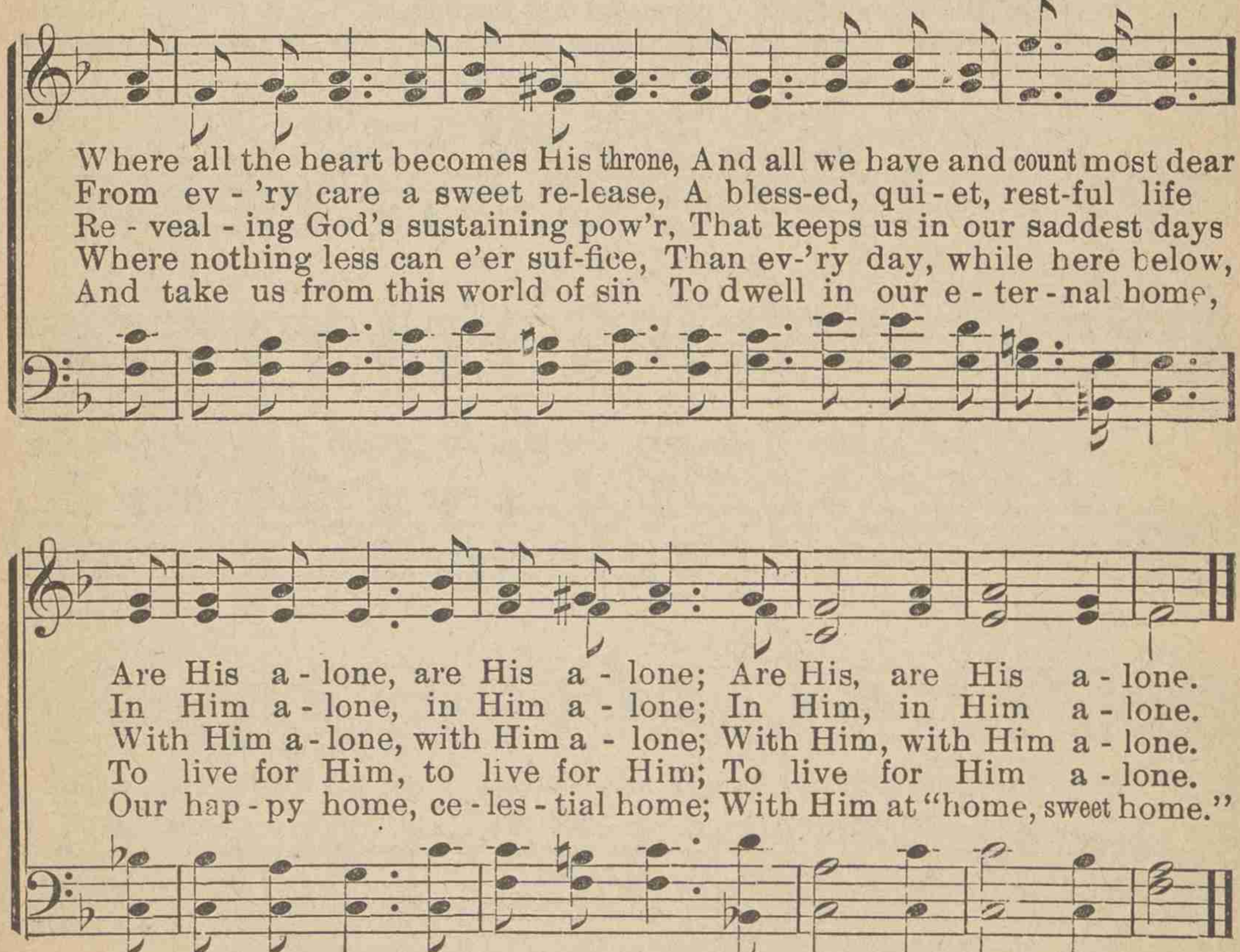



## No. 148. With Him Alone.

Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

E H. P. REV. E. HILTON POST.



# No. 149. I'm In This Way To Stay.

T. O. B. Copyright, 1903, by T. O. Beck. Used by per. T. O. BECK.

1. Since my Saviour found me, life has been to me Sunlight, oh, such sunlight
2. O I love to tell it, tell it, yes, I do, For He sweetly saves me, He'll
3. Some day, yes, a bright day, when our work is o'er, Then with saints in glory, We'll

all a - long the way; Tho' tri - als oft surround me, all is light with in;
do the same for you; And if you'll on - ly let Him do it, yes, to-day; He'll
meet to part no more, With flags and banners float-ing, sail in - to the port, But

CHORUS.

Je - sus, heav-en's sun-light, keeps me free from sin.
par-don and He'll cleanse your heart, wash all sin away. I'm in this way to stay,
while on earth we'll sing and shout, storm the devil's fort.

To go ev - 'ry step of the way, To hold my ground, to win my crown and

play on a harp some day, And when the battle's o - ver and the vict'ries all are

# I'm In This Way To Stay. Concluded.

won, With the saints we'll meet on the gold - en street and rest by and by.

## No. 150. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. Ey per.

1. Res-cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res-cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store, Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

REFRAIN.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

# No. 151. What If It Were To-day?

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a-gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's dominion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to-day?

Com-ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to-day?

Com - ing to claim His cho - - sen bride, All the re-deemed and
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

*rit.*

*a tempo.*

CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

## What If It Were To-day? Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown Him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to prepare the
we shall crown Him king, Haste to pre -

*rit.*

way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

## No. 152. A Charge To Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
And, O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
As-sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

# No. 153. Meet Me In The City.

DELIA T. WHITE. Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the city of the King, Wash'd in the blood
2. Be - hold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood
3. When fears and doubts beset us, let us ring it out a-gain, Wash'd in the blood
4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood

of the Lamb; As they gaze up - on His beaut-y, ev - er - last-ing love they sing,
of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are saved by grace a-lone,
of the Lamb; Soon arrayed in spotless garments, in His kingdom we shall reign.
of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that His ransomed people raise,

CHORUS.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O meet me in the cit - y of the

new Je - ru - sa - lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb: Meet me in the
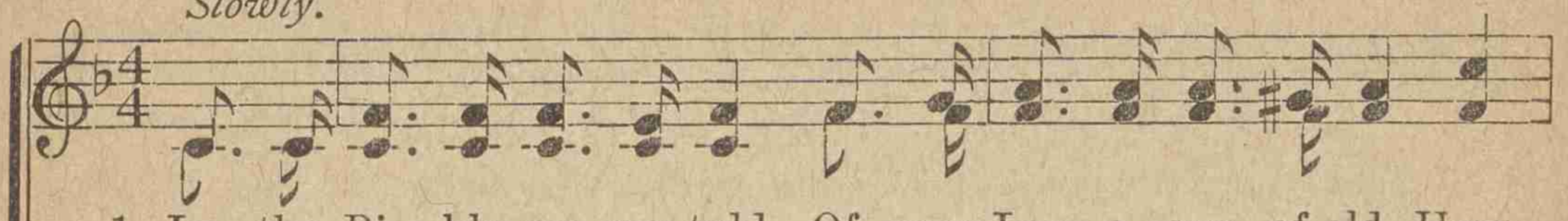
cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

# No. 154. The Lazarus Song.
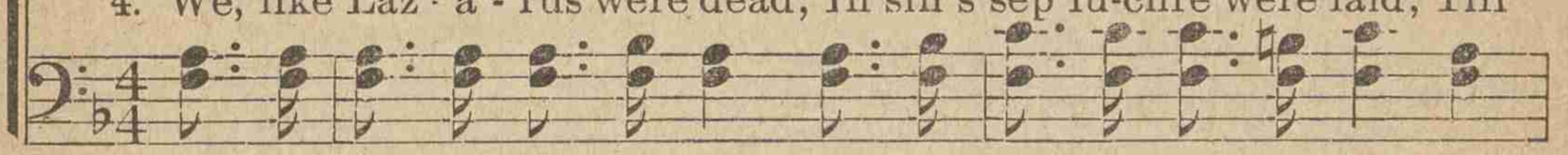
Dedicated to the Rev. Bud Robinson. Suggested by his sermon on Lazarus.

N. B. H. Copyright, 1913, by N. B. Herrell. By per. N. B. HERRELL.
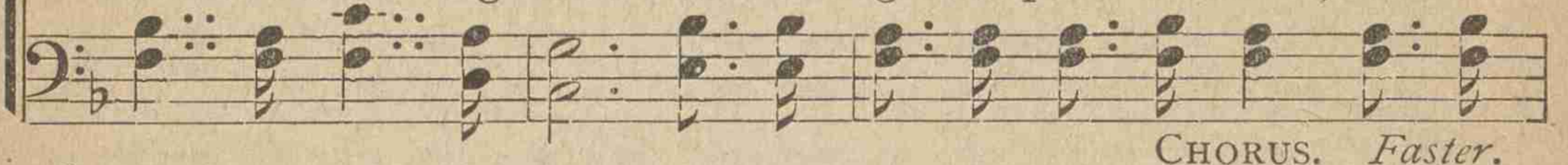
*Slowly.*
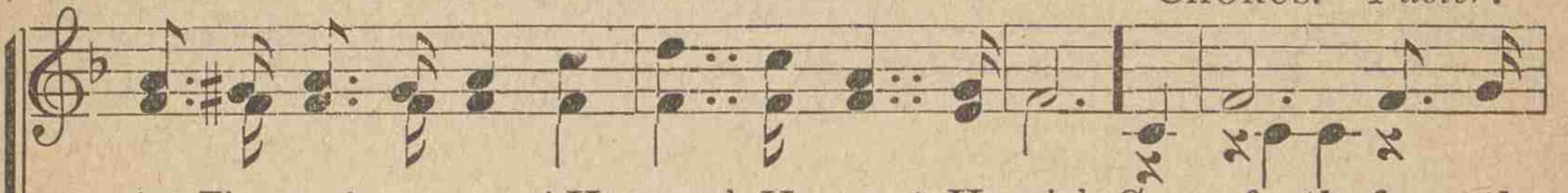


1. In the Bi - ble we are told Of poor Laz - a - rus of old, How
2. In the sep - ul-chre he lay Till the stone was rolled a-way, For
3. Aft - er Laz - a - rus a - rose And put off his binding clothes, His
4. We, like Laz - a - rus were dead, In sin's sep lu-chre were laid, Till
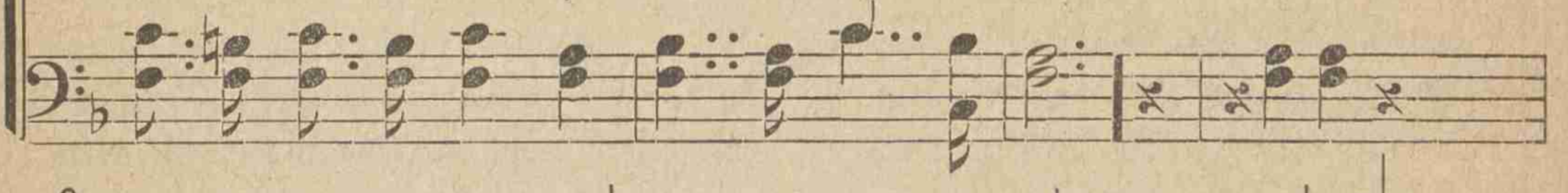


he was sick and died; How the Great Phy-si-cian came, Praise, O
he four days was dead; When the might-y Je - sus spoke, And the
Lord to mag - ni - fy, He could leap and sing and shout, For his
Christ our liv - ing Head Came a-long and spoke the word; We a -
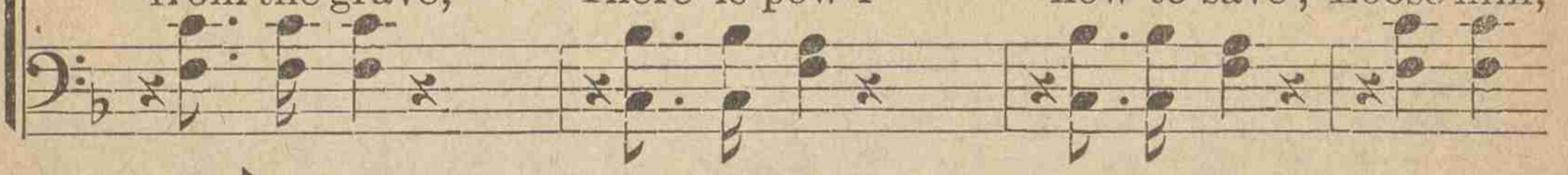


CHORUS. *Faster.*



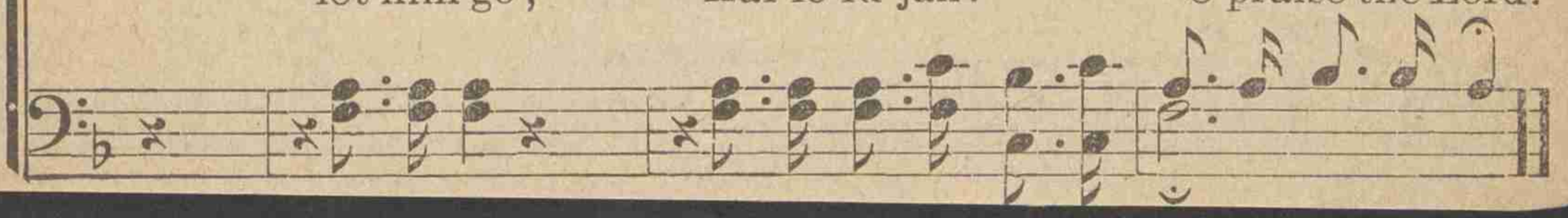
praise His precious name! He prayed, He wept, He cried: Come forth from the
pow'r of Sa-tan broke, Lo, this was what He said:
soul was free from doubt, Thus he could tes - ti - fy:
rose when Him we heard, When this to us He said: Come forth



grave, There is pow'r now to save; Loose him,
from the grave, There is pow'r now to save; Loose him,



let him go; Hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!
let him go; Hal-le-lu-jah! O praise the Lord!



# No. 155. You Can Say, Amen.

Copyright, 1914, by N. B. Herrell, Olivet, I.l By per.

REV. N. B. HERRELL. J. GLENN GOULD.

1. If you've real - ly been con - vert-ed, You can say, A - men; If the
2. If you're real - ly con - se - cra - ted, You can say, A - men; If your
3. If you real - ly have the bless-ing, You can say, A - men; If the
4. If you're real - ly in the bat - tle, You can say, A - men; Mat-ters

Christian race you've started, You can say, A - men; To the will of God the
mind is con - cen-tra - ted, You can say, A - men; To the will of God the
bat - tle you are pressing, You can say, A - men; To the will of God the
not the din and rat - tle, You can say, A - men; To the will of God the

*D.S.*–Fa - ther, To His will and to no oth - er, If you've real-ly been con-ver-ted,
*D S.*–Fa - ther, To His will and to no oth - er, If you're real-ly con - se - cra-ted,
*D.S.*–Fa - ther, To His will and to no oth - er, If you real-ly have the blessing,
*D.S.*–Fa - ther, To His will and to no oth - er, If you're real-ly in the bat - tle

FINE. REFRAIN.

You can say, A - men. You can say, A - men; Praise the Lord, A - men, If you've
You can say, A - men. You can say, A - men; Praise the Lord, A - men, If you're
You can say, A - men. You can say, A - men; Praise the Lord, A - men, If you
You can say, A - men. You can say, A - men; Praise the Lord, A - men, If you're

Say, A-men! say, A-men!

## You Can Say, Amen. Concluded.

*D. S. al fine.*

real - ly been con-ver - ted, You can say, A - men, To the will of God the
real - ly con - se - cra-ted, You can say, A - men, To the will of God the
real - ly have the bless-ing, You can say, A - men, To the will of God the
real - ly in the bat - tle, You can say, A - men, To the will of God the

## No. 156. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off Thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re -
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef -
4. The Father hears Him pray, His dear a-noint-ed One; He can-not
5. My God is rec - on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me

Sac - ri - fice In my be-half appears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
deeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
fectual pray'rs, They strongly plead for me; "Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry,
turn a - way The pres-ence of His Son: His Spir-it answers to the blood,
for His child; I can no long-er fear; With confidence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"Forgive Him, O forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin-ner die."
His Spir - it an-swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab-ba, Fa - ther," cry.

# No. 157. There Is Life For A Look.
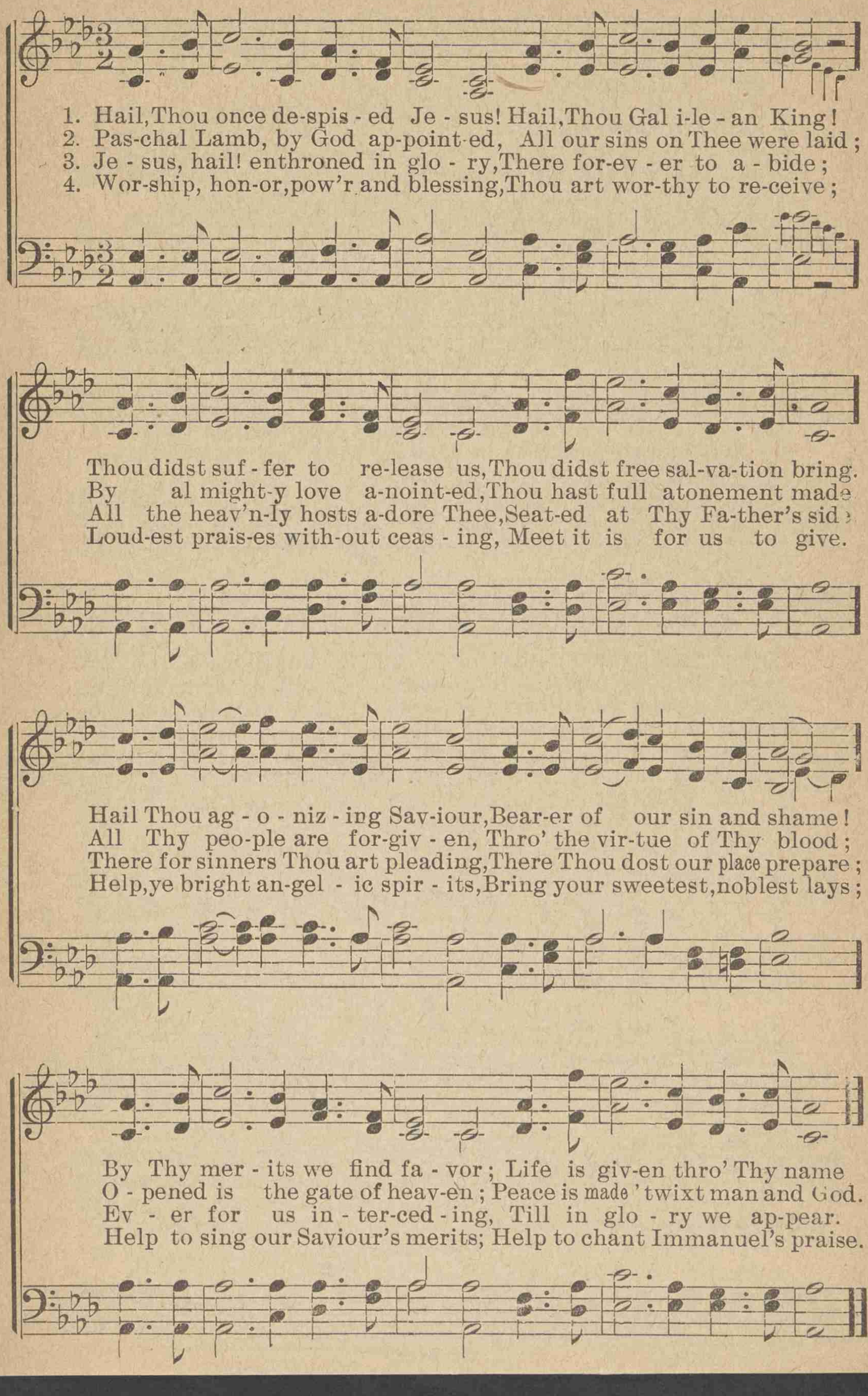
From Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6 Combined. Used by per.

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

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

# No. 158. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

JOHN BAKEWELL. Autumn 8, 7. Spanish Melody, from Marechio.



1. Hail, Thou once de-spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal i-le - an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for-ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;

Thou didst suf - fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full atonement made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side;
Loud-est prais-es with-out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.

Hail Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv - en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sinners Thou art pleading, There Thou dost our place prepare;
Help, ye bright an-gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;

By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name
O - pened is the gate of heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter-ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Saviour's merits; Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

# No. 159. The Mansion In the Sky.

REV. R. H. STEBBINS. Copyright, 1914, by E H. Post. By per. REV. E. H. POST.

1. I've a ti - tle to a man-sion in the sky, I will glad-ly
2. 'Tis a home worth striving aft - er, so I'll try, Just the tho't of
3. Such a build-ing in this world you can-not buy, You can nev - er
4. It is in that cit - y,clean and free from sin, All who ev - er

oc - cu - py it by and by; It is clear and free from debt,And I'il
moving yon-der gives me joy;Some sweet day I'll board the ship And I'll
find it here, so do not try; All such val - ued real es-tate Is in -
en - ter there are pure with-in; How the saints will shout and cry,"Hal-le-

have no cause to fret, While I'm liv - ing in my mansion in the sky.
make a fly - ing trip, Take pos-ses-sion of my mansion in the sky.
side the pearl-y gate,Praise the Lord for such a mansion in the sky.
lu - jah," by and by, When they reach the glorious mansions in the sky.
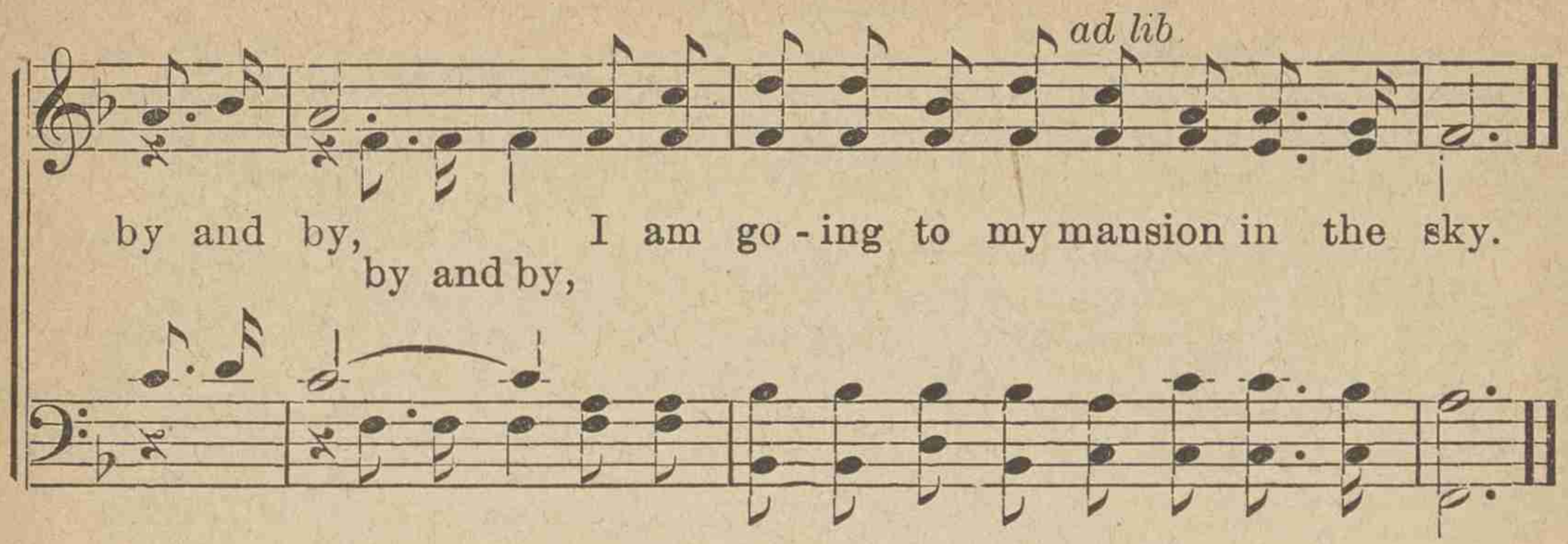
CHORUS.

In the sky, in the sky, I am glad I
In the sky, in the sky,

have a man-sion in the sky; By and by,
in the sky; By and by,

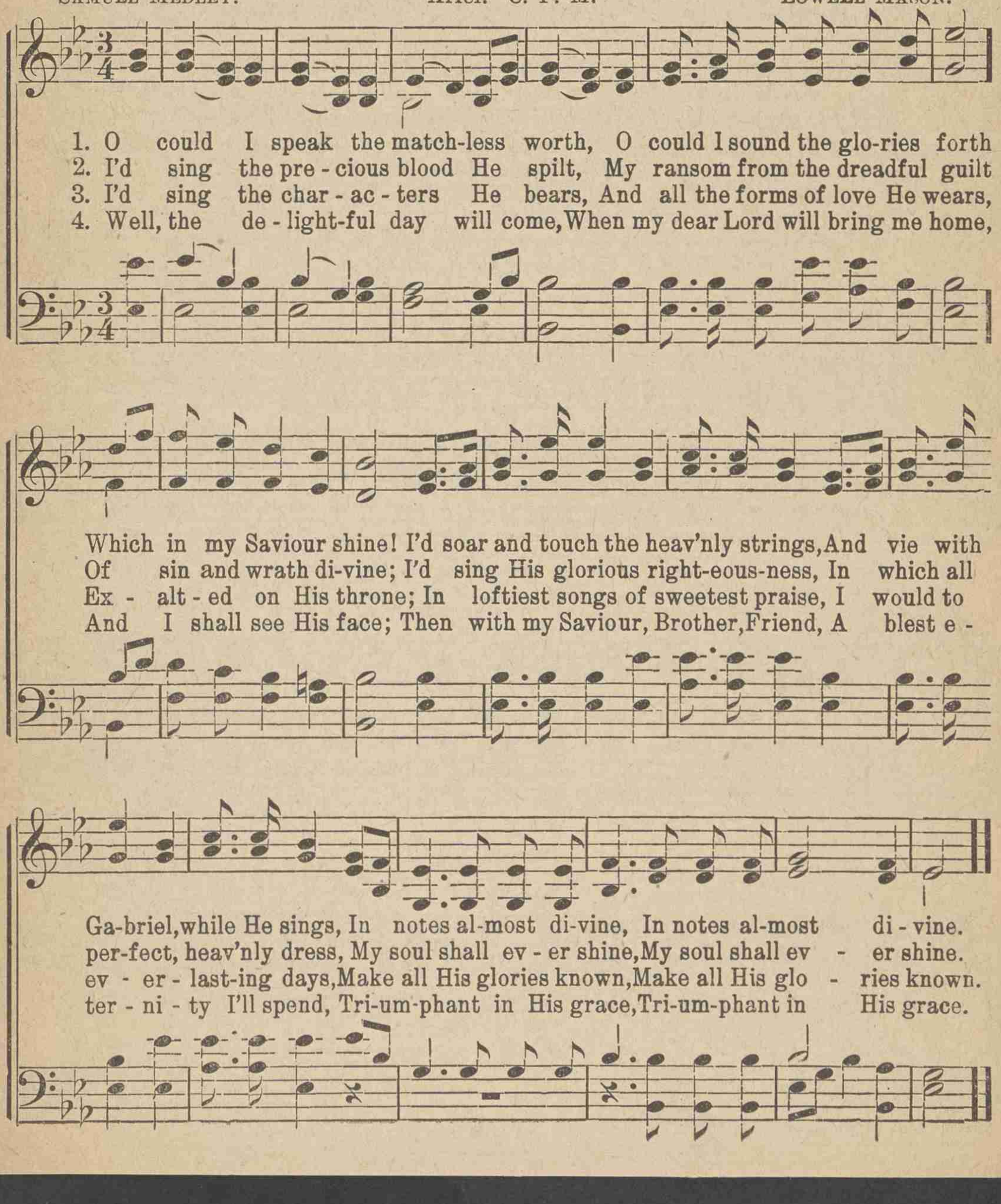
*rit.*

# The Mansion In the Sky. Concluded.




## No. 160. O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ariel. C. P. M. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 161. Beulah Land.

By per. of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweney, owner.

REV. EDGAR PAGE STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,

Here shines undimn'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's border-land.
And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

And view the shining glo-ry shore—My heav'n, my home for evermore!

# No. 162. My Soul is Filled With Glory.

Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Harris, Evanston, Ill. By per.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus found me when afar I wandered, Bro't me pardon from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full salvation, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be-set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that passeth under-stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged into the fountain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Saviour promised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak-a-ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
looking for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my trophies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol-ly, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.
keeps and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shouting glo-ry! till I get home.

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