Songs of Calvary

Z7
H243.3

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY

CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY
ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939

1916
SONG

2/6

Songs of Calvary

By

THORO HARRIS

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Choruses: Nos. 20, 28, 77, 95, 124, 125, 126, 127, 136, 159, 202, 271
Songs for Ladies' Voices: Nos. 250-252; for Male Voices: No. 170
Scripture Readings: Nos. 295-305
Hymns of Worship
Songs of Invitation
Solos, Duets, etc.

Prices:

Manila, single copy, 20c., postpaid; $15 per hundred, not prepaid
Pebble Cloth, single copy, 25c., postpaid; $20 per hundred, not prepaid
Board Cloth, single copy, 35c., postpaid; $25 per hundred, not prepaid

---

THORO HARRIS
512 South Campbell Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

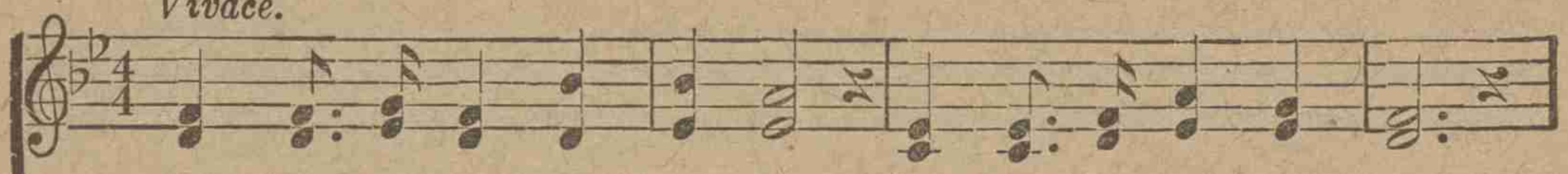
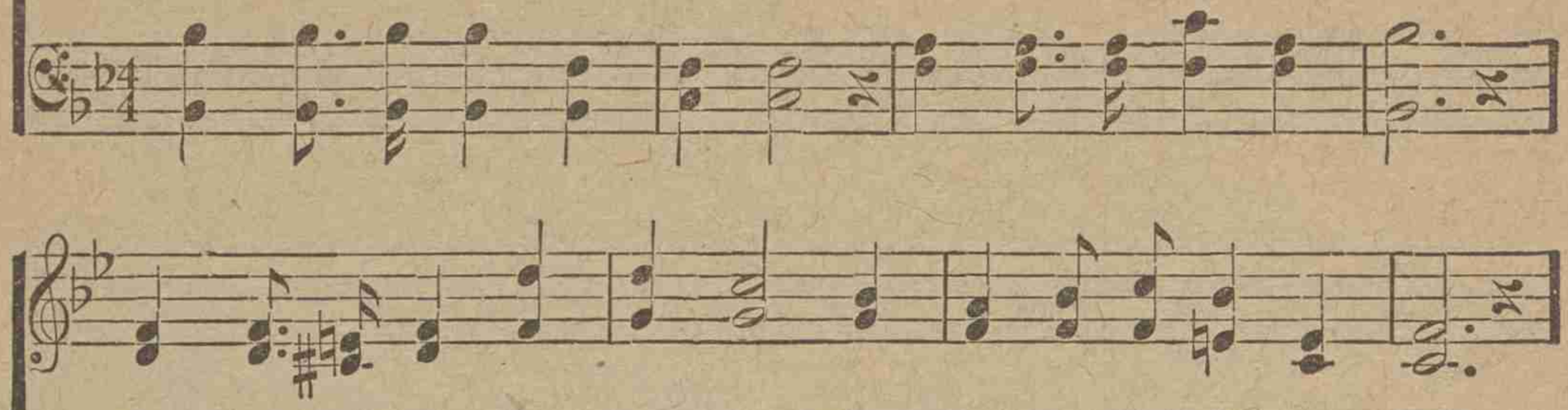
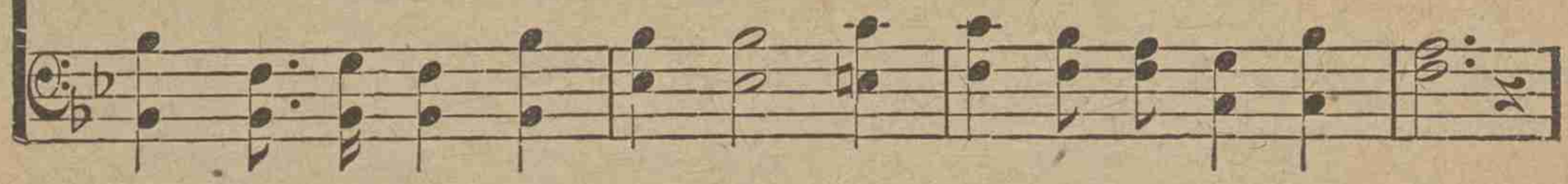
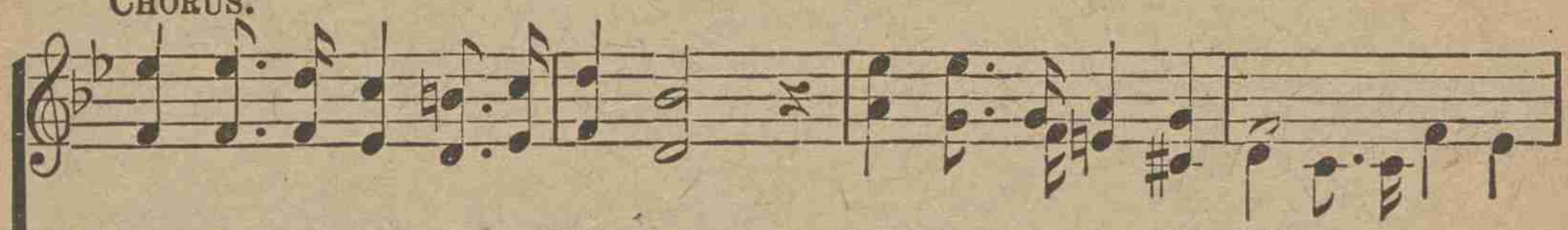
1916
SONG

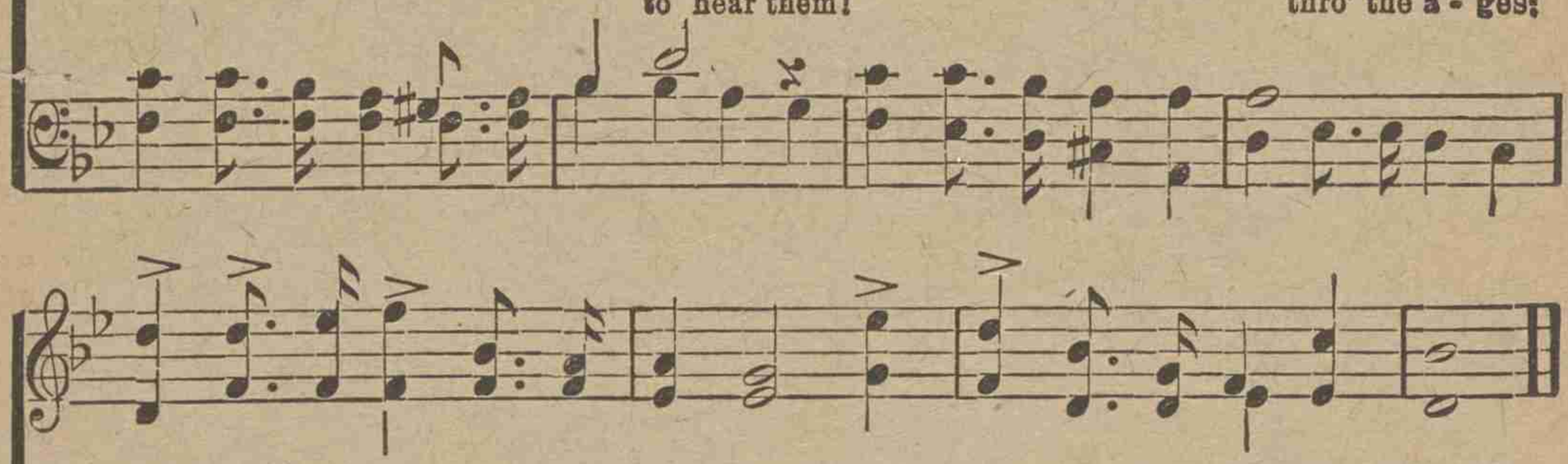
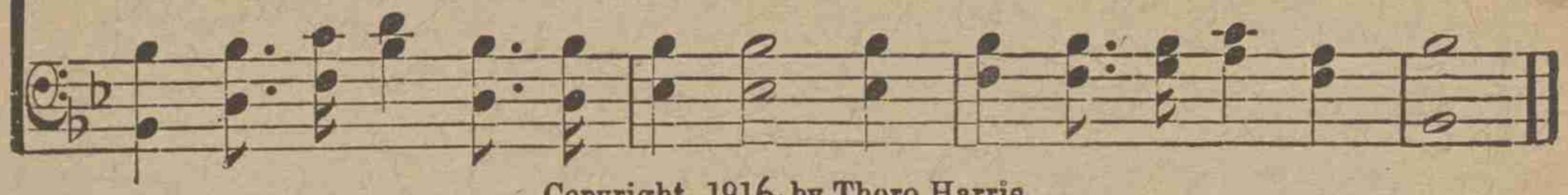
1

Songs of the Cross.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

Vivace.

1. Sing of the love of Je - sus, Who for our ran - som died;
2. Mor-tals, be - gin the cho - rus; An - gels, re - peat the strain;
3. He is our on - ly Sav - ior, None oth - er name is known;

Sing of the grace that frees us, Which flows from the Cru - ci - fied.
Love's ban-ner wav - ing o'er us, We'll join in the glad re - frain.
Thro' his a-bound - ing fa - vor, We'll all meet around the throne.

CHORUS.

Songs of the Cross—how we love them! This be our constant theme:

to hear them! thro' the a - ges;

Glo - ry and praise to the Sav - ior! All hail to the dy - ing Lamb!

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

2

Jesus Is Coming Again.

G. E. Lee.

1. Lift up the trump-et, O loud let it ring! Je - sus is
2. Ech - o it, hill - tops, pro-claim it, ye plains, Je - sus is
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in thy might-y wave, Je - sus is
4. Heav-ings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng, Je - sus is
5. Na - tions are an - gry,—by this we do know, Je - sus is

com - ing a - gain! Cheer up, ye pil-grims, be joy - ful and sing,
com - ing a - gain! Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain,
com - ing a - gain! Break on the sands of the shores that you lave,
com - ing a - gain! Tem-pests and whirl-winds the an - them pro-long,
com - ing a - gain! Knowledge in-creas - es; men run to and fro,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,
Com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

Working Out Your Own Salvation.

PROCESSIONAL.

T. H. Phil. 2: 12, 13. THORO HARRIS.

1. On-ward move, ye fol-l'wers of the Lord, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
2. See be - fore, a crown of glo - ry lies, Run the heav'n-ly race,
3. Marching on as sol - diers of the King, Let the hills and plains
4. To yon cit - y bathed in gold - en light, Cit - y of the King,

hark'ning to his word; Gird ye on the Spir-it's might-y sword,
reaching for the prize; For - ward fac - ing, mount the star-ry skies,
with re - joic-ing ring; Ye shall tri - umph as ye shout and sing,
climb the pathway bright; Faith shall van - ish, turned to bliss-ful sight,

CHORUS.

Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God is faith - ful,
God is true and faith - ful,
he is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure, both to will and do;
Of His own good pleas-ure,
Now your vow of dil - i-gence re-new, Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion.
Now your ho-ly vow

Copyright, 1914, by R. H. Meredith.

4 Praise and Magnify His Name.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry to our gra - cious Fa - ther, Great Cre - a - tor
2. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the name of Je - sus, Who came down to
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the bless - ed Spir - it, Great Re - veal - er
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the King e - ter - nal, Sov-'reign Mon-arch

1. of the roll-ing spheres; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Rock of A - ges
2. earth from realms a - bove, Christ Im - man - u - el, our on - ly Sav - ior,
3. He of truth un-known; With one voice let all the church a - dore Him,
4. of e - ter - nal days; All cre - a - tion wor - ship low be - fore Him,

CHORUS.

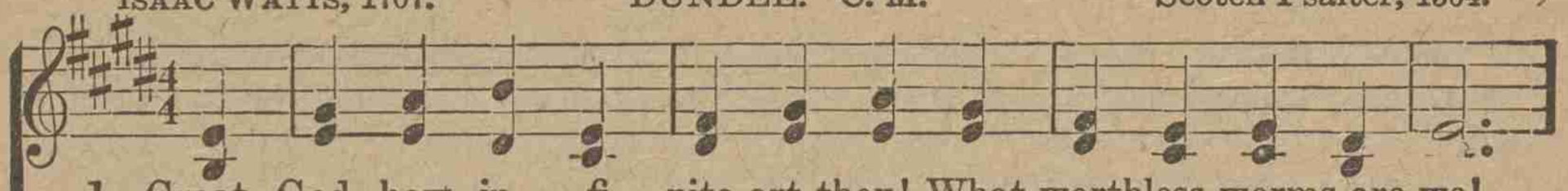
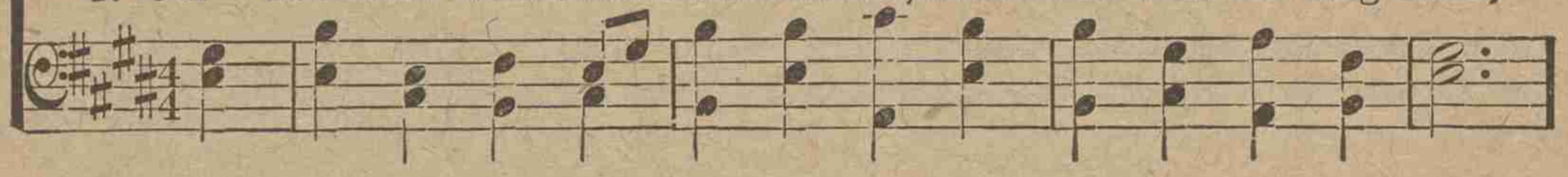
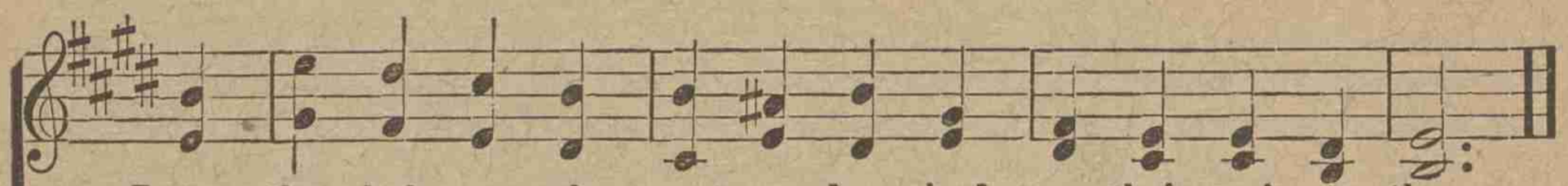
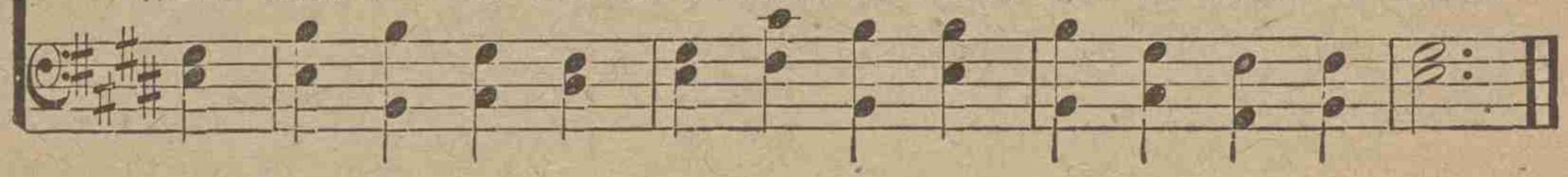
1. Thru e - ter - nal years.
2. Lord of life and love. Praise ye the Might-y King, To His feet your
3. High on yon - der throne.
4. Sing His won-drous praise.

trophies bring, Spread abroad His ev - er-last - ing fame; To Him who reigns in heav'n

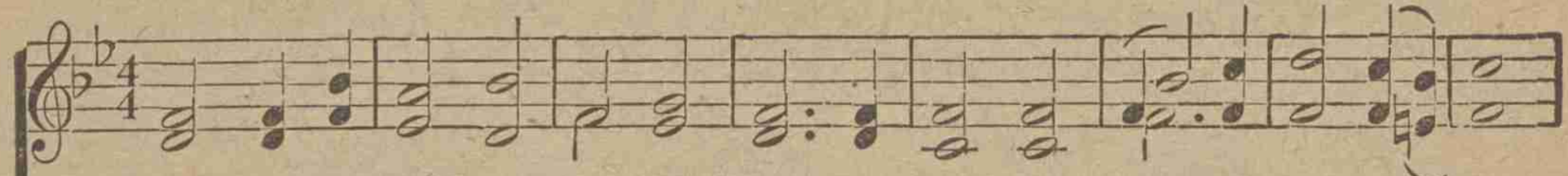
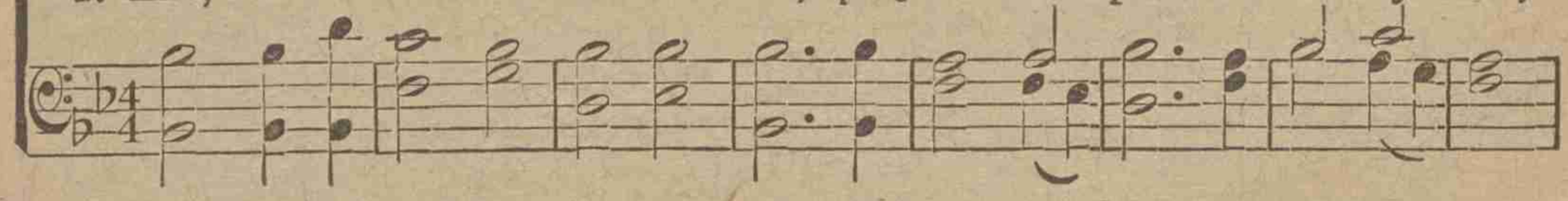
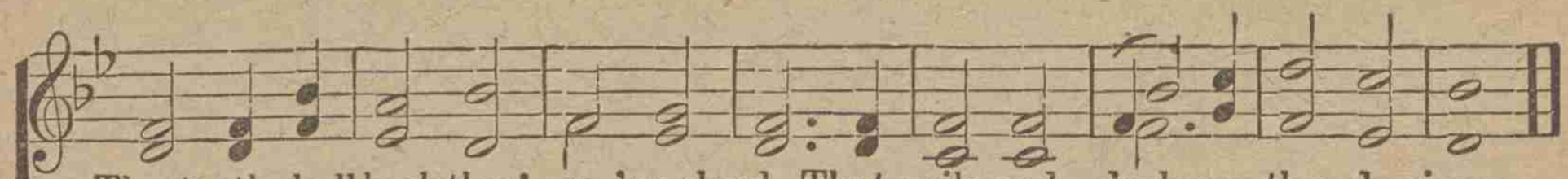
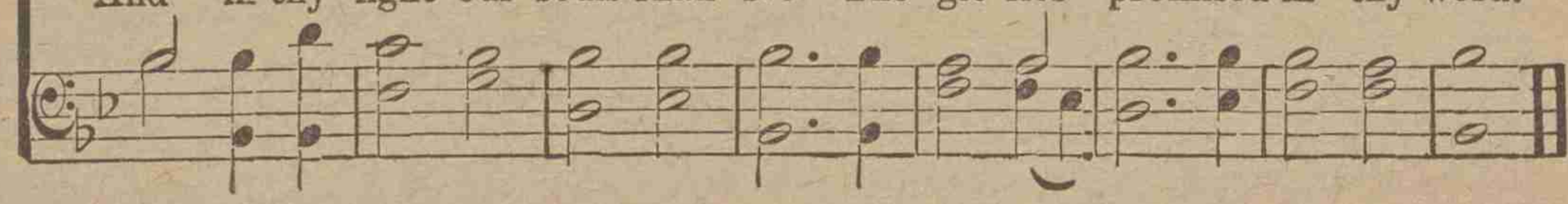
Be all praise and hon - or giv'n, Laud and mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name.

5 Great God, How Infinite Art Thou!

"From everlasting to everlasting thou art God,"—Ps. 90: 2.

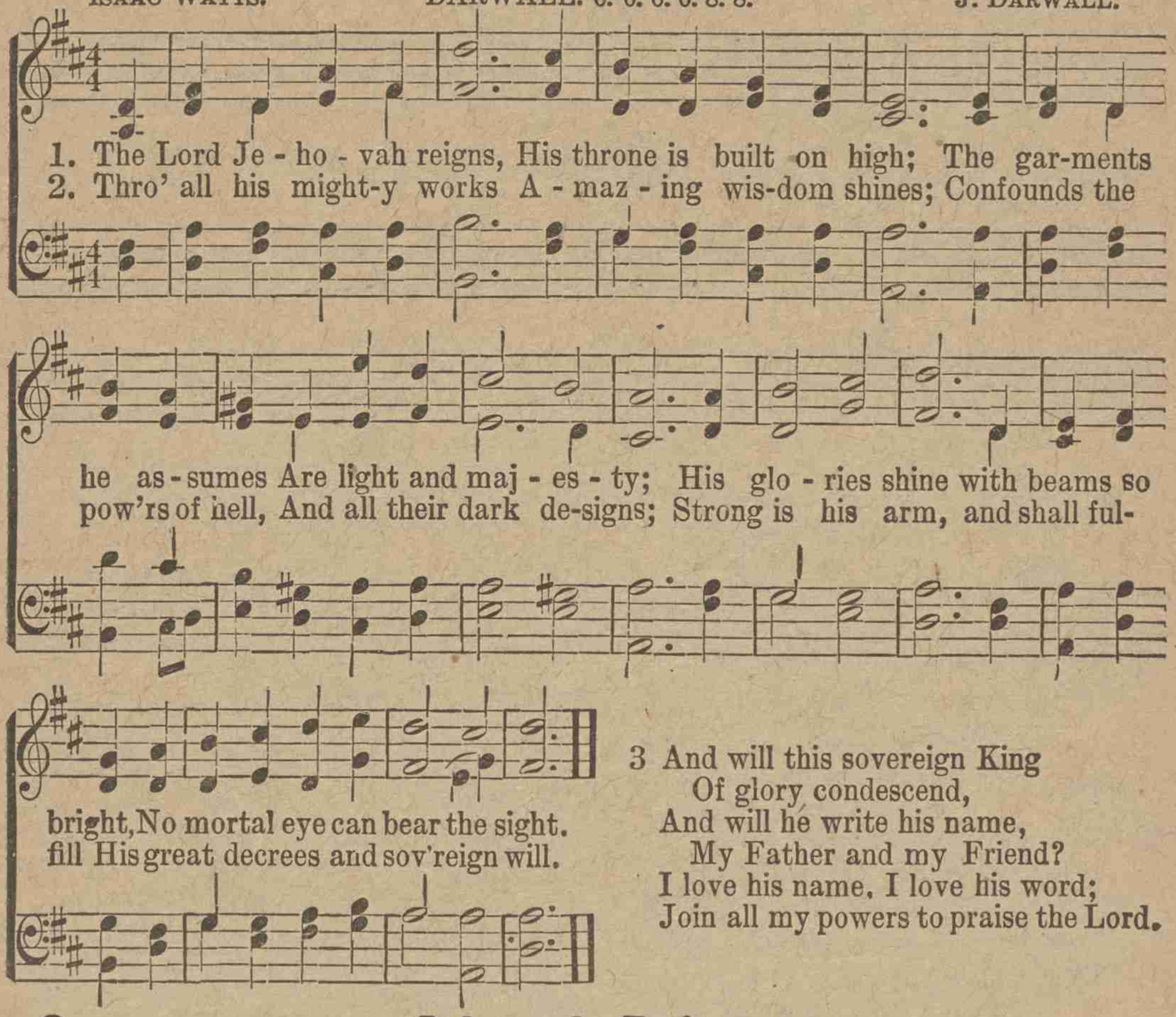
ISAAC WATTS, 1707. DUNDEE. C. M. Scotch Psalter, 1564.

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worthless worms are we!
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres-ent in thy view;
4. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares;

Let the whole race of creat-ures bow And pay their praise to thee.
Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
To thee there's noth-ing old ap-pears—Great God, there's nothing new.
While thine e - ter - nal tho't moves on Thine un - dis-turbed af - fairs.

6 High in the Heavens, Eternal God.

"Jehovah is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works."—Ps. 145: 17.

ISAAC WATTS. WARD. L. M. Old Scotch Melody. Arr.

1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;
2. For - ev - er firm thy jus-tice stands, As mountains their foun-da-tions keep;
3. My God, how ex - cel - lent thy grace, Whence all our hopes and comforts spring;
4. Life, like a fount-ain rich and free, Springs from the pres-ence of my Lord,

Thy truth shall break thro' ev-'ry cloud, That veils and dark-ens thy de-signs.
Wise are the won-ders of thy hands; Thy judgments are a might-y deep.
The sons of Ad - am in dis-tress Fly to the shad-ow of thy wing.
And in thy light our souls shall see The glo-ries promised in thy word.

7 The Lord Jehovah Reigns.

Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.—Ps- 103: 19.

ISAAC WATTS. DARWALL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. J. DARWALL.



3 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

8 Jehovah Reigns.

Honor and majesty are before him; strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.—Ps. 96: 6.

ISAAC WATTS. MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. C. ZEUNER, 1832.

9 Christ is Coming.

W. M. Rev. 22: 20. W. MACOMBERY, by per.

1. In the glow of ear - ly morn-ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
2. Oft me - thinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal-ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've wait-ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray

Down from heav-en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen-ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Brightens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres-ence flee a - way;

Whis-p'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it While the hosts of heav - en sing;
Sound the soul - in- spir - ing an-them; An - gel hosts, your harps at-tune;
But our vig - ils near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, priceless boon;

This the won-drous thrill-ing sto - ry: Christ is com-ing— Christ the King,
Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.

This the won-drous thrilling sto - ry— Christ is com - ing—Christ the King.
Earth's long night is al-most o - ver, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.

10 Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Geo. F. Root.**

1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main,
4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!

1. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a-broad the
2. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
3. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the might-y King of kings is
4. Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that

FINE.

1. lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com-ing. hal - le - lu - jah!
3. com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.–sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

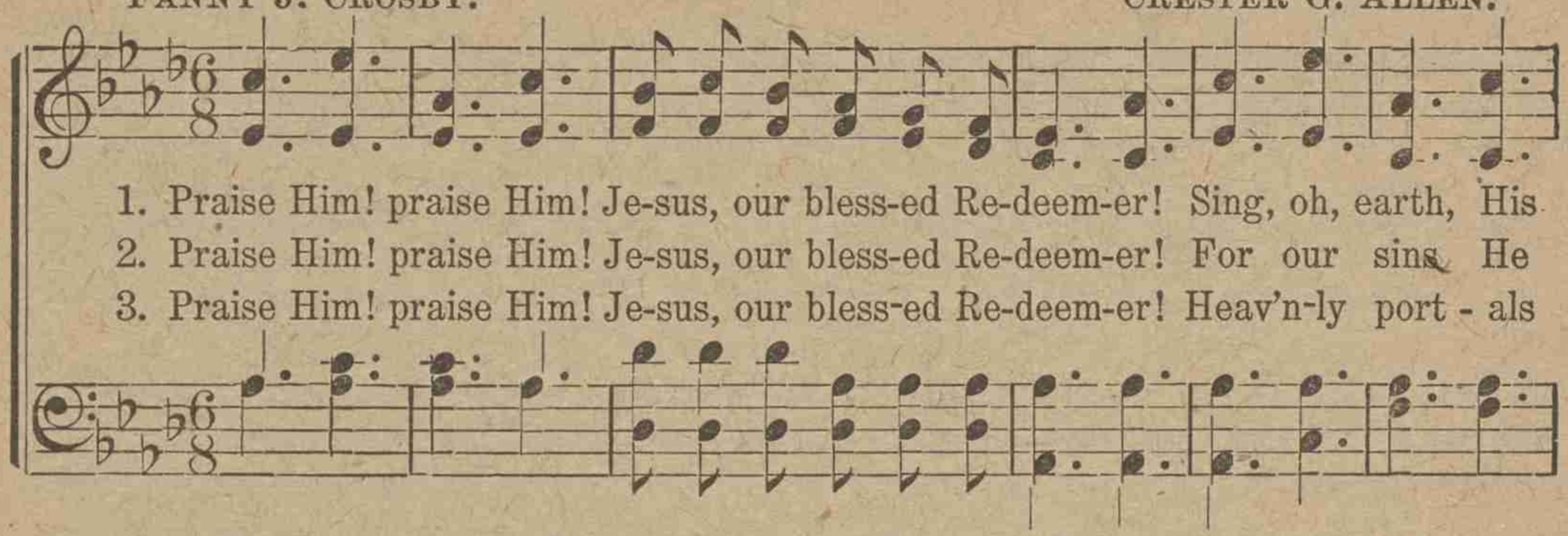
The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in

D. S.

glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

N

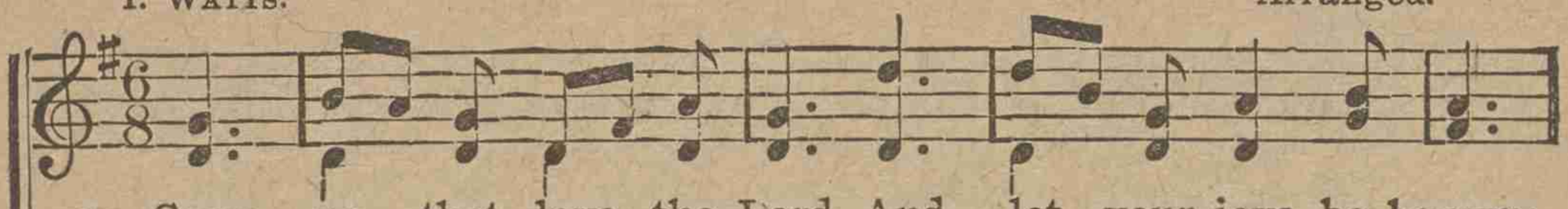
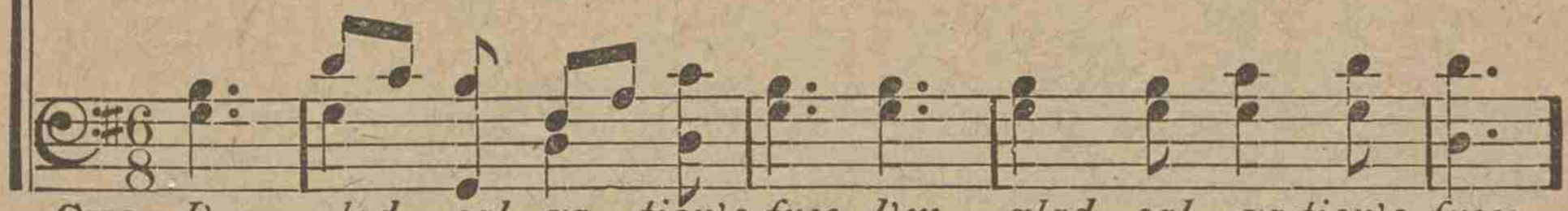
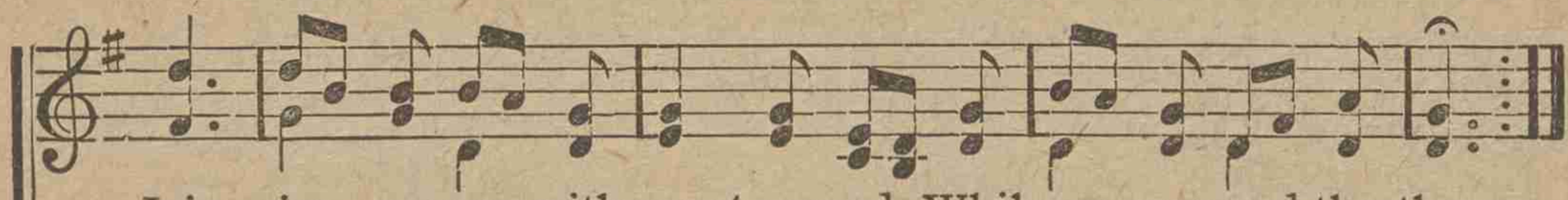
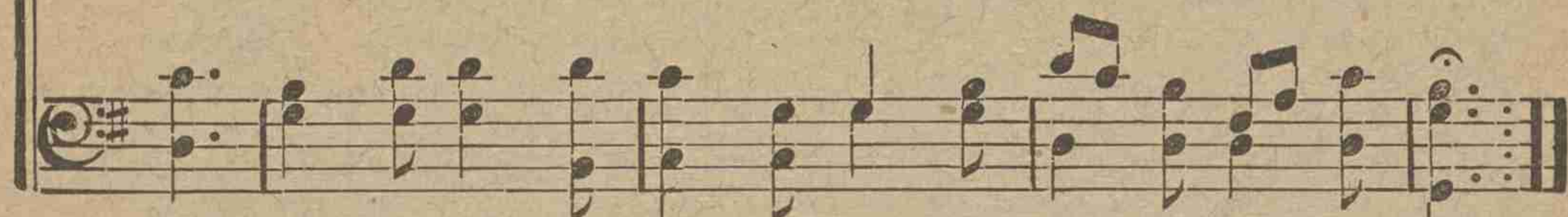
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal- va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;

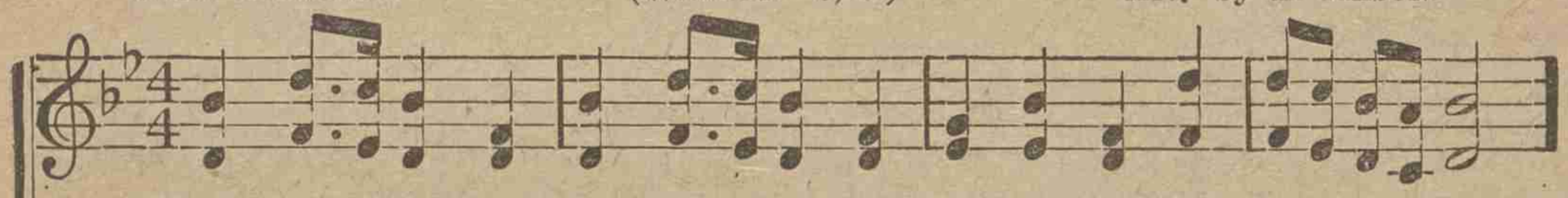
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness, Praise Him, praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song.

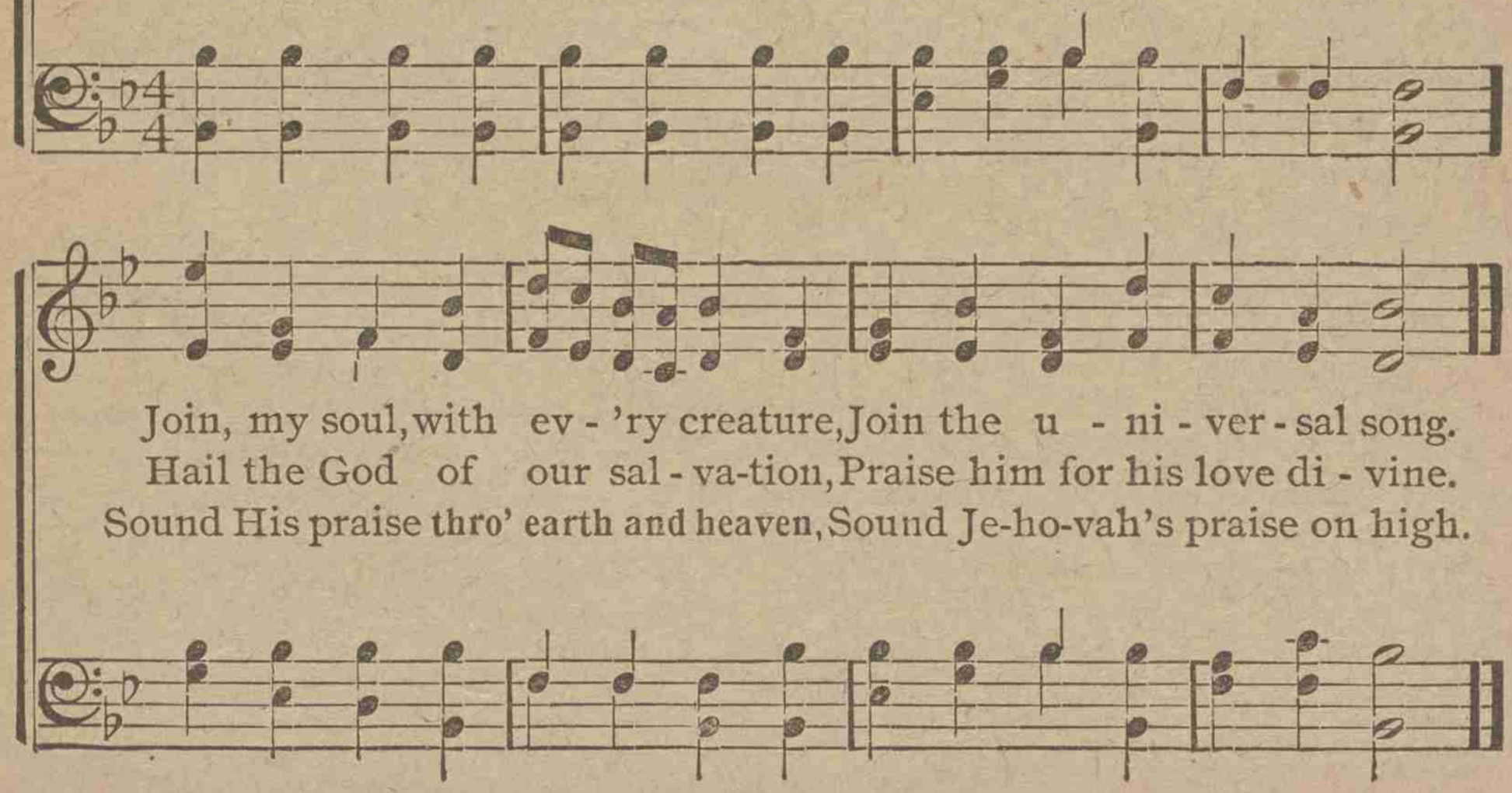
By permission.

12 Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

I. WATTS. Arranged.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;

CHO. *I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free;*

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround the throne.
But ser-vants of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

13 Praise to Thee, thou Great Creator.

JOHN FAWCETT. (WILMOT. 8, 7.) Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev-'ry tongue;
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
3. For ten-thousand bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy;



Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Hail the God of our sal - va-tion, Praise him for his love di - vine.
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je-ho-vah's praise on high.

14 He Purchased Life for Me.

C. M. KEACH. A. E. BLOOM.

1. The cross for Christ, the crown for me, O wondrous love, O mer - cy free;
2. O wondrous grace, how could it be That Christ should love a worm like me,
3. Oh, now I hear a voice re · ply, "Our God is love, and that is why
4. Oh, now I see the crim-son tide, The fount of life is opened wide;
5. And soon his glo - ry I shall share, Then I the crown of life will wear;
6. E - ter - ni - ty with him I'll spend, And share the joys that never end;

My Sav-iour died on Cal - va - ry To pur-chase life for me.
And suf - fer on the cru - el tree To pur-chase life for me?
He gave his Son for thee to die, To pur-chase life for thee."
My Sav-iour, Christ, was cru-ci - fied And there is life for me.
Be - hold him who my sins did bear To pur - chase life for me.
Give glo - ry to the sinner's Friend Who purchased life for me.

CHORUS.

For me, for me; He died for e - ven me; He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry To pur-chase life for me;

For me, for me; e - ven me;

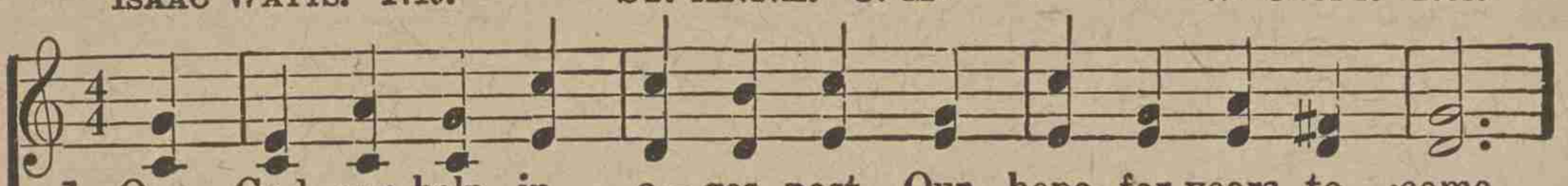
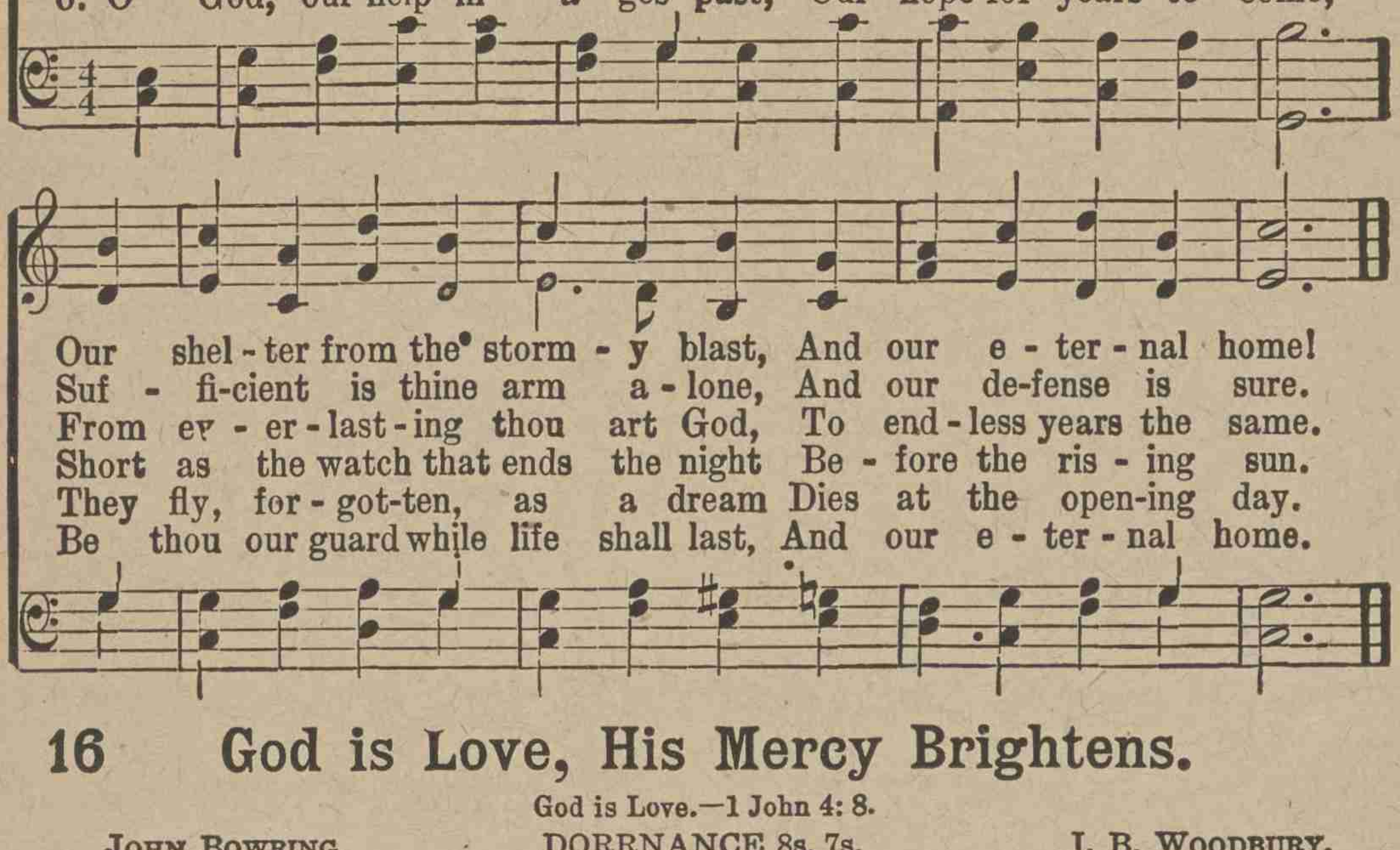
e - ven me;

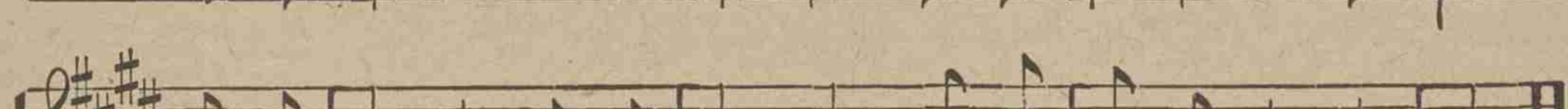
He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry To purchase life for me.

Copyright, 1906, by A. E. BLOOM.

15 O God, our Help in Ages Past.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—Ps. 90: 1.

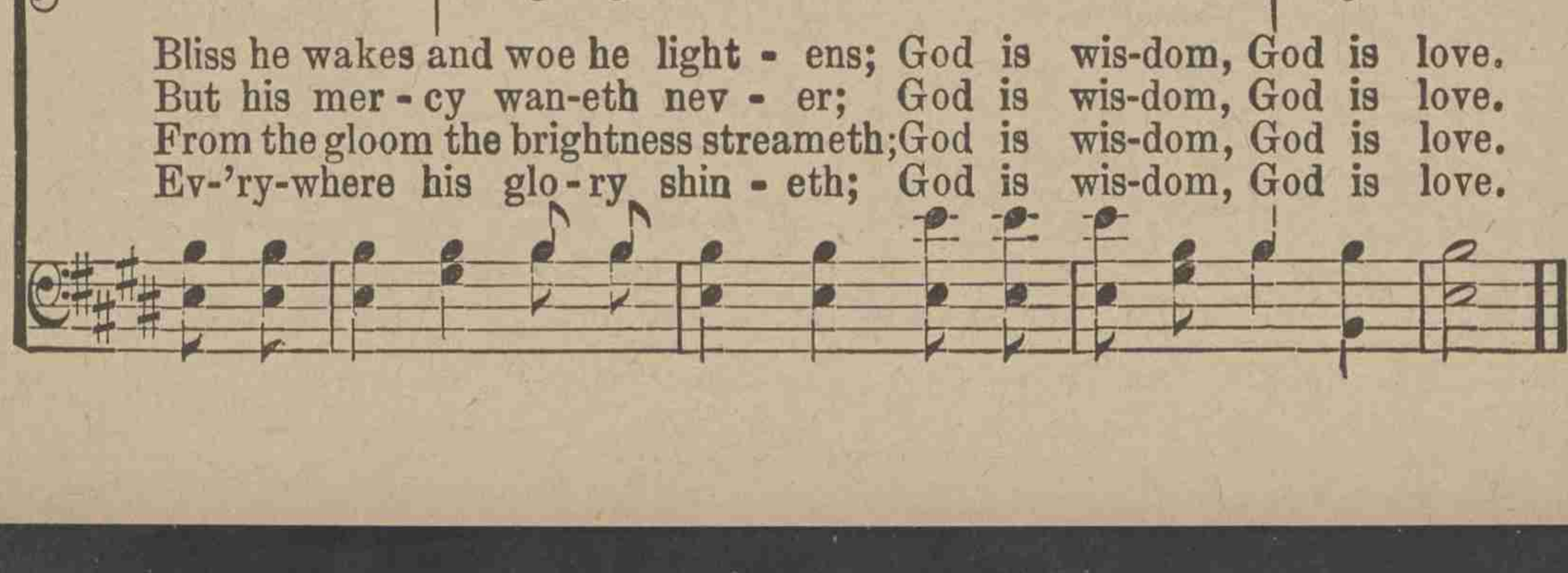
ISAAC WATTS. 1719. ST. ANNE. C. M. W. CROFT. 1708.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad-ow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an even-ing gone;
5. Time like an ev - er - roll-ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi-cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
They fly, for - got-ten, as a dream Dies at the open-ing day.
Be thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.



16 God is Love, His Mercy Brightens.

God is Love.—1 John 4: 8.

JOHN BOWRING. DORRNANCE 8s, 7s. I. B. WOODBURY,



1. God is love; his mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove:
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev - er; Man de-cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'er the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will his changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin - eth Hope and comfort from a - bove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he light - ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But his mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom the brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry-where his glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

17 Filled With God.

C. P. J. Chas P. Jones.

1. Built on the rock, not on the sand, O God, Thy ho - ly church shall stand;
2. What grace that I should have a part In this dear band, that my poor heart
3. A live - ly store kept by Thy grace, Thy mer-cy giv - eth me a place;
4. Yea, built up - on that sol - id rock, Thy church shall stand the tempest shock;

1. Re-deem'd from sin by Je-sus' blood, Pardoned and cleans'd and fill'd with God.
2. Should be by heav'nly pow'r in-clined Thy love to seek, Thy peace to find!
3. I, too, am of Thy bod - y, Lord, Cleans'd by Thy blood, kept by Thy word.
4. And when the clouds have roll'd a-way, Stand mis-tress of e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

1 2

Yes, fill'd with God, Yes, fill'd with God, Pardon'd and cleans'd and fill'd with God, cleans'd and fill'd with God.

18 Admonition.

G. J. F. Geo. J. French.

1. While mor-tal life con - tin-ues here, The war-fare will not cease: Put on God's armor, keep it bright, The foe is al-ways with-in sight; And may your zeal increase.
2. With eyes on Je - sus, God's own Son, Re - ly - ing on His word, 'Tis not by sword, 'tis not by might Nor pow-er, we the foe must fight; "My Spirit," saith the Lord.
3. With- out the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r Our courage will not stand; But with it gi-ants great must flee; The fruits of Eschol we shall see, And we possess the land.

Mount Calvary.

T. H. "We have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7. THORO HARRIS.

1. Too long I roamed o'er sin's be-wil-d'ring plain In quest of phan-tom
2. I heard that Je-sus' blood could cleanse from sin, I saw the stream, and
3. I now con-fess him as my gra-cious Lord, I taste the joy his
4. I can - not fath-om God's un-bound-ed grace, But, rec - on - ciled, I

joys or world-ly gain; At last I turned, to ease my heart of pain, To
bold - ly en-tered in— The fount that flows to make the vil - est clean, From
boun-ty doth of - ford; And now my lips can frame one on - ly word: 'Tis
see his smil - ing face; And thro' e - ter-nal years my soul shall praise Mount

mf CHORUS. *p*

Cal - va - ry. When on the cross I saw the vic - tim die—"For-
give!" I heard his ag - o - niz - ing cry— It then be-came earth's
dear-est spot to me, Dark Cal - - va - - - ry.
Cal - va - ry, yes, sa - cred Cal - va - ry.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

The Call of God.

C. A. G.

CHARLES A. GAGE.

Unison.

1. Hear the bu - gle call - ing For the sol - diers true,
2. We are God's an - noint - ed, Pur-chased thro' the blood,
3. Fal - ter not, O Chris - tian, Tho' the fight be long,

Rouse ye then, O Chris - tian, For the call means you;
Called to loy - al serv - ice For the church of God;
For - ward in the con - flict, Shout your bat - tle song;

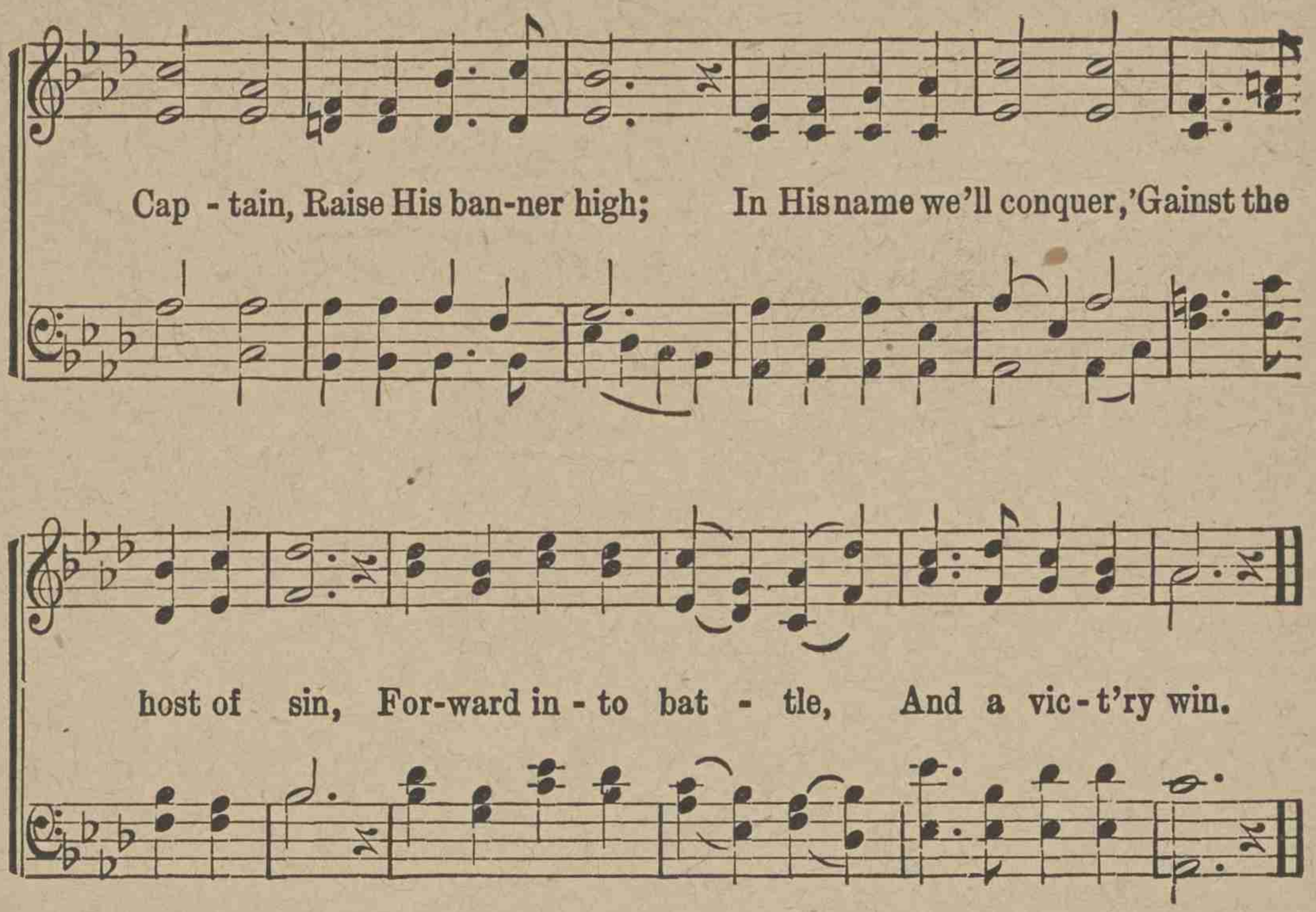
Arm ye for the con - flict In the fight with sin,
Gird ye on the arm - or, Read - y for the fray,
Go ye forth un - daunt - ed, Till the bat - tle's won;

For - ward in - to bat - tle, And a vic - t'ry win.
See! the bat - tle wag - es, Haste, O haste a - way.
God will give thee tri - umph, And a vic - tor's crown.

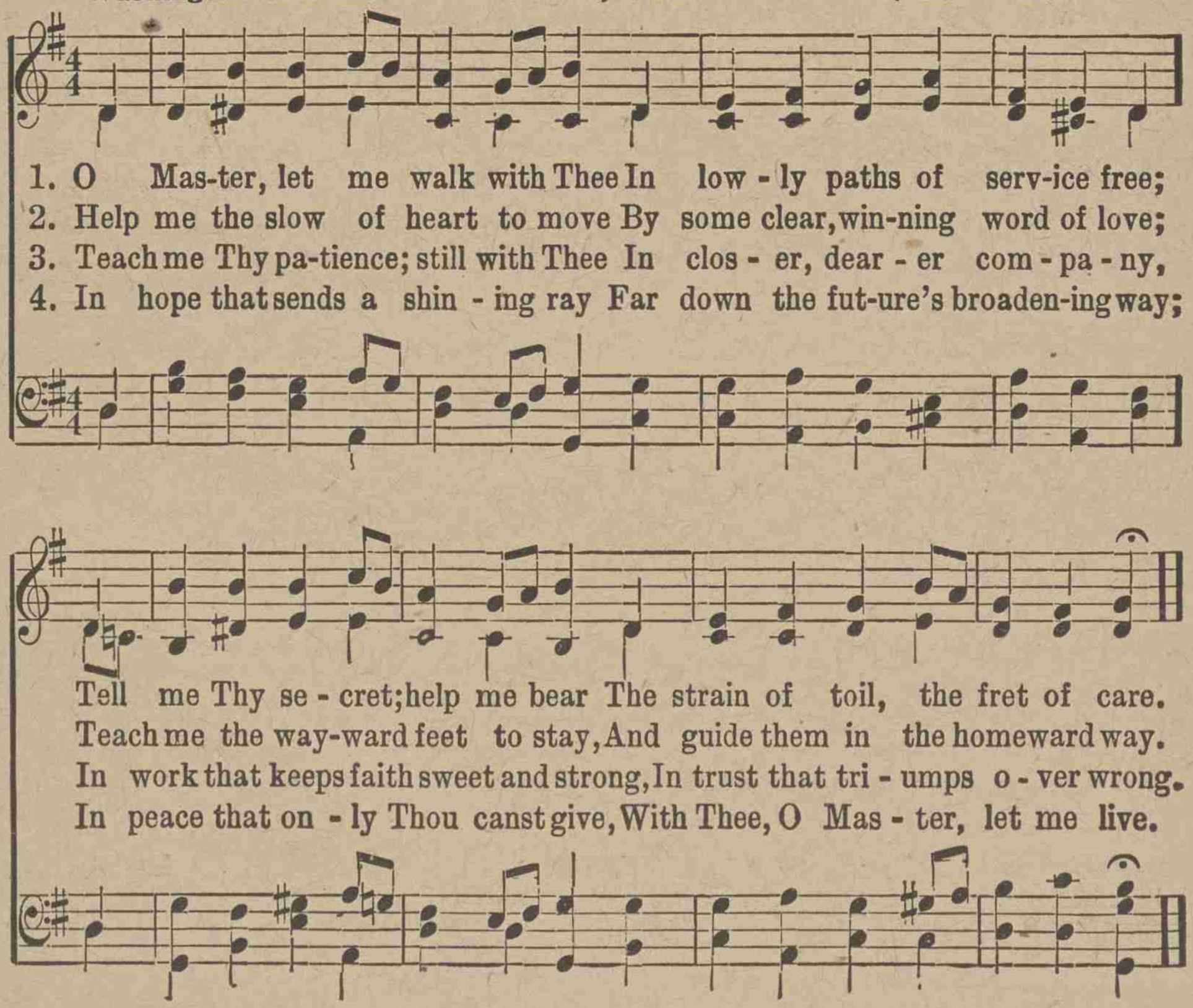
CHORUS.

For-ward be our watch - word, On-ward be the cry; Je - sus is our

Copyright, 1909, by Charles A. Gage.

The Call of God.

21 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

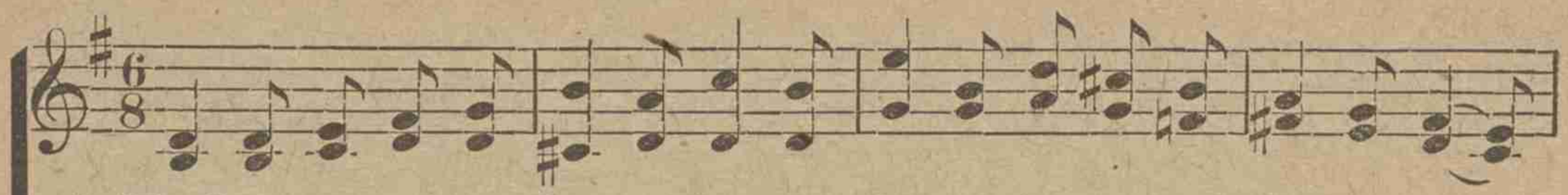
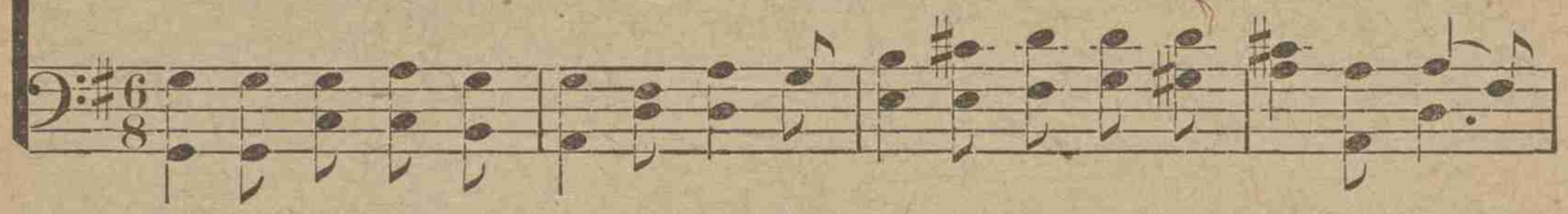
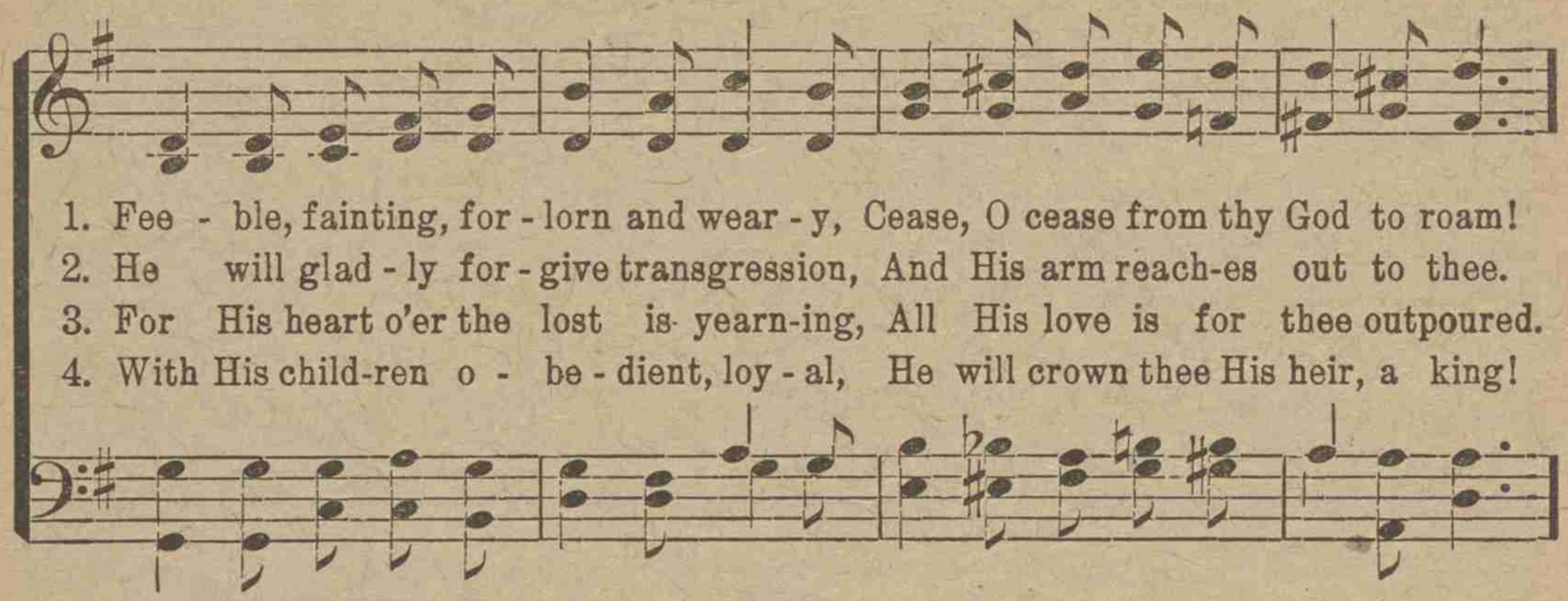
Washington Gladden. CANONBURY, L. M. **Robert Schumann.**

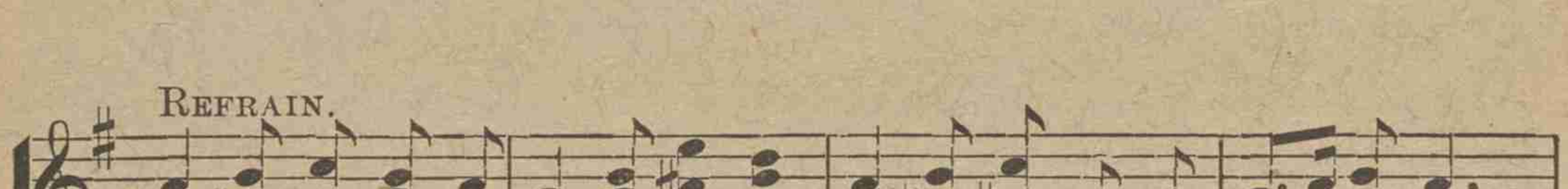
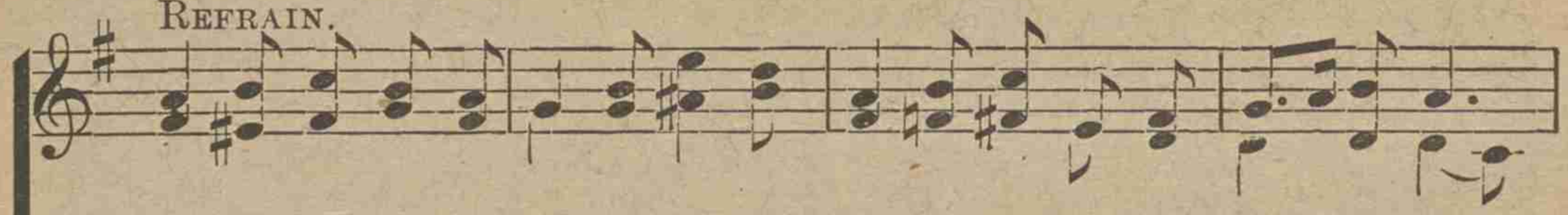


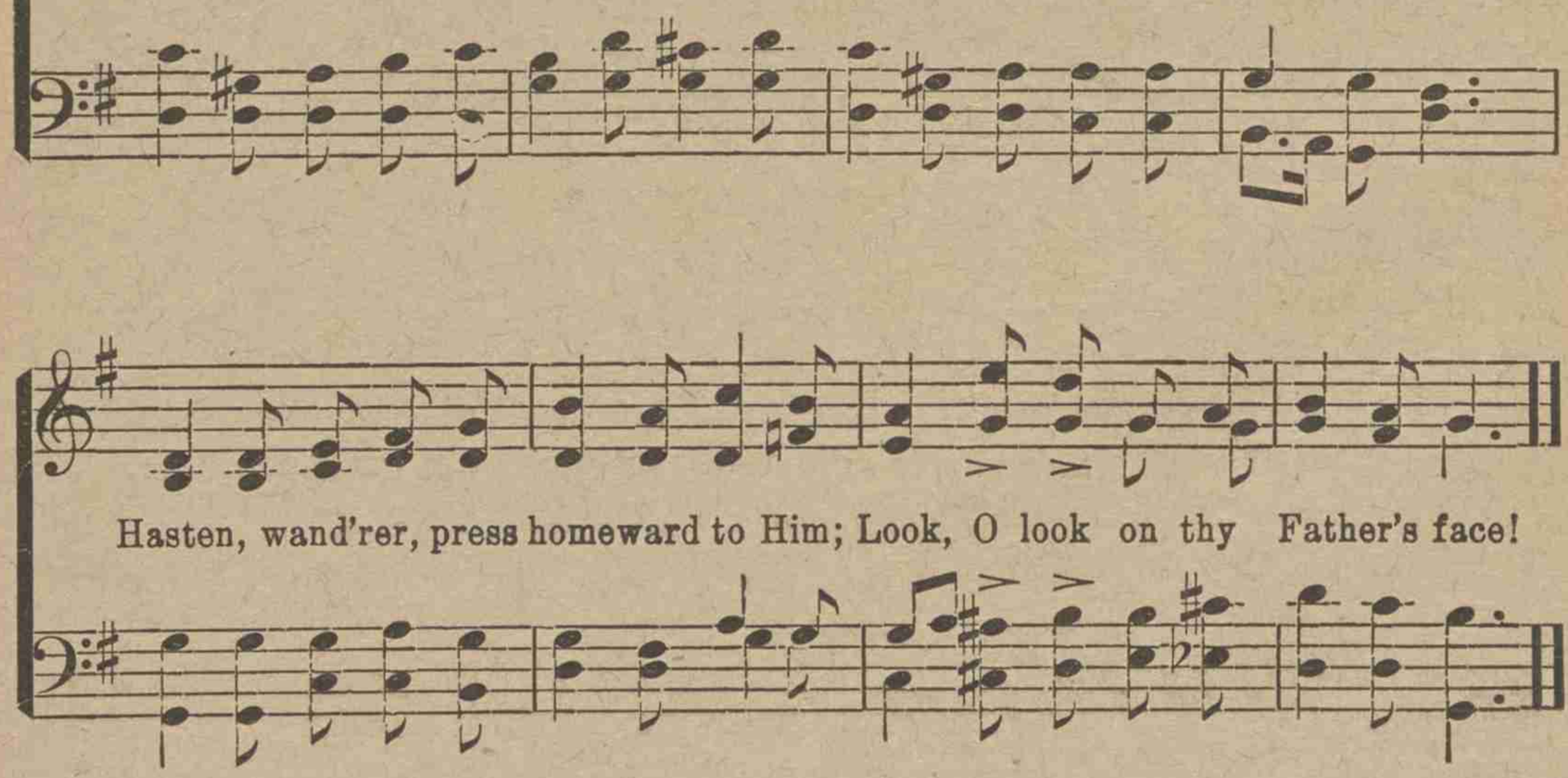
If You Knew Him.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Wand'rer out on a des - ert drear-y, Son a - far from thy Fa-ther's home;
2. For His love is be - yond expression, Changeless, faithful, for - ev - er free;
3. He will greet thee His child re-turn-ing, "Safe and sound," unto life re - stored;
4. Come and feast at His ta - ble roy - al —On thy hand He will place a ring;



1. Fee - ble, fainting, for - lorn and wear - y, Cease, O cease from thy God to roam!
2. He will glad - ly for - give transgression, And His arm reach-es out to thee.
3. For His heart o'er the lost is yearn-ing, All His love is for thee outpoured.
4. With His child-ren o - be - dient, loy - al, He will crown thee His heir, a king!

REFRAIN.

You would love Him if you but knew Him, Knew His mer-cy and bound-less grace;



Hasten, wand'rer, press homeward to Him; Look, O look on thy Father's face!

23

Let Me Come Closer.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

Canon J. H. Lester.

1. Let me come clos - er to Thee, Je-sus, Still clos - er day by day!
2. Let me show forth Thy beau-ty, Je-sus, Like sun-shine on the hills;
3. Yes, like a foun - tain, pre-cious Je-sus, Make me and let me be;
4. In all my heart and will, O Je-sus, Be al - to - geth - er King!

Let me lean hard - er on Thee, Je-sus, Yes, hard-er all the way.
O let my lips pour forth Thy sweet-ness In joy - ous spark-ling rills!
Keep me and use me dai - ly, Je-sus, For Thee, for on - ly Thee.
Make me a loy - al sub - ject, Je-sus, To Thee in ev - 'ry-thing.

CHORUS.

Walk with me, walk with me, Walk with me, walk with me, All a

long my pil-grim jour - ney, Bless - ed Mas - ter, walk with me.

I'm Going Through.

H. B.
Arr. by Thoro Harris.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

Herbert Buffum.
Arr. by Wm. B. Olmstead.

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And
2. Ma -ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Redeemer they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But
3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil - low, like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than
4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom of un - end-ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start

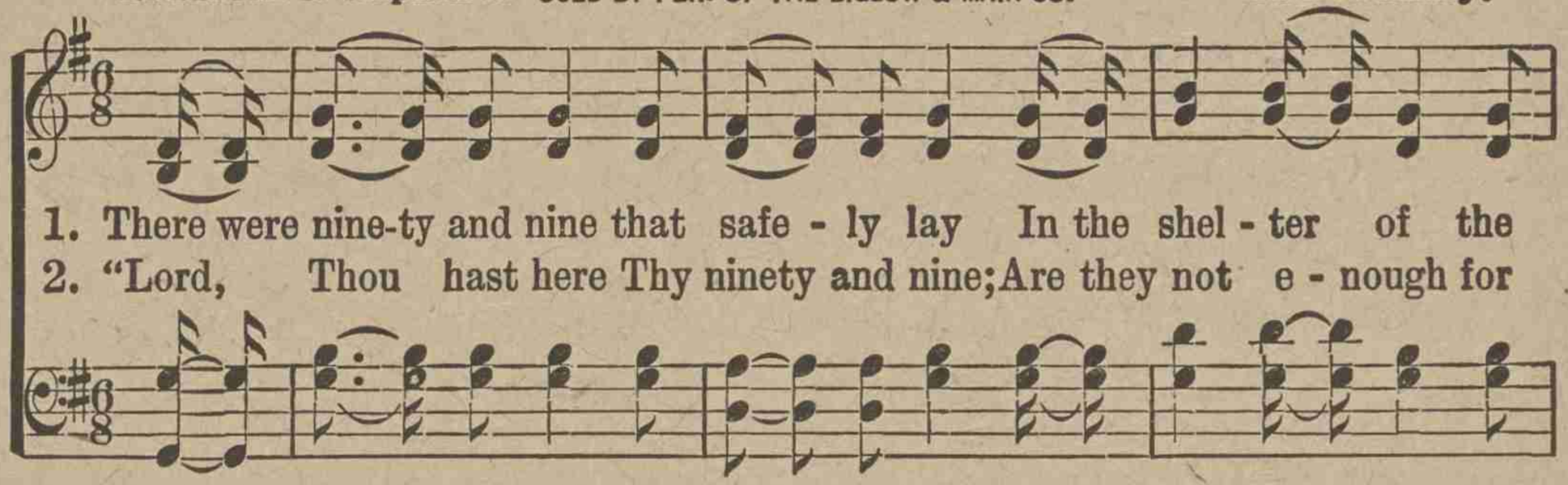
CHORUS.

now with my Sav-ior I mean to go thro'.
not ver - y ma-ny seem bound to go thro'. I'm go-ing thro', I'm go - ing
turn from this pathway and fail to go thro'.
in with your Savior. and keep going thro'.

thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.

25 The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. USED BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. **Ira D. Sankey.**



3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord bring back His own!"

26 The End of the Way.

Arrangement copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

1. The sands have been wash'd in the footprints Of the Stranger on Gal - i-lee's shore;
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward; How oft I am long-ing for rest!
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri - al too much;
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that cit - y ap -pear,

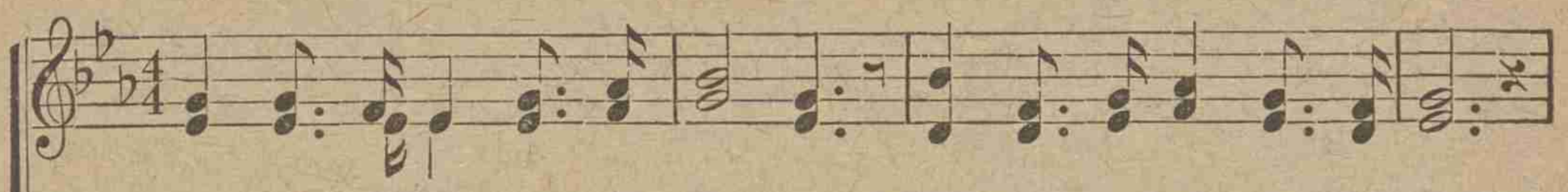
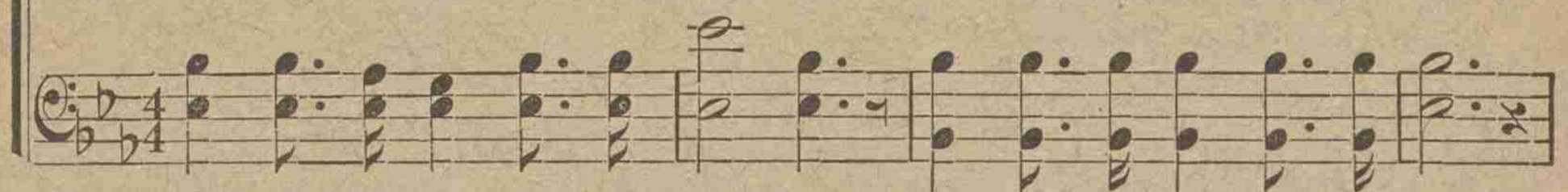
1. The voice that subdued the rough billows Will be heard in Ju - de-a no more,
2. But He who ap-points me my pathway, Knows just what is need-ful and best,
3. His peo-ple have been dear-ly purchased, And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such.
4. And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an - gels Float out on my list - en - ing ear,

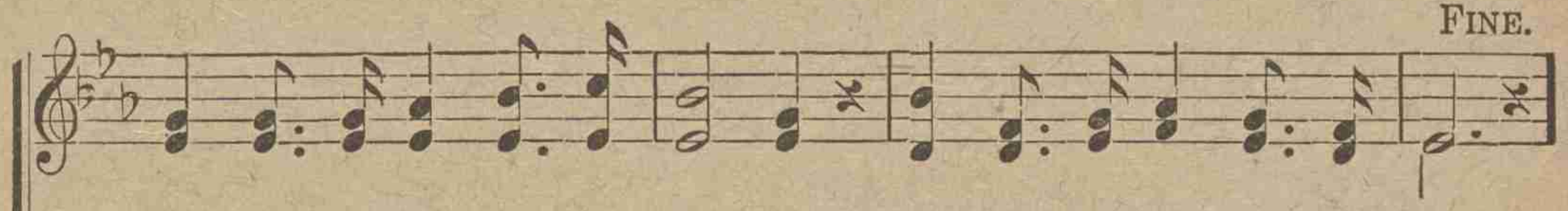
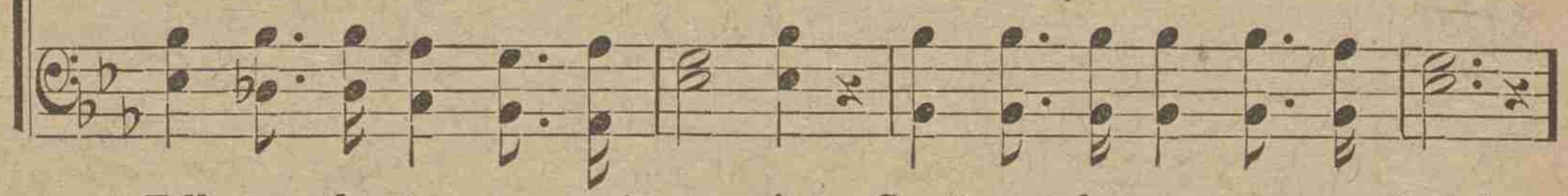
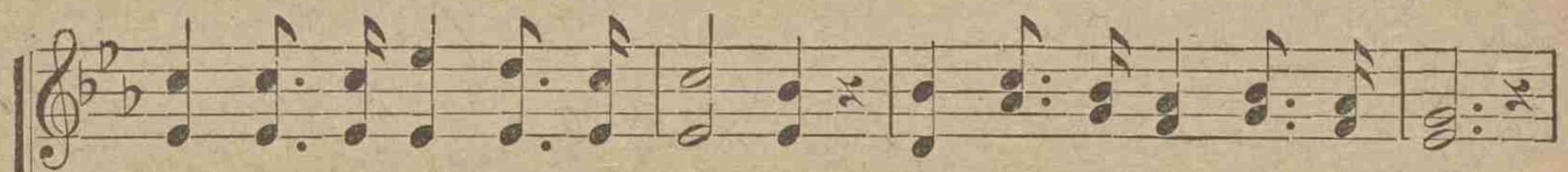
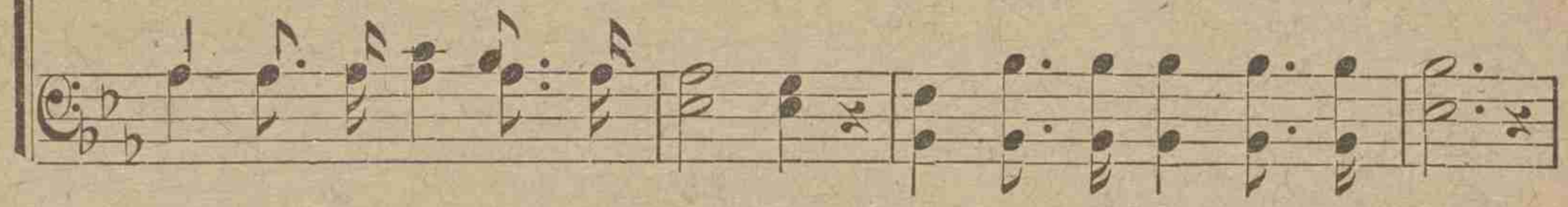
1. But the path of that lone Gal - i - le - an, With joy I will fol - low to-day,
2. I know In His word He has promised My strength, it shall be as my day;
3. By and by I shall see Him and praise Him In the ci - ty of un - end-ing day;
4. When all that now seems so mysterious, Will be bright as a mid-sum-mer day,

And the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,
4 v. Then the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,

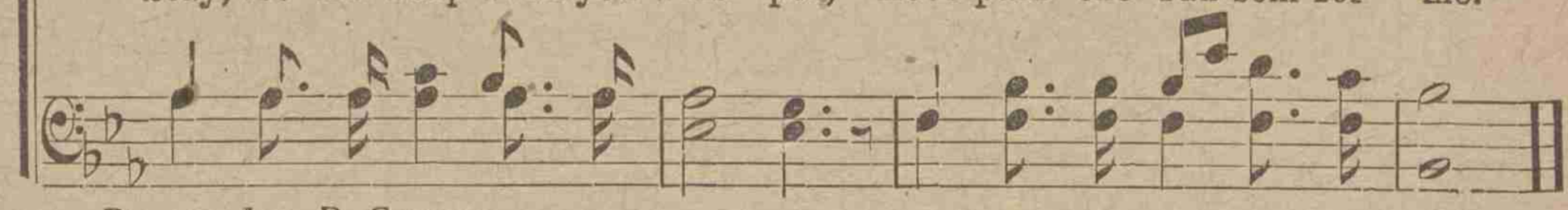
The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

27 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him Writh - ing in an - guish and pain;

CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,*

FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri-um - phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus Sang as they wel-comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so - ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D. C.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti-dings to earth.
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject-ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.



By per. Jno. R. Sweney.

28

March On Jericho.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

Unison.

1. The hosts of Is-rael stand Be-yond the Jordan's swelling tide; 'Twixt them and
2. Six days they march'd around—And still the cit - y mock-ing stood; "'Tis built on
3. Ye ranks of Christ the Lord, In sol - id phalanx, up and stand! "Move forward,"

Ca-naan's land There flow'd the Jordan deep and wide; Be-yond, their eyes could
sol - id ground," Exclaim'd the jeering mul - ti - tude; But on the sev-enth
is the word, "Possess the fruit-ful Ca-naan land." All glo - ry be to

scan The fam-ous cit - a - del of pride. God said, "Forward go, March on
day The tribes of Is - rael gave a shout: God was glo - ri - fied, Foes were
God, Who guides His children on their way! Brave De-fender, How strong, yet

CHORUS. *ff*

Jer - i - cho, The oth - er side.'
ter - ri - fied And put to rout. Hark! the thund'ring tones as the death-doomed
ten - der! Leading day by day.

mp

cit - y Falls be - fore that conq'ring host! Proud Jer - i - cho In the dust lay

March On Jericho.

dim. *tr* *cres.* *f*

low; How vain her i - dle boast! The house of Ra-hab spar'd, The others put they

to the sword; Foes were routed, All Israel shouted, And God's name a-dored.

29 Coming.

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

1. I'm com - ing, Lord, to Thee: My sins I can - not bear; O
2. I'm com - ing to the fount Of Thine a - ton - ing blood, That
3. I'm com - ing to the cross, Which points to yon - der skies; All
4. O vast, un - bound-ed grace, That sets the cap - tive free, Re -

CHORUS.

set my spir - it free, From all her guilt - y fear.
flow'd from Cal-v'ry's mount, To seal my peace with God. And let me
things I count but loss, That I may gain the prize.
veals God's ho - ly face, And ful - ly ran - soms me!

know from this glad day, That all my sins are wash'd a - way.

30

Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris. **Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.**

1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be - liev-ing, And rest on - ly saved ones can know,
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o - bey;
5. To - day is the day of sal - va-tion Now en - ter the wide o - pen door;

1. A - bove you the sunlight is break - ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured.
2. He on - ly can heal your dis - eas - es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n.
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re - ceiv - ing, And joy on - ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o - ver your fruitless de - bat - ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.

CHORUS.

O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir - it is call-
Come to Him

ing, O come to the Sav - ior to - day, (Come to-day); This may be your
now,

last in - vi - ta - tion; Sin - ner, come, and no lon - ger de - lay.

31

See Them Rise!

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

1. Soon our Lord from that "far country" will return to claim His own: See them rise,
2. We will com-fort one an-oth-er by this word of ho-ly cheer:
3. O the hope of Je-sus' com-ing is an anchor sure and fast:
4. Let us sing it, let us tell it to the world, where'er we go: hal-le - lu-jah!

joy-ful-ly rise! We will all go forth to meet Him, for this truth we long have known:
And we know the hour draws nearer when the Savior shall ap-pear:
In the im-age of His glo-ry we will stand re-deemed at last:
praise the Lord! That the message of the kingdom ev'ry longing heart may know;

REFRAIN.

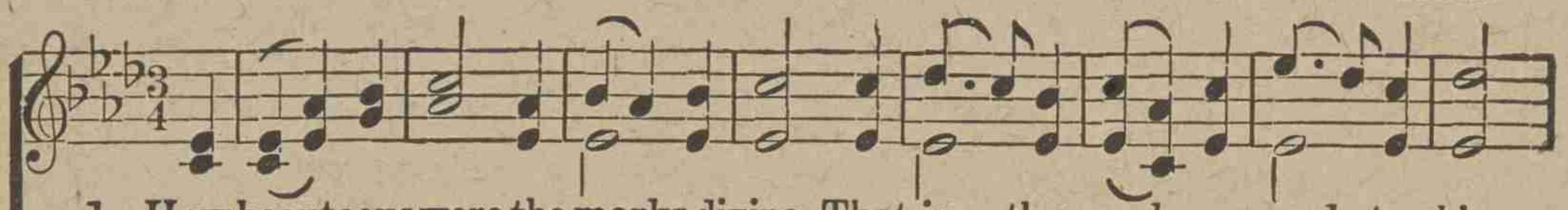
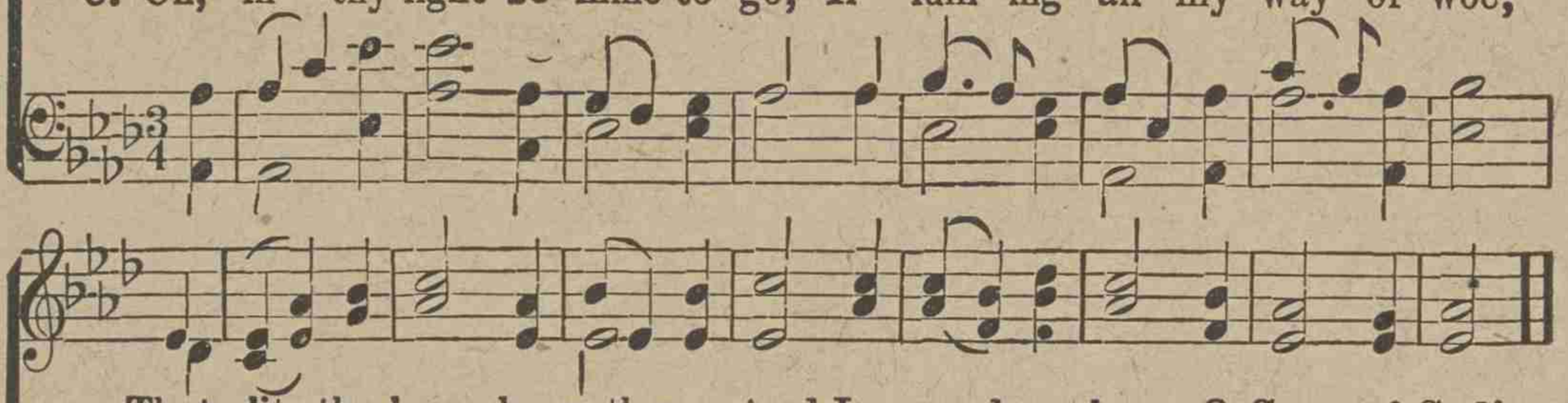
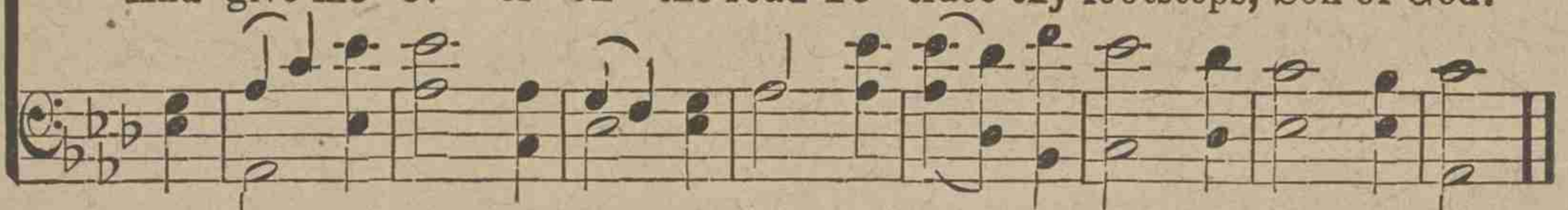
See them rise, joy-ful-ly rise! Then from ocean to ocean will the
hal - le-lu-jah! praise the Lord!

See them rise! joy - ful - ly rise!
old tombs burst: hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! They who

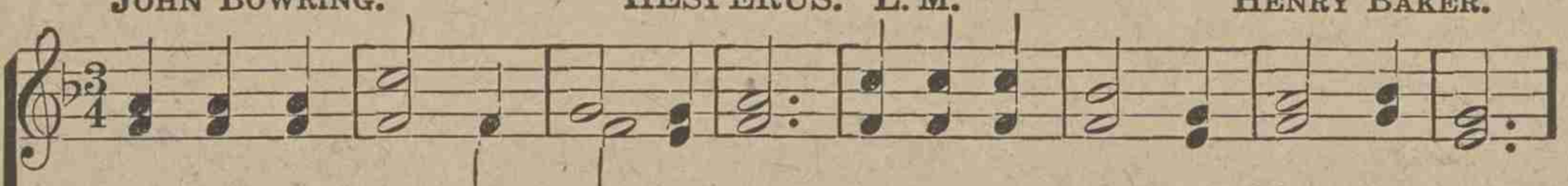
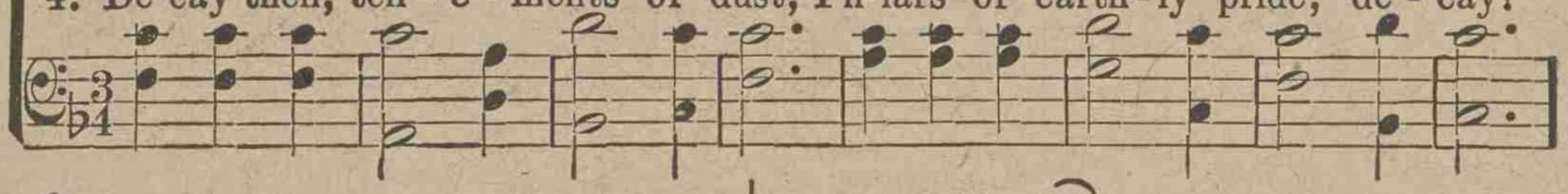
See them rise! joy-ful - ly rise!
died in the gos-pel will a - rise the first: hal - le - lu-jah!

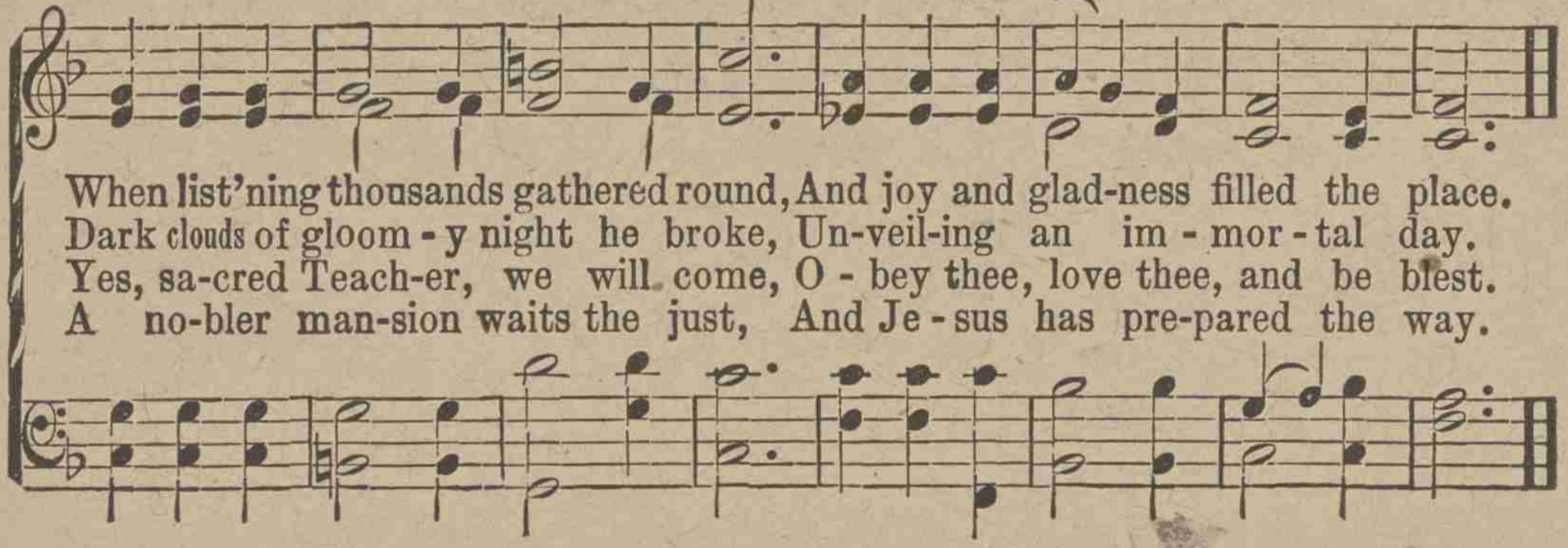
32 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine!

And we beheld his glory . . glory as of the only begotten from the Father.—John 1: 14.

ARTHUR C. COXE. LOUVAN. L. M. VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. How beauteous were the marks divine, That in thy meekness used to shine,
2. Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light?
3. Oh, who like thee, so hum-bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be-fore?
4. The bend-ing an-gels stooped to see The lisp-ing in-fant clasp thy knee,
5. And death, which sets the prisoner free, Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
6. Oh, in thy light be mine to go, Il-lum-ing all my way of woe;

That lit thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!
Oh, who like thee did ev-er go So pa-tient through a world of woe?
So meek, so low-ly, yet so high, So glo-rious in hu-mil-i-ty?
And smile as in a fa-ther's eye, Up-on thy mild di-vin-i-ty.
Yet love thro' all thy torture glowed, And mer-cy with thy life-blood flowed.
And give me ev-er on the road To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

33 How Sweetly Flowed the Gospel Sound.

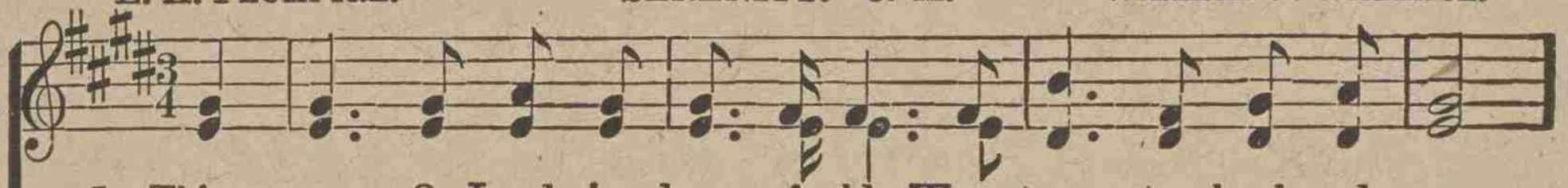
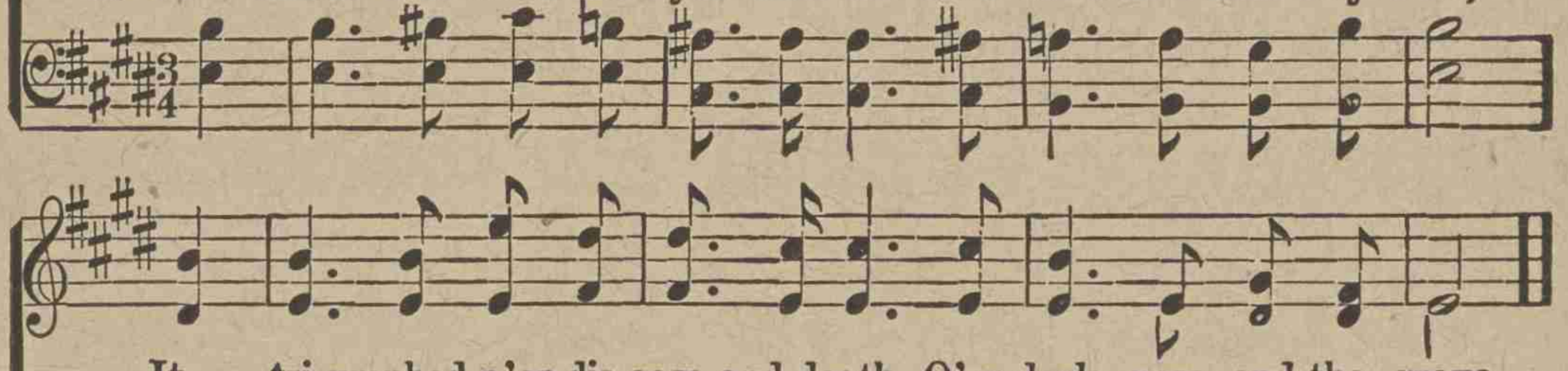
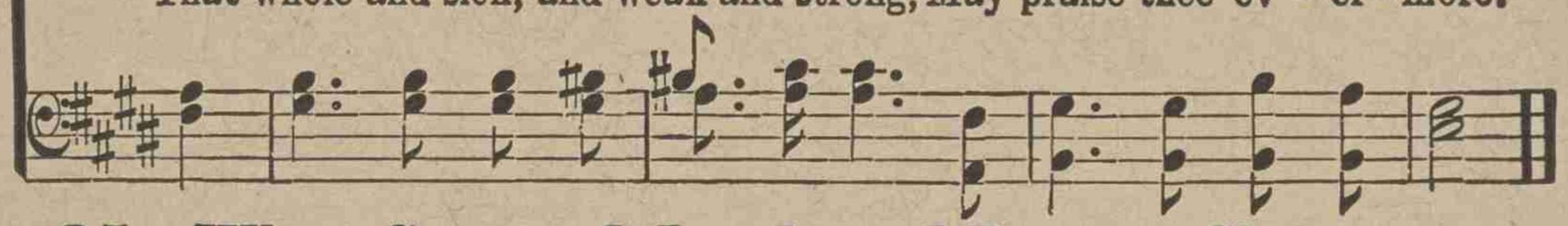
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

JOHN BOWRING. HESPERUS. L. M. HENRY BAKER.

1. How sweetly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gen-tle-ness and grace,
2. From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke, To hean'n he led his followers' way;
3. "Come, wand'rers, to my Fa-thers home; Come, all ye wea-ry onee and rest;"
4. De-cay then, ten-e-ments of dust, Pil-lars of earth-ly pride, de-cay!

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and glad-ness filled the place.
Dark clouds of gloom-y night he broke, Un-veil-ing an im-mor-tal day.
Yes, sa-cred Teach-er, we will come, O-bey thee, love thee, and be blest.
A no-bler man-sion waits the just, And Je-sus has pre-pared the way.

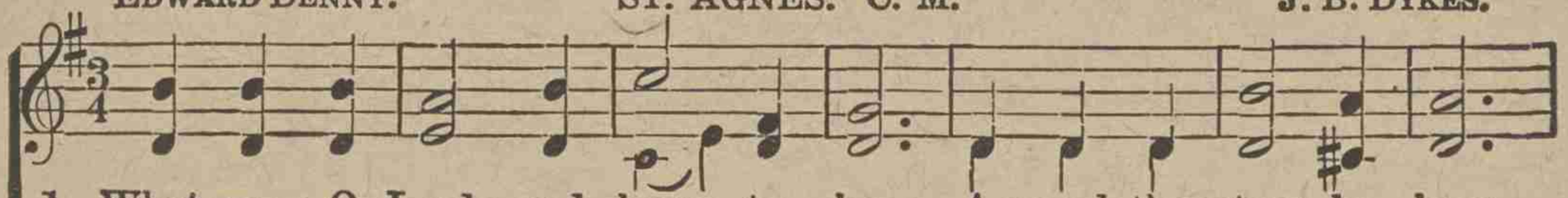
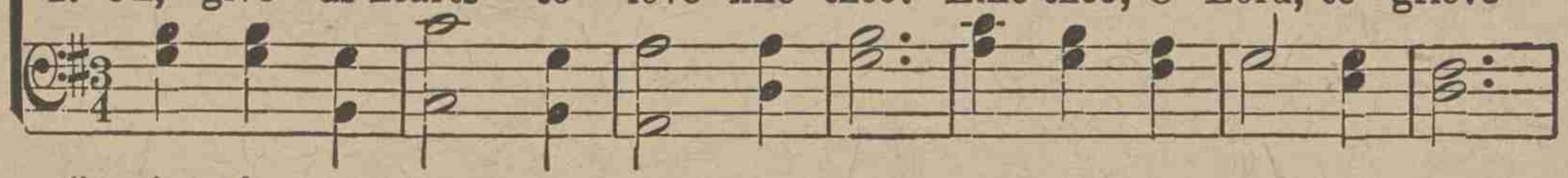


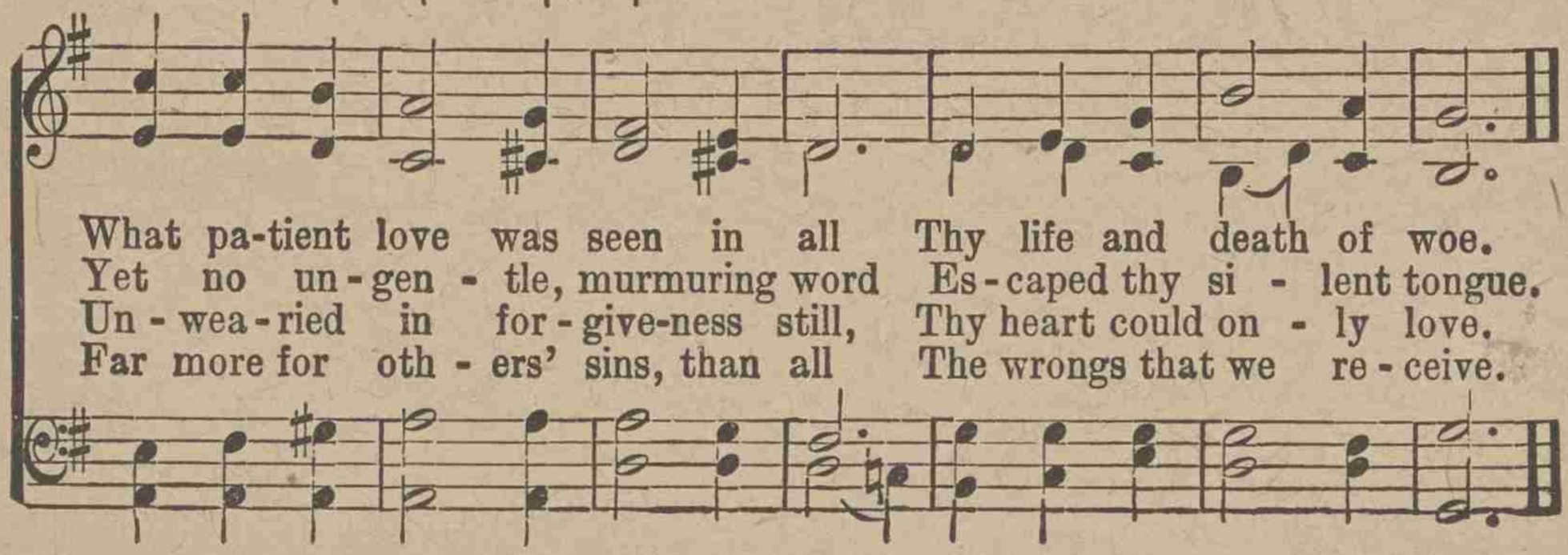
34 Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old.

They brought unto him all that were sick; and they besought him that they might only touch the border of his garment: and as many as touched were made whole.—Matt. 14: 31, 32.

E. H. PLUMPTRE. SERENITY. C. M. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
2. To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame;
3. And lo, thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
4. And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - might - y as of yore,
5. Be thou our great De - liv - 'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;
6. To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis-dom's heav'n-ly lore;

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame.
And youth re-newed and fren-zy calmed Owned thee, the Lord of light.
In crowd - ed street, by rest-less couch, As by Gen-nes-'ret's shore.
Re - store and quick-en, soothe and bless With thine al - might - y breath.
That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise thee ev - er - more.

35 What Grace, O Lord, and Beauty Shone.

And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.—John 1: 14.

EDWARD DENNY. ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.

1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A-round thy steps be - low;
2. For ev - er on thy bur - dened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
3. Thy foes might hate, de - spise, re - vile, Thy friends un-faith - ful prove;
4. Oh, give us hearts to love like thee! Like thee, O Lord, to grieve

What pa-tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe.
Yet no un - gen - tle, murmuring word Es - caped thy si - lent tongue.
Un - wea - ried in for - give-ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.



36 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?

REFRAIN.

Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find

you and me still watch-ing, Wait - ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

By permission.

37

He Careth For You.

1 PET. 5: 7.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by W. B. Rose. Thoro Harris.

1. God pit - ies His chil-dren, He cares for His own With
2. Do tri - als op-press you Too great to be borne? O
3. God sees all your sor - row, He hears when you pray; By
4. He'll nev-er for-sake you; Tho' far you may roam, His

love true and tender No mortal hath known. Wher-e'er you may
think of the Suf-'rer En-cir-cled with thorn! Do loved ones you
tears are you blinded? He'll point out the way. Perplexed, do you
love-light is shin-ing To welcome you home. To Him who re-

wan - der, Whate'er you may do, O dear one, re-mem-ber He
cher-ished, Lie hid-den from view? One Friend yet remaineth Who
won - der What course to pur-sue? There's One who can guide you—He
deemed you Be loy-al and true; For He is your Sav - ior And

f REFRAIN.

car-eth for you! He car - eth for you,..... He car - eth for
He careth for you, He
you:..... O dear one, remember He car - eth for you.
careth for you;

38

When Jesus Comes.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. When Je-sus comes to re-ceive the low-ly So pre-cious in His sight,
2. Have we laid up in the heav'ns our treasure, Where moth nor rust can foil?
3. There's nothing else should concern us ev-er But service for our King,
4. So shall we hear from our lov-ing Savior, "Thou faithful one, well done;"

1. Will we be found with the pure and ho-ly, Climbing up the steeps of light?
2. And have we made this our highest pleasure, In the Master's name to toil?
3. To give our ear-nest and best en-deav-or, Con-se-crat-ing ev'ry-thing.
4. And in His kingdom we'll reign for-ev-er, Shining as the noonday sun.

CHORUS.

When Je-sus calls will He find us watch-ing, (watch-ing), Waiting for the King to come? With garments white, are we of glo-ry to come?

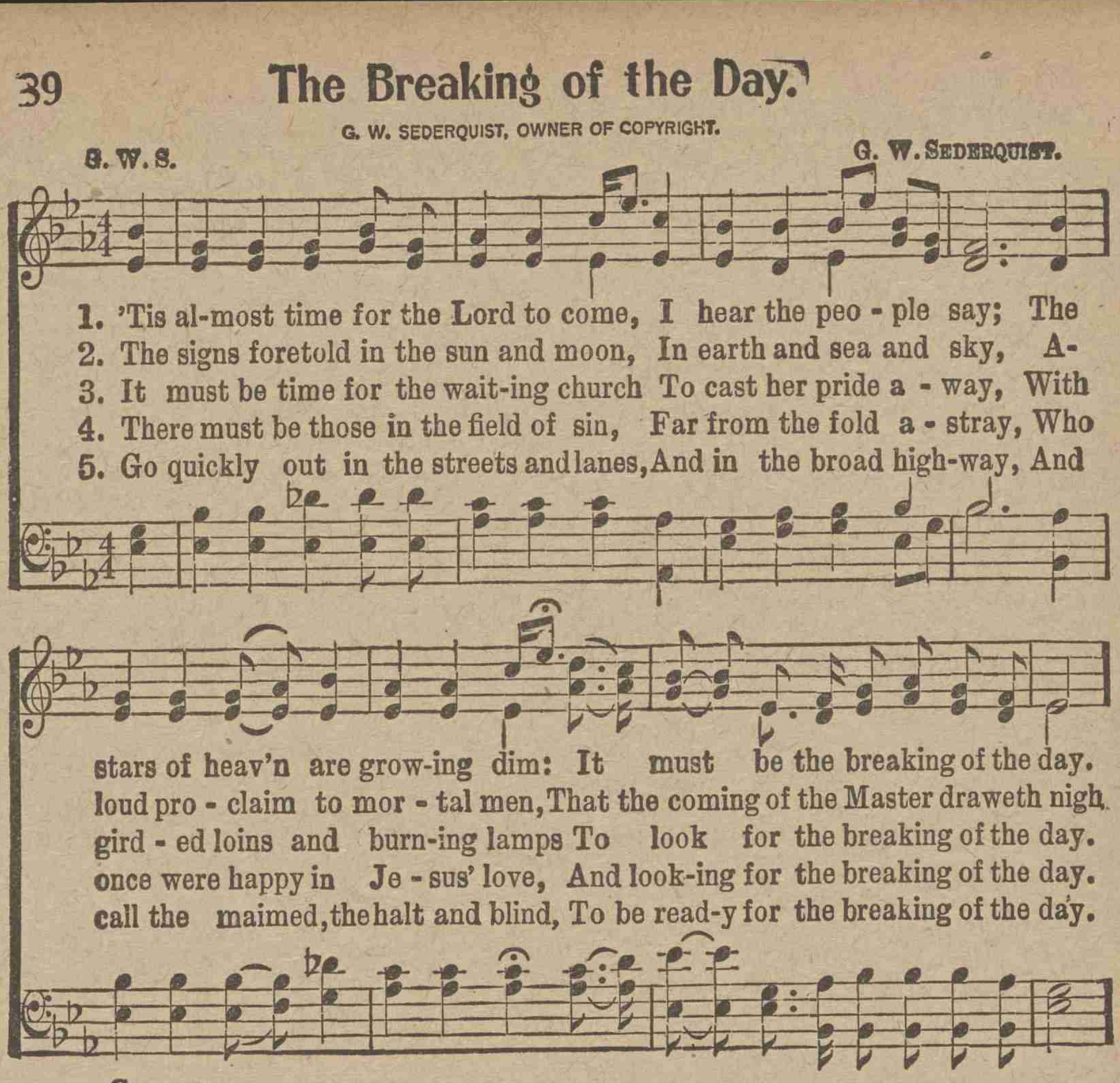
robed and read-y, (read-y), For the saints' e-ter-nal home?

The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

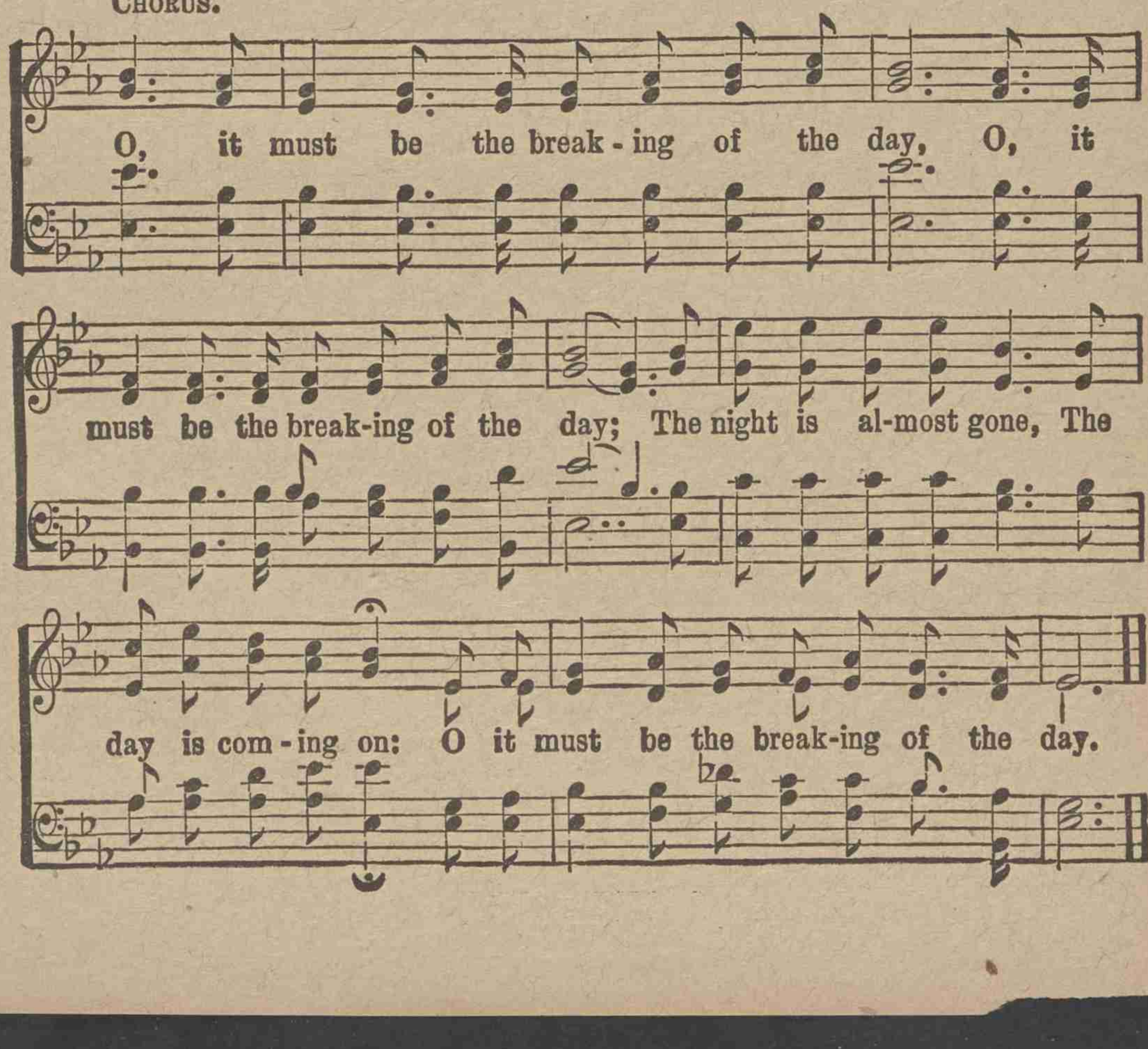
G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST.

1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A-
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who
5. Go quickly out in the streets and lanes, And in the broad high-way, And



stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.
loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh
gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.
once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.
call the maimed, the halt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS.



O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The day is com - ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.

God's Promises are Sure.

"They are sure—they are sure if you will only believe."—Last words of Gen. Wm. Booth.

C. B. W.

C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Broad-er than the o - cean wide, Strong-er than its high - est tide,
2. Firm-er than the mount-ain high, High - er than the dis - tant sky,
3. When this world is wrapped in flame, And the Judge his own shall name,
4. While e - ter - nal years roll on, Thro' the "a - ges yet to come,"

Deep - er than its measuring rod, Are the prom - is - es of God.
Tho' this earth should pass a - way, Yet God's prom - is - es will stay.
When the Judg-ment day is past, Yet the prom - is - es still last.
Still God's prom - is - es are true, And we'll find them ev - er new.

CHORUS.

They are sure..... if you on - ly be - lieve, They are
They are sure if you on - ly be - lieve, on - ly be-lieve,
sure..... if you on-ly be - lieve, They are sure.....
They are sure if you on - ly be - lieve, on - ly be-lieve,
if you on - ly be-lieve, God's prom-is - es are sure.
on-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve.

Copyright, 1913, by R. H. Meredith.

God Is Coming.

Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman.

Words and music by Mrs. Sue M. O. Hoffman.

1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud the glad re-frain;
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!

FINE.

Send the cry from town and cit-y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev-'ry blood-bo't son of Je-sus, ral-ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them bravely, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.

D. S.—*Ev-ery man be up on du-ty, For Je-ho-vah comes this way.*

God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the tidings from a-bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright,
God is com-ing! and be-fore Him pow'rs of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal-ter nev-er—when the con-flict here is done

He will del-uge our whole coun-try with His ti-dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the vic-to-ry.
You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the king-dom of His Son.

CHORUS.

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a-long the line to-day!

If We Can See Jesus.

C. B. H.

C. Benj. Hopkins.

1. If we can see Je - sus as on-ward we go, We'll fear not the con - flict though fierce be the foe; No harm can be - fall us, no dan-gers af-fright; If we can see Je - sus then all will be right.
2. If we can see Je - sus when wea - ry in heart, A strength for our weak-ness 'twill quick - ly im - part; When tried and dis-cour-aged and doubtings pur-sue; A glimpse of the Sav - ior our faith will re - new.
3. If we can see Je - sus then oth - ers will know, We'll car - ry his glad - ness wher - ev - er we go; We'll brighten the path-way, dis- pell - ing the gloom, And make life a bow - er of e - den-like bloom.
4. If we can see Je - sus: O Mas - ter, be near, Each hour, yes, each mo - ment to strengthen and cheer; And grant us, we pray thee, when life shall be past, In man-sions e - ter - nal to see thee at last.

Chorus.

We would see Je - sus, We would see Je - sus al - way;
We would see Je-sus our Sav-ior to - day,
Sav - - ior
Touch thou our eyes bless-ed Mas - ter, So we may see thee to - day.

Copyright, 1912, by C. B. Hopkins.

43

Oh, the Cross of Calvary.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. O come, wea-ry sin-ner, while yet there is day, And wash all your sins and your sor-rows a-way; Ev-'ry sin, ev-'ry stain will be lost in the flood, If you plunge 'neath the tide of the soul-cleans-ing blood.
2. The ach-ings and longings that now fill your breast, Will give way to a calm and a heav-en-ly rest; Ev-'ry wound that is left by the sins of the past, Will be healed with a balm that for-ev-er shall last.
3. O come to the Sav-iour, no long-er de-lay, For He is the Life, and the Truth, and the Way; He is strong to de-liv-er, al-might-y is He, And His Word tells the ti-dings, sal-va-tion is free.
4. Then, come, sinner, come, while He pleads with you now, Come hum-bly and down at His feet low-ly bow; You will find more re-lief at the foot of the cross Than in all this wide world, all whose joys are but dross.

CHORUS.

Oh, the cross of Cal-va-ry Will save your soul and set you free;
Make your heart with joy o'er-flow, And cleanse you whit-er than the snow.

No. 44 What a Gathering.

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

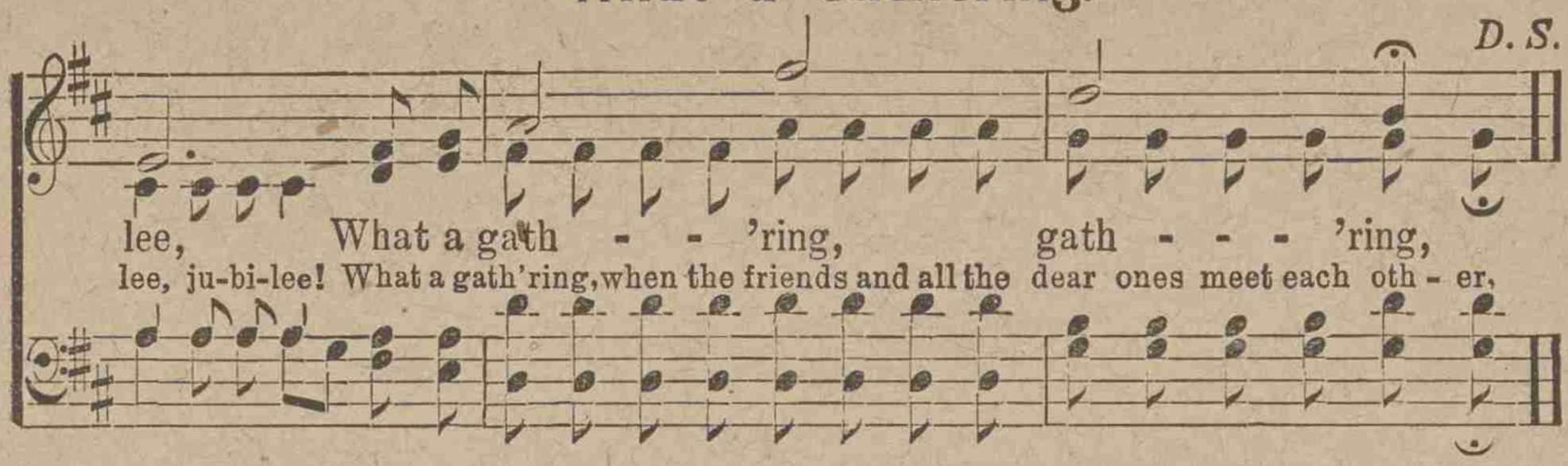
D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -

What a gath - 'ring of the

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

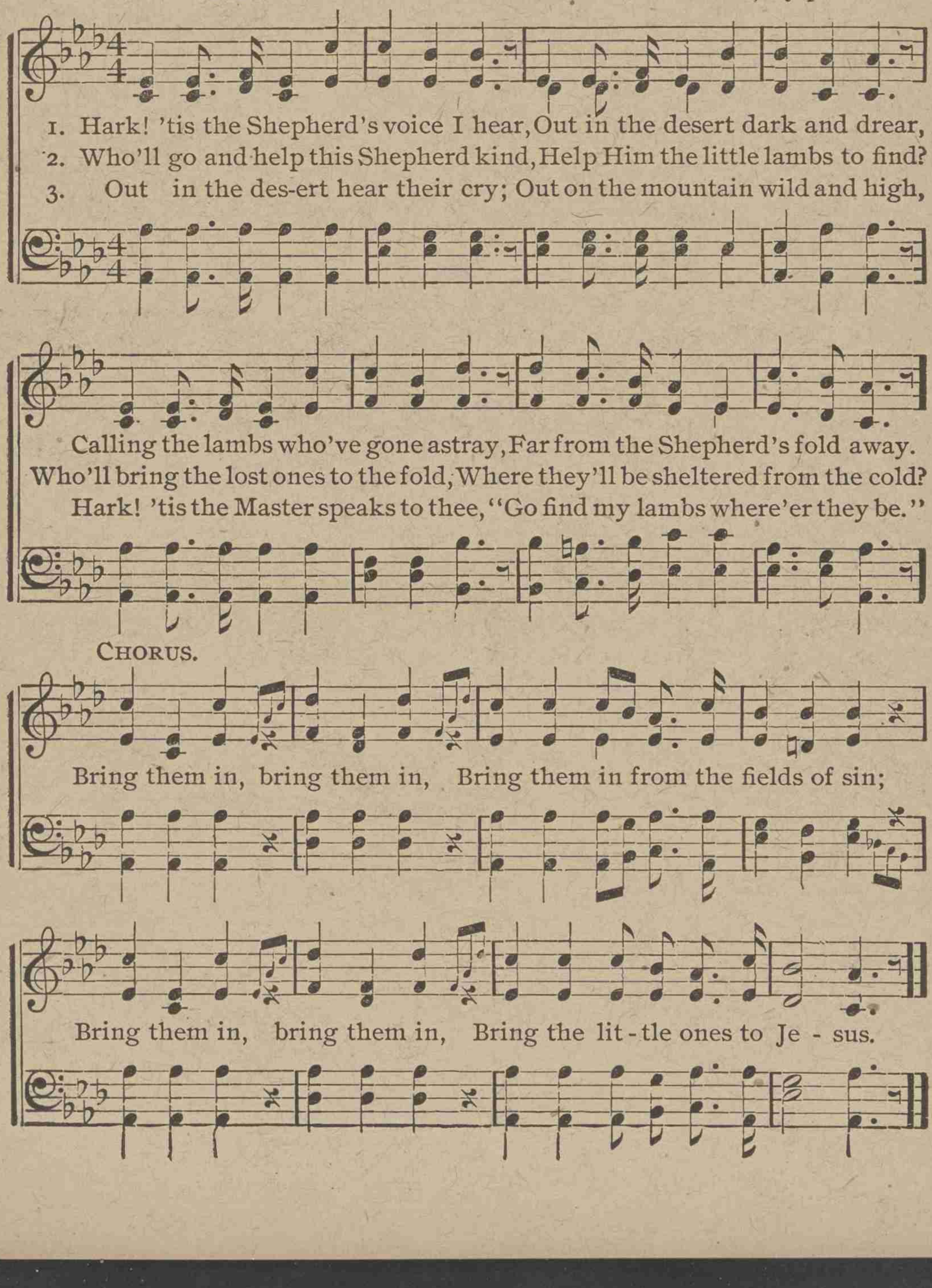
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

What a Gathering.



No. 45. Bring Them In.

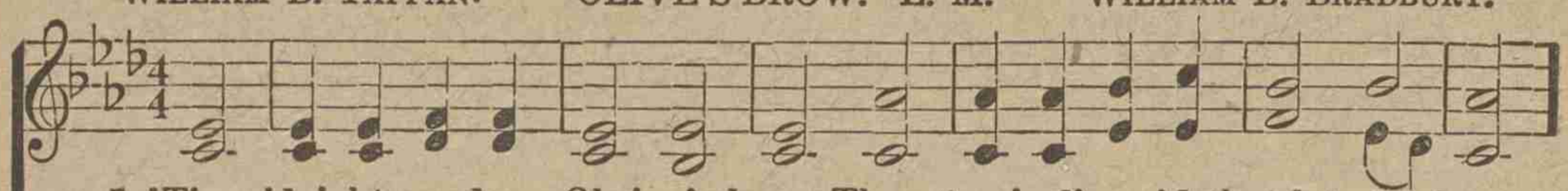
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



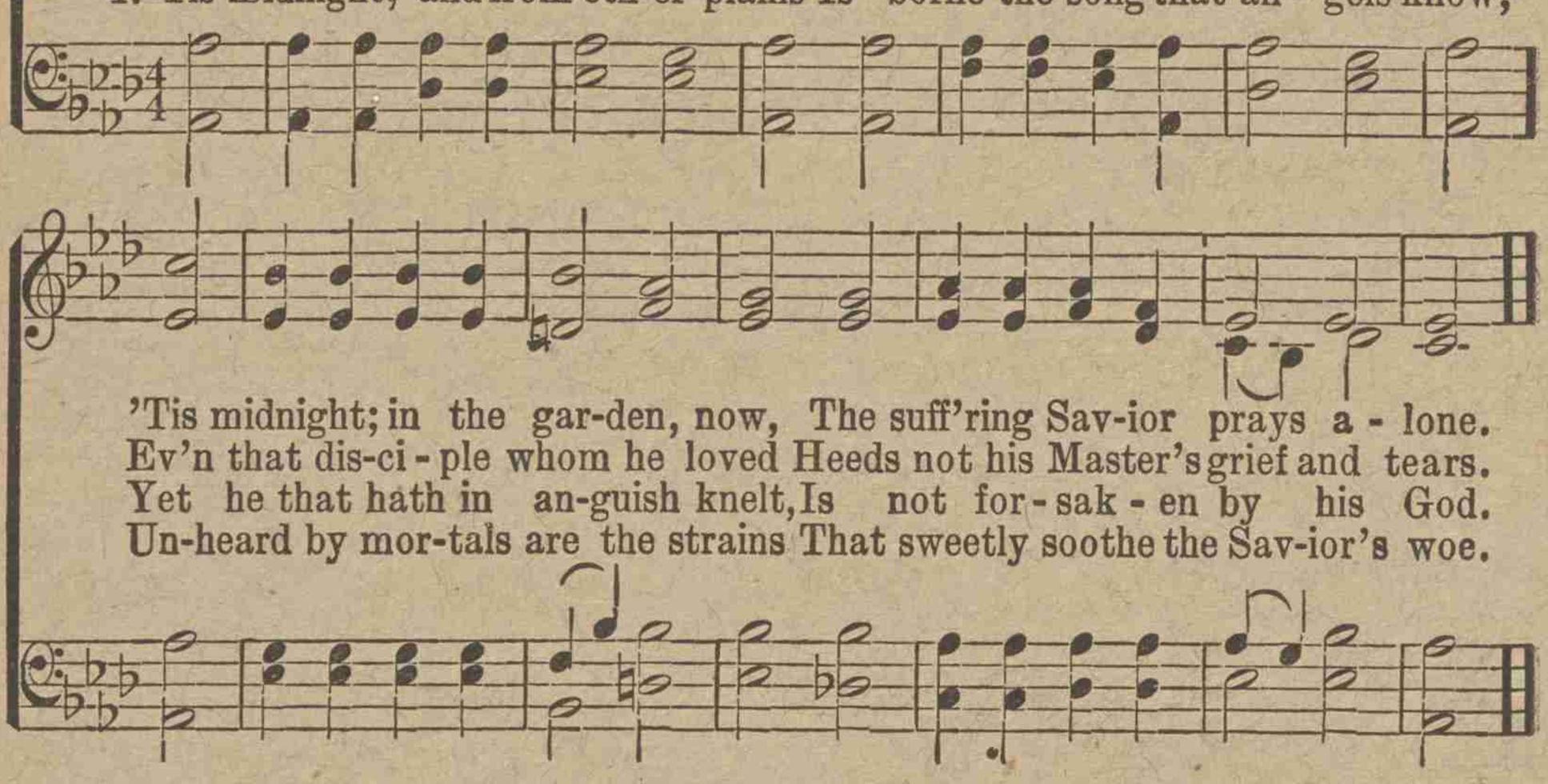
46 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.

And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down upon the ground.—Lk, 22. 44.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



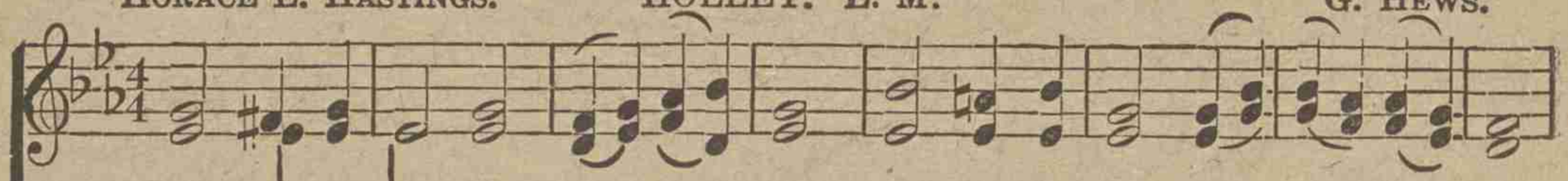
1.'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:
2.'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
3.'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4.'Tis midnight; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

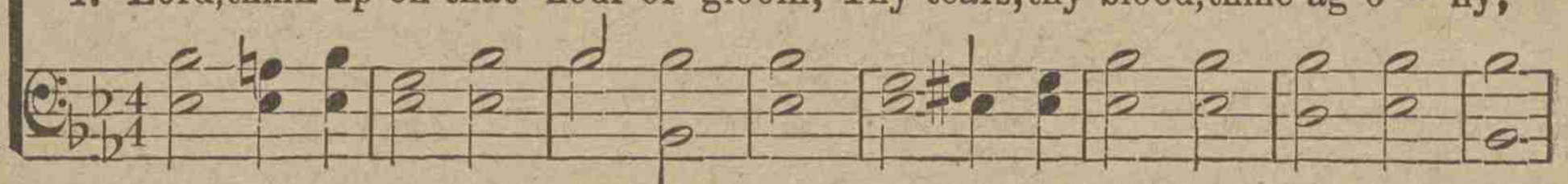
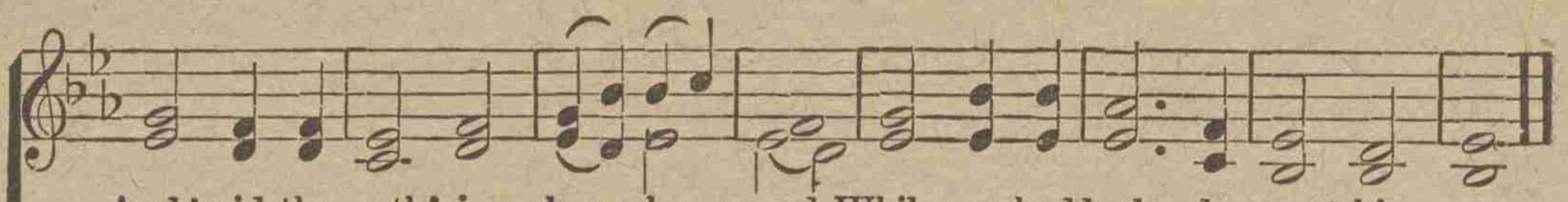


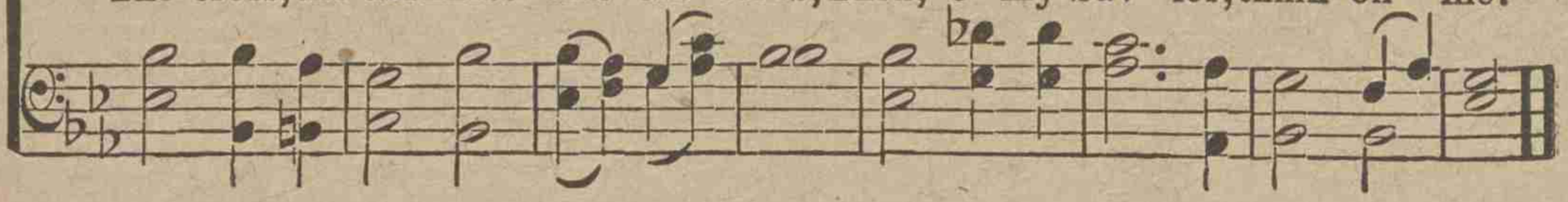
'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
Ev'n that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

47 Within the Garden's Whispering Shade.

My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt —Matt. 26: 39.

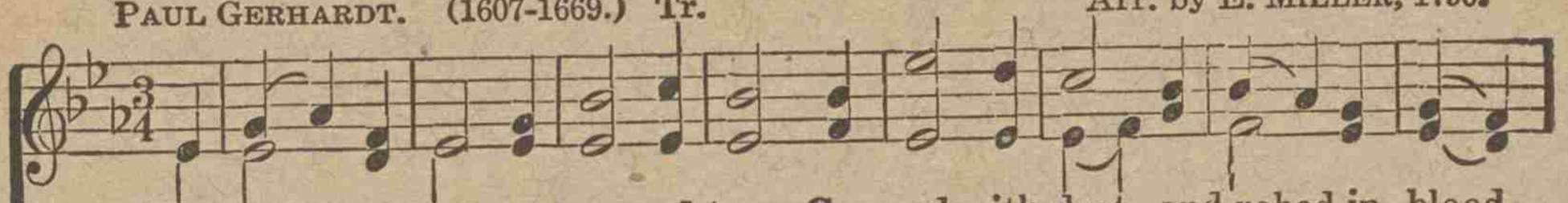
HORACE L. HASTINGS. HOLLEY. L. M. G. HEWS.

1. With-in the gar-den's whisp'ring shade, He knelt in an-guish and a-lone;
2. "My Fa-ther, if thou wilt, re-move This cup of woe and wrath di-vine;
3. A-lone he knelt, a-lone he wept; Our cup he drank and for us prayed;
4. Lord, think up-on that hour of gloom, Thy tears, thy blood, thine ag-o-ny;

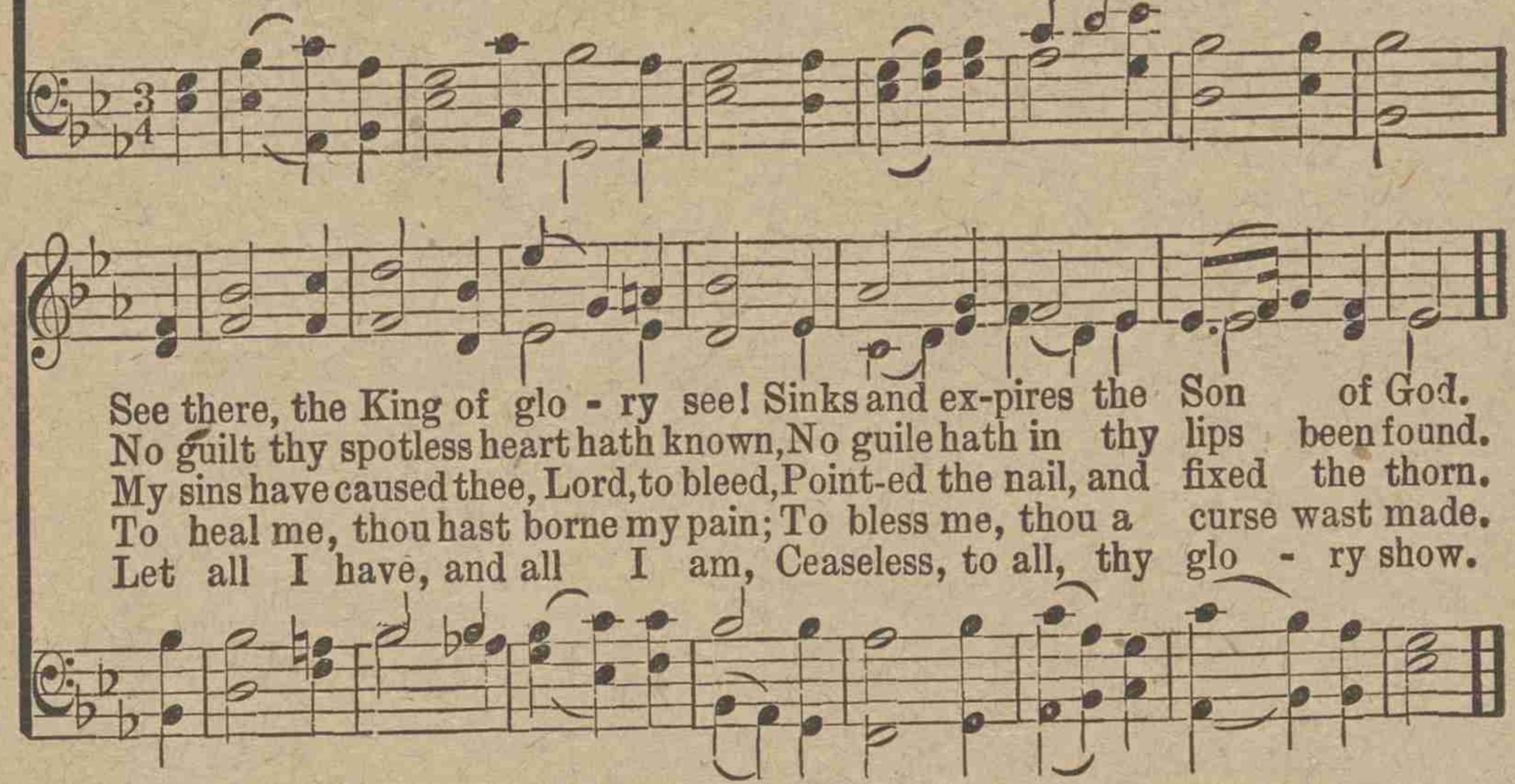


And 'mid the gath'ring gloom he prayed, While crushed by burdens not his own.
But if I must its an-guish prove, Then not my will be done, but thine."
My soul a-wake! for thou hast slept While Christ thy Master was be-trayed.
The cross, the darkness and the tomb, Then, O my Sav-ior, think on me!

48 Christ Crucified.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. 53: 5.

PAUL GERHARDT. (1607-1669.) Tr. Arr. by E. MILLER, 1790.

1. Ex - tend - ed on a cur-sed tree, Covered with dust, and robed in blood,
2. Who, who, my Sav-ior, this hath done, Who could thy sa-cred bod - y wound?
3. I, I a-lone have done the deed; 'Tis I thy sa-cred flesh have torn;
4. For me the bur-den to sus-tain Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
5. My Sav - ior, how shall I proclaim, How pay the might-y debt I owe?



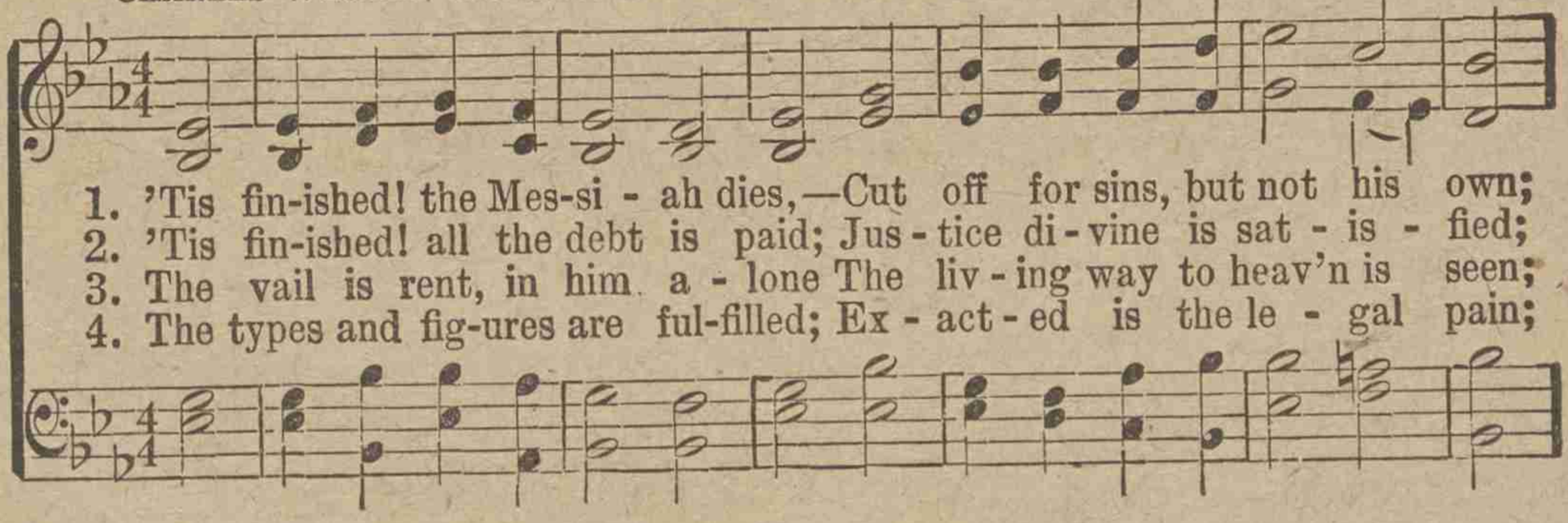
See there, the King of glo - ry see! Sinks and ex-pires the Son of God.
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known, No guile hath in thy lips been found.
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed, Point-ed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain; To bless me, thou a curse wast made.
Let all I have, and all I am, Ceaseless, to all, thy glo - ry show.

49 'Tis Finished.

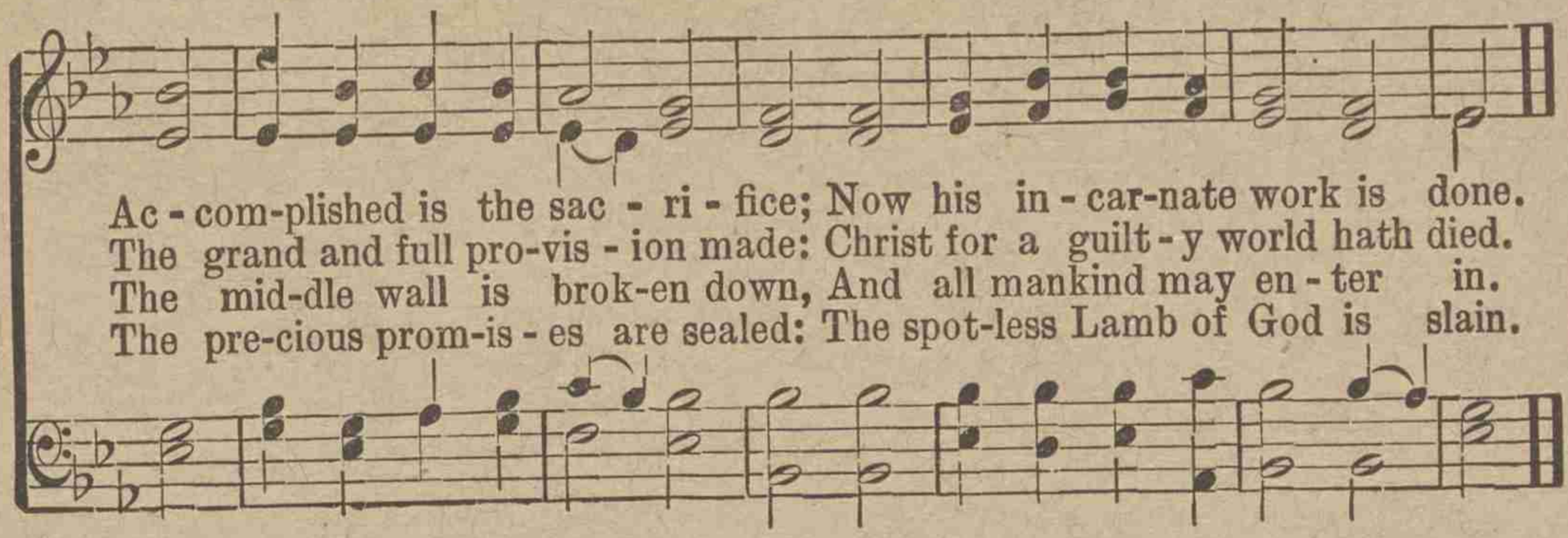
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

"It is finished."—John 19: 30. "Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isa. 53: 6.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708-1788. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. 'Tis fin-ished! the Mes-si - ah dies,—Cut off for sins, but not his own;
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all the debt is paid; Jus - tice di - vine is sat - is - fied;
3. The vail is rent, in him a - lone The liv - ing way to heav'n is seen;
4. The types and fig-ures are ful-filled; Ex - act - ed is the le - gal pain;

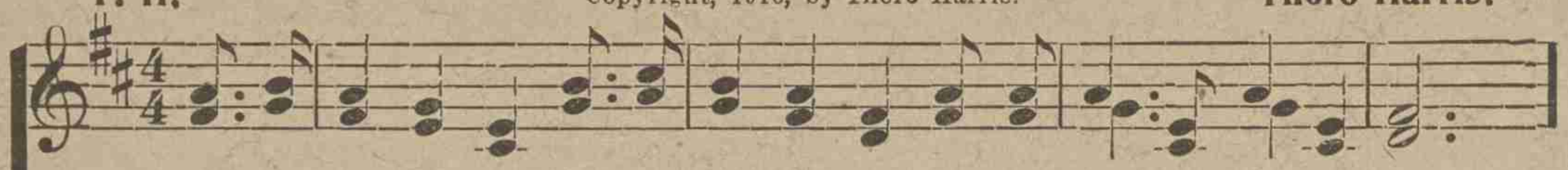
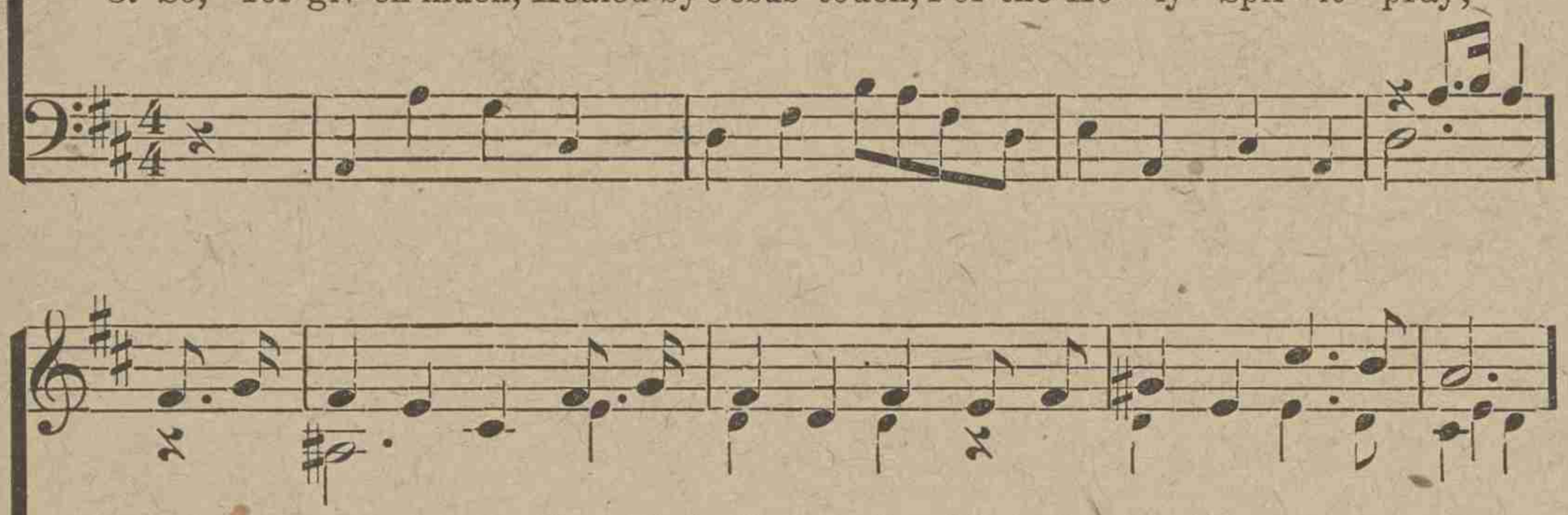


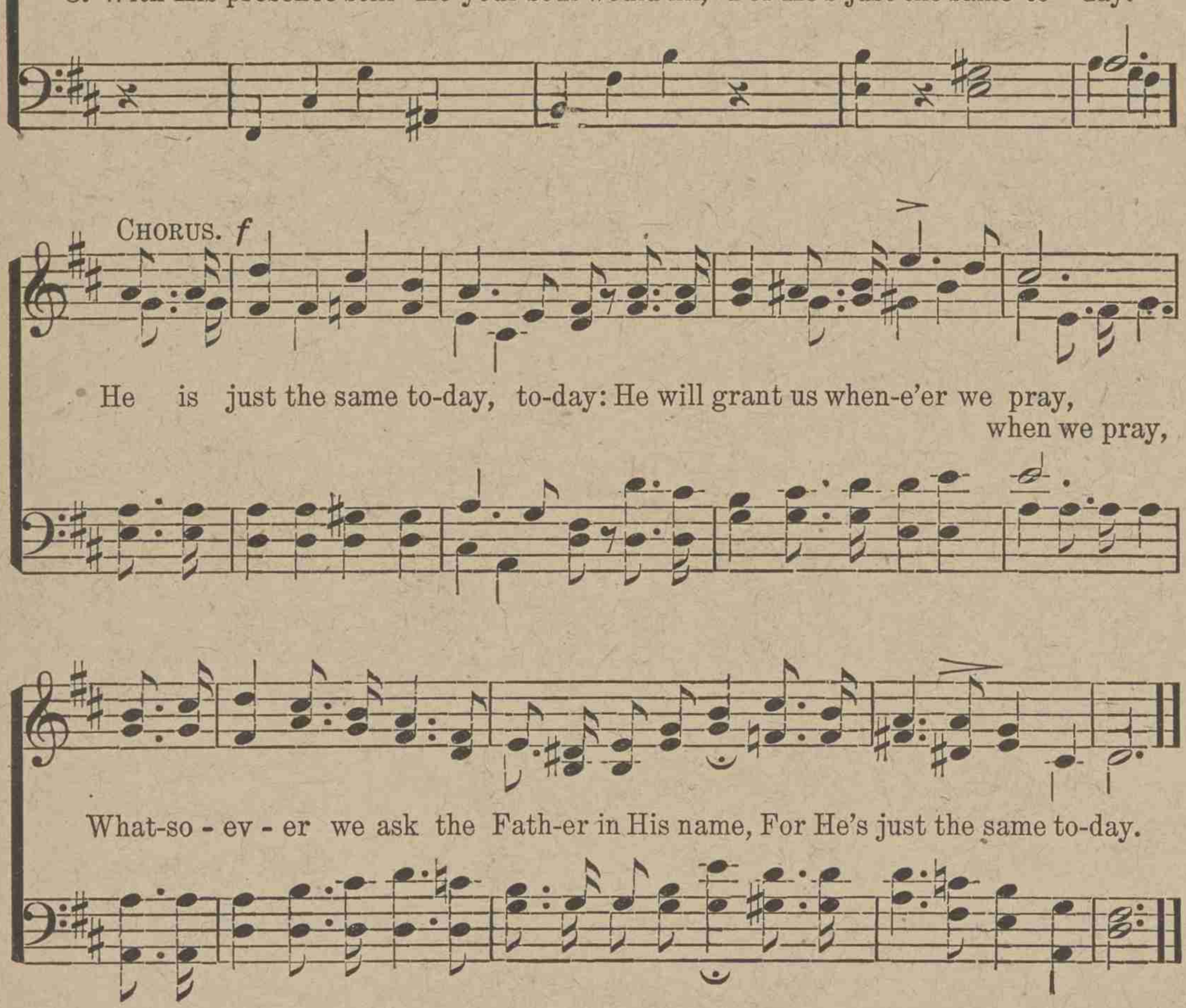
Ac - com-plished is the sac - ri - fice; Now his in - car-nate work is done.
The grand and full pro-vis - ion made: Christ for a guilt - y world hath died.
The mid-dle wall is brok-en down, And all mankind may en - ter in.
The pre-cious prom-is - es are sealed: The spot-less Lamb of God is slain.

The Changeless Christ.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Once the Sav-ior trod On our earth-ly sod, "Do-ing good" from day to day;
2. Wea-ry sin-ners all, At His feet would fall—None He ev - er turn'd a - way;
3. As He dai-ly taught, All the sick were bro't, And be-fore Him, suff'ring, lay;
4. Met with one ac - cord To o - bey their Lord, His dis - ci - ples wait and pray;
5. So, for-giv-en much, Healed by Jesus' touch, For the Ho - ly Spir - it pray;

1. And the sons of men, How He lov'd them then! But is He the same to - day?
2. By the Lord from heav'n They were "much forgiv'n;" But is He the same to - day?
3. But they all were heal'd, By His pow'r reveal'd: Is His grace the same to - day?
4. Till from heav'n there came Cloven tungs of flame: Does He still baptize to - day?
5. With His presence still He your soul would fill, For He's just the same to - day.



He is just the same to-day, to-day: He will grant us when-e'er we pray,
when we pray,

What-so - ev - er we ask the Fath-er in His name, For He's just the same to-day.

51 My Dearest Friend.

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

1. There is one Friend ev - er near me, Whose love is con-stant to cheer me;
2. When-e'er I stumble in blind-ness, He seeks the wand'rer in kind-ness;
3. His love my praise far ex - cell-ing, To you this sto - ry I'm tell - ing
4. O come and taste His sal - va-tion, How - ev - er low - ly your sta - tion;
5. My cup of joy would be sweet-er, My spir - it's rap-ture com - plet - er,

1. He grows still near - er and dear - er Each step of my on - ward way.
2. His love my soul is o'er-flow - ing With ful - ness of joy to - day.
3. Of One who glad - ly would save you; Re - mem-ber, He died for you!
4. He'll speak your sins all for - giv - en Thru faith in His heal-ing blood.
5. My heart would thrill with re-joic - ing If you would ac - cept Him, too.

REFRAIN.

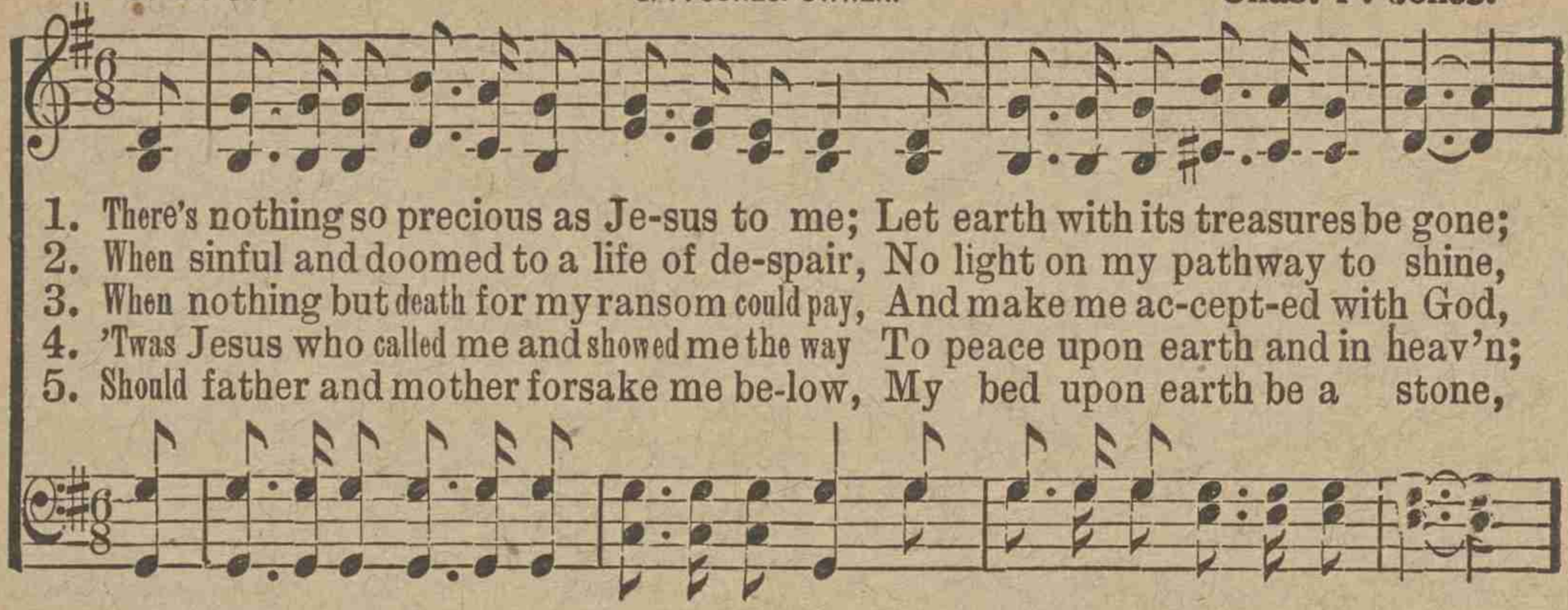
But O! if you on - ly knew Him, My Je - sus, so pre-cious,
meek and gracious, You
Bless - ed Je - sus,

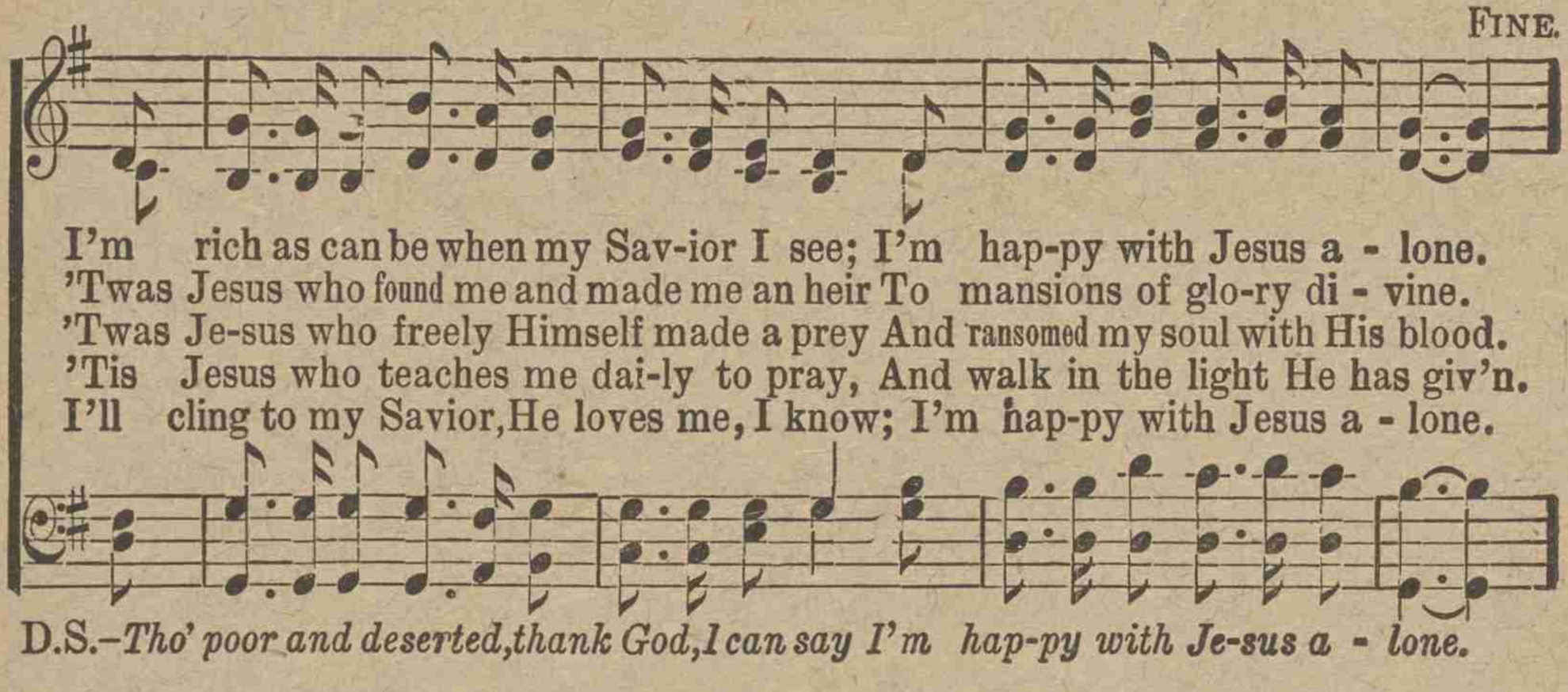
rit.

You'd sure - ly press clos - er to Him, My Sav - ior, my dear - est Friend.
would

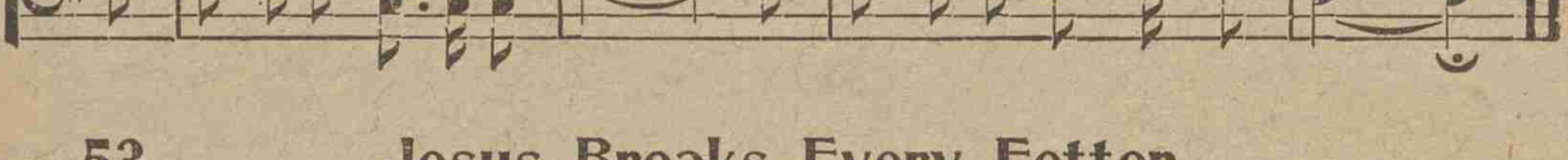
52 I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES. OWNER. Chas. P. Jones.

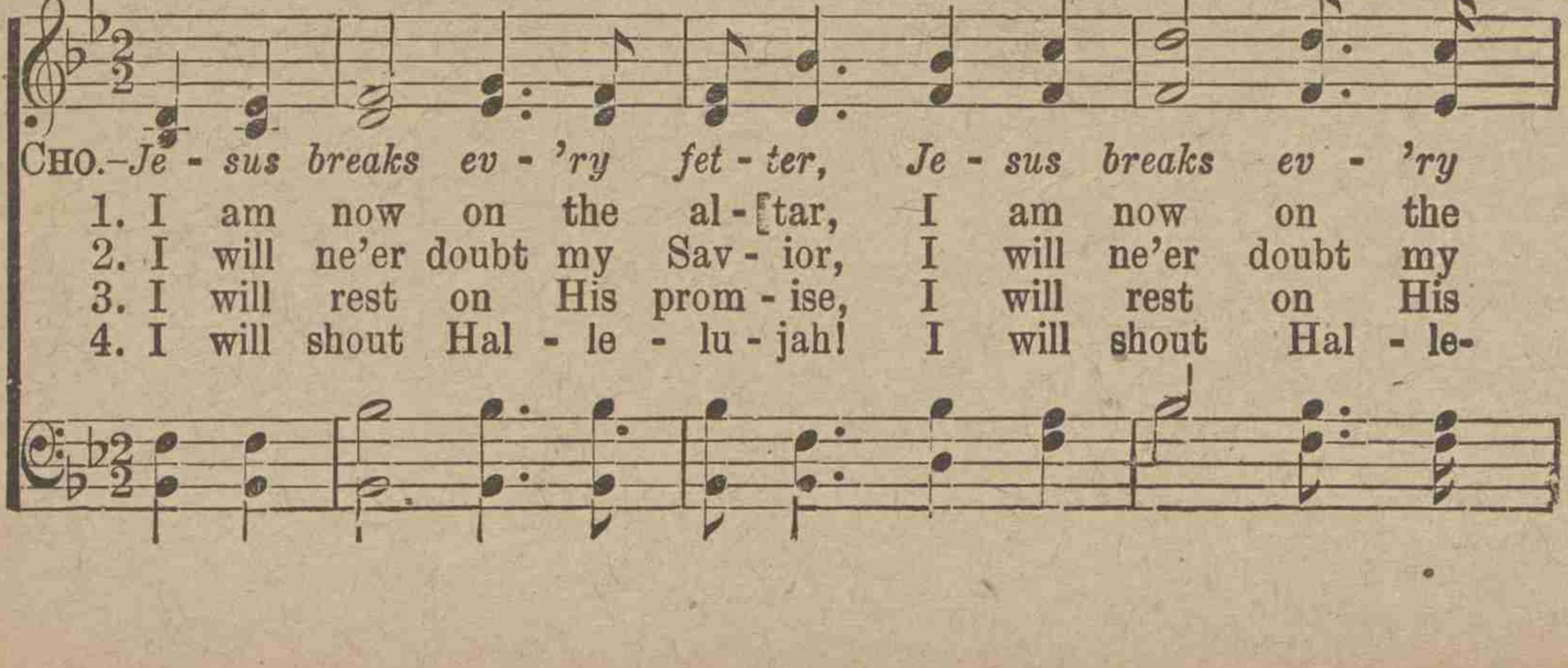


1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sinful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed upon earth be a stone,

FINE.

I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.
'Twas Je-sus who freely Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
'Tis Jesus who teaches me dai-ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Savior, He loves me, I know; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.



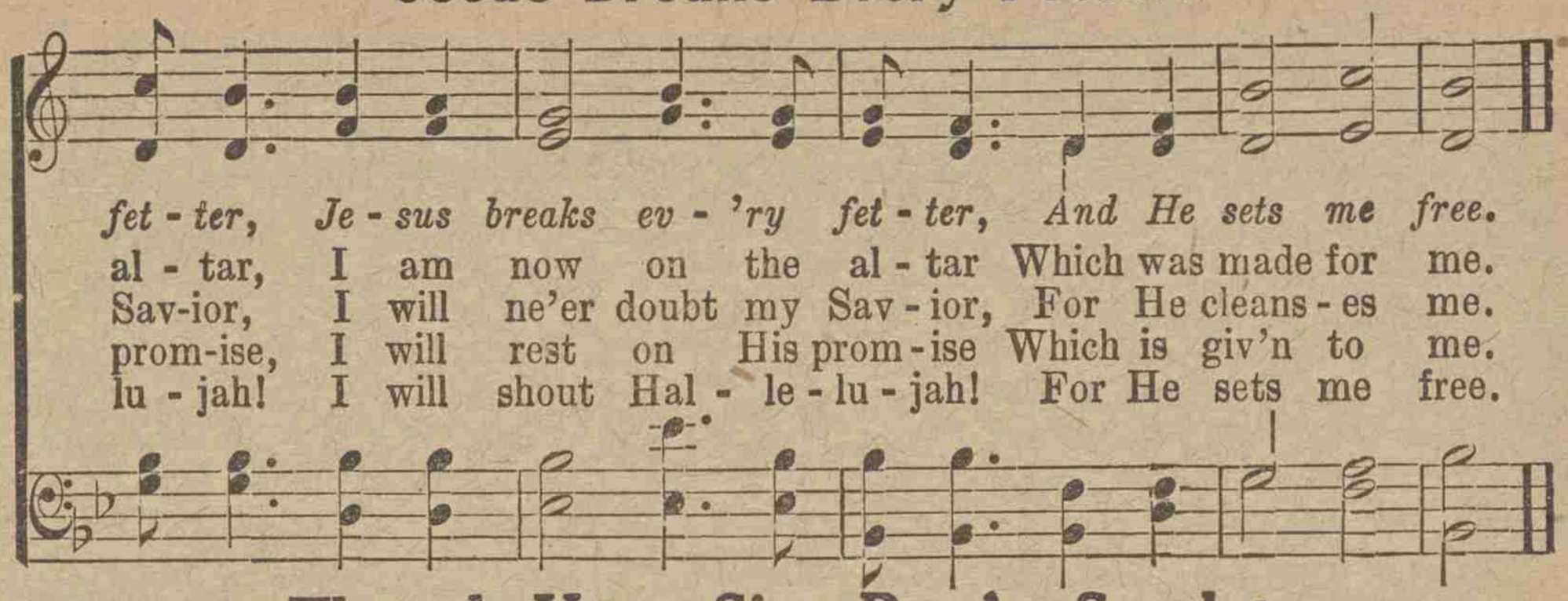
D.S.—*Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.*

CHORUS.

I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone, I'm hap-py with Je - sus a - lone;
a-lone, a-lone;

53 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

CHO.—*Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry*
1. I am now on the al - tar, I am now on the
2. I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, I will ne'er doubt my
3. I will rest on His prom - ise, I will rest on His
4. I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le-

Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.



54 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

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

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

An-gels with rap-ture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it;
Call-ing from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

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

FINE.

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

By permissoin.

Mine at Last.

J. R. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. James Rowe.

1. Bright is the path that I tread to-day, Blue is the sky a-bove;
2. Sin and its pleasures their charm have lost, I have been cleaned with-in;
3. Noth-ing shall cause me to part from Him, Till I have ceased to roam;

For I am walk-ing the heav'n-ly way, Prais-ing my Sav-ior's love.
Nev-er a-gain shall my soul be tost Out on the waves of sin.
Whether thru sun-shine or shad-ows dim, Je-sus will lead me home.

Sweet is the song that my spir-it sings, Leav-ing my drear-y past;
Je-sus has an-swered my heart's deep plea, From me my bur-den cast;
Close-ly I'll cling to Him all the way, Fear-ing no storm-y blast,

FINE. CHORUS.

"I am a child of the King of kings; Je-sus is mine at last."
I am as glad as a soul can be— Je-sus is mine at last. Mine at last!
Singing right up to the land of day, "Je-sus is mine at last."

D. S.

mine at last! Je-sus has hidden my wayward past, Heard my plea, made me free!

57

I Sing of Jesus.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

DUET.

1. I sing of Je - sus, the King im - mor - tal Who came from glo - ry my soul to win,
2. I sing of Je - sus, who chides me nev - er, Tho' far I wan-der on plains of night,
3. I sing of Je - sus: O won-drous sto - ry! He brings sal - va - tion to sin - ners lost;

Who brake the fet - ters of death's dark por - tal, Who o - pened Par - a - dise and en - tered in.
A ten-der Shep - herd who leads me ev - er Back to the nar - row way, the path of light.
Soon all the na - tions will praise, in glo - ry, The Man who ran-somed them at aw - ful cost.

CHORUS.

{I sing of Je - sus: O praise His wor - thy name, My faith - ful
{With all the ran - somed I would His love proclaim, [*Omit.....*

Sav - ior, my Friend for-ev - er; Till all shall crown Him their Lord and King.

Hidden Peace.

Copyrighted, 1899, by L. O. Brown, Indianapolis.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can not tell thee whence it came, This peace within my breast;
2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hidden stream flows on;
3. I can not tell the half of love, Unfeigned, supreme, di-vine,
4. I can not tell thee why He chose To suf - fer and to die;

But this I know, there fills my soul A strange and tranquil rest.
My wear-y soul no longer thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my darkest in-most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf-fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him for aye.

CHORUS.

There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul,
in my soul,

There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul; Though the
in my soul;

bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.

No. 59. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. **H. E. Nichol.**

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right,
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord;
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reigneth a - bove,
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod,

A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
A song that shall con-quer e - vil
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light,
And shat-ter the spear and sword
And show us that God is love,
Might come to the truth of God,

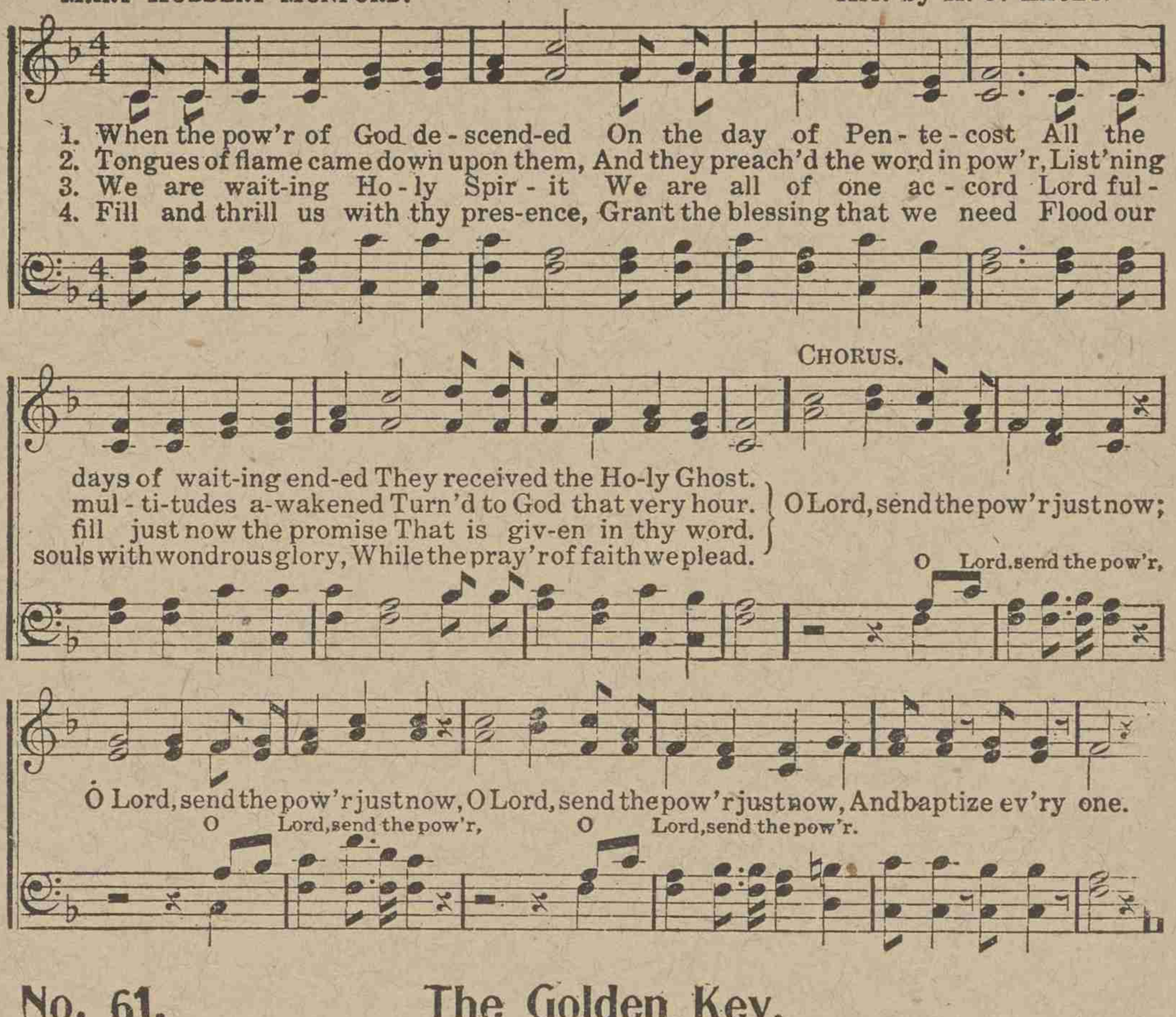
A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 60. O Lord, Send the Power.

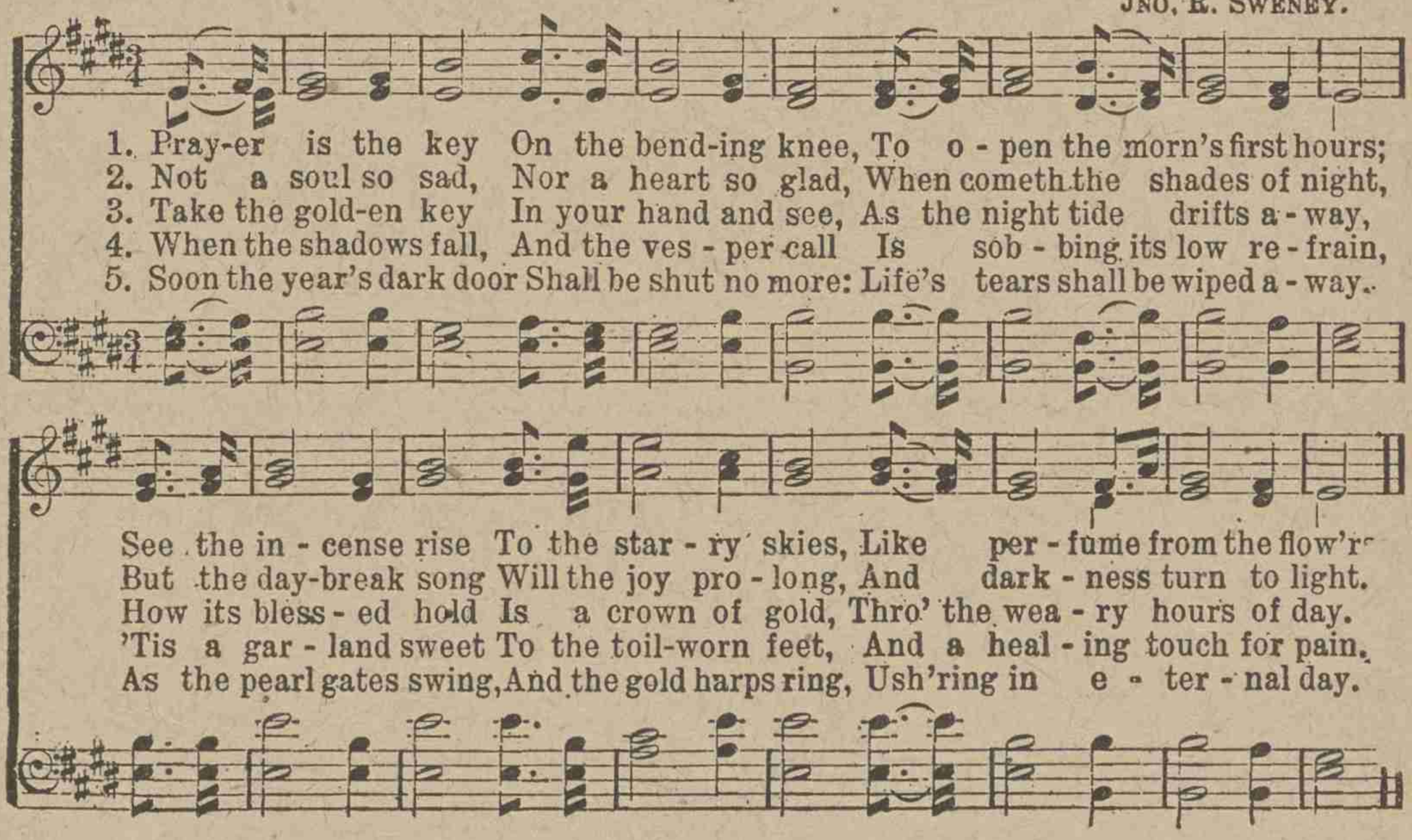
MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD. Arr. by H. J. LACEY.



No. 61. The Golden Key.

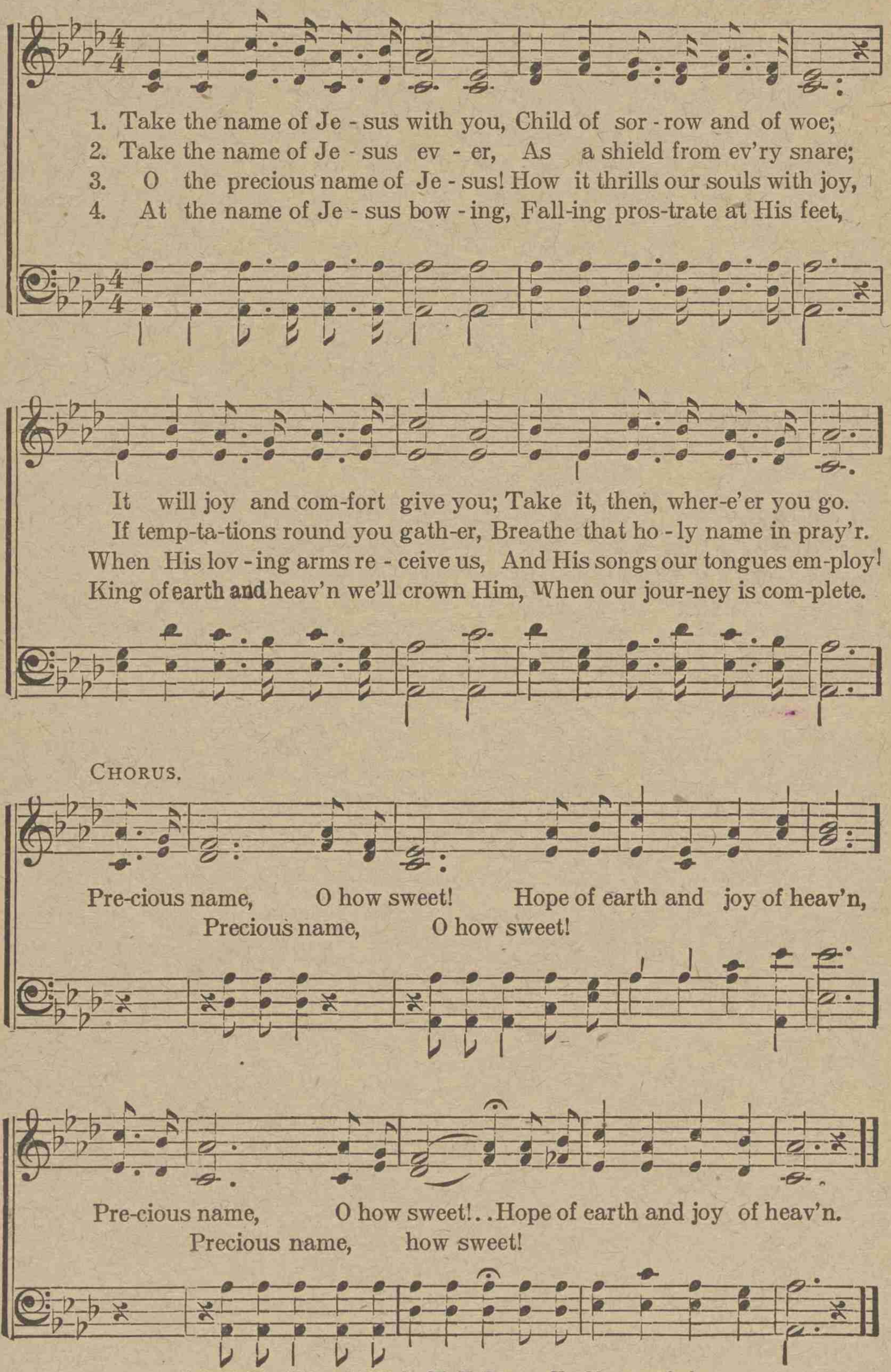
COPYRIGHT, 1875, BY JOHN J. HOOD. MRS. L. E. SWENEY, OWNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



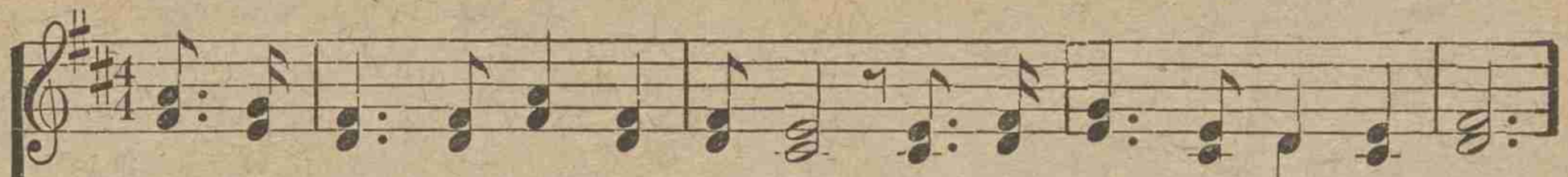
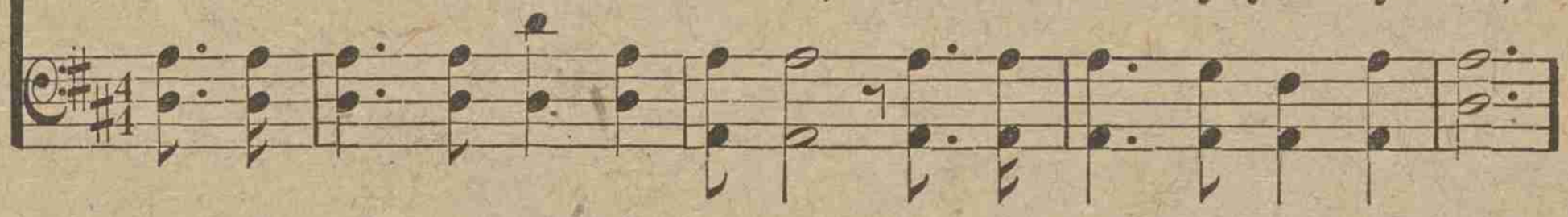
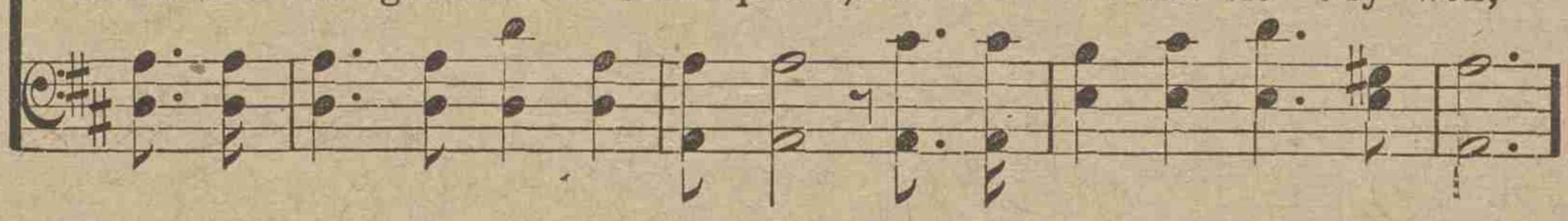
Precious Name.

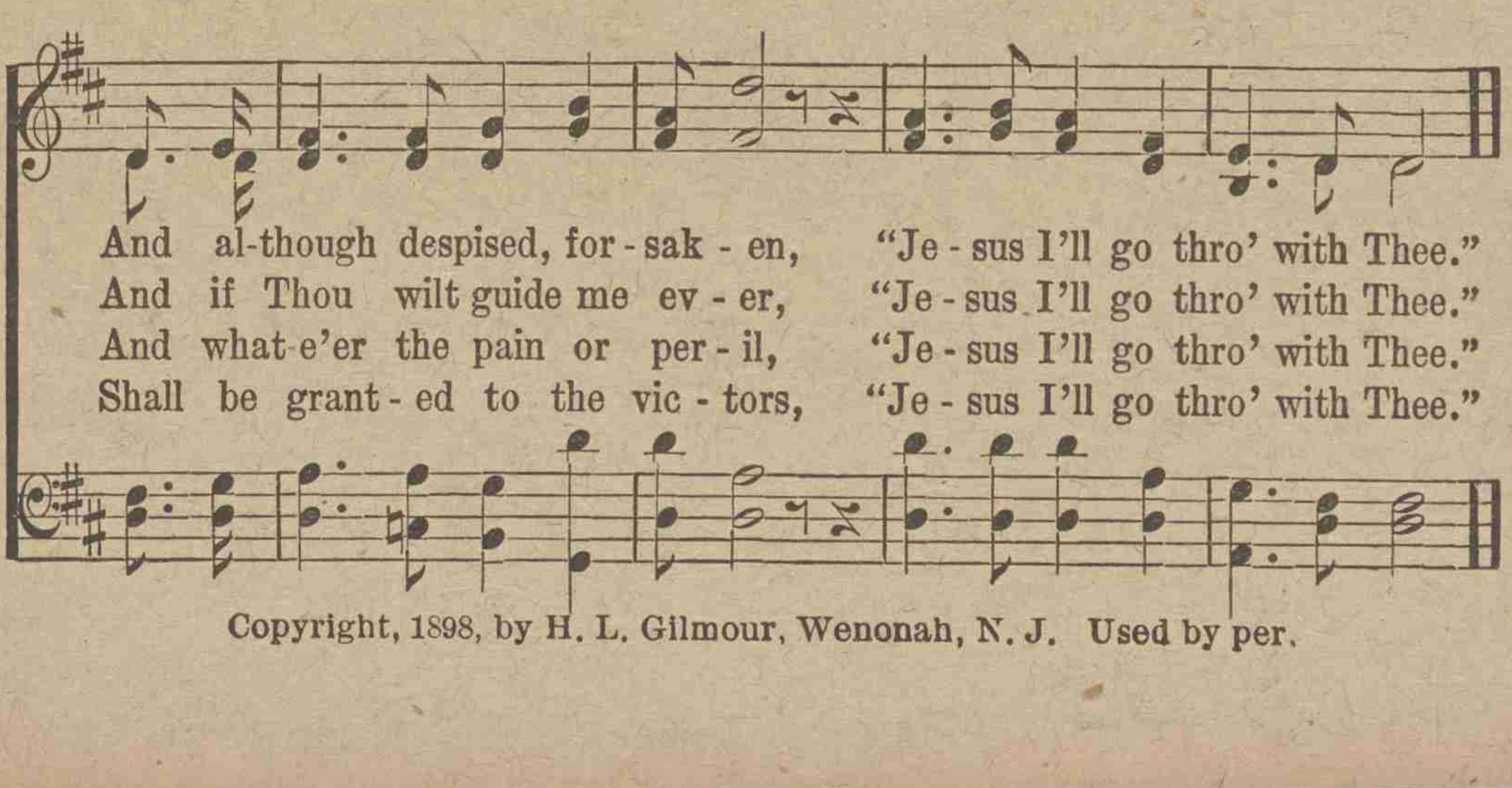
MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



Copyright, 1871 and 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

63 Jesus, I'll Go Through With Thee.

Mrs. E. E. Williams. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I have made my choice for - ev - er, I will walk with Christ my Lord,
2. Tho' the gar - den lies be - fore me, And the scorn - ful judg - ment hall,
3. Tho' the earth may rock and trem - ble, Tho' the sun may hide its face,
4. When the con - flict here is end - ed, And the wea - ry jour-ney done,

Naught from Him my soul can sev - er, While I'm trust - ing in His word;
Tho' the gloom of deep - est mid-night Set - tles round me like a pall;
Tho' my foes be strong and ruth-less, Still I dare to trust Thy grace;
When the last grim foe is con - quer'd, And the fi - nal vic - t'ry won;

I the lone - ly way have tak - en, Rongh and toil - some tho' it be,
Darkness can af - fright me nev - er, From Thy pres - ence shadows flee,
Tho' the cross my path o'er - shad - ow, Thou didst bear it once for me,
When the pearl - y gates swing o - pen, And an en - trance full and free,



And al-though despised, for - sak - en, "Je - sus I'll go thro' with Thee."
And if Thou wilt guide me ev - er, "Je - sus I'll go thro' with Thee."
And what e'er the pain or per - il, "Je - sus I'll go thro' with Thee."
Shall be grant - ed to the vic - tors, "Je - sus I'll go thro' with Thee."

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

64

Down in the Valley.

H. M. Bradly. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. Down in the val - ley a - mong the sweet grass - es, Walks my Be-
   Haste I to fol - low my Sav - ior and lov - er; How the winds
2. Knowst Thou I seek Thee? O haste to dis - cov - er Where is the
   Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon - tide, Shel - tered near
3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er, Lured by Thy
   Hide not Thy face from the heart that a - dores Thee; Hast thou not
4. Gent-ler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels, Bright-er Thy
   Gath-er, O gath - er me close to thy bo - som, Faint with Thy

1. lov - ed; His foot-prints I see;
   whis - per Thy dear voice to me!
2. place of Thy fra-grant re-treat—
   foun-tains unsearch'd by the heat.
3. beau - ty to dwell in Thy love:
   sought me and called me Thy dove?
4. smile than the sun in the sky;
   lov - li - ness there let me die.

REFRAIN.

O Thou blest Son of God,
Who shed for me Thy blood, How couldst Thou

love me so, Je - sus my Lord? How couldst Thou love me so, Je - sus my Lord?

rit.

65 The Ministry of Sorrow.

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

1. Close to my side stands Je - sus; This cheers my path to - day; And thru the
2. Oft - en the cross seems heav-y, So ver - y hard to bear, That no one
3. He in the gar-den tast - ed The bit - ter dregs of wo; I'm sure that
4. Glad - ly I lay my bur - den At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet, To dwell in
5. Tri - als but wing me near - er To Him, my gracious Friend; His bless-ed

1. vale of shadows I'll sing a - long the way, Heal-ing my chasten'd spirit like
2. else but Je-sus The bur-den great could share; Others who love, may wonder; Per-
3. none but Je-sus The heart can ful - ly know. O 'tis a wondrous se-cret He
4. His dear presence Where joy and sorrow meet—Sorrow, the chosen channel Thru
5. face shines clearer Each hour with Him I spend. King of my life, Lord Je-sus! The

1. Gil-ead's soothing balm, He speaks anew the promise Of in-fi-nite peace and calm.
2. haps no friend may see Just why such tiny tri-fles, Like mountains should hinder me.
2. holds alone with me! And I am daily learning The depth of His sympathy.
4. which all blessings flow; And in this secret chamber, His innermost heart I know.
5. thorns on sorrow's brow, By Thee were sweetly hallowed, An emblem of glory now.

REFRAIN.

Close to my side stands Je - sus, His ra - diant face I see;

I feel His hand up - on me, The touch of His sym - pa - thy.

66

The Only Life that Pays.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. On a bed made of rags, in a gar-ret, In a cit-y where e-vil was rife, Sore-ly bro-ken in health and in spir-it, Lay a
2. He had bro-ken his prom-ise to moth-er, Wandered on to the end of sin's road, For the tempter had said that no oth-er Led the
3. Let us hope that an-oth-er was near him, And his faith went far out to the goal;— That he called on the Sav-ior to cheer him And for-

REF.—"Could I live my life o-ver, I'd nev-er, Nev-er wan-der in sin's gild-ed ways; For I've learned, when too late, there is nothing But the

FINE.

man at the noon-tide of life. Not a loved one stood by him to
seek-er to pleasure's a-bode; But too late he had learned that it
give all the sins of his soul; More than all, let his life be a

life of the Christian that pays."

cheer him, Boon companions and friends all had fled; To the good man of
end-ed At the gateways of death and dis-grace, Where, by on-ly one
warn-ing And a guide to our wan-der-ing feet, Lest at last, with de-

rall. *D. C.*

God who stood near him, With a voice sor-row-bro-ken he said (he said),
stranger be-friended, He was waiting his Mak-er to face (to face).
spair and with mourning, We his sor-row-ful sto-ry re-peat (re-peat).

67 The Spirit Beareth Witness.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris,

T. H. Rom. 8: 16, 17. **Thoro Harris.**

1. How wondrous is His grace and con-de-scen-sion Who left the Father's home of love and light, And gave His spot-less life for our re-
2. There's nothing in this world should ever please us But ser- vice for our bless- ed Lord and King, To con - se - crate our lives un - to our
3. O soul, why not be-lieve the gos-pel sto - ry, And find a-mong His child-ren dear a place? The ver - y King of kings, the Lord of

demption, That we to be God's sons might claim the right!
Je - sus, And glad - ly yield the Sav - ior ev - 'ry - thing.
glo - ry, Now of - fers you the rich - es of His grace.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The Spirit beareth witness That we are the children of the Lord, And heirs of God, joint-heirs with Je-sus, That we may all be glo-ri - fied to - geth - er.

68 On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for thee and me;
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol-ly thine for - ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;

There he shed his pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free.
O such won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete!
Bless-ed Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more.
"It is fin-ished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died.

O, the cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow:
Lord, I give my - self to thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be:
Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in;
It was fin - ished there for me; All the world may now go free:

f. FINE.

It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for me thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for this thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS. *D. S*

On Cal - va - ry,..... on Cal - va - ry,.....
On Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry;

Used by permission.

69

I'm Going All the Way.

REV S. L. F. REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

Not too slow.

1. When out in sin's dark mountain, I heard the Shepherd's call, "Come, O thou weary pil-grim, I'll free - ly par - don all." I plunged in - to the foun- tain, it
2. While walk-ing in the highway, a - gain I heard Him call: "Come tar-ry till the pow- er shall down from heav-en fall." I plunged in - to the foun- tain, it
3. I don't have time to wor - ry, nor a - ny time to doubt; But when He sends the glo - ry I will take time to shout. I feel like press-ing on-ward, as I
4. O broth-er, heed the message, He calls for you to - day: "Come, O thou wea- ry pil-grim, I'll wash your sins a - way." Then plunge in - to the fountain, from your

washed my sins a- way, I'm on my way to glo - ry in the good old-fashioned way.
cleansed me white as snow, I'm on my way to glo - ry, shouting vic-t'ry as I go.
labor, watch and pray, I'm on my way to glo - ry, and I'm go-ing all the way.
in-born sin go free, Go run-ning up the mountain un - to fi - nal vic-to - ry.

CHORUS.

I'm on my way to glo - ry, I'm going all the way, Each hour the way grows
My soul is filled with glo - ry, as I sing and shout and pray, I'm on my way to

1 2 *Rit.*

brighter as I journey day by day; glo- ry in the good old-fashioned way.

Words and Music owned by The Flowers Pub. Co., Olivet-Georgetown, Ills.

70 Faith Will Win the Victory.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

cres.

71

The Morning Watch.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Be - gin the day with Je- sus—The King deserves the best; Be - gin the day with
2. How ma-ny faint and fal - ter Or plead their want of pow'r! But ah, how few seem
3. Then seek, alone, thy Mas - ter, Let noth-ing else in - trude; The "s ill small voice" of
4. Be- fore the day's fierce conflict Let vic - to - ry be - gin; And ere thou meet temp-
5. Lift up the head, re-joic - ing—His coming draweth nigh, And soon a blaze of

1. Je sus, Make Him thy morning guest. In heart-to-heart com-mun - ion Thy in - most
2. will-ing To watch with Him one hour—One hour to wor-ship giv - en, One hour of
3. Je - sus Is heard in qui - e - tude. Not on - ly speak, but hark - en, And wait His
4. ta-tion, Rise conqu'ror over sin. Be - fore the march to Ca - naan, Go out at
5. glo-ry Will burst thru yonder sky. Per-haps this ver - y morn - ing Thy Ish - i

1. soul lay bare; The "Counselor" in - vites thee To speak with Him in prayer, The
2. ho - ly bliss; There's naught in earth or heav-en To be compared with this; There's
3. glad re - ply, Nor rush in - to life's bat - tle With-out thy Cap-tain nigh, Nor
4. break of day; A fresh sup-ply of man-na Is there for those who pray, A
5. may de-scend And take thee to His bo - som E - ter - nal years to spend, And

REFRAIN.

1. "Coun-sel-or" in-vites thee To speak with Him in prayer.
2. naught in earth or heav-en To be compared with this.
3. rush in - to life's bat - tle With-out thy Captain nigh. Be-gin the day with Je - sus,
4. fresh sup-ply of man - na Is there for those who pray.
5. take thee to His bos - om E - ter-nal years to spend.

Nor let thy faith grow dim; Be-gin the day with Je - sus, And spend one hour with Him.

rit.

Come Without Delay.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY J. R. BEVERIDGE.

J. R. B. J. R. Beveridge.

1. Hear the call of Je - sus, Now His voice o - bey;
2. Now the Ho - ly Spir - it Bids you cease to stray;
3. Time is swift - ly pass - ing From your life a - way;
4. Christ in mer - cy call - eth, "Sin - ner, come to - day,"

He's wait - ing to re - ceive you; Come with - out de - lay.
But He'll not plead for - ev - er— Come with - out de - lay.
The judg - ment is ap - proach-ing— Come with - out de - lay.
But love will not com - pel you— Come with - out de - lay.

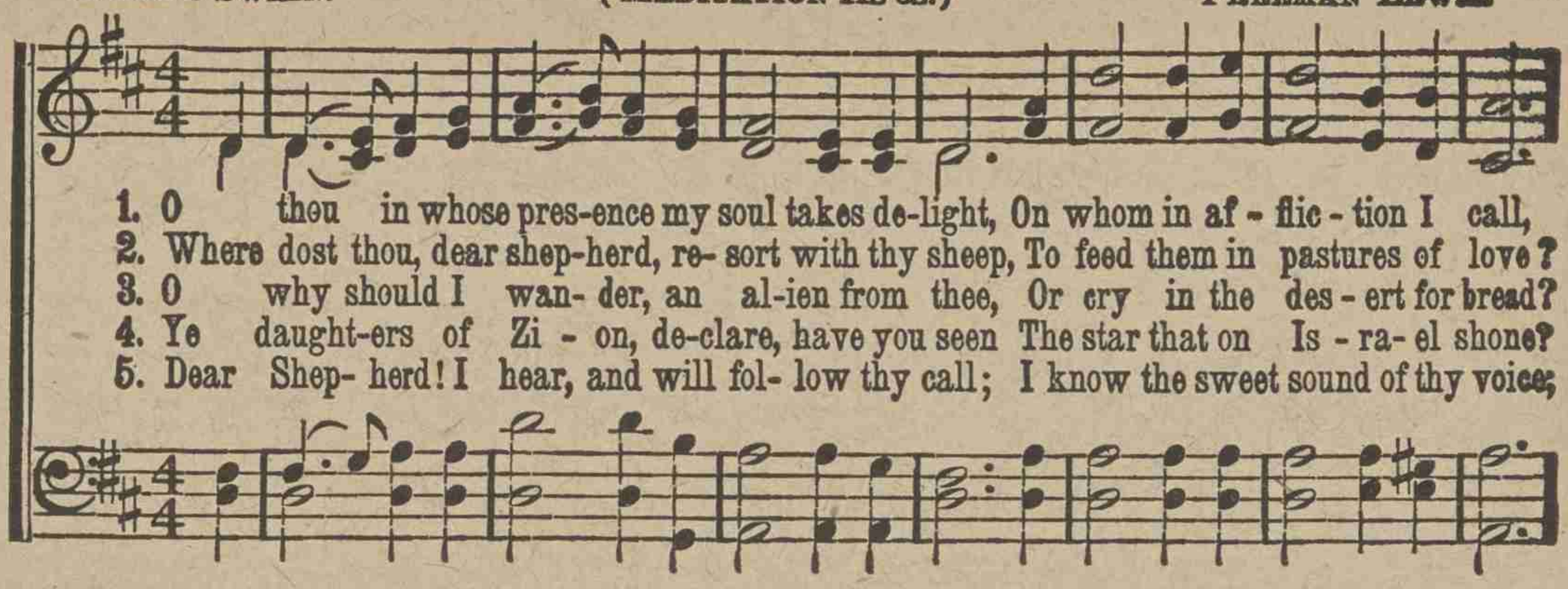
CHORUS.

Come with-out de-lay, Mer-cy's voice o - bey; The Spir - it now invites you,

Je - sus calls to - day. Loved ones now are pleading, Come without de-lay.

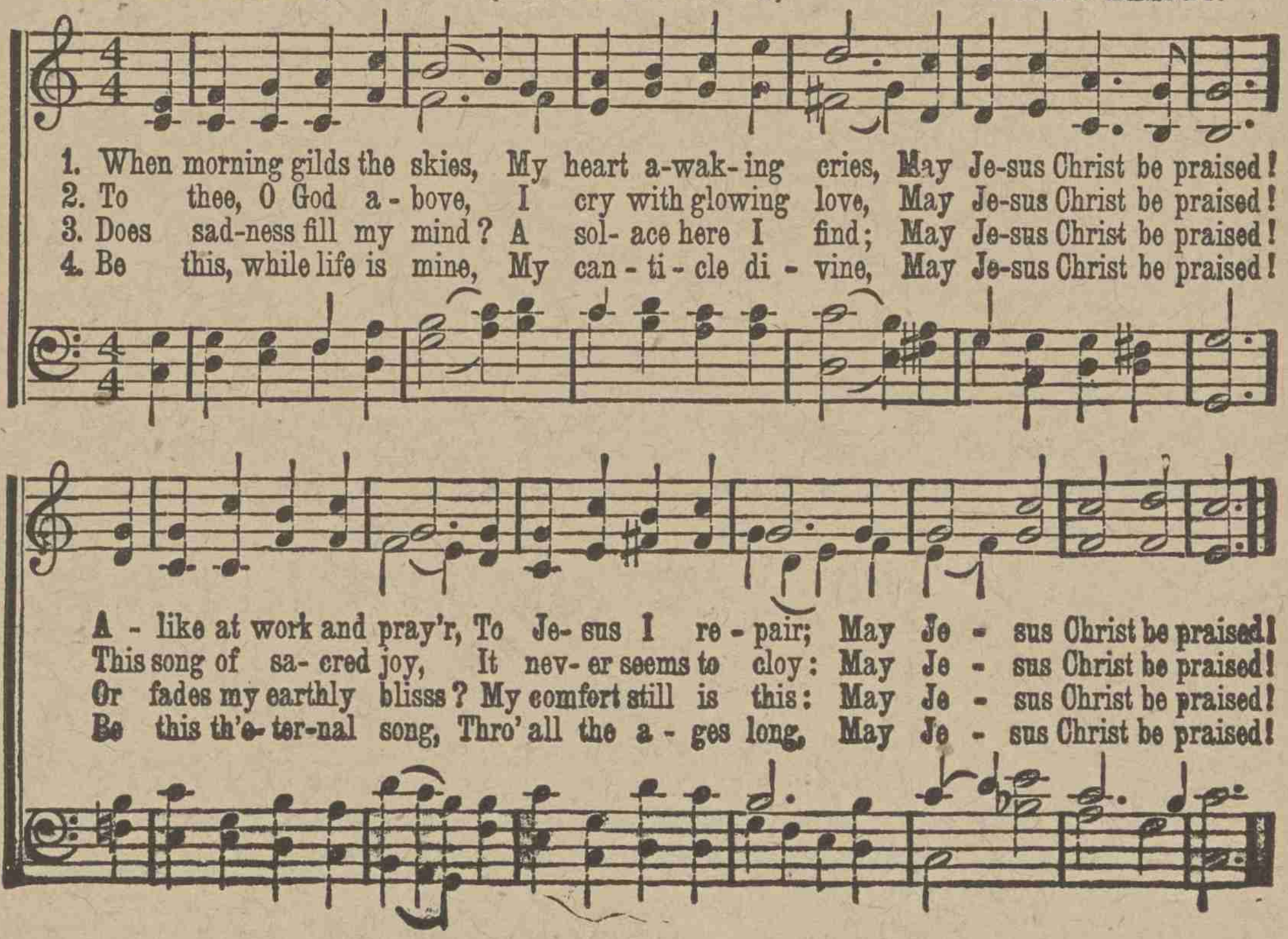
73 O Thou, in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (MEDITATION 11s 8s.) FREEMAN LEWIS.



74 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

EDWARD CASWALL, Tr. (LAUDES DOMINI 6s.) JOSEPH BARNBY.



75

The Royal Telephone.

Copyright, 1909, by F. M. Lehman.

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

1. Cen-tral'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 your ans-wer? Sa-tan'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

1. heav - en Al-most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv-ice, Free for
2. serv - ice, Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing On this
3. lu - sion Or some base de - sire. Take a - way ob-struc-tions—God is
4. Je - sus, Tell you what to do: Pray'r and faith and prom-ise Mend the
5. glo - ry, Anchored in the soul; Storm and tri - al can - not Dis - con-

FINE.

1. one and all— When you get in trou-ble, Give this roy - al line a call.
2. roy - al line— Tel - e-phone to glo - ry Al - ways ans-wers just in time.
3. on the throne—And you'll get the answer Thru the roy - al tel - e-phone.
4. brok - en wire, Till your soul is burn-ing, With the Pen - te - cos - tal fire.
5. nect the line, Held in con-stant keeping By the Father's hand di - vine.

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

CHORUS.

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

Mov-ing on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For His loved and own,

D. S.

Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of 'Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

77

A Voice from Gethsemane.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. Hark! a Suff'rer's voice from dark Geth-sem-a-ne,
2. Soon there came the shout of a tu-mul-tuous band;
3. Je - sus is the on - ly One can sat - is - fy;

"Fa-ther, let this bit-ter cup de-part from me;" O! Sweating drops of
How the din re-sound-ed thru that starlit land! There, Christ, the blessed
He will all your va-ried needs at once sup-ply; Come! He will all the

blood–my soul, how could it be? Cry - ing from the depths of His soul-
Lamb of God, they led a - way, For they were a - thirst the In - no-
bur-dens of the wea - ry bear, He will all the heart-ache and the

ag - o - ny. Sin - ner, list-en to that sad and pierc-ing cry!
cent to slay. Loud and loud-er yet a - rose the hate-ful cry,
sorrow share. You may have a - bid - ing joy and peace with-in,

A Voice from Gethsemane.

How can you the gracious Master still de - ny?
"Slay this Man!away with Him, and cru-ci-fy!"
And the sweet assurance of for - giv - en sin;

Dare you yet the vi - als
Then our Sav-ior bore the
For His blood a - vails to

rit.

of God's wrath de-fy?
cross,for man to die,
cleanse from ev'ry stain,

For the soul that sinneth, it must die. (He calls you!)
Up the rug-ged steeps of Cal - va - ry.
Glo - ry to the Lamb for-ev - er-more!

CHORUS. *p-f*

O sin - ner, Poor sin - ner! Still He is call - ing,
Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,
Come, poor sin - ner, Wea - ry sin - ner;
Accents of love are fall-ing, "I bought you, I sought you;
"Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,
"Once I bought you, Long I sought you,
Give me your heart to - day." heart to - day."
O give me your heart to-day."

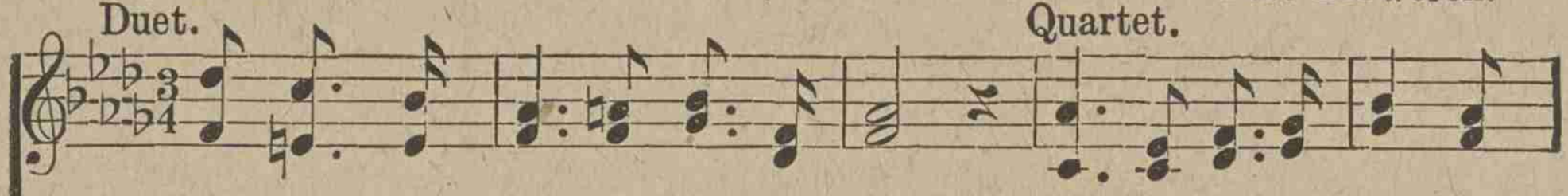
78

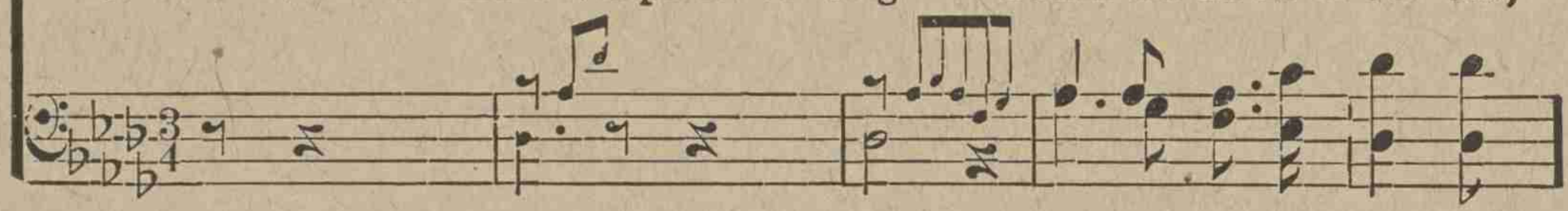
He Paid it All.

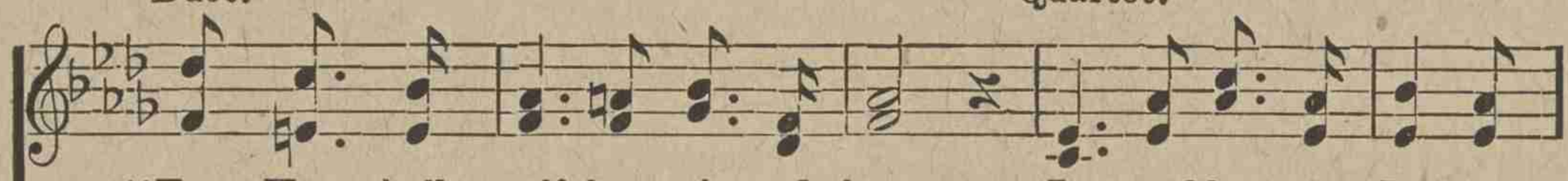
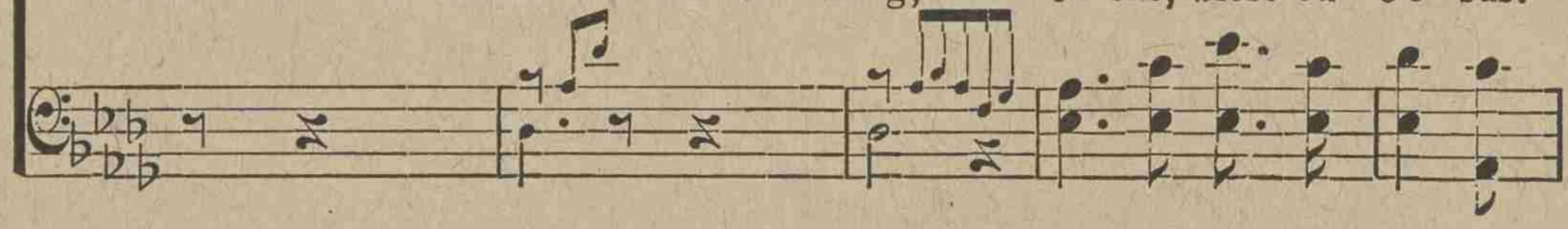
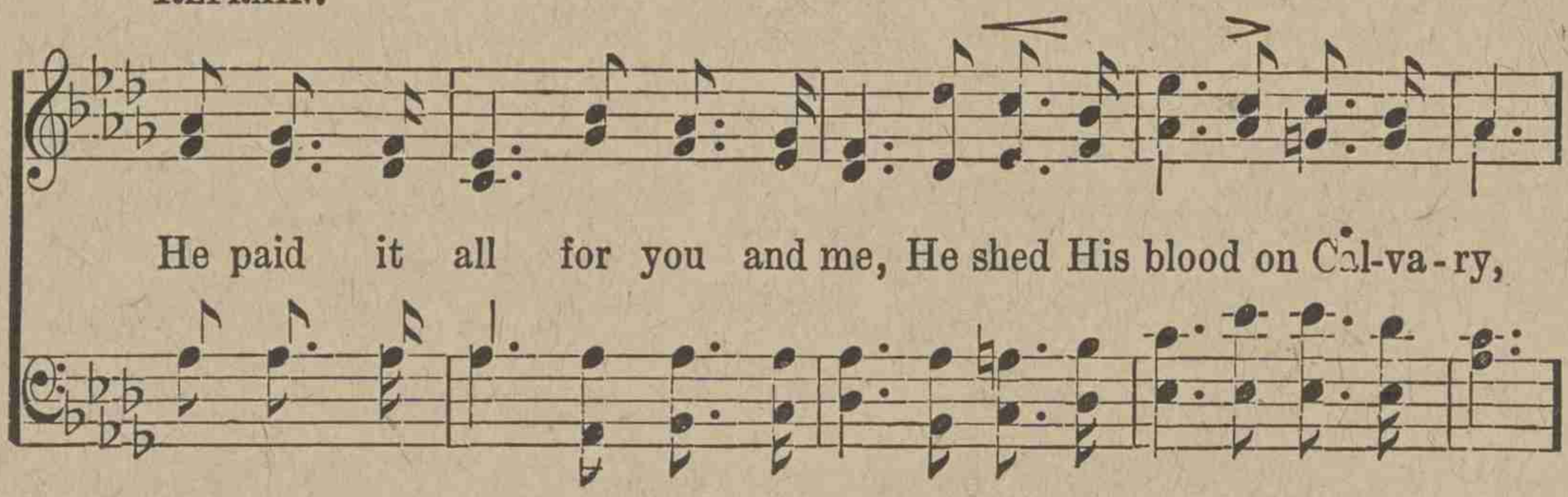
B. B. B.

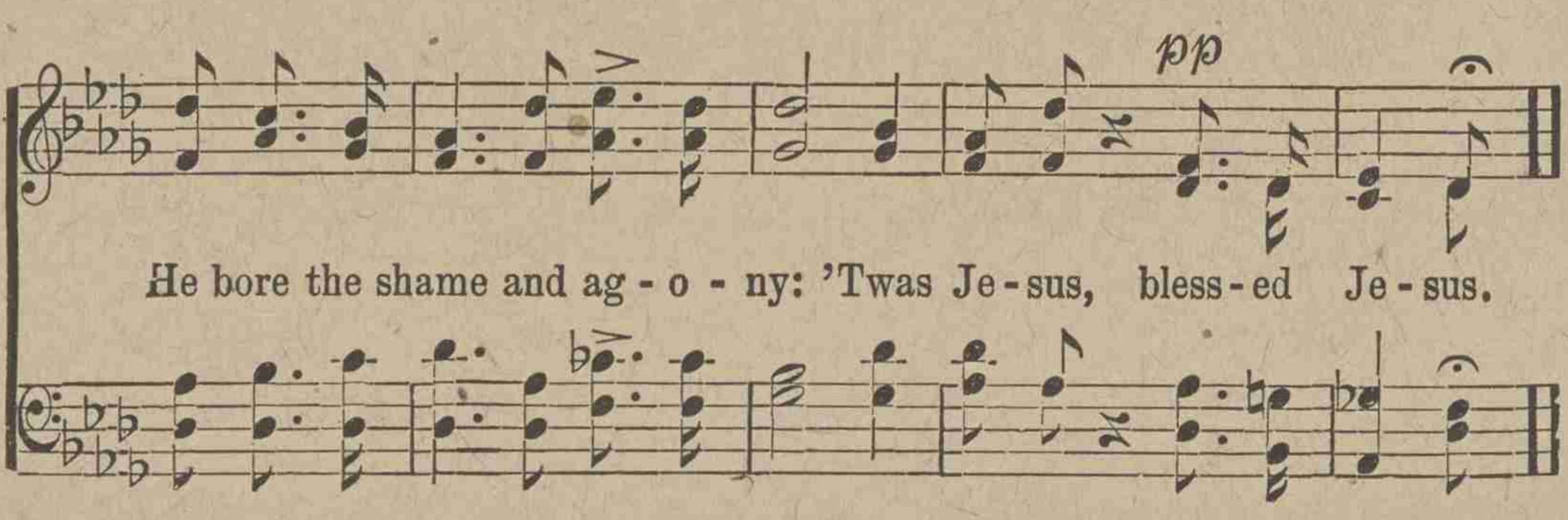
COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Bert Bosworth.

Duet. Quartet.

1. God gave His Son this price-less name: Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. Come, wea - ry soul, nor long - er doubt; Come, O come to Je - sus;
3. Now yield to Him your way-ward heart, Trust-ing all to Je - sus;
4. He'll clothe you with His glo-rious pow'r— Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
5. For - ev - er - more His prais - es sing— Praise the name of Je - sus;



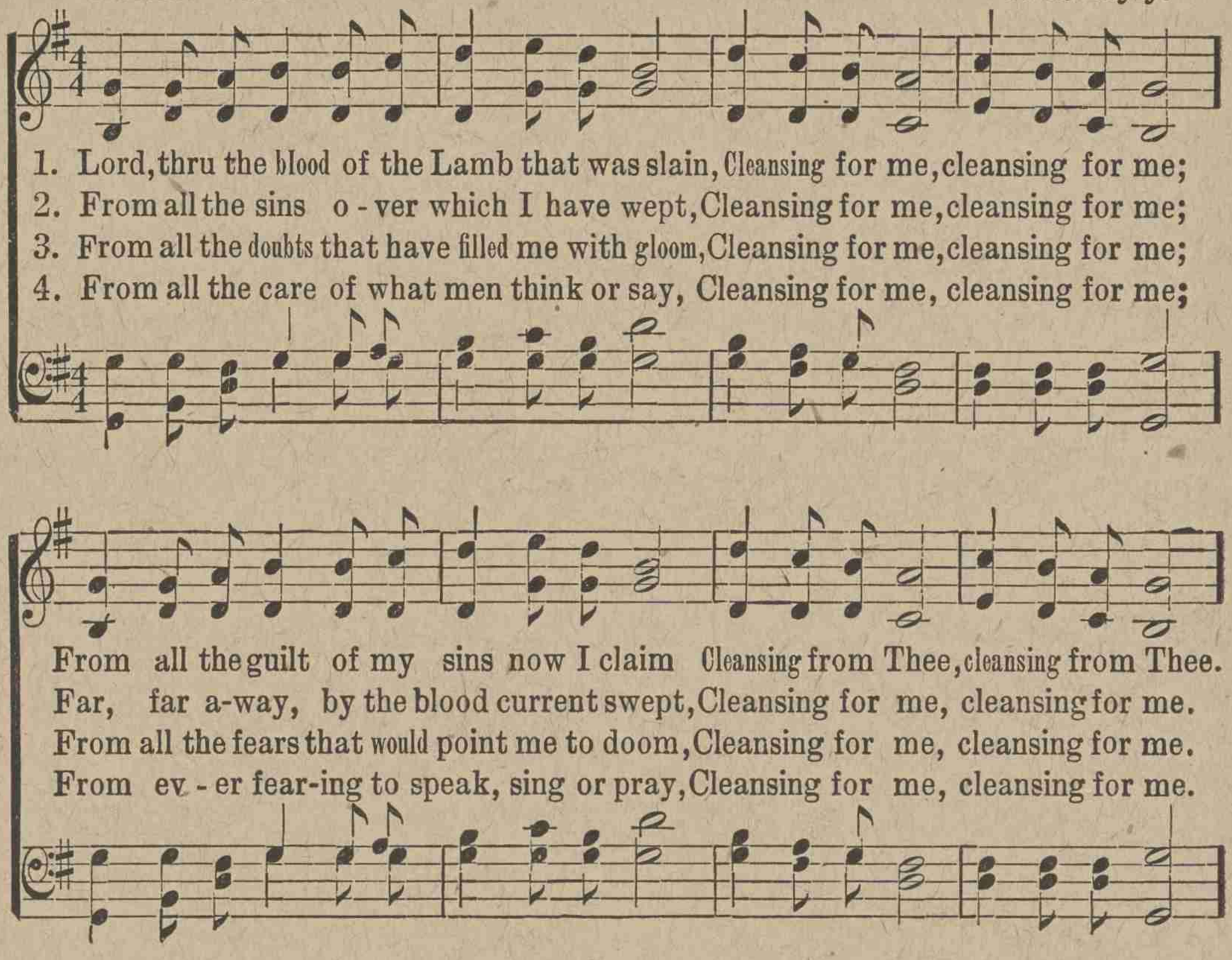
Duet. Quartet.

"For He shall save" from sin and shame: Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will in no wise cast you out— Come, O come to Je - sus.
Nor ev - er - more from Him de - part— O a-bide in Je - sus!
He'll make you tri-umph ev - 'ry hour: Praise the name of Je - sus!
For - ev - er - more ex - tol the King; Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

He paid it all for you and me, He shed His blood on Cal-va - ry,



He bore the shame and ag - o - ny: 'Twas Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

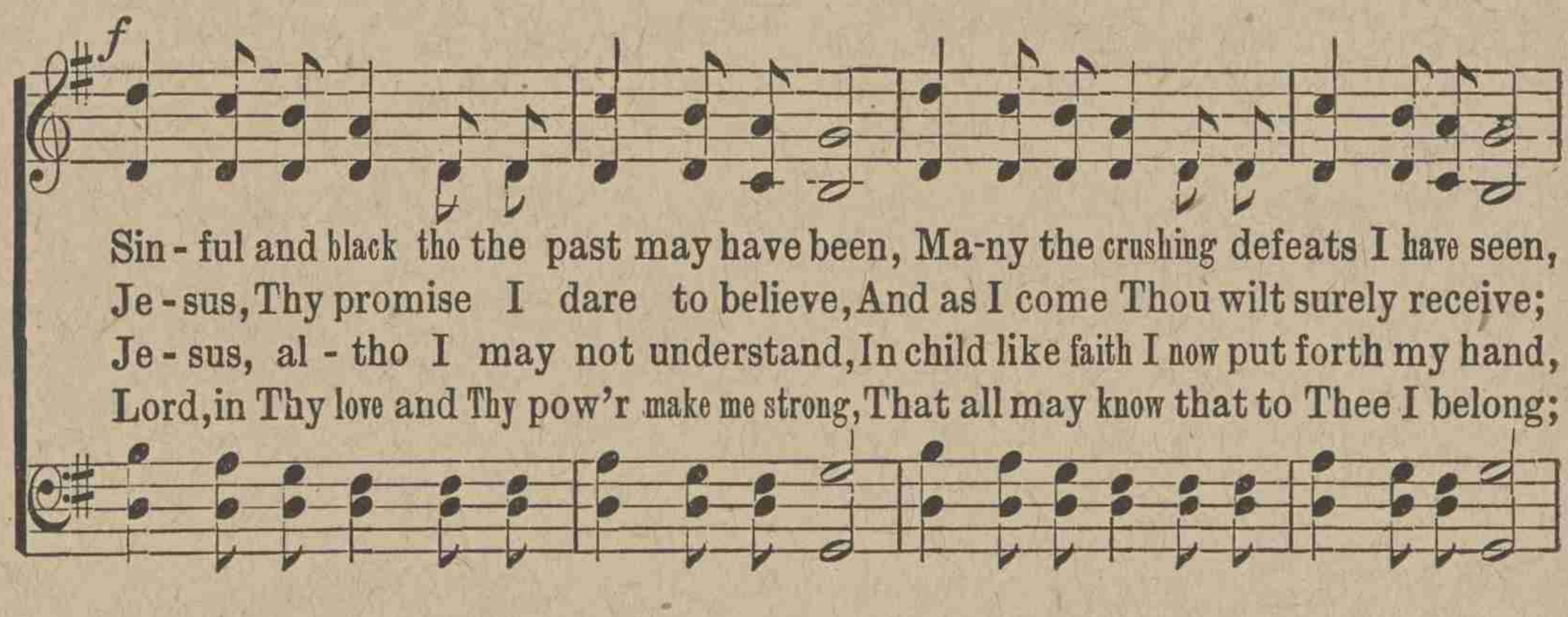
Gleansing for Me.

Herbert Booth. T. H. Bayly.

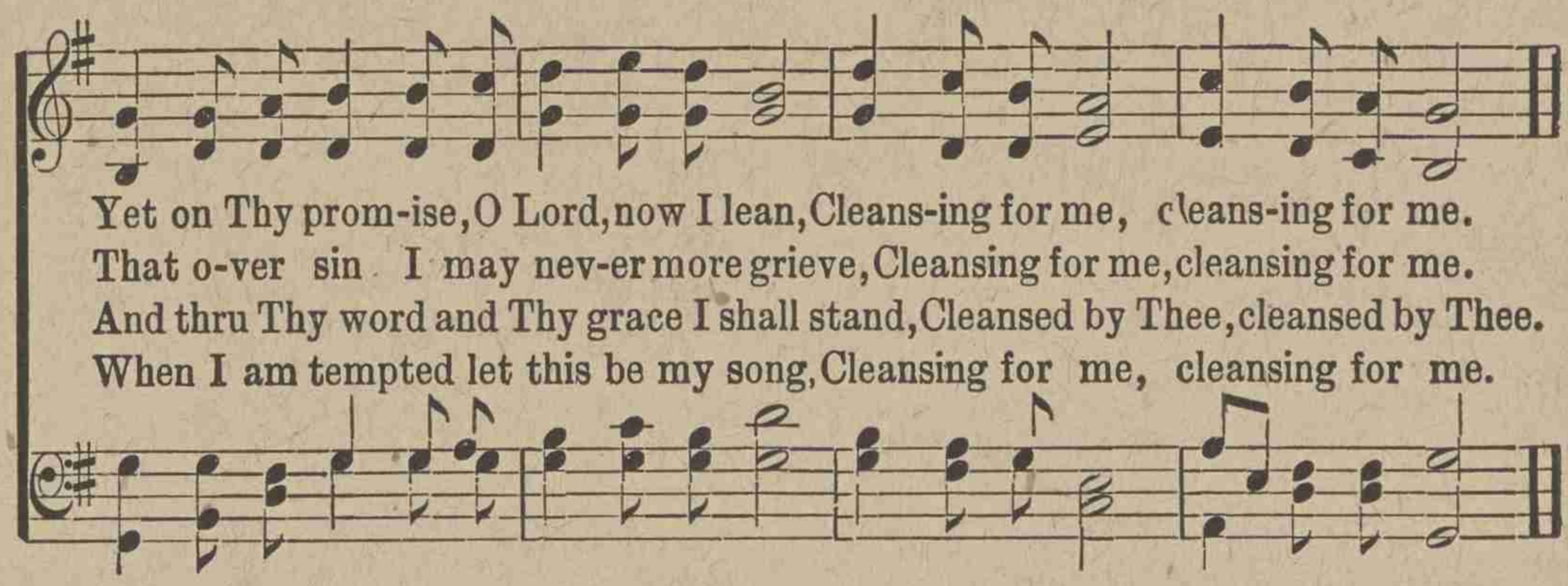


1. Lord, thru the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
4. From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;

From all the guilt of my sins now I claim Cleansing from Thee, cleansing from Thee.
Far, far a-way, by the blood current swept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
From all the fears that would point me to doom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
From ev - er fear-ing to speak, sing or pray, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.



Sin - ful and black tho the past may have been, Ma-ny the crushing defeats I have seen,
Je - sus, Thy promise I dare to believe, And as I come Thou wilt surely receive;
Je - sus, al - tho I may not understand, In child like faith I now put forth my hand,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy pow'r make me strong, That all may know that to Thee I belong;



Yet on Thy prom-ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
That o-ver sin I may nev-er more grieve, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
And thru Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.
When I am tempted let this be my song, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.

80 Hast Thou Forgotten God?

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

1. The God who form'd thee and makes thee still His care, The God who shields thee from
2. The God who gave thee His well be - lov - ed Son To die for sins which thy
3. He gave thee breath: is it breath'd to Him in pray'r? And dost thou praise Him for
4. Or is thy Mak - er a - part from all thy tho't? His ho - ly presence with-
5. O yield this mo-ment thy heart to His con-trol, Thy heav-y bur - den of

1. many a hid-den snare, Whose glory shines thru cre - a - tion ev - 'ry-where—
2. e - vil hands have done, Who rose from death, and thy full re-demp-tion won—
3. all His cease-less care In glad thanks-giv-ing for blessings thou dost share?
4. in thee, hast thou sought? How vain is life if thy God thou knowest not!
5. care up - on Him roll, And let His Spir - it a - bide with - in thy soul—

REFRAIN.

1–4. Hast thou forgotten God? Hast thou forgotten God? Hast thou forgotten God, Thy
5. Just now remember God!

God,. . .

Fa - ther who in pa-tient love Still watches o'er thee from a-bove? His mercies

. . . . . Watching o'er thee,

thou dost daily prove: Hast thou forgotten God? Hast thou for - got-ten God?

81

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. SCHUBERT. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Where-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I ne'er have seen;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here;
My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have been;

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas-ure, My path to life is free;

rit.

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me. A - men.

Copyright, 1915, by Thoro Harris.

82 Ye Must Be Born Again.

J. K. B. John 3: 7. J. R. Beveridge.

1. If ye would en-ter the kingdom of God, Ye must be born a - gain:
2. Fashioned a-new by the life - giv-ing Word, Ye must be born a - gain;
3. Rich-es and hon-or will nev - er a - vail, Ye must be born a - gain;
4. Self-righteous rags will not sat - is - fy God, Ye must be born a - gain;
5. Soon Christ will come to de-liv - er his own, Ye must be born a - gain;

Je - sus this truth has de-clared in his Word, Ye must be born a - gain.
In - to the like-ness of Je - sus the Lord, Ye must be born a - gain.
Trust in his pow - er that nev - er can fail, Ye must be born a - gain.
Sin must go un - der the soul-cleansing flood, Ye must be born a - gain.
Join with the ransomed around the white throne, Ye must be born a - gain.

CHORUS.

Ye must be born a - gain,..... Ye must be born a - gain;....
be born a - gain, be born a - gain;

If ye would en-ter the king-dom of God, Ye must be born a - gain.....
be born a-gain.

Copyright, 1915, by John Russell Beveridge.

83 Speak to Me.

Ada Blenkhorn. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. O speak to me, dear Sav - ior, In ac - cents soft and low; Thy pre-cious
2. O speak to me, dear Sav - ior, When storms around me beat, When rough and
3. O speak to me, dear Sav - ior, When grief my guest must be; When joys de-
4. O speak to me, dear Sav - ior, When comes life's darkest night, When dear, fa-

1. words of love di-vine Can per-fect peace be-stow. For I am ver - y
2. thorn - y is the path I tread with ach - ing feet. Thy voice can still the
3. part and faith grows faint, Thy words will comfort me. The dark - est night shall
4. mil - iar scenes of earth Are fad - ing from my sight; The last sweet sound to

1. wea - ry, I come to Thee for rest; Whilst Thou are speak-ing, let me
2. tem - pest, Tho wild the winds may blow; Thou canst my foot - steps safe - ly
3. van - ish, Grief can - not tar - ry long; The morn - ing comes that soon shall
4. reach me, Thy voice with - in mine ear; In that bright world, Thy voice di-

CHORUS.

1. lean My head up - on Thy breast. O speak to me, Lord Je - sus, A - mid the
2. guide, Tho dark the way I go.
3. turn My sor - row in - to song.
4. vine The first that I shall hear. Whisper to me, Savior divine, "I am with

pp

rit

tempest wild: . . . "Fear not, for I am with thee," And own me for Thy child.
thee, Child, thou art mine;

Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, Thou Rul-er of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Monarch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal, Rest when their war-fare is past.

FINE.

D. S.—*Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is promised thro' grace.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Copyright, 1890, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per.

85

A Captive Set Free.

T. H.

Copyright, 1908, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. There is praise on my lips, there is joy in my heart, And peace which can never, no,
2. Je - sus died on the cross my lost soul to redeem; I'm saved by be-liev-ing, each
3. With the shouts of the ransomed are blending mine own; Ex-alt-ing Christ Je-sus, who

nev - er-more de - part; I've the wit-ness with - in of God's Spir - it to me, For
moment trusting Him; Je - sus rose from the grave and as-cend-ed on high, And
sits up - on the throne; Thru the a - ges on a - ges His prais-es I'll sing; All

CHORUS.

Je - sus hath risen and set the captive free.
"He that believeth on Me shall never die." The Sav-ior once slain Now liv-eth a-
glo - ry for-ev - er to our e - ter-nal King!

cres. *f* *m*

gain, For-ev - er and ev - er in glo-ry to reign, All my fet-ters are riv-en,

p *f* *p* *rall.*

All my foes downward driven; For I was a cap-tive, till Je - sus set me free.

Not Far.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Julia H. Thayer.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. You are not far from the fold of love, Not far from the fold of rest;
2. You hear the sound of His gen-tle voice, You reach for the pierc-ed hand,
3. You feel the breath of the life di - vine, It touches your up-turn'd face;
4. The warmth and glow of the Father's house Streams down thru the open door;

1. 'Tis but one step to the Mas-ter's side, One step to His wait-ing breast.
2. You catch the light of His ra-diant smile, So near, O so near you stand!
3. You all but yield now your long-ing heart To Him who is love and grace.
4. Ah, yes, you may be not far, not far, Yet lost —and for ev - er - more!

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far, sad, yearn-ing soul! Then why will you long - er

roam? Not far from the Fath - er's out stretch'd arms: O

child of His love, come home! O child of His love, come home!

rall.

87 The Son of God Hath Power.

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

1. The Son of God hath pow'r To re - cre - ate the soul, Re-new the heart, New life im-part, And make the sin - ner whole. The Son of man hath pow'r The
2. All pow'r is in His hand Who calmed the raging wave; Who healed the sick, Made strong the weak, Is might-y still to save. All ma - jes - ty for aye Hath
3. All hail the dy - ing Lamb! For ev - er - more to live, To quell the fear, To dry the tear, And con - so - la - tion give. The Son of God hath pow'r: O
4. The right the world to rule Is His by God's de - cree; And He shall reign O'er hill and plain, From sea to dis-tant sea. His end-less pow'r pro-claim, The

1. guilt-y to for-give; O hear His plea, Look un- to Me And life re - ceive.
2. to the Son been giv'n; The King of love, He reigns a-bove O'er earth and heav'n.
3. soul, be com - fort - ed! For some glad day, Not far a - way, He'll raise the dead.
4. u - ni - ver - sal Lord! For ev - er-more Let all a - dore Th' in-car-nate Word.

REFRAIN.

The Son hath pow'r, The Son of God hath pow'r;
God's Son hath pow'r, sav - ing pow'r;

rit.

O trust Him now, Re - pent - ant bow To Christ this ver - y hour.

88 I Wish You Knew My Friend.

Lizzie DeArmond. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. I wish you knew my Friend; How dreary life would be With-out His lov - ing
2. I wish you knew my Friend; He did so much for me, His touch of grace has
3. I wish you knew my Friend, so glo - ri-ous and strong; What-ev- er comes, He'll

voice to cheer each day! While He is by my side No e - vil
made my spir - it whole; In Je - sus you will find A Brother
sure - ly help you thru; O think of Cal-'ry's hill, Let foolish

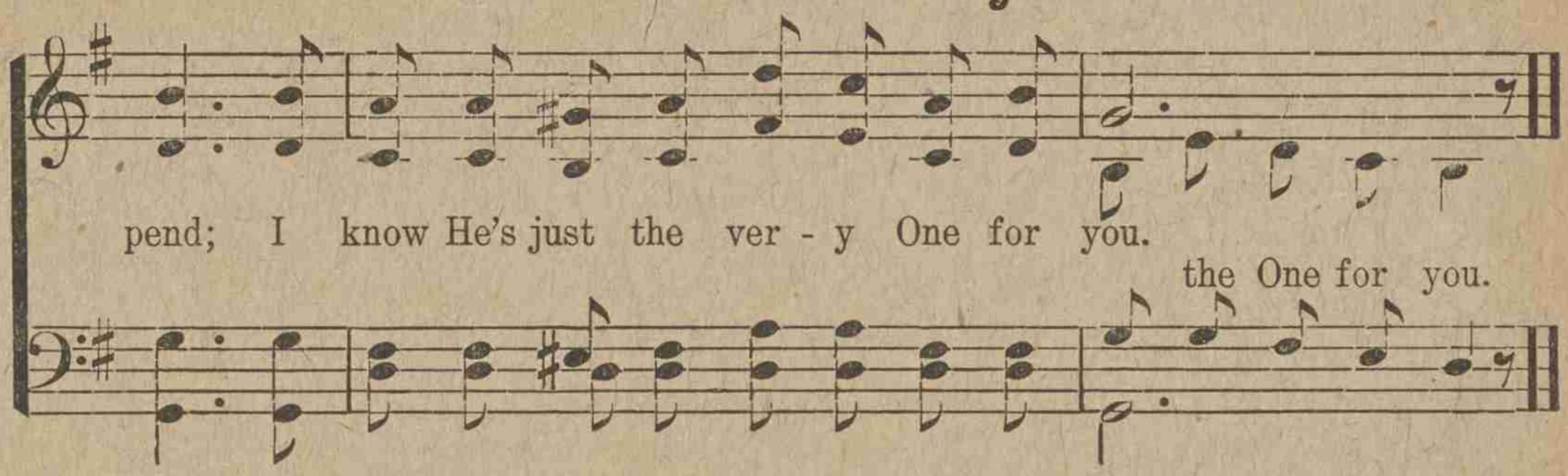
CHORUS.

can be - tide, All care and trou-ble quick-ly fly a - way.
true and kind, And He is wait-ing now to save your soul. I wish you knew my
pride be still; I know He's just the ver - y One for you.

Friend, My ev - er - last-ing Friend, The Sav - ior gra-cious, kind and
heav'nly Friend,

true; I wish you knew my Friend, On Him you can de -
lov-ing, ten - der;

I Wish You Knew My Friend.



89 In Sight of the Throne.

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

98 The Promise You Made Mother.

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

1. Re - mem-ber, how, be-fore you left your home, not long a - go, Your moth - er bade you promise you'd be spot-less as the snow; You left the path of safe-
2. You told her how, if here perchance you'd meet again no more, You'd sure-ly meet up yon-der, on a fair - er, hap-pier shore; You've wandered, O so far
3. If sudden death should call you, what would then await your soul? This mo-ment flee to Je - sus, who a - lone can make you whole! He's waiting now to save

D. S.—Be - gin a - new this ver -

ty, and your feet are slipping so—You know, my boy, you've never kept that
a - way, more thoughtless than before—You know, my boy, you've never kept that
you—let Him take su-preme control: The bless-ed Christ can help you keep the
y hour, find pardon, peace and rest: You know, my boy, you ought to keep the

FINE. *f* CHORUS. *mp*

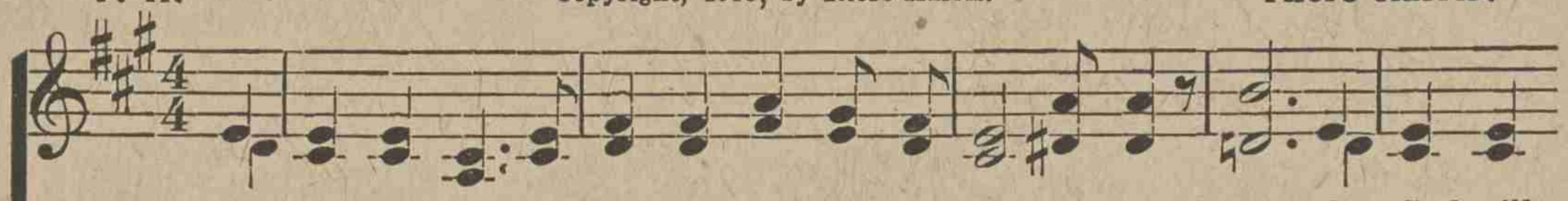
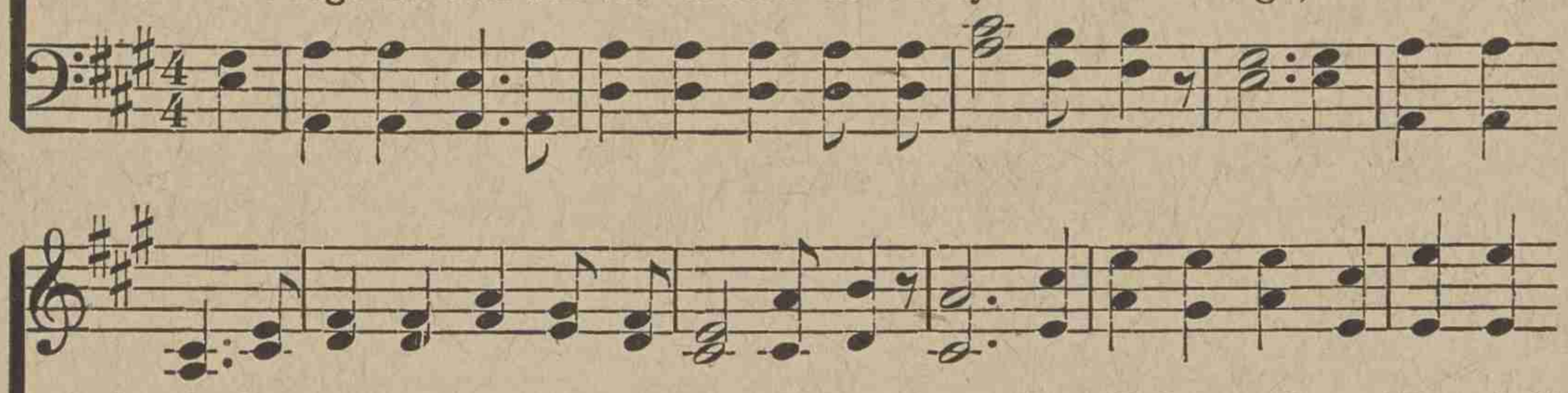
prom-ise you made mother. You've nev - er kept your promise to brave-ly
f *p* *D. S.*
do your best; You told her you'd be true to God; but have you stood one test?

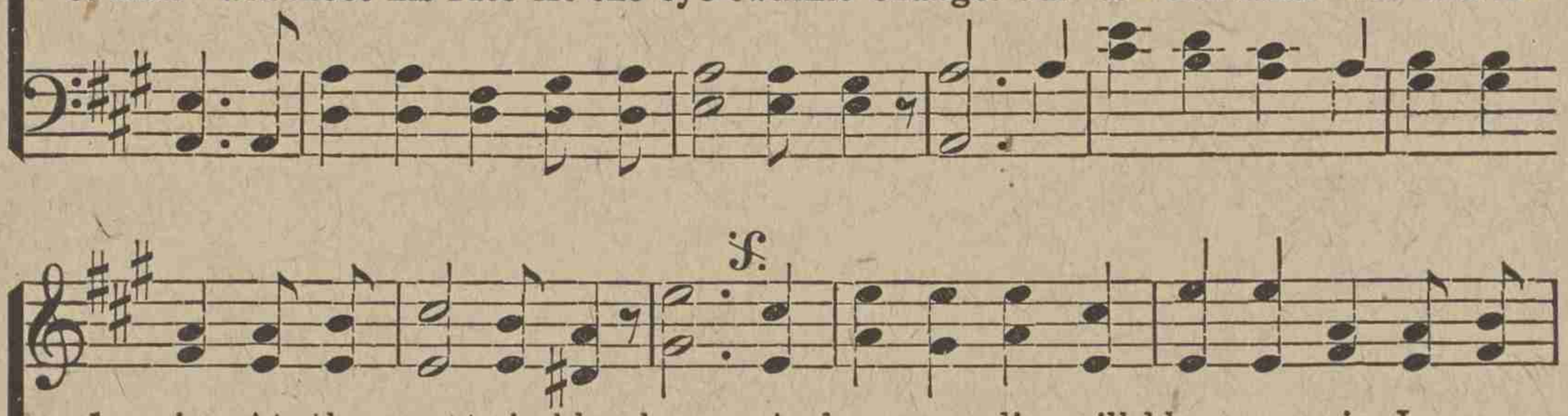
An Eye-Twinkle Change.

"In the twinkling of an eye."—1 Cor. 15: 52.

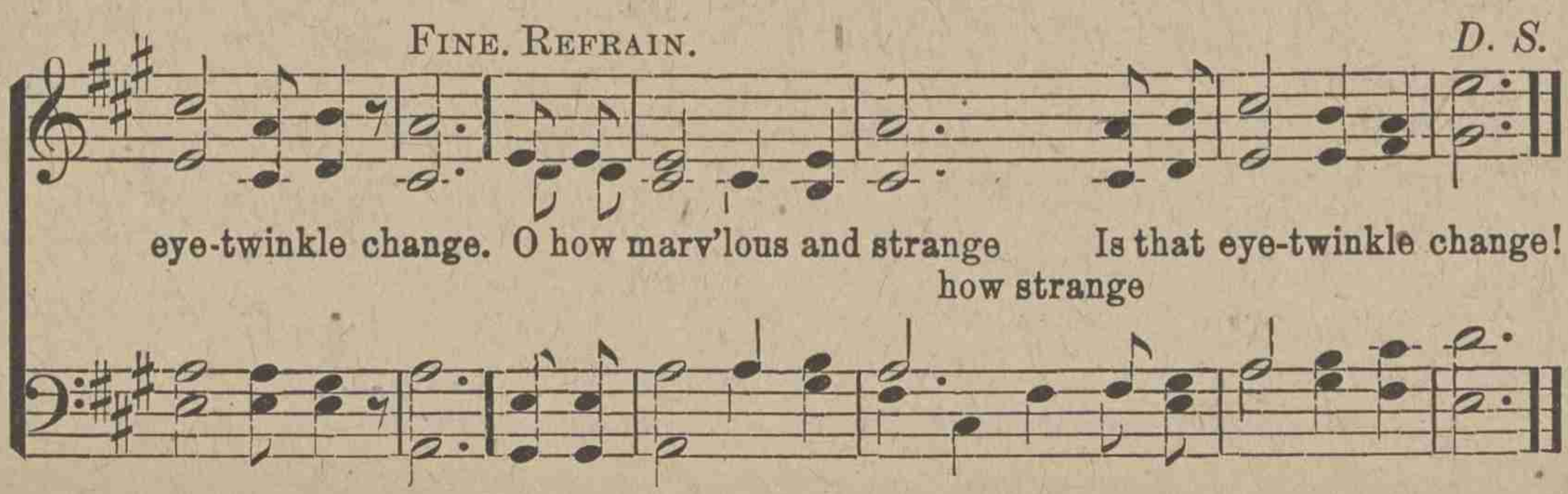
T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. E - ter - nal peace will soon begin In an eye-twin-kle change; Our God will
2. His voice will pierce the seal-ed tomb In an eye-twin-kle change; The monster
3. The night of gloom is fad - ing fast Ere the eye-twin-kle change; The golden
4. A - poll-yon's reign will quickly end In an eye-twin-kle change, When Christ in
5. Earth kingdoms all will be o'er-thrown At the eye-twinkle change; And Da - vid's
6. The Judge His own will vin - di-cate At the eye-twin-kle change; And sin-ful

1. break the pow'r of sin In an eye-twinkle change. O'er all the earth our King shall
2, Death will meet his doom At the eye-twinkle change. This mor-tal must im-mor-tal
3. morn will dawn at last At the eye-twinkle change. We soon will see Im-man-uel's
4. glo - ry shall de-scend: O the eye-twinkle change! "That wicked" will the flame de-
5. Son will rule a-lone At the eye-twinkle change. God's Is-rael will u - ni - ted
6. man will meet his fate At the eye-twinkle change. Our E - den home will God re-



1. reign At the eye-twin-kle change, And par - a - dise will bloom a-gain In an
2. be In an eye-twin-kle change, And af - ter time e - ter- ni - ty In an
3. face At the eye-twin-kle change, And praise Him for redeeming grace At the
4. stroy At the eye-twin-kle change, The saints will sing and shout for joy At the
5. be At the eye-twin-kle change, As branches of one ol - ive tree, In an
6. store At the eye-twin-kle change, The curse of sin a - bound no more; O the

D. S.—Whom God hath sealed will be revealed In an

eye-twinkle change. O how marv'lous and strange Is that eye-twinkle change!
how strange

92

Take Time to Pray.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. When clouds hang dark a - bove you, The light you can - not see, There's One who
2. If bit - ter grief o'er-take you, If hard your earth-ly lot, This Friend will
3. Tho' fier - y be your tri - al, God's mer - cy nev - er doubt; True faith takes
4. What-ev - er grace you're need-ing, Look up to God in pray'r, His precious

CHORUS.

hears your faint-est plea.

1. still doth love you, Who hears your faintest plea.
2. ne'er for-sake you, His goodness changeth not. Let not life's cares or
3. no de - ni - al, Love can-not cast you out.
4. promise pleading, And leave your bur-dens there.

pleasures crowd ev - 'ry day; Love not earth's glitt'ring treas-ures—

O Chris-tian,

Take time to pray; Your meek pe - ti - tion pressing, God His

God hears you;

grace will send; He will grant you ev'ry blessing, He is your Friend.

Then trust Him !

93 Salvation Street.

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

1. I've lived far down on Grum-ble lane—'Twas not ma - ny years a - go; The
2. I learned of one broad tho - ro - fare With glo - ri - ous light a - flame, That
3. And now I love the Christ of God, I love His dear chil-dren too; I'm
4. John heard a voice like thun - der tone And floods of deep wa - ters roll: The

Cho.—I'm liv - ing on Sal - va - tion street, A - way up in Beu - lah land; I

1. seeds of un - be-lief and pain I ear-nest - ly sought to sow, I
2. all who liv'd and sojourned there Were sealed with the Father's name; Their
3. trusting in the cleansing blood, And not what these hands can do; I
4. saints around the great white throne The power of God extol; With

love with all the saints to meet, The chosen and faithful band (hal-le - lu - jah!) I'm

1. oft - en heard how sin - ners might The bless - ing of heav'n re-ceive; Ah!
2. hearts were cleans'd from ev - 'ry stain Thru faith in their might - y Lord; They
3. praise the bleed - ing Lamb who died To save me from guilt and wo; And
4. rap - ture they re - peat the strain, The stead-fast and firm de - cree: The

liv - ing on Sal - va - tion street, A - far up in Beu - lah land; O

D. C.

1. how I tried to do the right, But dar'd not on Christ be-lieve.
2. look'd for Him to come a-gain, Ful - fill - ing His gra-cious Word.
3. He who once was cru - ci-fied Is com - ing a - gain, I know.
4. Lord om - nip - o-tent shall reign Thru time and e-ter - ni - ty.

hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! For Jesus I [*Omit.....*] take my stand.

IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

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

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-
3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will bestow Of the blessings for
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a- bove, And how hap-py our

fer- vent -ly pray'd; But you can - not have rest, or be per - fect- ly blest
tentment al - way, You must do His sweet will, to be free from all ill,
which we have pray'd, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con- trol,
hearts will be made, Of the fel-lowship sweet we shall share at His feet,

CHORUS.

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

Is your all on the al - tar of sac - ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? . . . You can on - ly be blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your body and soul.

Copyright, 1900, by E. A. Hoffman.

95

Arise, and Shine.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. **Harry L. Brooks.**

Vigorous.

1. O child of God, a - wake, a - rise, And heav'nward lift thy long - ing eyes, Thy songs of praise to God now raise, For the glo - ry of the
2. No more shall dark - ness hide thy path, Thy foes no more shall at thee laugh, The dark - est night is turned to light, And the glo - ry of the
3. Thy heart no more shall fear or dread, The oil of glad-ness crowns thy head, Peace, pow'r and love come from a - bove, And the glo - ry of the
4. All tears thy God shall wipe a - way, And make thy life one cloud-less day, Thro' end - less days then sing God's praise, For the glo - ry of the

CHORUS.

Lord is risen up - on thee. A - rise and shine, for thy light is come,

A - rise and shine for the night is gone, A - rise and shine for the

day has come, And the glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on thee.

96

Give Me Thine Heart.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. The voice of the Spir - it is speaking to you In tones soft and ten - der, in
2. Be - fore you lie dan-gers: O wand'rer, beware! The path you are treading leads
3. So swift are you near-ing the por-tals of doom, So quick-ly a-round you will
4. Re - turn to your mer - ci - ful Fa-ther to - day, Your hope of sal - va - tion, O

1. words kind and true; He of - fers sal - va - tion and pur - i - ty too:
2. on to de-spair; No chance of re - demp-tion, no Sav - ior is there.
3. close up the tomb, No sun - beam of cheer to dis - pel the deep gloom.
4. cast not a - way; In sin and in dark-ness, O why will you stay?

REFRAIN.

"My son, give me thine heart." "My son, give me thine

Give Me Thine Heart.

heart,..... My son, give me thine heart;" Let

rit.

Je - sus the ful - ness of bless-ing im-part; "My son, give me thine heart."

97 Purity.

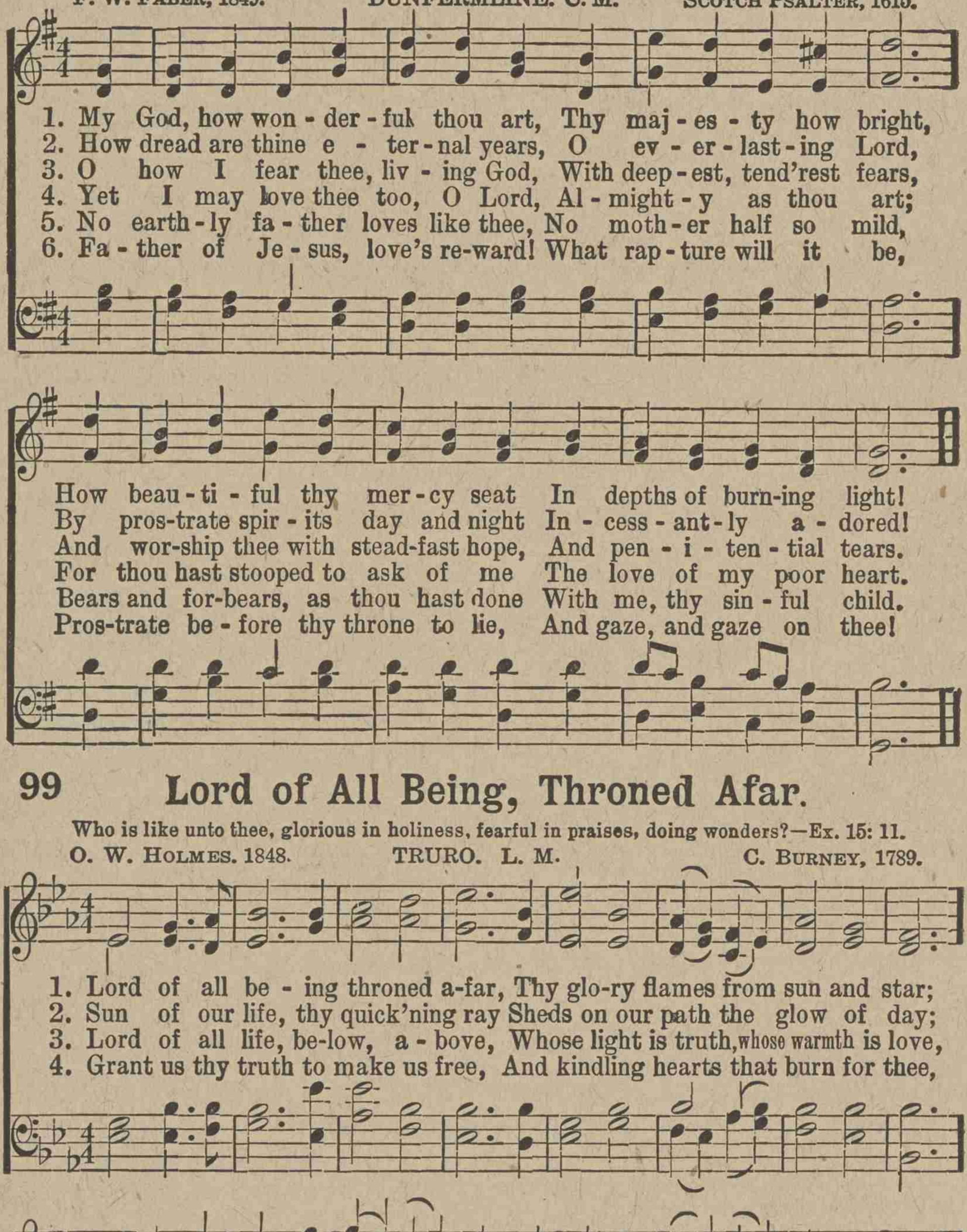
T. H. F. M. Graham, owner. Thoro Harris.

1. Gra - cious Mas - ter, meek and low - ly, All we leave to fol - low Thee;
2. Lead us to the cleans-ing foun-tain Flow - ing from Thy wounded side,
3. Help us con - se - crate each hour.... Of this mor - tal life to Thee;
4. Then at last may we for - ev - er Dwell with all Thy servants blest,

1. Thou art pure and Thou art ho - ly—Pure and ho - ly we would be.
2. When on Cal - v'ry's rug - ged moun - tain Thou for man wast cru - ci - fied.
3. Gird us with Thy Spir - it's pow - er That vic - to - rious we may be.
4. Where no foe from Thee can sev - er, Where the wea - ry find sweet rest.

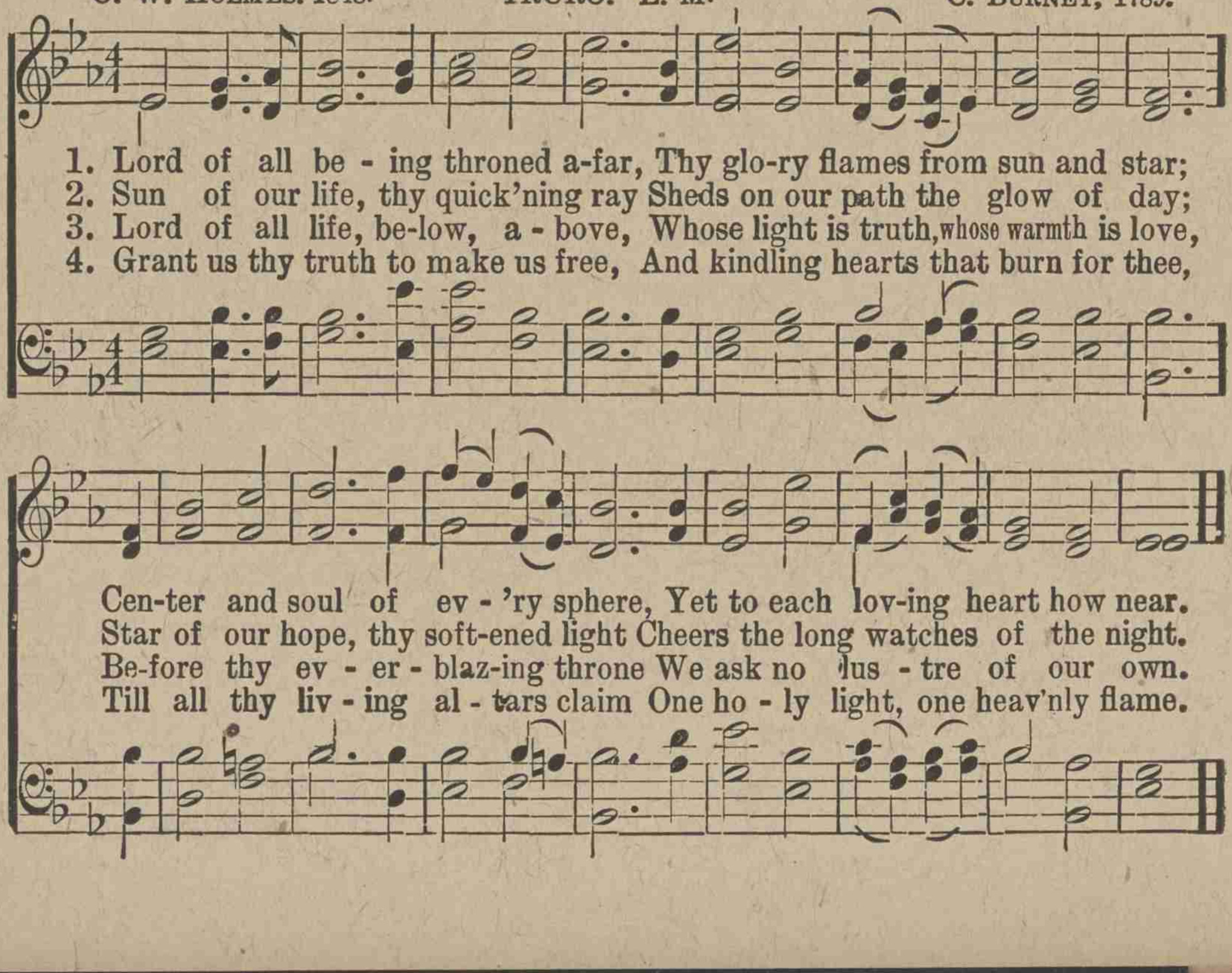
98 My God, How Wonderful Thou Art.

Now unto the King of the ages, incorruptible, invisible, only God, be honor and glory forever and ever. [Worrell]—1 Tim. 1: 17.

F. W. FABER, 1849. DUNFERMLINE. C. M. SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

99 Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.

Who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?—Ex. 15: 11.

O. W. HOLMES. 1848. TRURO. L. M. C. BURNEY, 1789.



100 Believe in the Promise.

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

1. There's nothing so sure in the whole world to-day As God's ho - ly word, which can
2. Be - lieve in the word He has spok-en of old, Be - lieve in His mar - vel-ous
3. Be - lieve in the prom-ise your Fa-ther has giv'n, And yours is a seat in the
4. Be - lieve, and the King will His bless-ing be-stow, And nev - er lose grip if the
5. Be - lieve, and your faith shall receive its re-ward: With gems rare and precious the

1. not pass a - way; The truth of its pa - ges en - dur - eth for aye; O be-
2. mer - cy un-told; Your heart will re-joice when your faith is made bold: So be-
3. kingdom of heav'n; O soul by the tem - pest of earth-sor-row driv'n, Just be-
4. feel-ing should go; God's word is the ground of sal - va - tion, you know: So be-
5. Bi - ble is stored; And true to His cov -'nant a - bid - eth our Lord: O be-

CHORUS.

lieve..... in the prom - ise! Be - lieve..... in the prom - ise, God's won - - der - ful prom - ise; For all who be-

Be - lieve Be - lieve God's won - der - ful prom - ise;

lieve Sal - va - tion re - ceive, Be - lieve ..... in the prom - ise.

Be - lieve

101 There is Glory in My Soul.

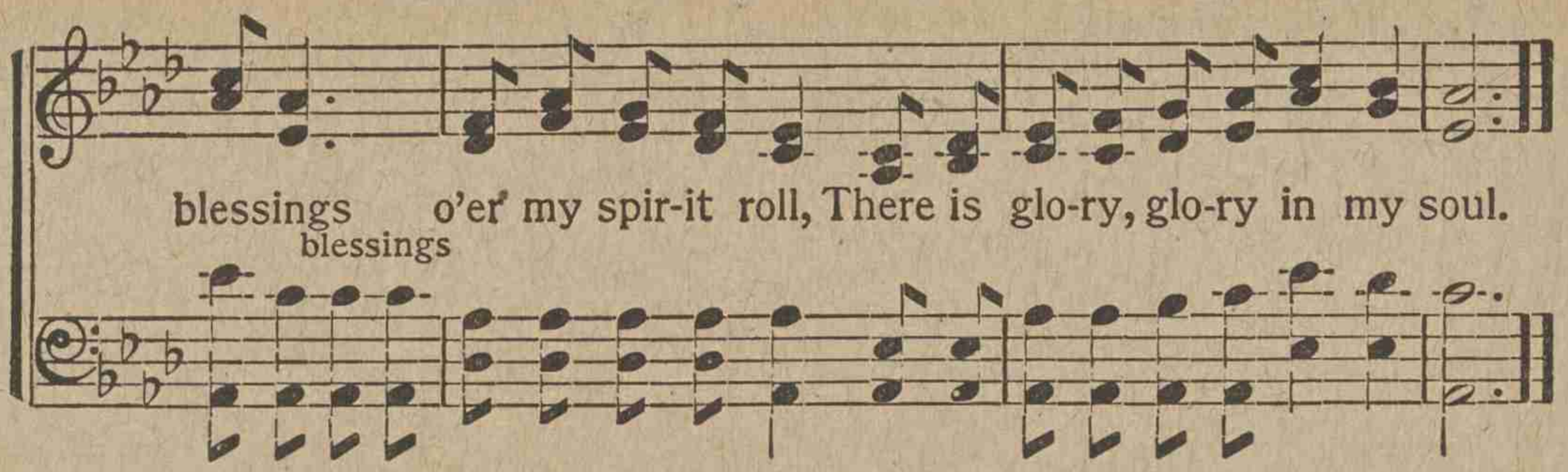
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold-ing sweet communion with my new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a fel - low-ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.
3. Peace that pass-eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.
4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful Word As I jour-ney in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.

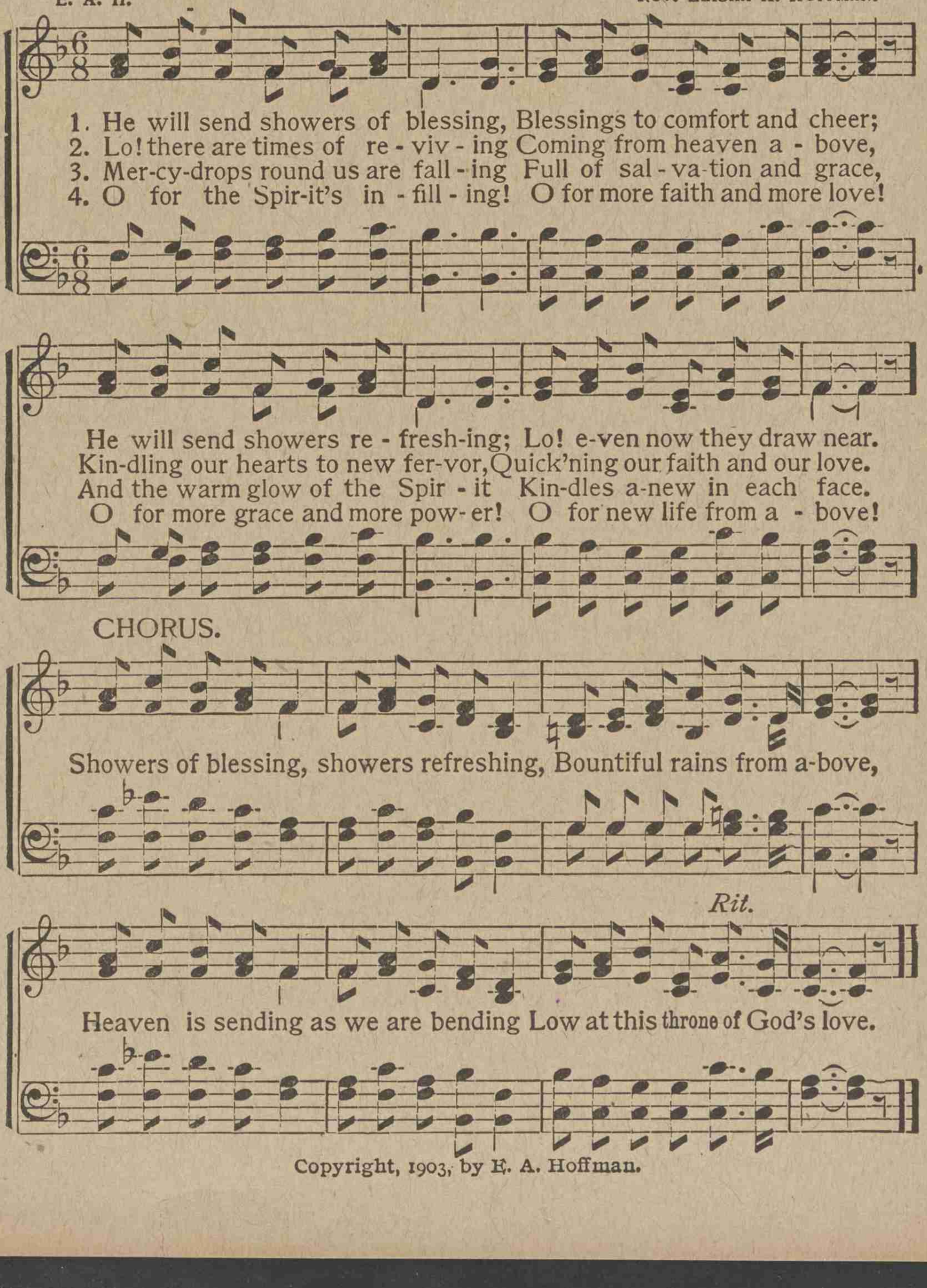
CHORUS.

There is glo-ry, glo-ry, in my soul to-day, Wondrous glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, all a-long the way, Heaven's ho-liest glo-ry, glo-ry, ho-liest

Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

There is Glory in My Soul.

102 He Will Send Showers of Blessings.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

Take a Transfer.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Are you on the gloom-y line, Trav'ling down the steep incline? Take a transfer,
2. What's the use to fret and pine? Can't you see the cor-ner sign: "Take a transfer,
3. If you're nervous when we shout, Wond'ring what 'tis all a-bout, Take a transfer,
4. If you're hold-ing by a strap, Then lookout for some mishap! Take a transfer,
5. If the world en - tic - es you, Don't ac-cept their tick-et thru, Take a transfer,

take a trans-fer; If you're on the wor-ry train, Do not stay there and complain:
take a trans-fer;" Leave the track of doubt and gloom, On the sunshine route there's room:
take a trans-fer; All who ride this gos-pel line, Sing be-cause they feel so fine:
take a trans-fer; Cheerful cars are passing thru, There's a seat re-served for you:
take a trans-fer; Je - sus will conduct and guide, Till you reach the E - den side:

D. S.—If you're crabbish, cross or blue, Board this train, 'twill bear you thru:

FINE. CHORUS.

Take a trans-fer for the glo - ry line. Cars are passing ev-'ry hour, Charg'd with

Take a trans-fer for the glo - ry line.

God's e - lec-tric pow'r, Su-p'rin-tend-ed by the Man di - vine.... .....

Hal - le - lu - jah!

104 Jesus My Friend.

"I call you not servants; but I have called you friends."—JOHN 15: 15.

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

1. One there is di - vine - ly gra-cious, One who loves me to the end;
2. Long I wan-dered on in blindness, Long my will re-fused to bend;
3. When I fal - ter in my weakness, He His aid will quick-ly send;
4. In the midst of mor - tal dan-ger He my soul will sure de - fend;
5. O that now, henceforth, for-ev - er I my will with His may blend!

1. To be-liev - ers He is pre-cious; Jesus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.
2. Yet how great His lov - ing kindness; Jesus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.
3. Clothed in robes of ho - ly meekness; Jesus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.
4. Long I've known Him, He's no stranger; Jesus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.
5. Let me, Lord, for - sake Thee nev - er; Jesus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.

REFRAIN.

Than the sea His grace is vast - er, Strong, unchanging to the end;

Not a - lone I call Him Master, Je-sus my Friend, Jesus my Friend.

105 Are You Ready Now to Go?

Rev. N. B. HERRELL. Rev. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Are you read - y, O my broth-er, For the com - ing of the Lord?
2. Are you look - ing, O my broth-er, For the Bridegroom to ap-pear?
3. Are you pray - ing, O my broth-er, For the Bridegroom soon to come?

Are you now a-mong the num-ber Which are all of one ac-cord?
Are you with that ho - ly num-ber, Which John saw up in the air?
Are you trust - ing in the Fa - ther, For to guide you safe - ly home?

Have you on the wed-ding garments? Are your lamps all burn-ing bright?
Are you list - 'ning for the trum-pet, Which shall sound so ver - y loud?
Do you long to see the Sav - ior, And the ones to Him so dear?

Are you keep - ing His commandments? Are you walk - ing in the light?
Are you read - y for the char - iot? Will you shout to see the cloud?
Will you crown Him King for-ev - er, When you meet Him in the air?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y now to go? Are your garments white as snow? Are you

Owned and controlled by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Spgs., Colo.

Are You Ready Now to Go?

read - y for the Bridegroom to ap - pear? Tho' He comes at noon or night,

Or at dawn-ing of the light, Are you read - y for the meet-ing in the air?

106 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY F. A. GRAVES.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. A. G.
Tenor and Alto Duet.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en - ly glo - ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our transgressions, And He car-ried our sor - rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth - ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

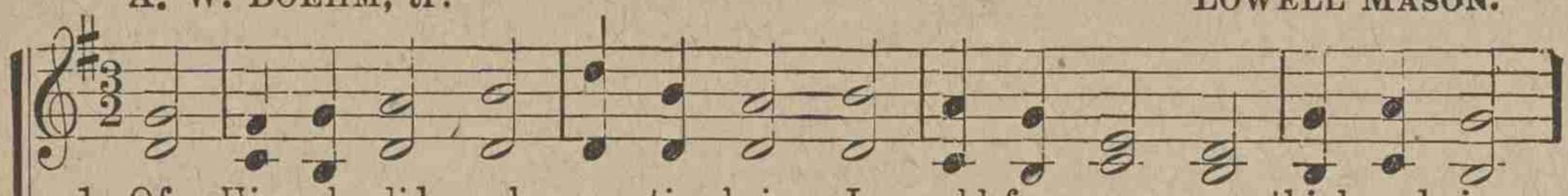
Free - ly shed-ding His pre - cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir - gin Ma - ry, Took up - on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal - er of ev - 'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en - ter in.

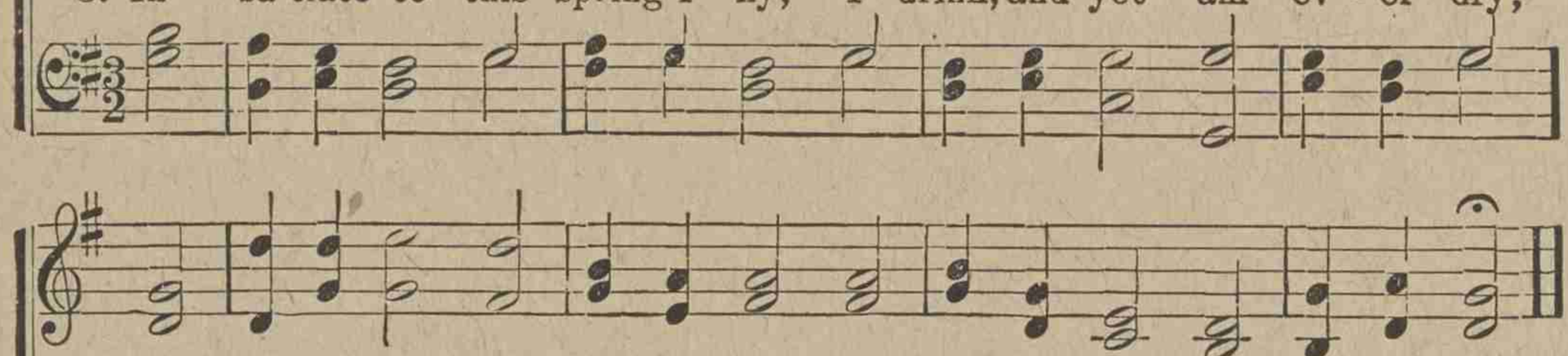
CHORUS.

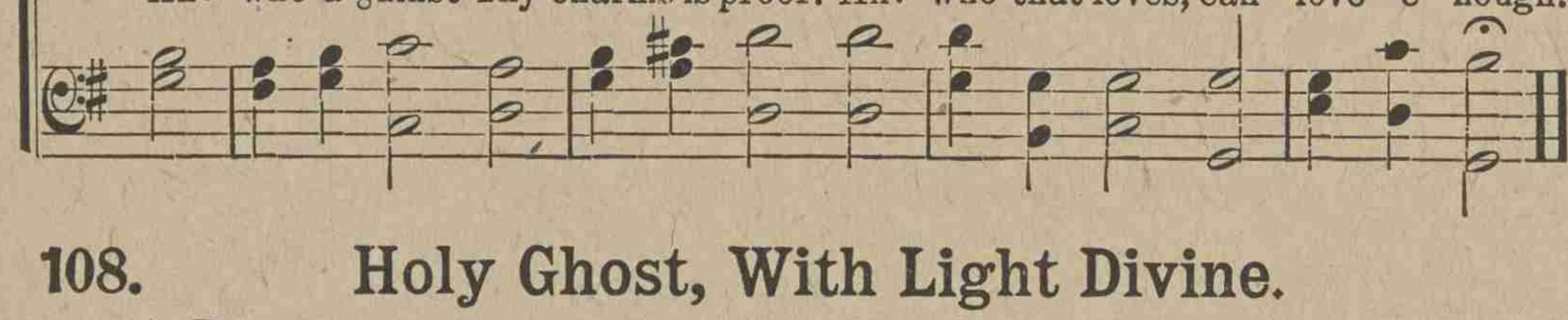
He was nail'd to the cross for me. He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,
On the cross cru-ci - fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

107. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

A. W. BOEHM, tr. LOWELL MASON.

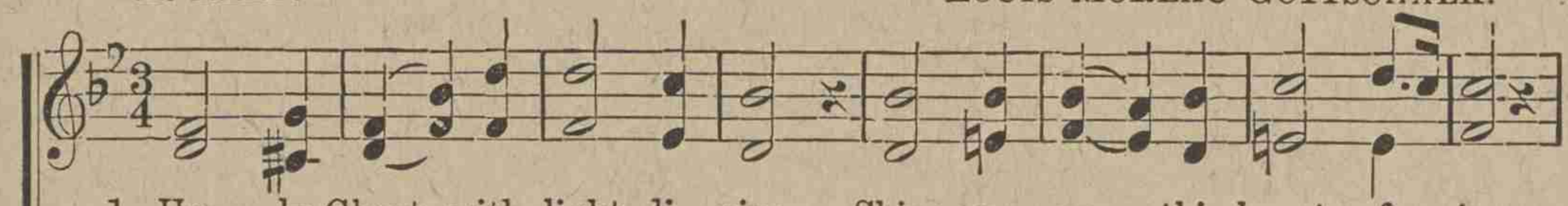


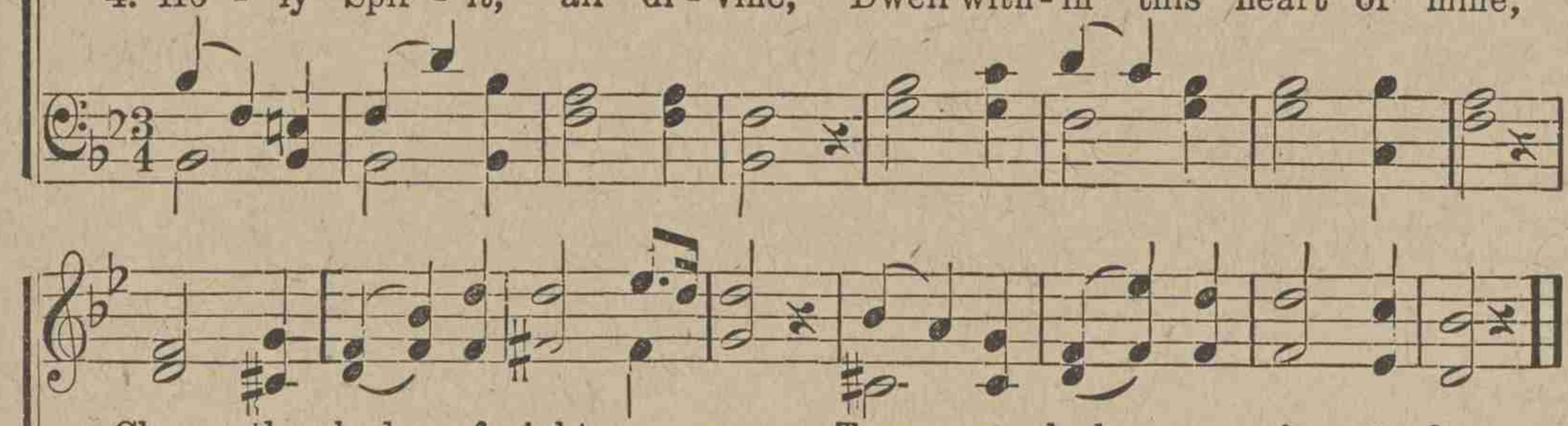
1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis giv'n; Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n:
3. To shame our sins He blushed in blood; He closed His eyes to show us God:
4. 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee a - lone I shed my tears and make my moan;
5. In - sa-tiate to this spring I fly; I drink, and yet am ev - er dry;

A - rise, ye need - y,—He'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,—He'll for-give.
Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, Je - sus, Thy balm will make it whole.
Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show.
Wher-e'er I am, wher - e'er I move, I meet the ob - ject of my love.
Ah! who a-gainst Thy charms is proof? Ah! who that loves, can love e - nough?

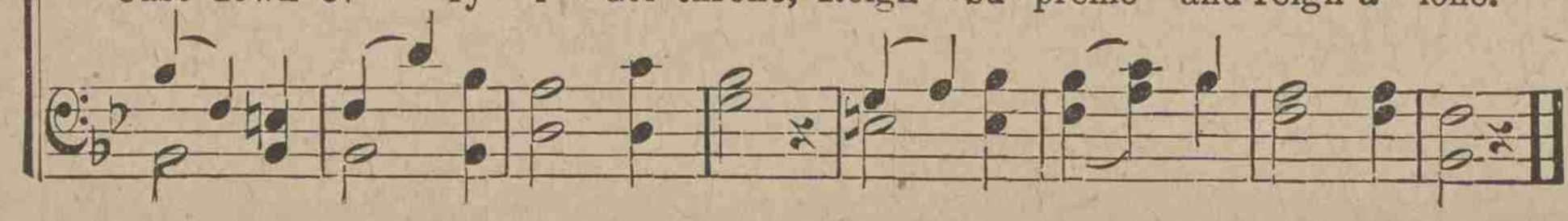


108. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED. LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.



109 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K. Acts 1: 9,10, 11. J. M, KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our blessed Lord shall come and catch his wait-ing Bride a-way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all his ho-ly mountain nothing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapt-ure as I la-bor, watch and pray, For the Lord is coming
take a-way all sickness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy, Aft-er Jesus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come

D. S.-*will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Jesus shall come*

FINE. CHORUS.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain; Sa-tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

Copyright, 1894, by Myland & Kirk. Used by per.

110. What Did He Do?

USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH.

Dr. J. M. GRAY. W. OWEN.

1. { O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!

2 { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
  { The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!

3. { Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   { You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

111 "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. { "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   { Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:

2. { Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   { Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:

3. { "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
   { "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home:

112 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. JNO. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un- less thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep- a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal- va- tion I would prove;
5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart renew,
6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won;

Oh, 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!
Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

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

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

113 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Woodworth. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

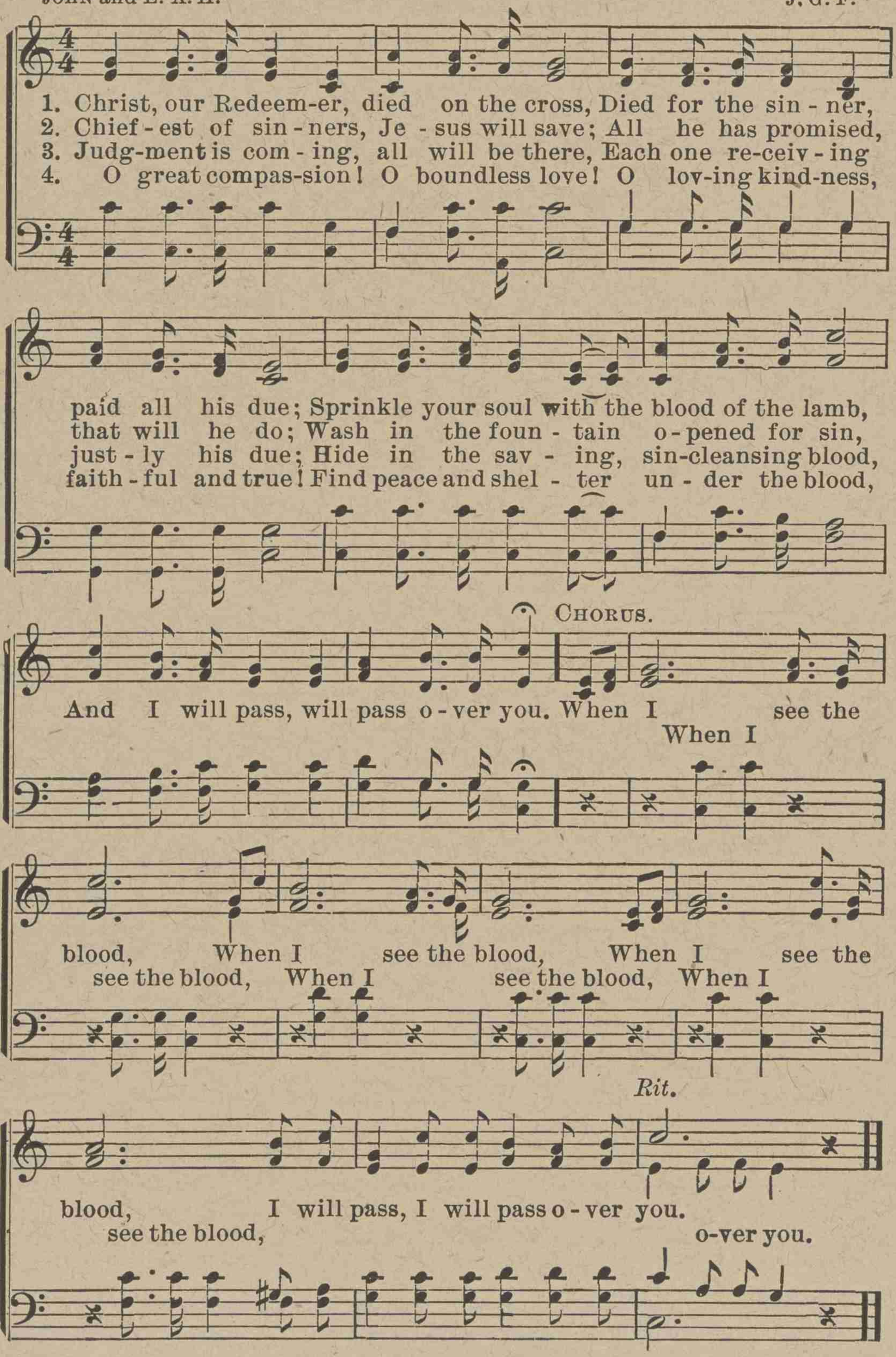
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

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!
Be- cause thy prom-ise 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!

114. When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over thee."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.



115

The Banner of Love.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

T. H. CANT. 2: 4. Thoro Harris.

1. The dear Son of God once left His Fa - ther's throne To lift a
2. He spake to my heart, "A - rise and fol - low me;" He called me
3. I o - pened the door, be - held the Christ of God, The rich - es
4. And so will I praise my Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, While years on

1. fal - len world a - bove; And ere since His sweet com-pas-sion I have known,
2. "un - de - filed," His "dove;" And now I re - joice His ra-diant face to see—
3. of His grace to prove; 'Twas He who redeemed and washed me in His blood;
4. years un-ceas - ing move; This Je - sus who died now claims me for His bride;

CHORUS.

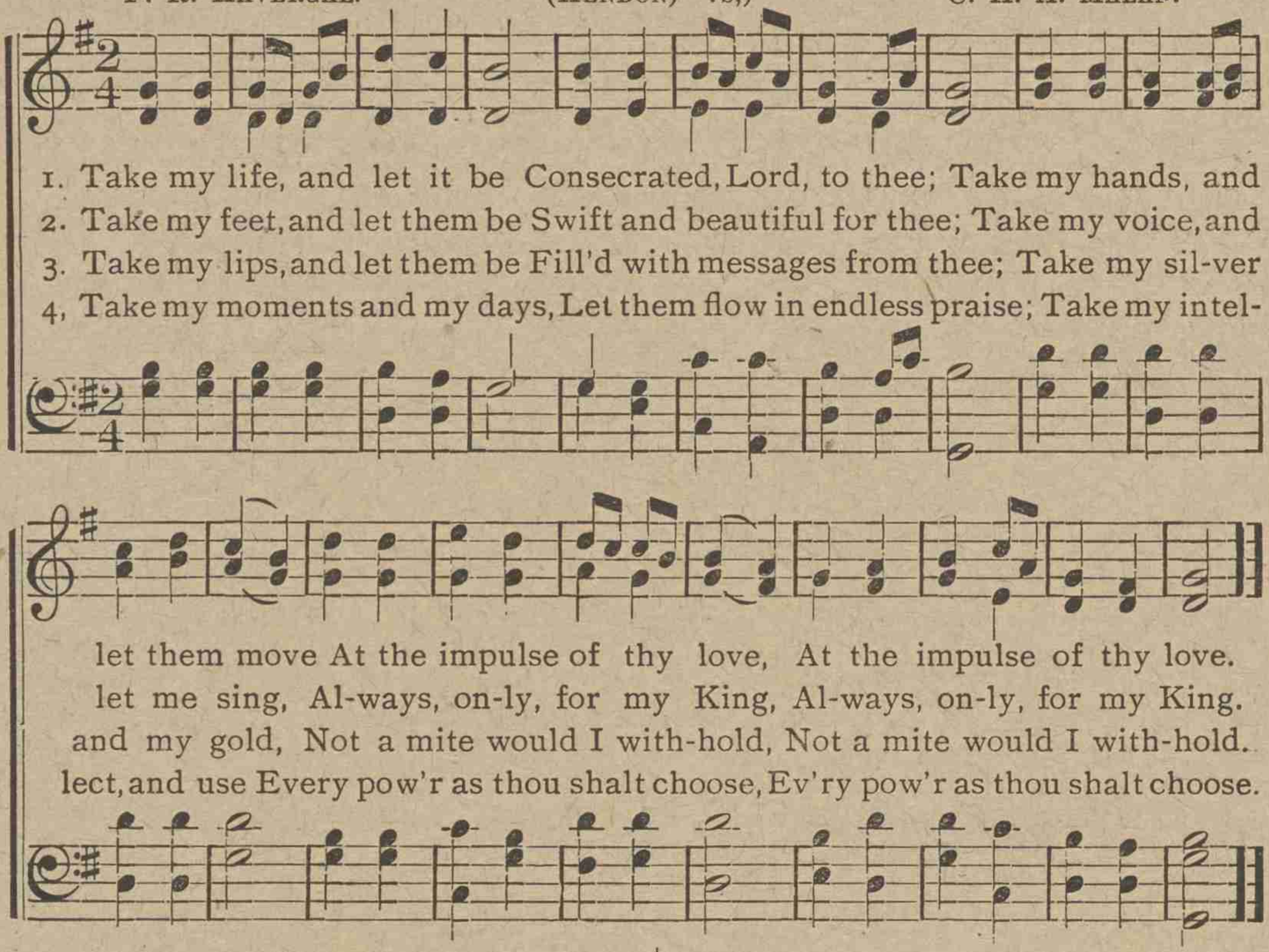
1–3. His ban - ner o - ver me was love. His ban - ner o - ver me was
4. His ban - ner o - ver me is love. His

love, His ban-ner o - ver me was love; He
ban-ner o - ver me was love, His ban-ner o - ver me;

bro't me in - to His banquet-ing house, And His banner o - ver me was love.

No. 116. Take My Life and Let it Be.

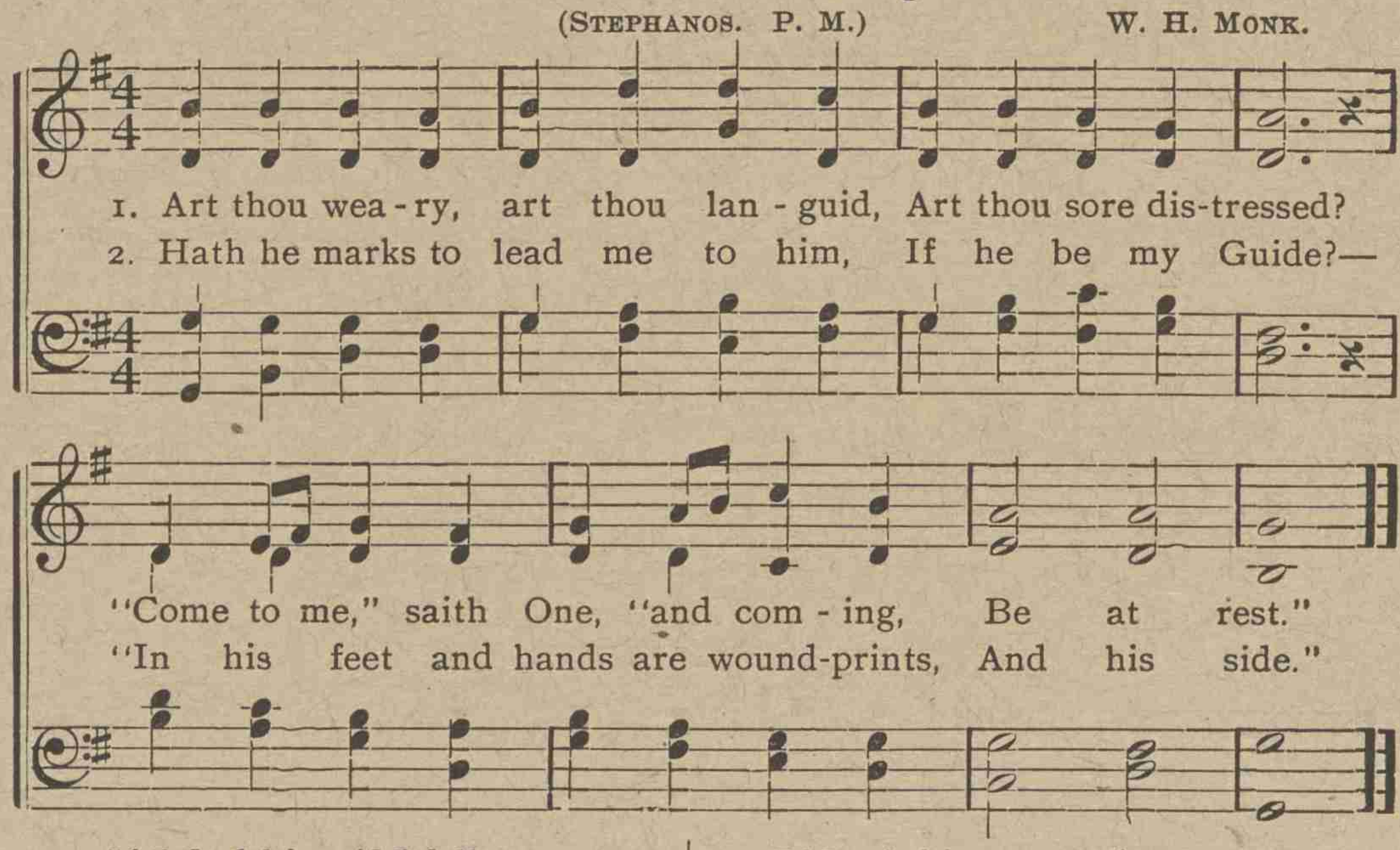
F. R. HAVERGAL. (HENDON) 7s,) C. H. A. MALAN.



5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee!

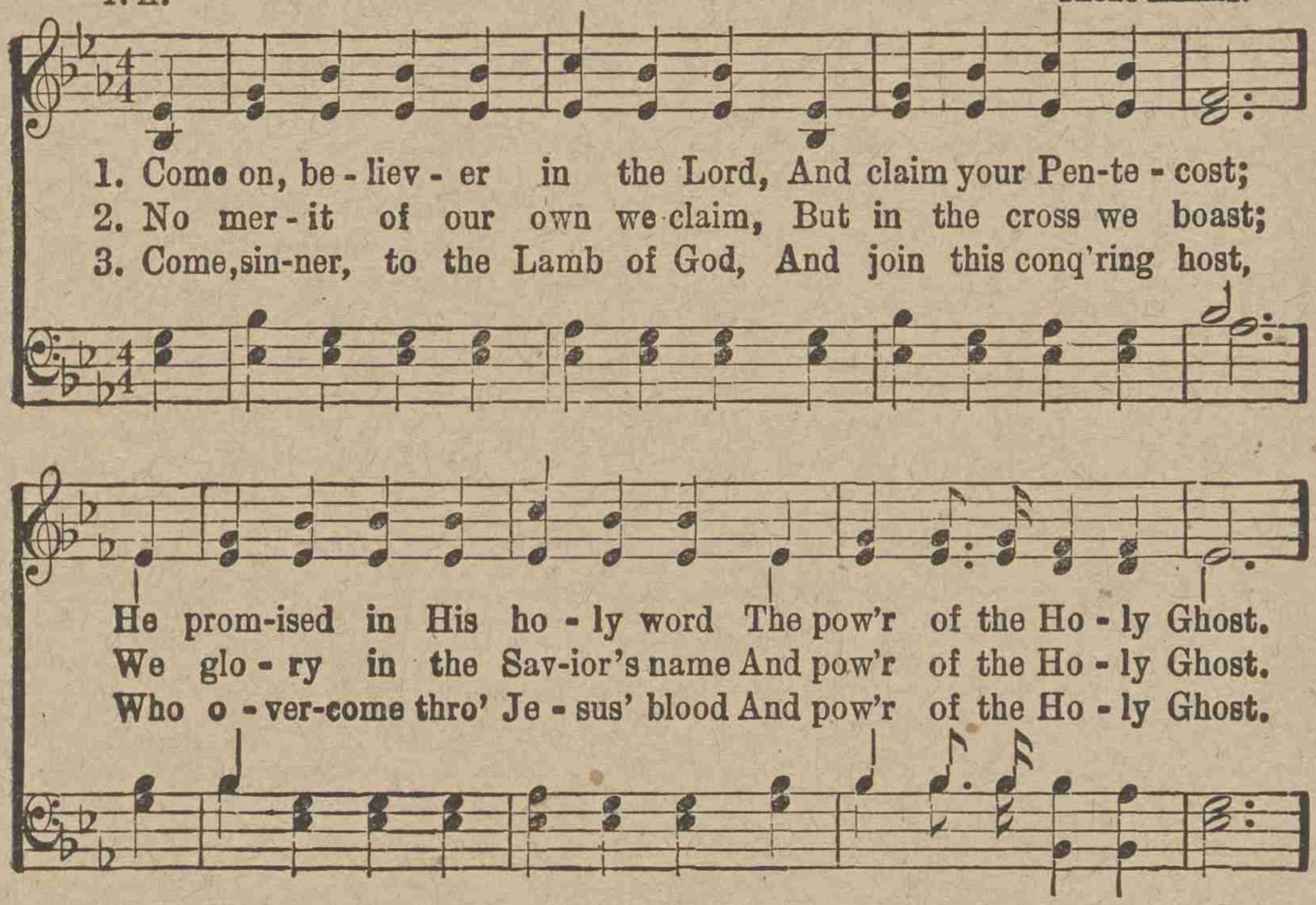
No. 117. Art Thou Weary?

(STEPHANOS. P. M.) W. H. MONK.

3 If I find him, if I follow,
What my future here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

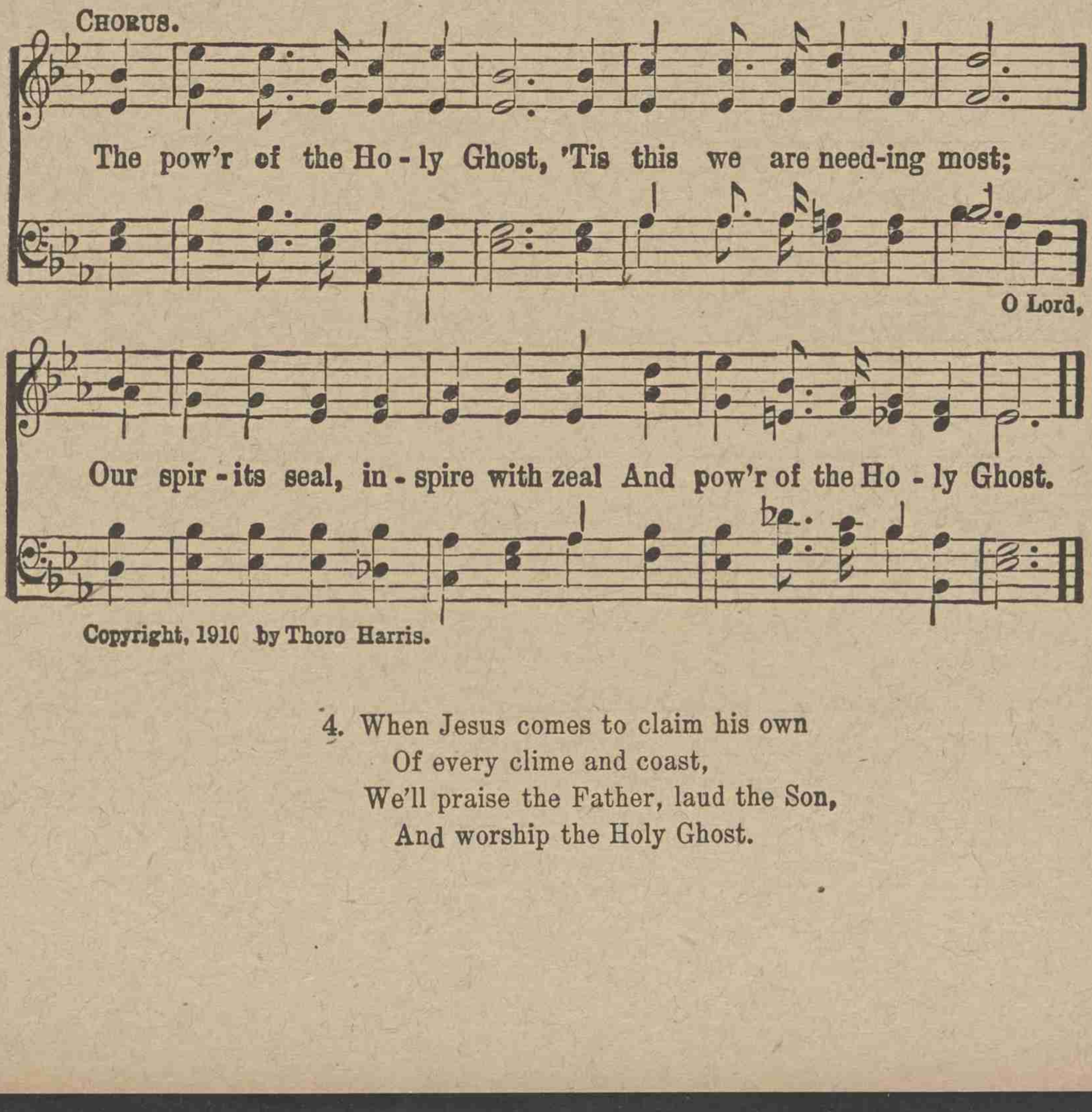
4 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

The Power of the Holy Ghost.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910 by Thoro Harris.

4. When Jesus comes to claim his own
Of every clime and coast,
We'll praise the Father, laud the Son,
And worship the Holy Ghost.

119 Joy Unspeakable.

(I Pet. 1: 8.)

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

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

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

CHORUS.

It is joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry, Full of glo-ry, full of glo-ry; It is joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry, full of glo-ry, Oh, the half has nev-er yet been told.

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, O., Owner of copyright.

120 Jesus Heals.

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

1. O wound - ed hearts, this message hear, Je - sus the Heal - er standeth near;
2. Tho ye no mor - tal aid can gain, His word of pow'r dis - solv-eth pain;
3. Long wast - ed years He can re-store—Toss in your ag - o - ny no more;
4. Christ heals as in the a - ges past: Let Him a - side your ailments cast;

1. His heal - ing balm to all is free, Friend and Phy - si - cian He.
2. Bid doubt be gone, in Him be - lieve, His heal - ing touch re - ceive.
3. Per - fect the cure He doth be - stow, His sav - ing vir - tue know.
4. His gra - cious touch will soothe your pain And make you whole a - gain.

f CHORUS,

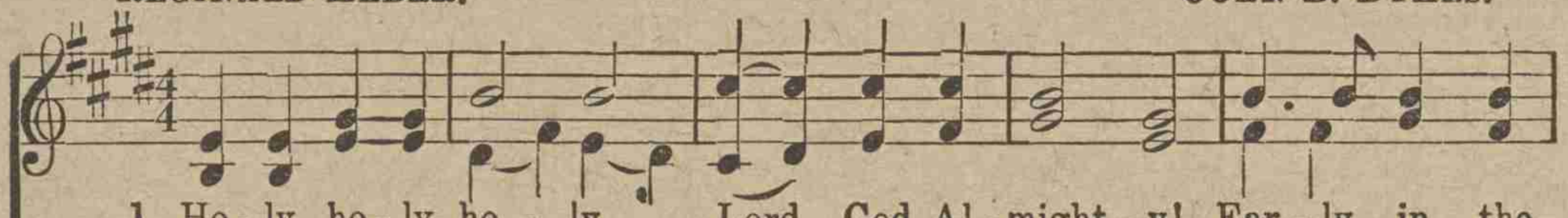
Je-sus heals, Je - sus heals, Sym-pa - thy for all He feels:

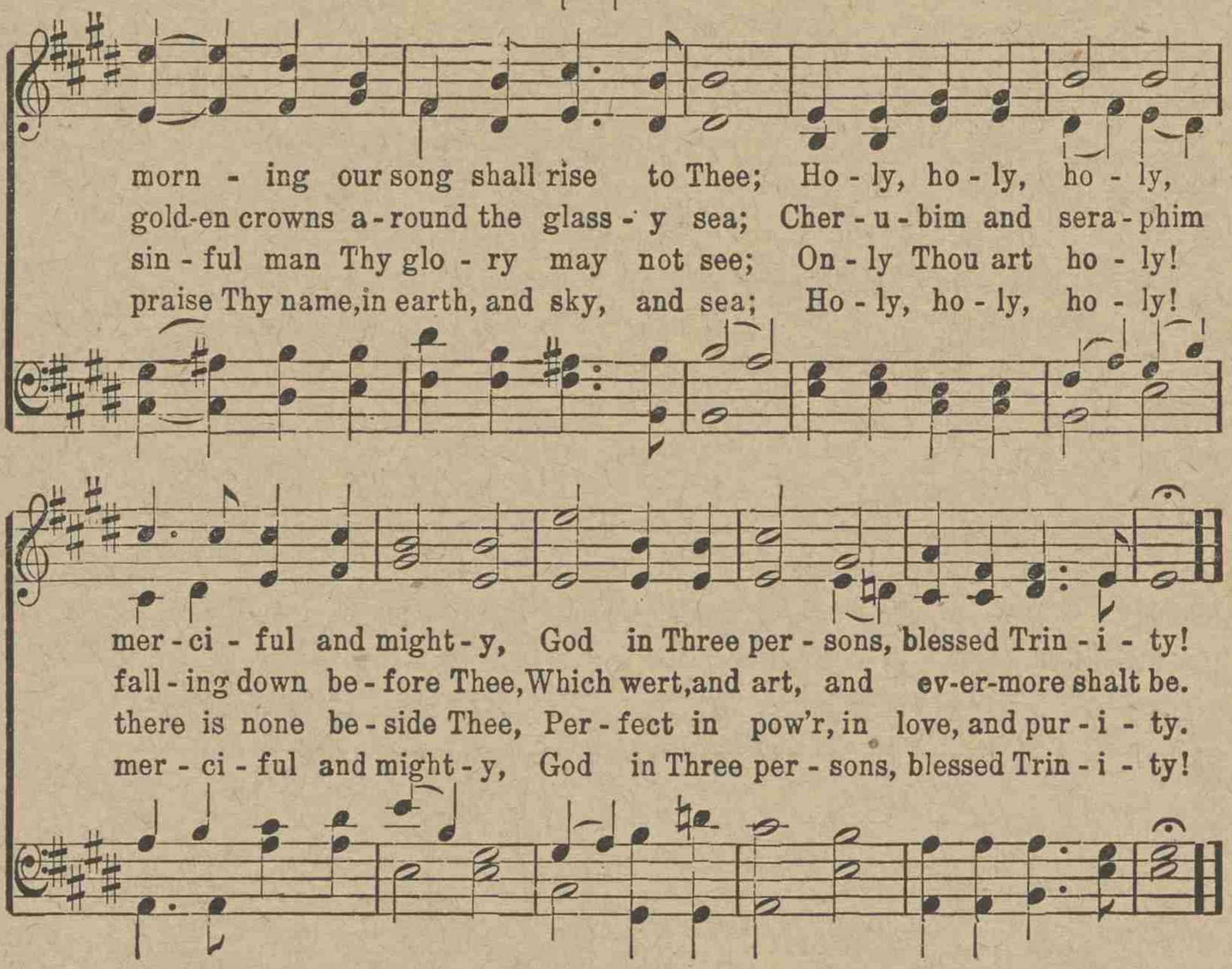
Je-sus heals, yes, Je - sus heals, True sympa - thy for all He feels: O trust Him,

Come, be-lieve, Health re-ceive; Je-sus waits to make you whole.

Come, ... be-liev-ing, Health .... re-ceiv-ing;

121 Holy, Holy, Holy.

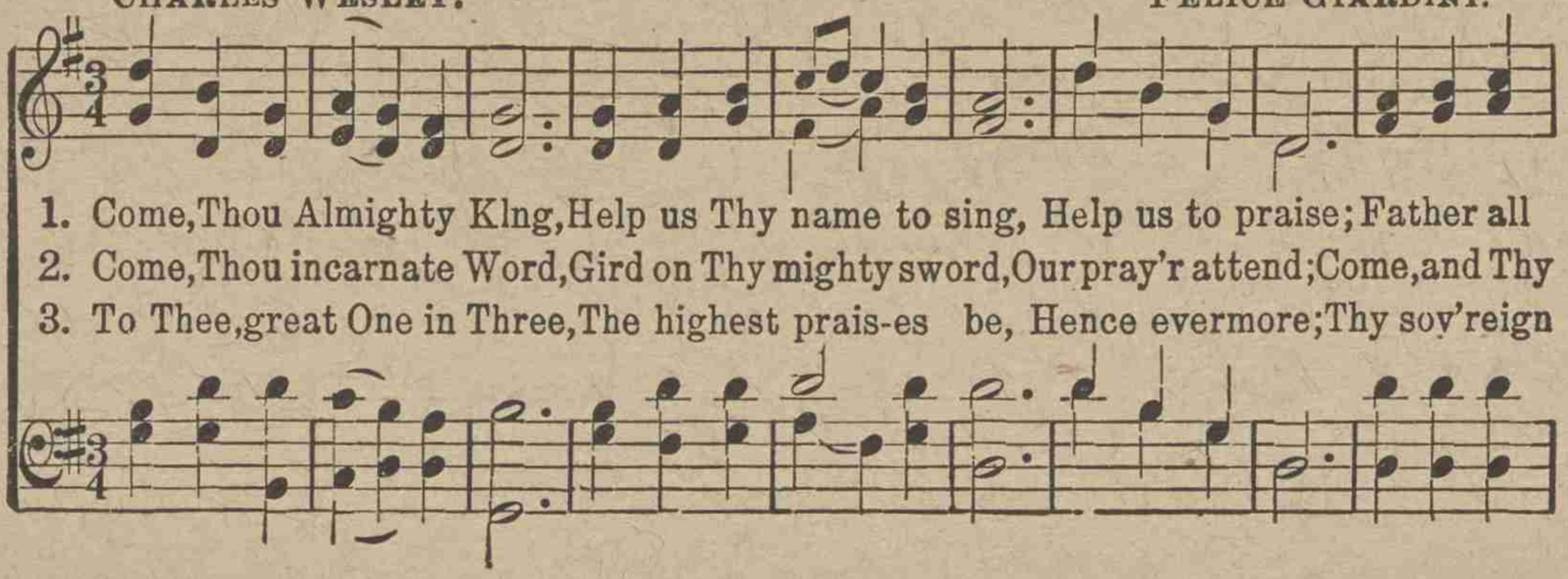
REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name,in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

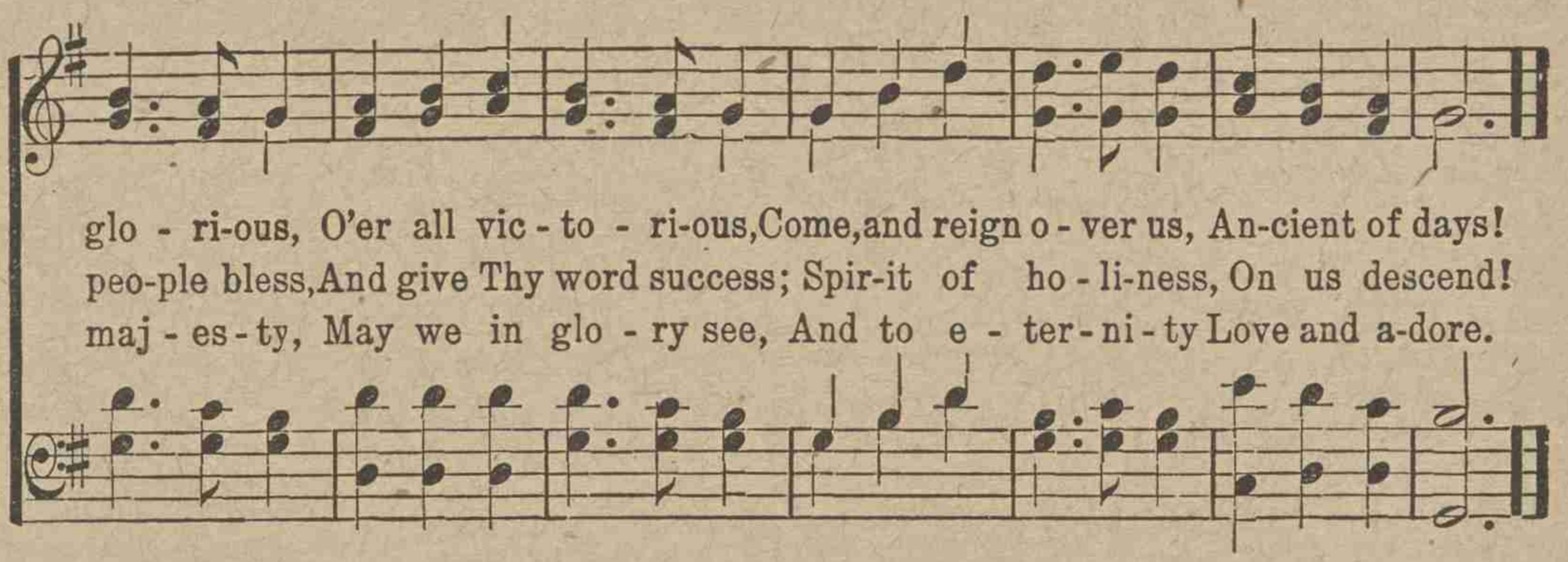
122 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



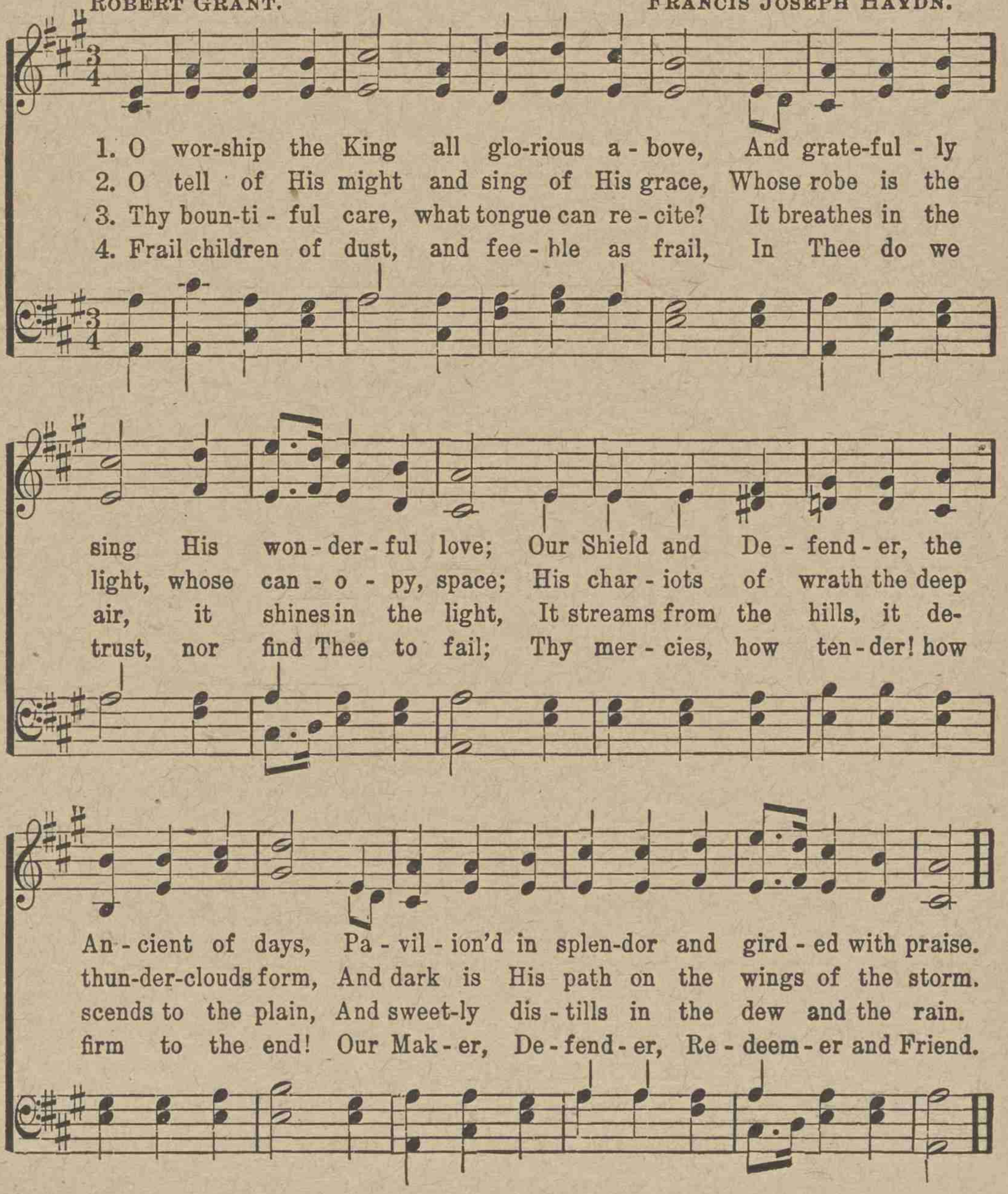
1. Come, Thou Almighty Klng, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore; Thy sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King. Concluded.



123 O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



124 If Jesus Were Coming To-night.

T. H. Copyright, 1914, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. In glo - ry transcending, With angels attending, The King of the a - ges will
   High and the Holy, The Meek [*Omit.*
2. Ere loud lam-en-ta-tion Sweep o - ver cre-a-tion, Be warned of your danger; how
   fal - ter in blindness, Re-ject- [*Omit.*
3. The proof of pos-ses-sion Is not mere profession, For many will find they have
   on - ly who, praying, Their Mas- [*Omit.*
4. Full par - don is of-fered, Salvation is proffered To all who will trust Him—why
   gos - pel be-liev-ing And mer- [*Omit.*

1. come from above; The and the Lowly, To gather His jewels, the crown of His love.
2. fear - ful the cost To ing God's kindness, And then to awake with the wretched and lost!
3. labored in vain; They ter o - bey-ing, Have lived for His glory, shall glory obtain.
4. lon - ger de-lay? His cy re-ceiv-ing, Return to the fold of the Shepherd to-day.

Chorus. Tutti.

If Jesus were coming to-night,.... Would you be found ready for flight?....
If He should come to-night? To take your sudden flight?

Your lamp burning steady, your garments made white, If Jesus were coming to-night?....
ere dawneth the light?

rall.

Prepare for that day, For 'tis not far a-way, And He may be coming to-night. (to-night.)

125 Salvation.

ACTS 4: 12.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

Maestoso. Staccato.

1 *f*

1. The { sweetest sound mortal ev - er heard Is Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion; The
grandest theme and the dearest word [*Omit . . . . .]*
2. The { lof-tiest strain that was ev - er known Is Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion; Re-
deemed ones sing round the jasper throne [*Omit . . . . .]*
3. The { deep-est truth by the God-head giv'n Is Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion; The
hope of earth and the joy of heav'n [*Omit . . . . .]*
4. The { strangest won-der on his-t'ry's page Is Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion; The
theme of themes in the com-ing age, *Omit . . . . .]*

2 *legato.*

1. Is Sal - va - tion in Je - sus' Name. { The Man who died on Cal - v'ry's tree
A - tone-ment wro't for you and me; }
2. Of Sal - va - tion in Je - sus' Name. { A Fa-ther's wondrous sav - ing grace
For men of ev - 'ry tribe and r ce; }
3. Is Sal - va - tion in Je - sus' Name. { With balm the wounded heart to heal,
The Ho - ly Ghost His saints to seal, }
4. Our Sal-va - tion in Je - sus' Name. { Thru end-less years our Lord will prove
The hights, the depths, of par-d'ning love, }

cres. *rit.*

1. Thru Him the world may all be free From sin for ev - er-more.
2. His glo - ry in the Christ we trace—We wor-ship and a - dore.
3. Je - ho - vah God, thru us re - veal Thy plen - i - tude of pow'r.
4. That all His works be-low, a-bove, May know His boundless grace. (O hal-le-lu-jah

(CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion For ev-'ry tribe, ev- ry na - tion;
for) Salvation thru the Name, The gift of God is Sal - va - tion,
the Savior's mighty Name;

f *ff* *rit.*

Sal - va - - tion! Sal - va - - tion! Thru Je - sus' might-y Name.
O shout the joy-ful sound To earth's remotest bound;
Sal - va - - - tion!

126 The Stone Rolled Away.—Life's River.

(EASTER.) (MEMORIAL.)

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **John Martin, T. H.**

DUET.

mem-'ry once a - gain I

1. To mem - 'ry once a - gain I bring ..... That spot so
2. They laid my Je - sus in the grave,..... Hearts wrung with
1. To mem - 'ry once a - gain I bring..... Those near and
2. Here in this world of grief and tears ..... We saw their

sa - cred re - col - lec - tions

1. dear to me;..... What sa - cred re - col - lec - tions
2. grim de - spair;..... Death could not bind the "Strong to
1. dear to me;..... A - gain I hear their voic - es
2. fac - es shine;. ... We dwelt with them these man - y

1. cling..... Round rug - ged Cal - va - ry! (dark Cal - va - ry.) I
2. save" ..... Nor hold Him cap-tive there (a cap-tive there.) An
1. ring,..... Their fac - es now I see (so clear-ly see.) The
2. years,..... Our hearts to theirs in-cline (to theirs in - cline;) But

1. see the sun re - fuse to shine Up - on the fear-ful sight;
2. an - gel roll'd the stone a-way, And Christ our Sav-ior rose
1. heav'nly sunbeams gently fall To light their end-less day,
2. now from sight they've gone away Be-neath the sod to rest;

The Stone Rolled Away.—Life's River.

SOLO. cres. DUET.

1. I hear the voice of Love di - vine, While earth grows dark with
2. That glad and glo-rious Eas-ter day, Tri - umph - ant o'er His
1. And once a-gain their names I call— Heav'n seems not far a-
2. O let us from our hearts now say, The Fa - ther know - eth

rit. REFRAIN.

1. night (grows dark with night.) An an - gel came to roll the stone a-
2. foes (His dead - ly foes.) To
1. way (not far a - way.) We'll meet them where Life's crys-tal riv - er
2. best (He know-eth best.) Life's

way From where our bless - ed Lord and Sav - ior
roll the stone a - way From
flows— Their fac - es seem as fair as Shar-on's
crys - tal riv - er flows— As

lay; And so in sor-rows night There shines one gleam of
where the Sav - ior lay;
rose; We lay them safe to rest, And say, God knoweth
fair as Shar-on's rose;

rit.

light, For an an - gel (comes to) roll the stone a - way.
rolls the stone, He rolls the stone a - way.
best; But we'll meet them where Life's crystal riv - er flows.
where Life's riv - er flows (un - ceas - ing flows.)

127 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re-deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per - ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! .
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

128

The Penitent's Plea.

BY PERMISSION.

H. H. HERBERT BOOTH.

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re - peat,
2. Yet, why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be de-nied,
3. All the riv-ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev-'ry promise write my name;

Stain'd with guilt, myself ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing;
To that heart its sins con-fess - ing, Can'st Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come, be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,

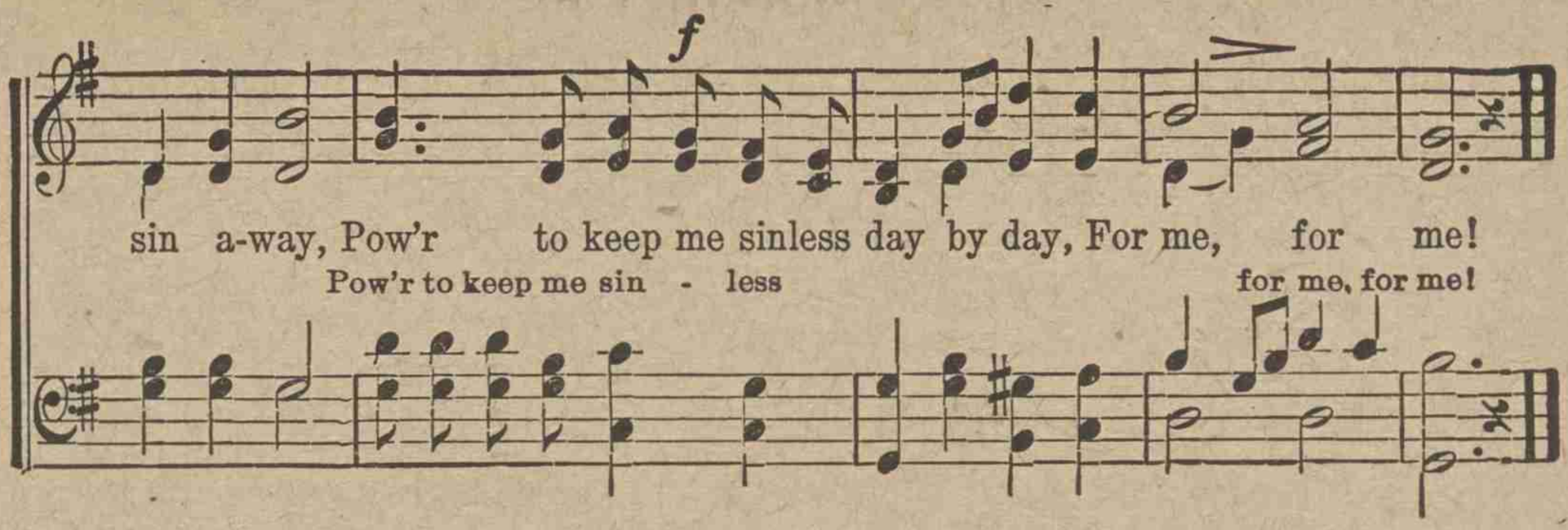
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?
By the love and pit-y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
Bid me rise a free and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more.
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
Charg-ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

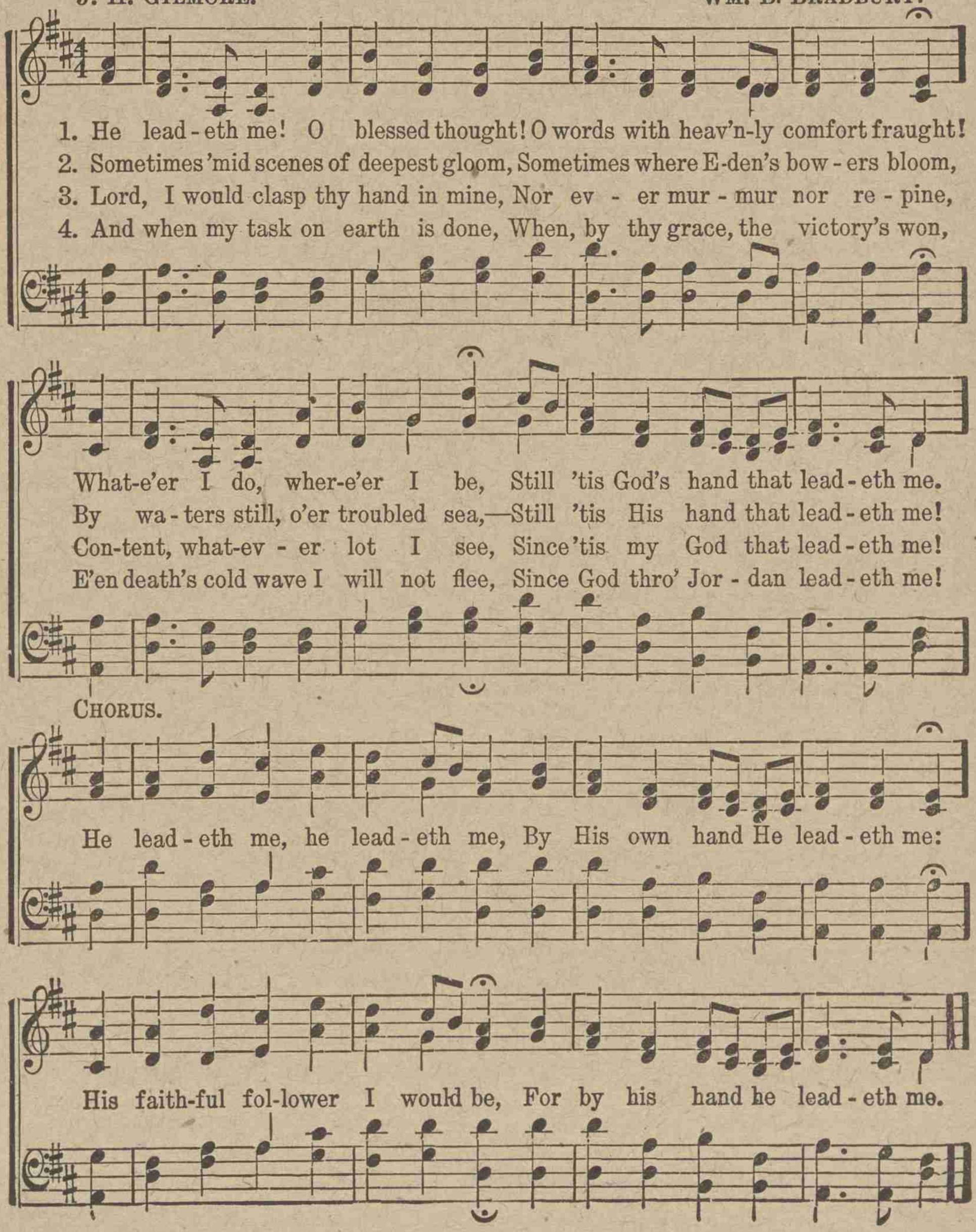
CHORUS.

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

The Penitent's Plea.

129 He Leadeth Me.

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



130 Whatever People May Say.

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

1. We've wait - ed on full ma - ny a year Our Sav - ior's face to see;
   from the sure pro - phet - ic word The world has turned a - way,
2. The fierc - est strife old earth has known Is rag - ing ver - y sore;
   all the great and might - y men Too late, a - las! will pray;
3. He'll take His cho - sen out of all That trib - u - la - tion sore;
   earth will melt with fer - vent heat, The heav'ns will flee a - way;
4. Tho mock - ers His re - turn de - ny, And faith is wax - ing cold,
   Lord forewarn'd these things would be, While here on earth we stay;

1. His glo-rious ad-vent draw-eth near, Like Him we then shall be. Tho Yet
2. The King will soon as-cend the throne To reign for ev - er-more; Then For
3. For rocks and hills the car - nal call, When pray'rs avail no more; The For
4. Tho flesh - ly wis-dom mul - ti - ply Her doubts an hundred-fold, Our But

FINE. *f* CHORUS.

Je-sus soon is coming, What-ev-er the people may say. Coming with hosts of

an-gels, In gorgeous, glad array, Coming to end earth's sorrow, And bring the mil-

D.S.

TUTTI.

len-i - al day (hallelujah!) Coming from hights of glory To snatch His bride away, King

131 Is My Savior Yours?

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. My Sav - ior is mer - ci - ful, ten - der and sweet; He will - ing - ly
2. He died on the cross to re - deem me from sin, And whit - er than
3. Thru show-ers of mer - cy and riv - ers of grace, I walk day by
4. He suf-fered for you when He suf-fered for me; The joy that is

1. helps me my foes to defeat; My grief He has banished, my joy made complete;
2. snow He has made me with-in; Some day, if I love Him, a crown I shall win;
3. day in the light of His face, And feel ev-'ry mo-ment His ten-der embrace;
4. mine yours this moment may be; His won-der-ful mer - cy and par-don are free;

CHORUS.

1. This lov - ing Re-deem-er is mine. Is He yours? ..... is He yours?....
2. This gracious Re-deem-er is mine. is my Savior yours?
3. This bless-ed Re-deem-er is mine.
4. O come to the Sav - ior di - vine! Is He yours? is He yours? .....

Has He tak - en your sins all a - way?..... O, if wan-der-ing
the sins of your life all a - way?

rit.

still, Yield to Je - sus your will; Make my Savior your Sav-ior to - day.....
your Savior to-day.

132 Will You Be Saved Today?

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

1. Soul, are you here with an ach-ing heart? You may be saved to-day; (to - day;)
2. Prayr's are as-cend-ing to heav'n for you; You may be saved to-day; (to - day;)
3. Judgment is com-ing: what can you do? Will you be saved to-day? (to - day?)

Je - sus can bid all your fears depart, You may be saved to - day, (yes, to-day.)
Christ can your courage and hope re-new: You may be saved to - day, (yes, to-day.)
Death and destruction with anguish, too; Will you be saved to - day, (yes, to-day?)

God's Ho - ly Spir - it is here in pow'r, Wait-ing to bless you this ver - y hour, Long-ing to give you the priceless dow'r—You may be saved to - day.
If you have found that this world is vain, If you have ris - en to fall a- gain, Je - sus will nev - er your plea dis-dain: You may be saved to - day.
God can-not save you a-gainst your will: Will you the terms of His grace ful- fill? While He is ear - nest-ly call - ing still, Will you be saved to - day?

REFRAIN.

To - day, yes, to - day; Why wan-der from Je - sus a - way? So

Will You Be Saved Today?

long He has pleaded; He pa-tient-ly waits To save you, my brother, to - day.

133 The Prayer of Faith.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

T. H. JAMES 5: 14–20. Thoro Harris.

1. Is an - y sick a-mong the saints? Let such the el-ders call; To heav'n di-
2. In Je-sus' name a-noint with oil— 'Tis His di-vine command; The pow'rs of
3. Do an - y wan-der from the Lord?–Thy brother man re-store; Help him to

CHORUS.

rect your sad complaints, To God, who rul - eth all.....
dark-ness He will foil—All pow'r is in His hand..... The pray'r of
trust the par-d'ning word Of grace for ev - er - more.....

The pray'r of

faith shall save the sick,.... The Lord shall raise him up, And
shall save the sick, The Lord shall raise him, raise him up,

if he have com-mit-ted sins, committed sins, They all shall be for-giv - en him.

134. Washed in the Blood.

"Unto him that loved us and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood."

C. P. J. Rev. 1:5. CHAS. P. JONES.

1. Wash'd in the blood by the Spir-it sealed, Christ in His word is to me re-vealed; Glo - ry to God! in my soul doth shine
2. Once I was blind, but be-hold I see; God from a-bove now hath shined into me; Cleansed from all sin, in His word I be - hold
3. Oh, that the world might the Saviour see, That bless-ed Sav-iour who saved poor me! Oh, how the lost ones would come shouting home,
4. Wash'd in the blood! Sinner come to-day; Je - sus so free - ly the debt will pay; Come to His arm, to His arms of grace,

CHORUS.

God, my salvation, and His life is mine!
Wealth which can never be compared to gold. Washed in the blood,
Never, never, never, nevermore to roam!
Come, now in meekness, seek the Saviour's face. O glo - ry

Washed in the blood! (Hallelujah!) Washed in the blood, in the soul-cleans-ing blood! (O glo-ry!) Sealed in the Spir - it true, and washed in the blood!

1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per.

135 Death Hath No Terrors.

C. P. J. "O death, where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55. C. P. JONES.

1. Death hath no terrors for the blood-bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
2. Our souls are dead to all the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
3. We seek a cit - y far be-yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
4. We'll then press forward to the heav'nly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav-iour rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah

to the Lamb! The boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone,
to the Lamb! By the Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in,
to the Lamb! Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail,
to the Lamb! Nor mind the troub - les met on ev - 'ry hand,
to the Lamb! Till then shall death be but a calm re - pose,

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je - sus rose (Jesus rose) from the

dead, Rose triumph - ant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,
from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said,

Rose a-gain our souls to save, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Copyright, 1901, by C. P. Jones, Jackson, Miss. By per.

136 The Prayer of the Church.

Mrs. R. T. B. Copyright, 1916, by R. T. Bowden. Mrs. R. T. Bowden.

1. O Sav-ior, come and take us To our e - ter - nal home; Our lamps are trim'd and burn-ing—O come, dear Savior, come! 'Mid ceaseless strife, With pray'rful life
2. "Peace, peace," the world is cry - ing, "War, war", the hosts declare· On Thee a- lone re - ly - ing, For judgment we prepare. Come, Savior dear, Our hearts to cheer:

We seek the ho - ly ci - ty; We wait and long, A ransom'd throng, To see Thy
We long for Thy re - turn-ing; Make wars to cease, Thou Prince of peace, Make all earth's glo - rious face. Tho' sin and death sur-round us, The Judge stands at the door; We
king-doms one. In hope we pur - i - fy us, By faith the race we run; O wait till Thou shalt crown us Vic - to-rious ev - er-more. O Sav - ior, come And
speed Thy glad re-turn-ing, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come!

CHORUS.

The Prayer of the Church.

take us home; Come back to earth in glo-ry; We praise and pray Till dawns the day; With

rit.

fervent hearts we sing, "This is our God, we wait for Him, Our Prophet, Priest and King!"

137 The Response of the Christ.

Arranged by Thoro Harris.

O lit-tle flock, I love you! O lit-tle flock, you're mine! O lit-tle flock, I'm

cres.

coming soon In ma - jes-ty di - vine; I'm coming in My glo - ry To take you

rit.

home with Me; O tell the wondrous story Of the Kingdom yet to be. A - men.

138 My Burdens Rolled Away.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Rolled a-way,

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

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

Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin.

139 The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

With animation.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part, Ring
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold-en Gate, Thro'
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts and homes and thrones; Ring

out the joy - ful watchword From ev -'ry grateful heart; The whole wide world
all the South Sea Is-lands, To Chi-na's prince-ly state; From India's vales
out a - gain the watchword In loud and joy-ous tones: The whole wide world

for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; The Cru - ci - fied shall
and mountains, Thro' Per - sia's land of bloom, To sto - ried Pal - es-
for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing, And speed the pray'r with

The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle cry; shall
From In - dia's vales and mount-ains, Thro' Per - sia's land of bloom, Pal - es-
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With pray'r the song we'll wing; with

CHORUS.

con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert gloom. The whole wide world For
la - bor, Till earth shall crown him King.

Je - sus! for Je - sus! This whole wide world For Je - sus Christ our Lord!

Copyright, 1908, Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio. Used by permission.

140 He Never Leaveth Me.

JENNIE WILSON. THORO HARRIS.

1. I nev - er tread life's path a - lone, With cares and bur-dens all my own;
2. If dan - ger seems to ho - ver near, He speak-eth words of hope and cheer,
3. He is my comrade and my guide In whose dear pres-ence I'll a - bide
4. When far be-yond the scenes of time, In E - den's fair and hap-py clime,

A pre-cious Friend I long have known, My Sav-ior nev - er leav-eth me.
And close to him I lose all fear: My Sav-ior nev - er leav-eth me.
Un - til I cross the swell - ing tide: My Sav-ior nev - er leave-th me.
I'll sing 'mid har - mon - ies sub-lime, My Sav-ior nev - er leav-eth me.

CHORUS.

My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me, A help - er ev - er

near is he; His pres - ence giv - eth rest, His

friend - ship is so blest, My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.

Copyright, 1907, by The Metropolitan Church Association.

141. Never Alone.

R. W. Raymond. Fred. Silcher.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low, The sail - or
2. Far down in the earth's dark bos - om The min - er
3. Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead - fast
4. Lord, grant, as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its

sails the sea, A - lone with the night and the tem - pest, Where
mines the ore; Death lurks in the dark . be - hind him, And
sol - dier goes, No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His
mines of woe, Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con - flict, This

CHORUS.

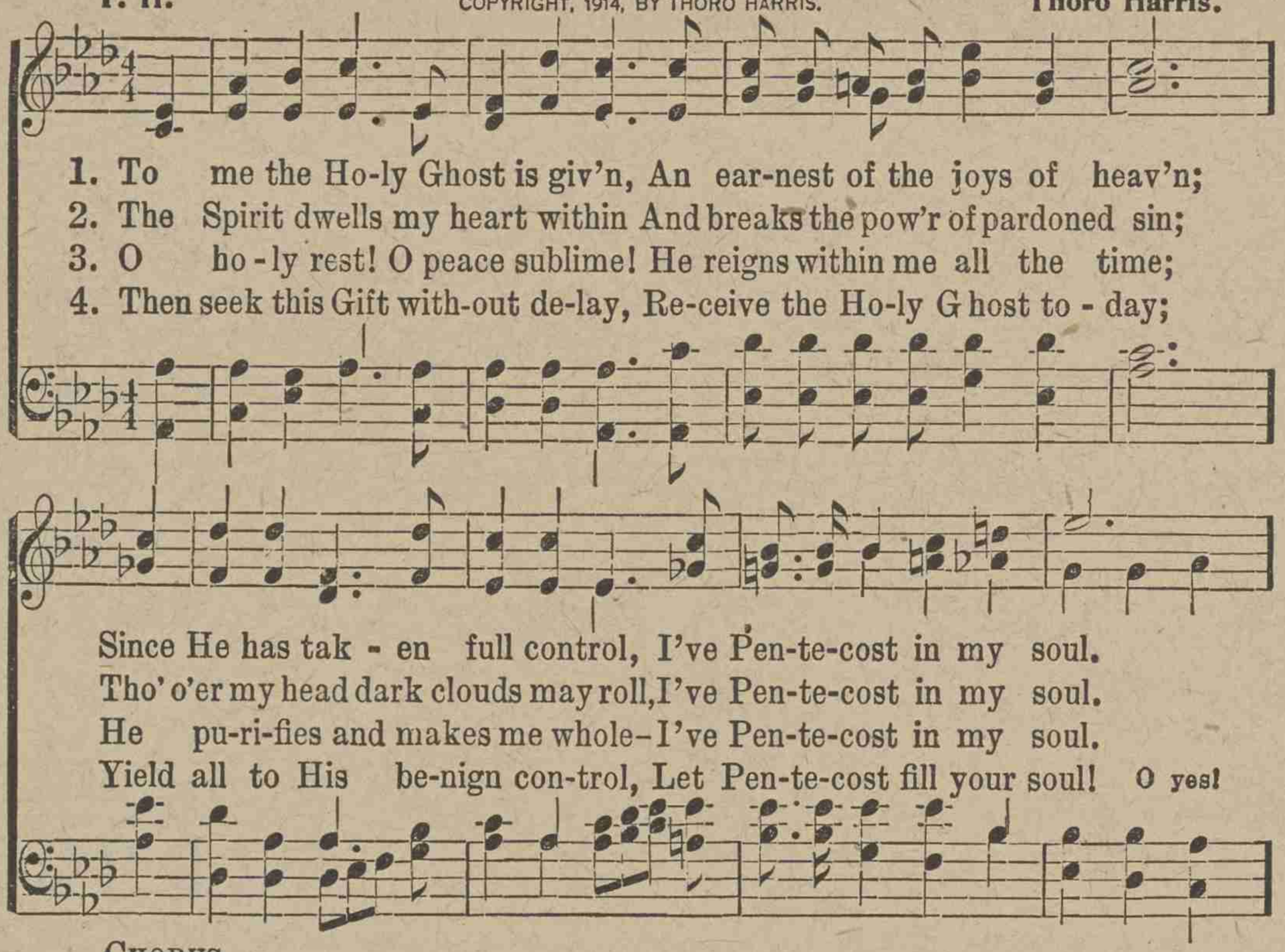
count - less dan - gers be! Yet, nev - er a - lone is the
hides in the rock be - fore. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the
eyes to kiss and close. Yet, nev - er a - lone is the
com - fort all to know: That nev - er a - lone is the

Chris - tian, Who lives by faith and prayer; . . . . For

God is a Friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

142. Pentecost in My Soul.

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



143 Victory in My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Tune above.

1 The Savior all my foes o'er came—
O magnify His peerless name!
For since His grace hath made me whole,
There's victory in my soul.
CHO.—I've victory in my soul,
Yes, victory in my soul;
I triumph each hour
By faith in His pow'r—
I've victory in my soul.

2 I shout aloud with holy joy;
His praises shall my tongue employ;
I yield my all to His control—
There's victory in my soul.

3 And when I reach the land of bliss
Where I shall see Him as He is,
I'll sing while countless ages roll,
There's victory in my soul.

144. Victory at the Cross.

L. O. P. and A. W. P. L. O. P.

1. Come, lay your heav-y bur-den at the Sav-iour's feet, He will give you
2. Come, bring to Je-sus Christ your heart so dark with sin, He will cleanse and
3. Come, bring your ev'ry sick-ness to the heal-er true, He will heal your

com-fort in His presence sweet; From trouble and from sor-row He will
keep you clean and pure with-in; His pre-cious blood was shed and is our
bod-y and your life re-new; He bore both sin and sick-ness on the

CHORUS.

set you free, At the cross of Je-sus there is vic-t'ry.
on-ly plea: At the cross of Je-sus there is vic-t'ry. Vic-to-ry!
cru-el tree; At the cross of Je-sus there is vic-t'ry.

Vigorously.

vic-to-ry! Thro' the blood of Je-sus there is vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, there is vic-t'ry!

All rights reserved. J. M. Humphrey, owner, Lima, O.

145 Who at My Door is Standing?

M. B. C. Slade. A. B. Everett.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient - ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;
3. All thru the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is He;
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;

f. FINE.

En-trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S.-*If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

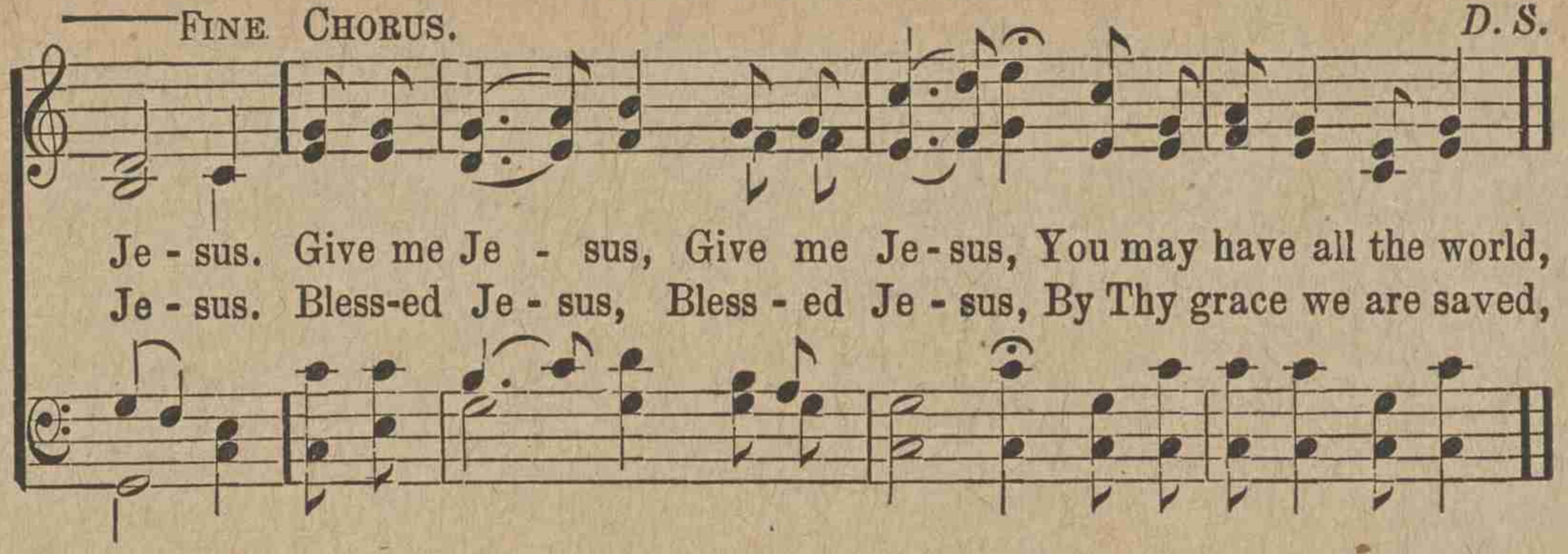
Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing: — O - pen the door for Me!

146 Give Me Jesus.

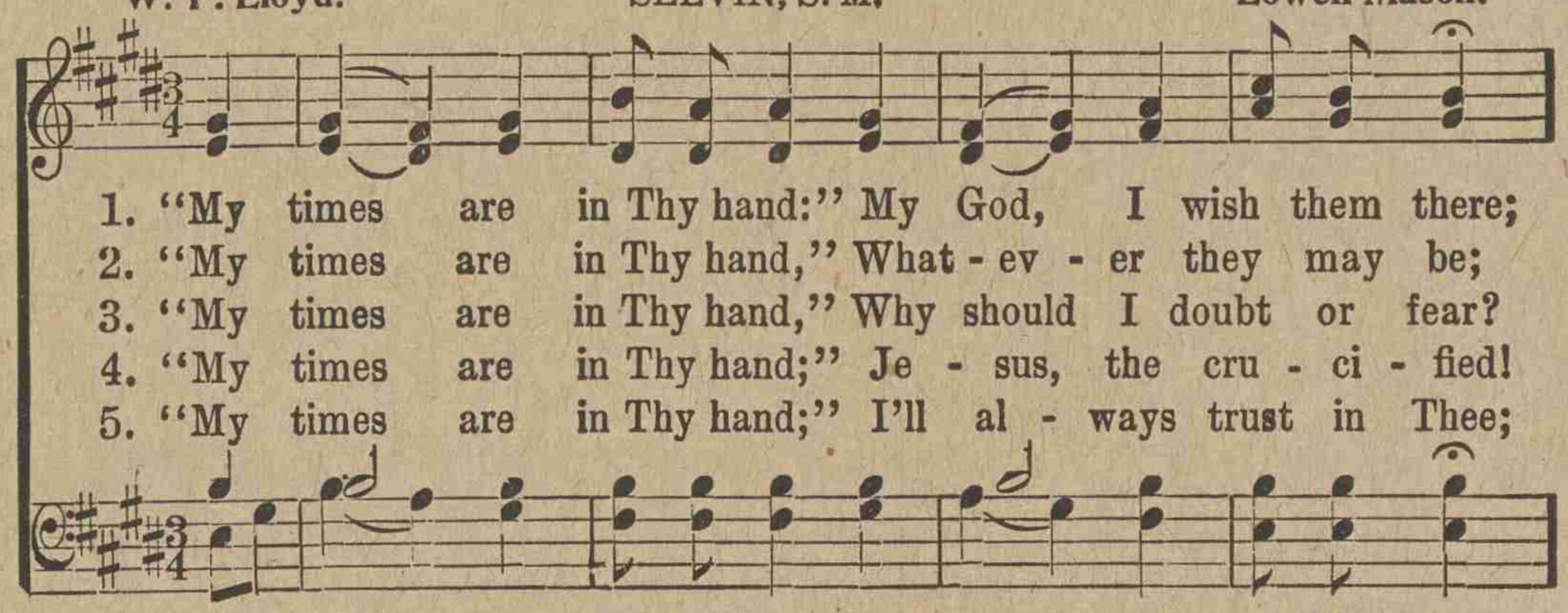
Arr. by Thoro Harris.

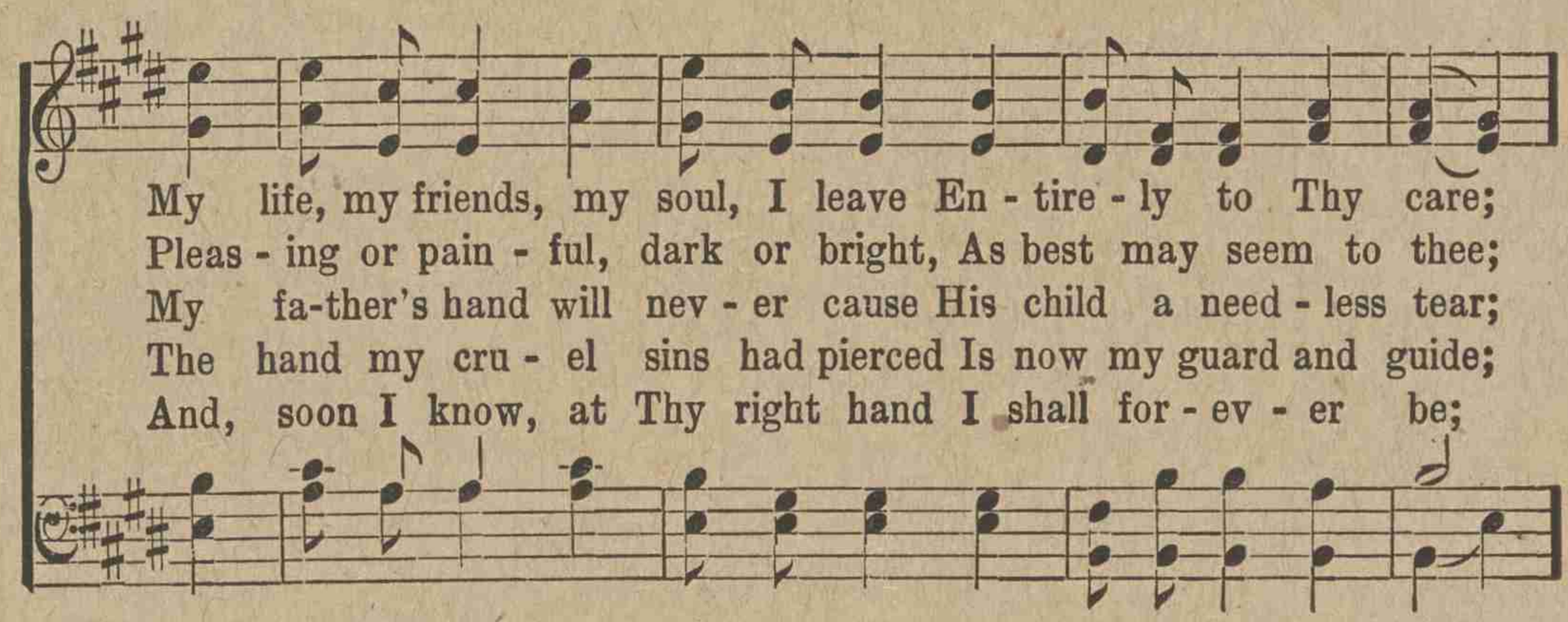
1. When I'm hap-py, hear me sing, When I'm hap-py hear me sing, Give me
2. When in sor-row, hear me pray, When in sor-row, hear me pray, Give me
3. When I'm dy - ing, hear me cry, When I'm dy - ing hear me cry, Give me
4. When I'm rising, hear me shout, When I'm rising, hear me shout, Give me
5. When in heav - en we will sing, When in heav - en we will sing, Bless-ed

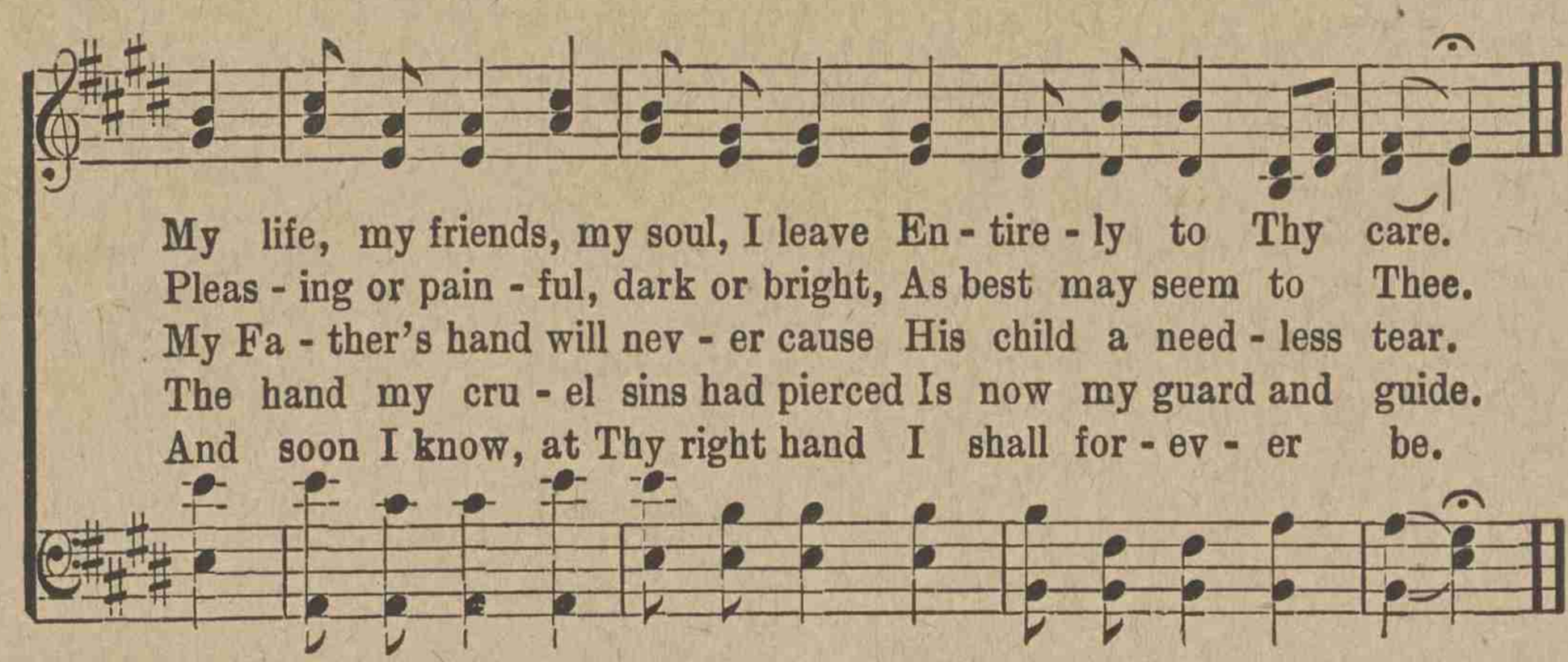
Give Me Jesus.

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

147 My Times are in Thy Hand.

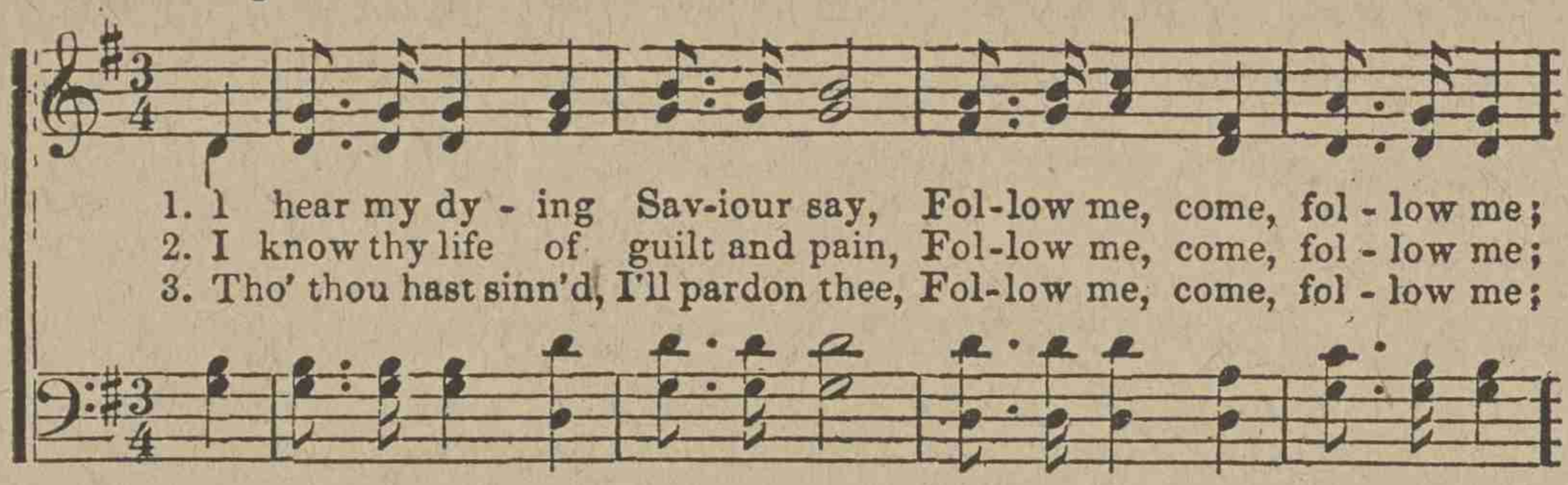
W. F. Lloyd. SELVIN, S. M. Lowell Mason.

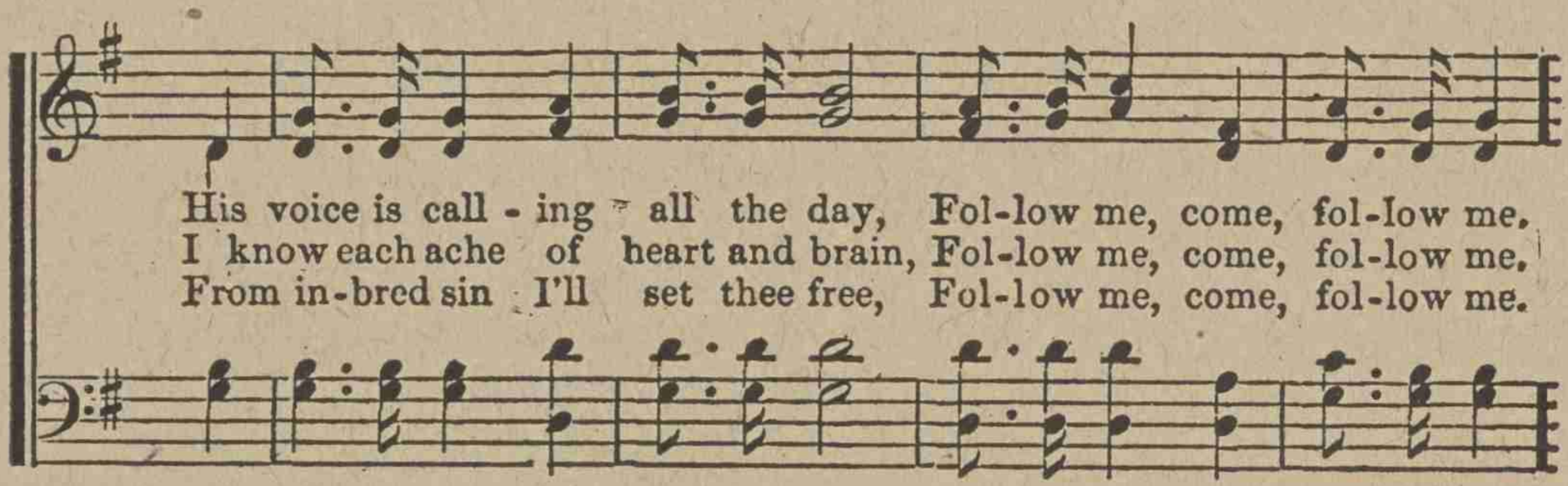


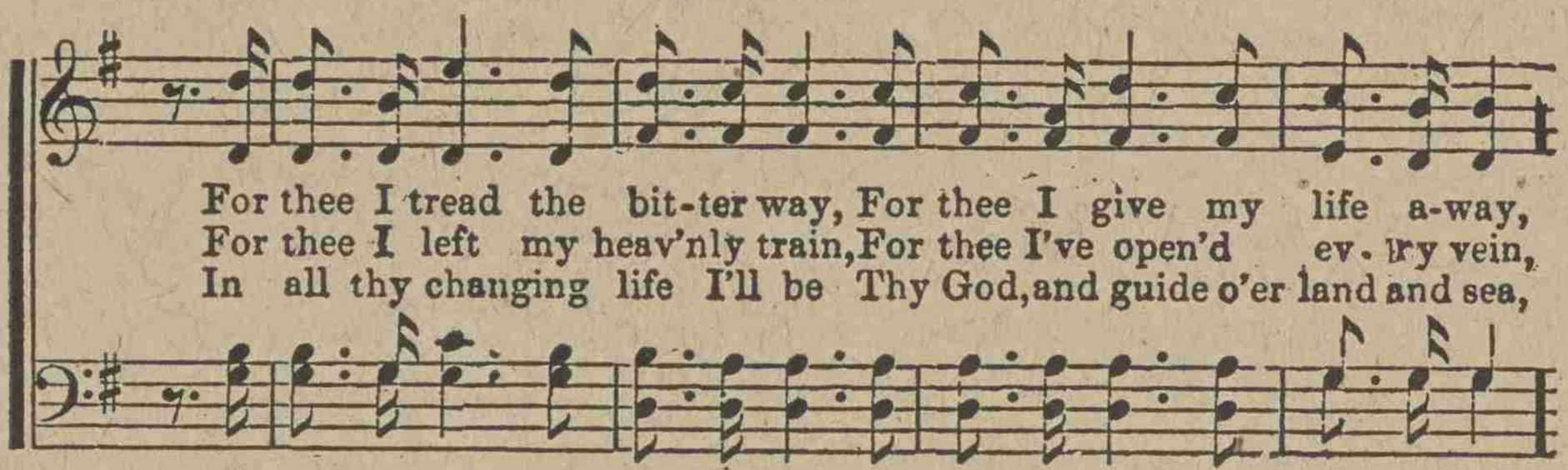


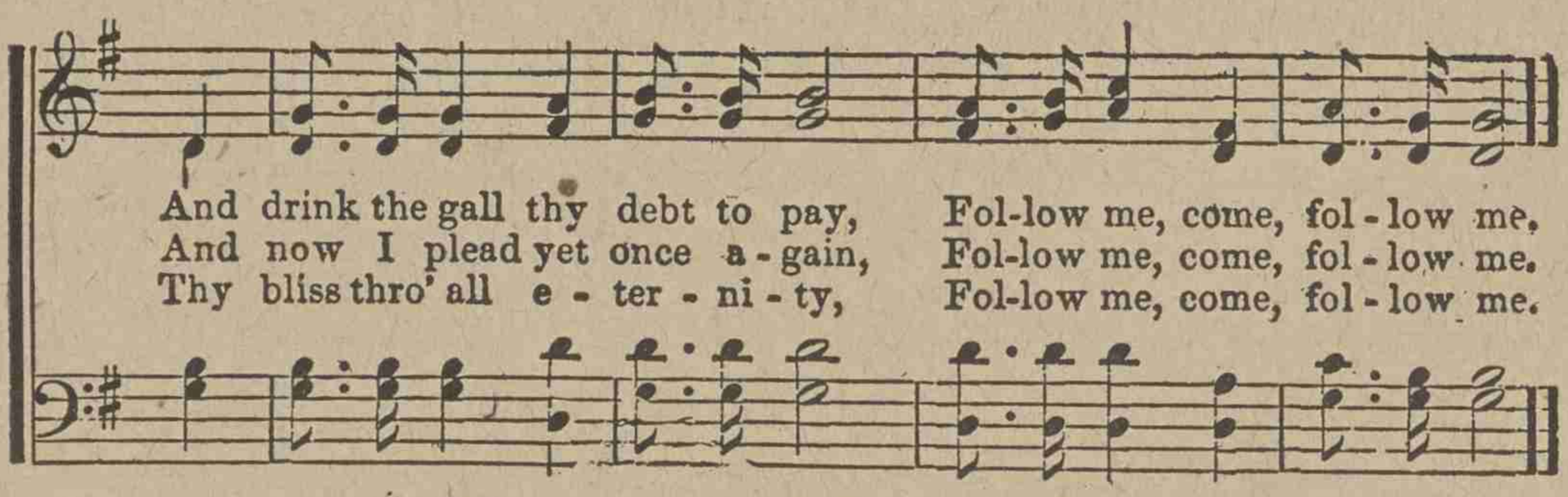


Follow Me.









4 Come cast upon me all thy cares,
Follow me, come, follow me;
Thy heavy load my arm upbears,
Follow me, come, follow me.
Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust me through the future years,
My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Follow me, come, follow me.

5 Dear Lord, I yield to all thy will,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee;
O! bid my struggling soul be still,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.
Come cleanse, and with thy Spirit fill,
And keep me safe from every ill,
And all thy word in me fulfil,
I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.

149 IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?

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

1. Wondrous it seemeth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re- sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer- cy re- veal- ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sinner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me his fa- vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, pardon he gave me, And I am happy with - in.
But Jesus sought me till he had brought me, Penitent, seeking his face.
Ban- ish-ing sad- ness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der- ful, is it not won - der- ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der- ful, strange and so won - der- ful (*Omit.*)

gracious should be?..... :‖ That he should save e - ven me!.....
lov- ing and gracious should be? :‖ That he should pardon and save even me!

Used by per. of E. A. Hoffman, owner of Copyright.

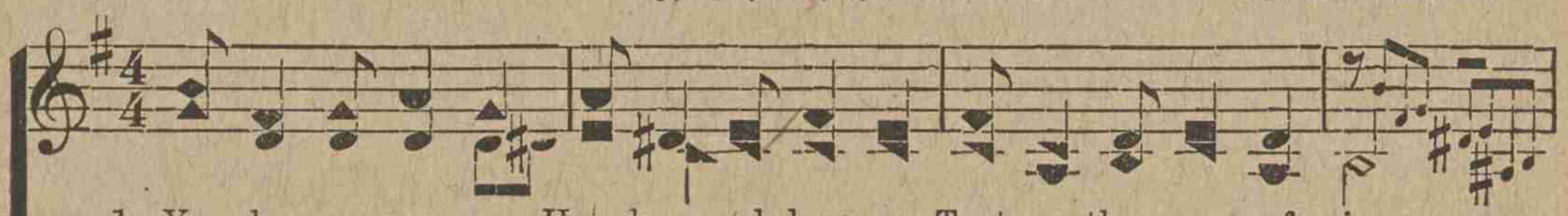
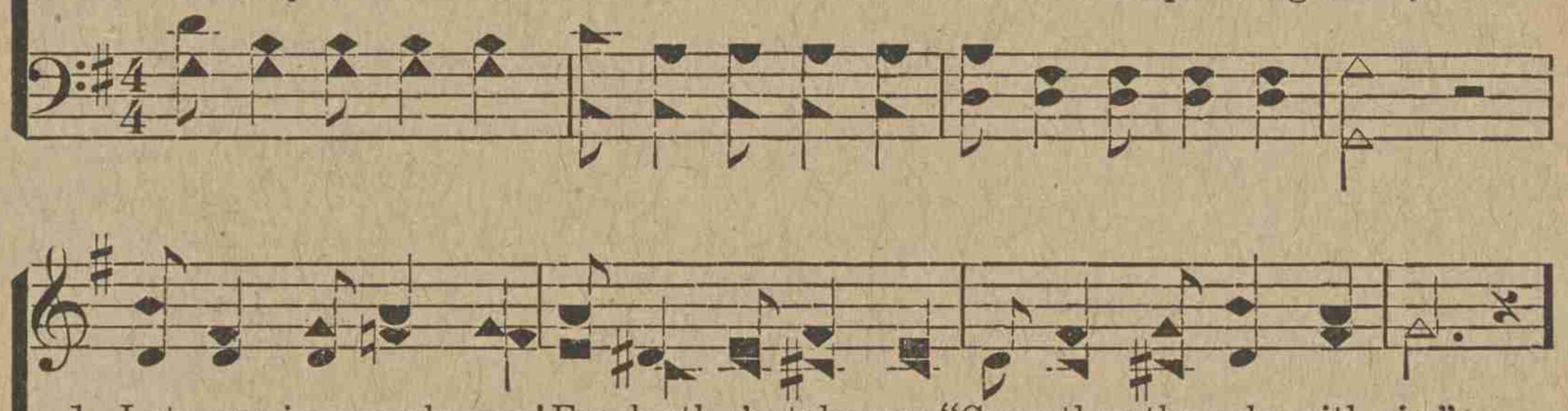
150

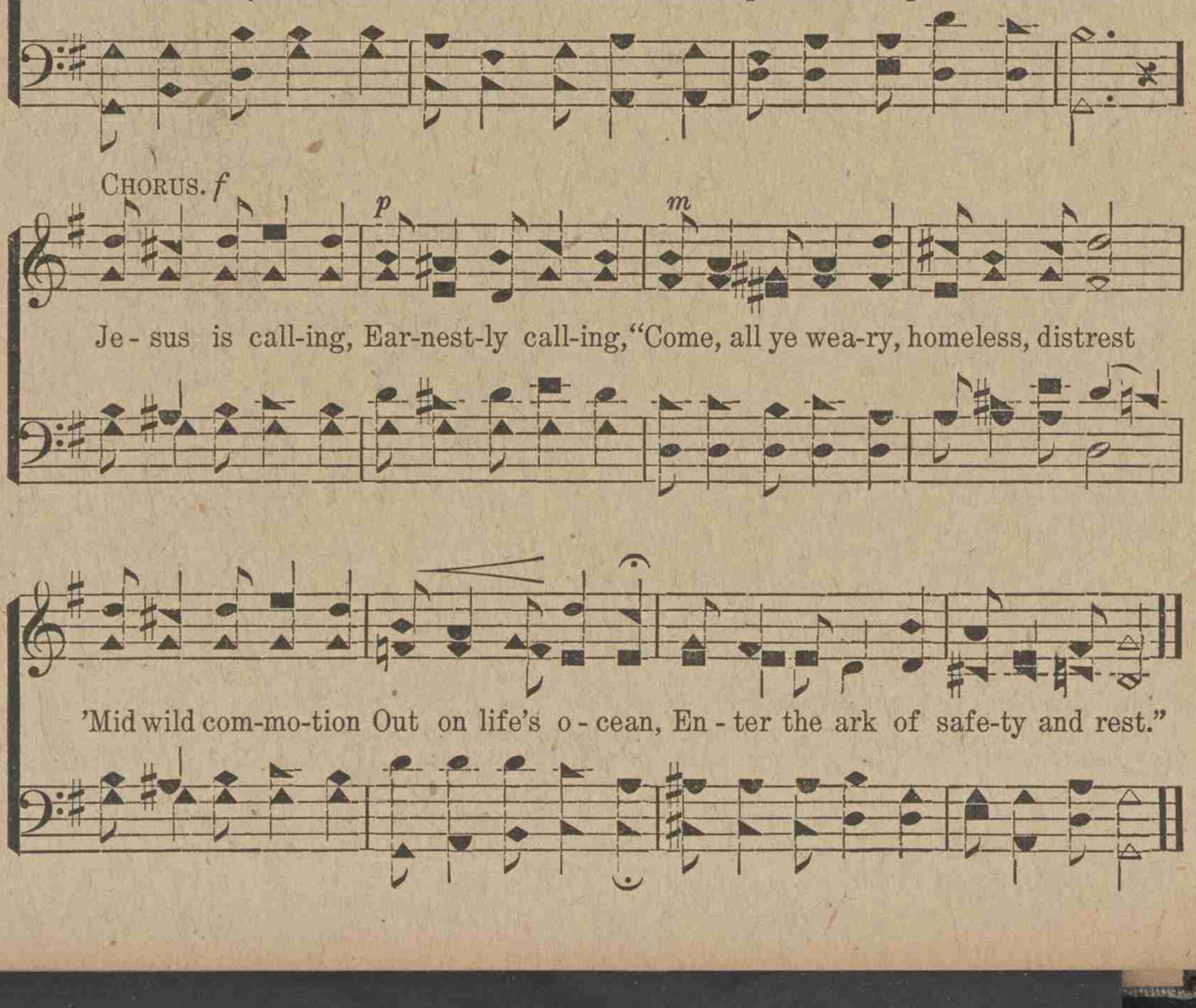
Enter the Ark.

"Come thou . . . into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Ye who are wea - ry, Hopeless and drear-y, Tost on the waves of sin,
2. Shadows are fall - ing, Darkness ap-pall-ing Comes with thy setting sun;
3. All ye who la - bor—Friend, com-rade, neigh-bor,—Sin-sick and sore op-prest,
4. Seek-ing His fa - vor, Look to the Sav-ior, He will thy guilt for-give;
5. Free-ly con-fess-ing, Crav-ing His blessing, Call on His name to - day;
6. Still He is plead-ing, Still in - ter-ced-ing; This is thy day of grace;
7. Glad-ly He gave you His life to save you, Sink-ing be-neath the foam;
8. Seek thy sal - va-tion Ere trib - u - la-tion Break with im-pend-ing doom;

1. Let conscience wake you! Ere death o'ertake you, "Come thou the ark with - in."
2. Midnight is near - ing—Where art thou steering? Soon will life's day be done.
3. New hope to bor - row, Here leave thy sor - row: Je - sus will give you rest.
4. Now He is wait - ing: Cease thy de - bat-ing—Look, and thy soul shall live.
5. His truth be - liev - ing, Par - don re-ceiv - ing—He is the liv - ing way.
6. God's word o - bey - ing, No more de - lay - ing, Seek now His ho - ly face.
7. What-e'er be-tide you, Je - sus will guide you Safe to the Fa - ther's home.
8. Should mercy fail thee, What could a-vail thee? Hope can - not pierce the tomb.

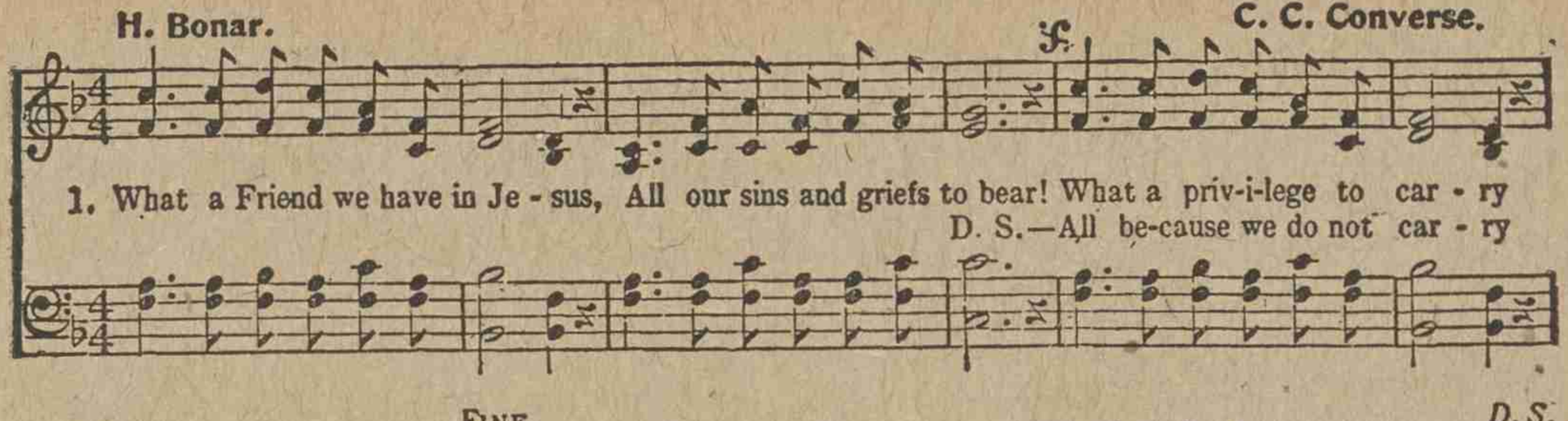


CHORUS. *f*

Je - sus is call-ing, Ear-nest-ly call-ing, "Come, all ye wea-ry, homeless, distrest

'Mid wild com-mo-tion Out on life's o - cean, En - ter the ark of safe-ty and rest."

No. 151. What a Friend.

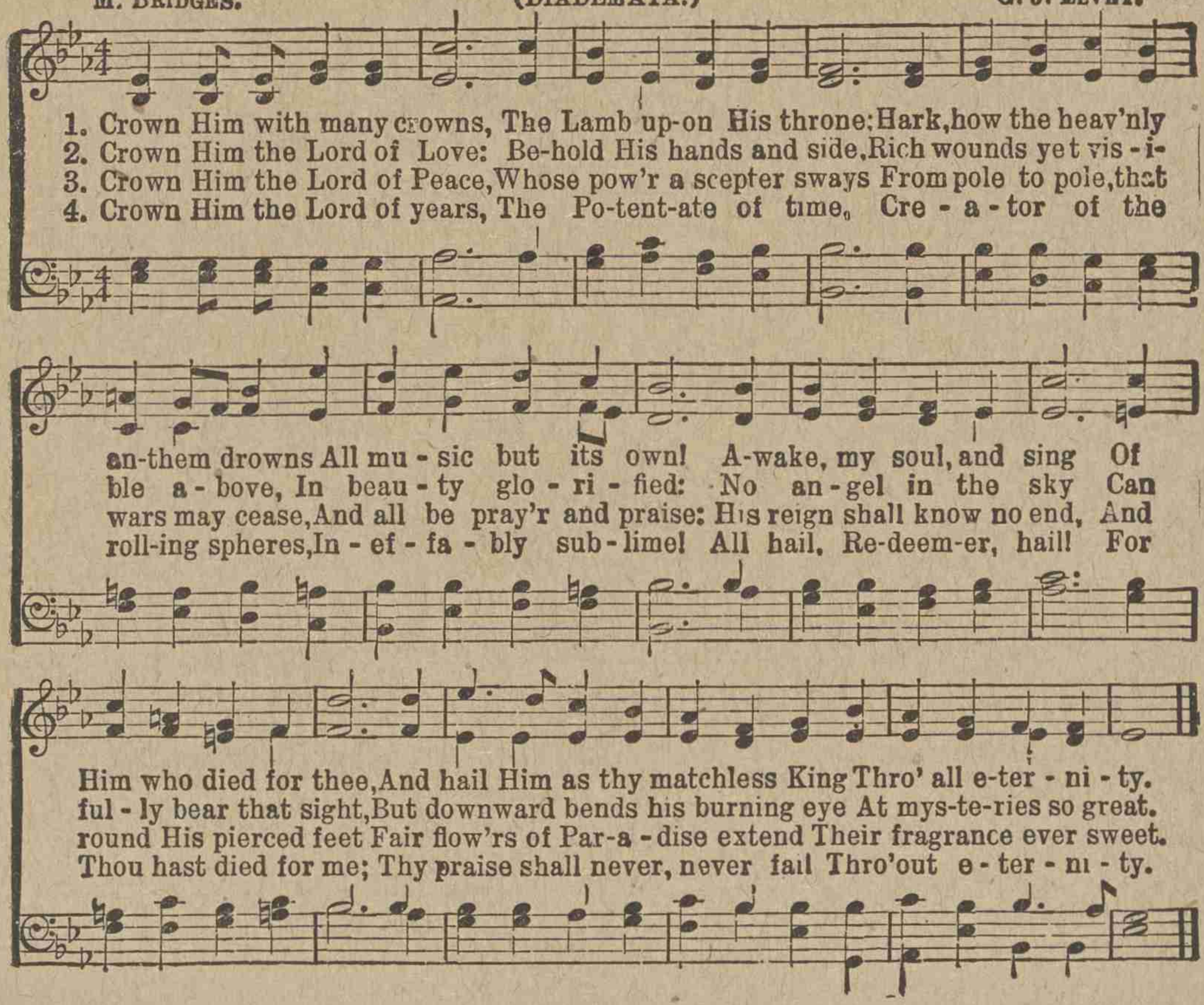
H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

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

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

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

No. 152 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

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



153. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
   Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau-ti - ful words,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau-ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau-ti - ful words,

won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life; Life.

154 The Year of Jubilee.

Charles Wesley. Lenox. H. M. Lewis Edson.

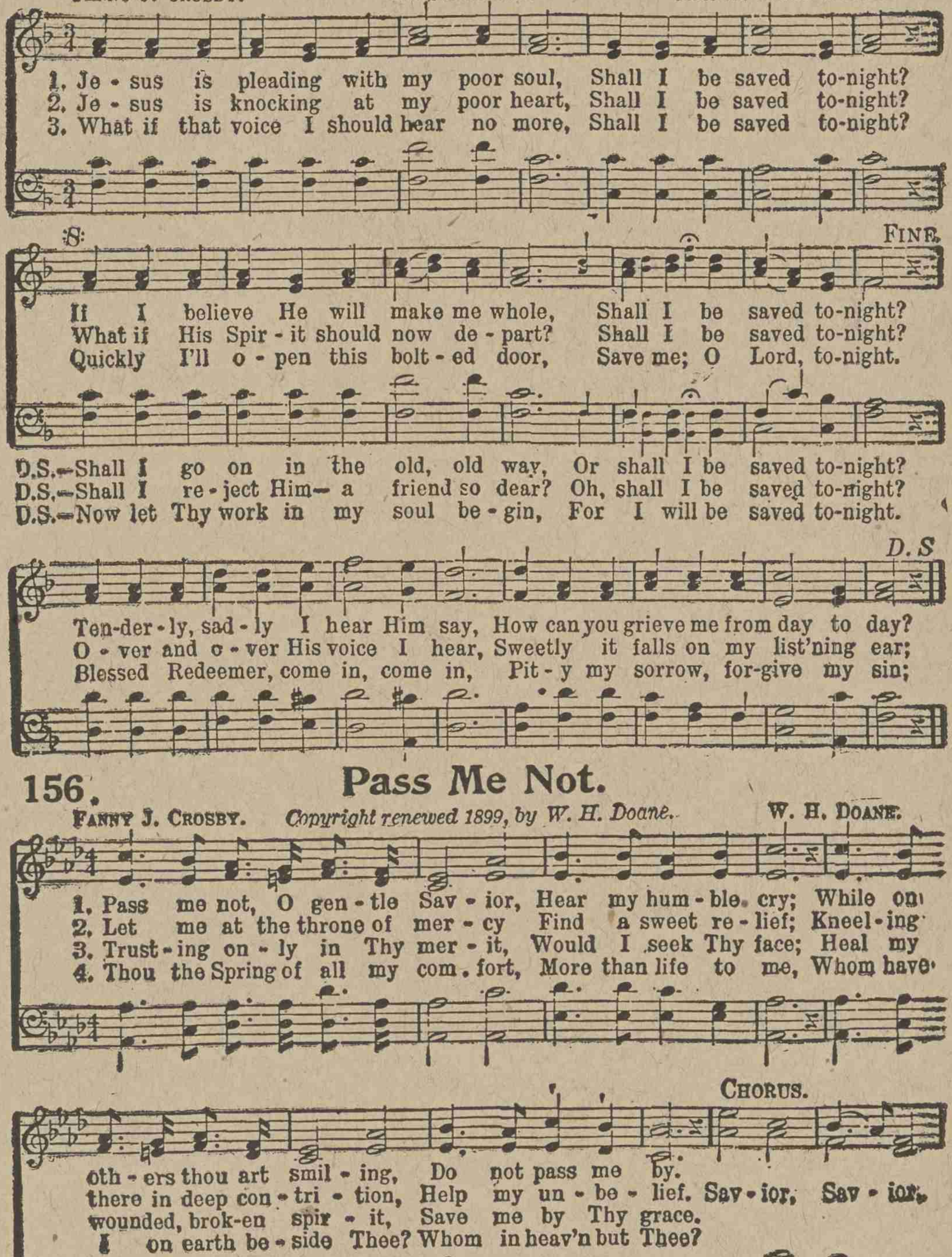
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad - ly solemn sound! Let all the na-tions know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made: Ye wea - ry spir-its, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton - ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion in His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell,

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mourn - ful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Thro'-out the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!

The year of ju - bi - lee is come! Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

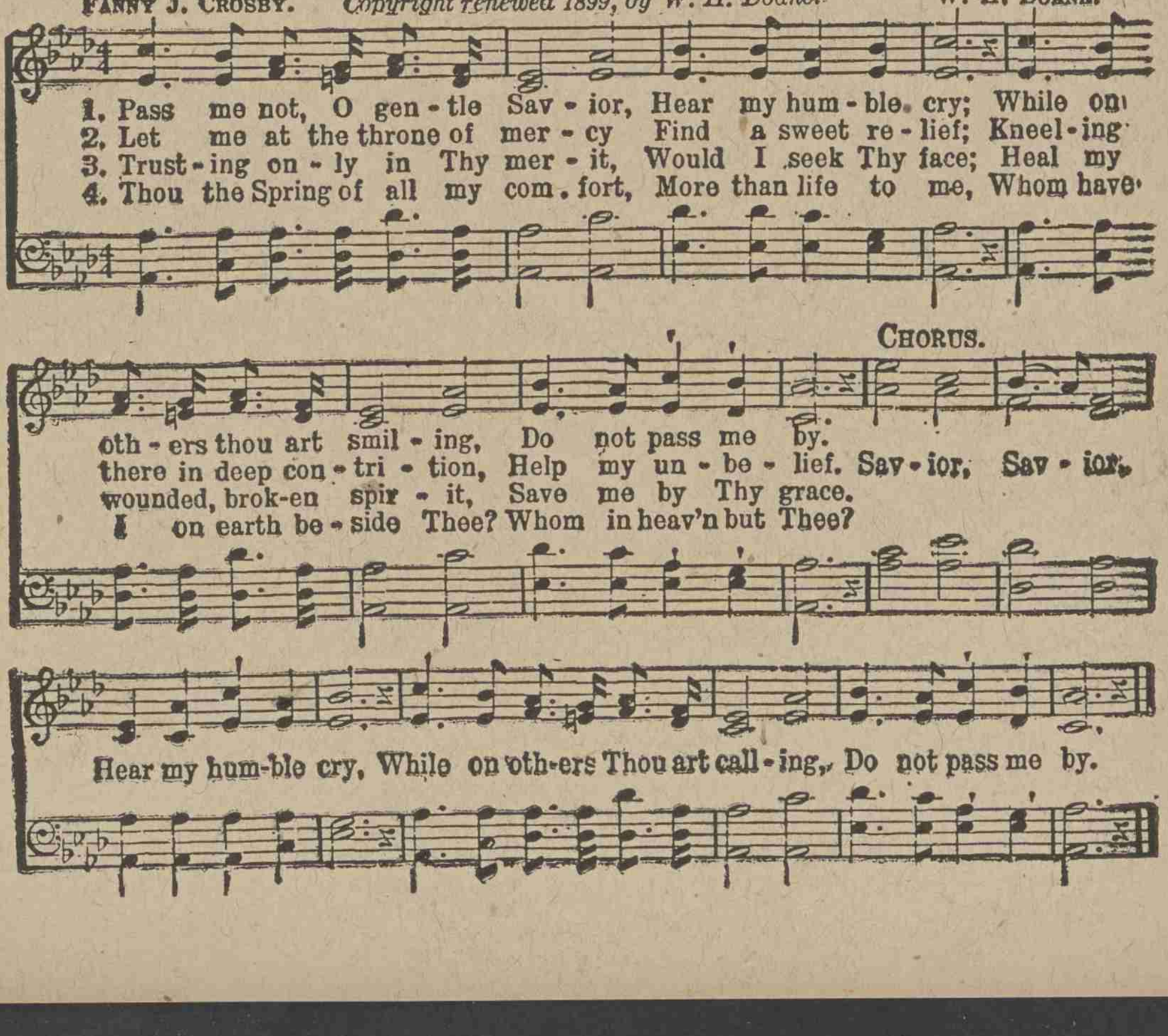
155 Shall I Be Saved Tonight?

FANNY J. CROSBY. *By permission.* Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.



156. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Copyright renewed 1899, by W. H. Doane.* W. H. DOANE.



157

My Friend.

CGPYRIGHT, 1910, BY LUCY RIDER MEYER.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. There's One a - bove whom I dear - ly love Far bet - ter than
2. He longs to en - ter your cheer - less soul, He's stand - ing out-

tongue can tell; A joy di - vine fills this heart of mine: I know he must
side the door, And soft - ly pleads, "Wilt thou be made whole?" How can you re-

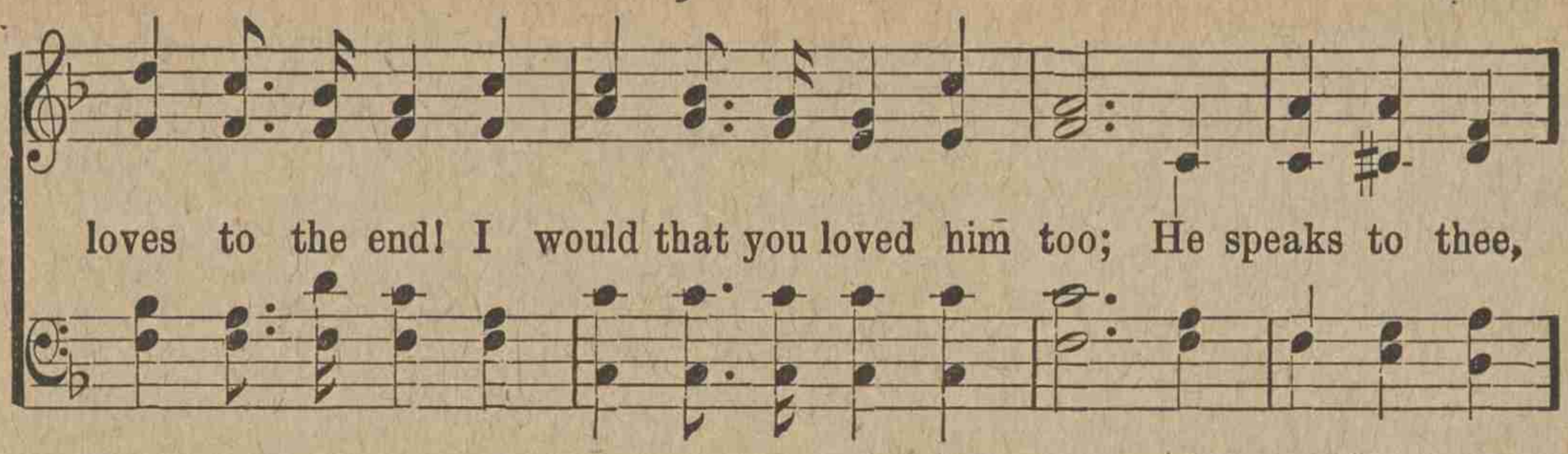
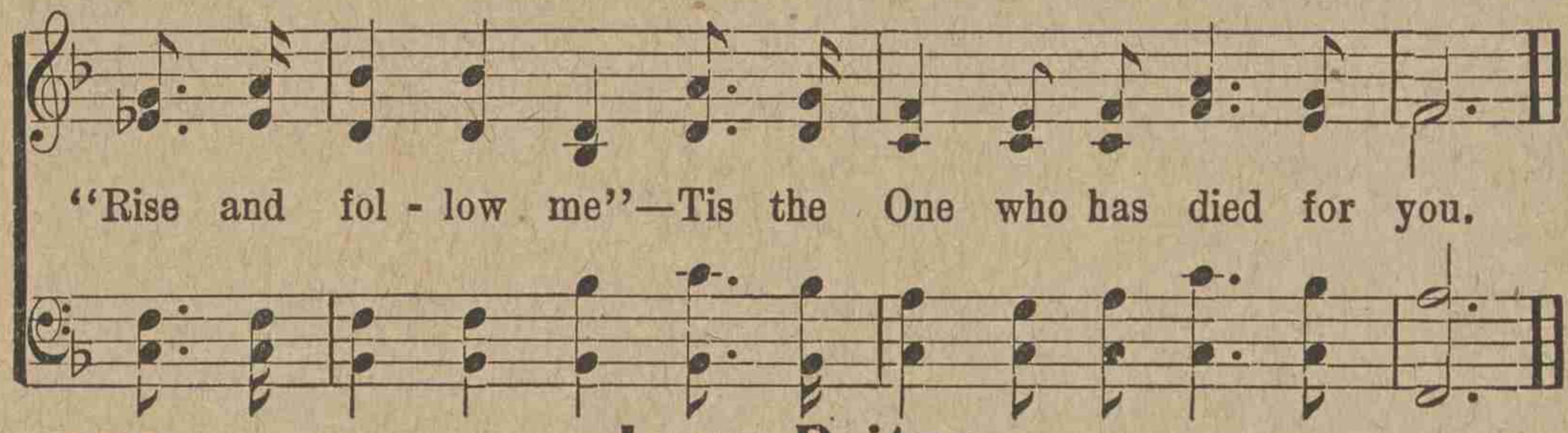
love me well. He bore our sor - rows, he felt our woe On
ject him more? Re - ceive him now, bid him en - ter in, And

Cal - va - ry's cru - el tree; Far more than mor - tal can ev - er know
life at his hand re - ceive; A - bund - ant par - don for ev - 'ry sin

CHORUS.

My Sav - ior has borne for me. And oh, he's a Friend that
The Sav - ior will free - ly give.

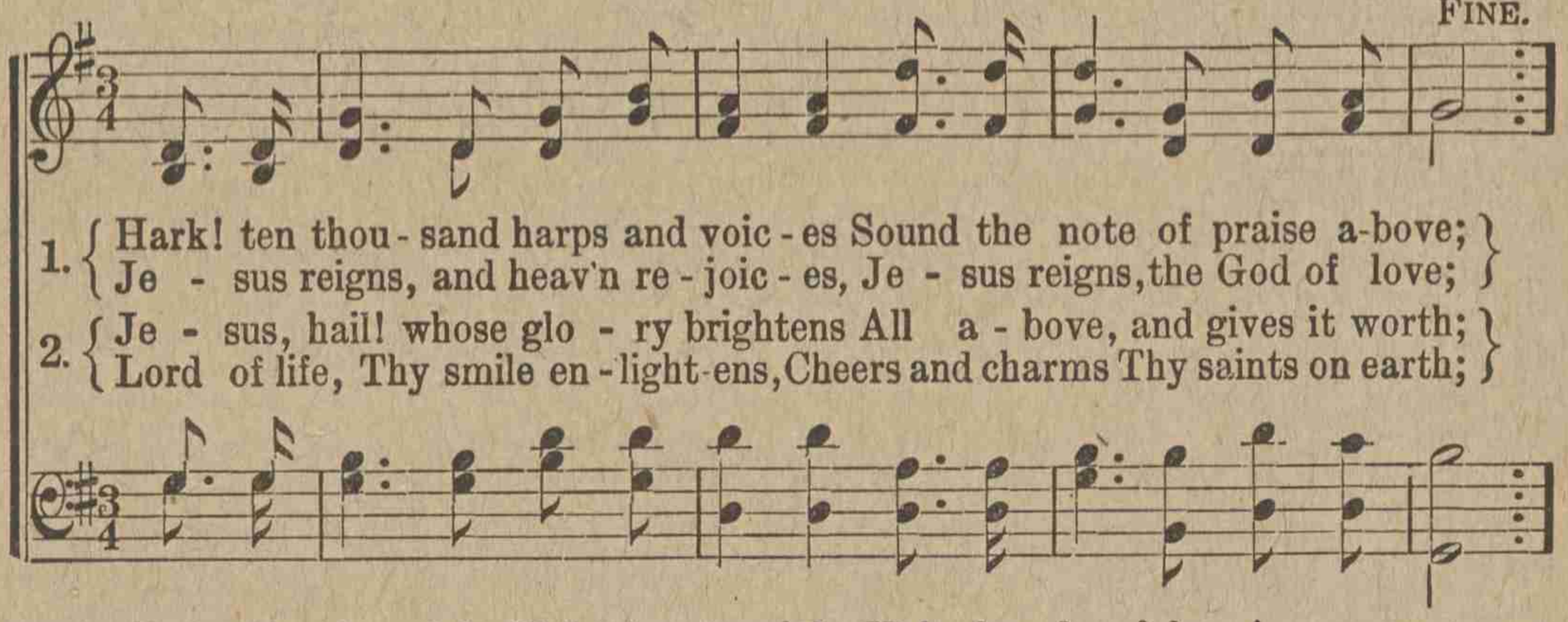
My Friend.

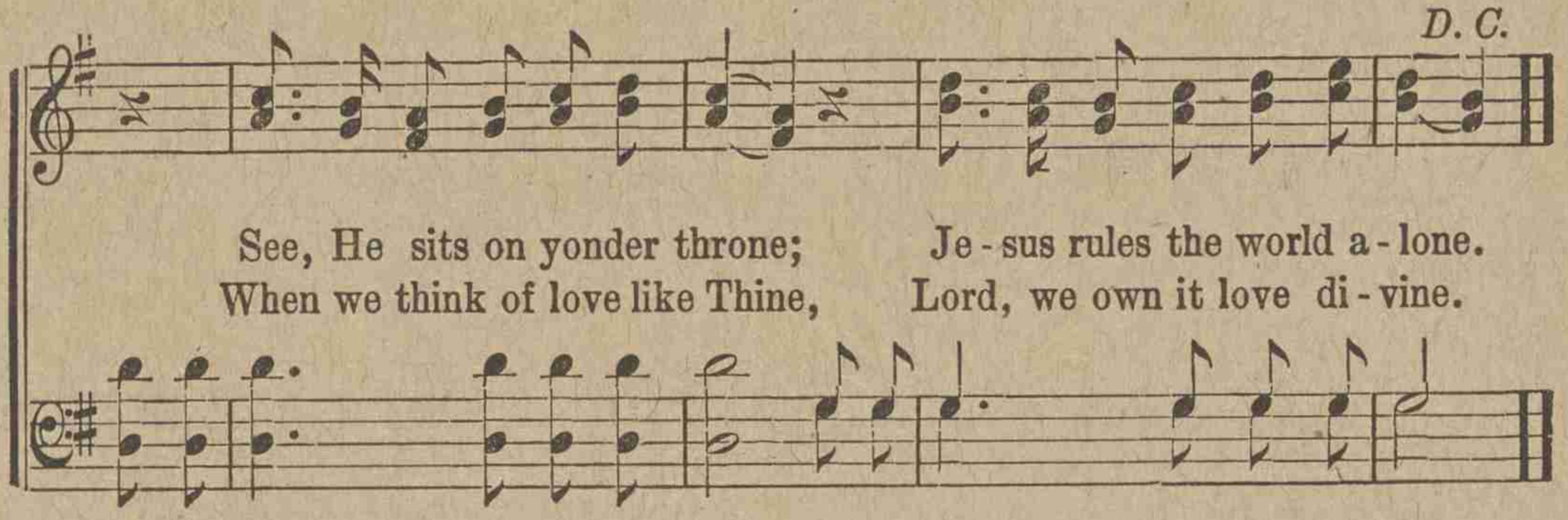


158 Jesus Reigns.

THOS. KELLEY. (Harwell. 8s & 7s.) LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



D. C.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 159. The Song of Redemption.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

1. There is singing up in heaven, Such as we have nev-er known, Where the angels sing the
2. But I hear an-oth-er anthem, Blending voices clear and strong, "Unto Him who hath re-
3. Then the angels stand and listen, For they can-not join the song, Like the sound of many
4. So al-tho I'm not an an-gel, Yet I know that o-ver there I will join the blessed

1. prais-es Of the Lamb up - on the throne; Their sweet harps are ev - er tune-ful, And their
2. deemed us And hath bo't us," is their song;"We have come thru trib-u - la - tion To this
3. wa-ters, By that hap-py blood-washed throng; For they sing a-bout great tri-als, Bat-tles
4. cho-rus That the an-gels can-not share; I will sing a - bout my Sav-ior, Who up-

1. voic-es always clear: O, that we might be more like them While we serve the Master here!
2. land so fair and bright; In the foun-tain free-ly flowing, He hath made our gar-ments white."
3. fought and vict'ries won; And they praise their great Re-deem-er, Who hath said to them "well done."
4. on Mount Cal-v'ry's tree Freely pardoned my transgressions, Died to set the sin-ner free.

CHORUS.

"Ho - ly, ho - ly," is what the angels sing, And I ex-pect to

"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y, Lord God al-

help them make

TRIO.

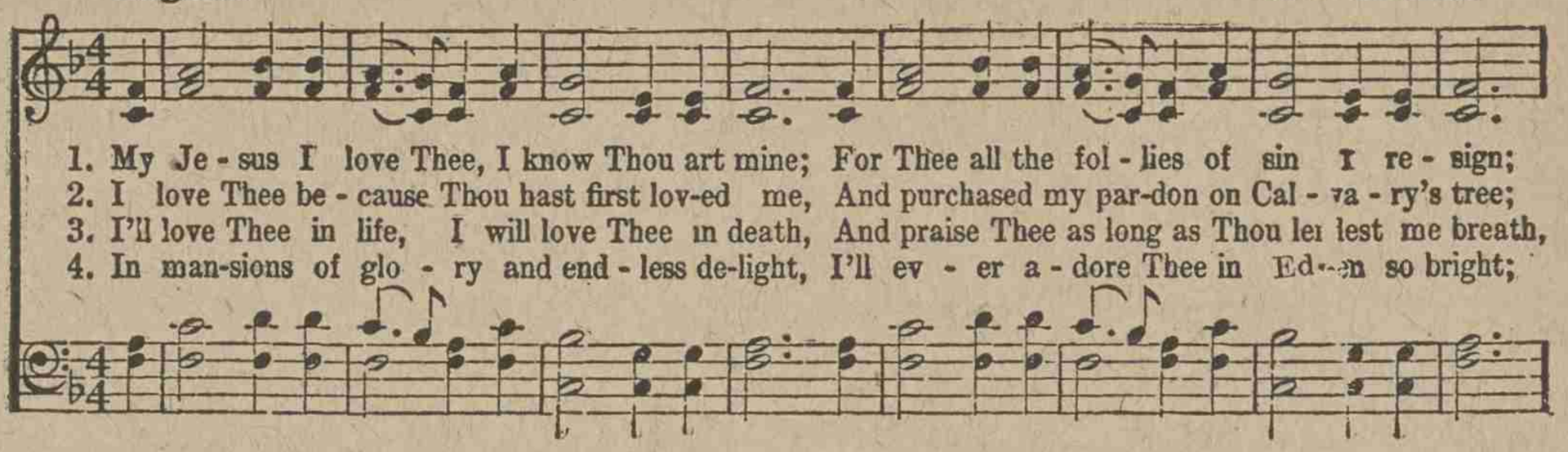
might - y," the courts of glo - ry ring; But when we sing redemption's sto - ry,

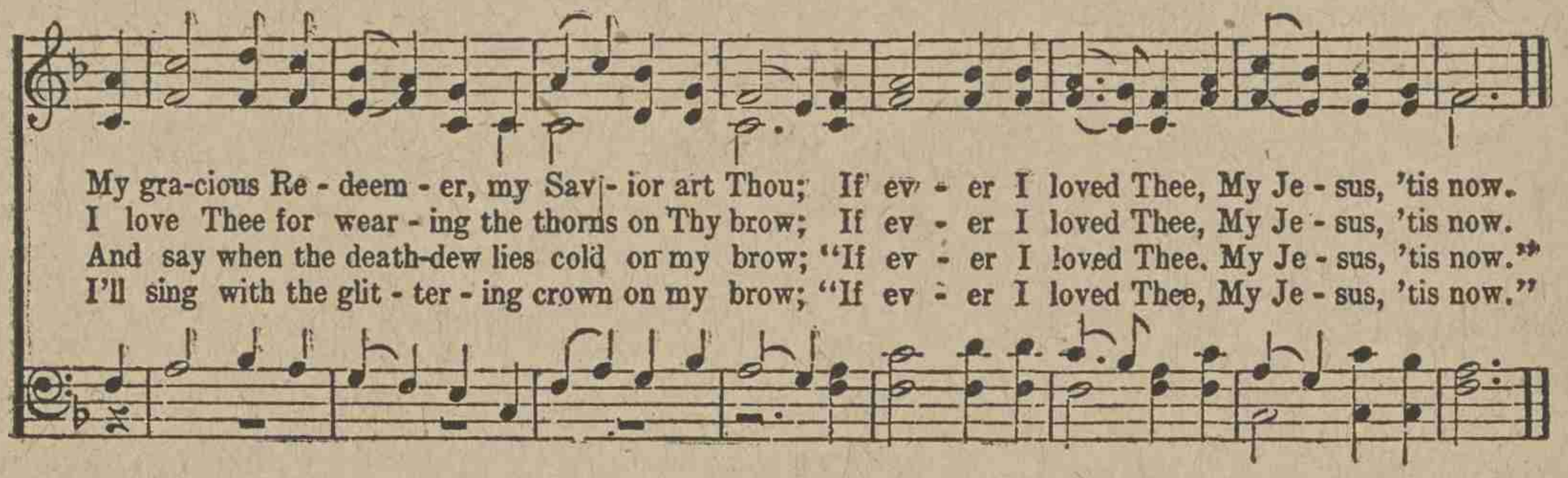
TUTTI.

They will fold their wings; For an - gels nev - er felt the joy That our sal-va-tion brings.

No. 160. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.





No. 161. O Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 162. Look to Jesus.

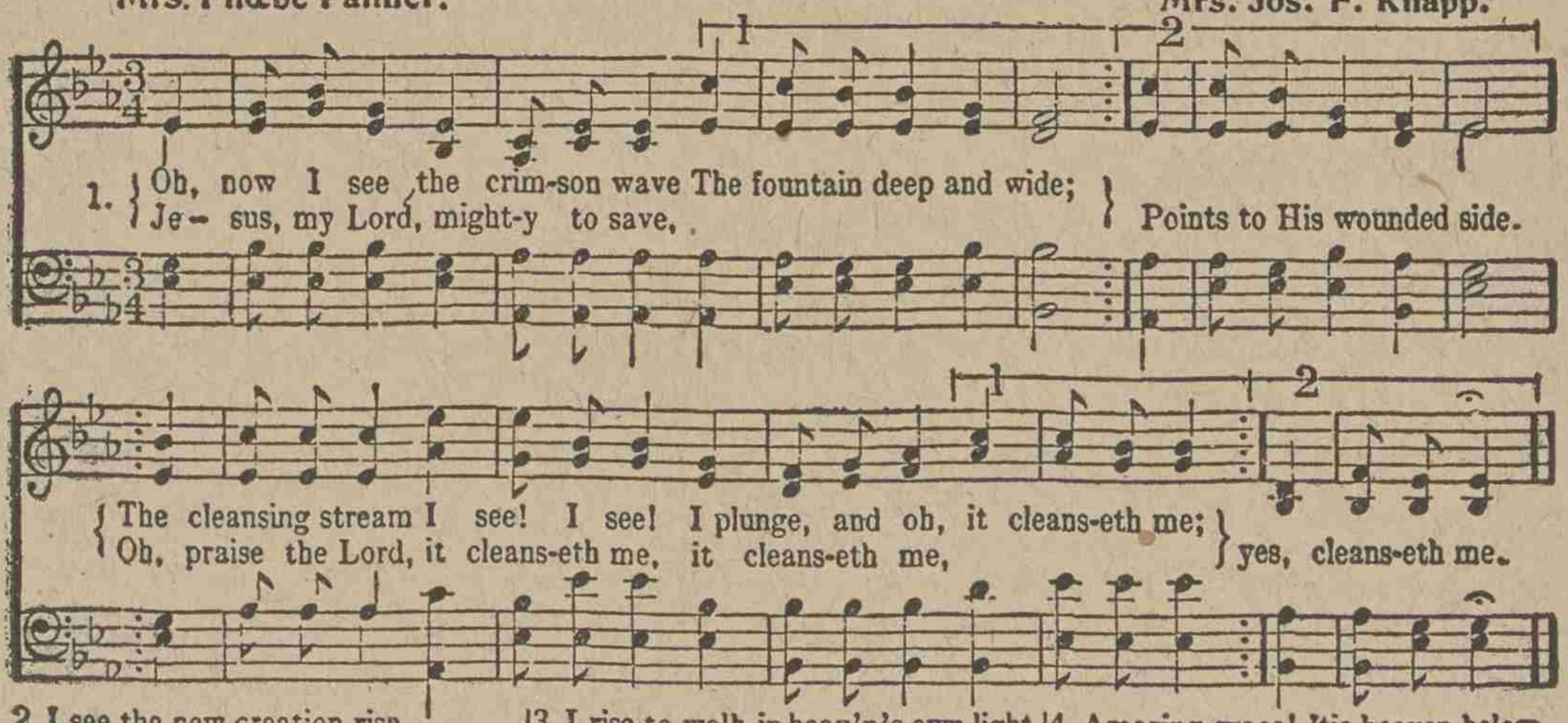
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away

No. 163. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



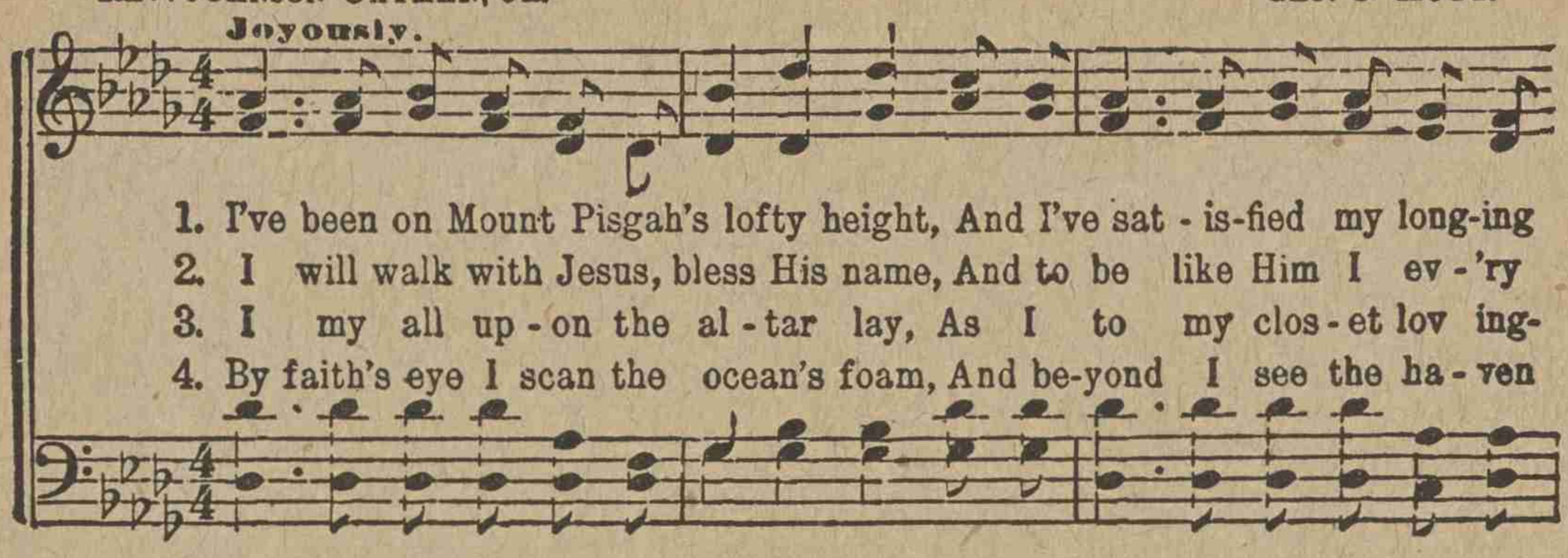
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
Jesus my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

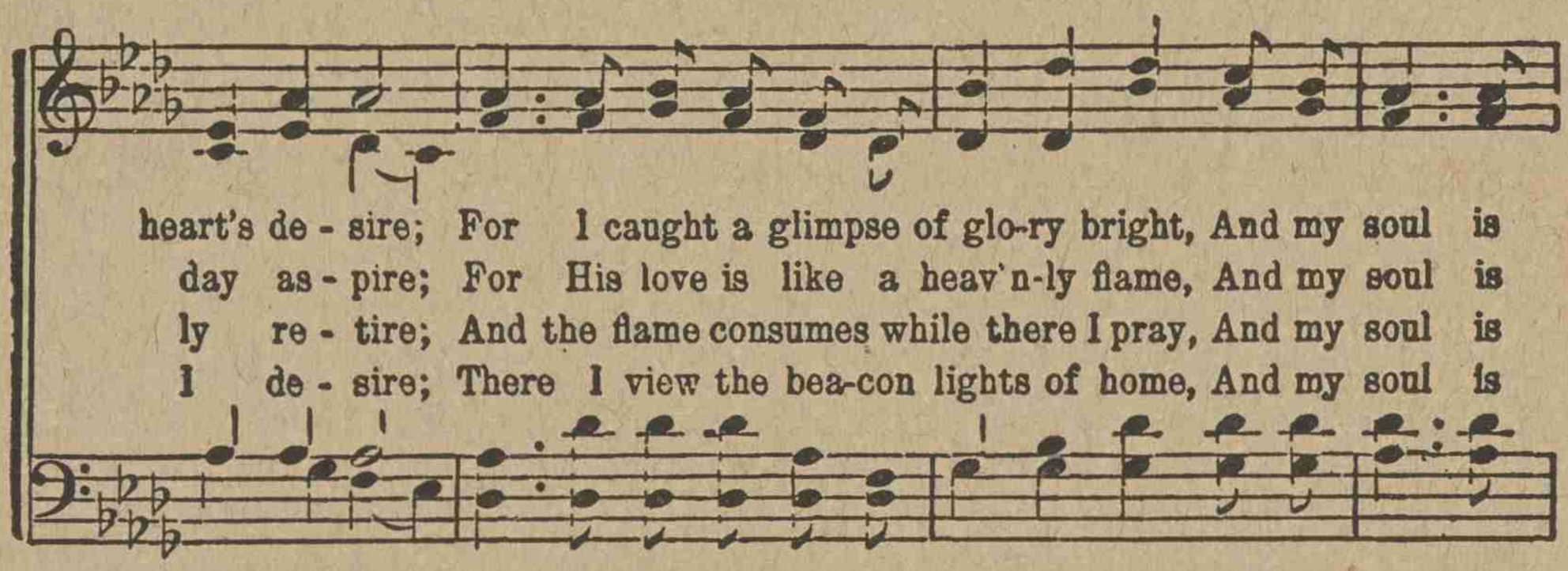
3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

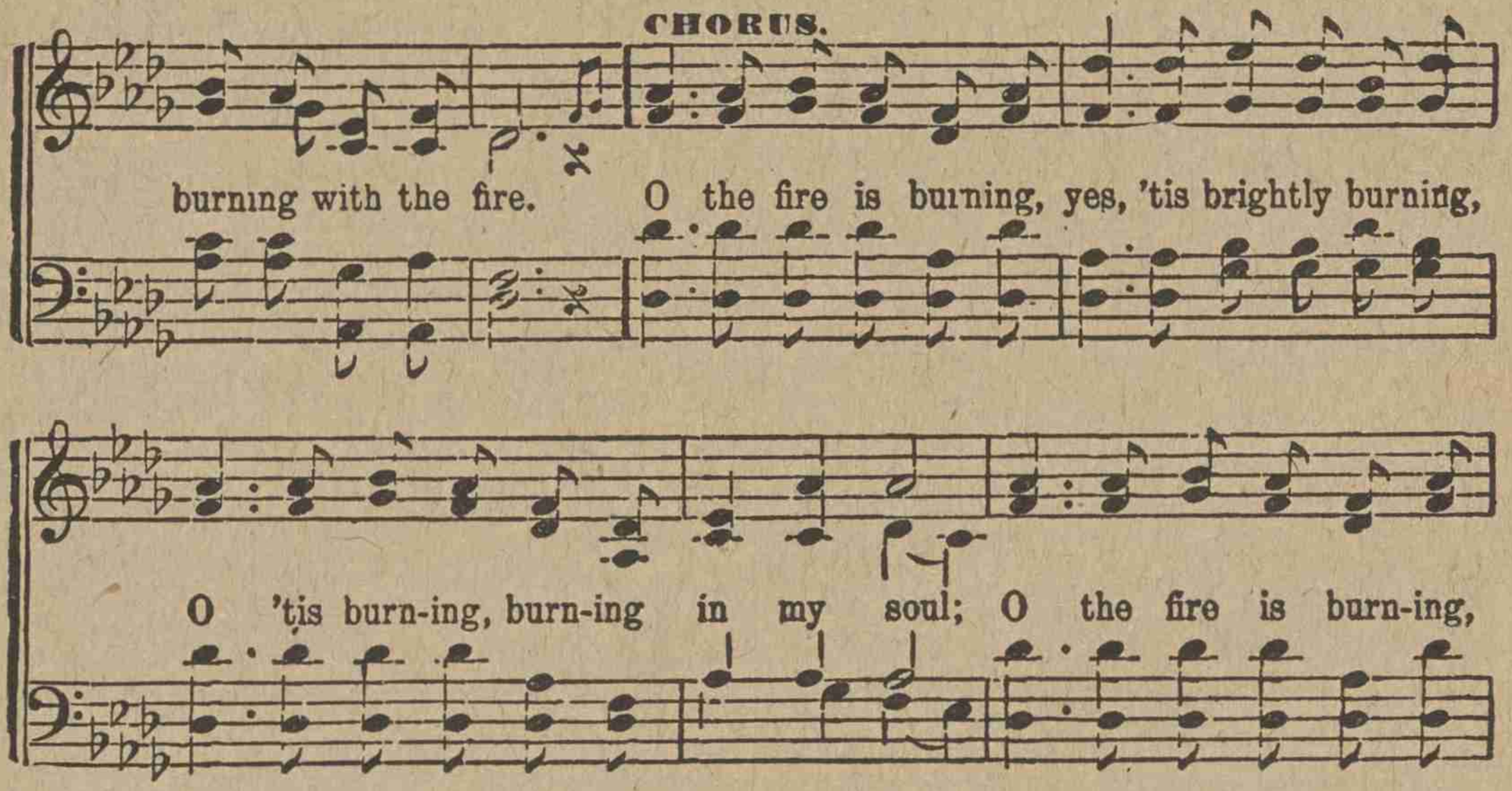
4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

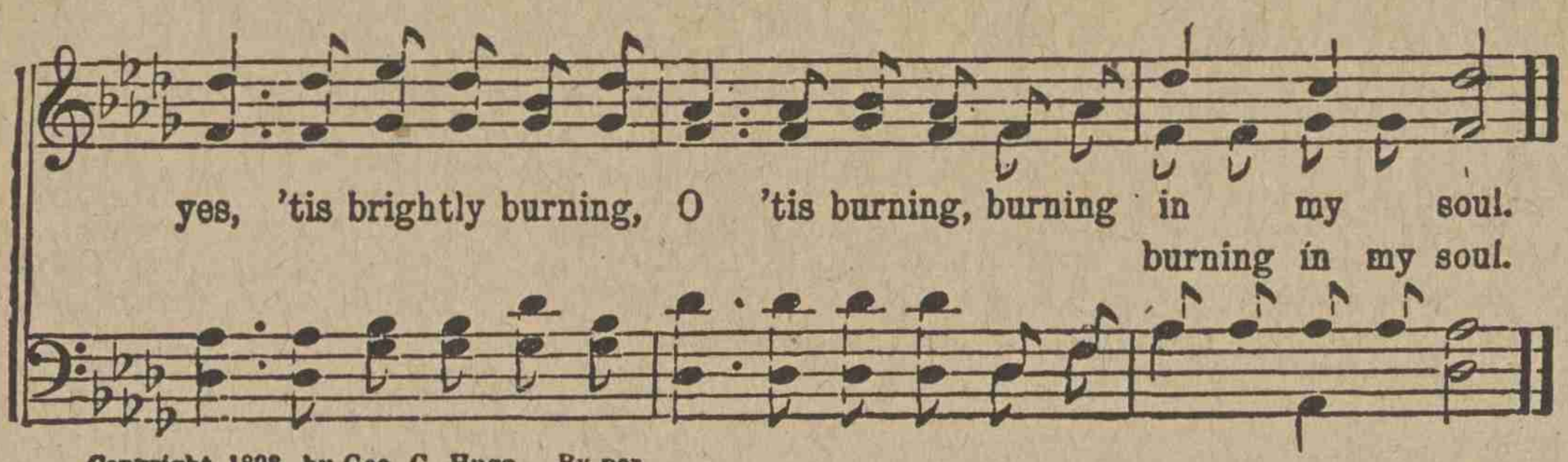
164 THE FIRE IS BURNING.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.









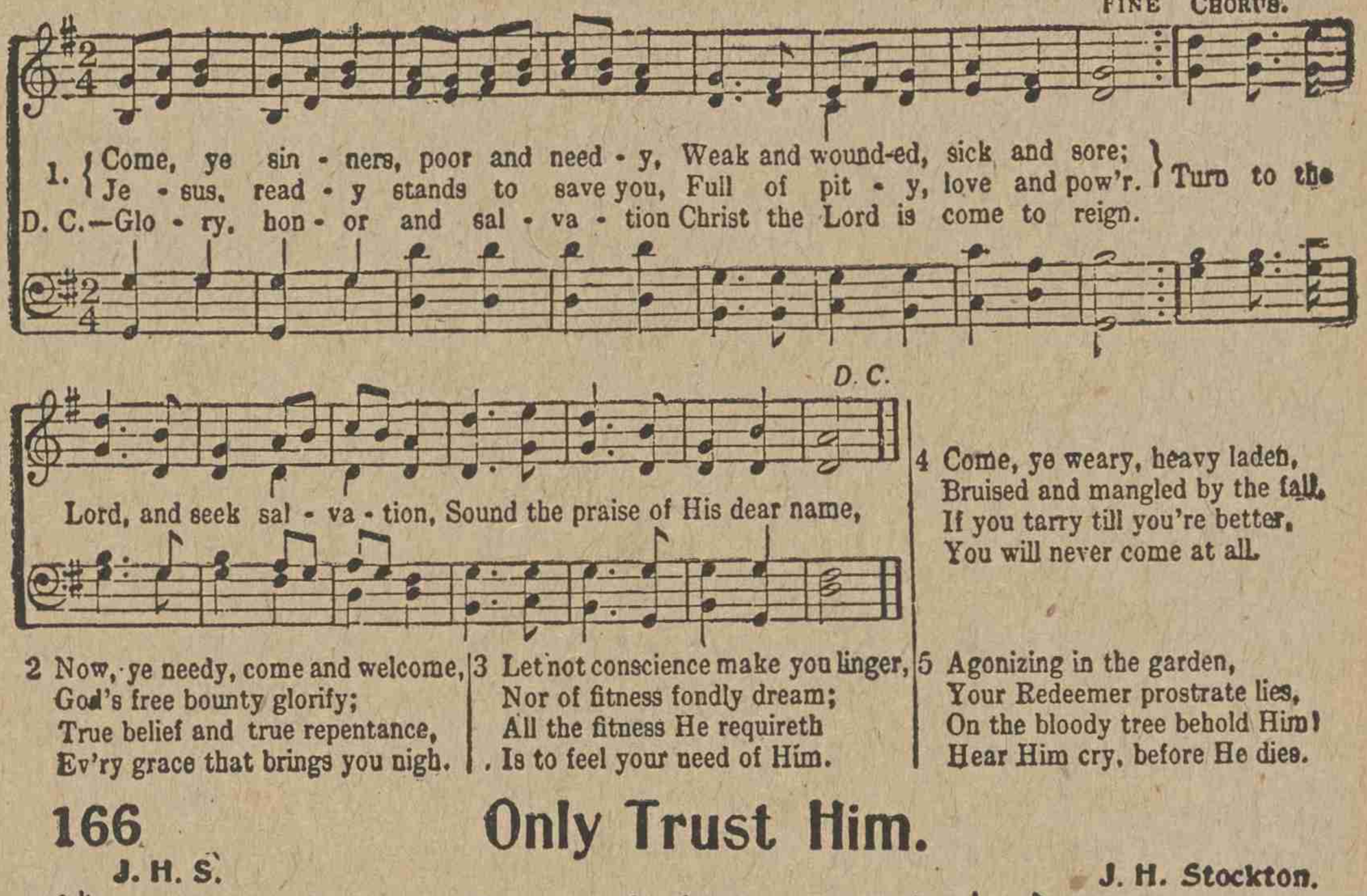
Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

165 Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE CHORUS.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

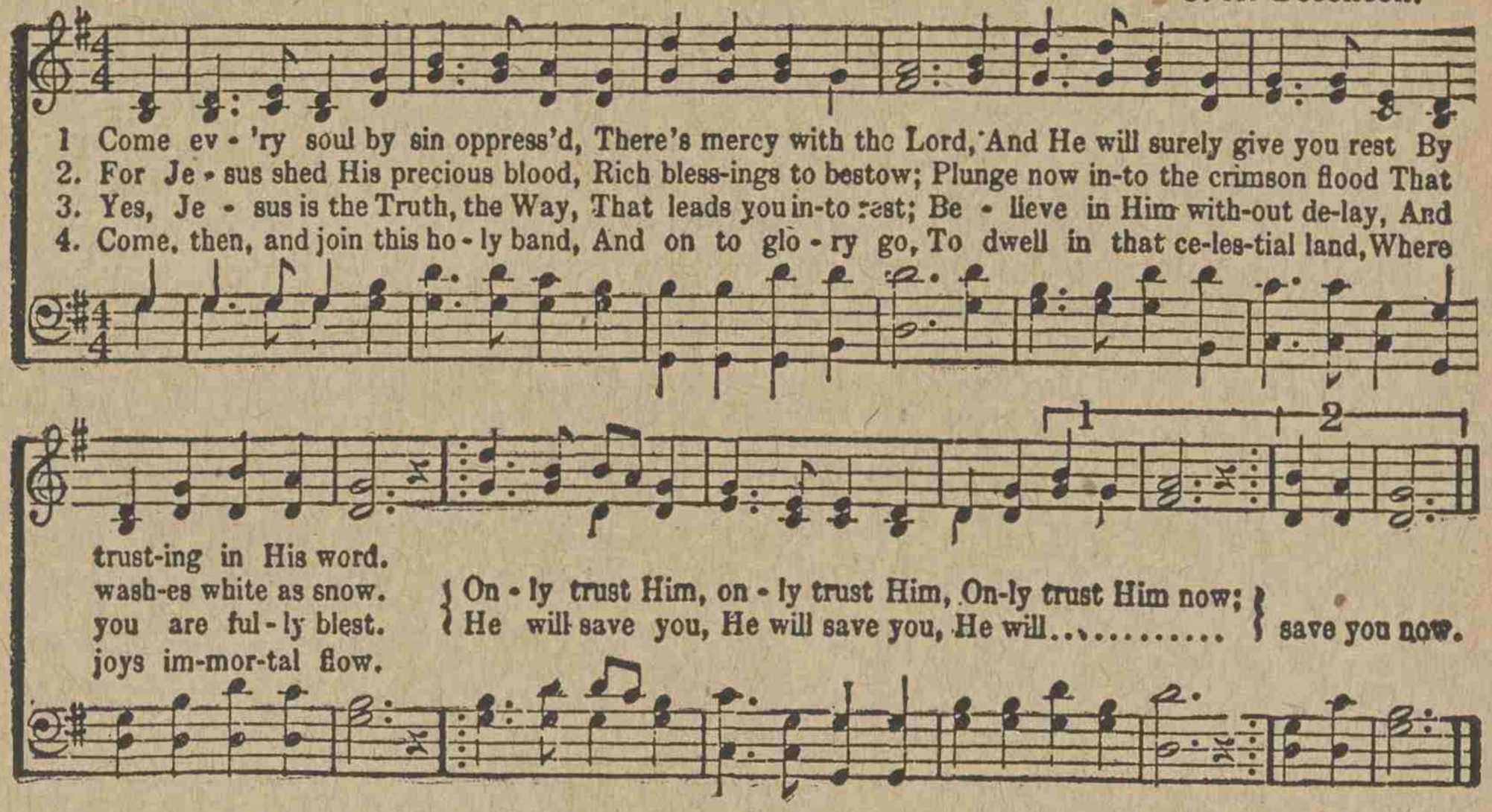
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

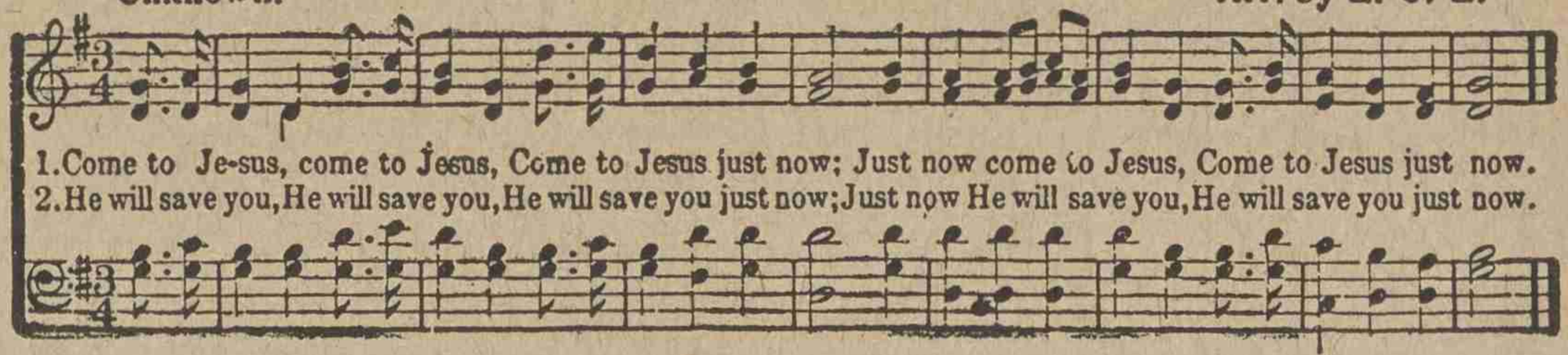
166 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

167 Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



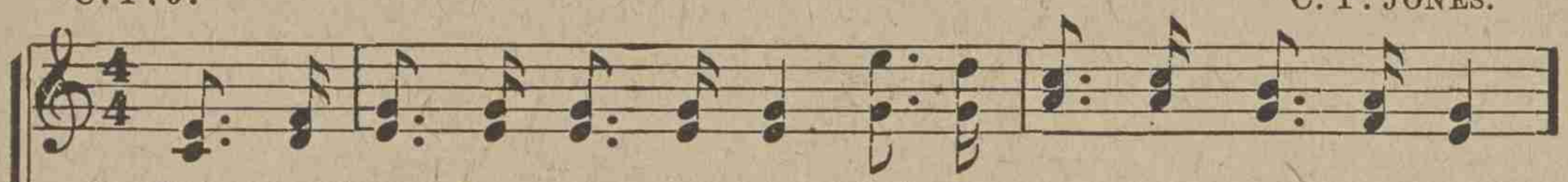
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

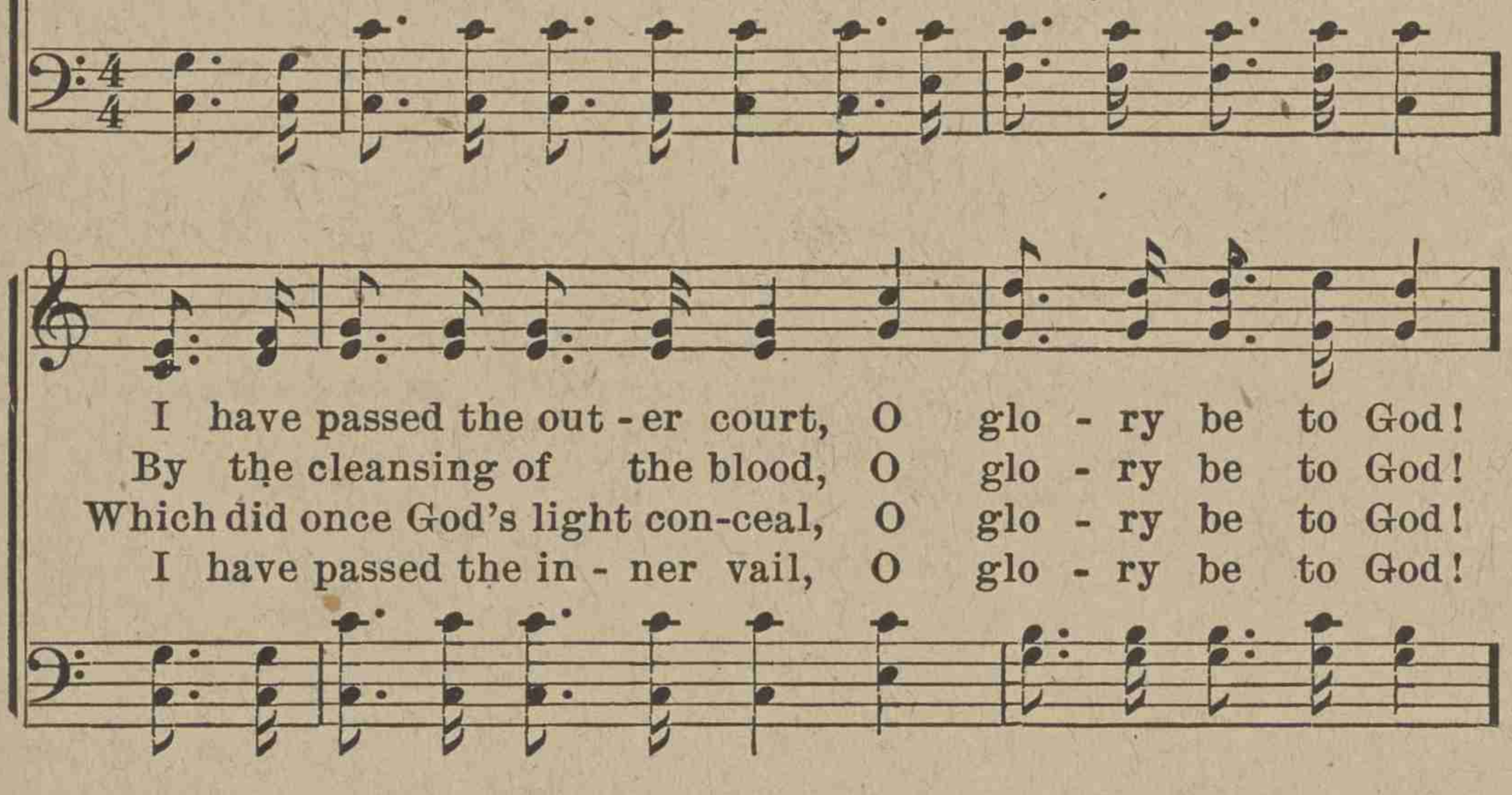
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

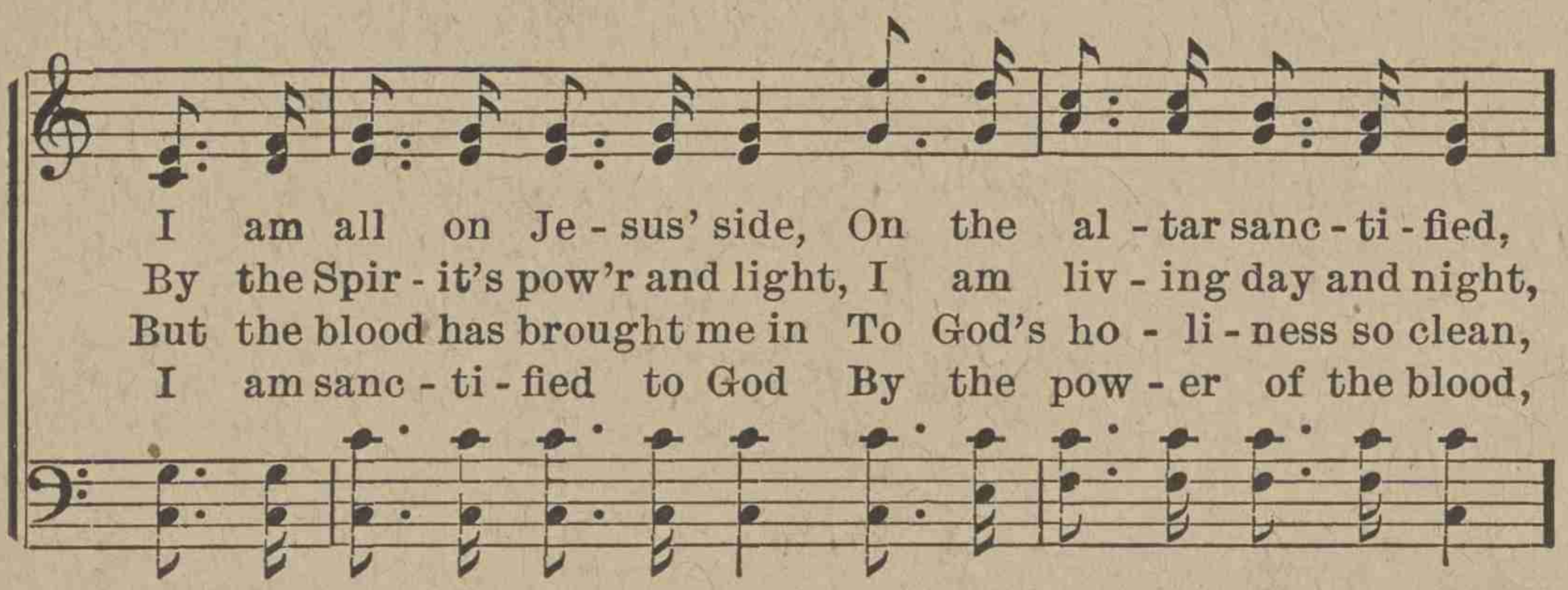
168 I've Believed the True Report.

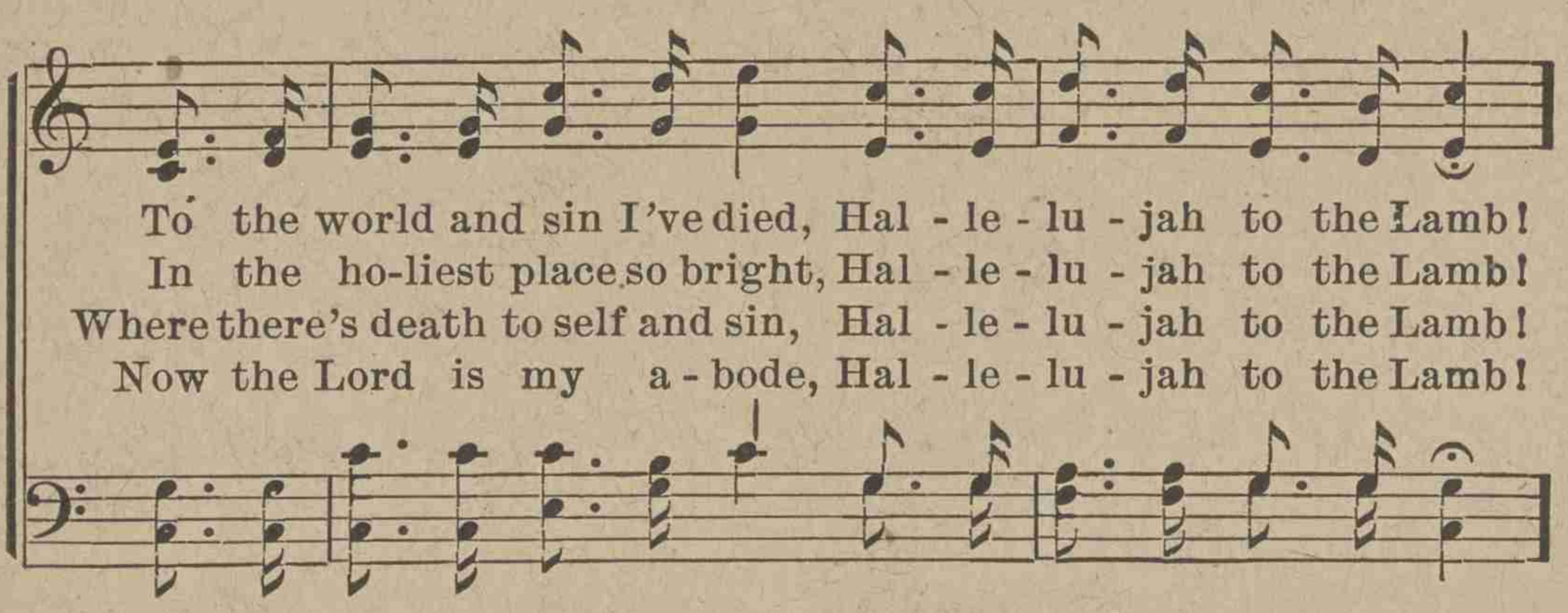
"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

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

1. I've believed the true re-port, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
2. I'm a king and priest to God, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
3. I have passed the out-er vail, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
4. I'm with-in the ho-liest pale, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!



I have passed the out-er court, O glo-ry be to God!
By the cleansing of the blood, O glo-ry be to God!
Which did once God's light con-ceal, O glo-ry be to God!
I have passed the in-ner vail, O glo-ry be to God!



I am all on Je-sus' side, On the al-tar sanc-ti-fied,
By the Spir-it's pow'r and light, I am liv-ing day and night,
But the blood has brought me in To God's ho-li-ness so clean,
I am sanc-ti-fied to God By the pow-er of the blood,

To the world and sin I've died, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
In the ho-liest place so bright, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Where there's death to self and sin, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!
Now the Lord is my a-bode, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

riv - en vail, where the glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the presence of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

169 Hallelujah! What a Saviour.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran - somed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour!

Weeping Jesus.

C. B. W. JOHN 11: 35. C. B. WIDMYER.

Slow, with expression.

1. Be - hold, He weeps o'er Je-ru - sa-lem! His soul with pit - y doth thrill;
2. Be - hold, He weeps in Geth-sem-a - ne! His soul with sor-row is filled;
3. Be - hold, He weeps while at Beth-a-ny! Our Christ, how ten-der was He;

He would have saved them, but "they would not," Thus He died on Cal - v'ry's hill.
His own were sleeping while thus he prayed, "Not my will but as Thou hast willed."
He showed compassion and sym-pa-thy, Thus He com - forts thee and me.

REFRAIN.

Weep-ing Je - sus died for you, Weep - ing Je - sus died for you,

Weep-ing Je - sus died for you,..... He died, He died for you.

Copyright, 1907, by C. B. Widmyer,

171. Nearer the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near-er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near-er;
Deep - er the love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near-er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,

p *p* *f* *dim.*

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

Copyright, 1873, by J. F. Knapp.

172 Honey From the Rock.

"With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee,"—Psalm 81: 16.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT. 1912, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Far sweet - er than the hon - ey-comb God's Word is to His flock;
2. When read - ing thro' God's pre-cious Word, I with my Sav - iour talk,
3. As day by day I read His Word, And with my Sav-iour walk,
4. God's Word is like the treas - ure hid, Or fin - est wheat in shock,

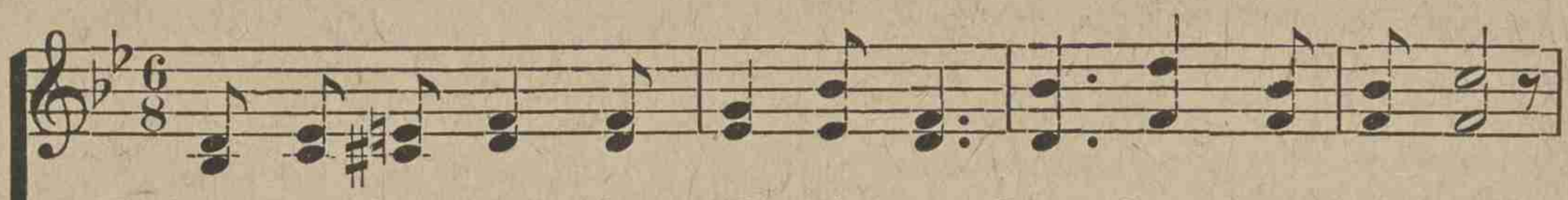
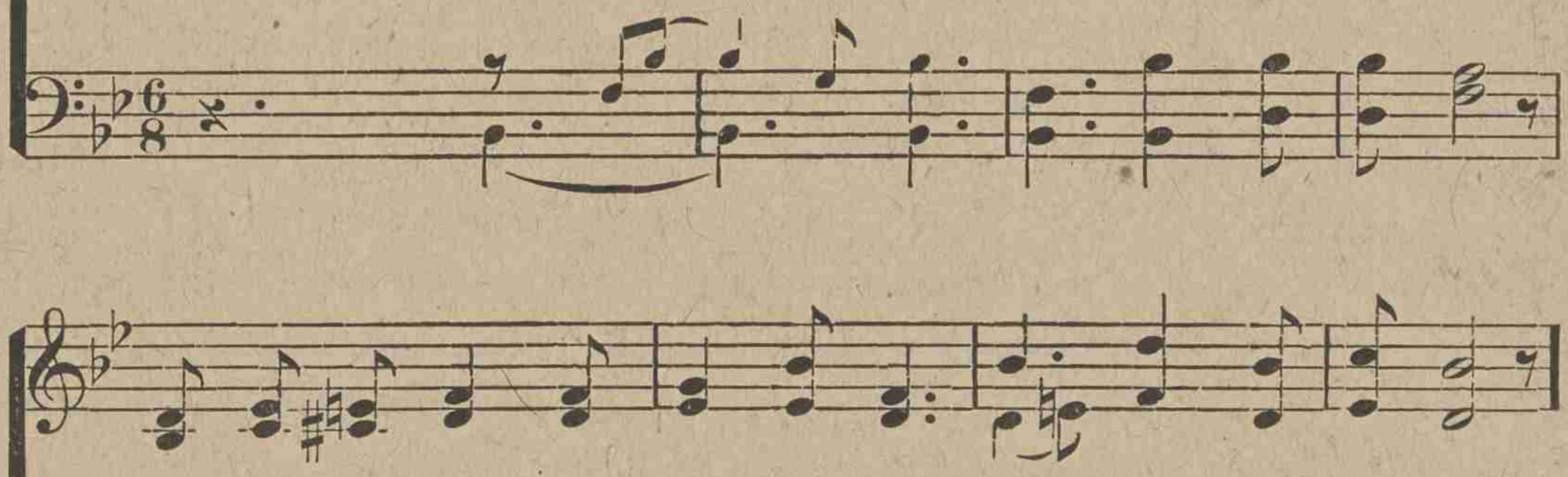
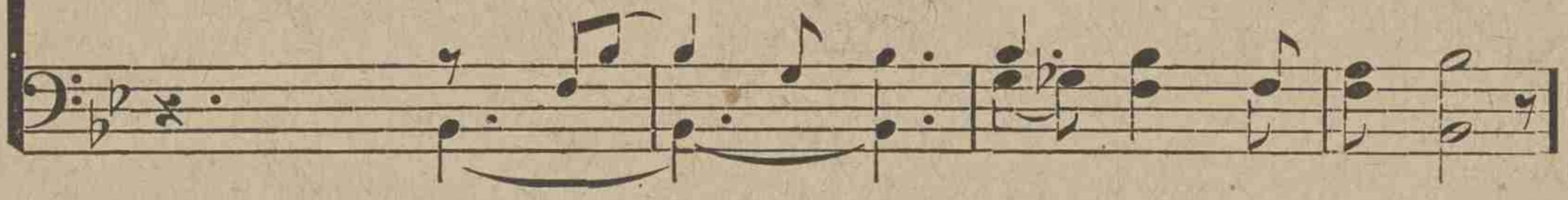
His precious Word makes fat the soul, 'Tis hon-ey from the rock.
He feeds me with the bread of life, And hon-ey from the rock.
He spreads for me a feast of things With hon-ey from the rock.
'Tis man - na from the skies a - bove, And hon-ey from the rock.

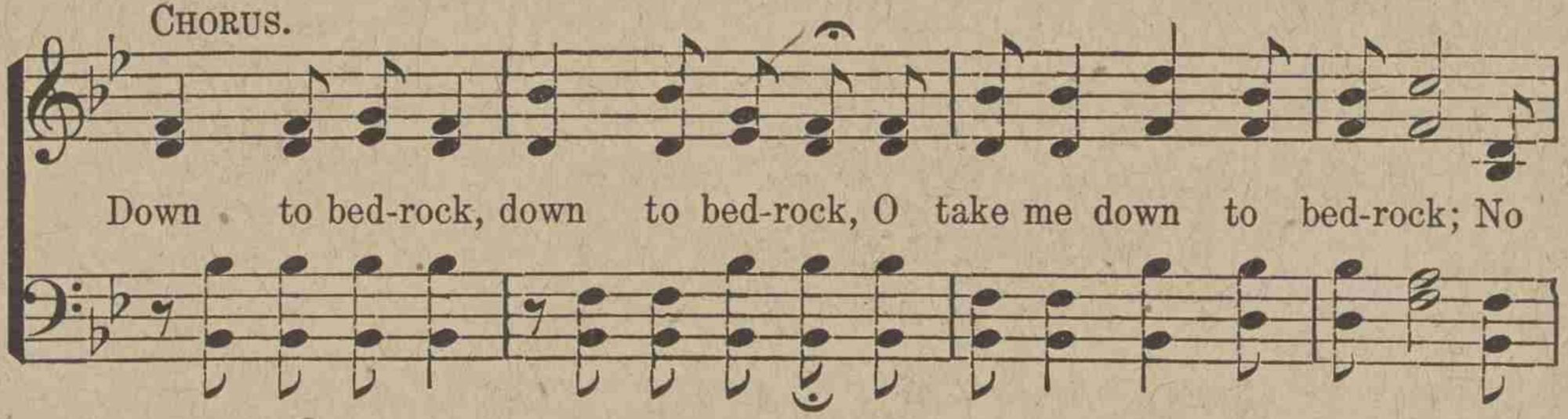
CHORUS.

It is hon-ey from the rock, It is honey from the rock, My Sav-iour

now is feed-ing me with honey from the rock; me with honey from the rock.

173 Down to Bed-Rock.

J. M. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. J. M. Humphrey.

1. Take us be - neath the soil of sin, Down, down to bed - rock;
2. Take us be - yond the love of self, Down, down to bed - rock;
3. Take us be - low the "pride of life," Down, down to bed - rock;
4. Take us be - neath the love of ease, Down, down to bed - rock;
5. Take us be - yond the love of place, Down, down to bed - rock;
6. Take us be - neath vain fan - cy's dream, Down, down to bed - rock;

1. Take us be - neath the fear of men, Down, down to bed - rock.
2. Down where no i - dol's on the shelf, Down, down to bed - rock.
3. Deep down be - neath the sands of strife, Down, down to bed - rock.
4. Down where the Lord we al - ways please, Down, down to bed - rock.
5. Take us where na - ture yields to grace, Down. down to bed - rock.
6. Take us where flows the "liv - ing stream," Down, down to bed - rock.

CHORUS.



Down to bed-rock, down to bed-rock, O take me down to bed-rock; No mat-ter the loss or what be the cost, Lord, take me down to bed-rock.

174

Standing On the Promises.

COPYRIGHT 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail; When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nally by love's strong
4. Standing on the prom-is-es, I can not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment to the Spir-it's

ring; Glo-ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the promises of God.
sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the promises of God.
cord, O-ver-coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the promises of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Saviour, as my all in all, Standing on the promises of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Remember Me.

Isaac Watts. Asa Hull.

1. A - nd did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sover-eign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,

CHO.—*Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;*

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creat-ure's sin.

And when Thou sit-test on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

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.—*Cho.*

176 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. P. P. BLISS.

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

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

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

177 While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. WITTER. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

To-Day The Savior Calls.

S. SMITH. L. MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-n'ghted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r, Oh, grieve Him not a-way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

The Year of Jubilee.

1. We are climb-ing Ja - cob's lad - der, lad - der, We are climb-ing
2. Ev - 'ry day we're climb-ing high - er, high - er, Ev - 'ry day we're

Ja - cob's lad-der, lad - der, We are climb-ing Ja - cob's lad - der, In the
climb-ing high - er, high - er, Ev - 'ry day we're climb-ing high-er, In the

CHORUS.

year of ju - bi - lee. Oh, rise and shine and give God the

glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise and shine, and give God the glo - ry, glo - ry,

Rise and shine, and give God the glo - ry, In the year of ju - bi - lee.

3 Brothers, are you getting ready, ready, etc.

4 God will sanctify you wholly, wholly, etc.

5 Soon our Lord will come from heaven, heaven, etc.

6 Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, burning, etc.

7 We shall then rise up to meet him, meet him, etc.

8 'Round the great white throne we'll praise him, praise him, etc.

183 Jesus, Jesus!

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

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! won- der- ful name of sal - va- tion and ho - li-ness! Je - sus,
2. Je - sus, Je - sus! Je - sus who died for the sins of His peo-ple, just Je - sus,
3. Je - sus, Je - sus! no oth- er name has been giv - en to save us, but Je - sus,

Je-sus! name of all sweetness and love! Praise the Lord! my heart has been changed, and I
Je-sus! taking their sins all a - way! Praise the Lord! if on - ly the sin- ner would
Je-sus! Je-sus, the life of His own; Praise the Lord! His Spir-it doth witness to

love Him, I love Him, O praise the Lord! I've tast -ed His grace from a - bove.
trust the glad message, The faith of Christ would per-fect - ly save him to - day.
all who re-ceive Him, O praise the Lord! Who mak-eth my heart now His throne.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God!..... There is per - fect sal - va-tion for
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Perfect sal-va-tion, sal - va-tion for

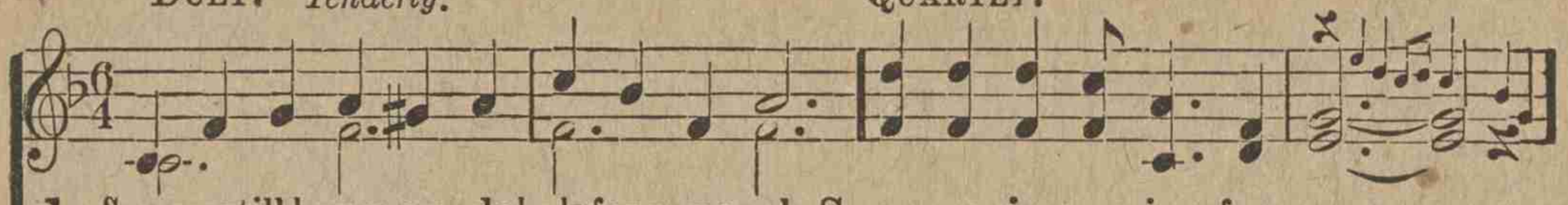
all who will Trust..... in His word,.... There is ho - li-est peace for all.
all who will Trust in His word, trust in His word, Ho - li-est peace for all.

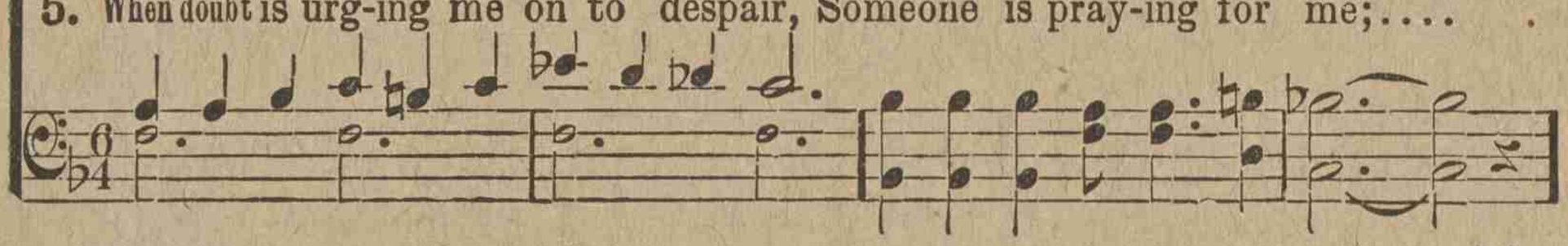
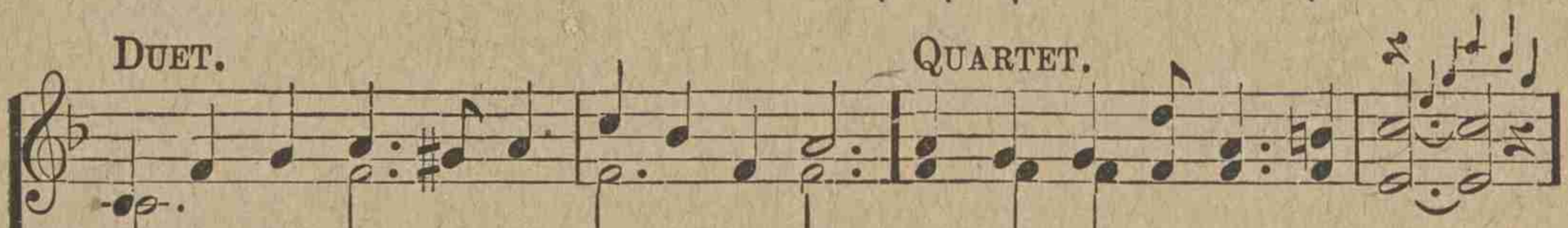
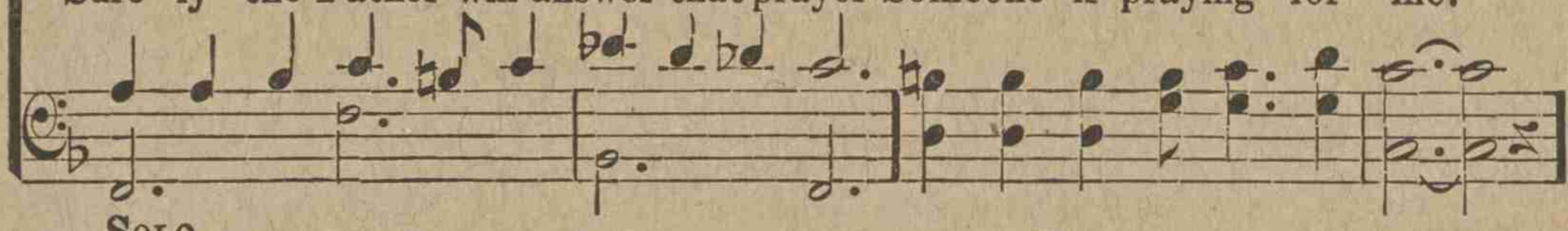
Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

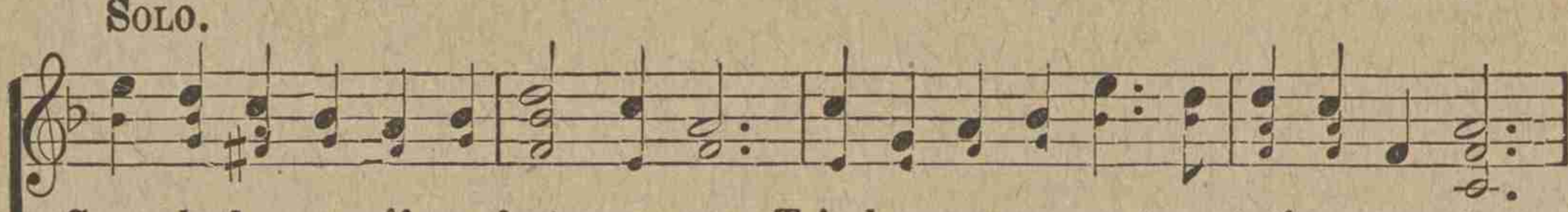
184. Someone is Praying for Me.

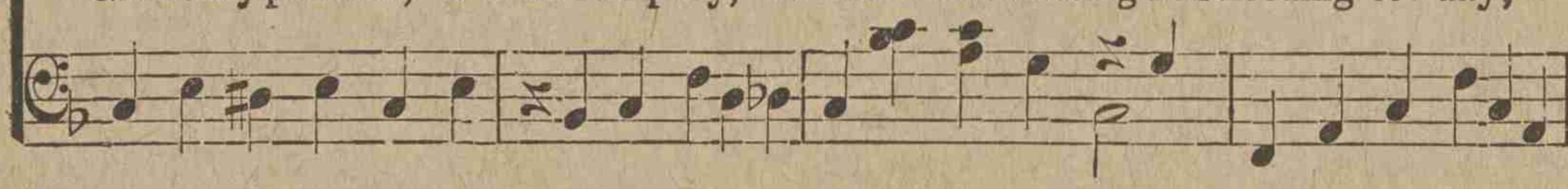
T. H. THORO HARRIS.

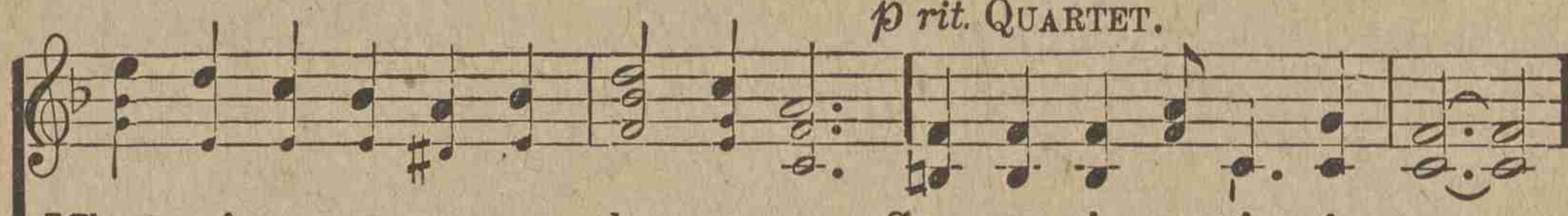
DUET. *Tenderly.* QUARTET.

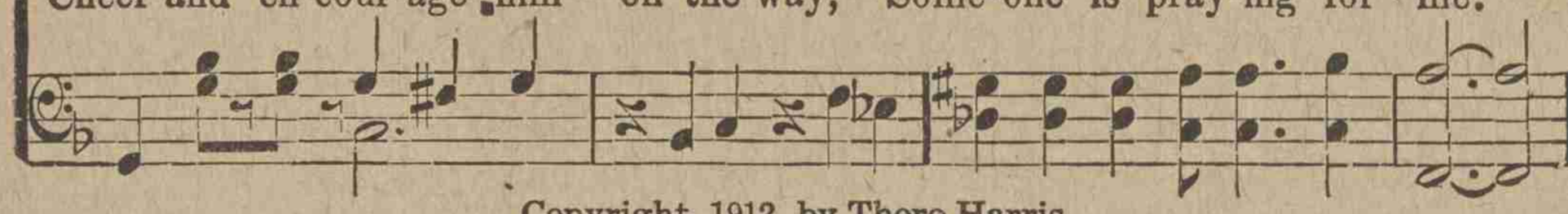


1. Someone still loves me and pleads for my soul, Someone is pray-ing for me;....
2. If thro' my tears I the path cannot trace, Someone is pray-ing for me;....
3. Knowing the pitfalls on life's rugged road, Someone is pray-ing for me;....
4. Men may disown me, yet surely I know Someone is pray-ing for me;....
5. When doubt is urg-ing me on to despair, Someone is pray-ing for me;....

DUET. QUARTET.

Pray-ing that I may at-tain to the goal; Someone is praying for me.
Pray-ing that God may reveal his kind face, Someone is praying for me.
Pray-ing that I may be true to my God; Someone is praying for me.
How-ev-er far from the fold I may go, Someone is praying for me.
Sure-ly the Father will answer that prayer Someone is praying for me.

SOLO.



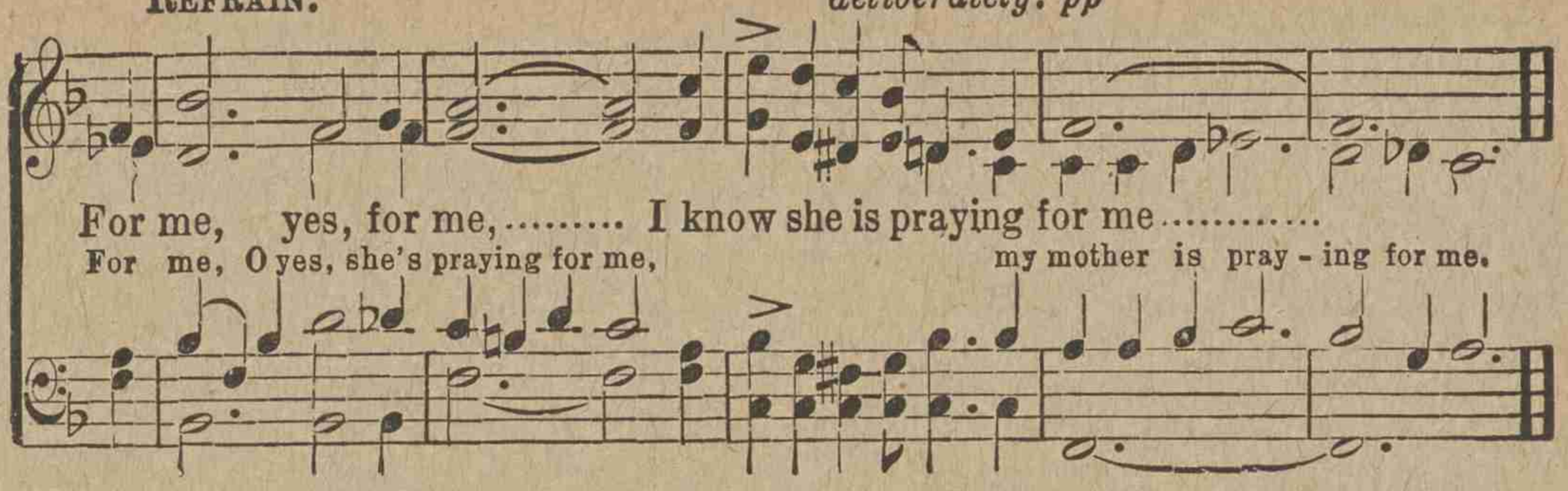
Some-bod-y cares if my feet go wrong, Tri-als op-press me, temptations wax strong;
Someone is look-ing in faith to him Who on the cross died the lost to re-deem;
For his dear sake who from glory came, Someone forgets not to mention my name;
Someone remembers me when a child Harmless and spotless, by sin un-de-filed,
"Grant my petition," I hear her pray, "Give him the blessing he's needing to-day;

p rit. QUARTET.



When pain or sor-row re-plac-es song, Some-one is pray-ing for me.
When nights are heav-y and days grow dim, Some-one is pray-ing for me.
With warm de-vo-tion and love a-flame, Some-one is pray-ing for me.
Long ere the tempter my heart be-guiled; Some-one is pray-ing for me.
Cheer and en-cour-age him on the way," Some-one is pray-ing for me.

Copyright, 1912, by Thoro Harris.

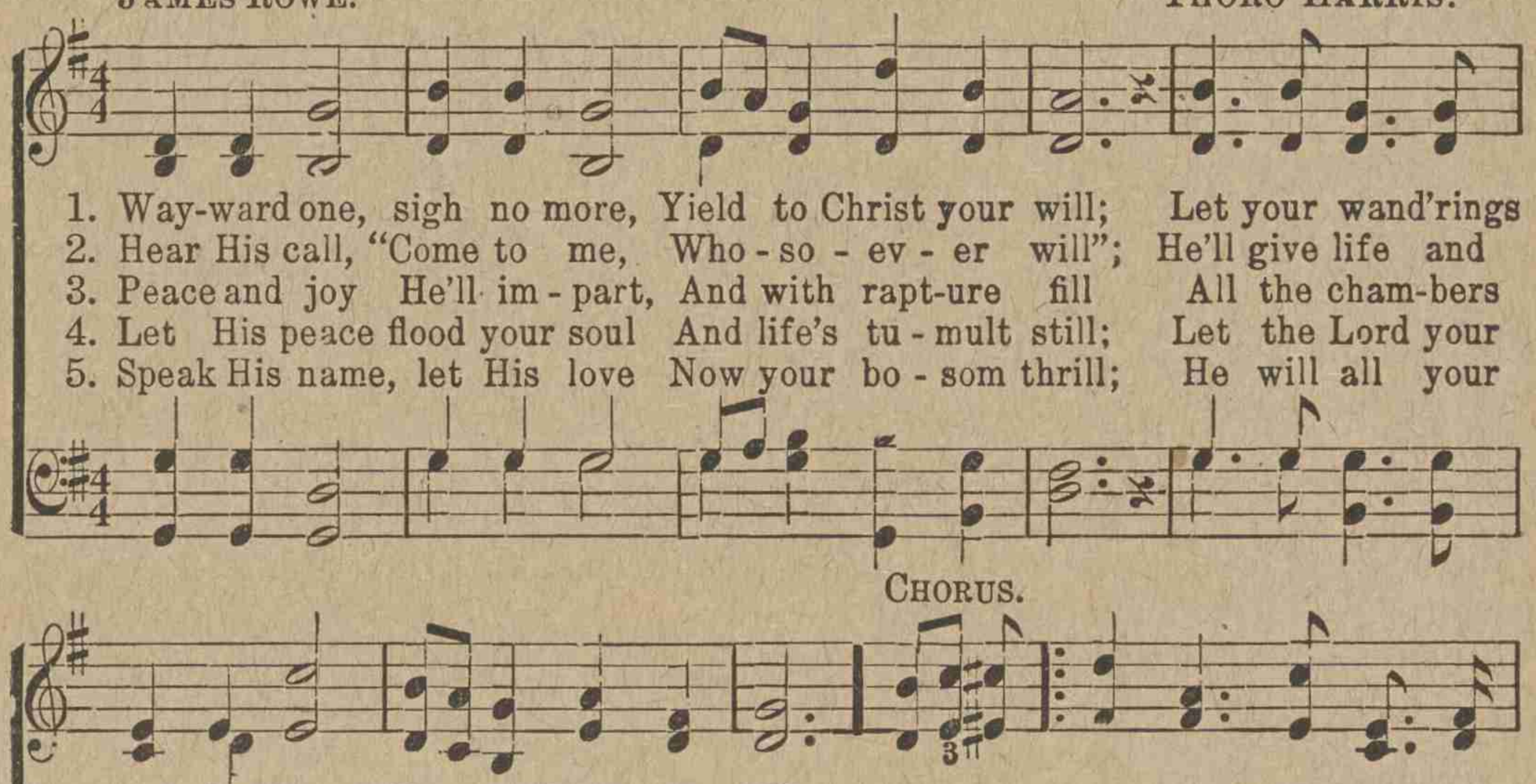
Someone is Praying for Me.

REFRAIN. *deliberately. pp*



185 Jesus Loves You Still.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1906, by Thoro Harris.

No. 195 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Savior, more than life to me I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee:
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly, as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more, and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,

Let Thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er, near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev-er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, closer, Lord, to Thee.

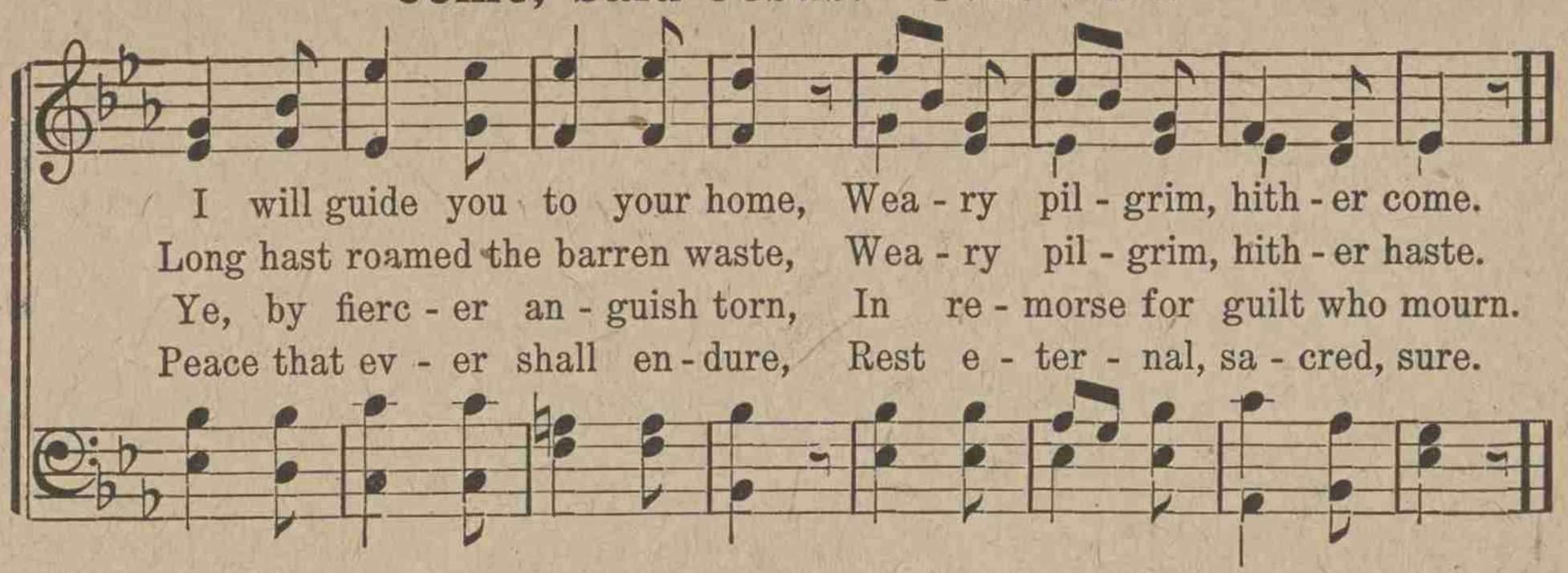
By permission.

No. 196. Come, Said Jesus.

Mrs, A. L. BARBAULD. *Tune:*—HATFIELD. W. T. PORTER.

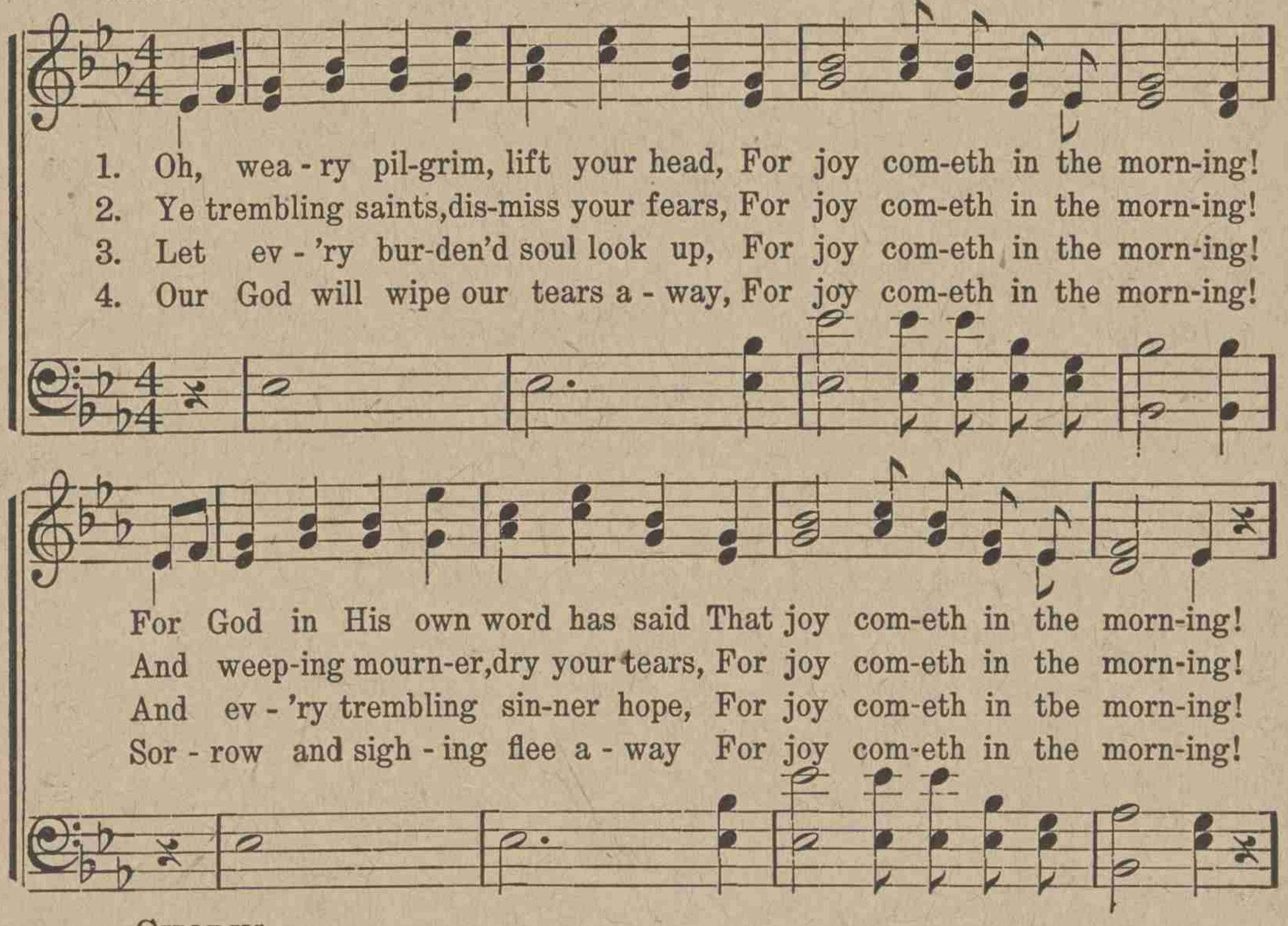
1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for eaee, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

Come, Said Jesus. Concluded.

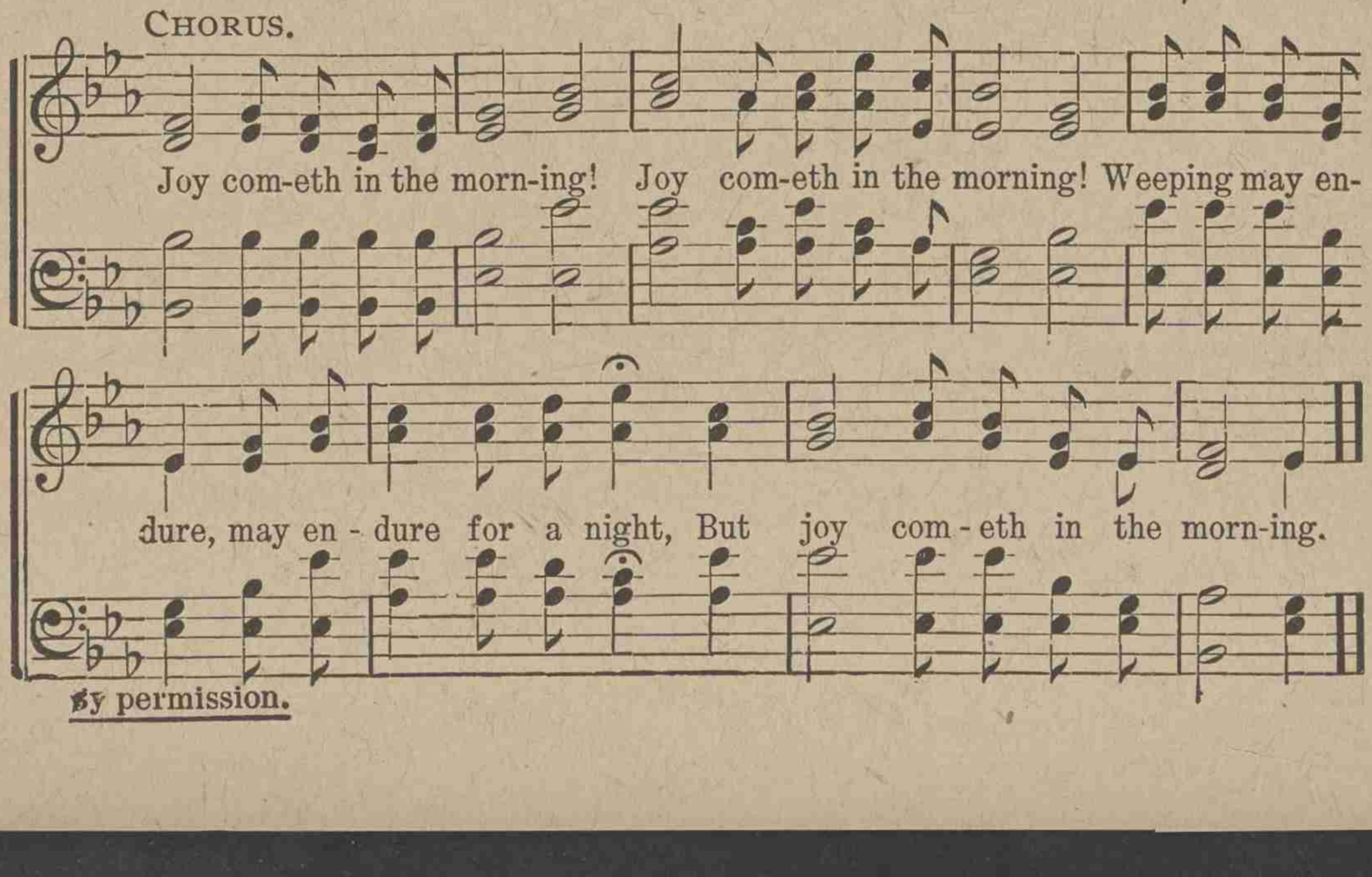


No. 197. Joy Cometh in the Morning.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland. E. S. Lorenz.



Chorus.



By permission.

200 Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

B. Atchinson. BY PERMISSION. **Otis F. Presbrey. Arr. by Thoro Harris.**

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a-way in the king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per,
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Sav-ior has gone to pre - pare; Where the saints who on earth have been faith - ful,
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright crowns which the glo - ri-fied wear, When our Fa - ther shall bid them "Come en - ter,
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and par-don from ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

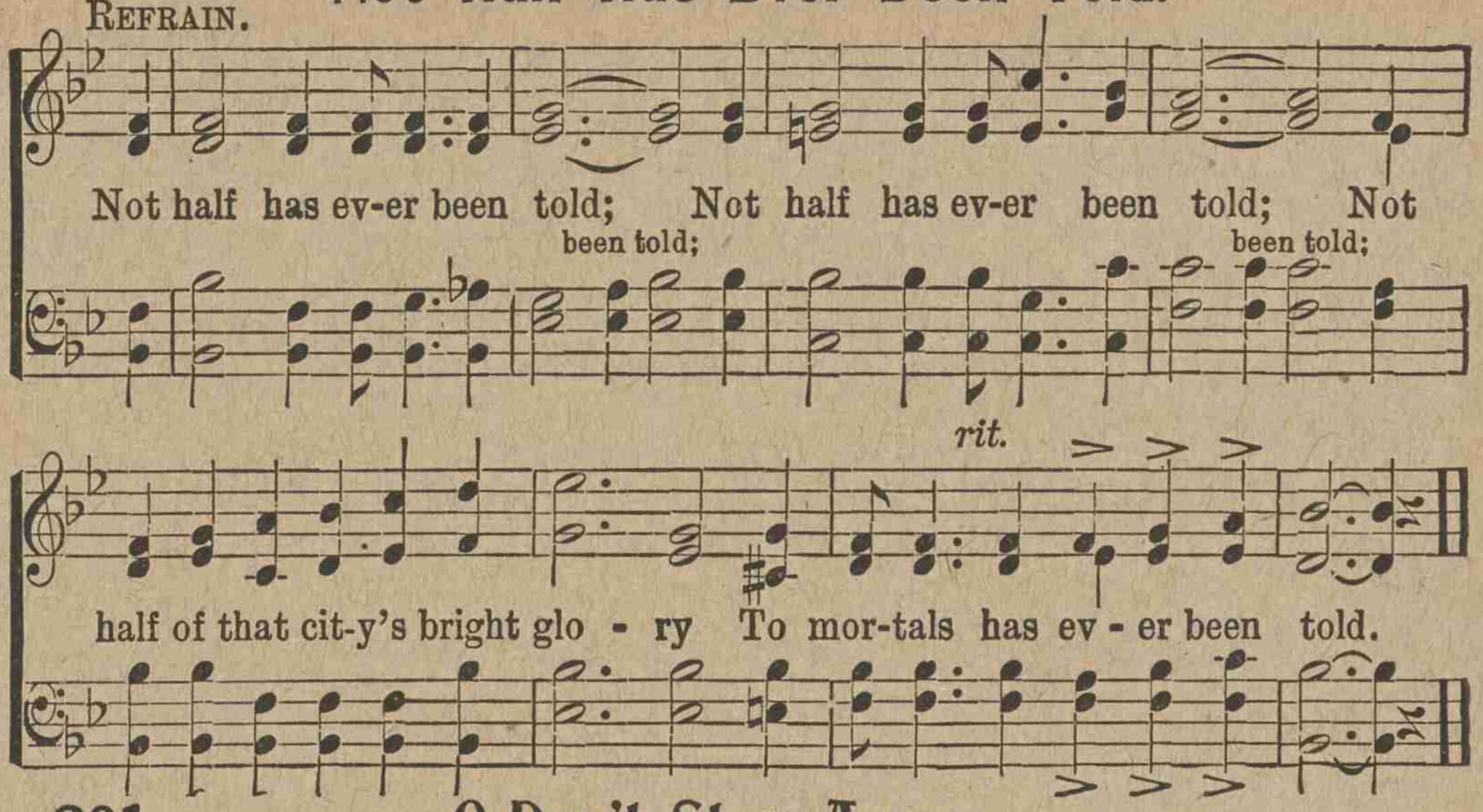
How its streets are all gold-en and broad, In the midst of the
Rest for-ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er
And my glo - ry e - ter-nal - ly share;" How the right-eous are
If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll

streets is life's riv - er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be - hold; But not
en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i-tants nev-er grow old; But not
ev - er more bless-ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
guide and pro-tect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold; But not

half of that city's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
half of the joys that a-wait them To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
half of the won-der-ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor-tals has ev-er been told.

Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

REFRAIN.

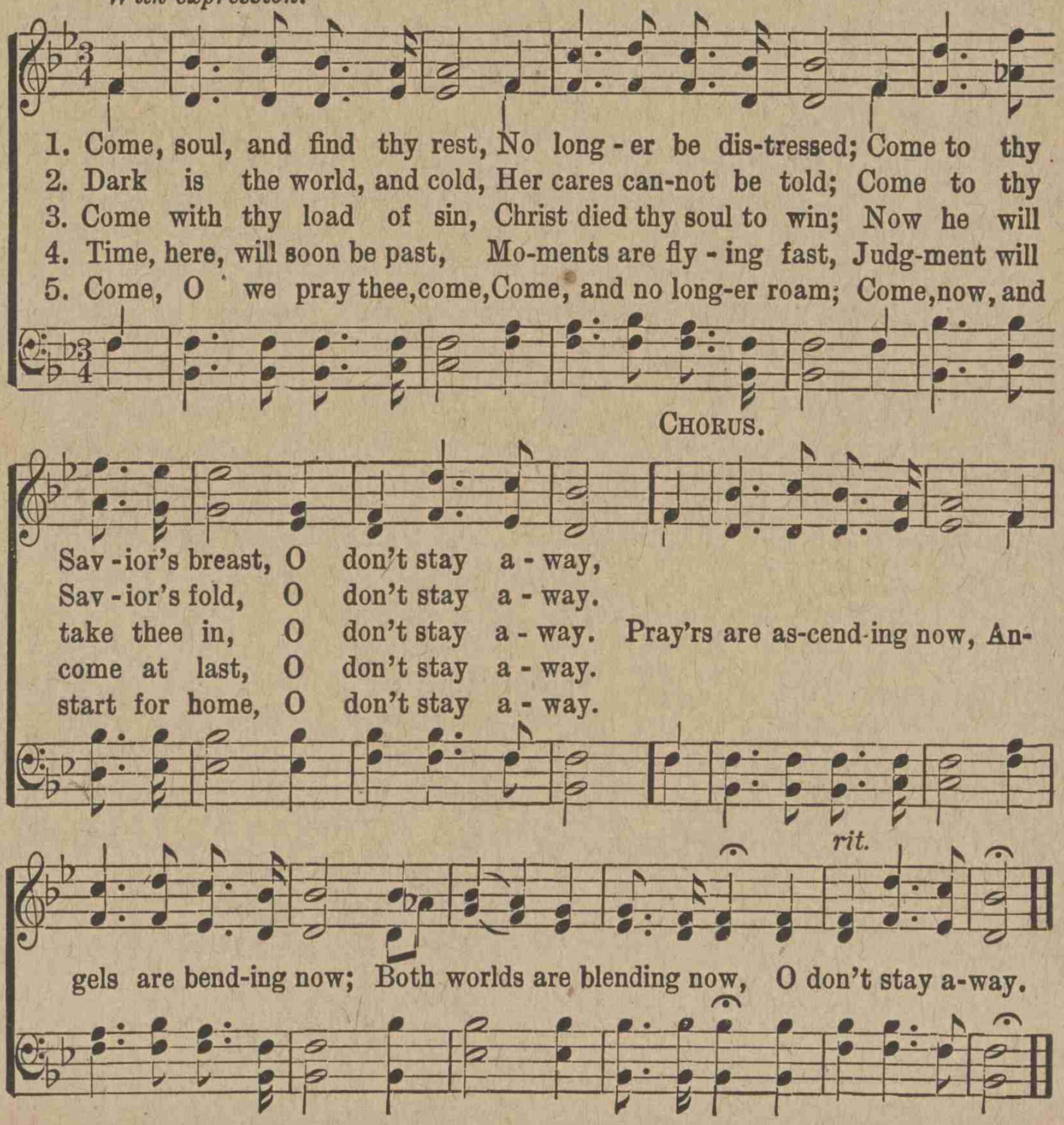


201 O Don't Stay Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1895. BY GEO. C. HUGG,
USED BY PER.

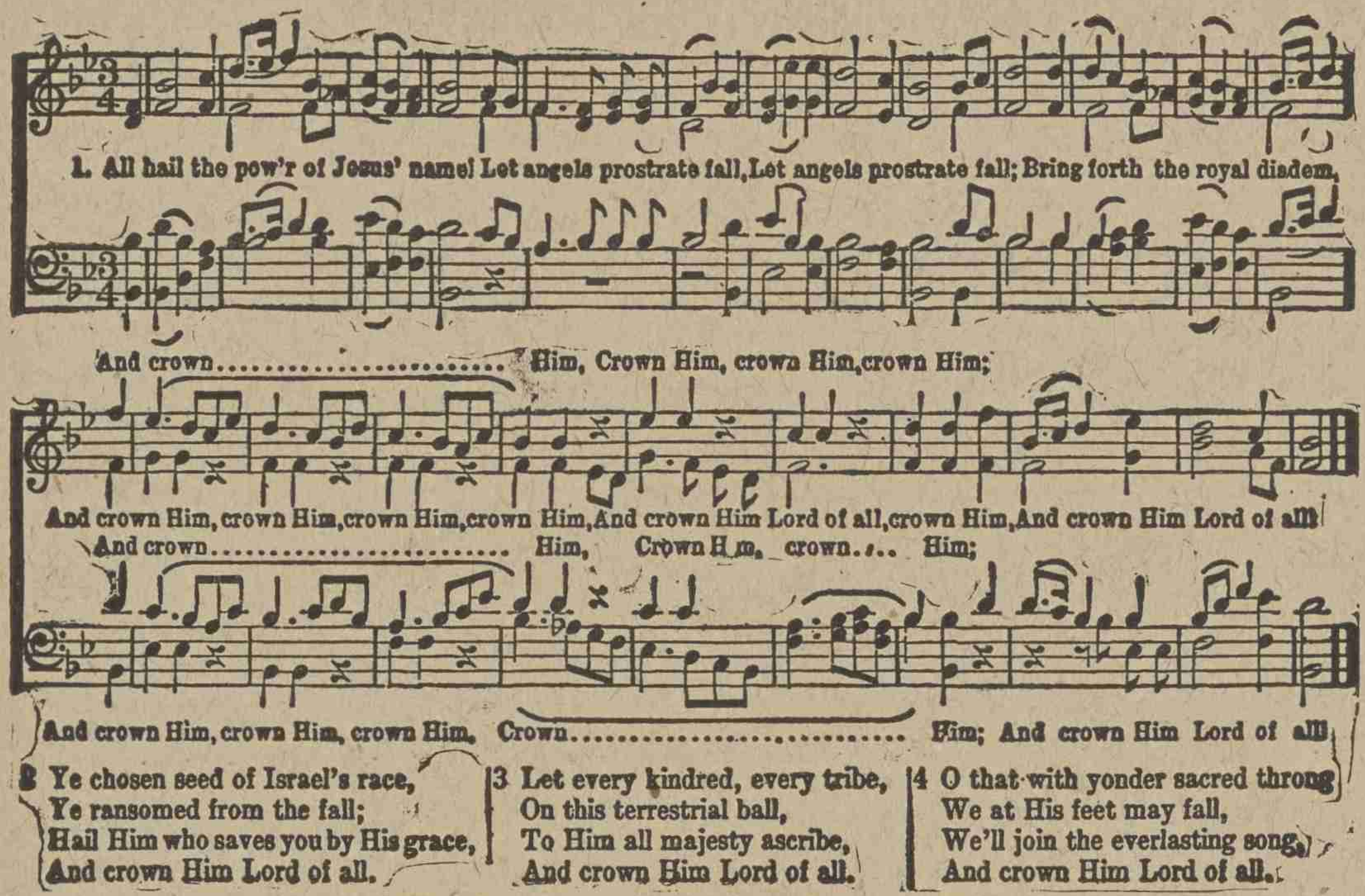
Rev. Johnson Oatman. **Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.**

With expression.



202 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



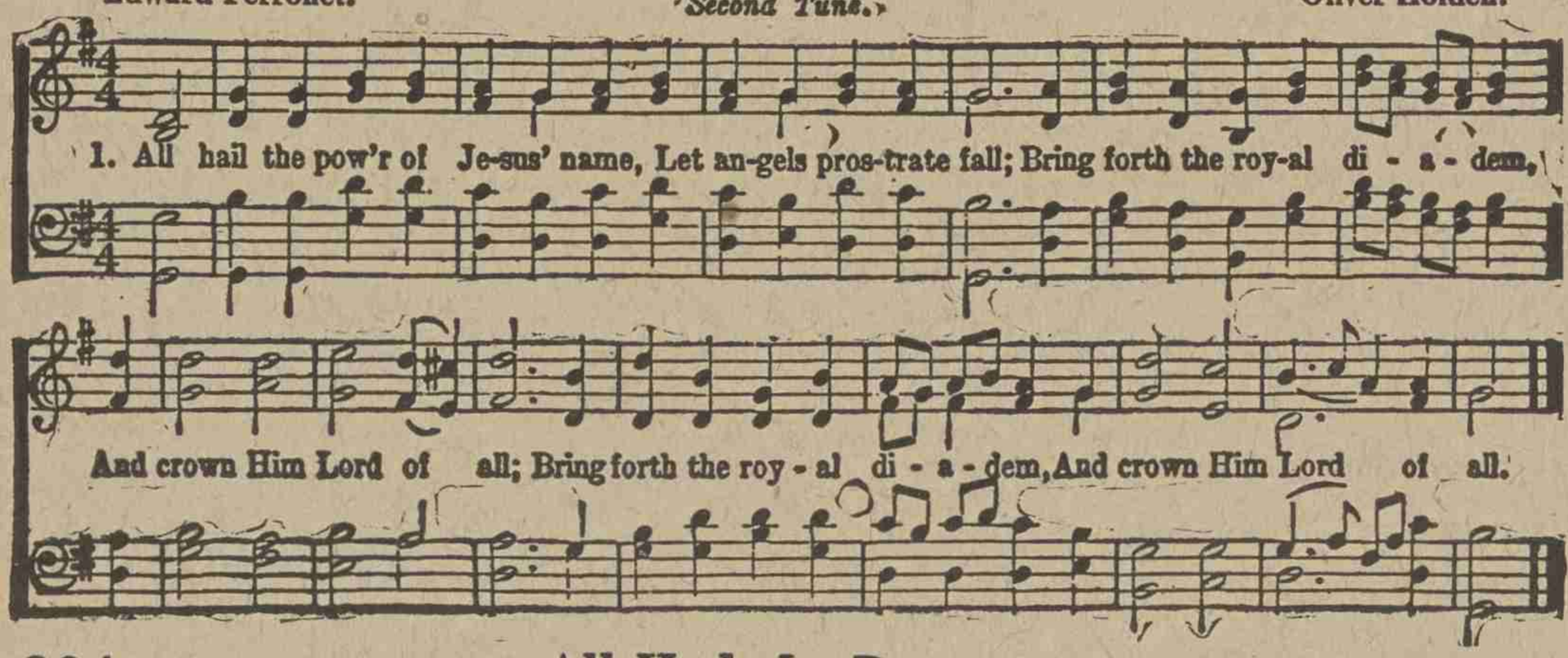
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

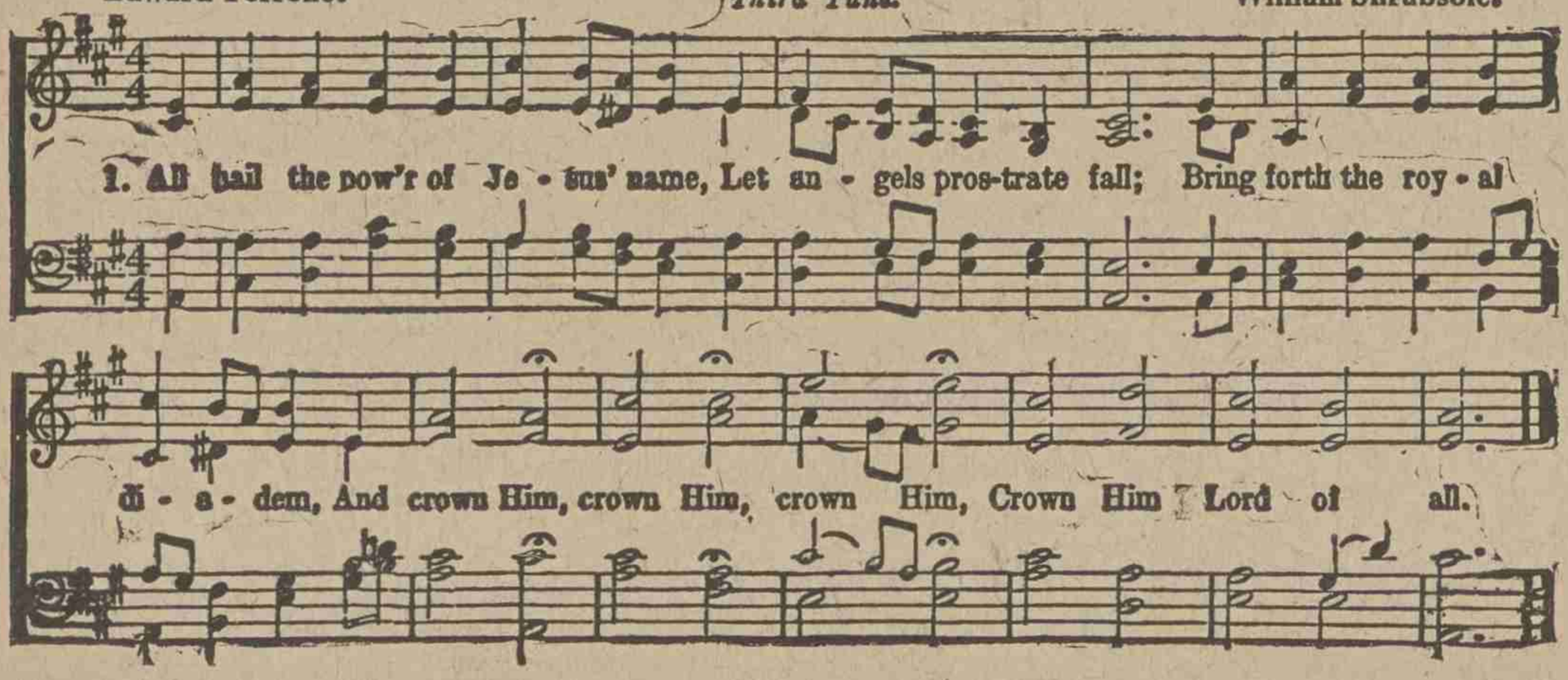
203 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



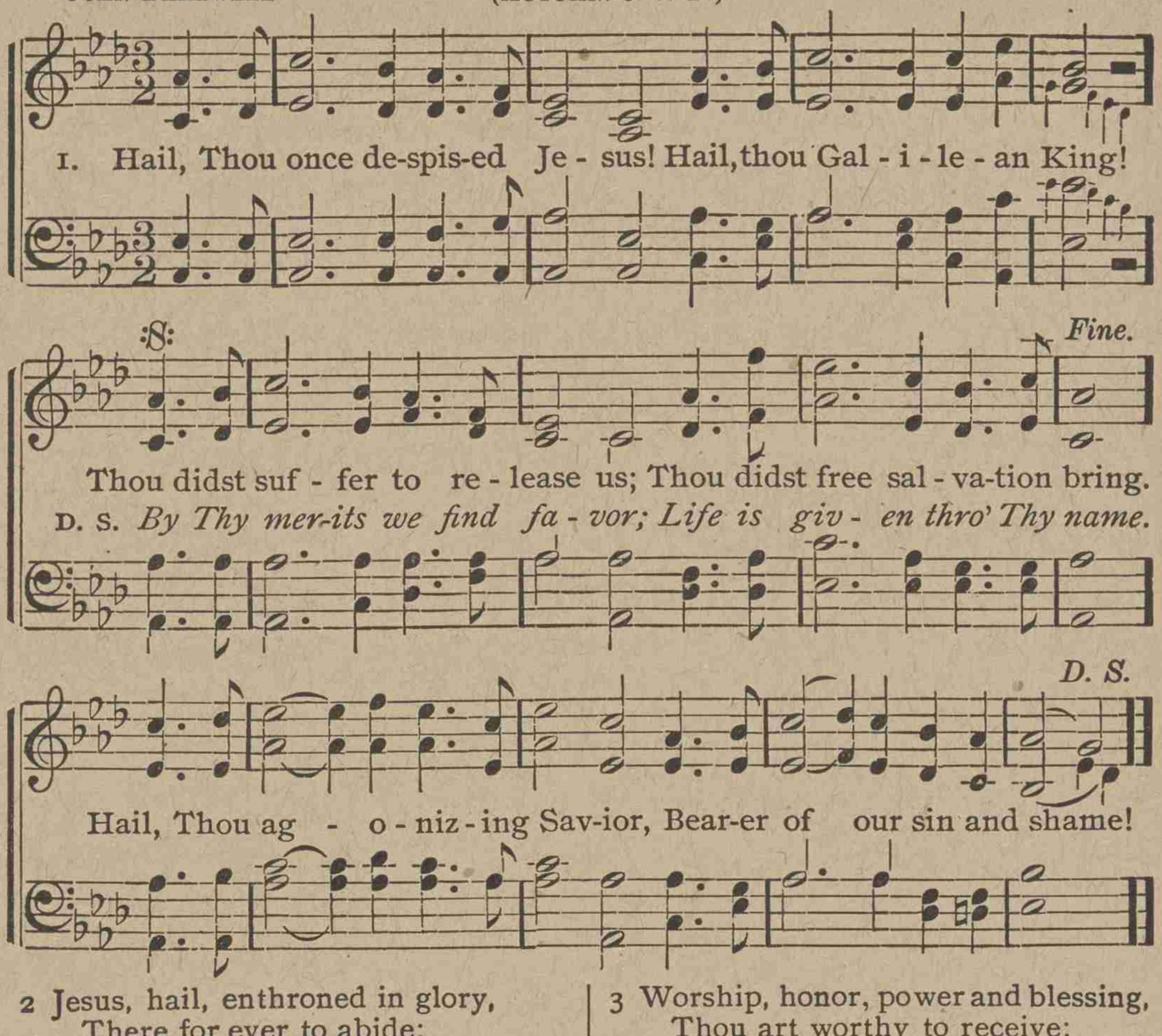
204 All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



No. 205 Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

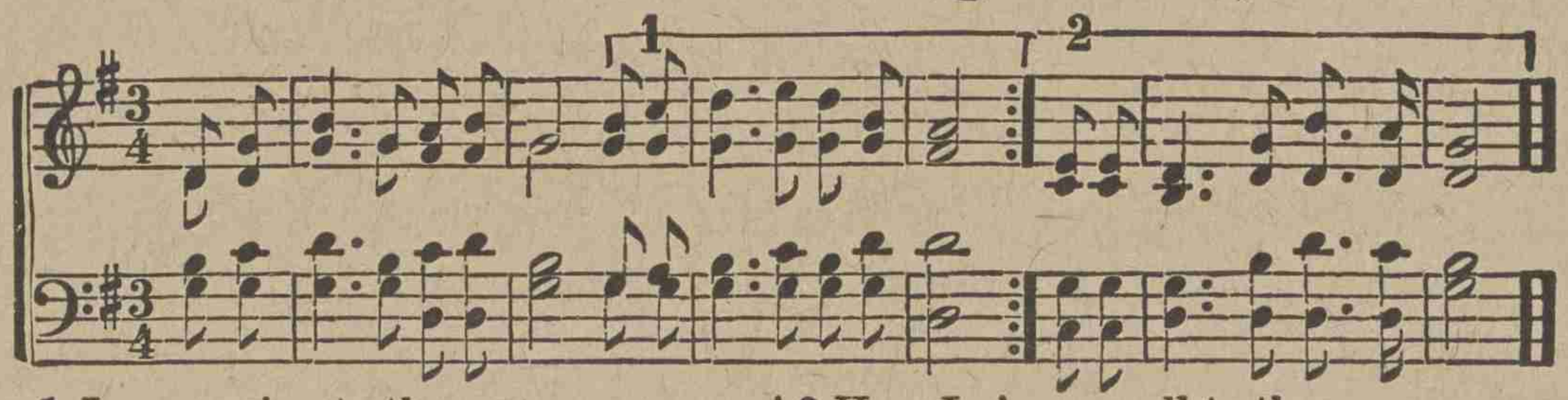
JOHN BAKEWELL. (AUTUMN. 8. 7. D.)



2 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side,
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

No. 206 I Am Coming.

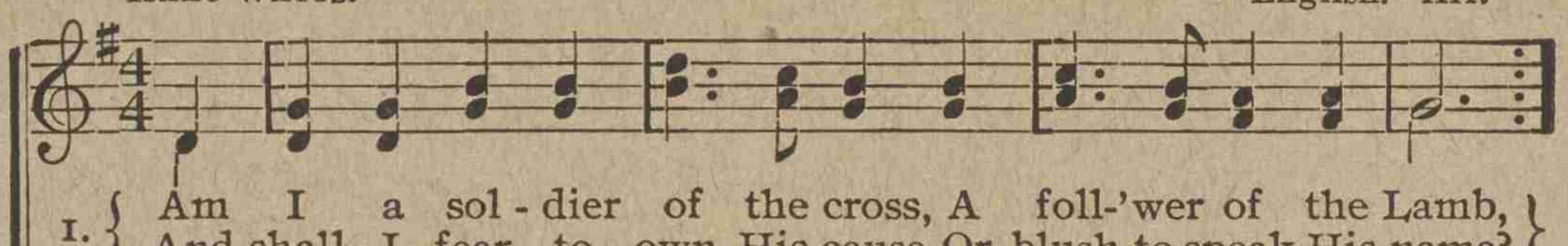
W, G. FISHER.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

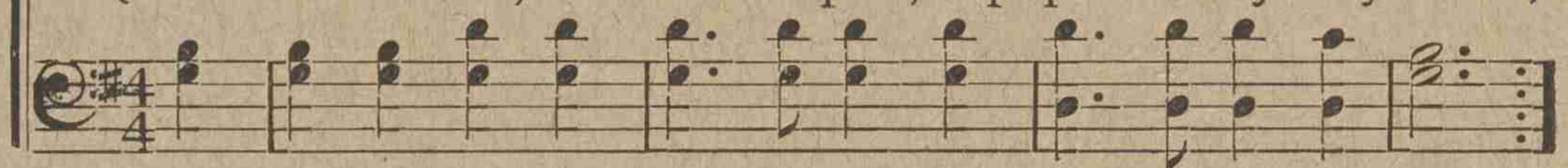
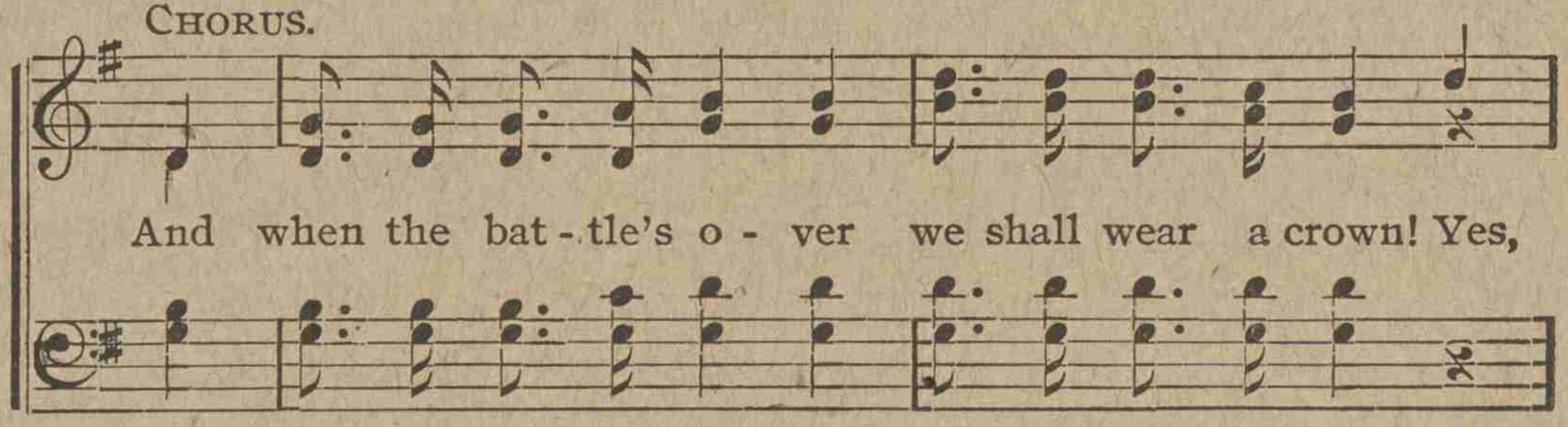
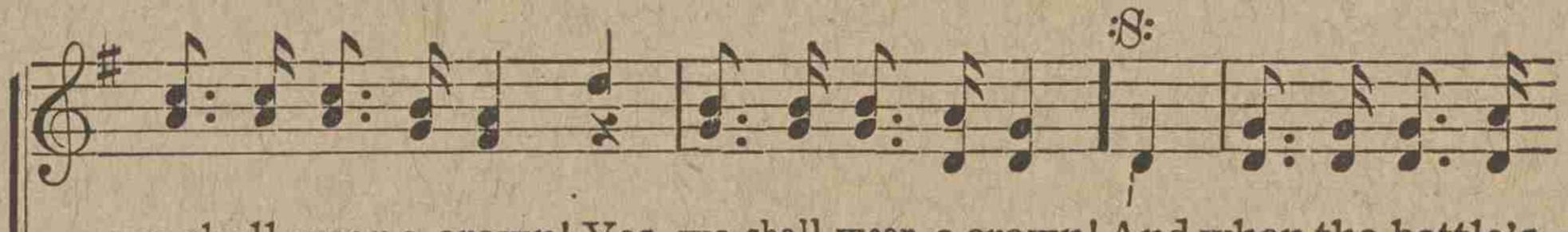
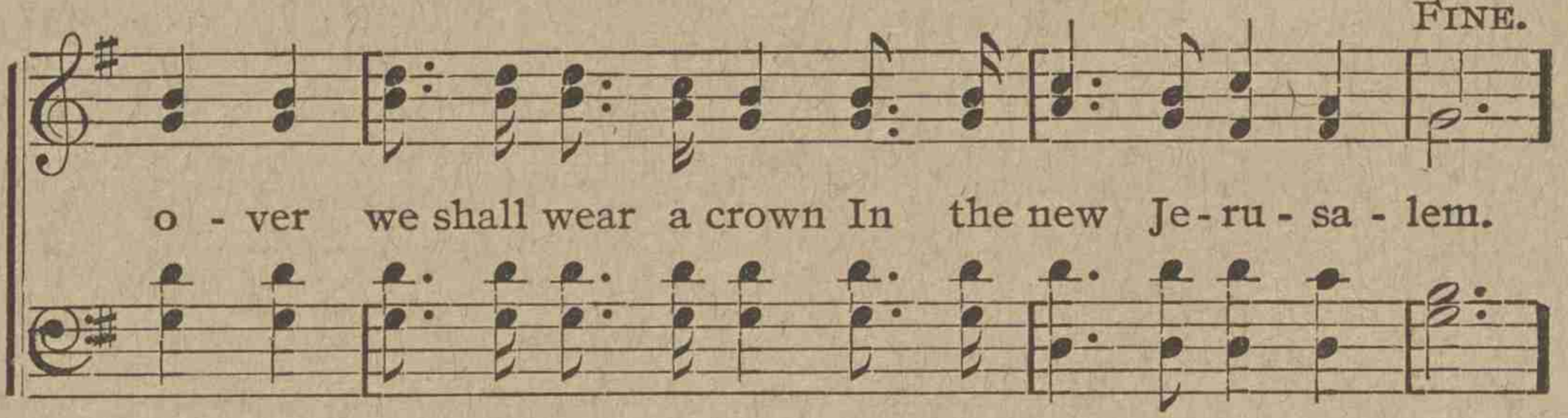
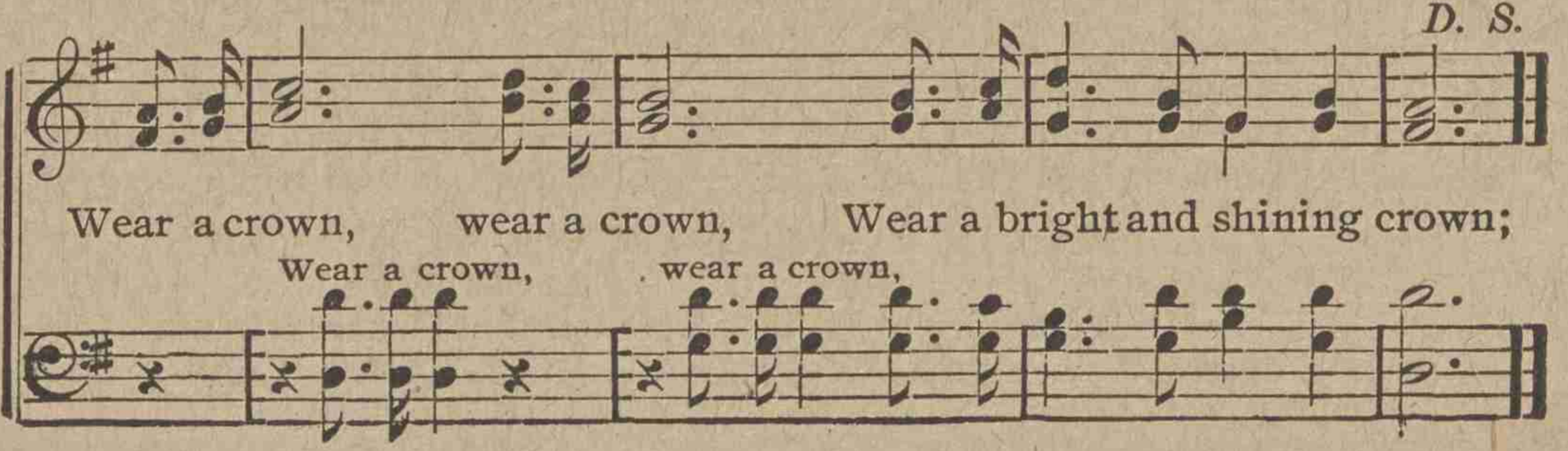
3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

211 AND WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

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

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

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

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord:
   I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.



The Grand Excursion.

(May be used as solo,)

N. B. HERRELL. N. B. HERRELL.

1. There is a grand excursion, That's running through the land; Her name is Great Sal-
2. She stops at Pardon station To take on all that's there, A - gain at Full Sal-
3. Her rails are the pro - mis-es, She's lit with perfect love, And whistles Hal-le-
4. Her time book is the Bi - ble; So read, and you may know When she is due in
5. The pil-grims of past ages, John, Andrew and St. Paul, Have rode on this ex-
6. Then, come along, poor sinner, There's room on board for all; Christ purchased you a

va-tion, 'Twas built by God's right hand; Her en-gi-neer is Je - sus, She's run by
va-tion, Col - lects an-oth-er fare; Then hastens on to Glo - ry, A-cross the
lu - jah! As home-ward she doth move; Her bell is chiming Glo-ry, As up-ward
Glo - ry, All glist'ning white as snow; In - to the u-nion de - pot She'll run in
cursion, Redeemed from Eden's fall; They ran thru clouded valleys, O'er mountains
tick - et, He waits for you to call; The prom-ise is now giv-en, "The stars you

FINE.

power di - vine;
plains of time;
she doth climb; I'm go-ing home to ed—en On this good old Bi - ble line.
just on time; I'm go-ing home to
they did climb; They reach their home in
shall outshine;" Come go a - long to

CHORUS.

This good old Bi-ble line, This good old Bi-ble line, I have a ticket purchased

D. C.

On this good old Bible line; Stop-overs are not granted, She runs on schedule time;

Owned by N. B. Herrell.

No. 215. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster. Arr.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost and far down, deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but -

saved from all a - larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend - ing low, The
pas - sions fierce with - in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

No. 216. In the Hour of Trial.

J. Montgomery. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.) Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me

I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to

call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

No. 217 Glad Tidings.

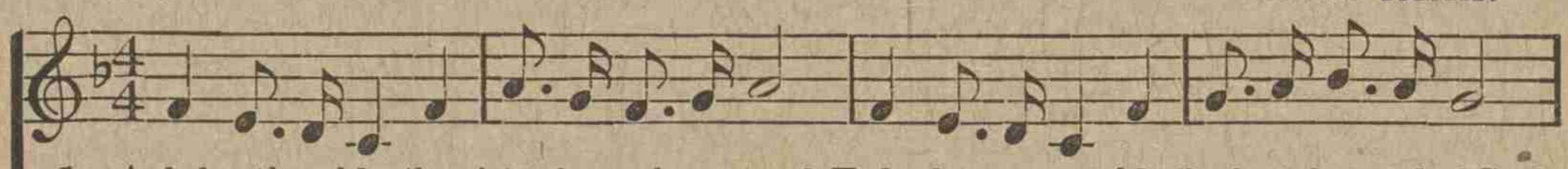
1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Our glorious De-liv-'rer will soon, soon ap-pear; In clouds of bright glory t'our rescue he'll come, And angels will
2. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall ap-pear; With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise To Jesus our
3. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, 'Tis the voice of th'archangel me- thinks that I hear, A-rousing the nations, awaking the dead From their cold dusty
4. Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near, Re-joice then, ye pilgrims, and be of good cheer; The promised possession we soon shall receive, And with Jesus in

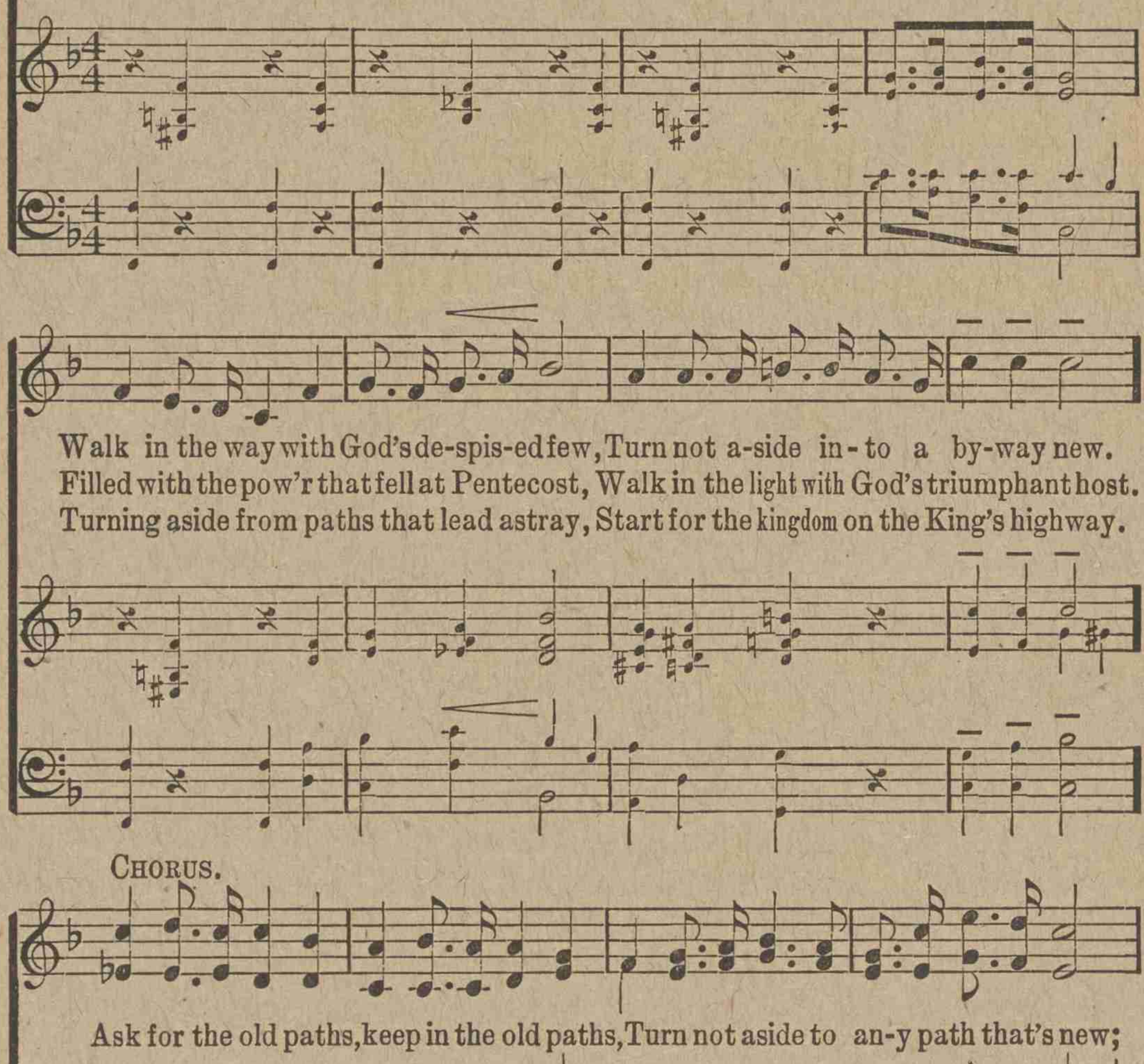
hail us to E-den, our home; Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Sav-iour, in accents of praise; Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,
pillows, where long they have laid; Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,
glo - ry e-ter-nal-ly live; Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,

A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

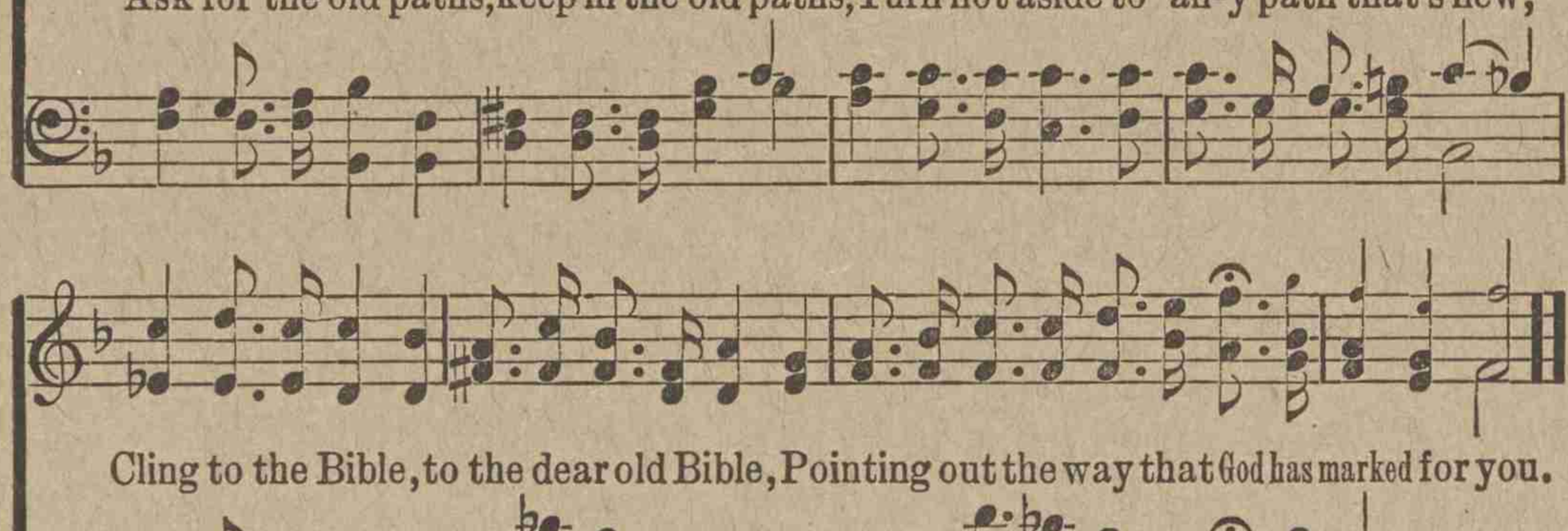
No. 218. The Old Paths.

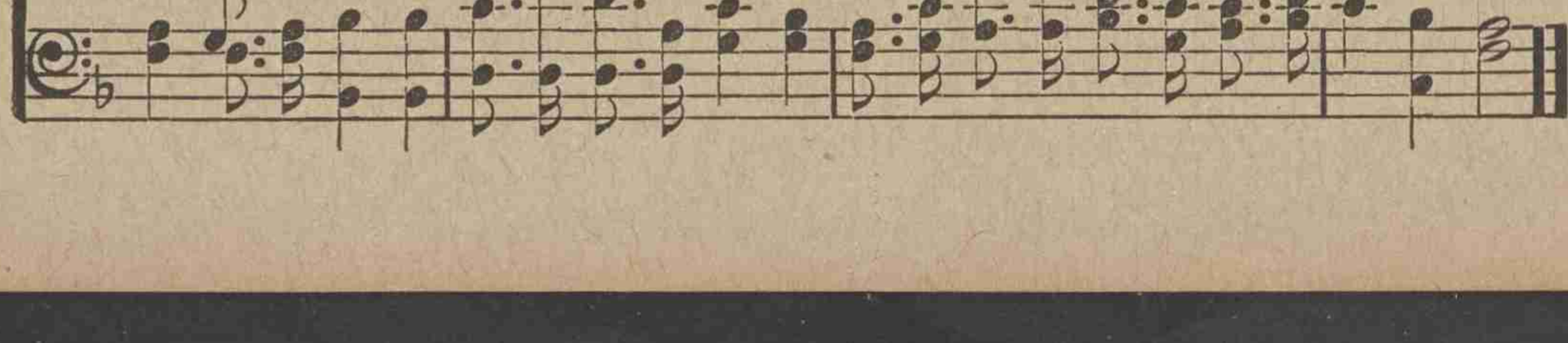
"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Ask for the old paths saints of yore have trod; Take for your guide the changeless word of God;
2. Ask for the old paths: rest and peace are there; Ask for the old paths, of the new beware;
3. How many say, We will not walk therein! How many choose the downward course of sin!



Walk in the way with God's de-spis-ed few, Turn not a-side in-to a by-way new.
Filled with the pow'r that fell at Pentecost, Walk in the light with God's triumphant host.
Turning aside from paths that lead astray, Start for the kingdom on the King's highway.



CHORUS.

Ask for the old paths, keep in the old paths, Turn not aside to an-y path that's new;

Cling to the Bible, to the dear old Bible, Pointing out the way that God has marked for you.

219

The Mystery.

T. H. DUET.

COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. Not here be-low I'll ev - er know The full-ness of that love di - vine
2. I can - not tell why He should tread The path of tears a-lone for me,
3. Why He on earth should wander long–With all the worlds at His com-mand—
4. How He could love the love-less so, And 'neath the load of sin and shame,
5. Dis-robed of all His wealth but love, His deathless love be-yond be-lief;
6. Some day with-in the jas - per wall His glo-rious pres-ence shall out-shine,

Which made my Sav - ior suf - fer so, Which wro't re-demp-tion's grand de-sign;
Why He should bow His guiltless head, My debt to pay, on Cal - va - ry;
De - rid - ed by a mock-ing throng, For-sak-en by his chos-en band;
In pangs no hu-man heart can know, Should breathe in prayer my worthless name;
While in the roy - al courts a-bove, Each an-gel bends in sil - ent grief;
Be - fore His feet I'd hum-bly fall And wor-ship Him, my King di - vine.

But some blest day in yon-der sphere, Yon world of light to which I go,
But some fair morn when I a - wake To end-less joys of calm de-light,
Why He, in Ke-dron's rug-ged vale, Should sweat great drops of ag-o - ny,
Why with His fail - ing mor-tal breath, For me He deigned to in-ter-cede,
The wing-ed ser - aphs 'round the throne, Dazed by the sight of grace so free,
Lord, keep me Thine, and let me live A life of true fi - del - i - ty;

I'll know why Je - sus lan-guished here, To save my soul from name-less woe.
I'll know why He, for my poor sake, For-sook the realms of cloud-less light;
And as His strength be-gan to fail, Cry, "Let this cup de - part from me;"
And when His lips were sealed in death, For me His si-lence still should plead;
De - sire to sound its depths un-known, And peer in - to the mys - ter - y.
And then at last my soul re-ceive, To dwell for ev - er-more with Thee!

No. 220. Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me I can sing tho' bil-lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy, Oh, the length and breadth of love;
Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a - bove.

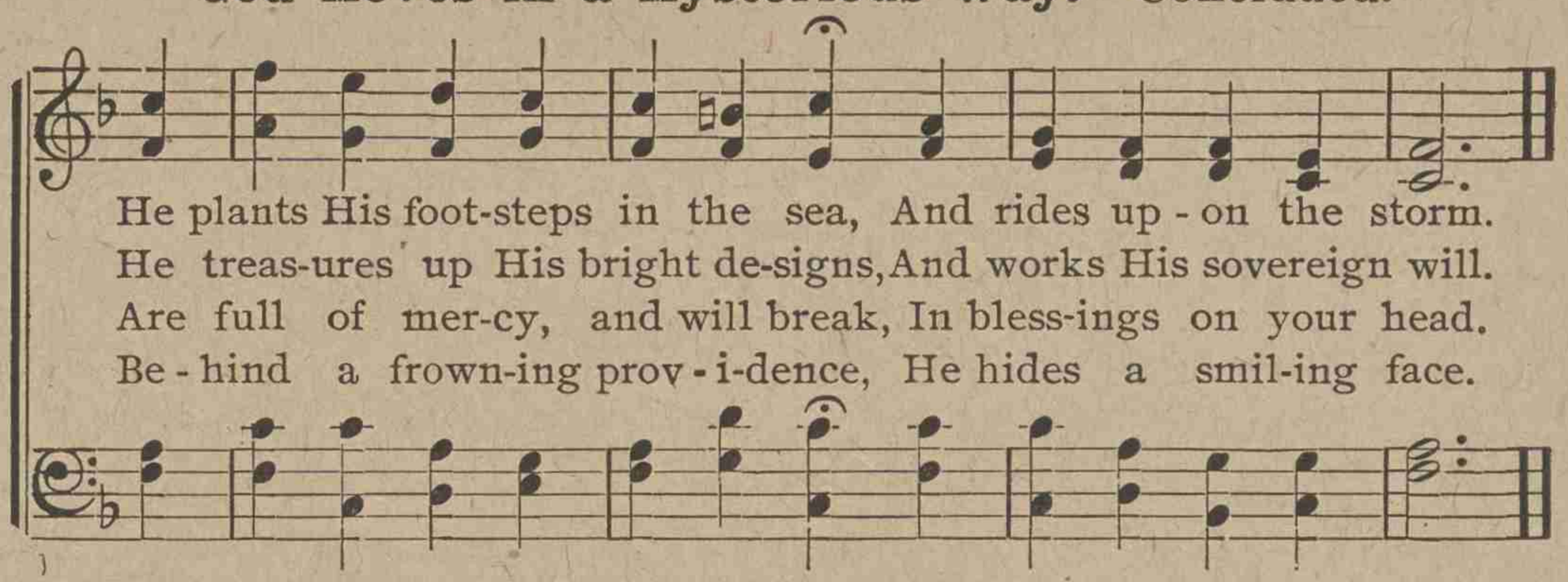
By permission.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

WM. COWPER. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.

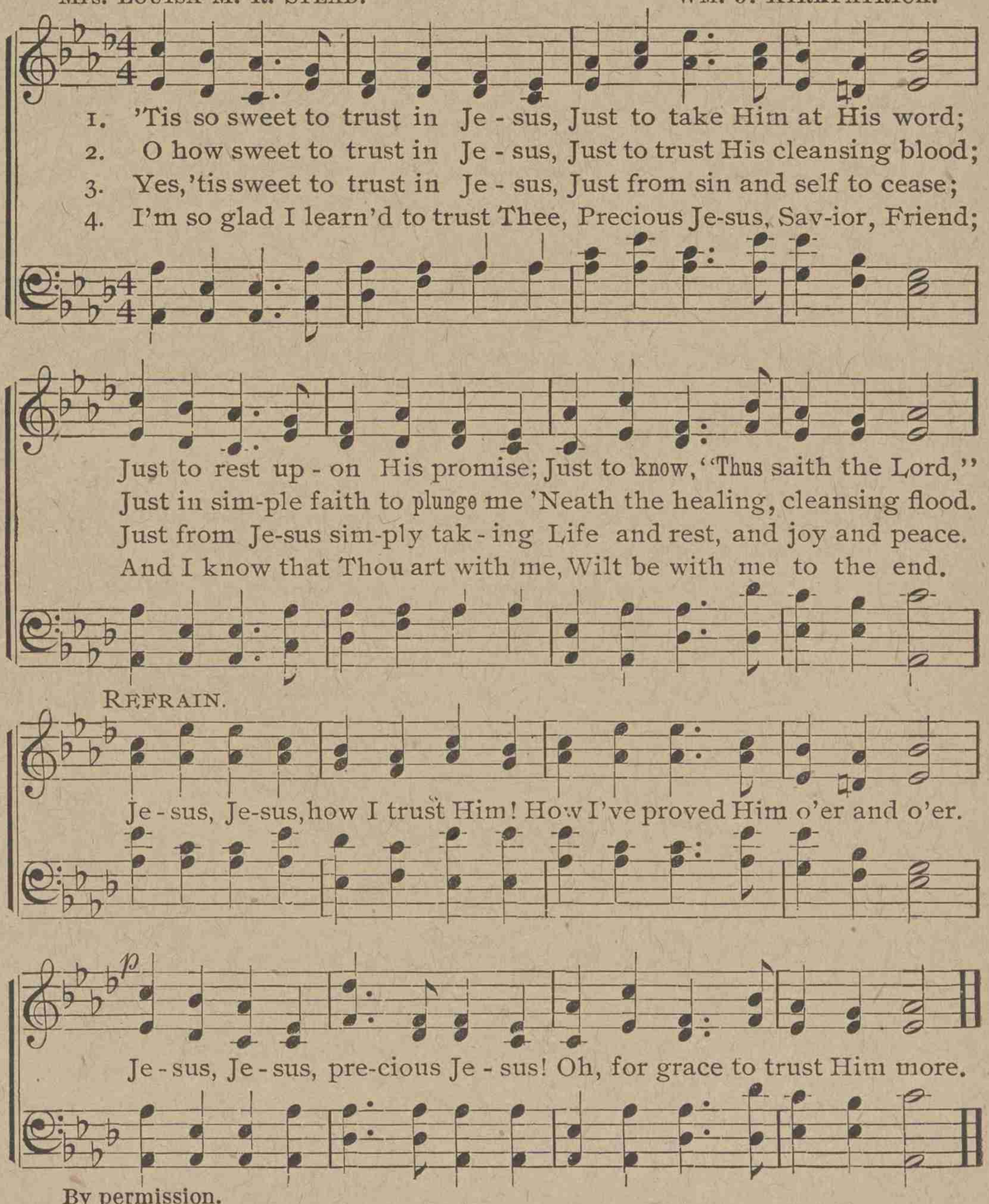
1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per - form:
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail-ing skill,
3. Ye trem-bling saints, fresh courage take, The clouds you so much dread,
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

God Moves in a Mysterious Way. Concluded.



No. 222 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

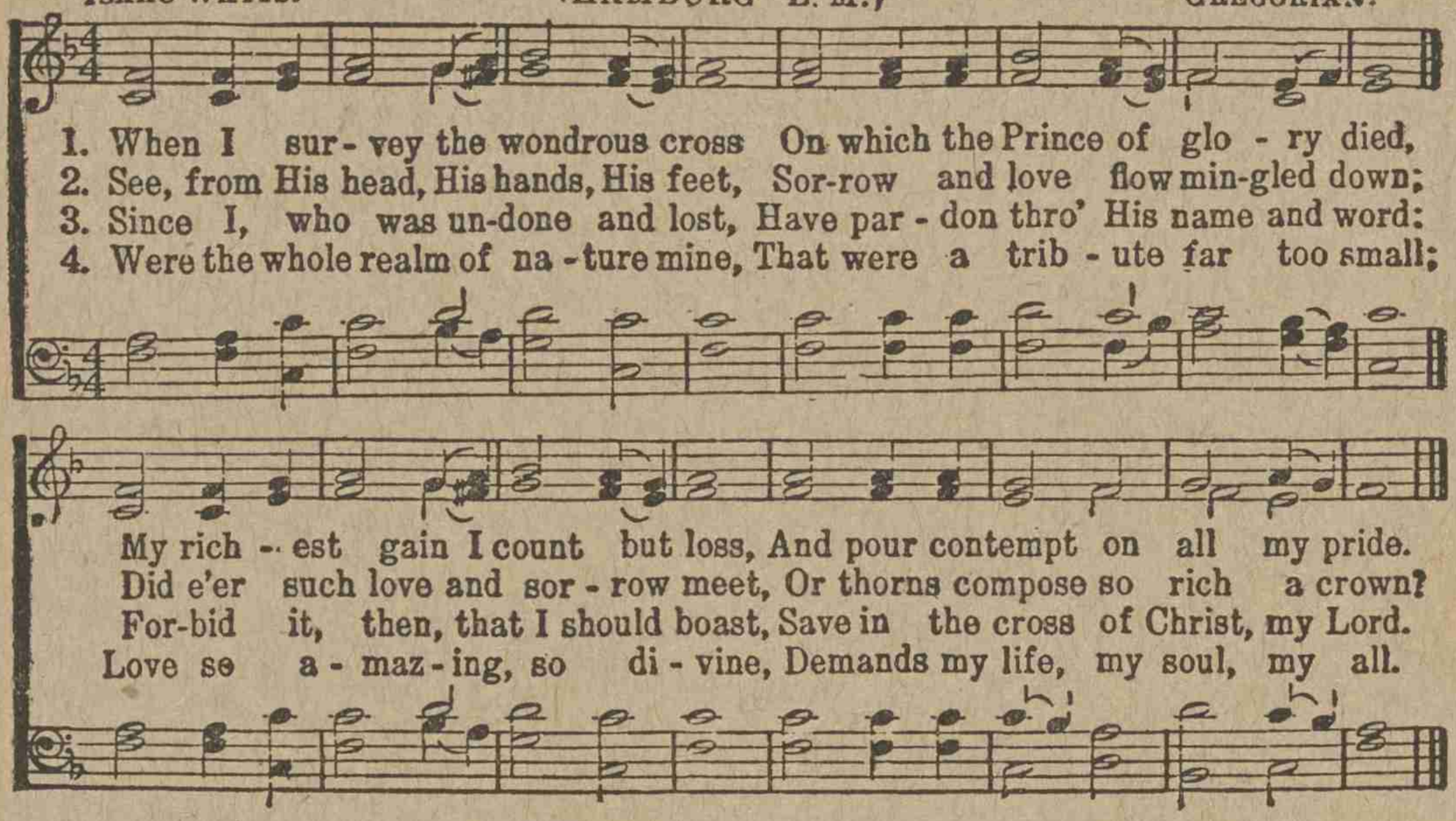
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



By permission.

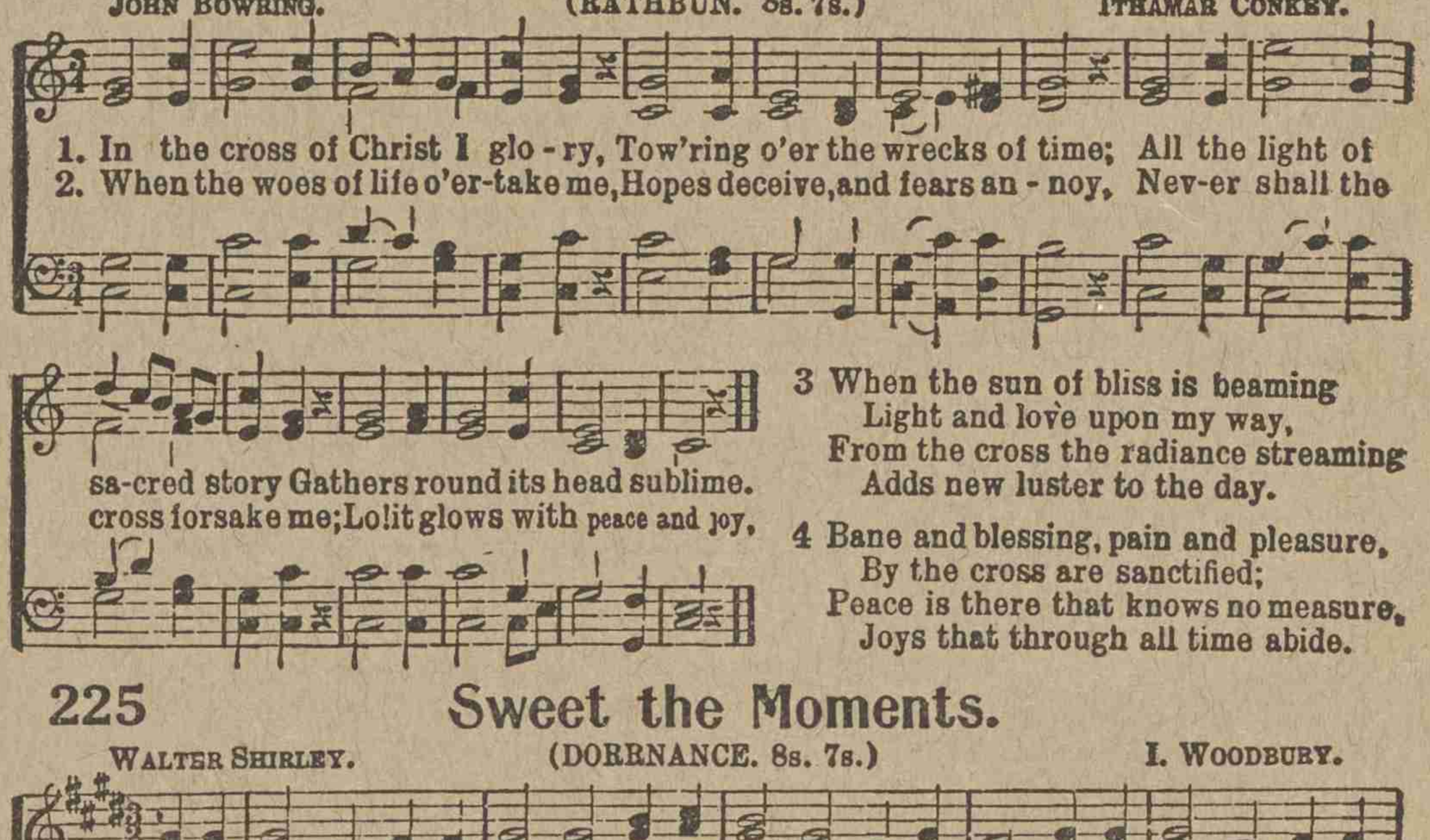
223 The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.



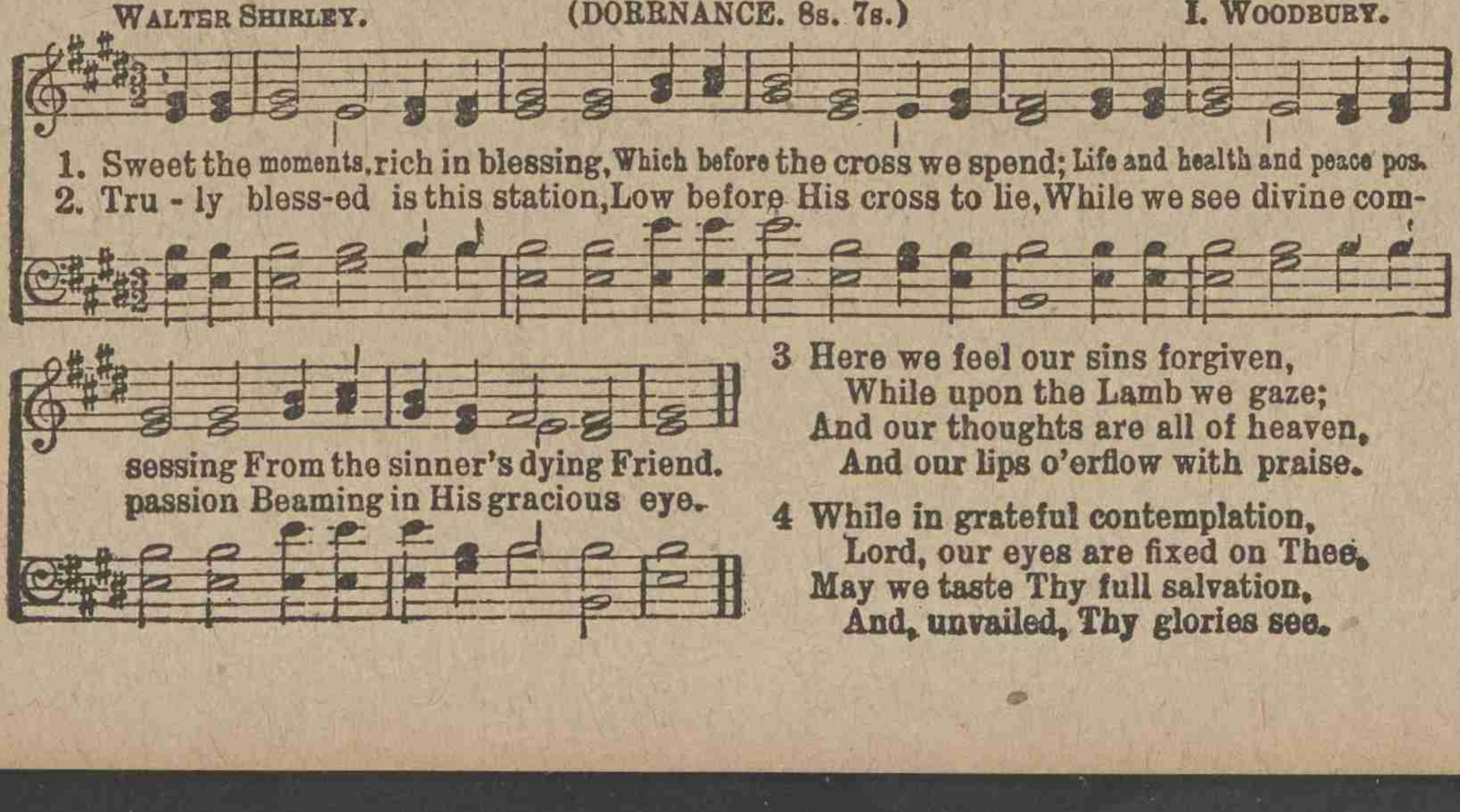
224 The Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



225 Sweet the Moments.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (DORRNANCE. 8s. 7s.) I. WOODBURY.



226. Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

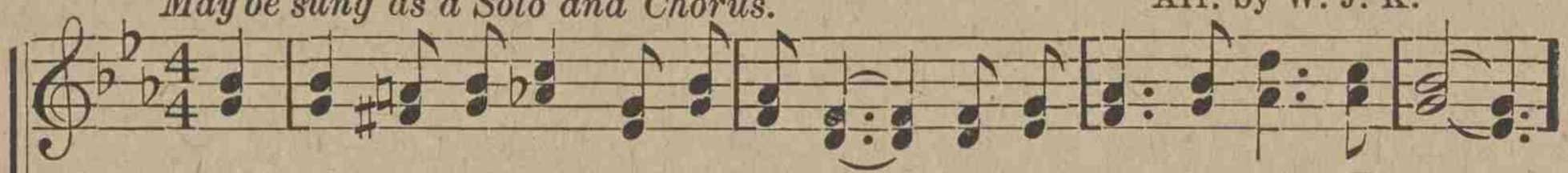
REFRAIN.

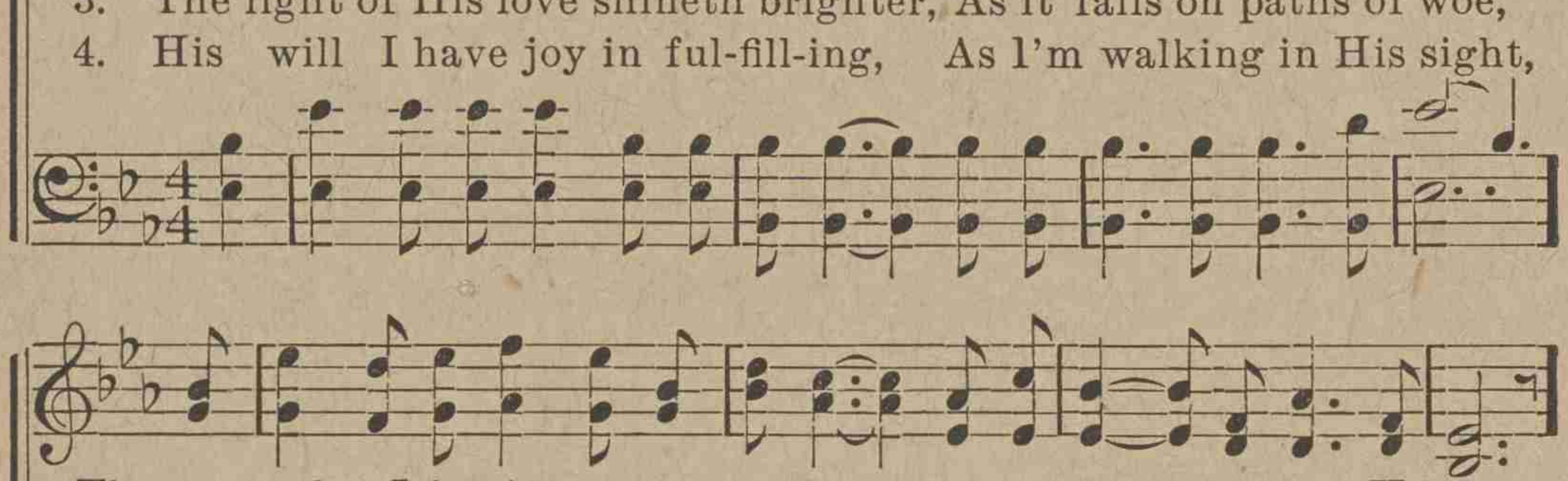
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

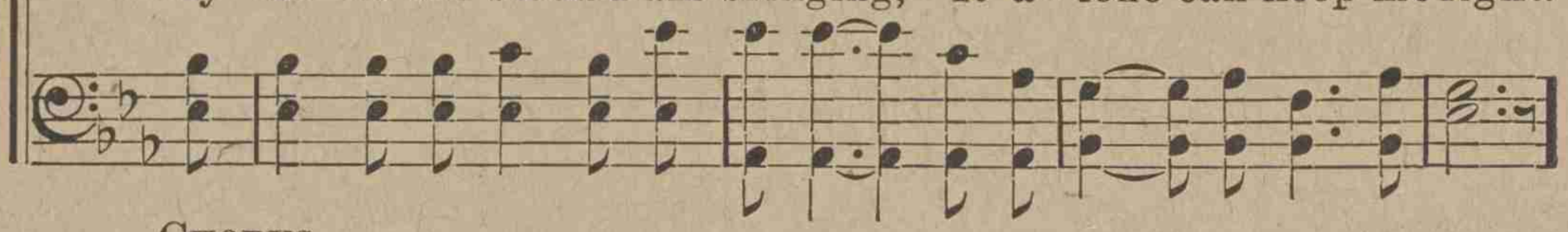
By permission.

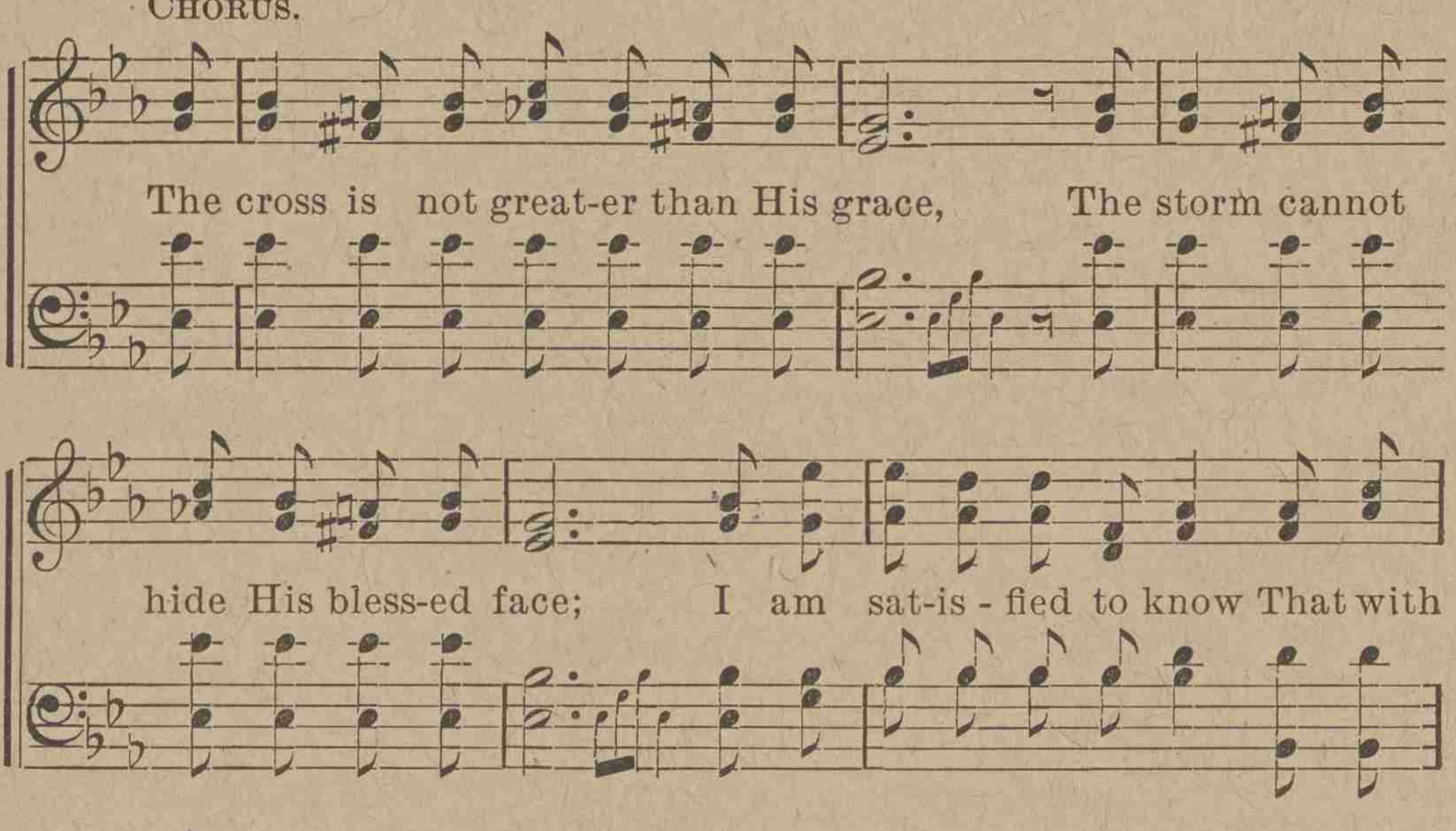
236 The Cross is Not Greater.

Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.
Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The Cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,



The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.



Used by per. Salvation Army.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman

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

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ev-er
passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the

Chorus.

loves and cares for his own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

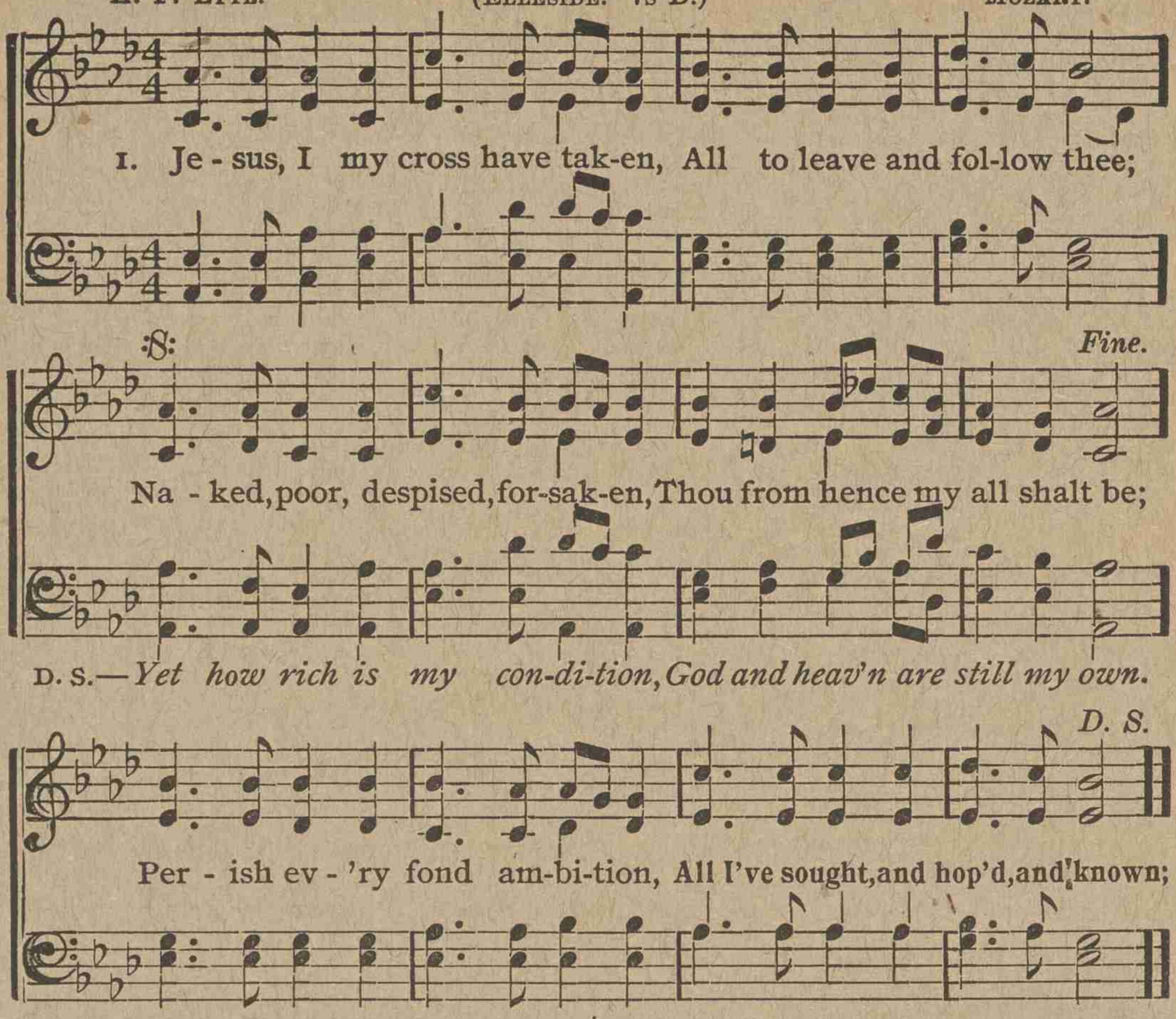
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

Rit.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

No. 238. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

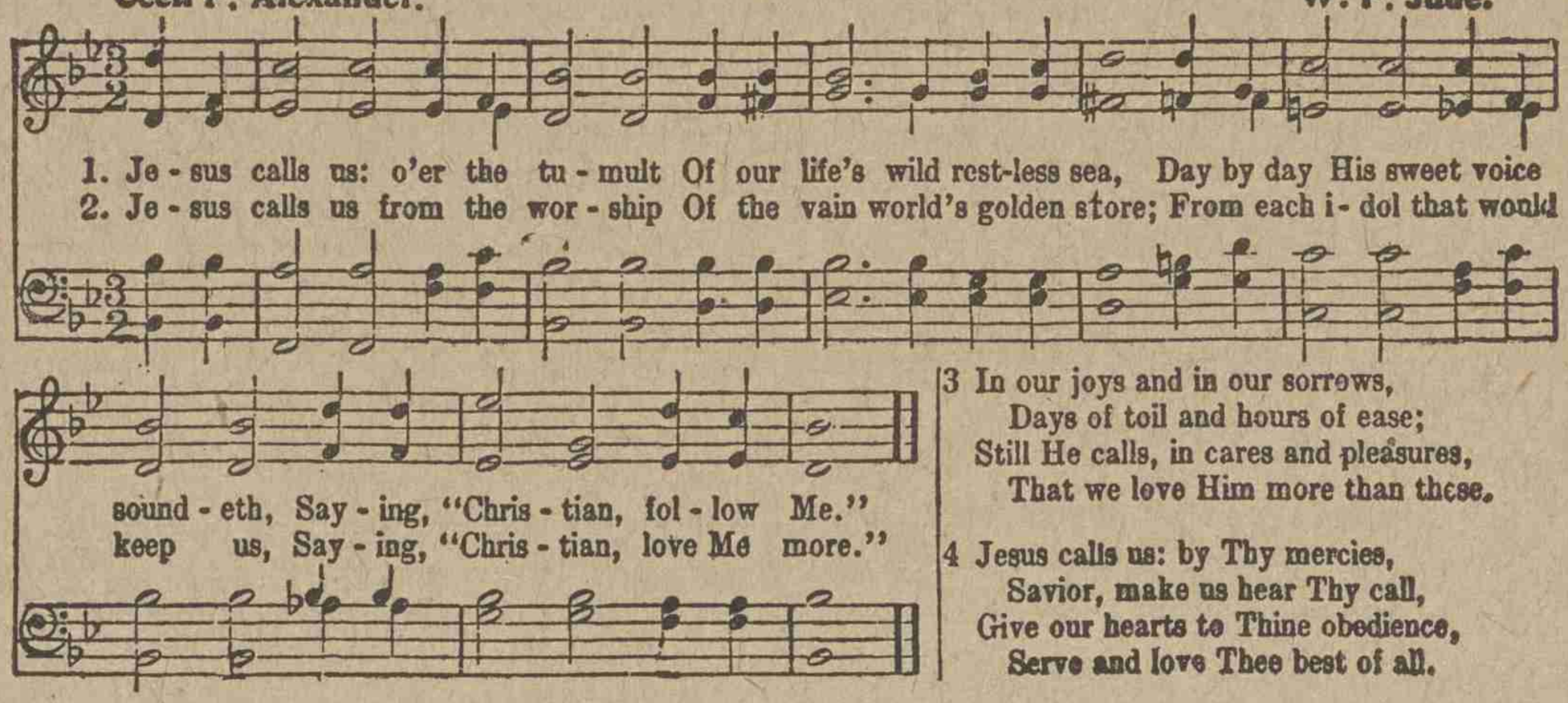
H. F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 7s D.) MOZART.



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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain:
I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on thee; [er,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me.

No. 239. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 240. M. E. E. Like Jesus Himself. M. E. Enlow.

1. Dear Father. I long to lean on thy breast, And find in my soul thy
2. The Holy Ghost comes to dwell in my heart, He comes to - a - bide and
3. The Saviour will come from heaven some day, To take me with him for

won- der- ful rest, And bring to thy throne this need-ful re-quest: That
nev - er de-part, Re - veal-ing to me how ho - ly thou art, And
ev - er to stay, And for that glad hour I earn-est - ly pray, For

Refrain.

thou will make me like Je - sus him-self. Like Je - sus him-self, like
makes me still more like Je - sus him-self.
then I shall be like Je - sus him-self.

Je - sus him-self; I long to be just like Je - sus him - self. I

lean on his arm, kept safe from all harm, And long to be just like Jesus him-self.

No. 241. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. Showalter.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.
2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { Oh, how bright the path grows fron day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.
3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

FEMALE VOICES.

250 Forevermore.

(LADIES' DUET).

James Rowe. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. **J. F. Nesmuller. Arr. by Thoro Harris.**

1. Some holy morn when tears can dim These eyes oft dim'd by tears be-
2. Some holy morn I'll stand a-mong The saved of ev - 'ry tribe and

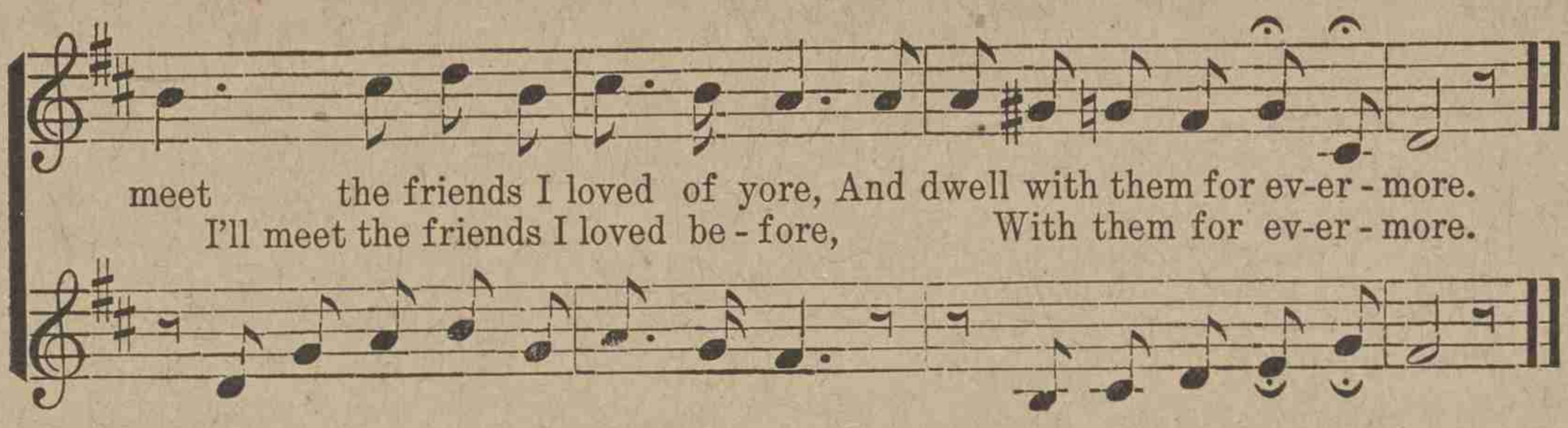
1. Some ho - ly morn when tears can dim These eyes oft
2. Some ho - ly morn I'll stand a - mong The saved of

fore, My soul will rise to dwell with Him Who reigns on yon immortal shore.
race, To hear my Sav - ior's praises sung By millions saved by sovereign grace.
dim'd before, Will rise to dwell with Him Who reigns on yonder shore.
ev - 'ry race, My Savior's prais - es sung By mil - lions saved by grace.

Then I shall gaze up-on His face, And thank Him for redeeming grace, And
Then I shall gaze up-on His face, And thank Him for redeeming grace,

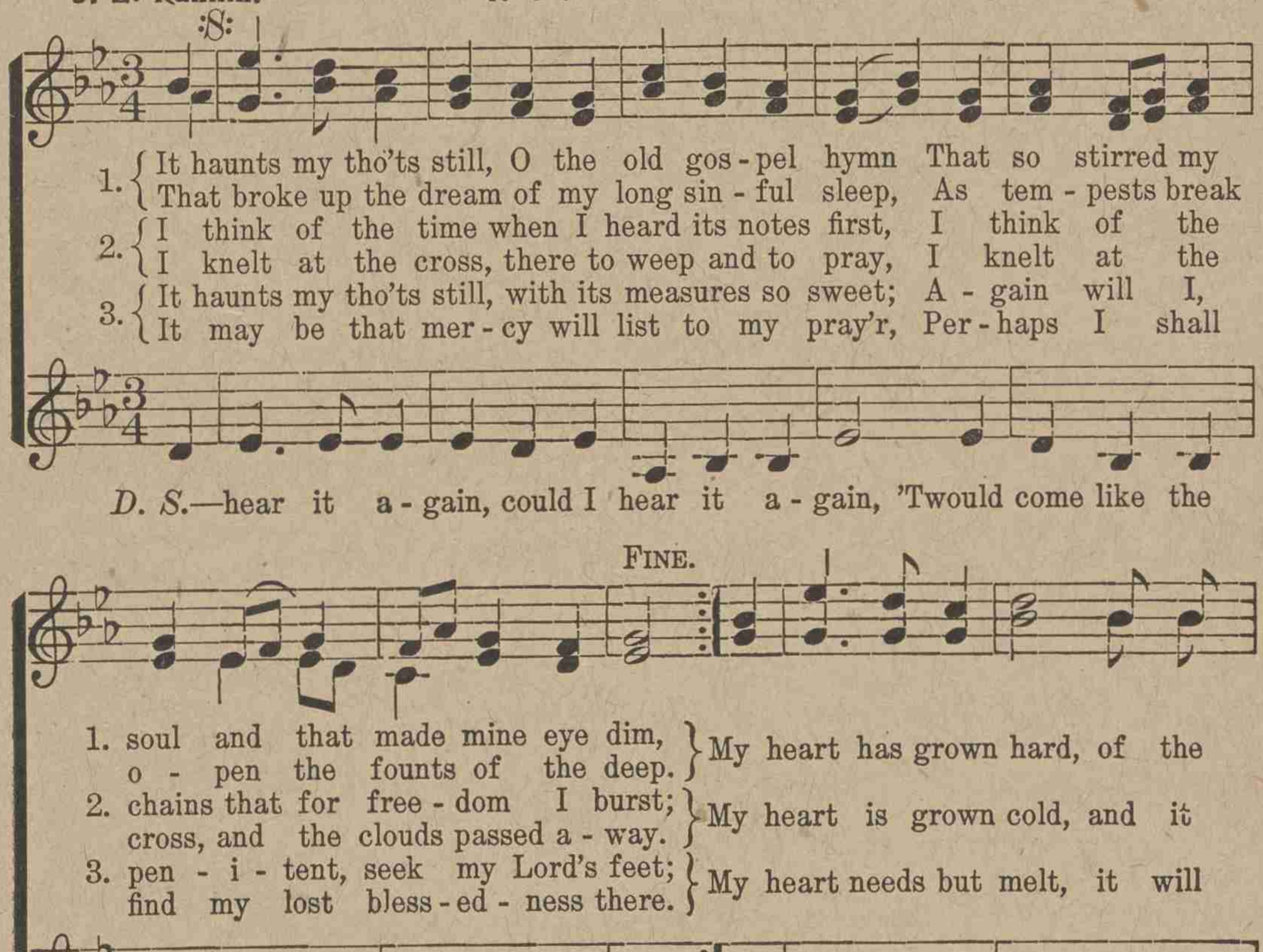
in His praise my voice shall soar For evermore, for ev - er-more. I'll
And in His praise my voice shall soar For evermore, for ev-ermore.

meet the friends I loved before, And dwell with them for ev - er-more; I'll
Meet the friends I loved before, And dwell with them for ev - er-more;

Forevermore.

251 The Old Gospel Hymn.

(LADIES' TRIO).

J. E. Rankin. **Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.** **W. S. Stephens. Arr. by Thoro Harris.**



252 Exert Thy Power.

(LADIES' QUARTET)

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

DUET.

1. Ex-ert Thy pow'r, O glo-rious Sav-ior, My heart is filled with fear and grief;
2. Ex-ert Thy pow'r, O pitying Sav-ior; Thy blood can make the sin-ner whole;
3. Ex-ert Thy pow'r, O gracious Sav-ior, And save me to the ut - ter-most;
4. Ex-ert Thy pow'r, O ris - en Sav-ior, My life-less soul by grace re-store;
5. Ex-ert Thy pow'r, all conqu'ring Sav-ior, Till not one trace of guilt re - main;

1. Thy sov'reign grace can break each fet - ter, Thy love af - ford me sweet re - lief.
2. Thou hast the key to life e - ter - nal, And Thou canst re-cre-ate the soul.
3. O vis - it me with Thy sal - va - tion And fill me with the Ho - ly Ghost.
4. Speak Thou the word that seals my par - don, And bid me "go and sin no more."
5. Come take a - way the love of sin - ning, And in my life for - ev - er reign.

REFRAIN. QUARTET.

Ex - ert Thy pow'r, O might - y Sav - ior, And make my
Ex - ert Thy pow'r, And

bur - dened spir - it free; Ex - tend to me
make my bur - dened spir - it free; Ex - tend to me

Thy roy - al fa - vor, And break my long cap - tiv - i - ty.
And break my long cap - tiv - i - ty

No. 253. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell - ers in darkness with sin blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the

world is Je - sus. Like sunshine at noon-day, His glo - ry shone in,
world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
world is Je - sus. Go, wash at His bid - ding and light will a - rise,
world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold,

CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis shining for
thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me, Once I was
blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

By Permission.

260 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

E. C. CLEPHANE, 1868 — "ST. CHRISTOPHER" — F. C. MAKER, 1881

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see The
3. I take, O Cross, thy sha - dow For my a - bid - ing - place; I

shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A
ve - ry dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me. And
ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face; Con

home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
from my smit - ten heart with tears, These won - ders I con - fess,— The
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My

burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
won - der of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - men.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

G. MATHESON, 1882 — ST. MARGARET. 8s, 6. — A. L. PEACE, 1885

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my
2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, . . I yield my
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, . . I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, . . I dare not

O Love that wilt not let me go.

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

in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - men.

262 Jesus is Mine.

CATHARINE J. BONAR — Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? — THEODORE E. PERKINS

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a way, Je sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare well, mor - tal - i ty Je sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten der tie; Je sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty. Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Used by permission.

No. 263. Burn On.

COPYRIGHT. 1903, BY A. B SIMPSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. B. SIMPSON. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. O fire of God be - gin in me, Burn out the dross of self and sin, Burn off my
2. Bap-tize with fire this soul of mine, En - due me with Thy Spirit's might, And make me
3. Burn in, O fire of God, burn in, Till all my soul Christ's image bears, And ev -'ry
4. Burn on, O fire of God, burn on, Till all my dross is burn'd a - way, Till earth and

CHORUS.

fet - ters, set me free, And make my heart a heav'n within.
by Thy pow'r di - vine A burn-ing and a shin-ing light. Burn on! burn on!
pow'r and pulse within His ho - ly, heaven'y na-ture wears.
sin and self are gone, And I can stand the testing day.

burn on!

O fire of God, burn on (burn on), Till all my dross (till all my dross), is burn'd a-

way (is burn'd a-way); Burn on (burn on)! burn on (burn on)! Prepare me for the testing day.

No. 264. A Present Help.

J. G. WHITTIER. (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres-ent help is He; And faith has still its
3. The heal - ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain; We touch Him in life's

lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal-i - lee.
throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.

4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

No 265. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Fine. *D. S.*

No. 266. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
   Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
   Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
   Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will

sin and the grave; might-y to save.
child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

No. 267. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 268. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully,

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-turn-ing from the wild;
   See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-coming His weary wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'rer now is re-con-ciled;
   Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child.
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,
   Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a precious soul is born a-gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

No. 269. Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Breathe up-on us, Lord from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho-ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir-it hov-ers o'er us, O-pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high-er, From the car-nal mind set free;

D.S.

Prom-ise of the Fa-ther giv-en, Send us now a Pen-te-cost.
To Thine im-age, Lord, re-store us, Wit-ness in our souls to-day.
Fill us with re-fin-ing fire, Give us per-fect lib-er-ty,

FINE.

D.S.-Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

CHORUS.

Breathe up-on us, breathe up-on us, With Thy love our hearts in-spire,

rit. *D. S.*

No. 270. Fulness of Blessing.

H. J. ZELLY.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY M. L. MCPHAIL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. What is this that, like the sunshine, Warms my trusting heart to-day? Fills my soul with
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives away all anxious care? Scatters darkness,
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak? Sends me out on
4. What is this that burns with-in me Like a flame of ho-ly fire? Pur-i-fies my

CHORUS.

light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a-way?
gives me comfort, And a new de-light in pray'r?
lov-ing errands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
will-ing spir-it, Gives me now my one de-sire?

This is that, oh, hal-le-lu-jah!

Promised by the Lord divine; 'Tis the pentecostal blessing, Filling this glad heart of mine.

271 Brightest and Best—Great is Jehovah.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Reginald Heber.—T. H. **Rubenstein.—Thoro Harris.**

Allegretto.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Shall we not yield Him in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of

Great is Je . ho - vah, how might-y and glo - rious! Lord of cre -

dark-ness, lend us thine aid;.... Star of the East, the ho -
E - dom, of - f'rings di - vine,.... Gems of the moun-tain and

a - tion, Mon - arch of all;..... Great is Je - ho - vah, in

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Sav - ior is laid.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, gold from the mine?

bat - tle vic - to - rious, Low at His feet in hom-age we fall

SOLO by a young lady. *p moderato.* MALE VOICES.

Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing, Low lies His head with the beasts
Vain-ly we of - fer each am - ple ob-la - tion, Vain-ly with gifts would His fav-

How rich His mercy t'ward all them that fear Him! Strong to deliver, and match-

Brightest and Best—Great is Jehovah.

ff ALL. *pp* *f*

of the stall. An - gels a - dore Him in slumber re-clin - ing, Ma -
vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the heart's a - do - ra-tion, Dear -
less His grace; *Blest His com-pas-sion for - ev - er and ev - er! He*

rit. REFRAIN. *Allegretto.*

ker and Monarch and Sav-ior of all..... Bright-est and best of the
er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.....
brings sal-va-tion to our fall-en race. ..... *Great is Je - ho - vah, how*

sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our darkness, lend us thine aid; Star of the
mighty and glo - rious! Lord of cre - a-tion, Mon-arch of all; *Great is Je -*

dim.

East, the ho - ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid,
ho - vah, in bat-tle victorious; Low at His feet we a - dor-ing-ly fall,

ff

Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
Hail Him Cre-a - tor and Sov-ereign of all!

Responsive Readings

No, 295. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in
the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

2 But his delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And on his law doth he meditate day
and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by
the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The wicked are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind
driveth away.

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in
the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the
righteous.

6 For Jehovah knoweth the way of the
righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

No. 296. PSALM 8.

1 O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the
earth,
Who hast set thy glory upon the heav-
ens!

2 Out of the mouths of babes and suck-
lings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and
the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work
of thy fingers,
The moon, and the stars, which thou
hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of
him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest
him?

5 For thou hast made him but little lower
than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion
over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field,

8 The birds of the heavens, and the fish
of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths
of the seas.

9 O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the
earth!

No, 297. PSALM 15

1 Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy ta-
bernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh
righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart;

3 He that slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his
neighbor;

4 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised.
But who honoreth them that fear Je-
hovah;
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and
changeth not;

5 He that putteth not out his money to
interest,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never
be moved.

No. 298. PSALM 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handi-
work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowl-
edge.

3 There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the
earth,
And their words to the end of the
world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for
the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out
of his chamber,
And rejoices as a strong man to run
his course.

6 His going forth is from the end of the
heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat
thereof.

7 The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:
The ordinances of Jehovah are true, *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter, also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping them there is great reward.

12 Who can discern *his* errors?
Clear thou me from hidded *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be clear from great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

No. 299. PSALM 23.

1 Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

No. 300. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity.
And cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I know my transgressions;
And my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight;
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;
And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness,
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with a willing spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then wilt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness,
In burnt-offering and whole burnt-offering:
Then will they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 301. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God in whom I trust.

3 For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the deadly pestilence.

4 He will cover thee with his pinions,
And under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.

9 For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation.

No. 302. PSALM 98.

1 Oh, sing unto Jehovah a new song;
For he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

2 Jehovah hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

3 He hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

5 Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp,
With the harp and the voice of melody.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;

8 Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together

9 Before Jehovah; for he cometh to judge the earth:
He will judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

No. 303. PSALM 103.

1 Bless Jehovah, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thine diseases;

4 Who redeemeth all thy life from destruction:
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy desire with good things,
So that youth is renewed like the eagle.

6 Jehovah executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.

8 Jehovah is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and abundant in loving-kindness.

9 He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

11 For as the heavens are high above the earth,
So great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
19 Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.

No. 304. ISA. 53.

1 Who hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

2 For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

8 By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

9 And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many; and he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

No. 305. JOHN 3: 1-8.

1 Now there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came unto him by night, and said to him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew.

8 The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

INDEX

A captive set free.... 85
A present help 264
Admonition 18
Alas, and did my Savio 175
All hail the power..202-204
Almost persuaded 176
An eye twinkle change 91
And when the battle's 211
Are you ready now... 105
Arise and shine..... 95
Art thou weary..... 117
A voice from Gethsema 77

Believe in the promise 100
Beneath the cross..... 260
Breathe upon us..... 269
Brightest and best ... 271
Bring them in 45
Burn on 263

Christ crucified 48
Christ is coming..... 9
Cleansing for me..... 79
Coming 29
Come, said Jesus' sacre 196
Come to Jesus..... 167
Come, Thou almighty. 122
Come, ye that love.... 12
Come ye sinners..... 165
Come without delay... 72
Crown Him with many 152

Death hath no terrors 135
Down in the valley.... 64
Down to bed rock 173
Draw me nearer..... 226

Enter the Ark..... 150
Every day and hour.. 195
Exert Thy power..... 252

Faith will win..... 70
Filled with God..... 17
Follow me 148
Forevermore 250
Fullness of blessing.. 270

Give me Jesus.....146, 220
Give me thine heart.. 96
Glad tidings..... 217
God is coming..... 41
God is love..... 16
God moves in a myste 221
God's promises are sur 40
Great God how..... 5
Great is Jehovah..... 271

Hail Thou once despis 205
Hallelujah! what a.... 169
Hast thou forgotten.. 80
He careth for you.... 37
He leadeth me..... 129
He never leaveth me.. 140
He paid it all..... 78
He purchased life..... 14
He was nailed..... 106
He will send showers. 102
Hidden peace 58
High in the heavens.. 6
Holy Ghost, with..... 108
Holy, holy, holy..... 121
Honey from the rock. 172
How beauteous were.. 32
How sweetly flowed... 33

I am coming..... 206
If Jesus were coming. 124
If you knew Him..... 22
If we can see..... 42
I love Him..... 215
I'm going thru..... 24
I'm happy with..... 52
I'm going all the way 69
I must tell Jesus..... 237
In heavenly love.../.. 81
In sight of the..... 89
In the cross of Christ 224
In the hour of trial.... 216
I sing of Jesus..... 57
Is it not wonderful... 149
Is my Savior yours... 131
Is your all on the altar 94
I've believed the true.. 168
I wish you knew..... 88

Jehovah reigns 8
Jesus breaks every.... 53
Jesus calls us..... 239
Jesus heals 120
Jesus, I'll go thru..... 63
Jesus is coming again 2
Jesus is coming, halle 10
Jesus is mine 262
Jesus, I my cross..... 238
Jesus, Jesus 183
Jesus loves you still... 185
Jesus my Friend..... 104
Jesus reigns 158
Joy cometh in the mor 197
Joy unspeakable 119
Just as I am..... 113

Leaning on the everla 241
Let me come closer... 23
Let the lower lights.. 265
Life's river 126
Like Jesus Himself... 240
Look to Jesus..... 162
Lord, I believe..... 76
Lord of all being 99

March on Jericho..... 28
Master, the tempest is 127
Mine at last..... 56
Mount Calvary..... 19
My burdens rolled.... 138
My dearest friend.... 51
My friend 157
My God, how wonderf 98
My Jesus, I love Thee 160
My times are in Thy h 147

Nearer the cross 171
Never alone 141
Not far 86
Not half has been told 200

O don't stay..... 201
Of Him who did salva 107
O God, our help in age 15
O Lord, send the powe 60
O love, that wilt not le 261
O Master, let me walk 21
O Jesus, Thou art sta 170
Only trust Him..... 166
On the cross of Calvar 68
O Thou in whose pres 73
O the cross of Calvary 43
O turn ye 161
Our Lord's return 109
O, worship the king.. 123

Pass me not..... 156
Pentecost in my soul 142
Praise and magnify Hi 4
Praise Him, praise Him 11
Praise to Thou..... 13
Precious name 62
Purity 97

Remember me 175
Rescue the perishing.. 266
Ring the bells..... 268

Salvation 125
Salvation street 93
See them rise..... 31
Shall I be saved..... 155
Sing of Jesus..... 57
Softly and tenderly... 267
Someone is praying... 184
Songs of the cross.... 1
Standing on the promi 174
Speak to me..... 83
Sweet the moments.. 225

Take a transfer..... 103
Take me as I am..... 112
Take my life..... 116
Take the name of Jesu 62
Take time to pray.... 92
Tell me the story..... 27
The banner of love.... 115
The breaking of the da 39
The call of God..... 20
The changeless Christ 50
The cleansing wave.. 163
The cross of Christ... 224
The cross is not greate 236
The end of the way.... 26
The fire is burning.... 164
The golden key 61
The grand excursion.. 212
The light of the world 253
The Lord Jehovah reig 7
The ministry of sorro 65
The morning watch .. 71
The mystery 219
The ninety and nine.. 25
The old gospel hymn.. 251
The old paths 218
The only life that pays 66
The penitent's plea.... 128
The power of the holy 118
The prayer of faith... 133
The prayer of the chur 136
The promise you made 90
There is glory..... 101
The response of the Ch 137
The royal telephone... 75
The song of redemptio 159
The Son of God..... 87
The Spirit beareth wit 67
The stone rolled away. 126
The whole wide world 139
The wondrous cross... 223
The year of jubile 154, 182
Thine arm, O Lord... 34
Tho your sins be as sc 54
'Tis finished 49
'Tis midnight; and on 46
'Tis so sweet to trust.. 222
To-day the Savior calls 178

Victory at the cross.. 144
Victory in my soul... 143
Victory thru grace.... 84

Washed in the blood.. 134
Weeping Jesus..... 170
We've a story 59
What a Friend..... 151
What a gathering..... 44
What did He do..... 110
What grace, O Lord.. 35
Whatever people may. 130
When I see the blood. 114
When I survey..... 223
When morning gilds.. 74
When Jesus comes.... 38
While Jesus whispers. 177
Who at my door..... 145
Whosoever will 111
Will Jesus find us..... 36
Will you be saved.... 132
Within the garden's... 47
Wonderful story of lo 55
Wonderful words of li 153
Working out your ow 3

Ye must be born again 82
Your last invitation... 30