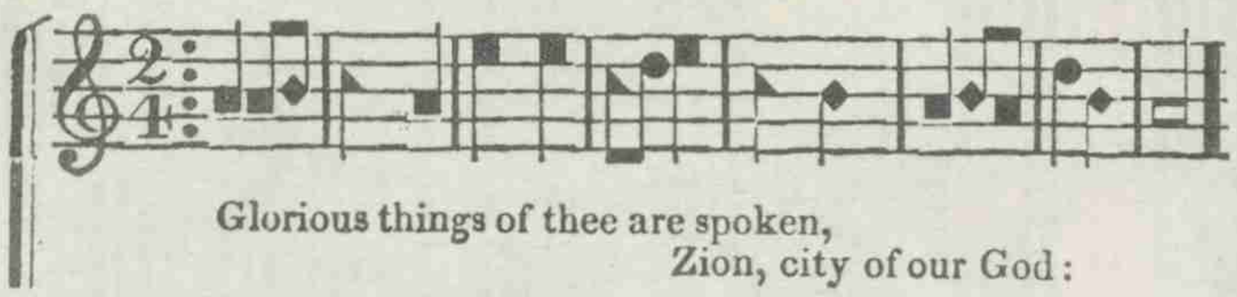
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Compiled by

J. E. STURGIS

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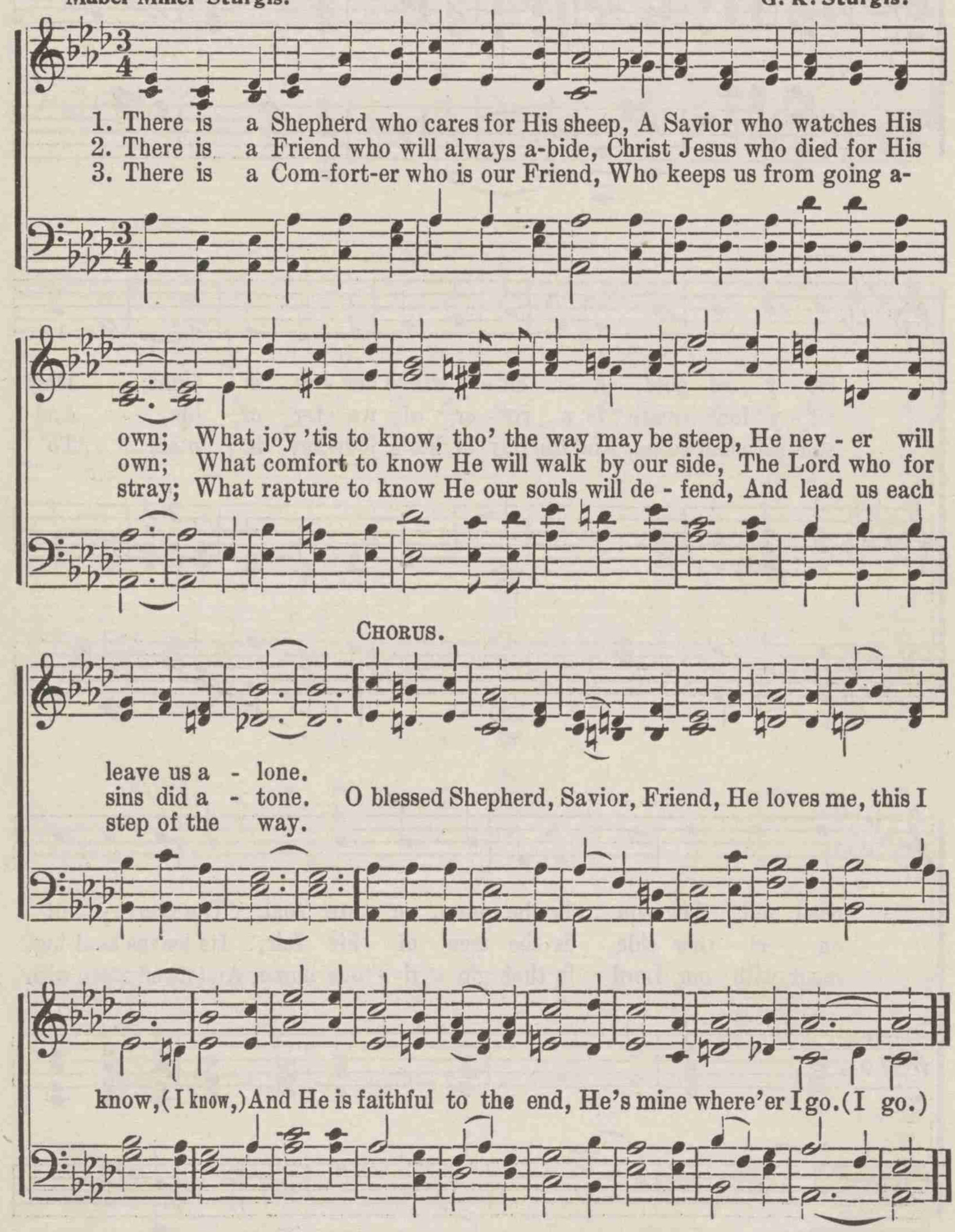
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SOLOS AND DUETS

1 The Good Shepherd.

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Mabel Miller Sturgis. **G. K. Sturgis.**



The City of Light.

E. C. Baird. Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co. J. C. Blaker.

1 We read in God's Book of a cit - y of gold, A cit - y where nev - er is night; They
2. "In the midst of the street," of this cit - y "four-square," Is a riv - er of wa - ter of life, And
3. How sweet it will be when the sun - set shall come, And the day of life's jour-ney is o'er; To

need not the sun nor the moon, we are told, "The Glo - ry of
on ei - ther side is the tree of life fair, Its leaves heal-ing
meet with our Lord in that glo - ri - ous home, And dwell there with

The City of Light.

God'' is the Light, "The Glo - ry of God'' is the Light.
us from all strife, Its leaves heal-ing us from all strife.
Him ev - er - more, And dwell there with Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Oh, cit - y of light, Where there nev - er is night, Where the gates swing wide

o - pen we know;..... There our loved ones we'll meet, And our
o - pen we know;

dear Sav - ior greet, In that cit - y with light all a - glow.....
all a-glow.

rit.
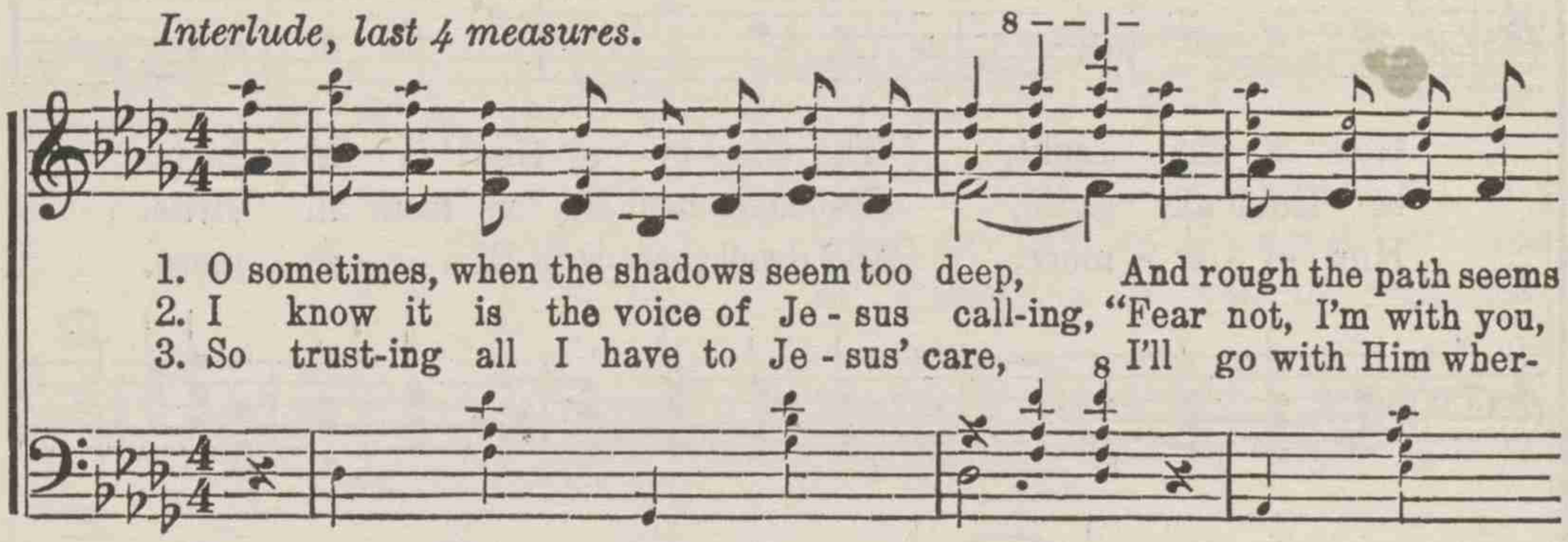
Sometimes.

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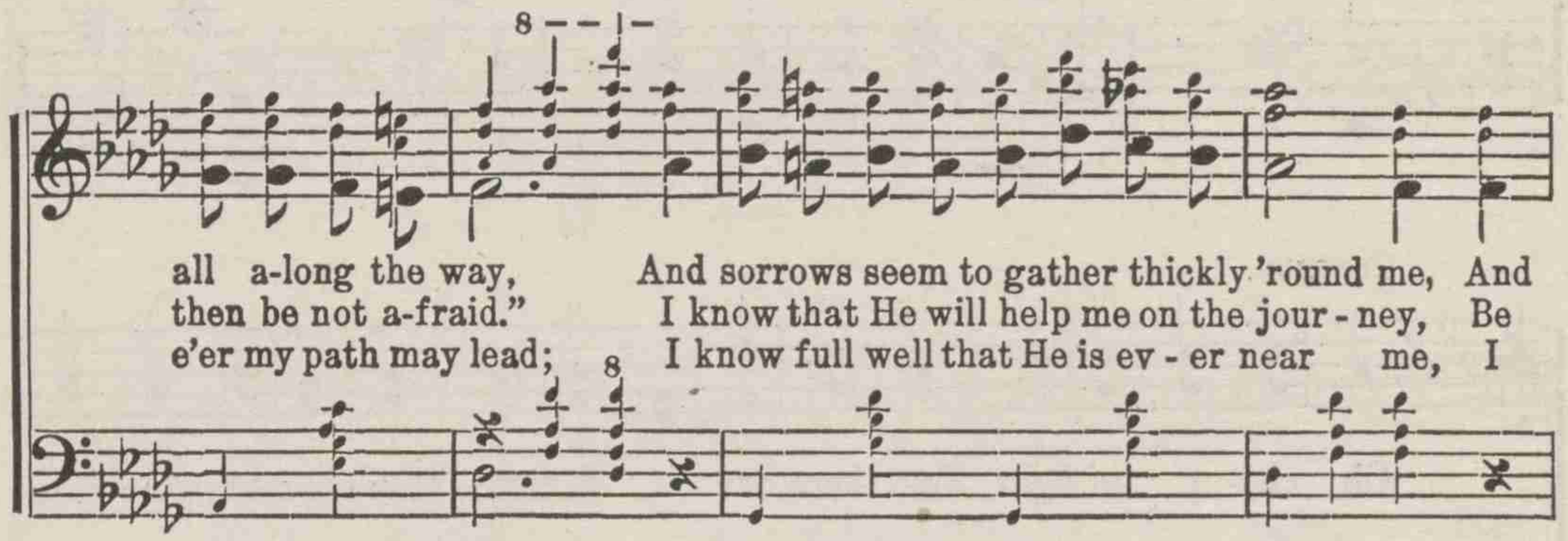
J. Y. B. Wood.
Words and Music.

J. Y. B. Wood.
Arr. by Mrs. D. C. Constant.
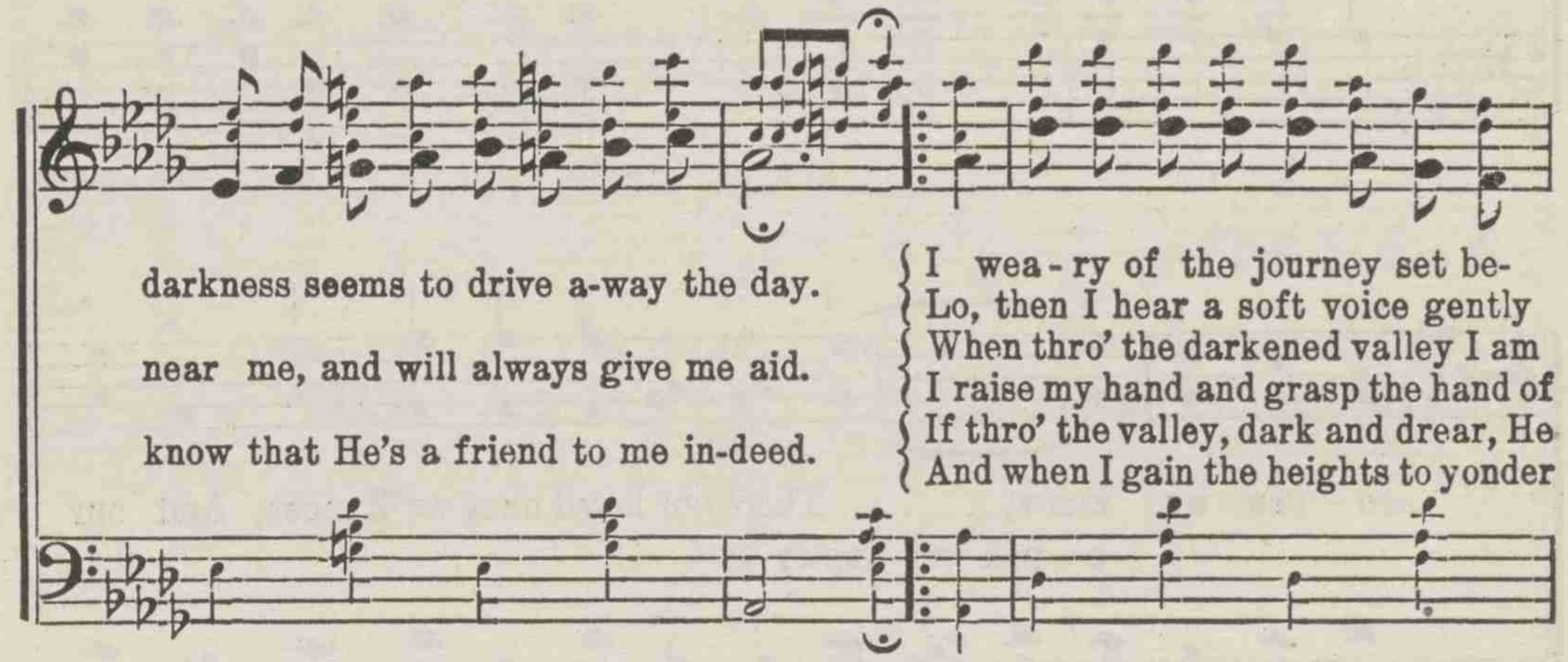
Interlude, last 4 measures.



1. O sometimes, when the shadows seem too deep, And rough the path seems
2. I know it is the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Fear not, I'm with you,
3. So trust-ing all I have to Je - sus' care, I'll go with Him wher-
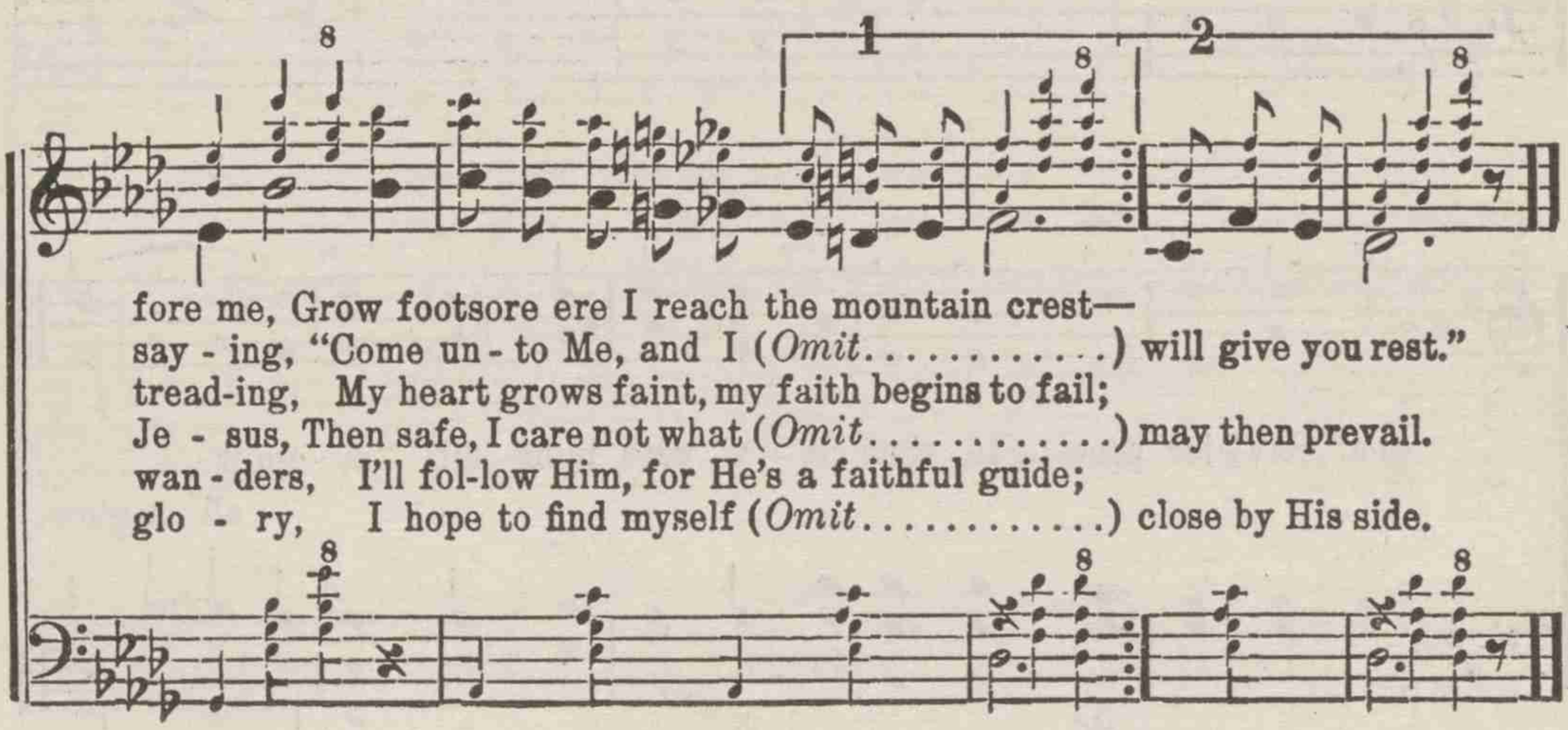


all a-long the way, then be not a-fraid."
e'er my path may lead;
And sorrows seem to gather thickly 'round me, And I know that He will help me on the jour - ney, Be I know full well that He is ev - er near me, I



darkness seems to drive a-way the day.
near me, and will always give me aid.
know that He's a friend to me in-deed.

I wea - ry of the journey set be-
Lo, then I hear a soft voice gently
When thro' the darkened valley I am
I raise my hand and grasp the hand of
If thro' the valley, dark and drear, He
And when I gain the heights to yonder



fore me, Grow footsore ere I reach the mountain crest—
say - ing, "Come un - to Me, and I (*Omit.....*) will give you rest."
tread-ing, My heart grows faint, my faith begins to fail;
Je - sus, Then safe, I care not what (*Omit.....*) may then prevail.
wan - ders, I'll fol-low Him, for He's a faithful guide;
glo - ry, I hope to find myself (*Omit.....*) close by His side.

4 The Foundation of God Standeth Sure

Copyright, 1924, by W. Stillman Martin.
The Standard Publishing Co., owners.

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

1. In times of great doubt when earth's tri-als press hard, And they seem all too much to en-dure; There's a comforting word in the "Scripture of truth,"
2. "Why then should we fear, tho' the earth be removed?" For God's children in Christ are se-cure; On the Rock we are safe, tho' the storm rag-es wild,
3. In glo-ry at last we shall praise our dear Lord, When we meet with the saved and the pure; And this glo-ri-ous song we shall sing o-ver there,

CHORUS.

"The founda-tion of God standeth sure." "The founda-tion of God standeth sure," ..... And His king-dom will ev-er en-dure; ..... No mat-ter if all else shall crumble away, "The foundation of God standeth sure."

5 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

Copyright, 1920, by The Fillmore Bros. Co., in "Hymns for Today." International copyright.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, ... There's a
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, ... And I
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, ... And He

place that is wond'rous- ly fair; . . For it glows with the light of His
go with my bur-den and care; . . . . Just to learn from His lips words of
bids you to come meet Him there; . . Just to bow, and re - ceive a new

pres - ence, . . . 'Tis the beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r.
com - fort, ... In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r.
bless - ing, ... In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r.

The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

CHORUS.

O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the gar - den of pray'r, O the

beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r;..... There my

Sav - ior a - waits, and He o - pens the gates, To the

beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r.....

He Tenderly Looked at Me.

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F. F. D. F. F. Dawdy.

SOLO.

1. When Je - sus a - lone was stand - ing, By all His friends for - got,
2. When drift-ing a - way in dark - ness, Lost in the black - est night,
3. They took my bless - ed Sav - ior Out to the moun-tain side,

And Pe - ter, near by, de - ny - ing, Say - ing, "I know Him not,"
Out on the sea of sor - row, Far from the Bless - ed Light,
And nailed Him there to the cross - tree, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

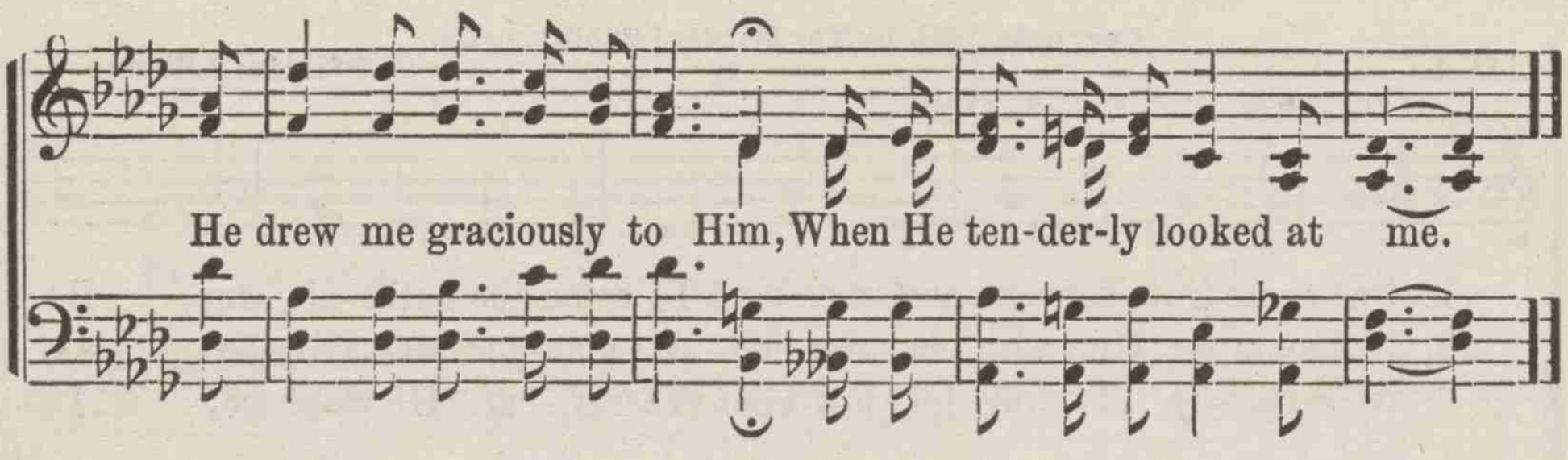
'Twas then he saw the Sav - ior Look at him ten - der - ly;
I heard a sweet voice call - ing, Call - ing from o'er the sea,
And when I saw my Sav - ior, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry,

And then, re-mem-b'ring the say - ing, Went and wept bit - ter - ly.
And then I saw my Sav - ior Ten - der - ly look at me.
He drew me gra-cious-ly to Him, By His kind look at me.

CHORUS.

He ten - der - ly looked at me, He ten - der - ly looked at me,
at me, at me,

He Tenderly Looked at Me.
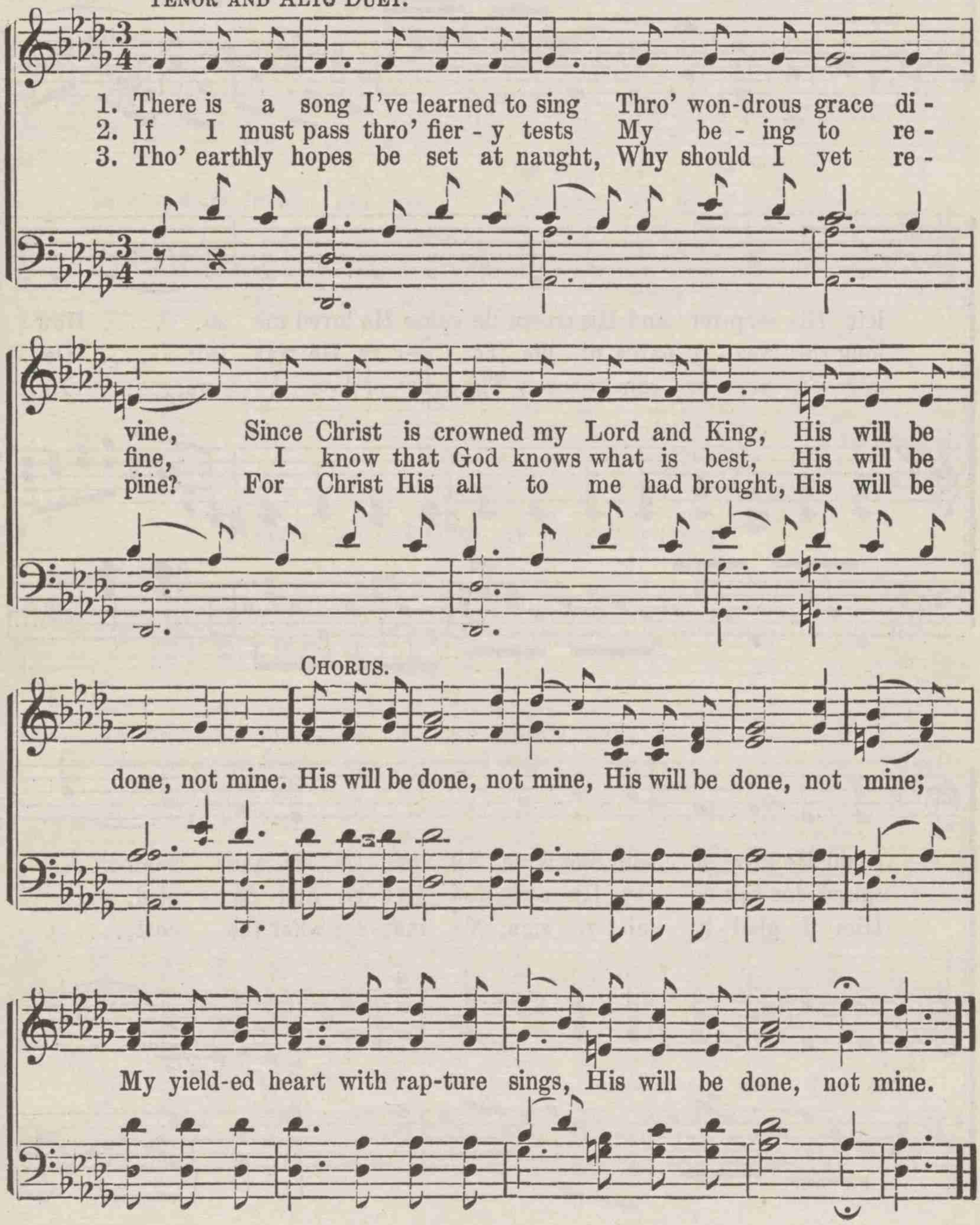


7 His Will Be Done.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

TENOR AND ALTO DUET.



Because He Loved Me So.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

Contralto or Baritone Solo.

1. One came from heaven's sum-mer-land To tread the paths of woe, He
2. No room for Him with - in the inn, A man-ger was His bed, A-
3. Now glad- ly I will fol - low Him Wherev - er He may go, I

left His scep-ter and His crown Be-cause He loved me so..... How
long the wea - ry paths of life To Cal-v'ry He was led;..... De-
nev - er, nev - er can re - pay The debt of love I owe;..... To

could He love a soul like mine, So full of sin and shame!...
spised, for-sak-en by His own, Re - ject - ed and de - nied,.....
Him I glad - ly all re - sign, No mat- ter what the cost,.....

Because He Loved Me So.

How could He sac - ri - fice His throne, His glo - ry and His fame!....
Thorn-crowned and beat-en shame-ful - ly, Mis-treat - ed, cru - ci - fied;.....
For He has ran-somed me and saved Me to the ut - ter - most,....

rit.

Be-cause He loved me so,.... Be-cause He loved me so.

9 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. **Thomas A. Arne.**

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace; To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

Whispering Hope.

Arr. Copyrighted, 1924, by The Standard Pub. Co.

Alice Hawthorne. **Arr. by J. C. Blaker.**

DUET.

1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breathing a les-son un - heard,
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim be the region a · far,

Hope, with a gen-tle per - sua - sion, Whis-pers her comforting word.
Will not the deepen-ing dark - ness Bright-en the glimmering star?
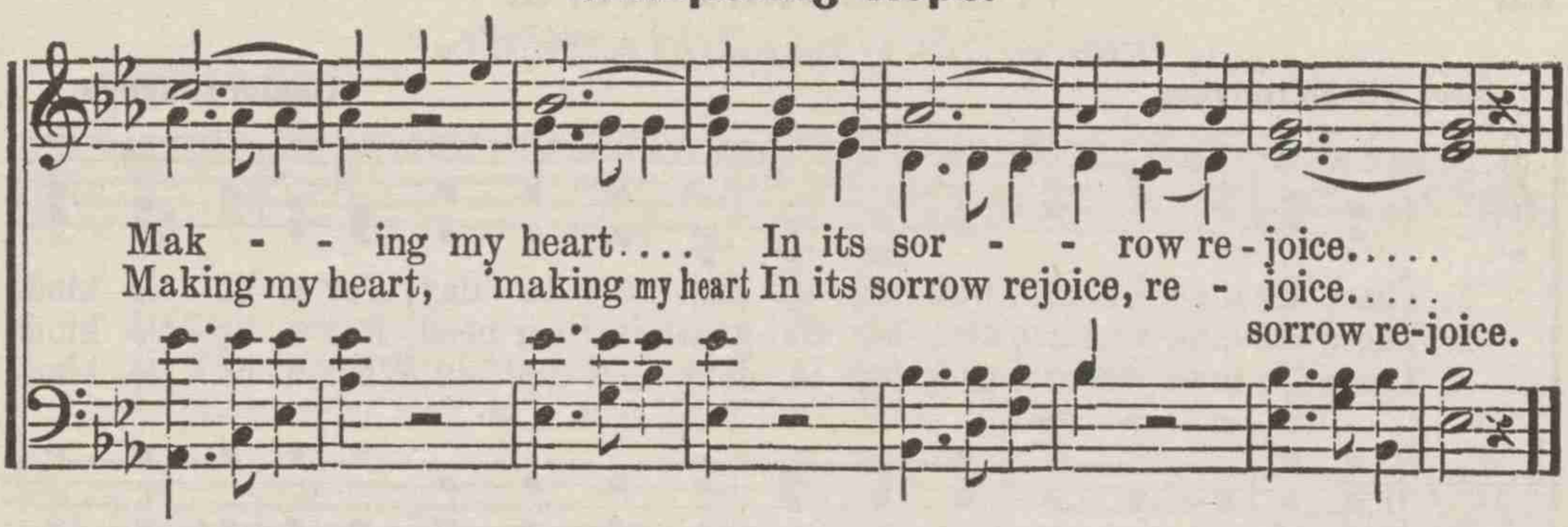
Wait till the darkness is o - ver, Wait till the tempest is done,
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a-way?

Hope for the sunshine to-mor - row, Aft - er the shower is gone.
When the dark midnight is o - ver Watch for the breaking of day.

CHORUS.

Whis - - per-ing hope,.... Oh, how wel - come thy voice,....
Whispering hope, Whispering hope, Welcome thy voice, oh, how welcome thy voice,

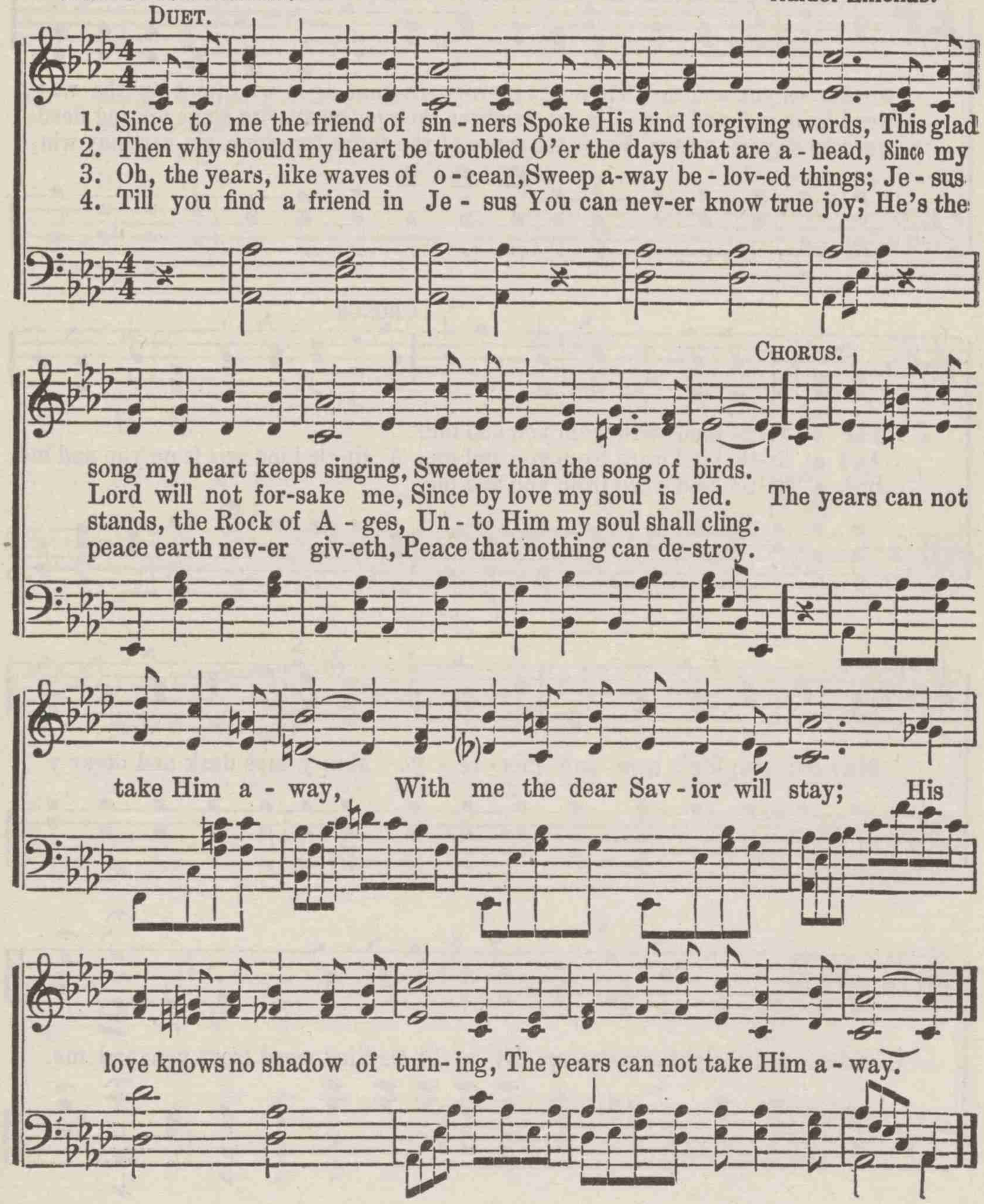
Whispering Hope.



11 The Years Can Not Take Him Away.

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Maud Frazer Jackson. **Haldor Lillenas.**



A Little Kind Word.

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Rev. Alfred Barratt. Haldor Lillenas.

1. There are man-y hearts wait-ing in sad-ness to-day, For a lit-tle kind
2. There are man-y hearts seek-ing and great is their need, For a lit-tle kind
3. There are man-y hearts grop-ing in dark-ness and sin, When a lit-tle kind

word from you and me, There are man-y dis-cour-aged who faint by the way,
word from you and me; We can brighten their pathway with some lov-ing deed
word from you and me, From the snare of the temp-ter some sin-ner may win,

CHORUS.

For a lit-tle kind word from you and me.
And a lit-tle kind word from you and me. A lit-tle kind word from you and me,
Just a lit-tle kind word from you and me.

May ban-ish life's care and mis-er-y; Man-y days dark and drear-y

Could be made bright and cheery, By a lit-tle kind word from you and me.

13 He Is the Same.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Kathryn Finchey. **Herbert G. Tovey.**

1. I know of a Sav - iour who lived long a - go, He is the
2. There ne'er was a Friend so de - vot - ed as He, He is the
3. He cared for His loved ones, a Shep-herd in - deed, He is the
4. There ne'er was a soul that He would not re - ceive, He is the

same to-day; (to-day;) He died for lost sin-ners, He cared for them so,
same to-day; (to-day;) He said to the wea-ry ones, "Come un to Me,"
same to-day; (to day;) His grace is suf - fi-cient for all of their need,
same to-day; (to-day;) His blood flowed for all who would come and believe,

CHORUS.

He is the same to-day. (to-day.) He is the same, He is the same,

There's pow- er di - vine in His won - der - ful name, My trust and my

hope are in Je - sus, the same Yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er.

14 Beautiful Words of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1903, by Tullar-Meredith Co. **I. H. Meredith.**

1. Beauti-ful words of Je-sus, Spoken so long a - go, Yet, as we sing them
2. Beauti-ful words of Je-sus, Cheering us, day by day; Throwing a gleam of
3. Beauti-ful words of Je-sus, Tok-ens of end-less rest, When, by and by, we

DUET. *Ladies' Voices.*

o - ver, Dearer to us they grow, Calling the heavy-la-den, Calling to hearts op-
sunshine O-ver a cloud-y way; Casting on Him the burden We are too weak to
en-ter Into His presence blest; There shall we see His beauty, Meet with Him face to
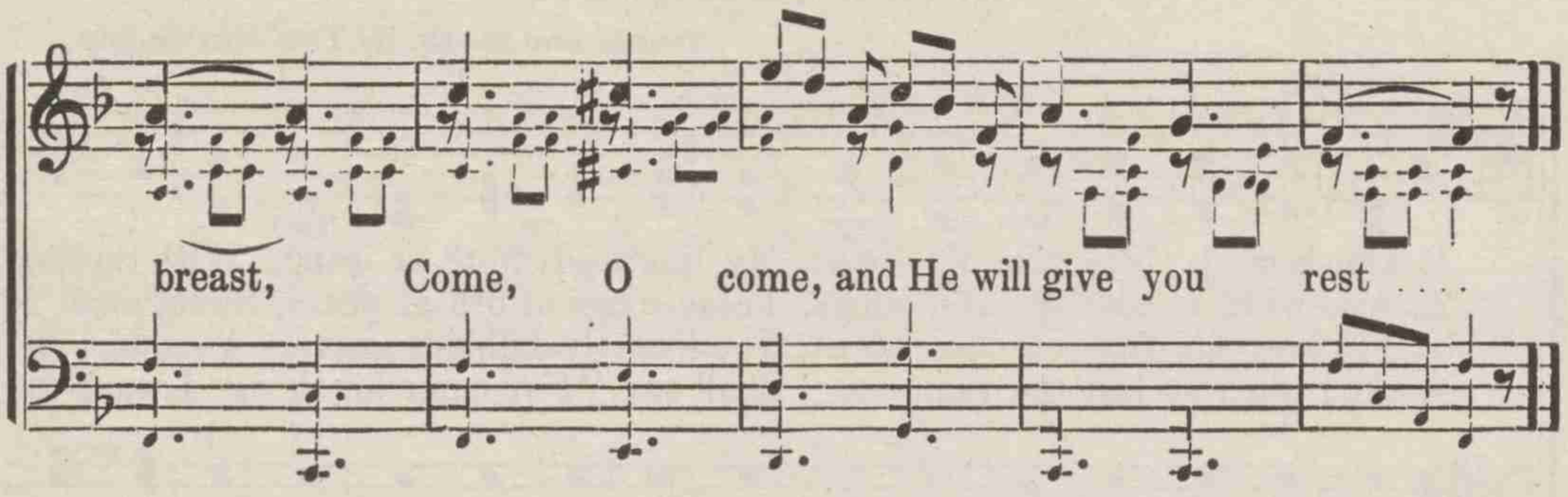
ALL VOICES. CHORUS.

pressed, "Come unto me, ye weary, Come, I will give you rest."
bear, He will give grace sufficient, He will re-gard our pray'r. Hear the
face, There shall we sing His glory, Praising His matchless grace.

call.... of His voice, so sweet; Bring your load..... to the

Sav - ior's feet; Lean your heart on His lov - ing
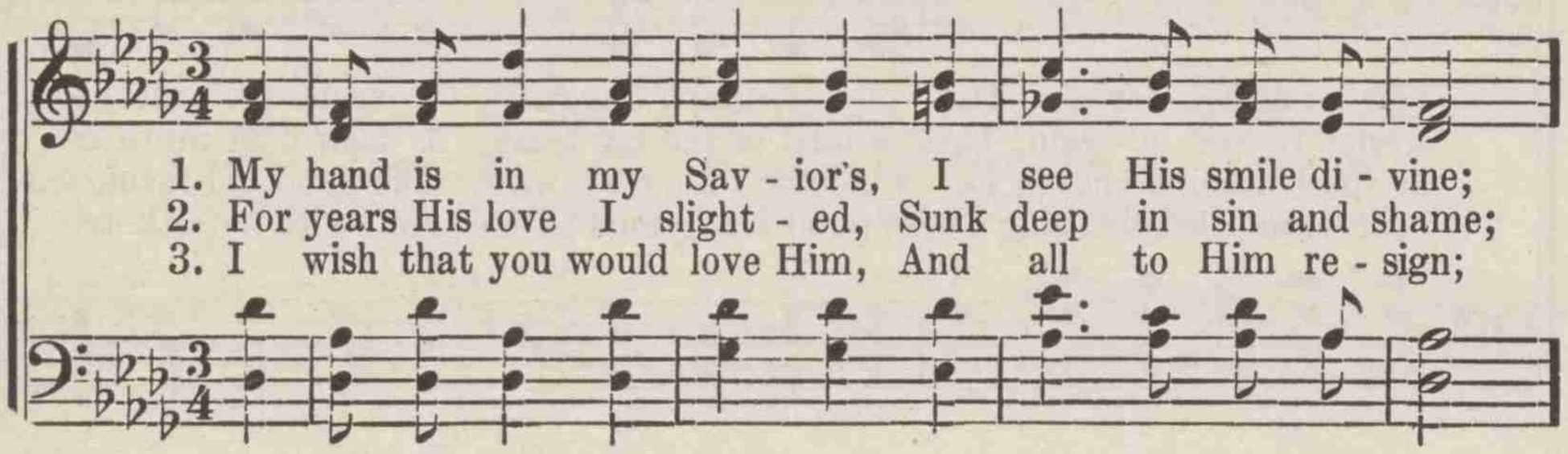
Beautiful Words of Jesus.

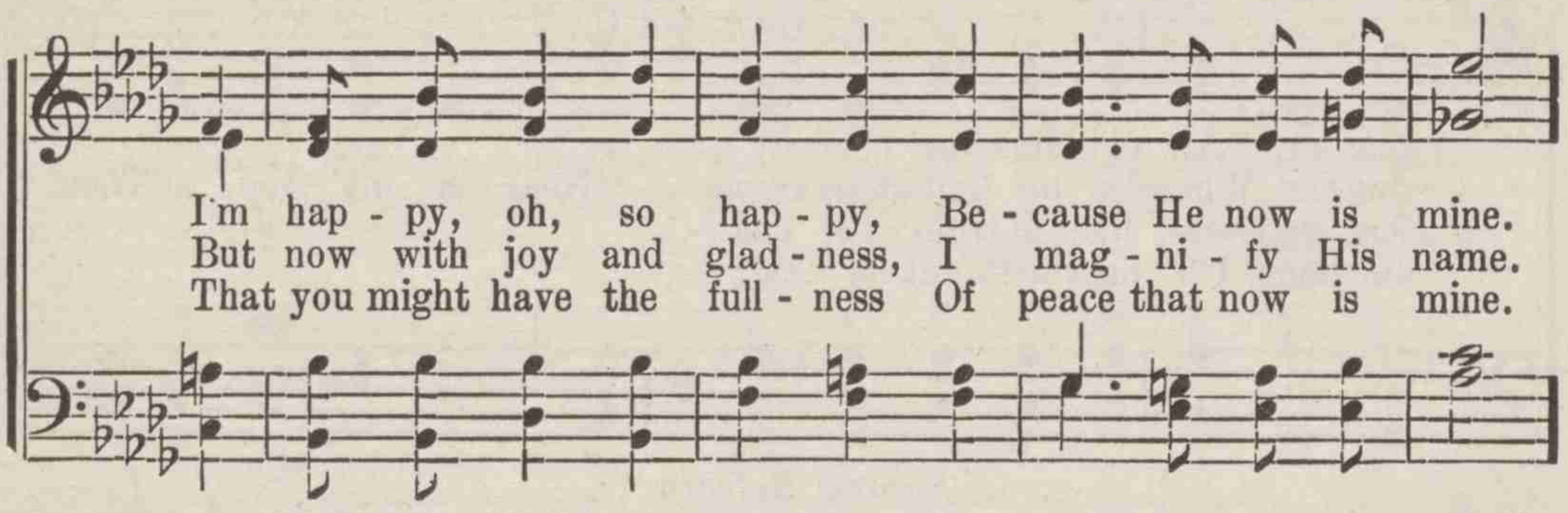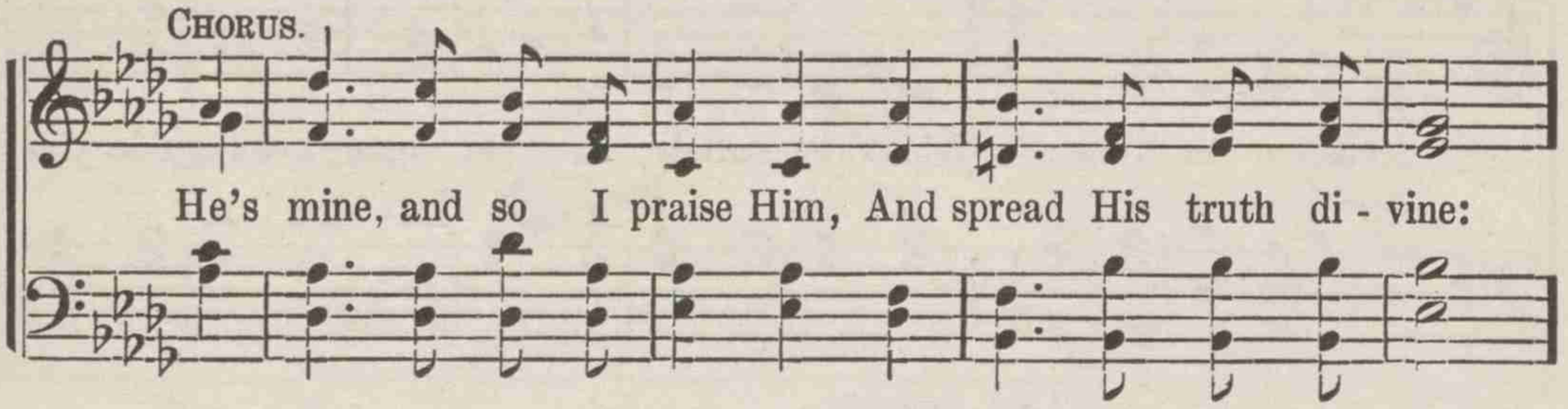


15 Mine.
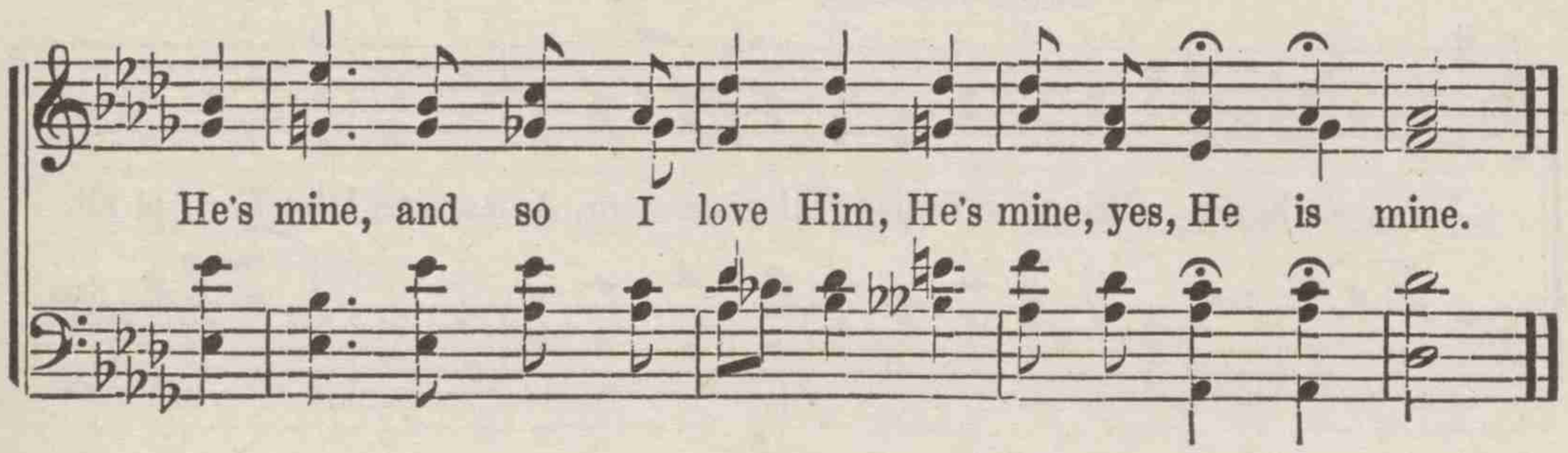
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James Rowe — B. D. Ackley.









Sing Old Hymns to Me.

Copyright, 1902, by Fillmore Bros.

Words and music by Eva Martindale.

Solo.

1. Oh, how I love the old songs My saint-ed moth-er sang, With thrilling
2. And when I hear the old songs, Those songs of oth-er years, Sweet mem'ry
3. I see the dear old homestead, The lone-ly hill-side grave, A-gain I'm
4. And when at last the reap-er Shall say, "I've come for thee," I want to

pow'r and ten-der-ness Her voice tri-umph-ant rang; I seem to hear her
scenes I see a-gain, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears; I hear dear moth-er
in the old home church Be-yond the o-cean-wave; The good, old-fashioned
hear some Christian sing These good old hymns to me; And with a faith tri-

First Refrain.

sing-ing An old-time mel-o-dy—
sing-ing Where'er my foot-steps roam—
sing-ing Seems like a trum-pet call—
umphant I'll pass with-out a sigh—

"Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Second Refrain.

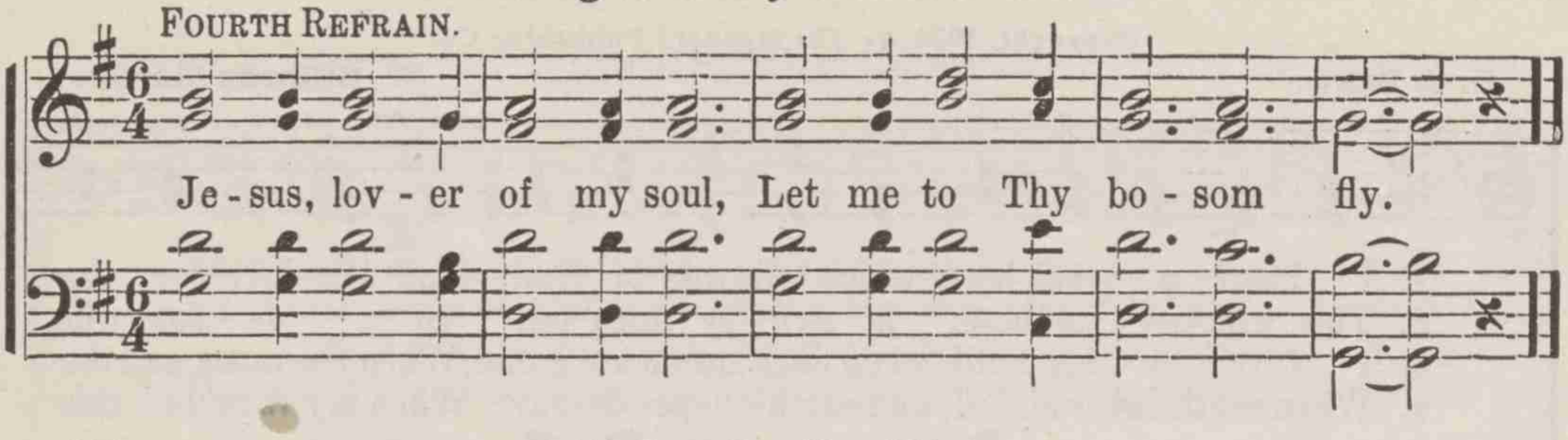
Near-er to Thee." Whisp'ring soft-ly, sin-ner, come, I will guide you

Third Refrain.

to your home. Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Sing Old Hymns to Me.

FOURTH REFRAIN.

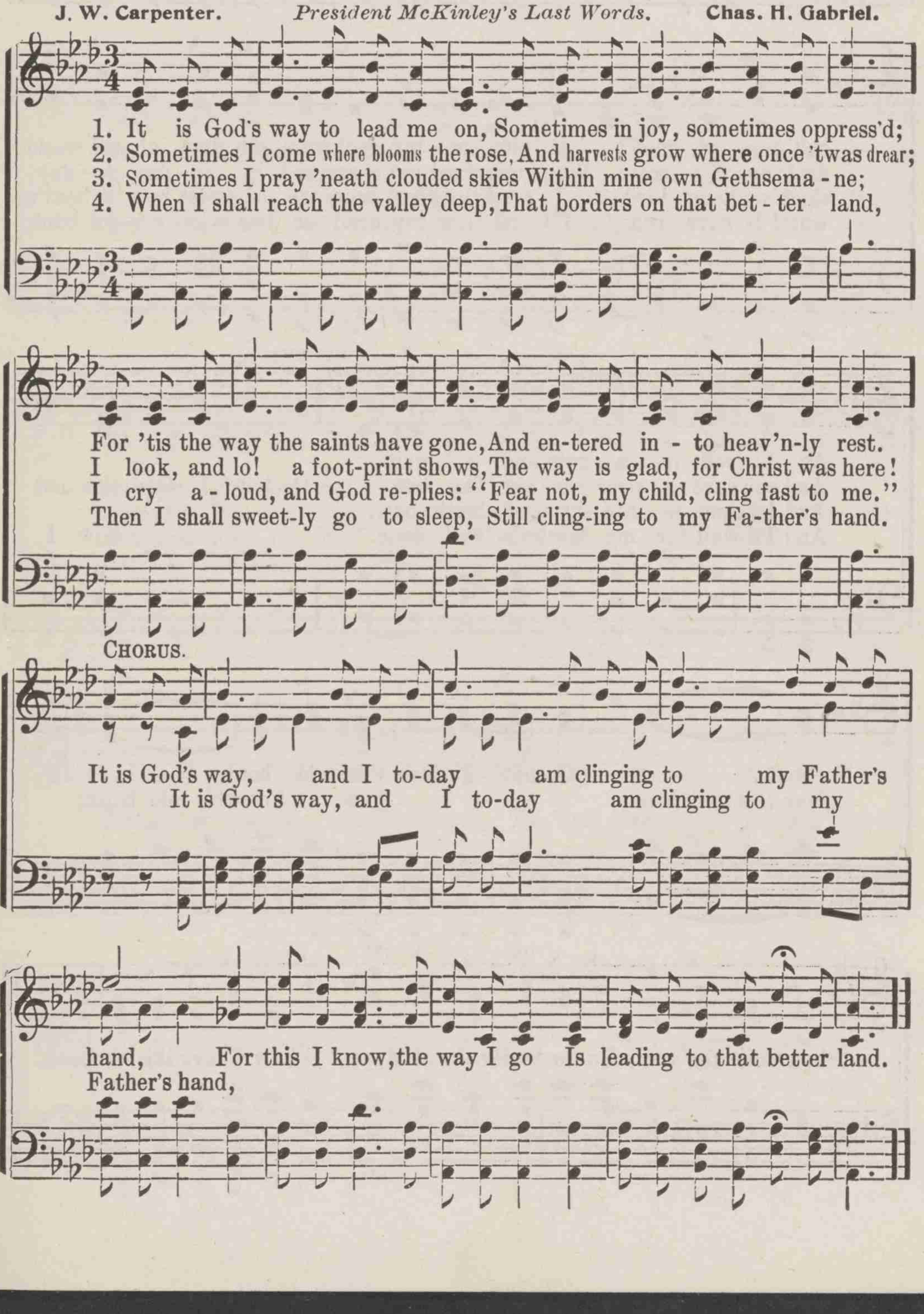


17

It Is God's Way.

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J. W. Carpenter. *President McKinley's Last Words.* **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



18 O How I Love This Old Book.

Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co.

B. C. Baird. W. Stillman Martin.

1. I have a great book which tells me of God And His love for the chil-dren of men; It lifts up my soul from the dust of the world,
2. This won-der-ful book a sto-ry doth tell Of Je-sus who died on the tree; Who conquered the grave and is liv-ing to-day,
3. I turn to this book when dark moments come, When the mists and the shadows hang low; I read the great prom-ise of sweet rest in heav'n,
4. When earth lights all fail, and earth's hopes de-part, When my race in this world I have run; I'll pil-low my head on this won-der-ful book,

CHORUS.

As I read it a-gain and a-gain.
And can save a poor sin-ner like me. O how I love this old
And I see in the sky God's bright bow.
And I'll wait for my Master's "well done." how I

book,..... O how I love this old book; ..... It
love this old book, how I love this old book;

shows me the way, To the bright realms of day; O how I love this old book.

19 I Love Him Because He First Loved Me.

FRANK E. ROUSH. Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis. J. E. STURGIS.

1. Christ Je - sus my Lord from heav - en came, To save me from guilt and sin and shame; His death on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Brought
2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart-broken in dark Geth- sem - a - ne, While an - gels from bless - ed realms of light Gave
3. Up Cal - va - ry's hill the cross He bore, And for me a crown of thorns He wore; They nailed Him up - on the tree to die, Then
4. My Lord who was slain by sin - ful man, A won-der - ful Friend to me has been; He rose from the tomb with vic - to - ry, And

cres.

CHORUS.

par - don and gave me lib - er - ty.
strength to His ach - ing heart that night. I love Him be-cause He
dark-ness came o - ver earth and sky.
now I love Him as He loves me.

first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be-

rit.

cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.

Oh, It Is Wonderful.

Mabel J. Rosemon. (Soprano and Alto Duet.) Grant Colfax Tullar.

Smoothly.

1. In His un - dy - ing love Christ came from heav'n above, Came to re -
2. While we in sin were dead, Christ the Re-deem - er bled, Suf-fered and
3. Je - sus, the Ho - ly One, God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Of - fers to

deem us from death and de - spair;..... Come, then, make no de-lay,
sor - rowed on Cal - va - ry's tree;..... Matchless the love He showed,
ran - som thy sin - bur-dened soul; ..... Pleads with thee ten - der - ly,

rit.

turn from thy sin a-way, Cast-ing on Him ev - 'ry sor - row and care.
it was the debt we owed, Bless - ed the tho't, that He suf-fered for me.
will - ing to par-don thee; Yield to His love, let Him make thee whole.

CHORUS.

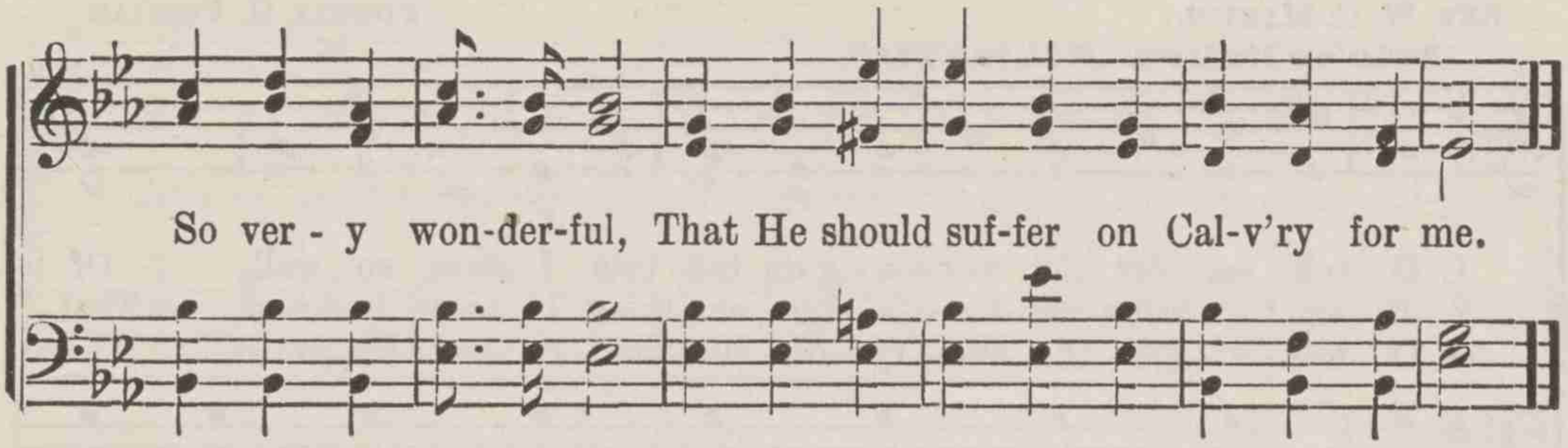
Oh, it is won - der - ful, so ver - y won - der-ful, That we by

rit. *a tempo.*

grace should be Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Oh, it is won - der - ful,

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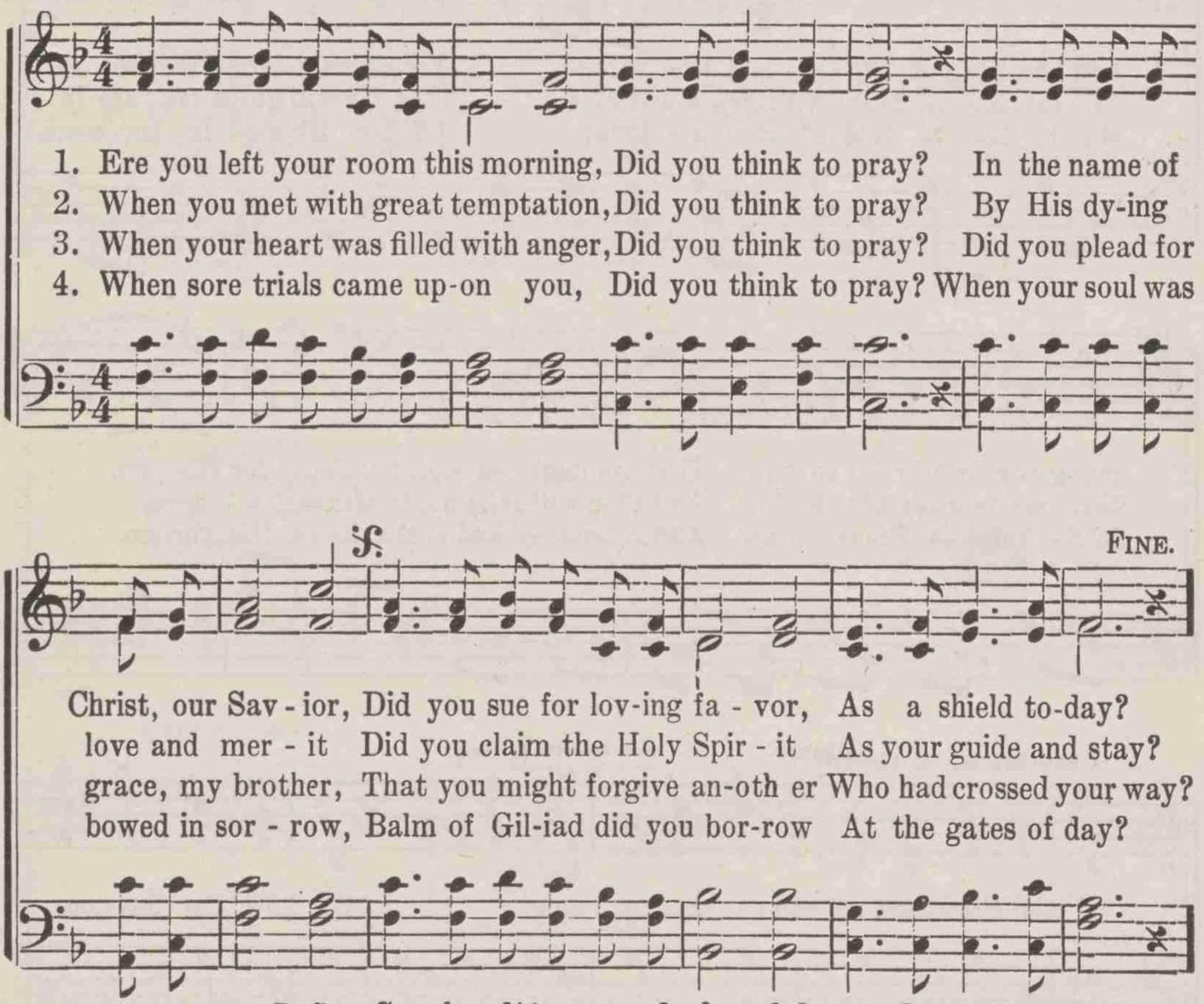
Oh, It Is Wonderful.
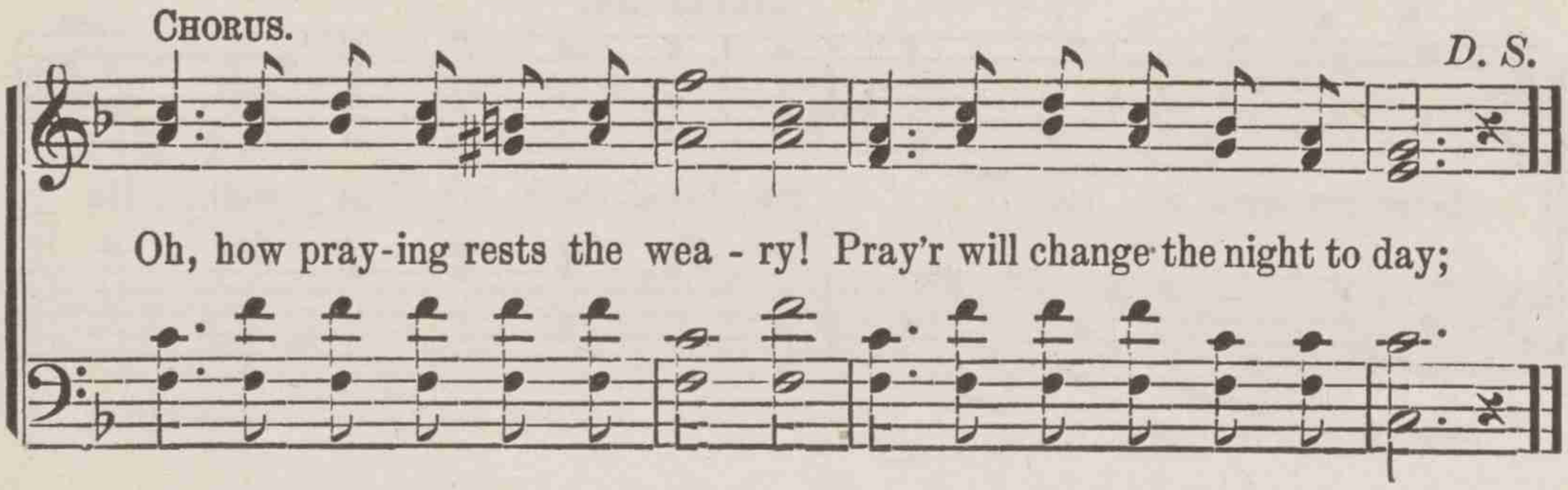


21 Ere You Left Your Room This Morning.

(Did you think to pray?)

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. **W. O. Perkins.**





O Tell the Sweet Old Story.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Solo or Unison. Not too fast.

1. O tell me o'er and o'er a - gain the tale I love so well, Of how the King of glo - ry left His throne, And came a hum-ble man a-
2. I am both weak and sin - ful but one thing I sure - ly know, That Je - sus fills my heart with grace and love, That He will guide me safe-ly
3. O tell a - gain the sto - ry of His mer - cy and His grace, The sto - ry that is told of Him a - lone; Of how He died in tor-ment,

mong our sinful race to dwell, That He might save and claim us for His own.
thro' my journey here be-low, And then will take me to Himself a - bove.
in the helpless sinner's place, And conquered and is now up-on His throne.

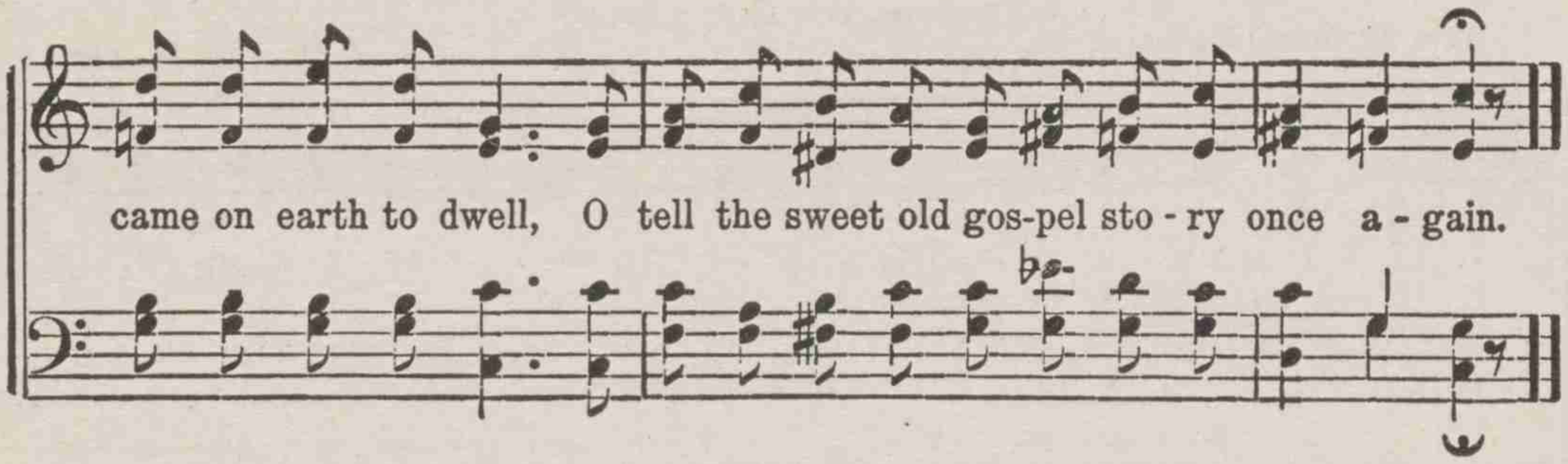
CHORUS. Unison.

O tell the sweet old sto-ry once a - gain, Of how the Sav-iour loved the sons of men,.... He loved them, O so well, He

Harmony.

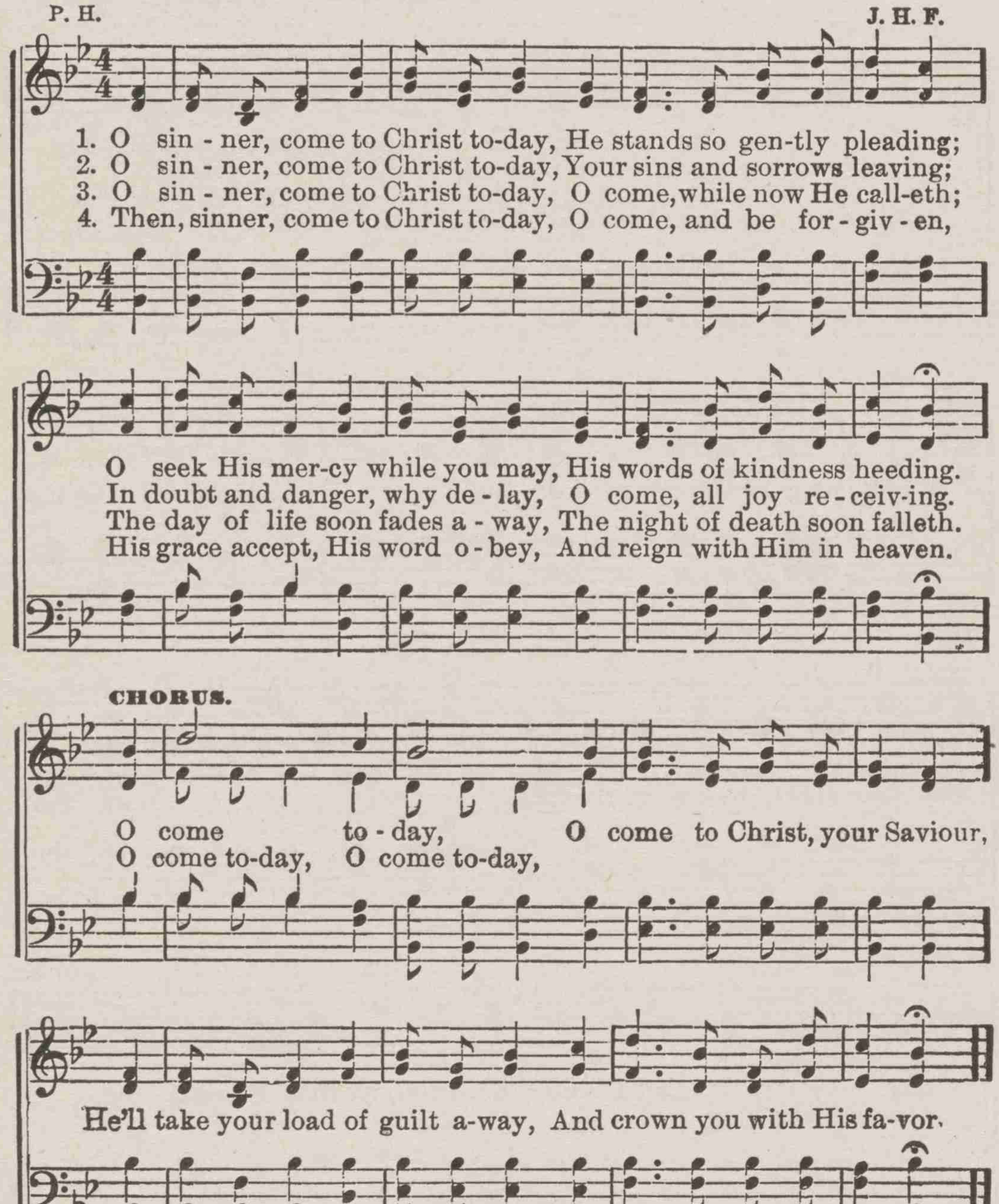
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O Tell the Sweet Old Story.

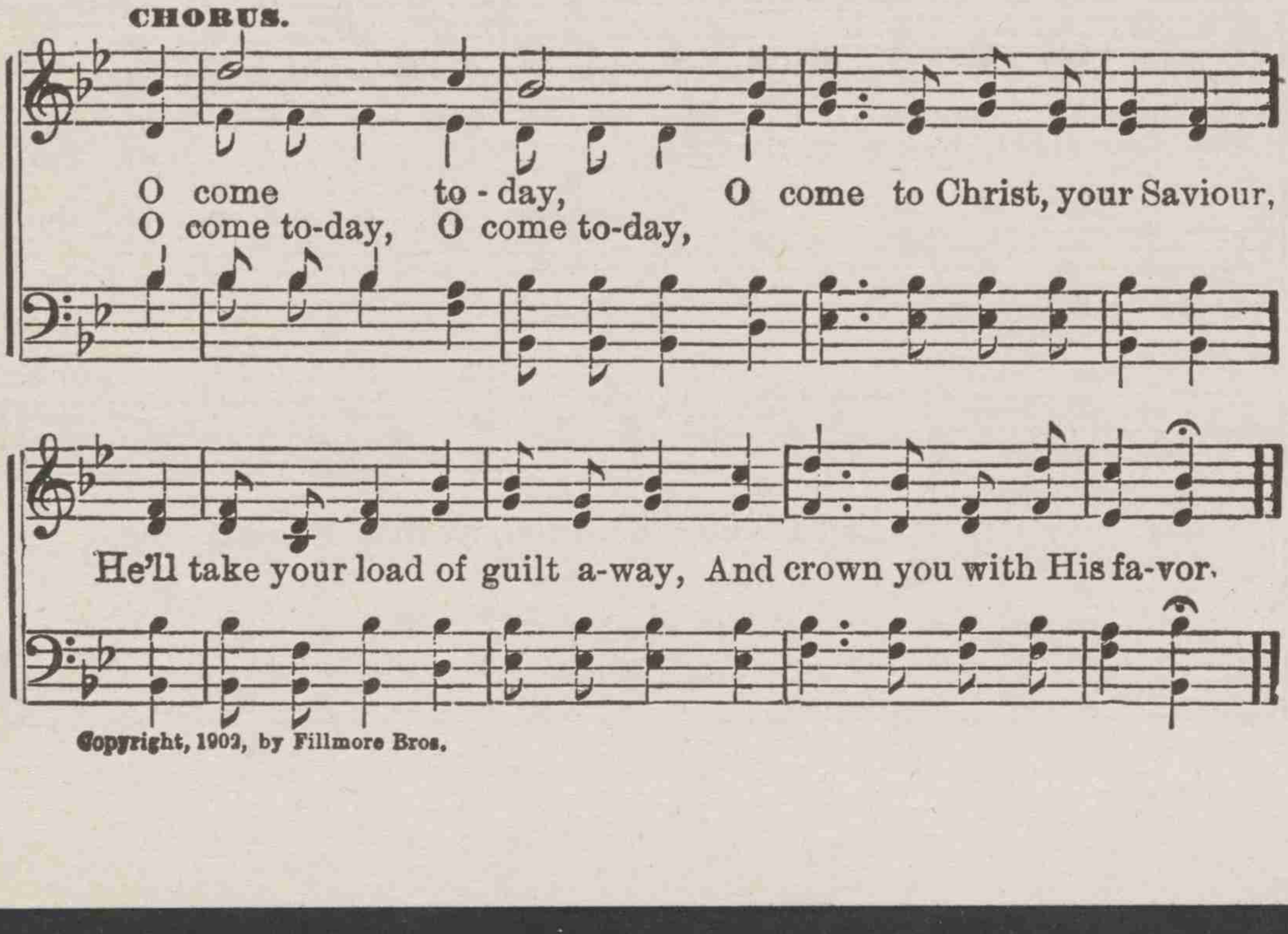


23 Come to Christ To-day.

P. H. J. H. F.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1902, by Fillmore Bros.

The Last Mile of the Way.

Copyright, 1908, by W. E. Marks.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. If I walk in the path-way of du - ty, If I work till the close of the day; I shall see the great King in His beau - ty,
2. If for Christ I proclaim the glad sto - ry, If I seek for His sheep gone a - stray, I am sure He will show me His glo - ry,
3. Here the dearest of ties we must sev - er, Tears of sor - row are seen ev - 'ry day; But no sickness, no sigh-ing for - ev - er
4. And if here I have earn-est - ly striv-en, And have tried all His will to o - bey, 'Twill enhance all the rap-ture of heav - en,

FINE. CHORUS.

When I've gone the last mile of the way. When I've gone the last mile of the way,.....

D. S.–*When I've gone the last mile of the way.*

I will rest at the close of the day,..... And I know there are joys that a - wait me,
the last mile of the way, at the close of the day,

25 Just Beyond the Shadow-land.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co. **B. D. Ackley.**

Solo.

1. Just be-yond the shadow-land, Just o'er the way, Is e - ter-nal morn-ing
2. Just be-yond the shadow-land There is no night, Out be-yond the shad-ow-
3. Just be-yond the shadow-land None e'er shall roam, When we pass the shad-ow-

bright, God's per-fect day; Where the chil-dren of the King Ho - ly prais - es
land Is end-less light; In that land there is no sin, And when we shall
land We shall reach home; How I long at last to see Christ, who built that

CHORUS.

al-ways sing, Where the songs of heav-en ring For aye and aye.
en - ter in, End - less joy will then be-gin; Where all is right. Just be-
home for me, Now His beck'ning hand I see, He bids me come.

yond the shad-ow-land, Just be-yond the shad-ow-land, There will

be no shadow, there will be no care, Just beyond the shad-ow land, Christ is there.

26 I Saw My Mother Kneeling.

Copyright, 1908, by B. F. Butts. Charles M. Alexander, owner.
International copyright secured.

John R. Clements. Benjamin Franklin Butts.

Not too fast.

1. When the eve - ning shad - ows kiss the west, There
2. Tho' I'm far a - way from those loved best, I
3. When that kneel - ing form I seem to see, Her
4. O the cru - el shame! I've spurned her so! God

comes a vis - ion so fair, Of an a - ged
know I am thought of there; And a way - ward
heart be - fore God laid bare, Then I know those
an - swer my moth - er's pray'r! Let the wan - d'ring

form on bend-ed knee, My moth - er en-gaged in pray'r.
son in a - lien clime Has men-tion in moth-er's pray'r.
tears flow forth for me, I'm mentioned in moth-er's pray'r.
son come home to-night, For heav - en his soul pre - pare.

I Saw My Mother Kneeling.

CHORUS.

I saw my moth - er kneeling, Her eyes were closed in pray'r;

I heard a low faint whis-per, My name was mentioned there.

If I Knew.

To Arlene Dux Scoville, with Compliments of the Author.

Copyright, 1911, by Charles Reign Scoville. Words and music.
The Standard Publishing Co., owners.

J. M. D. J. M. Dungan.

1. If I knew that word of mine— A word not kind and true,
2. If I knew this walk of mine To ways of e - vil drew,
3. If I knew this life of mine, With acts of good so few,
4. If I knew that smile of mine Might lin - ger the day thru,
5. As I know this soul of mine Must live in heav'n a - new,

Might leave its trace on some loved face, I'd not speak harshly—would you?
Some precious life, in paths of strife, I'd not walk in it—would you?
Led one a - stray in e - vil's way, I'd not live sin - ful—would you?
And light some heart with heavier past, I'd not with-hold it—would you?
I'll speak and smile and walk the while, As in God's presence—won't you?

28 Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW.
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Wm. A. Huntley.

* *Use small notes in Duet.*

1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, For my heart.... is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, Hear a con - trite spirit's prayer;

D.C.–*Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos-om, From this world.... of sin and woes;*

FINE.

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy presence near.
Raise me from the sin a - round me, Ere I yield me to de - spair.
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.

SOLO.

I am weary with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; Kneeling
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con-fess; By the
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; Now I

D. C. Quartet or Chorus.

at Thy feet, I pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....
feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.....

* Use the stanzas as Duet and Solo; the D. C. as Quartet or Chorus.

29

They Sorrow No More.

A. Mitchell. Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co. **B. D. Ackley.**

Do not hurry.

1. I read of that home of bright glo - ry, Where no one will ev - er grow old; My heart is bound up in that sto - ry, Of
2. There sweet hal - le - lu - jahs are ring - ing, As each in that glo - ri - fied throng Their voi - ces so sweet-ly are sing - ing The
3. How soon shall I join in their glad - ness, And wel - come my loved gone be - fore? No part-ings, no pain, and no sad - ness, Is
4. What rest is in store for the wea - ry, When time with its troubles are o'er; The path-way of earth may be drear - y, No

CHORUS.

heav - en, the cit - y of gold. No sor - row, no sigh - ing, no pain and no dy - ing, In yonder blest home of the soul; All hearts full of
prais - es of Je - sus in song.
known on that glo - ri - fied shore.
sor - rows, nor pain on that shore.

gladness, no tears and no sad-ness, While a - ges e - ter - nal - ly roll.

30 My Saviour Is Coming Again.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

H. G. T. Herbert G. Tovey.

Solo.

1. As in the path of life be - low I jour - ney on each day,
2. It fills my beat - ing heart with love, And so I will to do
3. O, I am look - ing for my Lord, Whose promise I be - lieve,

There is a hope with - in my heart Of joy a - long the way.
What-ev - er His commands may be, In ev - 'ry - thing be true.
And I shall see His bless - ed face, His own dear self re - ceive.

CHORUS.

My Sav - iour is com - ing, and I shall see His face, I know He is com - ing a - gain, ... For lo, He has spoken, His word is liv - ing still, The Sav - iour is com - ing a-gain. (a-gain.)

That Beautiful Name.

JEAN PERRY. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

1. I know of a name, A beau-ti - ful name, That an - gels bro't to earth; They whispered it low One night long a - go, To a
2. I know of a name, A beau-ti - ful name, That un - to a Babe was giv'n; The stars glittered bright Thro' out that glad night, And
3. The One of that name My Sav - ior be-came, My Savior of Cal - va- ry; My sins nailed Him there, My bur-dens He bare, He
4. Now praise we that name, That beautiful name, That angels once bro't from heav'n; They whispered it low, In my heart long a - go, To

CHORUS.

maid - en of low - ly birth.
an - gels all sang in heav'n. That beau - ti - ful name, That
suf - fered all this for me.
Je - sus my heart I've giv'n.

beau-ti-ful name, From sin has pow'r to free us! That beau-ti-ful

rit.

cres.

name, That won-der-ful name, That match-less name of Je - sus!

Copyright, 1910, by Norman H. Camp.

Someone Understands.

Dedicated to Henrietta Heron.

Jennie Weir Russell. Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co. **R. O. Johnson.**

1. When life seems too dark to go far - ther, And those I love
2. I know that my Fa - ther has heard me, And some day will
3. Oh, ma - ny there are who have bur - dens As heav - y and

most prove un - true, When friends on this earth can - not help me,
an - swer my pray'r, The dark clouds of trou - ble will van - ish
dark as my own, Who have not the com - fort of know - ing

Is there noth-ing that I can do? When mother and fa - ther for-
And will leave my sky blue and fair. So I will work on in the
The Sav - ior that I have known. Lord, teach me just how to show

sake me, Then the Sav - ior holds out His hands; . . . . Thank
vine - yard, With brain, and with heart and hands, . . . Con-
oth - ers Thy love and Thy sweet com - mands, ... To

God for the bless - ed as - sur - ance That someone un - der - stands.
tent with the bless - ed as - sur - ance That someone un - der - stands.
give them the bless - ed as - sur - ance That someone un - der - stands.

Someone Understands.

CHORUS.

Someone knows all of our heart-aches, And holds out His nail-pierced hands,

He looks with ten - der com-pass-ion, Yes, Someone un - der - stands.

33

The Man of Galilee.

Copyright, 1906, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. *(Duet and Quartet.)* W. Stillman Martin.

(have you heard)

1. { Have you heard ..... of that wonderful Man? Who lived in Gal-i - lee,
   { Who came down.. ... from the glo-ry a-bove, To set earth's captives free.
2. { Have you heard ..... of His birth in the stall? The days of ten-der youth,
   { How He gave.. ..... as the message of God The words of life and truth.
3. { Have you heard when His garments they touched The sick at once were whole?
   { How in love .... He forgave men their sins, And healed the sin-sick soul.
4. { Have you heard .... how for sinners He died Up-on the cru - el tree?
   { How He lives ..... ev-er-more from the dead, To save e-ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

He came to set me free, .. The Man of Gal - i - lee; ..... I'll
He came to set me free, the Man of Gal - i - lee;

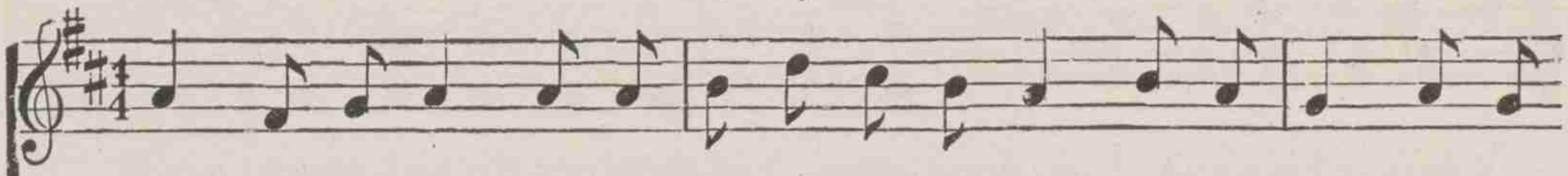
sing His great fame, And praise His dear name, My Savior and Lord is He.

"Let Us Alone."
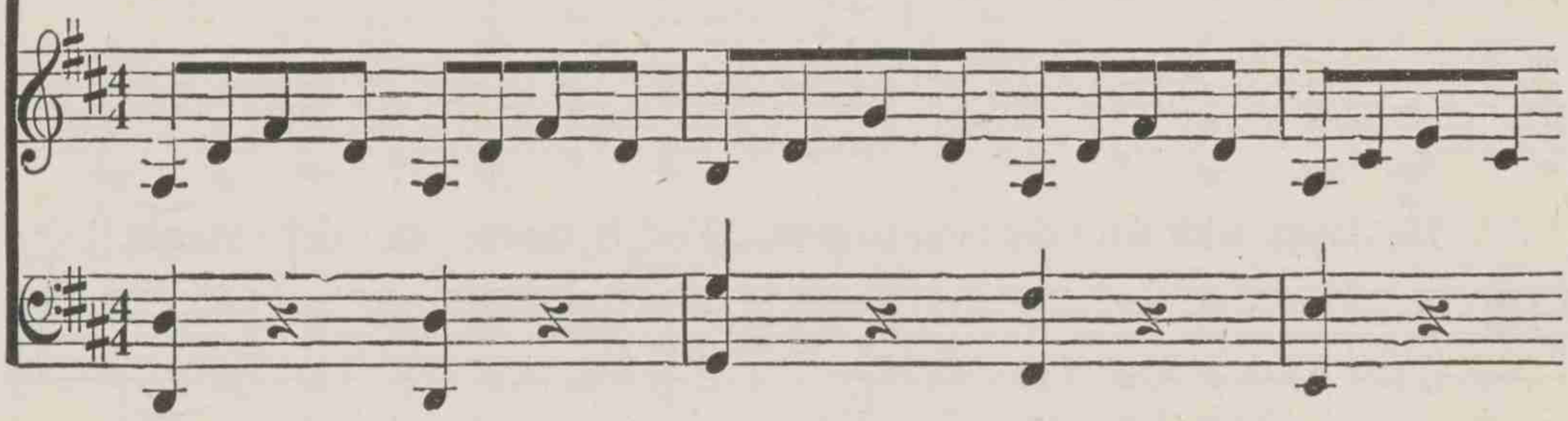
T. P. W.
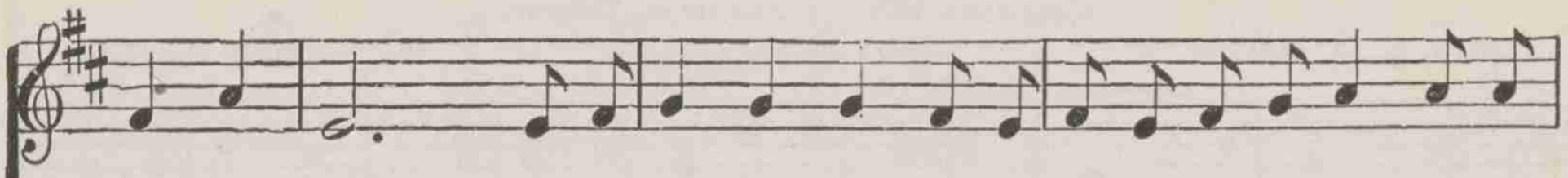
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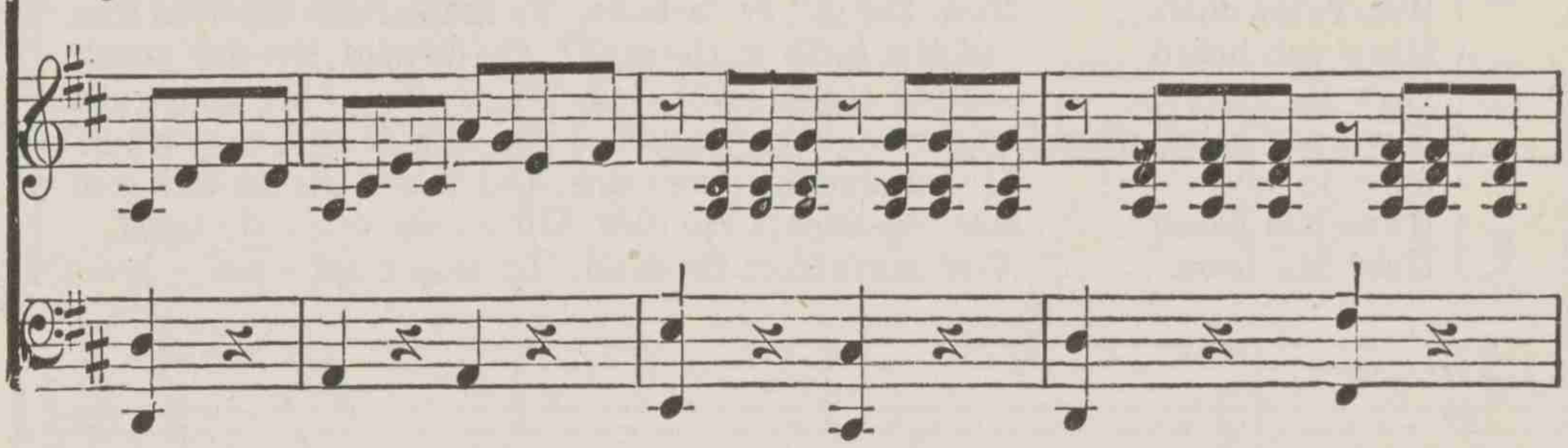


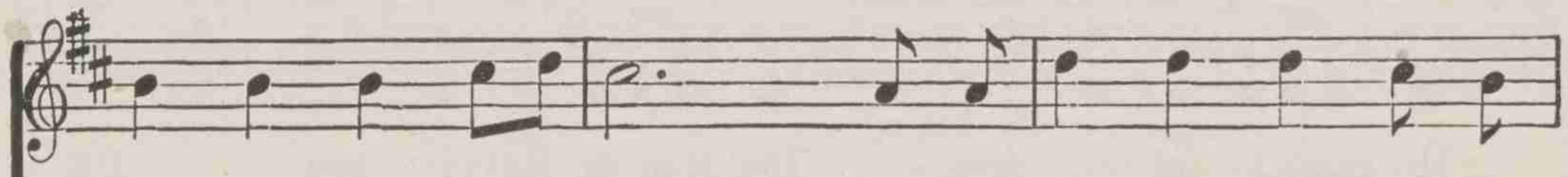
1. "Let us a-lone" hear the e-vil spir-its cry, As the voice of the
2. Still do we cling to the e-vil in our hearts, And we hear how the
3. Are you con-tent, oh! my broth-er, thus to live, While the days and the



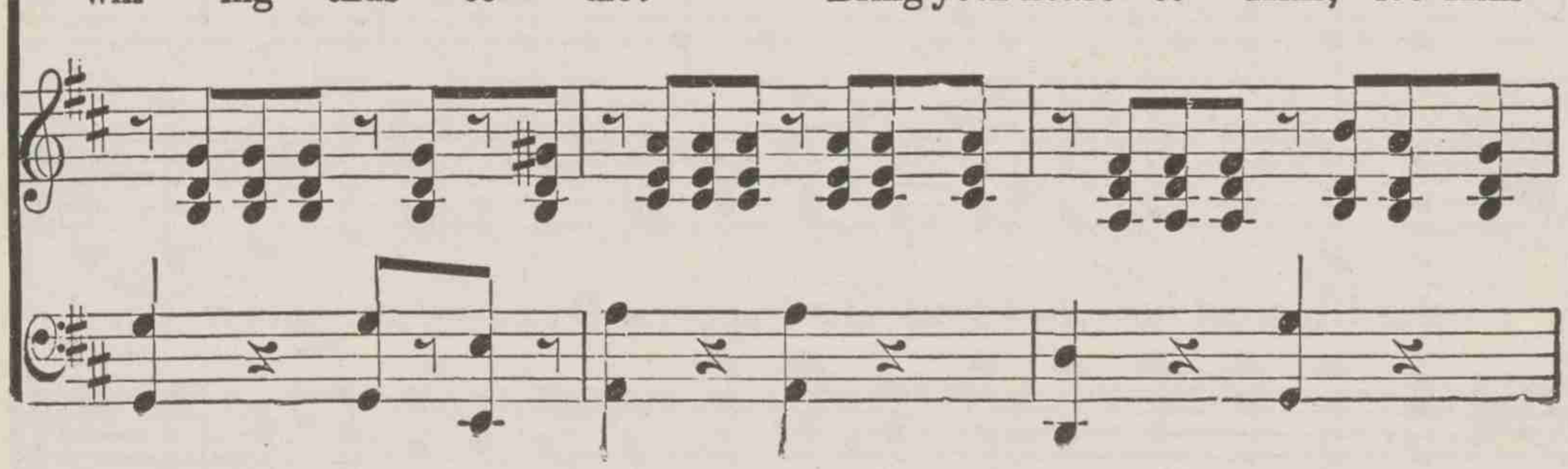


Sav-ior spake To the poor af-flict-ed, that stood so meekly by, Who the
tempters laugh, And we feel the sting of the quickly flying darts, As the
years go by? Have you no de-sire for the pardon He can give, Are you
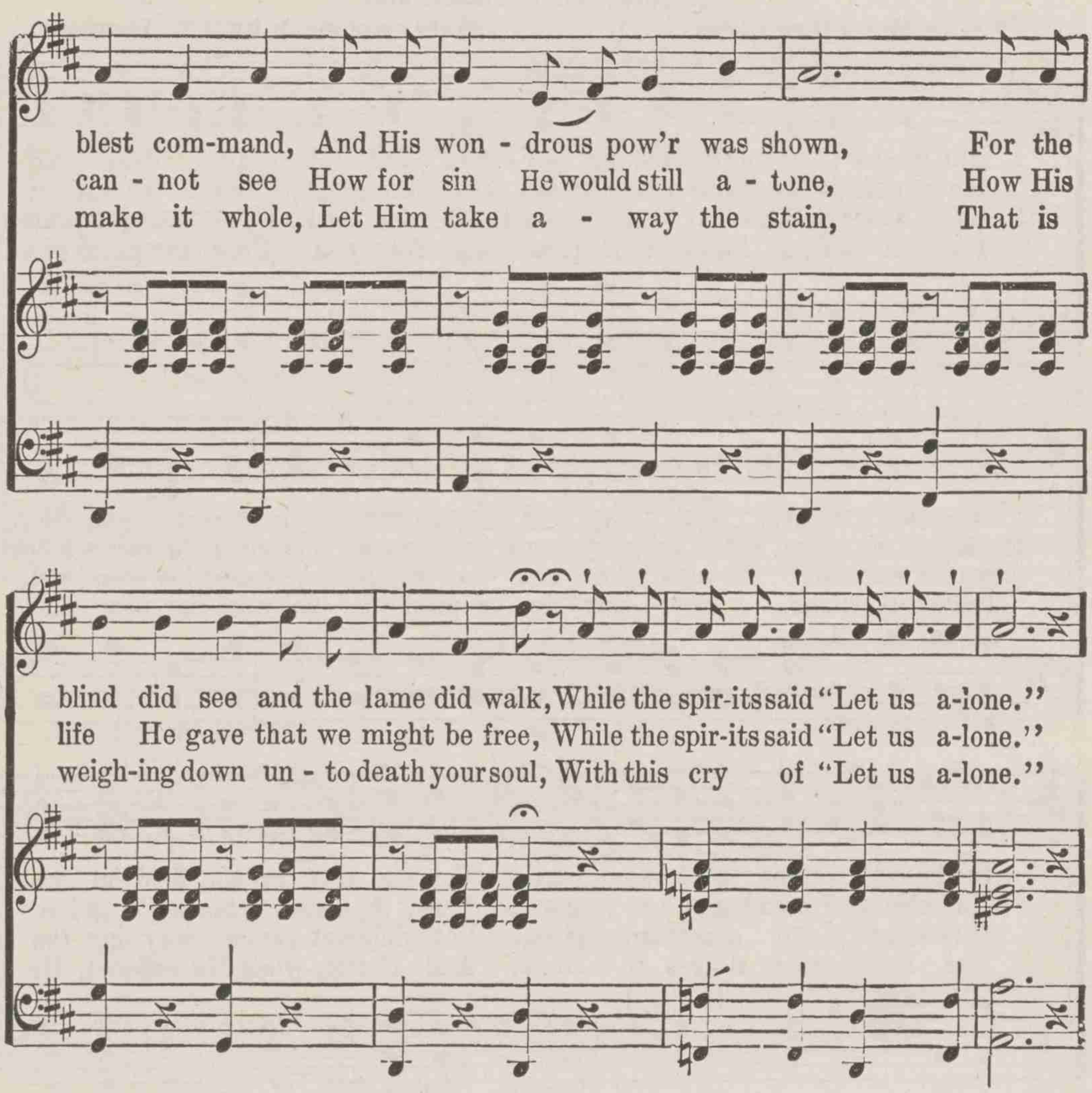




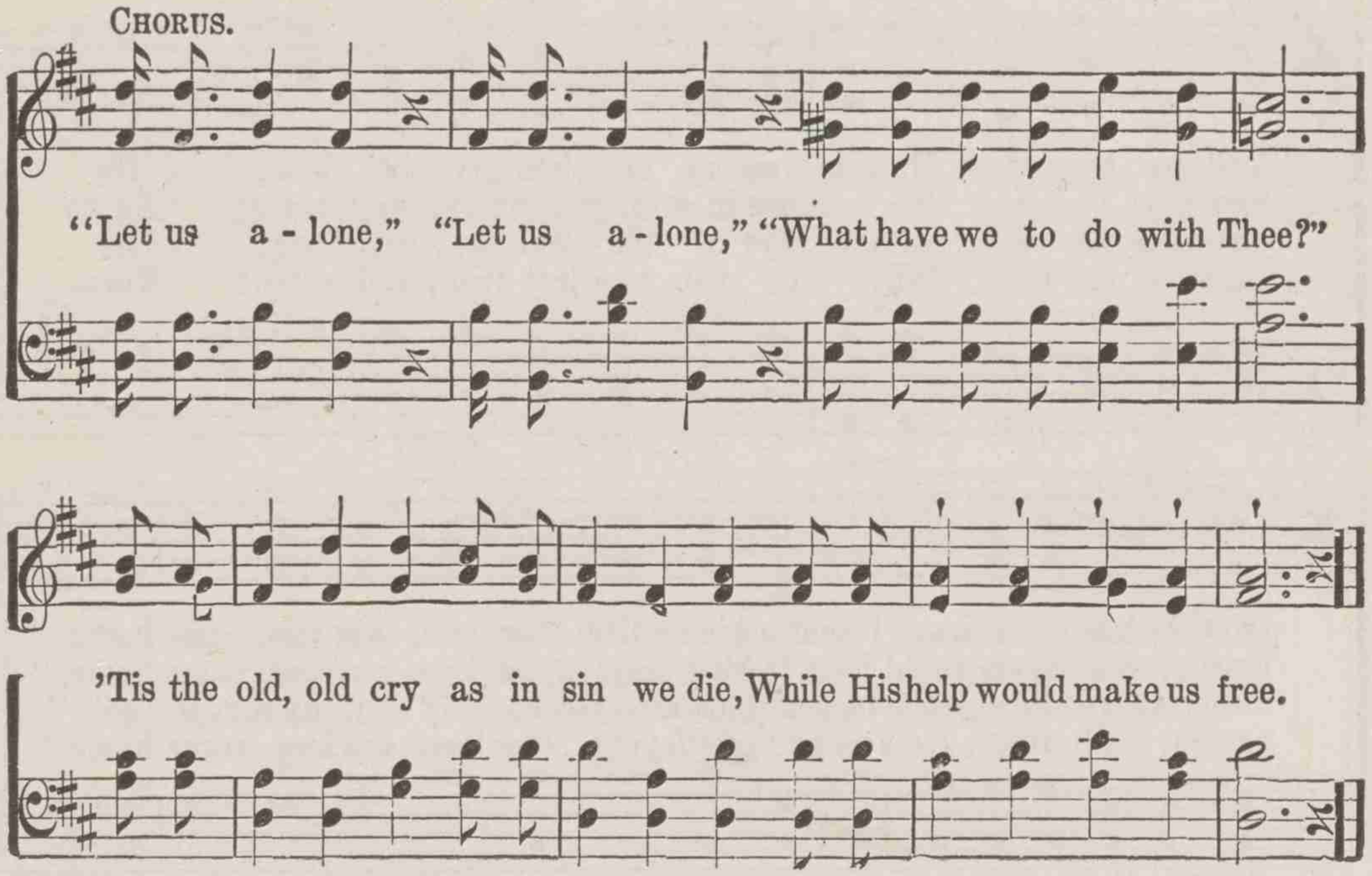
bands of sin would break; And they all came forth at His
cup of death we quaff; For our eyes are blind and we
will-ing thus to die? Bring your heart to Him, let Him



"Let Us Alone."



CHORUS.



35

The Prodigal.

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3d v. by Mrs. Princes Long. Words and music by D. C. Tremaine.

1. The prod - i - gal gath-ered his por - tion and left His dear old fa - ther's home, And wast - ed his substance in ri - ot - ous life,
2. He longed for the husks which he fed to the swine, But e - ven of these he'd no share, While the serv - ants at home in his good fa-ther's house
3. As he journeyed a - way, heav-y-heart - ed and sad, The tears streaming down his wan face, He says, "I'm not wor-thy to be called his own son,
4. Dear sin - ner, a Fa - ther is plead - ing for you, From the gates of a heaven-ly home, For you are a prod - i - gal wast-ing your life,

In the dis - tant land to roam; But one day in the field he was
Had plenty of bread and to spare. Then "he came to himself" and a
I'll ask but a servant's place." But while yet far a - way in the
Nor thinking of a - ges to come. And Christ, when He suffered, He

feed-ing the swine, He was wea - ry and hun-gry and lone; He
jour-ney be - gan, No more in strange countries he'd roam; As he
dist-ance he saw In the rays of the clear set - ting sun, His
suf-fered for thee, Why do you re - ject Him, and roam? Then

tho't he heard his dear father's kind voice: "Come home, come home, come home."
journeyed away he could hear fa-ther say: "Come home, come home, come home."
father's loved form, then he heard his kind voice: "My son, my son, my son."
hasten, my brother, He's pleading with you: "Come home, come home, come home."

The Prodigal.

CHORUS.

Come home..... to thy Father's house, O why will you lon - ger roam?
come home

There's peace and rest on His loving breast, Come home, come home, come home.

36

Here To-Day.

copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Rev. Oswald J. Smith. Herbert G. Tovey.

SOLO.

1. Here, here to-day, O blessed Son of God! Ne'er to de-
2. Here, here to-day, yet standing at the door Un - til we
3. Here, here to-day, the Sav-ior to be-lieve, Here as of

part nor leave His Church alone; But still to work His wonders
yield and let Him take control; Long - ing to cleanse His tem-ple
old His blessings to impart; Spir - it of God, blest Comfor-

as of old, Re - veal His power and gather out His own.
once a - gain— Purge out the dross and sanc-ti - fy the whole.
ter di - vine— Je - sus in Thee, and Thou in ev-'ry heart.

rit.

37 Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

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Lida Shivers Leech. **Adam Geibel.**

SOLO, *or all in unison.*

1. I do not know why oft 'round me, My hopes all shat - tered
2. I can - not tell the depth of love Which moves the Fa - ther's
3. Tho' tri - als come thru pass-ing days, My life may still be

seem to be; God's per-fect plan I can - not see, ... But
heart a - bove; My faith to test, my love to prove, ... But
filled with praise; For God will lead thru darkened ways, ... But

CHORUS.

some day I'll un-der-stand. Some day He'll make it plain to me,

Some day when I His face shall see; Some day from tears I

shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

38

What Infinite Grace.

Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Irene Durfee. W. Stillman Martin.

1. What mer-cy and grace at the cross we be-hold, Where Je-sus His life
2. No mer-it to of-fer the great, ho-ly God, Our plea is His in-
3. Tho' like some great mountain your sins rise to view, God's grace will re-move

free-ly gave; That He might re-deem from the curse of the law,
fi-nite grace; Our sins, tho' like scar-let, He cleans-es a-way,
ev-'ry one; The mo-ment you look for re-lief at the cross,

CHORUS.

His peo-ple from sin He might save.
As chil-dren He gives us a place. What in-fi-nite grace, and what
And trust in God's well-be-loved Son.

meas-ure-less love, God's Son gives His life on the tree; He died in the

place of the guilt-y, the lost, He suf-fered for you and for me.

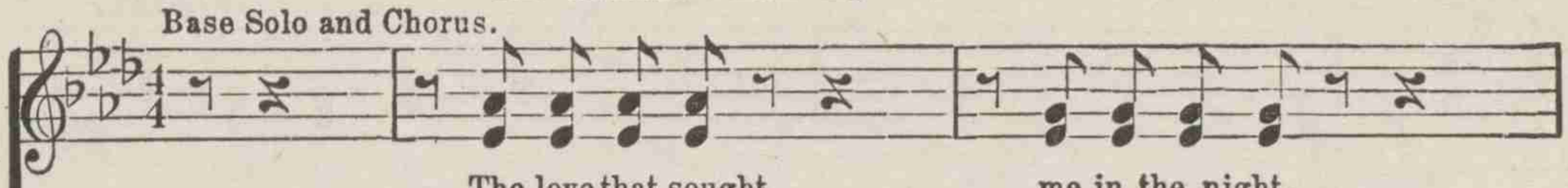
you and me.

That is the Love for Me.

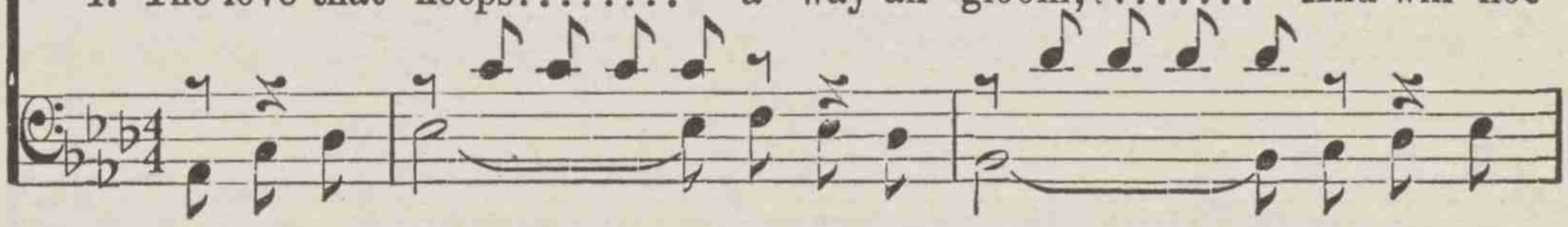
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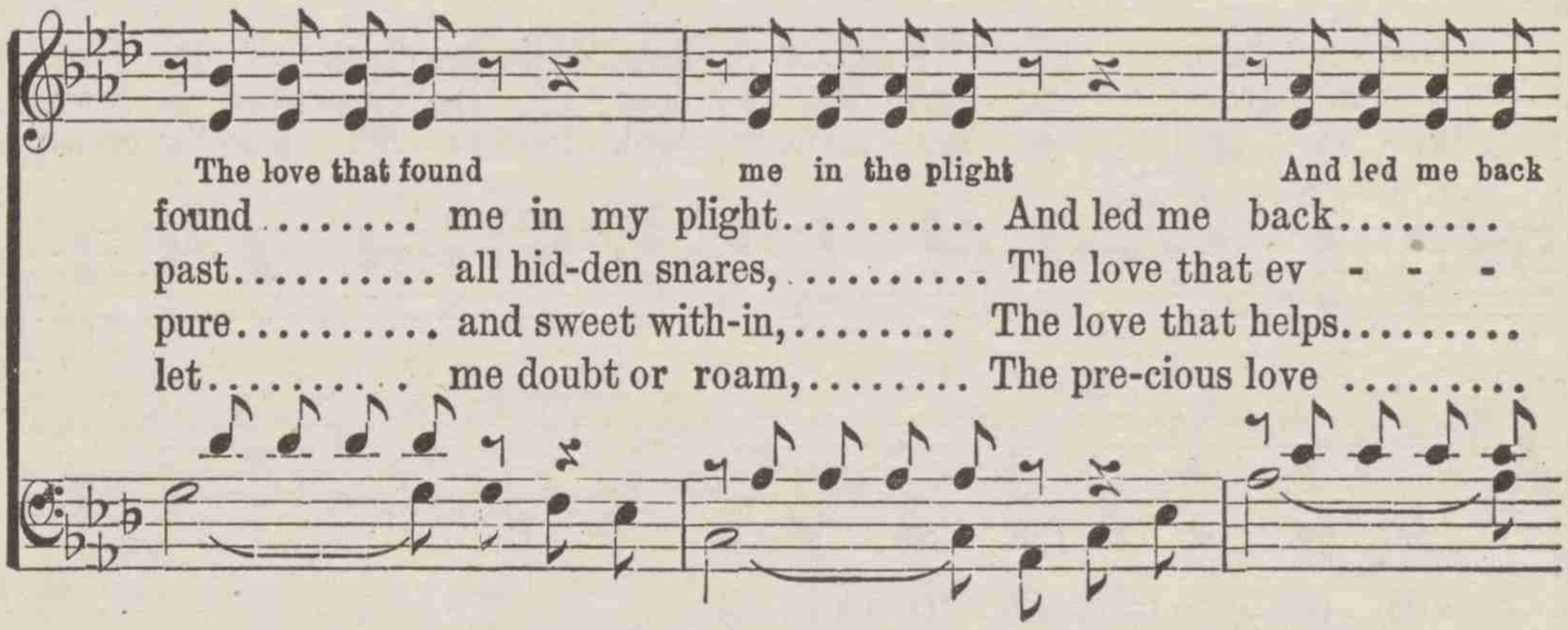
James Rowe. **Haldor Lillenas.**

Base Solo and Chorus.
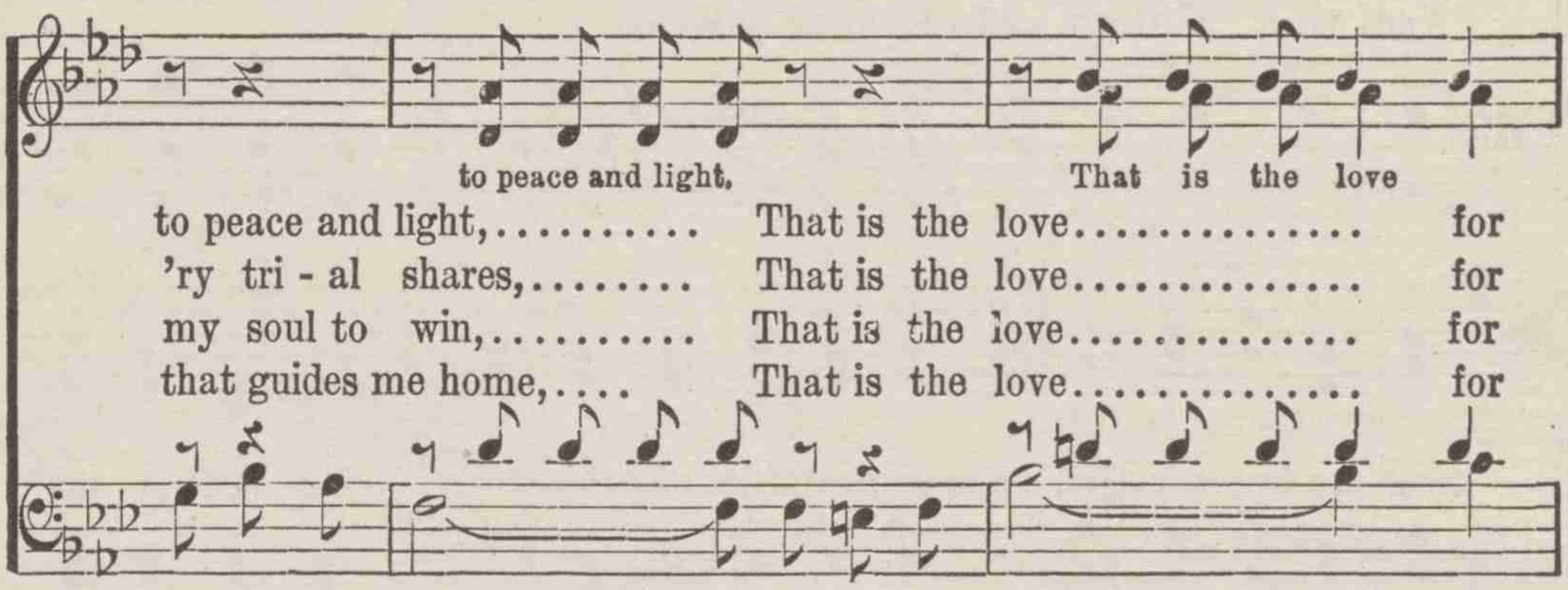


1. The love that sought..... me in the night,..... The love that
2. The love that light - - - ens all my cares,..... And leads me
3. The love that lift - - - ed me from sin,..... And made me
4. The love that keeps..... a - way all gloom,..... And will not
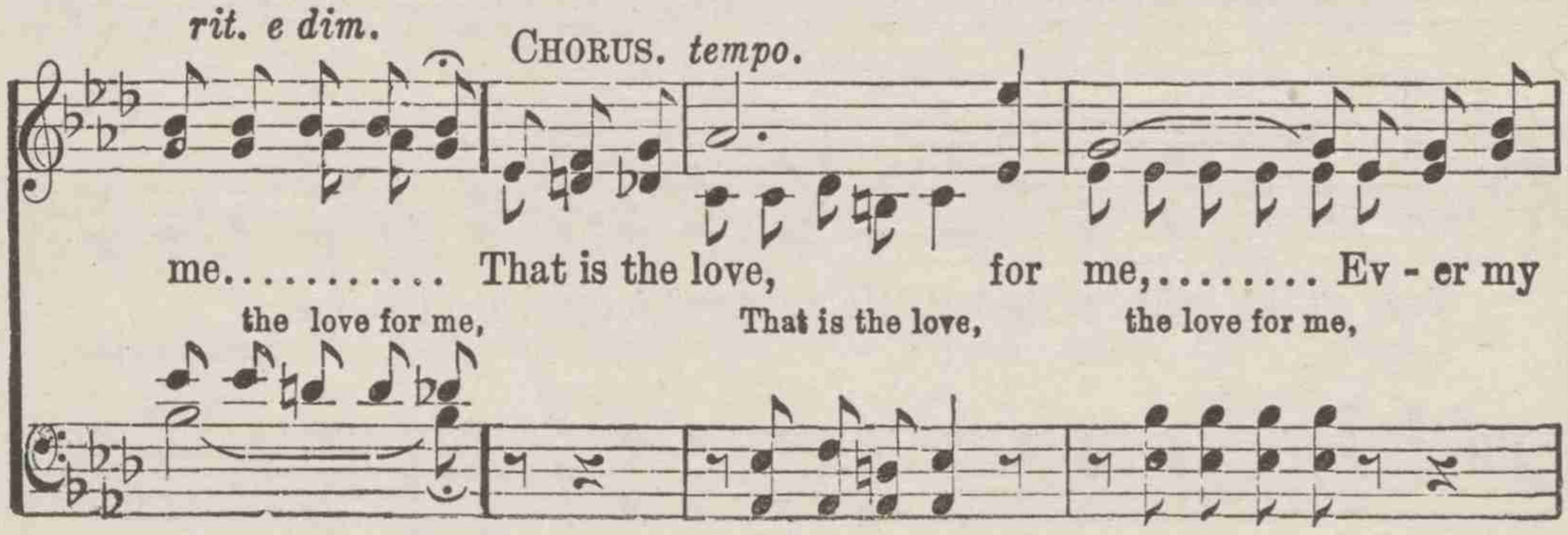




found..... me in my plight..... And led me back.....
past..... all hid-den snares,..... The love that ev - - -
pure..... and sweet with-in,..... The love that helps.....
let..... me doubt or roam,..... The pre-cious love .....
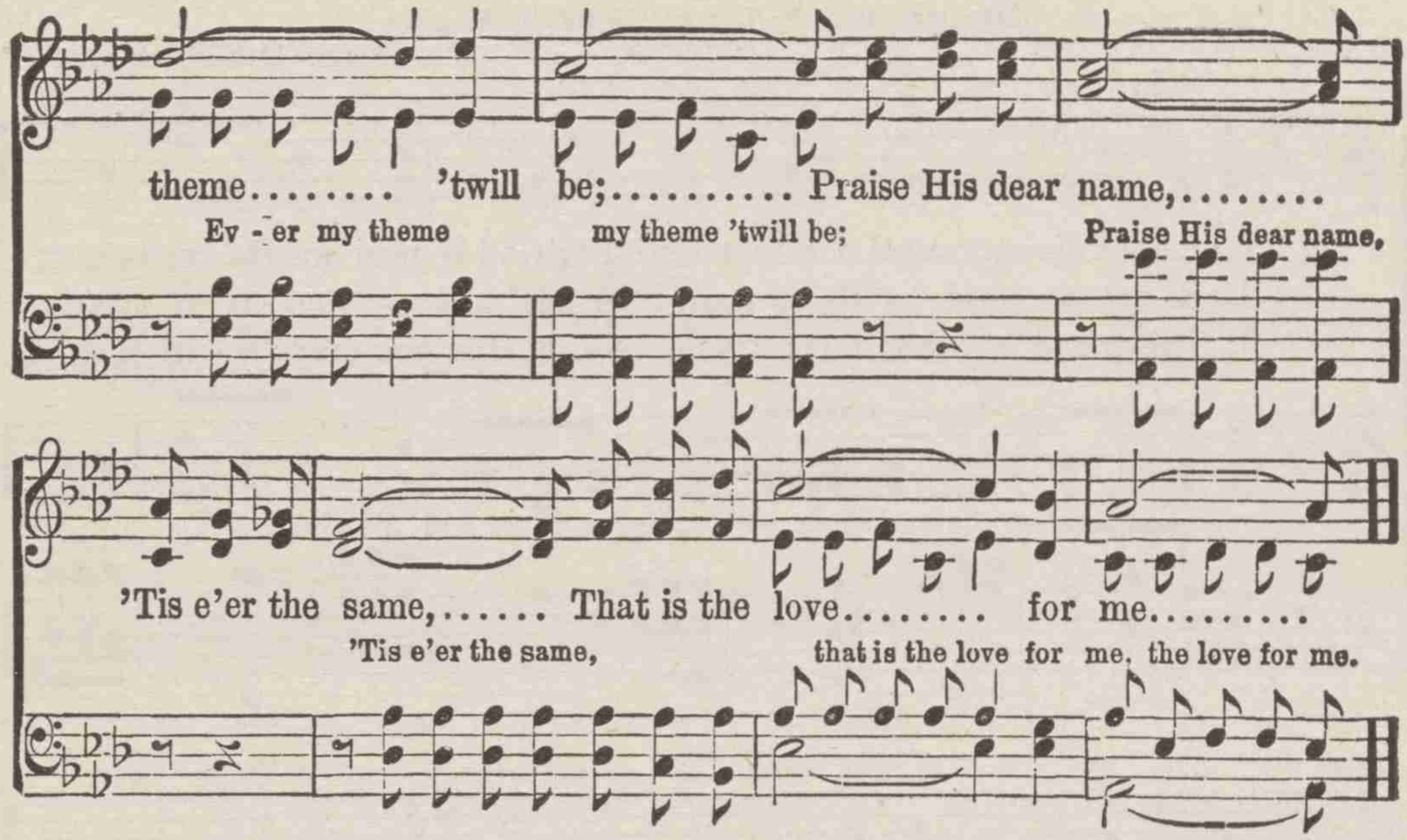


to peace and light,..... That is the love..... for
'ry tri - al shares,..... That is the love..... for
my soul to win,..... That is the love..... for
that guides me home,.... That is the love..... for

rit. e dim. CHORUS. *tempo.*



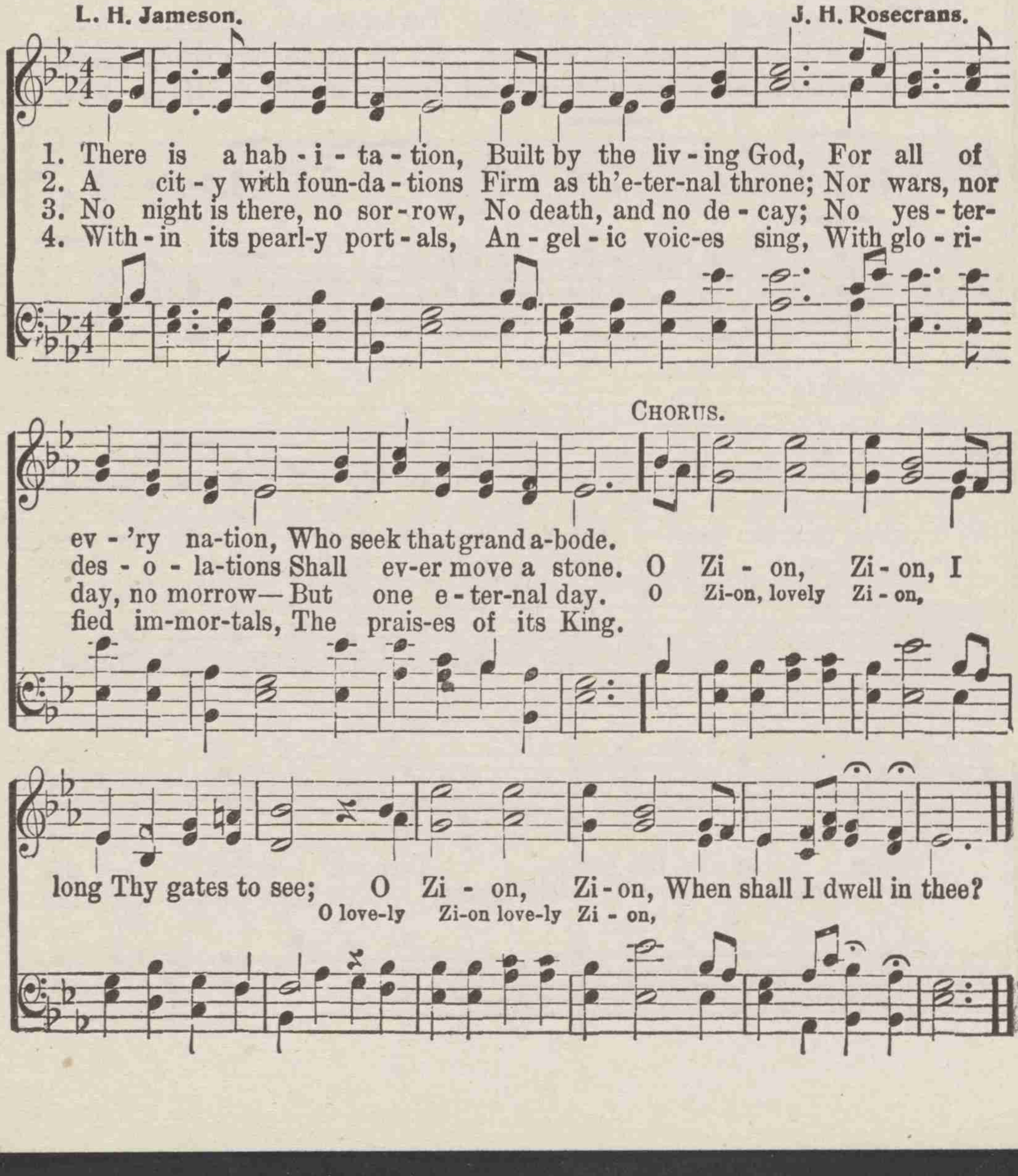
me..... That is the love, for me,..... Ev - er my

That is the Love for Me.



40 There Is a Habitation.

L. H. Jameson. J. H. Rosecrans.



41 God is Love.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

M.M. S. **Mabel Miller Sturgis.**

Solo.

1. Be not dis-cour-aged nor oppressed, For God is good and He knows best;
2. Be not a - fraid, for He is near, Your grief to bear, your cry to hear;
3. This friend is mer-ci-ful and kind, And in Him you may sol - ace find;

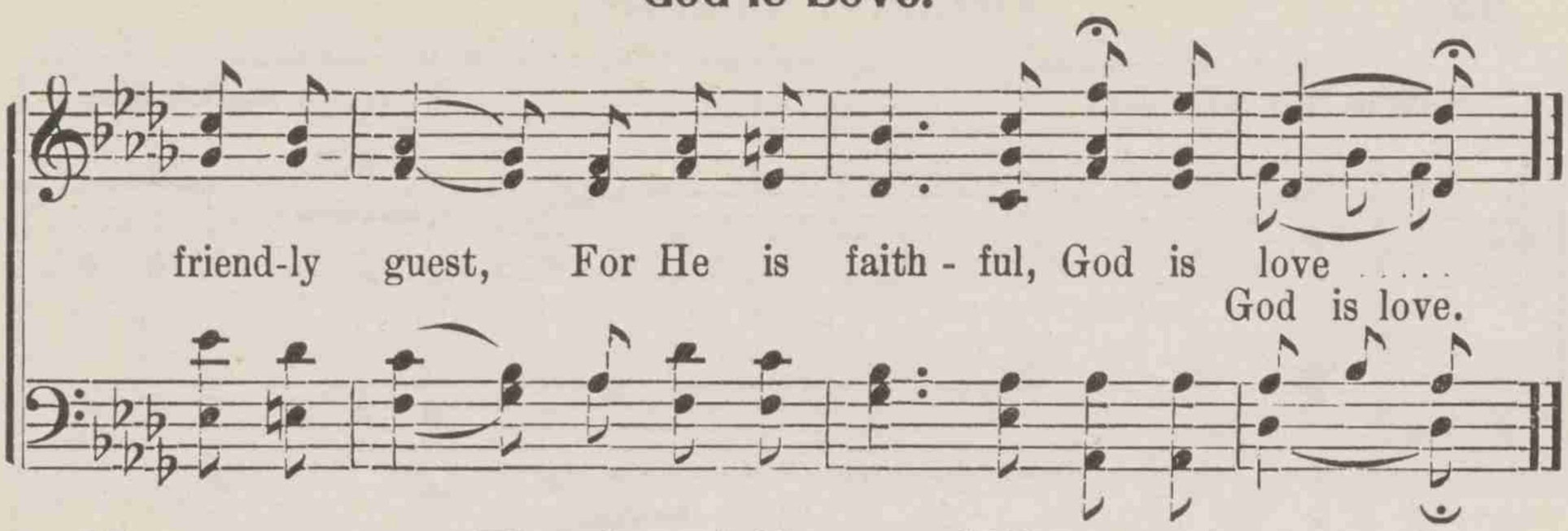
Tho' dangers all the way in - fest, Yet fal-ter not, for God is love.
And by His love cast out all fear, So be at rest, for God is love.
His loving hands your wounds will bind, He nev-er fails, for He is love.

CHORUS.

Yes, God is love, and He knows best, So lay your
Yes, God is love, and He knows best, So

cares up - on His breast; Turn not a - way this
lay your cares up - on His breast; Turn not a - way this

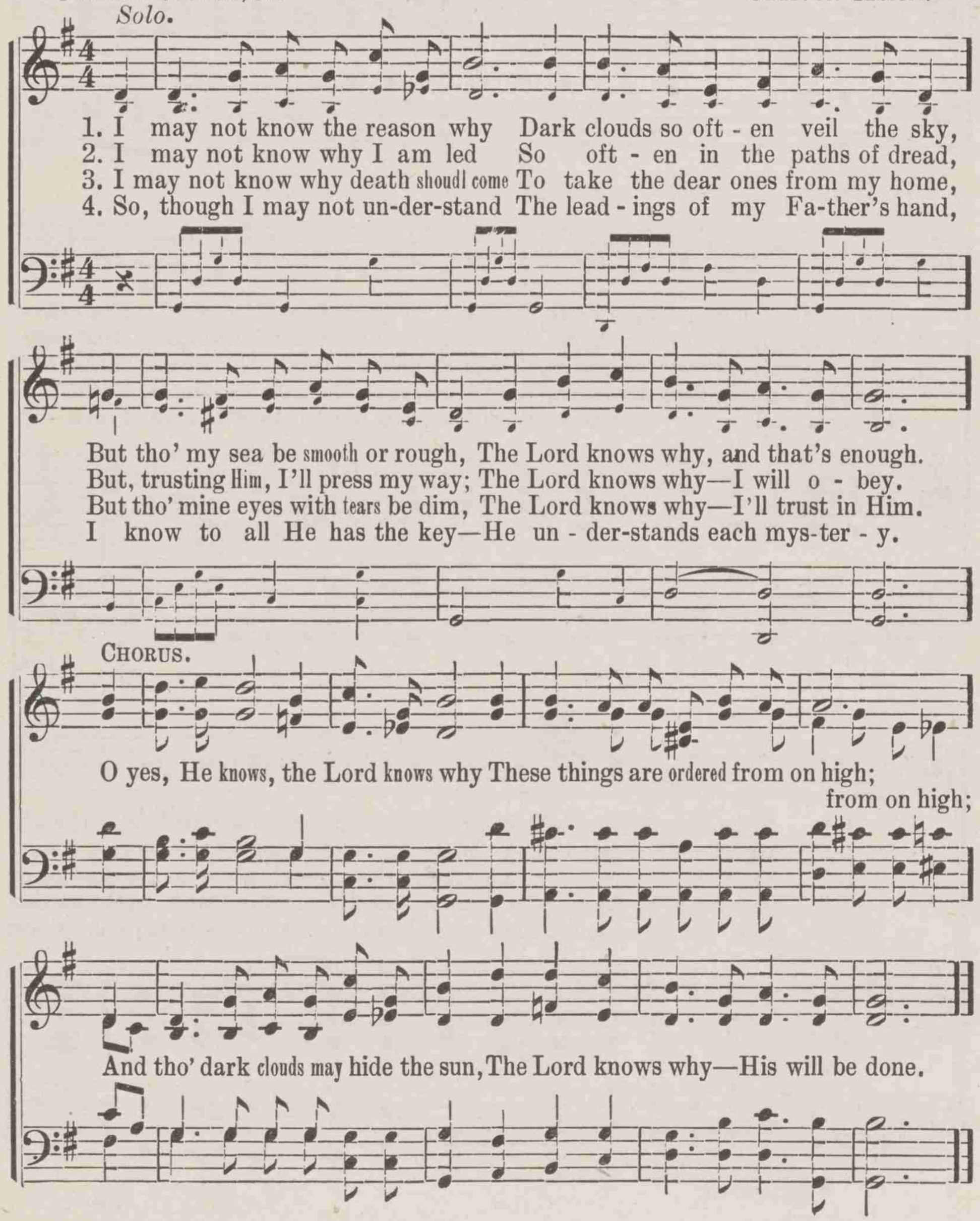
God is Love.



42 The Lord Knows Why.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel, The Standard Publishing Co., owners.

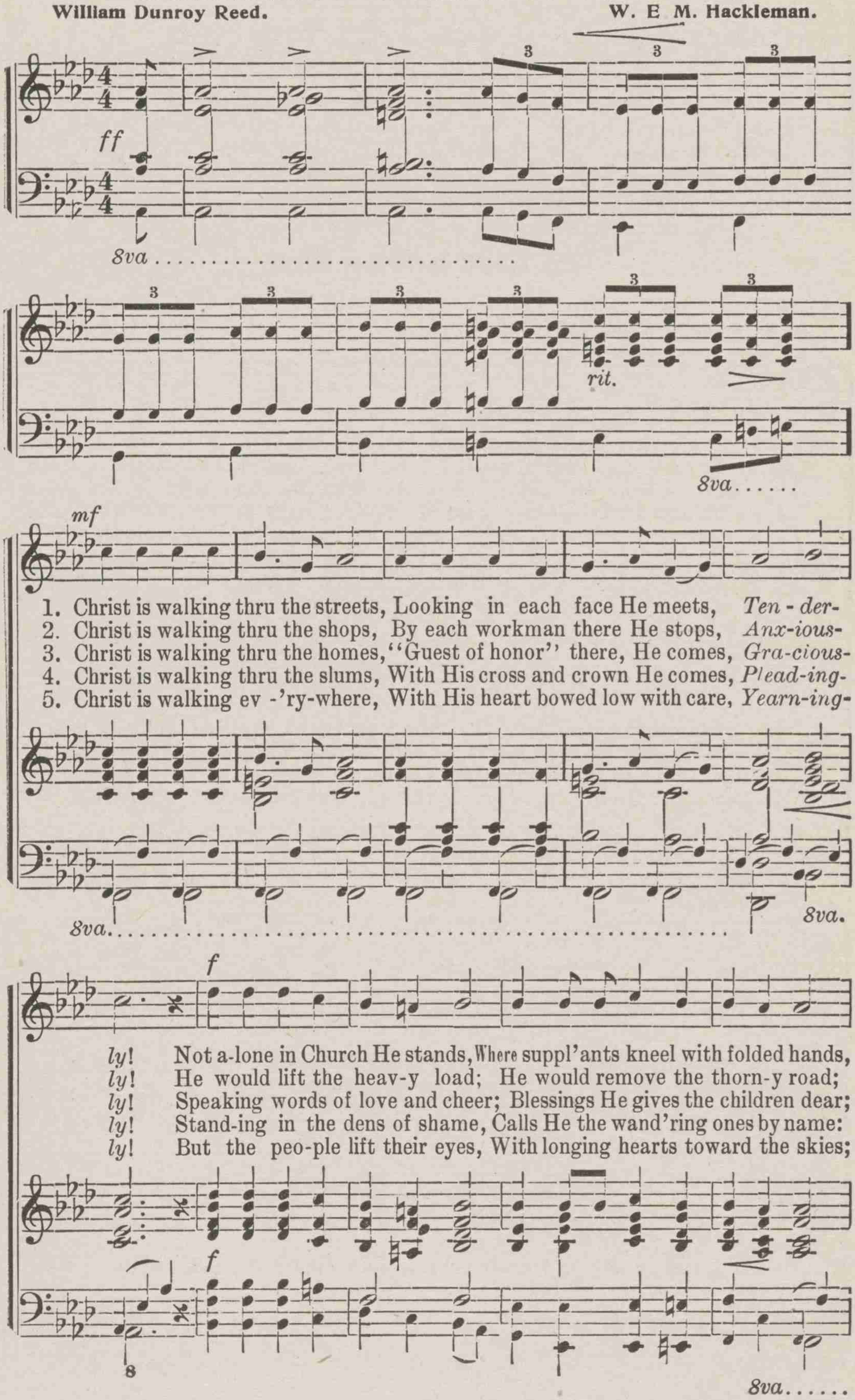
Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



43 Crucify! Crucify!

Music and arrangement of words, Copyright, 1925, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

William Dunroy Reed. **W. E M. Hackleman.**



1. Christ is walking thru the streets, Looking in each face He meets, *Ten - der-*
2. Christ is walking thru the shops, By each workman there He stops, *Anx-ious-*
3. Christ is walking thru the homes, "Guest of honor" there, He comes, *Gra-cious-*
4. Christ is walking thru the slums, With His cross and crown He comes, *Plead-ing-*
5. Christ is walking ev -'ry-where, With His heart bowed low with care, *Yearn-ing-*

ly! Not a-lone in Church He stands, Where suppl'ants kneel with folded hands,
ly! He would lift the heav-y load; He would remove the thorn-y road;
ly! Speaking words of love and cheer; Blessings He gives the children dear;
ly! Stand-ing in the dens of shame, Calls He the wand'ring ones by name:
ly! But the peo-ple lift their eyes, With longing hearts toward the skies;

Crucify! Crucify!

But in the bus - y walks of life, A - mid the tu - mult and the strife:
Smoothe ev'ry wrinkle from the brow; Wounds He would heal and none allow:
Sweet peace He brings the broken heart, "I. from Thee, never will de - part":
His heart o'er-flowing with God's love, Bids He each sin - ner look a bove:
They knowing not that near them stands Christ off'ring rest with outstretched hands:

mf *dim.* *f* *8va.*

REFRAIN.

Walks He where the peo - ple meet; Walks He there with

mf

bleed - ing feet; But they scorn Him, pass Him by, And in their

rit. *ac - cel -*

ff

mad - ness loud - ly cry— Cru - ci - fy! Cru - ci - fy!

fff *fff* *fff* *fff*

- e - ran - do cres.

44 The Bible That My Mother Gave to Me.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

E. C. Baird. R. O. Johnson.

1. There's a Book I love to read On it's truths I of - ten feed,
2. I re - mem-ber well the day That I heard my moth- er say:
3. As I read its wondrous lines, Sweetest Hope be - fore me shines,

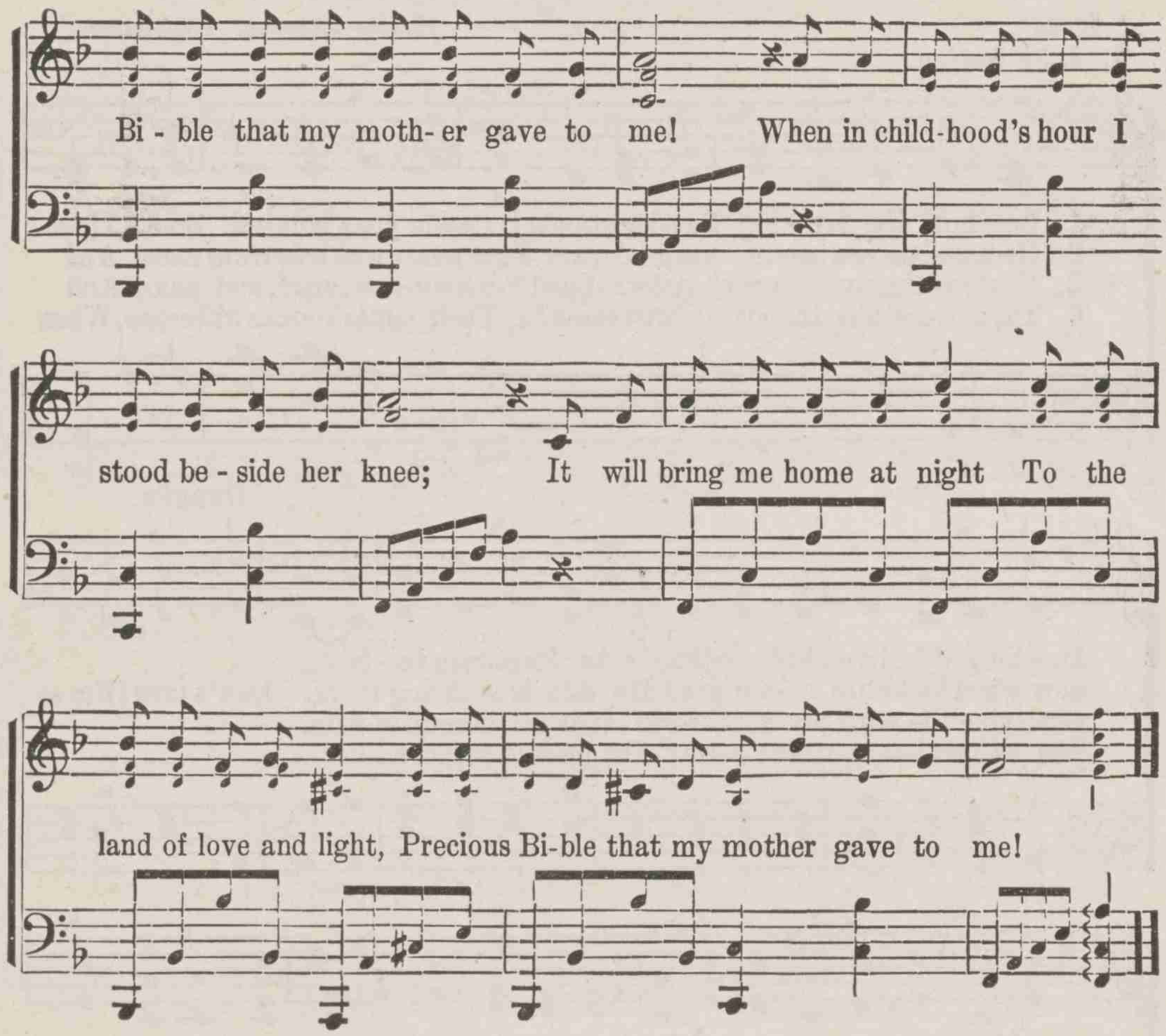
And from man - y hurt - ful things it sets me free; Tho' its
"Take this book, my boy, and let it be your guide; It will
All the e - vil things of life are made to flee; And no

leaves are worn and old, It means more to me than gold;—'Tis the
keep you safe from sin,—Pure and clean with - out, with - in,— For you'll
one can ev - er know What a debt of love I owe To that

CHORUS.

Bi - ble that my moth - er gave to me.
nev - er wan - der from your Mas - ter's side." 'Tis the
Bi - ble that my moth - er gave to me.

The Bible That My Mother Gave to Me.



---

45 "Calvary."

Poem by
C. P. CURRY.

Tune: "The Rosary"
By ETHELBERT NEVIN.

I

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
Remember Thee in all Thine agony,
On Calvary, on Calvary.

II

Remember Thee and all Thy pain,
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remain,
O Lamb of God, who on the cross was hung,
Who on the cross was hung.

III
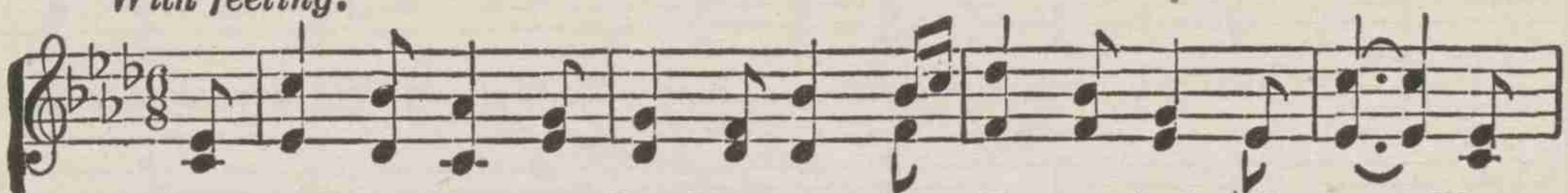
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory shall flee,
When Thou shalt to Thy glorious kingdom come,
O blessed Lord, wilt Thou remember me?

Don't Turn Him Away.

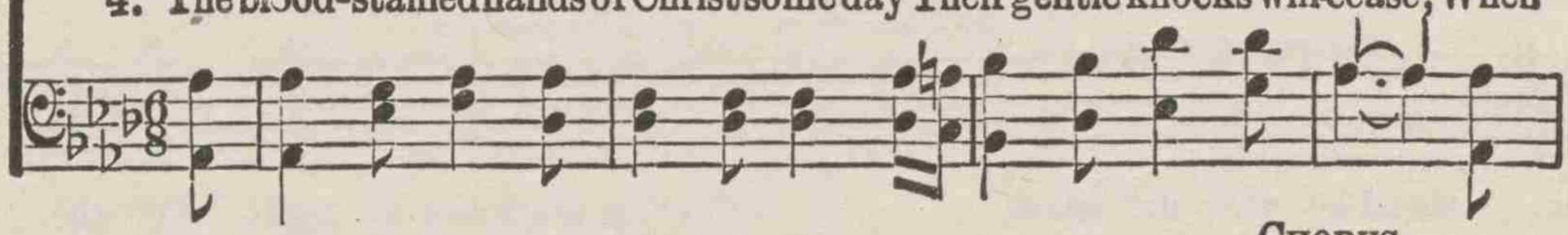
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H. L. **Haldor Lillenas. Chorus arr.**
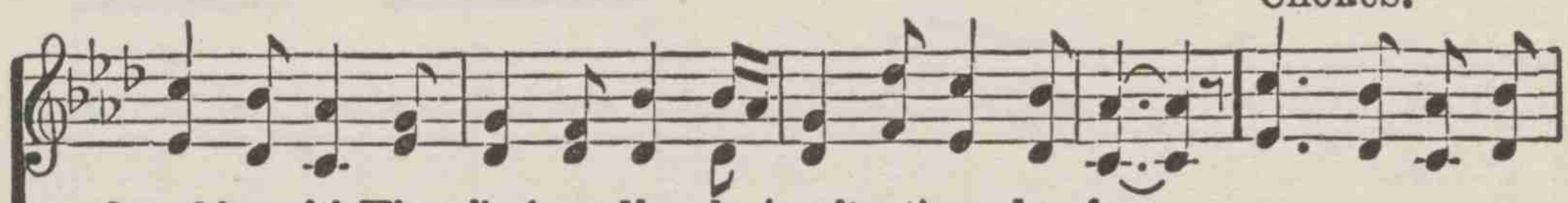
With feeling.



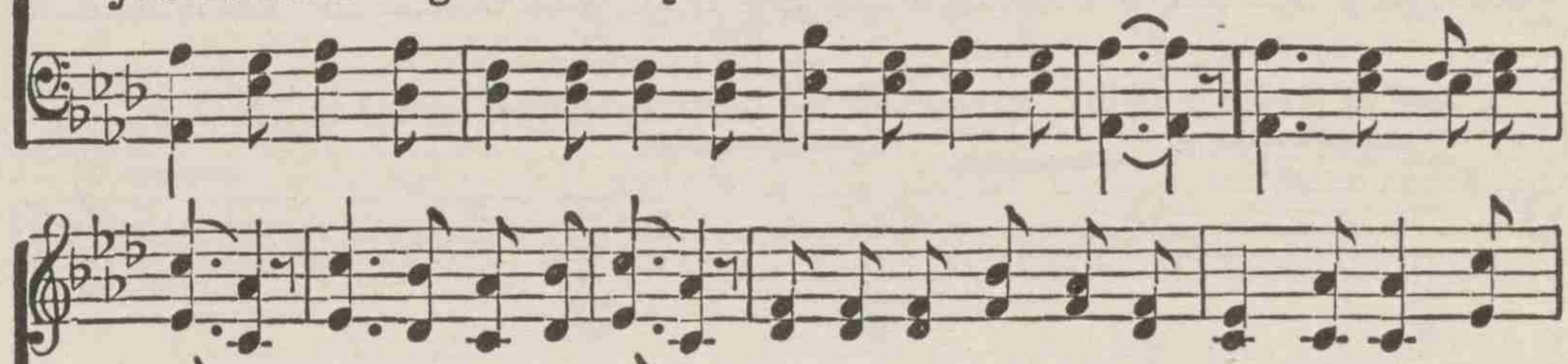
1. Be - hold the lov - ing Sav-ior stands Out-side your bolt-ed door, There
2. He stood there when in child-ish play Your heart was free from care, And
3. He stood there when your heart was filled With sor-row, grief, and pain, And
4. The blood-stained hands of Christ some day Their gentle knocks will cease, When



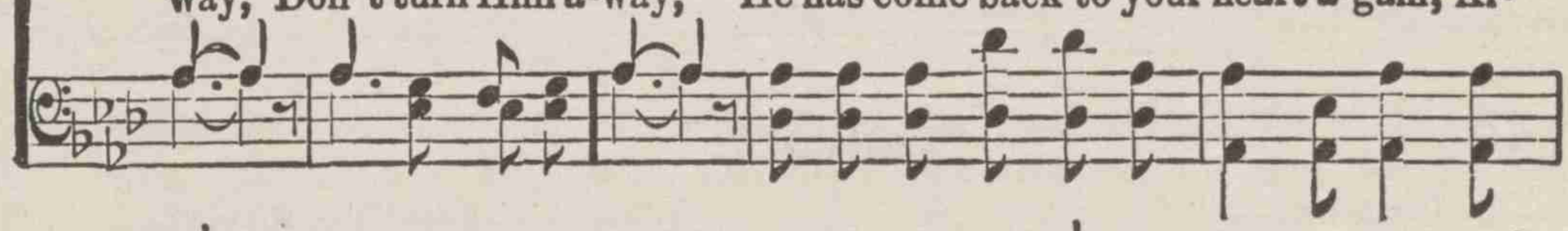
CHORUS.



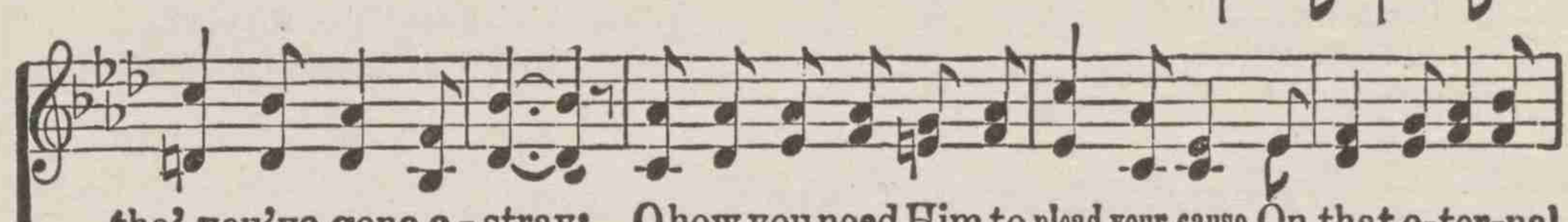
knocking with His nail-pierced hands, As oftentimes be - fore.
now when locks are sil - ver gray He still is standing there. Don't turn Him a-
when your life with joy was thrilled He stood there all in vain.
you at last have grieved a-way The blessed Prince of Peace.
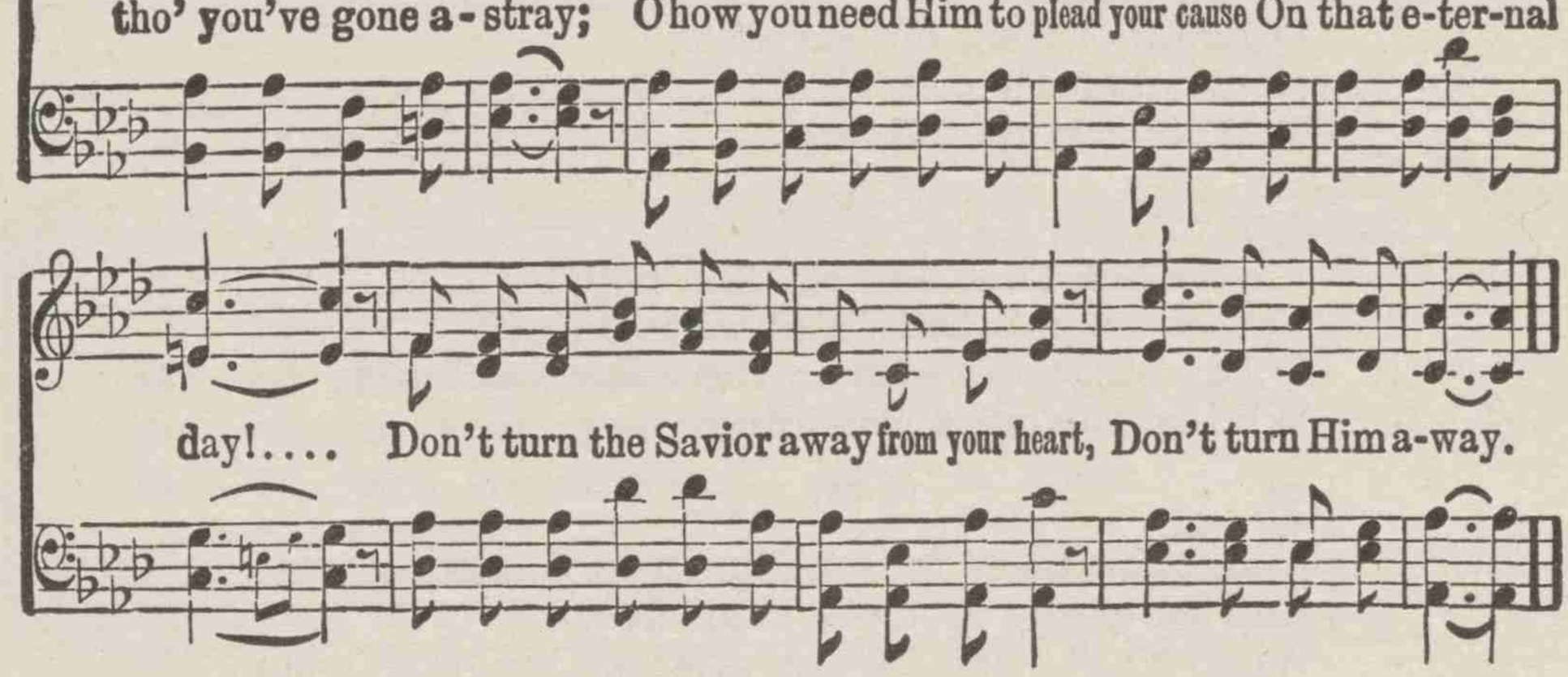


way, Don't turn Him a-way, He has come back to your heart a-gain, Al-



tho' you've gone a - stray; O how you need Him to plead your cause On that e-ter-nal



day!.... Don't turn the Savior away from your heart, Don't turn Him a-way.



47 "Some Day," May Be Too Late.

Copyright, 1908 and 1911, by De Loss Smith.
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James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. "Some day" you say, while Jesus pleads, "I'll come and fill my soul's deep need."
2. The pre-cious time is speeding fast; Let all your wand'ring days be past;
3. You know that e- vil does not pay, You know you need a friend to-day;
4. You do not wish to lose your soul; Then, why let sin your life control.
5. You can- not save yourself, my friend, On God's great Son you must depend.

rit.

Come while the spir-it in-ter-cedes—"Some day" may be too late.
On Je sus now your burden cast—"Some day" may be too late.
Then, why from Je-sus turn a - way—"Some day" may be too late.
Come home, come home, be glad and whole;—"Some day" may be too late.
Come now, while arms of love extend;—"Some day" may be too late.

CHORUS.

1. "Some day" may be too late, For death may shut the
2. "Some day" may be too late, For death may call; oh
3. "Some day" may be too late, For death may close the

may be too late,

rit.

vineyard gate, The time is now, this very hour, "Some day" may be too late.
do not wait, The time is now, this very hour, "Some day" may be too late.
gold- en gate, The time is now, this very hour, "Some day" may be too late.

Going Through the Land.

The Standard Publishing Co. owners.
Copyright, 1925, by
W. E. M. Hackleman. Renewal.

W. D. CORNELL, by per.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO. *Slowly, with expression.*

1 If a Christian meet a Christian, Go-ing thro' the land,
2. If a Christian gets in troub-le, Go-ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis-cour-aged, Go-ing thro' the land
4. Would you have a home up yon-der, In the bet-ter land?

Just re-mem-ber he's your broth-er, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weak-er broth-er, Help him all you can; For
Show to him God's word of promise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth-ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And

who can tell but on the morrow, You and he may stand Be-
who can tell what great temptations Press a-round the man? He
deeds and words in kind-ness giv-en, Mend the bro-ken strand: A
when the Mas-ter comes for jew-els, Searching thro' the land, He'll

fore the great white throne up yon-der: Help him all you can.
needs the help of Christian friendship, Give him all you can.
lit-tle help when one is drowning Oft-en saves the man.
take thy wea-ry, faith-ful spir-it Home to Beu-lah land.

49 Down Deep In My Heart.

H. L. *Legato*

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Down deep in my heart flows a riv - er of peace, Tho' storms may around me be-
2. Down deep in my heart sweet as-sur-ance is mine, No lon - ger I'm doubt-ing or
3. Down deep in my heart glad contentment a-bides, No lon - ger to sin I am
4. Down deep in my heart rings a glad song of praise, To Je - sus all glo - ry be

sweep - ing; My heart shall not fear, For my Sav - ior is near, Shel-tered
fear - ing; The prom - ise di - vine Like a bea - con doth shine On my
turn - ing; And pleas-ures have I, More than earth can sup-ply, And no
giv - en; For no one but He My De - liv - 'rer could be, Or could

CHORUS.

safe is my soul in His keep - ing.
path-way as home I am near - ing.
more for its wealth I am yearn - ing.
show me the path-way to heav - en.

Down deep in my heart flows a riv - er of peace, Tho' tempests a - round me are sweep - ing, Though

sweep-ing, are sweep - ing.

SOLO.

HARMONY.

storm-clouds may roll, There is peace in my soul, Down deep, down deep in my heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

50 With Hands of Love Christ Lifted Me.

Copyright, 1924, by Frank E. Roush, Lynchburg, Ohio.

Frank E. Roush. **Haldor Lillenas.**

Tenor and Alto Duet.

1. From heaven Christ my Savior came, To lift my soul from guilt and shame;
2. When I have grief so hard to bear, He always hears my earnest prayer,
3. I now have peace with-in my soul, For Christ has taken full con-trol;
4. My way was sad and dark as night, Till Jesus made it glad and bright;

My great Redeem-er He became, With hands of love He lift-ed me.
He gives me rest be-yond compare, Thro' wondrous grace He lifted me.
The waves of sorrow cease to roll, Since hands of love have lift-ed me.
He lift - ed me to heav'nly light, Those hands of love, they lifted me.

CHORUS.

From sin and shame He lift - ed me, 'Twas won - der-
lift - ed me,
ful, "Love lift - ed me!" From dark-ness in - to
won - der - ful lift - ed me,
light di - vine, His gracious hands have lift - ed me.
His gra-cious hands

Rit.

51 Won't You Come Back Home?

The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. Soul a-stray in darkness, bowed by sin and woe, One still dear-ly loves you,
2. Tho' from Him you wander, un - der sin's control, Ev - er He is yearning
3. Think how He has suf-fered just to prove His love; E - ven now a man-sion
4. Swift the day is speed-ing; night is com-ing on; Turn, while Je-sus calls you

tho you downward go; Ten-der-ly He calls you in the gath'ring gloom; Hear Him
for your wayward soul; Arms of love are o - pen, Why, despairing, roam From the
He pre-pares a-bove— E ven while you wan-der on to endless doom: Won't you
hope will soon be gone. In the path be-fore you lies a yawning tomb: Won't you

CHORUS.

sweet-ly pleading: "Wo'nt you come back home?"
One who loves you? "Won't you come back home?" Won't you come back home, won't you
try to love Him? "Won't you come back home?" Won't you come to Je-sus,
love the Sav-ior? "Won't you come back home?"

come back home? Still He dearly loves you and is pleading "Come;" Grieve His heart no
longer; cease from Him to roam; All shall be for-giv-en: "Won't you come back home?"

52 God Will Not Forget Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

H. L. **Haldor Lillenas.**

mf

1. God will not for - get me, He who loved me so,
2. God will not for - get me When I need His pow'r,
3. God will not for - get me, Then why should I fear?
4. God will not for - get me: This shall be my song,

That for me He gave His life Up - on the cross of woe....
He will walk be - side me In life's dark - est hour....
Tho' the storms be rag - ing, He is ev - er near....
When my days are try - ing, And my road seems long....

CHORUS. UNISON.

ff *p*

God will not for - get me, He will nev - er leave me, For His ten-der

1 2

loving-kindness Shall de - part, no nev - er: Shall be mine for - ev - er.

Often the Day Is Dreary.

Mrs. Wyndham Heathcote. Mrs. Wyndham Heathcote.

1. Oft - en the day is drear - y, Oft - en the storm-clouds lower,
2. Wel-come to tell my sto - ry, Tell-ing—He gives me rest;
3. Je - sus my heart loves dear-ly, All thro' the dark - est night,
4. Wondrous in love is Je - sus, Sweet is the rest He gives;

Oft - en my spir - it's wea - ry— Je - sus then speaks His pow'r.
And, while my sorrows shar - ing, Clasps me un - to His breast.
As when the sun shines clear - ly, Mak - ing my path-way bright.
Shar-ing in all my toil - ing, While in my heart He lives.

CHORUS.

p *mf*

Je - sus is near, burdens to bear; Wea - ry one, Je-sus will help thee;

p

Je-sus is near, burdens to bear; His blood from sin will cleanse thee.

Calvary.

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The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

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

1. I love the sto - ry sweet and old, Of Christ the Lord who died for me;
2. My sins like mountains high were piled, Oh, where should I for ref-uge flee?
3. Praise God! I cried, my faith prevails, My sins are gone and I am free;
4. His arms of grace stand o-pen wide, In - vite - ing sin-ners such as we;

The sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told, Of par-don bought on Cal - va-ry.
When sweet the voice of mer-cy cried, "Look up and trust in Cal - va-ry."
For - ev - er-more the blood a-vails, The cleansing stream of Cal - va-ry!
For me and all the world be-side, There's mercy still at Cal - va-ry.

CHORUS.

{ My faith still clings to Cal-va - ry, To Cal - va-ry, to Cal - va-ry, Where
{ His pre-cious blood my on-ly plea, My on - ly plea, my on - ly plea, He

1 lift - ed up for you and me, The Son of God I see;

2 poured it out on Cal - va - ry, For me, on Cal - va - ry.

55

Mother Song.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. (*Duet or Solo.*) B. D. Ackley.

1. I think of a pic - ture that lives in my heart, My moth-er's dear face, my moth-er's dear face; 'Tis paint-ed in hues on - ly love can im - part, Time can-not its beau-ty e - rase.
2. My own lit - tle room at the top of the stairs, My own lit - tle bed, my own lit - tle bed; A lit - tle lad try - ing to murmur his pray rs, A - sleep e'er his pray-ers are said.
3. Then one day the an - gels of heav - en came down, God knew her full worth, God knew her full worth; He want - ed a jew - el to add to His crown, And picked out the fair-est of earth.
4. I've wan - dered a - far from the Sav - ior of men, My moth-er's best friend, my moth-er's best friend; With tears of re- pentance I'll seek Him a - gain, And walk by His side to the end.

CHORUS.

For she was the dear-est of moth-ers To me, (to me,) to me, (to me,) For she was the dear - est of mothers, The dearest of mothers to me.

56 Waiting For You.

Arrangement copyright, 1921, by W. S. Martin, in "Devotional Praise."

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

UNISON. *Andante.*

1. Some-one is long-ing to find your Lord, Hungry to-day for the liv-ing word, And
2. Some-one is burden'd with guilt and sin, Earn-est-ly longing to be made clean; O
3. Let your light shine with a loving glow, Help men to Jesus wher-e'er you go; If

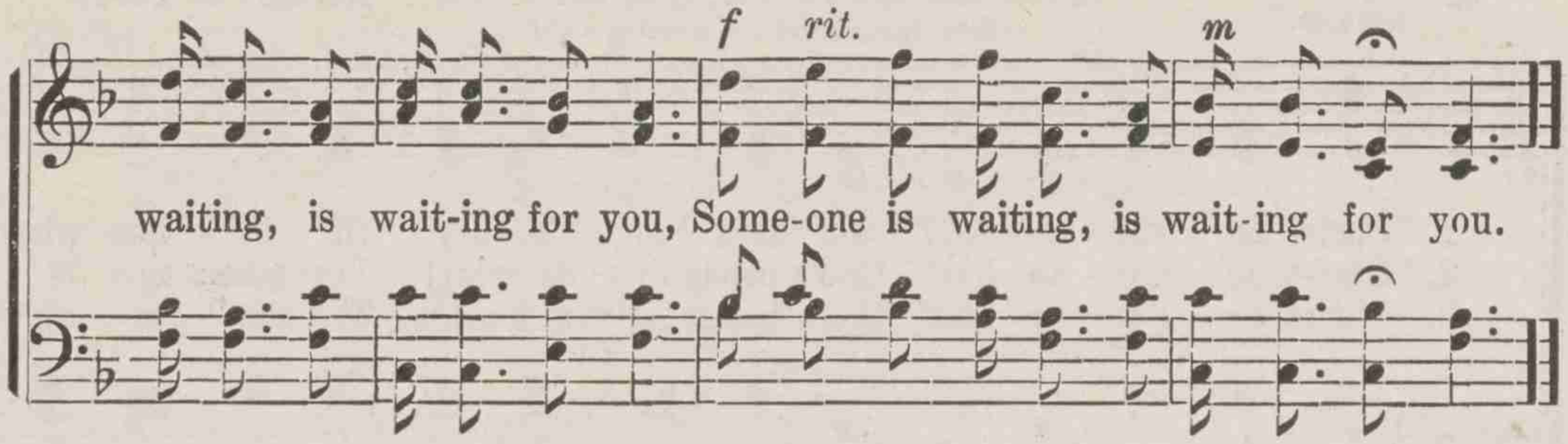
blindly is grop-ing his way un-to God, Some-one is waiting for you.....
Christian go forth, there are souls now to win, Some-one is waiting for you.....
you are a Christian you surely must know, Some-one is waiting for you.....

f CHORUS.

Wait - - ing for you, ... Wait - - ing for
Some-one is wait-ing, is wait-ing for you, Some-one is wait-ing, is

you, ... Har-vest is read-y, the la-b'rers are few, Some-one is
waiting for you,

Waiting For You.
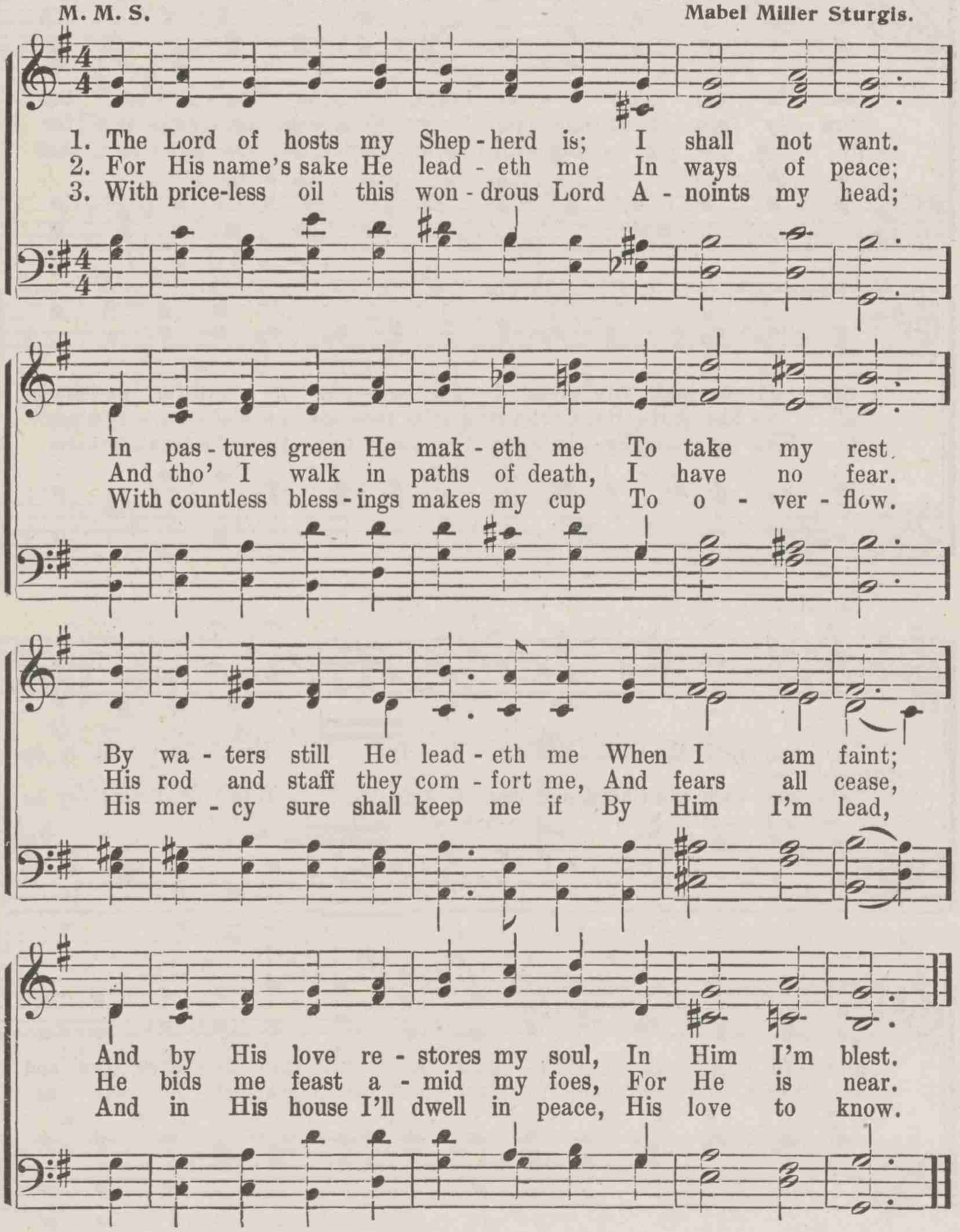


57

Twenty-Third Psalm.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

M. M. S. Mabel Miller Sturgis.



Christ or Barabbas.

H. G. T.
SOLO.

International copyright, 1921, by Herbert G. Tovey.
Bible Institute of Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert G. Tovey.

1. "Christ or Bar - ab - bas?" oh, hark to the cry Of Pi - late who
2. "Christ or Bar - ab - bas?" God's peace or de-spair! The ques - tion is
3. "Christ or Bar - ab - bas?" there hangs on your choice The mat - ter of

there in per - plex - i - ty stands, "Christ or Bar - ab - bas?" but
sure - ly con - front - ing you now; None can es - cape it for
liv - ing or dy - ing for aye; Christ is the Sav - iour, then

lift - ed on high Are cries of the peo - ple in wrath-ful de-mands:
all a - like share, But Christ paid your ran-som on Cal - va - ry's brow.
in Him re-joice By claim-ing the par - don He of - fers to - day.

CHORUS. *rit.*

"A - way with the Christ and cru - ci - fy..... Him." They loud - ly de-

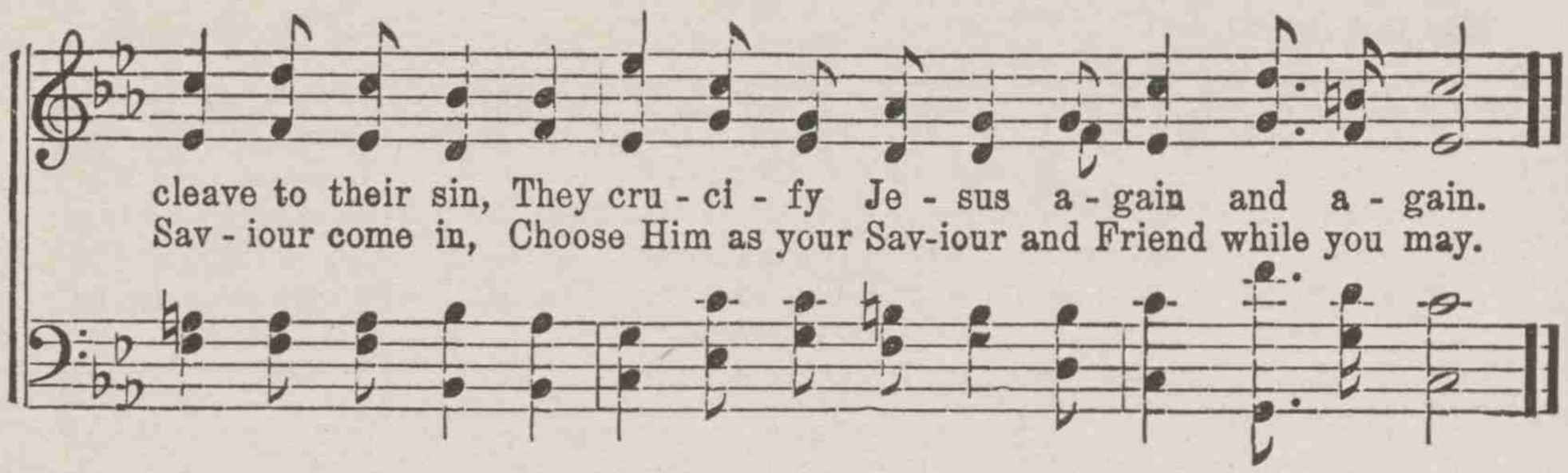
After last verse.

"A - way with the Christ and cru - ci - fy..... Him." Shall this cry be

p

mand - ed that He should be slain. And still men de - spise Him and
ut - tered by you here to - day? No! no! but let Je - sus as

Christ or Barabbas. Concluded.
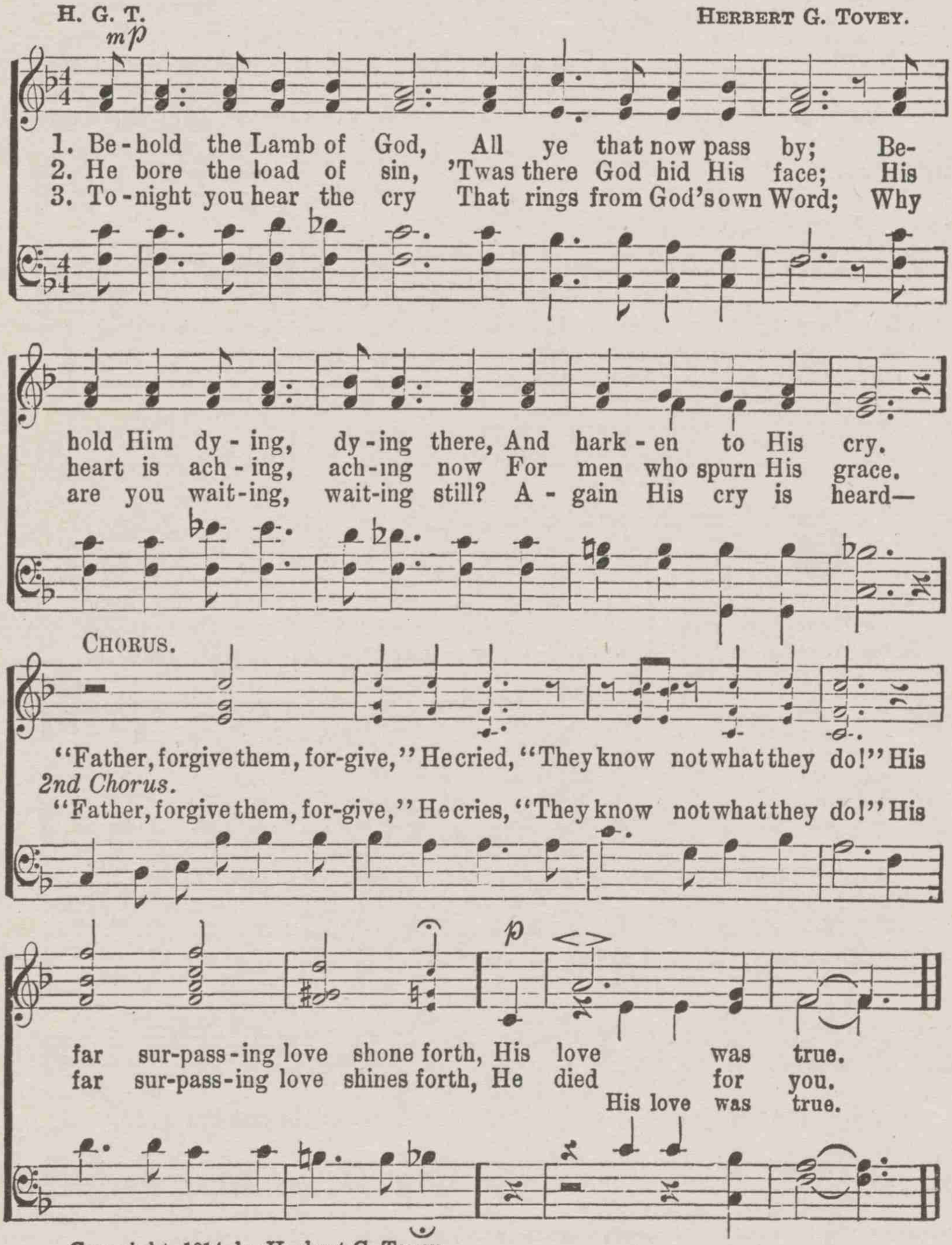


59

Behold the Lamb of God!

H. G. T.

HERBERT G. TOVEY.



Copyright, 1914 by Herbert G. Tovey.

60 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lone-ly And long for heav'n and home, When Jesus is my por-tion? My con-stant friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear, And resting on His good-ness, I lose my doubts and fears, Tho' by the path He lead-eth But one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a-rise, When songs give place to sigh-ing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clos-er to Him, From care He sets me free: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

CHORUS

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,..... I sing be-cause I'm free,.....
I'm hap-py, I'm free,
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me.

rall.

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Grow Like the Lilies.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

Clare Alfred Dunnagan. WORDS AND MUSIC. **Haldor Lillenas.**

CONTRALTO OR BARITONE SOLO.

1. In the spring-time I wandered to fields that were green, There I saw a fair lily with its bright, silv'ry sheen; All its beau-ty and fragrance, as it bloomed there alone, Un-to
2. In the moss by the streamlet tho' shadows were there, Like a bright ray of sunlight in a world full of care, There a lil - y was bloom-ing un-der-neath the tall trees, And my
3. Tho' our lot may be humble yet souls we may win, Who have wandered unheeded in the by - ways of sin; If we're faithful and loy - al to the trust that God gave, We may

CHORUS.

CONTRALTO AND TENOR DUET.

me brought a vi-sion that my heart had not known.
heart caught its message whispered low on the breeze. Grow like the lil - ies, beau-ti-
turn man - y wan-d'rers to the One who can save.

ful and so bright, Grow in the shad-ow and grow in the light; Where God has
left you day by day fill your place, Grow and a - bide in the sun-shine of grace.

62 Shadows.

Copyright, 1906, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.
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R. H. Robert Harkness.

SOLO.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shadows, When life's
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shadows, If their
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shadows, When He

day is end - ed and its sor-rows o'er; When the summons comes to
faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall

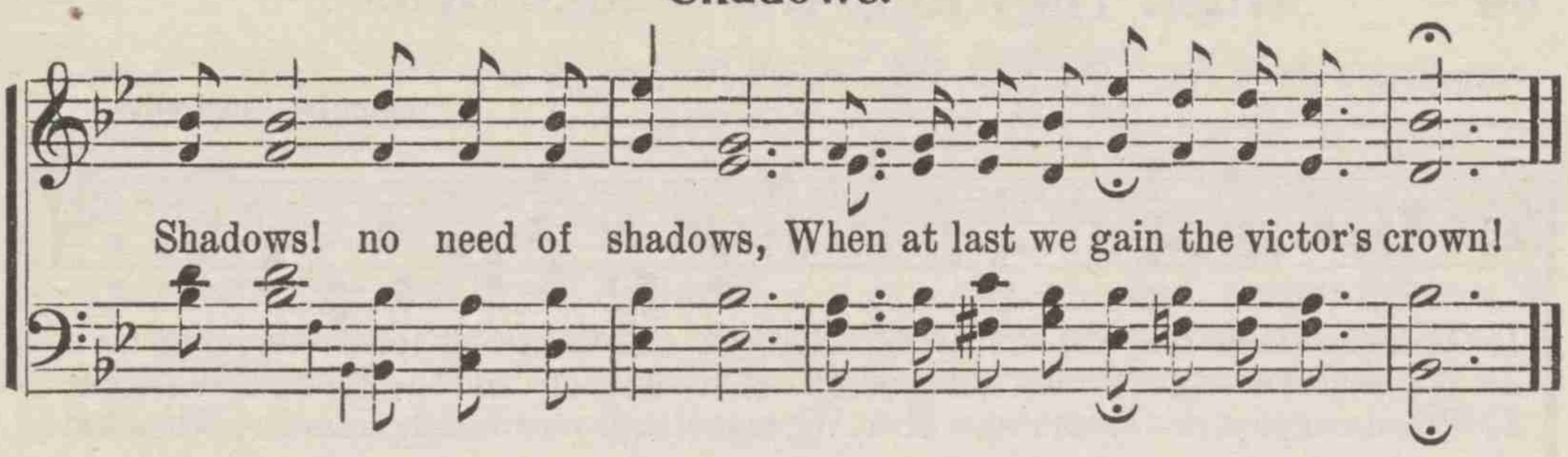
meet the blessed Sav-ior, When we rise to dwell with Him for-ev - er-more.
Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a-dored.
sound and lov'd ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

CHORUS.

p

Shadows! no need of shadows, When at last we lay life's burden down!

Shadows.



63 "Praise."

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Mabel Miller Sturgis. **G. K. Sturgis.**

64 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Copyright, 1887, by Dion De Marbelle.

Dion De Marbelle.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil - ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

FINE.

you and me.

D.S.–*yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.*

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the bells now singing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju - bi - lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

D. S.

65

"Others."

Words copyright, 1907, by Chas. D. Meigs.
Music copyright, 1915, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

Chas. D. Meigs. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. Lord, let me live from day to day, In such a self-for-get-ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev-er be sin-cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru-ci-fied and slain, And bur-ied deep, nor rise a-gain;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's begun,

That e-ven when I kneel to pray, My pray'r shall be (My pray'r shall be) for
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done(Must needs be done) for
And may all ef-forts be in vain, Un-less they be (Un-less they be) for
May I for-get the crown I've won, While think-ing still (While thinking still) of

CHORUS.

OTH-ERS. Yes, oth-ers, Lord, yes, oth-ers, Let this my mot-to be; Help me to live for oth-ers, Help me to live for oth-ers, That I may live *like* Thee, That I may live (That I may live) *like* Thee.

cres *cen* *do.* *f* *p* *rit.*

January 1, 1908, General Ballington Booth dispatched this one word "Others" to all the Salvation Army Posts of the world, Mr. Meigs, catching the spirit of the message, couched it in this well-known poem.

He'll Carry You Thru.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Mabel Miller Sturgis. **G. K. Sturgis.**

SOLO.

1. Oh, thou who art wea - ry, dis - cour-aged, op-pressed, With cares o - ver - lad - en, heart
2. He, too, bore a bur - den, that you might have rest; He knows all your tri - als, then
3. His arm is al- might-y, He lifts when we fall, With love He surrounds us, He

filled with un - rest; Come, list to a sto - ry of love full and
lean on His breast; His mer-cy, ne'er fail-ing, will fol - low you
hears when we call, Then heed to the mes-sage, so oft heard be-

He'll Carry You Thru.

rit.

free, Of Je - sus who suf-fered for you and for me.
thru, He died for the need - y, He suf - fered for you.
fore, And let Him a - bide in your heart ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Come in - to the shel-ter, ye wea - ry of soul, Come un - to the

Sav - ior, whose love makes us whole; Come, tell Him your sorrows, your

cour-age re-new, He'll lighten your bur-den, He'll car-ry you thru.

67 I'd Love to be a Child on Mother's Knee.

R. P. A. Copyright, 1925, by R. Paul Arnold. R. Paul Arnold.

1. I'd love to wan-der backward to scenes of long a - go, To sit and watch the even - ing fire - light glow, ...
2. I'd love to wan-der backward to childhood's sweetest charms, To feel once more I'm safe from a - ny harm; . . .
3. I'd love to wan-der backward to childhood's gold-en days, To kneel at eve and to my Fa - ther pray; . . . .

Shine on dear lov - ing fa - ces, the ones I used to know,
A - way from all temp - ta-tion, and all that would alarm,
For God is still my Fa - ther, I hear Him gently say,

I'd Love to be a Child on Mother's Knee.

And hear their voi - ces sing - ing sweet and low.....
And rest a - gain in dear old moth-er's arms.....
Fear not, I'll guide you down life's rug - ged way.....

CHORUS.

I'd love to be a - gain a child on moth-er's knee; I

love to hear the songs she sang to me, ... They bring back tender mem'ries Of

scenes so dear to me; I'd love to be a child on mother's knee.....

68

Love is Needed.

W. C. Martin. Copyright, 1908, by The Lorenz Publishing Co. Ira B. Wilson.

Solo.

1. Love is need-ed, love is need-ed, just a lit - tle more of love, Like the
2. Love is need-ed, love is need-ed, for there is so much of grief, And the
3. Love is need-ed, love is need-ed, such a love as will for give; Such a

love that bro't our Sav - ior from His throne of light a - bove; For this
days of joy and sun shine are so ver - y few and brief; And the
love as makes it eas - y for some wea - ry soul to live, Such a
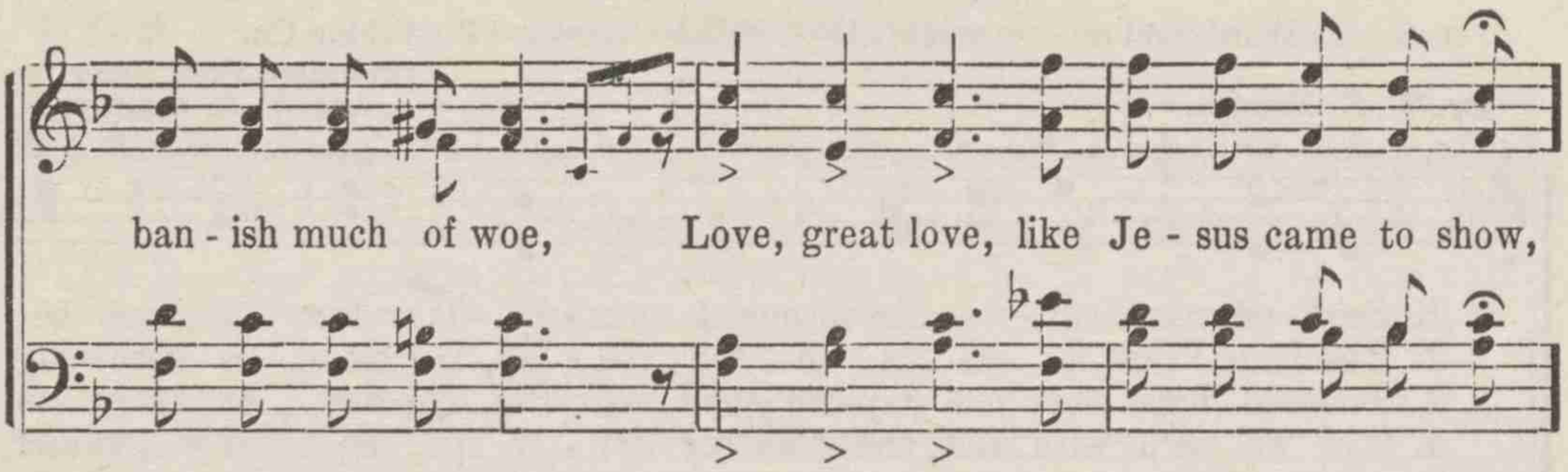
wea - ry world is strick-en and it bears a weight of woe, And a
sor - rows are so heav - y for the wea - ry world to bear, That a
love as points to heav - en; and a lit - tle love is due To the

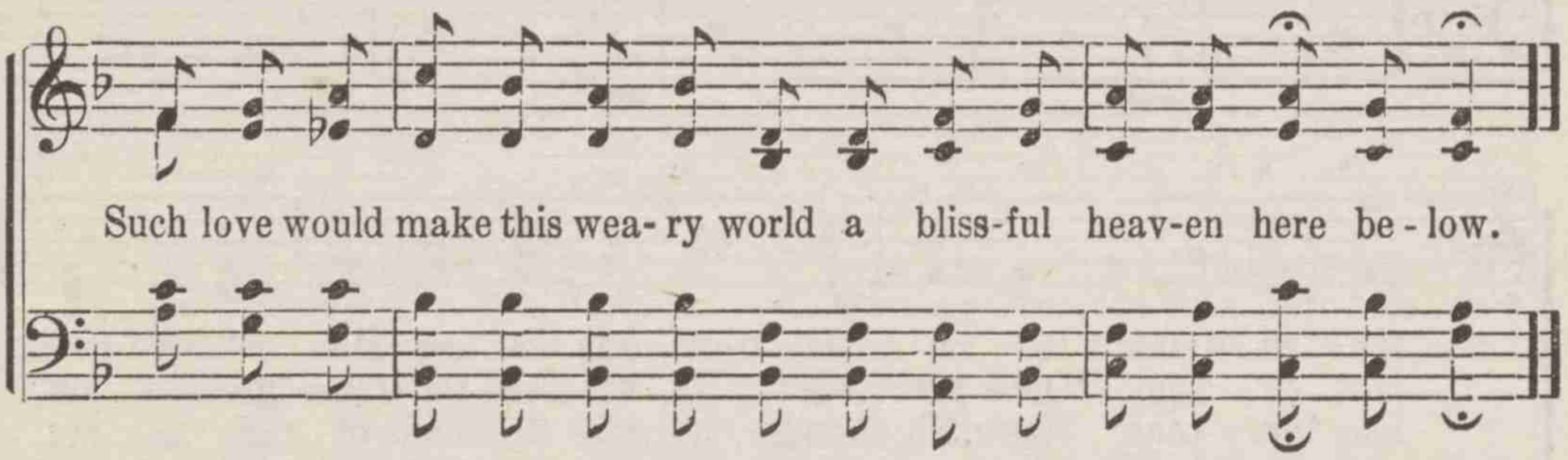
lit - tle more of heav'n - ly love is need - ed here be - low.
lit - tle more of ten - der love is need - ed ev - 'ry-where.
world so sad and wea - ry, oh, my Chris - tian friend, from you.

CHORUS.

Love, pure love is need-ed here be - low, Love, sweet love would

Love is Needed.

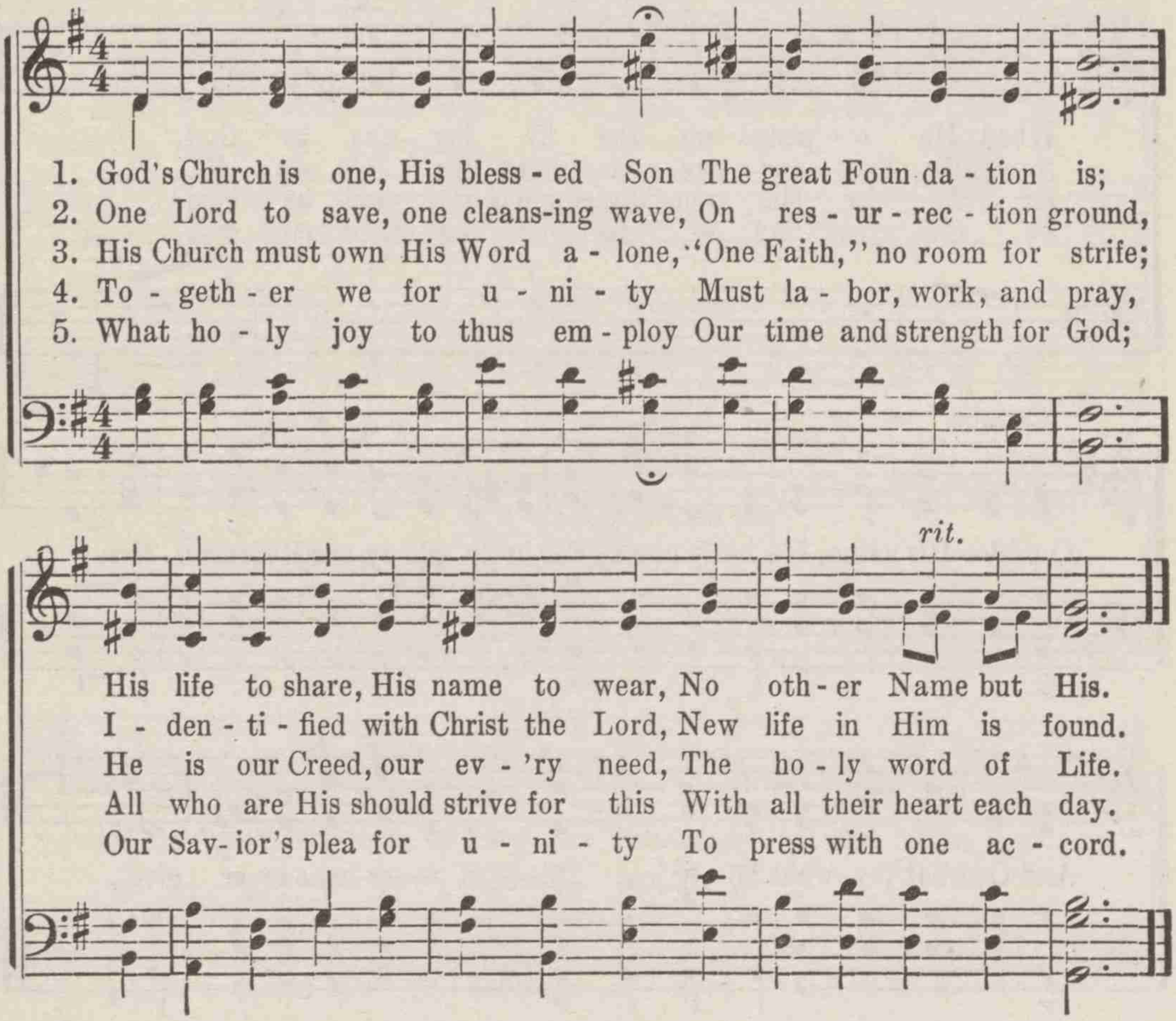




69 God's Church is One.

Copyright, 1924, by The Standard Publishing Co.

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



O Praise His Name.

Words and arr. copyright, 1923, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Dr. W. S. Martin.

Hawaiian Folk Song.
Arr. T. B. Mosley.

1. Seat - ed now up - on the throne of mer - cy, Is Je - sus, our be-
2. The High Priest for us is in - ter - ced - ing, His blood is speak-ing
3. Bless-ed hope that one day we shall see Him, The day by proph-ets
4. Are we ris'n with Him, and walk-ing dai - ly In ho - li - ness and

lov - ed Lord; It is fin - ished, was the cry He of - fered
now on high; "Once for all" He suf-fered for trans - gress - ion,
long fore - told; When He comes a - gain in clouds of glo - ry,
god - ly fear? Are we read - y now to meet the Sav - ior?

When He o - pened up the liv - ing way to God.
Now He lives and nev - er - more can Je - sus die.
Ev - 'ry eye His won - drous glo - ry shall be - hold.
As the great day of His com - ing draw - eth near.

CHORUS.

O praise His name, His ho-ly name, For us in glo-ry our Redeemer lives;

rit.

And O what joy, what ho - ly joy, This blest as-sur-ance ev-er gives.

Sturgis and Shields sing this duet on Columbia record, made for the Standard Publishing Co.

71

It Pays to Serve Jesus.

Copyright, 1909, by Frank C. Huston
The Standard Pub. Co., Owner

F. C. H. **Frank C. Huston.**

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleasure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je - sus whate'er may be - tide, It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide; It
beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re - deem - er each toil will re - pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it pays ev - 'ry

day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
ev - 'ry step of the way;

glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

72 Some One is Watching Your Light.

Dedicated to Frank McDonald.

Ina Duley Ogden.

Copyright, 1915, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Down in the val-ley of sor-row and sin, Some one is lost in the dark-ness of night; Some one that you to your Sav-ior may win;
2. Long is the jour-ney and some one is weak; Some one if tempted may fall in the fight; Some one will win if His prom-ise you speak:
3. Touched by the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Some one will turn from the wrong to the right, Look-ing for guid-ance to heav-en a-bove;
4. On that glad morning, when all shall a-rise, Saved by the in-fi-nite pow'r of His might, Some one will greet you at home in the skies;

CHORUS.

Some one is watching, is watch-ing your light! Watch-ing your light!
watching your light! Some one is watching, is watching your light! O does it
shine with a ra-di-ance bright, Some one is watching, is watching your light!

73 It Will Make All the Difference to You.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

C. F. Warren. Herbert G. Tovey.

1. There's a sto - ry, I'm told, ev - er new, yet it's old, Of the Sav-ior who
2. And this sto - ry is true, 'tis for me and for you, A full par-don in
3. Now this sto - ry you've heard, it is told in God's Word, It brings joy that the

died on the tree; Such a sto - ry of love, com-ing down from a - bove,
Christ cru-ci-fied; 'Tis sal-va - tion so free, of - fered now un - to thee
world cannot give; If you come to Him now, in your heart to Him bow,

CHORUS.

It has made all the diff'rence to me. . . . .
By be-liev-ing on Him who has died. . . . .
It will make all the diff'rence to you. . . .

It will make all the diff'rence to

you, (to you,) When to Christ as your Lord you are true; (are true;) When His praise you em-

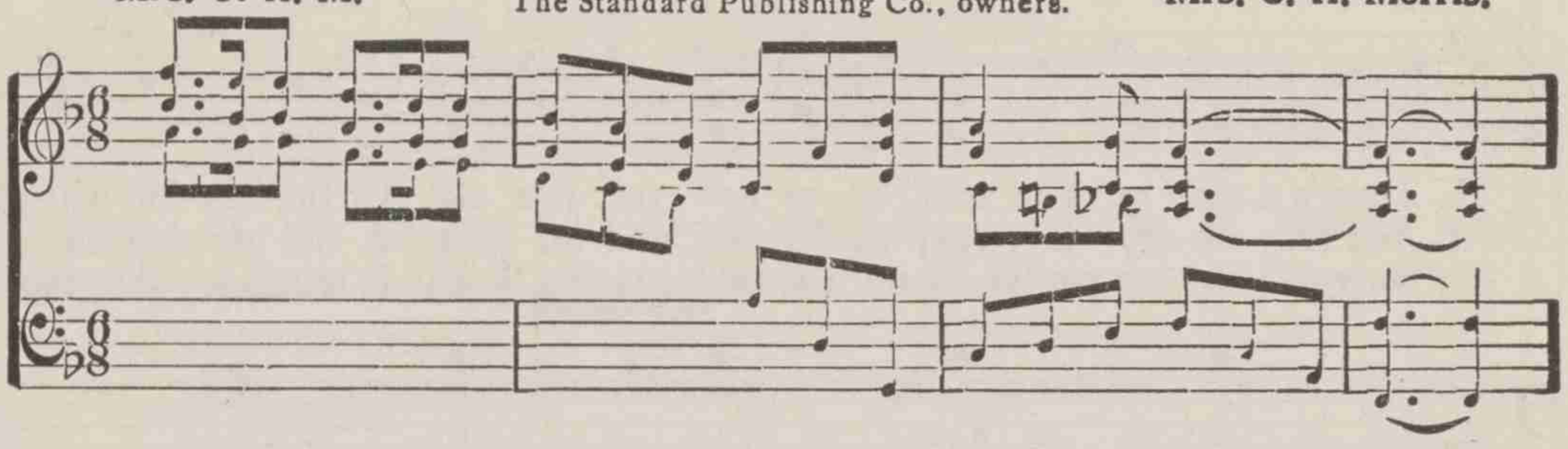
ploy, He will fill you with joy, It will make all the diff'rence to you. (to you.)

The Stranger of Galilee.

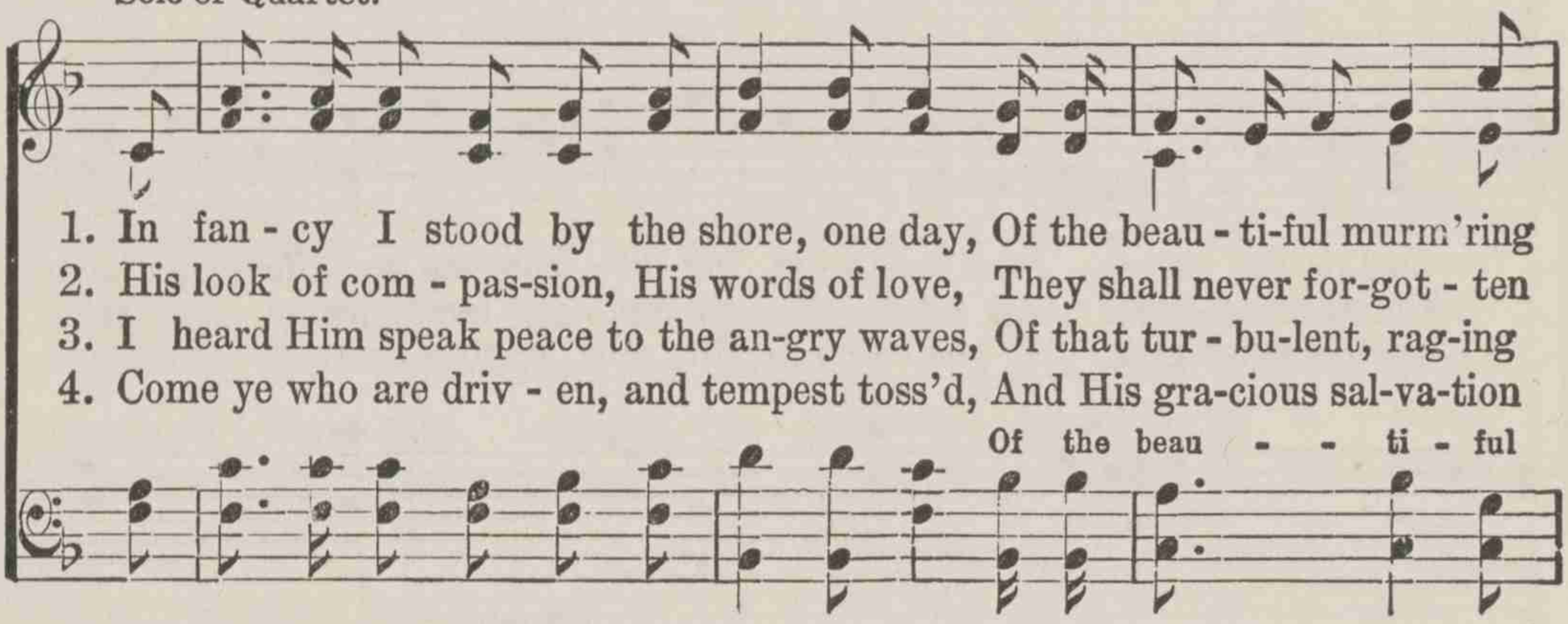
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Mrs. C. H. M.
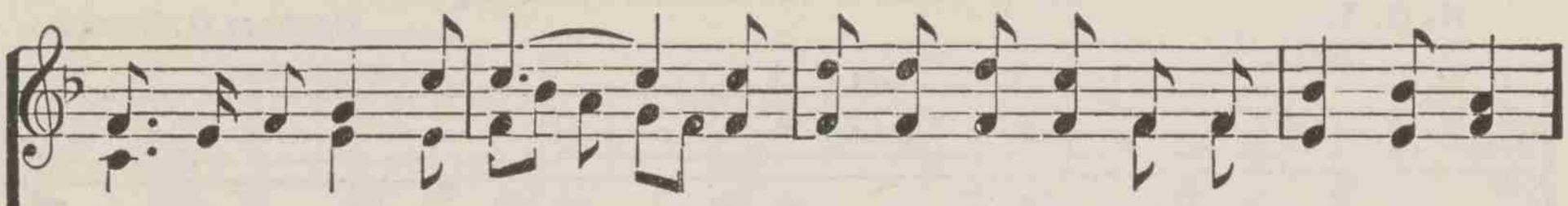
Mrs. C. H. Morris.
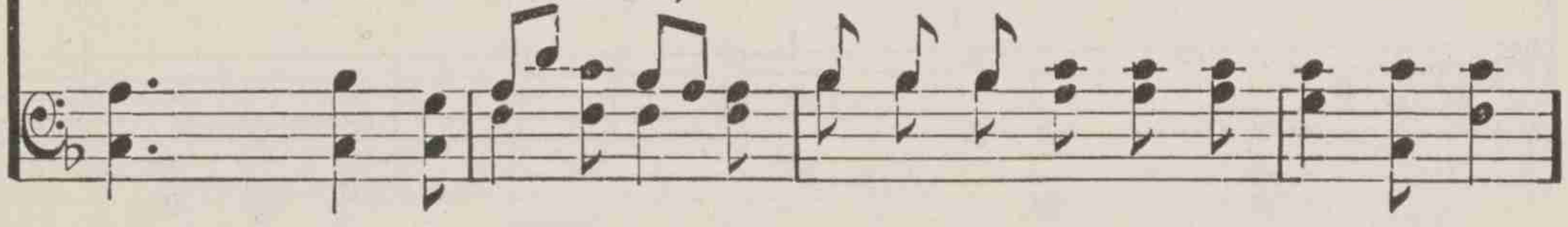


Solo or Quartet.



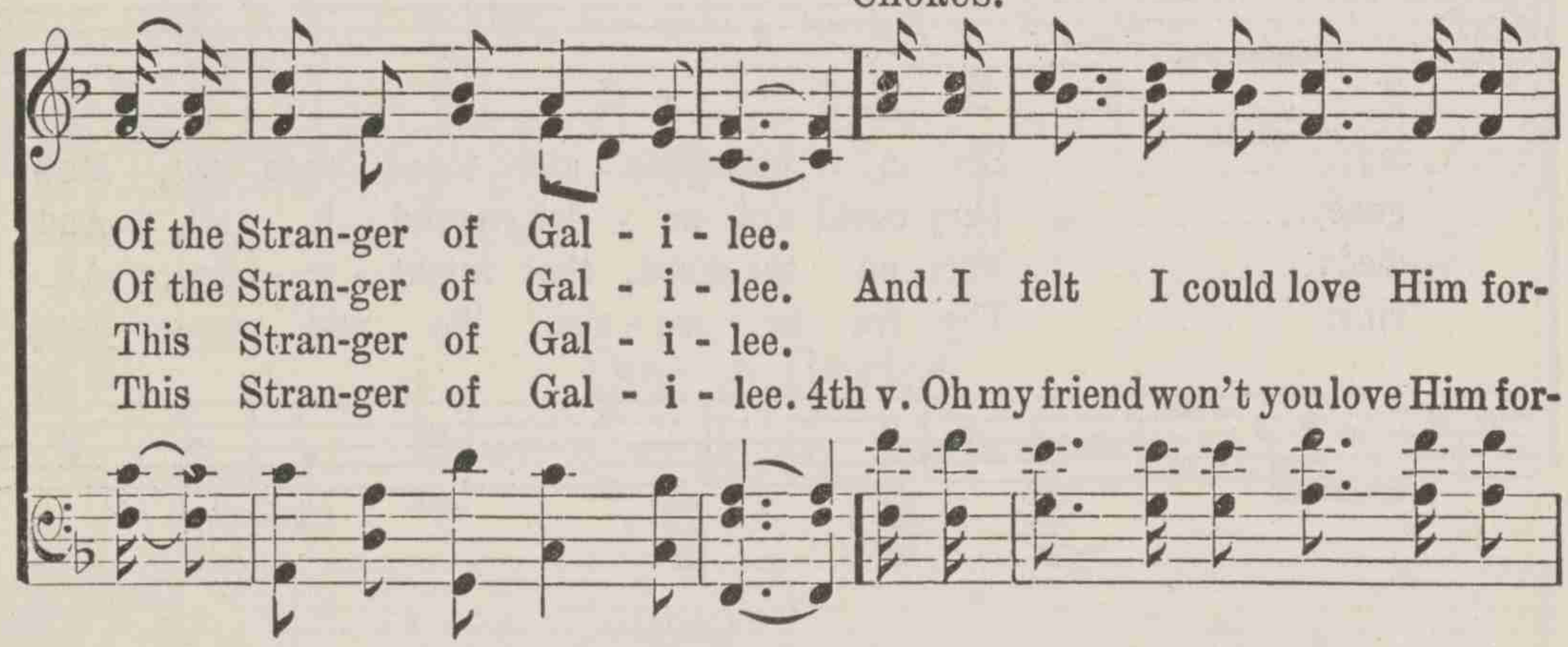
The Stranger of Galilee.



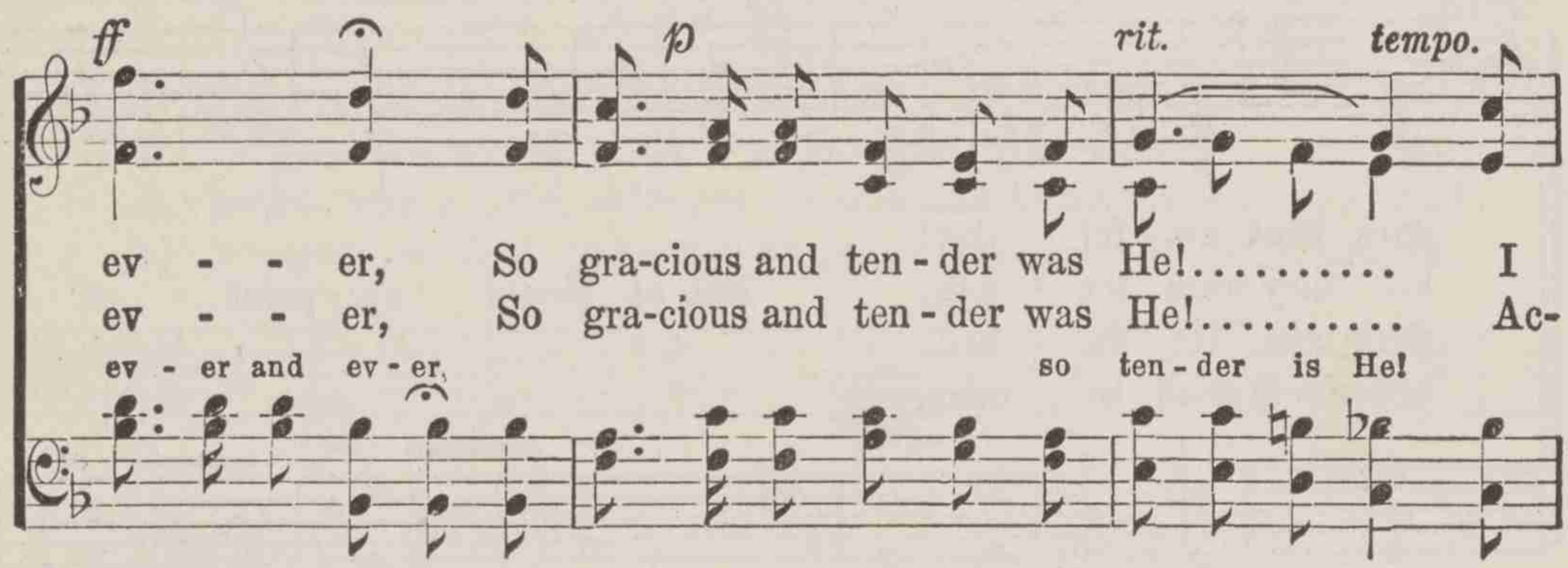
mo-ment was made to see;..... The lame was made whole by the matchless skill
whispered "It was for thee!".... My bur-den fell off at the pierc-ed feet
ev - er a-bides with me;..... He hold-eth my life in His might-y hands,
ev - er to you will be,..... If on - ly you let him with you a - bide,
mo - - ment was made to see;
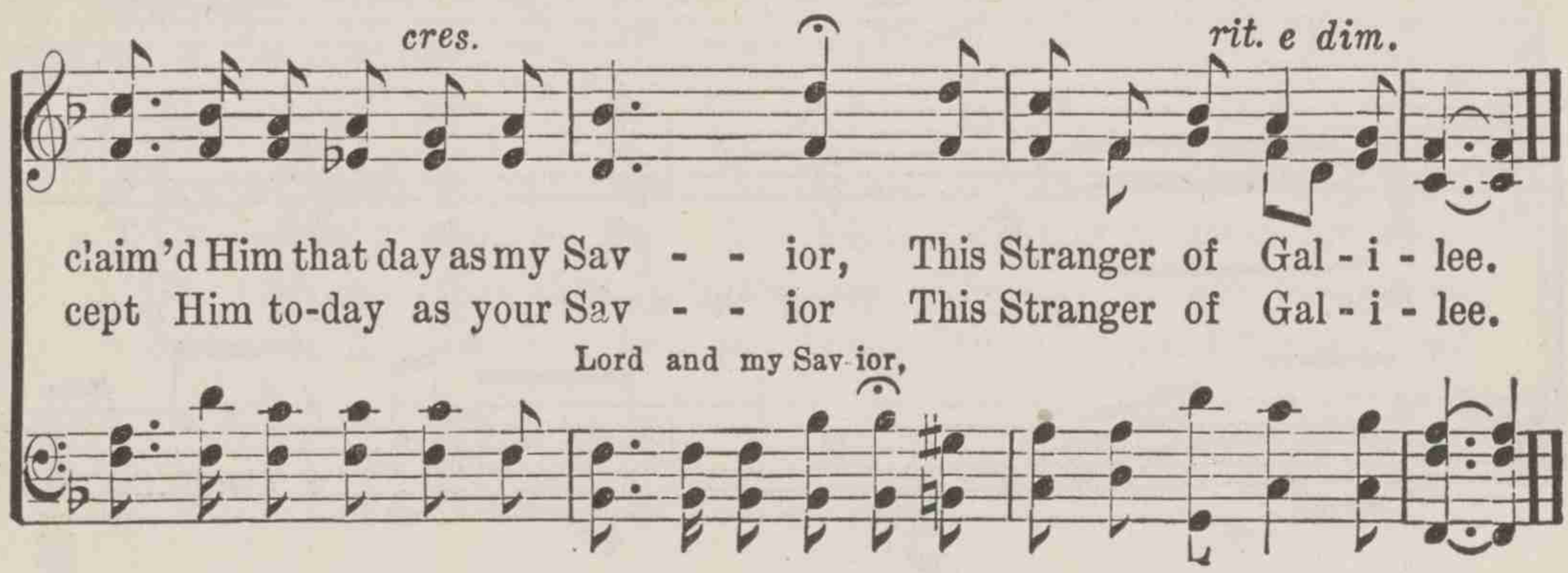


CHORUS.



Of the Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee.
Of the Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. And I felt I could love Him for-
This Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee.
This Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. 4th v. Oh my friend won't you love Him for-



ev - - er, So gra-cious and ten-der was He!..... I
ev - - er, So gra-cious and ten-der was He!..... Ac-
ev - er and ev - er, so ten-der is He!



claim'd Him that day as my Sav - - ior, This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
cept Him to-day as your Sav - - ior This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
Lord and my Sav-ior,

75 Mighty Savior, Risen Lord.

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H. G. T. Herbert G. Tovey.

Solo.
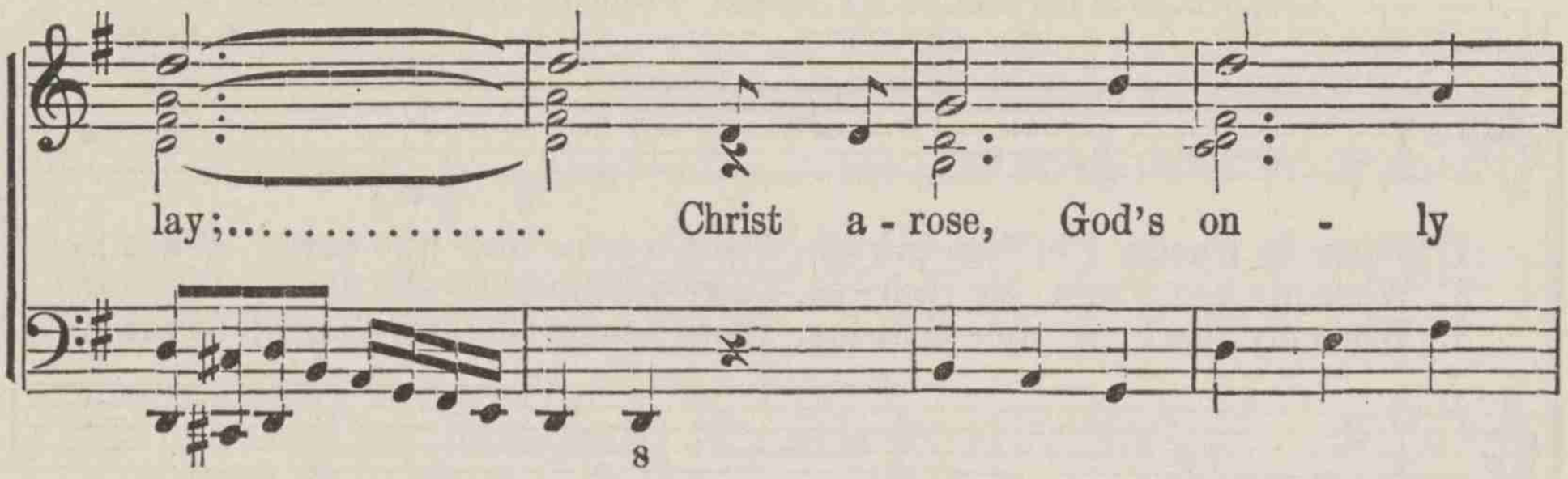
1. My Sav - ior died on Cal - va - ry, And in the grave He lay;..... Dis - ci - ples gone and loved ones sad, How
2. It seemed as though the hope of those Who fol-lowed Him, was gone;..... They could not un - der - stand it all, And
3. The Scrip-tures must be all ful - filled, And so He bled and died;..... Then on the third, that might - y day, All
4. O might - y Sav - ior, ris - en Lord, My con-quer - or di- vine;..... Thy res - ur - rec - tion, life and power From
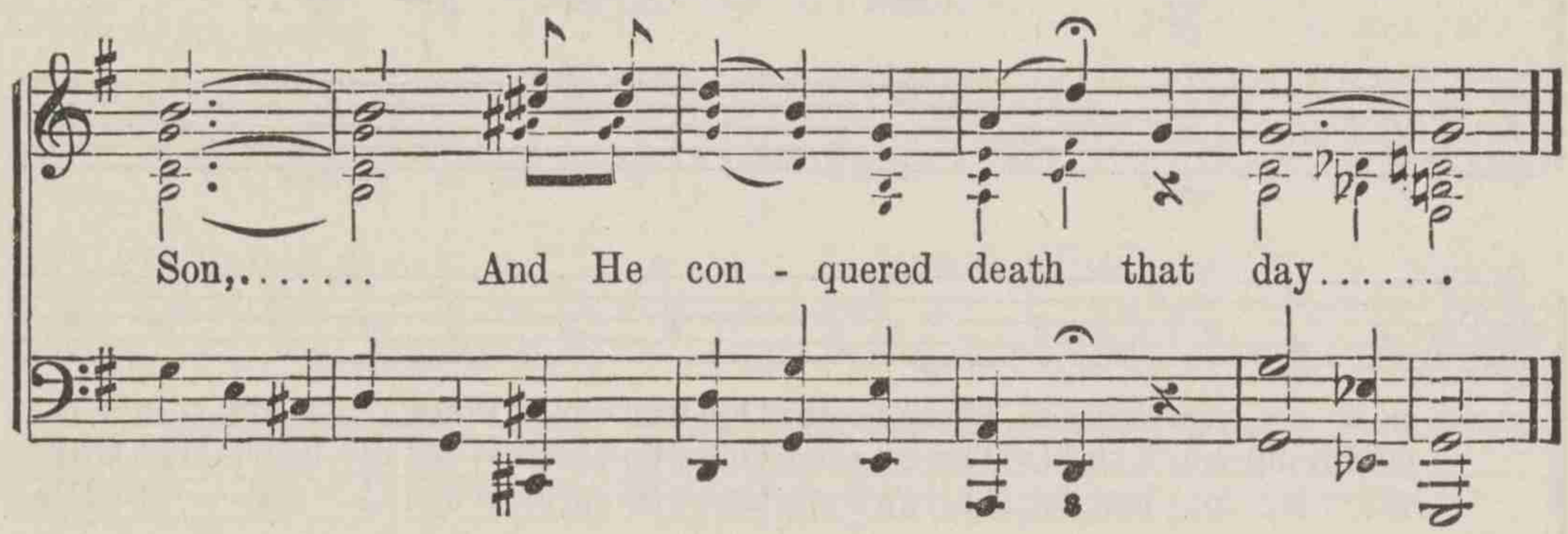
CHORUS.

dark that aw - ful day!
lo! they were for - lorn. But at God's ap - point - ed
dark-ness He de - fied.
henceforth shall be mine.

time, ... When the world in dark - ness

Mighty Savior, Risen Lord.
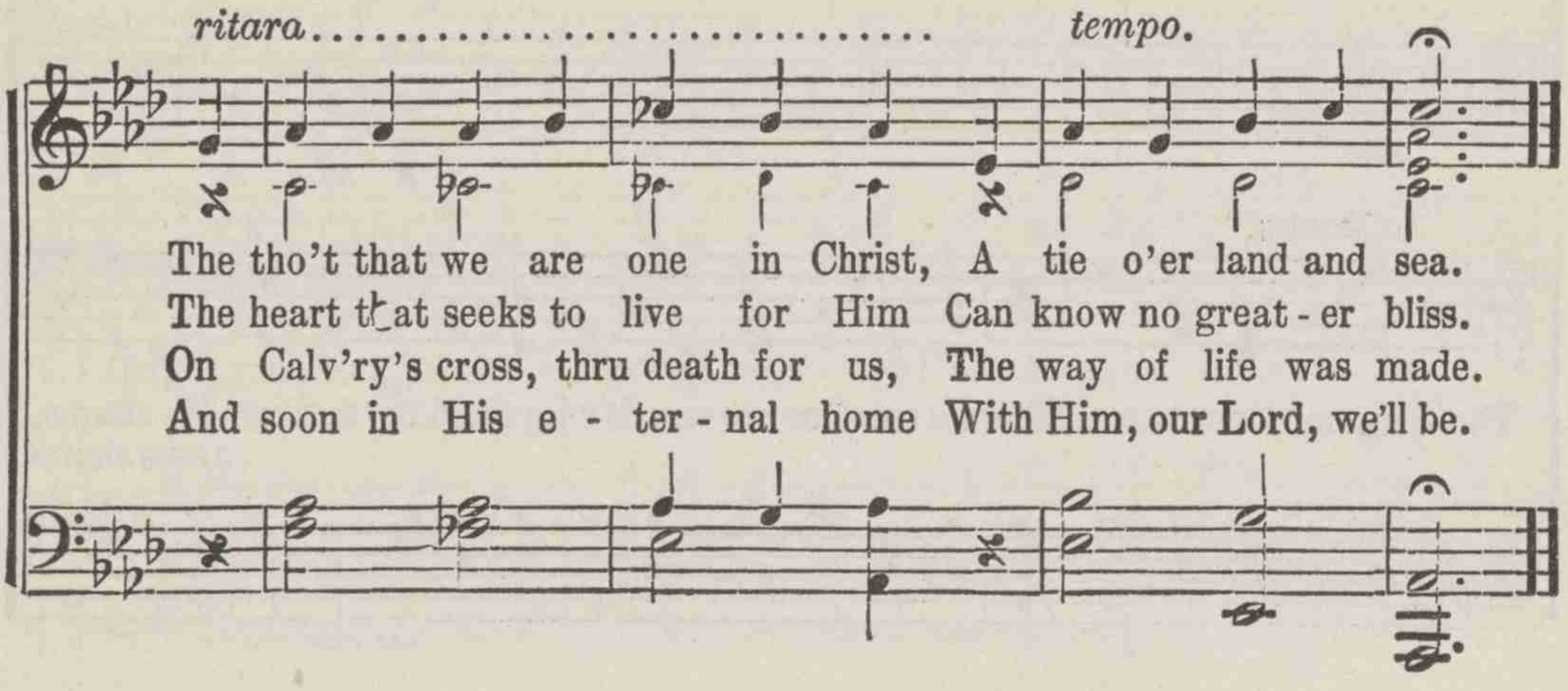




76 One in Christ.

International copyright, 1925, by Herbert G. Tovey.
Used by per.

C. F. Warren. **Herbert G. Tovey.**



77 There's Some One Who Cares.

Copyright, 1910 and 1912, by J. P. Lowry. Controlled by E. A. Hoffman.

J. P. L. J. P. Lowry.

1. When by friends I'm for - sak - en, There's some One who cares; When by
2. When my hopes turn to ash - es, There's some One who cares; When the
3. When my heart is re - pent-ing, There's some One who cares; When my

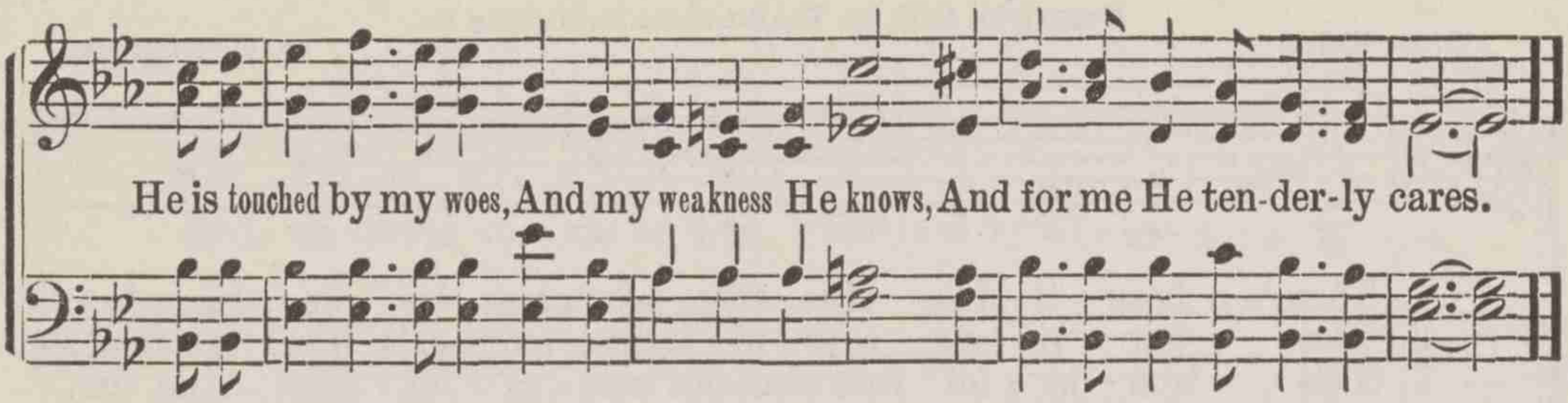
sin o - ver- tak - en, There's some One who cares; When the world turn's a-
wild temp-est lash - es, There's some One who cares; When my heart cries with-
will is re - lent-ing, There's some One who cares; When I fall at His

way, And I scarce-ly can pray, I know there is some One who cares.
in, All be-cause of my sin, I know there is some One who cares.
feet, And my sto - ry re - peat, 'Tis Je - sus, my Sav ior, who cares.

CHORUS.

There's some One who cares, There's some One who cares, My joys and my sorrows He shares,
Jesus shares,

There's Some One Who Cares.



78 I'm Trusting My All In His Hand.

Copyright, 1923, by J. E. Sturgis.

Dr. W. S. Martin. **J. E. Sturgis.**

J. E. Sturgis sings this song on new Standard Record No. 5.

79 The Rose of Mother's Love.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

E. C. Baird. G. K. Sturgis.

Solo.
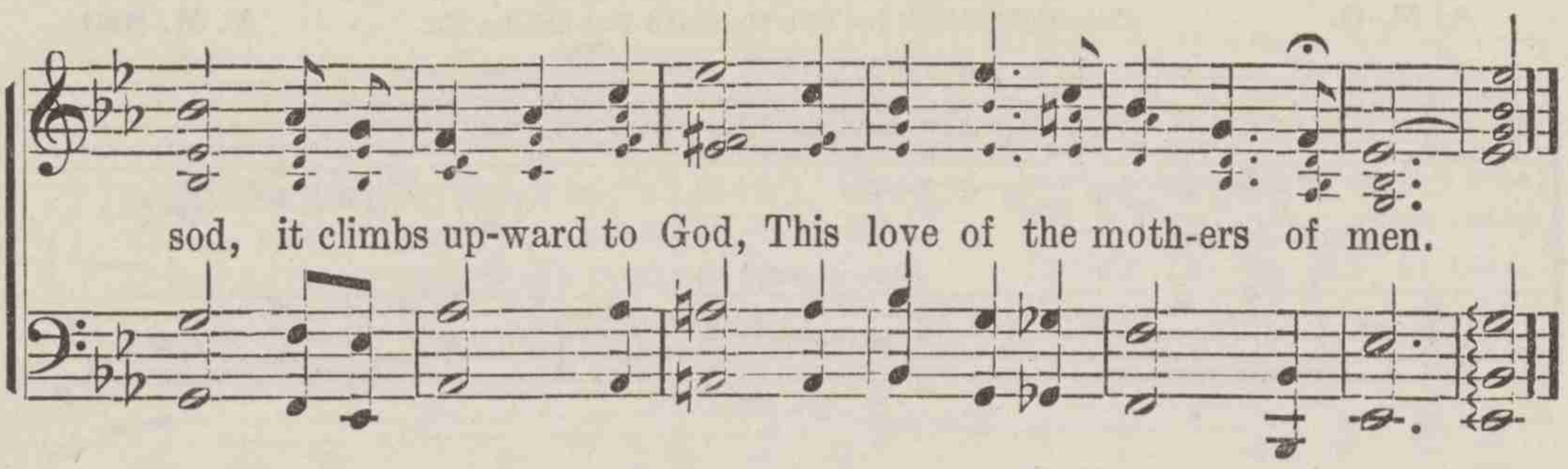
1. There's a beau - ti - ful rose that blooms ev -'ry day, You have seen it a - gain and a - gain, ... It brightens the dark-ness of
2. This glo - ri - ous rose of a true moth-er's love, Blooms so sweetly 'mid sor - row and pain; ..... It points with its beau-ty and
3. This won - der - ful rose shall not with - er or fade, And its glo - ry the a - ges shall share; ..... At last, when we rest in the

life's wea - ry way, 'Tis the love of the moth-ers of men....
fra-grance a - bove, All un - tarnished by sin's ug - ly stain.....
"tree of life's" shade, We shall find this rose blooming up there.....

CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful rose, in life's gar - den it grows, No tongue can de - scribe it, or pen; ..... From the dust and the
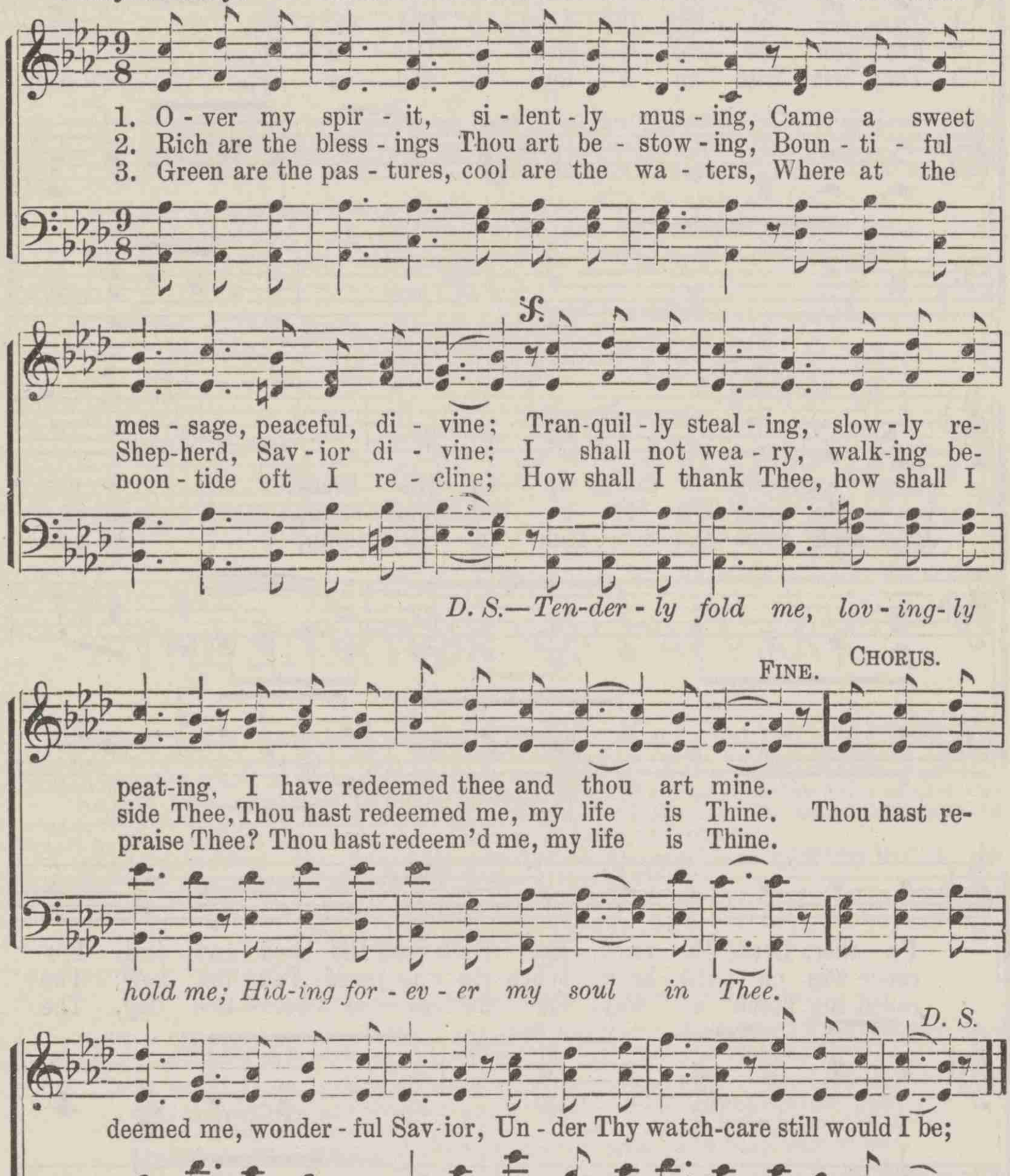
The Rose of Mother's Love.



80 Thou Hast Redeemed Me.

Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main.

Fanny J. Crosby. I have redeemed thee.—ISA. 43: 1. **W. H. Doane.**



81

On Calvary.

A. M. B. Copyright, 1923, by The Standard Publishing Co. A. M. Ball.

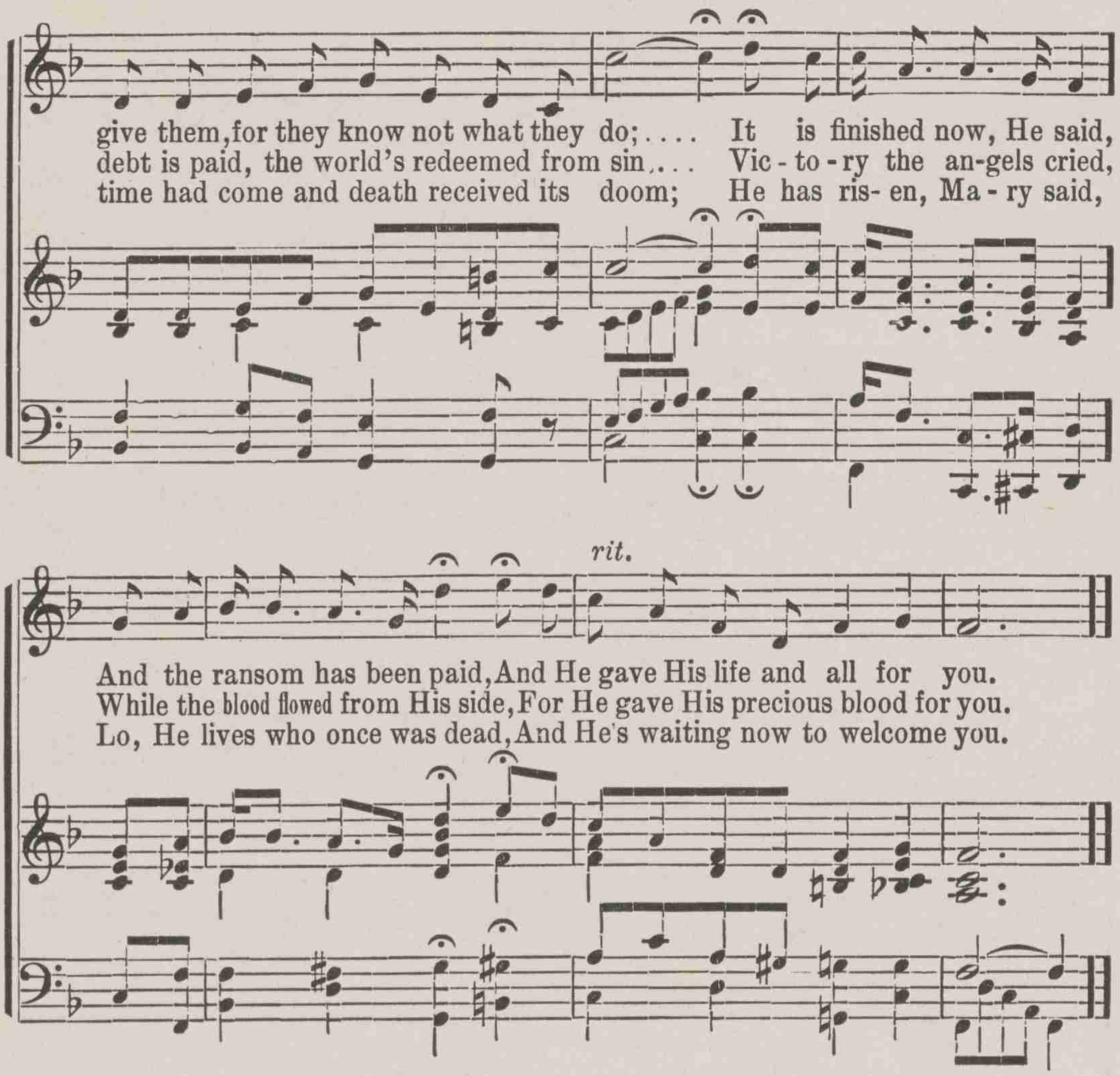
Introduction. *rit*

A tempo.

1. They cru - ci - fied the Lord on Cal - va - ry,..... They placed a crown of thorns up - on His head;..... O my
2. For you He shed His blood on Cal - va - ry,..... For you He gave His life so free from stain;..... In - no -
3. They left Him all a - lone on Cal - va - ry,..... And Jo - seph came and bore Him to His tomb; ..... An-gels

Fa - ther, Lord, He cried, Ere He bowed His head and died, For-
cence was on His brow, When He whis-pered, Take me now, The
rolled the stone a - way, On the res - ur - rec - tion day, The

On Galvary.



THE STORY OF "ON CALVARY."

Many of the world's great songs have been written in the throes of human suffering. It is then that the soul, in closer touch with God, gives expression to that which at other times is beyond its power. It was so with the author of "On Calvary."

Behind prison walls, convicted—through an unfortunate combination of circumstances—of a crime he did not commit; crushed by sorrow, his anguished, aching heart poured out this song of faith unshaken, of hope undimmed.

As he set it down, what a terrible meaning each line of that song had to him. In his own soul was reflected the travail of the dying Christ.

"Innocence was on his brow
When he whispered, 'Take me now.'"

and, again, when he quotes:

"Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In "Les Miserables" Victor Hugo makes his sublime character, "The Bishop," say, after hearing Jean Val Jean's recital of his sufferings and wrongs in prison:

> "Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. . . . If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow-men, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

Twenty years after Ball's return from serving three years in the penitentiary, the man who had committed the crime of which Mr. Ball had been accused and convicted, conscience-stricken on his death-bed, confessed his guilt and opened the way to such righting of a great wrong as may be had here on earth.

82 Jesus Will Miss You If You're Lost.

Copyright, 1917, by E. J. Meacham.
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

E. J. Meacham. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. O sin-ner, Christ was slain for thee; He suffered on the
2. Je-sus will miss you if you're lost, Be-hold, how much re-
3. Je-sus is plead - ing; hear Him cry, "Leave ev-'ry sin, and
4. Je-sus is call - ing thro' His word; Re-ceive Him as your

shame-ful tree; 'Twas there He died for you, for me, That we might
demp-tion cost! O hear Him plead - ing now with thee, "Take up your
self de - ny;" He call-eth now in love to thee, "O give up
on - ly Lord; Then fol-low in the path He trod, And you shall

live e - ter - nal - ly.
cross and fol - low me." Je-sus will miss you, Je - sus will
all and fol - low me.
have re-ward from God.

CHORUS.

miss you, Je - sus will miss you if you're lost! Je - sus will

miss you, Heaven will miss you. Loved ones will miss you if you're lost!

83

For All the World.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
The Standard Publishing Co., owners.

Rev. W. P. Townsend. Geo. S. Schuler.

1. O Christ, on Thee my sins were laid, Thou hast for me the ran-som paid;
2. My soul, with shackles once bound fast, Cause to re-joice hath found at last:
3. My ma - ny sins are wash'd a - way, In Thee I stand com-plete to - day;

Thy cross a - lone has made me free, I now have par-don, Lord, thro' Thee.
And for the love Thou gav-est me, I'll praise Thee thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
O bless - ed Sav - ior, Ho - ly One, 'Twas by Thy cross the work was done.

CHORUS.

For all the world ..... His love is free, ... As well for

For all the world His love is free,

thee, ... as well for me; ..... Up - on His prom - -

As well for thee, as well for me; Up - on His prom-

ise all may lean, ... From ev-'ry sin may be made clean.

ise And thro' His grace from ev - 'ry sin may be made clean, be made clean.

84

Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.

Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis and D. S. Twohig.

Daniel S. Twohig. **J. E. Sturgis.**

1. When your heart with life's bur-dens is wear - y, And the path-way a-
2. "Come to me" is the kind in - vi - ta - tion Of Je - sus, your
3. When the tri - als of life are all end - ed, When you reach the glad

round you is drear, There is one who is al - ways be - side you, Your
Sav - ior and Lord; Lean on Him, there is rest on His bo - som, Find
home of the blest, You will dwell in the glo - ry with Je - sus, For-

CHORUS.

cry of dis - tress He will hear. Go tell your sto - ry to
com-fort in His ho - ly word.
ev - er with Him you will rest. Go tell the

Je - sus, He is your Sav - ior and Guide; . . . . He
sto - ry to Je - sus, Sav-ior and Guide;

came from a-bove, in in-fin-ite love, To save you on Calv-'ry He died;

Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.

Trusting this gracious Redeem - er, You may your courage re - new;
Trust - ing this gracious Redeemer,

Go tell your story to Je - sus, Find out how much He loves you. . . . . .
He loves you.

85 I Need Thy Presence.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Geo. A. J. Gampfer. Nelson M. Gampfer.

1. I need Thy pres - ence near me ev - 'ry day, From ear - ly
2. I need Thy Spir - it with me to a - bide, Urg - ing me
3. I need Thy love to strengthen and to hold My fal - t'ring

morn and thru the still - y night; In all my walks a-
on Thy will on earth to do, The wea - ry souls to
steps up - on the up - right way, To keep the faith and

long life's earthly way, Be Thou near by, my guide, my staff, my light.
save from sin and guide Un - to my Lord,—then life be - gin a - new.
lead me to the fold, To love as Thou un - to e - ter - nal day.

86

Your Mother's Prayers.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

H. D. L. Harry Dixon Loes.

Duet.

1. There is a pow'r that claims its own, A mem - 'ry
2. When you, an in - fant on her breast, Re - posed, as
3. E'en now you feel her woo - ing love, Her kneel - ing
4. O God, we thank Thee for the host Of moth - ers

loy - al hearts re - vere;— They plead for you be - fore the throne,—
love so gen - tly smiled, She breathed a prayer that you be blest;
form you still can see; Come, take the Christ she taught you of,
who have prayerful been; Oh, may some mother's child that's lost,

REFRAIN.

The faith - ful prayers of moth-er dear.
That she in heav n would meet her child. You can-not for-get your
That moth-er's prayers may answered be.
To-night for - sake the ways of sin!

mother's pray'rs, That mem'ry convic - tion bears, They've haunted your
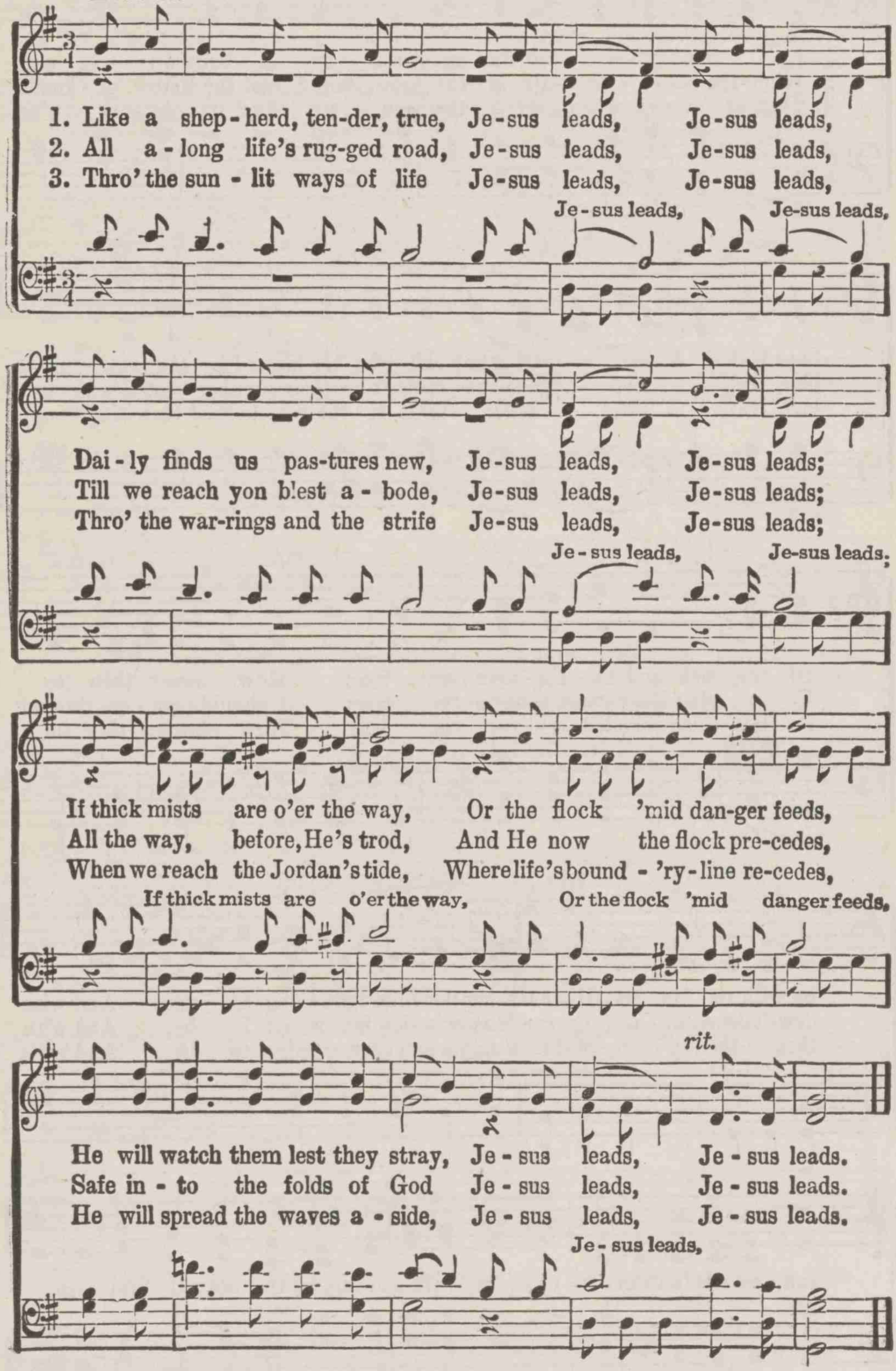
steps thru all the years—You can - not for - get your mother's pray'rs.

Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

John R. Clements. Copyright, 1920, by Jno. R. Sweney. Renewal. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

Andante.



88 Beautiful Galilee.

Copyright, 1921, by Earnest L. Earley and Morris McCabe Day. Used by per.

Earnest L. Earley. **George Albert and Morris McCabe Day.**

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry A - bout Je - sus and
2. When the ros - e - ate tints of the morn - ing Kissed the hills a - round
3. Then at ev - en when gold - en the sun - set Shed its glo - ry o'er

rall.

blue Gal - i - lee, Of the chil - dren He blessed by the way - side,
blue Gal - i - lee, When the birds from their slumbers would wak - en,
blue Gal - i - lee, When birds in the nest hushed their sing - ing,

mf
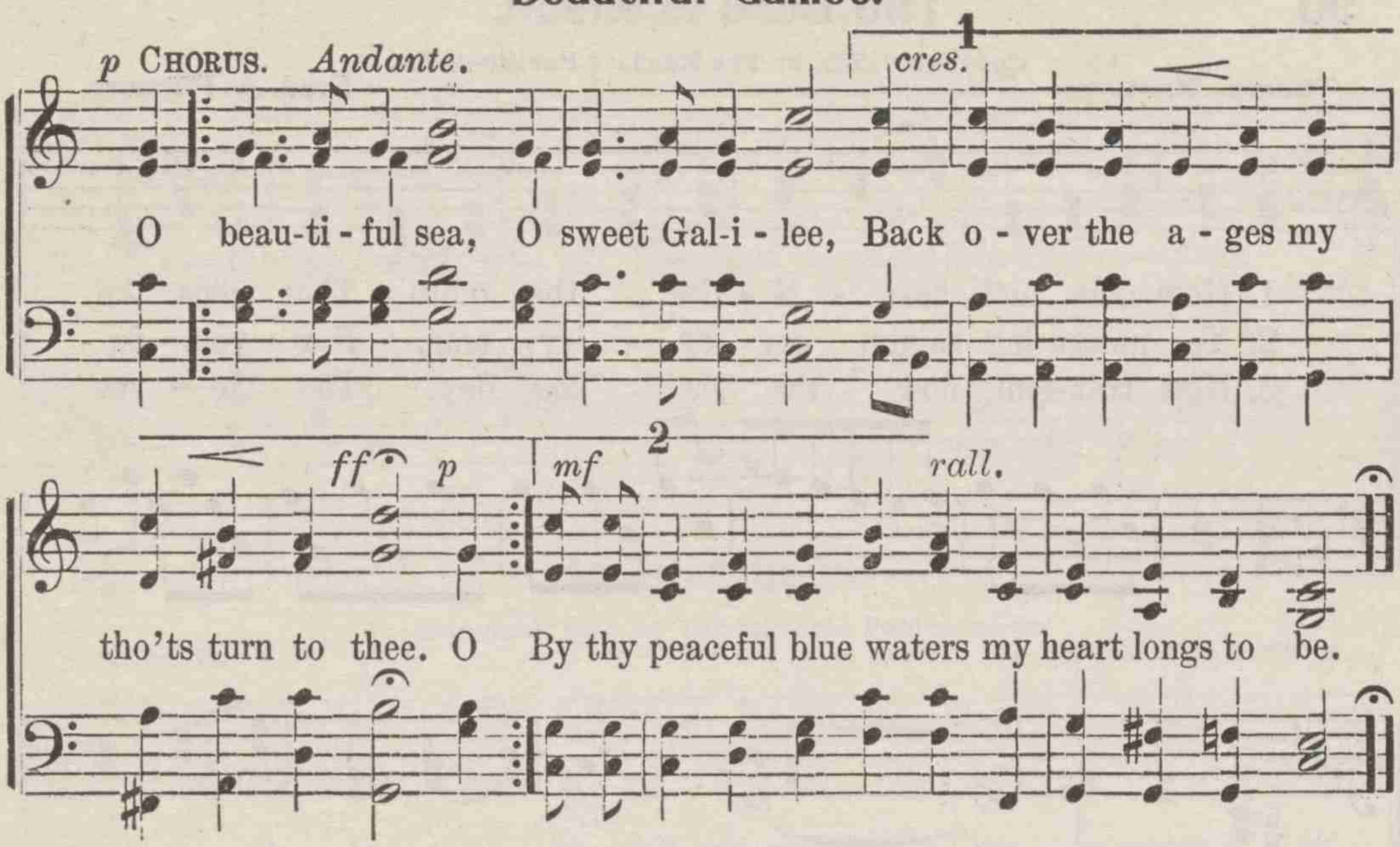
Of the sick and the sin - ners set free; How sweet then to
To sing their sweet songs in the tree; I should hast - en through
As His voice sounded o - ver the lea; How beau - ti - ful

cres. *f*

be with the Mas-ter, Hear His gentle voice speak-ing to me, And with
dew-ladened lil - ies, By my Master's side fain would I be, And with
then in the twi-light, 'Mid such sights and such wonders to be, And with

Him and His faithful dis - ci - ples, Walk and talk by the beau - ti - ful sea.
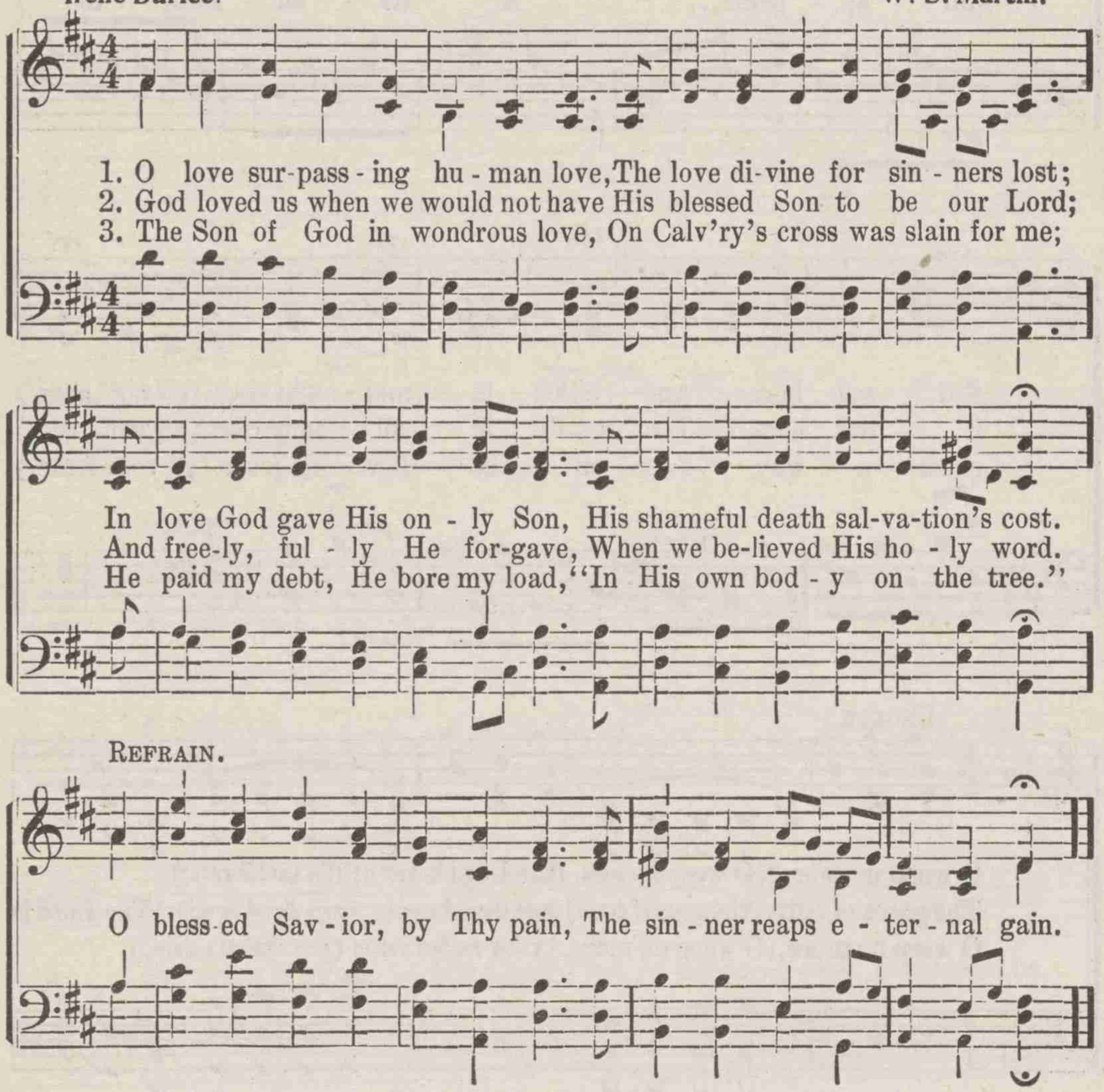
Beautiful Galilee.



89 Love Surpassing Human Love.

Copyright, 1922, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Irene Durfee. W. S. Martin.



90

The Lord Is Risen.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Thomas Hastings. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb..... Where once the Cru - ci -
2. Ye mourn-ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear, For your de - part - ed Lord;..... "Be - hold the place— He
3. How tran-quil now the ris - ing day, 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears,..... A ris - en Lord to
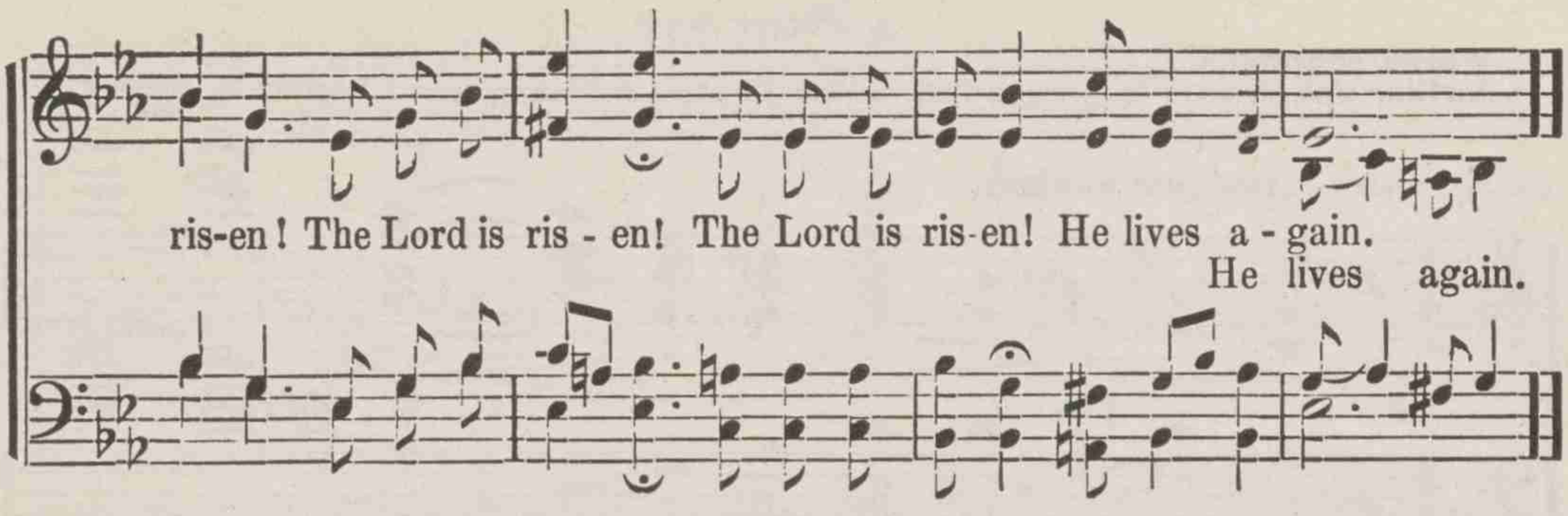
rit.

fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom. (mid night gloom.)
is not here," The tomb is all unbarred. (all unbarred.)
chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears. (all your fears.)

CHORUS.

O weep no more, (O weep no more,) the Lord is ris'n; (the Lord is ris'n;)
The gates of death, (the gates of death) were closed in vain, (were closed in vain,) The Lord is
O weep no more, (O weep no more,) your comfort's slain, (your comfort's slain,)

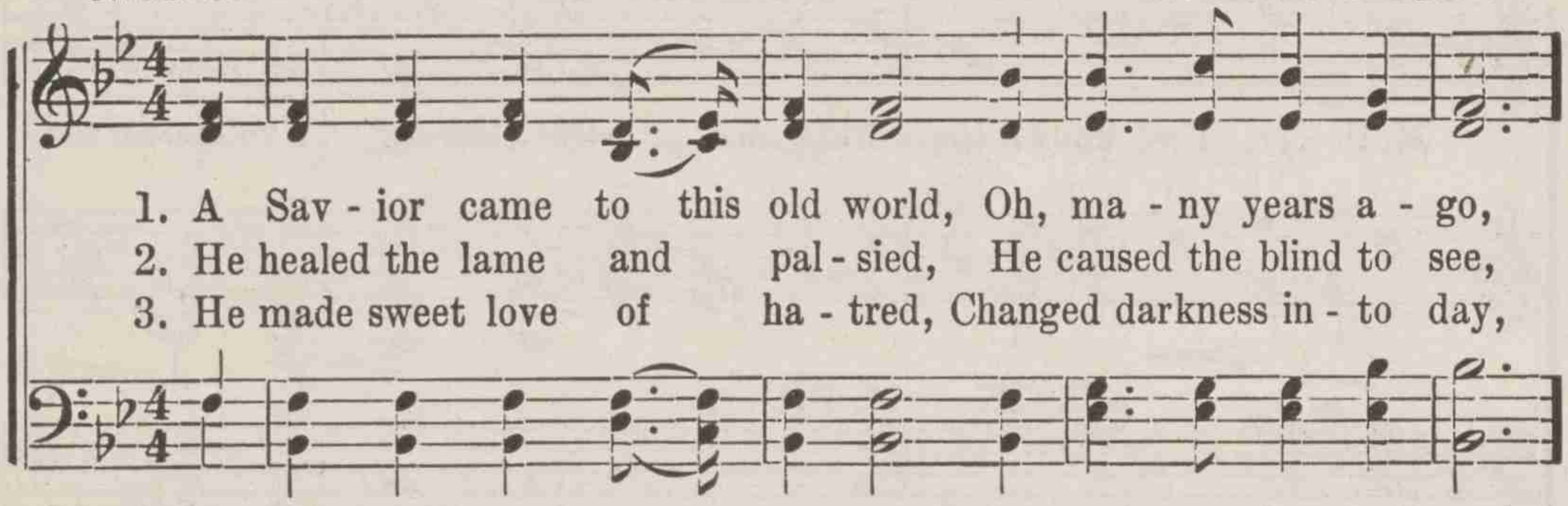
The Lord Is Risen.

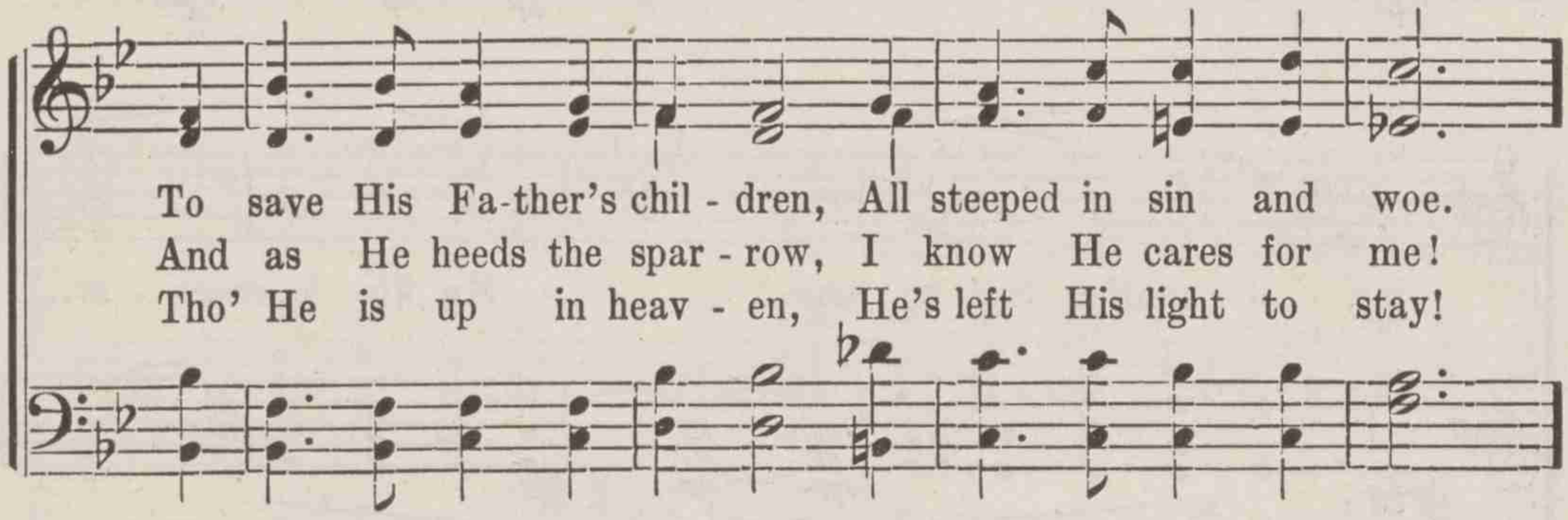


91 Jesus Cares.

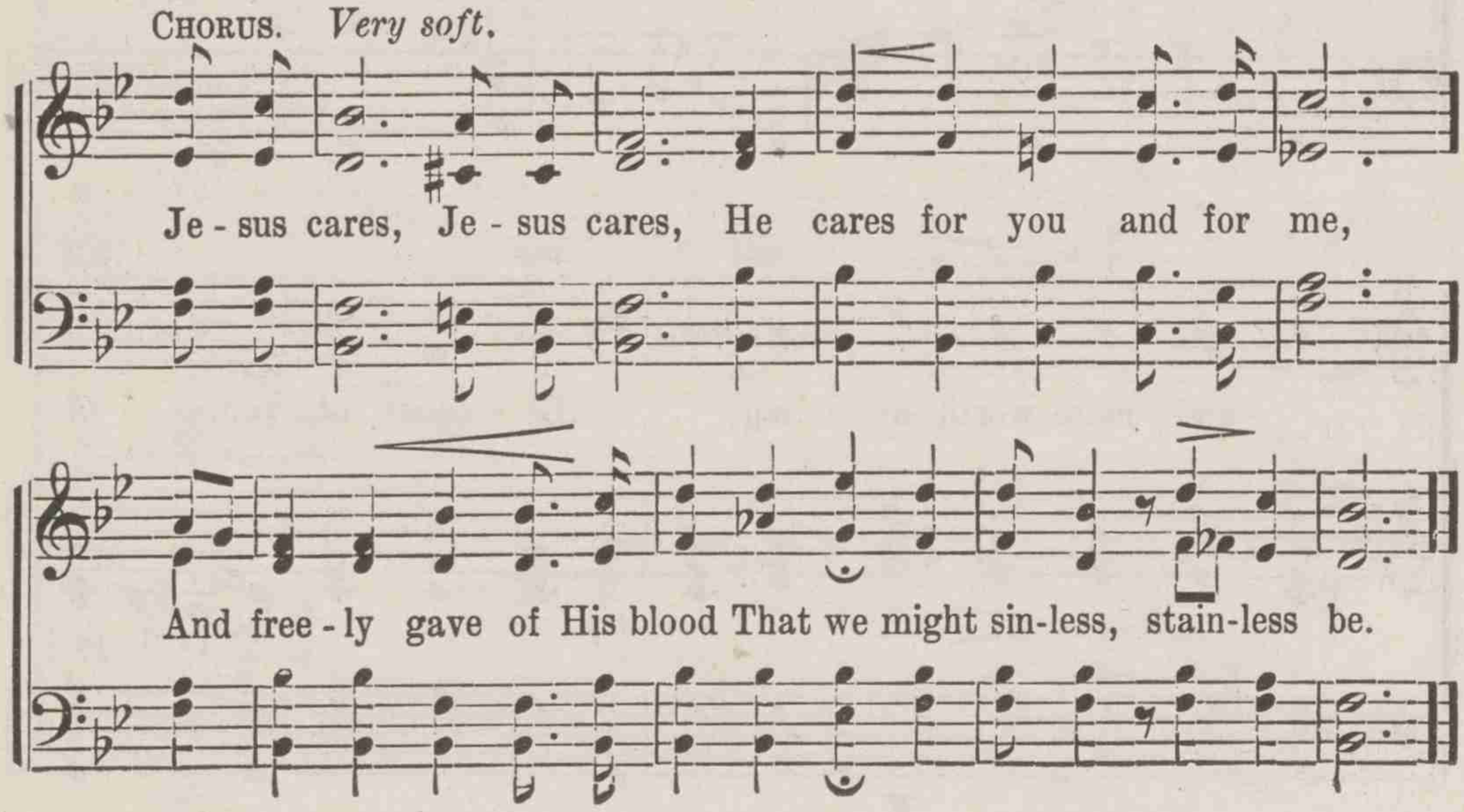
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N. M. G. Nelson M. Gampfer.





CHORUS. *Very soft.*



92 Because of You.

A Mother Song.

Words adapted.
Author unknown. Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co. **Louise E. Ewing.**

Intro. Andante moderato.

mp *p* *pp*

Espress.

Moth - er, I've known the world's most priceless bless-ing, I've known the

joy of mother love so true, My life is sweet - er,...

..... and more worth liv - ing, Be - cause of you, of

rit. *mp* *pp*

mp *pp*

Because of You.

mf

you.... ..... Long have I wor - shiped,

mf

in my soul's en - shrin - ing, High vis - ions of the

cresc.

no - ble and the true, Now all my aims and all my pray'rs are

f *pp* *con amore.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

pur - er,..... Moth-er, be - cause of you.....

8va.

f *pp* *con amore.* *p* *pp* *ppp*

93 Jesus Wept! Those Tears Are Over.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

James Challen. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

Introduction.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row, Is a

heart is still the same. Kins - man, Friend and
waves of sor - row roll, I will lay my
leg - a - cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to -

Eld - er Broth - er Is His ev - er - last - ing
head on Je - sus, Pil - low of the trou - bled
day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev - er

Jesus Wept! Those Tears Are Over.

Some Day I'll See Him.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Wm. M. Runyan. **Harry Dixon Loes.**

Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. Lin - ger - ing here 'mid life's sorrow and care, Jour-ney-ing on 'neath the
2. Grace, like a riv - er, here bears me a - long, Joy, heaven's sweetness, my
3. Sweet the as-sur-ance that dai - ly I know, For He has saved me thru

bur-dens I bear, Looking a - bove, where His glo-ry I'll share,
soul fills with song; But, there to praise Him in heaven's glad throng,
Cal - va - ry's flow; And, thru His grace, to His arms I shall go,—

REFRAIN.

Oh, how I long my Re-deem-er to see! Some day I'll see Him in
glo - ry a - bove, Look on the face of the Sav-ior I love. Anchored at
last in that heaven - ly place, Some day I'll see Him, face to face.

95

Wonderful Peace.

Copyright, 1923, by
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der-ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der-ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der-ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der-ful peace,

won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a-
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,

Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

ran - somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

96 Search Me, O God.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Psalm 139. **Harry Dixon Loes.**

SOLO.

1. Search me, O God, and know Thou my heart, Try me, O God, and
2. Whither shall I go to flee from Thy presence? Darkness and light are

know Thou all my thoughts; See if there be a-ny wick-ed way with-
both a-like to Thee, For all Thy works so mar-vel-ous I'll

in me, Lead me, O God, in the way ev-er-last-ing.
praise Thee, For I am fear-ful-ly, won-der-ful-ly made.

Thou know-est my down-sit-ting and up-ris-ing, Thou un-der-stand-est my
How pre-cious are Thy tho'ts to me, O God! Yea, they are more in

thought a-far off;.....
num-ber than the sand; .....

Thou art ac-quaint-ed with
Search me, O God, and

Search Me, O God.

all of my ways, ... Such know - ledge is . . . too
know Thou my heart, ... Try me, O God, . . and

CODA.

won-der - ful for me.
know Thou all my thoughts. Search me, O God, know Thou my heart.

97 Blessed, Blessed News.

A. Midlane. Copyright, 1922, by The Standard Publishing Co. W. S. Martin.

1. How vast, how full, how free, The mer - cy of the Lord, Proclaim the
2. So full! it doth re - move The stain of ev -'ry sin, And leave the
3. So free! it asks no price, For God de-lights to give; It on - ly

REFRAIN.

bless-ed news a-round, And spread it all a - broad.
conscience white and pure, As tho' no sin had been. Blessed, blessed news,
says—a sim-ple thing—"Be-lieve in Christ and live."

Mer-cy is for thee, Flowing from the heart of God—So vast, so full, so free.

98 I Want to Be Ready to Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. Some day, all my wand'rings and trials shall cease, And Je - sus shall call me, I know; Some day, from this clay shall my soul find release,—I want to be read-y to go...
2. Some day, my Re-deem-er shall call me to come And leave all these earth-scenes be-low, And take me to be with my loved ones at home,— I want to be read-y to go...
3. Some day, at the throne of the Judge I shall stand, My sentence be joy, or be woe; O, may I be found at my Savior's right hand,— I want to be read-y to go...

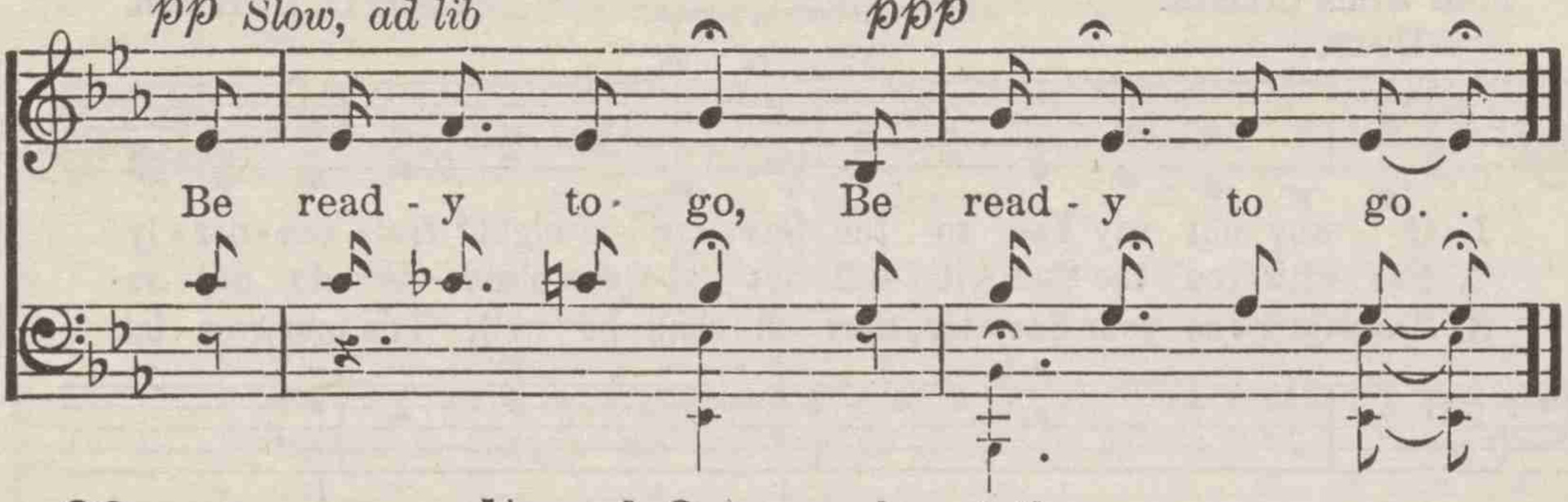
CHORUS.

I want to be ready to go,..... I want to be ready to go,..... I want to be read-y to go,..... When storms are all past, He shall call me at last, I want to be read-y to go...
be ready to go,
be read-y to go,

I Want to Be Ready to Go.

CODA. (*After last verse only.*)
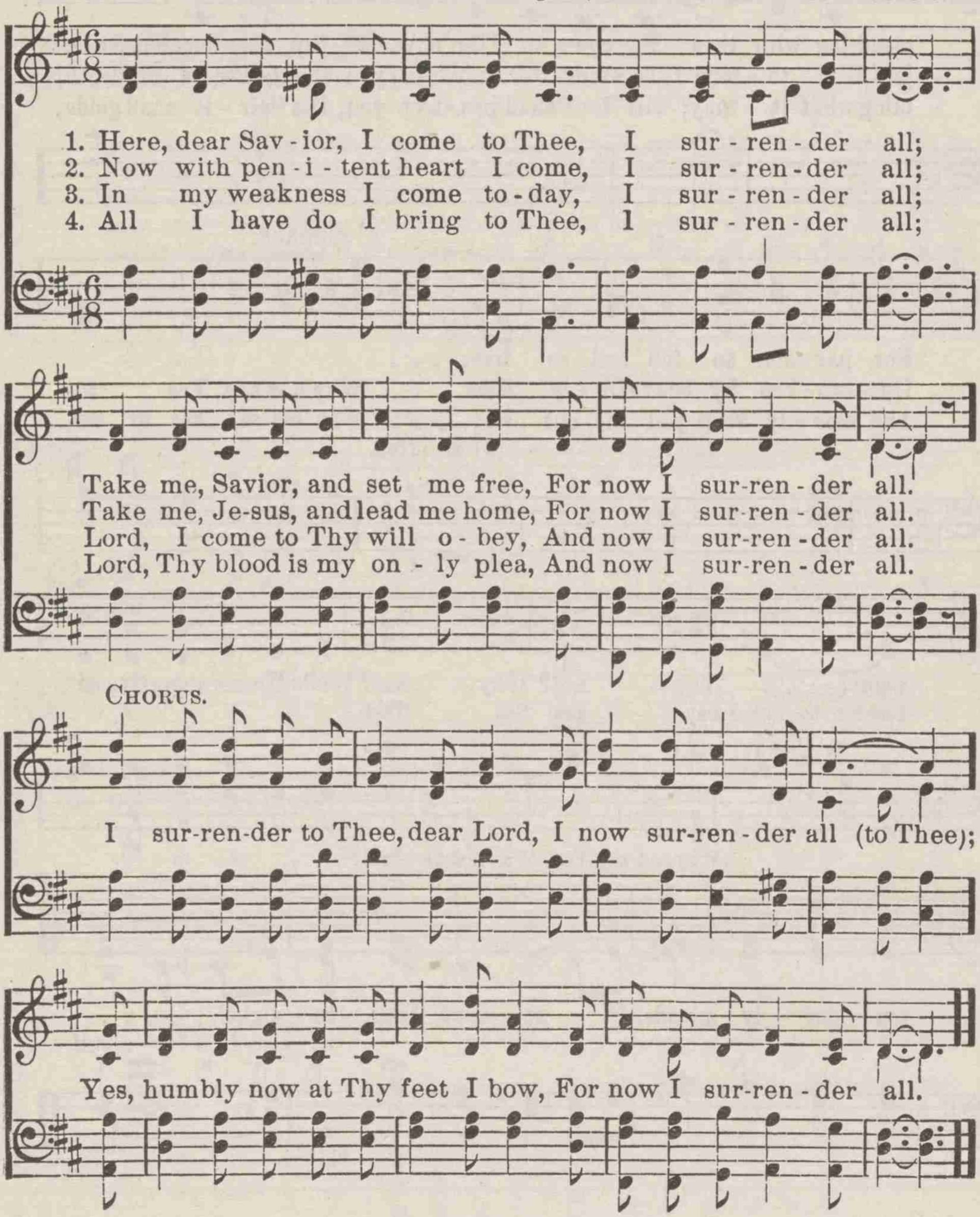
pp *Slow, ad lib* *ppp*



99 Now I Surrender All.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY FRANK C. HUSTON
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.



CHORUS.

100 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Effie Wells Loucks. Louis D. Eichhorn.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par - don so full and so free. . . .
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the

(1) so free.

night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen - tly, so
Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night! . . . . .
ac - cept Him to - night!

101 Make Jesus Your Wonderful Friend.

Copyright, 1924, by Frank E. Roush, Lynchburg, Ohio.

Frank E. Roush. **Haldor Lillenas.**

1. If you want help from a Friend al-ways true, One who will strengthen and
2. If you would live the Christ-life ev - 'ry day, True to the faith, with-out
3. If you want someone your sor-row to share, When you have burdens so
4. If you want glo - ry and grace in your soul, Grace in your heart that will
5. If you'd cross Jordan as high billows foam, If saints and an - gels would

take care of you, One who will com-fort and see your way thro', Make
ceas-ing to pray, If you would tri-umph o'er sin all the way, Make
heav - y to bear, He will sus - tain you, will an - swer your pray'r, Make
save and make whole; Grace while the years of e-ter - ni - ty roll, Make
welcome you home, If you'd be-hold the great King on His throne, Make

CHORUS.

Je - sus your won-der - ful Friend, Oh, make Him your won-der-ful
Friend, ... And fol - low Him thro' to life's end; . . . . . He'll
won-der-ful Friend, to life's end;
al-ways be true, He'll take care of you, O make Him your wonderful Friend.

102 My Earnest Prayer.

International coppright, 1922, by Herbert G. Tovey and J. H. Allen.

Rev. J. H. Allen. **Herbert G. Tovey.**

SOLO.

1. To Thee I lift my voice in pray'r, Hear Thou my
2. 'Tis not for ease my voice I raise, There's work to
3. 'Tis not for wealth that I would plead, Sil - ver and
4. 'Tis not for note or world - ly fame That I would

cry; 'Tis not that I be free from care, Oh, God, most
do; In lei - sure then, why spend my days, Life's jour - ney
gold; 'Twere grand, per - haps, to feel no need, Have wealth un-
pray; 'Twould please per - haps, to win a name In life's brief

high. But this, dear Lord, shall be my plea, That grace be giv - en
thro'? 'Tis strength, dear Lord, for which I ask, That I might fin - ish
told. But on - ly, if as days go by, My ev - 'ry need Thou
day. But this, dear Lord, my pray'r shall be, That wis - dom may be

un - to me To bear life's bur - den will - ing - ly With - out a sigh.
ev - 'ry task, And hear Thee at the gate at last Say: "Wel-come thro'."
wilt sup-ply, This, Lord, shall ful - ly sat - is - fy My crav - ing soul.
giv - en me To lead im - mor - tal souls to Thee, While here I stay.

103 O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

Copyright, 1911, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Eben E. Rexford. The Standard Publishing Co., Owner. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. O do some good deed ev-'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
ev-'ry day, 'long the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
bear his load drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;
always find reap and bind;

O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
cheerful song, weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
ev-'ry day sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.
do or say yes, each day.

CHORUS.

O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the lov-ing Mas-ter say:
ev-'ry day, Mas-ter say:

"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."
e'er shall be un-to Me."

104 Don't Get Blue.

A. H. A.

Copyright, 1922, by B. D. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. What's the use of sigh-ing when the sky is grey? Someone needs the blessing
2. When the friend you trusted, friendship has betrayed, Scorned the proffered pardon
3. Je - sus saw the lilies wondrous white and fair, God, the Father, loves them,

of the rain-y day; Clear or stormy weather, 'tis the best for you, Take it
you have freely made, Turned his back upon you, spoken things untrue, Answer
keeps them in His care, Clothes them with the sunlight, waters them with dew, He will

CHORUS.

with a cheerful smile and don't get blue.
him in tones of love and don't get blue.
care for you, His child, so don't get blue.

Don't get blue, use oth-er col-ors, too,

Try red and white and paint up bright, And see what that will do, Change your

face and wear a diff'rent hue, Just keep your heart a-smiling and don't get blue.

105 His Love for Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren: "Come, all ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their sight when He bade them to see; So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest—How the words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .

CHORUS.

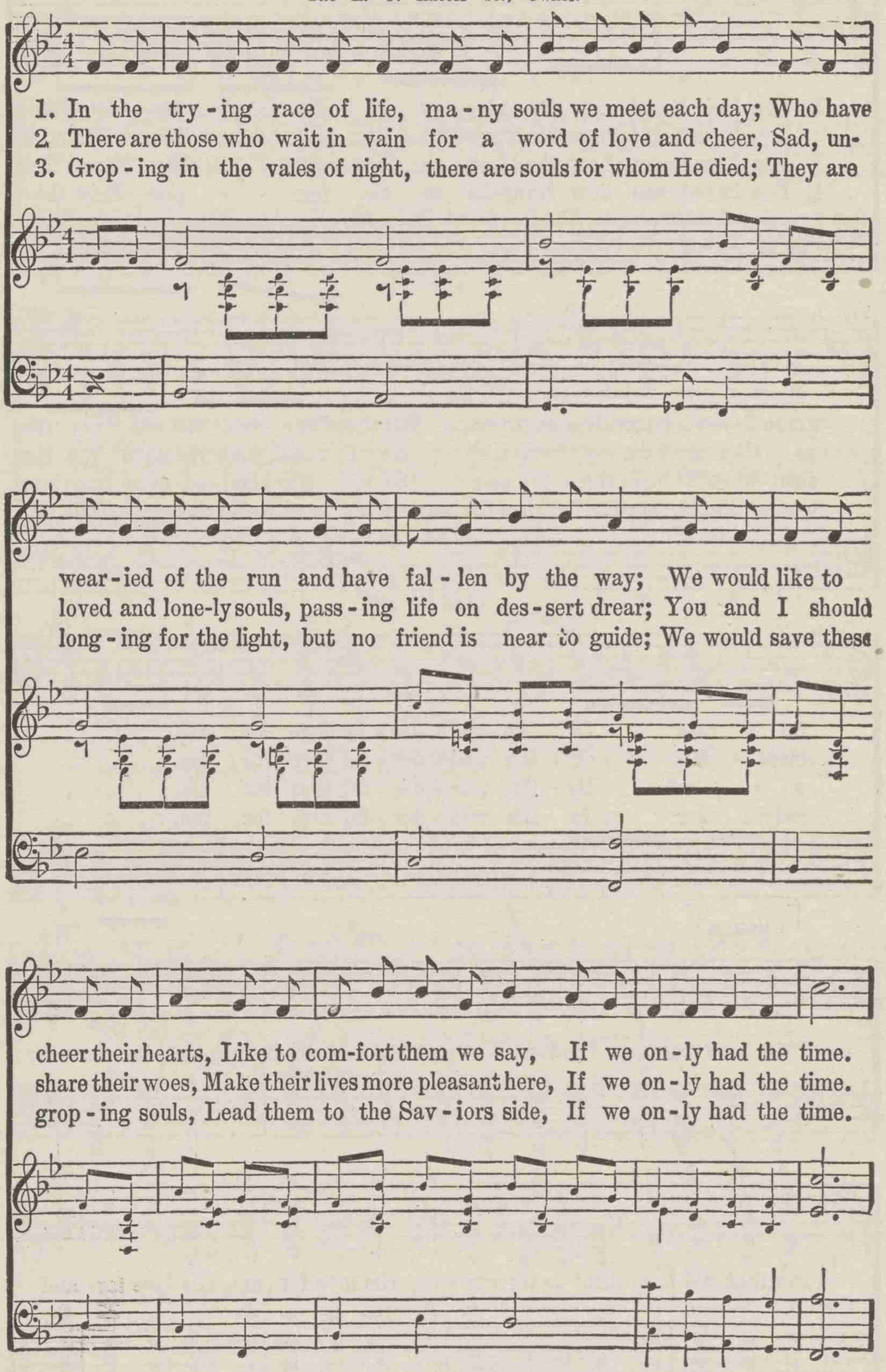
His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

106 If We Only Had the Time.

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James Rowe. De Loss Smith.

1. In the try-ing race of life, ma-ny souls we meet each day; Who have
2. There are those who wait in vain for a word of love and cheer, Sad, un-
3. Grop-ing in the vales of night, there are souls for whom He died; They are



wear-ied of the run and have fal-len by the way; We would like to
loved and lone-ly souls, pass-ing life on des-sert drear; You and I should
long-ing for the light, but no friend is near to guide; We would save these

cheer their hearts, Like to com-fort them we say, If we on-ly had the time.
share their woes, Make their lives more pleasant here, If we on-ly had the time.
grop-ing souls, Lead them to the Sav-iors side, If we on-ly had the time.

If We Only Had the Time.

CHORUS.

If we on-ly had the time— It is your ex-cuse and mine, So we pass the need-y by with quickened pace; Brother, sister, this will be no ex- cuse for you and me, When we meet our lov-ing Sav-ior face to face.

107

A Prayer.

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

R. O. D.

Russel O. Dufour.

1. O Thou, the Christ, who died for me, Let this my prayer as- cend to Thee, From foolish pride and sin-ful goal Keep Thou my soul.
2. For life is like a sum-mer day, How swift its morn-ing fades a-way, How soon the evening shadows fall, Then comes thy call.
3. So let me spend each pass-ing hour, In serv-ing Thee with all my power, That friends no bitter tears may weep, When I shall sleep.

The Christ of the Cross.

Copyright 1924 by Frank C. Huston

F. C. H. Words and music. Frank C. Huston.

slowly, tenderly

1. On Cal-va-ry's brow there was planted a cross, Which lift-ed a
2. They knew not their deeds of that one might-y hour, "Oh Fa-ther for-
3. Let oth-ers, who will, praise the cross of the Christ, The Christ of the

man up to shame; But He on the cross was the dear Son of God, Who
give them", He cried; They knew not the cross, long the em-blem of shame, Was
cross, is my theme, For tho we must cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, 'Tis

CHORUS

died a lost world to re - claim.
there by the Christ glo-ri - fied.
on - ly the Christ can re - deem.

f

The Christ of the cross is the

ff

theme of my song, The won-der-ful Christ of the cross. He atonement has

dim. rall.

ff

made; He my ran-som has paid, So I'll praise HIM { The / My } Christ of the cross.

109 He Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L. Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so
sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

Just a Word in Season.

Copyright, 1924, by Robert H. Coleman and Robert Harkness.
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Martha S. Clingan. Robert Harkness.

1. Just a word in sea-son To a soul in need; Just a heart-y hand-clasp, Just a kind-ly deed:
2. Just a word in sea-son To a lit-tle child; Just a word of Je-sus, Gen-tle, lov-ing, mild:
3. Might-y un-told pow-er Of a time-ly word; Careless hearts are wakened, In-to new life stirred:
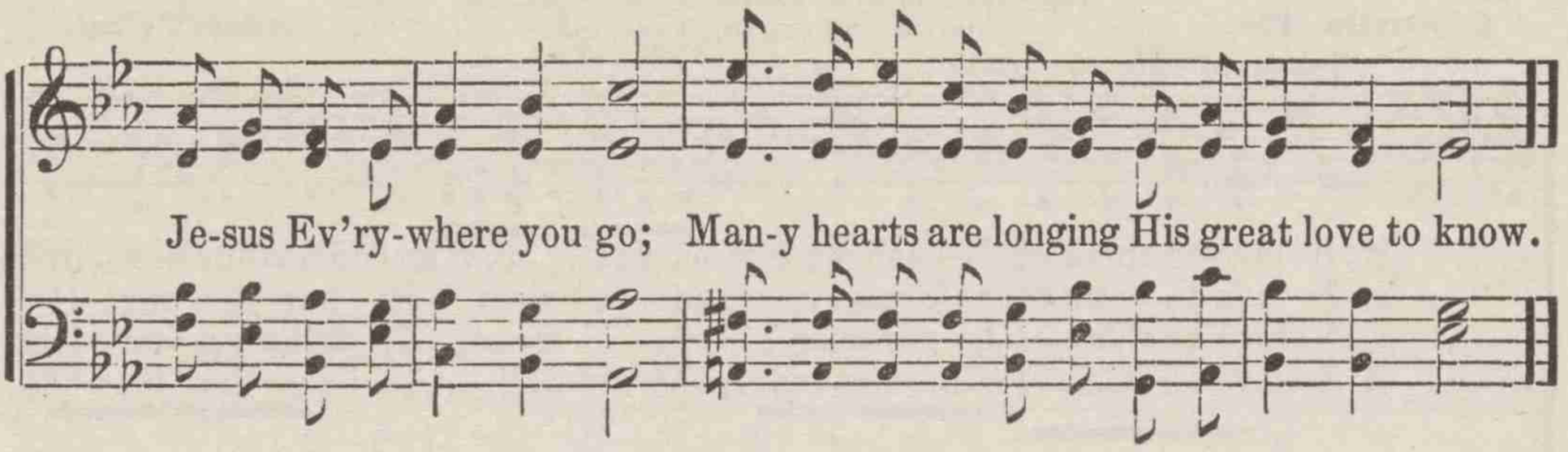
Then the dark cloud lift-ed, Bless-ed sun-shine came, At the word in
The dear heart of child-hood Heard the Savior's call: A young life was
And the name of Je-sus We may glo-ri-fy; Speaking words in

CHORUS.

sea-son, Spo-ken in Christ's name.
yield-ed, Saved from sin's dark thrall. Just a word in sea-son, As the
sea-son, As we're pass-ing by.

days goes by; Just a word in sea-son As the moments fly; Speak a word for
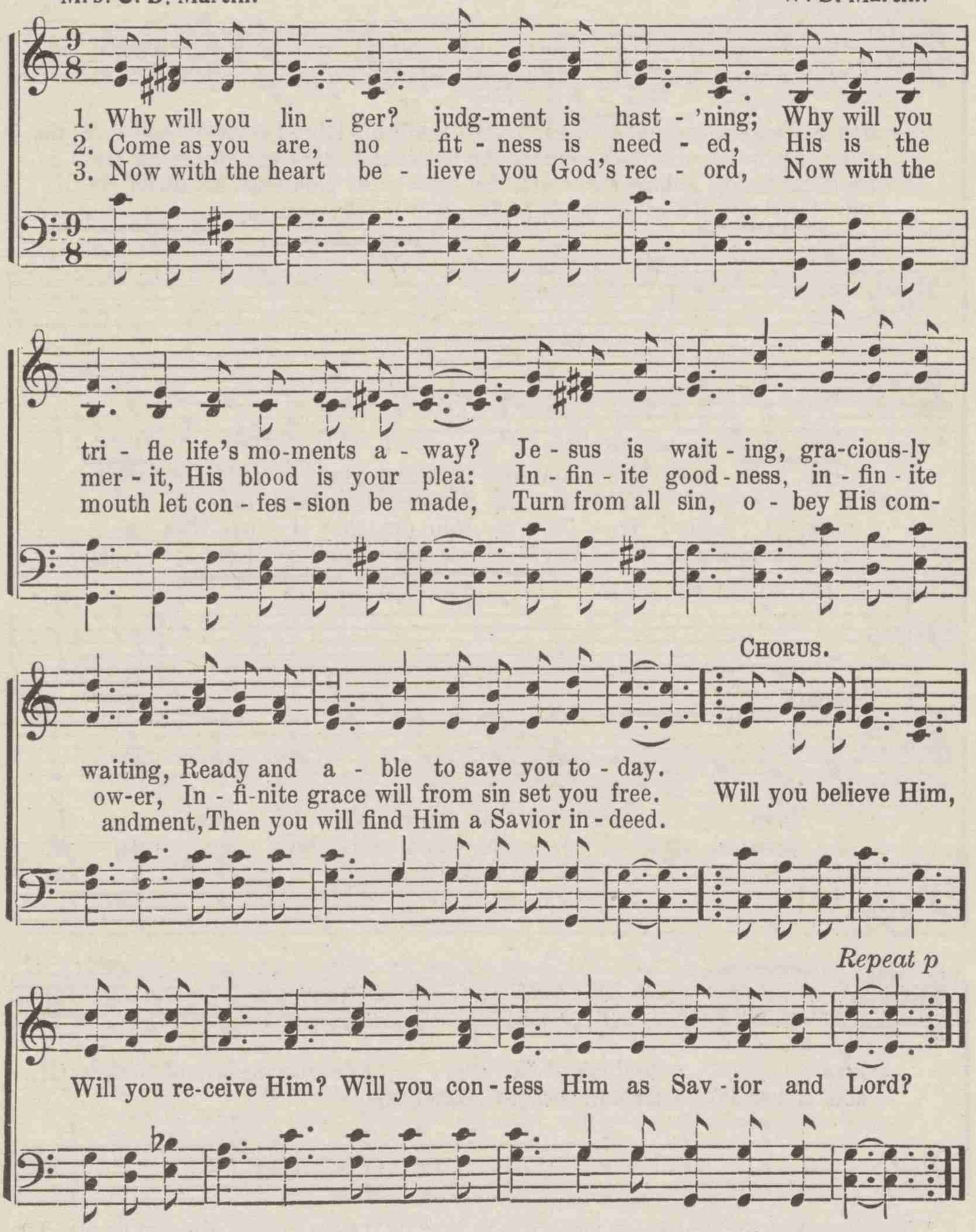
Just a Word in Season.



111 Will You Receive Him?

Copyright, 1925, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.



112 I Love to Think of Jesus.

Copyright, 1919, by Adam Geibel Music Co.
International copyright secured.

C. Austin Miles. **Adam Geibel.**

Solo, or All in Unison.

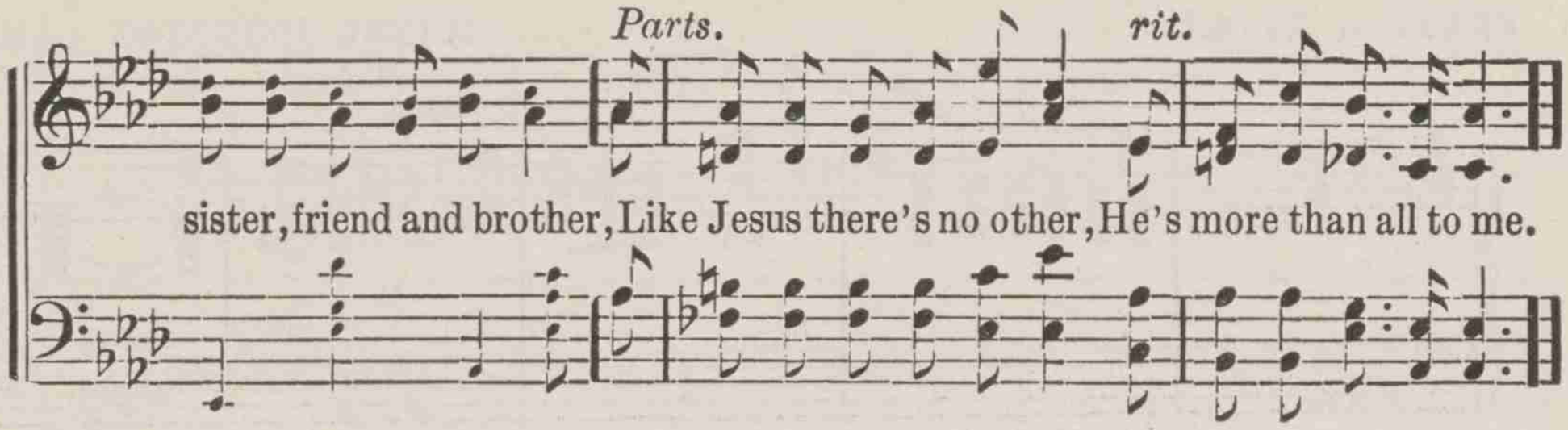
1. I love to think of Je-sus, who else could it be, Who could come down from heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re-pay the debt I owe, I'll do my best my grat-i-tude to show.....
2. I love to think that He has giv-en me a part In par-don that He pur-chased with a bro-ken heart; And oft my eyes are filled with tears as I re-call What He has done for me, and for us all.....
3. I love to think of Je-sus when I am di-strest, To think up-on His prom-ise brings a bliss ful rest; In sor-row, pain and an-guish He is near, I know, It is no won-der that I love Him so.....
4. I love to think of Him when tears of sorrow fall, To know that He has suf-fered and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my bur-dens, nor com-plain, I nev-er yet have called to Him in vain. ...

CHORUS *

I love ..... to think of Je-sus, ... I love ..... to think of Je-sus, ... I've known the love of mother, Of
I love to think of Je-sus and His love for me; My soul is lost in wonder that such love could be;

*The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass.) The upper notes (small) are sung by the high voices (Sop. and Tenor), or they may be merely played.
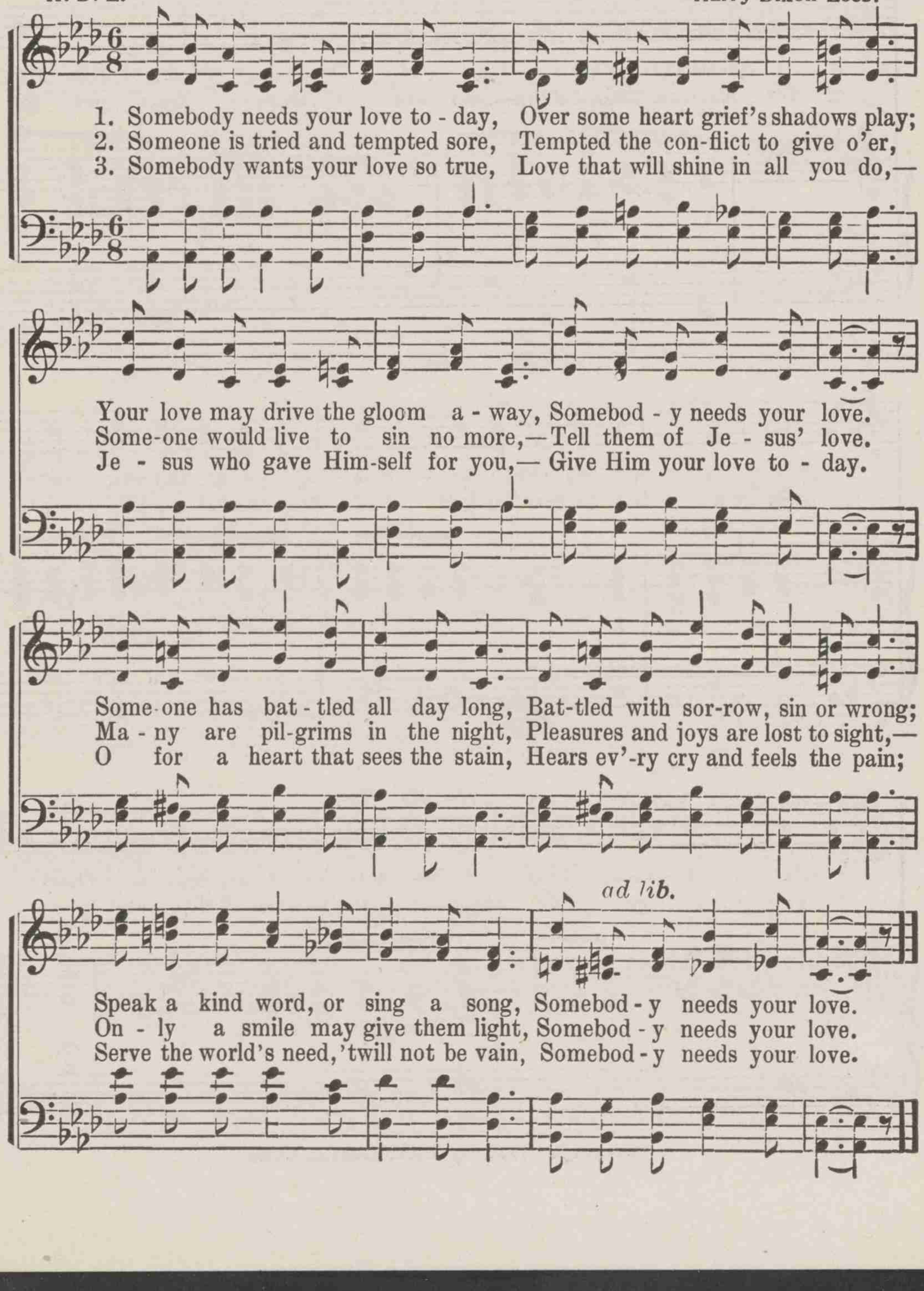
I Love to Think of Jesus.



113 Somebody Needs Your Love.

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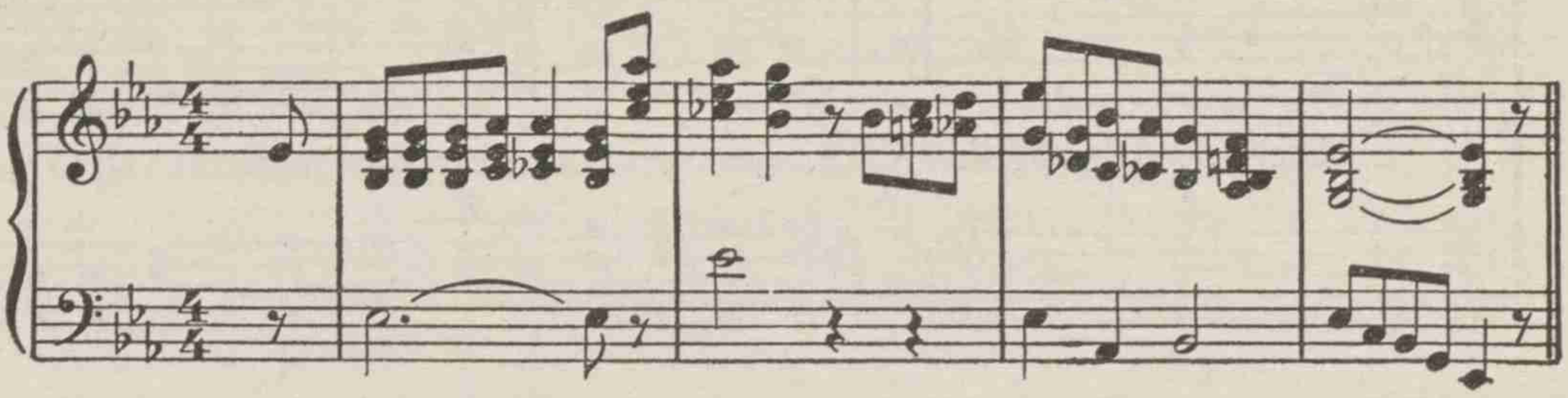
H. D. L. Harry Dixon Loes.
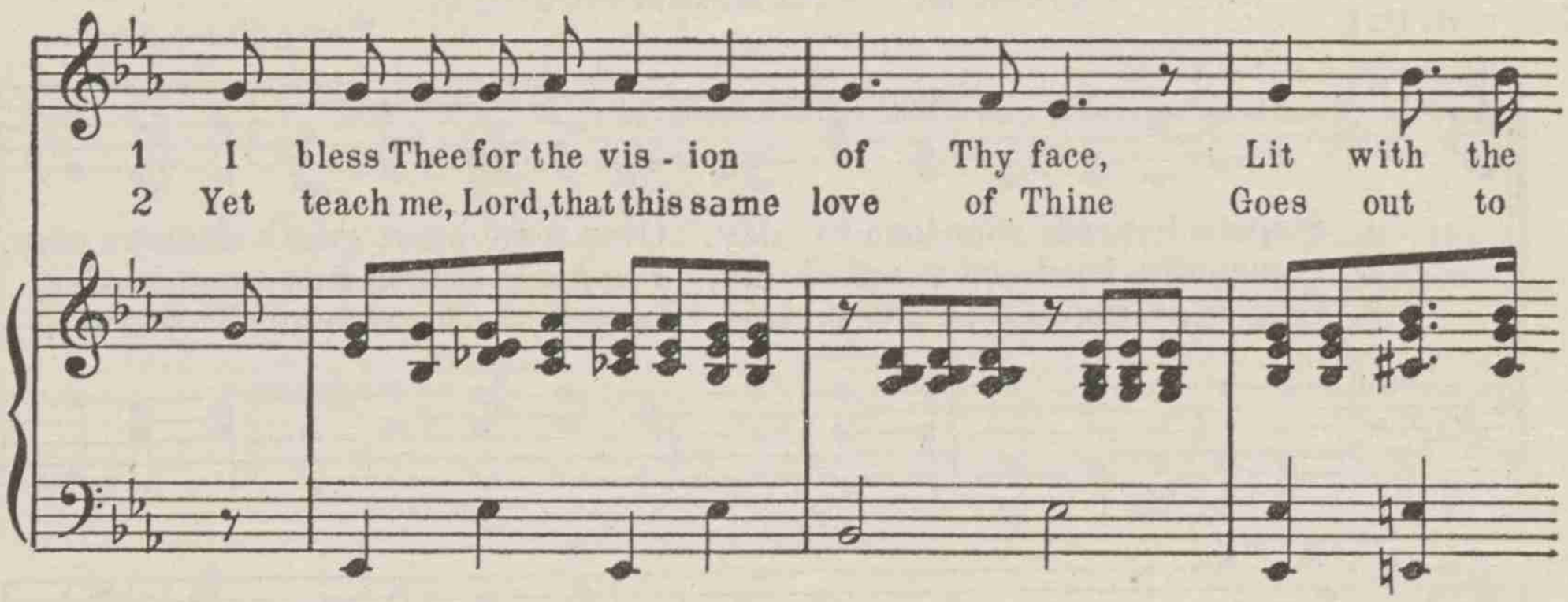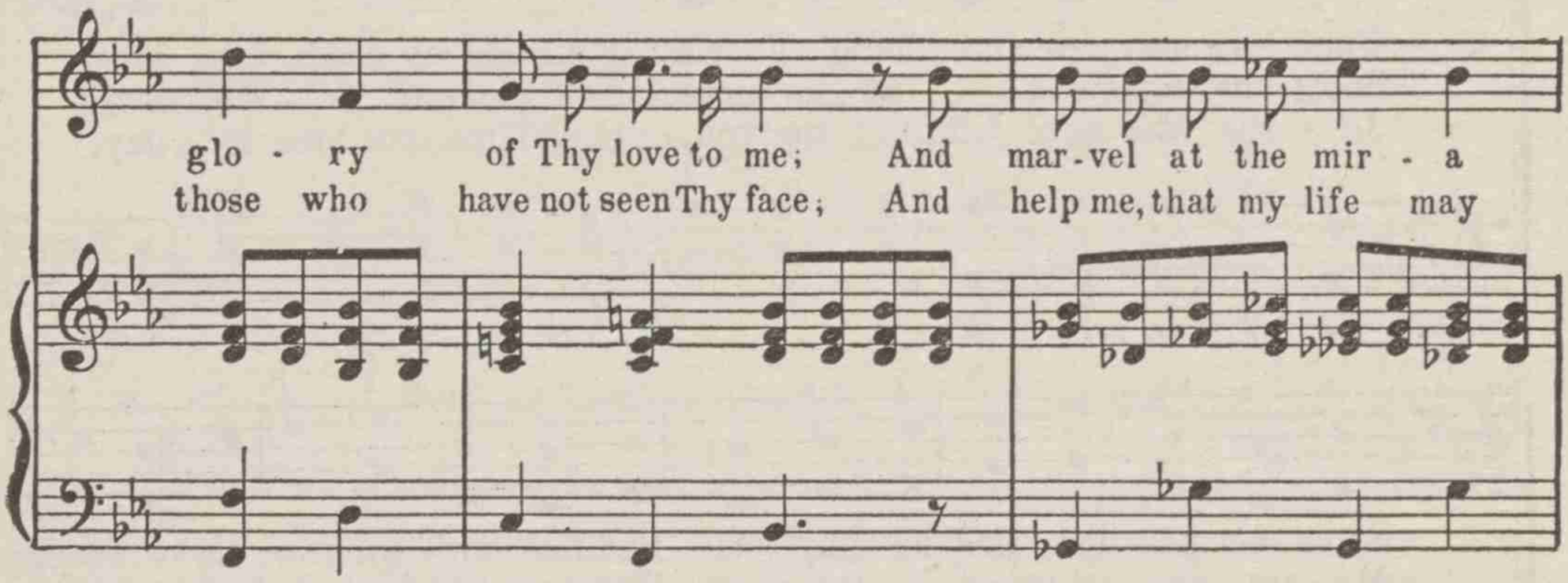


The Heavenly Vision.
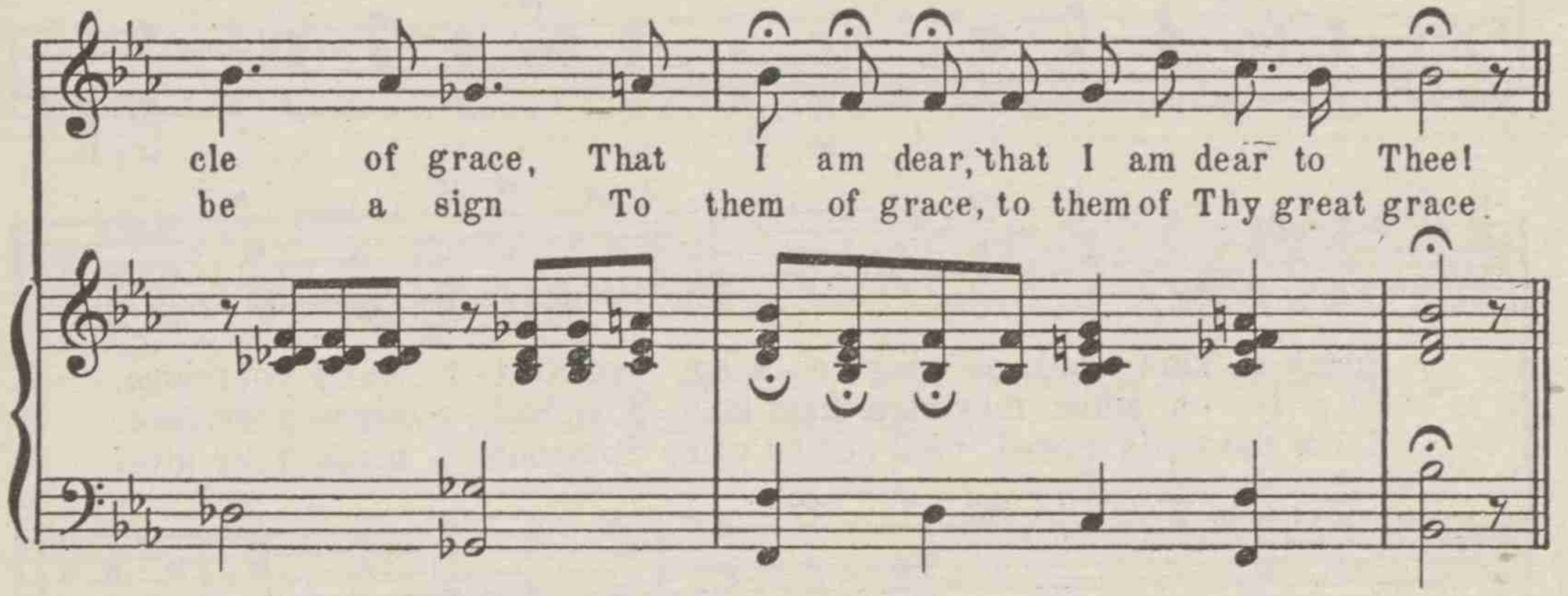
FRANK H. EXLEY

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP



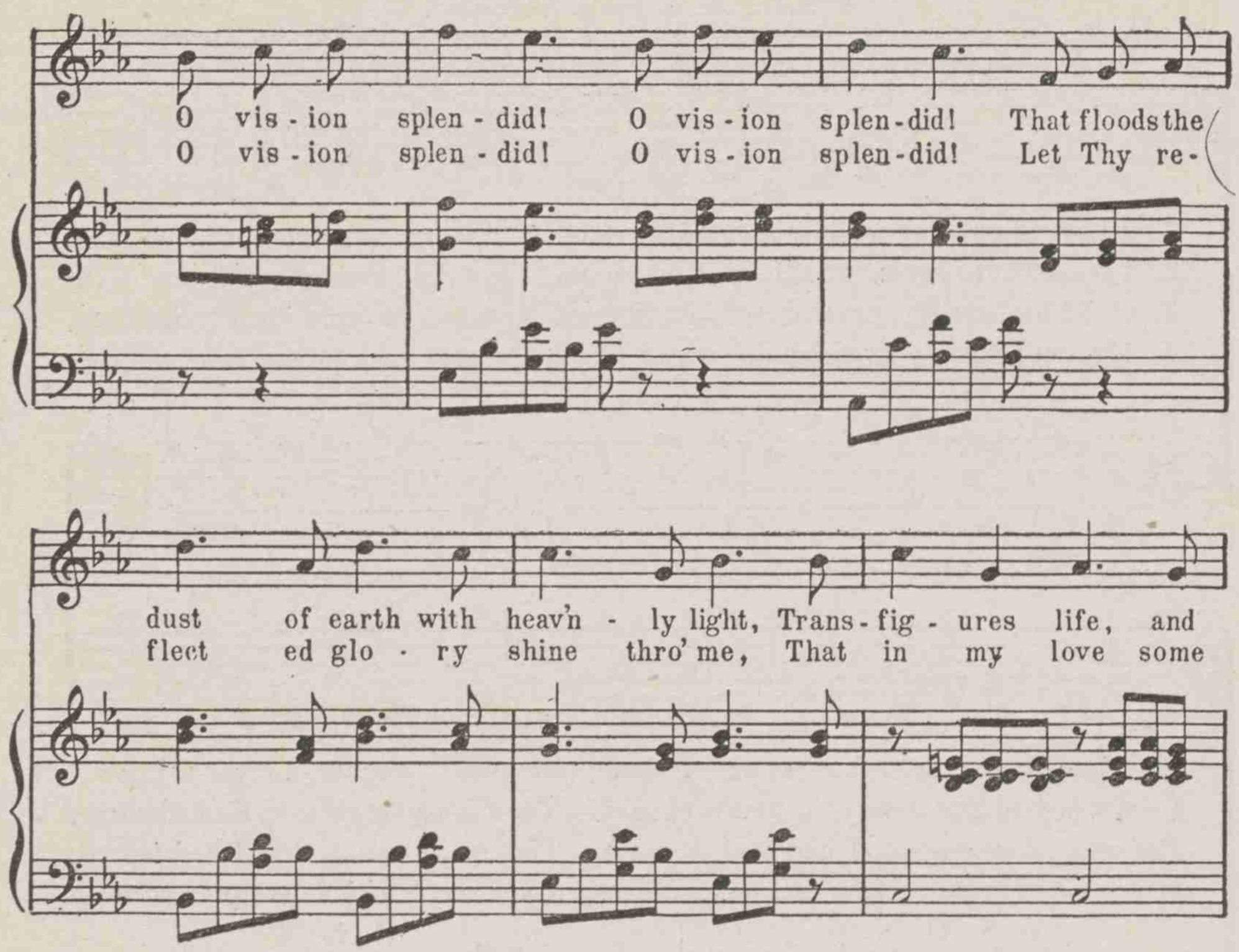






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The Heavenly Vision.



115 Take Up Thy Cross.

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

Slowly with expression. M. 88 = ♩

1. I walked one day a-long a coun-try road, And there a stranger journeyed, too,
2. I cried, "Lord Jesus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all bruised and torn;
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And, lo, a cross for me appeared,
4. My cross I'll car-ry till the crown ap-pears, The way I jour-ney soon will end

Bent low be-neath the burden of His load: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
I stooped to kiss a-way the marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
The one for-got-ten, I had cast a-side, The one, so long, that I had feared.
Where God Himself shall wipe away all tears, And friend hold fellowship with friend.

CHORUS.

"Take up thy cross and follow Me," I hear the blessed Sav-ior call;

How can I make a less-er sac-ri-fice, When Je-sus gave His all?

