Songs for WORK and WORSHIP

BY E·S·LORENZ, J·HOWARD ENTWISLE, POWELL G·FITHIAN,
ADAM GEIBEL AND R·F·LEHMAN.

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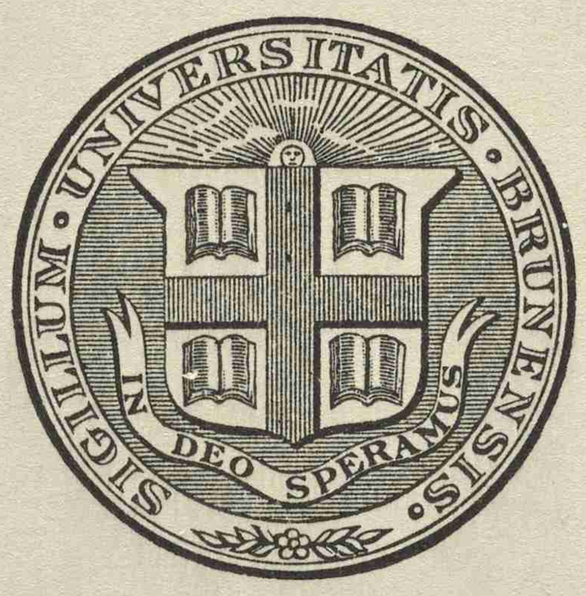

THE HARRIS COLLECTION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY

SONGS FOR

WORK AND WORSHIP

FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Young Peoples' Societies, Devotional Meetings Camp Meetings, Etc.

BY

E. S. LORENZ
J. H. ENTWISLE, POWELL G. FITHIAN
ADAM GEIBEL, AND R. F. LEHMAN

DAYTON, OHIO
LORENZ & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1900

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PREFACE

Songs that will cheer, encourage, and inspire in loving labors for the Master; songs that will express the love and adoration of the soul as it draws near to the Almighty Friend; songs that will quicken its faith and deepen its realization of the love of its Redeemer; songs that the Holy Spirit can use to render communion with Him more intimate and tender; songs that will bring the message of salvation to hearts yet without hope or consolation; these we bring, hoping to add to His glory and to minister to our brethren in the faith.

THE AUTHORS.

25 June 1919
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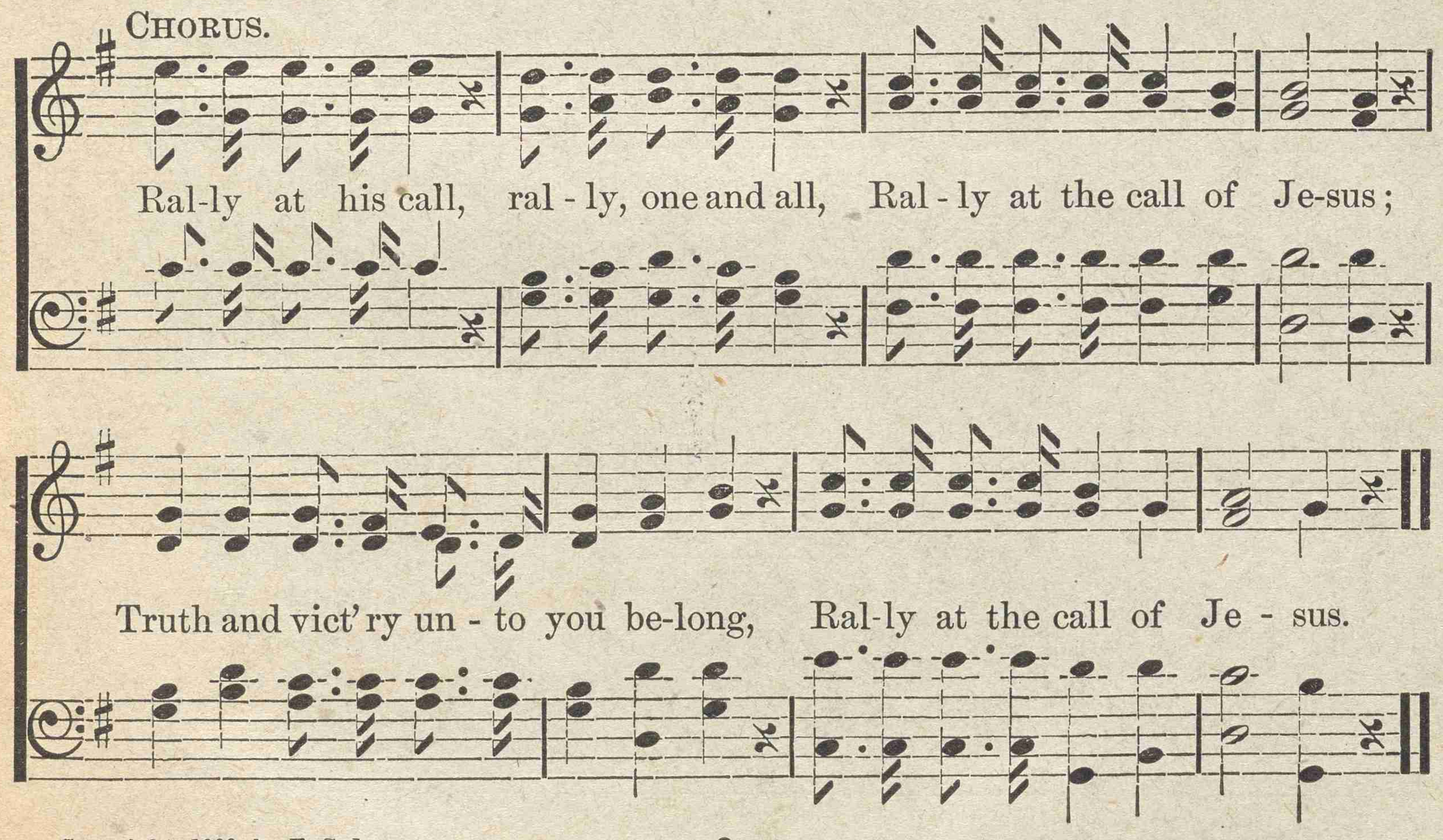
SONGS FOR

Work and Worship.

1. RALLY AT THE CALL OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.



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2. TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS!

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The mes- sage blest, a - gain re - peat, Its prom- ise sure, its
2. My bur - den sore has rolled a - way, From Christ no more my
3. When doubts and fears my faith per- plex, When sin al - lures, and
4. What-e'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or

com - fort sweet; His grace a - bound - ing, love com - plete,—
heart would stray, But help I need from day to day,—
tri - als vex, When all my strength temp - ta - tion wrecks,—
weak in will, In life or death, my plead - ing still,—

CHORUS.

Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout

Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! He is my

song, my Help - er strong; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!

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3. LET US DRAW NEAR.

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water."—Heb. 10: 22.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Let us draw near to the Sav - ior, Filled with the fulness of love,
2. Let us draw near in the spir - it, Fill us, dear Savior, we pray.
3. Let us draw near with as - sur-ance, As in his presence we bow,
4. Let us draw near, hal - le - lu - jah! Sin is all tak-en a - way,

Know-ing by faith that the Mas - ter Sprinkles our hearts from a - bove.
Sprinkle pure wa - ter up - on us, Washing all e - vil a - way.
Feel-ing the show-ers of bless - ing Fall-ing and fill - ing us now.
Je - sus, the Lamb that redeemed us Cleanses our spir - its to - day.

CHORUS.

Let us draw near, let us draw near, Je-sus has promised his presence so dear;
Promised us peace and freedom from fear, Let us draw near, let us draw near.

m *p*

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4. RICHES OF GRACE.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Grace "more abounding!" O who can tell Blessings that language and
2. Love pass-ing knowledge, so deep, so high; Love that was will-ing for
3. Peace like a riv-er, so broad, so calm, Bear-ing for sor row a
4. Life, as its moments shall on-ward run, Bring-ing its chang-es of

tho't ex-cell, Joys that in Je-sus for-ev-er dwell,
me to die; Love that will lift my poor soul on high,
heal-ing balm; Wak-ing the notes of a grate-ful psalm,
shade and sun; Strike the glad key, heav-en's song be-gun,

CHORUS. *p*

Wonderful riches of grace. Rich-es of grace, boundless and free,

cres. *f* *p* *p*

In my dear Sav-ior, are prom-ised me; Rich-es of grace,

mf

bound-less and free, Treas-ures for time and e-ter-ni-ty.

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5.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

"Put on the whole armor of God."

WARREN RANDOLPH YEAKEL. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Tempo march. With dignity.

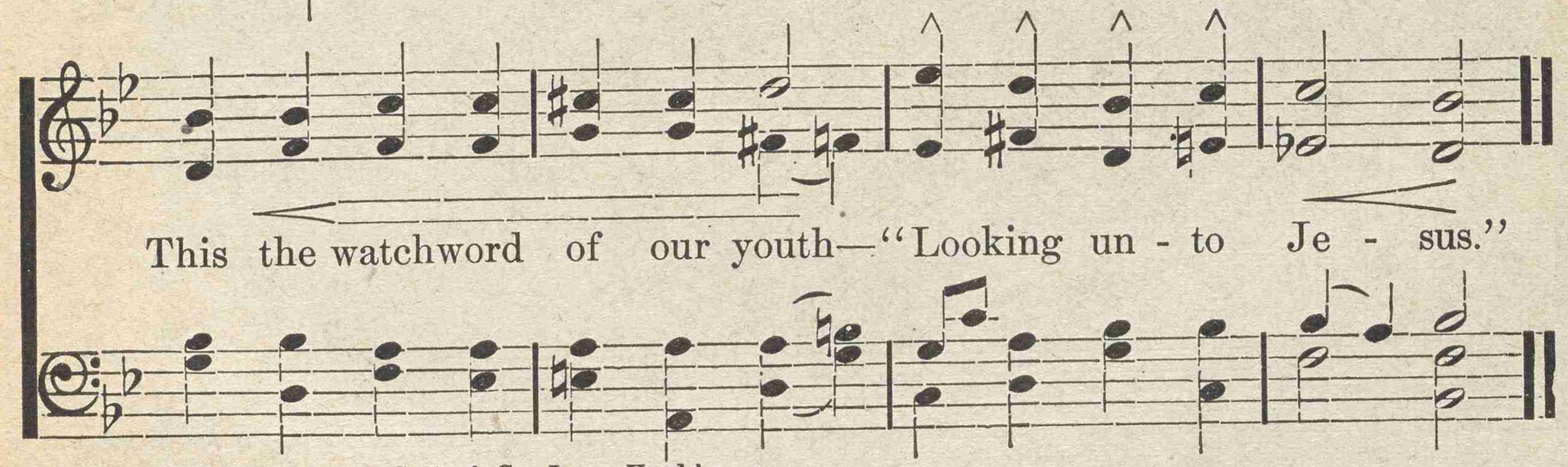
1. For-ward, Christian sol - dier, for-ward, Fol-low-ing where Je - sus trod;
2. With the shield of faith be - fore us, We will wage an ho - ly war,
3. With the sword the Spir- it wield-eth, We will watch and fight and pray,
4. If foul sin our ar - mor tar-nish, Sure-ly then will come de - feat;
5. On - ward, up-ward, like good sol-diers, We will truth and right de - fend

He our Cap-tain and our Sav - ior, He our Lead- er and our God.
'Gainst the pow'r of sin and Sa - tan, We will con-quer more and more.
Trust-ing in our glo - rious Cap-tain, We will sure - ly win the day.
Let us keep it bright and glist'ning, For the Mas- ter's use made meet.
Till we come un - to his Kingdom Where all con-flict has an end.

CHORUS.

We will put Christ's ar - mor on, We are girt a -

bout with truth; And with hel - met, sword, and shield,



This the watchword of our youth—"Looking un - to Je - sus."

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6. IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. In the strength of the Lord we will go, (will go,) With our face ev - er
2. In the arm of the Lord we will trust, (will trust,) He is righteous and
3. In the cause of the Lord we will win, (will win,) In the con-flict of

turned to the foe, (to the foe,) We will nev - er, nev - er yield,
might - y and just; (he is just;) We will nev - er, nev - er fail,
right o - ver sin; (o - ver sin;) We will nev - er, nev - er fall,

With sal - va - tion as our shield, In the strength of the Lord we will go.
For our Captain will pre-vail, In the arm of the Lord we will trust.
For our King is o - ver all, In the cause of the Lord we will win.

CHORUS.

Marching on, . . . marching on . . . To the hap - py land of
Marching on, marching on,

Canaan, bright and fair, ... When the Cap - tain calls his own,
bright and fair,

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IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.—Concluded.

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To the mansions 'round the throne, Praise his name! Hallelujah! we'll be there!

7. ACCEPT MY CONSECRATION.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Dear Lord, to thee I bring;
2. Thy gifts of pow'r and bless - ing Shall still be all thine own;
3. Thy tho'ts a - lone to cher - ish, Thy bless - ed words to speak,
4. Ac - cept my con - se - cra - tion, I would not aught with - hold;

Tho' pal - try, weak, un - wor - thy, Ac - cept my of - fer - ing.
Thy glo - ry, not my pleas - ure, Shall gov - ern me a - lone.
Thy life to live—what bless - ing For one so prone and weak.
Let thy will be my pleas - ure, My home thine in - ner fold.

CHORUS.

Ac - cept my con - se - cra - tion! O grant thy full sal - va - tion!

This ver - y hour thy peace and pow'r On me be - stow!

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8. THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE TO ME.

SOLO OR DUET.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.

1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
3. Oh, won - der - ful love, is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's

just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone - ment

CHORUS.

Je - sus still loves you, bless his name.
"Je - sus thy Sav - ior still loves thee."
For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.

} There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is he; There nev - er was

one like Je - sus, There's no love like his love to me.

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9. SWEETER THAN ALL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Christ will me his aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I will fol-low all the way, Hearing him call, hearing him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small;
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;

While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing him, from day to day, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet his bless-ings fall on me, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is now and ev-er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard his lov-ing call,—Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.

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10. THE HOME COMING OF OUR KING.

G. C. H. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly and feelingly.

1. Hap - py home com - ing of our King, We'll meet our
2. Bless - ed home com - ing of our King, We'll join the
3. Glo - rious home com - ing of our King, With Je - sus

loved ones gone be - fore, And sweet the greet-ing they will bring
ev - er - last - ing psalm Of joy, that an - gel voic - es sing,
we will live al - way, Where songs of love and glad - ness ring

CHORUS.

To us, up - on the gold - en shore.
"The song of Mo - ses and the Lamb."
In tune, thro' heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
} Happy home coming, Blessed

rit. *a tempo.*

home com - ing, Glorious home com - ing of our Sav - ior, King! Happy

home coming, Blessed home coming, Glorious home coming of our Sav - ior, King!

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11. GOD'S STOREHOUSE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. God's storehouse in heav - en is filled to the brim With all that we
2. That storehouse o'erflow-eth with in - fi - nite love, 'Tis filled to the
3. A room in that storehouse is filled up with joy, An - oth - er is
4. Why then do you hun - ger and thirst here be-low? Why suf - fer with

mor - tals may need; And all that we're needing is prom-ised by him,
top with God's grace; And treas-ures a-bound-ing are laid up a - bove,
fill'd with God's peace; An - oth - er has gold without an - y al - loy,
fam - ine or pain? For God has a storehouse to which you may go,

CHORUS.

If on - ly his prom-ise we plead.
While mer - cy is fill - ing her place.
And one has from sin sweet re - lease.
He'll give more than you can con - tain.

} Then send to the storehouse, yes send ev - 'ry day, Those good things are stored up for you; The best of God's bless-ings he'll send if you pray, His prom - ise is faith - ful and true.

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12. THE CALL OF THE CROSS.

(Male Quartet.)

WM. H. GARDNER. (Melody in Second Tenor.) E. S. LORENZ.

1. If life is drear-y and shadows creep in, Filling your heart with a
2. Hearts that are breaking 'neath burdens of grief, Call up-on Je-sus and
3. Ho, tongues that praise him! ye sil - ver in speech! Tell of his goodness, the

sense of its sin; If on the bil-lows of doubting you toss,
find sweet re - lief. Ho, heav - y la - den! tell him of your loss,
way - far - ers teach; Up and to work! earth-ly pleas-ures are dross,

D. S.—*Look up to Je - sus, the Sav - ior of men,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Wear- y ones, hear then the call of the cross!
Com- fort is yours through the "call of the cross!"
Bring to the waiting "the call of the cross!"
} Hear, O ye weary ones, the

He will give peace to your hearts once a-gain.

D. S.

call of the cross! Hear, O ye dreary ones, the call of the cross.

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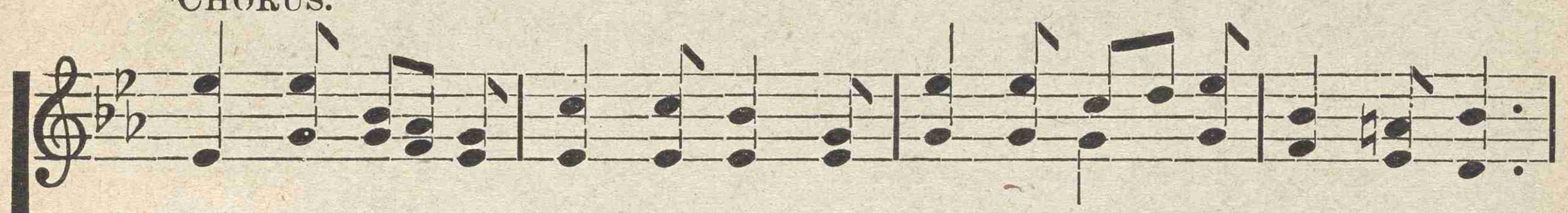
13. I WILL FOLLOW THEE, MY JESUS.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G FITHIAN.

1. I will fol - low thee, my Je - sus, Where thou lead-est, I will go;
2. It may be that thou wilt take me Thro' a dark and storm-y way;
3. Yes, I'll fol - low, glad - ly fol - low, For I've reckoned up the cost,

Will not mur-mur; will not ques-tion; Sim-ply fol - low, here be-low.
Loss of friends and death may test me, Je - sus, on - ly, will I say.
And with Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, I will count all things, but lost.

CHORUS.



I will fol - low with my Je - sus, I will fol - low an - y-where;

I will fol - low, yes, I'll fol - low With my Je - sus an - y-where.

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14. HIGHER GROUND.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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15. THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who-
2. What tho' fierce the storm- y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de- ride me; I am safe, as long as I con- fide me
tri- als oft con-found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice di-vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the bless-ed hol-low of his
In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of his hand.

In the hol-low, in the hol-low
hand! In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!
hol-low of his hand! In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand!

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

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16. # OUR SONG OF VICTORY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Like a strong and might-y ar - my With a firm and fear-less tread,
2. Like a strong and might-y ar - my May we keep our col - ors bright,
3. Look-ing up as thou hast taught us To thy dwell-ing in the skies,—

We are march-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, By thy word and spir - it led;
In thy cause O bless - ed Mas - ter, May we all as one u - nite,
Lift - ing up the souls that per - ish From the death that nev - er dies;

We are go - ing forth to con- quer, And wher - ev - er we may be,
Then, be - liev - ing in thy prom- ise "As our day our strength shall be,"
Con - se - cra - ted now and ev - er To the work, O Lord, are we,

We will cheer each oth - er on-ward With a song of vic - to - ry!
How our foes will fear and trem-ble At the song of vic - to - ry!
'Till we en - ter life e - ter - nal With the song of vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

We will bat - tle with the world for thee, And the for thee,

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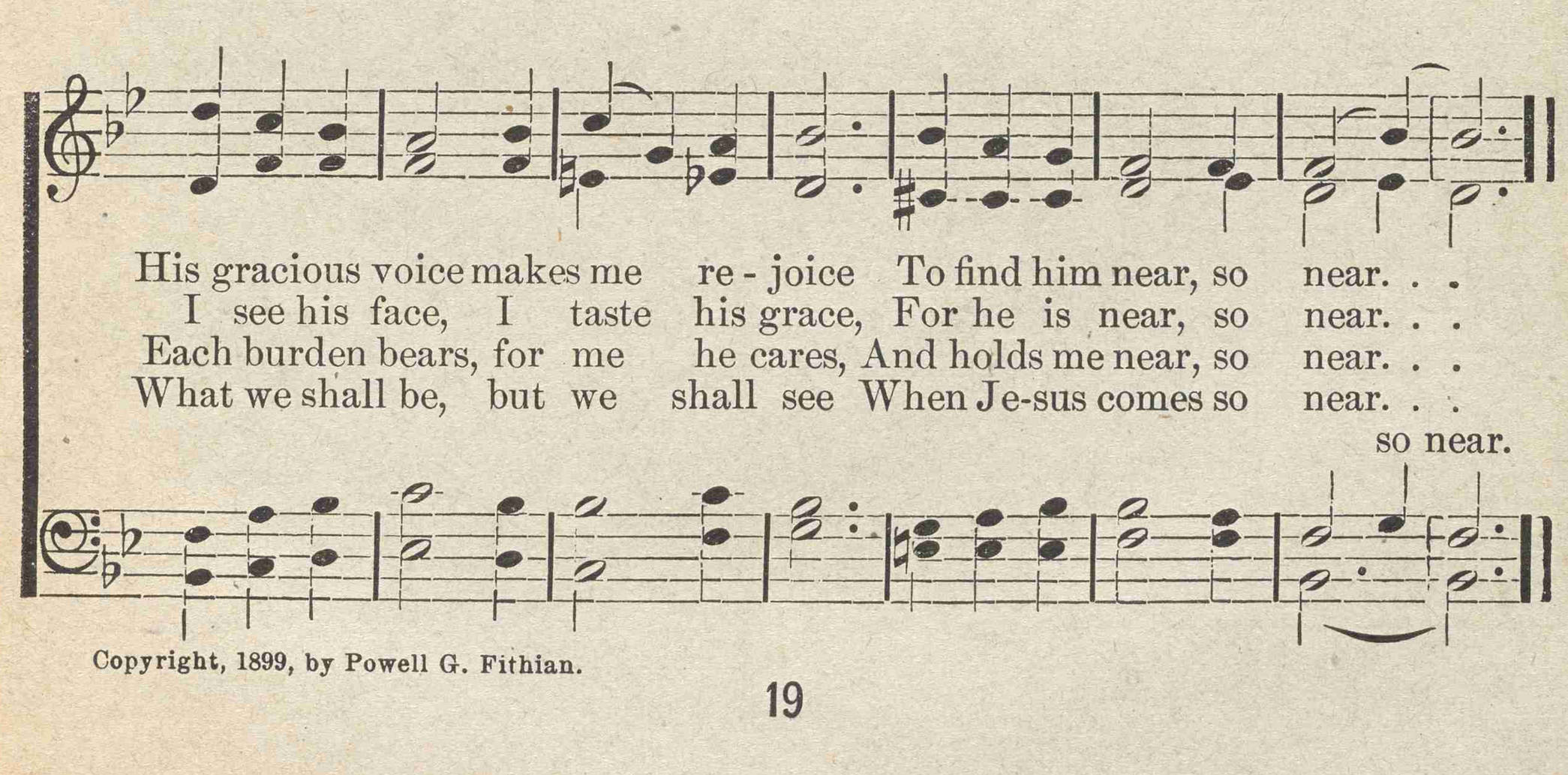
OUR SONG OF VICTORY.—Concluded.

17. JESUS NEAR.

WM. H. CLARK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Tenderly.



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18. THE SUNSHINE LAND.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Be - yond the shad-ows of the sink - ing day, Be - yond the win-ter and the gleam of May, Be-yond the storms that beat the rocky strand,
2. Be - yond the wea - ry sick - ness and the pain, Be - yond the loss and ea-ger strife for gain, Be-yond the tempter seeking to com-mand,
3. Be - yond the bloom of spring and au - tumn blight, Be - yond the morn and darkness of the night, Be-yond the fears that rise on ev - 'ry hand,

CHORUS.

There waits the blessed Sun-shine Land. The Sunshine Land we soon shall see, ... And O how hap - py we shall be: From ev - 'ry sin and sor - row free, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

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19. FACE TOWARD THE LIGHT.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Chris- tian, learn this les - son: Thro' the dark- est night,
2. In the time of trou - ble, Walk by faith, not sight,
3. Hold God's hand, take cour - age! Stars shine in the night,

Look be - yond the shad - ows, And face t'ward the light!
In the days of sad - ness, Just face t'ward the light!
You can nev - er stum - ble, Fac - ing t'ward the light!

CHORUS.

Fac - - - ing t'ward the light, Guard - - ed
Facing t'ward the light, facing t'ward the light, Guarded by his might,

by his might, Step . . . . . by step go
guard-ed by his might, Step by step go on,

on - - ward, Fac - - ing t'ward the light!
step by step go on, Facing t'ward the light, facing t'ward the light!

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20.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

J. G. C. (First Prize Song.) J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit abides with-in;
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Savior, Who suffered upon the tree;
3. I sing the beauty of the Gos-pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;

Who changes all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin.
That, in the se-cret of his presence, My bondage might freedom be.
That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherever are lone-ly hours.

Tho' clouds may lower, dark and dreary, Yet he has promised to be near;
He comes "to bind the broken hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
The "garment of his praise" it of - fers For "heaviness of spir-it," drear;

He gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
It gives me sunshine for my shadow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

D.S.— *gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.*

CHORUS.

He gives me joy . . . . in place of sor - - row;
He gives me joy in place of care;

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BEAUTY FOR ASHES. Concluded.

D.S.

He gives me love that casts out fear; He
He gives me love that casts out fear;

21. JUST FOR YOU.

Mrs. H. D. CARMICHAEL. J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a word for you to speak, There's a deed for you to do;
2. Grand and glorious words will ring, Till the world is thrilled a-new;
3. While the he-roes storm the heights, In the val - ley wet with dew
4. Ev - er, as you journey on, Un-der cloud or un - der blue,
5. When, at last the work is done And the wea - ry jour-ney thro',

And word and deed are wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you;
Sweet, homely words are wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you;
Some wounded soul is wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you;
Do well the work that's wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you;
A star - ry crown is wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you;

And word and deed are wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you.
Sweet, homely words are wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you.
Some wounded soul is wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you.
Do well the work that's wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you.
A star - ry crown is wait-ing Just for you, on - ly you.

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22. EVERY-DAY SALVATION.

E. E. HEWITT. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion,—this is what I need, Trust-ing in my
2. Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion from the foes I meet, Sins that oft be -
3. Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion, this is help in-deed! Guidance for my
4. Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion—sweet the morning chime, Tell-ing that His

Sav - ior, for his grace I plead; Strength for com-mon du - ties,
set me, thorns that wound my feet; Weights that draw me downward,—
foot - steps, he will "gen - tly lead;" Prov - ing as I jour - ney,
mer - cy chang - es not with time; Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion—

and re-cur-ring cares, Balm for lit-tle heartaches,—he the burden bears.
O how ma-ny snares! Je - sus must be with me, prompt and answer pray'rs.
wisdom, love and pow'r, Al-ways at my service thro' each passing hour.
sweet the ves-per bell, Light will shine at evening; ev-er-more 'tis well.

CHORUS.

Ev - - 'ry - day, Bless me now, I pray,
Ev - 'ry - day, yes, ev - 'ry-day, Bless me, bless me now, I pray,

rit. . . . . . .

Ev - 'ry - day sal - va - tion, Je - sus all the way!

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23. WONDERFUL PEACE.

REV. W. D. CORNELL, alt. REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un - ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be,
5. Ah! soul, are you here without com - fort or rest, March - ing down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a-bove; Sweep o- ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

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24. I KNOW.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. I know I'll see the glorious crown That rests on my Redeem-er's
2. Within the gates he'll take my hand Within his own dear wounded
3. There I shall join the glorious song That now in weakness I re-
4. I know the time is drawing near; 'Tis com-ing, coming on a-

brow, And view the new Je - ru - sa - lem Where ma - ny
palm, I'll know my sor - rows all are o'er, I'll have a
peat, The song "Re-demp - tion thro' the Lamb," And wor - ship
pace, When I shall hear my Sav - ior's voice, And know and

CHORUS.

friends a - wait me now. I know, oh, yes, I know, When
sweet un - end-ing calm.
there at Je - sus feet.
see him face to face. I know,

ev - 'ry tear is wiped a-way I'll sing his praise with an-gel hosts, With-

Rit.

in the gates of per - fect day, I know, oh, yes, I know.

CODA. *After last verse.*
Rit. e dim.

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25. WE'LL SCATTER GOOD SEED.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. H. JAMES PRESTON.

DUET.

1. This life is a gar - den where ac- tion and deed May spring in- to
2. The kindness to oth - ers, which all may be- stow, Will blossom for
3. O we must be care - ful of seed that we sow, Up- root-ing the

glad-ness by sow - ing the seed; God gives us a - bund-ant - ly
heav - en from seed which we sow; The words of sal - va - tion for
weeds from the soil where they grow; We'll need to keep pray- ing as

sun-shine and show'rs, And we may have brambles, or beau - ti-ful flow'rs.
lost ones will be A crown of re - joic - ing for you and for me.
on- ward we press, And ask - ing the Sav - ior our ef- forts to bless.

CHORUS.

We'll scatter good seed in word and in deed, And Jesus will bless it, we know;
In mer-cy and love, for heaven a-bove, We'll scatter good seed as we go.

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26. GIVE CHRIST ALL THE KEYS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Is your cup of bless - ing now filled to the brim? Or are you still holding some part? There's on-ly one way to be hap - py in him, Give
2. Would you be of serv - ice in God's har-vest field? Just now are you read - y to start? The Sav-ior will use you if now you will yield, And
3. He'll give you his par - don, he'll save you from sin, He'll bid all your trou-bles de - part; If now you de - sire to be spot-less with - in, Give
4. Would you now be filled with the Spir - it of God, And hap - py wher- ev - er thou art? Then make a sur - ren - der, get un - der the blood, Give

CHORUS.

Christ all the keys to your heart.
give him the keys to your heart.
Christ all the keys to your heart.
Christ all the keys to your heart.
} Yes, give him the keys, give Christ all the keys, O do not hold back an - y part; If you seek a blessing, you must all release, Give Christ all the keys to your heart.

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27. SOME DAY I'LL BE THERE.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In that land of joy and song, 'Mid that joyous blood-washed throng,
2. Saved from ev - 'ry taint of sin, Pure with - out and pure with-in,
3. With the loved, redeemed and blest, With the saints, once sore oppressed,
4. With the throng be- fore the throne Praising him, the Three in One,

I'll be there, some hap - py day I'll be there! Vic - t'ry
I'll be there, some hap - py day I'll be there! No - bler
I'll be there, some hap - py day I'll be there! In com-
I'll be there, some hap - py day I'll be there! Leav - ing

won by Je - sus' grace: Ev - er - more to sing his praise;
than my pres - ent thought, Stron- ger for each bat - tle fought;
pan - ion - ship so sweet, 'Mid love's rap - tures, pure, com-plete,
all that's gone be - fore, Sat - is - fied to love, a - dore;

tri - als, pain and woe, Though my path may lead be - low,

Praise his name, some happy day I'll be there! I'll be there some happy day, I'll be

Praise his name, some happy day I'll be there!

there some happy day! In that land of song and gladness, I'll be there!
I'll be there!

D.S.—*Through earth's*

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

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28. GLORY FOR YOU.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. If you have o-beyed our dear Sav-ior's command, If you have been faith-ful and true; Some day you shall stand at his bless-ed right hand, And
2. If you have re-pent-ed to God of your sin, And pray'd him your heart to re-new, Oh! if you have cleansing without and within, There's
3. Oh! if you have loved him who free-ly for-gave, And have to your prom-ise been true; And faith-ful-ly labored his lost ones to save, There'll
4. Oh! if you have will-ing-ly car-ried the cross, And kept Je-sus ev-er in view; Es-teem-ing the treasures of earth on-ly dross, Oh!

CHORUS.

there will be glo-ry for you.
going to be glo-ry for you.
sure-ly be glo-ry for you.
there will be glo-ry for you.

Oh! there will be glo-ry for you, . .

you, for you,

Yes, there will be glo-ry for you; . . In that coun-try so bright,
for you;

There will nev-er be night, And there will be glo-ry for you. . .
you, for you.

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29. 'TWILL MATTER BUT LITTLE.

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Feelingly.

1. Tho' oft - en our feet may be bleed - ing From thorns in a
2. These tri - als are but for a mo - ment, The cross we will
3. We'll fol - low the foot-steps of Je - sus, Tho' oft - en in

wea - ri - some road, To us, it will mat - ter but lit - tle,
soon lay a - side; We'll glo - ry that we've been af - flict - ed
sor - row and pain, That we may live with Him for - ev - er,

When safe in the home of our God.
When safe - ly at home we a - bide.
The crown of re - joic - ing our gain.

CHORUS.

'Twill matter but lit-tle, 'twill mat-ter but lit - tle, The wea - ri-ness, sor-row and tears When safe in the Cit - y of glad-ness, To dwell thro' e-ter - ni- ty's years.

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30. CROSSING ONE BY ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. We shall cross the mystic riv-er, one by one, When beyond the hills we see life's set-ting sun;
2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one, When at e-ven-tide their earth-ly race was run;
3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one, Soon our toil-ing and our jour-ney will be done,
4. We shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, one by one, When the soul's e-ter-nal morn-ing is be-gun;

With the boatman, grim and pale, Ev-'ry soul must shortly sail, —We shall cross the mystic river, one by one, (one by one.)
We have heard them say "good-bye," As we stood with tear-dimm'd eye, —We have seen them cross the river, one by one.
Then with joy we'll sail a-way For that land of perfect day, —Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.
When the boat for us shall come, We will sail a-way for home, —We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by one.

CHORUS.

One by one, one by one, We shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, one by one,
One by one, one by one, To that land be-yond the tide, There for- one by one,

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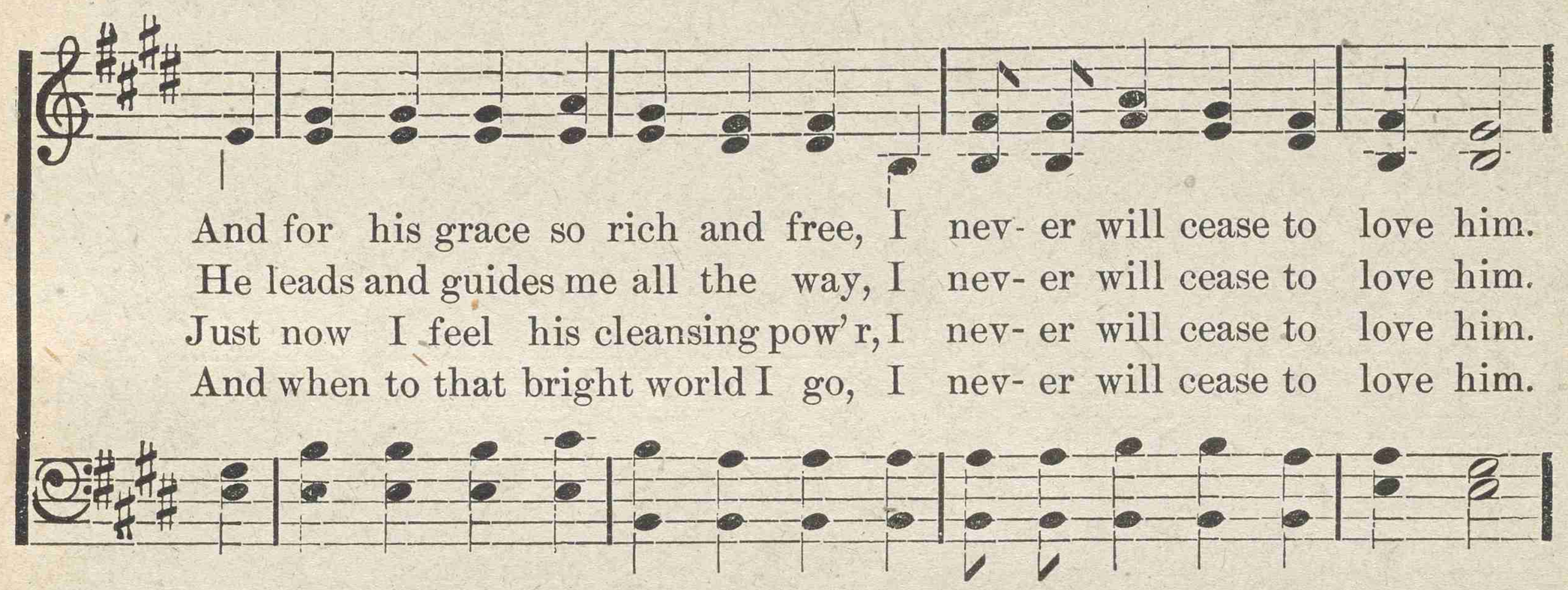
CROSSING ONE BY ONE.—Concluded.

31. I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

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



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32. ON THE HEIGHTS.

JENNIE WILSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Tho' we're tent - ing a - while in the val - ley of time, We shall
2. Look - ing far o'er the plains of the fair Beu - lah land, We shall
3. Gaz - ing back o'er the way by our wea - ry feet pressed, We shall
4. O my com-rades, press on, filled with cour-age and cheer, We shall

stand on the heights by and by; To our sight will un-fold scenes of
stand on the heights by and by, View-ing pal - a - ces built by our
stand on the heights by and by, See-ing clear - ly the path for us
stand on the heights by and by; "Welcome home to e - ter - ni - ty's

beau - ty sub-lime, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
kind Fa - ther's hand, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
chos - en was best, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
rest," we shall hear, When we stand on the heights by and by.

CHORUS.

We shall stand on the heights, on those glo - ri - ous heights We by

faith in the dis-tance de - scry; Tho' the jour - ney seem long, with a

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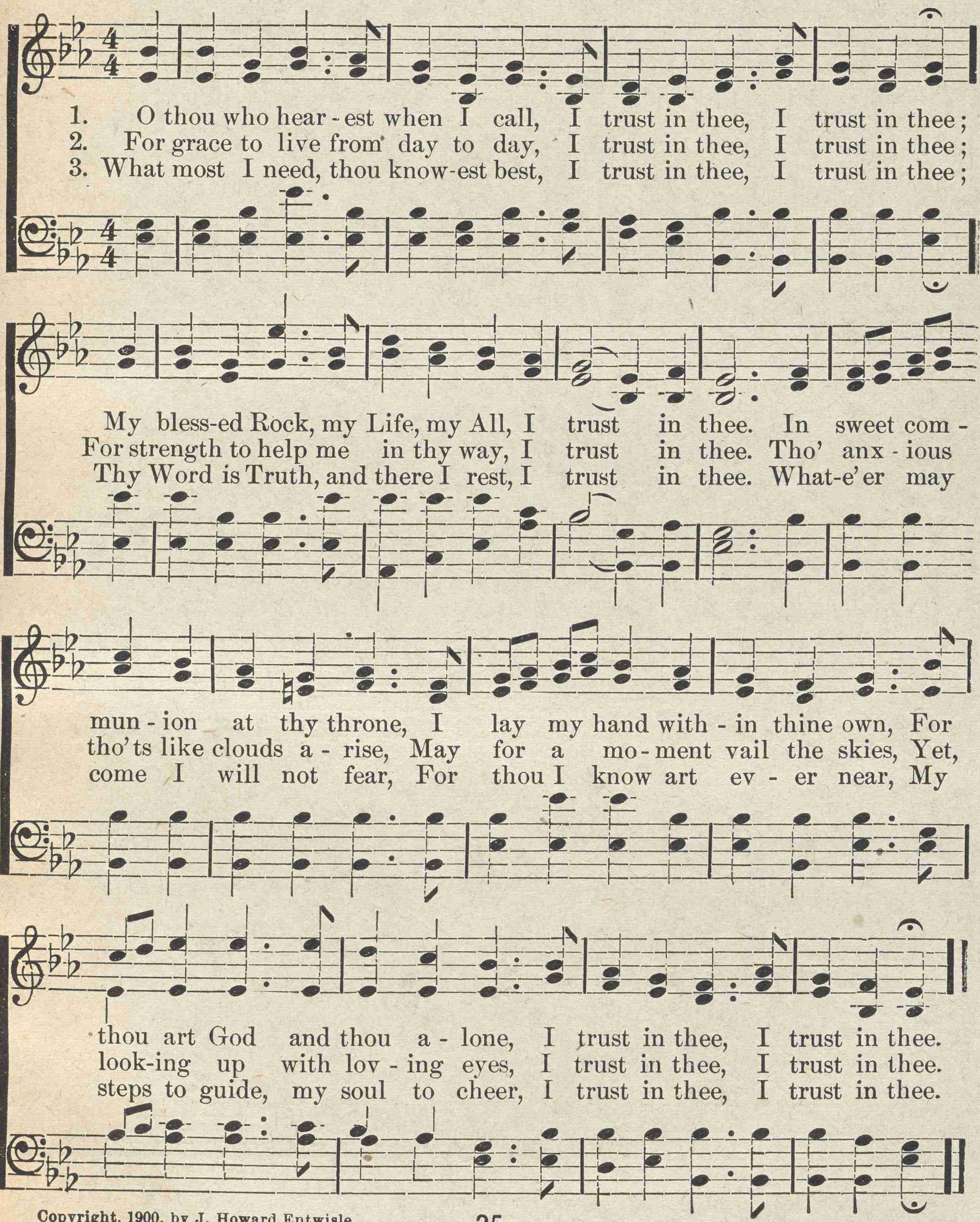
ON THE HEIGHTS.—Concluded.

33. I TRUST IN THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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34. WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Come near to thy Fa - ther and tell him thy need, When
2. He "seeth in se - cret," he knows all thy grief, When
3. Though low at the cross falls the pen - i - tent tear, When
4. There drink-ing so free - ly from heav - en - ly springs, When

thou . . . . . hast shut thy door; His
thou . . . . . hast shut thy door; His
thou . . . . . hast shut thy door, His
thou . . . . . hast shut thy door, Re -

thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door;

love and his mer- cy, his prom- is - es plead, When thou . . . . . hast
com-fort-ing Spir- it will bring thee re-lief, When thou . . . . . hast
read - y for-giveness will bring thee good cheer, When thou . . . . . hast
newed, day by day, thou shalt find eagle wings, When thou . . . . . hast

thou hast shut thy door,

CHORUS.

shut thy door. . . . . }
shut thy door. . . . . } Close on the world the door of thy hea
shut thy door. . . . . }
shut thy door. . . . . }
When thou hast shut thy door.

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WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR. Concluded.

Turn from its cares, its pleasures a-part; Thy Fa-ther will bless thee wher-

ev - er thou art, When thou . . . . hast shut thy door.
thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door.

35. THOU WILT NOT LEAVE ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Sav - ior, my life, my all, Thou wilt not leave me; Read- y to
2. Tho' other friends should fail, Thou wilt not leave me; Grace shall "much
3. Joy com- eth from the throne, Thou wilt not leave me; Wand'ring no

hear my call, Thou wilt not leave me. Thy lov - ing voice I heard,
more" pre-vail, Thou wilt not leave me. "Thou hast a might- y arm,"
more a - lone, Thou wilt not leave me. O, may I rest in thee,

This precious promised word, Sweetly my heart it stirred, Thou wilt not leave me.
Shielding my soul from harm; Hush thou each wild alarm, Thou wilt not leave me.
Trust - ful, o - be-dient be, Then, Lord, thy face I'll see, Thou wilt not leave me.

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36. COME, HE IS CALLING.

IDA L. REED. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. "Come un - to me," the Savior's voice is call - ing, Sweet ly a-cross the
2. "Come un - to me," the ten-der call is ring - ing, Sweet ly and clear - ly
3. "Come un - to me," O bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Here find a balm for

wil - der-ness of sin, Come wea-ry wand'rers, home and shelter seek - ing,
down the tide of years, Home, love and shel - ter, rest and peace are waiting,
ev -'ry grief and ill, Heal - ing and cleansing for earth's wounds and sin stains,

CHORUS.

Wide is love's fold, O come and en - ter in.
Gladness and joy beyond earth's heart-sick tears.
For you the fold of love is o - pen still.
} Come un-to me, for all is

room and welcome, Come un - to me, ye troubled, sin distressed, Come un-to

me, no more in desert's straying, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

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37. THE COMFORTING CHRIST.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. O the Com- fort-ing Christ and the wealth of his grace! I mar - vel his love is so broad! Nor an-gels the bound of his bounties can trace,—
2. The Com- fort-ing Christ hath the light that I need: Tho' shadows en - com-pass the way, I dread not the darkness; His word is my creed;
3. The fruits of the Spir- it, un-tram-pled by law, He send - eth, all free, from a - bove; The vir - tues I need his omniscience foresaw—

'Tis wide as the full-ness of God. I dream of the glo - ry; I
He nev - er will an - swer me "nay!"; His Spir - it in me is a
Faith, pur - i - ty, good-ness and love. I praise him for par-don, for

pon-der the life; My heart feels the thrill of his "Come!" Tho' toss'd in the
lamp to my path—I walk in the light of his throne; I fear not his
cleansing from sin; His promise, for me, hath suf - fic'd; I know I am

tur - bu lent tu - mult and strife, I know he will shel - ter me home.
frown nor the doom of his wrath, For I am be-loved and his own.
safe and at last shall go in To dwell with the Comforting Christ.

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38. BID THEM GO LABOR TO-DAY.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. Matt. 20 : 3. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Out in the market-place i - dle ones stand, Bid them go la - bor to -
2. Ma-ny, so ma - ny stand thoughtlessly by, Bid them go la - bor to -
3. Some have in ease all their youthful hours spent, Bid them go la - bor to -

day; Je - sus wants work-ers to heed his commands, Bid them go
day; Per - ish-ing ones they can save if they'll try, Bid them go
day; I - dle-ness nev - er can bring sweet content, Bid them go

la - bor to - day; Call them to fol - low wher - ev - er he leads,
la - bor to - day; While there are du - ties that ought to be done,
la - bor to - day; Now white the fields of the har - vest we see,

Tell them he's might-y, he'll meet all their needs, Pay will be
While there are souls that just now should be won, Why will the
Some-one must la - bor if sav'd it shall be, Who then will

giv - en if faithful their deeds, Bid them go la - bor to - day. . . . .
serv-ants so i - dly look on? Bid them go la - bor to - day. . . . .
answering say, "Lord, send me, Glad-ly I'll la - bor to - day." . . .

1, 2.—go la - bor to-day.
3.—I'll la - bor to-day.

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39. 'TIS A GRAND WORK, WINNING SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. 'Tis a good work, grand work, this of win- ning souls; Oh, the tide of joy like a riv - er rolls, And the peace of God the
2. Oh, 'tis sweet to live so near the Mas-ter's side, All the pow'r we need from his grace sup-plied, Leading wea - ry wand'rers
3. We can throw a light a - cross a dark-ened way, A bright sun - ny gleam from the Land of Day, We can show his love in
4. Let us work a - way un - til the e - ven - fall, Till the star - ry hour when the an - gels call; Then a crown of life be -

trust- ing heart con-trols, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
to the Cru - ci - fied, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
all we do and say, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
yond the jas - per wall.— Glo - ry ev - er - more to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

'Tis a grand work, winning souls! 'Tis a glo-rious work, winning souls!
grand work winning souls! glorious work winning souls!

Heaven's bliss is nearer and the Sav - ior dearer, 'Tis a grand work, winning souls.

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40. MERCIES OF THE LORD.

JENNIE WILSON. E. C. AVIS.

1. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord: As the number of the
2. I will sing of his rich, un-bound-ed grace, Which for sin-ful ones their
3. I will sing of the blessings of his love, On my spir-it fall ing
4. I will sing of the nev-er-fail-ing pow'r, That se-cure from ev-'ry

sands up-on the shore Of a vast and might-y sea are his
cost-ly ran-som paid; In the sac-ri-fi-cial tide flow-ing
like re-fresh-ing dew; I will sing of light di-vine glow-ing
harm doth guard my soul, And will keep me till I stand safe up-

D.S.—*And my grate-ful voice I raise un-to*

FINE.

ben-e-fits to me, And I will ex-alt his name for ev-er-more.
when my Sav-ior died, All my hope of ev-er-last-ing life is staid.
on this path of mine, As, re-joic-ing, I my up-ward course pursue.
on the death-less strand Where the armies of the blest their King ex-tol.

Him in notes of praise, As his ten-der lov-ing kindness I would own.

REFRAIN.

I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord,
of the Lord,

D.S.

Count-less gifts from his dear hand my life has known;
life has known;

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41. 'TILL THE BOAT COMES BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the house of ma - ny mansions, With its por - tals bright and fair,
2. I have seen it in the dis- tance As it bent its snow-y sail,
3. In the house of ma - ny mansions Dwells my Sav- ior and my King;
4. Oh, that boat will soon be com - ing. It will bear me home, I know,

I am lay - ing up my treas-ures, And my heart has long been there.
To the mu - sic of the wa - ters And the whis- per of the gale.
I shall see him in his beau - ty And his praise my tongue shall sing.
To the house of ma - ny man-sions, And the friends of long a - go.

CHORUS.

At . . . the riv - er that . . . di- vides me From my
At the flow - ing riv - er, riv- er that di- vides me From my

Fa - ther's house . . on high, . . I . . . am wait - ing,
Father's house, From my Father's house on high, I am wait - ing, wait - ing,

I . . . am watching 'Till . . the boat comes by. . . . . .
I am watching, watching 'Till the boat, 'Till the boat comes by.

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42. BECAUSE HE PROMISES ME.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I am passing thro' wa-ters chill, When painful tri-als I see,
2. In times of sor-row and sore dis-tress, He hears and answers my plea;
3. What-ev-er troubles my life be-fall, My "present help" he will be;
4. I give to Je-sus my ev-'ry care, From anxious thought I am free;

I know my Sav ior up holds me still, Be-cause he prom-is-es me.
My lov-ing Sav-ior is glad to bless, Be-cause he prom-is-es me.
His love will car-ry me safe thro' all, Be-cause he prom-is-es me.
As-sured that he will my bur-dens bear, Be-cause he prom-is-es me.

REFRAIN.

Be-cause he prom-is-es me, ... Be-cause he prom-is-es me,
prom-is-es me; . . . . What-ev-er o'er-take me, He'll prom-is-es me;
nev-er for-sake me, Be-cause he prom-is-es me.

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43. ON THE SAFE SIDE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Let oth - ers choose pleasures of sin if they may, But I have found
2. This world and its fol - lies will soon pass a - way, But Christ and his
3. The tempt - er with doubtings my soul would ap - pall, By try - ing to
4. With - in God's own Bi - ble I find writ ten down That for self - de -

something far bet-ter than they, For since the re - li - gion of Je - sus I've tried
king-dom en - dur-eth for aye; When I weigh earth's pleasures, its snares and its pride
whis-per that death endeth all, But he cannot turn me from where I a-bide,
ni - al Christ promis' d a crown, A robe and a man-sion just o - ver the tide,

CHORUS.

My own conscience tells me I'm on the safe side.
Against heav'nly glo - ry, I'm on the safe side.
For God's Spirit tells me, I'm on the safe side.
O glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm on the safe side.

I'm on . . . . . the safe side, ... I'm on . . . the safe side; . . . In Christ my dear
I'm on the safe side. I'm on the safe side, I'm on the safe side;

Sav - ior thro' faith I'll a-bide, Then living or dy-ing I'm on the safe side.

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44. TAKE UP THY CROSS.

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

1. Hear the Sav - ior call - ing so ten - der - ly to - day,
2. Yes, the in - vi - ta - tion is "who - so - ev - er will,"
3. Leave the rug - ged highway of sel-fish-ness and sin,

"Wea-ry one, and heav-y la - den, there is rest for thee;
Just the same to-day as 'twas of old in Gal - i - lee;
To the ev - er-last-ing arms of love and mer - cy flee;

From the hills of darkness re-turn with-out de-lay, De-
Just the same con - di - tions must we to - day ful-fill,—"De-
Pa - tient-ly he's wait-ing your soul from death to win—"De-

ny thy - self, take up thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."

CHORUS.

Fol - low me, fol-low, fol-low me— Shep - herd,
Follow, follow, follow me, Je - sus said "follow me," Shepherd, Guide and

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TAKE UP THY CROSS. Concluded.

Guide and Comforter is he; Hark! he calls to-day! Hear him sweetly
Com-fort-er,

say, "De - ny thyself, take up thy cross and follow, fol - low me."

45. LITTLE HANDS ARE USEFUL, TOO.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas-ter There are tasks for all to do;
2. While the old-er, stronger toil - ers Gar-ner in the fruit-ful yield,
3. While for Christ we seek to la - bor, Fair-est flow'rs we oft may find;

FINE.

Tho' his work needs strength and wisdom, Little hands are use-ful, too.
Lit-tle hands may al - so gath-er Precious gleanings in the field.
Glad-ly he'll ac-cept the garlands Lov-ing lit-tle hands have twined.

D S.—*vine-yard of the Mas-ter Lit - tle hands are use - ful, too.*

D.S.

CHORUS.

Little hands are useful, too, Little hands are useful, too, In the
useful, too, useful, too,

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46. # WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Long a - go ma - ny left us for that land of glo - ry, And our
2. Earth - ly ties may be bro- ken—friend from friend may sever, At the
3. There' ll be songs of re-joic- ing at that glo-rious meet-ing, O - ver

hearts with sor- row did o'er-flow; But we know we shall meet them by the
brink of death's re-lent-less sea; But in heav'n, by and by, with them we'll
on that bright ce - les-tial shore; As we meet all the loved ones that have

crys - tal riv - er When a - round us tem - pests cease to blow.
be u - nit - ed, And to - geth - er spend e - ter - ni - ty.
gone be - fore us, And with them shall dwell for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

We shall meet one an- oth - er up in heav- en, We shall meet one an - oth - er up in heav - en; When the by and by, by and by:

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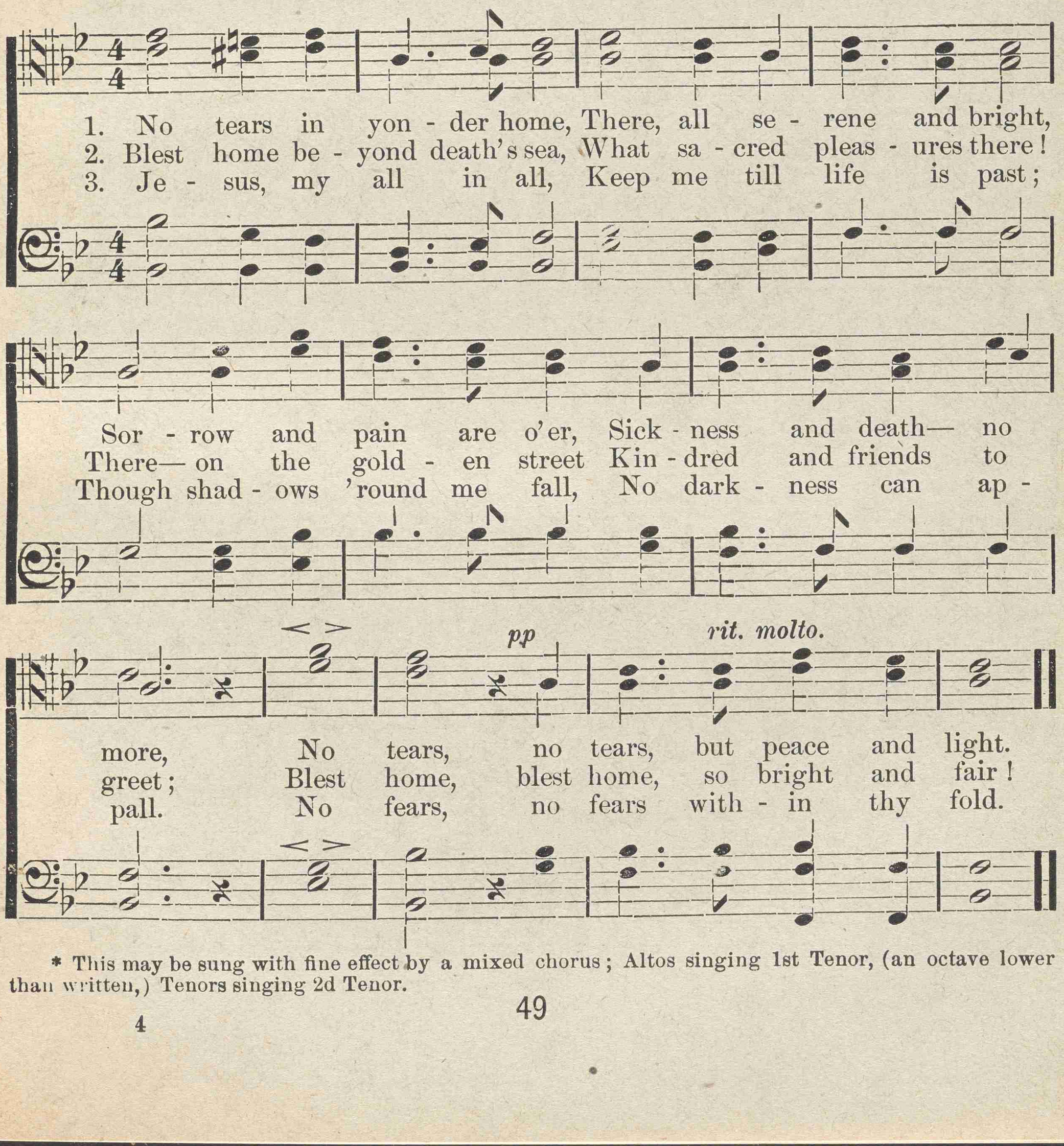
WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.—Concluded.

47. NO TEARS IN YONDER HOME.

FOR MALE VOICES.*

J. H. ENTWISLE. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



* This may be sung with fine effect by a mixed chorus; Altos singing 1st Tenor, (an octave lower than written,) Tenors singing 2d Tenor.

48. COME TO THE CROSS TO-DAY.

IDA L. REED. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come to the cross to-day! Je-sus a-waits you there;
2. Come to the cross to-day! Bless-ing a-waits you there;
3. Come to the cross to-day! Je-sus will free-ly bless,
4. Come to the cross to-day! While he a-waits you there;

Come for his par-don pray, Come and his mer-cy share.
Why should you long de-lay? He will your bur-dens bear.
Light with his love your way, Crown you with right-eous-ness.
Come for his fa-vor pray, Free-ly his love you'll share.

CHORUS. Come! come! come!

Come, come to the cross to-day! Come to the cross! O come to-day!

Lay your burdens at Je-sus' feet,
He will give you forgiveness sweet;

Come! come! come! come! Come to the cross to-day.

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49. PARDONING LOVE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. I am so glad my Re-deem - er came Down from his kingdom a -
2. I am so glad that his grace is free, Glad there is nothing to
3. I am so glad Je - sus waits to bring Hope to the wea - ry and

bove, A bless - ed sal - va - tion for all to pro-claim, And
pay; I'm glad that sal - va - tion is of - fered to me, And
sad, That all who will own him as Sav - ior and King In

CHORUS.

show us his par - don - ing love.
I have full par - don to - day.
par - don - ing love shall be glad.

Par - don-ing love is

free, is free; Par - don-ing love is wide, Par - don-ing

love reaches sin - ners like me, And reach - es the world be - side.

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50. AS MANY AS TOUCHED.

E. E. HEWITT. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Effective as a solo.

1. As ma - ny as touched him in days long a - go, When Je - sus, our Sav - ior was liv - ing be - low, The won - der - ful rec - ord brings joy to my soul,— As ma - ny as touched were made perfect-ly whole.
2. I touch thee, dear Sav - ior, I touch thee just now, While hop-ing, be - liev - ing, be - fore thee I bow, I cast my - self down, pray - ing low at thy feet, O make thou the work of sal - va - tion complete.
3. The rich - es of grace are as great in this hour, As when the great mul - ti - tudes witnessed thy pow'r, The full - ness of life shall new vig - or im - part And bring strength divine to the sin-strick-en heart.
4. No ef - fort of mine can this bless - ing en - sure, Thy in - fi - nite love must ac - com-plish the cure; In man-sions a - bove, hal - le - lu - jahs shall roll,— As ma - ny as touched were made perfect - ly whole.

CHORUS.

Perfectly whole! perfectly whole! The wonderful record brings joy to my soul;

Chorus for last verse.

Perfectly whole! perfectly whole! I trust in his promise, there's joy in my soul;

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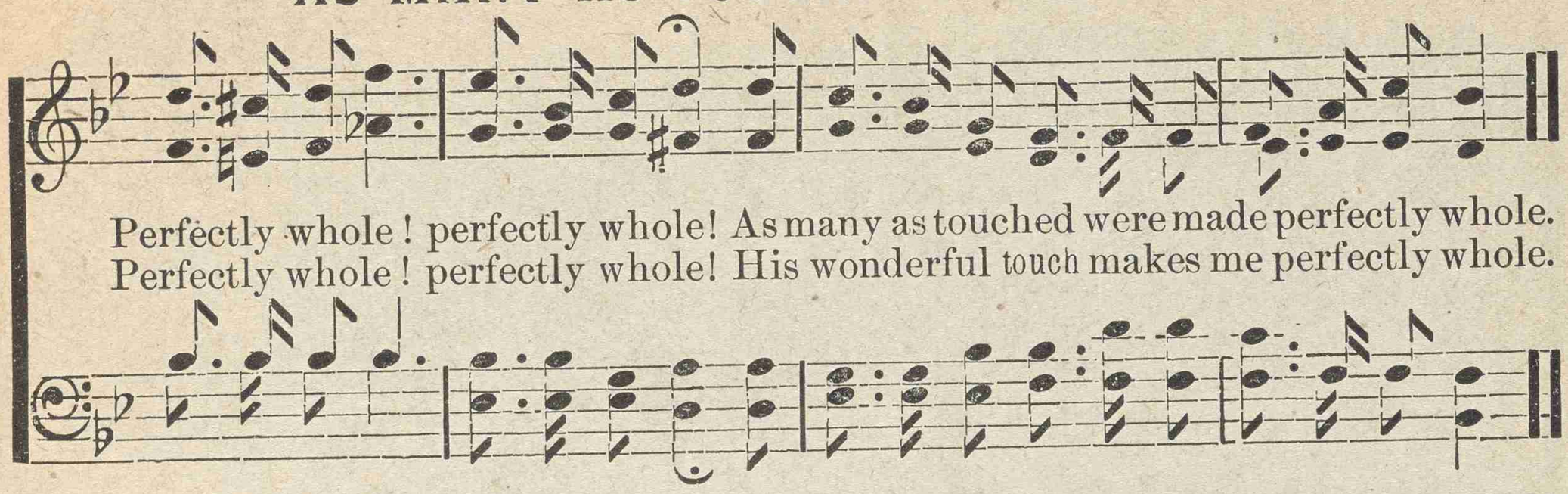
AS MANY AS TOUCHED.—Concluded.



51. JESUS SAFELY KEEPS.

S. H. BOLTON. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

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52. WALK ALONG WITH JESUS.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We are on our journey to the heav'nly home, Will you
2. Rough may be the pathway and your foot-steps sore, Will you
3. Dangers may sur-round you and the day be drear, Will you
4. You with age may trem-ble as you near life's end, Will you
5. Then a - cross the riv - er in the glo - ry - land, Will you

come and walk a-long with Je - sus? He has oft - en called you and he
come and walk a-long with Je - sus? He will lead you gently where he's
come and walk a-long with Je - sus? He knows how to guide you and you
come and walk a-long with Je - sus? He will there sustain you, all-suf-
come and walk a-long with Je - sus? Find your mansion builded by your

bids you come, Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?
been be - fore, Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?
need not fear, Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?
fi - cient Friend, Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?
Lord's own hand, Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?

CHORUS.

Come and walk a - long with Je - sus, Come and walk a-

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WALK ALONG WITH JESUS. Concluded.

long with Je - sus! He will lead you gen - tly all the

home-ward way! Will you come and walk a - long with Je - sus?

53. SPEED THEM ON.

JENNIE WILSON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Christ's messengers are go - ing forth His bidding to o - bey;
2. Speed on the her-ald of the cross With ten-der words of cheer;
3. To dark and dis-tant lands they go To tell of Je - sus there;
4. Speed on by ev -'ry help-ful deed, Those who in Je - sus' stead

FINE.

To spread his gos - pel o'er the earth, Oh, speed them on their way.
In low - ly paths of toil and loss, They fol - low Je - sus here.
That all his sav - ing pow'r may know, Oh, speed them on with pray'r.
Go forth the fam - ish - ing to feed With heaven's liv - ing bread.

D. S.—*they to sad and wea - ry souls Sal - va - tion's gift pro - claim.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Speed on, speed on Christ's messengers, And help them in his name, **As**

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54.

BY GRACE ALONE.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
SOLO OR DUET.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A message sweet is borne to me On wings of joy di - vine;
2. I hear the mes - sage that I love When morning dawns a - new;
3. Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind, That spreads from sea to sea!

A wondrous mes - sage glad and free, That thrills this heart of mine;
I read it in the sun a - bove That shines a - cross the blue;
It heals the sick and leads the blind, And sets the pris - 'ner free;

I'm sav'd by grace, by grace a - lone, Thro' Christ, whose love I claim,
I hear it in the twi-light still, And at the sun - set hour,—
The soul that seeks it can - not fail To see the Sav - ior's face,

No oth - er could for sin a - tone, Ho - san - na to his name!
I'm sav'd by grace! what words can thrill With such a mag - ic pow'r?
And Sa-tan's pow'r can-not pre - vail If we are sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

O glorious song, that all day long, With tuneful note is ring-ing,
glorious song, all day long,

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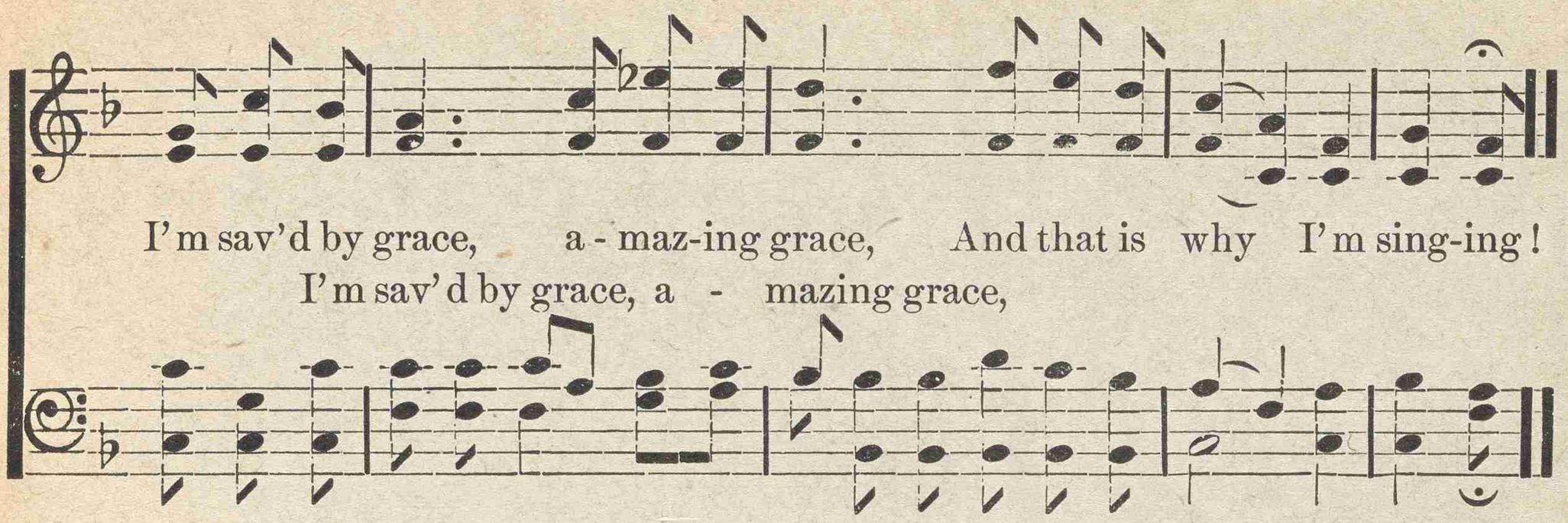
BY GRACE ALONE.—Concluded.



55. COME IN THY LOVE TO ME.

IDA L. REED. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

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56. COME, LITTLE ONES, COME.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. The Sav - ior calls to you and me, Come, lit - tle ones, come;
2. He'll com-fort us when we are sad, Come, lit - tle ones, come;
3. His lov - ing Spir- it he'll be - stow, Come, lit - tle ones, come;

Oh, what a lov - ing Friend he'll be, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
His pre-cious love will make us glad, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
Till more and more like him we'll grow, Come, lit - tle ones, come.

DUET.

He died to take our sins a - way, He lives to bless us ev - 'ry day,
He'll help us o - ver-come the wrong, And make us pure, and true, and strong,
He'll take us gently by the hand, And lead us on, a hap- py band,

He'll help us trust him and o- bey, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
He'll fill our hearts with joy - ful song, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
Un - til we see the Shin-ing Land, Come, lit - tle ones, come.

f CHORUS. FINE.

Come, lit-tle ones, come to Je- sus, Come, little ones, come. For whether we

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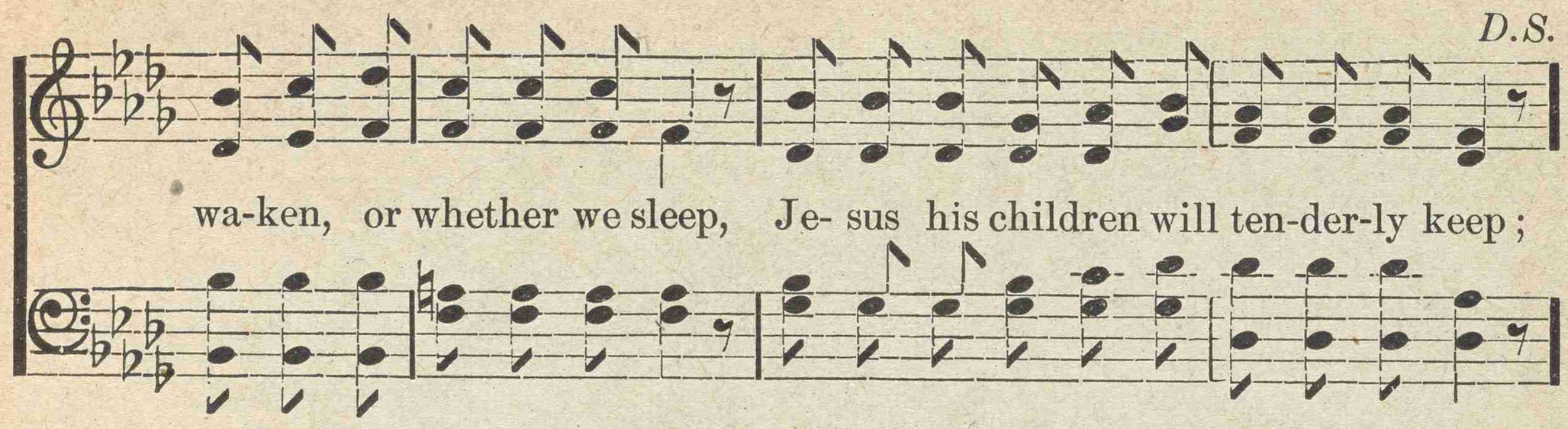
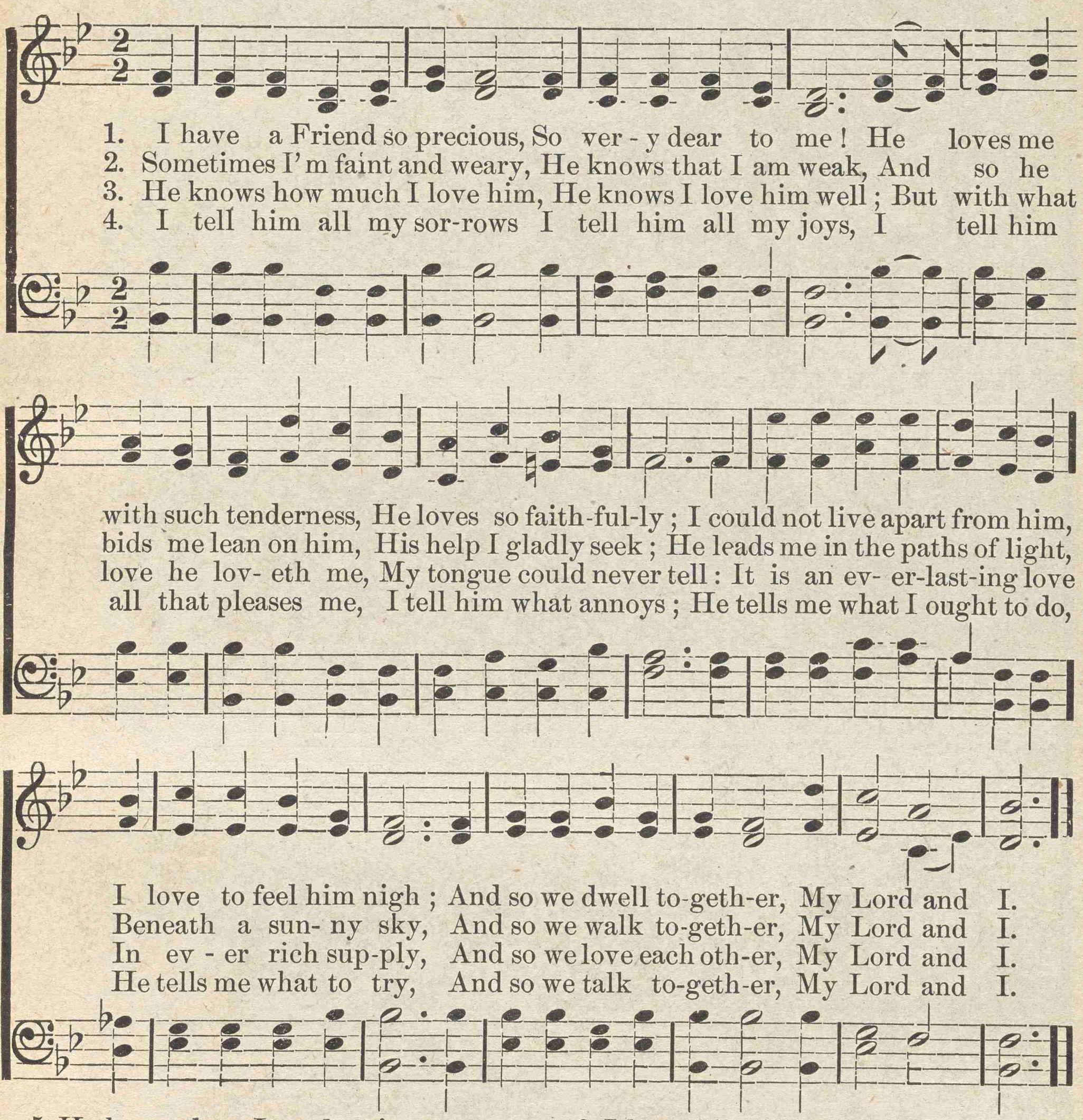
COME, LITTLE ONES, COME. Concluded.



57. MY LORD AND I.

D. K. W. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so he bids me go and speak
A loving word for him;
He bids me tell his wondrous love
And why he came to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

6 I have his yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
In the burden that he carried, I
Do gladly take a share;
And now it is my happiness
To have him always nigh;
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

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58.

WILL YOU COME?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Will you turn a - way from sin? Will you come? And a bet - ter life be-gin? Will you come? All your sin - ful-ness con-
2. Let my Sav - ior be your Friend, Will you come? Take the glad- ness he will send, Will you come? Take his love so true and
3. Will you trust him? he is strong, Will you come? He will save your soul from wrong, Will you come? Will you let him walk be-

Will you come?

fess - ing, Give him ev - 'ry care op-press-ing, Come and seek a Sav-ior's
ten - der, Let him be your strong De-fend- er, Make a full and glad sur-
side you, He will com-fort, he will guide you, And no e - vil shall be-

CHORUS.

bless- ing, Will you come? Come to Je - - - sus, Come to-
ren- der, Will you come?
tide you, Will you come? Will you come? Come to Jesus, come to-day, Come to

day! Come, O come, ... no more de-
Je - sus, come to-day! Come, O come, no more de- lay, Come, O

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WILL YOU COME?—Concluded.

lay! He is call - ing, call - ing! now o -
come, no more de- lay! He is call - ing, call - ing, call - ing! now o -

bey! Will you come? Will you come?
bey, now o-bey! Will you come? Will you come?

59. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je- sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should thy mer-cy send me Sor- row, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I de-part from thee, When thou see'st me wav- er, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Gethsem-a-
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal

call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark - er sem-blance, Cross-crown'd Cal-va-ry.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

60. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to - day, I am
2. All the doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, I am
3. O the bliss and rap-ture! O the wond-'rous peace! I am
4. So I live re - joic-ing in his love each day, I am

rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta-ken all my
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am walk - ing with him in the

sins a - way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
work was done, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.
nar - row way, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
rest-ing sweetly,

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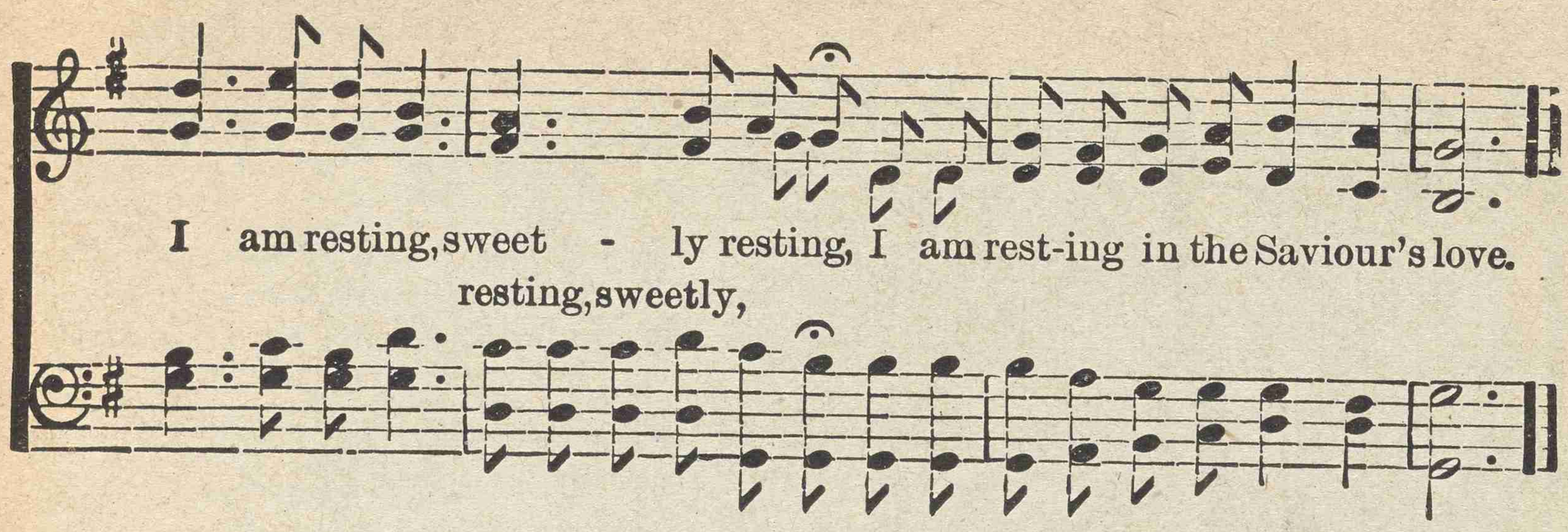
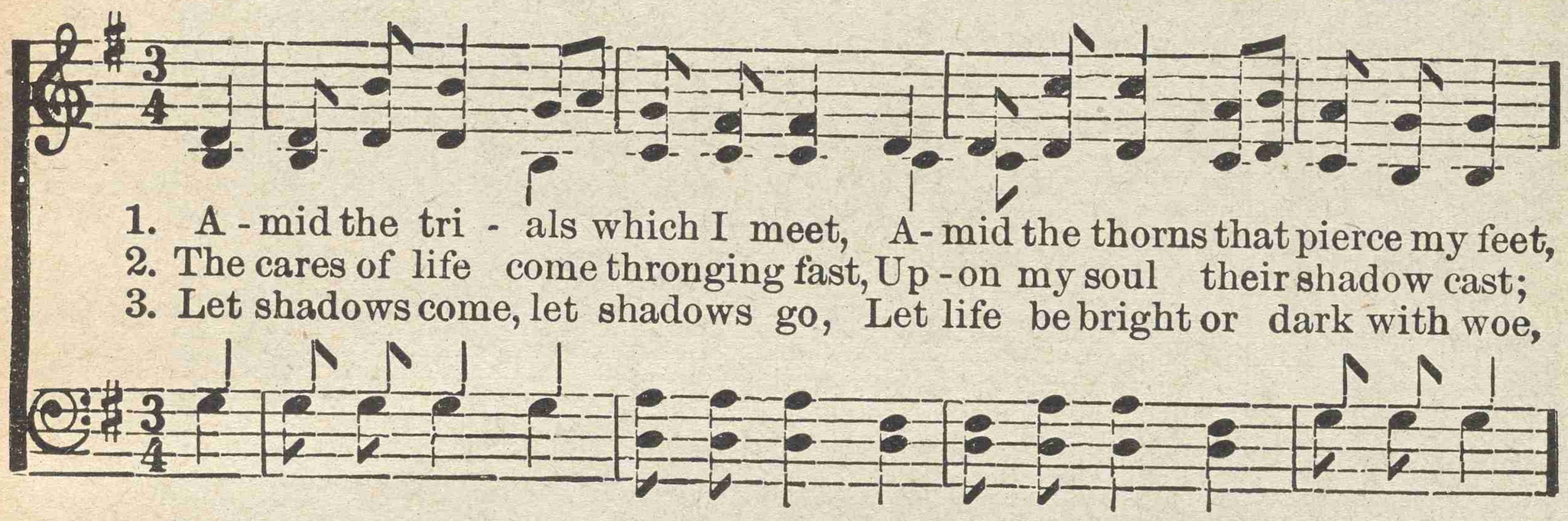
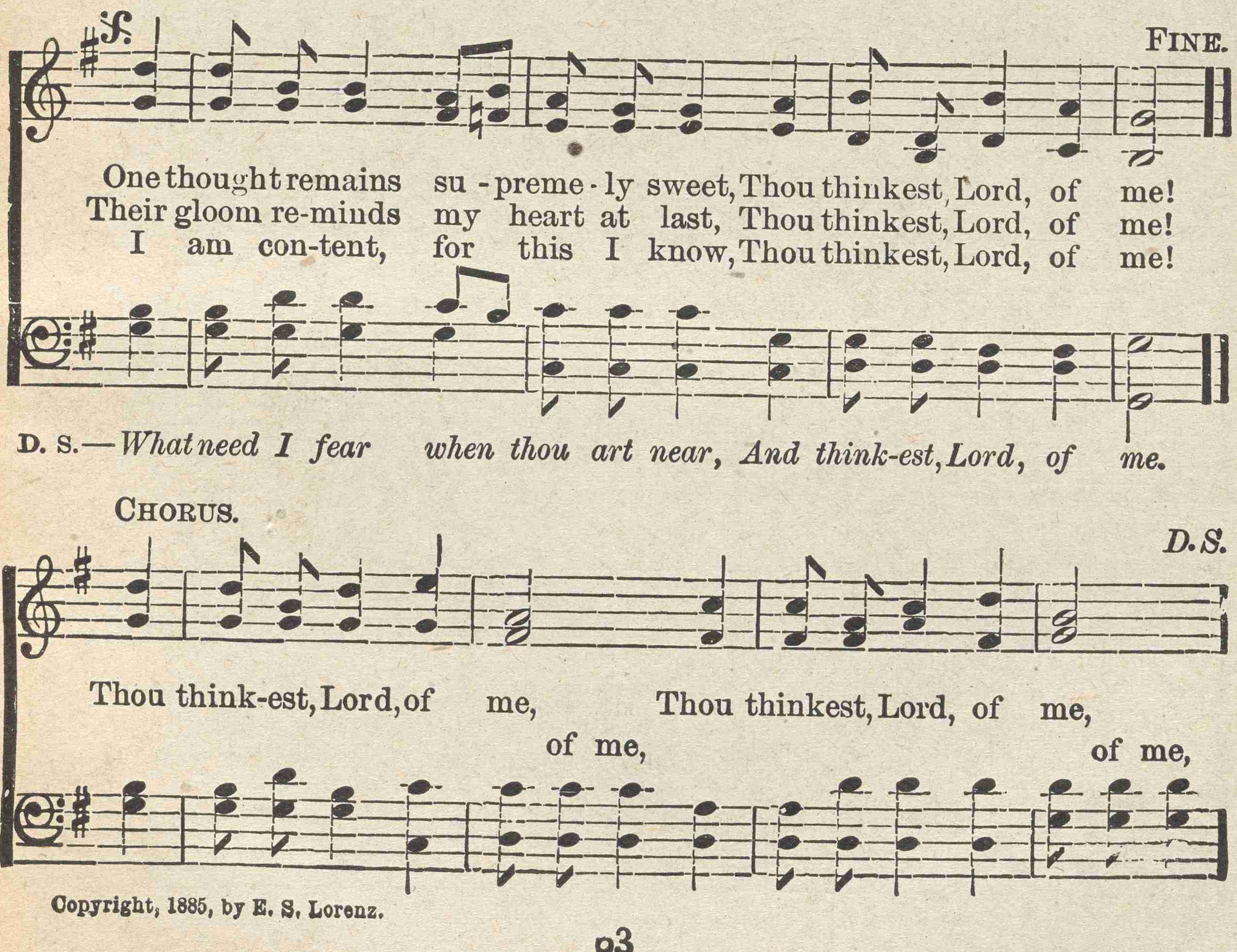
I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. Concluded.



61. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.





CHORUS.

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62. THE MILLENNIAL DAWN.

S. VIRGINIA LEVIS. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When Je - sus comes to gath-er all his jew-els, When he shall come, his
2. What tho' dis-tressed by dir est tri - bu - lation ; Look then to Christ, he'll
3. In the ef - ful - gence of that per fect day-break, When sin and sorrow

own and loved to claim, Then what re - joic - ing ! peace be - yond ex -
qui - et all your fears ! What tho' the hours were spent in si - lent
shall be put to flight, The heav - y clouds that once be-dimmed our

press - ing, For the re - deemed who trust - ed in his name.
weep - ing? His pierc-ed hand shall wipe a - way all tears!
vis - ion, Shall be rolled back, and Christ shall stand in sight.

The ransomed host shall see their blessed Sav-ior, They shall be-hold their
What tho' the dark night still be growing dark er? Yet will the shad-ows
Then Christians, up ! be gird-ing on your ar - mor ; Grasp ye the sword, O,

Mas-ter face to face; And they who once did walk in faith be-side him,
ev - 'ry one be gone ! 'Tis but the hour that must pre cede the glo-ry,
ev - er hold it fast ; Christ as your Cap - tain, ne'er will let you fal ter;

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Shall, with re - joic - ing, rest in his em-brace.
Of that new day of the Mil - len - nial dawn!
Aft - er the con - flict, peace shall reign at last! A - men.

63. PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee,
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall

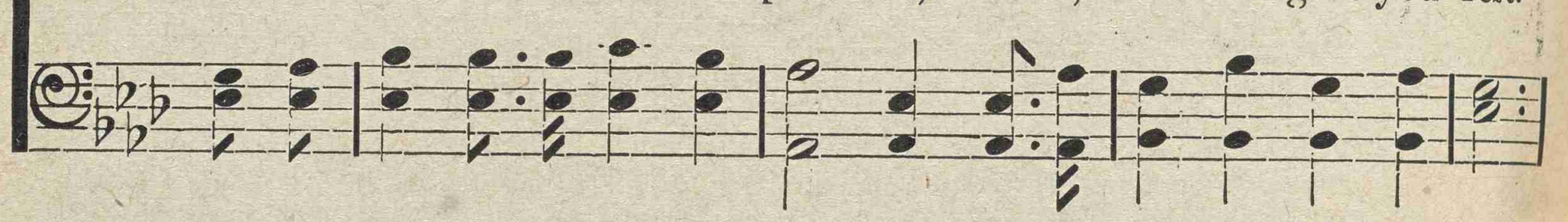
ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.
keep thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

64. IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There is LIFE in the name of Je - sus, For no oth - er name will save,
2. There is HOPE in the name of Je - sus, Tho' the waves of life may roll,
3. There is JOY in the name of Je - sus, When we make of him our choice,
4. There is REST in the name of Je - sus, When we lean up- on his breast,

For that name will a-lone ad - mit us To that home be-yond the grave.
For that name in the hour of dan - ger Is an an- chor to the soul.
Then thro' life like the sweetest mu - sic Will that name our hearts rejoice.
In his name is that sweetest prom-ise, "Come, and I will give you rest."



CHORUS

O that ho - ly name, O that sweetest name, Now and evermore the same!

"Jesus" is our cry, As the days go by, Bless-ed be his ho - ly name!

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65. HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, A wonder-ful Sav-ior to
2. A won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus my Lord, He tak-eth my bur-den a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And filled with his fullness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise, To meet him in clouds of the

me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, Where rivers of
way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv-eth me
vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo-ry to God For such a Re-
sky, His per-fect sal-vation, his won-der-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleas-ure I see.
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mill-ions on high.

} He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the Rock, That

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his

love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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66.

I NEED THE LIGHT.

Mrs. HELEN DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. When the night is dark and the way is steep, Oh, I need the blessed light
2. Walking day by day in the storm-pressed way, Oh, I need the blessed light
3. From thy precious care may I nev-er stray, Oh, I need the blessed light

that will guide me in the night; For his promise true he will ev - er keep,
that will guide me in the night; If I walk with him by my side he'll stay,
that will guide me in the night; For thy hand will guide in-to per-fect day,

CHORUS.

And will lead me by { his / thy } light divine. I need the light, I need the light,

the bless-ed light, ... I need the light that leads
the blessed light,

from earth to heaven a-bove; to God. . . . . that leads to God.

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67. MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life- work is end- ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. Oh, the soul- thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus-tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer- cy, love, and grace, That pre- pares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv- er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Savior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall min- gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Savior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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68. GOD HAS OPENED ALL THE GATES BETWEEN.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *With expression.*

1. There's a cit - y bright and fair In that coun-try o - ver there,
2. On the jour-ney to that land, He will help his saints to stand,
3. Ma - ny loved ones gone be- fore Now are wait-ing on that shore,
4. Free from ev - 'ry stain of sin, With our Lord we'll en - ter in,

Noth-ing like it here was ev - er seen;—Some bright morning, we are told,
As up - on his lov - ing arm we lean; We shall o - ver- come our foes
Standing on those hills of liv - ing green; Soon we'll meet them face to face,
After we have cross'd death's rolling stream; For each door is o - pen wide

We shall reach those streets of gold,—God has o-pened all the gates be-tween.
And the dan-gers that op-pose,—God has o pened all the gates be-tween.
For we're sure to reach that place,—God has o-pened all the gates be-tween.
Since the bless-ed Sav - ior died,—God has o-pened all the gates be-tween.

CHORUS.

O that cit - y, bright and fair, Wait - ing for us o - ver there,—
What tho' tri - als here may in - ter - vene? Kept by his un-fail-ing grace,

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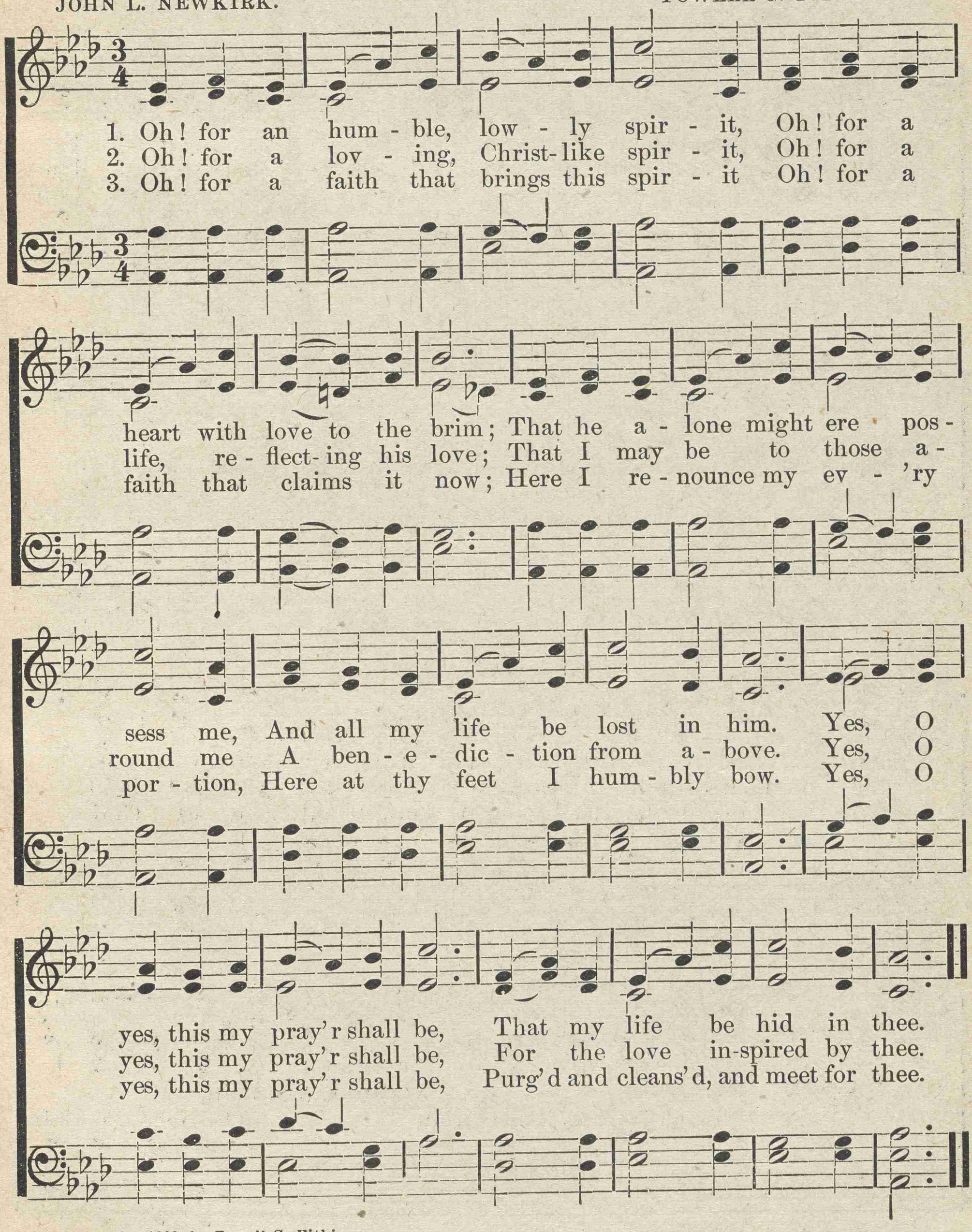
God Has Opened All the Gates Between.—Concluded.

69. THIS MY PRAYER SHALL BE.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.



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70. CONFESS THE CHRIST.

G. M. BILLS. (Third Prize Song.) M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Con-fess the Christ, believ-ing one, And walk the path he trod; Be-
2. Pro-claim the lib - er-ty he gives To hearts enslaved by sin; Go
3. The grand re - u - nion will reveal Your loy - al - ty and love; And

hold the laur-els he hath won, Be - lov - ed Son of God. For
tell them your Redeem-er lives, And souls for Je - sus win. The
greet you with e-ter-nal weal, In pal - a - ces a-bove. Con-

you he wore the crown of thorn And drained the cup of woe; Go
hosts of Sa - tan will be stirred And trem-ble at the sight, As
fess the Christ, victorious one, And sound his praise a-broad; Go

bear the cross of earth-ly scorn For him who loved you so.
you unsheath the liv-ing word, Or wave the gos - pel light.
share the laur-els he hath won, A - noint - ed Son of God.

CHORUS.

Con-fess the Christ, . . . who once was slain, . . .
Confess the Christ, who once was slain;

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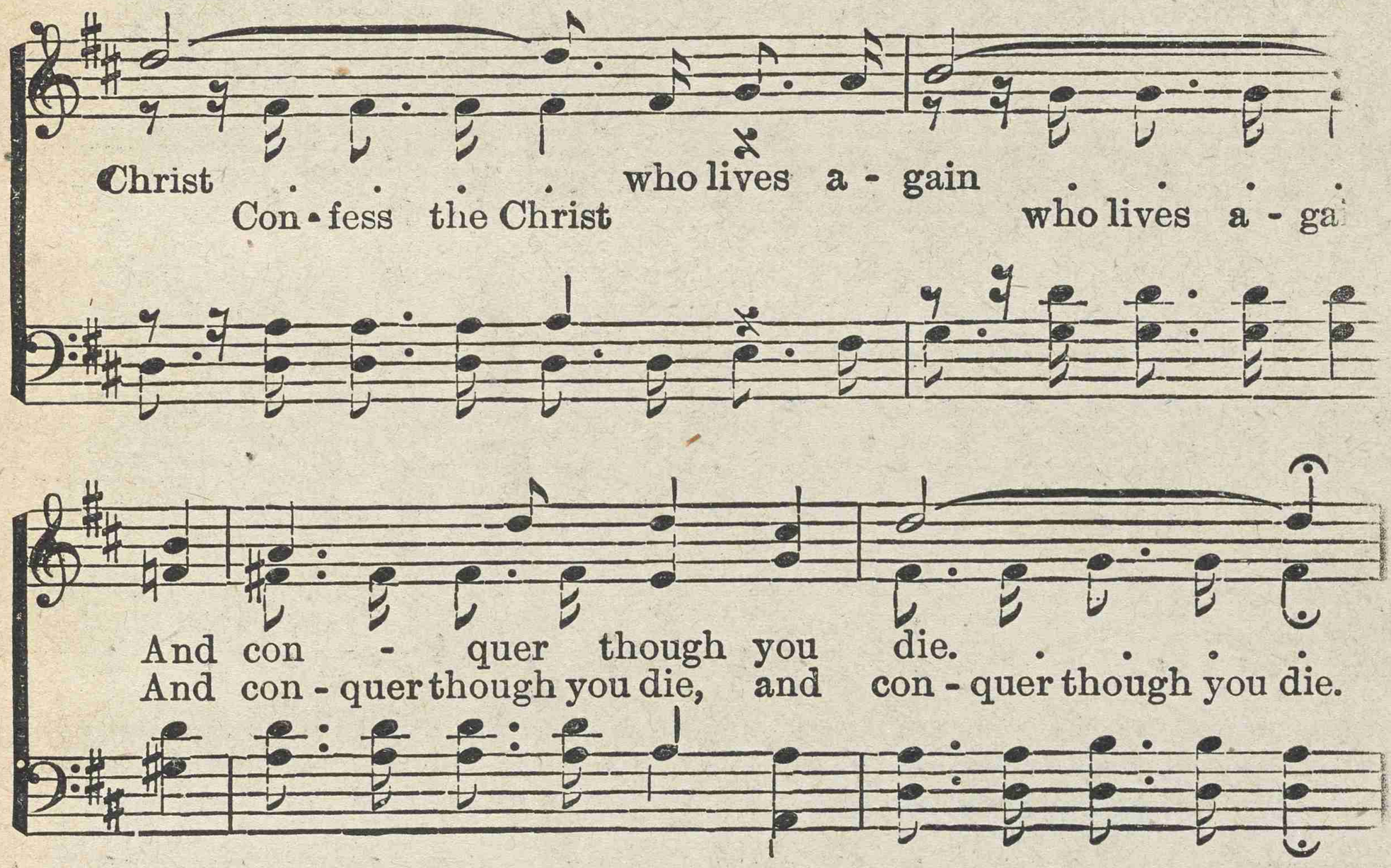
CONFESS THE CHRIST. Concluded.



71. BENEDICTION.

Phil. 4: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

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72. ON TO VICTORY.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
2. March-ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op-press'd,

On to the front where sin is a-bounding, For-ward, the call o - bey;
Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of dan-ger, Fear and a - larm, a - dieu;
Firm in our pur-pose, true in our mo-tives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
On, tho' the world op-press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
Trust - ing the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
Waiting the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha-ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high, Forward, as we shout the battle-cry,

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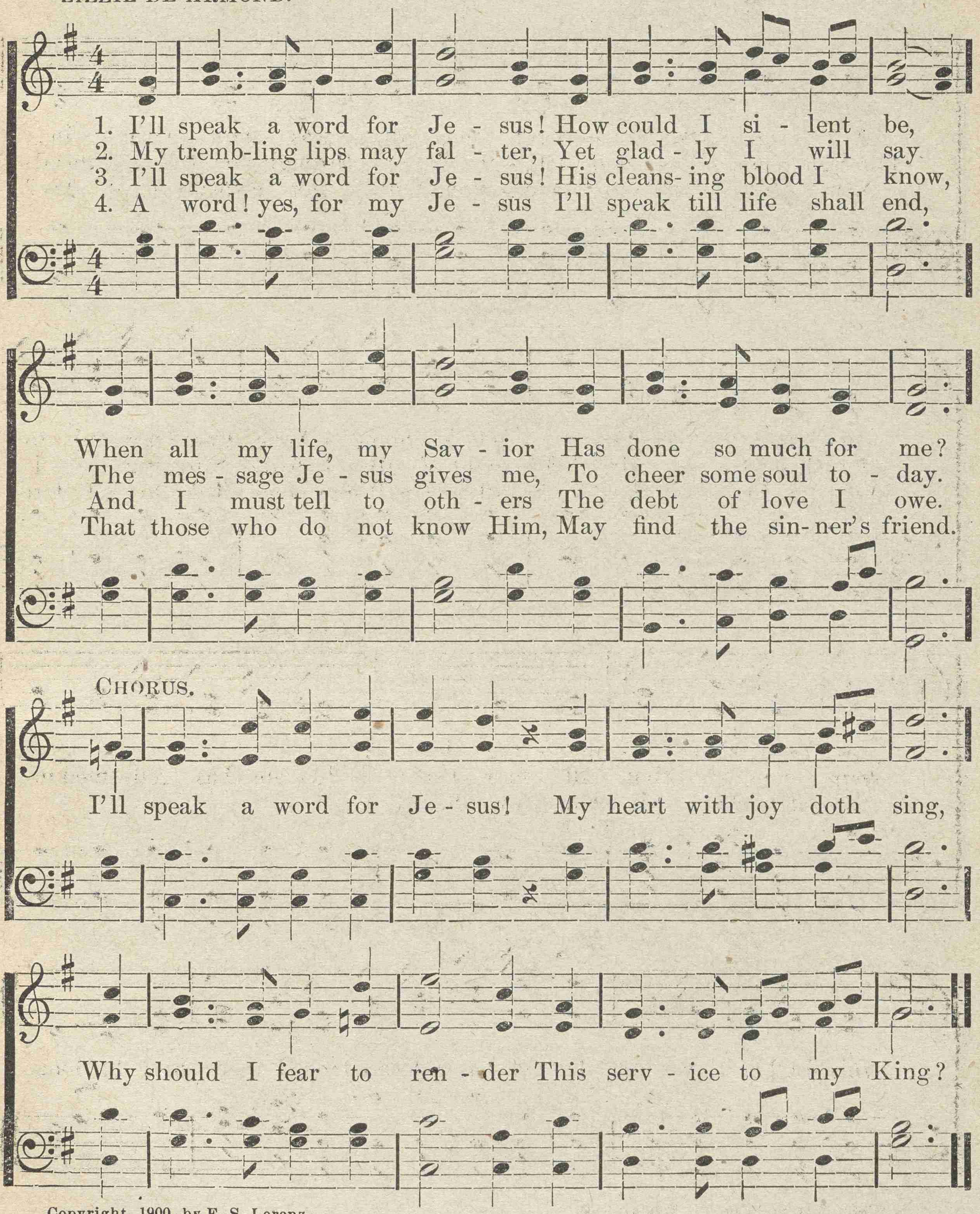
ON TO VICTORY.—Concluded.

73. I'LL SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.



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74. REDEEMED.

"I have redeemed thee."—Isaiah 43 : 1.

MAY MAURICE. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. I lay bound and help - less In the toils of sin,
All was dark a - round me, all was dark with - in;
Je - sus, full of pit - y, left his home a - bove, Came my soul to

2. I will glad - ly fol - low where my Sav - ior leads,
Through the tan - gled wild - wood, or through flow - 'ry meads;
By his love en - cir - cled, naught of ill I fear, Sing - ing as I

3. Come, O come to Je - sus, why will you de - lay?
Now he waits to save you, why not come to - day?
What a bless - ed Sav - ior! all who will may come; Take his of - fered

CHORUS.

res - cue, what a - maz - ing love!
jour - ney, so that all may hear:
par - don, share his hap - py home.
} Je - sus has redeemed me,

this shall be my song; Je - sus has redeemed me, I to him be - long.

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75. WILL YOU JOIN IN THE SONG?

KATE ULMER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a bless - ed day com - ing, Oh, the glad time draws near; When the
2. At the feet of the Sav-ior, Ev'ry knee then shall bow; Would you
3. There'll be weep- ing and wail- ing, There'll be hope-less de-spair; In the

King in his beau - ty, To his own will ap- pear; Un-to those who a -
share in his glo - ry, Oh, then come to him now, Leave the world and its
ranks of the faith-less, Who the joy cannot share; As redeem'd of all

wait him, Full sal- va - tion he'll bring; When he sets up his king dom,
pleasures, Counting all things but loss; For the crown of re - joic - ing,
na - tions, Shall take up the glad strain; "Unto him who hath loved us

CHORUS.

How his peo - ple will sing.
When you lay down the cross.
Be the glo - ry, A - men."
} Will you join in the song Of the

glo - ri - fied throng? In the day of sal - va-tion Will you join in the song?

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76. # ROLL THE CAUSE ALONG.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you know a righteous cause Whose de - fend-ers are but few,
2. Haste the cause of right to save, Waiting not the laggard throng;
3. Leave the coward ranks be-hind, And the Gid-eon arm-or wear,
4. Raise the glorious banner high'r, Sound a - far the trumpet call,

Wait-ing for a helping deed That the ear-nest hand may do?
With a cour - age true and brave Speed the rig ıt against the wrong.
Trust in God and vic - t'ry find, For-ward go t do and dare.
Let the zeal of God inspire Till the conquered foe shall fall.

CHORUS.

Roll the cause a-long! roll the cause a-long!
my brother! my brother!

Put your shoul-der to the wheel, Let the world the
im-pulse feel; Oh, my broth - er, roll the cause a - long!

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77. MANY MANSIONS UP THERE.

R. F. L. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Our home - less and low - ly Sav - ior said, There are ma - ny
2. My heav - en - ly Fa - ther's house o'er - flows, With the ma - ny
3. When tired of my earth - ly home I know There are ma - ny
4. O wan - d'rers of earth op-pressed with care, There are ma - ny

man-sions up there; No place in the earth to lay his head,
man-sions up there; The joys of that place no mor - tal knows,
man-sions up there; Where death nev - er comes nor e - vils grow,
man-sions up there; You're wel - come to come with us and share

CHORUS.

Yet the ma - ny man-sions up there.
There are ma - ny man-sions up there.
There are ma - ny man-sions up there.
In those ma - ny man-sions up there.

} There are má - ny mansions up there, (up there,) Which Je - sus has gone to pre-pare, to prepare; There's one for you and one for me, If we trust him to take us there.

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78. JESUS SAVES ME.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found a peace a - bid - ing Earth can nev - er take a- way,
2. I have found a love ex ceed- ing All that earth has ev- er known,
3. I have found a hope that's shedding Light that brings a sweet surprise,
4. Yes, it is a full sal - va - tion, Of- fered now to each and all,

Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! In that Rock se-cure- ly hid - ing,
Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! Un - to those who heed its pleading
Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! I'm content, tho' clouds o'erspreading
Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! And in lov - ing ad - o - ra - tion

Fear with me can nev - er stay; Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Is its won-drous sweetness shown; Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Hide the fu - ture from my eyes; Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Sound I forth the Gos- pel call; Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me! How can I but love him? Je - sus saves me! How
Je - sus saves, saves me! Je - sus saves, saves me!

can I but love him? Je - sus saves me, is my cry While I

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JESUS SAVES ME.—Concluded.

live and when I die! Je - sus saves me! How can I but love him?
Je - sus saves, saves me!

79. I KNOW HE'LL LET ME IN.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I am not wor - thy of the love That God bestows on me,
2. I wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years Be - fore I sought the Lord,
3. Drawn by his love, saved by his grace, Sometime like him I'll be,

And yet he sends me from a - bove Sal - va - tion full and free;
But when I turned with pray'rs and tears, I was by grace restored.
When I shall see my Sav- ior's face Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Al-though I wan-dered far be - fore He washed a-way my sin,
Soon as I gave my wand'rings o'er I felt new life with - in,
Up Cal - v'ry's hill my sins he bore, He died my soul to win,

rit.

Yet, when I knock at heav-en's door, I know he'll let me in.
Now when I knock at heav-en's door, I know he'll let me in.
So when I knock at heav-en's door, I know he'll let me in.

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80. ONE AND ALL.

MAY MAURICE. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Sing the boundless love of Je - sus, One and all, one and all;
2. Sing the grace of Christ, our Savior, One and all, one and all;
3. Sing, O sing of full sal - va - tion, One and all, one and all;

One and all, one and all;

How from sin and guilt he frees us, One and all, one and all.
Sing his wondrous lov-ing fa - vor, One and all, one and all.
Tell it out to ev -'ry na - tion, One and all, one and all.

One and all, one and all.

CHORUS.

Till a - cross the si - lent riv - er We shall hear the Mas-ter's call,

Let us chant his praises ev - er, One and all, one and all.

one and all.

one and all,

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81. "COME OVER AND HELP US!"

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Come o - ver and help us, O sol-diers of light! Come in - to the re- gions of sor - row and night; The voic - es of mil- lions im -
2. Come o - ver and help us, O host of the blest! Come in - to the land where the weak are op-pressed; The rac - es in bond- age cry
3. Come o - ver and help us, O war-riors of God! Come, blessing the realms that the Spoil - er has trod, Where sin like a pest - i - lence

rit.

plor- ing - ly cry— Come o - ver and help us—Oh help, or we die.
out to be freed; Come o - ver and help us—Oh help while we plead.
breathes o - ver all; Come o - ver and help us—Oh come while we call.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the pleading of per- ish-ing men, Liv-ing in hor- ror ex- ceed-ing our ken;
List, as they call us a- gain and a-gain, "Come o - ver and help us!"
"Come over and help us!"

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82. HIS LOVE IS OVER ALL.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, His love is o - ver all,
2. How can I ev - er go a - stray, His love is o - ver all,
3. My wak - ing hours he fills with songs, His love is o - ver all,

The fount - ain of my soul is he, His love is o - ver all.
My feet he'll keep from day to day, His love is o - ver all.
I know to whom my soul be - longs, His love is o - ver all.

O life is such a bless - ed thing, When safe - ly sheltered by his wing,
I ne'er can pay the debt I owe, Un - to the Lord who loves me so,
I would not if I could be free, His serv - ice is a joy to me;

I sure - ly must re - joice and sing, His love is o - ver all.
Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, His love is o - ver all.
My eyes shall soon His beau - ty see, His love is o - ver all.

CHORUS. all, and free,

His love is o - ver, o - ver all, So bound - less, full, so full and free,

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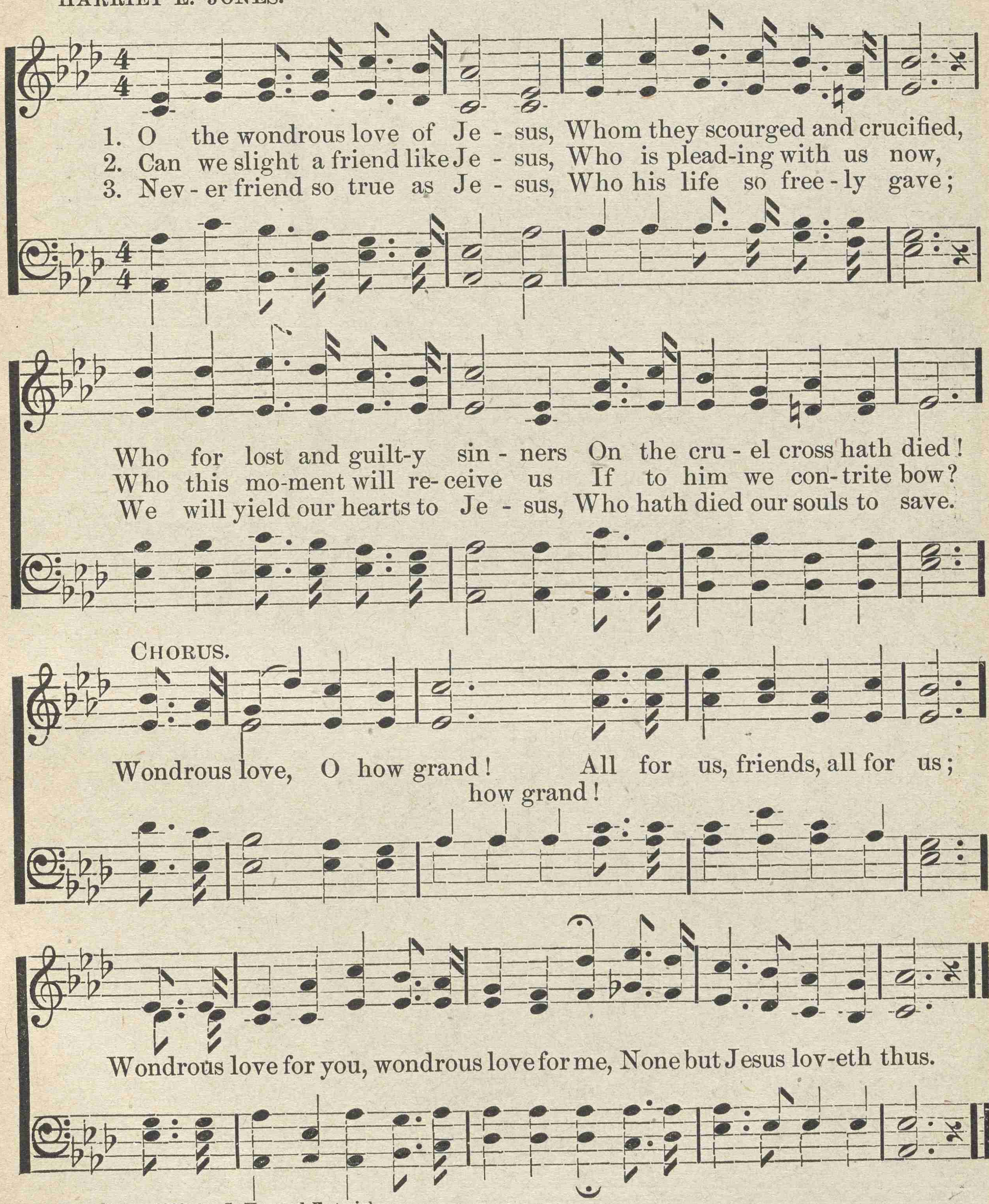
HIS LOVE IS OVER ALL.—Concluded.

83. NONE BUT JESUS LOVETH THUS.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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84. REST AND BE SATISFIED.

Chorus may be sung as Duet or Chorus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

DUET, SOP. or BARITONE and ALTO.

1. Once I was far from the ha- ven of rest, Out where life's billows did
2. Once I was bend-ing be-neath a great load, Rough was the way which my
3. So I will serve him as long as I live, Serve the dear Sav-ior who

o'er me roll, No ref- uge had I on the Sav-ior's breast, But I cried to
tired feet pressed, But now I re- joice on the heav'nly road, For my Sav - ior
died for me, A man- sion to me he has promised to give, Where I for-

CHORUS.

Je - sus to save my soul. Then the dear Lord heard and answered my
gives to my soul sweet rest. Je - sus will help me each bur- den to
ev - er with him may be. Soon up in heav - en his glo - ry I'll

pray'r, So I will rest and be sat- is-fied there, Then the dear Lord heard and
bear, So I will rest and be sat - is-fied there, Je- sus will help me each
share, Then I will rest and be sat - is-fied there, Soon up in heav- en his

rit. ad lib.....

answered my pray'r, So I will rest and be sat - is - fied there.
bur-den to bear, So I will rest and be sat - is - fied there.
glo - ry I'll share, Then I will rest and be sat - is - fied there.

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85. GOD NEVER FORGETS HIS CHILDREN.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Oh, the joy- ful tho't! that ev - er We are kept, from day to day,
2. Nev - er will our Lord for- get us, Child of sor- row do not fear,
3. Lift your eyes un - to the hill-tops, Higher up 'tis bet-ter far,
4. On the neights, so ev - er - last-ing, Sits a Sen - ti - nel di - vine,

Bound by cords of love to Je- sus, Lest we leave the good old way.
Cast your bur-dens on the Mas-ter, Lo, the Com-fort- er is near!
Look, for you a light is gleaming! 'Tis the fade-less Morning Star.
God will ne'er for - get his children; Soon the night with light shall shine.

CHORUS.

No, he nev - - er will for - get them, Though the heav - - ens pass a - way; Fold - ed in . . . . the arms of mer - cy He will keep . . . his own al - way.

No, he nev - er
Though the heav - ens . . fold - ed in
He will keep

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86. REFUGE AT THE CROSS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Wouldst . . . thou find sun - - shine when shad - - ows are
2. Friends . . . may for - sake . . . . thee and tri - - als an -
3. Wouldst . . . thou have life . . . . that is hap - - py and

1. Wouldst thou find sunshine when shadows are deep? Wouldst thou find sunshine when
2. Friends may forsake thee and tri - als an-noy, Friends may forsake thee and
3. Wouldst thou have life that is hap-py and blest? Wouldst thou have life that is

deep? . . . . Wouldst . . thou find rest . . . . tho' thy
noy, ... Treas - - ures of earth . . . may prove
blest? . . . . Wouldst . . thou though toil - - - ing have

shadows are deep? Wouldst thou find rest tho' thy pathway is steep?
tri - als an-noy, Treasures of earth may prove naught but al - loy,
hap - py and blest? Wouldst thou tho' toil-ing have won-der-ful rest?

path - - way is steep? . . . . Glad - - ness and
naught but al - loy, ... Yet . . . . . there a -
won - - der - ful rest? . . . . Leave . . . . all thine

Wouldst thou find rest tho' thy pathway is steep? Gladness and peace, tho' thou
Treasures of earth may prove naught but alloy, Yet there a - waits for each
Wouldst thou tho' toil-ing have wonder-ful rest? Leave all thine i - dols that

peace . . . . tho' thou suf - - fer - est loss, ...
waits . . . . for each sor - - row and loss, ...
i - - dols that prove . . . . thee but dross, . . .

suf - fer-est loss, Gladness and peace, tho' thou suf - fer-est loss,
sor-row and loss, Yet there a - waits for each sor-row and loss,
prove thee but dross, Leave all thine i - dols that prove thee but dross,

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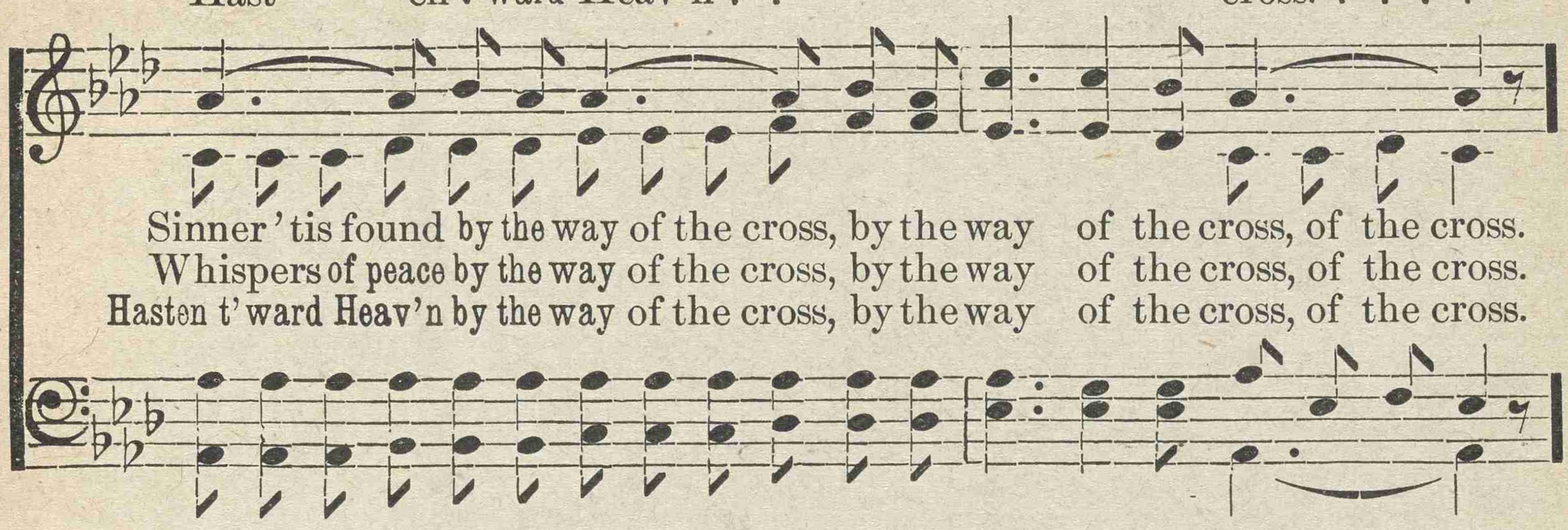
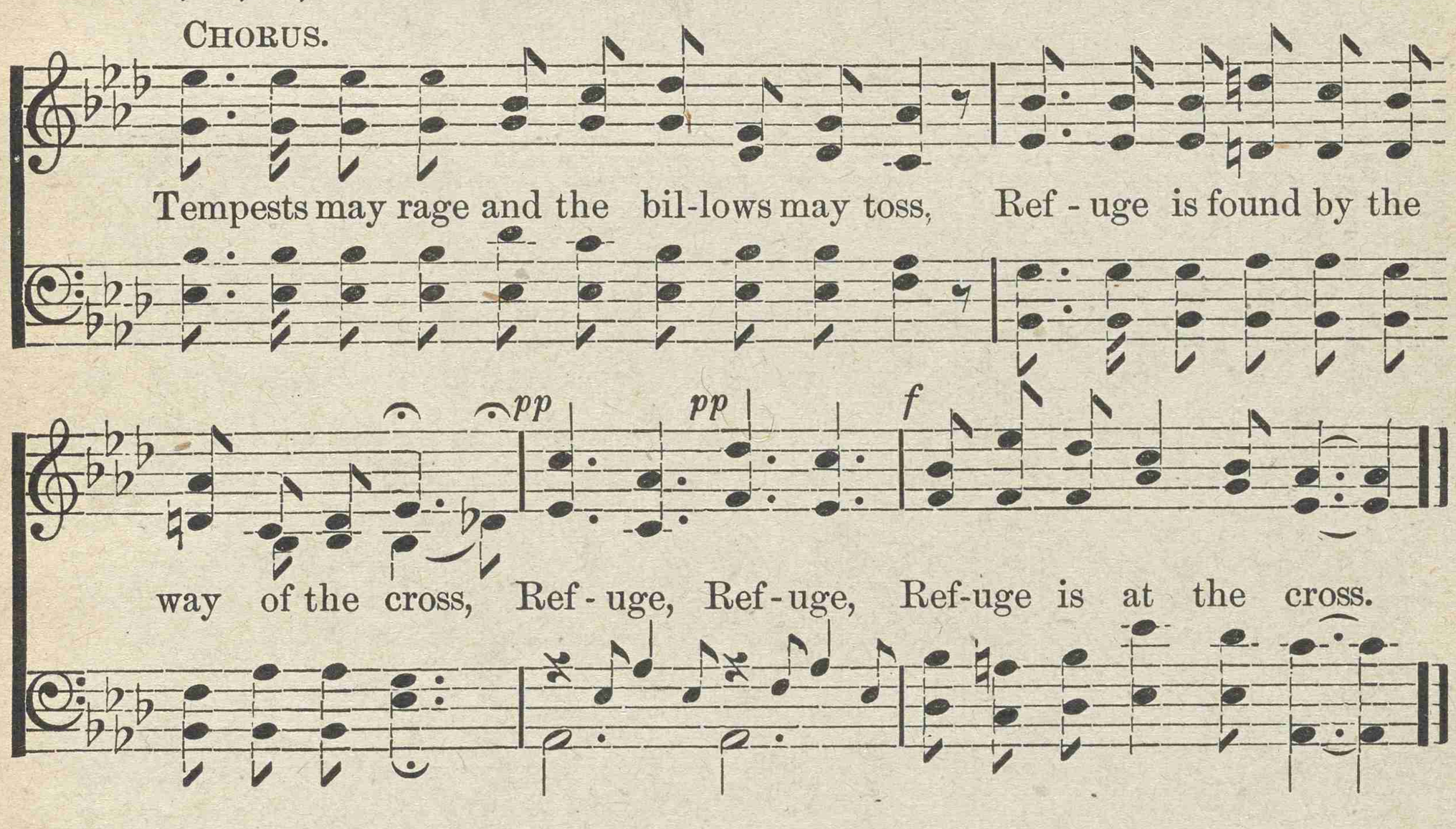
REFUGE AT THE CROSS.—Concluded.

Sin - - - ner 'tis found . . . cross. . . . .
Whis - - pers of peace . . . cross. . . . .
Hast - - - en t' ward Heav'n . . cross. . . . .



Sinner 'tis found by the way of the cross, by the way of the cross, of the cross.
Whispers of peace by the way of the cross, by the way of the cross, of the cross.
Hasten t' ward Heav'n by the way of the cross, by the way of the cross, of the cross.

CHORUS.



Tempests may rage and the bil-lows may toss, Ref - uge is found by the way of the cross, Ref - uge, Ref - uge, Ref-uge is at the cross.

87. COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. Only trust him.
5. Call upon him.
6. He will hear you.
7. Look to Jesus.
8. He'll forgive you.
9. Don't reject him.
10. Hallelujah, Amen.

88. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. *m*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still

m

feed in green pas-tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my
thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per-fume and
fol - low my steps till I meet thee a - bove. I seek by the

f *m*

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy

p *ff* *rit.* *p*

deems when oppress'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com-fort - er near, No harm can be-fall, with my Comfort - er near.
prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence more?
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy kingdom of love.

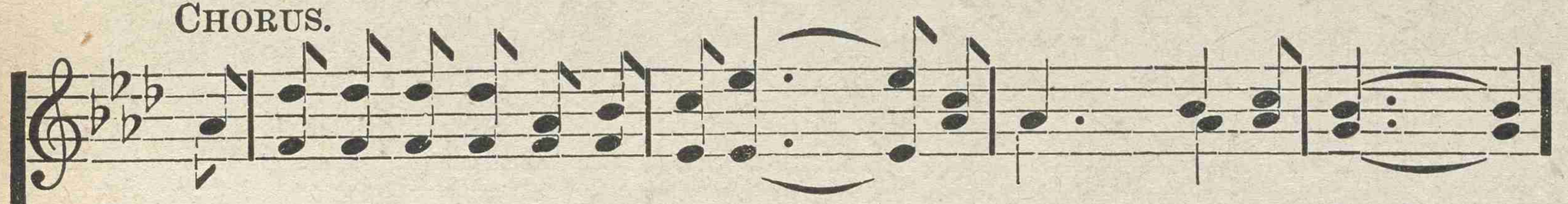
89. JESUS WILL KEEP EVERY PROMISE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. H. O. WARD.

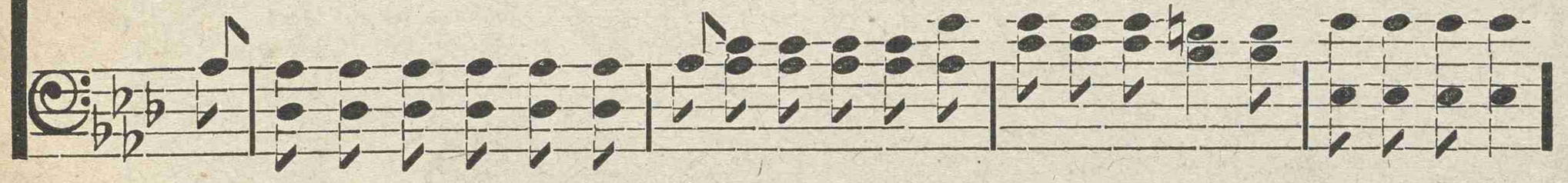
1. If waves of affliction should over thee roll, Tho' tempests around thee may sweep,
2. Whene'er thou art weary and long seems the road, If laden with care thou art press'd,
3. If thou hast been praying for more of his grace, Hast pray'd to know more of his will,
4. Thy dear, loving Savior has gone to prepare A mansion in glory for thee,

No storms on life's ocean can injure thy soul, The Savior has promised to keep.
Thy Savior has promised to carry thy load, Has promised to give thee his rest.
Or prayed to be held in his loving embrace, He's promised such pray'rs to fulfill.
He's promised to take thee to live with him there, If thou only faithful wilt be.

CHORUS.



Then hold thy faith steady, my brother, . . and be not a - fraid, . .
my brother, and be not afraid, and be not afraid,



For Je - - sus will keep . . . ev-'ry prom - ise he's made.
Je-sus will keep ev-'ry promise, will keep ev'ry

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90. THE DAY IS NIGH.

REV. J. G. BICKERTON, D. D. GEO. B. C. THOMAS.

1. There are ma - ny calls to war, There are ban-ners wav-ing high, Zi - on's
2. "Weapon formed against the Church, Shall not prosper," saith the Lord, "'Gainst the
3. Zi - on, lov - ed of the Lord, Lift thy voice and cry a - loud, For the

hosts, a - rise from far and near! Throng ye to the bat-tle front, Halt ye
light that shin-eth as the sun;" But the glo-rious Church of God Onward
day of tri-umph soon will come. Soon the night will pass a-way, Soon will

not up - on the way, For the King of Light will soon ap - pear!
moves from day to day, And will pros - per while the a - ges run.
dawn the per - fect day, And the ran-somed shall be gath - ered home.

CHORUS.

On - ward to the fray, Trusting God to help us day by day.
March steadily on - ward, march steadily on,

Ev-er on - ward as we sing To the glory of the Lord our King.
Sing, joyfully sing, yes, sing, joyfully sing,

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91. HALLELUJAH, I AM SAVED.

"Saved by the Lord."—Deut. 33: 29.

J. T. LOYALL. F. J. HOWARD.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! I am saved! I am saved!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! I am saved! I am saved!
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Tell a - loud! I am saved! I am saved!
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout a - men! I am saved! I am saved!

CHO.—*Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! I am saved! I am saved!*

FINE.

By his blood re-deemed I am; I am saved! I am saved!
Faith re- ceives his great re - ward; I am saved! I am saved!
Love has ban - ished ev - 'ry cloud; I am saved! I am saved!
Tell by life and tongue and pen: I am saved! I am saved!

By his blood re-deemed I am; I am saved! I am saved!

'Ere I en- tered Mer-cy's door, Sa - tan had me all en - slaved;
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole, By my sin no more de - praved;
Oh, the bliss of light di - vine! This is what I long have craved:
At the sanc - ti - fy - ing flood, Je - sus has my spir - it laved,

D. C. for Chorus.

But by grace, he can no more— I am saved! I am saved!
What sweet peace now fills my soul! I am saved! I am saved!
I am Christ's, and he is mine. I am saved! I am saved!
Sprinkling with his pre-cious blood. I am saved! I am saved!

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92. FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. R. FRANK LEHMAN

1. Oh, sing to me a song of faith— The living faith that feels no fear, That triumphs o - ver sin and death, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
2. Oh, sing to me a song of hope— The steadfast hope that bears the soul Above the storms of earthly strife, And bravely sings tho' breakers roll.
3. Oh, sing to me a song of love— The love that o - ver-comes the world; That longs to see all nations meet Beneath its ban-ners wide unfurled.

Faith clings to God, it trusts his word, No storm can
Hope sees the crown above the cross, Despair and
Sing on, sing on while life shall last, On earth at-

shake its sa-cred calm; Thro' weal or woe, unfalt'ring faith Sends forth a
doubt in vain as - sail; For hope lives on, eternal, sure, When anchored
tune your harps for heav'n; Some day to join an-gelic choirs Where pow'r for

D.S.—*mor - est regions ring With these glad*

FINE. CHORUS.

strong, tri - umph-ant psalm.
safe with - in the veil.
per - fect praise is giv'n.

Oh, songs of faith and hope and

songs of vic - to - ry.

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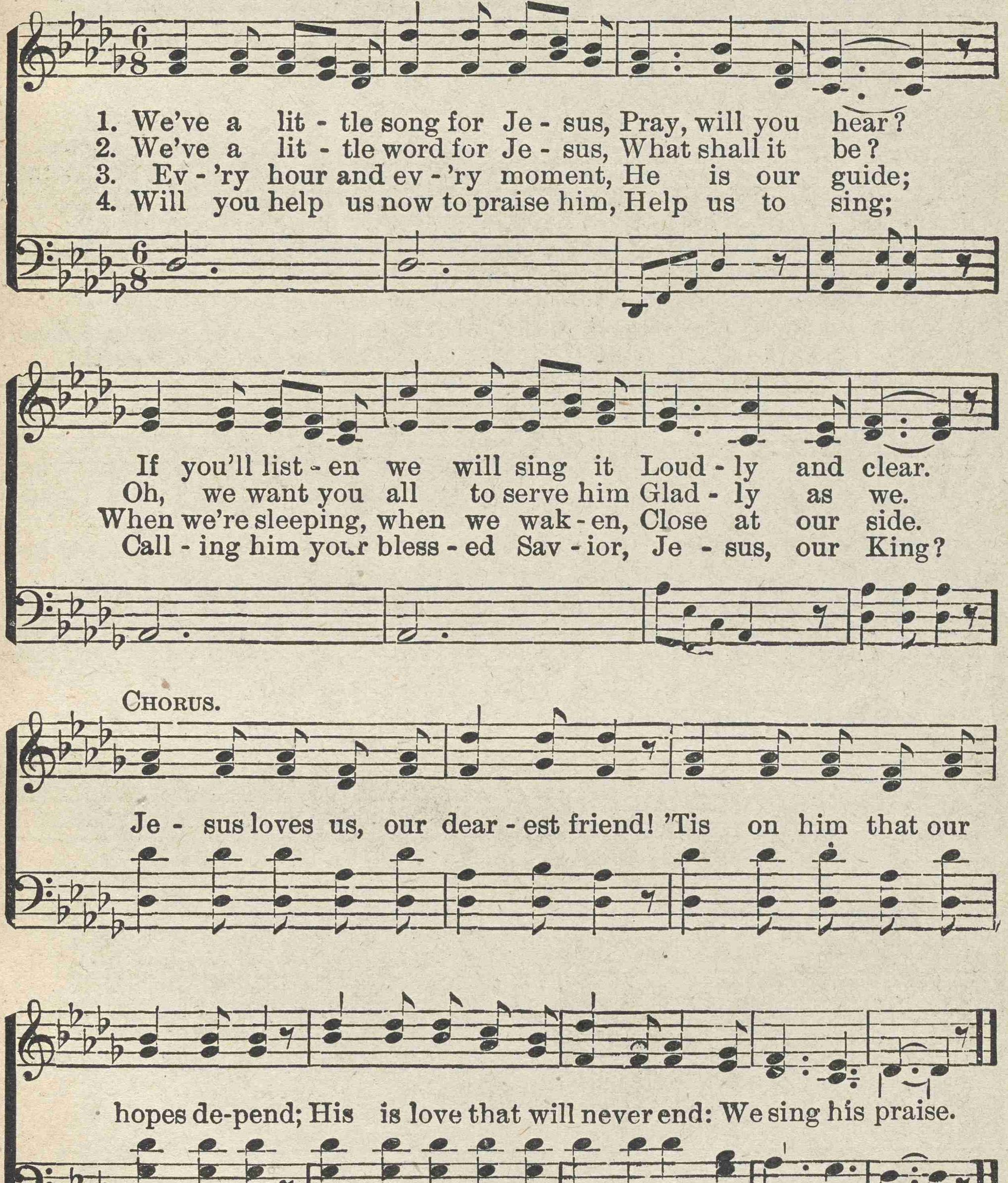
FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE. Concluded.

93. A LITTLE SONG FOR JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. E. S. LORENZ.



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94. GOD IS CALLING.

REV. S. W. COPE. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET. *Adagio con express.*

1. God is call - ing you to - day, Will you not the call o - bey? Come and
2. God is call - ing you to - day, From your sins to turn a-way; And from
3. God is call - ing you to - day, Whispers soft-ly, "Why de-lay:" Has-ten
4. God is call - ing you to - day, Call-ing, sinner, night and day; Come by

CHORUS.

Yes, I come . .

in his love con - fide, Mercy's door stands o - pen wide.
ev - 'ry i - dol part, Lov-ing him with all your heart.
to the mer-cy seat, Here he waits your soul to greet.
faith his grace im-plore, Saved from guilt to sin no more.

Yes, I come

Yes, I come, I come

Yes, I come

my God to thee,

Saved by

now I come, Mer - cy is my on - ly plea;

my God to thee I come,

Saved by

now I come,

grace . . . thro' love di - vine, . . .

Saved by grace love di - vine, I am now a child of thine.
grace, by grace thro' love di - vine, di - vine.

Saved by grace,

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95. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

B. B. GEN. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that he gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill- ing, As I'm walk-ing in his sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit- ter Than he drank in Gethsema- ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great - er than his grace, The storm can-not
hide his bless - ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know
That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con-quer ev - 'ry foe.

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96. LOVE HIM, LOVE HIM?

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Oh, the love of God constrains me in the way, And my heart is
2. It was love that made him die up - on the tree, It was love that
3. Knowing what his weary saints would need the most, It was love that
4. Thro' his love we'll reach our mansion in the sky, Then his love will

o - ver-flow - ing ev - 'ry day; So sing-ing, shout-ing, prais - ing,
paid the debt for you and me; So sing-ing, shout-ing, prais - ing,
made him send the Ho - ly Ghost; So sing-ing, shout-ing, prais - ing,
make our heav - en, by and by; So sing-ing, shout-ing, prais - ing,

Songs to Christ I'm raising, My soul is filled with nothing but his love.

CHORUS.

Love him, love him? 'Twas love for *me* that bro't the Sav-ior from a - bove;

Love him, love him? My soul is filled with nothing but his love!

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97. SINCE I GAVE MY HEART TO JESUS.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. Oh, how hap-py I have been Since I turned a - way from sin,
2. Christ is with me day by day, Giv-ing comfort all the way,
3. How I love the house of pray'r, And the friends who gather there,
4. All my grief has flown a - way, Bless-ed peace is mine to - day.

Since I gave my heart to Je - sus; Like a joy - ful bird on wing,
Since I gave my heart to Je - sus; He has met my ev - 'ry need,
Since I gave my heart to Je - sus; Precious is the sa-cred word,
Since I gave my heart to Je - sus; Love and joy to me be-long,

I am hap-py, I must sing,
Been my faithful friend indeed,
And my soul to faith is stirred,
All my days are filled with song,
} Since I gave my heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Since I gave my heart to Je - sus I am happy all the day;

I am singing, yes, I'm always singing, Since I gave my heart to Je - sus.

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98. ARMY OF SALVATION.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Arm - y of sal- va - tion, hear the trum-pet call; Go ye forth to
2. Arm - y of sal- va - tion, con-quer! for ye must Fight till sin is
3. Arm - y of sal- va - tion, let thy fears be o'er; Smite where heroes

battle, break sin's mighty wall! Crowns and thrones must perish, kings and kingdoms fall,
vanquished, buried in the dust; Right shall be triumphant, God is true and just;
nev - er dared to smite be-fore: Christ shall reign in glory, doubt it nevermore;

CHORUS.

Till is crowned our Christ, the Savior, "Lord of all."
In his pow'r the great Al-might- y ye may trust.
All the world shall own him Sav-ior, and a - dore.
} For-ward! for-ward!

heed the bat - tle cry; Hail sal-va- tion's ban-ner; lift the standard high;

Forward! foward! fighting till ye die, Ye shall gain the vic-to-ry by and by

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99. I AM HAPPY IN JESUS.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I have found what I wanted, what I sought for so long, I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; He has giv-en contentment,
2. Since I first found a pardon for the sins of my soul, I've been happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; For he took me and cleansed me
3. Oh, what pleasures he gives me, oh, the joys I have known; I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; Oh, what vis-ions of rapture

he has filled me with song; I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.
and he then made me whole, And I'm happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.
un-to me he hath shown; I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

I am dai-ly enraptured and my cup run-neth o'er, I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day;
He has crowned me with blessings that I knew not be-fore, I am happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.

1. 2.

happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day; happy in Je-sus ev-'ry day.

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100. LAMP OF MY FEET.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Andante con express.

1. Lamp of my feet, thy guid - ance lend, Walk by my
2. Light of my path, il - lume my soul, Help me thy
3. Star of my soul, with - in me shine, Fill me with

side, my path at - tend; Led by thy hand I
glo - ries to ex - tol; Fill me with peace like
beams of joy di - vine; Let me thy faith - ful

can - not stray, Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!
that a - bove, Light of my soul, Ce - les - tial Dove!
serv - ant be, . . Star of my soul, Oh, lead thou me!

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LAMP OF MY FEET.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lamp of my feet, Light of my path! Lead, oh, lead thou me . . .

rit ad lib. thee!

Star of my soul, guide and control, Lead me near - er, near - er thee.

101. USE ME.

Isaiah 6 : 8.

AUGUSTA L. WATKINS. H. O. WARD.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! Pow'r di-vine! Take and use this life of mine!
2. Ho - ly Spir - it! Love di-vine! Fill, oh! fill this heart of mine!
3. Spir - it! Com-fort - er di-vine! Rest and soothe this soul of mine!

Let me but a chan - nel be, That thy strength may pass thro' me.
That the world I touch may be Reached by o - ver-flow from thee.
That thro' me some soul may be Soothed and com - fort-ed of thee.

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102. PEACE, BE STILL.

(Male Quartet.)

D. M. JAMES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When our hearts are sad and wea - ry, When our paths seem lone and drear - y, Sweet the voice can make us cheer - y, Peace, be still.
2. Do we grieve at man's be - hav - ior? Mourn we all in vain our la - bor, Pre - cious ac - cents of our Sav - iour, Peace, be still.
3. Have you heard his voice within you? Does the joy it brings con - tin - ue? From all e - vil may it win you, Peace, be still.

When we meet with trib - u - la - tion, Chaf - ing un - der sore temp - ta - tion, Bless the Lord for con - so - la - tion, Peace, be still.
Can the Lord for - get us ev - er? Can his love from us e'er sev - er? Ours may fail but his, ah, nev - er! Peace, be still.
Soon will drop our heav - y cross - es, Re-compensed for all our loss - es, An - chored safe where storm ne'er toss - es, Peace, be still.

CHORUS.

In all thy ways, ... Oh, seek his guid - ing, . . .
In all thy ways, Oh, seek his guiding; 'Mid all

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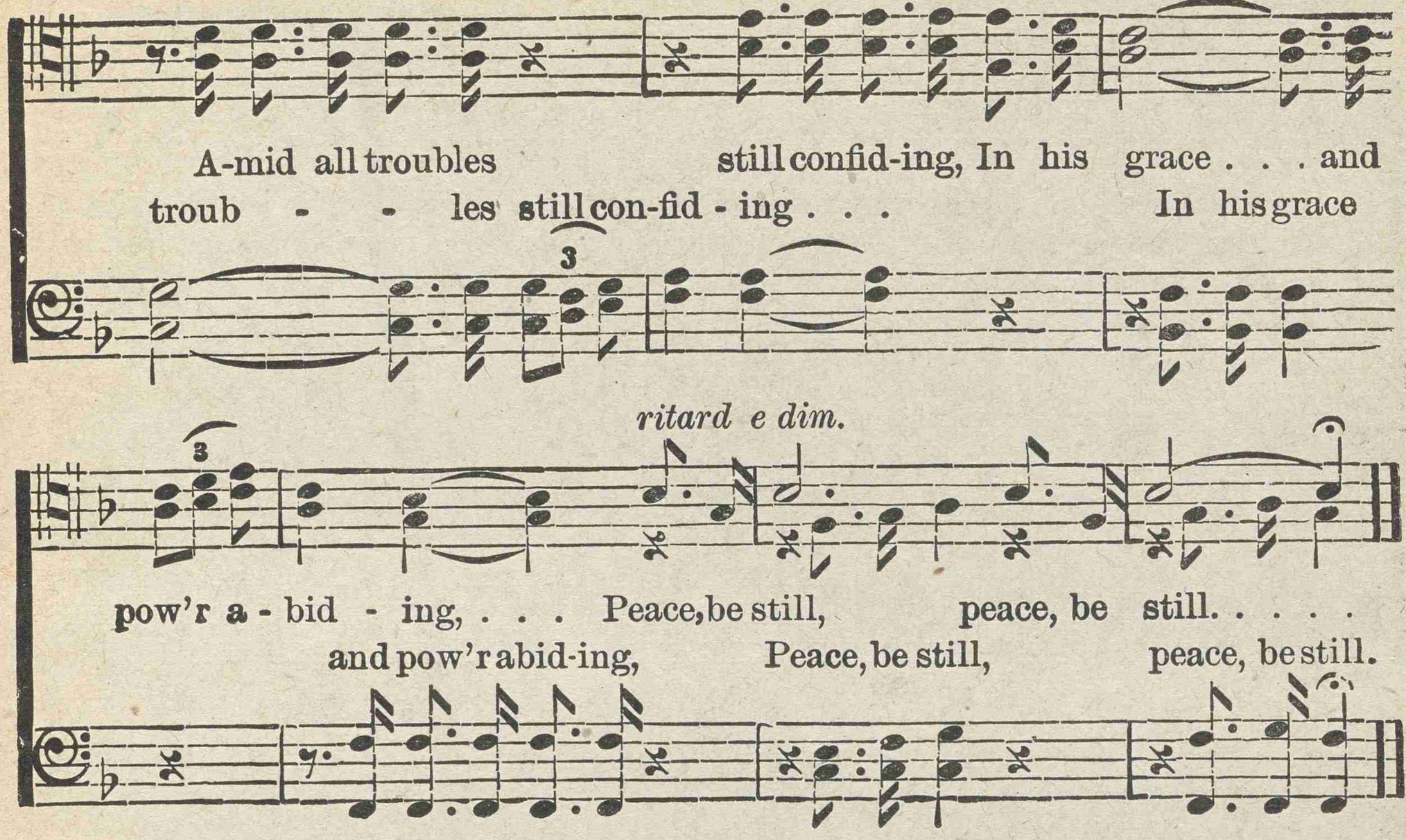
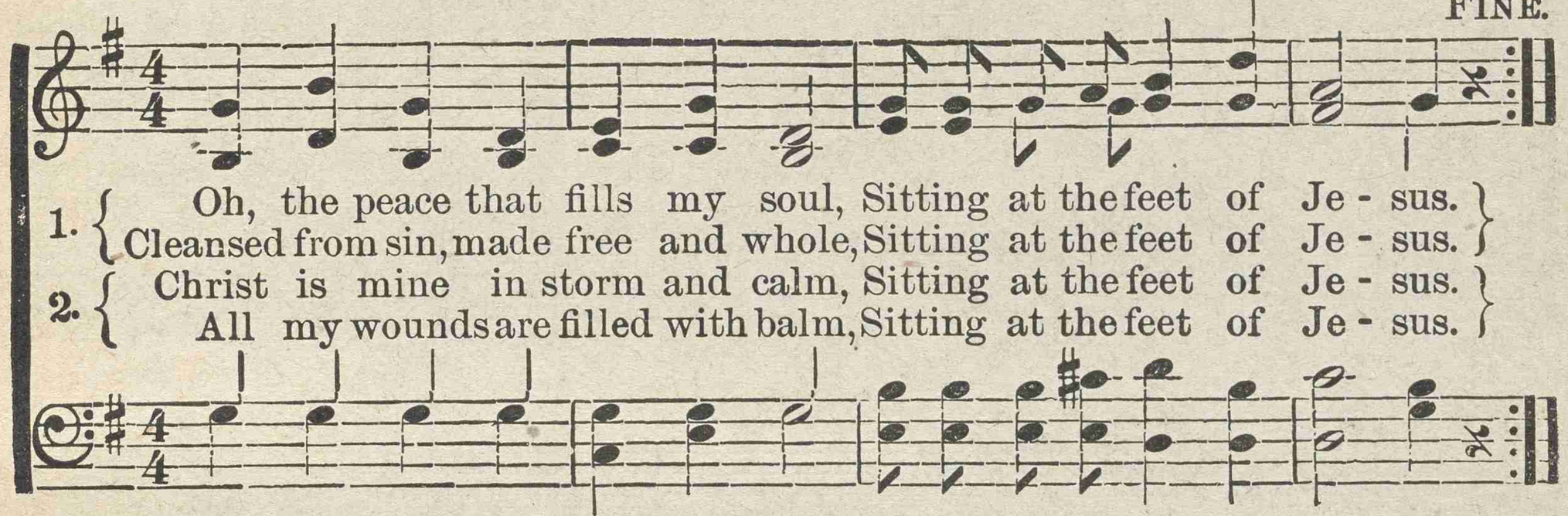
PEACE, BE STILL. Concluded.



103. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

FINE.



D. C.—*Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.*

CHORUS. *D.C.*

3 Here I rest from toil and strife,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4 Come ye guilty and be healed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Freely in God's love revealed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

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104. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push' d and press' d by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow' r, He can save thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
At his feet all my burdens roll,— Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low' r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer di-vine.
divine.

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105. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

E. E. HEWITT. H. O. WARD.

1. To the blest re - treat of the mer - cy seat, I'm com-ing by the
2. Out of sin's dark night to the fade - less light, I'm com-ing by the
3. To the peace - ful rest on the Saviour's breast, I'm com-ing by the
4. Let the Fa-ther's will work with - in me still, I'm com-ing by the

way of the cross; To be - hold the grace of the Fa-ther's face, I'm
way of the cross; From the fruit-less strife to the bet - ter life, I'm
way of the cross; To the shelt'ring wings of the King of kings, I'm
way of the 'cross; And the prof-fered cup, let me take it up, I'm

CHORUS.

com-ing by the way of the cross. I am com - ing to-day by the

blood-sprinkled way, Coming by the way of the cross; Blessed Sav - ior in thee,

there's sal - va - tion for me, I'm com-ing by the way of the cross.

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106. OH, WHAT A SAVIOR IS MINE!

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion of life here be - low, Oh, what a
2. Where sor- rows en - com-pass my way on each hand, Oh, what a
3. When friends here for - sake me, as oft - en they do, Oh, what a
4. My wea - ry, lost broth- er, this Sav - ior wants you, Oh, what a

Sav - ior is mine! He loves me, and guides me, protects from each foe,
Sav - ior is mine! He scat- ters the dark- ness and helps me to stand,
Sav - ior is mine! This "friend of the fa - ther-less" ev - er is true,
Sav - ior is mine! To share in the glo - ry a- wait-ing the true,

CHORUS.

Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine! Oh, what a Sav - ior is What a
mine! . . . . Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine! . . . When
Sav-ior is mine! What a Sav-ior is mine!

foes would annoy, He fills me with joy! Oh, what a Sav - ior is mine!

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107. UNDER THE BLOOD.

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

1. I have per - fect peace to - day, All my sins are washed a- way;
2. What a work the Lord has done! What a work of grace be- gun!
3. Wondrous is God's grace to me, Mak- ing me for - ev - er free,
4. So in glad-ness I go on, Till the Mas - ter's work is done,

Hid- ing 'neath the crim-son blood, I am rec - on- ciled to God.
All my sins are covered o'er; He re - mem-bers them no more.
Sanc- ti - fy - ing me to God, Thro' the all - pre - vail- ing blood.
Trust-ing in a - ton - ing blood, Walk-ing in the love of God.

CHORUS.

Under the blood, under the blood, Pardon and cleansing I found under the blood;

Un- der the blood, un-der the blood, There I forever will hide, under the blood.

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108. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. W. F. FOWLER.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. See our might - y ar - my, as we march a - long, We are
2. Bands of hap - py chil - dren, marching ev - 'ry day, We are
3. As we march, we're giv - ing prais - es to our King, We are
4. As we march, we car - ry neith - er gun nor sword, We are

march-ing on to vic - to - ry; Ne'er be - fore were sol - diers half so
march-ing on to vic - to - ry; We will win the bat - tle, if we
march-ing on to vic - to - ry; List - en to our voic- es, how we
march-ing on to vic - to - ry; We will get to heav- en, trust-ing

bold and strong, We are march-ing on to vic - to - ry.
watch and pray, We are march-ing on to vic - to - ry.
shout and sing, We are march-ing on to vic - to - ry.
in the Lord, We are march-ing on to vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.
Unison.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, ORGAN. We

are an ar - my with ban - ners, Ban - ners, ban - ners, We

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.—Concluded.

PARTS.

109. ONE LITTLE WORD FOR JESUS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

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110. WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM CALLETH.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. When the Bridegroom calleth from the skies–For his jewels white and fair;
2. When the Bridegroom calleth for his Bride, And the pure his palace throng;
3. When the Bridegroom calleth from their toil, All who hold his name most dear,
4. When the Bridegroom calleth from repose, Those who rest from ho-ly strife;
5. When the Bridegroom sounds the final call, And the scroll shall be unrolled;

At the blissful crowning of the wise, Who will be in-vit - ed there?
There while countless ages sweetly glide, She will sing Redemption's song.
Who with care have filled their lamps with oil, And await his coming near.
When rewards for service he bestows, Who will wear a crown of life?
When the victors cross the jasper sea, Who will tread the streets of gold?

CHORUS.

All the wise . . . . . will be in - vit - - -
All the wise will be in - vit - ed, be in - vit - ed to the

ed, When he call - - - eth to the
crowning, When he call - eth to the crowning, to the

crown - - ing; All the wise . . . . . will be in-
crowning of the pure; All the wise will be in-vit - ed, all the

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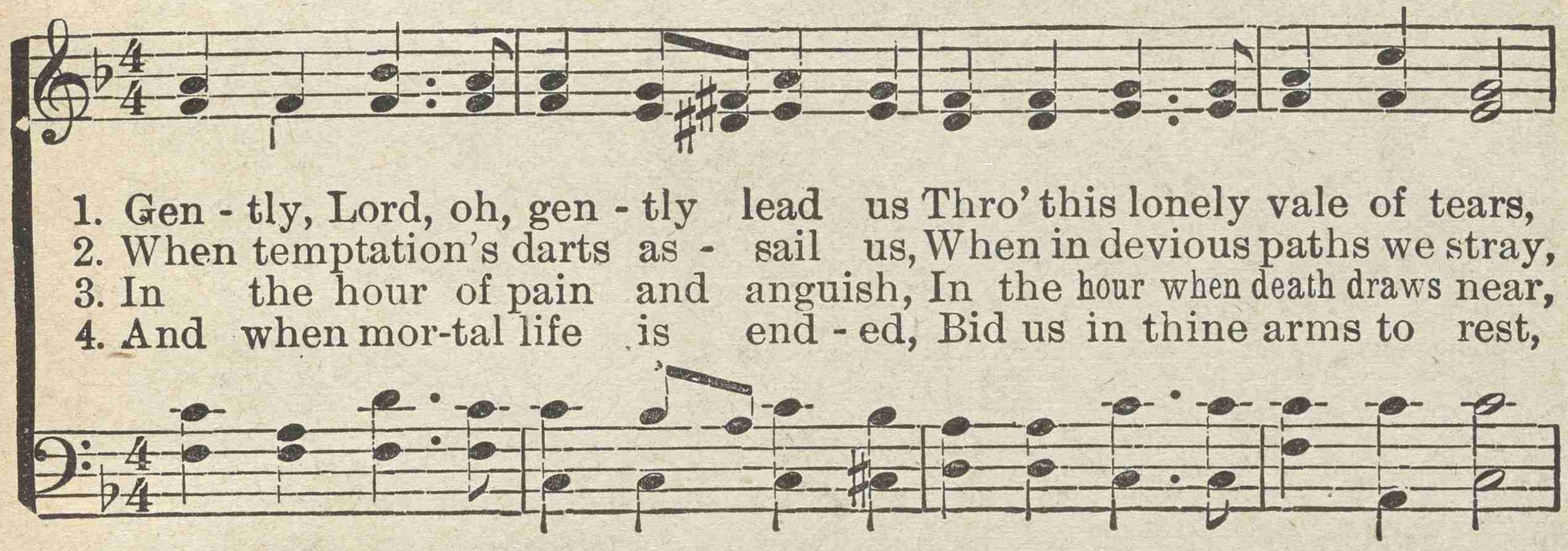
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM CALLETH. Concluded.

111. GENTLY LEAD US.

THOS. HASTINGS. J. M. BLOSE, Mus. Doc.



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112. AT THE TABLE OF THE KING.

"He did eat continually at the king's table."—II Sam. 9 : 13.

E. E. HEWITT. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I was starv-ing in the des - ert For a crumb of liv-ing bread,
2. I was wounded in the bat - tle, Crip- pled by the darts of sin,
3. In his word, there's full pro-vi - sion, For his chil- dren, goodly fare;

When the Lord my wand'ring foot-steps To his own pa- vil - ion led.
But my Sav - ior, in his mer - cy Brought his heal-ing pow'r within;
Here are milk and wine and hon - ey, Ev - 'ry bless-ing I may share;

Tho' the waves may roll a- round me, Shad-ows to the hillside cling,
For his ut - ter-most sal - va - tion Let un - ceas-ing prais- es ring,
His bright ban - ner floats a - bove me, Love, its spicy sweets will bring,

Yet I'm feast- ing, dai - ly feast- ing, At the ta- ble of the King.
While I'm feast- ing, dai - ly feast- ing, At the ta- ble of the King.
While I'm feast- ing, dai - ly feast- ing, At the ta- ble of the King.

CHORUS.

At the ta- ble . . . . of the King, . . . I am feasting at the
roy- al ta-ble bless-ed King,

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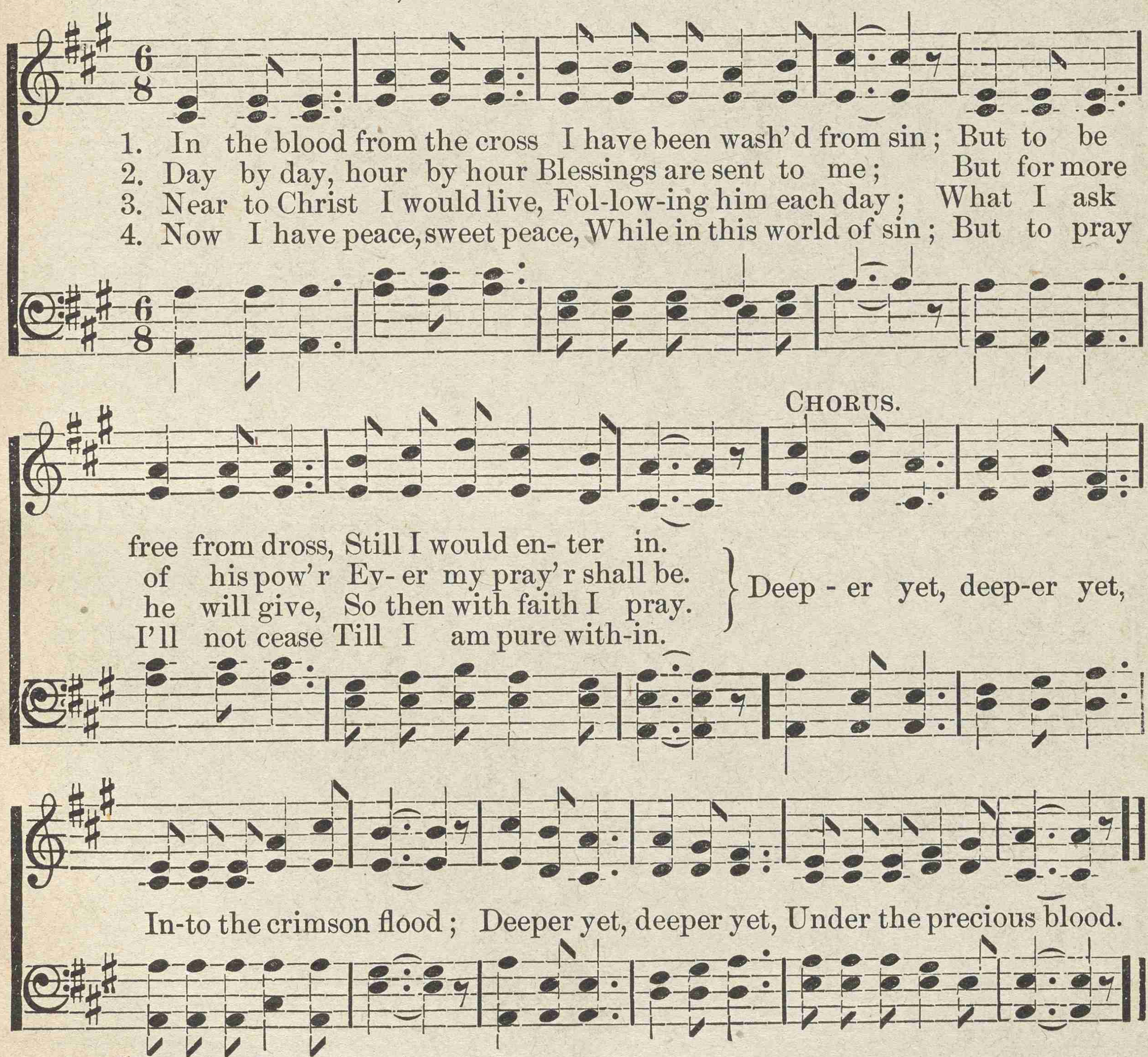
AT THE TABLE OF THE KING.—Concluded.

113. DEEPER YET.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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114. WANDERER FROM JESUS.

REV. J. R. ATCHINSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Wan-der-er from Je-sus, wea-ry, sad, and lone, Hear him gen-tly call-ing now for thee; Hear his precious promise to the err-ing one,
2. He will love you free-ly, your backslidings heal; He will turn your darkness in-to day; Pleasant paths of peace the Spir-it will re-veal,
3. Wan-der-er from Je-sus, why not now re-turn? Why in sin and darkness long-er stay? Hast-en to the feet of Je-sus, there to learn

CHORUS.

"I will love you freely; come to me." We are com-ing,
He will lead you in the King's highway.
All a-bout the Life, the Truth, the Way. We are coming,

lov-ing Sav-ior, We are com-ing in our wretched-
lov-ing Sav-ior,

ness and woe; Oh, re-ceive us! Oh, re-
in our woe; Oh, re-ceive us!

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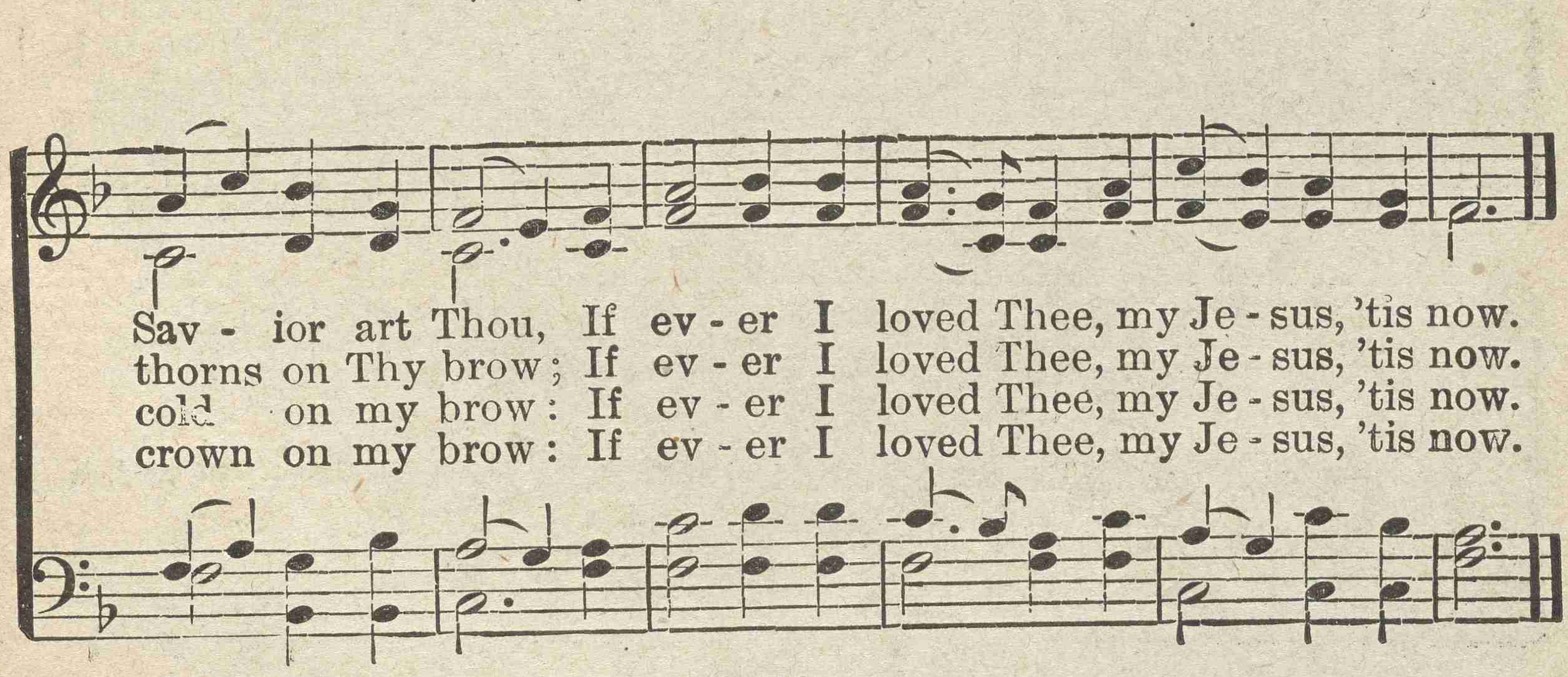
WANDERER FROM JESUS. Concluded.

115. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



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116. FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Sound, sound the battle cry; legions of sin are nigh,
2. Gird all your arm-or on, haste, ere the set of sun,
3. Oh, let your mot-to be "Onward to vic - to - ry,"

Up and a-way, rise up, rise up and a-way! Forward, ye
Bat-tles to win, by grace great bat - tles to win; Forward, ye
Bravely endure, like sol - diers, brave-ly en-dure; On-ward, ye

soldiers, all, wait not nor backward fall, Haste, win the day, oh,
soldiers, go, stronger than steel-clad foe Are hosts of sin, are
soldiers, all; forward, nor backward fall, Vict'ry is sure, thro'

CHORUS.

haste and win the day.
might-y hosts of sin. Sheath not the sword in the battle of the Lord,
Christ is vic-t'ry sure.

Hold your gleaming banners high; Hosts for the King will vic - t'ry bring

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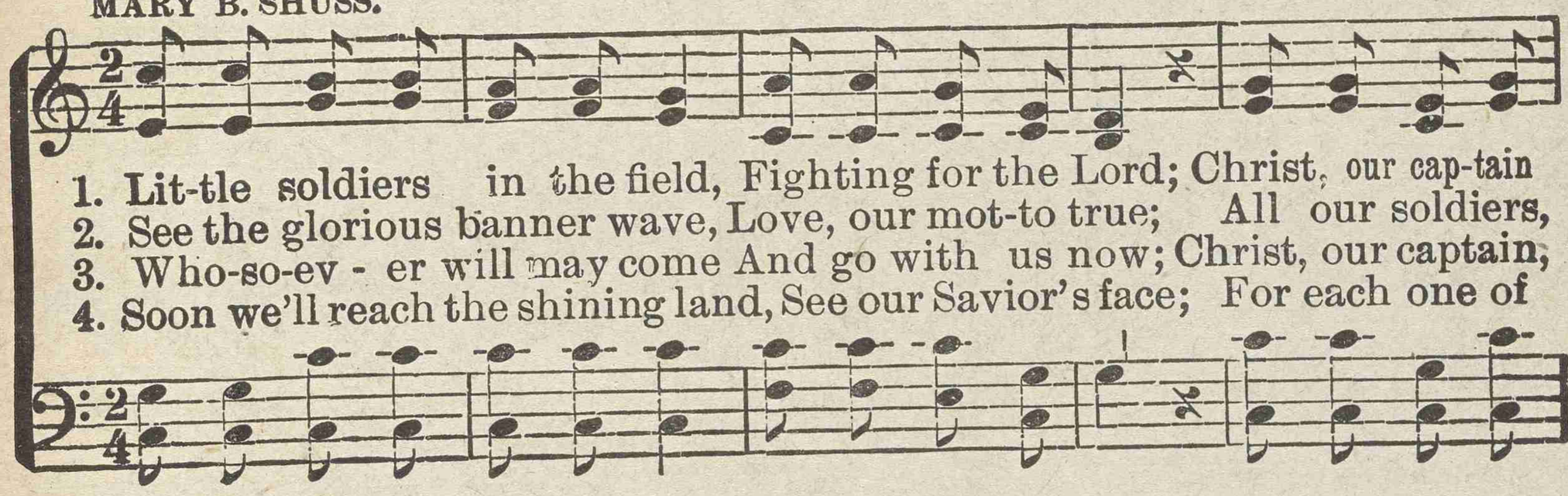
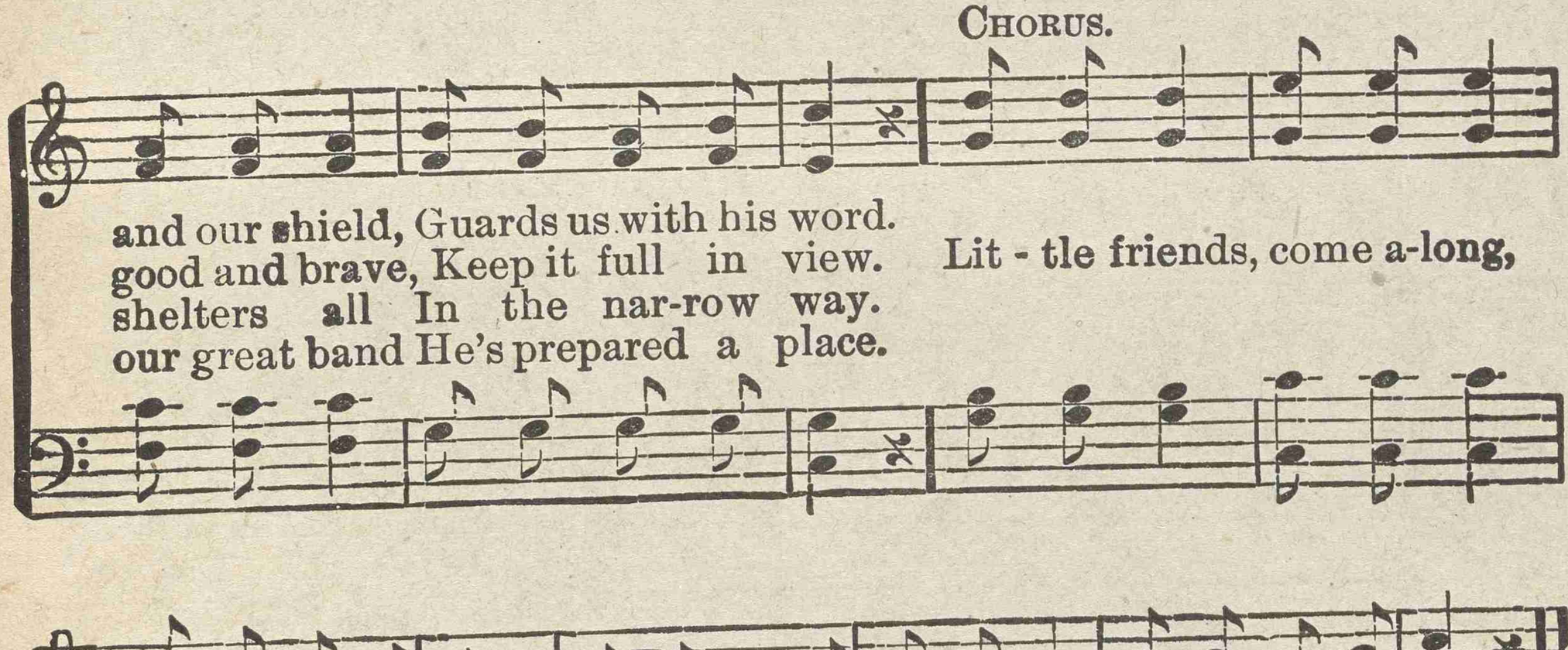
FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS. Concluded.

117. LITTLE SOLDIERS.

MARY B. SHUSS. J. H. RUEBUSH.





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118. THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. 121 : 1.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. When my soul is oppress' d, When my heart is distress' d, With its weight of life's bur-dens and ills,— I will lift up mine eyes Un-to that par-a-dise
2. That fair cit - y of God, Mortal nev - er hath trod, There the cold wind of death nev-er chills; There no fears can ap-pall, There no tears ev - er fall
3. There the angels of light Praise the Lord day and night, Heaven's court with their mel - o - dy thrills, While there rolls a new song By that great blood-wash' d throng
4. Where my dear ones a-wait, Just in-side the pearl gate, I shall go when my dear Fa-ther wills, Then what joy there will be, When each oth-er we see
5. There they nev-er have night, For the Lamb is the light,—All the land with his glo - ry he fills: Soon he'll call me to come, And with him rest at home

CHORUS.

On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills. On the hills, beau-ti-ful hills, On the hills, hills, I will lift up mine eyes to the hills; I shall beautiful hills, beau-ti-ful hills;

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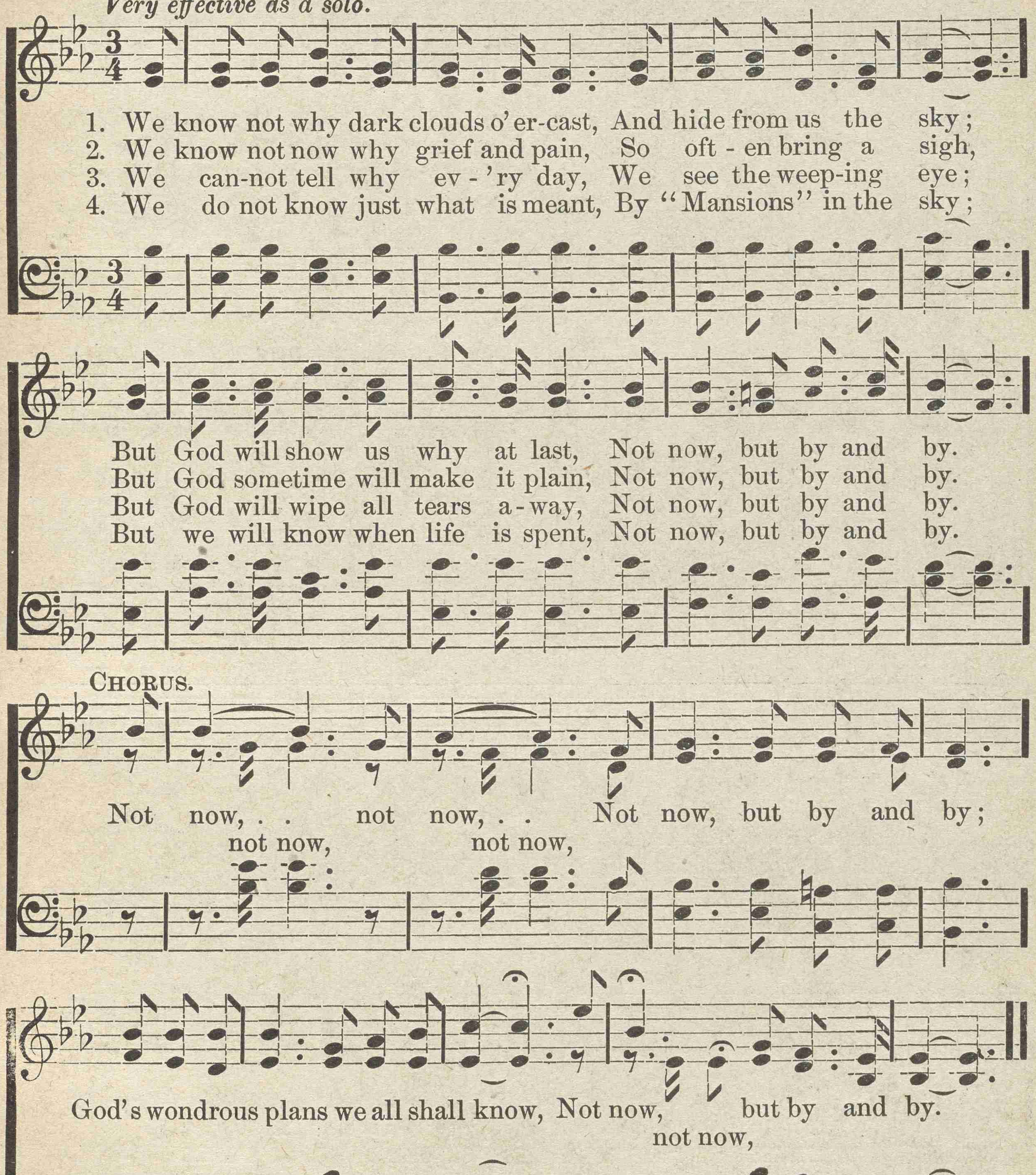
THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

119. NOT NOW, BUT BY AND BY.

"Not now, but by and by."—John 13 : 7.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Very effective as a solo.



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120. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in
3 My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing

voice would raise; For who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the
dark - ness light; In pain a balm, in weak - ness might, Is the
when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the

CHORUS.

won - der-ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love!

won - der-ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

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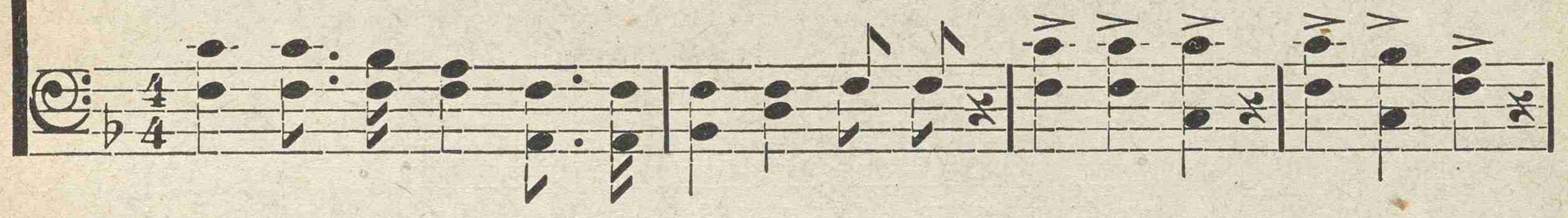
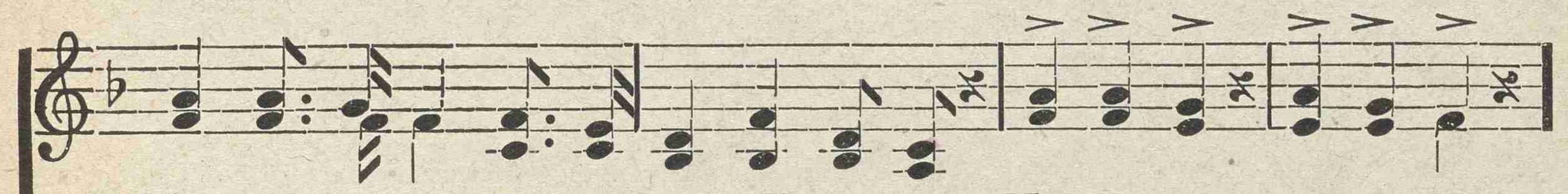
121. NO, NOT ONE!

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

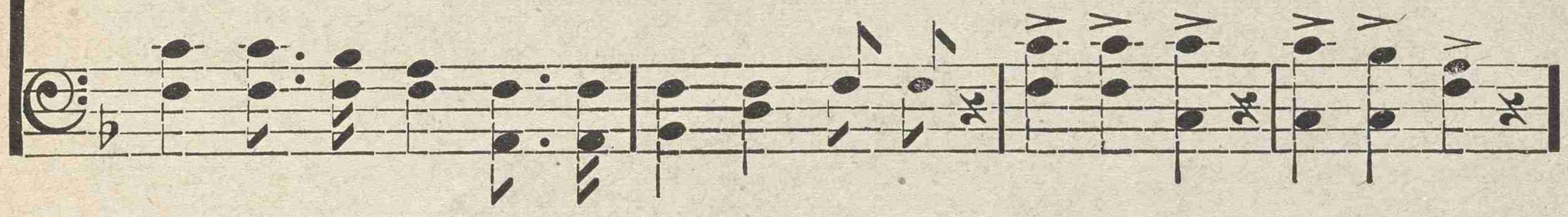
Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low- ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

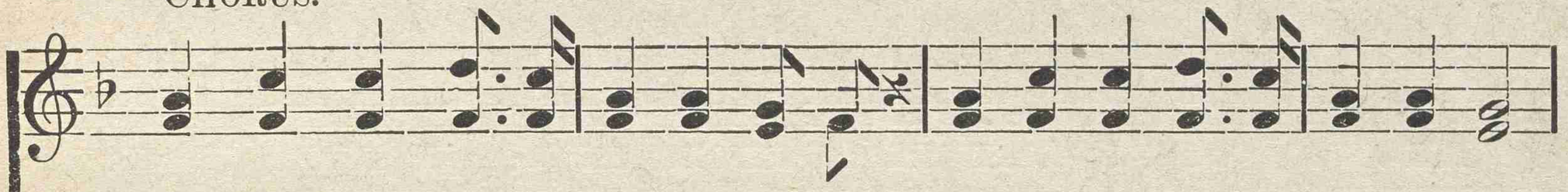




None else could heal all our soul's dis- eas- es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin- ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

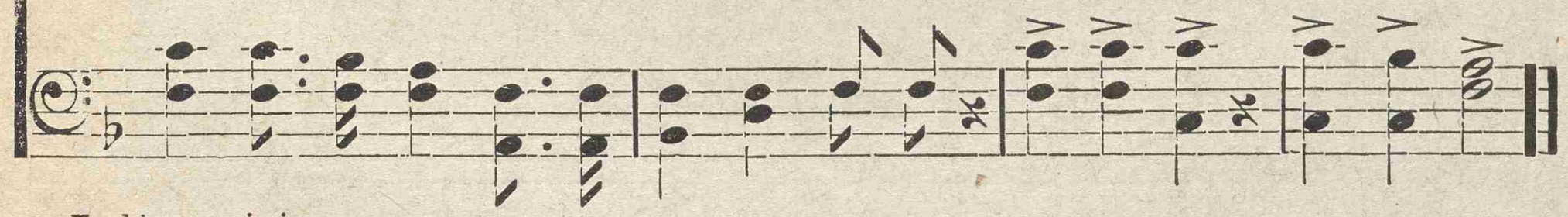


CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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122. BROTHER, MAKE A START FOR HEAVEN NOW.

SUSIE T. MATTHEWS. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Broth - er, heed the warn-ing cry, O'er and o'er re - peat - ing,
2. Broth - er, can you heed- less hear How the Sav- ior suf - fered;
3. Life you feel in ev -'ry vein, Think you death's re-treat - ing?

Death and woe are draw - ing nigh As your pulse is beat - ing.
How that groans and blood and tears Bought the par - don of - fered?
You for - get that grain by grain Life and time are fleet - ing.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

Broth - er, make a start for heav- en now! . . . Hear the in - vi-
just now,
ta-tion giv-en now! . . To-mor-row may be nev- er, And woe your portion
just now,
ev - er, Broth-er, make a start for heaven now! Just now, just now.

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123. JESUS CAME TO SAVE!

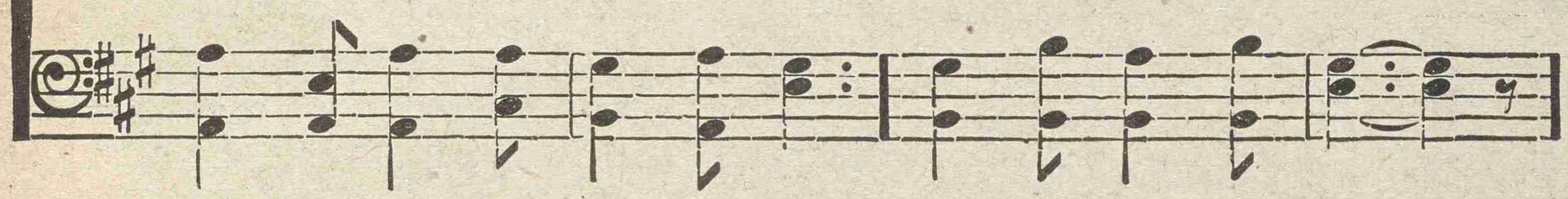
HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SEMI-CHORUS. *ad lib.* CHORUS.

1. Sing the joy - ful news a - gain— Je - sus came to save!
2. Sing the sto - ry o'er and o'er— Je - sus came to save!
3. Sweet-est sto - ry ev - er sung— Je - sus came to save!
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God— Je - sus came to save!

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

O re-peat the glad re-frain— Je - sus came to save!
Sound his praise from shore to shore— Je - sus came to save!
Praise his name with heart and tongue— Je - sus came to save!
Spread the won-drous news a- broad— Je - sus came to save!

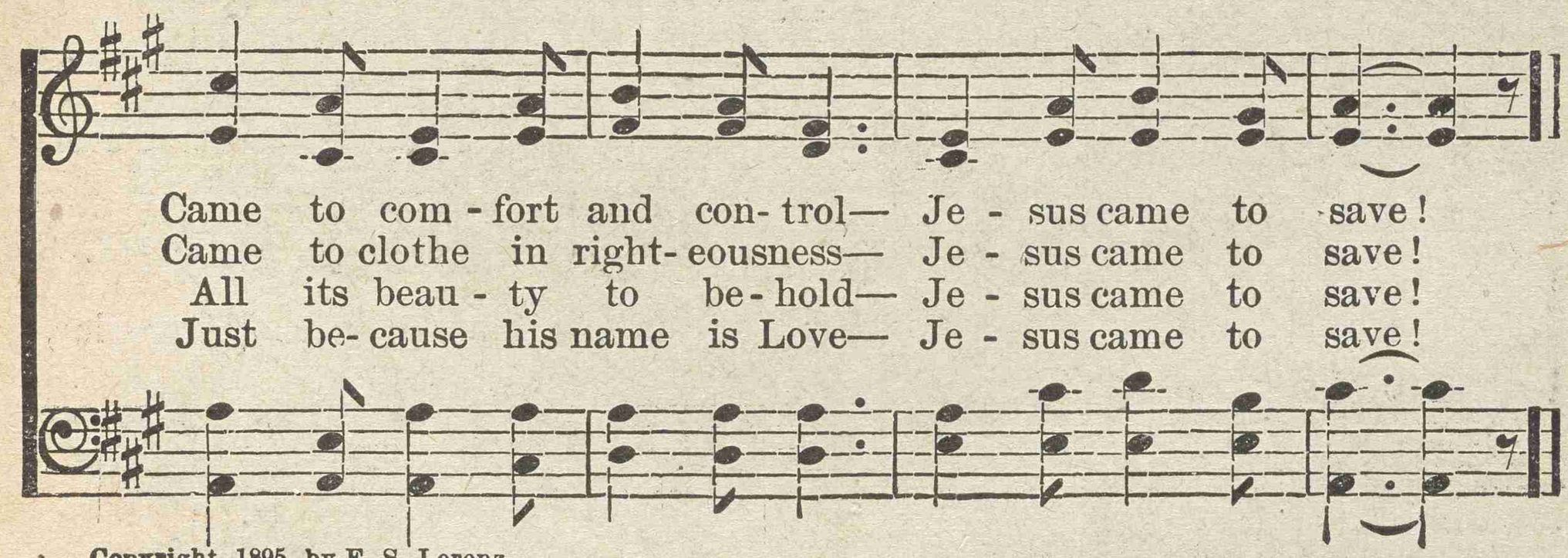


FULL CHORUS.

Spirited.

Came to cleanse each guilt - y soul— Came to make the wounded whole:
Came to suc - cor in dis-tress; Came the wea - ry ones to bless:
Came to lead from by- ways cold, Lost ones to his shelt'ring fold:
Left his shin - ing home a - bove, All his might-y pow'r to prove:

Came to com - fort and con- trol— Je - sus came to save!
Came to clothe in right- eousness— Je - sus came to save!
All its beau - ty to be- hold— Je - sus came to save!
Just be- cause his name is Love— Je - sus came to save!



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124. A SINNER SAVED.

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET.

1. Hal - le- lu- jah ! hal-le - lu- jah ! O what joy di - vine ! Since I heard the
2. Oh, it was a hap-py moment when I heard him say, "Tho' your sins be
3. Glo-ry ! glo- ry ! I keep singing all a-long my way, For the peace of
4. And in heav'n I'll sing for-ev- er prais- es to his name, And I'll tell to

voice of Jesus, "Fear not, thou art mine !" Now a peace that passeth knowledge
red as crimson, they are washed away ;" And he free-ly, free-ly gave me
full sal-va- tion fills my soul to - day ; And my heart, so glad, rejoices—
list'ning an-gels how to me he came, In his love so kind and tender,

cheers each passing day, While his glory free-ly given shines upon my way.
pardon full, complete, As I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.
knowing he is mine, For the Savior walks beside me...Comforter divine.
with forgiveness sweet, When I lay a helpless sinner pleading at his feet.

CHORUS.

When the con-flict of life is o - ver, at his right hand With the

ransom'd from ev'ry nation, redeem'd I'll stand ; There I'll see my Sav - ior,

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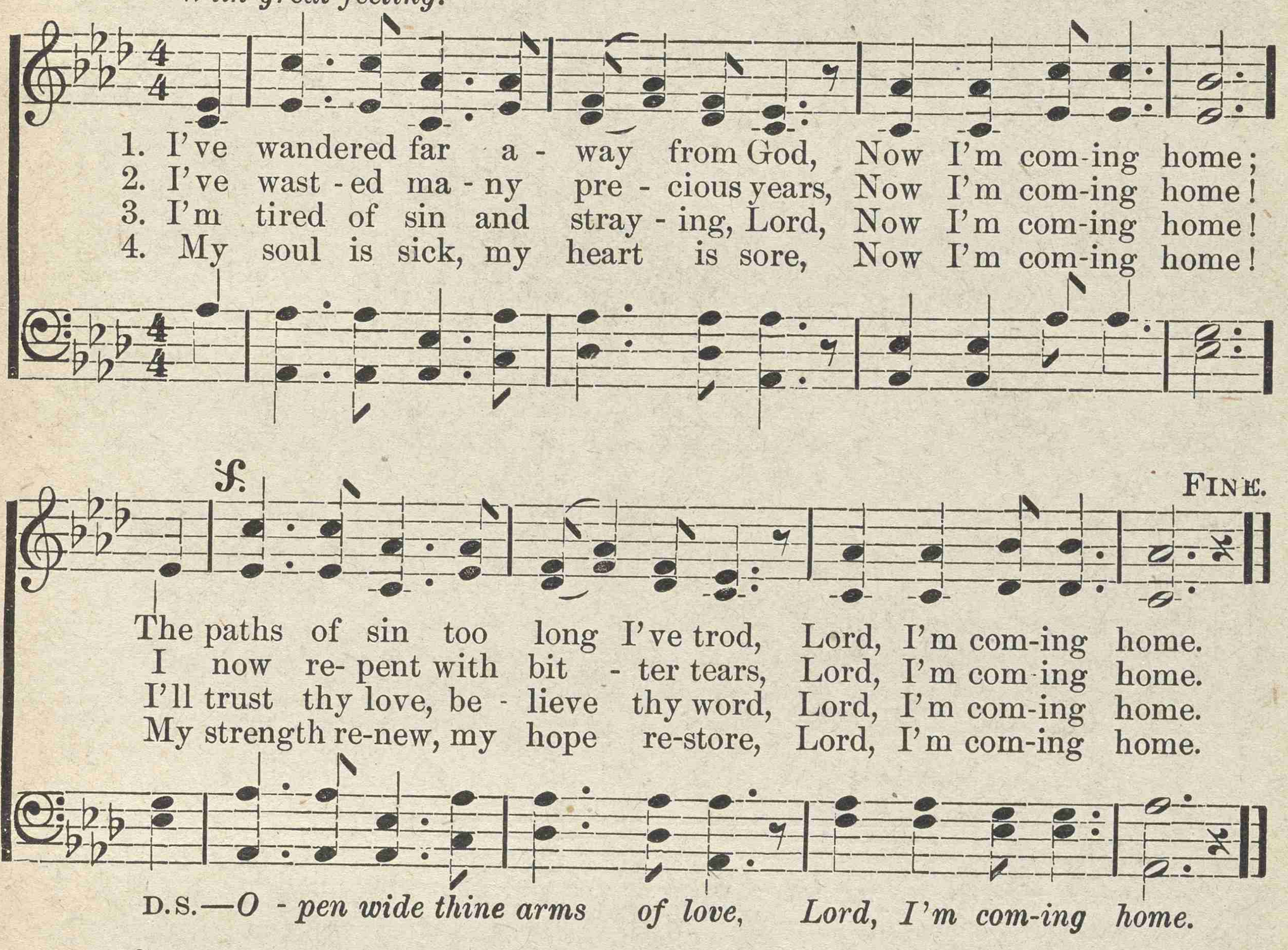
A SINNER SAVED.—Concluded.

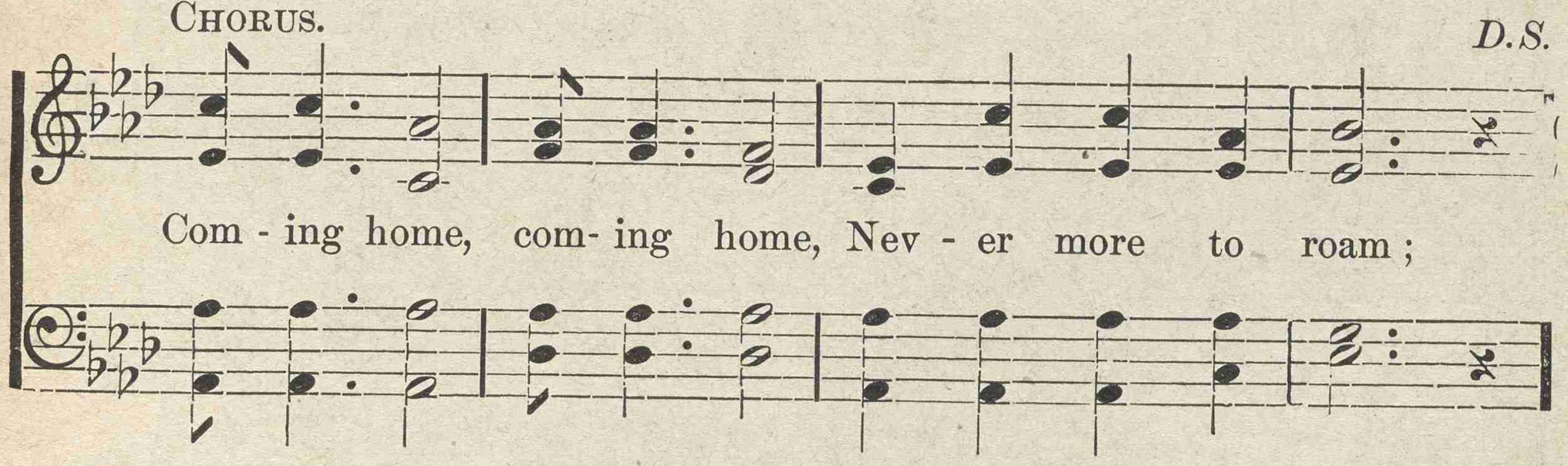
125. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With great feeling.



CHORUS.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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126. TRUSTING IN THE MIGHTY ONE.

G. M. BILLS. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Trusting in the Sav-ior who has ransomed me; Paid the debt of
2. Feasting in the pastures where all want is o'er— By the liv-ing
3. En-ter-ing the ho-lies by the liv-ing way; In the path of
4. Im-age of the Fa-ther, I have heard thy voice, Roy-al im-mor-

sinners on the curs-ed tree; By the blood of sprinkling I am
wat-ers I can thirst no more; Passing to redemption by the
shadows I no long-er stray; Love assures my welcome to the
tal-i-ty is now my choice; Ut-ter-most sal-va-tion makes my

now set free,
on-ly door,
réalms of day,
heart re-joice,
} Trusting in the Sav-ior of the lost.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing, trust - - ing, Trusting in the
Trusting in the mighty One, trusting in the mighty One,

mighty One who sealed my par-don; Trust - - ing,
Trusting in the mighty One,

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TRUSTING IN THE MIGHTY ONE. Concluded.

trust - - ing— I'm trusting in the Savior of the lost.
trusting in the mighty One,

127. FALL IN.

RUTH RAYMOND. EDWIN MOORE

1. Soldiers, bound for Canaan's land, Fall in, fall in!
2. Soldiers, who would conquer now,
3. Soldiers, saved by Je - sus' love, Fall in, fall in!

Hear our Captain's plain command, Fall in, fall in!
Wea-ry form and furrowed brow,
Prince of peace, he rules a - bove, Fall in, fall in!

Gird your ar-mor tried and true, Bear his ban-ner, still in view;
'Gainst the mighty hosts of wrong Raise your voic-es clear and strong;
When your battles all are told, Victor's palms your hands shall hold

Low - ly cross he bore for you, Fall in, fall in!
An - gels sing no sweet - er song, Fall in, fall in!
While you walk the streets of gold, Fall in, fall in!

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128. IN GOD'S OWN TIME.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. 6: 9.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. If o'er thy way dark clouds are cast, Look up with faith till they are past, The sun will sure-ly shine at last, In God's own time, in God's own time.
2. Hast thou pray'd long and fer-vent-ly, And yet no an-swer came to thee? Thy pray'r will sometime answer'd be, In God's own time, in God's own time.
3. Look up with joy, nor long-er weep, Thy God will ev-'ry prom-ise keep, And thou wilt yet the harvest reap, In God's own time, in God's own time.
4. Tho' thro' the glass thou cans't not see, And wonder why some things must be, Yet thou wilt know each myster-y, In God's own time, in God's own time.
5. And would'st thou be for-ev-er blest? Just trust in God and do thy best, Then thou shalt en-ter in-to rest, In God's own time, in God's own time.

CHORUS.

Then do not fear, though dark the night, But rise on wings of faith sub-lime, For ev-'ry-thing will come out right, In God's own time, in God's own time.

Do not fear, though dark the night, rise on wings of faith sublime, yes, ev-'ry-thing, will come out right, in God's own time,

rise on wings, on wings of faith sublime,

rit.

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129. HALLELUJAH ALL THE WAY.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tho' the cross for him I bear, And reproach with him I share, It is
2. Tho' each flow-er has its thorn, And each day some woe is born, It is
3. Ev -'ry day new heights I gain, And to deeper joy attain, It is

hal - le - lu - jah all the way;
hal - le - lu - jah all the way;
hal - le - lu - jah all the way;

f.

Long as I behold his
Sor-row but the gold re-
Per-fect peace my soul has

hal-le-lu-jah!

face, Taste his love and share his grace, It is hal-le-lu-jah all the way.
fines, More to him my heart inclines, It is hal-le-lu-jah all the way.
found, Earth seems like enchanted ground, It is hal-le-lu-jah all the way.

D. S.—*dawns each coming day, Sweeter grows his love al-way, It is hal - le - lu-jah all the way.*

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Naught can hide my Savior's face;
Hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu-jah!

D. S.

Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Pure his love, and sweet his grace; Brighter
Hal-le - lu-jah! hal- le - lu-jah!

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130. THE UNSEEN CITY.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Solo, or Female Voices in Unison.

1. There is a cit-y that gleams a-far Where flow'rs are blooming ev-
2. O fair the skies that o'er us lean With ra-diant splen-dor shin-
3. O cit-y fair! O land of bloom! O realm of ra-diance ten-

er; A cit-y that needs no sun or star, For God is light for-
ing, Yet bright-er far that land un-seen Beyond our weak di-
der! With-in that home may we find room, That home of peace and

ritard.

ev - er; And fair-er far its streets that wait Than those of
vin - ing; For past the por - tals of its gates There is no
splen - dor; For past the por - tals of its gates There is no

Tempo.

song or sto - ry, For through the bars of sun - set gates
sin or sor - row, No wea - ry path-way there a - waits,
sin or sor - row, No wea - ry path-way there a - waits,

CHORUS.

We al - most catch its glo - ry.
No long and sad to - mor - row.
No long and sad to - mor - row.
} O beau - ti - ful cit - y un-

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THE UNSEEN CITY.—Concluded.

seen, Where mor - tal hath nev - er been, O when we shall

stand at thy gate, O may it not be too late,

p

ff *p* *ritard.* *pp*

O when we shall stand at thy gate, O may it not be too late.

131. HE LEADETH ME.

AGNES C. WOOLSTON.

A. C. W.

1. He leadeth me! O words di-vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;
2. He leadeth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Se-cure-ly thro' the pastures wide;
3. He leadeth me! in sor-rows he My Keeper is, where'er I be;
4. He leadeth me! his goodness tell, His mer - cy with his child doth dwell;

rit.

O bless-ed light in darkness shine, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
A - bid-ing close - ly by my side, He leadeth me! yea, leadeth me!
In sha dy nook or storm-y sea, He leadeth me! yea, e - ven me!
Oh, let the theme his prais-es swell, He leadeth me! he leadeth me!

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132. TRUST AND OBEY.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his Word, What a glo- ry he
2. Not a sha-dow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev- er can prove The delights of his love Un- til all on the
5. Then in fel- low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be -
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest, if we trust and o - bey.
stows, Are for all who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev- er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

Trust and o - bey, For there's no oth- er way To be hap- py in Je- sus But to trust and o - bey.

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133. JESUS LEADS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Marching on a- gainst the foe— Je - sus leads; Lay the haughty
2. Right a-gainst sin's frowning wall, Je - sus leads; You must fol- low
3. You must face an an - gry world, Je - sus leads; Fie - ry darts a -

for - tress low, Je - sus leads. Guid - ed on by his command
at his call, Je - sus leads. Lay the shrine of Mam- mon low,
gainst you hurled, Je - sus leads. You will con- quer in his name,

Show your love by grate - ful deeds, Claim his right to ev - 'ry land,
By his might the truth suc-ceeds, He will van - quish ev - 'ry foe,
Hark! his mes - sage on - ward speeds, And your joy - ful shouts proclaim,

CHORUS.

Je - sus leads. Je - sus leads, Je - sus
Je - sus leads, yes, Je - sus leads! Je - sus leads, yes,

leads! . Make his won-drous pow- er known, Je - sus leads!
Je - sus leads!

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134. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O- ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je sus rule in the tem-ple with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

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135. KISSED BY THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

DUET.

1. Kissed by the white-pin-ioned An-gel of Peace, Sleep with hands
2. Sooth'd by the An-gel's soft kiss on thy brow, Thou hast for-
3. Dreamless and deep shall thy long slumber be, While, for the
4. Fare-well, dear sleeper, thy sol-emn re-pose None but the

fold-ed up-on thy calm breast; Thou art from earth-ly cares
got-ten all sor-row and tears; Toil-ing and tri-als are
liv-ing, years swift-ly roll on; From them no ech-o will
voice of the Mas-ter can break; Af-ter death's night when life's

grant-ed re-lease; Af-ter life's wea-ri-ness rest, sweetly rest.
past for thee now, O-ver for-ev-er are doubtings and fears.
reach un-to thee, Till Res-ur-rec-tion light round thee shall dawn.
glad morning glows, Thou at the call of the Lord shall a-wake.

Rit. pp

CHORUS. *pp*

Rest, sweet-ly rest, rest, sweet-ly rest!

sweet-ly

Rest, . . . sweet-ly rest! . . . sweet-ly

Sleep, gen-tly kissed by the An-gel of Peace.

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136. NOT A WAVE SHALL FLOW OVER THEE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Tho' thy path may lead thro' the world's great deep, Tho' the billows roll
2. Tho' af - flic- tion sore to thy soul may come, Let thy faith like a
3. Do not fear at last, when up - on the strand Thou the riv - er of

o'er the sea, Yet thy God has prom-ised his child to keep, Not a
com- pass be, For, al-though the winds make the sea to foam, Not a
death shalt see, When with Christ you cross to the heav'nly land, Not a

CHORUS.

wave shall flow o - ver thee. } Not a wave, ... shall flow
wave shall flow o - ver thee.
wave shall flow o - ver thee.

Not a wave,

o - ver thee, Not a wave . . . . shall flow o - ver thee, Tho' the

Not a wave,

bil - lows roll, God pro-tects thy soul, Not a wave shall flow o - ver thee.

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137. THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.

Col, 3 : 1 and 2 ; 3 : 4-15. A *higher* life, a *hidden* life, a *holier* life.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. The high - er life! for this I pray, Oh, may I live it
2. The hid - den life, I fain would know, Its won-drous grace on
3. The life more ho - ly, make it mine: Oh, fill me with thy

day by day, Up- lift me, Lord, in arms of love From low - er
me be - stow, Teach me to live it, Lord, for thee, That thou be
life di - vine, Thy heav'nly strength to me im- part And cleanse from

CHORUS.

plane to heights a - bove.
mân - i - fest in me.
guilt my sin - ful heart.

} Help me to seek the life a -

bove, Teach me the hid - den life to prove, The ho - ly

life thy chil- dren know, On me this wondrous gift be - stow.

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138.

CALLING ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. I can hear my Savior's gentle voice, Calling me, calling
2. Still he pleads in tones so low and sweet, Calling me, calling
3. I will hark-en to the voice di-vine, Calling me, calling

calling me,

me! Shall I heed his summons and re-joice From sin's
me! Bids me kneel be - fore the mercy - seat, Say - ing,
me! I will claim his promise to be mine Till in
calling me!

CHORUS.

bondage ev - er-more to be free? I can hear . . . . my
Mas-ter, I'll with joy fol-low thee.
glo - ry I his beau - ty shall see.

Hear his gentle voice,

Sav-ior's voice, I will make . . . . . him

Hear my Sav-ior's voice, Make him now my choice,

now my choice, To his lov - - - - ing

Make him now my choice Lov-ing arms I'll flee,

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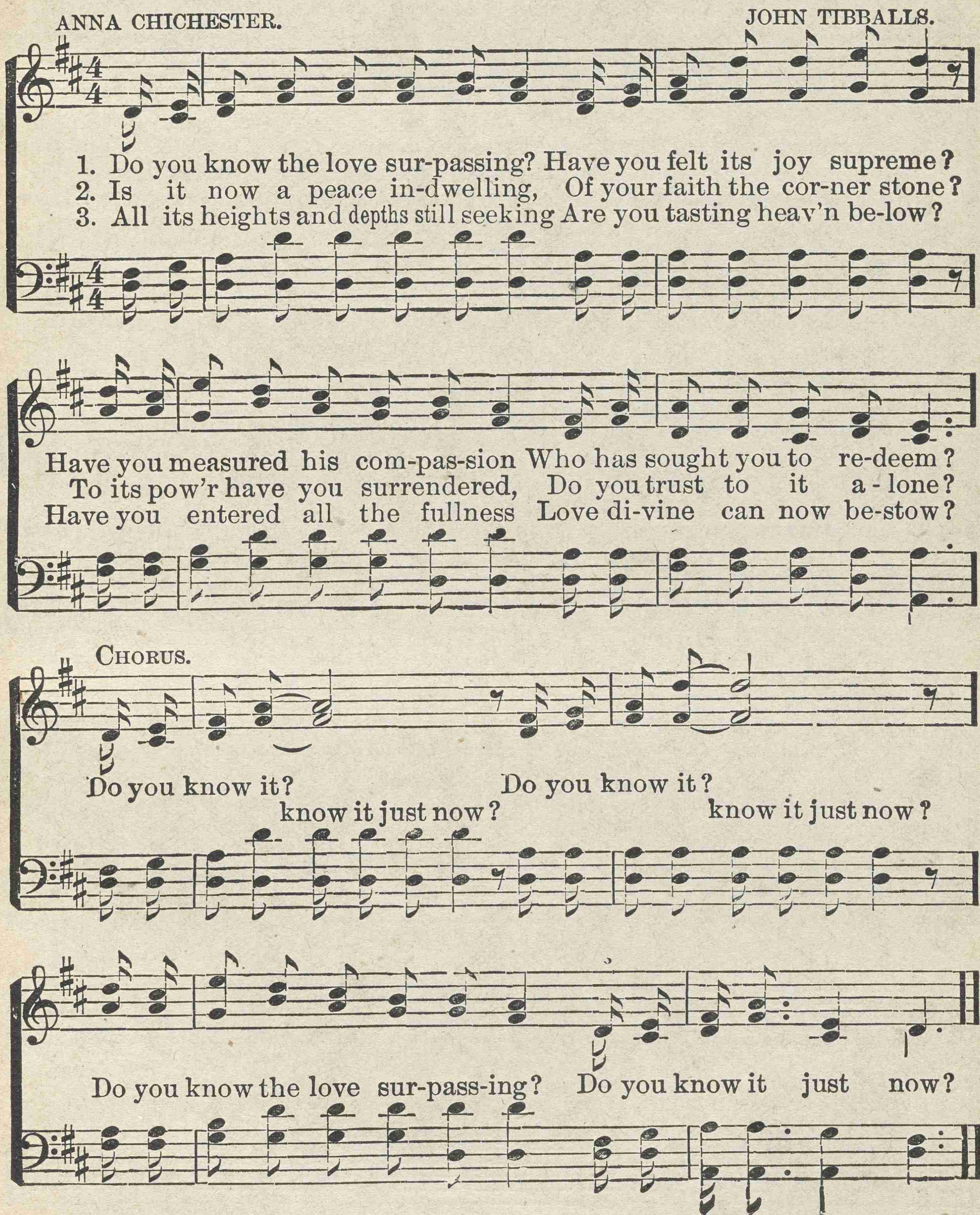
CALLING ME. Concluded.

139. DO YOU KNOW IT JUST NOW?

ANNA CHICHESTER. JOHN TIBBALLS.



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140. # I'LL BE A SOLDIER.

H. A. HENRY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'll be a sol - dier, a val - iant sol- dier, too; I will buck - le on the ar-mor of the Lord; Firm as a rock I will loy - al be, and true,
2. I'll be a sol - dier, a faith - ful sol- dier, too; I will nev - er turn my back up-on the foe, Watching in prayer, I will ev - er dare to do
3. I'll be a sol - dier, a loy - al sol- dier, too, Shirk-ing not the duties that are fraught with care; For there's a time coming for a grand re-view,

CHORUS.

Follow-ing the or-ders written in his word.
Faithful ser-vice for my Captain here be-low.
And I want to muster with the faithful there.
} On - ward! on - ward!
Onward, forward! onward, forward!

Not a-fraid to suf - fer pain and loss; Stand-ing for the right, with vic - to - ry in sight, Yes, I will be a sol - dier of the cross.

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141. SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A - drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti-ful cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink-ing, for heav-y the gale, The
2. Oh, I was the sin-ner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were float - ing for me; Tho' thunders were roll-ing, and billows at strife, Lo,
3. I stepped in the life-boat pro-vid-ed for me, And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my Cap - tain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "haven of rest," I'm
4. Life's tur-bu-lent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining, and songs nev - er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

CHORUS.

ca- ble is broken, and tattered each sail.
Je-sus was calling, "es-cape for thy life."
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful - ly glide.
} Poor child of the wreck, see the life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Je-sus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

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142. THOU WILT LEAD ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am rest - ing, sweet-ly rest - ing, O my Sav - ior, On the prom - ise of thy mer - cy day by day, To the cit - y built a -
2. I am trust - ing, ful - ly trust - ing, O my Sav - ior, And my faith is grow-ing bright-er while I pray, For thy gen - tle voice I
3. I will praise thee for thy good-ness, O my Sav - ior, Thou hast ev - er been my ref - uge and my stay, Tho' the storm - y waves may
4. Thro' the pearl - y gates of E - den, O my Sav - ior, Where the ten - der buds and blos-soms ne' er de - cay, I shall en - ter safe at

bove, in the shad - ow of thy love, Thou wilt lead me all the way.
hear, and it whispers soft and clear, Thou wilt lead me all the way.
roll, what a com-fort to my soul, Thou wilt lead me all the way.
last, when my jour-ney here is past, Thou wilt lead me all the way.

CHORUS.

O the bur - - - - den of my song While the
O the bur-den of my song While the moments glide along, O the
mo - - - - ments glide a-long Thou wilt lead me home,
burden of my song While the moments glide along

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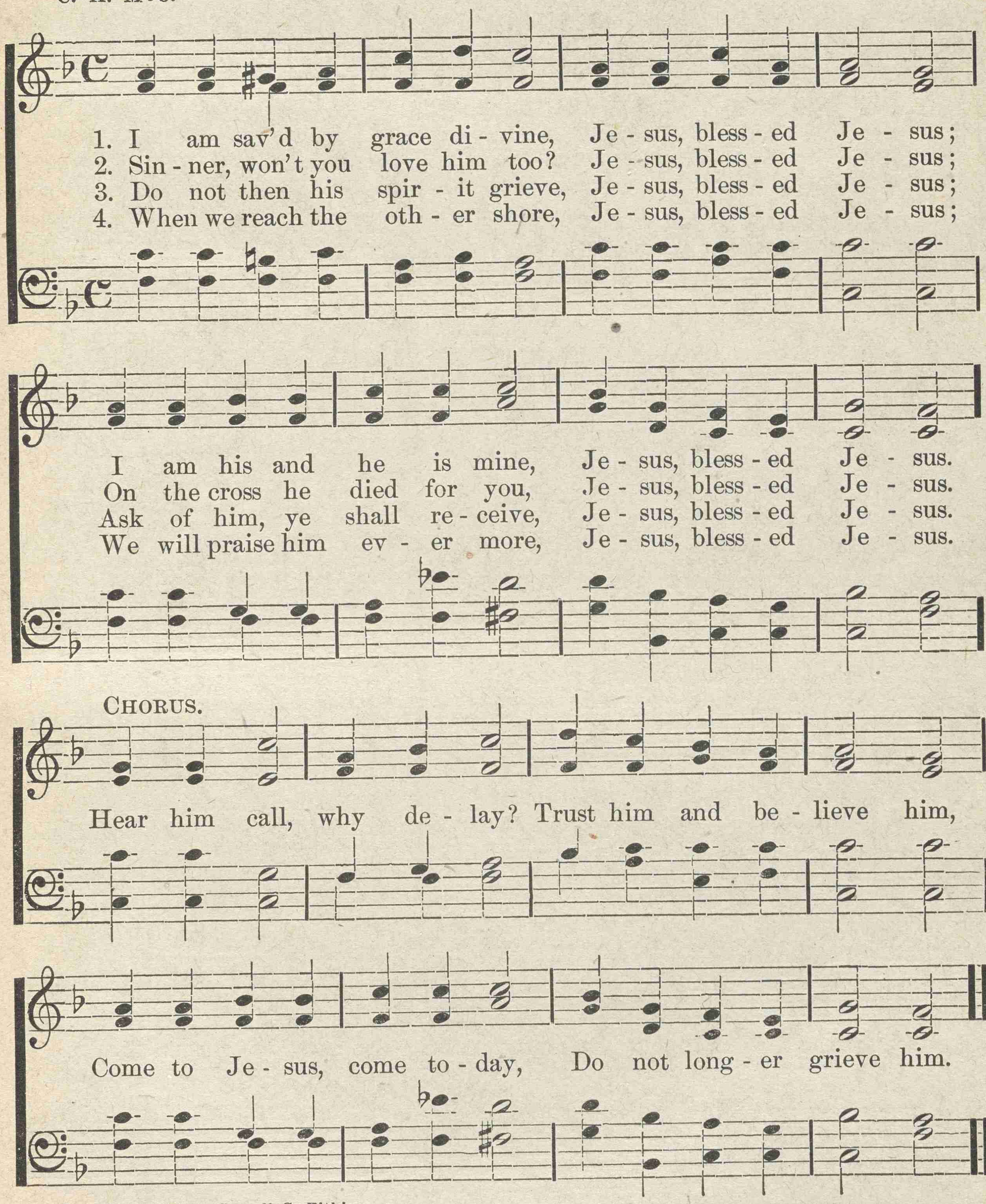
THOU WILT LEAD ME.—Concluded.

143. JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

C. A. MCC. CHAS. A. McCORMICK.



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144. ANSWER YES, TO THE SPIRIT.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Heark-en now to the voice of the Spir - it, That is call - ing to
2. He is striv- ing to lead you to Je - sus, Do not long - er his
3. He will give you a peace passing knowledge, And a glad- ness un-
4. Yield, oh, yield to the Spir - it's en- treat - y And no long - er God's

life and light. You have oft answered, no, to his plead - ing: Oh, my
plea re - sist, But to-night while to you be is speak - ing In the
told be- stow. When so sweet are the joys that be of - fers, Can you
mer - cy slight; As he asks you to turn to the Sav - iour, Won't you

CHORUS.

broth - er, say, yes, to-night.
serv - ice of Christ en - list.
still to his call say, no?
free - ly say, yes, to-night.

An-swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it;

An-swer, yes, yes, yes, to the Spir - it to-night. Do not grieve him a -

way and lose heav-en for aye; An-swer, yes, to the Spir-it to-night.

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145. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms! Lean - - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

Lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

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146. IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

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147. ROLLING EVERY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Close to Je - sus I'll a - bide, Rolling ev -'ry burden on the
2. For the pass - ing need he'll care, Rolling ev -'ry burden on the
3. Well he knows what time will bring, Rolling ev -'ry burden on the
4. O what bless - ing now is mine, Rolling ev -'ry burden on the

Lord, on the Lord; Lin - ger by his bless - ed side, Roll - ing ev -'ry
Lord, on the Lord; Full pro - vis - ion, roy - al fare, Roll - ing ev -'ry
Lord, on the Lord; O - ver all he reign - eth King, Roll - ing ev -'ry
Lord, on the Lord; Par - don, peace, and joy Di - vine! Roll - ing ev -'ry

CHORUS.

bur-den on the Lord! Rolling ev-'ry burden on the Lord!
on the Lord! Roll - ing ev -'ry burden on the Lord!

Rolling ev -'ry bur - den on the Lord! He will us sus - tain,
Roll - ing ev - 'ry burden on the Lord! He will us sus - tain,

Give e - ter - nal gain,— Rolling ev'ry burden on the Lord!
Give e - ternal gain, on the Lord!

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148.

MY MISSION FIELD.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go, Tho' hum- ble my work may be; I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,
2. I would walk in the path where it leadeth unto day, Tho' lone- ly the path might be; I would take my staff and fol - low all the way,
3. I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go, Tho' bar- ren the soil might be; Tho' the way be hard, 'tis sweet e-nough to know,

CHORUS.

'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me. 'Tis the way . . . my Lord
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me. 'Tis the way my

lead - eth me, 'Tis the way . . . my Lord lead - eth me; I would
Lord leadeth me, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me; I would

ask no more; I on - ly care to know, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.

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149. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Wher - ev - er my
2. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Who know- eth that
3. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Wher - ev - er my
4. I'll do what I can for Je - sus, Yes—cheer- ful - ly

place may be— I'll do what I can for Je - sus, For
I am small, But says lit - tle deeds will please him And
feet shall go— I'll do what I can for Je - sus, For
do my part— I'll do what I can for Je - sus, And

CHORUS.

he has done much for me.
he will ac - cept them all.
Je - sus has blessed me so.
do it with lov - ing heart.

} It may not be much, but I'll do what I can, Do what I can— do what I can— It may not be much but I'll do what I can To make some one happy to - day.

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150. SHALL THE WORLD BE MADE THE BETTER?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. There are burdens to be lightened ev-'ry day; There are sad hearts to be
2. There are seeds of love to scat-ter by the way; There are souls to win from
3. There are those who in the paths of darkness stray; Knowing not the brightness

brightened ev - 'ry day; Shall the bur-dens be made light? Shall the
Sa - tan's stern ar - ray; Shall the seeds of love be sown? Shall the
of the Heav'nly way; Shall their feet be led a - right From the

sad hearts be made bright? O the an-swer is for us to say!
souls for Christ be won? O the an-swer is for us to say!
dark-ness to the light? O the an-swer is for us to say!

CHORUS.

Shall the world be made the bet - ter for our having journeyed here? Shall the
world be made the brighter day by day and year by year? To the Promised Day of

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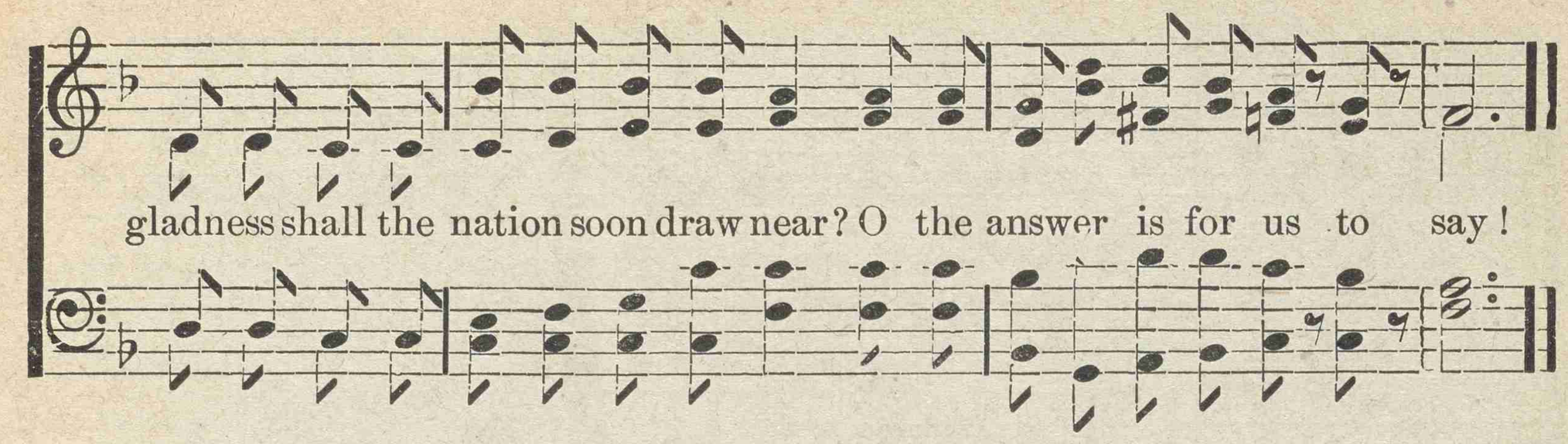
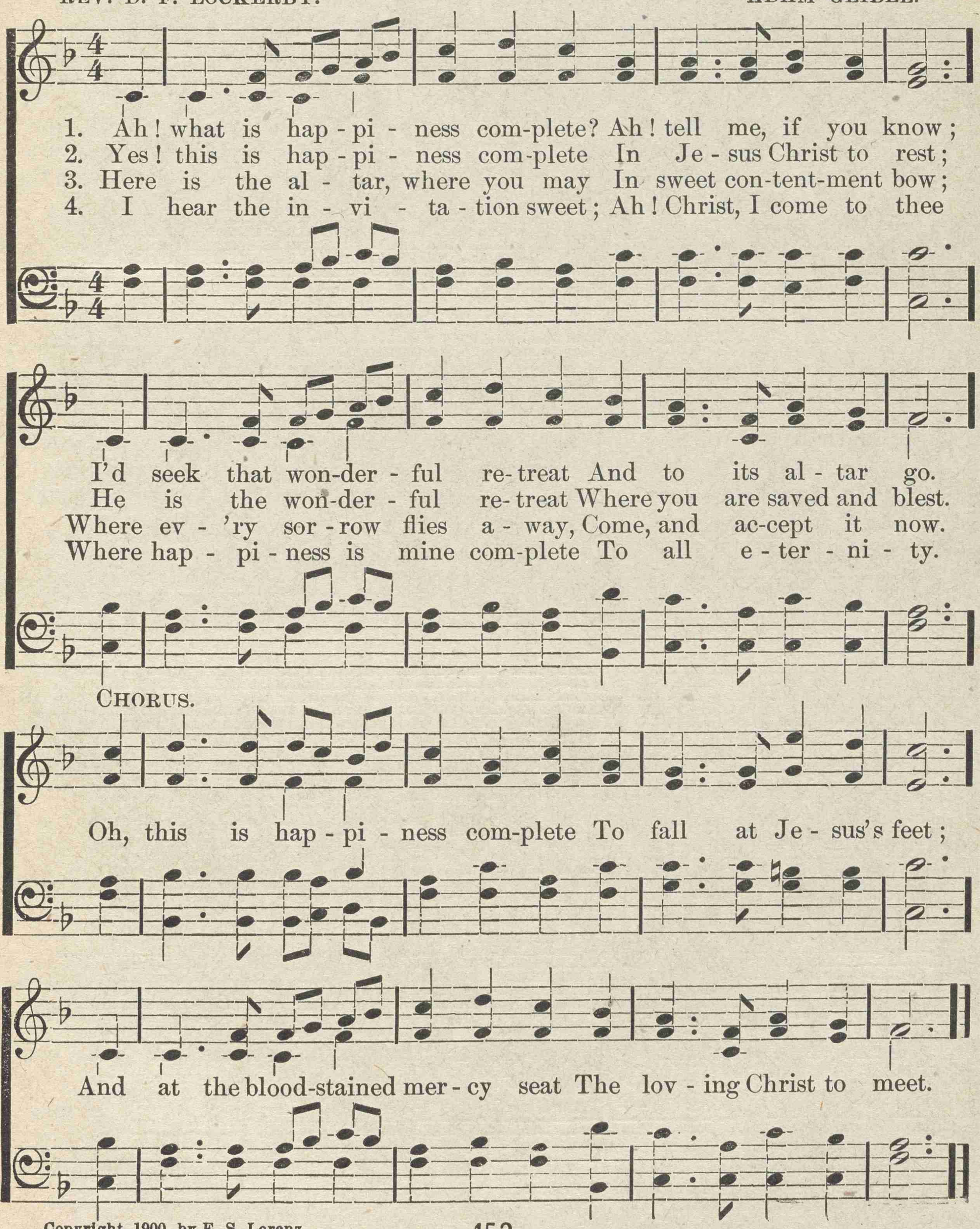
SHALL THE WORLD, etc.—Concluded.



151. HAPPINESS COMPLETE.

REV. D. F. LOCKERBY. ADAM GEIBEL.



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152. ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST?

H. F. JAMES. D. E. DORTCH.

1. As you strive for the world, for its fame and its joy, Have you
2. In the crav - ing for wealth, for its glit - ter and show, In - to
3. Leave the rich - es of earth, seek the treas-ures a - bove, And thro'

care-ful - ly count-ed the cost? Is the prize rich e-nough all your
grief and de-spair you are cast; And you know not the peace heav'n a -
years that un-ceas - ing - ly roll, Heavenly powers shall be yours, with the

strength to em-ploy, When to win it the soul must be lost?
lone can be-stow, While your soul will be lost at the last!
full - ness of love, And the life, end - less life of the soul!

CHORUS.

Are you care-ful - ly counting the cost, Have you thought what it
count-ing the cost?
means to be lost, For the joys that decline do you
to be lost?

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ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST? Concluded.

heav-en re-sign? Are you count-ing the ter - ri - ble cost?
ter - rible cost?

153. LESSON FOR ETERNITY.

E. D. M. E. S. LORENZ.

INFANT CLASS.

1. Oh, what a les-son we all may learn, Won-der-ful love of Christ!
2. Full-ness of blessing, of peace, and joy, Won-der-ful love of Christ!
3. In - to this truth, let the chil-dren in, Won-der-ful love of Christ!

INSTRUMENT.

Glad-ly our minds to its mes-sage turn, Won-der-ful love of Christ!
Sounding its depths shall our life em-ploy, Won-der-ful love of Christ!
Knowledge divine would we ev - er win, Won-der-ful love of Christ!

SCHOOL.

Tru - er knowledge ne'er can be; Deep-er truth they ne'er shall see;

Les - son for e - ter - ni - ty, Wonderful love of Christ!

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154. DON'T YOU HEAR THEM SHOUTING VICTORY?

E. E. HEWITT. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry, all a - long the line? 'Tis the ar - my of the Lord, a might-y throng; Don't you see their lift- ed
2. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry, in the forward ranks? They are marching t'ward the Pal-ace of the King; To his bless ed name as-
3. Don't you hear them shouting vict'ry? God is on our side, And we will not fear what e - vil foes may do; We are safe if we but

ban - ners in the sun - light shine? As they sing their hap - py
crib - ing glad and lov - ing thanks, Trust-ing him for help that
fol - low close - ly at his side, He will be to ev - 'ry

CHORUS.

hal - le - lu - jah song.
he will sure- ly bring.
precious promise true.
} Don't you hear them shouting? Praise to grace Divine,

"Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry," all a - long the line; "Je-sus and sal-va-tion,"

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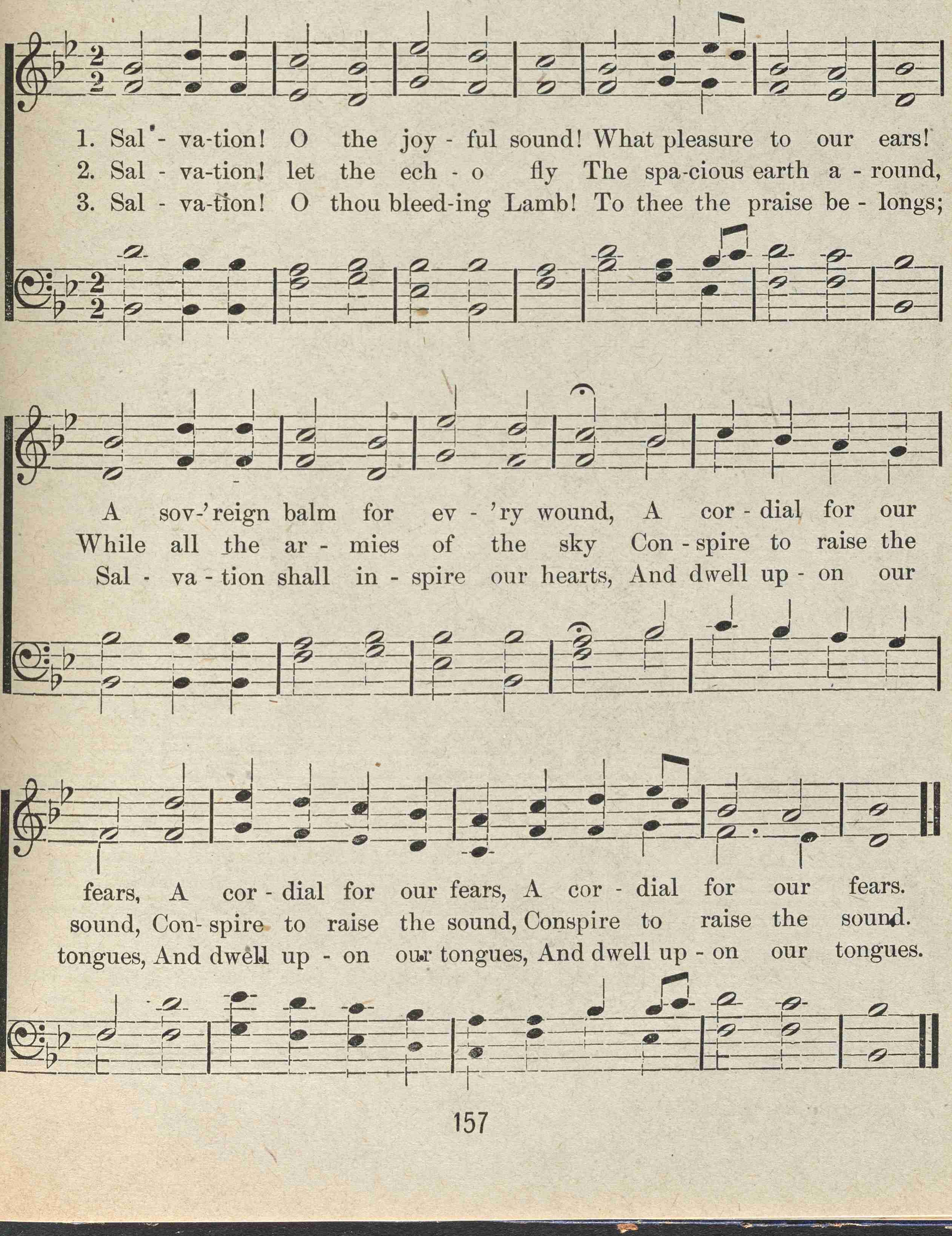
DON'T YOU HEAR THEM, etc.—Concluded.

155. SALVATION.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN RANDALL.



156. ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have work e-nough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For my-
2. I must speak the lov-ing word, Ere the sun goes down; I must
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's com-

self and kin-dred too, Ere the sun goes down. Ev-'ry
let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down. Ev-'ry
mand I must o-bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are

i-dle whisper still-ing, With a pur-pose firm and will-ing, All my
cry of pit-y heed-ing, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing, To the
sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need re-dress-ing, If I

CHORUS.

dai-ly task ful-fill-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
light the lost ones lead-ing, Ere the sun goes down. Ere the
would ob-tain the bless-ing, Ere the sun goes down.

sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,
sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

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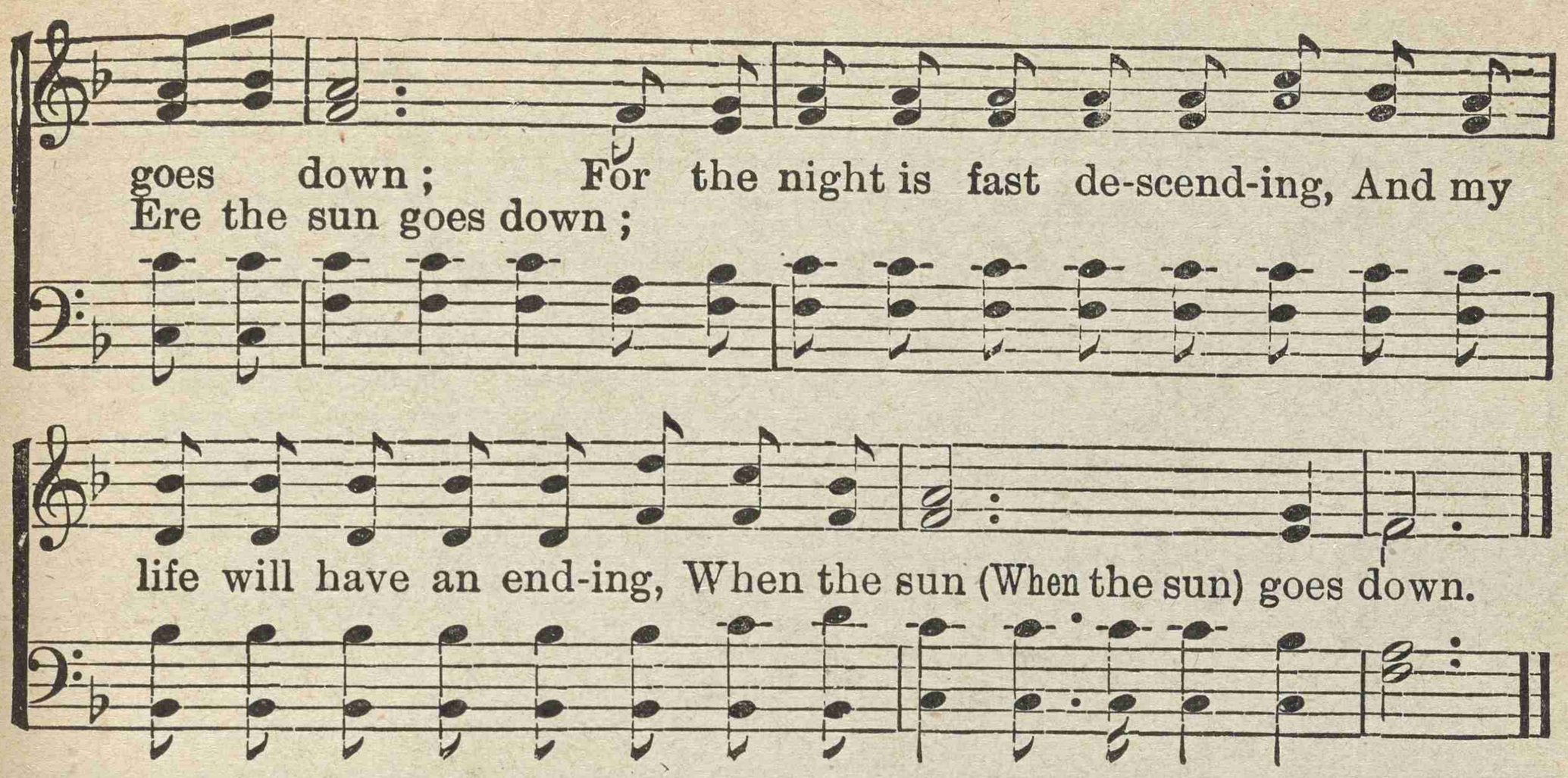
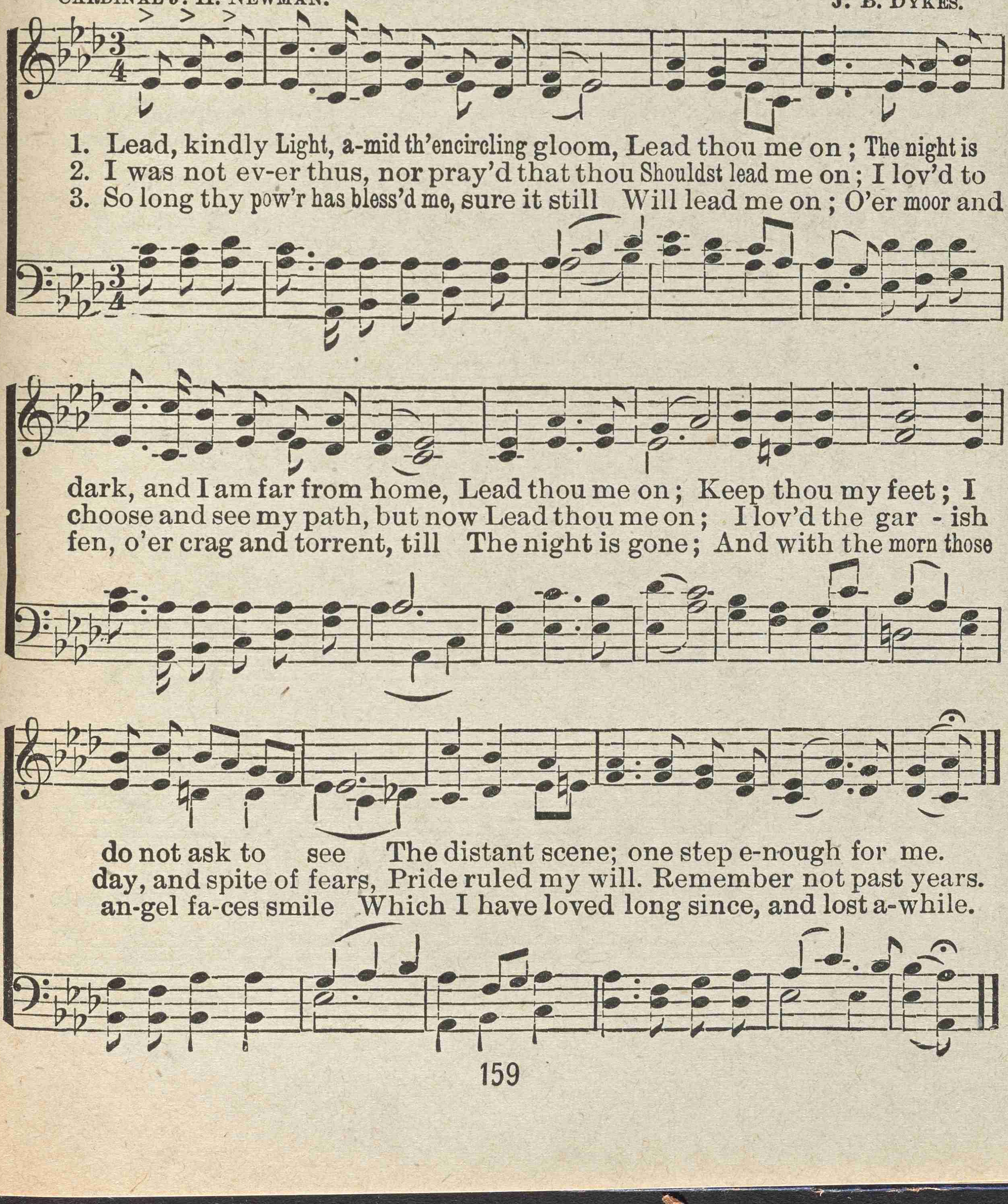
ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN. Concluded.



157. LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.



158. # OVER THE STARS.

JENNIE WILSON. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. O - ver the stars is a morn-ing - lit land That is free from the
2. O - ver the stars is the glo - ri - ous home Which our Sav- ior has
3. O - ver the stars there is rap- ture com- plete, In which sor-rows of
4. O - ver the stars is in - ef - fa - ble peace, Nev-er bro-ken by
5. O - ver the stars there is in - fi - nite love, Which e - ter - ni - ty's

rav-age of time; Tempests ne'er beat on its ra - di - ant strand, A- ges
gone to pre - pare; Safe in its man-sions, no e - vil can come To the
earth leave no trace; Glad hal- le - lu - jahs that an-gels re- peat Tell its
heart-ache and strife; Wea- ri-ness, wait-ing, and murmur-ing cease With the
flight will not change, Fathom-less love! in the home land a- bove, Naught from

CHORUS.

dim not its beau-ty sub- lime.
pu - ri - fied ones dwelling there.
sweet-ness thro' heaven - ly space.
dawn of the pure end-less life.
God can our spir-its es - trange.

O - ver the stars, o- ver the stars,

Is a beau- ti - ful cit - y of gold; And be-yond its pearl gate

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175. FARTHER OUT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Since I found that faith in Je - sus Saves from sin, and sweet-ly saves,
2. There's no safe - ty for my ves - sel Where the break-ers dash and roar,
3. Here the sun-light falls from heaven, —All is peace with-in, with - out,
4. Tho' life's storms may sweep around me, In my soul I sing and shout,
5. Far - ther out, till I have safe-ly Reached that land a-cross the foam,

Heart and soul have join'd in cry-ing, "Far-ther out up - on the waves."
But I find the smoothest wa-ter Far-ther out, a - way from shore.
While each day ce - les- tial breez-es Drive my ves - sel far - ther out.
For I know that ev - 'ry temp-est Will but drive me far - ther out.
Far - ther out, till I have anchored In the soul's e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Far - ther out up - on the o - cean Of God's wondrous love and grace;

"Far-ther out" shall be my watchword Till I meet him face to face.

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176. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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177

SAVED BY FAITH.

I. B.

REV. IS. BALTZELL.

1. I have found redemption in the Saviour's blood, I am sav'd by faith
2. Oh, how sweet the sto- ry of his wondrous grace, I am sav'd by faith
3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am sav'd by faith
4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a - long, I am sav'd by faith

in his blood, (in his blood;) I am sweet - ly trust-ing in the
in his blood, (in his blood;) I will trust in Je - sus while I
in his blood, (in his blood;) I will trust his prom- ise, on his
in his blood, (in his blood;) In my home in glo - ry this shall

CHORUS.

word of God, I am sav'd by faith in his blood. I am saved, . . . yes,
run my race, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
strength re- ly, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
be my song, I am sav'd by faith in his blood. I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd,

sweet-ly saved, I am saved by faith in the
I am saved, sweet - ly saved,

blood he shed for me, I am sav'd by faith in his blood,
in his blood.

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178. THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Dear Sav - ior, the children are com - ing to thee, Com - ing to thee,
2. Dear Sav - ior, the children are com - ing to thee, Com - ing to thee,
3. Dear Sav - ior, the children are com - ing to thee, Com - ing to thee,

com - ing to thee, From mountain and valley, from isl - and and sea, The
com - ing to thee, To lean on thy breast and thy beauty to see, The
com - ing to thee, O look down from heaven, dear Savior, and see, The

children are coming to thee; For "suf-fer the children to come un-to me,
children are coming to thee; "An army with banners" now marching along,
children are coming to thee, O take them and seal them forever thine own,

For - bid - ding them not" in the Bi - ble we see, So now in life's
An ar - my for Je - sus, to fight a-gainst wrong, Still shout-ing and
And nev - er al - low them to wan-der a - lone, But ten - der-ly

morning, so hap - py and free, The chil-dren are coming to thee.
sing ing a ju - bi- lant song, The chil-dren are coming to thee.
guide them until 'round thy throne, The chil-dren are gathered to thee.

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THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

179. THROUGH AND THROUGH.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

CHORUS.

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180.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led with the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de- part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com-ing Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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181. LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.

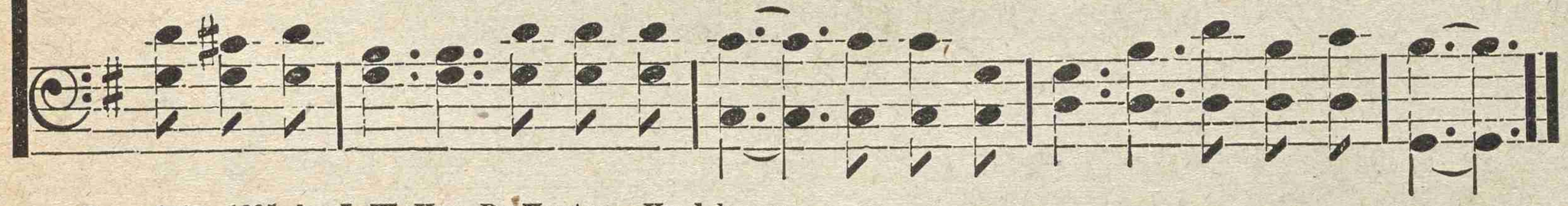
1. O-ver the riv - er fa ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me:
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Je-sus the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones, straying afar;

Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching, patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones o-ver the tide In - to the harbor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching the dear ones waiting below.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry looking this way.



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182. THE SMILING OF HIS FACE.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. If the clouds should thickly gather O - ver all your sun - ny sky;
2. If your heart is sore - ly tempt-ed, And you know not what to do;
3. If you wait a - lone and wea - ry, At some part - ing of the way;

If your eyes that ought to shine, are filled with tears;
If your voice, that should be joy - ful, mur - murs low;
If your heart, that should be cheer - ful, fal - ters, sad;

Go a - lone and pray to Je - sus, You shall see his smil - ing face,
Go a - lone and pray to Je - sus, You shall see his smil - ing face,
Turn your tho't and pray to Je - sus, You shall see his smil - ing face,

ad lib.

And re - ceive his ten - der bless - ing, for he hears.
He will shield you from temp- ta - tion where you go.
And he'll sure - ly give you rea - son to be glad.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed smil - ing, gra-cious smil - ing, You shall see the bless-ed
Bless-ed smil-ing, gracious smil - ing, You shall see the

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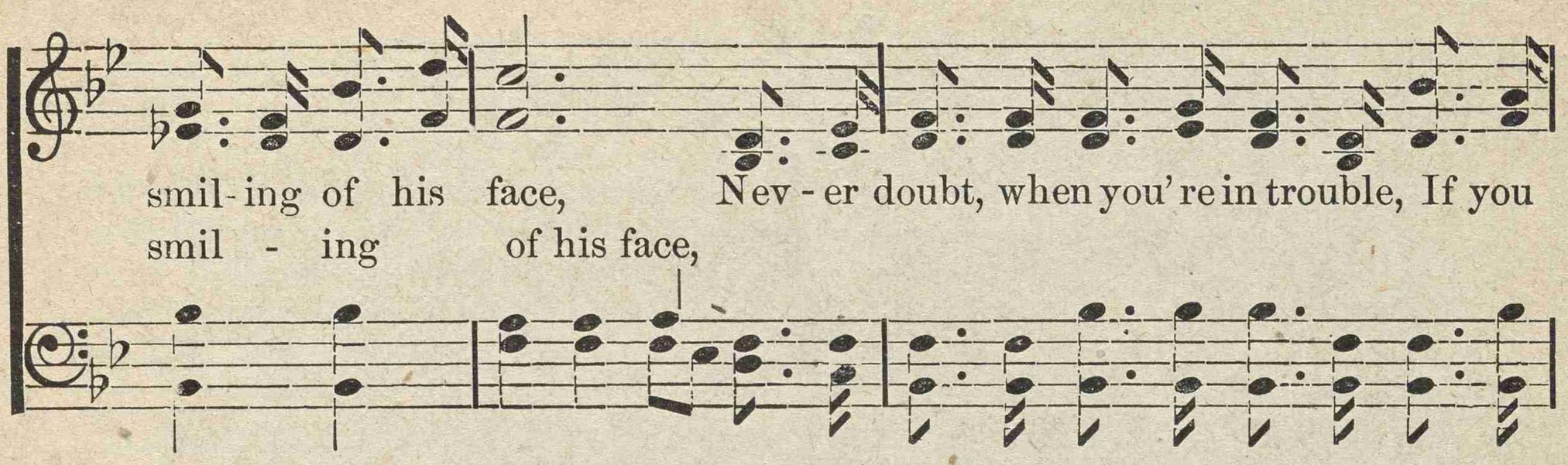
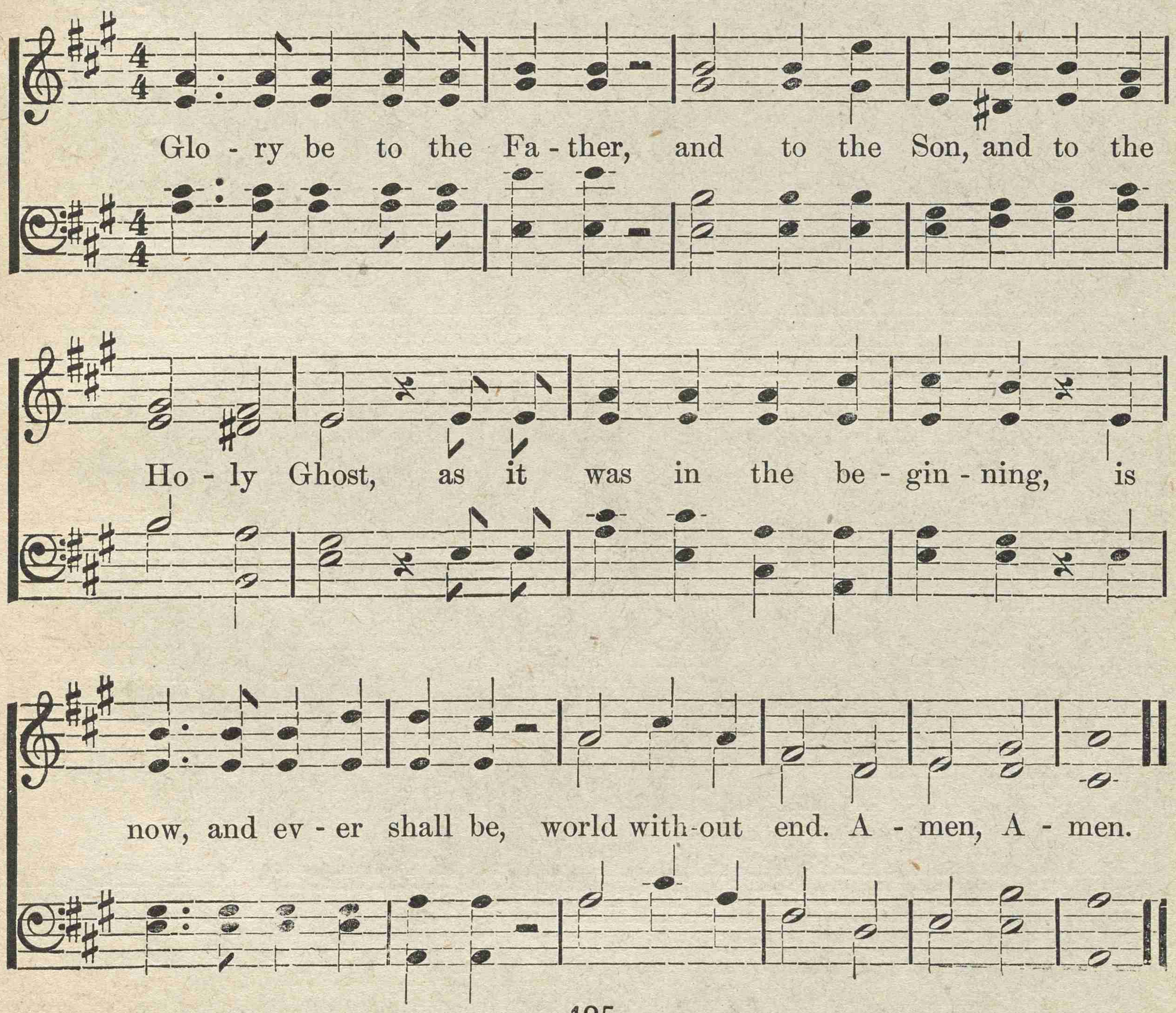
THE SMILING OF HIS FACE—Concluded.



183. GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



184. # ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the evening shadows fall- ing Close the day of mor- tal life;
2. Soon the aw - ful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne;
3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin- ger! Art thou read- y—read - y now?
4. Priceless love and free sal - va- tion Free - ly still are offered thee;

Soon the hand of death ap- pal- ling Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
Now pre - pare, for love a-bounding Yet has left thee not a - lone.
Read - y, should Death's i-cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
Yield no long - er to temp-ta- tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? are you read - y? 'Tis the Spir - it call- ing, why de - lay? Are you read - y?

Are you ready? are you ready? Are you read-y?

are you read - y? Do not lin - ger long-er, come to - day.

are you ready?

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185. NOT ONE FORGOTTEN.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12 : 6.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all his children, So un - wor - thy of his love,
3. Oh, the wound - ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat- i-tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind re-mem-brance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust him where I can - not see,

CHO.—*In my Fa-ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;*

D. S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis pre - cious in his sight.
For my Sav - ior gen - tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing - ing, he will care for me.

While his eye is on the spar-row I will not for - got - ten be.

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186. HAIL THE KING OF KINGS.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

BARITONE SOLO OR MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

1. In the hall of judgment see the Sav - ior stand, Deadly pow'rs of dark - ness wait on ev - 'ry hand, See the guard-ing sen - try;
2. Oh, on Calvary's brow be - hold the Cru - ci - fied, See the cru - el cross, the bleeding hands and side; Oh, the grief and pain that
3. See with - in the shad - ows gleam of an-gels' wings, Hear the heav'nly word that thro' the si - lence rings; Look with - in the tomb; be -

hear the cru-el word— Cru - ci - fy him! cru - ci - fy your King and Lord.
paid the price of sin! Oh, the wondrous love that sought the world to win.
hold the Sav-ior rise, Hail the ris - en One, the King of earth and skies.

ff CHORUS. *Piu mosso.*

Hail him, crown him King of kings Ye nations rise, Join the angels' songs of praise that fill the skies.

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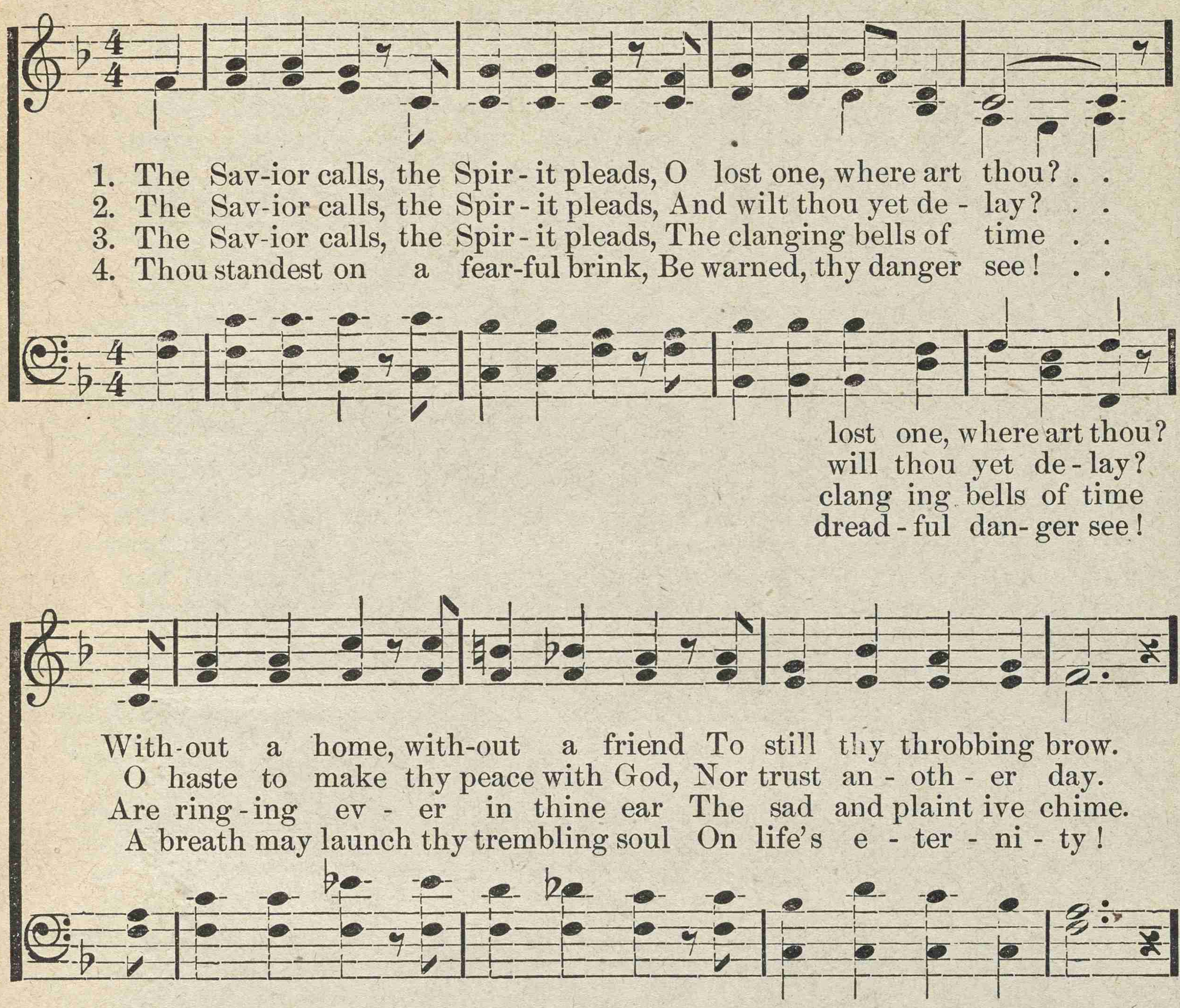
187. WHERE ART THOU?

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



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188. HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BEST FOR JESUS?

Mrs. LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus? Has your dai - ly life the les - son taught, That the sac - ri - fice for
2. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, Have you sung for him your sweet - est song? Have your tru - est, brav-est
3. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, Is your love for him a glow - ing flame? Do you tell of his com-
4. Have you ev - er done your best for Je - sus, All a con - se - cra - ted life can do? Oh, the com - ing of his

sin once of - fered, In your soul the sav-ing grace has wrought?
words been ut - tered To re - pel the ris - ing tide of wrong?
plete sal - va - tion, For the glo - ry of his matchless name?
bless - ed king - dom Will de-pend up - on the faith-ful few.

CHORUS.

For Je - - sus, for Je - - sus, Have you Have you ev-er done your best? have you ev-er done your best?

ev-er done your best for Je - sus? In some glad, supremest hour Have you

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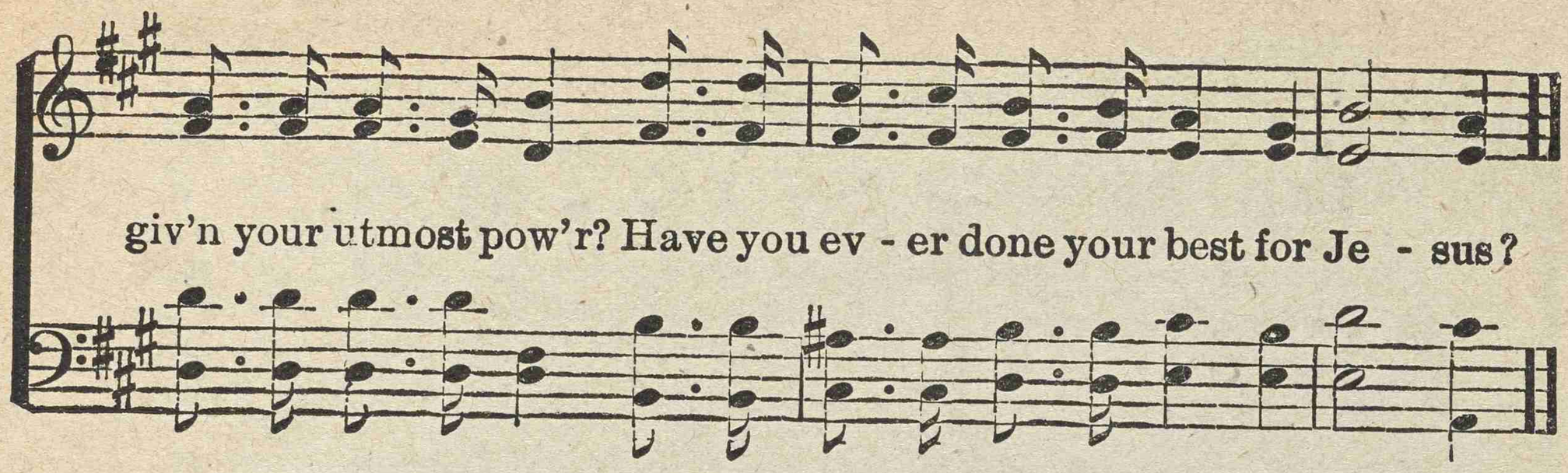
HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BEST FOR JESUS? Concluded.



189.

FOLLOWING.

L. GEDICKE. R. FRANK LEHMAN.

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190. JESUS IS PLEADING.

IDA L. REED. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Gen - tly the voice . . of the Sav-ior is plead - ing,
2. Take up thy cross . . . and go forward re - joic - ing,
3. Take up thy cross . . . tho' so heav - y it seem - eth,
4. Take up thy cross . . . now and fol - low thy Sav - ior,

1. Gently the voice of the Sav-ior is plead-ing,

Ten - der - ly plead - ing, my broth-er, with thee, . . .
Look - ing be - yond . . . . all earth's tri - als and pain, . . .
Tho' in thy weak - ness it bow - eth thee down, . . .
Glad - ly and cheer - ful - ly day aft - er day, . . .

Ten-der-ly plead - ing, my brother, with thee,

Leave thou the world . . . with its grandeur and glo - ry,
Un - to the light . . . of the homeland so bless - ed,
Christ is be - side . . . thee to strengthen and cheer thee,
Fear not to fol - low where'er he may lead thee,

Leave thou the world with its grandeur and glo - ry,

Take up thy cross . . . and come fol - low thou me. . .
Where thou if faith - ful with Je - sus shalt reign. . . . .
O - ver it stream - eth the light of a crown. . . .
He will be with . . . thee thro' all of the way. . . . .

fol-low thou me.

Take up thy cross and come fol low thou me.

Copyright, 1900, by Powell G. Fithian.

JESUS IS PLEADING.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

List to the voice . . . that so sweet-ly is plead - ing,
List to the voice that so sweet-ly is plead-ing,

Look-ing be - yond . . . all earth's tri-als and pain, . . .
Look-ing be-yond all earth's tri-als and pain,

Take up thy cross . . . . and go fol-low thy Sav - ior,
Take up thy cross and go fol - low thy Sav - ior,

Serv - ing him tru - ly from day un - to day. . . . . .
Serv-ing him tru - ly from day un - to day.

191.

A WONDERFUL SAVIOR.

M. CUMMINGS. (This song received Honorable Mention.) J. H. ROSECRANS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Sing un - to the Lord, his prais-es loud pro-claim,
his praises loud proclaim,

his prais-es loud pro-claim; In ju - bilant song oh, praise his ho - ly

name, Oh! praise his ho - ly name.
Oh! praise his ho - ly name,

QUARTET.

1. Sing with hearts and voi - ces prais - es to our King, O - ver
2. Down from glo - ry's man - sions un - to earth he came, Bringing
3. Rest for wea - ry ones, and com - fort in dis-tress; Hope, and
4. With a fa-ther's ten - der love our lives are bound, From the
5. Soon, soon time shall cease, then with the an-gel-throng,—" Glo-ry

hills and val - leys let the ech-oes ring. A won-der-ful Sav - ior,
joy and peace to all who own his name. A won-der-ful Sav - ior,
love and life, when we, his name confess. A won-der-ful Sav - ior,
ills of life his sheltering arms surround. A won-der-ful Sav - ior,
to the Lamb" will ev - er be our song. A won-der-ful Sav - ior,

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A WONDERFUL SAVIOR. Concluded.

A wonderful Sav-ior, Christ,—mighty Redeemer,—King Jesus,—our Lord.

FULL CHORUS.

Praise his name, . . . won-der-ful name. . . . .
Praise his name, his wonderful name, Praise his name, his wonderful name.

Over death triumphant,—Praise his holy name. . . . .
won-der-ful name.

Love, gave Je-sus—precious flame,—And this love is still the same;

RIT.

Swell the song—in loud acclaim, Praise his name. . . .
won-der-ful name.

192. SETTLE THE QUESTION.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. ARTHUR W. NELSON.

Moderato.

1. Oh, settle the question to-night, my brother! Take courage and do the
2. To-night the good Spirit is here, my brother! To-night Jesus pleads with
3. To - night is the time to repent, my brother! To-night God is here in
4. Go not from this temple to-night, my brother! Rejecting the grace of

right; Come out of the darkness and gloom of thy sin, And walk in God's
thee; To-night call on God while his grace is so near, To-night go in
pow'r; To-night is the time when the dear Lord will save, Yes, this is sal-
God; Stand up and confess all the sins of thy life, And trust in the

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful light. Oh, set-tle the question to - night!
peace and be free. to-night!
vation's glad hour.
soul-cleansing blood.
beau-ti-ful light.

Oh, set-tle the question to-night, Wait not till to-morrow To
to-night,
end thy soul sorrow, But settle the question to-night. night, (to-night.)

Rit. Last time.

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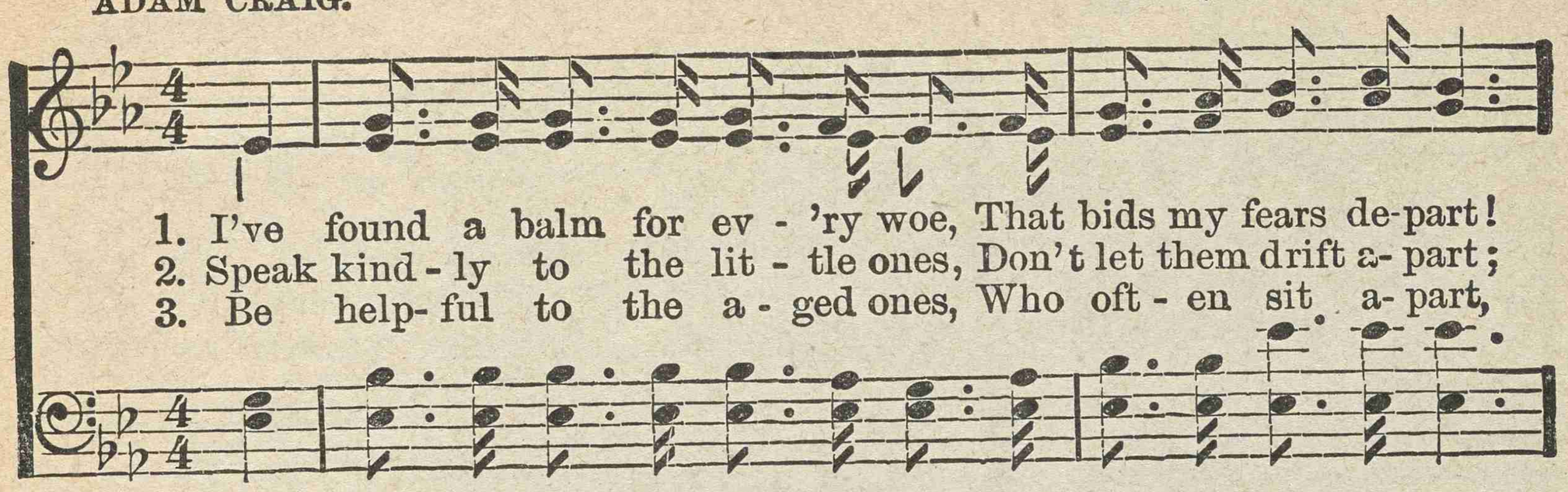
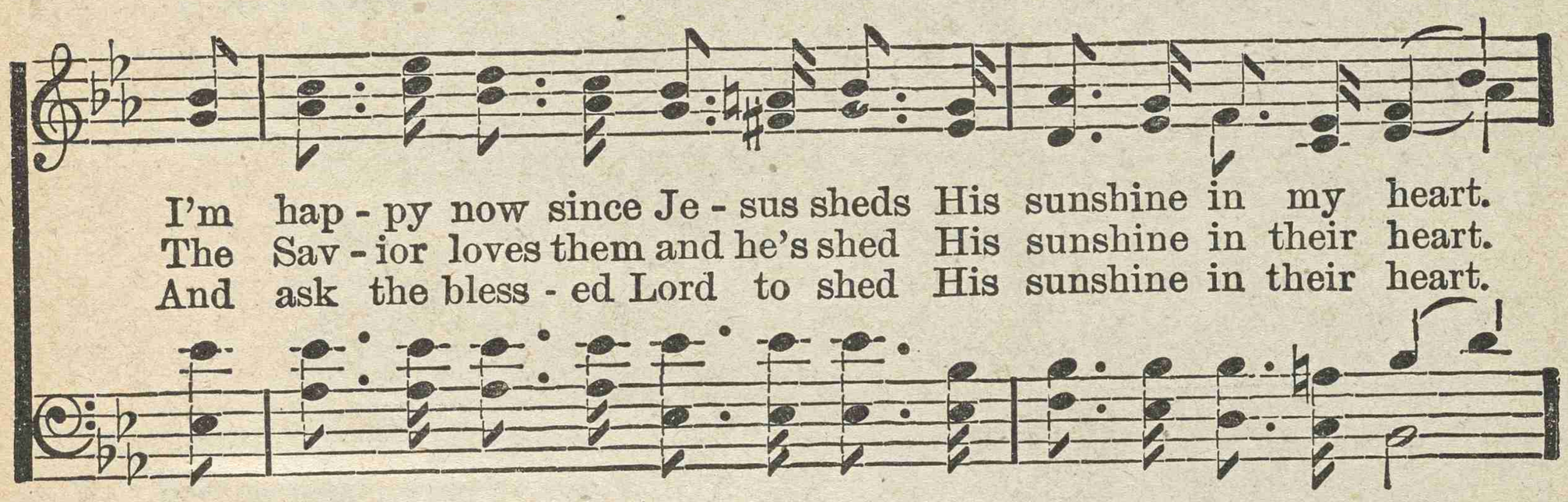
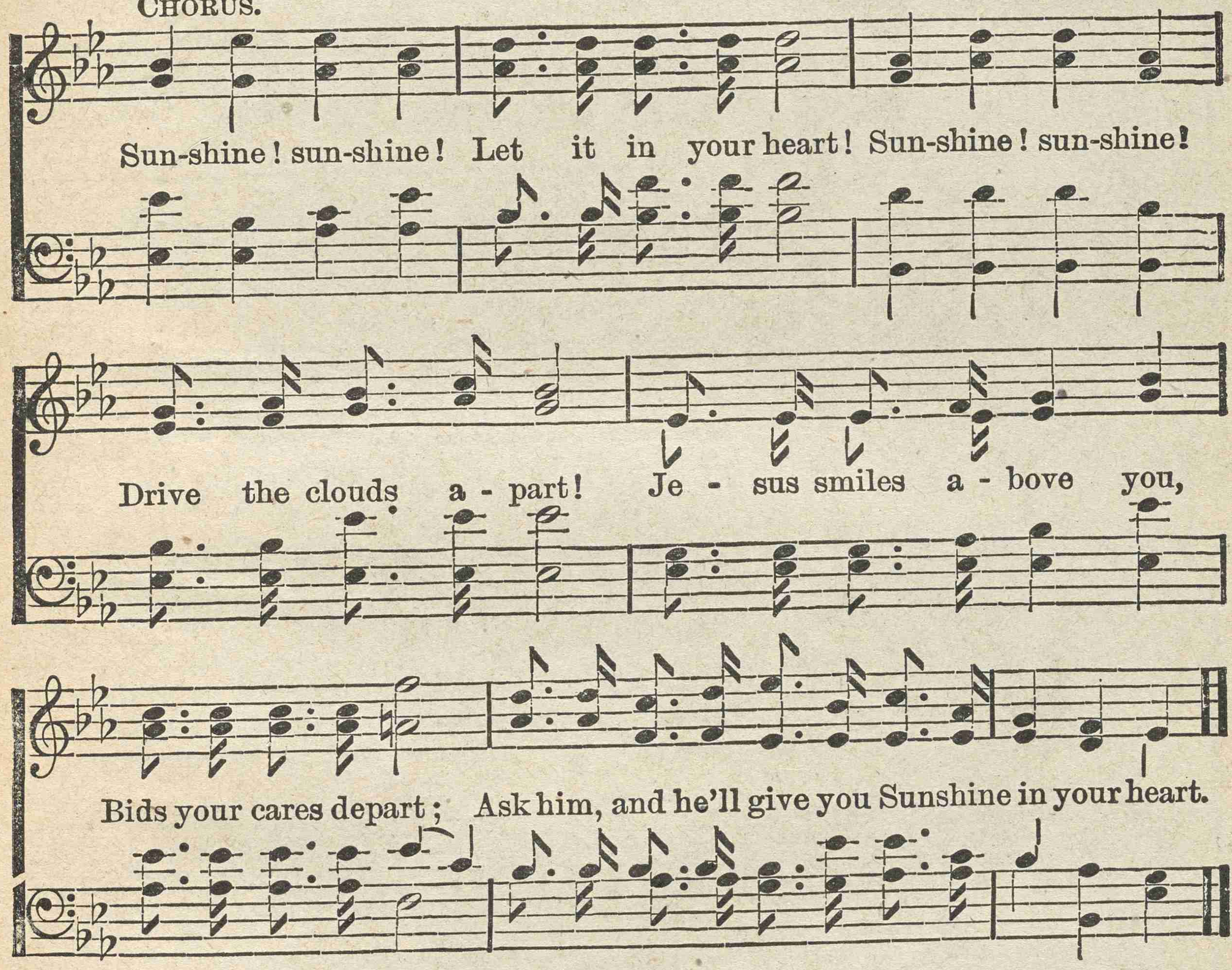
193. SUNSHINE IN THE HEART.

ADAM CRAIG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.



4 When earthly friends are called away,
How sorrow's tears will start;
The Lord has triumphed over death,
Let sunshine in your heart.

5 To those who've wander'd far from God,
Your Savior's love impart;
Your life will shine, your face will glow,
He's sunshine in your heart.

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194. SPEAK A KIND WORD.

SOLO OR DUET.

Moderato.

E. L. ASHFORD.

1. Do you know a heart that hun-gers For a word of love and
2. It may be that some one fal- ters On the brink of sin and
3. Nev-er think kind words are wast-ed, Bread on wa- ters cast are

cheer; There are ma - ny such a - bout us, It may
wrong; And a word from you might save him, Help to
they; And it may be we shall find them, Com- ing

be that one is near. Look a-round you, if you
make the tempted strong. Look a - bout you, O my
back to us some day; Com - ing back when sore-ly

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SPEAK A KIND WORD. Concluded.

find it, Speak the word that's need - ed so; And your
broth - er! What a sin is yours and mine, If we
need - ed, In a time of sharp dis - tress; So my

own heart may be strengthened, By the help that you be - stow.
see that help is need- ed, And we give no friend-ly sign.
friend, let's speak them free-ly, Gift and giv- er God will bless.

CHORUS.

195. CRUSH IT DOWN.

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, lift the stand-ard of the right,
2. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, let it sink in deep - est night,
3. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, crush it with Je - ho-vah's might,

Let the weak - er find a broth - er in the strong! (in the strong!)
Let the shad - ow from the hearthstone lift - ed be; (lift - ed be;)
Let the God of bat - tles arm us as we go; (as we go;)

Bid the temp-ter flee a - way 'neath the search-ing light of day,
Let the eyes made dim by tears see the glo - ry thro' the years,
Ho - ly One, 'tis thou a - lone, who hast Sa - tan o - ver-thrown;

And our land be cleansed for - ev - er from the wrong. (from the wrong.)
And the watch-ers chant their psalm of ju - bi - lee. (ju - bi - lee.)
Grant the bless - ing to thy war-ring hosts be - low! (hosts be - low!)

CHORUS.

Crush it down! crush it down! Crush it down! crush it down! 'Tis a

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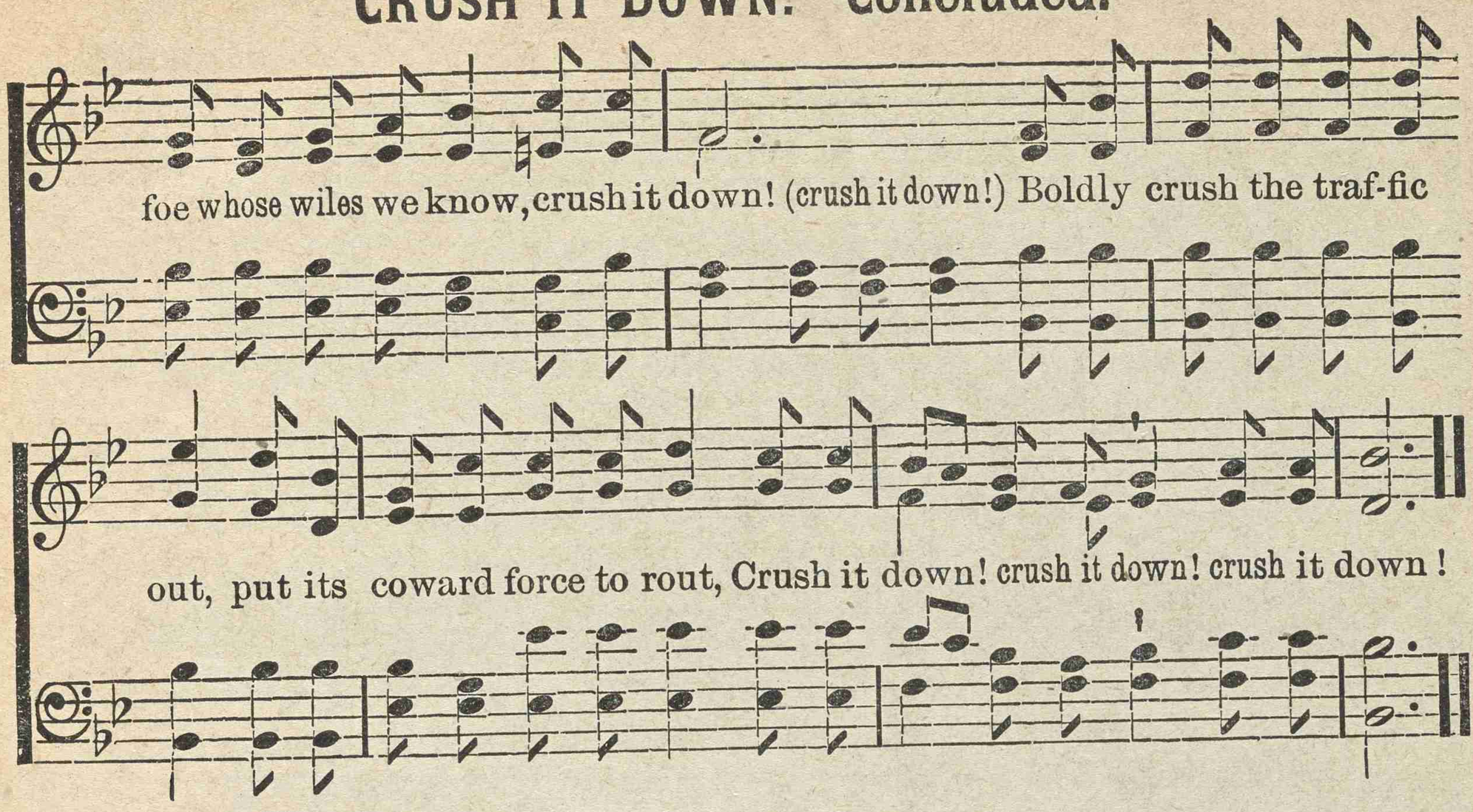
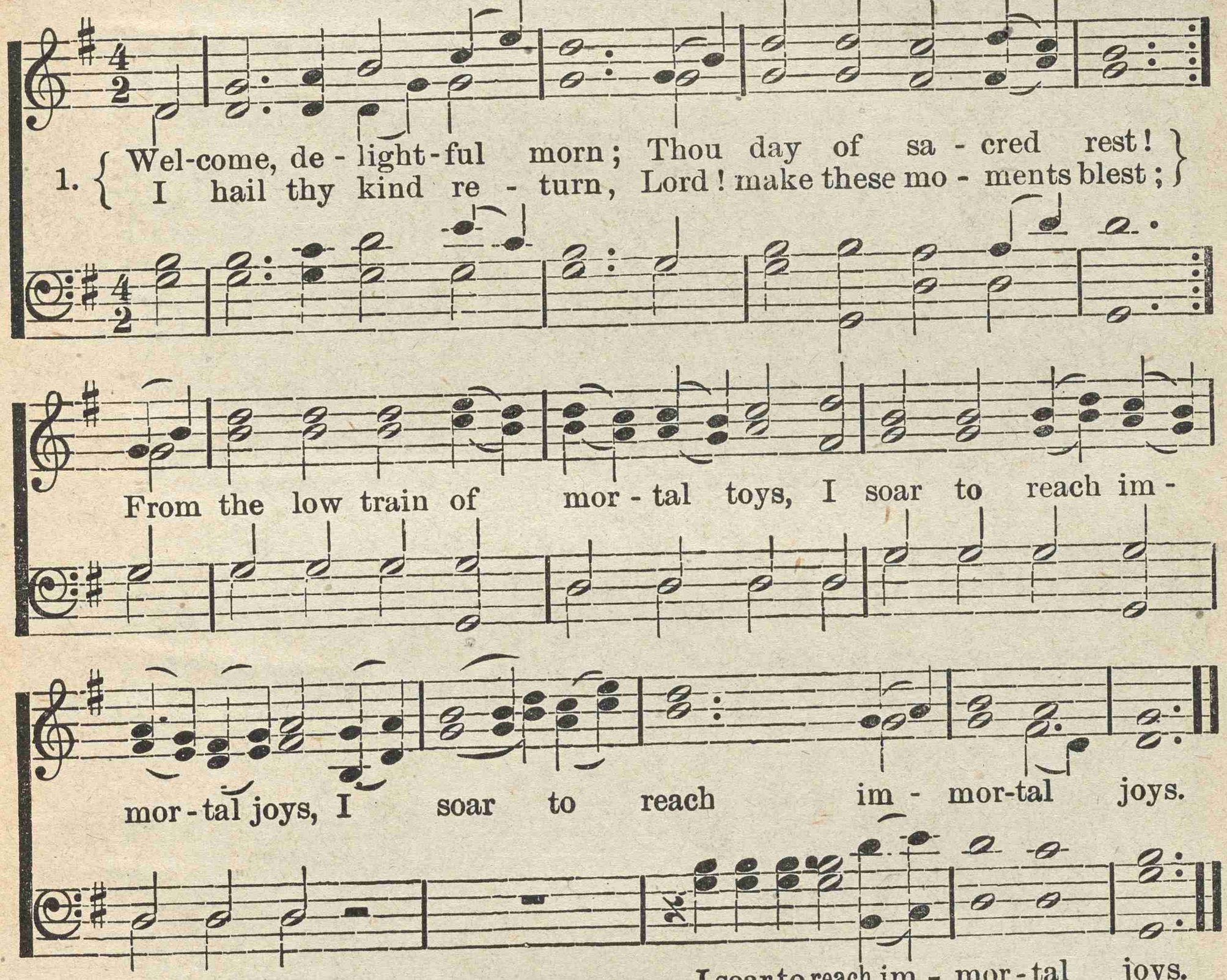
CRUSH IT DOWN. Concluded.



196. WELCOME, BEAUTIFUL MORN.

HAYWARD, 1806. F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1841.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face!
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

197. **LET US ARISE.**

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian sol - dier, While the foe is spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian sol - dier? Are not heav-ens turned to hells by his power? Mark you not the mother's
3. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Christian sol - dier? Sa - tan's smil - ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands perish while you
4. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Christian sol - diers, Crush the e - vil 'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost no long - er

pow'r Grow - ing bold - er ev - 'ry hour? Will he not our land de-
sigh? Hear you not the children's cry? See you not their loved ones
wait, While you counsel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw-ful
wait; For - ward, manhood of the State, For in God your strength is

few, *God will lead us grand-ly thro', And our arms with strength en-*

FINE. CHORUS.

vour while you stand?
die ev - 'ry hour? **Let us a - rise! all u-nite! Let us a-**
fate as they stray?
great for the right!

due by his might.

D.S.

rise! in our might! Let us a - rise! speak for God and the right!

By permission,

198. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be- fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic- to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod- y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or Unto Christ the King,

CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.
} Onward, Christian soldiers!

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

199. ONE MORE SABBATH FARTHER ON.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In our march to Zi - on's cit - y Now an-oth - er week is gone;
2. On the way our lov - ing Father Never has his care withdrawn,
3. We are one more Sabbath nearer To the mist - y shore of time,
4. Soon we'll cross the roll-ing Jordan, Soon we'll reach the rest beyond,

We are, in our journey homeward, One more Sabbath farther on.
And we are, in his dear keeping, One more Sabbath farther on.
Near-er to the land of promise, Nearer Canaan's sun - ny clime.
When the light of God's long Sabbath On our hap - py souls has dawned.

CHORUS.

One more Sabbath farther on, One more Sabbath farther
One more Sab - bath far-ther on, One more Sab - bath

on, As we go to meet the King, In our
far - ther on,

pilgrimage we sing, One more Sabbath farther on. (farther on.)

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200

ALL TAKEN AWAY!

G. M. DODGE. JOHN TIBBALLS.

1. Oppressed with grief, and with burdens sore, In sin I wandered a - stray;
2. My Sav- ior's com-ing no more I dread, My sins no lon-ger dis- may;
3. My heart re-joic- es in per - fect peace, My Lord I glad-ly o - bey;
4. My sins, tho' grievous, the Sav-ior used His wondrous love to dis- play;

My Sav- ior found me, my sins he bore, They're all tak-en a - way.
To purge their stain on the cross he bled—They're all taken a - way.
From sin's great burden I found re- lease, They're all tak-en a - way.
He freed my soul, tho' I long refused—They're all tak-en a - way.

CHORUS.

They're all tak-en a - way! a- way! They're all tak-en a - way!
a- way!

My sins, tho' ma-ny, ap - pall no more, They're all tak-en a - way!

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201 I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

CHORUS.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee,
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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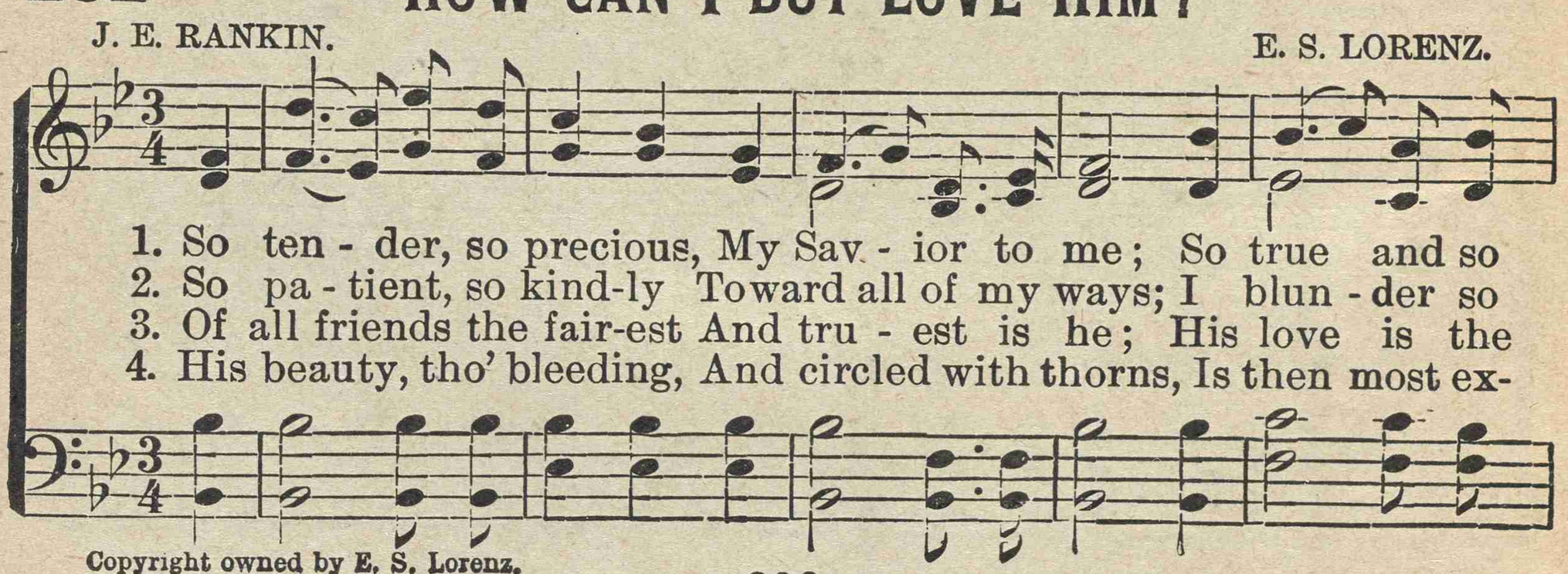
202 HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM?

J. E. RANKIN.

E. S. LORENZ.



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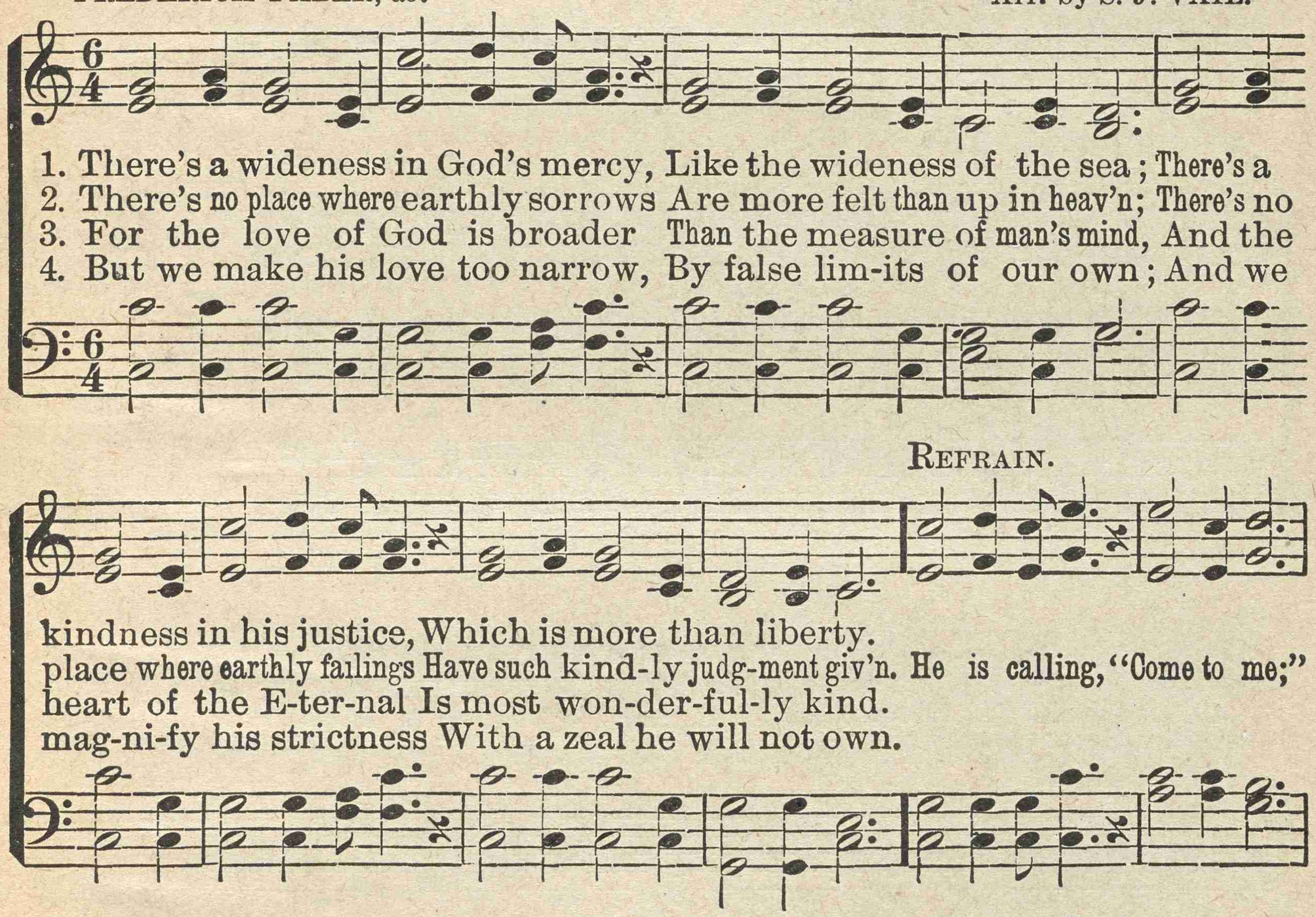
HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

203. HE IS CALLING.

FREDERICK FABER, *ab.* Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

204. TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

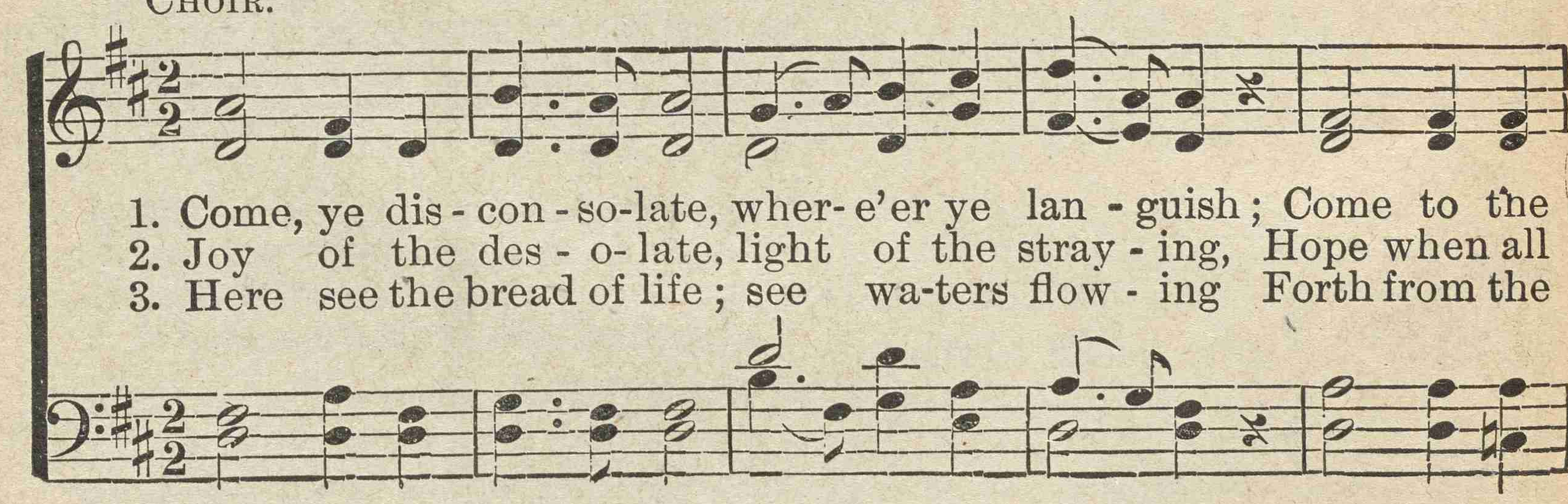
CHORUS.

205. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Vs. 1, 2, by THOMAS MOORE, 1816.
V. 3, by THOS. HASTINGS.

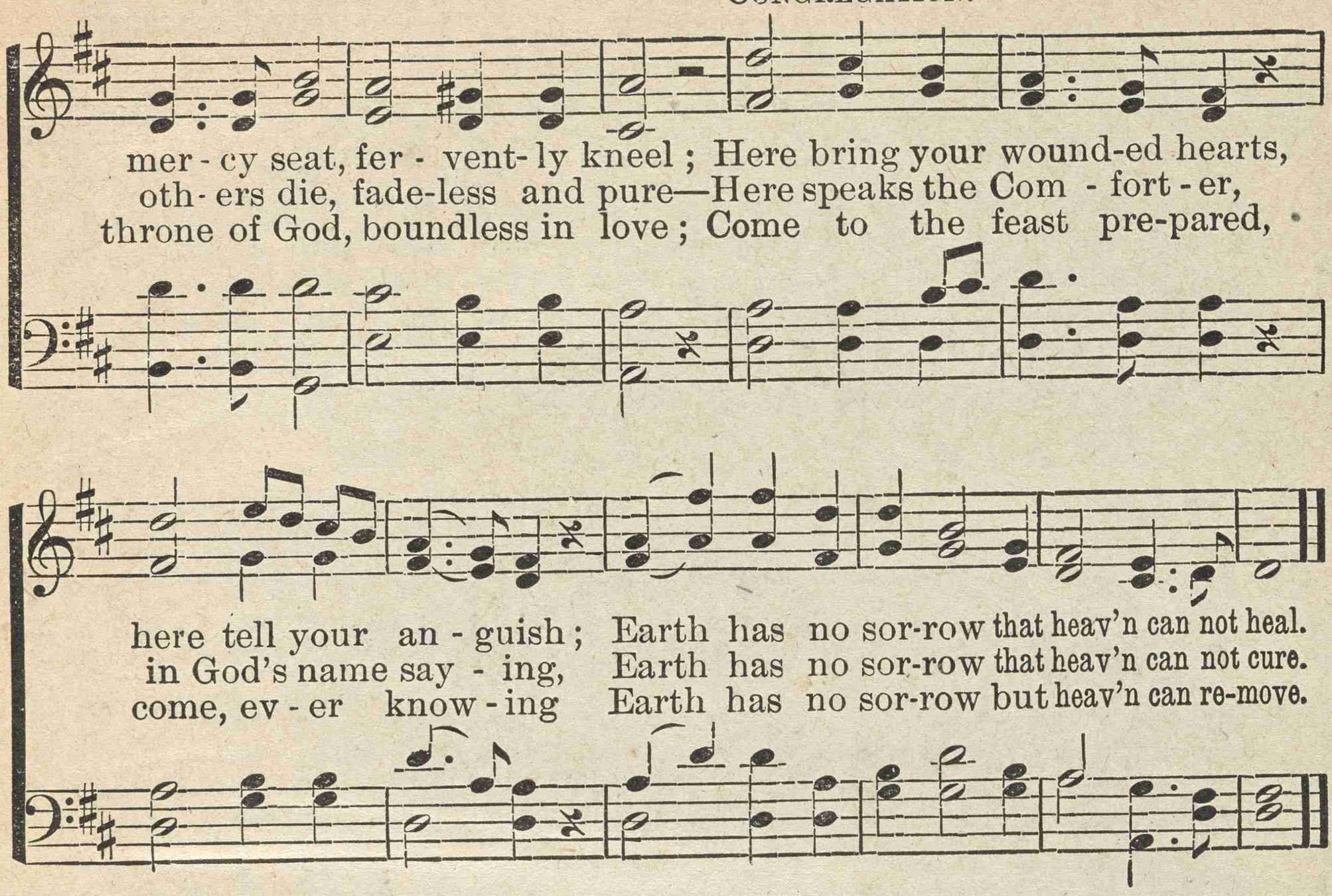
SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

CHOIR.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. Concluded.

CONGREGATION.



206.

NETTLETON.

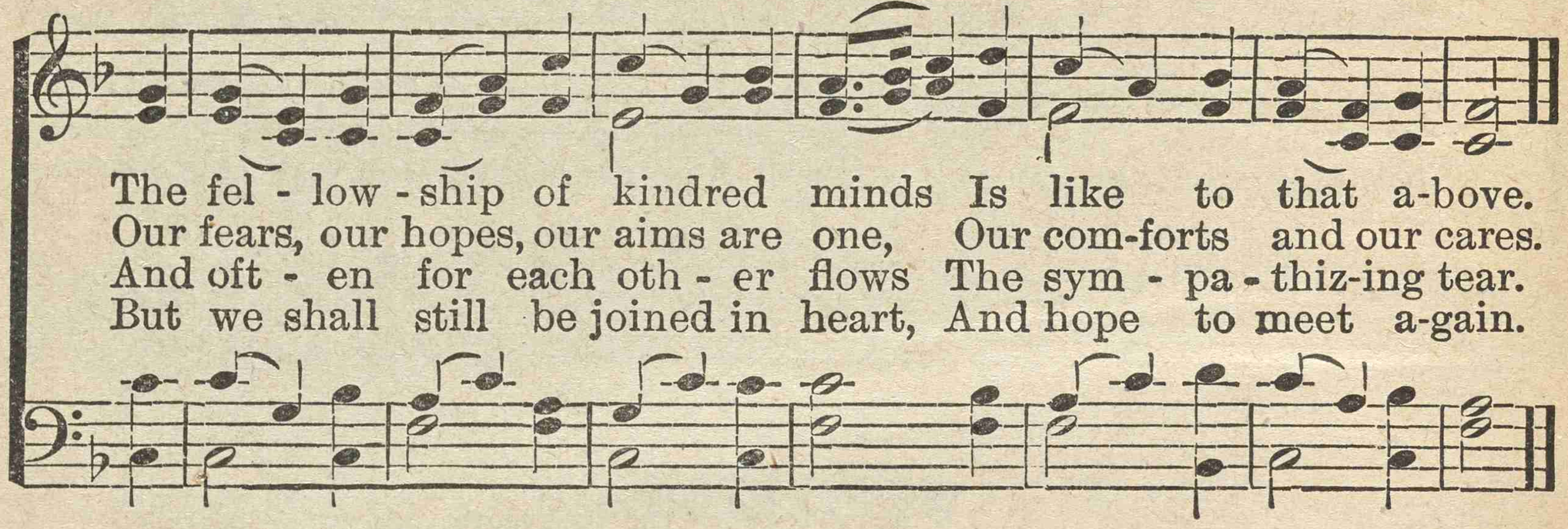
ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it:
Seal it for thy courts above.

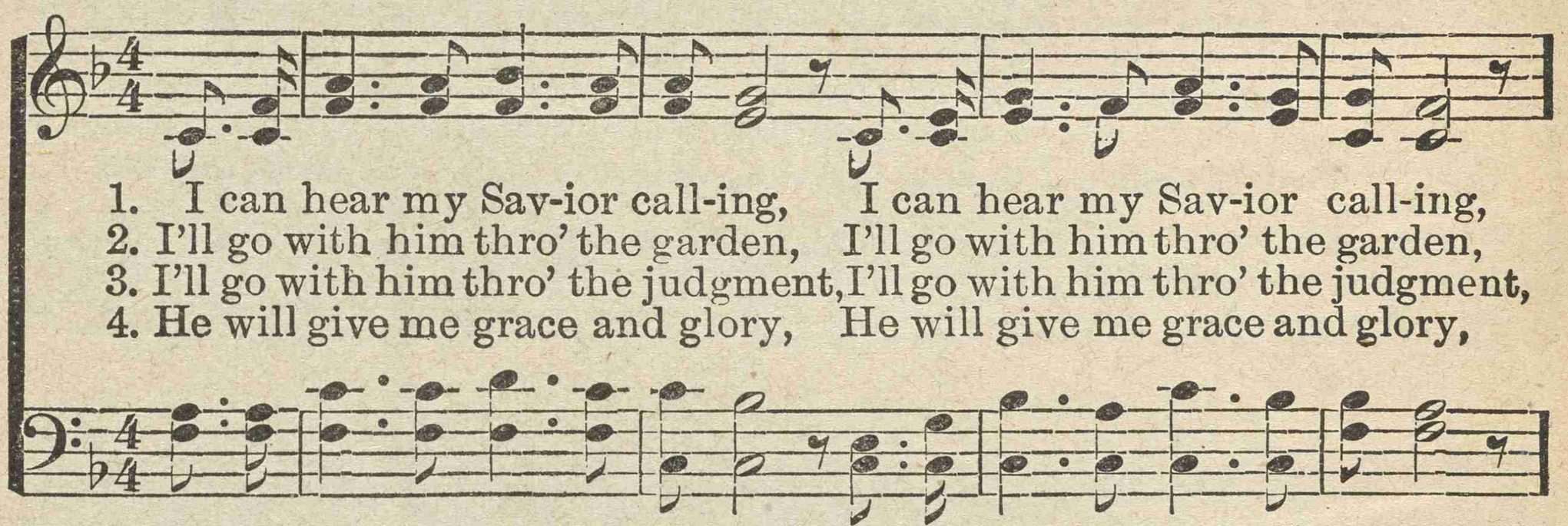
207. THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Dennis.) HANS GEORGI NAEGELI.

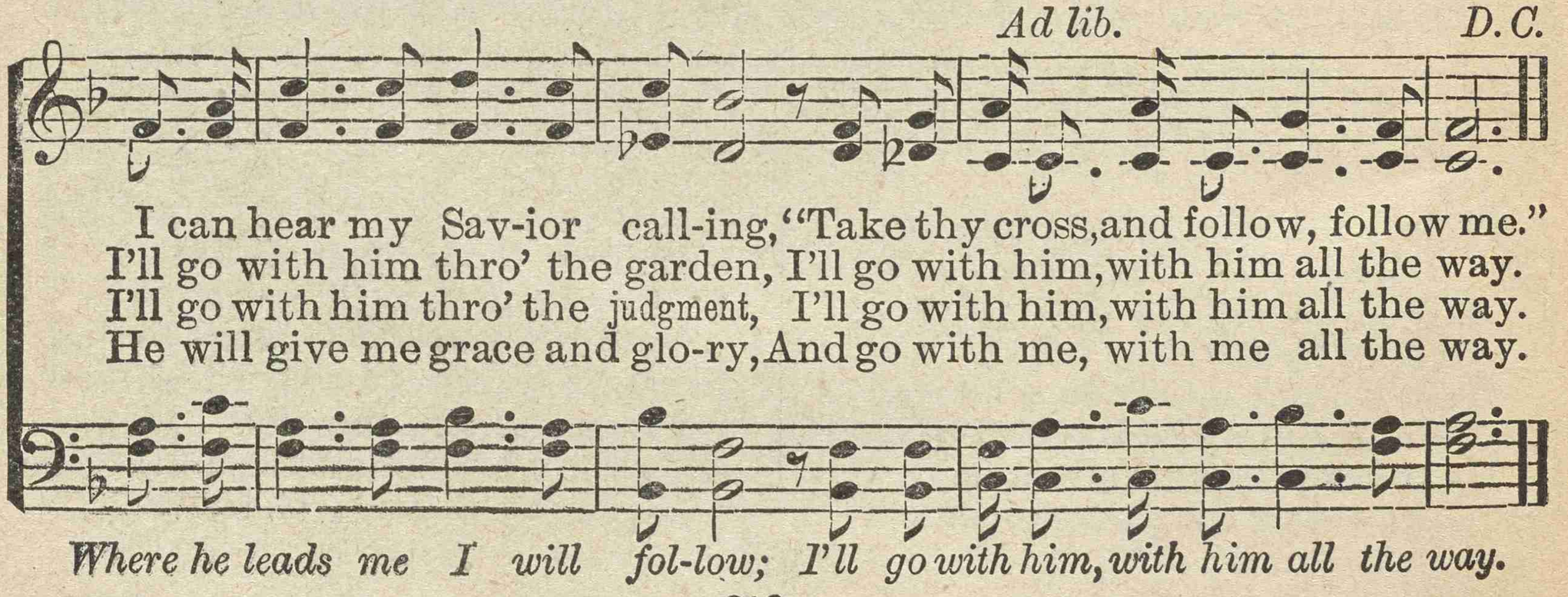


208. THE WAY TO THE CROSS.

Arr.



D.C.–*Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,*

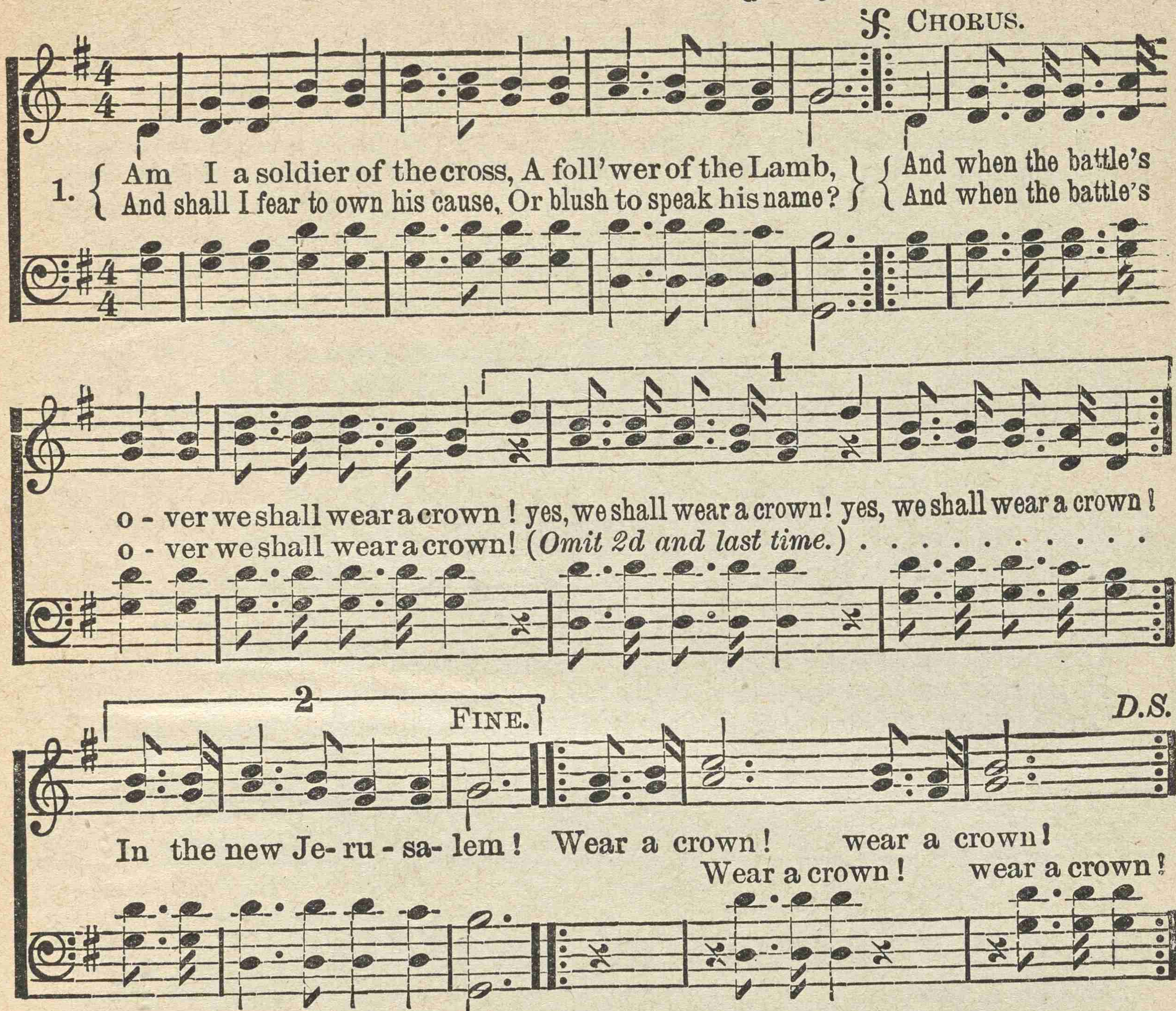


Where he leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with him, with him all the way.

209. BATTLE HYMN.

English.

Arranged by MRS. G. K. LITTLE.



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

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

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

SALVATION'S FREE.

210. (Key of G.)

1 How sweet the cheering words,
"Whoever will" may come;
The door of mercy open stands,
As yet there still is room.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Saviour sits on high,
The proof that all is done,
And sinners now God can accept
Through his beloved Son.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

211. (Key of C.)

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners spare?

CHO.—God is love, I know, I feel.
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

212. JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C.—*Chart and com - pas come from thee:* *Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C.—*Wondrous Sov-ereign of the sea,* *Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar
D.C.—*May I hear thee say to me,* *"Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."*

D.C.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o-bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast,

213. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Fathers' God to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

214 I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.
(Key of C.)

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

215 TURN TO THE LORD.
(Key of G.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

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

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

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

216 BALERMA.
(Key of B flat.)

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

217 BALERMA.
(Key of B flat.)

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

218 BOYLSTON.
(Key of C.)

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

219 HAPPY DAY.
(Key of G.)

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here I have found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

220 NO SORROW THERE.
(Key of G.)

OH, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHO.—‖:There 'll be no more sorrow there,:‖
In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There 'll be no more sorrow there.

When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

221 COME, HOLY GHOST.
(Key of G.)

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

222 ROCK OF AGES.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

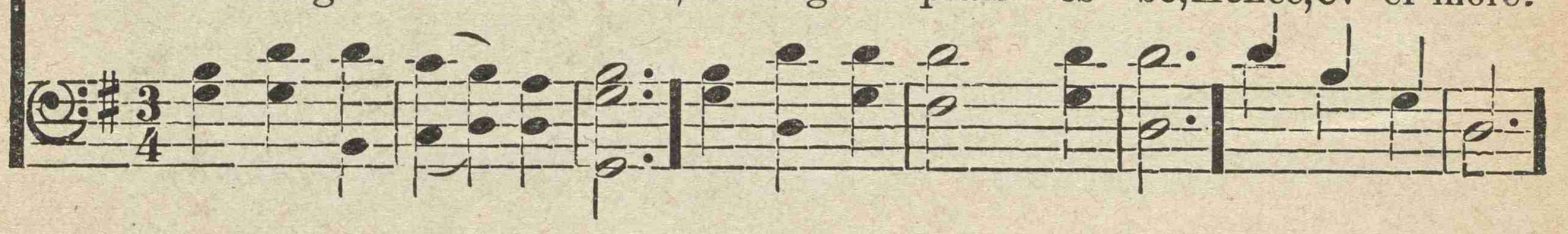
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in thee.
D. C.—*Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
D. C.—*In my hand no price I bring; Sim- ply to thy cross I cling.*
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,
D. C.—*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.*

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judgment throne—

223 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou Al-mighty King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, thou in- car-nate Word! Gird on thy might- y sword; Our pray'r attend:
3. Come, ho- ly Comfort- er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour:
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, ev- er-more!



Father, all glo-ri-ous! O'er all vic- to- ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of ho- liness, On us descend.
Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
His sov'reign majes-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e- ter-ni-ty Love and adore.

224. NEW HAVEN.
(Key of G.)

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

225. DENNIS.
(Key of F.)

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

226. LABAN.
(Key of C.)

MY soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy fleeting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

227. LET THE SAVIOR IN.
(Key of A.)

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He 'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

228. FULL CONSECRATION.
(Key of D.)

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHO.—Wash me in the Savior's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

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

229. HOW I LOVE JESUS.
(Key of A flat.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

230. I DO BELIEVE.
(Key of G.)

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And thro' his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies.

231. LENOX.
(Key of B flat.)

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

232. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

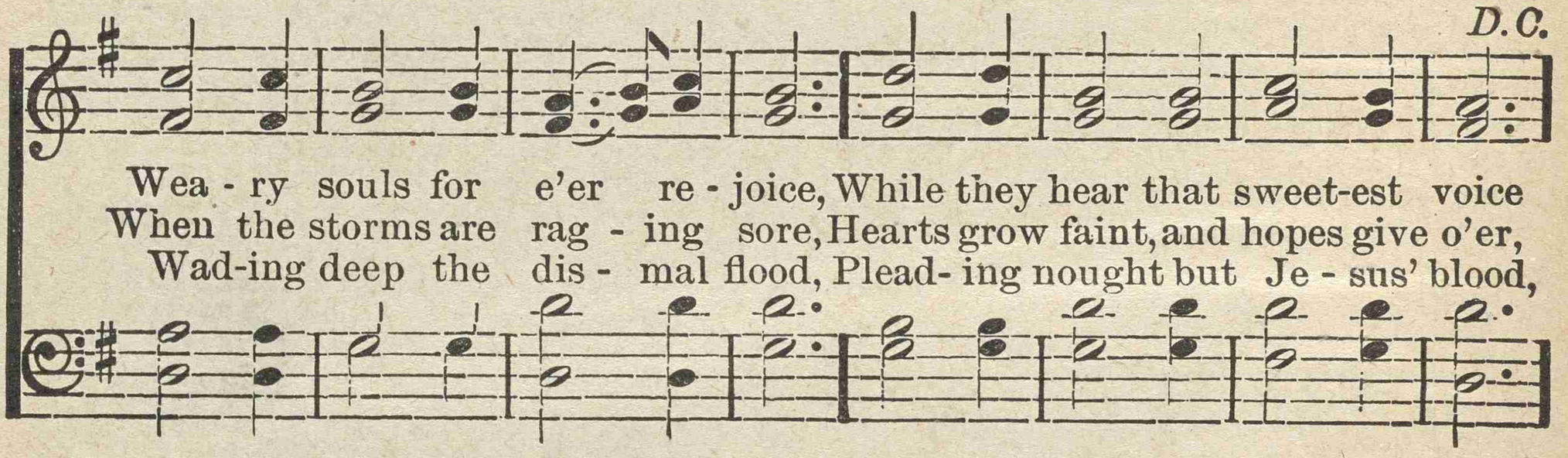
M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
   Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
   Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there,

D.C.—*Whis-per soft - ly, Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*

D.C.



Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad-ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead- ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

233. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. D. MARSH.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Lov- er of my soul, Let me to thy bos- om fly,
   While the near-er wa- ters roll, While the tempest still is high!

D.C.—*Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!*

2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
   Leave, O leave me not a- lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me:

D.C.—*Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of thy wing!*

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov- er all my sin:
   Let the heal-ing streams abound: Make and keep me pure within.

D.C.—*Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.*

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav- ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

234. THE MERCY-SEAT.
(Key of C.)

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

235. REVIVE US AGAIN.
(Key of G.)

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

236. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
(Key of E flat.)

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

237. JESUS PAID IT ALL.
(Key of E flat.)

I HEAR the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I
Whereby his grace to claim—
I 'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

238. I GAVE MY LIFE.
(Key of C.)

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

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

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

239. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.
(Key of B flat.)

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

240. ONLY TRUST HIM.
(Key of G.)

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There 's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHO.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

241. CONSECRATION.
(Key of G.)

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

242. 'T IS DONE.
(Key of G.)

O JESUS, the crucified, now I am free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me.

CHO.—Hallelujah, 'tis done, I believe in the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One!

O Jesus, the crucified! now thou art mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine.

O Jesus, the crucified! holy and pure,
No wound hath my heart that his blood cannot cure.

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

O Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King.

My soul 's filled with joy o'er the victory won,
And I 'll triumph in death through the crucified One.

243. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
(Key of D.)

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

244. MORE LOVE TO THEE.
(Key of G.)

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

245. WHAT A FRIEND.
(Key of F.)

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

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

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

246. HE LEADETH ME.
(Key of D.)

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

247. HAMBURG.
(Key of F.)

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

248. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

ANNA CHICHESTER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We shall meet ne'er to sev - er On the banks of the riv - er, Where the saints praise for-ev - er God on high;
2. As in peace they are sleeping, O'er their graves we are weeping, Love its sad vig - il keep-ing Where they lie;
3. No more hours, dark, ap-pall-ing, When our friends death is calling, And, while tears fast are fall-ing, They re - ply;

All our friends we shall meet then And with gladness shall greet then, For we'll never say good-bye.
Let this hope then be cheering, That the glad hour is nearing When we'll never say good - bye.
Soon be- yond heav-en's por-tals, We shall greet them, immortals, And we'll never say good - bye.

God on high;

REFRAIN. *1st. time f, 2d time p.*

For we'll nev - er say good-bye! For we'll nev- er say good-bye!
When we'll nev - er say good-bye! When we'll nev-er say good-bye!
And we'll nev - er say good-bye! And we'll nev- er say good-bye!

rit.

Oh! what joy 'twill be to greet them, Where we'll never say good-bye.

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TOPICAL INDEX.

The songs are indexed with reference to their secondary, as well as to their primary applications. Except in the case of a few standard hymns, the index is that of titles.

ACCEPTANCE OF CHRIST.

On the Safe Side..... 43
Take up Thy Cross..... 44
I am Resting in the..... 60
Jesus Saves Me..... 78
Rest and be Satisfied..... 84
Refuge at the Cross..... 86
Since I Gave my Heart to 97
I am Happy in Jesus..... 99
The Way of the Cross..... 105
Lord, I'm Coming Home. 125
Is Thy Heart Right with 134
Happiness Complete..... 151
I Am Going to Believe It.. 161
I Surrender All..... 201
He is Calling..... 203
Take Me as I Am..... 204
The Way to the Cross 208
Salvation's Free..... 210
Depth of Mercy..... 211
Happy Day..... 219
I Do Believe..... 230
Just As I Am..... 247

ATONEMENT.

Every Day Salvation..... 22
Wonderful Peace..... 23
Pardoning Love..... 49
As Many as Touched..... 50
By Grace Alone 54
Confess the Christ..... 70
Redeemed 74
Jesus Saves Me..... 78
I Know He'll Let Me In... 79
Rest and Be Satisfied..... 84
Hallelujah, I Am Saved... 91
Under the Blood..... 107
At the Table of the King.. 112
Deeper Yet..... 113
Jesus Came to Save..... 123
A Sinner Saved..... 124
Saved From the Wreck.... 141
Jesus, Blessed Jesus..... 143
Salvation..... 155
That Means Me..... 169
Saved by Faith..... 177
Through and Through.... 179
All Taken Away..... 200
Rock of Ages..... 222
O Jesus, the Crucified..... 242

BIBLE.

Tell Me More About Jesus. 2
I Need the Light 66
I Am Going to Believe It.. 161

CHILDREN.

Little Hands are Useful... 45
Come, Little Ones, Come.. 56
A Little Song for Jesus... 93
The Sunday School Army. 108
Little Soldiers..... 117
I'll Do What I Can..... 149
Lesson for Eternity..... 153
The Children Are Coming. 178

CHRIST.

(*See* "Jesus Christ.")

CHRISTIAN JOY.

Tell Me More About Jesus. 2
Sweeter Than All..... 9
The Home Coming of Our. 10
Beauty for Ashes..... 20
Some Day I'll Be There... 27
I Never Will Cease to Love. 31
I'm Resting in the 60
He Hideth my Soul..... 65
Oh, What a Savior Is Mine. 106
At the Table of the King.. 112
Hallelujah All the Way... 129
Leaning On the..... 145
Rolling Every Burden On. 147
Don't You Hear Them.... 154
Salvation..... 155
When the Roll Is Called... 172
The Comforter Has Come. 176
Sunshine in the Heart 193
How Sweet the Name of.. 229

THE CHURCH.

The Day is Nigh 90
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord. 214

CONSECRATION.

Accept My Consecration.. 7
I Will Follow Thee, My... 13
Give Christ All the Keys.. 26
Take up Thy Cross..... 44
Use Me..... 101
I Surrender All..... 201

DISMISSAL.

Parting Hymn..... 63
Benediction..... 71
Blest Be the Tie that Binds. 207

EASTER.

Hail the King of Kings... 186

EVANGELISTIC.

(*See* "Acceptance of Christ," "Atonement," "Invitation," and "Warning.")

FAITH.

God's Storehouse..... 11
The Hollow of God's Hand. 15
Face Toward the Light.... 19
Beauty for Ashes..... 20
I Know..... 24
'Twill Matter But Little... 29
On the Heights 32
I Trust in Thee..... 33
When Thou Hast Shut... 34
Thou Wilt Not Leave Me.. 35
Because He Promises Me.. 42
On the Safe Side 43
As Many as Touched..... 50
I am Resting in the..... 60
Thou Thinkest, Lord, of.. 61
My Saviour First of All... 67
God Has Opened All the.. 68
I Know He'll Let Me In... 79
Jesus Will Keep Every.... 89
Faith, Hope and Love..... 92
The Cross is Not Greater.. 95
Just One Touch 104
The Beautiful, Beautiful.. 118
Not Now, but Bye and Bye. 119
Trusting in the Mighty... 126
In God's Own Time..... 128
Trust and Obey..... 132
Not a Wave Shall Flow.... 136
Thou Wilt Lead Me..... 142
Rolling Every Burden On. 147
Lead Kindly Light..... 157
Trusting Only Thee..... 174
Farther Out..... 175
Saved by Faith..... 177
Following..... 189
My Faith Looks up to..... 224
He Leadeth Me, Oh..... 246

FELLOWSHIP.

Jesus Near..... 17
I Trust in Thee..... 33
My Lord and I..... 57
Leaning on the..... 145
Blest Be the Tie that Binds. 207

FUNERALS.

Crossing One by One..... 30
Kissed by the Angel of.... 135
Will You Meet Them?... 168
We'll Never Say Good-Bye 248

HEAVEN.

The Home Coming of Our. 10
The Sunshine Land 18
Some Day I'll Be There.... 27
'Twill Matter but Little... 29
On the Heights 32
Till the Boat Comes By.... 41
We Shall Meet Again..... 46
No Tears in Yonder Home. 47
My Savior First of All..... 67
God has Opened all the.... 68
Many Mansions Up There. 77
The Beautiful, Beautiful.. 118
The Unseen City 130
Over the Stars..... 158
Will You Meet Them?.... 168
Looking This Way..... 181
Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven. 220
We'll Never Say Good-Bye 248

HOLY SPIRIT.

Use Me..... 101
Answer Yes, to the Spirit.. 144
The Comforter has Come.. 176
Where Art Thou?..... 187
Come, Holy Spirit..... 216
Come, Holy Ghost, in 221
Holy Spirit, Faithful..... 232

INVITATION.

The Call of the Cross..... 12
Give Christ All the Keys.. 26
Come, He is Calling..... 36
Take up Thy Cross..... 44
Come to the Cross To-day. 48
Walk Along with Jesus.... 52
Will You Come?..... 58
Confess the Christ..... 70
Will You Join in the Song. 75
Come to Jesus..... 87
God is Calling..... 94
Just One Touch..... 104
Wanderer from Jesus..... 114
Brother Make a Start for.. 122
Calling Me..... 138
Answer Yes, to the Spirit.. 144
Is Your Lamp Still..... 146
Are You Counting the Cost. 152
When the King Comes In. 170
Tell It to Jesus..... 180
Are You Ready?..... 184
Where Art Thou?..... 187
Jesus is Pleading..... 190
Settle the Question..... 192
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I. 204
Come, Ye Disconsolate.... 205
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor .. 215
Behold a Stranger at the.. 227
The Great Physician now. 236
Come Every Soul by Sin.. 240
Just As I Am, Without..... 247

JESUS CHRIST.

Tell Me More About Jesus. 2
There's no Love like His.. 8
Sweeter Than All..... 9
Jesus Near..... 17
The Comforting Christ.... 37
Walk Along with Jesus.... 52
In the Name of Jesus..... 64
My Savior First of All..... 67
I'll Speak a Word for..... 73
A Little Song for Jesus.... 93
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus. 103
No, Not One..... 121
Jesus, Blessed Jesus..... 143
O Precious Love of Jesus.. 160
Tell It to Jesus..... 180
How Sweet the Name of . 229
The Great Physician now. 236
I Hear the Savior Say..... 237
What a Friend we have... 245

LIFE AND SERVICE.

Looking Unto Jesus..... 5
In the Strength of the.... 6
I Will Follow Thee, my... 13
Higher Ground..... 14
Our Song of Victory..... 16
Just for You..... 21
We'll Scatter Good Seed.. 25
Bid Them Go Labor..... 38
'Tis a Grand Work..... 39
On to Victory..... 72
I'll Speak a Word for Jesus. 73
The Day is Nigh..... 90
Army of Salvation..... 98
One Little Word for Jesus. 109
Jesus Leads..... 133
The New Life in Christ.... 137
I'll Be a Soldier..... 140
My Mission Field..... 148
Shall the World be Made.. 150
Ere the Sun Goes Down... 156
I Want to be a Worker.... 166
Have You Done Your Best. 188
Following..... 189
I Surrender All..... 197
How Can I But Love Him. 198
Am I a Soldier of the Cross. 209
A Charge to Keep I Have.. 218
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard. 226

LOVE OF GOD.

Riches of Grace..... 4
There's no Love Like His. 8
The Hollow of God's Hand. 15
Beauty for Ashes..... 20
I Never Will Cease to Love. 31
The Comforting Christ.... 37
Mercies of the Lord..... 40
Pardoning Love..... 49
My Lord and I..... 57
Thou Thinkest, Lord, of.. 61
He Hideth My Soul..... 65
His Love is Over All..... 82
None But Jesus Loveth.... 83
God Never Forgets His.... 85
Love Him, Love Him..... 96
My Jesus, I Love Thee.... 115
Wonderful Love of Jesus.. 120
No, Not One..... 121
Do You Know It Just Now. 139
O Precious Love of Jesus.. 160
O What Tender Mercy 167
Not One Forgotten..... 185
How Can I But Love Him. 202
Depth of Mercy..... 211
Jesus, Lover of My Soul... 233
I Gave My Life for Thee.. 238
What a Friend We Have.. 245

MISSIONS.

We'll Scatter Good Seed.. 25
Bid Them Go Labor..... 38
Speed Them On..... 53
Come Over and Help Us... 81
My Mission Field..... 148

OPENING.

Let Us Draw Near..... 3
Gloria Patri..... 183
Welcome, Beautiful Morn. 196
Let Us Arise..... 197
Come, Thou Fount of..... 206

PATRIOTIC.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee. 213

PEACE.

Wonderful Peace..... 23
Peace, Be Still..... 102

PRAISE.

I Never Will Cease to Love. 31
Mercies of the Lord..... 40
In the Name of Jesus..... 64
He Hideth My Soul..... 65
Redeemed..... 74
One and All..... 80
His Love is Over All..... 82
Oh, What a Savior is Mine. 106
Thou Wilt Lead Me..... 142
Don't You Hear Them..... 154
O for a Thousand..... 165
A Wonderful Savior..... 191
Come, Thou Fount of..... 206
Come, Thou Almighty.... 223
Oh, Bless the Lord, my.... 225
Blow Ye the Trumpet..... 239

PRAYER.

God's Storehouse..... 11
Higher Ground..... 14
I Trust in Thee..... 33
When Thou Hast Shut.... 34
Come, in the Love to Me.. 55
In the Hour of Trial..... 59
This My Prayer Shall Be.. 69
Lamp of My Feet..... 100
Gently Lead Us..... 111
The New Life in Christ... 137
The Smiling of His Face.. 182
Sweet Hour of Prayer..... 243

PRIMARY CLASS.

(*See* "Children.")

RALLY DAY.

Looking Unto Jesus..... 5
In the Strength of the..... 6
Our Song of Victory..... 16
On to Victory..... 72
The Sunday School Army. 108
Forward, Ye Soldiers..... 116
Fall in..... 127

REWARD AND TRIUMPH.

Looking Unto Jesus..... 5
In the Strength of the..... 6
Our Song of Victory..... 16
Some Day I'll Be There... 27
Glory for You..... 28
On the Heights..... 32
On to Victory..... 72
Army of Salvation..... 98
When the Bridegroom.... 110
In the Glory, Bye and Bye. 164
Mine Eyes Shall Behold... 171
When the Roll is Called... 172
Am I a Soldier of the Cross. 209

SABBATH.

Welcome, Beautiful Morn. 196
One More Sabbath..... 199

SPECIAL MUSIC.

(Solos, Duets, Quartets. Etc.)
Riches of Grace (D.&Cho.) 4
There's no Love (D.&Cho.) 8
The Call of the (Male Q.).. 12
We'll Scatter (D. & Cho.). 25
Crossing One by (S. & Q.). 30
No Tears in (Male Q.)..... 47
By Grace Alone (S. & Cho.) 54
Come, Little (S. & Cho)... 56
God Has Opened (S & Q.). 68
Rest and be (D. & Cho.).. 84
Refuge at the (Quar.) 86
God is Calling (D. & Cho.). 94
Lamp of my Feet (S. & Q.). 100
Peace, Be Still (Male Q).. 102
Just One (S. & Cho.)..... 104
A Sinner (D. & Cho)..... 124
In God's Own (D. & Cho.). 128
The Unseen (S. & Cho.)... 130
Kissed by the (D. & Cho.). 135
Looking This (D. & Cho.). 181
Hail, the King (S. & Cho.). 186
Speak a Kind (D. & Cho,). 194
I Surrender (D. & Cho.)... 201

TEMPERANCE.

Roll the Cause Along..... 76
Crush It Down..... 195
Let Us Arise..... 197

WARNING.

(*See also* "Invitation.")

YOUNG PEOPLE.

In the Strength of the..... 6
On to Victory..... 72
The Sunday School Army. 108
Forward, Ye Soldiers..... 116
Fall in..... 127
Jesus Leads..... 133
I'll Be a Soldier..... 140
The Children Are Coming. 178
Sunshine in the Heart.... 193

GENERAL INDEX.

Titles in small capitals. First lines in Roman.

ACCEPT MY CONSECRATION 7
A charge to keep I have 218
Adrift on the waters 141
Ah ! what is happiness complete 151
A LITTLE SONG FOR JESUS 93
All hail the power of Jesus' name 163
ALL TAKEN AWAY 200
All to Jesus I surrender 201
A message sweet is borne to me 54
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS 209
Amid the trials which I meet 61
And the peace of God that passeth 71
ANSWER YES TO THE SPIRIT 144
Are you Christ's light bearer ? 146
ARE YOU COUNTING THE COST ? 152
ARE YOU FOR JESUS ? 162
ARE YOU READY ? 184
Are you weary, are you heavy 180
Arise my soul, arise 231
ARMY OF SALVATION 98
As God leads me I will go 189
A SINNER SAVED 124
AS MANY AS TOUCHED 50
As you strive for the world 152
AT THE TABLE OF THE KING 112
A WONDERFUL SAVIOR 191
A wonderful Savior is Jesus 65

BALERMA 216
BATTLE HYMN 209
BEAUTY FOR ASHES 20
BECAUSE HE PROMISES ME 42
Behold a stranger at the door 227
BENEDICTION 71
Beyond the shadows of the sinking day .. 18
BID THEM GO LABOR TO-DAY 38
Blest be the tie that binds 207
BLOW YE THE TRUMPET 239
BOYLSTON 218
BRING THEM IN 173
Brother, heed the warning cry 122
BROTHER, MAKE A START FOR HEAVEN .. 122
BY GRACE ALONE 54

Called to the feast by the King 170
CALLING ME 138
Christian hosts afar and near 1
Christian, learn this lesson 19
Christ's messengers are going forth 53
Christ will me His aid afford 9
Close to Jesus I'll abide 147
Come every soul by sin oppressed 240
COME, HE IS CALLING 36
COME, HOLY GHOST 221
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove 216
COME IN THY LOVE TO ME 55
COME, LITTLE ONES, COME 56
Come near to thy Father and tell 34
COME OVER AND HELP US 81
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING 221
Come thou Fount of every blessing 206
COME TO JESUS 87
COME TO THE CROSS TO-DAY 48
Come unto Me, the Savior's voice is 36
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 205
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy 215
CONFESS THE CHRIST 70
CONSECRATION 241
CORONATION 163
CROSSING ONE BY ONE 30
CRUSH IT DOWN 195
Crush the traffic out of sight 195

Dear Savior, the children are coming 178
DEEPER YET 113
DEPTH OF MERCY 211
DON'T YOU HEAR THEM SHOUTING 154
Do you know a heart that hungers ? 194
Do you know a righteous cause ? 76
DO YOU KNOW IT JUST NOW ? 139
Do you know the love surpassing ? 139
Do you slumber in your tent, Christian .. 197

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN 156
EVERY DAY SALVATION 22

FACE TOWARD THE LIGHT 19
FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE 92
FALL IN 127
Far away in the depths of my 23
FARTHER OUT 175
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee. 230
FOLLOWING 189
For all the Lord has done for me 31
Forward, Christian soldier, forward 5
FORWARD, YE SOLDIERS 116
FROM EVERY STORMY WIND THAT 234
FULL CONSECRATION 228

GENTLY LEADS US 111
Gently, Lord, Oh, gently leads us 111
Gently the voice of the Savior is 190
GIVE CHRIST ALL THE KEYS 26
GLORIA PATRI 183
GLORY FOR YOU 28
GOD HAS OPENED ALL THE GATES 68
GOD IS CALLING 94
GOD NEVER FORGETS HIS CHILDREN 85
GOD'S STOREHOUSE 11
Grace more abounding ! O who can 4

HAIL THE KING OF KINGS 186
HALLELUJAH, ALL THE WAY 129
HALLELUJAH, I AM SAVED 91
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, O what joy 124
Hallelujah to the Lamb 91
HAMBURG 247
HAPPINESS COMPLETE 151
HAPPY DAY 219
Happy home-coming of our King 10
Hark, hark the trumpet sounding 72
Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's voice 173
Have thy affections been nailed to ? 134
HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BEST FOR JESUS ? . 188
Hearken now to the voice of the 144
Hear the Savior calling so tenderly 44
HE HIDETH MY SOUL 65
HE IS CALLING 203
HE LEADETH ME 131
HE LEADETH ME, OH, BLESSED 246
HIGHER GROUND 14
HIS LOVE IS OVER ALL 82
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE 232
Holy Spirit, Power divine 101
HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM ? 202
HOW I LOVE JESUS 229
How sweet the cheering words 210
How sweet the name of Jesus 229

I am coming to the cross..... 241
I AM GOING TO BELIEVE IT..... 161
I AM HAPPY IN JESUS..... 99
I am not worthy of the love 79
I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.... 60
I am resting, sweetly resting 142
I am safe, whatever may betide..... 15
I am saved by grace divine..... 143
I am so glad my Redeemer came..... 49
I am trusting Thee, dear Savior..... 174
I can hear my Savior calling..... 208
I can hear my Savior's gentle..... 138
I DO BELIEVE..... 230
If life is dreary and shadows..... 12
If o'er thy way dark clouds..... 128
If the clouds should thickly..... 182
If waves of affliction should..... 89
If you have obeyed our dear..... 28
I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE..... 238
I have a friend so precious..... 57
I have found a peace abiding..... 78
I have found redemption in..... 177
I have found what I wanted..... 99
I have perfect peace to-day..... 107
I have work enough to do..... 156
I hear the Savior say..... 237
I KNOW..... 24
I KNOW HE'LL LET ME IN..... 79
I know I'll see the glorious..... 24
I know not the hour of His..... 171
I lay bound and helpless..... 74
I'LL BE A SOLDIER..... 140
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN..... 149
I'LL SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS..... 73
I love thy kingdom, Lord 214
I'm pressing on the upward way..... 14
I NEED THE LIGHT..... 66
In every condition of life..... 106
I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM..... 31
IN GOD'S OWN TIME. 128
In our march to Zion's city..... 199
In that land of joy and song..... 27
In the blood from the cross..... 113
In the dawn of morning..... 51
IN THE GLORY, BYE AND BYE..... 164
In the hall of judgment..... 186
IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL..... 59
In the house of many mansions..... 41
IN THE NAME OF JESUS 64
IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD..... 6
In the vineyard of the Master..... 45
In vain in high and holy lays..... 120
I read that whosoever..... 169
I sing the love of God, my Father..... 20
IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?..... 134
I SURRENDER ALL..... 201
Is your cup of blessing now filled?..... 26
IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING?..... 146
I TRUST IN THEE 33
I've found a balm for every..... 193
I've wandered far away from God..... 125
I WANT TO BE A WORKER..... 166
I was starving in the desert..... 112
I WILL FOLLOW THEE, MY JESUS..... 13
I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.... 40
I would toil in the fields where..... 148

JESUS : BLESSED JESUS..... 143
JESUS CAME TO SAVE 123
Jesus is near, so near, so near..... 17
JESUS IS PLEADING..... 190
JESUS LEADS..... 133
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL..... 233
Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry..... 204
JESUS NEAR..... 17
JESUS PAID IT ALL..... 237
JESUS SAFELY KEEPS..... 51
JESUS SAVES ME..... 78
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME..... 212
JESUS WILL KEEP EVERY PROMISE..... 89
Just as I am..... 247
JUST FOR YOU..... 21
JUST ONE TOUCH..... 104

KISSED BY THE ANGEL OF PEACE,..... 135

LABAN..... 226
LAMP OF MY FEET..... 00
Lead, kindly Light..... 157
LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.. 145
LENOX..... 231
LESSON FOR ETERNITY..... 153
Let others choose pleasures of sin..... 43
LET THE SAVIOR IN..... 227
LET US ARISE..... 197
LET US DRAW NEAR..... 3
Like a strong and mighty army..... 16
LITTLE HANDS ARE USEFUL, TOO..... 45
LITTLE SOLDIERS..... 117
Long ago, many left us for..... 46
LOOKING THIS WAY..... 181
LOOKING UNTO JESUS..... 5
LORD, I'M COMING HOME..... 125
LOVE HIM? LOVE HIM?..... 96
LUX BENIGNA..... 157

MANY MANSIONS UP THERE..... 77
Marching on against the foe..... 133
MERCIES OF THE LORD..... 40
MINE EYES SHALL BEHOLD HIM..... 171
MORE LOVE TO THEE..... 244
My body, soul and spirit..... 7
MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE..... 213
My faith looks up to Thee..... 224
MY JESUS I LOVE THEE..... 115
MY LORD AND I 57
MY MISSION FIELD..... 148
MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL..... 67
My soul, be on thy guard..... 226

NETTLETON..... 206
NEW HAVEN..... 224
NONE BUT JESUS LOVETH THUS..... 83
NO, NOT ONE..... 121
NO SORROW THERE..... 220
NOT A WAVE SHALL FLOW OVER THEE... 136
NO TEARS IN YONDER HOME..... 47
NOT NOW, BUT BYE AND BYE..... 119
NOT ONE FORGOTTEN..... 185

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES..... 165
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul..... 225
Oh, for a closer walk with God..... 217
Oh, for an humble, lowly spirit..... 69
Oh, happy day that fixed my..... 219
Oh, how happy I have been..... 97
Oh, my heart is filled with..... 60
OH, PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS..... 160
Oh, settle the question to-night..... 192
Oh, sing to me a song of faith..... 92
Oh, sing to me of heaven..... 220
Oh, spread the tidings 'round..... 176
Oh, the joyful tho' ! that ever..... 85
Oh, the love of God constrains me..... 96
Oh, the peace that fills my..... 103
Oh, what a lesson we all..... 153
OH, WHAT A SAVIOR IS MINE..... 106
O Jesus the Crucified, now I 242
O magnify the Lord with me..... 8
O my soul, the story tell..... 179
Once I was far from the haven..... 84
ONE AND ALL..... 80
ONE LITTLE WORD FOR JESUS..... 109
ONE MORE SABBATH FARTHER ON..... 199
ONLY TRUST HIM..... 240
ON THE HEIGHTS..... 32
ON THE SAFE SIDE..... 43
ON TO VICTORY 72
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS 198
Oppressed with grief, and with..... 200
O the Comforting Christ and 37
O the wondrous love of Jesus..... 83
O Thou who hearest when I..... 33
Our homeless and lowly Savior said..... 77
OUR SONG OF VICTORY..... 16
Out in the market place idle ones..... 38
Over the river faces I see..... 181

OVER THE STARS..... 158
O WHAT TENDER MERCY..... 167

PARDONING LOVE..... 49
PARTING HYMN..... 63
PEACE, BE STILL..... 102

RALLY AT THE CALL OF JESUS..... 1
REDEEMED..... 74
REFUGE AT THE CROSS..... 86
REST AND BE SATISFIED..... 84
Revive us again..... 235
RICHES OF GRACE..... 4
ROCK OF AGES..... 222
ROLL THE CAUSE ALONG..... 76
ROLLING EVERY BURDEN ON THE LORD.. 147

SALVATION..... 155
SALVATION'S FREE..... 210
SAVED BY FAITH..... 177
SAVED FROM THE WRECK..... 141
Savior, again to Thy dear name..... 63
Savior, my life, my all..... 35
See our mighty army..... 108
SETTLE THE QUESTION..... 192
SHALL THE WORLD BE MADE THE..... 150
Since I found that faith in Jesus..... 175
SINCE I GAVE MY HEART TO JESUS..... 97
Sing the boundless love of Jesus..... 80
Sing the joyful news again..... 123
Sing unto the Lord..... 191
SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS..... 103
Soldiers, bound for Canaan's land..... 127
SOME DAY I'LL BE THERE..... 27
Soon the evening shadows falling..... 184
So tender, so precious, my Savior..... 202
Sound, sound the battle cry..... 116
SPEAK A KIND WORD..... 194
SPEED THEM ON..... 53
ST. THOMAS..... 225
SUNSHINE IN THE HEART..... 193
SWEETER THAN ALL..... 9
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER..... 243

TAKE ME AS I AM..... 204
Take my life and let it be..... 228
TAKE UP THY CROSS..... 44
TELL IT TO JESUS..... 180
TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS..... 2
THAT MEANS ME..... 169
THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HILLS..... 118
The Bible says that God..... 161
THE CALL OF THE CROSS..... 12
THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE... 178
THE COMFORTER HAS COME..... 176
THE COMFORTING CHRIST..... 37
THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER..... 95
The cross that He gave may be..... 95
THE DAY IS NIGH..... 90
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN..... 236
The higher life, for this I pray..... 137
THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND..... 15
THE HOME COMING OF OUR KING..... 10
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD..... 88
THE MERCY SEAT..... 234
The message blest, again repeat..... 2
THE MILLENNIAL DAWN..... 62
THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST..... 137
There are burdens to be lightened..... 150
There are loved ones over yonder..... 168
There are many calls to war..... 90
There is a City that gleams..... 130
There is life in the name of..... 64
There's a blessed day coming..... 75
There's a City bright and fair..... 68
There's a wideness in God's mercy..... 203
There's a word of tender beauty..... 185
There's a word for you to speak..... 21
THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE..... 8
There's not a friend like the lowly..... 121
The Savior calls, the Spirit pleads..... 187
The Savior calls to you and me..... 56
THE SMILING OF HIS FACE..... 182
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY..... 108
THE SUNSHINE LAND..... 18
THE TIE THAT BINDS..... 207
THE UNSEEN CITY..... 130
THE WAY OF THE CROSS..... 105
THE WAY TO THE CROSS..... 208
This life is a garden..... 25
THIS MY PRAYER SHALL BE..... 69
Tho' Jesus watches o'er my way..... 159
Tho' often our feet may be..... 29
Tho' our path be rough and..... 164
Tho' the cross for Him I bear..... 129
Tho' thy path may lead thro'..... 136
THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME..... 61
THOU WILT LEAD ME..... 142
THOU WILT NOT LEAVE ME..... 35
Tho' we're tenting awhile in..... 32
THROUGH AND THROUGH..... 179
'TILL THE BOAT COMES BY..... 41
'TIS A GRAND WORK, WINNING SOULS... 39
'TIS DONE..... 242
To the blest retreat of the..... 105
TRUST AND OBEY..... 132
TRUSTING IN THE MIGHTY ONE..... 126
Trusting in the Savior..... 126
TRUSTING ONLY THEE..... 174
TURN TO THE LORD..... 215
'TWILL MATTER BUT LITTLE..... 29

UNDER THE BLOOD..... 107
USE ME..... 101

WALK ALONG WITH JESUS..... 52
WANDERER FROM JESUS..... 114
WATCH AND PRAY..... 159
We are on our journey..... 52
We know not why dark clouds..... 119
WELCOME, BEAUTIFUL MORN..... 196
We'll never say good-bye..... 248
WE'LL SCATTER GOOD SEED..... 25
We praise Thee, O God, for the..... 235
We shall cross the mystic river..... 30
WE SHALL MEET AGAIN..... 46
We shall meet ne'er to sever..... 248
We've a little song for Jesus..... 93
What a fellowship, what a joy..... 145
WHAT A FRIEND..... 245
When I am passing thro' waters..... 42
When I see the way my Savior..... 167
When Jesus comes to gather..... 62
When my life-work is ended..... 67
When my soul is oppressed..... 118
When our hearts are sad and weary..... 102
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM CALLETH..... 110
WHEN THE KING COMES IN..... 170
When the night is dark..... 66
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED..... 172
When the trumpet of the Lord..... 172
WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR..... 34
When we walk with the Lord..... 132
WHERE ART THOU?..... 187
WILL YOU COME?..... 58
WILL YOU JOIN IN THE SONG?..... 75
WILL YOU MEET THEM?..... 168
Will you turn away from sin?..... 58
WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS..... 120
WONDERFUL PEACE..... 23
Would'st thou find sunshine..... 86

MAR 28 1900