# Songs of Praise

## CHARLES A. SHREVE CAMPAIGN SPECIAL



*Name* _____

*Address* _____

PUBLISHED BY

THORO HARRIS

512 South Campbell Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

No. 5628 Date Feb. 1. 1933

LIBRARY OF

Frank J. Metcalf

FRANK J. METCALF BEQUEST
TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945



**Evangelist Charles A. Shreve, D.D.**

Hymn
1925
Harr

2
HD43.4

1

# Jesus Is Coming, Hallelujah!

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

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

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

*D. S.*

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

# 2 The Spirit Beareth Witness.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris,

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

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

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

CHORUS. *Unison.*

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

3

# Pass the News Along.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Je - sus waits to par-don sin, Pass the news a - long; All may now for-give - ness win, Pass the news a-long; If no more we wish to stray, And will
2. From his home a-bove he came, Pass the news a - long; To re-deem from sin and shame, Pass the news a-long; Long he sought on shore and wave, Sinful
3. He a - lone can set us free, Pass the news a - long; He a - lone our guide can be, Pass the news a-long; Souls in sor-row or disgrace, Men of

go to him to - day, He will wash our sins a-way; Pass the news a-long.
souls to win and save, Then his precious life he gave; Pass the news a-long.
ev-'ry tribe and race, All may win his matchless grace, Pass the news a-long.

*ban - ish ev-'ry pain, Full sal - va-tion all may gain; Pass the news a-long.*

CHORUS.

Pass the bless - - ed news a - long, Speed it thro'.....
Pass the blessed news along, O speed it thro' the anxious throng, Pass the blessed news a-long,
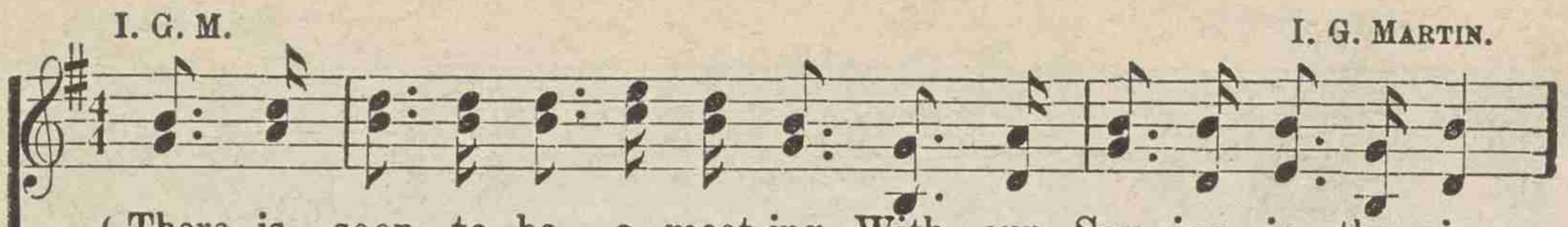
D. S.

the anx-ious throng; None will go to him in vain, He can
O. speed it thro' the anx-ious throng;

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris.

# The Meeting in the Air.

I. G. M. I. G. MARTIN.

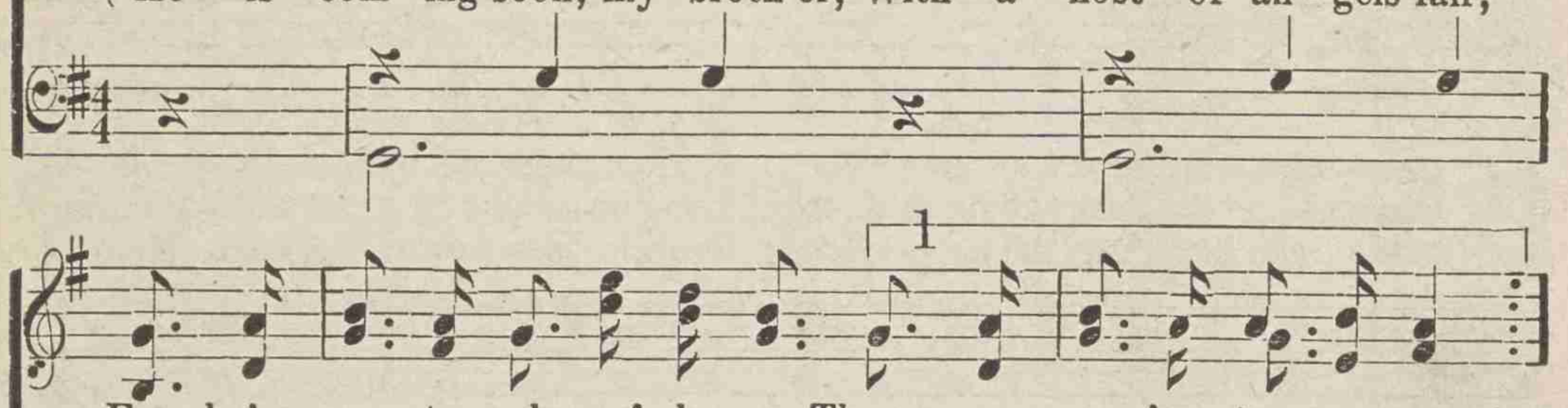


1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav-ior in the air,
   He is com-ing back to meet us With a host of an-gels fair,

2. There is Mo-ses from Mount Nebo, There is Dan-iel from the cave:
   O what joy to see them com-ing To the meet-ing in the air!

3. Still they gath-er, see them com-ing From the mis-sion fields a-far,
   See St. Paul, the great a-pos-tle, In His robes made white and fair:

4. Are you read-y for the meet-ing With our Sav-ior in the air?
   He is com-ing soon, my broth-er, With a host of an-gels fair,
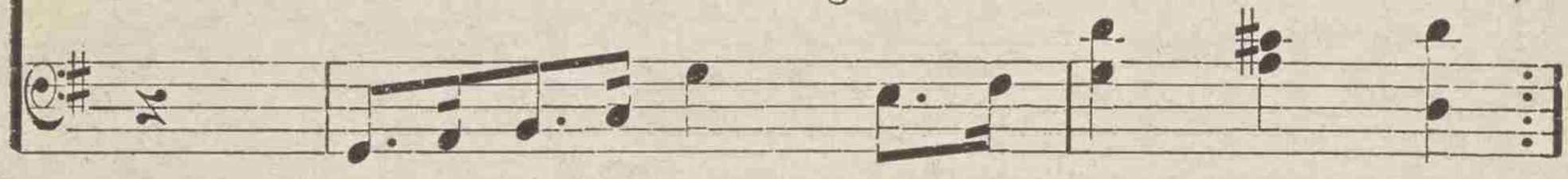


For he's gone to realms of glo-ry There our man-sions to pre-pare;
And there's sure to be some shouting *Omit*
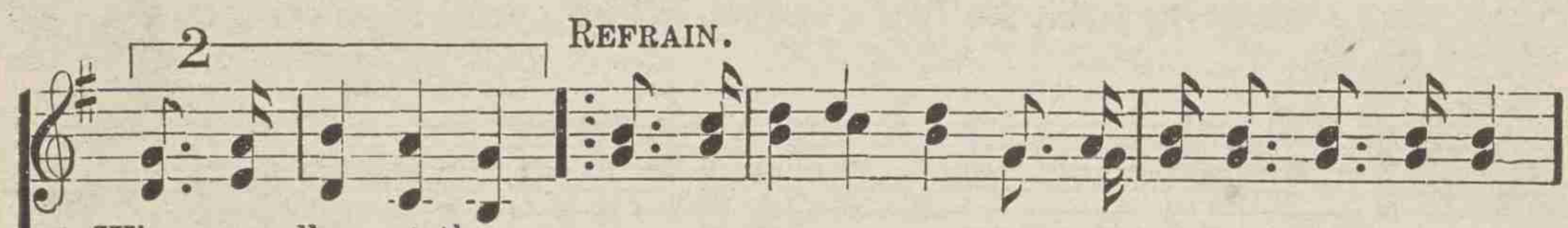
They are march-ing in the fore-front, While the hosts their banners wave;
There is sure to be some shouting *Omit*

With the pil-grims from all na-tions, And the mar-tyrs in the war;
I am sure there'll be some shouting *Omit*
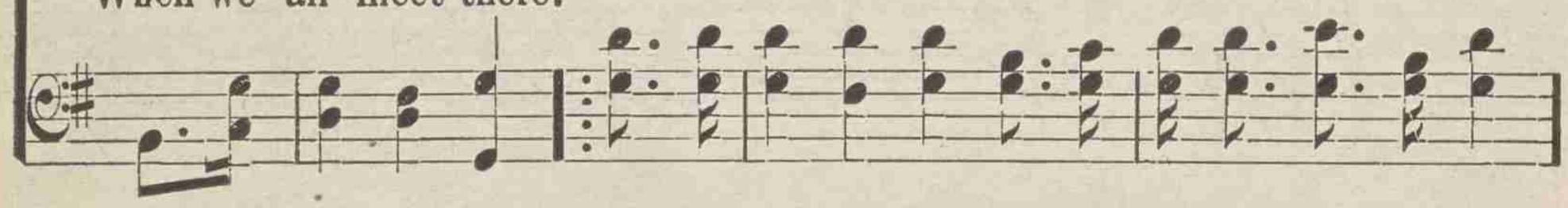
If you love the Lord's ap-pear-ing You will be no stran-ger there;
And I'm sure there'll be some shouting *Omit*

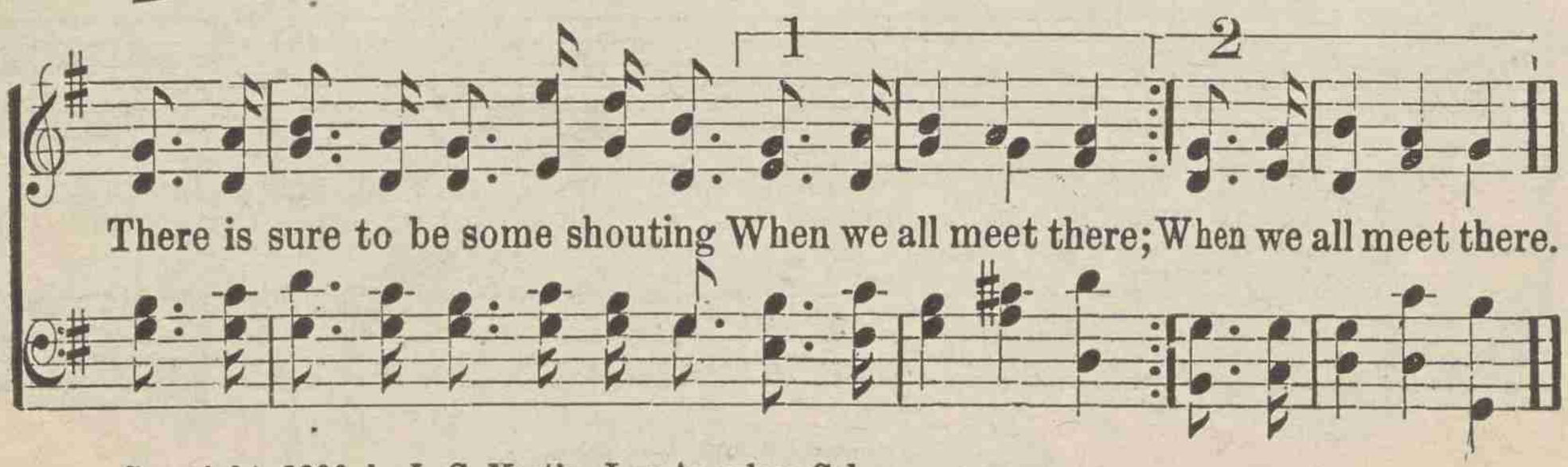


REFRAIN.



When we all meet there.
When they all meet there. When we all meet there, At the meeting in the air,
When they all meet there.
When we all meet there.





There is sure to be some shouting When we all meet there; When we all meet there.

Copyright, 1906, by I. G. Martin, Los Angeles, Cal.

# 5 His Face Will Outshine Them All.

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

1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic-es sweet o-ver Bethl'hem sing-ing When the Sav-ior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex-tend-ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and

go; (so long a - go;) But the face of One "al - to-geth - er love - ly," Is the
born; (our Lord waa born:) And the gold-en harps of the an - gels ring-ing, Ushered
way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Leadeth
sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Je-sus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what

CHORUS.

fair-est face I know.
in that ho - ly morn. His face will outshine them all, His face will
on to realms of day. al - le - lu - ia!
glo-ry that will be!

outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le - lu - ia! His face will outshine them all.

# Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY S. H. BOLTON.
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need:
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey-ing Christ's command,
There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot-less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo-ple "Come and dine;"
O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je-sus all the time!
2 For the Mas-ter called to them, "Now come and dine;"
Thus He sat - is - fies the hun-gry ev-'ry time.
3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem-bled be;
And with Je - sus they will feast e-ter-nal - ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;
Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti-
O come and dine,
tude, Turned the wa - ter in- to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

Lillenas Pub. Co., Owners.

# 7 Pressing On.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY S. H. BOLTON. Thoro Harris.

1. I praise the Lord that a Sav - ior came To bear my load of re-
2. When lost in darkness and doom'd to die, The Sav - ior heard my de-
3. Some-times my foes in their fu - ry rise To hold me back from the
4. His love will make ev-'ry sin - ner whole That yields his life to the

proach and shame: All glo-ry be to His ho - ly name! Shouting hal-le-
spair - ing cry, His love my spir - it did sat - is - fy; Shouting hal-le-
heav'n-ly prize; I look by faith far be - yond the skies: Shouting hal-le-
Lord's con-trol, And fill with rap-ture each long-ing soul: Shouting hal-le-

CHORUS.

!u-jah, I'm press-ing on. I am press-ing on, with a joy - ful song,

To the heights of Ca-naan I'm press - ing on; I am press-ing on

with the ran-somed throng, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm press-ing on.

# Deeper, Deeper.

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

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
3 Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con-flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis-dom, More of grace to know.
Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow
Finds me conqu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

Chorus.

O deep - - er yet, I pray,..... And
O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

high - - er ev - 'ry day,..... And wis - - - er,
high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless-ed Lord,

bless - ed Lord,..... In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.
.wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

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

# 9 Christ is Coming.

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

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

Down from heav-en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen-ger of light,
And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Brightens with this hope sub-lime.
Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres-ence flee a - way;
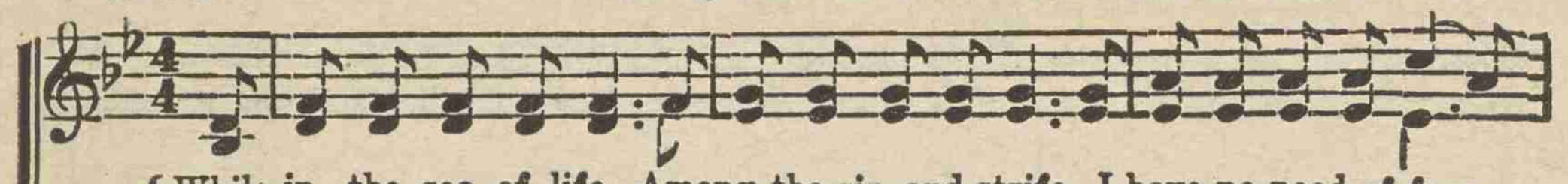
Whis-p'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it While the hosts of heav - en sing;
Sound the soul - in- spir - ing an-them; An - gel hosts, your harps at-tune;
But our vig - ils near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, priceless boon;

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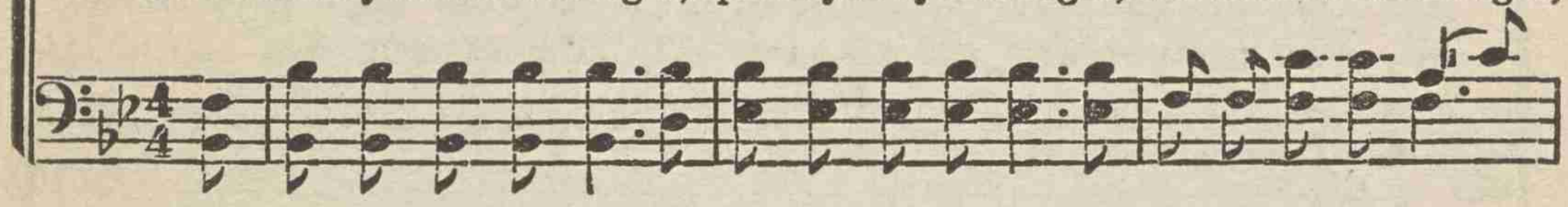
This the won-drous thrilling sto - ry— Christ is com - ing—Christ the King.
Earth's long night is al-most o - ver, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.
In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com - ing—Com - ing soon.
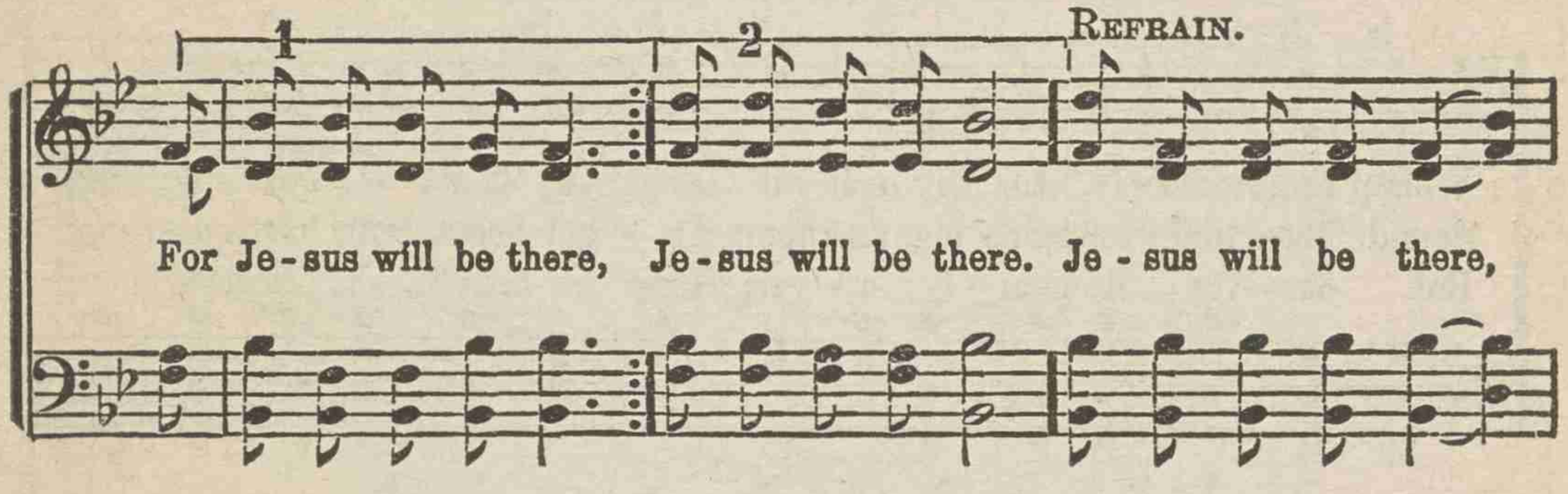
# Jesus Will Be There.

S. P. G. Owned by Winsett and Grice. S. P. GRICE. Har. R. E. W.

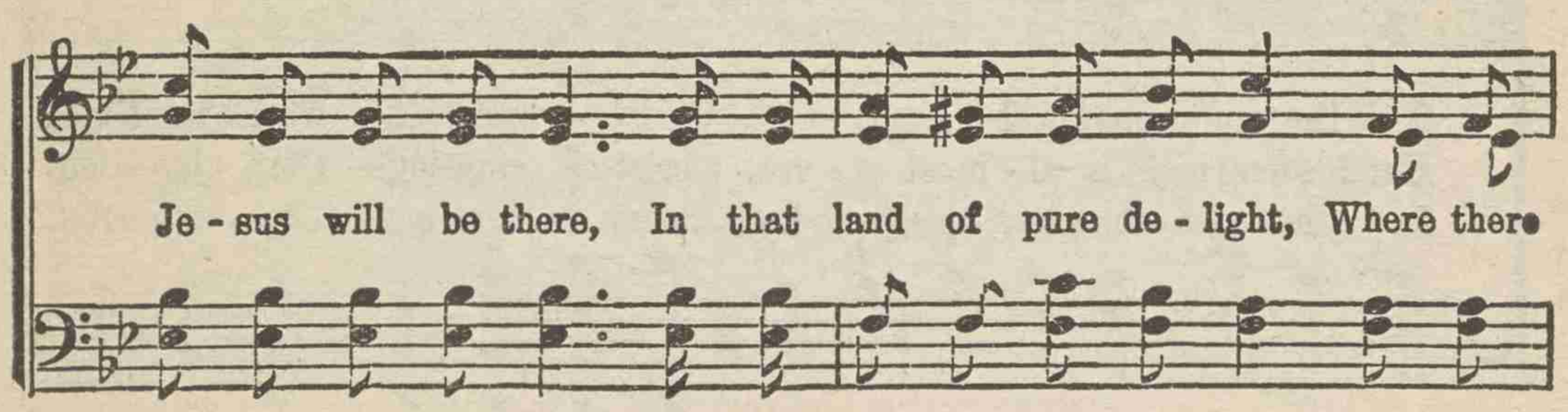


1. While in the sea of life, Among the sin and strife, I have no need of fear,
When men shall all forsake, The tempter e'er me take, My faith he cannot shake,
2. I'm glad He now doth plead, For me doth intercede, A friend in time of need,
This makes a hap-py soul, When Jesus doth control, And we His love behold,
3. When work on earth is done, And I my crown have won, I'll then shine as the sun,
How hap - py then I'll be, When I my Saviour see, I'll sing e-ter-nal - ly,
4. When in that happy home Then I no more shall roam, I'll bow before the throne,
I'll sing His praises o'er, His name I will adore, And love Him more and more,
5. O sin-ner, come just now And un-to Je-sus bow, And pay up ev-'ry vow,
He'll cleanse your heart from sin, Impart new life within, And give His Spirit then,
6. Come, listen to the Lord, O-bey His Ho-ly Word, And pray with one accord,
We'll cross the heav'nly tide, With angels by our side, And be the happy bride,
7. Let's heed His gentle call, And let the Lord be all, His Spirit then will fall,
He'll make your heart so light, Uphold you by His might, And teach to do the right,
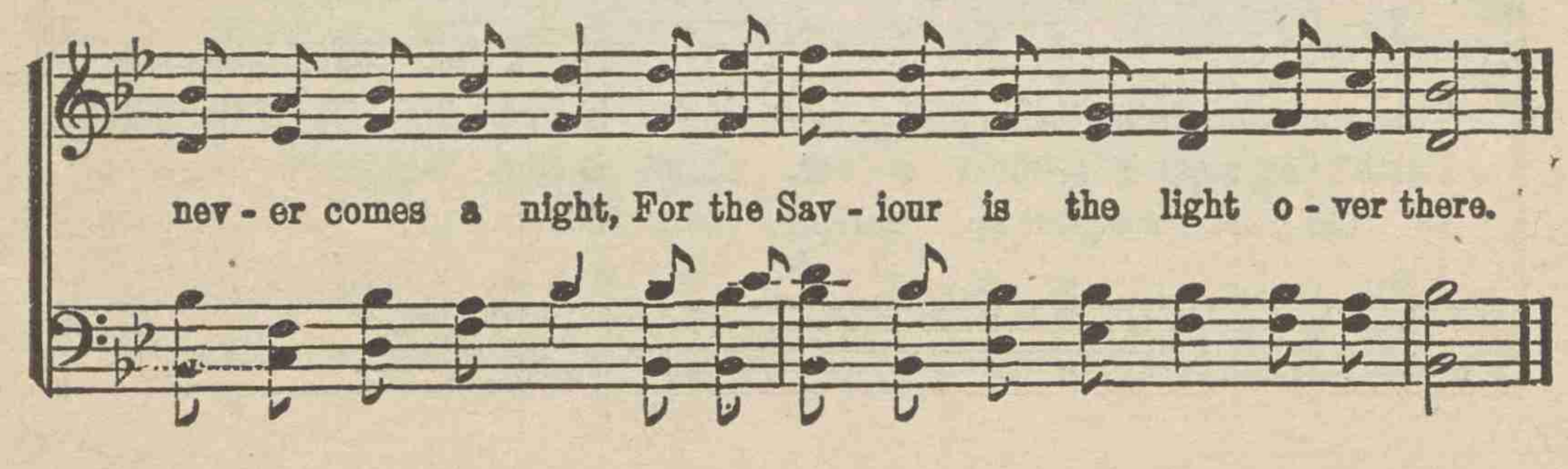





For Je-sus will be there, Je-sus will be there. Je - sus will be there,



Je - sus will be there, In that land of pure de - light, Where there



nev - er comes a night, For the Sav - iour is the light o - ver there.

# 11 Victory Thru the Blood.

T. H. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, O - ver all the mighty host of sin;
2. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, A-lien armies in their wrath surround;
3. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, Ev-'ry heartache would the Sav-ior heal;
4. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, All our pain and sickness to re - move;
5. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, E-ven death it-self at last shall flee;
6. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, If you on - ly on His name be-lieve.
7. There is vic-t'ry thru the blood of Je-sus, Will you let Him save your guilty soul?

1. He who died and rose triumphant, frees us From the foes that rage without, within.
2. Yet the crimson tide is ef - fi-ca - cious To se-cure for us the vantage ground.
3. But the fulness of His grace so precious, Can the Holy Ghost alone reveal.
4. From the curse our blessed Savior frees us: O the vast, unbounded wealth of love!
5. For the cross of Christ is ef-fi-ca-cious To destroy the last great en-e-my.
6. Have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? Ev-er-last-ing life you shall receive.
7. Full deliv'rance God the King decrees us Thru the blood that makes the wounded whole.

O praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

Yes, there's vic - t'ry, glo-rious vic - t'ry, Per-fect freedom from the
Vict'ry thru the blood! vict'ry thru the blood!

*rit.*

ty-rant's fearful pow'r Thru th'a-ton - ing blood of Je - sus, Ev'ry moment, ev-'ry hour.
ty - rant's pow'r Thru the all prevaling

12

# Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

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

D. C.

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

By per. Jno. R. Sweney.

13

# Hide You in the Blood

Copyright 1925 by Thoro Harris

Arr. by THORO HARRIS

1. Come from the loath some way of sin,
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re-treat, Hide you in the blood of
3 He on the cross was cru-ci-fied,
4. Then when the last dread storm shall roar,

Come and the Lord will take you in,
Je - sus, Come, for the storms a-round you beat, Hide you in the
For all your sins He bled and died;
Sheltered in Christ for- ev-er more,

CHORUS

blood of Je - sus. O hide you in the blood,
O hide Je-sus' blood,
For the storms are ra-ging high; O hide
Life's storms are raging high; O hide,
you in the blood Till the dangers pass you by.
hide you in the blood

14

# Caught Up.

T. H

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Tho we may not know the moment when our blessed Lord shall come To receive us to
2. There are times when we are call'd to wade thru wa-ters deep and wide, And the sorrows of
3. Then e - ter-nal years in glo - ry with our Sav-ior we will spend; O we long for that

man-sions "o - ver there," Yet we know 'twill not be long be-fore He takes His lov'd ones
Christ him-self to share; We re-mem-ber He has promis'd to be ev - er at our
morn - ing bright and fair! When the days of our so-journ-ing and our pil-grim-age shall

CHORUS.

home, And we're caught up to meet Him in the air.
side Till we're caught up to meet Him in the air. We'll be caught up to meet Him in the
end, We'll be caught up to meet Him in the air.

air, We'll be caught up His blessedness to share; Ver-y
the am-bient air; for - ev-ermore to share;

soon He will come To take His people home (and we'll be) Caught up to meet Him in the air.

# 15 Eternal Life.

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

1. Je - sus, who suffered on the cru - el tree, Je - sus, who died thy
2. Life ev - er - last-ing—O the price-less boon! Life now is of-fered
3. O wea - ry prod - i - gal, why long-er doubt? Who-ev - er com-eth

soul from sin to free, Now speaks in tender tones of love to thee:
thee by God's own Son, He who the vic - t'ry o - ver death hath won:
He will not cast out; Je - sus is a - ble ev -'ry foe to rout:

*f* CHORUS. *p*

O hear His earnest call.
Why not accept it now? "Ver-i - ly, ver - i - ly," trust His holy word;
Come while He waits to save.

*f* *p* *f*

"Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," sweetest ev-er heard; "Ver-i - ly, ver - i - ly,"

*p* *ff*

hear thy gracious Lord: "Whosoe'er be - liev-eth hath e - ter - nal life."

16

# Lord, I Believe.

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

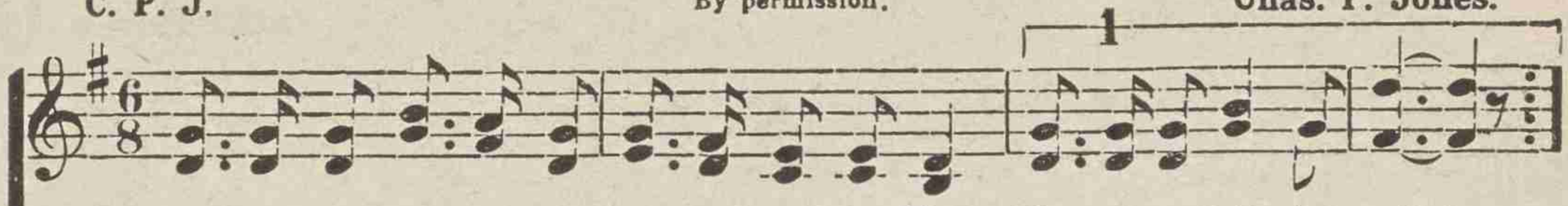
1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je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

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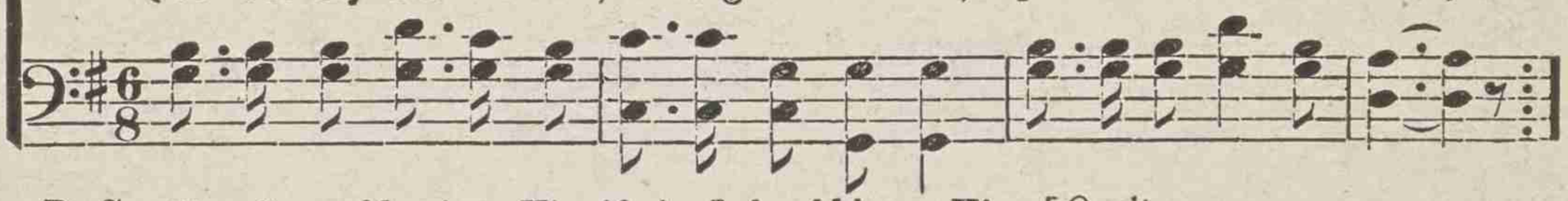
Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

## 17 Jesus My All in All.
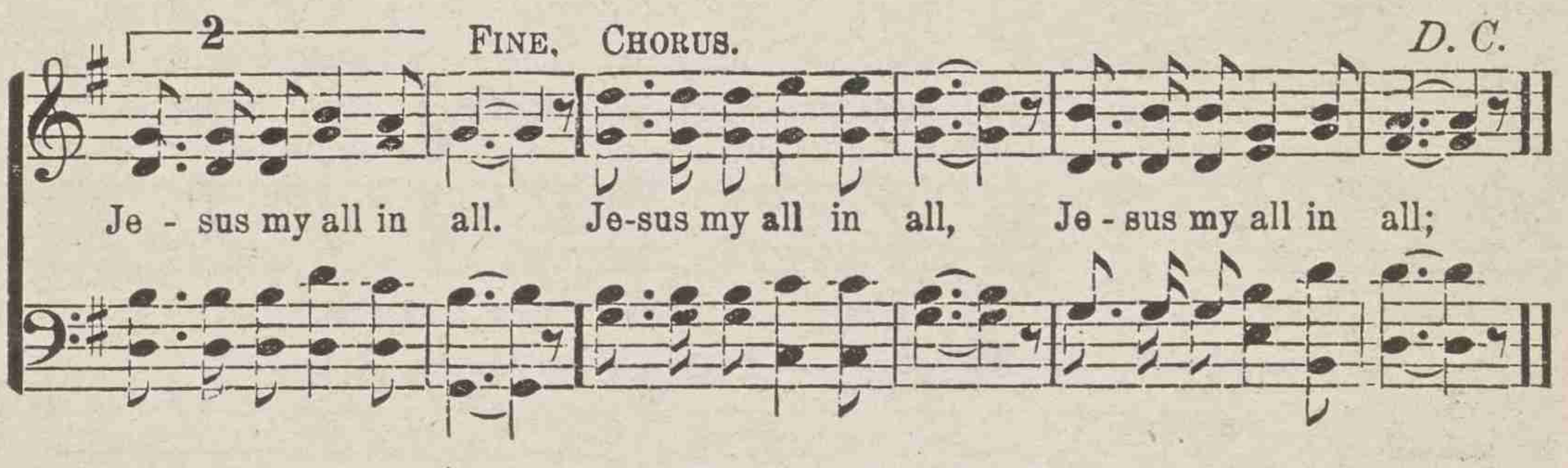
C. P. J. By permission. Chas. P. Jones.



1. { Je - sus my Sav - ior, I love and a-dore Thee, Je-sus my all in all; }
   { Nothing on earth would I wor-ship be-fore Thee, [*Omit* . . . . . }
2. { Precious Re-deem-er from sin and from sor-row, Je-sus my all in all; }
   { Je - sus the same in the past and to - mor-row, [*Omit* . . . . . }
3. { Je - sus who died for my sins, precious Master! Je-sus my all in all; }
   { Je - sus my com-fort in ev - 'ry di - sas - ter, [*Omit* . . . . . }
4. { Je - sus my wis-dom and righteousness ev - er, Je-sus my all in all; }
   { Je - sus my hol - li-ness, fail-ing me nev - er, [*Omit* . . . . . }
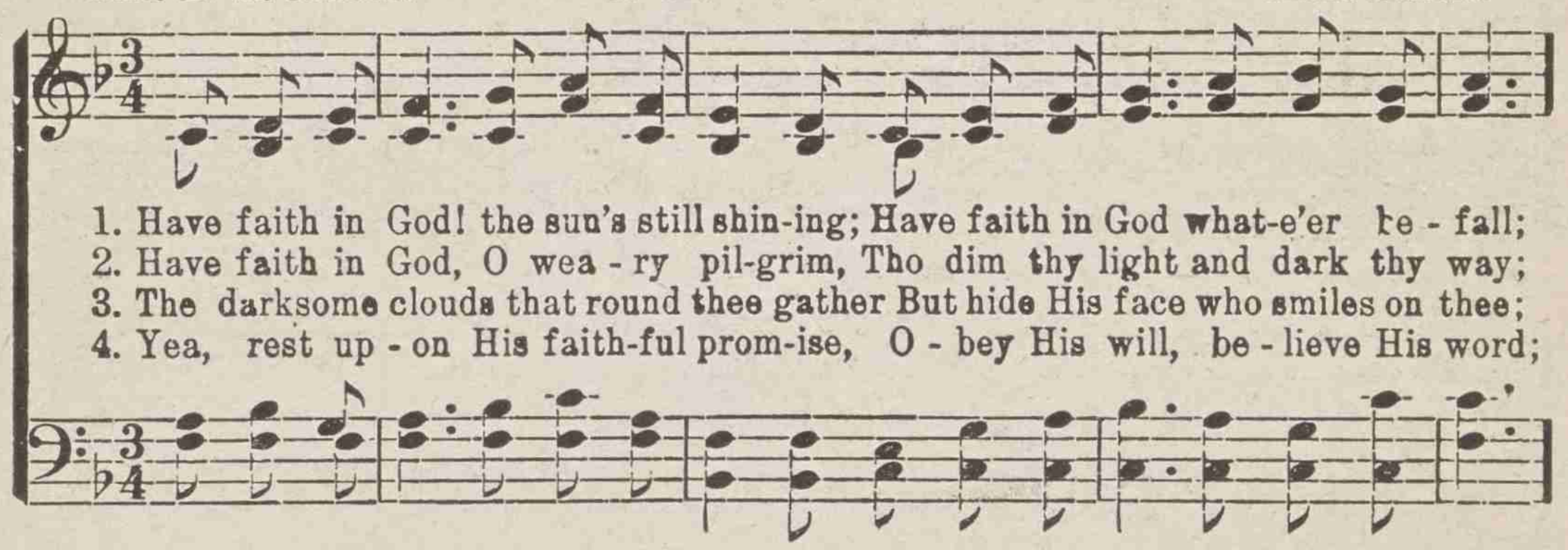


*D. C.*—How it would grieve Him if e'er I should leave Him, [*Omit* . . . . . .




## 18 Have Faith in God.

Mrs. L. M. Jacobs. Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.



1. Have faith in God! the sun's still shin-ing; Have faith in God what-e'er be - fall;
2. Have faith in God, O wea - ry pil-grim, Tho dim thy light and dark thy way;
3. The darksome clouds that round thee gather But hide His face who smiles on thee;
4. Yea, rest up - on His faith-ful prom-ise, O - bey His will, be - lieve His word;

Have faith in God, and cease re-pin - ing—Thy Fa-ther watch-es o - ver all.
The fi - 'ry pil - lar lead-eth on - ward Un - to the land of end-less day.
Trust on, and cease from needless clam-or; And soon His glo - ry thou shalt see.
Some day your grief will change to gladness; Then look a - bove and trust in God.

# Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee my God, I com-mune as friend with friend. near - er, near-er,
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, near-er bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

By permission.

# 20 Jesus is Coming Soon.

**Thoro Harris.** COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. **Howard B. Smith.**

1. Let all the ran-som'd u-nite to sing Prais-es to Je-sus our
2. Signs in the earth and the star - ry sky Loud-ly pro-claim our re-
3. War and com-mo-tion in ev - 'ry land Point to the end with un-
4. Sav-ior, come quick-ly! Thy chil-dren pray; Bring res-ti-tu-tion, and

conq - 'ring King; Let all the joy-bells of heav-en ring:—
demp - tion nigh; Lift up your head, and with fer-vor cry,
err - ing hand; Chris-tian, pre-pare in your lot to stand—
speed the day When want and sor-row shall pass a-way—

CHORUS.

Je-sus is com-ing soon..... Com - ing
Hal-le-lu-jah!
soon, Je-sus is com-ing soon;.... King of the
Com - -
na-tions, our glo-ri-ous Groom, Com - ing soon.....
ing, com - ing, yes, Je-sus is com-ing, com ing soon.

# 21 I've Said An Eternal Yes.

T. H. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. The pur-pose of God let me ful - fil, The Fa-ther to glo - ri - fy;
2. To walk in His steps is best for me, Wher-e'er He may bid me go;
3. No more in my heart is care and strife—I've yielded it all to Him.
4. His precepts di - vine are my de - light; And, free from the car - nal mind;
5. How blest to en - joy this per - fect peace, To know I am "much forgiv'n;"
6. And so I would strive thru end - less days To please Him—I ask no more;

1. My meat and my drink to do His will, The flesh I would cru - ci - fy.....
2. O - bey-ing His word, His smile I see—This lights up my path be - low.....
3. He gives me the more a - bun - dant life, My hope nev - er can grow dim.....
4. I think on His law by day and night, And ful-ness of peace I find.....
5. And now e - ven here is spread the feast, The wine and the bread of heav'n....
6. For this is the life of joy and praise, To serve Him whom I a - dore....

CHORUS.

I've said an e - ter - nal yes to God, I glad - ly His will o - bey;
al - way;

He keeps me be-neath the cleansing flood—I'm whol-ly my Lord's to - day.

# 22 My Dearest Friend.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

*rit.*

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

23

# He Cometh!

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY METROPOLITAN OHURCH ASSOCIATION.

W. T. P.

Wm. T. Pettengill.

1. Je - sus is com - ing! go, her - ald the ti - dings Far o - ver the land and the sea;
2. Lift up your heads and re - joice, O ye right-eous, Your per - fect re- demption is nigh;
3. Come, dear Lord Je-sus, Thy prom-ise ful - fill-ing; "Come quick - ly!" our souls cry to Thee:

Je-sus is com-ing to gath - er the ransomed, Re-
Swift-ly the darkness of mid-night ap-proach-es, "He
Long has the world been enthralled by the tempter, The

deemed by His death on the tree.
com-eth," shall sound from the sky.
curse is on land and on sea.

An - gels at - tend - ing, the
Long has the bat - tle been
Yet Thou shalt tri - umph, the
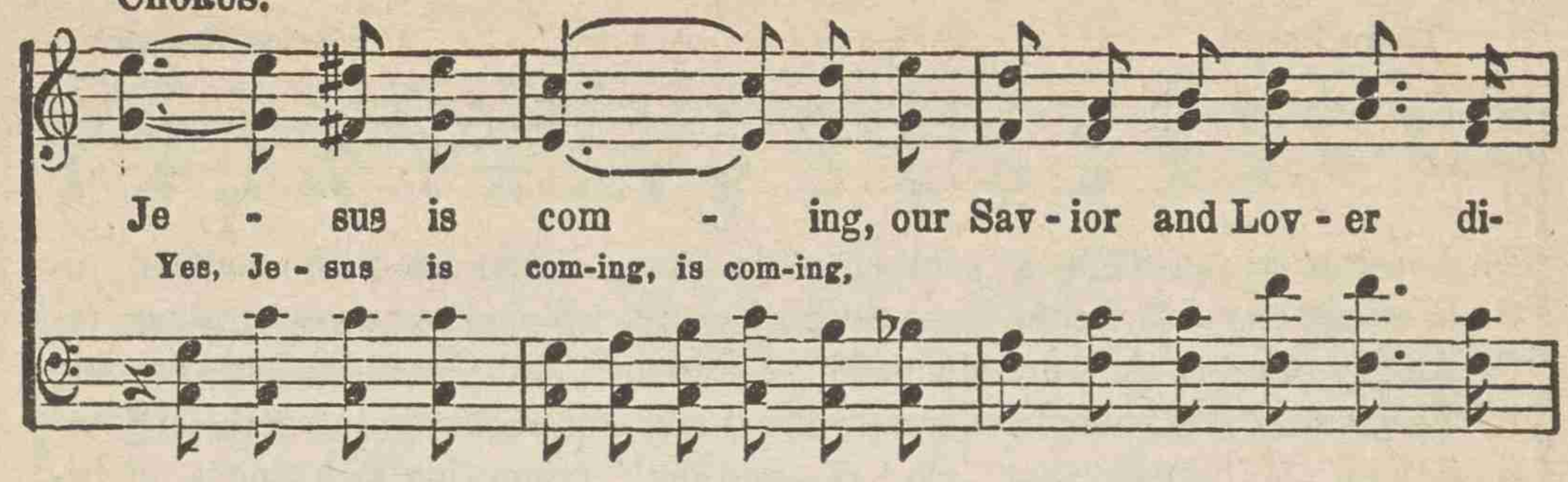
heav-ens descending—All lan-guage our joy will trans - cend,
waged against e - vil By suf - fer - ing saints here be - low.
na - tions sub-du - ing, The truth of the Word can-not fail;
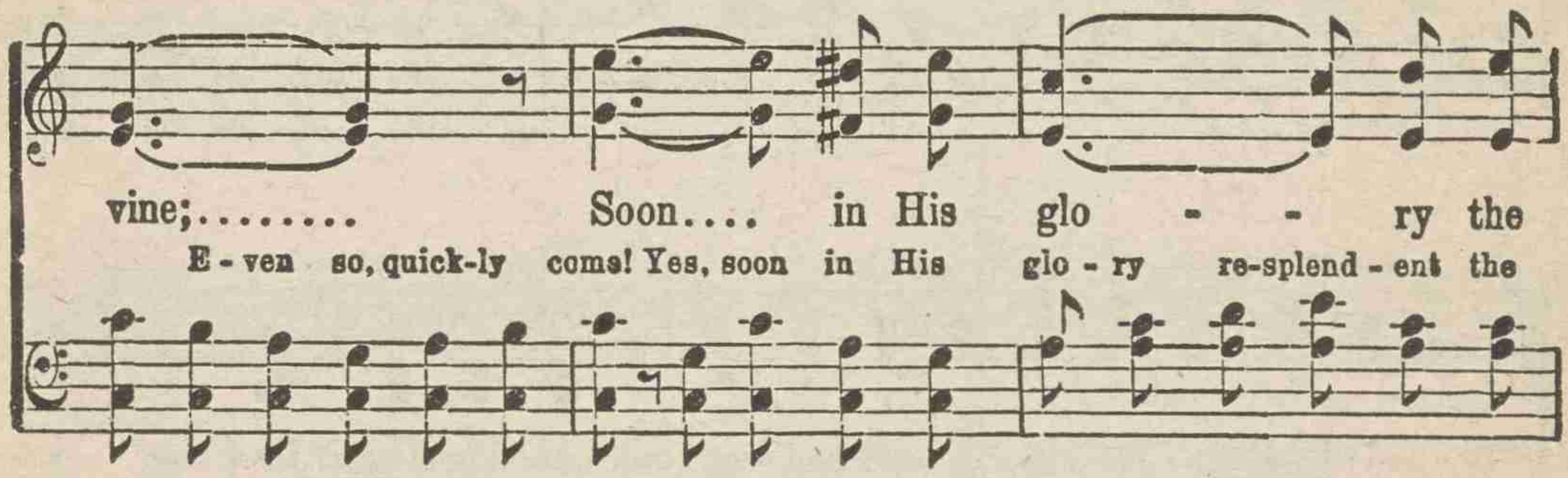
When we shall
Je - sus is
God's wondrous
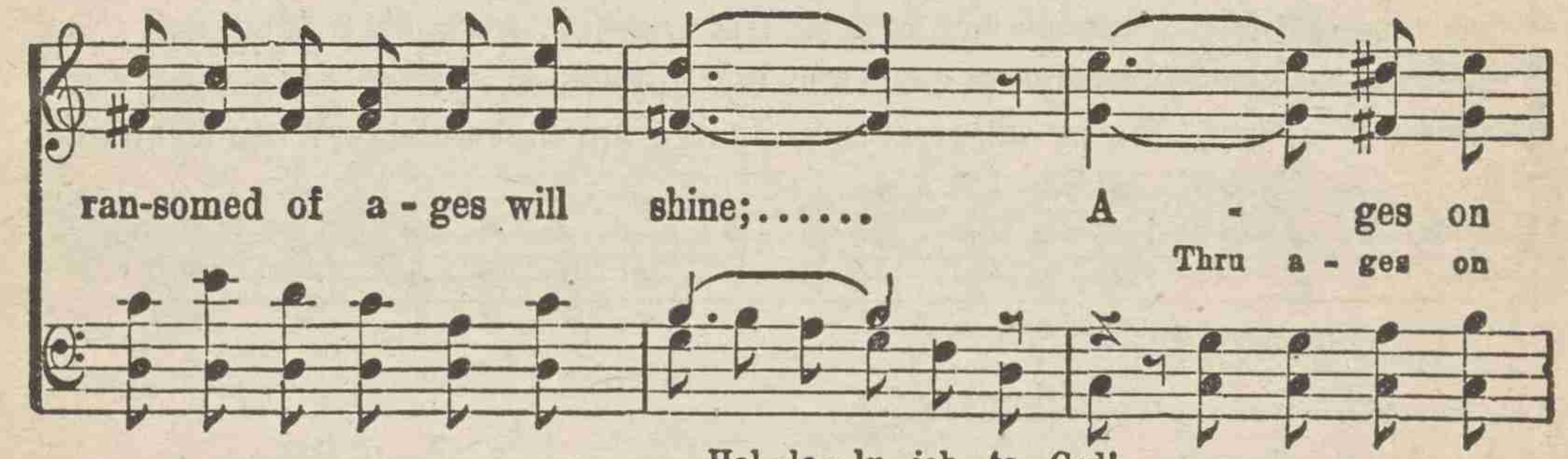
see Him, the King in His beau-ty, Our Bridegroom, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
com-ing to ban - ish our sor-row, And lead us where tears nev - er flow.
glo-ry, like o-cean's deep billows, To earth's farthest bounds shall pre - vail.
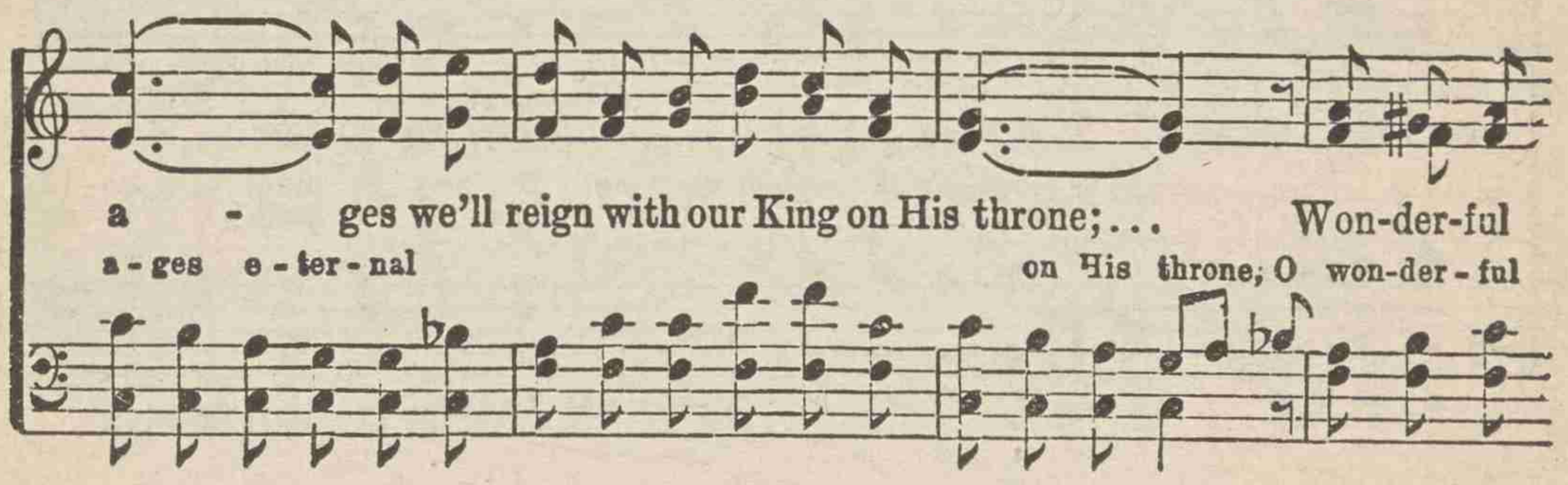
# He Cometh!
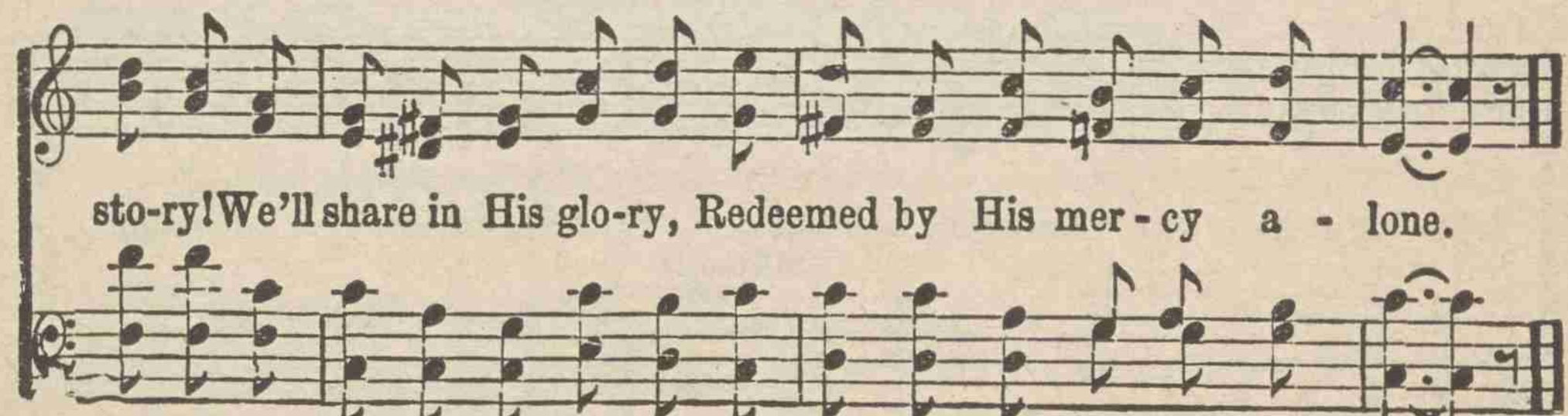
**Chorus.**















# Coming Again.

**Thoro Harris.** COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. **Frederick Messick.**

1. Loud let the an-them ex - ult-ing - ly ring, An - gels with mor-tals u-
2. Wonders on earth, in the sea and the sky, Voic - es pro-claim-ing re-
3. An-gry, the na-tions are plunged in - to woe, Mul - ti-tudes hur - ry - ing
4. Then all our loved ones from sleep will a - rise, "Caught up to - geth - er" to
5. Sav-ior, O hast-en that glo - ri - ous day! Com - ing with clouds, in tri-

ni - ted - ly sing; Je - sus is com-ing, our con-quer-ing King, Je - sus is
demption is nigh, When from His face ev-'ry sin - ner will fly— Je - sus is
on to and fro; These are but signs of His com-ing, we know, Je - sus is
meet in the skies–Fam-ily re - un - ions in joy - ful sur-prise: Je - sus is
umph-al ar-ray, Ma-ny will greet thee: Lord, grant that we may, When Thou art

REFRAIN.

com-ing a-gain. Com-ing a-gain, com - ing a - gain,

{ Heed now the gos-pel warn-ing: It may be night or morn - ing:
{ Com - ing at a - ny hour, Com - ing in king - ly pow - er,

1. Com-ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain; Com-ing for-ev-er to reign.
2. Com-ing in glory, the Lamb that was slain; Com-ing for-ev-er to reign.

is sure-ly

# 25 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

D. S.—*Are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE. CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood,
Are you washed in the blood,

*washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

*D. S.*

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless?
of the Lamb?

# 26 Hold Fast Till I Come.

Rev. 2: 25.

T. H

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. Re - joic-ing in hope, be - liev-ing His word, We look for the com-ing of
2. When o'er all the world the storm shall prevail, The love and de - vo-tion of
3. Then let all our lamps burn stead-y and bright, Lest, faithless, He find us, a-
4. He'll ban-ish all sin, all pain and dis-tress, The Li - on of Ju - dah the

Je - sus our Lord; But till He re-turn thru heaven's blue dome, He bids His dis-
ma - ny shall fail, Be steadfast and true, nor slumber like some; And yours is the
sleep in the night; En-dure to the end and watch un-to pray'r– For Je-sus' ap-
nations will bless; With crowns on our heads, with harp and with palm, We'll sing Al-le-

*rit.*

CHORUS.

ci-ples, "Hold fast till I come."
kingdom–"Hold fast till I come." "Hold fast till I come," hear the word of the
pear-ing His own must pre-pare.
lu - ia to God and the Lamb.

Mas-ter; The o-mens in-crease, and the signs thicken fast-er; "Un - til I re-

*rit.*

store your lost E-den home, Give heed to the mes-sage, Hold fast till I come."

27

# A Mansion for Me.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT. Thoro Harris.

1. O'er my spir - it to-night Burst-eth vis-ions so bright Of the home wher the
2. For my Mas-ter so dear Am I la - bor-ing here? Am I do - ing my
3. In those mansions se - cure That for aye shall en-dure, Have I laid up my
4. Help me now to be true In each task that I do, Keep me steadfast and

faith-ful shall be; When the King on His throne, Gives reward to His own,
best ev - 'ry day?... Do I walk in the light Of His presence so bright,
treas-ures so fair?... Is my heart pure and right In my Lord's holy sight?
faith-ful to Thee;.. That at last with my Lord I may share the reward

CHORUS.

Will there be a bright mansion for me?
Seek-ing on - ly His will to o - bey? Then, O say, will there be A bright
Am I sure of my her - it - age there?
In the home Thou preparest for me.

mansion for me When the Lord in His glo-ry I see?... When thro' in - fi-nite

with rapture I see?

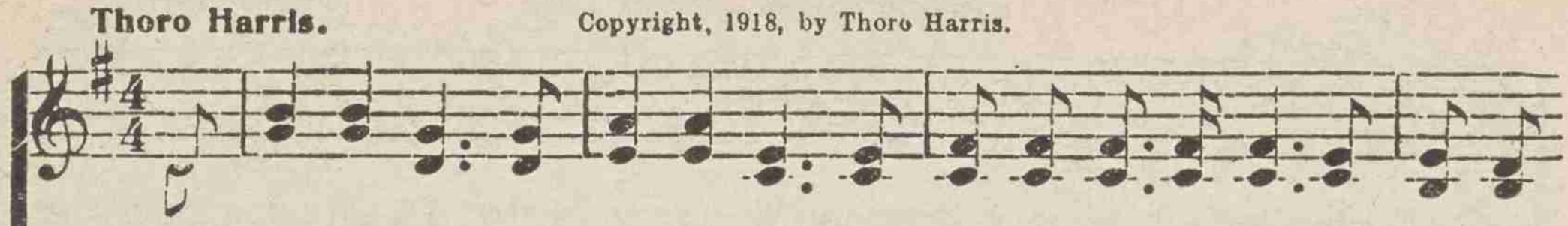
grace We shall meet face to face, Will there be a bright mansion for me?.....

a man-sion for me?
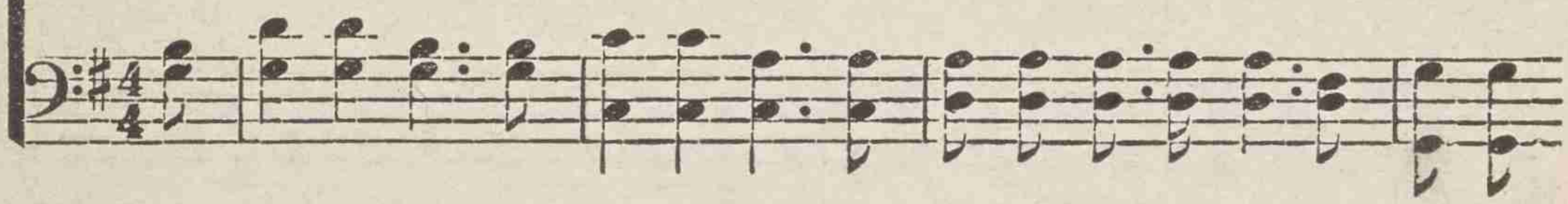
# The Awakening.
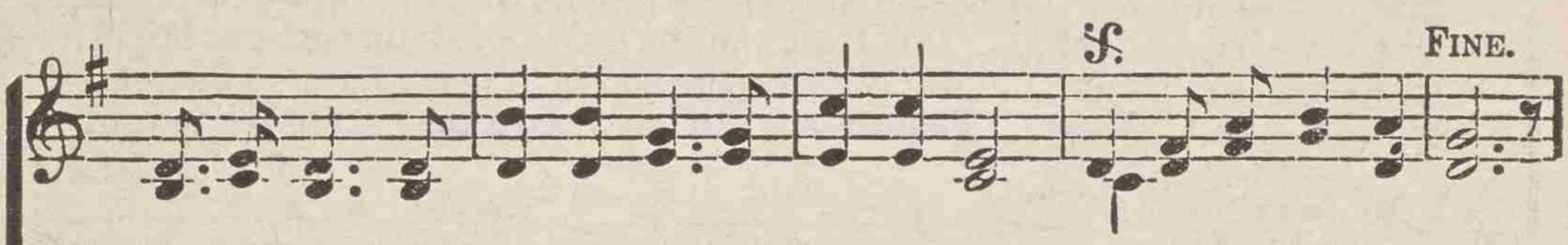
**Thoro Harris.**

Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris.
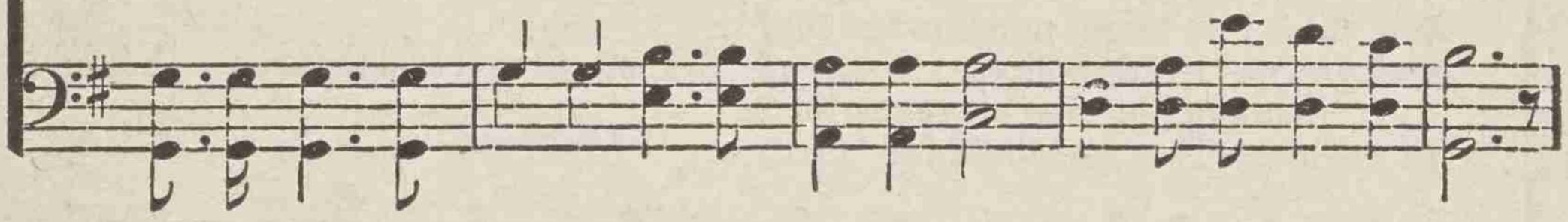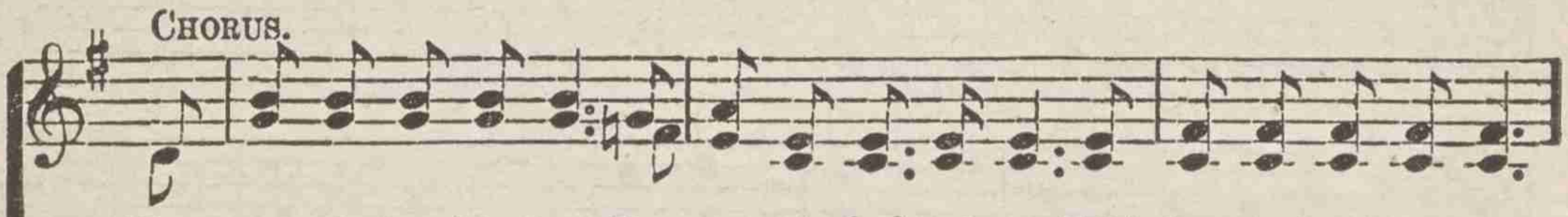


1. The morning breaks, 'tis bright and clear, The shadows of the night are fly - ing
2. By form and creed are millions bound, But God hath sent the word to loose the
3. Sal - va - tion nears—the saints a-rise, And from the sleep of death the slumb'ring
4. Our glo-rious King is com-ing soon—It may be dark-est night, it may be
5. A - wake, ye na-tions, from the dead, With ev - er-last - ing joy let praise your
6. All praise and glo - ry to His name! The King of kings is He, earth's Sov'reign
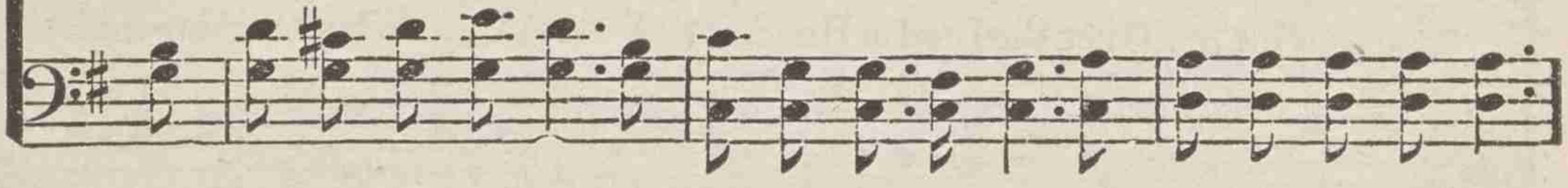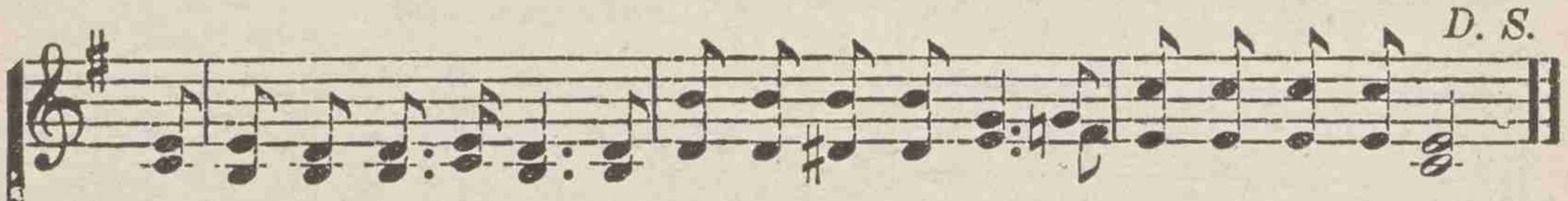





1. swift a - way; A stir-ring cry sa - lutes the ear: Je - sus is com-ing soon.
2. i - ron band—De-liv-'rance dawns with this glad sound: Je - sus is com-ing soon.
3. na-tions wake; We too shall mount the star-ry skies. Je - sus is com-ing soon.
4. morn or noon; In glo - ry then His saints will reign. Je - sus is com-ing soon.
5. tungs em-ploy; By this sweet hope be com - fort - ed: Je - sus is com-ing soon.
6. yet to be; Let all the saints a - loud pro-claim, Je - sus is com-ing soon.
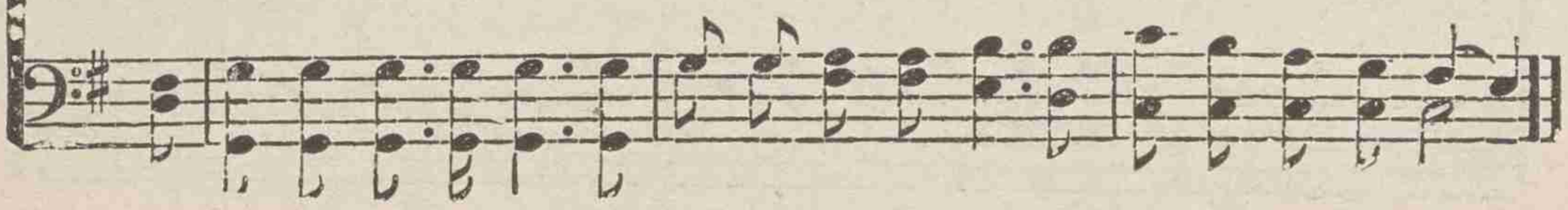





The song of ju - bi - lee, It sweeps o'er land and sea; With thousand voices strong






The cho-rus speeds a-long—One word of hope and cheer: The king-dom now is near,



29

# Coming in Glory.

T. H. Presto. Copyright 1919, by Thoro Harris, Thoro Harris.

1. O hark - en to the gos - pel warn- ing:
2. Let not the wait- ing heart grow wea - ry—He's com-ing in glo - ry;
3. Pray on, with faith and hope in- creas - ing-
4. Lay not up - on the earth your treas-ure—He's com-ing in glo - ry;
5. To some 'twill be a day of glad-ness—
6. Then let us be pre - par'd to meet Him—He's com-ing in glo - ry;

1. It may be night, it may be morn-ing—
2. The morn suc-ceeds to mid- night drear - y—
3. And la - bor with a zeal un - ceas- ing—He's com- ing a - gain to reign.
4. To do His will your high - est pleas-ure—He's com- ing to reign.
5. To some, a day of gloom and sad ness—
6. To look a- bove, with joy to greet Him—

REFRAIN. *Duet for Soprano and Bass,*

O pub- lish the sto - ry: Ar-rayed in roy - al robes of glo - ry, Our

Pub-lish far the sto - ry: In robes of glo - ry Our

Sav - ior is com- ing, For - ev - er with His saints to reign.

Sav - ior soon will come to reign.

# 30 Your Last Invitation.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

# 31 Working Out Your Own Salvation

T.H.

PROCESSIONAL

Phil. 2: 12,13

Copyright,1924, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

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

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

CHORUS

Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion.
Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion. God is faith-ful,
Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion. God is true and faith-ful
Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion.

He is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure both to will and
with-in you, Of His own good pleasure.

do; Now your vow of dil-i-gence re-new Working out your own salvation.
Now your ho-ly vow

# 32 Brighter than the Morning Sun.

Copyright 1919, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris

1. In the bless-ed Sav- ior ev - 'ry good I see, Bride-groom ot my heart, be-
2. Thru the great a-tone-ment of His pre-cious blood Here our life e - ter - nal
3. High-est praise ex-cell-ing is His match-les grace; O the might- y won-ders
4. Gro-ping in the dark-ness, poor, de- spair-ing soul, You may share the joy our

1. lov- ed one; Chief a-mong ten thous-and is my Lord to me,
2. is be - gun; Now He hath as-cend-ed to the throne of God,
3. He hath done! Soon we'll rise to meet Him and be-hold a Face
4. Christ hath won; He will light the path-way lead-ing to the goal,

REFRAIN.

Bright-er than the morning sun. Brighter than the morning sun,

Prince of heav'n all-glo-ri-ous is

Brighter than the morn - ing sun; Al-to-geth-er love-ly,

Je sus, Reigning all vic-to-ri-ous, He's

pure and spot-less One Bright-er than the morn - ing sun.

Thou shin-est

# 33 I'm Going All the Way.

REV S. L. F. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

*Not too slow.*

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

*Rit.*

# 34 We're Marching to Zion.

**Isaac Watts.** COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. **Robert Lowry.**

M 66 = ♩.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti- ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

35

# Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y - lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where . . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low.

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way;

# 36 The Fountain of Life.

W. O. J. Copyright 1919, by Thoro Harris. Will Owen Jones.

1. There's a liv- ing foun-tain o - pen now to all; 'Tis the blood of Je - sus,
2. Long I tried to find this free-dom from all sin, Long I strug-gled hard with
3. Hid- den in the hol- low of His gra-cious hand Are the souls who join this
4. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, our as- cend-ed Lord! Mag- ni- fy His name and

1. sav- ing from the fall; All who con - se-crate them-selves un- to the Lord,
2 doubts and fears with- in; When I ful - ly yield- ed all un - to the Lord,
3. hap-py blood-wash'd band; Do-ing won-drous exploits, might-y in the Lord,
4. trust His ho - ly word; Bless Him for the grace that keeps our spir - its free,

REFRAIN.

1. Find a per- fect cleans-ing in His pre-cious blood.
2, Then I found my heal-ing in the Sav-ior's blood. O hal - le - lu - jah, O
3. We will ev - er praise Him for the cleans-ing blood.
4 For the man- y man-sions where we soon shall be.

glo- ry, glo- ry! Sing praise to God for- ev- er- more,
laud His name for- ev- er-more;

O hal- le - lu - jah! O glo- ry, glo- ry! Praise the Lord for-ev- er - more.

37

# Sing His Praise.

I. O. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY BROWN BROTHERS.

I, O. Brown.

1. Forward move, ye sol-diers of the liv - ing God, Sing His praise,
2. Shout a-loud, ye peo-ple, and His name a - dore, Sing His praise,
3. Be a val - iant sol-dier, rout-ing ev - 'ry sin, Sing His praise,
4. When the battle's o - ver and the con-flict's won, Sing His praise,

Sing His praise,

sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;
sing His praise;

Lift the blood-stained banner where the saints have trod,
He shall gain the conquest, reign for - ev - er - more,
Christ, the great Je-ho - vah, will be sure to win,
Sor-row will be end - ed and our joy be - gun,

sing His praise;

CHORUS.

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise, sing His

Sing His praise, sing His praise. Sing His praise.

praise, Let the glo - ry in your soul, sing His praise; Sing His

sing His praise, sing His praise;

praise, sing His praise, While the endless a-ges roll, sing His praise.

Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

# The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JOHN J. HOOD. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Once a sin - ner, far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold,
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dreams,
3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place,
4. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here the sky is al-ways bright;
5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore,

But the bless - ed Sav - ior heard me when I cried; Then He
Yet I en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride; For my
Tho' the tempt - er to per-suade me oft has tried; For I'm
'Tis no place for gloom - y Chris-tians to a - bide; For my
And have safe - ly crossed the Jor-dan's roll - ing tide, You will -

D. S.—*For I've*

threw His robe a-round me, and He led me to His fold, And I'm
soul looks up to heav - en, where the gold - en sun-light gleams, And I'm
safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap - py in His love and grace, And I'm
soul is filled with mu - sic, and my heart with great de-light, And I'm
find me shout-ing "Glo-ry!" just out - side my man-sion door, Where I'm
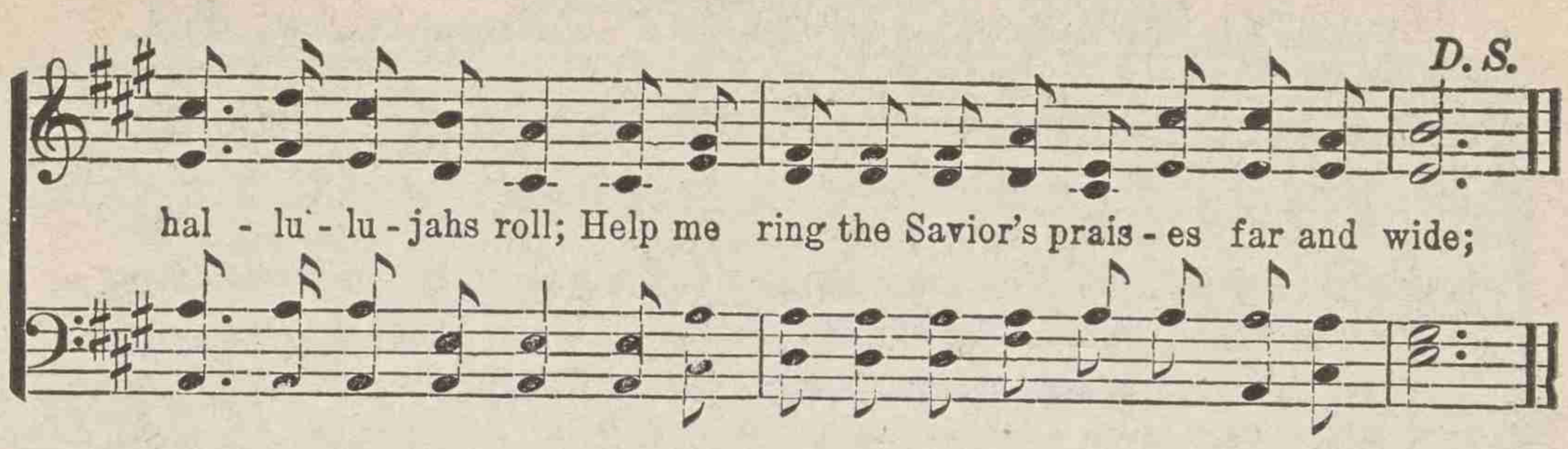
*o - pened up tow'rd heaven all the win-dows of my soul, And I'm*

FINE. CHORUS.

liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side. Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus! let the

*liv - ing on the hal - le - lu-jah side.*

## The Hallelujah Side.



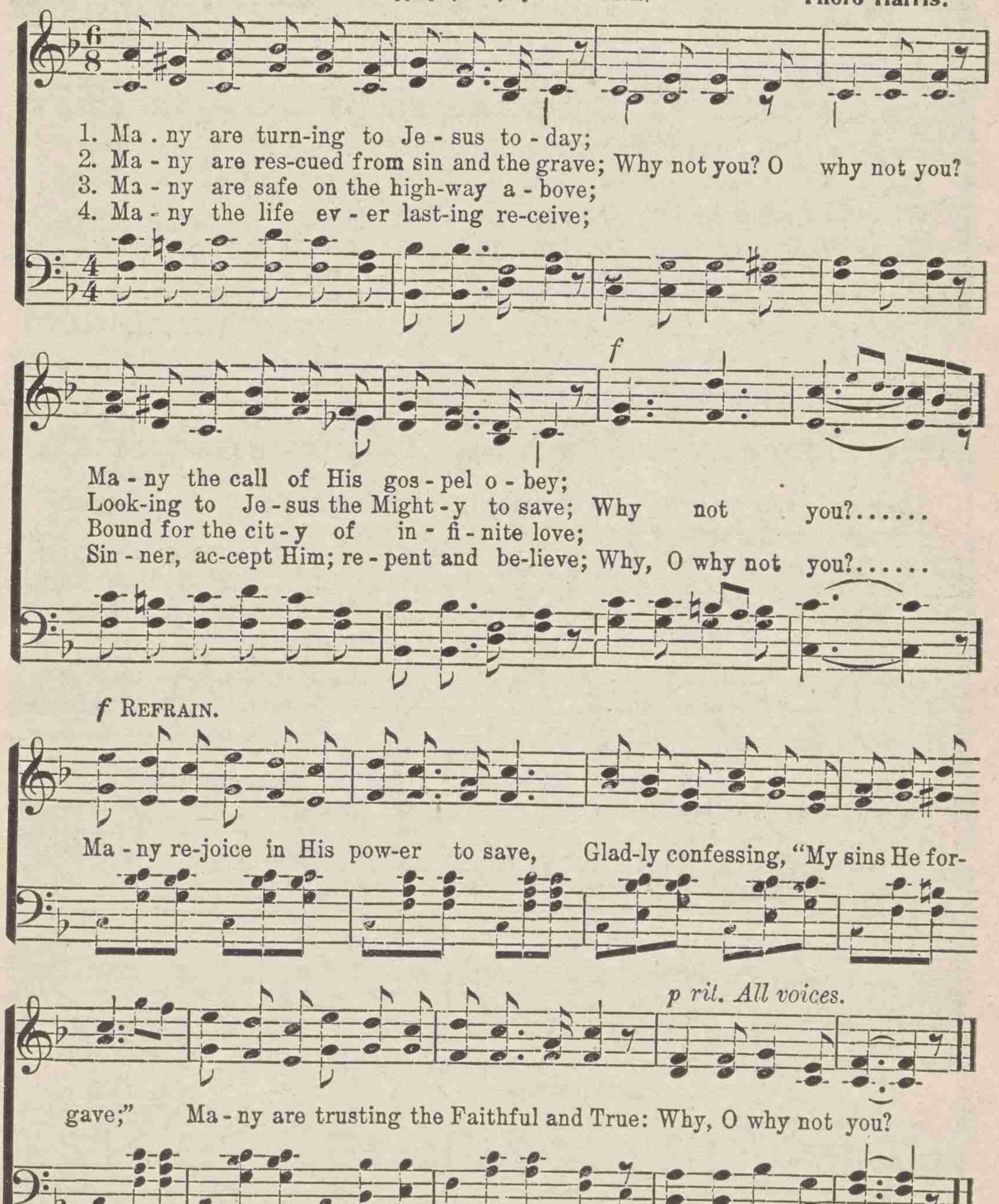

39

## Why Not You?

T. H.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.



# 40 God's Promises are Sure.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1913, by R. H. Meredith.

# 41 He's Coming Soon.

Hawaiian Melody.

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

1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af-
2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit
3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall
4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-
Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an-

REFRAIN.

kings and Lord of lords.
Sav-ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
pare our Par-a-dise.
oth-er by this word.

joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it
the re-turning of the Lord;

may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon.
our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

# 42 By His Stripes We Are Healed

T. H. Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. O the wondrous pow'r of a Sav - ior's love To the sin - ful and
2. There in Pi - late's hall see the guilt - less One: How the hearts of His
3. He was scourg'd that we might from pain be free; 'Tis a truth in the
4. His a - ton - ing blood still a - vails to - day; For the king - dom be
5. Turn a - way from sin, let the Christ come in, Bow the heart in con-
6. Tell the suf - f'ring all if they now but call On His name whom "the

1. sick re-veal'd! Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove—Praise the Lord,
2. foes were steel'd! How they pierc'd with thorn God's beloved Son! Praise the Lord,
3. Word re-veal'd, Since the curse He bore He can health re-store; Praise the Lord,
4. sav'd and seal'd; In the o-pen'd fount wash your stains a-way—Praise the Lord,
5. tri - tion, yield To His might-y pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour—Praise the Lord,
6. Fa ther seal'd," Bod - y, spir - it, soul, ev-'ry whit made whole, They will know

CHORUS

"by His stripes we are heal'd, "By His stripes (By His stripes) we are heal'd, (we are heal'd,)

By His stripes (By His stripes) we are heal'd; (we are heal'd;) On His guilt-less head

All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are heal'd.
By His stripes we are heal'd;

43

# God Lives Within My Soul.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. This sa-cred truth means more to me Than aught on earth could ev-er be:
2. God man-i-fest in form of man, Once wro't redemption's wondrous plan;
3. Tho' I am weak, yet He is strong; He is my life, my joy, my song;
4. And heav'n seems not some far-off place, Since e-ven here, thru sav-ing grace,
5. When He shall bid me "come up hig'r," I'll sing with all the ran-somed choir;

That now, and thru e-ter-ni-ty, God lives with-in my soul.
Com-plet-ing what He then be-gan, God lives with-in my soul.
And tho' the night be dark and long, God lives with-in my soul.
In fan-cy I be-hold His face Who lives with-in my soul.
But then than now He'll be no nigh'r—God lives with-in my soul!

CHORUS.

With-in my soul, With-in my soul;
He lives with-in my rapt-ured soul, I yield Him ab-so-lute con-trol;
His Spir-it guides, for He a-bides With-in my soul.

# 44 Joy Unspeakable.

Copyright owned by R. E. WINSETT, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

B. E. W. 1 Pet. 1: 8. B. E. WARREN.

*Lively.*

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

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

CHORUS.

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

# 45 Builded on the Rock.

Luke 6: 47; 48.

Mrs. C. R. F. A. Graves, owner, 1916. Mrs. C. Rice.

1. I build - ed on the Rock, on the Rock of God, Build - ed on the
2. Why should I fear when the winds sweep by? Build - ed on the
3. Hush, rag - ing bil - lows, at His com - mand, Build - ed on the
4. Praise God for our foun - da - tion sure! Build - ed on the

Rock, Christ Je - sus; I dug down deep and build - ed on the Rock,
Rock, Christ Je - sus; Or shak - en be when the waves roll - high?
Rock, Christ Je - sus; Oh, peace be still 'neath His lov - ing hand!
Rock, Christ Je - sus; No storms can harm our house se - cure,

CHORUS.
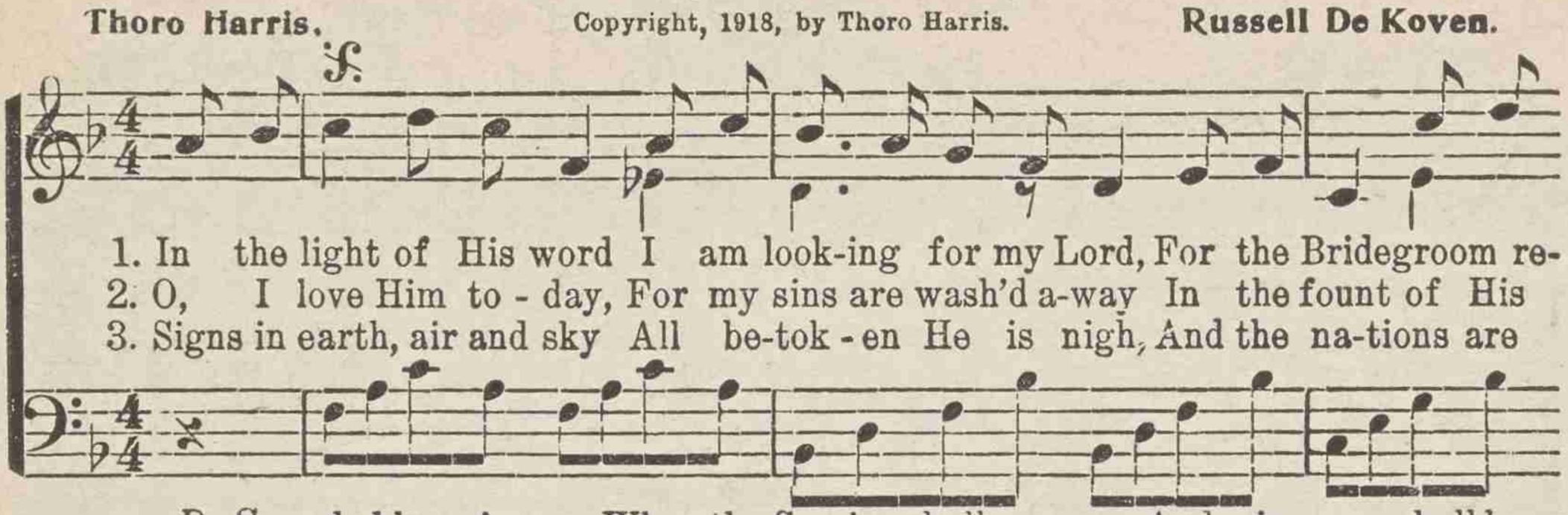
Build - ed on the Rock of God. I hold not the Rock, but the

Rock holds me, The Rock holds me, the Rock holds me, I rest on the

Rock, and the Rock holds me, Rest - ing on the Rock of God.

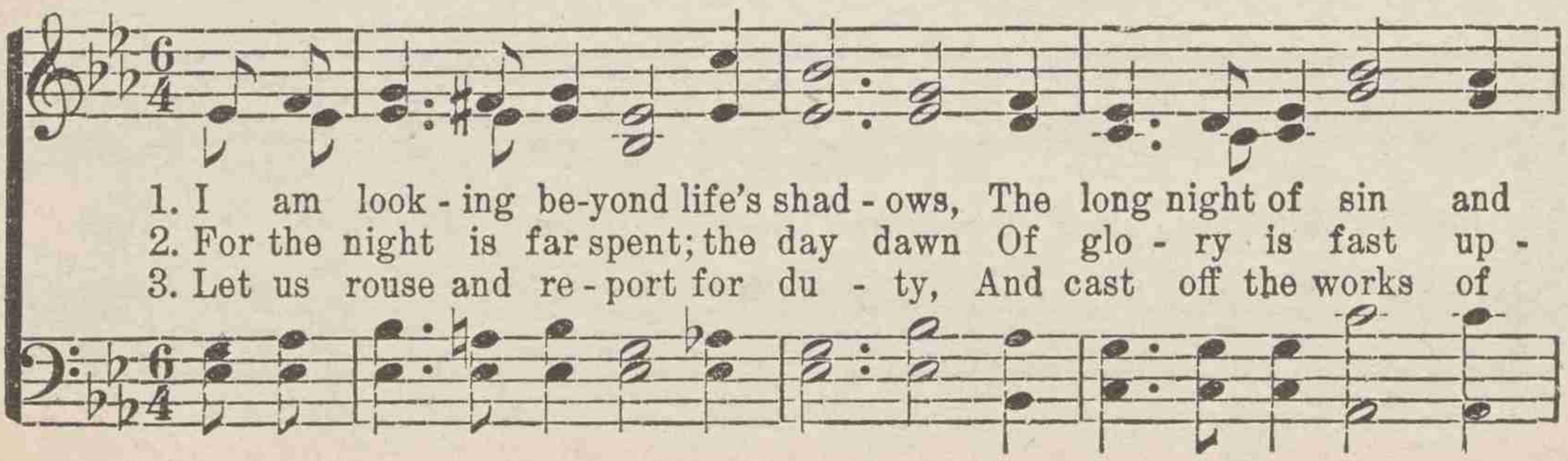
## 46 In the Light of His Word.

**Thoro Harris.** Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. **Russell De Koven.**




## 47 I Am Looking Beyond.

**T. H.** Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**



# I Am Looking Beyond.

sor - row; I look for the glo - rious dawn - ing, The ra - diant and
on us; The hour of the Lord's ap - pear - ing And king - dom most
dark-ness, To speed with our pre - pa - ra - tion—The ar - mor of

lento.

beau-ti - ful morn - ing When the King shall re - turn for His jew - els.
sure-ly is near - ing, When the King shall re - turn for His jew - els.
light and sal - va - tion, Ere the King shall re - turn for His jew - els.

48

# For Our Sakes.

**Thoro Harris.** Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. **Russell De Koven.**

1. { For me Je-sus languish'd and suffer'd, My pardon and peace to pro-vide;
   { He wept in the gard-en of sorrows, The just for the un-just He [*Omit*] died.
2. { I'll love Him and praise Him for-ev-er, Who bore all my sins on the tree,
   { Whose death wro't my perfect re-demp-tion, Who made full atonement for [*Omit*] me.

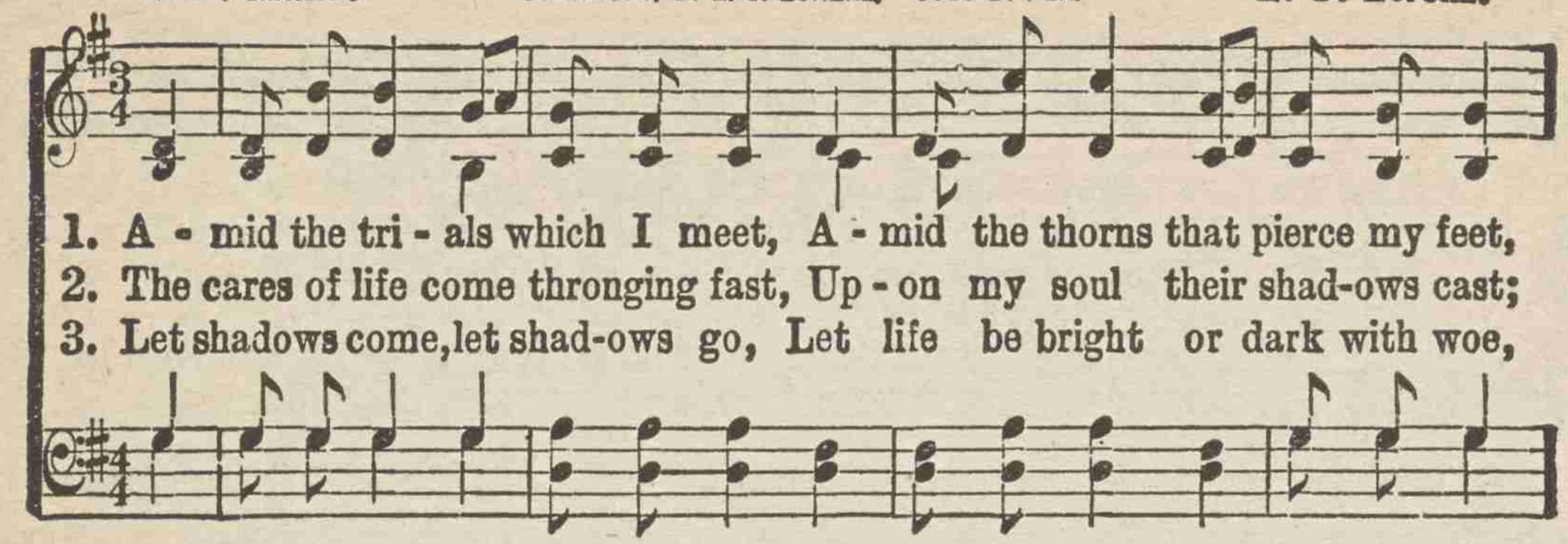
REFRAIN.

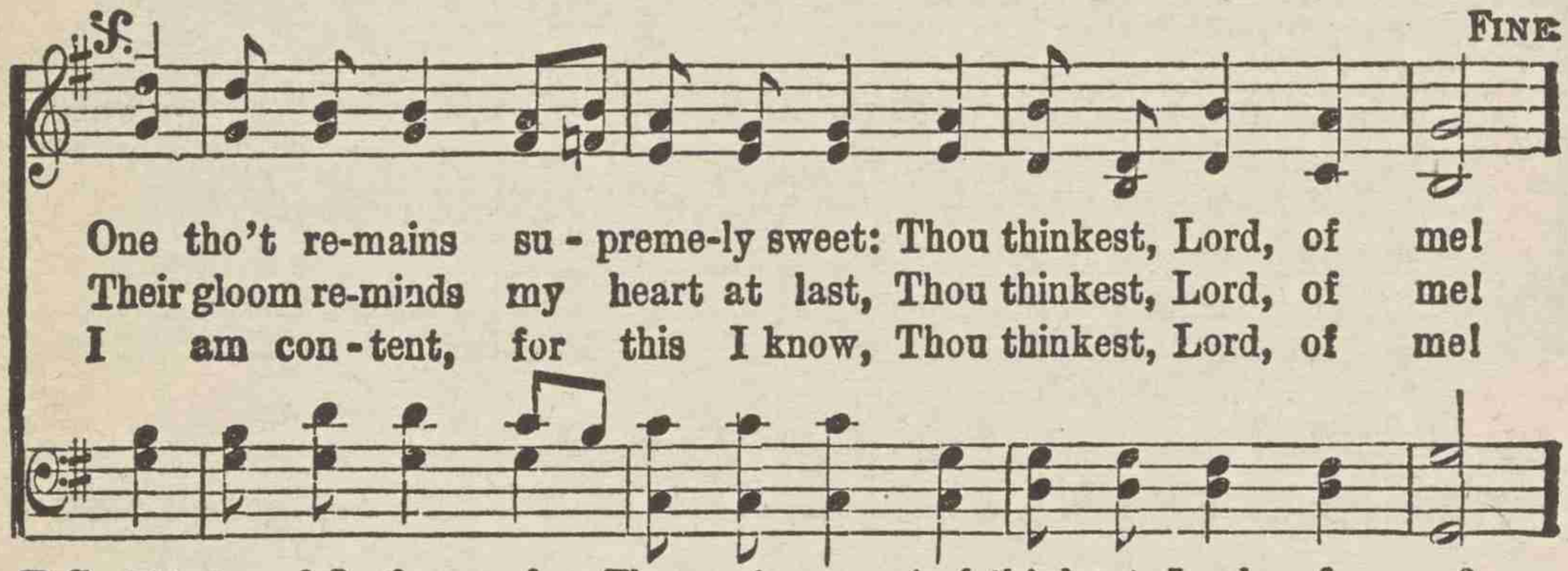
'Twas all for our sakes He was wound-ed, Our sins and our sick-ness He bore;

All glo - ry to Je - sus the Sav - ior! His name I will ev - er a-dore.
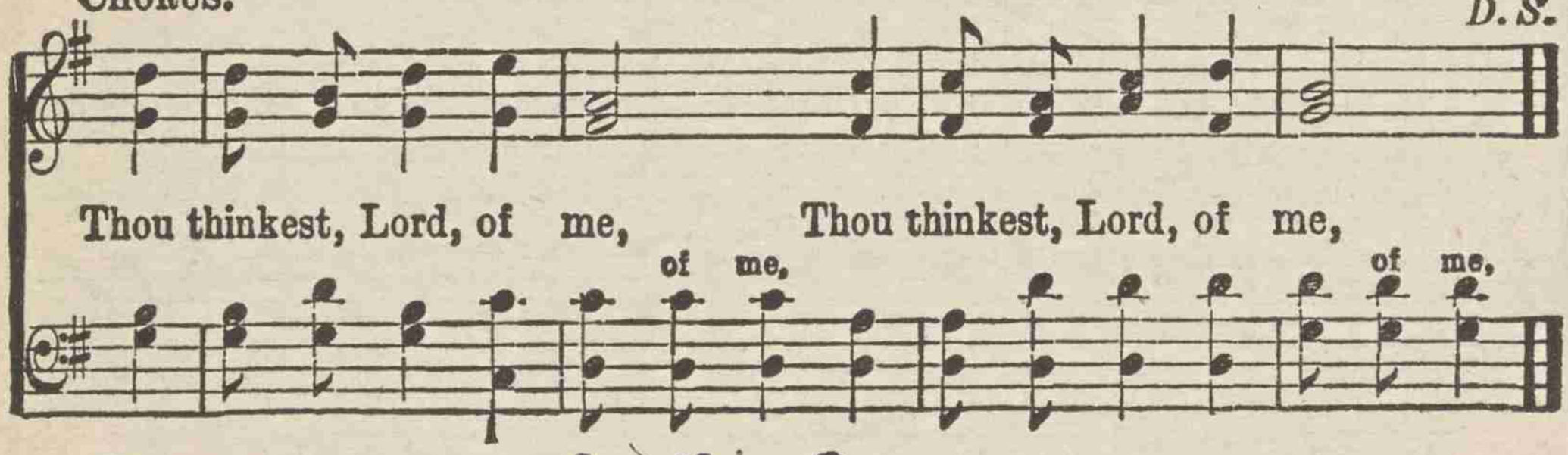
## 49 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund. COPYRIGHT, BY E. S. LORENZ, USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.
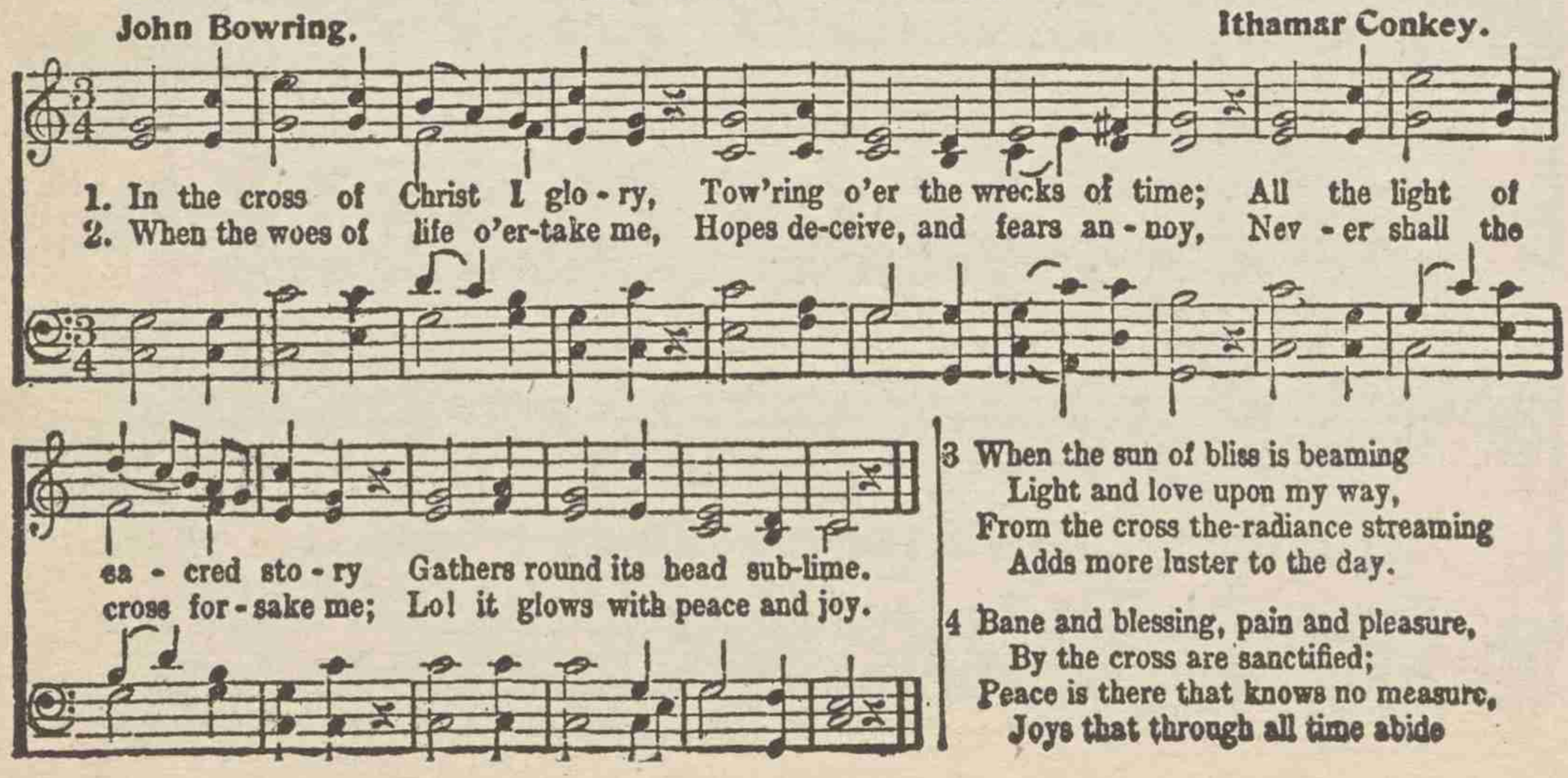



CHORUS. D. S.




## 50 In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.




3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide

# 51 Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

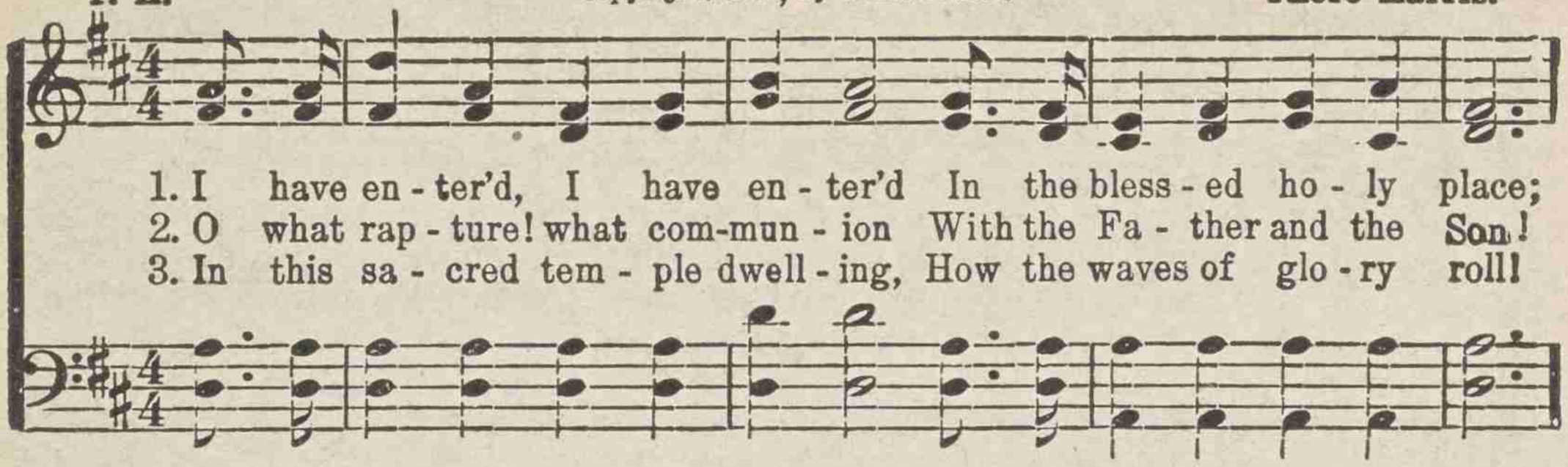
There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul; Though the
in my soul;
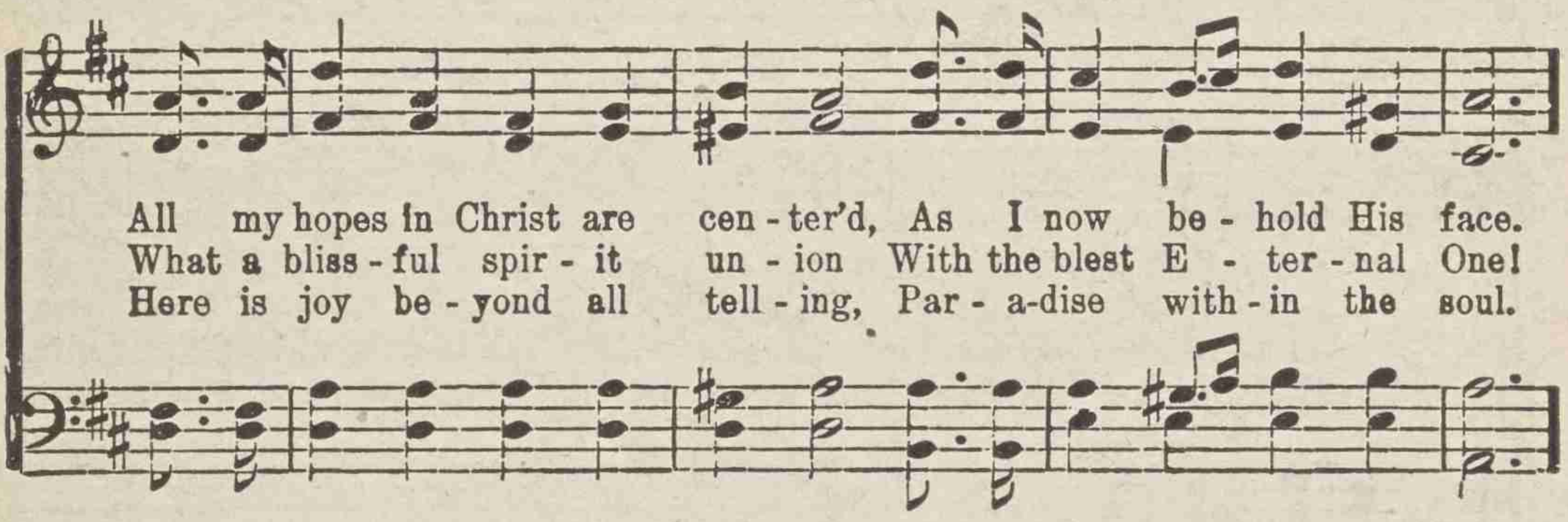
bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a - bides, Christ a-bides.

Copyright 1927 by L. O. Brown, renewal. Lillenas Pub. Co., owner.

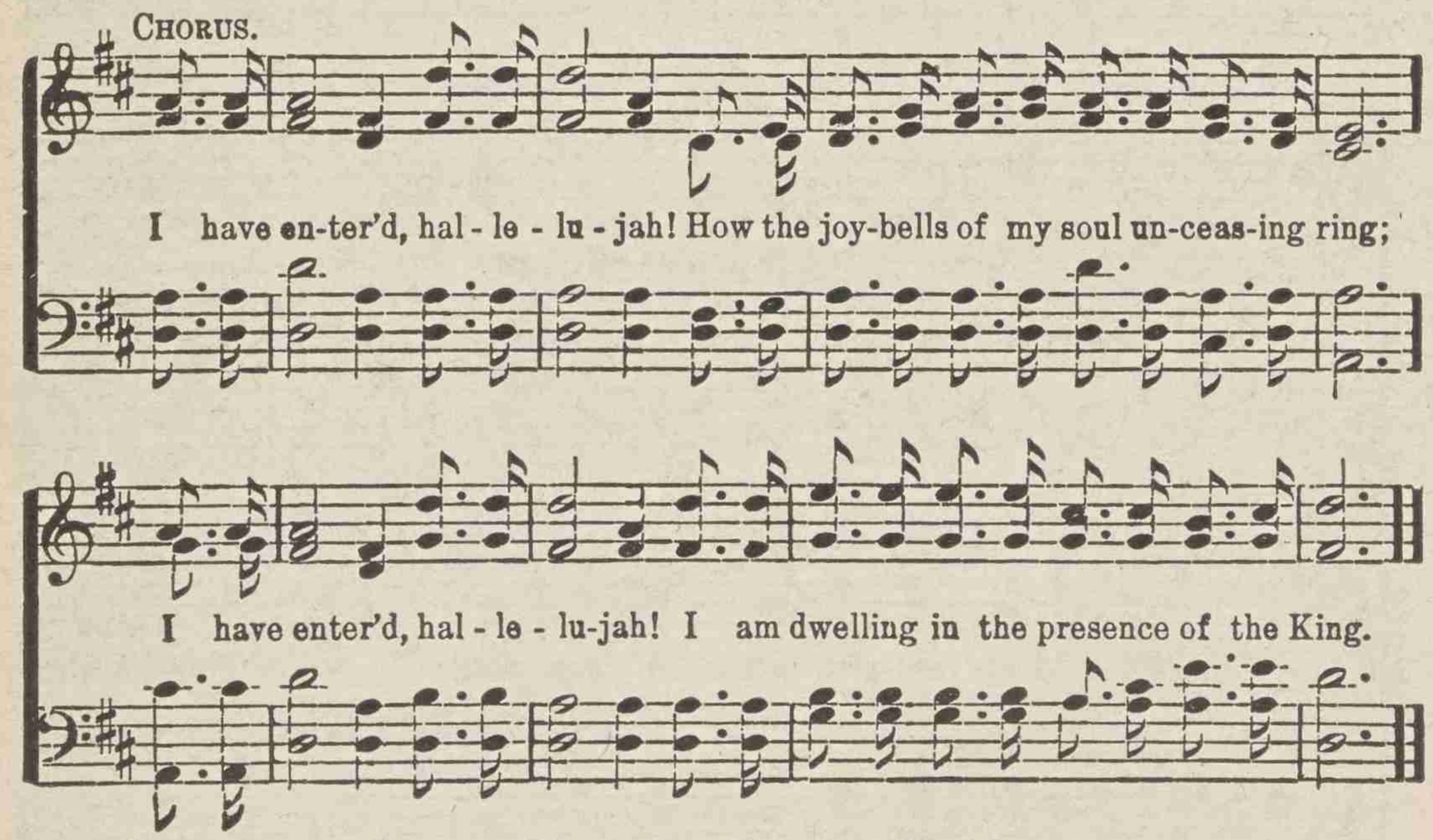
## 52 I Have Entered.
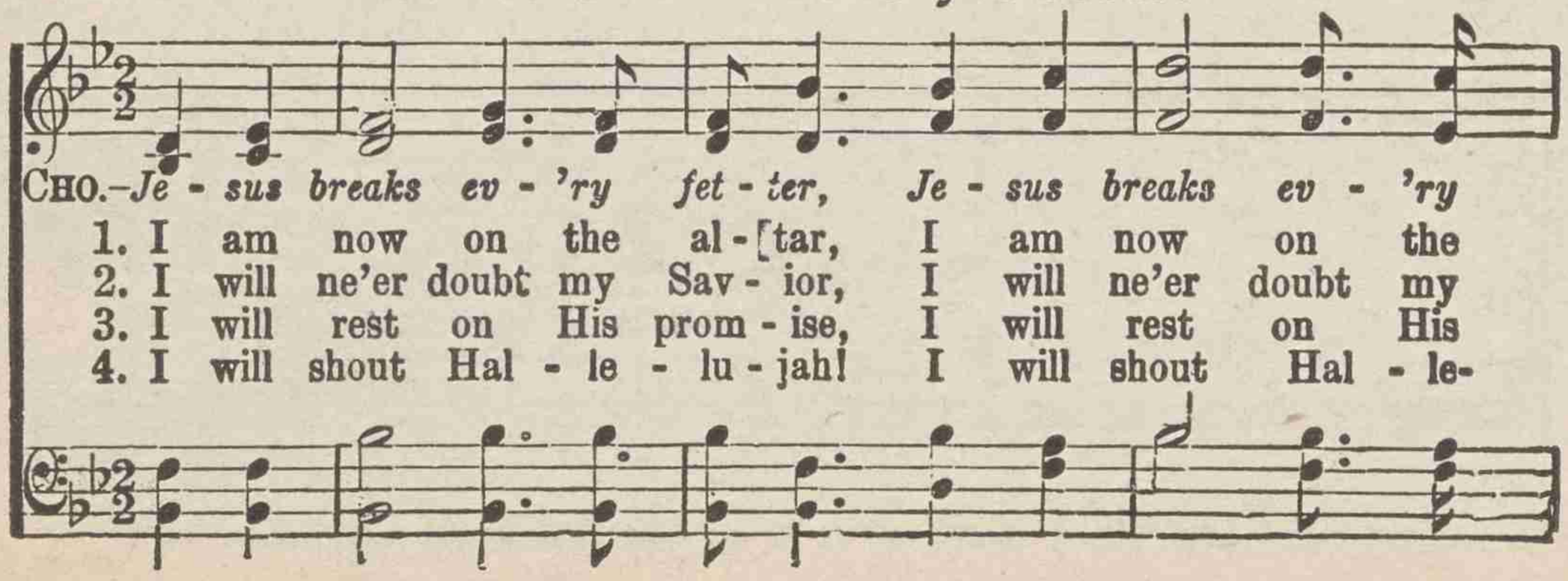
T. H. Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.










## 53 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.



# Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.

*fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, And He sets me free.*
al - tar, I am now on the al - tar Which was made for me.
Sav-ior, I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, For He cleans - es me.
prom-ise, I will rest on His prom - ise Which is giv'n to me.
lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! For He sets me free.

54

# Open the Pearly Gates.

MILLER. Arr. by R. E. W. from MILLER.

1. We are marching upon the King's highway, We'll shout and sing, and we'll watch and pray,
2. With joy and glad - ness up - on each head, We're marching up where the feast is spread;
3. No un - clean thing shall go up there - on, No li - on there, O no, not one;
4. With our battles fought and our vict'ries won, Our war-fare weap-ons all laid down,

No time to i - dle, no time to wait, But hast-en on to the gold-en gate.
For a roy - al banquet will there be giv'n To all who en-ter the gates of heav'n.
But those arrayed in pure garments white, With souls prepared for the mansions bright.
We'll strike our gold - en harps and sing, And crown our Christ as a conq'ring King.

CHORUS.
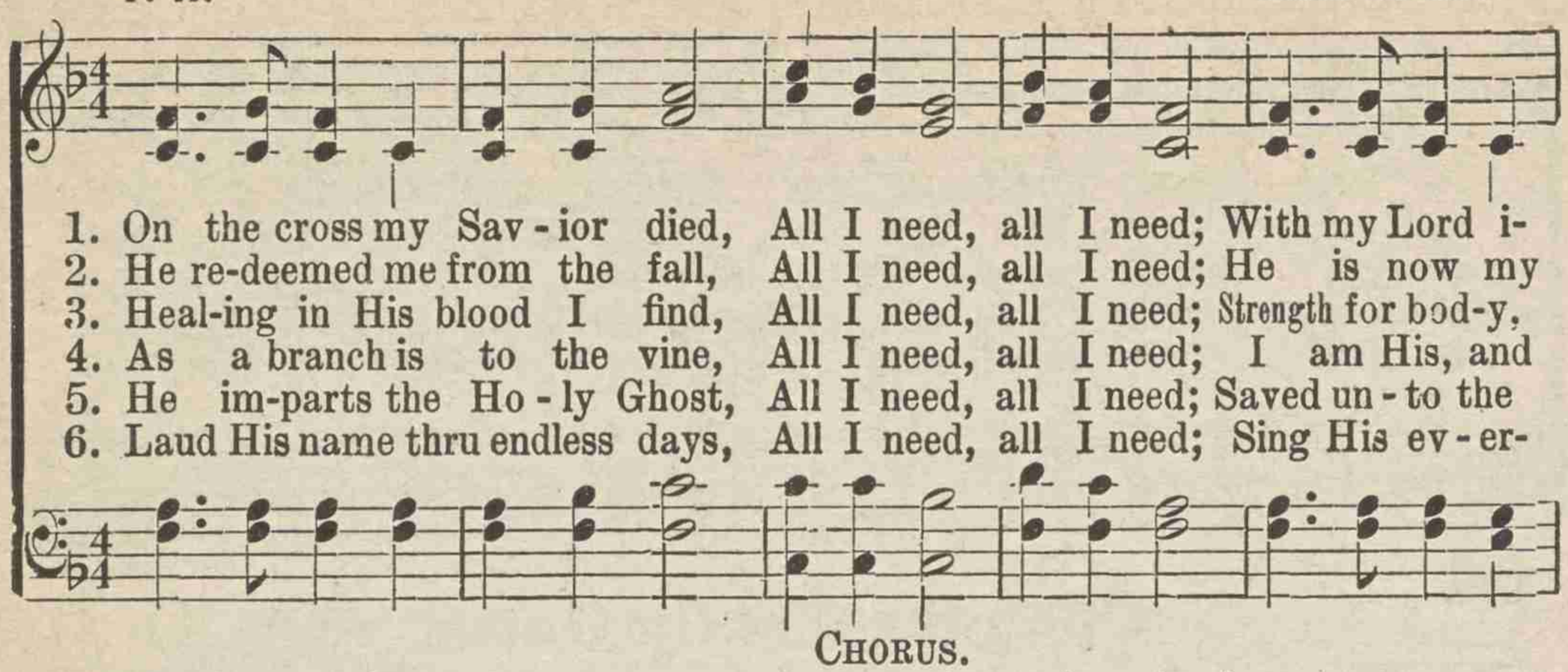
O - - - pen the pearl - y gates, O - - - pen the pearl - y gates;
O - pen, o - pen the pearl - y gates, O - pen o - pen the pearl - y gates;

O - - - - pen the pearl - y gates, And let the Redeemed pass in.
O - pen, o - pen the pearl - y gates,

This arr. property of R. E. Winsett.

## 55 Christ is All I Need.

T. H. Thoro Harris.




Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris.

## 56 Jesus Saves Me Now. (Tune above)

1 Peal the message far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Christ the God-man crucified,
Jesus saves me now.

CHO.—Glory to His worthy name!
He hath borne our guilt and shame;
Ev'rywhere His pow'r proclaim—
Jesus saves me now.

2 He hath wash'd my sin away,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Turn'd my darkness into day:
Jesus saves me now.

3 All my cares to Him I bring,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
He, the world's all-conq'ring King,
Jesus saves me now.

4 He hath spread the gospel feast,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tho of all His people least,
Jesus saves me now,
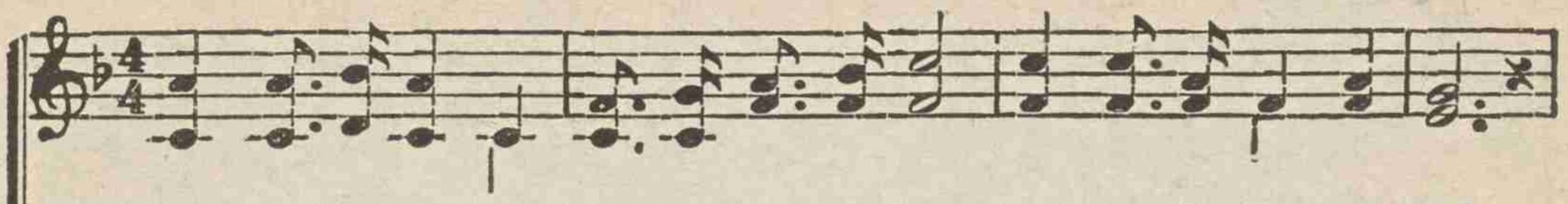
5 When He comes to call His own—
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
We will reign upon His throne;
Jesus saves me now.

Thoro Harris.

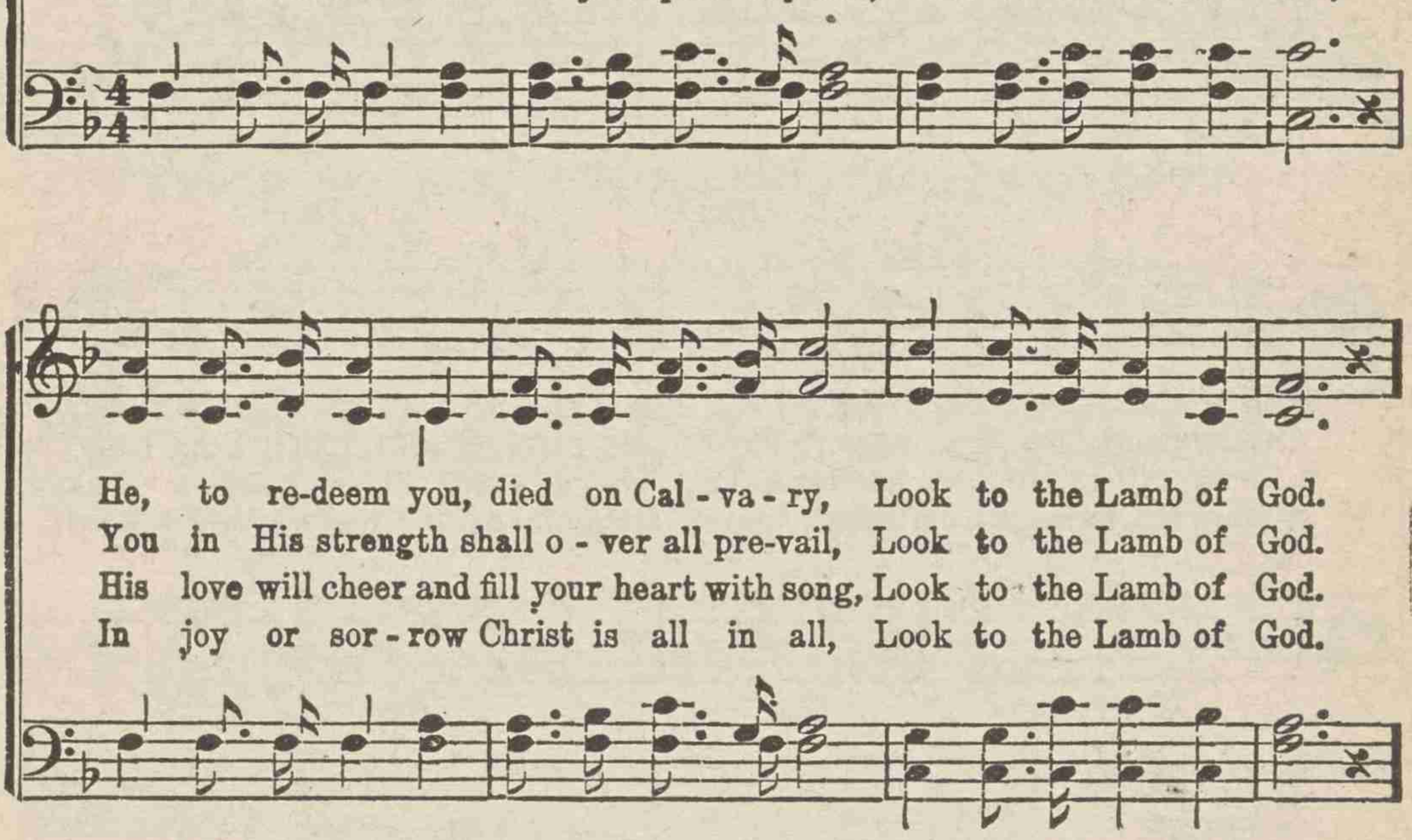
# 57 Look to the Lamb of God.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, From Gospel Message In Song.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. JAMES M. BLACK.
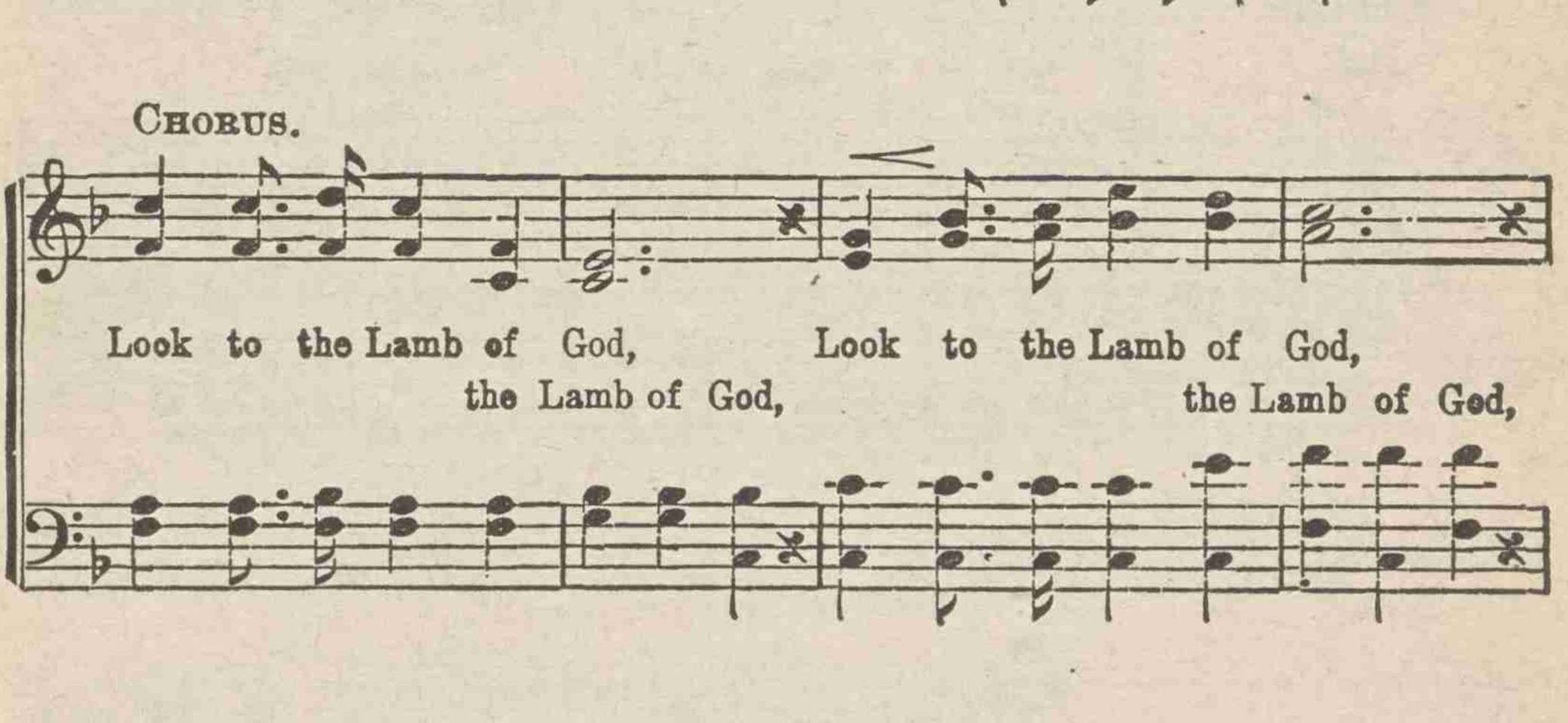


1. If you from sin are long - ing to be free, Look to the Lamb of God;
2. When Satan tempts, and doubts and fears assail, Look to the Lamb of God;
3. Are you a - wea - ry, does the way seem long? Look to the Lamb of God;
4. Fear not when shadows on your path-way fall, Look to the Lamb of God;
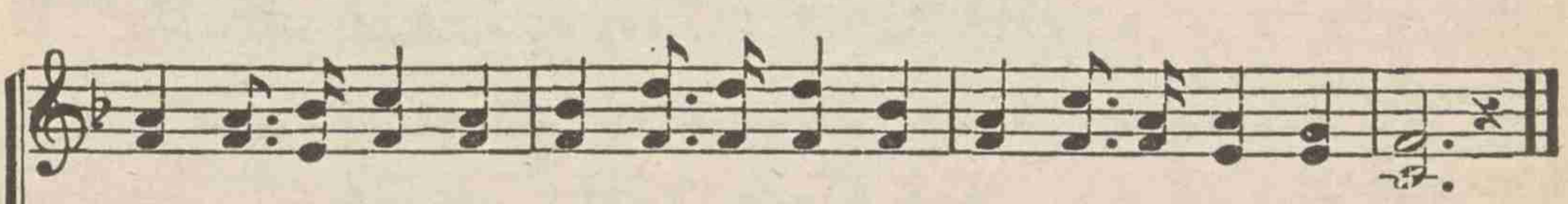




He, to re-deem you, died on Cal - va - ry, Look to the Lamb of God.
You in His strength shall o - ver all pre-vail, Look to the Lamb of God.
His love will cheer and fill your heart with song, Look to the Lamb of God.
In joy or sor - row Christ is all in all, Look to the Lamb of God.



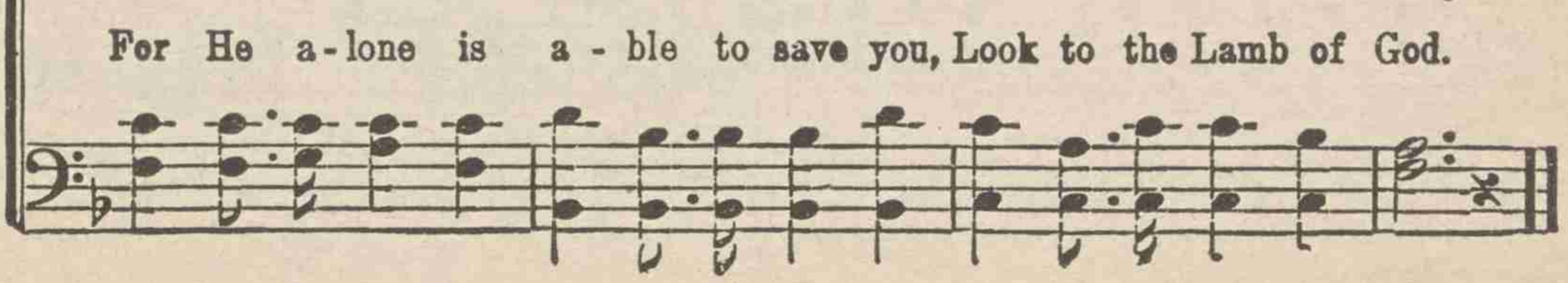
CHORUS.



Look to the Lamb of God, Look to the Lamb of God,
the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God,



For He a - lone is a - ble to save you, Look to the Lamb of God.



# 58 God Calling Yet.

"I have called, and ye have refused." Prov. 1; 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.

*Not too fast.*

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield with-out de - lay;

Shall life's swift pas-sing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart!

CHORUS.

God is call - - ing, call - - ing yet,
God is calling yet. God is calling yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is call-ing yet,
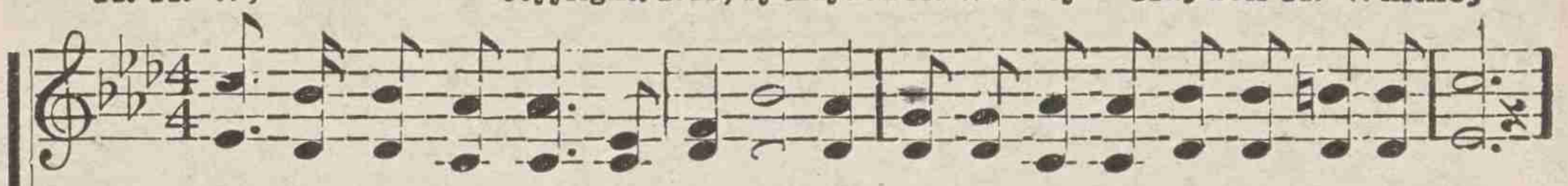
God is call - - ing,
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.

# 59 Just a Little While
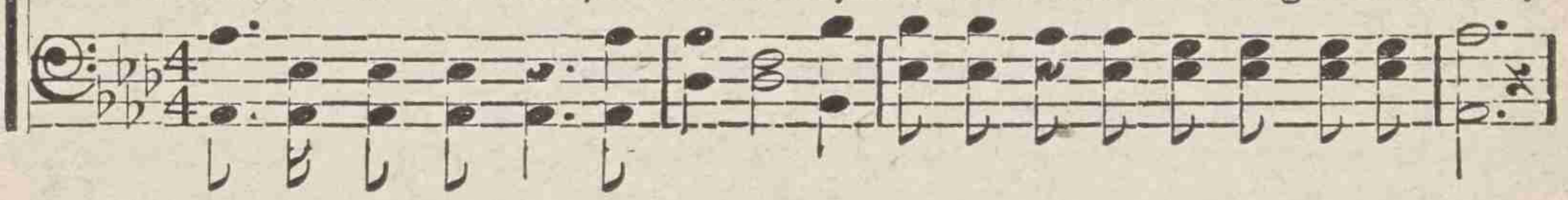
(Dedicated to Bosworth Brothers)
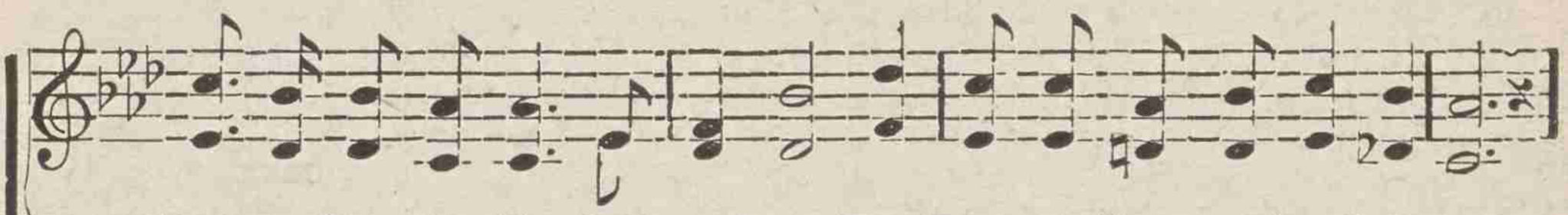
Life is short, Should we live our allotted three score years and ten, it would be but 26,000 days. Like Paul we can say: We are here "but fof a moment."— 2 COR. 4: 17.

H. H. W, Coyyright, 1922, by Hayden H. Whitney Hayden H. Whitney
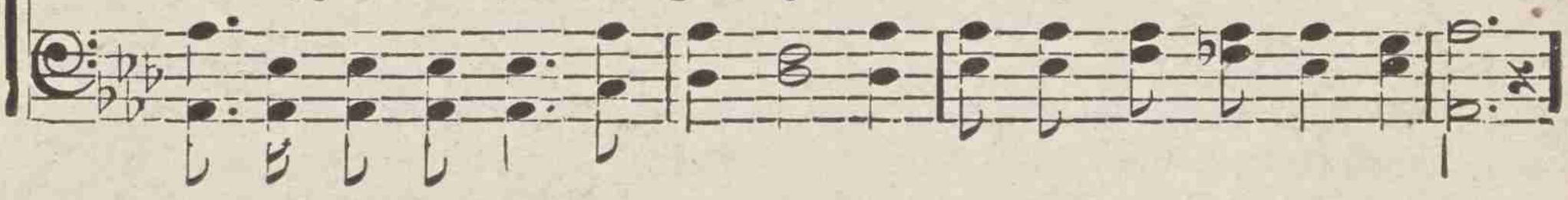


1. Just a lit - tle while to stay here And carry burdens bravely day by day;
2. Just a lit - tle while to reap here, Behold the ripen'd grain is bending low;
3. Just a lit - tle while to work here. To do our best fot Je-sus ev-'ry day;
4. Just a lit - tle while, then shadows, And we will hear Him calling sweet and low;
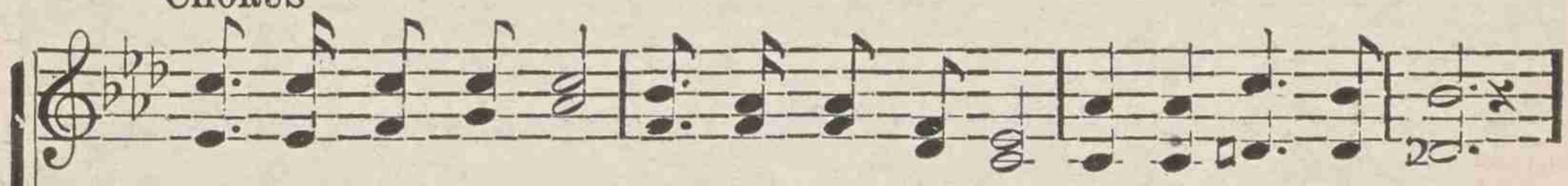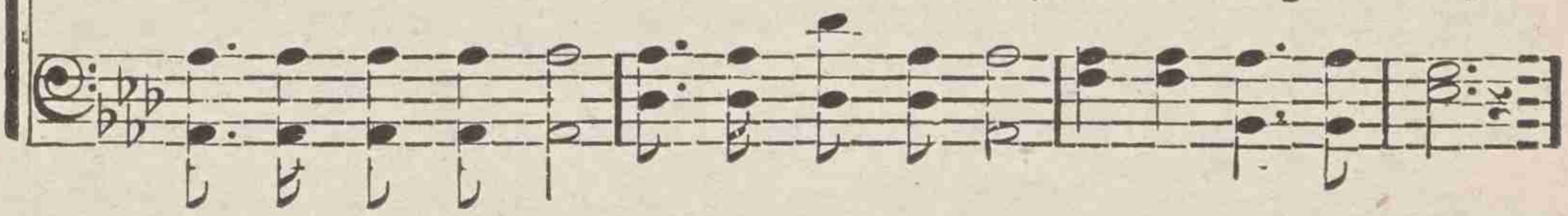




Just a lit - tle while to pray here For those who have not found the way.
Just a lit - tle while to weep here For those who Je - sus do not know.
There is nev - er time to shirk here, We have not ver - y long to stay,
"Come, ye faithful, home to glo - ry:" Such wondrous love He doth be-stow!
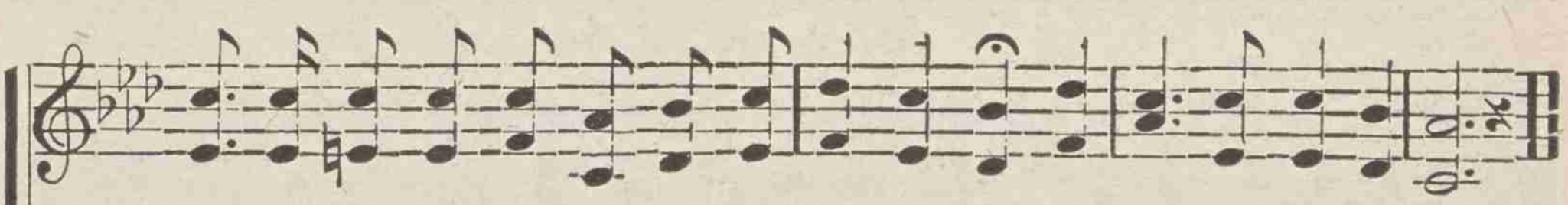


CHORUS
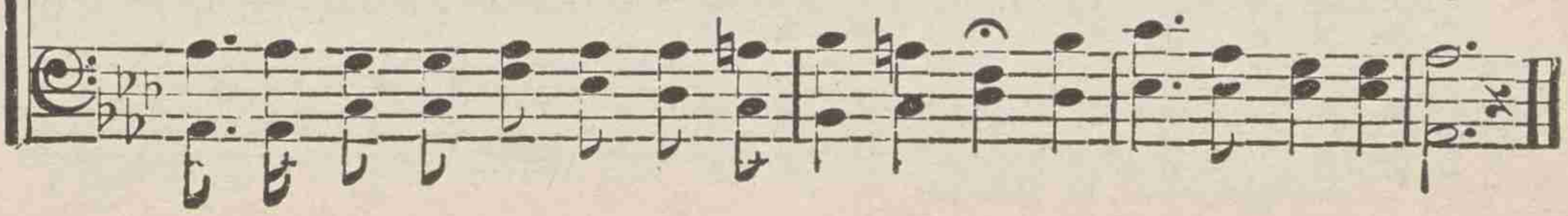


Just a lit - tle while, Just a lit - tle while, Then the King we'll see;





Just a lit - tle while and then we'll be with Him Thru all e - ter - ni - ty.



# The Royal Telephone.

F. M. LEHMAN.
Har. by CLAUDIA F. LEHMAN.

F. M. L.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

Copyright, 1909, by F. M. Lehman.

# 61 What He Has Done for Others.

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

1. A full and free sal-va-tion the King pro-vides for all,—'Tis not by works our hands can do;
2. The an-gels hov-er o'er you, the pa-tient Sav-ior waits Be-side you in your nar-row pew;
3. No mat-ter how dis-cour-aged, if you will look a-bove, And on-ward still the path pur-sue,
4. O trust Him, ful-ly trust Him! com-mit to Him your life; He'll keep you all the jour-ney thru;
5. On yon-der hills of glo-ry, up-on a death-less shore, A crown a-waits your wond'ring view;

If you this ver-y moment on His dear name will call, What He has done for others He will do for you.
He los-es all the blessing who falters and de-bates, What Christ has done for others let Him do for you.
In Je-sus' arms en-cir-cled, con-fid-ing in His love, What He has done for others He will do for you. For you, yes, for you! His
In ev-'ry hour of con-flict, in all the bit-ter strife, What He has done for others He will do for you.
You'll en-ter that fair cit-y to sor-row nev-er-more, And find a fadeless mansion there reserved for you.

CHORUS.

prom-ise is true; Now let the Savior enter and your heart re-new; O glo-ry,
wayward heart renew. O glory, glo-ry,
hallelujah! God's word a-bid-eth true: What He has done for others, He will do for you.

# 62 Honey in the Rock.

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ior, Who is won - drous kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the way that's new? Have you drunk from the liv - ing fount-ain?
3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the ma - ny or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,

CHORUS.

There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my broth-er, There's Hon - ey in the Rock for you; Leave your sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.

broth-er, my broth-er, for you;

*rit.*

for you.

Copyright, 1895, by F. A. Graves. By per.

# Faith Will Win the Victory

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

T. H. THORO HARRIS

1. Have you met sin's might-y host in stern ar-ray? Have you grown faint hearted in the fear-ful fray? Do the pow'rs of e-vil seem to gain the day?
2. All the ills that vex yon Je-sus will re-move, All His faith-ful mercies He will sure-ly prove; Only look be-liev-ing to the throne above,
3. He will hush the bil-lows in-to per-fect peace, He will cause the raging of the waves to cease, He will grant the troubled heart a sweet release.
4. In His arms un-fail-ing you may rest se-cure, For Je-ho-vah's promise standeth firm and sure: Let not courage fail you, to the end endure.
5. Ne'er give o'er the struggle; valiant be and true; God is strong to conquer, and your foes subdue; And the fi-'ry furnace He will walk with you.
6. O there's naught but blessing Fath-er waits to give And there's naught but blessing saints of God receive When they ful-ly trust Him and His word believe.

CHORUS

1. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time). Faith
2. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time).
3. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time). Faith will stand a-mid the
4. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time).
5. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time).
6. Faith will win the vict'ry ev-'ry time (ev-'ry time).

win the vict'ry ev'ry time. Faith

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

*cresc.*

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

# 64 There is Glory in My Soul.

E. A. H.

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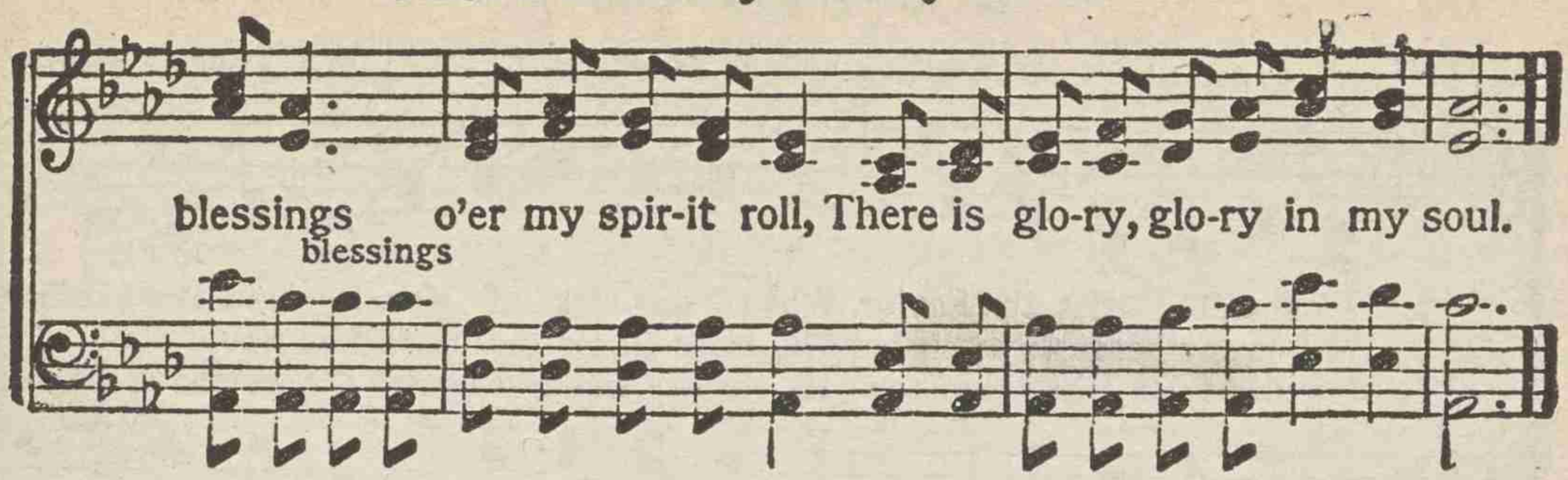
1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold-ing sweet communion with my new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a fel - low-ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter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

CHORUS.

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

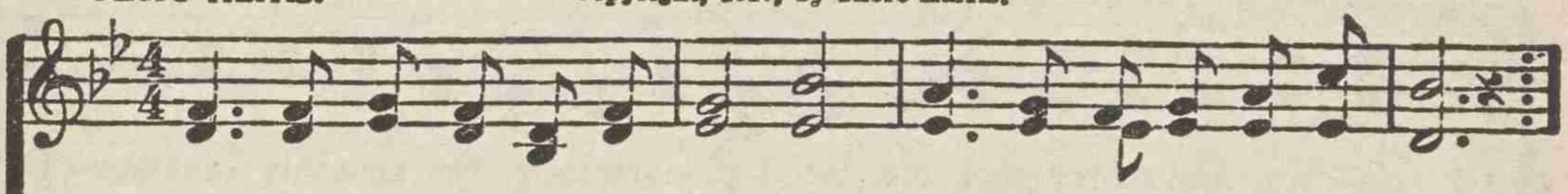
Copyright, 1903, by E. A. Hoffman.

## There is Glory in My Soul.
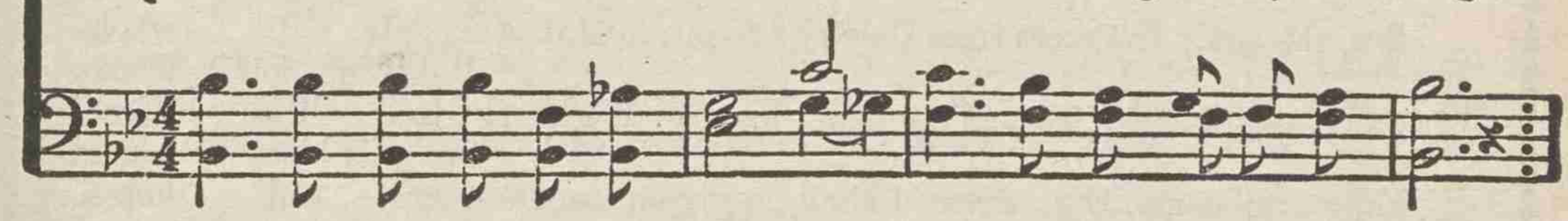



## 65 All That Thrills My Soul.

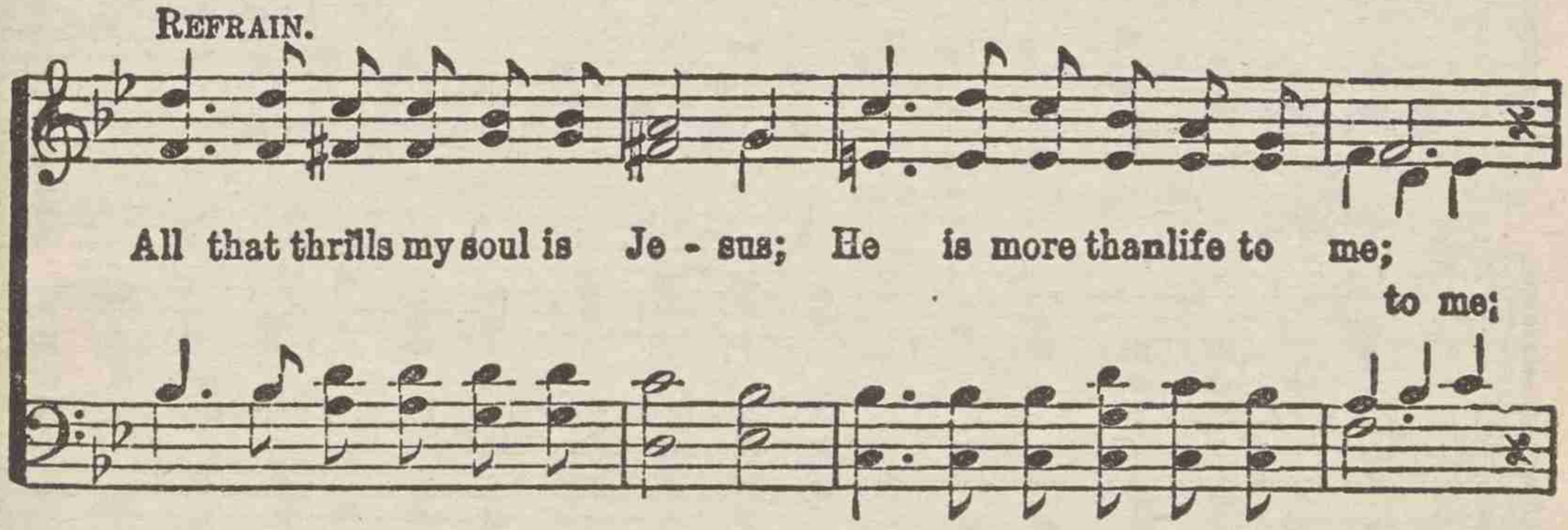
Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

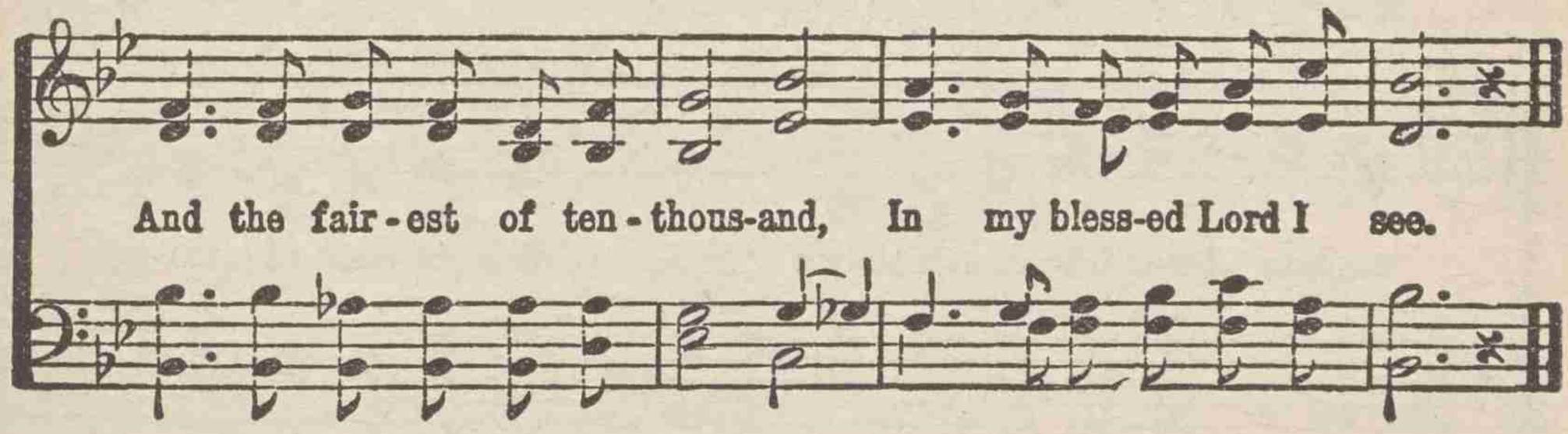


1. { Who can cheer the heart like Je-sus. By His presence all divine?
   { True and tender, pure and precious, O how blest to call Him mine!
2. { Love of Christ so freely giv-en, Grace of God be-yond de-gree.
   { Mer-cy high-er than the heaven, Deep-er than the deepest sea.
3. { What a won-der-ful re-demp-tion! Never can a mortal know
   { How my sin, tho red like crim-son, Can be whit-er than the snow.
4. { Ev-'ry need His hand sup-ply-ing, Ev-'ry good in Him I see;
   { On His strength di-vine re-ly-ing, He is all in all to me.
5. { By the crystal-flowing riv-er With the ransom'd I will sing,
   { And for-ev-er and for-ev-er Praise and glo-ri-fy the King.



REFRAIN.



66

# Everybody Tell It.

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

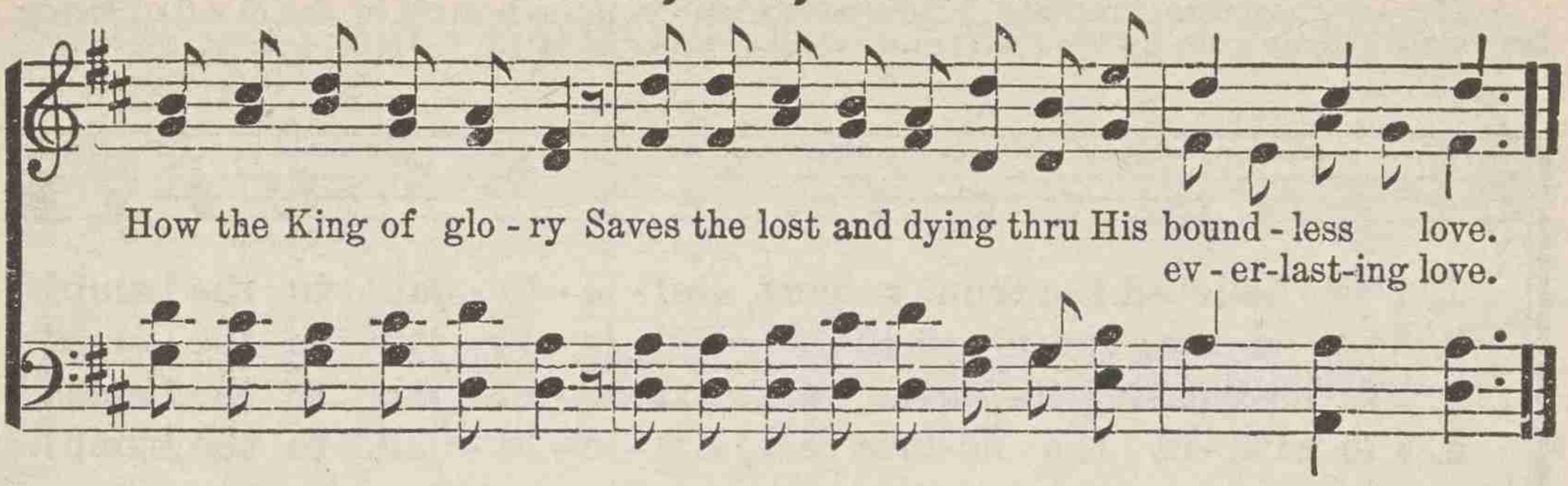
Thoro Harris.

1. I came to Christ, the Savior, When I was sick of sin; I sought His pard'ning fa - vor, And mercy took me in; I plunged in-to the fountain That pur - i - fies the soul; The stream from Calv'ry's fountain Makes my spir - it whole.
2. With-in my heart is dwell-ing The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost; And now to all I'm tell-ing The pow'r of Pen-te-cost. I saw the ho - ly fi - re, I felt the Makes my spir-it whole.
3. New life from Him I bor-row, He ev -'ry sickness heals; The weight of human sor-row Our pitying Sav-ior feels. And when to earth from heaven Our glorious quick'ning flame With zeal my heart inspire: O glo - ry to His name! To His ho - ly name!
King shall come, The ransom'd shall be giv-en An e - ter - nal home. An e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y tell it, Ev - 'ry - bod - y tell it: Christ has bro't sal- va - tion Down from heav'n above; Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Redeem'd ones,

## Everybody Tell It.




67

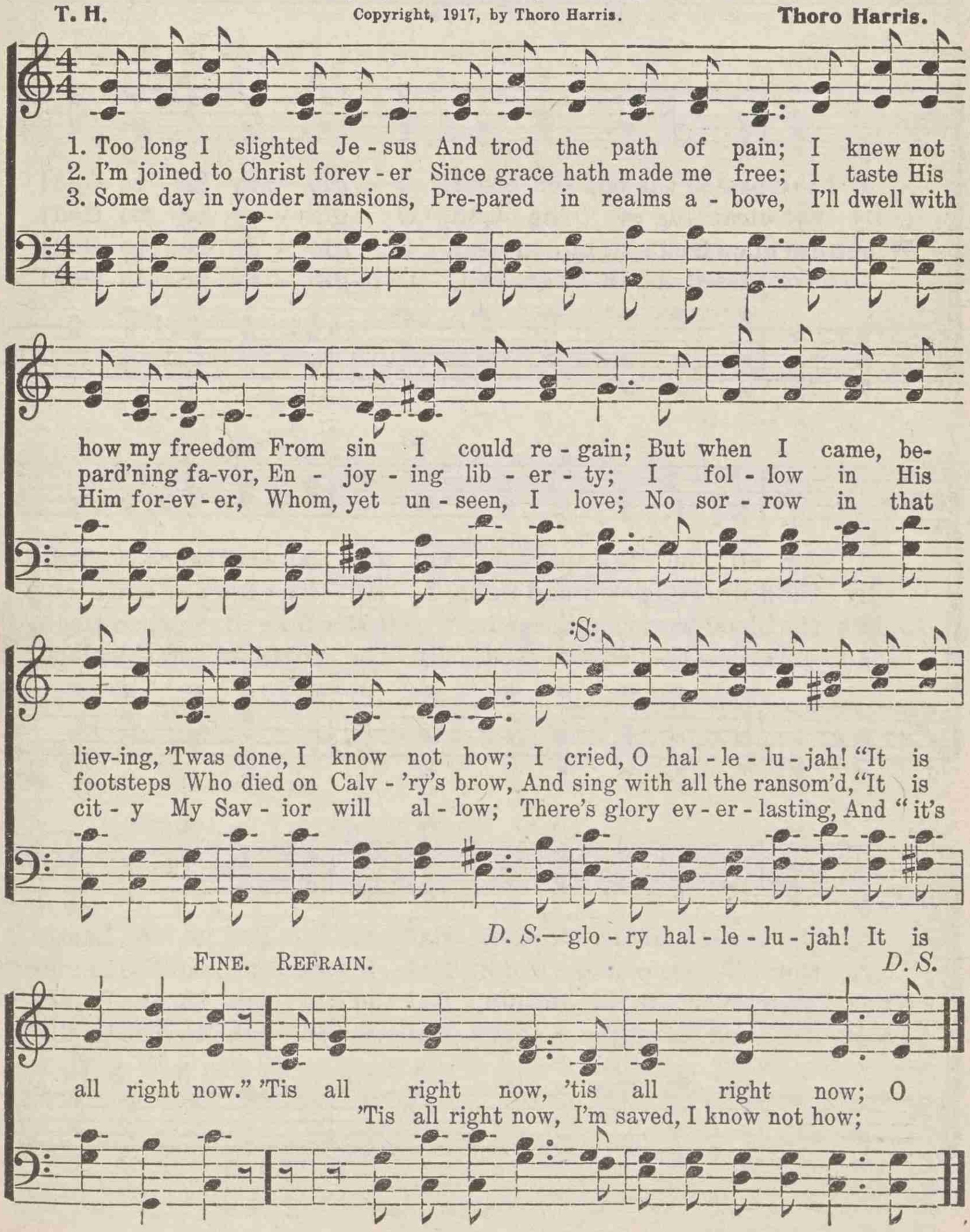
## "All Right Now."

Dying words of Jerry McAuley.

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

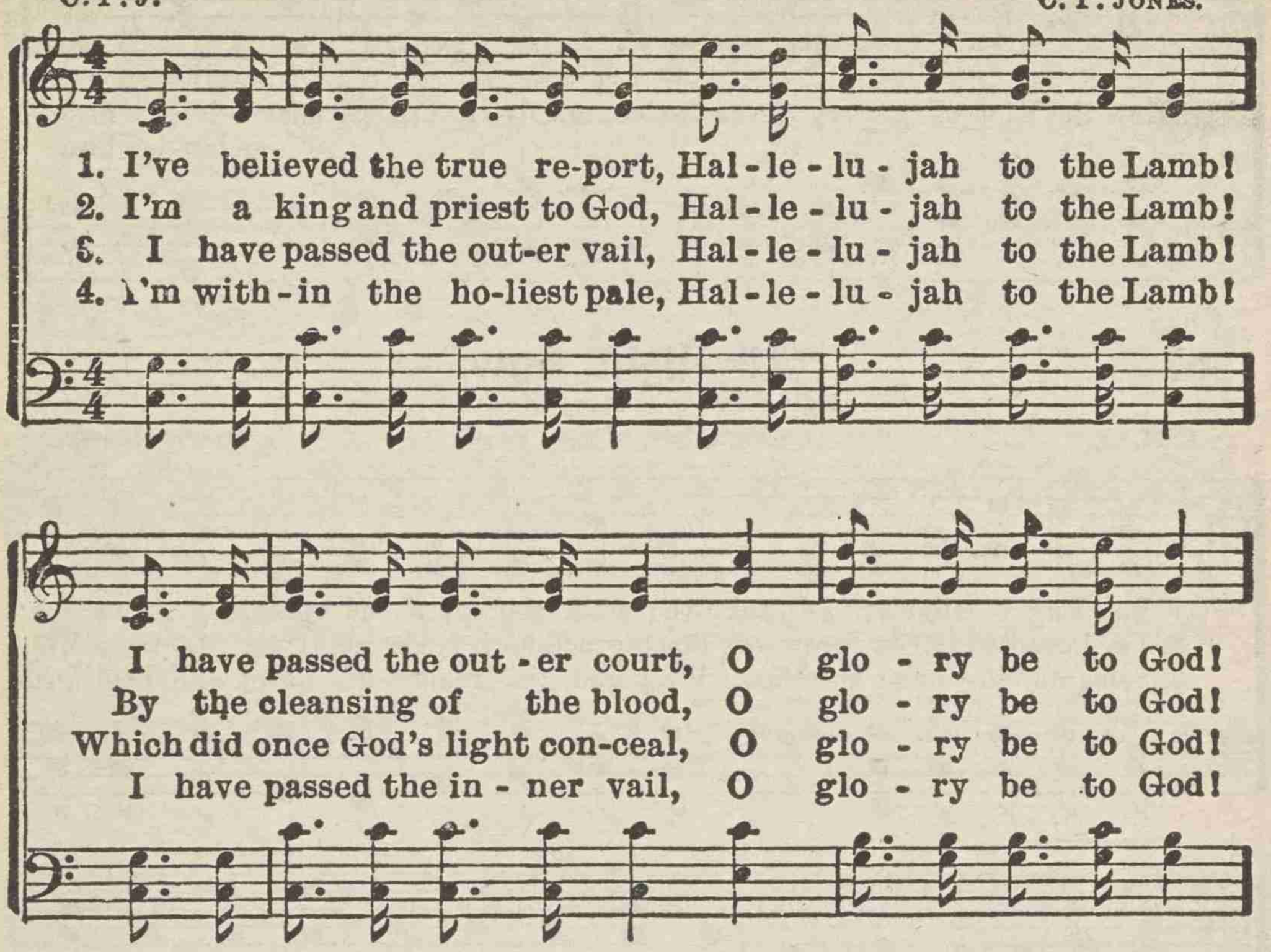
Thoro Harris.



# I've Believed the True Report.

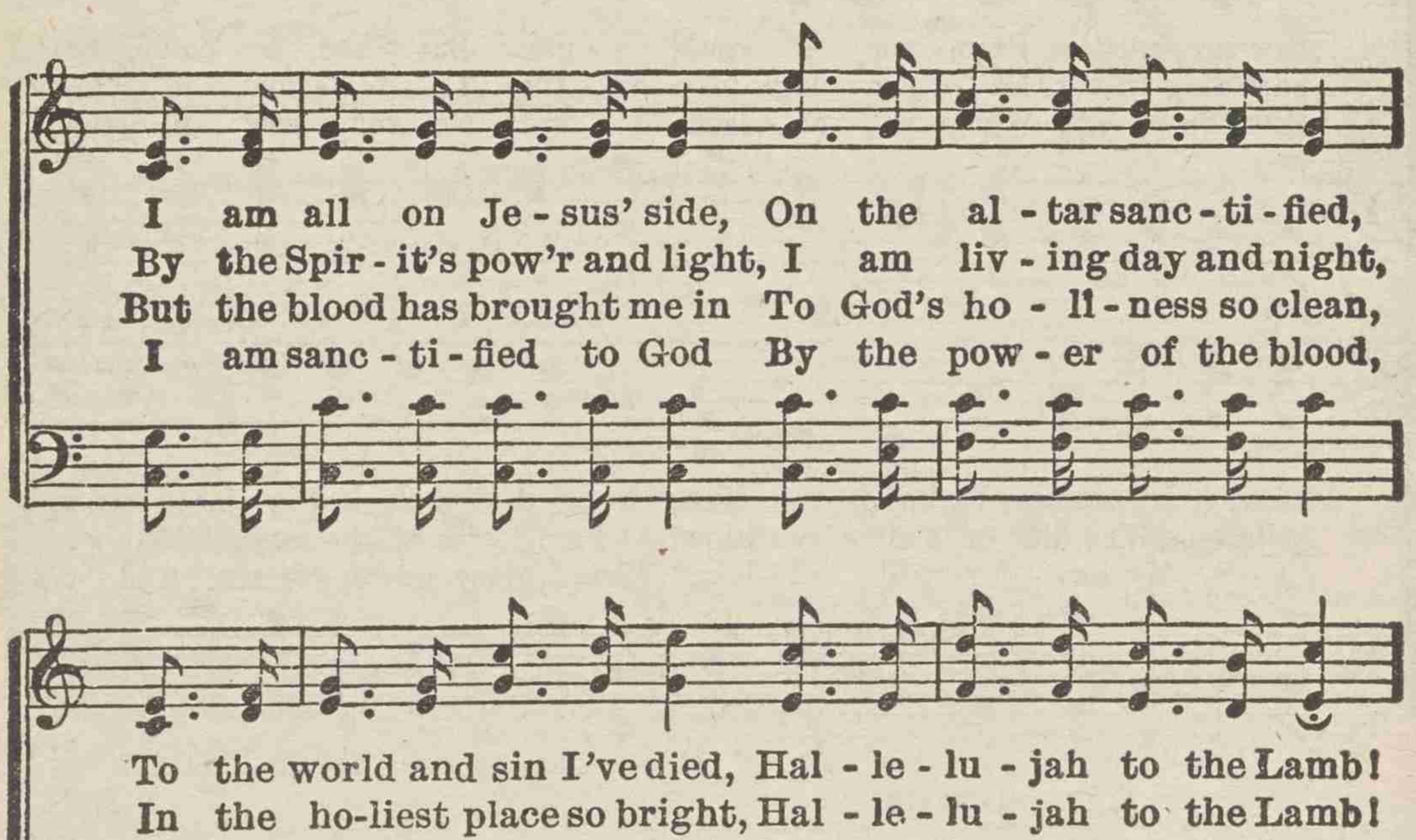
"Having therefore, brethern, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.
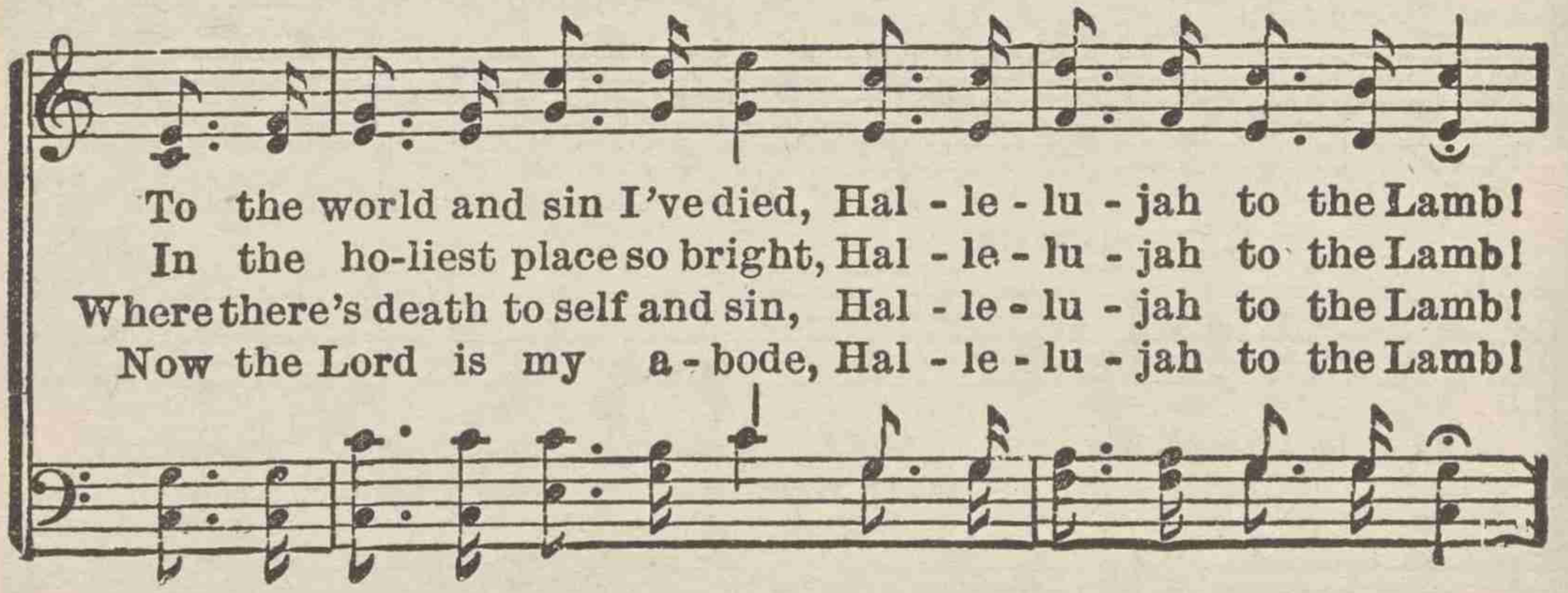
C. P. J. C. P. JONES.












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

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

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

## 69 Reunion

T. H. Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. O bless - ed Christ. who long a - go Releas'd from death Thine own,
2. One day Thy saints re-deem'd shall stand Be - fore the o - pen gate,
3. What joys di - vine will move us then, What bless-ed-ness unknown,
4. A - bide with us, O ho - ly One, Let us a - bide in Thee,

1. Whose hand assuag'd the wi - dow's wo And gave her back her son—
2. That cit - y built by God's own hand Which all the just a - wait.
3. When ev - 'ry moth-er's arm a - gain Re-ceives her cher-ish'd son!
4. That when at last life's work is done These bless-ings we may see.

# 70 Eternal Rest.

Thoro Harris, Tr. Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by T. H.

1. Time's clock is strik - ing the hou - r. Je - sus will soon de - scend,
2. In those bright man-sions su - per - nal, Death can - not en - ter there;
3. Sigh - ing for - ev - er is end - ed, Foes shall op-press no more;
4. Beau - ti - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry! Je - sus Him-self the light;

1. Cloth'd in the gar-ments of pow - er, The reign of sin to end.
2. A - ges on a - ges e - ter - nal His like-ness we shall bear.
3. Voi - ces in wor - ship are blend - ed To Him whom all a - dore.
4. There in the king-dom of glo - ry Nev - er shall fall the night.
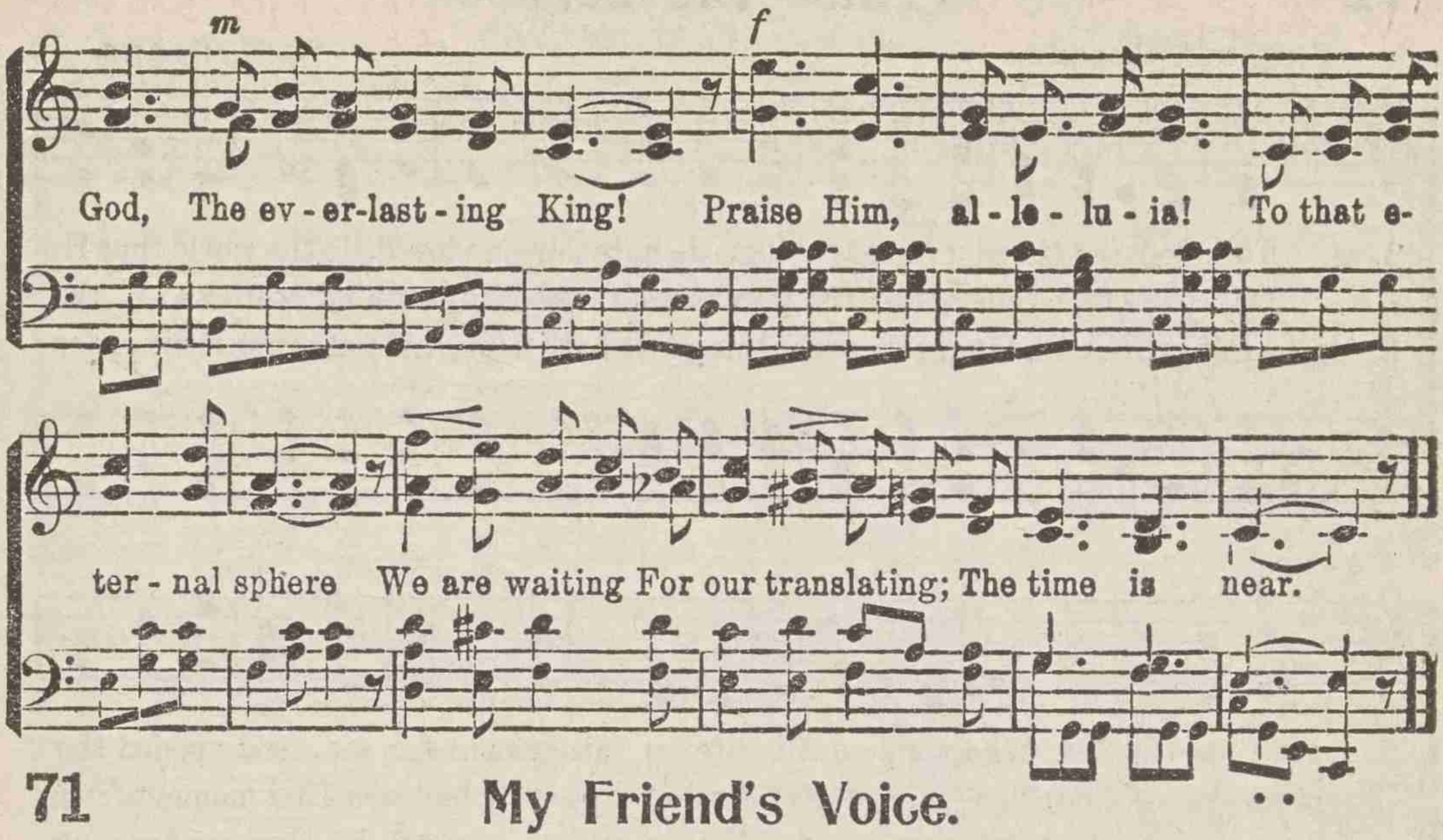
1. Then will this an - them be ring - ing Like to a might - y flood,
2. There will the once bro - ken-heart - ed Rest in the spir - it know;
3. Bathed in the light soft and ten - der, Seal'd for e - ter - ni - ty,
4. Now I am sing - ing of heav - en While here I wage the strife;

1. Then 'round the throne we'll be sing - ing Glo - ry and praise to God.
2. Sor - row for - ev - er de - part - ed, Glad-ness shall o - ver - flow.
3. Praise to the Lamb we will ren - der— Worth-y of praise is He.
4. Then will the vic - tors be giv - en Crowns of e - ter - nal life.

CHORUS. *f*
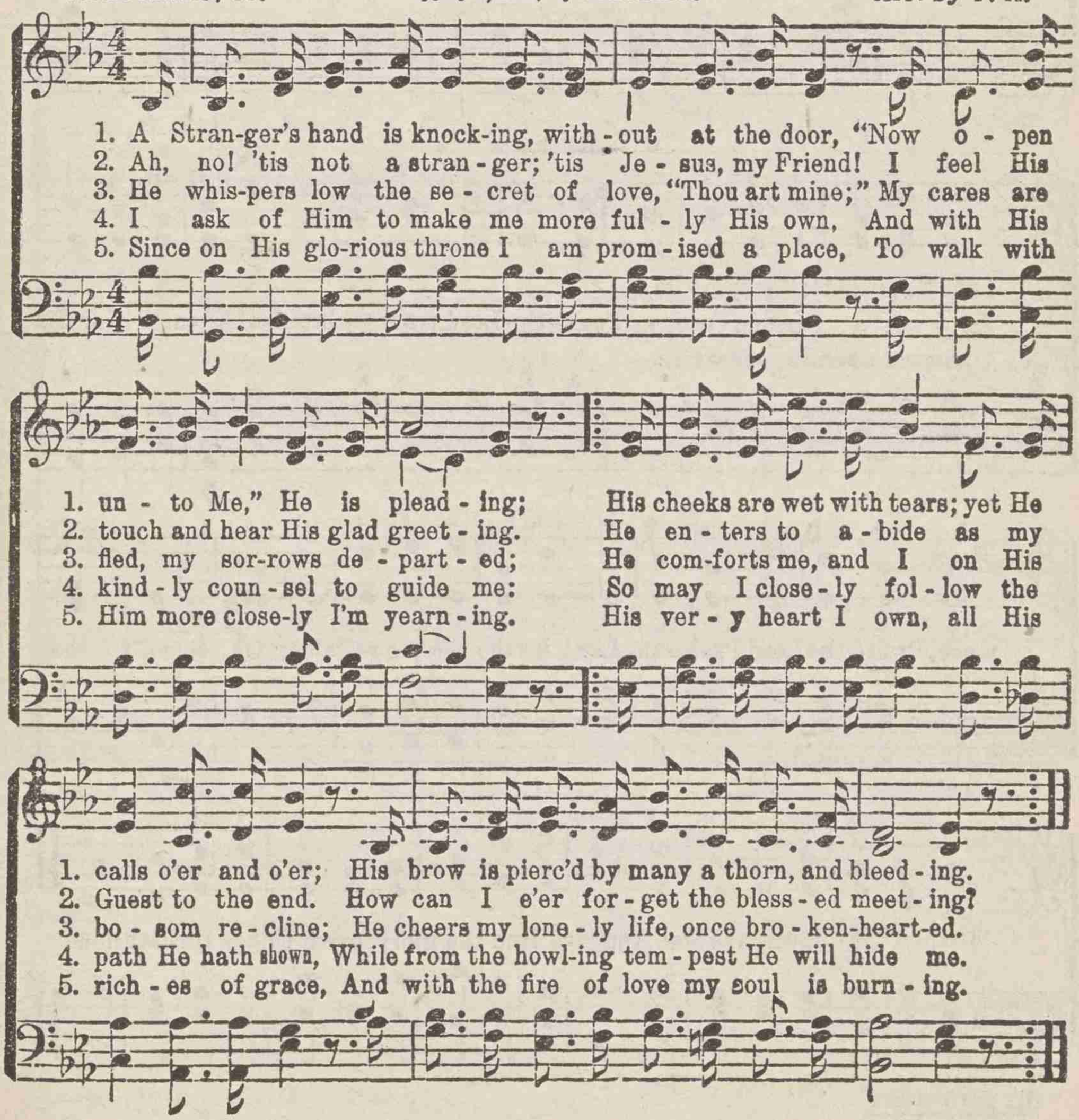
Glo - ry, glo-ry to God! Thus will the ran-som'd sing; Glo - ry, glo - ry to

## Eternal Rest.




## 71 My Friend's Voice.

**Thoro Harris, Tr.** Copyright, 1918, by Thoro Harris. **Arr. by T. H.**



# 72 Praise the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glory, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He
2. Oh, per-fect redemption, the purchase of blood, To ev-'ry be-liev-er the
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'

gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an atonement for sin, And opened the
prom-ise of God; The vil-est of-fend-er who truly believes, That moment from
Je-sus the Son; But pur-er, and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our

REFRAIN.

Life Gate that all may go in.
Je-sus a par-don receives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
transport when Je-sus we see.

voice; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, let the peo-ple re-joice; Oh, come to the
Father, thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.

By permission

## 73 This is Like Heaven to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY PURITY PUB. CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. We find ma-ny peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free;
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't understand us, I see;
3. We've heard the sweet music, the heavenly chord From Glo-ry Land o-ver the sea;
4. We're looking for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree;

We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me.
We're filled with the Spir-it, there is-n't a doubt, And this is like heav-en to me.
A soul-thrill-ing message from Je-sus, our Lord, And this is like heav-en to me.
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry us home, Oh, that will be heav-en to me.

CHORUS.

1-3. Oh, this is like heaven to me; (to me); Yes, this is like heav-en to me; (to me);
4. Oh, that will be heaven to me; (to me); Yes, that will be heav-en to me; (to me);

I've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land And this is like heaven to me. (to me).
A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heaven to me. (to me).

## 74 A Charge to Keep.

—rles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; An ev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

## 75 Victorious Faith.

C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

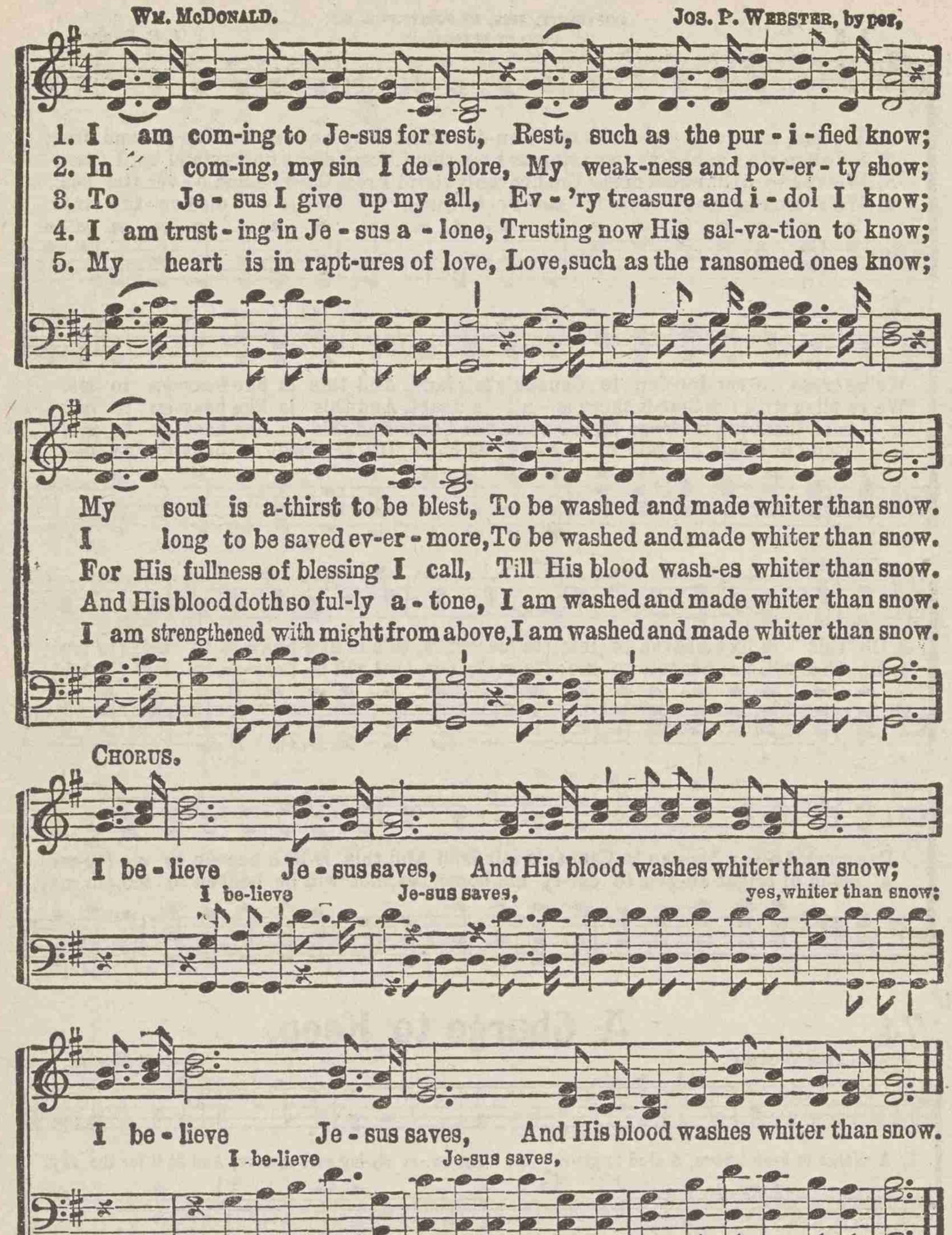
## 76 The Judgment Day.

C. M.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

## 77 I Believe Jesus Saves.

WM. McDONALD. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per,




## 78 Sweet By and By.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*Cho.*—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. F. BENNETT.

79

# Cleansing for Me.

Herbert Booth. T. H. Bayly.

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

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

*f*

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

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

# 80 Fishing For My Lord.

LUKE 5:9-10.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Norwegian.

1. Je - sus walked be-side the sea, On the shore of Gal - i - lee, When He met His dear dis - ci - ples wan and worn; All in vain they'd toiled all night,
2. Si - mon drew out from the land, At the Master's straight command, And the net was filled un - til it brake; but then Je - sus said to him, "Fear not;
3. Let us fling the line to-day In the deep, and far a - way, For the fish are there, a mul - ti - tude so great; Let us lure them for our Lord

Till there brake the morning light, And the Savior spake to comfort them that morn.
This your heav'n-appointed lot: For from henceforth thou shalt catch an host of men."
By the hook of His own word, And the blessings of the charming gos-pel bait.

D.S.—*But throw out my net once more, Catching many fishes for my blessed Lord.*

CHORUS.

I'll go fish - ing, I'll go fish - ing for my Sav - ior, I'll go fish-ing wheth-er rain or shine; I will not lie down at shore, or rain or shine;

# A Little Talk.

1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al-most ev - 'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How
those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheerful song, En-joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,— A little talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,— A little talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A little talk with

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

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

*D. S.*

82

# Salvation's Stream.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by T. H.

1. From the throne there flows a riv - er Clear as crys-tal, deep and
2. Come and drink the liv - ing wa - ter, Thru His prov-i - den - tial
3. Life and health and verdure bring - ing Where thy waves re-joic - ing
4. By the banks of life's fair riv - er Bloom the flow'rs on ei - ther
5. Praise His matchless name for-ev - er! Glo - ry to the King of

*Full harmony.*

1. wide; God himself the bounteous Giv-er Of the cleansing, heal-ing tide.
2. grace Free for ev-'ry son and daughter Of a dry and thirst-ing race.
3. go, Now my raptur'd soul is sing-ing— I am wash'd as white as snow.
4. side; Rest and peace abide for-ev - er, Here the heart is sat - is - fied.
5. kings For sal-va-tion's ris-ing riv - er, For the hope the gos - pel brings.

*p* CHORUS. *f*

Fount of God, Deep and broad, Roll-ing on to all the na - tions!
Precious flood, O-ver-flow-ing thy banks, roll on to all the na - tions!

*p* *f*

Child of wo, Deeper go, Plunge beneath sal - va - tion's flow.
Joy to know, Wash away thy sin; O plunge beneath salvation's might-y flow.

Be-neath sal - va - tion's flow.

# 83 Since the Fulness of the Light Shone In.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Those were darksome years Filled with gloomy fears When my life was marred by sin;
2. Now He saves each hour By His wondrous pow'r: How can I His praise be-gin?
3. There is rest complete At the sa-cred feet Of the ev - er-bless-ed One,
4. For my Lord so true This I mean to do: To His fold some soul to win,
5. I shall dwell sometime In the realm sublime Of the cit - y pearl - y - white,

1. When my life was marred by sin;

1. But the sunbeams play Round my path to-day And the light of heav'n streams in.
2. There's a peace di-vine In this heart of mine Since the glo-ry-light shone in.
3. For the love of God Now is shed a-broad And e - ter - nal life be - gun.
4. Tell-ing all a-round What a joy I've found Since the golden light shone in.
5. And for - ev - er-more Worship and a - dore Where the Lamb is all the light.

CHORUS.

Since the ful - ness of the light shone in, Clear - ing

With a ra-diance bright,

all the mists of doubt and sin, (the light shone in,) I can al - way

see the face of Je - sus Since the ful - ness of the light shone in.

# 84 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

**Mary Brown.** COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D. S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

# 85 On the Cross of Calvary.

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

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

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

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

*f.* FINE.

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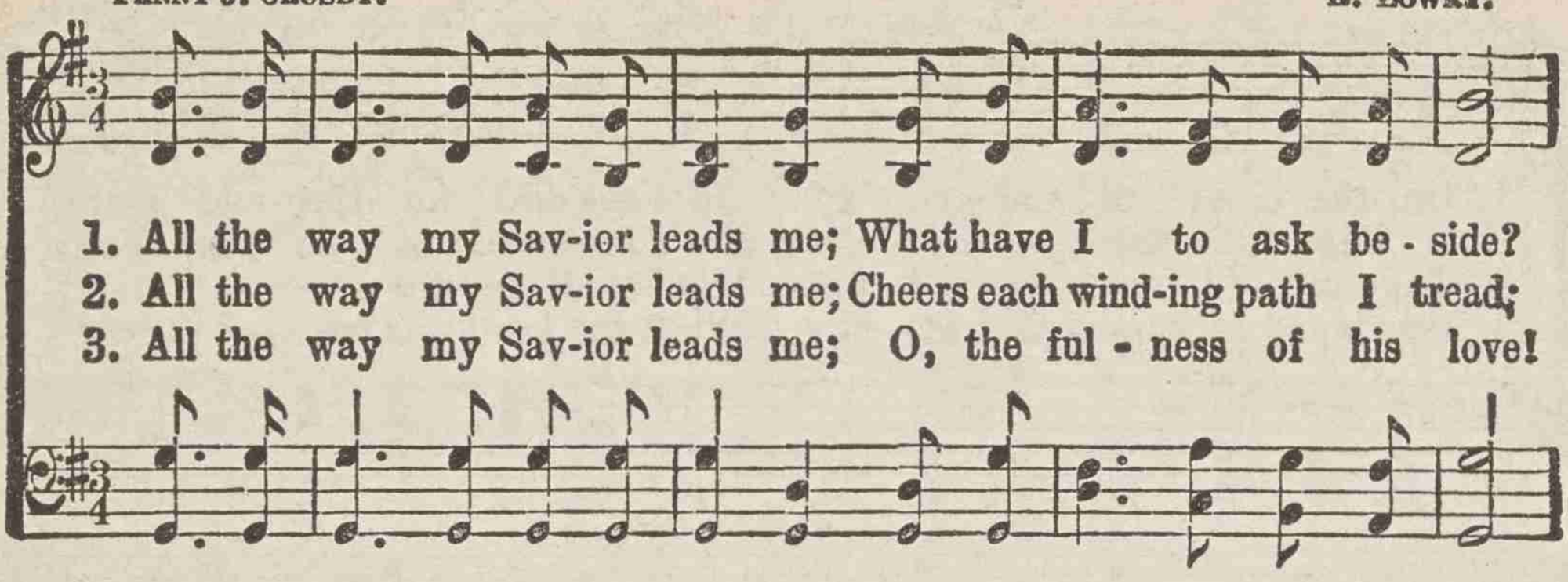
CHORUS. D. S.

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

Used by permission.
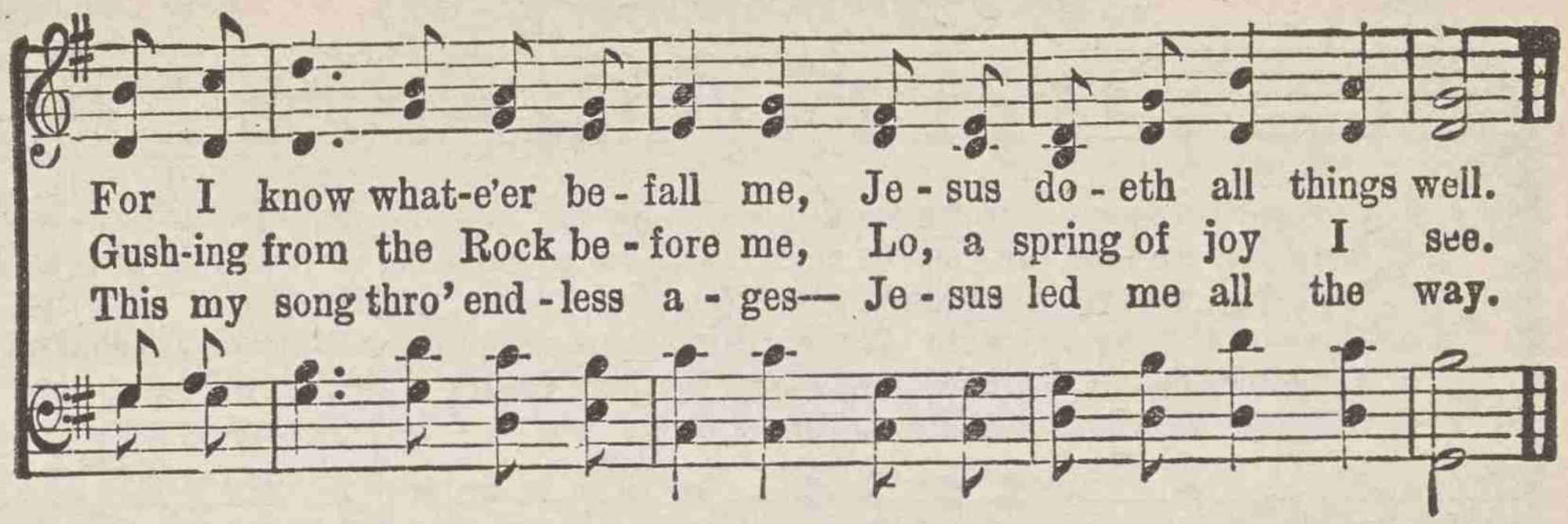
# 86 All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. LOWRY.




Used by permission.
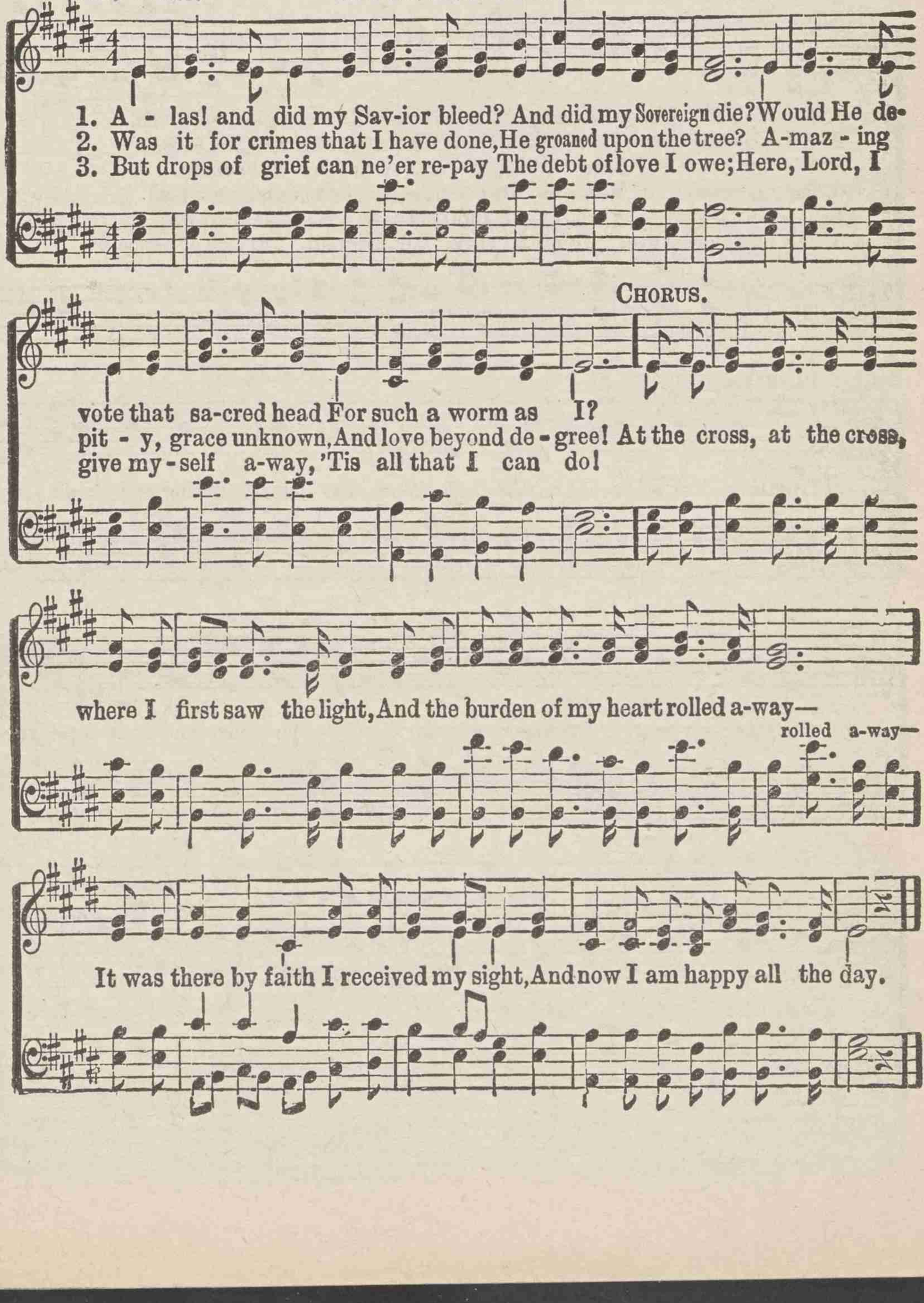
## All the Way my Savior Leads Me.




87.

## At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON, R. E. Hudson.



# 88 The Kingdom is Almost Here.

T. K. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

1. For-ward we go, Fac-ing the fo, Fol-low-ing ev - er Je - sus our Sav - ior,
2. Noth-ing we fear, Je - sus is near; Faith-ful to guide us, He walks be-side us
3. Look-ing a-bove, trusting His love Who free-ly gave us His life to save us;
4. Signs in the sky Show He is nigh; Mountains are quaking, Nations are shaking;
5. Kingdoms de-cay, Thrones pass a-way, Nothing en-dur-ing—Are ye se-cur - ing
6. O how we yearn For His re-turn! Lord of cre - a - tion, O'er ev-'ry na - tion

1. Seek-ing His grace, Running the race Straight to our glorious home.
2. All on our way To realms of day Where we shall see His face.
3. Glo - ry to God! Sure is His word Now and for-ev-er-more.
4. How o-ceans roar! He's at the door, Judge of the quick and dead.
5. Ti - tle and right, Children of light, To an e - ter-nal crown?
6. Thy flag shall wave, "Mighty to save," "Wonderful," "Prince of peace."

REFRAIN. *Unison. f*

Trust-ing for - ev - er Je - sus our Sav - ior, Watching and wait - ing

till He ap-pear, On-ward and up - ward be our en - deav - or—The

King - dom is al - most here! is al - most here!

1 2 *Harmony.*

# 89 The Breaking of the Day.

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. G. W. Sederquist.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

# 90 My Heart Has Been Touched.

"Whose hearts God has touched."—1 SAM. 10: 26.

T. H. Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris Thoro Harris

1. My heart has been touch'd by the love of Je - sus, Son of God ere time be-gan;
2. My heart has been thrill'd by the wondrous sto-ry—Nev-er such was known before;
3. My heart has been mov'd by His ten - der mer - cy, Craving par-don for His foes;
4. My heart has been woo'd by His sweet compassion, Calling wand'rers to His breast;
   My heart has been won by His grace so boundless, And my life I yield Him now;

1. Tho' most di - vine, He is yet di - vin - est In His love for fall - en man..
2. The great Je - ho - vah, the Christ of glo - ry, All our sins and sor-rows bore.
3. O hear Him pleading, "Forgive them,Father!" How His pa-tience o - ver - flows!
4. "Come, all ye wea - ry, ye heav - y la - den, Come and I will give you rest."
5. I glad - ly, free - ly my all sur-rend-er As be - fore His cross I bow.

REFRAIN.

*p* *pp*

Je - sus, O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior! Nail'd to the cross, to

*Cres.*

Cal - v'ry's bit - ter tree! Bleed - ing, dy - ing in fear - ful

bit - ter tree!

an - guish, Bear - ing the curse of sin (for me,) for me.

# The Final Separation.

"One shall be taken, and the other left"—MATT. 24: 40.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by T. H.

Moderato.

1. When Christ arrayed in splen-dor, Shall in the sky ap-pear, The Bridegroom by His
2. E - ter-nal sep - a - ra - tion! O fruitless tears of wo! What bit - ter-ness of
3. The sun, His presence fearing, With all the stars that burn So ra-diant - ly, shall
4. The seek - er aft - er pleas-ure, Now seeketh all in vain, No joy his ach - ing
5. O grim and fearsome sto-ry! So sad, but ah, how true! No false a - larm nor
6. In this, the "time ac-cept-ed," Your hope cast not a - way; Escape the doom which

dim.

1. waiting church ex-pect - ed, He just awards will render To them who serve Him here,
2. parting! one is "ta - ken." An aw - ful trib-u-la-tion Earth nev-er yet did know,
3. from their place be sha - ken. His promis'd sign appearing, All tribes of men shall mourn,
4. heart can here dis-cov - er; The priceless heav'nly treasure Who nev-er so't to gain,
5. i - dle spec-u - la - tion. Be seal'd for life and glo-ry; This word He speaks to you;
6. all the world be-fal - leth. The Man you have rejected Will be your Judge that day;

REFRAIN.

1. And sin-ners who the Son of God re - ject - ed.
2. Shall burst upon a faithless gen-er - a - tion.
3. By justice and by judgment o-ver - ta - ten. All ties that bind us break - ing,
4. His crown of life was giv-en to an - oth - er.
5. And from the fateful sleep of death a - wa - ken.
6. O turn while yet the voice of mer-cy call - eth!

Far sun-der'd we shall be; (for-ev-er;) The choice you now are mak - ing Will

rall. e dim.

is ta - - ken.

seal your des-ti - ny, When one is "left," the oth - er "caught up" to meet the Lord.

# 92 In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar-mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spok-en And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed ar-my In the sum-mer-land a-bove, And the

bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bounding hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for-

loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
fol - low, For sometime I'll un - der-stand, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
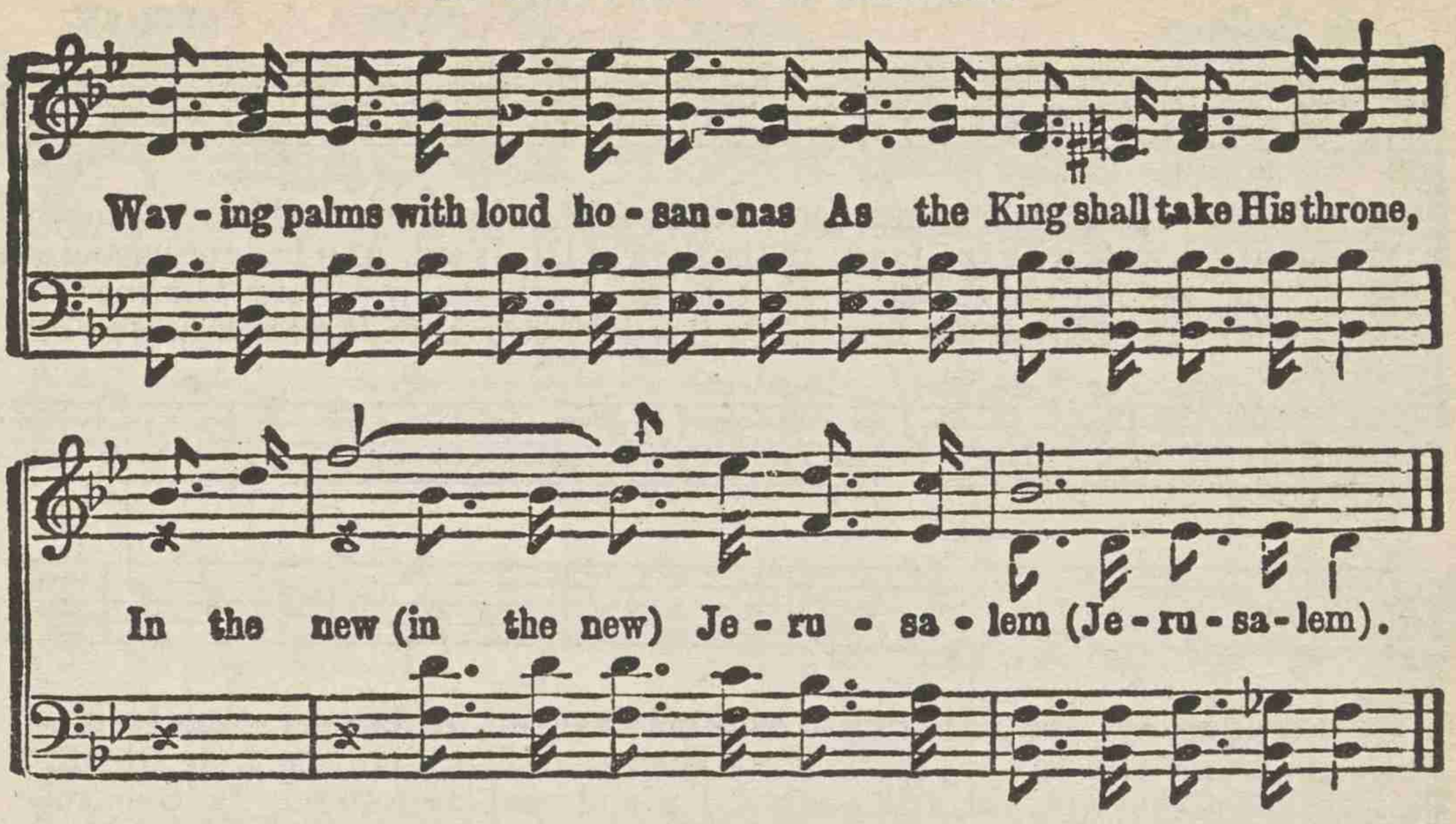
CHORUS.

There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing When the saints come marching home,

In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem:
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;

Copyright, 1911, by Nazarene Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal. By per.

## In the New Jerusalem.




## 93 This World is Not My Home.

COPYRIGHT. 1908. BY JOHN T. BENSON. USED BY PER.

Arr. by Mrs. John T. Benson.




CHORUS. D. S.

# 94 Is Your All On the Altar?

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1900, by E. A. Hoffman

# 95 Looking For That Blessed Hope.

T. H. Tit. 2: 13. THORO HARRIS.

1. O shout a-loud the tid-ings, Re-peat the joy-ful strain; Let all the
2. Signs in the heav'n a-bove us, In sun and moon and sky, Pro-claim to
3. We'll watch for his re-turn-ing With lamps well trimm'd and bright; He com-eth

wait-ing na-tions This mes-sage hear a-gain: The spot-less Lamb of
all the faith-ful Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh; The hearts of men are
to the care-less As thieves break thro' at night; "Well done, thou good and

glo-ry, Who once for man was slain, Soon o'er all the earth shall reign.
quak-ing And fail-ing them for fear: Je-sus' com-ing draw-eth near.
faith-ful"—O may we hear the word, "Share the joy of Christ thy Lord."

CHORUS.

Looking for that blessed hope, Looking for that blessed hope; We know the
that joyful hope, that glorious hope;

hour is nearing, The hour of his appearing: We're looking for that blessed hope.

Copyright, 1911, by Thoro Harris.

# 96 Prayer Changes Things

T. H. Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris **Thoro Harris**

1. A - mid the storm of rag-ing fears, The blast-ed hopes of bygone years;
2. What tho the path be dark and long And poignant grief has silenc'd song;
3. Tho' furious blasts my soul as - sail, My an-chor holds with - in the vail;
4. E'en tho my faith be weak and small, My Fa-ther hears my faint-est call;
5; I dwell in Him, He dwells in me; And so I may un - ceas - ing - ly
6. I am the mas - ter of my fate, Con-di-tions new I may cre - ate;

1. What-e'er be - fall, my spir - it clings To this sure rock:pray'r changes things.
2. What com-fort this as-sur-ance brings, This ho - ly trust, pray'r changes things!
3. Tho dried be life's re-fresh-ing springs, I may be-lieve pray'r changes things.
4. I up-ward moant on eagle's wings When I re - call pray'r changes things.
5. Hold con-verse with the King of kings. But not in-vain: pray'r changes things.
6. For link'd to heav'n, God's power brings My will to pass, and changes things.

CHORUS.

And so I cast my care a-way And in His presence kneel and pray;
And so I cast my care a-way And in His presence kneel and pray;

*rit.*

My chasten'd spir - it joy-ful sings Be-cause I know pray'r changes things.
My chasten'd spir-it

97

# Jesus the Son of God.

Copyright, 1915, by G. T. Haywood.

G. T. H. G. T. Haywood.

1. Do you know Je - sus, Our Lord, our Sav-ior, Je - sus the
2. God gave Him a ran-som, Our souls to re - cov - er; Je - sus the
3. O who would re - ject Him, De - spise, or for-sake Him, Je - sus the
4. If you will ac-cept Him And trust and be-lieve Him, Je - sus the
5. Then some day from heaven, On clouds of bright glo - ry, Je - sus the

1. Son of God? Have you ev - er seen Him, Or shared of His fa - vor?
2. Son of God. His blood made us wor - thy His Spir - it to hov - er;
3. Son of God? O who ev - er sought Him, And He would not take Him?
4. Son of God, Your soul will ex - alt Him, And nev - er will leave Him;
5. Son of God Will come for His jew-els, Most pre-cious and ho - ly,

*D. S.*—O how I love Thee!

FINE. REFRAIN.

Je - sus the Son of God. O sweet Wonder! O sweet Wonder!

*D. S.*

Je - sus the Son of God; How I a - dore Thee!

# The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY. Arr. by THORO HARRIS

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

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

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed

CHORUS.—*In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my*

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the

*stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the*

*D. S.*

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

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

Copyright, 1925, by Thoro Harris

# How Would it Fare With Thee?

T. H. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. If Je-sus should summon the nations Before Him just now to ap-pear, Call - ing the
2. Would we be found watching and waiting To welcome our Savior and Lord? Could we re-
3. Our Sav-ior is com-ing as sure - ly As once He was born long a-go; Some will be

dead in - to judg - ment, Bid-ding the liv-ing draw near, Each to re-ceive from the
joice if this mo - ment He would ful-fill His own word? If on a char-iot of
glad to re-ceive Him, Some will reap sorrow and wo. They who are faithful will

Mas - ter Re-ward, what-so-ev - er it be, Then, O my brother, my sis - ter,
glo - ry The bless-ed Re-deem-er we'd see, Tell me, my sis - ter, my brother,
hail Him, The careless His presence will flee; Soon He will come in His glo - ry;

REFRAIN.

How would it fare with thee? How would it fare with me?.... How would it fare with
How would it fare with thee?
How will it fare with thee? with me? O

thee?.... If summoned this moment to meet Him, How would it fare with thee?
with thee? O

*rit.*

# 100 Tell it to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

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 un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? 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 men's eyes 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 King-dom 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.

# 101 Death Hath No Terrors.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

# 102 When the Morning Dawns.

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

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als press on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der-stand
4. Here temp-ta-tion's hid - den snare oft - en takes us un - a - ware,

Roll - ing clouds and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceed a gold - en clime;
Want of shel - ter and of food, with thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;
All the ways that God will lead us to that bless-ed prom-ised land;
And our hearts are made to bleed by some thonghtless wcrd or deed,
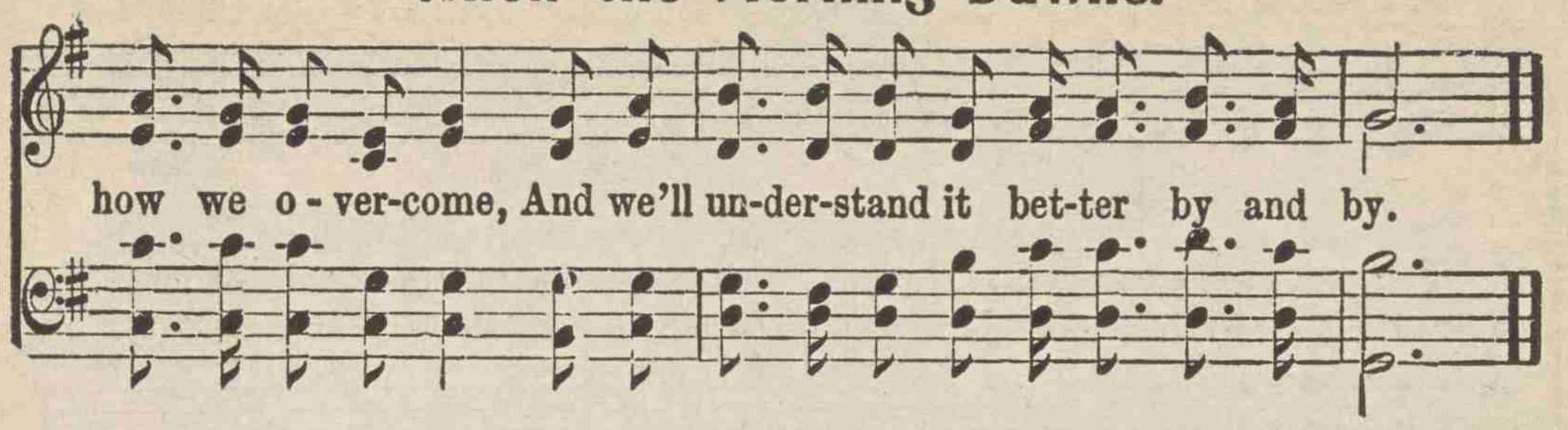
In that land of per - fect day, when the mist is rolled a-way, We will
But we're trust-ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will
But He'l guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will
And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

REFRAIN.

un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing
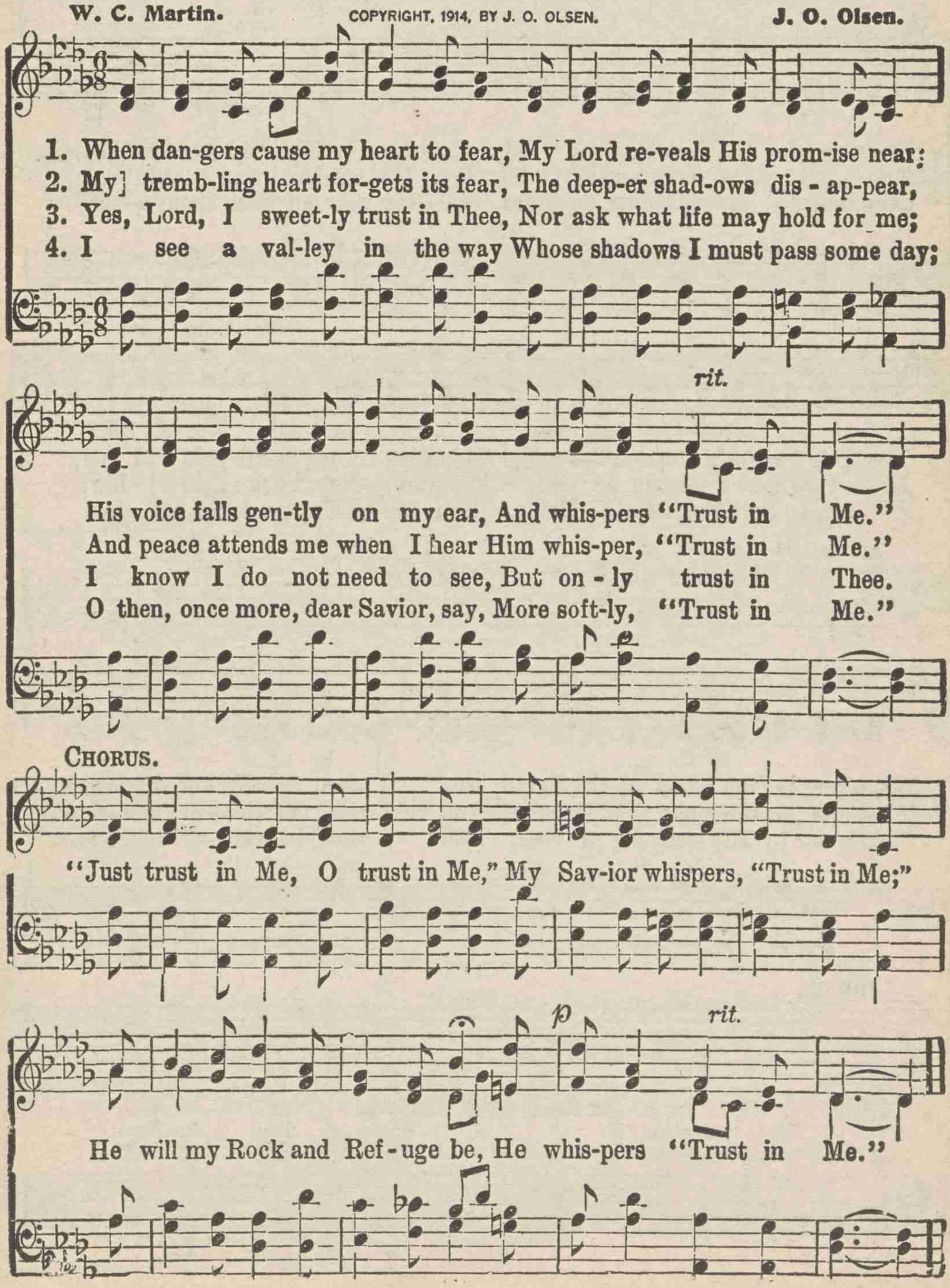
dawns, All the saints of God are gathered home, We will sing the sto - ry

## When the Morning Dawns.




## 103 Trust in Me.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. O. OLSEN. J. O. Olsen.



# 104 Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. BY PERMISSION. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came:
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,

## Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow. the snow;

rit.

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

## 105 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me.

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

F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.
*Tenor and Alto Duet.*

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

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

CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me. He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,

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

# 106 Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CRESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, oh, earth, His won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in glo-ry! Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suf - fer'd, and bled, and died, He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Cru-ci - fied. Sound His praises! Jesus who bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly port - als loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be-long;

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

By permission.

# 107 One of Them.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. There are some of ev - 'ry na - tion Who are wait - ing for the Lord,
2. When the blaz - ing light of heav - en Shall the Sav - ior's face re - veal,
3. Ah, this world is tran - si - to - ry, All its fleet - ing joys take wing;

And their hope hath this foun - da-tion—'Tis the prom - ise of his word;
When the sons of wrath are driv - en All the pangs of death to feel,
Would you share e - ter - nal glo - ry At the com - ing of the King,

By this live - ly ex - pec - ta - tion How their long-ing hearts are stirred!
Then the king-dom shall be giv - en To the saints who bear the seal.
Then be - lieve the gos - pel sto - ry, With the faith - ful shout and sing:

REFRAIN.

Praise God, I'm one of them. One of them, one of them, I'm so glad I'm
who watch for the day.

one of them; One of them, one of them; Praise God, I'm one of them.
who toil, who pray:

# 108 Victory.

B. E. W. BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal-va-tion bro't, Vic-to-ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic-to-ry,

Vic-to-ry,

vic-to-ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
vic-to-ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
vic-to-ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
vic-to-ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;

vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,.... yes, vic-to-ry!

Vic-to-ry. vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, vic-to-ry.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry, Glo-ry, glo-ry,

Glo-ry, glo-ry,

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all..... in all to me.....

hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

# 109 Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

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

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

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

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

# 110 Jesus, I'll Go Through With Thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

# 111 On Duty

Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris

1. 'Tis man-ly to stand for the Sav - ior, To brave-ly es - pouse the right;
2. 'Tis joy to o - bey such a Lead - er, To march in the blood-sprinkled way;
3. All hail to the val - iant in bat - tle Who fought for a nation's just cause!
4. A prince of Im - man - u - el's king-dom, A child of e - ter - ni - ty's King;

1. 'Tis no - ble to fight 'gainst the e - vil And live in God's ho - ly sight.
2. To fol - low His glo - ri - ous ban - ner And strike for the truth al-way.
3. They live iu their country's af - fec - tions, They mer-it the world's applause.
4. An heir to His rich - es in glo - ry—His cho - sen have cause to sing!

1. A friend of Christ, a dis - ci - ple—What hon - or to bear His dear name,
2. The hand once pierc-ed and bleed-ing, In ag - o - ny nailed to the tree,
3. But they who bat - tle with de-mons, Who wres-tle with foes of the soul,
4. And by and by He will crown them And give them a place on His throne,

1. De - vot - ing the life to His ser-vice! This is bet-ter than rich-es or fame.
2. My name has inscribed with God's heroes—This is hon - or suf-fic-ient for me.
3. Shall live when this world is for - got-ten, While the a - ges on a-ges shall roll.
4. Sur - ren - der your life to the Sav-ior, And be numbered as one of His own.

# 112 Nothing Else Will Matter

Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris

1. When there dawns up-on our world the judgment day, I must give ac-count of
2. Wheth - er large or small has been my earth-ly store, If I have not Je - sus
3. To my bless - ed Sav-ior am I al-ways true, Care - ful all my work "as
4. Do I stand ac - cept - ed in the sight of heav'n? Thru the great a-tone-ment
5. Can I well en - dure the fi - nal searching test? Will the Mas - ter say, "Well

1. ev - 'ry word I say, Faith - ful - ly the Fa - ther's will do I o - bey?
2. I in - deed am poor, Are my treas-ures hid - den in the bank se - cure?
3. to the Lord" to do? When e - ter - nal is - sues pass in dread re - view,
4. are my sins for-giv'n? When the pow'rs of dark-ness to the pit are driv'n,
5. done: you did your best"? Shall I share a her - i - tage of peace and rest?

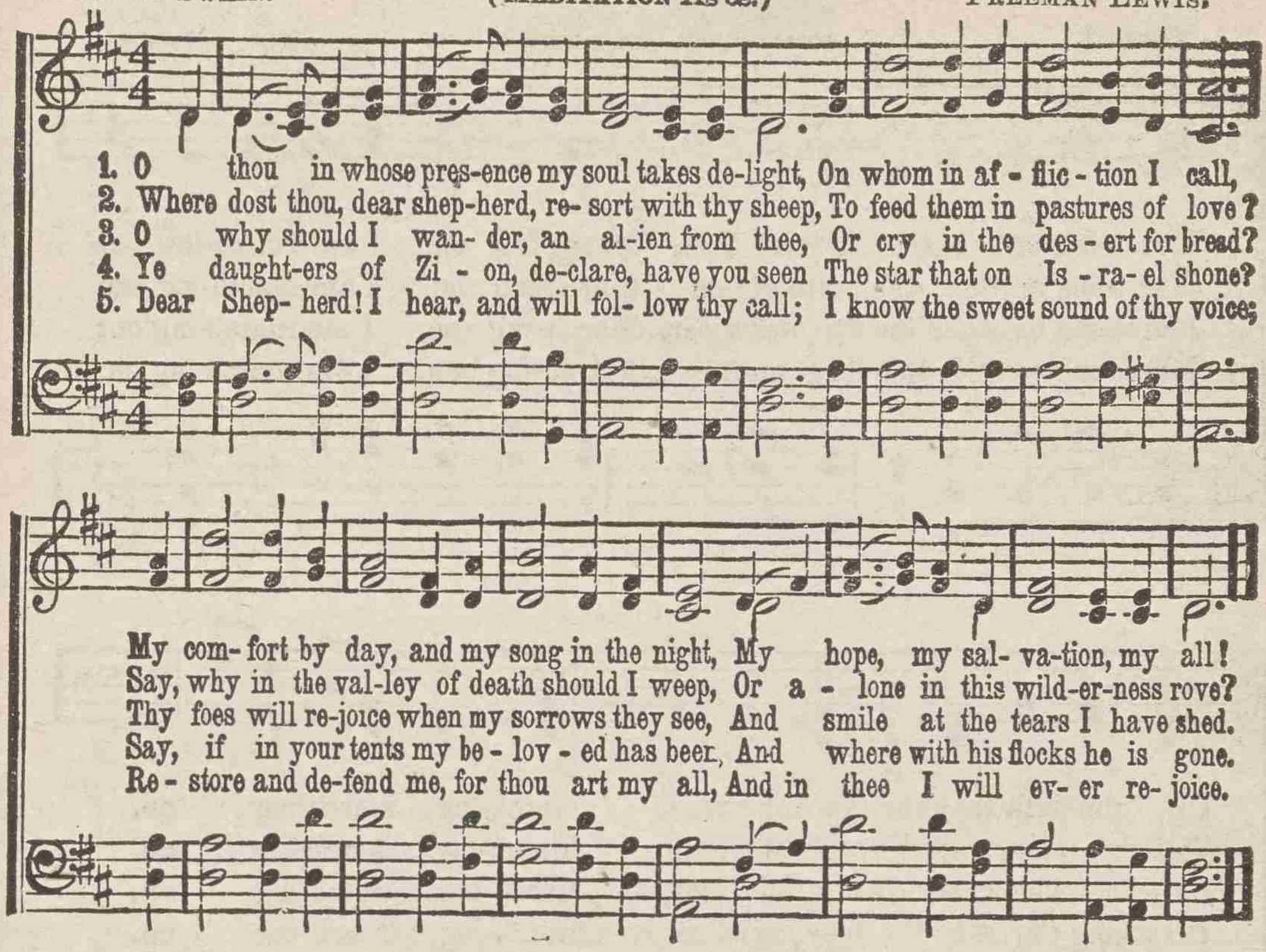
CHORUS.

Noth-ing else will mat-ter then. { No, noth-ing else will matter when the
in that day. { And stand be-fore the great e - ter - nal

King I see By and by, (By and by,) by and by, (by and by,)
ma - jes - ty (*Omit*.....,) Of the throne on high,
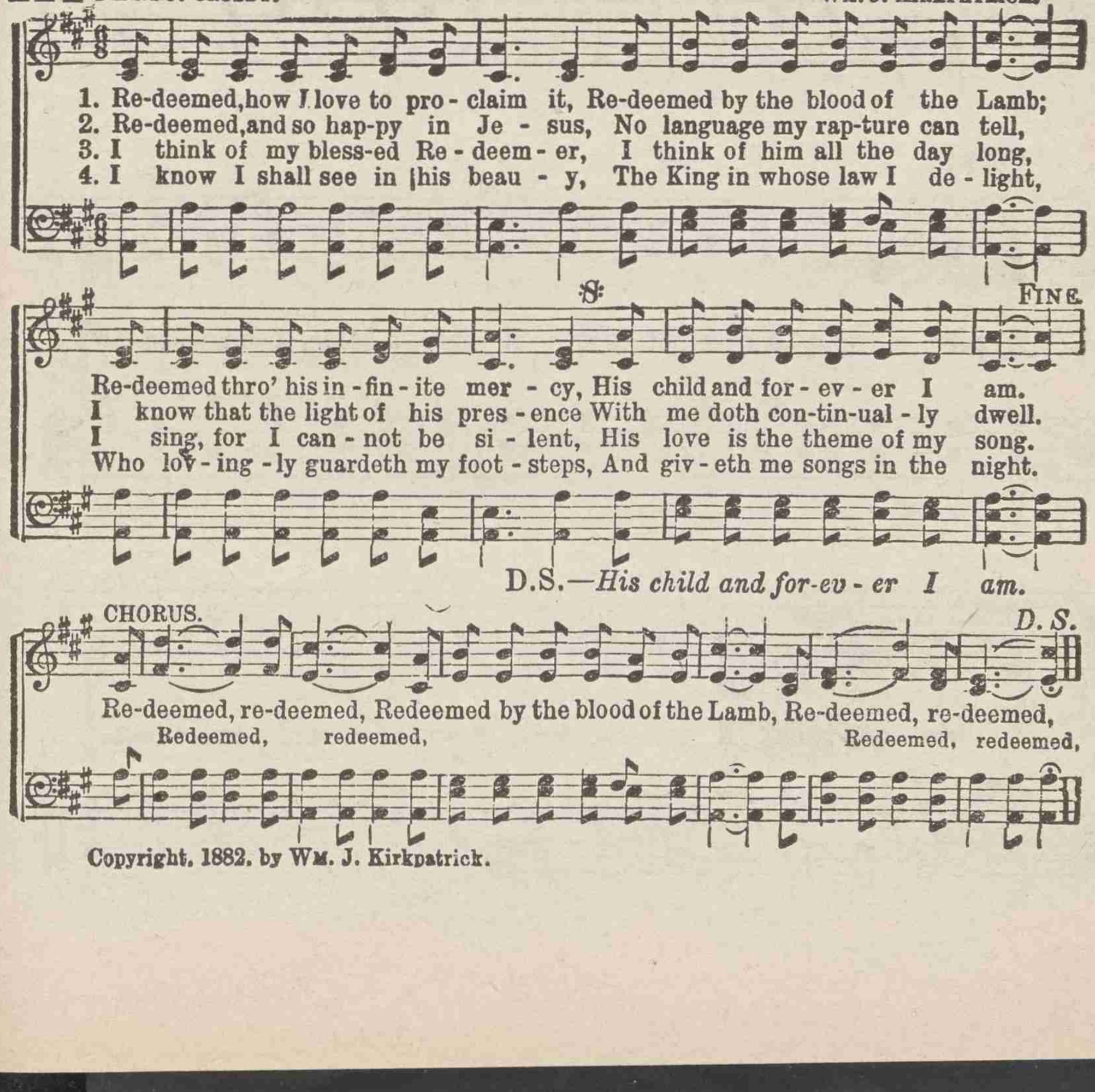
## 113 O Thou in Whose Presence.

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




## 114 Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

115

# Marching On.

Capt. J. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY R. E. HUDSON. Capt. Johnson.

1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
3. March-ing on while the skeptics sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;
4. March-ing on with the flag un-furled, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;

Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.
Vict'ry's mine, while I've Christ within, March-ing, march-ing on.
Per - fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.
Preaching Christ to the dy - ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.

CHORUS.

A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,

A vic - tor's palm, a joy un - told, Are mine when I get there.

# Go Forward!

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Ex. 14: 15.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. What tho' steep mountains hedge thy way? Go for - ward! go for-ward!
2. A firm, u - nit - ed, con-q'ring host, Go for - ward! go for-ward!
3. Be loy - al to your un - seen Head, Go for - ward! go for-ward!
4. In - vade the ser - ried ranks of sin, Go for - ward! go for-ward!

Be - fore thee glows the light of day: Go for-ward in His name!
In God Je - ho - vah be your boast: Go for-ward in His name!
His shelt'ring wings are o'er you spread: Go for-ward in His name!
New tro-phies for your Cap - tain win: Go for-ward in His name!

CHORUS.

Go for - ward! go for - ward! His ban - ner float - ing o'er us;
Go for-ward ev - er!

Go for - ward! go for - ward, And gain the prom ised land.
ard, ev - er

# 117 Beulah Land.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO, R. SWENEY.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow;
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

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

And view the shin - ing glo - ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

# 118 The Fire Is Burning.

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

Joyously.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is-fied my long-ing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev - 'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov ing-
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be-yond I see the ha - ven

heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is
day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is
ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is
I de - sire; There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is

CHORUS.

burning with the fire. O the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,

O 'tis burn-ing, burn-ing in my soul; O the fire is burn-ing,

yes, 'tis brightly burning, O 'tis burning, burning in my soul.
burning in my soul.

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

## 119 Like Jesus Himself.

M. E. E. — M. E. ENLOW.

1. Dear Father. I long to lean on thy breast, And find in my soul thy
2. The Holy Ghost comes to dwell in my heart, He comes to - a - bide and
3. The Saviour will come from heaven some day, To take me with him for

won- der- ful rest, And bring to thy throne this need-ful re-quest: That
nev - er de-part, Re - veal-ing to me how ho - ly thou art, And
ev - er to stay, And for that glad hour I earn-est - ly pray, For

REFRAIN.

thou will make me like Je - sus him-self. Like Je - sus him-self, like
makes me still more like Je - sus him-self.
then I shall be like Je - sus him-self.

Je - sus him-self; I long to be just like Je - sus him - self. I

lean on his arm, kept safe from all harm, And long to be just like Jesus him-self.

## 120 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.
2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { Oh, how bright the path grows fron day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.
3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
   { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing. lean - ing. Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

# 121 I'm Going Through.

H. B.
Arr. by Thoro Harris.

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

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

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway
2. Ma -ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Redeemer
3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil - low,
4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom

so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And
they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But
like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than
of un - end-ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start

CHORUS.

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

thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way

with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm go-ing thro', Jesus, I'm go-ing thro'.

# An Old Account Settled.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was always
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-
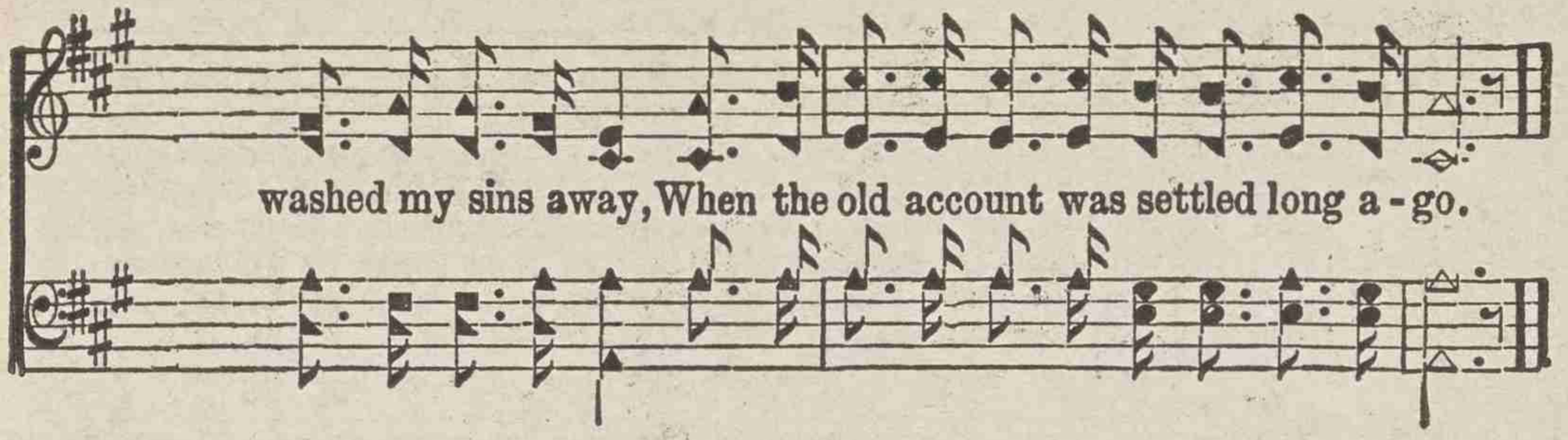
standing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And ma - ny
sinning, And nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked ahead And saw such
o - pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While tears of
manded, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A hun-dred

things be-low, I went un - to the keep-er, And set - tled long a - go.
pain and woe, I said that I would set - tle, And set - tled long a - go.
joy will flow Be - cause I had it set - tled, And set - tled long a - go.
years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You set - tled long a - go.

CHORUS.

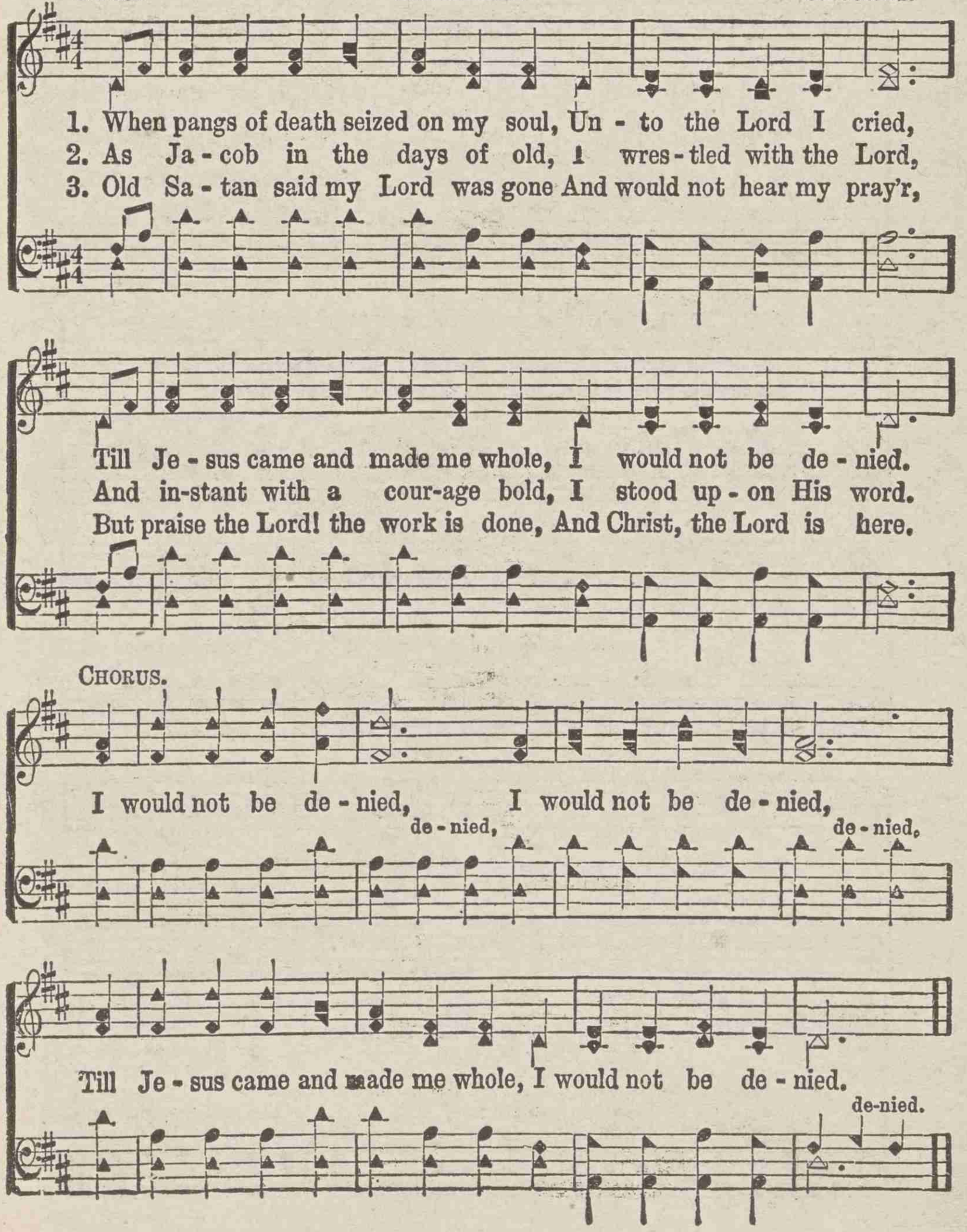
Long a - go, Long a - go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
set-tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

By Permission.




## 123 I Would Not be Denied.

C. P. J. Gen. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



# 124 But Now I'm Redeemed.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. Long I wandered on in sin, O'er life's rough and thorny way, Oft-en think-ing
Of the judgment, And the debt I had to pay;
2. Man - y times my life was sad, And as dark as dark could be, For I had no
hope of heav- en; [*Omit.....*] From my sin I was not free.
3. But I'm hap - py now to say That one day the light broke in, Then I was a
new cre - a - tion, And had left the paths of sin;
Now the way is high and smooth, And the Sav-iour is my friend; He will bear my
heav-y bur-dens [*Omit.....*] E - ven to my journey's end.
Why do peo - ple live in sin When there is a bet-ter way? Why not take the
liv - ing wa- ter? It is flow-ing free to - day;
When you reach your journey's end, Then what will your answer be. When arraigned be-
fore our Saviour, [*Omit.....*] And the Judge shall question thee?

CHORUS.

But now I'm re - deemed,..... yes, I am re - deemed;.....
redeemed by the blood, and hap-py in God;
O hap-py the day,..... I'll nev-er for - get.....
my sins washed away, 't is sweet to me yet,
When Je-sus came in,..... and cleansed me from sin,.....
and made my heart clean, yes, took out my sin,
And whispered to me,..... I've paid the great debt .....
Dear soul, you are free, I've paid the great debt.

# 125 I've Been Redeemed.

William Cowper. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris, Arr.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - - y stains.

2. The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun - tain in his day;
And there may I, tho vile as he, Wash all my sins..... a - way.

3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin ..... no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till..... I die.

5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tung Is ransomed from..... the grave.

CHORUS.

I've been re-deem'd,..... I've been re - deem'd;..... O praise the
and so have I, and so have I;

Lord,..... ..... I've been re - deem'd; I've been wash'd in the
ex - alt His name, His pow'r pro-claim;

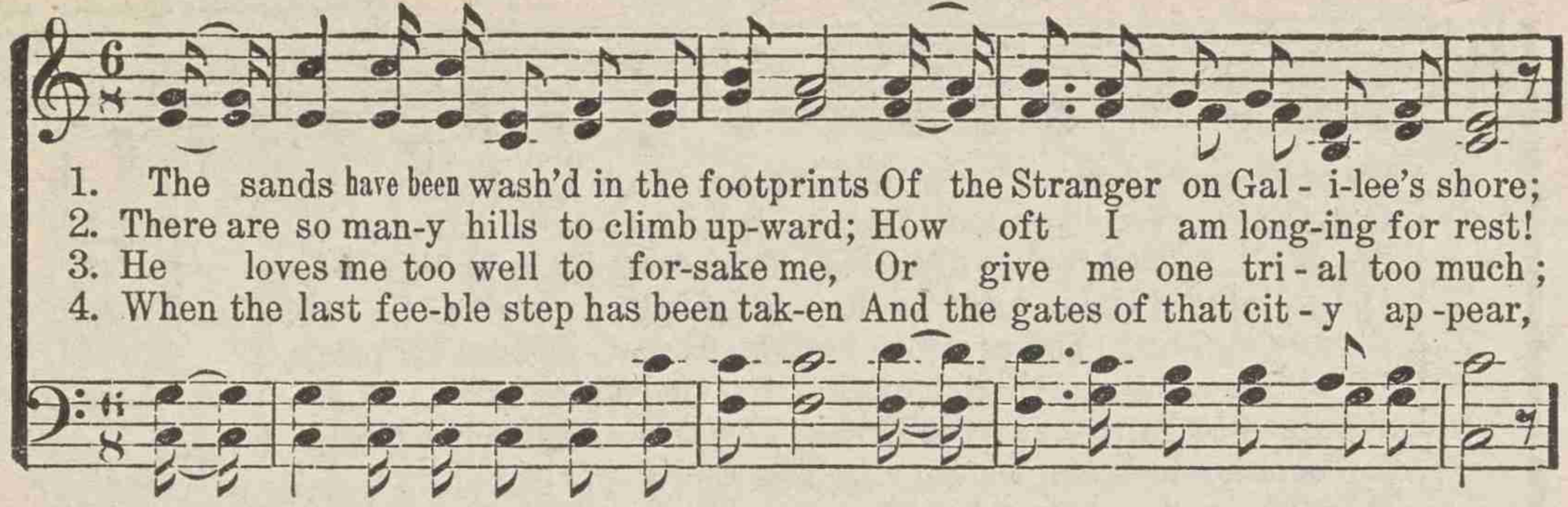
blood of the Lamb, I've been wash'd in the blood, praise His name!
precious blood! hal - le-lu - jah!

I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, That flow'd from Cal-va - ry.
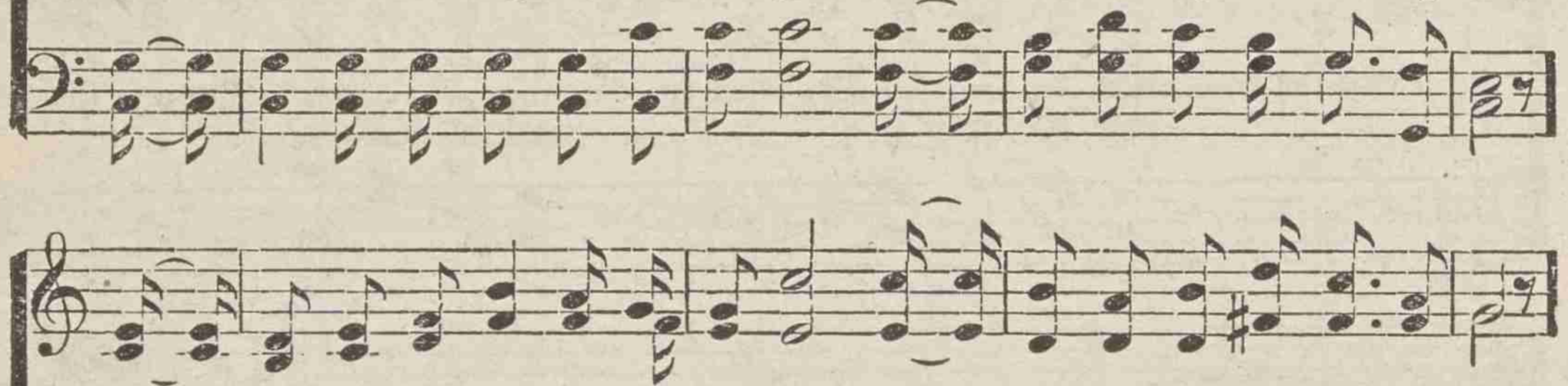
# 126 The End of the Way.

Arrangement copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

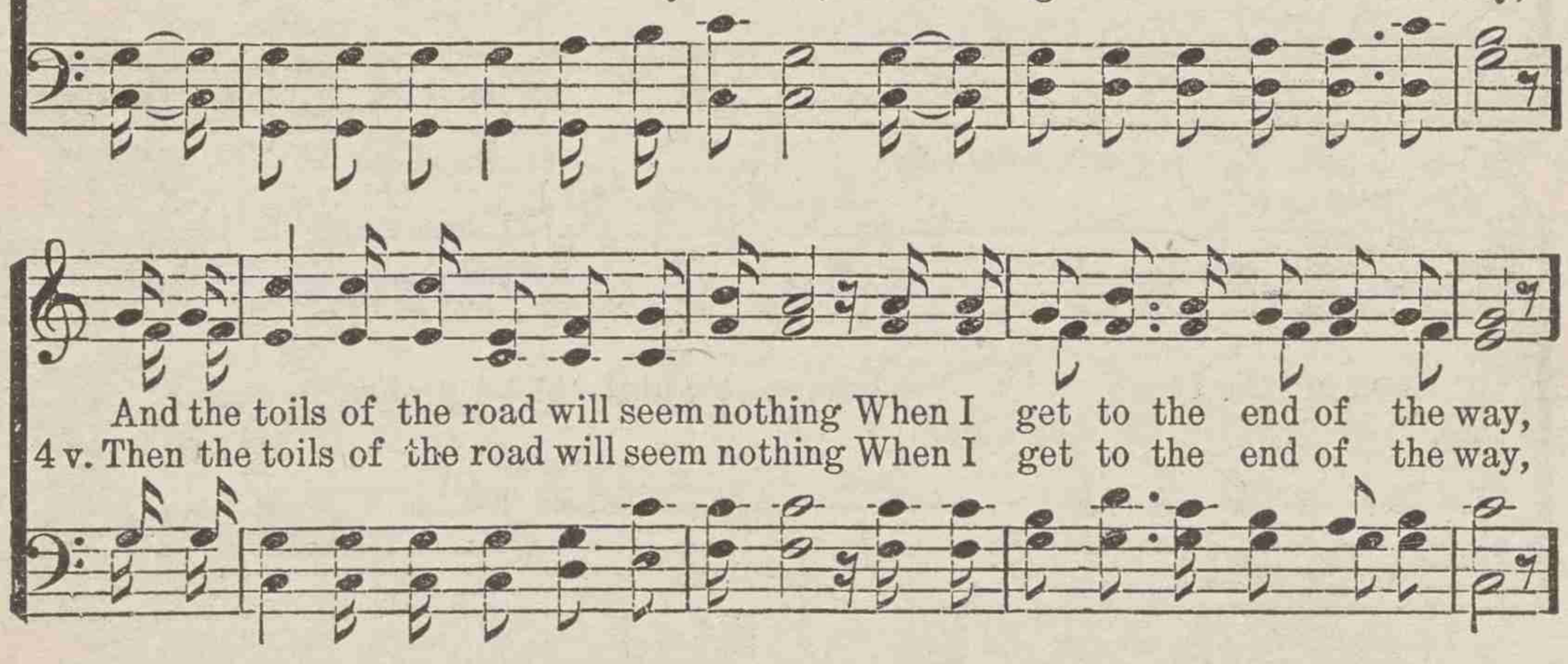
1. The sands have been wash'd in the footprints Of the Stranger on Gal - i-lee's shore;
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward; How oft I am long-ing for rest!
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri - al too much;
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of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



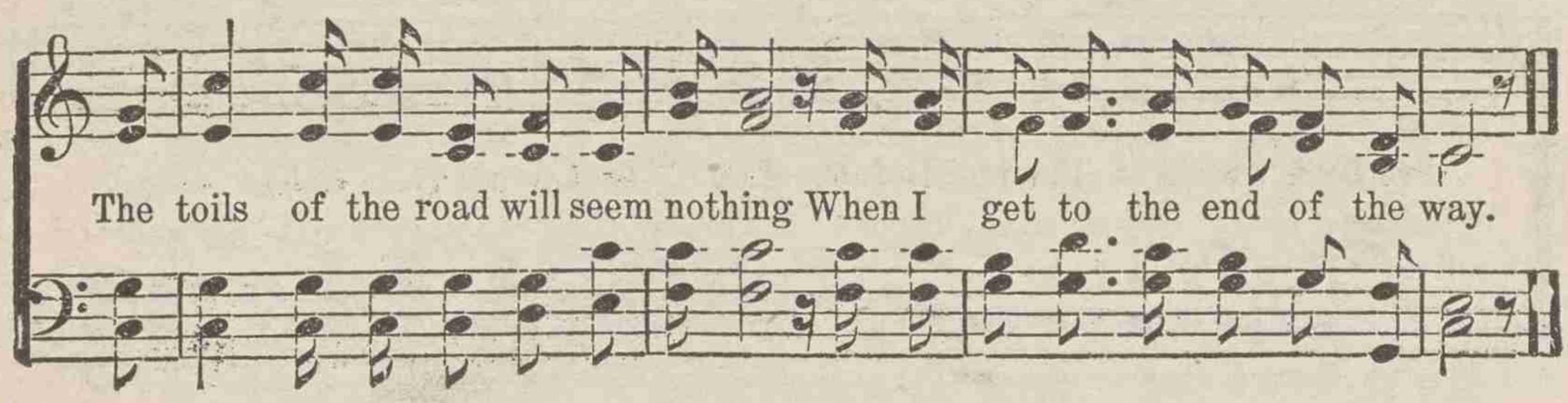
1. The voice that subdued the rough billows Will be heard in Ju - de-a no more,
2. But He who ap-points me my pathway, Knows just what is need-ful and best,
3. His peo-ple have been dear-ly purchased, And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such.
4. And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an - gels Float out on my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



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



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



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

# 127 He Is Coming After Me.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, E. Chattanooga, Tenn. From Gospel Song Messenger. Price 25c.

W. H. HACKER. R. E. WINSETT.

1. Oh, I'm looking for my Saviour, who has gone from earth to heaven, He has promised to come back some day you see, And it fills my soul with glo - ry,
2. Oh, my heart grows sad and weary, with the ma-ny days so drear-y, O this world has lost its love and charms for me, But I'm filled with fire and glo - ry,
3. Oh, dear friends, I well remember, that when first I found the Saviour, How He sweet-ly took my aches and pains a-way, And He filled my soul with glo - ry,
4. See the Saviour standing pleading, and His brok-en heart is bleeding For a world that's steeped in sin of low de-gree, Oh, dear sinner, heed the sto - ry,

D. S.—*And it fills my soul with glo-ry*

FINE.

as I sing the sweet, old story, Just to know that Christ is coming aft-er me.
when I read the precious story, When I think a-bout His com-ing aft-er me,
how I love to tell the story, And to know that He is com-ing aft-er me.
let Him fill your soul with glory, Oh, get read-y for He's com-ing aft-er me.

*as I sing the sweet old story, Just to know that Christ is coming after me.*

CHORUS.

He's com-ing aft - er me, (soon coming,) He's coming after me, (soon coming,)

D. S.

He's com-ing back I know to catch His wait-ing bride a - way,

# Praise the Lord.

J. V. R. JAS. V. REID.

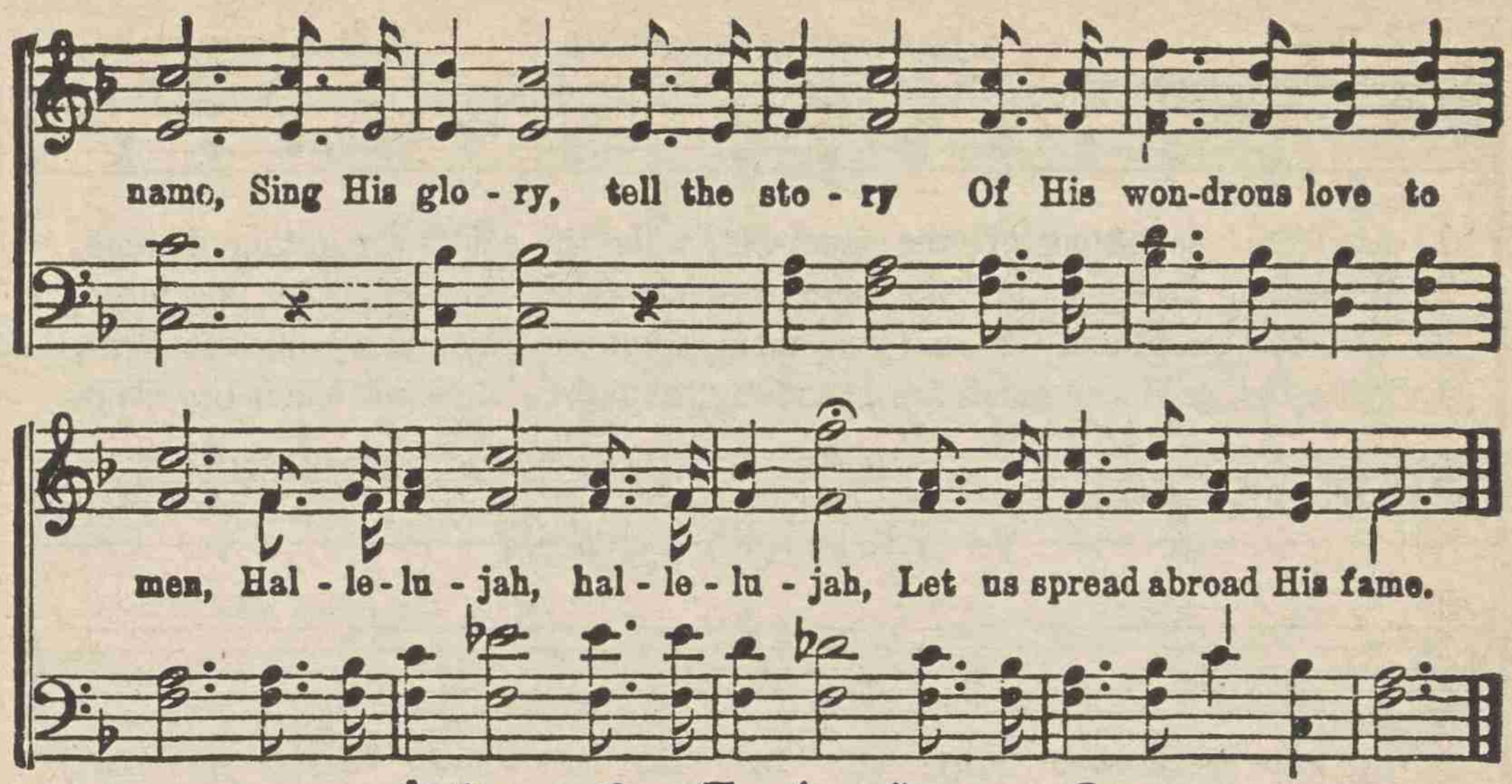
1. There's a foun-tain flow - ing for the heal-ing of the soul, Praise the Lord!
2. There's a ta - ble set-ting where each hungry soul may eat,
3. By His strong right hand Je - ho - vah lift - eth up the weak,
4. Let us serve the Lord with gladness, make a joy - ful noise, Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! I have plunged beneath and now His blood has made me whole,
And the Lord will fill thee with the fin - est of the wheat,
And with full sal - va - tion He will beau - ti - fy the meek.
Praise the Lord! Blessed is the peo - ple that know the heav'n-ly joys,

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the pee - ple praise the
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
Let the people sing and
Lord, Hal - le - lu - - jah! hal - le - lu - - jah!
praise the Lord, Praise His ho - ly name, spread a-broad His fame,
Sing ye all with one ac-cord, Sing a-loud and praise His
Sing ye all His saints with one ac-cord, Sing aloud and praise His
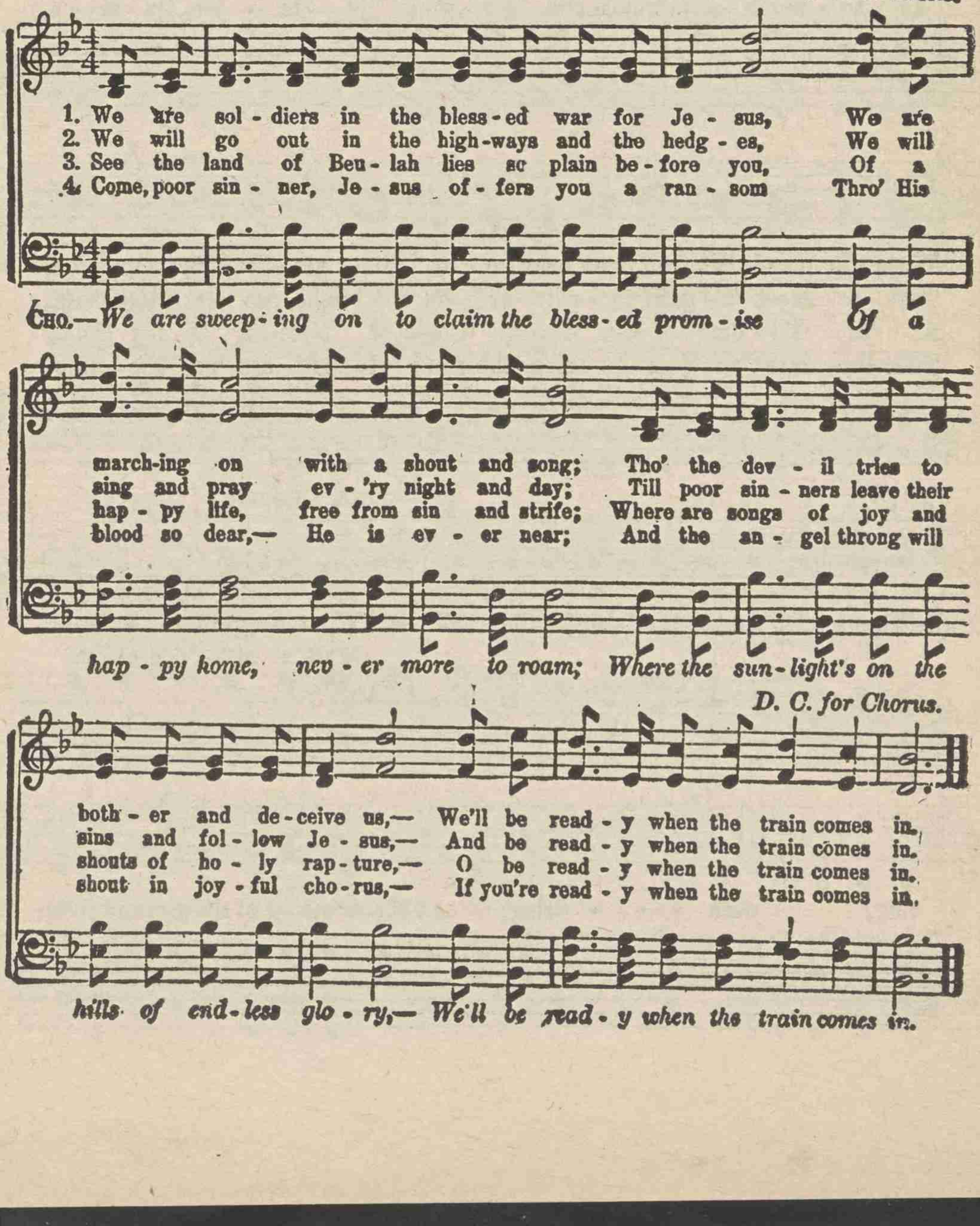
# Praise the Lord. Concluded.




## 129 When the Train Comes In.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by Thoro Harris.



# 130 What a Gathering.

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

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

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

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

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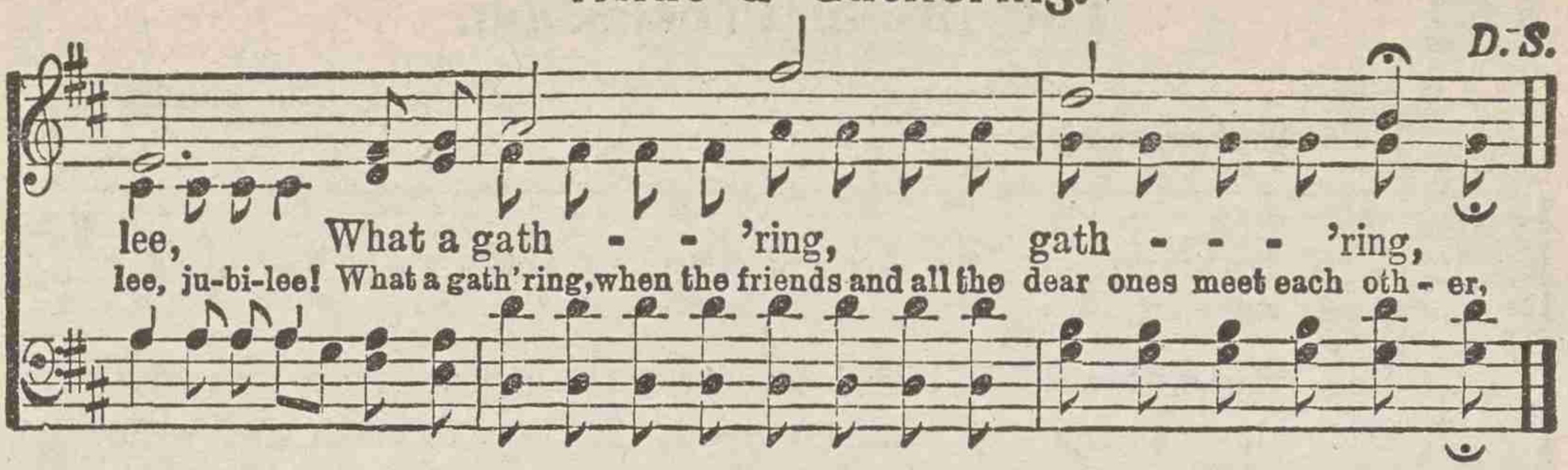
D.S.-What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -

What a gath - 'ring of the

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

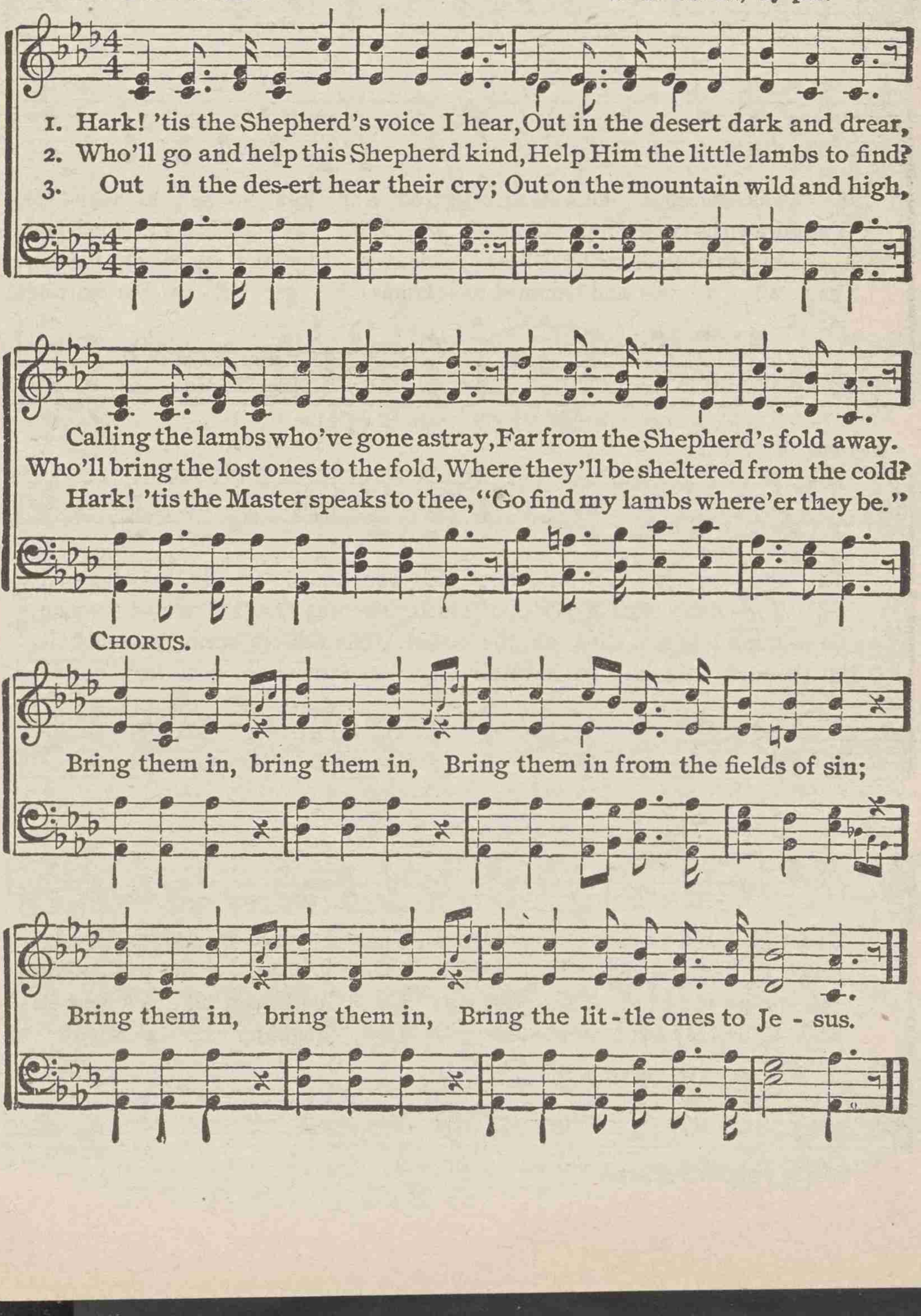
loved ones, when we'll meet with one an - oth - er.

## What a Gathering.




## 131 Bring Them In.

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



# 132 The Bridal Procession.

F. E. R. F. E. Rimanoczy.

*With great expression.*

1. One day, with-out the taste of death, The good E-noch was saint-ed,
2. One day a gold - en char-iot grand, It's way to earth was wending,
3. The world has won-dered ma - ny years Just what be-came of Mo-ses,
4. When the sleep-ing virgins heard the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom's carriage,"

It was because he walked with God And got so well ac-quaint-ed;
'Twas drawn by won-drous steeds of fire, With an - gel hosts at-tend-ing;
A thousand gues-ses have been made, A thousand more sup-pos-es;
They all a - rose and trimmed their lamps To go in - to the marriage;

The sto - ry is fa - mil - iar, You have heard it oft re - lat - ed,
On Jor - dan's bank E - li - jah stood, He was God's own pos-ses-sion,
Some think he's rest - ing on the mount, While oth-ers seem to doubt it,
But the fool - ish said, "We have no oil, Our lamps are go - ing out,"

God willed and so it came to pass, That E - noch was trans-lat-ed.
And so they stopped and took him in, And he joined the grand pro-ces-sion.
But praise the Lord, it mat-ters not, For God knows all a - bout it.
And while they went to buy, the wise Were caught up with a shout.

Used by permission of owner.

I be - long to the brid - al pro - ces - sion, I am

go - ing to the mar - riage of the Lamb; I have an e-

ter - nal po - ses - sion, With the Bridegroom in that heav'n-ly land.

## 133 I'll Live For Him.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

*I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!*

# 134 Washed in the Blood.

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

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

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

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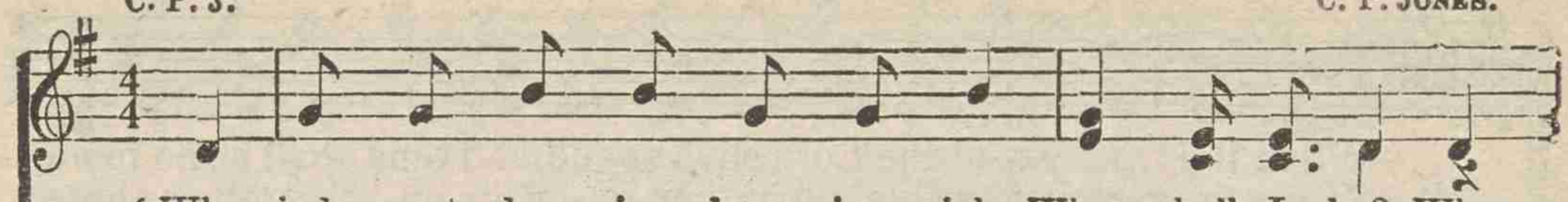
God, my salvation, and His life is mine!
Wealth which can never be compared to gold. Washed in the blood,
Never, never, never, nevermore to roam!
Come, now in meekness, seek the Saviour's face. O glo - ry

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

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

# 135 Where Shall I Be?

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

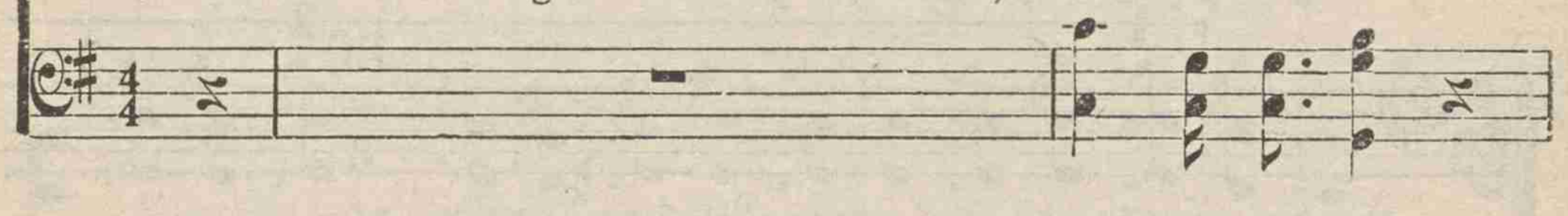


1. { When judg-ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be? When
   { When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be? How
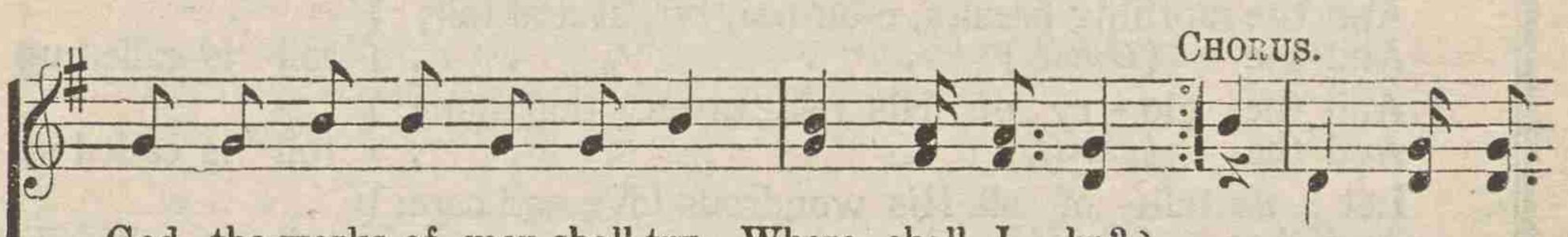
2. { When wick - ed men his wrath shall see, Where shall I be? And
   { When hills and mount - ains flee a - way, Where shall I be? When

3. { When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be? Shall
   { When all the saints re-deem'd shall stand, Where shall I be? For-

4. { All troub - le done, all con - flict past, Where shall I be? And
   { When Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Where shall I be? And



Chorus.

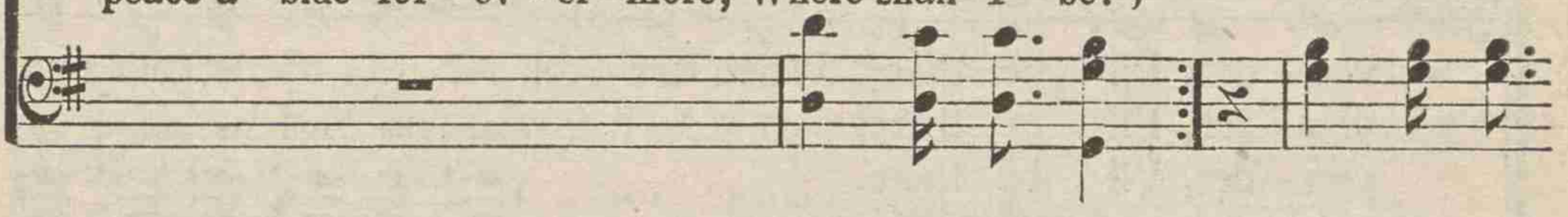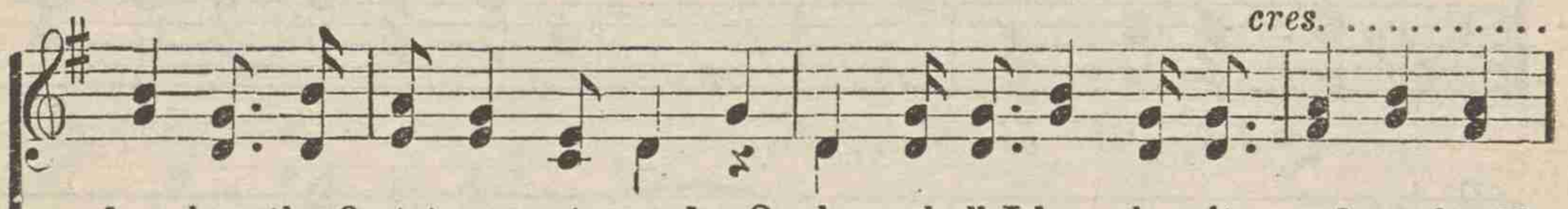


God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be? }
will it be with my poor soul? Where shall I be? }

to the rocks and mountains flee, Where shall I be? }
all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be? } O where shall I
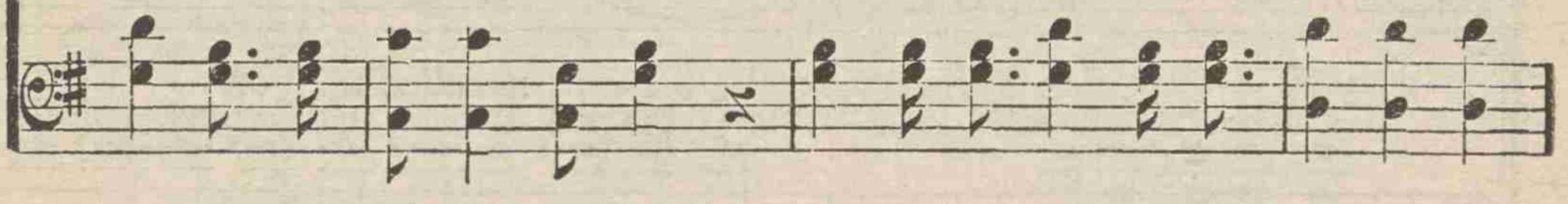
from God's an-gry pres-ence roll, Where shall I be? }
ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be? }

old A - poll - yon slain at last, Where shall I be? }
peace a - bide for - ev - er - more, Where shall I be? }
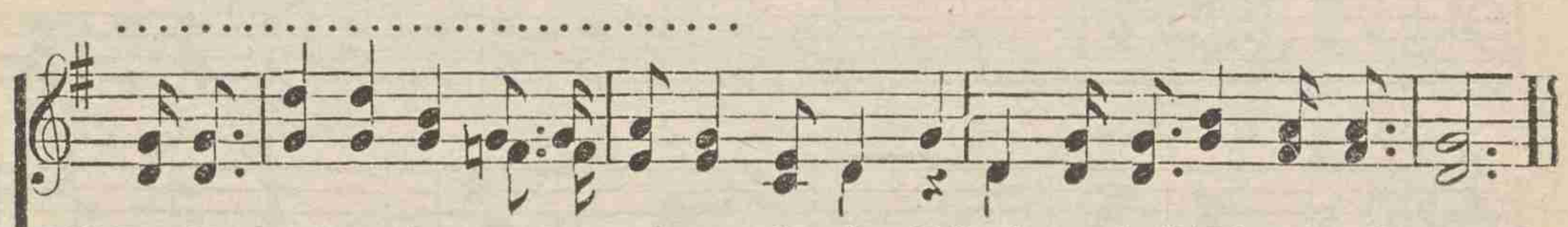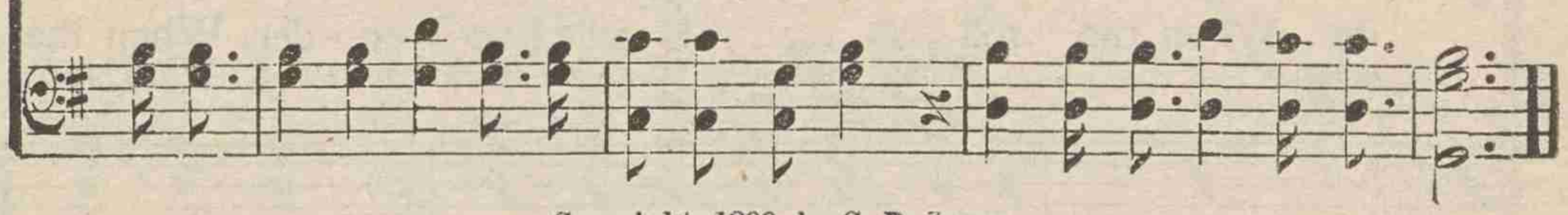





be when the first trum-pet sounds, O where shall I be when it sounds so loud?



. . . . . .



When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds?



Copyright. 1899. by C P. Jones.

# 136 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth-er shore,

2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home in Pa ra dise,

3. Let us la - bor for the Master from the dawn till set-ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

1. 2.

And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . } roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . } roll is called up
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . } roll is called up

D. S.—*roll is called up*

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up
yon - der, I'll be there.

*yon - der, I'll be there.*

yon - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - -
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be

D. S.

der, When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

Copyright 1921, renewal. Hope Pub. Co. owner.

# 137 Since the Vail is Rent in Twain.

T. H.

Copyright 1923, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris

1. Once my life was filled with sad-ness, On my soul was many a stain;
2. Here the glo - ry ev - er beam-eth Of the blest ser - aph-ic train,
3. Hush'd are earth's discordant voic - es, An-gels sing their sweet-est strain,
4 World-ly pomp al- lures me nev - er, All seems emp - ti-ness and vain,

Now my spir - it thrills with glad - ness,
From God's throne the radiance streameth, Since the vail is rent in twain.
And my raptured heart re- joi - ces,
Here would I a - bide for - ev - er,

REFRAIN.

Dwell - ing in His hal-low'd pres - ence Naught un-
Dwell - ing in the hal- low'd pres-ence of the High-est,
ho - ly can re - main; And I see the
face of Je - - - sus, Since the vail is rent in twain.
hal-low'd face of my Re- deem- er,

*rit.*

# 138 My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S. Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Rolled a-way,

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

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

Copyright, 1908, by I. G. Martin.

# 139 Saved to the Uttermost.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine;

Sav'd, sav'd, I'm sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus, the Savior, is mine!

From "Precious Songs,"

# 140 Far Above All.

EPH. 1: 21.

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

1. No - bler by far than the sa-ges of earth, Israel's Mes-si - ah, of low - li-est birth; Angels adore Him, before Him they fall, Je-sus, Im-
2. Higher than highest arch-an-gels, the Son; One with the Father ere a - ges be-gun; Cherub and seraph a - dor - ing-ly call, Word ev-er-
3. He hath the le-gions of darkness o'erthrown; Demons before Him lie prostrate and dumb; Let ev'ry creature, the great and the small, Worship the
4. Soon will He come in the fullness of power; For His returning we watch ev'ry hour; Prince of the nations redeemed from the fall, Reigning from

*rit.* CHORUS. *cres.*

man - u - el, far a - bove all.
last - ing, and far a - bove all. Far a-bove all, Far a - bove all,
Might-y One, far a - bove all.
sea to sea, far a - bove all.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

God hath ex - alt - ed Him Far a-bove all; Wor-ship the King, at His

*rit.* TUTTI.

feet humbly fall; Je - sus our Sav - ior is far a - bove all.

# 141 There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb:

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

# 142 Pentecost in My Soul.

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

1. To me the Ho-ly Ghost is giv'n, An ear-nest of the joys of heav'n;
2. The Spirit dwells my heart within And breaks the pow'r of pardoned sin;
3. O ho-ly rest! O peace sublime! He reigns within me all the time;
4. Then seek this Gift with-out de-lay, Re-ceive the Ho-ly G host to - day;

Since He has tak - en full control, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Tho' o'er my head dark clouds may roll, I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
He pu-ri-fies and makes me whole—I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.
Yield all to His be-nign con-trol, Let Pen-te-cost fill your soul! O yes!

CHORUS.

I've Pen-te-cost in my soul, I've Pentecost in my soul;
Glo-ry be to God! Glo-ry be to God!
The Spir-it has come, has come to a-bide; I've Pen-te-cost in my soul.

# Victory in My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Tune above.

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

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

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

# 144 Praise the Lord for the Blood.

T. H. Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. **Thoro Harris.**

1. A - part I lin-gered, sad and lone; No hope had I to call mine own,
2. He bade me look to Calv'ry's cross, Where once He suffered pain and loss;
3. How marv'lous is sal - va-tion's plan, Ordained be-fore the worlds be - gan,
4. Our Je - sus do - eth all things well; He saves our souls from deep-est hell;
5. His bless-ed word en - dur - eth still: That word is, "who-so - ev - er will";

*rit.....*

1. Till I heard a voice as of God's dear Son, "Let me take your sins a - way."
2. All my righteousness seem'd but worthless dross—Then He took my sins away.
3. To up - lift the race of the fall - en man, And to take their sins a - way!
4. How the work is done, we can nev - er tell, But He takes our sins a - way.
5. With a heav'nly peace He your heart can fill—Let Him take your sins a-way.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord for the blood! Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord for the blood!
Lord for the blood! Praise the Lord
Precious blood! heal-ing flood! Crimson fount
for the blood! for it wash - es whit-er than the snow.
'rom the mount, Washing whit - er than the snow.

# 145 Ebenezer.

T. H. Thoro Harris.

1. At times from highest heav-en The waves of glo-ry roll; God's perfect peace is
2. 'Tis but for one brief hour, To nerve me for the fray, And give me add - ed
3. Re-call-ing thus each fa - vor, Mine eyes survey the past; I know this kind-ly

giv - en, And rapture floods the soul. At times an ho - ly feel - ing, An
pow - er To wage the war to - day. I grate-ful - ly re - mem-ber What
Sav - ior Will lead me home at last. Thru ev-'ry earth-born sor-row I

ec - stacy di - vine, Comes o'er my spirit stealing, And cheers this heart of mine.
God of old hath wro't, For hith-er - to in safe - ty My stumbling feet were bro't.
bravely press my way; I'll trust Him for the morrow, For He is mine to - day!

REFRAIN.

What tho' the clouds of sor - row Ob-scure the noon-tide ray?
I'll trust
I'll trust Him for the mor - row, For He is mine to - day.
Him for the mor - row, For He is

*rall.*

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS.

## 146 Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav-ior King we own;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
We shall meet and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

Used by permission.

## 147 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

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

CHORUS.

1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross?
   Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin?
   O - ver all e - vil without and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin?
   Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol?
   Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul?
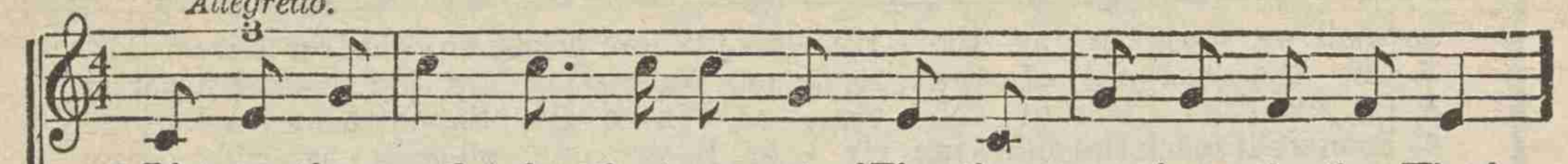
Is thy heart right with God, Wasd'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

# The March of Zion's King.

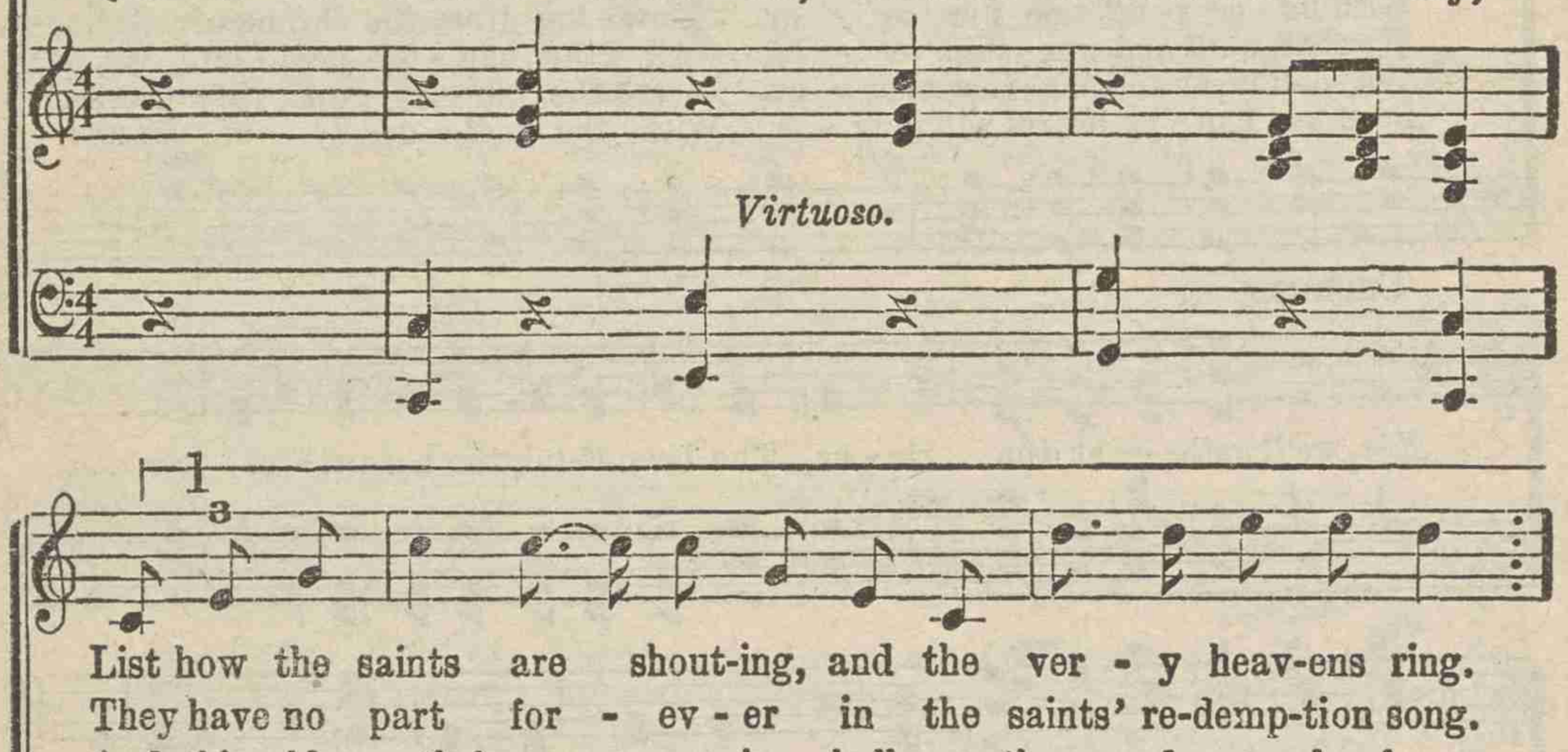
**May be used as march for any occasion. Let Bass or Tenor voice sing Solo.**

**C. P. J.** **Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. 1: 7.** **C. P. JONES.**

*Allegretto.*



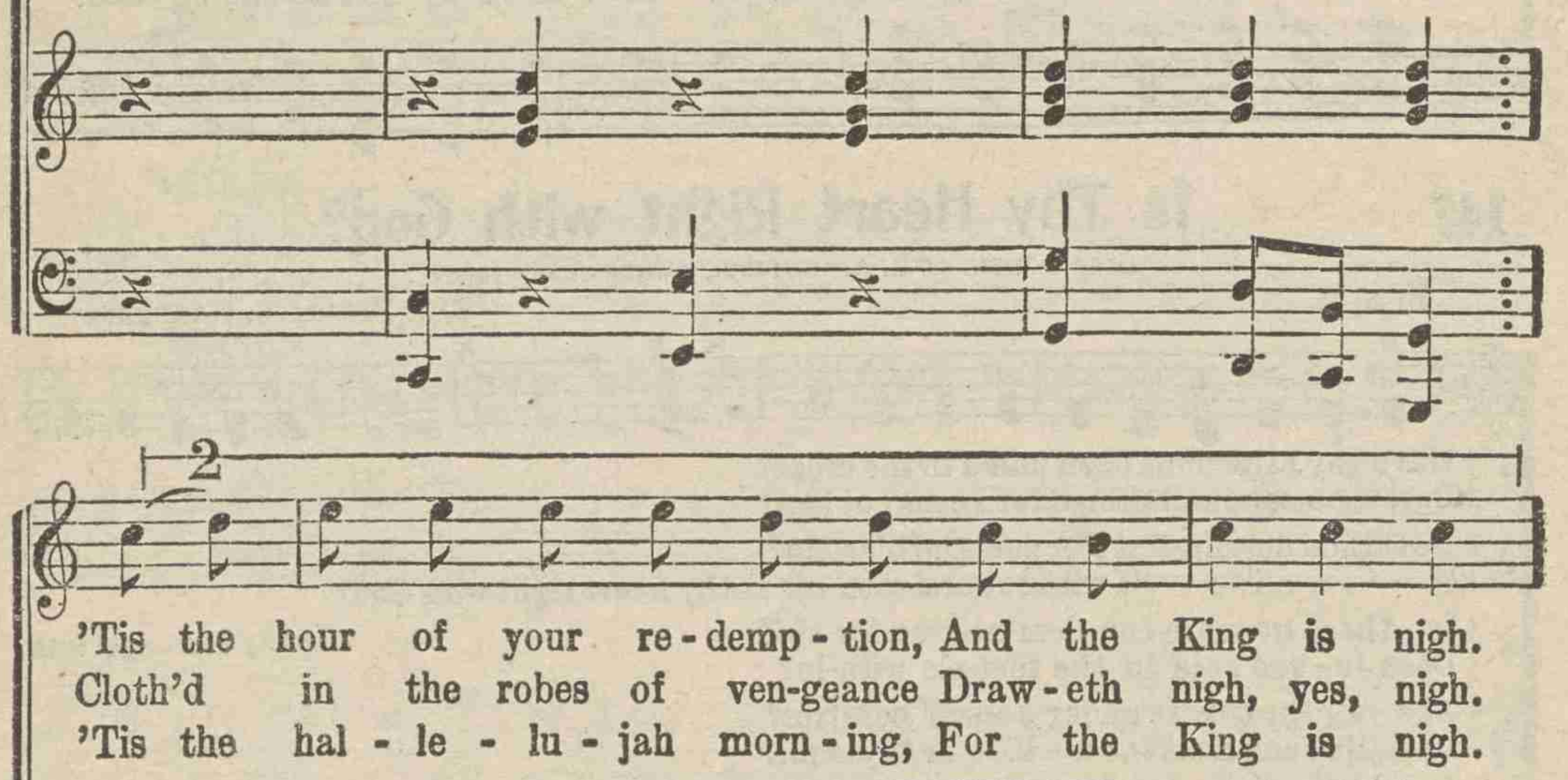
1. List to the sound of the trum-pet, 'Tis the com - ing of the King!
   Lift up your heads ye pil-grims, There's a mes-sage from the sky;
2. O what a weep - ing and wail - ing, From a - mong the sin - ful throng!
   It is their hour of judg-ment and the judge of earth and sky,
3. List to the sound of the trum-pet! 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee!
   It is the march of the Sav - ior, Come the church's tears to dry,
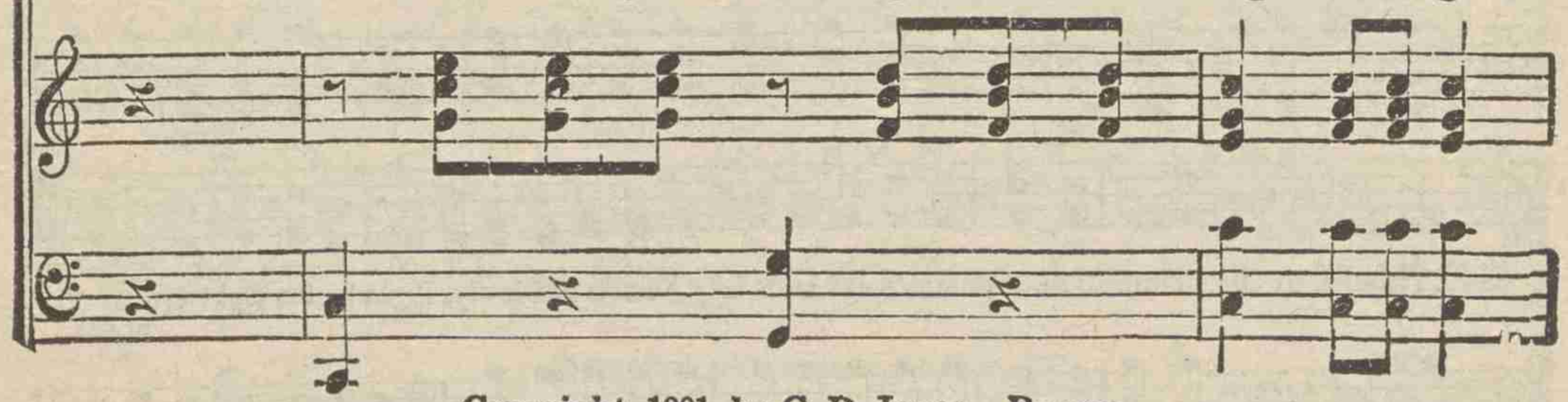


*Virtuoso.*



List how the saints are shout-ing, and the ver - y heav-ens ring.
They have no part for - ev - er in the saints' re-demp-tion song.
And this old earth from op-pres-sion shall a thou-sand years be free;
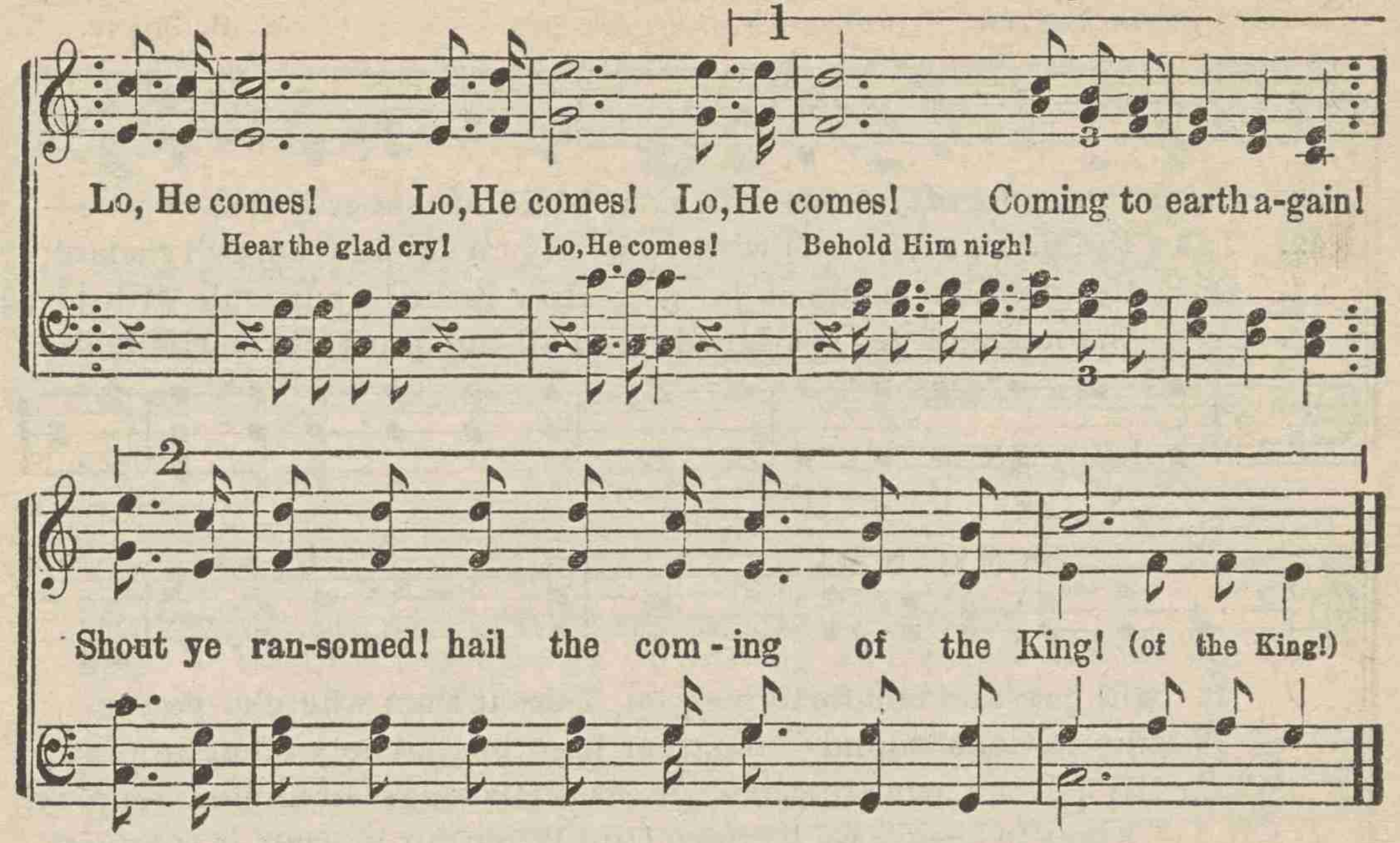


'Tis the hour of your re - demp - tion, And the King is nigh.
Cloth'd in the robes of ven-geance Draw - eth nigh, yes, nigh.
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah morn - ing, For the King is nigh.
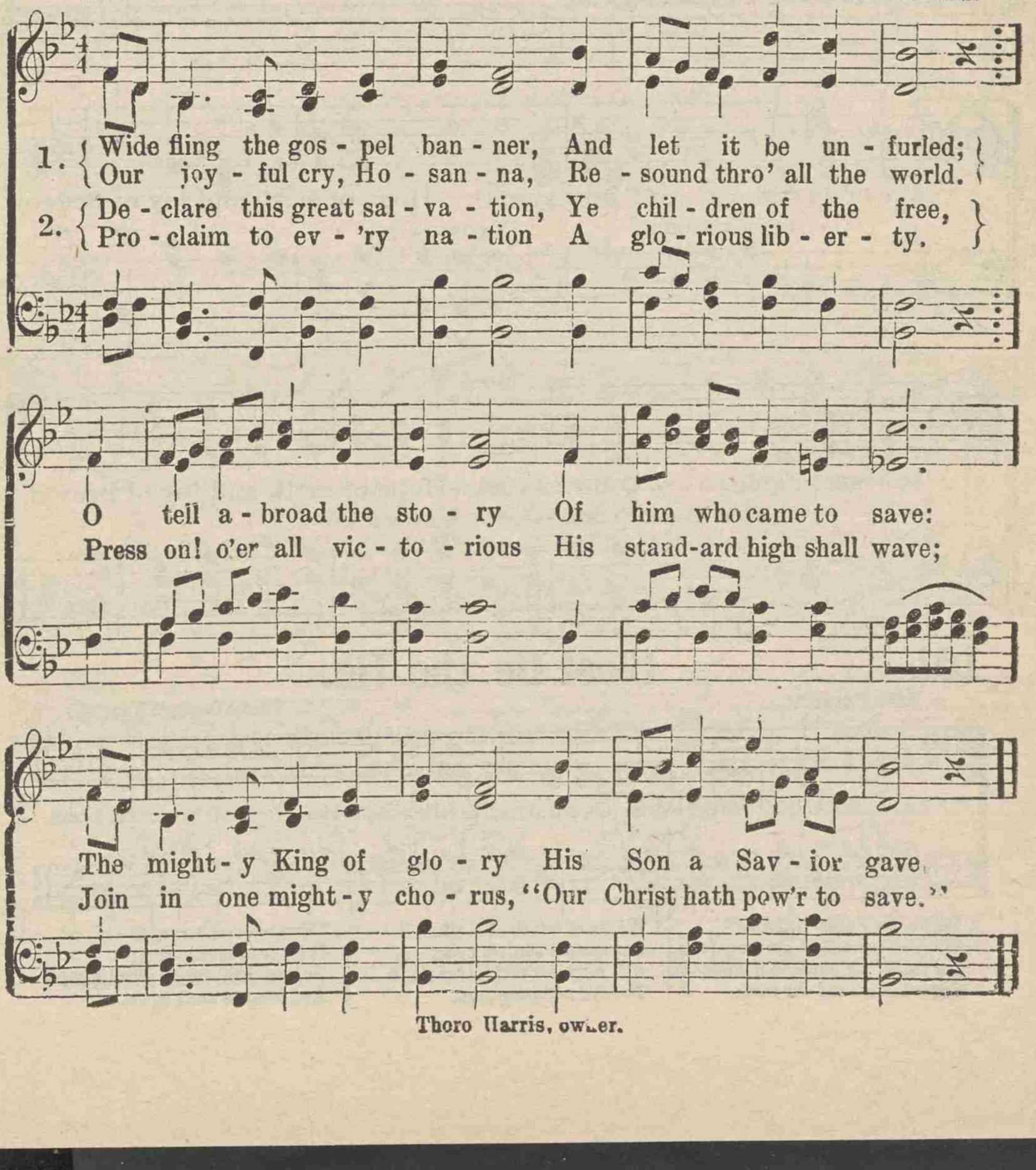


Copyright, 1901, by C. P. Jones. By per.

# The March of Zion's King.




## 149 The Gospel Banner.

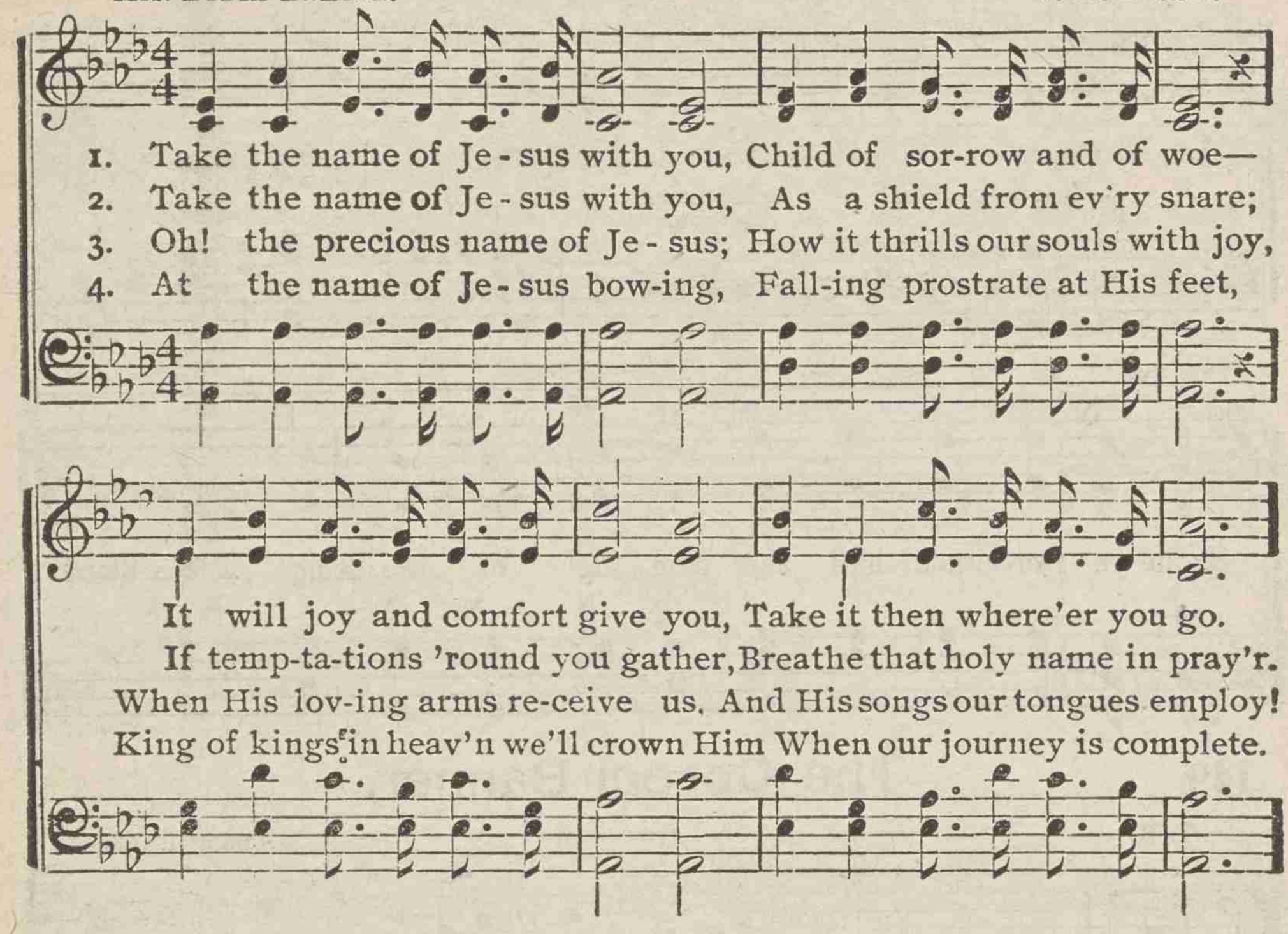
T. H. THORO HARRIS.
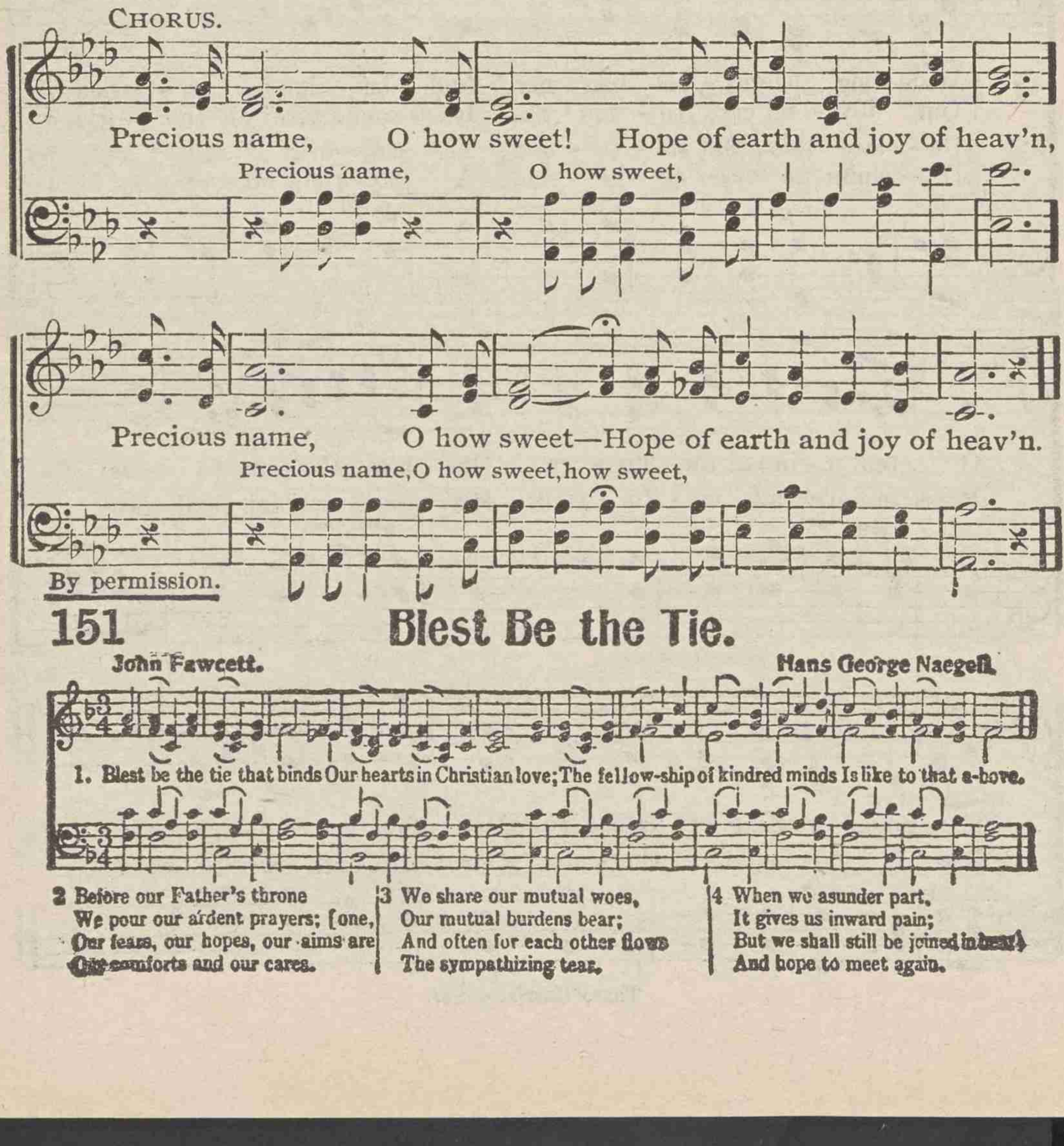



Thoro Harris, owner.

## 150 The Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.




CHORUS.




By permission.

## 151 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.




2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

## 152 Coming Up the Road.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. **Arr. by Thoro Harris.**

1. When Dav-id danc'd before the Lord, The ark was com-ing up the road; His wife de-
2. I do be-lieve with-out a doubt—The ark is com-ing up the road—God's children
3. Sing on, pray on, we're gaining ground; The ark is com-ing up the road; The pow'r of

spis'd him in her heart; The ark was com-ing up the road.
have a right to shout—The ark is com-ing up the road. It's com-ing, hal - le -
God is com - ing down; The ark is com-ing up the road.

*D. S.*—ark is com-ing up the road.

FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*

lu - jah! The ark is com-ing up the road; It's com-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! The

## 153 My Father's House.

Copyright, 1919, by Thoro Harris. **Arr. by Thoro Harris.**
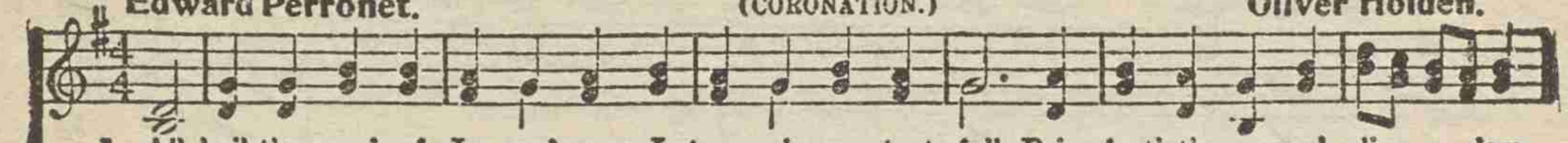
1. O come and go with me To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my
2. King Je - sus will be there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
3. There'll be no sorrow there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
4. There'll be no parting there, In my Father's house, In my Father's house, In my
5. I'm on my way up there, To my Father's house, To my Father's house, To my

1. Father's house; O come and go with me To my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
2. Father's house; King Jesus will be there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
3. Father's house; There'll be no sorrow there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
4. Father's house; There'll be no parting there In my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.
5. Father's house; I'm on my way up there To my Father's house Where there's peace, sweet peace.

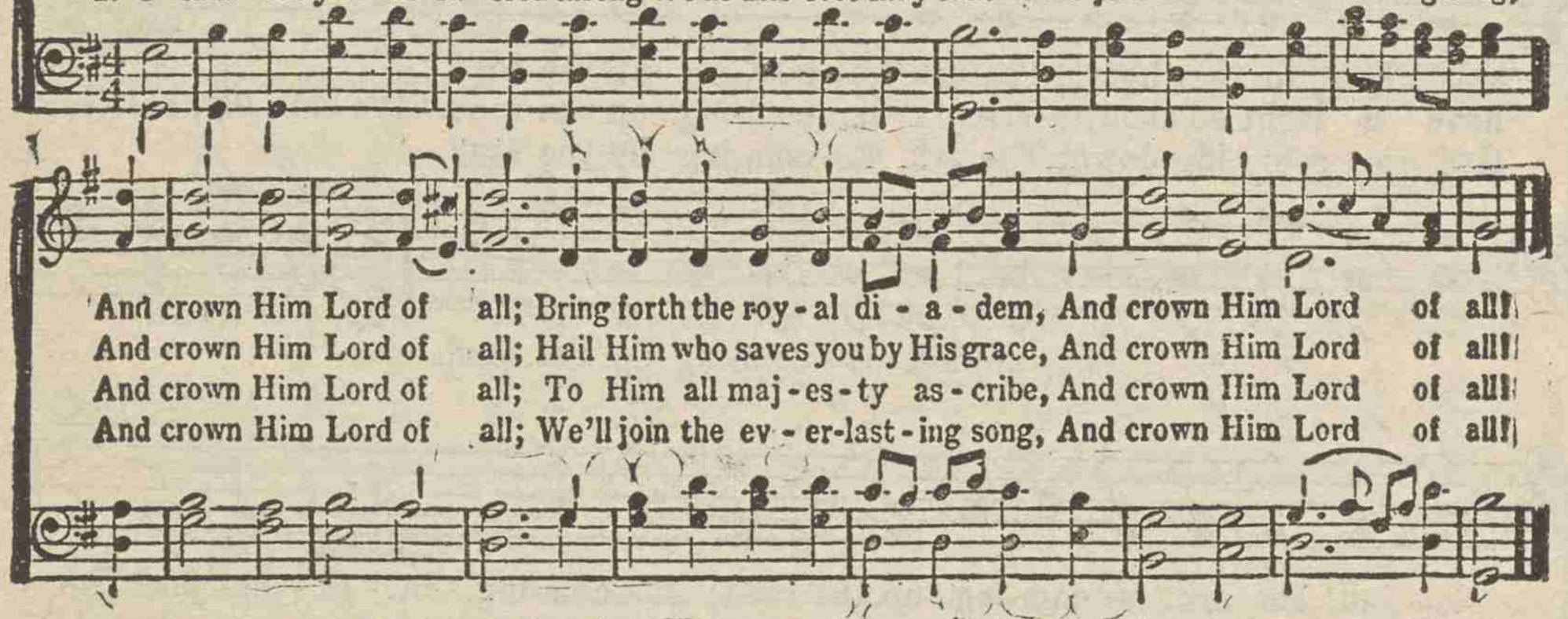
# Familiar Hymns.

## 154 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



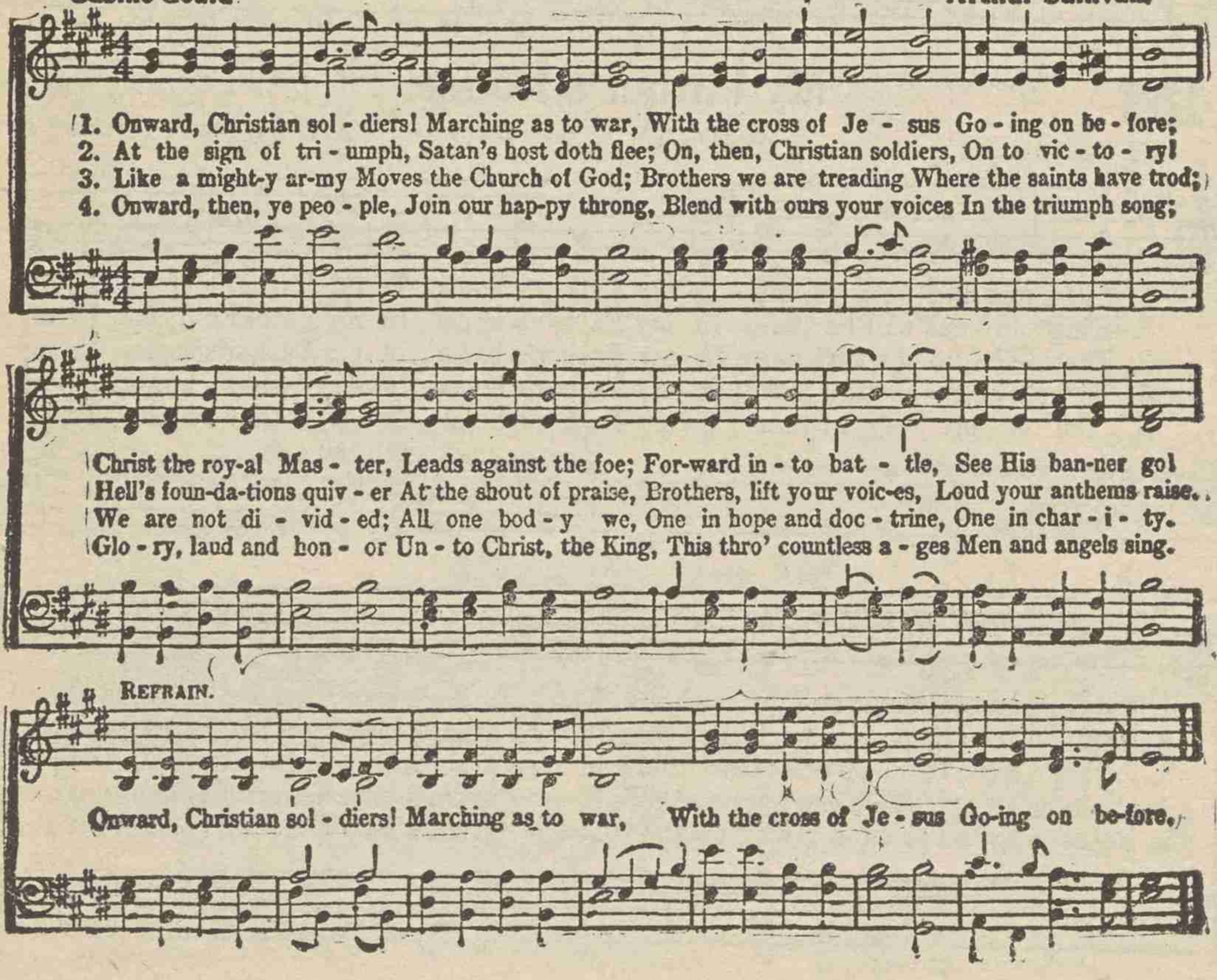
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

## 155 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



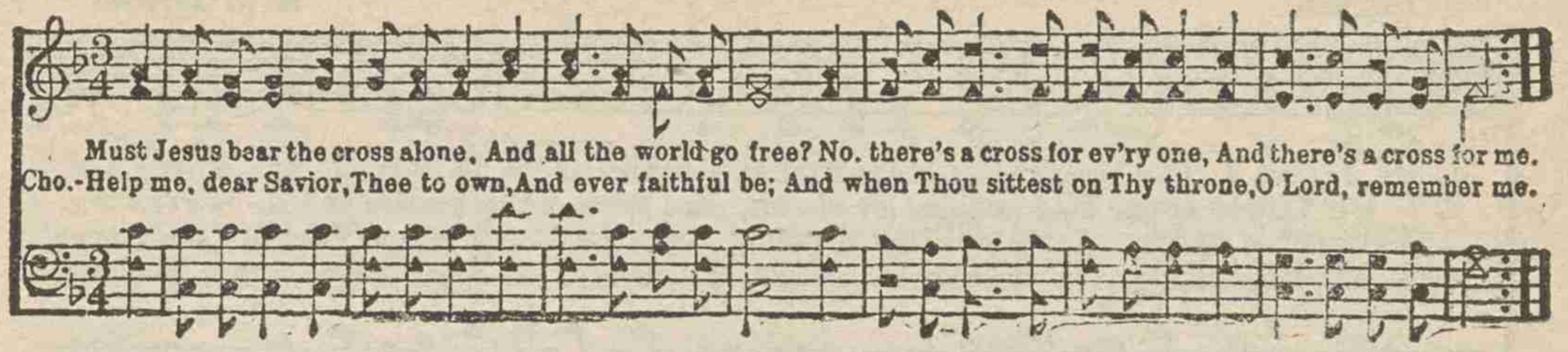
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

## 156 Remember Me.



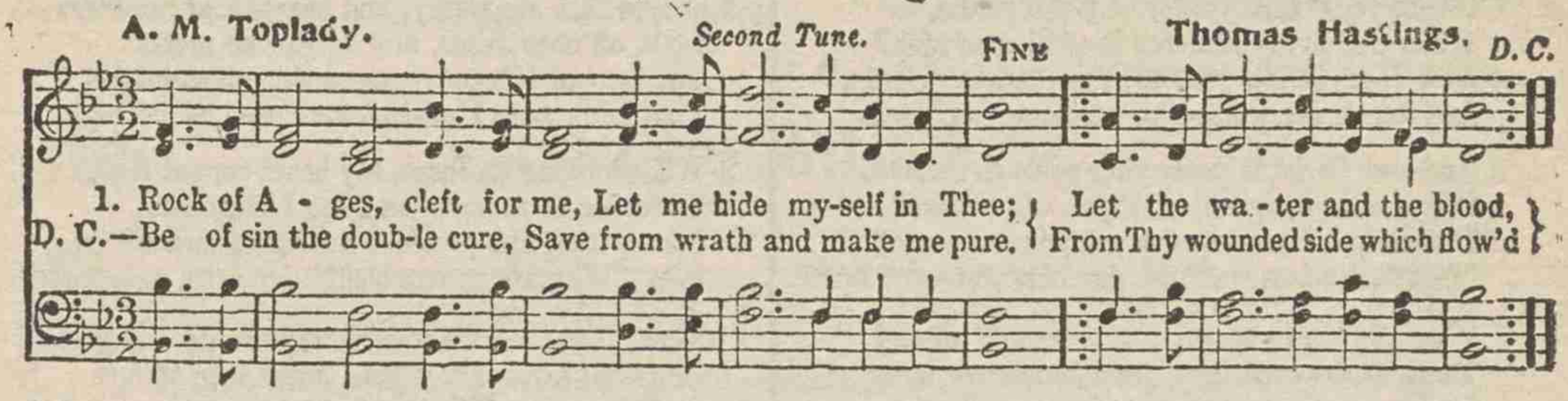

## 157 What a Friend!

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

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

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

## 158 Rock of Ages.
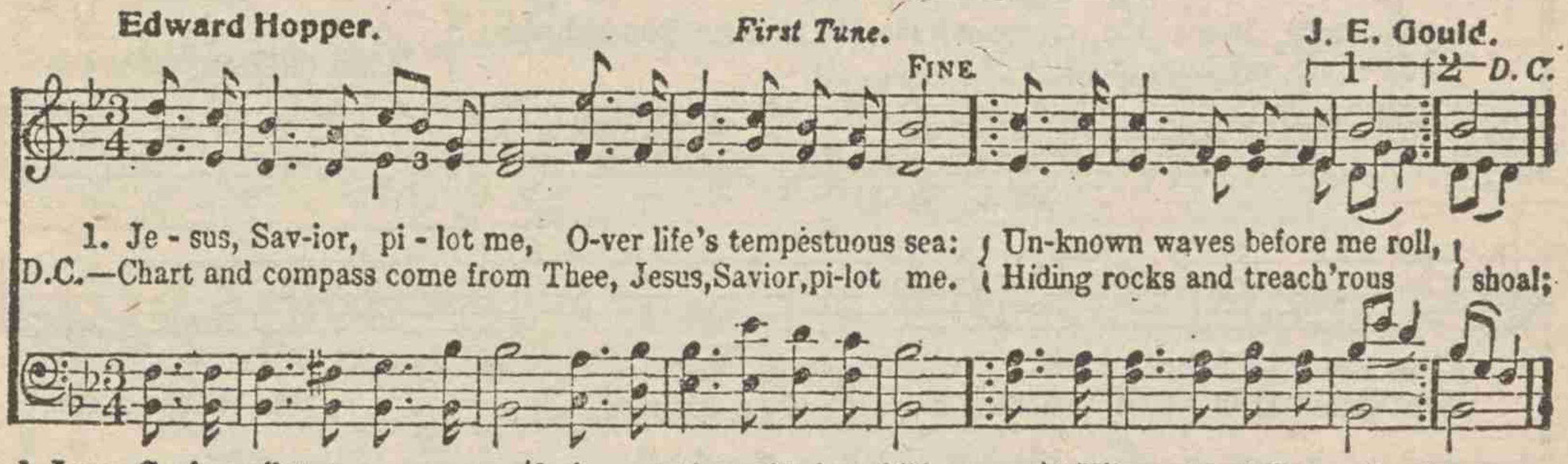



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 159 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



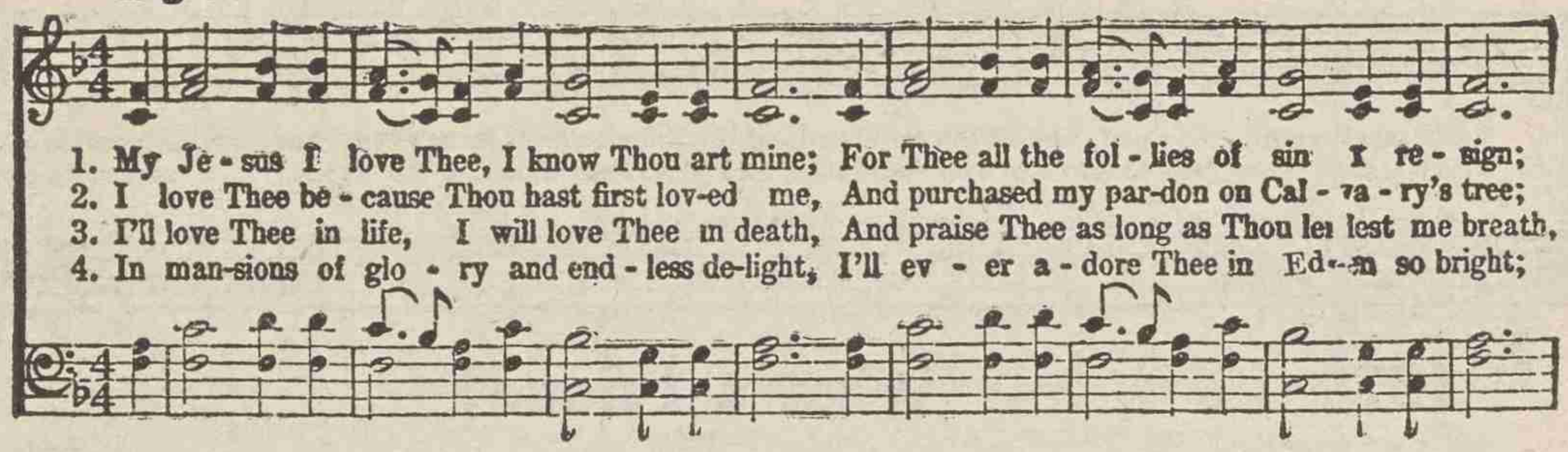

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

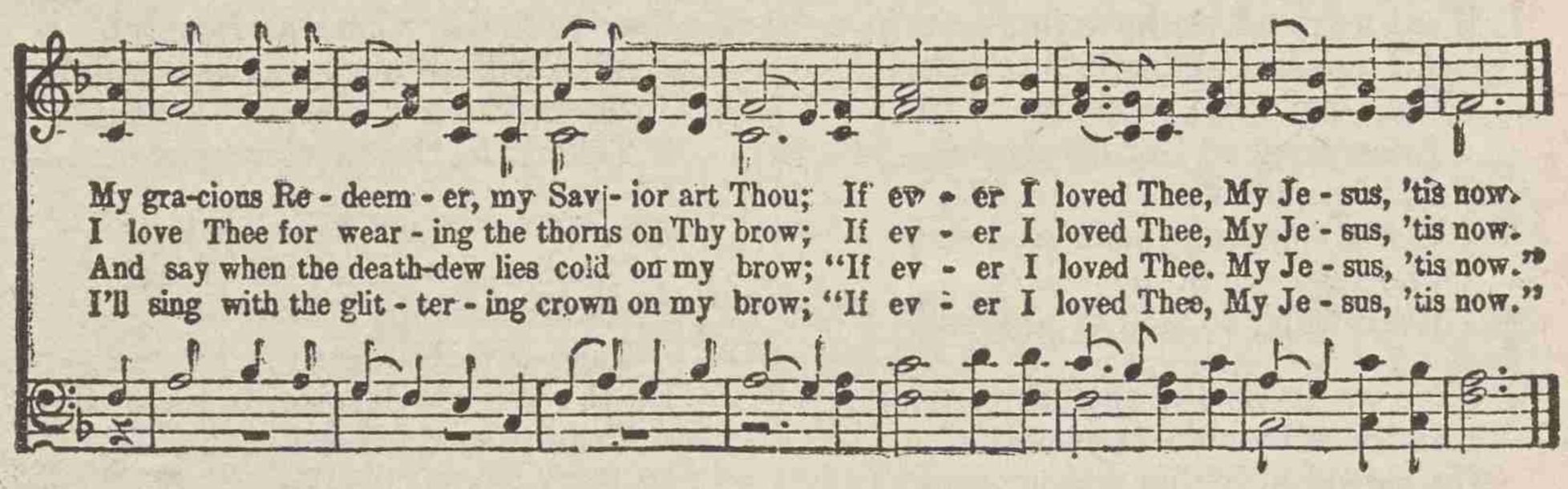
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

## 160 My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.




## 161 O Turn Ye.

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

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

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

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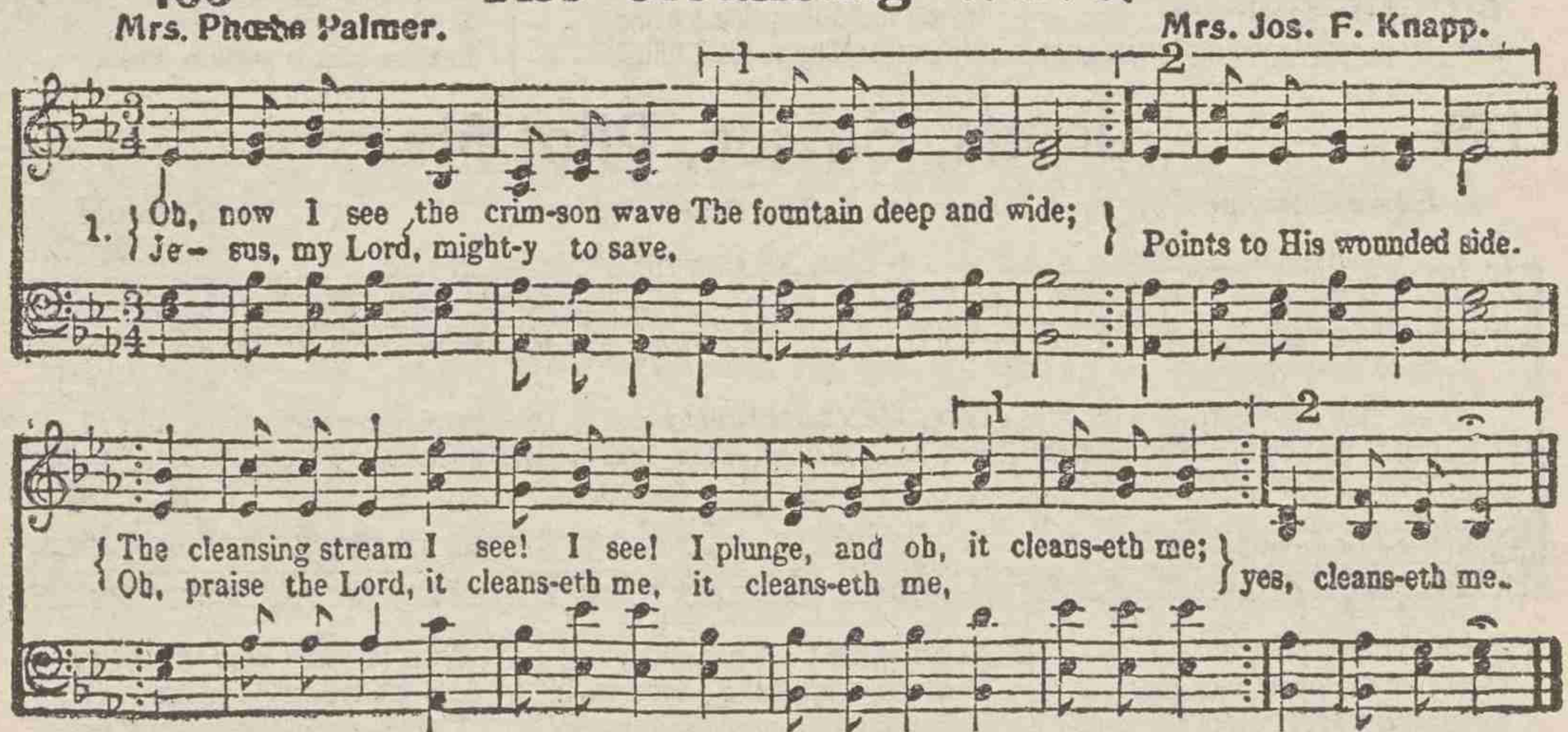
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

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

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

## 163 The Cleansing Wave.

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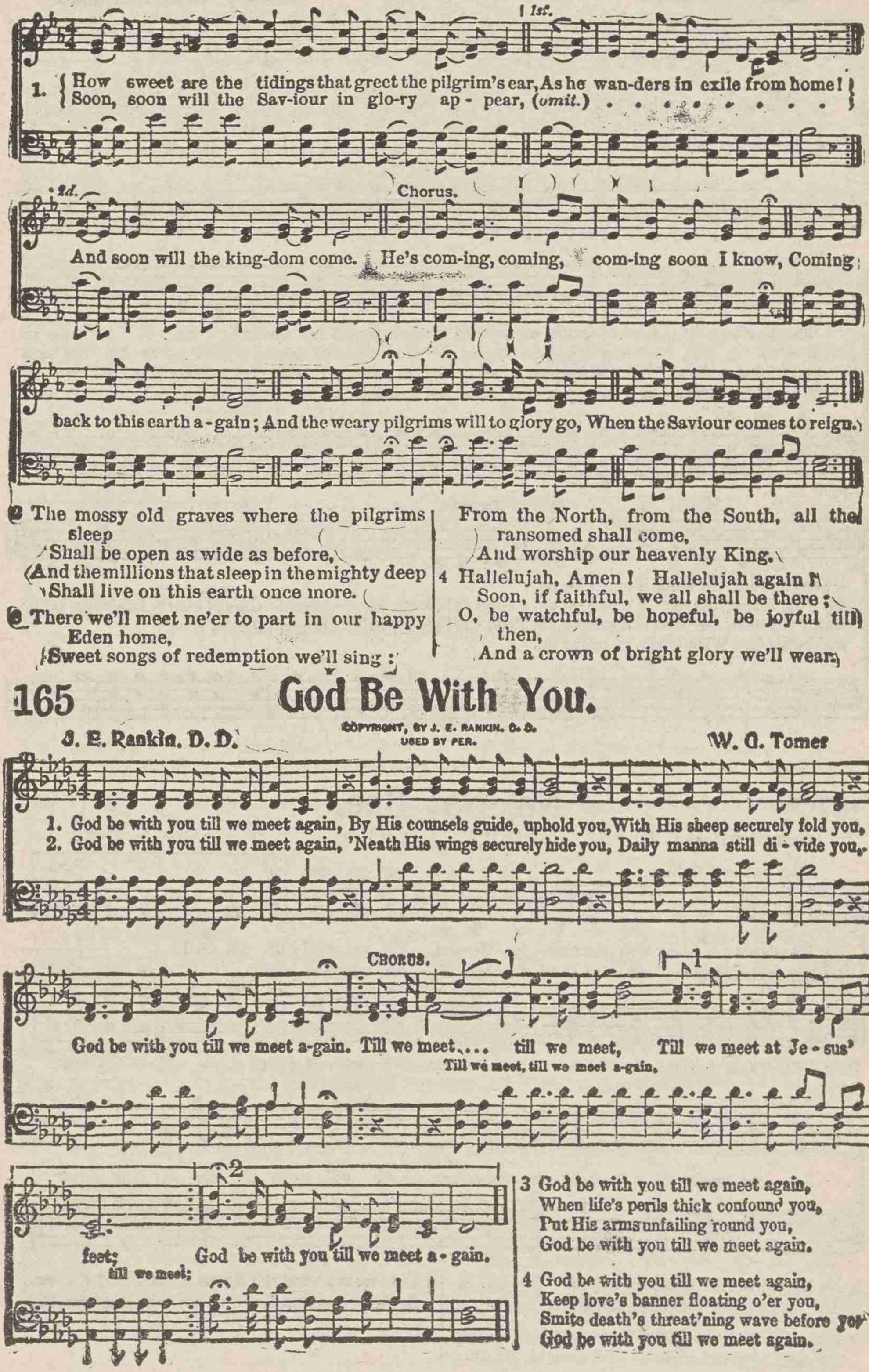



2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies,
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

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

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

## 164 How Sweet Are the Tidings!

Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris




2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep
Shall be open as wide as before,
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.

3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home,
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing:
From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
And worship our heavenly King.

4 Hallelujah, Amen! Hallelujah again!
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there;
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

## 165 God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer




3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

## 166 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

FINE. CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

## 167 No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with feeling.*

FINE.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D.C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . . ] no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. C.

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

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

## 168. I Will Pass Over You.

E. A. H. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All He has promised, that will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing just-ly his due;
4. Oh, great com-pas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness, faith-ful and true!

Sprin-kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Wash in the Fountain o-pened for sin, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleans-ing blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Find peace and shelter un-der the blood, And I will pass, will pass o-ver you.

CHORUS.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.

When I see the blood, o-ver you.

## 169 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died And is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo-ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re-vive us a-gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

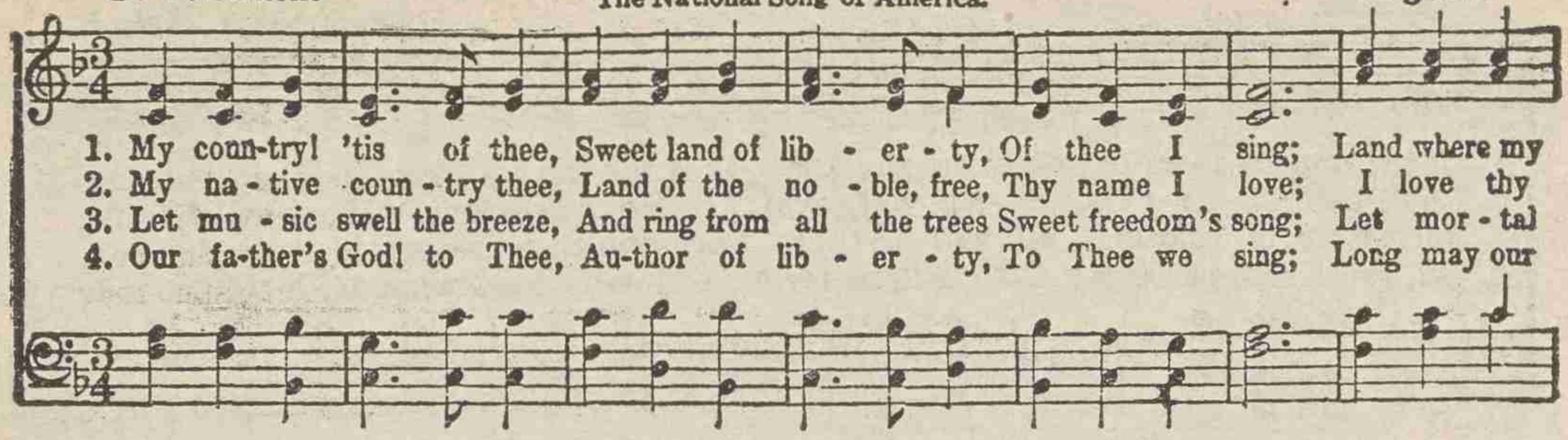
REFRAIN.

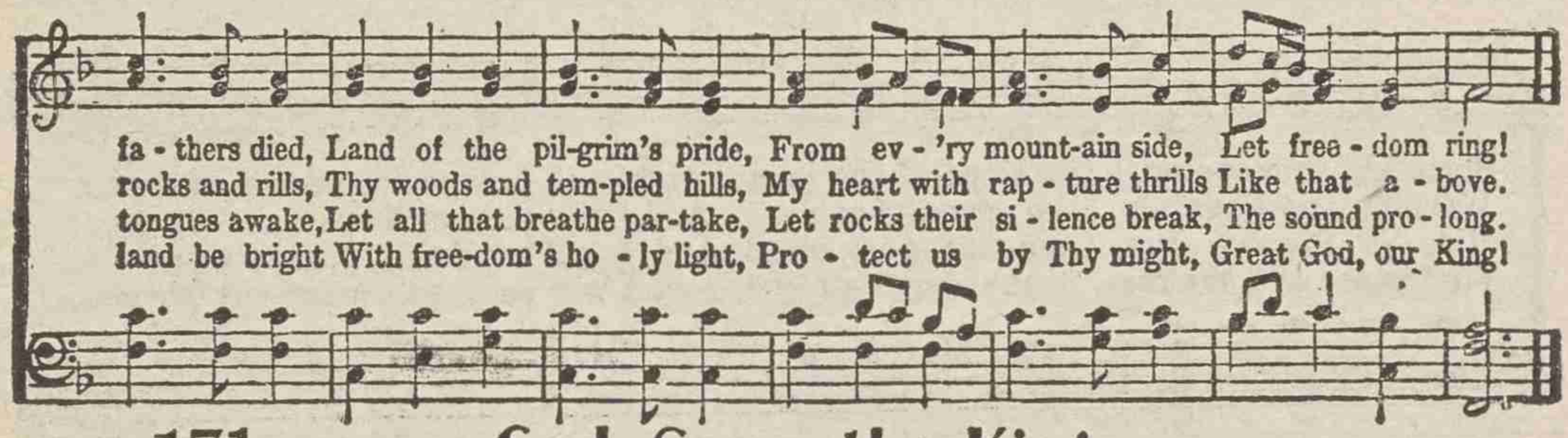
1 2

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Re-vive us a-gain.

## 170 America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.




## 171 God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

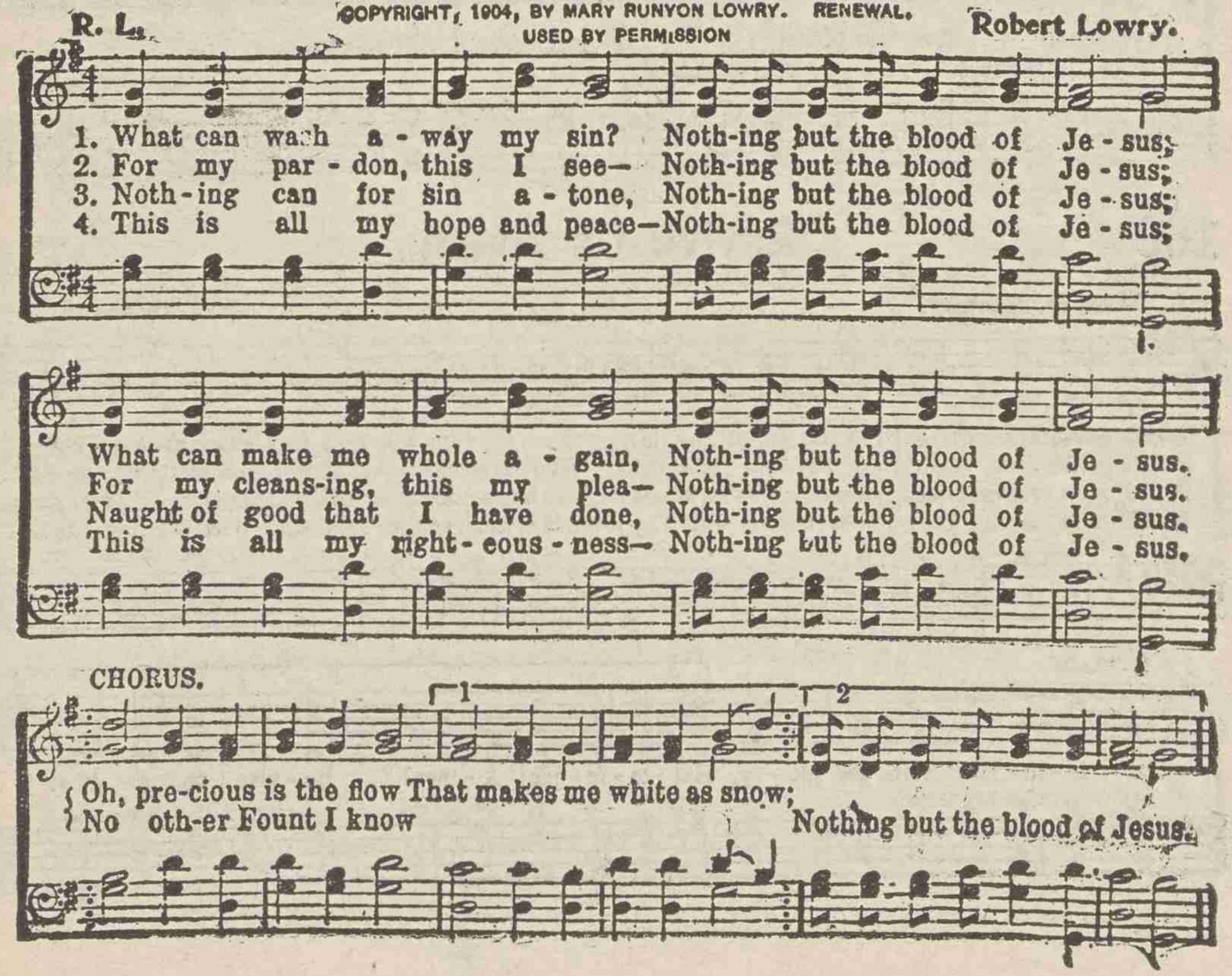
2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

## 172 Nothing But the Blood.
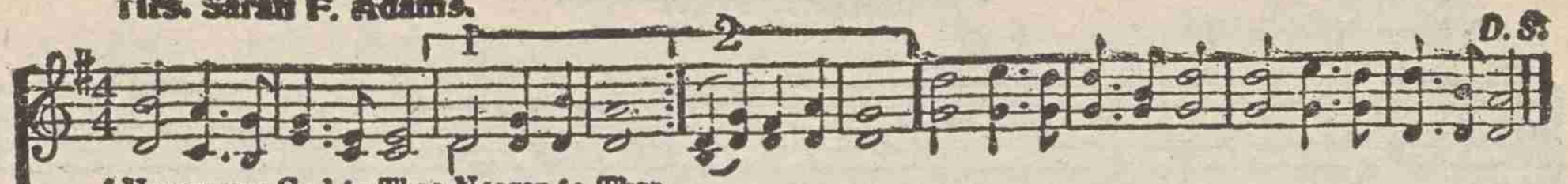
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION

R. L. Robert Lowry.



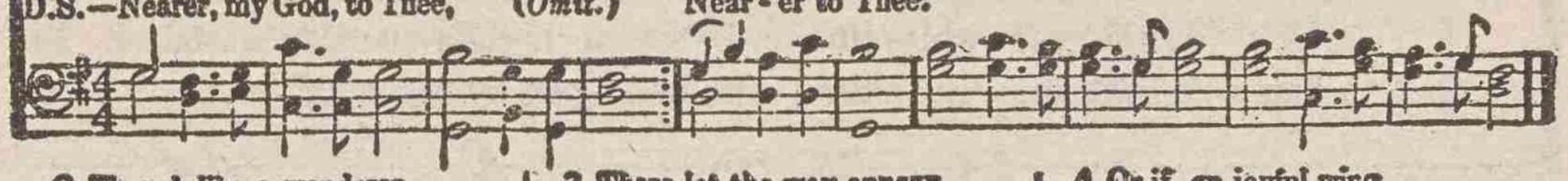
## 173 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.




1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.



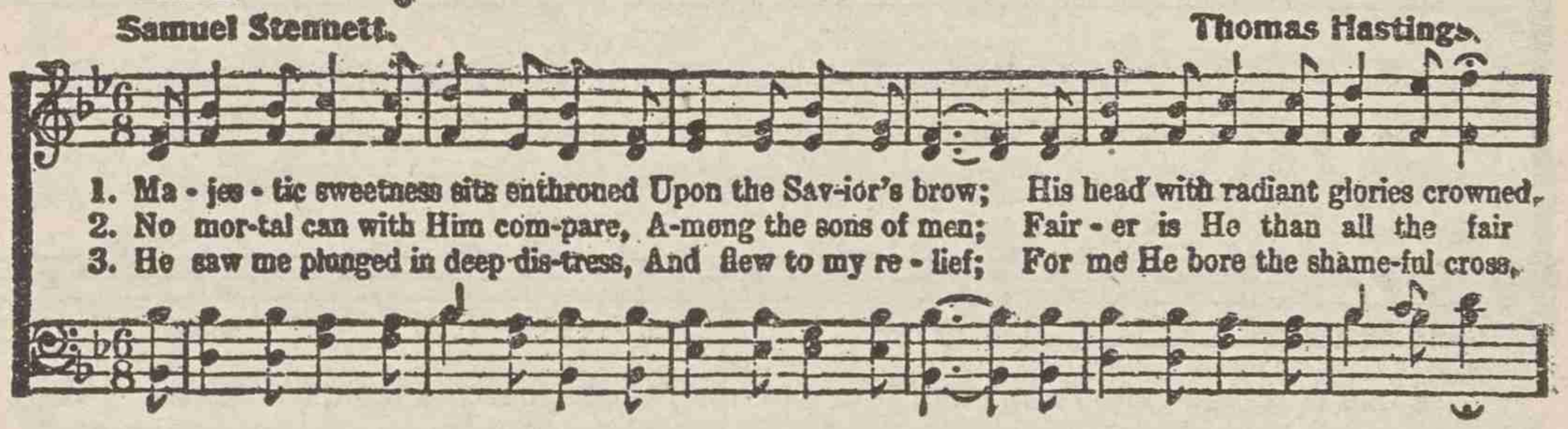
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!
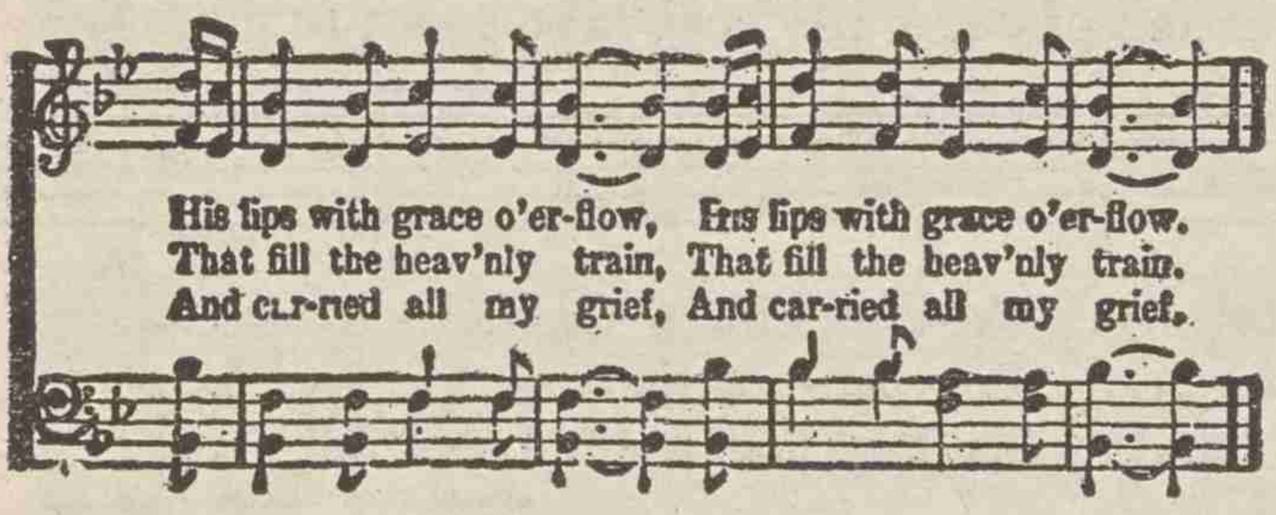
4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

## 174 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



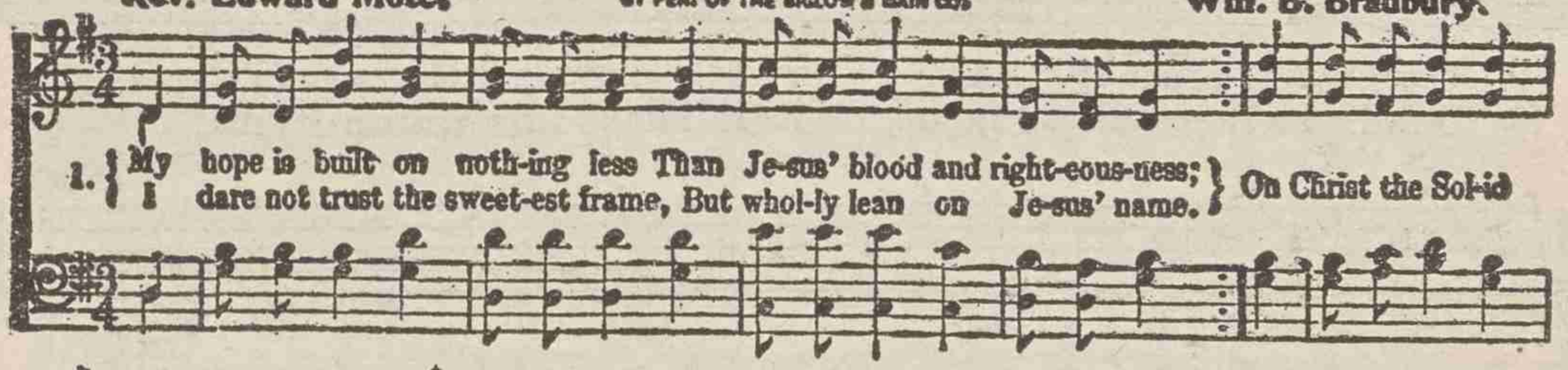
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
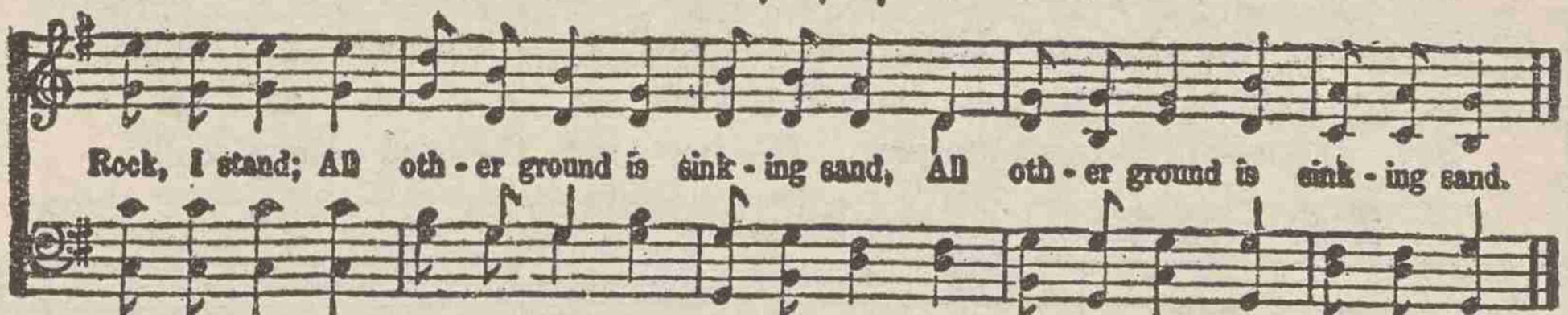
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

## 175 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id



Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

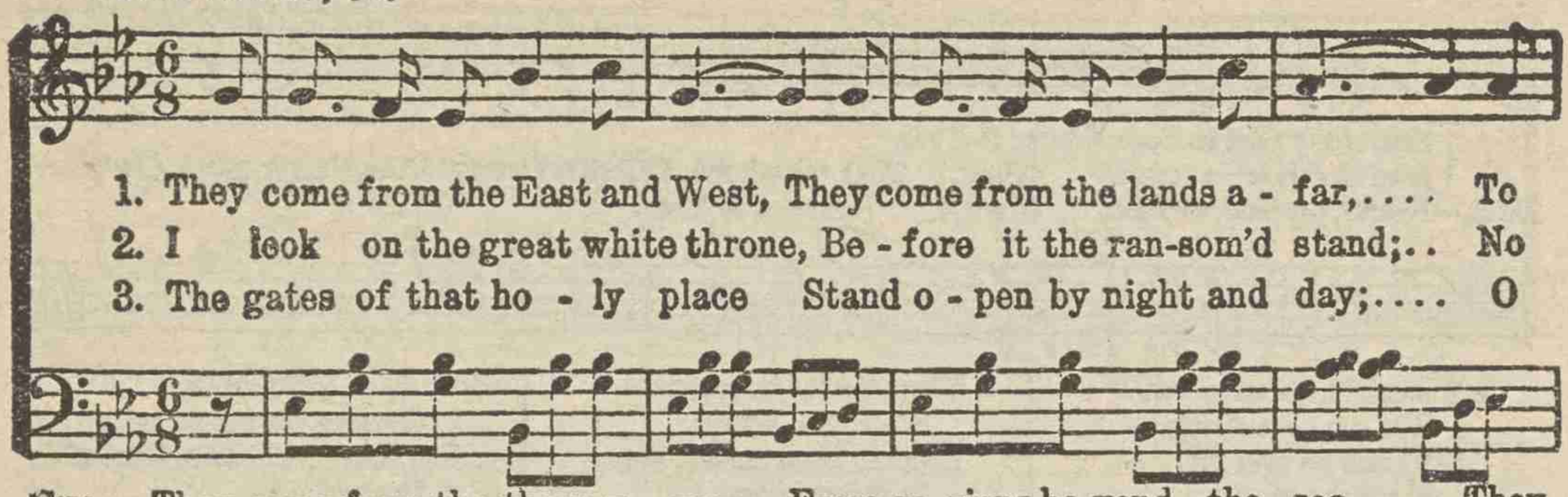
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

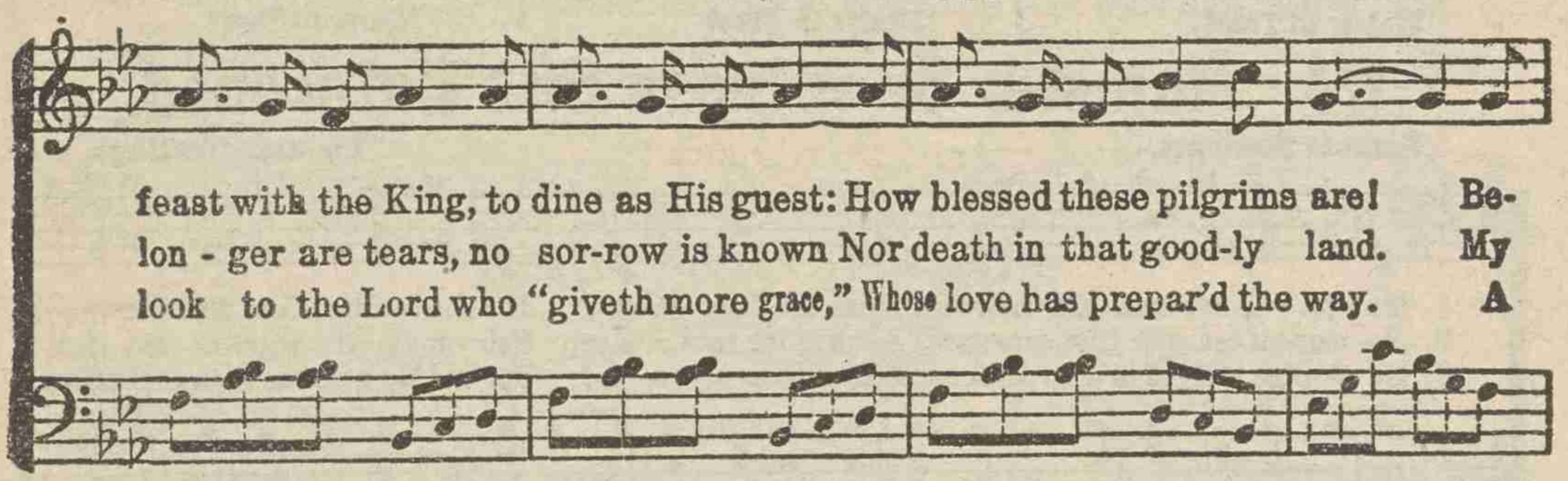
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Dress'd in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

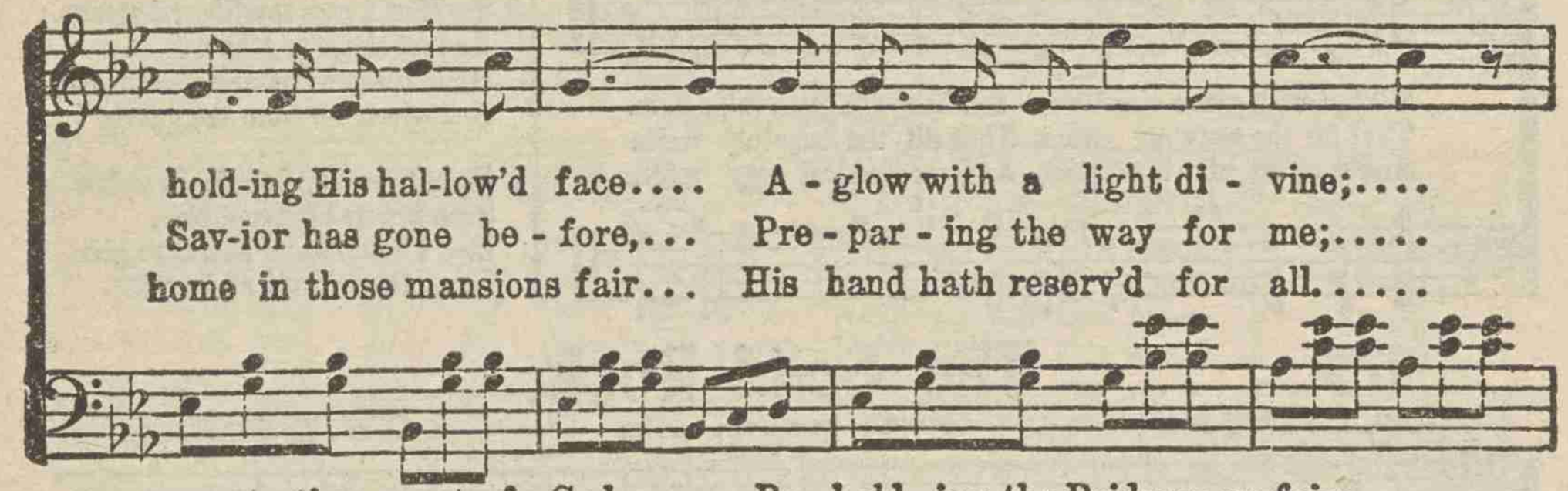
# 176 They Come.

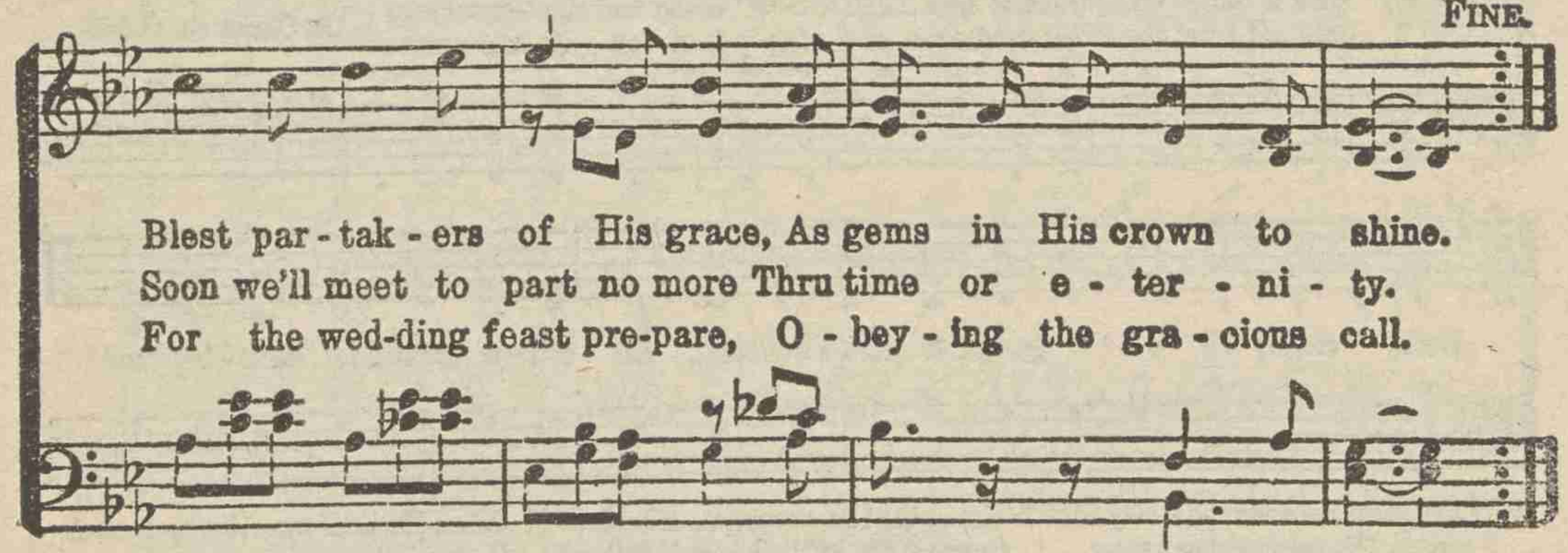
Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris, Tr.



177

# The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev - er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov - ed is mine."

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

178

# I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. FOSTER. ARR.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost and far down, deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

saved from all a - larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend - ing low, The
pas - sions fierce with - in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

*D. S.—Be-cause He first loved me, And*

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.

*purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.*

## 179 It is Well With My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv-er, attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll,
2. Though Satan should buf-fet,tho' trials should come,Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo-ri-ous tho't!—My sin—not in part but the whole,
4. And,Lord,haste the day when the faith shall be sight,The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,

Whatev-er my lot,Thou hast taught me to say,"It is well, it is well with my soul."
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,Praise the Lord,praise the Lord,O my soul!
The trump shall resound,and the Lord shall descend,"Even so"it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well,..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul.

## 180 A Child of the King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands,He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son,the Saviour of men,Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage,why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;

Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high,That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted,my name's written down,An heir to a mansion,a robe,and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home,yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King,A child of the King:With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

# Wonderful Story of Love.

F. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER, by per.

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

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

An - gels with rapt-ure an-nounce it, Shep-herds with won-der re - ceive it;
Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain, Down from the cry-stal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a - bove us, With those who've gone on be - fore us,

FINE.

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

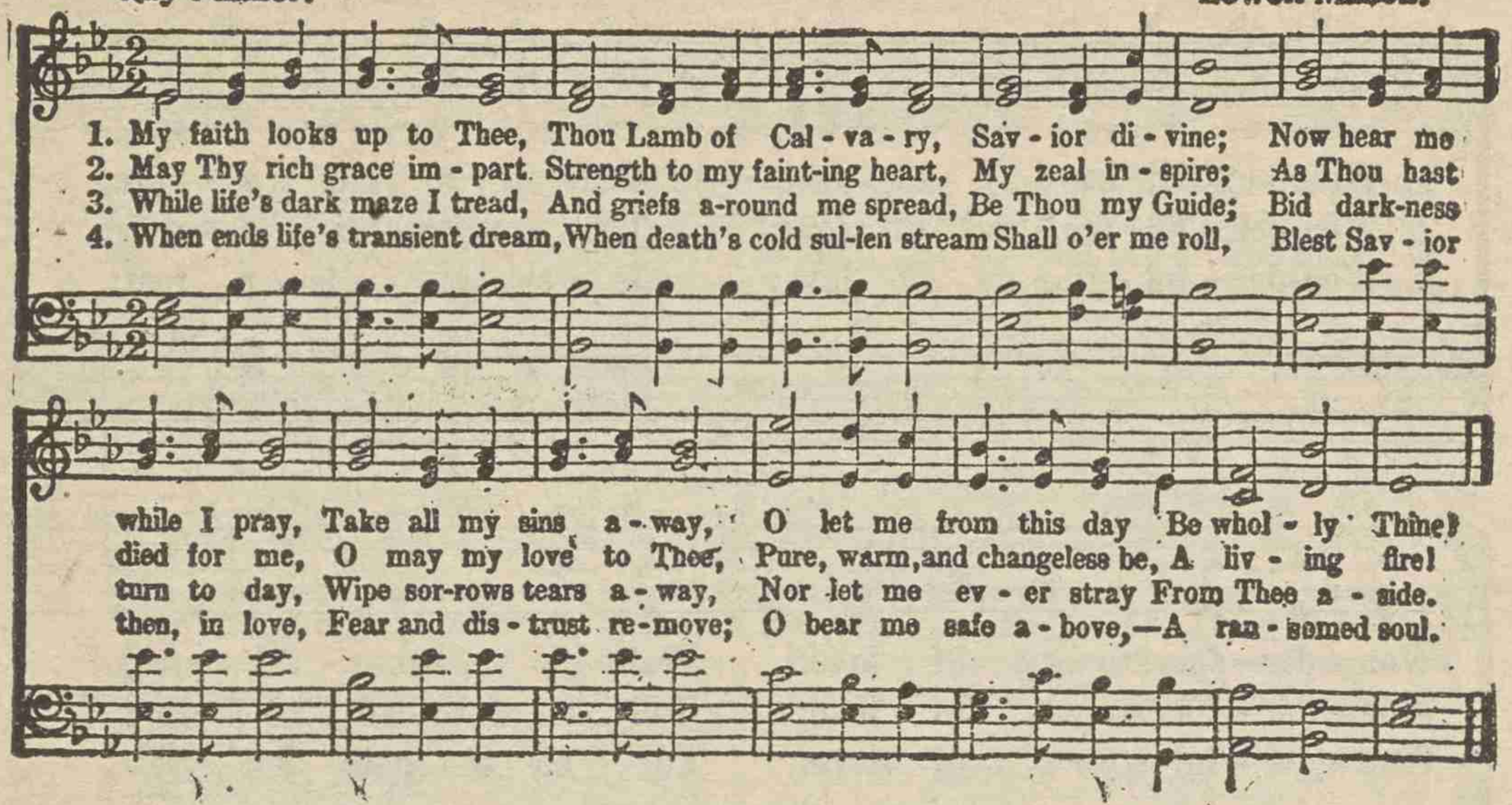
*D. S.—Won - der-ful sto - ry of love!*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Won - der - full Won - der - full Won - der - full
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Won-der-ful sto-ry of love:

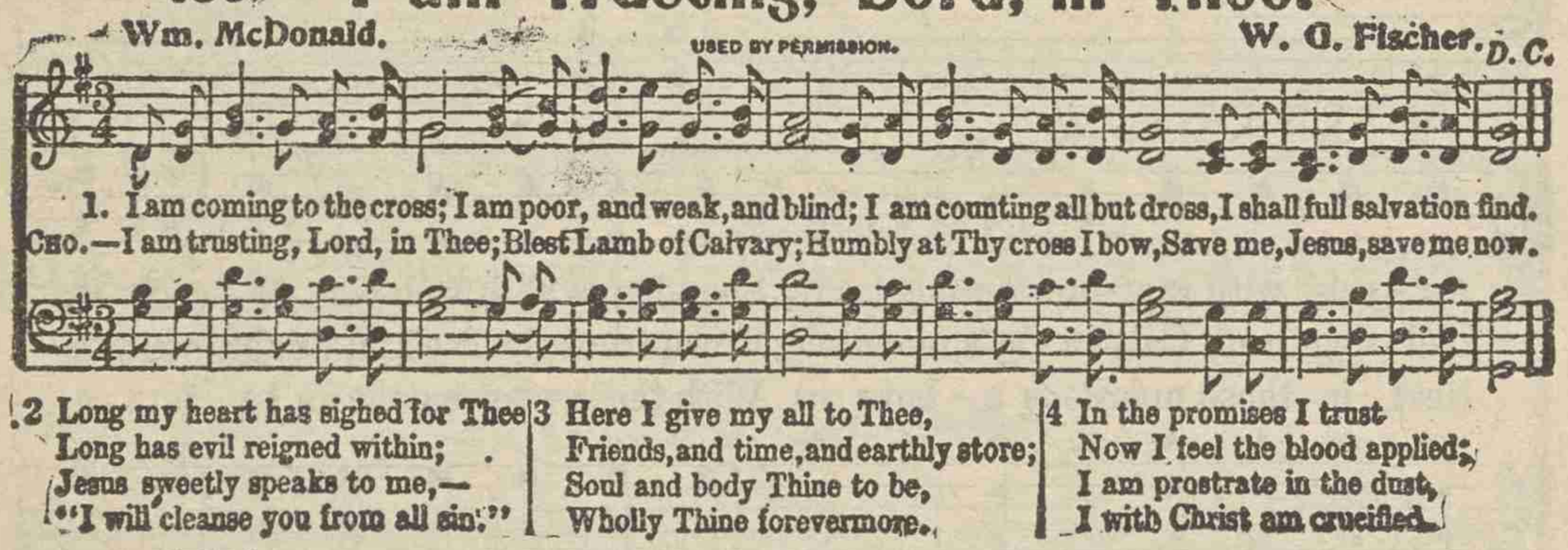
## 182 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



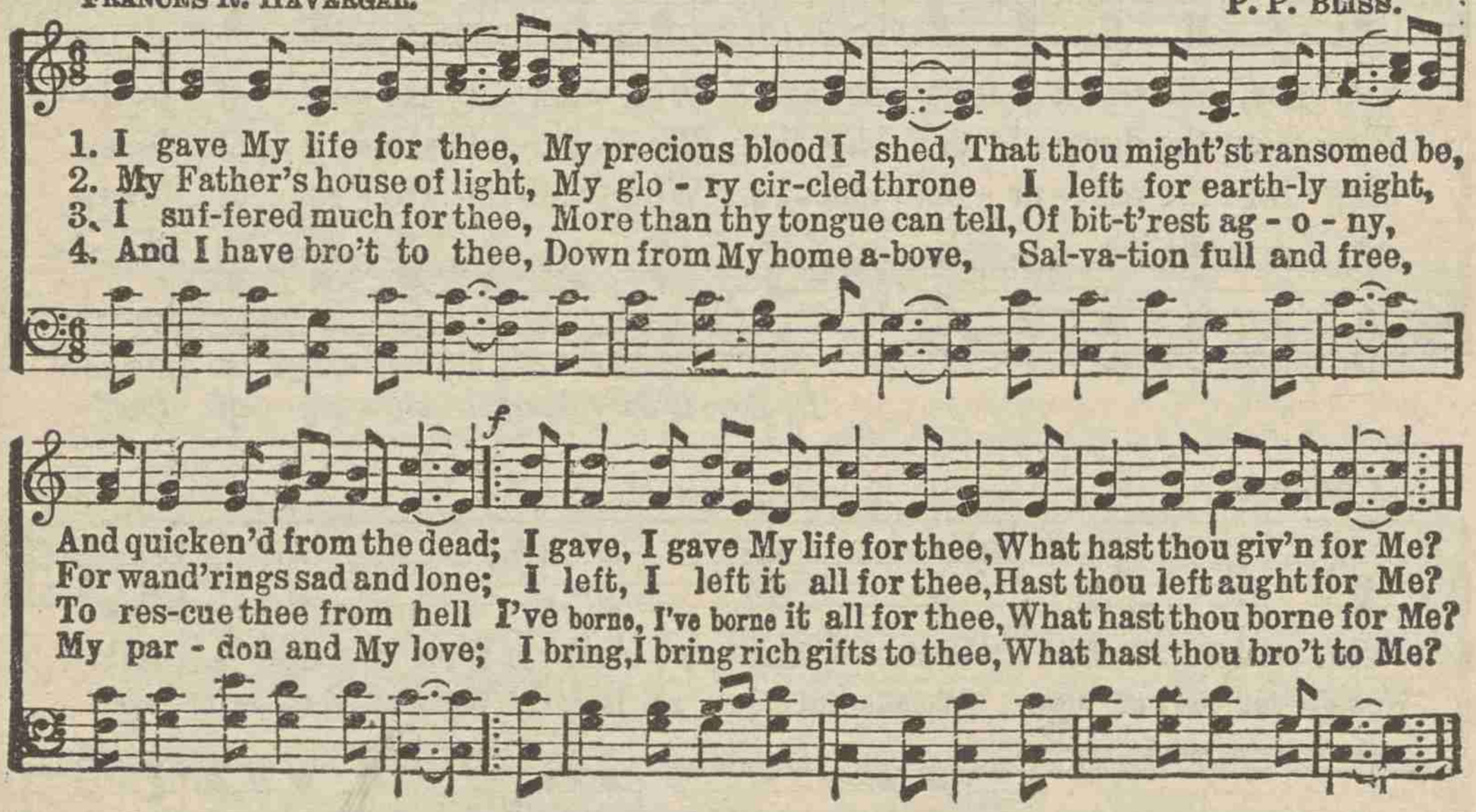

## 183 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.




## 184 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss.



## 185 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

## 186 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

*f.* FINE REFRAIN. *D.S.*

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, / He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, / Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }

D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 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.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

## 187 Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It / sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, / Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

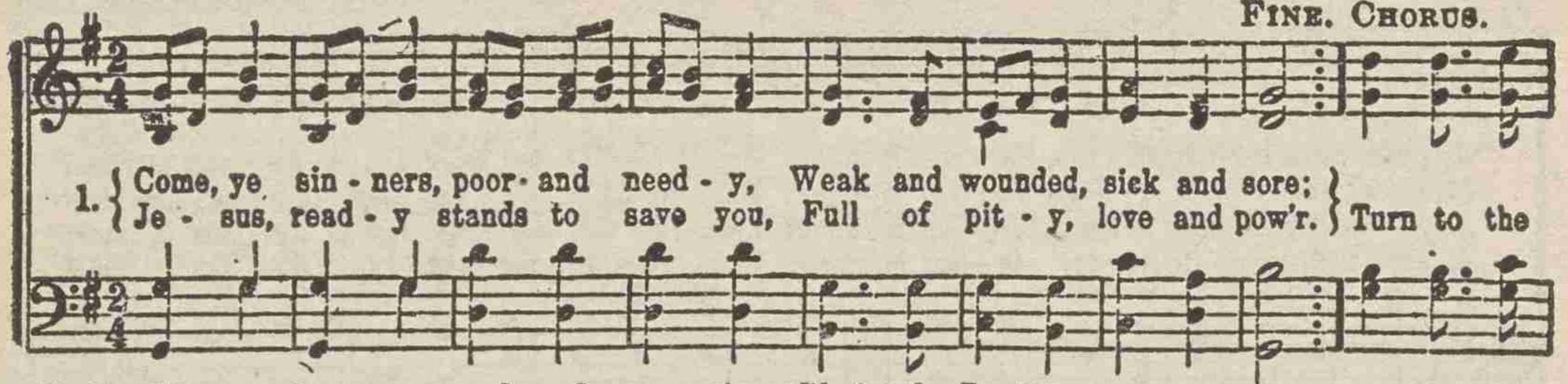
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

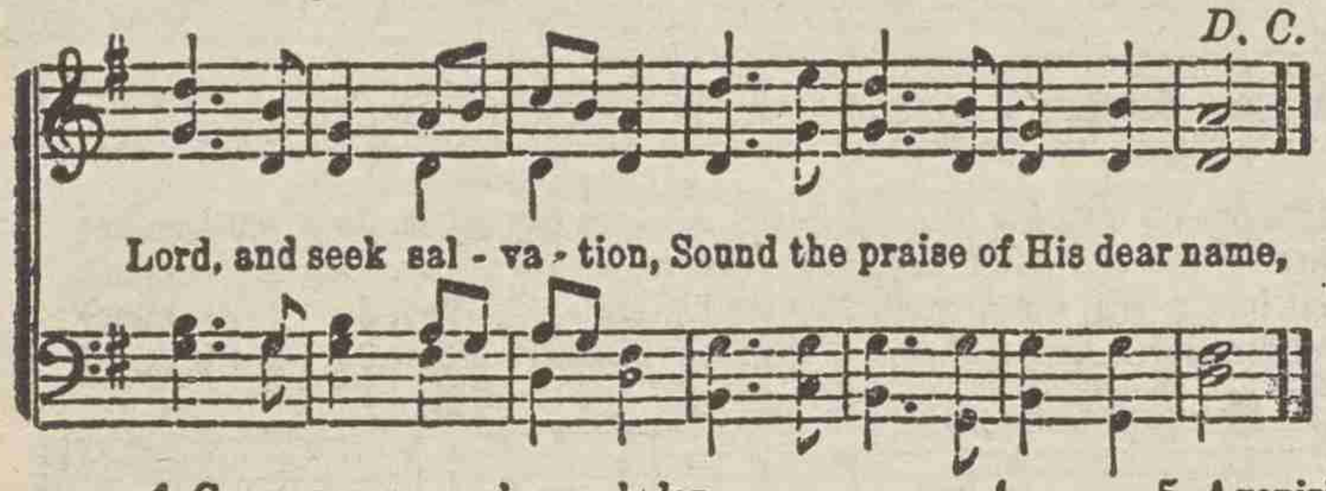
## 188 Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.

FINE. CHORUS.




D.C.-*Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*




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

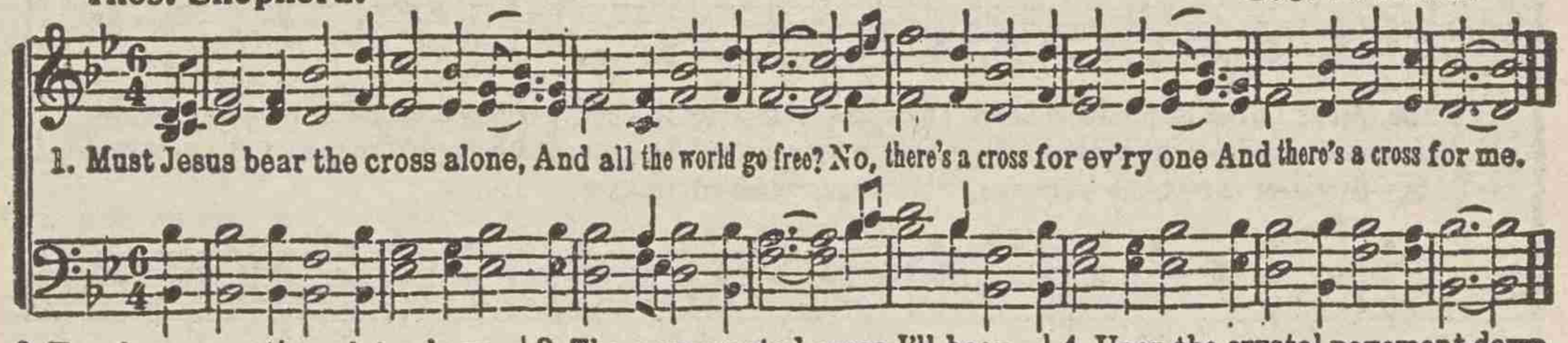
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

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

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

## 189 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.




2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
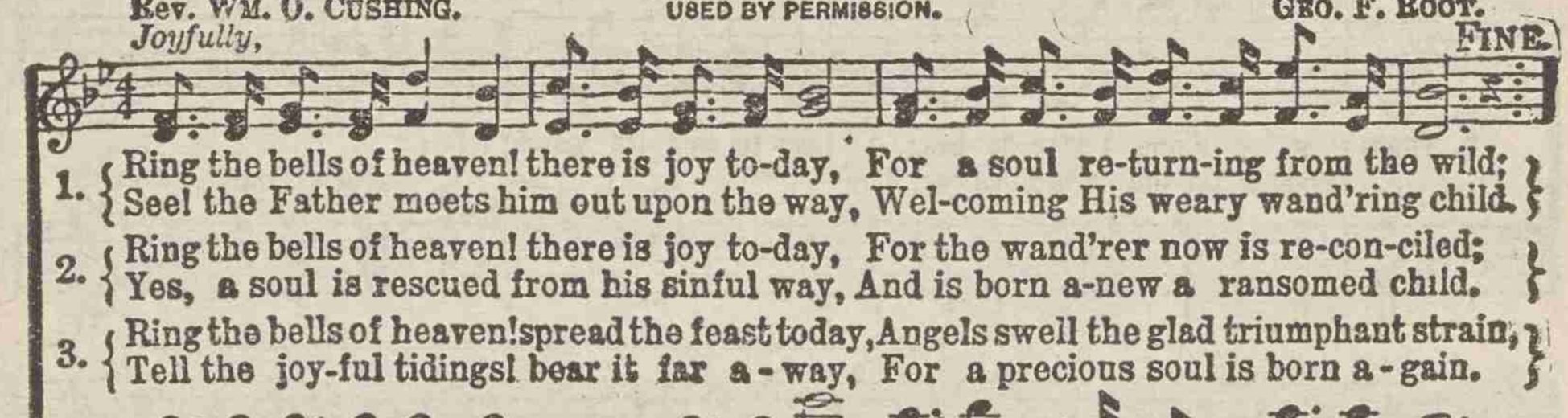
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.
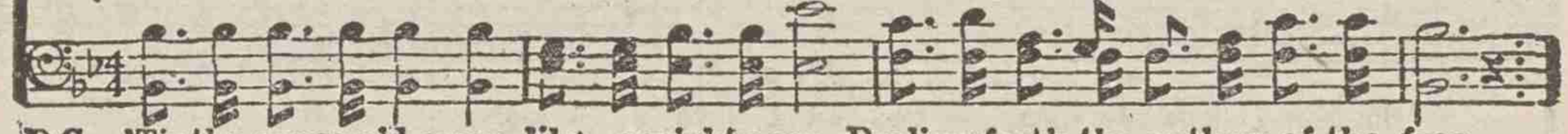
## 190 Ring the Bells of Heaven.
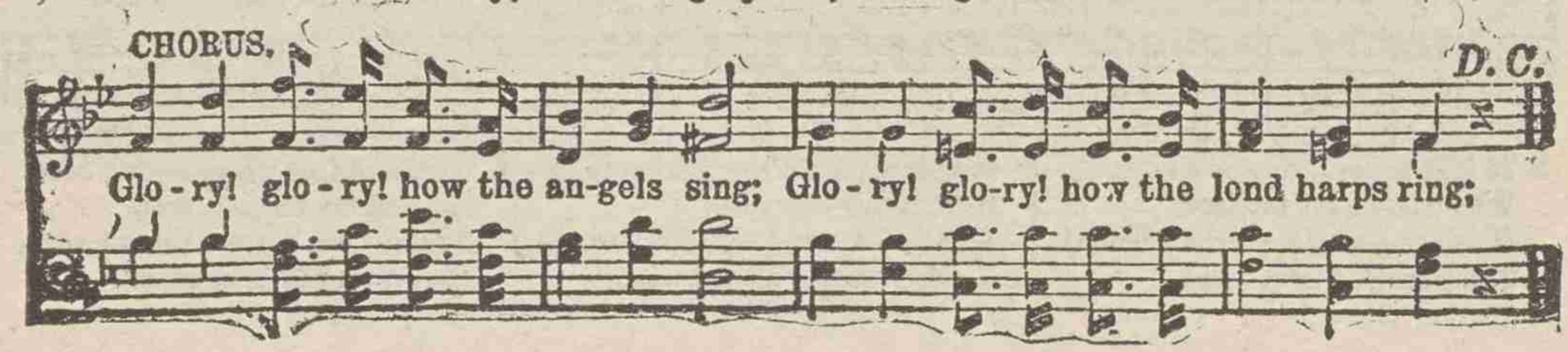
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

*Joyfully,* FINE.









## 191 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, - my Sav - ior hide, Till the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

## 192 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

*Second Tune.* FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

## 193 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be- sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
3. 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.
4. There, there on eagle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## 194 Only Trust Him.

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

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood, Rich bless- ings to be- stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Oh, come now to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will save (*Omit.....*) you now.

## 195 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. O precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his name.
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name.
Saviour's feet; Oh, come to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his name.

*D.S.*—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.

CHORUS. D.S.

Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

## 196 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. *Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.* P. P. Bliss.

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

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

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

## 197 While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

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

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

## 198 To-Day The Savior Calls.

S. Smith. L. Mason.

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

## 199 In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE 6s, 5s, D.) SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me

I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to

call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

## 200 Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
   { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
   { In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

CHORUS. rit.

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

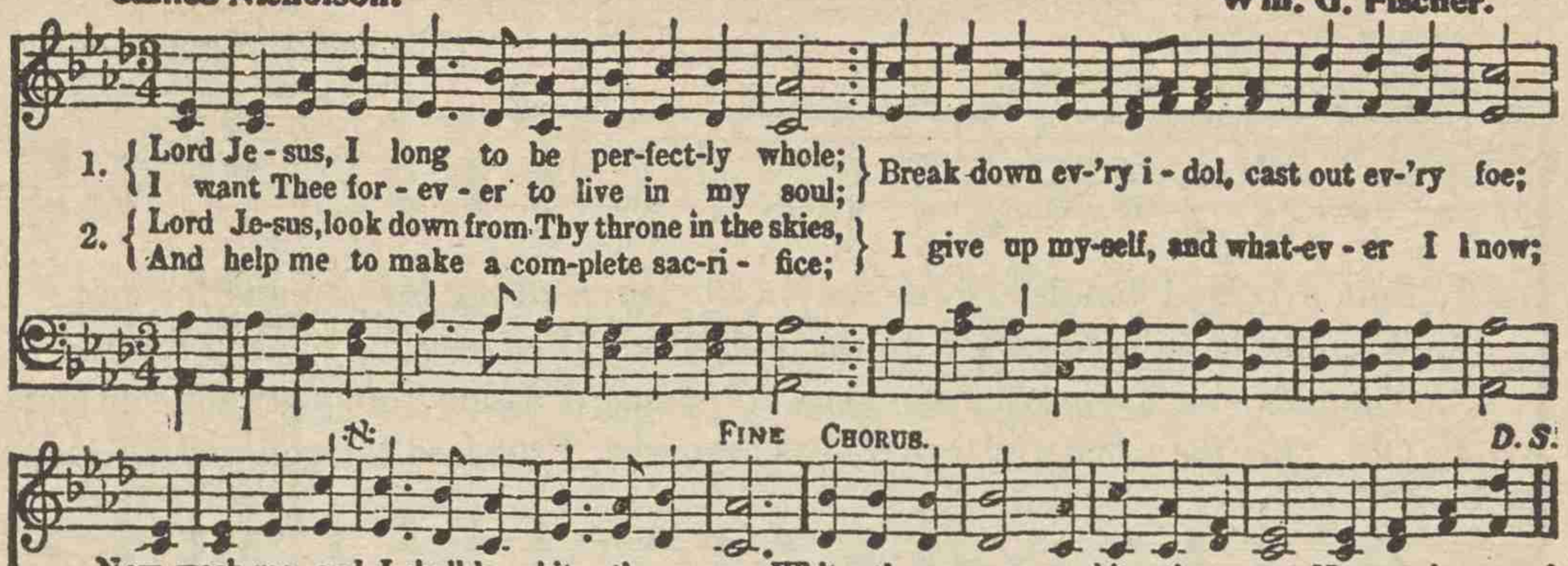
4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

## 201 Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho.-Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

## 202 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

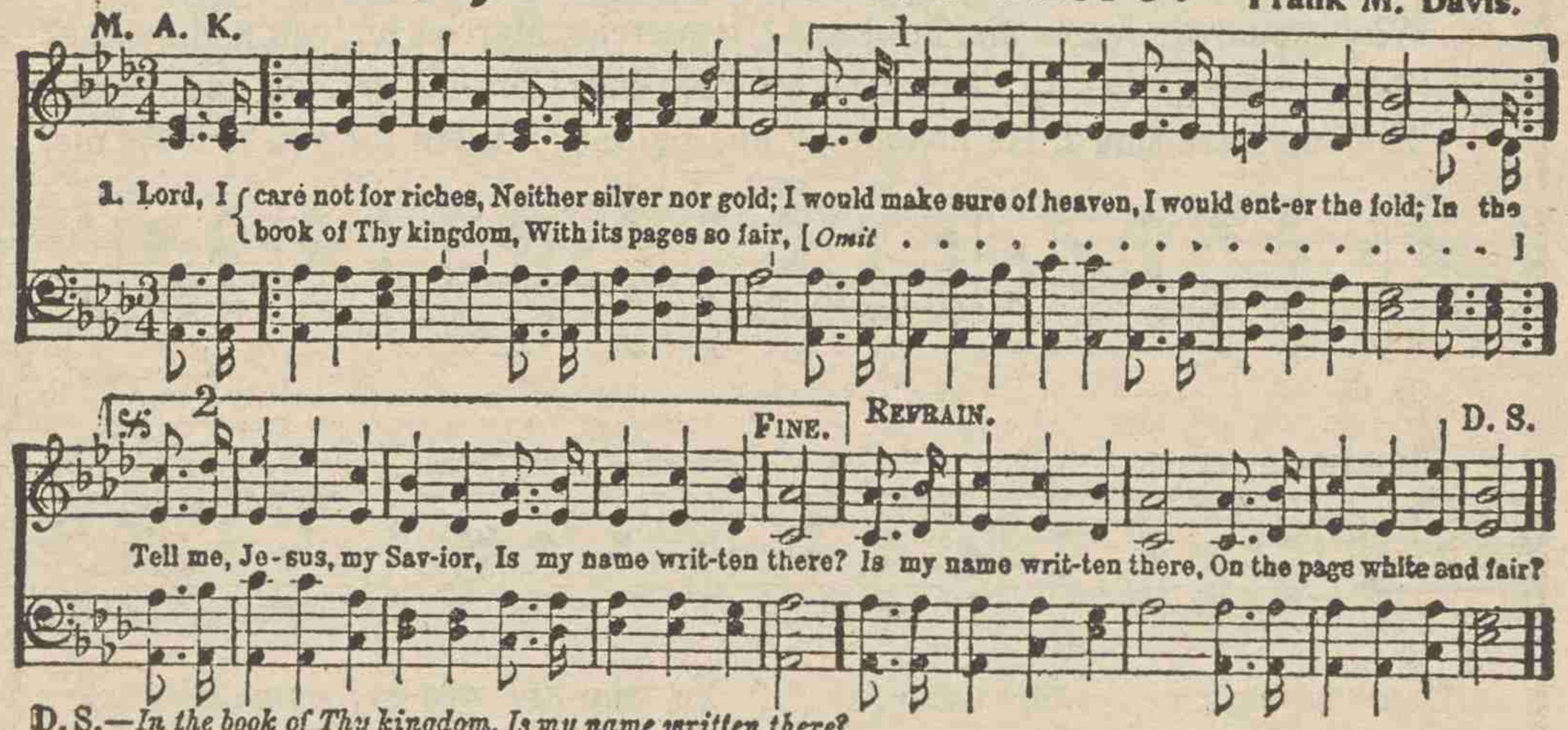



3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## 203 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.



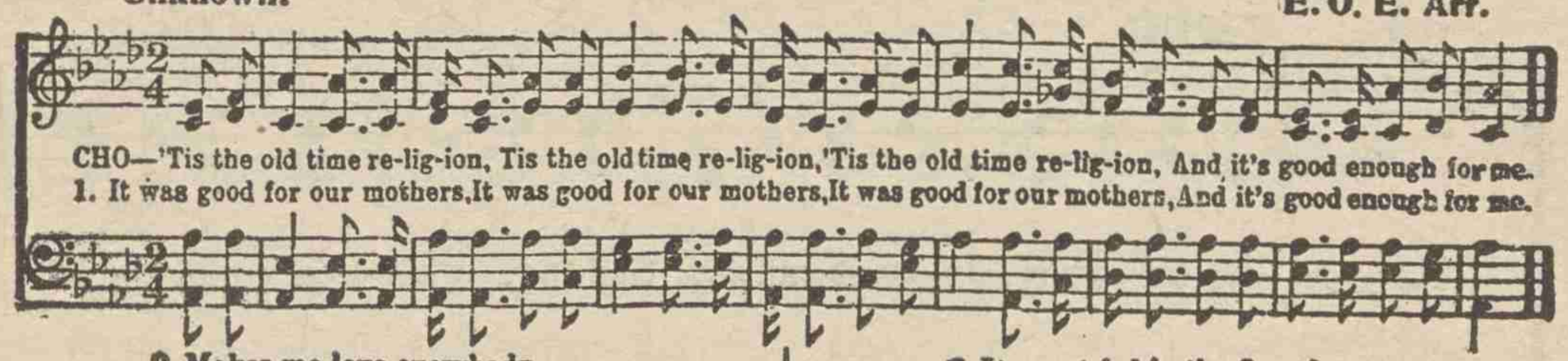

D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

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

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

## 204 The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.




2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.

# 265 Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

*pp* *Very slow.* *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,
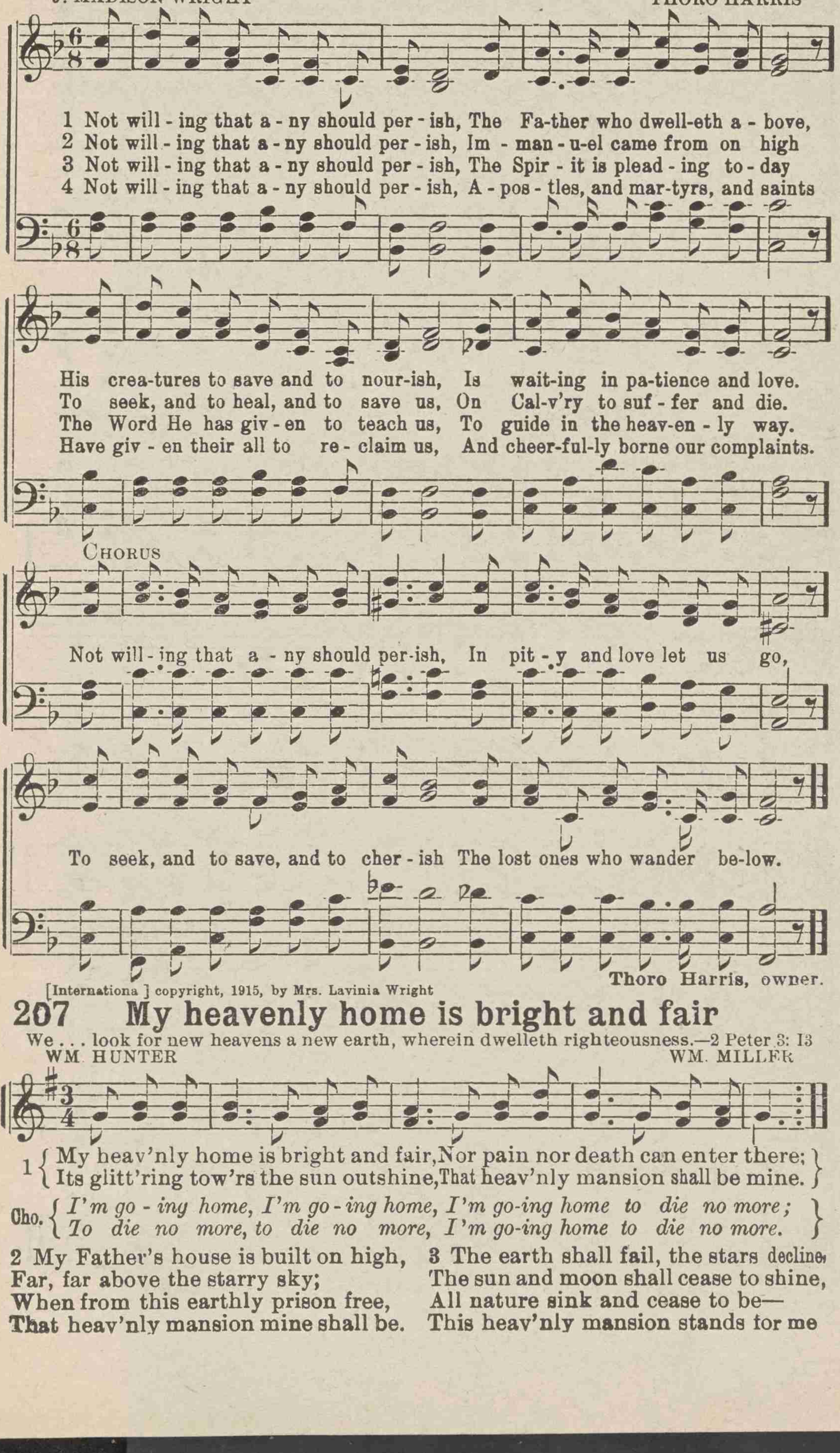
*pp* *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

## 206 Not willing that any should perish

**The Lord . . . is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.**—2 Peter 3: 9

J. MADISON WRIGHT THORO HARRIS




Thoro Harris, owner.

[Internationa ] copyright, 1915, by Mrs. Lavinia Wright

## 207 My heavenly home is bright and fair

**We . . . look for new heavens a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.**—2 Peter 3: 13

WM. HUNTER WM. MILLER



1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Cho. *I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;*
*To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.*

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 The earth shall fail, the stars decline,
The sun and moon shall cease to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be—
This heav'nly mansion stands for me

# 208 The Past is All Under the Blood.

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

1. A present and per-fect sal - va - tion I have In Je - sus my Sav-ior,
2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than snow makes me whit-er,
3. The bur-den of guilt which so long I have borne, In weight like a mount-ain;
4. He leads me so gen - tly the way I should go, My won - der - ful Keep-er;
5. I'm lost and encompassed with wonderful love, Tho' noth-ing I mer - it;

For He is a-bund-ant - ly a - ble to save Both now and for - ev - er.
The Com-fort-er prom-ised a - bid - eth with - in, My path grow-ing brighter.
The sins which had caus'd me so oft - en to mourn, All lost in the fountain.
And gives sweetest comfort the world can not know, My peace grow-ing deep-er.
A beau - ti - ful man-sion pre - par - ing a - bove, I soon shall in - her - it.

Chorus.

He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all
un - der the blood; . . . . . And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
un - der, yes, un - der the blood;
whit - er than snow, The past is all un - der the blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. Wenonah. N. J. Used by per.

# 209 The Cross is not Greater.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.* Com. 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 walking 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 Gethsemane.
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.

USED BY PER. OF COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

## 210 Let the Holy Ghost Come In

R. F. Reynolds. C. E. Rowley.

1. Would you be redeemed from ev - 'ry in-born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved from
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue

con - stant-ly with - in? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

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

Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Rowley

in, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, Make the con - se-
come in. come in,

## 211 Coming Again.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. O would you be numbered as one of His fold? Be spot-less with-
2. Not known is the moment when He shall appear, To gath - er them
3. The voice of His spir - it says, read-y, then be, O will you be-
4. Risk not, an ac-cept-ance of Him in that day, All covered with

gain? He's com - ing a -
in;..... Be watch-ing and wait - ing that sight to be - hold,
in;..... The souls who have followed Him faith-ful - ly here;
gin?..... If peace in His pres-ence you hope then to see;
sin,..... Be robed and all read - y the spir - it doth say,

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

He's com - ing a - gain! He's com - ing a - gain! (a - gain!)

# 212 More Abundantly.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT. Thoro Harris.

1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,

To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;

CHORUS.

He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant - ly.
Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant - ly. More and more a - bun - dant - ly,

more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-

bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

# 213 Send Out the Tidings.

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

1. All glo - ry to the Lamb of God! Let heav'n and earth re-peat the praise
2. Be - fore the fier - y-wheel-ed throne, Our great High Priest, for us He stands
3. With all the host of an-gels bright, De-scend-ing from yon heights a-bove,
4. O glo - ry to His matchless name! All pow'r to Him our Fa - ther gave;

Of Him who bo't us by His blood, The An-cient of e - ter-nal days!
And pleads—O wondrous love unknown! Our names en-grav-en on His hands.
He soon will come in clouds of light, Whom yet, un-seen, we dear - ly love.
To - day and ev - er - more the same, The King of a - ges, strong to save!

CHORUS.

Send out the ti-dings a - far and near, Let ev-'ry na-tion the gos - pel

hear; To ev-'ry land the mes-sage bear, And in His glo-ry share.

*f* *Full harmony*

# 214 The Joy of the Lord.

Neh. 8: 10.

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

1. The proph-et of old to his coun-try-men cried, "The joy of the
2. When noth-ing but dark-ness o'er-shad-ows thy way, "The joy of the
3. For per-fect sal-va-tion thy spir-it doth crave? "The joy of the
4. Thy Fa-ther hath noth-ing but bless-ing to give; "The joy of the
5. What-ev-er the tri-al, what-ev-er the test, "The joy of the

Lord is your strength;" Who hope in His mer-cy shall not be de-nied,
Lord is your strength;" Be-lieve in His prom-ise, be quick to o-bey:
Lord is your strength;" He's a-ble and will-ing this mo-ment to save;
Lord is your strength;" O heed but this coun-sel: His ful-ness re-ceive;
Lord is your strength;" Till thou shalt a-bide in the por-tals of rest,

REFRAIN.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. O glo - ry to God!.....
O glo-ry to God!
Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice!

Thru Him we shall con-quer at length;.... Keep al-way re-
hal-le-lu-jah!

*rit.*

joic-ing, His word stand-eth sure, The joy of the Lord is your strength.

# 215 Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ru-ler once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may

sal-va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je-sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev-er-last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-

gain," "Ye must be born a-gain," I ver-i-ly,
a-gain, a-gain,

ver-i-ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.

# 216 Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MEYER & BROTHER.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing from the world a - way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross of Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame,
4. Praise his precious name for-ev - er That his blood hath made me free!

Step-ping out up - on the prom-ise, All I have is his to - day.
When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at - test his glo-rious pow'r.
All my gain I count but loss - es For the glo - ry of his name.
Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.
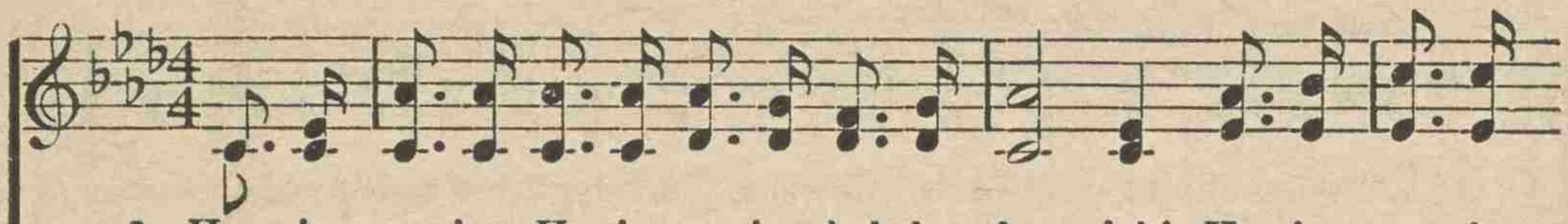
Leav - ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn - ing
Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

from the world a - way,..... Step - ping out up-
Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way, Step - ping out up-
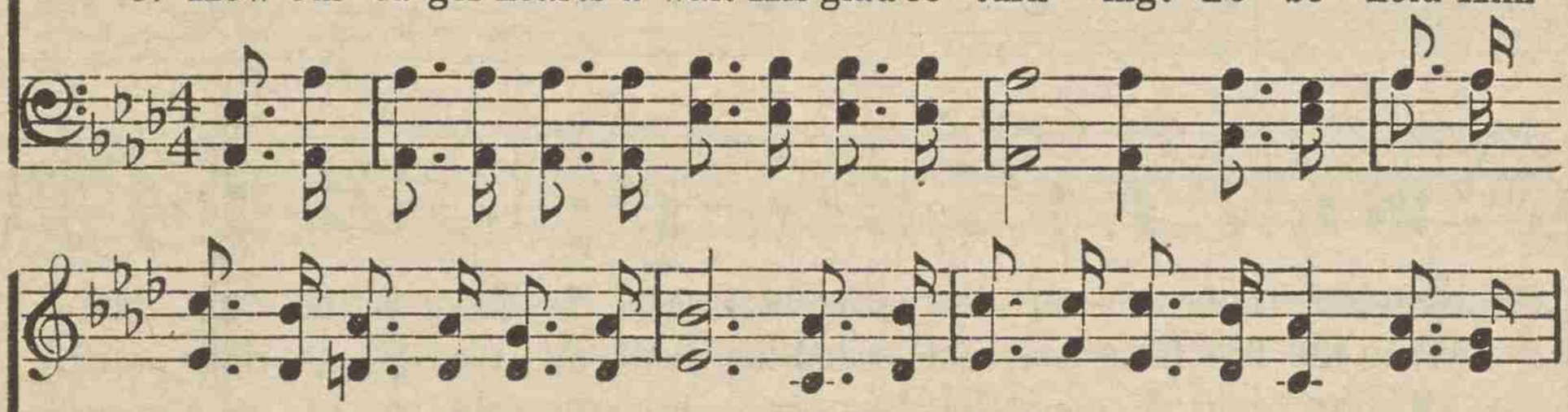
on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
on his bless - ed prom - ise,

# 217 The Bridegroom and the Bride.

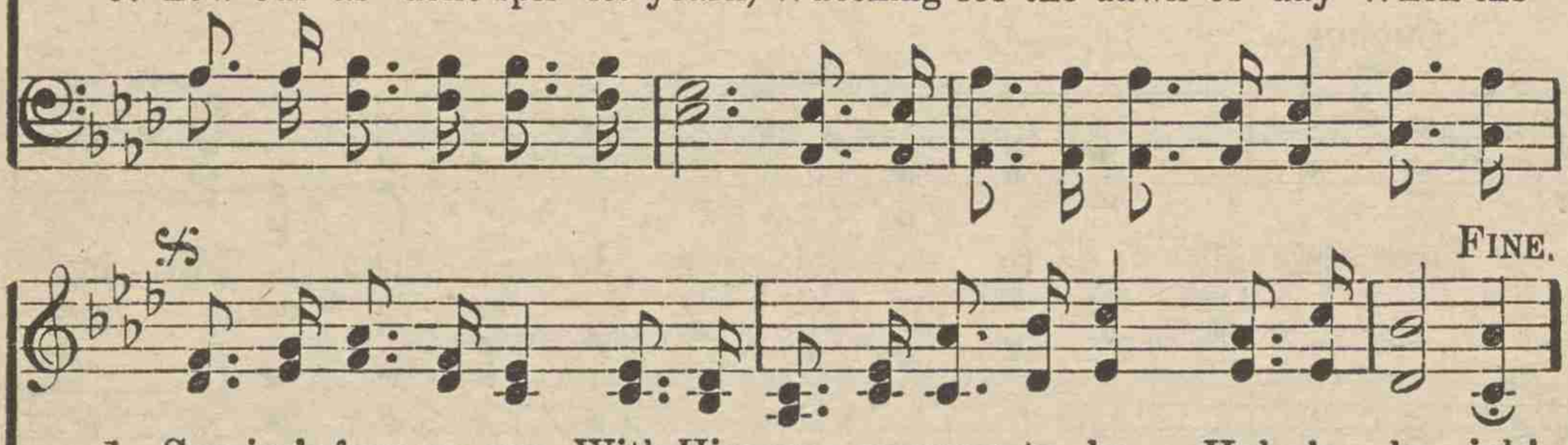
L. S., Thoro Harris, Tr. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Lotten Sjoli.
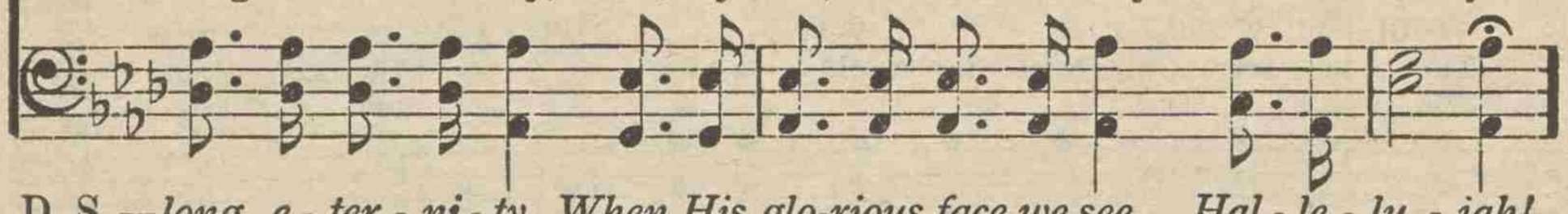


1. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, hal-le - lu - jah! He is com-ing
2. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, hal-le - lu - jah! All the signs fore-
3. He is com-ing: what an aw-ful sep-a - ra - tion! What a weep-ing
4. When the Bridegroom will prepare Himself to serve them, With what wonder
5. All the gold-en harps of heav-en will be ring - ing Sweetest har-mo-
6. How our ea-ger hearts a-wait His glad re-turn - ing! To be-hold Him



1. to re-ceive His wait-ing bride; What a glo-rious sight 'twill be When our
2. tell the Prince of peace is nigh. As the hour is draw-ing near When the
3. and a wail-ing there will be! Sin-ner, will you be left out, When the
4. will the an-gel host look on, As they see the Christ who died With His
5. ny as man-y wa-ters' voice. Earth will keep her ju - bi-lee, All the
6. how our ar-dent spir-its yearn, Watching for the dawn of day When the
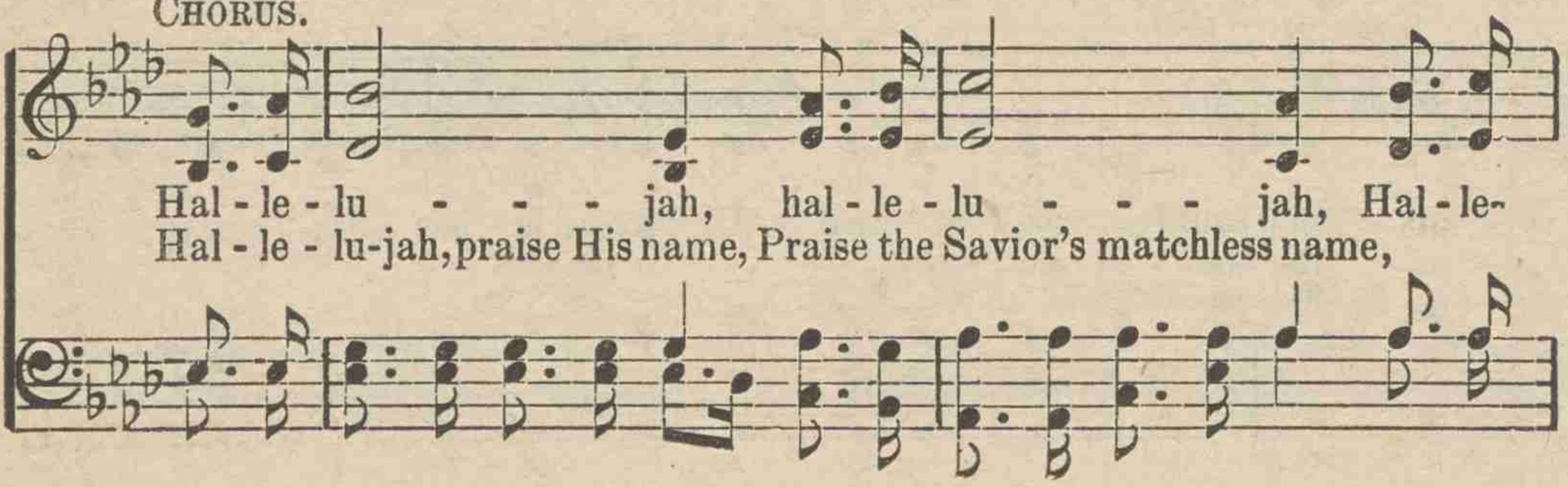



1. Sav-ior's face we see, With Him ev - er-more to be, Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. Sav-ior shall ap-pear, Loud we shout with ho-ly cheer, Hal-le-lu-jah!
3. fo is put to rout, And the ran-som'd nations shout, Hal-le-lu-jah?
4. spot-less vir-gin bride Both to-geth-er glo-ri-fied, Hal-le-lu-jah!
5. cap-tives will go free Thru the a-ges yet to be. Hal-le-lu-jah!
6. King Himself will say, "Rise, my love, and come a-way!" Hal-le-lu-jah!



D. S.—*long e-ter-ni-ty, When His glo-rious face we see, Hal-le-lu-jah!*

CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu - - - jah, hal-le-lu - - - jah, Hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise His name, Praise the Savior's matchless name,

## The Bridegroom and the Bride.

D. S.

lu - jah to the bless-ed Son of God! Of His love our theme will be Thru a

## 218 Look Up.

Thoro Harris.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS.

1. God's Lamb who on Cal-v'ry was of - fered There made an atonement for all;
2. There's naught from our guilt can de-liv-er But faith in the shedding of blood;
3. Our Sin - bear-er now is ex - alt - ed, Repentance and par - don to give;
4. He's com-ing a - gain to re-ceive us And claim us as tro-phies of grace;

1. And they who accept His sal - va - tion Are saved from the curse of the fall.
2. Who plunge in the sin-cleansing fountain At once find their peace made with God.
3. He of - fers to all His re-demp-tion: O why not re-pent and be-lieve?
4. We then shall be-hold Him in glo - ry And bask in the light of His face.

CHORUS.

Look up, look up, Free par-don and peace to ob - tain;
Look up, look up,

Look up, look up, To Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain.
Look up, look up,

219

# Lord, Send the Power!

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. What is the church-'s cry-ing need, Her sole re-quest this pres-ent hour? 'Tis not for world-ly gain we plead: Lord, fill us with the old-time pow'r! (For Thy glo-ry)
2. The hire-ling lures un-sta-ble souls, The clouds of trib-u-la-tion low'r: A storm of wrath and vengeance rolls: E-quip us with Thy might-y pow'r! (For Thy glo-ry)
3. 'Twas this the Mas-ter gave His own, Their her-it-age, a price-less dow'r; By signs and won-ders He made known His glo-rious res-sur-rec-tion pow'r! (For Thy glo-ry)
4. Make all Thy ser-vants strong and bold, Let none thru fear or weak-ness cow'r; With gifts and gra-ces man-i-fold, Re-veal thru them Thy sav-ing pow'r! (For Thy glo-ry)
5. The frag-rance of Thy love be shed, O Christ, of God and man the Flow'r; A-wake the na-tions from the dead, And man-i-fest Thy quick'ning pow'r! (For Thy glo-ry)

CHORUS.

*f* *mp*

Lord, send the pow'r! Lord, send the pow'r! Lord, send the pow'r? O'er hill and plain May lat-ter rain De-scend this hour! Lord, send the pow'r, May lat-ter rain De-scend, a copious show'r!

De-scend this hour!

*rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.*

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r! Let all the earth be filled with Thy glo-ry!

# 220 Power to Witness.

T. H. COPYRIGHT. 1915. BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. The Lord bade His a-pos-tles, Be-fore He went a-way, To tar-ry at
2. That upper room was flooded With glo-ry and with grace; The fire from heav'n
3. The mul-ti-tude were startled; They could not understand The wondrous pow'r
4. And so the Mas-ter bids you To tar-ry and to pray Till you re-ceive

Je-ru-sa-lem And for the Spir-it pray; And when they were assembled The
de-scend-ed: O how sacred seem'd the place! It sat on each dis-ci-ple; They
that God had poured Up-on His faithful band, Till Peter showed how Jo-el The
the pow'r that fell That Pen-te-cos-tal day; And quickly God will send you The

roy-al gift to claim, They waited for the pow'r to wit-ness In His name.
all be-gan to raise Their voic-es, and in other tongues To speak His praise.
lat-ter days foretold, And God had bro't to pass the word He spake of old.
unc-tion from on high, And give you grace, in Jesus' name To tes-ti-fy.

CHORUS.

*f*

When sud-den-ly the rush-ing wind And clov-en tongues of flame!

*m*

They all be-gan to wit-ness In their Sav-ior's name.
In their might-y Sav-ior's name.

# 221 My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'nly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mercy, He the ran-som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing . . . . . of my Re-deem - er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With His
blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, . . . . . On the
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the
With His blood
cross . . . . . He sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the

By permission.

## My Redeemer.—Concluded.

*Repeat pp after last verse.*

debt, . . . . . and made me free. . . . . .
and made me free, and made me free,

## 222 More Than Gold.

ARRANGEMENT OWNED BY THORO HARRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Arr. by T. H. T. H., Arr.

1. A lit - tle man of whom we read, Who lived in days of old,
2. It was up - on a cer - tain day This lit - tle man was told
3. But Zac-cheus was not tall; and he Could scarce-ly aught be-hold;
4. When Je - sus saw him in the tree, He cried with ac - cents bold,
5. And so to - day He's call - ing still; Come, en - ter Je - sus' fold;

Tho' he was rich, yet felt the need Of something more than gold.
That Je - sus Christ would pass that way With something more than gold.
So he climbed up a syc-a-more tree For something more than gold.
"Come down; and I will prove to thee There's something more than gold."
He on - ly has the pow'r to heal—And this is more than gold.
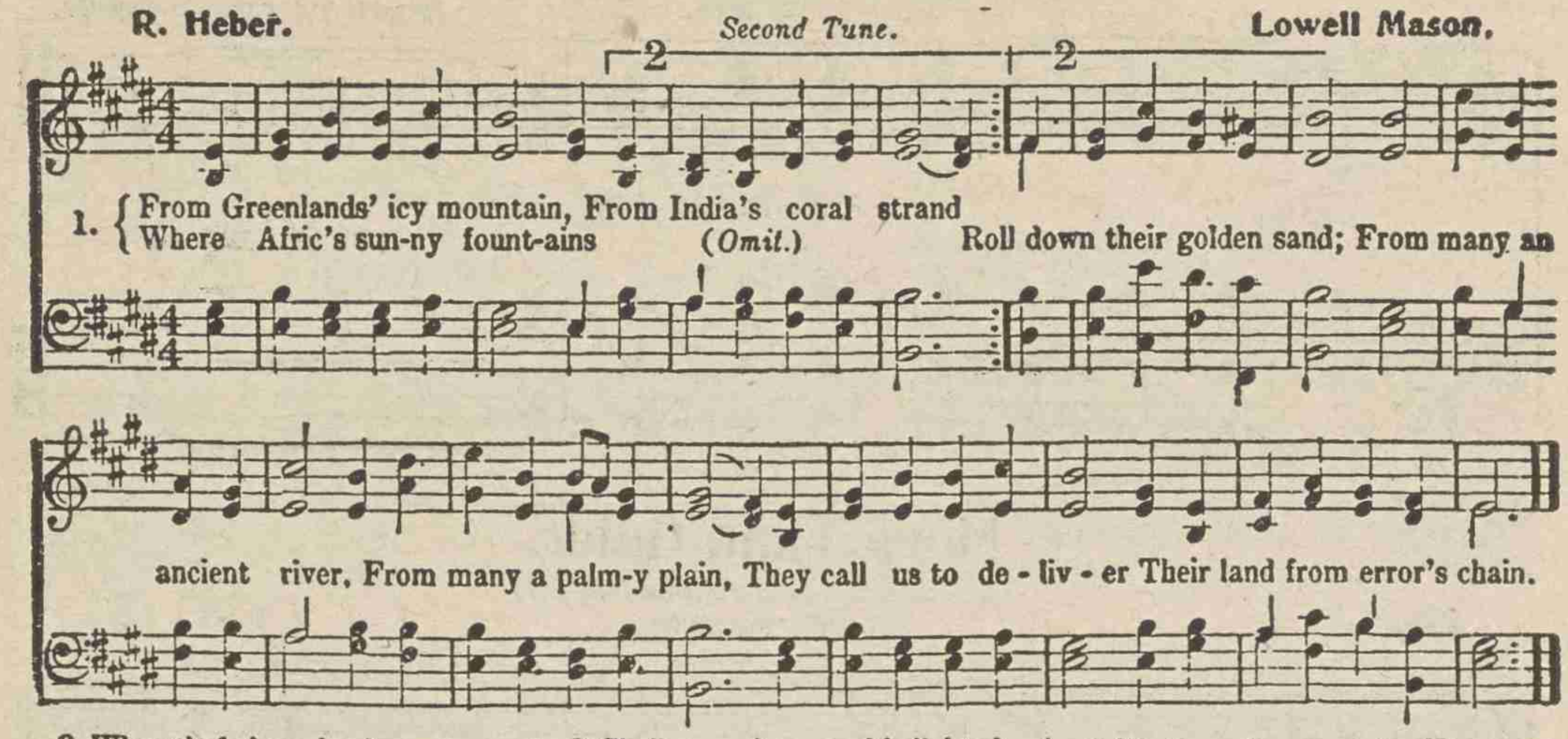
CHORUS.

O yes, O yes, there's something more, There's something more than gold;

To know your sins are un-der the blood Is some-thing more than gold.

## 223 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



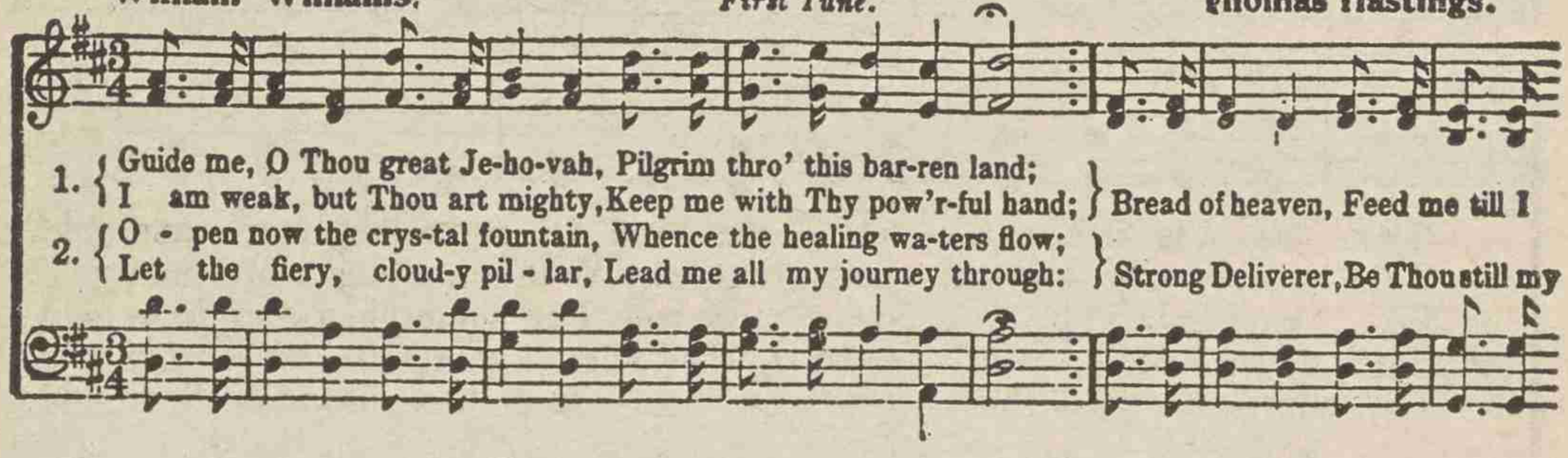

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose soul is lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

## 224 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

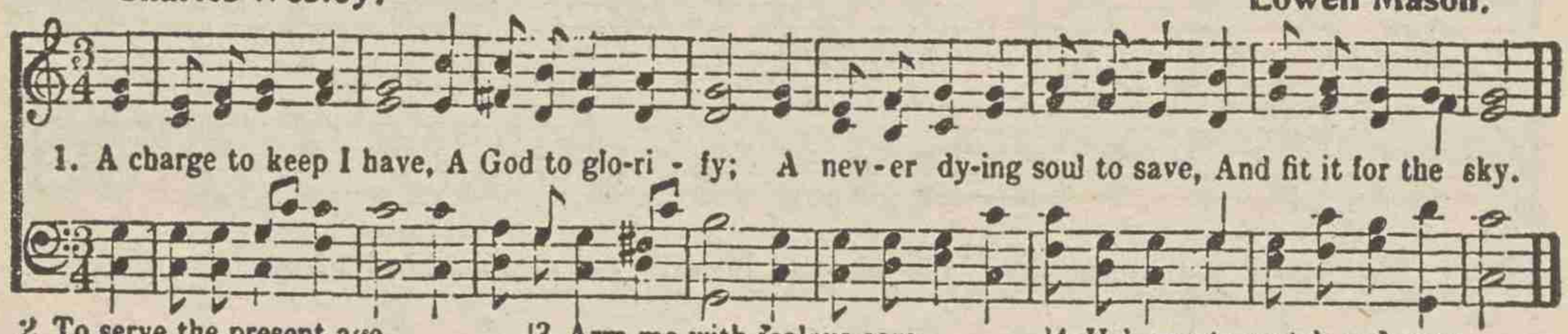
William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.




3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

## 225 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.
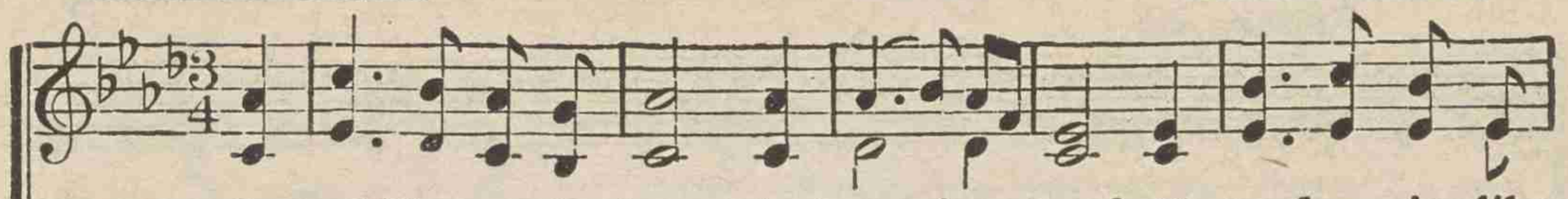



2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

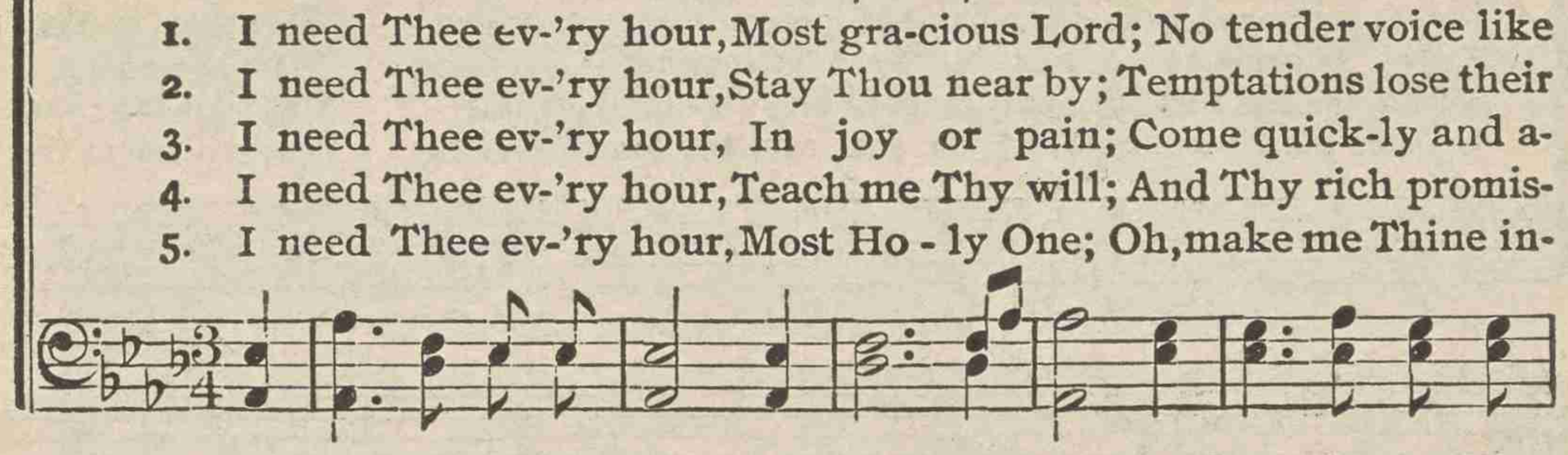
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

## 226 I Need Thee Every Hour.
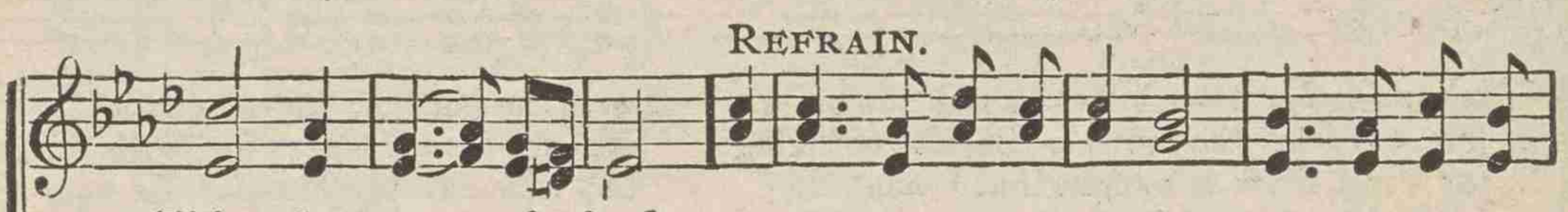
ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.
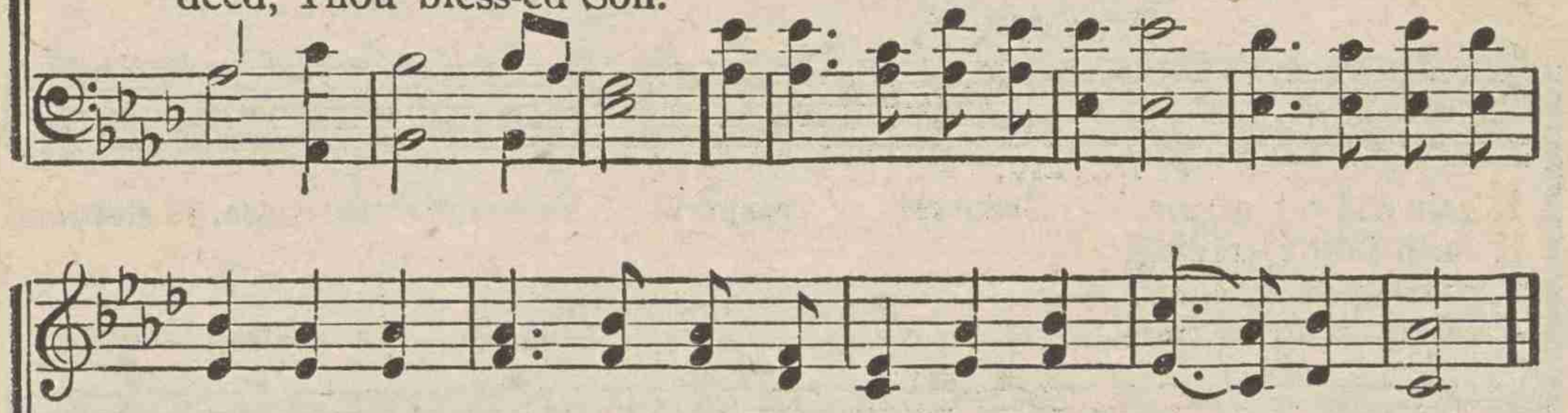


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-
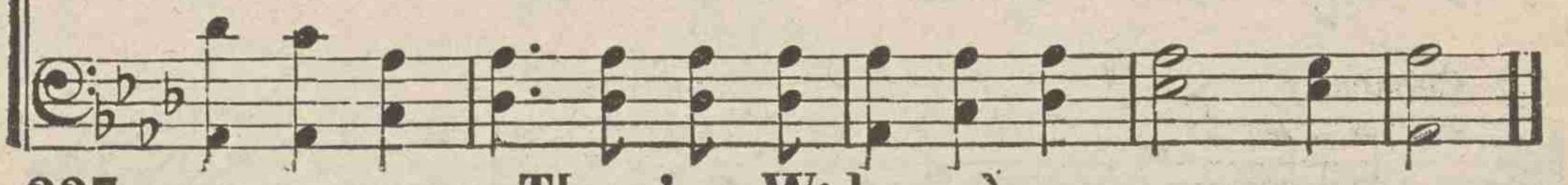


REFRAIN.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.
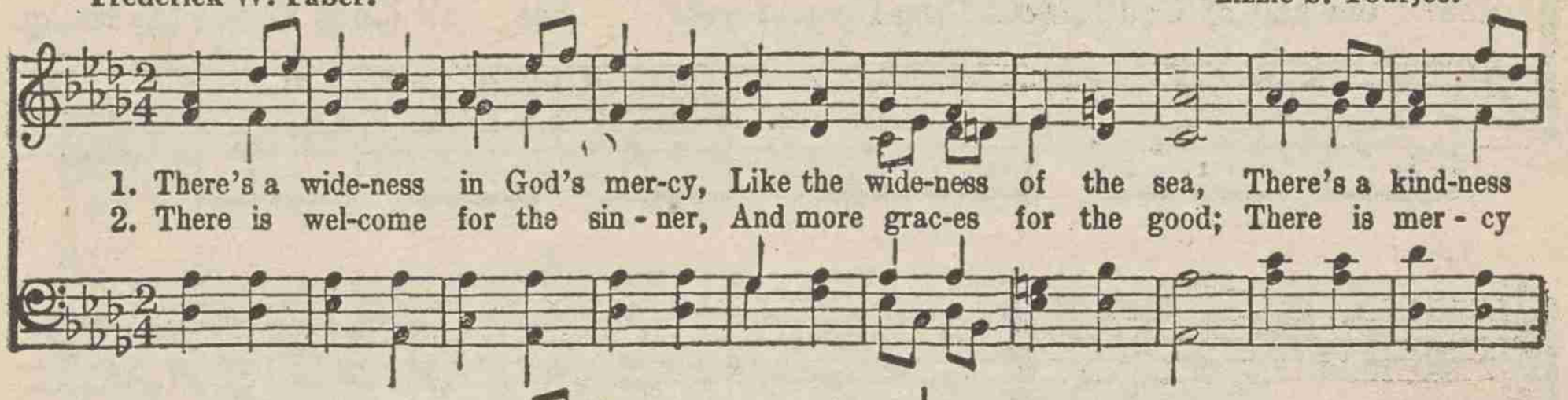


need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior! I come to Thee.

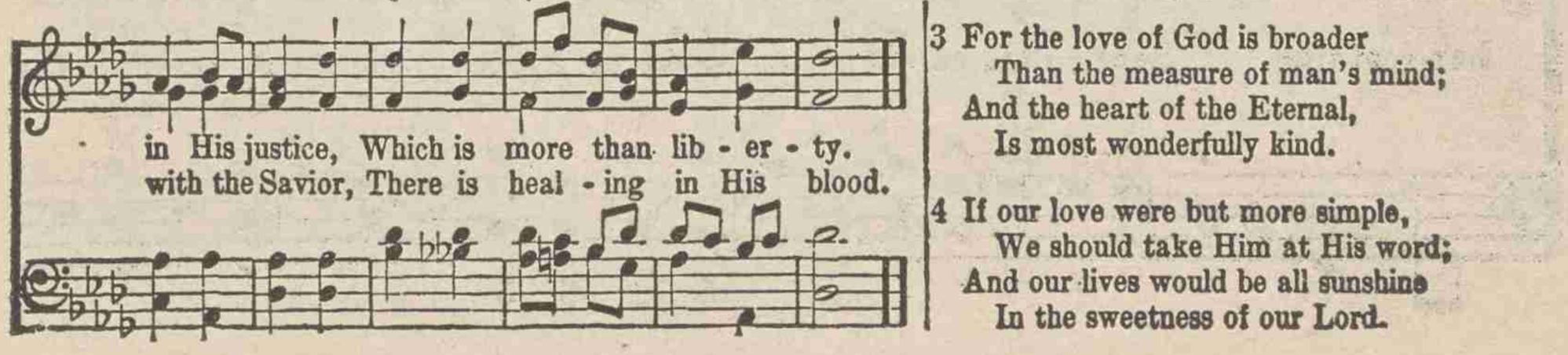


## 227 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy



in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 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.

## Reapers.

T. H. Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

UNISON. *mp*

1. Lift your eyes, behold the fields of precious gold-en grain Wav-ing in the
2. Ev - 'ry grain ye gath-er, ev-'ry sheaf your hands can bring Will be-come a
3. Tho the need is ur-gent, reapers are, a - las, how few! Let none hear you
4. When the toi-lers gath-er on yon ra-diant heav'nly shore, They will shout the

1. breez-es o'er the hill - top and the plain. Hark! the Lord of har-vest calls a -
2. jew - el in the crown of Christ your King: En - ter then His serv-ice, with His
3. say - ing, there is naught that I can do. Lab'ring for the Mas-ter, He your
4. prais - es of the Sav - ior we a - dore, Join - ing in the tri-umph of the

TUTTI *ff*

1. gain and yet a-gain. Reapers! reapers! From your slumber rouse, ye sleepers!
2. faith-ful toilers sing.
3. cour-age will renew.
4. saints for-ev-er-more. Rouse, ye sleep - ers!

CHORUS. *f*

Hear the call of God re-sound-ing far and wide; See, all lands a-wait the rising

har-vest tide. Hear ye the call for reapers? Wake up, arouse! ye sleepers; Labor in the

Go and

whit'ning fields to gath-er the golden grain; O Hear the call of God resounding
gath - er in the Hear the earnest

far and wide, See all lands a-wait the ris-ing harvest tide; Hear ye
See, O see, all

the call for reapers? Wake up! arouse! ye sleepers; Swell the joy of God's great harvest

*Stanzas 1–4.* *Final stanza.*

home. home..... Of God's great har - vest home, of God's great
in the by and by. in the by and by, Of God's great harvest home, of

God's har - vest home, God's

*ff*

har - vest home, Of God's great har - vest home.
God's great harvest home, harvest, of God's great harvest, His harvest

har - vest home.

# 229 The City That's Coming Down.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

*Moderato.*

1. There's a ho- ly and beauti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My lov'd ones are gather-ing yon- der, My friends are fast passing a- way;

John saw it descending from heaven, When Patmos, in ex - ile he trod;
No pain and no sickness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis- appointment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni- ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas- per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot-ten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc- ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet harmo-ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat-tles are past;

*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold- ed, Mine eyes shall its glo- ry be - hold.
No parting words ev- er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the ev- il, They've reach'd that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright city, pearly-white cit-y, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

## The City That's Soon Coming Down.

*Rit. ad lib.*

Now I am watching, waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

## 230 He Died of a Broken Heart.

T. H. *Duet.* COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.

1. Hear the ten - der sto-ry of Je-sus' love Who came to the earth for me;
2. So they nailed God's Son to the cross of wood, By anguish pierced thru and thru;
3. For our sin He suffered, the sin-less One; O hear His sad cry, "I thirst!"
4. Hear the thief who with Him was cru-ci-fied, "In mer-cy re-mem-ber me
5. 'Mid the fear-ful scenes of that awful strife, "'Tis finished," I hear Him cry;

For He left the glo-ry of heav'n a-bove, And He died on Cal - va - ry.
Yet He cried, "For-give their in-grat-i-tude, For they know not what they do."
For the world He thirsted, God's ho - ly Son; 'Twas for us He bore the curse.
When Thou comest." Quickly the Christ replied, "Thou in Par-a-dise shalt be."
And the Lord of glo-ry, the Prince of life, Breathed His last ex-pir-ing sigh.

*p* CHORUS.

My Sav-ior died of a bro-ken heart; Lord Jesus, how could it be, . . . . . .

how could it be.

*rit.*

That Thou shouldst come from heav'n Thy home, To die on the cross for me?

# 231 My Sheep Know My Voice.

Copyright, 1005, by I. G. Martin,

First stanza, chorus and melody by H. BUFFUM. Arr. by I. G. MARTIN.

1. My sheep know my voice, And the path that I take, They fol-low where-
2. My sheep know my voice, And the pas-tures of green, Where I lead them so
3. My sheep know my voice, And the val - ley of death Thro' which I shall

ev - er I go; My sheep know my voice And come at my call, But a
oft - en to feed; My sheep know my voice And the cool sparkling stream Where be-
lead them some day; But no dan-ger nor harm Can touch one of them, For

CHORUS.

stranger's voice do they not know.
side its still wa - ters I lead. My sheep .... know my voice,.... And
I will be with them al - way. My sheep know my voice, day by day, My

day ..... by day,..... They a - bide ..... in the fold .....
sheep know my voice day by day, They a - bide in the fold, They go not a-stray,

And go ..... not a - stray,..... They love .....me be-
A - bide in the fold, They go not a - stray, They love me be - cause I

## My Sheep Know My Voice. Concluded.

cause..... I have made..... them my choice,..... And they
made them my choice, They love me be - cause I made them my choice, They

fol - low my call,..... For my sheep know my voice.
fol - low my call, They fol - low my call, my sheep know my voice.

## 232 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.

1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

FINE.
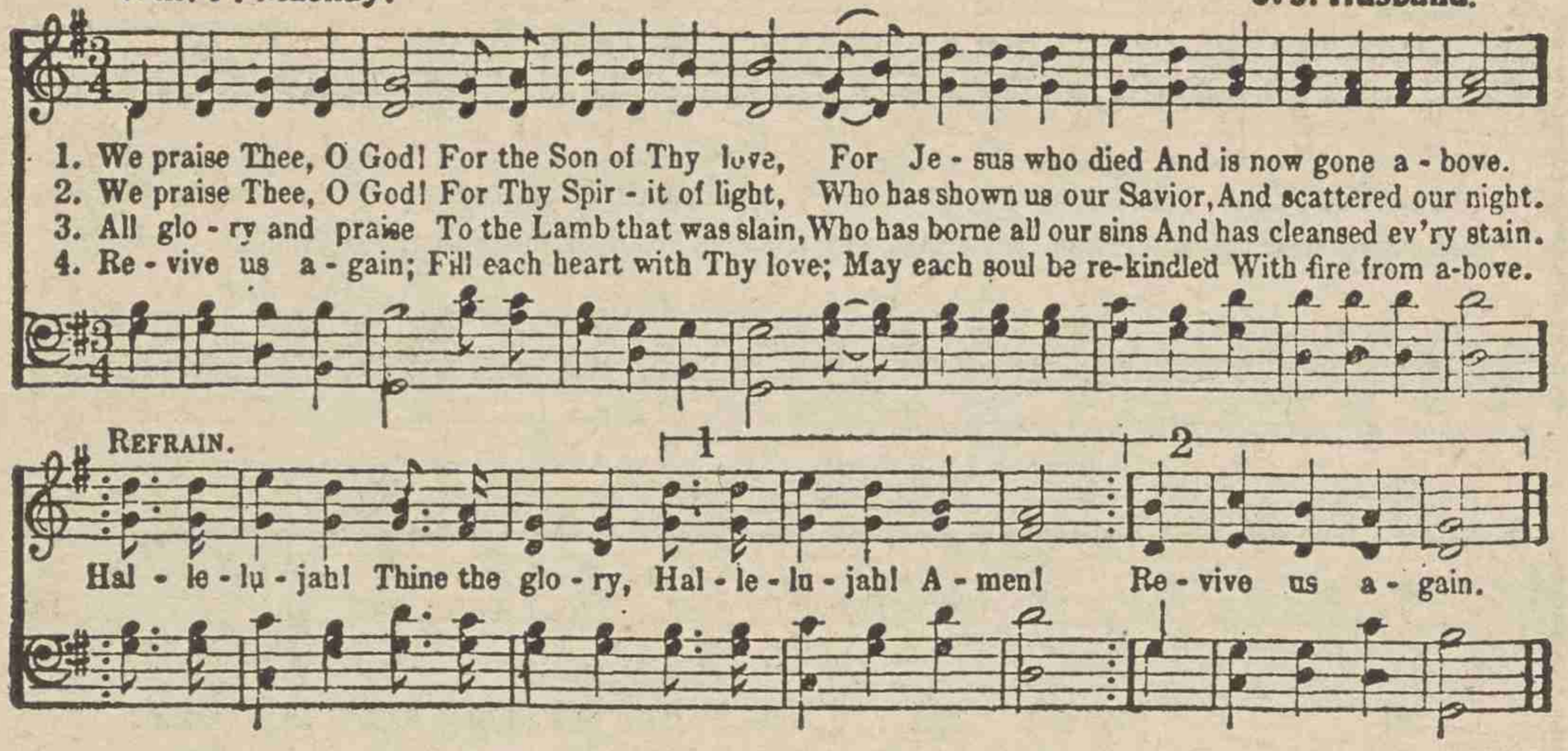
D. S.—*Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest-time pass by.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Lord of harvest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

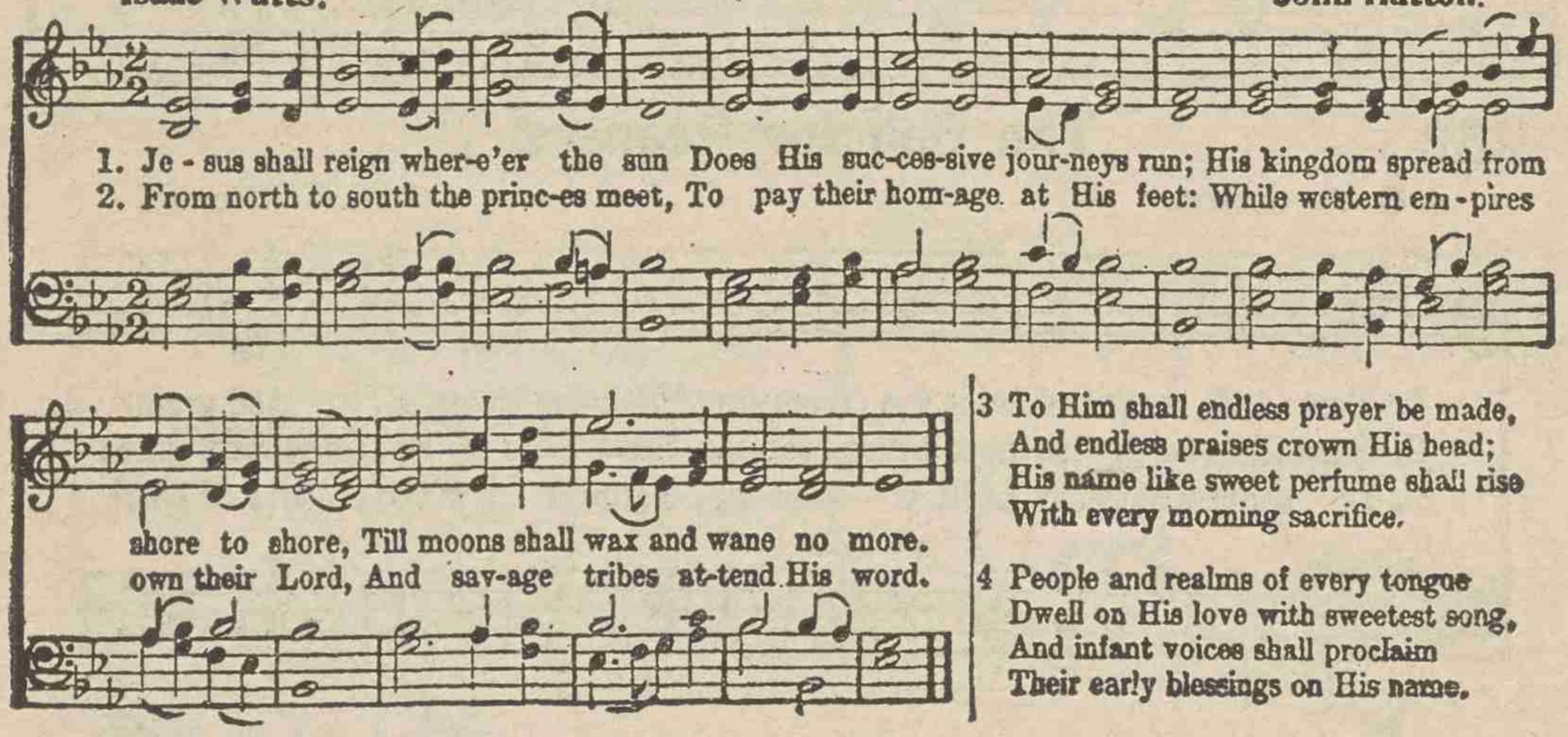
## 233. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.




## 234 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.
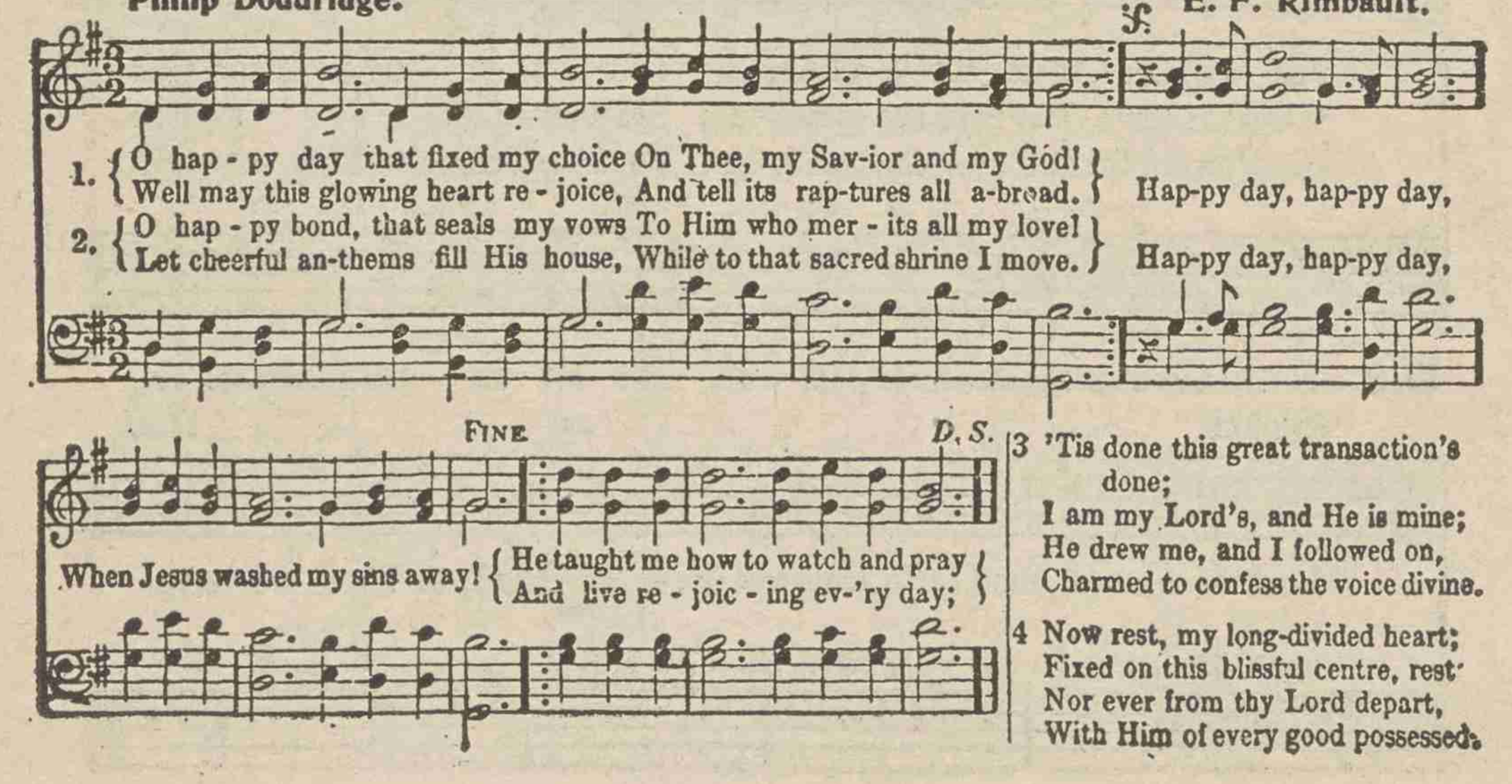



3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

## 235. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.
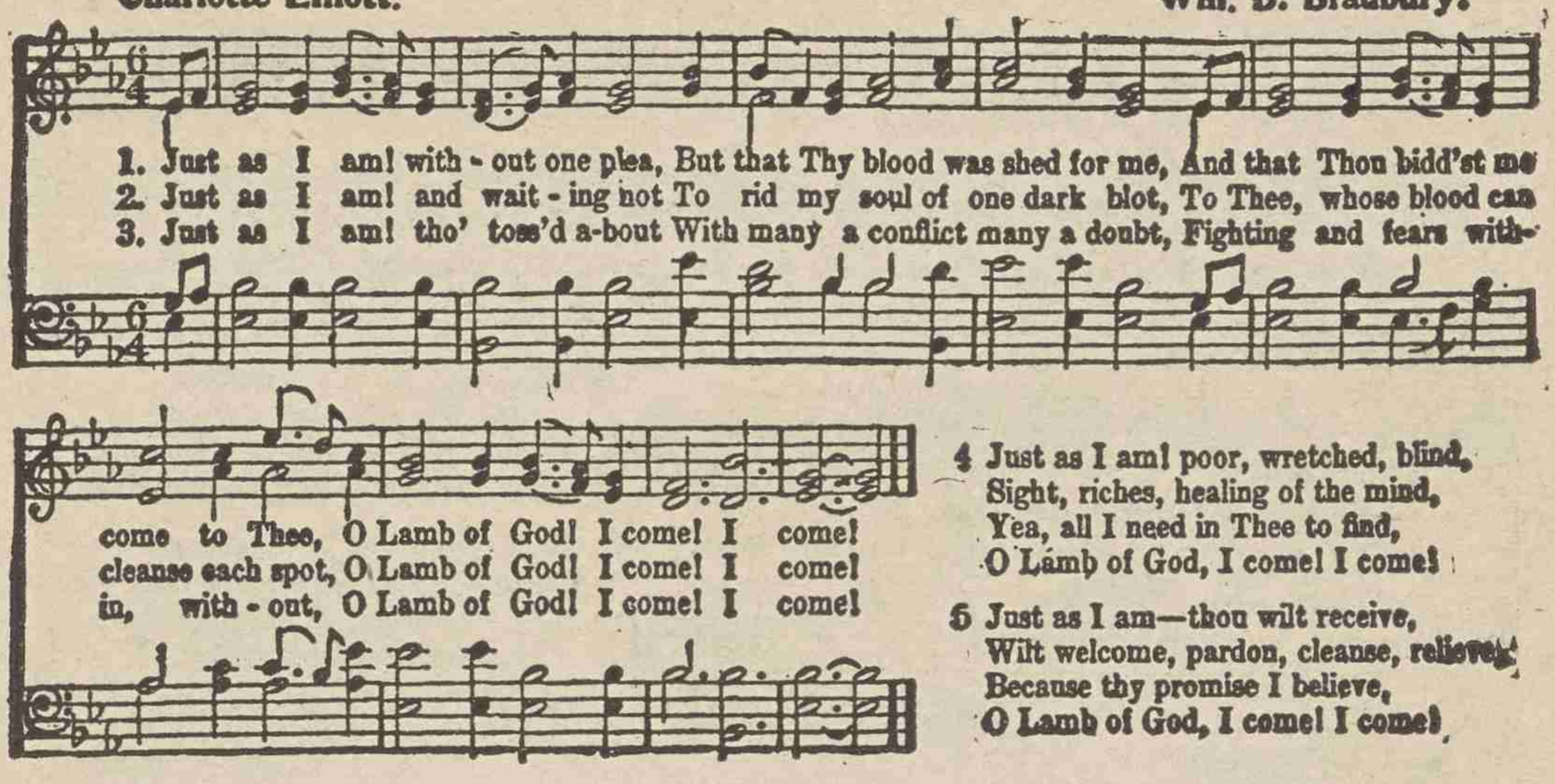



3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

## 236 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.
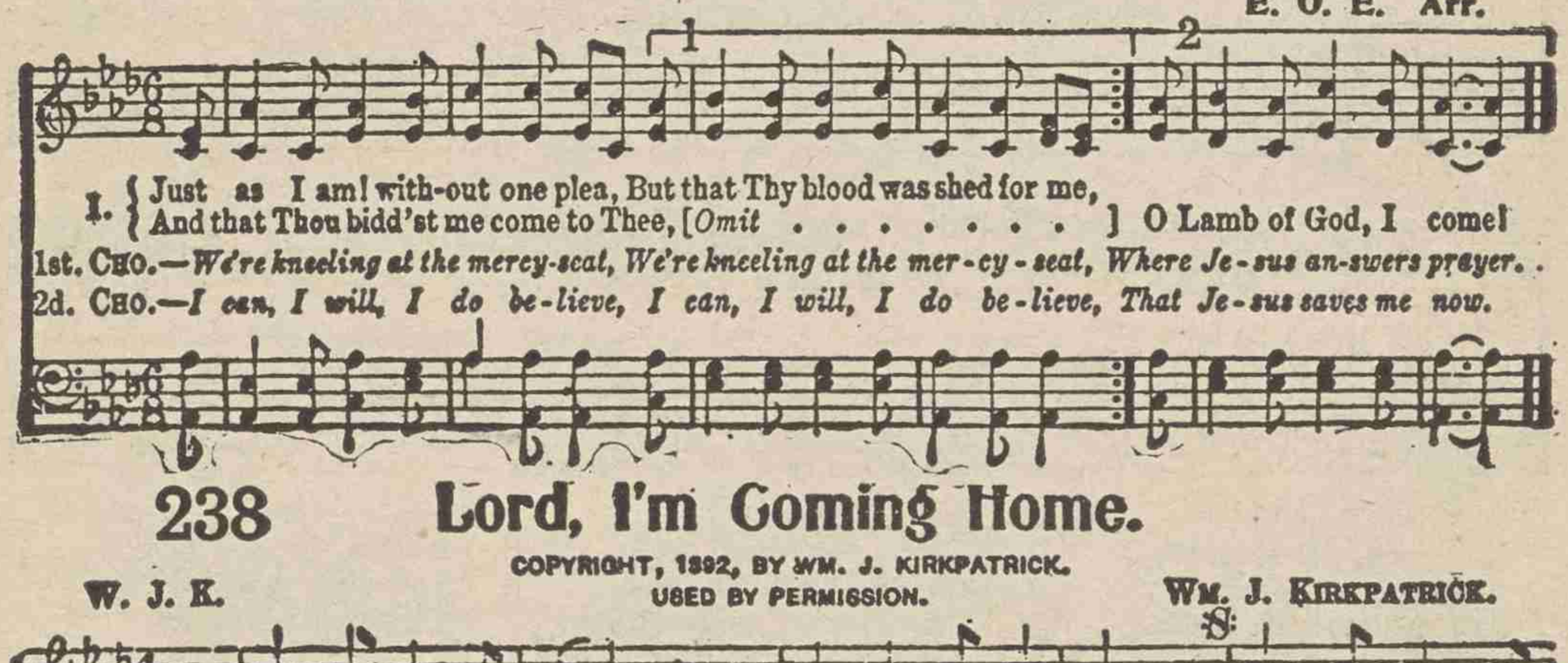



4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 237 We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

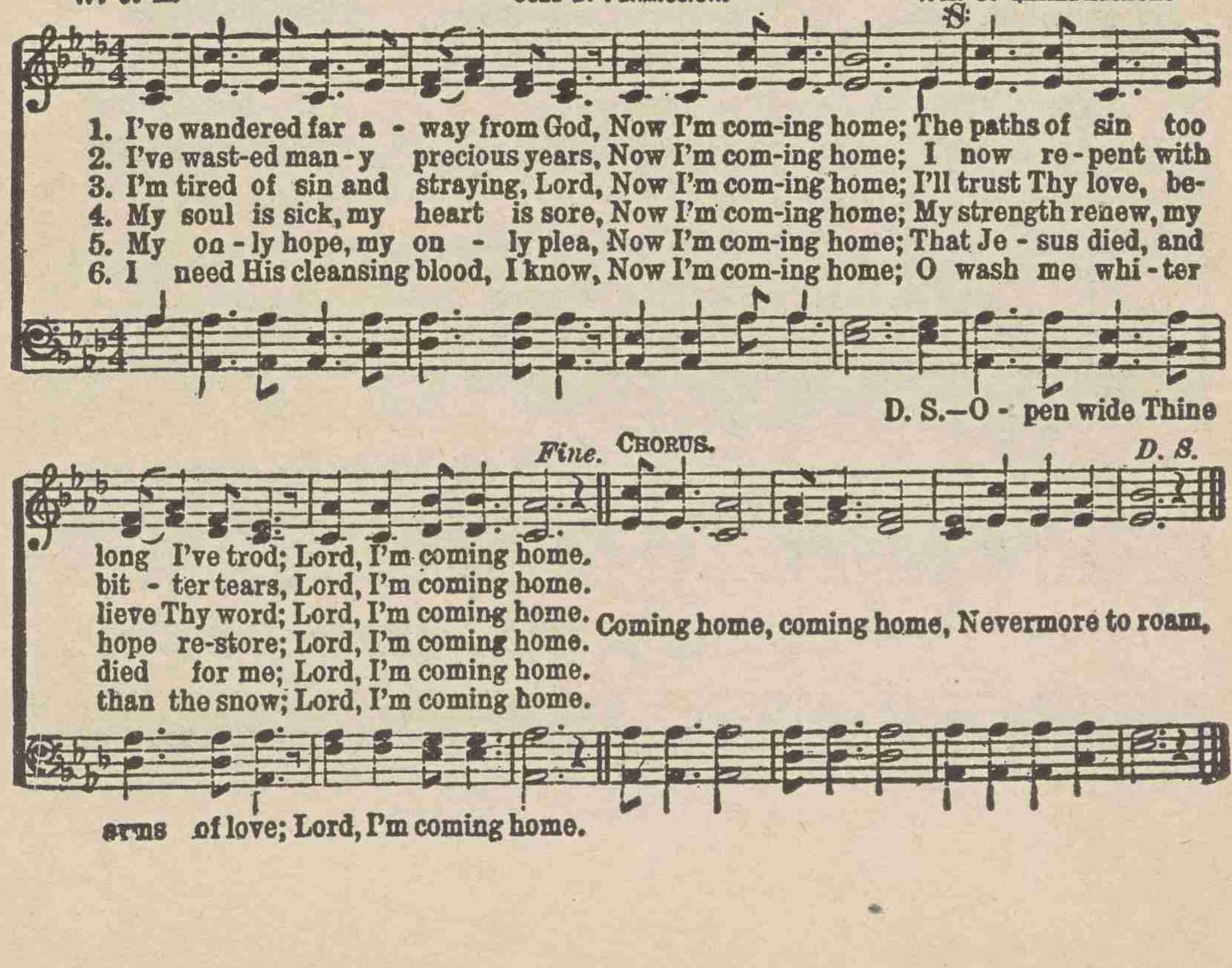
E. O. E. Arr.




## 238 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



## 239. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store; From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

## 240. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

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

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

## 241. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

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

## 242 What Did He Do?

USED BY PERMISSION OF W. F. PUGH.

Dr. J. M. GRAY. W. OWEN

1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS

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

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

## 243 "Whosoever Will."

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
   "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more;

FINE. CHORUS.

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

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

D.S.

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

## INDEX


A call for reapers....228
A charge to keep..... 74
A child of the King...180
Alas! and did my..... 87
A little talk ..... 81
All hail the power 154, 214
All I need ..... 55
All right now ..... 67
All that thrills my .. 65
All the way my Savior 86
Almost persuaded.....196
A mansion for me.... 27
America .....170
Am I a soldier ..... 90
An old account .....122
Are you washed ..... 25
At the cross ..... 87
Battle hymn of the..166
Beulah land .....117
Blessed be the Fount..104
Brighter than the .... 32
Bring them in .....131
Builded on the Rock.. 45
But now I'm redeemed 124
By His stripes we are. 42
Caught up ..... 14
Christ is all I need.... 55
Christ is coming ..... 9
Cleansing for me ..... 79
Come and dine ..... 6
Come, ye sinners ....188
Coming again ....24, 211
Coming in glory ..... 29
Coming up the road .152
Death hath no terrors.101
Deeper, deeper ..... 8
Draw me nearer ..... 19
Ebenezer .....145
Eternal life ..... 15
Eternal rest ..... 70
Everybody tell it ..... 66
Fade, fade each .....185
Faith will win the..... 63
Far above all .....140
Fishing for my Lord..180
For our sakes..... 48
From every stormy..193
Glory to His name...195
God be with you.....165
God calling yet.... 58
God lives within ..... 43
God's promises ..... 40
God save the King....171
Go farward .....116
Happy day .....235
He died of a broken..230
Have faith in God... 18
He is coming after me 127
He cometh ..... 23
He's coming soon .... 41
He was nailed .....105
Hidden peace ..... 51
Hide you in the blood 13
His face will outshine 5
Hold fast till I come.. 26
Honey in the rock.... 62
How sweet are the...164
How would it fare..... 99
I am coming to the..183
I am looking beyond. 47
I am trusting .....183
I believe Jesus saves. 77
I gave my life for....184
I have entered ..... 52
I'll go where you want 84
I'll live for Him.....133
I love Him .....178
I'm going all the way 33
I'm going through.... 121
I need Thee every ...226
In the cross of Christ 50
In the hour of trial..199
In the light of His.. 46
In the new Jerusaleem 92
Is my name written..203
Is thy heart right ...147
Is your all on the altar 94
It is well with my ..179
I've been redeemed...125
I've believed the true. 68
I've said an eternal.. 21
I will sing of my ...221
I will pass over yo 168
I would not be denied 123
Jesus breaks every.... 53
Jesus calls us .....239
Jesus, I'll go through.110
Jesus is coming ..... 1
Jesus is coming soon. 20
Jesus is mine .....185
Jesus, lover of my 191, 192
Jesus my all in all... 17
Jesus paid it all .....240
Jesus saves me now.. 56
Jesus, Saviour, pilot..159
Jesus shall reign ....234
Jesus the Son of God. 97
Jesus will be there.... 10
Joy unspeakable ..... 44
Just as I am .....236
Just a little while. 59
Leading in the .....120
Leaving all to follow.216
Let the Holy Ghost ..210
Like Jesus Himself....119
Looking for that ..... 95
Look to Jesus .....162
Look to the Lamb of. 57
Look up .....218
Lord, I believe ..... 16
Lord, I'm coming ....238
Majestic sweetness ...174
Marching on .....115
Mine eyes have seen..166
More abundantly .....212
Must Jesus bear the..189
My all and in all..... 74
My burdens rolled....138
My country 'tis of ...170
My dearest Friend.... 22
My faith looks up.....182
My father's house ....153
My Friend's voice.... 71
My heart has been....
My heavenly home....207
My Jesus, I love Thee 160
My Redeemer .....221
My sheep know my...231
More than gold .....222
Nearer, my God to...173
No, not one .....167
Nothing but the blood.172
Nothing else will.....112
Not willing that any.206
O happy day .....235
O how I love Jesus..187
O Lord, send the .... 76
One of them .....107
On duty .....111
Only trust Him .....194
On the cross of Cal... 85
Onward, Christian....155
Open the pearly gates 54
O Thou in whose.....113
O turn ye .....161
Our Lord's return ...109
Pass the news along.. 3
Pentecost in my soul.142
Praise Him! Praise...106
Praise the Lord ..72, 128
Praise the Lord for..144
Prayer changes things 96
Pressing on ..... 7
Power to witness.....220
Redeemed .....114
Remember me .....156
Resurrection morning. 73
Reunion ..... 69
Revive us again .....233
Ring the bells of.....190
Rock of ages .....158
Salvation's stream ... 82
Saved to the utter.....139
Send out the tidings..213
Since the fulness of .. 83
Since the vail was ..137
Sing His praise ..... 37
Sing of His mighty..200
Softly and tenderly...205
Sweet by and by .... 78
Take me as I am....241
Take the name of.....150
Tell it to Jesus .....100
Tell me the story of.. 12
The awakening ..... 28
The banner of love.... 15
The breaking of the .. 89
The Bridal procession.132
The Bridegroom and..217
The call for reapers...232
The city that's soon..229
The cleansing wave..163
The cross is not.....209
The end of the way..126
The final separation.. 91
The fire is burning....118
The Fountain of life.. 36
The gospel banner.....149
The great Physician..186
The hallelujah side.... 38
The haven of rest ....177
The Kingdom is almost 88
The Lily of the valley. 98
The march of Zion's..148
The meeting in the air 4
The old account .....122
The old time religion.204
The royal telephone... 60
The past is all under.208
The pearly white city.229
There is glory in my. 64
There is power in the.141
There's a wideness....227
The solid rock .....175
The Spirit beareth .... 2
They come .....176
This is like heaven.... 73
This world is not my.. 93
Thou thinkest, Lord,.. 49
Today the Saviour.....198
Trust in me .....103
Victory in my soul...143
Victory thru the blood 11
Washed in the blood..134
We'll understand it....102
We're kneeling at the.237
We're marching to.... 34
What a Friend .....157
What a gathering ...130
What did He do.....242
What He has done for 61
When I see the blo 168
When the morning....102
When the roll is called 136
When the train comes.129
Where He leads I'll... 35
Where shall I be.....135
While Jesus whispers.197
Whiter than snow ....202
Whosoever will .....243
Why not you ..... 39
Wonderful story of...181
Working out your own 31
Ye must be born.....215
Your last invitation... 30

J-m.C.
L.12-Pa Arr. B.E.

# A PSALM OF PRAISE

Praise ye the Lord: Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp: Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed Instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.