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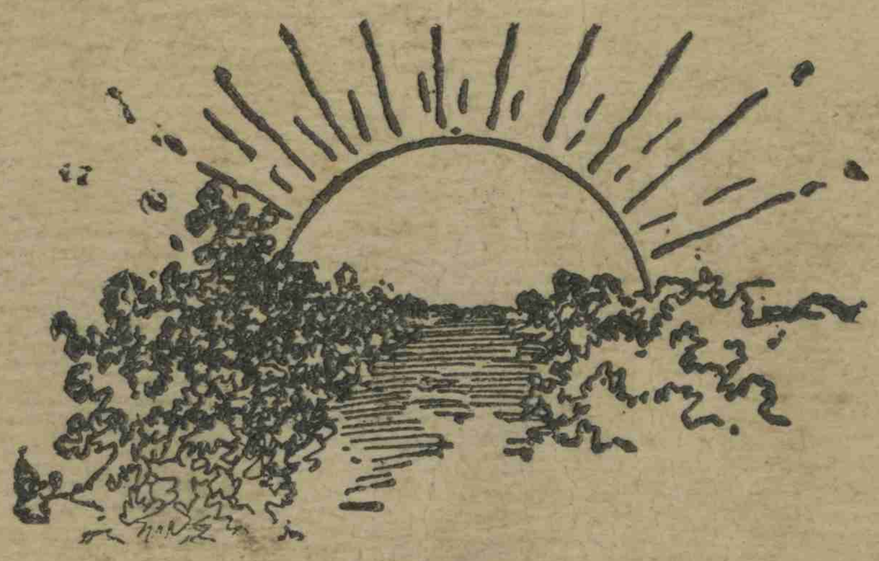
Dr. Donald Beikman

DATE DUE

Fannie Riehle

"Praise of His Glory"

Songs



"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious!"

Ps. 66:1, 2.

"P

C

"Praise of His Glory" Songs

EDITED BY

R. E. McNEILL
J. F. KNAPP
M. G. STANDLEY



[redacted]



PUBLISHED BY

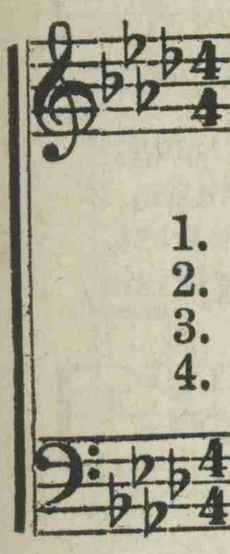
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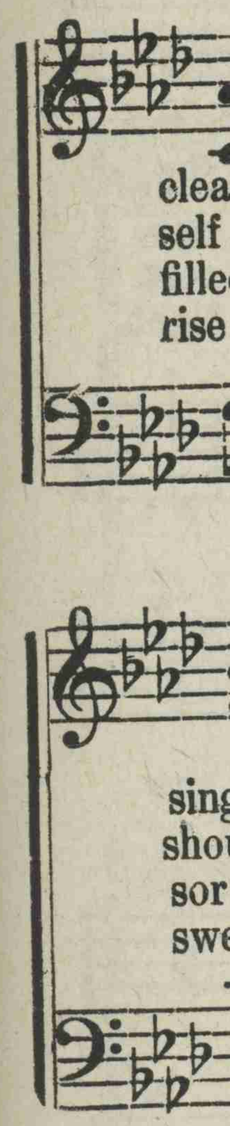
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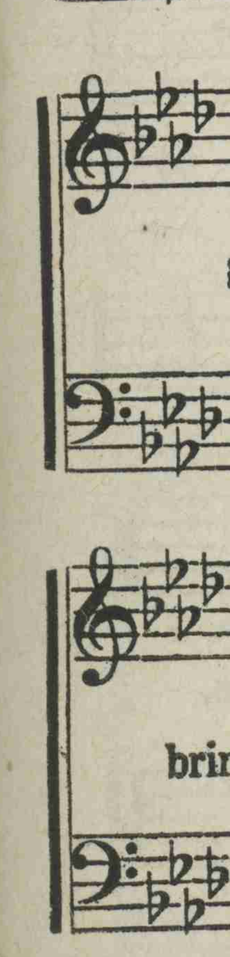
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1. T

J. F. Kn









1. To the Praise of His Glory.

J. F. KNAPP. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. PAUL COLEMAN.

1. To His praise and glo - ry sing, Notes tri-umphant let them ring, For His
2. To His praise and glo - ry live, Glad dest ser-vice we will give, Not for
3. To His praise and glo - ry here, Working for our Sav-ior dear, Moments
4. O what praise and glo - ry when An - gel shouts will join with men, As we

cleansing pow'r and wondrous grace; O what joy beyond compare, Help me
self or gain our hands em - ploy; Free from doubt and anxious care, Min-gle
filled with la - bor in His name; Glad - ly bear the dai - ly cross, Sing 'mid
rise to meet our com - ing King; Might-y cho - rus in the air, Mu - sic

CHORUS.

sing it ev-'rywhere, To His praise and glo - ry here.
shout and song and pray'r, To His praise and glo - ry here. To His praise and His
sor - row, pain or loss, To His praise and glo - ry here.
sweet beyond compare, To His praise and glo - ry there.

glo - ry sing, (glory sing,) Heav'nly music un- to our King; (to our King;) Here we

bring to Him our praise, Ringing on thru endless days; To His praise and glory sing.

2

Saved By Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Solo or Duet. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm d and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

Copyright 1921, by Geo C. Stebbins. Renewal. Used by permission.

3. Talk with Christ in Prayer.

Copyright, 1922, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

FAIRELIE THORNTON. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Andante.

1. When thy heart is wea - ry, When thy heart is sad, When there's naught to cheer thee, Naught to make thee glad; When be-neath your sor - row,
2. When thy loved ones grieve thee, When thy friends forsake, When life's pleasures leave thee, And thy heart doth ache; When earth's comforts fail thee,
3. When thy joys are dy - ing, Pass-ing one by one, Till, at last, all fly - ing, There re-main-eth none; When thy heart is heav - y,
4. When life's ear - ly pleas- ures Fade to come no more, When some much-prized treas - ures Pass for - ev - er - more; When thou'rt sad and lone - ly,
5. What - so - e'er thy sor - row, What-so-e'er thy woe, Thou canst com-fort bor - row If to Christ you go; For there's not a bur - den

Bur - dens hard to bear, Thou art sad and strick - en, Talk with
And no joy is there, Then, O troubled Chris - tian, Talk with
Al - most in de - spair, When for com-fort sigh - ing, Talk with
To thy knees re - pair, Seek not earth-ly com - forts, Talk with
But His heart can share, Therefore, wea - ry pil - grim, Talk with

Christ in pray'r; Then, O grief-worn pil - grim, Talk with Him in pray'r.
Christ in pray'r; Then, O troub-led Chris - tian, Talk with Him in pray'r.
Christ in pray'r; Then, O bur-dened pil - grim, Talk with Him in pray'r.
Christ in pray'r; Then, O lone - ly Chris - tian, Talk with Him in pray'r.
Christ in pray'r; Then, O troub-led pil - grim, Talk with Him in pray'r.

4. Wonderful Power in the Blood.

N. B. H. Owned by N. B. Herrell. N. B. HERRELL.

1. There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son, Won-der-ful pow'r
2. There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin,
3. There is pow'r in the blood to make us strong,
4. There is pow'r in the blood to keep from sin, Wonderful pow'r

in the blood; Its a - ton - ing grace reach-es to each one,
Trusting now, praise the Lord, I am changed with-in,
Stepping out on His word, this is our new song,
in the blood; Press-ing on in the fight, till the crown we win,

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, won-der-ful
There is pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r,
pow'r, There is wonder-working pow'r in the blood, hal - le- lu-jah! There is
won-der-ful pow'r,
pow'r, won-der-ful pow'r, There's wonder-working pow'r in the blood.
There is pow'r, wonderful pow'r,

5. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me. Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a-way
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap - py as on - ward I go.

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came
heart Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in came in-to my heart
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

No. 6. The Church of The Living God.

Dedicated to all who have hopes of being in the great Assembly of the triumphant Church of God,—The Bride of Christ.—R. E. W.

Copyaight, 1918, by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn., in "His Voice in Song."

R. E. W. **R. E. WINSETT.**

1. Built on the Rock, With-out spot or wrin - kle, Is the Church of the
2. Built on the Rock, Rock revealed to Pe - ter, It will stand ev - 'ry
3. Built on the Rock, And 'twill stand for - ev - er, It is God's earth-ly
4. Built on the Rock, And in the One bod - y, 'Tis the Bride of the

Liv - ing God; Born of the Spir - it, Filled with His glo - ry 'Tis the
rag - ing storm; Je - sus the head, We the liv - ing bod - y, We are
gov - ern-ment; To shine on earth, And draw Saints to-gath-er, Ho - ly
Lamb once slain; The Church of God, The pure spot-less Vir-gin, She will

REFRAIN.

way the A - pos - tles trod.
safe from all earth-ly harm.
Spir - it to earth was sent.
for - ev - er with Him reign.

Built on the Rock, on the Sol - id Rock,

Is the Church of the Liv - ing God; The gates of Hell can

nev - er pre - vail, For 'tis built on the Sol - id Rock. (Sol-id Rock.)

The Old-Time Religion. 7.

Mrs. M. J. H

Mrs. M. J. Harris.

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

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

Chorus.

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

Oh give me the joy I can know; I be - lieve in the old-time re-
I can know; the

lig - ion, As our fa - thers re-ceived long a - go.
old - time re - lig - ion,

Copyright, 1903, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

8. WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light."—1 John 1. Arr. by L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell. This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glory for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white. I shall then with Jesus reign, And eternal honor gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight. Jesus saves day by day, Sweetly keeps all the way, All my burdens He bears, Ev'ry care; Soon I'll lay my armor down And at Jesus' feet sit down And receive a starry crown Over there.
3. I have angel food to eat And no honey is so sweet, It is most delicious meat To the soul. On His promise I abide And my soul is satisfied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold, And their value is untold, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord. I have jewels rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

9. Abiding Peace.

Copyright owned by Scoles Music Co., Miami, Fla. Used by per.

J. W. S. J. WATSON SCOLES.

1. For years I knew that Jesus saved From sin and all its shame; I knew that pardon
2. Yet still I longed for peaceful rest, A peace unmarred by tears; For often times, by
3. His blood, a fountain flowing wide, Such wondrous love revealed That in its crimson,
4. A joy as high as heav'n above, And deeper than the sea, A gladness, born of

those received, Who trusted in His name. And 'twas a taste of joy di - vine, To
sin oppressed, My soul would yield to fears. But when I o-pened wide my heart, And
cleansing tide, I felt my soul was healed. I doubt no more my Savior's pow'r To
heav- en's love, Is giv- en un - to me. And now I know the per-fect rest Of

thus believe His word, And find that sins as dark as mine, Were pardoned thru His blood.
let the Savior in, He bade the doubts and fears depart, And cleansed my soul from sin.
cleanse and keep, for now, With ev'ry day and ev'ry hour, Di - vin-est joys I know.
His unchanging grace, For in my Savior's presence blest, I've found a-bid-ing peace.

REFRAIN.

I am sing - ing, yes, I'm sing - ing, For Je - sus has set me
sing-ing to-day, sing-ing to-day,

free; His precious blood, a cleansing flood, Is flow - ing for you and me.

free, and now,

10.

The Glory-Land Train.

Arr. H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. There's a train bound for Highlands in Glo - ry, It is leav-ing Life's Sta-tion to - day; Since you may not be here on the mor - row, Come a-board, not a mo - ment de - lay.
2. There's a track built of Love on the High - way, For redeemed ones this Highway was made; No more curves, o-pen switches, nor tun - nels, It's a thro' train, and 'twill not be de - layed.
3. Je - sus will be on board, the Con-duct - or, He will bear all your bur - den of sin, He will pass all on board and introduce you To the Fa - ther who will wel - come you in.
4. No buf - fets, second class, and no smok-ers, Pal - ace cars of Full Sal - va - tion, fine, Din - ing cars, fruits of Ca-naan in a-bundance, On the first fruits and the old corn you may dine.
5. Oh, this grand, bless-ed train—Full Sal-va - tion— With the saints and with an - gels we'll meet, With the throngs in white robes gone before us, There to-geth-er we will bow at His feet.

CHORUS.

All a-board for the Highlands in Glo - ry, All a - board for the Gold - en Strand, All your loved ones bring with you—the trip will be joy-ful, All a-board for the Glo - ry - land.

11. Redeemed and Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

T. O. Chisholm. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

M. 96 = ♩

1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Sav-ior suf-fered, Laid down His life, a ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! bless-ed was the mo-ment, When, in de-spair, I found His par-don free; When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-ien, No more the guilt, the fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth;

CHORUS.

And trod the cru-el wine-press all a-lone. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
Had died for me, had died for ev-en me.
Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more!

grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! How wonderful it seems! My sin is re-
deemed!.....

gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss in-deed, be-yond my brightest dreams!

12 In the Fullness of the Blessing.

G. B. Copyright, words and music, 1920, by Geo. Bennard. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. In the fullness of the blessing there is cleansing, In the fullness of the
2. In the fullness of the blessing there is free-dom, In the fullness of the
3. In the fullness of the blessing there is com - fort, In the fullness of the
4. Would you know this wondrous fullness of the gospel, Would you be delivered

blessing there is pow'r, In the fullness of the blessing of the gos - pel There is
blessing there is peace, In the fullness of the blessing of the gos - pel There are
blessing there is joy, In the fullness of the blessing of the gos - pel There's a
from the carnal mind? Lay your all a sac-ri-fice up-on the al - tar, Trust His

CHORUS.

ho - li-ness for ev - er-more.
pleasures that shall never cease. In the fullness of the blessing I'm rejoic - ing,
quietness that nothing can destroy.
blood and you'll this blessing find.

In the fullness of the blessing I am free, In the fullness of the
I am free,

blessing of the gospel I have cleansing, "perfect love" and victory.
vic-to - ry.

13 The Grand Excursion.

(May be used as solo.)

N. B. HERRELL. N. B. HERRELL.

1. There is a grand excursion, That's running through the land; Her name is Great Sal-
2. She stops at Pardon station To take on all that's there, A - gain at Full Sal-
3. Her rails are the pro - mis-es, She's lit with perfect love, And whistles Hal-le-
4. Her time book is the Bi - ble; So read, and you may know When she is due in
5. The pil-grims of past ages, John, Andrew and St. Paul, Have rode on this ex-
6. Then, come along, poor sinner, There's room on board for all; Christ purchased you a

va-tion, 'Twas built by God's right hand; Her en-gi-neer is Je - sus, She's run by
va-tion, Col - lects an-oth-er fare; Then hastens on to Glo - ry, A-cross the
lu - jah! As home-ward she doth move; Her bell is chiming Glo-ry, As up-ward
Glo - ry, All glist'ning white as snow; In - to the u-nion de - pot She'll run in
cursion, Redeemed from Eden's fall; They ran thru clouded valleys, O'er mountains
tick - et, He waits for you to call; The prom-ise is now giv-en, "The stars you

FINE

power di - vine;
plains of time;
she doth climb; I'm go-ing home to heaven On this good old Bi - ble line.
just on time; I'm go-ing home to
they did climb; They reach their home in
shall outshine;" Come go a - long to

CHORUS.

This good old Bi-ble line, This good old Bi-ble line, I have a ticket purchased

D. C.

On this good old Bible line; Stop-overs are not granted, She runs on schedule time;

Owned by N. B. Herrell.

14. The Highway of the King.

Owned by Scoles Music Co., Miami, Fla. Used by per.

J. W. S. J. WATSON SCOLES.

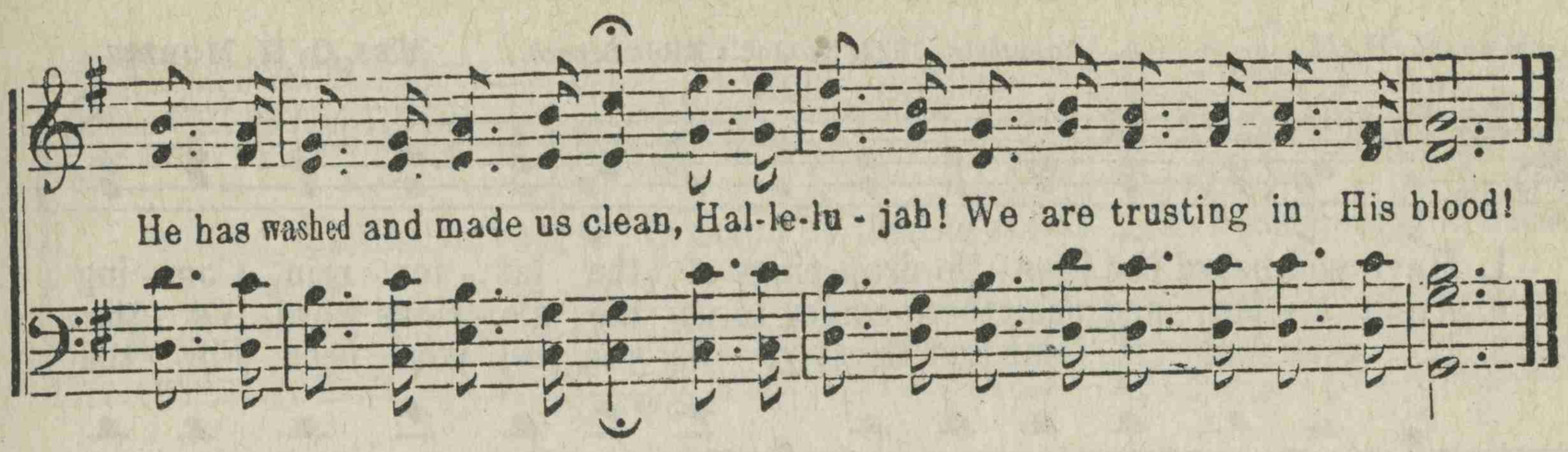
1. There's a roy - al road of right, To a land of joy and light, 'Tis the high-way of the King whom we a - dore; He has died to make us free,
2. In this bless-ed, hap - py way, We are walking day by day, And al- though, at times, the path seems strange and dim, In His ten - der tones of love,
3. To that home be-yond the sky, We shall journey, by and by, And for- ev - er share those mansions fair and bright; There the heav'nly mu - sic swells,

And His glo - ry we shall see, And will praise Him in His kingdom ev - er-more.
Christ is call - ing us a-bove, So we glad - ly hear His voice and fol-low Him.
There e - ter - nal glo - ry dwells, In that hap-py home of joy, and love, and light.

REFRAIN.

In the highway of the King, We are marching as we sing, While we trav - el home to glo - ry and to God; He has pardoned all our sin,

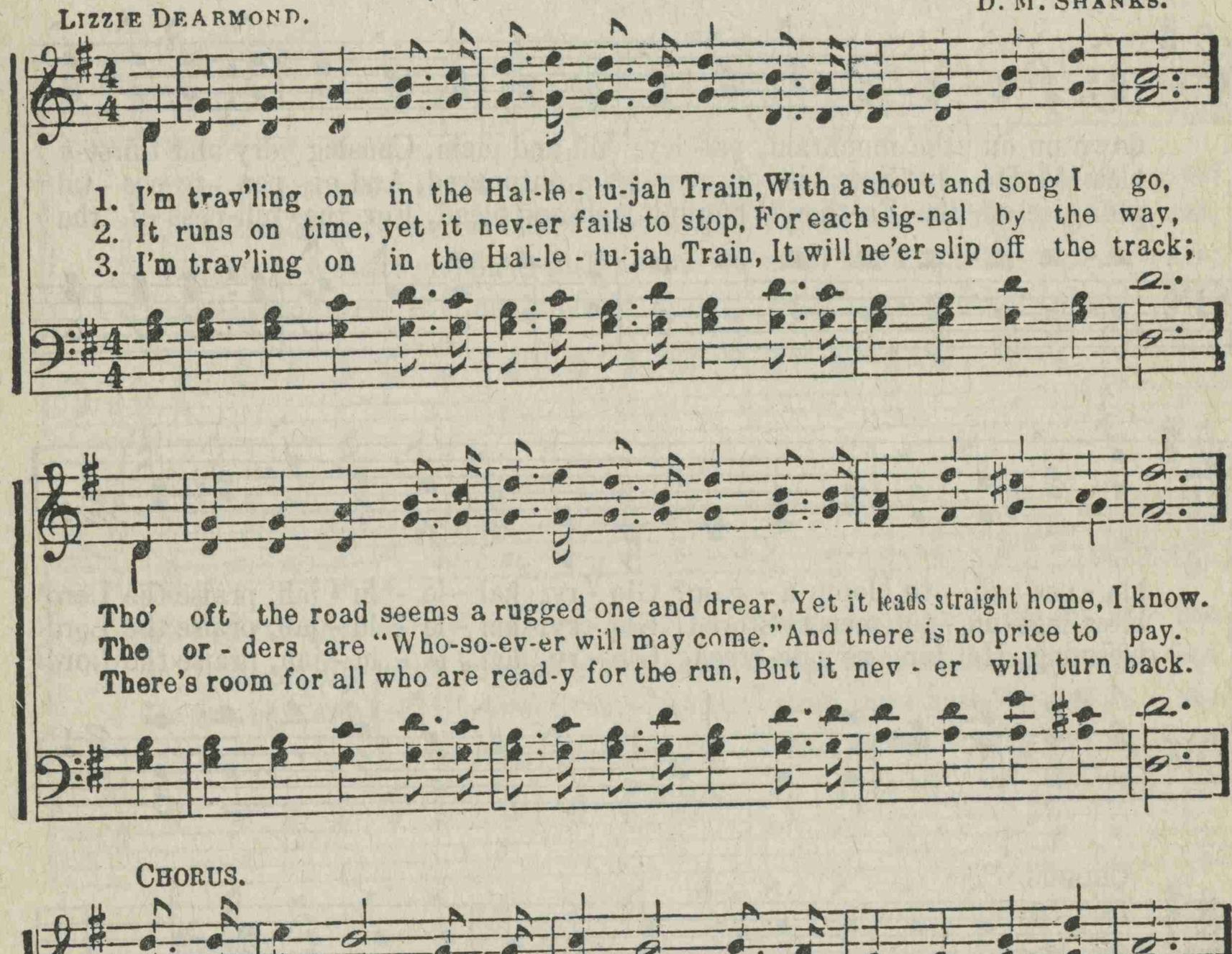
The Highway of the King.



15. The Hallelujah Train.

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LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. M. SHANKS.



16. The Latter Rain.

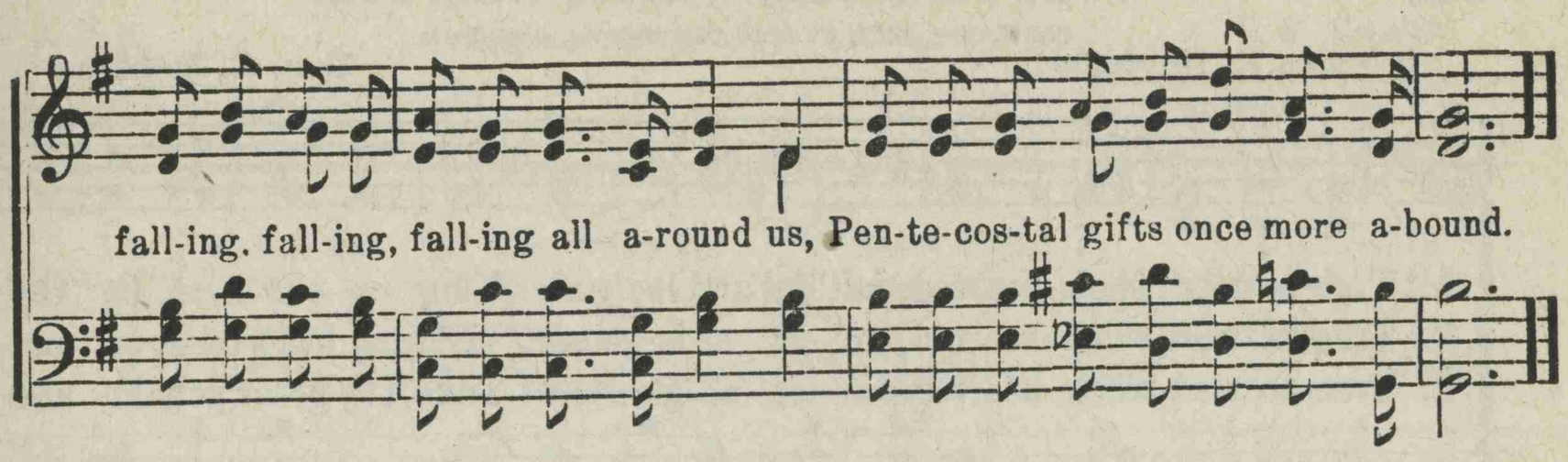
MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Have you heard the gen - tle drop-pings of the lat - ter rain, Com - ing down up - on the monntain, val - ley, hill and plain, Causing dry and thirst-y pla - ces all to bloom a - gain? Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!
2. From a - far and near there comes to us the glo - rious word Of the bless-ed Ho - ly Spir - it once a - gain outpoured, And of bless-ings un - to men re-stored, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!
3. If your soul is faint and thirst-y, if you feel your need, For "the prom-ise of the Fa-ther," humbly wait and plead, For the full-ness of the bless-ing He for us de-creed, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

CHORUS.

O the lat - ter rain is fall - ing, fall - ing, fall - ing all a - round us, Fall-ing on the dry and thirst-y ground; O the lat - ter rain is the thirsty ground;

The Latter Rain.

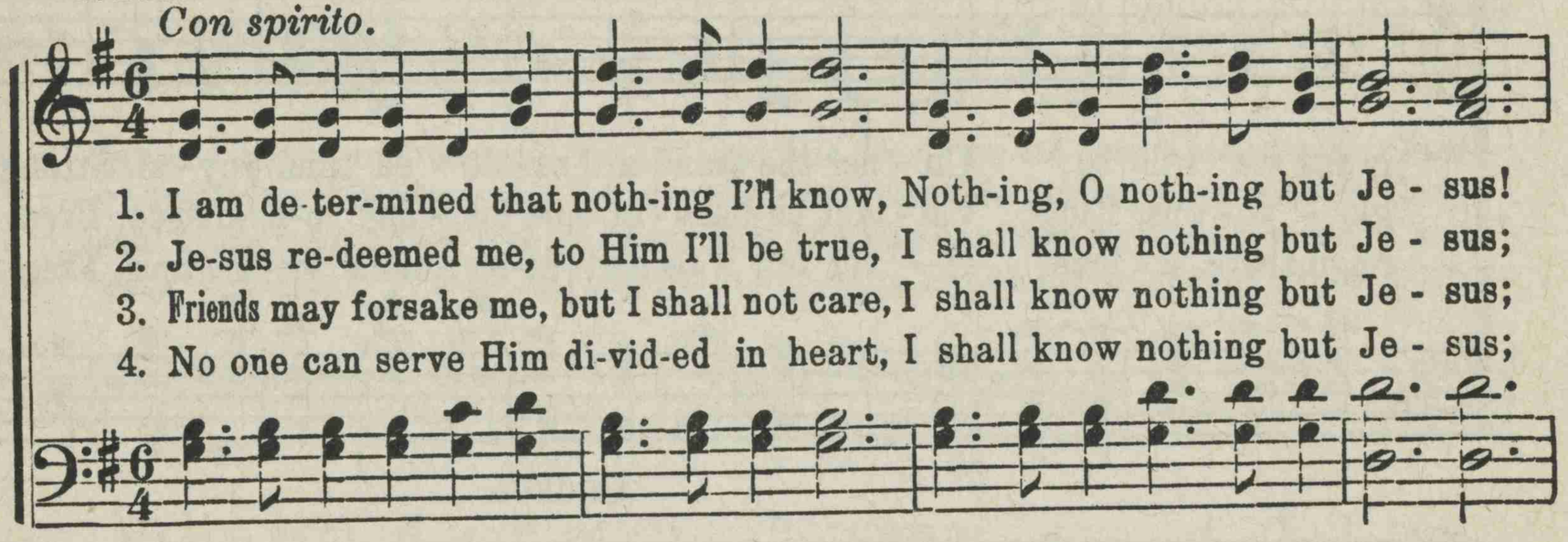


17. Nothing But Jesus.

Copyright, 1922, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

C. P. J. 1 Cor. 2: 2. REV. CHAS. P. JONES.

Con spirito.



18. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and

grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-

CHORUS.

in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence

nev-er! Song of our spir-its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal

watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al King

Wonderful Grace.

J. F. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. J. F. KNAPP.

1. I heard that for me 'twas the Lord Christ died, I heard that for
2. I fell at His feet with my load and sin, I cried for the
3. And now I can sing of the vic - to - ry, For His touch on my
4. Some day I shall stand in the heav'n - ly place, Some day I shall

me was His wound-ed side, That for me His free grace had been opened wide, Christ
grace that would help me win, That would make all my life pure and clean with-in, Christ
soul made me glad and free; How my ears now can hear and my eyes can see, Christ
gaze in my Sav-ior's face, Then I'll ev-er-more tell of His wondrous grace, Christ

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied!..... O it's grace, yes, it's grace, that's e-
cru-ci-fied!

nough for me; O it's grace that's so rich and free,..... I'll sing it and
rich and free,

shout it; I can't live without it; It's grace, grace, that's e-nough for me.
won-der-ful grace,

No. 20. When the Power Fell on Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. For a long time I wait-ed on the Lord in prayer, Pray-ing
2. Like a child weak and fee-ble I had been for man-y years, When I
3. Now I bear tes-ti-mo-ny to the Spir-it's pow'r, For my
4. Now I have the as-sur-ance that I shall see God, For the

from all sin to be set free; And the an-swer came, like a
knew that strong I ought to be; But I was made strong, and my
heart and tongue were both set free; Free was I from pride, and my
pure in heart their Lord shall see; And my name went down, for a

CHORUS.

tongue of liv-ing flame, When the pow-er fell on me.
heart was filled with song, When the pow-er fell on me. When the power fell on
soul was sanc-ti-fied, When the pow-er fell on me.
man-sion and a crown, When the pow-er fell on me.

When the

me, When the Spir-it set me free, I was
pow-er fell on me, set me free,

grant-ed my desire, Filled with pente-cost-al fire, When the power fell on me.

21

My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S.

Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had carried them for
2. I re-mem-ber where my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would never
3. I re-mem-ber why 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 blessed 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 burdens rolled a - way.
cross, I was glad when my burdens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my burdens could not stay. Rolled a-way.
sing Hal-le-lu-jah! all my burdens rolled a - way.

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

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

Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Martin.

22. His Coming Is Drawing Nigh.

H. L. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. A-rouse, O ye saints, from your slumbers be wak-ing, The dawn is ap-
2. If you would the joy of His com-ing be shar-ing, The robe of His
3. A-wake from your sleep and a-rouse from your slumber, The signs of His

pearing, the daylight is break-ing, And Je- sus His bride soon a-way will be
righteousness you must be wearing, O look to the oil in the lamps you are
com-ing are here without number, Let nothing un - ho - ly your spir - it en-

CHORUS.

tak - ing; His com-ing is draw - ing nigh.
bear- ing; His com-ing is draw - ing nigh. His com- ing is draw-ing
cum- ber; His com-ing is draw - ing nigh.

nigh, ... His com - ing is draw - ing nigh; ..... Then be read - y to
drawing nigh, drawing nigh;

meet Him, and re-joic-ing-ly greet Him, For His coming is drawing nigh ...
drawing nigh.

23. Saved By the Blood.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day that my sins are washed a - way,
2. Praise to Je - sus will I sing, and my-self an of - f'ring bring,
3. Come to Him, dear friend, to - day, en - ter on the shin - ing way,
4. Let my life His praise pro-claim, and ex - alt His prec - ious name,

Saved by the blood, ... the blood of the Lamb;
Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb;

Un - der Cal-v'ry's cleansing tide I will ev - er-more a-bide, Saved by the
It shall be my high-est joy, to be used in His em-ploy, Saved by the
Nev - er sweet-er songs can ring than His ransomed peo-ple sing, Saved by the
I will sing in realms on high, while un - end - ing days go by, Saved by the

D.S. *Love unmeasured there we'll see, Grace that rescued you and me, Saved by the*

FINE. CHORUS.

blood, ... the blood of the Lamb. Soon with ransomed ones in
Saved by the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

blood, ... the blood of the Lamb.

D.S.

glo-ry we will gather round His throne, And proclaim full salvation thro' His name;

24. Helper of the Troubled Soul.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

EDWARD DENNY. FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His heart is still the same;.....
2. When the pangs of tri - as seize us, When the wave of sor - row roll;.....
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;.....

Kinsman, Friend and el-der Broth - er, Is His
I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pil - low
Yes - ter-day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the
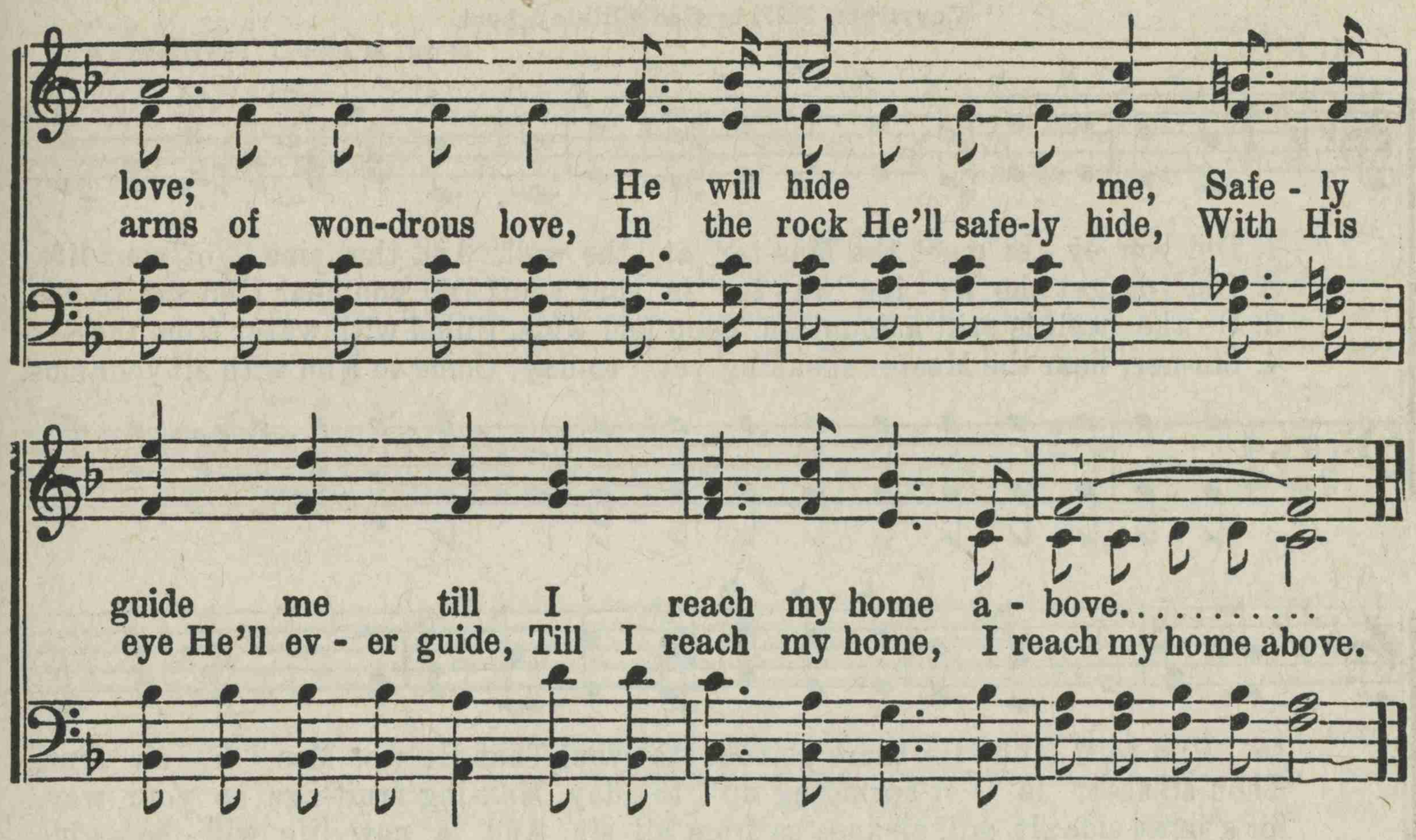
is still the same;
waves of sor-row roll;
leg - a - cy of love;

CHORUS.

ev - er - last- ing name. Je - sus holds me,
of the troubled soul.
same doth ev - er prove. Je - sus holds me in His arms,
ev - er - last-ing name.
the troubled soul.
doth ev - er prove.

Je - sus folds me In His arms of won - drous
I am safe from all a-larms, In His ev - er - last-ing, ev - er - last-ing

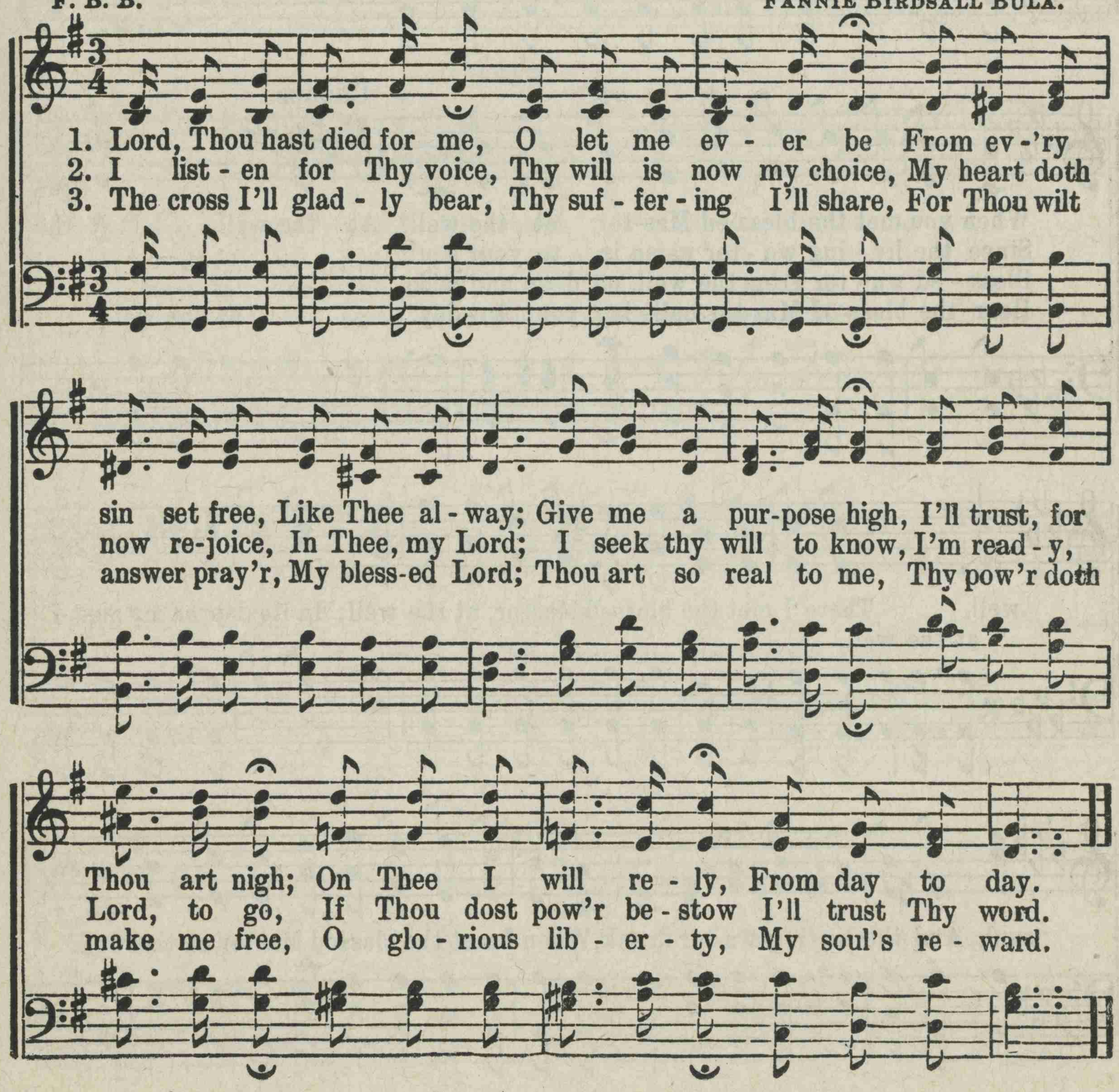
Helper of the Troubled Soul.



25. My Soul's Reward.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

F. B. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA.



26. At the Well.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

M. J. C. MRS. MARY J. CHRISTIAN.

1. Did you ev - er meet the Mas-ter at the well, And the sins of your life
2. Did you get the liv - ing wa - ter in your soul? Did you hear Him say to you,
3. O the well is still a fountain, deep and wide, Filled with water from the Sav-
4. Sin-ner, hear the Master speaking yet to-day; Come to Him with all your sins,

to Him tell? Did He there re-veal to you, That He was Mes - si - ah true,
"Thou art whole?" Is it springing up to - day, Mak-ing fruit-age on your way,
ior's pierced side; It will cleanse us from all sin, And a new life will be - gin,
don't de - lay; Liv - ing wa- ter He will give, Bid your thirst-y spir - it live,

CHORUS.

When you met the bless-ed Mas-ter at the well? At the well, at the
Since the liv - ing wa - ter came in - to your soul?
Bless - ed wa - ter from the well, so deep and wide.
Hear the bless-ed Mas-ter call - ing you to - day. At the well,

well, There I met the blessed Master, at the well; In its depths my sins I
at the well,

sank, And the liv- ing wa-ter drank, When I met the blessed Master at the well.

27. His Promise Was Written for You.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Step out on the prom-ise of Je - sus, The Sav - ior of sin-ners, so
2. Al - tho' you be poor and un-wor-thy, Your ta - lents and gifts may be
3. Al - tho' you be chief-est of sin-ners, Your faith and your courage re-
4. Step out on the prom-ise of Je - sus, His word shall for-ev - er en-

true; He of - fers com-plet - est for - give-ness, His prom - ise was
few; Yet He who re - mem-bers the spar-rows, Will sure - ly be
new; He came not to call for the right-eous, His prom - ise was
dure; Tho' heav - en a - way from us pass - es, His prom - ise for-

CHORUS.

writ- ten for you. His prom - ise was written for you,.....
mind-ful of you.
writ- ten for you.
ev - er is sure. His won-der-ful promise was written, was written for you,

His prom - ise was writ- ten for you;..... God's blest "who-so-
His wonder-ful promise was writ- ten, was written for you;

ev - er," a - bid- eth for-ev - er, His prom - ise was writ-ten for you.

28. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.

M. 84 = ♩

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's raçe, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown.....Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of

And crown..... Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown .....

crown Him, crown Him,

all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

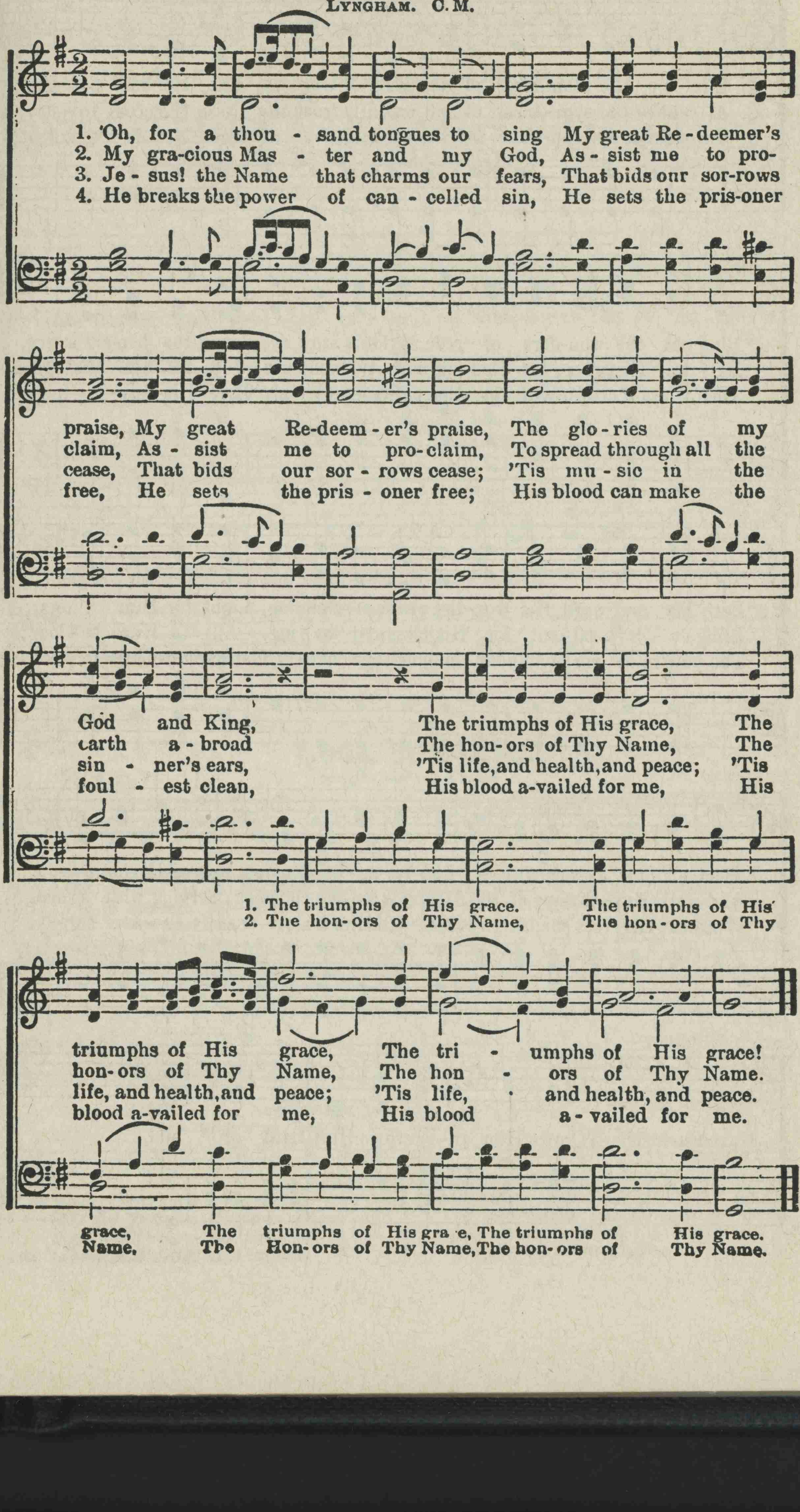
crown..... Him,

..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

29. Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psa. ix: 1.

LYNGHAM. C. M.



80. Make Christ King.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Lift up the stan-dard of the King of Glo - ry, Lift His ban - ner high;
2. A - bove the sym - bols of all world-ly treas-ure Raise His cross to - day;
3. Thro' shade and sun-shine be His ser-vant loy - al, Stead-fast in the fight;

Ring out the won-ders of redemption's sto - ry, Sound the her-ald's cry.
Ex - tol His grace, ex - ceed-ing mor - tal meas-ure, Joy - ful in His sway.
Then yours a crown with - in the pal - ace roy - al, Thro' His sav - ing might.

Let life and word, His wor - thy praise proclaiming, Light for Him a star;
Bring ev - 'ry tal - ent for His bless - ed us - ing,—All to Him be - long;
The pow'rs of sin shall hold in bond-age nev - er Those whom Christ makes free;

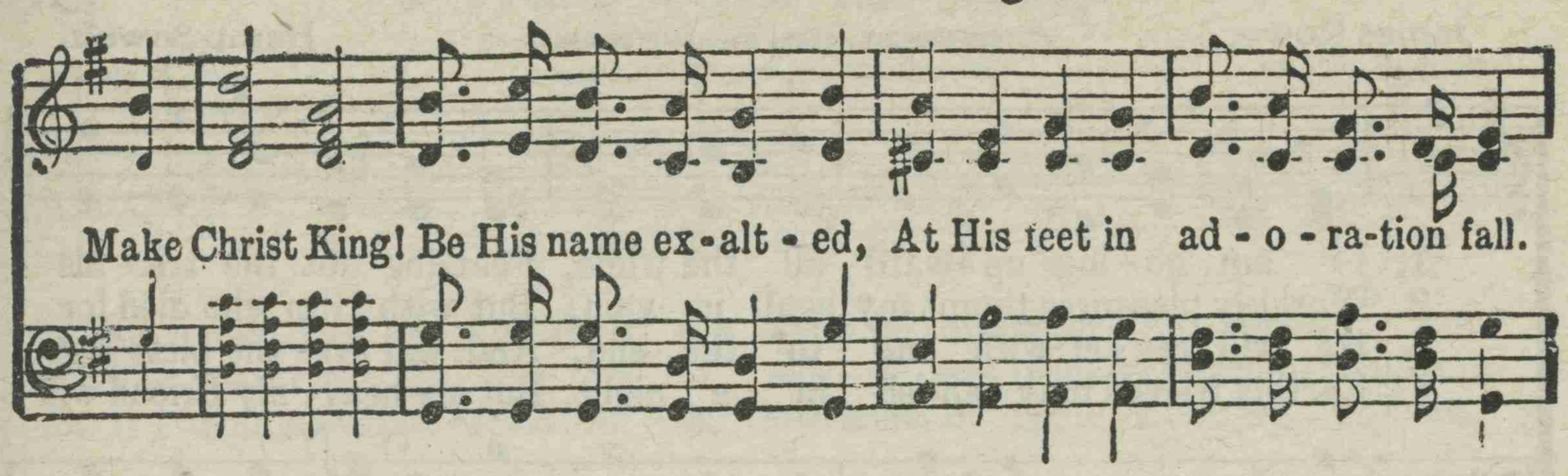
Yield all to Je-sus, with a ho - ly ar - dor flaming, Spread His fame a - far.
And walk in pathways of the Master's ten-der choosing, Serving with a song.
Who bear His cross shall reign at last with Him for-ev - er, His e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Make Christ King! Crown Him, ev - er crown Him Lord of all!
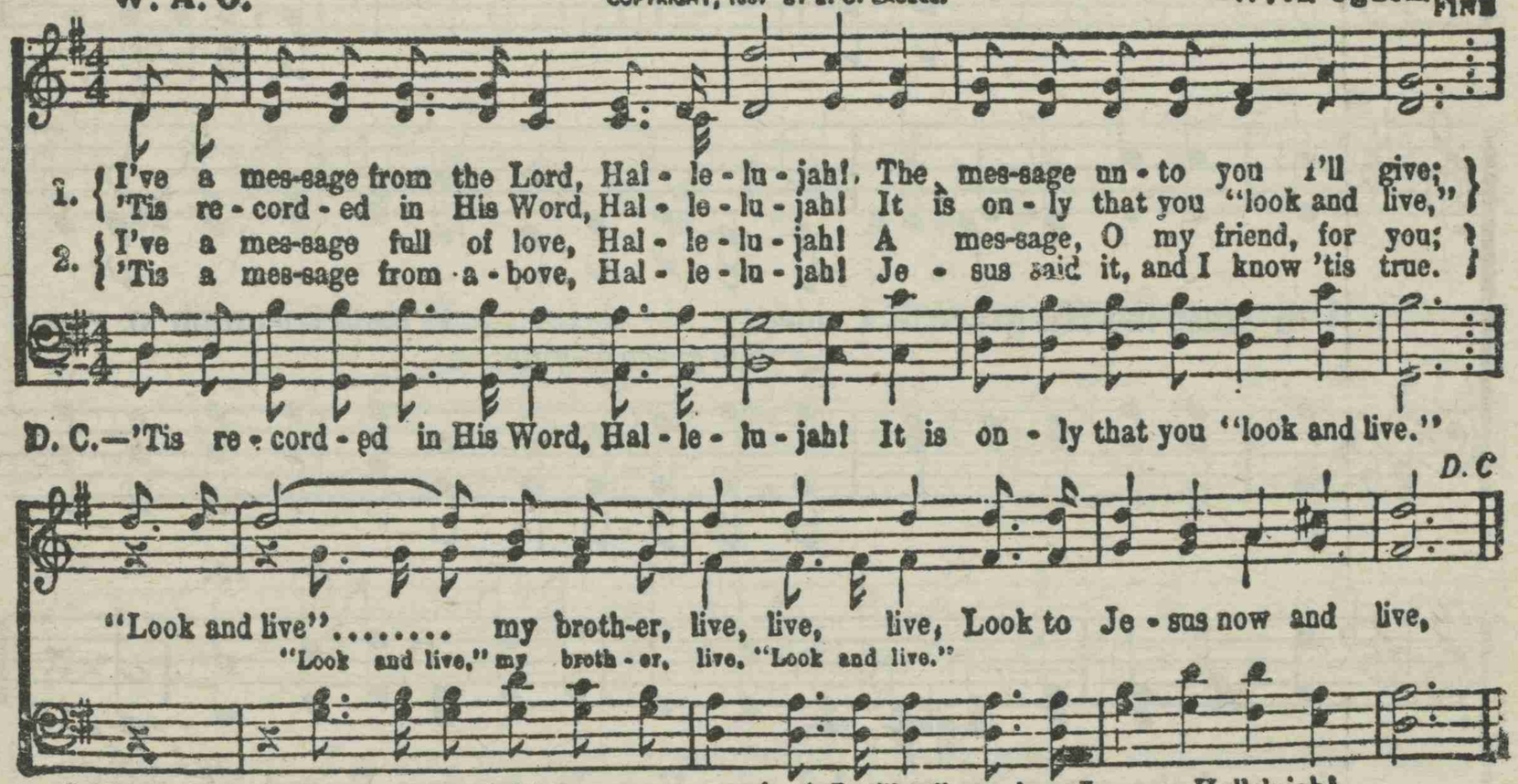
Crown Him Lord of all!

Make Christ King.



31. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.



3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

32 Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I am go-ing up-ward all the while, Fear-ing not the tri-als that may be-tide, Meet-ing all temp-ta-tions with a smile, For the
2. World-ly pleasures tempt my soul in vain, But with Him who died for me I shall stay; For from His great love each day I gain Joys and
3. He will trav-el with me to the end, And will give the bless-ings that I shall need; So up-on His grace I shall de-pend, For I
4. Earthly friends may van-ish in a night, But my heav-'nly Friend will al-ways be near, Keep-ing all my pathway smooth and bright, Giv-ing

CHORUS.

Sav-ior is always at my side. He is a Friend of mine,
pleasures that nev-er pass a-way.
know He will be a Friend in-deed.
courage and comfort, peace and cheer. a Friend of mine,

I'm trust-ing His grace di-vine; I shall tri-umph o-ver
His grace di-vine;

sin, and the crown im-mor-tal win, For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

33. I Walk With the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

M. 80 = ♩.

1. In sor-row I wan-dered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am hap-py—se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.

CHORUS

I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.

34

The Lazarus Song.

Dedicated to the Rev. Bud Robinson. Suggested by his sermon on Lazarus.

N. B. HERRELL. N. B. HERRELL.

Slowly.

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

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

CHORUS. *Faster.*

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

Come forth

grave, There is power for to save; Loose him,
from the grave. There is power for to save; Loose him,
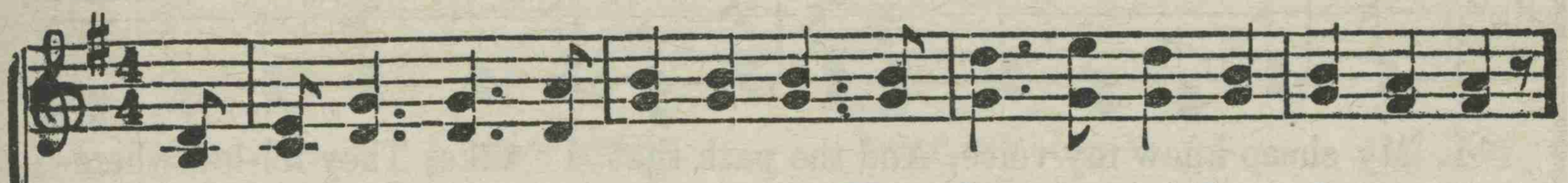
let him go; Hal - le - lu - - jah! praise the Lord!
let him go; Hal - le - lu - jah! O praise the Lord!

Copyright, 1913, by N. B. Herrell.
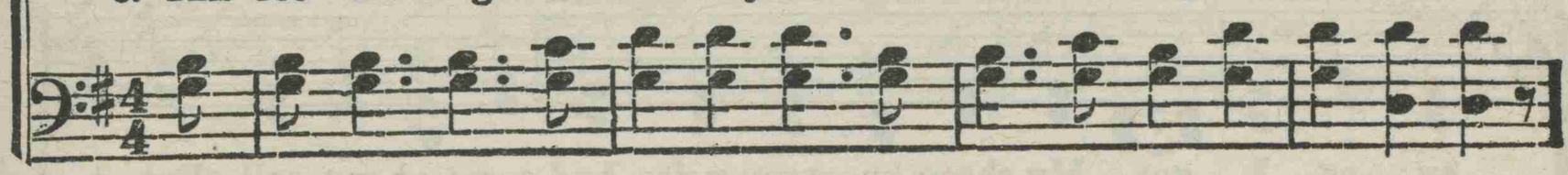
No. 25. The Glory Song.
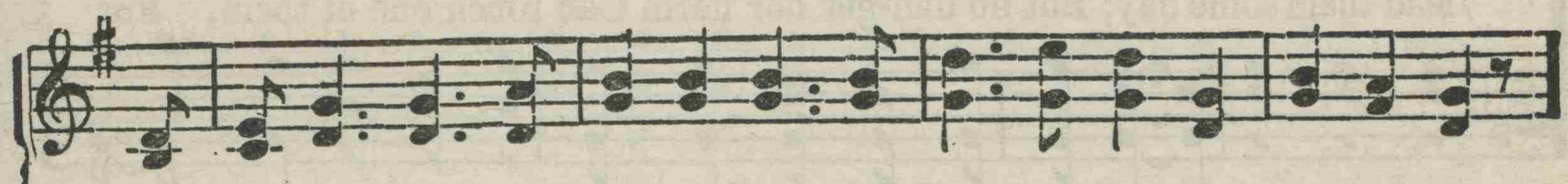
Dedicated to the West Pullman Camp Meeting.

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

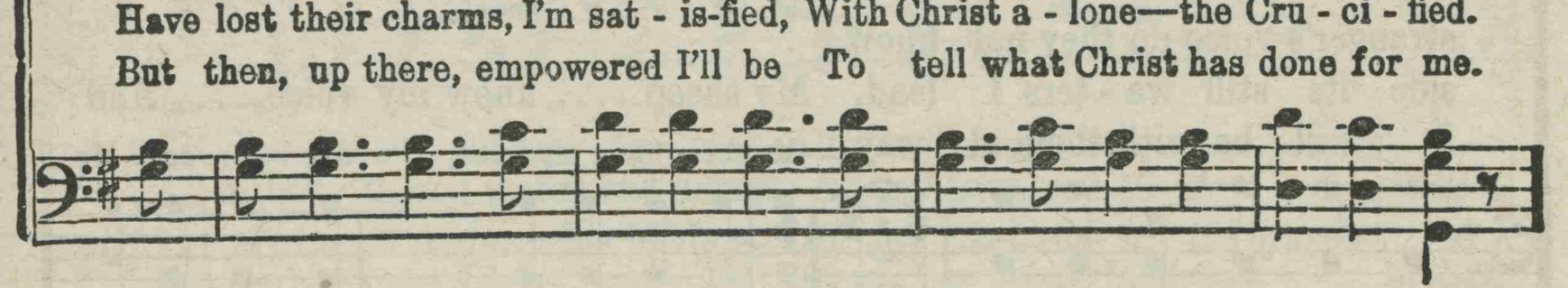


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way;
2. I'm prais-ing Him for keeping pow'r, For vic - to - ry since that glad hour;
3. I've sweet com- mun- ion day by day, With Je - sus in this ho - ly way;
4. Tho' tears of pain and sor - row fall, Tho' Sa - tan striv- eth to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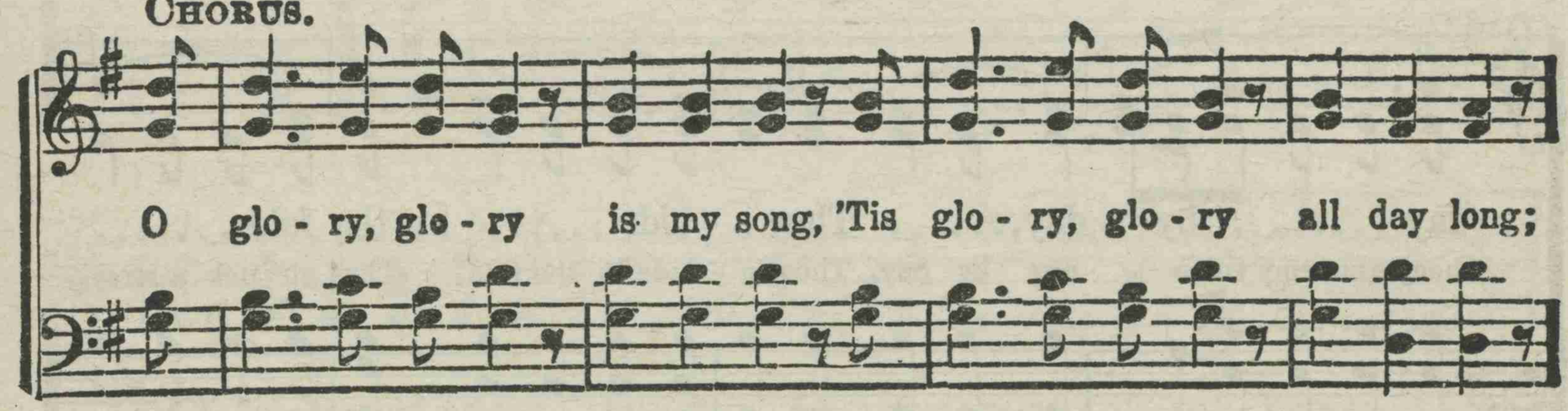




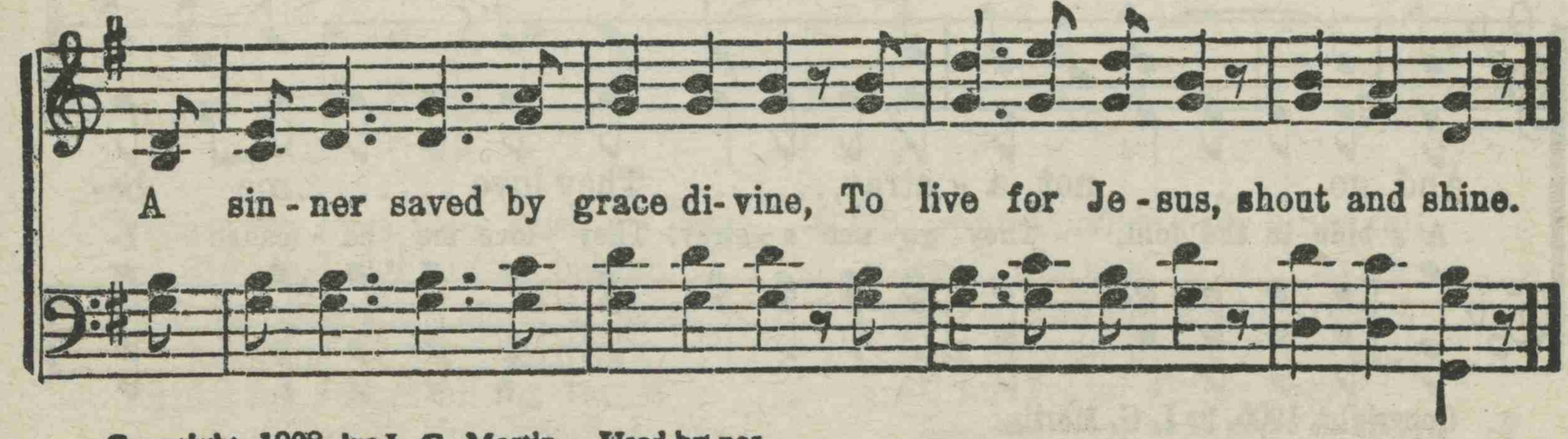
Nor yet the hour when He came in, And cleans'd my heart from in-bred sin.
When I re-ceived the Ho- ly Ghost, 'Tis in the Lord a - lone I boast.
There's not a shad - ow twixt my soul And Him who keeps me clean and whole.
An un - der - cur - rent in my soul, Of peace and joy doth ceaseless roll.
Have lost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



CHORUS.



O glo - ry, glo - ry is my song, 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all day long;



A sin - ner saved by grace di- vine, To live for Je - sus, shout and shine.

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No. 36. My Sheep Know My Voice

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.
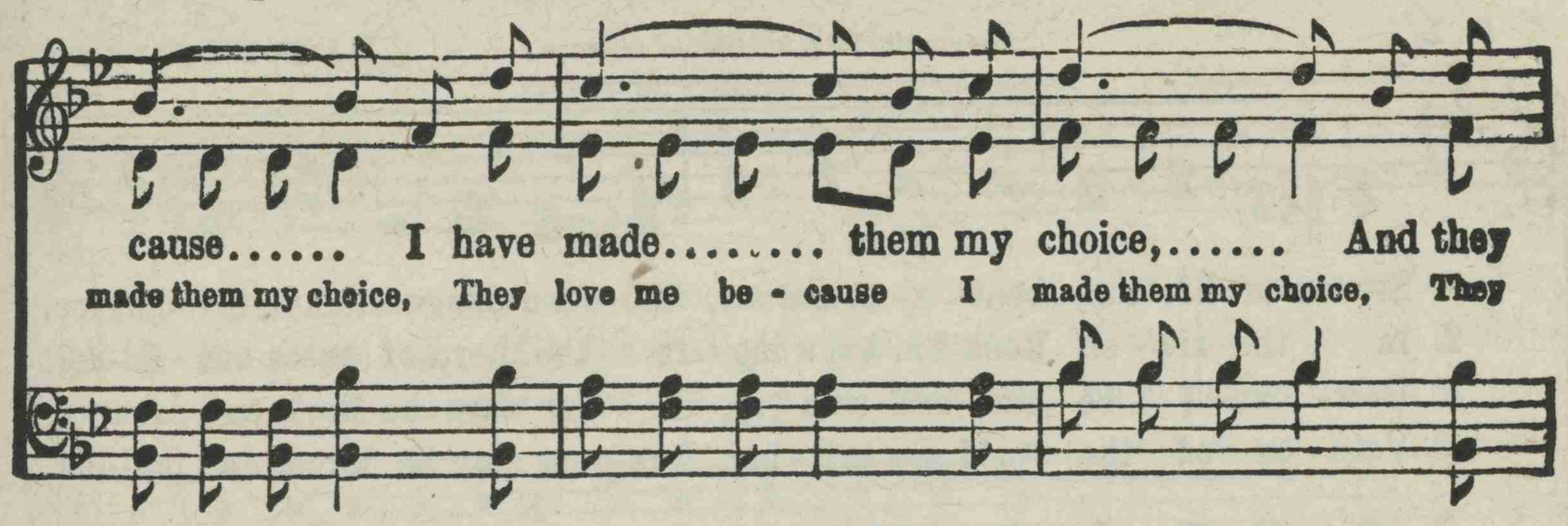
stranger's voice do they not know.
side its still wa - ters I lead. My sheep .... know my voice,.... And
I will be with them al - way. My sheep know my voice, day by day, My

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

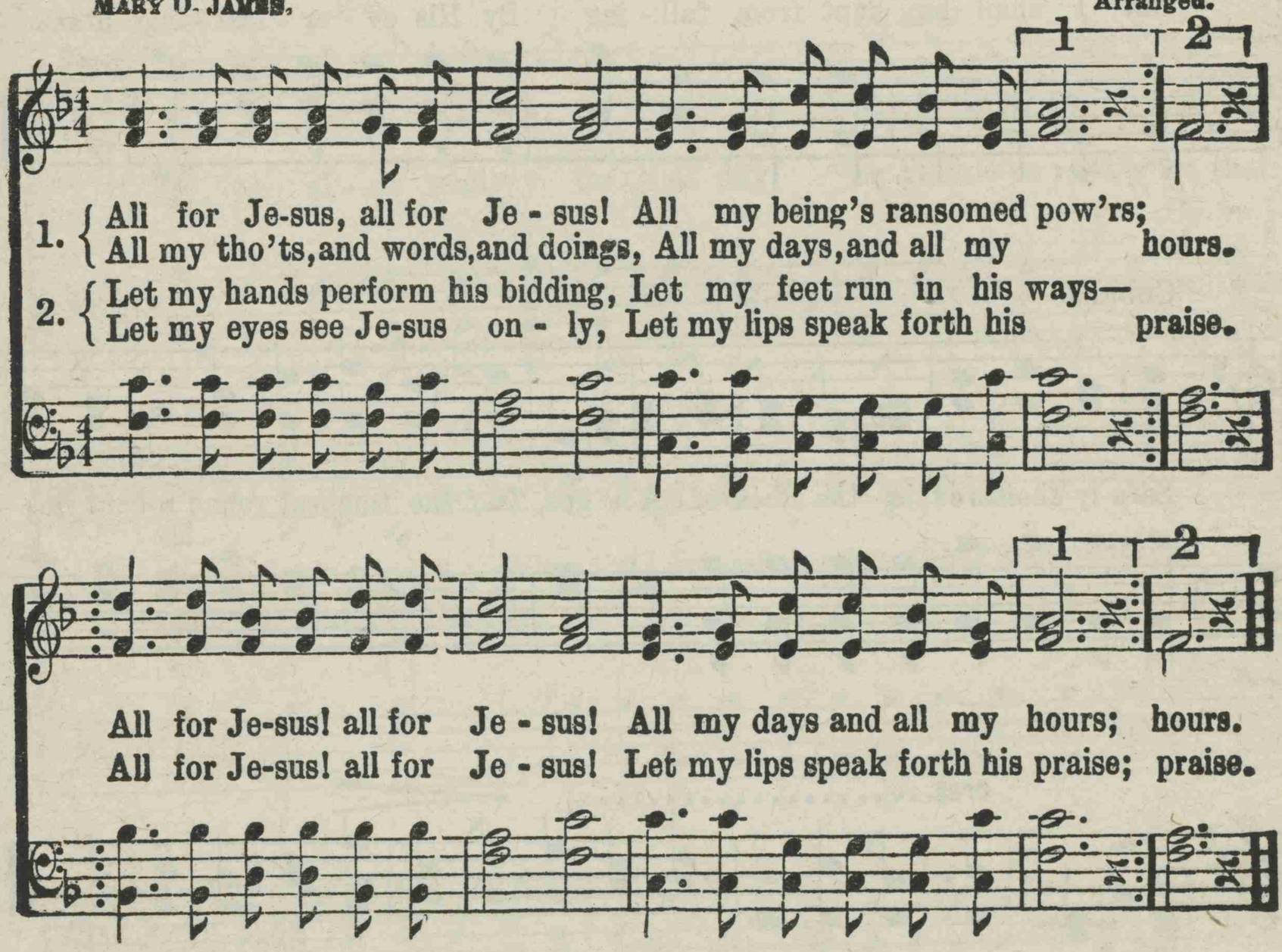
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My Sheep Know My Voice--Concluded



No. 37 All for Jesus

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖:All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings. :‖

38.

Safely Sheltered.

H. L.

Copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Storms of life may beat a - round me, Hid - den dangers may surround me,
2. In the riv - en Rock I'm hid - ing, In the Lord of hosts con - fid-ing;
3. How can I be sad and wea - ry, Or my days be dark and drear-y,
4. Voic - es of the world are call - ing, Dan-gers may be fierce, ap - pall-ing,

But no e - vil shall con-found me In the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Safe - ly He my soul is guid - ing By His ev - er - last - ing arms.
Flood-ed by His sun - light cheer - y, In His ev - er - last - ing arms.
But I shall be kept from fall - ing By His ev - er - last - ing arms.

CHORUS.

Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock of A - ges, Tho' the tempest round a-bout me

cres.....

rag - es; Shield-ed from all fear and harm In the ev - er - last-ing arms.

39. Be Ye Also Ready.

Matt. 24: 44.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Be ye al - so read-y for the Lord's ap-pear-ing, For His sec-ond com-ing
2. Be ye al - so read-y for that glo-rious meeting, When the blood-washed multi-
3. Be ye al - so read-y for the day is breaking, Soon the Lord shall all His

ev -'ry day is near-ing, What a blessed hope and what a prospect cheering,
tudes we shall be greet-ing, Do not waste the golden hours and moments fleeting,
own a - way be tak - ing, Then the hosts of e-vil shall with fear be quak-ing,

CHORUS.

Be ye al - so read - y for that day. Be ye al - so read-y for that
Be ye
glo - rious day, When the Lord shall catch His waiting Bride a-way,
ready for that glorious day,
a-way,

And we shall depart to be with Him for aye, Be ye al-so ready for that day.

9.

HIDDEN.

L. L. P.

Copyright, 1922, by L. L. Pickett.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. Trust in the Lord for- ev - er, Lean on His lov- ing breast; He will sus-
2. Forc-es of hell may gath- er, Shad-ows lay dense a - round, Bur-dens may
3. Friends may forsake and grieve thee, Loved ones may frown and scold, Christ will prove

tain in sor - row, Help thee in times of test. There is no oth - er
pile up - on thee, Pressing thee to the ground. Sick-ness may o - ver-
ev - er faith - ful, Nor will His heart grow cold. He will give joy and

ref - uge, Shel- ter in time of storm, Hid - den with - in His bo - som,
whelm thee, Sor-rows may mul- ti - ply; Still He will ne'er for-sake thee,
glad - ness, Com-fort He will im - part; Spreading in boundless full - ness

CHORUS.

Noth-ing can ev - er harm. Hid - den, hid - den, Safe in His
Strengthen you from on high.
Per-fect love thru thy heart. Hid-den, safely hid - den,

arms are we, Hav-ing no fear for - ev - er, Hap-py we are and free.

41. In the Good Old Sunshine Way.

J. F. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. J. F. KNAPP.

1. O my moth-er went to glo-ry long a - go, For she trav-eled in the
2. And my fa-ther went to glo-ry long a - go, For he trav-eled in the
3. And my dar-ling ba-by followed long a - go, For his ti - ny feet were
4. O I am so glad I start-ed long a - go; I am trav-'ling in the

good old sun-shine way; She would oft - en sing and shout it, As she
good old sun-shine way; It was nev - er hard to find him, For the
in the sun-shine way; How my heart is long - ing, yearn-ing, And I
good old sun-shine way; How they beck - on me to fol - low, Where there's

f. FINE.

tes - ti - fied a - bout it, For she traveled in this good old sunshine way.
path he left be - hind him Was al-ways in the good old sunshine way.
soon shall reach the turn-ing In - to glo - ry of the good old sunshine way.
no more pain nor sor - row, In the land beyond the good old sunshine way.

D. S.—*all my sin and trouble; I am trav'ling in the good old sunshine way.*

CHORUS.

I am trav'ling in the good old sunshine way, As I shout and tes - ti-

D. S.

fy and praise and pray; O what joy! He gives me doub - le, For

42. "Go Up, Possess the Land."

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MRS. C. H. M. Josh. 1. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O soul, why will you lin - ger so far a - way from God,
2. This won-drous land is flow - ing with milk and hon - ey sweet,
3. Step out up - on God's prom - ise and stead - fast - ly be - lieve,

When full - ness of the bless - ing is yours thru Je - sus' blood?
Its fer - tile fields are teem - ing with fin - est of the wheat,
That all your heart is ask - ing ye sure - ly shall re - ceive;

With ut - ter - most sal - va - tion He waits your soul to bless,
The lus - cious grapes of Es - chol still ev - 'ry - where a - bound,
A glo - ri - ous de - liv - 'rance God for His own has planned,

Go for - ward at His bid - ding, your her - it - age pos - sess.
The old corn of the king - dom in all the land is found.
Be strong and of good cour - age, go up, pos - sess the land.

CHORUS.

Go up, pos - sess the land, go up, pos - sess the land, Ye

"Go Up, Possess the Land."

are well a - ble, God has said, a - gainst the foe to stand;

From E - gypt and the wil - der - ness go forth at His com-mand,

Then make the Jor - dan cross - ing, go up, pos - sess the land.

43. For Me.

ANON. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. D. M. SHANKS.

QUARTET. *Don't hurry.*

1. Un - der an eas - tern sky, A - mid a rab - ble's cry,
2. Thorn-crowned His bless - ed head, Blood-stained His ev - 'ry tread,
3. Pierc - ed His hands and feet, Three hours o'er Him beat,
4. Thus wert Thou made all mine, Lord, make me whol - ly Thine,
5. In tho't and word and deed, Thy will to do, O lead,

p *rall.* *pp*

A man went forth to die, For me, (for me,) for me.
Cross-lad - en, on He sped, For me, (for me,) for me.
Fierce rays of noon - tide heat, For me, (for me,) for me.
Grant grace and strength di - vine, To me, (to me,) to me.
My soul, e'en tho' it bleed, To Thee, (to Thee,) to Thee.

44 Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far below the storms of doubt upon the world is beating, Sons of men in
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot alarm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation, Hearing now his

sins of earth be - set on ev-'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand. Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
shel-ter'd here protected by God's hand. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann d. Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

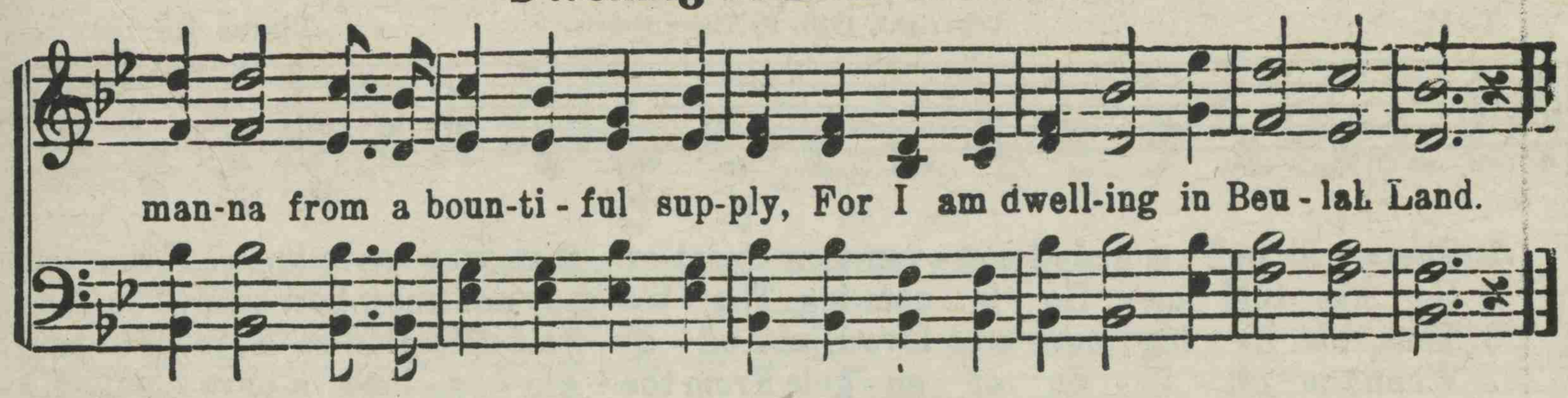
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah land.
of God's word retreating, Noth-ing then can reach me—'tis Beu-lah land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for ev - er in Beu-lah land
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu-lah land.

I'm liv ing on the 'mountain, underneath a cloudless sky, I.m Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

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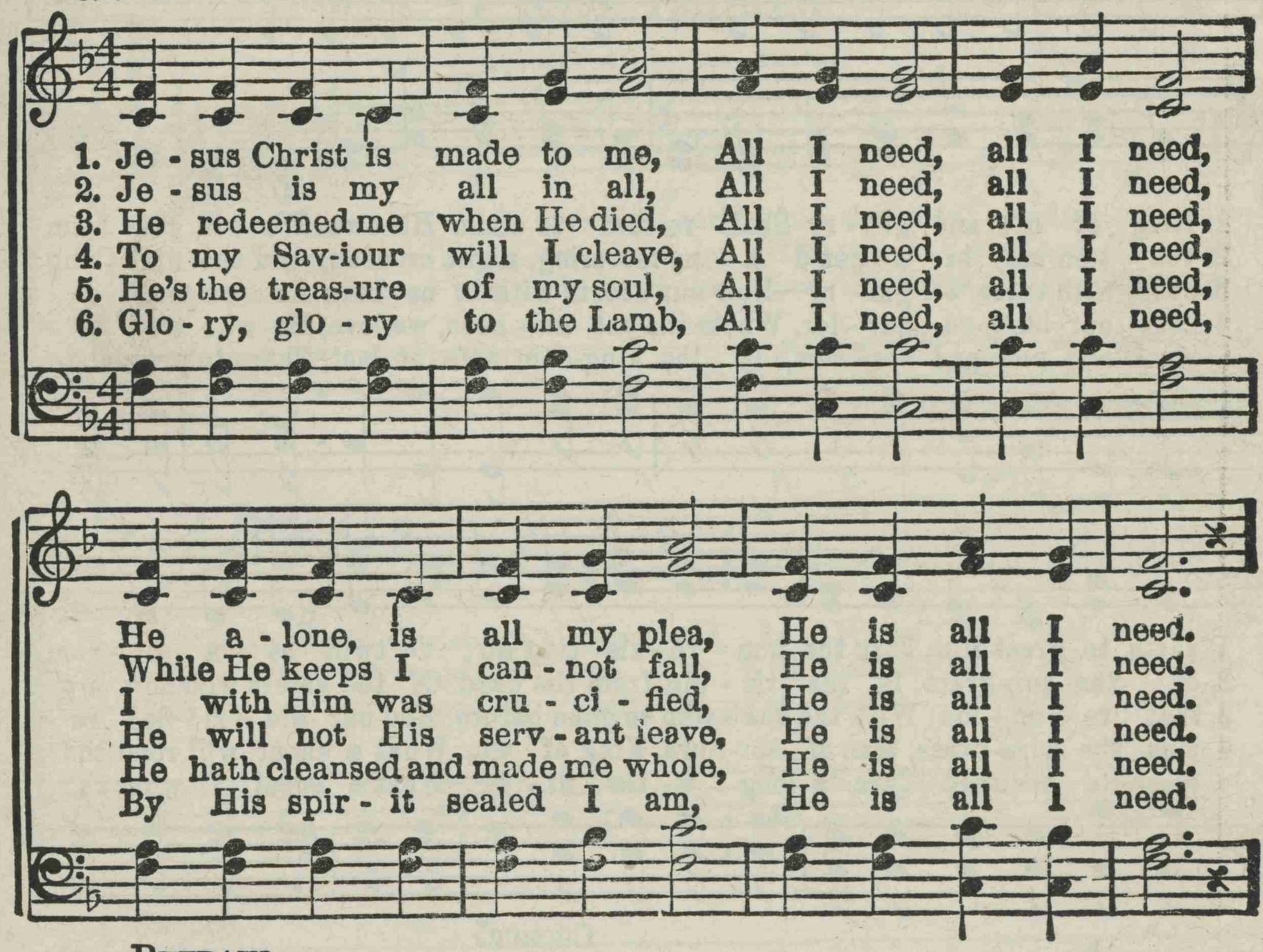
Dwelling in Beulah Land.



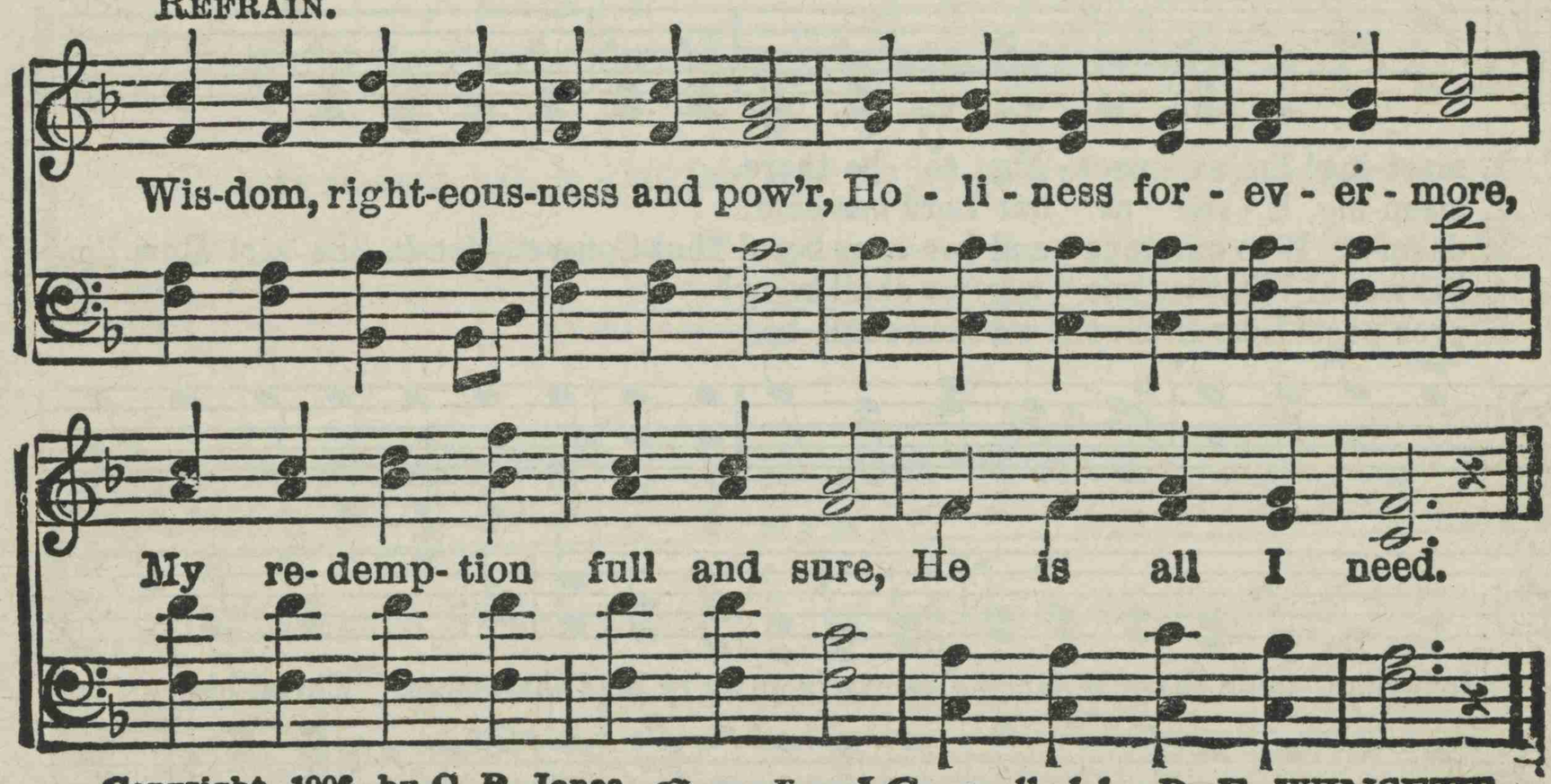
No. 45. ALL I NEED.

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption." I Cor. 1: 30.

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



Refrain.



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The Mid-Air Convention.

T. H.

Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris

1. There will be a grand con - ven-tion Great-er than was ev-er known, When the
2. He has told us He is com-ing, Tho we may not know how soon; The Con-
3. Then the liv - ing ones who love Him And a - wait His glad re - turn, Will as -
4. When the ret - i - nu of an - gels From the glo - ry - land a-bove Shall as -
5. All our cares will then be o - ver, All life's con-flicts will be past, Free from

1. King of life and glo - ry Shall re-turn to claim His own. We will rise from
2. ven - tion may be o - pen'd A - ny morn-ing, night or noon; And the first thing
3. cend with these to glo - ry—How our hearts with-in us burn As we muse on
4. cort our bless-ed Sav - ior, Whom tho yet un - seen, we love, He who trod a -
5. want and pain and sor - row, In the king-dom safe at last, There to praise our

1. earth to greet Him Thru the non - re - sis - ting air; O 'twill be a glo - rious
2. on the pro-gram Is the ris - ing from the dead Of the saints who now are
3. that re - un - ion With the friends who've gone before, And our glo - ri - fied re -
4. lone the wine-press, Man of sor-rows, King of wo, What a shout will rend the
5. blest Re - deem-er Thru a long e - ter - ni - ty—What a hope! O what a

CHORUS.

1. meet-ing! I'm ex - pect - ing to be there.
2. sleep-ing, E - ven as our Lord has said.
3. deem-er, Who our sins and sor-rows bore! That Con-ven-tion in the air! How I'm
4. heav-ens! What re-joic - ing we shall know!
5. pros-pect! Like Him-self we then shall be.

long-ing to be there, When the saints from ev'ry land shall meet, Christ himself will

The Mid-Air Convention.

there preside With His chosen, glo-ri-fied, Who will worship at His sa - cred feet.

47 I Have Entered.

T. H.

Copyright, 1920, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. I have en - ter'd, I have en - ter'd In the bless - ed ho - ly place;
2. O what rap - ture! what com-mun - ion With the Fa - ther and the soul!
3. In this sa - cred tem - ple dwell - ing, How the waves of glo - ry roll!

All my hopes in Christ are cen - ter'd, As I now be - hold His face.
What a bliss - ful spir - it un - ion With the blest E - ter - nal One!
Here is joy be - yond all tell - ing, Par - a-dise with - in the soul.

CHORUS.

I have en-ter'd, hal - le - lu - jah! How the joy-bells of my soul un-ceas-ing ring;

I have enter'd, hal - le - lu-jah! I am dwelling in the presence of the King.

No. 48. I'm Pressing On.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. HAMP SEWELL.

1. Re-joic-ing on my way to the home a-bove, I'm press-ing,.....
2. Re-ject-ing ev-'rything that would bid me stay, I'm press-ing,.....
3. Up tow'rd that blessed land where the angels sing, I'm press-ing,.....
4. Up where my Sav-iour's face I shall then be-hold, I'm press-ing,.....
5. The King re-quireth haste, so a-long life's way, I'm press-ing,.....

I am press-ing on,

I'm press-ing..... An-tic-i-pa-ting joys in that land of love,
I'm press-ing..... De-pend-ing on God's help ev-'ry hour and day,
I'm press-ing..... As hap-py ev-'ry day as a bird on wing,
I'm press-ing..... While faith e'er points the way to those streets of gold,
I'm pressing..... As-sured of find-ing rest at the close of day,
I am pressing on;

CHORUS.

I'm press-ing tow'rd the Glo-ry Land. I'm press-ing,..... I'm
I am pressing on,

pressing..... Tow'rd the cit-y grand, led by Jesus' hand, I'm pressing,.....
I am pressing on, I am pressing on,

I am press-ing,..... I am press-ing tow'rd the Glo-ry Land.
I am pressing on,

by Hamp Sewell. Used by

49. Alone with Jesus.

Copyright, 1922, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

FAIRELIE THORNTON. Luke 10: 38-42. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. An hour a - lone with Je - sus! O pre - cious hour, how sweet,
2. I need these pre - cious sea - sons, These talks, dear Lord, with Thee;
3. A - lone, a - lone with Je - sus, His lov - ing hand in mine,
4. Oh, spend an hour with Je - sus, If you His heart would know,

In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion there, I sit low at His feet!
With-out them, O how could I know, Thy will con - cern-ing me?
There at His feet I lis - ten oft To all His words di - vine.
If you His love would re - a - lize And feel a heav'n be - low.

I could not live with - out it,— This time a - lone with Him;
A - lone, a - lone with Je - sus, Time swift - ly pass - es by;
Was ev - er bond so pre - cious? Was ev - er friend so near?
How can you live with - out them—These times a - lone with Him?

REF.—*A - lone, a - lone with Je - sus, Where all is calm and still,*

D. S. for Refrain.

My love would quick - ly pass a - way, My faith would soon grow dim.
The short - est hour is long - est night When Je - sus is not nigh.
O won-drous, ten-der, melt - ing love, O won-drous grace, how dear.
How can you keep the light of faith From burn - ing low and dim?

I hear the whis-pers of His love Re - veal - ing His sweet will.

50 Let Me Rest On Thee.

N. B. HERRELL. *(To my faithful wife.)* N. B. HERRELL.

Slow, with expression.

1. Je - sus, blessed Rock of A - ges, Ref - uge on life's storm-y sea;
2. Threat'ning storm clouds burst in fur - y, Thunders, light'nings, frighten me;
3. As the proph-ets and the sag - es Proved Thee on life's stormy sea,
4. Till I've crossed life's stormy o cean, Till I've reached the crystal sea,

While life's o-cean round me surg - es, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
Dash - ing bil-lows seem so an - gry, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
I will trust and be cour - a-geous, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
O Thou blessed Rock of A - ges, Let, O let me rest on Thee.

CHORUS.

O Thou bless-ed Rock of A - ges, Might-y ref - uge on life's sea,
on life's sea,

While life's ocean round me surg - es Let, O let me rest on Thee.
rest on Thee.

NOTICE.—The writer of this song being bound in by the great Ohio flood of 1913, his wife bound in by the flood in Southern Indiana, while two of his children were kept by friends in the state of Illinois, did not hear of each other's safety for over two weeks. While the writer looked on the surging, rushing waters, anxiously waiting news from his loved ones, feeling his dependence on Jesus, our Rock of Refuge, he was led to write this song.

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I Will Trust Jesus.

51

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R. C. WARD. ROLLIN C. WARD.

1. Tho' loud and long the thunders roll, And clouds obscure the light of
2. When dearest friends unfaith-ful prove, In Christ I find a hope and
3. To serve him is my chief de- light, For grace to do his will, I
4. When life here draweth to a close— When earthly scenes have pass'd a-

day: Tho' break- ers dash a- gainst my soul, I will trust
stay; I rest on his un-chang-ing love, And sweet - ly
pray; His word, my coun - sel day and night: I will trust
way, I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty with those Who trust - ed

CHORUS.

Je - sus all the way.
trust him all the way.
Je - sus all the way.
Je - sus all the way.

I will trust Je-sus all the way.

Yes, I'll trust him all the way,

I will trust Je-sus all the way; It mat-ters not let come what

Yes, I'll trust him all the way;

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

52. Let Jesus Come In.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

F. B. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA.

1. Yield to our glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, Be filled with His heav-en - ly love;
2. Far you have roamed from the Shepherd, A - way on the mountains of sin;
3. Turn from the world and its treas-ures, A - way from its fol - ly and pride;
4. Tar - ry no lon-ger, poor wan-d'rer, For dan- ger is near you to - day;

Joy - ful- ly run at His bid - ding, Un - til He shall call you a - bove....
a-bove.
Burdened, and footsore, and wea-ry, O come to His fold, en-ter in. .....
en-ter in.
Why will you perish, when Je - sus A man-sion in glo- ry pro - vides. ...
in glo-ry provides.
Death is the wa-ges of sin - ning, The price will be aw-ful to pay. .....
be aw-ful to pay.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord while you may, ... Come, and no
while you may,
lon - ger de - lay; ..... For - sake ev - 'ry sin, Let
no lon - ger de - lay;
Je- sus come in, He'll turn all your dark-ness to day. .....
your dark-ness to day.

Nothing's Worth While Without Jesus.

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LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. D. M. SHANKS.

1. Nothing's worth while without Je - sus, Treas-ures of earth will de - cay,
2. Nothing's worth while without Je - sus, Ev - er in tri - al He's near;
3. Nothing's worth while without Je - sus, He is my joy and my song;

Je - sus a - bid - eth for - ev - er, Un-chang-ing from day to day.
Lov- ing - ly guid - ing me on - ward, Thro' dark-ness to light and cheer.
Life would be drear- y with - out Him, I need Him the whole day long.

CHORUS.

No, noth-ing's worth while, with - out He is near He fills ev - 'ry

day with sun - shine and cheer; Dis - pels ev - 'ry doubt, con-

trols ev - 'ry fear, O noth-ing's worth while with - out Je - sus.

54. Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

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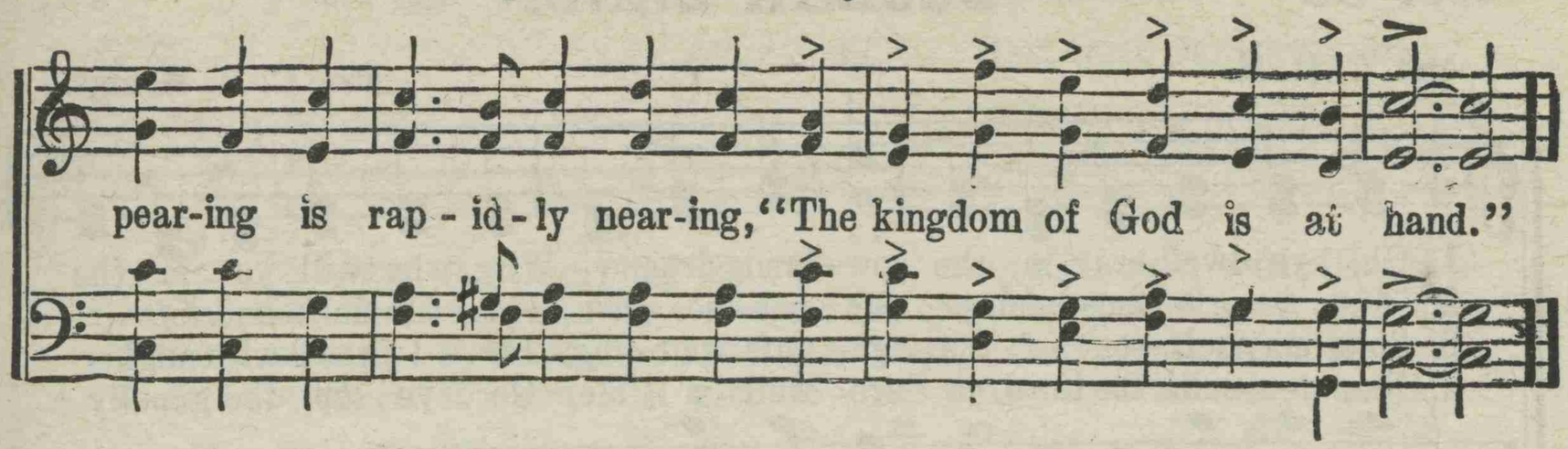
MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. But where is the sign of His com-ing a-gain? (Still ma-ny di-ris-ive-ly say,) Things are as they were since from Ol-i-vet's height, In clouds He was tak-en a-way, (a-way,) Thing are as they were since from Ol-i-vet's height,
2. "Eat, drink and be mer-ry," is ev-er the cry. There's time still to flirt with the world, Ere we shall be-hold Him de-scend-ing the sky And His judgment shall at us be hurled, (be hurled,) Fre we shall be-hold Him de-scend-ing the sky,
3. O Zi-on, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, He chose you His own bride to be, And bids you in garments made spotless and white, Watch ev-er His coming to see, (to see,) And bids you in garments made spot-less and w ite,

CHORUS.

In clouds He was tak-en a way, "Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord," ... Give heed to the Master's command; .... His blest re-ap-
And His judgment shall at us be hurled.
Watch ev-er His com-ing to see. "Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord," Give heed to the Master's command;

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.
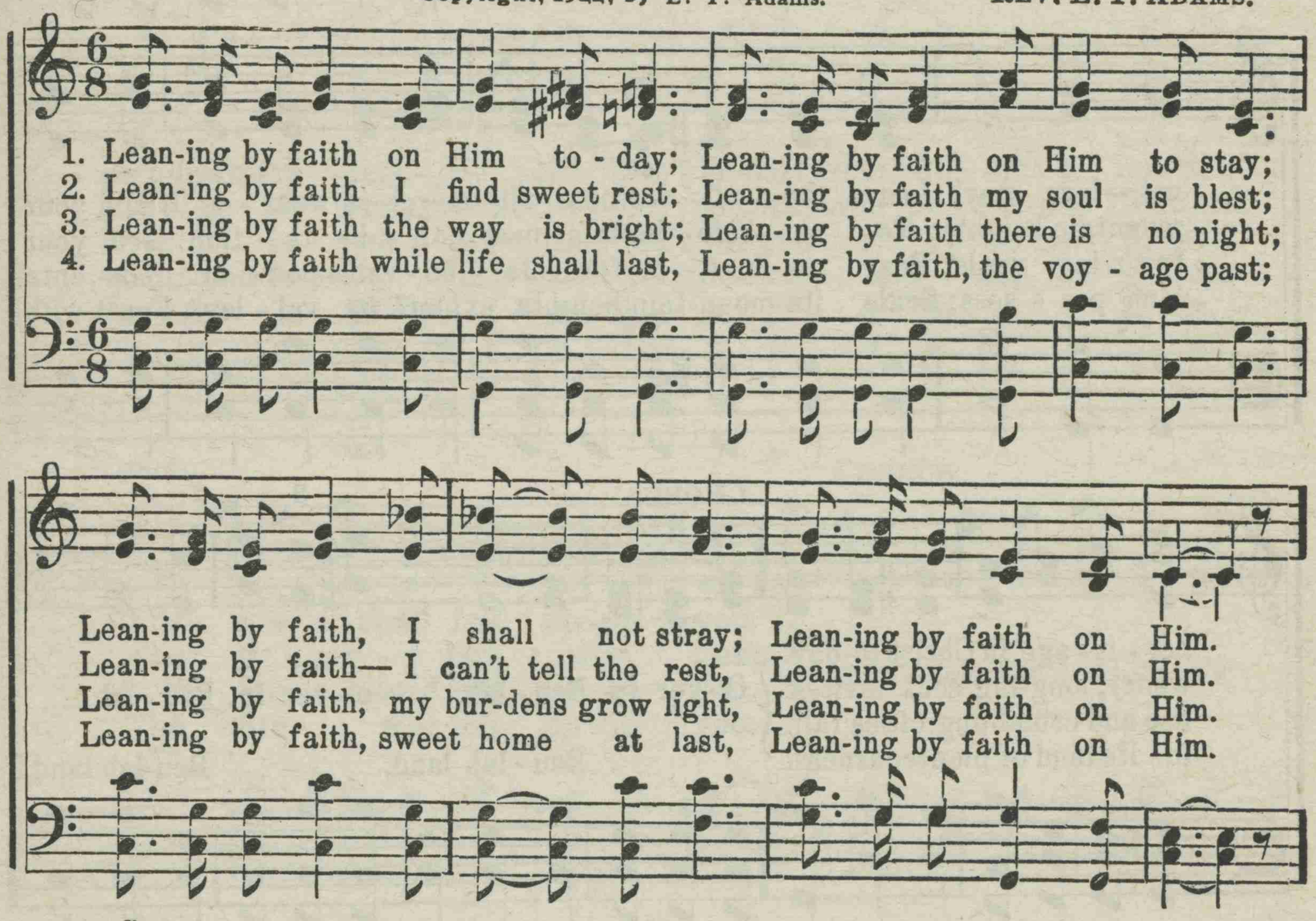


55. Leaning by Faith.

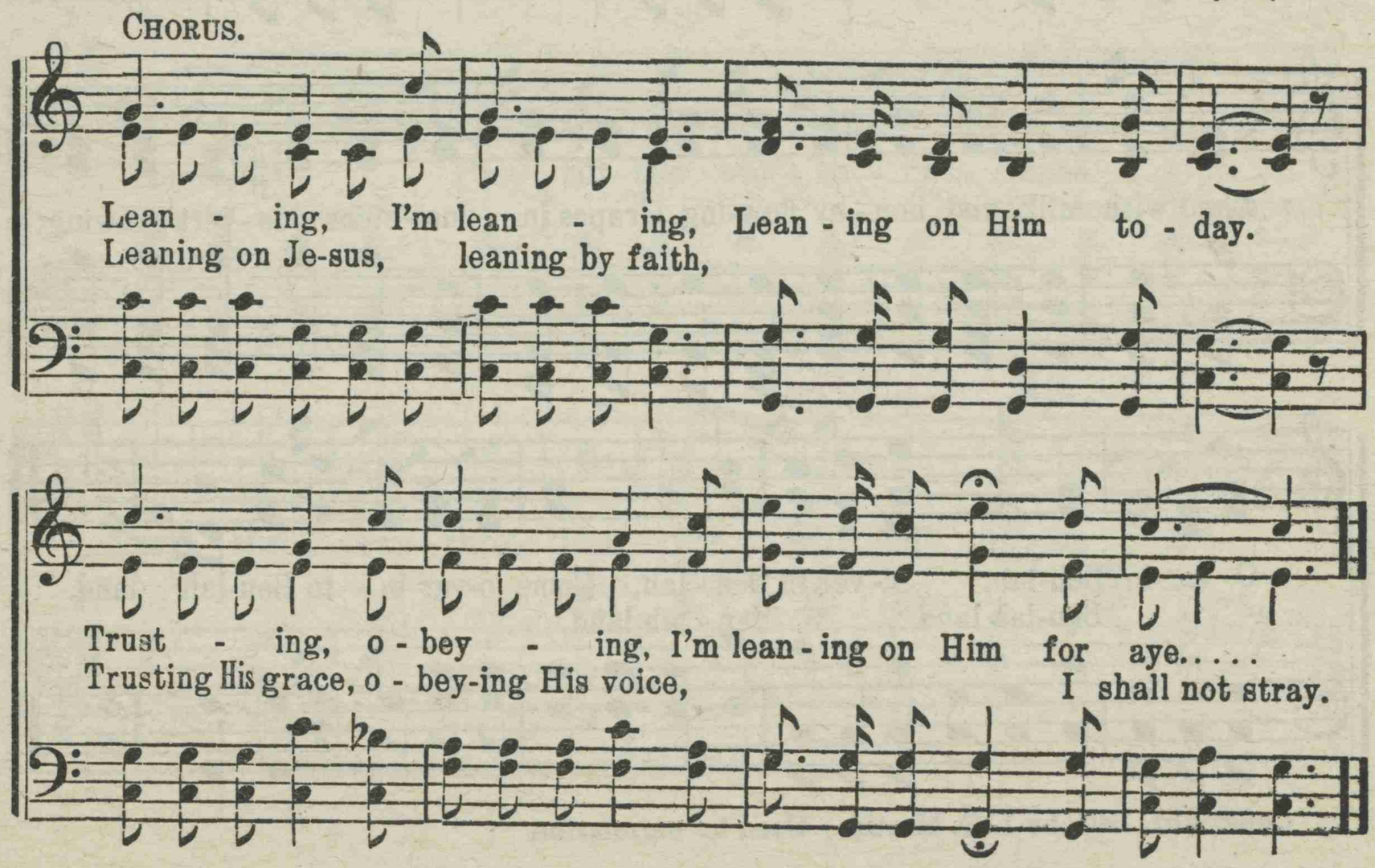
E. T. A.

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REV. E. T. ADAMS.



CHORUS.



No. 56 BEULAH LAND.

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

1. Oh, ye dwell-ers in the low-lands drear-y, Why, why will ye in the val-leys stay? Leave the wil-der-ness with march es wear-y, Claim your
2. 'T is a glo-rious land, a rich pos-ses-sion, Fer-tile fields and loft-y mountain heights; To a-bide in this blest hab-i-ta-tion God your
3. Spies may tell you of the gi-ants wait-ing, Jer-i-cho's with mighty tow'r-ing walls; Fear ye not, be-fore Je-ho-vah's pow er Gi-ants
4. Has-ten, saith the Lord, ye are well a-ble; Go ye up, the good-ly land pos-sess; Scale its moun-tain heights, explore its val-leys, Feast with-

Chorus.

her-it-age in Christ to-day.
weary, long-ing soul invites.
flee and crumbling cities fall.
in its land of plenteousness.

O-ver in Beu-lah, o-ver in Beu-lah,
Beu-lah land, Beu-lah land,

Land with milk and hon-ey flow-ing, Grapes in lus-cious clus-ters growing;

O-ver in Beu-lah, o-ver in Beu-lah, Come o-ver in-to Beu-lah land.
Beu-lah land, Beu-lah land,

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57 Pray Till the Victory Comes.

G. B. (*An Altar Song.*) Rev. Geo. Bennard, Arr.

1. As Je - sus was stand-ing on Ol - i-vet's hill, And with Him His
2. One hun-dred and twen-ty o-beyed His com-mand, And tar-ried in
3. "Just take it by faith," you will hear man-y say, And faith we must
4. Now, broth-er, if you will give Je - sus your all, And do what He

own faith-ful few, He said, "Don't de-part from the cit - y un-til
His bless - ed name; While in one ac-cord, and be - liev-ing His word,
have, it is true; But please don't for-get, the price must be paid,
wants you to do, He'll grant your de-sire, and this ver - y hour

Chorus.

The fire shall fall up-on you."
The fi - er - y bap - tism came.
If the fire would fall up-on you.
The fire will fall up-on you.

Pray till the vic-to-ry comes, ... Pray till the vic - to - ry comes.....
vic - to - ry comes, vic - to - ry comes,

Rit.

Pray thro', pray thro', The fire will fall up - on you.

Words and Music copyright, 1912, by Rev. Geo. Bennard.

58. His Love is in My Heart to Stay.

Copyright, 1922, by James M. Black.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. I have found the Sav - ior pre-cious, and my night is turned to day,
2. Ev-'ry doubt I give to Je - sus, ev- 'ry sor - row, ev -'ry fear,
3. Ev-'ry day I love Him bet - ter, and I praise Him o'er and o'er,

For His love is in my heart, Yes, His love is in my heart; I've a
For His love is in my heart, Yes, His love is in my heart; I shall
For His love is in my heart, Yes, His love is in my heart; Thru the
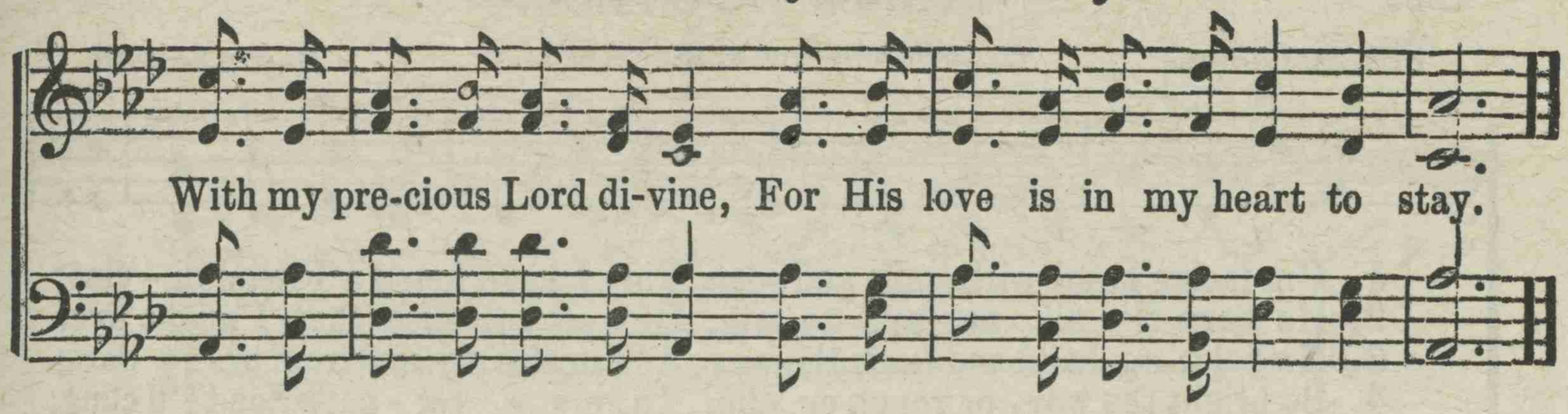
sweet and blest as - sur-ance, that my sins are washed a - way, For His
nev - er be con-found-ed with my pre - cious Sav - ior near, For His
val - ley of the shad - ow I will trust Him more and more, For His

CHORUS.

love is in my heart to stay. Yes, His love is in my heart, hal-le - lu - jah!
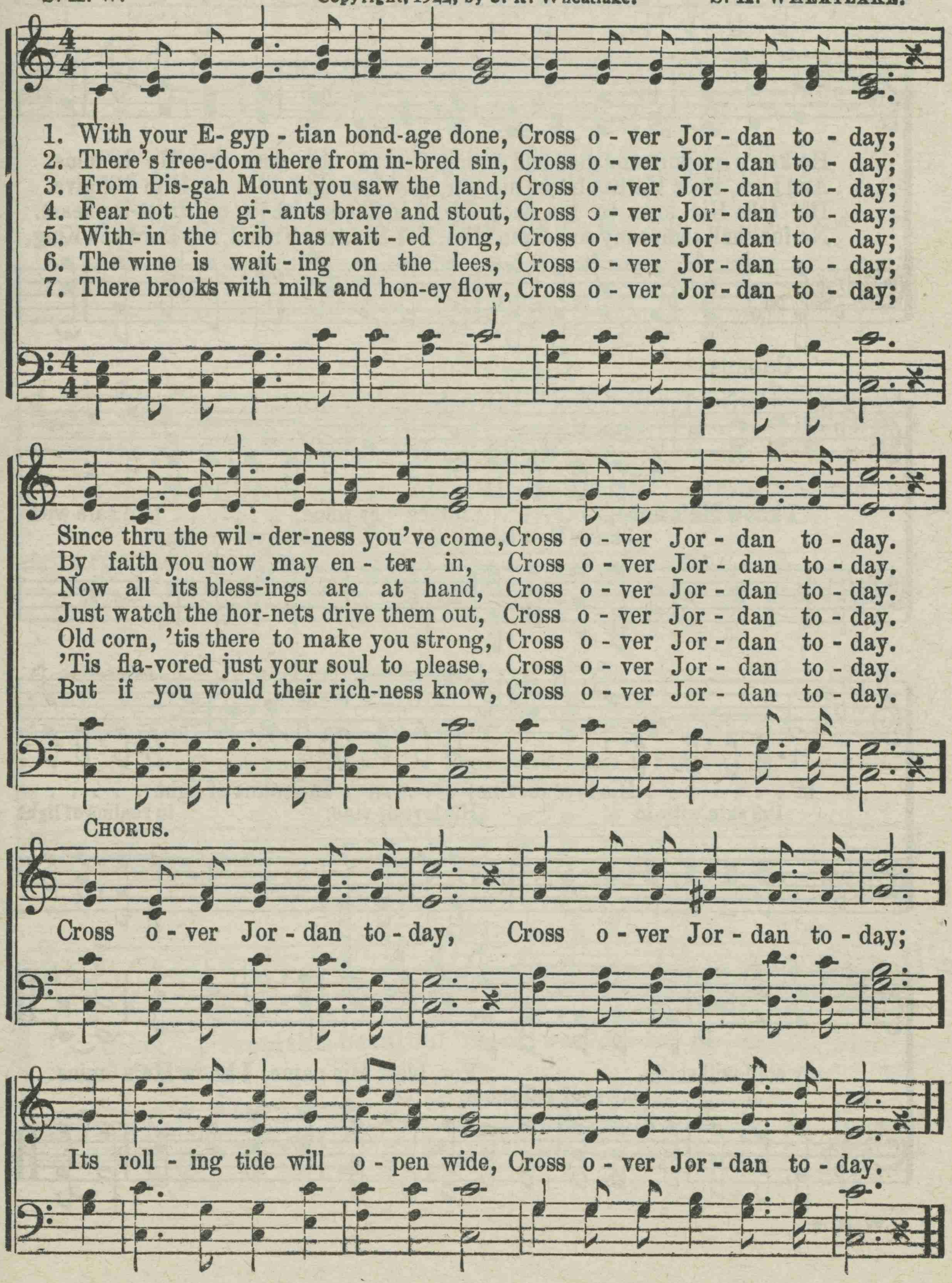
And it drives the shadows all a - way; O what comfort now is mine,
all a-way;

His Love is in My Heart to Stay.



59. Cross Over Jordan Today.

S. K. W. Copyright, 1922, by S. K. Wheatlake. S. K. WHEATLAKE.



60. I Know He's Mine.

Fowler Glenn. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. I'm facing home with smile and song, For I have found a Friend di - vine;
2. He gave His all, my soul to win; He e - ven died that I might live;
3. He holds my hand and leads the way, And shields my soul from ev-'ry dart;
4. Be bright the way, or rough or dim, To my e - ter - nal Friend I'll cling;

He keeps me pure and glad and strong; So I am sure that He is mine.
And now, since He has borne my sin, My love and life to Him I'll give.
He tells His love to me each day, And floods with joy my trust-ing heart.
No foe shall tempt my soul from Him, For He's my Friend, my Lord and King.

CHORUS.

I know He's mine, ... for-ev - er mine; . . . . . I'm safe with-
I know He's mine, for - ev - er mine;

in . . . . . His love di-vine; . . . . . In realms of light . . . . .
I'm safe with-in His love di-vine; in realms of light

my soul will shine, ... For, bless His name, I know He's mine.
my soul will shine,

61 The River of Life.

N. B. H. Copyright, 1915, by N. B. Herrell, Olivet, Ill. N. B. Herrell.

1. There's a crys-tal riv - er flow-ing from a-bove, Beau-ti-ful riv - er,
2. Here is full redemption for the thirst-y soul, Beau-ti-ful riv - er,
3. Mill - ions dai-ly drinking from this stream divine, Beau-ti-ful riv - er,
4. Come, O come, ye wear-y, to this stream so blest, Beau-ti-ful riv - er,

won-der-ful riv - er; And its healing waters are God's perfect love,
won-der-ful riv - er; Who - so-ev-er will may drink and be made whole,
won-der-ful riv - er; Still there is a plen-ty for your friends and mine,
won-der-ful riv - er; Drinking of its wa-ters you will find sweet rest,

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful riv - er of life. Come and drink.... from this beautiful
Come and drink

riv - er, Come and drink,.... From this beau-ti-ful riv - er, Come and
Come and drink,

drink, .. From this beautiful riv-er, won-der-fnl riv - er of life.
Come and drink,

62 There's Music Way Down in My Heart.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.

1. In the depths of my soul is a foun-tain of praise, There the glo- ry - songs
2. He's stopped all my doubt-ing and dried all my tears, And re-membered no
3. He car - ries my bur-dens, no se-crets I hide, To Him ev - 'ry
4. The sun-shine is grow- ing each moment more bright,The Lord is my

ring thro' the sweet hap - py days; While the tunes of the an - gels their
more are the sins of the years; With me - lo - di - ous sing - ing each
part of my soul is thrown wide; For while I am walk - ing so
peace, my con - tent-ment, my light; Oh, there's noth-ing to long for, since

CHORUS.

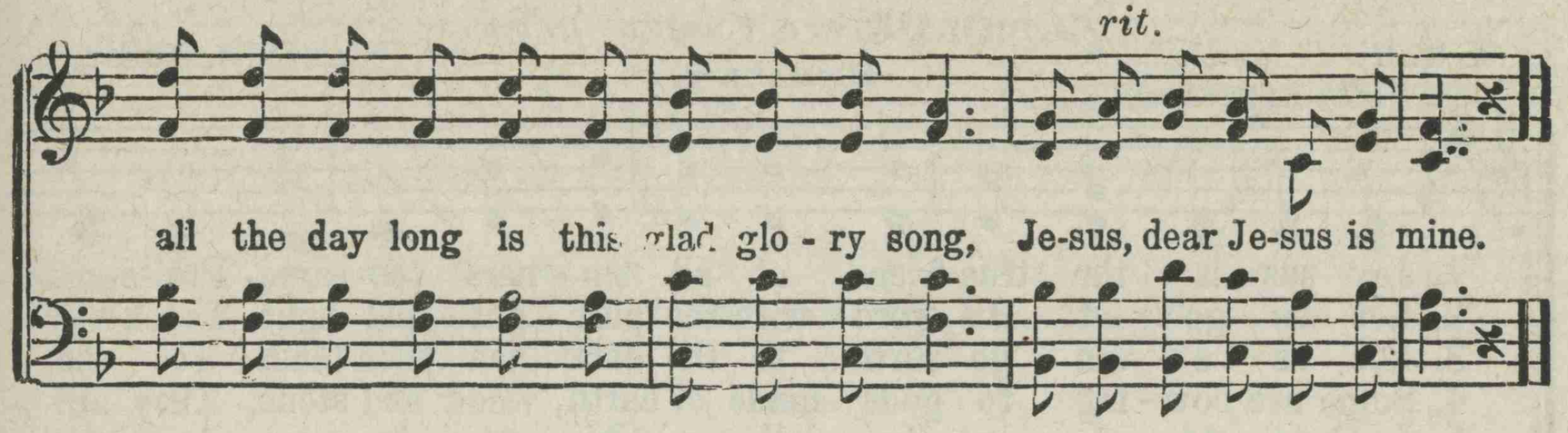
joy - ful notes raise, There's mu-sic way down in my heart.
mo-ment He cheers, There's mu-sic way down In my heart. There's mu-sic way
close to His side, There's mu-sic way down in my heart.
each day and night There's mu-sic way down in my heart.

down in my heart: O, I can't tell you, I shout hal - le - lu - jah!

There's mu- sic way down in my heart. There's music way down in my heart, And

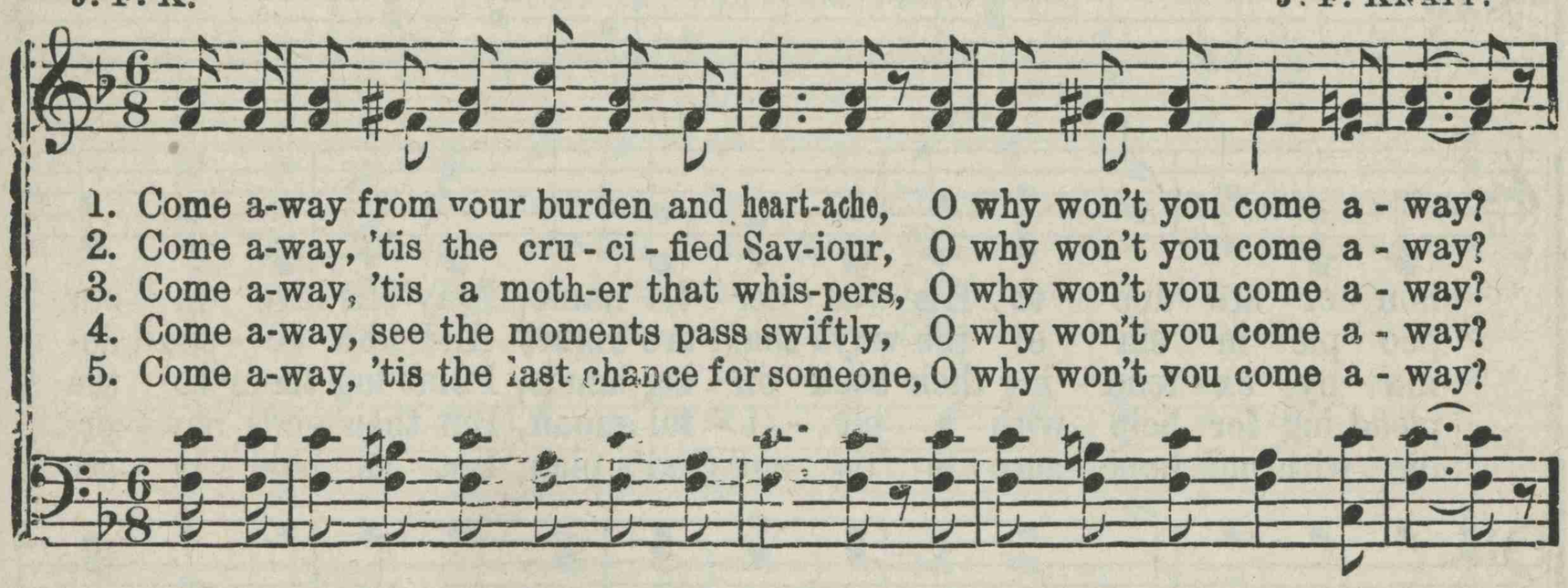
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There's Music Way Down in My Heart.



63 Why Not Come Away.

J. F. K. J. F. KNAPP.



Copyright, 1915, by God's Revivalist Office.

64. Go Carry the Gospel Today.

Copyright, 1922, by A. F. Ingler. By per.

A. G. H. Missionary. ADAM G. HORST.

With expression.

1. Je - sus is the true friend, of all sin - ners the same, Praise and
2. Let us go at His word with the pure gos - pel light, Teach-ing
3. Let us e - ven go forth to the dark hea - then lands, To the
4. Some are bow - ing to gods made of earth, wood and stone, They are
5. Look at Af - ri - ca, In - di - a, Chi - na, Ja - pan, As they

hon - or are due to His won - der - ful name, May His love in our
peo - ple in sin of the ways that are right, And how Je - sus de-
ma - ny ex - tend - ing their beck - on - ing hands, Point-ing them to the
plead ing for help with a pit - i - ful moan, But their gods nev - er
die with-out hope, sure - ly 'tis not God's plan; Let us bold - ly go

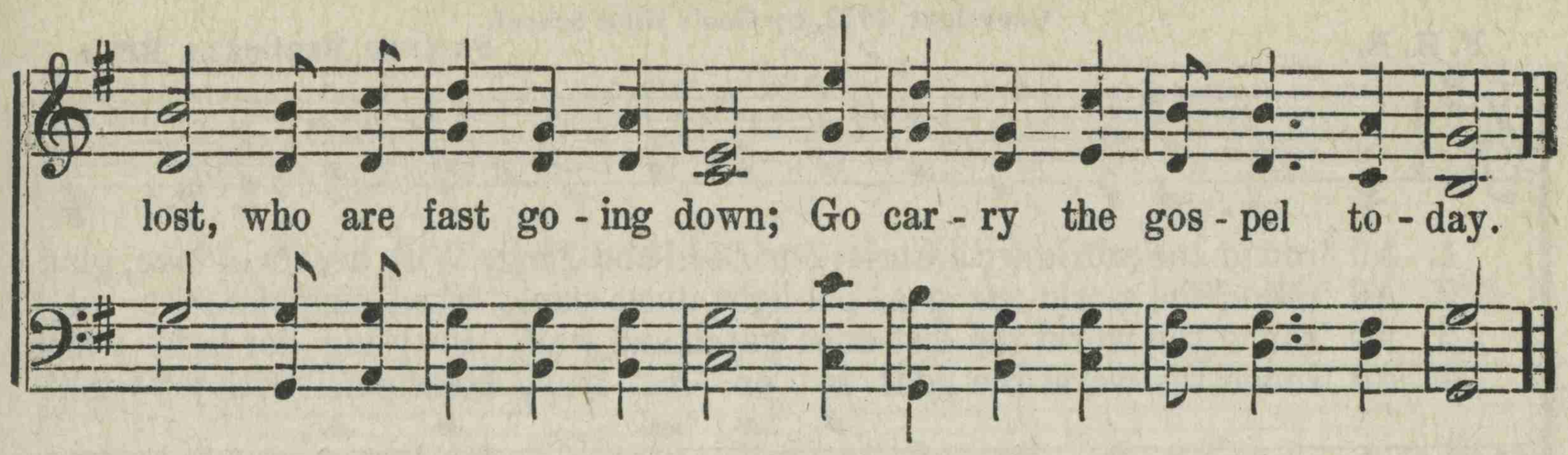
hearts be a pure, ho - ly flame; To car - ry the gos - pel to - day.
scend - ed to ban - ish their night; Go car - ry the gos - pel to - day.
Sav - ior whose love still commands; Go car - ry the gos - pel to - day.
hear, nor for sin can a - tone; Go car - ry the gos - pel to - day.
forth, let us do what we can, To car - ry the gos - pel to - day.

CHORUS

There is work to be done in the re - gions be - yond, Let us

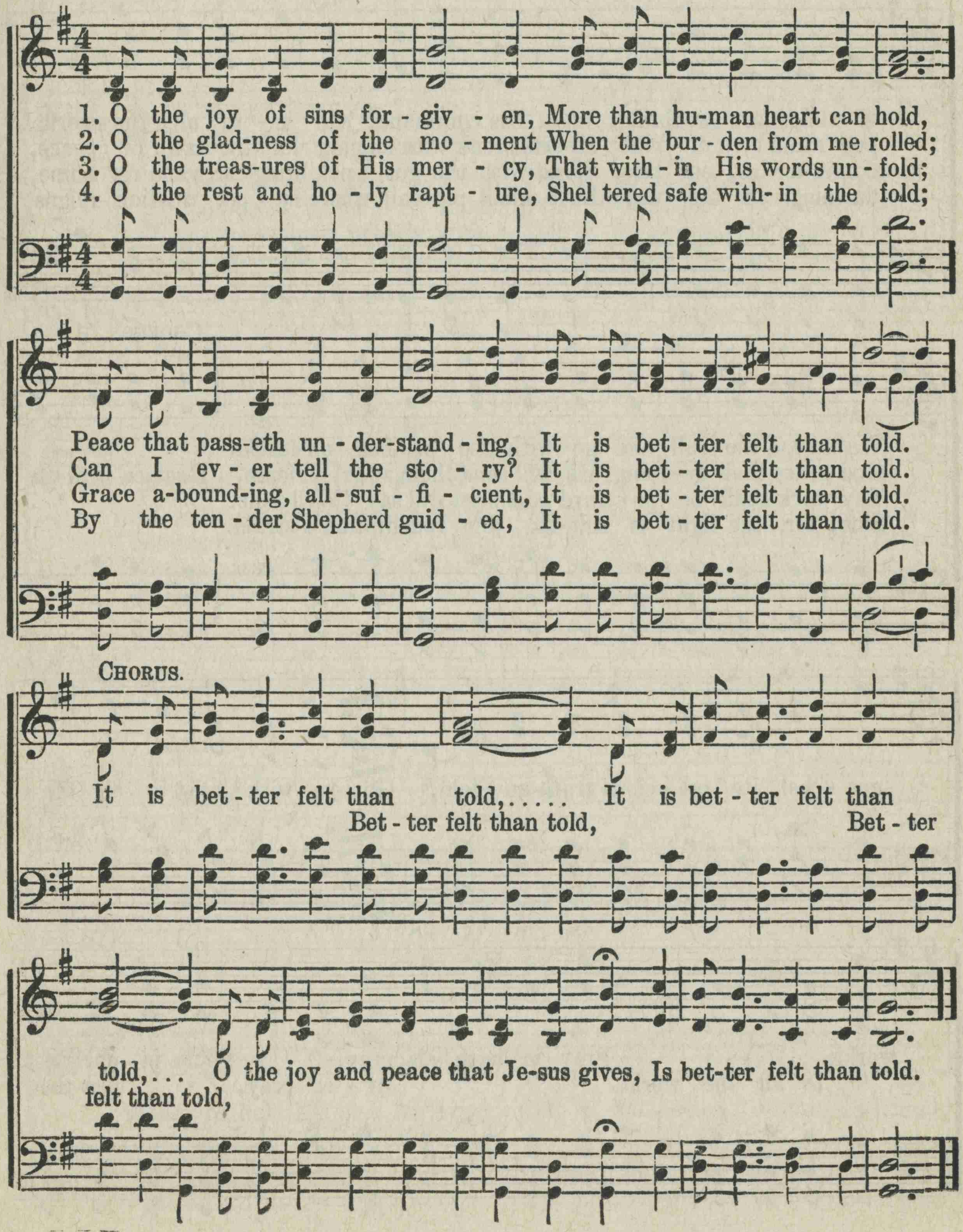
nev - er neg - lect them, but free - ly re - spond To the cry of the

Go Carry the Gospel Today.



65. Better Felt Than Told.

H. L. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. HALDOR LILLENAS.



66. The Light Is On Its Way.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

F. B. B. FANNIE BIBDSALL BULA.
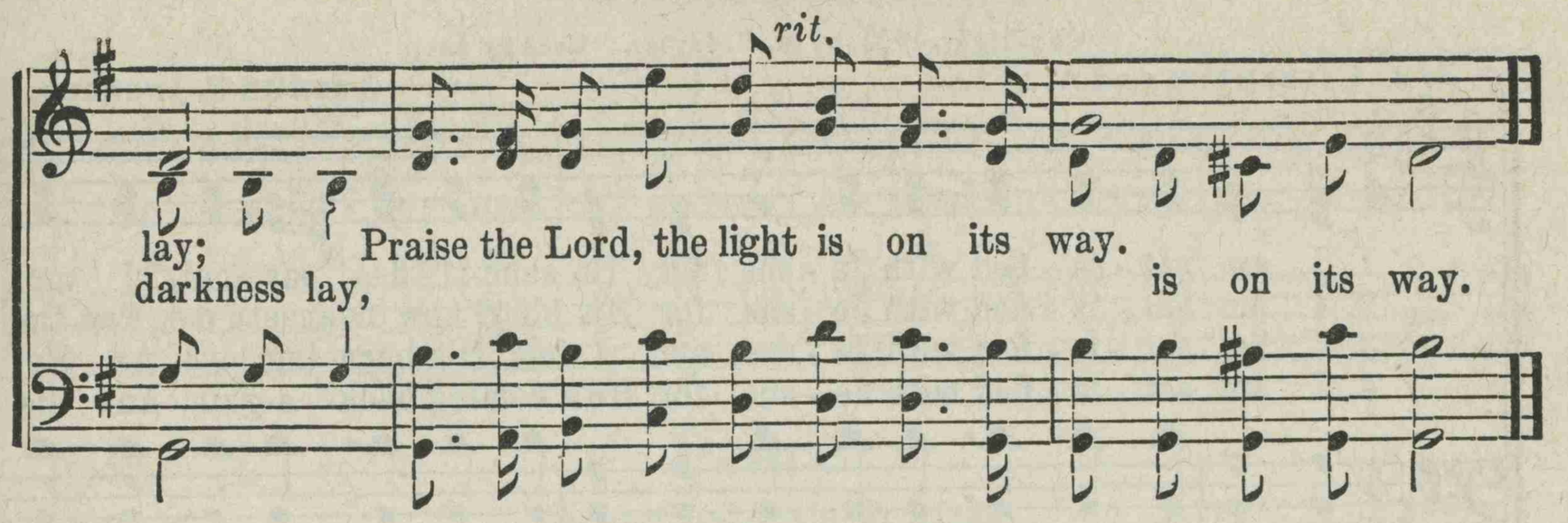
1. All 'round the world with Christ our Lord and King; With hearts of love, glad ti - dings now we bring; At His command, "Go in - to all the world,
2. All 'round the world the gos - pel light must shine, Shed-ding the rays of pow'r and love di - vine; Hearts break with longing for the dawn of peace,
3. All 'round the world the lost ones watch and wait, Pray-ing for light which comes a - las, so late; Speed with the gos - pel, bring the wand'rer home,
4. All 'round the world the light is on its way, Hearts hail with joy the dawning of the day; Love shall pre-vail where su - per - sti-tion reigns,

CHORUS.

We'll heed the call and go with gos - pel flag un-furled.
God hears their groaning, He will send them sweet re-lease. Hast-en with the
Thy work shall be re - ward-ed, Christ will say "Well done."
Sing, for the light is shin-ing, join redemption's strain.

gos - pel, its pre - cious truth un - fold, Go ye with Christ to all the world;
to all the world, Pray in faith, oh pray, ev - er pray, Souls in darkness hea-then

The Light Is On Its Way.

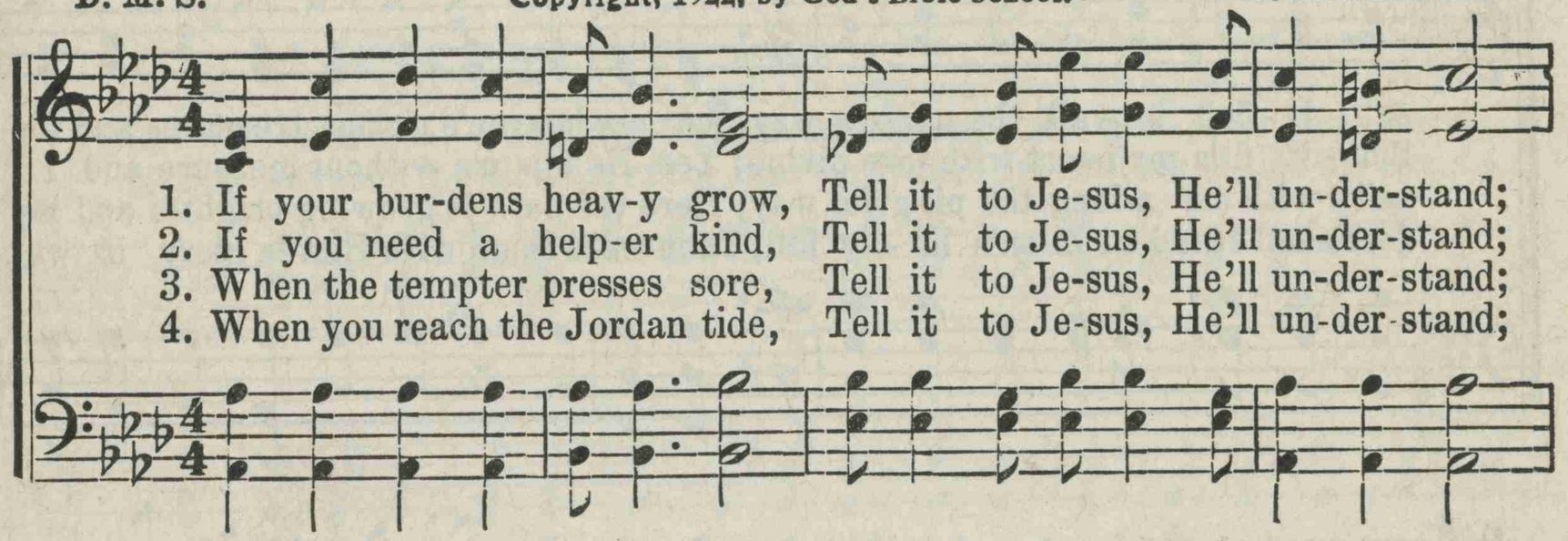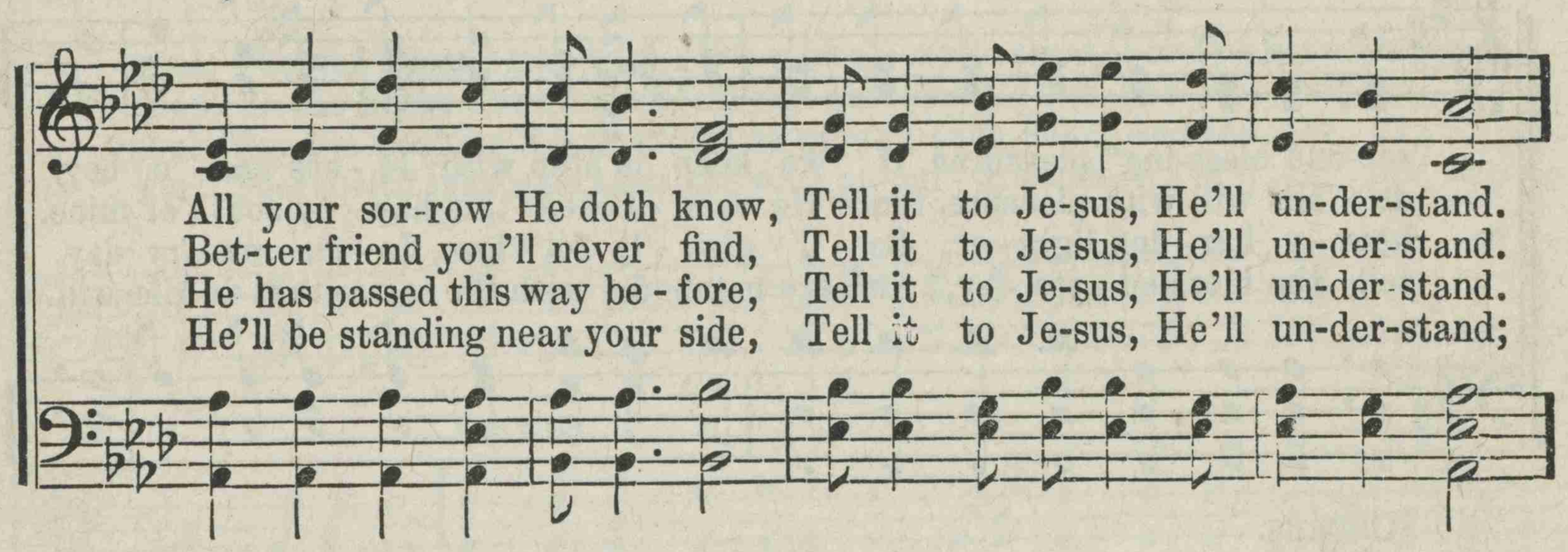


He'll Understand.

67.
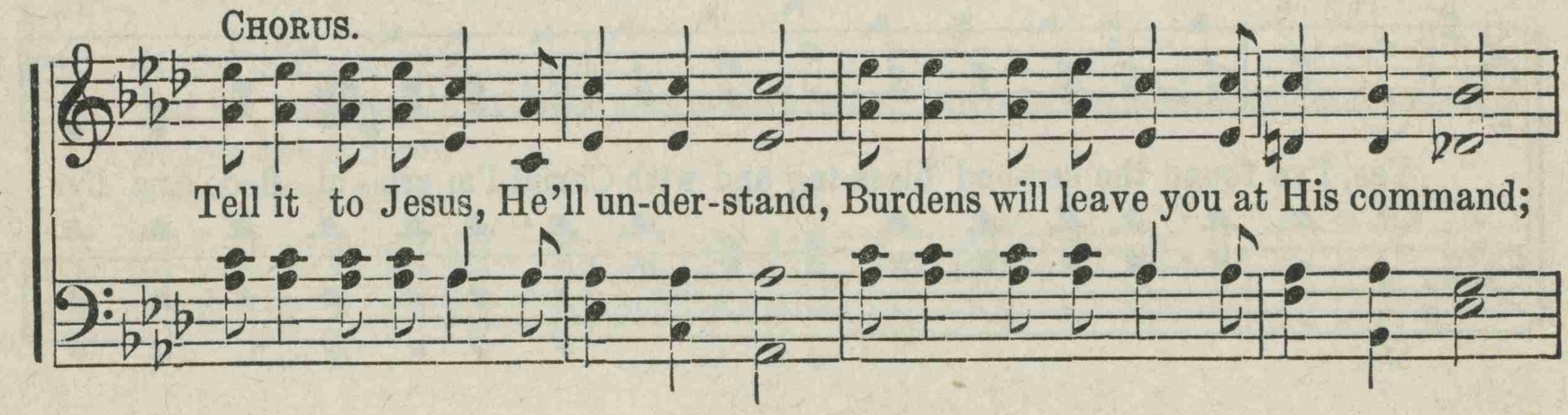
To K. G. Lawrence.
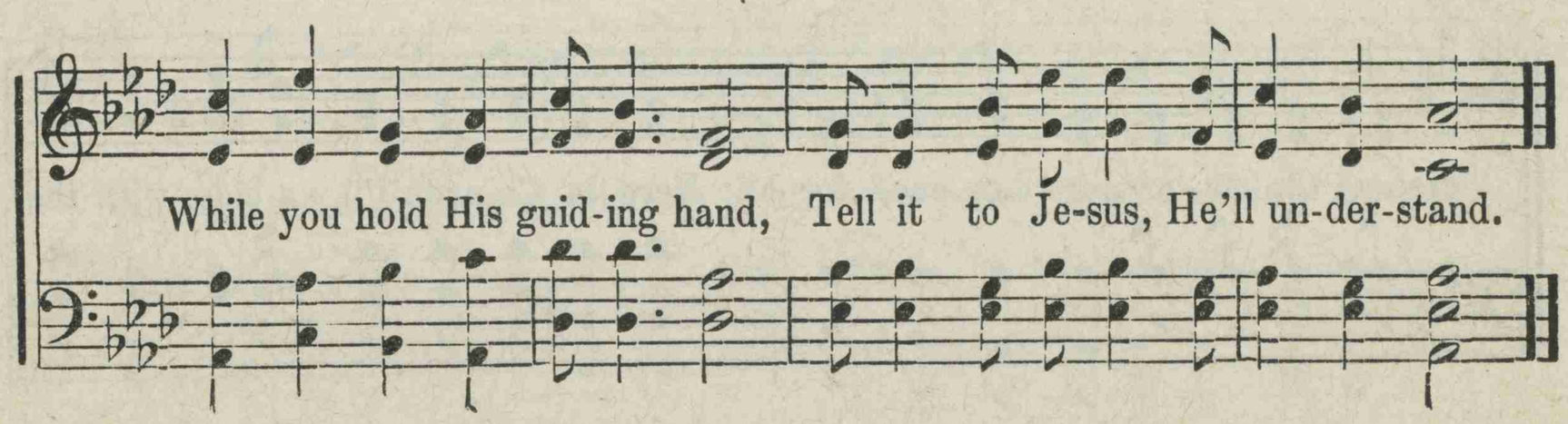
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CHORUS.





68. Satisfaction.

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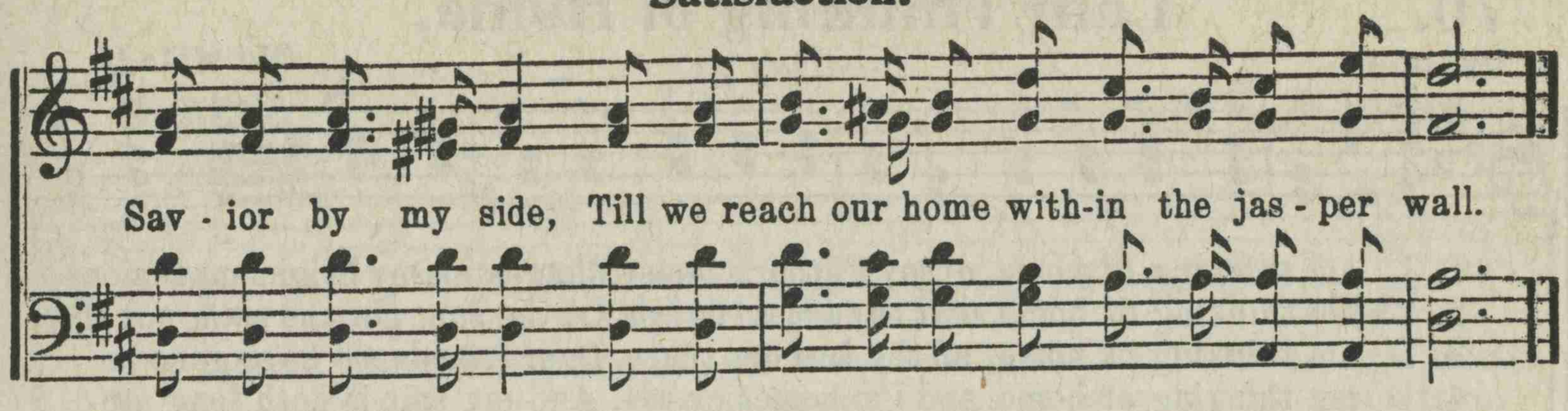
E. A. KILBOURNE and A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus for He sanc-ti - fies my soul, I am sat - is - fied to walk the narrow way; There are heaven's richest treasures and the "sec-ond bless-ing" pleasures, If we keep in step with Je - sus and o - bey.
2. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus for His blood now cleanseth me, And the Spir - it fills my heart with love divine; Yes, He fills me without measure and I do His will with pleasure, Since He sanc - ti-fied this hap - py soul of mine.
3. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, and I feel His burn- ing love, As He talks with me a-long the pil-grim way; Here the path is growing brighter and my heav - y bur - den light - er, So I glad - ly fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
4. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus for He's coming back a-gain, And His feet shall stand on Zi-on's ho - ly hill; Then we'll reign with Him in glory if we tell the bless-ed sto - ry, And are numbered with the saints that do His will.

CHORUS.

Yes, I've found the sec-ond bless-ing and with Christ I'm cru - ci - fied, And I've crossed the riv - er Jor - dan once for all; Here in Ca-naan I'll a-bide, with the

Satisfaction.

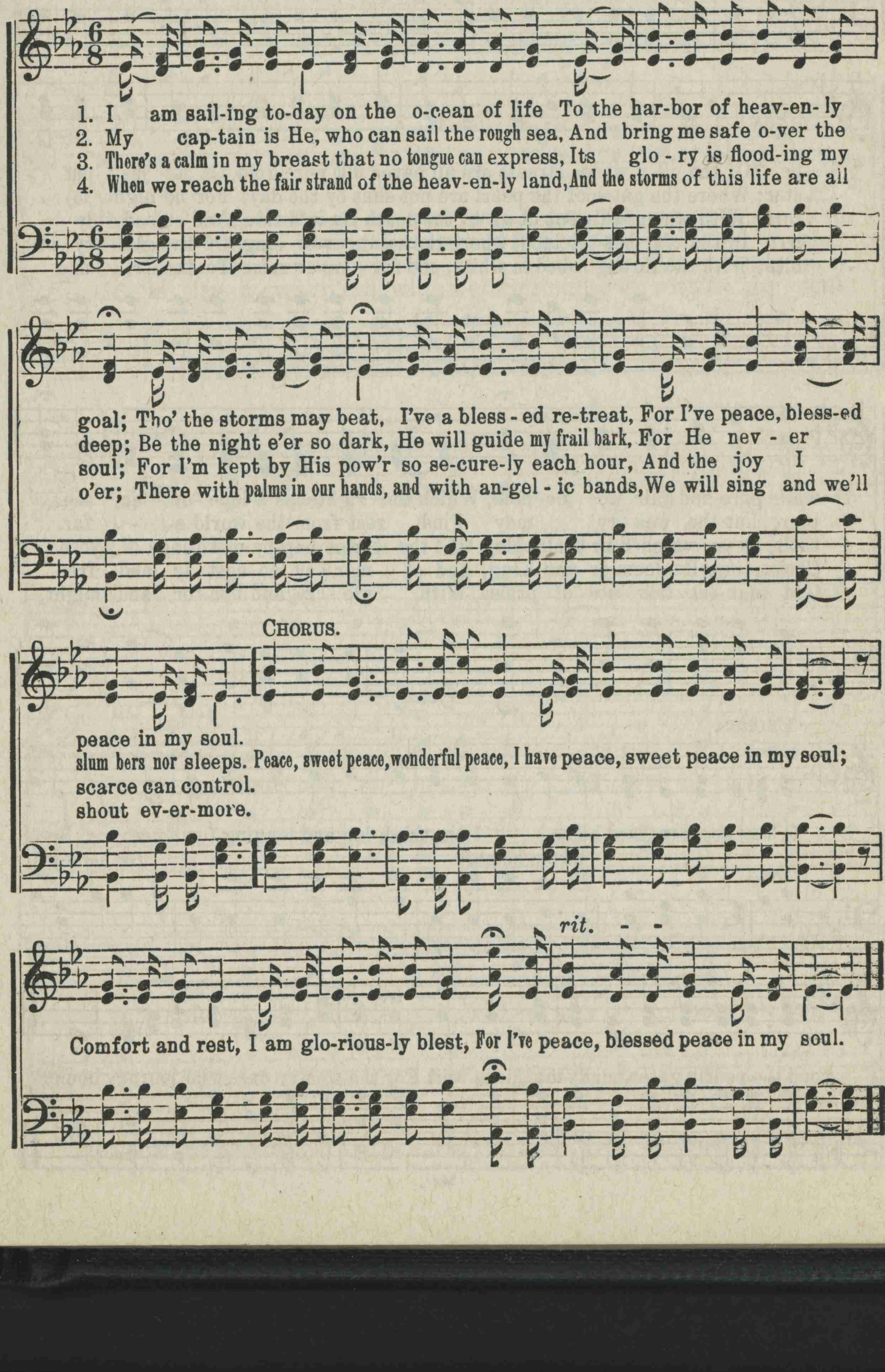


69. Peace.

E T. A.

Copyright, 1922, by E. T. Adams.

REV. E. T. ADAMS.



70. I am Thinking of Home.

Unknown. Old Melody.

1. I am thinking of home, of my Father's house, Where the ma-ny bright man- sions be, Of the cit-y whose streets are all paved with pure gold, Of its jas - per walls pure and fair to be- hold, Which the righteous a-lone ev - er see.
2. I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light Of the sun, nor the moon, nor the star; Where the gates of the pearl are not shut by the day, For no night is there, but the wea - ry may Find rest from the world a - far.
3. I am thinking of home, of the loved ones there, Dear friends, who have gone be- fore; With whom we went down to the death riv-er's tide, And so sad - ly tho't, as we watched by their side, Of the thrice hap-py morn-ings of yore.
4. I am thinking of home, and I'm homesick now, And my spir-it doth long to be In that far bet-ter land, where the saints ev-er sing, Of the glo - ry of Christ, their Re-deem-er and King, And of mer - cy so cost - ly and free.
5. I am thinking of home, yes, of home, sweet home, May we all in that home u- nite; With the throng robed in white, and for - ev-er raise To the Tri - une God high-est trib - ute of praise, With glo - ry, and hon- or, and might.

CHORUS.

O home, sweet home, sweet home, I am think-ing and longing for home; Be- yond the pearly gates, many mansions wait For the wea-ry ones who journey home.
sweet home, for home;

71. Joy Unspeakable.

(I Pet. 1: 8.)

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

Lively.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Owned and Controlled by R. E. WINSETT, East Chattanooga Tenn.

O Make Me Clean.

G. B. ISAIAH, 6:7. Rev. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO OR DUET. *Slow and with feeling.*

1. With ach-ing heart and Spir-it sore dis-tressed, I came to Thee and
2. I hate the sin which grieves Thy lov-ing heart; Speak, precious Lord, and
3. Dear Lamb of God, I yield my all to Thee, Thine, wholly Thine, for-

Thou didst give me rest; Now, Lord, I pray and long with deep de-sire
bid it all de-part: Thy tem-ple cleanse, and make my heart Thy home;
ev-er-more to be; Now in my heart I feel the sa-cred flame,

CHORUS.

To be made clean by Thy re-fin-ing fire. O make me clean, O
Come, King of kings, and reign Thy-self a-lone.
He makes me clean, O glo-ry to His name! He makes me clean, He

make me clean, Mine eyes Thy ho-li-ness have seen; Oh,
makes me clean, Mine eyes the glo-rious King have seen; Just

send the burn-ing, cleansing flame, And make me clean in Je-sus' name.
now I feel the sa-cred flame, O glo-ry to His pre-cious name!

Words and music copyright, 1912, by Rev. Geo. Bennard.

73

Have Thy Way, Lord.

(Effective as Soprano and Alto Duet.)

G. B. Rev. GEORGE BENNARD.

1. Je - sus, see me at thy feet, With my sac - ri - fice com-plete;
2. O how pa - tient thou hast been With my pride and in - bred sin!
3. Lord, I loathe my - self and sin, En - ter now and make me clean;
4. Lord, thy love has won my all, Let thy Spir - it on me fall;
5. Praise the Lord, the work is done! Praise the Lord, the vic - t'ry's won!

I am bring - ing all to thee, Thine a - lone I'll be.
O what mer - cy thou hast shown, Grace and love un - known!
Make my heart just like thine own; Come, Lord, take thy throne.
Burn up ev - 'ry trace of sin; Make me pure with - in.
Now the blood is cleans - ing me, From all sin I'm free.

CHORUS.

Have thy way, Lord, have thy way, This with all my heart I say;

I'll o - bey thee, come what may; Dear Lord, have thy way.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. Bennard, Albion, Mich.

74. The City Beyond.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

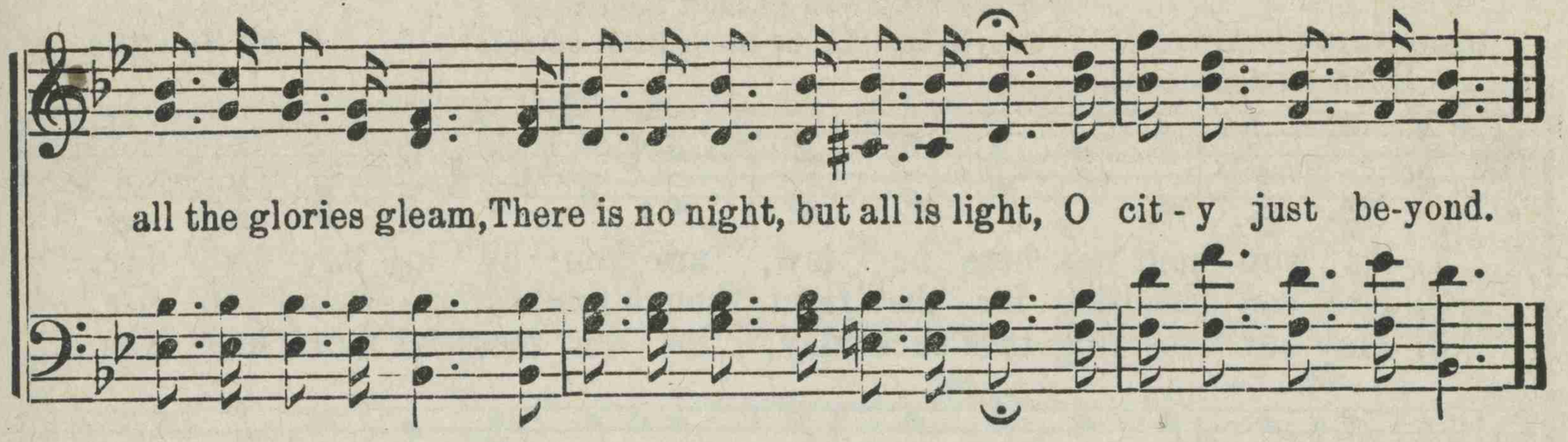
C. B. W. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Be - yond the gold-en hue there lies, al- most in view, A land sub-lime—'tis heav-en's clime, With mansions for the true; My Sav-ior waits me there, His glo - ry I shall share, And rest for aye, in God's own day, A crown of life to wear.
2. The shin-ing courts a-bove, all ra-diant with His love, Are furnished grand, by God's own hand, For those who faith-ful prove; The streets are paved with gold, transparent, we are told, The crys-tal sea, with sil - ver lea, 'Tis where we ne'er grow old.
3. The an - gel choir will sing, and make the ar-ches ring, With mu-sic sweet, and joy re - plete, Give prais-es to the King; We'll join that happy throng, and sing the victor's song, The King a-dore, for-ev - er-more, With prais-es loud and long.

CHORUS.

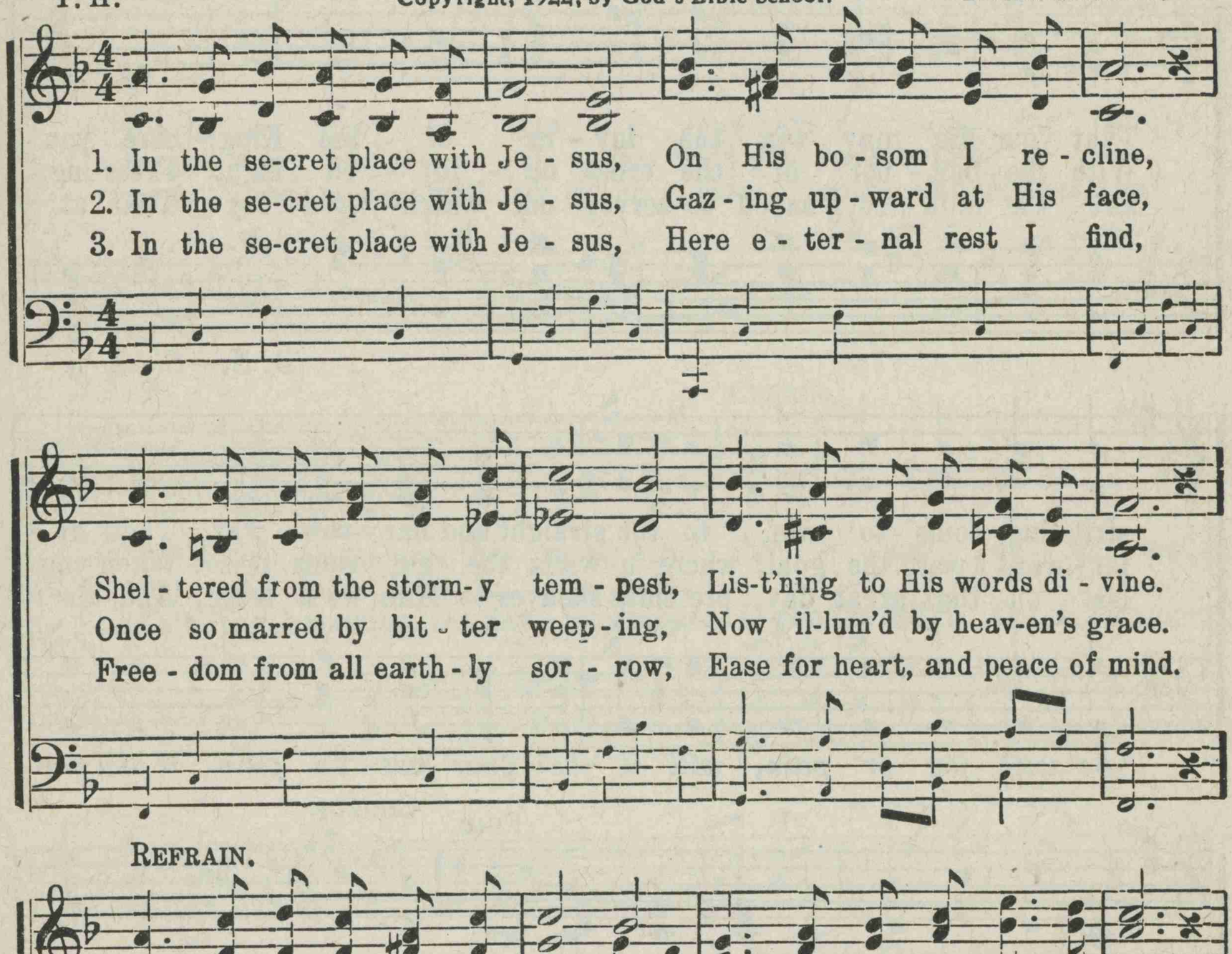
O cit - y just be-yond, That stands a-cross the stream, The streets we'll walk, with beyond, the stream, an-gels talk, And sing the vic- t'ry song; O cit - y just be-yond, Where beyond,

The City Beyond.



75. In the Secret Place.

T. H. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. THORO HARRIS.



76. You Must Meet Him at the Judgment.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. D. M. SHANKS.

With expression.

1. As you jour-ney here be - low, are you liv - ing day by day,
2. Are you stand-ing for the right, though temptations 'round you rise,
3. May our lives ring true each day, for our bless-ed Lord and King,

That your life may win the fav - or of the King; Are you
With the ban - ner of the cross up - lift - ed high; Press-ing
Let the mot - to, "saved to serve," our watch - word be; That at

striv- ing souls to win, to the straight and nar - row way, That at
for - ward t ward the goal, where a- waits the glo - rious prize, When you
last on that great day pre-cious sheaves to Him we'll bring, And be

be with joy or pain, will it be your loss or gain, When you

last some sheaves to judg-ment you may bring?
meet Him at the judg-ment by and by? You must meet Him at the
with Him thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty.

meet Him at the judgment by and by.

judgment by and by, You must an-swer to the summons, you and I;

D. S.—*Hail it*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

77. Crowded Out.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

F. B. B. FANNIE BIRDSALL BULA.

1. Crowd - ed out is the Christ to - day, Crowd - ed out from hearts so gay; Bus - y ones have no room for Him
2. Christ is wait-ing. O let Him in. He will save you from your sin; O - pen wide your heart's door to - day,
3. Crowd - ed out. O un - bolt the door, Let Christ in with His treas - ured store, With riv - en side and nail-pierced hand,

CHORUS.

World - ly pleas - ures they must win. Je - sus! Je - sus!
Will you let Him in to stay?
Wait - ing, knocking, the Sav - ior stands. O-pen the door! O-pen the door!

Waits now to hear you pray, From sin He'll de - liv - er, He
He waits to hear the pen - i - tent pray,

leave you, no, nev - er, O give Him a wel-come to - day.....
O give Him a welcome to-day.

78.

Pentecostal Power.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS H GABRIEL
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

Charlotte G. Homer.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 108 = ♩

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might-y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,

With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Lord, send the old-time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of

bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the

Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

Let Him Have His Way.

N. B. H. Owned by N. B. Herrell, Nampa, Idaho. N. B. Herrell.

Slowly and softly.

1. "If I go not a-way," Je - sus said, "The Com - fort - er will not come to
2. "When He comes unto you," Je - sus said, "Then He will teach you what is the
3. "When He speaks unto you," Je - sus said, "Then har - den not your hearts as of
4. "If you do what He bids," Je - sus said, "Then He will give you life more and

1. you; If I go I will send Him," Je - sus said, "To guide my peo - ple
2. truth; When He comes He'll a - bide," Je - sus said, "To fill you with my
3. old; Do not grieve this Guest a - way," Je - sus said, "This treas-ure which is
4. more; He will nev - er for-sake you," Je - sus said, "But safe - ly lead you

CHORUS.

1. all their jour-ney thru." Let the Ho - ly Ghost have His way,
2. glad e - ter-nal youth."
3. worth much more than gold."
4. to that gold - en shore." have His way.

Let the Ho - ly Ghost have His way; (have His way;) What He saith un - to

rit.

you o - bey, be quick to do; Let the Ho-ly Ghost have His way. (have His way.)

80. Many Mansioned Home.

Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Goodwin, D D.

C. B. W.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. In our Fa-ther's house a-bove, filled with glo-ry, peace and love, Je - sus promised that a room He would prepare; Far be-yond the az - ure blue, there's a home for all the true, In that ma-ny man-sioned home o - ver there.
2. Here we have no pal - ace grand. oft we can - not un - der-stand How the rich - es of this world we do not share; But up there, so we are told, all the streets are paved with gold
3. In our Fa-ther's house on high, none e'er suf-fer, faint, nor die, And a riv - er flow-eth thru that cit - y fair; There we bask in heaven's light, clad in garments snow-y white,
4. Soon the trials of earth will cease, and from sin we'll find re-lease, And the an - gels will es-cort us o - ver there; By the Sav-ior we will stand, there to hear His blest command,

o-ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, (O- ver there,) o - ver there, (o - ver there,) I've a ma - ny man-sioned home o - ver there, (o-ver there,) O - ver there, (O - ver there,) o - ver

Many Mansioned Home.

there, (O - ver there,) I've a ma-ny man-sioned home o - ver there. (o -ver there.)

81. When Our King Comes Back to Reign.

P. C. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. PAUL COLEMAN.

Spirited.

1. An ex-pect-ant life 'mid earth's toil and strife, Till our King comes back to reign;
2. Trials and dan-gers here we need nev-er fear, Till our King comes back to reign;
3. To earth's monarchs now ev'ry knee must bow, Till our King comes back to reign;
4. Then the graves will break and the sleepers wake, When our King comes back to reign;
5. All our tears will flee, from our bur-dens free, When our King comes back to reign;

With an up-ward look from the good old Book, Till our King comes back to reign.
Then a-round the throne it shall all be known, When our King comes back to reign.
But at our King's call, all this world shall fall, When our King comes back to reign.
What a life 'twill be, one grand vic - to-ry, When our King comes back to reign.
Then we'll all re - joice, with a sin - gle voice, When our King comes back to reign.

CHORUS.

1. Till our King comes back to reign, Till our King comes back to reign, Then the
2-5. When our King comes back to reign, When our King comes back to reign, Then the
to reign, to reign,

heav-ens will unfold, And His glo-ry we'll behold, When our King comes back to reign.

82. Beautiful Home of Love.

J. V. R. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. JAS. V. REID.

Andante.

1. O won-der - ful home of beau-ty so rare, With nev - er a sor-row,
2. A man-sion is mine where streets are of gold, And gates are of pearl of
3. The tri - als of life will then all be o'er, The pit-falls and snares will

nev - er a care; With home-ties un - bro - ken, farewells ne'er spo - ken,
val - ue un-told; There'll nev-er come sad - ness, all will be glad-ness,
try me no more; There'll be no more test - ing, noth-ing but rest - ing,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful home of love. O place of beau - ty and
O won-der - ful place

love, My Lord hath prepared in heav - en a - bove; What joy 'twill be in
for me,

glo - ry to see, My home, my home.....
won- der - ful home, my beau - ti - ful home.

molto rit.

83. In the Service of the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY B. D. ACKLEY,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

CHORUS.

In the serv - ice of the King. In the serv - ice

of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have

peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

84 The Sweetest One of All Will be Jesus.

FRANK E. ROUSH. Copyright, 1918, by Frank E. Rouch, Lynchburg, Ohio. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. 'Twill be won-der-ful in heav-en when the mill-ions I shall see, But the
2. O the faithful friends in glo-ry, they will sing my wel-come home, But the
3. How the an-gel band of harp-ers in the heav'nly light will shine, But the
4. Just to meet the saints and sa-ges o-ver on the gold-en shore, But the

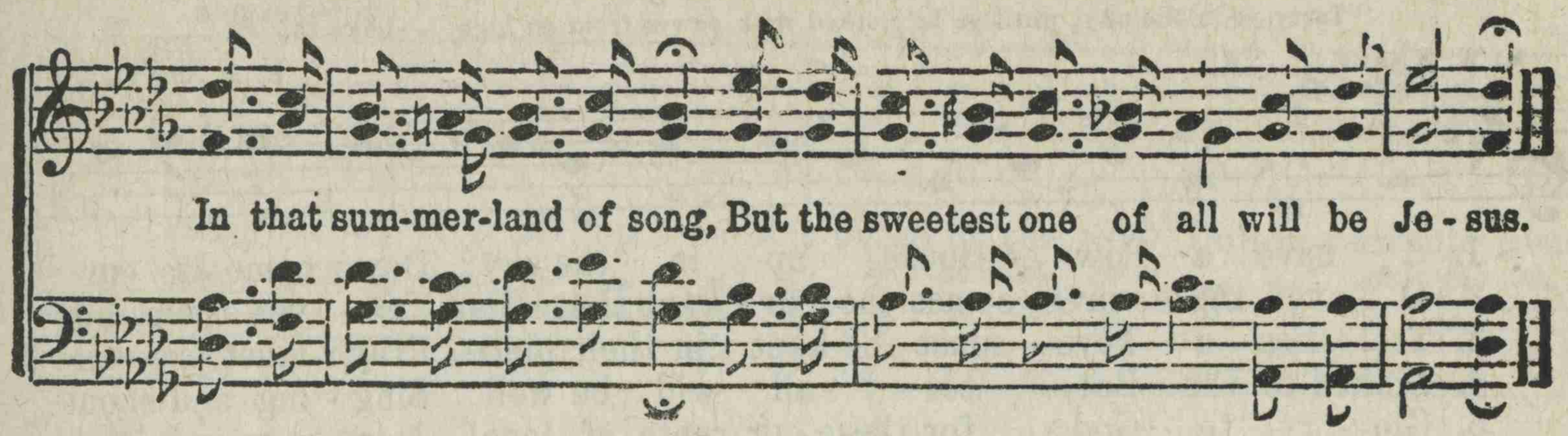
sweet-est one of all will be Je-sus; What a hap-py day of vic-t'ry
sweet-est one of all will be Je-sus; 'Twill be bliss in yon-der homeland
sweet-est one of all will be Je-sus; How the white-robed hosts around the
sweet-est one of all will be Je-sus; Just to live be-side the riv-er

with the ransomed that will be, But the sweetest one of all will be Je-sus.
o'er the fields with them to roam, But the sweetest one of all will be Je-sus.
throne will praise their King di-vine, But the sweetest one of all will be Je-sus.
with the loved ones ev-er-more, But the sweetest one of all will be Je-sus.

CHORUS.

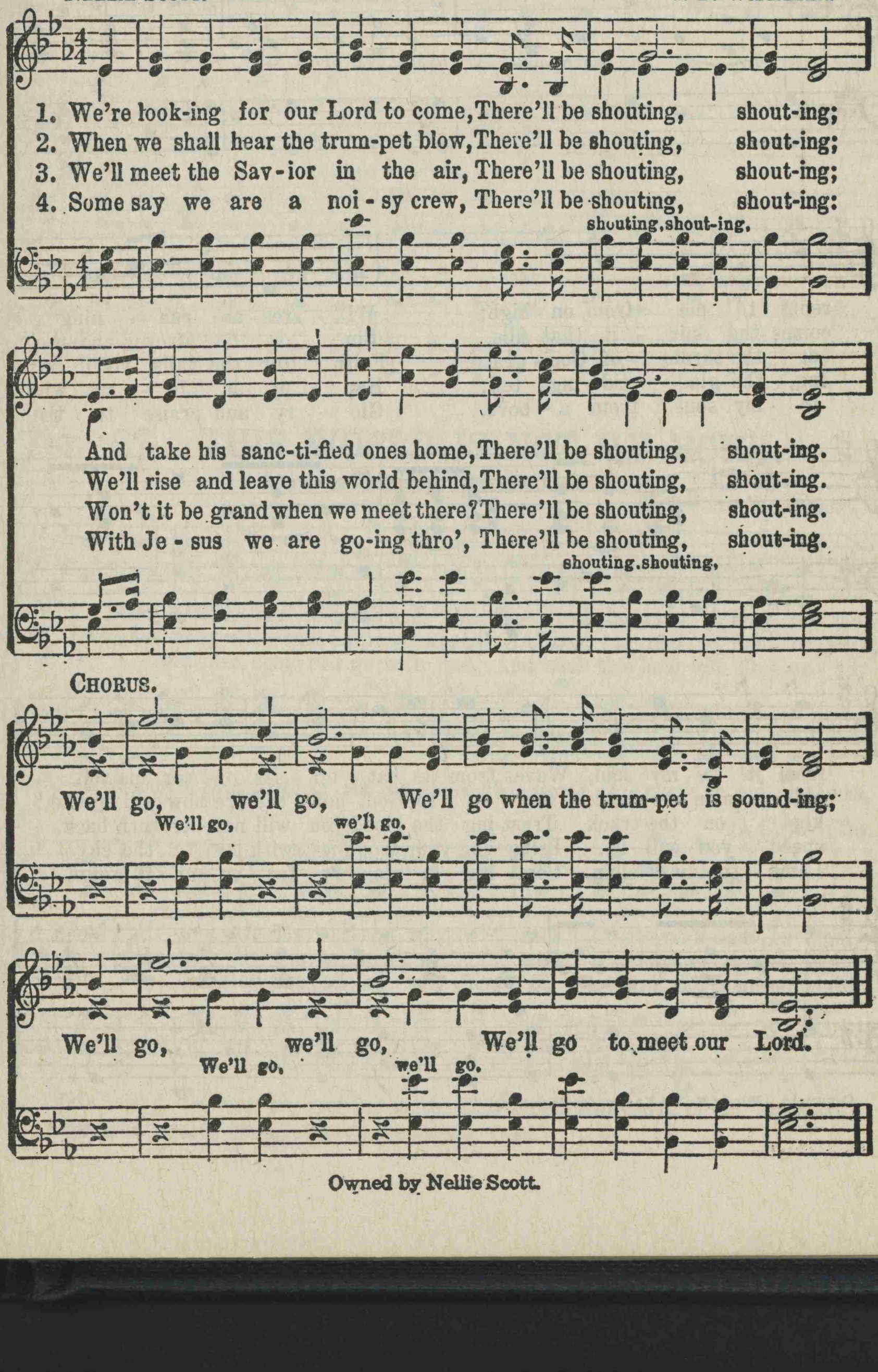
Oh the sweet-est one of all will be Je - sus, He'll be sweet-er
Je-sus, will be Je-sus,

than He ev-er was be-fore..... I will meet the blood-washed throng,
than He ev-er was be-fore,



85 There'll be Shouting.

NELLIE SCOTT. C. B. WIDMEYER.



Owned by Nellie Scott.

No. 86. My Power House.

"Tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high."—Luke 24; 49.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

SOLO.

1. I have a Pow - er House up in the sky; Down come its cur-
2. O - ver these wires comes the cur - rent that kills, O - ver them too
3. Trol - lies a - bove must be kept in their place, Pray'r must pre-vail
4. Linked to the Bat - ter - y all will be well, Sing - ing and shout-
5. Glo - ry to God,, for these cur-rents of love! Now com-ing down

rents to me from on high; Wi - res are run - ning
comes the Spir - it that fills, Sin is de - stroyed and the
at the throne of God's grace, Faith for the rails, you'll be
ing, the glad tid - ings tell; Hap - py in Je - sus, with
to my soul from a - bove. Glo - ry and praise to the

from it to my soul, Waves from its bat - ter - ies o - ver me roll.
old man is dead; Glo - ry to God; how the fire now will spread!
kept on the track, Trust-ing the blood you will nev - er turn back.
speed you will fly, Bring - ing your troph-ies with joy to the sky.
Lamb that was slain, Com - ing in glo - ry for - ev - er to reign.

Copyright, 1901, by M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, O.

My Power House. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are your wi - res all up to this house in the sky? Do the currents come down to your soul from on high? Oh the peace and the joy that tri-umph-ant - ly roll, As the Spir - it de-scends and is thril-ling my soul.

No. 87. THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

(As sung by Misses Taylor & Jeannette.)

Mrs. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. I have left the land of death and sin, The road that man - y trav - el in;
2. There are many who would my progress stay, And beg me not to fight or pray;
3. O sin - ner, come and go with me, And seek this land of lib - er - ty;

CHO.—*This world, this world is not my home, This world, this world is not my home,*

D. C. for Cho.

And if you ask the rea - son why, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
I dare not lis - ten to their cry, I seek a glo-rious home on high.
Oh, do not stay, but tell me why You do not seek this home on high?

This world is not my rest-ing-place, This world, this world is not my home.

Copyright, 1910, by John T. Benson. Nashville, Tenn.

No. 88. ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.
Chorus Arr.

1. I was full of sin, Now I'm pure with - in; It is al - most too
2. No one car nal mind has been left be - hind; It is al - most too
3. I am poor on earth, but of roy - al birth; It is al - most too
4. I have lib - er - ty and such vic - to - ry; It is al - most too
5. This is not my sphere, heav'n is draw - ing near; It is al - most too

good to be true; Je - sus heard my cry, did not pass me by;
good to be true; The "Old man" is gone,—let him trav - el on;
good to be true; I have wealth un - told, more than earth can hold;
good to be true; And in ev - 'ry test I am al - ways blest;
good to be true; Soon I'll say "good - by," mounting thro' the sky;

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

It is al - most too good to be true. I some-times think it's

1

al - most too good to be true, It's al - most too good to be true, It's

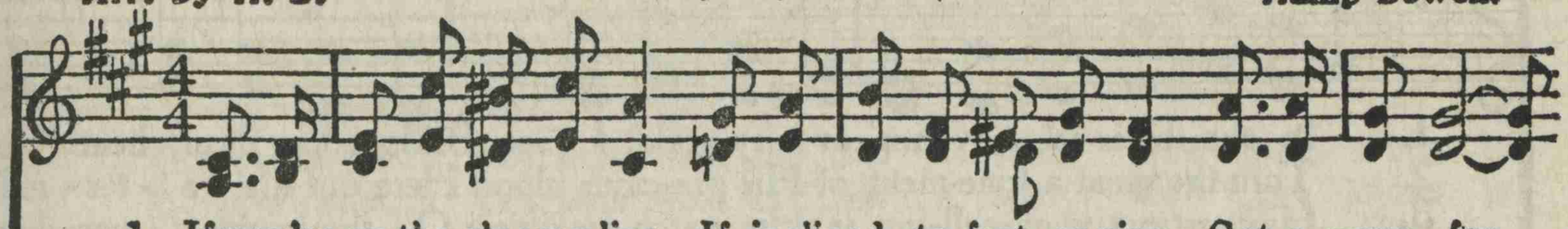
2

al-most too good to be true; That I am saved and on my way to glo - ry.
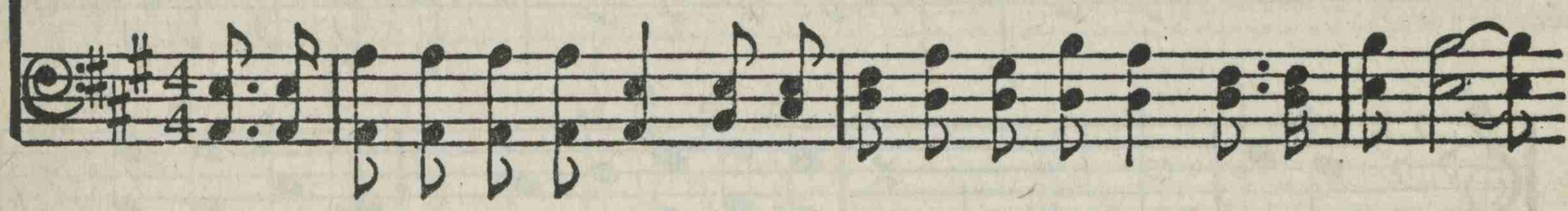
Copyright, 1910, by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.
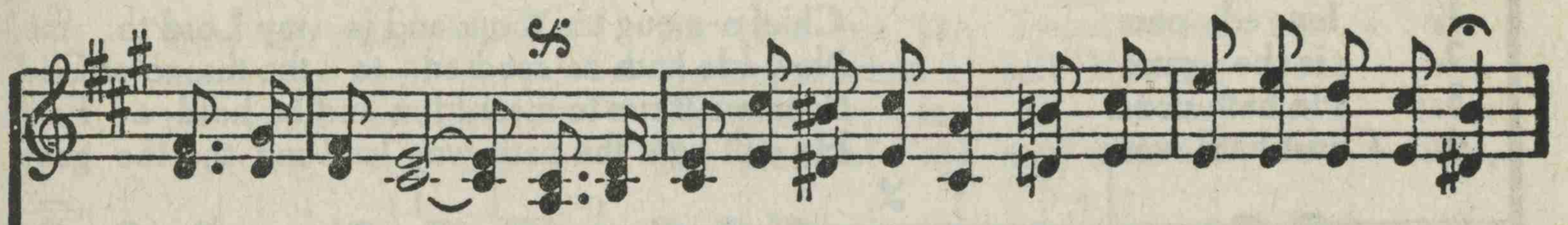
89. Get a Transfer.

Arr. by H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

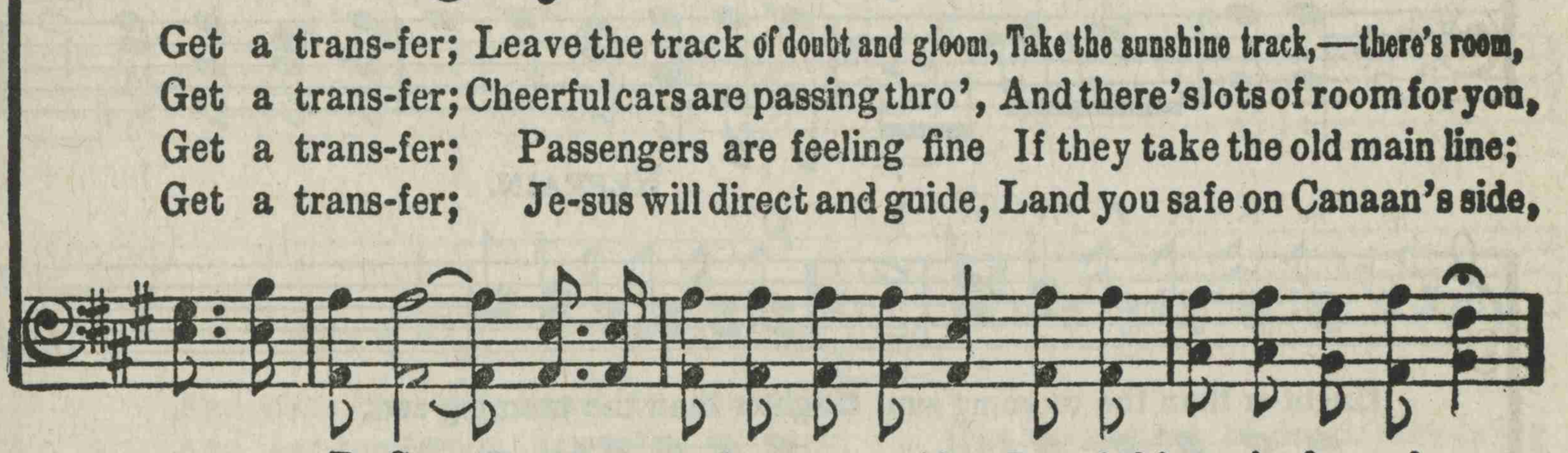


1. If you're on the gloomy line, If inclined to fret or pine, Get a trans - fer,
2. If you're on the wor-ry train, Do not stay there and complain, Get a transfer,
3. If your soul is filled with doubt, If you're nervous when we shout, Get a transfer.
4. If the Dev-il troubles you, Of-fers you a ticket thro', Get a trans - fer,
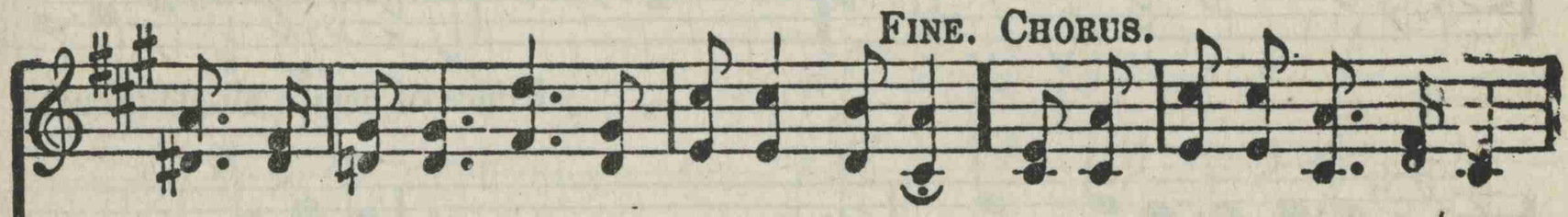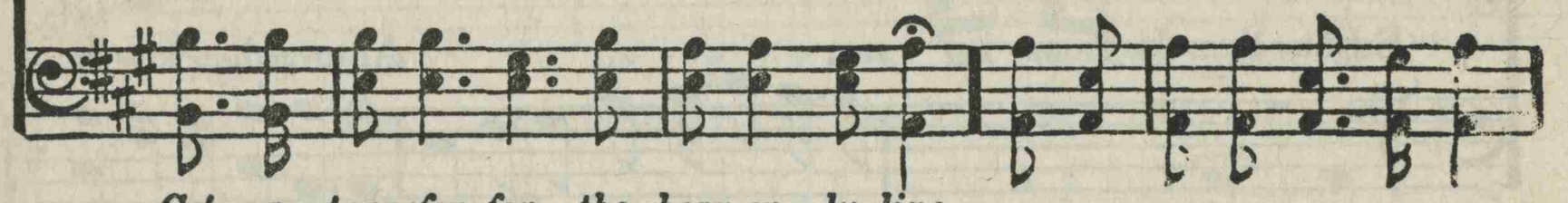




Get a trans-fer; Leave the track of doubt and gloom, Take the sunshine track,—there's room,
Get a trans-fer; Cheerful cars are passing thro', And there's lots of room for you,
Get a trans-fer; Passengers are feeling fine If they take the old main line;
Get a trans-fer; Je-sus will direct and guide, Land you safe on Canaan's side,
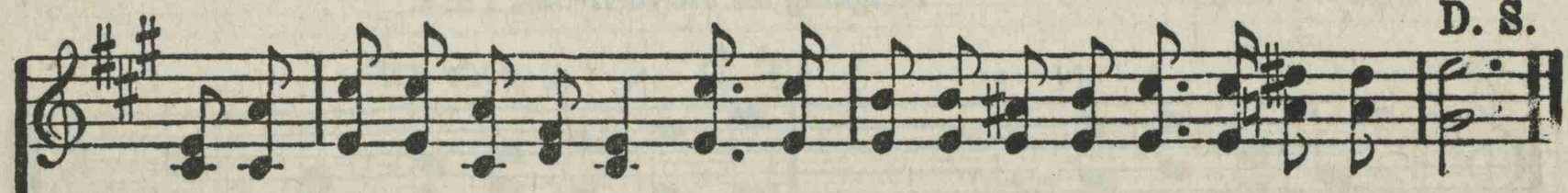


D. S.—*If you're grouchy, cross or blue, Board this train, be made anew,*
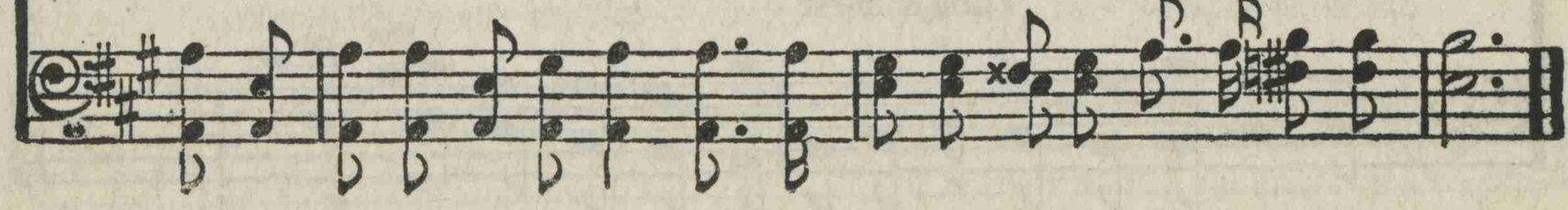


Get a transfer for the heav-en - ly line. There's a car at an - y hour,



Get a transfer for the heav-en - ly line.



And from Heav-en comes its pow'r, Calv'ry's waiting, come and get your soul aflame;



90.

Brighter than the Morning Sun.

T. H.

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-wny 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

poco rit

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

Thou shin-est

How Sweet Is the Hour with My Saviour.

S. E. C. Copyright, 1919, by S. E. Carter. PROF. S. E. CARTER.

1. How sweet is the hour with my Sav - iour, How pre - cious to
2. How sweet is the hour with my Sav - iour, How pre - cious to
3. How sweet is the hour with my Sav - iour, To have Him tell
4. How sweet is the hour with my Sav - iour, While He is now

hear His sweet voice; He tells me the sweet - est sto - ry
meet Him each day; He smiles when I tell Him my troub - les,
me what to do; To tell to me all my weak - ness,
wait- ing to hear The plea of my soul with its bur - dens,

CHORUS.

And caus - es my heart to re - joice.
And sor-rows soon van - ish a - way.
He knows I will ev - er be true.
How pre-cious to know He is near.

The treas-ures of earth may bring

glad - ness, And beau - ty is each to re - call; But the

hour with Je-sus my Sav - iour, Is bet-ter, far bet-ter than all.

92.

When the King Divine Saved Me.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, East Chattanooga, Tenn.

JAMES ROWE. J. M. HENSON.

1. What a bur-den rolled a-way on that pre-cious, hap- py day, When the
2. I had been a-stray for years and had wast-ed ma- ny tears, When the
3. Oh, I found a precious friend on whose love I could depend, When the

King di- vine saved me! How the bells of gladness rang in my soul, and
King di- vine saved me! I had lived for pleasures wrong, and was with the
King di- vine saved me! So I gave to Him my heart and for heav - en

how I sang, When the King di-vine saved me.
dy-ing throng, When the King di-vine saved me. When the King di-vine saved
made a start, When the King di-vine saved me.

REFRAIN.

me,.... And from bond-age set me free! What a bur-den rolled a- way,
saved me,

on that precious, hap - py day, When the King di - vine saved me.....
saved me.

93. He is Real to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY HALDOR LILLENAS.
OLIVET. ILL.

Richard Hainsworth.

1. Je - sus my Re - deem - er is my dear - est friend, He is all in all to me. He will guard and guide me to my journey's end, Fair-est of the fair is He.
2. He is my com - pan - ion and my con-stant guest, Nev-er from His side I stray; And our fel-low-ship is most se-rene and blest, All a - long my pil-grim way.
3. More than earth-ly friends could ev - er be to me, Clos - er to my heart He lives; Now I am re-joic-ing in His grace so free, And each bless-ing that He gives.
4. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, He is real to me, More than wealth or earth - ly store; He is mine for time and all e - ter - ni - ty, I am His for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus! He is real to me.
Clos - er than a broth-er or a friend is He; Fair - er than the Lil - y
of the Val - ley to my soul, Glo - ry be to Je - sus for - ev - er.

Jesus is My Friend.

N. B. H. N. B Herrell.

1. Once I was a sin-ner, far from the fold; Christ gen-tly sought me
2. When I was pol-lu-ted, vile and im-pure, I trust-ed Je-sus,
3. When I'm sore-ly tempted, tried as by fire, Then comes this mes-sage,
4. When life here has end-ed, bat - tles all o'er, I'll go re-joic-ing

out in the cold; He loved and saved me, on him I now de-pend;
sin's doub-le cure; He made me ho - ly, on him I now de-pend;
"God answers prayer;" Praise be to Je - sus, on him I now de-pend;
to yon - der shore, Christ as my pi - lot, on him I will de-pend;

Chorus.

O, I'm glad to tell you, Je - sus is my Friend. He's my Friend,

he's my Friend, Christ the meek and lowly, On him I now de-pend; Thro' all my

troubles, Thro' life's hard struggles, O, I'm glad to tell you, Je-sus is my Friend.

Owned by N. B. Herrell, Georgetown, Ill.

95 This World is Not My Home.

BELLE STAPLES. ROBT. E. McNEILL.

p **With expression.** *mf* *p*

1. I seek a cit - y out of sight, This world is not my home, Where
2. Cleans'd by the blood, redeemed from sin, This world is not my home, The
3. I so - journ here a lit - tle while, This world is not my home,
4. Tri - als may come, I will not fear, This world is not my home, My

f *mf*

Je - sus reigns in realms of light, This world is not my home. I have
ho - ly place I've en-tered in, This world is not my home. Where the
Com-fort-ed by His lov - ing smile, This world is not my home. O the
Lord has said, "Be of good cheer," This world is not my home. So by

had a glimpse of the glo - ry land, And I fain would join with the hap-py band,
Saviour reigns, where His praises swell, Where the raptured saints and the angels dwell,
trump shall sound, and the saints shall rise, We shall meet the Lord in the vaulted skies,
faith I lift up my eyes and see What the Lord of life hath pre-pared for me,

mf *f*

Who in tri-umph march o'er the shin-ing strand; This world is not my home
Where there's bliss supreme that no tongue can tell, O heav-en is my home.
Dwell with Him for aye where no storm clouds rise; O heav-en is my home.
And my cares grow light and my sor-rows flee, O heav-en is my home.

Copyright, 1908, by R. E. McNeill.

96. THE CITY O'ER THE SEA.

MATTIE C. FORBUSH. Copyright, 1922, by L. L. Pickett. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There is a gold - en cit - y, A home of love and light, A cit - y with - out shad - ow Of fear, of death, of night. That
2. There is a heav'n - ly cit - y, 'Tis full of mel - o - dy, And sights most rare and ho - ly, Which these poor eyes shall see; And
3. Oh, glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, To Him who died for me, Who has pre - pared the cit - y So beau - ti - ful and free. Oh,

cit - y is our Fa - ther's, Pre - pared for you and me; It is the
in that heav'n - ly cit - y There dwelleth Christ the Lamb, In whom is
for that gold - en cit - y, Oh, for the joy it brings, Oh, for the

rit. *f* CHORUS.

gold - en cit - y, That cit - y o'er the sea.
hid all rich - es, The ful - ness of "I AM." That cit - y o'er the
un - told sto - ry, Oh, for the King of kings.

1

sea,..... That cit - y o'er the sea, It is the gold - en cit - y, That
o'er the sea,

THE CITY O'ER THE SEA. Concluded.

cit - y o'er the sea; is the gold-en cit - y, That cit - y o'er the sea.

97. MAY THE FIRE FALL.

L. L. P.

Copyright, 1922, by L. L. Pickett.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. May the fire fall from heav - en to - day, Fall a sin-purg- ing flame
2. When the day of the Pen - te- cost came, The dis - ci - ples were gath-
3. Let us gath - er to - day as of old, Join-ing hearts in a pray'r
4. O send down the fire, send it, Lord, Quick-ly kin - dle a flame

on each soul;(on each soul;) Giv - ing vic - t'ry and grace all the way,
ered as one;(just as one;) Pour-ing out all their hearts for the flame,
that pre-vails;(that prevails;) Je - sus pledg - es to meet with His fold,
from on high;(from on high;) Till our souls to Thine im - age re - stored,

CHORUS

Bring-ing us where the joy-tides roll.
Pray'r was heard and the thing was done. May the fire fall, may the fire fall,
And His promise we know ne'er fails.
Live the life that shall nev-er die.

May the sin-consuming fire now fall; May the sanc-ti - fy-ing fire now fall.

98 The Same Power To-day.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. Would you know that peace that flow-eth like a riv-er, Which the
2. Are you pray-ing to be sanc-ti-fied, my broth-er, That you
3. Christ will nev-er fill a heart or soul di-vid-ed, You must
4. Praise the Lord, this pow'r di-vine will fail us nev-er, You may

world can nev-er give or take a-way? Ask of Christ, for He a-
may of great-er use to Je-sus be? Cling to Christ, there is no
give Him all or He will turn a-way; But to fill that emp-ty
draw from it a full sup-ply each day; For our Christ has pow'r e-
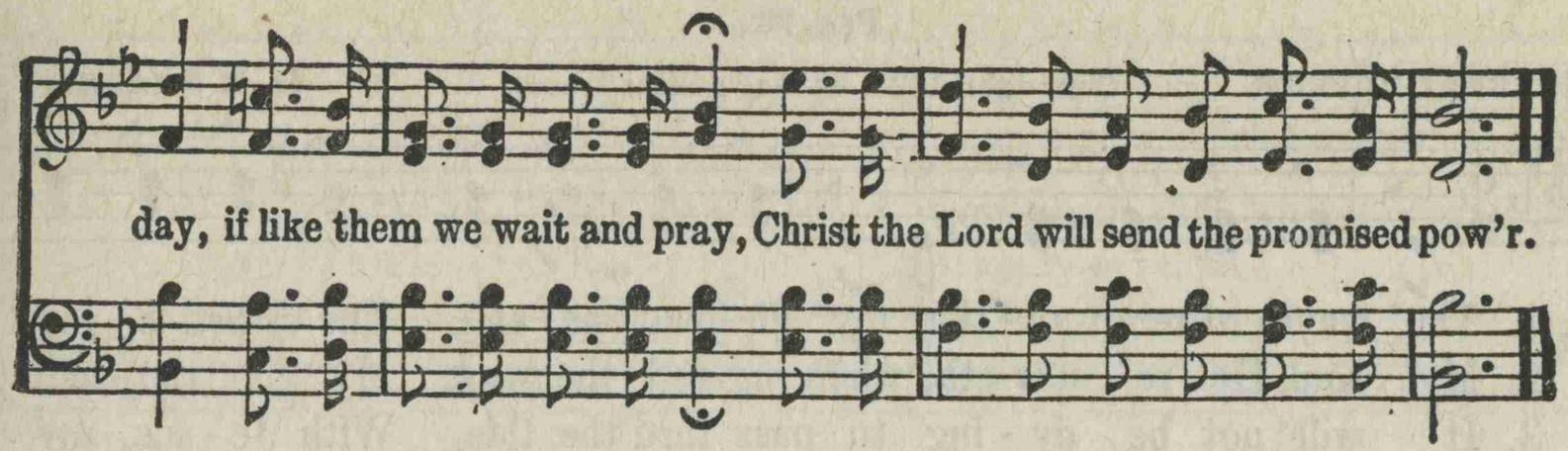
lone is the Great Giv-er, He will give you Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r to-day.
hope in an-y oth-er, He a-lone has pow'r to bless and set you free.
soul He has pro-vid-ed All the pow'r that you can use from day to day.
nough to last for-ev-er, He will send a full sup-ply when-e'er you pray.

CHORUS.

It's the same pow'r, Just the same pow'r, As they
It's the same pow'r to-day, Just the same pow'r to-day,

had at Pen-te-cost, just the same; We may have that pow'r to-
just the same, hal-le-lu-jah!

The Same Power To-day.



99 Tell It Wherever You Go.

I. G. M. — I. G. Martin.

1. Car - ry the mes-sage with you, That a lost world may know Sto - ry of
2. Tell of His birth so low - ly, Tell how He walked the sea, Tell how He
3. Tell of the cru - el mock-ings, Tell of Geth-sem - a - ne, Tell how He
4. Tell where at last they laid Him, There in the rock-hewn grave; Tell how He
5. Tell of His wondrous ascension, In - to the heav'n of blue, Tell of His

rit. ..... Chorus. *a tempo.*

wher-ev-er you go. Oh,
Je - sus most precious, Tell it wher-ev - er you go.....
taught His dis-ci - ples Down by the blue Gal - i - lee.....
died on Mount Cal-v'ry, Died there for you and for me.....
came forth triumphant, Je - sus, the Might- y to save!.....
com-ing a - gain soon, Com-ing for me and for you.....
} Tell it wher-

Oh,
e'er you go,..... Tell it wher-e'er you go,.....
wher - ev - er you go, Oh, wher - ev - er you go, Oh,

cres. ..... *ff*
Publish the news of sal - va - tion, Tell it wher - ev - er you go.

Copyright, 1921, by I. G. Martin. By per.

100. Beside the Still Waters.

Psa. 23.

HERBERT BUFFUM. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. D. M SHANKS.

1. Tho' waves of temp- ta - tion my life-boat as - sail, The Christ is my
2. My soul He re - stor-eth, when rug-ged the way, My cup run - neth
3. It will not be dy - ing to pass thru the tide, With Je - sus, my

Pi - lot, His might shall pre - vail; The tur bu - lent wa - ters are
o - ver with bless - ings each day; My head he an - noint-eth with
Sav - ior, my foot - steps to guide; When com-eth the end - ing of

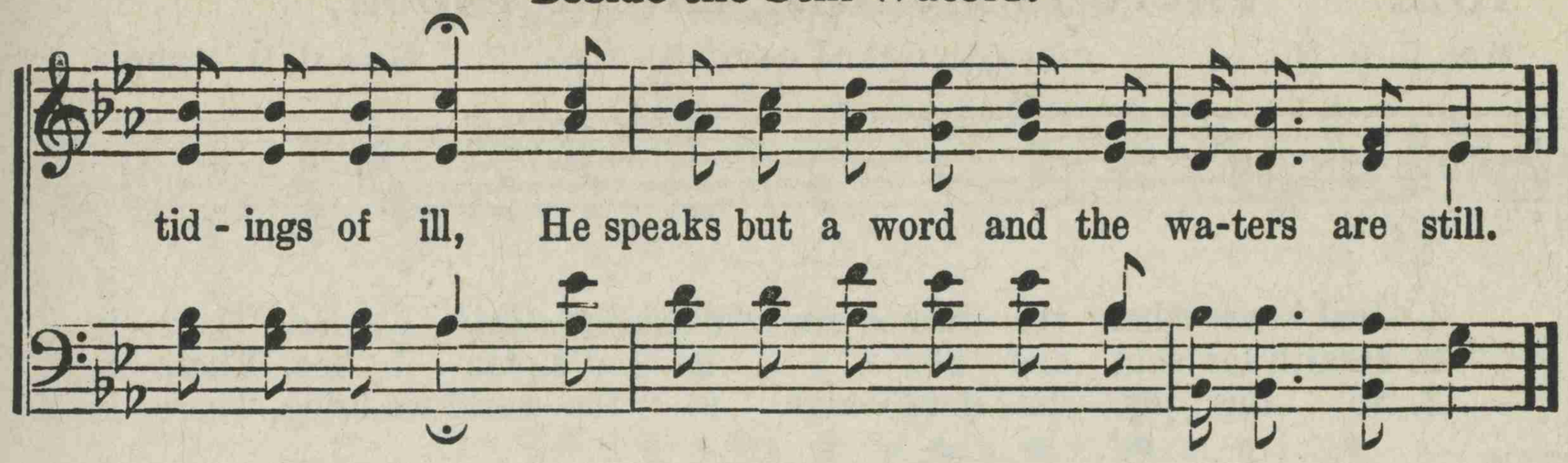
un - der His will, Who qui - ets the tem-pest, each tu-mult can still.
oil from a - bove, My heart sings for glad-ness, be - cause of His love.
life's lit - tle day, Be - side the still wa- ters He'll lead me for aye.

CHORUS.

He lead - eth me ev - er where still wa - ters flow, My soul with re-

joic - ing He fills as I go; No fear can dis - turb me, no
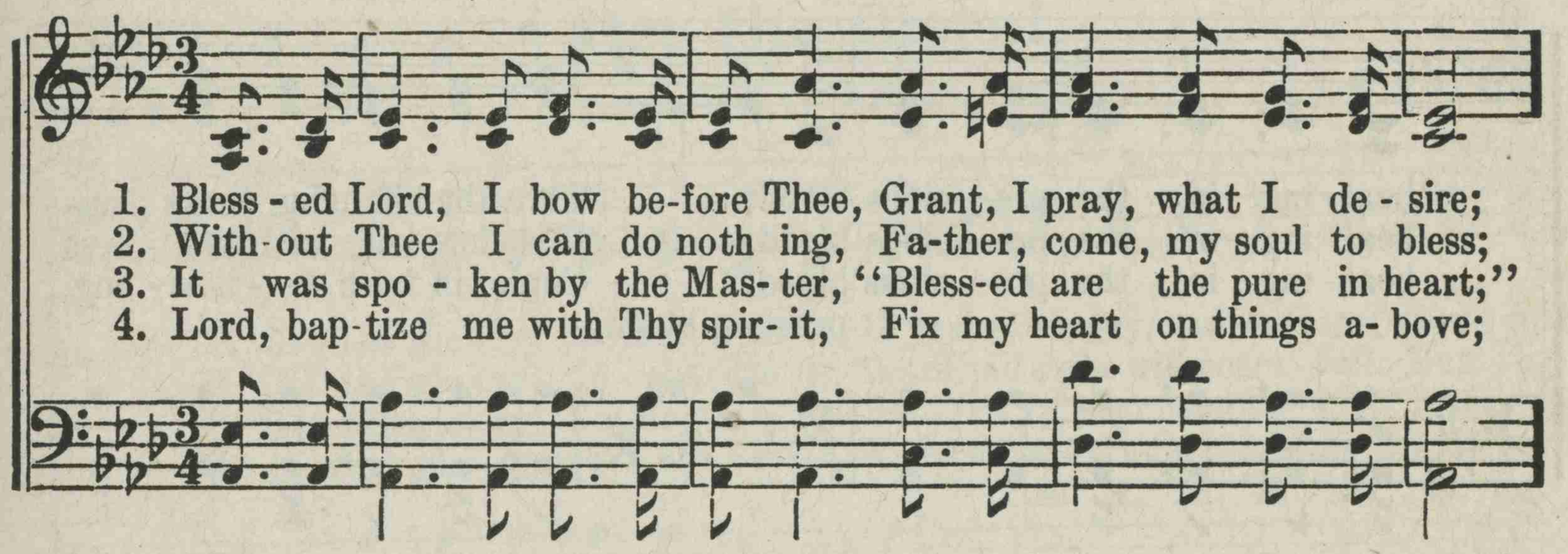
Beside the Still Waters.
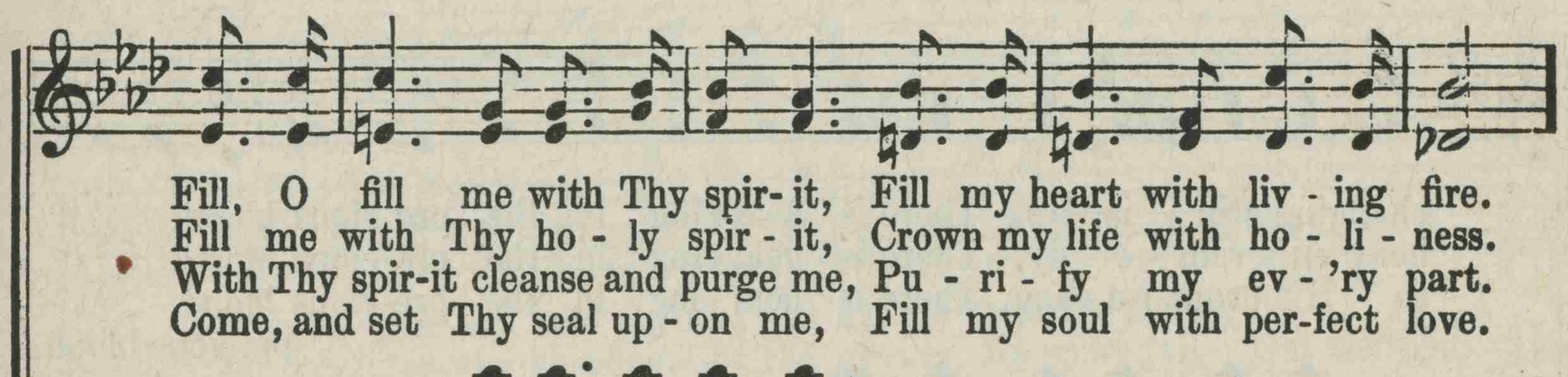


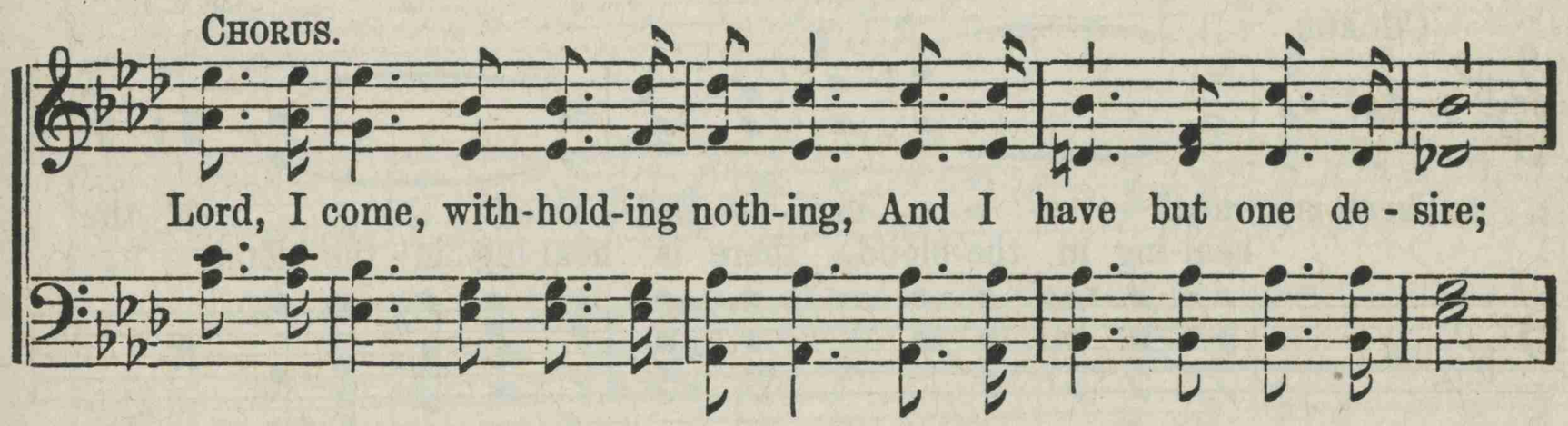
101. All I Have is on the Altar.

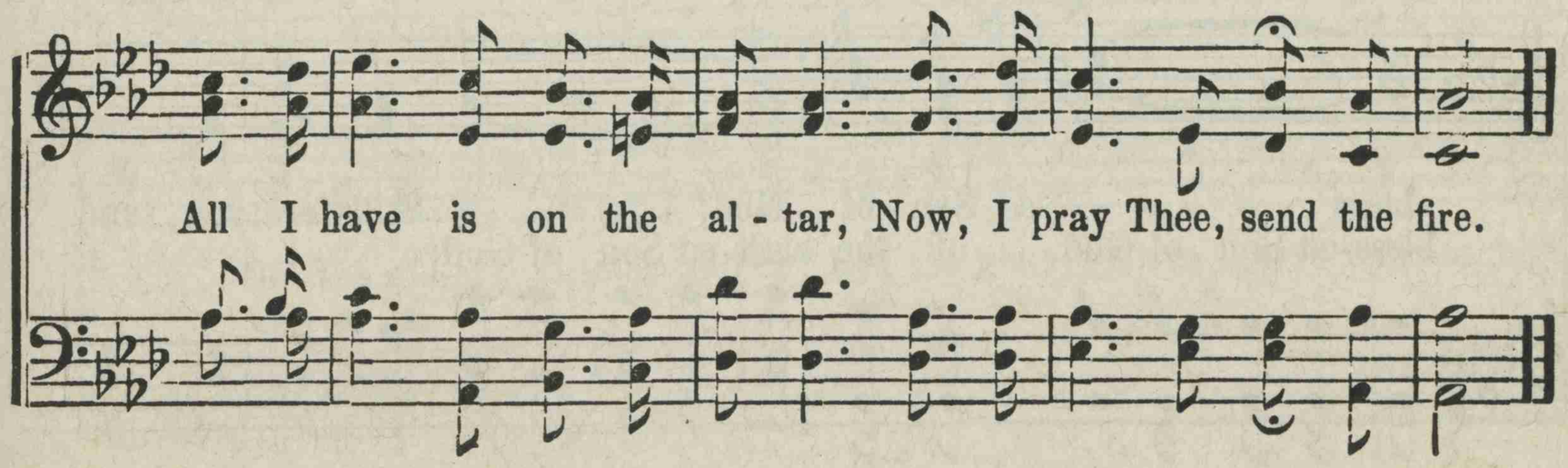
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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. D. M. SHANKS.









102. There Is Healing In the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just as when the Sav - ior walked in Gal - i - lee, There is
2. Health for soul and bod - y in God's plan I see, There is
3. So this joy - ful mes - sage to the world we bring, There is

heal - ing in the pre - cious blood; Thru the changing years un-
heal - ing in the pre - cious blood; 'Tis for sin and sick - ness
heal - ing in the pre - cious blood; Come, in faith be - liev - ing,
precious blood;

changing still is He, There is heal - ing in the pre-cious blood.
heav-en's rem - e - dy, There is heal - ing in the pre-cious blood.
to His prom-ise cling, There is heal - ing in the pre-cious blood.
precious blood.

CHORUS.

There is heal - - ing in the blood ..... Of the
heal-ing in the blood, there is heal-ing in the blood,

bless - - ed Son of God; ..... Still for you and
bless-ed Son of God, of the bless-ed Son of God;

. MORRIS.

There is
There is
There is

ears un-
sick - ness
liev - ing,

od.
od.
od.
cious blood.

Of the
l,

ou and

There Is Healing In the Blood.

me, and the whole wide world, There is healing in the precious blood.
precious blood.

103. Get the Glory!

J. F. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Get the glo - ry! Brother, hear it, If you're hungry, sad or lone, Don't just
2. Get the glo - ry! Je - sus has it, Tears and sighs will not a - vail, Hum - bly
3. Get the glo - ry! Nothing else will Sat - is - fy your longing soul, Works and
4. O what glo - ry, when the Savior, With the last trump rends the sky, You will

CHORUS.

try to "grin and bear it," Get the glo - ry from the throne.
tar - ry for the blessing, Get the glo - ry, He wont fail. Get the glo - ry!
praise are cheap and empty, Get the glo - ry, be made whole.
sure - ly go up shout-ing To the glo - ry world on high.

Get the glo - ry! Shine and shout and tes-ti - fy, Get the glo-ry from on high;

Get the glo-ry! Get the glo - ry! Get the glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry from on high.

104. Under the Atoning Blood.

Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I have found a pre - cious rest - ing place, In the shel - ter of re - deem - ing grace; Here with joy I see my Saviour's face,
2. Where shall I the praise of Christ be - gin? Gone the heav - y bur - den of my sin! Grace has changed the world I'm liv - ing in,
3. E - vil shall not here my soul en - snare, Ten - der - ly I'm kept with jeal - ous care, Je - sus walks be - side me ev - 'ry - where,
4. Now its heal - ing pow - er makes me whole, Thro' its mer - it Je - sus saves my soul; Sav - iour keep me while the a - ges roll

CHORUS.

Un-der the a- ton - ing blood. Un-der the a- ton- ing blood of the Lamb,

Un- der the a - ton - ing blood of the Lamb; Safe - ly I am

hid - ing, Con-stant- ly a - bid - ing, Un- der the a - ton - ing blood.

105. Jesus, My Precious Redeemer.

I. G. M. Copyright, 1922, by I. G. Martin, Pasadena, Cal. I. G. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior left the cit - y of gold, Je - sus, my
2. Leav-ing the nine - ty and nine in the fold, Je - sus, my
3. The path-way was thorn - y, the moun-tain - way steep, Je - sus, my
4. A - lone on the moun-tain He heard its faint cry, Je - sus, my
5. With His own pre - cious hands bleed - ing and torn, Je - sus, my
6. O - ver the moun - tain hear the ech - o re - sound, Je - sus, my
7. The an - gels re - ech - o a - round the throne, Je - sus, my

pre-cious Re-deem - er; Came to bring back the lost sheep to the fold,
pre-cious Re-deem - er; He sought the lost sheep, 'mid hun - ger and cold,
pre-cious Re-deem - er; O'er which our Lord struggled, ere He found His sheep,
pre cious Re-deem - er; Wounded and help-less, and read - y to die,
pre-cious Re-deem - er; He bore the lost sheep to its sheep-fold home,
pre-cious Re-deem - er; Rejoice with the Shepherd o'er the sheep that is found,
pre-cious Re-deem - er; Re- joice, for the Sav - ior brings back His own,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my pre - cious Re-deem - er. Je - sus the Sav - ior from

glo - ry came, Came to seek and to save me; Came to bring

rit. *a tempo.*

back the lost sheep to the fold, Je - sus, my pre-cious Re-deem - er.

106 BUT NOW I'M REDEEMED.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

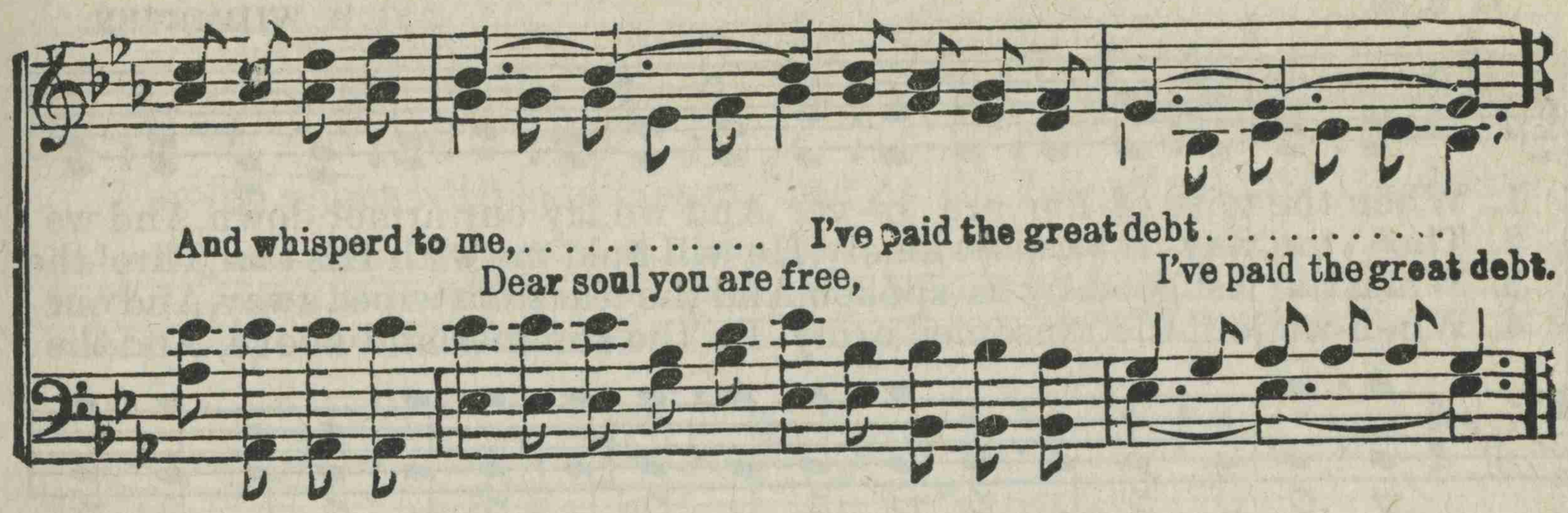
1. Long I wandered on in sin, O'er life's rough and thorny way, Oft-en think-ing
Man - y times my life was sad, And as dark as dark could be, For I had no
2. But I'm hap - py now to say That one day the light broke in, Then I was a
Now the way is high and smooth, And the Sav-iour is my friend; He will bear my
3. Why do peo - ple live in sin When there is a bet-ter way? Why not take the
When you reach your journey's end, Then what will your answer be, When arranged be-

of the judgment, And the debt I had to pay;
hope of heav- en; [*Omit*.....] From my sin I was not free.
new cre - a - tion, And had left the paths of sin;
heav-y bur-dens [*Omit*..... .....] E - ven to my journey's end.
liv - ing wa- ter? It is flow-ing free to - day;
fore our Saviour, [*Omit*.....] And the Judge shall question thee?

Chorus.

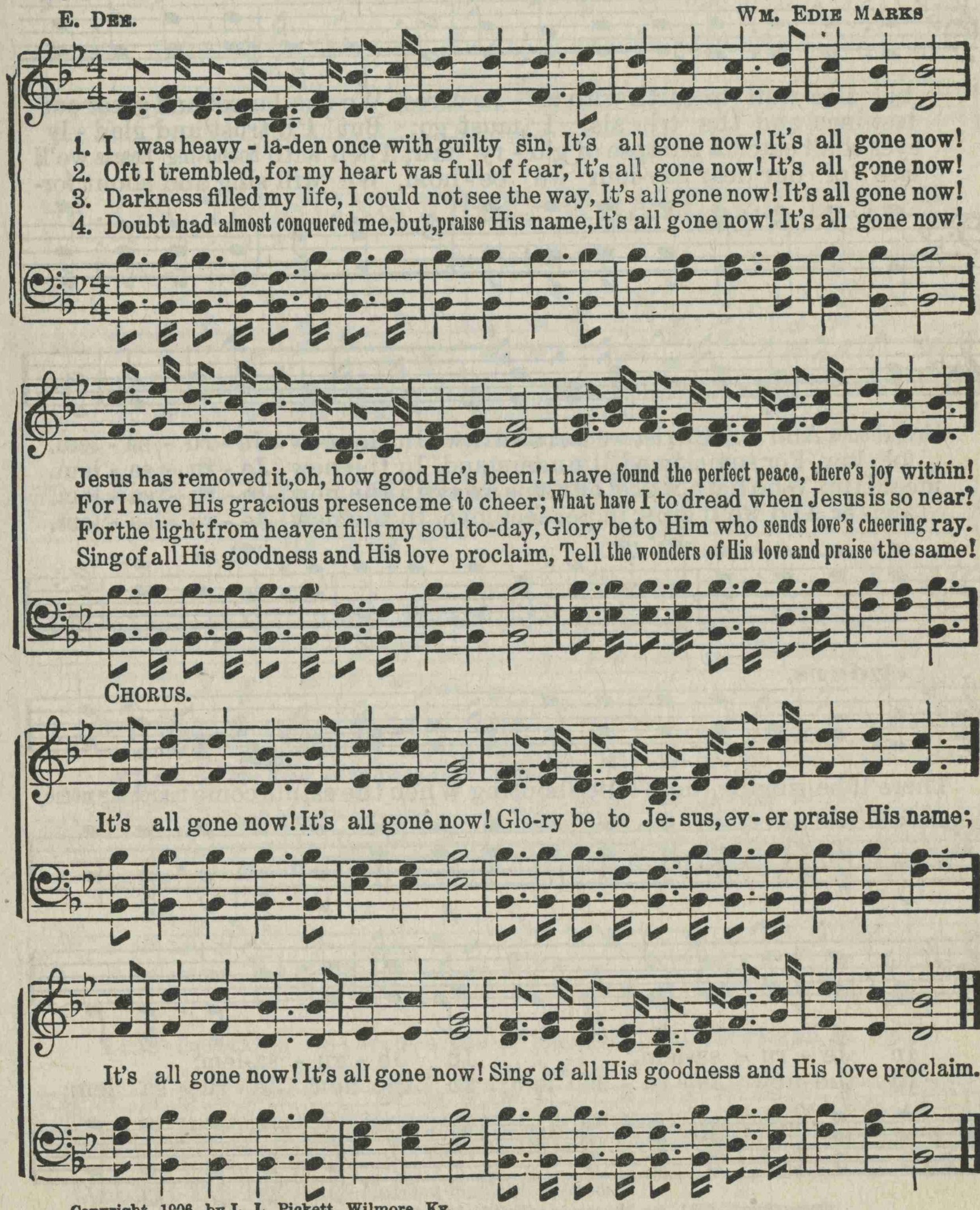
But now I'm re - deemed,..... yes, I am re - deemed;.....
redeemed by the blood, and hap-py in God;
O hap-py the day,..... I'll nev-er for - get.....
my sins washed away, 't is sweet to me yet,
When Je-sus came in,..... and cleansed me from sin,.....
and made my heart clean, yes, took out my sin,

But Now I'm Redeemed. Concluded.



107 IT'S ALL GONE NOW!

E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks



Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

No. 108 In the New Jerusalem.

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

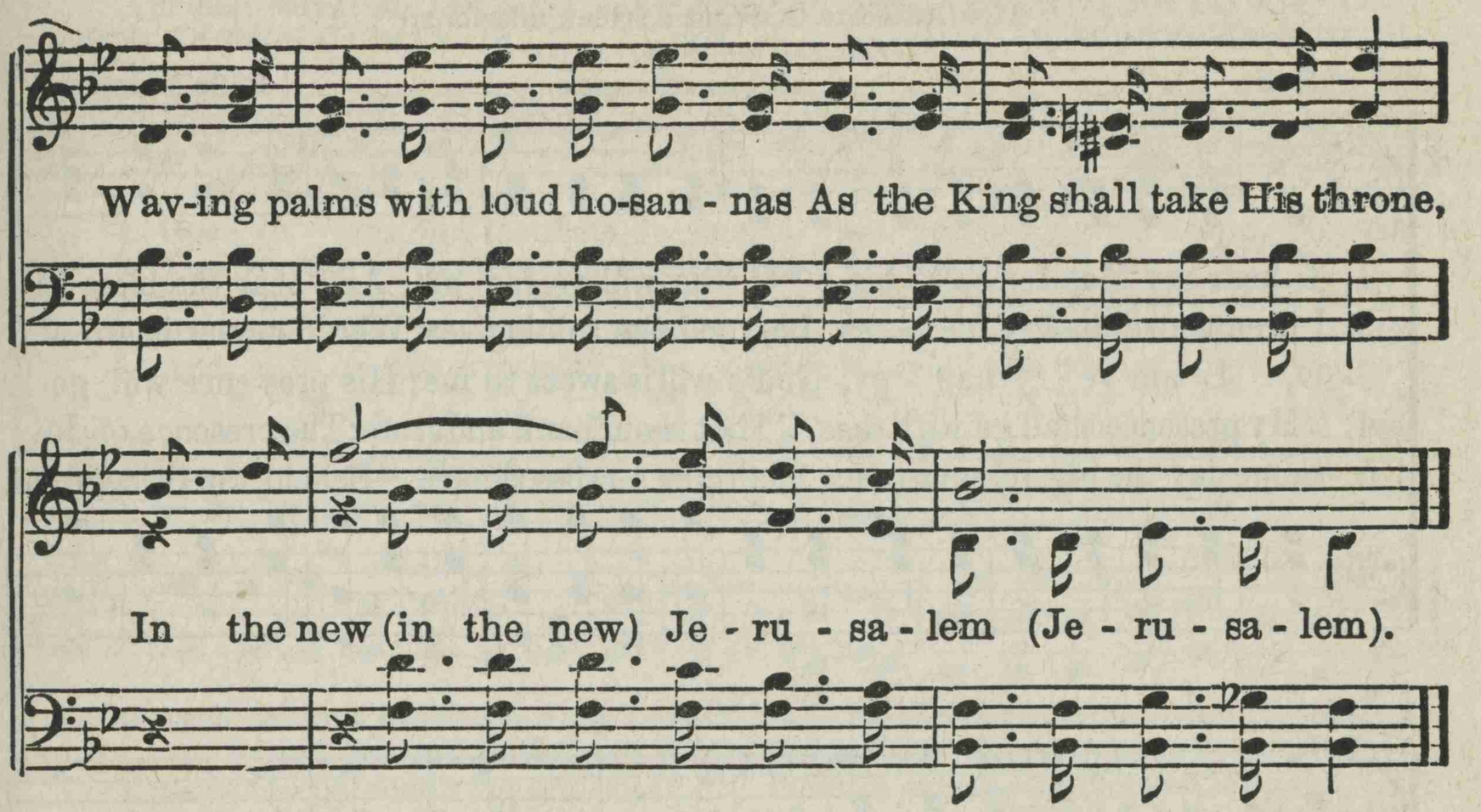
1. When the toils of life are o-ver And we lay our armor down, And we bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the test-ings and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

CHORUS.

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

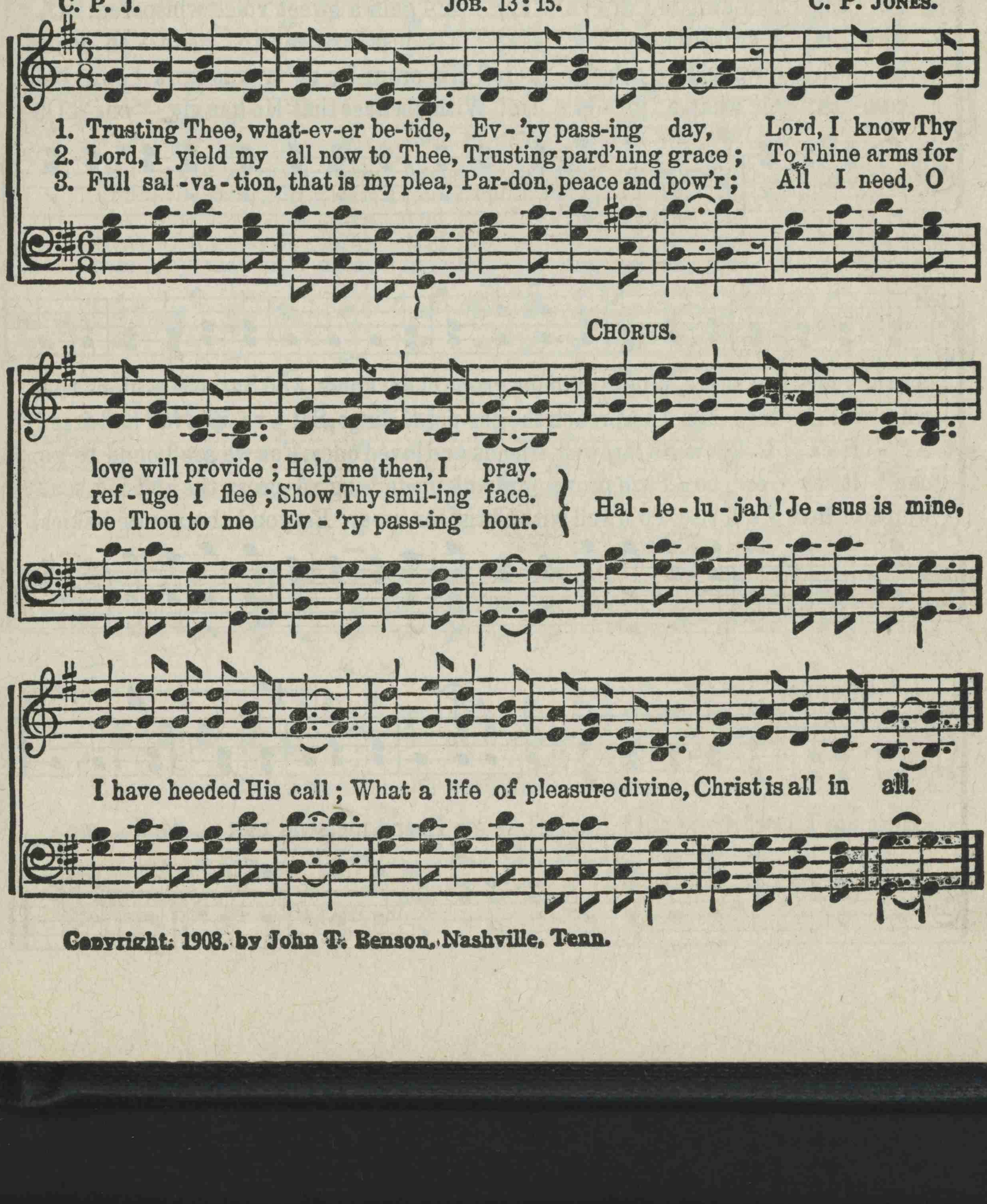
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In the New Jerusalem. Concluded.



No. 109 TRUSTING THEE, WHATEVER BETIDE.

C. P. J. JOB. 13:15. C. P. JONES.



Copyright: 1908. by John T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

110. The Master's Call.

(Dedicated to God and African missions.)

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B. S. Belle Staples.

1. I hear my Mas-ter call - ing. "O who will go for me, And bear the bless-ed
2. I dreamed of dusk-y fac - es Be-yond the roll-ing sea, Who'd nev-er heard of
3. O, I am ve - ry hap - py; God's will is sweet to me; His pres-ence will go
4. "My presence shall go with thee," That is our bank and store; The presence of Je-
5. Some day the joy-ful sum-mons Shall ring a-cross the sea, "Behold, the Bridegroom

ti - dings To souls be-yond the sea?" I saw the Mas-ter point - ing To
Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry; A - gain a sweet voice whispered: "O,
with us A-cross the roll-ing sea; 'Tis just as near to heav - en From
ho - vah, How could we ask for more? His prom-ise ne'er was brok - en, Nor
com-eth;" O, what a ju - bi - lee! With sheaves that He has giv - en, On

Af-ric's heathen shore, Where millions grope in darkness, And Satan's le-gions roar.
who will go for Me, And preach the gos-pel ti-dings, Sal - va-tion full and free?"
Af - ri-ca, I know; So farewell, friends and loved ones, For we are bound to go.
can it ev - er be; 'Twill prove onr bank un-fail-ing, A-cross the roll-ing sea.
wings of love we'll rise To dwell with Christ for-ev-er, Be-yond the vaulted skies.

CHORUS.

Here am I, Lord, Here am I, Lord, Here am I, send me, send me; send me.

111. The Hallelujah Side.

"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19: 1.

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

1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was per-ish-ing with cold, But the
2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her daz-zle and her dreams, Yet I
3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the
4. Here the sun is al-ways shining, here the sky is always bright; 'Tis no
5. And up-on the streets of glo-y, when we reach the oth-er shore, And have

blessed Saviour heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe around me, and He
en-vy not her van-i-ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the
tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa-vil-ion, hap-py
place for gloomy Christians to a-bide, For my soul is filled with music and my
safely crossed the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shouting "Glory" just out-

led me to His fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
gold-en sunlight gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
in His love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
heart with great de-light, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
side my man-sion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

D. S.—win-dows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll; Help me
ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've opened up tow'rd heaven all the

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112. When My Soul Struck Fire.

J. F. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. J. F. KNAPP.

1. I'm so glad for fire from heav-en That came down up-on my soul, Hal - le-
2. If folks oft- en hurt your feel-ings, If you're wea-ry, sad or blue; If some-
3. You have tried to act like oth - ers, Who were free and full of joy; But it
4. Aren't you hungry for the bless-ing, That will take a - way all fear? If you'll
5. Now I'm on the home-stretch running, On the clouds I fix mine eye; Soon my

lu - jah! it was giv - en, So the Lord could have control. No, old Sa - tan
times you're lacking patience, And you doubt if God is true, There's a blessing
was a dis- mal fail- ure, With the car - nal mind's al-loy; But with glad-ness
on - ly come con-fess-ing, You may have that blessing here. How the sparks will
Lord from heav'n is coming, And to Him I'll up-ward fly. No pos-ses-sions

can't de-feat it, For I shout, "I've been made whole," Down the road just see him
like the sunshine, Fresh and sweet as hon - ey-dew; You will have it, O my
you will shout it, Then no fears will you an-noy; Nev - er-more you'll dare to
fly with glo - ry, As to Je - sus you draw near; Then you'll tell the blessed
here to bind me, Hark! I catch the heav'nly wire; Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll go

CHORUS.

beat it, Since my soul struck fire.
broth-er, When your soul strikes fire. Fire! fire! fire! When your soul strikes fire,
doubt it, When your soul strikes fire.
sto - ry, How your soul struck fire.
shouting, How my soul struck fire.

When My Soul Struck Fire.

When your soul strikes fire, When your soul strikes fire, It will burn up car- nal na-ture,

There's for you a wondrous future, When your soul, when your soul, When your soul strikes fire.

113. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. E. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or tempest - tost,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

FINE.

D. S.–*Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

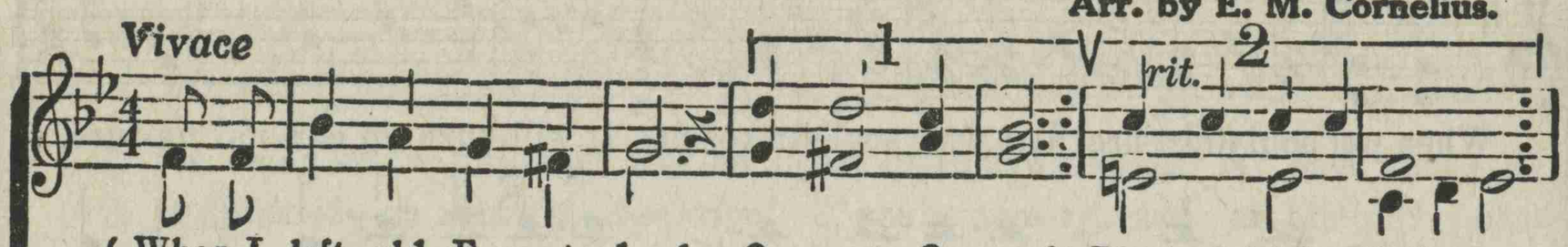
CHORUS. D. S.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

114. Goodby, Pharoah!

Copyright, 1921.

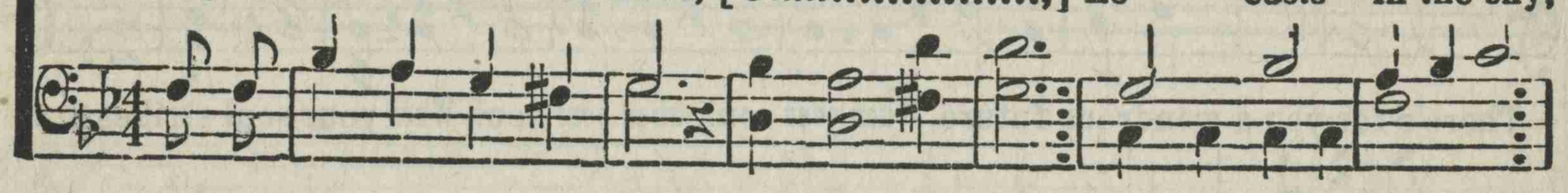
Arr. by E. M. Cornelius.



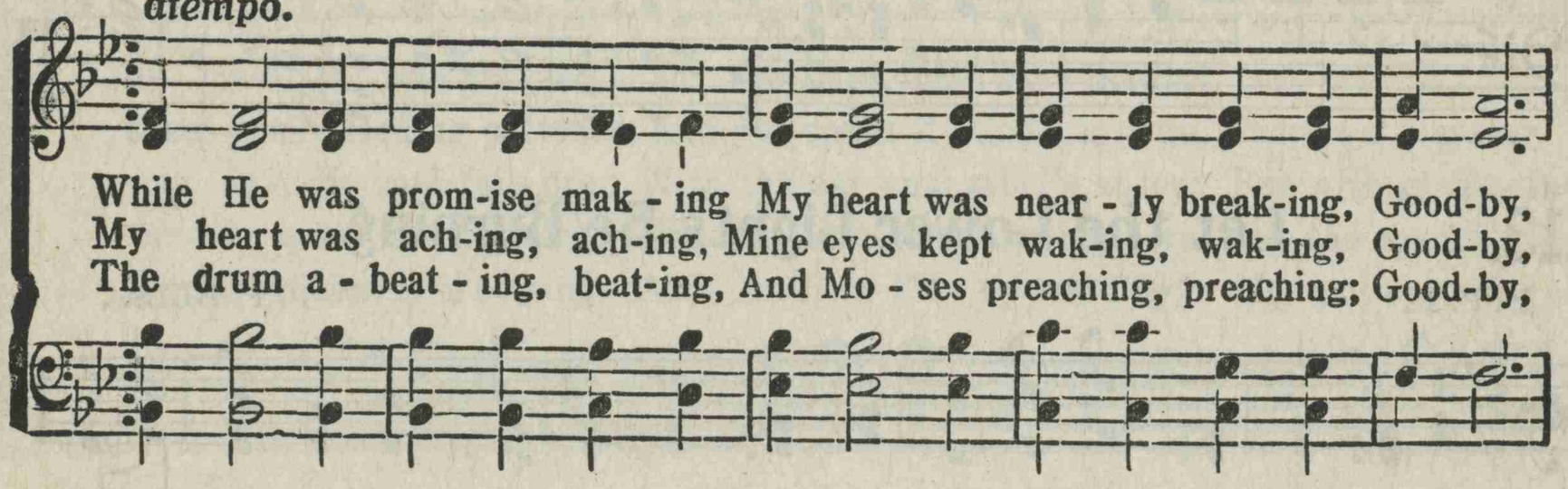
1. When I left old E-gypt - land, O my! O my! Pharaoh fairly cried,
   When I left old E-gypt - land, [*Omit.....*,] Pharaoh fairly cried.

2. When I left old E-gypt - land, Good rea - son why; Tho't I sure would die,
   When I left old E-gypt - land, [*Omit.....*,] Tho't I sure would die,

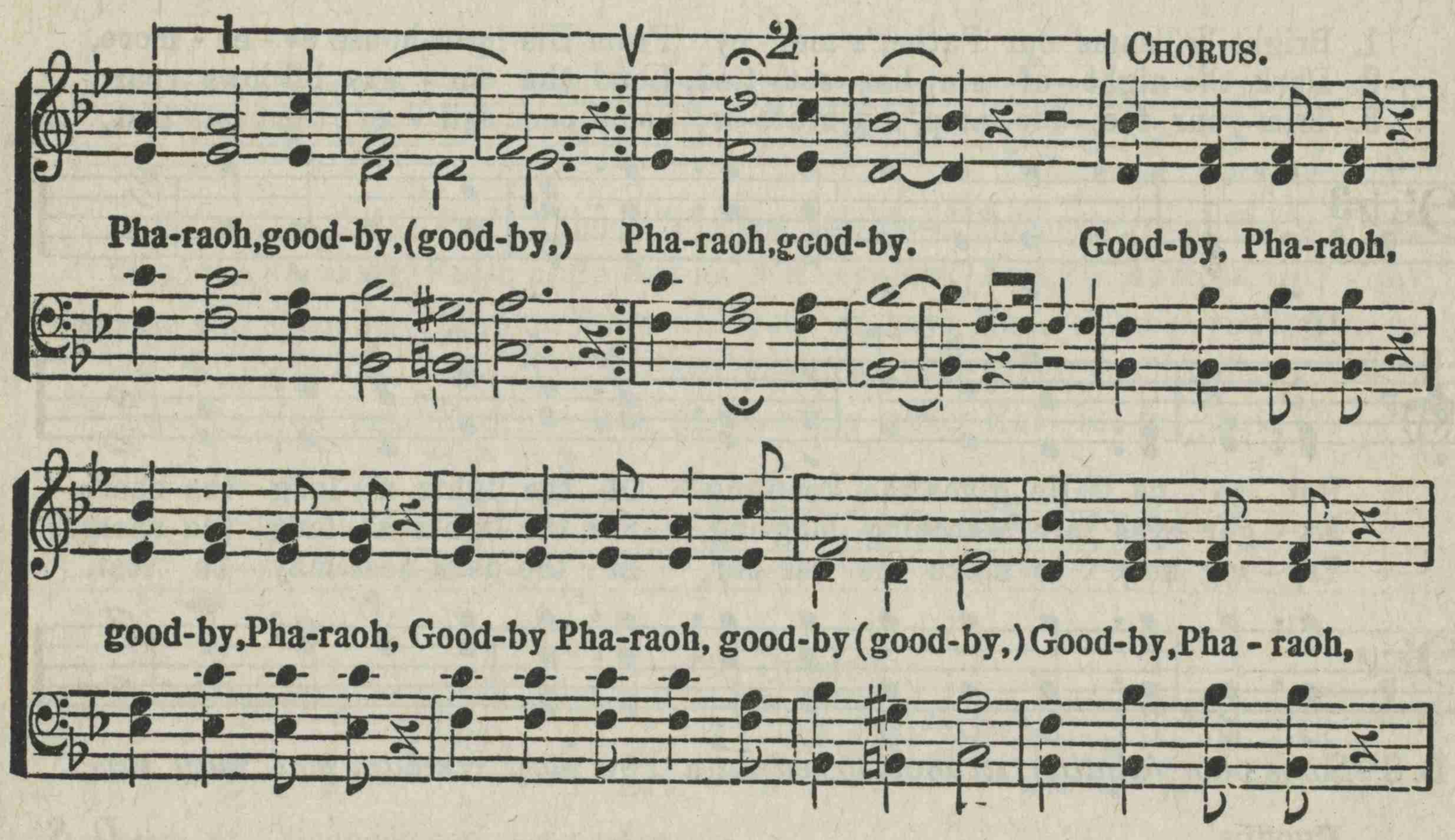
3. When I left old E-gypt - land, Good by, good-by, Lo-custs in the sky,
   Frogs and flies I could not stand, [*Omit.....*,] Lo - custs in the sky,



atempo.

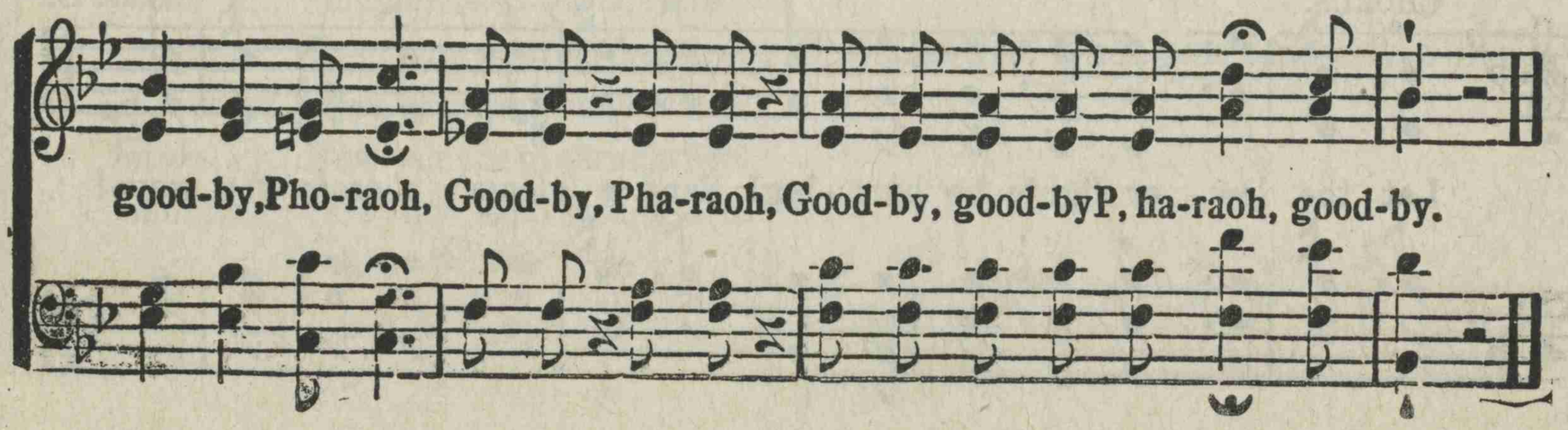


While He was prom-ise mak - ing My heart was near - ly break-ing, Good-by,
My heart was ach-ing, ach-ing, Mine eyes kept wak-ing, wak-ing, Good-by,
The drum a - beat - ing, beat-ing, And Mo - ses preaching, preaching; Good-by,



Pha-raoh, good-by, (good-by,) Pha-raoh, good-by. Good-by, Pha-raoh,

good-by, Pha-raoh, Good-by Pha-raoh, good-by (good-by,) Good-by, Pha - raoh,



good-by, Pho-raoh, Good-by, Pha-raoh, Good-by, good-byP, ha-raoh, good-by.

115 With Banners Waving

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

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o - ver land and sea, Ye sol-diers of the
2. Buck - le on the ar-mor, then unsheath the sword, And for-ward in - to
3. O - ver land and sea, wher-ev - er man is found, Pro-claim sal-va - tion
4. There's a crown a - wait-ing ev-'ry sol - dier true, Who'll stand until the

cross be true; Tho' the foe be might-y, on the Lord re - ly, And
bat - tle go; Wave the roy - al ban-ner, trusting in the Lord, And
full and free; That the souls who now are by the ty - rant bound, May
vic - t'ry's won; Let us then be faith-ful to the Lord of hosts Un-

CHORUS.

he will bring you safe - ly thro'
he will put to flight the foe. With ban-ners wav-ing we will for-ward
all be set at lib - er - ty.
til we hear the words "Well done."

go; In the name of Je-sus we will rout the foe: For the Lord Je-

ho - vah will our Cap - tain be, And lead us on to vic - to - ry.

Copyright, 1910, by I. G. Martin.

No. 116. The Coming King.

(To my friend and teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.)

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

With vigor.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, all ye Zi-on's host, Sound the a-larm o'er ev-'ry hill and plain, Till all na-tions the warning message shall have heard That
2. Send out the message o-ver land and sea, Let all the earth take up the glad re-frain, Soon His glo-ry transcen-dent ev-'ry eye shall see, When
3. O then prepare to meet the com-ing King! Washed in His blood with garments pure and white, For a crown of re-joic-ing He will with Him bring For

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! He's com - - ing a-gain, O
Je-sus to earth comes a-gain.
all who have fought the good fight. com-ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain, O

Zi - - on's glo-rious King! He's com - - ing a-
Zi-on's glorious King, our glorious King, glorious King! Com-ing to reign,

gain, And re-ward for our la-bor He'll bring.
com-ing a-gain,

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117

My Pilot

FLORA B. TUPPER. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Tho' the storm-clouds dark may low'r and threat-en, And no friend-ly light I see;
2. So I'll sail my barque o'er life's broad o-cean, And will trust my Pi - lot true;
3. His eye is true, tho' light-ning's flash-ing, And a faith-ful watch he'll keep;
4. When I reach that calm and glo-rious hav-en, With life' storm-y voy-age o'er;

Be - hind the clouds the sun is shin-ing, And will soon break thro' on me.
For in my heart is fixed the no-tion, That He has the port in view.
His ear's not deaf from thund-ers crash-ing, And He'll slum-ber not nor sleep.
I'll sing a - round His throne in heav-en, And will praise Him ev - er more.

CHORUS.

The storms of life may beat a-round me, And the break-ers dash and foam;
But my Pi-lot's at the wheel be - side me, I shall safe-ly reach my home.

Copyright. 1915. by J. M. Harris.

118. We Shall Reign With Him In Glory.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ceive His own, We shall reign with
2. O what a won - der - ful change 'twill be, We shall reign with
3. Why should we mur - mur, or com - plain? We shall reign with
4. When life is o'er, and the race is run, We shall reign with

Him in glo - ry, With all the ran - somed a - round His throne,
Him in glo - ry, From ev - 'ry sin, ev - 'ry sor - row free,
Him in glo - ry, All praise and hon - or to His great name,
Him in glo - ry, Where is no night, neith - er set - ting sun;

CHORUS.

We shall reign with Him in glo - ry. In glo - ry, in glo - ry,

We shall reign with Him in glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to
Hal - le -

Je - - - sus! We shall reign with Him in glo - ry.
lu - jah to Je - sus!

Copyright 1922 by James M. Black.

119. The Master Stood in His Garden.

Copyright 1919, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. The Mas - ter stood in His gar - den A - mong the lil - lies so fair
2. My lil - lies need to be wa - ter'd, The heav'n-ly Mas - ter said;
3. The Mas- ter saw and He rais'd it From dust in which it lay;
4. So forth to the foun-tain He bore it, And filled it full to the brim;
5. The droop- ing lil - lies He wa - ter'd Till all re - viv - ing a - gain,
6. And then to it - self it whis-pered, As a-side He laid it once more,

1. His own right hand had plan - ted And train'd with ten - der care.
2. Where-in shall I draw it for them And raise each droop-ing head?
3. He smil'd as He gent- ly whis-per'd, My work it shall do to - day;
4. How glad the earth - en ves - sel To be of use to Him!
5. The Mas - ter saw with pleas- ure He la - bor'd not in vain.
6. I still will lie tn the path - way Just where I lay be - fore;

1. He look'd on their snow - y bloss-oms And mark'd with ob-ser - vant eye
2. But close to His feet in the path- way, All emp- ty and frail and small,
3. 'Tis on- ly am earth - en ves - sel, But close it is ly- ing to me;
4. He pour'd forth the liv - ing wa - ter, All o - ver the lil - lies fair,
5. His own hand had drawn the wa - ter Re - fresh - ing the thirst - ing flow'rs;
6. For close would I keep to the Mas- ter, And emp - ty would I re - main;

1. That His flow'rs were sad-ly droop-ing, For their leaves were parch'd and dry.
2. Was an eath - en ves -sel ly - ing Which seem'd of no use at all.
3. Tho so small, 'tis clean and emp- ty, That is all it needs to be.
4. Till emp - ty was the ves - sel And a - gain He fill'd it there.
5. But He used the earth- en ves- ael To con - vey the liv - ing show'rs.
6. Perchance some day He'll use me To wa - ter His lil - lies a - gain.

120.

Dusky Hands.

H. L.

REV. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Dusky hands are reaching for the bread of life Far a - cross the roll - ing sea; Shall they per-ish in their mis-er - y and strife,
2. Dusky hands are bound in chains of want and woe In the far - off heath-en lands; Shall we not in haste un - to their bor-ders go,
3. We can not be i - dle a - ny lon - ger now, While the souls in dark-ness die; Gath - er them as jew - els for the Sav - ior's brow,
4. Dusk-y fac - es look to us for hope and peace, Shall they look to us in vain? Je - sus can redeem them, cause their sighs to cease,

CHORUS.

Shall they al-ways hun-gry be?
Set them free, as God commands? Send the gos-pel tid - ings o - ver land and sea, Let the hungry souls be sat - is - fied, Till the pow'r of
Je - sus sets the cap-tives free, O lead them to the Mas-ter's side.

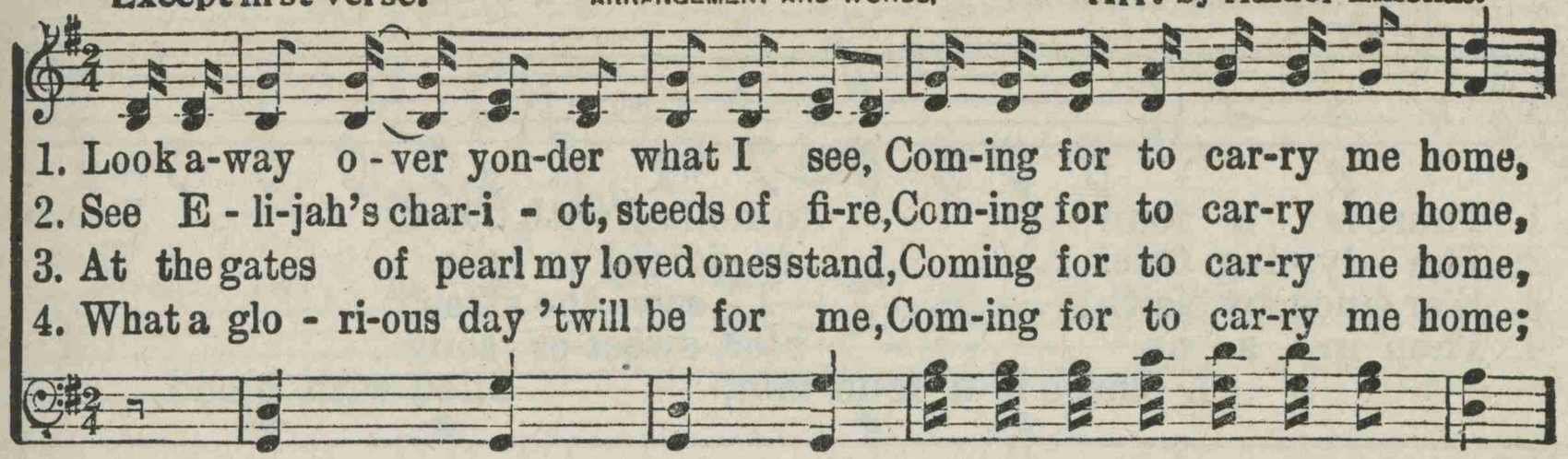
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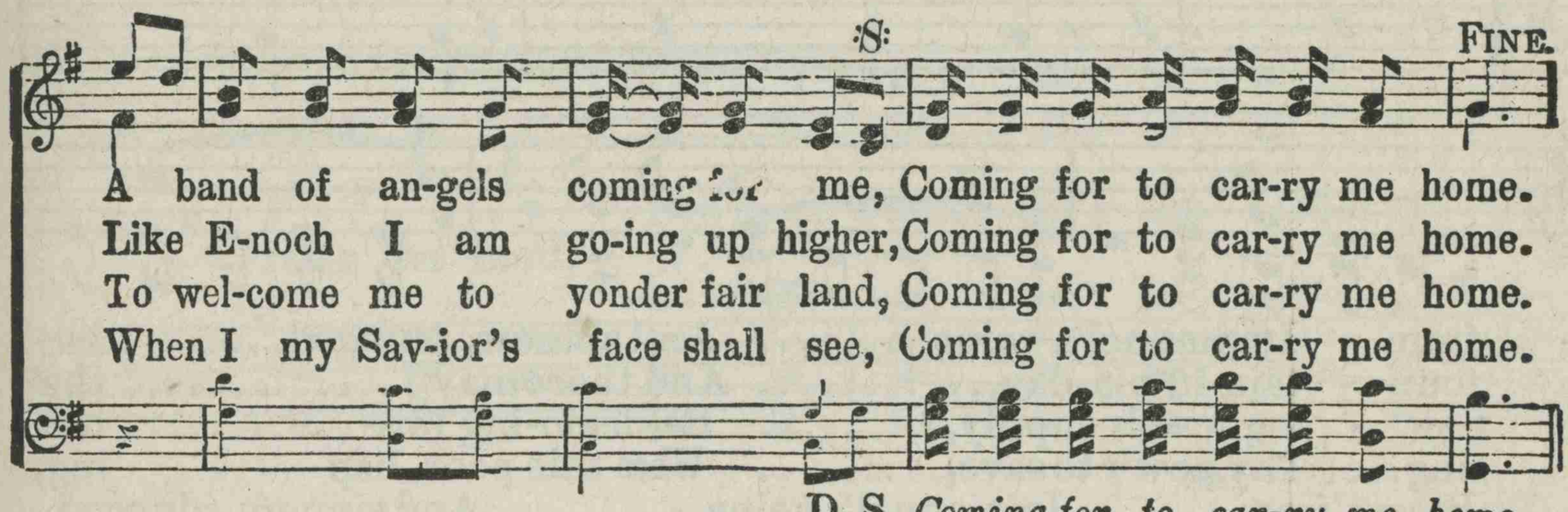
121. Swing Low.

Verses by H. L.
Except first verse.
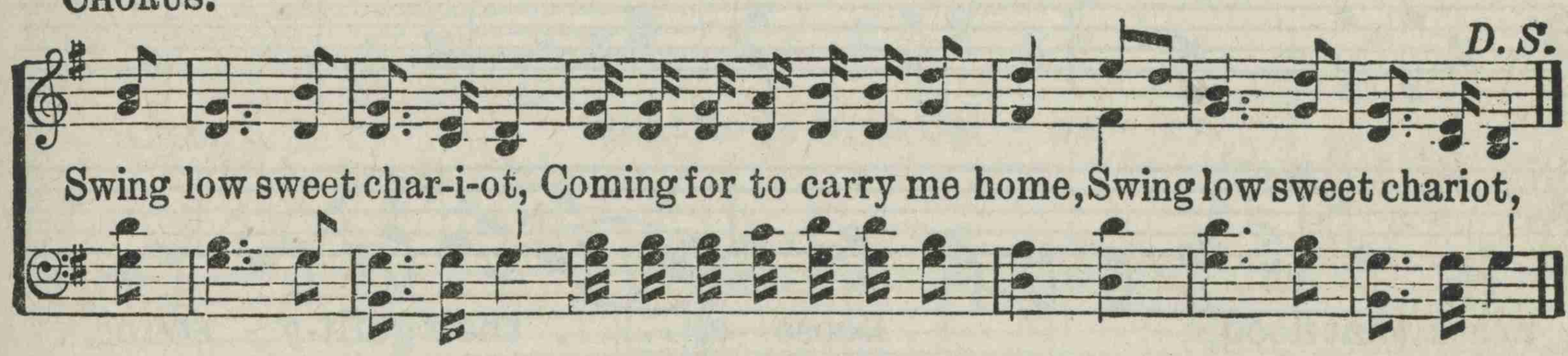
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ARRANGEMENT AND WORDS.

Southern Melody.
Arr. by Haldor Lillenas.





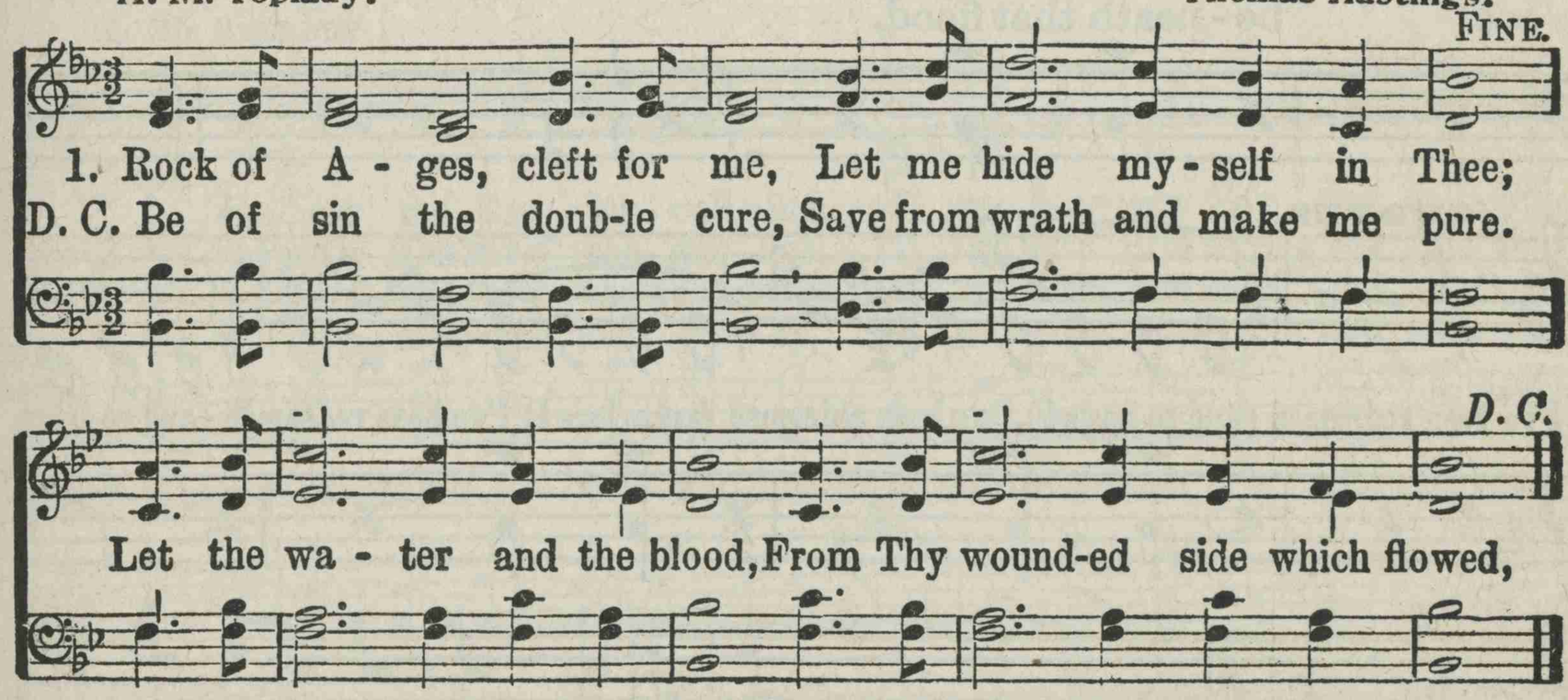
CHORUS.



122. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.



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 to Thee.

No. 123 There Is a Fountain.

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

Arr. by Mrs. Jno. T. Benson.

DUET.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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There Is a Fountain. Concluded.

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

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

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

No. 124. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

E. W. BLANDLY. ARR.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.–Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

ad lib. *D. C.*

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

125

Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY S H. BOLTON.
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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, "Come, 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."

126. MARCHING ON.

A. N. and L. L. P. Furnished by Rev. R. J. Bateman.

1. We are marching on to reach the shining shore, By its wa - ters bright we'll rest when life is o'er, And we'll ne'er be wea - ry, faint, or thirst-y more;
2. We will leave our toils and tri-als here below, When the Master bids us rise and quickly go; Hal - le - lu - jah, then, e - ter-nal joys we'll know;
3. To that cit - y fair, that kingdom of delight, Where no troubles rise, and nev - er comes a night, Lo, the King Him-self doth each of us in vite;
4. Would you go with us to reach the cit - y blest, Then forsake all sin — Ah, here will be the test; Yield to Him a - lone, and you shall find His rest,

D. C.—*'Tis our heav'nly home that just beyond I see, 'Tis a bless-ed coun-try where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim, come, O come and march with me,*

Fine. Chorus.

To that shore we're marching on. March-ing on, march ing
Let us all go marching on.
Let us now be marching on.
And we'll all go marching on.

March-ing on,

Let us all go marching on.

on, March-ing on, march-ing on, Let us
march-ing on, March-ing on, march-ing on,

D. C.

sing, let us sing, As we're marching to our home!
Let us sing, let us sing,

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

127. In the Great Triumphant Morning.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap- py time 'twill be, When the
3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the

dead..... in Chist shall rise, We'll be changed to life im-
When the Lord descends in
We'll be crowned with life im-

the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e-

mor-tal, In the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - sus in the
glo - ry, Sets His waiting chil-dren free, And we meet..... Him in the
mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - ture in the
ter- nal, Un-der Christ for- ev - er blest, Aft-er meet - - ing in the

And meet Je-sus in the skies, up

REFRAIN.

skies, (hea'nly skies). We shall all rise to meet Him, we shall all go to greet Him,

1 2

In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise.
And shall have the marriage supper (*Omit*.....) in the skies, up in the skies.

dead shall rise

Owned by R. E. Winsett. E. Chattanooga, Tenn. rom "Pentecostal Song Evangel."

No. 1 With Jesus We Shall Win.

W. C. Poole. Copyright, 1920, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Where the bat-tle rages and the foe is strong, Do not grow discouraged as you press a-long; Christ, our King, shall conquer in the fight with sin, With Jesus we shall win.
2. When the foe is mighty think of Gideon's band, Think how God led Israel to the promised land; Hear the small voice speaking in the tempest din, With Jesus we shall win.
3. Have you joined the army of the conquering King? Are you in the number who His prais-es sing? If you have been waiting will you not begin, With Jesus you shall win.

CHORUS.

With Je - sus we shall win..... A might-y vic-t'ry o - ver sin;.....
shall win o - ver sin;

1

Take courage and press on, Soon the battle shall be won, With Jesus we shall win. With
shall win.

2

His grace en-fold-ing and His arm up-hold-ing, With Je - sus we shall win.

No. 129. Whiter Than Snow.

H. E. M. H. E. McAFEE. By per.

1. Still I am sing - - ing, Je - sus, of Thee! (Je - sus of Thee!)
2. Je - sus, ac - cept..... the trib-ute I bring. (tribute I bring,)
3. Still I am sing - - ing, Je - sus, of Thee! (Je - sus of Thee!)
4. When, as my work..... is end-ing be - low, (end-ing be - low,)

f.

Bless - ed Re deem - - er, pre - cious to me! (precious to me!)
Not of my - self..... or creed will I sing, (creed will I sing,)
Sim - ple my tones..... of mu - sic may be, (mu - sic may be,)
Bid ding fare - well..... to loved ones be - low; (loved ones be-low;)

D. S. ~ *Whit - er than snow,..... the beau - ti - ful snow, (beau-ti - ful snow,)*

Tell the good news..... wher-ev - er I go, (wherev - er I go,)
On - ly Thy blood,..... that sinners may know, (that sinners may know,)
Fill me with love..... as homeward I go, (as homeward I go,)
Then will my soul..... mount up-ward and go, (mount upward and go,)

Tell to the lost..... wher - ev - er you go, (wher-ev - er you go,)

FINE.

Je - sus has washed..... me whiter than snow. (yes, whiter than snow.)
Je - sus can wash..... them whiter than snow. (yes, whiter than snow.)
Sing-ing I'm washed..... e'en whiter than snow. (yes, whiter than snow.)
Join the glad tri - - umph whiter than snow. (yes, whiter than snow.)

Je - sus can wash..... them whiter than snow. (yes, whiter than snow.)

CHORUS. D. S.

Whit-er than snow,..... the beau-ti -ful snow,.....
Whit-er than snow, beau - ti- ful snow,

Copyright, 1898, by H. E. McAfee. By per.

130. The Song of Redemption.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Arr. by Thoro Harris.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

help them make

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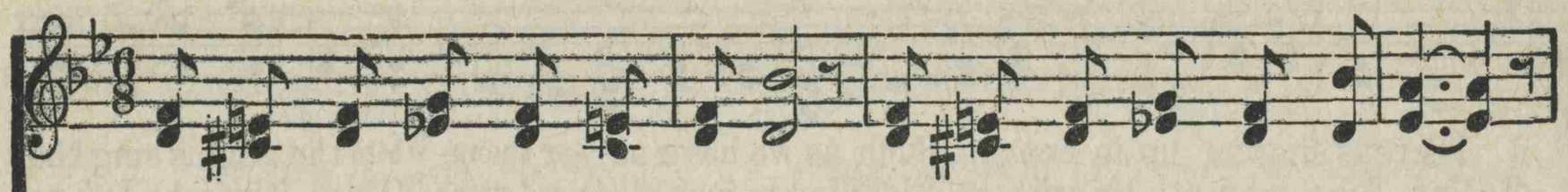
might - y," the courts of glo - ry ring; But when we sing redemption's sto - ry,

TUTTI.
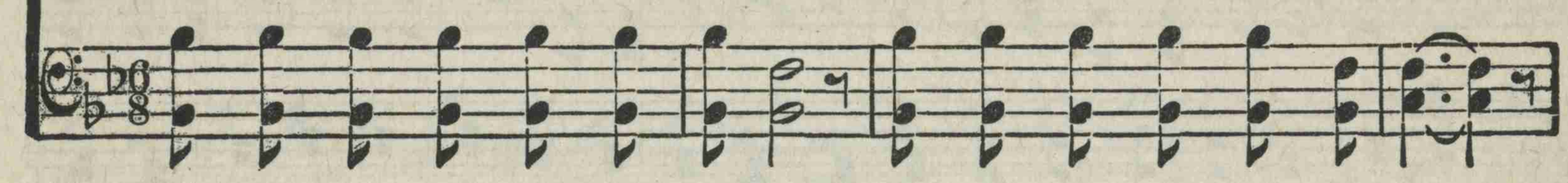
They will fold their wings; For an - gels nev - er felt the joy That our sal-va-tion brings.
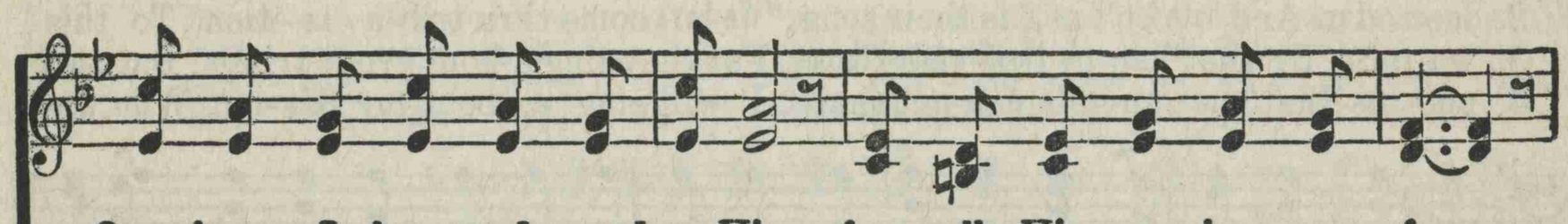
131. Jesus is Dearer Than All.

G. B. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. BENNARD. Geo. Bennard.
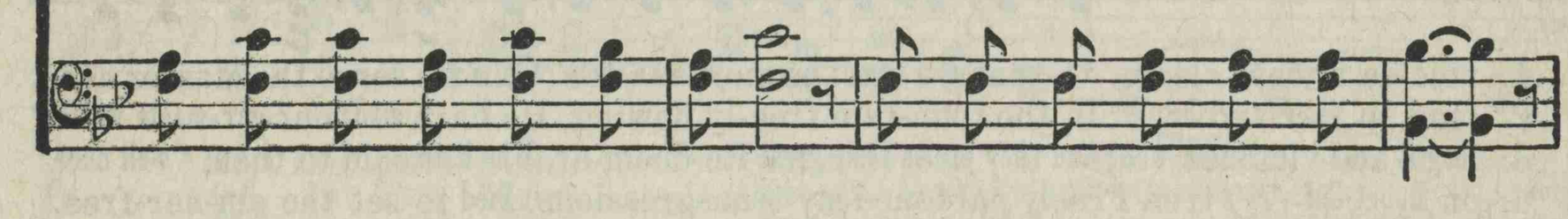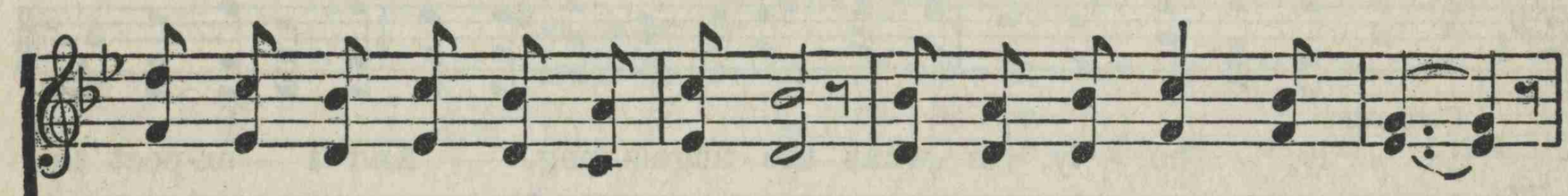


1. Je - sus is my lov - ing Sav-iour, He is so pre-cious to me;
2. Je - sus the sweet rose of Shar-on, Je - sus the lil - y so fair;
3. Je - sus was born in a man-ger, wept in the gar - den a - lone;



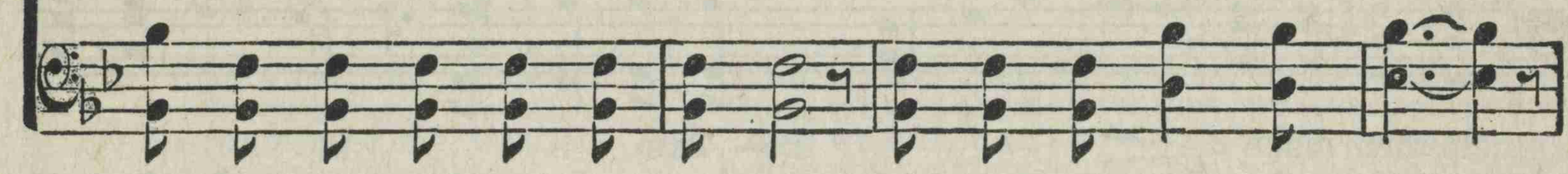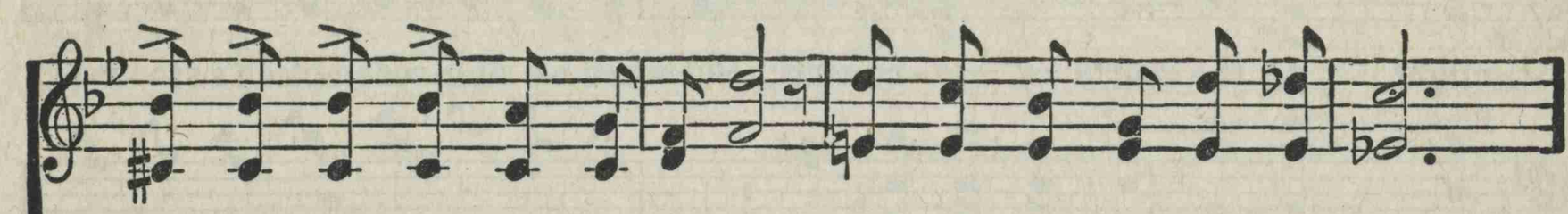


O, how I love and a-dore Him for all His mer-cies so free;
Je - sus my rock and sal - va-tion, Je - sus the bright morning star;
Poured out His life's blood on Cal-v'ry, died for our sin to a - tone;
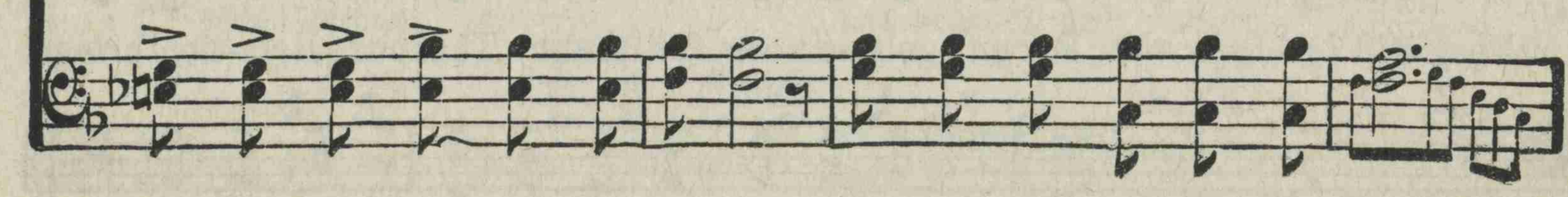




When I was lost on the mount-ains bar - ren and dark and cold,
He is my por - tion for - ev - er, my all in all is He;
Rose from the grave more than conq'ror, went to His home on high;





He sought the sheep that was straying, He bro't me back to the fold
With Him I can - not be lone-ly, He ful - ly sat - is - fies me.
Soon He is com - ing in glo - ry, com - ing in clouds of the sky.



Bennard.

o me;
o fair;
a - lone;

free;
star;
- tone;

cold,
He;
high;

d
e.
y.

Jesus is Dearer Than All.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, dear - er than all to
Je - sus is dear - er than all to me, dear - er than all, yes,

me,..... Je - sus, Je - sus,
dear - er to me, Je - sus is dear - er than all to me,

Thine, on - ly Thine I'll be;..... Where Thou dost lead I will
Thine, on - ly Thine, yes, Thine I'll be;

fol - low, Wher - e'er the path may be; Then when life's

jour - ney is end - ed Thy face in glo - ry I'll see.

132 Let all the People Praise Thee.

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

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me Ye peo - ple of His choice,
2. O praise Him for His ho - li-ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
3. Had I a thou-sand tongues to sing The half could ne'er be told

Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran-somed all our race;
Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless-ings man - i - fold;

For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow-ing as a riv - er

For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
To Him to Him give thanks,
From God the glo - rious giv - er, To Him give thanks.
to Him give thanks,

Chorus.

Let all . . . . the peo - ple praise Thee Let all . . . the peo - ple
let all let all

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Let all the People Praise Thee. Concluded.

praise thee! Let all . . . . . the peo - ple praise Thy name for-

let all

ev - er and for-ev - er - more for - ev - er-more, O Lord! Let more.

133 Dedication Hymn.

J. W. GILLIES.

1. With-in these walls to - day we meet, To praise our God for blessings giv'n,
2. The Church for which our Saviour died, From spot and wrink-le to set free,
3. For - ev - er may this house be held, As sa - cred to our God and King;

For grace that saves from sin and death, That makes our days as days of heav'n;
Thy pow'r a - lone can sanc-ti - fy, En - a-bling us to ho - ly be;
Sal - va-tion from all sin be preached, Thy praise a-lone Thy peo - ple sing;

O Lord, this place shall be Thine own, Bless thou the seed that here is sown.
That we by life and voice may show Thy sav-ing grace to all be - low.
Oh, grant to us our heart's de-sire, Baptize with Ho - ly Ghost and fire.

134. 'Tis Marvelous and Wonderful.

MRS. C. H. M. Copyright, 1919, by J. M. Harris. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The Sav-iour has come in His might-y pow'r, And spok-en peace to my soul, And all of my life from that ver-y hour I've yield-ed to His con-trol, I've yield-ed to His con-trol. Won-der-ful,
2. 'Twas on-ly a fore-taste of joys di-vine In Ca-naan wait-ing for me, Where sweetest of hon-ey and milk and wine Were drip-ping from ev-'ry tree, Were drip-ping from ev-'ry tree.
3. From glo-ry to glo-ry He leads me on, From grace to grace ev-'ry day, And brighter and bright-er the glo-ry dawns, While press-ing my home-ward way, While press-ing my home-ward way. Oh, it is
4. If fel-low-ship here with my Lord can be So in-ex-press-i-bly sweet, O what will it be when His face we see, When 'round the white throne we meet? When 'round the white throne we meet? *Male Voices Unison.*

CHORUS.

won-der-ful, Mar-vel-ous and won-der-ful, What He has done for my soul! The half has nev-er been told;
won-der-ful, It is mar-vel-ous and won-der-ful, What Je-sus has done for this soul of mine! The half has nev-er been told;.....

rit.

'Tis Marvelous and Wonderful.

a tempo.

Oh, Won-der-ful it is won-der-ful, It is mar-vel-ous and won-der-ful,

rit.

What Je-sus has done for this soul of mine! The half has nev-er been told.

135. America.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil-grims' pride; From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

No. 136. Forward, Ever Forward!

N. B. H. (Theme suggested by Olive M. Winchester.) N. B. Herrell.

1. Forward in - to bat - tle, ye might- y hosts of God, The Ho-ly Ghost will lead you in the fight; With Spir-it, sword and shield, Up - on the bat - tle - field, Go - ing
2. Forward in - to bat - tle, go all the world around; Your Captain now is leading in His might; With might-y shouts of praise Your palms of vict'ry raise, Bear- ing
3. Forward in - to bat - tle, ye gal-lant sons of God, The on - e - my must go at an - y cost; With pray'rs and tears and love, Joined by the host a-bove, Charge the
4. Forward in - to bat - tle, go where your Captain bids; The fight will end some day, it won't be long; Un - til we're mustered out, The cunning foe we'll rout, 'Fore we

Chorus.

forth to con-quer for the right.
forth the bless-ed gos - pel light. (Go forward.)
foe with pow'r from Pen-te- cost.
sing the vic -tor's fi - nal song.

} Forward, forward, nev-er to set-tle ev - - er down, Forward, forward, ev-er to win the crown; The world lies out be - fore us, forward, win the crown;
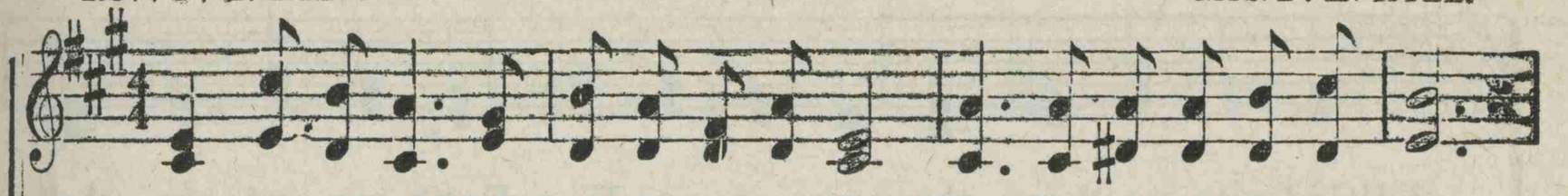
Je-sus will lead vic-to - ri - us, Forward in - to bat - tle till we win the crown.

B. Herrell.

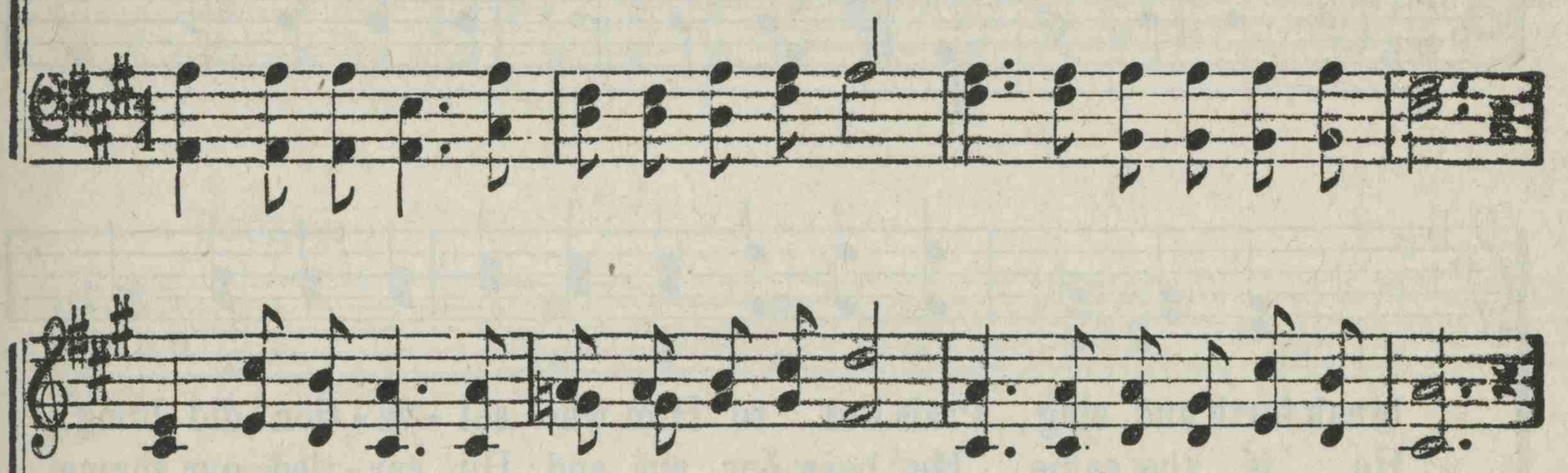
137. Since the Holy Ghost Abides.

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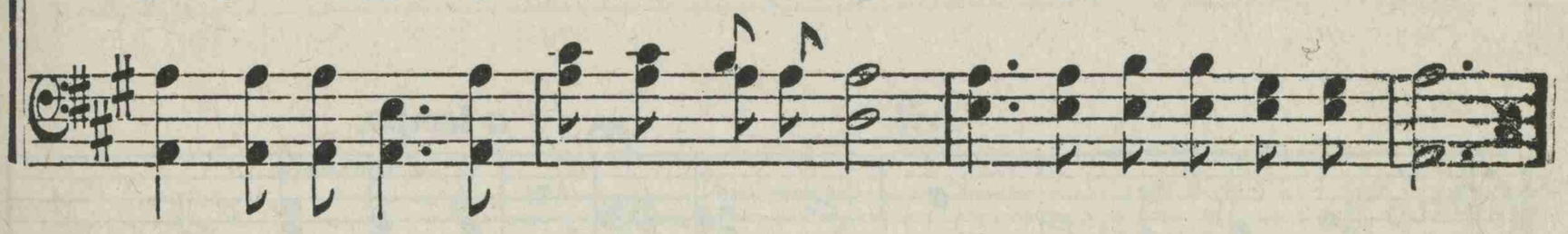
Rev. F. E. HILL. Mrs. F. E. HILL.
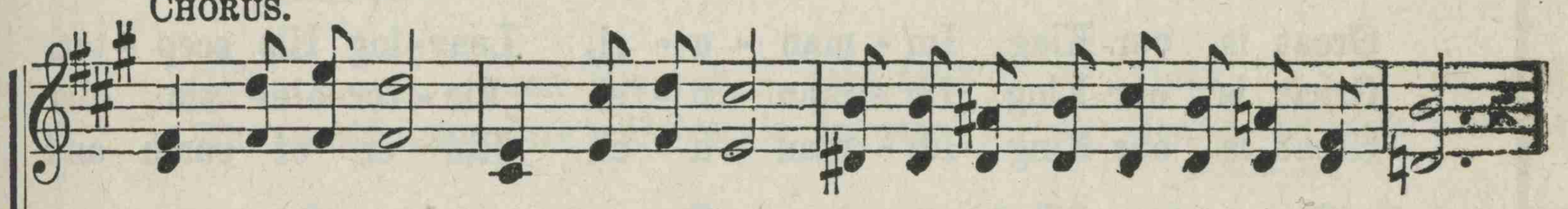


1. Peace, blessed peace is fill-ing now my soul, Since He par-don'd all my sin;
2. Rest, perfect rest now all my nature stills, Since His promis'd grace is mine;
3. Fire, ho-ly fire is burn-ing in my heart, And the glo - ry rolls in tides;
4. Light, perfect light shines on this ho-ly way; Twice He touch'd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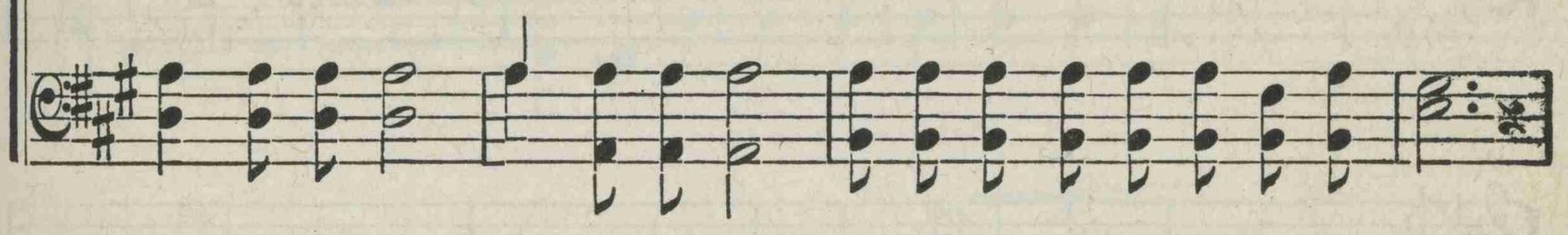


Love, perfect love in bil-lows o'er me roll, Since He cleans'd my heart with-in.
Joy, perfect joy my hap-py spirit thrills, Since the day I said, "I'm Thine."
Pow'r, ho - ly pow'r is fill-ing ev-'ry part, Since the Ho-ly Ghost a - bides.
Sight, perfect sight my vis-ion has to-day, Healed by blood that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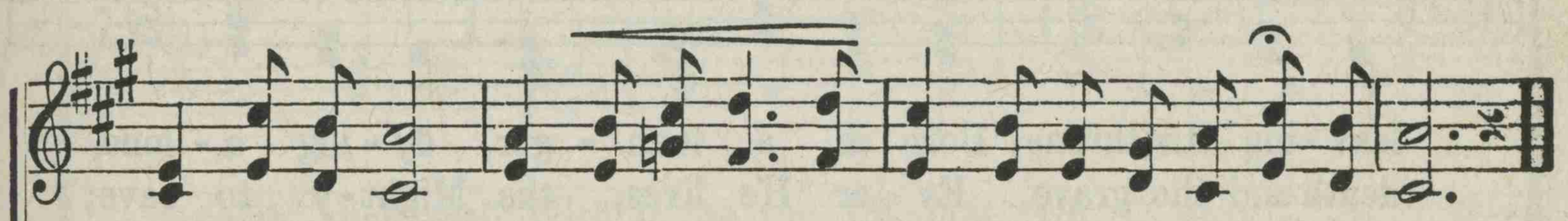


CHORUS.
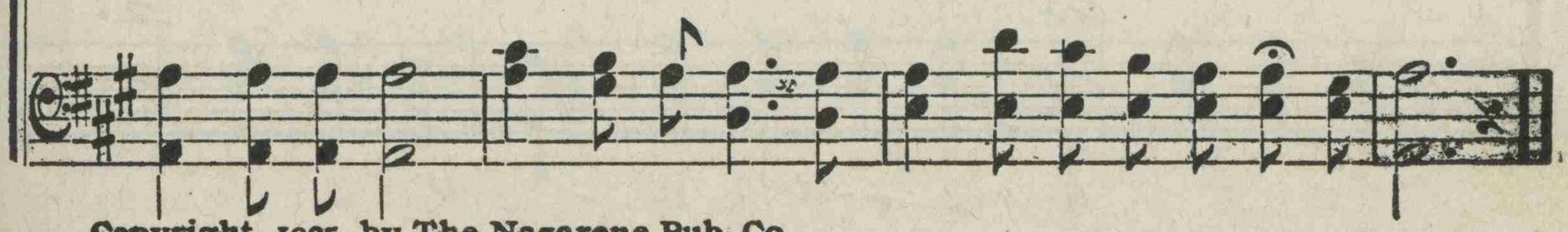


Peace, perfect peace! Love perfect love! Sweeping o'er my soul in heav'n-ly tides!





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



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138.

Great is Immanuel.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALDOR LILLENAS.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. "God with us," is the name of our King, Earth, sea and sky shall break forth and sing Prais - es to Him who sal - va - tion did bring.
2. Great is Im - man - u - el, praise His name, Now and for - ev - er He is the same, He bore our sin and He car - ried our shame,
3. An - gel - ic be - ings sing of His fame, And all the blood-washed hon - or His name, Might - y to help us, "He know-eth our frame,"

rit. *a tempo.*

Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Leav - ing His scep - ter,
Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Vic - tor o'er sin o'er
Great is our King Im - man - u - el. Rul - er of earth and

leav - ing His throne, Born in a man - ger, dy - ing a - lone,
death and the grave, Ev - er He lives, the Might - y to save,
heav - en is He, But in our hearts He prom - ised to be,—

Great is Immanuel. (Concluded.)

ff

God-man most ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Great is Im-man - u - el.
Read - y to cheer us, wait-ing to hear us, Great is Im-man - u - el.
Bow down be - fore Him, worship, a-dore Him! Great is Im-man - u - el.

CHORUS.

Great..... is Im - man - u - el,
Great is Im - man - u - el, Great is Im - man - u - el.

Who..... can His won - ders tell? Heav - - en and
Who can His won-ders tell? Great is Im-man - u - el. Heaven and earth with His

ff

earth shall swell With praise to Im - man - u - el.....
praise shall swell Praise His name.

139 'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

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

1. I heard God's voice commanding, "go up the land pos-sess," And trust - ing in His grace I fol-lowed on; From Egypt's cru-el bond-age
2. The land I'm now ex - plor - ing and get - ting far - ther in, And tent-ing t'ward the highlands ev-'ry day; Still far-ther from the low-lands
3. This land of peace and plen - ty is yours by faith to claim, There's per - fect love and rest from in-bred sin, Its mountain heights possessing

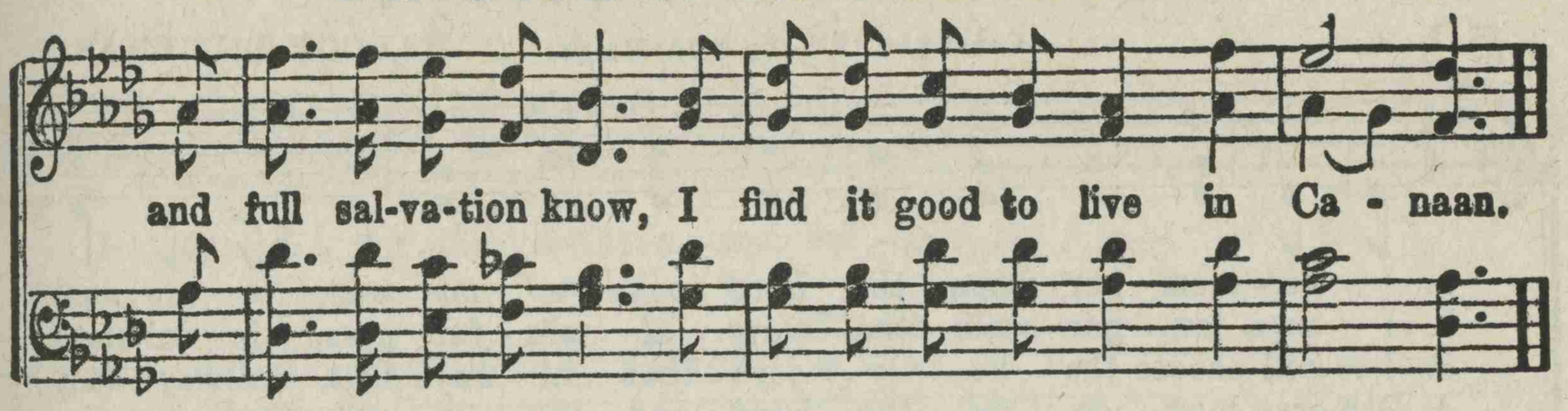
and from the wil-der-ness, From Kadesh in - to Canaan I have gone.
of un - be-lief and sin, From glo - ry un - to glo - ry all the way.
thro' faith in Je-sus name, Cross o - ver and the vic-t'ry life be - gin.

Chorus.

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

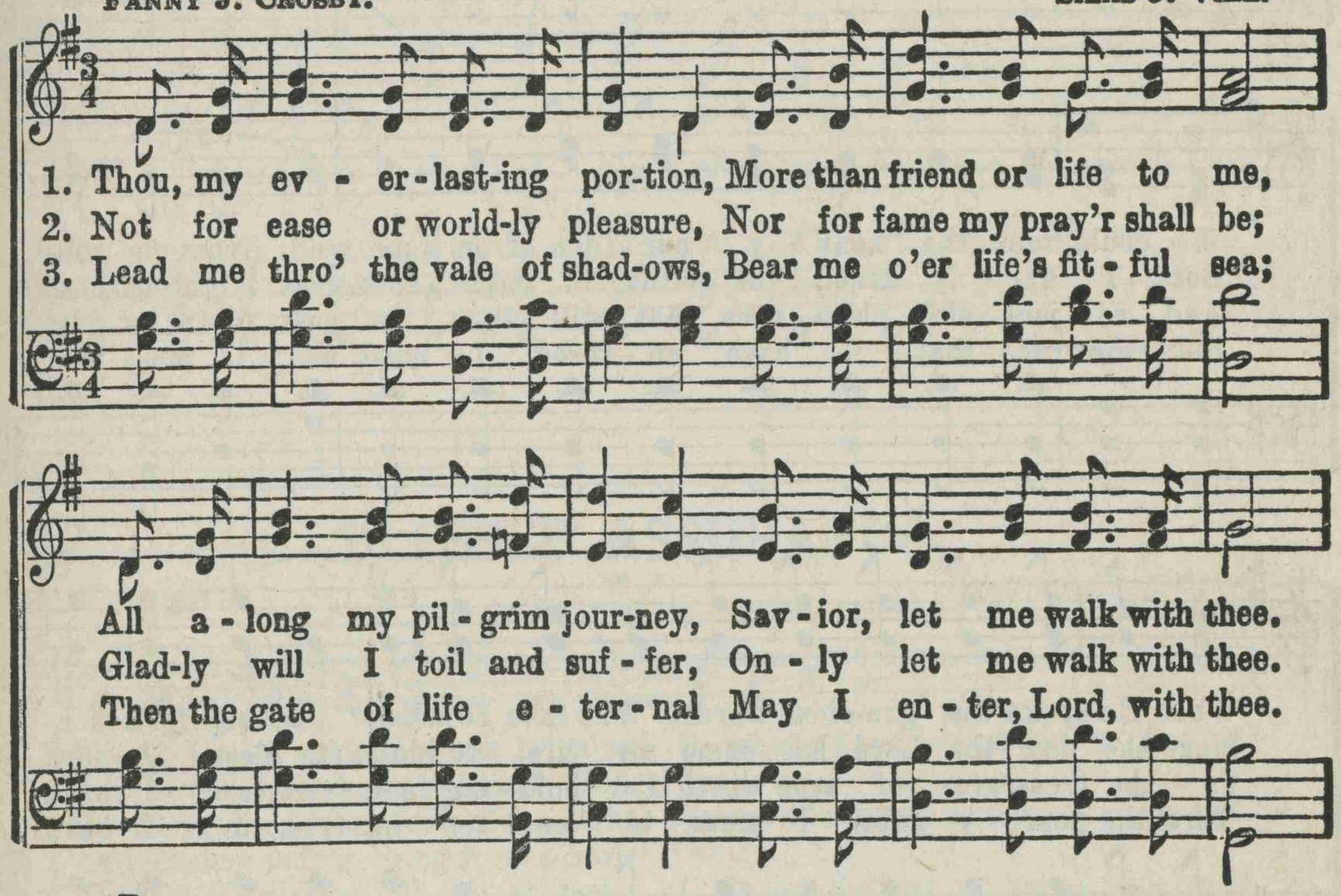
Copyright, 1910, by J. M. Harris.

'Tis Good to Live in Canaan.

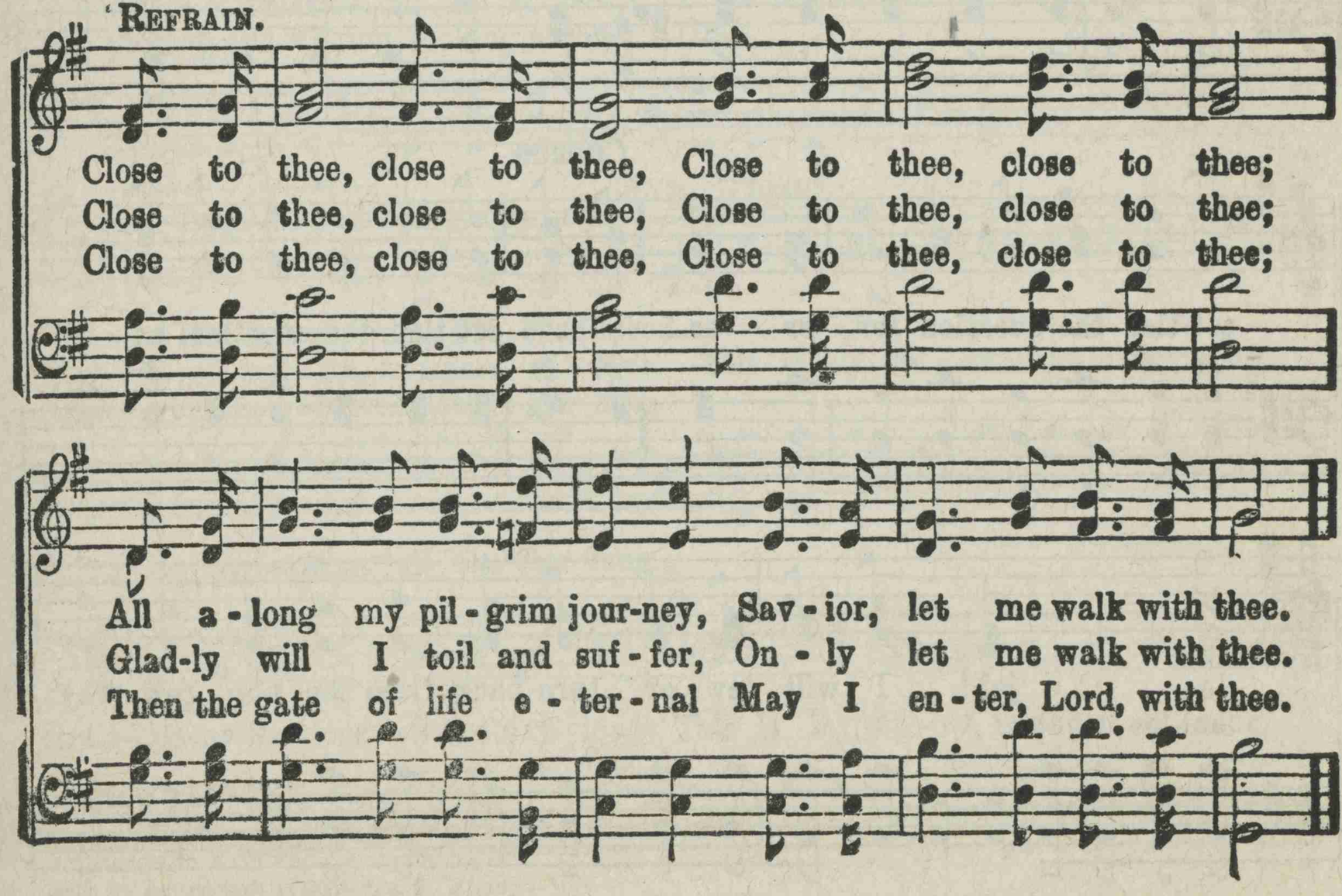


140 Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.



'REFRAIN.



141. I Have Settled the Question.

H. L. Copyright, 1919, by J. M. Harris. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I re - mem - ber when the Lord spoke to my soul, (to my soul,)
2. I no lon - ger walk the ways of sin - ful - ness, (sin - ful- ness,)
3. I will choose the ho - ly joys that al - ways last, (al-ways last,)
4. Oth-ers may de - ny the Lord and live in sin, (live in sin,)

I could feel the heav - y bur - den from me roll; (from me roll;)
But I dai - ly tread the paths of right - eous-ness; (righteousness;)
And re - ject sin's pleas - ures that will soon be past: (soon be past;)
But the race that I have en - tered I must win; (I must win;)

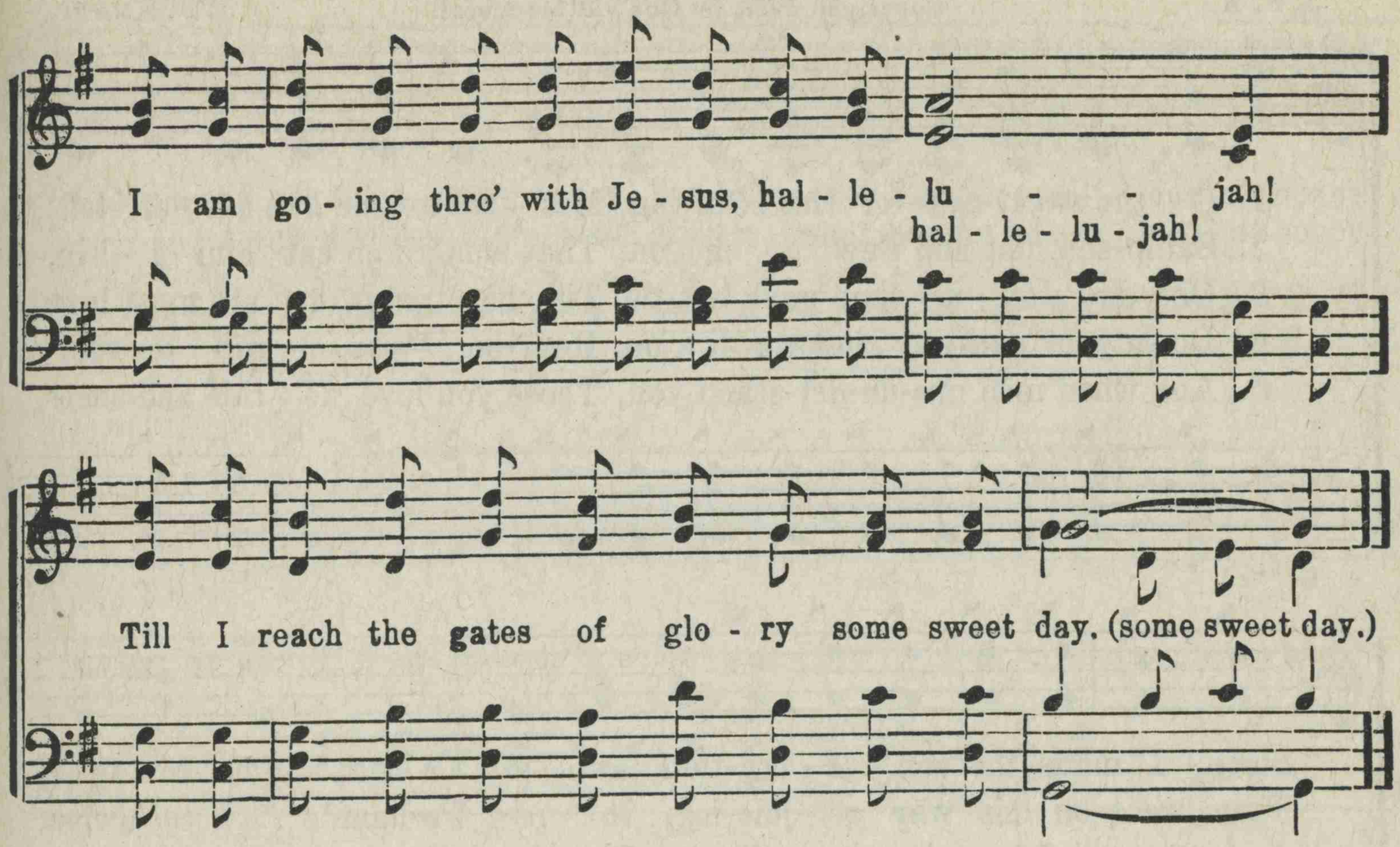
When He spoke the gra-cious words, "Wilt thou be whole?" (made whole?) Then I
Since the day the Lord has come my life to bless, (to bless.) I have
To the treas-ures of true worth I'm hold - ing fast, (yes, fast.) I have
Thro' the pearl - y gates I mean to en - ter in, (yes, in,) I have

CHORUS.

set-tled the question for - ev .- er. I have set-tled the question, hal - le-

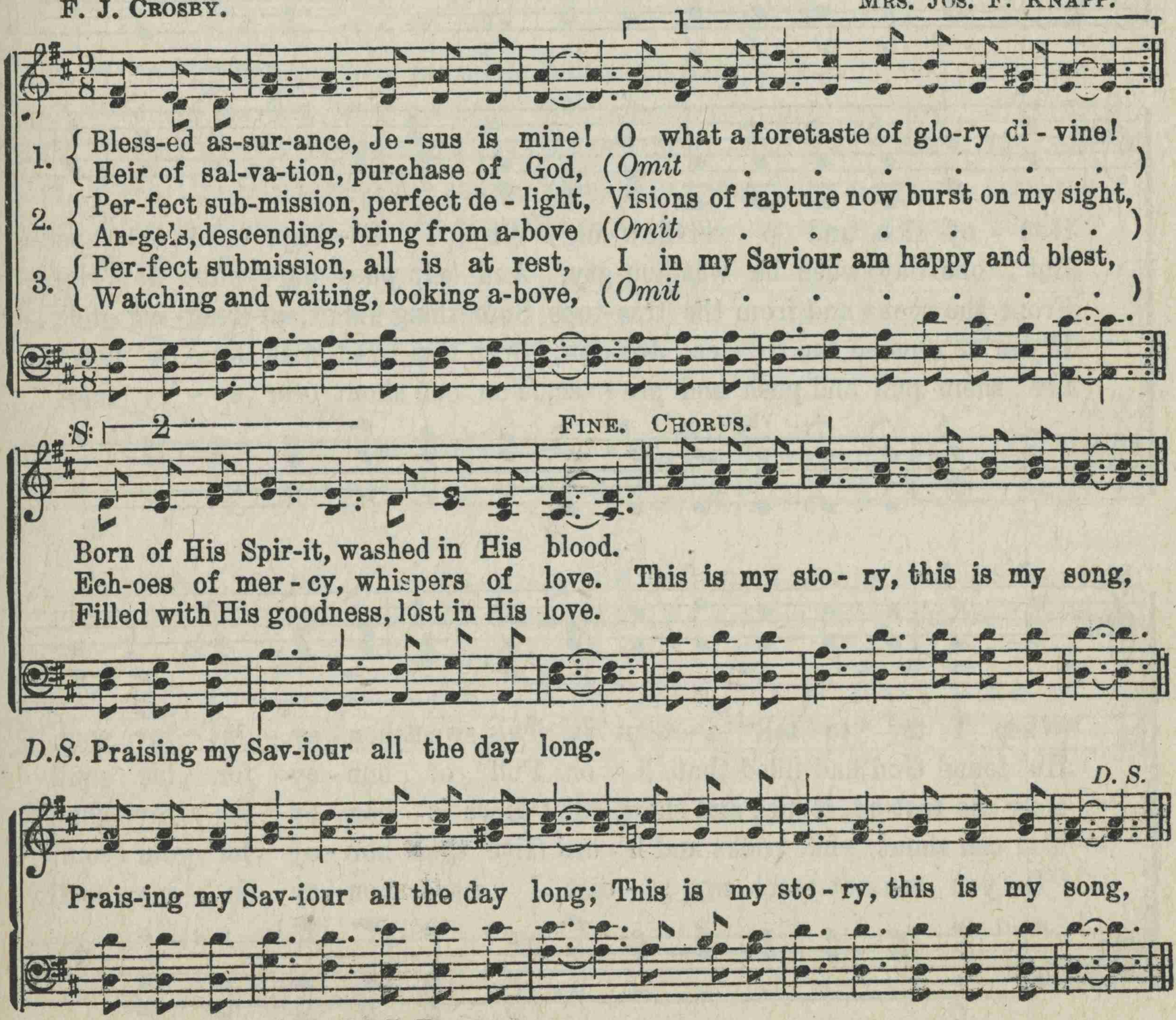
lu - jah! I will nev - er turn back from the nar - row way;
hal-le - lu-jah!

I Have Settled the Question.



142. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

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



Used by permission of Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

143. Heavenly Honey.

J. F. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. J. F. KNAPP.
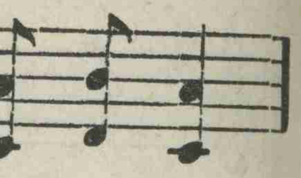
1. O the sweet-ness of this bless-ing, Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell
2. Samp-son met and slew a li - on, That would fain eat him a - live,
3. One day Jon - a - than gave bat-tle Till his strength he al - most lost,
4. Down your pathway comes a li - on, Roar-ing, "you I will de-vour,"
5. And when men mis-un-der-stand you, Those you love de - ride and sneer,

Since I made the con - se - cra-tion, And in Ca - naan came to dwell;
Then went on his way re - joic-ing, In sweet Ca-naan's land to thrive;
And a wood lay in the path-way, To be held at a - ny cost;
Or in con-tests with old Sa - tan, Rock and woods be-set this hour—
While the ones that fight a-gainst you Are the ones you hold most dear—

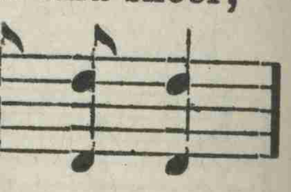
Hon - ey rich and o - ver-flow- ing—Why, I al - ways have a "spell"
But one day when he was hun-gry, And sup-plies did not ar - rive—
From the rocks and from the tree-tops Something sweet, re-fresh- ing fell;
If you've crossed the riv - er Jor-dan, Been bap-tized with ho - ly pow'r,
Let them pull and push and pes - ter, You can shout o'er ev - 'ry fear:

When I try to tell a - bout it, This sweet hon - ey in my soul.
He found God had filled that li - on Full of hon - ey for his soul!
How he tast-ed, leaped and shout-ed: "Here is hon - ey for my soul!"
You can shout, while rocks and li - ons Give their hon - ey for your soul.
"O you can-not reach my se - cret, I have hon - ey in my soul!"
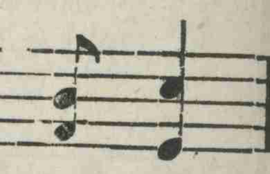
J. F. KNAPP.
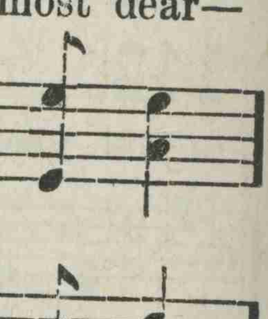


ev - er tell
im a - live,
- most lost,
ll de-vour,"
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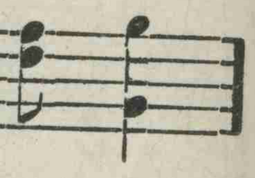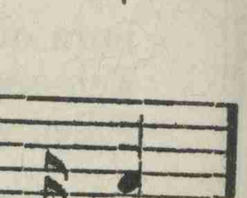


to dwell;
to thrive;
ny cost;
this hour—
most dear—



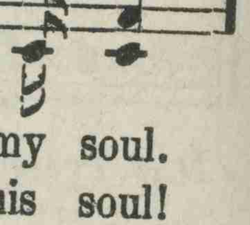


a "spell"
ar - rive—
ing fell;
ly pow'r,
ry fear:
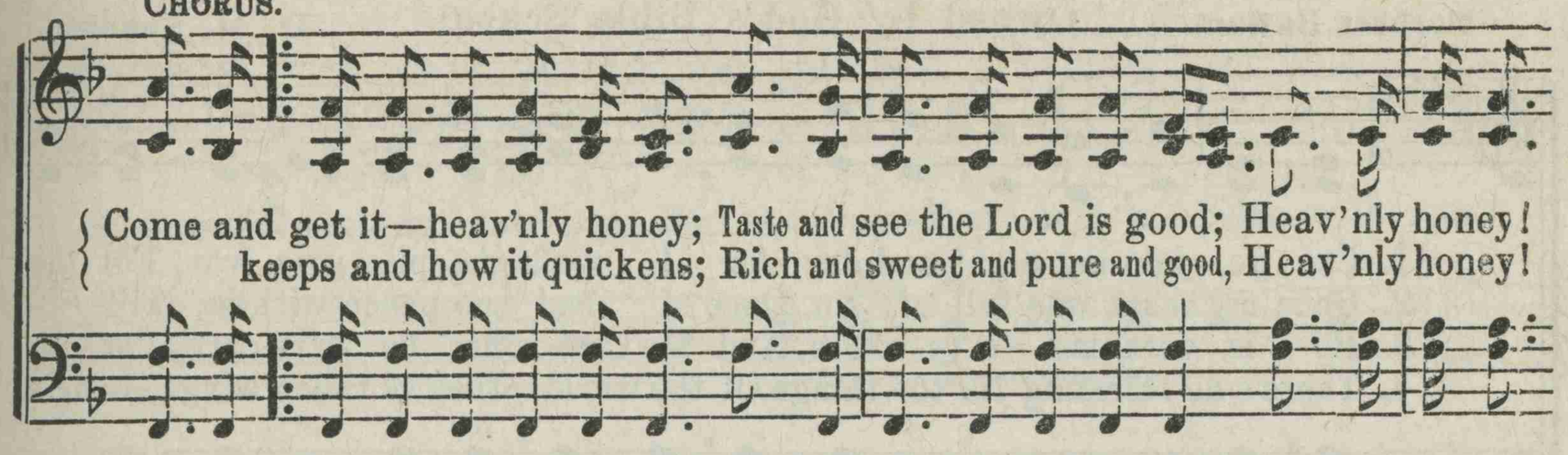




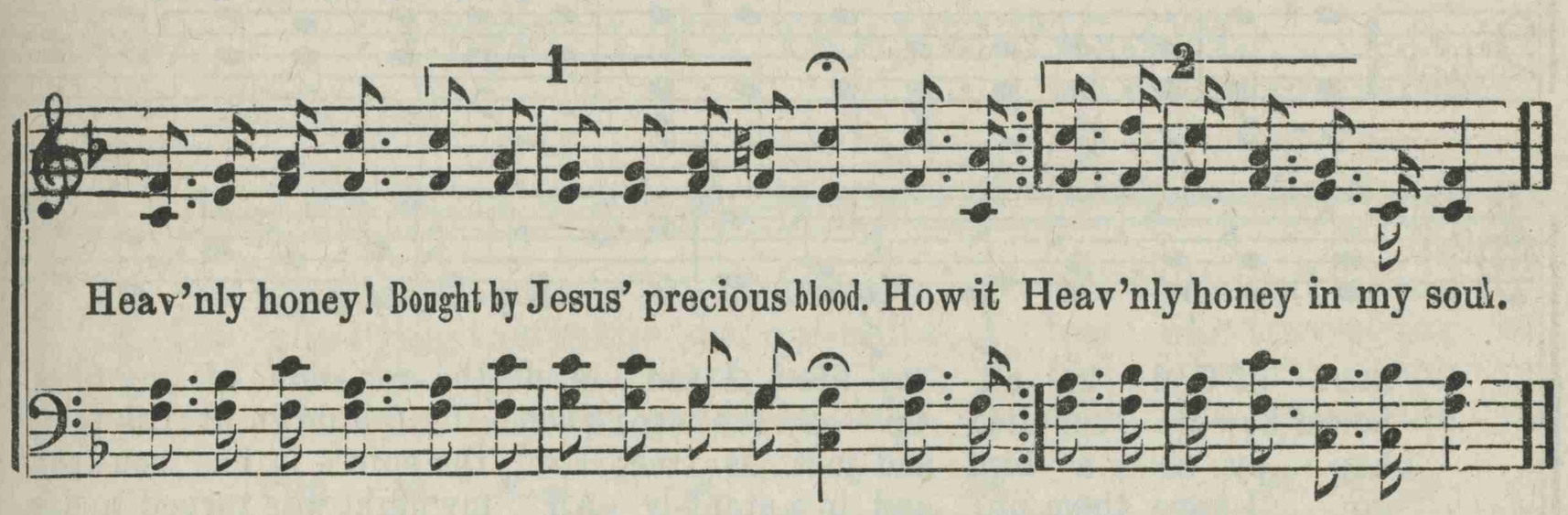
my soul.
is soul!
ny soul!"
ur soul.
ny soul!"



Heavenly Honey.

CHORUS.

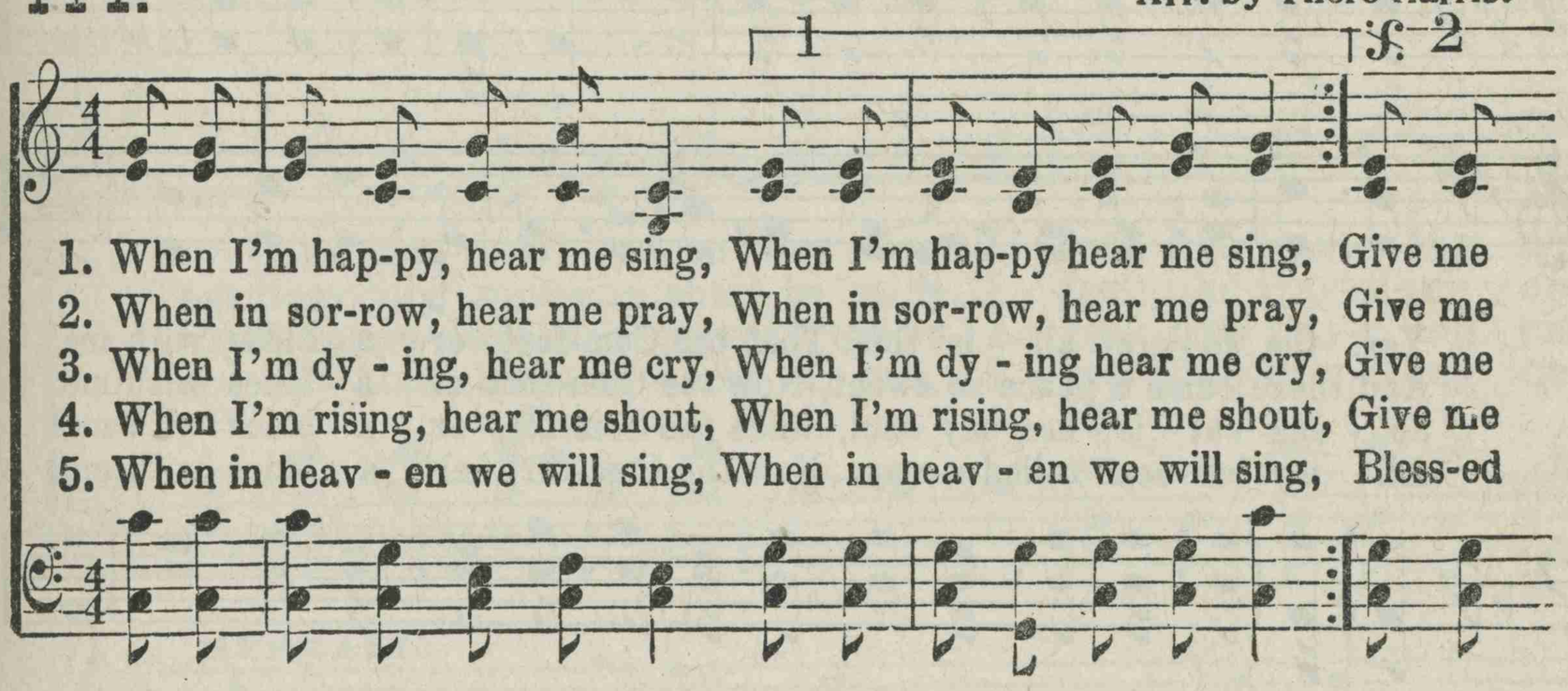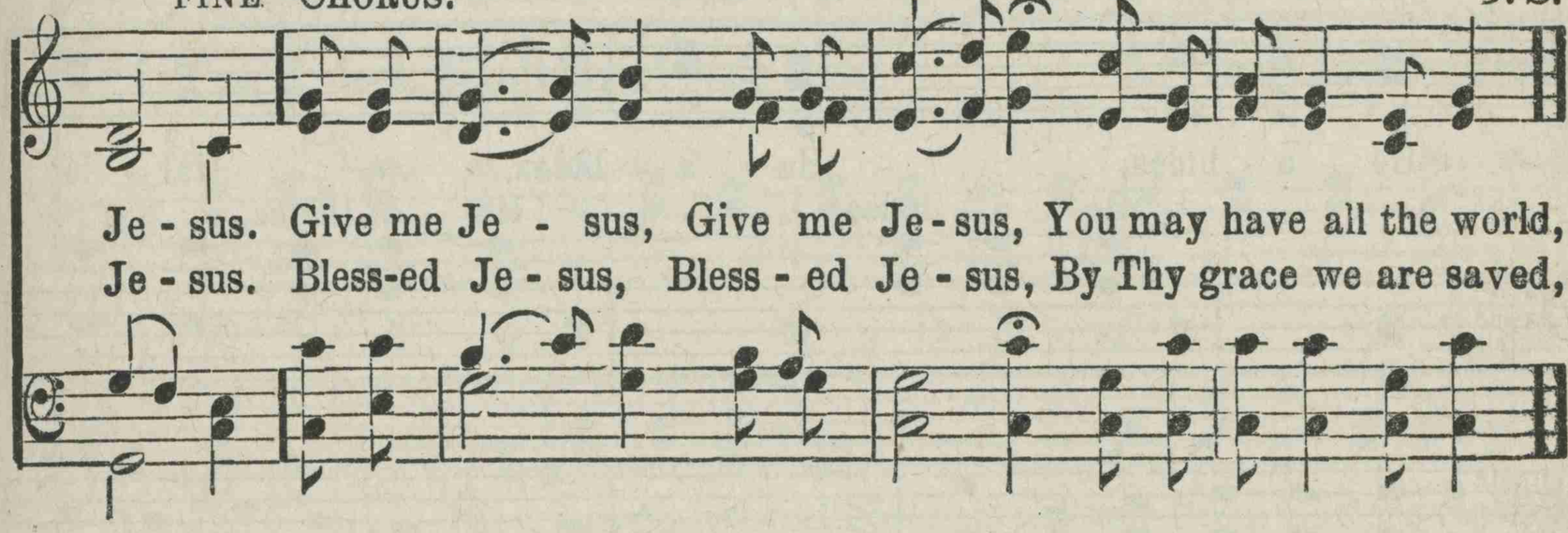




144.

Give Me Jesus.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.





145.

He Abides.

Herbert Buffum. Owned by God's Bible School D. M. Shanks.

1. I'm re - joic-ing night and day, As I walk the pil - grim way, For the
2. Once my heart was full of sin, Once I had no peace with-in, Till I
3. He is with me ev-'ry-where, And He knows my ev - 'ry care, I'm as
4. There's no thirsting for the things Of the world—they've taken wings; Long a-

hand of God in all my life I see, And the rea - son of my bliss,
heard how Je - sus died up - on the tree; Then I fell down at His feet,
hap - py as a bird and just as free; For the spir - it has con-trol,
go I gave them up, and in - stant-ly All my night was turned to day,

Yes, the se - cret all is this: That the Com-fort - er a - bides with me.
And there came a peace so sweet, Now the Com-fort- er a - bides with me.
Je - sus sat - is - fies my soul, Since the Com-fort- er a - bides with me!
All my bur-dens rolled a-way, Now the Com-fort - er a - bides with me!

CHORUS.

He a - bides, He a - bides, Hal - le-
He a - bides, He a - bides,
lu - jah, He a-bides with me! I'm re - joic-ing night and day, As I

M. Shanks.

way, For the
h-in, Till I
care, I'm as
wings; Long a-

of my bliss,
n at His feet,
has con-trol,
turned to day,

es with me.
es with me.
es with me!
es with me!

Hal - le-

ay, As I

He Abides. Concluded.

walk the nar - row way, For the Com - fort - er a - bides with me.

146 I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. My heav-'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
2. Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
That heav-'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Un - til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I feel like trav-el - ing on, I feel like trav-el - ing trav-el - ing on,

on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
trav-el-ing on;

James D. Vaughan, owner.

147. SANCTIFYING POWER.

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

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

Wait-ing for each con - se - crat - ed heart; Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin,
O - ver - com-ing grace made freely mine; Since the Com- fort- er a-bides,
Dwelling in this land of plen-teous-ness; Fling your doubts and fears a-side,
For this great sal - va - tion, rich and free; Ev - 'ry need - ed grace supplied,

pow'r to keep us pure with-in, Pow'r for serv - ice which He will im - part.
and with - in my heart re-sides, I am walk - ing in the light di - vine.
bold - ly cross the Jor-dan's tide, And your her - it - age in Christ pos - sess.
ev - 'ry long- ing sat - is - fied, Saved for time and for e - ter - ni - ty.
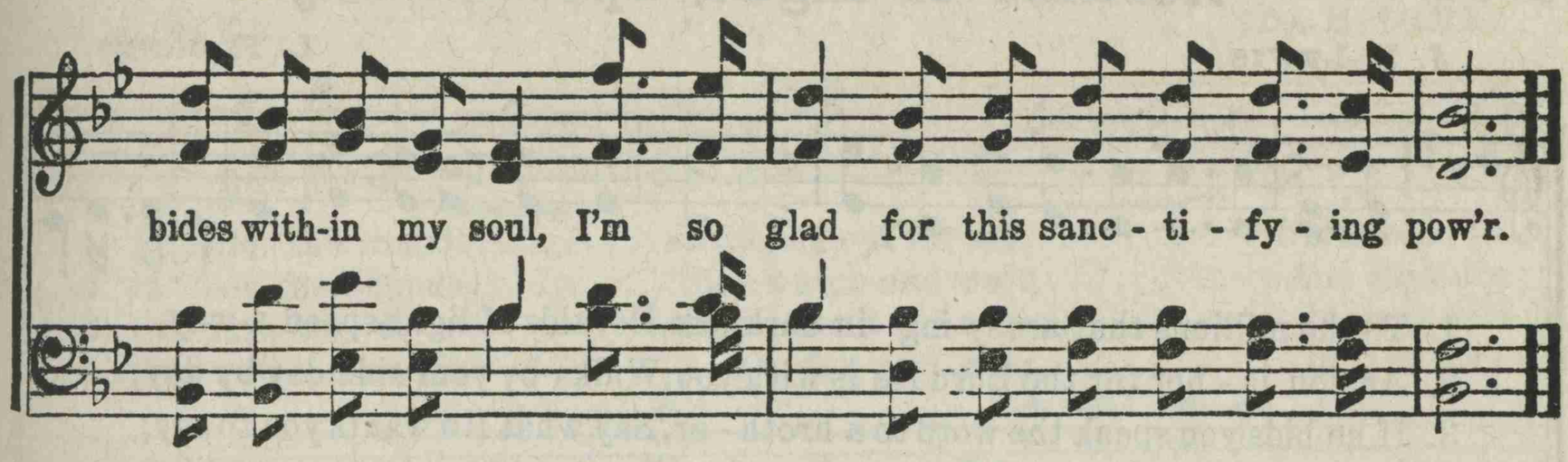
CHORUS.

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

sav - ing, sanc-ti - fy - ing pow'r; Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, peace a-

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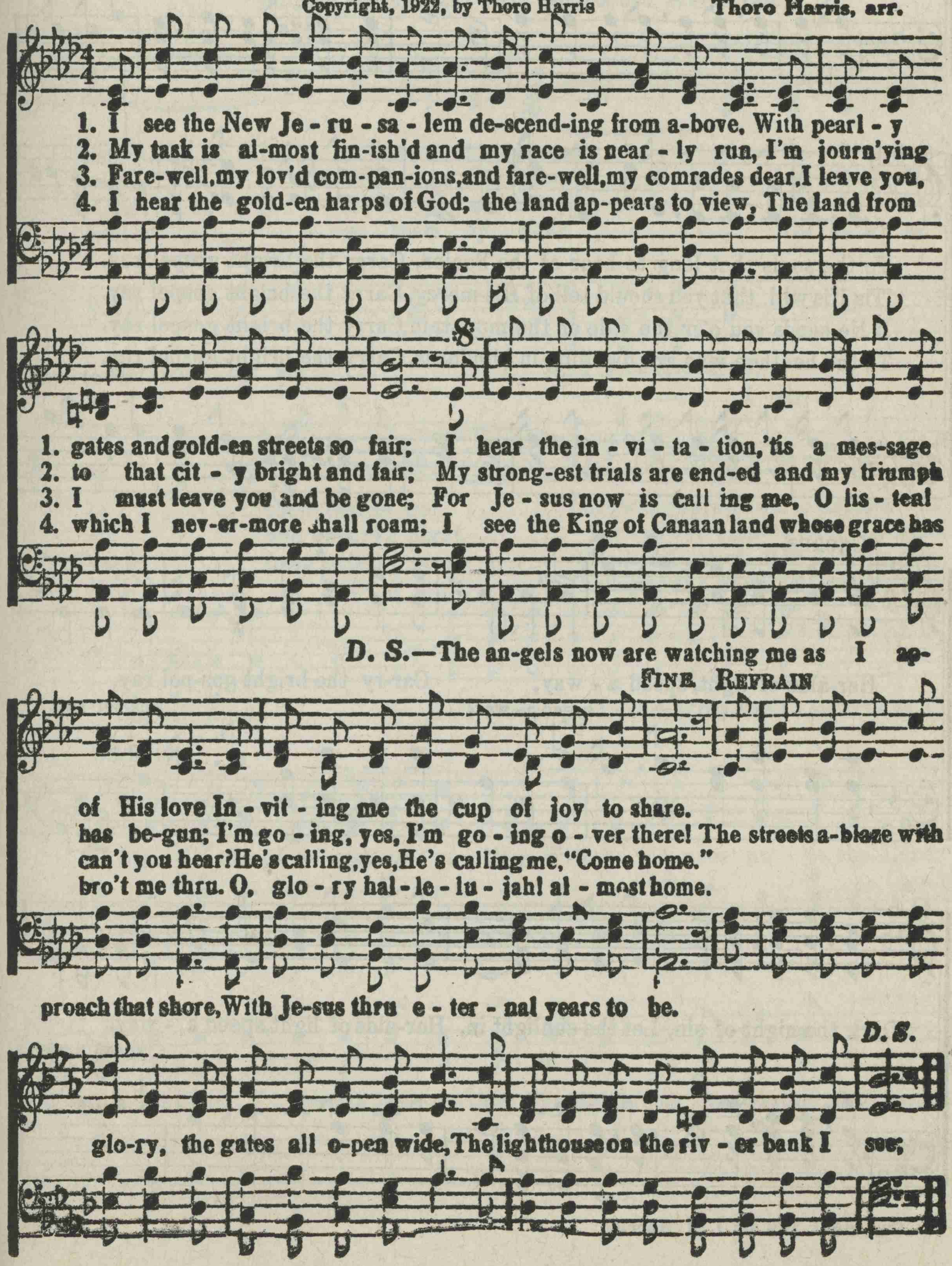
SANCTIFYING POWER. Concluded.



148. The New Jerusalem

Copyright, 1922, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris, arr.



149 Heralds of Light, Speed Away.

J. E. LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. To the millions that are ly-ing in darkness, Heralds of light, speed a-way,
2. As you la - bor for the Lord He is with you, Walks by your side day by day;
3. If he bids you speak the word to a broth - er, Say what He wants you to say;
4. Tho' He bids you go for Him o'er the ocean, You should but trust and o-bey;

speed a-way.

To the souls that long to hear of the Savior, Carry the bright gospel ray.
'Tis His will that you should tell of His mercy, Carry the bright gospel ray.
If He sends you o'er the vale or the mountain, Carry the bright gospel ray.
To the heathen who are dwelling in blindness, Carry the bright gospel ray.

speed away.

CHORUS.

Her-alds of light, speed a - way; Car-ry the bright gos-pel ray,

speed a - way; gos-pel ray.

Dark the night of sin, Let the sunlight in, Her-alds of light, speed a - way.

speed a-way.

Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Harris.

150. We'll Girdle the Globe.

Copyright owned by Mrs. Ida Dake Parsons

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Be-hold the hands.....stretched out for aid,..... Darkened by
2. In hea-then lands..... they watch and wait,..... And sigh for
3. Oh, flash the ti - - dings! shout the sound,..... In dark - est
4. The watch-fires kin - - dle far and near,..... In ev - 'ry

Be-hold the hands stretched out for aid,

sin..... and sore dis - mayed;..... Oh, will you
help..... which comes so late,..... And grope in
lands..... the world a - round,..... Till all the
land..... let them ap - pear, ... Till burn - ing

Darkened by sin and sore dismayed;

rit.

to..... their rescue go,.....Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?
sin..... and nature's night, ... For - ev - er vain- ly seeking light.
earth..... from pole to pole,..... Shall full sal-va- tion ech-oes roll.
lines..... of gos-pel fire.....Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Oh, will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers down to endless woe?

CHORUS.

We'll gir-dle the globe with sal - va - tion, With ho - li-ness un - to the Lord;

And light shall il - lum-ine each na-tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

151 Pentecostal Fire Is Falling.

G. B. Rev. GEORGE BENNARD.

Martial Style.

1. In the book of God so pre-cious We are told of pen - te - cost,
2. Pen - te-cost can be re - peat - ed, For the Lord is just the same,
3. When the Church of Jesus tar - ries, Pen - te - cost-al fire will fall,

How the blessed Lord's dis - ci - ples Tar - ried for the Ho ly Ghost.
Yes - ter-day, to-day, for - ev - er, Glo - ry to His pre-cious name!
Sin and wrong will be de - feat - ed, Sin - ners on the Lord will call.

Pen - te-cost - al fire fell on them, Burn-ing up their sin and dross,
Saints of God can be vic - to - rious O - ver sin and death and hell;
She will march to glo-rious vic - t'ry, O - ver ev - 'ry land and sea,

Fill-ing them with pow'r for serv-ice, Mak-ing them a might-y host.
Have a full and free sal - va - tion, And the bless-ed sto - ry tell.
Lift-ing high the blood-stained banner, Ho - li - ness her mot-to be.

Words and Music copyright 1912, by Fay Geo. Bennard.

BENNARD.

e - cost,
ne same,
ll fall,

Ghost.
us name!
ill call.

d dross,
nd hell;
nd sea,

host.
tell.
be.

Pentecostal Fire Is Falling—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Pen - te-cost - al fire is fall - ing, Praise the Lord, it fell on me,

Pen - te-cost - al fire is fall - ing, Broth - er, it will fall on thee.

No. 152. FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me! And we see where Thy footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark moun-tains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a - long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Helping the weak.
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv-ing the Lord. Footprints of Je - sus, that
4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet, We shall walk, with the glad im-mor-tals, Heav'n's golden streets.
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We shall rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

CHORUS.

make the pathway glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus Where'er they go.

153. He'll Take You Through.

J. V. R. JAMES V. REID.

Slow with expression.

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

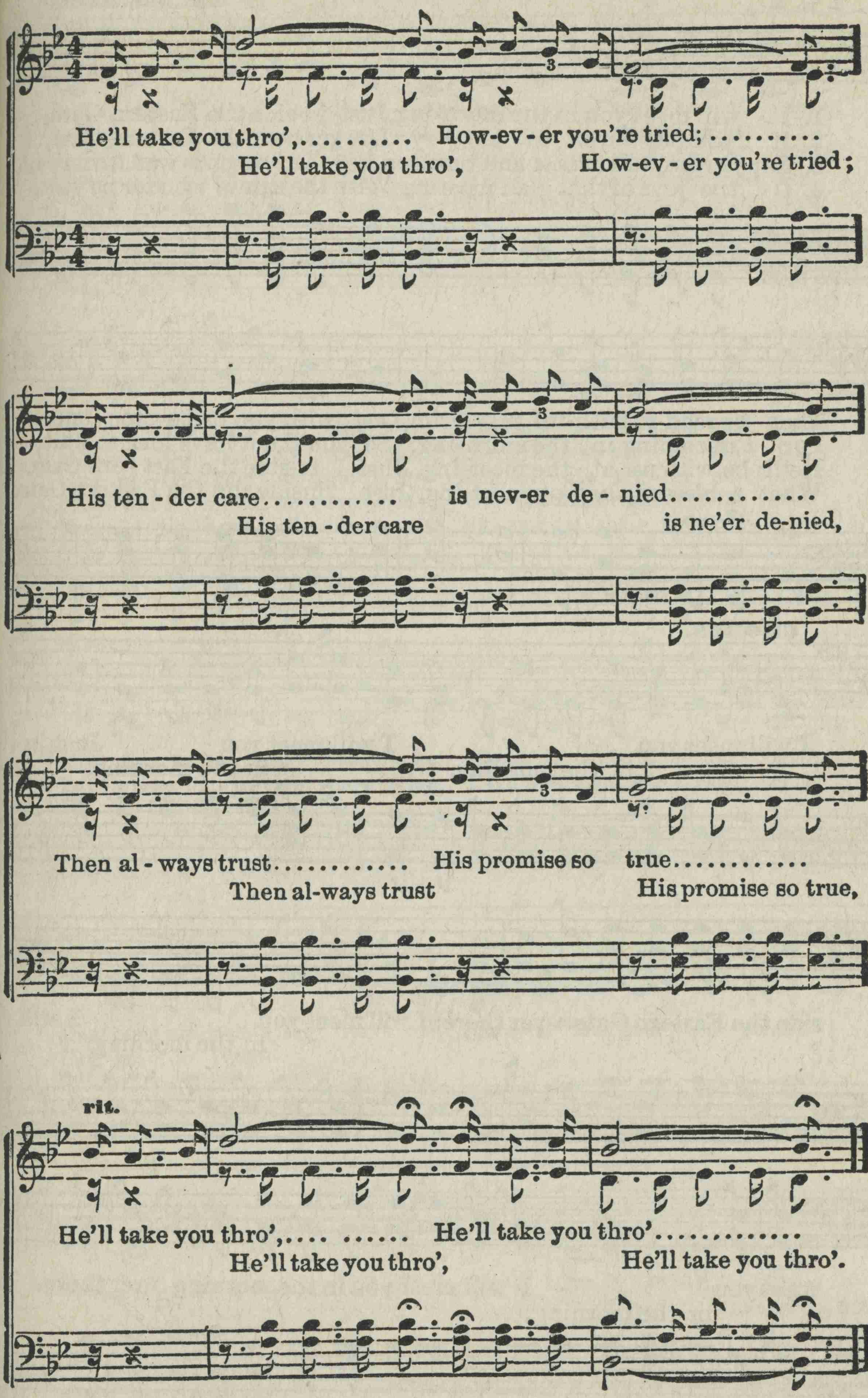
Clouds may come which seem distressing, And they may ob-scure the light,
Then just learn to trust His si-lence When the Fa - ther does not speak;
Tho' it mean great self-de - ni - al To live for Him, or yet to die,
"When He's test-ed, when He's tried me, I shall then come forth as gold,"
Tho' you lose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

Tho' you weep at night with sor-row, And the gloom op-press-es you,
Let your heart new courage bor-row, For His prom-is - es are true,
Count it joy to share Christ's sor-row, Gladness then will come to you,
Then take cour-age in your sor-row, Cease your sighs, let tears be few,
And when tri - als all have end-ed, If to Je - sus you've been true,

Joy is sure to come to-morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
He'll reward your faith to-morrow—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
For there's sure a bright to-morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Just re-mem-ber on the morrow,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Then the pearl-y gates will open,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.

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He'll Take You Through. Concluded.



No. 154 The Eastern Gate

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

I. G. M. Arr. I. G. Martin.

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East - ern Gate.
What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, Just in-

side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you in the morning, I will

meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.

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155. Sing Me a Song of Heaven.

H. L. Words and music copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Auburn, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Andante.

1. Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful home-land of peace;
2. Sing me a song of heav - en, Sing of its bright, jas-per wall;
3. Sing me a song of heav - en, When I am wea - ry of strife;
4. Sing me a song of heav - en, Where I my loved ones shall see;
5. Sing me a song of heav - en, When life shall come to a close;

Glo - ri - ous place of beau - ty, There all my tri - als shall cease.
Sing of the ma - ny man - sions, Where shadows nev - er shall fall.
Sing of its gold - en glo - ry, Sing of its riv - er of life.
Those who have gone be - fore me Ov - er the bright crys-tal sea.
There in the arms of Je - sus My spir - it shall find re - pose.

CHORUS.

{Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful E - den land;
{Land where no tears are flow - ing, Land where no sor - rows come;

1

Dear ones are wait - ing for me, There on that gold - en strand.}
Sing me a [*Omit* . . . . .]}

2

rit.

song of that beau - ti - ful land, My home, sweet home....
my home, sweet home.

No. 154 The Eastern Gate

Dedicated to Rev. P. F. Bresee, Los Angeles, Cal.

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

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, Just in-side the Eastern Gate,
2. If you has-ten off to glo - ry, Lin-ger near the Eastern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. O the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read-y, faith-ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm coming in the morn-ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meet-ing, Just in-side the East - ern Gate.
What a blessed, hap-py meet-ing, Just inside the the Eastern Gate.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, Just in-side the Eastern Gate o-ver there; I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning o-ver there.

Copyright, 1905, by I. C. Martin. Used by per.

I. G. MARTIN.

astern Gate,
astern Gate,
watch and wait,
o for us wait,

too late.
long to wait.
st - ern Gate.
Eastern Gate.

Just in -
orning,

I will
rning,

-ver there.

155. Sing Me a Song of Heaven.

H. L. Words and music copyright, 1917, by Haldor Lillenas, Auburn, Ill. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Andante.

1. Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful home-land of peace;
2. Sing me a song of heav - en, Sing of its bright, jas-per wall;
3. Sing me a song of heav - en, When I am wea - ry of strife;
4. Sing me a song of heav - en, Where I my loved ones shall see;
5. Sing me a song of heav - en, When life shall come to a close;

Glo - ri - ous place of beau - ty, There all my tri - als shall cease.
Sing of the ma - ny man - sions, Where shadows nev - er shall fall.
Sing of its gold - en glo - ry, Sing of its riv - er of life.
Those who have gone be - fore me Ov - er the bright crys-tal sea.
There in the arms of Je - sus My spir - it shall find re - pose.

CHORUS.

{Sing me a song of heav - en, Beau - ti - ful E - den land;
{Land where no tears are flow - ing, Land where no sor - rows come;

1

Dear ones are wait - ing for me, There on that gold - en strand.}
Sing me a [*Omit* . . . . .]}

2

rit.

song of that beau - ti - ful land, My home, sweet home....
my home, sweet home.

156

Constantly Abiding.

Mrs. W. L. M. Mrs. Will L. Murphy.

1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world nev-er gave, A peace it can
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav-ior and King, When peace sweetly
3. This treas-ure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His

not take a - way; Tho' the tri-als of life may surround like a cloud, I've a
came to my heart; Troubles all fled a-way and my night turned to day, Blessed
foot-stool I roam; But He's coming to take me some glo-ri-ous day, O - ver

CHORUS.

peace that has come there to stay!
Je - sus, how glorious Thou art!
there to my heav-en-ly home!

Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid-ing,

Je - sus is mine;
Je - sus is mine, yes, Je-sus is mine;

Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
Con-stant-ly a - bid - ing, con-stant-ly a - bid-ing,

rapt - ure di-vine;
rapt-ure di-vine, O rapt-ure di-vine;

He never leaves me lone - ly,
He nev - er leaves me, nev-er leaves me lonely,

Copyright, 1908, by J. M. Harris.

Constantly Abiding.

whis-pers O so kind:— "I will nev-er leave thee" Je - sus is mine.
whis-pers, whis-pers, O so kind:— nev-er leave thee," Je-sus, Je-sus is mine.

156A

Some Bright Day.

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

1. Some bright day I'll reach the por-tals, Where my Sav - ior bids me come;
2. Some bright day I'll an - chor safe - ly, Far with - in that dis-tant goal;
3. Some bright day I'll sing His prais - es, 'Round the bright ce-les-tial throne;
4. Some bright day I'll come re - joic - ing, With the sheaves I've gathered here;

Earth and all its trials for - got-ten, When I reach my heav'nly home.
No more sigh-ing, no more sor-row, While the cease-less a - ges roll.
In His pleas-ures dwell for-ev - er, For Christ claims me as His own.
Safe - ly housed with God, e - ter-nal, Crown-ing joy with-out a tear.

CHORUS.

Some bright day, some bright day, He shall wipe all tears a - way;
Some bright day, some bright day, away;

rit.

Endless bliss, su - per-nal glo - ry, Some bright day, some bright day.
Some bright day, some bright day.

Owned by C. B. Widmeyer, Pasadena, Calif.

157 When the Curse Is Lifted.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

C. B. W. Rev. 22: 3. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. In the Gar - den of E - den God made him a man, Who was
2. "For of dust thou art made and to dust shalt re - turn," Till the
3. Soon the earth will be filled with the know-ledge of God, And the

ho - ly and right - eous and pure; Give him Eve for an
Christ shall tri - umph - ant - ly reign; On the earth thorns and
na - tions shall know war no more; Beat their swords in - to

help-meet and fel - low-ship sweet, But the tempt-er they failed to en-
this-tles, the drought and the frost, And the ground too was cursed for man's
plow-shares, prune trees with their spears, Sa - tan bound, Christ will reign ev - er-

dure. Then the curse came on Sa - tan, on Eve and the man,
sin. All the beasts and the fowls, and the fish shall have fear,
more. Then the li - on and lamb shall lie down side by side,

When the Curse Is Lifted.

From the Gar - den they're driv - en to stay; "In the sweat of thy
'Cause man from God's path - way did stray; They are groan-ing in
All God's creat-ures shall peace - a - bly pray; And the na-tions shall

face shalt thou earn all thy bread," But the curse will be lift - ed some day.
pain, hop - ing rest to ob-tain, For the curse will be lift - ed some day.
wor-ship Christ Je - sus the King, For the curse will be lift - ed that day.

CHORUS.

Yes, the curse will be lift - ed some day, Then the li - on and

lamb down shall lay; No more thorns or this - tles, no

sin and no pain, For the curse will be lift - ed some day.

157 When the Curse Is Lifted.

Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School.

C. B. W. Rev. 22: 3. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. In the Gar - den of E - den God made him a man, Who was
2. "For of dust thou art made and to dust shalt re - turn," Till the
3. Soon the earth will be filled with the know-ledge of God, And the

ho - ly and right - eous and pure; Give him Eve for an
Christ shall tri - umph - ant - ly reign; On the earth thorns and
na - tions shall know war no more; Beat their swords in - to

help-meet and fel - low-ship sweet, But the tempt-er they failed to en-
this-tles, the drought and the frost, And the ground too was cursed for man's
plow-shares, prune trees with their spears, Sa - tan bound, Christ will reign ev - er-

dure. Then the curse came on Sa - tan, on Eve and the man,
sin. All the beasts and the fowls, and the fish shall have fear,
more. Then the li - on and lamb shall lie down side by side,

When the Curse Is Lifted.

From the Gar - den they're driv - en to stay; "In the sweat of thy
'Cause man from God's path - way did stray; They are groan-ing in
All God's creat-ures shall peace - a - bly pray; And the na-tions shall

face shalt thou earn all thy bread," But the curse will be lift - ed some day.
pain, hop - ing rest to ob-tain, For the curse will be lift - ed some day.
wor-ship Christ Je - sus the King, For the curse will be lift - ed that day.

CHORUS.

Yes, the curse will be lift - ed some day, Then the li - on and
lamb down shall lay; No more thorns or this - tles, no
sin and no pain, For the curse will be lift - ed some day.

158.
J. S.

The Golden Light Of Love.

To my dear friend, R. E. Winsett. **John Siler.**

Copyright MCMXX, in Jehovah's Praise, by R, E, Winsett.

1. Since the Lord has made me free, Gave His Spir-it un - to me, I am
2. Since I've found the liv-ing way, I've a help - er ev' - ry day, I am
3. Soon the Lord will come a-gain, And I'll meet my glorio's friend, I am

I shall meet Him in the air, Giv-ing
in the gol-den light of His love; Here He saves me by His grace, Till I
O how glad my soul will be, With the

FINE.

shouts of glo-ry there,
meet Him face to face, I am in the gol-den light of His love.
Lord e - ter-nal - ly,

REFRAIN

Praise the Lord my soul is hap-py and free, With the friend who gave His life for

D. S.

me; By the grace of my King, I can smile and sing,
His life for me,

No. 159. Speak, My Lord.

G. B. GORGE BENNARD.

1. Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling, "Who will go and work for Me today?
2. When the coal of fire touch'd the prophet, Making him as pure as pure can be,
3. Millions now in sin and shame are dying; List - en to their sad and bitter cry;
4. Soon the time for reaping will be o-ver; Soon we'll gather for the harvest-home;

Who will bring to Me the lost and dy - ing? Who will point them to the narrow way?"
When the voice of God, said "Who'll go for us?" Then he answered, "Here I am, send me."
Hast-en, broth-er, hast-en to the res- cue; Quick-ly answer, "Master, here am I."
May the Lord of harvest smile up- on us, May we hear His blessed "Child, well done."

rit.

rit.

CHORUS.

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I'll be quick to answer Thee;
Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, to answer Thee;

rit.

Speak, my Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I will answer, "Lord, send me."
Speak, my Lord, "Lord, send me."

Copyright, 1911, by George Bennard.

No. 160. Moment By Moment.

LETTIE MCKEE MONCTON.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, His death reckon'd mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus, till glo - ry doth shine;
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there; Nev - er a bur - den that He doth not bear; Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share;
3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger, but there on His throne,
4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel; Nev - er a sick - ness that He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,

CHORUS.

Moment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment by mo-ment, I'm un-der His care, Moment by mo - ment, I'm
Moment by mo-ment, He thinks of His own.
Je - sus my Sav-iour, abides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-

kept in His love; . . . Moment by mo - ment, I've life from a - bove; . . .

ment I'm kept in His love; Moment by mo - ment I've life from above:
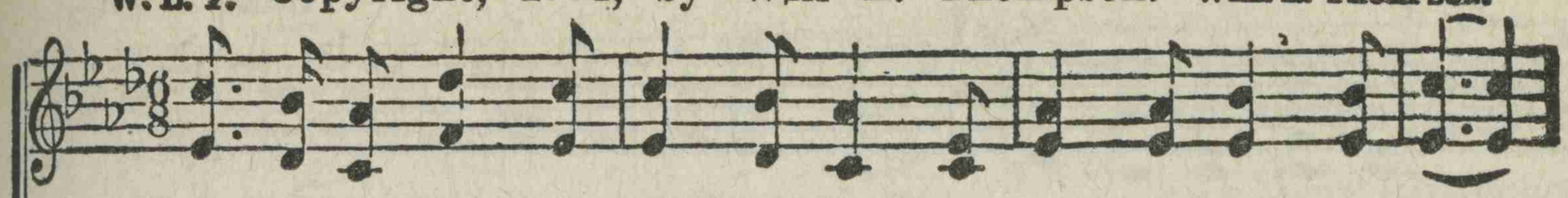
Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

Looking to Je - sus till glory doth shine,

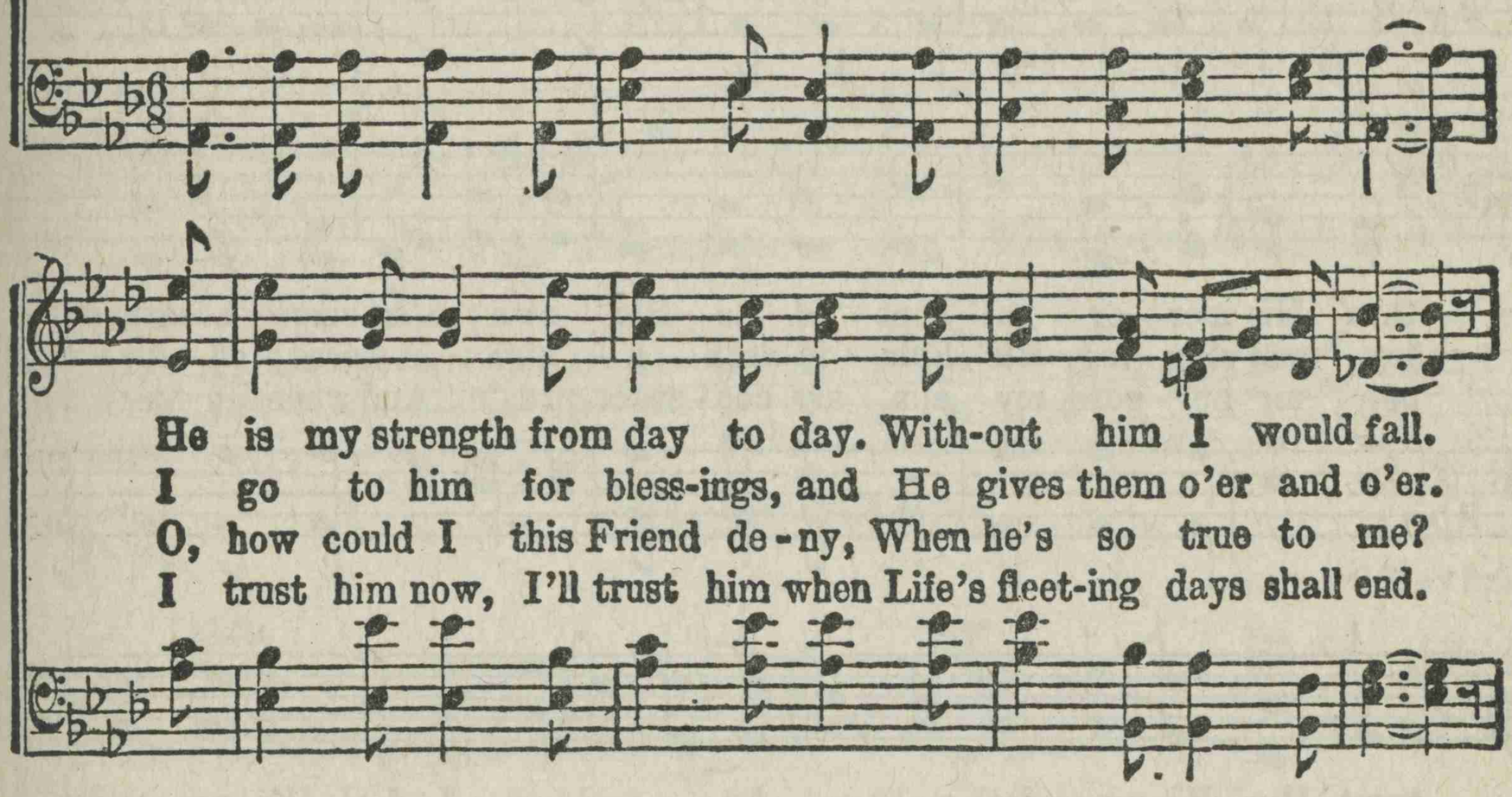
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161 Jesus is All the World to Me.

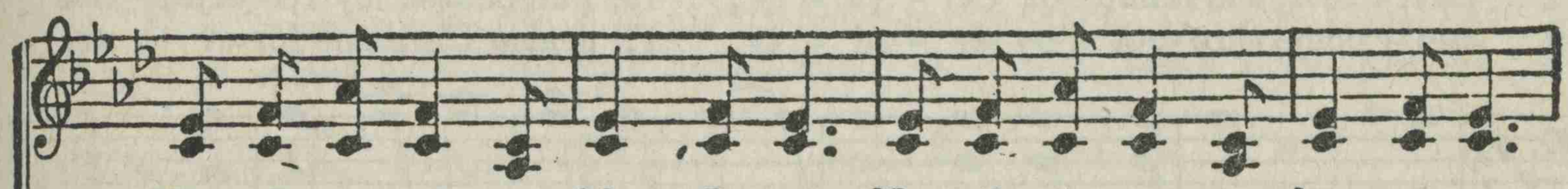
W. L. T. Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson. WILL L. THOMPSON.



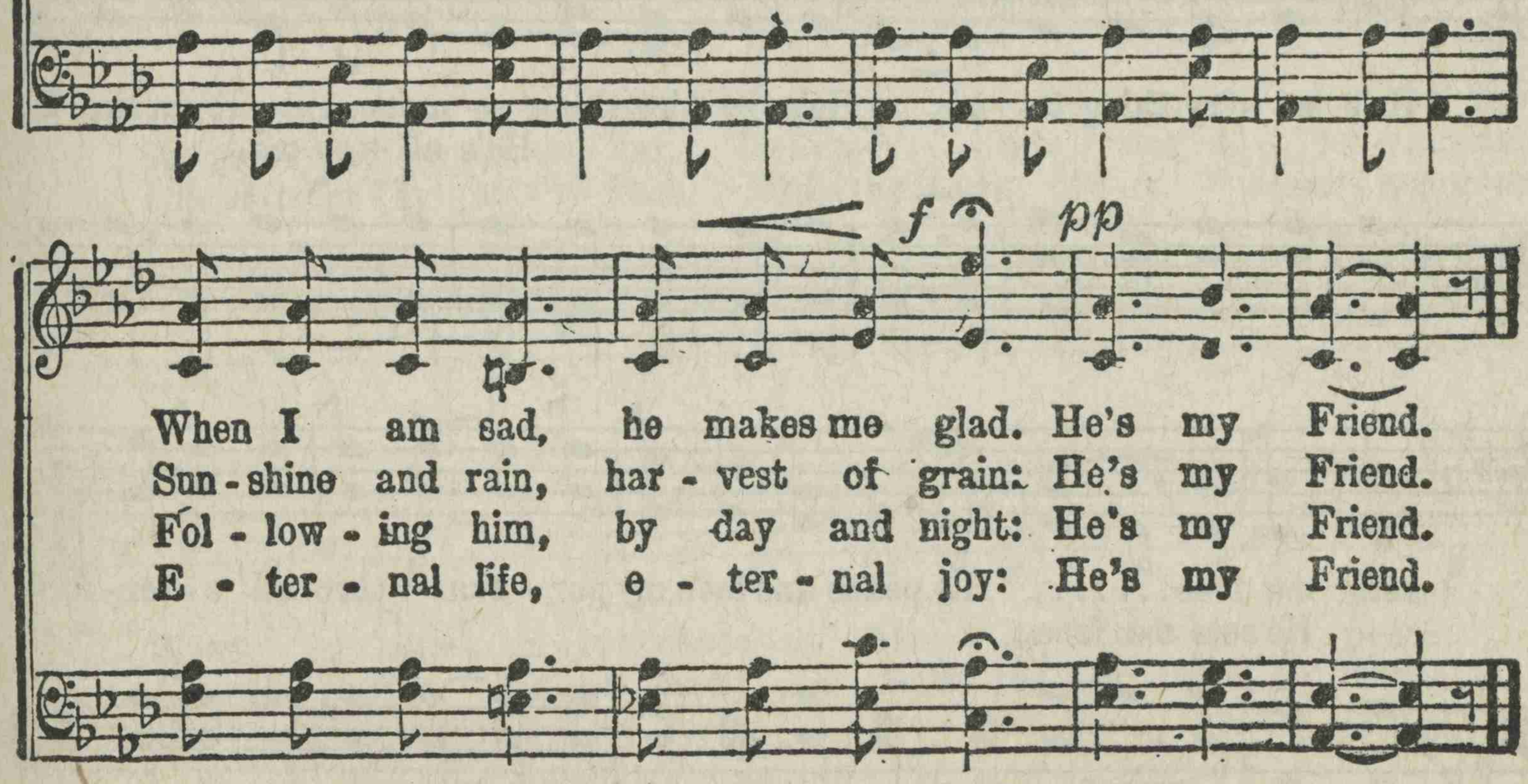
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend, in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter Friend;



He is my strength from day to day. With-out him I would fall.
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low - ing him, I know I'm right; He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad, he makes me glad. He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain: He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing him, by day and night: He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend.

Owned by Hope Publishing Company.

162. He's Everything to Me.

HAMP SEWELL.

1. In sin I once had wan-dered all wea - ry, sad and lone, Till Je - sus
2. In sin no more I'll wan - der, He's Pi - lot, Friend and Guide, He brings me
3. No lon - ger will I stray from His ten - der, lov - ing care, Like Him to

thro' His mer - cy a - dopt - ed me His own; E'er since I learned to
joy and sing - ing, His Spir - it doth a - bide; A bless - ed, lov - ing
be my pur - pose, my aim, my con - stant pray'r; And when He bids me

trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And now I feel His par - don
Sav - iour, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; He pur-chased my re - demp - tion
wel - come thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise His name for-ev - er,

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'ry-thing to me. He's ev - 'ry-thing to me..... From sin He
He's all to me,
sets me free..... His peace and love my por - tion thro' all e - ter - ni -
He sets me free;
- ty.

Copyright, 1907, by Hamp Sewell. Used by Per.

He's Everything To Me. Concluded.

ty !..... He's ev - 'ry-thing to me..... More than I dream could
ter - ni - ty ! He's all to me.

be ;..... O praise His name for-ev - er, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
could be ;

163. Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

pp

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright Round yon
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep- herds quake, at the sight! Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant

vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
stream from Heav-en a far Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia.
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born.
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

No. 164. Steal Away With Jesus.

N. B. H. N. B. HERRELL.

1. When your soul is wea-ry with a load of care, Steal away with Jesus a-
2. When your faith is test-ed by a foe un-seen, Steal away with Jesus a-
3. When your friends for-sake you in the hour of test, Steal away with Jesus a-
4. If you'd know the val-ue of a soul that's lost, Steal away with Jesus a-
5. Trust-ing in the prom-is-es that ne'er can fail, Steal away with Jesus a-

while; He your heart will gladden when you call in pray'r, Steal a-way with
while; If you'd gain the vic-t'ry, know a joy se-rene, Steal a-way with
while; He will bear your burdens, give you peace and rest, Steal a-way with
while; He will plain-ly show you what a price you cost, Steal a-way with
while; He will sure-ly an-swer, cause you to pre-vail, Steal a-way with

CHORUS.

Je-sus a-while. Steal a-way with Je-sus a-while,
and talk a lit-tle while. Oh!

Steal a-way with Je-sus a-while; He will hear you when you pray,
and talk a lit-tle while;

rit.

He will brighten all your way, Steal away with Je-sus a-while
and talk a lit-tle while.

Copyright, 1916, by N. B. Herrell.

165 I HAVE MOVED.

Owned by the Christian Witness Company

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I have moved out of sorrow in-to glad-ness, I have moved from wrong in-to right, I have moved out of sighing, out of sadness, I have
2. I have moved out of sin with it's po-lu-tion, I have moved in-to pu-ri-ty, I have moved out of war and its con-fu-sion, I have
3. I have moved from carnal-i-ty's Do-min-ion, Up to Ca-naan heights a-bove, I have moved out of people's good o-pinion, I have
4. I have moved my am-bi-tions all for-ev-er, I have moved my gaze to the sky, I have moved all my treasures o'er the riv-er, I shall

CHORUS.

moved out of darkness in-to light. I have moved, I have moved in-to peace and harmo-ny. moved to the State of perfect love. move in-to Heav-en by and by. Praise the Lord!

moved, So have I! I have moved out of Egypt's sand, Hallelujah! I have moved, Praise the Lord.

I have moved. So have I! I have moved in-to Beulah land. Beulah land.

Copyright, 1910, by Haldor Lillenas.

166

What a Wondrous Love.

Copyright, 1917, by The Trio Music Co., in "The Guiding Star."

Geo. W. Sebren. **Owen M. Miller.**

1. On the cru - el cross..... my Re-deem-er died,.....
2. He was laid a - way..... in a new-made tomb,.....
3. He is dwell-ing now..... by His Fa-ther's throne,.....

1. On the cru - el cross my Redeemer died,

There in ag - o - ny..... He was cru - ci - fied;.....
And the world that day,..... was a world of gloom;.....
But He's com-ing back..... to re - ceive His own;.....

There in ag - o - ny He was cru - ci - fied;

What a wondrous love..... that He thus should die,.....
But He burst the bars,..... and He conquered sin,.....
He has ransomed me..... from the bonds of sin,.....

What a wondrous love, that He thus should die,

To re-claim my soul..... for a home on high!.....
And the Son of God..... was a - live a - gain,.....
And will take me home,..... when He comes a- gain.....

To reclaim my soul for a home on high.

M. Miller.

deemer died,

u - ci - fied;

should die,

e on high.

What a Wondrous Love.

CHORUS.

In the cold, dark tomb,
In the cold, dark tomb,..... He was laid a-

He was laid a - way,
way,..... But He 'rose a - gain,

and He lives to - day; What a won - drous
and He lives to - day;.....

love,..... that He thus should die,..... To re-
What a won-drous love, that He thus should die,
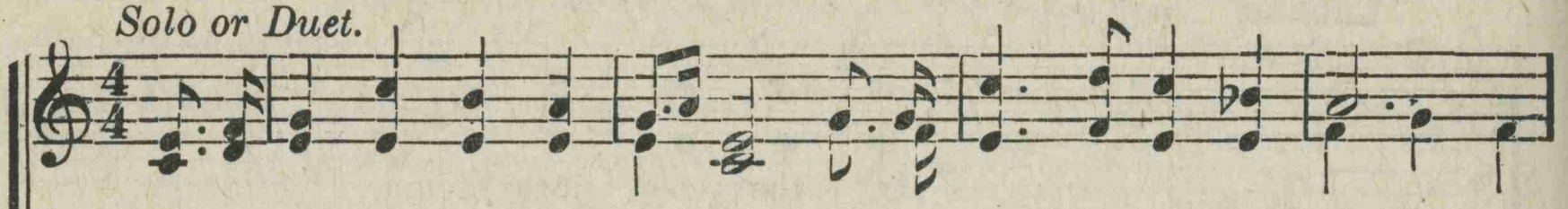
claim my soul..... for a home on high!.....
To re-claim my soul for a home on high!

167. By Radio.
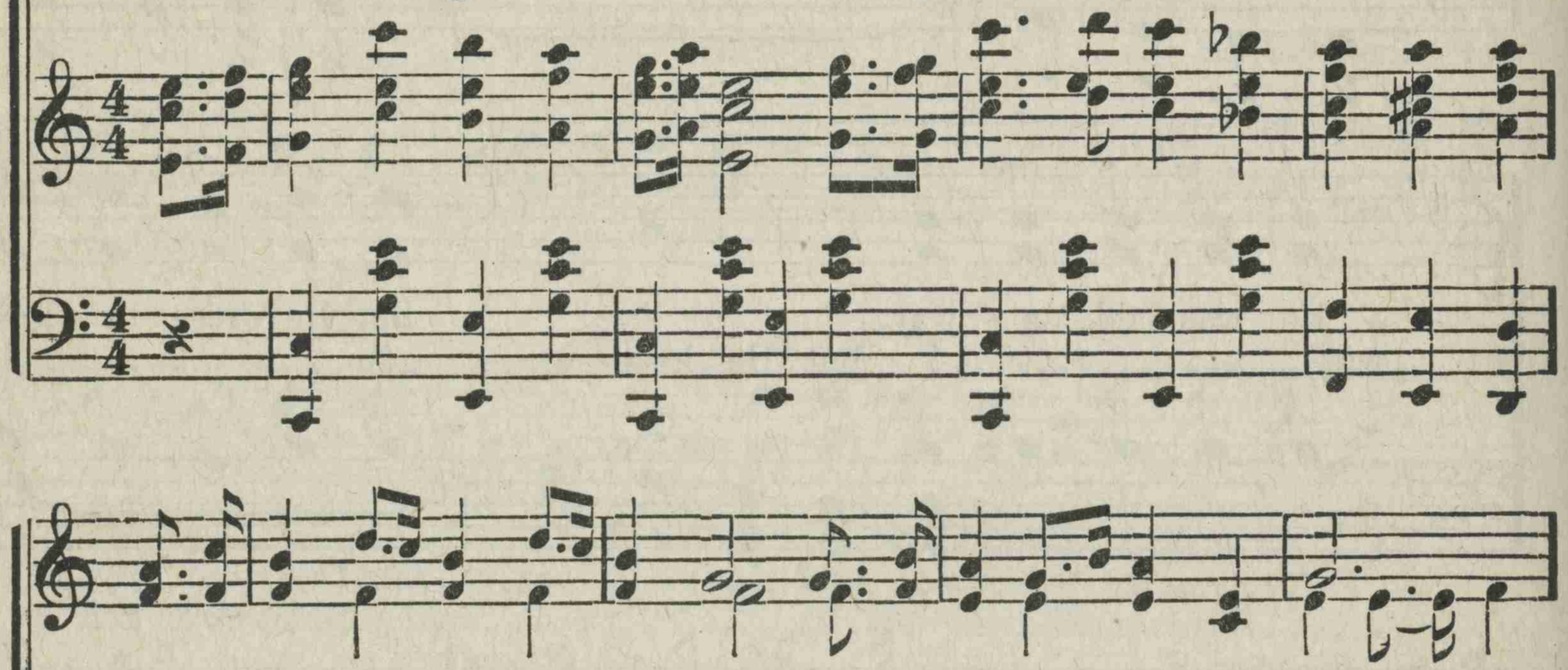
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J. F. KNAPP. PAUL COLEMAN.

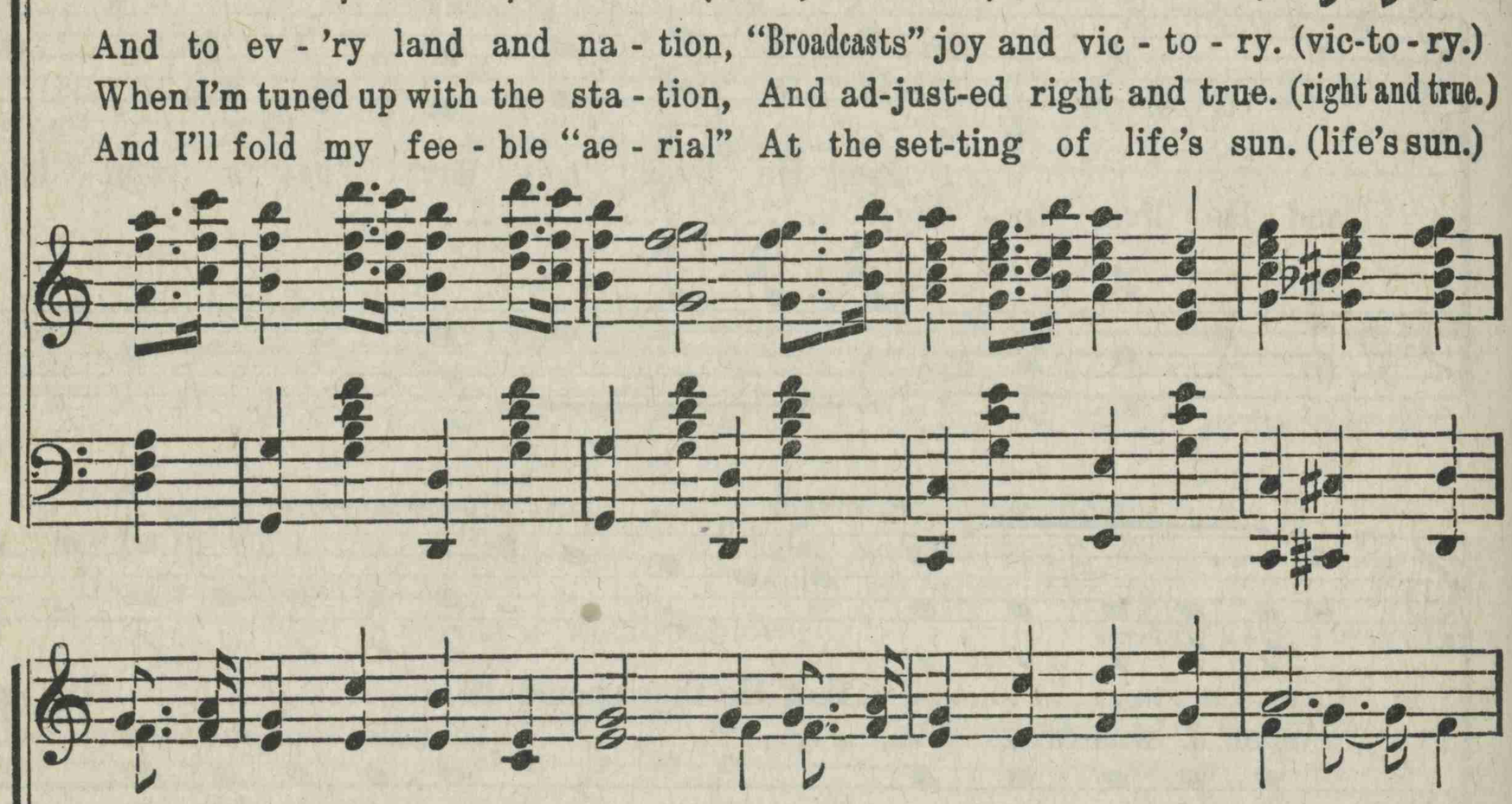
Solo or Duet.



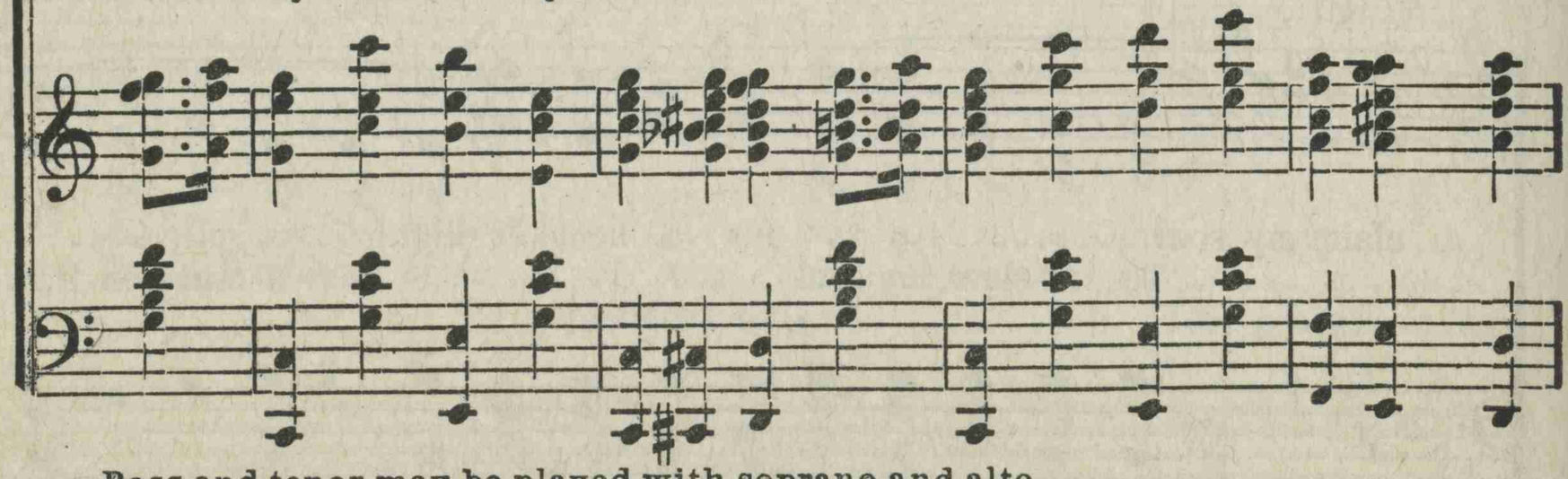
1. There's a-bove a send - ing sta - tion, And the Spir - it holds the key, (the key,)
2. Oft - en I can catch the mu - sic From those choirs be-yond the blue, (the blue,)
3. Some day I will get a wire - less That my work on earth is done, (is done,)



And to ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "Broadcasts" joy and vic - to - ry. (vic-to - ry.)
When I'm tuned up with the sta - tion, And ad-just-ed right and true. (right and true.)
And I'll fold my fee - ble "ae - rial" At the set-ting of life's sun. (life's sun.)



Just lift up in faith your "ae - rial" Hands from wrath and doubting free, (doubting free,)
And the spark leaps high and hot - ter, In a flame I nev - er knew, (nev-er knew,)
Or it may be that my Sav - ior "In the air" Him-self will come, (will come,)



Bass and tenor may be played with soprano and alto.

OLEMAN.

(the key,)
e, (the blue,)
, (is done,)

ic-to - ry.)
ght and true.)
ife's sun.)

ubting free,)
v-er knew,)
vill come,)

By Radio.

And re-ceive the Spir-it's mes - sage Sent by ra - di - o to thee. (to thee.)
Till I heard the Spir-it's mes - sage, Send by ra - di - o clear thro'. (clear thro'.)
And I'll rise with shouts to meet Him, And by ra - di - o go home. (go home.)

CHORUS.

Back and forth the waves are fly-ing, Back and forth the glo-ry rolls, Sending there, I am re-

ceiv-ing waves of joy. There's no other wave-length like it, Earth-ly sounds are dull and

rall.

a tempo.

slow, "Tune up," catch the heav'n-ly mes-sage, As it comes by ra - di - o.

168 Golden Links.

Respectfully dedicated to the family, students and friends of Prof. Jas. K. Parker. Written for and sung at the unveiling and dedication of the Parker Monument at Mt. Zion, Clermontville, O., June 27, 1901.

R. E. M. R. E. McNEILL.

Tenderly.

1. There are golden links now binding To a bright, a shin - ing shore,
2. There are golden links now holding Our feet in the nar - row way,
3. There are golden links now drawing To a bright, a bless-ed land,

And the chain so dear is dear - er As our friends go on be - fore.
And the chain so strong is stronger As they pass to e-ter - nal day.
And the chain draws near and nearer, As they cross to the golden strand.

They are go - ing, swiftly go - ing, We shall see them here no more.
They are pass - ing, swiftly pass - ing From the earth to heav'n a-way.
They are cross - ing, swiftly cross - ing, With our loved ones we shall stand.

CHORUS. *p* *mf*

Fol-low on, in faith, we shall see them, Follow on, in hope, we shall meet them;

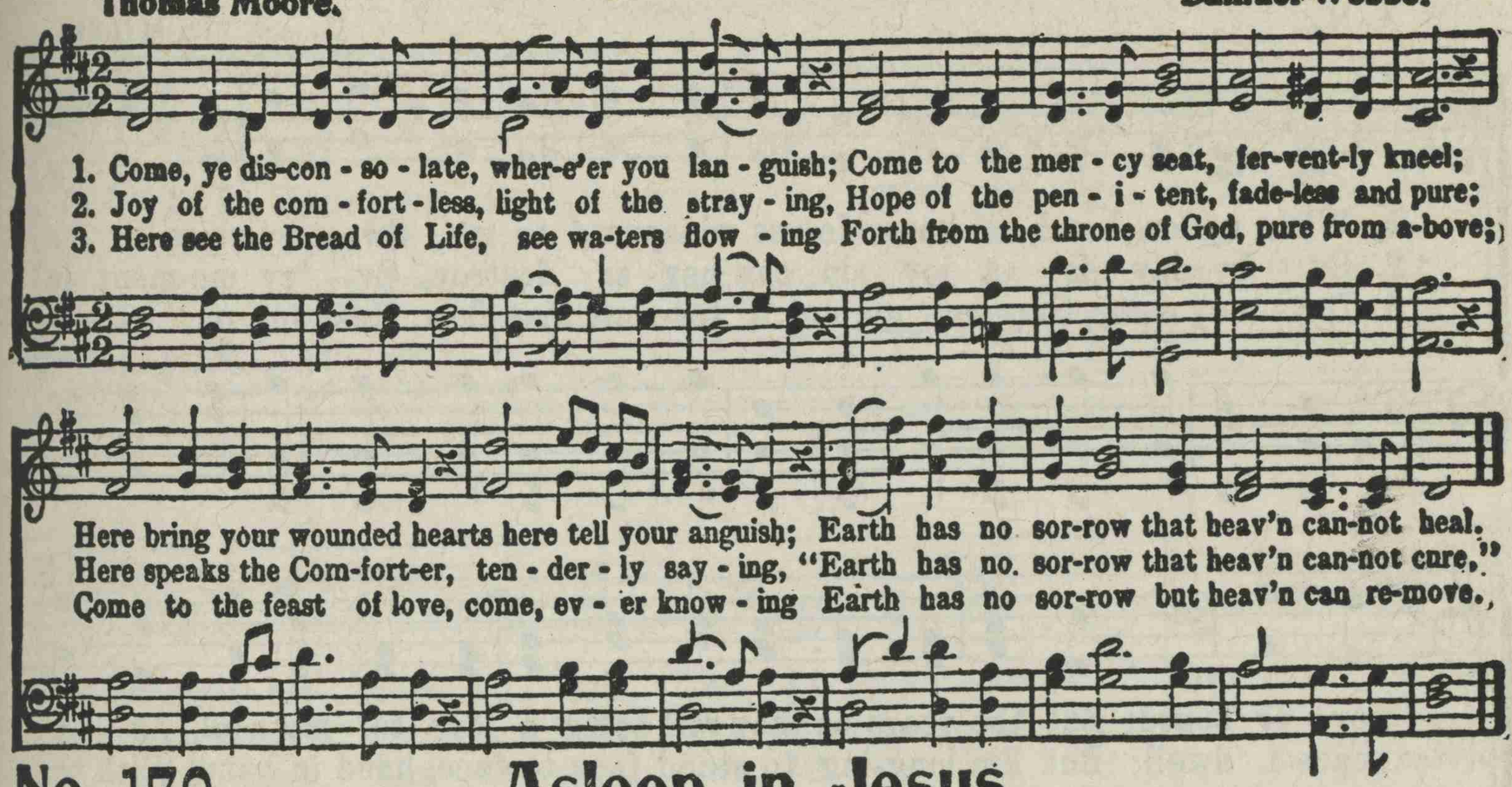
f rall.

Fol-low on, in love, we shall greet them, We shall meet to part no more.

Copyright, 1903, by R. E. McNeill.

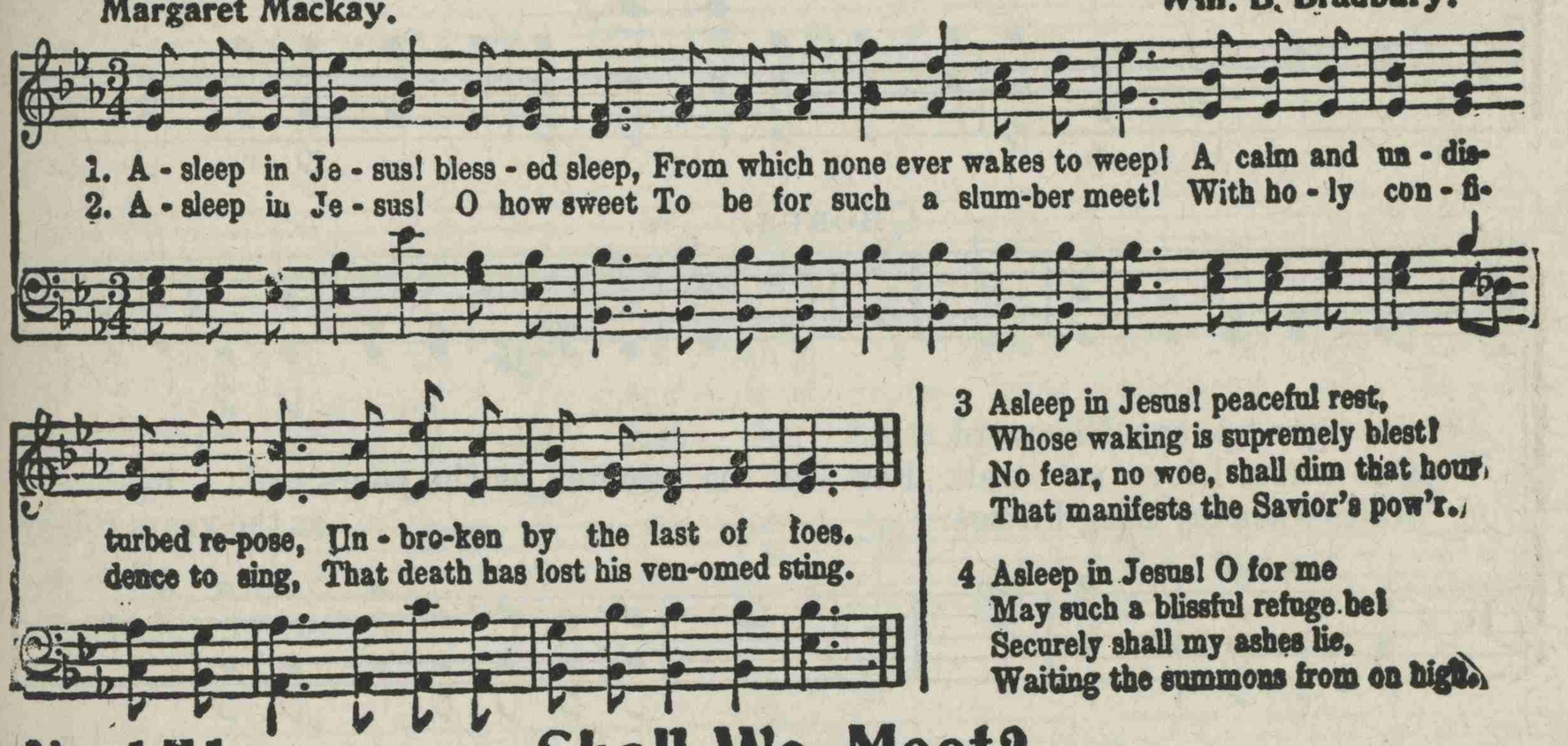
No. 169. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 170. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

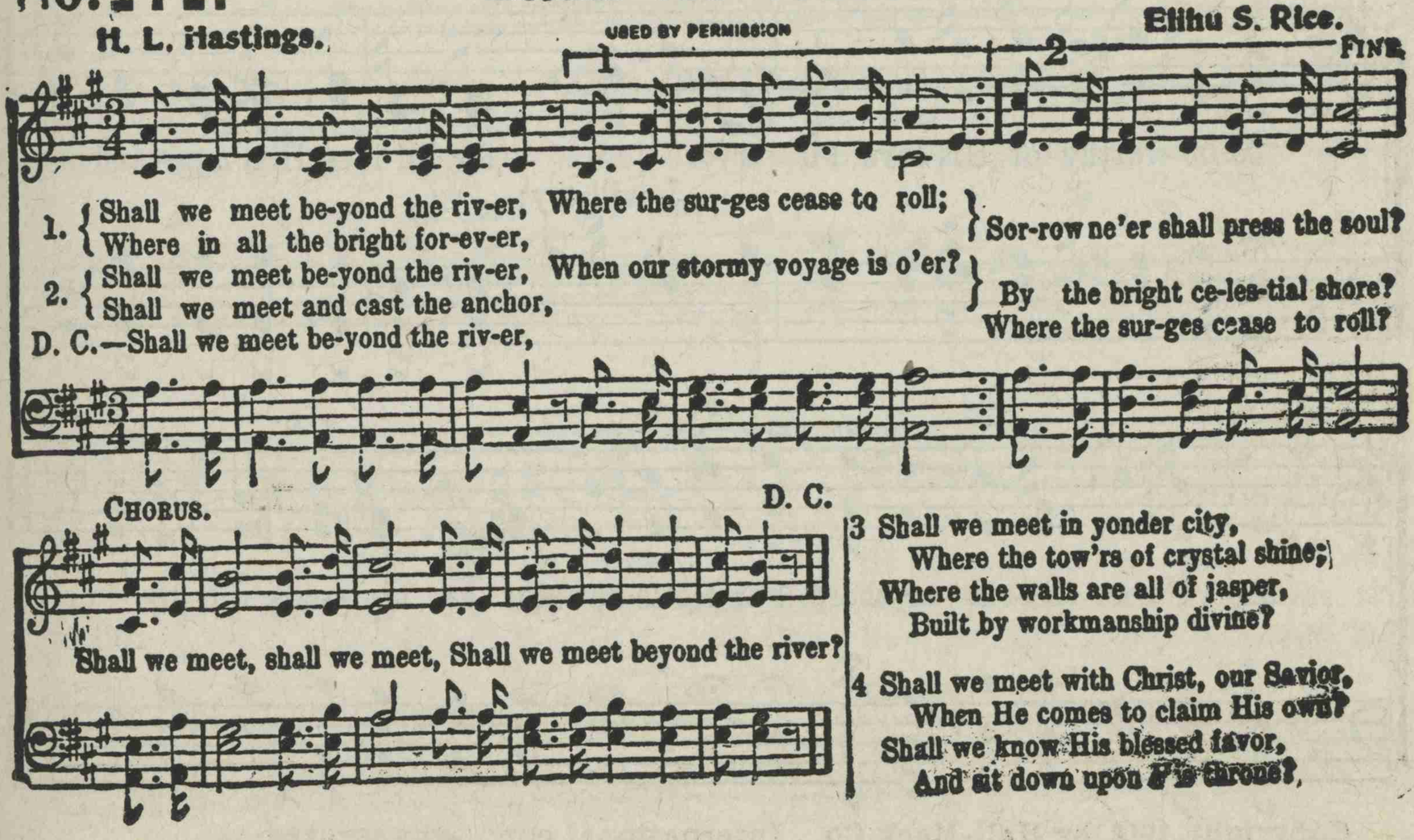


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 171. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

Sweeter as the Years Roll By

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When up- on bend - ed knee, Je-sus whispered to me, Sweet-er voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in
3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor-rent they flow, Rush-ing on to e-

nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
peace I dwell; But I'm long-ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near-er the prize That a-

CHORUS.

lin - ger up- on His word.
One whom I love so well. For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
waits when my King I'll see. as the years roll by,

To be worthy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more.
I will try;

rit.

As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweeter as the years roll by.
roll by.

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173. Two Little Hands.

B. • • •

1. I have two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle
2. I have two lit - tle feet to tread the path-way, Up to the
3. I have one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle

tongue his praise to tell; Two lit - tle ears to hear his coun - sel,
heav'n - ly courts a - bove; Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble,
soul for him to save; One lit - tle life to give for His service,

CHORUS.

One lit - tle voice a song to swell. One lit - tle voice,
Tell - ing of Je - sus' won - drous love. Tell - ing of Je - sus,
One lit - tle self that he must have. One lit - tle self,

one lit - tle voice, One lit - tle voice a song to swell, One lit - tle
tell - ing of Je - sus, tell - ing of Je - sus' won-drous love, Tell - ing of
one lit - tle self, One lit - tle self that he must have, One lit - tle

voice, one lit - tle voice, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Je - sus, tell - ing of Je - sus, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won-drous love.
self, one lit - tle self, One lit - tle self that he must have.

174. W-a-t-c-h.

(Primary.)

H. L. Copyright, 1918, by Haldor Lillenas. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Watch your Words whate'er you do, Think be-fore you speak; Striv-ing with a
2. Watch your Ac - tions day by day, Let them al - ways be Good and kind a-
3. Watch your Tho'ts and keep them pure, Thinking as you should; Then your peace will
4. Watch your Com-pa - ny with care, With them do not dwell If to live in
5. Watch your Heart and keep it clean, Pure and un - de - filed; On the arms of

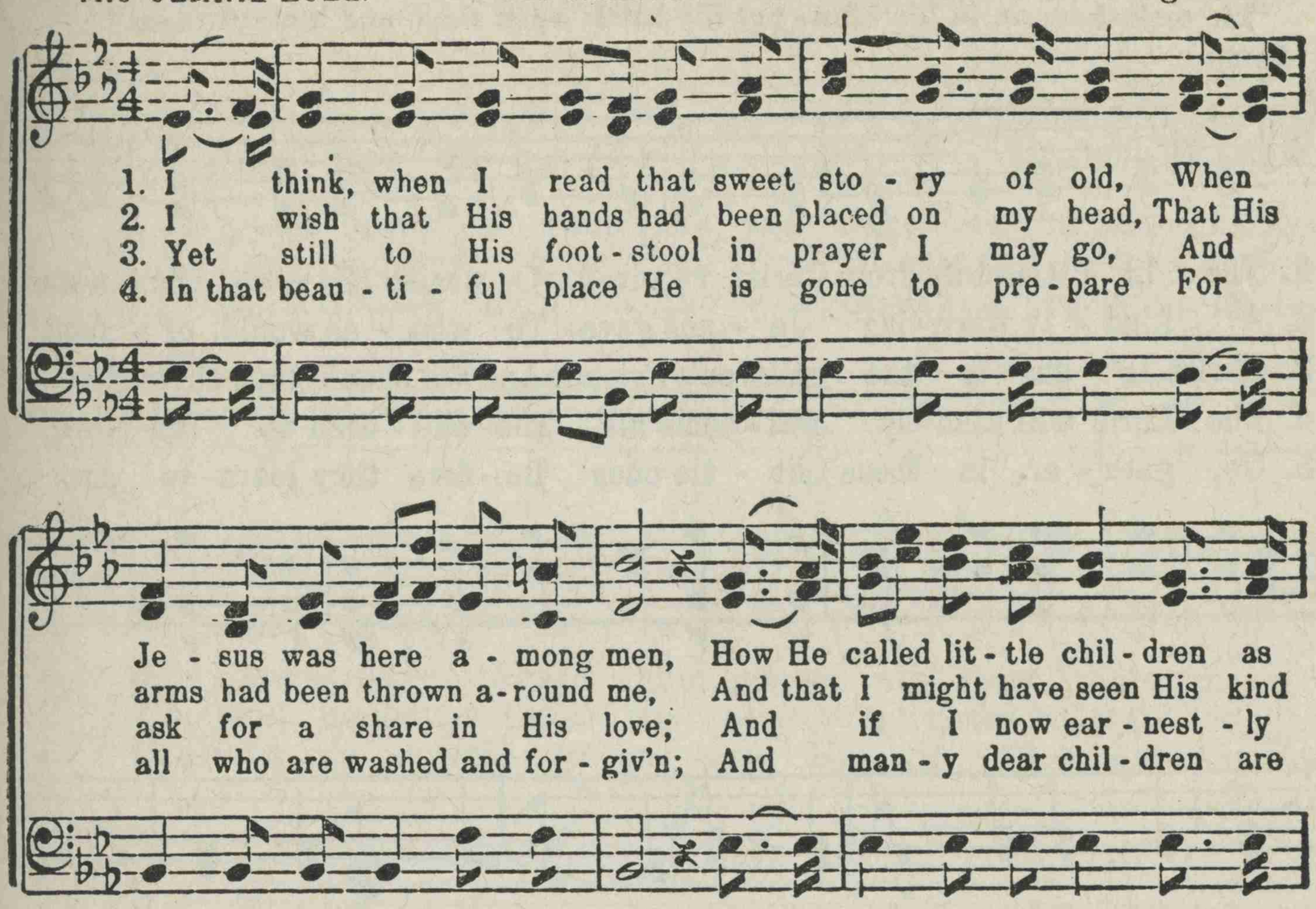
pur-pose true, Truth a - lone to seek.
long life's way, From all e - vil free.
be se - cure And your life be good.
sin they dare, You may shun them well.
Je - sus lean, He will keep His child.

CHORUS.

W - a - t - c - h, watch and p - r - a - y, pray, Do your best to live for Je - sus
day by day. W - - a - t - c - h, watch and p - r - a - y,
pray, Nev - er yield to sin, But ev - er watch and pray.

I Think, When I Read

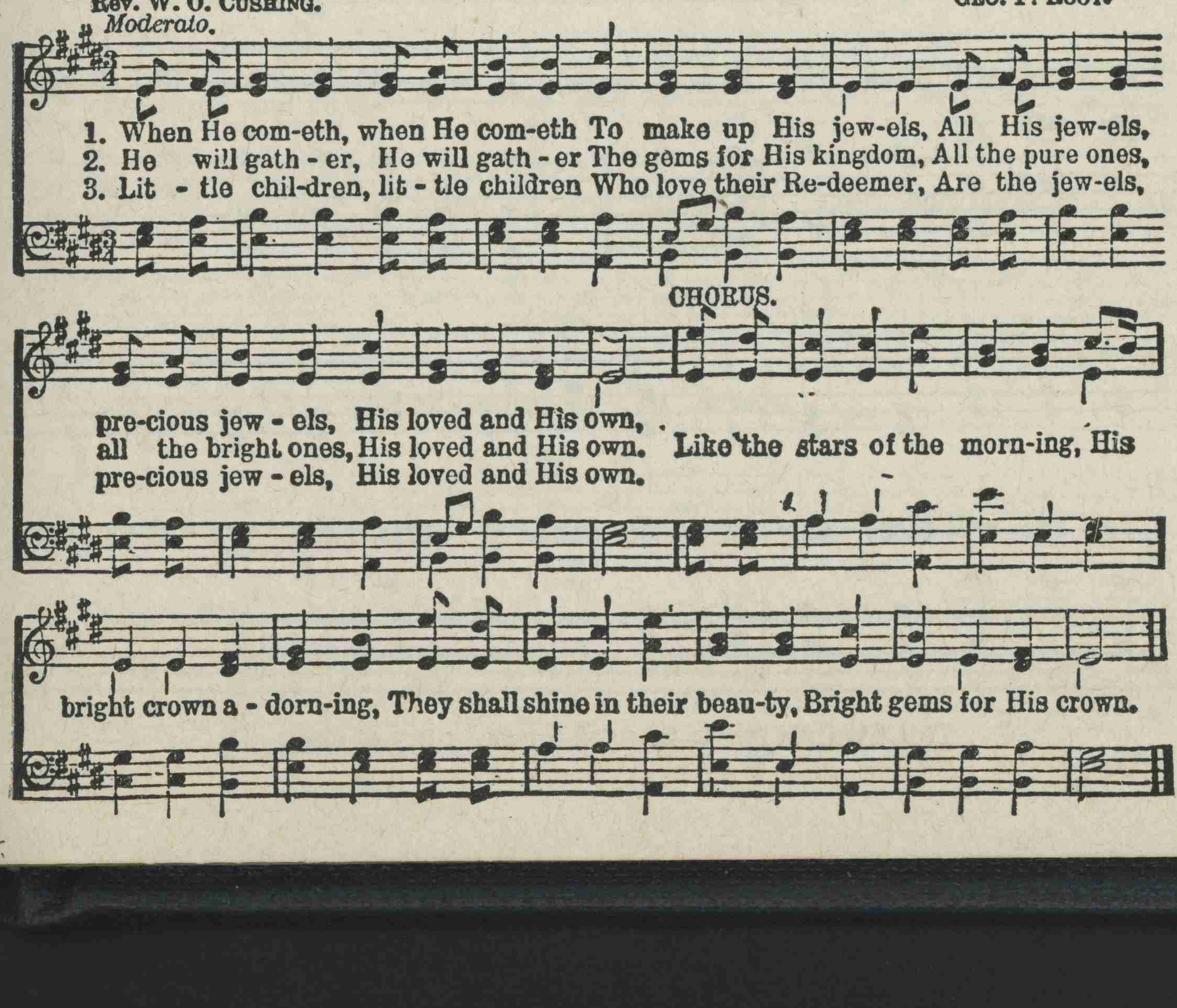
Mrs Jemima Luke. "The Children's Friend." English.



Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.
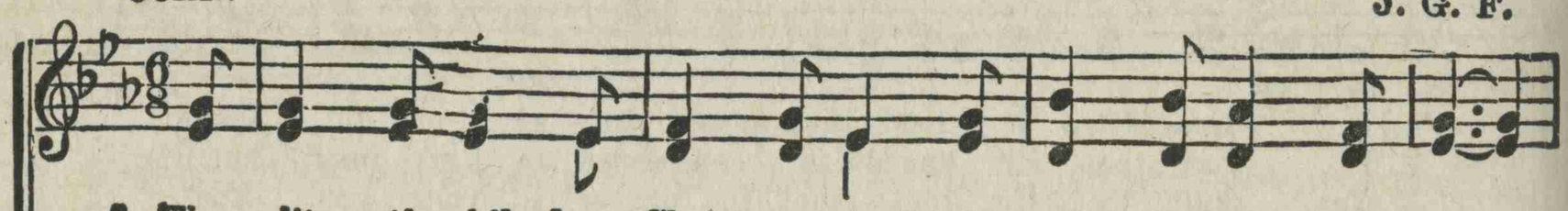
Moderato.
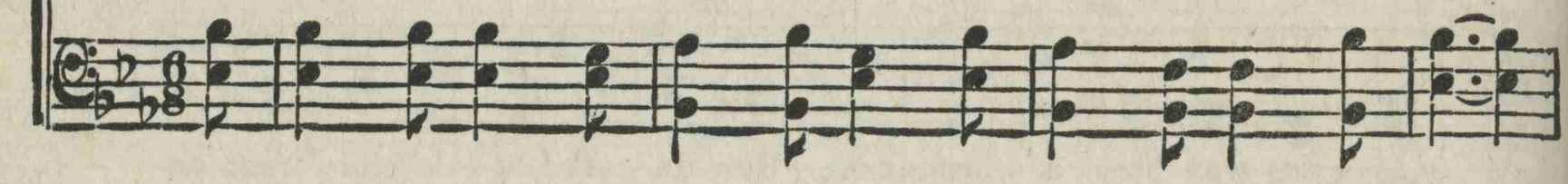


177. Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.
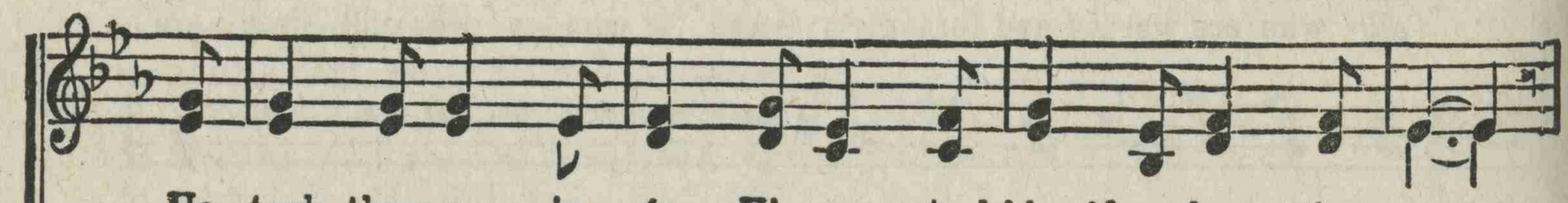
"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."
JOHN.

J. G. F.
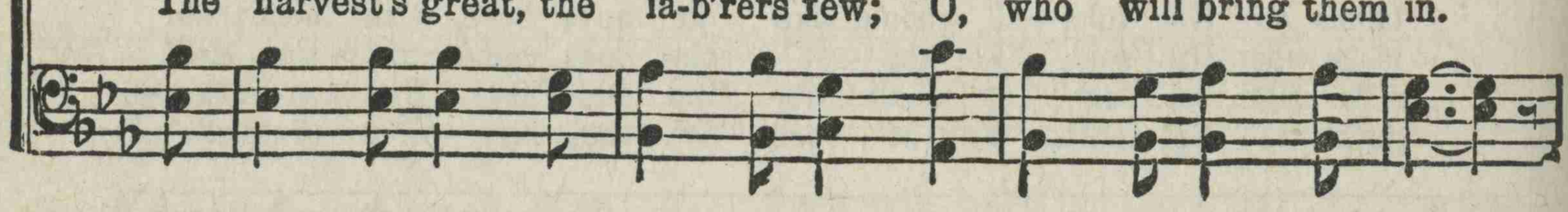


1. The lit - tle chil - dren Christ received, O praise His pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn - ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too.
4. The Lord will kind - ly wel - come all The chil - dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones Be - fore they learn to sin;
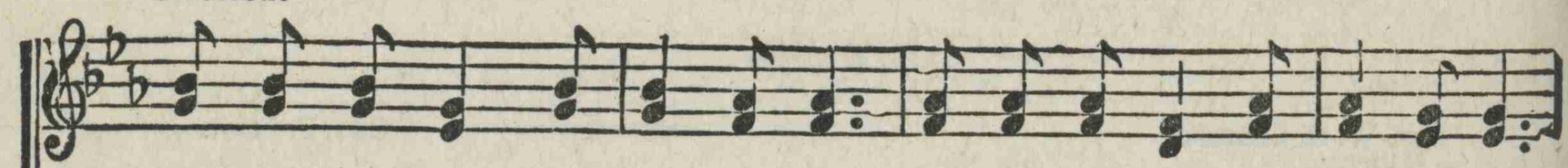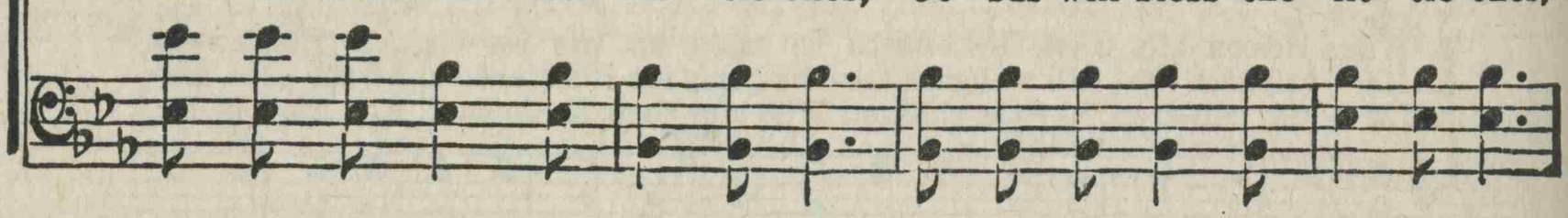




He took them up in - to His arms, And bless'd each one that came.
One of these pre - cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their Friend.
And all the love we can be - stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His bless - ing from a - bove.
The harvest's great, the la-b'rers few; O, who will bring them in.
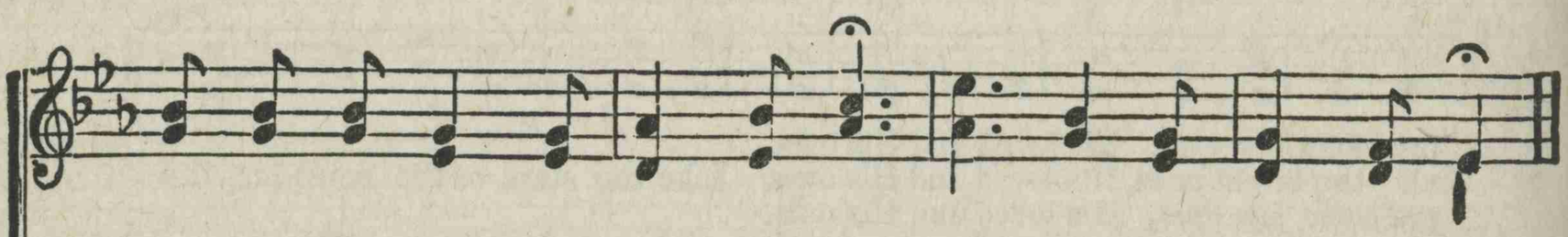


CHORUS.
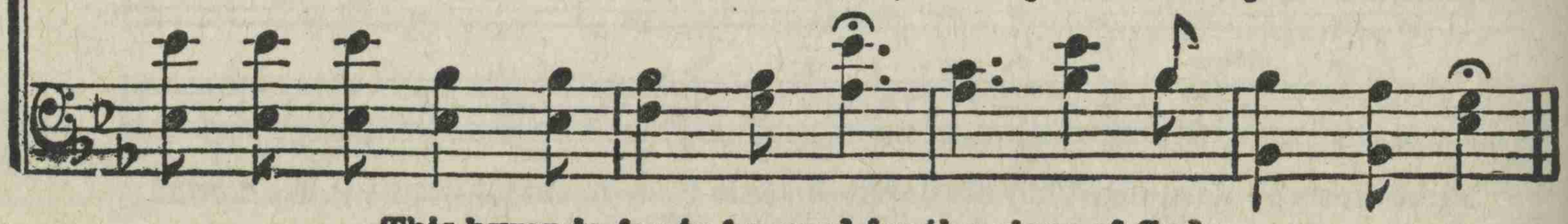


Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,





Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His pre - cious name!



This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

178. Jesus Loves the Children.

Thoro Harris

Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

Geo. F. Root.

1. In the lands be - yond the sea Countless million children be
2. Ev - ry - where we hear their cry, "Come and save us or we die":
3. From the east and from the west See them thronging to be blest,

1. Who have never heard the gospel sto - ry told: Lit - tle
2. Who will haste to these the bless - ed news to tell? They are
3. Precious je - wels to a - dorn His di - a - dem. If we

1. ones for whom the Christ Died, and bo't them with a price, Waiting
2. pre - cious to the King; Let us go these lambs to bring To the
3. thus o - bey the Lord We shall reap a sure reward When He

D. S.–yel - low, black and white, they are pre - cious in His sight; Je - sus

to be gather'd in the Sav - ior's fold.
gra - cious arms of Him we love so well.
comes again to gather us and them.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle

loves the lit - tle chil-dren ev - 'ry - where.

D. S.

chil - dren, All the chil - dren are His care (are His care;) Red and

179. Millions of Jewels.

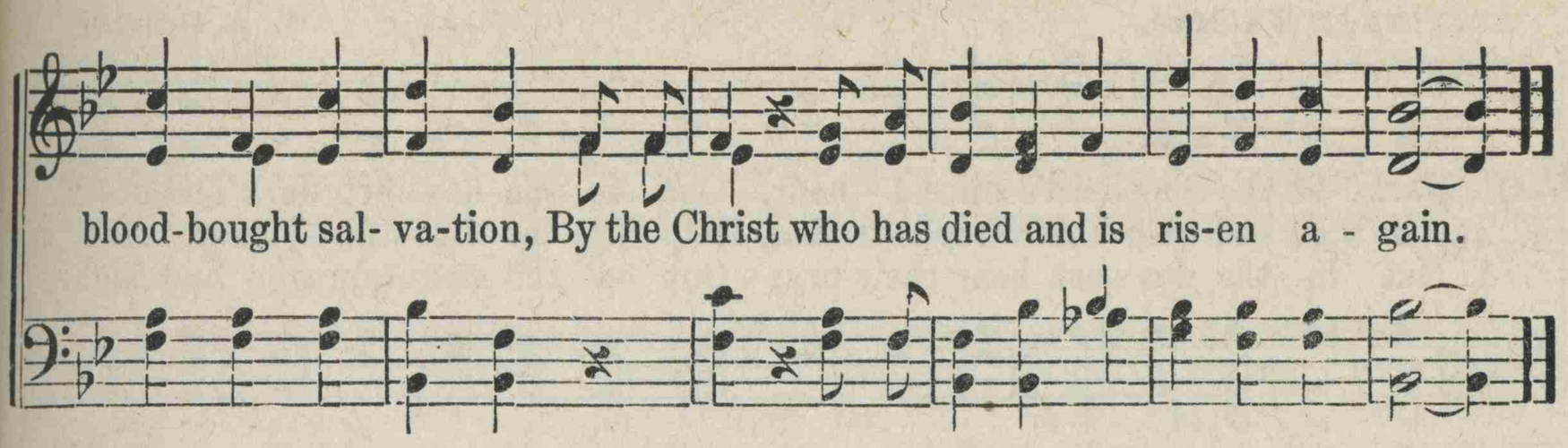
W. J. K. Copyright, 1922, by God's Bible School. W. J. KING.

1. A - cross the wide o - cean are mil-lions of heathens Who bow down to i - dols of wood and of stone, They know not of Je - sus, whose blood has redeemed us, Who suf-fered in an-guish on Cal - va - ry's cross.
2. Then work while 'tis daylight, the night is soon com-ing, When ma - ny in darkness will soon pass a - way, To stand on the judgment day nak - ed be-fore Him, Whose all-see - ing eye shall re - veal ev - 'ry sin.
3. The day is soon com-ing when Je - sus in glo - ry Will come for the jew - els, His loved and His own, The black and the white and the yel - low and brown, They will shine in their beau-ty, bright gems for His crown.

He died for the black, for the white and the yel - low, For all men and na - tions His blood does a - tone.
Then pray that the Lord may lay heav - y the bur - den, Of souls now in dark-ness, on hearts to be - friend. Let us tell the good news of a
Then they that be wise, and turn men to the Sav - ior, Shall shine as the stars in the heav-ens a - bove.

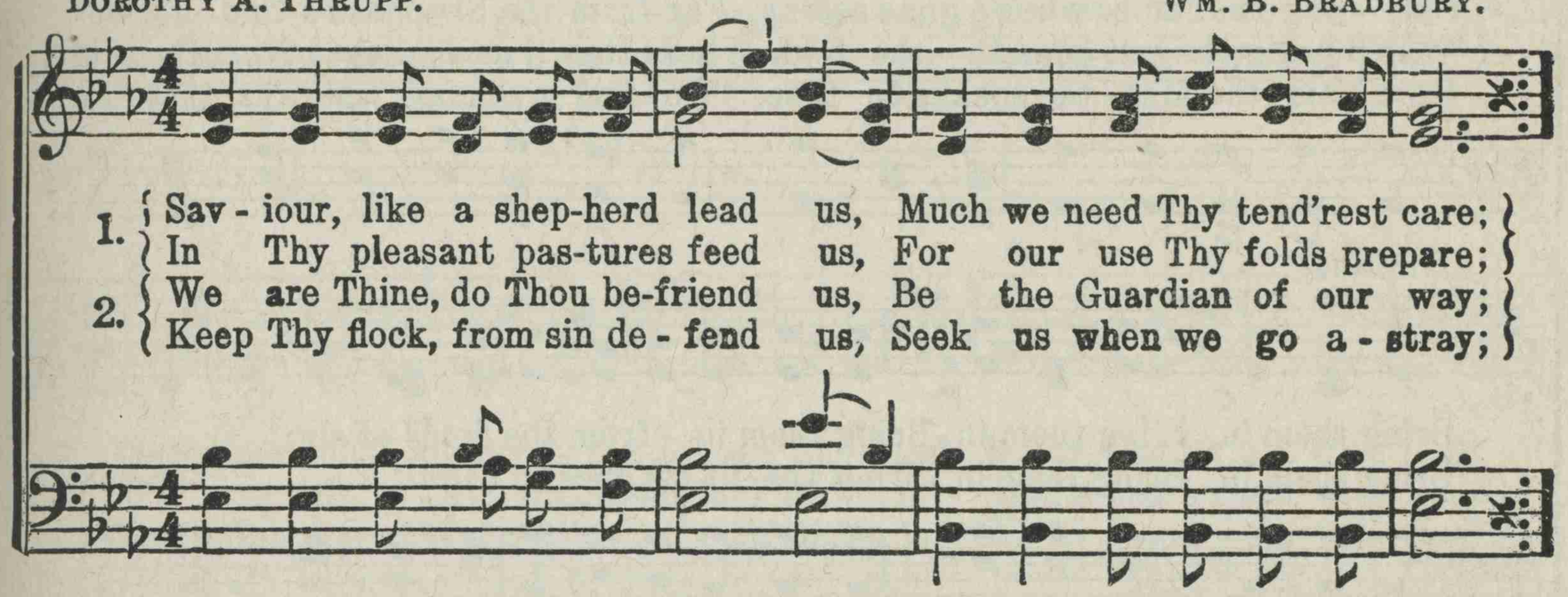
CHORUS.

Millions of Jewels.



No. 180. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
‖:Blessed Je-sus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.:‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
‖:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.:‖

181. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

Call - ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to (*Omit*.....) Je-sus.

182. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite hymn of China.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

183. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in! Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

Chorus.

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood,
Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?.....
of God?

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184 Is Your All On the Altar?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

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

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to in-crease, And have ear-nest-ly, fer-vent-ly prayed; But you can-not have rest, or be
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of His Word, And have peace and con-tent-ment al-way, You must do His sweet will, to be
3. Oh, we nev-er can know what the Lord will be-stow Of the bless-ings for which we have prayed, Till our bod-y and soul He doth
4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a-bove, And how hap-py our hearts will be made, Of the fel-low-ship sweet we shall

D. S.—*You can on-ly be blest and have*

FINE. CHORUS.

per-fect-ly blest Un-til all on the al-tar is laid.
free from all ill, On the al-tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the
full-y con-trol, And our all on the al-tar is laid.
share at His feet, When our all on the al-tar is laid.

peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod-y and soul.

D.S.

al-tar of sac-ri-fice laid? Your heart, does the Spir-it con-trol? . . . . .

185 Jesus is Calling.

COPYRIGHT. 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to-day!..... Call - ing to-day!.....
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.

186.

Why Not Now?

El Nathan. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you fail to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?

Why not now? why not now?

187. 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.

188. WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Wea - ry soul, thy Sav-iour died, Yea, for thee was cru - ci - fied,
2. Crim-son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He shed for thee,
3. While the Spir - it plead-eth still, Yield, O yield to Him thy will,
4. Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Make Him now thy life and stay,

Heaven's gate He o-pened wide, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
There is cleansing full and free, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Wondrous peace thy heart will fill, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
He will keep thee safe al - way, Won't you come to Je - sus now?

REFRAIN.

Won't you come to Je sus now?
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now?

Won't you come to Je-sus now? Come and
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
and be - fore Him bow,

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Jesus is Calling Today.

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

1. Wea-ry one, Je-sus is call-ing to rest, Call-ing to-day,
2. Long He has called you, He calls you to-day, Call-ing to-day,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, when ma-ny shall weep, Ban-ished a-way,
4. Voices you've heard, but no voice such as His, Call-ing to-day,

do not de-lay; Lay down your bur-den and lean on His breast,
do not de-lay; He may cease call-ing if you turn a-way,
for-ever to stay, Je-sus can not on-ly save you but keep,
do not de-lay; Hell will be aw-ful if heav-en you miss,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is call-ing to-day. . . . Je-sus is call-ing, is
is call-ing to-day.

call-ing to-day, Call-ing, my broth-er, oh, do not de-lay; Je-sus is

call-ing, is call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing to-day. . . .
is calling to-day.

Copyright, 1992, by C. F. Weigele,

190 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

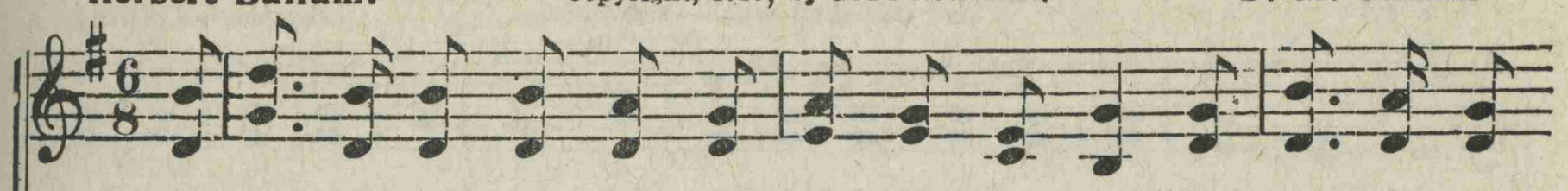
In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

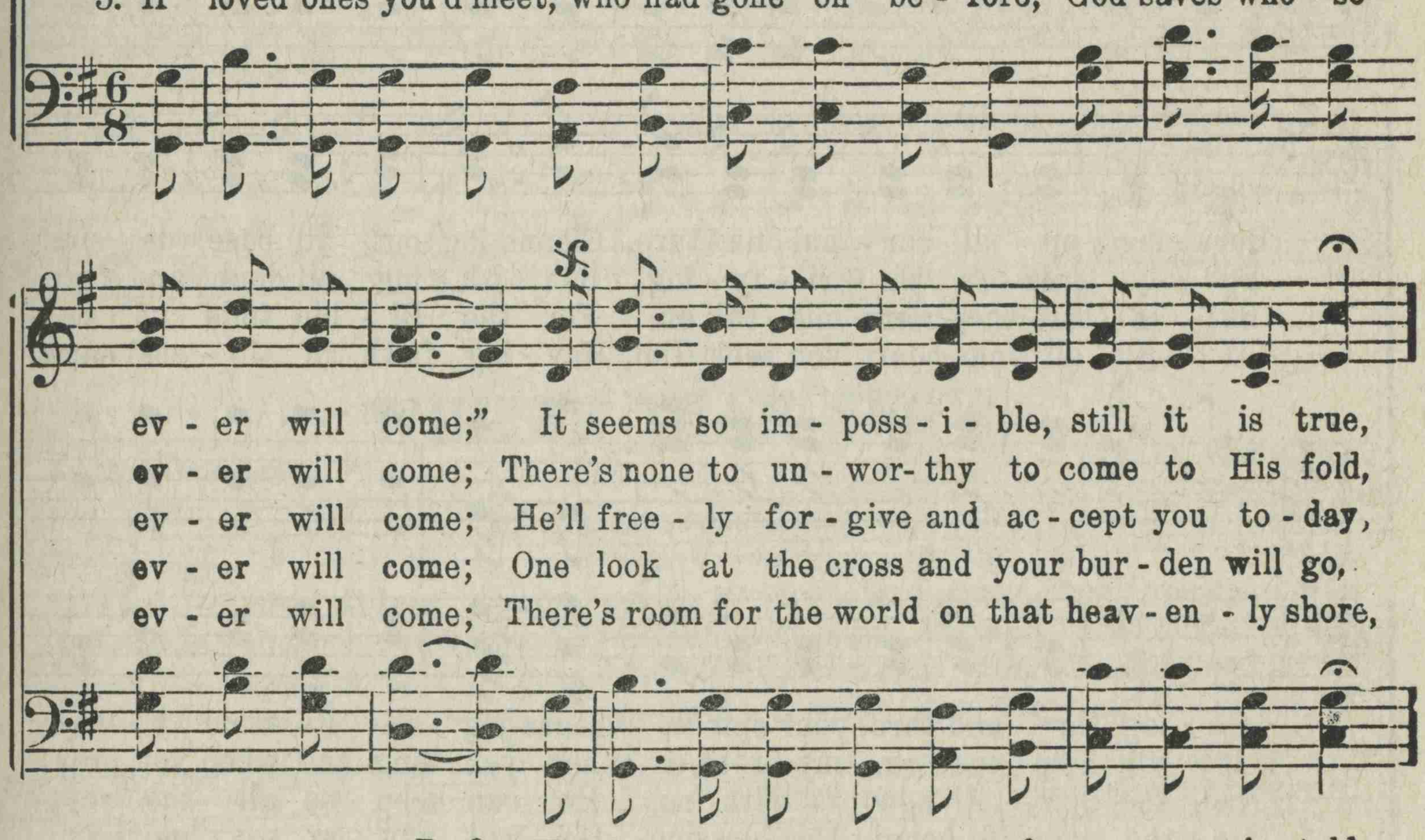
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

191. God Saves Whosoever Will Come.

Herbert Buffum. Copyright, 1919, by God's Revivalist. **D. M. Shanks.**
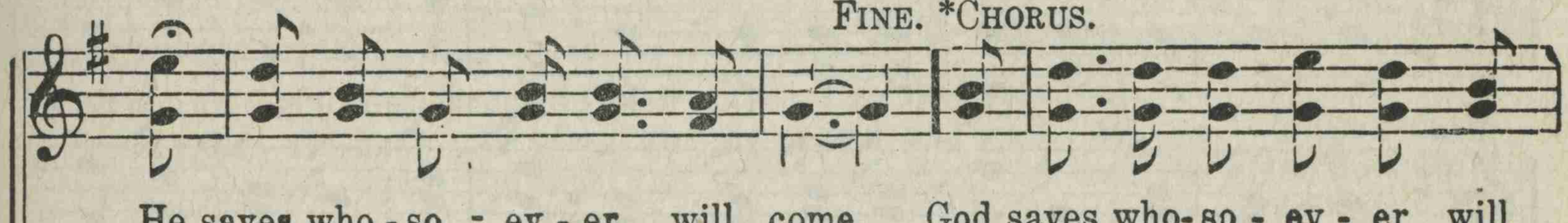


1. A won - der- ful mes - sage I bring un - to you, "God saves who - so-
2. He is no re - spec - tor of per - sons we're told, God saves who - so-
3. Why long - er re - fuse Him, why long - er de - lay? God saves who - so-
4. The past may be crim - son, He'll make it as snow, God saves who - so-
5. If loved ones you'd meet, who had gone on be - fore, God saves who - so-



ev - er will come;" It seems so im - poss - i - ble, still it is true,
ev - er will come; There's none to un - wor- thy to come to His fold,
ev - er will come; He'll free - ly for - give and ac - cept you to - day,
ev - er will come; One look at the cross and your bur - den will go,
ev - er will come; There's room for the world on that heav - en - ly shore,

D. S.—He is no re - spec - tor of per-sons we're told,

FINE. *CHORUS.

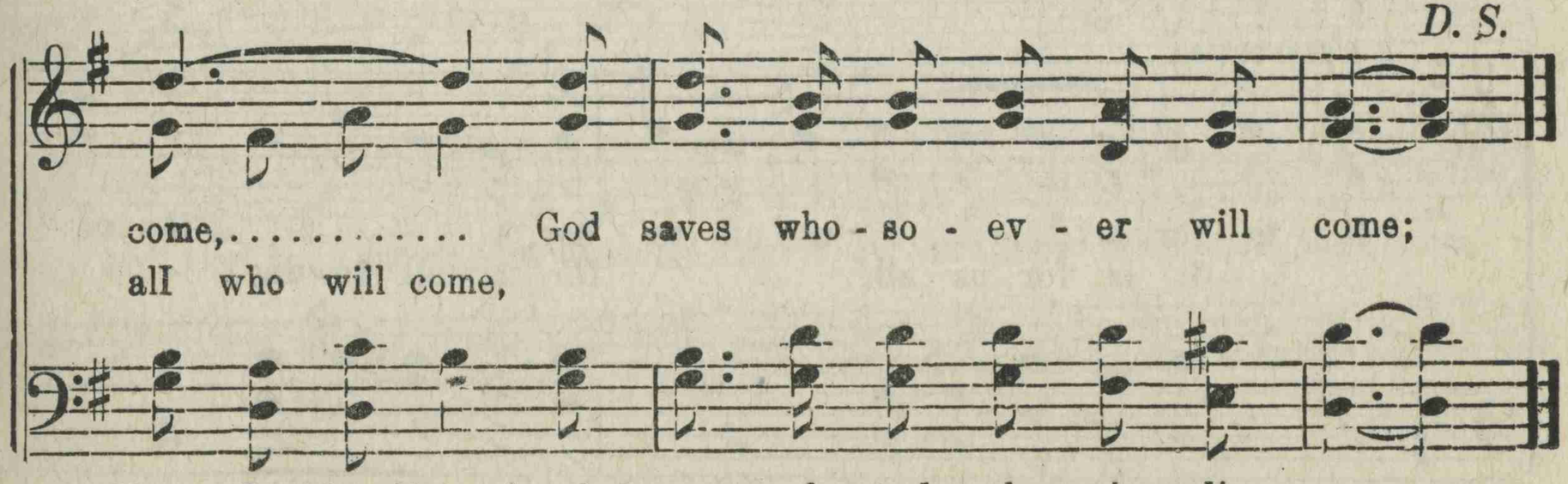


He saves who - so - ev - er will come. God saves who-so - ev - er will serves



God saves who - so - ev - er will come.

D. S.



come,..... God saves who - so - ev - er will come;
all who will come,

*NOTE.—Last two lines of each stanza may be used as chorus in ending

192. It Is For Us All To-day

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our
L. L. P. Lord God shall call."—Acts 2: 39. Rev. L. L. PICKETT

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it, While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis - tak en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir-it, Cleans-ing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my broth-er When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev - er say us nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re-ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

CHORUS.

It is for..... us all to - day, If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,

Copyright, 189

it is For Us All To-day. Concluded.

trust..... and tru - ly pray, Consecrate to Christ your all,
If we trust, tru - ly pray,

And up - on the Saviour call, Bless God, it is for us all to - day, (all to-day.)

193. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa-tient - ly wait; Come now and with-in me a

live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what - ev - er I know: Now
cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now
new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," Now

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,
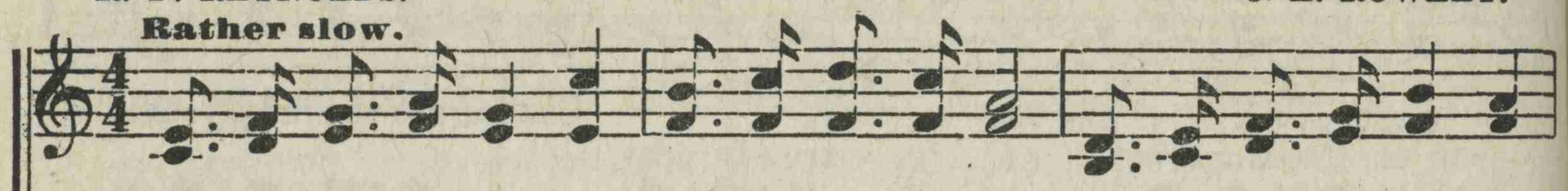
whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

194. Let the Holy Ghost Come In.
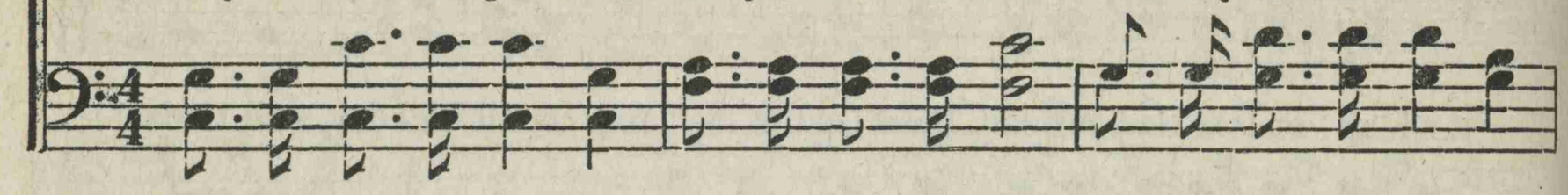
(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")
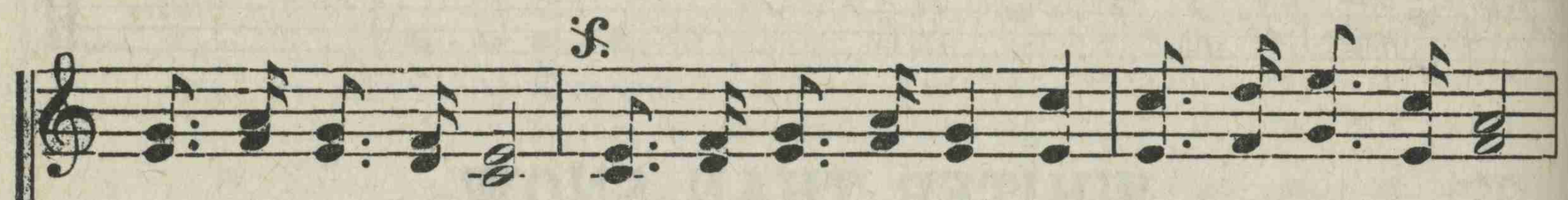
R. F. REYNOLDS. C. E. ROWLEY.

Rather slow.
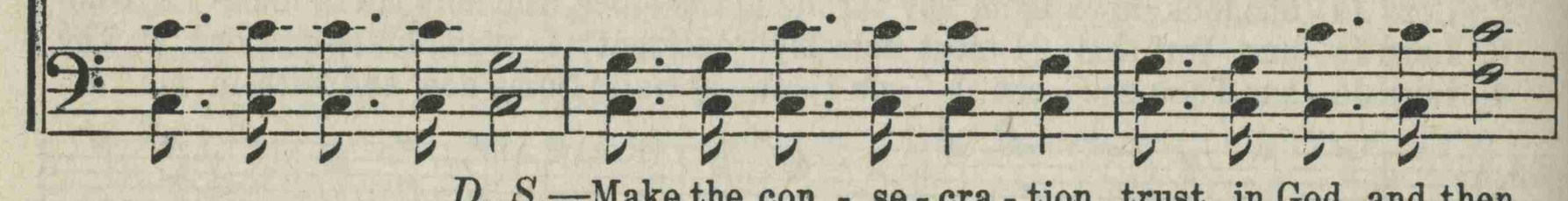


1. Would you be re-deemed from ev - 'ry in - born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved of
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue
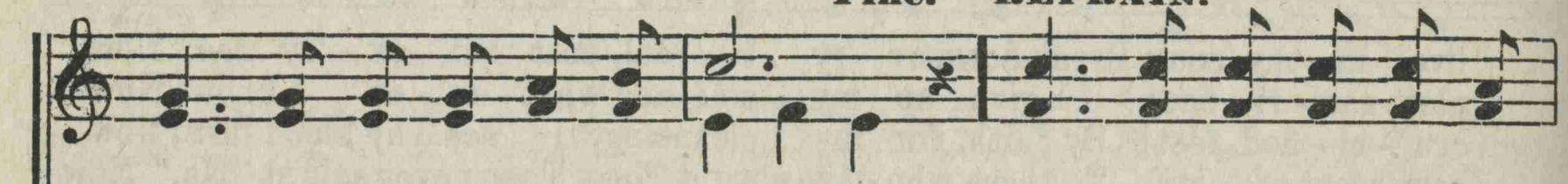




con - stant-ly with - in? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
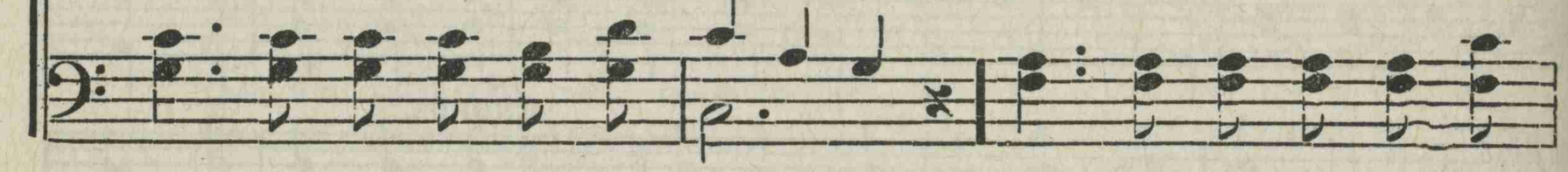


D. S.—Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then.

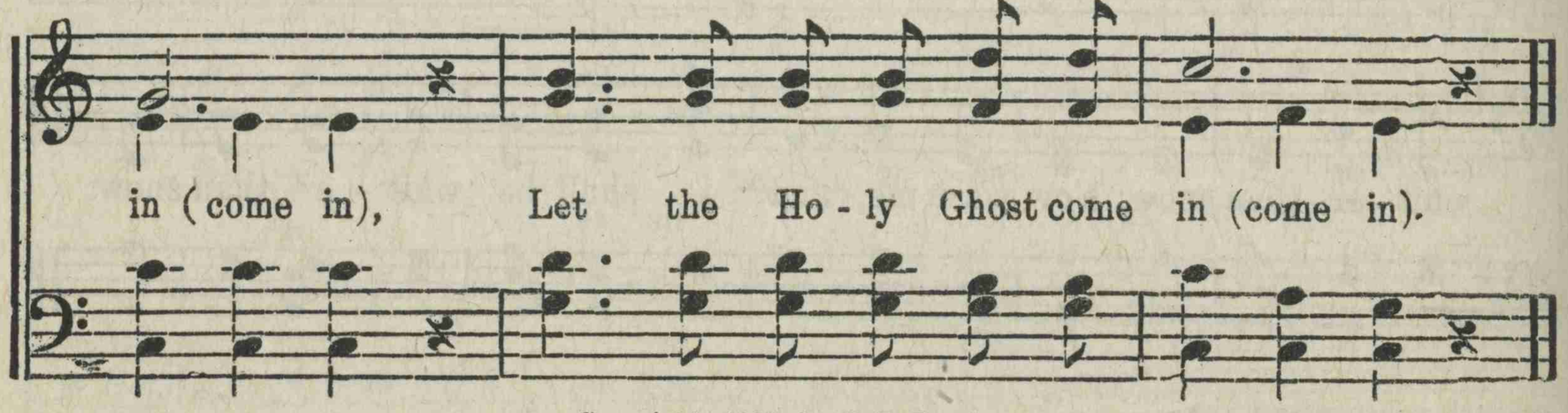
Fine. **REFRAIN.**



Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in (come in). Let the Ho - ly Ghost come



Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in (come in).



in (come in), Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in (come in).

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195. GOD CALLING YET.

"I have called, and ye have refused." PROV. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. Jos.

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 de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing 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 forsake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

God is call - ing, Call - ing yet,
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,

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

This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

196. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

KEY OF G.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon, this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left.
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord.
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de- part, I know ye not."

Are you read - y for that day to come? Are you read - y for that day to come? Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS

Are you read- y, Are you read - y, Are you read - y for the Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

f man cometh.
ON.

There's a
There's a
There's a

rs shall be
ly come to
is doom, "de-

come?
come?
come?
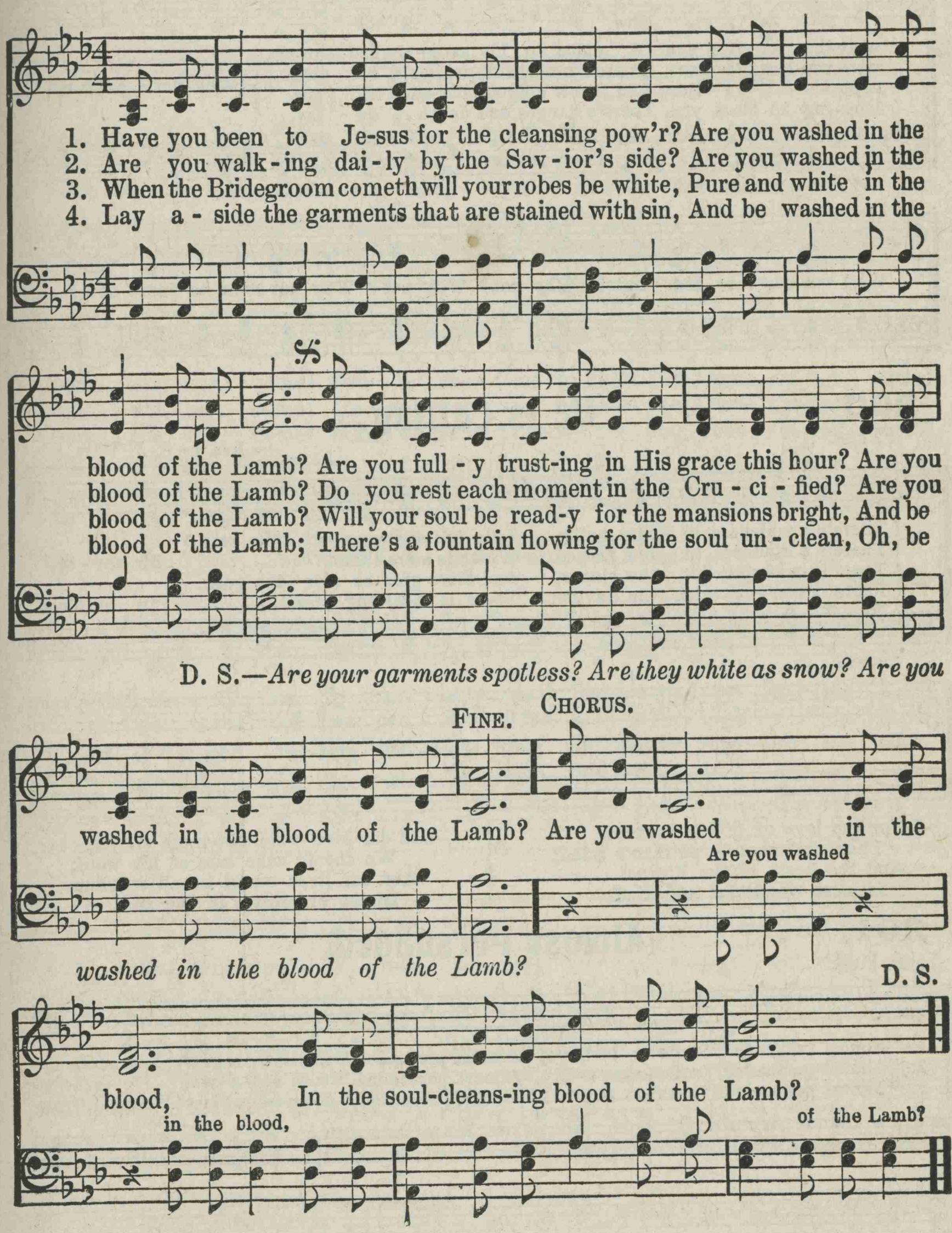
for the

ent day?

198 Are You Washed In the Blood?

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.



199 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. — Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar-ry so long? Your Saviour is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striving with-in? O why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin.
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way, Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

Chorus.

Why not? Why not?
Why not come to him now? Why not? Why not? Why not come to him now?

200 He is Calling.

Faber. — Arr. by S. J. Vail.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy / There's a kindness in his justice } Like the wideness of the sea; / Which is more than (*Omit.....*) } lib-er-ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, / There is mer-cy with the Saviour, } And more grac-es for the good; / There is heal-ing (*Omit.....*) } in his blood.

Chorus.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and 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 the Lord.

201 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. — P. P. Bliss.

1. "Almost persuaded," now to be-lieve; "Almost persuaded," Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day, "Almost persuaded," turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here An-gels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer, come.
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost," can-not a-vail; "Al-most," is but to fail! Sad, sad the bitter wail—"Al-most—but lost!"

No. 202. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

W. E. WHITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 203. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious 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.
Plunge now in - 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.

FINE.

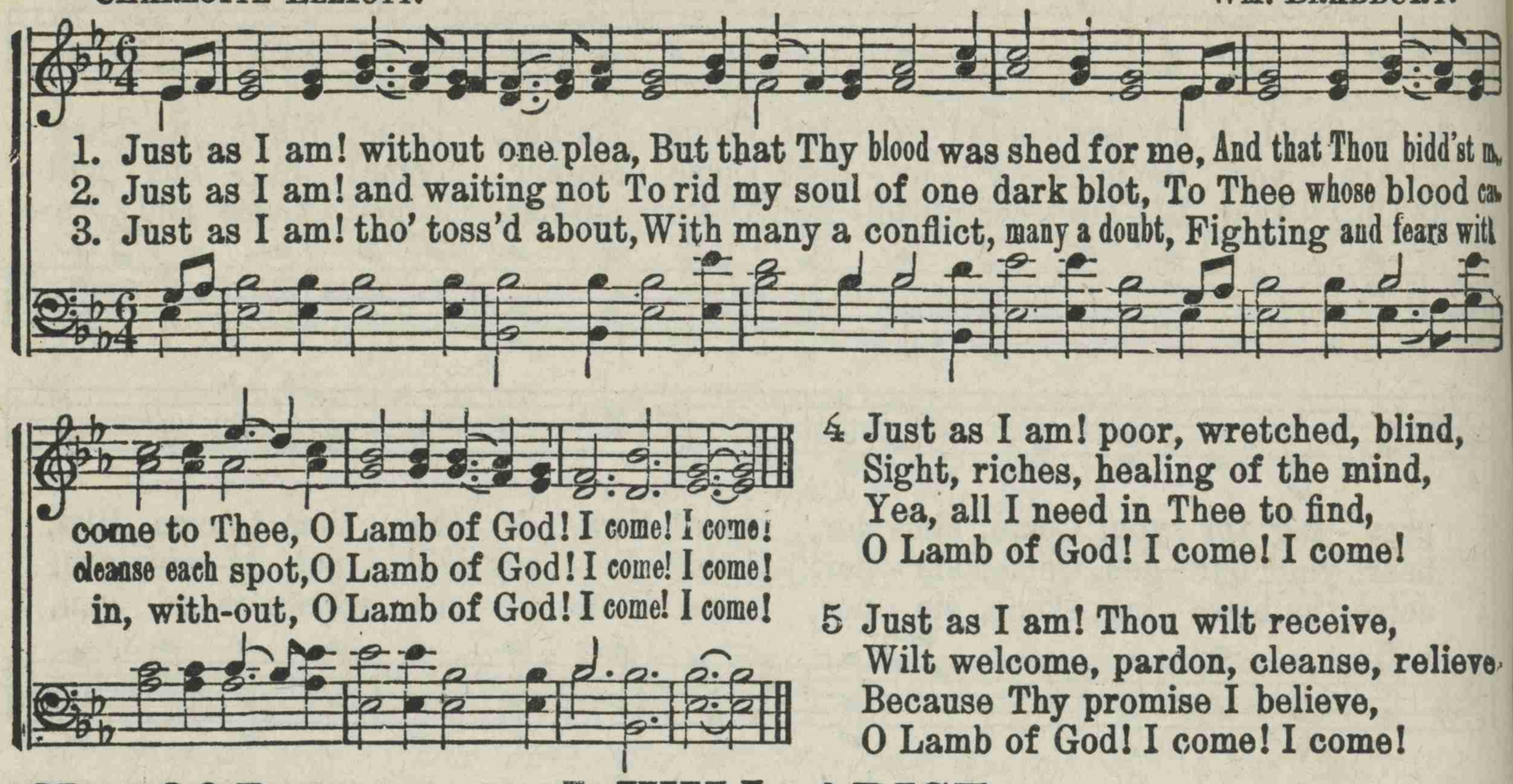
D. S.—*He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

No. 204. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. BRADBURY.

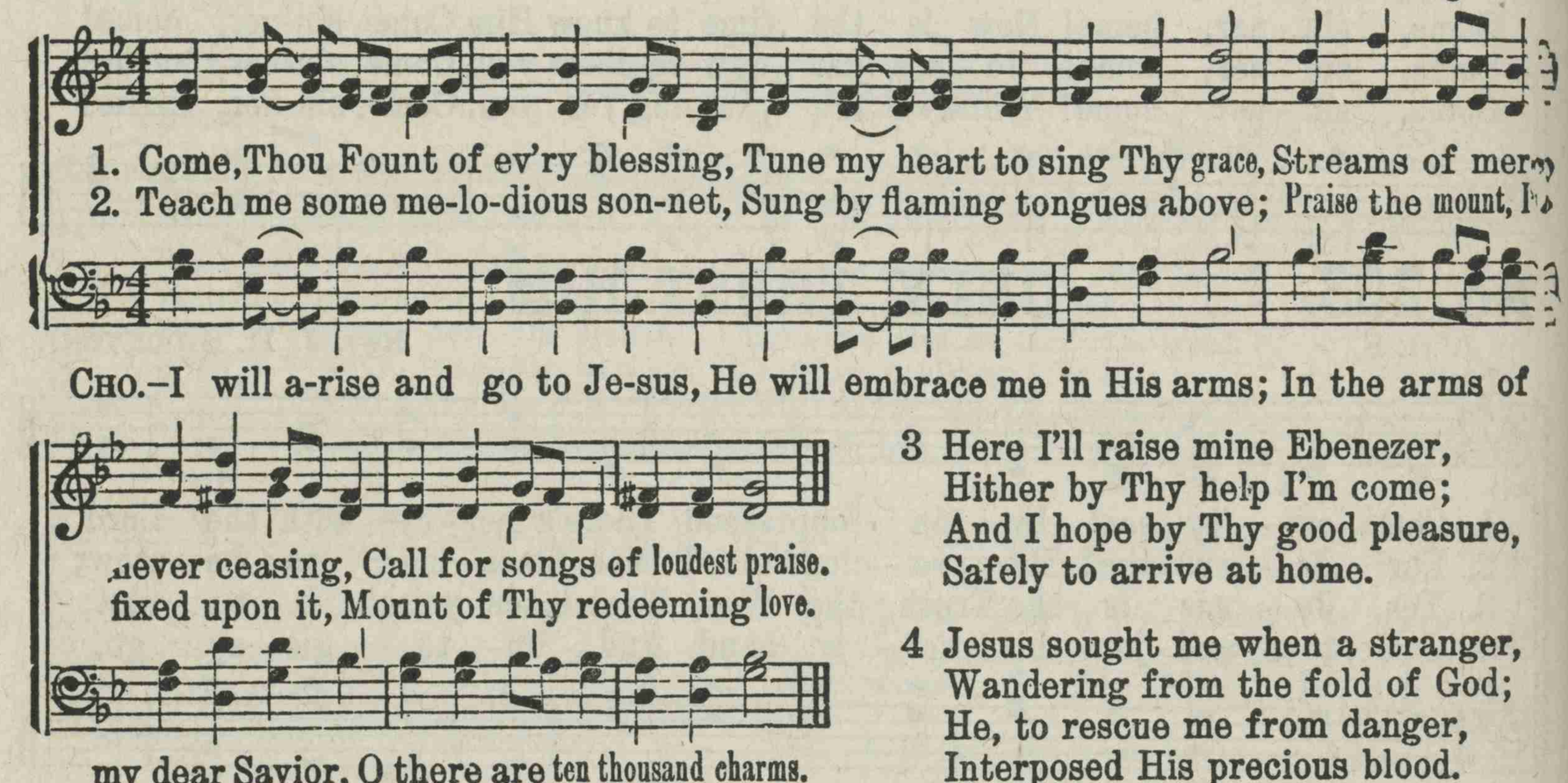


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

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!

No. 205. I WILL ARISE.

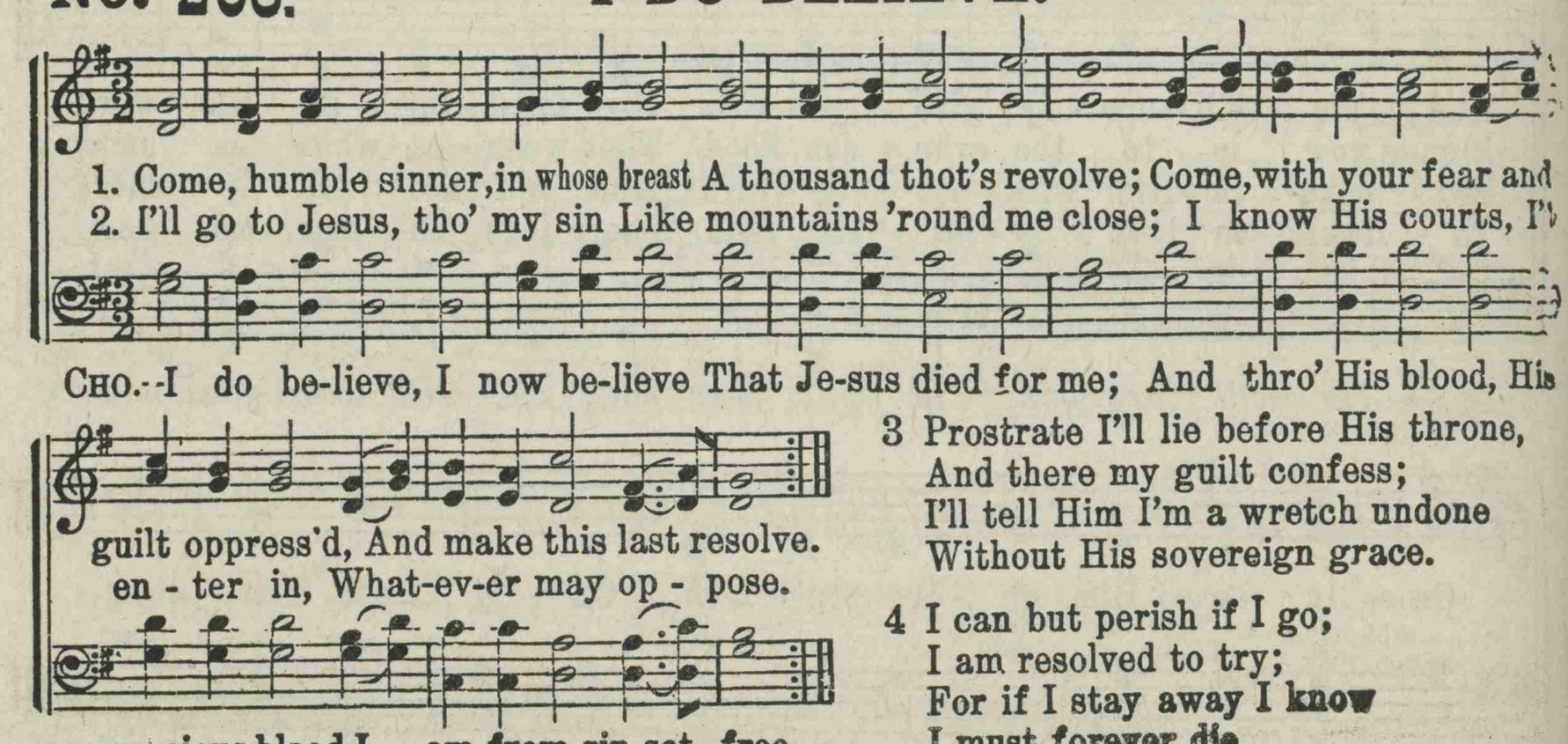
Rev. R. ROBINSON. Arranged.



3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

No. 206. I DO BELIEVE.



3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.

207. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
gar-ment white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

208. I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.

Chorus.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

209 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!" Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be - hold Him come, Off-spring of the Vir-gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Em - man - u - el. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all he brings. Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

Ped.

210 Doxology.

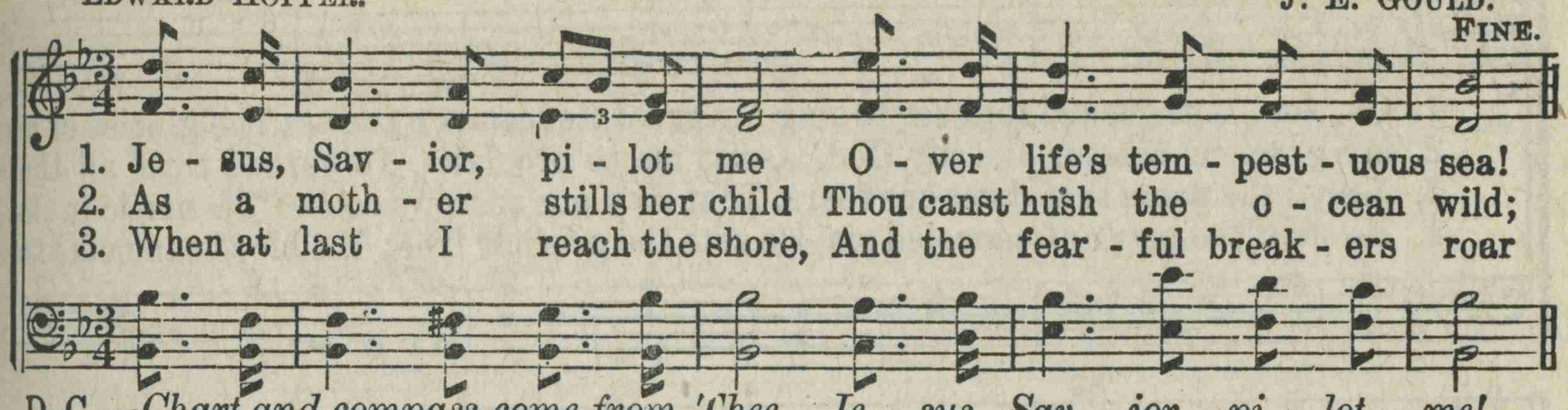
LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
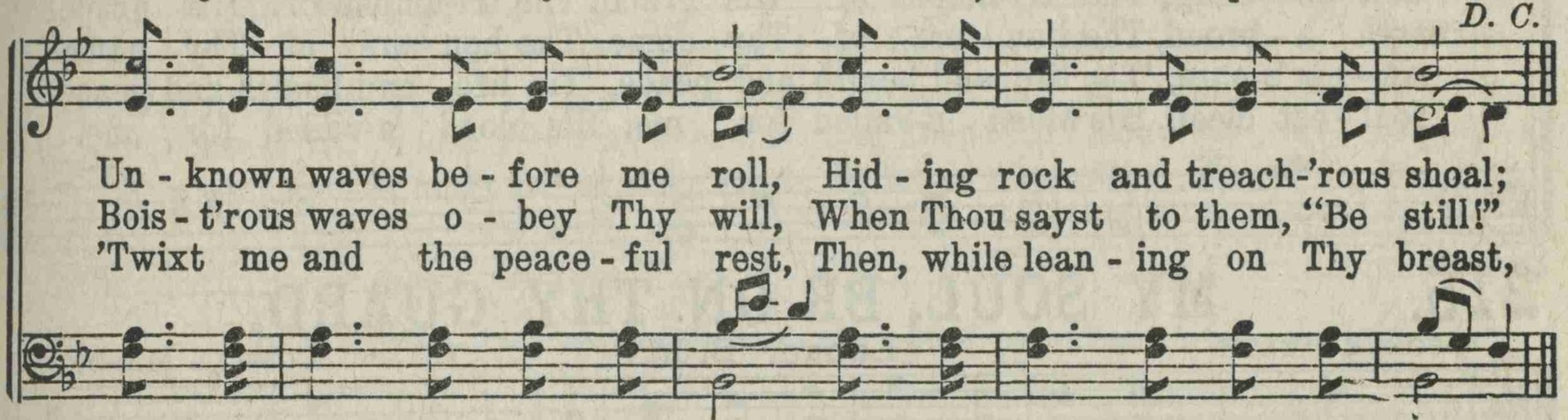
211. JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.
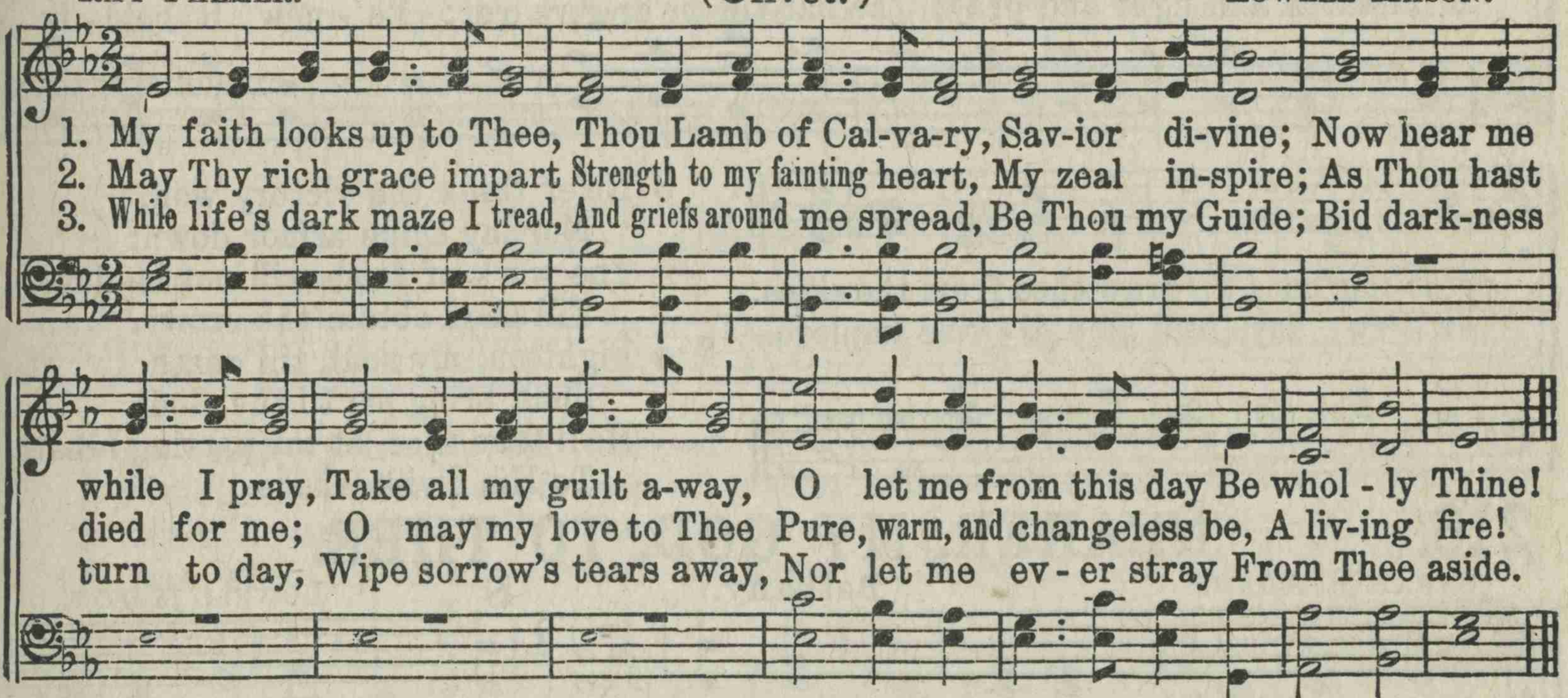


D. C.



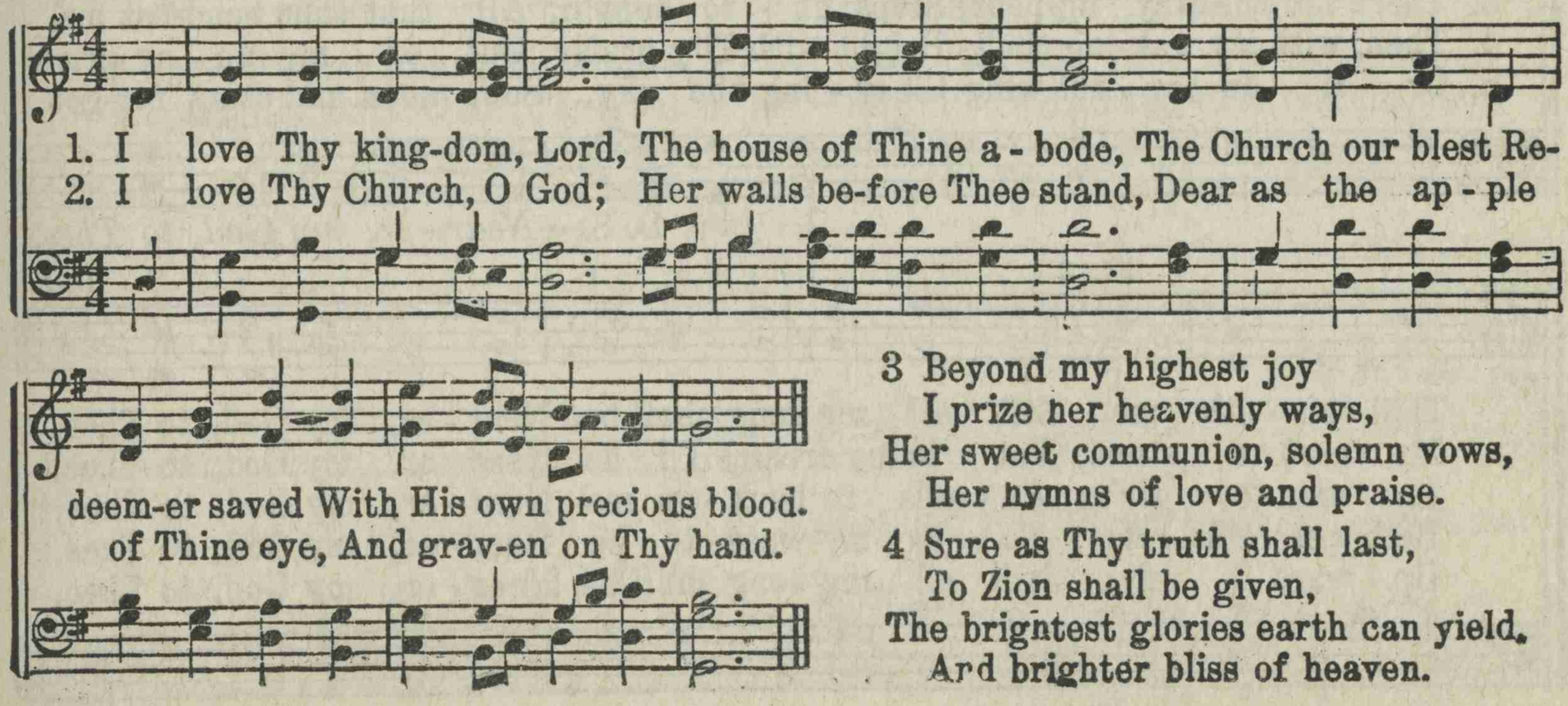
212. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet.) LOWELL MASON.



213. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

214. OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Ortonville.) CARL GLASSER.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! The tri-umphs of His grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. The hon-ors of Thy name!
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease: 'Tis music in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His blood a-vailed for me.

215. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. (Laban. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
   Nor lay thine armor down:
   The work of faith will not be done,
   Till thou obtain the crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death
   Shall bring me to thy God;
   He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
   To His divine abode.

216. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (Bethany.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
5. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

D. S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. D. S.

Near-

GUES.

CARL GLASSER.

; The glories of my
read thro' all the
: 'Tis music in the
blood can make the

His grace!
Thy name!
lth and peace.
d for me.

).

WELL MASON.

ts of sin are
w it bold - ly

ry won,
or down:
ll not be done,
e crown.
l death
hy God;
parting breath,
.

WELL MASON.

be a cross
o - ver me,
send-est me,
to - ny griefs
tars for-got

od, to Thee,
D. S.

d, to Thee,
d, to Thee,
d, to Thee,
d, to Thee,
d, to Thee,

217.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin! Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet: Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo - ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

name! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

name!

218.

HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. SALLIE K. MCINTOSH.

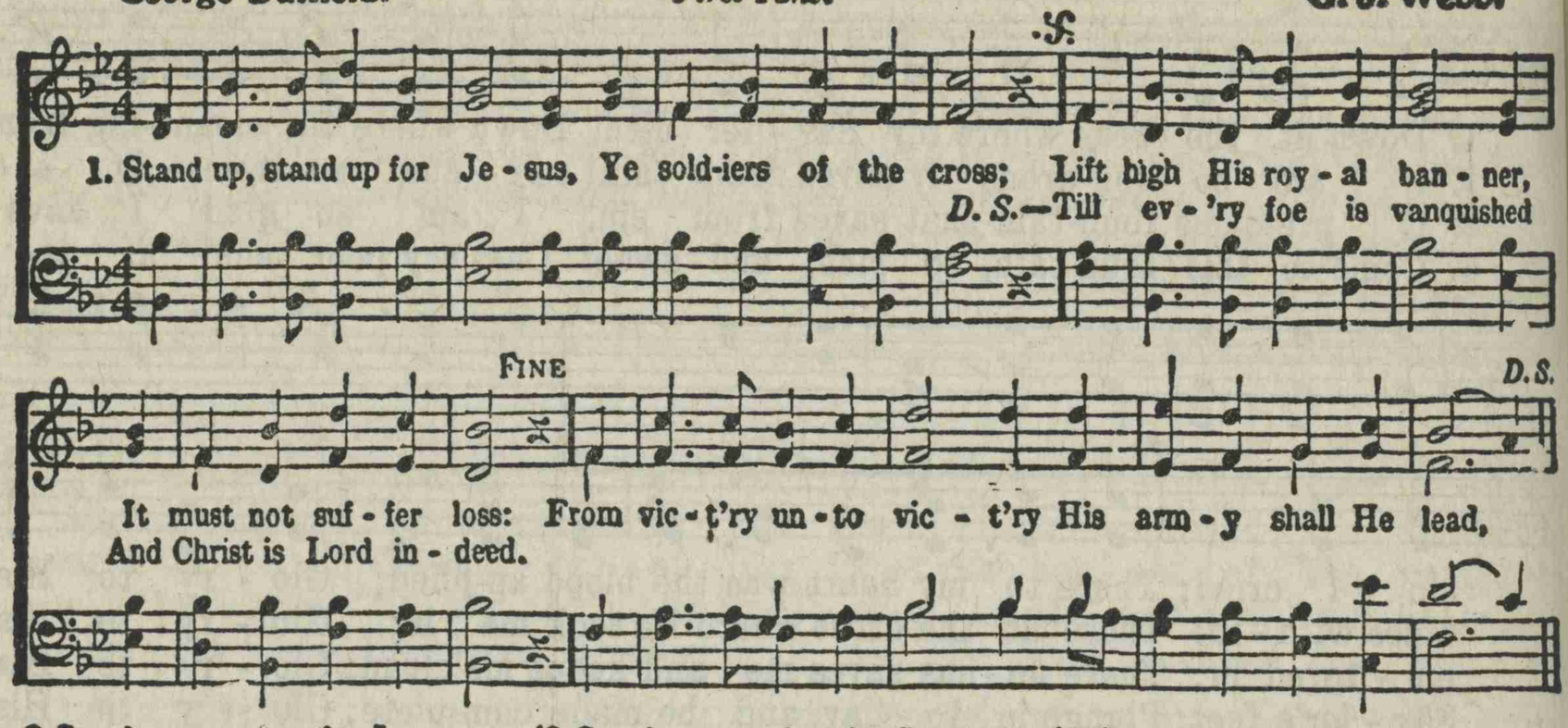
1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'n-ly com- fort fraught; What-e'er I do, wher-e're I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E - den's flow - ers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine; Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict - 'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN. *Repeat Chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me! He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me!

219. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



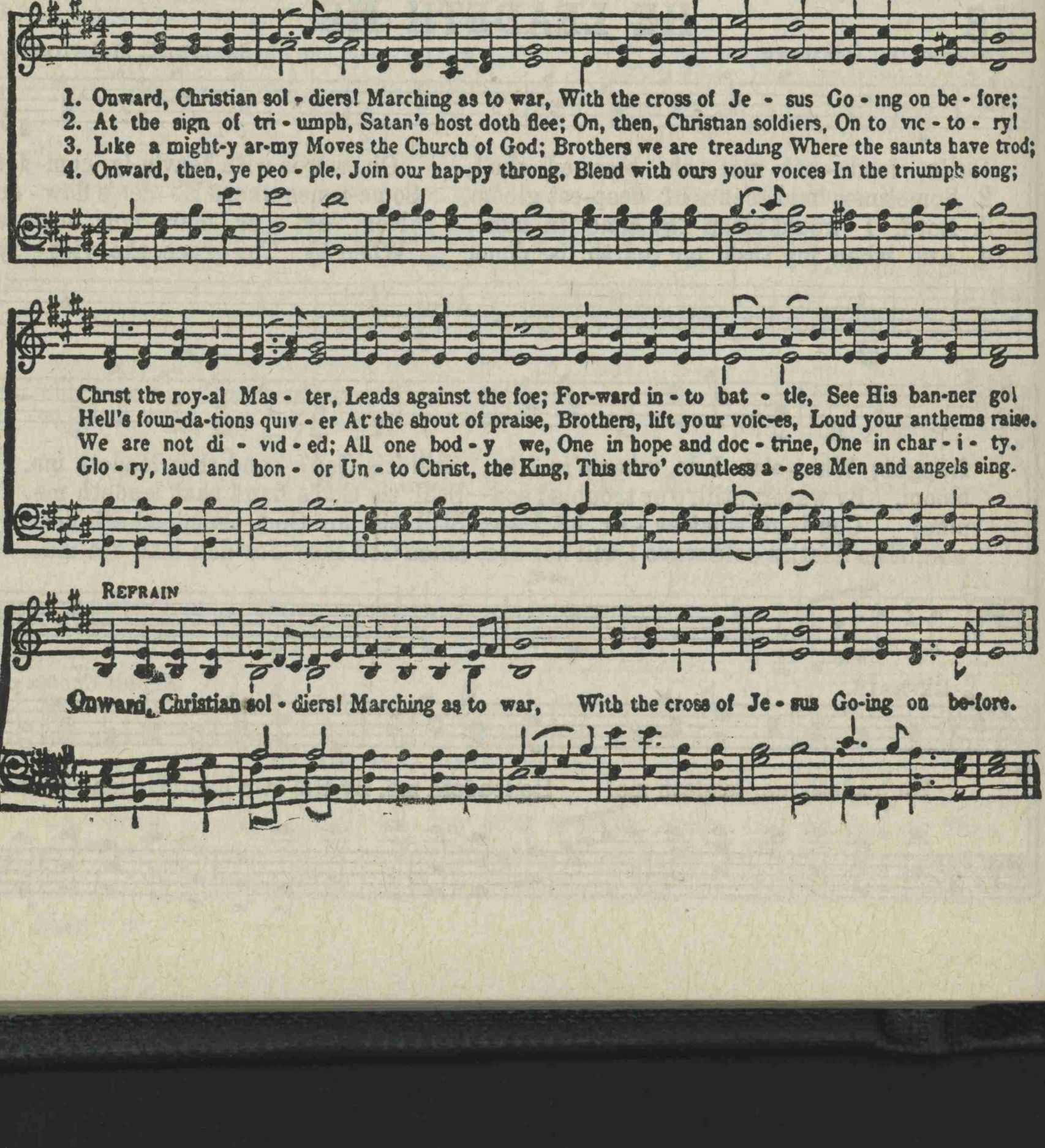
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

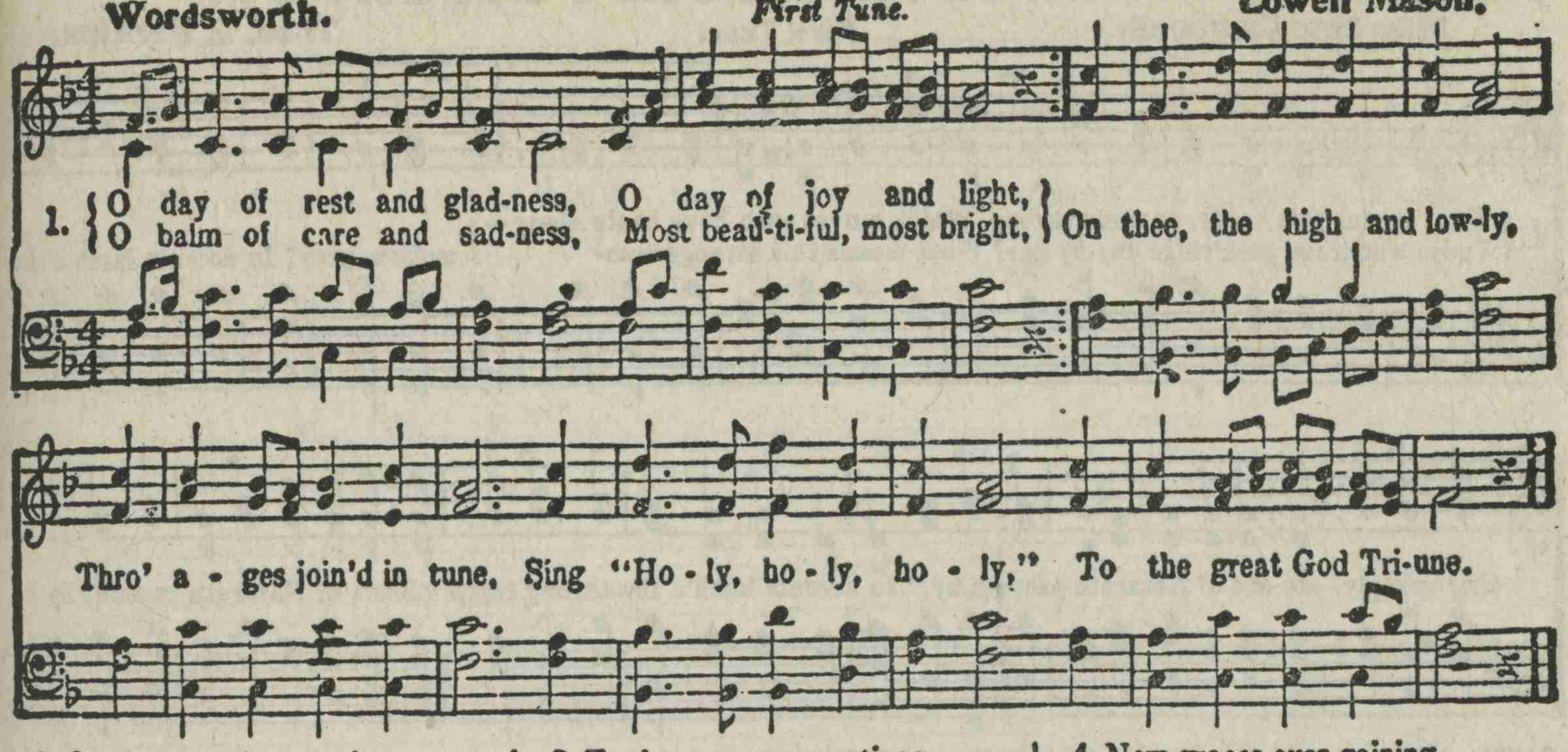
220. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



221. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

222. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

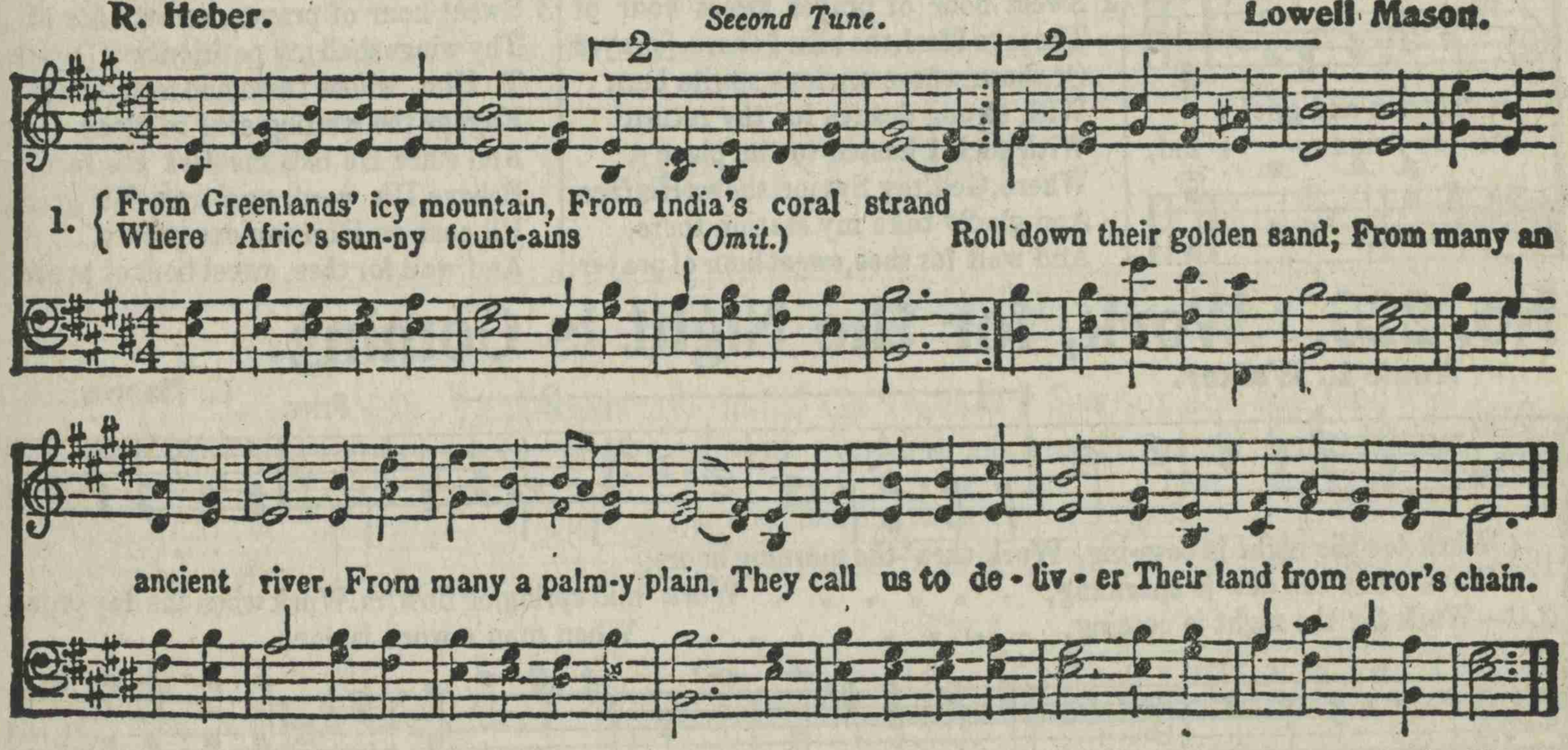
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changee here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

223. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



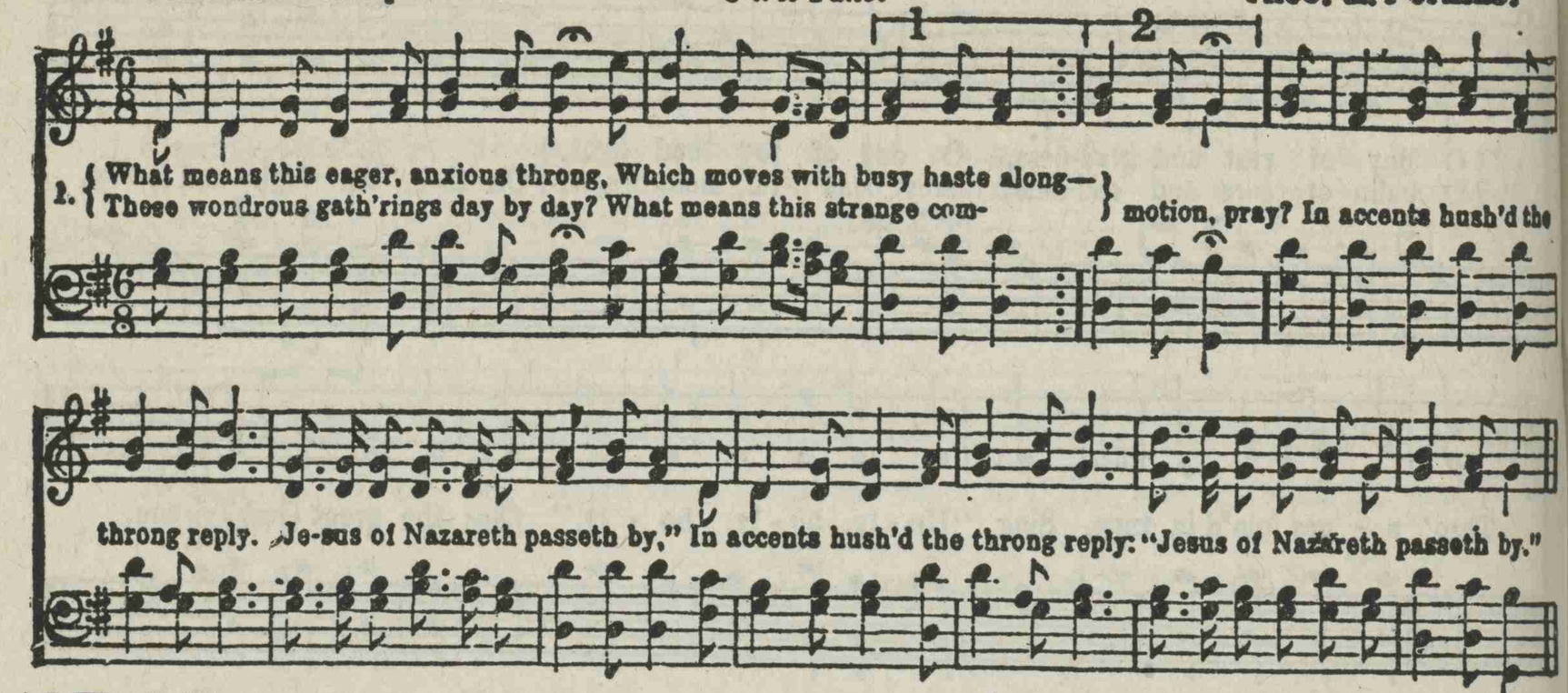
What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are 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.

No. 224. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



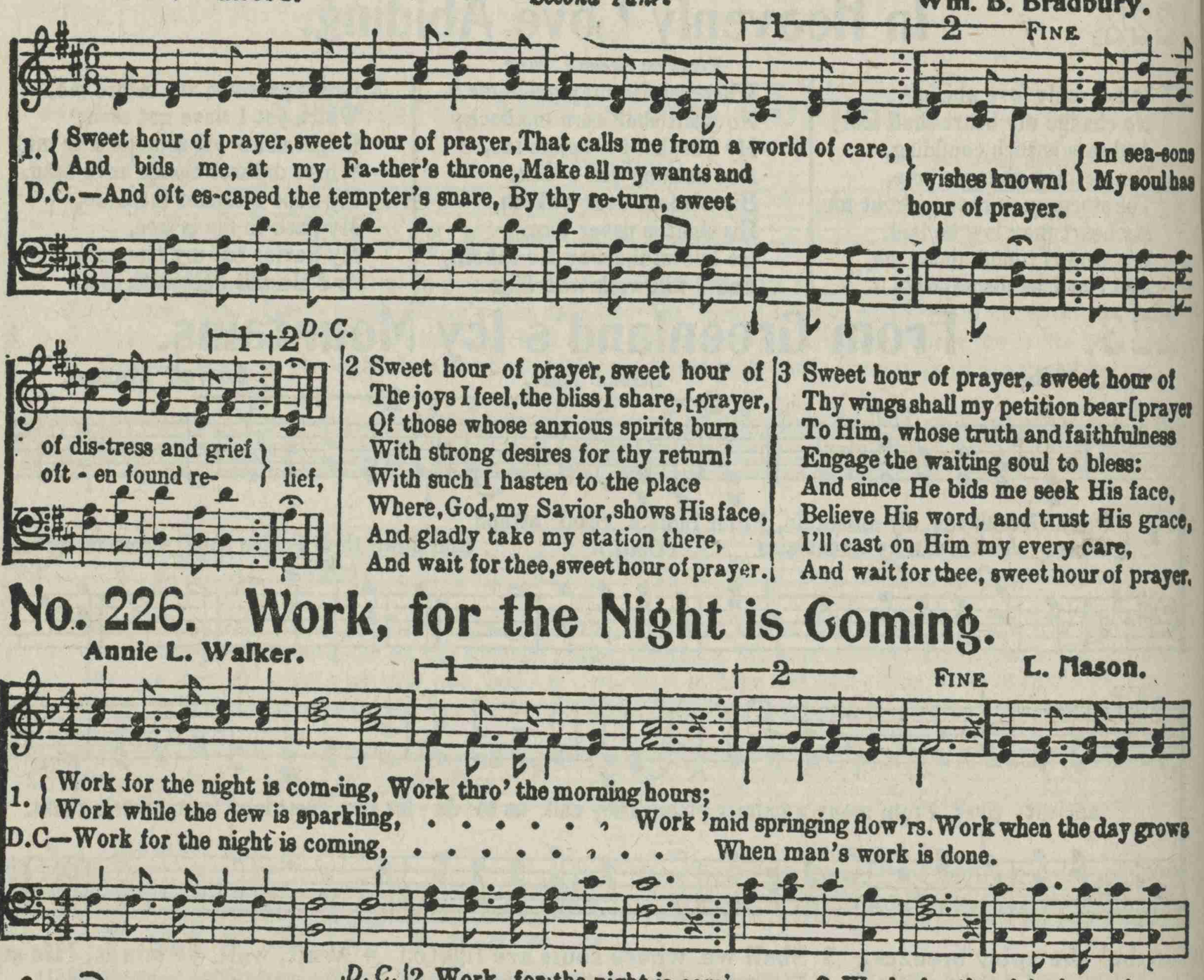
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 225. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 226. Work, for the Night is Coming.

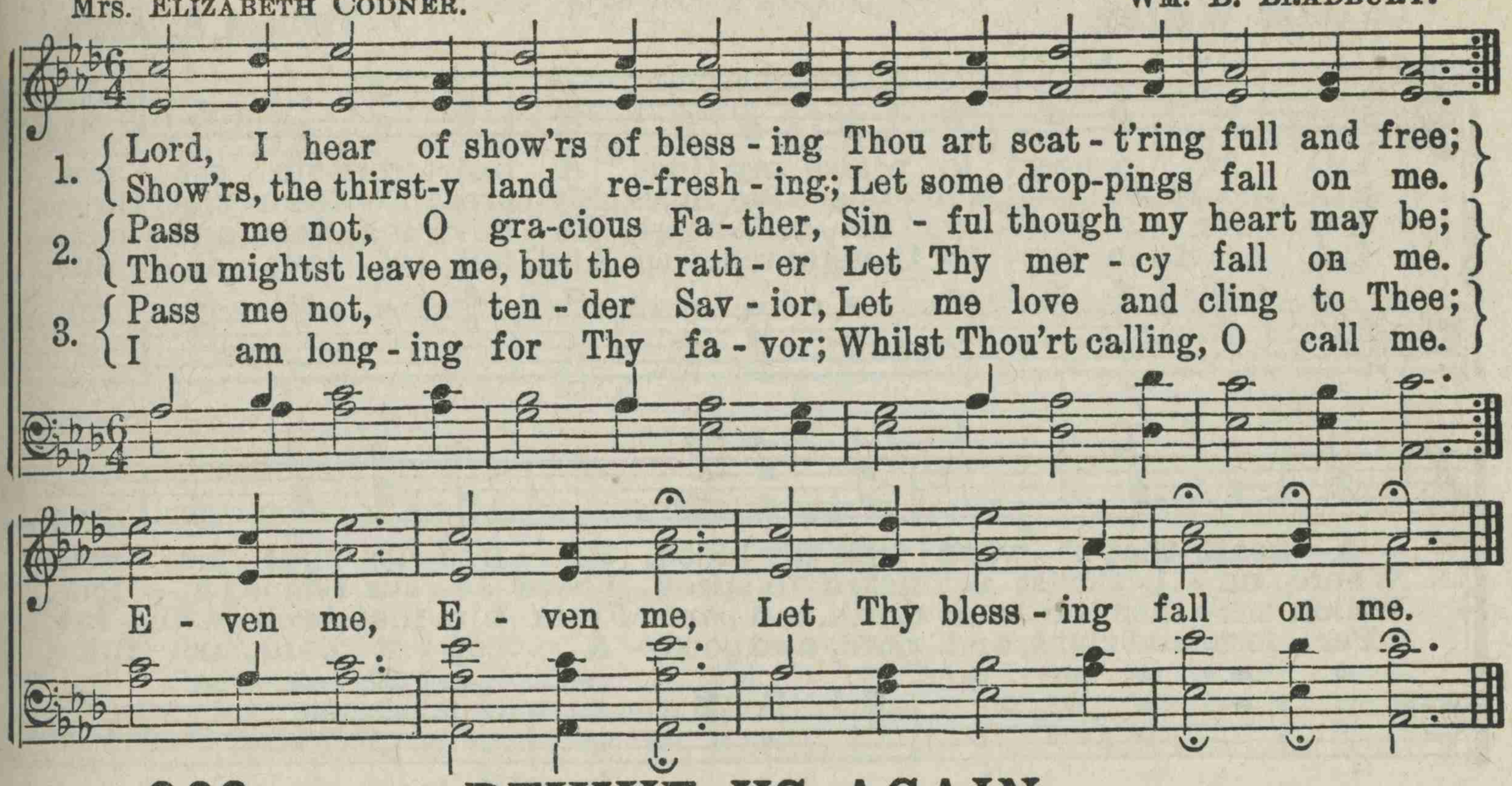
Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

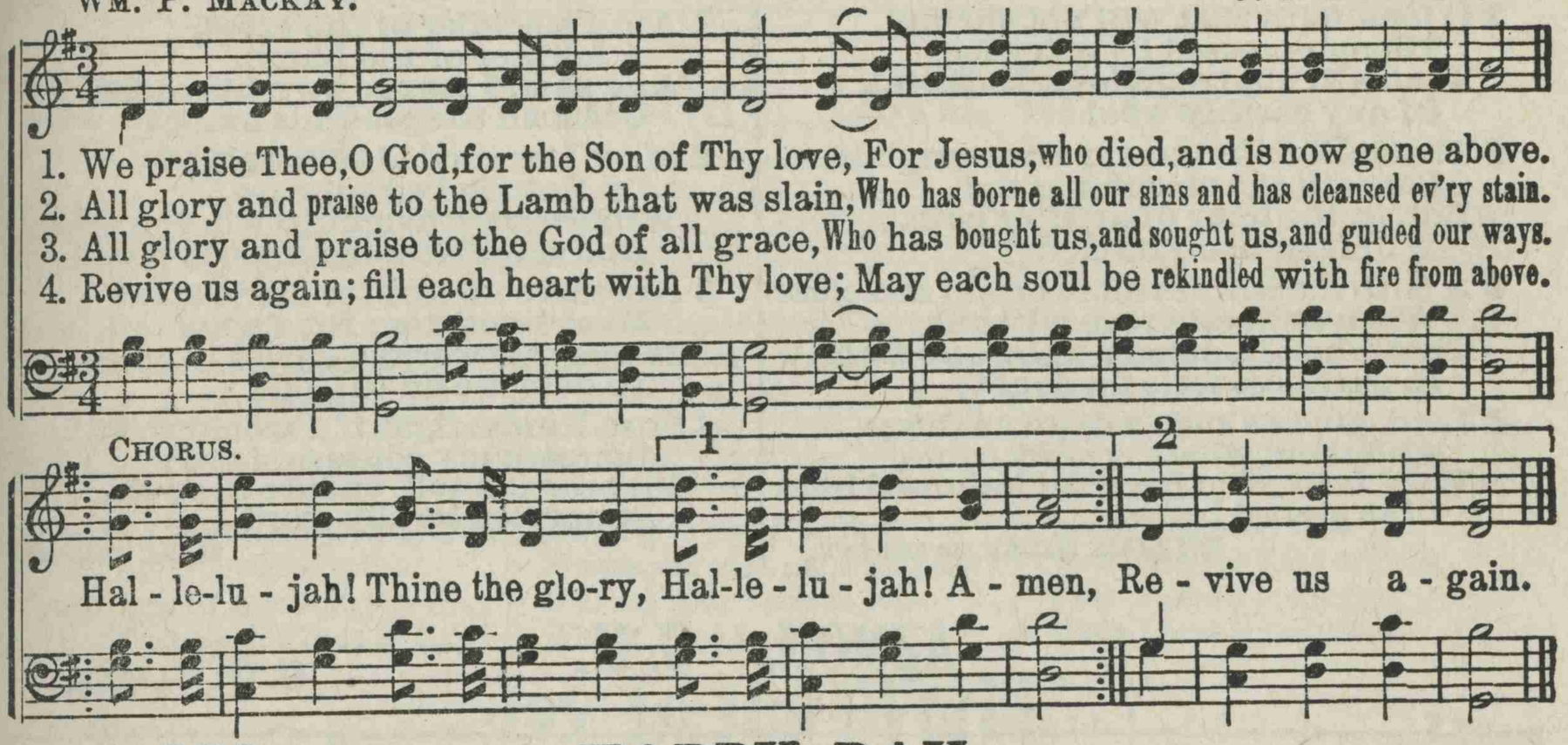
No. 227. EVEN ME.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



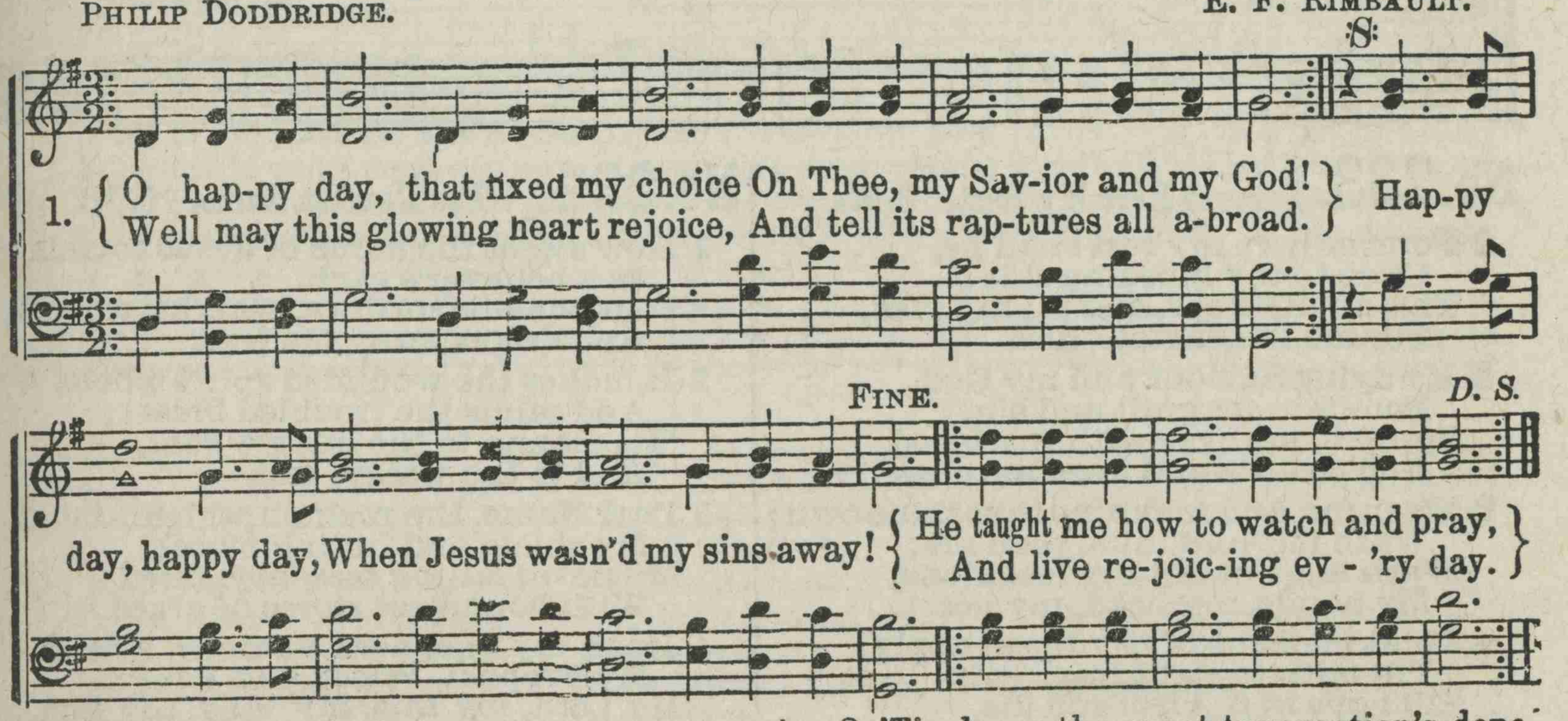
No. 228. REVIVE US AGAIN.

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



No. 229. HAPPY DAY.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.
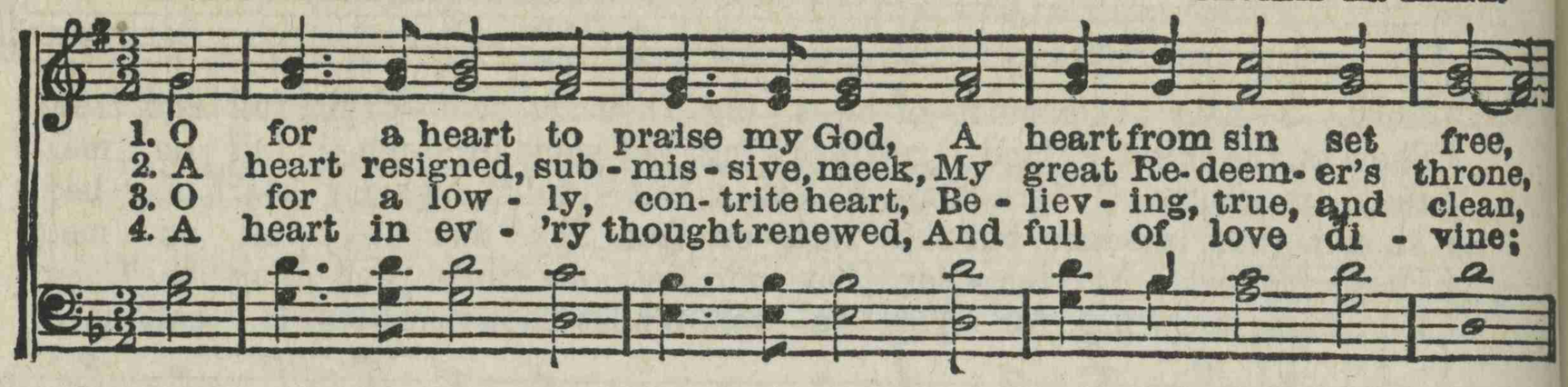


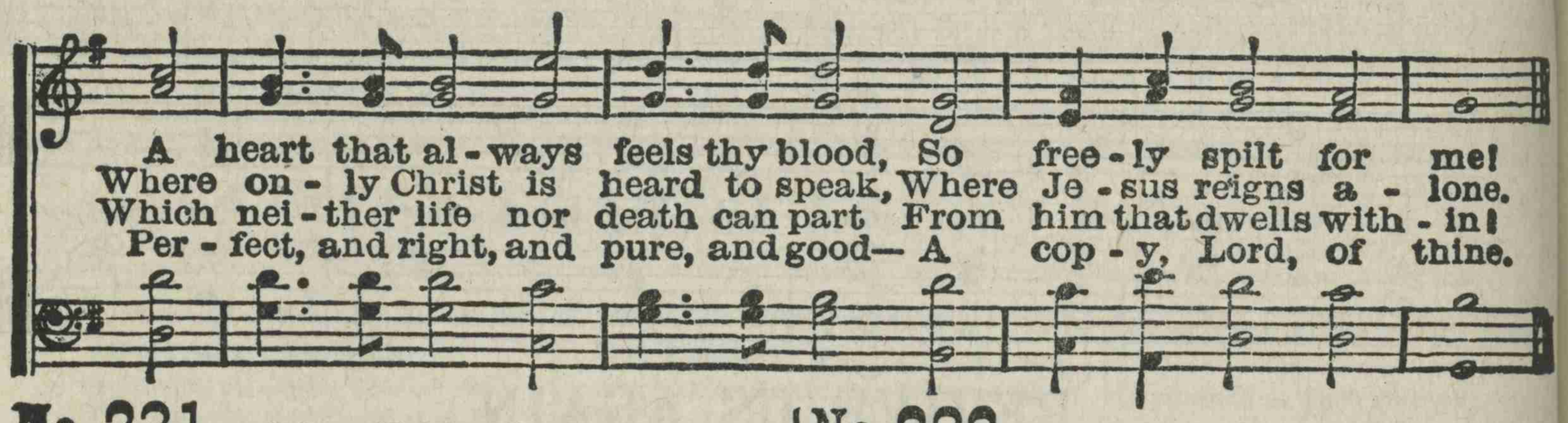
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the 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

No. 230. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.





No. 231. O for a Faith. C. M.

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

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 232. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

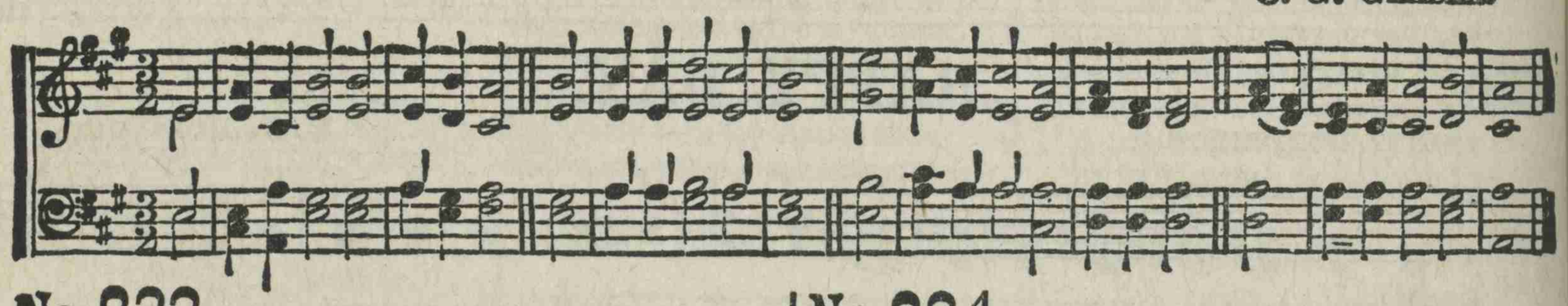
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 233. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 234. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

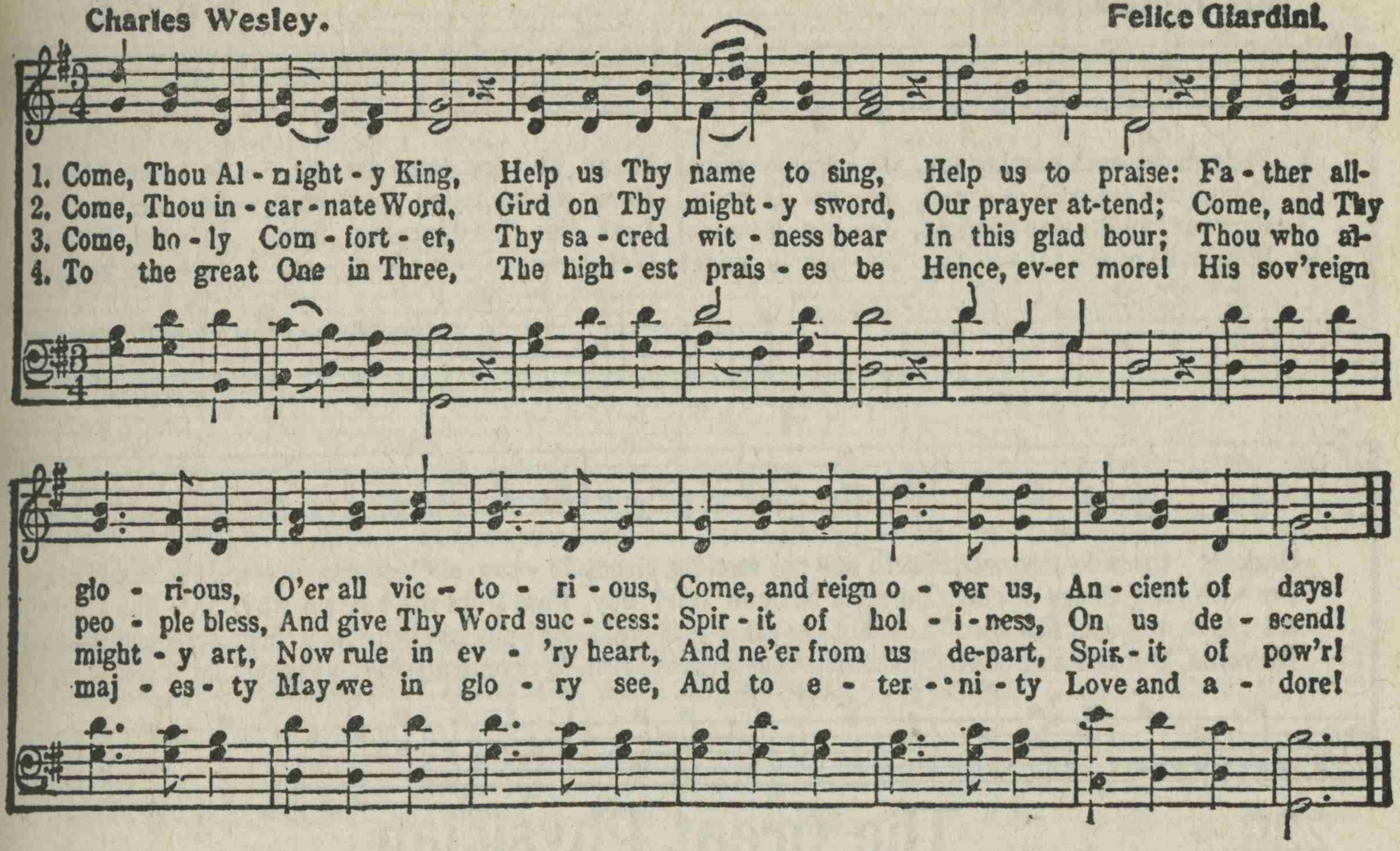
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

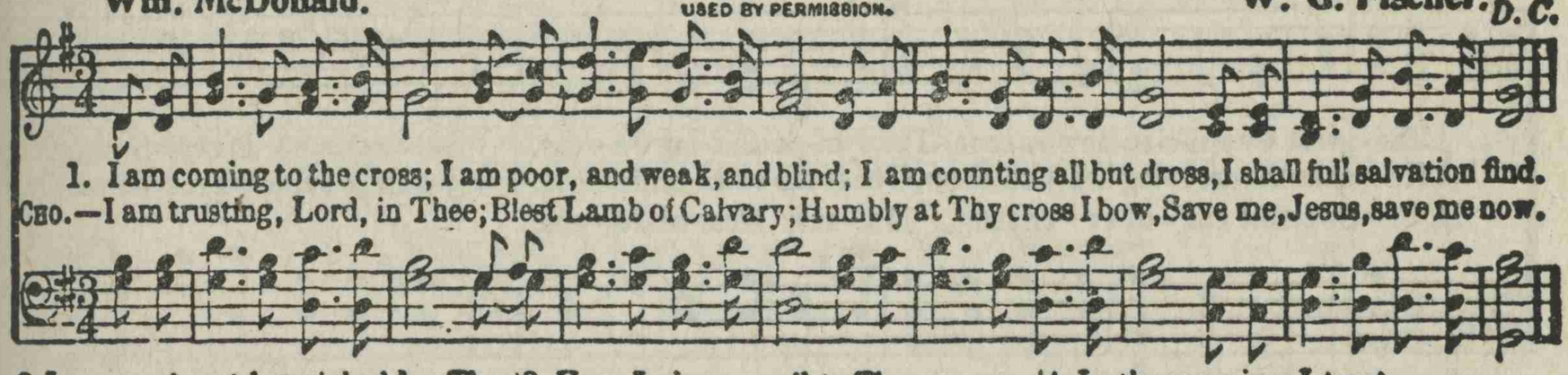
235. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



236. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

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



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

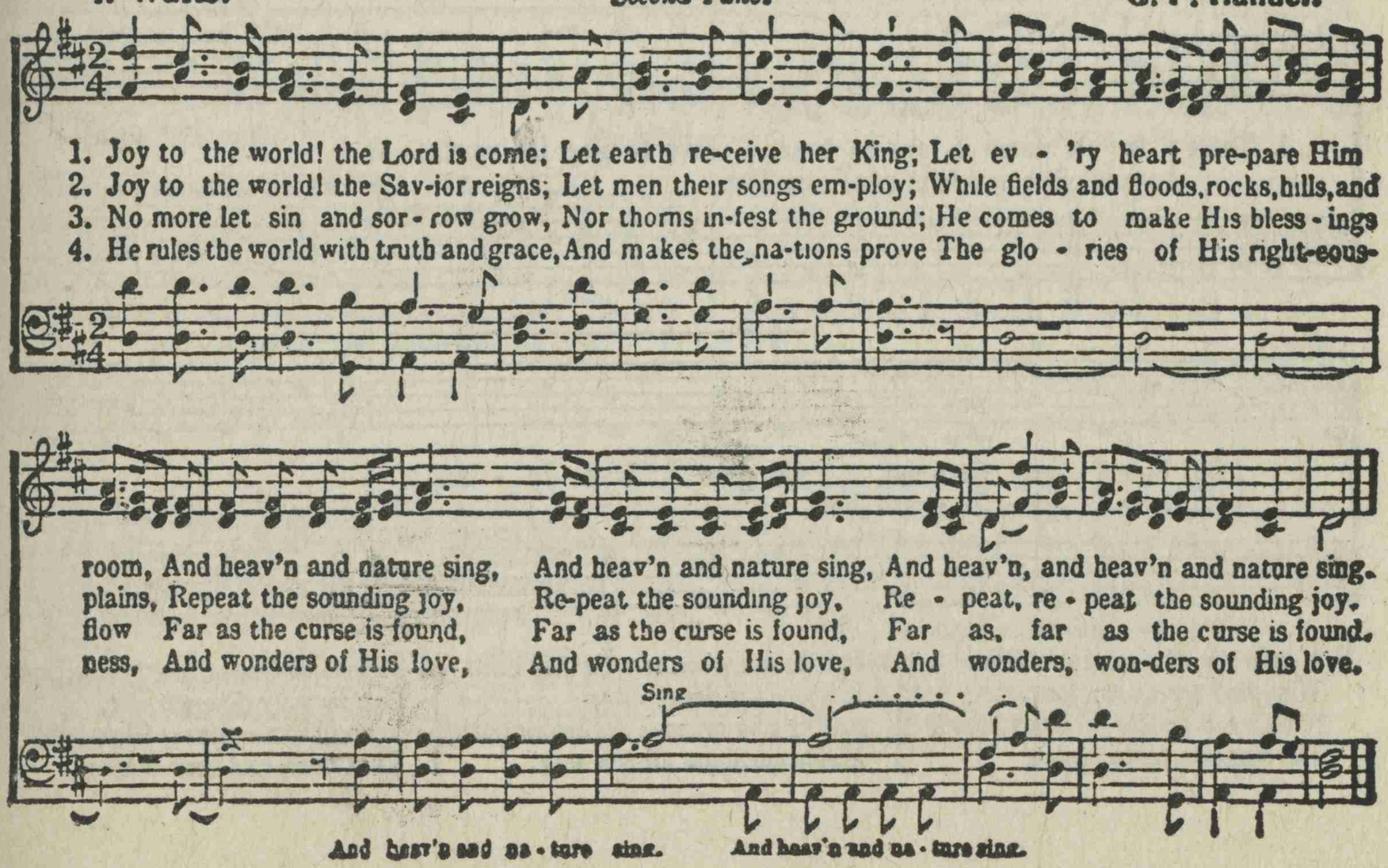
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

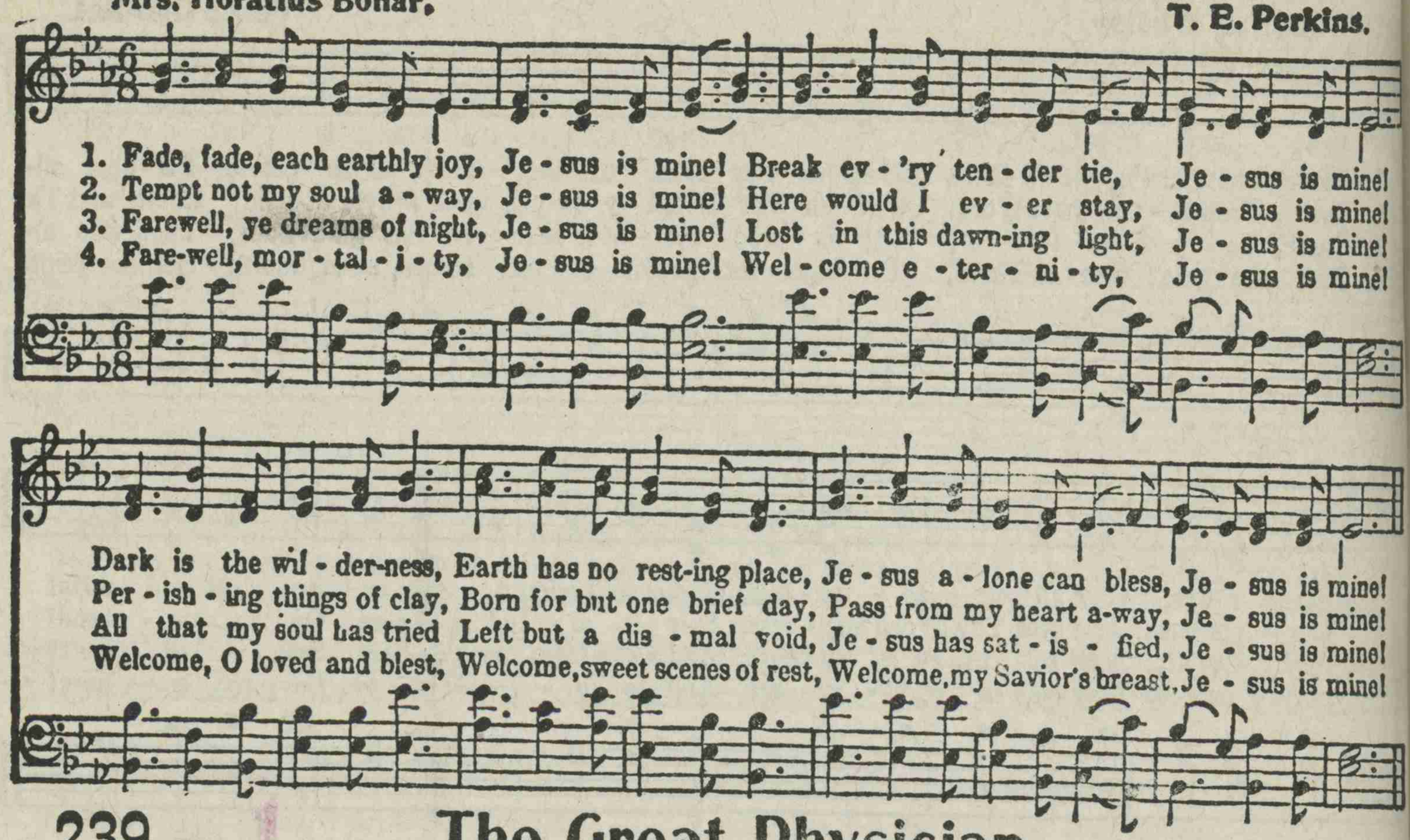
237. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



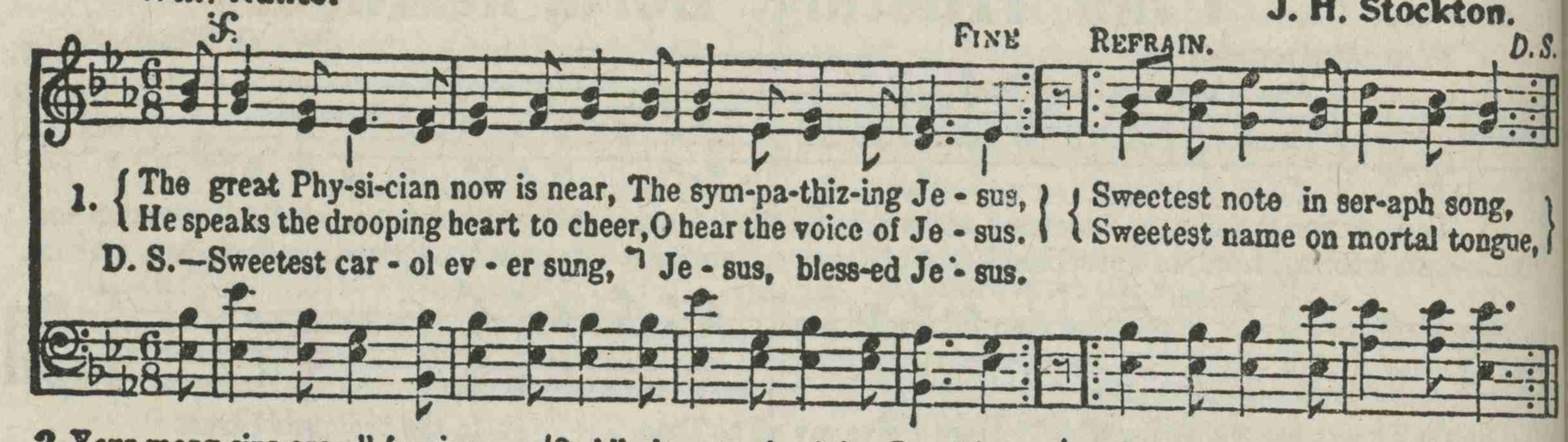
238. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



239. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

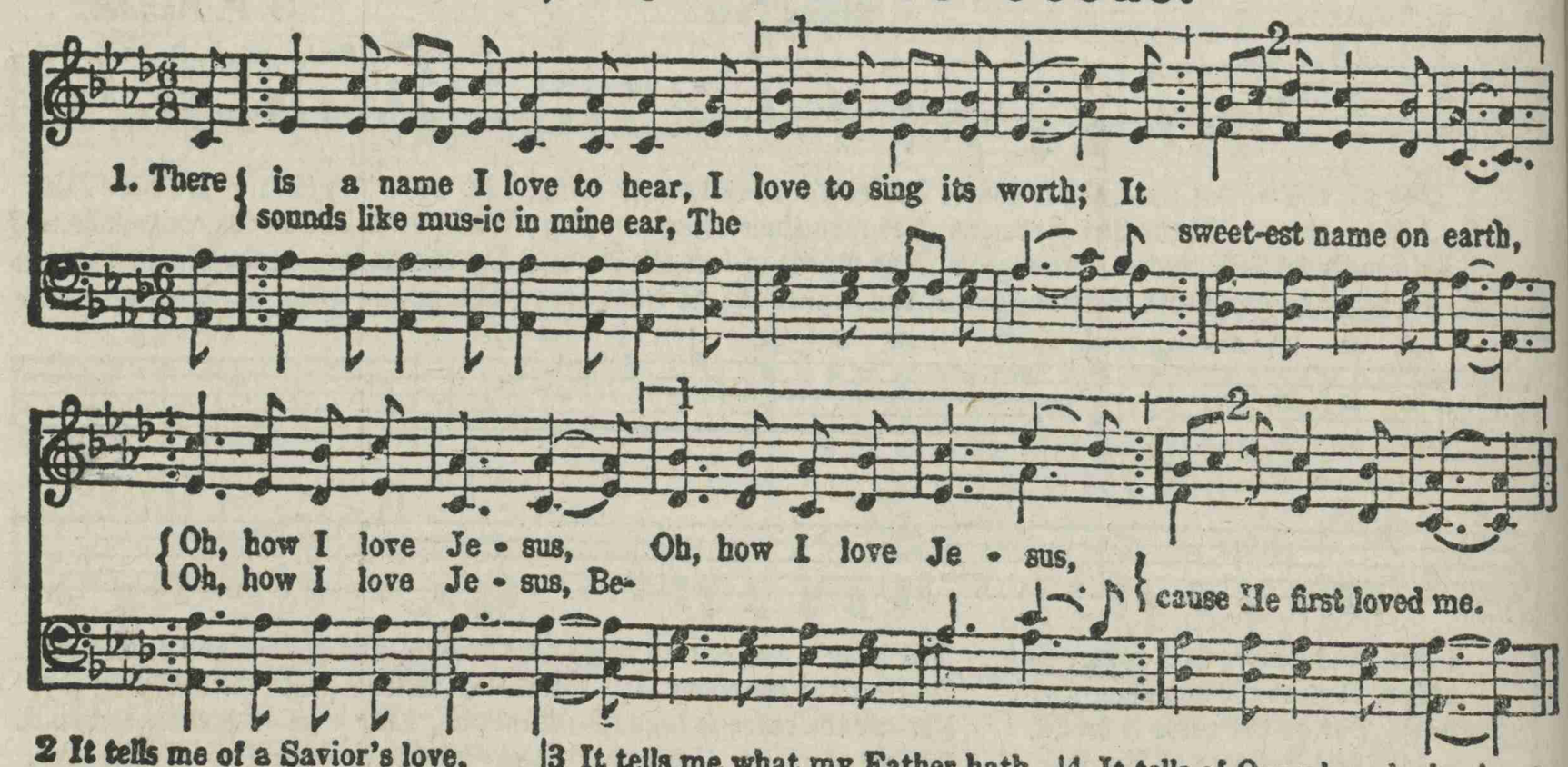


2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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.

240. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



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.

241. 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
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
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.

242. 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, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

243. 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
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-

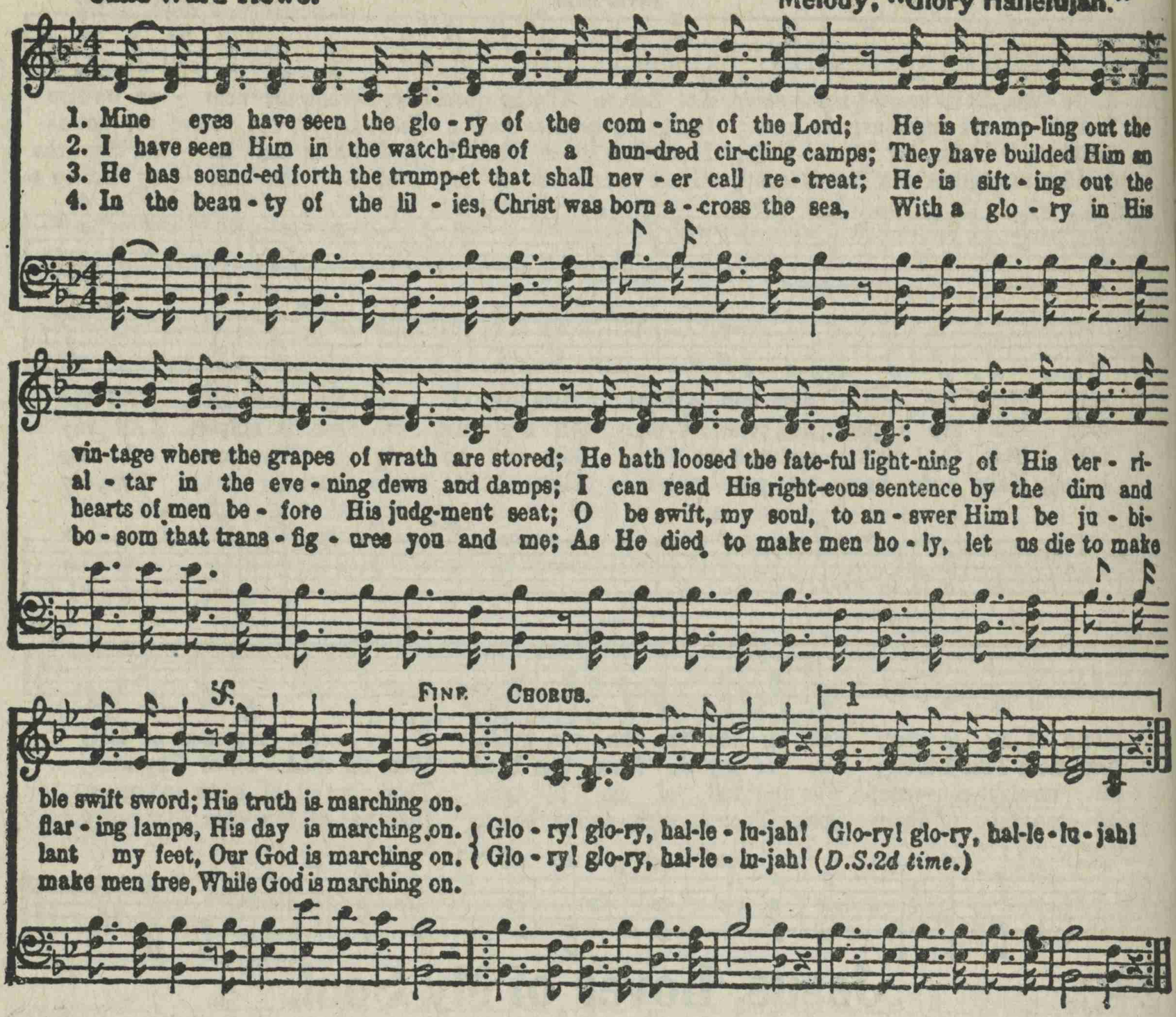
sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

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.

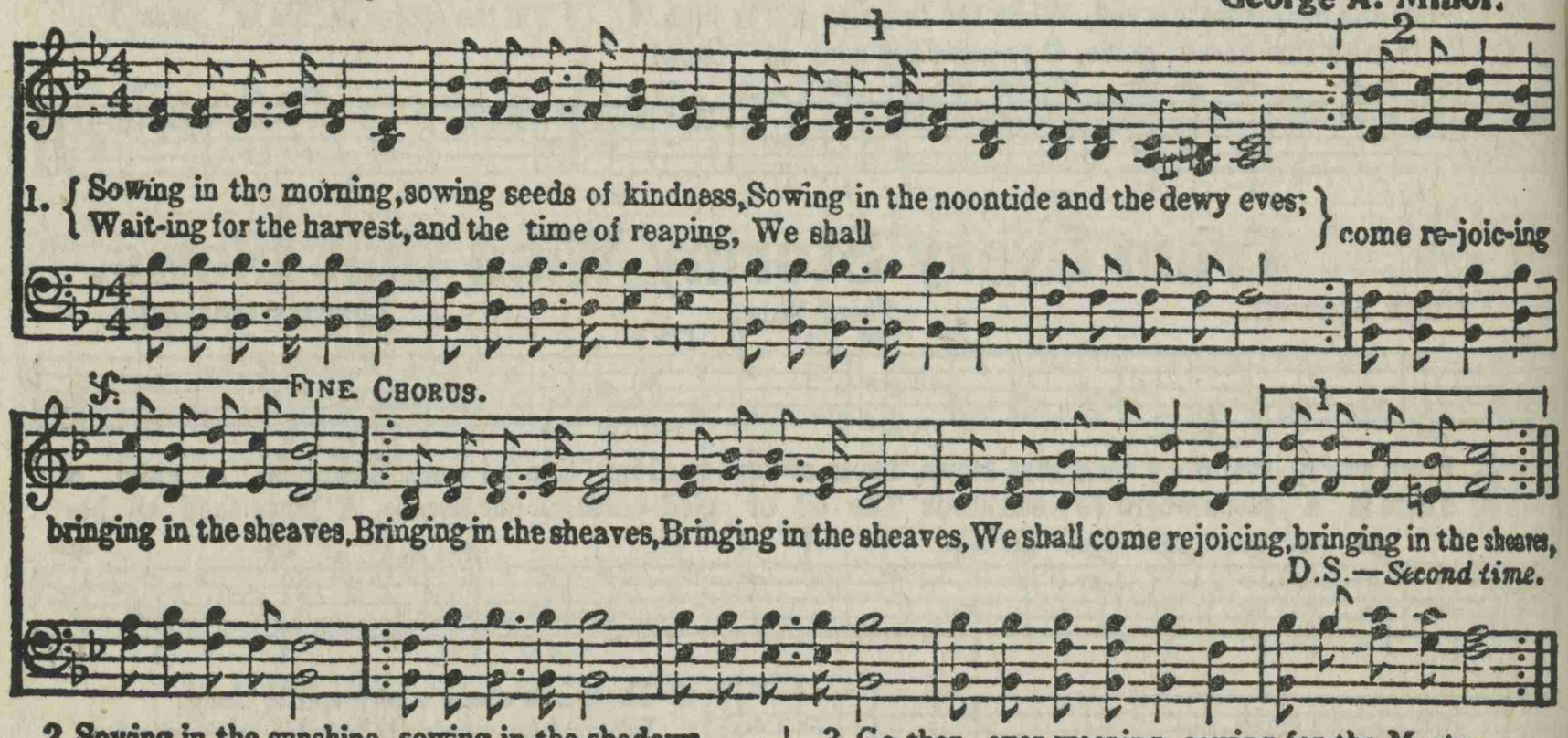
244. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



245. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 246. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song.

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 247. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

FINE.

1. Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing,
   High-er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; } Life im-mor - tal
2. Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;
   Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as hea-ven: } 'Tis a glo - rious
3. Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na-tion,
   Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal - va-tion; } Now I know it's

D.C.–*I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

I re-ceive; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
li - ber - ty; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
full and free; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 248. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. REV. J. W. DADMUN

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams O'er a land whose wondrous
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev- er would abide; For I've tasted life's pure
4. Tell me not of heavy cross-es, Nor the burdens hard to bear, For I've found this great sal-
5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true; When I'm in the way so

beaut - y Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams; Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den
jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears; Broken vows and disappointments Thickly
riv - er, And my soul is sat - is-fied; There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-
va - tion Makes each bur-den light appear; And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly
nar - row I can see a path-way thro'; And how sweetly Je-sus whispers: Take the

D. S.—*Is not this the land of Beulah? Blessed,*

D. S. CHORUS.

with the breath of flow'rs, They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bow'rs.
sprink-led all the way, But the spir - it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.
dorn - ing rich and gay, For I've found a richer treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.
count-ing all but dross, World-ly hon-ors all for-sak-ing, For the glo- ry of the cross.
cross, thou need'st not fear, For I've tried the way before thee, And the glory lingers near.

bless - ed land of light; Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sun is always bright.

No. 249. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

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

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

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

250. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

Rev. E. PERRONET. (Coronation.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

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

251. THE SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.

trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

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

No.

BATTLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes,

:S:

we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the

FINE.

new Je - ru - sa - lem. Wear a crown, wear a
Wear a crown,

D.S.

crown, Wear a bright and shin - ing crown;
wear a crown,

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

FROM "TEARS AND TRIUMPHS COMBINED."

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