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THE WONDERFUL STORY IN SONG

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS NEW AND OLD FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP—THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

COMPILED BY

FRED A. FILLMORE

F. L. ROWE, PUBLISHER,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Copyrighted 1917, by F. L. Rowe

Hymn
1917
Wond

INTRODUCTION

We take unusual pleasure in presenting "THE WONDERFUL STORY IN SONG" to the public, because of its unusual character as a representative collection of good religious music.

This book is largely the product of the choice of thousands of people. The publisher sent word broadcast, inviting people to send in the names of their favorite hymns. In this way hundreds of old favorites were submitted, and we were thus enabled to make a selection as would fittingly represent the consensus of preference indicated by our musical friends. We thus claim to have a collection that is equalled by none, as representing the choice of the people. In addition to the goodly number of old, familiar hymns, we have taken unusual care in selecting the best of new music. Most books contain an over-supply of compositions by the editors or compilers. This we have aimed to avoid, so that there will not be found in this book too much music by any one writer.

Another admirable feature of this book is that much of the music is suited for home use, and the music throughout is of such diversified character that it can be used in singing classes as well as in the house of God.

The topical and alphabetical index will be found helpful.

The book being printed in both round and shaped notes, will make it available for every section of the country.

The compositions being of a solid character, the book will not wear out in a year or two, as is the experience with books of lighter character. These hymns and tunes are made to wear, and our prediction is that the book will be in greater demand as the years roll on, and the Scriptural character and deep, abiding sentiments are impressed upon the minds of the people.

We bespeak a cordial reception on the part of the people of God everywhere in the use and enjoyment of "THE WONDERFUL STORY IN SONG."

F. L. Rowe.

WONDERFUL STORY
IN SONG.

1. Bless the Lord.

K. G. Arr. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.



2. Wonderful Story.

F. A. F. Copyrighl, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

Solo or Unison. *Parts.*

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry to mor-tals been told, Won - der - ful,
2. 'Tis the sto - ry of Je - sus, the Sav - iour of men, Won - der - ful,
3. 'Tis the old - est of sto - ries, and yet ev - er new, Won - der - ful,
4. Then tell this sweet sto - ry wher - ev - er you go, Won - der - ful,

Solo.

won - der - ful sto - ry, Bet - ter than treasures of sil - ver and gold,
won - der - ful sto - ry, I want to hear it a - gain and a - gain,
won - der - ful sto - ry, Tell it, yes, tell it, be - cause it is true,
won - der - ful sto - ry, Tell it, that those all a - round you may know,

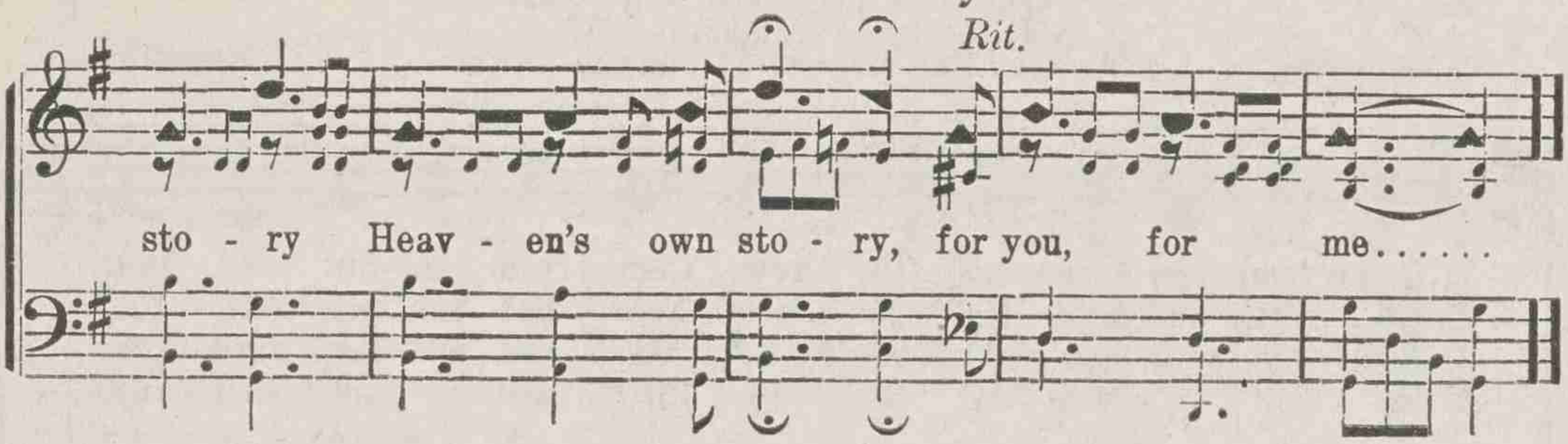
Parts. CHORUS.

This won - der-ful, won - der - ful sto - ry. Beau - ti - ful sto - ry,

won - der - ful sto - ry, Mar - v'lous in pre - cept,

Gra - cious in plea; Beau - ti - ful sto - ry, won - der - ful

Wonderful Story.



3. The Lord Will Hear Us.

Palmer Hartsough. **Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.** **S. Foster Ames.**



4. Jesus Leads Us On.

M. Cumming. Copyright, 1901, by Leonard Daugherty. **By per. J. H. Rosecrans.**

1. Come from the forge and fur - row, Come from the hut and hall;
2. Go forth and fight for Je - sus, Fear not the wi - ly foe;
3. Bear on your ban - ner "VICT'RY," O - ver the land and sea;
4. Be ev - er watch - ful, wa - ry, Pit - falls be - set your way;

Sins to be braved and souls to be saved, Hear, oh! hear and o-
Stand firm and true, the right still pur - sue, You will reap of the
Un - sheath the sword of God's liv - ing word, Till from sin's pow'r the
Cun - ning the foe, but pray as you go, There's a crown at the

CHORUS.

bey Je - sus' call.
har - vest you sow. Hark! the gos - pel trum - pet sound - ing clear,
soul is set free.
close of the day.

See the hosts of Sa - tan far and near, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, nev - er fear, For Je - sus leads us on to - day.

5. Lift Up the Grand Old Book.

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for a - ges past, And will stand the same for a- ges still un-known; Tho' storms against it rage, it will
2. Lift up the grand old Book; 'tis a light up - on the way, And a lamp to guide our wand'ring feet a - right; A bless- ed ray of hope that shall
3. Lift up the grand old Book for the na- tions still a - far; 'Tis good ti - dings for the sad and wea - ry soul; A balm for ev - 'ry ill, and a

weath-er ev - 'ry blast, 'Tis a mes-sage from the ev - er - last - ing throne.
bright-ly shine by day, And shall cheer the gloom-y watch-es of the night.
gain for ev - 'ry loss, When our bur-dens at our Saviour's feet we roll.

CHORUS.

Lift it up, lift it up, Send it forth to ev - 'ry shore;.....
lift it up, lift it up, to ev'ry shore;

Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for ages past, That shall stand for evermore.

6. Lord's Day Worship.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Oft, as re - turns the ho - ly day, The day of sa - cred rest,
2. The Lord is good, His mer - cy shines, Thro'-out all na - ture fair;
3. Here, bless the Lord; here, praise His name, And here His tri-umphs sing;
4. Lord, in Thy praise shall more and more Be fixed our high - est love,

Thy throne, O God, Thy peo -ple throng, With hearts divine - - ly blest.
His churches shall with joy re - sound, While we His works de - clare.
Here, ye His saints, your homage pay, And glor - i - fy your King.
Till with the blest our songs shall fill Thy temple bright a - bove.
With hearts divinely blest.

CHORUS.

How beau- ti- ful His courts, how ex - cel-lent His truths, How mer-ci- ful and

just are His ways, How beau-ti-ful His courts, how ex-cel-lent His truths, All

ye, His saints, to Zi - on haste, And swell the notes of praise.
And swell the notes of praise.

7. We Come With Songs.

Anon. Arthur Cottman. Arr. for this work.

1 We come with songs of glad - ness, To praise our God and King, And
2. We praise Thee for earth's beau - ty, And for the sky's blue dome; We
3. The an - gels lift their an - thems Of heav'n - ly joy on high, And

for His love and mer - cy Our grateful trib-ute bring. The blessings of His
praise Thee for our coun-try; We praise Thee for our home; We praise Thee for Thy
fill Thy courts with mu - sic In songs that nev- er die. And when beyond the

boun - ty Have crowned with joy our days; Then sing we Al - le - lu - ia,
gos - pel, And for a Sav-iour's love; We praise Thee for the prom- ise
riv - er We reach the cit - y fair, We'll sing the song of glad-ness

CHORUS.

And thank-ful voi - ces raise.
Of end - less life a - bove. Then sing the songs of glad-ness, Up - lift the
With sweeter rap-ture there.

shout of praise, Let ev - 'ry voice and heart re - joice In God al - ways.

8. Go, Gather in the Golden Sheaves.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Go, reap-ers, work in the Mas-ter's field, Gath-er in the gold - en sheavse;
2. Toil on in pa - tience ev - 'ry day, Gath-er in the gold - en sheaves;
3. Toil on, toil on, in the morn-ing bright, Gath-er in the gold - en sheaves;
4. A rest there is, and a great re - ward, Gath-er in the gold - en sheaves;

So few the la-borers, great the yield, Go, gath-er in the gold - en sheaves.
That God may send more reap-ers pray, To gath-er in the gold - en sheaves.
Toil on, till come the shades of night, Go, gath-er in the gold - en sheaves.
For all who work and trust the Lord, And gath-er in the gold - en sheaves.

CHORUS.

The har - vest is great, the la-b'rers few, Go, gath - er in the gold - en sheaves;
The fields are broad, there is much to do, the gold - en sheaves;
Go, gath - er in the gold - en sheaves.
the gold - en sheaves.

9. We Come With Loving Hearts.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Chas. Gounod. Arr. for this work.

1. We come with lov - ing hearts to-day, In grat - i-tude to praise and pray;
2. We come with joy, for this we know, His smile on us He doth be-stow;
3. We come be-cause we love the Lord, To med - i - tate up - on His word;

Our of - fer-ings we glad - ly bring To our Re-deem-er, Lord and King.
While in His name we gath - er here, His prom-ise is to bless and cheer.
We seek to know and do His will, And so the law of love ful - fill.

REFRAIN.

We come, we come, We come with loving hearts to praise our Lord and King.
We come, we come,

10. We Praise Thee.

Arr. by F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. S. Foster Ames.

1. For ev - 'ry morn - ing bright, For ev - 'ry sweet good - night, For
2. For sweet, re-fresh - ing show'r, For bless - ings ev - 'ry hour, For
3. For ev - 'ry an - swered pray'r, For strength our cross to bear, For
4. For ev - 'ry work well done, For ev - 'ry good be - gun, For

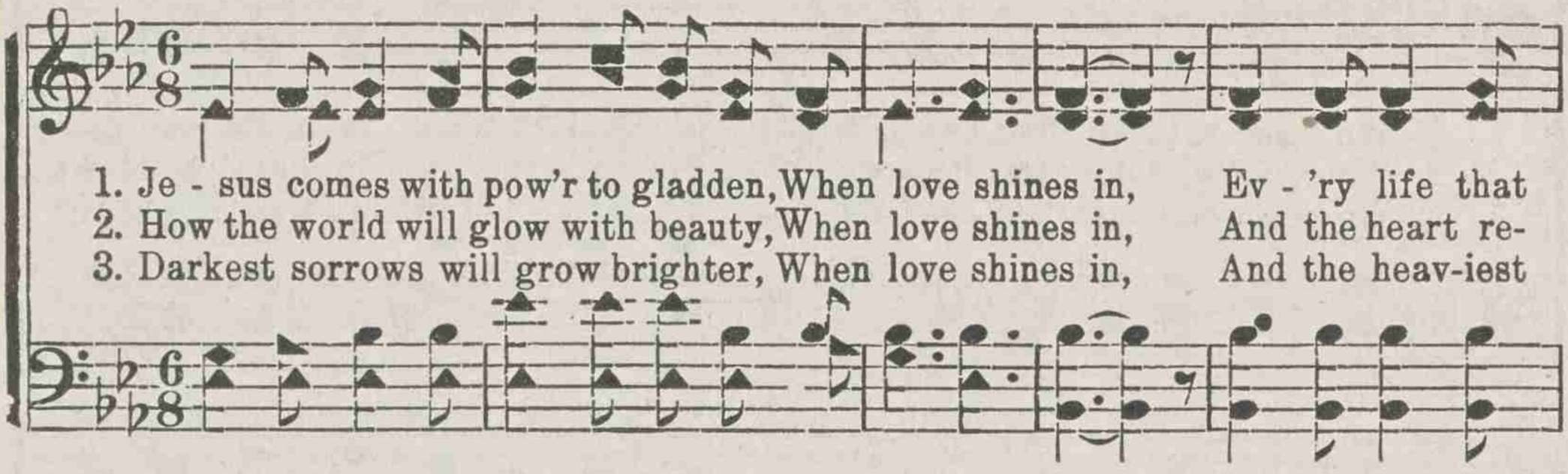
friendship's sweet delight, We praise Thee, we praise Thee, We praise Thee, O Lord.
Thine un-fail-ing pow'r, We praise Thee, we praise Thee, We praise Thee, O Lord.
Thine un-ceas-ing care, We praise Thee, we praise Thee, we praise Thee, O Lord.
ev - 'ry vic-t'ry won, We praise Thee, we praise Thee, we praise Thee, O Lord. A-men.

11. When Love Shines In.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest



woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray, Love will
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied, And the
bur-den lighter, When love shines in 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw Light to



drive the gloom a-way, Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
soul in peace a - bide, Life will all be glo- ri - fied, When love shines in.
show us where to go; Oh, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.



CHORUS.

When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,....



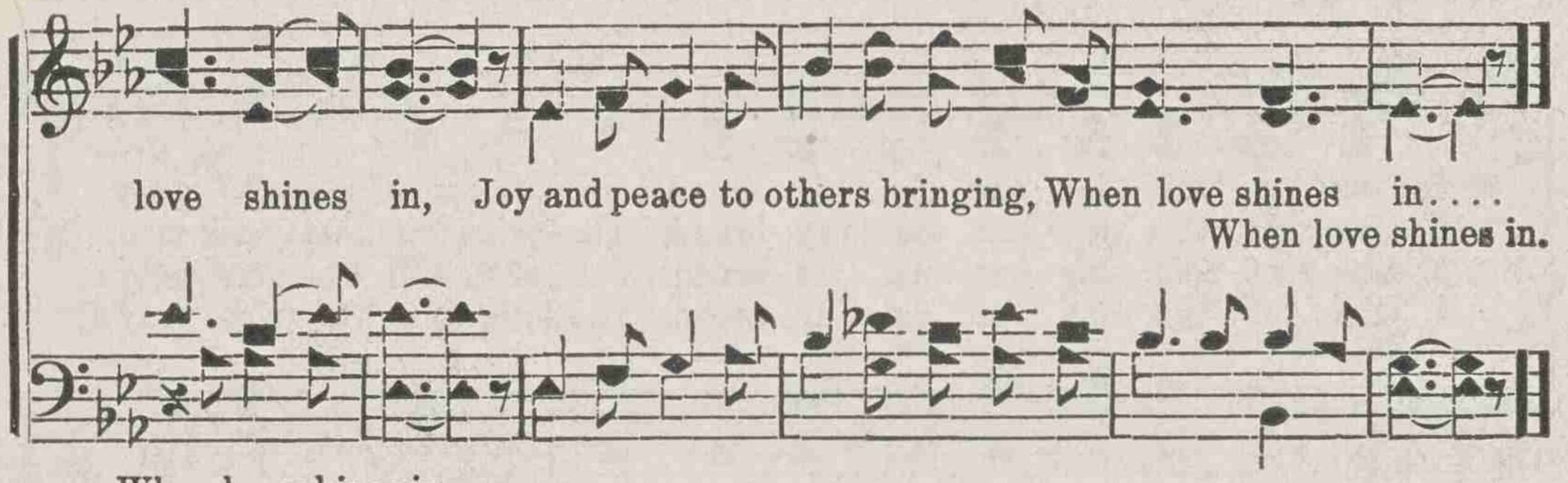
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,



turned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,... When
When love shines in; When love shines in,....

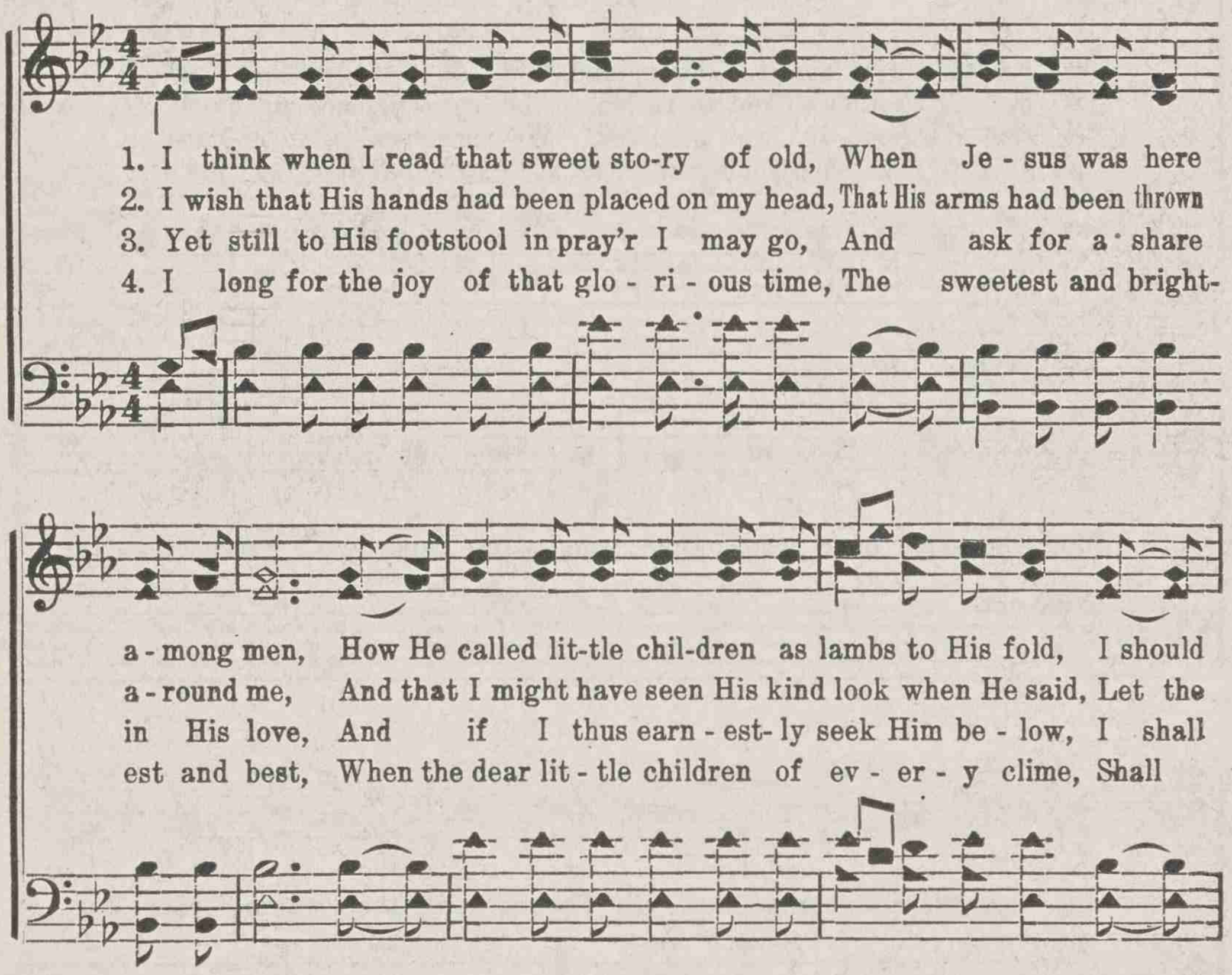
When love shines in, when love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



12. I Think When I Read.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. Arranged for this work.



13. Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**

1. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, So Je - sus taught to pray;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, All doubts we'll cast a - side;
3. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, The Lord will hear our pray'r;
4. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, The bread of life from heav'n;

Our Fa - ther doth our ta - ble spread, We look to Him each day.....
'Tis by our Fa-ther's hand we're led, And He will sure pro - vide.....
'Tis from His boun - ty we are fed, We chil-dren of His care.....
Then shall to fam-ished souls, and dead, E - ter - nal life be giv'n.....

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Thou who dost hear when the young ra - vens cry, Who for the lil - ies doth care;..... Thou wilt the wants of Thy chil - dren sup - ply, Thou wilt give ear to our pray'r.....

Rit. *Parts.*

14. The Lord is my Shepherd.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I fear, He leads in green
2. The Lord is my Shep-herd, He leads in the way Of right-eous-ness,
3. His good-ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me on, Till life and its

pas - tures be - side wa - ters clear; My soul He re - stor - eth, my
good-ness and safe - ty each day; While He watch-es o'er me, no
con - flicts and tri - als are done; And then, in the house of the

wan-der - ing feet He guid - eth in paths that are pleas-ant and sweet.
fear shall I know, E'en tho' thro' the val - ley of death I should go.
Lord I shall dwell, His prais - es to sing and His glo - ries to tell.

REFRAIN.

The Lord is my Shep - herd, The Lord is my Shep - herd,

I shall not want, I shall not want.....
The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want.

15. Oh, Wonderful Word of Salvation.

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

Palmer Hartsough. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. Oh, won - der - ful word of sal - va - tion, Oh, won - der - ful
2. The tem - pest may gath - er with - out me, And dan - gers from
3. Oh, help me to tell the sweet sto - ry, The won - der - ful

mes - sage of love, To us from the mer - ci - ful Fa - ther,
Sa - tan and sin; His word is a for - tress a - bout me,
mes - sage pro - claim, For all there's a man - sion in glo - ry,

To us from the cit - y a - bove. Oh, ten - der-est whis-pers of
And faith is un - shak-en with - in. Tho' thorn - y the way, He is
For all there is hope in His name. There's joy for the jour-ney that's

par - don, Oh, love that we ev - er shall sing, Oh, beau - ti - ful
guid - ing; I fol - low with foot-steps so free, For peace in my
drear - y, There's sight for the eyes that are dim; There's strength for the

ti - dings of mer - cy, From heav - en's all - glo - ri - ous King.
heart is a - bid - ing, And heav - en is wait - ing for me.
feet that are wea - ry, There's glo - ry e - ter - nal with Him.

16. Tell it Everywhere You Go.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

Herbert Buffum. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. If your sins have been for-giv-en you in Je-sus' bless-ed name,
2. If you've found the Sav-iour pre-cious in your ev-'ry time of need.
3. If the love of God is sweet-er than the pleas-ures found in sin,

Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; It may help some oth-er wea-ry heart to
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; Tell the world that He will al-ways prove He
Tell it ev-'ry-where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to

CHORUS.

seek and find the same, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it ev-'ry-where you
is a Friend in-deed, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.
Je-sus you may win; Tell it ev-'ry-where you go. Tell it, tell it,

go, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go, As you
ev-'ry-where you go, Tell it, tell it ev-'ry-where you go,

jour-ney here be-low, Let the world around you know, Tell it ev-'ry-where you go.

17. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

J. H. Rheem. Arr. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. S. Foster Ames.

1. Can I ev - er cease to tell Of the won - der - ful love of
2. Yes, for us He suf - fered, died, Oh, the won - der - ful love of
3. Of this friend have you no need? Try the won - der - ful love of
4. In all tri - als He'll be near, Trust the won - der - ful love of

Je - sus? No, my tho'ts shall ev - er dwell On the won - der - ful
Je - sus! We are cleansed and sanc - ti - fied Thro' the won - der - ful
Je - sus! To His gra - cious word give heed, Oh, the won - der - ful
Je - sus! Trust-ing Him you need not fear, Trust the won - der - ful

CHORUS.

love of Je - sus. Yes, His love is full and free,
love of Je - sus. Yes, His love is full and free,

Bound - less love for you and me; . . . . . Who - so - ev - er
Bound - less love for you, for me;

will may taste and see, The won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

18. Can the Master Call Me Faithful?

Copyright, 1907, by Leonard Daugherty. By per.

Jennie Wilson. Leonard Daugherty.

1. Can the Mas - ter call me faith - ful When the dark - ness falls for me? Leav - ing earth - ly fields of la - bor Heav - en's
2. Am I toil - ing in the har - vest Where for Him I ought to reap, Gath-'ring sheaves all bright and gold - en Ere the
3. Out on sin's bleak, lone - ly moun - tains Pre - cious souls have gone a - stray; Je - sus bids me help to save them, Am I
4. May the Ho - ly Spir - it guide me In the work that I should do, So that to the lov - ing Mas - ter I may

CHORUS.

glo - ry shall I see? Can the Mas - ter call me faith - ful
shades of night grow deep? When time's fleet - ing day is done? (day is done?) By my glad, whole-
seek - ing to o - bey?
nev - er be un - true.
heart - ed serv - ice Will the crown of life be won?
life be won?

19. Lord, Lift Me Up.

Granville Jones. Copyright, 1912, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. **By per. Theo. E. Fitz.**

1. Lord, lift me up,..... that I may see..... Glimps-es of
2. Lord, lift me up,..... and let me view..... Vis - ions of
3. Lord, lift me up, ... till songs of joy..... For all Thy

Lord, lift me up, that I may see

truth..... Thou hast for me;.....Make known Thy plan,.....
love. ..... for - ev - er new;..... Fill heart and soul .....
care ..... my tongue em-ploy;..... Give me the pow'r .....
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me, Make known Thy plan,

Rit.

Thy great de-sign,..... And let Thy will be whol-ly mine.
with rap-ture sweet, ... And make my love for Thee com-plete.
Thy praise to sing,..... Morn - ing and night, my Lord and King!
Thy great design,

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up, and help me stand

Lord, lift me up,..... and help me stand..... By faith on

BASS SOLO.

By faith on heavn's, heavn's ta-ble-land; A high-er plain
heav - en's ta-ble-land;.....A higher plain..... than I have

Lord, Lift Me Up.



20. Over the World.

"In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John 1: 4.

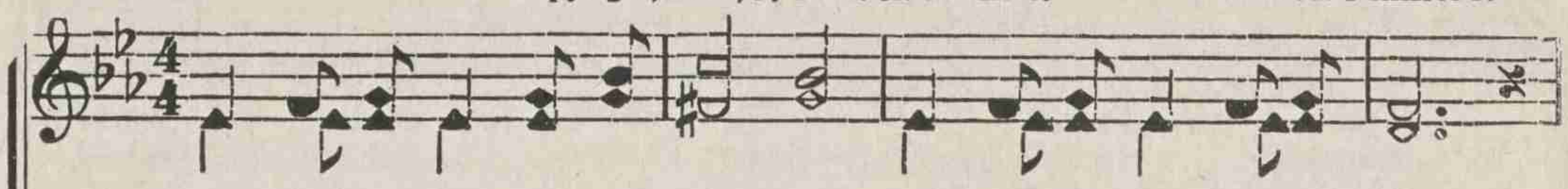
E. D. Mund. By permission. E. S. Lorenz.



21. I Want to Tell the Sweet Story.

(May be used as a Solo.)

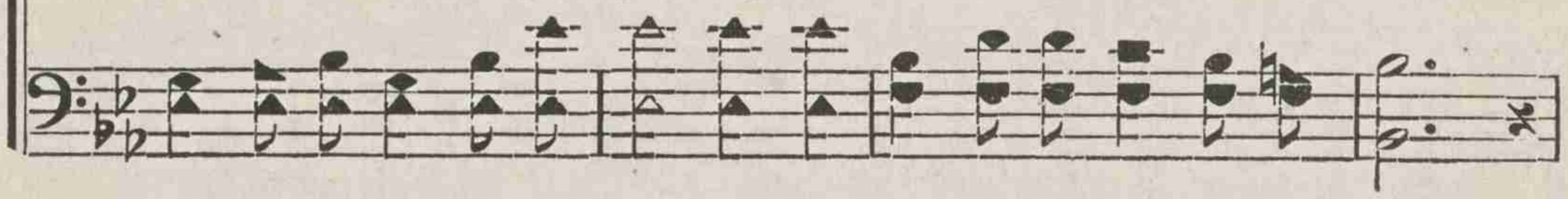
F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.



1. I want to tell the sweet sto - ry Of my Re-deem - er and Lord,
2. I want to tell the sweet sto - ry, Won - der-ful sto - ry of love,
3. I want to tell the sweet sto - ry To those I meet on the way,
4. I want to tell the old sto - ry, Won- der-ful sto - ry and rare,



I want to tell of the won-ders I find in the life - giv - ing word.
How the dear Lord to re - deem us, Came down from the mansions a - bove.
Tell of the Sav-iour so precious, "The Life and the Truth and the Way."
How Je - sus now is pre - par - ing A man-sion for us o - ver there.





He has so ten - der - ly spok - en, To need - y souls and op-pressed,
Giv - ing His life as a ran - som, Con-quer-ing death and the grave,
He is so full of com-pas - sion, Lov - ing and ten - der and true;
"Let not your hearts then be troubled," Be - lieve in God and in me;"





"Come un - to me," saith the Sav - iour, Oh, "come un - to me and rest."
By His great love He re-deems us, For He is the might - y to save.
Yes, I must tell the old sto - ry, This won - der-ful sto - ry to you.
Then when life's conflicts are o - ver, His glo - ri - ous face we shall see.

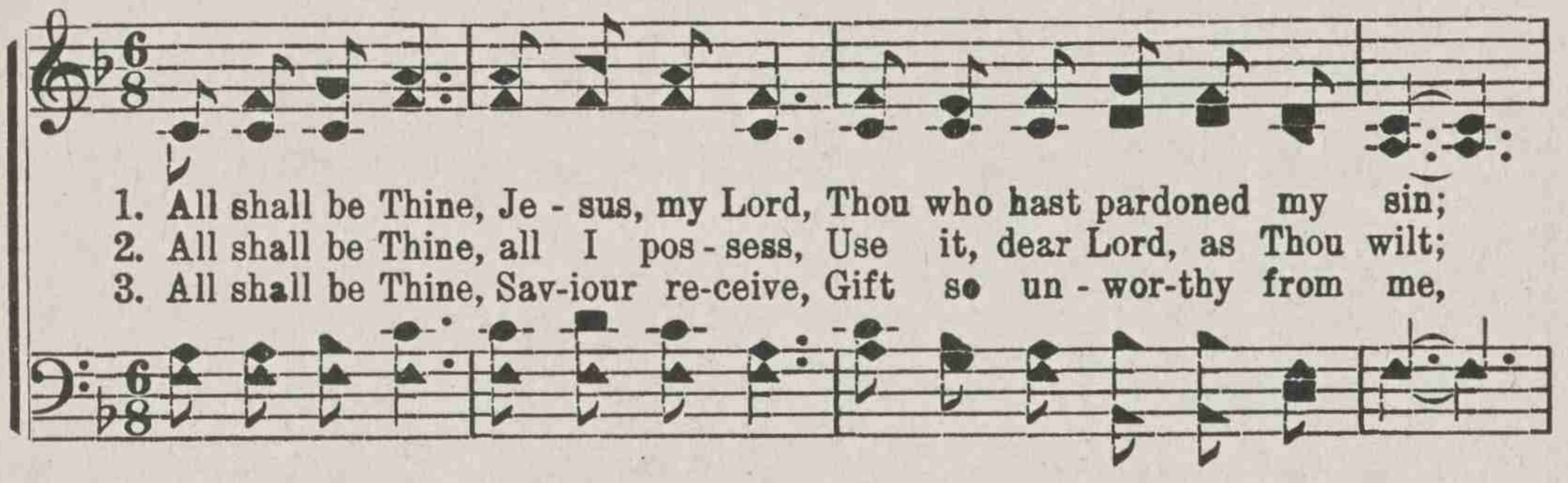


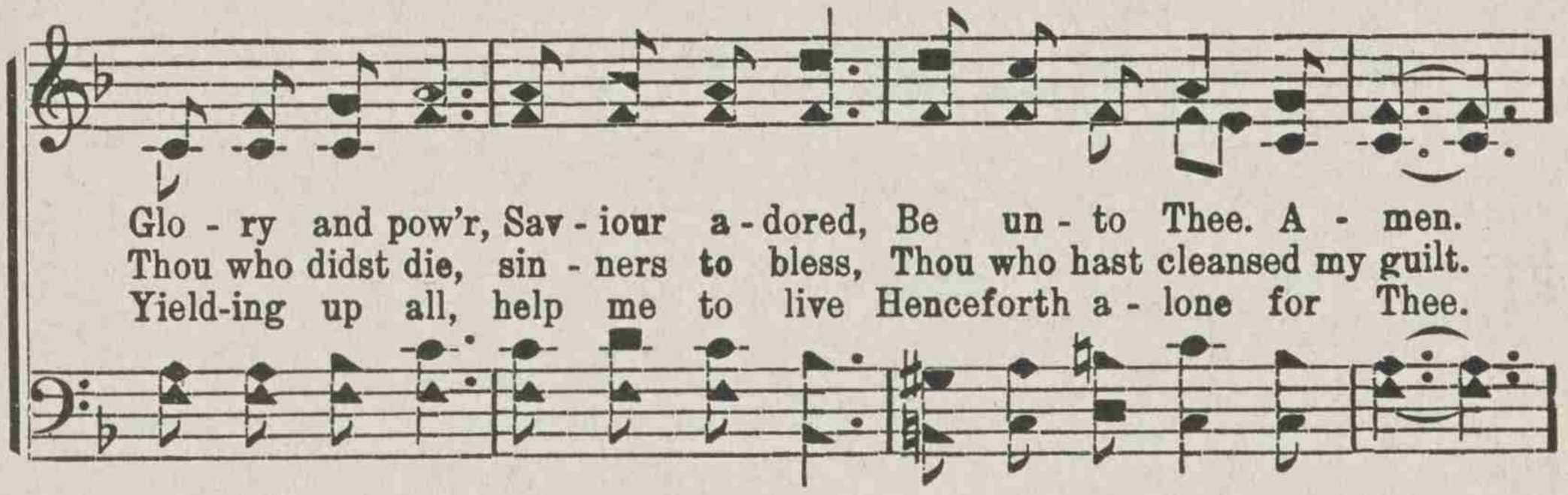
I Want to Tell the Sweet Story.



22. All Shall be Thine.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**





CHORUS.

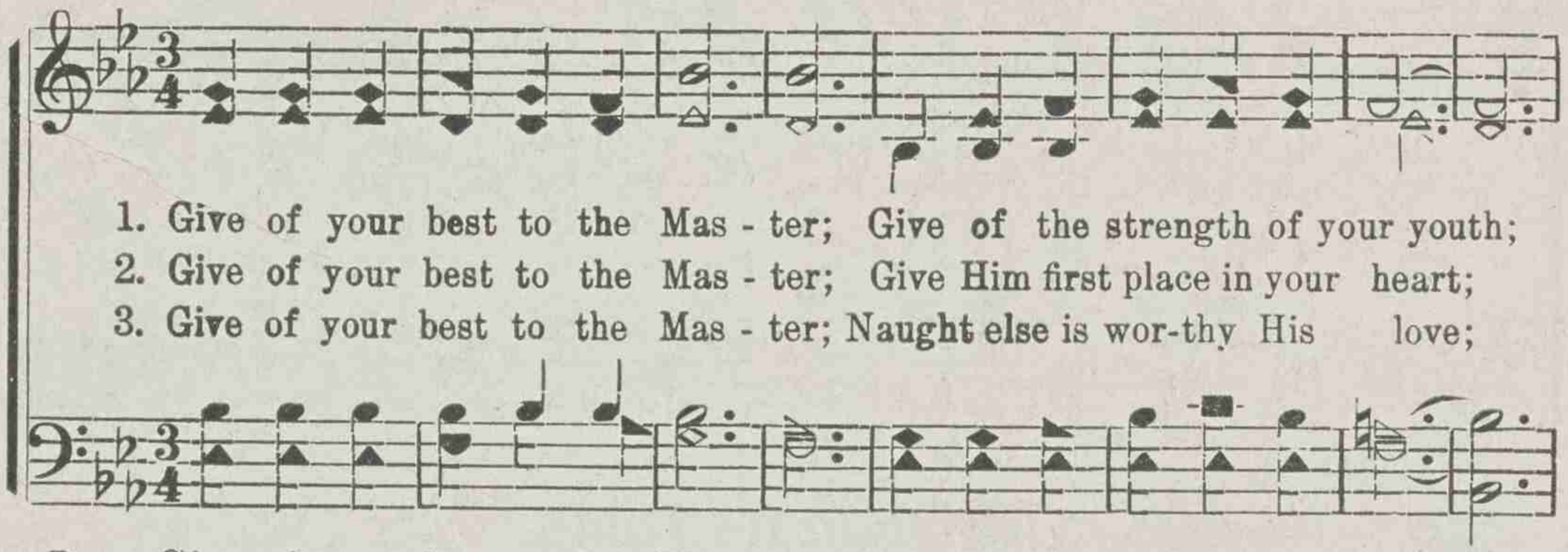




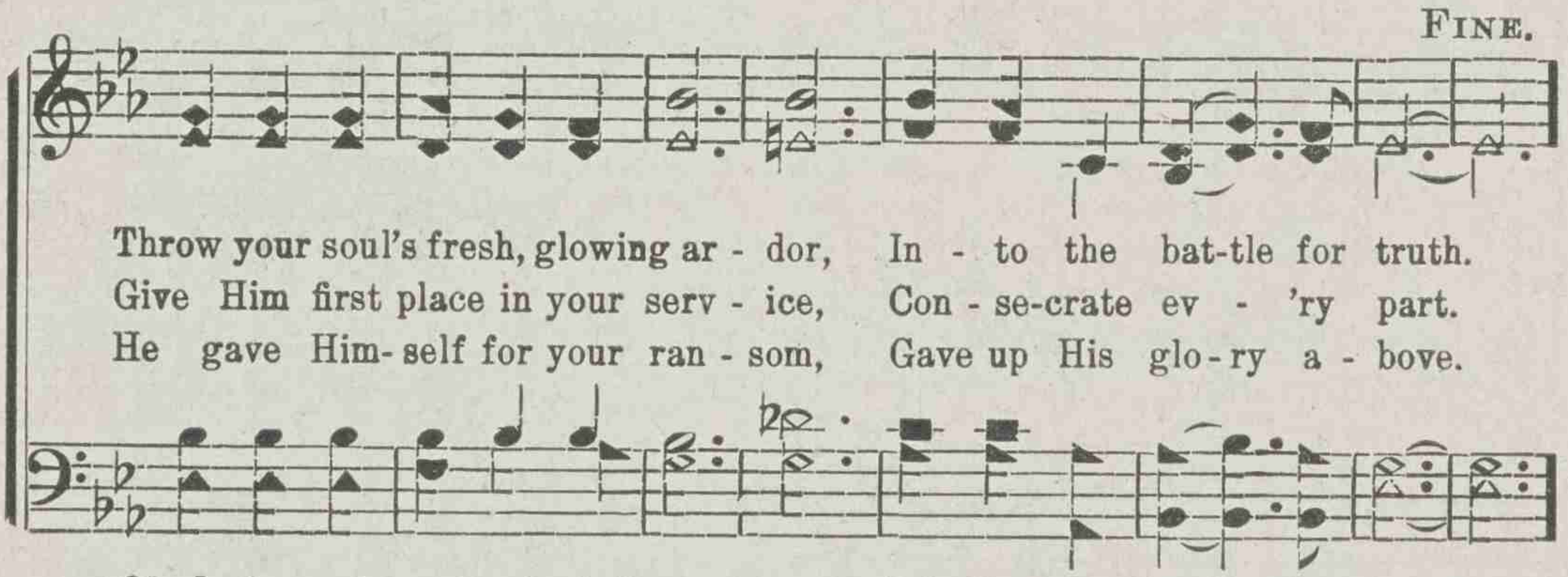
23. Give of Your Best to the Master.

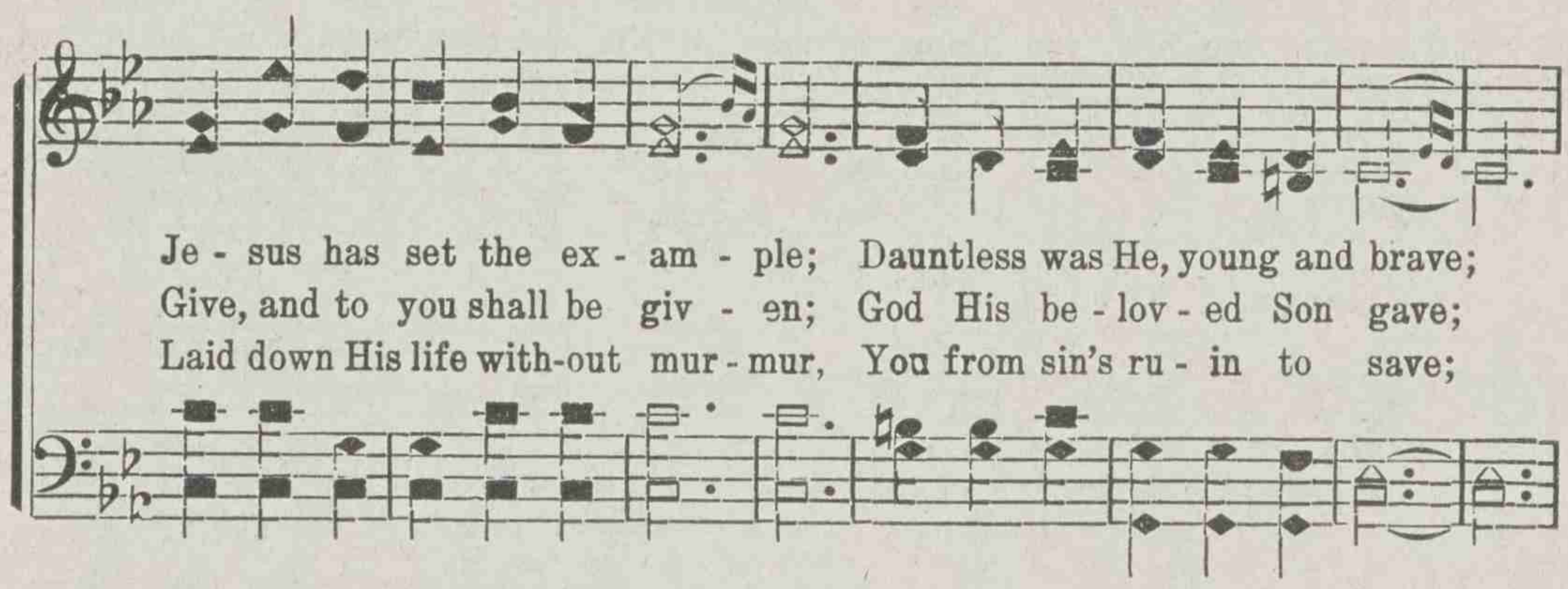
(May be used as a Solo.)

H. B. C. Mrs. Charles Barnard.



REF.–*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*





24. On What Are You Building?

H. R. Trickett. By permission. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. On what are you build - ing, my broth- er, Your hopes of a heav - en - ly home? Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, sol - id rock,
2. On one or the oth - er, my broth- er, You are build - ing your hopes day by day; You are risk- ing your soul on the works that you do,
3. Your Sav - iour has warned you, my broth- er, Oh, I pray you give heed to His voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand,

CHORUS.

You are trust - ing for a - ges tc come?
Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way? Hear-ing and do - ing, we
Heed His words, brother, make them your choice.

build on the rock; Hear-ing a - lone, we build on the sand, Both will be tried

by the storm and the flood, On - ly the rock the tri - al will stand!

25. We Have Enlisted.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

Unison.

1. Marching, marching, might-y hosts are marching In the ar - my of a glo- rious King,
2. On - ward, on-ward, stead- i - ly we're mov-ing, With a sol - id front a- gainst the foe,
3. Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly 'round the standard, And u - nit - ed press the en - e - my,
4. Vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry is the war-cry, Of the conqu'ring ar - my brave and strong,

Ban- ners, ban-ners, banners bright are flying, 'Neath whose
Sol- diers, sol-diers, sol-diers brave, courageous, In the
Christians, Christians buck - le on the ar - mor For the
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! It will

CHORUS.

streaming folds the shouts of bat - tle ring.
might - y con - flict fear -less now we go.
fi - nal con - quest and the vic - to - ry.
not be long ere we shout the triumph song.

We have en - list - ed, We're sol-diers in the ar - my, In the fight for right against the wrong; We're pressing

Rit.

hard the foe to gain the fi - nal vic-to-ry, And then comes the triumph song.

26. Lend a Helping Hand.

Copyright, 1912, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. By per.

E. E. Hewitt. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Lend a help-ing hand To a serv-ice grand; Work to-day in the
2. Give a mes-sage glad To a heart that's sad, And the word of the
3. Lend a help-ing hand, Join the no-ble band, Bring-ing joy to a

Mas-ter's name; Be a friend in-deed Where you find a need, And His
King up-hold; Ease a heav-y load, Smoothe a rug-ged road; Lead the
world of woe; Do the Fa-ther's will, Cups of bless-ing fill; Then a

CHORUS.

won-der-ful grace pro-claim. Work-ing on,..... in a
lost to the Shepherd's fold.
crown will the King be-stow. Working on,

serv-ice grand; Toil ing on;..... 'tis the Lord's command; Bear a
Toil-ing on;

cheer-y light, Mak-ing pathways bright With a gleam from the Bet-ter Land.

27. Good News! Good News!

Copyright, 1917, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

Eben E. Rexford. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Good news, good news! The Spir-it's pow'r Is striv - ing with the hearts of men,
2. Good news, good news! From East to West Each day new souls are gath-ered in
3. Good news, good news! The poor may come; Not one is ev - er turned a-way;
4. Good news, good news! His wondrous love, A-waits to cleanse thee from thy sins;

And in this hap - py, ho - ly hour They yield, and heav'n is glad a - gain!
To arms of love, where peace and rest Are wait - ing all who turn from sin.
Come halt and lame, come blind and dumb, The bless - ing is for all to - day.
Turn, careless heart, this day and prove That heav'n in par-doned souls be - gins.

CHORUS.

Oh, tell the glad, good news abroad: The Lord is in the land to - day;

And souls are seek-ing aft - er God, And start-ing on the heav'nward way;

Good news,..... good news!..... Oh, tell the glad, good news a-broad;
Good news, good news!

Good News! Good News!



28. Ask, Seek, Knock.

S. F. A. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.



29. Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

Chas M. Fillmore.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap - pi - ness, Would you know its great-est
2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a droop-ing heart, Kind - ly words re-lieve a
3. Man - ny hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with grief are

bless- ed-ness, Would you know its tru - est joy - ful-ness, Make some oth - er
bit - ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some oth - er
bend - ing low, Ma - ny hearts need help you can be-stow, Make some oth - er

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind - ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

30. We Have an Anchor.

Copyright, 1882 and 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

Priscilla J. Owens. Alt. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. What a hope we have! it is strong and sure, Tho' the bil - lows roar,
2. Firm this an - chor holds in the rag - ing storm, For the prom - ise-pledge
3. To the Sav - iour cling! in the tem - pest shock, Let your an - chor down

it will still en - dure! 'Tis the hope that rests, wheth-er shade or shine,
will the Lord per - form; He will keep the soul that will trust His care,
to the liv - ing Rock; Tides may rise and fall, it will still hold fast,

CHORUS.

On the Word of God, Rock of truth di - vine!
Till the voyage shall end in the ha - ven fair. We have an an-chor that
Till with joy you sing, "safe at home at last!"

keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll; Fastened to the

Rock which can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

31. My Mission Field.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."—Mark 16: 15.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. By per. **E. S. Lorenz.**

1. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'
2. I would walk in the path where it lead - eth un - to day, Tho'
3. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'

hum - ble my work may be; I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,
lone - ly the path might be; I would take my staff and fol - low all the way,
bar - ren the soil might be; Tho' the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,

CHORUS.

'Tis the way my Lord lead-eth me. 'Tis the way;..... my Lord
'Tis the way my

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

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

32. Where the Cross Is Leading.

Copyright, 1913, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

Lizzie DeArmond and Jennie Ree. B. D. Ackley.

1. On where the cross is lead - ing, Un - der the glo - rious ban - ner
2. Clos - er a-round us throng - ing, Gath - er the might - y hosts of
3. On where the cross is lead - ing! Fear not, tho' march-ing days be

go; March - ing in pha - lanx brave and strong, We fear not to
sin; Yet, while our Great Com - mand - er leads, We'll fight and the
long; Ours is the bat - tle, His the tri - umph, ours be the

CHORUS.

meet the foe. On, on, u - nit - ed in His love!
tri - umph win.
vic - tor's song. On, on, on, on, u - nit - ed in His love!

On, on, to joy and peace a - bove; March-ing to-geth - er,
On, on, on, on,

songs of tri- umph sing-ing, Je - sus is lead - ing,—on for the King!

33. The Light of My Pathway.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. I know whom I trust and in whom I be - lieve, The light of my
2. As on - ward I jour - ney, as on - ward I go, The light of my
3. Tho' thorn - y the path-way, and strait is the gate, The light of my

path-way is Je - sus; Unnumbered the blessings from Him I re - ceive,
path-way is Je - sus; His love is a foun-tain of good-ness I know,
path-way is Je - sus; But oh, at the end-ing what glo - ries a - wait,

Rit.

The light of my path - way is Je - sus. He fill - eth my soul with
The light of my path - way is Je - sus. I'm hap - py in Him, my
The light of my path - way is Je - sus. He fill - eth my soul with

gladness and joy, The light of my pathway is Je - sus; He knows when temp-
cup runneth o'er, The light of my pathway is Je - sus; And faithful and
glad-ness and joy, The light of my pathway is Je - sus; To tell of His

Rit.

ta - tions and tri - als an - noy, The light of my path-way is Je - sus.
true I will be ev - er - more, The light of my path-way is Je - sus.
goodness shall be my em - ploy, The light of my path-way is Je - sus.

34. Be Joyful In God.

James Montgomery. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O serve Him with gladness and
2. O enter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His tem-ple pro-

fear; Ex - ult in His presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de-
claim; His praise in me - lodious ac - cord-ance pro - long, And bless His a-

vo - tion draw near. Je - ho - vah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre-
dor - a - ble name. For good is the Lord, in - ex - pres - si- bly good, And

a- tor and ru-ler of all, And we are His people, His scep - ter we own, His
we are the work of His hands; His mer - cy and truth from e-ter - ni- ty stood, And

sheep, and we fol - low His call; We fol - low His call; we fol - low His call.
shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand; To e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e-ter - ni - ty stand.

35. My Fortress and Deliverer.

Copyright, 1908, by The Fillmore Bros Co. By per.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,
2. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,
3. The Lord is my rock, He's my fort-ress and de - liv - er - er,

He a-lone my stay shall be; He shel-ters from storm, and He
Just and ho-ly are His ways; His mer-cy and grace, and His
My de-light is in His name; I'll cling close to Him when the

saves me from the E-vil One, With His blood He ran-somed me.
right-eous-ness and ex-cel-lence Fill my soul with love and praise.
threat'ning waves en-com-pass me, And His bless-ed prom-ise claim.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, oh, praise Him, For He is wor-thy to be praised; Call up-
Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Call up-

on Him, call up-on Him, He is a-ble and willing to save.
on Him to-day, call up-on Him to-day,

36. My New Name.

Menzies Cummins. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **J. H. Rosecrans.**

1. When life's sun has gone down in - to rest,..... And the grave seems the
2. Well I know it- will be a sweet name,..... That with- in the white
3. What a joy will be mine in that day,..... When I meet with dear

home of hopes blight-ed; What tho' dark be its shades, And tho' si - lent its
stone will be writ - ten; For my Sav - iour is mine, And my Counselor di-
friends loved and gracious, Who have crossed o'er the tide Un-to Canaan's fair

CHORUS.

glades? I'll a - wake in the land by love light - ed.
vine, Will re - veal it to me when in heav - en. O what will my
side, Where we'll sing of our Sav-iour so pre - cious.

new name be there?..... When done with this life and its sto - ry? In a
my new name be there?

Rit.

white stone so fair, And graven with care, That name I shall know when in glo-ry.

37. My Hope is in God.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**

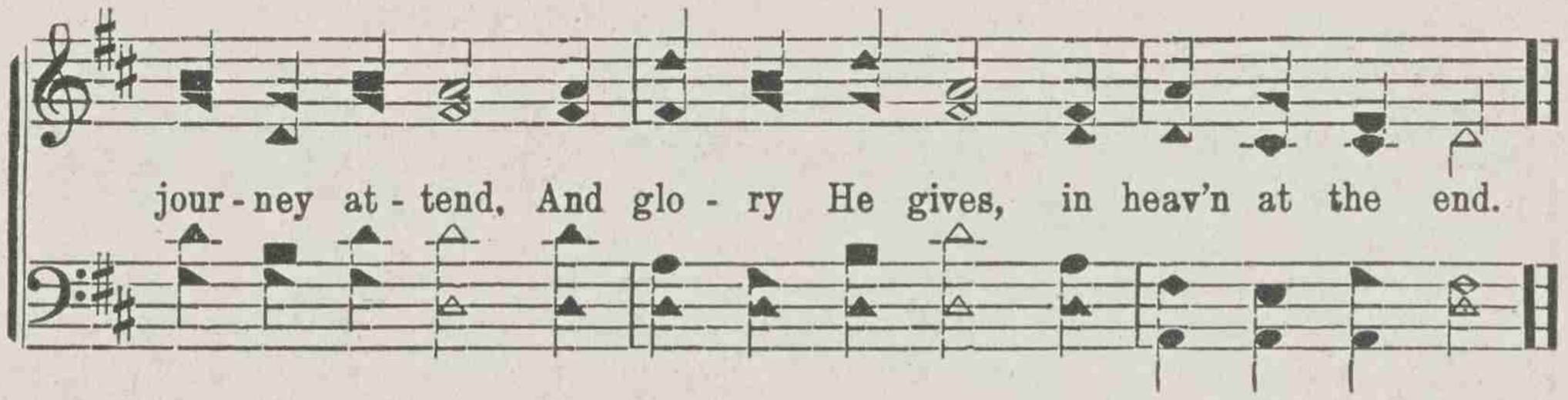
1. My hope is in God, my life and my joy, Nor per - il nor death my faith can des - troy; The word of His oath my
2. My hope is in God, tho' dark be the day, He lead - eth me on, He know - eth the way; And tho' I be tried in
3. My hope is in God, how pre - cious the trust, My frame in the grave must mould - er to dust; But ris - ing with Him to

sure - ty shall be, The blood of His Son a - vail - eth for me.
want and in pain, He, blest be His name, re - stores me a - gain.
life and to light, For - ev - er I'll dwell in man - sions so bright.

CHORUS.

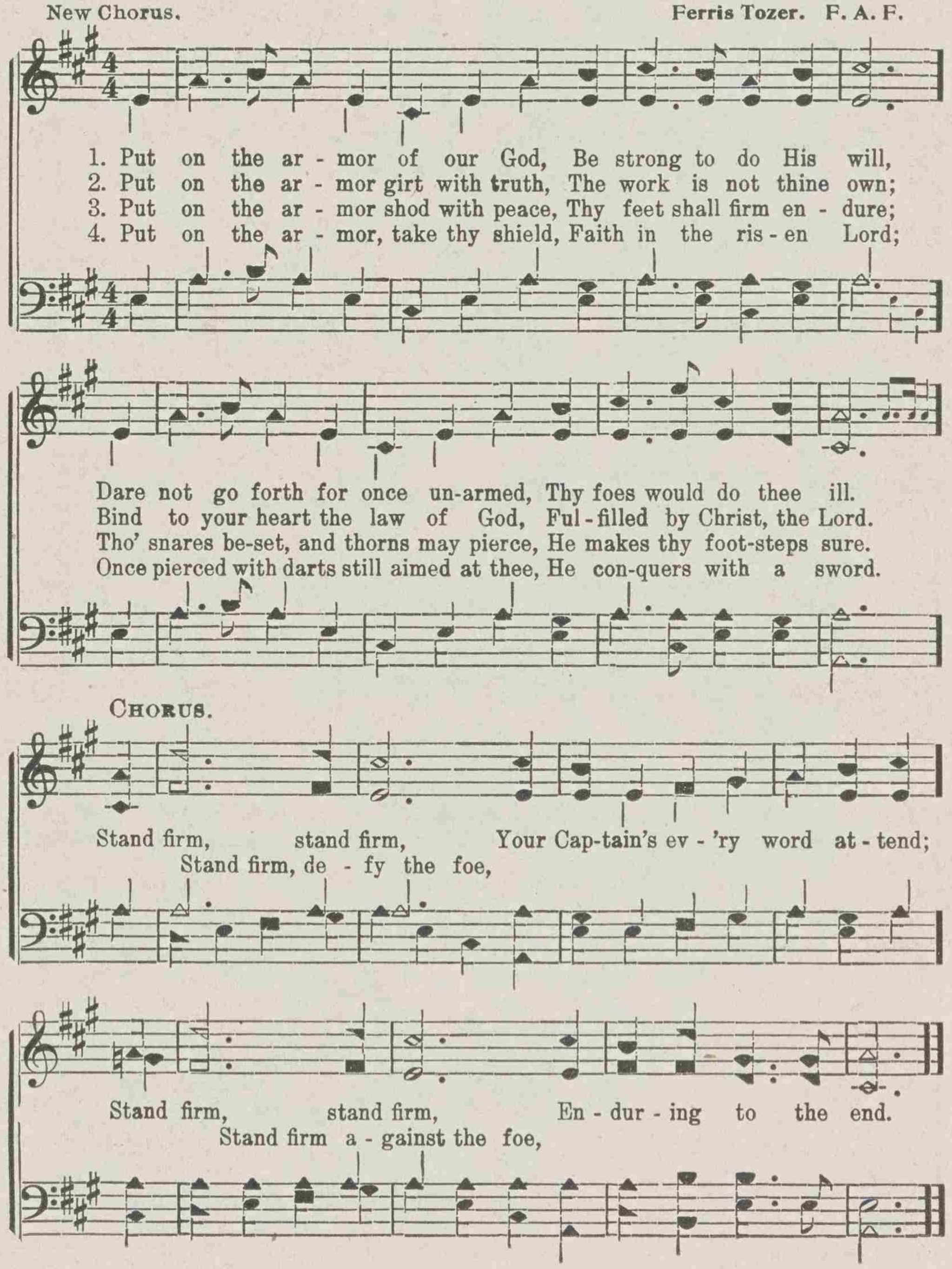
The bil - - - lows may roll,..... Still
My hope is in God, the bil - lows may roll, Still peace-ful in Him
peace - - ful a - bid - eth my soul; His pres-ence will all my

My Hope is in God.



38. Put on the Armor.

New Chorus. Ferris Tozer. F. A. F.



39. Make a Little Sunshine of Your Own.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "His Worthy Praise." International copyright. By per.

Florence A. Jones. Ira B. Wilson.

1. What if skies are cloud - y and the ra - diant sun On - ly for a lit - tle while hath shone!
2. Make a lit - tle sunshine, love can find a way; Nev - er mind if summer days be flown;
3. Make a lit - tle sunshine for the lone and sad, Walking where life's win-try winds have blown;

Ban - ish tho'ts of sadness, drive the gloom away,
Some days must be cloud-y, and the hap-py heart
You may be a sunbeam light-ing up their way;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Make a lit - tle sun-shine of your own.
Al - ways can make sunshine of its own. Make a lit - tle sun-shine
Make a lit - tle sun-shine of your own.

Harmony.

of your own, Cheer the weary, sad and lone; When the skies are cloud-y

and the day is drear, Make a lit - tle sun - shine of your own.

40. The Child of a King.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Hattie E. Buell. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan-dered o'er
3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4 A tent or a cottage, oh, why should I care? They're build-ing a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold,
earth as the poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high,
choice and an "a-lien" by birth; But I've been "a-dopt-ed," my name's written down,
pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' exiled from home, I yet glad - ly may sing;

CHORUS.

His cof - fers are full, He has rich-es un - told. I'm the child.....
And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
"All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!" I'm the child

of a King!..... I'm the child..... of a King!.....
of a King! of a King! I'm the child of a King! of a King!

Rit.

With Je - sus my Sav - iour! I'm the child, the child of a King!
With Je - sus my Sav - iour!

41. There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

Copyright, 1897 and 1902, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

Jessie Brown Pounds. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. There will dawn a gold-en mor-row, by and by, Earth will
2. Truth and jus-tice will be stronger, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
3. Each will learn to serve His neighbor, by and by, Kind - ly

wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
bear with sin no long - er, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
words will sweet - en la - bor, by and by, Man to

see the glo - ry brighten, We shall feel the bur - den light - en, In the
e - vil will be scattered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
man will be a broth - er, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.

gold-en morning by and by. By and by, by and by,
By and by! by and by!

Hearts will know a sweeter sto-ry by and by, by and by! By and by,
by and by!

There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.



42. God Gareth for You.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.



43. Jesus Remembers You.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "His Worthy Praise." International copyright. By per.

Mrs. Francis McKinnon Morton. E. S. Lorenz.

1. There's nev - er a breath of your pray'r is lost, You have His sweet prom - ise true; That there in the midst of His
2. There's nev - er a cry of your soul for - got, How- ev - er so faint it be; And ne'er on this earth is so
3. There's nev - er a ten - der tho't of your mind But comes from the Sav - iour's love; And nev - er a deed that is
4. There's nev - er a path that your steps may lead, But Je - sus is wait - ing there, To give you the strength that your

CHORUS.

an - gel host, The Sav - iour re - mem - bers you.
drear a spot, But God in His love can see. Je - sus re-
true and kind, But links you to heav'n a - bove.
soul shall need, And an- swer your ev - 'ry pray'r.

mem - bers you! Je - sus re - mem - bers you! Yes, there in the
midst of His an - gel host, The Sav - iour re - mem - bers you!

44. Never Alone.

Arr. by P. H. Copyright, 1900, by Fillmore Bros. **Arr. by J. H. F.**

1. The light-nings round me are flash - ing, Loud the thun - ders roll,
2. The world against me is throw - ing Fierce its darts and keen,
3. Tho' in the val - ley of sor - row, Still He's with me there,
4. He died for me on the moun - tain, There they pierced His side,

The break-ers o'er me are dash - ing, Whelm-ing my help - less soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing Je - sus is just be - tween;
And strength from Him I bor - row Cross - es so great to bear;
For me He o - pened that foun - tain Flow - ing in cleansing tide;

I hear the voice of my Sav - iour Bid-ding me still to hold on,. . . .
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, Bid-ding me still to fight on,. . . .
He leads when pathways are thorn - y, Bid-ding me still to go on,. . .
A crown of glo - ry He of - fers, Bid-ding me still to press on,. . .

f.

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

FINE.

CHORUS

No, nev - er a - lone,. . . . No, nev - er a - lone,
a - lone,

D. S.

45. Sow the Seed.

F. A. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Go pre-pare ye the soil for the seed of the kingdom, Bid the
2. Go pre-pare ye the soil for the seed of the kingdom, God will
3. Go pre-pare ye the soil for the seed of the kingdom, In the

sow - er go forth with a full hand to sow; O'er the broad fer- tile field,
send you the show-er, the sun - shine and rain; Sow the seed, precious seed,
high-ways and by-ways toil on day by day; When the spring passeth by,

o'er the ground smooth and mellow, That the seed, pre-cious seed, may spring
and when com - eth the harvest, God will give you rich fruit - age, the
you will come then re - joic-ing, With the reap - ers all bear - ing the

CHORUS.

up there- in and grow. Sow the seed, ... the precious seed;
wav-ing gold- en grain.
gold-en sheaves a-way. Sow the seed, precious seed;

As the bright spring days pass so quick-ly by, Sow the seed,(Sow the seed,) the

Sow the Deed.

precious seed, (precious seed,) For a har-vest by and by. (by and by.)

46. Sowing, Reaping for the Master.

Arr. from Olivette.
Refrain by F. A. F.

P. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. The Mas - ter calls for thee, Go forth in - to the field; The win - try
2. The Mas - ter calls for thee, The field's al - read - y white; So great the
3. The Mas - ter calls for thee, Go to the fields to - day; In shade or

f.

days are o'er, the birds gai-ly sing. *D.S.*–The ground is read-y now, And will a
har-vest and the la - b'rers so few. *D.S.*–Go forth with willing mind, Go in His
sun-shine, or in cold, or in heat. *D.S.*–Go forth at His command, His pres-ence

FINE.

full - ness yield; Go, then, with lib- eral hand, the precious seed to fling.
strength and might; Go forth and la - bor, for great joy a - wait-eth you.
lights the way; Go forth, and His re- ward is ev - er sure and sweet.

Sow - ing,

D. S.

Sow- ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Toil-ing in the ear - ly spring. ear-ly spring.
Reaping, reaping for the Mas - ter, Reaping with the lab'rers few, lab'rers few.
Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas - ter, Toil-ing in the cold and heat, cold and heat.

47. Take Jesus With You.

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks.

1. Take Je - sus with you a - long the way, Have sweet com-mun - ion
2. Take Je - sus with you, His won-drous pow'r Will bless and bright - en
3. Take Je - sus with you, His pre- cious name And great sal - va - tion
4. Take Je - sus with you, and then at last, When ev-'ning shad - ows

with Him each day; This "El-der Broth-er" 'tis joy to know, Take Je - sus
the dark-est hour; Your cares and troubles the Lord doth know, Take Je - sus
to all pro-claim; Your Friend and Sav-iour to oth-ers show, Take Je - sus
are gath-'ring fast, He will sus-tain you and bear you o'er The roll-ing

CHORUS.

with you wher-e'er you go.
with you wher-e'er you go.
with you wher-e'er you go.
Jor - dan to Ca-naan's shore.

A sweet com-pan - ion-ship is this to

know and share, A bless-ed fel - low-ship of joy most rare, Would you be

hap - py, the Sav-iour know? Then take Him with you wher-e'er you go.

48. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. Copyright, 1867, by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re-
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the
won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the
mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that
this world's emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when

sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and
sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of
sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In a - ny time of
that world's glo - ry Is draw - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old

wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed.
morn-ing Has passed a-way at noon.
trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
sto - ry: "Christ Je-sus makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the

old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

49. Unto All the World.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.**

1. To the world we of - fer Christ, the ris-en King, Whose love thro' coming a - ges men shall sing; Whose name shall live tho' worlds de-cay, Whose words of
2. He hath borne our griefs, our sor-rows made His own, Be - hold Him in Geth- sem - a - ne a - lone! Our ev - 'ry sin on Him was laid, And by His
3. Like a shep - herd pa - tient-ly He leads His sheep To pas-tures green, by wa - ters cool and deep; He knows and calls each one by name, And guards them
4. To the world, then, of - fer we the ris - en Christ, The Lamb of God for sin - ners sac - ri-ficed; Be - lieve, re-ceive, His name ex - tol, And crown Him

CHORUS.

life shall nev-er pass a - way. Un - to all the world His
death our peace with God was made.
safe - ly from the flood and flame.
King of kings and Lord of all. To the world to the world

ban-ner is un-furled! Grand, ... victorious, great, . . all-glo-rious,
un-furled! Grand, vic-to - rious, great, all-glo - rious,

He . . . . . shall reign from shore to shore; All na - tions yet shsll
He shall reign from shore to shore; All na-tions yet

Unto All the World.

own and wor-ship Him a - lone, So won-der - ful
na-tions yet a-lone, won - der-ful,

so mar - vel - ous, King and Lord of lords for ev - er-more.
mar - vel - ous,

50. Where'er Thou Goest.

Copyright, 1879, by Asa Hull.

T. E. H. T. E. Hall.

1. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Dear Sav - iour lead the way;
2. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Tho' up the moun-tain steep;
3. Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Thro' all my life's rough way;

FINE.

Just where or how, I do not kuow, But Thou'lt not lead a - stray.
A faith - ful guide art Thou, I know, So close to Thee I'll keep.
And at its end I'll pass, I know, In - to an end - less day.

D. S.—*Where-er Thou go - est I will go, I'll fol - low all the way.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Where'er Thou go - est I will go, Near Thee I'll keep each day,

51. Lead Me to the Rock.

Hunter. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

DUET.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair When my
2. When Sa - tan the temp - ter comes in like a flood, To
3. And when I have fin - ished my pil - grim - age here, Com-

heart is o'er-whelmed with sor - row and care, From the
drive my poor soul from the foun - tain of good, I will
plete in His right - eous - ness I ap - pear, In the

end of the earth un - to Thee will I cry, O lead me to the Rock
pray to the Lord who for sin - ners did die, O lead me to the Rock
swellings of Jor - dan all dangers I de - fy, I am look-ing to the Rock

CHORUS.

that is high - er than I! O lead me to the Rock! O

lead me to the Rock, to the Rock that is high - er than
to the Rock that is

Lead Me to the Rock.

I! O lead me to the Rock! O lead me
high - er than I!

to the Rock! O lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!

52. My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. M. G. Prescott. Arr.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's prepared a home for me,
2. I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood a-tones for me,
3. I know that soon the Lord will come, I know He will not tar - ry long,

D. C.–*For I am on-ly waiting here, To hear the summons, "child, come home!"*

FINE.

And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives, To those who would His children be.
I'm list'n-ing for the gen- tle call, To say the Mas-ter wait-eth thee.
I know He soon will call me home, To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.

For I am on-ly wait-ing here, To hear the summons, "child, come home!"

CHORUS. D. C.

Then ask me not to lin - ger long A - mid the gay and tho't-less throng,

53. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

Copyright, 1893, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth .....
2. I know His prom-ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks, ...
3. I know my man-sion He pre-par - eth, That where He is .....

And on the earth

a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life He
it can not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as-
there I may be; O won - drous tho't, for me He

a-gain shall stand;

giv - eth, That grace and pow'r ..... are in His hand.
sail - eth, Yet I shall see ..... Him by and by.
car - eth, And He at last ..... will come for me.

There grace and pow'r

CHORUS.

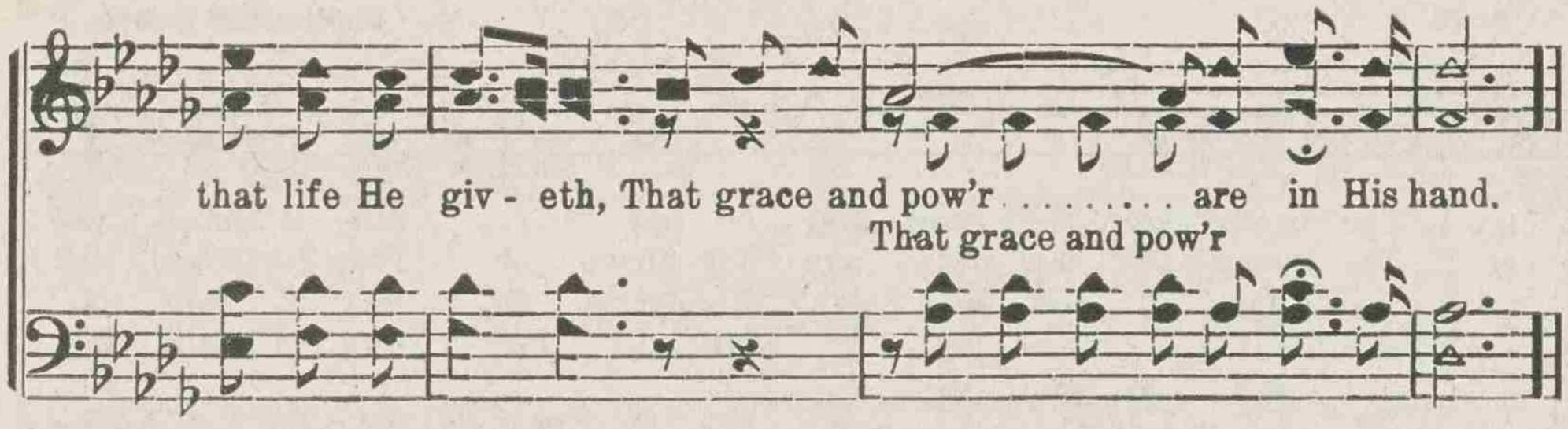
I know, I know ..... that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the

I know, I know

earth ..... a-gain shall stand; I know, I know .....

And on the earth I know, I know

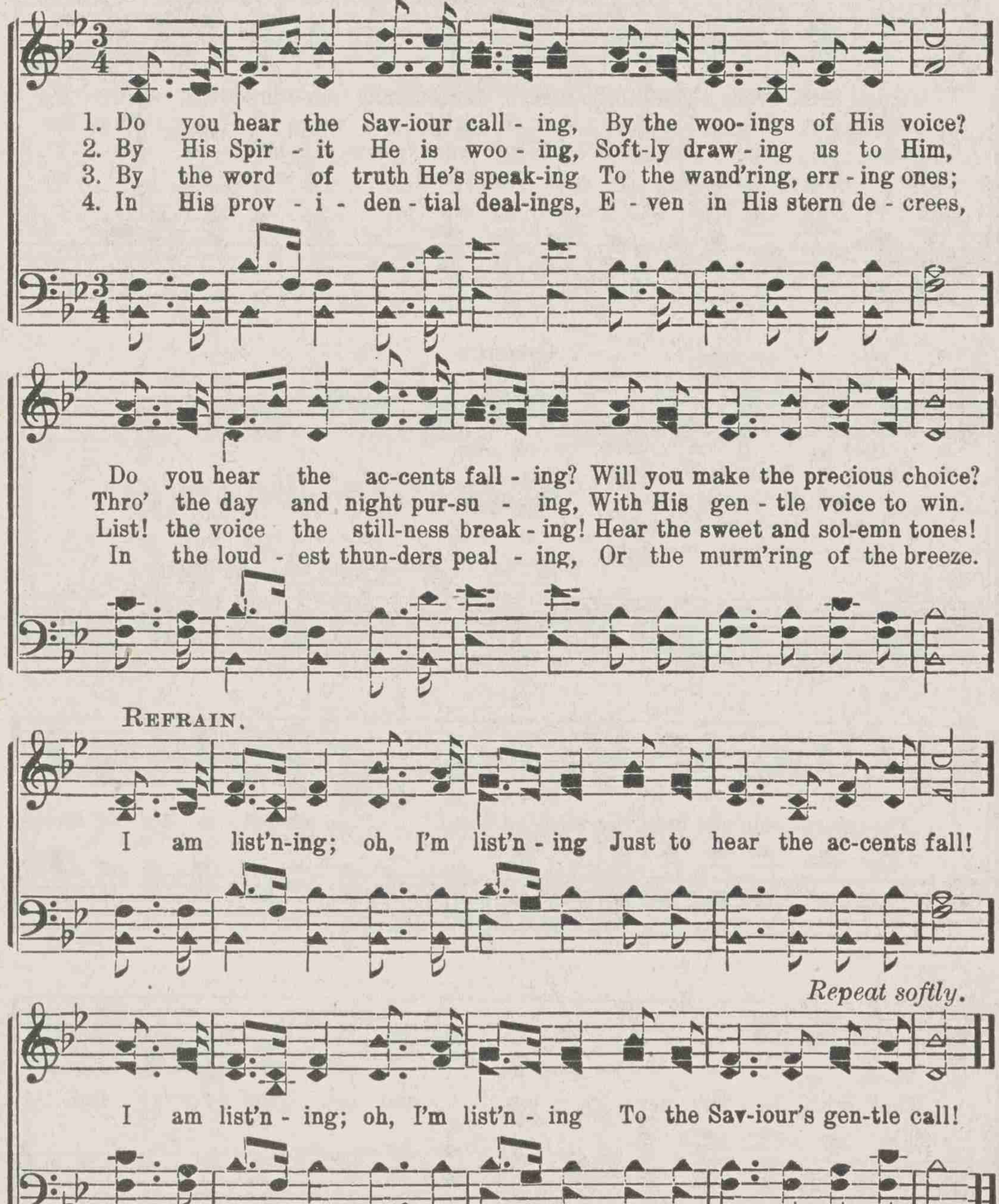
I Know My Redeemer Liveth.



54. I Am Listening.

"Hearken diligently unto me."—Isa. 55:2.

W. S. M. Wm. S. Marshall.



55. The Cross is not Greater.

B. B. **Ballington Booth.**

1. The cross that He gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er out-
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than composed His
3. The light of His love shin - eth bright - er, As it falls on
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk - ing

weighs His grace, The storm that I feared may sur-round me, But it
crown for me, The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He
paths of woe, The toil of my work grow- eth light - er, As I
in His sight, My all to the blood I am bring - ing, It a-

CHORUS.

ne'er excludes His face.
drank in Gethsem- a - ne. The cross is not greater than His grace,
stoop to raise the low.
lone can keep me right.

The storm can not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know

That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

56. Resting in Jesus.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. I am not wea - ry, tho' long is the road, Lead-ing to heav - en, my
2. Gent- ly He lead - eth my footsteps a-right, Out of the dark-ness and
3. All of my bur - dens He bear-eth for me; Ten - der- ly, lov - ing and
4. When thro' the por-tals of light I have passed, Safe in the man-sions of

fu - ture a - bode. On - ward I'm press - ing, tho, far from the goal,
in - to the light: E - ven tho' per - ils and dan - gers are near,
gra - cious is He; He is my com - fort, my strength and my stay;
glo - ry at last, Joy - ful ho - san - nas with an - gels I'll sing,

CHORUS.

Rest - ing in Je - sus, the hope of my soul.
Trust-ing my Sav - iour, O how can I fear? Rest- ing in Je - sus, I
Fol - low- ing Je - sus, O how can I stray?
Ransomed by Je - sus, my Lord and my King.

faint not nor fall, Trust-ing my Sav-iour, no dan-gers ap - pal; Glad-ly I

fol - low my Lord and my King; Ransomed for-ev - er, I joy - ful - ly sing.

57. Toil On, Hope On.

Bailey.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Albert Fredericks.

1. Ev - 'ry heart hath toil and troub-le, Ev - 'ry heart hath grief and care,
2. Pa - tient-ly en - dur - ing ev - er, Let thy spir - it al - ways be
3. La-bor, wait, tho' mid-night shadows Gath-er dark - ly round thee here,

Meek - ly bear thine own full meas-ure, And thy broth-er's bur-dens share;
Bound by links that can not sev - er, To all hu - man - i - ty;
And the storm a - bove thee low'r-ing, Beat up - on thee, nev - er fear;

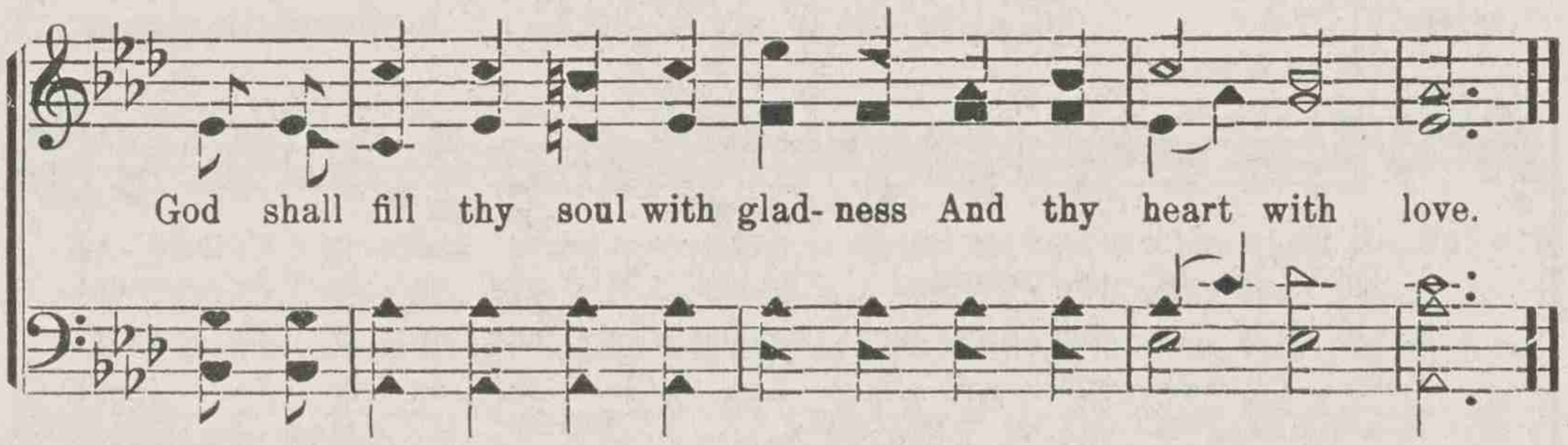
Fear not, shrink not, tho' the bur-den And the tri - als heav - y prove,
La - bor, wait, thy Mas - ter la - bored Till His task was ful - ly done,
Wait in hope, the morn-ing com - eth, Soon the darksome night is gone,

God will fill thy soul with glad- ness And thy heart with love.
Count not lost the fleet - ing mo-ments, Life has just be - gun.
And a peace - ful rest a - waits thee, When thy work is done.

CHORUS.

Toil on, (toil on,) hope on, (hope on,) Thy min - is - try to prove,

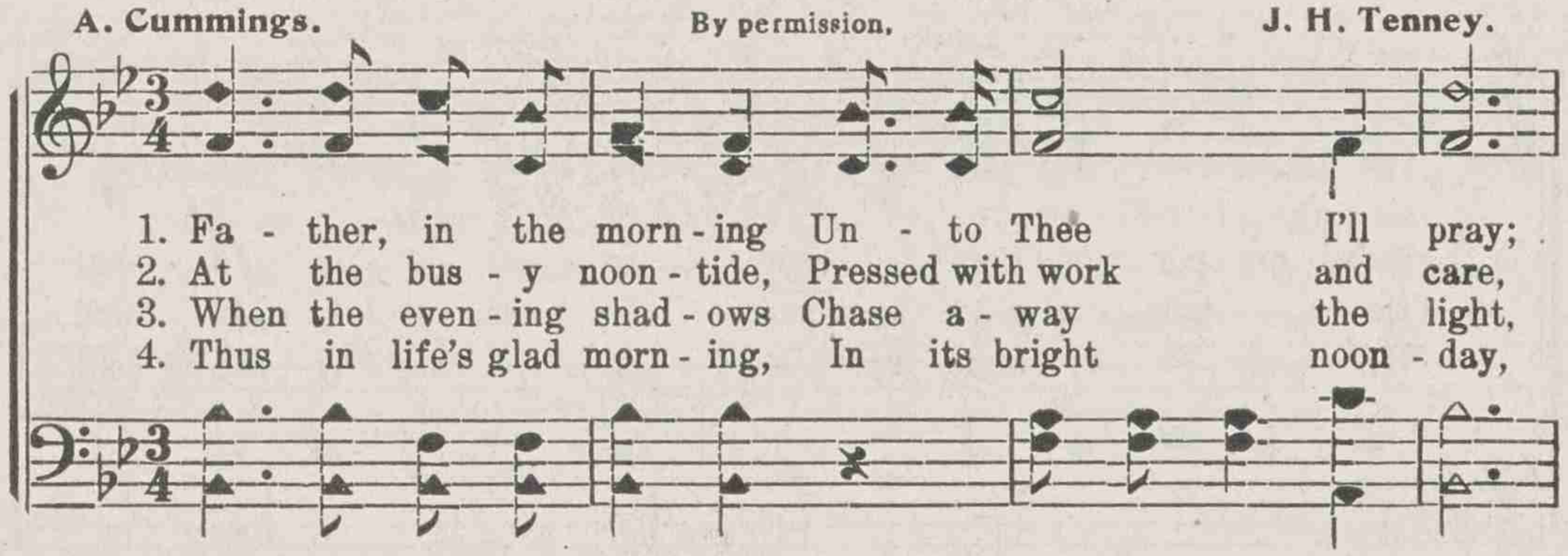
Toil On, Hope On.



58. Ever Will I Pray.

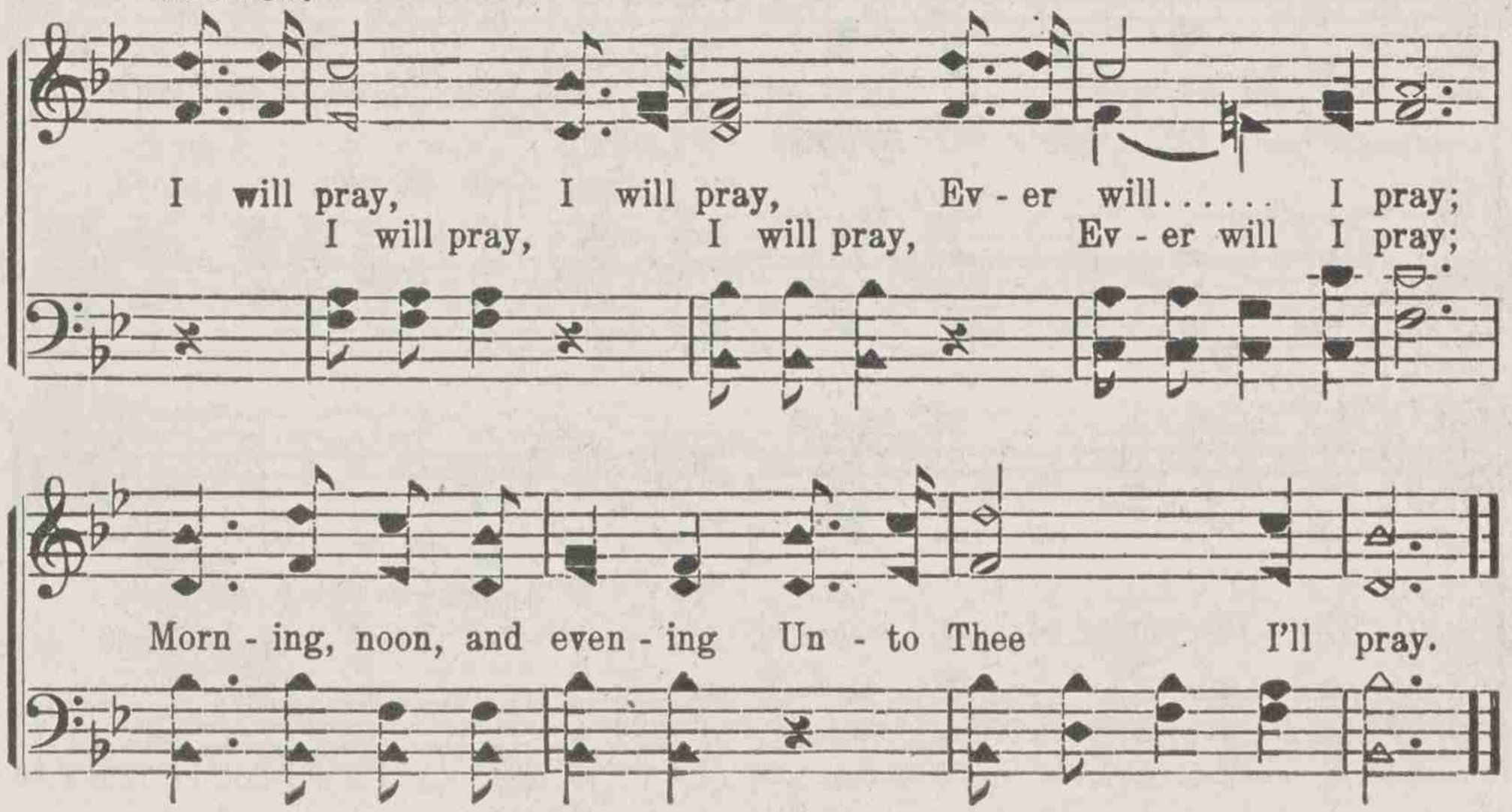
"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Ps. 55 : 17.

A. Cummings. By permission. J. H. Tenney.





CHORUS.



59. Only Jesus.

P. H. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. S. Foster Ames.

Three Parts.

1. On - ly Je - sus would I know, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!
2. On - ly Je - sus knows my heart, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!
3. On - ly Je - sus' sat - is - fies, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!

He's my por - tion here be - low, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!
He a - lone can peace im - part, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!
He my ev - 'ry want sup - plies, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Things of earth are tri - fling toys,
are tri - fling toys,
He my high - est thought em - ploys,
my high - est thought em - ploys,
He the spring of all my joys, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

60. Sunshine of the Heart.

Eleanor Allen Schroll Copyright, 1917, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. There's a sunshine, bless-ed sunshine from the skies, Thro' the night its radiant
2. There's a sunshine sin and darkness can not hide, Flooding thro' when gates of
3. There's a sunshine grow-ing brighter day by day, There are lamps of love and

beau-ty nev-er dies; There's a glo-ry on-ly Je-sus can im-part;
heav-en o-pen wide; There's a glo-ry on-ly Je-sus can im-part;
trust a-long the way; There's a glo-ry on-ly Je-sus can im-part;

CHORUS. *Faster.*

'Tis the sunshine of His presence in my heart! Sunshine, sunshine,
'Tis the sunshine of His presence in my heart! Sunshine, sunshine,

com-ing from a-bove, Sun-shine, sun-shine of a Saviour's love; Sunshine,
from a-bove, Sun-shine, sun-shine of His love; Sunshine,

Rit.

sunshine, faith and hope a part: Ev-er tell-ing He is dwelling in my heart.
sun-shine, faith a part: Ev-er dwell-ing in my heart.

61. Love at Home.

J. H. McN. J. H. McNaughton.

1. There is beauty all a-round When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound
2. In the cottage there is joy When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy
3. Kindly heaven smiles above When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love
4. Jesus, show Thy mercy mine; Then there's love at home; Sweet-ly whisper I am Thine;

When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on
When there's love at home. Ros-es blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a
When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the
Then there's love at home. Source of love, Thy cheering light Far ex-ceeds the

ev-'ry side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,
garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home. Love at home,
azure sky—O there's One who smiles on high—When there's love at home. Love at home,
sun so bright, Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home. Love at home,

love at home; Time doth soft-ly, sweetly glide When there's love at home.
love at home; Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
love at home; O there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.
love at home; Can dis-pel the gloom of night, Then there's love at home.

62. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive, Plead with them earn-est - ly, Plead with them gent- ly,
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur- ied that grace can re-store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the Lord will provide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res- cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that were broken will vi- brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

63. Go Ye Into All the World.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world" And tell the gos - pel sto - ry,
2. Go ye, there-fore, saith the Lord, And teach the great sal - va - tion,
3. "Go ye in - to all the world," The Lord is ev - er near you,
4. "Go ye in - to all the world," Pro-claim the great De - liv - 'rer;

Tell of Je - sus and His love, Tell of His grace and glo - ry.
Take the liv - ing, sav - ing word To ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
To sus - tain in tri - als sore, To guide, and help, and cheer you.
May His ban - ner be un-furled, In peace to reign for - ev - er.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Go ye, the Lord commands, The bless-ed call o - bey, He bids you

go to the far - off lands, With the glad, glad news to-day, He bids you

go to the far - off lands, With the glad, glad news to - day.

Go Ye Into All the World.

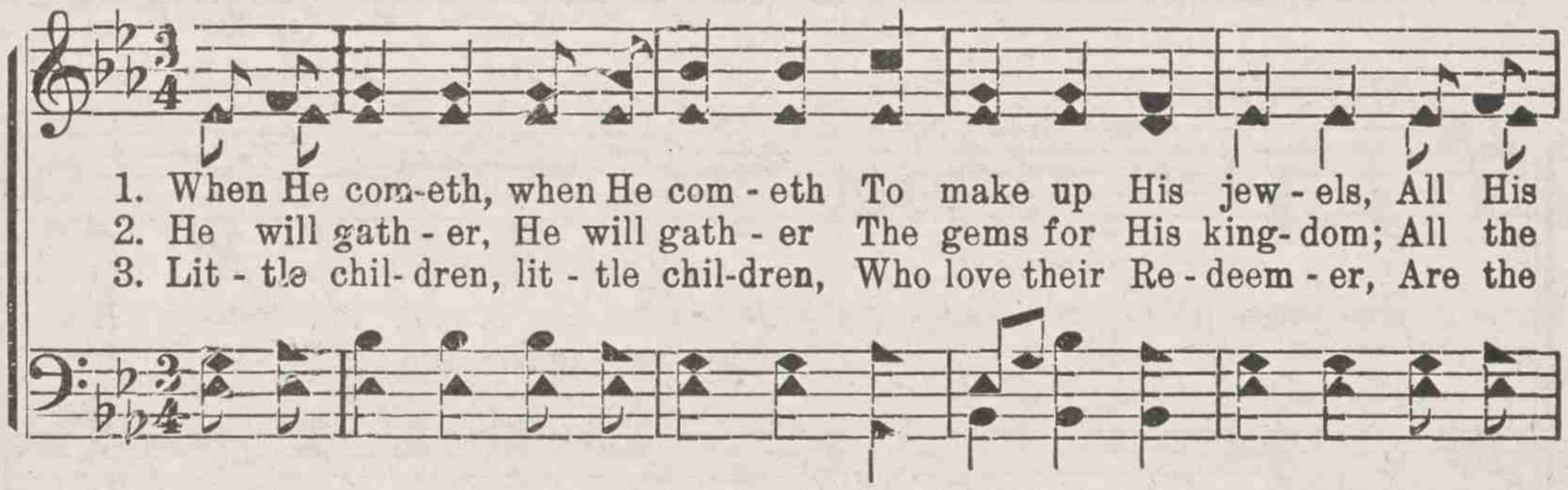
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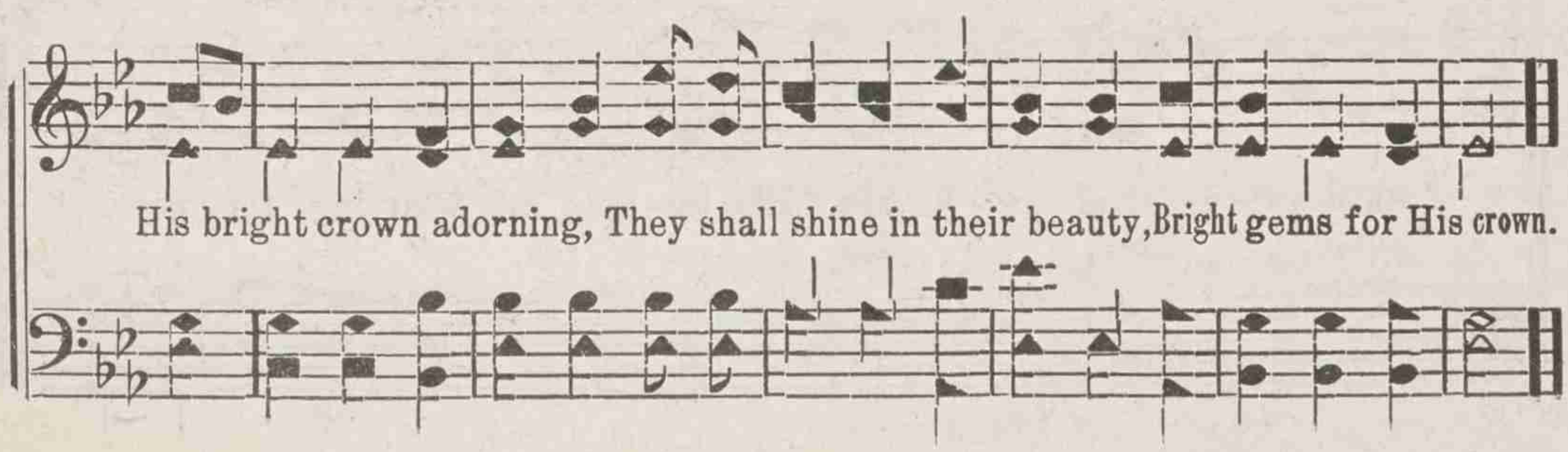


64. Jewels.

W. O. Cushing. **Geo. F. Root.**







65. His Angels are Waiting for Thee.

Copyright, 1884, by Fillmore Bros.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. The Fa - ther has welcome for all, And o - ver the shad- ow - y sea,
2. O heart that is bur-dened with care, The joys of His presence are free;
3. O eyes that are blind-ed with tears, Look up-ward a mo-ment and see.

Where nev - er a shad-ow shall fall, His an - gels are wait-ing for thee.
A rest and a blessing are there, And an - gels are wait-ing for thee.
Just o - ver the tide of the years, His an - gels are wait-ing for thee.

REFRAIN.

His an - gels are wait - ing for thee,..... His
His an - gels are wait - ing for

an - gels are wait - ing for thee,..... Just o - ver the
thee, ... His an - gels are wait - ing for thee,

shad-ow - y, shad - ow - y sea, His an - gels are wait- ing for thee.
for thee, His

66. Seeds of Promise.

Copyright owned by Fillmore Bros.

Jessie H. Brown. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Oh, scat- ter seeds of lov - ing deeds A - long the fer - tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure - ly live; Tho'
3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
joy un - told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day,..... along your way,..... The seeds of prom - -
Then day by day, along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast,..... That ripened grain..... from hill and
cast, the seeds of prom-ise cast, That ripened grain

plain,..... Be gathered home..... at last.....
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

67. Lead Me, Saviour.

Frank M. Davis. By per. **Frank M. Davis.**

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-iour, lead me, then, at last, When the storm of life is past,

I am safe when by Thy side,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
To the land of end-less day,

lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
storm-y bil-lows roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
storm of life is past, To the land of end-less day,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.

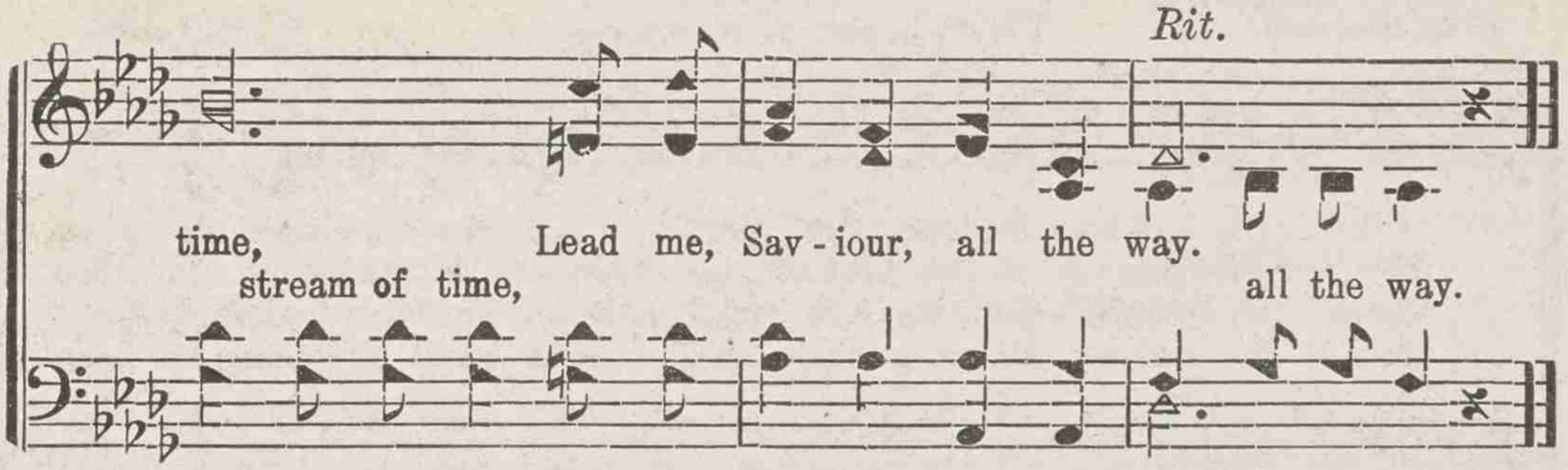
Lead me, lead me,

I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray,..... Gent-ly down the stream of

lest I stray,

Lead Me, Saviour.



68. Little Children, Tell the Story.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. F. A. F.



69. In the Harvest Field There is Work.

C. R. Blackall. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few, And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work - ers true
and the heart be light, Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chos - en shared,
who has toiled and strove; When the Mas-ter's voice, in His words of love,

REFRAIN.

Heed the call that He gives to - day. La - bor on, la - bor
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on,

on, Keep the bright re-ward in view, For the Mas - ter has said,
la - bor on,

He will strength re - new, La - bor on till the close of day.

70. No Book is Like the Bible.

Fanny Crosby. **Asa Hull. By per.**

DUET. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth and age; Our du - ty, plain and
2. It tells of man's cre-a-tion, His sad, pri - me-val fall; It tells of man's re-
3. O, let us love the Bi- ble, And praise it more and more; Our life is like a

Semi-Chorus.

sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page. It came by in - spi - ra - tion, A
demption, Thro' Christ, who died for all. In sa - cred words of wis - dom, It
shad - ow, Our days will soon be o'er. But if we close-ly fol - low The

light to guide our way, A voice from Him who gave it, Re - prov-ing when we stray.
bids us watch and pray, And ear-ly come to Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
coun- sel God has giv'n, We then may hope with angels To sing His praise in heaven.

CHORUS.

No book is like the Bi- ble, The blessed book we love; The pilgrim's chart of

glo - ry, It leads, it leads, It leads to God a - bove.
It leads, it leads,

71. Sweet Are the Promises.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1902, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. F.**

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es of the Ho - ly Word, On the sa-cred pag - es
2. Sweet are the prom-is - es to the sin-sick soul, Come, ye heav-y la - den,
3. Sweet are the prom-is - es, safe and sure for me, I will rest up - on them

how they bright-ly shine; Blest the as-sur - an - ces of my gracious Lord,
come, ye sore distressed, Here flows the heal-ing fount, come and be made whole;
what- so - e'er may come, Speaks He so ten - der - ly, "I will care for thee,"

CHORUS.

In the book of love di - vine. Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
Come, and I will give you rest. Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
"I at last will bring you home." Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,

Com - fort-ing and cheer-ing, Con-stant and en - dear - ing, Sweet are the

prom - is - es of Je - sus, In the Book of love di - vine.
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "Come, and I will give you rest."
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "I at last will bring thee home."

72. The Sweet Story.

J. B. Atchinson. **Pearl J. Sprague, by per.**

1. Re - peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, O, tell me the
2. O, tell me once more of His won- der - ful love, His good-ness and
3. O, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sor-row and

sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,
mer - cy to me; When hope-less-ly lost in the dark-ness of sin,
sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav - iour shall ev - er - more dwell

REFRAIN.

'Tis sweet- er than ev - er be - fore. 'Tis sweet - - er, yes,
He found me and bade me go free.
O, tell me of heav - en my home. O, tell me the sto - ry of

sweet - er each time..... than be - fore,..... Then
Je-sus once more, 'Tis sweet-er, yes, sweeter each time than be-fore; Then

tell..... me the sto - ry of Je - sus once more.....
tell me the sto-ry, the sto-ry so sweet, O, tell me the sto-ry of Je- sus once more.

73. Will You be at Home Over There?

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks.

Solo or Unison. *Parts.*

1. When the sum-mons com - eth call - ing you from earth a - way, Will you
2. From the grave when you come forth and stand be - fore the Lord, Will you
3. To the ma - ny man-sions there O will you en - ter in? Will you
4. Will you sing the glad new song Up - on the shin- ing shore? Will you

Solo or Unison.

be at home o - ver there? When be-fore the bar of God you
be at home o - ver there? Will you stand be - fore Him as a
be at home o - ver there? There where comes no night, no sor- row,
be at home o - ver there? Glo - ry, praise and hon - or to the

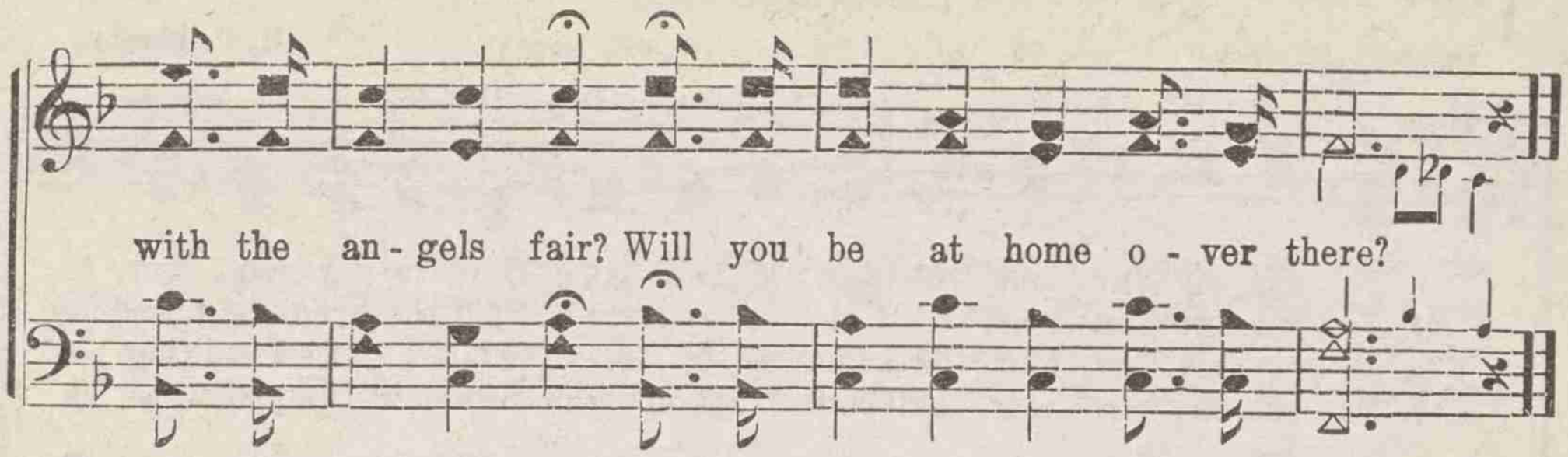
Parts.

stand on judg-ment day? Will you be at home o - ver there?
do - er of His word? Will you be at home o - ver there?
sick -ness, death nor sin? Will you be at home o - ver there?
Lamb for ev - er - more, Will you be at home o - ver there?

CHORUS.

Wiil you be at home o - ver there? (o- ver there?) Heav'n's joys and
hap - pi - ness, and fel - low-ships to share? With the bless - ed Sav - iour,

Will You be at Home Over There?



74. Praise His Name.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

P. H. **Adapted from Caleb Simper.**

75. Seeking for Me.

E. F. Hasty.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le- hem came, Born in a man - ger, to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom- ise as

sorrow and shame; O, it was wonderful, blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; O, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy- ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for
wea-ry years fly, O, I shall see Him descending the sky, Com-ing for me, for

REFRAIN. For me!..... For me!.....

me!....Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
me! ...Dy - ing for me! Dy- ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
me!....Call-ing for me! Calling for me! Call-ing for me! Call-ing for me!
me!....Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Com-ing for me!

O, it was won- der-fal—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!..
O, it was won- der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!..
Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Call- ing for me, for me!..
O, I shall see Him de-scend- ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!..

76. Reconciled.

C. H. G. Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. To rec - on - cile the world God gave His Son To bear the
2. Am - bas - sa - dors for Christ we now pro - claim Sal - va - tion
3. The gift that com - eth from a venge - ful heart, Tho' laid up-
4. Re - joice that we are now the heirs of God, Redeemed and

sor - rows of Geth-sem - a - ne, To feel the scourge and wear the
un - to all who will be - lieve; Re - turn to God! O, be ye
on the al - tar is in vain; Go, seek thy broth - er,—be at
rec - on - ciled by love and grace; Sing prais-es! laud and bless His

crown of thorns, And die up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
rec - on - ciled, And by His death e - ter - nal life re - ceive.
peace with Him, And glo - ri - fy the King for sin - ners slain.
ho - ly name, Un - til we meet and praise Him face to face.

CHORUS.

O, be ye rec-on-ciled, be ye rec-on-ciled, Washed in the cleansing blood!

Be ye rec-on-ciled, be ye rec-on-ciled, O be ye rec - onciled to God!

77. Scatter Your Blessings.

Copyright, 1905, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. By per.

Palmer Hartsough. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. Scat-ter your ma - ny bless-ings to the ones you hold so dear, There may be a sor-row that the heart a-lone may know; Scatter your ma- ny blessings,
2. Scat-ter your ma - ny bless-ings to the need - y all a- round, Bur - dens it will light-en that the suff'ring poor must bear; Scatter your ma- ny blessings,
3. Scat-ter your ma - ny blessings, how it light- ens up the heart, How in o - ver-flow- ing tide the joy of God comes in; Scatter your ma- ny blessings,

for a friend is need-ing cheer, Price-less is the love that you may show.
where the woes of life a - bound, O, the joys that you will wak - en there.
with the an - gels have a part, Mak - ing glad this des - ert world of sin.

CHORUS.

Scat-ter your bless - ings round, Scatter your bless - ings round;
O, scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessing round;

Share with an - oth - er, cheer a broth - er, Kind- ly, gent - ly let them fall;
Share and cheer a broth - er,

Scatter Your Blessings.

Scat-ter your bless - ings round, Scat-ter your bless - ings round;
O Scatter your blessings round, Scatter your blessings round;

Beau - ti - ful bless-ings from the Fa - ther give to all.....
Bless-ings from the Fa - ther give to all, give to all.

78. Saviour, Listen While We Sing.

Godfrey Thring. **Treasury.**

1. Sav - iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voic-es
2. Far-ther, ev - er far - ther from Thy wounded side, Heed - less - ly we
3. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o-
4. Great and ev - er great - er are thy mer-cies here, True and ev - er

rais - ing prais - es to our King, All we have we of - fer; all we
wandered, wandered far and wide; Till Thou cam'st in mer - cy, seeking
ra - tion, bend-ing low the knee; Thou for our re - demp- tion cam'st on
last - ing are the glo - ries there Where no pain or sor - row, toil or

hope to be; Bod - y, soul and spir - it, all we yield to Thee.
young and old, Lov - ing - ly to bear them, Sav - iour, to Thy fold.
earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, hast gone up on high.
care is known, Where the an - gel le - gions cir - cle round Thy throne.

79. Some One Is Praying for You.

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Julia H. Johnston. **J. E. Delmarter.**

1. Some-where (to-day / to-night) is a heart that is true, Lov - ing - ly, long-ing - ly think- ing of you; Some one you know who can nev-er for - get, Whose heart of af-
2. Back - ward now look, and in mem - o - ry's light, What is the pic - ture be- fore you to-night? Whose loving eyes turn to look in your own, And whose is the
3. Hark to the voice that en - treat-ing- ly calls; Still thro' the si - lence it ten - der - ly falls; Pleading with you to re - mem-ber and do The word ear- ly
4. Some one now speaks thro' the lips that you love; Some one is bend- ing to watch from above; Voic- es so sweet for you pray and entreat; Come now to the

CHORUS.

fec - tion re - members you yet.
lovelight that for you once shone? Some one is praying! Some one is praying!
spok-en, the coun - sel so true.
Sav-iour, bow low at His feet.

Some-where (to - day, / to-night,) Some one's pray-ing for you! Somewhere (to - day, / to-night,)

Somewhere (to - day / to-night) Is some one who is pray-ing, Who is pray- ing for you!

80. The Great Reward.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. There's for ev - 'ry one a star of peer- less beau - ty, There's for
2. Can it be that when such great re - ward is of-fered, We in
3. Lay a - side the weight of sin that so be - sets us, Lis - ten

ev - 'ry one a robe of spot-less white; There's for ev - 'ry one a
madness choose the emp-ty joys of sin? Can it be that while the
not to pleasure's sweet, en- tic- ing voice; Keep the eye of faith up-

D. S.—*Press toward the*

crown of shin - ing glo - ry, There's for ev - 'ry one a man-sion fair and
day of prom- ise shin - eth, We in sloth shall fail the gold - en goal to
on the prize be - fore us, And thro' all the heavn'ly race in hope re-

crown laid up in heav - en. Let us live for the home that waits us

FINE. CHORUS.

bright. (so fair and bright.)
win? (the goal to win?) Let us fight that the star to us be giv - en,
joice. (in hope re - joice;)

there. (that waits us there.)

Rit. *D. S.*

Let us strive for the robe so white and fair, so white and fair, Let us

81. All My Sins are Washed Away.

Copyright, 1915, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 N. Fifteenth St., Phila., Pa. By per.

W. O. Cushing. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is Springtime in my heart to-day, So bright, so wondrous fair;
2. The darkness now is pass'd a-way; My heart for gladness sings;
3. O-ver all the land is fade-less day; My Sav-iour is its Light;

A joy more deep than words can tell, Is breathing ev-'ry-where.
A heav-enly breeze comes wafted down, With heal-ing in its wings.
He dwells in ra-diant beau-ty there, And O, there is no night!

CHORUS.

For all my sins are washed a-way,..... All my

sins are washed a-way,..... In the crim-son flow, that

cleans-es white as snow, My sins are all washed a-way.

82. I Am Bought With the Price.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Albert Fredericks.**

1. I am bought with the price by the glo - ri-ous King, Henceforth I must serve
2. I am bought with the price, 'twas His Son that He gave For me, wayward one
3. I am bought with the price, that His will I might do, His work all my pow'rs
4. I am bought with the price, to be with Him in heav'n, When time and its toils

Him a-lone; (Him a-lone;) Now my life and my all un - to Him do I bring,
that I am; (that I am;) And they cru - ci - fied Him, that my soul He might save;
must employ; (must employ;) Where He sends, I must go, and the lost I must woo,
all are o'er; (all are o'er;) And a crown to the ransomed by Him will be giv'n,

CHORUS.

He bought me, and I am His own.
I'm bought by the blood of the Lamb.
To join in His serv - ice of joy.
And there I shall reign ev - er - more.

I am bought with the price,

the most won-der-ful price, God send-ing His on - ly Son (His on - ly Son)

Here to suffer and die, that His blood might suffice. For - ev - er I'm His, it is done.

83. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Lord's day morning To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear, ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. O come, come, come, come, come, come,

church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

84. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. **Lowell Mason.**

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has bro't us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the blest Re - deem-er's name,
3. Here we come, Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres- ence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com - fort saints,

Let us each a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day—
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest,
Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove,

Day of all the week the best, Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove.

85. In the Kingdom of the Lord.

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Palmer Hartsough. **F. Clark Perry.**

DUET. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. In the king-dom of the Lord, Dwell the good, dwell the blest, In the kingdom of the
2. In the king-dom of the Lord, Finds my tho'ts its em-ploy, In the kingdom of the
3. In the king-dom of the Lord, Thro' the bow'rs I shall roam, In the kingdom of the

QUARTET.

Lord, There is peace, there is rest.
Lord, Is my hope, is my joy.
Lord, In my bright heav'nly home.

To that blessed land
Of that blessed land
To that blessed land

To that land. . . . . .my soul shall
Of that land. . . . . so fair and
To that land. . . . . are my de-

glad my soul shall fly,
land so fair and bright,
Thine are my de- sires,

When this pil-grimage,
Trav - el - ing a - long,
Saviour's blest a - bode,

pil - grimage is
trav - el- ing a-
Saviour's blest a-

fly, ... When this pil - - grimage, this pil-grimage is
bright, ... As I'm trav - - - el- ing, am trav- el- ing a-
sires, ... There's my Sav - - iour's blest, my Saviour's blest a-

o'er,
long,
bode,

Dwell be- yond the sky,
Al - most catch the sight,
Thee, my heart as - pires,

dwell be - yond the sky,
al - most catch the sight,
Thee, my heart as-spires,

o'er, I shall dwell. . . . . be-yond the sky, ...
long, I can al - - - - most catch the sight, ...
bode, Un - to Thee. . . . . my heart as- spires, ...

In the Kingdom of the Lord.

With my Sav- iour blest, blest for ev - er - more.
Al - most hear the song, al - most hear the song.
Home-land of my God, home-land of my God.
With my Sav - - - iour ev - er - more.....
I can al - - - most hear the song.....
Dear - est home - - - land of my God.....

CHORUS.

When the sun..... is sink- ing low,..... So oft I
When the sun is low, sun is sink-ing low,

sing,..... so sweet - ly sing,..... Of that
then so oft I sing, then so sweet- ly sing,

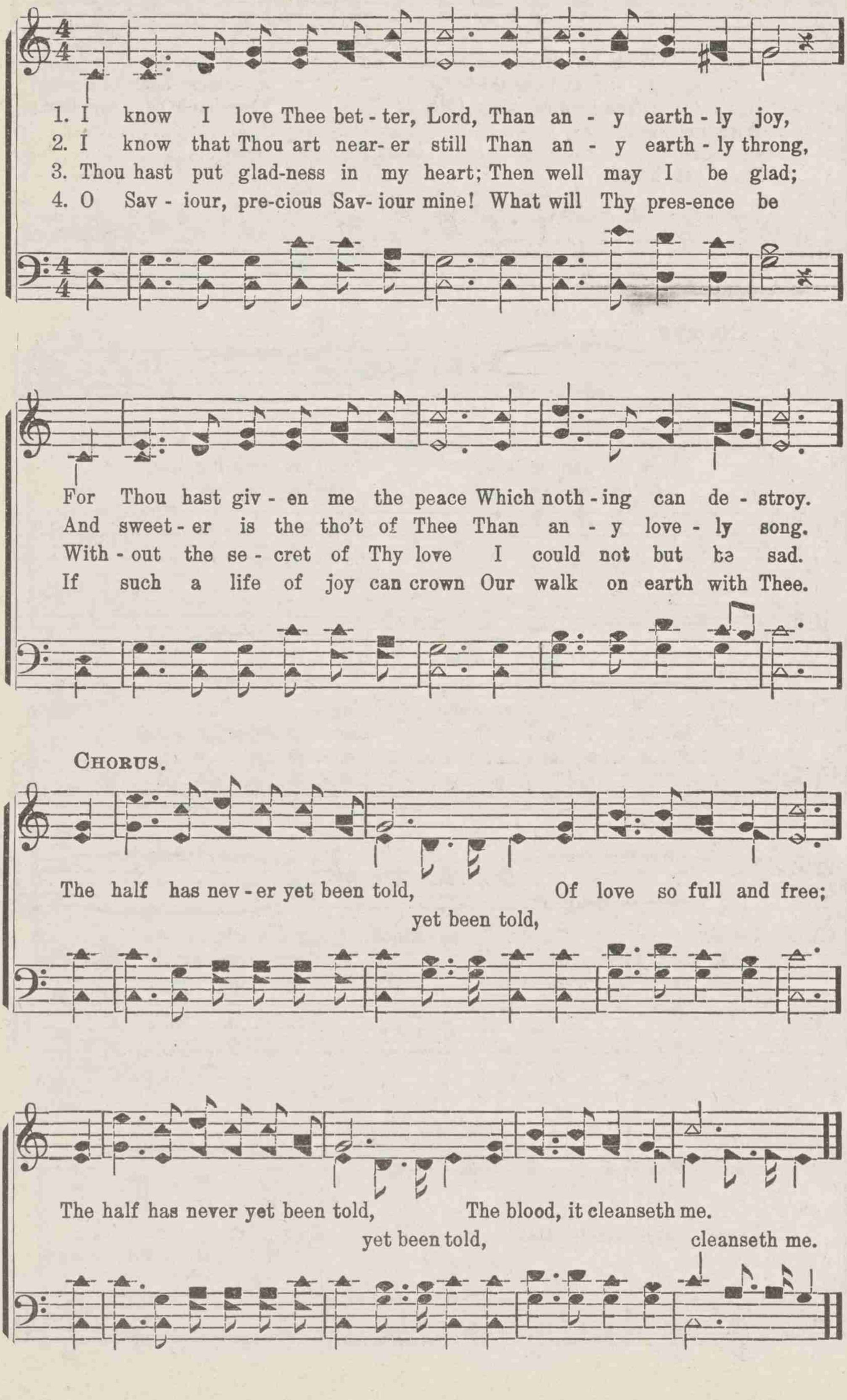
land..... to which I go,.....
land, that bless - ed land, land to which I go,

Rit.

Where my Fa - ther is the King.....
He is the King.

86. The Half Has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal. **R. E. Hudson, by per.**



87. Sweet Gifts of Love.

Copyright, 1907, by The Fillmore Bros. Co.

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.

DUET.

1. Bring me not gifts that are cost - ly and grand, Give me not jew - els or splen - did ar - ray; Some ten - der to - ken will love un - der-stand,
2. Some sim - ple flow'r from the friend that is true, Some gentle word from the lips that are kind; These will the joys of af - fec - tion re - new,
3. Sweet-er and dear - er my Sav- iour a - bove Sends blest assurance of fa - vor di - vine; Dai - ly and hour - ly are gifts of His love,

CHORUS.

Dear - er is this far than they. (than they.) Love, love,
Clos - er the chords of love bind. (love bind.)
Fill - ing this glad heart of mine. (of mine.) Love, pur - est love, O,

sweet gifts of love, Cherished and treasured by friends sundered far; Love,
sweet gifts of love, Love, purest

love, sweet gifts of love, Pre-cious, so precious they are!.....
love, O, sweet gifts of love, Pre-cious, so precious, how precious they are!

88. Going Down the Valley.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

Doloroso.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, Hu - man

fac - es t'ward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of
com - rade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will

mournful cy - press grows, Where the stream of death in si- lence on - ward flows.
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er-brink at last.
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing down the val- ley, Go - ing down the val - ley,

Go- ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun, We are go - ing down the val-ley,

Going Down the Valley.

Rit.

Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the val - ley one by one.

89. In the Shadow of the Rock.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Alt. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. In the shad - ow of the Rock, High a - bove the san - dy beach,
2. Years, like tides, may come and go, I am ver - y, ver - y sure
3. I have lain with faith and pray'r My foun - da - tions, deep and wide,

Where no sud - den wave can shock, Where no beat - ing tide can reach.
That they will not o - ver - throw My a - bid - ing - place se - cure.
Built there - on with watch - ful care, Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

CHORUS.

Un - to Thee, O precious Sav - iour, I for rest and ref - uge flee.

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee."

90. When the Tide of God's Mercy Comes In.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred A. Fillmore.

Palmer Hartsough. **S. Foster Ames.**

1. When the tide of God's mer-cy comes in, (comes in,) And our hearts are all filled with His love; (His love;) What a joy ris - es up from with-
2. When the tide of God's mer-cy comes in, (comes in,) O, the won - der- ful, meas - ure - less flood; (the flood;) Let us plunge, and our souls shall be
3. When the tide of God's mer-cy comes in, (comes in,) Guilt-y sin - ner, no lon - ger de - lay; (de - lay;) Let the low - est and vil - est of

in, (with - in,) What a peace o - ver all from a - bove. (a - bove.)
clean; (be clean;) Praise the Lord for the pow'r in the blood. (the blood.)
men, (of men,) Free - ly take of His full- ness to - day. (to - day.)

CHORUS.

O, the rich - es of grace, O, the won - ders of love, When the tide of God's mer- cy comes in, (comes in,) And our hearts are o'erwhelmed

When the Tide of God's Mercy Comes In.

Rit.

with the rap-ture a-bove, When the tide of God's mer- cy comes in.

91. Blessed Bible! How I Love It.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. **Annie F. Harrison.**

1. Bless- ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my Spir - it cheer!
2. Yes, I'll to my bo - som press thee; Precious word, I'll hide thee here;
3. Bless- ed Bi - ble! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deep - er in my heart;

What on earth like this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st "Good cheer!"
Thou thro' all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part;

Man was lost and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rov - ings led,
Part in death? no, nev - er, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee,

Could he from earth's treasures bor-row, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Then in worlds a - bove for - ev - er, Sweet-er still thy truths shall be.

92. The Son of God Goes Forth.

Bishop Reginald Heber. **Henry S. Cutler.**

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph- ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

93. In God's Own Time.

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Edna G. Young Reed. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On some sweet day, in time to come, Our wrongs will then be right - ed,
2. The dawn of day will bring no pain, The ev - 'ning shades no sor - row,
3. When death shall close these weary orbs, And spir - its soar to heav - en,
4. We'll won - der why we doubted Him, Why oft we murmured sad - ly,
5. The things that now seem mys - ter- ies, We'll un - der-stand all clear- ly,

And Peace and Joy will vis - it us, Both wel-come guests in - vi - ted.
For love will reign in hearts of men, In God's own time, to - mor - row.
In gaz - ing back we'll mar - vel at The mer - cy God hath giv - en.
The bur- dens then will seem so light We'll wish we'd borne them glad - ly.
Then how we'll wish with all our hearts, We'd loved Him far more dear - ly.

CHORUS.

Yes, some sweet day, in God's own time, We'll nev - er know a sor - row;

Rit.

For Peace and Joy will reign su-preme In God's own time, to - mor - row.

94. Keep Singing on the Way.

A. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Albert Fredericks.

1. Would you make the world more glad the while? Keep singing on the way.
2. Would you make some saddened heart rejoice? Keep singing on the way.
3. Would you ban- ish tears and grief and woe? Keep singing on the way.
4. Would you brighten pathways dark and dim? Keep singing on the way.

Greet it with a cheer- ful song and smile; Keep sing- ing on the way.
With a glad, a hap - py tune - ful voice; Keep sing- ing on the way.
Raise a cheerful song wher - e'er you go; Keep sing- ing on the way.
Sing a pret- ty song, a gladsome hymn; Keep sing- ing on the way.

CHORUS.

Keep sing - ing (on the way,) Keep sing - ing (on the way,)

Keep sing - ing on the way. Raise a
Keep sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing on the way.

cheer - ful song wher - e'er you go, Keep sing- ing on the way.

95. Pray for Reapers.

Arr. by F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, To - kens of our com - ing Lord;
2. Fee - bly now they toil in sad - ness, Weeping o'er the waste a - round,
3. Now, O Lord! ful - fill Thy pleas - ure, Breathe upon Thy chos - en band;
4. Soon shall end the time for weep - ing, Soon the reap- ing-time will come,

O'er the earth the field is whit'n-ing, Loud - er rings the Mas-ter's word.
Slow - ly gath'ring grains of glad-ness, While their ech - oing cries re-sound.
And with pen - te - cos - tal meas- ure, Send forth reap - ers o'er the land.
Heav'n and earth to-geth - er keep - ing, God's e - ter - nal har - vest home.

CHORUS.

Pray for reap - ers, Loud- ly rings the Master's word, Pray for reap-ers,

Rit.

In the har - vest of the Lord; O'er the earth

the field is whit'n-ing, Loud - ly rings the Mas - ter's word.

96. When we Walk with the Lord.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner.
Charles M. Alexander, owner. By per.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de- lights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - lowship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

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

CHORUS.

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

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

97. There Stands a Rock, on Shores of Time.

S. S. Journal. By per. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sub-lime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's un-clouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in this cleft a rest:
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some on their fame or their treas- ure or their land; Mine's on the Rock that for - ev - er shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

98. Guard the Bible Well.

T. McDougall. W. H. Doane.

1. Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell
2. Book of love di - vine, Pre- cious word of Thine, Let it ev - er shine
3. Shout the Bi - ble song, Swell the mighty throng, In the cause be strong,
4. O, ye Chris-tian band, For this Bi - ble stand, By the Lord's command,

Of the Lord; Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield; Nev - er
All a-broad; In the Spir-it's might We must win the fight, For this
Of the right; Look to God in pray'r When the foe you dare, And for-
Ne'er give o'er; Lead the ar - my on Till the strife is done, And the

CHORUS.

nev - er yield His ho - ly word.
Gos - pel light, The truth of God, Rouse, then, Christians, Ral - ly for the
ev - er wear His ar - mor bright.
cause is won, For-ev - er-more.

Bi - ble! Work on, pray on, Spread the truth abroad; Stand, then, like men,

In the cause tri-umph-ant, For the Bi - ble is the Word of God.

99. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **J. P. Holbrook.**

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; Bound-less love in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust in Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, Prince of peace and right-eous-ness—
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Most un - wor - thy, Lord, I am; Thou art full of love and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

100. He That Goeth Forth.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Hastings. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bear-ing precious seed in love,

Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a-bove.

Two Parts.

Soft descend the dews of heav-en, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine;

Pre-cious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thro' the influence all di-vine.

Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea-ry, Let no fears thy soul an-noy;

He That Goeth Forth.



101. We'll Be There.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1900, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com - eth with His hosts in bright ar - ray,
2. We shall see our bless - ed Sav - iour and shall know Him in the skies
3. We shall see the count-less righteous gath'ring for their great re- ward,

And we wak - en at His sum-mons in that new and glad-some light,
As He comes to take His chil-dren thro' the gates of shin - ing gold,
We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in glad - ness bring,

O the won - der, O the rap - ture, as we greet the heav'n-ly day,
We shall hear the shouts of joy that from un - num-bered thousands rise,
We shall hear the might - y cho - rus to the Ho - ly One A - dored,

CHORUS.

When the dawn e - ter-nal breaks up - on our sight. We'll be there,
As His beau - ty and His glo - ry they be - hold.
As in robes of white they stand before their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn- ing we'll be
we'll be there,

We'll Be There.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there,
we'll be there, We'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, we'll be there.
we'll be there.

102. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. **Stephen Foster, arr.**

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Gone are my sins, and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - ermore, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed away in Je- sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

103. Calling Me Over the Tide.

Jessie H. Brown. Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a-way, Si-lent-ly
2. Dim-ly thro' gath-er-ing dark-ness I see Je-sus, my
3. Nar-row the wa-ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be-

on-ward they glide; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
Friend and my guide; An-gels are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,
lov-ed a-bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

REFRAIN.

Call-ing me o-ver the tide. Call-ing to me, they are

call-ing to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o-ver the tide; They are

call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Call-ing me o-ver the tide.

104. His Own Right Hand.

Copyright, 1915, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 N. Fifteenth St., Phila., Pa. By per.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. When my soul was heav-y la - den with a load of sin, When I cried to
2. Tho' the tem-pest oft as-sails me, yet I have no fear, For I know in
3. Soon life's journey will be o - ver, day will soon be done, And my feet will

God for pardon, then the light shone in, And I found for my re-demp-tion
times of dan-ger that my Lord is near, All the darts of sin and Sa - tan
reach death's riv-er with the setting sun, But I know I shall in safe - ty

FINE.

ev'rything was planned, For He broke the chains that bound me with His own right hand.
I can now withstand, For my Saviour will sustain me with His own right hand.
reach the gold-en strand, For the Lord will bear me o-ver with His own right hand.

D. S.–*Where I'll oc-cu-py a mansion at His own right hand.*

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, I rejoice and sing, For my Saviour bought my pardon,

D. S.

and His praise shall ring, For I'm on my way to heav-en at my Lord's command,

105. I Love to Tell the Story.

Kate Hankey. **Wm. G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger- ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is- fies my longings,
tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me—And that is just the rea - son
tell the sto - ry; For some have nev -er heard The mes-sage of sal - va- tion
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry

CHORUS.

As noth - ing else can do.
I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry—'Twill be my
From God's own ho - ly word.
That I have loved so long.

theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

106. When Jesus Comes to Reward.

Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

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

Rit.

REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will He an - swer thee—Well done!
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

107. The Victory Song.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **F. A. Fillmore.**

1. Whence comes this countless host with banners floating fair, Whose voices chant the
2. They heed not, tho' they walk where sin and sor- row stand, Nor fear when night draws
3. O might - y ar - my of the Lord, to vic - t'ry go, Till ev - 'ry land shall

song that fills the hap - py air? O these are they whose feet have found the
near with death on ev - 'ry hand; O'er all the wait- ing land their song of
hear, and of the Sav-iour know; O'er ev - 'ry na - tion may the song of

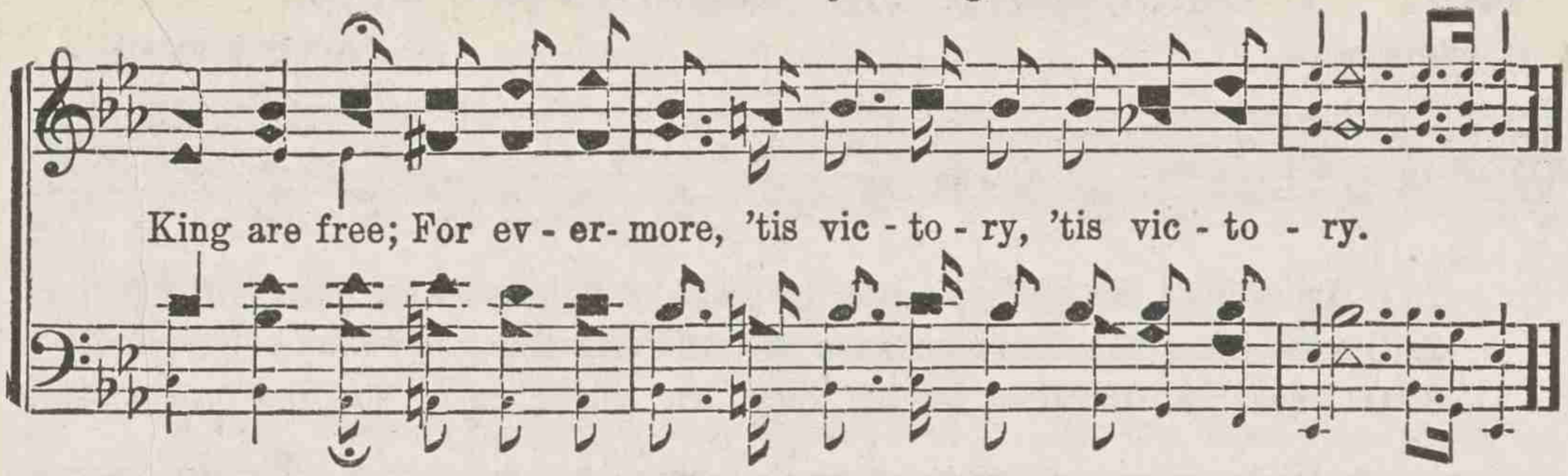
heav'n-ly way, Up - on whose souls has shone the light of per - fect day.
joy shall rise, Its thrill - ing strains shall reach the por- tals of the skies.
tri - umph roll: The "Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus reigns in ev - 'ry soul."

CHORUS.

They glad - ly sing: In Christ shall ev - er be . . . . . Thro' life and
In Christ shall ev - er be

death the glorious vic - to - ry; . . . . . O joy di - vine, the children of the
the glo - rious vic - to-ry;

The Victory Song.



108. It is I, Be Not Afraid.

D. A. Woodworth, arr. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. S. Foster Ames.



109. O Sometimes the Shadows are Deep.

E. Johnson. **W. G. Fischer.**

1. O some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O some-times how long seems the day, And sometimes how heav-y my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, how oft-en they sweep, Like tempests, down o-ver the soul!
But, toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock let me fly,
Rock that is high-er than I; O then to the Rock that is high-er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I. let me fly;

110. The Sweetest Name.

Frederick Whitfield. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Albert Fredericks.**

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!
4. This name shall shed its fragrance still A - long this thorn - y road;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear—The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per - fect plea.
No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart conceive how dear.
Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug- ged hill That leads me up to God.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name,..... pre - cious name,..... I
Pre-cious name, name ev - er dear to me,

love to speak its worth;..... Pre - cious name,.....
to speak its worth; Pre- cious name,

pre - cious name,..... The sweet - est name on earth.
name a - bove ev - 'ry name,

111. The Lily of the Valley.

Anon. **English Melody.**





D. S.—*Lil-y of the Val-ley, the*



bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.



The Lily of the Valley.



112. No Abiding City Here.

Lizzie H. Underwood. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **J. H. Rosecrans.**



113. Beautiful River of Life.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1905, by Fillmore Bros. **By per. J. H. Fillmore.**

1. There is a riv - er whose crys-tal flood Ev - er so free - ly is flow - ing;
2. Pil-grims are we in a des - ert land, Rough is the journey and drear - y;
3. There by the riv - er in bliss un - told, Prais- es e - ter - nal are ring-ing;

Riv - er of life from the throne of God, Bless- ing and beau-ty be - stow-ing.
Here are we do - ing our Lord's command, Claim-ing His prom-is - es cheer - y.
There by the riv - er, to harps of gold, We with the blest shall be sing-ing.

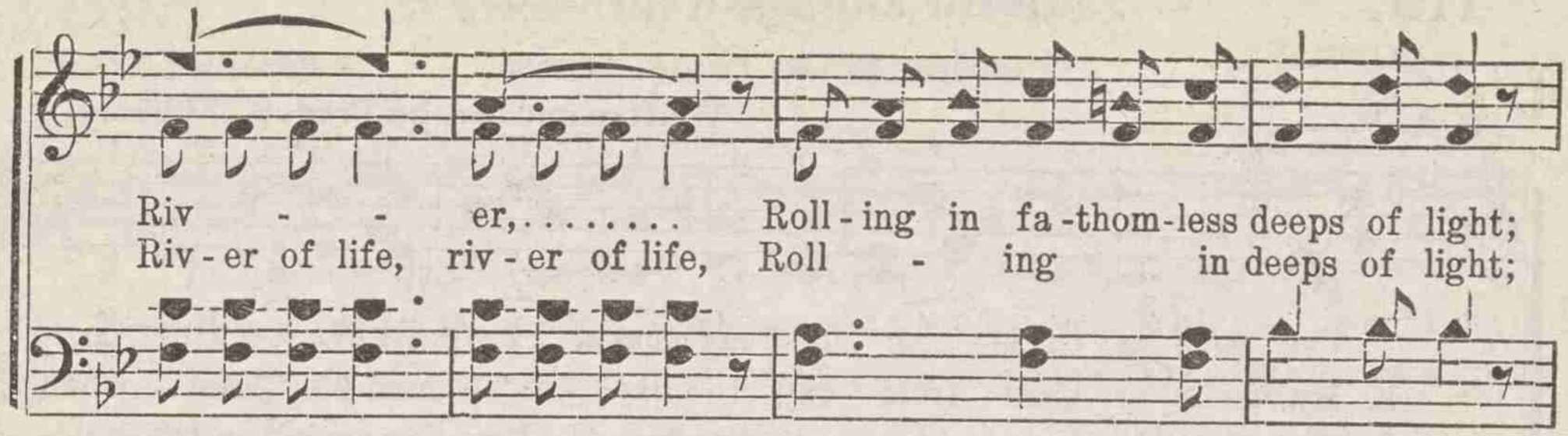
Mead-ows are drest in their liv - ing green, Flowers their sweetness re - veal - ing;
Yon- der's the coun-try to which we go, There is no night and no sad - ness;
There with our loved ones, in realms of light, We shall be hap - py for - ev - er;

Here the great tree with its leaves is seen, Leaves that the na-tions are heal - ing.
There the sweet waters of com-fort flow, There is the riv - er of glad-ness.
Walk-ing with Je - sus in robes of white, There by the beau - ti - ful riv - er.

REFRAIN.

Riv - - - er,..... Smil - ing in rip- ples so clear and bright,
Riv - er of life, riv - er of life, Rip - pling so clear and bright,

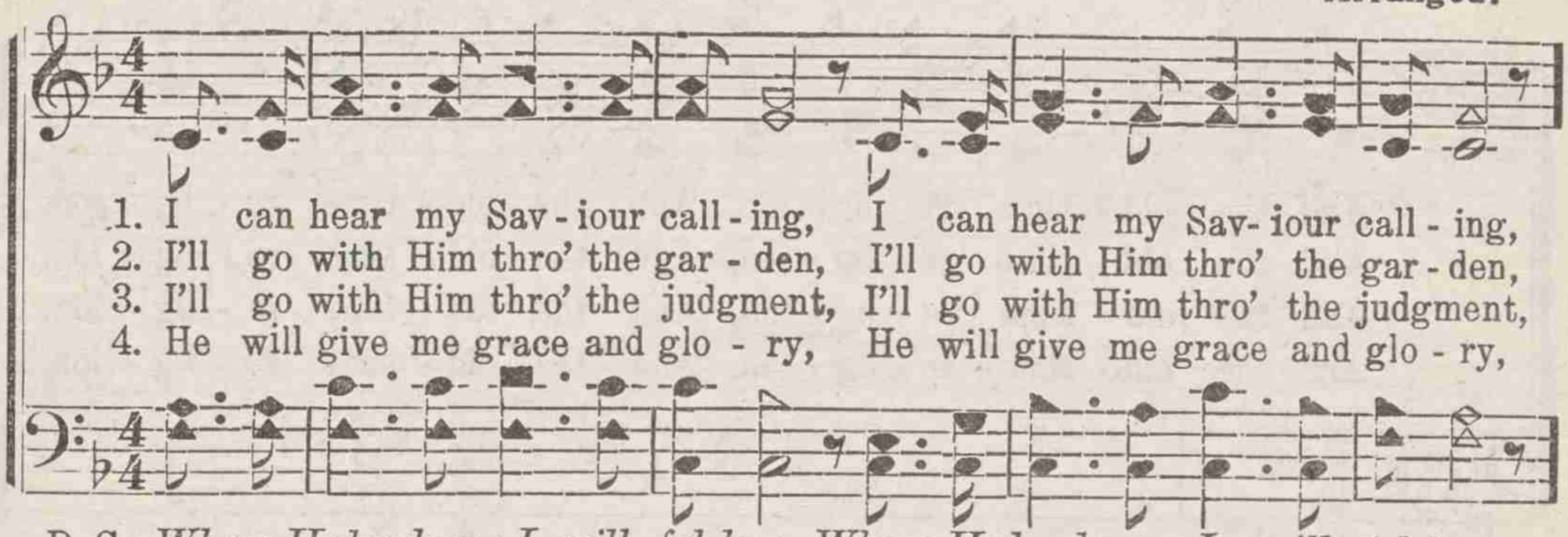
Beautiful River of Life.

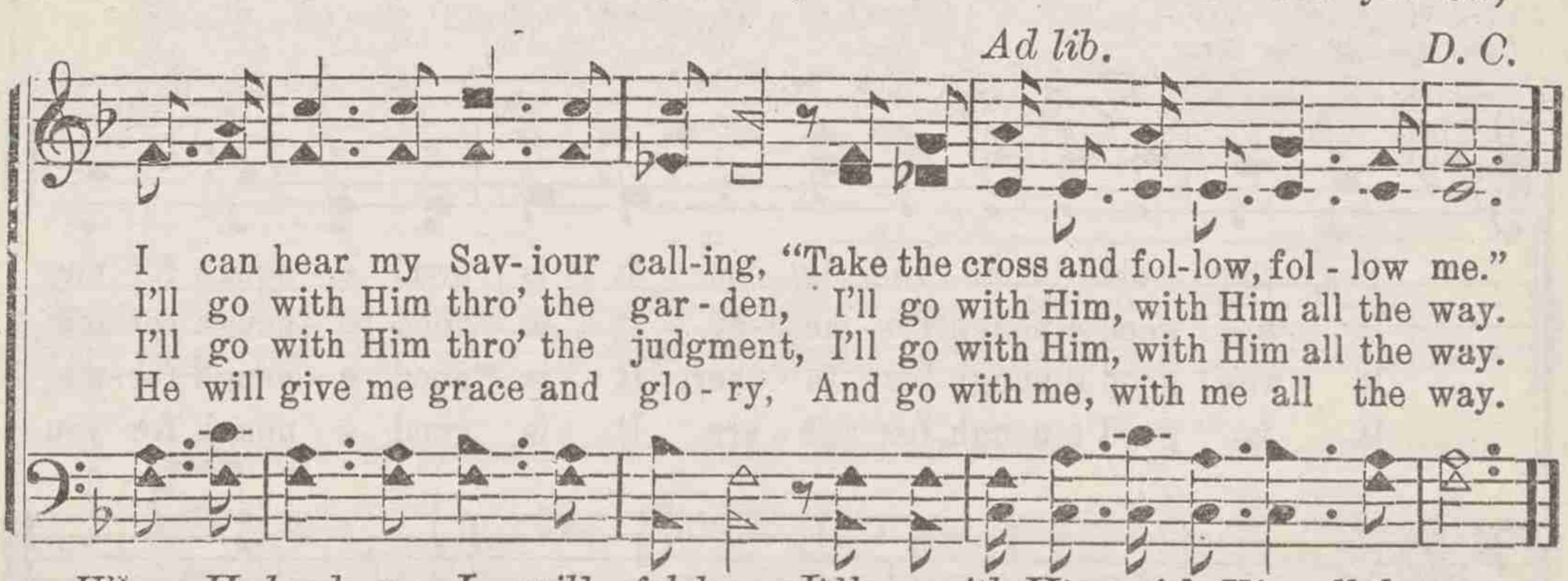




114. The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.





115. Good Enough for Me.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

F. A. F. **Written and arr. by Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. I've been a Chris - tian since my youth, I have always loved the Lord,
2. My moth - er lived from day to day, As a hum-ble Christian should,
3. My Fa - ther was a sol - dier true, He conquered in the strife,
4. O wand'rer, come from the ways of sin To the way the saints have trod,

He is the Way, the Life, the Truth, I am trust-ing in His Word.
In faith and pray'r and hope and love, She lived as un - to God.
Fought the good fight, and kept the faith, And received a crown of life.
'Tis the Saviour calls, come without de - lay, And be rec - onciled to God.

And the old - time re - lig - ion, And the old - time re - lig - ion,
And the old - time re - lig - ion, And the old - time re - lig - ion,
And the old - time re - lig - ion, And the old - time re - lig - ion,
And the old - time re - lig - ion, And the old - time re - lig - ion,

Yes, the old - time re - lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.
It was good e-nough for moth- er, It is good e - nough for me.
It was goed e-nough for fa - ther, It is good e - nough for me.
It is good e nough for oth - ers, It is good e - nough for you.

116. In Heavenly Heights Above.

Lizzie DeArmond. Copyright, 1907, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. **J. H. Fillmore.**

Unison.

1. In heav'nly heights above, O Lord of light and love, Thou art in - deed a
2. Sun, moon and stars on high, Earth, sea and boundless sky, With one ac-cord lift
3. With shouts of loud acclaim, Shall nations hail Thy name, The whole wide world glad

mighty King; E - ter - nal God to Thee, Enthroned in maj - es - ty, Tri-
up their voice; All thro' the si - lent night, When morn awakes so bright, Thy
trib - ute bring; Like o-cean's ceaseless roar, From sun-lit shore to shore, In

CHORUS. *In harmony.*

umph-ant hosts a - dor - ing sing..... Ho - - - - ly Lord Al-
works of praise in Thee re - joice.....
joy - ful chords Thy praise shall ring..... Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

might - - - y! Ho - - - - ly Lord Al - might - - y!
Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

1. Thy name be praised, both now and ev - er - more.
2. ev - er - more.

117. The Galilean.

A. J. M. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Andrew J. Mann, M. D.

1. There lived a man in Gal - i - lee, Who spoke and calmed the troub-led sea,
2. There lived a man in Gal - i - lee, Who spoke as with au - thor - i - ty,
3. There lived a man in Gal - i - lee, Who caused the grop - ing blind to see,
4. There lived a man in Gal - i - lee, Who gave His life for you and me,

His fear-ful ones from death to save, Be-neath the an - gry, roll - ing wave.
Of things on earth, of heav'n a-bove, Of God, the Fa - ther, and His love.
Who healed the sick, and raised the dead, With loaves and fish - es, thou-sands fed.
The cru-el death, the cross He bore, That we might live for ev - er - more.

O trembling soul,.. O tempest toss'd,.. A - mid life's an-gry breakers lost,
trembling soul, O tempest toss'd,
He speaks to-day,.. His word hath pow'r.. To save us in each try-ing hour;
speaks to-day, His word hath pow'r
He lives to-day,.... He lives to bless.. The blind, the hun-gry and distressed;
lives to-day, He lives to bless
He lives, He reigns,.. He speaks to-day,.. "I am the Life, the Truth, the Way;
lives and reigns, and speaks to-day,

In tri-als sore,..... in good or ill,..... He speaks to thee His "peace, be still."
tri-als sore, in good or ill,
A light it is..... to light our way,..... Un - til we reach the per - fect day.
light it is to light our way,
He is the bread.. come down from heav'n, He is the on - ly Sav - iour giv'n.
is the bread come down from heav'n,
Come un-to me,..... you shall be blest,..... Un - to your souls I'll give sweet rest.
un-to me, you shall be blest,

118. Altogether for the King!

(For Men's Voices.)

Balfern, arr. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Al - to - geth - er, firm and stead - y, Al - to - geth - er for the King;
2. Al - to - geth - er, on-ward fear-less, Al - to - geth - er, brave and true;
3. Al - to - geth - er, self - for-get - ful, Al - to - geth - er, all as one;
4. Al - to - geth - er, for His glo - ry, Al - to - geth - er in His might;

Hands and hearts and arms all read - y, U - ni - ty must vic - t'ry bring.
Let your Lead - er, might-y, peer-less, Know that He can count on you.
Leave thy past, all sad, re - gret - ful, And the Mas - ter's work is done.
Tell a - broad the gos - pel sto - ry, Spread a - broad the gos - pel light.

CHORUS.

Al - to - geth - er for the King, for the King; U - ni-
Al - to - geth - er for the King;

ty must vict'ry bring, vic-t'ry bring, Al - to - geth-er,
U - ni - ty must vict'ry bring, Al-to-geth-er

for the King, for the King, U - ni - ty must vic-t'ry bring, must vic-t'ry bring.

Rit.

119. Oft When the Day is Dreary.

Mrs. W. H. **Mrs. Wyndham Heathcote.**

1. Oft when the day is drear - y, Oft when the storm-clouds low'r,
2. He bids me tell my sto - ry, Tell-ing, He gives me rest;
3. Je - sus, Thy heart is with me All thro' the dark - est night,
4. Won-drous in love is Je - sus, Sweet is the rest He gives;

Oft when my spir - it's wea - ry— Je - sus im - parts His pow'r.
And while my sor - rows shar - ing, Shel-ters me in His breast.
As when the sun shines clear - ly, Mak-ing my path - way bright.
Shar-ing in all my toil - ing, While in my heart He lives.

CHORUS.

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

Je - sus is near, bur-dens to bear; His blood from sin doth cleanse thee.

120. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. **Jos. P. Webster.**

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing place there.
sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by and
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore, In the
by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by,
by and by, by and by, by and by,

We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

121. While the Days are Going By.

(For Men's Voices.)

George Cooper. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn- ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep- ing eyes,
But the seeds of love we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Rit.

O the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by,
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by,
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by,

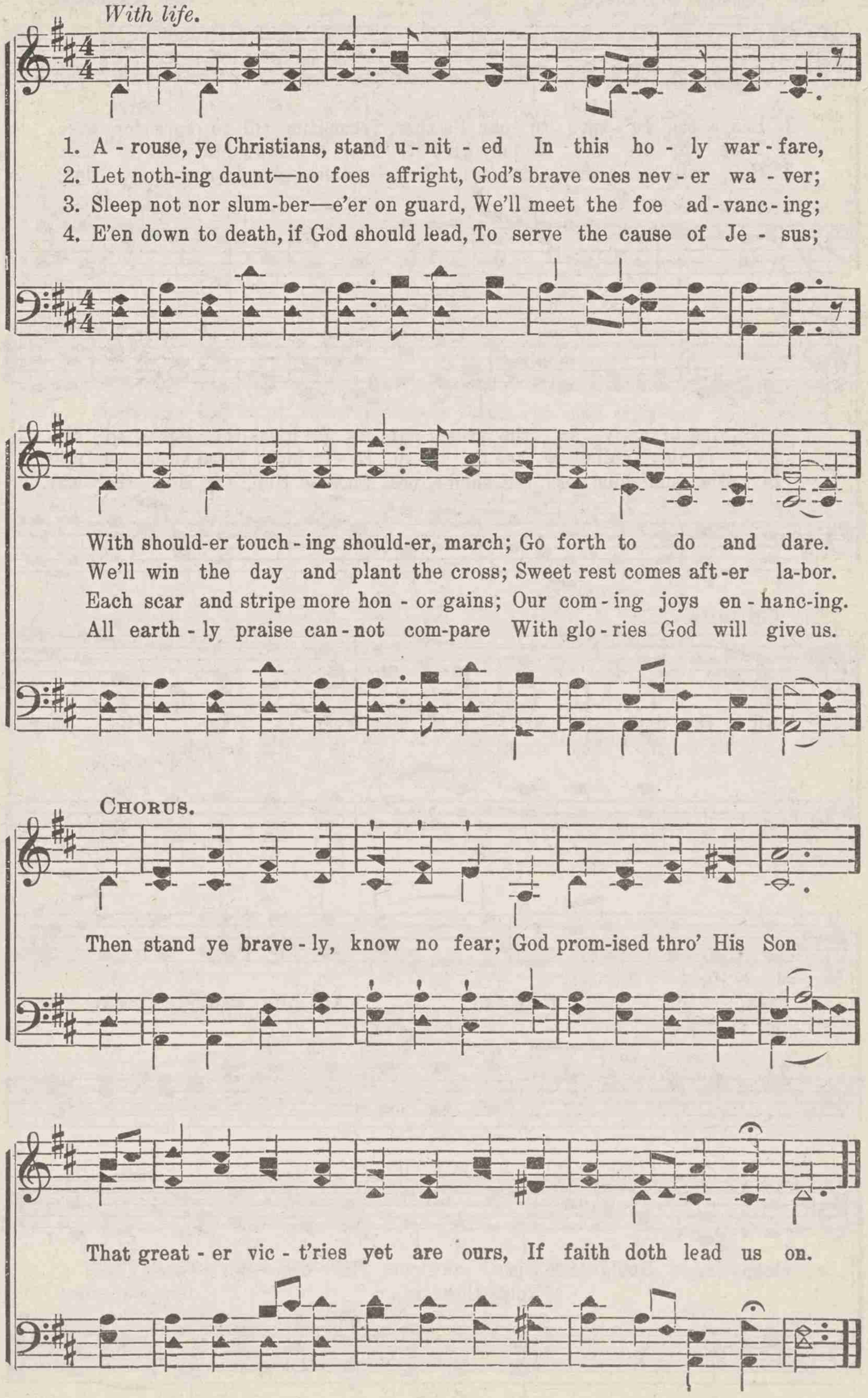
Rit.

O the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

122. Christian Warfare.

F. L. R. Copyright, 1910, by F. L. Rowe. Used by per. F. L. Rowe.

With life.



1. A - rouse, ye Christians, stand u - nit - ed In this ho - ly war - fare,
2. Let noth-ing daunt—no foes affright, God's brave ones nev - er wa - ver;
3. Sleep not nor slum-ber—e'er on guard, We'll meet the foe ad - vanc - ing;
4. E'en down to death, if God should lead, To serve the cause of Je - sus;

With should-er touch - ing should-er, march; Go forth to do and dare.
We'll win the day and plant the cross; Sweet rest comes aft - er la-bor.
Each scar and stripe more hon - or gains; Our com - ing joys en - hanc-ing.
All earth - ly praise can - not com-pare With glo - ries God will give us.

CHORUS.

Then stand ye brave - ly, know no fear; God prom-ised thro' His Son

That great - er vic - t'ries yet are ours, If faith doth lead us on.

123. Trust.

Copyright, 1907, by The Evangelical Publishing Co., Chicago. By per.

Mrs. Florence S. Kellogg. Geo, S. Schuler.

1. Leave the fu - ture to our Fa-ther, Trust Him still to care for thee;
2. Take thy life as He may give it, For He know-eth what is best;
3. He will teach thee all thou needest, Guidance give from day to day;

Liv - ing brave-ly in the pres - ent, As He gives thee light to see.
Ev - 'ry day shall show thee du - ty, Ev -'ry night gives sweet-est rest.
In the sun-shine or the shad - ows, Look to Him, for He's the way.

CHORUS.

All thy days are in His keep - ing, Be they
All thy days are in His keep-ing,

dark or be they fair,..... And He watch-es, nev - er
Be they dark or be they fair,

sleep - ing, Holds thee in..... His ten - der care.....
Holds thee in ten - der care.

124. Great Joy in That City.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**

1. When Phil - ip had come and preached Christ un-to them, They heed - ed the
2. When - ev - er we o - pen our hearts to the light, Re - ceiv - ing in
3. O would we but let the dear Sav-iour come in, And reign un - dis-

mes - sage he brought, The de- mons came out, and the pal-sied were healed,
meek-ness the word; How quick- ly with - in and with- out all is bright,
turbed in the soul, Then soon all the troubles and sor-rows of sin,

CHORUS.

And works of great bless-ing were wrought.
And songs of re - joic - ing are heard. O there was great joy, great
Would yield to His bless - ed con - trol.

joy in that cit - y, When Christ and His love were made known, And o'er the dark

night of their sins and their sor-rows, The light of His good-ness shone.

125. Jesus is All the World to Me

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson. Hope Publishing Co., Chicago, owner. By per.

W. L. T. 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 har-vest's gol - den 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.

126. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. O, how sweet to walk in this pil- grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

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

CHORUS.

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

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,

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

127. Thanks Be to God.

F. A. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry Thro'
2. Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, For
3. Thanks be to God, who giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, He

Je - sus Christ our Lord and King; Thanks be to God, who giv - eth
He is wor - thy of all praise; Thanks be to God, who giv - eth
doth His faith - ful ones re - ward; Thanks be to God, who giv - eth

us the vic - to - ry, Come ye, be thank - ful, your off'r - ings bring.
us the vic - to - ry, Who crowns with bless - ings all our days.
us the vic - to - ry, And un - to all who be - lieve His word.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Prais - es un - to Him be - long, Raise to Him a loft - y song,

Hail ye His all-pow'r-ful name, His good-ness and love pro- claim;

Thanks Be to God.



128. Lord, Dismiss Us.

J. H. Fillmore.



129. Seek Ye the Kingdom of God.

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks

1. Do you want to live a hap - py, a con - tent - ed life?
2. Do you want to be com-mend - ed by your fel - low - men?
3. Ask the Lord to help you in the time of tri - als sore,
4. There are man - y, man - y bless-ings prom - ised by the Lord,

Seek ye the king - dom of God; Do you want to be a
Seek ye the king - dom of God; Turn a - way from e - vil
Seek ye the king - dom of God; Knock, and He will o - pen
Seek ye the king - dom of God; Come to Him in faith be-

he - ro in this world of strife? Seek ye the king-dom of God.
and un-right-eous-ness, and then Seek ye the king-dom of God.
un - to you a bounteous store, Seek ye the king-dom of God.
liev - ing, hear His precious word, Seek ye the king-dom of God.

CHORUS.

Seek ye first the king - dom of God And His right - eous-ness,
right - eousness,

His right - eous-ness; Seek ye first the king - dom of God,
right - eous-ness;

Seek Ye the Kingdom of God.



130. Love's Sweet Lesson.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. J. H. F. and F. A. F.



131. Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
2. O, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me
see; Man-y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are

o-ver there,

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, O-ver there, o-ver
home in the pal-ace of God,
fly to the land of the blest,
watch-ing and wait-ing for me,

o-ver there. o-ver there,

there, O think of the {home / friends} o-ver there; O-ver
o-ver there, o-ver there;

Over There.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of the { home / friends } o - ver there.
o - ver there,

132. Draw Me to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for Thine em - brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Sav-iour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more,
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir- it draw me, Till I am whol - ly Thine;

Clos - er with-in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a - round me, And all my wan-d'rings o'er.
Quick-en, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

CHORUS.

Clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me to Thy-self a-bove;
Clos-er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove;

Clos - er draw me to Thy-self a - bove.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above, Draw me to Thyself a- bove.

133. Therefore Watch.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

Two Parts. *Three Parts.*

1. How man - y the snares and en- tice-ments of sin, There-fore watch,
2. Our foes they are man - y on ev - er - y side, There-fore watch,
3. How man - y the wrecks on life's tur - bu- lent sea, There-fore watch,

p *Two Parts.*

There-fore watch; Al-lure-ments without and temp - ta - tions with-in,
There-fore watch; A - long by our pathway they lurk and they hide,
There-fore watch; How man - y the slain who were care-less and free,

f Three Parts. *Four Parts.* *Three Parts.*

Therefore watch, Therefore watch. The way it is nar - row, and
Therefore watch, Therefore watch. In plac- es of pow'r and in
Therefore watch, Therefore watch. A man-sion is ours in that

straight is the gate, But there doth a crown and a king-dom a - wait;
man - sions of wealth, They rise to op-pose us to win as by stealth;
world of de - light, And stars for our crown in that cit - y so bright;

Four Parts.

Life's pleasures and hon- ors, they tempt us to stray, But all will be lost
No yield-ing, no quar- ter, for truth we must stand, We're soldiers of Je-
O then o - ver-come in the sin and the strife, And con-quor-ers be

Therefore Watch.

f Three Parts. *p Four Parts.*

if we turn from the way, There-fore watch, Therefore watch.
sus, and He gives command, There-fore watch, Therefore watch.
in the bat - tle of life, There-fore watch, Therefore watch.

134. Open My Eyes that I May See.

Copyright, 1895, by Clar- H. Scott. Owned by the Evangelical Publishing Co. By per.

C. H. S. Mrs. Clara H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der - ful key That shall un-clasp and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap - pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre- pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.

CHORUS.

Si - lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my eyes, il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

135. The Gate Ajar.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. **Philip Phillips.**

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is tak - en,

A ra-diance from the crown a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

Yes, in the blood of Christ I see The gate that stands a - jar for me,

For me,..... for me,..... That stands a - jar for me.
For me, for me,

136. Day Is Dying In the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. John H. Vincent, owner. **William F. Sherwin.**

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touch - ing
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni-
3. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en-
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the

earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her
verse, Thy home, Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the
fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the
day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e-

REFRAIN.

even - ing lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
fold of Thy em-brace; For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, ho - ly,
stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!

Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

137. Sunshine Song.

E. A. Brinenstool. Arr. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. In spite of gloom and dark - ness, Keep fac - ing t'ward the light,
2. In spite of all your sor - row, O let your spir - it fly,
3. We'll gath - er with our loved ones Up - on the sil - v'ry strand,

Keep look - ing for the sun - shine, Tho' hid - den from your sight;
To where the sun is shin - ing A - bove the cloud - ed sky;
Our doubts and fears will van - ish, And we will un - der - stand,

For at the dawn of morn - ing, So beau - ti - ful and bright,
A bet - ter day is com - ing, A dawn of glo - ry bright,
The beau - ty and the bright - ness Of heav - en's sun-kissed shore,

The bless - ed sun - shine com - ing Will drive a - way the night.
The sun-shine of God's pres - ence Will drive a - way the night.
The sun-shine of God's pres - ence Is there for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Sun-shine, sun-shine, Soft and gen-tle from a - bove,
Sun-shine, bright sunshine, in gen - tle rays from a - bove,

Sunshine Song.





138. I'll Live for Him.

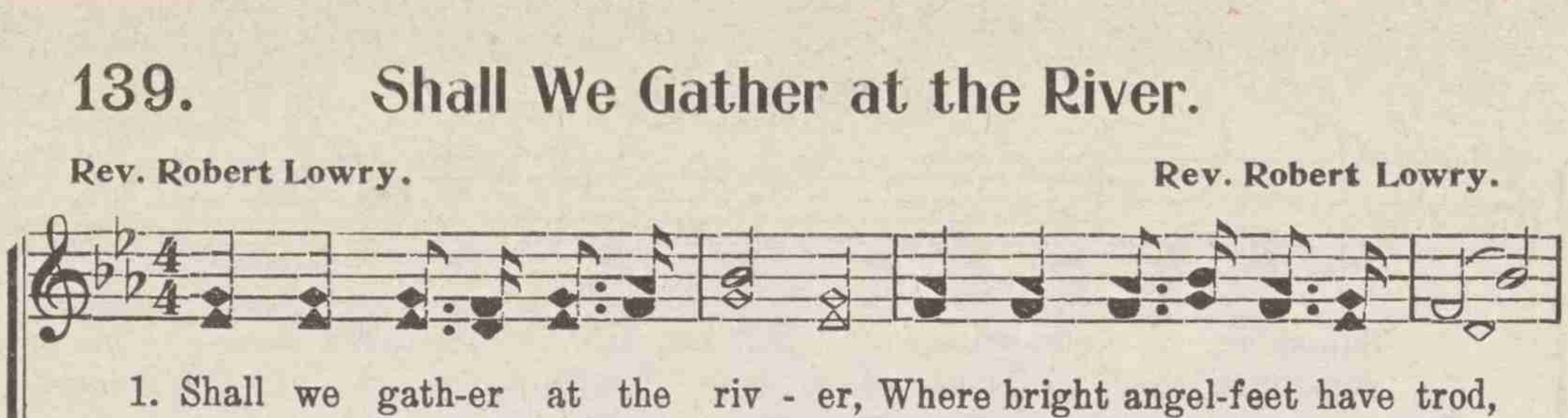
R. E. Hudson. C. H. Dunbar.



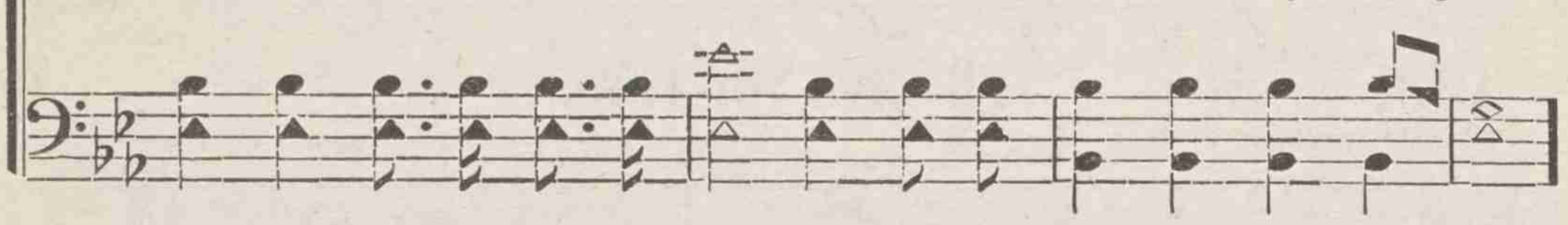
139. Shall We Gather at the River.

Rev. Robert Lowry. **Rev. Robert Lowry.**

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel-feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-King we own,
4. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
5. At the smil-ing of the riv - er, Rip - pling with the Saviour's face,
6. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age shall cease,



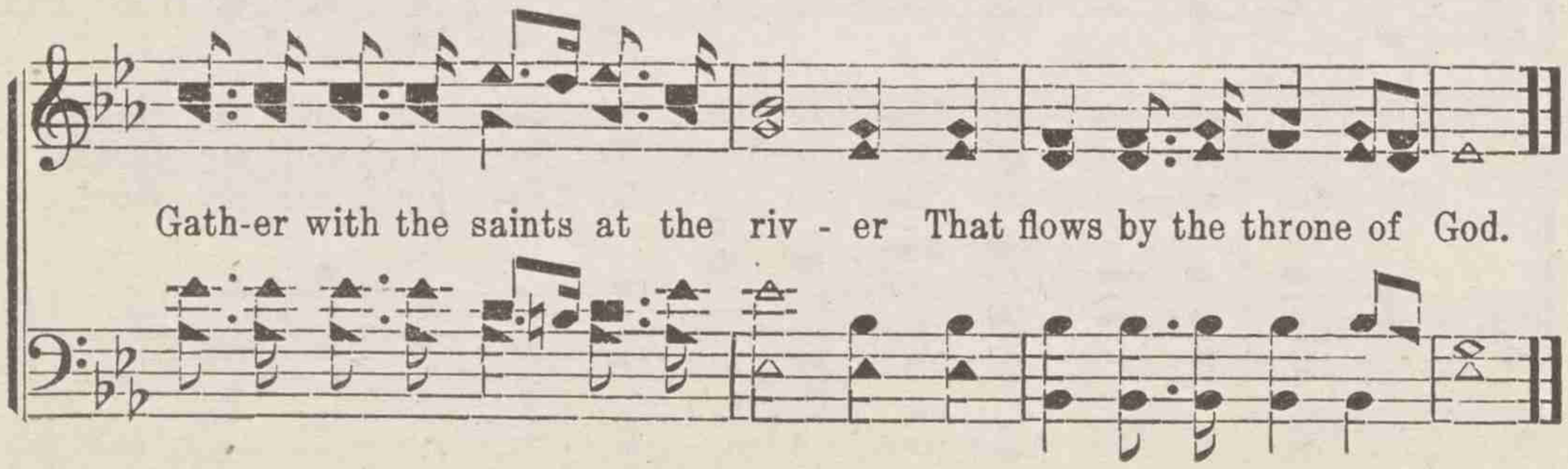
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er All the hap - py gold - en day.
We shall meet, and sor- row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will never sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, the beau- ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

140. Sweeping Through the Gates.

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

T. C. O'Kane. (Dying words of Rev. A. Cookman.) **T. C. O'Kane.**

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je - sus ear - ly
3. These, these are they who in the con- flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a-
4. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly Thine, Dai - ly from sin be

of the si - lent grave, Shout-ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the
and in wisdom's ways, Prov'd the full - ness of His grace, Wash'd in the
mid the hot - test fire, Je - sus now says, "Come up higher," Wash'd in the
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the

CHORUS.

blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb;"..... "Sweep-ing thro' the gates"
in the blood of the Lamb;

to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

141. Eye Hath Not Seen.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred A. Fillmore.**

1. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, Nei-ther hath heart of man
2. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, Yet to His loved ones here
3. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, So thro' this earth - ly night

Dreamed of what God pre - par - eth In His e - ter - nal plan.
Giv - eth He bless - ed fore - taste Of the sweet pleas-ures there.
Take we no thought of troub - les, Nor of af - flic - tion's light.

Won - ders of love and mer - cy Here from us now con - cealed,
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, Yet for His loved, His own,
On - ward each day we're press - ing, On to the heav'n - ly gates,

Rich - es of grace and glo - ry Yon - der to be re - vealed.
There in the heav'n - ly king - dom He hath pre - pared a throne.
Where for His loved and saved ones Glo - ry un - told a - waits.

CHORUS.

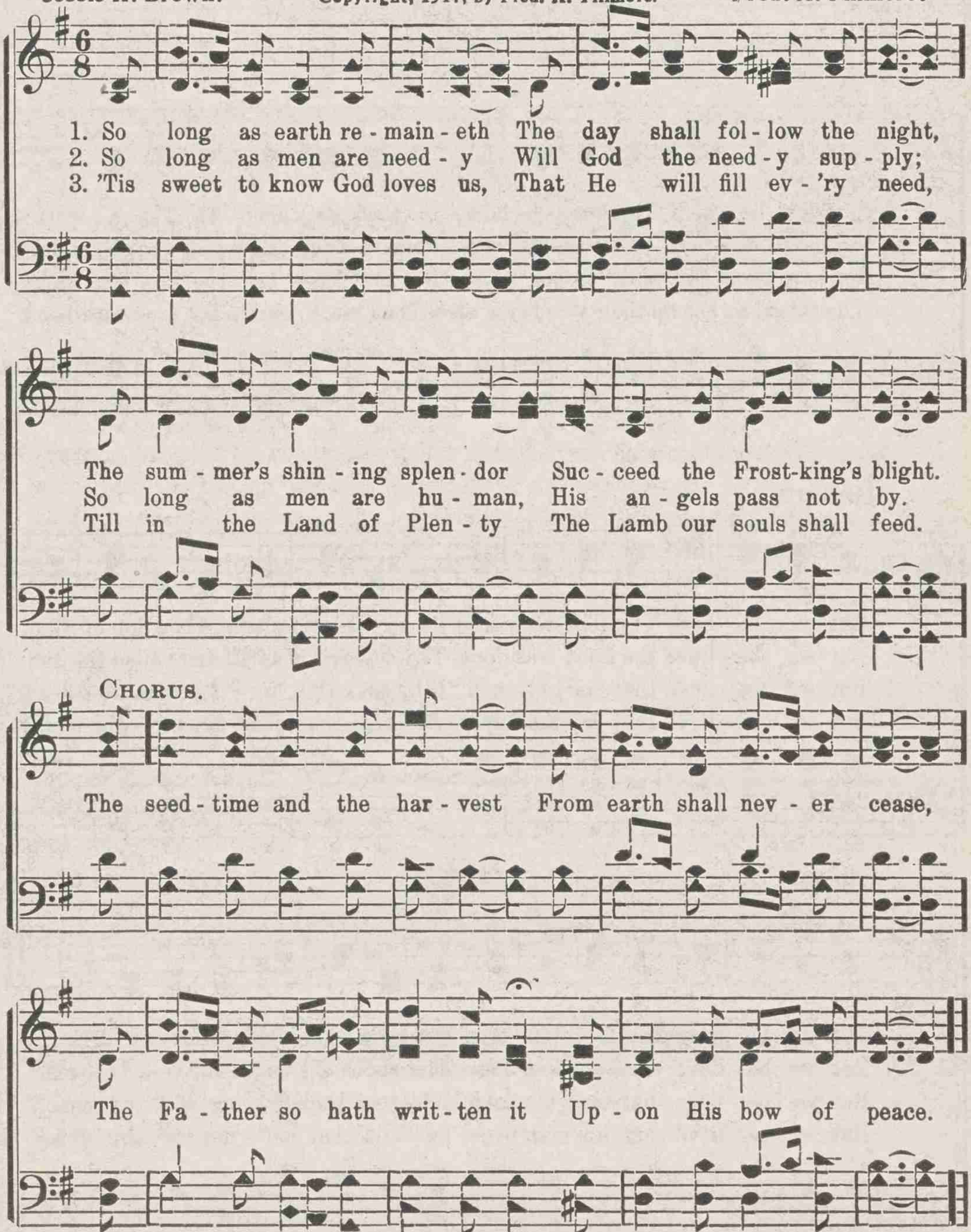
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, Neither to man, to man is giv'n,
nor ear heard, is giv'n,.....

Eye Hath Not Seen.



142. God's Promise.

Jessie H. Brown.
Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.
Fred. A. Fillmore.



143. We Believe.

Anon. **Knowles Shaw.**

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw Thee not when lift-ed high A-mid that wild and sav-age crew;
3. We gazed not in the o-pen tomb Where once Thy mangled bod-y lay;
4. We walked not with the chos-en few Who saw Thee from the earth as-cend;

Nor yet be-held Thy cot-tage home In that de-spis-ed Naz-a-reth;
Nor heard we that im-plor-ing cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Nor saw Thee in that "up-per room," Nor met Thee on the o-pen way;
Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend.

CHORUS.

But we be-lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God;
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu-man eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies;

But we be-lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu-man eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies.

144. Love and Help Each Other.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. We should love and help each oth-er, Day by day, day by day,
2. Let us go in scenes of sor-row, Un-dis-mayed, un-dis-mayed,
3. How the hand of love can light-en All our woe, all our woe,

We should raise the fall-en brother On the way, on the way, For the road is
Trouble's hand on us to-mor-row May be laid, may be laid, Let us help while
How the gleam of hope can brighten All be-low, all be-low, Let us do the

rough at best, As we count each weary mile, Let us cheer the fainting breast With a
now we can, Ev-'ry bur-den to re-lieve; As we bless our fel-low-man So a
kind-ly deed, Let us speak the loving word; They will spring like precious seed In the

REFRAIN.

ten-der word and smile. We should love and help each other, Day by day, day by
bless-ing we'll re-ceive.
gar-den of the Lord. Day by day,

day, We should raise the fal-len brother, On the way, on the way.
day by day, On the way,

145. Where Jesus Calls.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**

1. An - y- where Je - sus may call me, Let me but hear His dear voice,
2. An - y- where Je - sus may send me, There will I wil - ling - ly go,
3. An - y- where Je - sus will use me, There let me la - bor still,

I will a - rise and go to Him, He doth my soul re - joice.
In - to the dark - est of plac - es, In - to the deep - est woe.
Humblest the spot in His vine - yard, There let me do His will.

Leav - ing my sins and my sad - ness, Hopes that I treas - ured so,
An - y- where so I may serve Him, Him whom my soul loves best,
Hard though the toil and so cheer - less, There be my blest em - ploy,

Leav - ing my all that I find Him, Quick - ly to Him I'll go.
An - y- where so I may please Him, Leav - ing to Him the rest.
An - y- where Je - sus will use me, There'll be my high - est joy.

CHORUS.

An - y-where Je - sus may call me, An - y-where, so He com-
An - y-where, an - y-where Jesus may call me, An - y-where, an - y - where,

Where Jesus Calls.



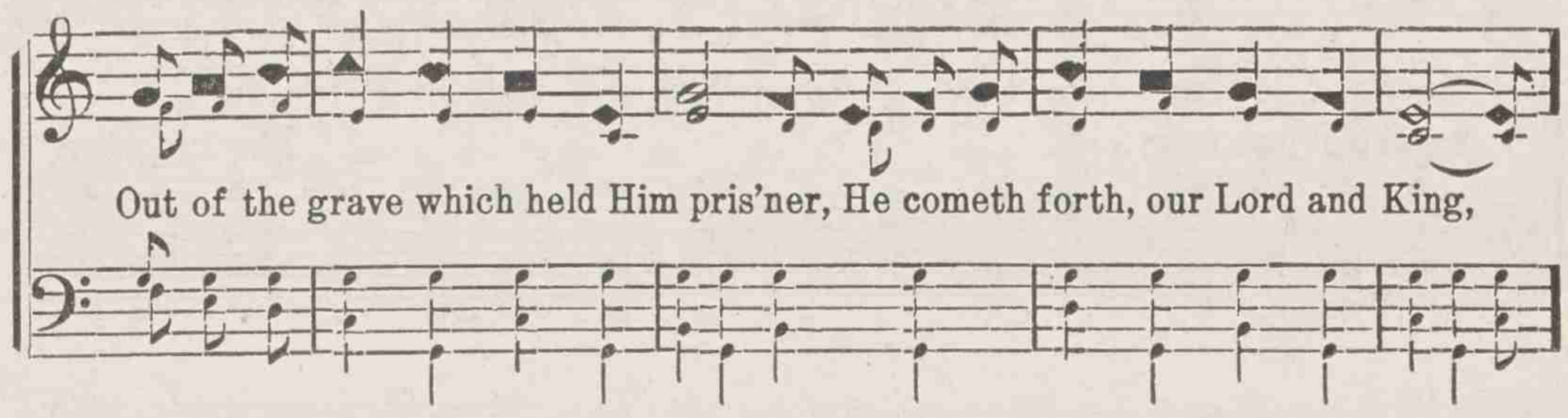
146. Hear the Joybells.

(Let a number of small children sing the three verses, and the whole school sing the chorus.)

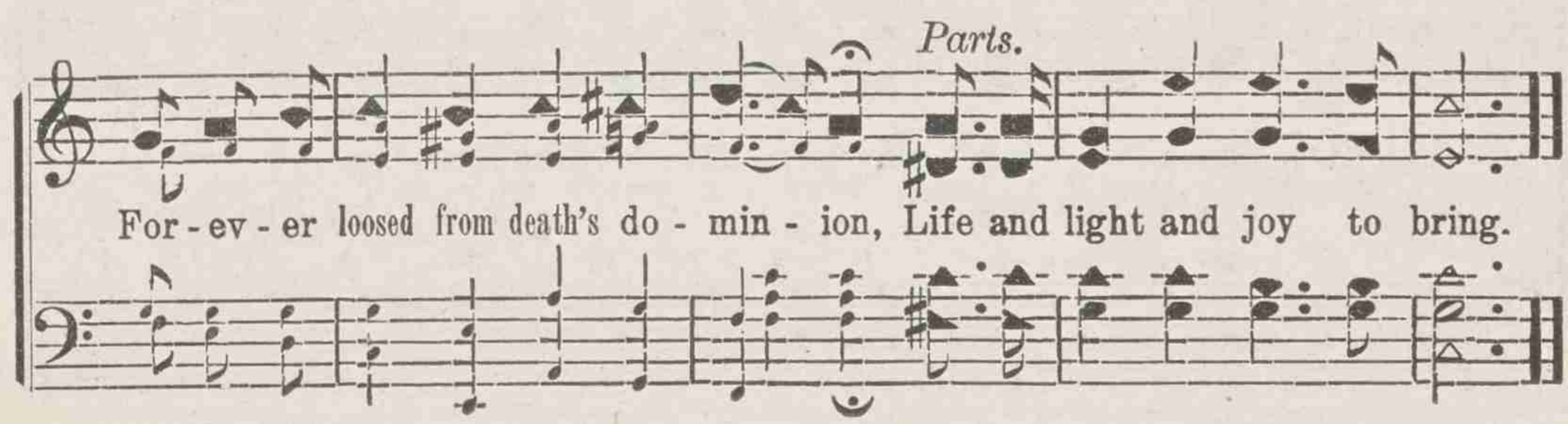
F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.



CHORUS. *Unison.*



Parts.



147. He Knocks To-day.

Copyright, 1898, by W. S. Martin. Owned by The Evangelical Pub. Co., Chicago. By per.

Mrs. E. M. Meader. W. S. Martin.

1. The Sav-iour is call-ing you, list to His voice, He knocks at your heart's door to-day; O will you not has-ten to make Him your choice,
2. He plead-eth so pa-tient-ly, o-pen to me, And yet you will bid Him de-part; How worn with His foot-steps the path-way must be,
3. The time is fast pass-ing, the end draw-eth nigh, Then haste thee and o-pen the door; The An-gel of Death, as he swift pass-eth by,

CHORUS.

For how do you dare to de-lay? He's knock-ing, He's knock-ing, He's
Be-fore the closed door of your heart.
Will close it, to o-pen no more. He's knocking just now,

knock-ing, Pa-tient-ly now, With anx-ious brow He's knock-
knocking just now; knocking just

ing, He's knock-ing, O-pen and let Him come in.....
now, knocking just now, and let Him come in.

148. Speed Away.

Words adapted by
Palmer Hartsough.

Music arranged from
I. B. Woodbury by J. H. Fillmore.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,

There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark- ness of night, There's a
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease, To the
And the lost will look up to the Fa - ther a - bove, They will

shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a sad call that
fal - len that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the dy - ing O
turn from the dark- ness of sin and of wrong, They will walk in the

comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright pin - ions, O
speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy heal - ing, bright
sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be with thee, then

Ad lib. *Rit.*

make no de - lay; Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
beams of the day; Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!
why dost thou stay? Speed a - way! speed a - way! speed a - way!

149. Keep Your Eye on the Star.

Copyright, 1900, by Leonard Daugherty. By per.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. K. Langley.

1. Keep your eye on the star, on the bright and morn-ing star, Steer the bark of your life by its light; It will guide you a-right, be the
2. Keep your eye on the star! it will save you from the shoals, From the rocks that would wreck all your joys; For the wind and the wave still His
3. Keep your eye on the star; you shall nev-er go a-stray; Straight your course t'ward the fair ra-diant shore; Where no cloud dims the glow of the

ha-ven near or far, Fear ye not all the shad-ows of night.
king-ly word controls, And no storms shall His loved ones de-stroy.
ev-er-last-ing day, Where no tem-pest shall blow ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Keep your eye..... on the star,..... On Je-sus, the lov-er of your soul; ..... Keep your eye..... on the
watch-ful eye, morn-ing star, the lov-er of your soul; watchful eye,

Keep Your Eye on the Star.



150. Blessed Are They.

H. R. Trickett. Copyright, 1884, by Fillmore Bros. J. H. Fillmore.



151. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. J. E. Rankin, owner, Orange Valley, N. J. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun - sels
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner

guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro- vide you, God be
thick con found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be- fore you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain, Till we meet,

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

152. I Long to Behold Him.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. I long to be-hold Him ar-rayed, With glo-ry and light from a-bove,
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Je-sus hath fixed His a-bode;
3. With Him I on Zi-on shall stand, For Je-sus hath spok-en the word,
4. But when, on Thy bo-som re-clined, Thy face I am strengthened to see,

The King in His beau-ty dis-played, His beau-ty of ho-li-est love.
Oh, when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!
The breadth of Im-man-u-el's land Sur-vey by the light of my Lord.
My full-ness of rap-ture I find, My heav-en of heav-ens in Thee.

CHORUS.

When the storms all are o'er, I shall see Him on that
all are o'er, all are o'er,

beau-ti-ful shore, ... When the storms all are
by and by, all are o'er, in the

o'er, I shall see Him on that beau-ti-ful shore.
sweet by and by, by and by.

153. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. I know (I know) that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er
2. He wills (He wills) that I should ho - ly be, In word, in
3. I know (I know) that un - to sin - ful men His sav - ing
4. I know (I know) that o - ver yon - der stands A place pre-

prays (and ev - er prays) for me; I know (I know) e - ter - nal
tho't, (in word, in tho't,) in deed; Then I (then I) His ho - ly
grace (His sav - ing grace) is nigh; I know (I know) that He will
pared (a place prepared) for me; A home, (a home,) a house not

CHORUS.

life He gives, From sin and sor - row free.
face may see, When from this earth-life freed. I know, I know that
come a - gain To take me home on high.
made with hands, Most won - der - ful to see.

my Re - deem - er lives, I know, I know e - ter - nal life He gives;

I know, I know that my Re - deem - er lives.
I know that my Re - deem - er lives, that

154. I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, owner of copyright. **W. H. Doane.**

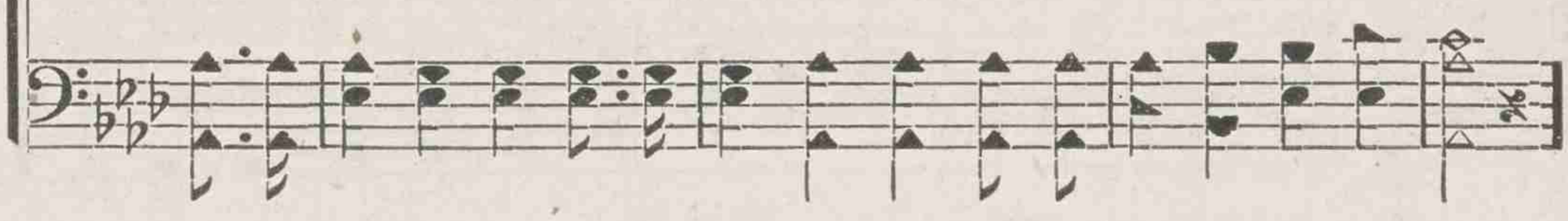


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de- light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love which I cannot know Till I cross the nar- row sea,





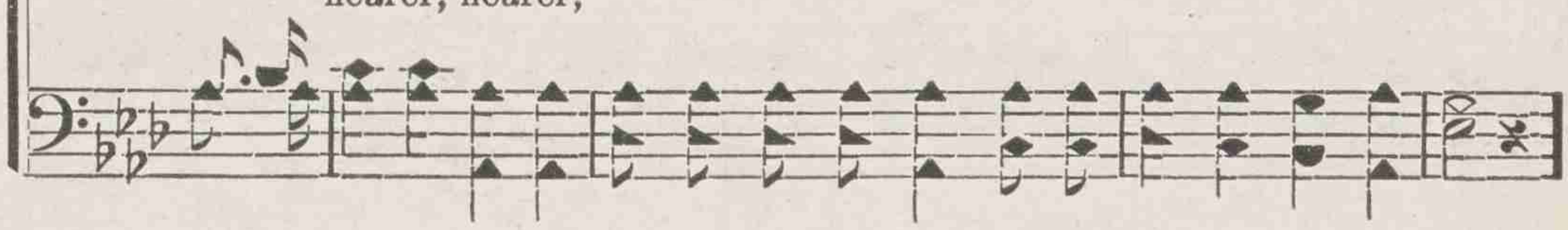
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos- er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, near-er blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,



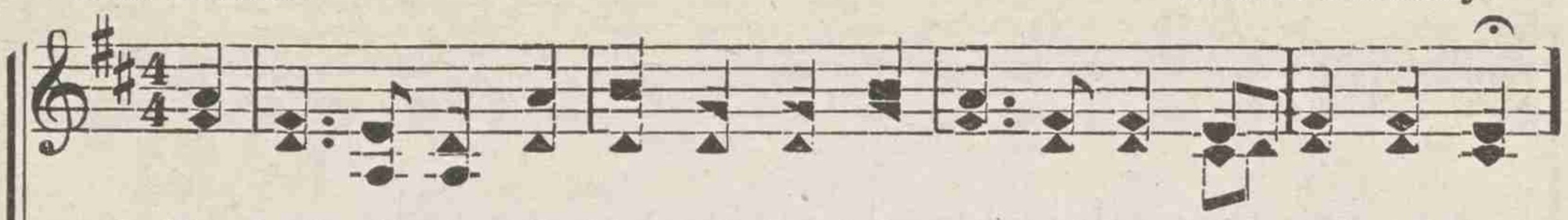


Draw me near-er, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



155. He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,





What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



156. Keep Me Near to Thee.

(For Men's Voices.)

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A. A. Miller. L. D. Eichhorn.

1. Rock of Life, my Hope and Stay, Keep me near to Thee;
2. Thou art just the friend I need, Keep me near to Thee;
3. May I have a pur - er heart, Keep me near to Thee;
4. All Thy prom - is - es are sure, Keep me near to Thee;

Lead me safe - ly in the way; Keep me near to Thee.
Such a lov - ing friend in - deed; Keep me near to Thee.
May I not from Thee de - part, Keep me near to Thee.
Thy foun - da - tion is se - cure, Keep me near to Thee.

CHORUS.

Keep me near to Thee, Al - ways near to Thee,
near to Thee, near to Thee;

Help me, Lord, to watch and pray; Keep me near to Thee.....
Keep me near.....

157. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

Annie Herbert. **J. H. Anderson.**

1. When the mists have rolled in splen- dor From the sum - mit of the hills,
2. If we err in hu- man blindness, And for - get that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug - gle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shin- ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray;
Snow - y wings of love shall cov - er All the faults that hide a - way,
Lo! be - yond the o - rient mead-ows Floats the gold - en fringe of day;

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shad- ows Till the mists have cleared a-way.

CHORUS.

We shall know.... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more.... to
We shall know as we are known, Nev-er-more

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

walk a - lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing,
to walk a - lone, In the dawning

When the mists.... have cleared a-way; In the dawn - - ing
When the mists have cleared a-way; In the dawning

Rit.

of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have cleared a- way.
When the mists have cleared away.

158. Praise Him.

Anon.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
4. Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
5. Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.

159. Though Faint, Yet Pursuing.

John N. Darby. **Thos. Koschat.**

1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, He cheer - eth the faint; The weak and op-
3. And to His green pas - tures our foot-steps He leads; His flock in the
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho' storms rage a-

Lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and sor - row, and
pressed, He will hear their com-plaint; The way may be wea - ry, and
des - ert how kind - ly He feeds! The lambs in His bo - som He
round us, our God is our might; So, faint, yet pur - su - ing, still

tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we
thorn - y the road, But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in
ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the
on - ward we come; The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav'n is our

fear? The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we fear?
God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!
snares. And brings back the wand - 'rers all safe from the snares.
home! The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav'n is our home!

160. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous. **William B. Bradbury.**

1. Sav - iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bo-soms fill:

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil - dren, when they pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren, when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

161. Dare to Do Right.

Rev. Geo. L. Taylor. Wm. B Bradbury'

1 Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do; Do it so brave-ly, so kind - ly, so well,
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail - ures can nev - er save you; Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith;
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre - a - ted you, cares for you too, Treasures the tears that His striv - ing ones shed,
4. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Je - sus, your Sav - iour, will car - ry you thro'; Cit - y and man - sion and throne all in sight,

CHORUS.

An - gels will hast- en the sto - ry to tell.
Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle to death. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Counts and protects ev - 'ry hair of your head.
Can you not dare to be true, and do right?

Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare, dare to do right, dare to be true!

162. The Lord Bless Thee.

Copyright, 1916, by Fillmore Bros..

Fred. A. Fillmore

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, The Lord make His face to shine up - on thee

The Lord Bless Thee.



163. Brighter Days are Coming.

C. M. F.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

Chas. M. Fillmore.

164. Onward, Faithful Servants.

W. B. Carnes. Copyright, 1899, by J. H. Rosecrans. Chas. K. Langley.

1. Cast your bread up-on the wa - ters, Sow the seed with lav - ish hand,
2. Ma - ny wea-ry, faint and tossed ones, On the trou - bled sea of life,
3. La - bor on with faith un-daunt-ed, Tho' the task to you seem hard,

Go ye forth, brave sons and daugh-ters, Thus ful - fill the Lord's com-mand;
Ma - ny sin - ning, dy - ing, lost ones, Bat-tling with a world of strife,
Faith-ful men and true are want - ed, Je - sus of - fers great re - ward;

Tho' you oft - en meet with tri - als, Tho' your toil may seem in vain,
Nev - er heard the pre-cious sto - ry Of a dy - ing Sav - iour's love,
If you're faith-ful in your la - bors, If you faint not by the way,

La - bor on thro' self - de - ni - als, You shall reap the gold - en grain.
Nev - er dreamed of that bright glo - ry, Wait-ing for the saints a - bove.
You'll re-joice with friends and neighbors, In that home of per - fect day.

CHORUS.

On-ward, then, ye faithful ser - - - vants! Trust the Saviour for His
On-ward, on, ye faith-ful ser-vants!

On - ward! On-ward!

Onward, Faithful Servants.



165. Wonderful Saviour.

From the "Message in Song." By per. H. W. Fairbanks.



166. He Is Coming.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Are you looking for the com - ing Of the great, the glo - rious Lord?
2. Are you waiting for the com - ing Of your Sav - iour from a - bove?
3. Are you read-y for the com - ing Of your Mas - ter, true and blest?

Are you trusting in His prom - ise, Are you hap - py in His word?
Do you long for Him to bear you To His home of light and love?
Have you done His gracious bid - ding? Will He take you home to rest?

CHORUS.

He is com - ing,..... He is com - ing,..... He is
He is com-ing, He is coming,

com - ing with the hosts of an - gels bright; We shall
com - ing with the hosts of an - gels bright;

Rit.

see Him, ... yes, we shall see Him, ... Crowned with maj es-ty and light.
We shall see Him, We shall see Him,

167. Is It for Me?

Miss F. R. Havergal. **T. C. O'Kane.**

1. Is it for me, dear Sav - iour, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest?
2. Is it for me, Thy wel - come, Thy gra - cious "En - ter in?"
3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, My heart is at Thy feet;
4. I'll be with Thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve Thee more;

For me, so weak and sin - ful? Oh, shall I be so blest?
For me Thy "Come, ye bless - ed," For me, so full of sin?
I bless Thee and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
Dear, Sav - iour, I must praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

O Sav - iour, my Re - deem - er, What can I but a - dore,
And mag - ni - fy and praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more?

168. Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur- ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per- fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
3. Per- fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look- ing a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

169. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **Geo. A. Minor.**

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, e - ven weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel- come,

CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic - ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

170. Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.**

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

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see, Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

171. In the Secret Place with Jesus.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Copyright, 1898, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. In the se-cret place with Je - sus, There is sweet un-troub-led calm;
2. In the se-cret place with Je - sus, I can tell Him all my heart,
3. In the se-cret place with Je - sus! Earth has not a spot so dear,

Not a note of strife or clam - or Breaks the soul's ex - ult - ant psalm.
And no soon - er have I told Him Than my dreads and doubts de-part.
For the ver - y breath of heav - en Fills me while I lin - ger here.

CHORUS.

In the se - cret place with Je - sus, 'Tis the
In the se - cret place with Je - sus,

on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is
'Tis the on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is

rap - ture, While I lean up - on His breast.
rapture, love is rap - ture,

172. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Edwin H. Sears. **R. S. Willis.**

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. O, ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By proph-et- bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend- ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way, With pain-ful steps and slow;—
When with the ev - er - cir- cling years Comes round the age of gold!

"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing;
Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splendors fling,

The earth in sol - emn still-ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

173. Hallelujah, Sing.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! the Sav-iour lives to - day, Vic - tor o - ver
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! let ev - 'ry heart re - joice; From His cold se-
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! the wondrous sto - ry tell, Emp - ty tomb and

death is He; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing in glad ex - ult-ant strain, Hal-le-
pul- chral bed Streams the blessed light of im- mor - tal - i - ty; Christ is
o - pen door; Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! the joy- ful news proclaim, Je - sus

CHORUS.

lu - jah, vic - to - ry! (vic - to - ry!)
ris - en from the dead. (from the dead.) Hal- le - lu - jah, sing! He lives a-
lives to die no more. (die no more.)

gain; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail the ris - en King!
He lives a - gain; the ris - en King!

Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! Hal - le - lu - jah, sing! Hail the ris - en King!

174. I Will.

Dedicated by permission to Daniel A. Poling, President's Associate of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

C. M. F. Copyright, 1915, by Chas. M. Fillmore. Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. Be my mission here or in the far-land; Be my sta-tion high or low; Be the serv-ice I am call'd to ren - der Bright with joy or
2. Tho' im - pos - si - ble may seem my du - ty, As it comes with-in my view; Still I sure-ly know I can do all things With the strength He
3. Tho' the mes-sage God shall bid me ut - ter, Fills my soul with dread dis- may— Stern re-proof, re-buke and fear - ful warn - ing Of a com - ing

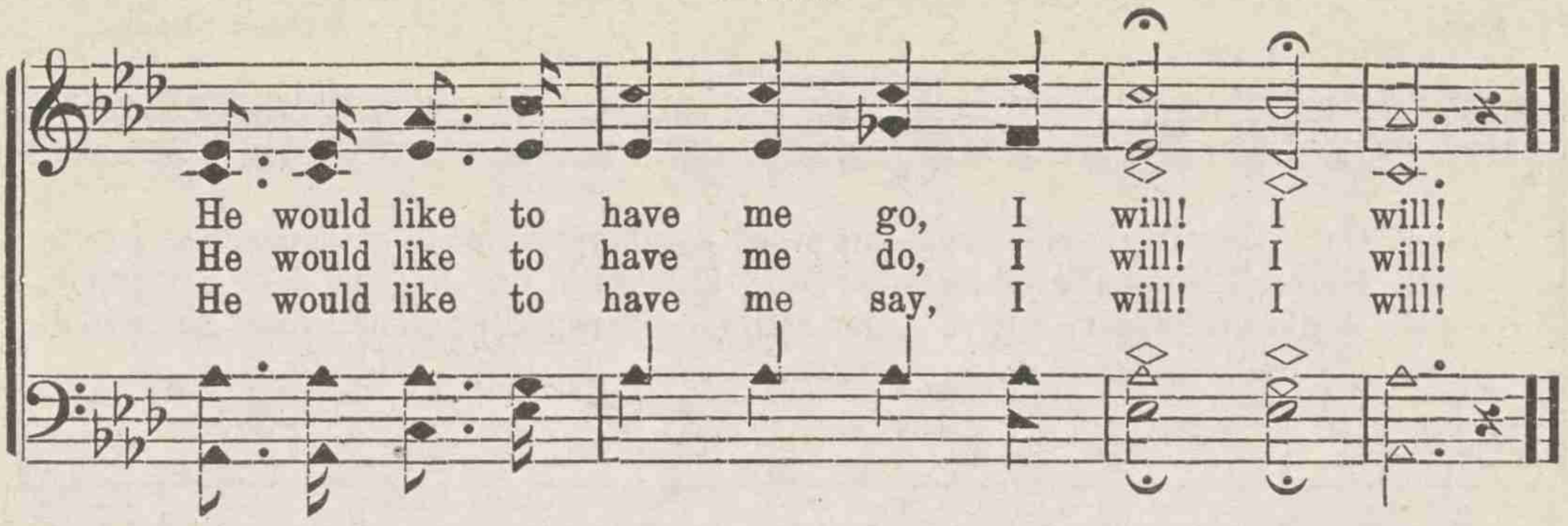
dark with woe; I will not turn back, but press face forward, Go - ing
will en - due; So by faith I un - der - take with courage, Do - ing
Judgment Day. I'll not shun to preach the full, plain gos-pel, Say- ing

CHORUS.

where-so - ev - er He would have me go.
what - so - ev - er He would have me do. Trusting in the Lord Je - sus
what - so - ev - er He would have me say.

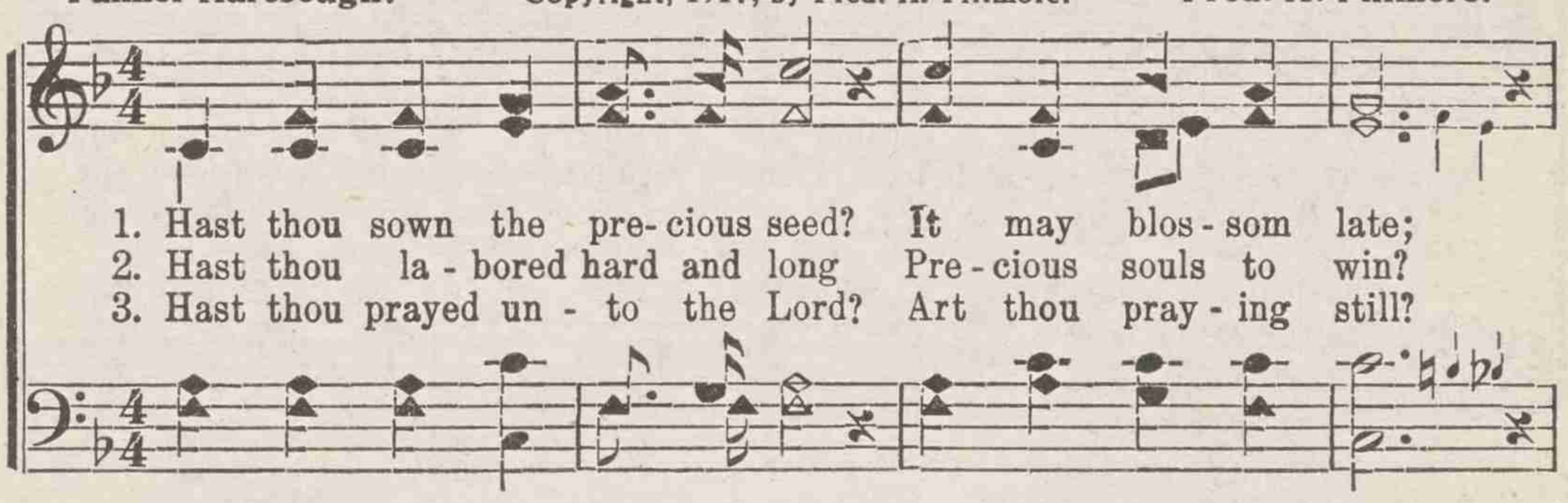
Christ for strength, I will! I will! Where-so - ev - er
What - so - ev - er
I will! I will! What - so - ev - er

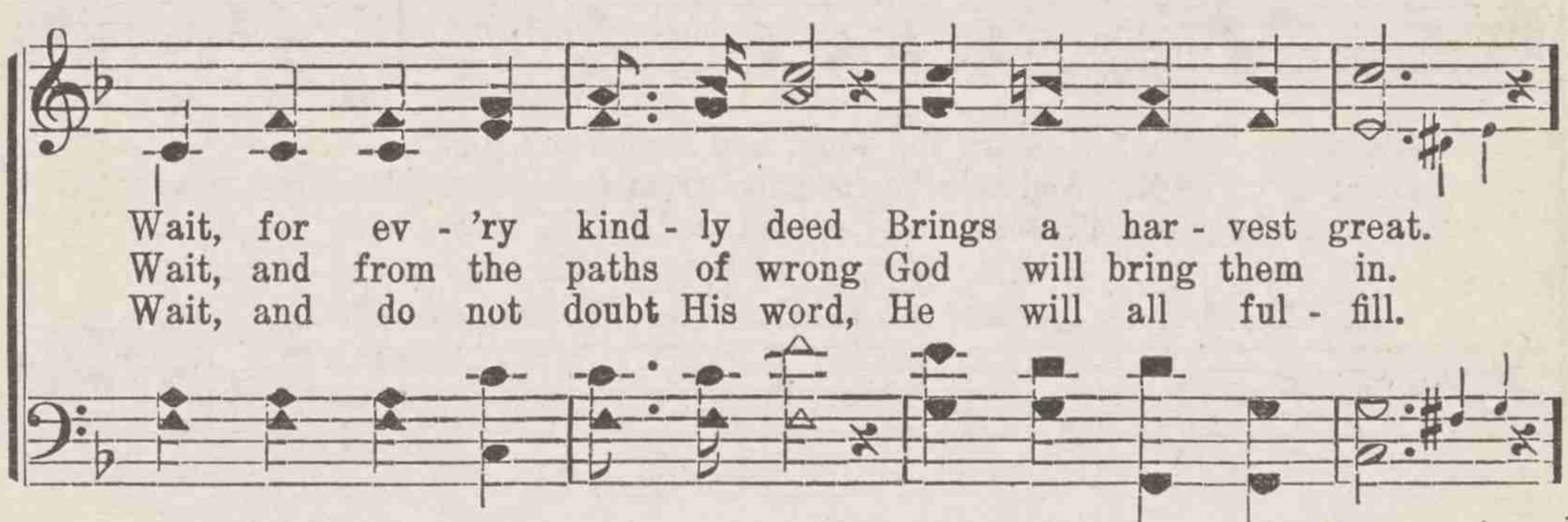
I Will.



175. Wait Upon God.

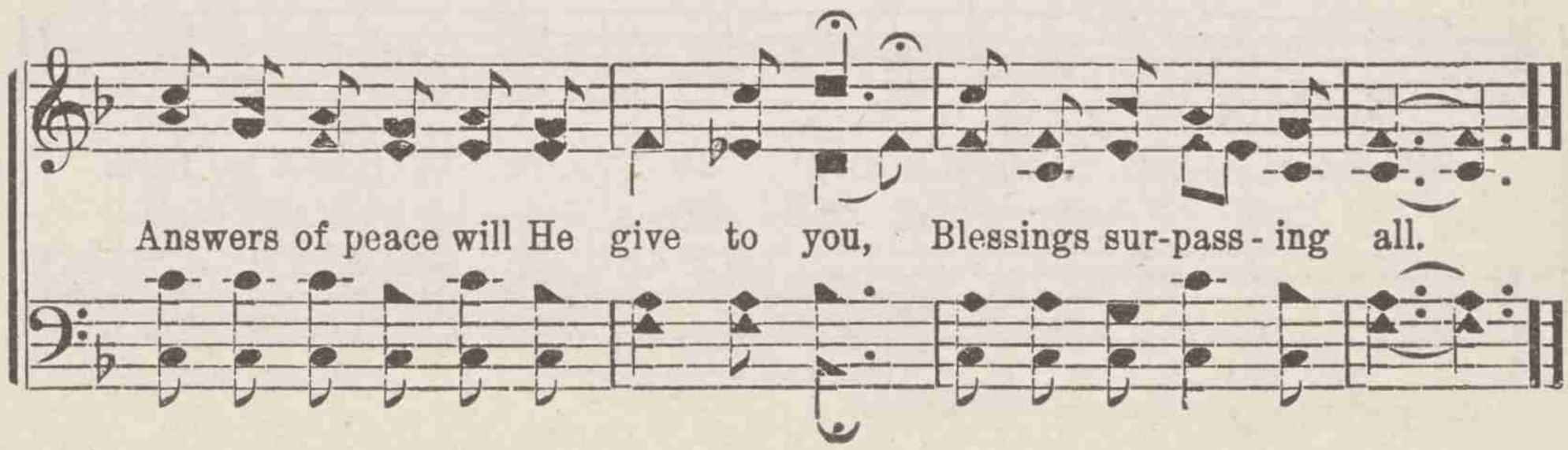
Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**





CHORUS.





176. On Zion's Glorious Summit.

Kent. **Robert Skeene.**

1. On Zi-on's glo-rious sum-mit stood A numerous host, re-deemed by blood;
1. Here all who suffered sword or flame For truth, or Je - sus' love - ly name,
3. While ev- er-last - ing a - ges roll, E - ter - nal love shall feast their soul,

They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I heard the song, and
Shout vic - t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be - fore the
And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise in suc - ces - sion

p

strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.
great I AM, And bow be-fore the great I Am. Ho - ly, ho - ly,
to their view, Rise in suc-ces-sion to their view.

SANCTUS.*

"*Manhattan Coll.*"

FINE.

ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, on high a - dored! Who like me Thy

D. S.

praise should sing, O Al-might-y King! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord,

* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

177. More and More Like Jesus.

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks.

1. More and more like Je - sus I would be, In His love and
2. More and more like Je - sus I would be, In com - pas - sion,
3. More and more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Lift - ing up the
4. More and more like Je - sus, truth to spread, More like Je - sus,

His hu - mil - i - ty, More and more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
trust and char - i - ty, I would ev - er lin - ger by His side,
fall - en by the way, Heal - ing the dis-tressed of soul and mind,
by the spir - it led, In - to paths of peace and right- eous - ness,

CHORUS.

Cheer-ing sad-dened hearts a - long the way.
I would ev - er in His love a - bide. More and more like
I would be like Je - sus, lov - ing, kind.
In - to all the world, the world to bless.

Je - sus I would be, I would heed His "fol - low, fol - low me,"

More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day I long to be.

178. Christ the Lord is My Salvation.

H. R. Trickett. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Christ, the Lord, is my sal - va - tion, He for me the ran - som paid;
2. Won-drous mer - cy and com-pass - ion, He the bruis-ed reed will mend;
3. Christ, the Lord, the lost is seek - ing, He can save the sin - ful soul;
4. Lord of lords, and King of glo - ry, He the vic - to - ry shall win;

Free am I from con- dem - na - tion, All my guilt on Him is laid.
Smok-ing flax will fan to burn - ing, He the com- fort - er will send.
Come to me, O hear Him say - ing, I can make the wound-ed whole.
Soon shall dawn the bless - ed morn - ing, That shall end the reign of sin.

CHORUS. *Two Parts.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, All in all He

is to me; Such a Sav - iour, how I love Him,

Parts

Glo - ry, glo - ry to Him ev - er be; ev - er be.

179. I Saw the Cross of Jesus.

F. Whitfield. **Greek Melody.**

1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;
2. I love the cross of Je - sus, It tells me what I am;
3. I clasp the cross of Je - sus In ev - 'ry try - ing hour,
4. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart

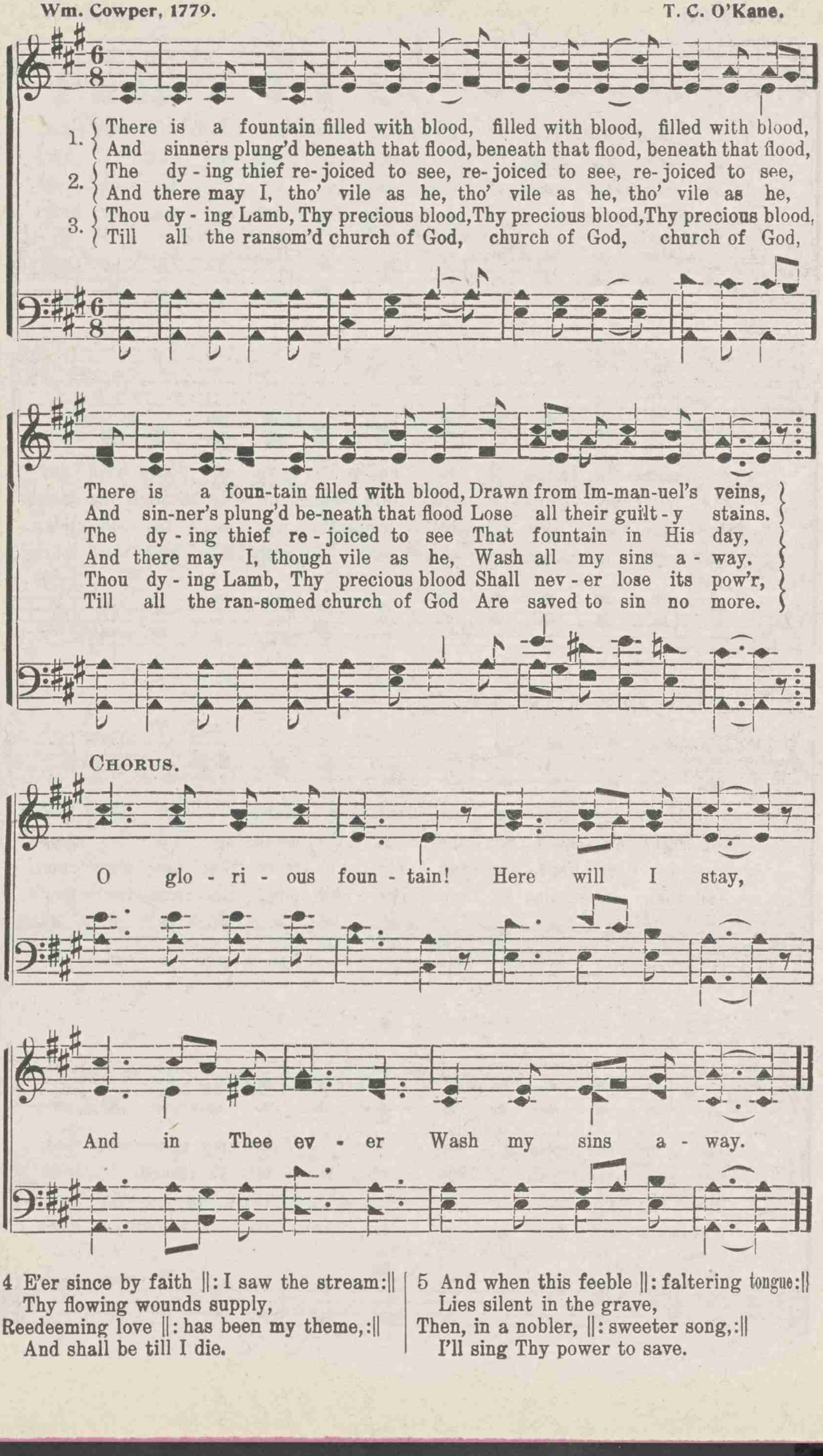
I sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace with - in;
A vile and guilt - y crea - ture, Saved on - ly through the Lamb.
My sure and cer - tain ref - uge, My nev - er - fail - ing tow'r.
Still rest in peace un - shak - en, Till with Him, ne'er to part;

I brought my soul to Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood;
No right - eous - ness, no mer - it, No beau - ty can I plead;
In ev - 'ry fear and con - flict, I more than con - q'ror am;
And then in strains of glo - ry I'll sing His won - drous pow'r,

And in the cross of Je - sus, I found my peace with God.
Yet in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.
Liv - ing I'm safe, or dy - ing, Thro' Christ, the ris - en Lamb.
Where sin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more.

180. Glorious Fountain.

Wm. Cowper, 1779. **T. C. O'Kane.**



4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Reedeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble ‖: faltering tongue :‖
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, ‖: sweeter song, :‖
I'll sing Thy power to save.

181. O Come Let Us Sing.

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks.

1. O come, let us sing of the rest by and by, When life and its la - bors are o'er, Of that home where they know not a tear or a sigh,
2. For soon all the hard-ships of life will be past, All suf-f'ring and sick-ness and pain, Temp - ta - tions and tri - als be end - ed at last,
3. The King in His glo - ry and beau - ty we'll see, We'll dwell in the cit - y of gold, No more to go out, ev - er - more we will be

CHORUS.

Where sor - rows will come no more. O come, let us
And life ev - er - last-ing we'll gain.
Se - cure in the heav-en - ly fold. let us sing,

sing Of the home o - ver there,..... We'll
let us sing Of the home o - ver there,

soon be at rest o - ver there, At home in the mansions fair.
o - ver there,

182. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king-dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex- alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

CHORUS.

Toiling on, toil - ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;
Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on toiling on;

Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Master comes.
and trust, and pray,

183. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.** **W. H. Doane.**

Duet.

1. "Though your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en- treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
3. He'll for- give your transgress-ions, And re - mem-ber them no more;

Though your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll for - give your transgress-ions, And re - mem- ber them no more;

Chorus.

Though they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord, your God;

Tho' they be red,

Duet

"Though your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en- treats you, Hear the voice that en- treats you,
He'll for- give your transgress-ions, He'll for - give your transgress-ions,

Chorus.

Rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

184. Gathering Home.

Words arranged by L. H. Jameson. **W. A. Ogden.**

Solo. *Chorus.*

1. They're gather-ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one, one by one;
2. They're gather-ing homeward from ev - 'ry shore, One by one, one by one;
3. We are hasten-ing homeward to join the band, One by one, one by one;

Solo. *Chorus.*

Their feet are now pressing the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one.
To join with the faith- ful ones gone be - fore, Yes, one by one.
Who have entered their rest in the bet - ter land, Yes, one by one.

Duet.

Their la-bor-stained garments are all laid down, Their brows are adorn'd with a liv - ing crown, And cloth'd in white raiment, they rest on the shore Of the
Thro' great trib-u - la-tions they made their way From regions of darkness to end - less day; And now, in the pres-ence of God and the Lamb, They
With an-gels we'll sweep thro' the pearl-y gates Of the cit- y where Christ, the forerunner, waits, And join, with the mil-lions a-round the white throne, In

CHORUS.

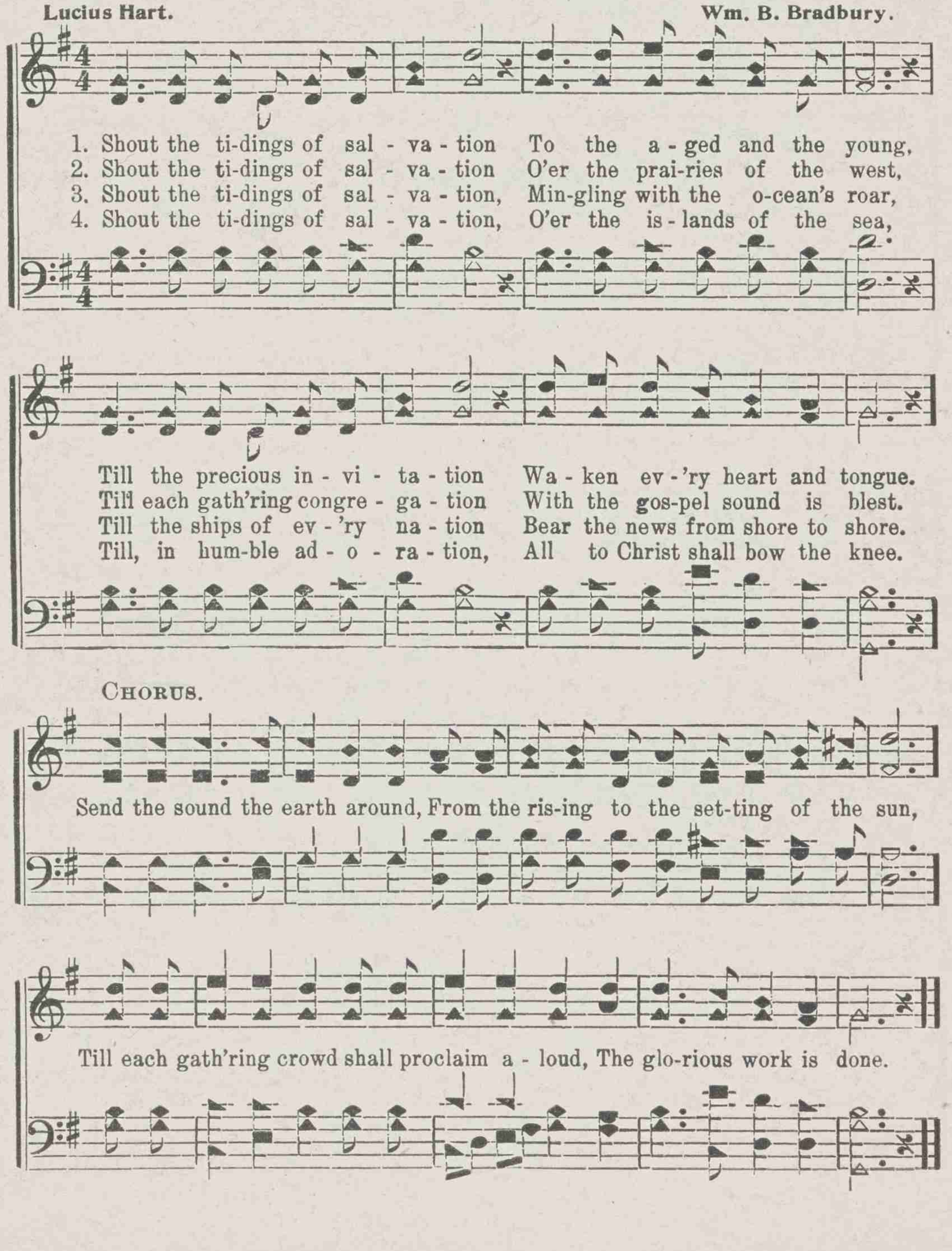
riv - er of life for - ev - er- more.
cease not to worship the great I AM. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the
hymning the praise of the Ho - ly One.

Gathering Home.



185. Shout the Tidings.

Lucius Hart. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



186. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

James Montgomery. **M. Portogallo.**

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val- ley and shad- ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless-ings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas - ured my cup run- neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou an-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek, by the path which my

still wa- ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head— O, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i- dence
fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king - dom of

pressed, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

187. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. **M. Haydn.**

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. The Church shall nev - er per - ish! The dear Lord to de - fend,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and by word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth,
To guide, sus - tain and cher - ish, Is with her to the end.
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more,

From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Though there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
A - gainst or foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.

188. Able to Keep You From Falling.

(Male Voices.)

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Words suggested by Sadie Crabb. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Je - sus, your
2. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Mak - ing the
3. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, E'en though the
4. A - ble to keep you from fall - ing, Till in His

Sav - iour and Guide; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
dark plac - es shine; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
temp - ter al - lure; A - ble to keep you from fall - ing,
pres - ence you stand; Fault - less, to heed the last call - ing,

CHORUS.

You who are tempt-ed and tried.
O what as - sur-ance di - vine! A - ble to keep you from
Long as the soul shall en - dure.
There in the bright glo - ry - land.

fall - ing, A - ble to keep you from sin; A - ble to

save to the ut - ter-most, All who will come un - to Him.

189. I've Found a Friend.

James G. Small. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der!

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And round my heart still close- ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;
E - ter - nal glo - ry gleams a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him who loves me now so well What pow'r my soul shall sev - er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No! I am His for - ev - er.

190. Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing.

Henry S. Washburn. **Geo. J. Webb. 1845.**

1. Let ev-'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral an-thems rise;
   Ye rev-'rend men and chil-dren, bring To God your sac - ri - fice.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n His pow'r is known;
   And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore His throne.

CHORUS.

For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways, With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Je - ho-vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an - them raise; Let each pro-long the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

191. All Safe to Land.

(Solo or Unison.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. The tem - pest was rag - ing, the great bil - lows roll - ing, And
2. We're out on life's o - cean with Je - sus our Pi - lot, And
3. What shout- ing and sing - ing at last when we en - ter That

death seemed at hand; Our Pi - lot was trust - y, we
He gives com - mand; Be watch - ful and pray'r - ful, and
ha - ven so grand; All praise be to Je - sus, who

Parts.

made the good har - bor, And all safe to land.... All safe to
soon ends the voy - age, And all safe to land..... All safe to
thro' all has brought us, And all safe to land..... All safe to

Rit.

land, And all safe to land, safe to land; Our Pi - lot was
land, And all safe to land, safe to land; Be watch-ful and
land, And all safe to land, safe to land; All praise be to

trust - y, we made the good har - bor, And all safe to land.
pray'r-ful, and soon ends the voy - age, And all safe to land.
Je - sus, who thro' all has brought us, And all safe to land.

192. Blessed Light Divine.

F. L. R. Copyright, 1917, by F. L. Rowe. F. L. Rowe.

1. Like the morn-ing sunbeams shines the love of God, Send - ing joy and
2. Help me, dear Sav - iour, in my love for Thee, That I may bring
3. May the heart that once has learned the truth of God Help to bring some

glad-ness in - to my heart; Driv- ing all the sor-row from the soul bow'd down,
oth - ers to this light; Help me in my ef-forts to proclaim Thy word,
sin - ner to the cross; May the sun of righteousness with heal-ing rise,

CHORUS.

Caus - ing sin and suff'ring quick to de - part.
That the day of truth drive out the night. Bless-ed light di- vine, so
Changing in - to gold what once was dross.

pure, so free, Heal - ing with its waves where'er it goes; Hap - py are

those who ear - ly learn its pow'r, Ridding man of all His earth-ly foes.

193. The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Be - hold, a stran-ger at the door; He gent-ly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, He stands With melting heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i- tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an-ger burn—His feet de- part-ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait- ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind- ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal- va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy- ing mon-ster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject- ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in,.... He'll cleanse the heart from sin, O,
come in, from sin,

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.....
come in.

194. On to Victory.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Henry Fillmore.

1. Marching onward, marching stead-i-ly, Is the ar-my of the King,
2. Marching onward, marching glorious-ly, Is the ar-my of our God,
3. Marching on to-day tri-umphant-ly, Christian soldiers of the world.

In His serv-ice, O so read-i-ly, Might-y hosts in triumph sing.....
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers true, 'Neath Je-ho-vah's conq'ring rod.....
In the fight for truth and righteousness, With the ban-ner wide un-furled...

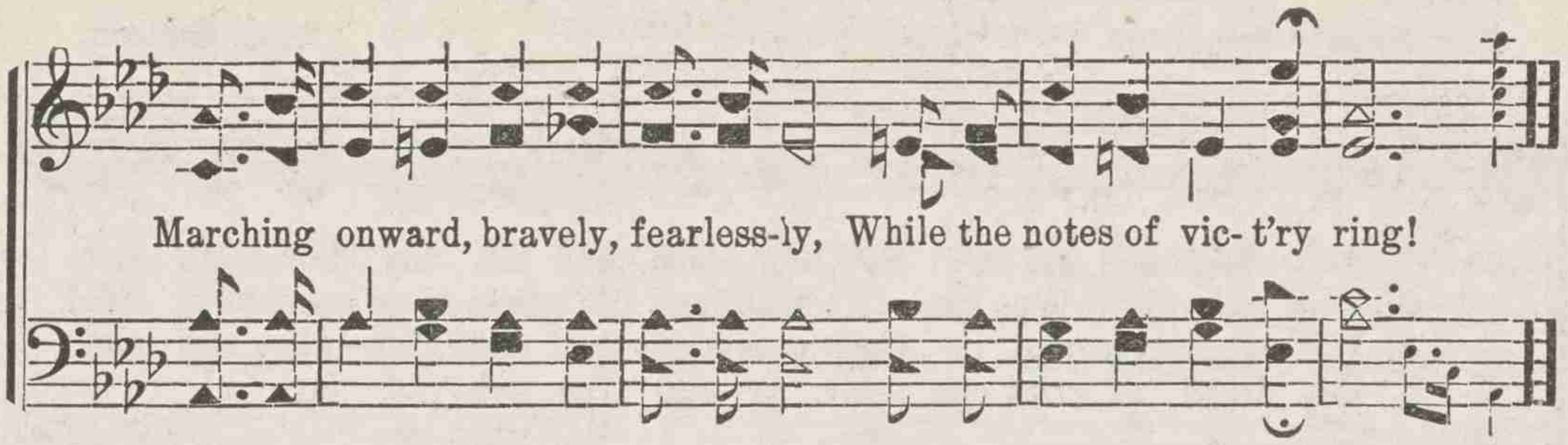
Sol-diers true and brave, in-vinc-i-ble, Are en-gag-ing now the foe,
For the Lord of hosts leads on to-day, And His armies will pre-vail,
'Neath its folds the fight is on to-day, 'Tis the cross of Christ our King,

On all sides with shouts of vic-to-ry, On and ev-er on they go.
They are marching on to vic-to-ry, He commands, they cannot fail.
On to con-quer, on to vic-to-ry, Is the glorious song they sing.

CHORUS

On to vic-to-ry, on to vic-to-ry, Moves the ar-my of the King,
vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry,

On to Victory.



195. He Lives and Reigns.

J. L. Elderdice. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**



196. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707. **R. E. Hudson.**

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov-reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When He, the might - y Mak - er, died! For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a - way,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

197. Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S.

Copyright, 1869, by Biglow & Main.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. O! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - 'ry one; Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light; Bat- tling
By Thy grace, When the bat-tle's done, And the vic- t'ry won, May we

CHORUS.

cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol- diers, ral - ly round the
wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

ban - ner, Read- y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On-ward, for- ward,

shout a - loud Ho- san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might - y throng.

198. From the Hills and From the Valleys.

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates. **Wm. Steffe.**

1. From the hills and from the val - leys, Rings a glad, tri-umph - ant song;
2. He who died in pain and sor - row, That His peo - ple might be free;
3. He will bid the pow'rs of e - vil Crum - ble to their fi - nal fall;
4. O, the grow - ing, wide-ning won - der Of the gos - pel of His grace!
5. On-ward sweeps the gath-ering ar - my, Lu - mi - nous in liv - ing light,

'Tis the hymn of hu - man pro-gress In its strife di - vine with wrong;
He who, conq'ring death and ris - ing, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty,—
He will raise the bruised and brok - en, And set free each pris - oned thrall;
In His world - en - cir - cling serv - ice, Ev - 'ry work - er finds a place.
For-ward stream the hal - lowed ban-ners, Float-ing far their snow - y white,

'Tis the gold - en, heav'n-ly an-them, Which earth's faithful ones prolong, "Our
He our glo-rious, liv - ing Lead - er, Calls us on to vic - to - ry—"For
Who is he that may not con-quer Since his Lord has conquered all? "And
For we on - ly turn dark na-tures T'ward the brightness of His face; "And
Up-ward swells the might - y war - cry Still, "For God and Home and Right! Our

CHORUS.

Christ is strong to save!" Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Our Christ is strong to save.

199. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. Mund. Copyright, 1886, by E. S. Lorenz. E. S. Lorenz.

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

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

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the bless-ed hol-low of His
In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of His hand. In the hol-low, in the

hand! In the blessed hol-low of His hand!
hol-low of His hand! In the hol-low, in the hol-low of His hand!

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

200. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. Gould. **A. S. Sullivan.**

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church pre- vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This, thro' count- lese a - ges, Men and

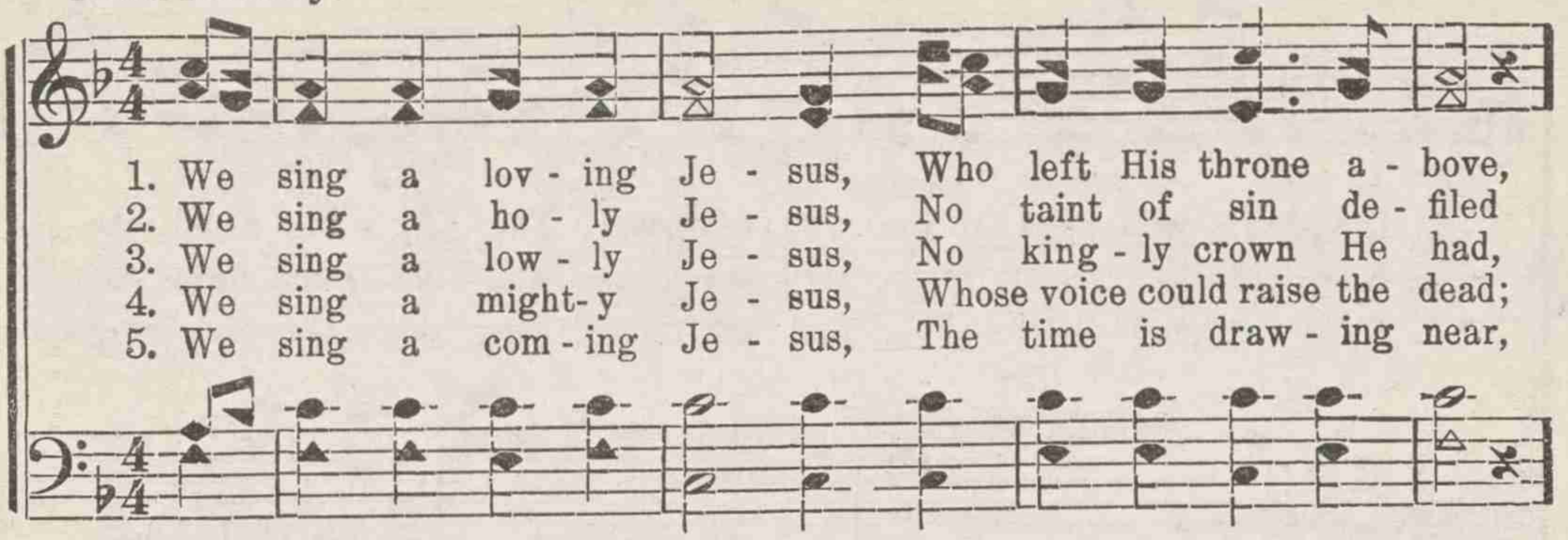
REFRAIN.

ban- ners go!
char - i - ty. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to
can - not fail.
an - gels sing.

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

201. We Sing a Loving Jesus.

Sarah Doudney. **Richard S. Newman.**



202. Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Alfred Tennyson, 1850. **Henry Lahee.**

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild, wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light: The year is dy - ing in the night; Ring
2. Ring out a slow - ly dy - ing cause, And an - cient forms of par - ty strife; Ring in the no - bler modes of life, With
3. Ring out old shapes of foul dis - ease; Ring out the narr'wing lust of gold; Ring out the thou - sand wars of old, Ring

out, wild bells, and let him die. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
sweet-er man - ners, pur - er laws. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
in the thou-sand years of peace. Ring in the val - iant man and free,

Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow; The year is go - ing,
The civ - ic slan - der and the spite; Ring in the love of
The lar ger heart, the kind - lier hand; Ring out the dark - ness

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
truth and right, Ring in the com - mon love of good.
of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

203. God Bless Our Native Land.

(For Men's Voices.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. God bless our na-tive land, so fair and bright, Dwell-ing-place may she be
2. God bless our na-tive land, may here a - rise An - thems of loft - y praise,
3. God bless our na-tive land, Guardian and Guide, In Thy pro-tect-ing care,

of truth and right; Peace and pros - per - i - ty Her bor-ders fill,
cleav - ing the skies; Here be o - be - di-ence, Joy in Thy word,
may she a - bide, Se - cure as change-less years, Roll slow a - way,

O'er all her fruit - ful vales Bles-sings dis - till..... God bless our
Here the blest peo - ple whose God is the Lord..... God bless our
Thou, Lord, her fire by night, Her cloud by day..... God bless our

na-tive land, so fair and bright, Dwelling-place may she be of truth and right.
na-tive land, may here a - rise Anthems of loft-y praise, cleav-ing the skies.
na-tive land, Guardian and Guide, In Thy pro-tect-ing care may she a - bide.

204. Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. **William C. Filby.**

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy, The be - ing He

ris - en, and man can - not die;..... Vain were the ter - rors that
gave us, death can - not de - stroy:.... Sad were the life we must

gath-ered a - round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the
part with to - mor - row, If tears were our birth-right and death were our

grave; He burst from the fet - ters of dark - ness that bound Him, Re-
end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark val - ley of sor - row, And

splen-dent in glo - ry to live and to save! Loud was the cho - rus of
bade us, im - mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend; Lift, then, your voi - ces in

Lift Your Glad Voices.



205. I am With Thee.

P. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

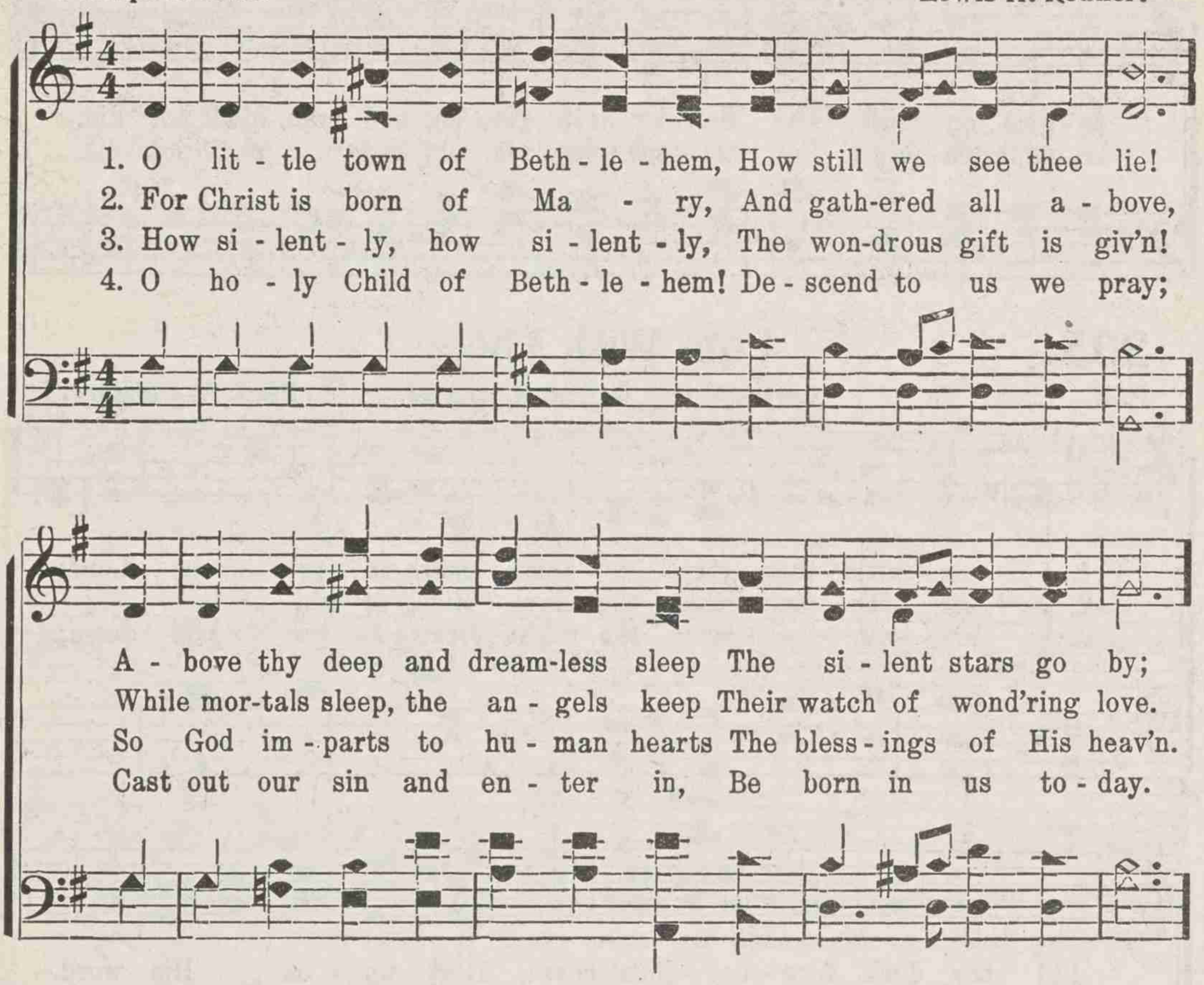
Fred. A. Fillmore.



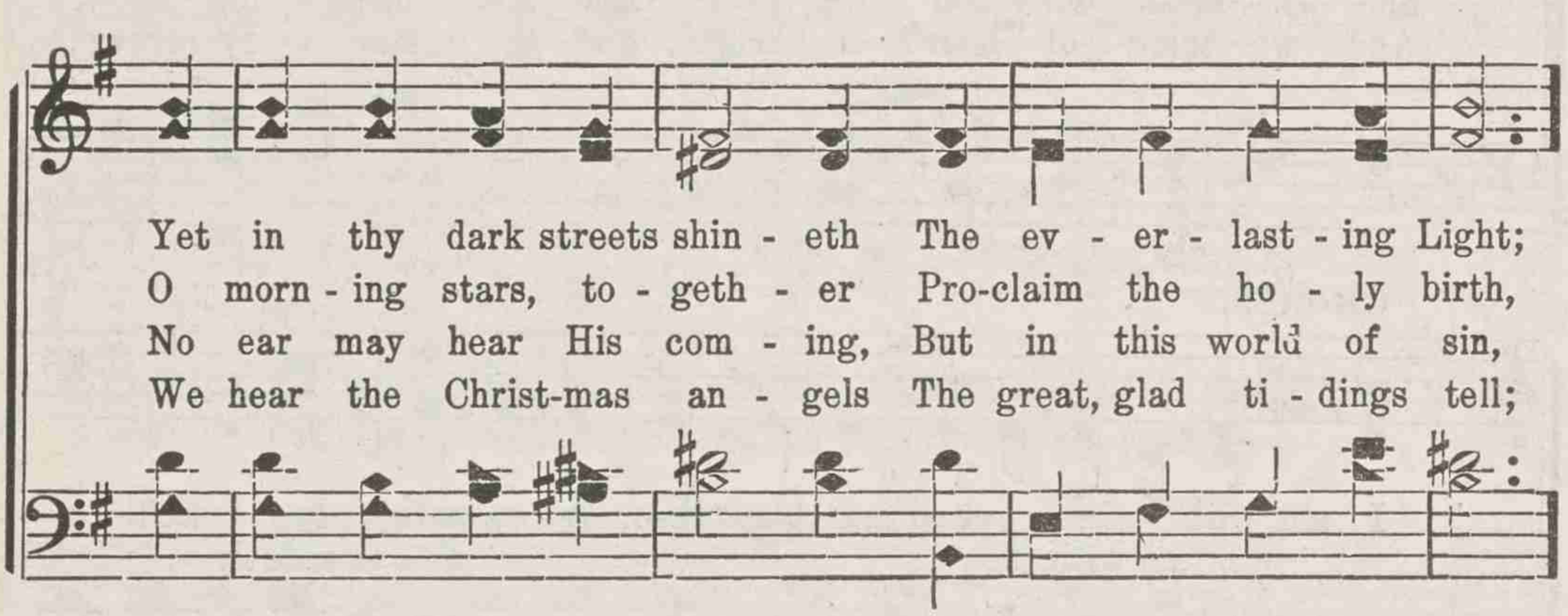
206. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great, glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el.

207. Just a Word for Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear - est Friend so true,
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can not be
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim,

Come, cheer our heart's and tell us What He has done for you.
To say "I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me."
The heart's neg - lect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
A - rise in all your weak - ness, And leave the rest to Him.

REFRAIN.

Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way;
One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

208. Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes.

Copyright, 1913, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. International copyright.

Palmer Hartsough. **J. H. Fillmore.**

Whence com - eth all my help,

Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes,.....

Second Bass.

First Bass.

All Voices.

There will my God in might a - rise, Thence com-eth all my help.

First Bass.

DUET. *Second Tenor and First Bass.*

1. When my foes are come up - on me, Rag-ing fierce, my life they're seek-ing,
2. When Thy cause, O Lord, doth lan-guish, And the pow'rs of dark-ness tri-umph,

TRIO.

From the hills, O God, a - rise,

From Thy throne, the ev - er - last - ing hills, O God, a - rise, Un - to the

To the hills I lift mine eyes, Un - to the hills of God; Un - to the hills,.....

Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes.

D. C. for second verse. *For Finale only.*

Rit.

hills I lift mine eyes, Un - to the hills of God. The hills of God.

209. In Him We Live.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. In Him we live, O bless-ed thought, No change of sense or time
2. In Him we live, and things of earth No more our wants sup - ply;
3. In Him we live, His will to do, His gos - pel to pro - claim;
4. In Him we live, the storms may blow And death may stalk a - broad;

Can shake our hope with glo - ry fraught, Or touch that life sub - lime.
For ours the pearl of price - less worth, The rich - es of the sky.
His work to joy - ful - ly pur - sue, And glo - ri - fy His name.
We heed it not, our life we know Is hid with Christ in God.

CHORUS.

In Him we live, if here such joy, Springs con-stant in the soul,

O what shall there our songs em - ploy, While end - less a - ges roll.

210. The Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. **Philip Phillips.**

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To

years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With

storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

211. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1888 and 1896, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, In the Mas-ter's
2. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, In the ear-ly
3. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, brother, In the heart of

field so fair? Are you cast-ing it forth with a full hand, brother, In the
morn so bright? Are you sow-ing the seed as the day wears on-ward, And ap-
ten-der years? Are you sow-ing the seed o'er the ground so ston-y, Toil-ing

CHORUS.

strength of faith and pray'r? O the spring so bright is pass-ing by,
proach the shades of night?
on with pray'rs and tears?
pass-ing by,

And the reap-ing time will sure-ly come; Haste! the seed wide
sure-ly come;

fling-ing, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the har-vest home.

212. The Trumpet Call of God.

(Men's Chorus)

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Palmer Hartsough. **Henry Fillmore.**

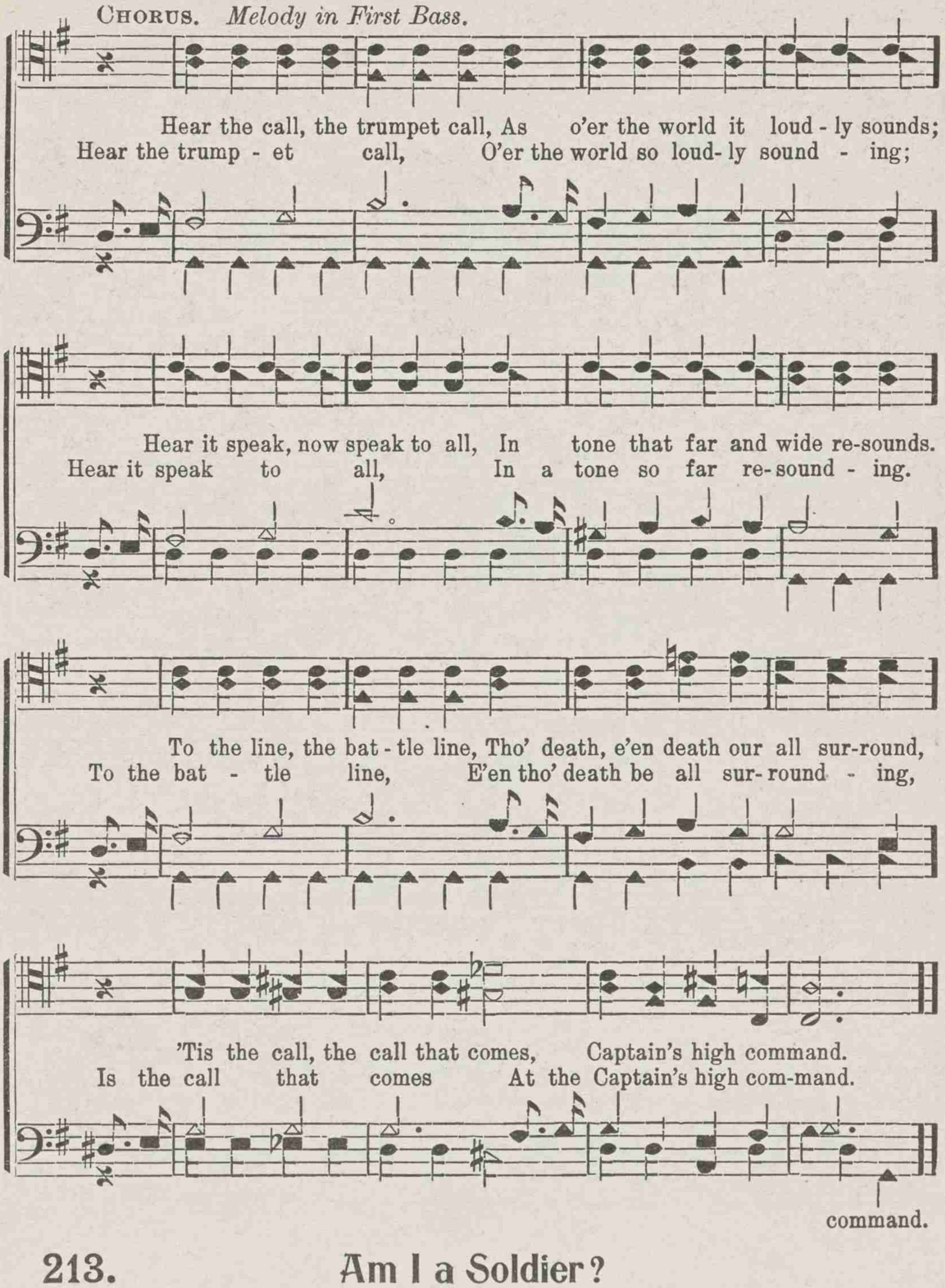
1. Hear the trum - pet of God, Now so clear and so loud, Sound-ing out all a - broad O'er the world. 'Tis the call for val - iant
2. On to meet Sa - tan's host, In their pride and their boast, Is the call, though the most They com - bine. Ev - 'ry one be quick to
3. Ev - 'ry one takes his place, Keep the step and the pace, With his eye and his face T'ward the foe. O'er the field of val - or

sol - diers In the ar - my of the Lord; See a vast swelling throng
an - swer, 'Tis the Captain's high com-mand; Be the call sounded out
watching, Is the glo - rious Lord on high; In the midst of the fight,

Com - ing on fierce and strong, With the dark flag of wrong High un - furled;
O'er the land all a - bout, While we all with a shout, Form the line
Of the right with the might, We are safe in His sight As we go,

We must meet that foe in bat - tle, 'Tis the Cap - tain's word.
Where the foes of God are might - iest, We will take our stand.
And a vic - tor's crown a - waits us, Tho' we fall and die.

The Trumpet Call of God.



213. Am I a Soldier?

TUNE: "Arlington" or "Azmon."

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower 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 flowery 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.

214. Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

Emily E. S. Elliott. **Joseph Barnby.**

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro-
3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds their nest, In the
4. When heav'n's arch- es ring, and her choir shall sing At Thy

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
claim-ing Thy royal de - gree; But in low - ly birth Thou didst
shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O come to my
Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.
"Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee!"

CHORUS.

heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee; for Thee.

215. Glorious Things.

Rev. John Newton. **Franz Josef Haydn.**

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal Love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He whose word can not be brok - en Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move;
For a glo - ry and a cover-ing, Show - ing that the Lord is near;
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy Name;

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage;
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,
Fad - ing is the worldling's pleas-ure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;

With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
Sol - id joys and last - ing treas-ure None but Zi - on's chil-dren know.

216. My Feet Were in the Miry Clay.

Harriet E. Jones. Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**



1. My feet were in the mi - ry clay Un - til my Sav - iour came this way;
2. No more up - on the sink - ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand,
3. O, sure foun-da- tion for my feet, While dreadful storms a-round me beat;
4. O, shel - ter for the tem-pest-tried, O, bless- ed cleft wher-in to hide,

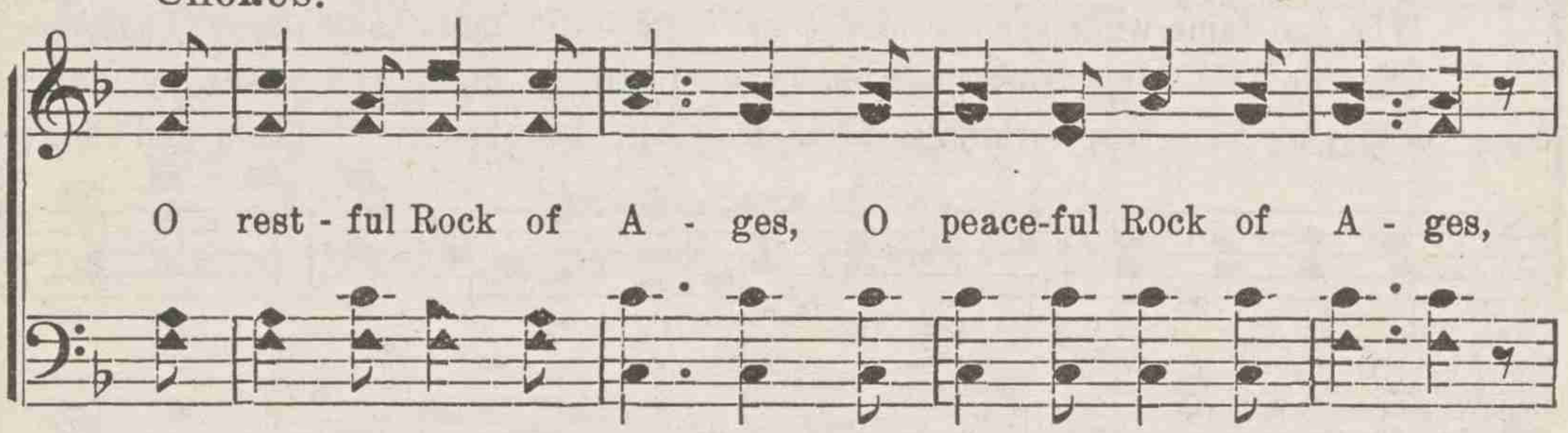




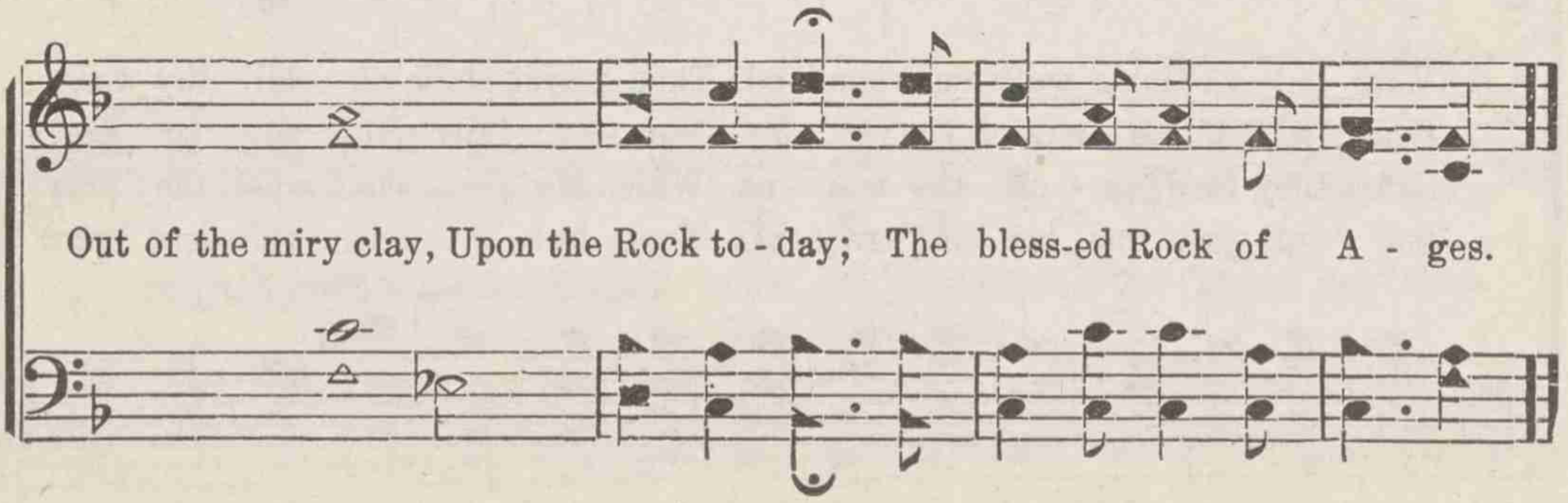
They're safe up - on the Rock to - day, The bless - ed Rock of A - ges.
I'm not a-fraid, where now I stand Up - on the Rock of A - ges.
I'll cling to Thee, Thou ref - uge sweet, Thou bless-ed Rock of A - ges.
In Thee, in Thee will I a - bide, Thou bless-ed Rock of A - ges.



CHORUS.



O rest - ful Rock of A - ges, O peace-ful Rock of A - ges,



Out of the miry clay, Upon the Rock to - day; The bless-ed Rock of A - ges.

217. There Is No Name So Sweet.

Anonymous. **William B. Bradbury.**

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav- en,
2. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this Name a - bove Him,
3. So now, up - on His Fa-ther's Throne, Al - might - y to re - lease us
4. O Je - sus! by that matchless Name Thy grace shall fail us nev - er,

The Name, be - fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pain—He glad - ly reigns, The Prince and Sav - iour, Je - sus.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.

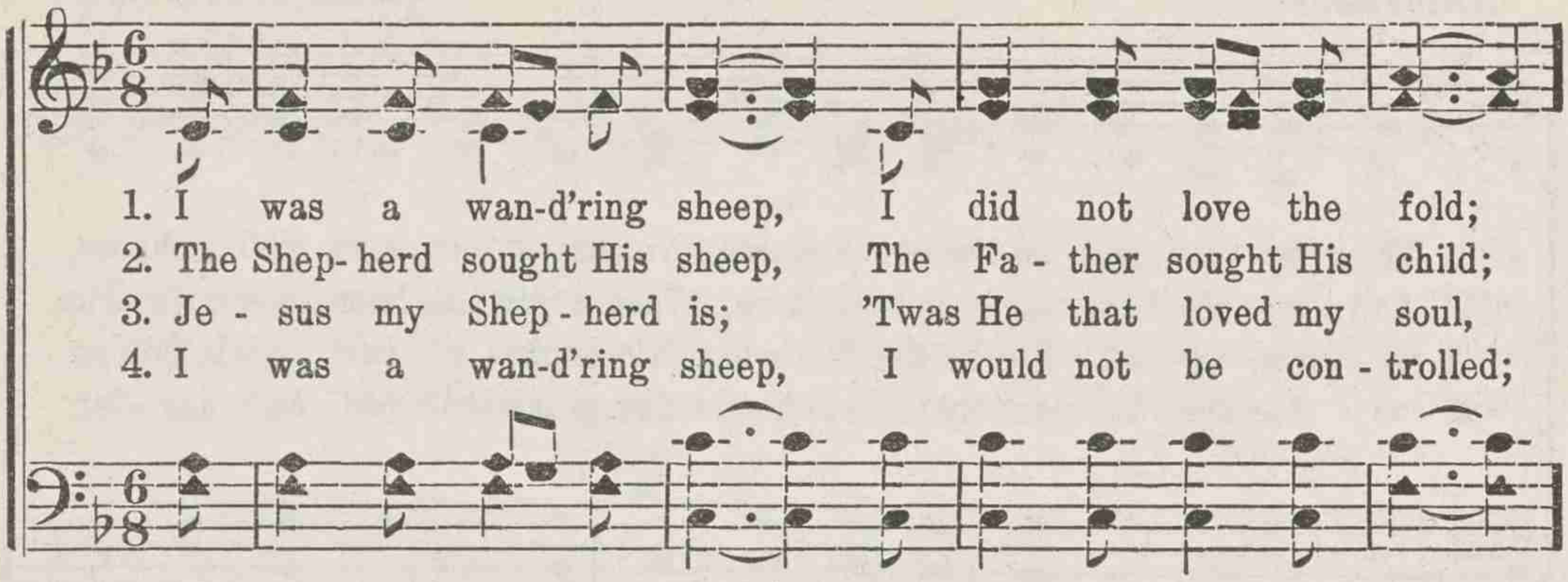
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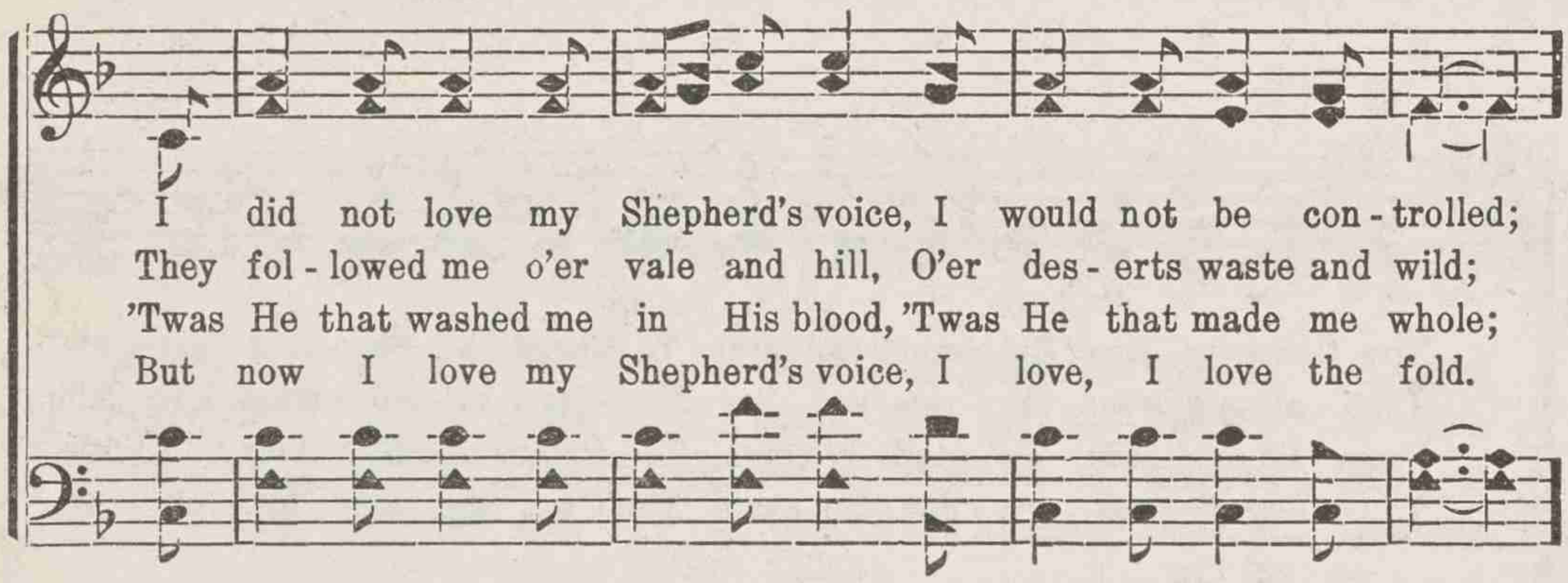
We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless- ed Je - sus!

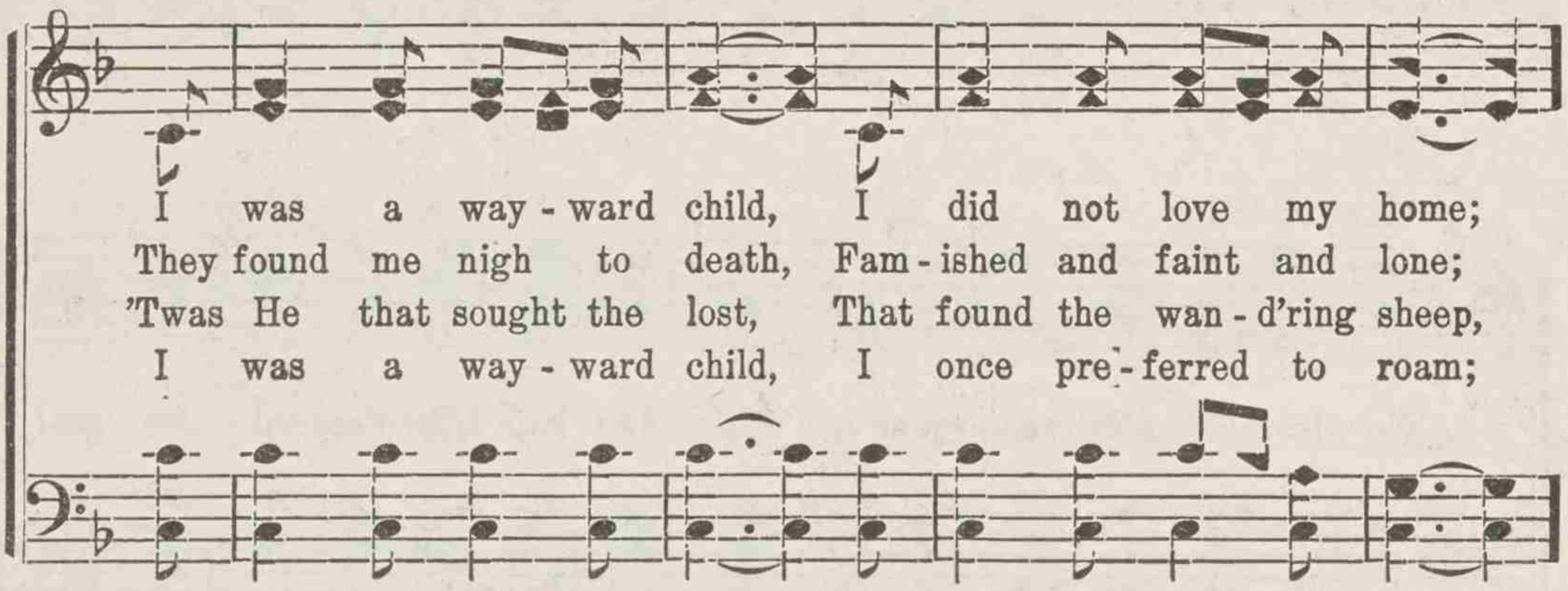
For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as "Je - sus!"

218. I Was a Wandering Sheep.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. **John Zundel.**









219. Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain.

Mary S. B. Dana. **Spanish Melody.**

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin, Go to the clear-flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear; He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten-

and be clean. Fly, for th' a-ven - ger is near thee; Call, and the Sav-
der - ly there. Haste then, the hours are fly - ing; Spend not the mo-

iour will hear thee; He on His bos - om will bear thee, O
ments in sigh - ing; Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

220. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

H. R. Palmer.

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

The sky is o'ershadowed with dark-ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh.
The depths of my sad heart all troub-led, O wak - en and save, I pray.
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with - in my breast.

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

When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish, I per-ish, dear Mas - ter, O has-ten and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p

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

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

pp

still!.... Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de- mons, or
Peace, be still!

Cres.

men, or what - ev - er it be; No wa - ters can swal - low the

ff

ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean and earth and skies; They

m *m* *p*

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

p *pp*

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

221. Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

Fanny Crosby. Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'Kane. **T. C. O'Kane.**

1. Might - y Rock, whose towering form Looks a - bove the frown-ing storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,

Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil - op-pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad - ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre- cious Sav - iour, now I flee;

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee."

222. All Is Well.

Grace Glenn. **J. H. F.**

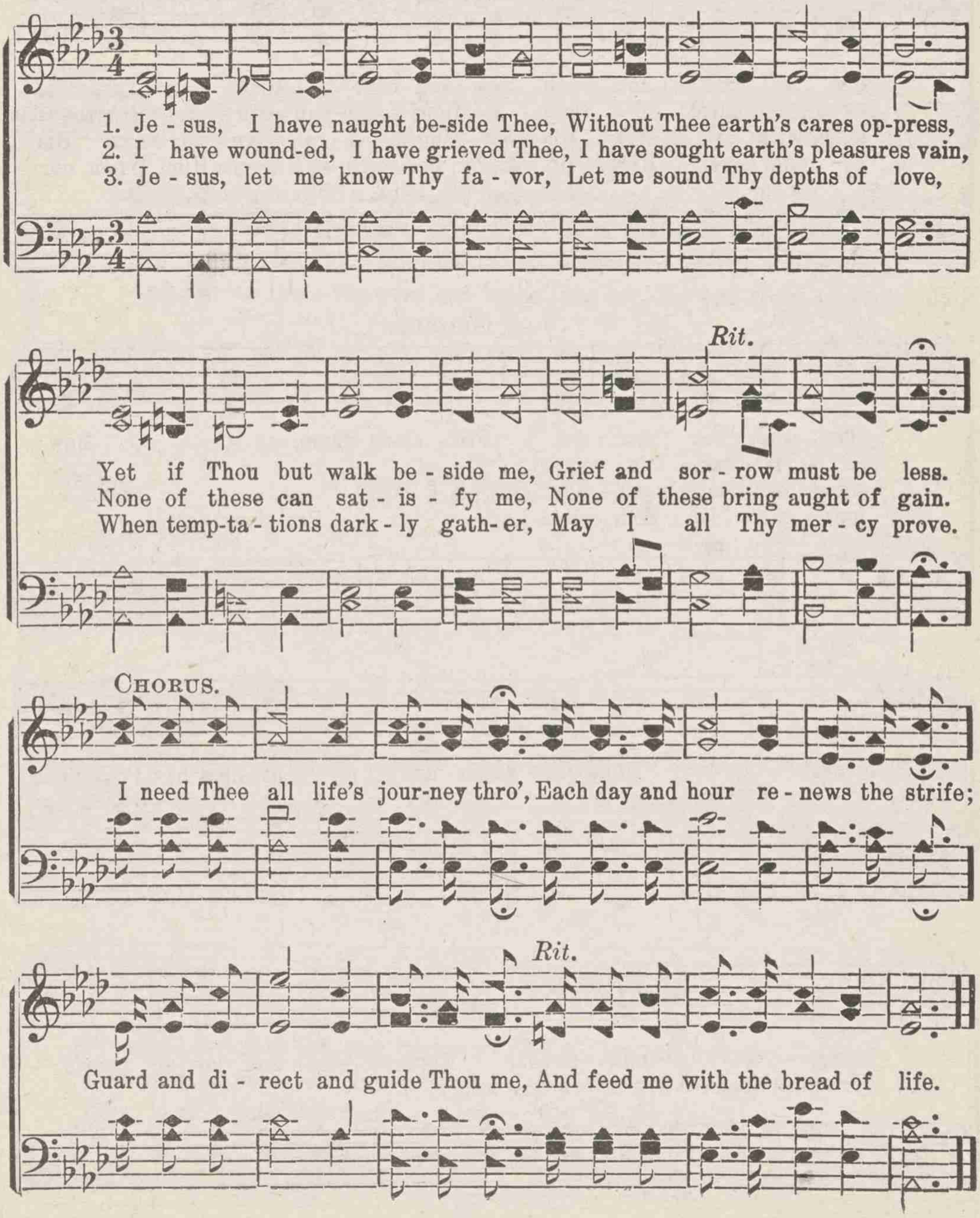
1. Sav - iour, grant me rest and peace, Let my troub - led dreamings cease;
2. I would trust my all with Thee, All my cares and sor- rows flee,
3. I would seek Thy serv - ice, Lord, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ised Word,

All Is Well.



223. I Have Naught Beside Thee.

Fronia Smith. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **S. Foster Ames.**



224. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from
3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate

and of woe; It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it,
ev - 'ry snare; If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that
souls with joy, When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His
at His feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our

CHORUS.

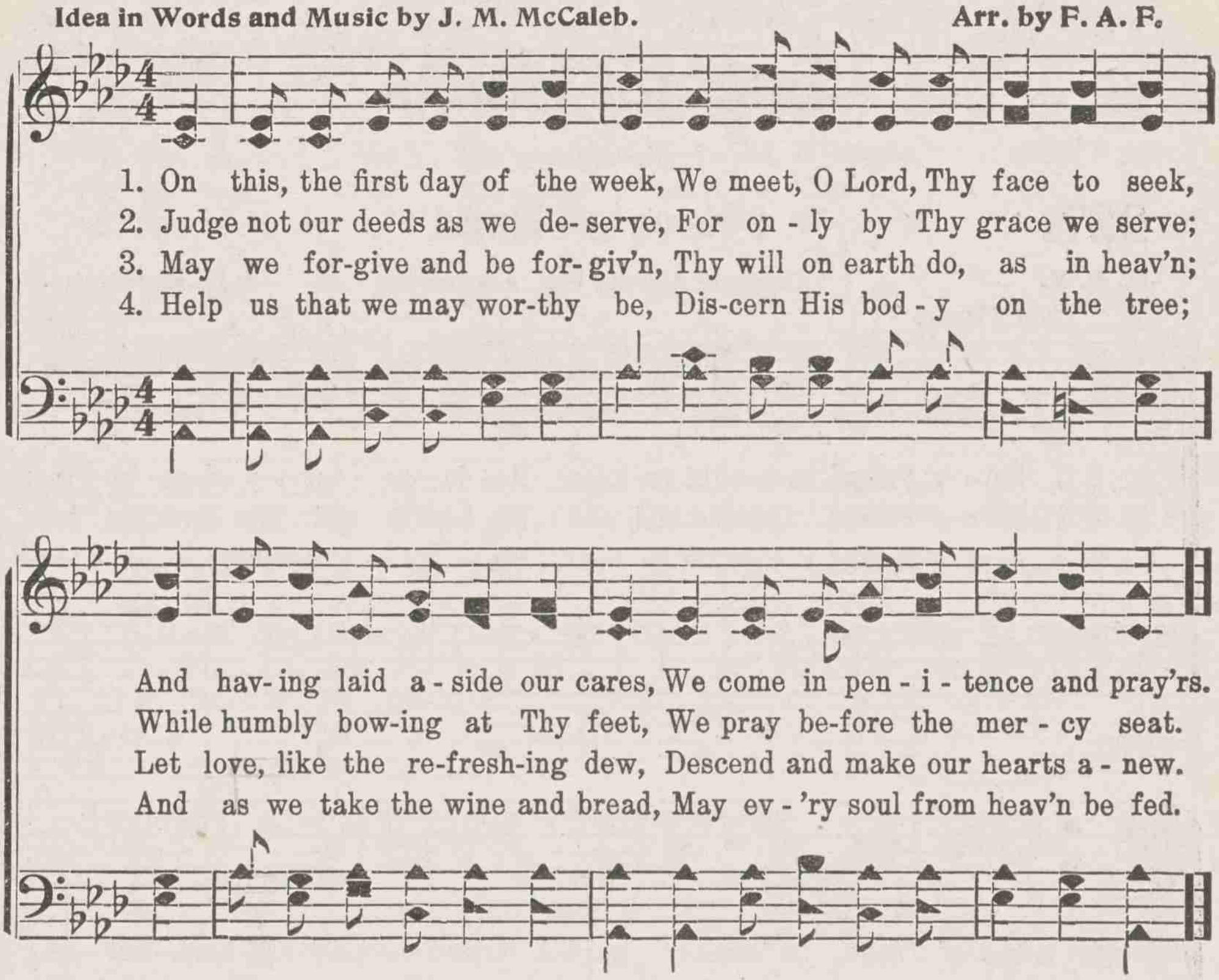
then, wher - e'er you go. Pre - cious name, O how
ho - ly name in pray'r.
songs our tongues em - ploy.
jour - ney is com - plete. Pre-cious name,

sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n; Pre - cious
O how sweet!

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

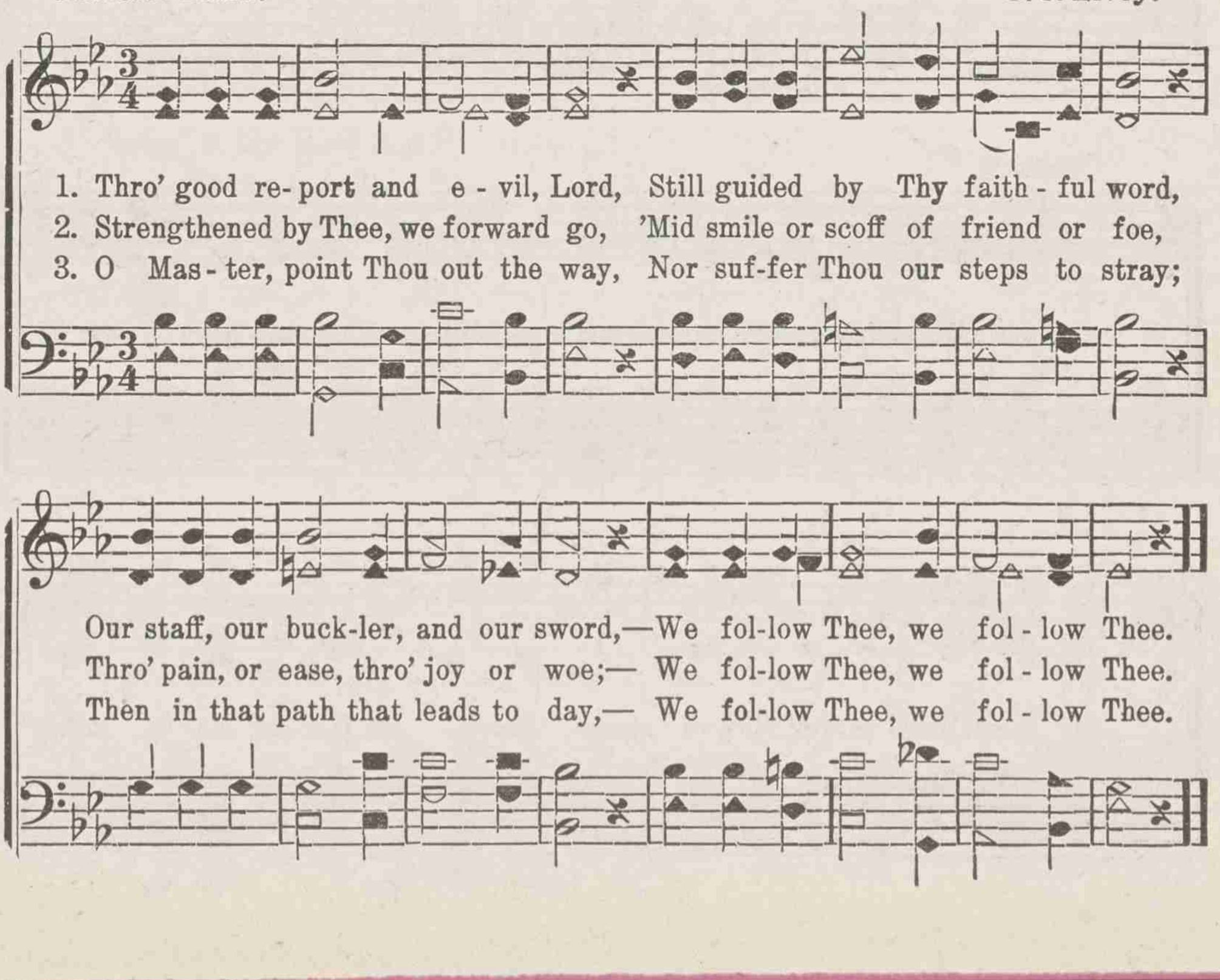
225. First Day of the Week.

Idea in Words and Music by J. M. McCaleb. **Arr. by F. A. F.**



226. We Follow Thee.

Horatius Bonar. **G. J. Elvey.**



Special Songs.

227.

I Have a Friend.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. J. H. Rosecrans.

Two Parts.



228. The Word of His Grace.

(Solo or Unison for Men.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. The word of His grace I have heard, I come with my
2. The word of His grace I be-lieve, Tho' vil - est of
3. The word of His grace is for all, Re-demp - tion is

1. The word of His grace I have heard,..... I come with my burden of

bur-den of guilt; My plea is the wounds of my Lord, My
sin-ners I am; His love in my heart I re-ceive, I'm
free in His name; O has - ten be - fore Him to fall, And

guilt;..... My plea is the wounds of my Lord,..... My

CHORUS.

hope is the blood that He spilt.
saved by the blood of the Lamb. The word of His grace, O how
all His rich prom-is-es claim.

hope is the blood that He spilt.....

sweet, (how sweet,) It speaketh my par-don so free; (so free;) It tells me in

Him I'm complete, (complete,) And with Him in glo-ry shall be.
in glo-ry shall be.

229. Who Knows What Dangers?

(Solo or Unison.)

E. E. Rexford. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Who knows what dan-gers may a - wait Our feet, this
2. If trou - bles come, and grief mo - lest, Know this, God
3. So, come what may, keep faith in Him Who leads us

side the heav'n-ly gate? Who knows the tri - als that may
puts us to the test; Purged in the fur - nace fires of
when the way grows dim; And follow - ing where His feet have

come, Be - fore we reach our heav'n-ly home?
pain, Our tri - als to the soul is gain.
trod, Will lead me to the hills of God.

CHORUS.

God knows, re-mem-her that and say, I'll trust Thee, Father, come what may, Be-

lieve Him, take heart and ev-er say, I'll trust Thee, Fa-ther, come what may.

230. Be Not Afraid, But Speak.

(Duet for Tenor and Alto, or Soprano.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. O what has Je - sus done for Thee, Once poor and lost and weak?
2. A word for Je - sus, just one word, From falt'ring lips and meek,
3. The truth of God some soul would learn, The way of life would seek;
4. The Lord Himself will give thee strength, This do for His dear sake;

Wilt thou not tell, that all may see, Be not a - fraid, but speak.
Is hon-ored by our gra-cious Lord, Be not a - fraid, but speak.
Some sin-ner, wan-d'ring, would re - turn, Be not a - fraid, but speak.
And great re - ward He gives at length, Be not a - fraid, but speak.

CHORUS.

A word from thee..... would com - fort give,.....
A word from thee would com-fort give,

Where some poor heart would break; A dy - ing soul.....
Where some poor heart A dy-ing soul

Rit.

would look and live,..... Be not a - fraid, but speak.
would look and live, Be not a-fraid,

231. Just As Thou Wilt.

(May be used as a Solo and Quartet.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Just as Thou wilt, O my Sav-iour, Thy lov - ing call I have heard,
2. Just as Thou wilt, O my Sav-iour, I would not have my own way;
3. Just as Thou wilt, O my Sav-iour, Boundless to me is Thy love,

Let me but know what Thy wish is, Let me but hear Thy word.
Thou hast so won all my heart, Lord, Thine I'll be, if I may.
That this poor life so un - wor - thy, Thou shouldst direct a - bove.

May I but see the dim path-way Thou dost mark out for me,
An - y - thing that I may do, Lord, So that the work be thine,
That Thou shouldst signal my lost bark, Straight to the heav'n - ly shore,

Then thro' the light or the dark - ness Glad - ly I'll go with Thee.
An - y-thing that I may bear, Lord, For Thee is joy di - vine.
Glo - ry, most won-der-ful Sav - iour, Be to Thee ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Just as Thou wilt, O my Sav-iour, Naught shall remain, naught of mine;
naught of mine;

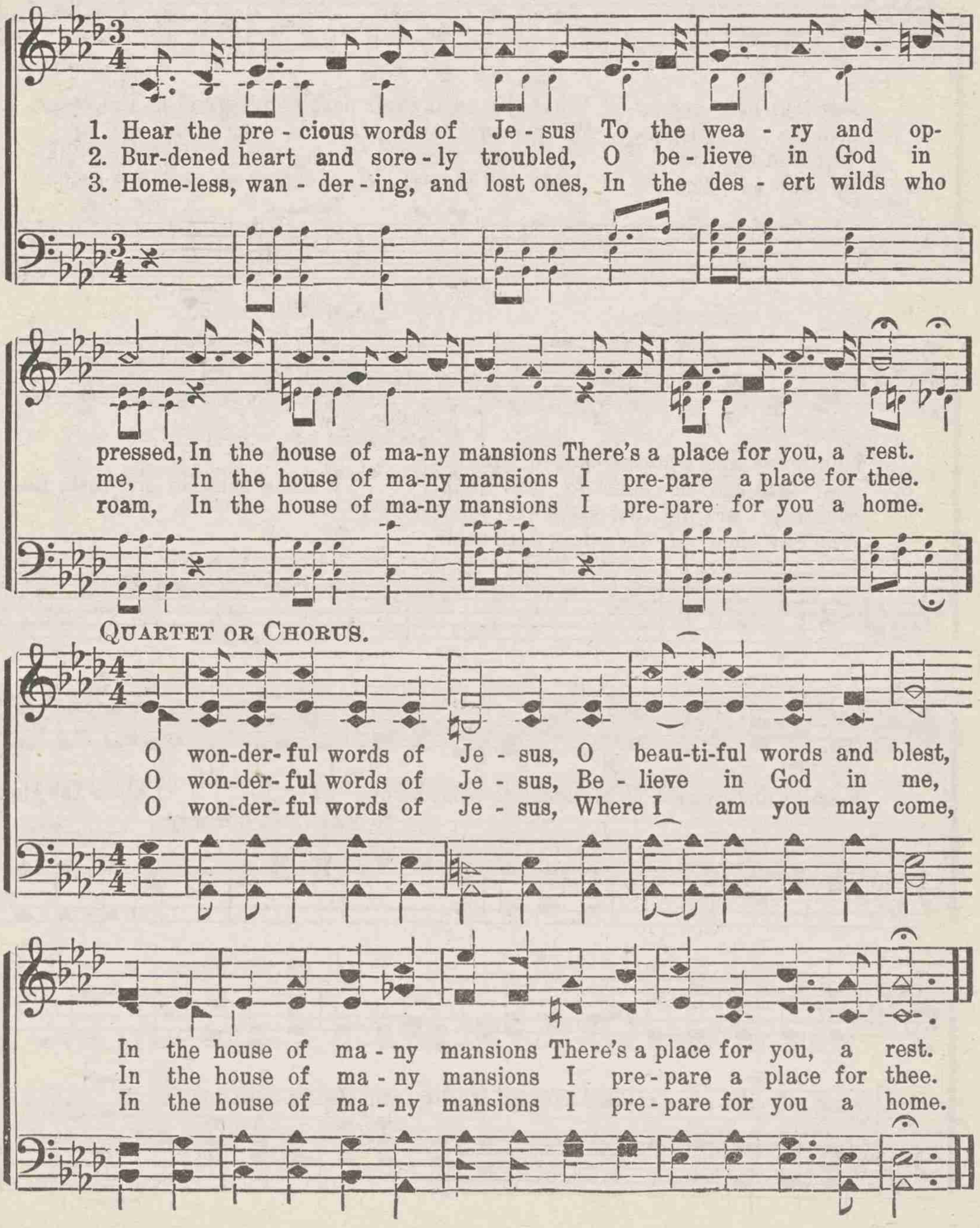
Just As Thou Wilt.



232. House of Many Mansions.

(Solo or Unison.)

A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Albert Fredericks.



233. He Liveth To-Day.

(Solo and Chorus.)

Anon. **Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.** **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. How blest was that life, once lived up - on earth, The life of the
2. The friend of our need, the hope of the world, A - bides with us
3. O Lord of the sea, who once walked a - broad, On treach-er - ous
4. Thou art not a - far, in re - gions un - known, Our faith reach-es

Sav-iour of men;.... What joy was their part who learned at His feet,
still as of old;..... When wan - der-ing far, in sor - row and sin,
waves of the tide;.... We know that Thy strong and pit - y - ing arms
up un - to Thee,.... And still thro' the mists of a - ges long past,

CHORUS.

Who loved and who wor-shiped Him then.
He lead-eth us home to the fold.
Our wav - er - ing foot-steps still guide.
The Sav - iour of sin - ners doth see.

I know that He liv - eth, Re-

deem-er and Friend, To bless and to comfort our way;..... I know the glad
to com-fort our way;

Rit.

song of the glo - ri - fied throng, He liv - eth, He liv - eth to - day!.....

234. I Need His Care.

Copyright, 1914, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "Volunteer Choir for May, 1914.

Jennie Wilson. International copyright. By per. Clinton D. Lowden.

TWO PARTS.

1. From day to day I need the ten - der care..... Of Him who al - ways
2. More val-ued in my Fa-ther's lov - ing sight,..... I know this life of
3. I need His care, and I will ev - er claim, ... In faith the help each

notes the spar-row's fall;.... And, O, how sweet it is for me to feel....
mine must sure-ly be,..... Than is the bird or flow'r so small and frail;...
day and hour de-mands,.... What-e'er the span of life to me may bring,....

REFRAIN.

That He will hear me when to Him I call.....
Then will He not in love re-mem-ber me?.... I need my Fa-ther's care, I
I glad - ly leave it in my Fa-ther's hands....

need His ten-der care, For oft my wea-ry way grows rough and dim;.... But love di-

vine I know, will nev-er, nev-er fail, And it is sweet to trust in Him.....

235. Mother's Songs.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

Introduction.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.

1. O how the fond- est mem - o- ries Come float-ing back to me, My
2. I hear her sing most glo-rious-ly Of Christ, her all in all, The
3. In the quaint old-fashioned meeting-house, Her voice she loved to raise, With
4. O moth-er, home, and mother-songs, What mem-o - ries they bring, Tho'

dear old moth - er's smil - ing face So clear - ly now I see. And
glad-some notes of trust and faith, Now on my ear they fall. And
friends and neighbors gathered there, For wor - ship, pray'r and praise. Be-
far re-moved from childhood's scenes, Yet in my heart they ring. The

Rit.

then a - gain I hear her sing - ing Hymns of sweet-est mel - o - dy:
then the songs of loft - y praise Re - ech - o as a trum-pet call:
yond her high- est joy she prized The fel - low-ships, the good old ways,
songs of faith and hope and love, That moth-er used so oft to sing,

1st Refrain. *D. S. to 2d verse.*

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me!

2d Refrain. *D. S. to 3rd verse.*

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

3rd Refrain. *D. S. to 4th verse.*

The sweet com-mun-ions, sol - emn vows, The hymns of love and praise.

4th Refrain.

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly her soul doth rest.

236. Am I Nearer to Heaven To-day?

Jessie Brown Pounds. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. O the yes - ter - day's mo-ments for pleas- ure or woe, Have been
2. I am near - er the time for the break-ing of ties That are
3. I am near - er the close of my la - bor be - low, I am

stealth-i - ly car - ried a - way; I am near- er the val - ley of
hold - ing my loved ones to me; I am near- er the time for my
near - er the end of my way; I am near- er the edge of the

shad-ows, I know— Am I near - er to heav - en to - day?
la - test good-byes— Am I near - er, O Fa - ther, to Thee?
val - ley, I know— Am I near - er to heav - en to - day?

CHORUS.

Am I near - er (to - day?) Am I near - er (to - day?) Am I

Rit.

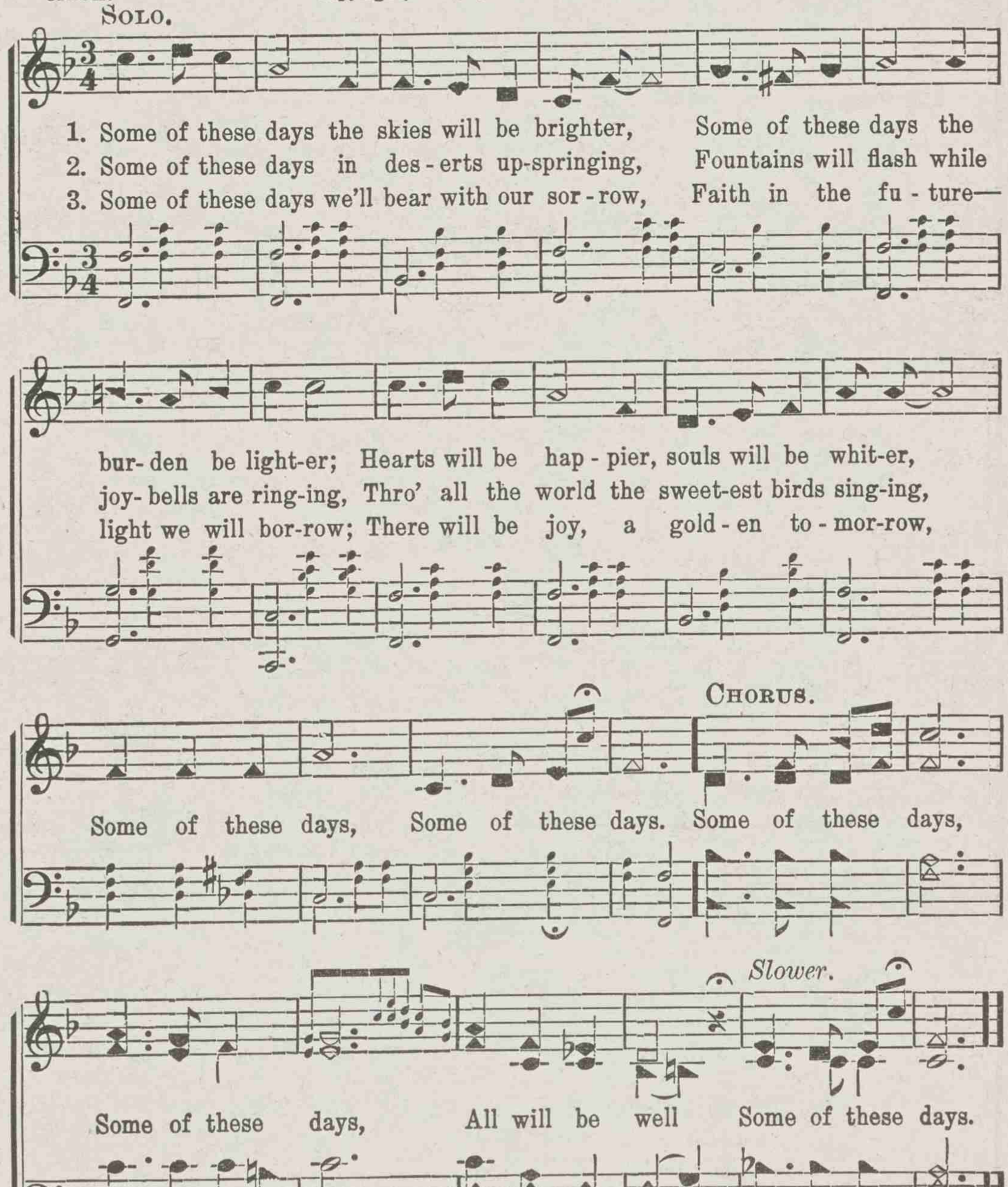
near - er to heav - en to - day?..... Am I near - er the
near - er, near-er to - day?

Am I Nearer to Heaven To-day?



237. Some of These Days?

Anon. Copyright, 1903, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. **D. S. Hakes.**



238. Leaving It All with Him.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Je - sus my Lord and Friend, Ev - er is at my side,
2. Leav-ing it all with Him, All of my gain or loss,
3. Leav-ing it all with Him, Giv - eth He what is best;

Read - y in times of need; Ev - er to help and guide.
Leav-ing it all with Him, All at my Sav-iour's cross.
Leav-ing it all with Him, Find - eth my soul her rest.

Dark is the wea - ry way, Nev - er a cheer - ing gleam.
Love in that dy - ing face Ev - en for me doth beam;
Heav - i - est cares are light, Sor - rows less woe - ful seem;

Yet in my heart there's joy, I'm leav - ing it all with Him.
O, I will trust in His grace, I'm leav - ing it all with Him.
Dark-est of ways are bright, I'm leav - ing it all with Him.

CHORUS.

Leav-ing it all with Him,.... All grief and care;....
Leaving it all with Him, All of my grief and care;

Leaving It All with Him.



239. No, Not One.

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Geo. C. Hugg.**



240. Refuge.

This arrangement copyrighted, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Arr. for this work by F. A. F.

Solo.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

Two Parts. *Rit.*

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring,
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, Prince of peace and righteous - ness,
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Four Parts.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow
Most un - wor - thy, Lord, I am, Thou art full of
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e-

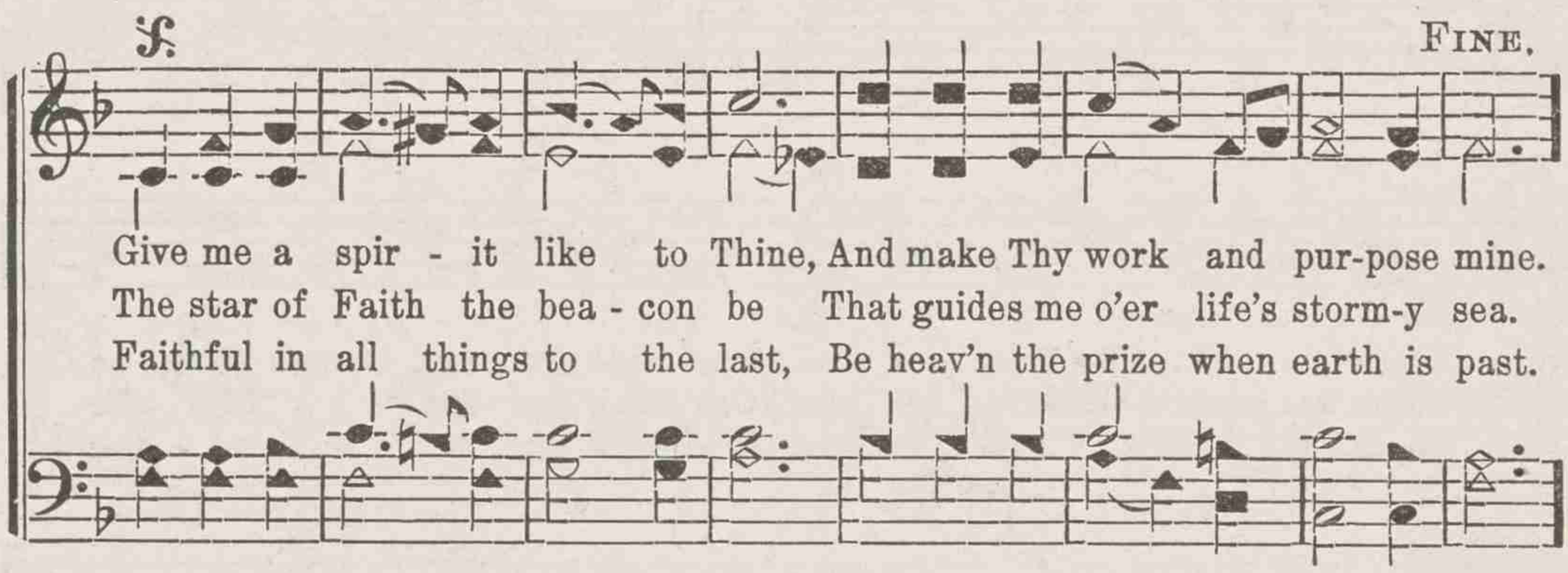
Refuge.



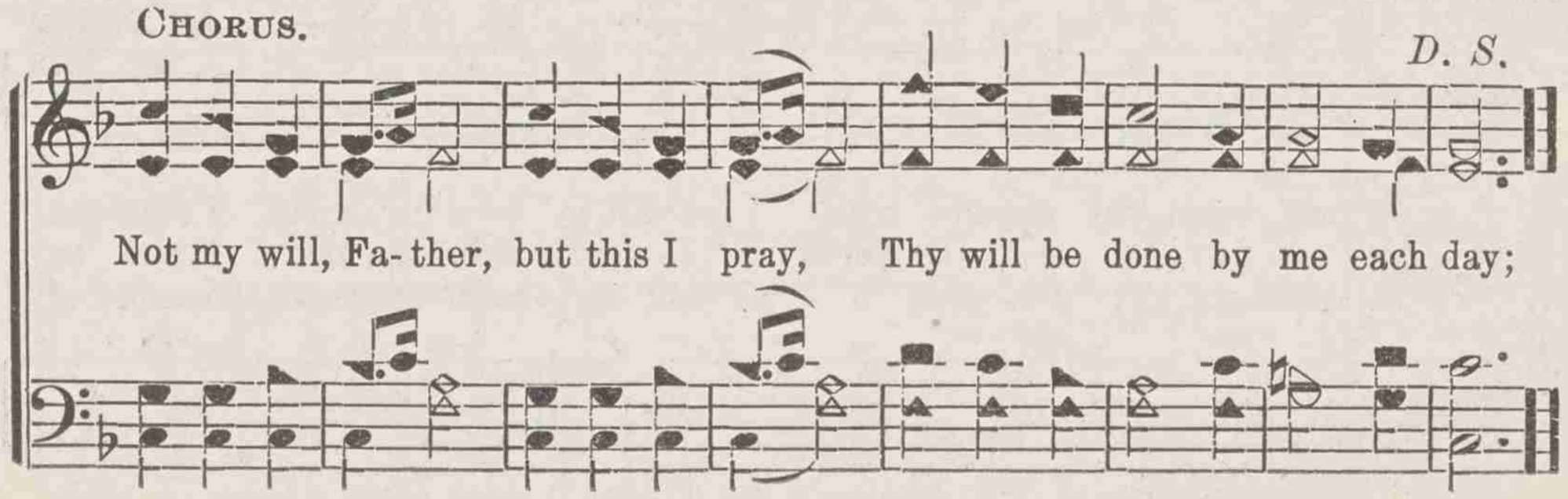
241. Thy Will Be Done.

E. E. Rexford. Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**





Chorus.



242. One Book for Me.

(Solo or Unison.)

E. E. H. and F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. A pil- grim on life's journey, Where-ev-er I may roam, One precious
2. A sail - or on life's o - cean, A-midst the storm and blast, My bark will
3. A sol - dier in life's bat-tles, I could not face the foe, Un - less I

book I car - ry, The Book we loved at home, The one our moth - er
breast the bil - lows, And reach the port at last, Be - cause I have for
knew my Cap - tain Could e - vil o - ver - throw; The sword of His own

taught us, When gath-ered 'round her knee, Thro' chang-es time has brought us,
coun - sel A book that knows the sea, For com-pass, chart and bea - con,
spir - it My sure de-fense shall be, Un - til the fi - nal vic - t'ry,

There is just one Book for me. One Book for me, though good or
There is just one Book for me. One Book for me, I love its
There is just one Book for me. One Book for me, a sol - dier

ill may come, The word of truth I learned to love at home, I cher- ish
pag - es fair, I love the words of Je - sus, writ - ten there; I love to
in the fight, To con- quer e - vil and up - hold the right; The word of

One Book for Me.

Rit.

in my heart most ten - der-ly, It is the Book of books for me,
know in Him I'm an-chored fast, A-gainst the an - gry storm and blast.
God, my sure de-fense shall be, Un - til the fi - nal vic - to - ry.

243. Jesus Is Mine.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. **T. E. Perkins.**

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, oh, loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

244. Him That Overcometh.

(Duet or Solo.)

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Love - ly star of morn - ing, On the verge of
2. 'Tis a world of con - flict, Foes on ev - 'ry
3. Van - quish then temp - ta - tions As we go a-

night,.... Peer - less in Thy beau - ty,
hand,..... 'Tis a field of bat - tle,
long,..... Bear our light af - flic - tions,

'Mid the worlds of light;..... There's a won - drous
E'en where now we stand;..... Sa - tan's strong al-
With a cheer - ful song;..... Hear the word of

prom - ise In the book di - vine,.....
lure - ments, Trait - ors hid with - in,.....
prom - ise Sound - ing from a - far,.....

If with Christ I con - quer, Thou shalt then be mine.....
Fierce the fight is rag - ing With the pow'rs of sin.....
I will to the faith - ful Give the morn-ing star.....

Him That Overcometh.

CHORUS.

Him that o - ver- com - eth In this might-y war, I will, saith the
High - est, Give the morn- ing star; More than king - ly hon - ors
Shall the one at - tend, Him that o - ver- com - eth To the end.

245. Saviour, Teach Me.

Jane E. Leeson. C. M. Von Weber.

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child- like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy—In o - be-dience all her joy;

Sweet - er les - son can not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

246. My Heart O'erflows.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

DUET.

1. My heart o'er - flows,.... and I must speāk.... The prais - es
2. My heart o'er - flows.... with love to God,..... Who did His
3. My heart o'er - flows.... with love to man;.... O help me

of my Sav-iour's name; The chains of sin..... His love did
Son in mer - cy send; Fain would I sound... to all a-
tell to ev - 'ry one How great is God's... re - deem - ing

Rit.

break,. And I His good - ness must pro - claim.....
broad... The praise of such.... a won-drous friend.....
plan,... And how He saves.... us thro' His Son.....

CHORUS.

My heart o'er-flows,..... and I must sing The rapture to my
My heart o'erflows, and I must sing The rap - ture

soul His words have brought,..... The par-don from..... my
to my soul His words have brought, The pardon from

My Heart O'erflows.



247. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. **Albert L. Peace.**



248. The Wonderful City.

C. H. G. Copyright, 1891, by Fillmore Bros. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I hear them tell of a won-drous coun-try, A land of pure de - light, Where sum-mer suns are for - ev - er shin - ing, And
2. I hear them tell of a ris - en Sav-iour, A might - y King of kings, The build - er of that im - mor-tal cit - y,—The
3. O broth - er, let us be - lieve the sto - ry That comes to me and you, Its truth ap - pears in the stars of heav - en, And

nev - er there fall - eth night; I hear that with - in that do-
world with His glo - ry rings; They tell me that He has pre-
shines from the pearl - y dew; That coun - try's the home of im-

min - ion fair, A cit - y im - mor - tal stands, A cit - y whose
pared for all A place in that land so fair, And sends down a
mor - tal souls, That cit - y's the throne of love, That King is the

beau - ty is yet un - told, A cit - y not built with hands.
full in - vi - ta - tion, too, That all may be pres - ent there.
Sav - iour who shed His blood, To build us that home a - bove.

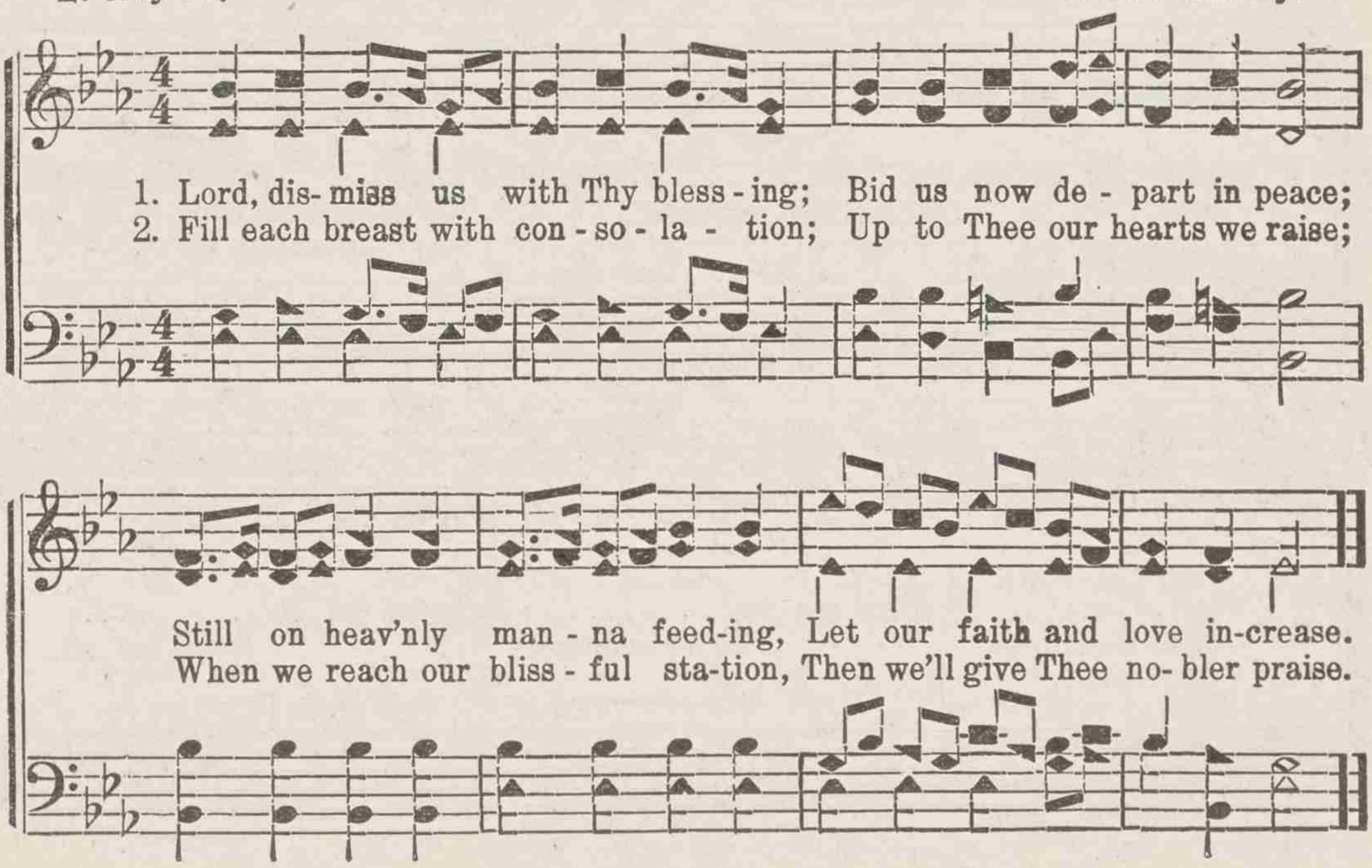
The Wonderful City.

CHORUS.



249. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

E. Smythe. **Sicilian Melody.**



250. He Loves Me So.

Copyright, 1914, by J. H. Rosecrans. By per.

Mrs. Marion C. Chew. **J. H. Rosecrans.**

Soprano and Alto.

1. Will He, who sees each spar-row fall, For-get to care for me?
2. He sees what griefs I have to bear, And whispers words of cheer,
3. He watch-es o'er me day by day, Stands ev-er by my side,
4. He nev-er will for-get His child, I can not well de-spair;

O no! He'll hear my feeb-lest call, His love is full and free.
He al-ways will my sor-rows share, My heart need have no fear.
Thro' storm and sun-shine all the way, He is my on-ly guide.
Se-cure I'll rest when storms grow wild, I'll trust my Fa-ther's care.

CHORUS.

He loves me so,..... my Fa-ther, dear,..... To
He loves me so, my Fa-ther, dear,
Him I car-ry all my woes,..... Why should I fear..... when He is
all my woes, Why should I fear
near,..... He loves me so,..... He loves me so.....
when He is near, He loves me so, loves me so.

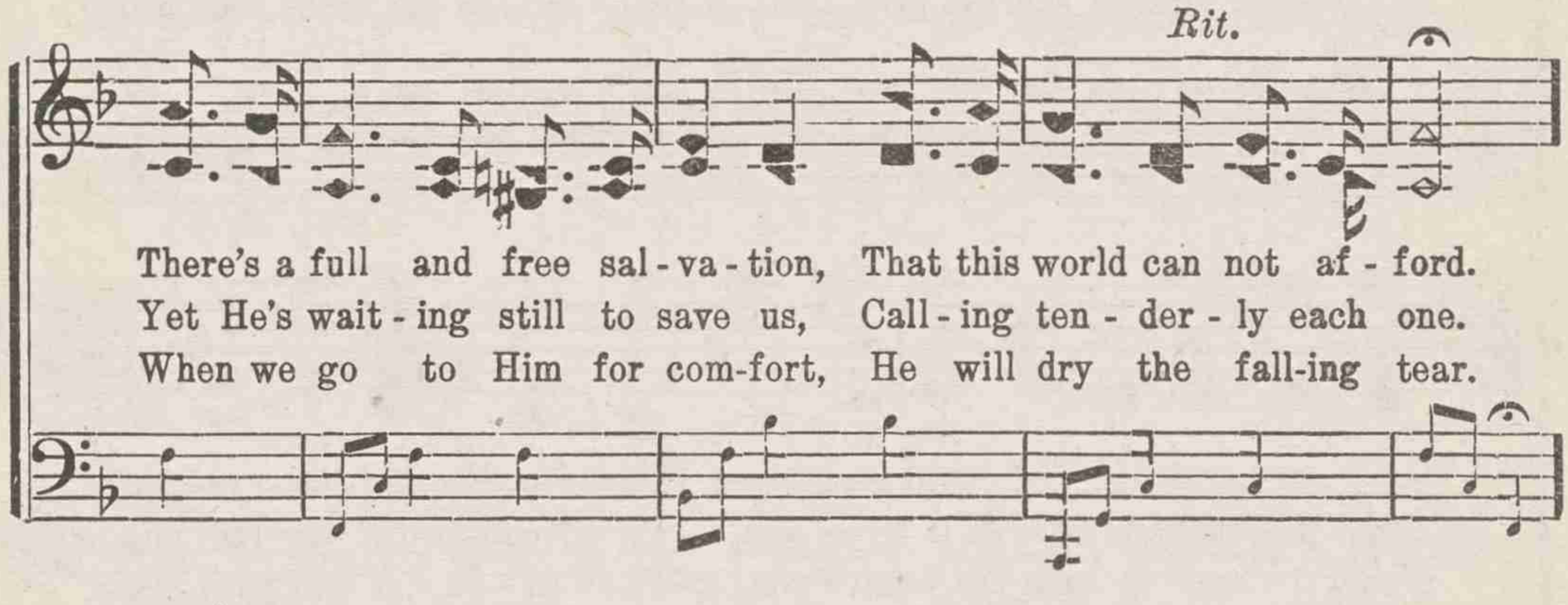
251. There's a Place for Our Redemption.

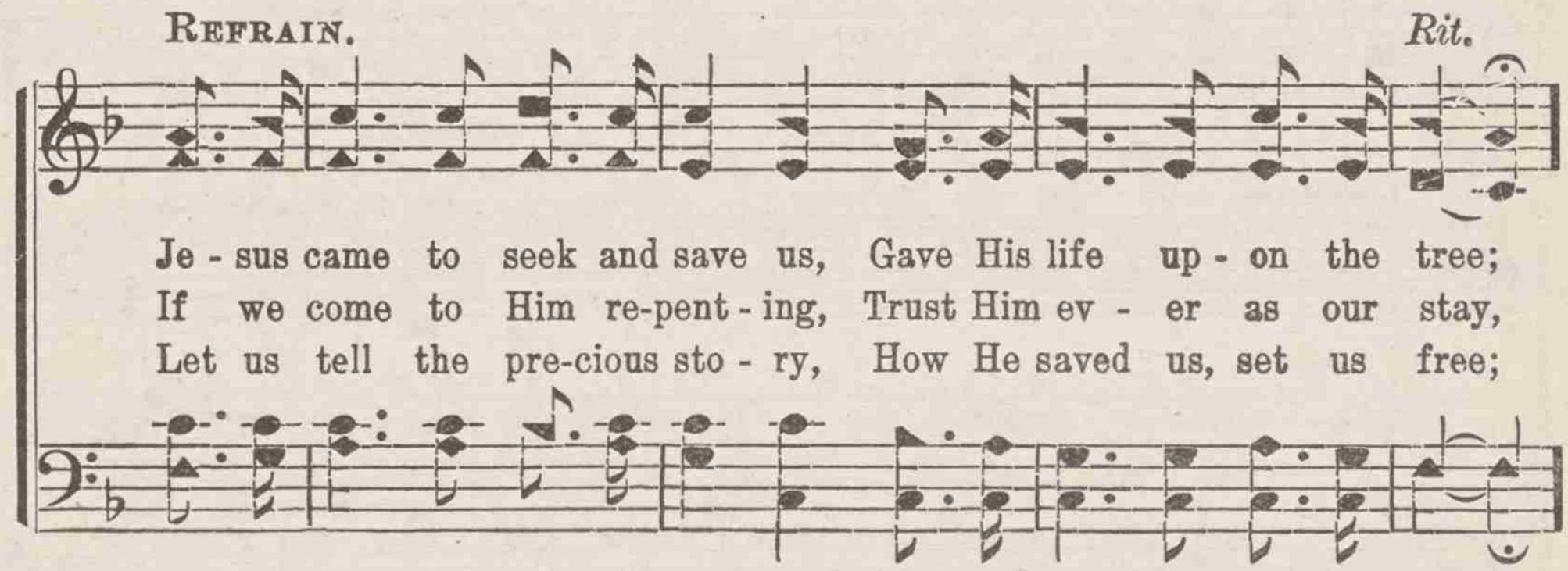
(Duet for Alto and Tenor.)

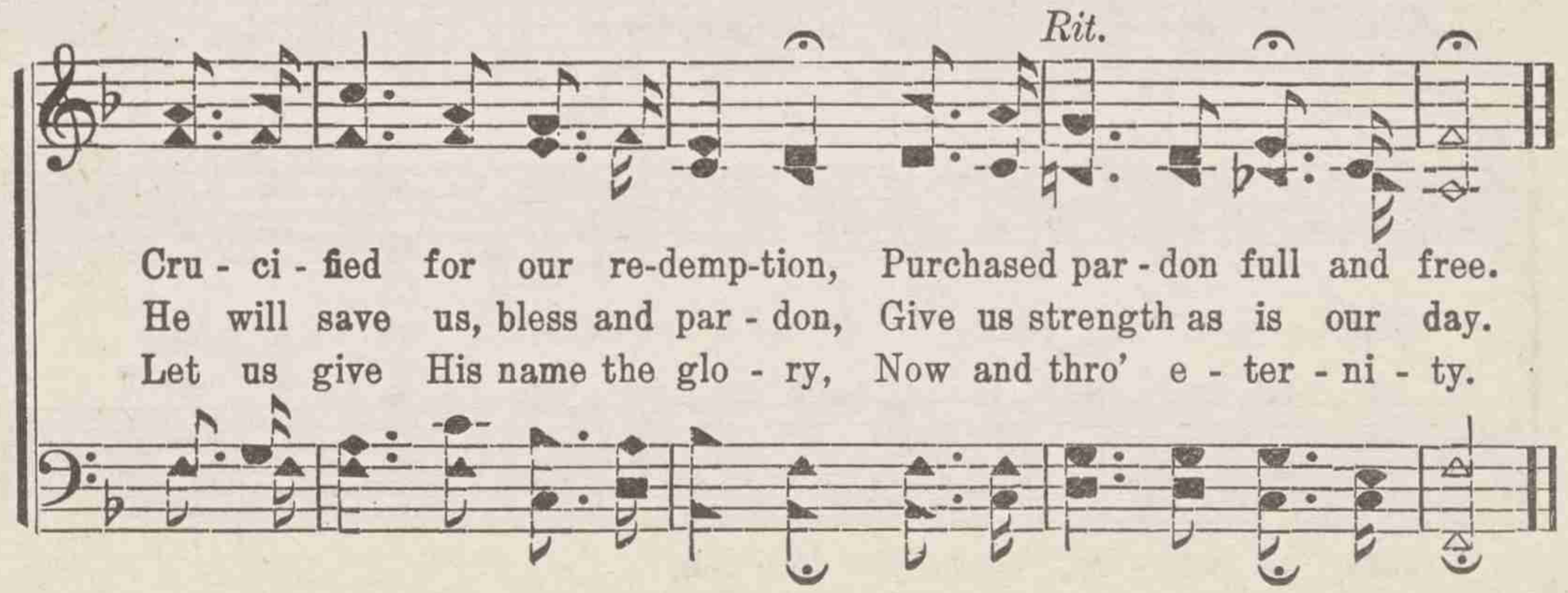
Aura Le Bar. **Geo. H. Aller.**

mf Moderato.









Invitation Songs.

252. Gospel Invitation.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

C. M. F. S. Foster Ames.

1. Come, ye wea-ry, heav- y la - den, Come to Me, I'll give you rest;
2. Do you wish a friend most faithful? Come to Me, I'll be your friend;
3. Tho' your sins be scar-let-crim - son, Great - er than the sands their sum,

All ye bur-dened and op-pressed ones, Come to Me and be ye blest.
Sym - pa - thy and love I'll give you, I'll be faith-ful to the end.
Pen - i - tent I will re - ceive you, Who - so - ev - er will, may come.

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me; . . . . .

Come, O come, Wea- ry, heav - y la - den,

Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come un - to Me;

Rit.

Come, O come, Come . . . un - to Me.

Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den,

253. I Am Resolved.

P. H. Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. J. H. F.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n - ly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, So glad and free,
so free,

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

254. Come Into the Fold.

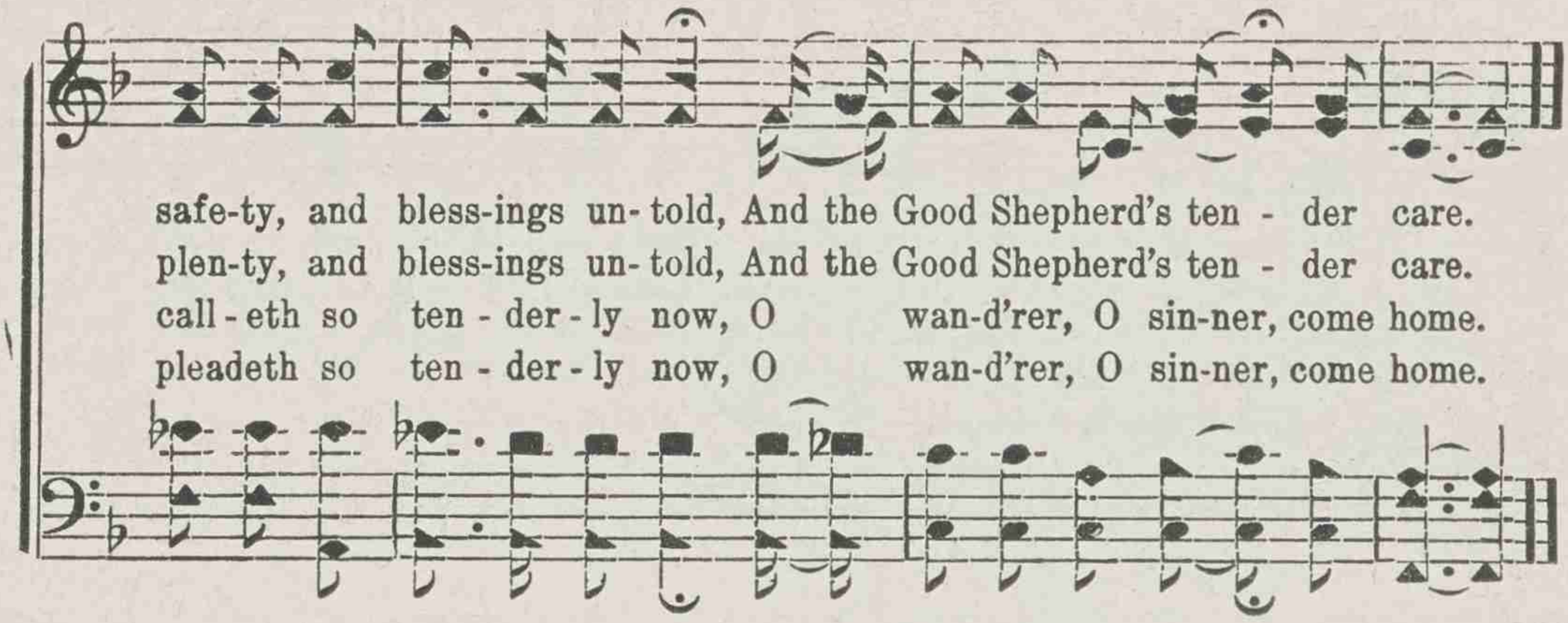
F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Are you with the nine-ty and nine in the fold? Or, are you the one gone a - stray, And wan-der-ing now in the darkness and cold,
2. The Good Shep-herd Je - sus is seek-ing to-day, And searching the dark plac-es thro'; Yes, in-to the high-ways and by-ways of sin
3. The Good Shep-herd Je - sus is call-ing to-day, Poor sin-ner, O hear Him and live, He'll wel-come you in-to the shel-ter-ing fold,
4. The Good Shep-herd Je - sus in-vites you to-day, In-vites you, O wan-der-er, come, And share with the saved in the shel-ter-ing fold

From the Good Shepherd's care a - way? Come in-to the fold, Come
He's seek-ing, O wand'rer, for you. Come in-to the fold, Come
Your sins He will free-ly for-give. Come in-to the fold, Come
The joys and the blessings of home. Come in-to the fold, Come

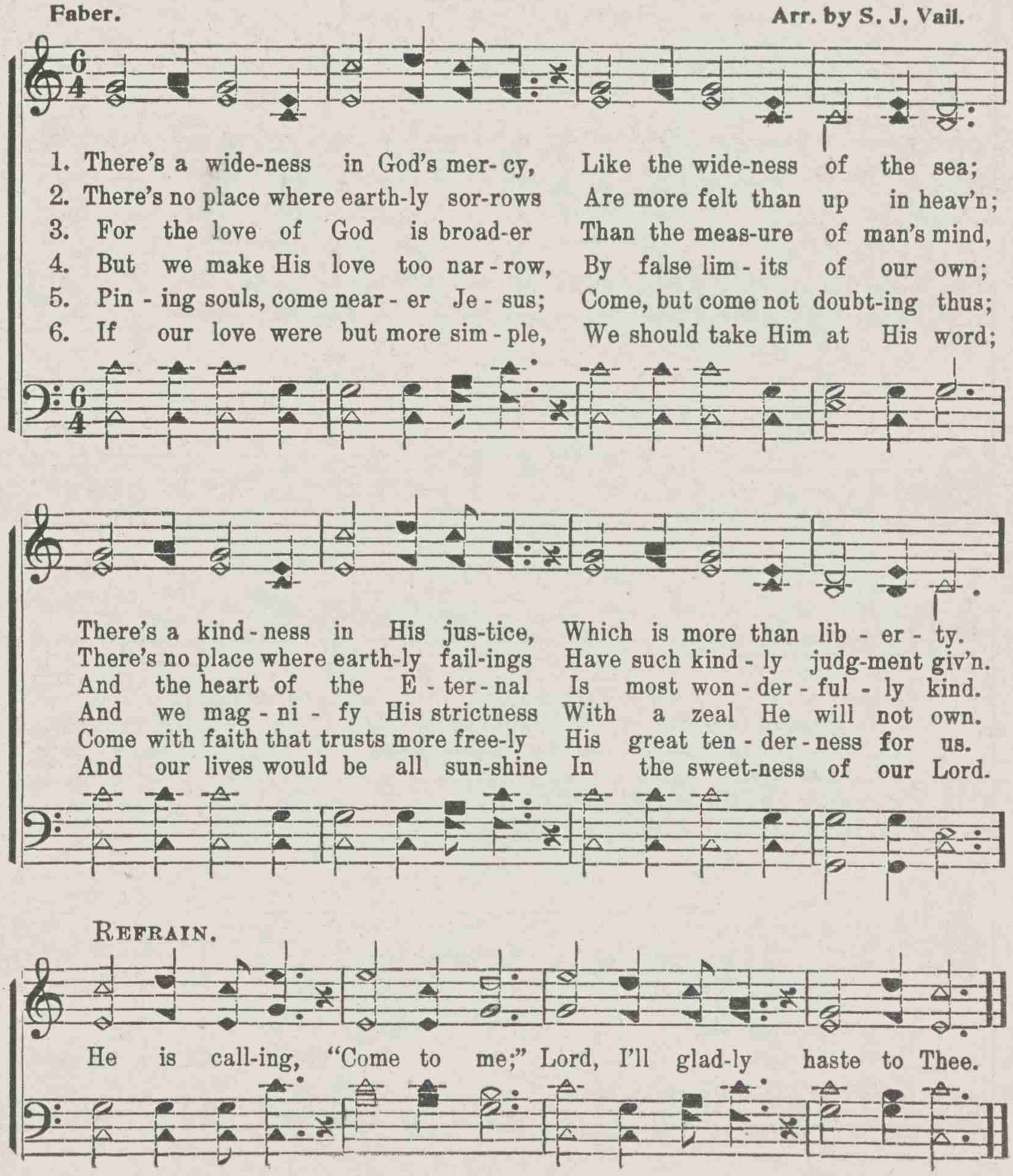
in - to the fold, With the nine-ty and nine to share, The peace and the
in - to the fold, The joys and the hap-pi-ness share, The peace and the
in - to the fold, No more in the darkness to roam, The Good Shepherd
in - to the fold, No more in the darkness to roam, The Good Shepherd

Come Into the Fold.



255. He Is Calling.

Faber. **Arr. by S. J. Vail.**



REFRAIN.

256. The Gospel Voice.

A. J. M. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Andrew J. Mann, M. D.

1. I hear a voice, it says to me, The gos- pel voice, sal - va-tion's free;
2. I hear a voice so full of love, That calls my soul to Him a - bove;
3. I hear a voice, confess the Lord, Ac - cept His grace, o - bey His word,
4. I hear a voice, 'tis from the skies, From death to life to - day a - rise;

'Tis speaking now, O come to - day, Come now in faith, do not de - lay.
The gos - pel voice, to you and me, Speaks of His love so full and free.
And fol - low Him in wa - t'ry wave, O - bey Him now and He will save.
His gra-cious Spir - it He will send, To guard and guide you to the end.

CHORUS.

O pre-cious words,..... sal - va-tion's free,..... O words of
O precious words, salvation's free,

love..... for you and me;..... The gra-cious in - -
O words of love for you and me; The gracious in-

vi - ta - tion hear,..... O - bey Him now while He is near.....
vi - ta - tion hear, O hear, Obey Him now while He is near.

257. Come Unto Me, All Ye That Labor.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1915, by Fred. A. Fillmore. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor, Ye that are heav - y la - den, come; Eas - y my yoke and light is my bur - den; Come and find rest; O wea - ry one, come.
2. Come un - to me, when dan - gers gath - er, When the dark clouds ob- scure thy day; I will be with thee, I will de- fend thee; I am the Life, the Truth and the Way. Come, with your sins and sorrows oppressed; Come and in peace for - ev - er a - bide.
3. Come un - to me, thy Friend and Sav - iour; Come un - to me, thy Light and Guide; Come to my home of gladness and glo - ry; Come and in

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, and you shall find rest; Eas - y my yoke and light is my bur - den; Come un - to me, O come and be blest.

258. I'm Coming Home.

F. A. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Not too fast.

Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. Far, far a - way in dis - tant lands I've wan-dered, Far a- way from God and home;
2. I know that Thou dost love me, O my Fa - ther, And that Thou dost bid me come;
3. I know that Thou canst turn my grief to glad - ness, Now to Thee I glad - ly come;
4. I will a - rise and has - ten to my Fa - ther, I, a dis - o - be - dient son;

There all my goods in sin - ful ways I've squandered; But I'm com - ing, yes, I'm com-ing home.
I know that Thou wilt grant me full for- give-ness, For I'm com - ing, yes, I'm com-ing home.
I know that Thou canst ban - ish all my sad - ness, For I'm com - ing, yes, I'm com-ing home.
Tho' I have grieved Him much, He will re-ceive me, I am com - ing, yes, I'm com-ing home.

Rit.

I'm com- ing, Fa - ther, now to Thee, I hear sweet voic-es call - ing me,
I'm com- ing, Fa - ther, now to Thee, Thy graciousness my on - ly plea,
I'm com- ing, Fa - ther, now to Thee, I hear loved voic - es call - ing me,
I'm com- ing, see, my Fa- ther stands To wel-come me with lov - ing hands,

I'm coming home, no more to roam; I'm coming, yes, I'm coming home.

259. Give Me Thy Heart.

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

E. E. Hewitt. Annie F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Sav-iour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine, "All that thou hast to my

Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis - pers wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper wher-ev - er thou art; From this dark

Rit.

world He would draw thee a-part, Speak-ing so ten-der - ly, "Give me thy heart."

260. I Hear a Sweet Voice.

(To my niece, Miss Fred. Fillmore.)

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Fred. A. Fillmore.

SOLO.

1. I hear a sweet voice speak-ing To souls bowed down, op - pressed,
2. I hear a sweet voice call - ing, "Come un - to me and live,
3. I hear a sweet voice say - ing, "Who - ev - er will may come,
4. I hear a sweet voice whis - per, To some poor faint - ing soul,

Rit.

It is the voice of Je - sus, "Come un - to me and rest."
To all who come I free - ly The bread of life will give."
Tho' wan-d'ring now in dark- ness A - way from God and home."
Tho' poor and lost and sin - ful, I, I will make thee whole.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, the in - vi - ta - tion, All ye that la-
un - to me, ye that la-

bor, heav-y la-dened, Your burdens I will light-en, Your tres-pass-es for-
bor,

Rtt.

give; It is the Sav - iour pleading, "Come un - to me.... and live."
"Come un- to me and live."

261. Jesus Invites You.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1902, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

SOLO.



1. Je-sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Hear Him in ac-cents so blest;
2. Je-sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Gent - ly He calls from a - bove;
3. Je-sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Sweet-er than mu - sic His voice;
4. Je-sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Come, for the day will not last;

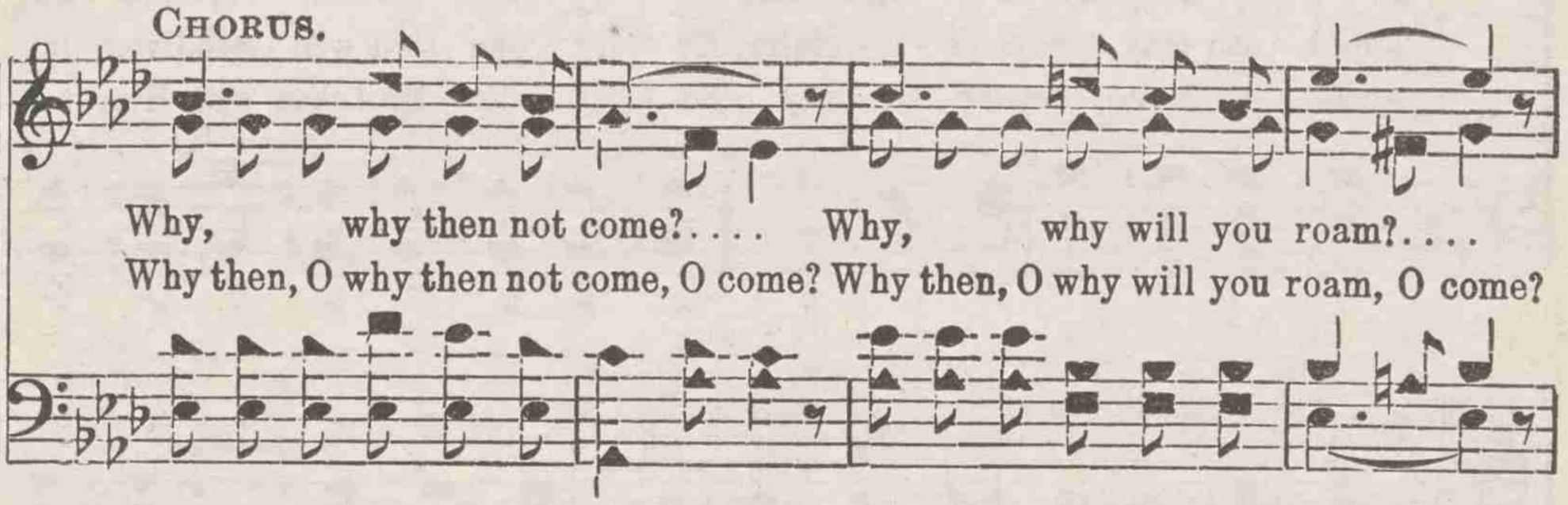




Come, all ye weary ones, Come, all ye burdened ones, Come unto me and find rest.
Calls now the needy ones, Calls now the famished ones, Calls to the feast of His love.
Come, all ye wan'dring ones, Come, all ye sinful ones, Come while the angels rejoice.
Morning glides swift to noon, Evening comes all to soon, Night falls, and mercy is past.



CHORUS.



Why, why then not come?.... Why, why will you roam?....
Why then, O why then not come, O come? Why then, O why will you roam, O come?

Rit.



Je-sus invites you to-day, He invites you to-day, He invites you to - day.

262. Every One.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore.

Palmer Hartsough. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Ev - 'ry one, O lis - ten to the Sav - iour's call, Ev - 'ry
2. Ev - 'ry one, for ev - 'ry one His life He gave; Ev - 'ry
3. Ev - 'ry one that ask - eth, sure - ly shall re - ceive; Ev - 'ry
4. Ev - 'ry one He'll help thro' all the toil - some day; Ev - 'ry

one, O hear Him, for He speaks to all; Ev - 'ry one that
one, for ev - 'ry one He lives to save; Ev - 'ry one, for
one that seek - eth, may the word be - lieve; Ev - 'ry one that
one He'll lead thro' all the dark - some way; Ev - 'ry one He

thirst - eth to the wa - ters come; Ev - 'ry one that hear - eth, e - ven
ev - 'ry one the flow - ing blood; Ev - 'ry one, for ev - 'ry one the
knock - eth may the prom - ise claim; Ev - 'ry one that will - eth lives in
gives a home be-yond the sky; Ev - 'ry one He takes with Him to

Him say come; Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry
cleans-ing flood; Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry
Je - sus' name; Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry
reign on high; Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry

Every One.

one that thirst-eth to the wa - ters come; Ev - 'ry one,
one, for ev - 'ry one the flow - ing blood; Ev - 'ry one,
one that knock-eth may the prom - ise claim, Ev - 'ry one,
one He gives a home be - yond the sky, Ev - 'ry one,

Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one that hear - eth, e - ven Him say come.
Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one, for ev - 'ry one the cleans-ing flood.
Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one that will - eth lives in Je - sus' name.
Ev - 'ry one, Ev - 'ry one He takes with Him to reign on high.

263. Coming to the Cross.

W. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store,
4. Glad - ly I ac - cept Thy grace; Glad - ly I o - bey Thy word;

REF.–*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross: I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Now Thy mes - sage comes to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
All Thy prom - is - es em-brace, O, my Sav - iour and my Lord.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Seek-ing Thy sal - va - tion now.

264. Jesus Is Calling for Thee.

Grace Glenn. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weeping a - lone,
2. O, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust,
3. Down by the shore of death's riv - er, Sometime thy footsteps shall stray,

Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter Whispered, "The Mas-ter has come."
When of the dear-est earth-treas-ures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust.
Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its foun-tain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If when his com - ing thou see,

List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Com-eth there soft - ly a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

f CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.....
Calling for thee, calling for thee, is calling for thee.

265. Why Do You Wait?

The John Church Co., owners of copyright.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O, why do you tar - ry so
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de-
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv- ing with-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass- ing a-

long? Your Sav- iour is wait - ing to give you A place in His
lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er
in? O why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy
way; Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's dan- ger and

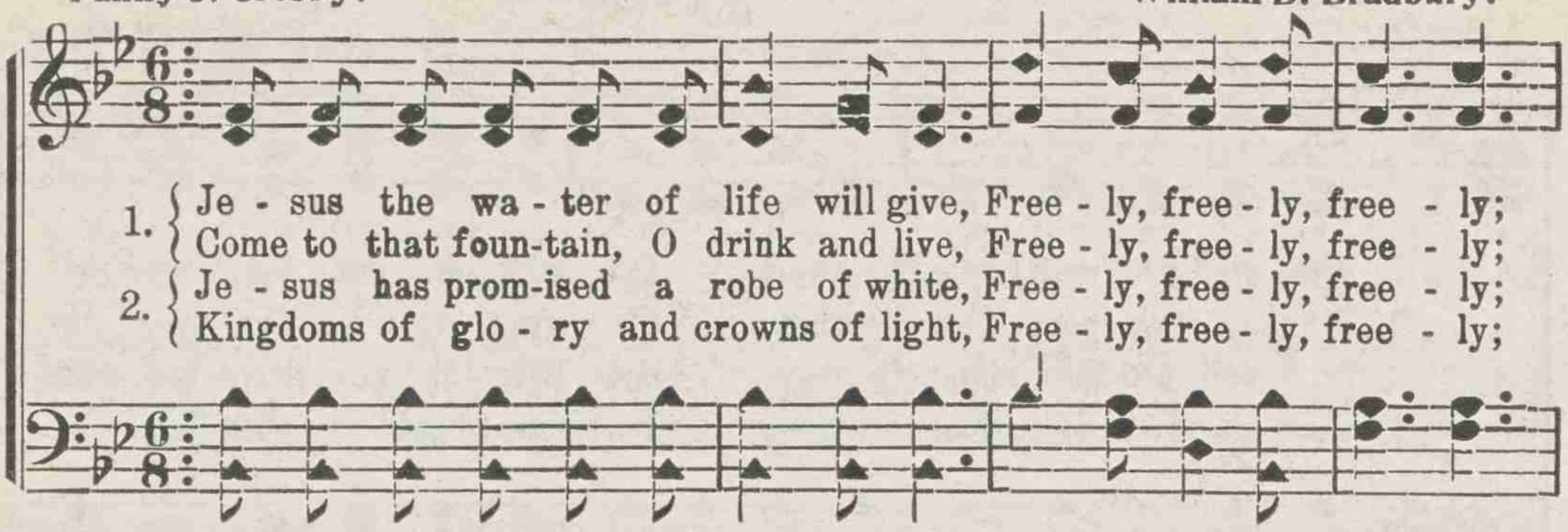
CHORUS.

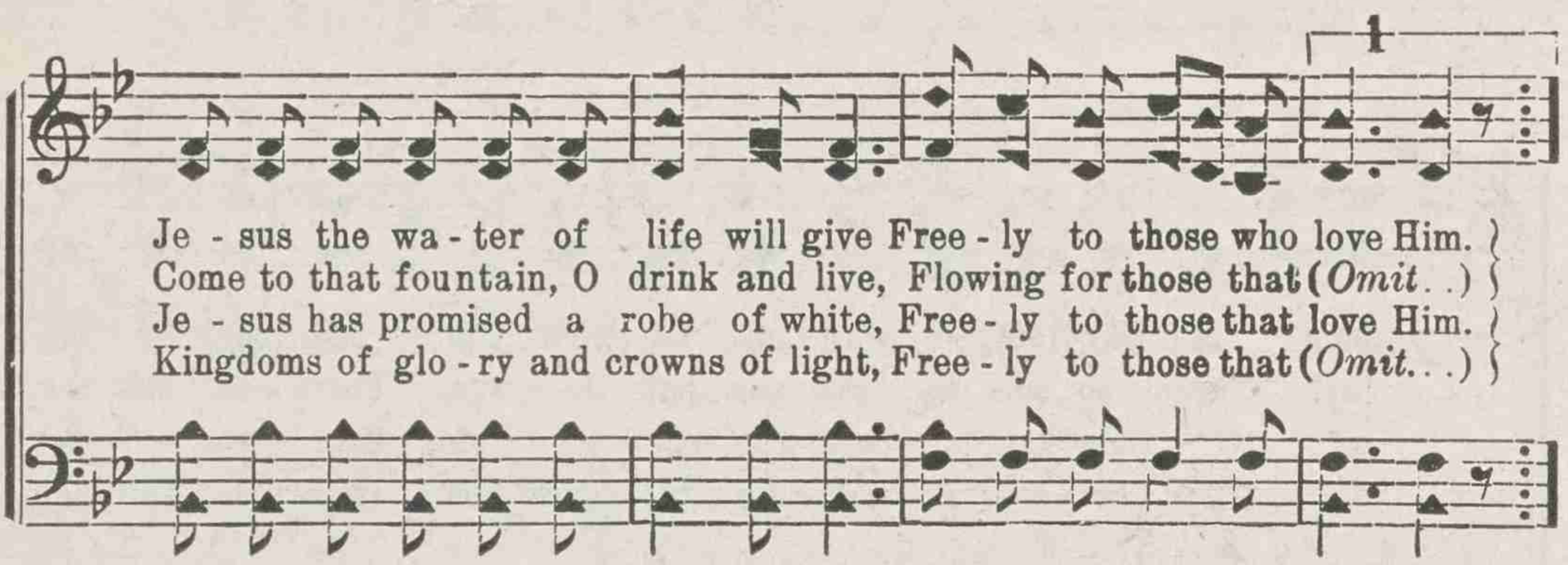
sanc - ti - fied throng.
way but His way. Why not? why not? Why not come to Him
bur - den of sin?
death in de - lay.

now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

266. Jesus the Water of Life Will Give.

Fanny J. Crosby. **William B. Bradbury.**









3 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love Him.
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.

4 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to those that love Him.
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely, freely, freely;
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely to those that love Him.

Jesus the Water of Life Will Give.

The foun-tain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, free - ly flow - ing; The

foun-tain of life is flow - ing, Is flow- ing for you and for me.

267. Whiter Than the Snow.

K. S. K. Shaw. Arr.

1. I am sin - ful, Lord, to Thee In my an-guish I would flee; To the
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid; Let Thy hand on me be laid, Thou a-
3. Cleanse me in Thy precious blood, Love's pure, crimson, streaming flood; Robes of

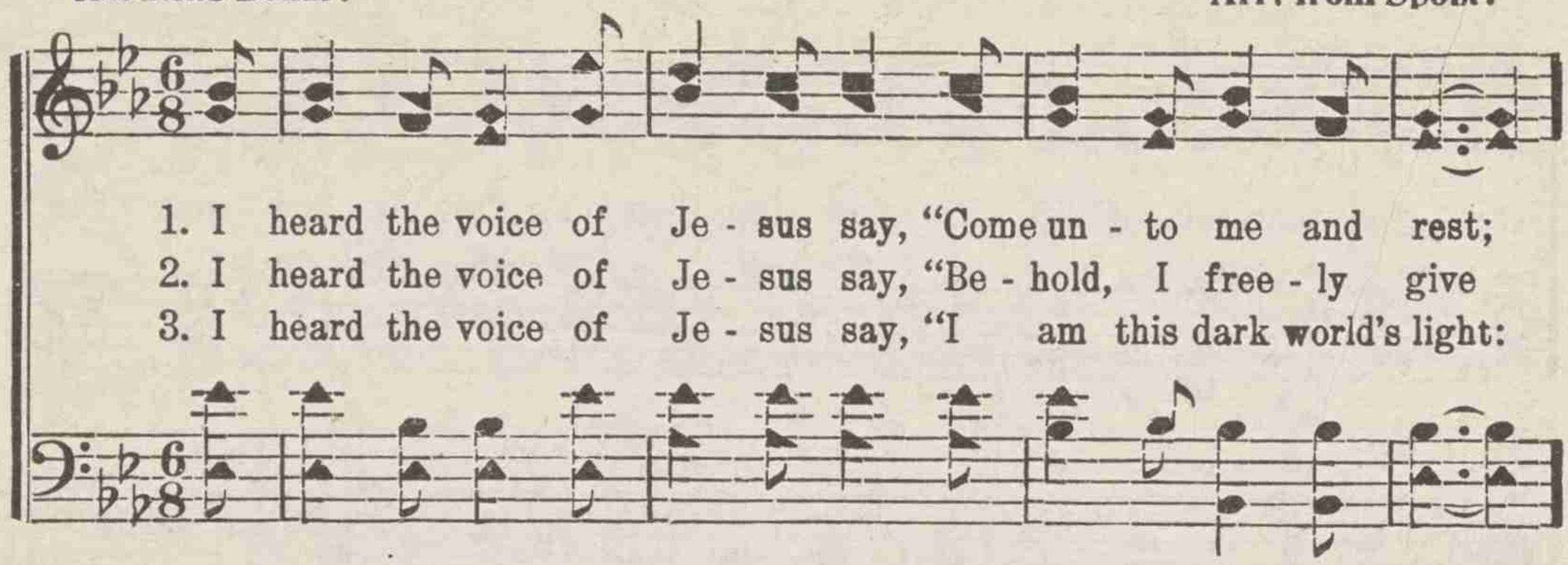
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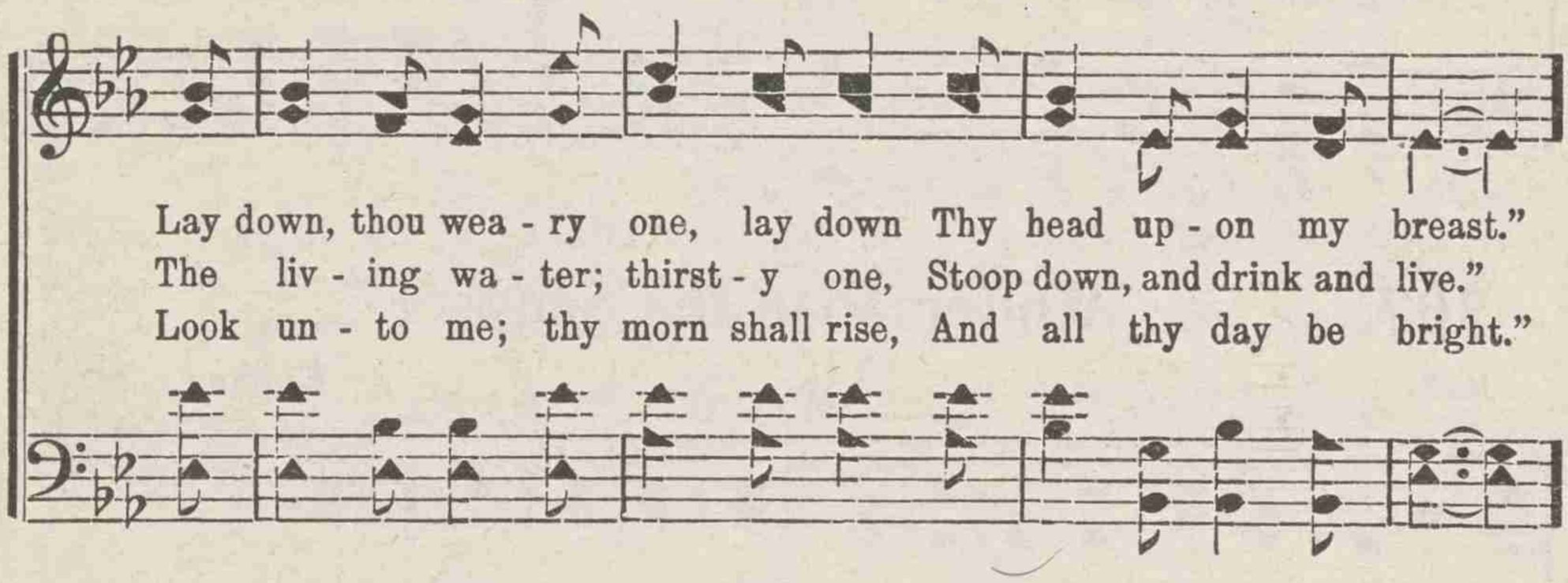
foun-tain let me go, Make me whit-er than the snow.
lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit-er than the snow. Whit-er than the snow,
brightness, Lord bestow, Make me whit-er than the snow.

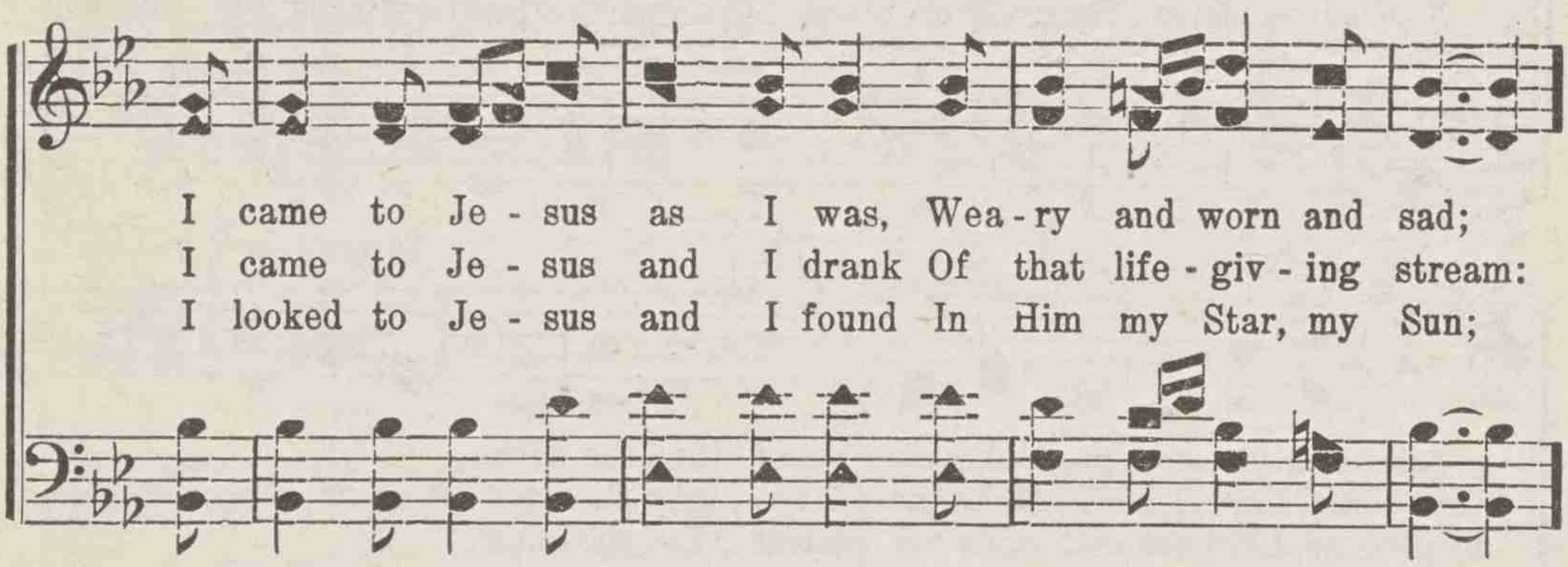
Whiter than the snow, To the foun-tain let me go, Make me whiter than the snow.

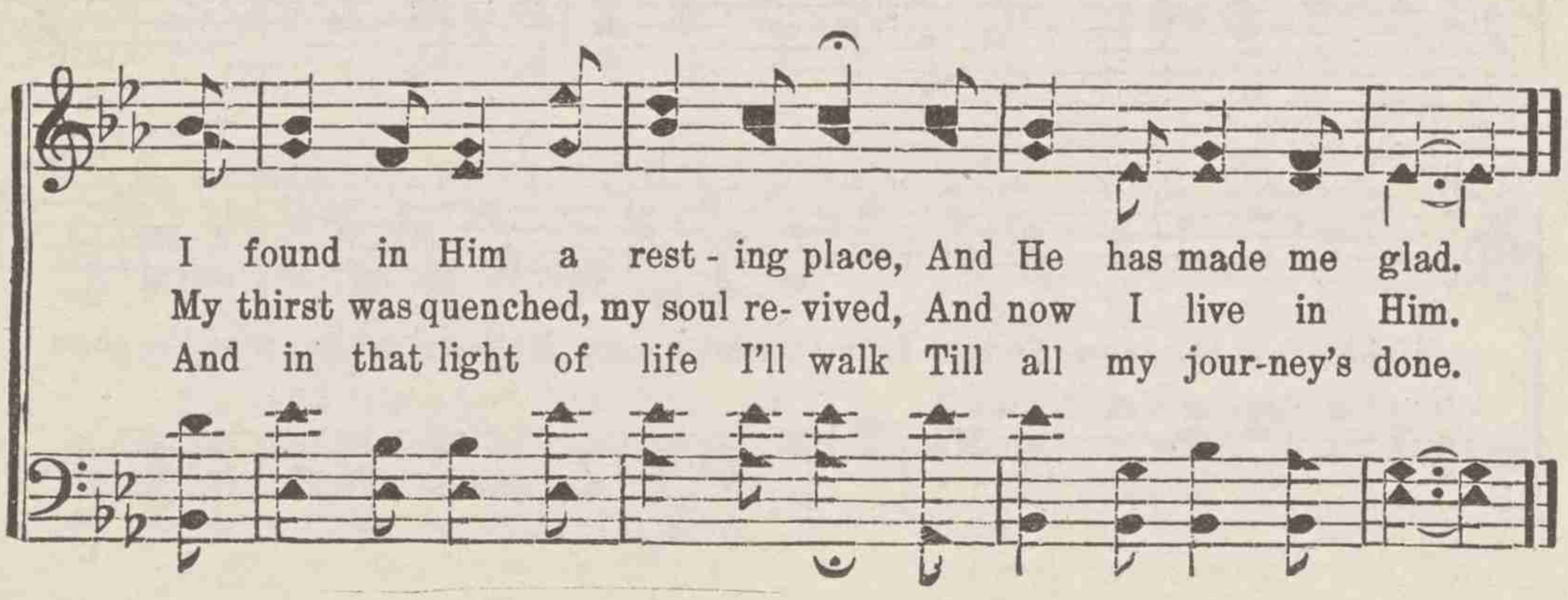
268. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. **Arr. from Spohr.**



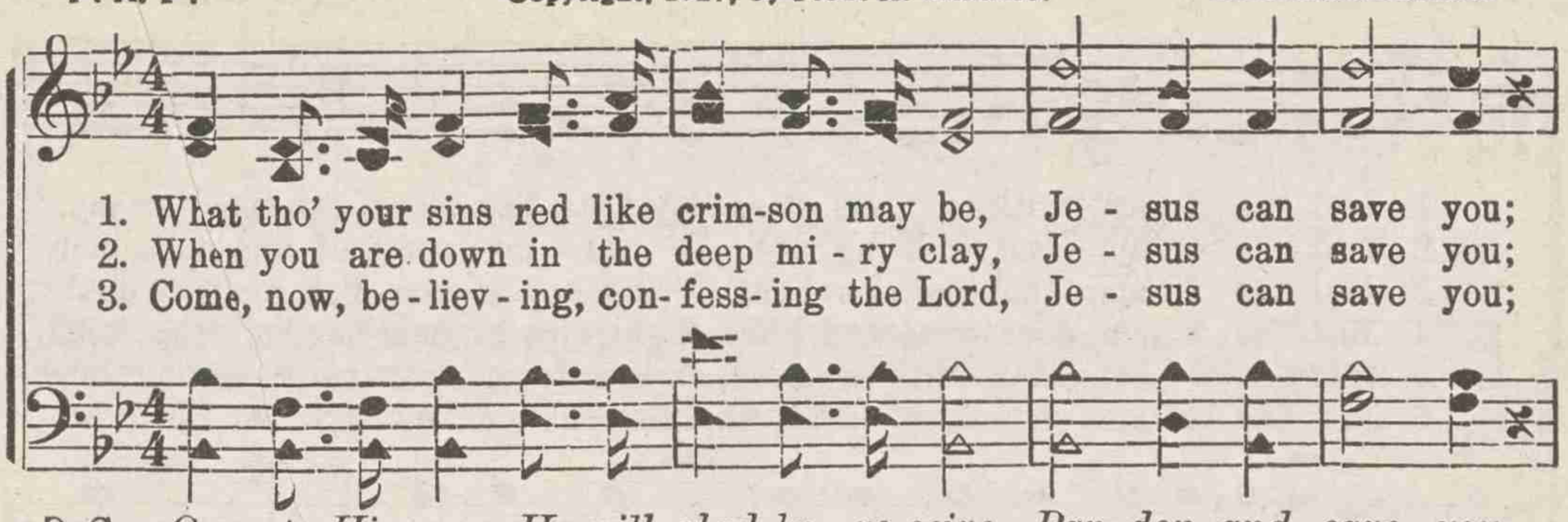






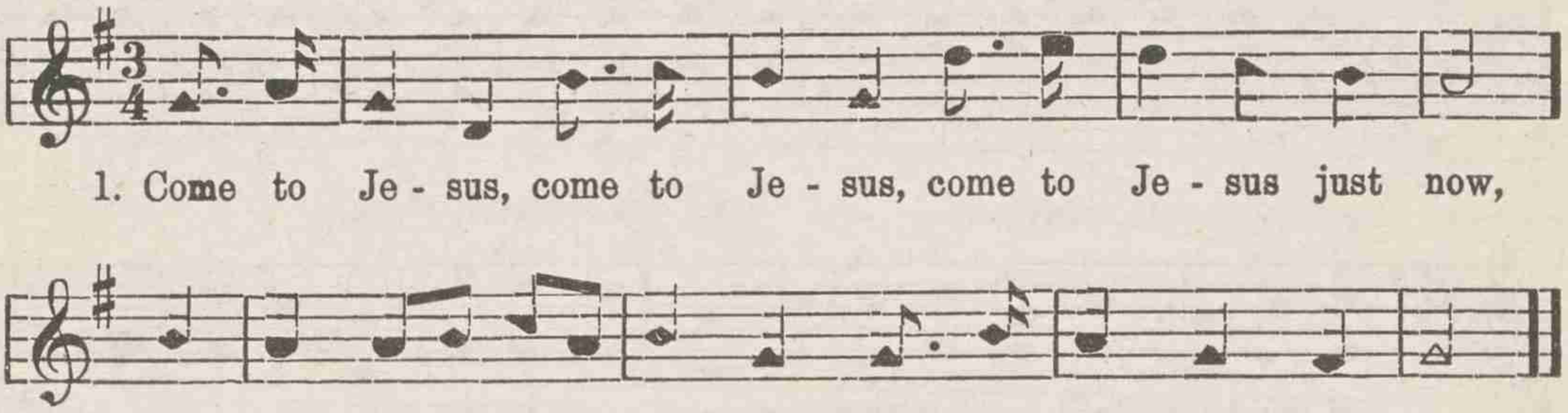
269. Jesus Will Save.

F. A. F. Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore. S. Foster Ames.



270. Come to Jesus Just Now.

Hammond. Fawcett.



2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

271. Just as I Am, without One Plea.

Charlotte Elliott. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known, Has brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
With fears with-in, and foes without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need in Thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

272. Jesus, I Am Coming Now.

Robert Moffett. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Je-sus, I am com-ing now, Coming to the fountain; Precious is th'a-
2. Je-sus, make me true to Thee, Pure, and meek, and lowly, While I walk the
3. Je-sus, fill my heart with peace, Flowing like a riv-er; Day by day my

ton-ing blood Shed on Calv'ry's mountain.
narrow way To the cit-y ho-ly. Coming now, coming now, Seek-ing
joy increase, Till the glad for-ev-er.

CHORUS.

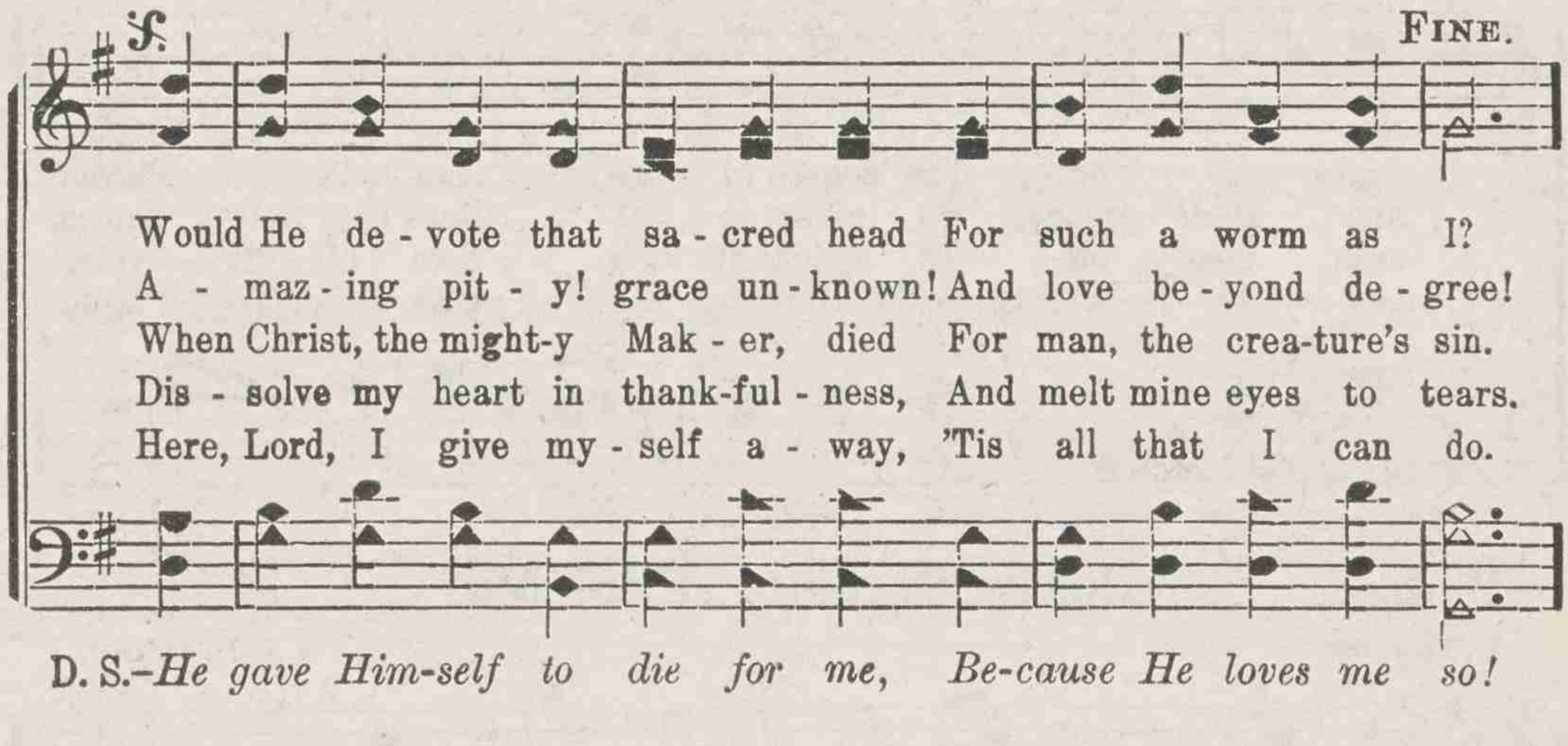
Jesus, I Am Coming Now.



273. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.







Old Hymns.

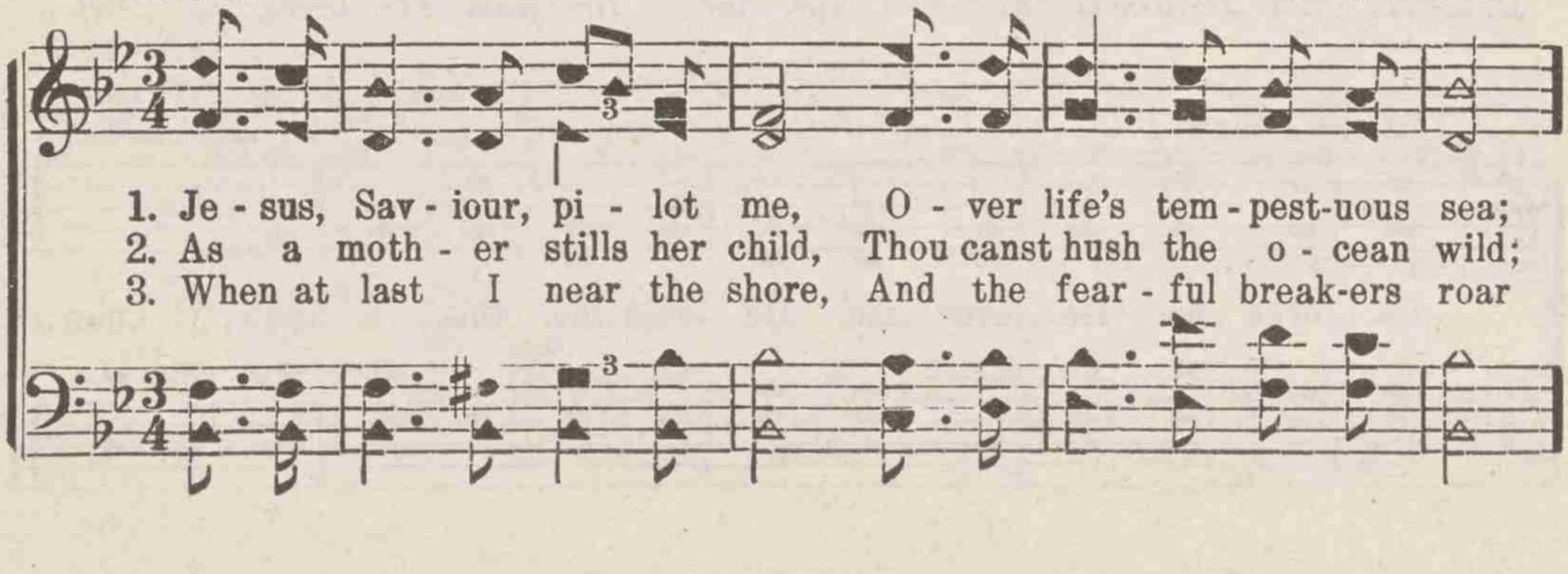
274. Awake, My Tongue, Thy Tribute Bring.

John Needham. **John Hatton.**

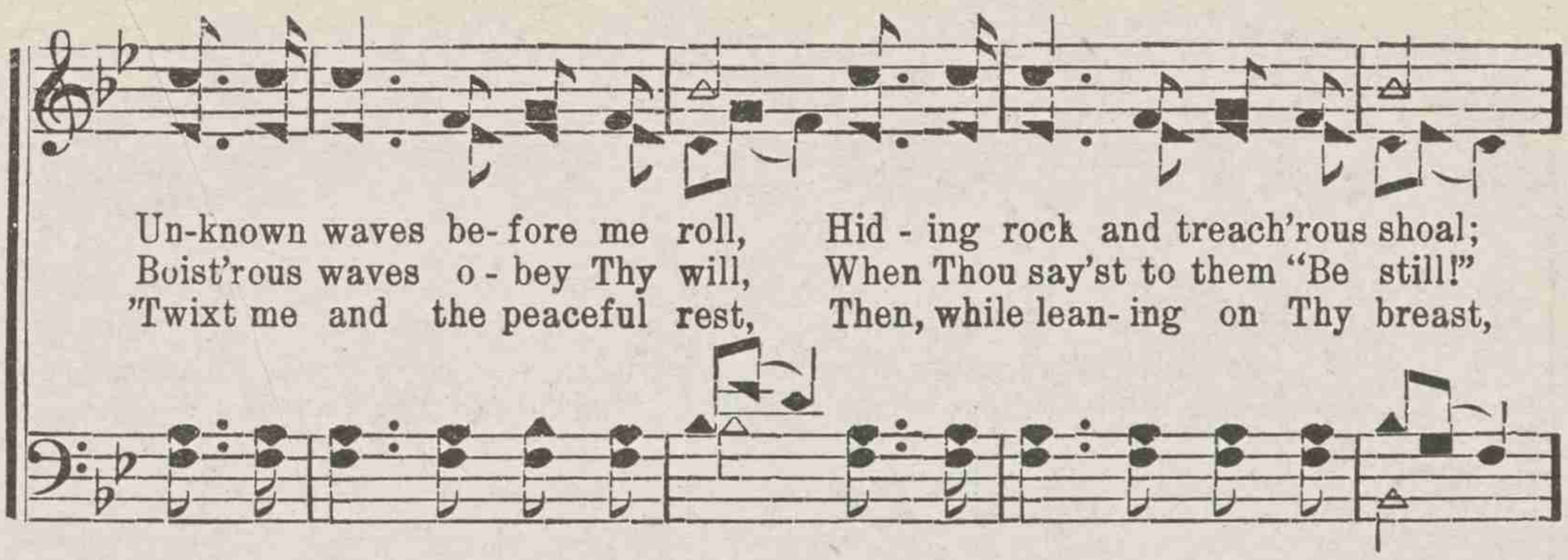


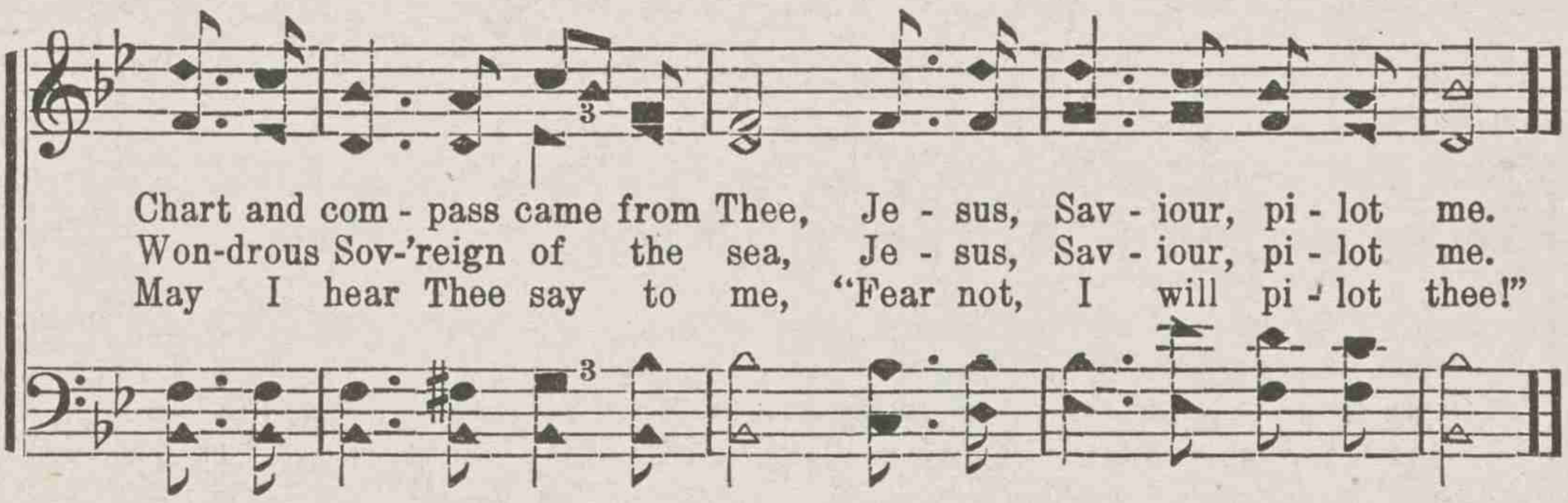
275. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**



Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.





276. Thou Art My Shepherd.

M. E. Thalheimer. **J. Cramer.**



277. To Thee, My Heart, Eternal King.

"Exeter Coll." Beethoven.

1. To Thee, my heart, e - ter - nal King, Would now its thank-ful trib- ute bring;
2. All na-ture shows Thy bound-less love, In worlds be - low and worlds a-bove;
3. Here what delightful truths are given; Here Je - sus shows the way to heav-en,
4. For love like this, O may our song Thro' end-less years Thy praise prolong;

To Thee its hum - ble hom-age raise In songs of ar - dent, grate-ful praise.
But in Thy bless - ed word I trace The rich - er glo - ries of Thy grace.
His name sa- lutes my list-en-ing ear, Re-vives my heart, and checks my fear.
And dis-tant climes Thy name a - dore, Till time and na - ture are no more.

278. God Is the Fountain.

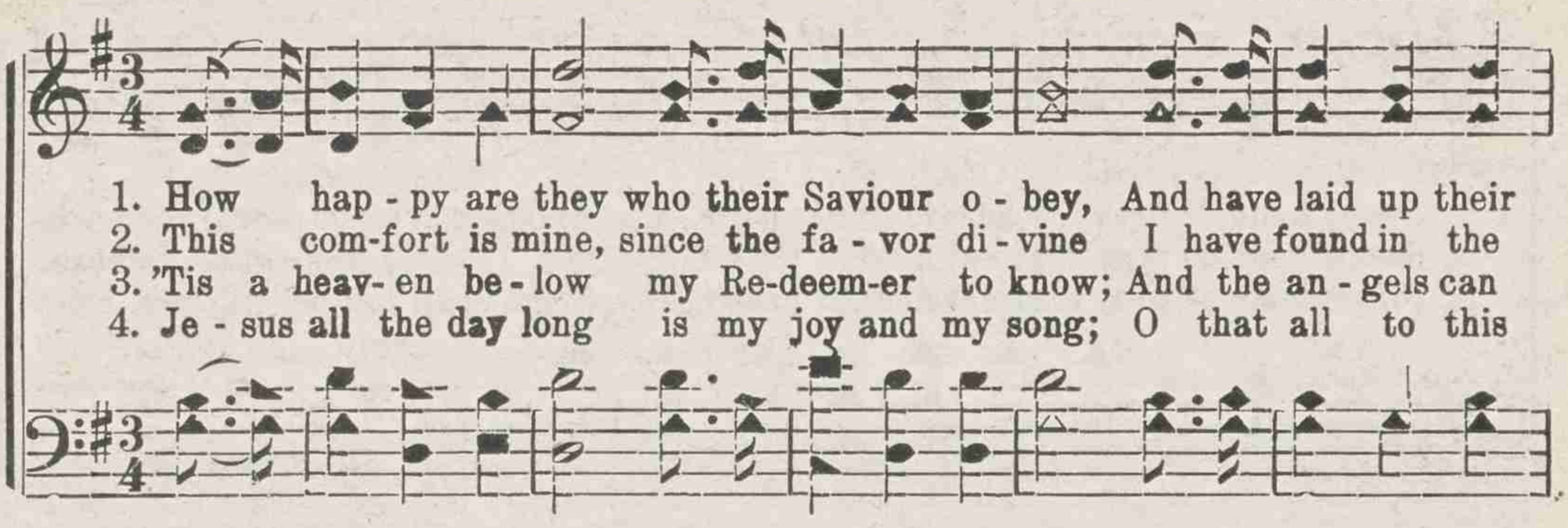
Unknown. Lowell Mason.

1. God is the fountain whence Ten thou-sand bless - ings flow; To Him my
2. The comforts He af -fords Are nei - ther few nor small; He is the
3. He fills my heart with joy, My lips at - tunes for praise; And to His

life, my health, and friends, And ev - 'ry good, I owe.
source of fresh de - lights, My por - tion and my all.
glo - ry I'll de - vote The rem - nant of my days,

279. How Happy Are They.

Charles Wesley. **Lowell Mason.**







5 On the wings of His love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
O why should I grieve, while on Him I believe?
O why should I sorrow again?

O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fulness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to His praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are His due—
They shall all be devoted to Him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

280. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anx-ious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;

FINE.

D. S.–*And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.*
D. S.–*And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.*
D. S.–*I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.*

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-iour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

281. We Speak of the Realms of the Blest.

Mrs. E. Mills. A. D. Fillmore.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Of its walls decked with
3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-
4. We speak of its serv - ice of love, The robes which the
5. O Lord, in this val - ley of woe, Our spir - its for

We Speak of the Realms of the Blest.

bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con-fessed: But
jew - els so rare, Of its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told: But
ta - tion and care, From tri - als with - out and with - in: But
glo - ri - fied wear, The Church of the first - born a - bove: But
heav - en pre - pare; Then short - ly we al - so shall know And

what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!
what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!
what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!
what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!
feel what it is to be there! And feel what it is to be there!

282. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, The Sav-iour wres-tles lone with fears—
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know

'Tis mid-night—in the gar - den now The suff-'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

283. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spi- cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wisdom from on high—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa-ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
Shall we, to man be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an- cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro- claim,
Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
The heath-en, in their blind-ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's name.
Re - deem- er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

284. Safe In the Arms of Jesus.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care; Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can not harm me there. Free from the blight of
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with

an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing

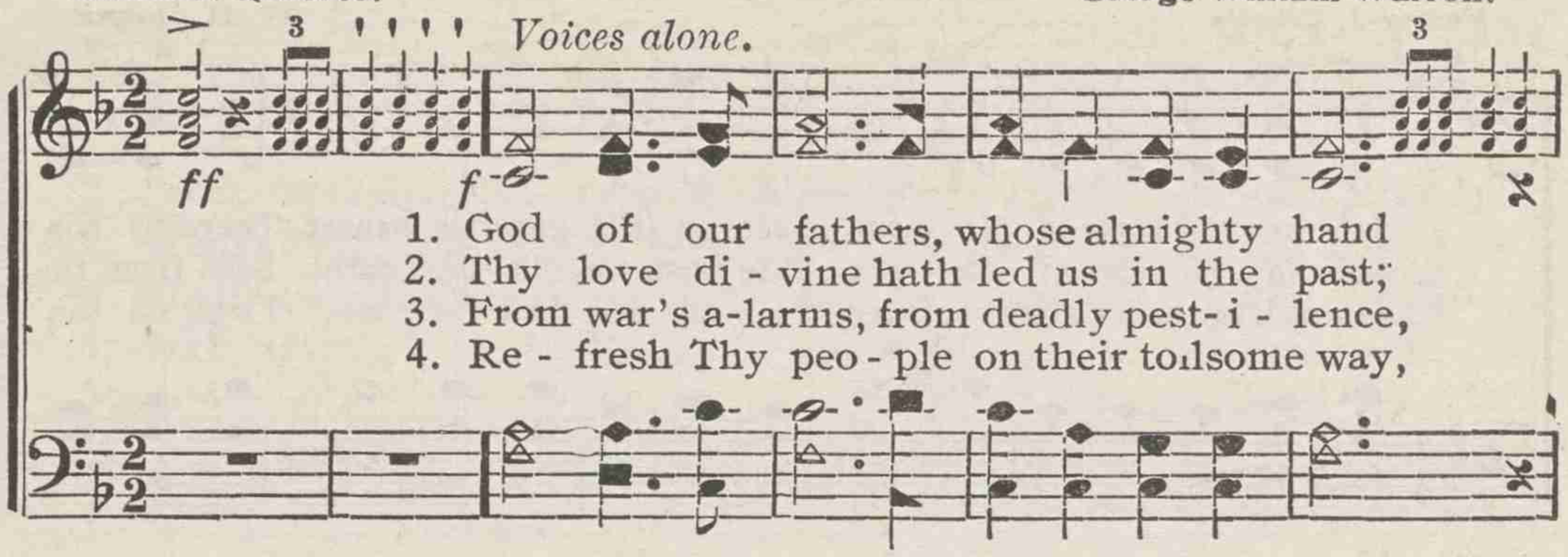
CHORUS.

O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tears. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold - en shore.

gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

285. God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts. **George William Warren.**

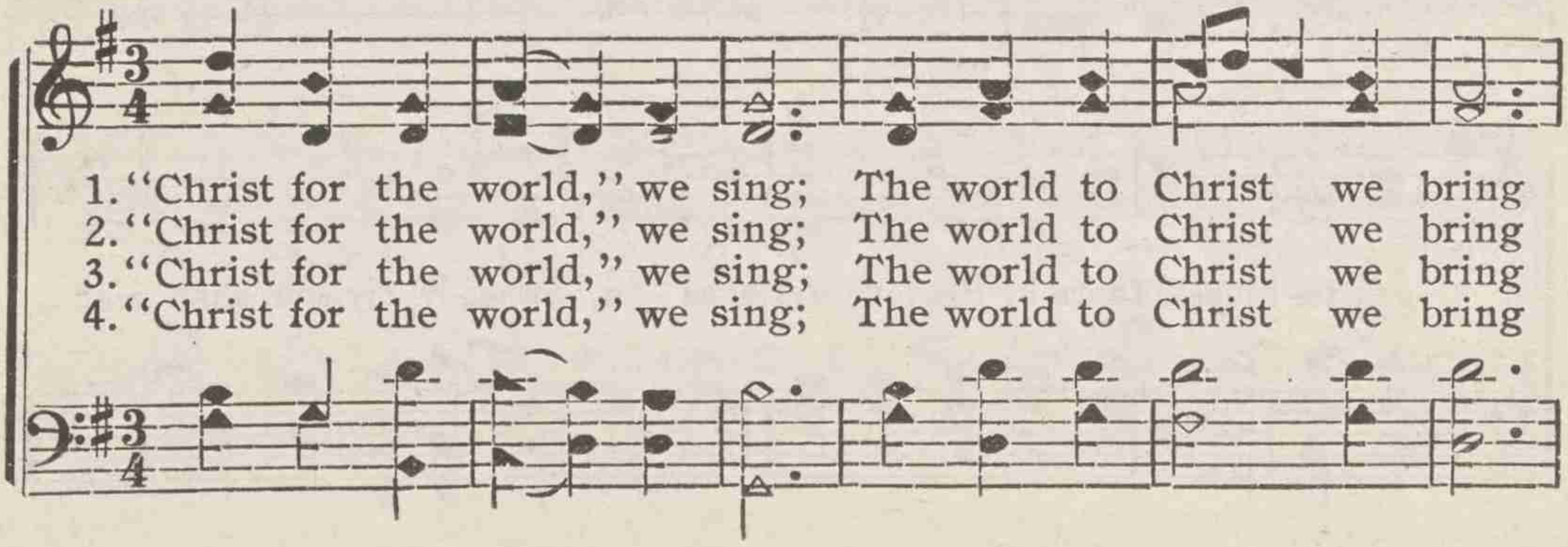




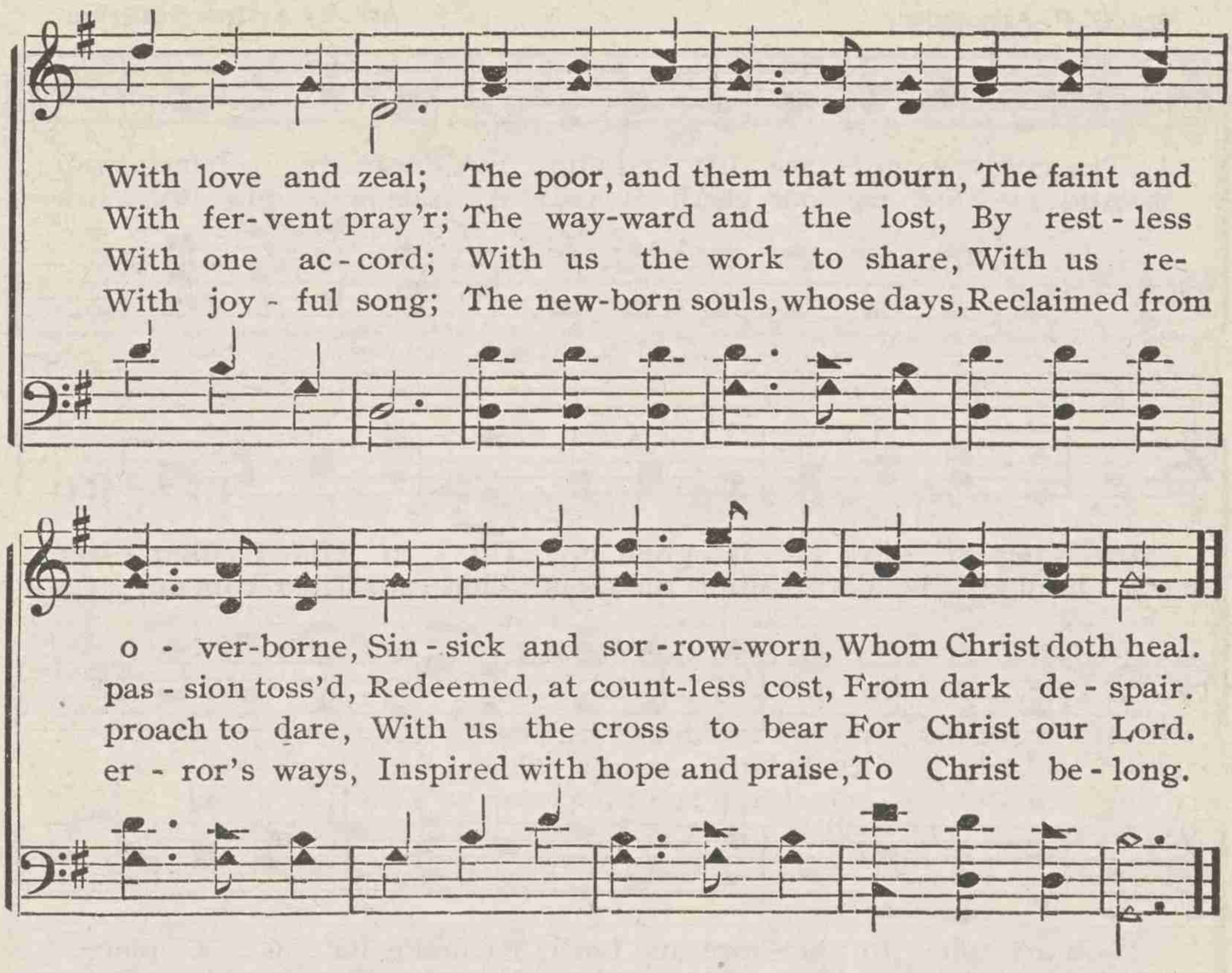


286. Christ for the World.

Samuel Wolcott. **F. Giardini.**

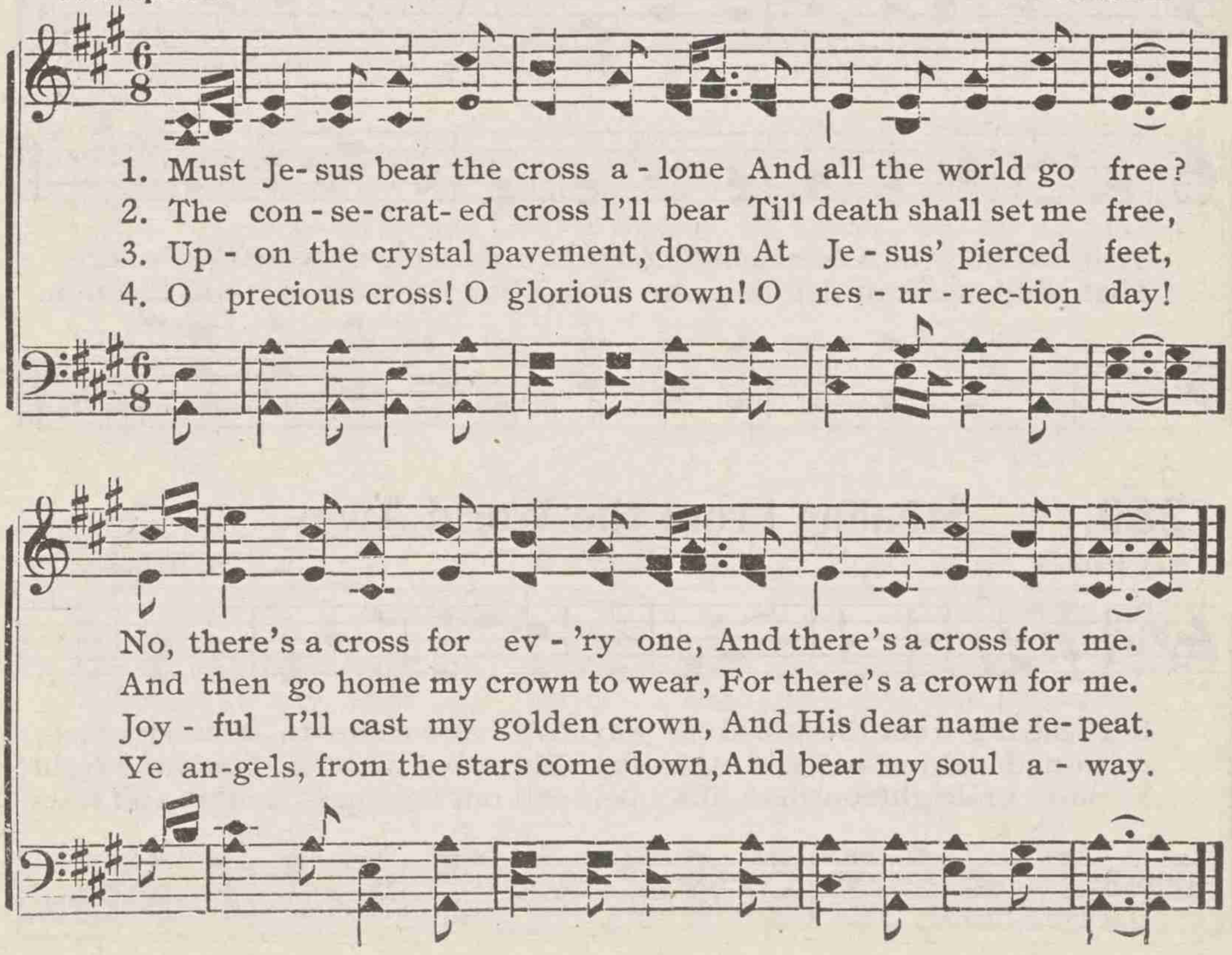


Christ for the World.



287. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

T. Shepherd. **G. N. Allen.**



288. The Golden Gates Are Lifted Up.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. **Arr. by Arthur Sullivan.**

1. The gold- en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o-pened wide;
2. And ev - er on our earth - ly path A gleam of glo - ry lies;

The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa-ther's side.
A light still breaks be-hind the cloud That veils Thee from our eyes.

Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be given;

That we may be where now Thou art, And look up - on God's face.
That while we wan-der here be - low, Our treas-ure be in heav'n.

289. Stealing From the World Away.

Ray Palmer. **J. H. Fillmore.**

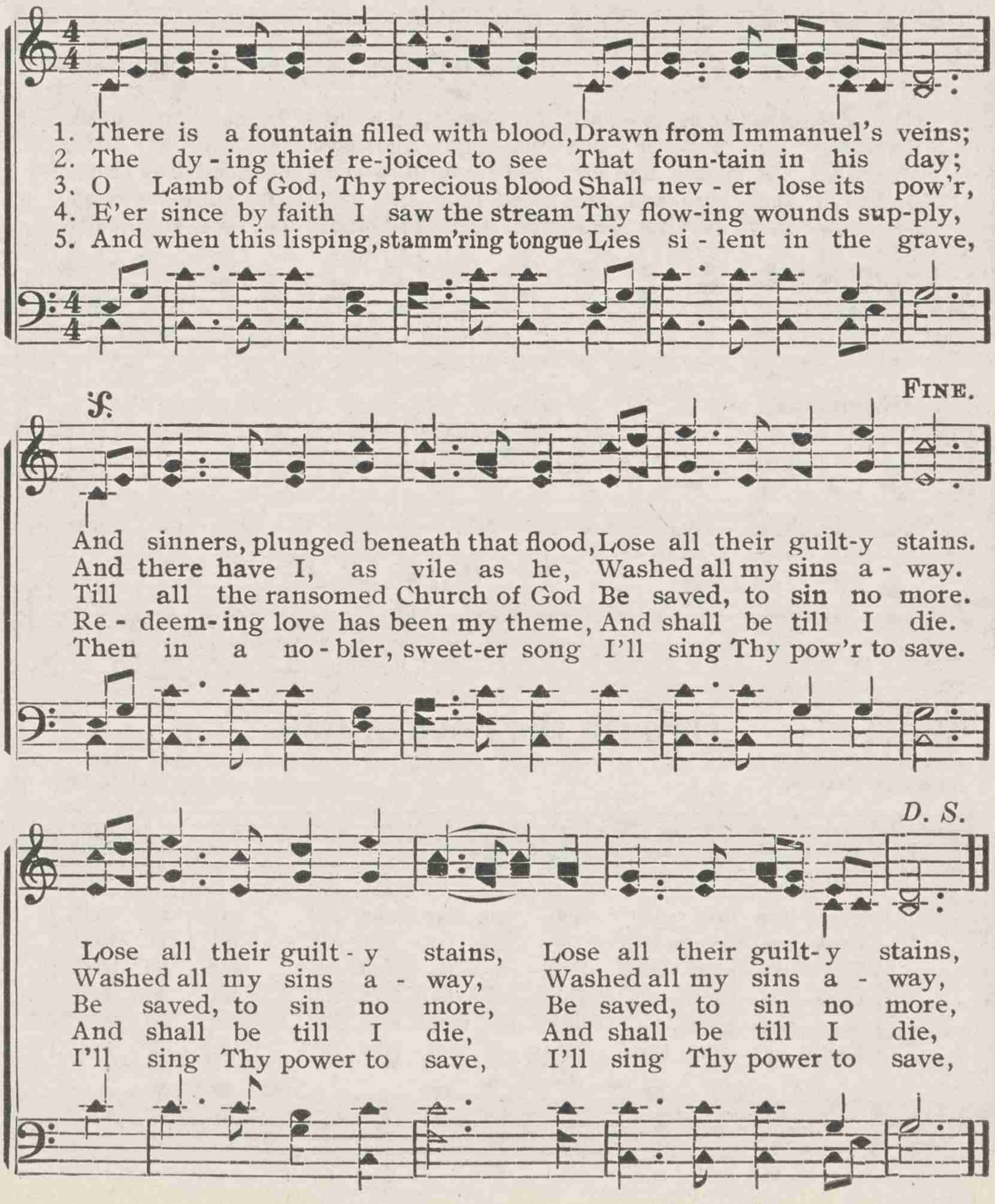
1. Steal-ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;
2. Yon- der stars that gild the sky Shine but with a borrowed light;
3. Sun of Righteousness, dis - pel All our darkness, doubts, and fears;

Stealing From the World Away.



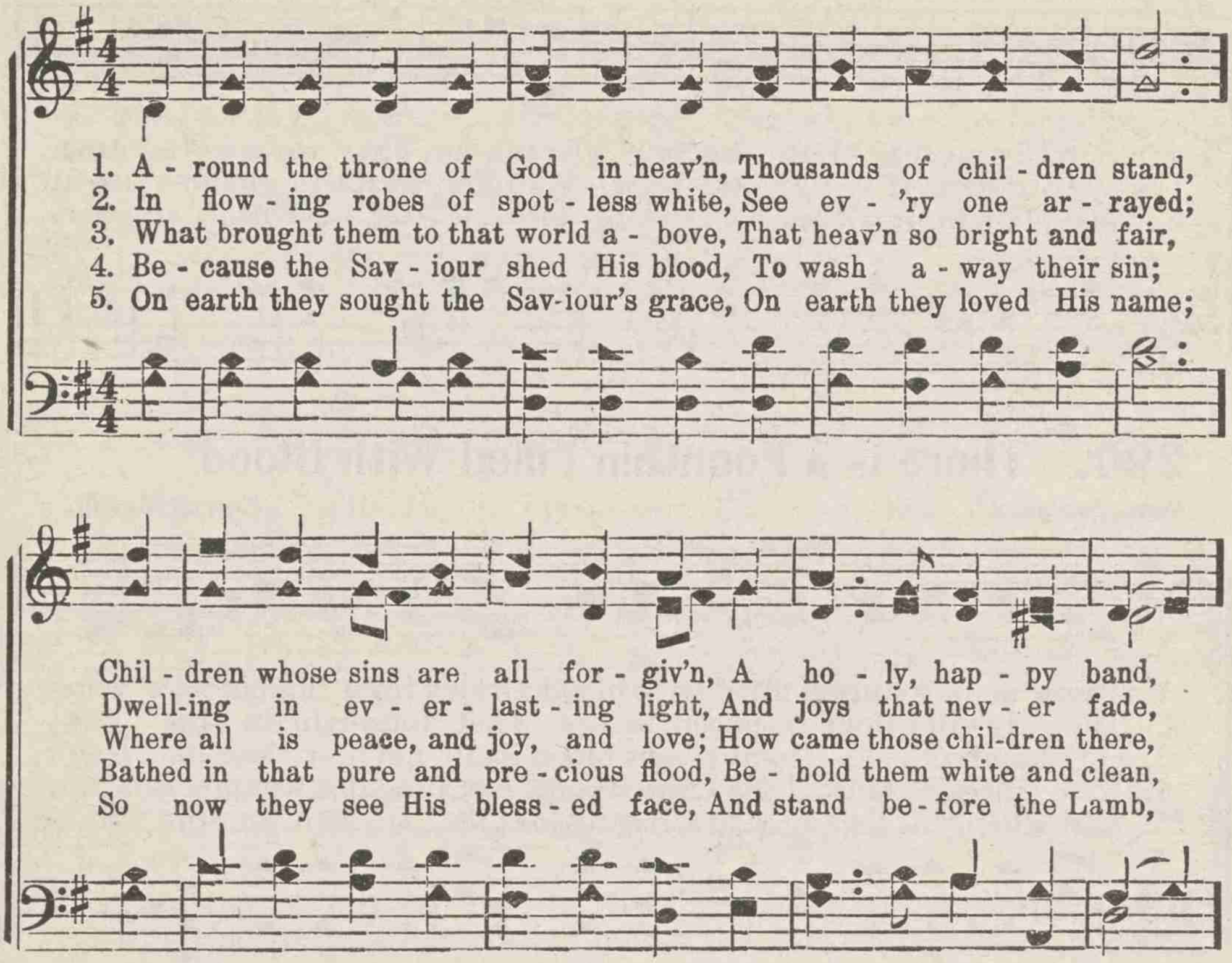
290. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

Wm. Cowper. **Lowell Mason.**



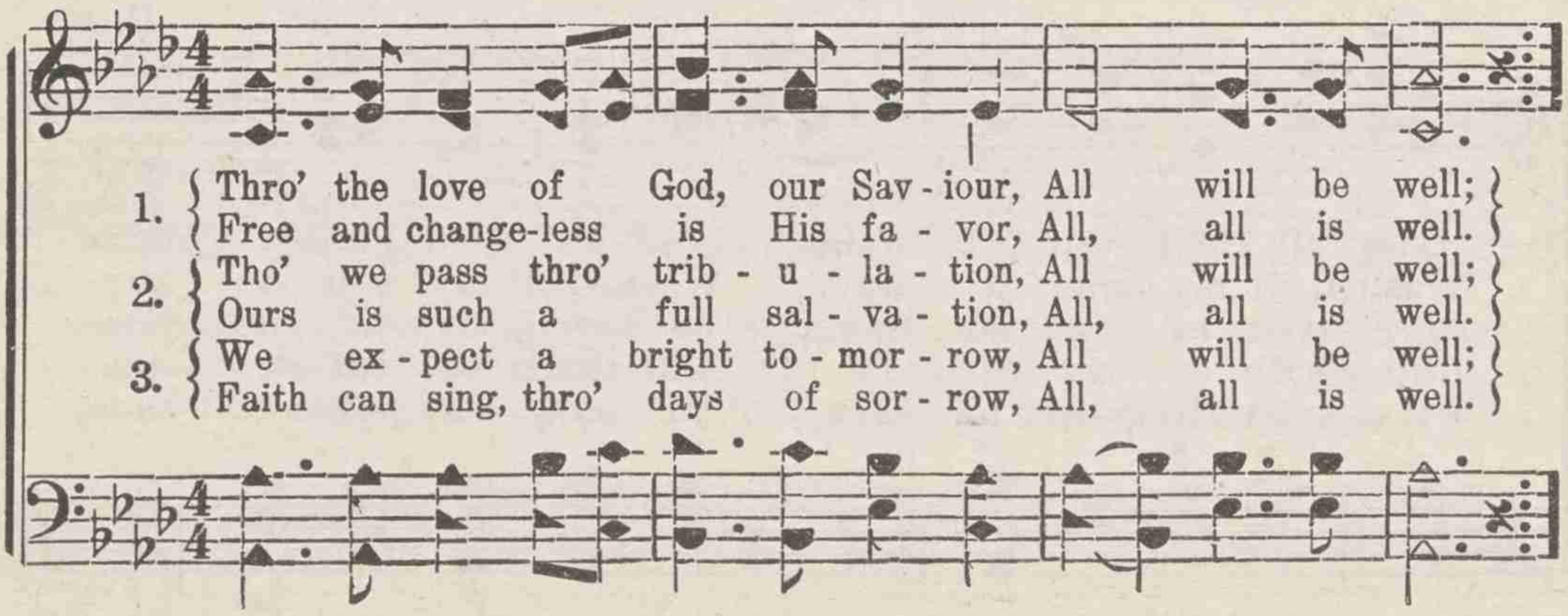
291. Around the Throne.

Anne H. Shepherd. Alt. **H. E. Mathews.**



292. Through the Love of God.

Mary B. Peters. **Welsh Air.**



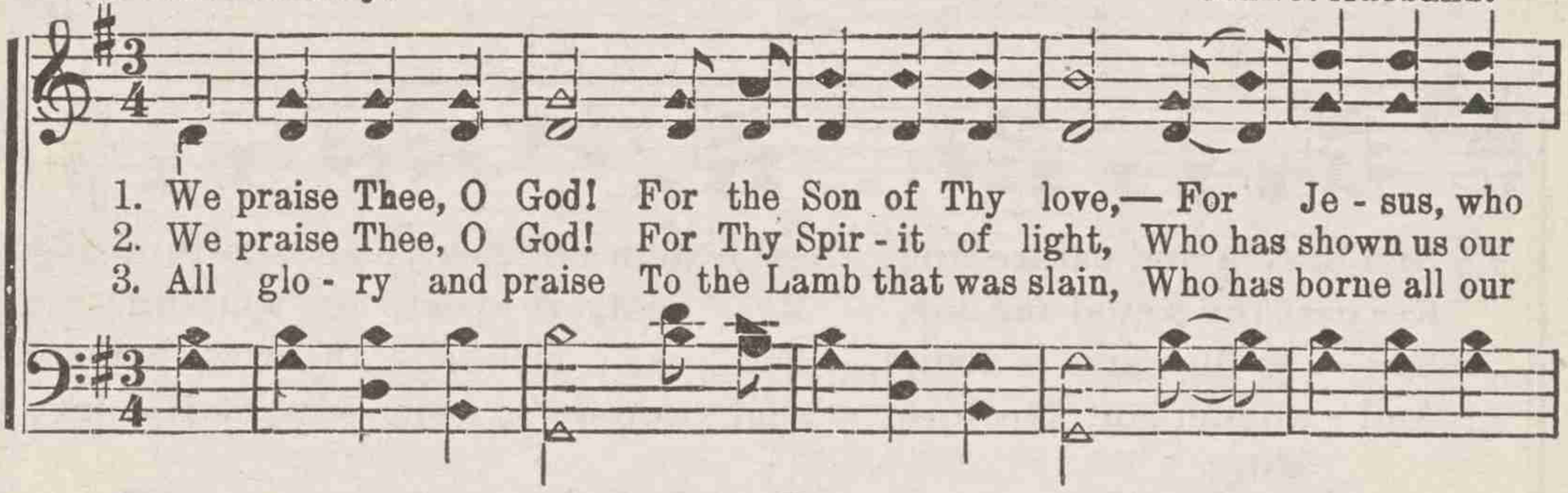
Through the Love of God.





293. We Praise Thee, O God!

Dr. W. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.





294. Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come.

Isaac Watts. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

Let ev'-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy,
He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love,

And heav'n and na-

And heav'n,and nature sing, And heav'n,and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re-peat, the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.
sing.....

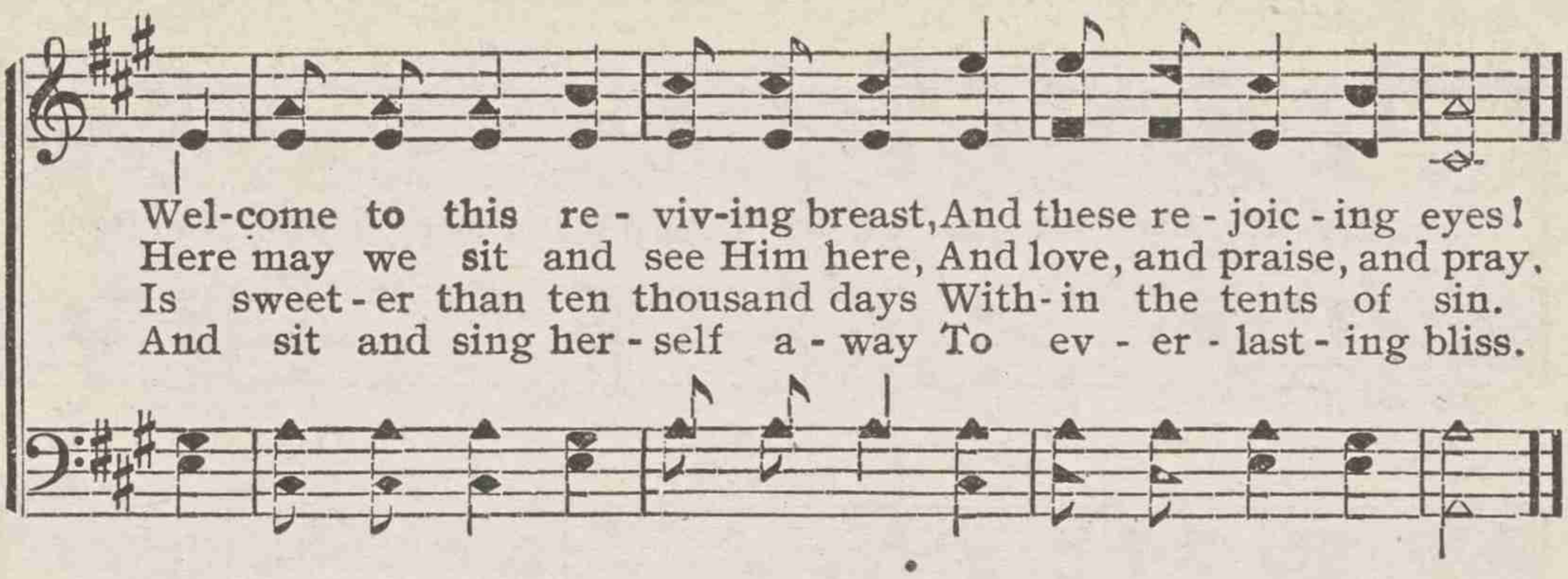
ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

295. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

Isaac Watts. Daniel Read.

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise;
2. The King Him-self comes near, And feasts His saints to-day:
3. One day, a-mid the place Where my dear Lord hath been,
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.



296. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

J. Addison. John Cole.



297. Cast Thy Burden.

Mendelssohn. Arr. for this work.

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, And He shall sus - tain thee;

He nev - er will suf - fer the right-eous to fall, He is at thy right hand.

Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great And far a - bove the heav'ns;
is great the heav'ns;

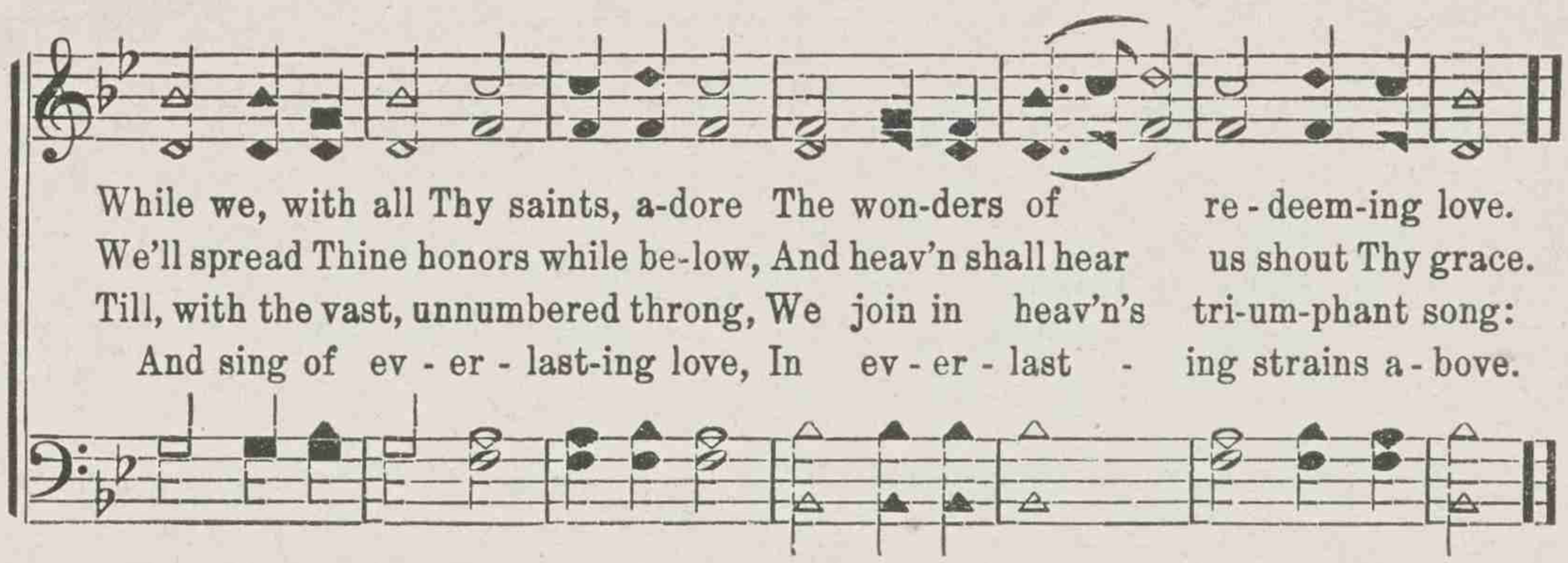
Let none be made a - sham-ed that wait up - on Thee. A - men.

298. King Jesus, Reign for Evermore.

Ralph Wardlaw. **L. O. Emerson.**

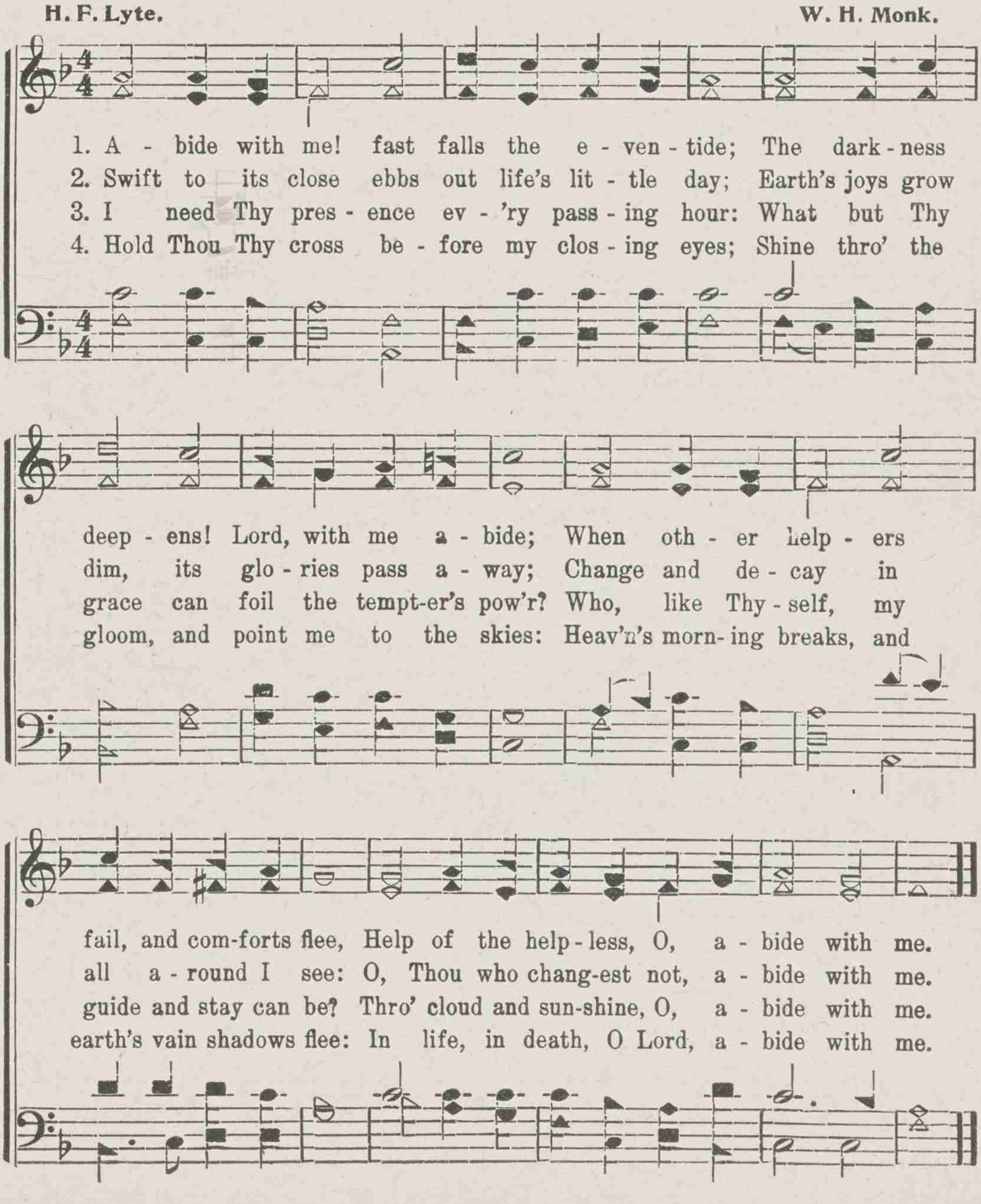
1. King Je-sus, reign for ev - er - more, Un - ri-valed in Thy courts a-bove,
2. No oth - er Lord but Thee we'll know, No oth -er pow'r but Thine con-fess;
3. We'll sing a-long the heav'n-ly road That leads us to Thy blest a-bode;
4. Till, with pure hands and voi-ces sweet, We cast our crowns at Je- sus' feet,

King Jesus, Reign for Evermore.



299. Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide.

H. F. Lyte. **W. H. Monk.**



300. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. **E. F. Rimbault.**

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine, He drew me,
4. Now rest, my long - di-vid - ed heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Here have I

glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
anthems fill His house. While to thatsacred shrine I move. Hap - py day, hap - py
and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
found a no-bler part, Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.

𝄋 CHORUS.

day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way;

D. S.—*Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way.*

FINE. D. S.

{ He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

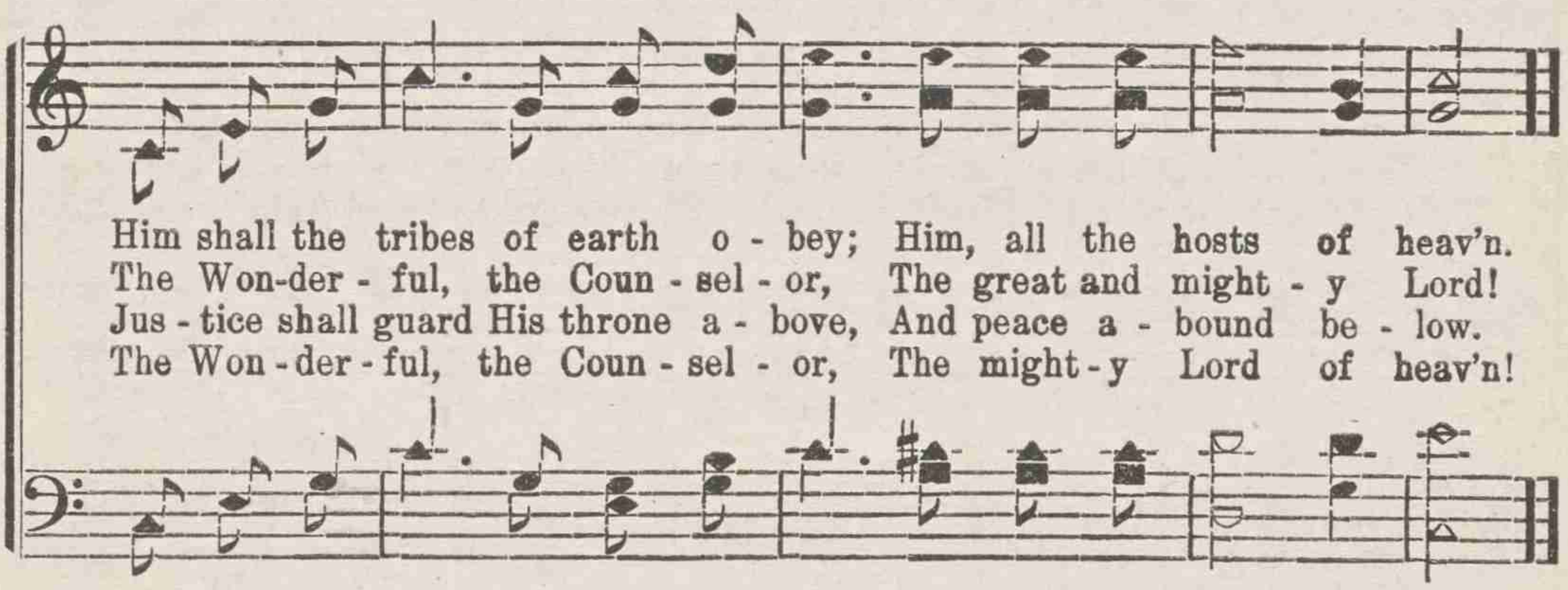
301. To Us a Child of Hope Is Born.

John Morrison. **Lowell Mason.**

1. To us a Child of Hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
3. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
4. To us a Child of Hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;

To Us a Child of Hope Is Born.



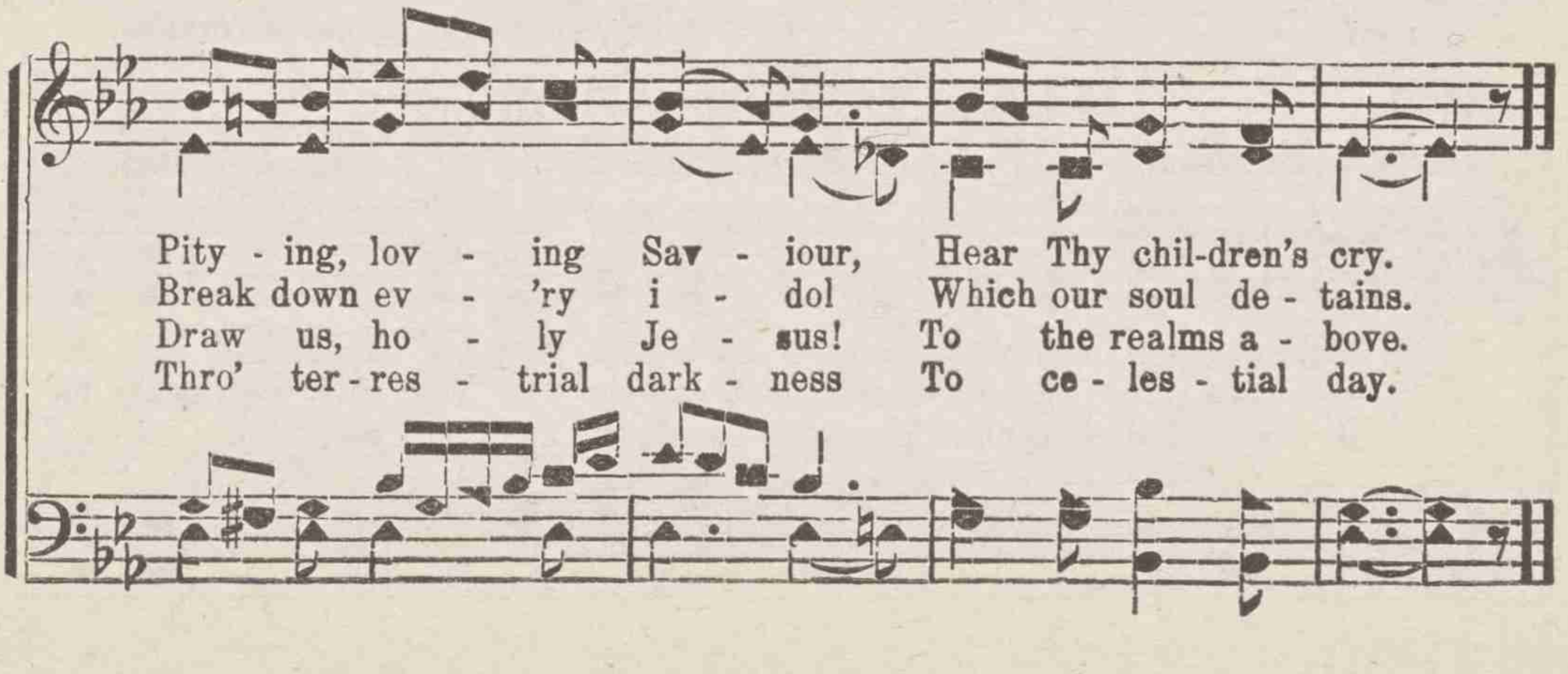


302. Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

Geo. H. Prynne. **Clarence Hudson.**

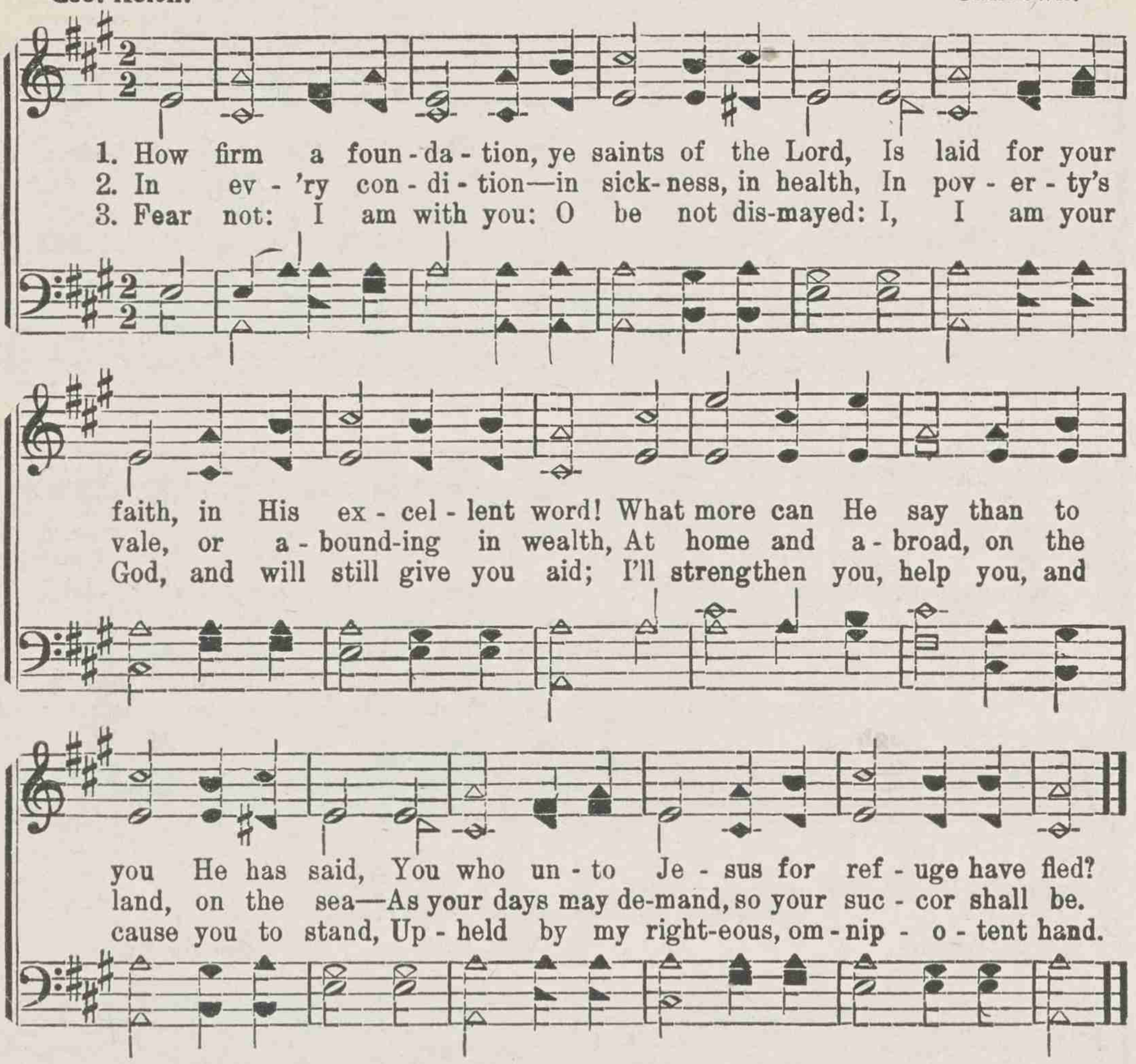
Andante.





303. How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. **Unknown.**



4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

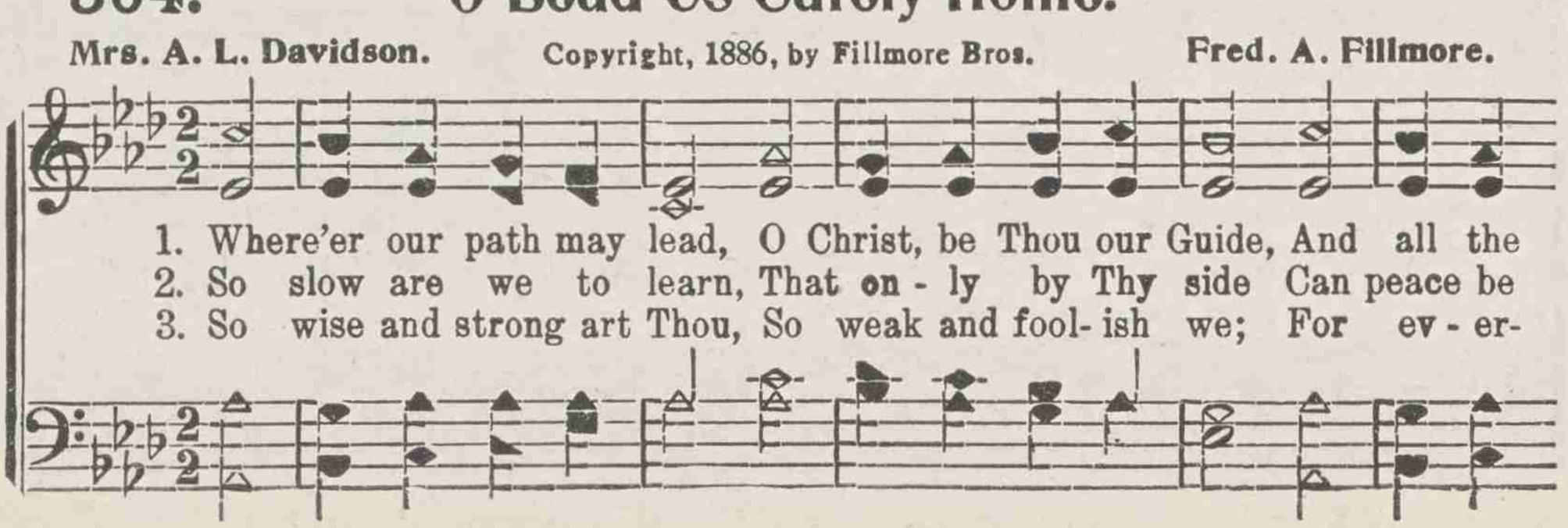
5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

304. O Lead Us Safely Home.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**



O Lead Us Safely Home.

CHORUS.

jour-ney's length Do Thou with us a - bide.
sure - ly found, And dangers all de - fied. O, lead us safe - ly home, O
more, O Lord, We put our trust in Thee.

lead us safe - ly home; Be ev-er near our hearts to cheer, And lead us home.

305. Grant Thy Spirit's Power.

Palmer Hartsough. **R. W. Dixon.**

1. Lord, we be - seech Thee, grant Thy Spir - it's pow'r, Our Com - fort-
2. Thy gra - cious self to us may He re - veal, Thy lov - ing
3. This prom - ised gift wilt Thou not rich - ly shed; Breathe on us,

er to be in sor - row's hour, Our guide to be, to point the
pres - ence ev - er make us feel; O, may He show the rich - es
Lord, ere all our hopes are dead, Then thro' these bound-ing hearts new

heav'n-ly way, And light our souls with love's di - vi - ner ray.
of Thy word, And may He for our help Thy strength af - ford.
life shall thrill, And joy di - vine shall all Thy serv - ice fill.

306. Jesus Is Calling To-day.

D. R. Lucas. **Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.** **J. H. Rosecrans.**

Duet. *Semi-chorus.*

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee now, Call-ing thee now, yes,
3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to-day, yes,

Duet.

call-ing for thee, List-en and hear Him say, "fol-low thou me,"
call-ing thee now, Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
call-ing to-day, All who are wea-ry and long-ing for home,

Semi-Chorus. FULL CHORUS.

Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me. Je - - sus is
Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now.
Je-sus is call-ing to-day. Je-sus is call-ing,

call-ing to-day, Je - - sus is call-ing to-day;
call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day;

Je - - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Je-sus is calling, calling to-day,

307. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light! a-mid th'en- cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on.
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

308. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Elizabeth Prentiss. Copyright property of W. H. Doane. **William H. Doane.**

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

309. Wonderful Words of Life.

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

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

Wonderful Words of Life.

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

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

310. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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

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

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

D.S.–*Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, 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!

311. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thos. Moore. **Samuel Webbe.**

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan-guish, Come, at the
2. Joy of the des - o- late, light of the stray- ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing, Forth from the

shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort- er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove! Come to the feast of love,

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.
ten - der - ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.
come, ev - er knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

312. My Gracious Redeemer I Love.

B. Francis. **German.**

FINE.

1. { My gra-cious Redeemer I love; His prais-es a-loud I'll proclaim,
   { And join with the armies a - bove, To shout His a - dor - a- ble name.
2. { You pal-ac-es, scepters and crowns, Your pride with disdain I sur-vey;
   { Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a moment a - way.

D.C. *And feel them in-cess-ant-ly shine, My boundless, in - ef - fa- ble joy.*

D.C. *My joy ev - er - last-ing-ly flows, My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.*

My Gracious Redeemer I Love.

D. C.

To gaze on His glo-ries di - vine Shall be my e - ter-nal em-ploy,
The crown that my Saviour bestows Yon per-manent sun shall outshine;

313. Tarry With Me, O My Saviour.

Mrs. C. S. Smith. **Knowles Shaw.**

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is passing by;
2. Many friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past;
3. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shadows, Pal-er now the glowing west;
4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour; Lay my head up - on Thy breast

See, the shades of evening gath- er, And the night is drawing nigh.
But the grave has closed above them, And I lin - ger here the last.
Swift the night of death ad-vanc- es: Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn-ing; then a-wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Sav-iour; Leave me not till morning light:
For I'm lone-ly here without Thee: Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

314. Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber. Alt. **John B. Dykes.**

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the crys-tal sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

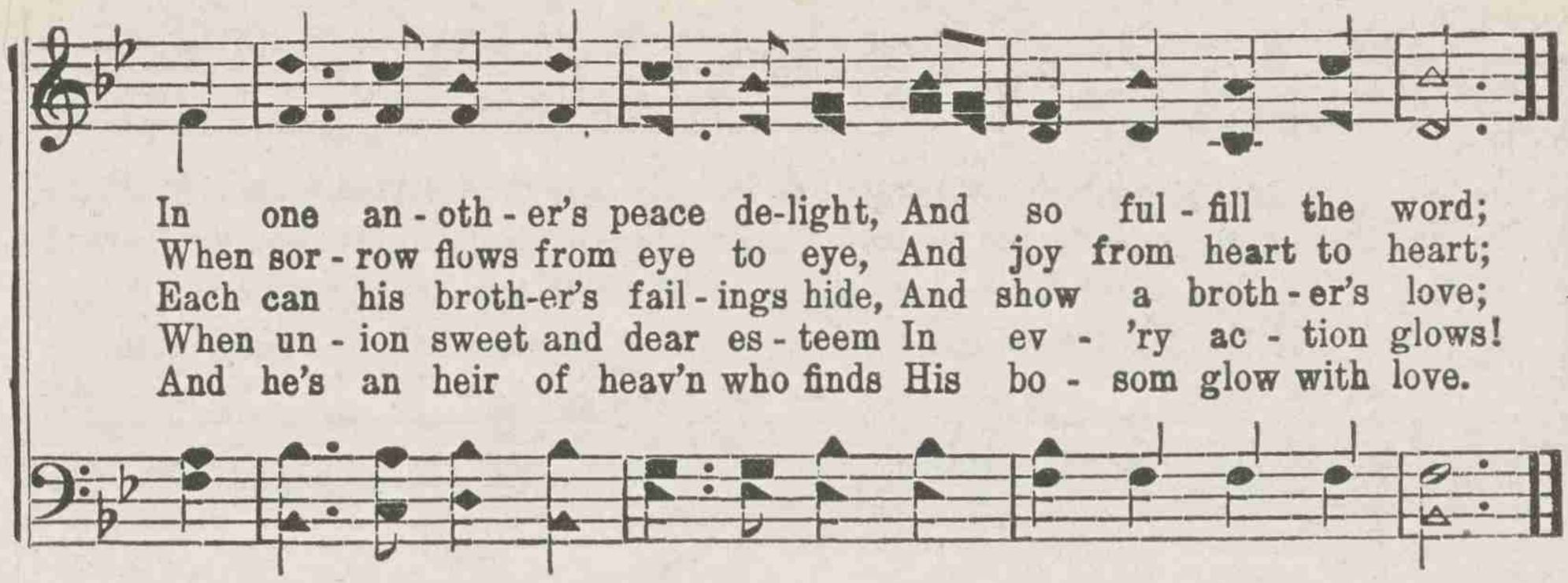
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter-nal - ly.
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee; Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter-nal - ly.

315. How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight.

J. Swain. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

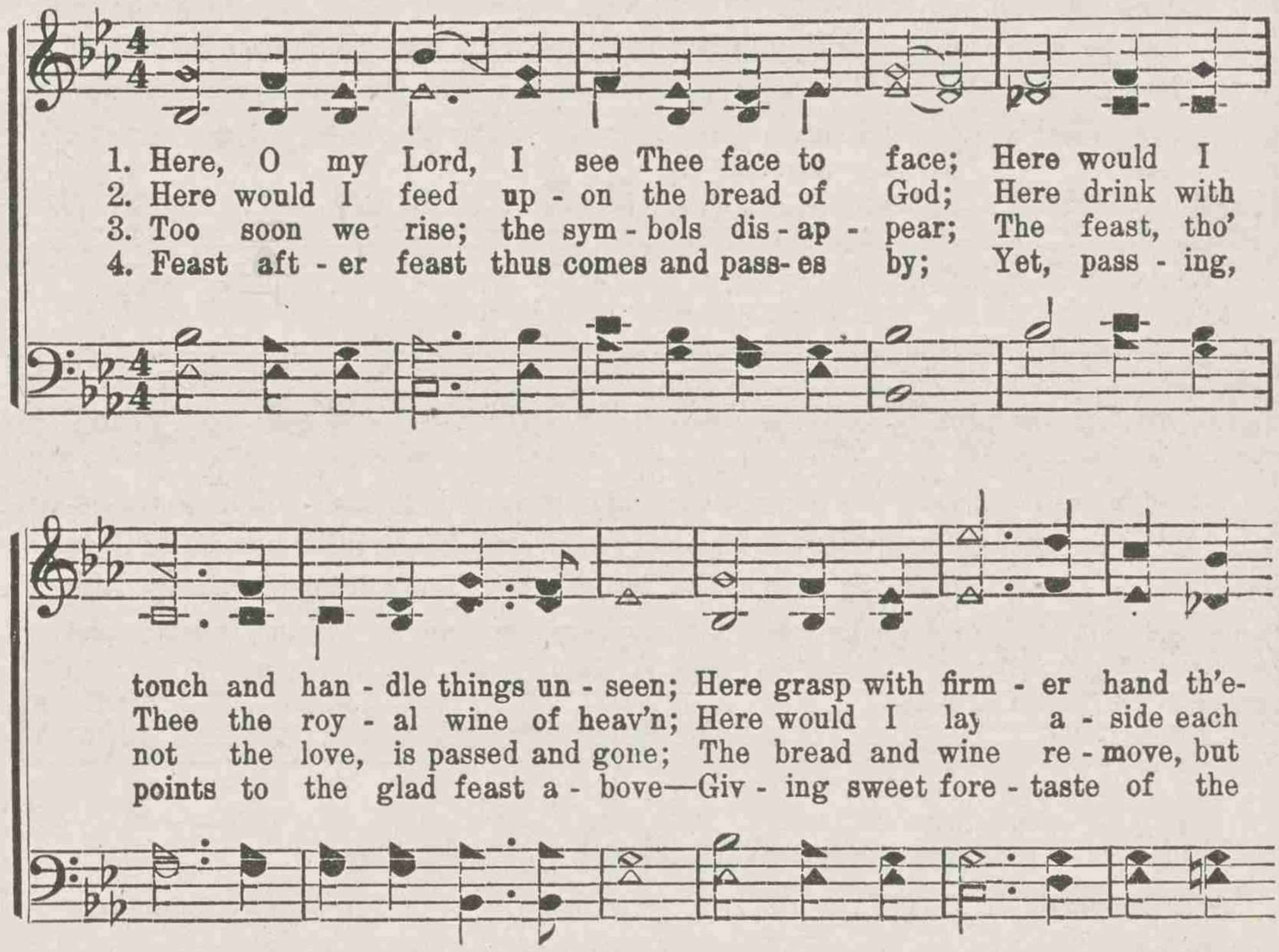
1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. When love, in one de - light-ful stream, Thro' ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight.



316. Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face.

Horatius Bonar. **Mendelssohn.**





317. On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

Thos. Kelly. **Thos. Hastings.**

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred herald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing—Zi - on, long in hos-tile lands. Mourning cap- tive,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning, foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self appears thy friend; All thy Sav - iour, will de-fend thee, Vic - to - ry is thine at last; All thy con- flicts
4. Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy warfare now be past; God, thy God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
Zi - on still is well beloved, Cease thy mourning, Zi - on still is well be- loved.
Zi - on's King will sure-ly send, Great de-liverance Zi-on's King will surely send.
End in ev - er- last-ing rest, All thy conflicts End in ev - er - last-ing rest.

318. Love for All! And Can It Be?

S. Longfellow. **Xavier Schnyder.**

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2. I, the dis - o - be-dient child, Wayward, pas - sion - ate and wild;
3. I, who spurned His lov - ing hold; I, who would not be controlled;
4. To my Fa - ther can I go? At His feet my - self I'll throw;
5. See! my Fa - ther wait-ing stands; See! He reach - es out His hands:

Love for All! And Can It Be?



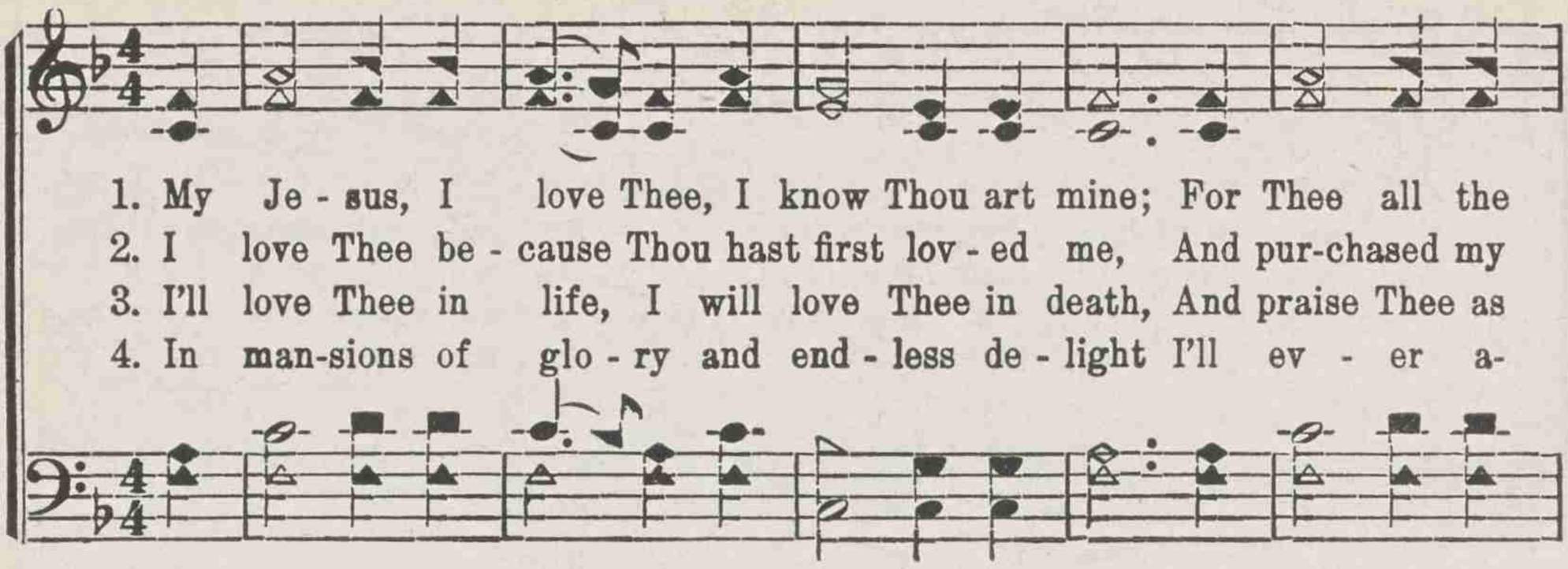
319. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**



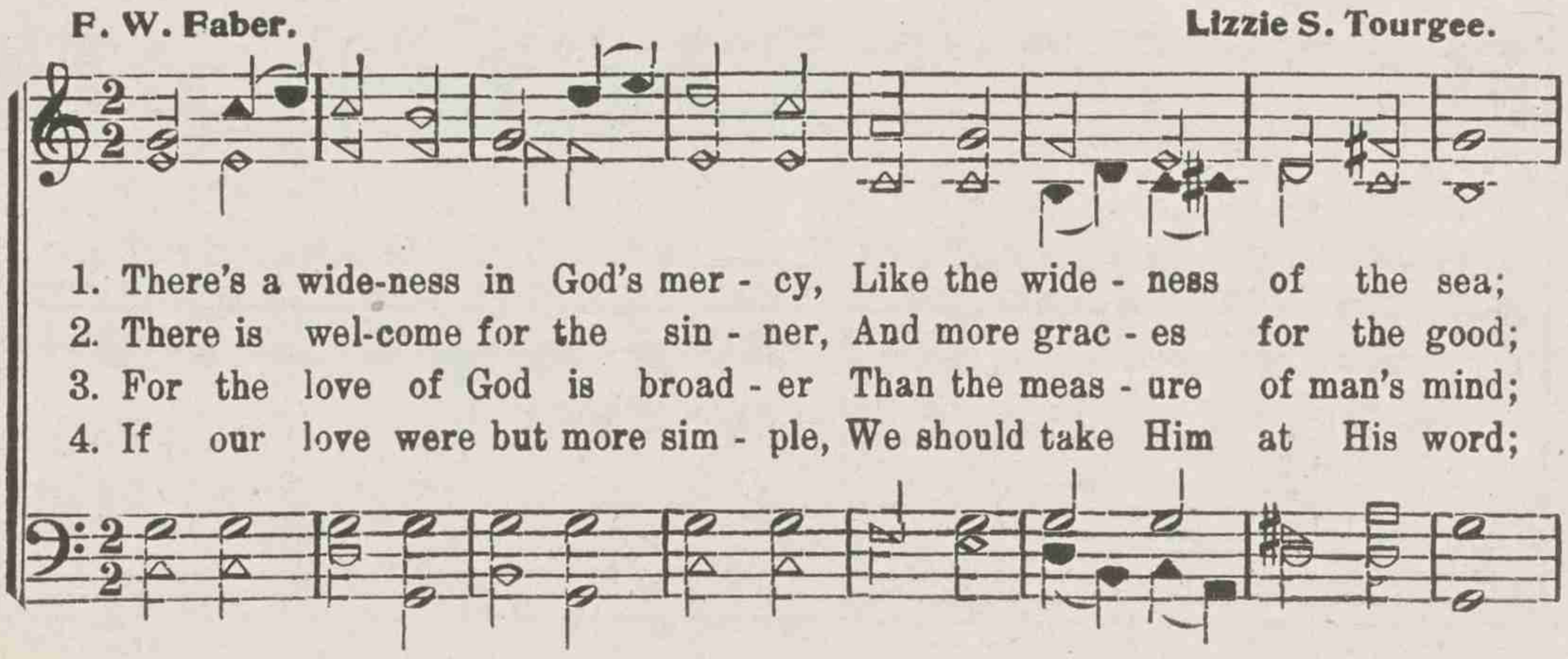
320. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

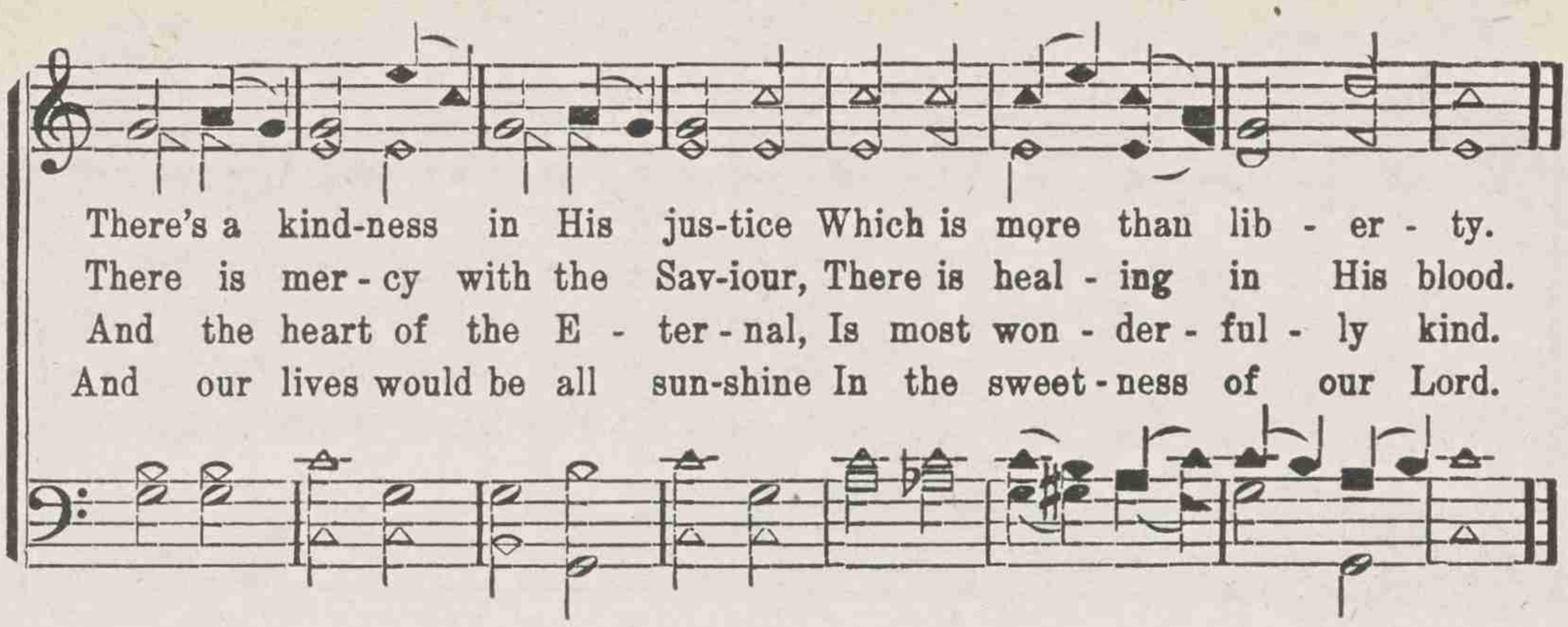


321. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourgee.



There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.



322. God Speed the Right.

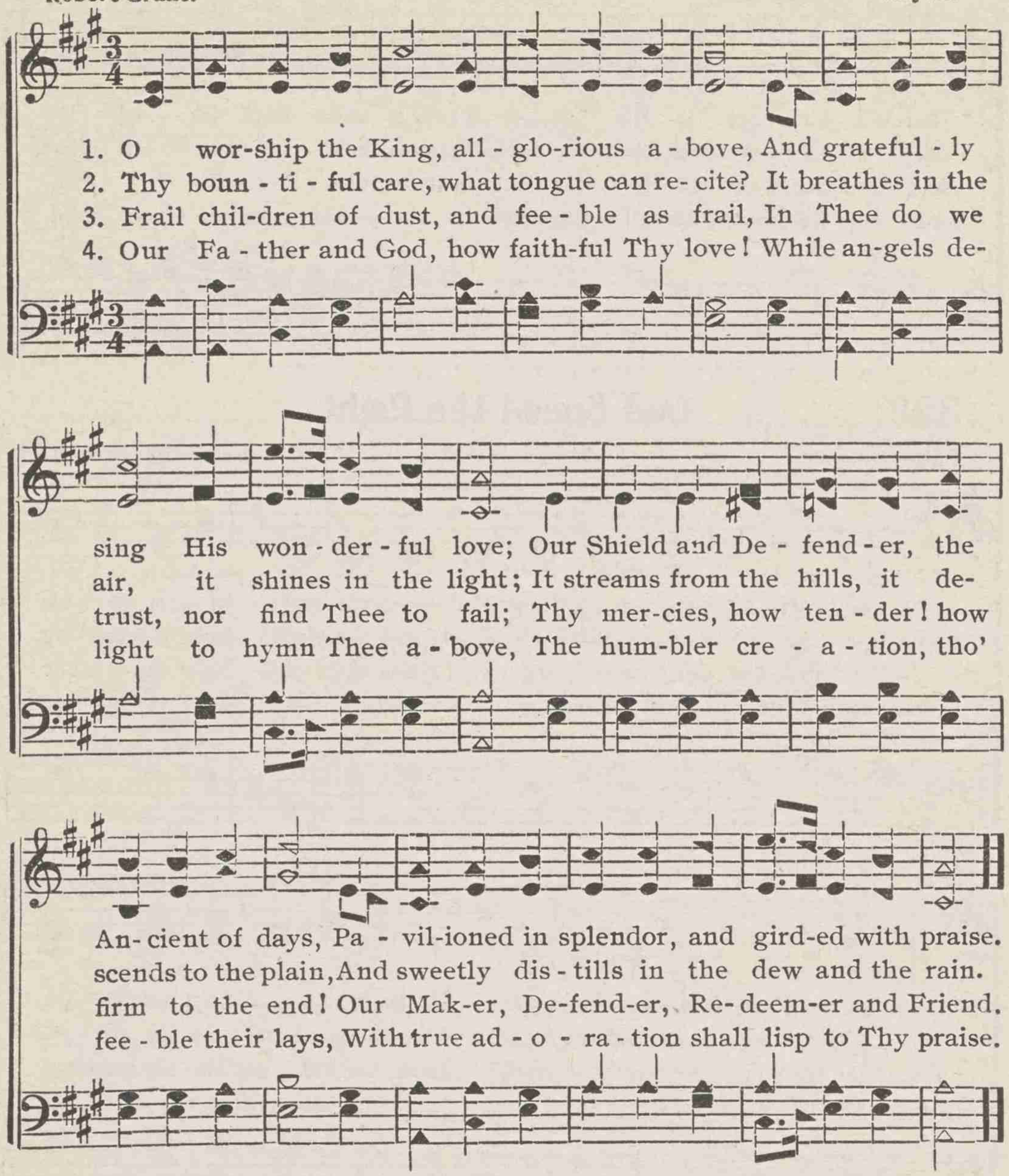
Unknown. **From the German.**



323. O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, And grateful - ly sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re- cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
3. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten - der! how
4. Our Fa - ther and God, how faith-ful Thy love! While an-gels de- light to hymn Thee a - bove, The hum-bler cre - a - tion, tho'

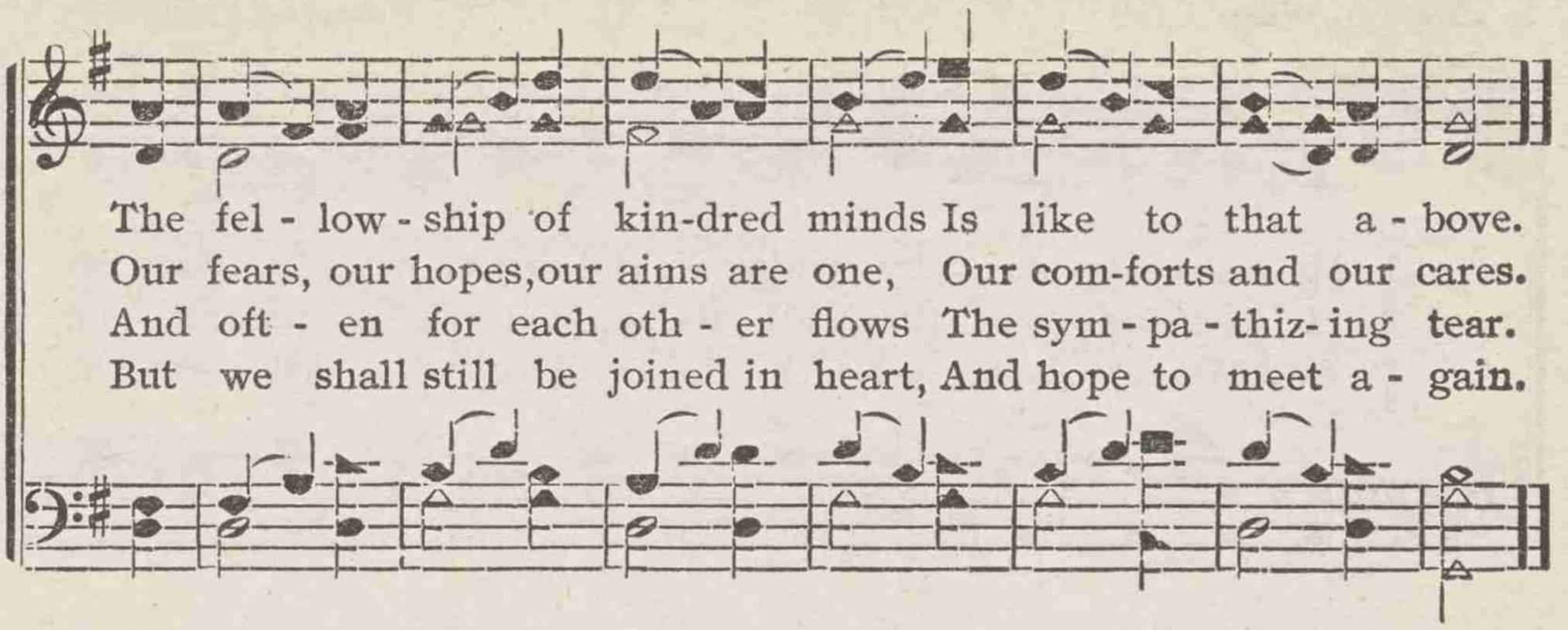


324. Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.



Blest Be the Tie That Binds.



325. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. **P. P. Bliss.**



326. He Leads Us On.

Hiram O. Wiley. **Frederick C. Maker.**

1. He leads us on by paths we did not know; Up - ward He
2. He leads us on thro' all the unquiet years; Past all our
3. And He, at last,—aft - er the wea - ry strife, Aft - er the

Unison.

leads us, tho' our steps be slow; Tho' oft we faint and
dream-land hopes, and doubts, and fears He guides our steps; thro'
rest - less fe - ver we call life, Aft - er the drear - i-

Parts.

fal - ter on the way, Tho' storms and dark-ness oft ob-scure the
all the tan-gled maze Of loss - es, sor - rows, and o'er-cloud-ed
ness, the ach-ing pain, The way-ward struggles which have proved in

day, Yet when the clouds are gone, We know He leads us on.
days We know His will is done, And still He leads us on.
vain, Aft - er our toils are past,—Will give us rest at last.

327. Hear Your Country's Call.

Unknown. **Arr. from Abt.**

1. Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gath-er
3. Hail, our Fa - ther-land! Here thy chil-dren stand All re - solved, u-

earn-est cry; See, your na - tive land Asks your succoring hand,
brave and strong! Faith-ful here we stand To re - deem our land
nit - ed, true, In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause,

CHORUS.

Sons of free-dom, draw ye nigh. Lift our coun-try's flag on
From intemperance, sin and wrong.
Is the vow we here re - new. Lift our coun - try's flag, our

high, 'Tis the em-blem of the free;
country's flag on high; 'Tis the em-blem of, the em-blem of the free;

Lift our coun-try's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.

328. Hail to the Brightness.

Thos. Hastings. **Lowell Mason.**

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing; Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain - tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fallen are the en - gines of

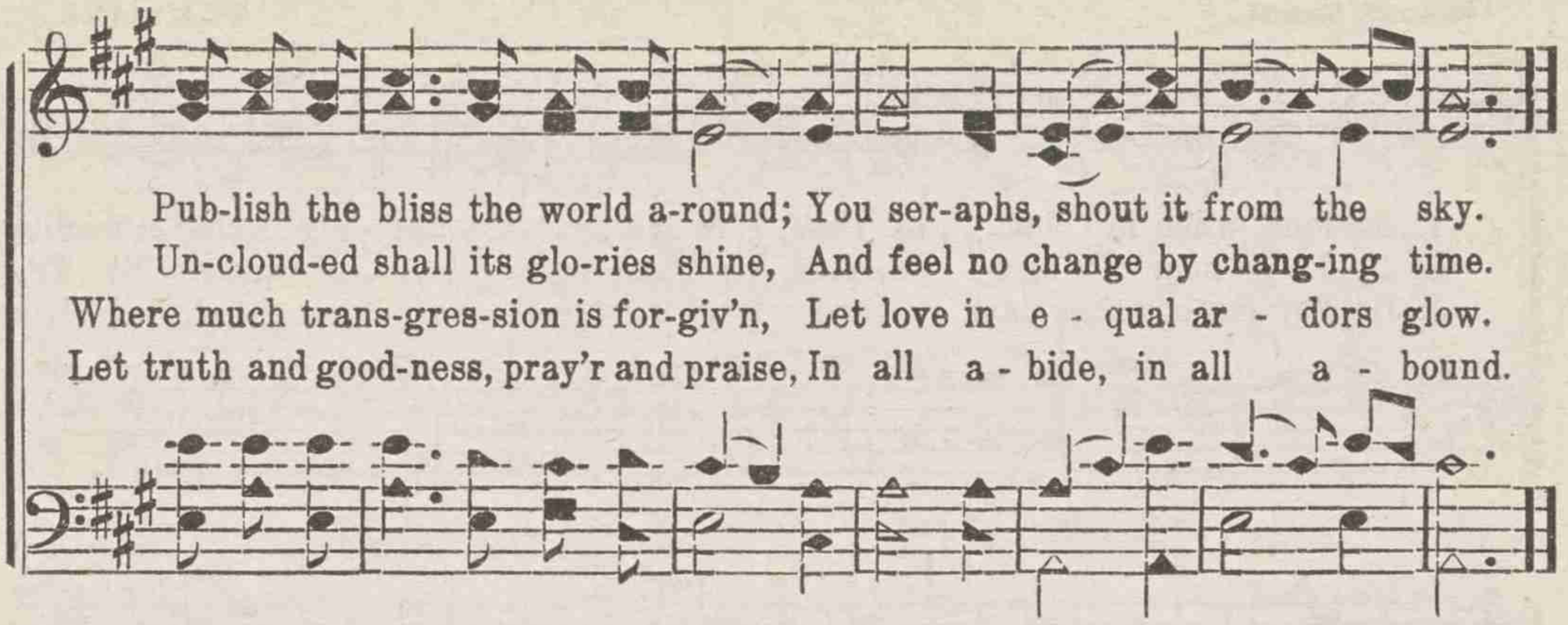
sor - row and mourn-ing: Zi - on in tri - umph be-gins her mild reign.
bond-age re - turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews, the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ech - oes are ring - ing; Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
war and com-mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky.

329. Forgiveness! 'Tis a Joyful Sound.

Thos. Gibbons. **Lowell Mason.**

1. For-give-ness! 'tis a joy - ful sound To mal - e - fac - tors, doomed to die.
2. 'Tis the rich gift of love di - vine; 'Tis full, out-measur-ing ev - 'ry crime;
3. For this stu-pen-dous love of heav'n What grate-ful hon - ors shall we show?
4. By this in-spired, let all our days With gos - pel ho - li - ness be crowned;

Forgiveness! 'Tis a Joyful Sound.



330. Awake, and Sing the Song.

Wm. Hammond. **Thos. Hastings.**



331. Saviour, When in Dust to Thee.

Robert Grant. **F. Kucken.**

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a-dor - ing knee; Pleading
2. By Thine hour of dire de-spair, By Thine ag- o - ny of pray'r, By Thy
3. By Thy tomb, whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God, Oh, from

all Thy pain and woe Suffered once for man be- low; Turn on us a
wounds and pangs and cries, By Thy per-fect sac - ri-fice,—Bending from Thy
earth to heav'n restored, Mighty re - as - cend - ed Lord! On Thy seat a-

favor-ing eye, Hear, oh, hear our hum - ble cry! Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!
throne on high, Hear, oh, hear our hum - ble cry! Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!
bove the sky, Hear, oh, hear our hum - ble cry! Hear, oh, hear our humble cry!

332. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. **Arr. by J. H. Stockton.**

FINE.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz- ing Je - sus; }
   { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus; }
   { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. C.—*Sweet-est car-ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.*

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
O! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

The Great Physician.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;

333. Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Sir John Bowring, alt. **Lowell Mason.**

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends:
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn:

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry beam-ing star!
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por- tends.
Trav - 'ler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

Watchman, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home:

Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come!

334. Nearer My Home.

Arr. by L. H. Jameson. **J. M. Evans.**

1. A crown of glo - ry bright By eyes of faith I see,
2. O may I faith - ful prove, And keep that crown in view,
3. Je - sus, be Thou my guide; My ev - 'ry step at - tend;
4. Be Thou my hid - ing - place, My ev - er - pres - ent guard;

In realms of un - cre - a - ted light, Laid up in heav'n for me.
Sus-tained by faith and hope and love, My heav'n-ward way pur - sue.
By day and night, be near my side, And keep me to the end.
And help me, by Thy sov-'reign grace, To reach my great re - ward.

CHORUS.

I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day;

Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

335. O Gentle Saviour.

T. R. Birks. **Arthur S. Sullivan.**

1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from Thy throne on high,
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with Thine eye of love,

O Gentle Saviour.

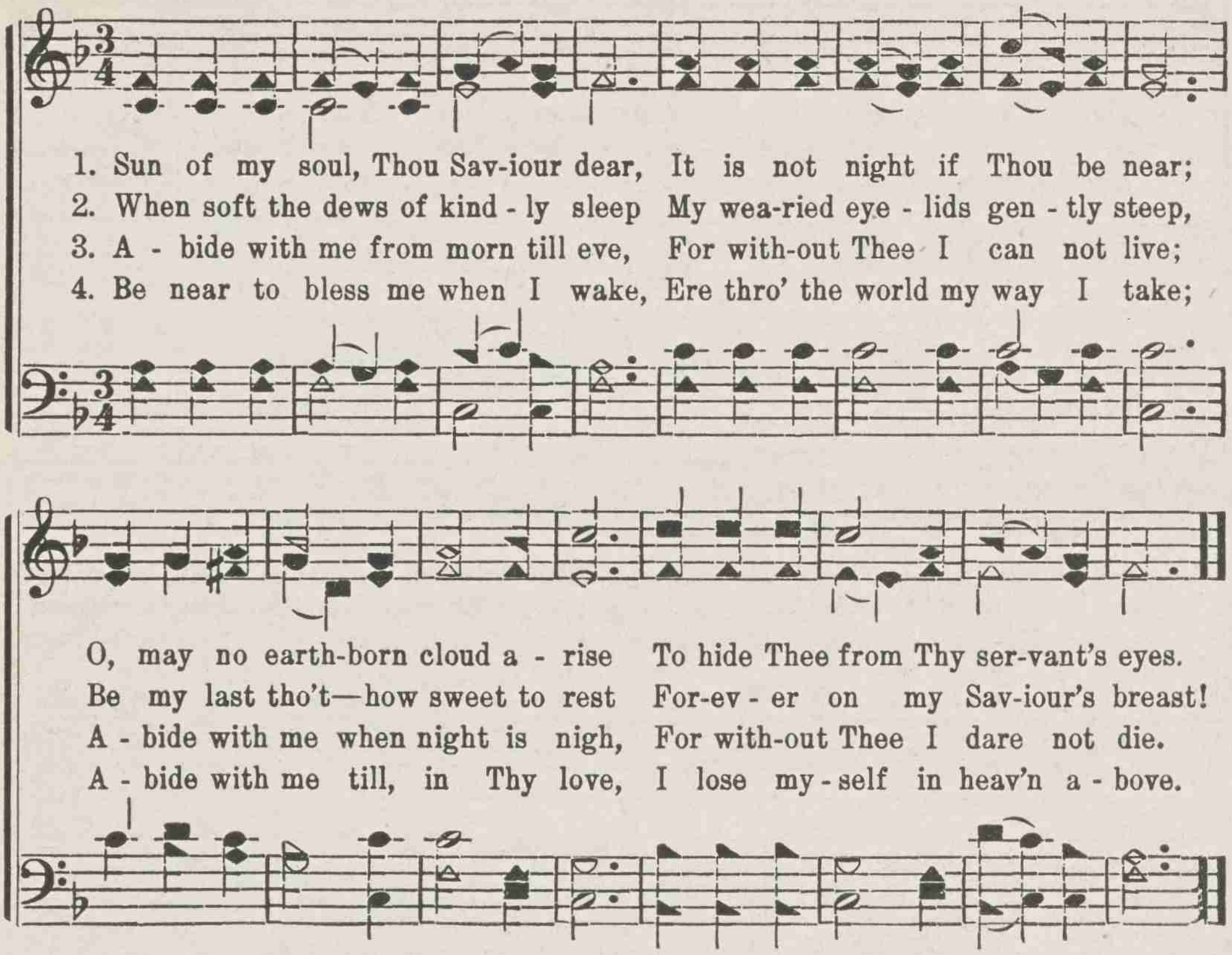


336. Courage, Brother! Do Not Stumble.

Norman McLeod. **Arthur S. Sullivan.**

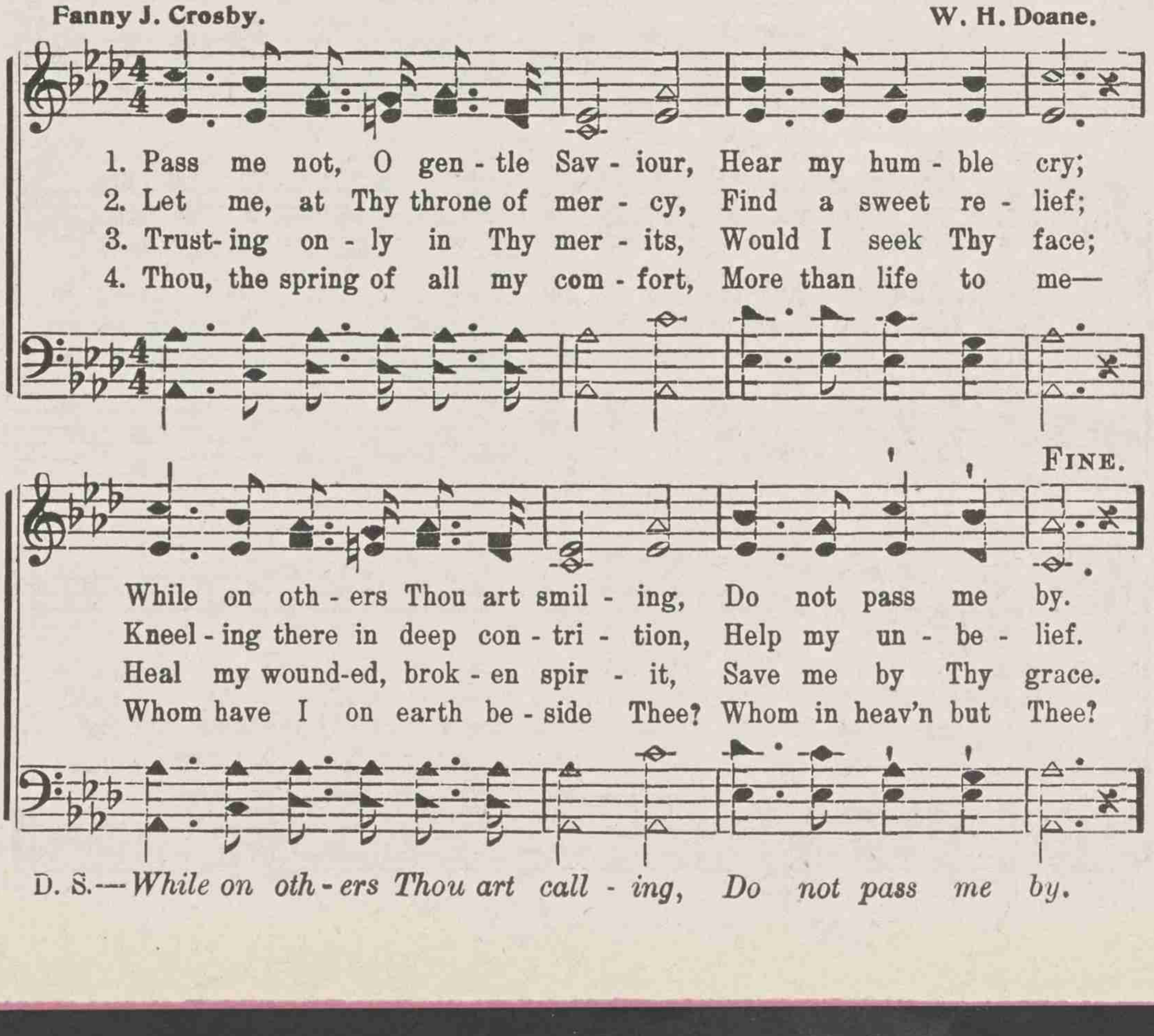
337. Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

J. Keble. **Arr. by W. H. Monk.**



338. Pass Me Not,

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**



D. S.—*While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.*

Pass Me Not.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

339. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross,
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength a - lone;

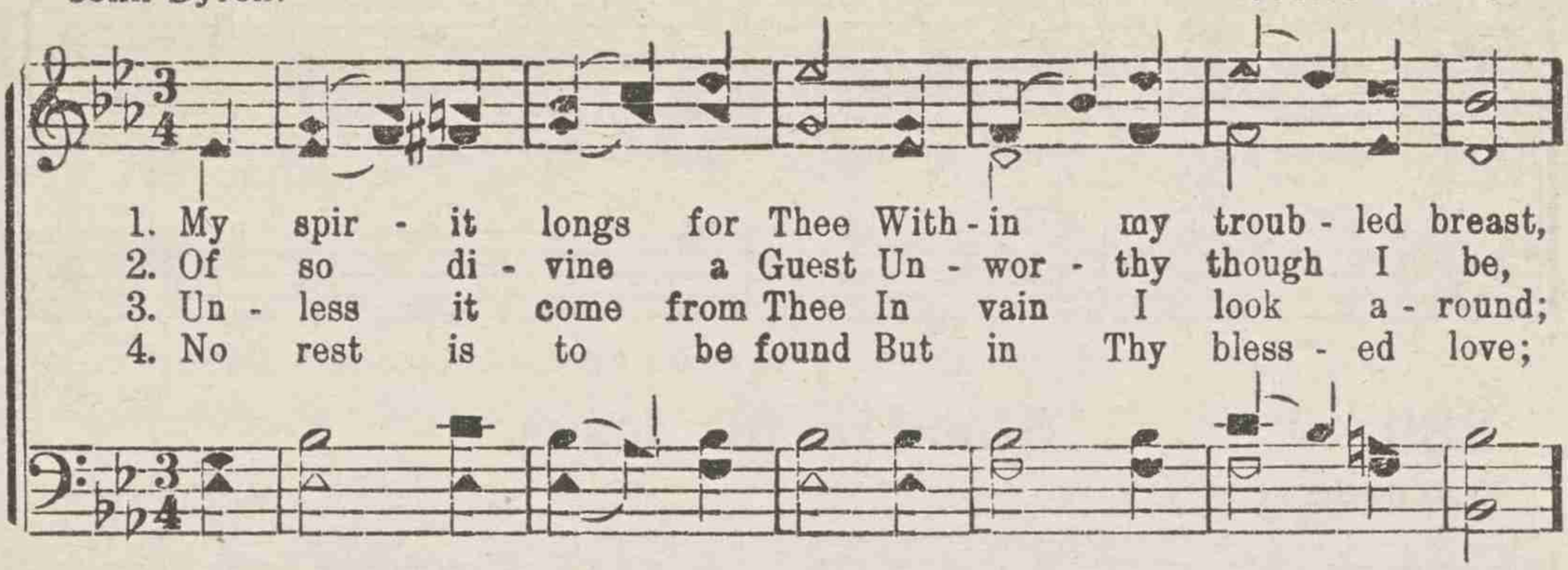
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this, His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him," A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch-ing un - to pray'r,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

340. My Spirit Yearns for Thee.

John Byron. **J. H. Fillmore.**

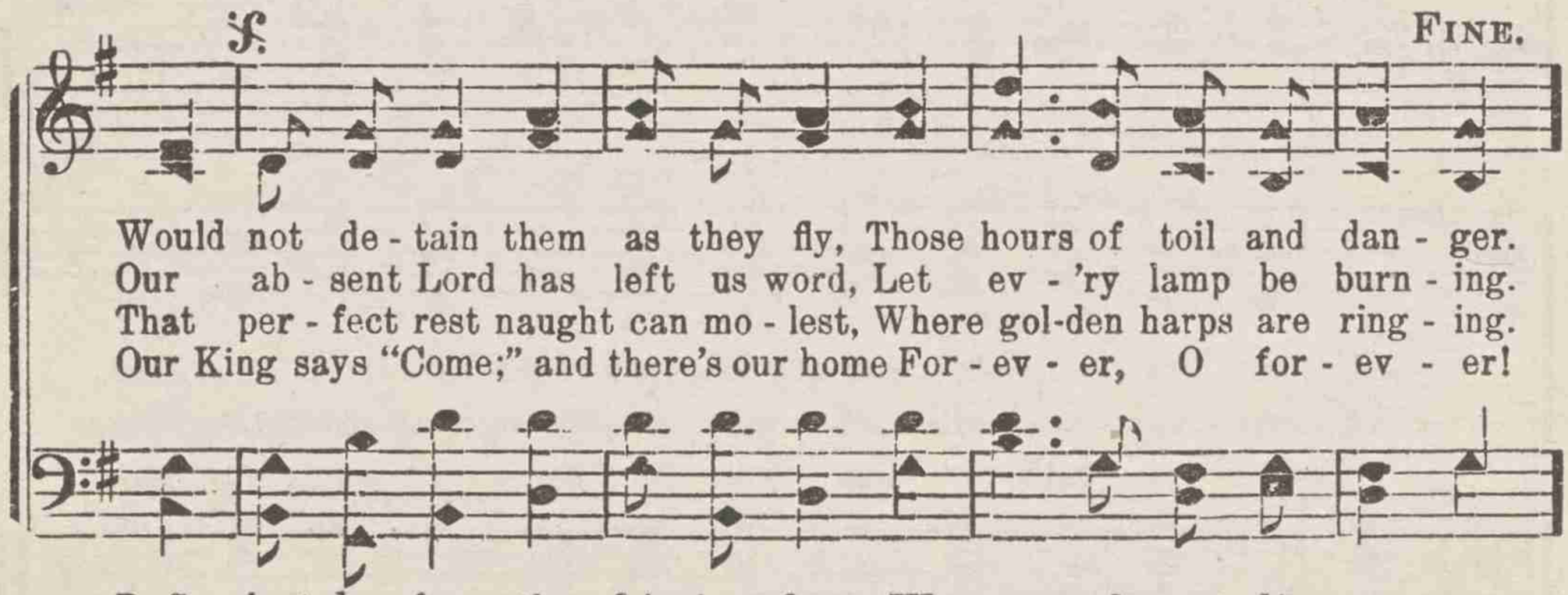




341. My Days are Gliding Swiftly By.

David Nelson. **Geo. F. Root.**





D. S.—*just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.*

My Days are Gliding Swiftly By.

CHORUS. D. S.



342. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

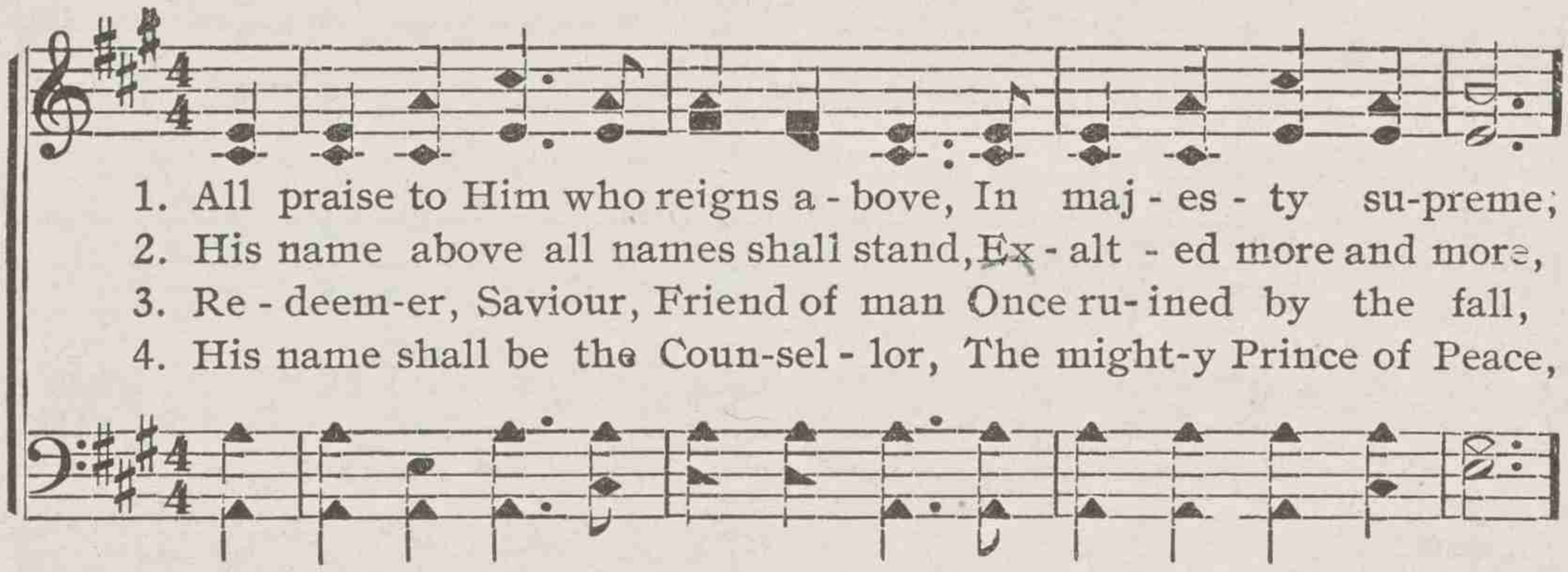
Rev. Horatius Bonar. **E. Husband.**

343. Cast Thy Burden On the Lord.

John Cennick. George Rawson. **Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk.**



344. All Praise to Him.



All Praise to Him.

CHORUS.

1 2

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

345. Christ, the Solid Rock.

F. A. F.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' love and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found,

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vale.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

CHORUS.

On Christ the sol - id Rock I stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

346. Purer Yet and Purer.

J. W. Von Goethe. S. J. Vail.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and
2. Calm-er yet and calm - er, Tri - al bear and pain; Sur - er yet and
3. High-er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night; Near - er yet and

dear - er, Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop-ing still and trust - ing God with-
sur - er, Peace at last to gain; Suff'r-ing still and do - ing, To His
near - er, Ris - ing to the light; Oft these earn-est long - ings, Swell with-

out a fear, Pa - tient-ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
in my breast; Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex-pressed.

347. Near the Cross.

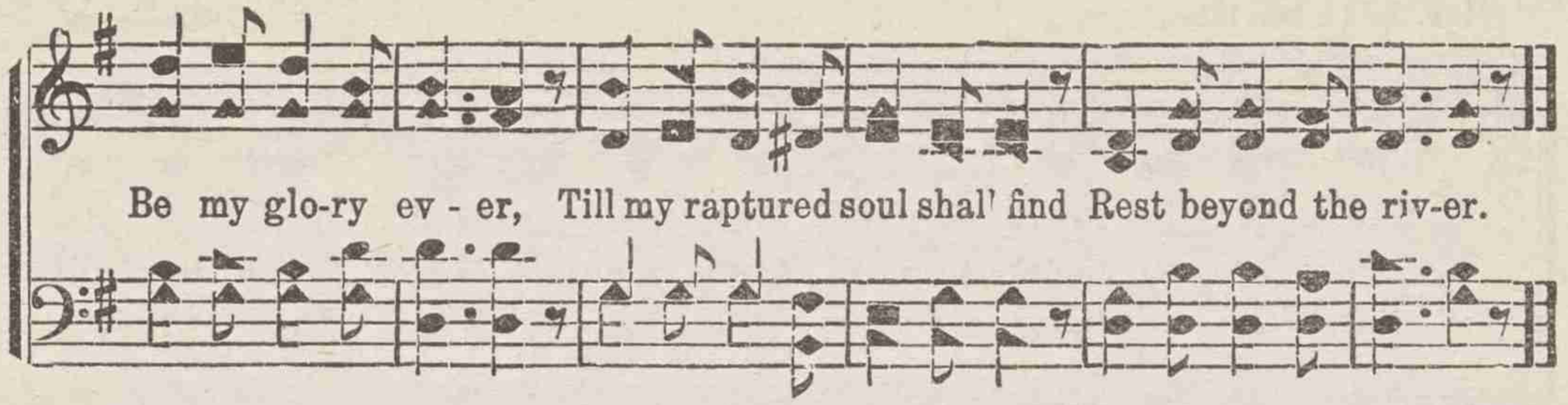
F. C. Van Alstyne. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross: There's a pre - cious fount-ain, Free to
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me

CHORUS.

all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's mountain.
bright and morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me. In the cross, in the cross,
walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.

Near the Cross.



348. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

Frances Ridley Havergal. **M. Haydn.**



349. Purer in Heart, O God.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. **J. H. Fillmore.**



350. Heaven Is My Home.

T. R. Taylor. **Scotch Air.**



3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home.

Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none:
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

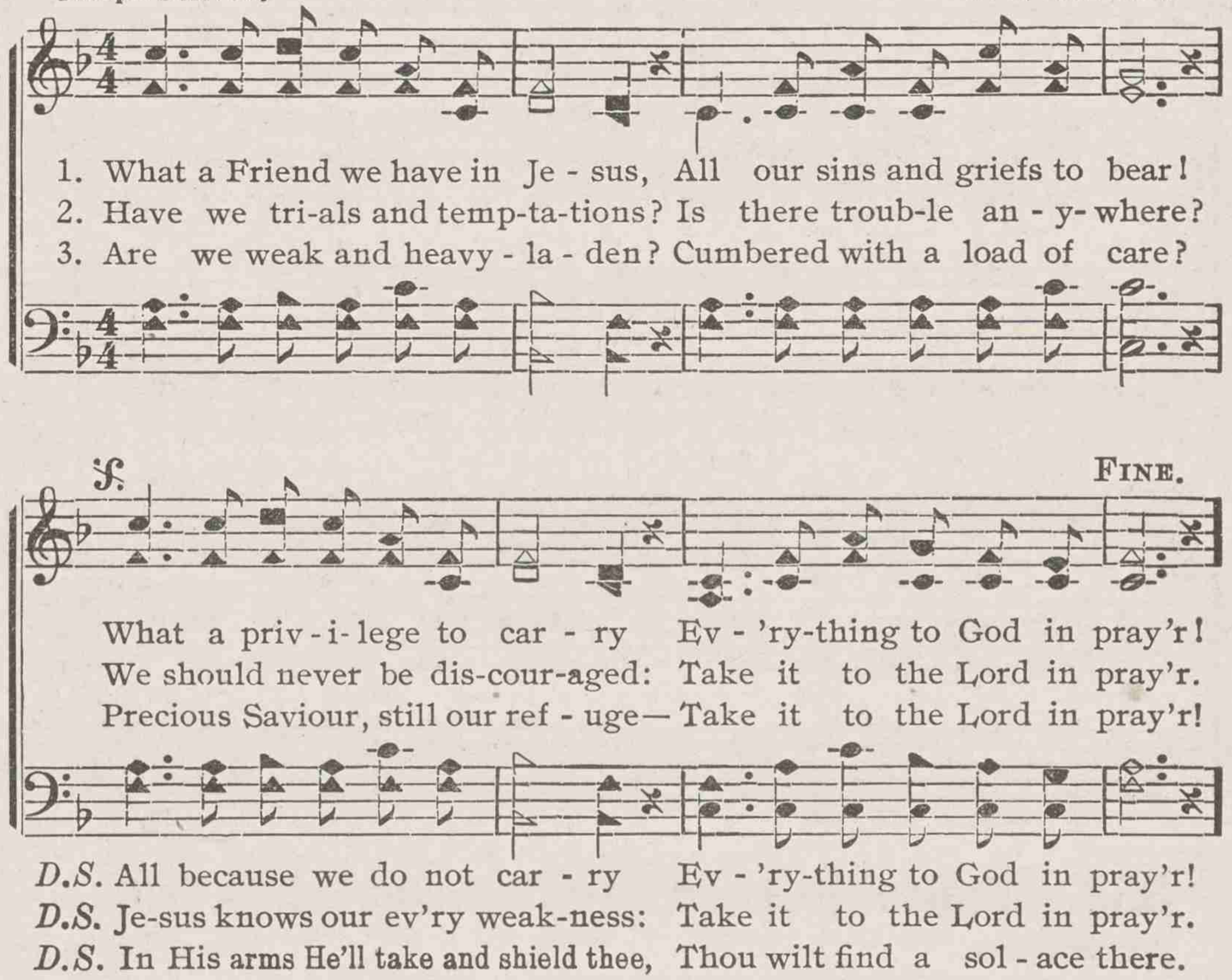
NOTE.—The words "Nearer, My God, to Thee," are admirably adapted to this music.

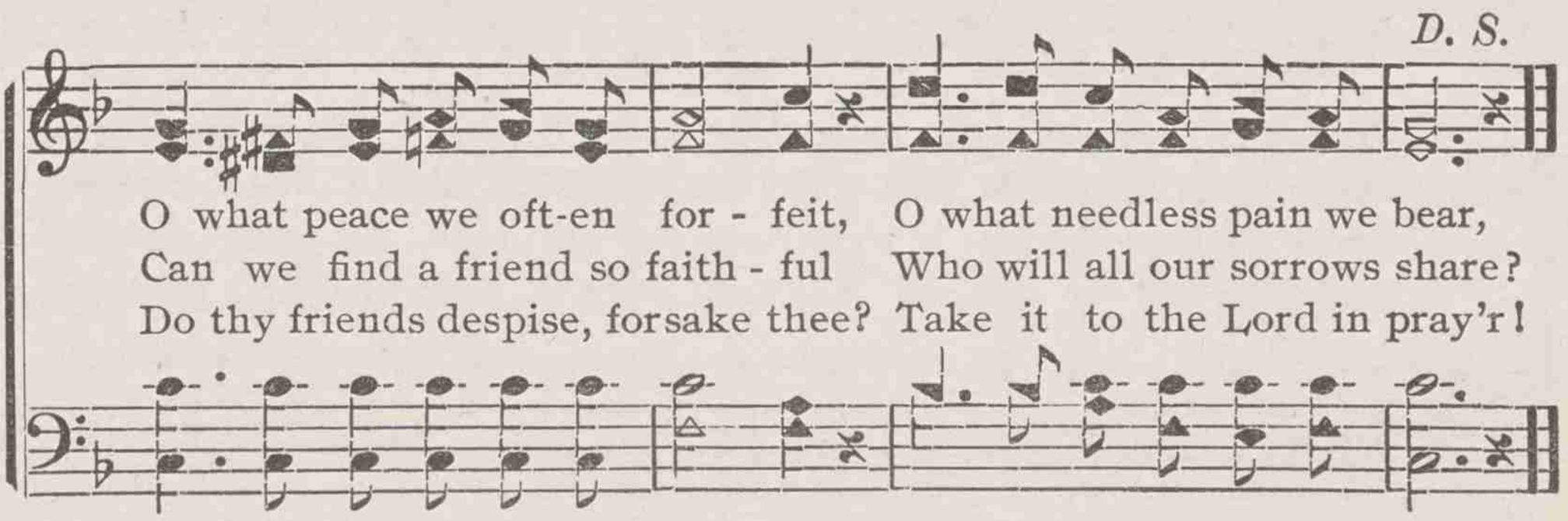
Heaven Is My Home.



351. What a Friend we Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. **C. C. Converse.**





352. Take Me As I Am.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

S. FINE.

O bring Thy full sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

Take me as I am,.... Take me as I am,....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

353. Praise the Lord; Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

J. Kempthorne. **Lowell Mason.**

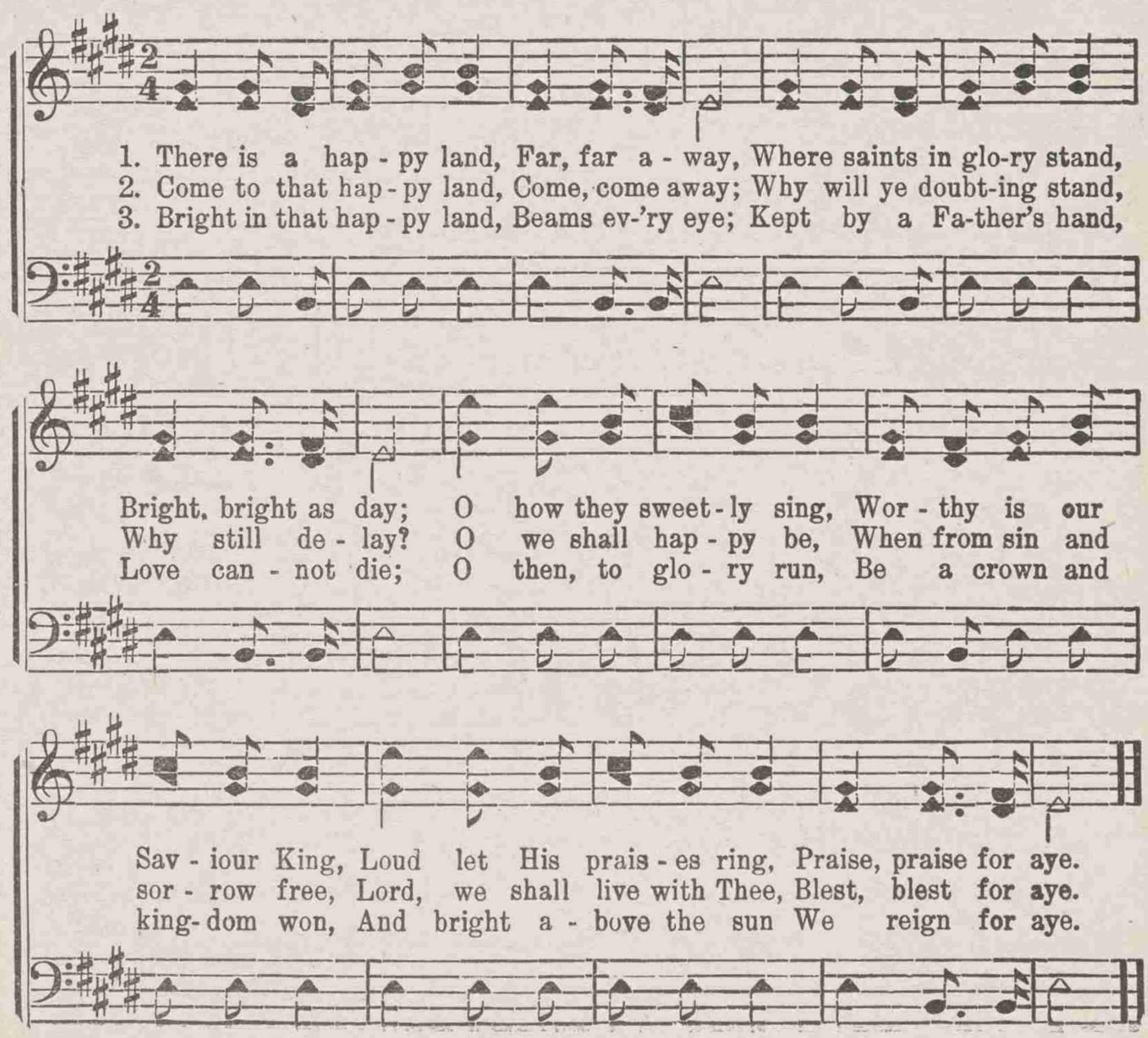
1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord: for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might-y voice o-beyed;
3. Praise the Lord: for He is glo- rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r pro-claim;

Praise the Lord; Ye Heavens, Adore Him.



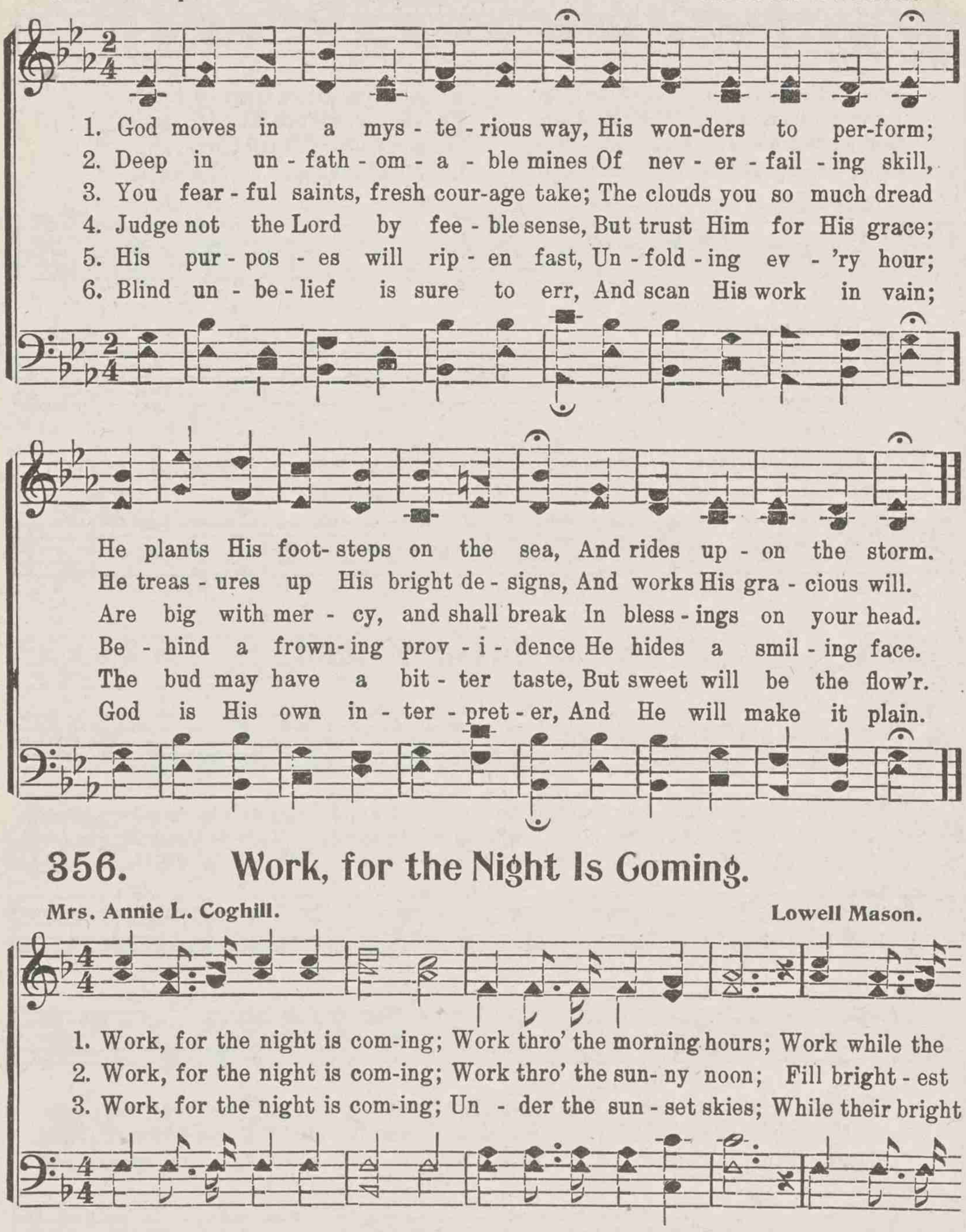


354. There Is a Happy Land.



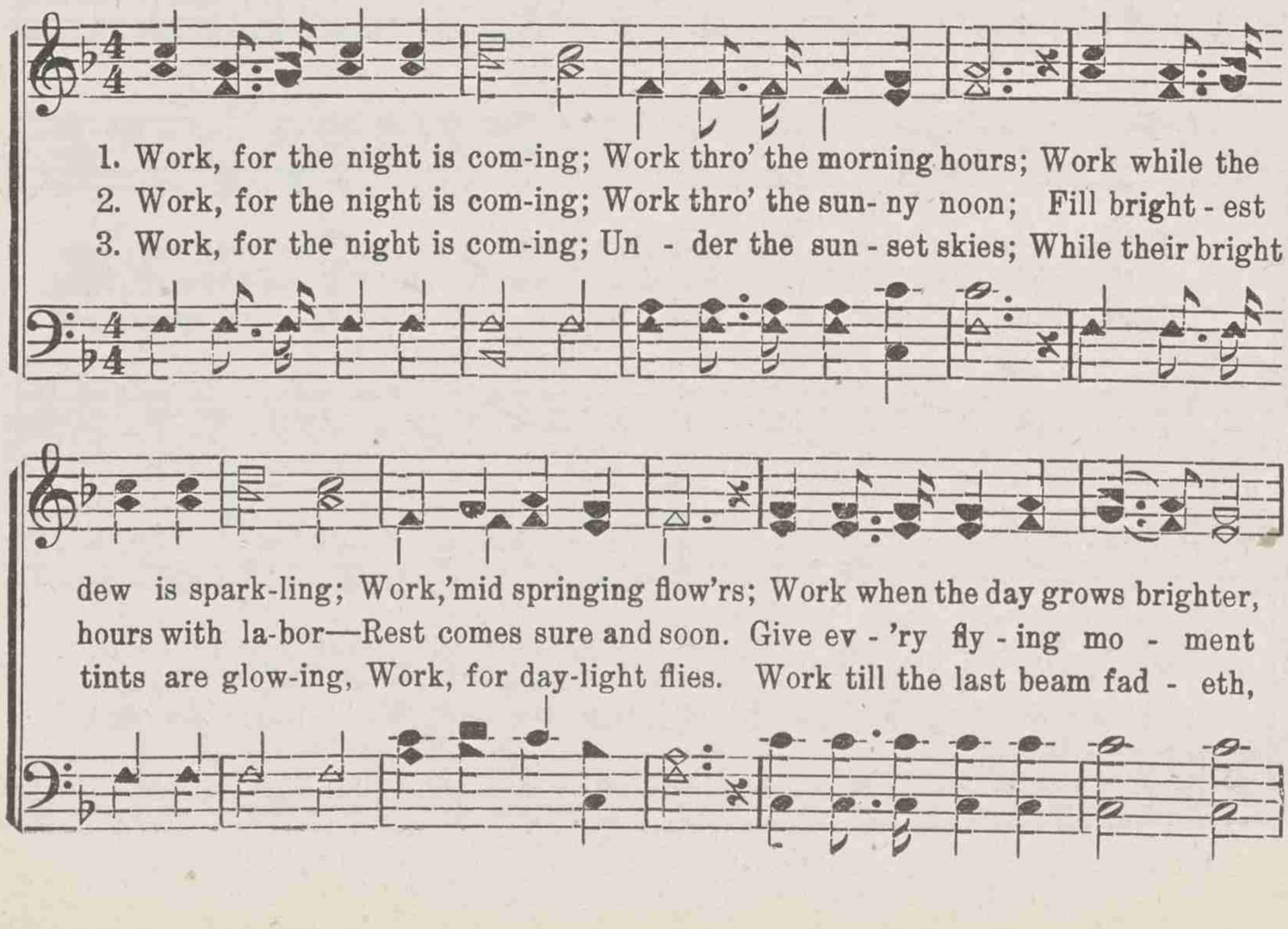
355. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. **Andro Harts Psalter.**

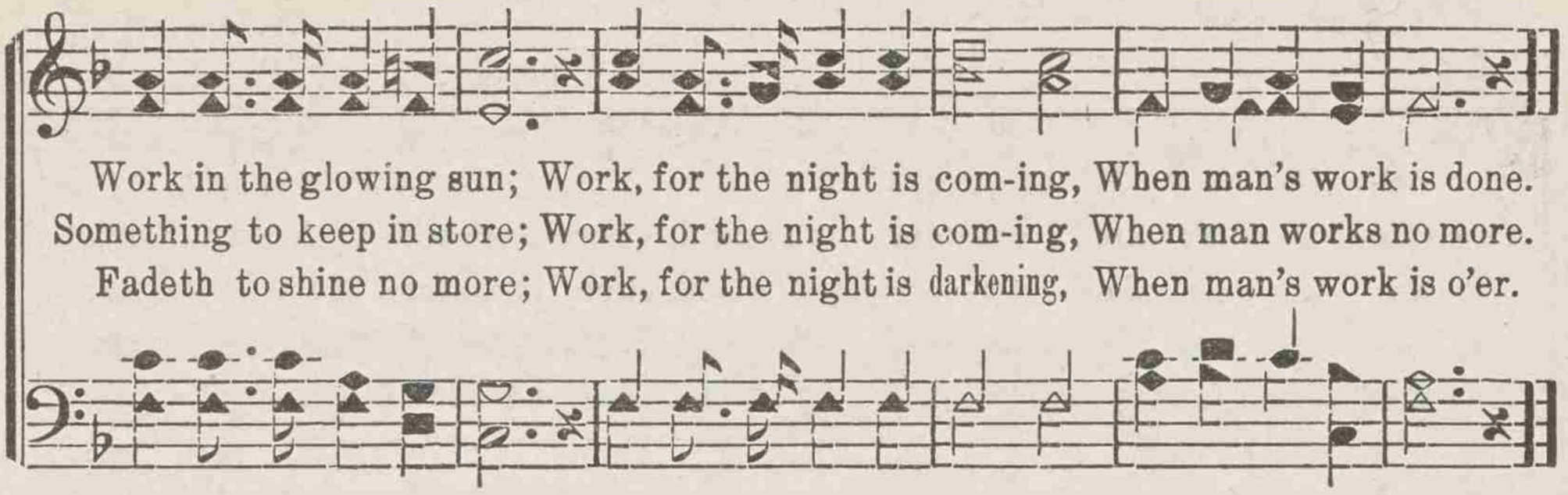


356. Work, for the Night Is Coming.

Mrs. Annie L. Coghill. **Lowell Mason.**



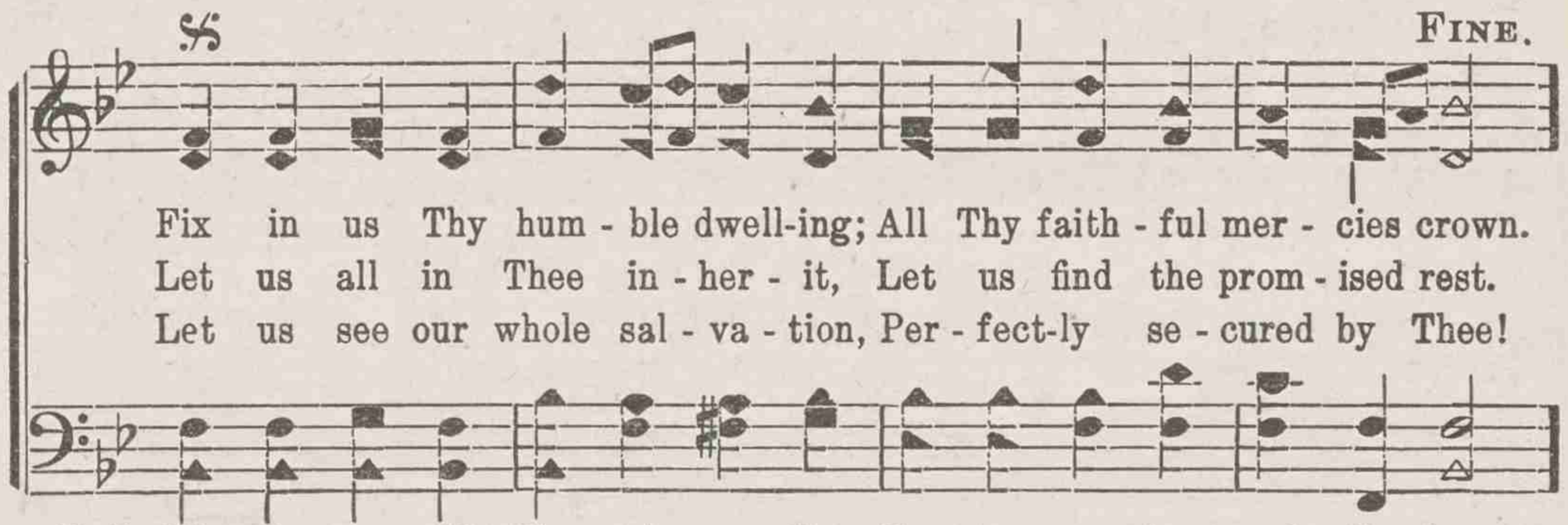
Work, for the Night Is Coming.



357. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Charles Wesley. **John Zundell.**







358. Only Trust Him.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press'd, 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.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit.....*) } save you now.

359. Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. "St Catherine."—Ad. by J. G. Walton.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

Faith of Our Fathers.

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word.
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa-ther's! ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

360. Night, with Ebon Pinion.

L. H. Jameson. **J. P. Powell.**

1. Night, with e - bon pin - ion, Brood-ed o'er the vale; All a-round was
2. Smit - ten for of - fens - es Which were not His own, He, for our trans-
3. Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa - ther, If in - deed it may, Let this cup of

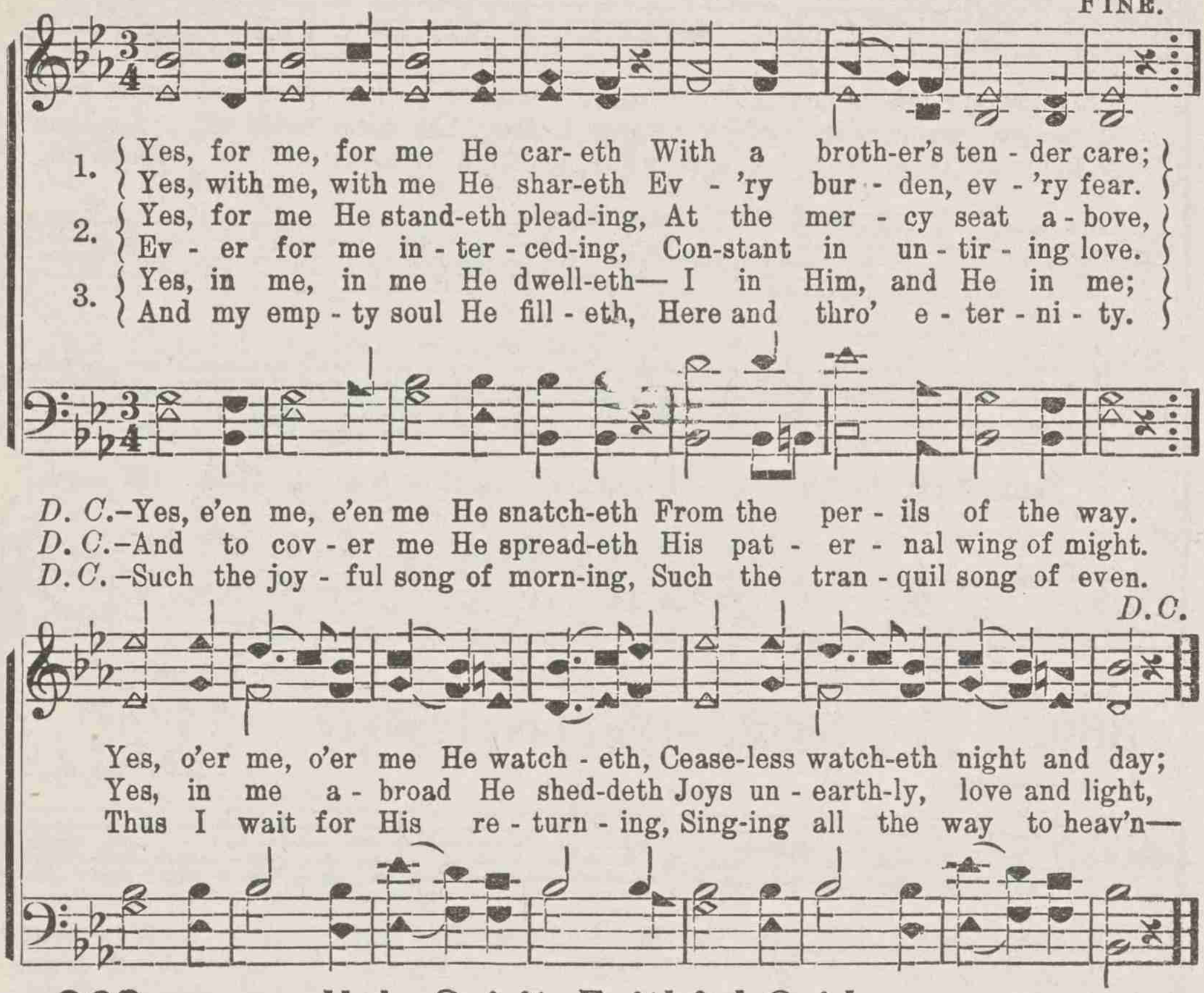
si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ, the Man of Sor - rows, In
gressions, Had to weep a - lone; No friend with words to com - fort, Nor
an-guish, Pass from me, I pray. Yet, if it must be suf - fered, By

tears and sweat and blood, Prostrate in the gar-den, Raised His voice to God.
hand to help was there, When the Meek and low-ly Hum-bly bowed in pray'r.
me, Thine on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa-ther. Let Thy will be done.

361. Yes, for Me He Careth.

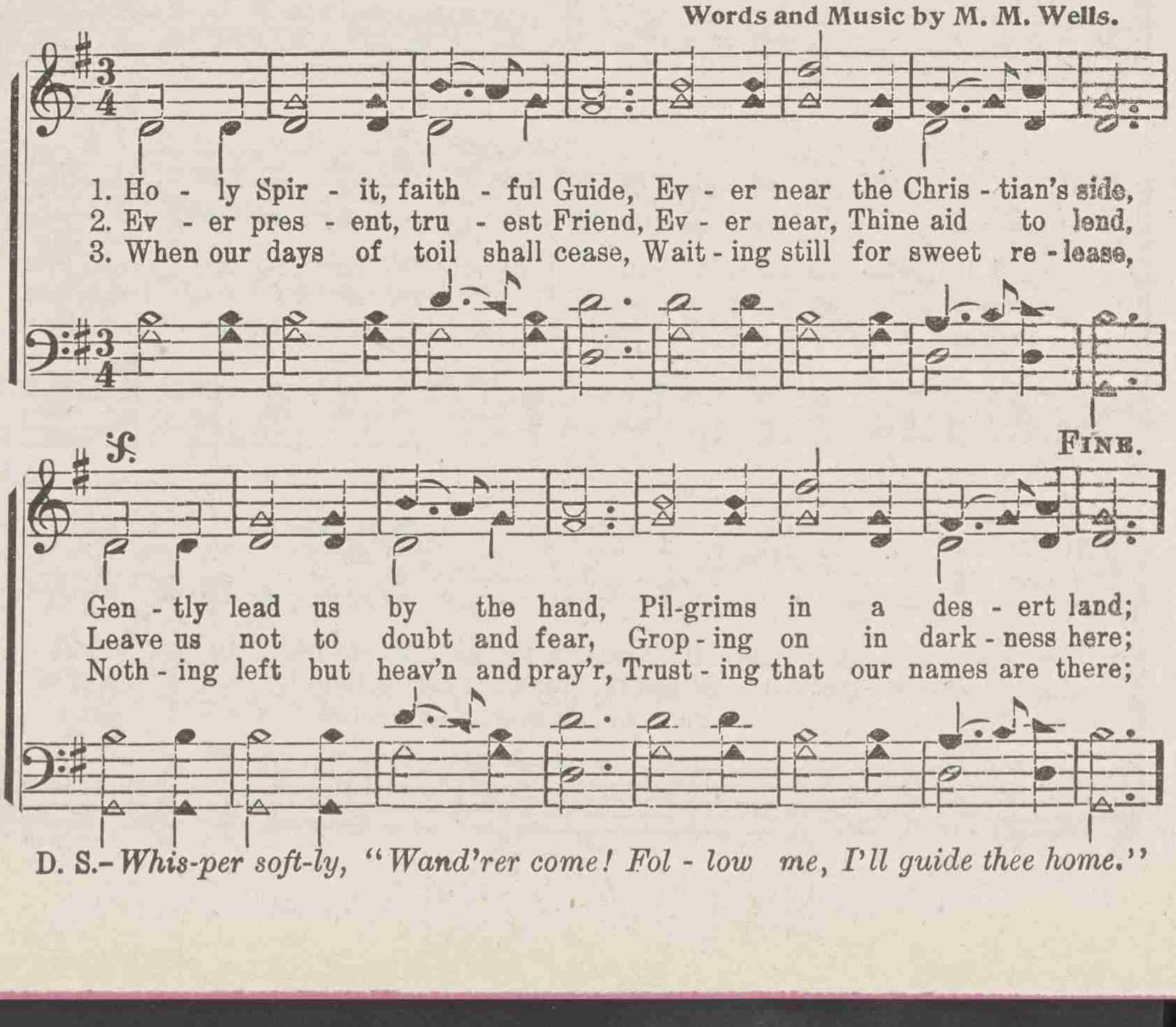
Unknown. **Thos. Hastings.**

FINE.

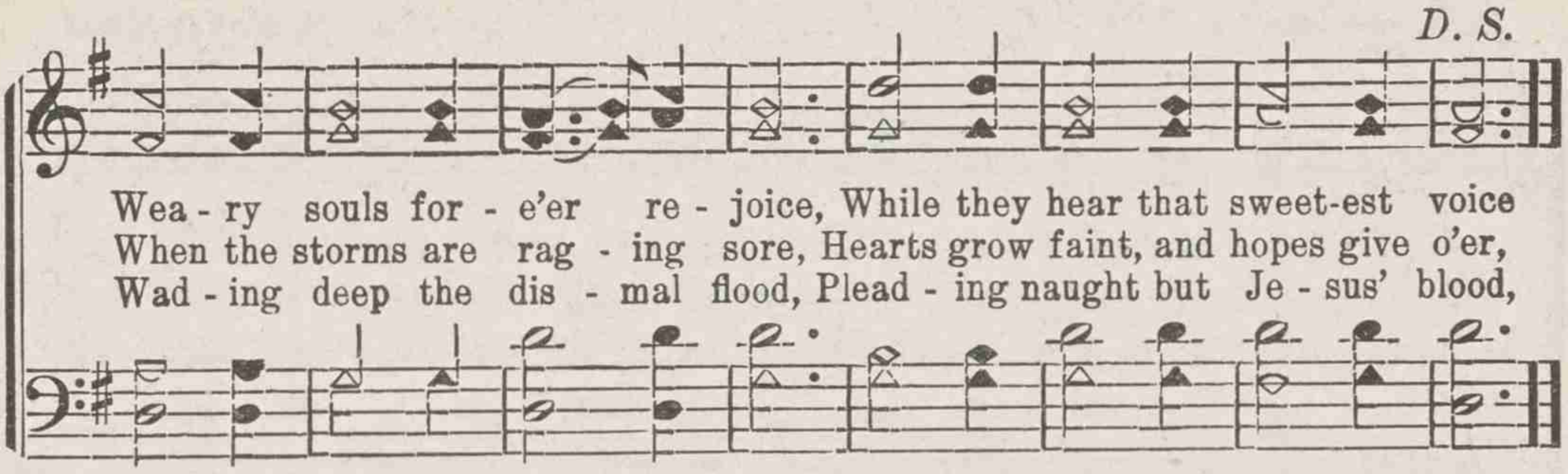


362. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Words and Music by M. M. Wells.



Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



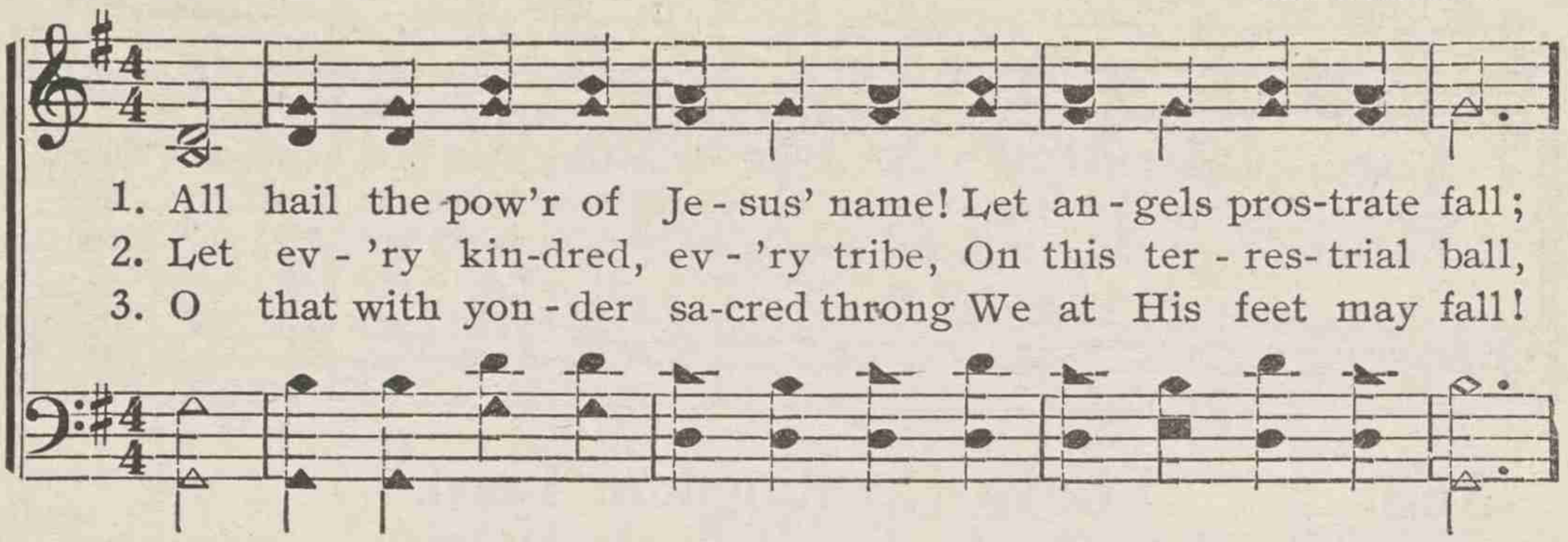
363. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

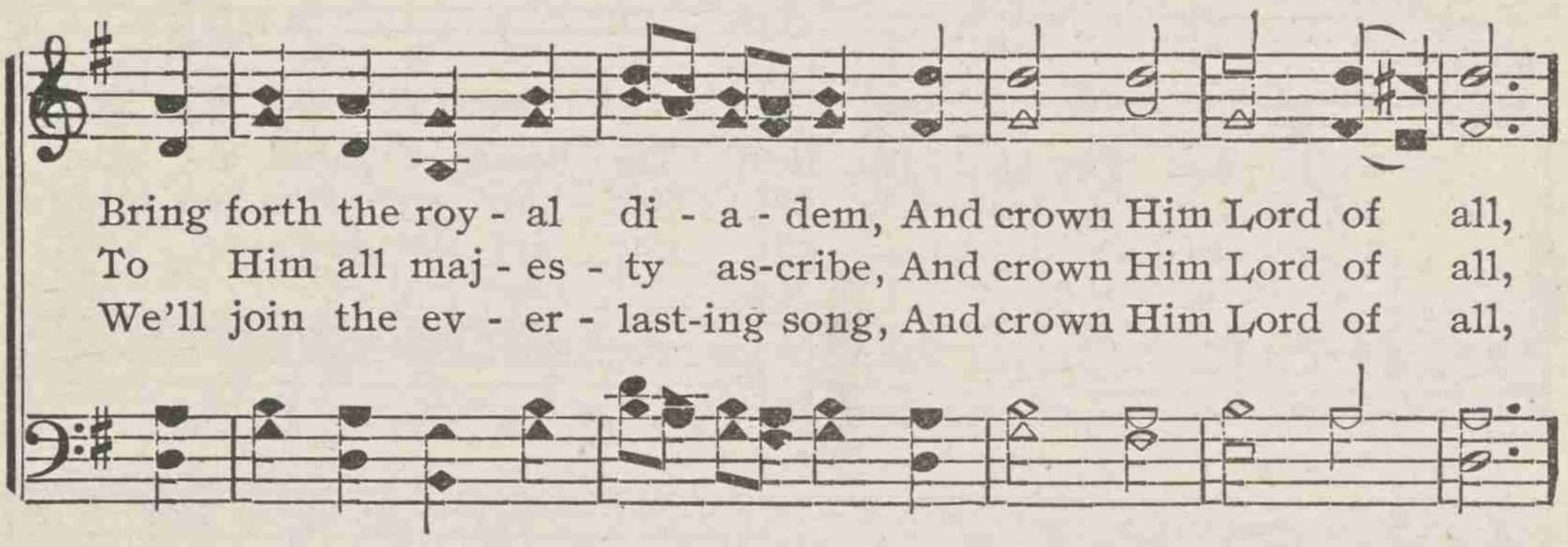
Timothy Dwight. **A. B. Everett.**

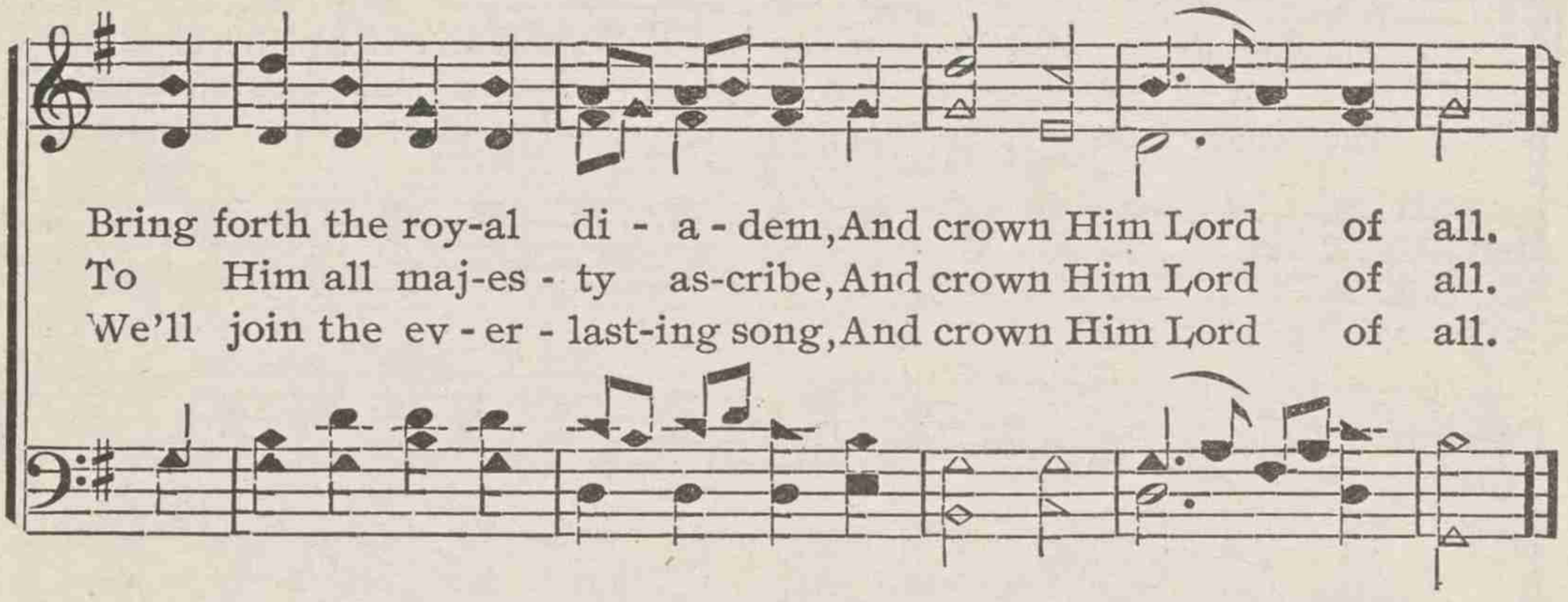


364. All hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

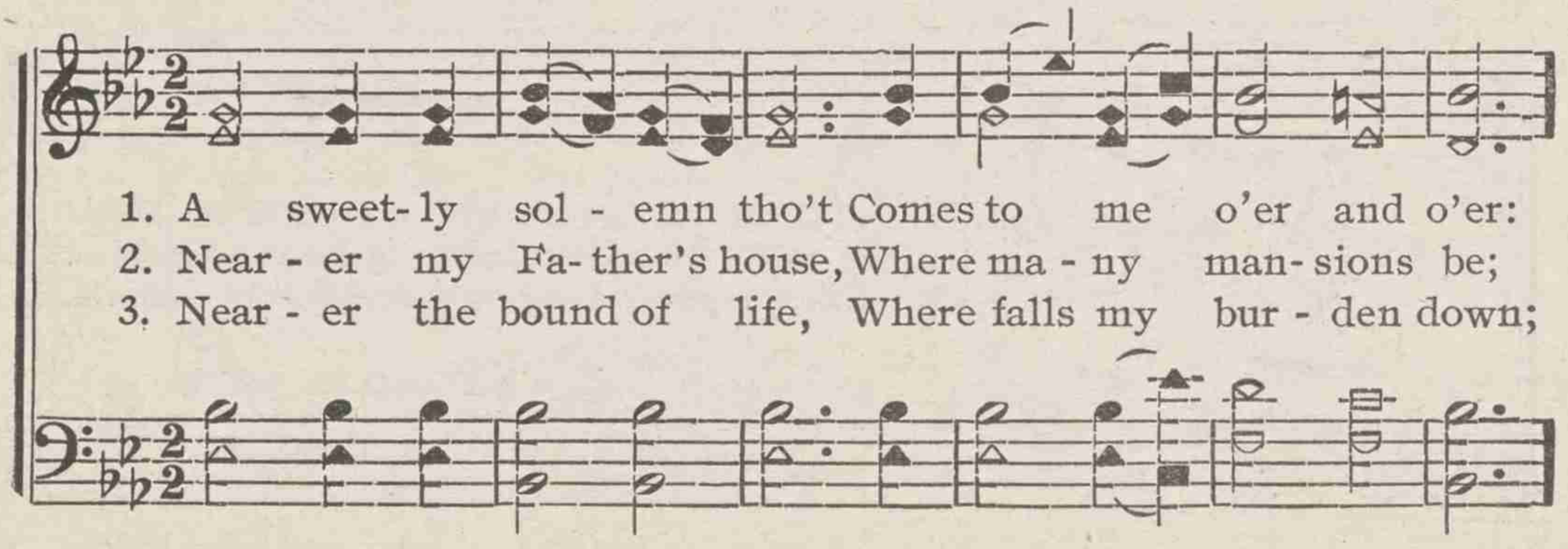




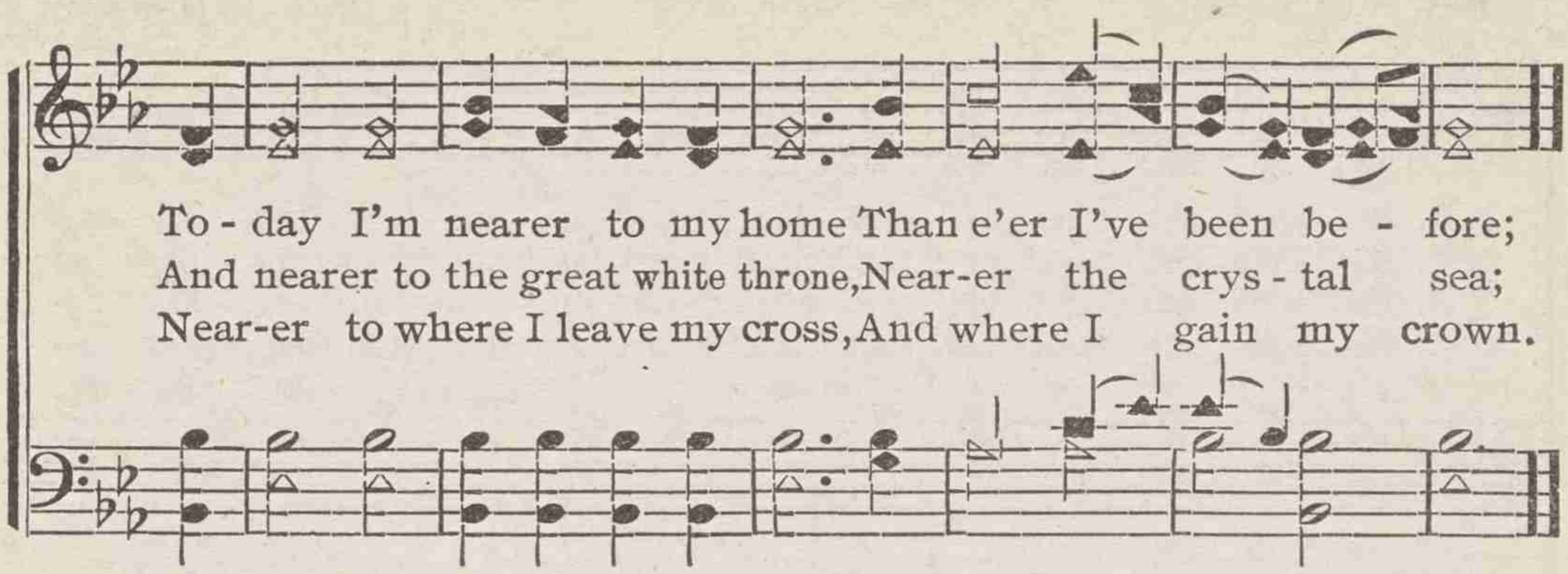


365. A Sweetly Solemn Thought.

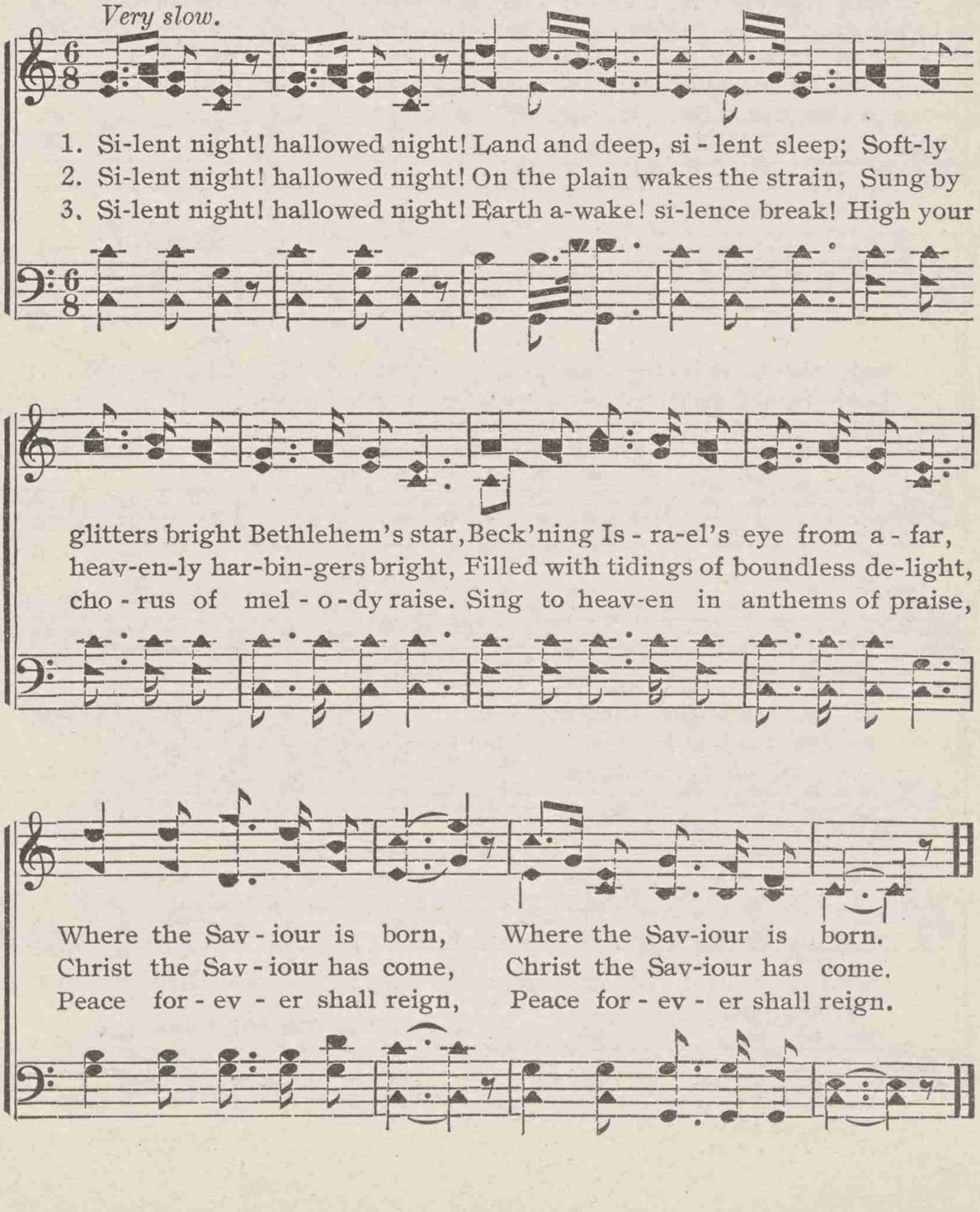
I. B. Woodbury.



A Sweetly Solemn Thought.



366. Silent Night! Hallowed Night!



367. Beyond this Land of Parting.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. **Dr. A. B. Everett.**

1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing and leav - ing, Far be-
2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing and reap - ing, Far be-
3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint - ing and fall - ing, Far be-
4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing and sigh - ing, Far be-

yond the loss - es, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the tak - ing
yond the shad - ows dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the sigh - ing,
yond the doubt-ings dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the griefs and
yond the sor - rows dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the pain and

REFRAIN.

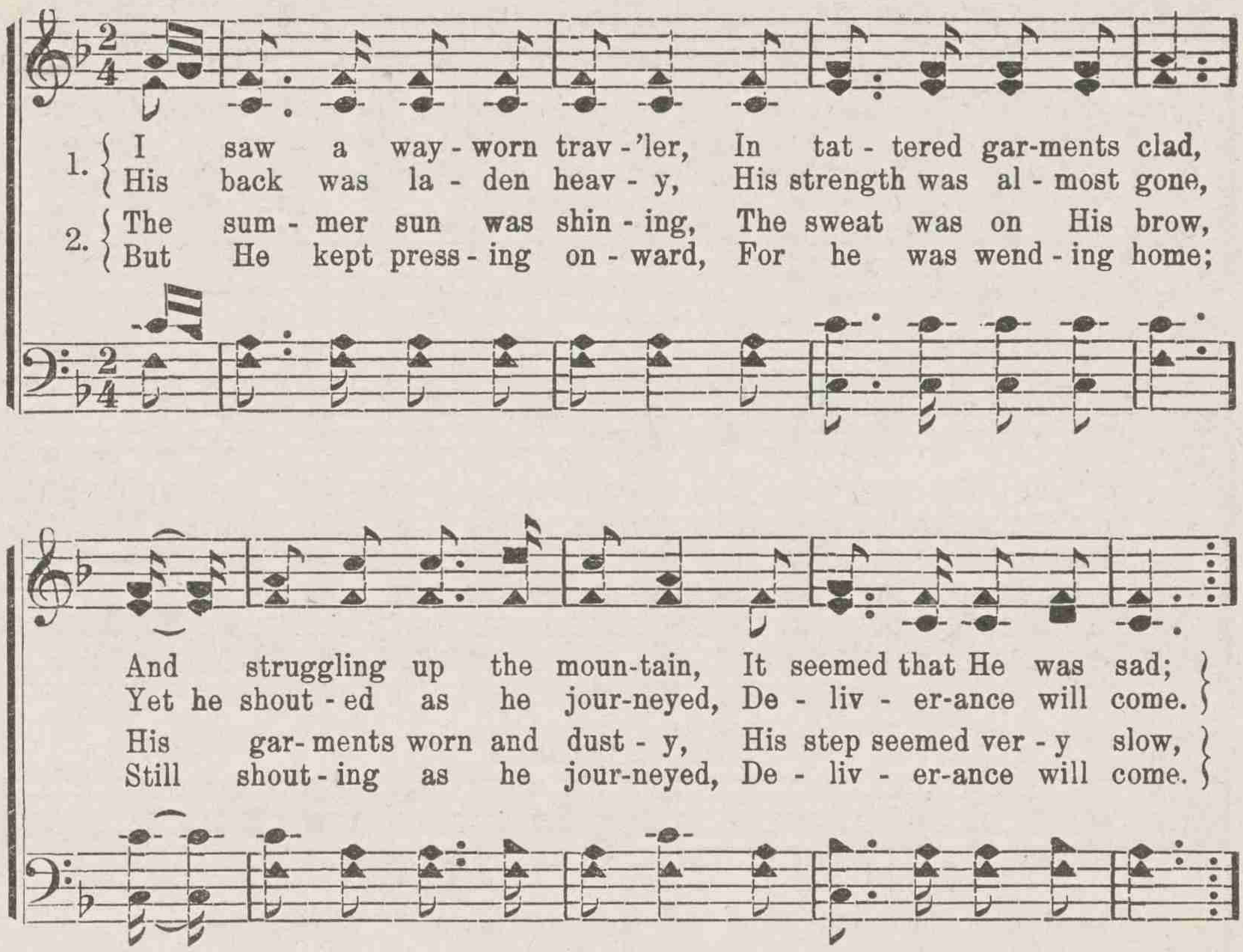
and the be- reav - ing Lies the summer-land of bliss. Land be- yond,. . . .
moan- ing and weep-ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss.
dan - gers be - fall - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss.
sick - ness and dy - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss. Land beyond,

so fair and bright! Land be - yond,. . . . . where is no night! Sum-mer-
so fair and bright! Land beyond, where is no night!

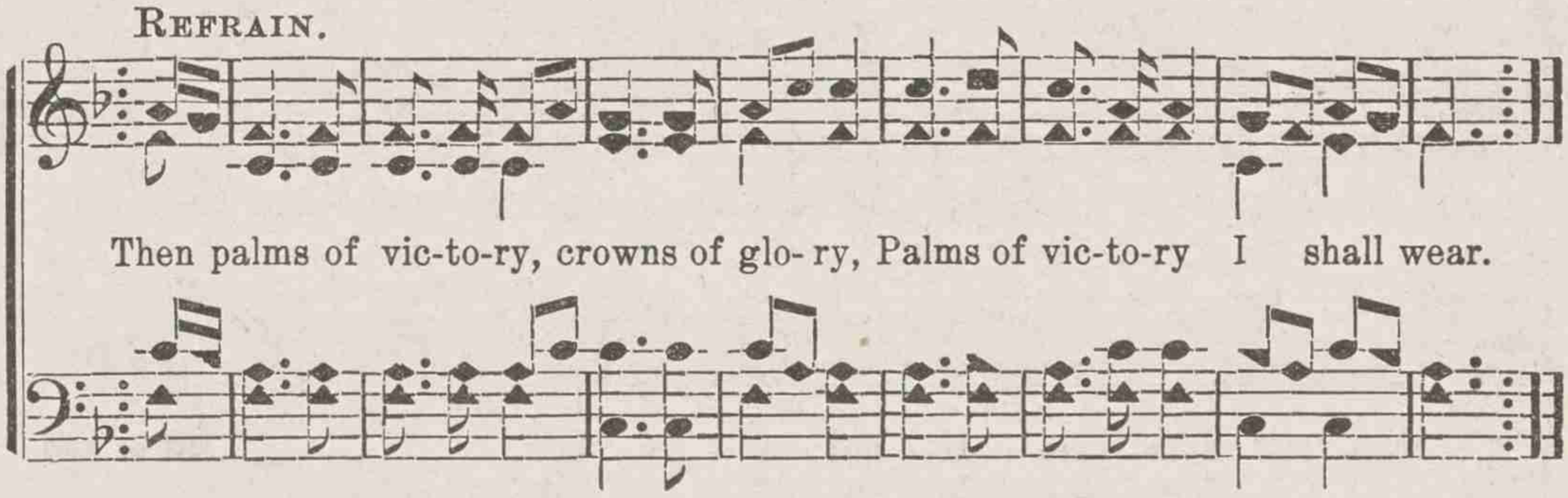
land,. . . . . God is its Light, O hap - py sum-mer - land of bliss!
Sum-mer-land,

368. Deliverance Will Come.

Anon. Anon.



REFRAIN.



3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed.
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sung upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore·
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

369. More Like Jesus.

F. Merrick. Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'Kane. T. C. O'Kane.

1. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be— More like Je - sus
2. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be— More like Je - sus,
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, come and make me all like Thee—All like Thee, O

in sub - mis - sion, Like Him trustful, un - re - pin - ing, Pa-tient like Him,
true and stead-fast, Like Him striving, ev - er do - ing, Earnest like Him,
bless-ed Je - sus, In the glo - ry of Thy man-hood, In the beau - ty

CHORUS.

like Him in hu - mil - i - ty. More and more, more and more,
like Him in fi - del - i - ty.
of Thy spotless pur - i - ty. More and more, more and more,

More and more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day;..... More and
More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day;

more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
More and more more and more,

370. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

J. Montgomery. **Mendelssohn.**

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

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

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

But God is round a - bout me—And can I be dismayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Saviour has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.
And can..... I be dismayed?
And I..... will walk with Him.
And He..... will walk with me.

371. When the Waiting Time.

J. H. F. Copyright, 1885, in "Banner of Beauty." Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. When the wait-ing time is o - ver, When the Mas - ter bids us come,
2. When the wait-ing time is o - ver, Bat-tles fought and vict'ries won,
3. When the wait-ing time is o - ver, When the toils of life are past,

In the glad and bright for - ev - er, We shall rest in peace at home.
We shall hear the Sav-iour's welcome, "Good and faith-ful one, well done."
We shall sing with ho - ly rap-ture, "Praise the Lord, we're home at last."

CHORUS.

When the wait - - ing time is o - ver,.....
When the waiting, waiting, wait-ing, When the wait-ing time is o - ver,

When from sin..... and sor - row free,
When the wait-ing time is o - ver, When from sin and sor-row free,

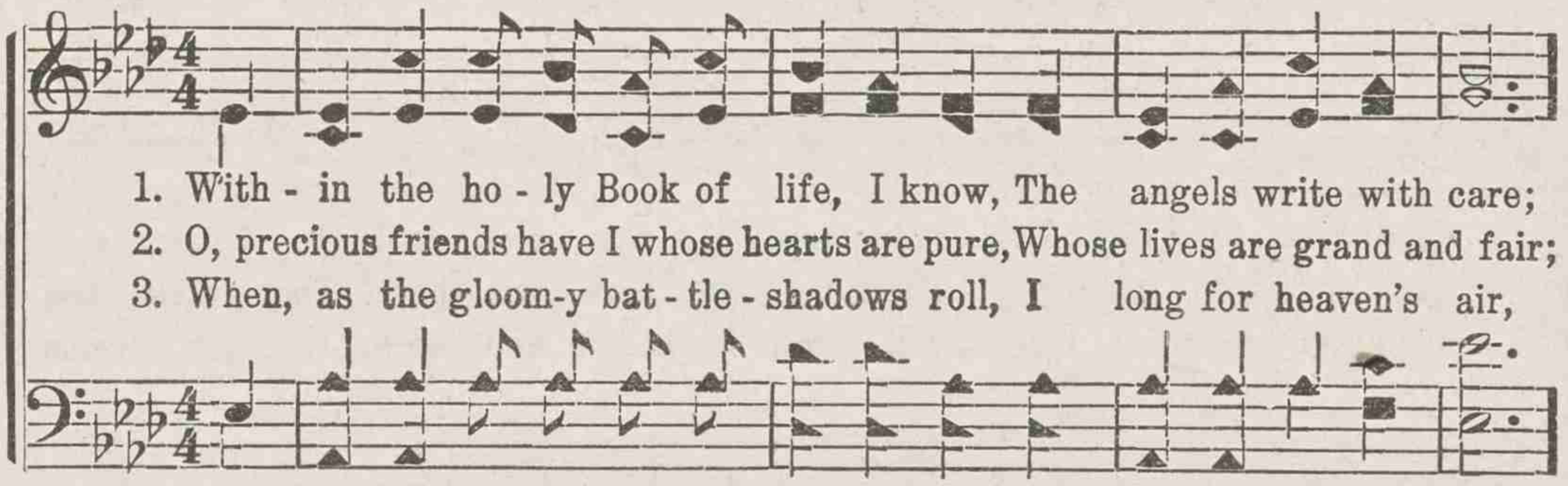
We shall meet..... be-yond the riv - er,.....
We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, When the wait-ing time is o - ver,

When the Waiting Time.



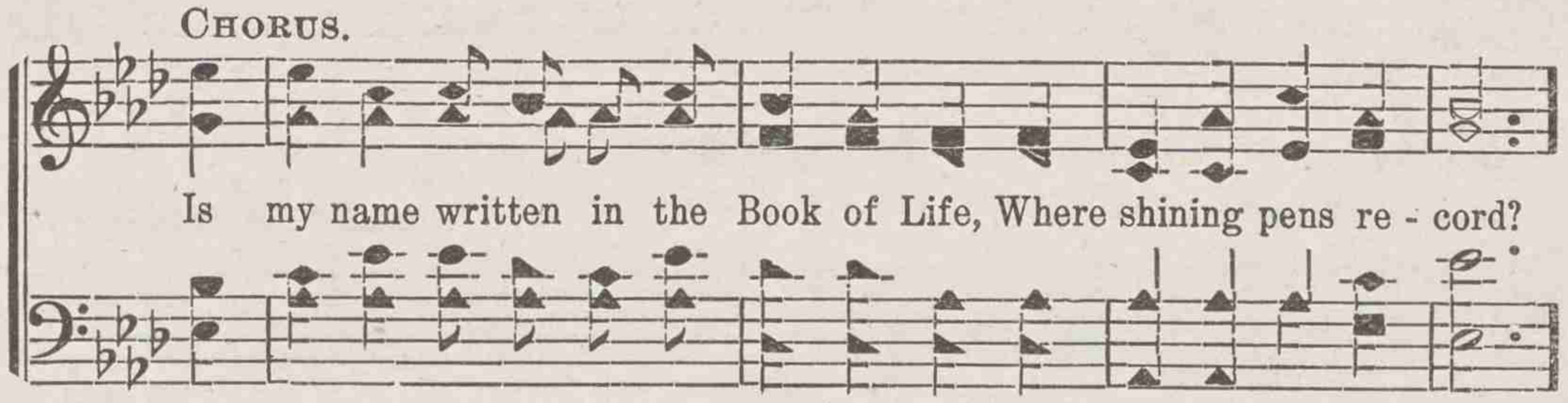
372. Is My Name Written There.

Jessie H. Brown. Copyright, 1884, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**





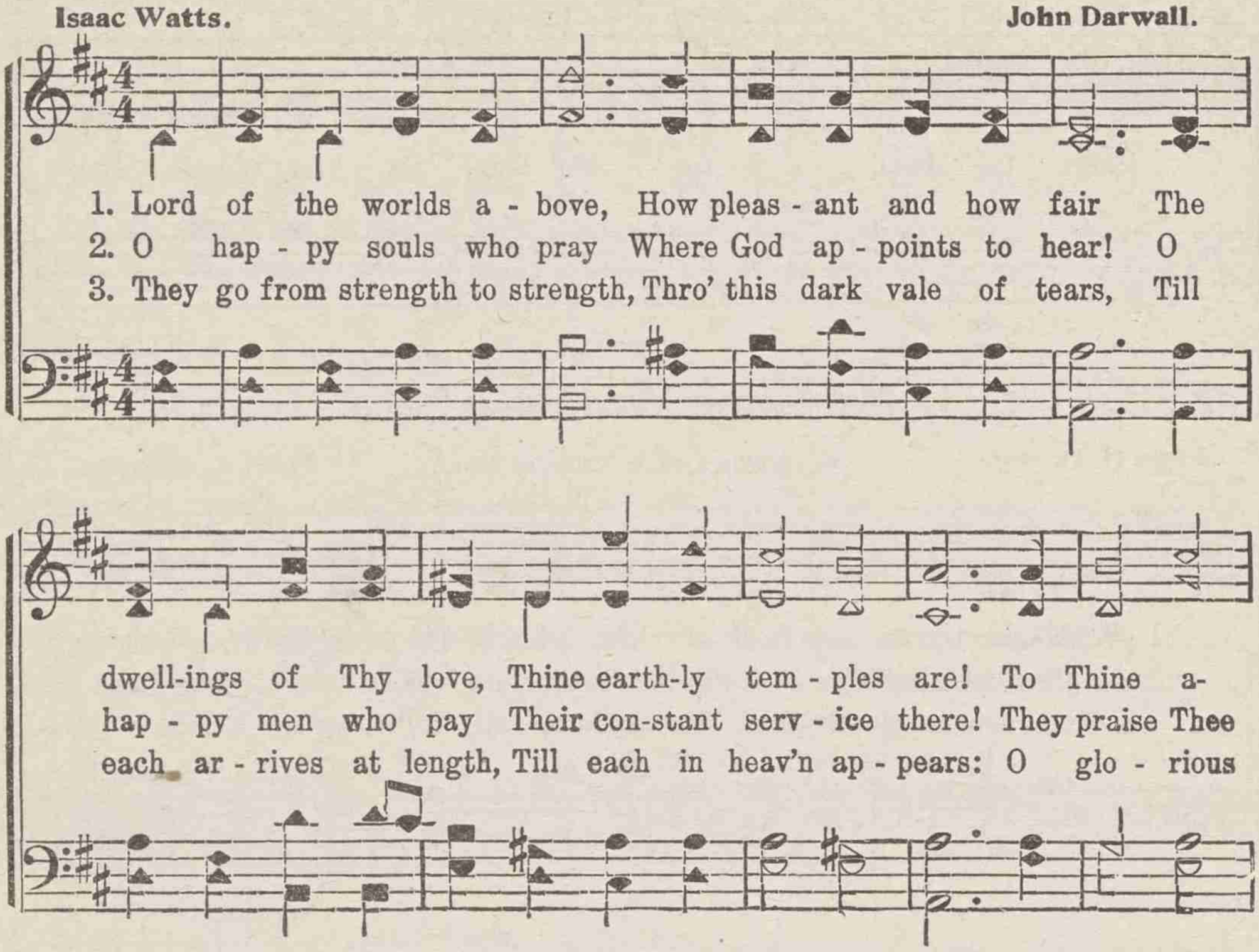
CHORUS.





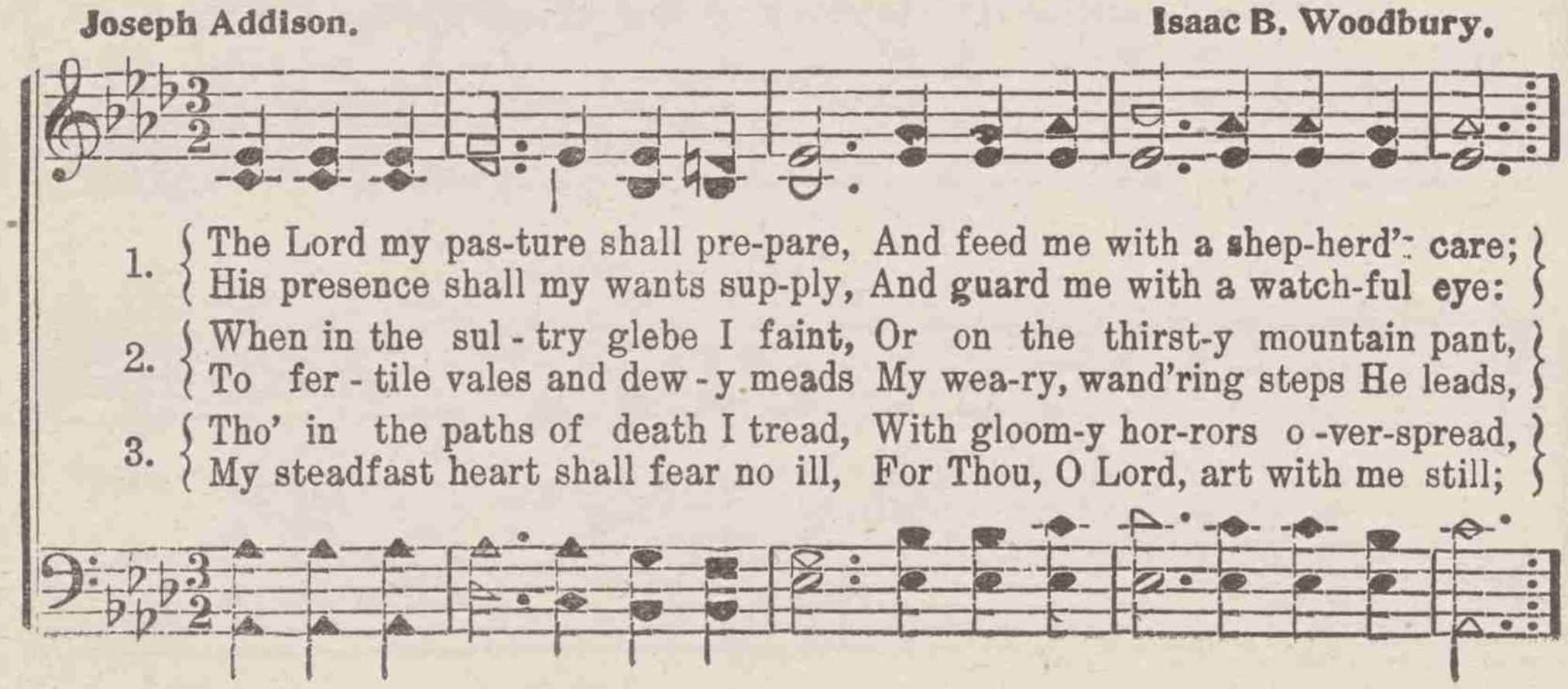
373. Lord of the Worlds Above.

Isaac Watts. **John Darwall.**

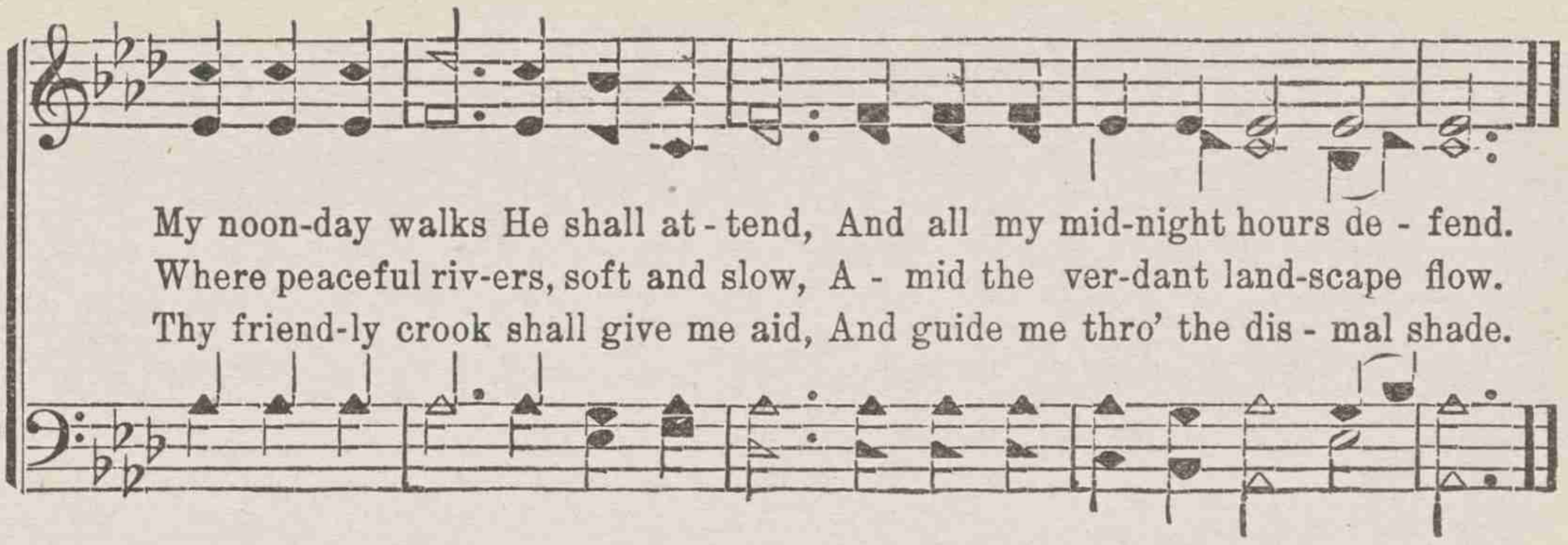


374. My Pasture.

Joseph Addison. **Isaac B. Woodbury.**



My Pasture.



375. O How Kindly Hast Thou Led Me.

Grinfield. Flotow.



376. The Spacious Firmament on High.

Joseph Addison. **F. J. Haydn.**

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this

blue, e - the - real sky, And span - gled heavn's, a
up the won - drous tale, And night - ly to the
dark, ter - res - trial ball; What though no re - al

shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro-
list'n - ing earth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her
voice nor sound, A - mid their ra - diant orbs be

claim. Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-
birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all the
found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter

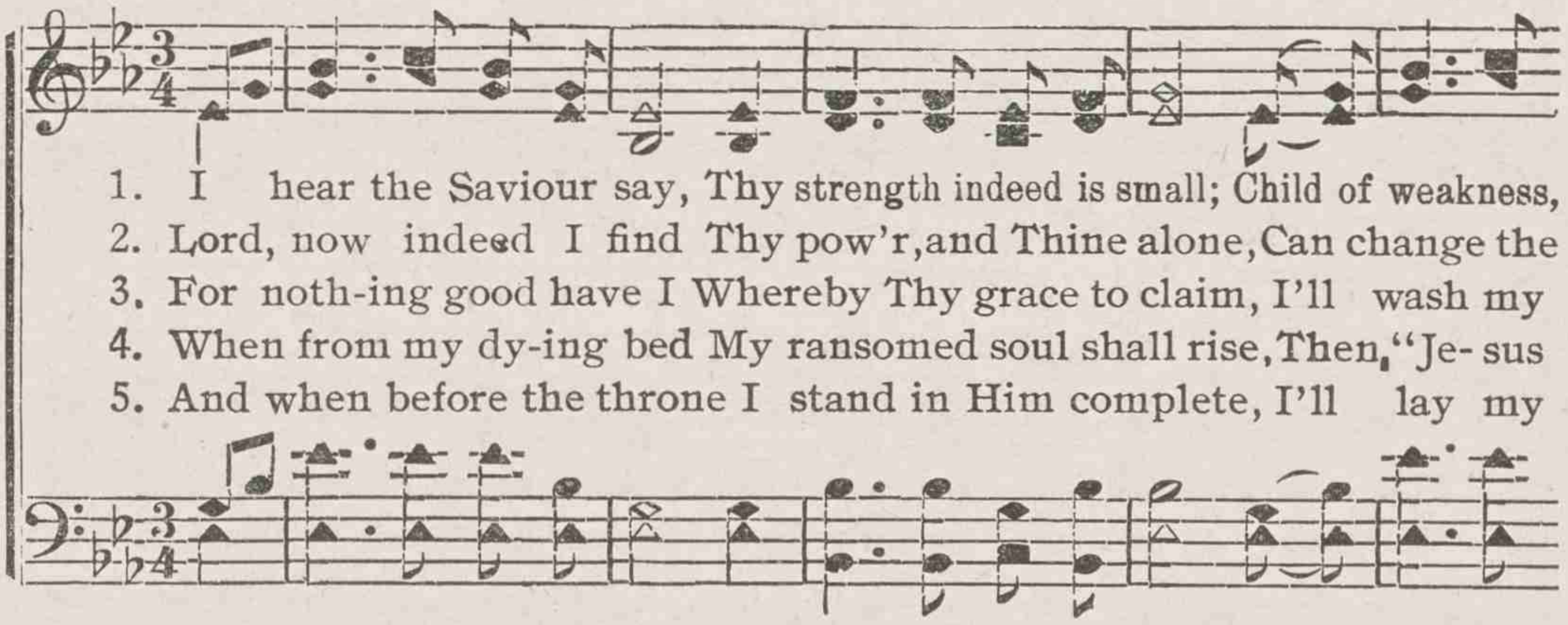
a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
plan - ets in their turn, Con-firm the ti - dings
forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing

The Spacious Firmament On High.



377. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. **John T. Grape.**



378. Fading, Still Fading.

Selina Huntington. **Scotch Song.**

1. Fading, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav - en, the
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake, who is

day is de - clin- ing; Safe - ty and in - no-cence flee with the light,
Sav - iour of all.... Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in Thy might;

Temp-ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the
In doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our light; Let us sleep on Thy

shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from dan-ger, keep us from crime.
breast while the night ta- per burns, Wake in Thine arms when morn-ing returns.

REFRAIN.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, Fa-ther, have mer-cy, thro' Jeeus Christ, our Lord.

379. Thy Worthiness Is All Our Song.

Unknown, **New arrangement.**

1. Thy wor - thi-ness is all our song, O Lamb of God; for Thou wast slain,
2. Sal - va-tion to our God, who shines In face of Je-sus, on the throne,
3. To Him who loved us, and hath washed Us from our sins in His own blood,

And by Thy blood brought'st us to God, Out of each nation, tribe and tongue;
The on - ly just and mer - ci - ful,— Sal-va-tion to the worthy Lamb,
And who hath made us kings and priests, To His own Fa - ther and His God

To God hast made us kings and priests; And we shall reign up - on the earth.
With loud voice all the church ascribes; "Amen," say angels round the throne.
The glo - ry and do - min - ion be To Him e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

𝄋 CHORUS. FINE.

D. S.—Ho-san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!

D. S.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! let us sing Grate-ful prais - es to our King.

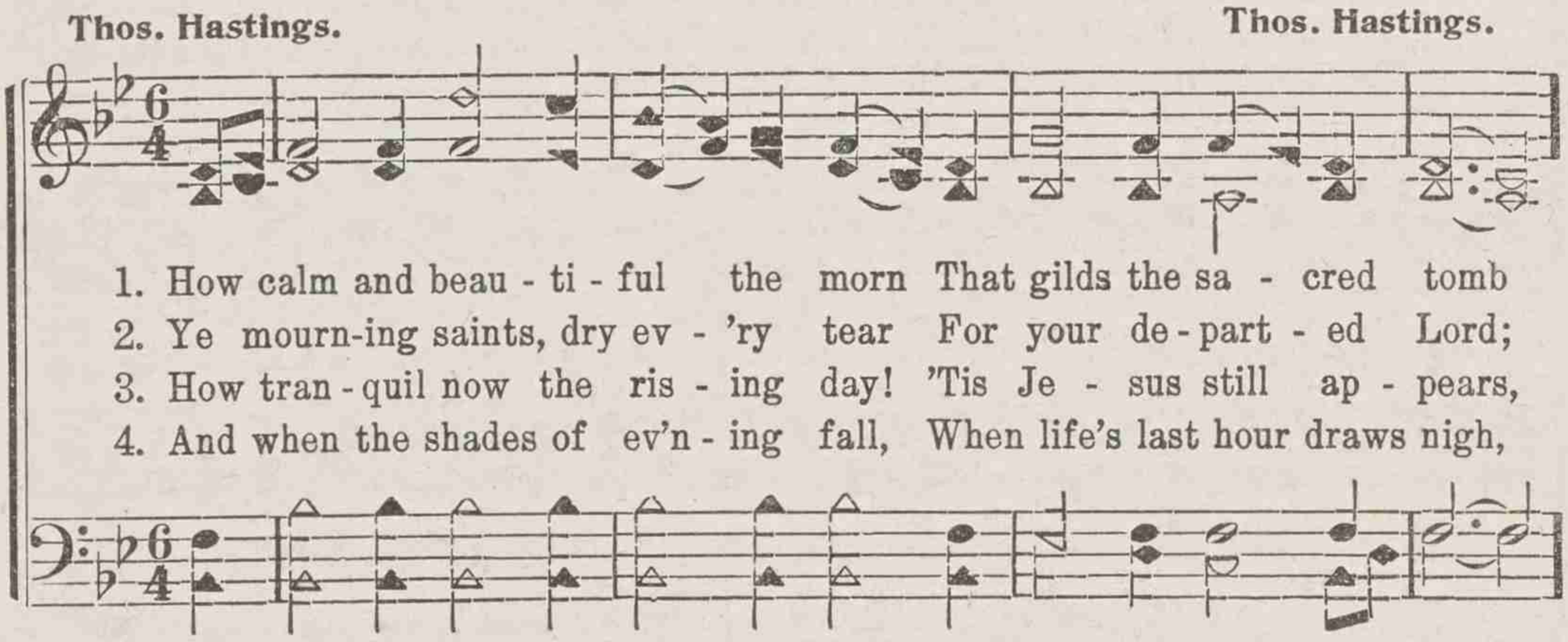
380. Praise the Lord; Ye Saints, Adore Him.

Benj. Skene. **Jas. H. Fillmore.**

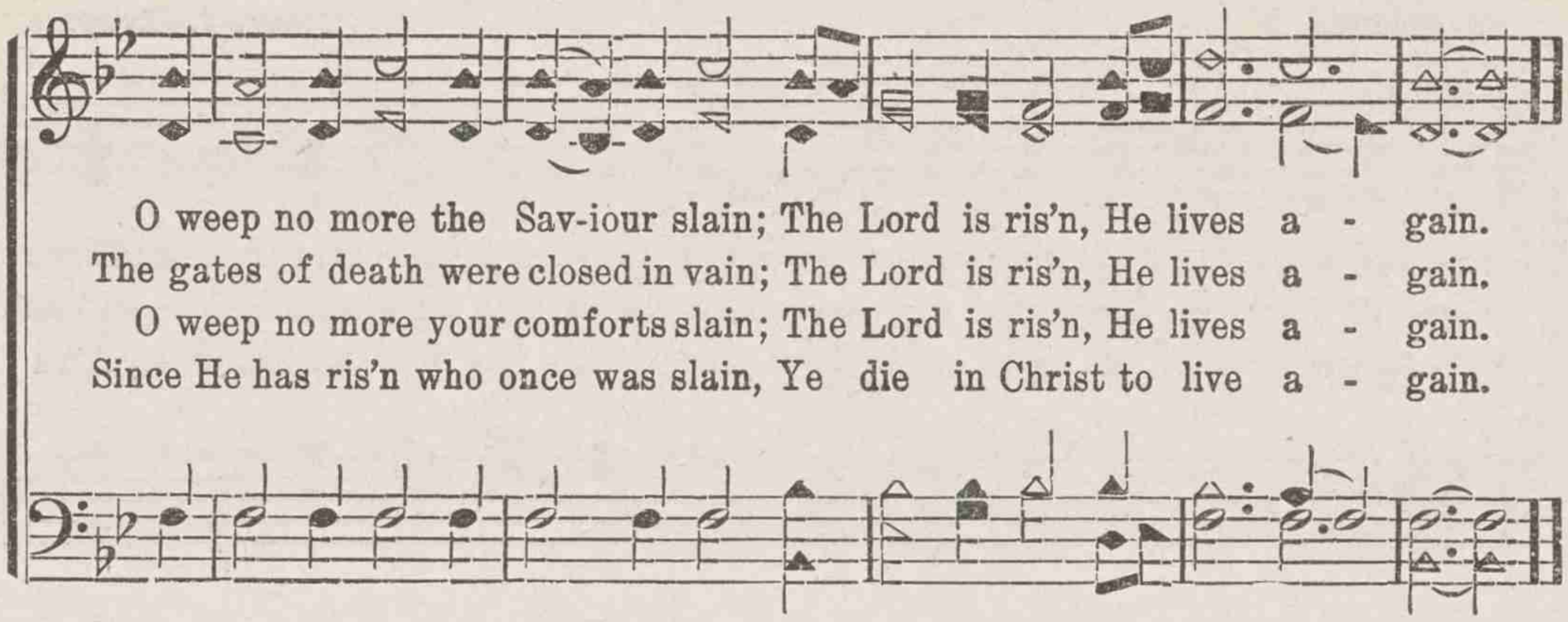


381. How Calm and Beautiful the Morn.

Thos. Hastings. **Thos. Hastings.**



How Calm and Beautiful the Morn.



382. Sound the Truth Abroad.

Thos. Kelly. **Lowell Mason.**



383. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

M. Bridges. **George J. Elvey.**

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!
2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side—Those
3. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, One with the Fa-ther known, And

how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied!
the blest Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yonder glorious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee! And
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
All hail, Re - deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy

hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
downward bends his wondering eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
praise and glo - ry shall not fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

384. Nearer to Thee.

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros.

Jessie H. Brown. **J. H. Fillmore.**

SOLO.

1. Back from the long a - go, Dis- tant and dim, Breathing a warn-ing low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid - ding me find in this
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Near-er Thy throne, Near - er the last-ing prize

Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me?
Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say: "Fa - ther, I flee
Kept for Thine own; E'en when death's her-alds come, Lord, may they be

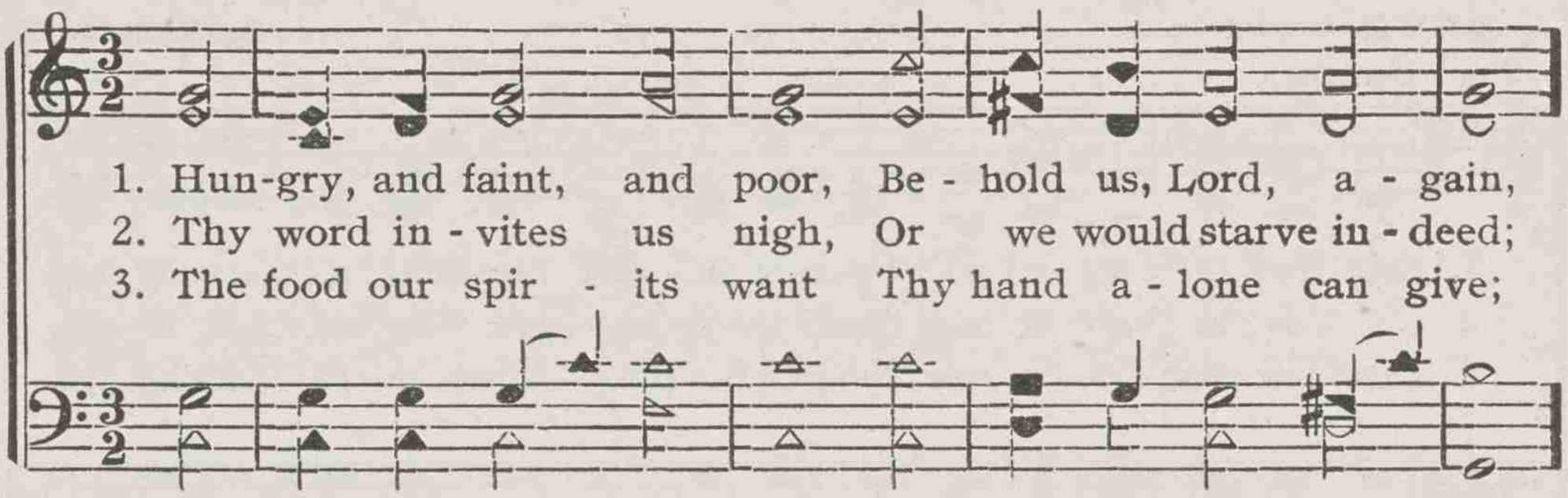
Slower. CHORUS. *Tempo.*

Sa - cred and ten-der seems, "Near - er to Thee;"—"Still all my song shall be,
Out of this cloud-ed way, Near - er to Thee;—"So by my woes to be
An - gels to lead me home, Near - er to Thee;—"An - gels to beck - on me,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee."
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee."
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee."

385. Hungry, and Faint, and Poor,

Unknown. **Lowell Mason.**



386. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

W. Hammond. **C. H. A. Malan.**

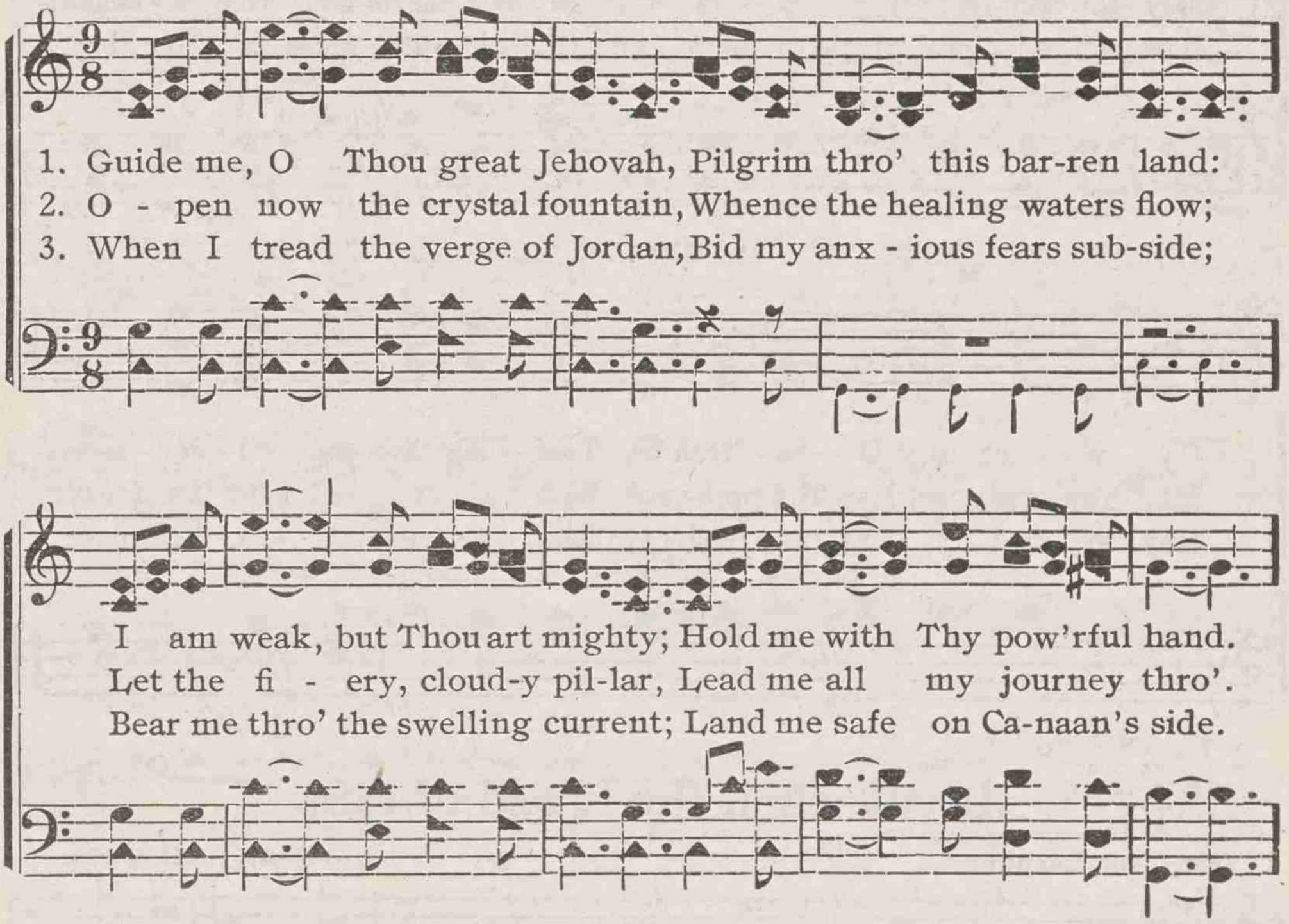


Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.



387. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. **Robert Lowry.**





388. Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

Shirley. **S. B. Pond.**



389. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**



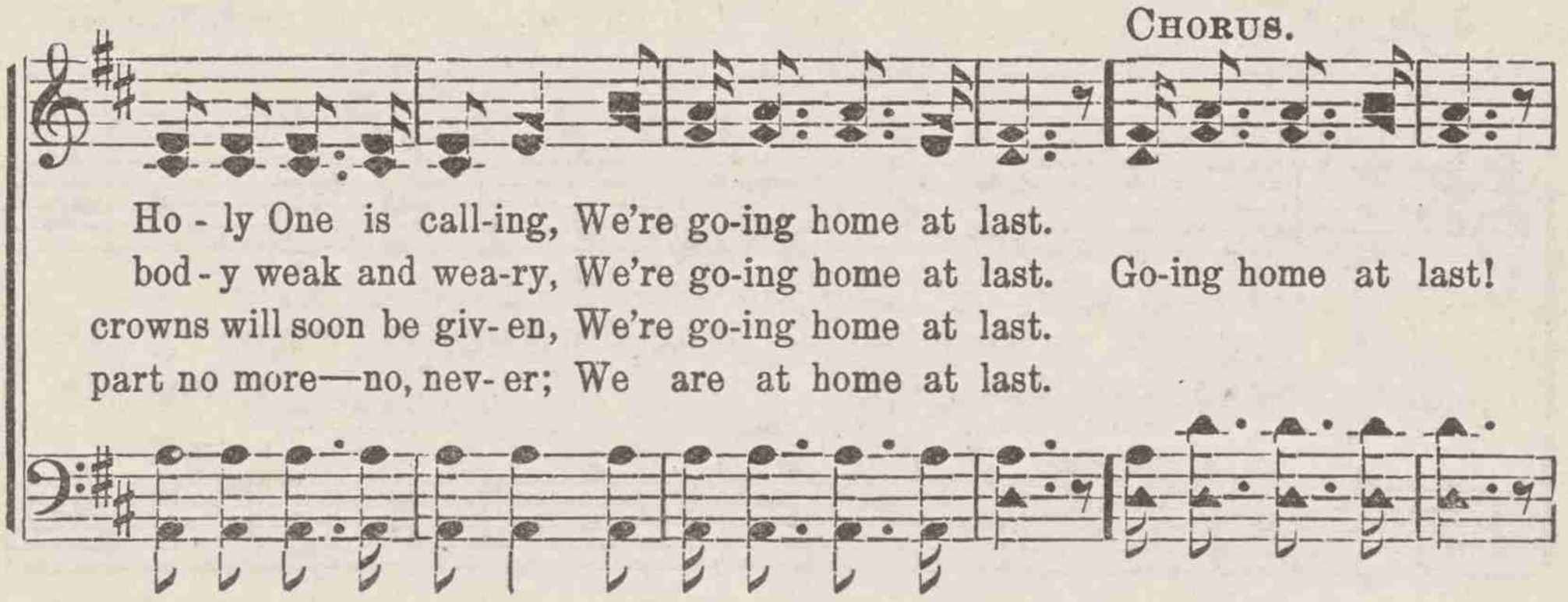
Break Thou the Bread of Life.

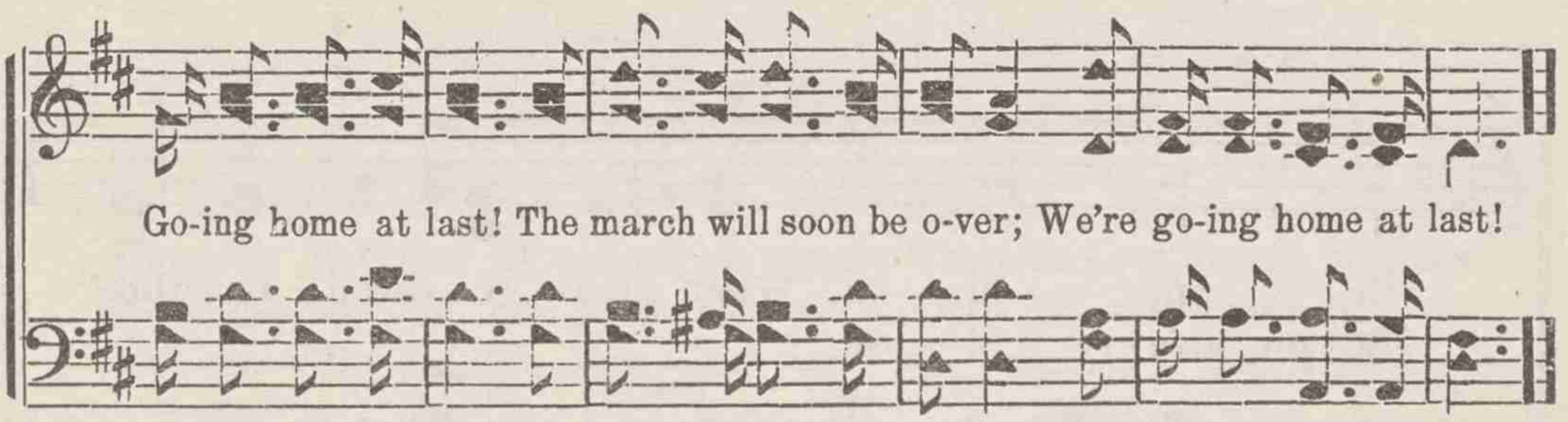


390. The Evening Shades Are Falling.

W. Gossett. **E. S. Lorenz.**







391. There Is a Habitation.

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

1. There is a hab - i - ta - tion, Built by the liv - ing God,
2. A cit - y with foun - da - tions, Firm as th' e - ter - nal throne,
3. No night is there, no sor - row, No death, and no de - cay;
4. With - in its pearl - y por - tals, An - gel - ic ar - mies sing,

For all, of ev - 'ry na - tion, Who seek that grand a - bode.
Nor wars, nor des - o - la - tions Shall ev - er move a stone.
No yes - ter - day, no mor - row—But one e - ter - nal day.
With glo - ri - fied im - mor - tals, The prais - es of its King.

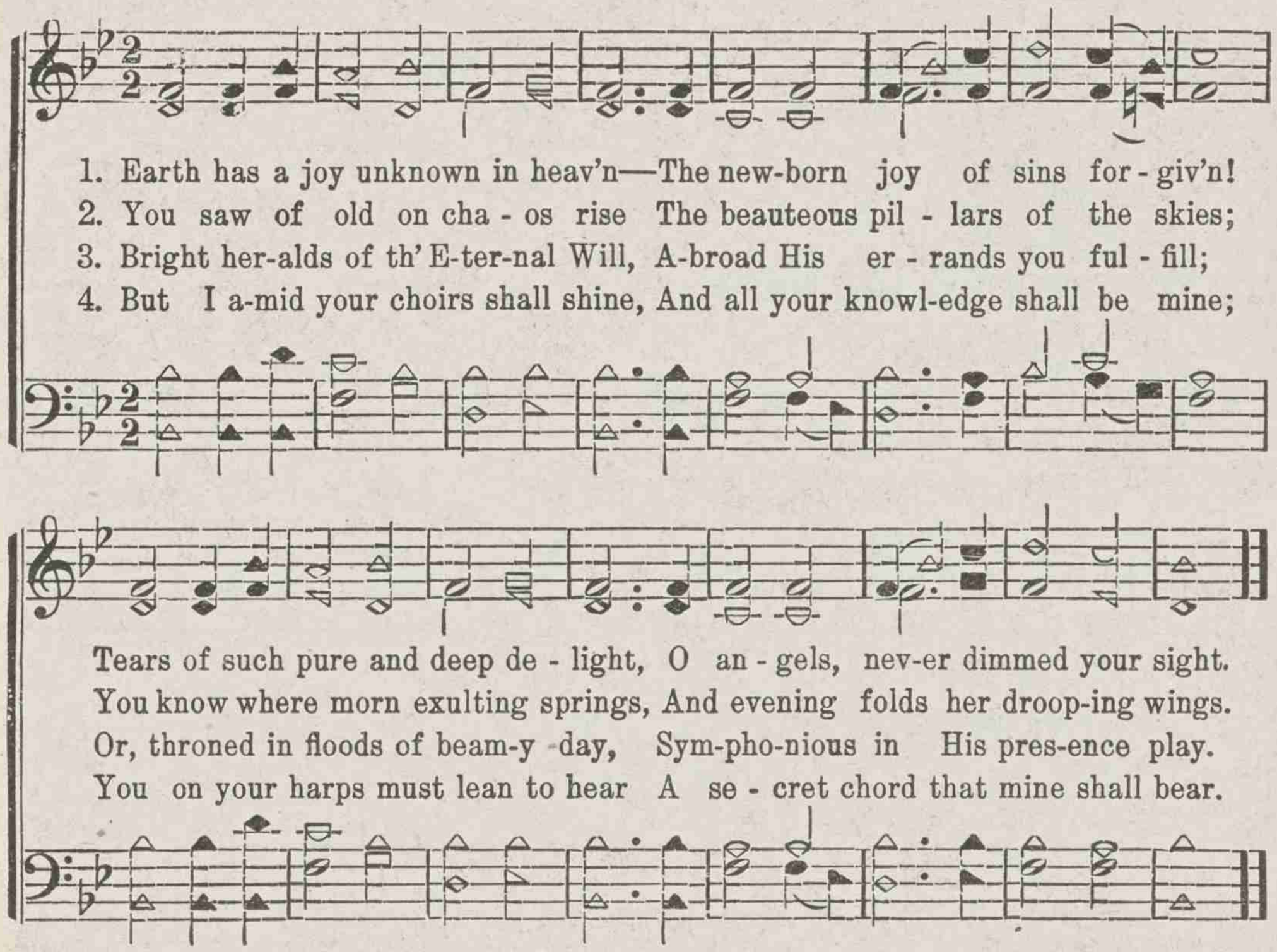
CHORUS.

O Si - on, Si - on, I long thy gates to see: O
O Si-on, love-ly Si - on, O love - ly

Si - on, Si - on, When shall I dwell in thee?
Si - on, love - ly Si - on,

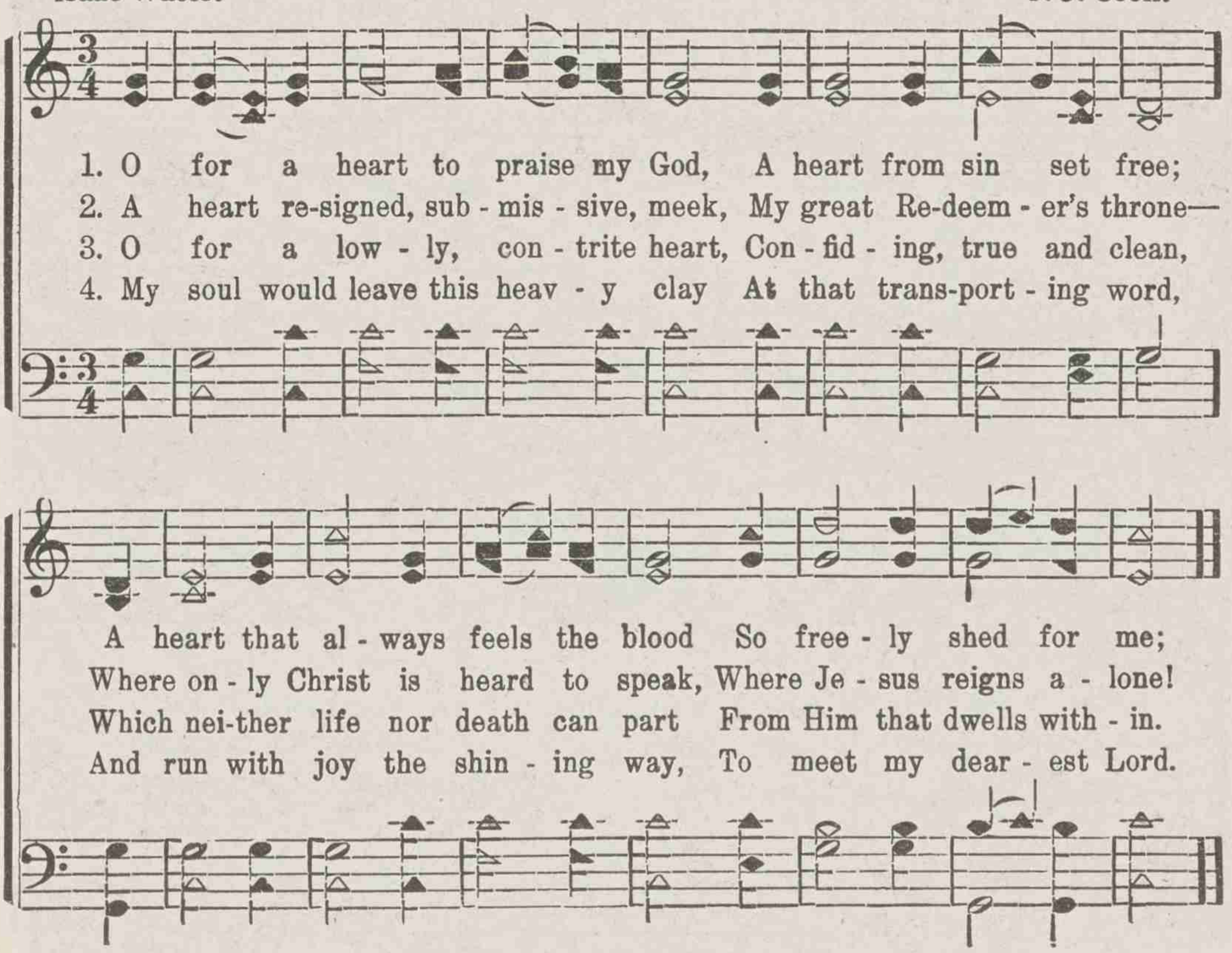
392. Earth Has a Joy.

A. L. H. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



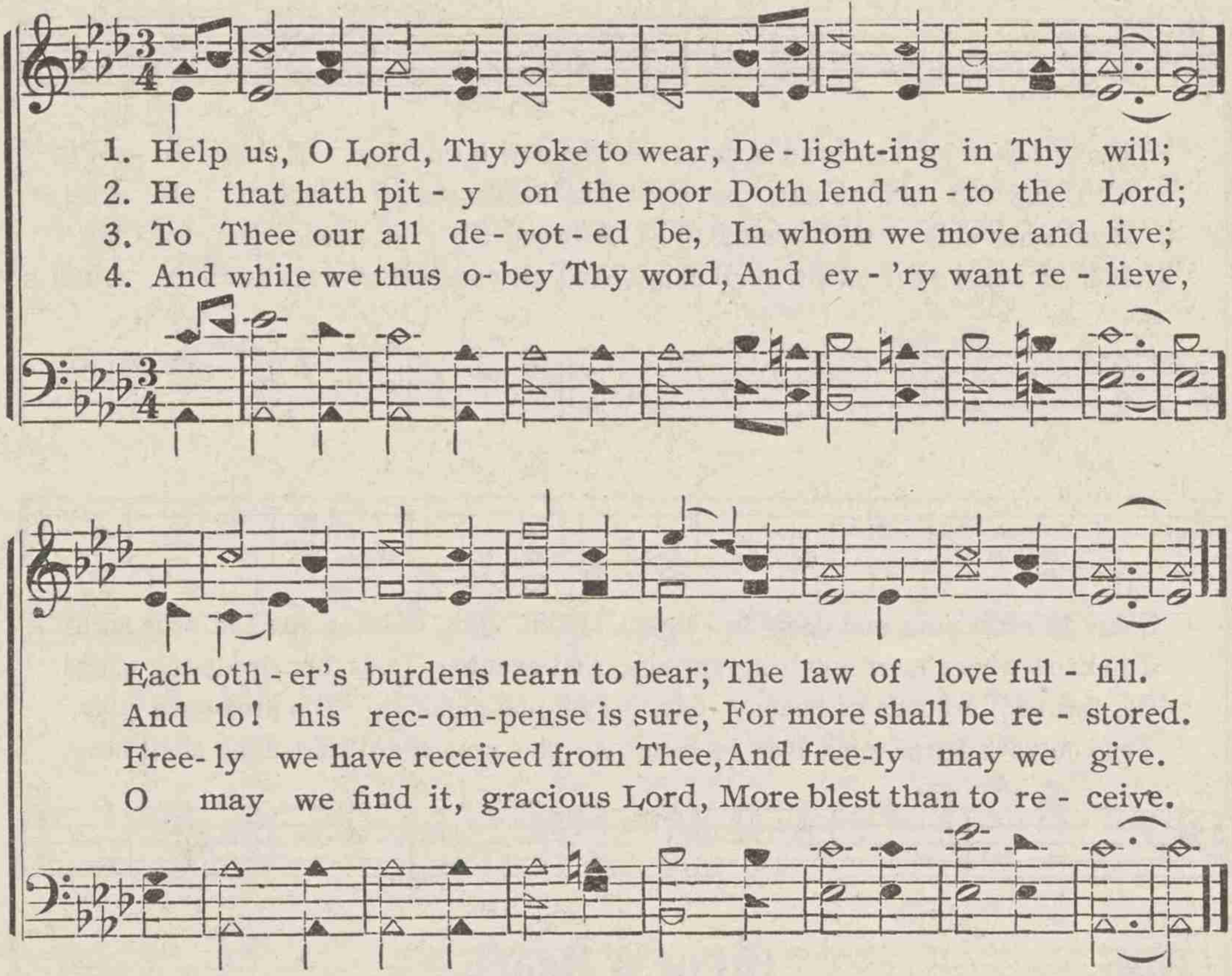
393. O For a Heart.

Isaac Watts. **T. J. Cook.**



394. Help Us, O Lord, Thy Yoke to Wear.

T. Cotterill. **Haydn.**



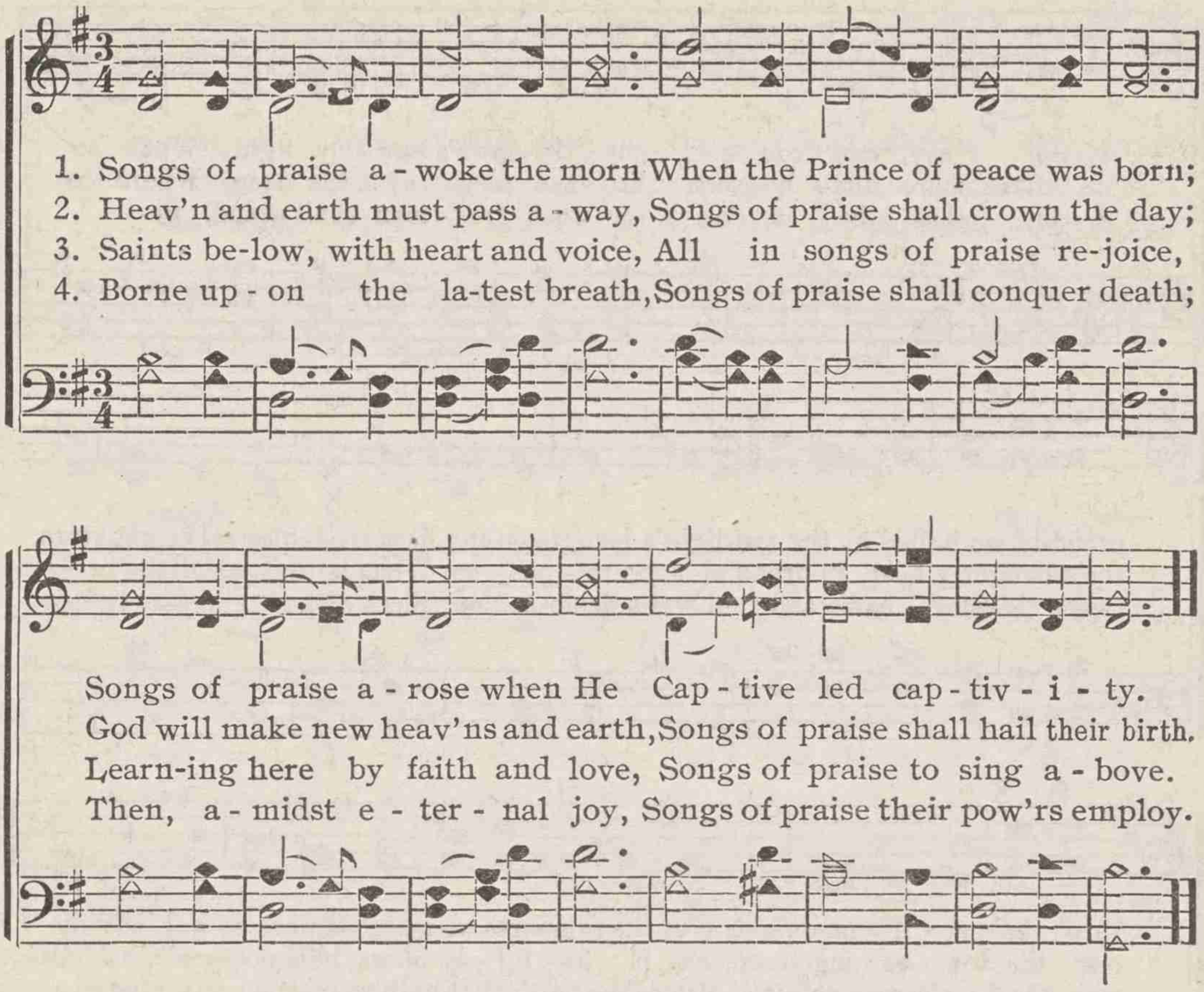
395. Jesus, My Saviour.

Fronia Smith. Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Rosecrans.**



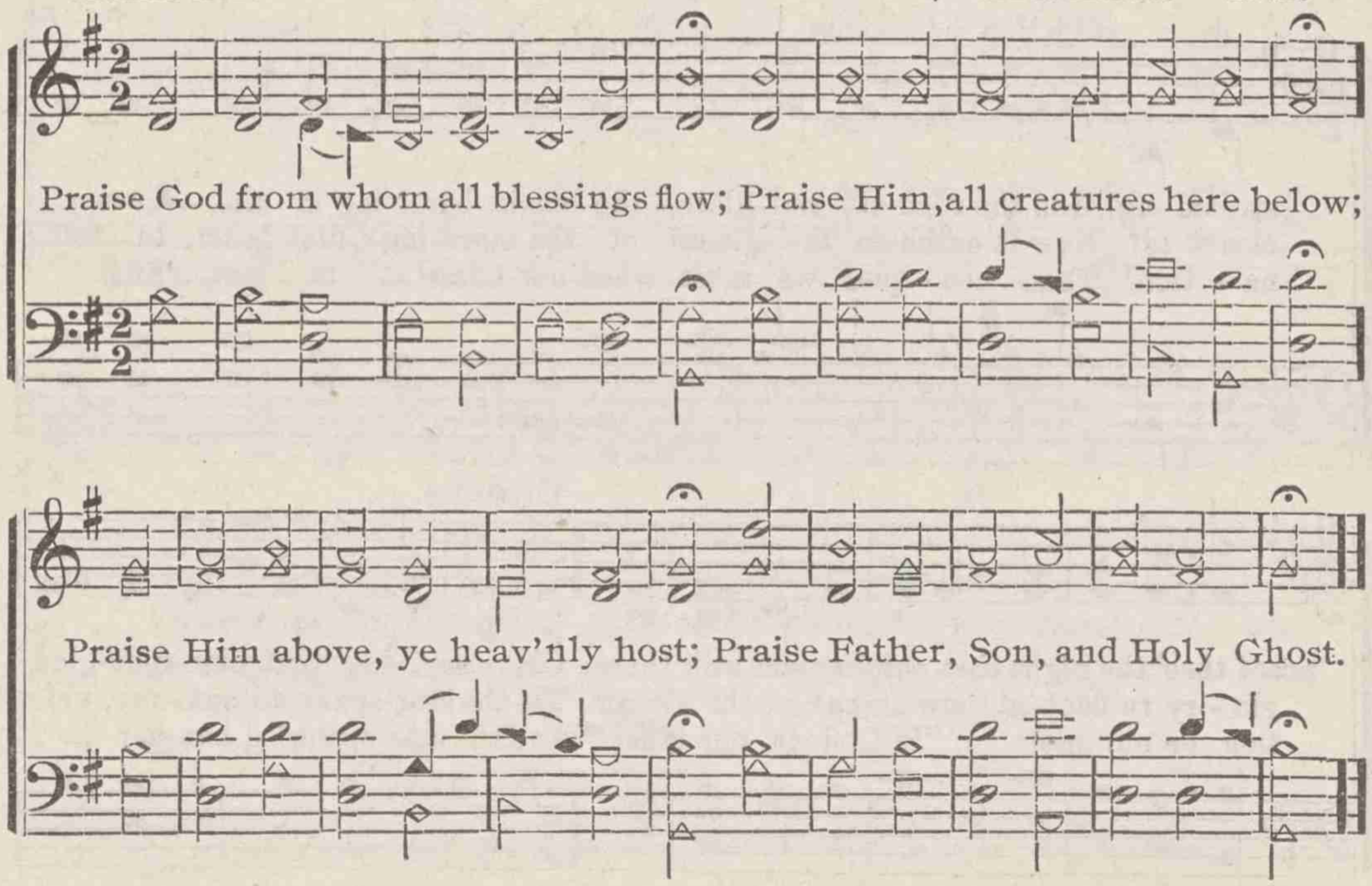
396. Songs of Praise Awoke the Morn.

J. Montgomery. **Mozart.**



397. Praise God from Whom.

Thomas Ken. **Tune, "Old Hundred," L. M.**



398. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand, Be-

proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
foe's haught-y host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze
tween their loved home and foul war's des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace,

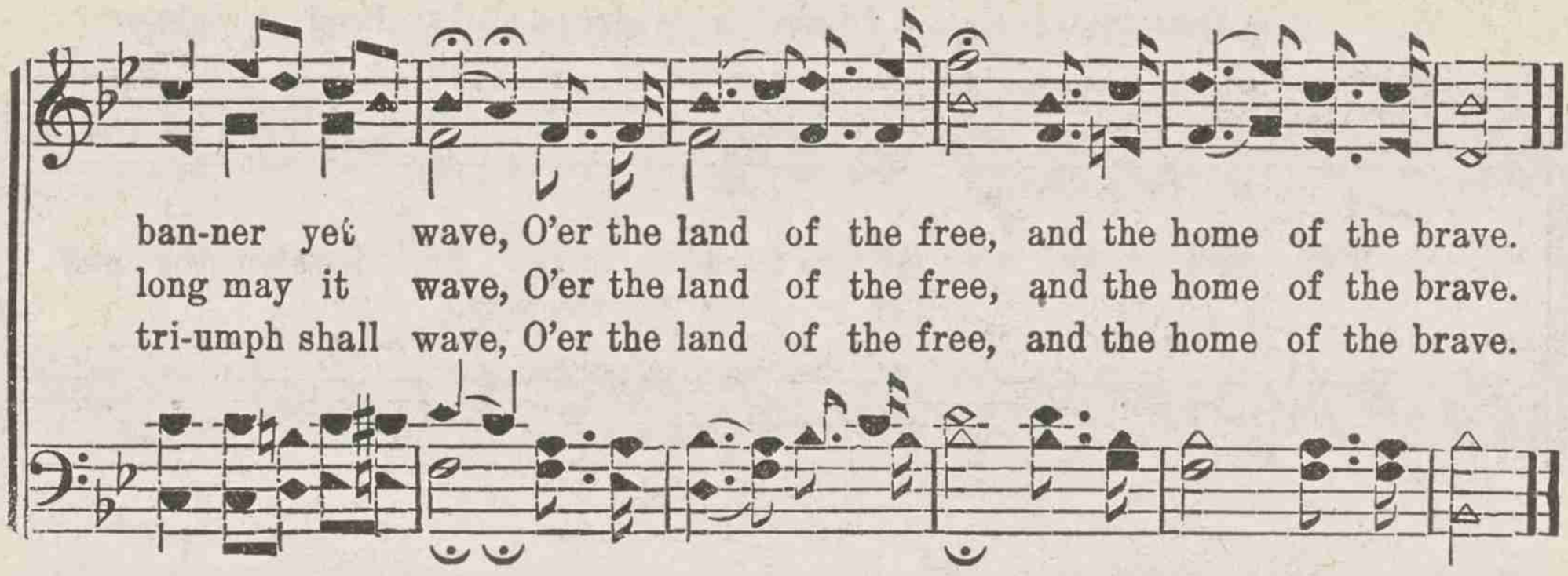
thro' the per - il - ous night, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-lant - ly
o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a

stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS.

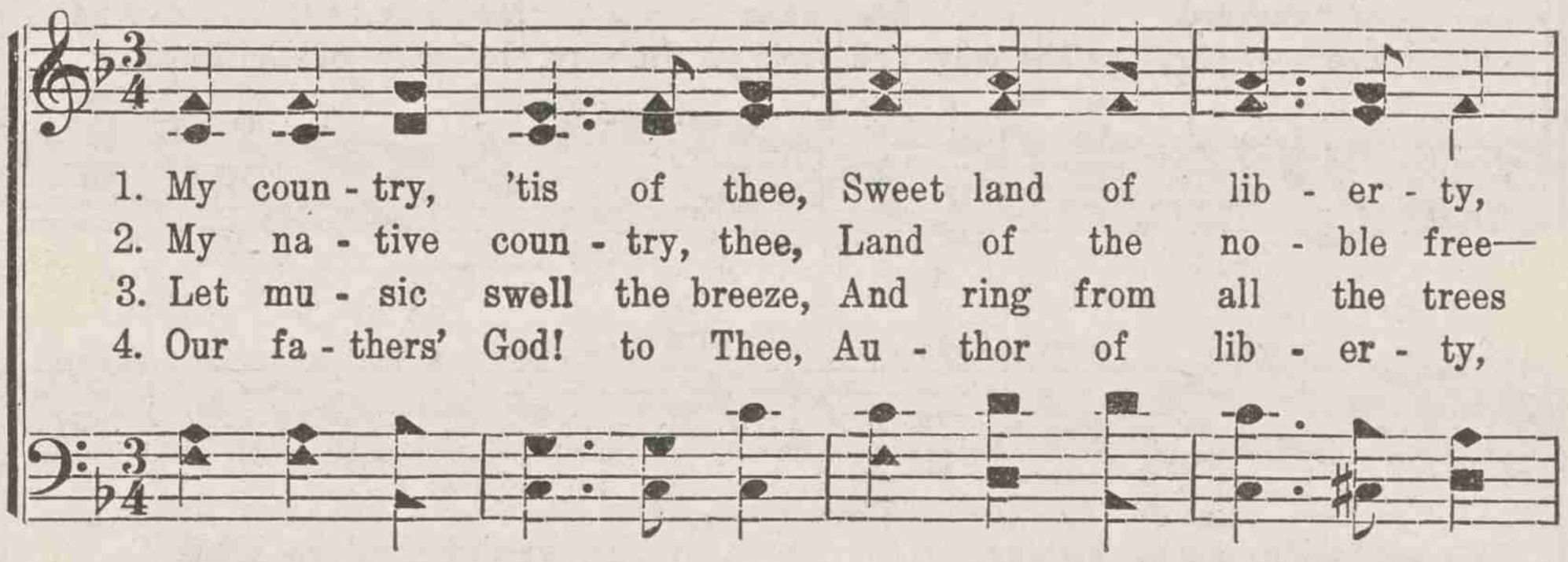
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
glo - ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled ban - ner, oh,
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled ban-ner in

The Star-Spangled Banner.

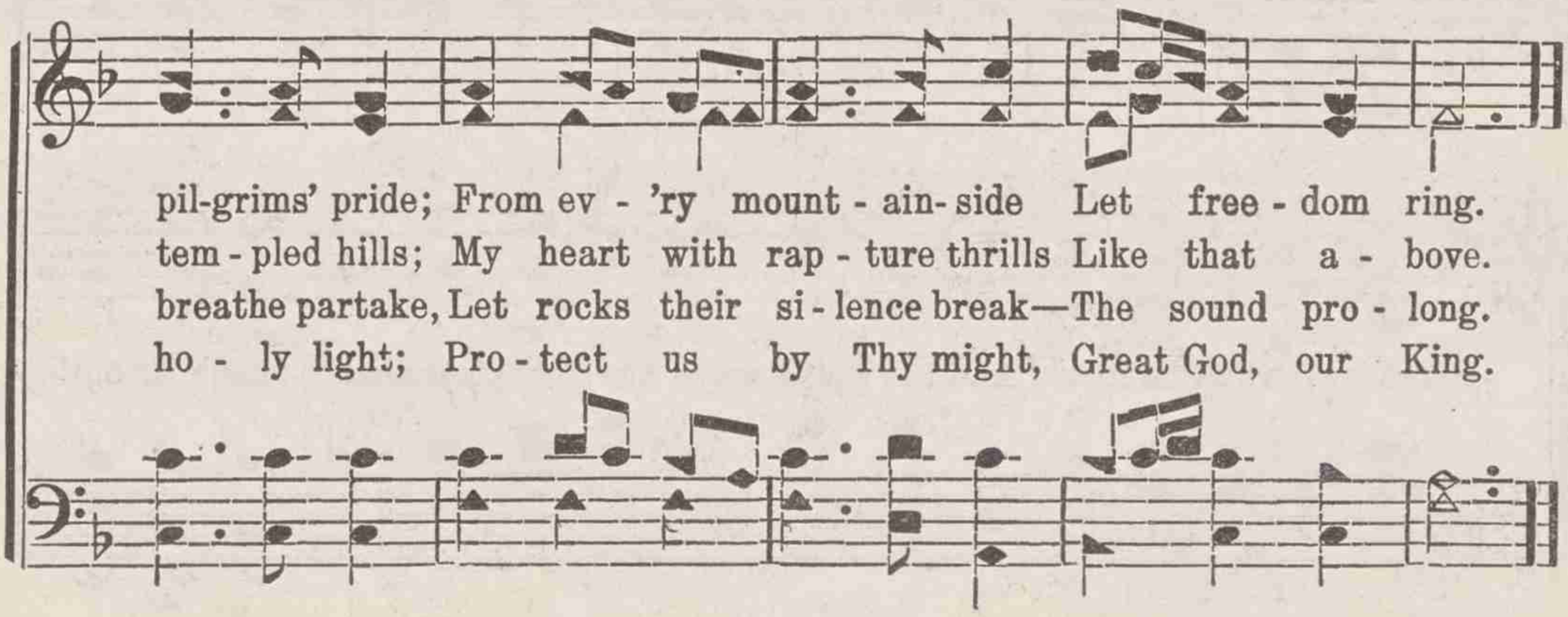


399. My Country, 'Tis of Thee

S. F. Smith. **Henry Carey.**







400. Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred. A. Fillmore, in "Wonderful Story." Fred. A. Fillmore.



Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord.

Two parts. 1st time Duet and Quartet, 2nd time Full Choir.



Four parts.



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