

Songs of Help

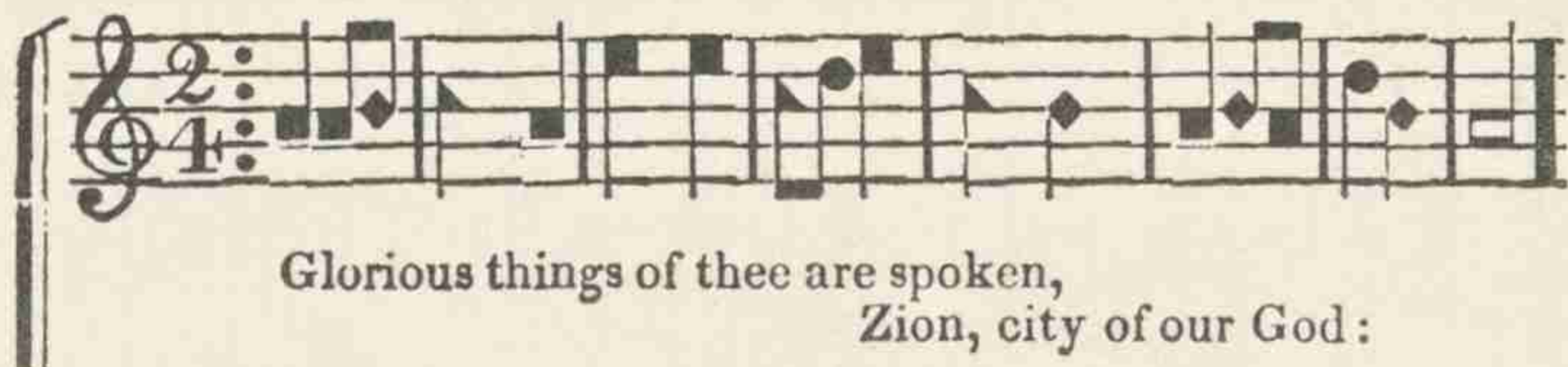
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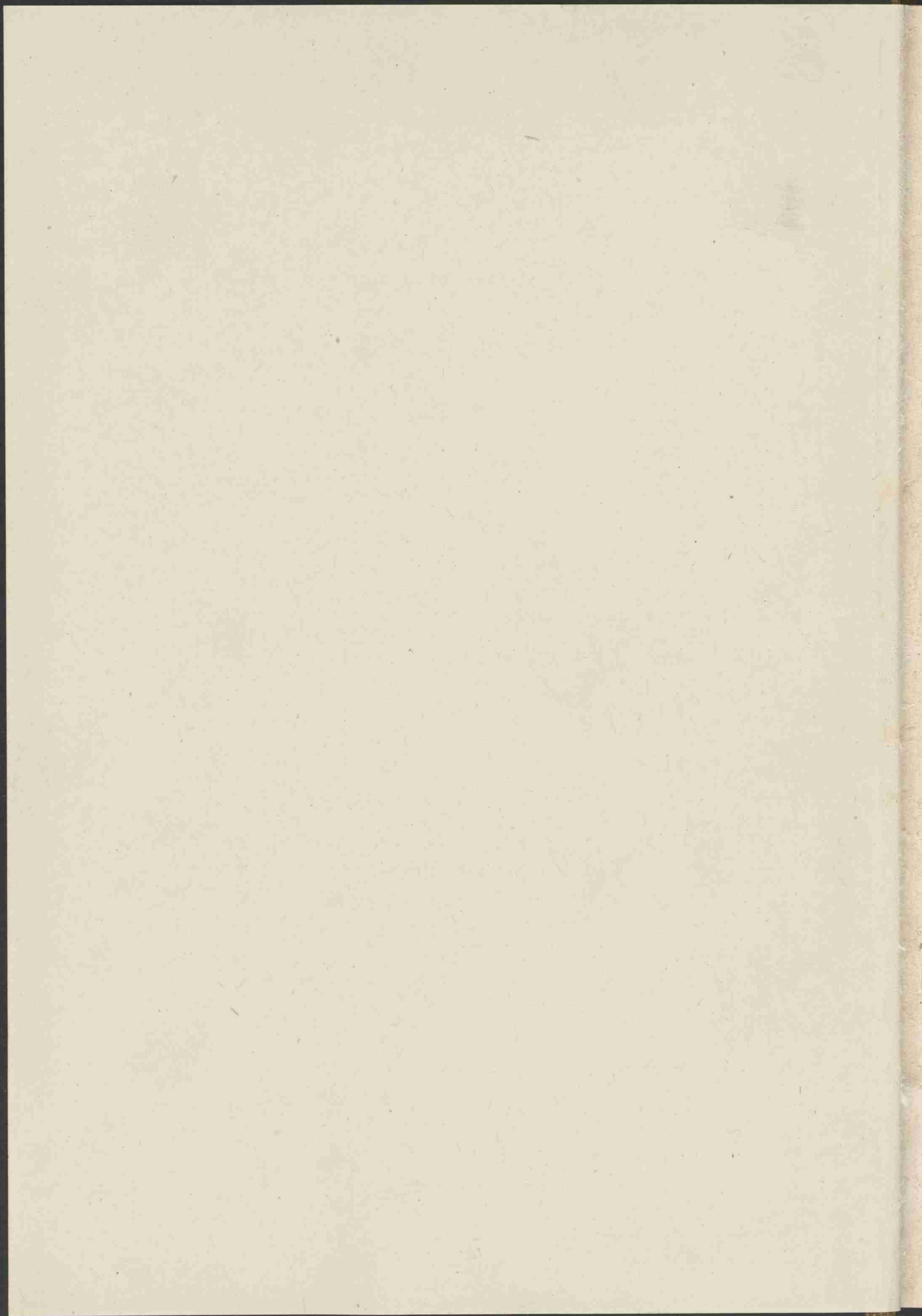
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COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

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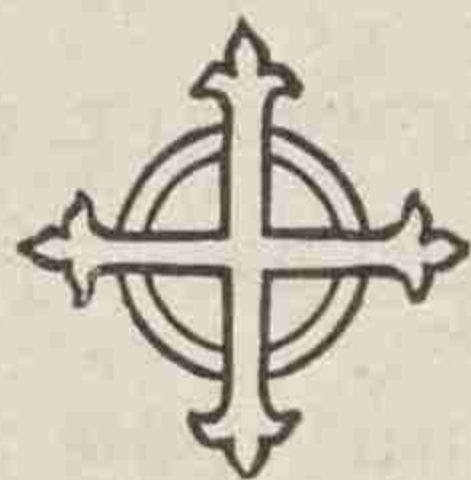
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SONGS OF HELP

For the Sunday School, Evangelistic
and Church Services

EDITED BY
JAMES M. BLACK



THE ABINGDON PRESS

NEW YORK

CINCINNATI

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Hymn
1917
Song A

~~28~~
~~B. 5~~

FOREWORD

IN presenting this book, *SONGS OF HELP*, to the public, **THE ABING-DON PRESS** does so with the assurance that nothing better in the form of a devotional book, filled with inspiring and helpful songs, fitted for the prayer-meeting, the young people's meeting, and the Sunday school, and for the Sunday night service when desired, has ever been published.

The author, Professor James M. Black, has come to be very widely known in his particular field and his name is the guaranty of high quality. No other books belonging to the world of song, except the old *Gospel Hymns*, have ever sold in such a multitude as Professor Black's books have done, coming from our presses.

This book is to be a book of help—help for those who sin, for those who suffer, for those who need impulse, and for those who need restraint; for those who are resisting evil and who need courage for better living; and a help, we believe, in pointing us all to a larger life and a better service in a better world. We bespeak for this book a welcome such as it deserves. It has the best of the old and the new—not a poor song on any page, and many that will live forever.

H. C. JENNINGS.

SONGS OF HELP.

No. 1. The Answering Time Will Come.

Mary B. Wingate.

Copyright, 1908, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev-ing heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be-liev-ing pray'r, The an-swer-ing time will come;

Pray and be - lieve—that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom - ise of His Word, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The pray'r of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur - den thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.

CHORUS.

The an-swer-ing time will come, The an-swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,

Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The answer-ing time will come.

No. 2.

Christ is King and Lord of All.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. M. B.

James M. Black.



1. The world is grow-ing bet-ter ev-'ry day and ev-'ry hour, Christ is
 2. Soon the shout of conquest shall be heard o'er ev-'ry land and sea, Christ is
 3. We will tar-ry at His bless-ed feet till vic-to-ry is won, Christ is



King, and Lord of all; And the cross of Cal-va-ry shall win, in
 and Lord of all; And the na-tions of the earth shall from the
 Christ is King, and Lord of all; Not a word of all His prom-is-es shall



spite of Sa-tan's pow'r, Christ is King, and Lord of all.
 grip of sin be free, and Lord of all.
 ev-er be un-done, Christ is King, and Lord of all.



CHORUS.



He is King, and Lord of all, Christ is
 He is King, and Lord of all,



King, and Lord of all, Ev-'ry-where the
 Christ is King, and Lord of all, Ev'rywhere



Christ is King and Lord of All.

world is in His care, Je - sus Christ is King, and Lord of all.
and Lord of all.

No. 3. Sometime, Somewhere.

Margaret A. Leeds.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Chas. C. Ward.

1. When in His beauty my Lord I see, When I be-hold Him who died for me;
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, is more to me Than all earth's riches could ev - er be;
3. When all our tri-als are o - ver-past, And in His glo-ry we stand at last,

O what a glo - ry shall then be mine, When in His like-ness my soul shall shine.
Loves me with love that can ne'er be told; Love that is more precious far than gold.
O what a meeting with those we love, In that bright, glo-ri-ous home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Saved by His grace, His wonderfnl grace, O with what rapture I'll look on His face,

Kept in His care, His glo-ry to share, I shall be like Him, sometime, somewhere.

No. 4.

Sunbeams of Glory.

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

Rev. Addison K. Scotten.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sunbeams of glo-ry il-lu-mi-nate my soul, Darkness gone for-ev-er,
 2. O tell me nev-er that Christ is not a friend! I have oft-en proved Him,
 3. Trust-ing in Je-sus I find a sweet re-pose, Peace-ful-ly and on-ward

My Saviour has con-trol; Gone is my sor-row While Je-sus I can see;
 And on Him now de-pend; Come, O ye wea-ry, Tho' la-den down with care,
 My life's great riv-er flows; Each day is sweet-er, The moments gen-tly glide;

CHORUS.

Love has told the sto-ry, Love of God for me.
 He, your bless-ed Sav-iour, Will your bur-den share. Sunbeams of glo-ry!
 Rests my soul con-tent-ed, Je-sus will pro-vide.

Love is the sto-ry! Let the blessed ti-dings on-ward roll!
 Let the blessed ti-dings roll!

rit.

Sunbeams of glory! Sunbeams of glo-ry! Shining, brightly shining in my soul!
 shining in my soul!

No. 5.

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.
Robert H. Coleman, owner.

Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
 pres-ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil-lows His will o - bey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

1 2
 else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

No. 6. Jesus Is All the World to Me.

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson.
Hope Publishing Co., owners.

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 fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watches 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.

No. 7. There'll Be No Night There.

Theodora A. Thomson.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. We shall all gath - er home by and by, There'll be no night
2. We shall find the dear ones, lost a - while, There'll be
3. In that land of an un - cloud - ed day, There'll be
4. Thro' the mer - cies of Christ man - i - fold, There'll be no night, no night,



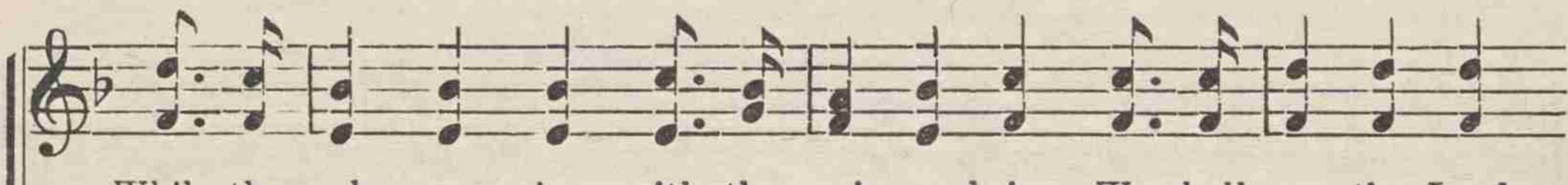
there, Far a - bove the blue vault of the sky, There'll be
 Safe - ly gath - ered where naught can de - file, There'll be
 Sor - row's tears shall be all wiped a - way, There'll be
 no night there, We shall walk clad in pur - ple and gold, There'll be



CHORUS.



no night there. In that land a - bove, with the friends we love,
 no night, no night, no night there.



While the ech - oes ring with the praise we bring, We shall see the Lord



whom we here a - dored, There'll be no night, no night there.
 no night there.



No. 8.

In the Garden.

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C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy, That He gave to me, With-
fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

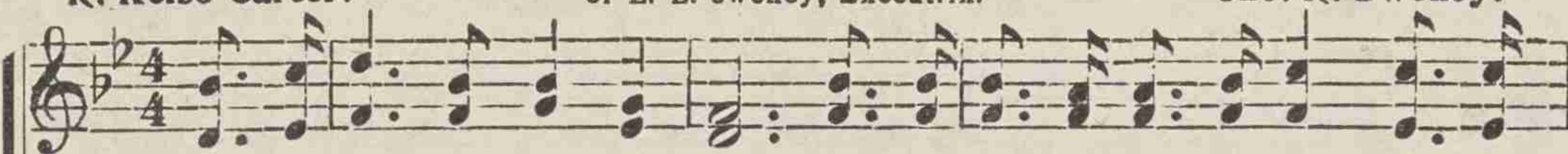
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The Beautiful Light.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by permission of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

R. Kelso Carter.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We, who know our sins for - giv'n, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are



walk - ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the



REFRAIN.



beautiful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,



walk - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,



light,..... We are walking in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
 walk - ing in the light,



No. 10.

When Jesus Calls.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

W. E. Wise.

J. K. Everett.

1. When Je - sus calls will you o - bey, Or turn your face from Him a - way?
 2. When Je - sus calls will you o - bey, Or 'gainst His love your-self ar - ray?
 3. When Je - sus calls will you o - bey? This is the time for you to say;

Your heart's true love to Je - sus give, O turn to Him and look and live.
 Such love as this ne'er yet was known, And you may make it all your own.
 If you are lost lay not the blame Up-on a lov - ing Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

He calls, He calls,..... O hear His voice,..... He calls, He
 The Saviour calls, O hear His voice,

calls,..... make Him your choice,..... Do not de - lay,.....
 the Saviour calls, make Him your choice do not de-lay,

the moments fly,..... O do not let Him pass you by.
 the moments fly,

No. 11.

If We Walk With Him.

A. H. A.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. and A. H. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. We shall trav - el with the King up - on a roy - al road, If we
 2. We shall nev - er know the pov - er - ty of friendless joy, If we
 3. We shall know the bless - ed se - cret of pre - vail - ing pray'r, If we
 4. We shall sing the song of tri - umph all a - long life's way, If we

walk with Him, Reign with Christ upon His throne in yonder blest abode,
 walk with Him, For His grace is all-sufficient when the doubts annoy,
 walk with Him, And the glory of the In - ner Cir - cle we shall share,
 walk with Him, And go sweeping thro' the gate that leads to endless day,
 If we walk with Him,

CHORUS.

If we walk with Him. If we walk with Him,
 If we walk with Him. If we walk and talk with Him,

If we walk along the way with Him, . . . There is healing for our sadness,
 If we walk and talk with Him,

There is peace and joy and gladness If we walk with Him.
 If we walk with Him, with Him.

No. 12. The Song That's In My Heart.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Rev. M. E. Faber.

James M. Black.



1. There's a song of won-drous beau - ty in my heart since Je - sus came,
2. A new light is shin - ing in my soul, His love hath made me free,
3. O how ma - ny miss the bless - ings He is wait - ing to be - stow,



'Tis a song of joy and glad - ness, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
I have found a spring of joy as last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty, —
Just be - cause they do not take the time a kind - ly deed to show;




Like a riv - er flows its mu - sic, but I nev - er can pro - claim
And I nev - er can for - get the day that Je - sus gave to me
Let us glad - ly tell to oth - ers so that ev - 'ry one may know

CHORUS.



The song that's in my heart. The song that's in my heart, hal - le - lu - jah!



The song that's in my heart, Life is hap - py, glad and free,
in my heart,

The Song That's In My Heart.

Since the Sav - iour gave to me The song that's in my heart.

No. 13. 'Tis the Love of Jesus Calling.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

H. K. Albright.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - ceed - ing, Calls un - to your heart to - day,
 2. Je - sus of - fers life e - ter - nal Un - to you, so far a - stray;
 3. This the day is of sal - va - tion, Do not sin the time a - way;
 4. Why not seek the Saviour's blessing? He will make your pathway bright,

'Tis the love of Je - sus plead - ing, Come and live, O why de - lay?
 Peace is yours and joy su - per - nal, If you come, O why de - lay?
 Hear to - day the in - vi - ta - tion; Dan - ger lies in your de - lay.
 Come and all your sins confess - ing, He will lead you to the light.

CHORUS.

'Tis the love of Je - sus call - ing, While He pleads do not de - lay;

He's the one, and on - ly Sav - iour, You may make Him yours to - day.

No. 14. Looking On the Bright Side.

Georgie Tillman Snead. Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look-ing on the bright side, trusting all to Him; Lean-ing on the Sav - iour
2. Look-ing on the bright side, ev - 'ry passing day, We can cheer a trav'- ler
3. Look-ing on the bright side, tho' the shadows fall, God, with - in the shad-ow



when the light is dim; Tho' the way be thorn-y, and the mountain steep,
on the narrow way; We can tell the sto - ry, tell of Him, our Guide,
watch-es o - ver all; He is near His children, shields from ev'-ry foe,



CHORUS.



Look-ing on the bright side, God the soul will keep.
Who was for a world of sin - ners cru - ci - fied. Look-ing on the bright side
Gives them peace and comfort in this world be-low.



all a-long the way, Soon we'll see the shadows merging in-to day; Look-ing on the



bright side, see all bane and blight, Care and pain and sorrow passing out of sight.



No. 15. He Threw Out the Life Line to Me.

J. E. F.

Copyright, 1906, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

J. E. French.

May be used as a Solo and Chorus.



1. I was wrecked on a rock - y and des - o - late shore, Sinking slowly be-
2. The bil - lows were dash - ing, the waves roll - ing high, No help from the
3. When all was con - fu - sion 'midst dark billows' roll, No light thro' the
4. Your sins like the bil - lows a - round you may rise, And dangers your



neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and ef - forts were o'er,
land could I see, When hope had all van - ished and dan - ger was nigh,
gloom could I see, By trust - ing Him ful - ly He res - cued my soul,
frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and hear your faint cries,



CHORUS.



Christ threw out the life line to me. He threw out the life line to me,
Christ threw out the life line to me.
Christ threw out the life line to me.
He'll throw out the life line to you. to me,



He threw out the life line to me, (to me,) From Cal - va - ry's tree,



Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life line to me.



No. 16.

Things Worth While.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

E. E. Hewitt.

James M. Black.



- 1. Seek things worth while, strength as thy day, Let faith and love il-lume the way;
- 2. Give things worth while, freely im - part Kindness and cheer warming the heart;
- 3. Do things worth while; things that will tell: Grace in the soul deeds will im - pel;



Find - ing in Christ treasures that last, Joys that will shine when earth is past.
 Love's hap - py light scat - ter - ing gloom, Bringing the world sunshine and bloom.
 Hast - en - ing hours use for our King; Now to His cross wan - der - ers bring.



CHORUS.



On with a smile, joy is worth while, Springing from
 On with a smile, joy is worth while,



love, born from a - bove, Ev - er we sing,
 Springing from love, born from above, Ev - er we sing.



joy in our King, Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus bring.
 joy in our King,



No. 17.

Set My Name Down.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



- 1. You can set my name down for my blessed Lord and King, His redeeming love
- 2. You can set my name down, tho' unworthy of His love, He has turned my dark
- 3. You can set my name down, all is changed within my soul, Thro' my tears His dear



shines in my heart; Earthly pleasures no more shall al-lure me back a-gain,
 night in - to day; With His won-der-ful peace, sat-is - fied my longing heart,
 face I can see; He has driv - en a - way ev - 'ry gloomy doubt and fear,



CHORUS.



From my Sav-iour I will ne'er de - part.
 Rolled the bur - den of my guilt a - way. You can set my name down,
 And in Him my con-stant joy shall be.



set my name down As a sinner saved by grace di - vine, You can
 saved by grace di - vine,



set my name down, set my name down, Let me call this blessed Saviour mine.



No. 18.

Who Will Do His Part?

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James D. Hewitt.

1. Who will do his part, With a loy - al heart? Who will stand for the
 2. Who will do his part, With a lov - ing heart, Help and com - fort to
 3. Who will do his part, With a joy - ful heart, Look - ing on to the

Lord to - day? Who, with stead - fast nerve, Will the Mas - ter serve?
 bring the sad? Who will bear the light, Pure and clear and bright?
 bless - ed hour, When our harps shall ring, When we'll see our King;

CHORUS.

Who will go where He leads the way?
 Who will sing, mak - ing oth - ers glad? Step for - ward, O friends of
 His the glo - ry, and His the pow'r.

Je - sus, Up - lift His ban - ner high; Step
 His ban - ner high;

for - ward with faith and cour - age, Let your songs ech - o to the sky.

No. 19. His Love Reaches Down to You.

One night, in the Hadley Mission in New York, a poor wretch said: "I've sunk so low, can God's love reach down to me?"

Helen Fairfield.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. K. Everett.

1. Drift-ed a-way from your moth-er's pray'rs, Drift-ed a - way, think-ing
 2. Hast-en and turn from the world a - way, Turn from the things that hold
 3. Love, so un-meas-ured, so full and free, Flows like a riv - er for
 4. Shad-ows are gath-er - ing, night is near, Why do you lin - ger in

no one cares; Je - sus is call - ing, while mer - cy spares, His
 you a - stray; Come back to God, while He calls to - day, His
 you and me; On - ly be - lieve it and you shall see, His
 doubt and fear? List to the mes-sage so full of cheer, His

CHORUS.

love reach-es down to you. His love... .. reach - es
 His love, yes, His love

down to you, His love... .. reach - es down to you, O
 His love, yes, His love

rit.
 be not dismayed, Tho' far you have strayed, His love reaches down to you.

No. 20.

Make Your Blessings Count.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. M. B.

James M. Black.



1. While the bus - y days are pass - ing, and the years are roll - ing by,
 2. He is just the same to - day as when He walked be - side the sea,
 3. There are ma - ny souls in dark - ness, sin hath blind - ed ma - ny eyes,
 4. Tho' the path He leads you may not al - ways glow with sunshine bright,



Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Let your
 Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Just the
 Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Turn their
 Make your bless - ings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day; In His



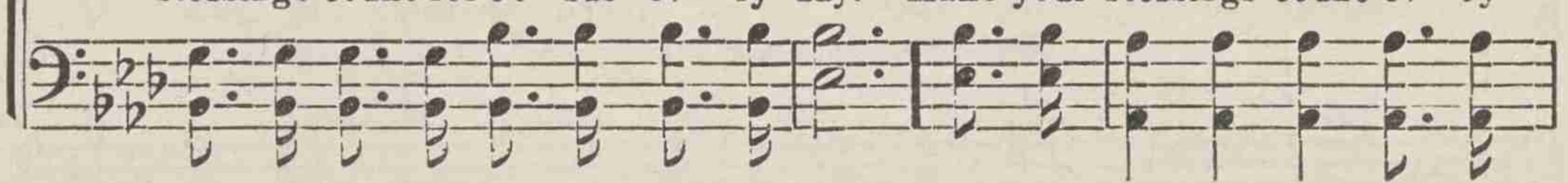
light shine out with glad - ness, it may bright - en someone's sky, Make your
 same as when He died up - on the cross for you and me, Make your
 fac - es to the sun - shine, up - ward to the smil - ing skies, Make your
 strength and courage you may lead a soul in - to the light, Make your



CHORUS.



blessings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Make your blessings count ev - 'ry



day,..... Fol - low Him in all you do, Make your
 ev - 'ry day, Fol - low Him in all you do,



Make Your Blessings Count.

blessings count for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Don't for-get His love for you.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 21. Christ Came to Save Me.

Copyright, 1909, by Vandersloot Music Pub. Co., Williamsport, Pa.

F. W. V.

F. W. Vandersloot.

1. When from the Fa - ther's throne a - bove, Christ came to save me;
2. He guides me now where-e'er I go, Christ came to save me;
3. With love and praise my heart He fills, Christ came to save me;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

He' paid the price, thro' bound-less love, Christ came to save me.
And day by day His bless - ings flow, Christ came to save me.
And all my soul with rap - ture thrills! Christ came to save me.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

CHORUS.

He came to save me, He came to save me! I'll

Musical notation for the chorus first system, including treble and bass staves.

sing His praise, thro' end - less days! Christ came to save me.

Musical notation for the chorus second system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 22.

Does Jesus Care?

Copyright, 1909, by Hall-Mack Co. Used by per.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on

mirth and song? As the bur - dens press, and the cares dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades,
 ta - tion strong? When for my deep grief I find no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches, till it near - ly breaks—

CHORUS.

And the way grows wea - ry and long?
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aught to Him? does He see?

know He cares! His heart is touched with my grief; *ad lib.* When the

days are weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. (He cares.) *rit.*

No. 23.

Steadfast and True.

Copyright, 1905, by The Bible Institute Colportage Association of Chicago.

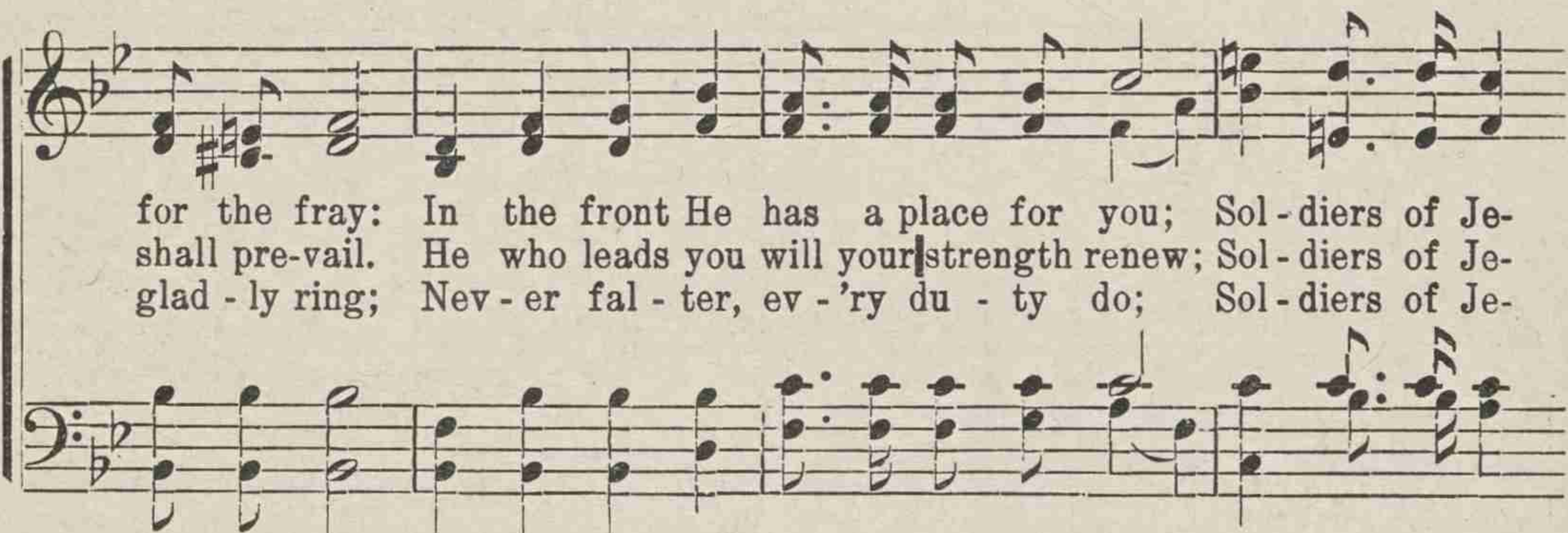
Ira B. Wilson.

Herbert G. Tovey, owner.

Mrs. James A. Sutherland.



1. Hear and heed the call of Christ to - day, He has need of sol - diers
2. Tho' the hosts of Sa - tan may as - sail, Trust in Christ—in Him you
3. For - ward, then, O sol - diers of the King! Let your songs of tri - umph

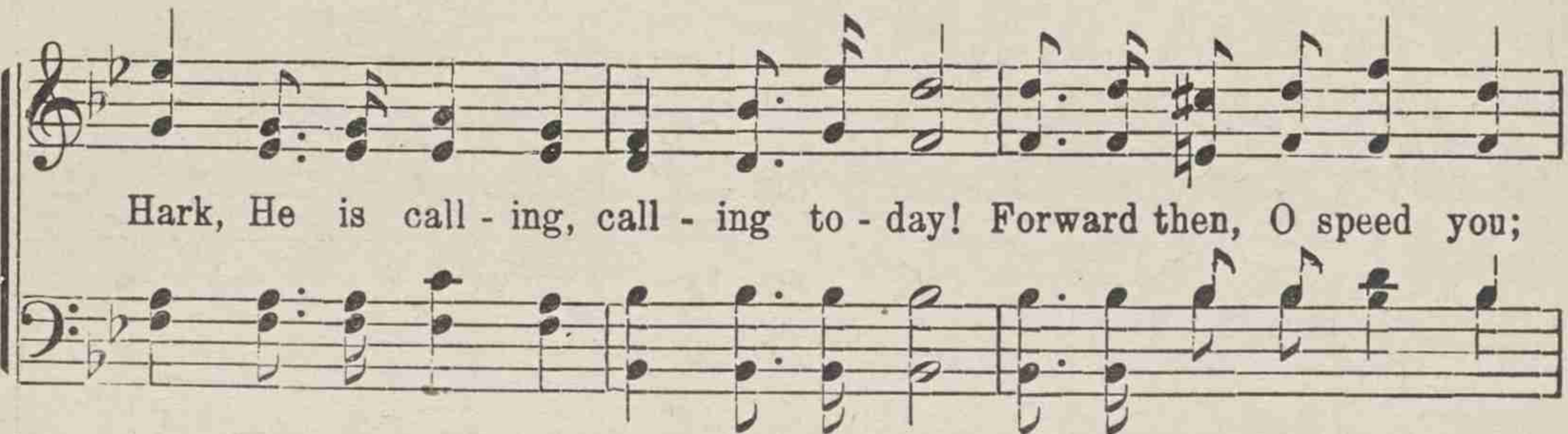


for the fray: In the front He has a place for you; Sol - diers of Je -
shall pre - vail. He who leads you will your strength renew; Sol - diers of Je -
glad - ly ring; Nev - er fal - ter, ev - 'ry du - ty do; Sol - diers of Je -

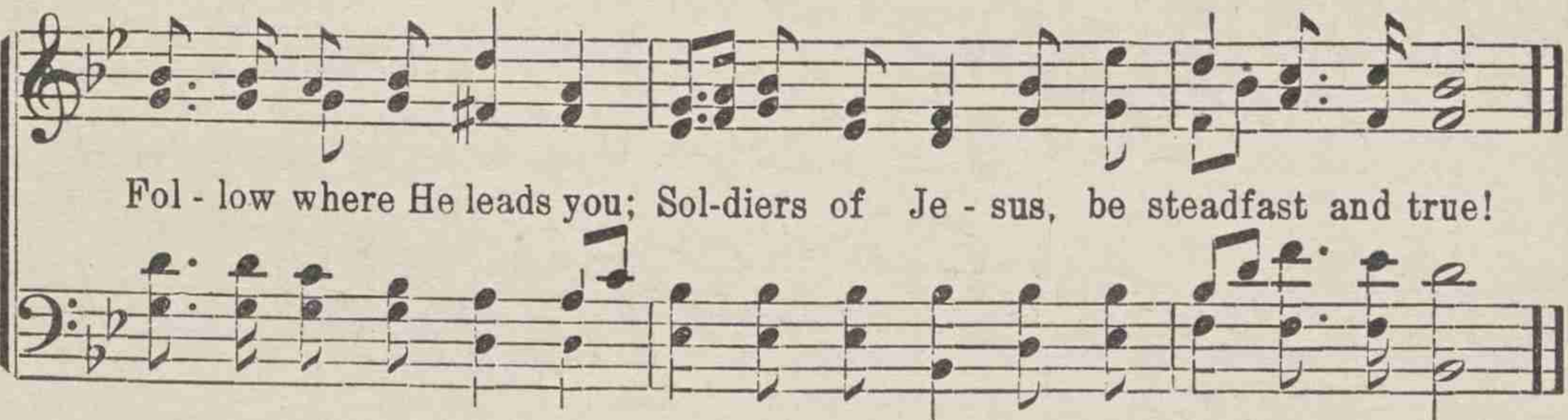
CHORUS.



sus, be steadfast and true.
sus, be steadfast and true. Sol - diers of Je - sus, make no de - lay!
sus, be steadfast and true.



Hark, He is call - ing, call - ing to - day! Forward then, O speed you;



Fol - low where He leads you; Sol - diers of Je - sus, be steadfast and true!

No. 24.

Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

A. C. F.

Copyright, 1913, by Robert H. Coleman.

Albert C. Fisher.



1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;....
2. Let the bells of heav-en ring, Let the saints their tribute bring,....
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old, when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,....



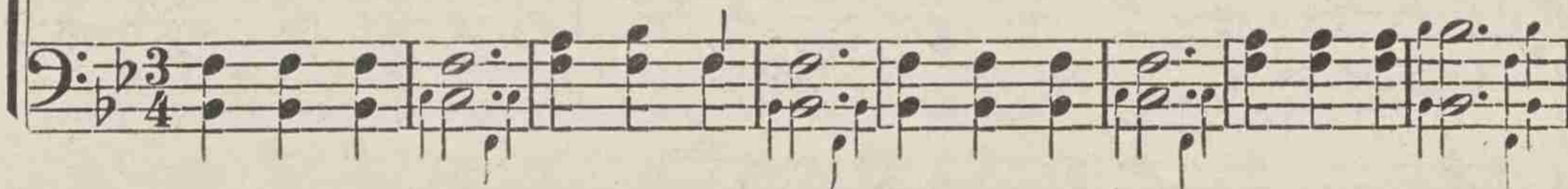
Thro' the a - ges it has shone,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sinners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweeter it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



Bright as the sun Ev - er it glows! Love is the theme, E - ter - nal theme!



No. 25.

When We All Get to Heaven.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. J. G. Wilson. Used by per.

E. E. Hewitt.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
 for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
 When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
 day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
 and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 26.

The Somewhere of God.

J. M. B.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land in the somewhere of God, Where His children shall
 2. There the anthems of praise, like the sound of the sea, Never cease while the
 3. O how sweet it will be, free from sorrow and care, On that shore where the

dwel ev - er-more; Free from sorrow and pain, they shall gather a-gain, And no
 years on-ward roll; There will be no more fears, no more dying, nor tears, In that
 sun ne'er goes down; When our Saviour we meet, and with rapture complete, We re-

CHORUS.

shadows e'er fall on that shore.
 glo - ri-ous home of the soul. In the somewhere of God, by and by, (by and by,)
 ceive from His hand a bright crown.

Where the Saviour His loved ones shall bring, (shall bring,) Where no shadows e'er

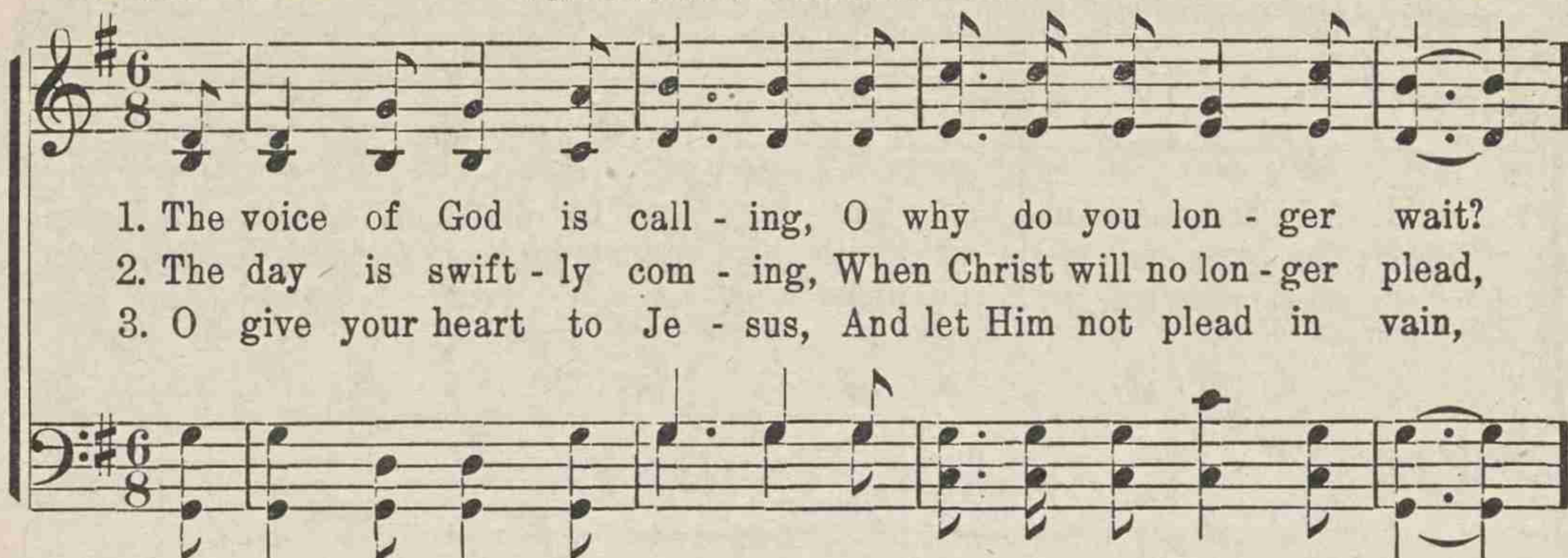
dark - en the sky, I shall look on the face of my King.
 e'er dark - en the sky,

No. 27. Sometime it May be Too Late.

Jennie Wilson.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Howard E. Smith.



1. The voice of God is call - ing, O why do you lon - ger wait?
2. The day is swift - ly com - ing, When Christ will no lon - ger plead,
3. O give your heart to Je - sus, And let Him not plead in vain,

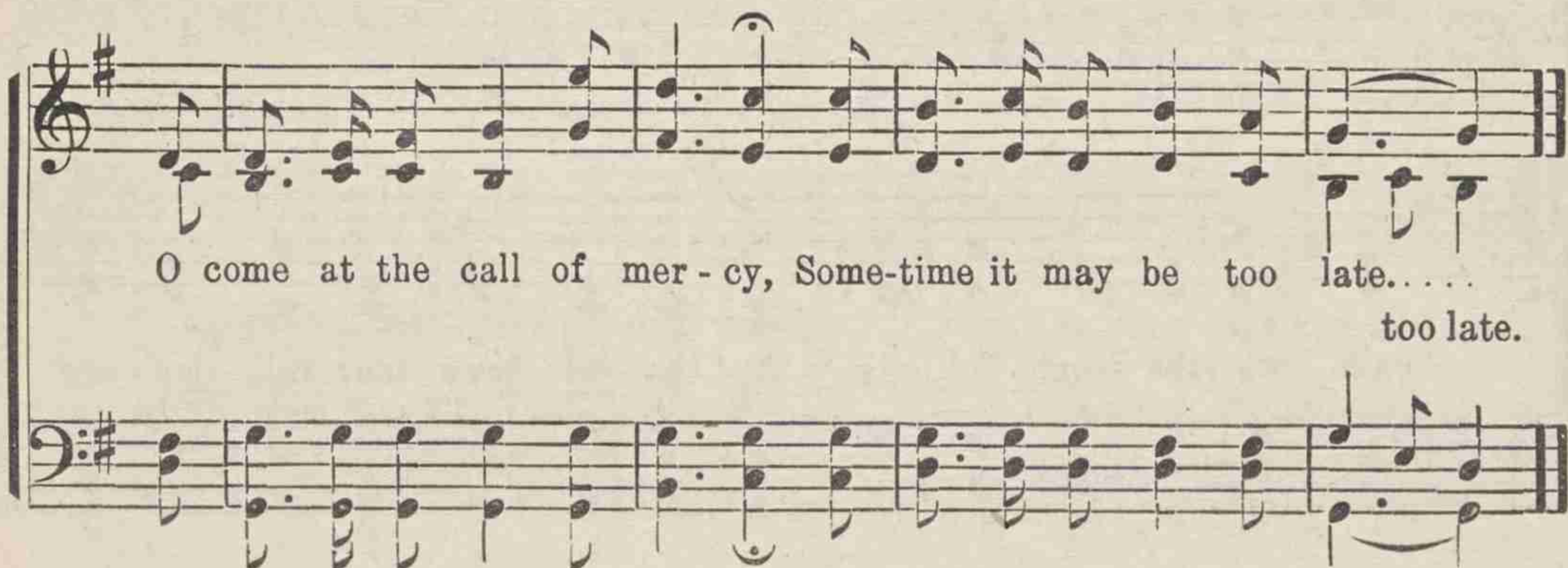


Ac - cept His of - fered par - don, Sometime it may be too late.
Then you must face the fu - ture A - lone, in your bit - ter need.
He died for your re - demp - tion, De - spis - ing the cross and shame.

CHORUS.



Sometime it may be too late, Sometime it may be too late,
too late, too late,



O come at the call of mer - cy, Some - time it may be too late. . . .
too late.

No. 28. When I Think of His Love for Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Used by per.

B. D. Ackley

DUET. *Slowly, with expression.*

1. All the fears and mis-giv-ings that bur-dened my heart, Like the
2. The temp-ta-tions of earth lose their treach-er-ous pow'r, And from
3. Blessings rich and un-num-bered in Je-sus I find, And by

mist of the morn-ing flee; Earth-ly wor-ries and cares from my
bond-age He sets me free, And the sweet bells of vic-t'ry ring
faith shin-ing realms I see; Clouds of tri-al and grief with bright

spir-it de-part, When I think of His love for me.
out ev-'ry hour, When I think of His love for me.
mer-cies are lined, When I think of His love for me.

CHORUS.

When I think of His love for me; There's a

calm on the troub-led sea, Tho' the bil-lows may roll, joy and

When I Think of His Love for Me.

peace fill my soul, When I think of His love for me.

No. 29. He Gave Himself.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2: 14.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per. James Robinson.

1. He gave Himself for my re-demp-tion, Laid down His life to save my own;
2. He gave Himself a free ob - la - tion, He count-ed not the cross of shame,
3. "He gave Himself!" I read them o - ver, Those words that mean so much to me;
4. He gave Himself! they mocked and smote Him, And nailed Him there upon the tree;
5. He gave Himself! His love hath con quered My stubborn will, my sin - ful pride;

FINE.

No less a price could pay my ran-som, No oth-er sac ri-fice a-tone.
 To bring to me His great sal-va-tion And life e-ter-nal thro' His name.
 I strive in vain to grasp their meaning, How love so won-der-ful could be.
 He bore it all in meek sub-mis-sion And died a sin-ner's death for me.
 My brok-en heart to Him is cling-ing, Who for my sake was cru-ci-fied.

D.S.—Now He is mine, yes, mine for-ev - er, And I am His for-ev - er-more!

CHORUS.

D. S.

He gave Himself, my precious Saviour, I nev - er knew such love be-fore!

No. 30.

Saved! Saved!

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman.
Used by per.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,..... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,... Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone,.... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me, "Come un - to Me, and I'll

lift - ed me,.... And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;... I know He'll guide me all the way....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."....

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved by His pow'r di - vine! Saved to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. rit.
 Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

No. 31.

Better Farther On.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Copyright, 1900, by J. M. Black.

Arr. by J. M. Black.

1. Have the days been filled with blessings; Has your path-way bright-ly shone
 2. Does your kind and lov - ing Sav-iour, With His ten - der mer - cies crown
 3. Have you felt His strong arms 'round you When you tho't you walked a - lone?
 4. Peace of God, so sweet, so pre-cious, In its full-ness have you known?

FINE.
 With the pres-ence of the Mas - ter?—It is bet - ter far - ther on.
 Ev - 'ry swift - ly passing mo - ment?—It is bet - ter far - ther on.
 He will fold you clos - er, near - er,—It is bet - ter far - ther on.
 You may have still great - er meas - ure,—It is bet - ter far - ther on.

D. S.—Je - sus will for - sake you nev - er, It is bet - ter far - ther on.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Far - ther on! far - ther on! Count the mile - stones one by one;

No. 32.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When, thro' won-der-ful grace, by my Sav-iour I stand,
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
 Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown, When at evening the sun goeth down? When I wake with the
 goeth down?~

blest in the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 an-y stars in my crown?

No. 33.

Tell the Sweet Story.

Rev. Alfred J. Hough.

Copyright, 1898, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Tell the sto - ry, ten - der, sweet, At the Saviour's wounded feet I have
 2. Tell the sto - ry, o'er and o'er, I have o-pened wide the door, Where the
 3. Tell the sto - ry, ten - der, sweet, All its matchless strains repeat,—Of a

found re-deem-ing mer - cy, full and free, And a flood of rap-ture glows
 Saviour knocked and waited day by day, Now His praise I love to sing,
 soul redeemed and filled with love di - vine; Now for Christ a-lone I live,

In my heart and o - ver-flows, For the love of Je - sus saves e - ven me.
 My Re-deem-er, Saviour, King, And His word my soul delights to o - bey.
 And to Him my serv-ice give, For the love of Je - sus now is mine.

CHORUS.

Crown Him with glo - ry, Tell the sweet sto - ry, Tell the name, the fame of
 Crown Him with glory, Tell the sweet story,

Je-sus far and wide; whole wide world of Je-sus cru - ci - fied.
 far and wide; cru-ci-fied.

No. 34.

Joy for Our Sorrow.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copyright.

Mabel J. Rosemon.

Ira. B. Wilson.

Two Parts.

1. There's a joy . . . for ev - 'ry sor - row, There is hope . . . for our de-
 2. When the storms . . of life beat o'er us, Faith in Christ . . is ne'er in
 3. Tho' the gloom . . of night surround us, Soon will come . . the morning's

spar; There's a beau - ti - ful to - mor - row, In its
 vain; See, He go - eth on be - fore us, And our
 light; Thro' the love that sought and found us, All our

CHORUS.

bles - ings all may share.
 path - way is made plain. Joy for our sor - row,
 lives . . . will be made bright.

balm for our pain, None who trust Je - sus shall trust

Him in vain; . . . Glad is the mor - row, bright is the

Joy for Our Sorrow.

way, . . . Sun - shine will scat - ter the gloom of to - day.

No. 35. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Copyright, 1882 and 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;

p
 Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 36.

Fellowship With Him.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Tho' the dark shad-ows fall-ing, gath-er a - round our way, Still we can
 2. Ev - er the road grows bright-er, clasp-ing His help - ing hand, Hearts that were
 3. O what a last - ing pleas - ure fel-low-ship sweet doth bring, Joy in a-

hear Him call-ing, "I am with you al - way;" Why should we yield to sad-ness,
 heav - y, light - er, while by His side we stand; God's bless-ed sun is shin - ing
 bounding measure, walking with Christ, the King; On - ly in Him a - bid - ing,

with such a Friend a - bove? Fill - ing the soul with glad-ness, fold-ing us
 back of the gloom - y sky, Why should there be re - pin - ing when the dear
 all thro' the long, long days, Un - der His shad - ow hid - ing, sing-ing His

CHORUS.

round with love.
 Lord's close by? In fel-low-ship di-vine, In fel - low-ship di-vine, We are
 wor - thy praise.

walk - ing with the King, We are walk-ing with the King, His love a-round our

Fellowship with Him.

path, around our path doth shine, While to Him our grate-ful hearts we bring.

No. 37. He Is All In All to Me.

Alice Horton.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Alice Horton.

1. Christ is all in all to me, Tho' the way I can - not see;
 2. He is all in all to me, All my life for Him shall be;
 3. He is all in all to me, Wheth-er on the land or sea;

He will hold me lest I fall, Je - sus is my all in all.
 Tho' the world would me en - thrall, Je - sus is my all in all.
 He will hear me when I call, Je - sus is my all in all.

CHORUS.

All in all, all in all, Christ, my Lord, is all in all.
 All in all, all in all,

He will hold me lest I fall, Je - sus is my all in all.

No. 38.

Somebody Cares for You.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley. Used by per.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Some-bod - y cares when the way grows long, When weary at heart, and
 2. Some-bod - y cares when you feel a - fraid, With no one to help or
 3. Some-bod - y cares, 'tis the Lord of all, Who came down from heav'n a-

sad; What tho' your trou - bles a - round you throng, The
 cheer; Look un - to Christ, He will give you aid;
 bove; Nev - er in vain is your fee - ble call To

CHORUS.

Sav-iour will make you glad.
 Je - sus is al - ways near. Some-bod - y cares, some-bod - y cares,
 reach His great heart of love.

'Tis Je - sus, your Friend so true; Some - bod - y cares,

do not de - spair, Some - bod - y cares for you. (for you.)

No. 39. His Wonderful Love Is Mine.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. K. Roberts.



1. I have come from the darkness to sunshine bright, Out of shad-ow to
2. He has prom-ised to keep me, this glorious Friend, I will fol - low my
3. While the joy of His presence my soul doth know, Tho' the rich - es of



God's dear love; There's a song in my heart ring-ing day and night, Like an
faith-ful Guide, Tho' temp-ta-tions and tri - als my way at-tend, 'Neath His
earth de - cline, All my life will be heav - en in - deed be - low, For His

CHORUS.



an - them of praise a - bove. Pre-cious love..... that glows like
shel - ter - ing wing I'll hide.
won - der - ful love is mine. Pre-cious love



sunshine bright, Bringing glo - rious day for dark-est night; Pre-cious
glo-rious, glo - rious



love..... so boundless, full and free, Christ, my Saviour, has given me.
precious love

No. 40. No One Can Help You Like Jesus.

Mrs. F. A. Breck.

Copyright, 1915, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may look for true pleas-ure in ma - ny a place, You may
2. In the storm that is wild - est, He speaks to bring calm; In the
3. When there's none to de - liv - er, He saves from dis - tress; For our

look for true kind-ness in ma - ny a face, You may long for the
grief that is sor - est, He bringeth sweet balm; He will give in the
sin He has par - don if we but con - fess; O, His heart is o'er-

strength that shall win in life's race; But no one can help you like Je - sus.
night-time a won - der - ful psalm; There's no one can help you like Je - sus.
flow - ing with great ten - der-ness, There's no one can help you like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

No one can help you like Je - sus, No one can help you like Je - sus,

Nev-er for-get your needs will be met; There's no one can help you like Je - sus.

No. 41.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour.

Used by per. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith tak - ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be -
 5. O come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His

sin and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;"
 hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
 sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have
 lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
 pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest,"

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep;

FINE. CHORUS.
 And I en - tered the Ha - ven of Rest.
 The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
 A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest." I've an - chored my
 Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
 And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.
 soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 42.

Glory in my Soul.

W. A. M.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

W. A. March.



1. There is sun-shine all a-bout me, and my soul with rapture sings, Since the
2. Life grows richer ev - 'ry day, for I am walk-ing by His side, O what
3. All the pleasures of the world can never lure me back a - gain, I will



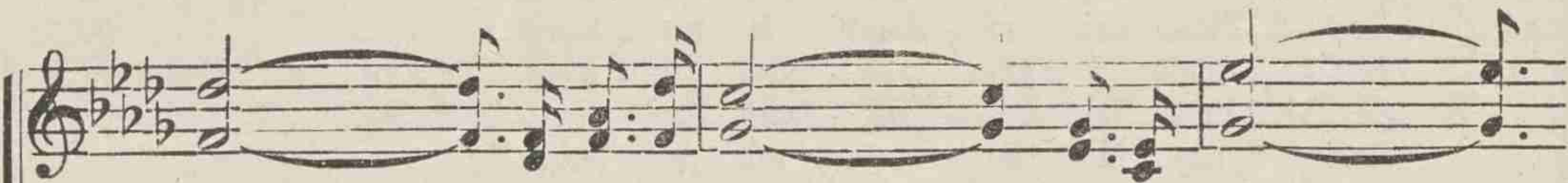
Saviour came into my heart to stay; O-ver ev - 'ry tri - al, ev - 'ry foe, a
songs of joy and gladness now are mine; I have found the "Life, the Truth, the Way," and
follow on where Jesus leads the way, And will shout and sing His praises, halle-



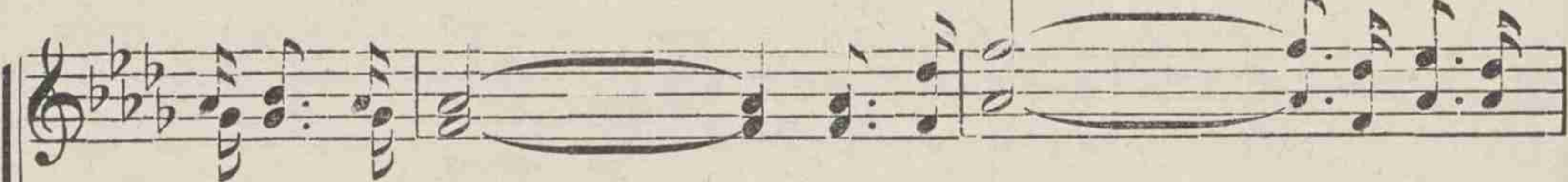
CHORUS.



note of vict'ry rings, There is wond'rous glory in my soul to - day.
in His love a-bide, And His blessings ev'rywhere around me shine. There is
lu-jah to His name! There is wond'rous glory in my soul to - day.



glo - - - - - ry in my soul, There is glo - - - - -
glory in my soul, there is glo-ry in my soul, There is glo-ry, there is glo-



ry in my soul, Since He turned my darkness
ry, O what glo - ry in my soul, Since He turned my darkness, since He turned my



Glory in My Soul.

in - to day, There is glo - ry in my soul.....
 darkness in - to day, There is glo - ry in my soul, glo - ry in my soul.

No. 43. I am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

Used by per. Biglow & Main.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-.
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splendent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus saves you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

our, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der - ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to

f CHORUS.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
 heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you receiv - ing one too!
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you.

praying, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 44.

Let Your Light Shine.

Rev. George Leidy.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



- 1. Let your light shine out, my brother, let it shine, As you walk a - long your way,
- 2. Tho' your light is but a small one, let it shine, Joined to Jesus' light di - vine,
- 3. Hide it not beneath a measure, let it shine, Let its beams shine all around;
- 4. Let your life be full of brightness, let it shine, Driving clouds of doubt a-way,



It will help to light an - oth - er, let it shine, With a bright and cheerful ray.
 Thro' your life bright beams will shine on, let it shine, Showing Him in ev - 'ry line.
 To the world it is a treas - ure, let it shine, More than in the world is found.
 Ev - 'ry step be full of lightness, let it shine, For you walk the heav'nly way.



CHORUS.



Let it shine, let it shine, Let your light shine out, let it
 Let it shine, let it shine,



shine, Would you guide a soul from darkness to the light?
 let it shine, let it shine,



Would you help some struggling one to win the fight? Let it
 let it shine,



Let Your Light Shine.

shine, let it shine, *rit.* Let your light shine out, let it shine.
 Let it shine, let it shine,

No. 45.

Sweet, Enduring Peace.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

F. S. Shepherd.

Rev. William Hammond, D. D.

1. There is a sweet, en - dur - ing peace, Which Je - sus ev - er gives
 2. The pass - ing storms of life that sweep A - cross our path - way here,
 3. This peace was purchased by the Lord On Cal - v'ry's cru - el tree,
 4. And now, as - cend - ed up on high, The Com - fort - er He gives,

The soul that choos - es Him as Lord, And in His serv - ice lives.
 Can not de - stroy the peace of God, Which shin - eth ev - er clear.
 Where Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood To ran - som you and me.
 Who fills with joy and per - fect peace The heart wherein He lives.

REFRAIN.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Sur - pass - ing all be - sides;
 Won - der - ful peace,

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Where Christ, the Lord, a - bides.
 Won - der - ful peace,

No. 46.

He is Mine.

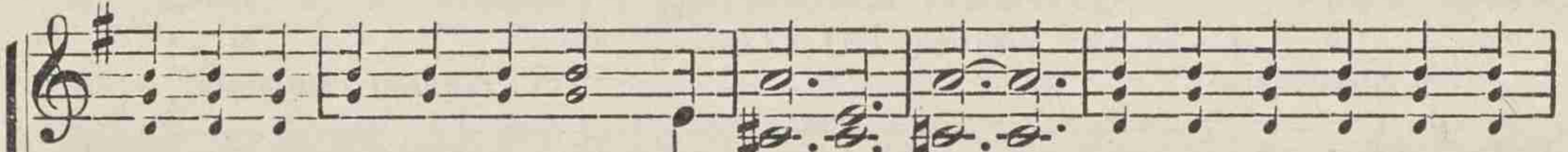
C. Austin Miles.

Copyright, 1912, by Hall-Mack Co.

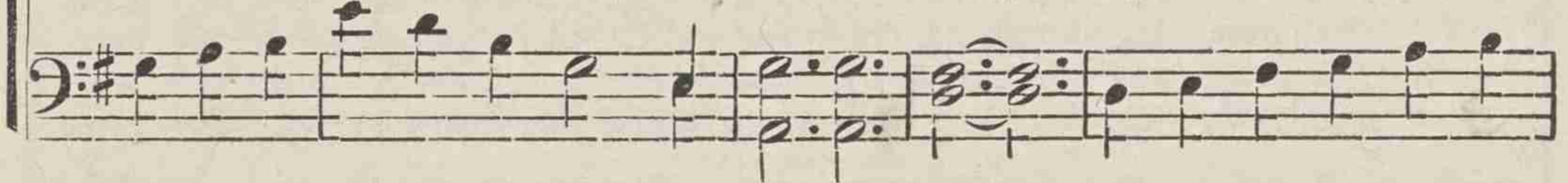
J. Lincoln Hall.



1. There is a Shepherd who cares for His own, And He is mine; Nothing am
 2. Je - sus left heav-en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine; I am not
 3. There is a Com-fort-er come from a-bove, He, too, is mine, Coming to



I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine; How He can love such a
 worth all He suffered for me, But He is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy, He
 me to re-veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and



sin-ner as I, Tho' He is mine; I can not fathom tho' oft-en I try,
 dwells in my heart, And He is mine; From Him I'll never, no, nev-er, de-part,
 Comforter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto-ry is true,



CHORUS.



But He is mine. He is mine, He
 For He is mine. He is mine,
 They all are mine. He is mine,



Tho' all un-wor-thy, I know He is mine, He



is mine; Tho' it is wonderful, yet it is true, That He is mine.
 yes, He is mine;



is mine;

No. 47. Since the Love of God Shone In.

L. E. J.

Copyright, 1898, by James M. Black.

L. E. Jones.

1. I have found a Friend to me so dear, In each try - ing mo - ment
2. I am kept by His al - might - y hand, As I press a - long to
3. I have found a Christ my guilt to bear, I have found a won - drous

He is near; There is naught my heart has need to fear, Since the
glo - ry land, I am walk - ing with the ran - somed band, Since the
rest from care, There is joy and sun - light ev - 'ry - where, Since the

CHORUS.

love of God shone in. Since the love of God shone in,
love of God shone in.
love of God shone in. the love of God shone in,

Since the love of God shone in, My heart is light,
the love of God shone in,

and the way seems bright, Since the love of God shone in.

No. 48.

God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis. Used by per.

W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.



No. 49.

Don't Forget.

Alice Horton.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. Don't for-get that Je - sus, in His boundless love, Ev - er watch-es o'er you,
2. Don't for-get that Je - sus is the Friend you need, With the Bread of Life your
3. Don't for-get that Je - sus knows your ev-'ry care, Knows the heav-y bur - dens



from His throne a-bove; That His lov - ing kind-ness fol-lows where you stray,
hun-gry soul would feed; Don't for-get the nail-pierc'd hands on Cal - va - ry,
that you dai - ly bear, That His gen-tle hand will kind - ly lead the way,



CHORUS.



Don't for - get that Je - sus thinks of you to - day.
Don't for - get that Je - sus died to make you free. Don't for - get that
Don't for - get that Je - sus thinks of you to - day.



Je-sus thinks of you, Don't for-get His love so strong and true, Don't for-get He



hears you when you pray, Don't for-get that Je - sus thinks of you to - day.



No. 50. You May Have the Joybells.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

J. Edw. Ruark.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
 2. Love of Je - sus in its full - ness you may know, And this love to
 3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
 4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
 those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kindness al - ways say, Deeds of
 He will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye, He is
 ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win, If your



Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
 mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
 with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
 life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.



CHORUS.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.*



Joy - - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - - bells ringing
 Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy-bells



in your heart; Take the Saviour here be - low, With you ev - 'rywhere you go,



No. 51. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal.

Copyright, 1916, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.
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Geo. C. Stebbins.



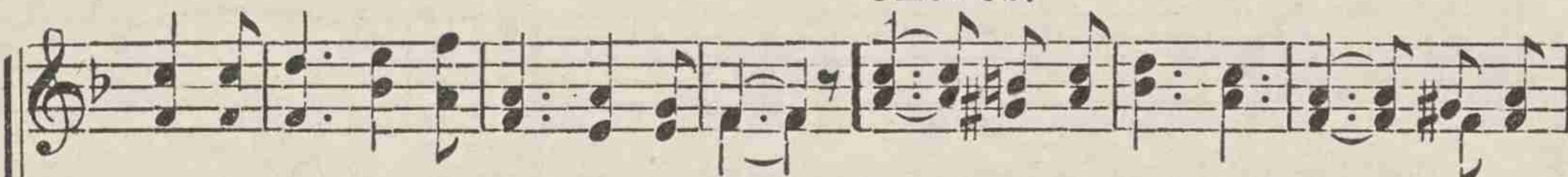
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all-glo-rious, Take Thy great power and



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



CHORUS.



in Thy strength we will battle for Thee. Peal out the watchword, si-lence it
ly and joy-ous-ly now we would bring.
ly surrendered and wholly Thine own. Peal si-lence



never! Song of our spirits re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the
Song re-joicing and free; Peal



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



No. 52.

Trusting On.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

Moderato.

- 1. Trusting on, tho' clouds may shadow the path we tread; Praying on, till beams of
- 2. Working on, that sheaves for Je-sus be gathered in; Pressing on, with fresh en-
- 3. Smil-ing on, that oth-er pilgrims may join our ranks; Singing on, that oth-er

glad-ness the sky o'erspread; Singing on, of love e-ter-nal that guides our way;
 deav-or, new heights to win; Singing on, of hopes that brighten, still more and more;
 harp-strings be tuned to thanks; Praying on, that Christ may conquer the pow'rs of sin;

CHORUS.

Smil-ing on, for Jesus brings us the fade-less day. Praying on, our
 Praying on, to welcome blessings from heaven's shore.
 Praying on, till all His ransomed the vic-t'ry win. Praying on, our Father hears,

Fa-ther hears, Trusting on, His light ap-
 Pray-ing on, our Father hears, Trusting on, His light appears, Trust-ing

pears, Sing-ing on, of won-d'rous
 on, His light ap-pears, Sing-ing on, of wond'rous love, sing-ing

Trusting On.

rit.

love;..... Working on, that all may know Him, our Friend a-bove.
on, of wondrous love;

No. 53. Open My Eyes, that I May See.

C. H. S.

Copyright, 1895, by Clara M. Scott.
Owned by Evangelical Publishing Co., Chicago.

Chas. 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 unclasp, 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 prepare, Love with Thy children thus to share.

CHORUS.

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

O - pen my { eyes,
 { ears,
 { heart, } il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 54.

My Shepherd.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Rev. Charles N. Nutter, D. D.

James M. Black.

1. Christ Je - sus is my Shep - herd, In right-eous paths He leads; He gives me
 2. I wan-dered in a des - ert, A - lone and lost and sad, But Je - sus
 3. His love is now so pre - cious, Since I am in His fold, And in the

joy and com - fort, And sat - is - fies my needs; His love is all a -
 sought and found me And made my spir - it glad. I'll hide me in His
 book im - mor - tal My hap - py name en - rolled. I tell Him all my

round me, It nev - er can be told, So match-less and un-meas-ured,
 ref - uge, And safe-ly there a - bide; His love will nev - er fail me,
 sor - rows, I tell Him all my cares; His lov - ing arms en - fold me

CHORUS.

More pre-cious far than gold.
 What-ev - er may be - tide. Yes, Je - sus is my Shep - herd, His love can
 And all my griefs He bears.

ne'er be told, So matchless and unmeasured, More precious far than gold.
 be told,



1. Blessings, like sun-shine, fall on our way, Pass them on free - ly, O
 2. Sing-ing for glad-ness, smile as you go, Smoothing the rough road for
 3. Bet-ter than sil-ver, rich-er than gold, Bless-ings un-num-bered a-



do not de-lay; Lov-ing and giv-ing, make life worth liv-ing,
 com-rades be-low; Make some heart light-er, some dark path bright-er,
 round us un-fold; Serv-ice we ren-der, words true and ten-der,



CHORUS.



Some lit-tle kind-ness may cheer a sad day.
 Lift-ing a bur-den, your good-will to show. Giv-ing and lov-ing,
 Hap-pi-ness ev-er for oth-ers must hold.



Lov-ing and giv-ing, Some lit-tle kind-ness do ev-'ry day; Joy-ful-ly



sing-ing, In His name bringing Blessings to oth-ers walk-ing your way.



No. 56. God Will Take Care of Thee.

Jennie Ree.

Copyright, 1900, by James M. Black.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. God will take care of thee, be not dismayed, Tho' storm and tempest rise,
2. God will take care of thee, have faith in Him, His eye is watching—it
3. God will take care of thee; He will pro-vide; Nothing thou need-est will



be not a - fraid, For un - der His feathers of love thou shalt hide,
nev - er grows dim; His grace is suf - fi - cient, whatev - er op - pose,
thee be de - nied? E'en thro' the dark val - ley He'll lighten the way,



CHORUS.



In His pa - vil - ion in safe - ty a - bide.
Rest on His bo - som in per - fect re - pose. God will take care of thee,
God will take care of thee, trust and o - bey.



thro' sun and shade; God will take care of thee, be not dis - mayed;



He is thy Friend, and He will defend, God will take care of thee, be not afraid.



No. 57. What Will Your Answer Be?

Lizzie DeArmond.
Moderato.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. K. Everett.

1. When dawn-eth the last great day, And Christ as a Judge you
 2. Has life been for self a-lone, Or giv-en in serv-ice
 3. In love have you shared a load Too heav-y for one to
 4. Thro' all of your glad, bright days What sac-ri-fice did you

see, When called to ac-count for the good you have done, O
 true? Has an-y one en-tered the heav-en-ly goal, Be-
 bear, Or spok-en a com-fort-ing word to a soul, Or
 make? O sure-ly a cup of cold wa-ter you gave With

CHORUS.

what will your an-swer be? What will your an-swer be?
 cause you have helped them thro'?
 whispered an earn-est pray'r?
 joy, for your dear Lord's sake? your an-swer be?

O what will your an-swer be? When life's shad-ows
 your an-swer be?

fall and Je-sus shall call? O what will your an-swer be?

No. 58.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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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. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
 4. We may have un - fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
 bur - den lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in - to day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For 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,

tuned 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.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love, when love shines in.

When love shines in,

No. 59.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort 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 follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 60.

He Rescued Me.

J. M. B.

Copyright, 1915, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. There's a joy in my heart since the Saviour came, 'Tis a joy deep-er
2. From the world and its snares, Je-sus res-cued me,—Set my feet in the
3. I have found at His side sweetest peace with-in, For I walk in His



than the sea; From the bond-age of sin, glo-ry to His name! Je-sus
"Nar-row Way;" Like a song in the night, is His love so free, And His
glad sun-shine, And I know He will keep me from guilt and sin, By the



CHORUS.



came and He res-cued me. He res-cued me,..... He rescued
smile brightens ev-'ry day.
hold of His hand on mine. He res-cued me, my Saviour



me, Hal-le-lu-jah! He res-cued me,..... He rescued
res-cued me, He rescued me,



me,..... He rescued me,..... Hal-le-lu-jah! He rescued me!
He rescued me, my precious Saviour rescued me.



No. 61.

Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

Used by per.

Jno. R. Sweney.



- 1. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told!
- 2. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their greatness declare?
- 3. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Freely, how freely they flow;
- 4. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not gladly en-dure



Rich-es exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
 Jew-els whose luster our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
 Mak-ing the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
 Tri-als, af-flictions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like those to se - cure.



CHORUS.



Pre - cious, more pre - cious—Wealth that can nev - er be told;



O the unsearcha-ble rich - es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold!



No. 62.

Why Not Tell Him All?

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Alice Horton.

J. K. Everett.

1. Why not tell your ev - 'ry care to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry tri - al,
 2. Oh, how ma - ny hearts are bowed with sor - row, Just because they
 3. He will sat - is - fy the soul that trusts Him, And will ban - ish

ev - 'ry sor - row of your heart? He's the one and all - suf -
 do not tell Him all their need; Oh, how ma - ny car - ry
 ev - 'ry cloud of doubt and fear; Thro' the storm and tem - pest

fi - cient Sav-iour, He, a - lone, has heal - ing balm for ev - 'ry smart.
 need - less bur - dens, While the Sav-iour waits to be a friend in - deed.
 He will guide us, With His ten - der love will com - fort, bless and cheer.

CHORUS.

Then why not tell Him, tell Him all?..... Oh, why not
 Tell the Sav-iour all,

tell the Sav - iour all?..... For He a - lone can
 tell Him, tell Him, tell the Sav-iour all,

Why Not Tell Him All?

un - der - stand our tri - als, Why not tell the Sav - iour all?

No. 63.

It Reaches Me.

Used by per.

Mary D. James.

John R. Sweney.

1. O this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
 2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove;
 3. Je - sus, Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro - claim:

Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!
 This stu - pend - ous bliss of heav - en, This un - meas - ured wealth of love!
 I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

CHORUS.

It reach - es me! it reach - es me! Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

3

No. 64.

Dearer Than All.

A. H. A.

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B. D. Ackley, owner.

Alfred H. Ackley.

1. Ye who the love of a moth - er have known, There is a love sweeter
2. Je - sus entreats you in Him to con - fide, Make Him your constant com -
3. Heav - en, with all of its beau - ty so rare, With my Re - deem - er can

far you may own, Love all - suf - fi - cient for sin to a - tone;
pan - ion and guide; He can do more than the whole world be - side;
nev - er com - pare; He is the glo - ry transcend - ent up there;

CHORUS.

Je - sus is dearer than all Dear - er than all, yes, dearer than all,

He is my King, be - fore Him I fall; No friend like Je - sus my

soul can en - thrall, Je - sus is dear - er, far dear - er than all.

No. 65.

Oh, to Be Like Thee.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick Used by per. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, to be like Thee! bless - ed Re-deem - er, This is my con-stant
 2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com-pas - sion, Lov - ing, for - giv - ing,
 3. Oh, to be like Thee! low - ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
 4. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead - ing Pour out Thy Spir - it,

long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treas-ures,
 ten - der and kind, Help-ing the help - less, cheering the faint - ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en - dur - ing cru - el re - proach - es,
 fill with Thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Thy per - fect like-ness to wear.
 Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin - ner to find. Oh, to be like Thee!
 Will-ing to suf - fer, oth - ers to save.
 Fit me for life and heav - en a - bove.

Oh, to be like Thee! Blessed Redeem - er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

rit.

sweetness, come in Thy fullness, Stamp Thine own im - age deep on my heart.

No. 66.

The Unclouded Day.

J. K. A.

Rev. J. K. Alwood.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a-way, Where the tree of life
 tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throne
 smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
 that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
 ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.
 O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

D. S.

No. 67.

Knock At the Door.

Theodora A. Thomson.

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James M. Black.



1. If life to you seems cold and gray, Wait not, but turn to Christ to-day;
2. Let not the world your courage quell; Cast off the e - vil spir-it's spell;
3. The cross shines brightly thro' the gloom, And shorn of ter - ror is the tomb;



Have you not heard that Christ is kind? Oh, sin-ner, seek and you shall find.
Have you not heard that Christ is kind? Oh, sin-ner, seek and you shall find.
Have you not heard that Christ is kind? Oh, in-ner, seek and you shall find.



CHORUS.



Knock at the door,..... you need not fear,..... Knock at the
Knock at the door, you need not fear,



door,..... and Christ shall hear;..... Knock at the door,.....
Knock at the door, and Christ shall hear; Knock at the door,



Rit. ad lib.



knock at the door,..... And you shall find peace for ev - er - more.
knock at the door,



No. 68.

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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C. A. M.

Used by per.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife upon my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far below the storm of doubt up - on the world is beating, Sons of men in
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not alarm me, I am safe-ly
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas - tle
 sheltered here, protect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
 blessed voice, I see the way is planned; Dwell-ing in the spir - it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
 of God's word re-treating, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
 learn of full sal - va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain underneath a cloud-less sky, I'm
 Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

musical notation for the first piece, including treble and bass staves.

manna from a bounti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

No. 69. The Christ who Died for Me.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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James M. Black.

musical notation for the second piece, including treble and bass staves.

1. In my Sav-iour I am trust-ing, Sweet-ly He communes with me;
2. In His love I am a-bid-ing, Here my heart shall ev-er be;
3. I have found the balm of heal-ing, In the blood He shed for me;
4. Grace, and strength and richest blessing, Boundless love and lib-er-ty,

musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves.

FINE.

Day by day I'm calm-ly rest-ing	In the Christ who died for me.
'Mid the storms of life I'm hid-ing	In the Christ who died for me.
Ev-er-more my par-don seal-ing	In the Christ who died for me.
Ev-'ry good I am pos-sess-ing	In the Christ who died for me.

D. S.—I am hid-ing and a-bid-ing In the Christ who died for me.

musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves.

CHORUS. D. S.

Bless-ed Christ, my precious Sav-iour! Bless-ed Lamb of Cal-va-ry!

No. 70.

Sowing Seeds of Service.

Jennie Wilson.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

W. A. March.

1. O how sweet to la - bor, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Pre - cious seed of
 2. When the morning sun - light gilds the earth with beauty, We will hast - en
 3. When our work is end - ed and the Mas - ter calls us, Bid - ding us from

truth and love on hill and plain; Faith pre - sents a vis - ion
 forth to work with wil - ling hand; In the noon - tide brightness,
 time and all its toil to come; Rich will be our joy if

of the time of har - vest, When with gladness we shall reap the golden grain.
 and when day is wan - ing, We will sow the good seed o - ver all the land.
 we have prov - en faith - ful When we sing with rapture songs of harvest home.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing, Sow - ing seeds of
 Sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, sow - ing ev - er sow - ing,

lov - ing serv - ice day by day, Sow - ing, sow - ing,
 Sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing,

Sowing Seeds of Service.

sow - ing, sow-ing, Sow-ing seeds of serv-ice all a-long the way.
sow-ing, ev - er sow-ing,

No. 71.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1915. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exc.

Used by per.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

No. 72. Make a Little Sunshine of Your Own.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copyright.

Florence A. Jones.

Used by per.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. What if skies are cloud-y, and the ra-diant sun On-ly for a
 2. Make a lit-tle sunshine, love can find a way; Nev-er mind if
 3. Make a lit-tle sunshine for the lone and sad, Walking where life's

lit-tle while hath shone! Banish tho'ts of sadness, drive the gloom away,
 summer days be flown; Some days must be cloudy, and the happy heart
 wint'ry winds have blown; You may be a sunbeam, lighting up their way;

CHORUS. *Unison.*

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

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

No. 73. Let Jesus Into Your Heart.

Rev. H. G. Jackson, D. D. Copyright, 1914, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Oh, will you not hear while He calls to-day? Let Je - sus
 2. The Au - thor of life and of love is He, Let Je - sus
 3. His com - ing a bless - ing will bring to you, Let Je - sus
 4. His love will shine 'round you wher - e'er you roam, Let Je - sus

in - to your heart; To o - pen the door do not de - lay, Let
 in - to your heart; His presence for - ev - er a joy will be, Let
 in - to your heart; Your guest He will be if His will you do, Let
 in - to your heart; The light of the cross will lead you home, Let

CHORUS.

Je - sus in - to your heart. Let Je - sus in - to your
 Let Je - sus, let Je - sus

heart,..... Let Je - sus in - to your heart,..... Throw
 in - to your heart, Let Je - sus, let Je - sus in - to your heart,

o - pen wide the door just now, Let Je - sus in - to your heart.

No. 74.

Pass It On.

Rev. Henry Burton.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Used by per.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov - ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

giv'n for thee a - lone. Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav - el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu - sic live and
 groping in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an - oth - er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears,
 grow, Let it cheer an - oth - er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
 high, Be a star in some-one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D. S. — *Christ, you live a - gain, Live for Him, with Him you reign.*

FINE. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful
 Pass it on, pass it on!

D. S.
 word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
 Pass it on,

No. 75.

Remember His Love for You.

Helen Fairfield.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. K. Everett.

1. Ev - 'ry-where you go in this life be - low; Just re-
 2. Do you try to win from the paths of sin? Just re-
 3. In the bar - ren soil, as you strive and toil, Just re-
 4. Do you bear the cross, count - ing all else dross? Just re-

mem - ber His love for you; Nev - er be a - fraid, nor by
 mem - ber His love for you; Will the seed you sow for the
 mem - ber His love for you; Do the songs you sing hon - or
 mem - ber His love for you; When the need - y cry, do you

sin dis - mayed, Just re - mem - ber His love for you.
 Mas - ter grow? Just re - mem - ber His love for you.
 Christ your King? Just re - mem - ber His love for you.
 pass them by? Just re - mem - ber His love for you.

CHORUS.

His love for you, Just re-mem-ber His love for you,
 His love for you, His love for you,

His love for you, Just re-mem-ber His love for you.
 His love for you,

No. 76.

Pray It Down.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



- 1. When your heart grows weary with the load you bear, When the tempter whispers
- 2. When you're almost ready to give up the fight You have bravely started
- 3. When the world would call you from His service true, With its many pleasures



"Je - sus does not care," Look to Him whose power drives a - way de-spair,
 for the truth and right, Tho' your faith may waver, trust the Lord of might,
 strive your soul to woo, Just re-mem - ber Je - sus waits to help you thro',



CHORUS.



Pray it down, pray it down. Pray,..... pray it
 Pray, pray it down, Trust in



down,..... Trust in God, do not de - spair,
 God, do not despair, Pray it down, pray it down, Trust in God, do not de-spair,



Just remem-ber Je - sus waits to answer pray'r, Pray it down, pray it down.



No. 77.

He Hideth My Soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.
Allegretto.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in

Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rapt - ure, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His perfect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll

CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleasure I see.
giveth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
such a Redeem - er as mine.
shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depth of His

love, And covers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

No. 78.

The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers, brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

The Fight Is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
 wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
 for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
 vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 79.

Hear Our Prayer.

Anon.

John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
 2. Par-don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
 3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
 fee - ble,— Hear our sim-ple pray'r! Hear our pray'r! Fa - ther, hear!
 chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our pray'r! Fa - ther, hear!
 mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our pray'r! Fa - ther, hear!

No. 80. What a Gathering That Will Be.

J. H. K.

From "Song Treasury," by per.

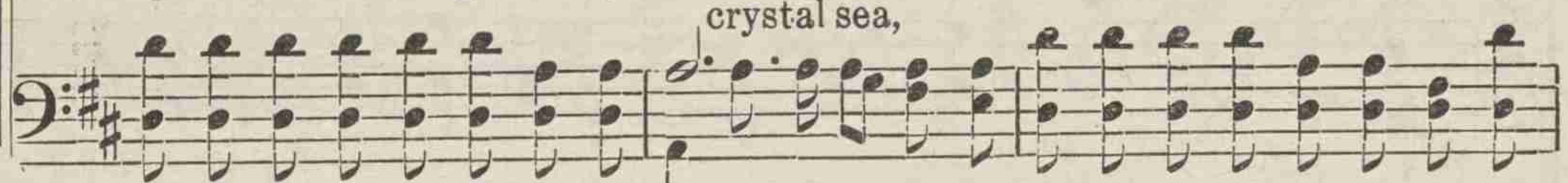
J. H. Kurzenknabe.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to meet again to-gether on the
Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see, At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of



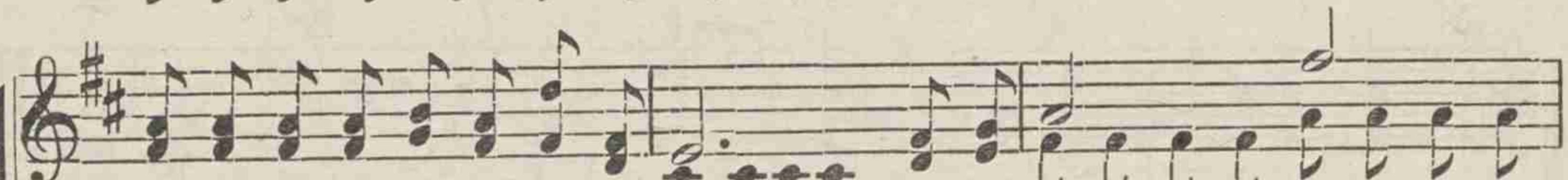
wait-ing us to come, What a gath'-ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce-les-tial shore, What a gath'-ring of the faithful that will be!
bless-ed, to my right," What a gath'-ring of the faithful that will be!
Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a gath'-ring of the faithful that will be!



CHORUS.



What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we meet with one an - oth-er,



sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the



What a Gathering That Will Be.

gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each other,

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm.

No. 81. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1900, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
 2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
 3. On-ward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Happy with Christ, my Saviour, near,

The musical score for the first system is in a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) and a bass line accompaniment.

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
 His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Calva-ry.
 Trusting that I some day shall see Je-sus, my Friend, of Cal-va-ry.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature.

CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

The chorus begins with a new musical system, still in the same key signature and time signature. It features a melody with triplet markings and a bass line accompaniment.

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

The final system of the musical score concludes the chorus with the same melody and accompaniment.

No. 82.

He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Anna B. Linn.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. I have a pre-cious Sav-iour, and with Him I a - bide, E - vil can
 2. I have a pre-cious Sav-iour, He keeps me by His pow'r, Brightens each
 3. I have a pre-cious Sav-iour, no mat - ter where I go, Ten - der - ly

not be - fall me, with Je - sus by my side; Nev - er will He for -
 pass - ing mo - ment, and glad - dens ev - 'ry hour; On - ward I go re -
 He doth lead me be - cause He loves me so; I have a pre - cious

sake me, I safe - ly trust thro' all, Drawing me near - er to Him, He
 joic - ing, with - out a doubt or fear, Oft I can hear His whis - per, my
 Sav - iour, He rules with - in my heart, Won - der - ful peace and blessings to

CHORUS.

will not let me fall. He will not let me fall,.....
 trust - ing heart to cheer.
 me He doth im - part. He will not let me fall,

Nev - er will let me fall,.... Ev - er in His keep - ing, my
 He nev - er will let me fall,

He Will Not Let Me Fall.

faith-ful Friend is He; He will not let me fall, He is my
 faith-ful Friend is He; He will not let me fall,

life my all, Je - sus, my Sav-iour is won-der-ful to me.
 is my life, my all,

No. 83.

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book.

Used by per,

S. C. Foster.

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 - er-more, and by His grace I know The
 doubts and fears with-in; 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.*

precious blood of Je - sus cleans-es white as snow.
 now my guilt is washed a - way 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.

No. 84.

The Sinner's Friend.

Theodora A. Thomson. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black,

H. R. Albright.



- 1. Sin - ner, far from Je - sus, wipe a - way your tears, For the cross of Calv'ry
- 2. When the prince of darkness tempteth you to sin, Thro' the gates of pleasure
- 3. Call up - on the Saviour, — call while He is near, Tell it all to Je - sus,



tri - umphs o - ver fears; Shin - ing ev - er bright - er thro' the passing years,
do not en - ter in; With the help of Je - sus you can vic - t'ry win,
all your doubt and fear; He has wait - ed long your earn - est pray'r to hear,



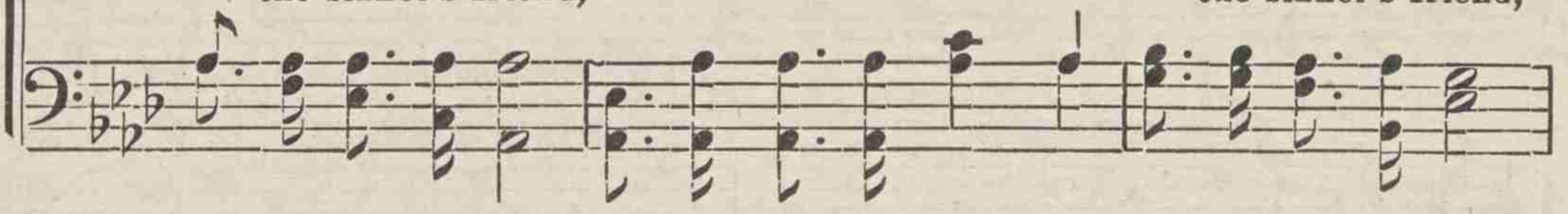
CHORUS.



Je - sus is the sin - ner's friend. Je - sus is the sin - ner's



friend, Je - sus is the sin - ner's friend,
the sinner's friend, the sinner's friend,



Sharing all your grief, He'll bring you sweet relief, Jesus is the sinner's friend.



No. 85. When Jesus is Living Within.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. When Je - sus is liv - ing with - in my heart, There's joy and sweet peace all the
2. His pres - ence dis - pels ev - 'ry doubt and fear, To Him ev - 'ry thought I con -
3. Un - speak - a - ble blessings of grace and love My Sav - iour de - lights to be -
4. When Je - sus is liv - ing with - in my heart, A - lone I can nev - er - more



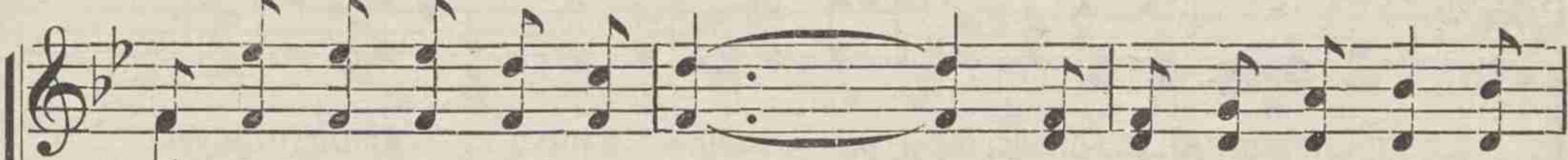
day; I walk in the sun - shine of love and grace, He rolls all my
fide; I'm walk - ing in u - ni - son with my Lord, For now in His
stow; His bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship sweet - er grows, As on - ward and
be, And some day, He tells me, in heav'n a - bove His glo - ri - ous



CHORUS.



bur - den a - way.
love I a - bide. When Je - sus is liv - ing with - in, When
up - ward I go. is liv - ing within,
face I shall see.



Je - sus is liv - ing with - in, His glo - ry di - vine Each
is liv - ing with - in,



moment doth shine, When Je - sus is liv - ing with - in,
is liv - ing with - in.



No. 86.

Wonderful Joys.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Wm. M. Mason.



- 1. Tho' the pleasures of earth fade like blossoms of spring, Tho' its stars dis - ap - pear
- 2. O, His love, pure and true, ev - er - more will a - bide, And no shad - ow of turn -
- 3. As the glad morning rays part the cur - tain of night, As they her - ald a hap -



from the sky, Sweeter joys will be mine in my Sav - iour and King, Brighter
 ing will show; Ev - 'ry good that I need will my Fa - ther pro - vide, For His
 py new day, So my Sav - iour has brought me the beau - ti - ful light, And my



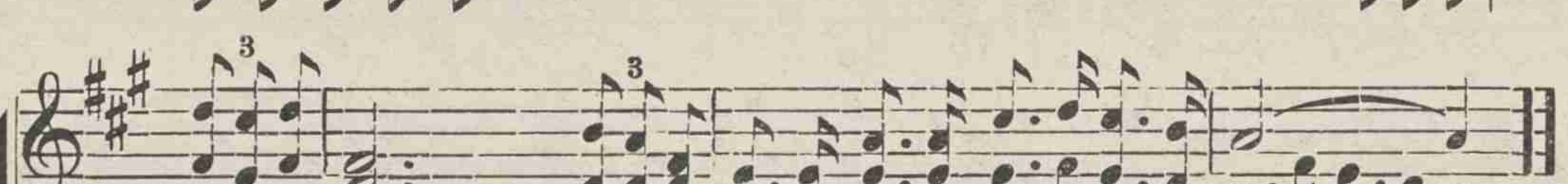
CHORUS.



sunbeams His grace will supply. Wonderful joys, wonderful joys,
 mer - cies a - bunt - ant - ly flow. Wonderful joys, wonderful joys,
 fears, like the clouds, pass a - way.



Yielding my all to Christ, my great Redeemer. King; . . . Wonderful joys,
 Redeemer, King; Wonderful joys,



wonderful joys, Brightening ev - er till the bells celestial ring.
 wonderful joys, bells, till the bells celestial ring.



No. 87.

Sunshine In the Soul.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

E. E. Hewitt.

Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright,
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
 O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
 hap-py mo-ments roll;



Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.



No. 88.

Walk Beside Me.

Katharine E. Purvis.

Copyright, 1896, by James M. Black.

James M. Black,

1. Walk beside me, O my Sav-iour, While life's morn-ing sky is bright, Grant me
 2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care, May Thy
 3. When the twilight shades descending, Warn my soul that night is near, With the

now Thy lov-ing fa - vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light. Whether good or
 love, so pure and tender, All my heav - y burdens bear! In a wea - ry
 hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav'n appear. Thro' the val-ley,

ill be - tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear, Ev - er stay so close be-
 land, pro-vide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tempest rages,
 Saviour, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid angel voic-es

CHORUS.

side me, I may know and feel Thee near.
 hide me Un-der-neath Thy fold-ed wing. Blessed Saviour, walk with me, Take a-
 wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."

way all anxious fear; Ever stay so close beside me, I may know and feel Thee near.

No. 89. I'll Live for Him Day by Day.

Gertrude Everett.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Rev. J. K. Everett.



1. I'll live for my Sav-iour wher - ev - er I go, And more and more
 2. I know not the way where His Spir - it may lead, In shad - ow or
 3. He died to se - cure my sal - va - tion from sin, The world can not



strive His sweet spir - it to show; His love and His grace will not
 shine, He'll sup - ply ev - 'ry need, In new and sweet pas-tures my
 harm me while walk - ing with Him, My faith in His prom - ise shall



fail me, I know, I'll live for Him day by day.
 soul He will feed, I'll live for Him day by day. I'll live for Him
 nev - er grow dim, I'll live for Him day by day.



day by day,..... I'll live for Him day by day,..... My
 live for Him day by day, live for Him day by day,



Saviour and Guide, For me cru - ci - fied, I'll live for Him day by day.



No. 90.

The Right of Way.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. There's a joy for - ev - er in my heart since Je - sus came, Like a
2. I have peace un - measured, there is vic - t'ry in my soul, All His
3. Life is glad and hap - py, how my heart ex - ult - ant sings, He is



stream of sun - shine night and day; In my soul 'tis ring - ing like a
love I nev - er can re - pay; Not in part, but ful - ly have I
with me ev - er - more to stay; I've a Friend un - fail - ing in the



CHORUS.



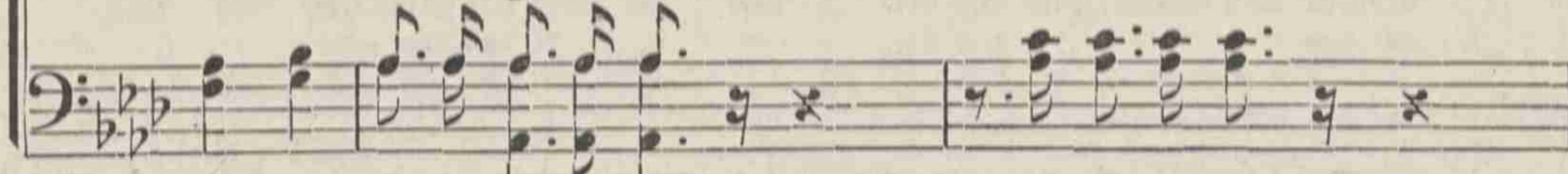
blessed, sweet refrain, Since my Saviour has the right of way.
yield - ed Him control, Since my Saviour has the right of way. The right of
mighty King of kings, Since my Saviour has the right of way.



way,..... the right of way,..... Since my Saviour has the
The right of way, the right of way,



right of way,..... His love di - vine..... I know is
the right of way, His love di - vine



The Right of Way.

mine, Since my Saviour has the right of way
I know is mine, the right of way.

No. 91. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell.

Rev. John B. Sumner.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
a-lien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof-fers are full—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

ad lib.

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

No. 92.

With Me All the Way.

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Mrs. N. P. C.

Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.



- 1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day, (to-day,) And re-joic-ing go I on my
- 2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust,(of trust,) For His ways are always right and
- 3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the victor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and vic-tor's song,



way; (my way;) For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide, just; (and just;) And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own, strong;(and strong;) Tho' temptations may as-sail, in His name I shall pre-vail,



D. S.—Then what evil shall I fear, With my Friend and Guide so near?

FINE. CHORUS.



He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Saviour will be with me all the For my Sav - iour will be



He has promised to be with me all the way.

D. S.



way!..... Is the song my heart is singing all the day;..... with me all the way! Is the song my heart is singing all the day;



No. 93.

The Victory Song.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



- 1. Chris-tian warrior, sing the vict'ry song, Ye who to the winning side belong;
- 2. In all lands the sto-ry must be told, Then our eyes His coming must behold;
- 3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of righteousness, With thy glo-ry-beams the land to bless;
- 4. Hon-or, pow'r and glo-ry ev-er be Un-to Him who gives the vic-to-ry;



Soon from shore to shore and sea to sea, Je-sus Christ shall conq'ror be.
 Pros-trate at His feet all na-tions fall, Hail and crown Him Lord of all.
 Su-per-sti-tion's night shall fade a-way, At the dawn of promised day.
 Je-sus Christ, thy triumph now we sing, Saviour, Lord, and com-ing King.



CHORUS. Unison.



{ Vic-t'ry perches now on Is-ra-el's ban-ners, Lift your voic-es, Sing your
 { Night is wan-ing, morning light is breaking, Heath-en na-tions from their



Harmony.



loud ho-san-nas, Vic-to-ry is near, yes, vic-to-ry is near;
 slum-ber wak-ing, Vic-to-ry is near, yes, [Omit.].....



Christ shall conq'ror be. Vic-to-ry is near, Christ shall conq'ror be.



No. 94. Down Life's Valley with Jesus.

Copyright, 1915, by James M. Black.

C. G. Maynard.

James M. Black.



1. An - y-where my path may lead Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, He'll sup-
2. Ev - 'ry cloud shall dis- ap-pear, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus; And the
3. I am trust-ing as I go Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, He will
4. Do not fear when sorrows come, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, Brave-ly



CHORUS.



ply my ev - 'ry need, Down life's val-ley with Him.
 sky grow bright and clear, Down life's val-ley with Him. Down life's val-ley with
 van - quish ev-'ry foe, Down life's val-ley with Him.
 say, "Thy will be done," Down life's val-ley with Him.



Je - sus, Walk-ing by my side, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, I
 my side,



want no oth - er Guide; Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, When the
 I want no oth-er Guide;



strife is o'er, I shall wear a crown of life for-ev - er - more.
 for-ev-er, for-ev-er - more.



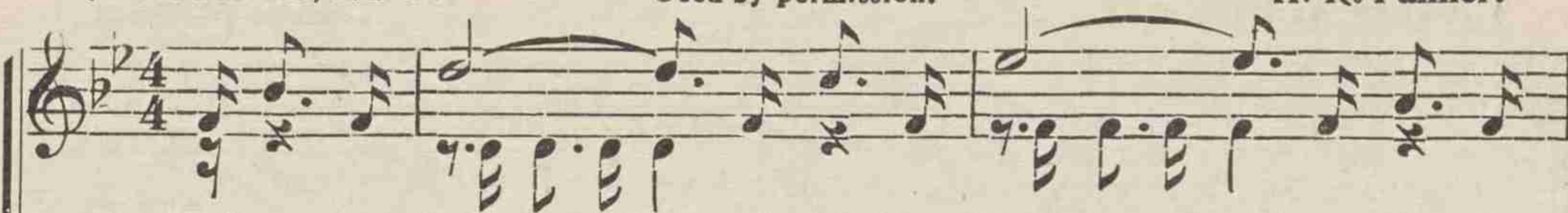
No. 95.

Memories of Galilee.

Robert Morris, LL. D.

Used by permission.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow-'ry glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore,..... Of Him who



eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vin-er
 birds.... in song a - gree..... Thro' sun-ny morn..... the prais-es
 walked.. up - on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once



now, It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 more.... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....



CHORUS.



O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O



Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!



No. 96.

Jesus Lives.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Theodora A. Thomson.

James M. Black.

1. Tell the ev - er - last - ing sto - ry, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Spread the
 2. Tell the souls bowed down in sorrow, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Bid them
 3. Join the cho - rus then in singing, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! In the

joy - ful ti - dings far be - yond the sea, That in all His king - ly
 lay their wea - ry heads up - on His breast; Then shall dawn a bright - er
 mu - sic of the song of songs sub - lime, Send the ech - oes far - ther

glo - ry Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Vic - tor o - ver death for you and me.
 morrow, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! And their hearts shall gain e - ter - nal rest.
 ringing, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! Thro' the a - ges on the wings of time.

CHORUS.

Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! And our
 yes, Je - sus lives! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives!

ma - ny sins He lov - ing - ly for - gives, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 He lovingly forgives, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Jesus Lives.

Je - sus lives! He lives! Death is conquered now that Je - sus lives.
Je - sus

rit.

No. 97.

I Need Him Every Day.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. R. Roberts.

1. A precious Friend in Je - sus I have found, I need Him ev - 'ry day;
2. He fills my soul with sunshine clear and bright, On Him my cares I lay;
3. To hide me when the cheerless shadows fall, So full of dark dis - may;
4. His ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, full and free, I nev - er can re - pay;

His love re - veals the way of life to me, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
And tell Him all my troubles, great and small, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
To guide and comfort me with His sweet peace, I need Him ev - 'ry day.
But will - ing - ly sur - ren - der all to Him, I need Him ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

I need Him ev - 'ry day, I need Him ev - 'ry day,
O I need Him ev - 'ry day, O I need Him ev - 'ry day,

His love re - veals the way of life to me, I need Him ev - 'ry day.

No. 98.

Blessings.

Charlotte G. Homer. Copyright, 1900, by James M. Black.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are blessings gen - tly fall - ing on us like the rain, In such dai - ly
 2. When a - mid the con - flict, and the light of faith is dim, Would that we might
 3. Have we an - y mer - it of our own by which to claim Life; or death, or
 4. Let us look about us—let us search our hearts and see What our lives with-

show - ers, that to count them is in vain; Blessings numbered on - ly by the
 en - ter dark Gethsem - a - ne with Him; Then we might discov - er how a
 com - fort or to e - ven call His name? Yet, in sel - fish moments, doubts and
 out His patient, watchful care would be; Did He for a mo - ment fail to

sands upon the shore, Till, indeed, we wonder that there's room for an - y more.
 ten - der, lov - ing hand Gently leads us on - ward, up - ward to a bet - ter land.
 fears be - fore us rise, Till His love and goodness all are hidden from our eyes.
 keep us in His care, We should vanish quickly as the light'ning in the air.

CHORUS.

Bless - ings! O what glo - ry, Bless - ings!
 Blessings! O what glo - ry, O what matchless glo - ry, Blessings! tell the sto -

tell the sto - - ry, It will give you help and strength to
 ry, tell the wondrous sto - ry,

Blessings.



la - bor on, As sun-light gives the morning when the night is gone.

No. 99.

Nearer the Cross.

F. J. Crosby.

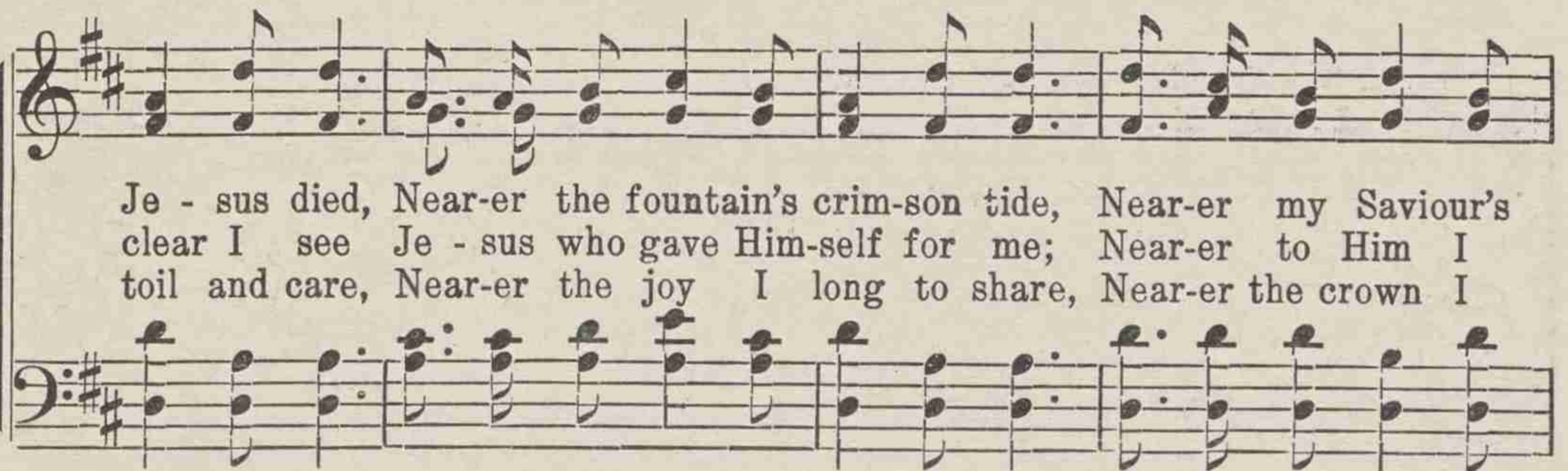
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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

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; Feast-ing my
 3. Near-er 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 Saviour'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



wound-ed 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.

No. 100. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
James M. Black, owner.

James M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting

more, And the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
sun; Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

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

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

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

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

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

No. 101. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

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

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

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

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

No. 102.

The Joyful Message.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Henry D. Field.



1. Ring a - broad the joy - ful mes - sage of re - deem - ing love, Tell to
 2. Ring it out that sin is par - doned at the Saviour's cross, That the
 3. Ring it out that with our Fa - ther is e - ter - nal might, That His



longing hearts the tidings of good cheer, That the way of life is o - pen
 crimson fountain cleanseth ev - 'ry stain, There is balm for ev - 'ry sor - row,
 arm will for His children's need provide, That the darkness will be scattered



to the throne above, - That the Sav - iour's smile will ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
 gain for ev - 'ry loss, There's a bow of prom - ise shin - ing thro' the rain.
 by the Day - spring bright, And the peace of God will in our hearts a - bide.



CHORUS.



Ring it out..... on ev - 'ry hand,..... Ring it
 Ring it out on ev - 'ry hand,



out..... to ev - 'ry land,..... Ring it out.....
 Ring it out to ev - 'ry land, Ring it out



The Joyful Message.

that all may hear..... Such a mes-sage full of hope and cheer.
that all may hear

No. 103. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

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Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day coming
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing

by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left,
by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord,
by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De - part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you ready for that day to come? Are you ready? Are you ready?

Are you read - y for the judg-ment day? For the judg-ment day?

No. 104. He Saves Me,—Will Save You.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Anna F. Oakley.

James M. Black.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my heart there has been, Since the Saviour's dear
2. Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, I am walk - ing with Him, He's an un - fail - ing
3. As a child of His grace, ev - 'ry prom - ise is mine, He will keep me the



love I first knew; I am free from the bond - age and fet - ters of sin,
Friend, strong and true; There's a light in my soul that shall nev - er grow dim,
whole journey thro'; Not a foe shall I fear, nor a shad - ow of time,



CHORUS.



For He saves me, and He will save you. He saves me, He saves me to -



day, And His love in my heart doth re - new; Bless - ed
ev - 'ry day, re - new;



Sav - iour divine, I am His, He is mine, For He saves me, and He will save you.



No. 105. In the Light of Redeeming Grace.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James Rowe.

J. K. Everett.

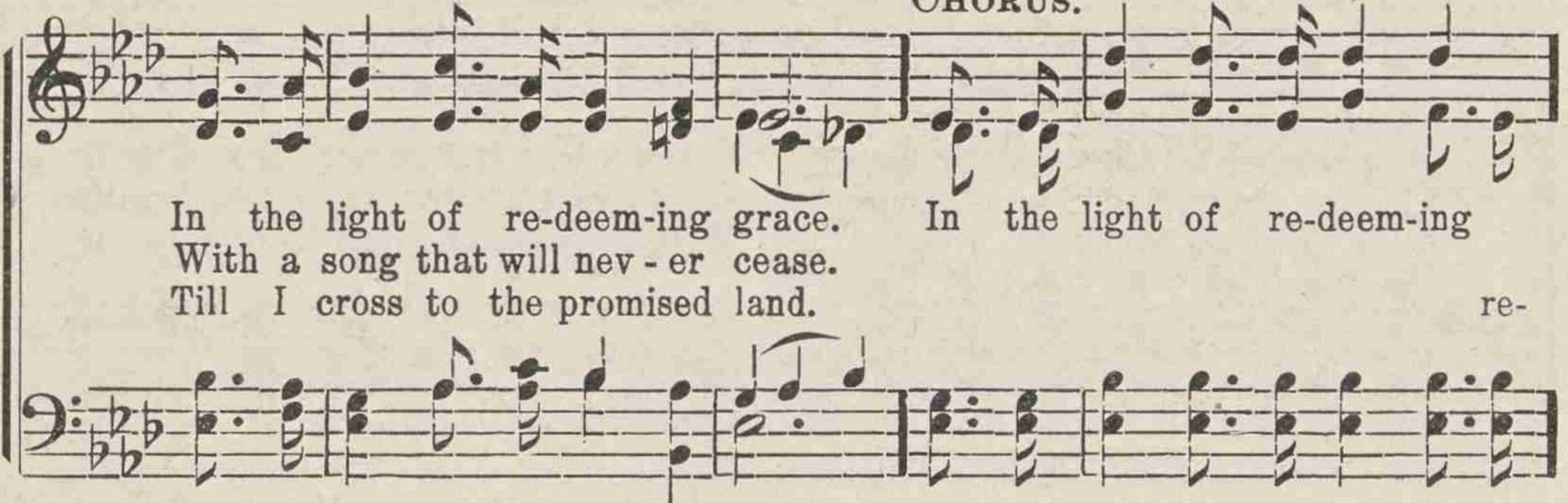


1. I have heard of a glo - ri - ous land of song, And to-wards it have
2. I have turned from the lowlands of sin and strife, To the mountains of
3. Sin can harm me no more, for the Lord is mine, And is lead - ing me



turned my face; O the joy I re - ceive as I march a - long,
joy and peace; I am prais - ing the love that has changed my life,
by the hand; He will guide and pro - tect me by love di - vine,

CHORUS.



In the light of re-deem-ing grace. In the light of re-deem-ing
With a song that will nev - er cease.
Till I cross to the promised land. re-



grace, In the light of re-deem-ing grace, I will
deem-ing grace, re-deem-ing grace,



fear no foe, as I on-ward go, In the light of re-deem-ing grace.

No. 106.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

Used by per.

Rev. J. M. Driver.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.
 Won - der - ful! won - der - ful! Won - der - ful!
 Wonderful story of love, wonderful story of love, Wonderful story of love!

No. 107.

My Saviour First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life - work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. O the soul - thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus - tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,

No. 108.

The Joy of Knowing.

Theodora A. Thomson. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. Oh, the joy of know-ing Je - sus is my Friend, In the stress of
 2. Oh, the joy of trust-ing in the Sav-iour's love, Which, like cooling
 3. Oh, the joy of know-ing He is ev - er near, Quick to give us
 4. Oh, the joy of keep-ing faith with such a Friend, Who from sa-tan's



life my soul He will de - fend; From the pleasures of the world my
 show - ers, com - eth from a - bove, Till in all His glo - ry He shall
 cour - age when we pause in fear; Shin-ing in the dark-ness, that we
 bond - age ev - er will de - fend, And from out the rec - ords will my



heart is free, Since the bless - ed Sav - iour came and walks with me.
 come a - gain, With His faith - ful serv - ants ev - er to re - main.
 may not stray From the bless - ed safe - ty of the nar - row way.
 sins ef - face, Plead-ing with His life - blood at the throne of grace.



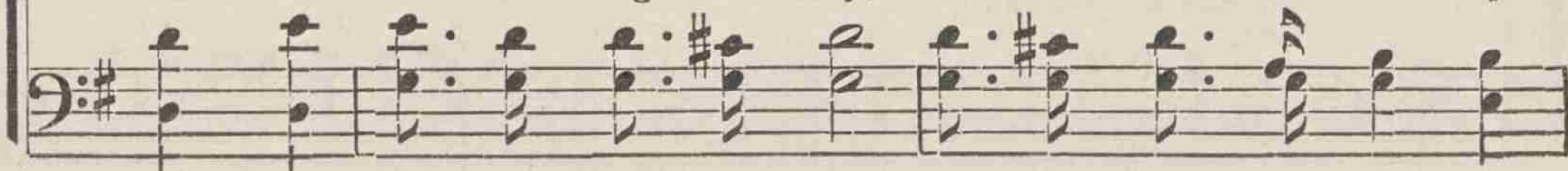
CHORUS.



Oh, the joy of know-ing,—know-ing ev - 'ry day, That my Sav - iour



walks with me a - long the way; In the stress of life my



The Joy of Knowing.

soul He will de-fend, Oh, the joy of knowing such a pre-cious Friend!

No. 109.

Fill Your Place.

J. K. R.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. K. Roberts.

1. God is call-ing you, to His cause be true, Try to fill your place to-day,
2. From the night of sin you a soul may win To the path of hope and cheer;
3. With a courage strong, as you march along, Do not fear to face the foe;

'Mid the toil and strife and the cares of life Help somebody along the way.
Brighten some-ones sky, as your passing by, Keep your light shining bright and clear.
If your heart keeps right, you shall win the fight, Fill your place in this world below.

CHORUS.

Fill your place to-day, fill your place alway, Do not wait till to-morrow's sun,
to-morrow's sun,

If you hes - i - tate, it may be too late, Fill your place e'er the day is done.

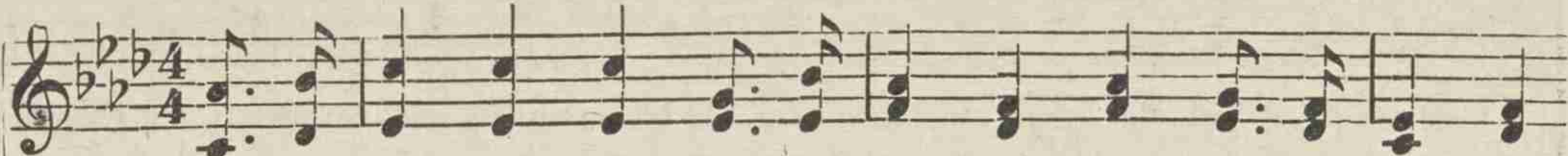
No. 110.

He Is Coming Back Again.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Chas. C. Ward.



1. There's a joy - ful word that I know is true, All too sweet for
 2. Though He lives a - bove in the glo - ry - land, Far be - yond all
 3. I shall see His face, oh, the bless - ed thought, Tho' I know not



tongue or pen; Some glad, hap - py day, not so far a - way,
 mor - tal ken, Like a chime of bells in His Book it tells,
 where, nor when; Kneel in rapt - ure sweet at His ho - ly feet,



CHORUS.



He is com - ing back a - gain. He is com - ing back a - -
 He is



gain, He is coming back a - gain,
 com - ing back a - gain, He is com - ing back a - gain,



I shall see my King, loud His praises sing, He is coming back a - gain.



No. 111. The Story Can't Be Told.

Theodora A. Thomson. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. I do not know why Je - sus came To walk with men on earth; I
2. I do not know why for my sake He suf-fered toil and pain; I
3. I do not know why He should drink The wormwood and the gall; I
4. I do not know why He should care For such a one as I; I



on - ly know that thro' His love My soul has had new birth.....
new birth.
on - ly know that His dear blood Shall cleanse me from all stain.....
all stain.
on - ly know He is my King, And will not let me fall.....
me fall.
on - ly know that 'twas for me He was con - tent to die.....
to die.



CHORUS.



The sto - ry never can be told, In earth... or heav'n a-bove,.....
The sto-ry never, never in earth or heav'n above,



The sto - ry nev-er can be told, The sto - ry of His love.
The sto - ry nev-er, nev-er



No. 112.

We'll Be All Day There.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



1. When this life here is end - ed and the dark clouds break, When to heaven's bright
 2. No more watching and waiting, no more race to run, Where the King in His
 3. In the light of His presence night can nev - er be, There is glo - ry e-



morn - ing hap - py souls shall wake, Not a few hours we'll lin - ger joy su -
 beau - ty is the fade - less sun, In the home of the bless - ed time can
 ter - nal when His face we see, Here the years swift - ly fleet - ing drear - y



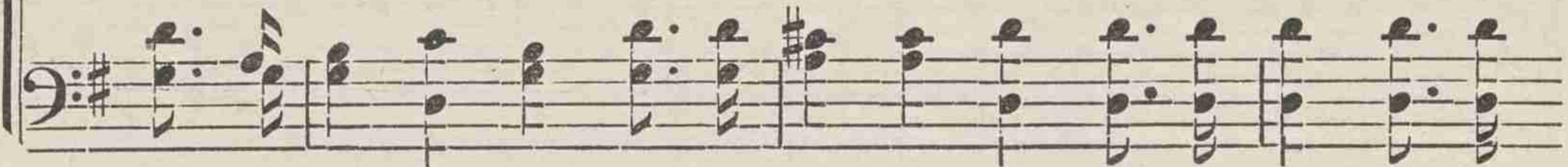
preme to share, With the friends gone be - fore us, we'll be all day there.
 not im - pair, Thro' His love ev - er - last - ing, we'll be all day there.
 shad - ows bear, Where there's light ev - er - last - ing, we'll be all day there.



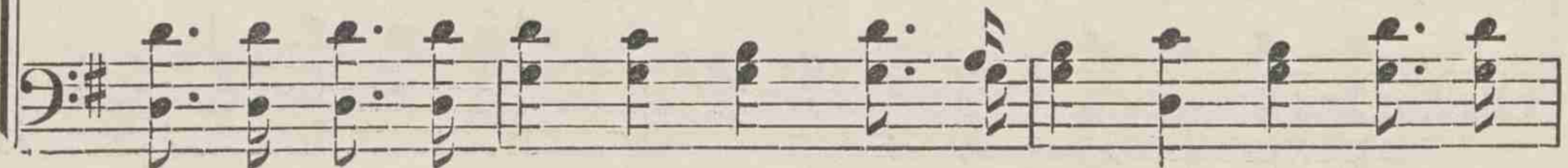
CHORUS.



We'll be all day there, we'll be all day there, Where no night ev - er



com - eth to that land so fair; We'll be all day there, we'll be



We'll Be All Day There.

all day there, With the Sav-iour who redeemed us, we'll be all day there.

rit.

No. 113.

Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
 2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
 4. Je-sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
 Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to-day! Call - ing, call-ing, to - day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling to-day,

No. 114.

No Word for Jesus.

Anna S. Hawks.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Chas. C. Ward.

1. Have you no word for Je - sus? Nev - er a word to say?
 2. Have you no word for Je - sus? Nev - er a word to say?
 3. Have you no word for Je - sus? Nev - er a word to say?

Tho' He has led you so gen - tly All of the way?
 Tho' He has loved you so free - ly, All of the way?
 Tho' He has car - ried your sor - rows All of the way?

Nev - er a word of His kind - ness? Nev - er a word of His peace?
 Sel - dom a word of His mer - cy, Oft - en no word of His love,
 Nev - er a word of His com - fort? Nev - er a word of His cheer?

Guarding and guid - ing you ev - er, Giv - ing from sin re - lease?
 Tho' it is flow - ing so free - ly From the full fount a - bove.
 Nev - er a word for Je - sus, Our Sav - iour and Friend so dear?

CHORUS.

Have you no word for Je - sus? Nev - er a word to say?

No Word for Jesus.

rit.

Tho' He has led you so gen - tly, Oh, have you no word to say?

No. 115.

My Father Knows.

Elizabeth Holmes.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

W. W. Holden.

1. He knows the tri - als of each day, Tho' shadows fall, He knows the way; The
2. Tho' oft I seem to walk a-lone, Life's weary way with thorns o'ergrown, His
3. Up - on His mighty arm I lean, He helps me thro' life's changing scene, From
4. His love, His love is past compare, My ev - 'ry sor - row He doth share, I

CHORUS.

eyes that weep, the hearts that pray, He knows, my Father knows.
 love has sealed me for His own, He knows, my Father knows. He knows, my
 sin and strife He keeps me clean, He knows, my Father knows. He knows,
 can-not drift beyond His care, He knows, my Father knows. (He knows.)

Fa-ther knows, And shields.... me from my foes, From
 my heav'nly Father knows, And shields, He shields me from my foes,

day..... to day He leads the way, He knows, my Fa-ther knows.
 day to day, from day to day He leads the way,

No. 116. Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

Lida Shivers Leech.

Copyright, 1911, by Adam Geibel Music Co.
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Adam Geibel.

Solo, or all in unison.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 117.

Clear Shining After Rain.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Amelia M. Starkweather.

James M. Black.



- 1. Tho' clouds be dark and storms a - rise, And life seems all in vain; Soon
- 2. Tho' tempests wild thy path enshroud, Fear not the dark-est night; For
- 3. From sor-row there will be re - lease, And rest from ev - 'ry pain; For
- 4. So nev - er fear, whate'er be - fall, Be stead-fast, brave and true; For



will ap-pear with-in the skies, (in the skies,) Clear shining aft - er rain.
 God is back of ev - 'ry cloud, (ev-'ry cloud,) And where He is is light.
 God will send with His sweet peace, (His sweet peace,) "Clear shining aft - er rain."
 God is good, and o - ver all (o - ver all) His love is shin - ing thro'.



CHORUS.



Then trust Him till His blessed face you see And shout this glad refrain;
this glad refrain;



The light will break and there will be, . . . Clear shin-ing aft - er rain.
will be,



No. 118. When We Reach the Pearly Gates.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Amelia M. Starkweather.

J. K. Roberts.



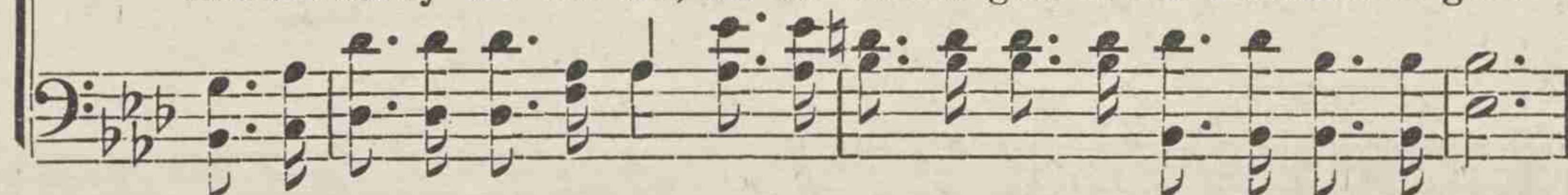
1. When we rest on yon-der shore, When our tri-als all are o'er, And the
 2. I would gath-er sheave to bring, E'er the heav'nly song I sing, And would
 3. When the pearly gates swing wide, He will stand close by my side, And the



long and wea-ry jour-ney all is past; O how hap-py we shall be,
 lay them at my bless-ed Saviour's feet; I would la-bor for the lost,
 bridegroom of my soul I shall be-hold; He hath loved me long and well,



As the pearl-y gates we see, And re-mem-ber we've been faithful to the last.
 Never counting once the cost, That my service for the King might be complete.
 And the sto-ry He will tell, As we walk to-geth-er o'er the sands of gold.



CHORUS.



O what joy, O what joy, When with
 O what joy, e - ter - nal joy,



Him we count our vict'ries o'er and o'er, O what joy,
 count our vict'ries o'er and o'er, O what joy,



When We Reach the Pearly Gates.

O what joy, When we en - ter in - to rest for ev - er - more.
e - ter - nal joy,

No. 119. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Used by per. E. O. Excell, owner.

Psalm 103.

Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

CHORUS.

For as high as is the heav - en Far a - bove . . . the earth be - low,
For as high as is the heav - en Far above the earth be - low.

Ev - er great to them that fear Him, Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

No. 120. As I Sat By Mother's Side.

J. M. B.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. As I sat by mother's side, Just be-fore she crossed the tide, And I
 2. I re-member'd this was true, For the time I nev-er knew When she
 3. Now my mother's God is mine, For I have His peace di-vine, And my

asked her of the jour-ney she must go; Then a smile broke o'er her face,
 did not love and trust her Sav-iour so; And her heart was true and kind,
 heart with His sweet love is all a-glow; And I praise Him ev-'ry day;

As she whispered with sweet grace, "O I set-tled all that question long a-go."
 Loved her Lord with soul and mind, For she settled all that question long ago.
 As I jour-ney on my way, For I set-tled all that question long a-go.

CHORUS.

Long a-go, long a-go, O I
 Long a-go, I set-tled the ques-tion,

set-tled all that question long a-go; Long a-go, long a-
 long a-go; long a-go,

As I Sat By Mother's Side.

go, O I set-tled all that question long a - go.
I set-tled the question,

No. 121. It Is Well With My Soul.

H. C. Spafford. Copyright, 1904, by 'The John Church Co. Used by per. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin, — O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't — My sin, not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so" — it is well with my soul. It is

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

No. 122.

He Is Walking With Me.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black

Chas. B. McHomer.

Harry Dixon Loes.



1. There's a Friend who walks beside me ev-'ry day, Ev - er near, (Ev - er near,)
2. Thro' the days of wea-ry toil when heart doth fail, He doth care (He doth care)
3. When the day is dim so that I can not see, I con - fide, (I con - fide,)



ver - y dear, (ver - y dear,) And I know that He'll go with me all the
 how I fare; (how I fare;) How His words of cheer be - calm the wild - est
 He doth guide; (He doth guide; (From the ills that would be - fall me I am



CHORUS.



way, He is Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour.
 gale, Such a Friend is Christ, my Sav - iour. He is walking with me
 free, For my Sav - iour walks be - side me.



ev - 'ry day, He's a Guide that will not let me
 with me ev - 'ry day,



stray, With my Sav - iour at my side, all is
 will not let me stray,



He Is Walking With Me.

well whate'er be - tide, He is walk-ing with me ev - 'ry day.

No. 123. Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Used by per. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. If Je - sus has par-doned all your sin, Tell some-bod-y to - day;
 2. If now you be-lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell some-bod-y to - day;
 3. If Je - sus has filled your life with song, Tell some-bod-y to - day;

If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell some-bod-y to - day....
 His won - der - ful love with joy pro-claim, Tell some-bod-y to - day....
 'Twill brighten the hours the whole day long, Tell some-bod-y to - day....
to-day.

CHORUS.

Tell some-bod-y to - day,..... Some-bod - y up - on life's way; Your
 some-bod-y to-day,

tell-ing may win An - oth-er from sin; O tell some-bod-y to - day!.....
somebody to-day!

No. 124. Since He Came Into My Heart.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

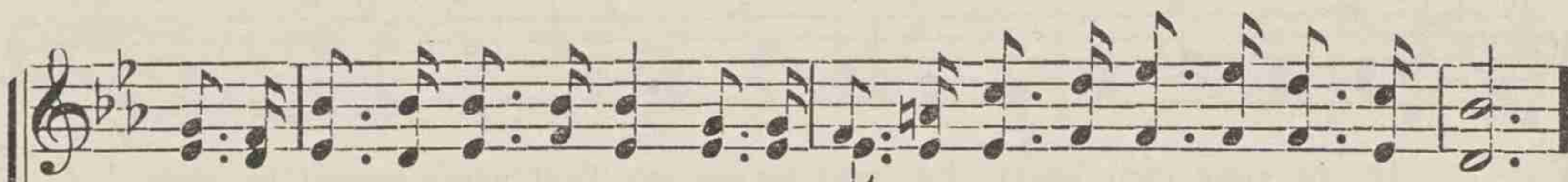
James M. Black.



1. There's a brighter side to trou-ble, and a sweet-er song to life, Since the
2. There's a love that passeth knowledge, ever - lasting, full and free, And it
3. I have turned from broken cisterns to the springs that never fail, To the



bles-sed Sav-iour came into my heart; There's a peace, that calm and steadfast,
lights with ho-ly radiance ev - 'ry hour; Since His Spir - it, dwelling in me,
fountain cleansing ev-'ry sin a - way; Tho' the hosts of sin as - sail me,



smooths the stormy waves of strife: Since in Jesus I have found the bet - ter part.
proves His saving love to me, I will triumph in His great, vic-to-rious pow'r.
grace will ev - ermore pre-vail, Till I see His glo - ry in the "crowning day."



CHORUS.



O there's joy,..... a wonder-ful joy di-vine, Since He came in-to my
there's joy,



heart, Since He came in - to my heart; Bless the Lord,..... this
Bless the Lord,



Since He Came Into My Heart.

won - der - ful joy is mine, Since the Sav - iour came in - to my heart.

No. 125. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William H. How.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Arr. by C. W. Wallace.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er;
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd:
 "I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear:
 Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him stand - ing there.
 Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

No. 126.

The Whole Wide World.

Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood.

J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, owner. Used by per. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus! This shall our watchword be, Up - on the highest
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus! In-spires us with the thought That ev-'ry son of
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus! The marching or - der sound; Go ye and preach the
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus! In the Father's home a-bove Are ma-ny wondrous

mountain, Down to the wid - est sea: The whole wide world for Je - sus! To
 Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought: The whole wide world for Je - sus! O
 gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found: The whole wide world for Je - sus! Our
 mansions, Mansions of light and love: The whole wide world for Je - sus! Ride

Him all men shall bow In cit - y or in prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely con-quer In this our glorious day.
 ban - ner is un-furled, We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
 forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro' all the mighty nations; The world to glo - ry bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel

ti-dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World.

ban-ner be unfurled, Till ev-'ry tongue confess Him thro' the whole wide world.

No. 127. Where Jesus Is, 'tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

Copyright, 1898, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
 2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smiling face;
 3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now its be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
 In cot-tage or a man-sion fair? Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

No. 128. Fill Your Life With Sunshine.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copyright.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Fill your life with sun-shine from those cloudless skies, Where the nev - er -
 2. O - pen wide your heart and let His light shine in, Driv - ing out all
 3. Let His bless-ed sun-shine on your path-way shine, Turn the eyes of

fad - ing lights in splen - dor rise; Fill it with the rays that burn for
 hid - den wrong and se - cret sin; Let the heal - ing presence now its
 oth - ers to the source di - vine; Say to all, "that light will glad - den

D. S.—*Fill it with the glo - ry of re-*

FINE.
 faith's clear eyes, Fill your life with sun - shine from a - bove.
 work be - gin, Fill your life with sun - shine from a - bove.
 thee and thine, Fill your life with sun - shine from a - bove."

deem - ing love, Fill your life with sun-shine from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Fill your life with sun - shine! Bless - ed heav'n - ly sun - shine!

D. S.
 Fill your life with sun - shine from a - bove! (with sun - shine!)

No. 129.

Tell Someone To-Day.

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1916, by Robert H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

J. P. Schofield.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

1. You have a great Sav - iour in glo - ry, Tell some - one to-
 2. A - round you some oth - ers are dy - ing, Tell some - one to-
 3. The joy of sal - va - tion will cheer you, Tell some - one to-

day; For some have not yet heard the sto - ry,
 day: For Christ and the gos - pel they're sigh - ing,
 day; The Spir - it of God will be near you,

CHORUS.

Tell some-one to - day.... Tell some-one the sto - ry to - day,

Show some - one the way:..... 'Twill bring your Lord glo -
 heav'nward way;

ad lib.

ry, if you tell the sto - ry, Then tell some-one to - day.

No. 130.

Only To-Day Is Mine.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Lizzie DeArmond.

James M. Black.

1. I must do some kind-ness for those I meet, For on - ly to-
 2. To the ones that stum - ble I'll lend a hand, For on - ly to-
 3. I must seek the err - ing who else might stray, For on - ly to-
 4. In some lov - ing serv - ice I'll take a part, For on - ly to-

day is mine; Spite of wea - ry bur-dens keep pure and sweet,
 day is mine; Help them strug-gle up - ward and brave-ly stand,
 day is mine; Lead them past the pit - falls that fill the way,
 day is mine; Work for Je - sus glad - ly with hand and heart,
 is mine;

CHORUS.

For on - ly to - day is mine. On - ly to - day my

eyes may see, To - mor - row may come, but not for me,

Help me, dear Sav-iour, to live for Thee, On - ly to - day is mine.

No. 131.

Do You Love Him?

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Rev. Charles S. Nutter, D. D.

James M. Black.



- 1. Do you love Him, Christ, my Lord? Love His ten - der, pre - cious word?
- 2. Do you love Him, Christ, my King? Do you love His praise to sing?
- 3. Do you love Him? It is true That He suf - fered once for you;
- 4. Do you love the Cru - ci - fied, Who for sin - ners bled and died?



Love the sto - ry of His grace? Hope some day to see His face?
 He is wor - thy to re - ceive All the love that you can give.
 His dis - ci - ple would you be? Hear Him say - ing, "Fol - low Me."
 Will you to His love prove true? Lov - ing Him who first loved you.



CHORUS.



Do you love Him? Do you love Him? Come to-day and make Him thine;
 make Him thine;



Do you love Him? Won't you love Him? Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is mine.
 is mine.



No. 132. Shine for Jesus Where You Are.

Copyright, 1915, by H. D. Loes.
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H. D. L.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. Be a faith-ful wit-ness for your Lord, Shine for Je - sus where you
2. Grace for ev - 'ry deed He will pro - vide, Shine for Je - sus where you
3. In your home to - day let kind-ness glow, Shine for Je - sus where you

are;..... You can not an i - dle hour af - ford, Just
are;..... There are those in need on ev - 'ry side, Just
are;..... Tell some one of Christ and heal sin's woe, Just
just where you are;

CHORUS.

shine for Jesus where you are..... Shine.... for Je - sus
just where you are. Brightly shine

where you are, Shine..... for Je - sus where you are; Someone lost in
Brightly shine for Jesus just where you are;

sin you may guide to glo - ry, Shine..... for Je - sus where you are.
Shine, brightly shine

No. 133.

Beulah Land.

Edgar Page.

Used by per. of Mrs. Jno. R. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,



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



CHORUS.



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



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



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



No. 134.

The Service of the King.

Edith Updegraff.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

H. R. Albright.



1. Are you faith-ful to the work where Jesus calls you? True and loy - al
2. There are ma - ny darkened skies that you may brighten, If you scat-ter
3. Oh, how swift-ly are the days for ser-vice pass - ing, Soon the sweet songs



in the ser-vice you would bring? Would you brighten someone's sky, While the
sun-shine ev-'ry-where you go, There are help-ful words to say, Sor-row's
of the home-land we shall sing, For the souls that we have won, We shall



days are go - ing by? Are you faith - ful in the ser - vice of the King?
tears to wipe a-way, Oh, the deeds of love and kind-ness you may sow.
hear His words, "well done," If we're faith-ful in the ser - vice of the King.



CHORUS.



In the ser - vice of the King, Bless - ed ser - vice of the King,



Are you faith - ful in the ser - vice of the King?.....
of the King?



The Service of the King.

Would you help some-one in need, Would you do a kind - ly deed,

Are you faith - ful in the ser - vice of the King?.....
of the King?

No. 135.

When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in might-y pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can - not;

FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hal-lowed place Where God did shine in moth - er's face.
I could no lon - ger doubt His love, But yield - ed all, — born from a - bove.
A sweet - er time than that blest hour When Je - sus came in sav - ing pow'r.
When mother pray'd! O peace di - vine! My moth - er's God to - day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when moth - er pray'd.

CHORUS.

D. S.

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

No. 136.

Joy In My Soul.

Theodora A. Thomson.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Oh, the joy that is mine, no tongue could ev - er tell, 'Tis a
 2. By His all-cleans-ing blood He pur - ri - fies my heart, And my
 3. There are won - der - ful heights of bless - ing at His feet, His sal-

won - der - ful joy in my soul; Ev - 'ry dark, storm-y cloud, His
 joys like the sea bil-lows roll; I have found ref-u-ge sweet, a
 va - tion makes ev - 'ry whit whole; I am walk - ing with Him in

love doth now dis-pel, Since to Je - sus I've giv - en con - trol.....
 balm for ev - 'ry smart,
 fel - low-ship so sweet, full control.

CHORUS.

There is joy..... in my soul!..... There is
 There is joy in my soul!

joy..... in my soul!..... To the cross let me cling,
 won - der - ful joy in my soul!

Joy In My Soul.

For Christ is now my King, And there is won - der - ful joy in my soul!

No. 137. Shall We Gather At the River.

R. L.

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Used by per.

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. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down,
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing from the throne of God?
 We shall walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather 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 from the throne of God.

No. 138.

In the Way With Him.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. Ackley.



1. I have bless-ings new, like the morn-ing dew, In the way that I walk
 2. Thro' the darkest night I've a shin - ing light In the way that He lead-
 3. In the heat of day, in the Mas-ter's way, He re - fresh-es my soul
 4. When the fight is long 'gainst the hosts of wrong, Still I know He will give



with my Lord, And I find each day light up - on my way As I
 eth me on, And the shad - ows dim are so bright in Him Till the
 at the spring That is nev - er dry, for my Lord is nigh And He
 vic - to - ry, So I'll march a - long sing - ing vic-t'ry's song In the



CHORUS.



walk in the light of His word. In the way, with
 night, with its shad - ows, is gone.
 shel - ters me there with His wing.
 way that my Lord walks with me. the way,



Him— In the way, with Him— Blessings
 with Him, the way,



In the Way With Him.

new, like the dew, Fall a-round me ev-'ry day, In the way with Him.

No. 139. 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 lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r 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 pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.

No. 140.

We Shall Know.

By per. of The S. Brainard's Sons Co., owners of the copyright.

Annie Herbert.

J. H. Anderson.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau - ty 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, And 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 peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
 Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows 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 walk a -
 We shall know as we are known, Nevermore

We Shall Know.

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

mists have cleared away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away, have cleared away; In the dawning of the

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

No. 141.

Full Surrender.

1. Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre-sent Thee, Glad-ly now no long-er mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be-fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa-cred vow!

For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift from me, gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing prevent me Blending it with Thine, it with Thine.
All Thine own I now re-store Thee, Thine for-ev - er now, ev - er now.

No. 142. Keep the Prayer Line Clear.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

J. H. Gates.



1. Keep the pray'r line clear to the throne of grace, Guard it well with
2. Keep the pray'r line clear, thro' the long, long years, It will ren - der
3. Keep the pray'r line clear, not for self a - lone, But for those who



zeal - ous care; 'Tis a price - less gift from the King a - bove,
serv - ice true; If your Chris - tian life would be full of pow'r,
need your care; Throw a - side each hin - der - ing thing of earth,



CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry one who will may share.
Learn what God would have you do. Keep the pray'r line clear, keep it
You will find a bless - ing there.



clear,..... Use it well from day to day;..... Keep the
keep it clear, from day to day;



pray'r line clear to the throne of grace, Talk with Him a - long the way.



No. 143.

No Fear of the Way.

Theodora A. Thomson. Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black,

James M. Black.

1. Oh, what a joy to know Him, And fol - low the path where He
 2. What tho' the clouds may gath - er, I know that His sun-shine is
 3. Oh, what a pre - cious ref - uge— His grace and pro-tec - tion di-

leads; Rest - ing as - sured that Je - sus Will ev - er sup-
 there, Back of the gloom and shad - ows, And so I am
 vine; Keep - ing be - side my Sav - iour, His love all a-

CHORUS.

ply all my needs. I..... have no fear of the way,
 trust-ing His care.
 round me doth shine. I have no fear.

Nei - - ther by night nor by day, He.....
 Nei - ther by night nor by day, nor by day, He is my guide

rit.
 is my guide and my stay, For ev - - er - more.
 For ev - er, for - ev - er - more.

No. 144.

Volunteers for Service.

Jennie Ree.

Copyright, 1900, by James M. Black.

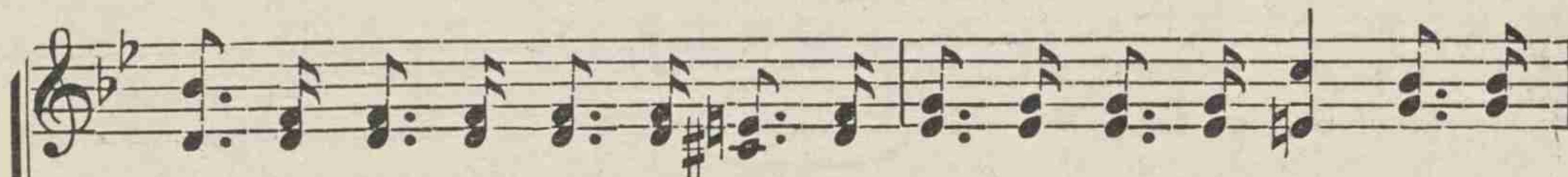
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We are vol - un - teers for serv - ice in the vine - yard of the Lord!
 2. We have heard the Mas - ter call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"
 3. Forward, then, we go re - joic - ing, for the day will soon be gone!



With the vows of God up - on us, and with one ac - cord, We are
 And with ring - ing hal - le - lu - jahs we the call o - bey; To the
 Like an ar - my, one in pur - pose, we are marching on; On to



marching forth to du - ty, all in earn - est to be - gin Sheaves of
 fields we go to la - bor for the bless - ed Lord we love, Souls to
 gath - er in the har - vest that is rip'n - ing o'er the plain, On to



CHORUS.



good to gath - er from the fields of sin. Marching on, marching
 gath - er for the har - vest home a - bove.
 gath - er in the sheaves of gold - en grain. Marching on,



on! Mak - ing hill and val - ley ring With the
 march - ing on!



Volunteers for Service.

prais - es of our King; March - ing on, march - ing
 March - ing on,
 on! Un - til vic - to - ry tri - umph - ant - ly we sing.
 marching on!

No. 145.

"Almost Persuaded."

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.
 Used by per.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wan - d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 146.

The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Chas. C. Ward.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent

Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con -
 Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri -
 min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com -
 far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my

CHORUS.

tempt on all my pride. O won-drous cross..... of love di-
 fice them to His blood.
 pose so rich a crown?
 soul, my life, my all. O wondrous cross

vine,..... Thy glo - ries nev - er shall de-
 of love di-vine, Thy glo - ries nev - er shall de-cline, Thy glo - ries

cline,..... For on thy breast..... my Sav - iour
 nev - er shall de-cline, For on thy breast

The Wondrous Cross.

died, And for my sins was cru - ci - fied.
my Sav-iour died,

No. 147. Beautiful Life with Jesus.

Katharine E. Purvis.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Life with Je - sus is so sweet, His dear love is my re - treat;
2. Liv - ing un - der His con - trol, There is vic - t'ry in my soul;
3. All my cares to Him I bring, While to His dear cross I cling,
4. Thro' my tears His face I see, He hath died to ran - som me;

O what joy down at His feet, Beau - ti - ful life with Je - sus.
He hath made my spir - it whole, Beau - ti - ful life with Je - sus.
And I love His praise to sing, Beau - ti - ful life with Je - sus.
Safe with Him on land or sea, Beau - ti - ful life with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful hap - py days, Beau - - ti - ful songs of praise,
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Beau - - ti - ful all His ways, Beau - ti - ful life with Je - sus.
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

rit.

No. 148.

Roll, Billows, Roll!

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1914, by Hunt & Scholfield.
R. H. Coleman, owner, Dallas, Texas.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, bil-lows, roll! I fear naught on
 2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, bil-lows, roll! All God's host sur-
 3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as-sail, Roll, bil-lows, roll! In God's might I
 4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say "Roll, bil-lows, roll! Christ is keep-ing

CHORUS.

sea or land, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
 round my soul, so Roll, bil-lows, roll! Roll, bil-lows, roll!
 shall pre-vail, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
 me each day, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!"

Roll, bil-lows, roll, Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from

ev-ry foe; So roll,.... bil-lows, roll!..... Roll, bil-lows,

roll! Je-sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul.

No. 149.

Swing Open, Fair Portals.

(Solo and Chorus.)

F. A. B.

Copyright, 1890, by F. A. Blackmer.

F. A. Blackmer.



- 1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous cit-y, we pray;
- 2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way;
- 3. We've read of that cit-y's bright glo-ry, That knows not the darkness of night;
- 4. We've read of the tree and the riv - er, Life's wa-ter and fruit ev-er fair;
- 5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful al-way;



One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall van - ish for-ev - er a - way.
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden? By faith we would view it to-day.
 And read - ing that won - der - ful sto - ry, Has ravished our souls with delight.
 We've looked up in faith to the Giv - er, And prayed that we might enter there.
 And know, as the cit - y we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day.



CHORUS.



- 1-4. Swing o - pen, fair por - tals, A mo - ment, and let us look thro';
 Swing open, fair portals,
- 5. Swing o - pen those por - tals, And we shall in tri - umph go in,
 Swing open those portals,



One glimpse, and we, fal - ter - ing mor - tals, To en - ter, shall press on a - new.
 Where we shall, as ransomed im - mor - tals, E - ter - ni - ty bless - ed be - gin.



No. 150.

Have You Lost His Name?

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

Slowly and with expression.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life, As you
 2. Who will help you when the storms of troub - le fall, When no
 3. Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life, Are you

walked a - long a - mid the toil and strife? Have you giv - en up your
 ten - der voice gives an - swer to your call, When your burden'd heart seems
 all a - lone a - mid the din and strife? From the world and its al -

faith - ful Friend and Guide, Who has loved you more than all on
 heav - y and dis - tressed, With no Sav - iour near to give you
 lure - ments turn a - way, Seek the Christ you've lost, ere dawns an -

CHORUS.

earth be - side?
 peace and rest? Have you lost His name? pre - cious, ho - ly name, As you
 oth - er day.

walked 'mid the toil and strife? Have you lost His name, bless - ed,
 toil and strife?

Have You Lost His Name?

ho - ly name, Have you lost the name of Je - sus from your life?

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with three accented eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a series of eighth notes descending from C5 to G4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

No. 151.

Silent Night.

Hutchinson S. S. Hymnal.

Michael Haydn.

pp

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, marked *pp*. It features a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of chords.

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child; Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 6/8 time signature.

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

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

No. 152. Help to Make a Happy World.

Copyright, 1917, by Adam Geibel Music Co. International copyright secured.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

Adam Geibel.



1. Won-drous are the mer-cies dai-ly sent from heav'n, Love is like a ban-ner
2. Tho' the clouds of e - vil low - er dark and drear, Pow'rs of sin shall all be
3. Joy - ous in the serv-ice of the King of love, Let His bless-ed ban-ner



bright un-furled; (are all un-furled;) Strive to share the blessings that the King has giv'n,
downward hurl'd; (be downward hurl'd;) Help to win the vict'ry by a word of cheer,
be un-furled; (be now un-furled;) Spread a-far the sunshine of His wondrous love,



CHORUS. *Unison.*



Help to make a hap - py world. Help to make a hap - py world,



Parts.



Help to make a hap-py world:

In the bless-ed service you may have a share,



Help to make a hap - py world.

Help to make a hap - py world.



No. 153.

If the Master Should Call.

(Solo and Chorus,)

N. P. C.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Nellie Place Chandler.

1. Dear soul, far a - way from the Sav - iour, Neg - lect - ful and care - less in
 2. Some time you will come to the Sav - iour, Some day at His feet you will
 3. His par - don, so gra - cious - ly of - fered, His mer - cy, a rich, bound - less

sin; If the Mas - ter should call with - out warn - ing, Would a wel - come a -
 fall; But "to - day is the day of sal - va - tion," And the fount - ain is
 store, He is urg - ing you now to ac - cept them, And re - joice in His

CHORUS.

wait you from Him? If the Mas - ter should call you to - night,
 flow - ing for all. should call you to - night,
 love ev - er - more.

If the Mas - ter should call you to - night, Is your heart right with God?
 should call you to - night,

Are you washed in the blood? If the Mas - ter should call you to - night?

No. 154.

Jesus Saves.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, in renewal.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Used by per.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 - Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,



On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



No. 155.

Full Surrender.

Copyright, 1901, by Daniel B. Towner. Chas. M. Alexander, owner.

Rebecca S. Pollard.

International copyright secured.

D. B. Towner.



1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur-ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour.
3. No with - hold - ing—full con - fess - ion; Pleasures, rich - es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



Thou my Lead - er and De - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's pow'r!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



CHORUS.



I sur-ren - der all! I sur-ren - der all!
 I sur-ren - der all! I sur-ren - der all!



All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!



No. 156.

Keep the Wires Clear.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Copyright, 1914, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. Stop for a while on your bus - y way, List - en and wait for His
 2. Spite of the things that up - on you press, Out in the world, with its
 3. Hu - man hearts need just this qui - et rest, Learn - ing of Him, of all

voice to - day; Count it not loss as you on - ward plod, Keep the wires
 strain and stress; Hark to the voice, now so faint and dim, Keep the wires
 friends the best; Sure - ly He knows, for the path He trod, Keep the wires

CHORUS.

clear be - tween you and God.
 clear, get in touch with Him. Keep the wires clear, keep the wires clear,
 clear be - tween you and God.

Stop for a mo - ment His voice to hear, Thro' ev - 'ry storm,

as you on - ward plod, Keep the wires clear be - tween you and God.

No. 157.

Do Your Best.

E. E. Rexford.

Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.

Jno. R. Bryant.



1. If clouds blot out the sun - shine A - long the path you tread, Don't grieve in
2. A - way with vain re - pin - ing! Sing songs of hope and cheer, Till many a
3. So in the time of trou - ble Let not your cour - age fail, The clouds must



hope-less fash-ion, And sigh for bright-ness fled; Be - yond the cloud the
wea - ry com-rade, Grows strong of heart to hear; He who sings o - ver
some-time van-ish, The sun at last pre - vail; Trust we th'e - ter - nal



D. S.—Let not your cour - age



sun-light Shines in God's change-less plan, Trust that the way will bright-en,
troub-le, With faith in God a - bove, Sees thro' earth's clouds the sunshine
good-ness, The all - wise Fa - ther's plan, And, brave with hope and cour-age,



fal-ter, Keep faith in God and man, And all a-long life's path-way

FINE. CHORUS.



And do the best you can. Then do..... your best,..... Yes,
Of God's e - ter - nal love.
Do just the best you can. Then do the best you can,



Do just the best you can.

D. S.



do the best you can; Then do.... your best,.... Yes, do the best you can;
Then do the best you can,



No. 158.

Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1890, by John R. Sweney. Used by per.

John R. Sweney.

1. Onward still, and up-ward, Fol-low ev - er - more, Where our mighty Leader
 2. Onward, ev - er on-ward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow softly,
 3. Upward, ev - er up-ward, To'ard the radiant glow, Far a - bove the val - ley,

Goes in love be - fore; "Look-ing un - to Je - sus," Reach a help-ing hand
 Un - der skies se - rene; Or, if need be, up - ward, O'er the rock-y steep,
 Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of glad-ness, Till the march shall end,

CHORUS.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on -
 Trusting Him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
 Where ten thousand thousand Hal-le - lu - jahs blend. Marching onward, marching

ward, up - ward, Marching stead-i-ly,
 on-ward, on-ward, Up-ward marching, up-ward, up-ward,

on-ward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
 onward, marching onward, onward,

Onward and Upward.

up - ward, Onward un - to glo-ry, To the per-fect day.
upward, marching, upward, upward,

No. 159. I Do Not Know the Way.

(Solo and Chorus.)

Ada Blenkhorn.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.

1. I do not know the way to go, Do Thou, O gracious Saviour, show
2. I know not what is best for me, And, tho' the way, I can not see,
3. I need Thy lov-ing hand to guide And keep me ev - er near Thy side,

The per-fect way from day to day, Then shall I nev - er go a - stray.
Help me to love and trust Thee still, And question not Thy ho - ly will.
Till in Thy kingdom I shall shine, Thro' Thy rich grace and love di - vine.

CHORUS.

Thy love can nev-er, nev-er fail, O'er all my foes I shall pre-vail, And

I will fol-low aft-er Thee, O lead me, Saviour, lead Thou me.
I will fol-low aft-er Thee,

No. 160. *The Church in the Wildwood.

New arr. of words and music, copyright, 1914, by James M. Black.

W. S. P. and A. H.

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, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
 3. It is there that I love to hear the sto - ry, The sto - ry of
 4. There they tell of a bright, hap - py morn-ing, (When the sor-rows of

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
 Je - sus, my King; My heart is so filled with His glo - ry, And His
 earth are no more;) Where His loved ones are robed in His a-dorn - ing, And shall

D. S.—No spot is so dear to my childhood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
 come to the church in the vale.
 prais-es I joy - ful - ly sing.
 dwell with Him ev - er-more. O come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.
 church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the vale;
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

*For male quartet 1st tenor sing alto, 2nd tenor sing the melody.

Children's Songs.

No. 161.

The Snow Prayer.

Copyright, 1892. Used by permission of L. E. Sweney, Executrix.

E. B. Hewitt.

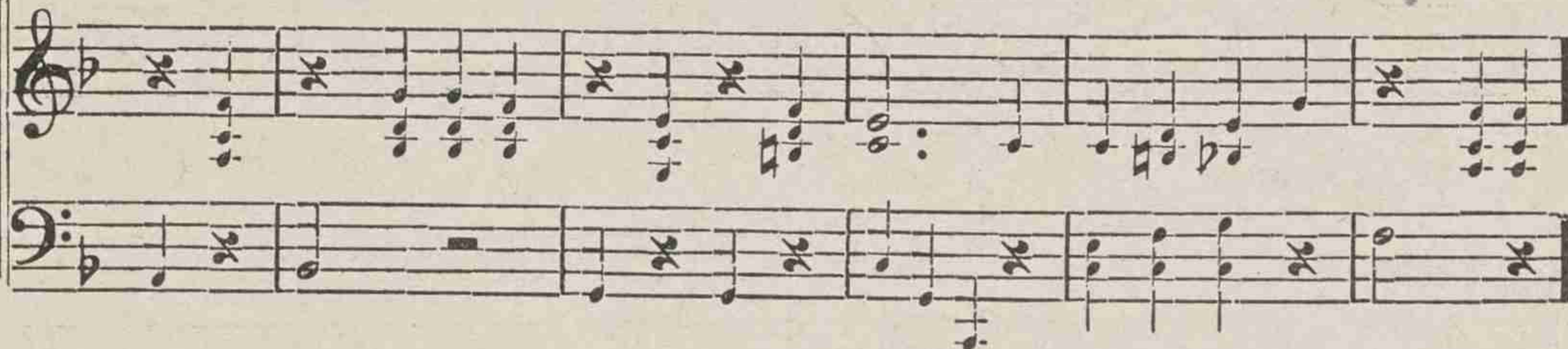
Jno. R. Sweney.



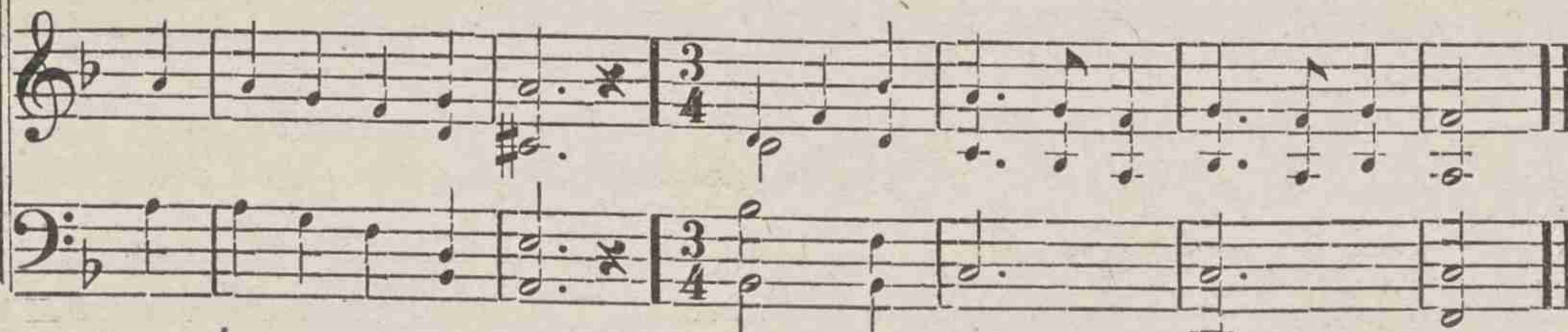
1. I learned it in the Bi - ble, A ten - der lit - tle pray'r; And when the
 2. For I have oft-en grieved Him With sin-ful words and ways, I'll ask Him
 3. I want to be like Je - sus, That His pure eyes may see A heart made



flakes are fall - ing So beau-ti - ful and fair, I say to my dear Sav - iour
 to for - give me, And help me all my days; He shed His blood so pre - cious,
 clean and spot-less, To serve Him faith-ful-ly; And so I'll ask Him dai - ly



This lit - tle pray'r I know: "Wash me, and I shall be Whit - er than snow."
 Be-cause He loved me so; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit - er than snow."
 His mer - cy to be - stow; "Wash me, and I shall be Whit - er than snow."



NOTE.—The chorus of "Whiter than Snow" may be sung by all after last verse.

No. 162. The Little Children's Friend.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

Rev. John Bossinger.

James M. Black.



1. We are com - ing, one by one, — With re - joic - ing hearts we come,
2. There is much of joy be - low, — None so sweet as this to know,
3. He will nev - er let us stray, But will lead us all the way,



Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend; We re - peat it o'er and o'er,
Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend; Oth - er chil - dren we would bring,
Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend; His sweet promise we be - lieve,



For we love Him more and more, Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend.
Teach them how His praise to sing, Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend.
Lit - tle ones He doth re - ceive, Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is the lit - tle chil - dren's friend, Je - sus
the lit - tle children's friend,



is the lit - tle children's friend, We re - peat it o'er and o'er,
the children's friend,



The Little Children's Friend.

For we love Him more and more, Je - sus is the lit - tle children's friend.

No. 163. Jesus, the Light of the World.

Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

G. D. E., arr.

Geo. D. Elderkin, arr.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Glo - ry to the new - born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri - umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail the Sun of right - eous - ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je - sus the Light of the world.

No. 164.

Sweet Voices.

Rev. Dwight Williams.

Copyright, 1894, by James M. Black.

J. M. Black.

1. Hear sweet voices from above, Fill thy hands and go with love
2. Cups of water ye may bear, And bring answer to your pray'r;
3. Only tell the story how Jesus comes to bless you now;

To the weary as they wait, So late; In the
Jesus led the multitude With good. How the
What you do for love is best Confessed. Go as

name of Christ your King, Go and sweetly, sweetly sing, Go and
blind with opened eyes Looked on Him with glad surprise! Love may
Jesus went to them; You may find perchance a gem, Long to

CHORUS.
wipe their tears away, And pray. Happy voices Ev'ry-
fix the eyes long dim On Him.
sparkle in His sight In light. Happy voices

where, Are like angels in the
Ev'ry-where Are like angels,

Sweet Voices.

air, 'Twas for this that Je - sus came, There is
an - gels in the air,

mu - sic in His name, In the work He call - eth you, Be true.

No. 165.

Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide! He will
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol - ly Thine; Thou hast

CHORUS.

ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree. Yes, Je - sus loves me!
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will hence - forth live for Thee.

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

No. 166.

Jesus Loves Even Me.

Copyright, 1913, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copyright.

E. S. L.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Sweet is the mes - sage the word of God brings, Je - sus loves me!
 2. Dear is the love of friends, dear-er is this, Je - sus loves me!
 3. When I am sad it brings com-fort and peace, Je - sus loves me!
 4. All else may fail me, in this I am strong, Je - sus loves me!

Je - sus loves me! Deep in my heart it re - ech - oes and rings,
 Je - sus loves me! Here is my earth - ly joy, here heav - en's bliss,
 Je - sus loves me! When sins op - press me, it gives full re - lease,
 Je - sus loves me! Je - sus will keep me, to Him I be - long,

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves e - ven me! Je - sus loves e - ven me!

Je - sus loves e - ven me! This is my glo - ry, my

joy and my song, Je - sus loves e - ven me!

No. 167.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Anna Bartlett Warner.

Copyright, 1917, by James M. Black.

James M. Black.



- 1. Je-sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle
- 2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it
- 3. Je-sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark-ness
- 4. Je-sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bringing those that wan-der



Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness, We must shine,
 If our light is dim; He looks down from heav-en, Sees us shine,
 In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row; We must shine,
 From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us, If we shine,



You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.



No. 168.

Jewels.

W. O. Cushing.

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Geo. F. Root.



- 1. { When He com-eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
 { All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His (Omit. . . .) own,
- 2. { Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
 { Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His (Omit. . . .) own.



CHORUS.



{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
 { They shall shine in their beauty, (Omit.) Bright gems for His crown.



No. 169.

Shining for Jesus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Copyright, 1895, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Shin - ing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where I go, Shin - ing for Je - sus
 2. Shin - ing for Je - sus, for He died for me; Shin - ing for Je - sus,
 3. Shin - ing for Je - sus, when the day is bright, Shin - ing for Je - sus
 4. Shin - ing for Je - sus, with a help - ing hand, Shin - ing for Je - sus,

in this world of woe; Shin-ing for Je - sus, more like Him I grow,
 for He set me free; Shin-ing for Je - sus, let the whole world see,
 in the dark-est night; Shin-ing for Je - sus, mak-ing bur - dens light,
 help-ing oth - ers stand; Shin-ing while march-ing to the heav'n-ly land,

CHORUS.

Shin - ing all the time for Je - sus. Shin - ing all the time,

shin - ing all the time, Shin - ing for Je - sus beams of love di - vine;

Glo - ri - fy-ing Him ev-'ry day and hour, Shining all the time for Je - sus.

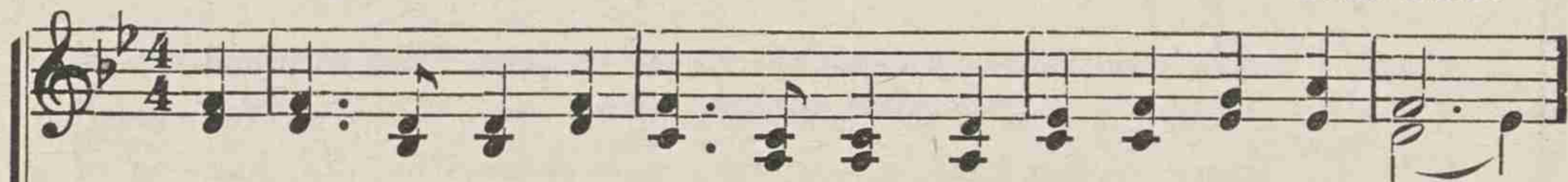
Patriotic Songs.

No. 170.

America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates.

S. A. Ward.



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple mount - ain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!



Frances Scott Key.

SOLO OR QUARTET.



1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav - oc of
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro'
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the



the perilous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps pol - lu - tion;
 heav'n - rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.



And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our



The Star-Spangled Banner.

CHORUS.

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 flect-ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it
 flight or the gloom of the grave, And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
 mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 172.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Fathers' God to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty; To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims's pride, From ev-'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 173.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>1 God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King;
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the King.</p> | <p>2 Thro' every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our King;
 Long may he reign;
 His heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 His throne maintain.</p> | <p>3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On Him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.</p> |
|--|---|---|

No. 174.

The Red, White and Blue.



1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;



The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world offers hom-age to thee.
 The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!



Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her garlands of vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!



Thy banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 The Ar-my and Na - vy for - ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue:
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue;



No. 175. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Arr.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a



trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev'n-ing dews and damps; I have read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to



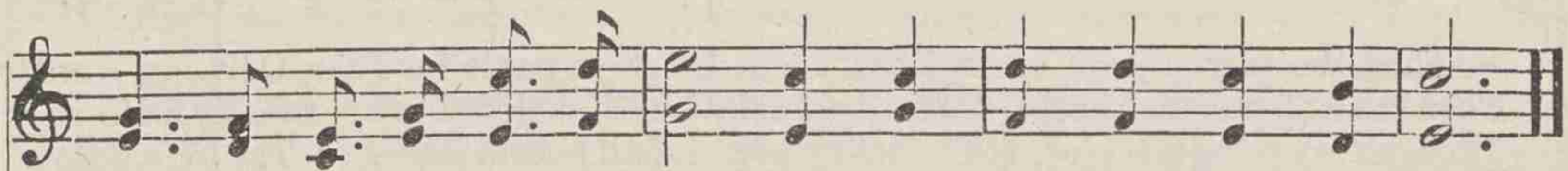
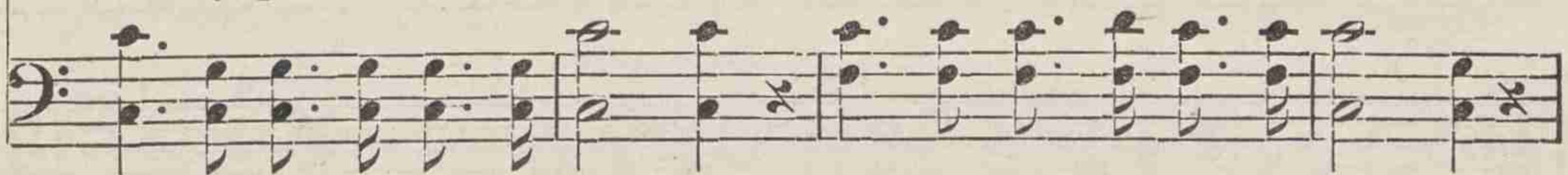
fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble, swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.



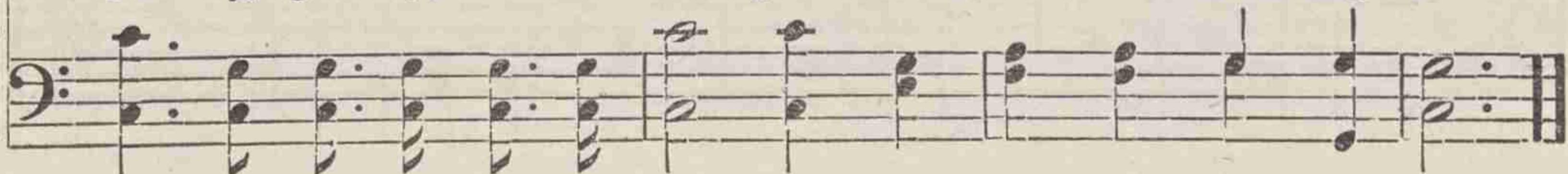
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



Devotional Hymns.

No. 176. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

J. E. Gould.
FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar



- D. C.*—Chart and com-*pass* come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



- Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



No. 177. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i-lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, Only for Thee, As Thy dis-ci-ples lived In Gal - i - lee;



- Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
 Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
 Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The liv-ing One.



No. 178.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal -
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An - gels de -
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Saviour, am hap - py and blest, Watching and

FINE. CHORUS.

va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 scending, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry,
 wait - ing, looking a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. S.—Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song,

No. 179.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

FINE. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
 D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flowed, }

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.</p> | <p>2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.</p> | <p>3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown
 And behold Thee on Thy throne;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 180.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart
 And hope to meet again.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 181.

O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
 2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 182.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine.
 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
 Long hath sin without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine -
 Cast down every idol throne,
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

No. 183.

Eternal Depth.

Tr. by J. Wesley.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

- 1 Eternal depth of love divine,
 In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
 How bright thy beaming glories shine!
 How wide thy healing streams are spread!
- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
 Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
 O God, what tongue aright can tell
 How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace.
- 3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
 With joy our grateful hearts receive;
 All Thy delight in us fulfill;
 Lo, all we are to Thee we give.

No. 184.

Blest Spirit.

- 1 Blest Spirit, one with God above,
 Thou source of life and holy love,
 O cheer us with Thy sacred beams,
 Refresh us with Thy plenteous streams.
- 2 O may our lips confess Thy name,
 Our holy lives Thy power proclaim;
 With love divine our hearts inspire,
 And fill us with Thy holy fire.
- 3 O holy Father, holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore;
 Thy name be praised for evermore.

From the Latin. Tr. by J. Chandler.

No. 185.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey.

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William G. Fischer.



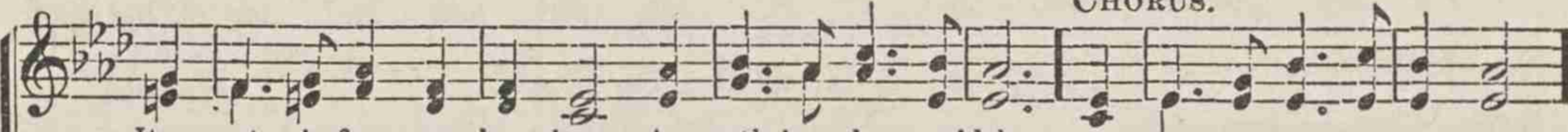
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



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



No. 186.

Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow; Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -



room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won - ders of His love.

Sing



And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 187.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. Dunbar.

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

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

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

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

No. 188.

Take My Life and Let It Be.

Handel.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
 2. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasured store; Take my - self, and

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing, Al-ways, on - ly for my King, Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
 I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

No. 189.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain I
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 190.

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee; Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.</p> | <p>3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.</p> | <p>4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.</p> |
|---|--|---|

No. 191.

Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears with-

come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 192.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.</p> | <p>3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.</p> | <p>4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.</p> |
|---|--|--|

No. 193.

No, Not One.

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Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. C.

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc. | 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, etc. |
| 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc. | 5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc. |

No. 194.

Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE. CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the

D. C. - Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all. | 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies. |
|---|---|

No. 195.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear. | 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me. | 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat. |
|---|--|---|

No. 196.

J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will sure-ly give you rest By
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
washes white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ 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.

No. 197.

Philip Doddridge.

O Happy Day.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
{ Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done, this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 198.

Wm. P. Mackay.

Revive Us Again.

J. J. Husband.

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

REFRAIN.

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

No. 199. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. } Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } Work when the day grows
 } Work while the dew is sparkling, (Omit) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
 D. C. - Work, for the night is coming, (Omit) When man's work is done.

D. C. 2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon, Work, for the night is coming,
 Fill brightest hours with labor, While the bright tints are glowing, Under the sunset sky,
 Rest comes sure and soon. Work, for daylight flies.
 Give every flying minute Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Something to keep in store; Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work, for the night is coming, Work while the night is darkening,
 When man works no more. When man's work is o'er.

No. 200. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Hugh Wilson.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? Would He devote that sacred head
 And did my Sov'reign die? For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
 3 Well might the sun in darkness And shut His glories in, [hide,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, For man, the creature's sin.
 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,— 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 201. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts.

Thos. A. Arne.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, Or blush to speak His name?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,

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 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

No. 202. Shall I Be Mute?

1 There seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of Thy almighty power.
 2 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
 Proclaim their Maker's praise,
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To Thee an anthem raise.
 3 Shall I be mute, Great God, alone
 'Mid nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth Thy holy name?

No. 203. Thou Dear Redeemer.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 I love to hear of Thee;
 No music's like Thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.
 2 O let me ever hear Thy voice
 In mercy to me speak;
 In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
 And Thy salvation seek.
 3 Abide with us, and let Thy light
 Shine, Lord, on every heart;
 Dispel the darkness of our night,
 And joy to all impart.

No. 204.

O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. Wesley.

Carl Gotthelf Glaser.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris'n - er free;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

No. 205.

O for a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me!
 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.
 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 206.

All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 207.

Wonders of Redemption.

1 How great the wisdom, power and grace,
 Which in redemption shine!
 The heavenly host with joy confess
 ||:The work is all divine.:||
 2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—
 Those crowns which Jesus gave,—

And, with ten thousand thousand tongues
 ||:Proclaim His power to save.:||
 3 With them let us our voices raise
 And still the song renew;
 Salvation well deserves the praise
 ||:Of men and angels, too.:||

—Benjamin Beddome.

No. 208.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

J. Reading.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I will not de-



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strenth-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no,



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!"



No. 209. Turn Ye.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
 2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
 O how can you question, if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

—Josiah Hopkins.

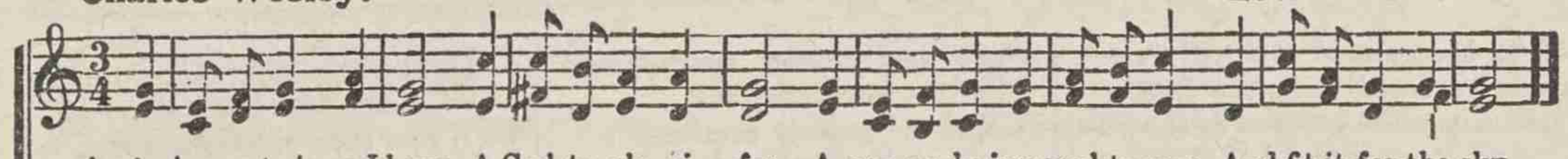
No. 210. Delay Not.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

No. 211. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.



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



<p>2 To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill, Oh, may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will.</p>	<p>3 Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live; And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare, A strict account to give.</p>	<p>4 Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely, Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.</p>
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No. 212.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

No. 213.

Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirsty land re-
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long-ing for Thy
 4. Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

freshing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 rath - er Let Thy mer-cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 boundless, Mag-ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 214.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream, Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire;
 turn to day, Wipe sor-rows' tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a -bove, —A ran-somed soul.

No. 215.

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be! Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 216.

Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast, 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,
 Abide with me till in Thy love,
 I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 217.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love divine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to'earth come down! Fix in us Thy humble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va - tion,

FINE. D. S.
All Thy faithful mercies crown; Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure unbounded love Thou art;
En - ter ev -'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 218.

Hark! The Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 219.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Second Tune.

Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee, Naked, poor, despised, forsaken;
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion,

FINE. D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be: Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee;
God will safely guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 220.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin-ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

No. 221.

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 222.

All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise Him a-bove, ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim,
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord, our God, is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 223.

Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heav'nly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

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