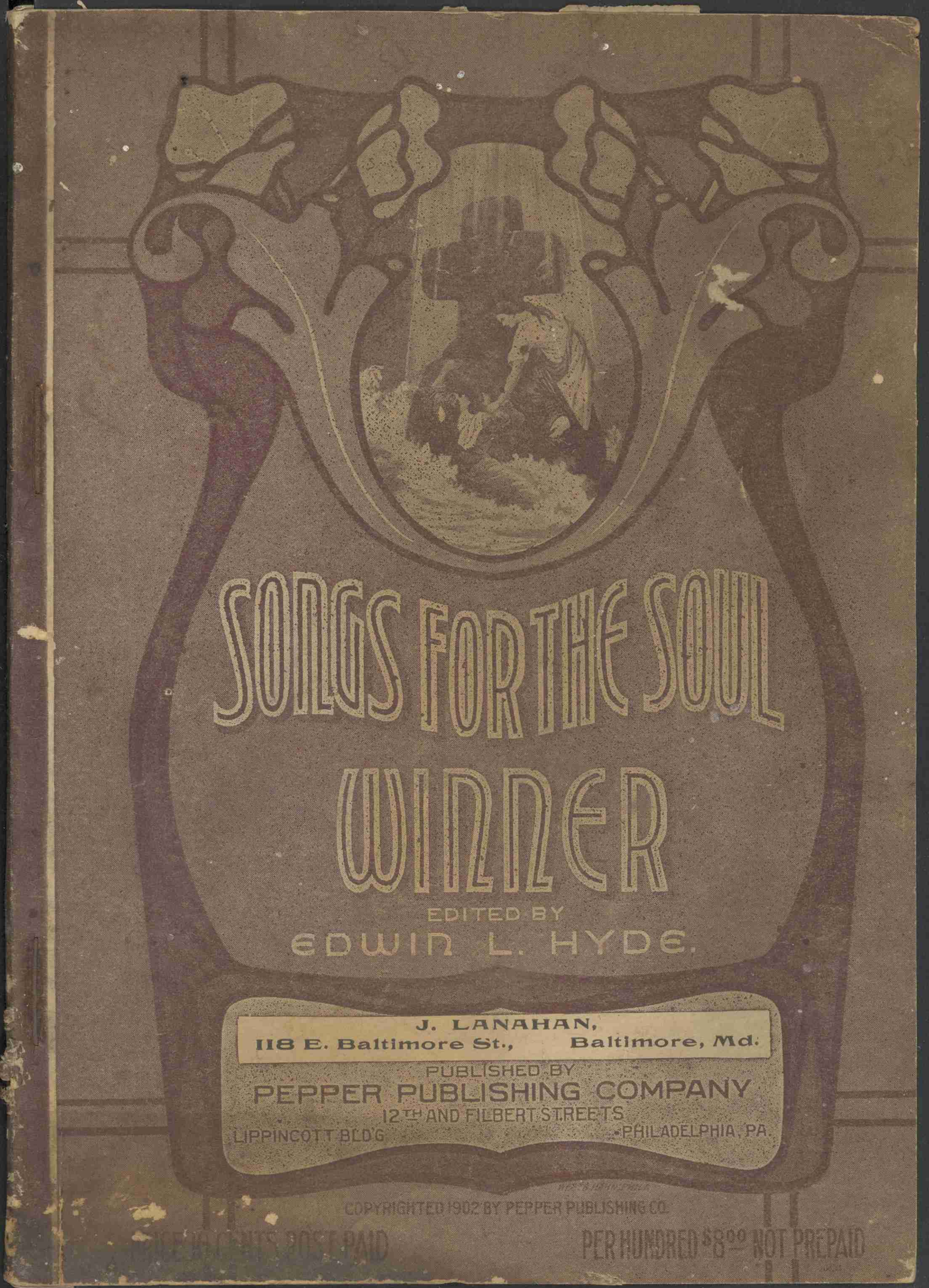

SONGS FOR THE SOUL WINNER

EDITED BY

EDWIN L. HYDE.

J. LANAHAN,
118 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

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An Acknowledgment

WITH a sense of gratitude I take this method of acknowledging the kindly advice of the pastors and evangelists who have aided me in compiling "Songs for the Soul Winner." The suggestions of my brethren have had much to do with the choice of hymns.

The title of this book is but the expression of the fundamental aim of its publication. If God shall bless it to the end that it may be indeed an aid in soul-saving work, my prayer for it will be answered.

Yours, in soul-saving work,

EDWIN L. HYDE.

Songs for the Soul Winner

Edited by EDWIN L. HYDE.

J01038 SPB
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The Old-Time Power.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

Used by per-

"It is Just Like Jesus."

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

1. Come, burden'd one, to Jesus Christ with all your guilt; To save a wor
2. Still more of grace the lov- ing Saviour would bestow; There's sanct
3. If heav- y is your burden, rough and steep the road; With no one near
4. Come now and trust this blessed "whoso - ev - er will;" Come as you are, and

sin-ners lost his blood was spilt; Your guilty soul with sin may red like
pow'r in Calv'ry's crimson flow, From inbred sin he'll cleanse your heart and
cheer your heart or share your load, Cast all your cares at Je - sus' feet and
you will find him gra-cious still; He'll send the Ho - ly Com- fort - er your

crim - son be; He'll make it white as wool, 'tis what he did for me.
set you free; For this, oh praise his name, is what he did for me.
you will see He'll lift you and your burdens too, he does for me.
guest to be A - bid- ing in your heart, 'tis what he does for me.

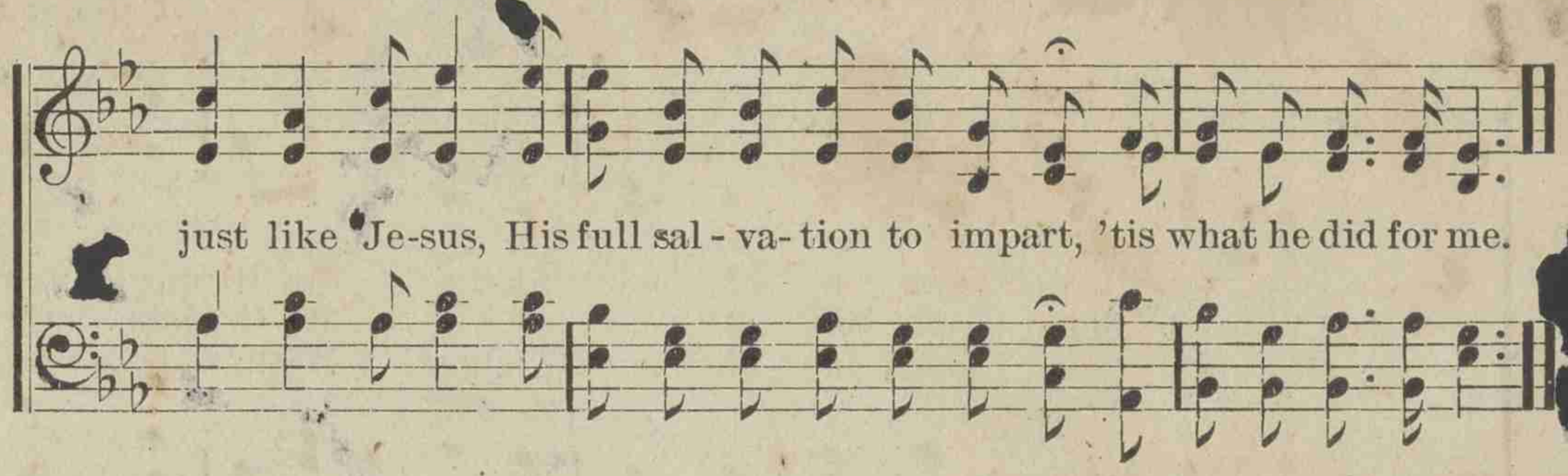
CHORUS.

'Tis just like Je - sus, 'tis just like Je - sus To change a reb - el

sinner's heart, from bondage set him free; 'Tis just like Je - sus, 'tis

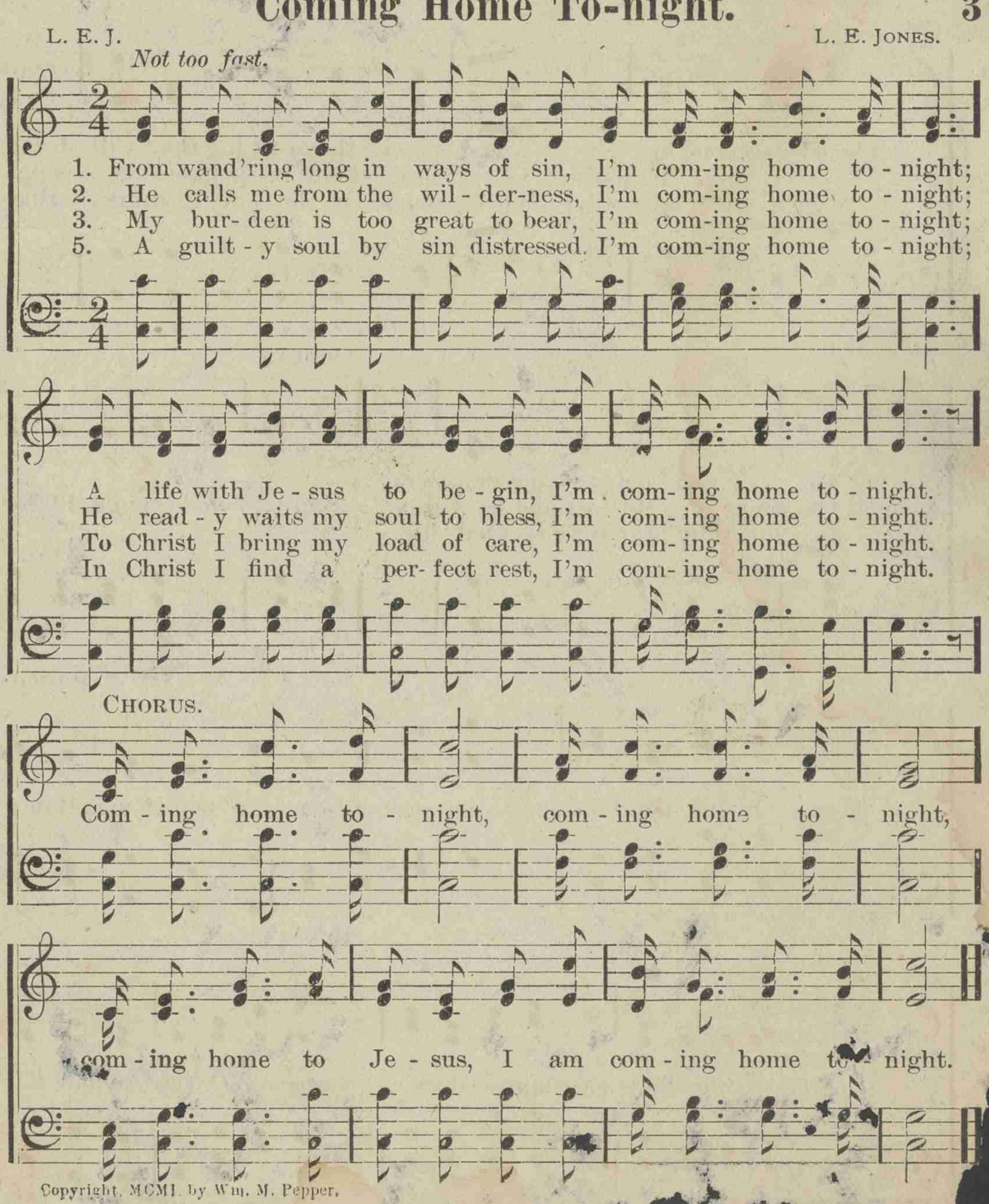
Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.

"It is Just Like Jesus."—Concluded.



Coming Home To-night. 3

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

Not too fast.

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The Home Coming of Our King.

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

Slowly and feelingly.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

rit. *a tempo.*

home com - ing, Glorious home com-ing of our Sa-viour, King! Hap-py

home coming, Blessed home coming, Glorious home coming of our Saviour, King!

...C. Hugg. Used by per.

I'll Go, Send Me.

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

1. Dear Lord, I would now as thy mes - sen - ger go, O'er
2. O send me to where there are hearts that are sad, And
3. I would not be i - dle when souls are a - stray, All

mountain or val - ley or sea; O fill me and fit me to
quick at thy bid - ding I'll go; O help me to tell them the
burdened with sor - row and sin; O may I to them all thy

tell of thy love And just where thou will - eth send me.
mer - cy and grace, That thou art a - wait - ing to show.
good - ness de - clare, And un - to thy joy bring them in.

CHORUS.

I'll go, ... send me, ... on an - y er-rand of love for thee,
I'll go, send me,

Rit. .....

I'll go, ... send me, ... on an - y er-rand of love for thee.
I'll go, send me,

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6 REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

He Brought Me Out.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je - ho-vah's dread frown; And low in the pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
2. He placed me up - on the strong rock by his side; My steps were es - tab-lished, and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise; By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me; I'll praise him till all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
5. I'll tell of the pit, with its gloom and de - spair; I'll praise the dear Fa - ther who an-swered my pray'r; I'll sing my new song, the glad

deep, mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
here I re - main; But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re-deem - er, who has res - cued me.
home and a - broad Till ma - ny shall hear the truth and trust in God.
sto - ry of love; Then join in the cho - rus with the saints a - bove.

CHORUS BY H. L. G.

He bro't me out of the mir - y clay; He set my feet on the rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to - day A song of praise, hal-le - lu - jah.

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Count Me In.

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

1. When the Sav-iour shall assem - ble all his ransom'd and his own, Count me in,
2. When the shout of tri-umph ech-oes thro' the streets of shin-ing gold, Count me in,
3. Not be-cause of an - y mer - it, but be- cause he died for me, Count me in,
4. When the part-ed hands shall meet again, and fadeless morn appears, Count me in,

count me in,

count me in; When the blood-wash'd shall be gathered, and shall sit upon the throne,
count me in; When they sing a Saviour's mer-cy that has nev - er half been told,
count me in; Not be-cause I conquer'd e - vil, but be- cause he set me free,
count me in; Far be-yond the land of sor-row, and the mist of fall-ing tears,

Jesus count me in,

Chorus.

Count me in, count me in. Count me in, count me in,
Count me in, Jesus, count me in. Count me in, count me in,

When the sav'd of earth as-sem-ble, Count me in. Give me o - ver there a place—

Count me in.

'Mid the ransom'd sav'd by grace, With the ones be-fore his face, Count me in.

Jesus count me in.

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The Gospel Ship Zion.

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

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal - lant- ly sail - ing, Rid - eth the good ship
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul-ti-tudes now have reached the blest harbor Rescued from shipwreck,
4. Driv-en and toss'd on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -

trust- ed and true; Mill-ions on board are ship-ping for glo - ry;
nev - er o'er - whelm, Built to withstand the bil- lows and break- ers;
safe on that shore; Still the old ship is gal - lant- ly sail - ing,
cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap- tain of our sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
Stead-y the hand that holdeth the helm.
Bear-ing her shouting mul-ti-tudes o'er.
Read- y to save and pi - lot us home.

} Hasten on board the gospel ship

Zi - on; Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes,

crew;..... Mill-ions have landed safe- ly in glo - ry; Now they are
trust-y her crew;

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The Gospel Ship Zion.—Concluded.

watch - ing, waiting for you;.... Make no de - lay - ing,
Now they are watching, waiting, yes, waiting for you, Make no de-lay - ing

quick-ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car-ry you through.
quickly o-bey-ing,

I Will Go. 9

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I cannot stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth- ers fall, There's a place for me.

Can it be, O can it be

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

rit.

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10

We are Almost Home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just o - ver the o - cean is our home on high, Where we all will gath-er and rest by and by; We've a man-sion far a - bove the vault -ed dome; We shall soon be o - ver; we are al - most home.
2. Our house is all read - y in the prom-ised land, It was built and modeled by the Lord's own hand; He will lead us o - ver when this life is o'er, Where, beneath its por-tals, we will rest ev - er - more.
3. The road has been wea-ry, and the way been long, But our hearts are cheer -y with the Lord's own song; See, the lights are gleaming o'er the o - cean foam, And our joy is beaming; we are al - most home.
4. Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore; How we long to join them, to part nev - er more; Thro' the gold-en cit - y with them we will roam; Don't you hear the singing? we are al - most home.

CHORUS.

We are al - most home, We are al - - most home, al-most home, al-most home, We are al-most home, Just a few more tri -als, just a few more tears, Just a few more

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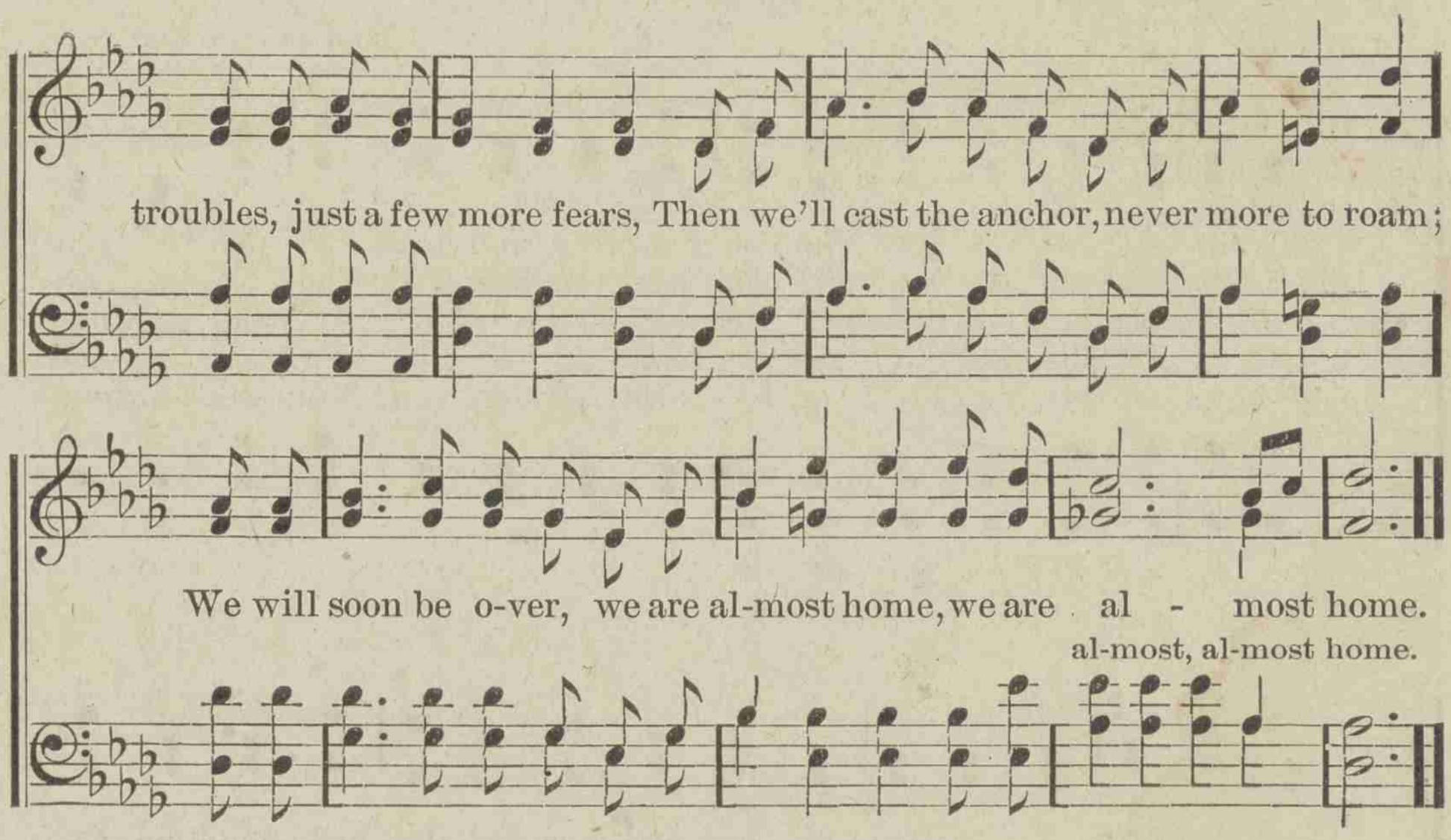
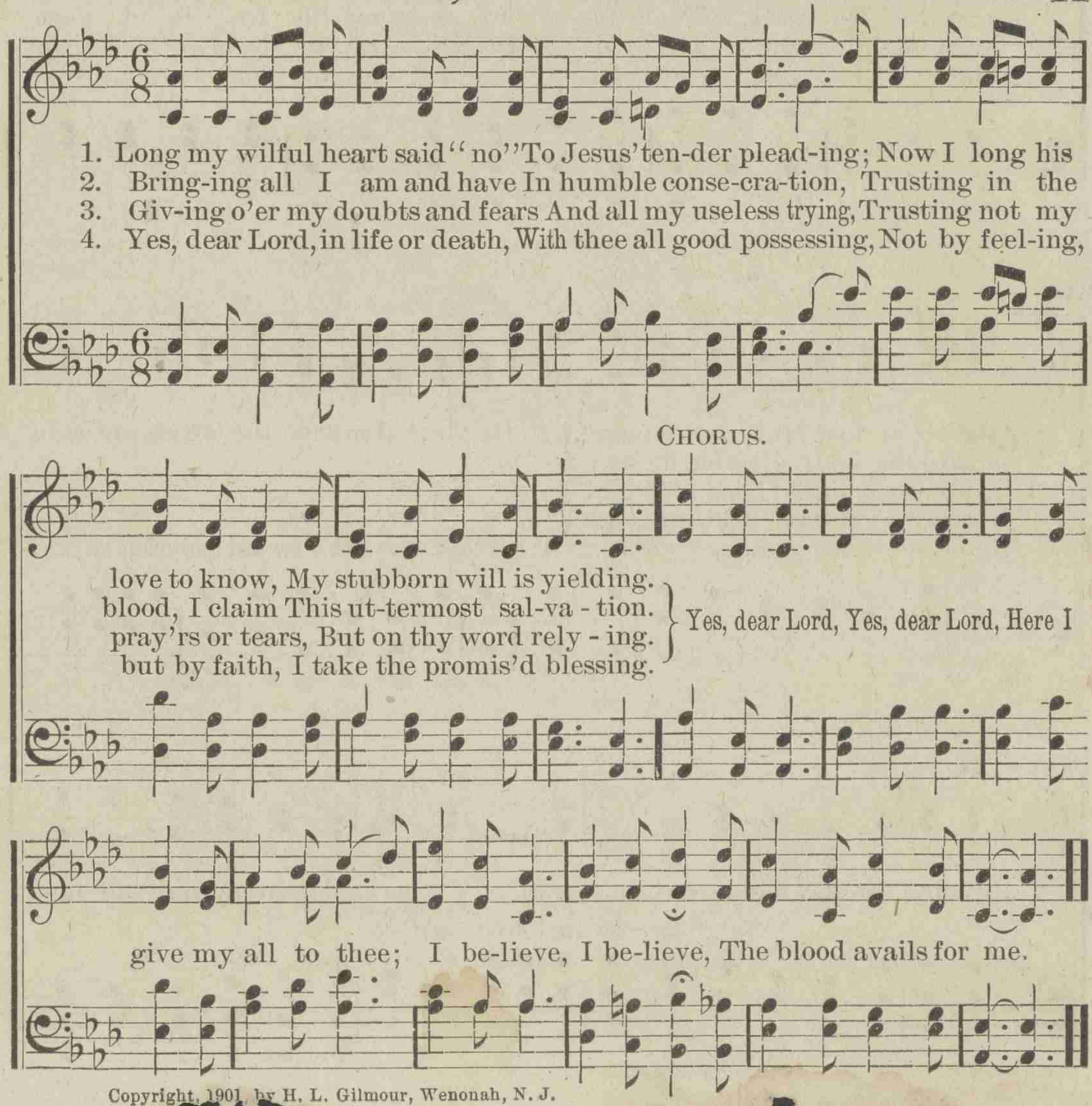
We are Almost Home.—Concluded.

C. H. M.

Yes, Dear Lord.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS. **11**



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12 He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.

T. S. THOMAS SULLIVAN.

1. To the feet of my Sav- iour, in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten - der com- pas - sion and love That Je - sus, my
3. "My grace is suf - ficient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, thy name I a - dore For sav- ing and
5. O come, my dear broth- er, he's wait- ing for you, Your sin-burdened

sin - ner I came; He saw, and in mer - cy he bade me draw near;
Sav- iour, had shown, Tho' burden'd with grief, his dear hand bro't re - lief,
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free - ly I gave;
keep-ing my soul; Thy prais- es I'll sing, my Re- deem-er and King,
heart to con - sole; Your wea - ry head rest on his dear, lov-ing breast;

CHORUS.

All glo - ry and praise to his name.
He healed me, and called me his own.
I died that you might be made whole."
Thy dear loving hand made me whole.
He suf-fer'd and died for your soul.

He touch'd me and thus made me whole,

He touch'd me, he touch'd me and thus made me whole,

Bringing comfort and rest to my soul;..... O glad, hap- py day, all my
Bring - ing rest to my soul;

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He Touched Me and Made Me Whole.—Concluded.

sins roll'd a - way! For he touch'd me and thus made me whole.....
made me whole.

Hasten to Jesus in Prayer. 13

F. C. B. FRANK C. BOWER.

1. When as you journey the shadows appear, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;
2. Would you be cleansed from all pass-ion and pride, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;
3. Would you be filled with his spirit to-day, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;

Trusting his mer-cy and hav-ing no fear, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;
Would you in peace ev-'ry moment a-bide, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;
Would you do service, then trust and o-bey, Hasten to Je-sus in prayer;

CHORUS.

Hast - - en to Je - sus, Hast - en to Je - sus,
Hast-en to Je-sus, O hast-en in pray'r, Hasten to Je-sus, O hast-en in pray's,

Hast - - en to Je - sus, Hast-en to Je-sus in prayer;
Hast-en to Je-sus, O hast-en in prayer,

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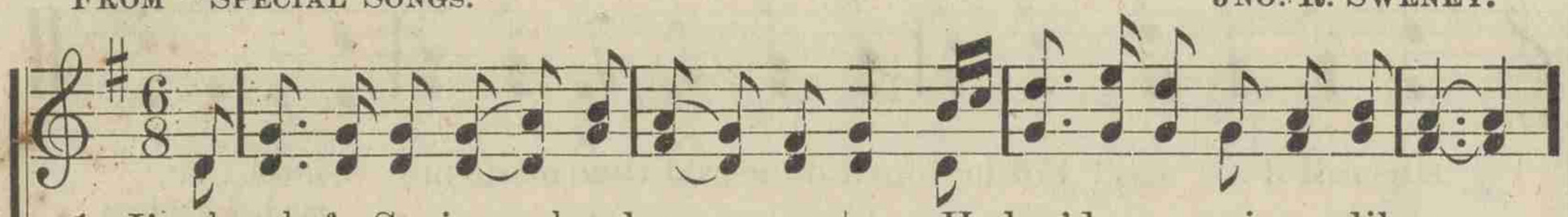
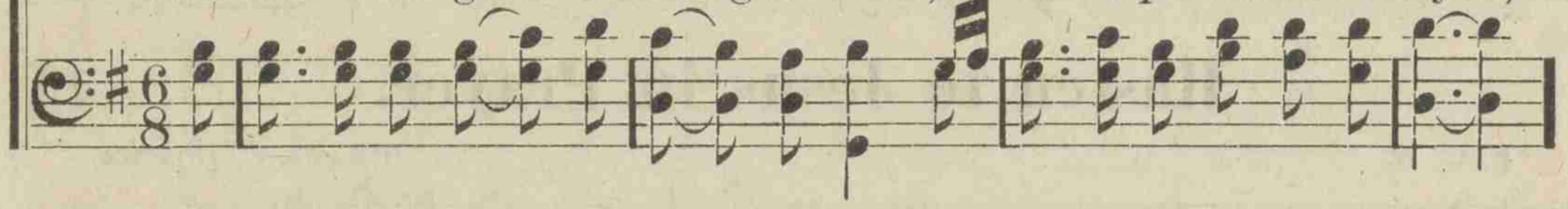
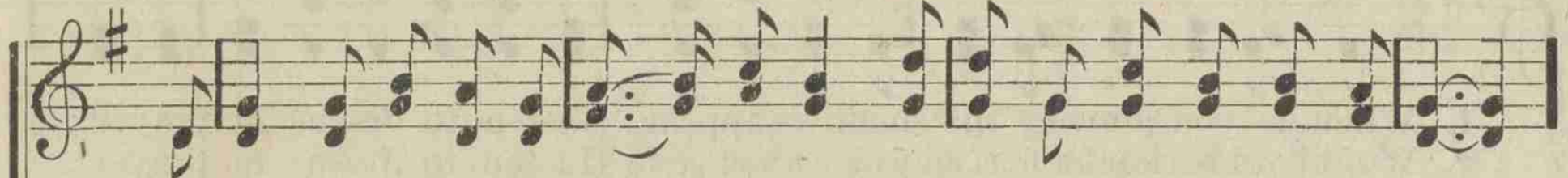
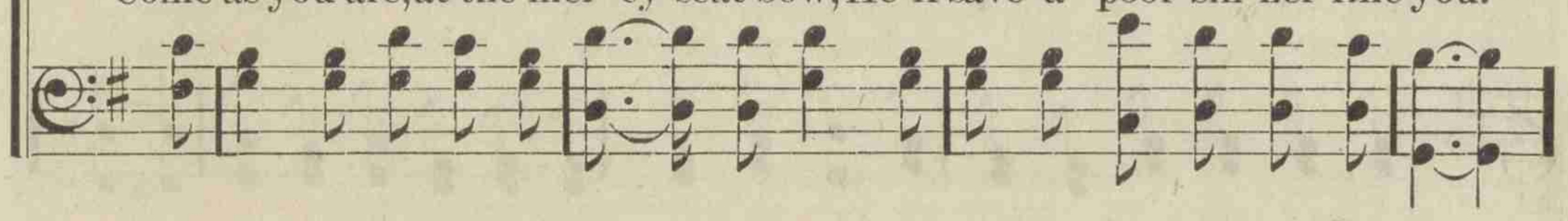
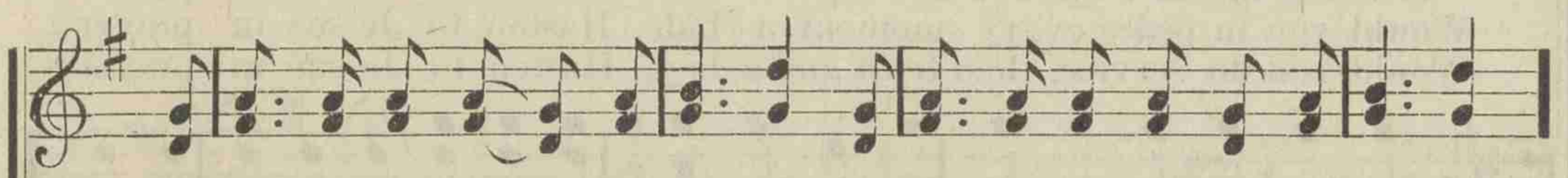
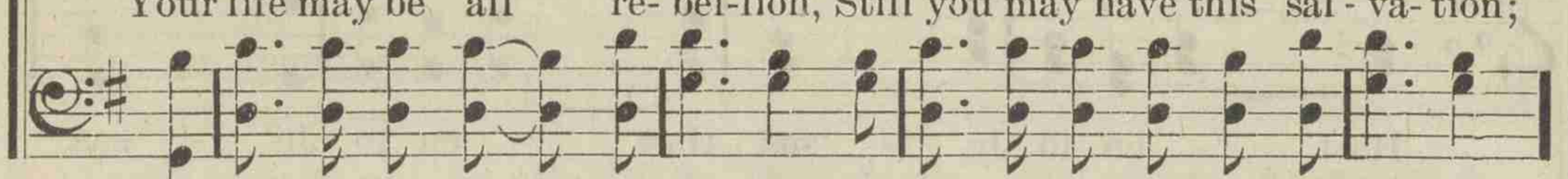
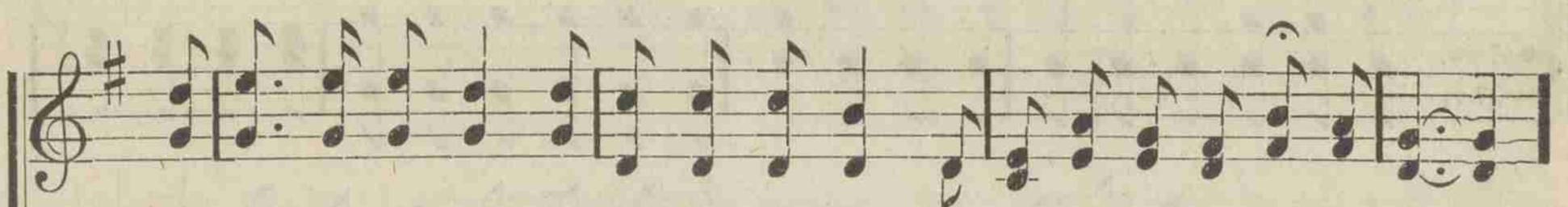
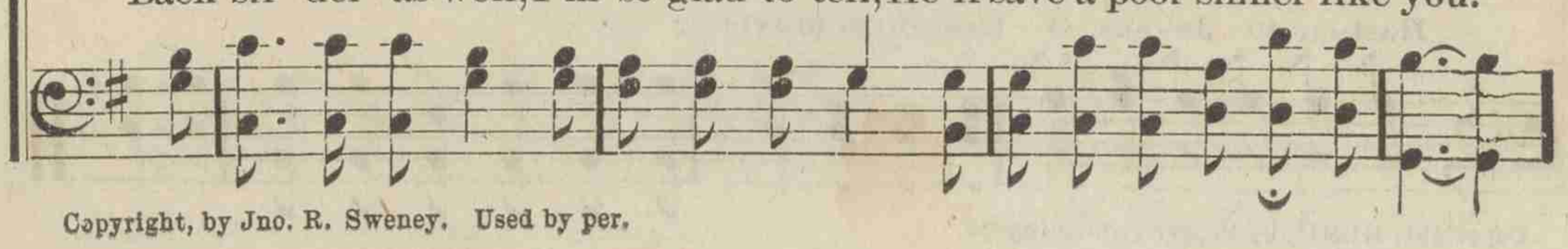
I've Heard of a Saviour.

FROM "SPECIAL SONGS." JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He lov'd a poor sinner like me;
2. This wonderful Saviour took such a low place, To save a poor sinner like me;
3. This Je-sus had nowhere to lay his head, To save a poor sinner like me;
4. This God of all grace is waiting here now, To save a poor sinner like you;

He turned his back on the glorified throng, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
His heart overflowing with wondrous grace, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
He was a Lamb to the slaugh-ter led, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
Come as you are, at the mer- cy-seat bow, He'll save a poor sin-ner like you.

The an-gels they sang him from glory; I'm glad that they told me the story;
Was born in a stable and man-ger, In his own world was a stran-ger,
'Midst darkness my Saviour is dy - ing; "'Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying;
Your life may be all re- bel-lion, Still you may have this sal - va- tion;



He came from on high to suf- fer and die, To save a poor sinner like me.
With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sinner like me.
My soul may go free, he died on the tree, To save a poor sinner like me.
Back-sli - der as well, I'm so glad to tell, He'll save a poor sinner like you.



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I've Heard of a Saviour.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a mountain, They all disappeared in the Fountain;

He put my name down for a palace and crown; O bless his dear name, I am free.

O, Don't Stay Away. 15

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. REV. W. J. STUART, M. A.

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be distressed; Come
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo - ments are fly - ing fast; Judg -
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no lon - ger roam; Come,

CHORUS.

to thy Saviour's breast; O, don't stay a-way.
to thy Saviour's fold; O, don't stay a-way.
he will take thee in; O, don't stay a-way.
ment will come at last; O, don't stay a-way.
now, and start for home; O, don't stay a-way.
} Pray'rs are ascending now, An -

ritard.....

gels are bending now; Both worlds are blending now; O, don't stay a - way.

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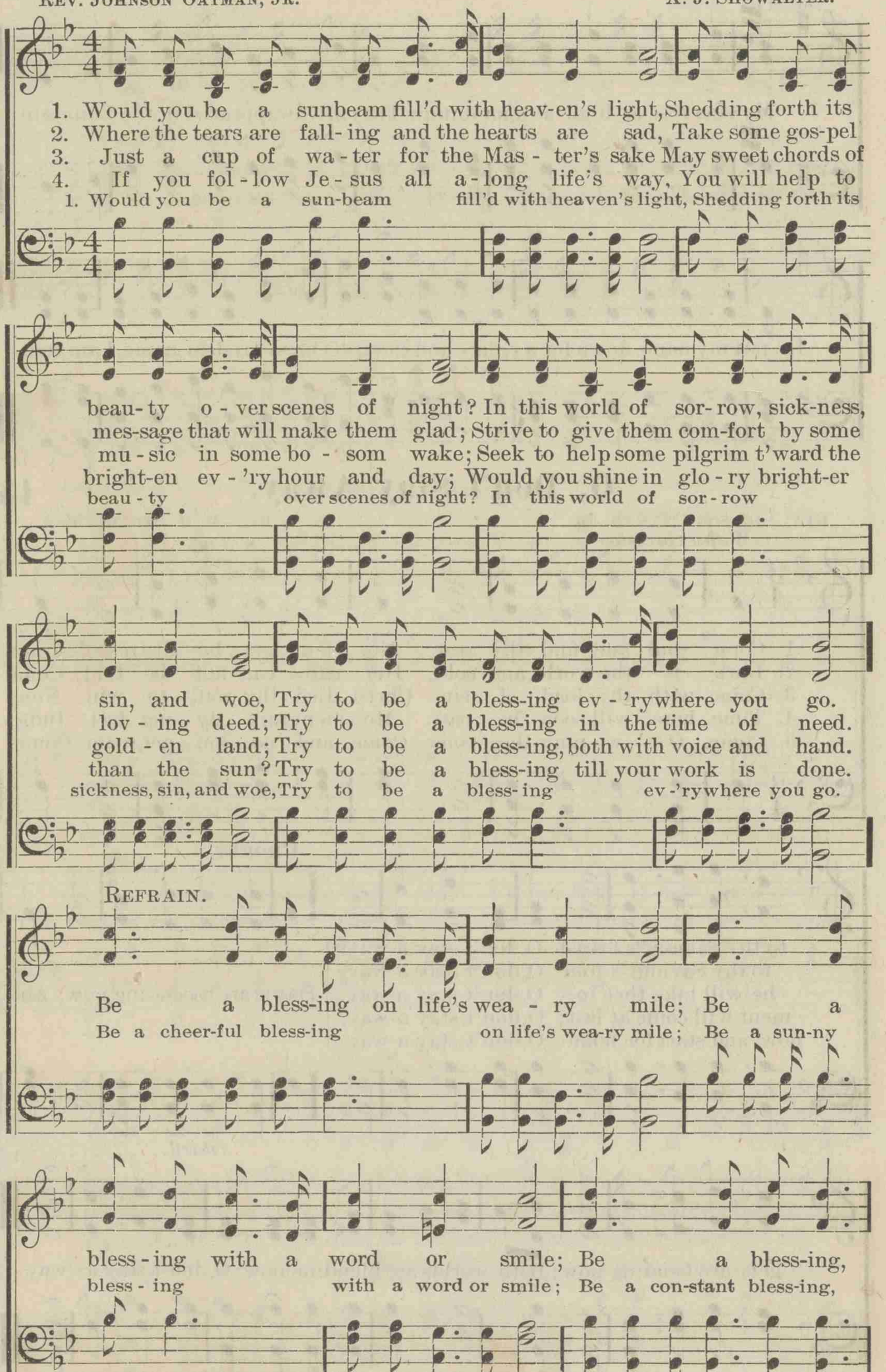
Be a Blessing.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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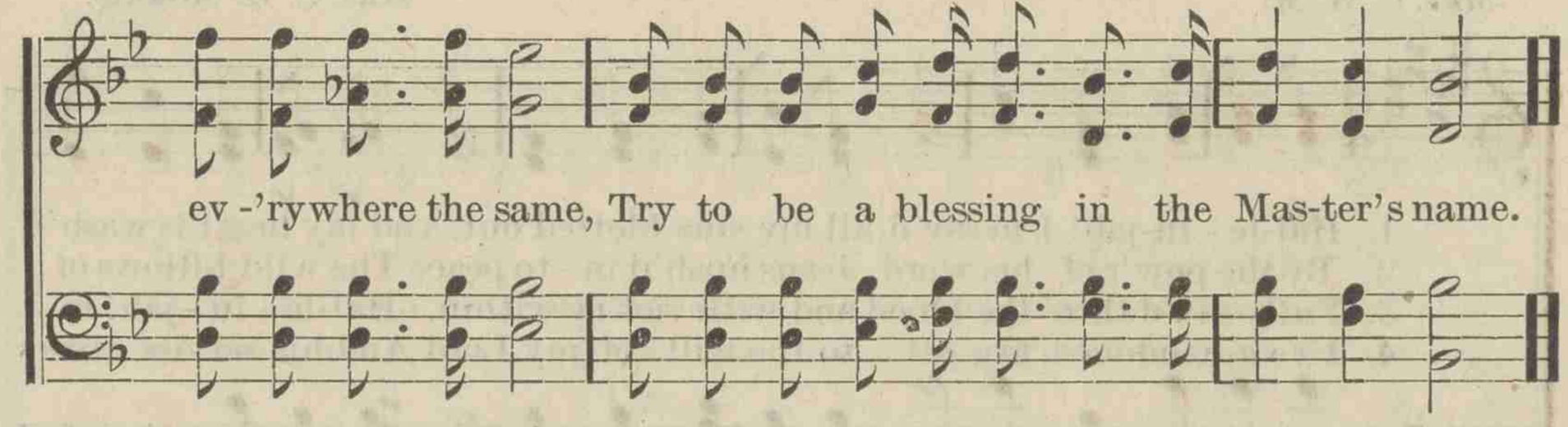
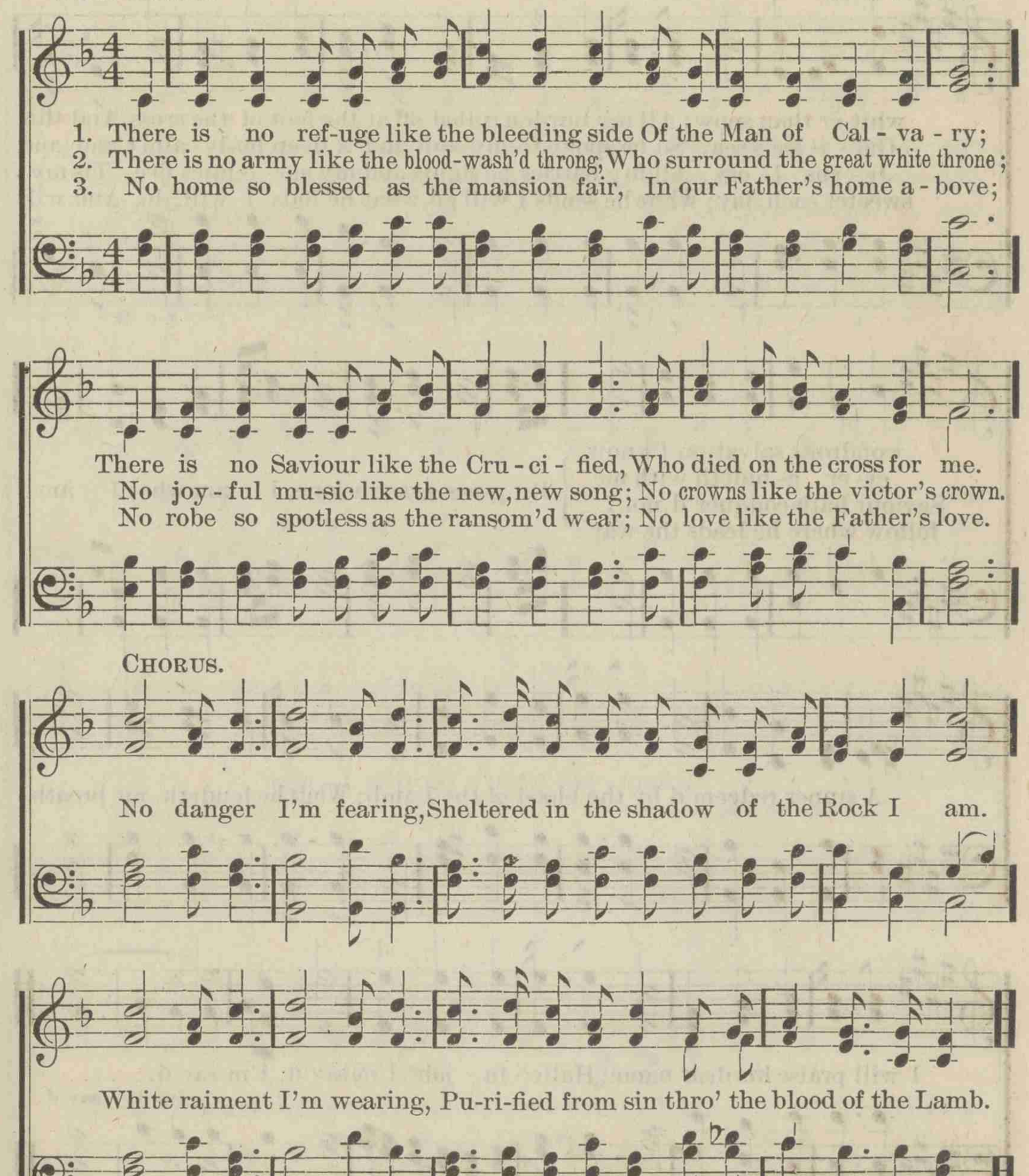
Be a Blessing.—Concluded.



The Blessed Refuge. 17

FRED STOREY. J. W. EWING.

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Hallelujah! I'm Saved.

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

1. Hal-le - lu-jah! I'm sav'd, all my sins blotted out, And my heart is wash'd whit-er than snow; All my burden rolled off at the foot of the cross, And this
2. By the pow'r of his word Jesus hush'd in - to peace The wild billows of Gal - i- lee's sea; So he spoke to my soul and a deep ho-ly calm Came, and
3. Fully sav'd thro' the blood and with vict'ry within, Hal-le - lu - jah! to Je - sus I cry; All my battles he fights and my en - e-mies flee; 'Tis my
4. I've a-bandoned my all to the will of my Lord And his service grows sweeter each day; Where he sends I will go, what he bids I will do, And will

wondrous salvation I know.
ev- er a- bideth with me.
Saviour hath conquer'd, not I.
follow where he leads the way.

} By grace, grace a-lone, I am what I am,

A sinner redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb; While he lendeth me breath

I will praise his dear name; Halle - lu - jah! I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd.....
ful- ly sav'd.

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W. M. W. MULLIN.

1. I will go to my Sav - iour, Je - sus, When life's tri- als seem so hard to bear; I will trust his wondrous grace, Till I see him face to face,
2. I will go to my Sav - iour, Je - sus, When the snares are set a - bout my way; When around the shadows creep, When the way is rough and steep,
3. When the tri - als of life are o - ver, When I stand be - side the si-lent stream, I will have no doubt or fear, For his presence will be near,

CHORUS.

I will go to my Sav-iour, Je - sus. I will go to my Sav - iour, Je - - sus, I will go to my Sav - iour, Je - - sus, He will Je - sus all way, Je - sus ev -'ry day, save me from my sin, he will make me pure within, I will go to my Sav-iour, Jesus.

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Jesus' Love Shines Through.

F. C. B. FRANK C. BOWER.

1. As we go life's journey o'er, sometimes the shadows creep, Yet the Saviour's
2. From our eyes sometimes the tears are fall-ing like the rain, Yet the Saviour's
3. Tho' sometimes the heart is sore, and deep its anguish be, Yet the Saviour's

love shines thro'; In his bless-ed keeping, we can safe- ly go to sleep,
love shines thro'; When his tender voice is heard, it drives a-way the pain,
love shines thro'; He will peace and comfort bring, and save e- ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

Je-sus' blessed love shines thro'. Je - sus' blessed love shines thro',

Jesus' love shines thro',

Je - sus' blessed love shines through, ... Scattered is the night, our

Jesus' love shines thro'

pathway shall be bright, For Je - sus' blessed love shines through.

Jesus' love shines thro'.

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We'll Never Step Out of the Way. 21

LEWIS EDGAR. L. E. JONES.

1. From wil- der-ness drea - ry we've started for heav-en, We'll nev - er step
2. The Sav-iour is a - ble to keep us from straying, We'll nev - er step
3. The foot-steps of Je - sus are lead-ing to glo - ry, We'll nev - er step

cut of the way; The strength for the journey the Master hath giv-en, We'll
out of the way; With earnest en-deav-or our jour-ney pur-su- ing, We'll
out of the way; We tell of his mer - cy a won-der-ful sto-ry, We'll

CHORUS.

nev-er step out of the way.
nev-er step out of the way.
nev-er step out of the way.
} We'll nev-er step out of the way,.....

heav'nly way,

We'll nev - er step out of the way;..... With Je - sus be-side us, to

heav'nly way;

com-fort and guide us, We'll nev - er step out of the way.....

heav'nly way.

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Best of All.

REV. C. W. RAY, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. Je - sus all my grief is shar- ing, He my man-sion is pre-par- ing;
2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When a - stray he will re-store me;
3. Je - sus loves and he will guide me, All I need he will provide me,

When I'm trembling and de- spair-ing, He will sure - ly hear my call;
An - gel guards he sends be - fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall;
In his bo - som he will hide me When the woes of life ap - pal;

When the storms a-round me sweeping, Tho' in help-lessness I'm sleep-ing,
With his friends he hath en-rolled me, By his might he will up- hold me,
He will hear my fee-blest sigh- ing, Needful grace to me sup- ply- ing,

I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all; Best of
In his arms he will en- fold me, This to me is best of all; Best of
He'll be with me when I'm dy-ing, This to me is best of all; Best of

ad lib.

all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, In his arms he will enfold me, This to me is best of all.
all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dying, This to me is best of all.

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1. My heart was once heavy with sad-ness And struggling with burdens and sin;
2. Once Je - sus would vis-it his dwell-ing, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
3. The grave was once dark to my vis - ion, A goal that I cared not to win;
4. I of - ten re-pined un - der cross - es, And knew not repining was sin;
5. Gone now is the sigh-ing and sor - row, The cares and the fears of the day;
6. Let Sa - tan and man now as - sail me; Let death lay me low in the grave;

But now it is thrilling with gladness; For Je - sus is dwell-ing with - in.
But now I re-joice in the tell - ing, My Sav-iour a - bi - deth with - in.
A gate now to countries e - ly - sian! Since Je-sus is dwell-ing with - in.
I shout now o'er bur-dens and loss - es, For Je - sus is dwell-ing with - in.
I ask not what comes with the morrow; For Je - sus is in me to stay.
The Vic - tor with-in will not fail me; What more can I pray for or have?

CHORUS.

O glo - ry to God! The Sa-viour has come; He dwells in my heart and

makes it his home. I hear his sweet voice and feel his own blood, And

shout on my way, at home and a-broad, "O glo - ry, glo - ry to God!"

"O glo-ry to God!"

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At Our Best.

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

1. Heav'n was robbed of its choic - est and best, When the
2. Best of serv - ice, of tal - ents and time, Naught we
3. Noth - ing less than our best and our all For such
4. Here a per - fect sur - ren - der we make; Thine a -

Sav - iour of sin - ners came down In the robes of hu -
have are we hold - ing too dear; Had we more it should
love is an of - fer - ing meet; When our best is a
lone ev - er - more would we be; Glo - ry crown - eth the

man - i - ty dressed, So that we might be heirs to a crown.
free - ly be thine; Thee a - lone would we wor - ship and fear.
gift far too small, Noth-ing less will we lay at his feet.
way that we take When we're whol - ly a - band-oned to thee.

CHORUS.

At our best for the Lord, all the time, ev - 'ry-where, Oh
help us, dear Sav - iour, to be; At our best, ... our ver - y
At our best, our ver - y

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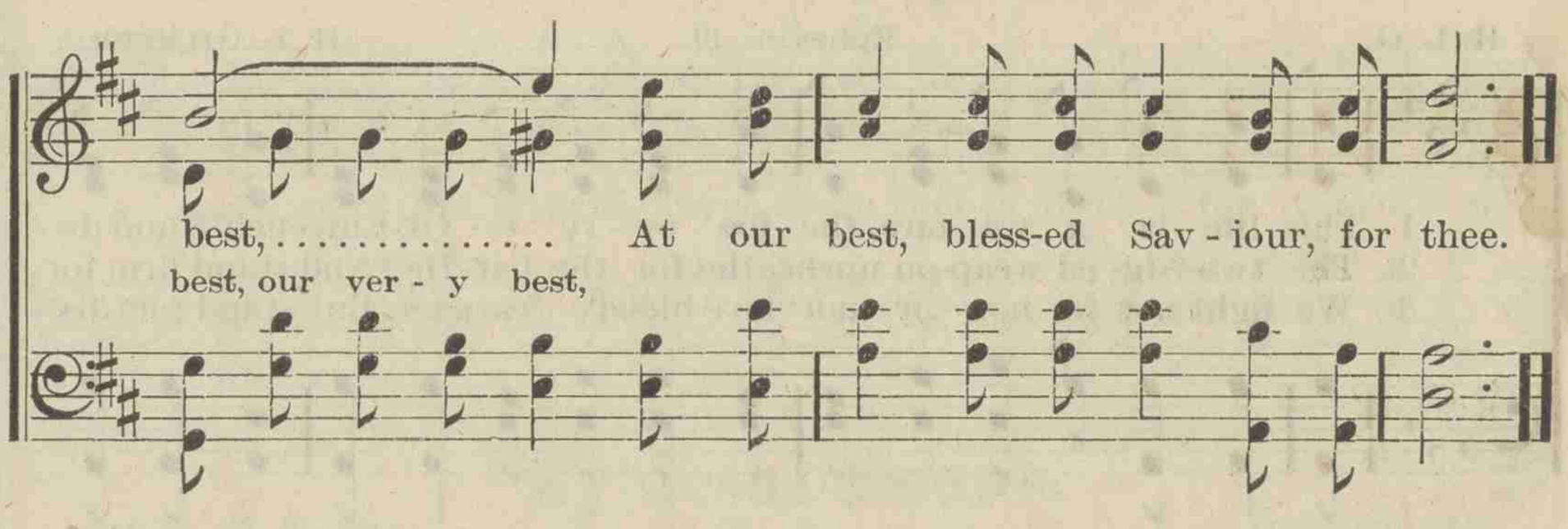
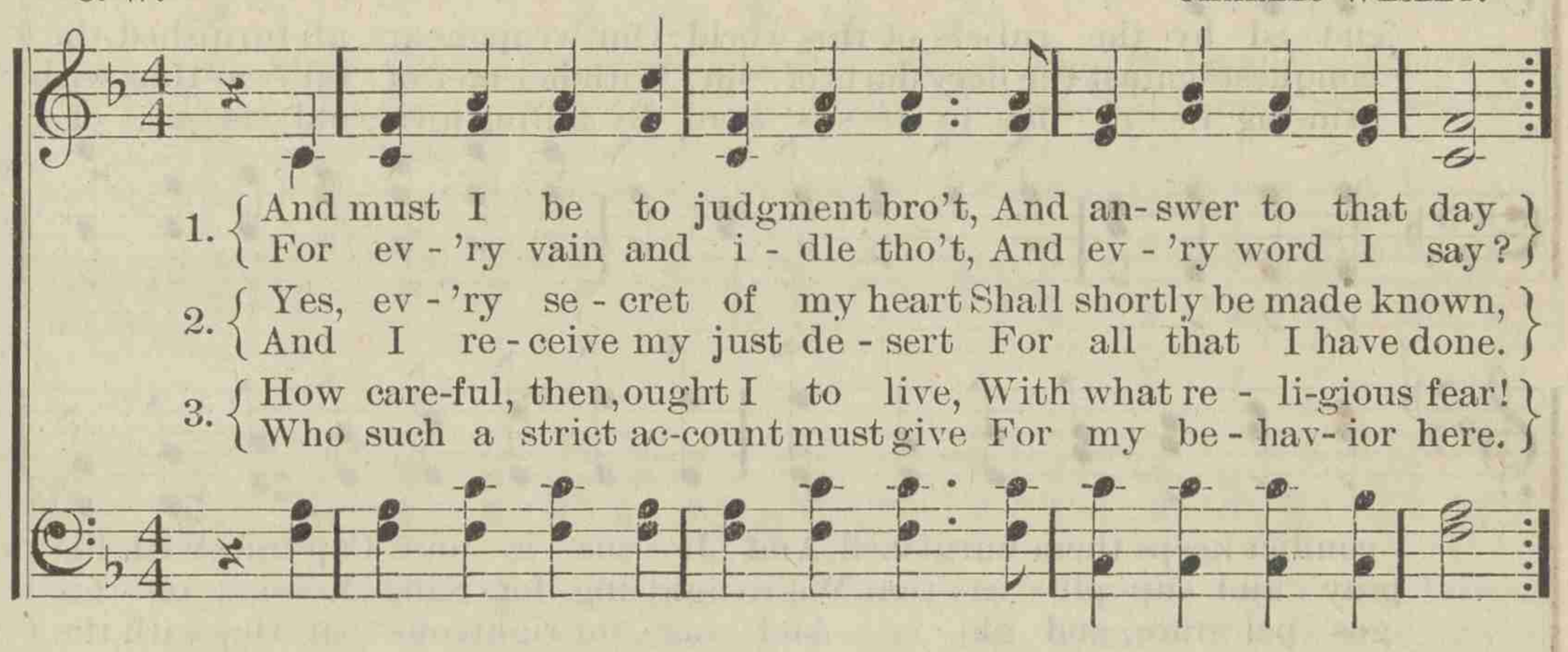
At Our Best.—Concluded.

The Coming Day. 25

C. W. CHARLES WESLEY.



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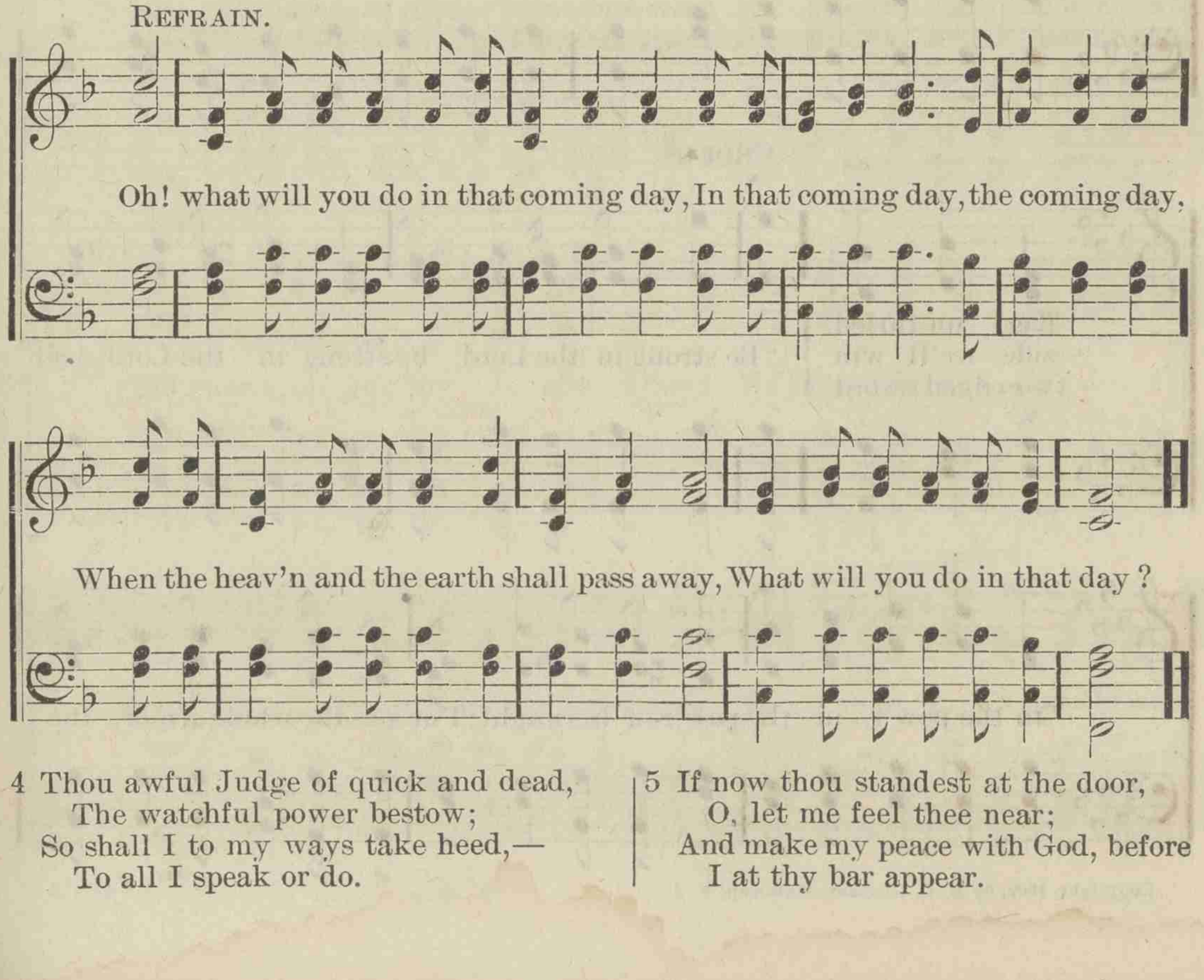

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O, let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

"Be Strong in the Lord."

H. L. G. Ephes. 6: 10. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. This life is a war-fare, the foe ev -'ry e - vil, Entrench'd and de -
2. The two-edg- ed weap-on unsheathe for the bat- tle, And stand firm for
3. We fight not for hon - or, nor love bloody carnage, But stand for dis -

fend - ed by the rul-ers of this world; Our weapons are all furnished, the
conquest 'gainst the fiery darts of sin; With hel-met of sal - va- tion, with
arm-ing ev -'ry foe to Je- sus' word, By telling love's old sto - ry, of

conflict keeps them burnished, And Je - sus is our Cap-tain, with his
pray'r and sup- pli - ca - tion, We're fight-ing for King Je - sus; on his
gos - pel grace, and glo - ry, And wage our righteous bat- tle; with the

CHORUS.

flag un-furled.
side we'll win.
two-edged sword.
} "Be strong in the Lord, be strong in the Lord, And

in the pow'r, in the pow'r of his might; Put on the whole armor, the

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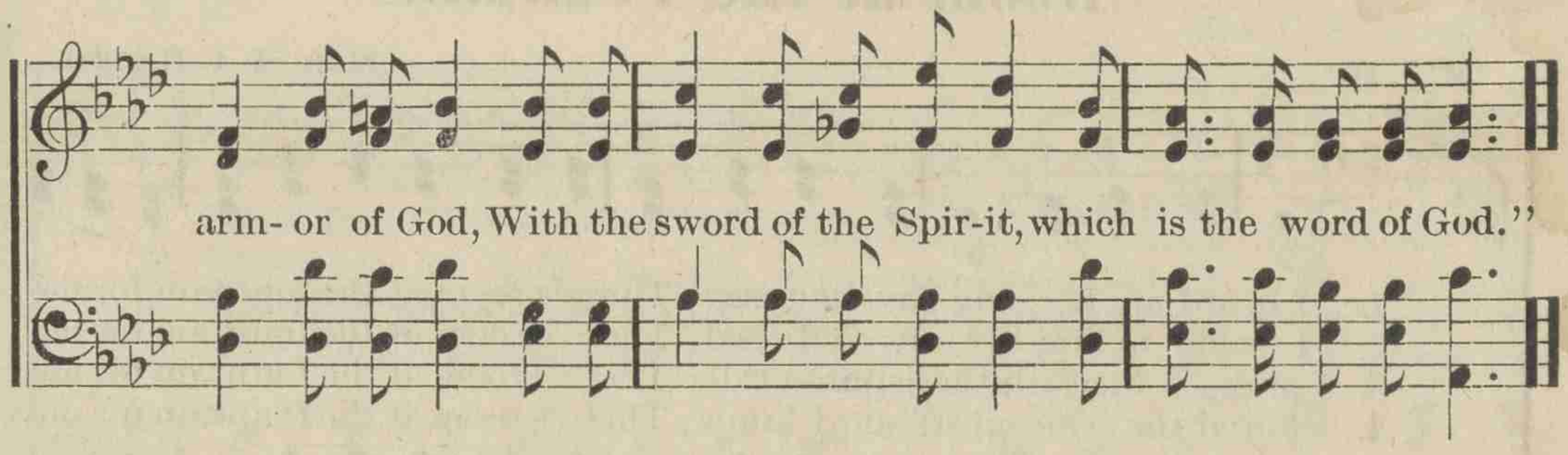
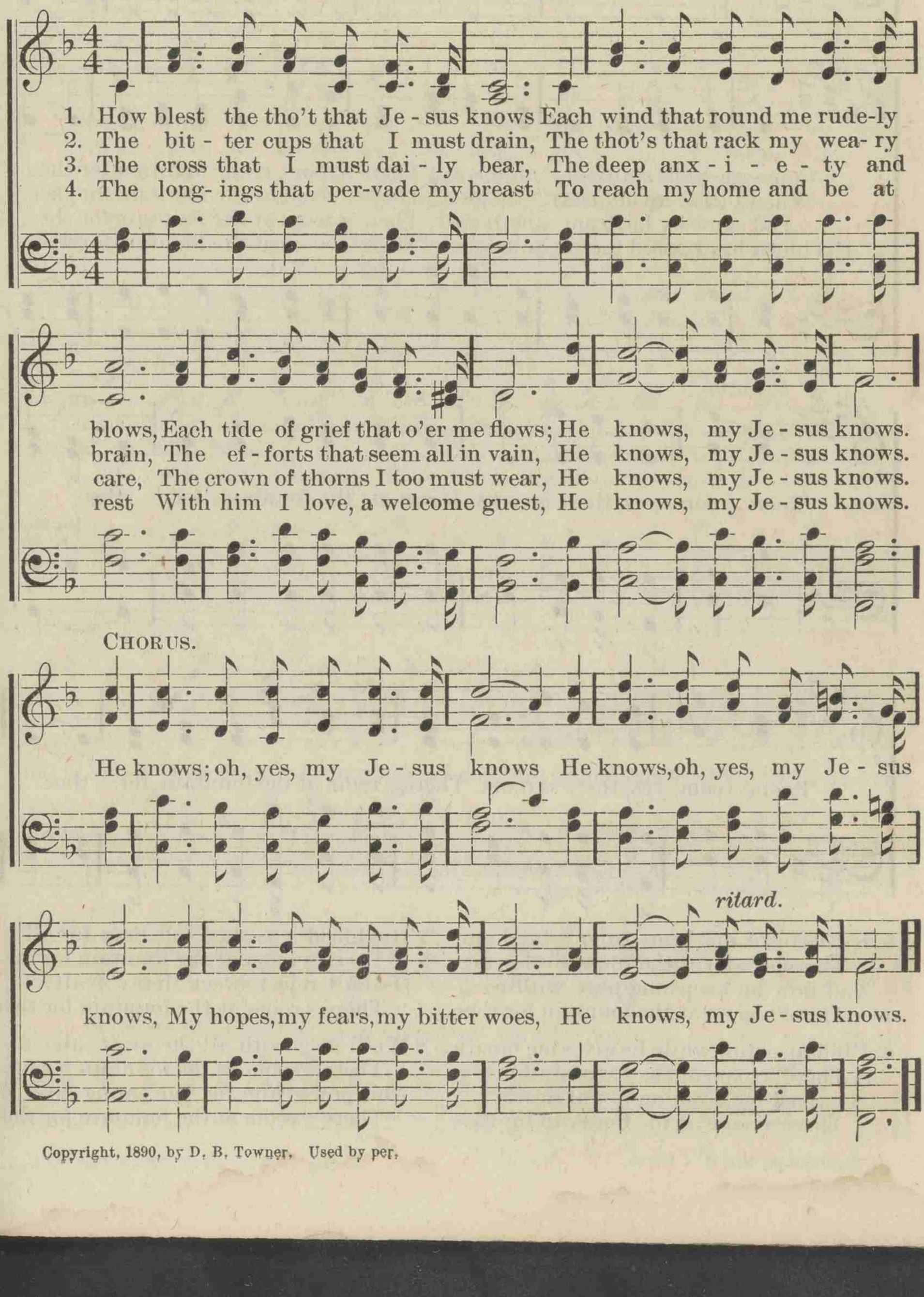
"Be Strong in the Lord."—Concluded.

My Jesus Knows. 27

REV. G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

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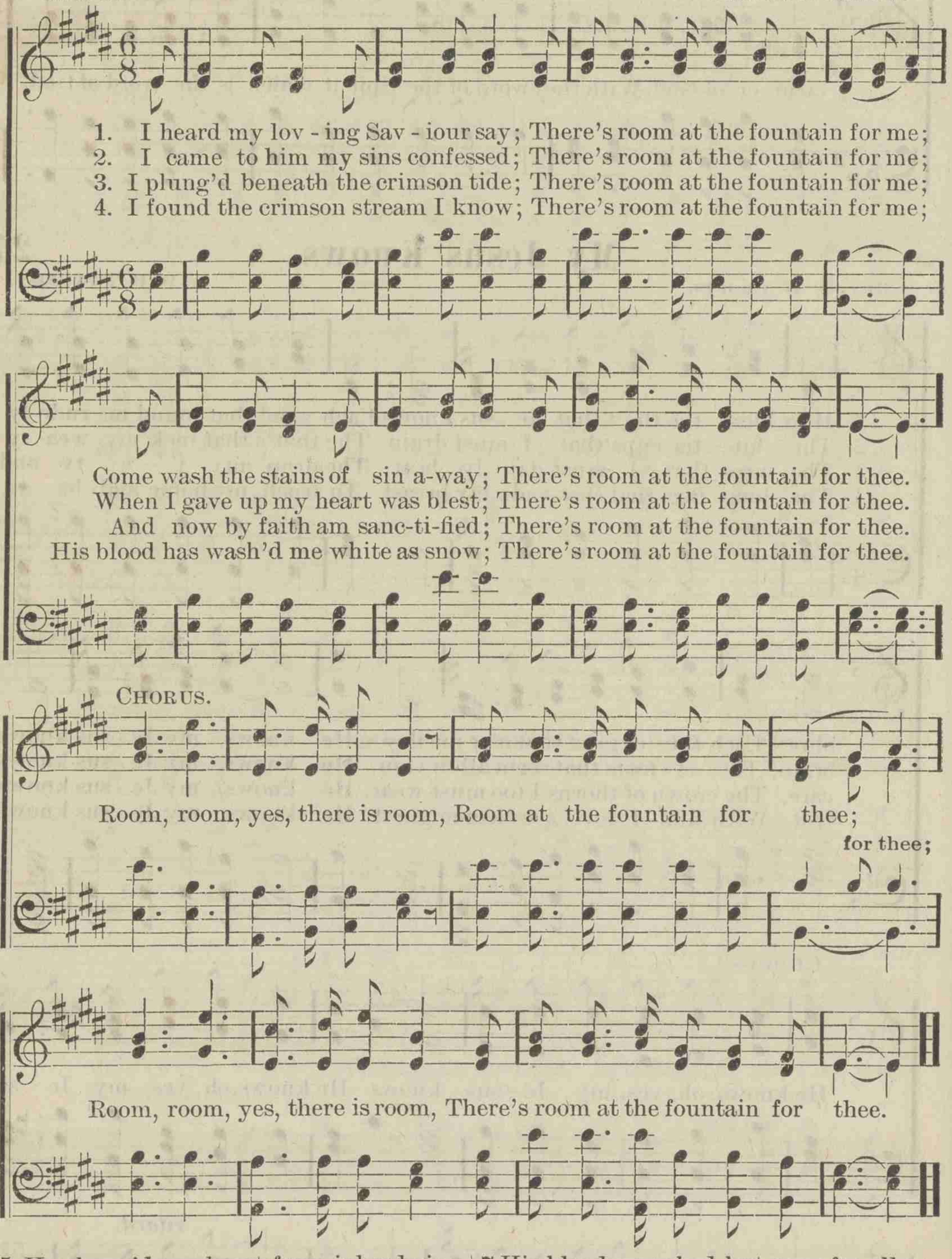
Room at the Fountain.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



5 He cleans'd my heart from inbred sin;
There's room at the fountain for me;
And now he keeps me pure within;
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
There's room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death;
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all;
There's room at the fountain for me;
O don't reject sweet Mercy's call;
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above;
There's room at the fountain for me;
And praise him for redeeming love;
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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Almost Decided.

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

1. Some one for years at your heart has been knocking, Knock-ing and plead - ing a - gain and a - gain; Out - side the door he's been pa - tient - ly stand-ing, Will you per-mit him to plead thus in vain?
2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path have been shin-ing, To - kens of treas - ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free - ly thine, for the ask - ing, If un - to him thou wilt o - pen the door.
3. Haste, oh make haste, for the night is approaching, Soon will thy day of pro - ba - tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not al - ways stand pleading, Haste, lest he leave to re - turn nev - er - more.
4. Al - most de - cid - ed, why not al - to-geth - er? Al - most de - cid - ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to - day and be wise in thy choos-ing, Christ or the world, oh con- sid - er the cost.

CHORUS.

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Life is uncertain, why will ye de-lay?

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Oh why not fully de- cid- ed to-day?

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30 I Know God's Promise is True.

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

1. For God so lov'd this sin - ful world, His Son he free- ly gave,
2. I was a wayward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "whoso - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust- ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom- ise fell, Like mu - sic, on my ear.
I took him at his gracious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for - ev - er-more, Who has redeemed my soul.

CHORUS

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful prom-ise is true;.....
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,

For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....
'tis true;

'tis true.

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

1. O an - swer now, on which side do you stand, . . . At mer-cy's
2. Would you de - part, or with his own be seen, ... With him or
3. 'Tis Je - sus speaks; he of - fers par - don still. . . . . Not yet too

gate, or in the far- off land; Is Christ your King, or do you him ne -
no! There is no ground between. To heav'n a-bove do you di-rect your
late, for who- so - ev - er will. O has-ten, then, for soon will fade the

glect; . . . . . Do you re- ceive, or still his love re - ject? . . . . . .
gaze . . . . . Or take the left, at part- ing of the ways? . . . . .
light; . . . . . Your soul be lost in an e - ter- nal night. . . . . .

CHORUS.

Sav'd or lost! which shall it be? Sav'd or lost e - ter - nal - ly;

Chain'd to sin, or ev - er free; Sav'd or lost, which shall it be?

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32 My Sins are Remembered no More.

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

1. Since to Je - sus I came and in him I be-lieved, My sins are re-
2. Thro' the blood from the cross they are ta- ken a - way, My sins are re-
3. Thro' the One who was will-ing to die in my stead, My sins are re-

membered no more ; By the Fa - ther for - got- ten when Christ I received;
membered no more ; He hath washed and redeemed me, and him I o - bey;
membered no more ; Thro' the mercy of him who wore thorns on his head,

CHORUS.

My sins are remembered no more..... My sins are remembered no
remembered no more. re -
more,..... My sins are re- membered no more ;..... They are
membered no more, remembered no more ;
taken from me, buried deep in the sea; My sins are remembered no more.
remembered no more.

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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Once my poor heart found that a sin-ner's prayer Could the door of God's mer-cy un-lock, For He heal'd my soul when he met me there, And he
2. When the waves of life did a - bove me roll, And my poor heart did quail at the shock, Then I pray'd to God to pre-serve my soul, And he
3. Now no more I roam on the mountains cold, For the Shepherd counts me with his flock, For he took me in - to his bless-ed fold, And he
4. When my work is done and I cross the tide, At the great, pearl -y gates I will knock, For my Saviour said they would o-pen wide, When he

REFRAIN.

gave me hon-ey from the rock. Yes, he gave me hon-ey from the rock, When my faith did those portals un-lock; For God heard my pray'r when I met him there, And he gave me honey from the rock.

Yes, he gave me hon-ey, gave me honey from the rock, When my faith did those portals, those portals unlock;

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34 In My Soul There's Glory.

LEWIS EDGAR. L. E. JONES.

1. Since I came to Je - sus and with me he doth a - bide,
2. Since the blood of Je - sus to my heart hath been ap - plied,
3. Earth seems fair and skies are bright since Je - sus is my own,

In my soul there's glo - ry; The strength for ev - 'ry moment doth his
In my soul there's glo - ry; I'm trust-ing, ful - ly trust-ing in a
In my soul there's glo - ry; His wondrous love and ten- der care is

lov-ing heart provide, In my soul there's glo-ry.
Sav-iour cru - ci - fied, In my soul there's glo-ry.
ev-'ry moment shown, In my soul there's glo-ry.

CHORUS.

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

There is glo - ry in my soul, There is glo - ry from my
There is glo - ry in my soul,

heart the burdens roll; There is glo - ry since the blood hath made me whole,
There is glo-ry in my soul,

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In My Soul There's Glory.—Concluded.

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

In His Hands.

LEWIS EDGAR. FRANK C. BOWER.

1. To the Lord my life be - long-eth, Lov-ing - ly my way he plans;
2. Tho' he lead o'er pathway rug- ged, Tho' he lead in for- eign lands,
3. When the ways of sin al - lure me, By my side in love he stands;
4. When my toil on earth is o - ver, Then I'll press the gold- en sands,

Naught for self am I re - tain - ing; All I have is in his hands.
Yet I'll trust and fear no e - vil; Naught can harm me in his hands.
O how bless - ed is his pres-ence; Peace there is with-in his hands.
Sing with ransomed ones in glo - ry, Ev - er in his bless- ed hands.

CHORUS.

In his hands, in his hands, Not my will but what he plans;
In his hands, in his hands,
In his hands, in his hands, I am resting in his hands.
In his hands, in his hands,

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Whosoever Will.

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

1. Hear the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion ringing down a-long the years, 'Tis
2. Here is the heal-ing for the na-tions, Christ himself the sacrifice, 'Tis
3. Je - sus waits with arms wide open ev-'ry sin - ner to em-brace, 'Tis
4. Come and drink and live for-ev - er, come while it is called to - day, 'Tis

who - so - ev - er will, yes, who - so - ev-er will; Speaking peace to mourning
who - so - ev - er will, yes, who - so - ev-er will; Here an ut - ter-most sal-
who - so - ev - er will, yes, who - so - ev-er will; And his gra-cious in - vi -
who - so - ev - er will, yes, who - so - ev-er will; Now while all things are pro -

sin-ners, drying pen - i - ten-tial tears; Who-so- ev - er will may come.
va-tion, without money, without price; Who-so- ev - er will may come.
ta - tion takes in all the hu-man race; Who-so- ev - er will may come.
pitious, and while loved ones for you pray, Who-so- ev - er will may come.

CHORUS.

The Spir - it and the bride say come, And let
say come,
him that hear-eth say come, And him that is a - thirst and
say come,

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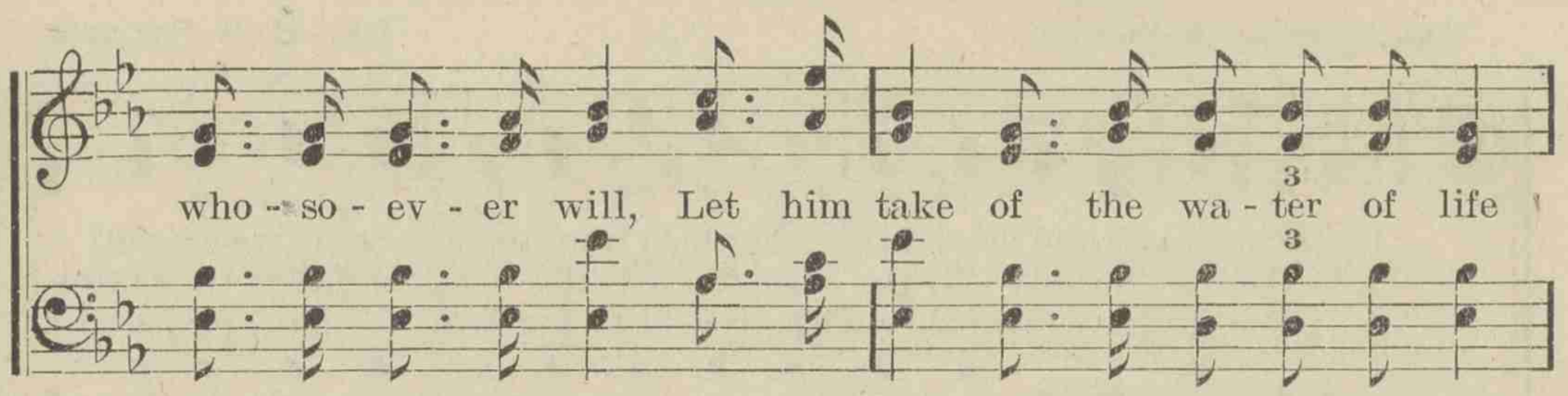
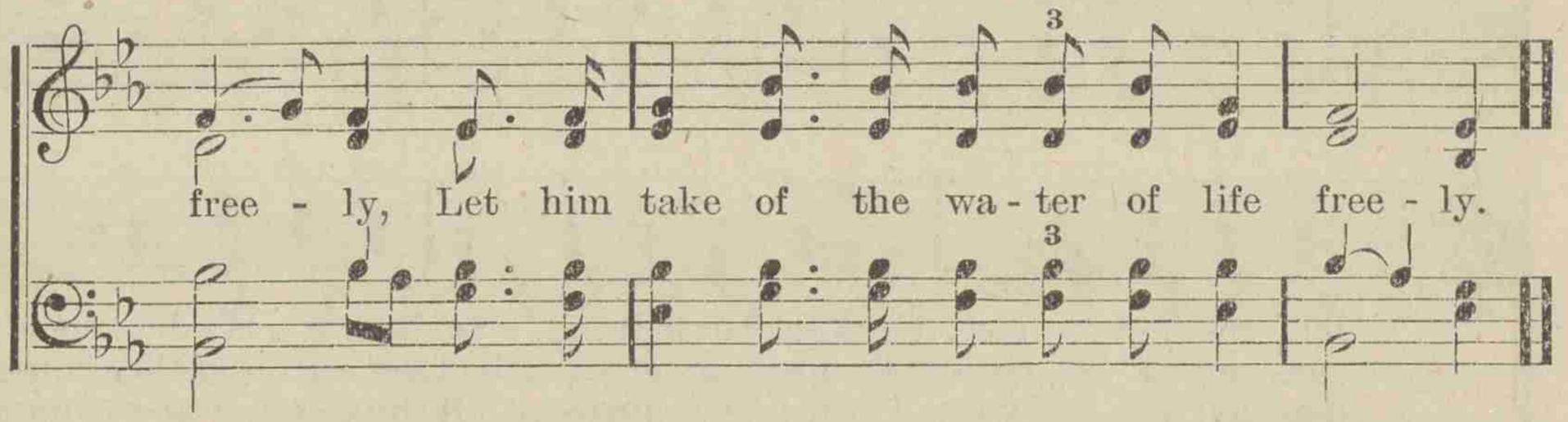
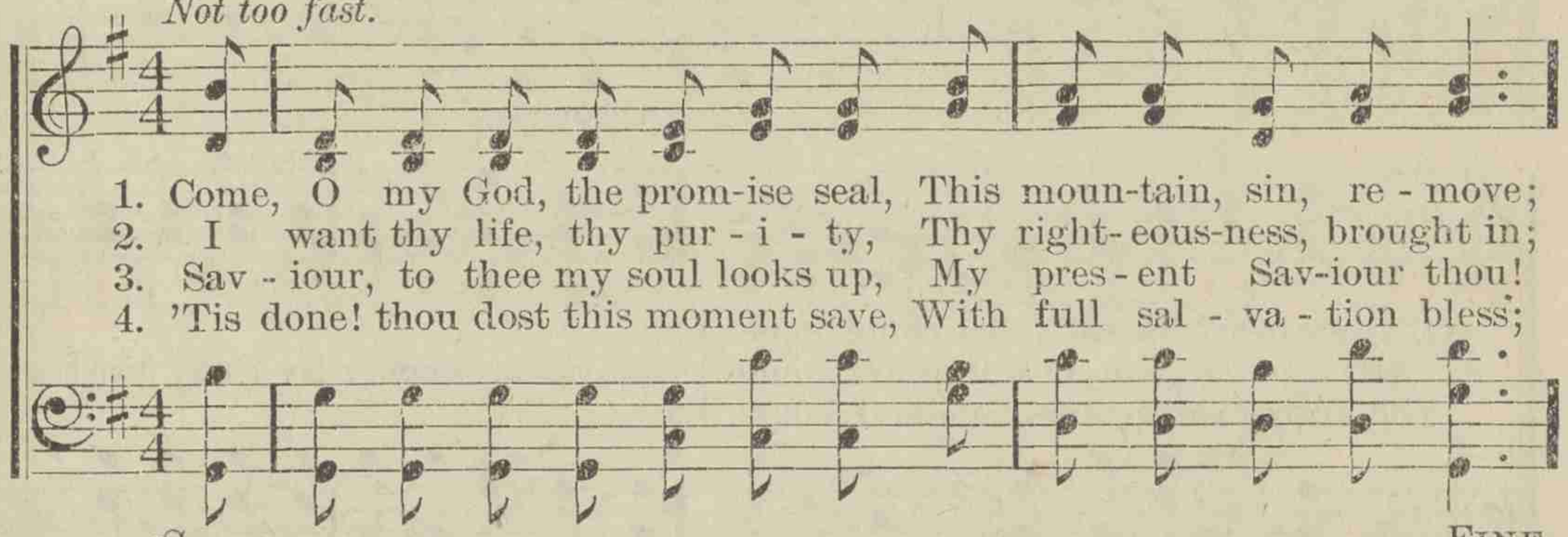
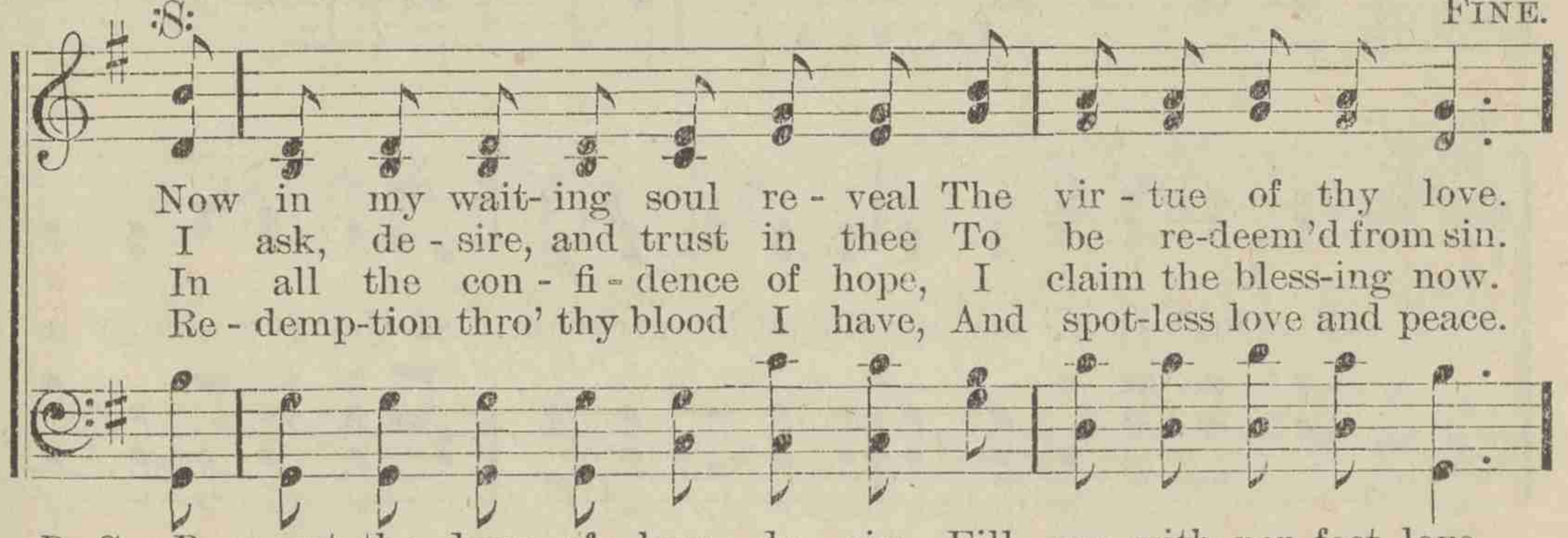
Whosoever Will.—Concluded.

Come, O My God. 37

CHARLES WESLEY. REV. WM. STONE.

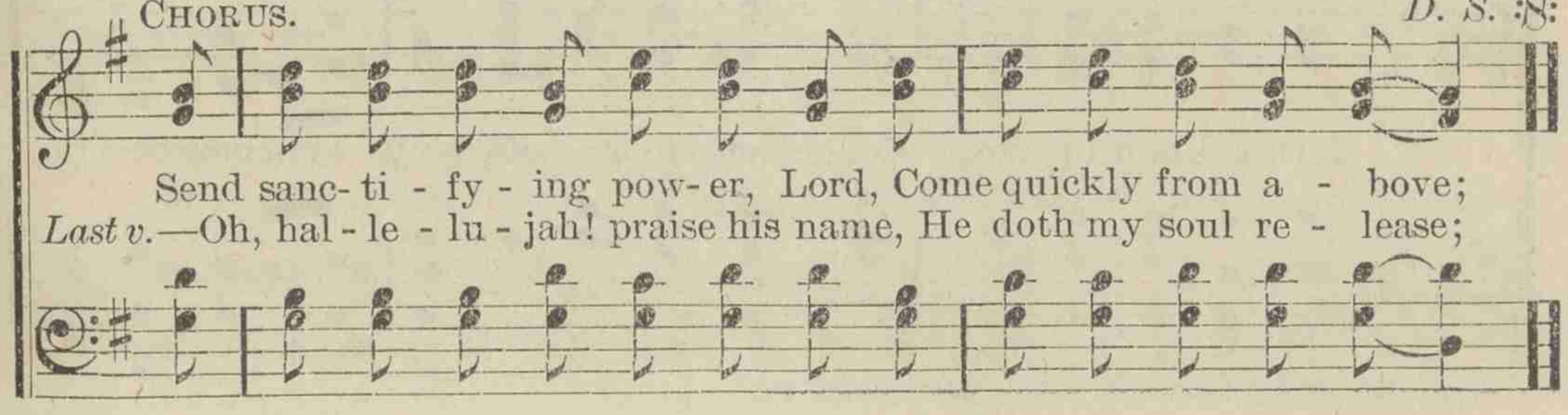
Not too fast.



FINE.



CHORUS. *D. S.* :S:



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Come Back to Jesus.

MRS. CARRELL B. FISHER. — REV. H. H. RYLAND.

1. Storm-toss'd and driven like song-bird from its nest, Some weary soul is long-ing now for rest; Hear Je - sus call-ing, ye heav-y - la - den, come;
2. Far in the des- ert, the bar-ren wil - der-ness, Soul, dost thou faint in sor- row or dis-tress? To his fair cit - y the Lord will lead thee home;
3. Yea, I have lov'd thee with ever- last - ing love; I have prepared a mansion fair a - bove; The feast is wait-ing, all things are read-y, come,

CHORUS.

O, weary heart, he calls thee come home.
His mercies greet, O, wan-derer, come.
The Father calls, come, wanderer, home.
} Cease now thy straying far a-way from home;

Come back to Je- sus, and do not lon-ger roam; Al- tho' you wander in darkness and in sin, Come back to Je - sus, he'll wel-come you in.

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F. C. B. FRANK C. BOWER.

1. When all the earth was lost in sin And none there were to save,
2. Up - on the cross in an-guish deep Your sins and mine he bore,
3. The blood that Je - sus free - ly shed Has pow'r to cleanse the soul,

Then to re - deem a ru-ined race—God's on - ly Son He gave.
While on his head, in mock-er - y, A crown of thorns he wore.
When to the sin - ful heart ap - plied It mak - eth ful - ly whole.

CHORUS.

To re - deem..... us, Je - sus came,..... Died in

To re-deem us, Je - sus came, Je - sus came,

ag - - o - ny and shame;..... All the way..... to Calv'ry

Died in ag - o - ny, in ag - o - ny and shame, All the way to Calv'ry

Rit.

trod,..... That we might..... be sons of God.....

trod, to Calv'ry trod, That we might be sons of God, be sons of God.

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40 Bury thy Sins at the Fountain.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Would you from bur-dens and sor - rows be free? Bur - y thy
2. Je - sus the price of thy ran - som hath paid, Bur - y thy
3. Would you have heart all un - spot - ted and pure? Bur - y thy
4. Would you have rest and a ful - ness of joy? Bur - y thy

sins at the fount - ain. Pre - cious the cur - rent, 'tis
sins at the fount - ain. On him thy ev - 'ry trans -
sins at the fount - ain. Would you have peace that doth
sins at the fount - ain. Would you be used in the

flow - ing for thee, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.
gres - sion is laid, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.
ev - er en - dure, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.
Mas - ter's em - ploy, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.

CHORUS.

Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain,

precious the blood, sin-cleansing flood, Bur - y thy sins at the fount - ain.

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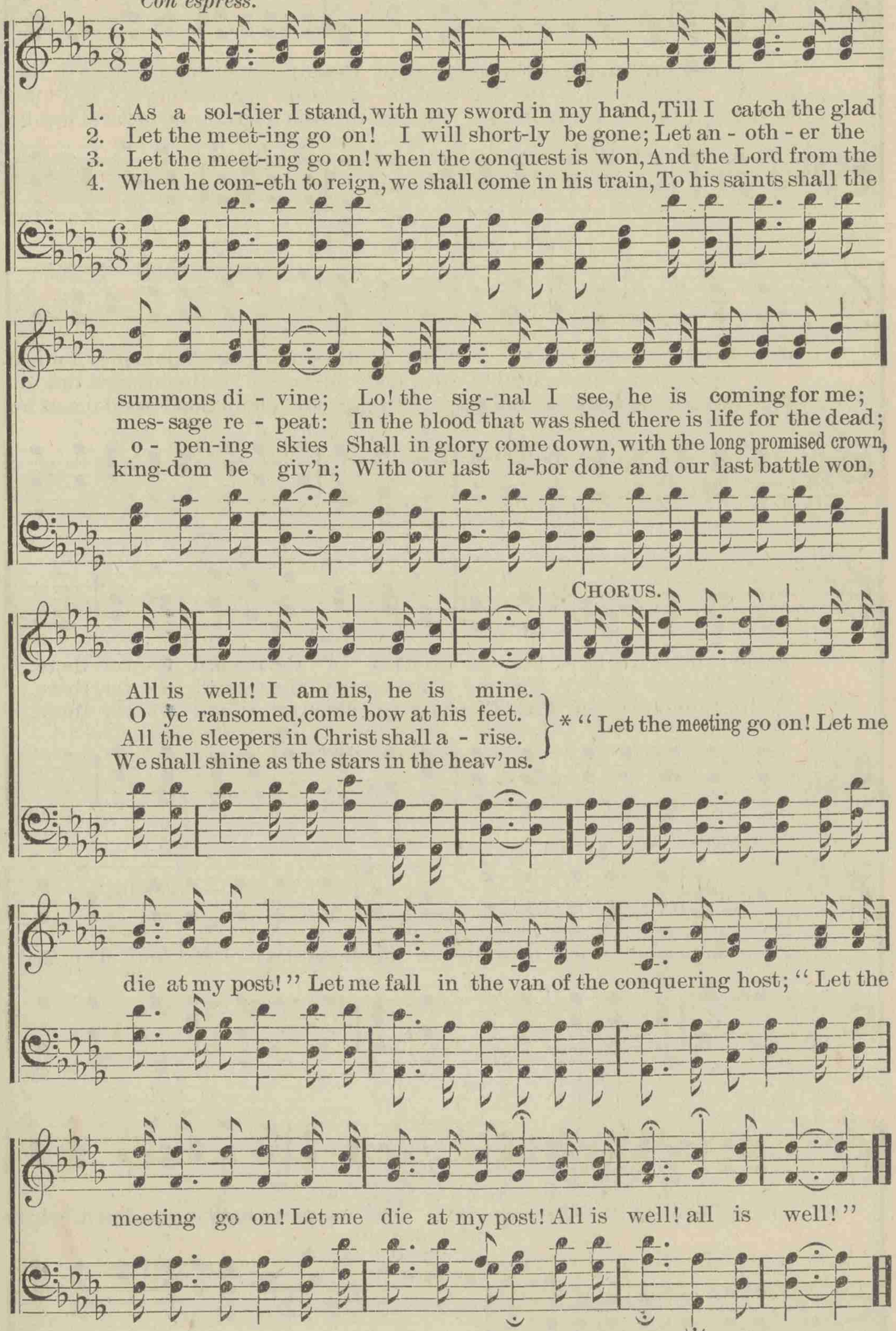
"Let the Meeting Go On."

(LET ME DIE AT MY POST.)

REV. W. HUNTER, D.D. J. HARRY HORNER.

Con espress.

* Dying words of Rev. Gideon D. Kinnear, after preaching at Hollow Rock Campmeeting.

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42 My Name is On the Roll.

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

1. I am walk-ing in the path way to the summer-land of love, All its pleasures thro' e- ter - ni- ty to share; I am singing as I jour-ney, for my name is known a-bove, It is written in the rec-ord o - ver there.
2. As I wander'd in the darkness Je - sus heard my fainting cry, Bro't me in and bore my heavy load of care; Bade me nev-er be discouraged, but to look beyond the sky, For my name was on the rec-ord o - ver there.
3. When I turn'd a-way from e - vil, ask-ing him for rest and peace, Then he show'd me that he quickly answered pray'r; Breaking ev'ry chain that barr'd me, at his word I found re-lief; Then he placed my name on rec-ord o - ver there.

CHORUS.

Yes, my name is on the roll, in the home-land of the soul, On the record book of life with pages fair, Christ my name hath written down, heir to white and fair;

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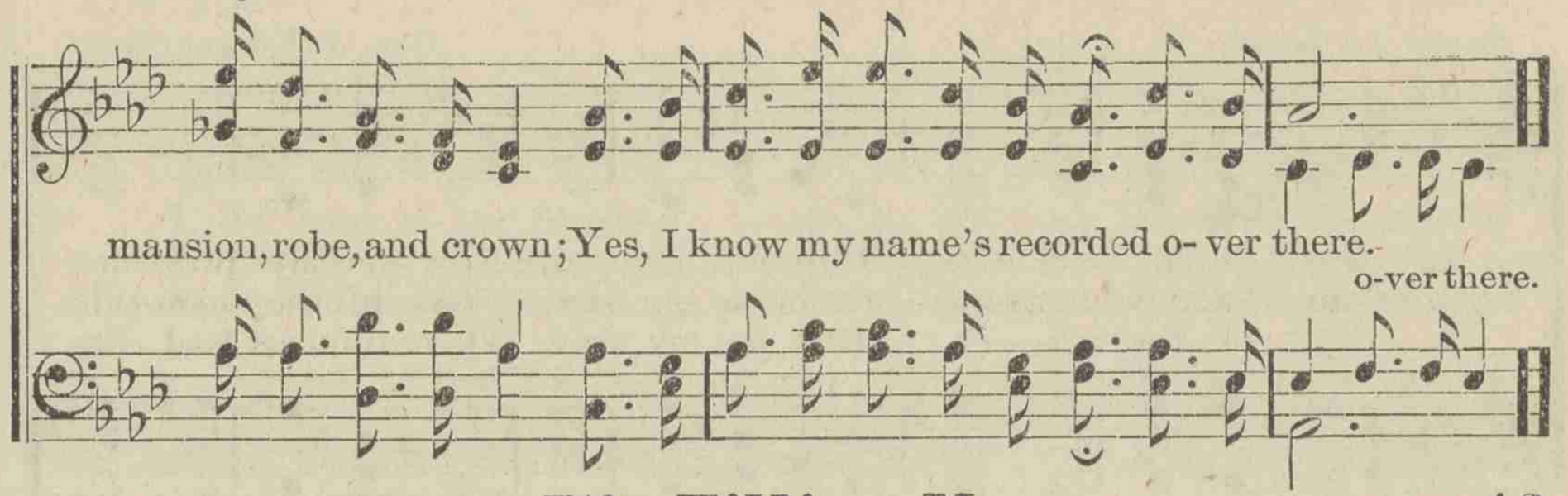
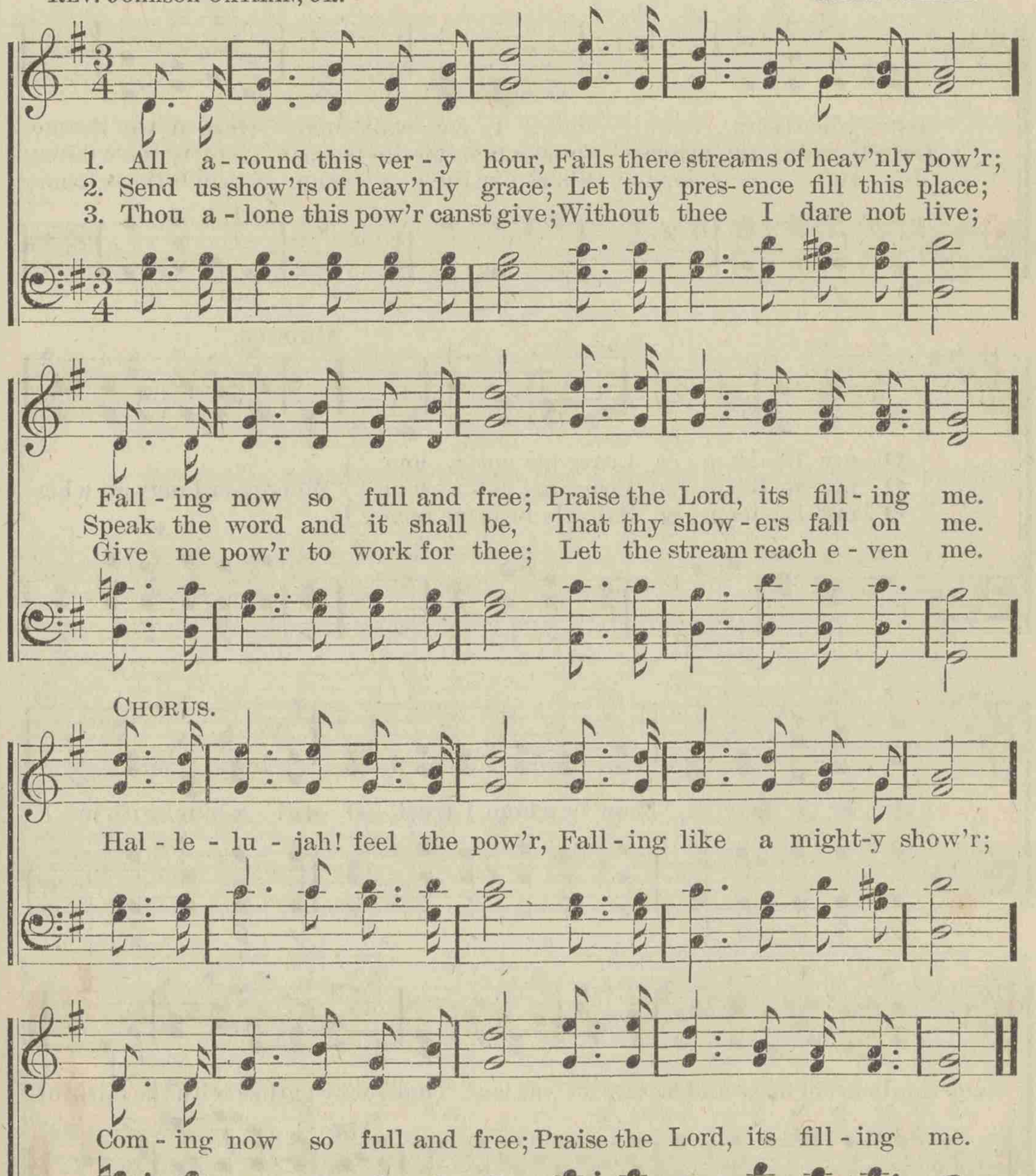
My Name is On the Roll.—Concluded.



It's Filling Me. 43

REV. Johnson OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

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44 Gather With the Faithful.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Joy in my sad - ness, Hope in my tears; Now let thy pres-ence
2. Come when the morn-ing Breaks on my sight; Come in the noon-tide,
3. Star of the wea - ry, Rise on my way; Where thou art lead - ing,

Ban - ish all my fears. Lo, I am wait - ing, Here at thy throne;
Love-ly, calm and bright; Come when the daybeams Gent-ly have flown;
Joy - ful I o - bey. When o'er life's o - cean, Storm billows foam;

CHORUS.

O my Re-deem - er, Leave me not a - lone.
O my Re-deem - er, Leave me not a - lone.
O my Re-deem - er, Safe - ly bear me home.
} Wherev-er I may go, wher-

ev - er I may be, Thou in whom I trust, O still a-bide with me;

Keep this heart of mine and hide my life with thine, That I may gather with the faithful.

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

1. Je - sus is my Sav-iour, I am in his care, He in tender mer- cy
2. To a joy a-bounding Je-sus brings me in, Pardon free he gives me,
3. From the mire he took me, and from sinking sand, On the Rock e-ter- nal

doth my burdens bear ; Fills me with his spir - it keeps me ev -'ry-where,
tak-ing ev -'ry sin, By his dai - ly kind-ness seeks my love to win,
firm- ly now I stand, There I'm safe, a - bid - ing with the ransomed band,

Chorus.

Je - sus is my dear-est Friend. Sav'd, I'm sav'd thro' Christ the Cru-ci-fied,

Sav'd, I'm sav'd and in his love a - bide, Sav'd, I'm sav'd and

walk - ing at his side, Je - sus is my dear - est Friend.

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All Things.

F. C. B. FRANK C. BOWER.

1. Je- sus do - eth all things ev-'ry day for me; In his mer-cy free-ly giv'n,
2. Peace he ev-er giveth tho' the tempests roll, Drives away the shadows deep,
3. Wonder-ful his goodness and his tender care, Wonder-ful his loving hand,

wondrous love I see ; Knowing naught of darkness, walking in the day,
makes my spir- it whole; I will not be fear - ful, Je - sus is my King;
guid- ing ev -'rywhere ; Blessings without number, ev - 'ry day are giv'n,

CHORUS.

Conscious of his presence all the way.
To his feet my service I would bring.
Since my name is written up in heav'n.
} All things, all things Je-sus doth for me,

Takes a- way my load of sin, gives me lib - er - ty; All things, all things,

Rit. . . . . . .

wide his mer-cy proves, Je - sus do - eth all things, from his heart of love.

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By Grace I'm Saved. 47

W. L. S. W. LEE SEJON.

1. I'm sav'd by faith in Je-sus, I trust his wondrous love, Since he is my Re -
2. I feel the joy of par-don, of rest and perfect peace; From chains that long op-
3. He carries all my burdens and keeps me by his pow'r, He shelters me from

deem - er his mer - cy he doth prove; He's with me in the sun- shine, he's
press'd me I find in Christ re-lease; I'm trust-ing in his mer - cy and
dan - ger in ev - 'ry try- ing hour, His ten-der voice hath call'd me, his

with me in the shade, With voice of love he bid-deth me, be not a - fraid.
in his sav-ing grace; I see no frown or an - ger in his smil- ing face.
arms are o - pen wide, He bids me dwell in safe- ty by his riv - en side.

CHORUS.

By grace I'm sav'd, to Jesus' cross I cling, By grace I'm sav'd, I praise my Lord and King;
By grace I'm sav'd, By grace I'm sav'd,

By grace I'm sav'd, his wondrous love I sing, O glo - ry to his ho - ly name.
By grace I'm sav'd,

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You May Have the Joybells.

J. EDW. RUARK. 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 ful - 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 nar-row way,
those a-round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind-ness al - ways say,
he will give to o - ver - come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry serv - ice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win

:S: FINE.

Live for Je-sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ev - 'er nigh, And he'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

CHORUS.

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

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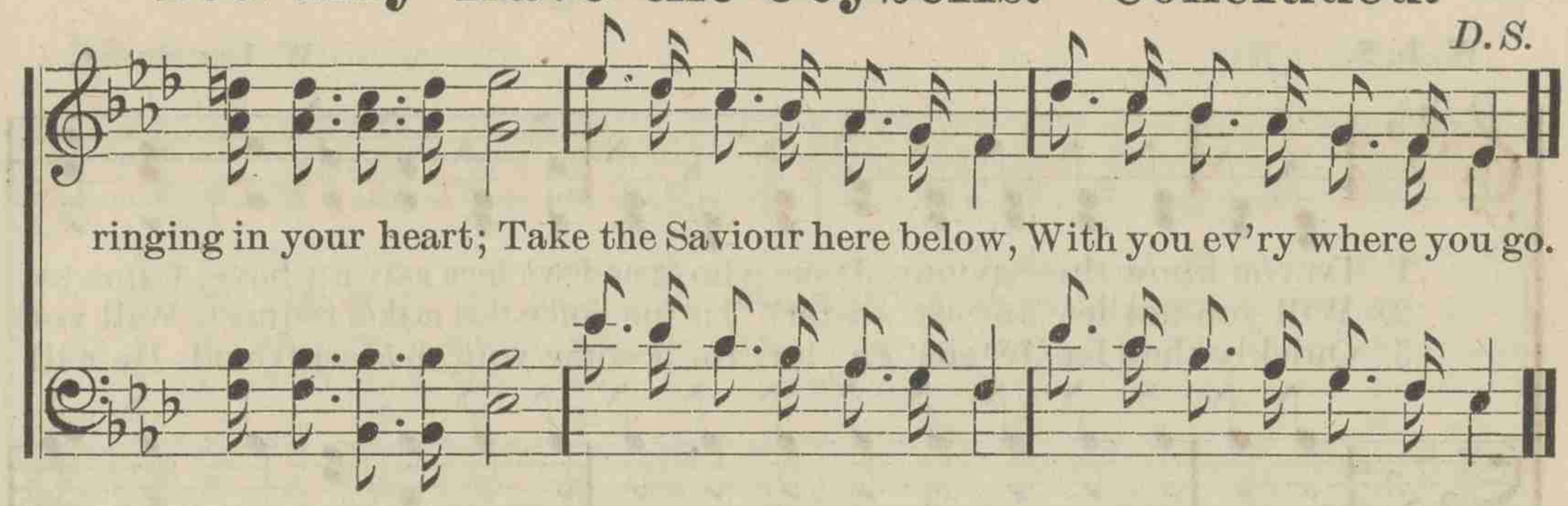
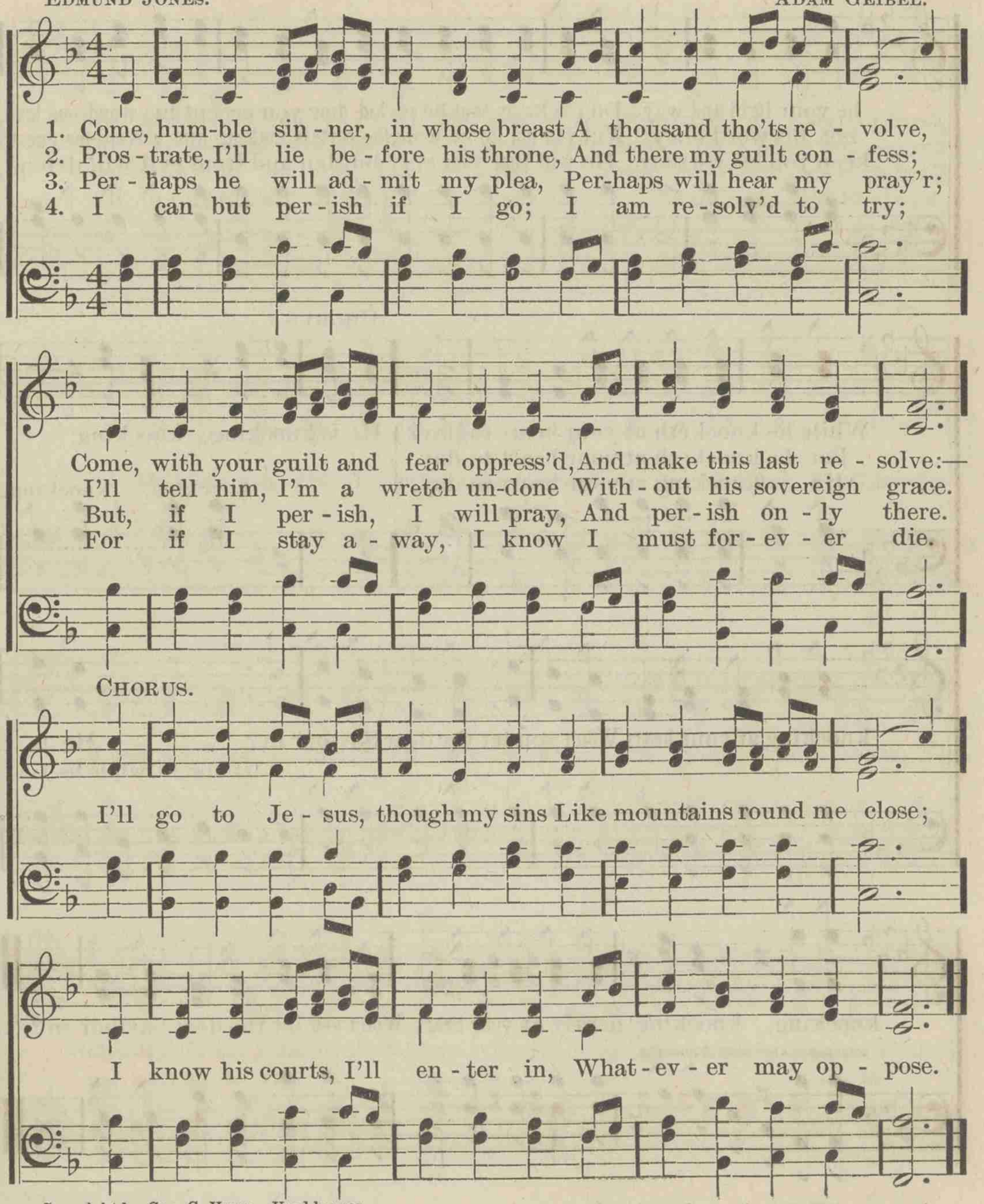
You May Have the Joybells.—Concluded.

D. S.



Come, Humble Sinner. 49

EDMUND JONES. ADAM GEIBEL.



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He is Knocking.

W. L. S. W. LEE SEJON.

1. Do you know this Saviour, Jesus who came down from heav'n a-bove, Came to
2. Will you not let Je-sus en-ter? 'Tis his voice that makes request; Will you
3. Quickly then let Je-sus en-ter to become your dearest friend, He will

be your light and way; Do you know that he is bid-ding you accept his wondrous love,
not his word obey? Will you not throw wide the portals making him a welcome guest?
keep you lest you stray; He will bear your ev'ry burden and from evil will defend,

CHORUS.

While he knocketh at your heart to-day?
For he knocketh at your heart to-day.
He is knocking at your heart to-day.
} He is knocking, knocking,

knocking, knocking,

knocking at your heart, Won't you let the dear Saviour in? He is
let him in, while he is

knocking, knocking, gently at your heart, Won't you let the dear Saviour in?

knocking knocking, knocking.

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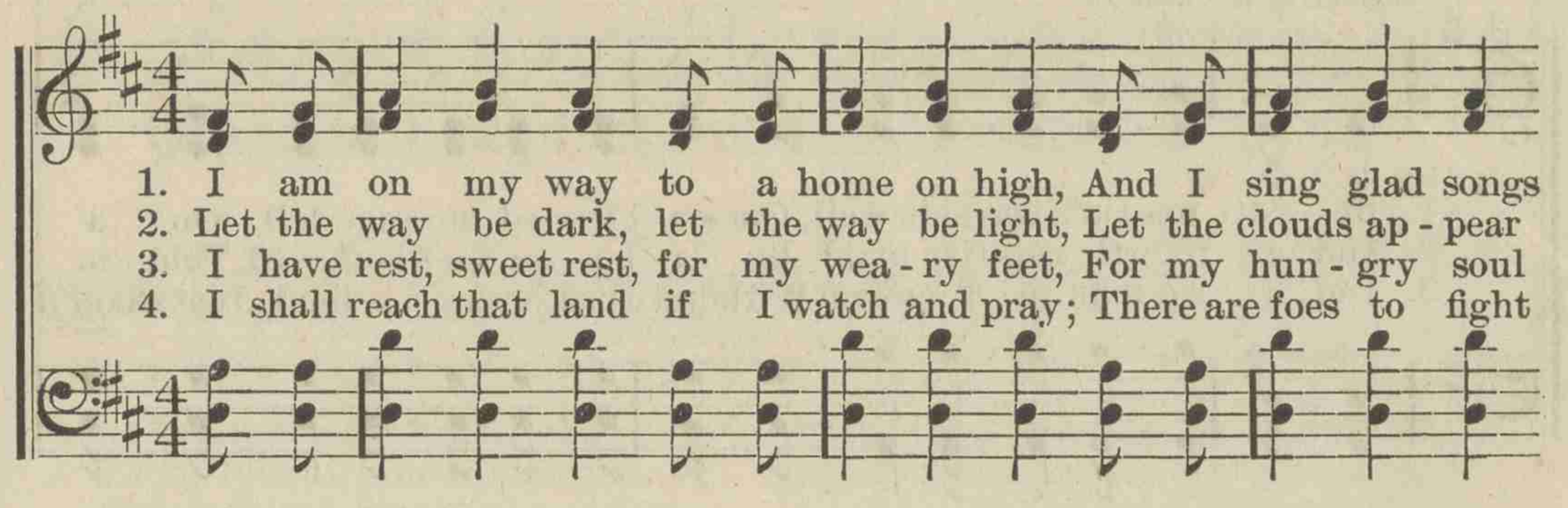
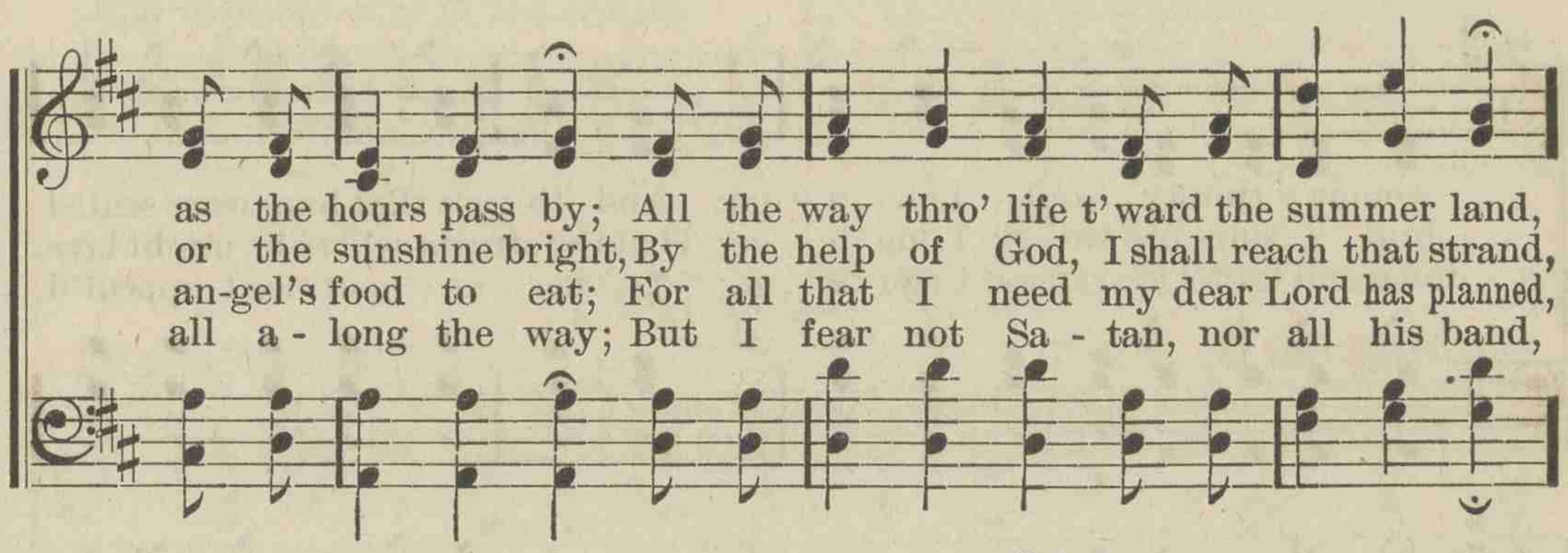
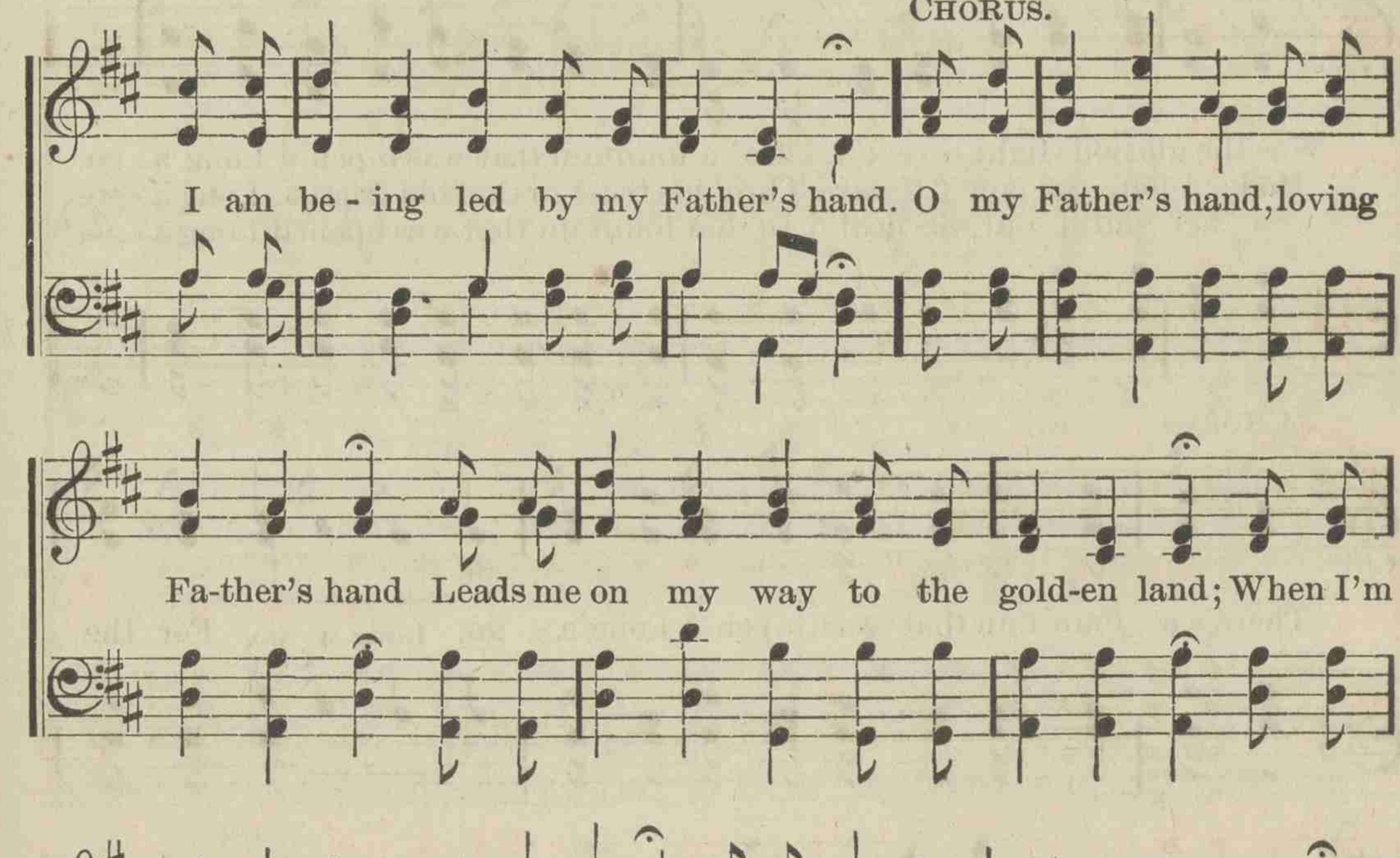

CHORUS.



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52

The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Effective as a solo.

1. By Sa - ma-ria's wayside well, Once a bless-ed message fell On a
2. And a lit - tle cap-tive maid By a lep - er un-dis-mayed, Told to
3. And a wo-man in a crowd, Without word or cry a- loud, Just stoop'd

woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
him a sim - ple sto - ry Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave,
down and touch'd his garment Long a - go; As her ur - gent need appeal'd,

Was the glorious light reveal'd, Thro' a fountain that was o-pen'd Long a - go.
Had a-lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
So her sinful soul was heal'd In that fountain that was opened Long a - go.

CHORUS.

There's a foun-tain that was o-pen'd Long a - go, Long a - go, For the

heal-ing of the na-tions Is its flow; A-long the line of a - ges The

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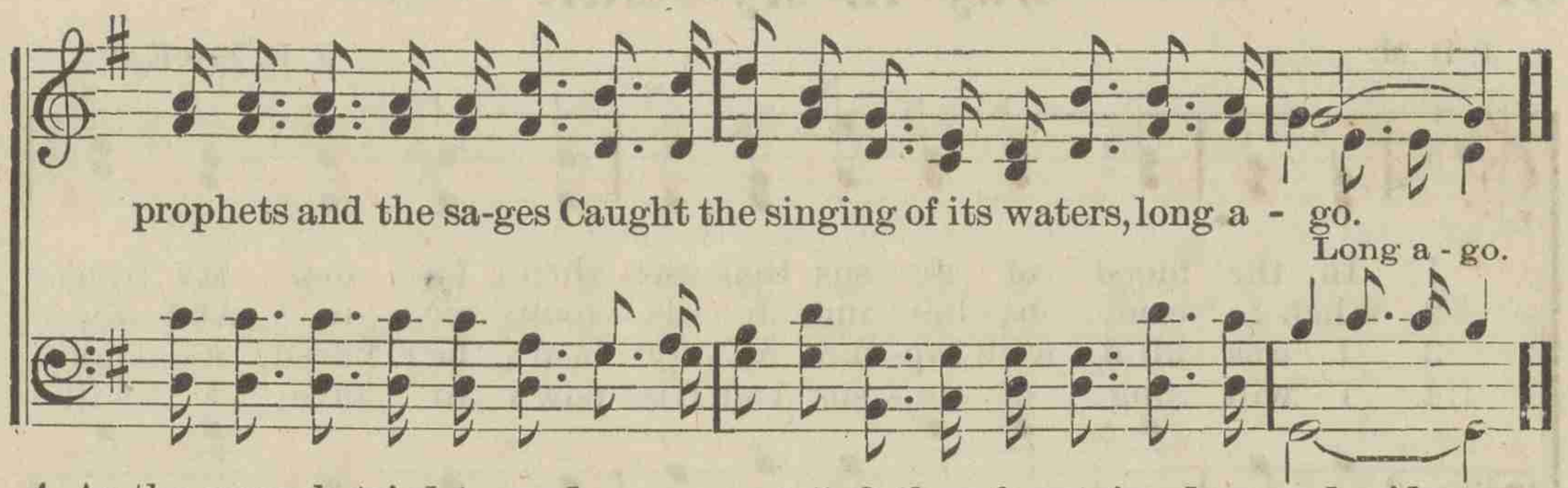
The Old Fountain.—Concluded.

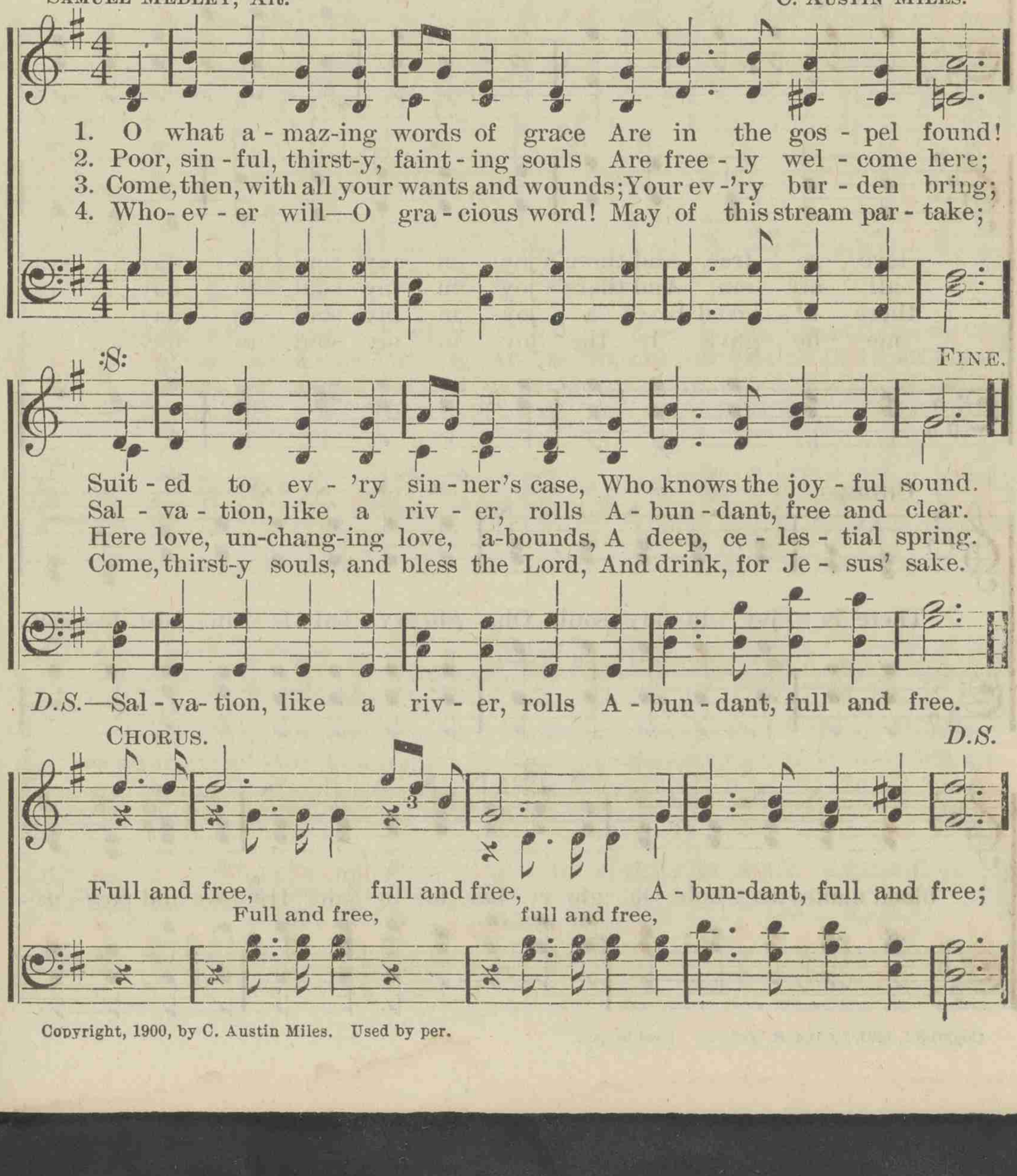


4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine, [tain,
That was wrought thro' that old foun-
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

Full and Free. 53

SAMUEL MEDLEY, Alt. C. AUSTIN MILES.



CHORUS. D.S.

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54 Joy in My Soul.

J. B. M. J. B. MacKay.

1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans -
2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for -
3. I was fill'd with rap- ture As my heart be - lieved, As my
4. I will sing of Je - sus And His pow'r to save; I will

gres-sions have been wash'd a - way; Oh, my heart o'er-floweth with his
gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re - deem-ing blood has canceled
all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won-drous blessing that I
shout his praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va-tion that to

love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
there re - ceived Lives a joy in my soul to - day.....
me he gave Is the joy in my soul to - day.....

CHORUS.

There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus'
blood makes me whole; Oh, glo- ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r di -

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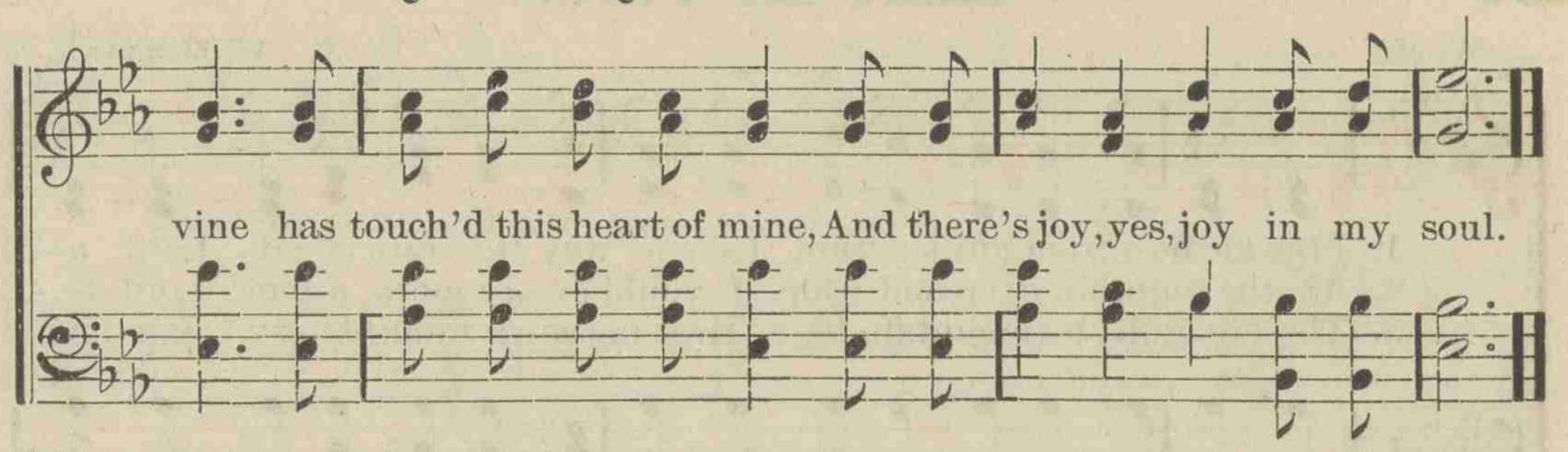
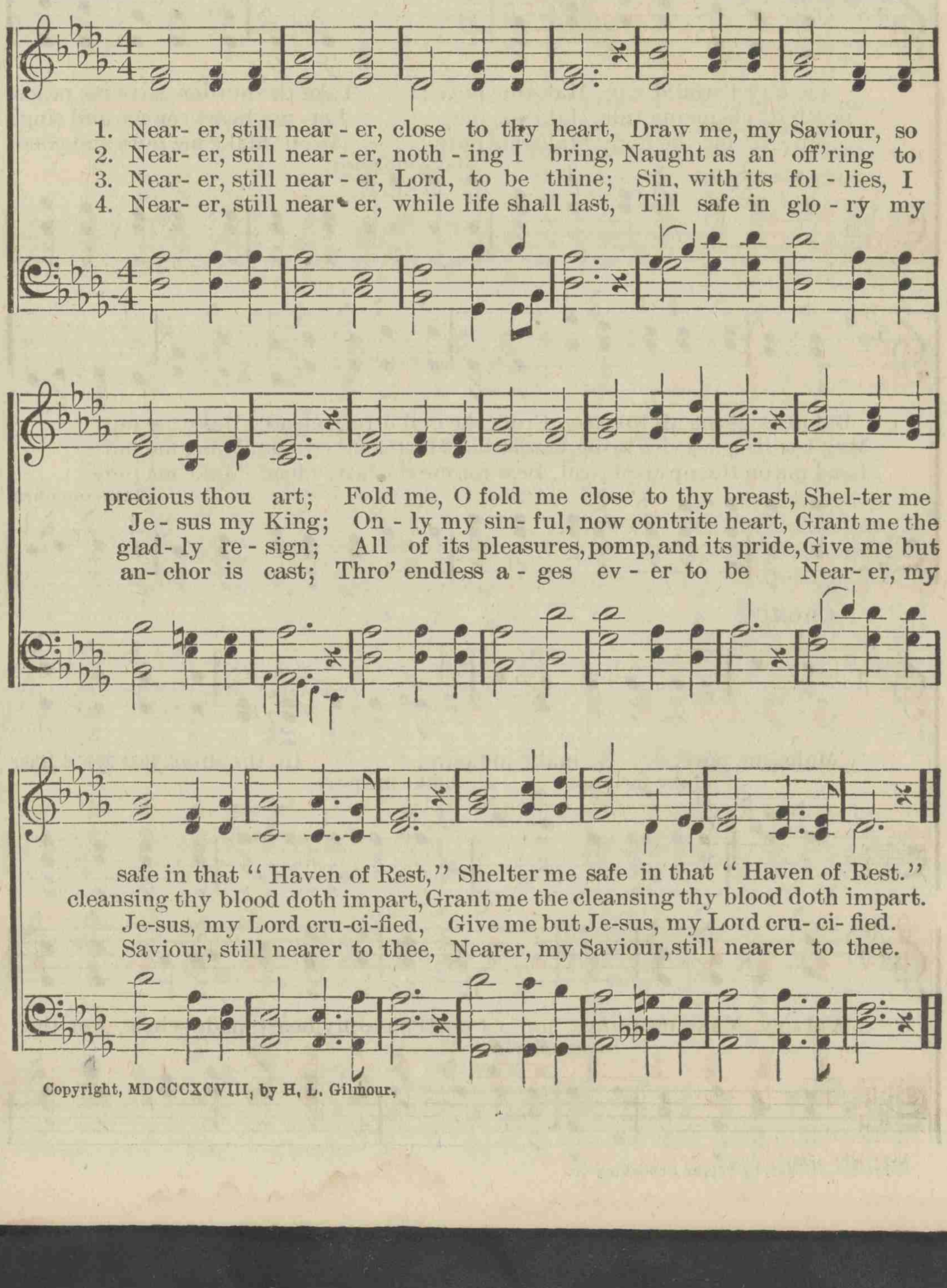

Nearer, Still Nearer. 55

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



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56

Make Me Pure.

W. M. W. MULLIN.

1. Free me now from guilt within, Take a - way the stain of sin, Lord, a -
2. At the fountain deep and wide, I would ev - er-more a-bide, Lord be -
3. Tho' my guilt be mountain high, Hear me as I hum-bly cry, Sav- iour

vic-t'ry I would win; Make me pure ; Take the burden, give me peace,
neath its cleansing tide, Make me pure ; Let my heart rejoice and sing,
un - to me be nigh; Make me pure ; Je-sus make me pure and good,

Make me pure ;

Bid my sighing all to cease, From the evil bring release; Make me pure.
May I willing service bring, Christ, my Master and my King, Make me pure.
Lead me on the upward road, Bear for me the heavy load; Make me pure.

Make me pure.

CHORUS.

Make me pure, make me pure, In the stream that flow'd from

Make me pure, make me pure,

Calv'ry, Make me pure; I would have my heart made white, For the

make me pure;

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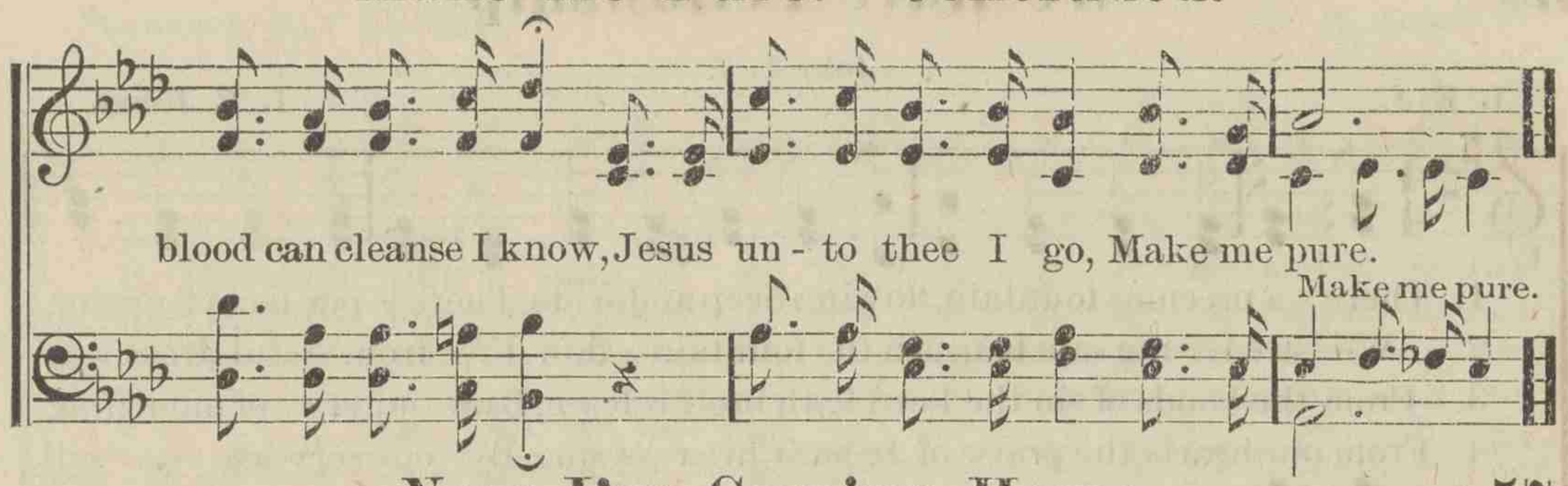
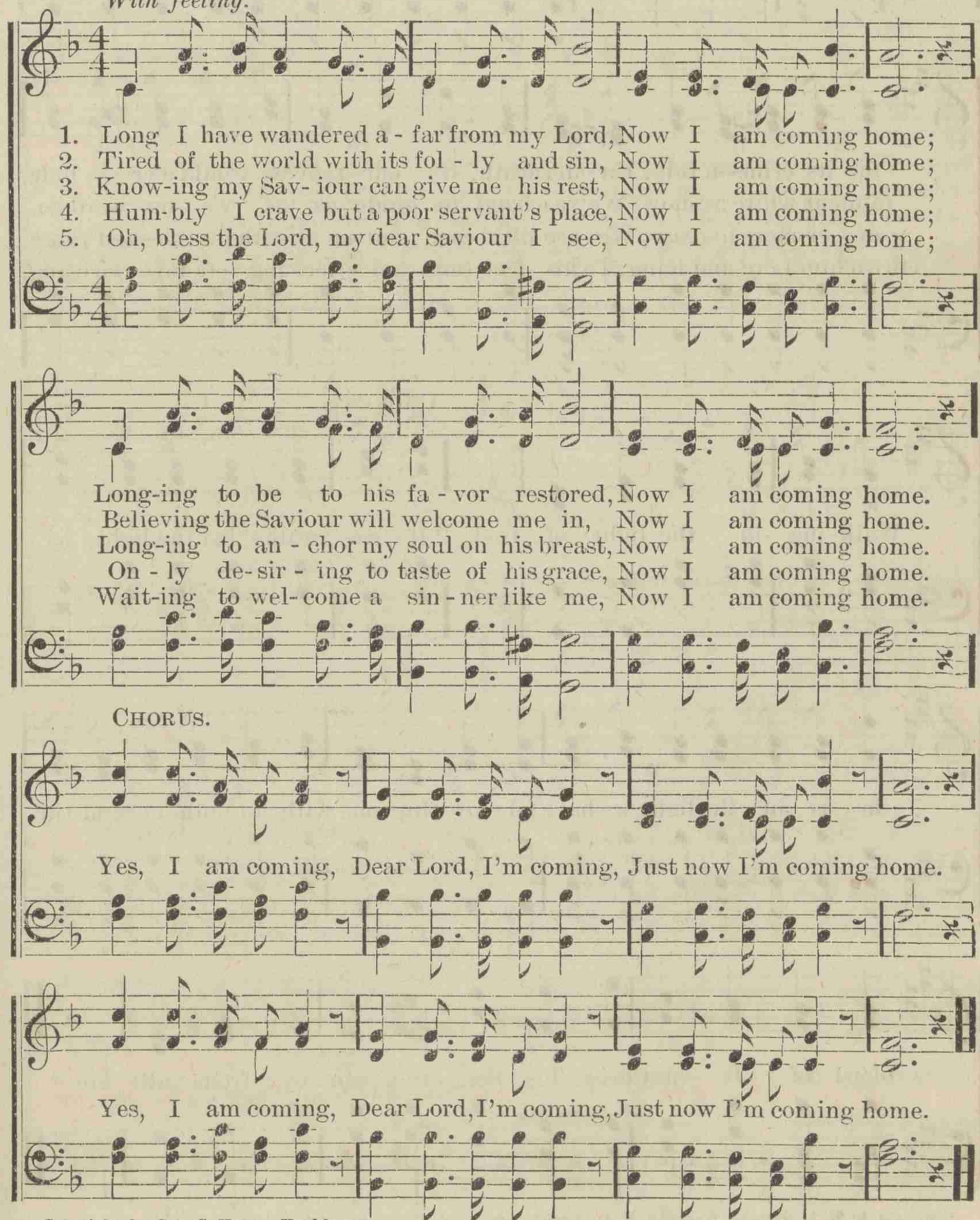
Make Me Pure.—Concluded.



Now I'm Coming Home. 57

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

With feeling.



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We Have Fellowship

John 1: 7.

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

1. There's a precious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is per-fect cleansing in its crimson tide; Un-derneath its cur-rent we would e'er a-bide,
2. We are liv-ing safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with raiment white as snow; We've a hand to guide us, as we on-ward go,
3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath bro't release, Bade our cry of mourning ev-er-more to cease; We are fill'd each mo-ment with his bless-ed peace,
4. From our hearts the praise of Je-sus Christ we sing, By our serv-ice we will crown him Lord and King; To his feet an of-fer-ing of love we bring,

Chorus.

Walk-ing in the light of God. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fel-low-ship one with an-oth-er, and the blood of Je-sus Christ, his Son, cleans-eth us from all sin."

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How Sweet It Will Be. 59

FLORENCE MAY GLADDIS. W. H. ADAMS.

1. There's a cit - y so bright and so gold - en, 'Tis the far a - way
2. There the King I shall see in his beau - ty, In that land where there
3. There the ransomed of God now are sing - ing, As a - round the dear
4. There we'll join in the song of re - demp - tion, In that glad, joy - ous
5. There some lov'd one is watch-ing and wait - ing For your com - ing to

home of the soul Where the saints dwell forev- er with Je - sus, While the
com-eth no night, By the riv - er of life ev - er flow-ing, Where the
Sav-iour they stand; And by day and by night they are serv - ing, Pure and
song of our King, Of his glo - ry, his praise and his hon - or, There for-
that bet - ter land. Are you read - y to meet the dear Saviour, There to

CHORUS.

long, ceaseless a- ges shall roll.
Lamb who was slain is the light.
white in the blood of the Lamb.
ev - er we sweetly shall sing.
sing with the glo - ri-fied band?

Oh, how sweet it will be,

Oh, how sweet it will be,

When we meet in that homeland so fair, Where our Lord (Where our Lord)

we shall see, (we shall see,) And his glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share.

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The Same Old Way.

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

1. The way our Fathers traveled is good enough for me; They followed in the
2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll never reach the goal, That good works are suf-
3. When bowers of sin entice me to rest my wea - ry feet, I find in Christ my
4. Millions are now in glo-ry, in shining white arrayed, Who trav'led this same

:S:

foot-steps that led from Cal - va-ry; It led them up to glo - ry, that
fi - cient to save a hu-man soul; But while the world is talking, I
Sav- iour, a safe, a sure retreat; He tells me to press onward, and
path-way, and oft - en were dismayed; But hap-py now in glo - ry, they

D.S.—My Sav-iour goes be-fore me, I

FINE.

land of end-less day; I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
still will watch and pray; I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
not look back, nor stay; I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
sing, both night and day; I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.
fol-low him each day; I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.

CHORUS.

O this bless - ed old way, it is good e - nough for me,

ritard. *D S.*

It is good e - nough for me, it is good e - nough for me;

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Hidden Peace.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. I can-not tell thee whence it came, This peace with-in my breast;
2. Be - neath the toil and care of life, This hid-den stream flows on;
3. I can not tell the half of love, Un-feigned, supreme, di - vine,
4. I can not tell thee why he chose To suf - fer and to die;

But this I know, there fills my soul, A strange and tranquil rest.
My wea - ry soul no long - er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
That caused my dark - est in - most self With beams of hope to shine.
But if I suf - fer here with him, I'll reign with him on high.

CHORUS.

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

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Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S. MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross- es, Je - sus knows and
2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and
3. When the e - ven-tide is near- ing, Je - sus knows and
4. Are you heav - y bur - dens bear- ing, Je - sus knows and

1. On life's pathway are there cross - es, Je-sus knows and

cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es, Je - sus
cares, Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus
cares, When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus
cares, Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus

Je - sus cares, Do you suf-fer heav - y loss - es,

knows and cares, Doth there come the hour of
knows and cares, Tho' the years their griefs are
knows and cares, When with tears the eyes are
knows and cares, Tho' your life be fill'd with

Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares,

weep - ing, Treas- ures van - ish from your keep - ing, Bit - ter
bring - ing, Hush - ing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing, Fear ye
fill - ing, An guish deep the soul is thrill - ing, Peace he
cry - ing, Pleas - ures van - ished, joys be dy - ing, Yet look

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Jesus Knows and Cares.—Concluded.

pain your heart be reap-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
not, the cry is ring-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
brings, his heart is will-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
up be - yond the sigh-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
bit-ter pain your heart be reap- ing; Jesus knows and Je - sus cares.

I Will Bear the Cross. 63

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. REV. WM. STONE. Arr.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one; And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - ming-led love And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

CHORUS.

I.....will bear the cross for Je-sus, I.....will bear the cross for Je-sus,
I will bear the cross, I will bear the cross,

I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for me.
I will bear the cross, for me.

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64 REV. JOHNSON OATMAN. **Every Day.** J. H. ROBINSON.

1. Tho' up - on my pil - grim jour-ney, man - y, man - y trials I meet; Still I tread the up-ward road with-out de - lay; Tho' the foe may press up - on me, yet I nev - er know de - feat; For the bless - ed Christ is with me ev - 'ry day.
2. Tho' the Temp-ter oft as - sails me and would lure me to turn back, Thro' God's grace I'll nev - er, nev - er go as - tray; There's no pow'r on earth can tempt my feet to leave the bea - ten track; For the bless - ed Christ is with me ev - 'ry day.
3. And when sor - rows fall up - on me and my soul is sore distressed, By his hand my fall - ing tears are wiped a - way; And I find my con - so - la - tion on the ha - ven of his breast; For the bless - ed Christ is with me ev - 'ry day.
4. When at last my feet are stand-ing where the Jor-dan's wa - ters glide, I shall press my way a - cross with-out dis - may; And I'm sure I'll reach that cit - y o - ver on the oth - er side; For the bless - ed Christ is with me ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day, Yes, the blessed Christ is with me ev -'ry day, Ev-'ry day, Ev-'ry day, day, Ev - 'ry day, Ev -'ry day, Yes, the blessed Christ is with me ev-'ry day. Ev-'ry day,

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Mother's Praying at Home.

CARROLL B. FISHER. W. H. ADAMS.

1. At the throne of grace, a moth-er, On the up-ward wings of pray'r,
2. But the cit - y's lights were dazzling, And the tempter's voice was sweet;
3. But no moth - er's love is wast - ed, And the God who answered pray'r,
4. Oh, my boy, have you a moth-er Somewhere now with tearful voice,

Bore the dear name of a wand'rer, As she plead for mer - cy there;
Ev - er did he lie in wait - ing; Met her boy on ev - ry street;
Bow'd his ear to catch the ac - cents Of that moth - er plead-ing there;
Plead - ing for your soul's sal - va - tion? You can make her heart re - joice

And she wrote the boy so way-ward, "Whereso - ev - er you may roam,
God and heav - en were for - got - ten When the Temp-ter whispered "come;"
Led that boy by ways he knew not To the fount of life to come;
Grace di - vine is of - fered free - ly; To the liv - ing wa - ter come;

:S: FINE.

Oh, for - get not mother's pray - ing, Pray - ing for her boy at home."
While the moth-er's heart was yearning, Pray - ing, for her boy at home.
Set the moth-er's heart to sing-ing Songs of glad - ness there at home.
While your moth-er's heart is yearn-ing, Pray-ing, for her boy at home.

D.S.—Oh, for - get not mother's pray-ing, Praying, for her boy at home.

D. S.

Pray - ing at home, Pray-ing for her boy at home;
Pray - ing for her boy at home,

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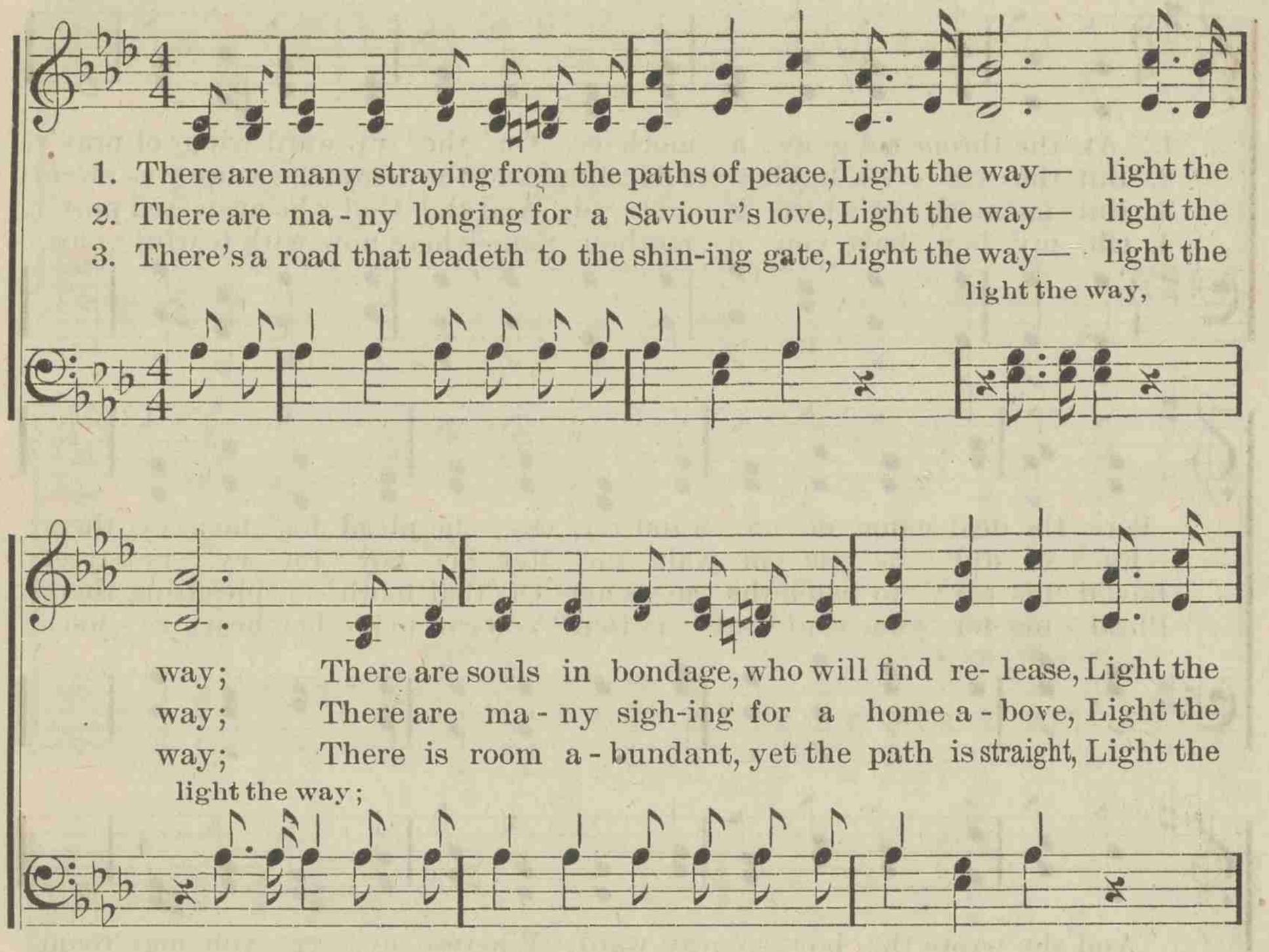
Light the Way.

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



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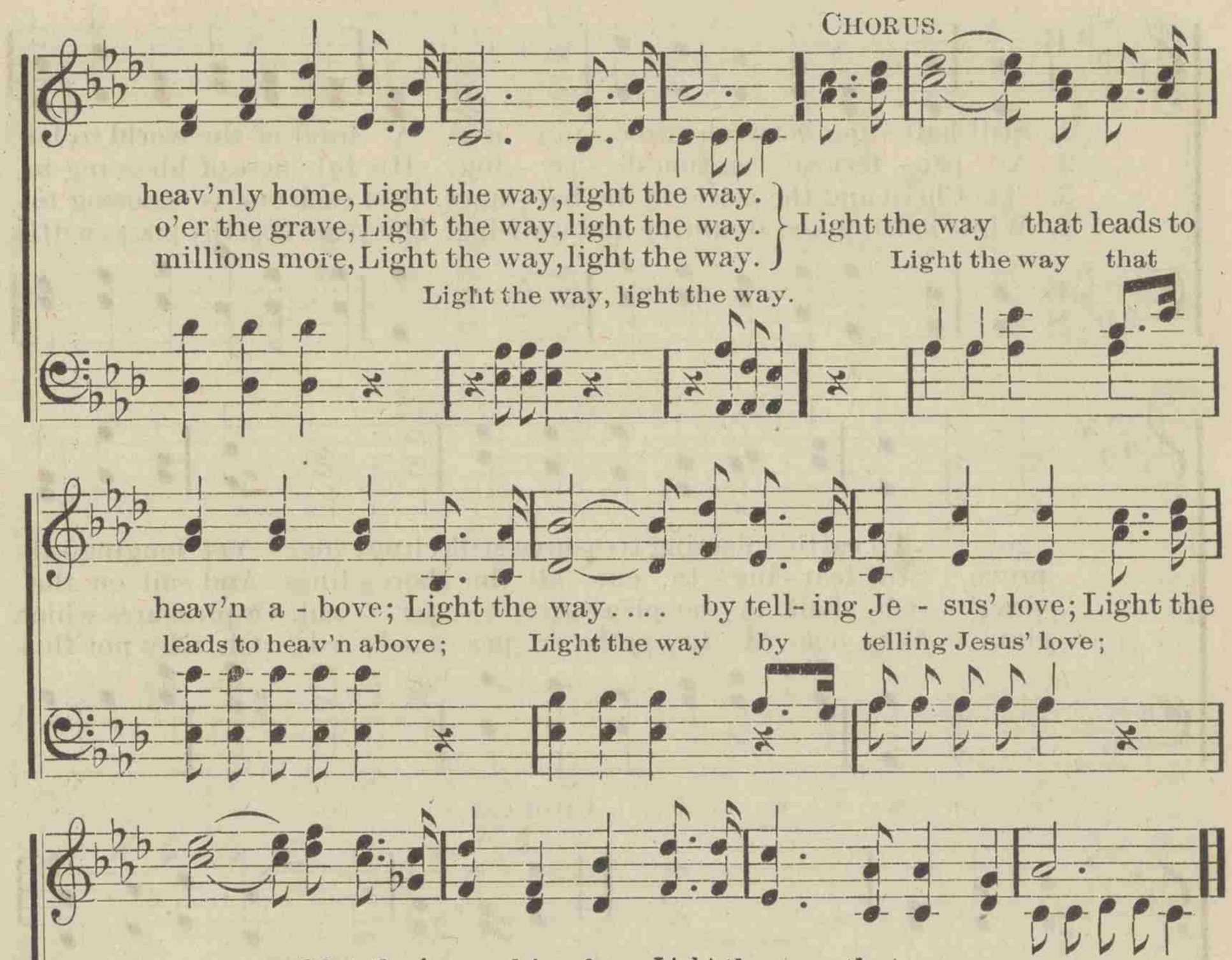
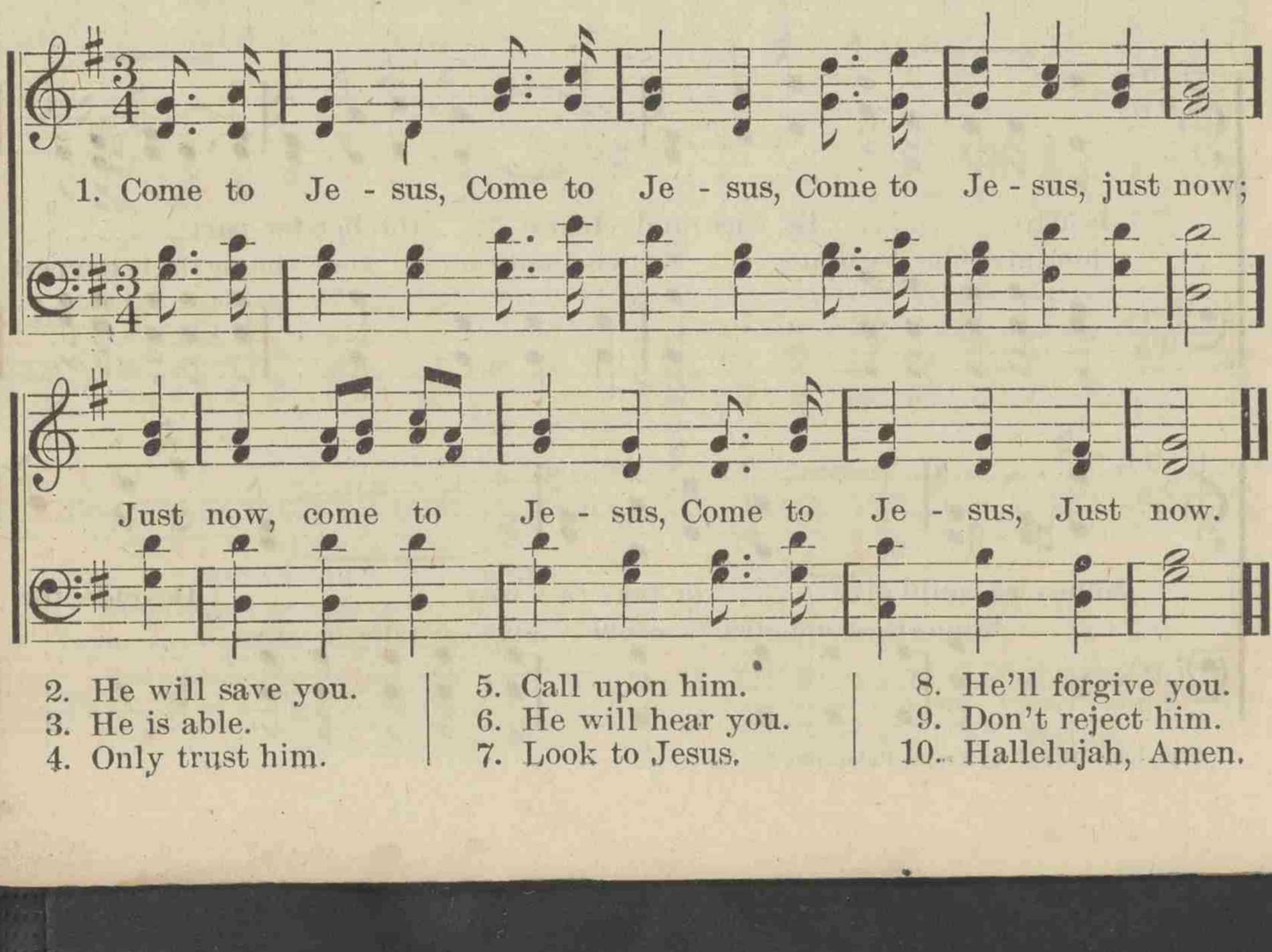

Come to Jesus. 67



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

68 MRS. C. H. M.

Decide for Christ.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Still halt - ing between two o - pin - ions, A - fraid of the world to let go;
2. A per - fect sal - va-tion de - sir - ing; His ful - ness of bless-ing to prove,
3. 'Tis Christ and the world in the bal - ance, And each one is choosing to- day;
4. While halting and doubting and wait-ing, The years from thy grasp swiftly glide;

To earth's fleeting treasures still cling - ing, Yet longing sal - va - tion to know.....
Still fear - ing to cut all the shore - lines And sail on the o - cean of love.....
Oh, shall it be pleas-ures e - ter - nal, Or pleasures which last but to - day?.....
Why not al - to - geth - er per - suad - ed? Oh why not this mo - ment de - cide?.....

CHORUS.

De-cide for Christ,.... give him thy heart,..... Be wise and choose.....the bet-ter part;.....

Sal - va - tion to know. De-cide for Christ, give him, give him thy heart, Be wise and choose, and choose the better part,

None else could give..... or take a - way,..... De- cide for

None else could give, could give or take a - way,

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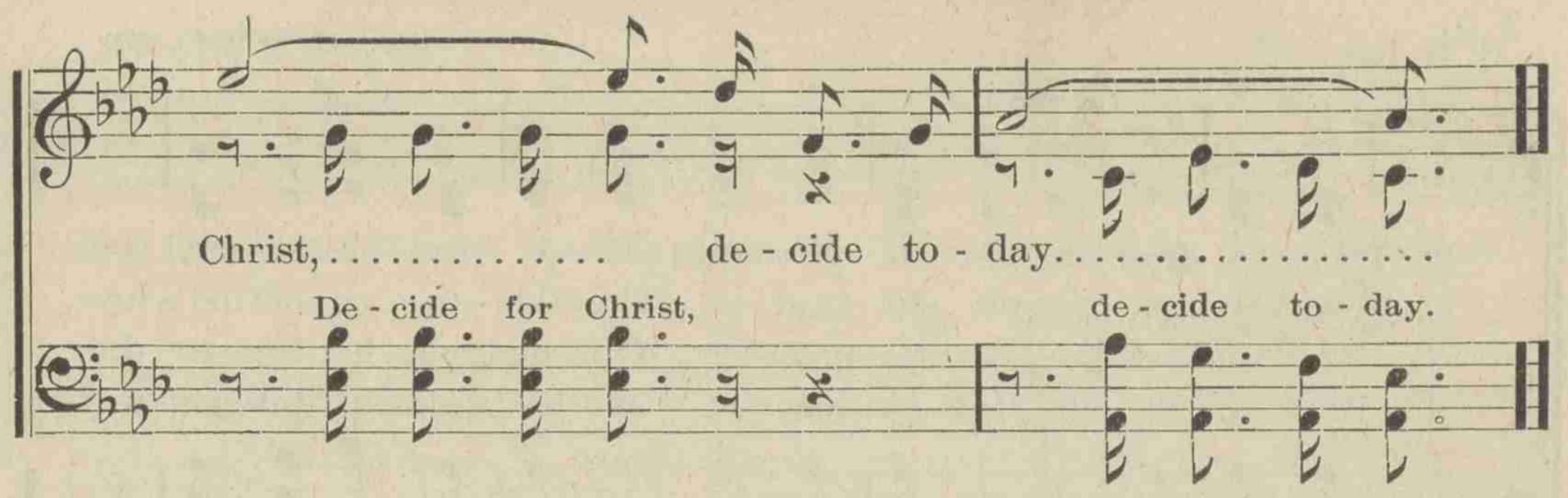
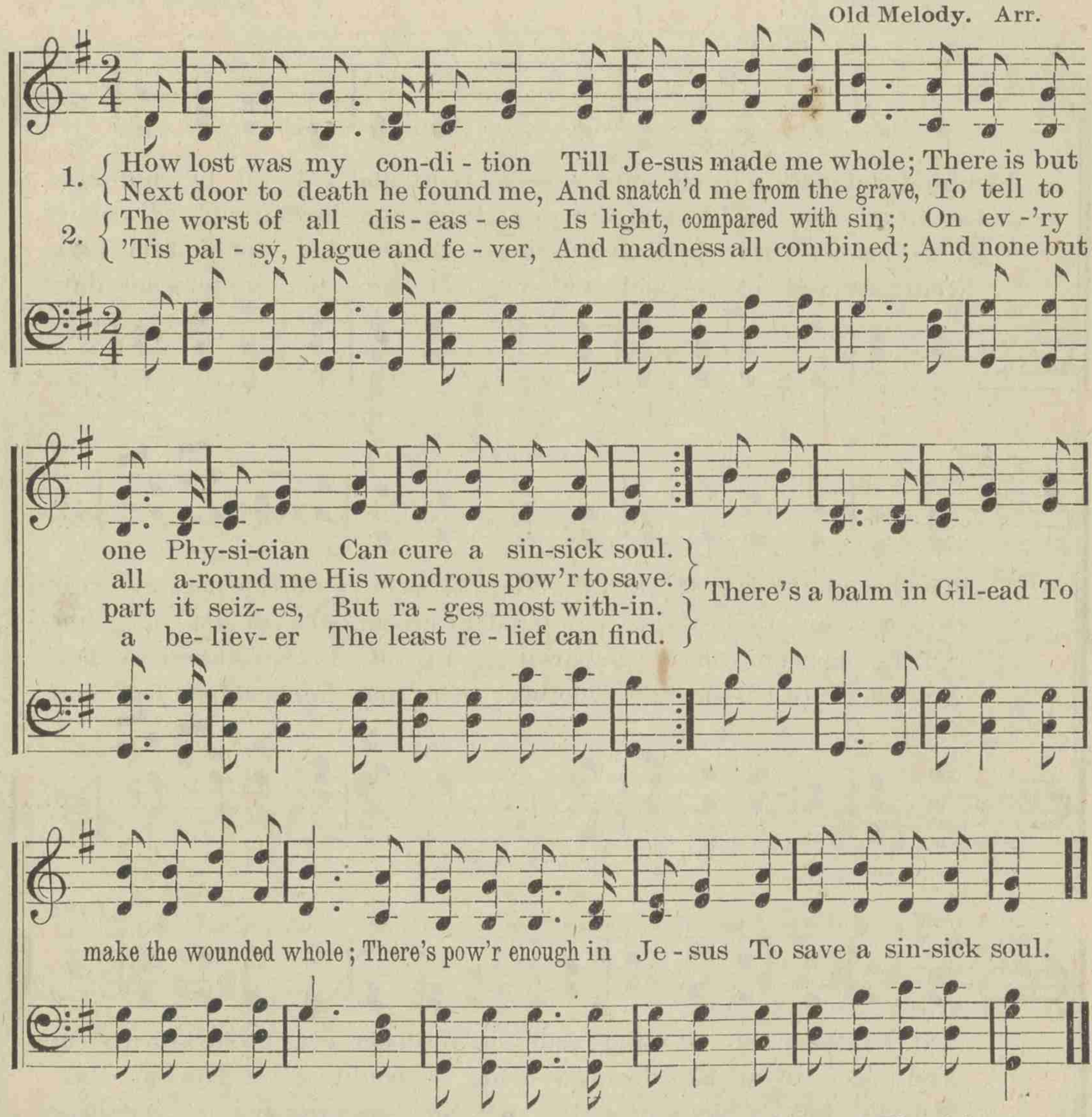

Balm in Gilead. 69

Old Melody. Arr.



3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And understood my case.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had sealed;
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked and I am healed.

Mother's Bible.

H. H. R. REV. H. H. RYLAND

1. There's a book to me so pre-cious, Oft I read its sa - cred page,
2. From its pa - ges oft she read us The old sto - ry of God's love,
3. And the day, well I re - mem-ber, When had come her time to die;
4. Bless- ed Bi - ble! How I love it. It shall guide my pil-grim way

Thumb'd and mark'd by constant u - sage, Worn and fad - ed by old age.
Taught us of the bless-ed Sav-iour, Who came down from heav'n above.
When we read from this dear vol-ume Of that bet - ter land on high;
From this land of care and sor- row, O - ver to e - ter - nal day.

'Tis my mother's well-worn Bi - ble; 'Twas her guide for ma - ny years;
How up - on the cross he suf- fered, From our sins to set us free;
Of the mansions Christ's prepar- ing, In our Father's house so fair.
And some day I'll meet dear mother On that fair and fade-less shore;

Oft I've seen her sit - ting read- ing, With her eyes all fill'd with tears.
And by faith in this dear Sav-iour, We could ev - er hap - py be.
And she fell a-sleep in Je - sus; Now she's rest-ing o - ver there.
There to sing re-demp-tion's sto- ry; There to dwell for- ev - er - more.

D.S.—'Twas a lamp to guide her foot-steps, 'Twas her light to Canaan's shore.

FINE.

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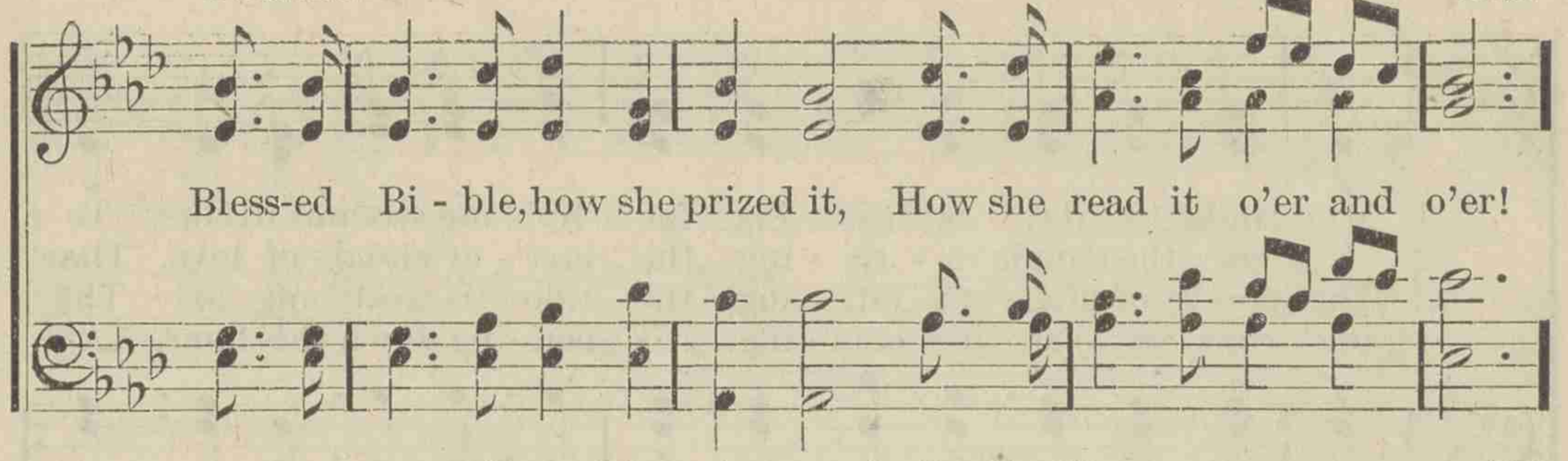
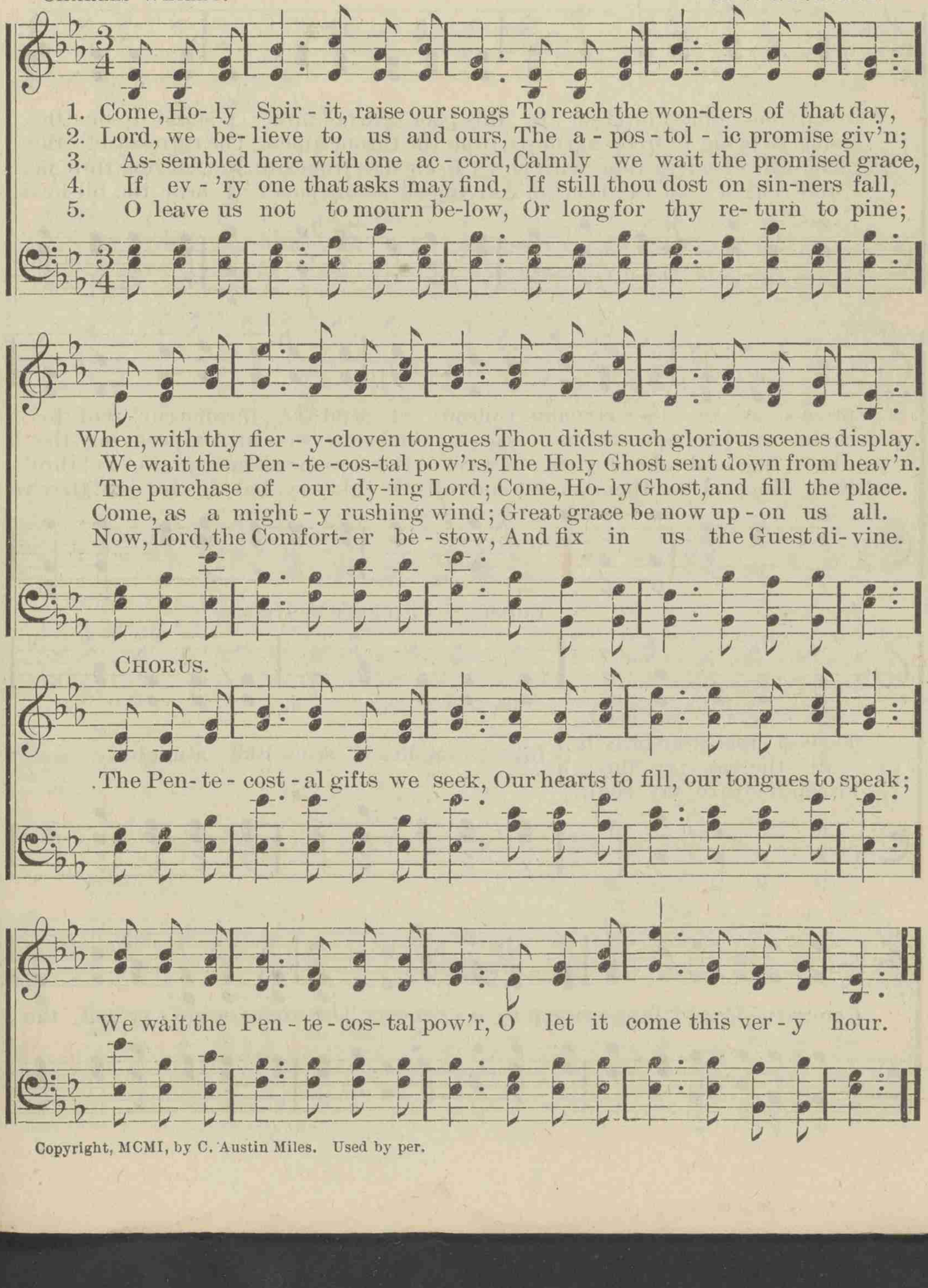
Mother's Bible.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.



The Pentecostal Gift. 71

CHARLES WESLEY. REV. WM. STONE.



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72

Like a Mighty Sea.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My soul to - day is thirst - ing for liv - ing streams divine, To
2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer - cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall - ing, the tide is roll - ing in, The
4. It's com - ing, yes, it's com - ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne above, The earn-est of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor- rent of sal-va - tion in saving cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

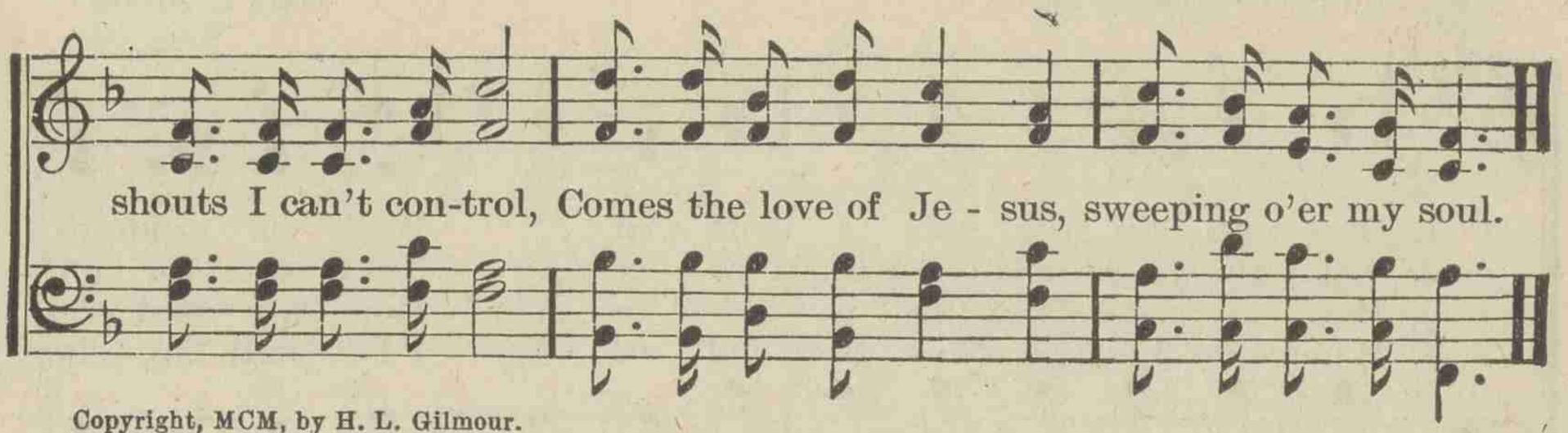
prom - ise, in Je- sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur - rent to
show - er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect - ing the
be - ing and takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo - ry! thro'
sing - ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

sat - is - fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap - py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.

} Like a might - y sea, like a might- y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o - ver me; The waves of glo - ry roll, the

Like a Mighty Sea.—Concluded.

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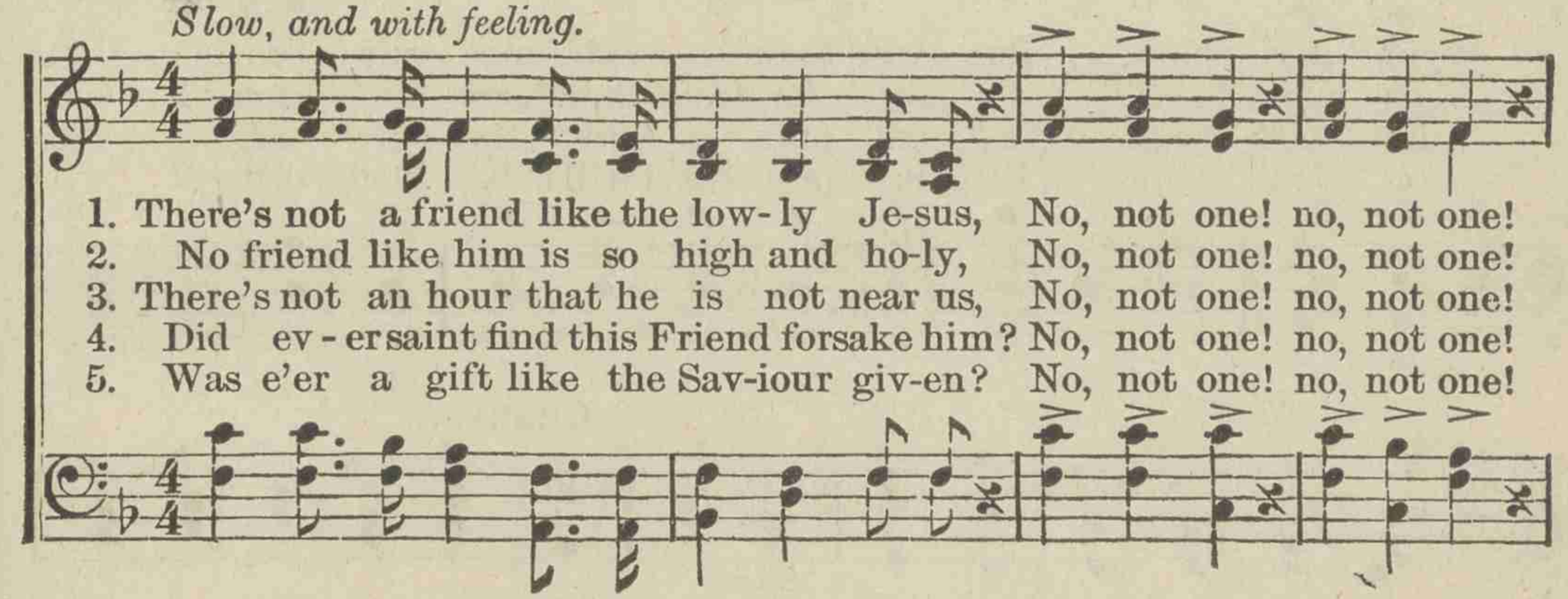
No, Not One.

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

Slow, and with feeling.



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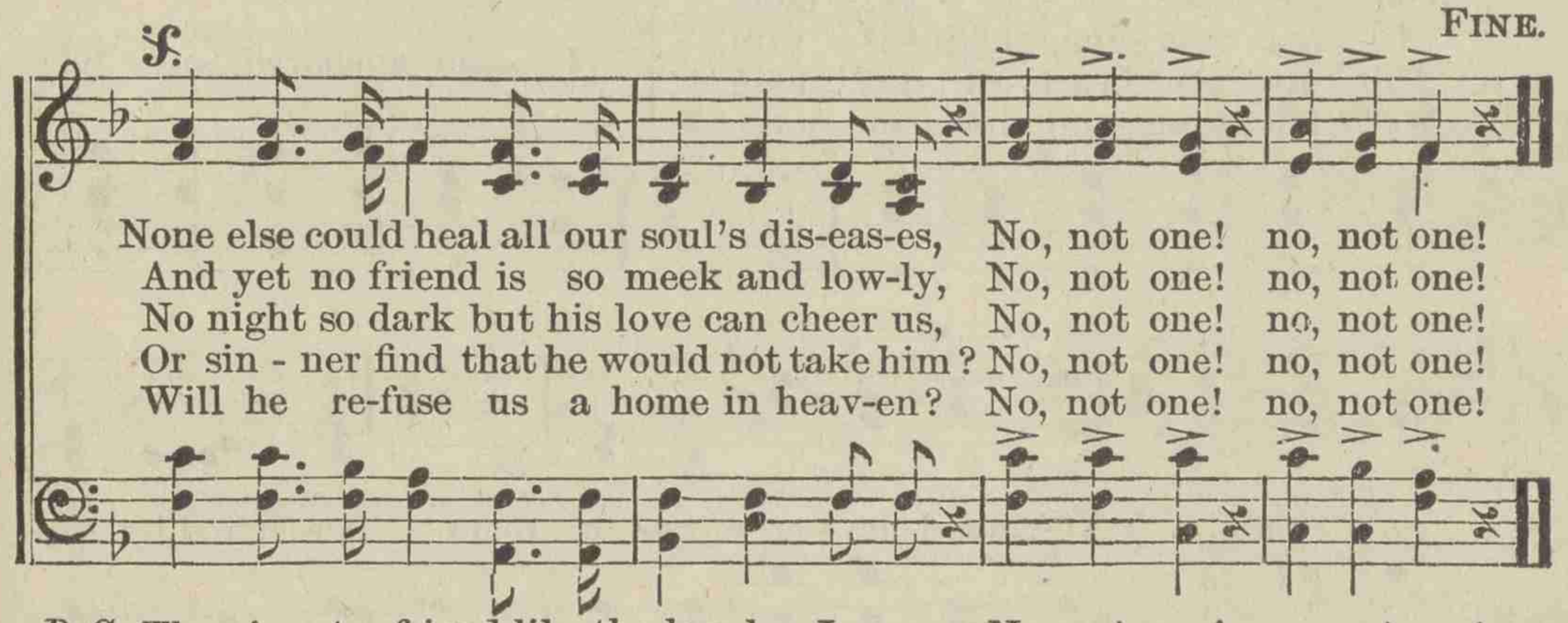
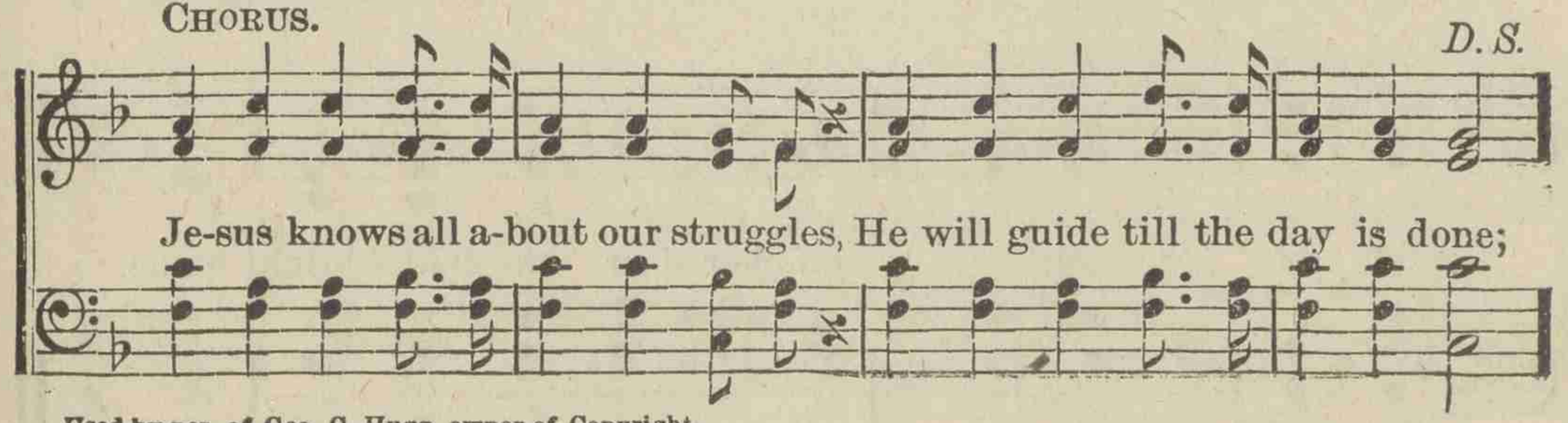

D. S.–There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.



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74

Anchored.

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

1. Once up - on the tide I drift - ed,.... With no guide to
2. Let the storms sweep o'er life's o - cean,.. They can do me
3. Here my peace flows like a riv - er,.... Here my soul o'er-
4. When this life be - low is end - ed,.... I shall an - chor

yon - der shore; But I've found a side once rift - ed,....
no more harm; An-chored far from their com - mo - tion, ..
flows with song; Pray'r and prais - es to the giv - er,....
on that shore; Where my prais - es will be blen - ded,...

CHORUS.

Where I'm safe for - ev - er - more.
I am rest - ing 'neath his arm.
Fill my glad heart all day long.
With ten - thous-and thous-and more.

} I am anchored, safe - ly

an - chored, An-chored nev - er more to roam, An-chored by the

side of Je - sus, An-chored in the soul's bright home.

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'Tis Best for Me. 75

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

1. I would ev - er live for Je - sus and would glad-ly do his will,
2. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley yet I'll trust and fear no ill,
3. He hath promised me a man-sion in the cit - y of the skies,

Since from sin he set me free; I would gladly trust my all to him and
He will there my comfort be; Tho' my way should not be pleasant as my
Where my eyes his face shall see; If a-bund-ant store of earthly things he

CHORUS.

from my heart would say, He knoweth what is best for me.
longing heart desires, He knoweth what is best for me.
should not give me here, He knoweth what is best for me.
} 'Tis best for me that

he should choose my way, 'Tis best for me that I his word o - bey; 'Tis

best for me that I should never stray, He knoweth what is best for me.

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76 That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "whosoever" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so- ev- er
2. When-ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own Word I see: Who-so- ev- er
3. I heard the lov-ing mes- sage, and now to oth - ers say, Who-so- ev- er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! His on - ly Son he gave; Who-so- ev- er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa-ters roll;
will may come, I know 'tis meant for sin-ners, I know 'tis meant for me;
will may come; Seek now the procious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day;
will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut-most save;

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - so -

Who - so - ev - er will,

ev - - - er!" Who- so- ev - er will may come; The Sav-iour's in - vi -

who - so-ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sound-ing still: Who - so - ev - er will may come.

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Doing His Will.

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

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for

his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with the Spirit to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way.
lean on his bos - om and rest.
faith - ful he'll be to the end.

Just to say what he wants me to

what he

pp

say, And be still when he whispers to me,..... Just to
wants me to say, when he whis-pers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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78

By the Blood we Overcome.

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

1. Let us shout hosannah to the heavenly King While our lives an off'ring to his
2. Let us press right onward 'gainst the hosts of sin, In the strength of Jesus let the
3. Let us join the army and the Lord obey, From the ranks he leadeth we shall

feet we bring, Let us sound the message till the earth shall ring, By the
fray be - gin, In his name re- joic- ing glorious vic - t'ry win, By the
nev - er stray, From the path be-fore us shadows flee a - way, By the

CHORUS.

blood we o - ver - come. By the blood we o - ver- come in temp-
ta-tion's hours, By the blood we o-ver-come breaking Satan's pow'r O- ver -
come, o- ver- come, O-ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.
o- ver- come, o- ver-come,

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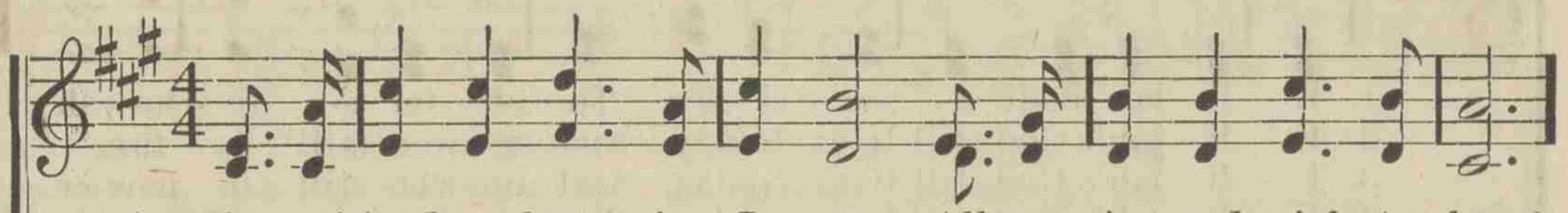
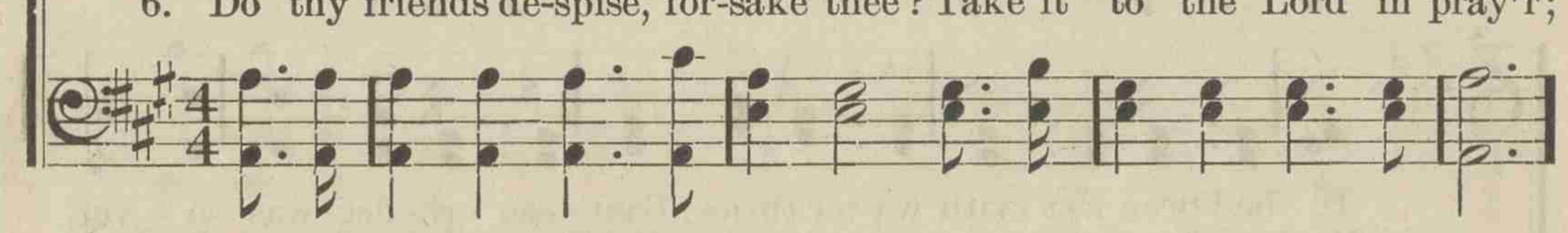
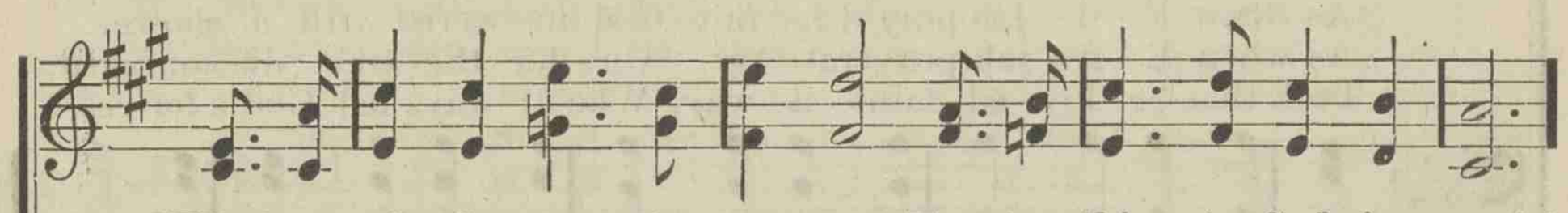
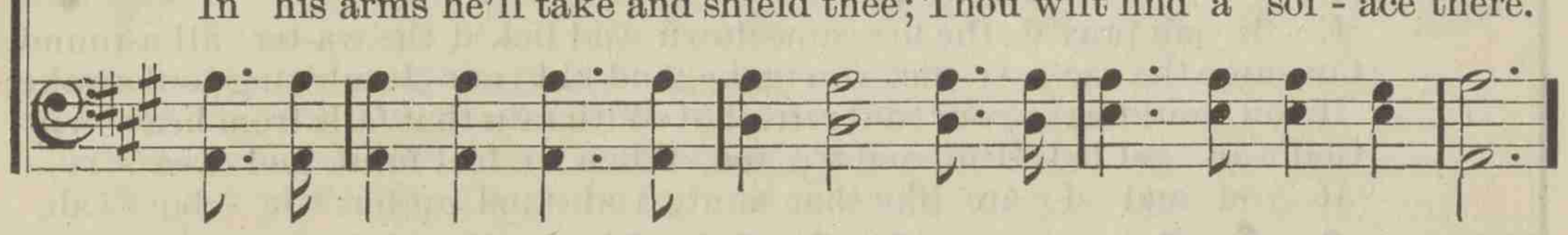
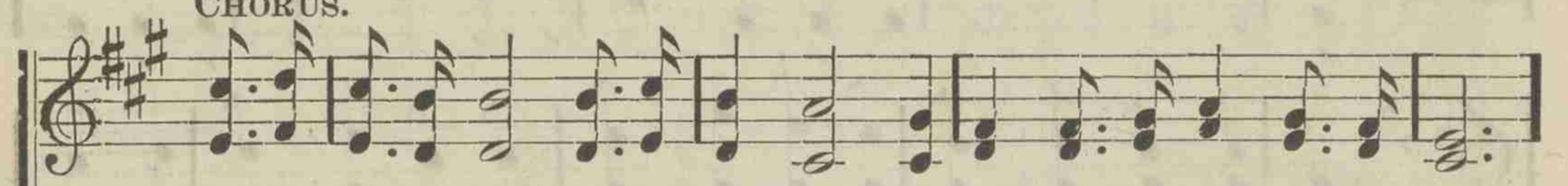
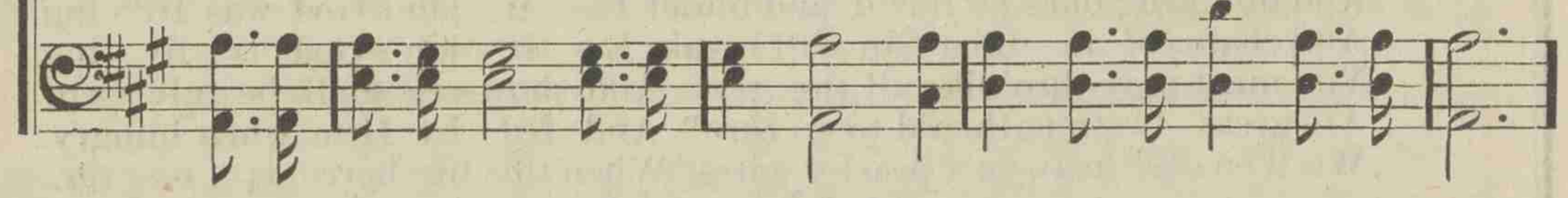
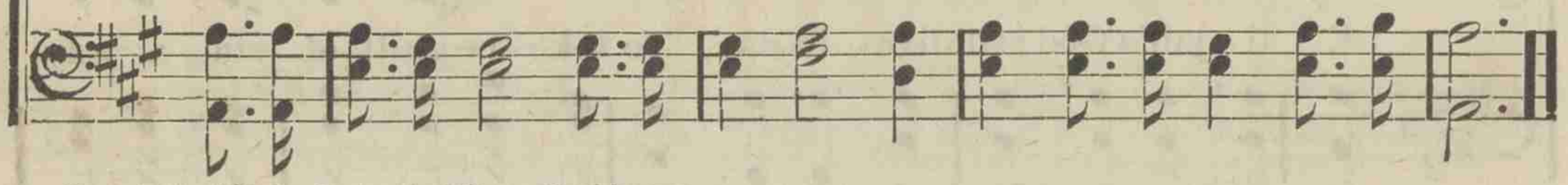

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
3. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
4. Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
5. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
6. Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



What a priv - il - ege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis - couraged; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



Chorus.

He shall cov-er thee with his feathers And un-der his wings shalt thou trust;

rit.

He shall cov-er thee with his feathers And un-der his wings shalt thou trust.

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Elijah's God Still Lives.

W. G. REV. WILLIAM GRUM.

1. E - li - jah made a sac - ri - fice To of - fer to Je - ho-vah;
2. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day And an-swers still by fire;
3. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day And an-swers still in pow-er,
4. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day To com-fort and to nour-ish,
5. E - li - jah's God still lives to-day As when the fie - ry hor - ses

It had been wet with wa-ter thrice, Baal's sac - ri - fice was o - ver.
My friend, just let Him have His way; He'll grant your heart's de-sire.
As when E - li - jah pray'd for rain, God an-swered with a shower.
As when E - li - jah pros-trate lay Un - der the tree dis-couraged.
Took that be - lov - ed Saint a - way, Who al- ways led God's for-ces.

E - li - jah pray'd; the fire came down And lick'd the wa-ter all a-round;
Consume the sac - ri - fice you make, And bid your slumb'ring soul awake;
If you would have your soul refresh'd With rain that falls from heav - en,
God's an - gel fed Him, and we, too, When we feel faint and wea - ry,
If you and I are like that saint, And stand up for Je - ho - vah,

And doubting ones be-liev'd, and found E - li - jah's God was liv - ing.
And chains of in - bred sin will break; E - li - jah's God is liv - ing.
You must pray thro' like all the rest, And show-ers shall be giv - en.
Are great - ly strengthen'd to go thro', And fed by Him when hungry.
We'll en - ter heav-en's pearl-y gates, When this life here is o - ver.

CHORUS.

E - li - jah's God still lives to-day, To take the guilt of sin a - way.

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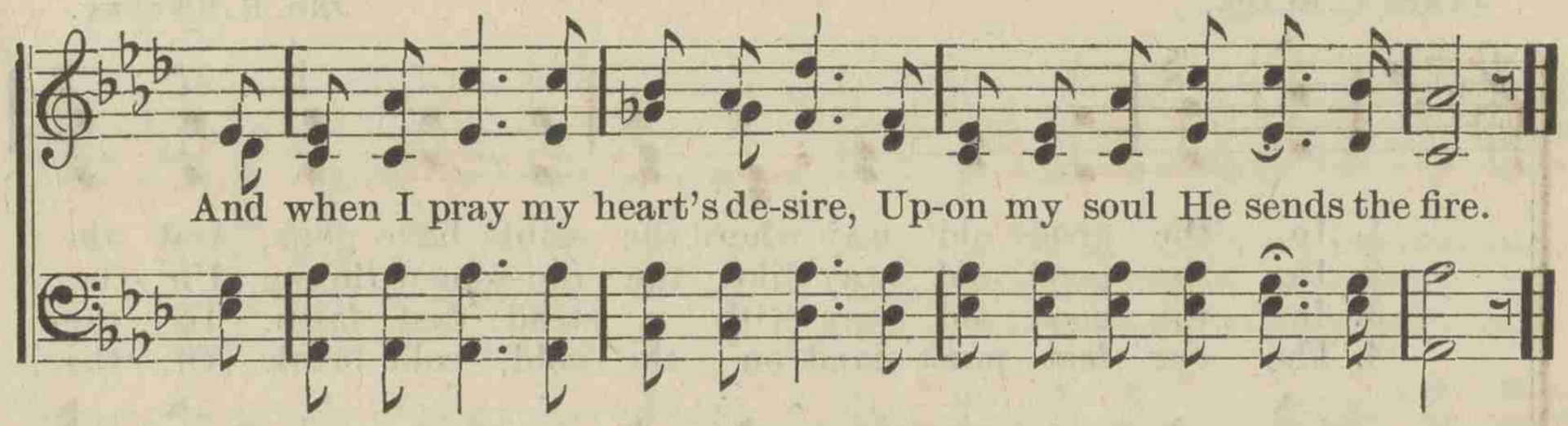
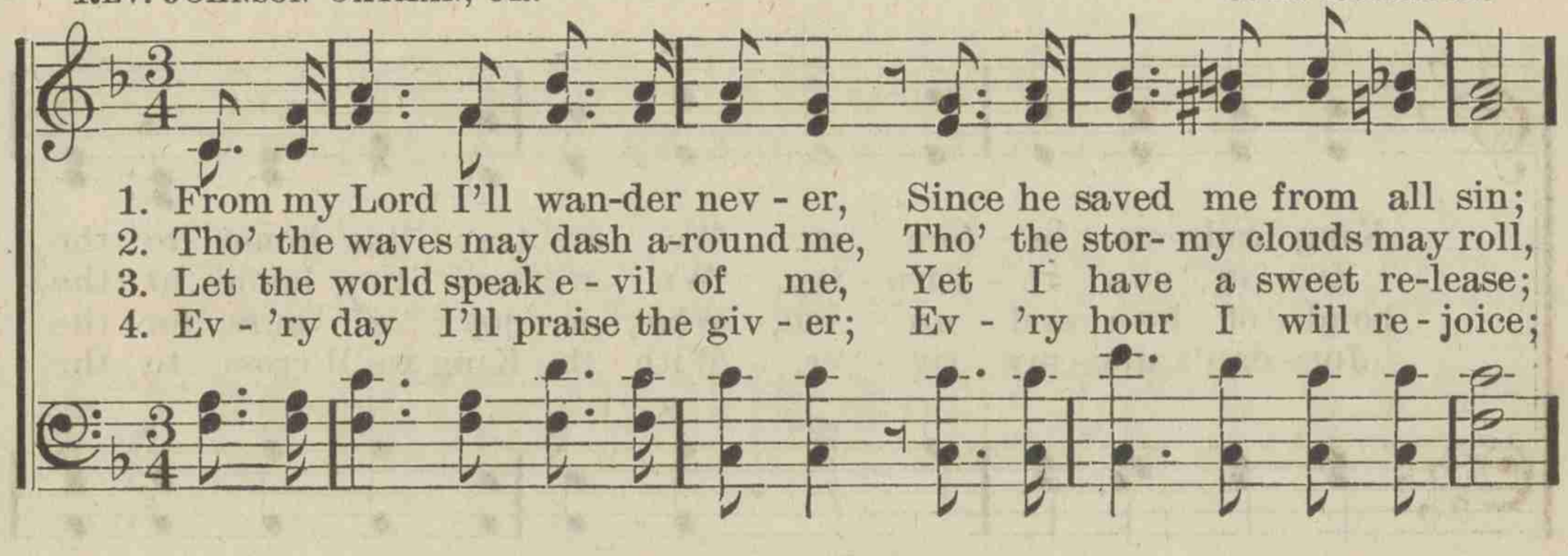

Holy Quietness. 81

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. H. ROBINSON.

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82 Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ran-somed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the

King leads on be - fore us, We are trav -'ling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are trav -'ling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours, for the
Jor - dan's stor - my riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

heav'n- ly hills, With the Day - star shin - ing o'er us.
King's com-mand, And our lamps are trimm'd and burn - ing.
King we see, And with him we hold com - mun - ion.
oth - er side; And we'll sing his praise for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Trav-'ling home to the mansions fair, Crowns of rejoicing and life to wear;

O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the Glo - ry Land!

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I'm Glad I Came Home.

C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

1. I was so lone - ly, so ver - y lone - ly, When I from my Saviour had
2. I was so hun - gry, so ver - y hun - gry, When out in the des-ert I
3. I was so wea - ry, so ver - y wea - ry, When tired of my wand'ring I

wandered a - way; Now I am hap - py, so ver - y hap - py, Since I to my
wandered a - lone; Since I'm in Canaan, liv-ing in Canaan, I've plenty of
lay down to die; Je-sus came near me, so ver - y near me, When in my dis-

CHORUS.

Saviour have come home to stay.
bread; oh, I'm glad I came home.
tress un - to him I did cry.
} I'm glad I came home, oh, so glad I came home,

From Jesus my Sav - iour, I'll nev-er more roam; No more am I starving,

wea - ry or lone; Since Je-sus has found me, I'm glad I came home.

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84 I'm Going Home at Last.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When I see life's gold-en sun - set light - ing up the ro - sy west,
3. Tho' the road at times was wea - ry o - ver which my feet have trod,
3. When I pass down thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow of the dead,

When the shadows backward o'er my way are cast, I shall look up - on that
Tho' thro' man-y trib - u - la - tions I have passed, Yet I soon will reach my
To my bless-ed Saviour's hand I will hold fast; He has promised to go

mo - ment as the one supreme - ly blest; I'm go-ing home at last.
man - sion in the cit - y of our God; I'm go-ing home at last.
with me, so my soul will have no dread; I'm go-ing home at last.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home at last, ... I'm go-ing home at last; When my
at last, at last;

work on earth is end-ed and my race below is run I'm go - ing home at last.

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O Sweet Rest.

C. F. O.

Melody furnished by Rev. J. Trumbaur.

1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main; Press on, pre-cious souls, till the rest you ob - tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my la - bor and lean on his breast; I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how
3. O at last I have found it, this bless-ed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his fulness, the Bless-er, pos - sessed; And no more wea - ry wait-ing for
4. Now the Sav-iour is wait-ing, O what will you give? And what will you suffer, this rest to re - ceive? Will you give up for - ev - er, count

hap - py and blest, The joy of his presence, a per- fect sweet rest.
soon may it be? Low down in the val-ley I'm wait- ing for thee.
Je - sus to come, For Christ dwell-eth in me; my heart is his home.
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?

D. S.—My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest

Fine.

Chorus.

O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so hap- py and blest; By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,

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86 In a Little While We're Going Home.

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way worn feet, In a little while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a little while we're

go-ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er-lasting day, In a
go-ing home; And the grace of God will our daily strength renew, In a
go-ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! In a
go-ing home; And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair, In a

Chorus.

lit - tle while we're go - ing home. In a lit-tle while, In a
In a lit - tle while,

lit-tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last,
In a lit - tle while,

When the stormy winds are past, In a little while we're going home.

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The Cross is Not Greater.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by W. J. K.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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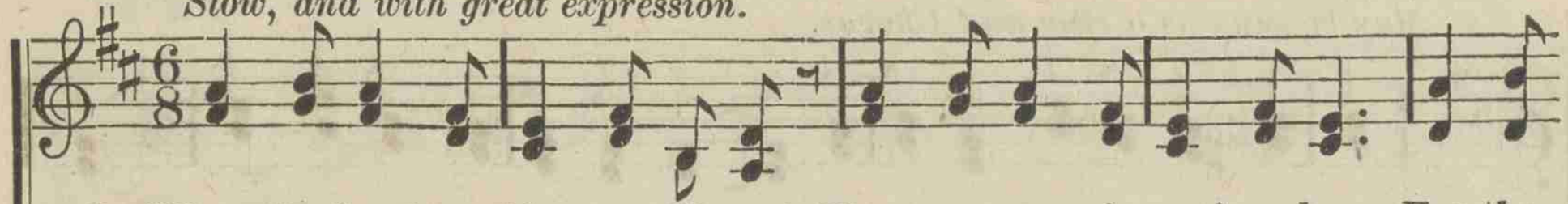
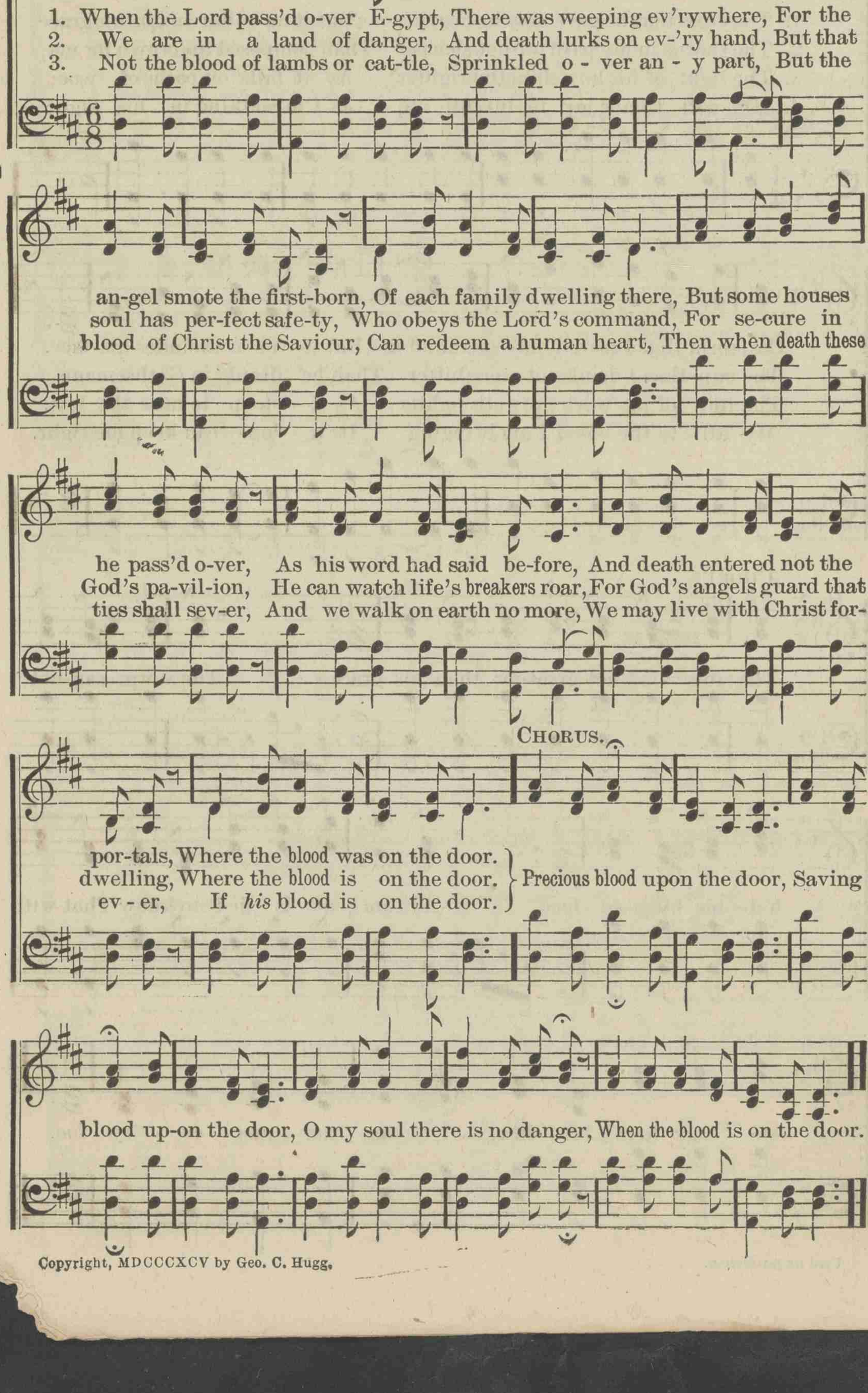
88

The Blood Upon the Door.

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

Slow, and with great expression.

1. When the Lord pass'd o-ver E-gypt, There was weeping ev'rywhere, For the an-gel smote the first-born, Of each family dwelling there, But some houses
2. We are in a land of danger, And death lurks on ev-'ry hand, But that soul has per-fect safe-ty, Who obeys the Lord's command, For se-cure in
3. Not the blood of lambs or cat-tle, Sprinkled o - ver an - y part, But the blood of Christ the Saviour, Can redeem a human heart, Then when death these



he pass'd o-ver, As his word had said be-fore, And death entered not the
God's pa-vil-ion, He can watch life's breakers roar, For God's angels guard that
ties shall sev-er, And we walk on earth no more, We may live with Christ for-

CHORUS.

por-tals, Where the blood was on the door.
dwelling, Where the blood is on the door.
ev - er, If *his* blood is on the door.

} Precious blood upon the door, Saving

blood up-on the door, O my soul there is no danger, When the blood is on the door.

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JENNIE WILSON. L. E. JONES.

1. There's a roy - al highway, lead - ing To the King's sublime a - bode;
2. O'er the highway Je - sus trav - eled, Up the hill of Calv'ry trod
3. As I jour-ney o'er the high- way To the country of my King,
4. Oft a glad, entranc-ing vis - ion To my spir - it is be-stowed;

And I seek a home in glo - ry, Walk-ing in that roy - al road.
That he might a path make o - pen, Lead-ing to the throne of God.
Oft by faith I hear the ech - o From the land where an-gels sing.
'Tis the cit - y, bright, e - ter - nal, Whith-er leads the roy - al road.

CHORUS.

O, the bless - - ed, roy - al road, O, the
bless - ed, roy - al road, bless - ed, roy - al road,

bless - - ed, royal road, Will you go..... with me to
blessed, royal road, blessed, royal road, Will you go with me to glory, Will you

glo - - ry, Walk - ing in that roy - al road?
go with me to glo - ry, Walk - ing in that roy - al road?

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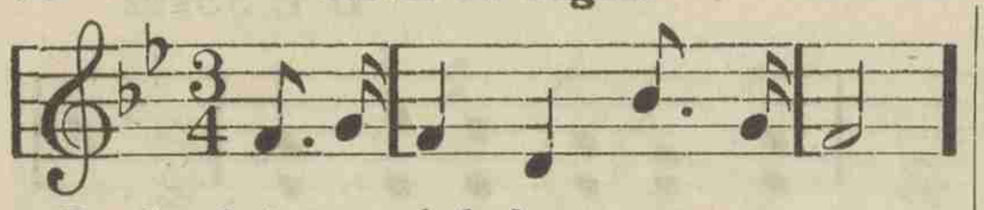
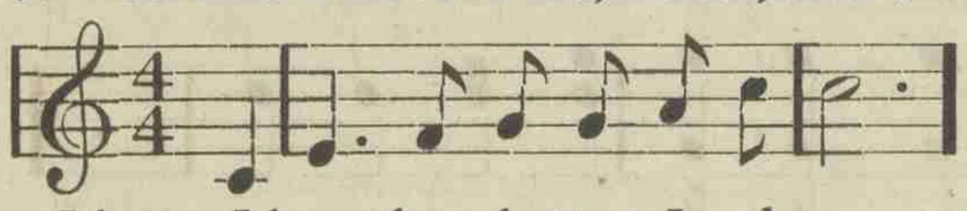
90 Rock of Ages. M.H. 415.

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.

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

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

91 I Know I Love Thee, Better, Lord.

1 I know I love thee, better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

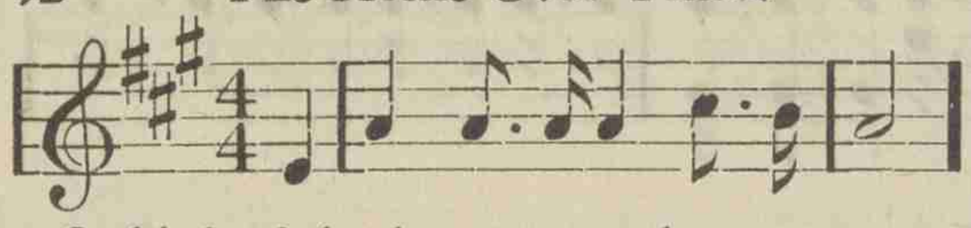
Cho.—The half has never yet been told
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine!
What will thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with thee?

92 The Home Over There.



1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—‖: Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.:‖

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

At the Cross. 93

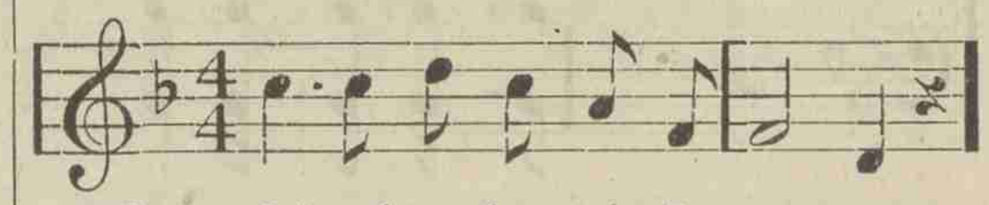
1 O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me thou art.

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I
first saw the light, [away;
And the burden of my heart rolled
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day!

2 Amid the night of sin and death
The light hath filled my soul;
To me thy loving voice now saith,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

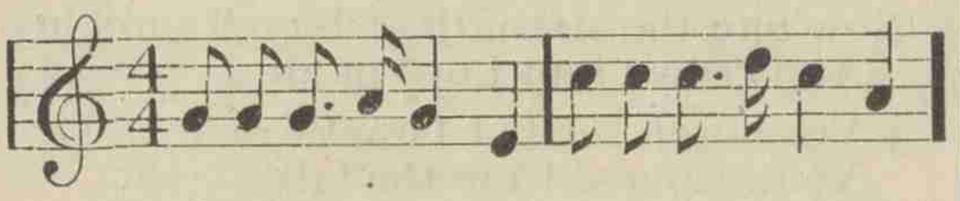
3 I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand,
I touch thy bleeding side;
O let me here forever stand,
Where thou wert crucified.

4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
I count my gain but loss;
Forever let thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the cross.

M.H. 728. What a Friend. 94

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

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

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

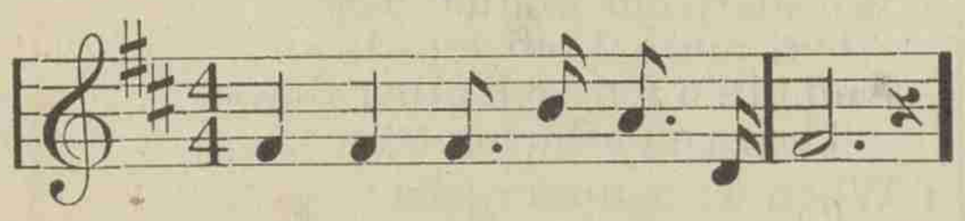
95 Bringing in the Sheaves.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—‖: Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When the weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

96 Entire Consecration.



1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

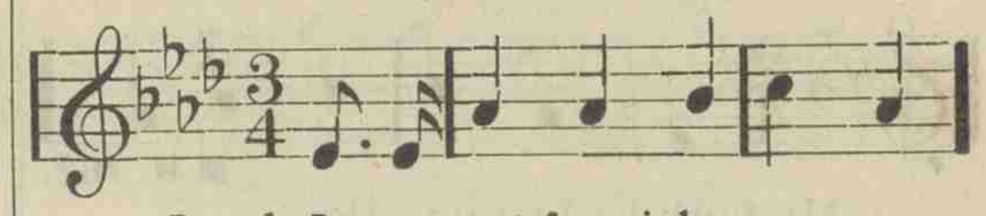
Cho.—Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in the purifying flood; [blood,
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

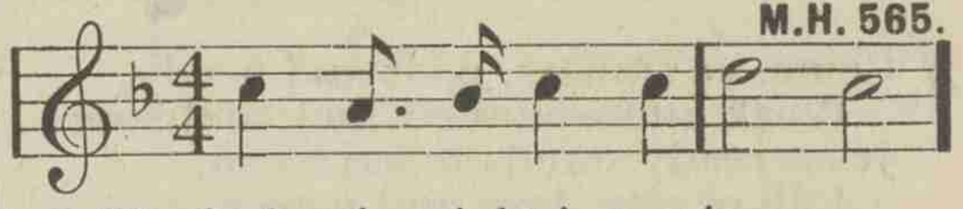
Is My Name Written There? 97

1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold;
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea;
But thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

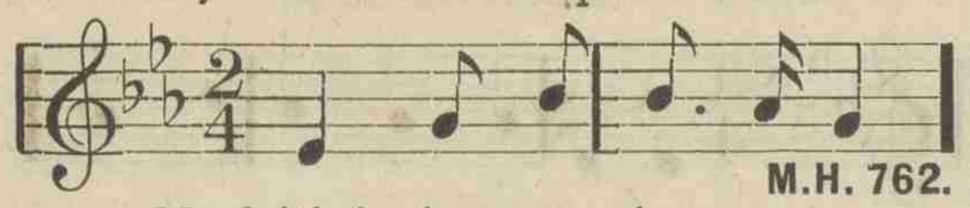
3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

Work, for the Night is Coming. 98

M.H. 565.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

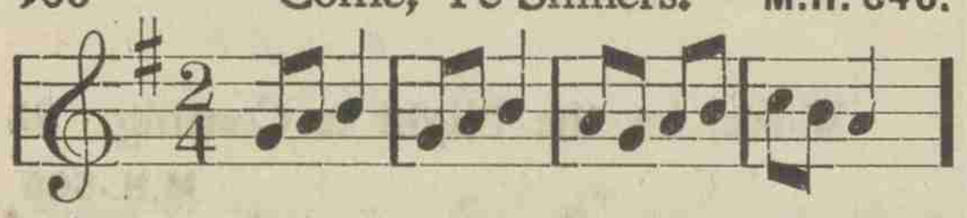
99 **My Faith Looks up to Thee.**

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

100 **Come, Ye Sinners.** M.H. 340.



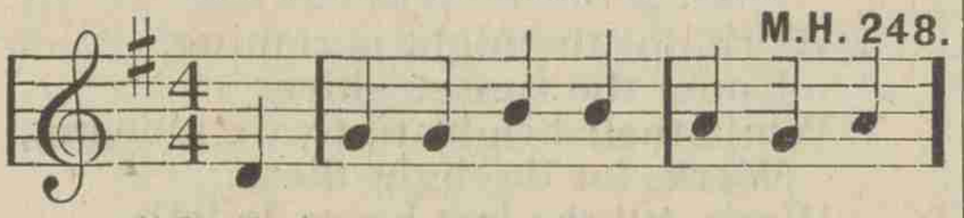
1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation.
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

101 **Crown Him Lord of All.**

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

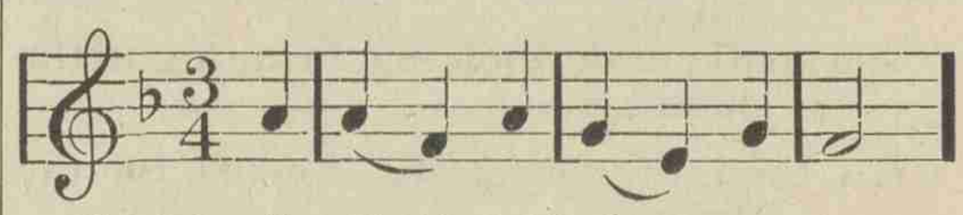
2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 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.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

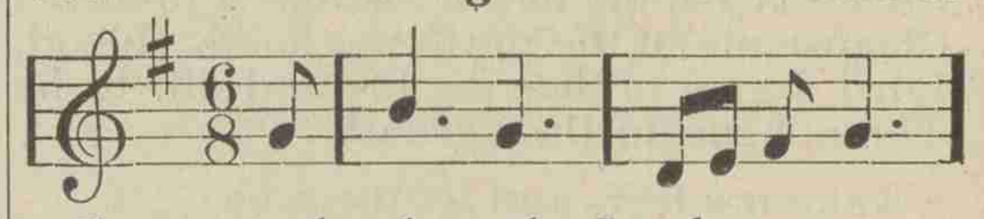
6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

102 **Blest be the Tie.** M. H. 797.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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

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

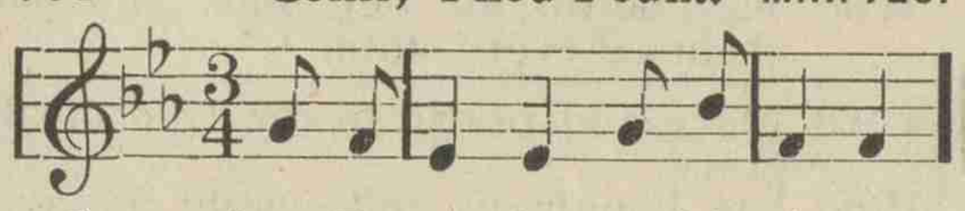
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

103 **Marching to Zion.** M.H. 41.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

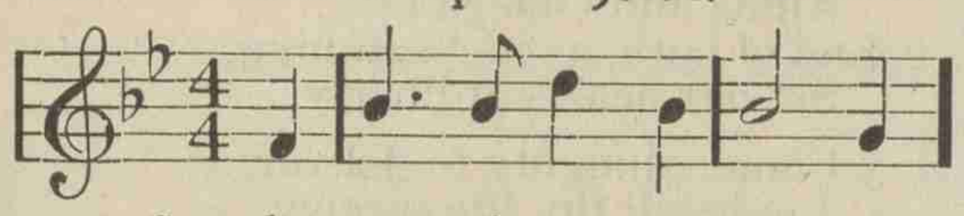
3 Then let our songs abound.
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

104 **Come, Thou Fount.** M.H. 726.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

105 **Stand Up for Jesus.** M.H. 567.

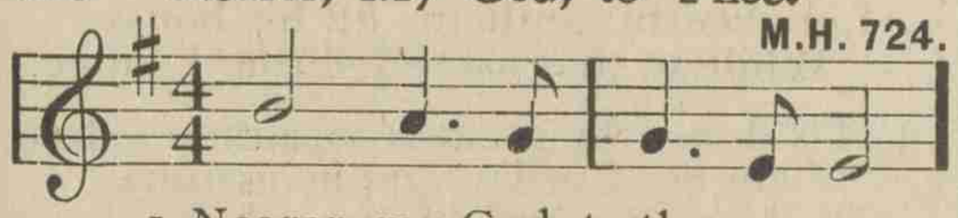


1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

106 **Nearer, My God, to Thee.** M.H. 724.

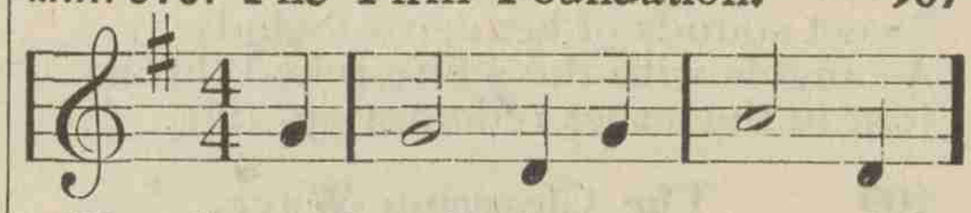


1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en thought it be a cross
That raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee?

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

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee!

M.H. 679. **The Firm Foundation.** 107



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

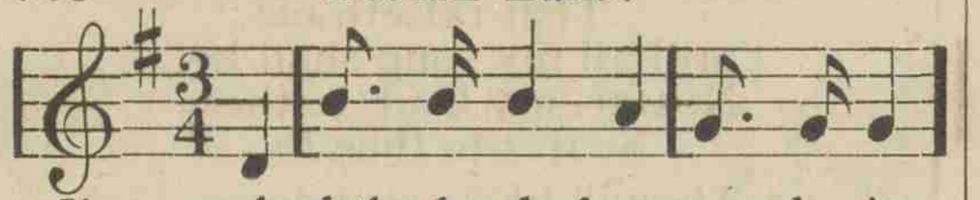
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

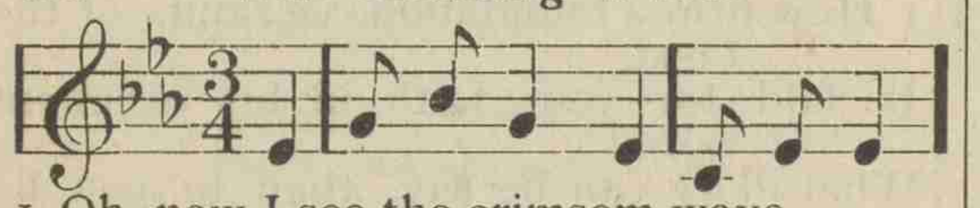
108 Beulah Land.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand;
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

109 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimsom wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

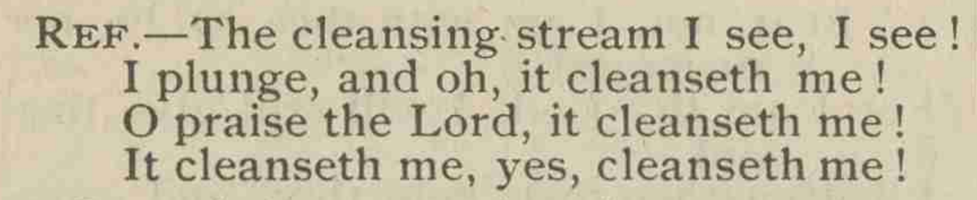
REF.—The cleansing stream I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

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

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

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

110 Revive Us Again.



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love.
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

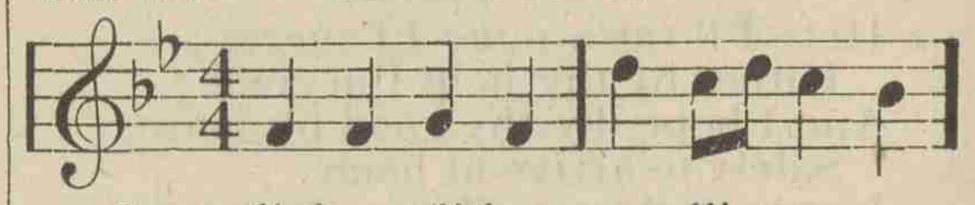
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; revive us [again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scat- [tered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

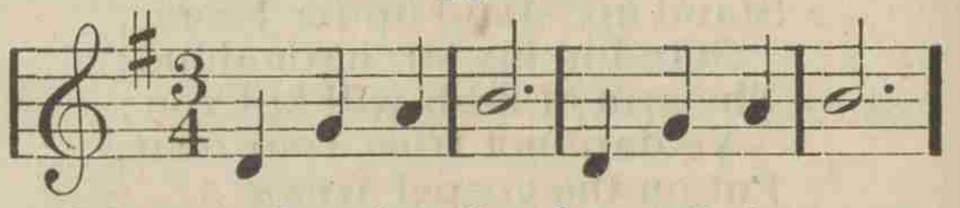
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

M.H. 491 Love Divine. 111

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

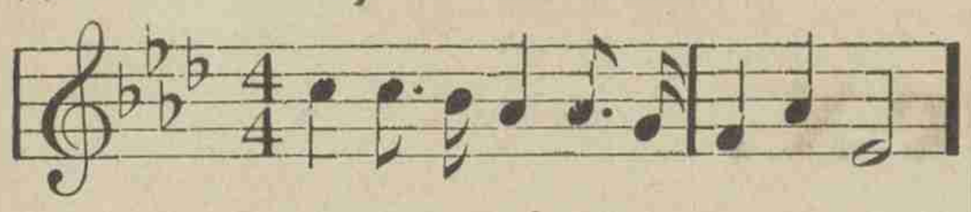
3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

M.H. 447. Oh Happy Day! 112

1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love?
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

113 Glory to His Name.

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

CHO.—‖: Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within;
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

114 Arise, My Soul, Arise! M.H. 438.

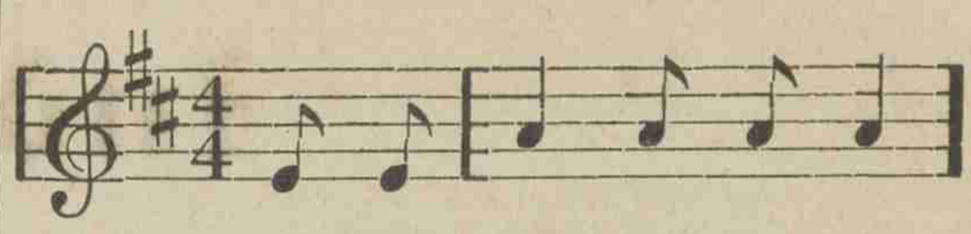
1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

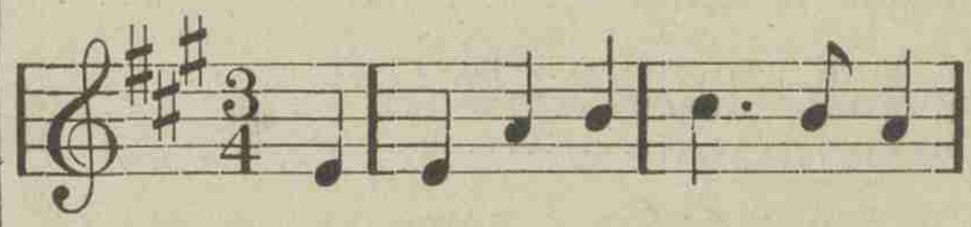
5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

It is Good to be Here. 115

1 While we bow in thy name,
O meet us again;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy love;
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

REF.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here;
Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear,
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear;
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
O may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning tide;
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Whiter Than Snow. 116

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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O, it is Coming.

CHARLES WESLEY. Melody furnished by REV. E. L. HYDE.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad:
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con- sume!
4. Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Il - lum - i - nate my soul;

Then shall my feet no lon - ger rove, Root-ed and fixed in God.
Burn up the dross of base de - sire And make the mountains flow!
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn-ing, come!
Scat - ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc- ti - fy the whole.

CHORUS.

O, it is com-ing! O, it is coming! The fire of the Ho- ly Ghost;

O, it is coming! My sins consuming, The fire of the Ho- ly Ghost.

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