

Twelfth International Sunday School Convention

W. N. HARTSHORN - - - - Chairman
MARION LAWRENCE - - - Gen'l Secretary
E. O. EXCELL - - - - Musical Director



W. L. McRAIR
Chairman Music Committee

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
JUNE 13-23, 1908

Nettie Edinger

Nettie Eodinger

Primary

Jesus bids us shine 35 ✓

I'll be a sun beam 36

Little sunbeams 38

America 43

Twelfth International Sunday School Convention

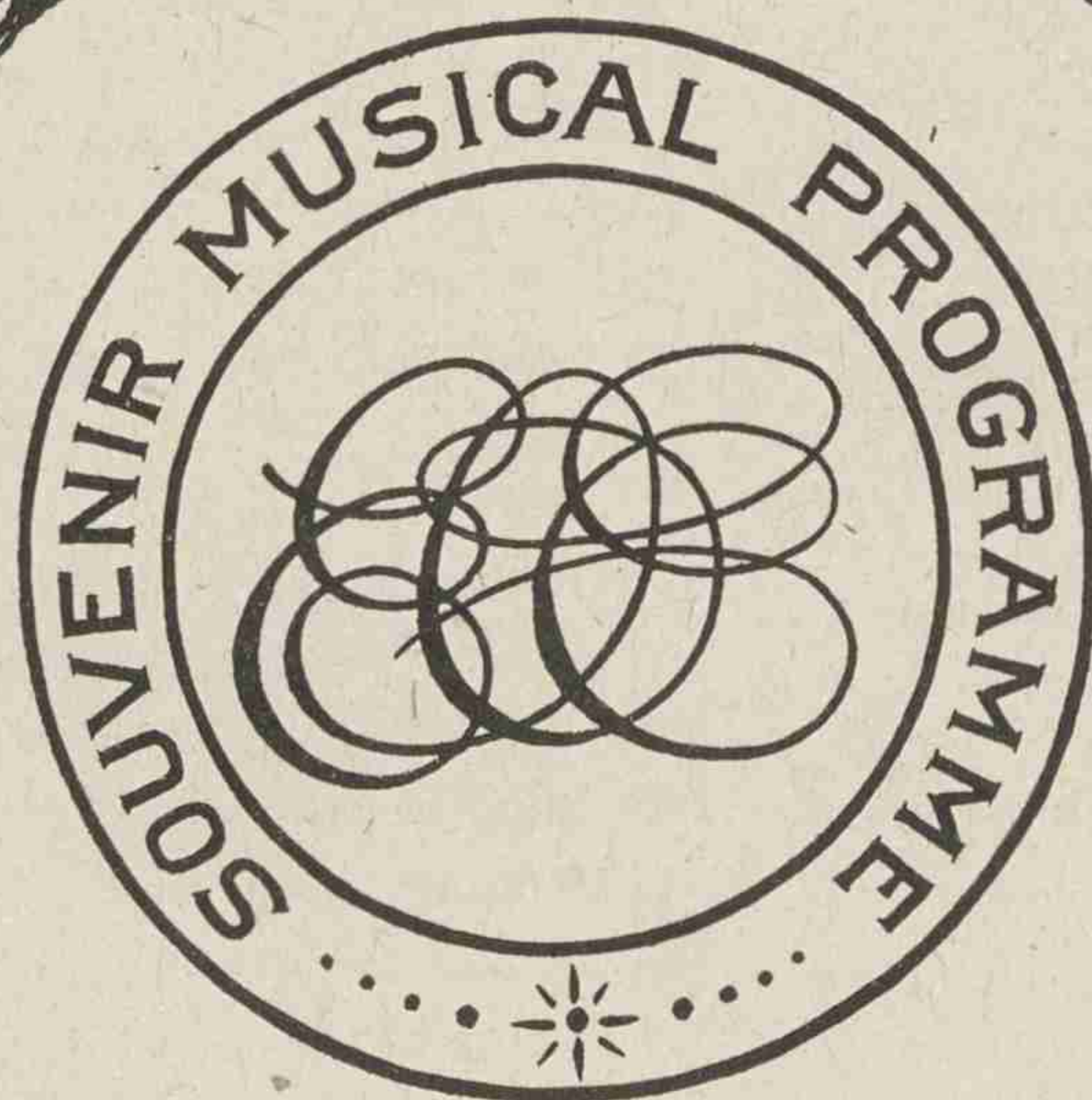
W. A. HARTMAN
NATIONAL LIAISON
S. O. KETCHUM



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
JUNE 18-23, 1904

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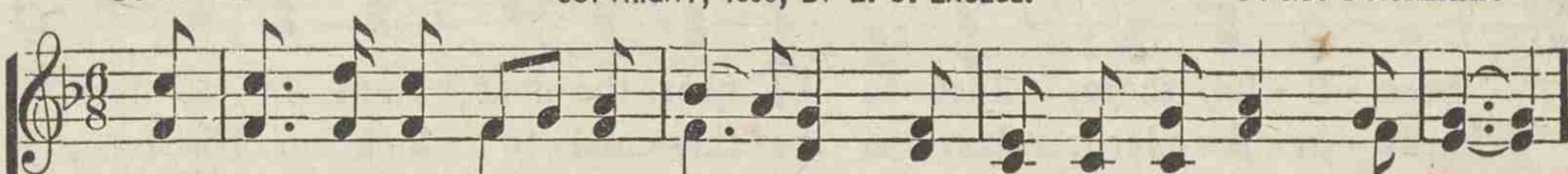
No. 1.

More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY J. M. STILLMAN.
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J. M. Stillman.



1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and king;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;



I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart-ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.



REFRAIN.



More and more like Je-sus, I would ev-er be; . . . My Savior who died for me.
I . . . ev-er would be;



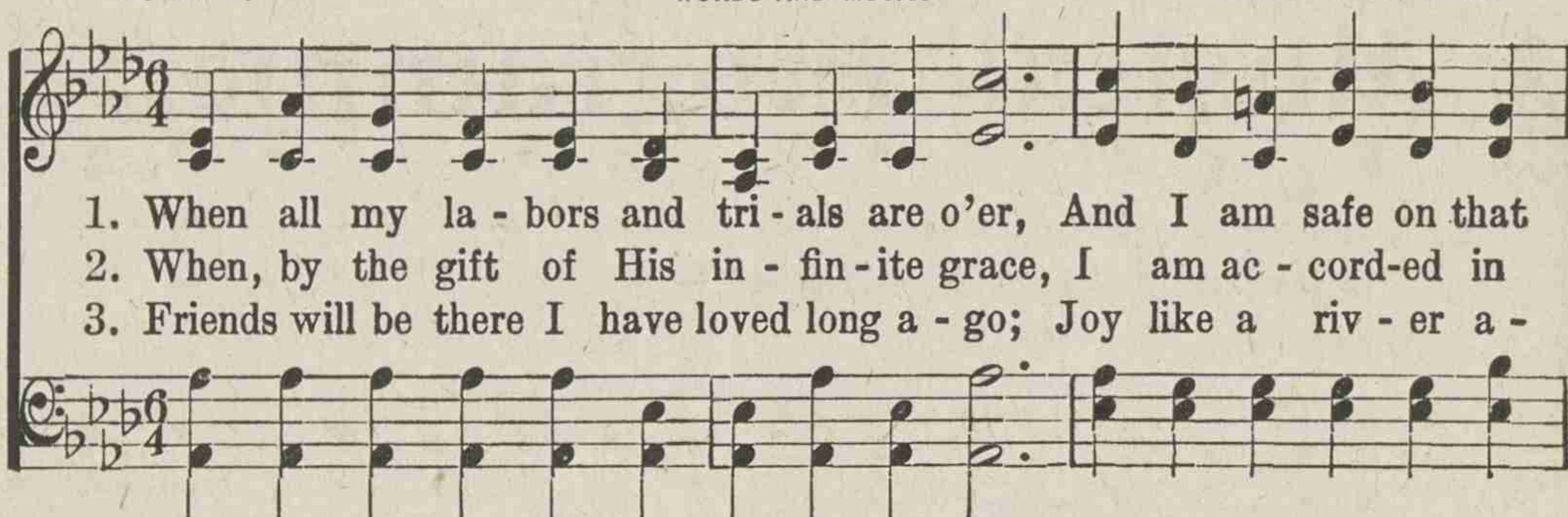
No. 2,

O That Will Be Glory.

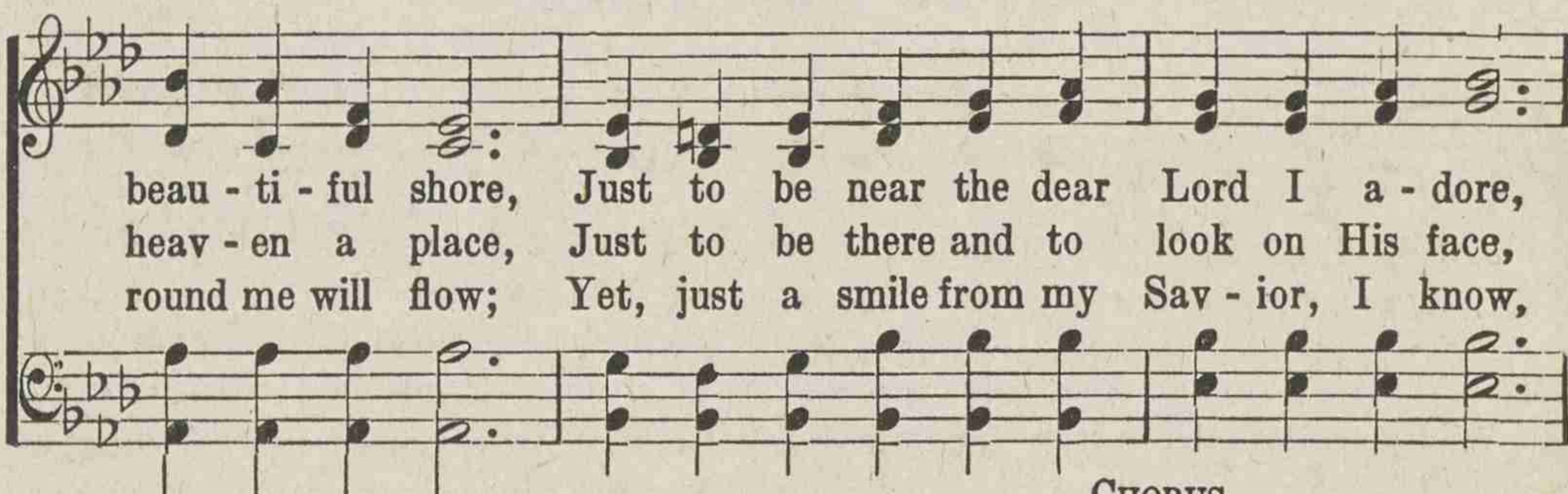
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -



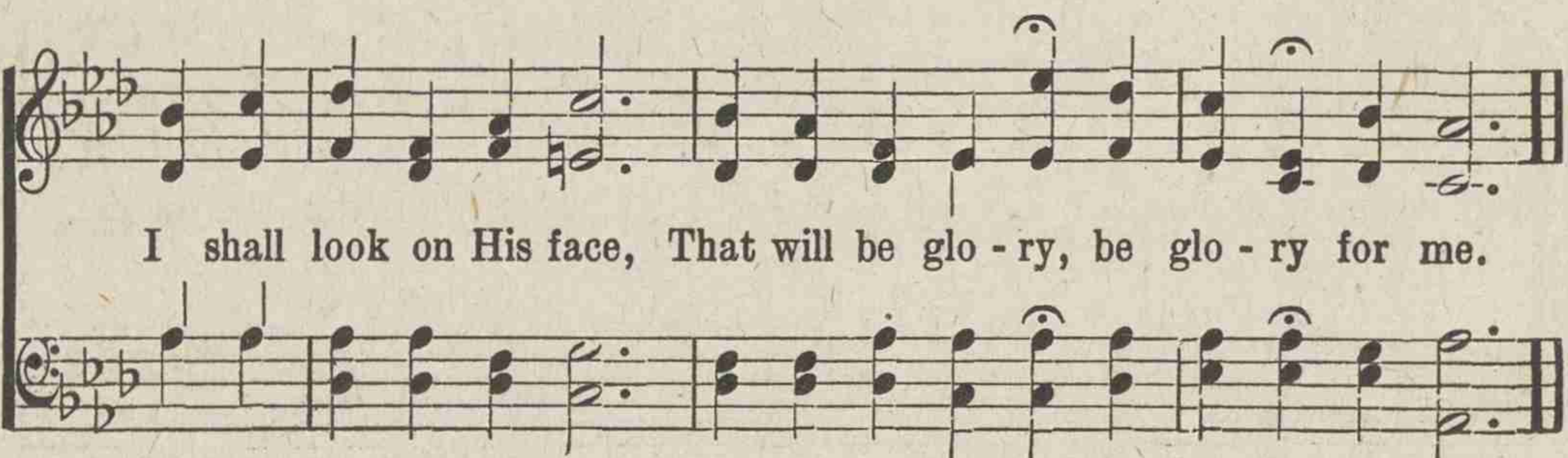
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
 heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



rit. CHORUS.
 Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . . O that will be
 O that will



glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me;



I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 3.

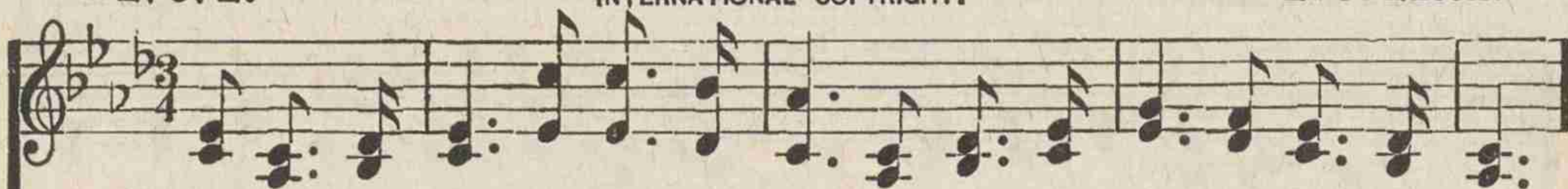
His Love is All I Need.

To my friend Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

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E. O. E.

E. O. Excell.



1. The love of Je - sus, who can tell Tho' he may know it, oh, so well?
2. The love of Je - sus, oh, what bliss! To hear Him whisper, I am His,
3. The love of Je - sus, oh, how sweet! To hide in such a safe re - treat,



The love that ev - 'ry want sup - plies, The love that al - ways sat - is - fies,
Tho' I may fal - ter on the way, He will not let me go a - stray,
Tho' Sa - tan would my hopes destroy, My Sav - ior's love is still my joy,



rit.

CHORUS.



His love is all I need! So won - der - ful, His love to



me, So won - der - ful, how can it be; My ev - 'ry sin on Him was



rit.



laid, My ev - 'ry debt by Him was paid? His love is all I need!



No. 4.

The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

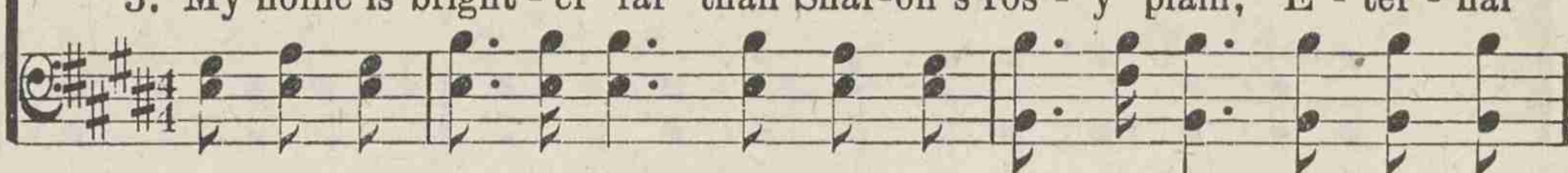
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.



1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal




far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of
turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with
life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how




CHORUS.
realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.




mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye




reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

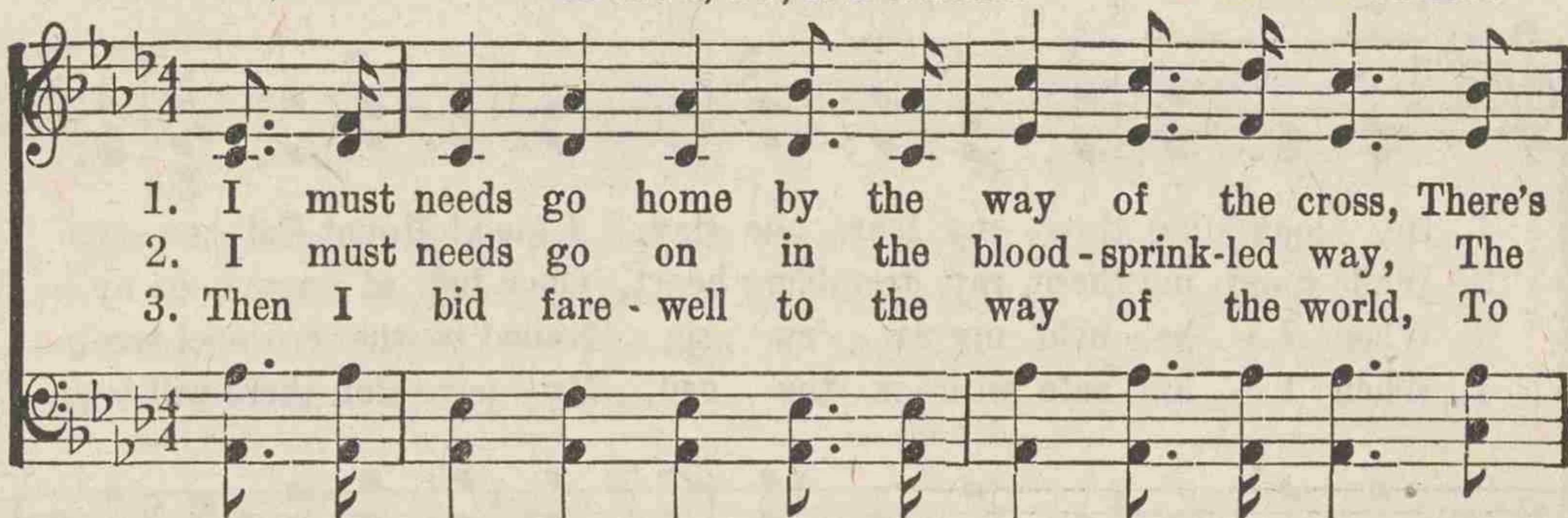


No. 5. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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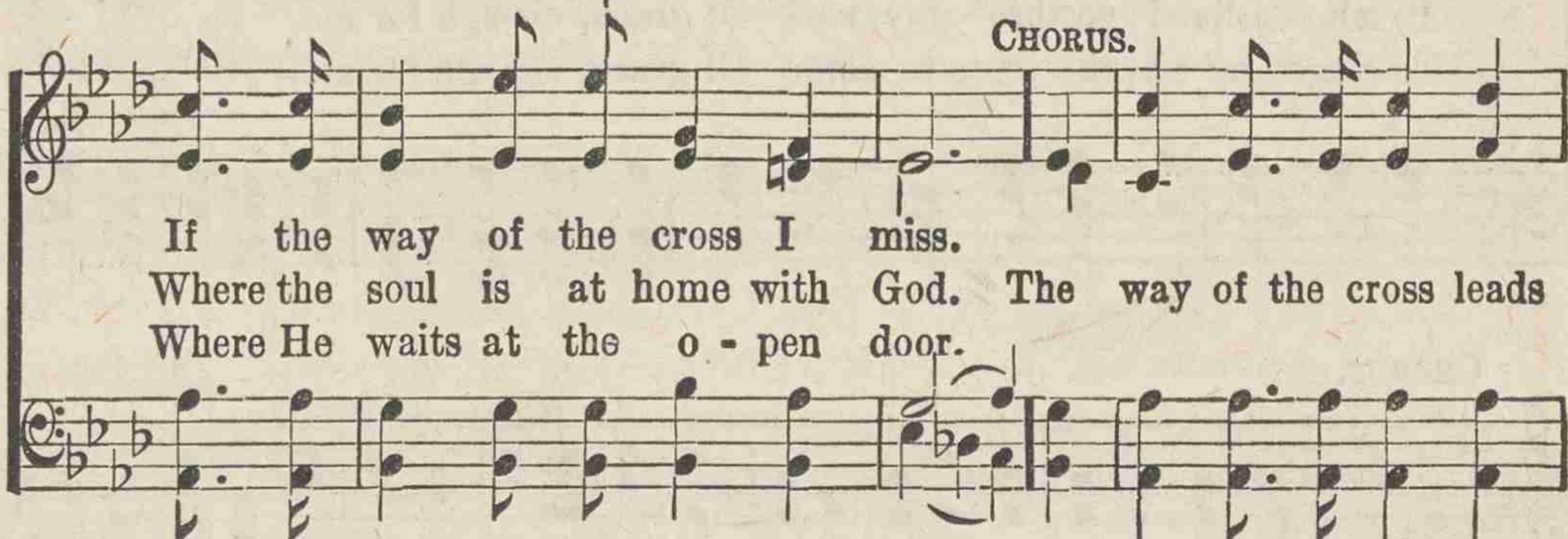
Chas. H. Gabriel.



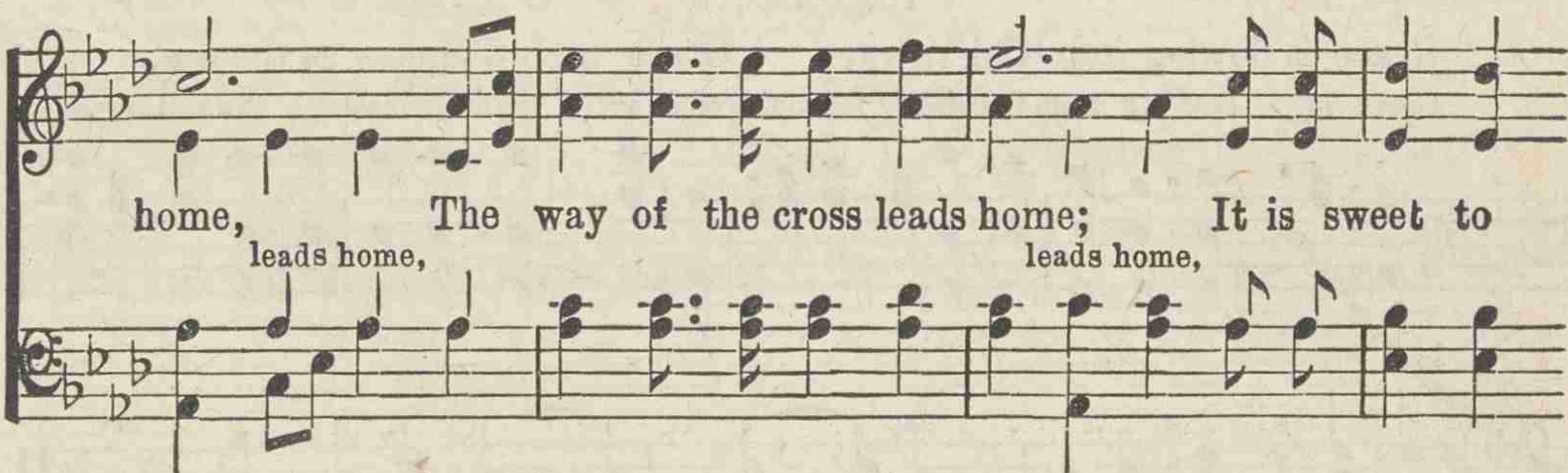
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To



no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home, leads home,



know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 6.

Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.



1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I found Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While stand - ing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,



Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
 Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
 I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
 To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.



CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Cal - va - ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
 Grace is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry, for me, Grace as fath - om - less as the roll - ing sea,



Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, Grace, . enough for me.
 Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A - bun - dant grace I see. e - nough for me.



No. 7.

Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen M. Dungan.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

J. M. Dungan.



1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o - cean's bil-lows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on - ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



temp-est can my barque con-trol, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with - in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.
chang - es can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on - ly bring peace to my soul.



CHORUS.



Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . . Bring peace . . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,



Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.



No. 8.

He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
 3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rapture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to ^{so}

pre-cious to me, me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-

low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 9.

Victory in Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sol-diers of King Je-sus, raise the shout a - gain, Vic-to-ry in Je-sus,
2. O'er the pow'rs of darkness, o'er the hosts of sin, Vic-to-ry in Je-sus,
3. Send the hap-py watchword all a - long the line, Vic-to-ry in Je-sus,
4. For his church and kingdom, for each trusting soul, Vic-to-ry in Je-sus,

vic-to-ry! Marching to the mu-sic of the glad re - frain, Vic-to-ry in
vic-to-ry! Trusting, watching, praying, we shall sure-ly win, Vic-to-ry in
vic-to-ry! Let all er - ror per - ish, lives the truth di-vine, Vic-to-ry in
vic-to-ry! From the courts of heaven joy - ful pæ - ans roll, Vic-to-ry in

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - er-more. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry in Je - sus!

Sing His o - ver-com-ing blood, sing the grace that frees us; Ring it out more

bold - ly, Song of faith and cheer, Till the whole wide world shall hear.

No. 10.

Singing on My Way.

E. E. Hewitt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweeney



1. When - ev - er ills op - press me, When storms of sor - row roll,
2. O what a pre - cious Sav - ior! O what a friend is mine!
3. His won-drous love and mer - cy Re - stor'd me to His fold;



There's One whose words can give me Sweet peace with - in my soul;
How gen - tly is His lead - ing, His coun - sel, how di - vine;
Thro' faith in His sal - va - tion I shall His face be - hold;



Down at the feet of Je - sus My bur-dens I will lay, And trusting in my
His spir - it dwells with-in me, For help to Him I pray, And trusting in my
For strength for ev-'ry tri - al I look to Him each day, And trusting in my



CHORUS.



Sav-ior, Go sing-ing on my way. Singing, singing, ev - 'ry day, Singing,



singing, on my way, And trusting in my Sav-ior, Go singing on my way.



No. 11.

The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. O sweet is the sto - ry of Je - sus, The won - der - ful Sav - ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo - ry; His blood as a ran - som He gave,
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er; His love is unmeasured and free;



Who suf - fered and died for the sin - ner—I'll tell it a - gain and a - gain!
To pur - chase e - ter - nal redemption, And, O He is might - y to save!
His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach - es and pu - ri - fies me.



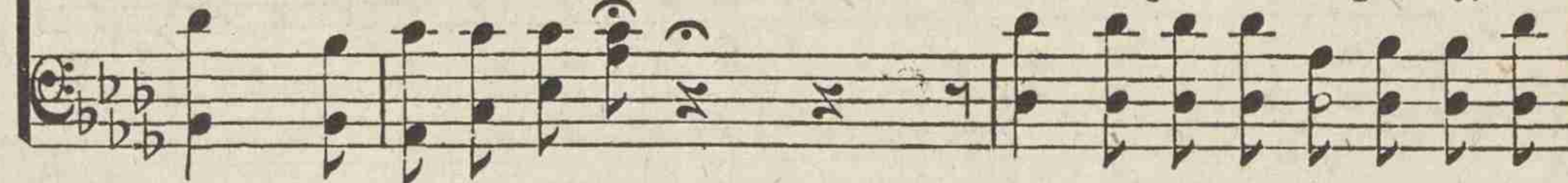
CHORUS.



O won - - der - ful, wonder - ful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O won - der - ful sto - - ry, O won - der - ful sto - ry, The dearest that ev - - -



ev - er was told; I'll re - peat it in glo - - ry, The wonderful
er, that ev - er was told; I'll re - peat it in glo - ry, The



sto - - ry, Where I . . . shall His beauty be - hold. . . .
won - der - ful sto - ry, Where I shall His beau - - ty, His beau - ty be - hold.



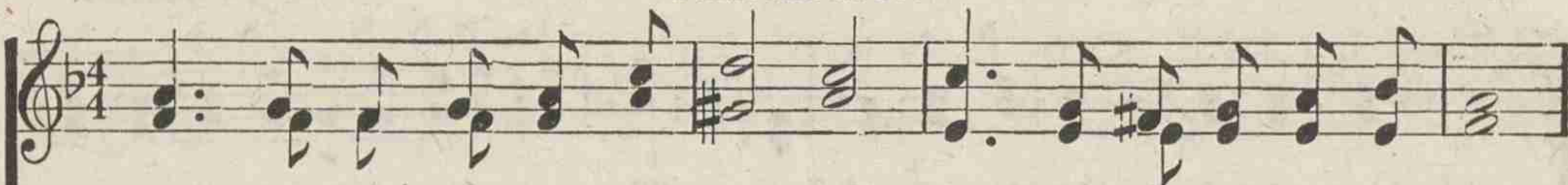
No. 12.

Teach Me.

Kate Ulmer.

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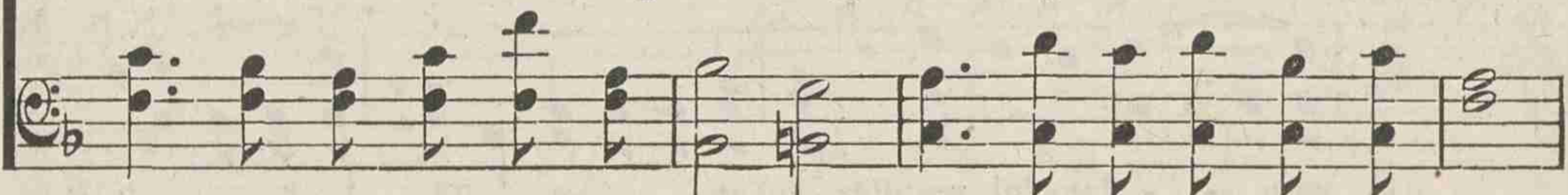
Victor H. Benke.



1. Teach me, O, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, How to do my Mas - ter's will;
2. Teach me how to be sub - miss - ive, Free - ly con - se - crat - ing all;
3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore - ly tried;
4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be - fore;



In o - be - dience to His bid - ding, Help me His commands ful - fill.
Fondest hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur - ren - der to His call.
Teach me how to tell the sto - ry, Of a Sav - ior cru - ci - fied.
Ev - er in His foot - steps walk - ing, Till my serv - ice here is o'er.



CHORUS.



Teach me, teach me, Teach me ev'ry day what to do and what to say;
Teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it, teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it,



Teach me, teach me, How to do my Master's will.
Teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it, teach me, Ho - ly Spir - it, my Master's will.



No. 13.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.



1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,



CHORUS.



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



No. 14. Silently the Shades of Evening.

Dedicated to the Hillside Services.

C. C. Cox.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Carey Boggess.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of evening Gath - er 'round my low - ly door,
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,



Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
They unlinked with earth - ly troub - le, We, still hop - ing for its end.
Point - ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.



CHORUS.



Come the silent shades of evening, Holy mem'ries cluster 'round me,
Come the shades of eve - ning si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly,



Point - ing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.
si - lent - ly



No. 15.

Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
 us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.



REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are



full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!



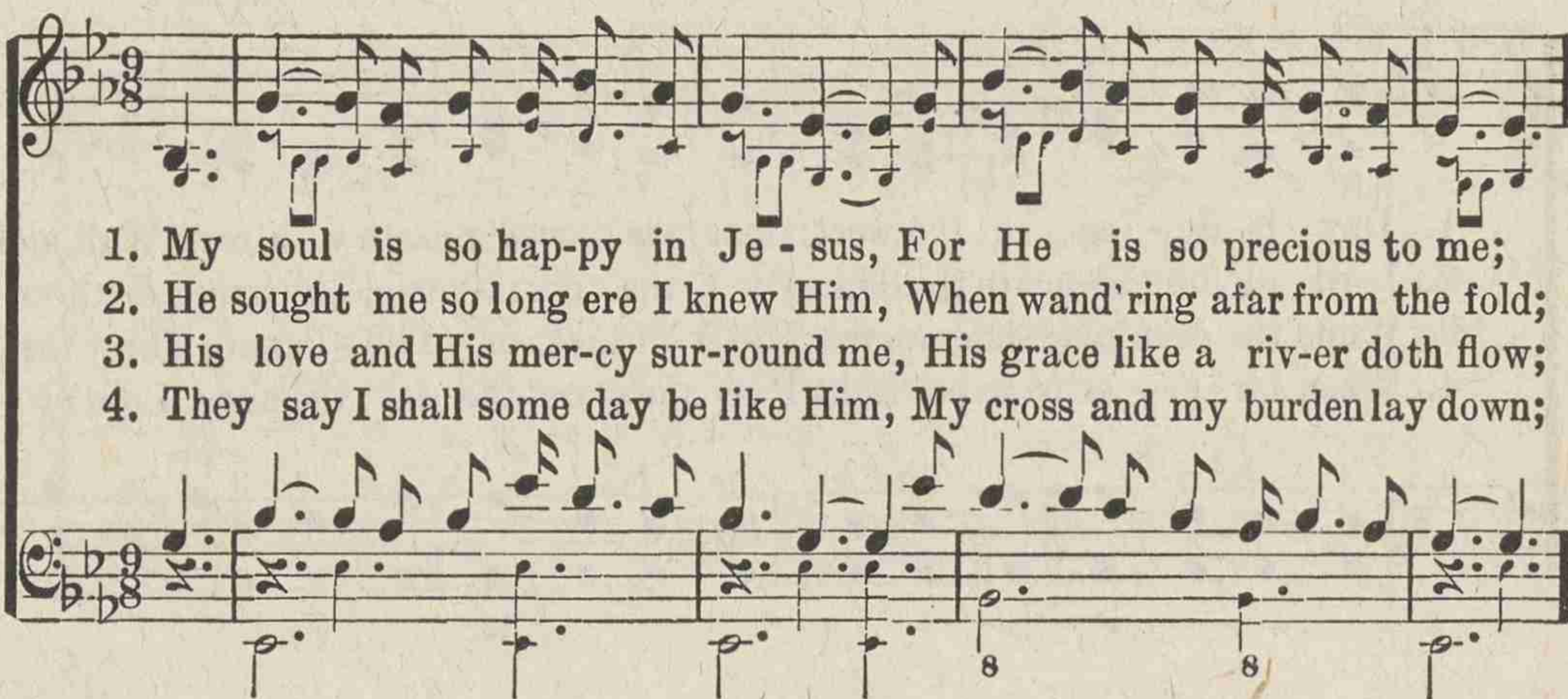
No. 16.

I Am Happy in Him.

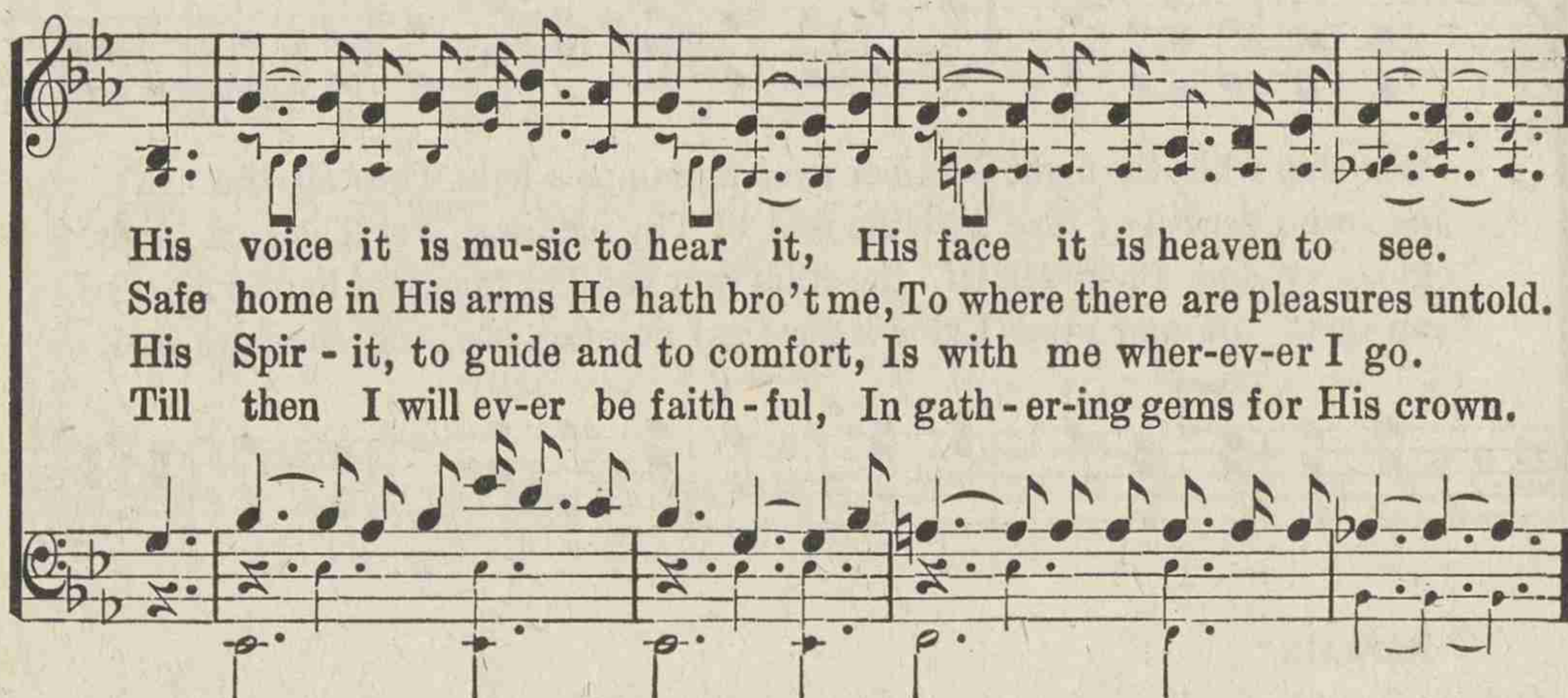
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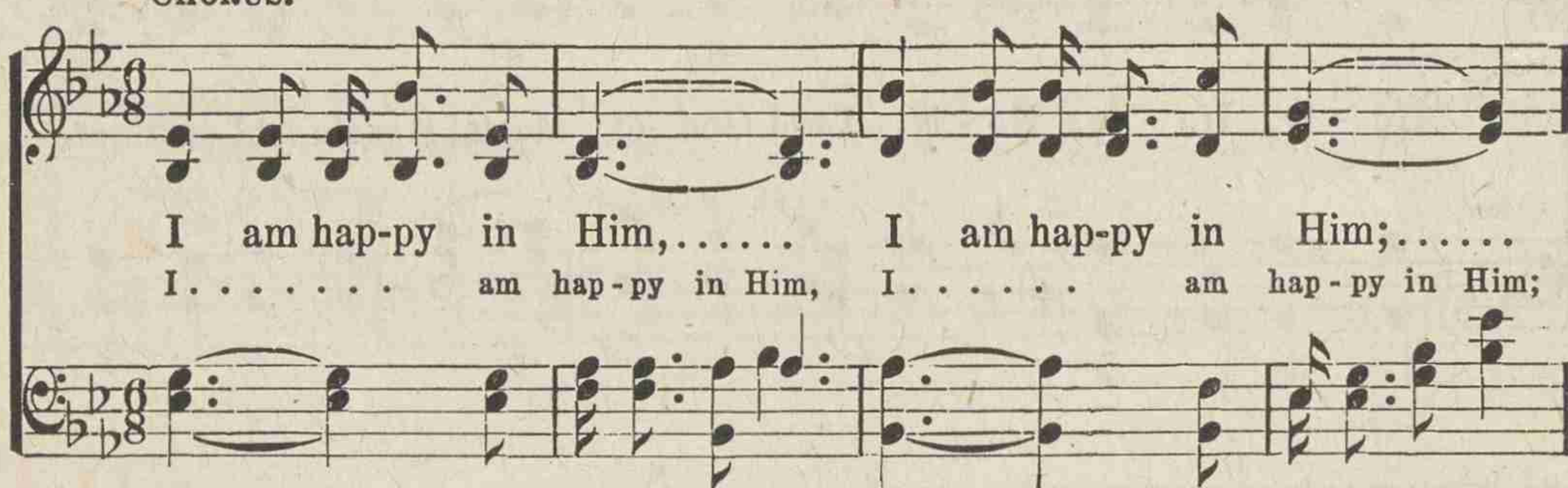


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

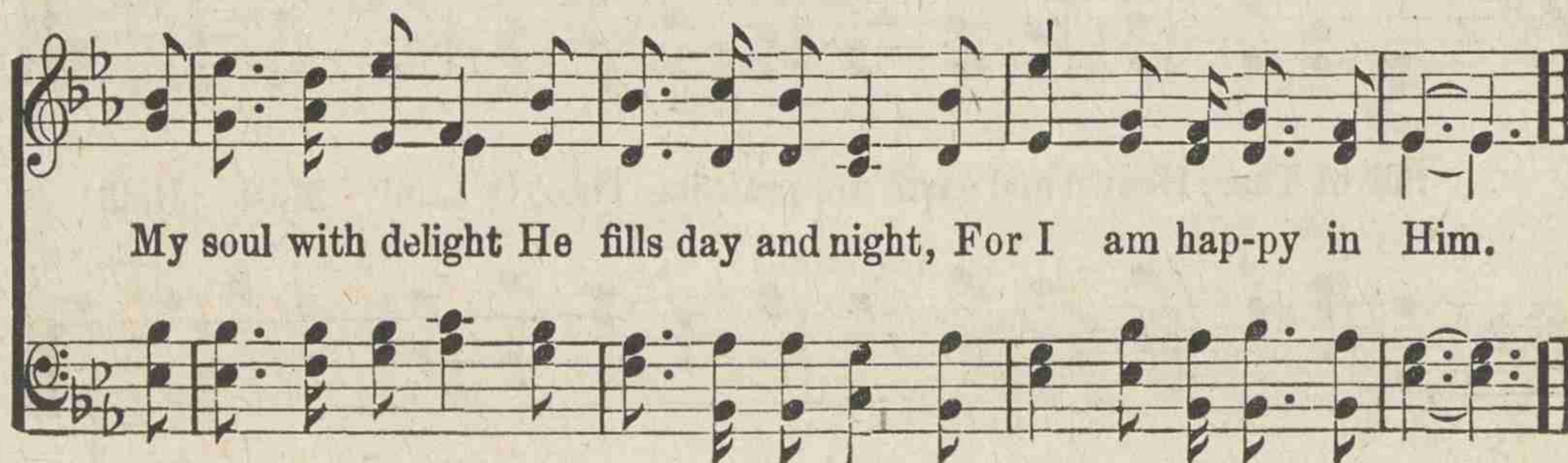


His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith - ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.



I am hap-py in Him,..... I am hap-py in Him;.....
I..... am hap-py in Him, I..... am hap-py in Him;



My soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 17.

The Hour of Prayer.

Fanny Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Glo - ry to God for the joy to meet, Here at the hour of prayer;
2. Far from the world we may turn a - way, Here at the hour of prayer;
3. Rich are the blessings that all may seek, Here at the hour of prayer;
4. O what a ho - ly and calm re - pose, Here at the hour of prayer;



Wel - come the bliss of com - mun - ion sweet, Here at the hour of prayer.
Glad - ly we rest from the toils of day, Here at the hour of prayer.
Grace for the wea - ry, the faint, the weak, Here at the hour of prayer.
Love in its ful - ness the heart o'er - flows, Here at the hour of prayer.



CHORUS.



Nearer the gate to the souls bright home, Nearer the vales where the faithful roam,



Near - er to God and the Lamb we come, Here at the hour of prayer.



No. 18.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

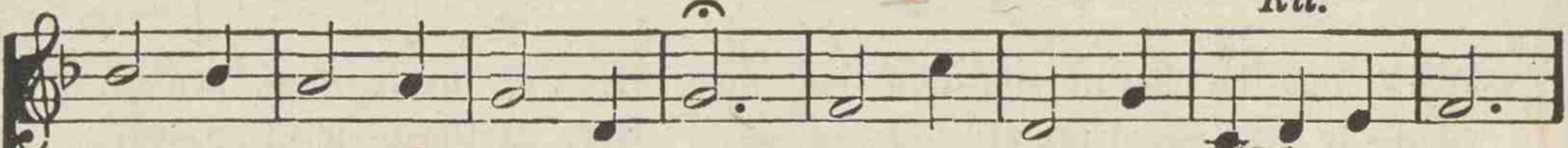
John Burton.

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E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine,
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love,
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff - ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;


Rit.


Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am!
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!



CHORUS.



Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble,




O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine!



No. 19.

In Thy Love.

Neal A. McAulay,
Unison.

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E. O. Excell.

1. Fa-ther, I am weak and sin-ful, Ev-er prone to go a-stray;
2. In the bil-lows of temp-ta-tion, When its waves are run-ning high,
3. Fa-ther, when the shades are fall-ing, And the night of death is near,
4. O-pen, then, the pearl-y por-tals, That un-wor-thy though I be,

Like a way-ward child of er-ror, I so oft-en lose my way.
Bear me o'er life's sea of troub-le, Leave me not to sink and die.
Guide me thro' the gloomy val-ley, With Thy light my jour-ney cheer.
I may join the ran-somed le-gions, There to dwell e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS.

In Thy love, O God, have mer-cy; In Thy grace re-deem my
soul; Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd, keep me safe within Thy fold.
In Thy love, O God, have mer-cy, In Thy grace re-deem my
soul; Bring me back, O gentle Shepherd, keep me safe within Thy fold.

No. 20.

Songs in the Night.

Nellie A. Montgomery.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,



I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list-en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-



ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs he will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs he doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,



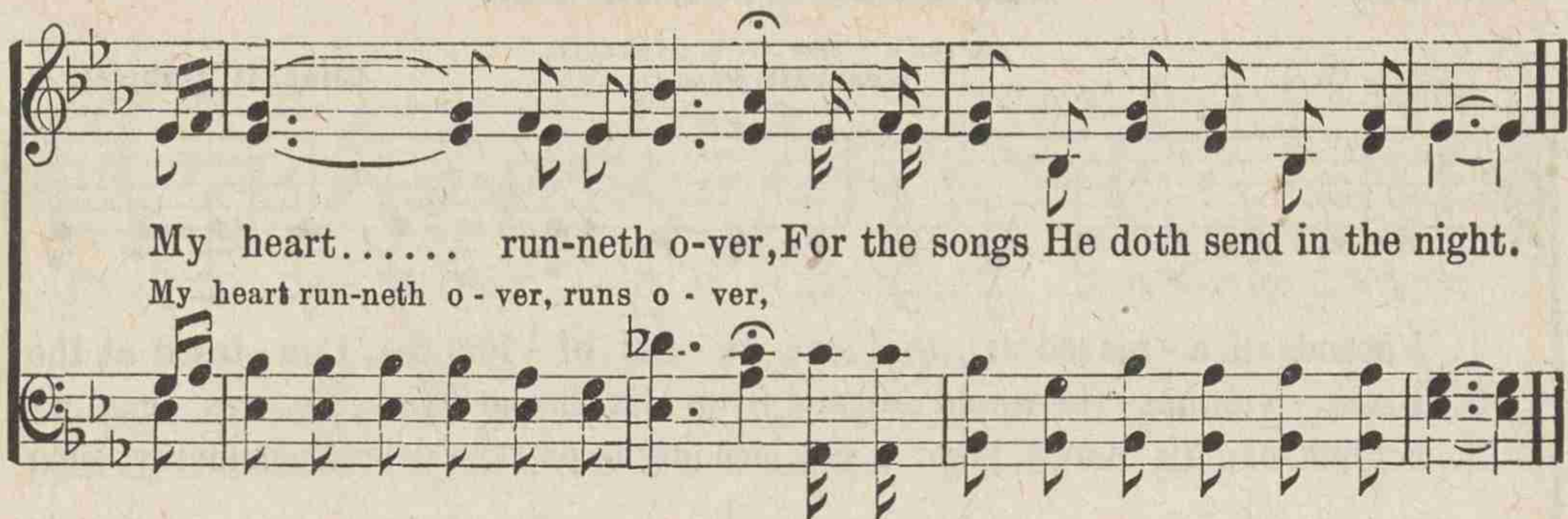
REFRAIN.



Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.



Songs in the Night.



My heart..... run-neth o-ver, For the songs He doth send in the night.
 My heart run-neth o - ver, runs o - ver,

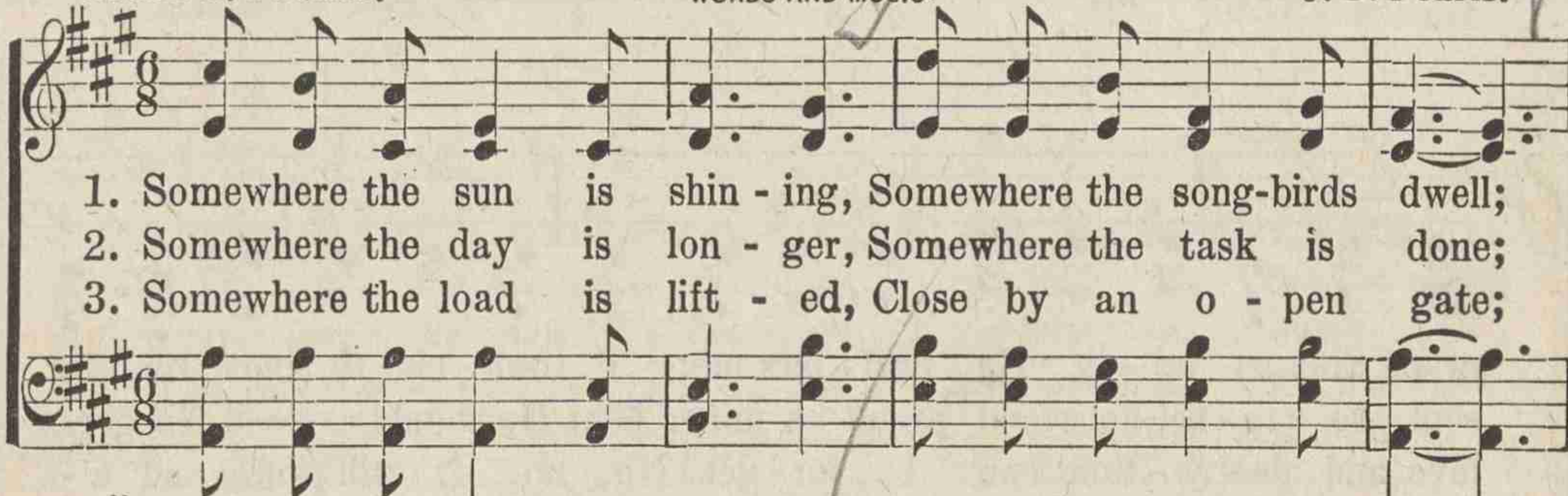
No. 21.

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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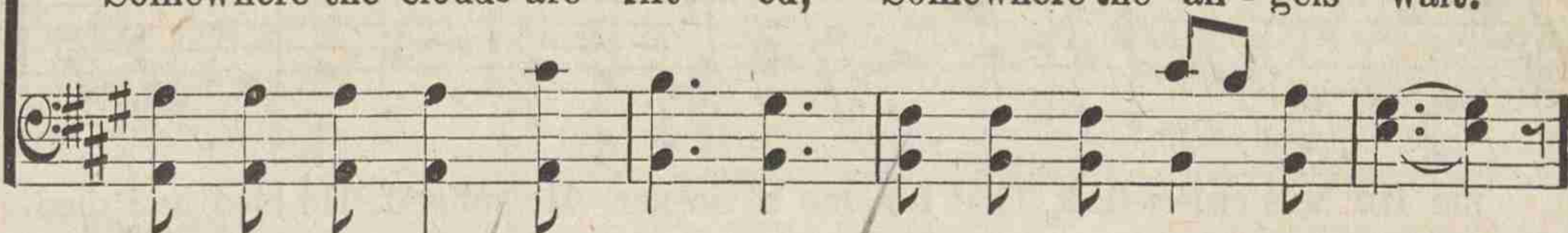
J. S. Fearis.



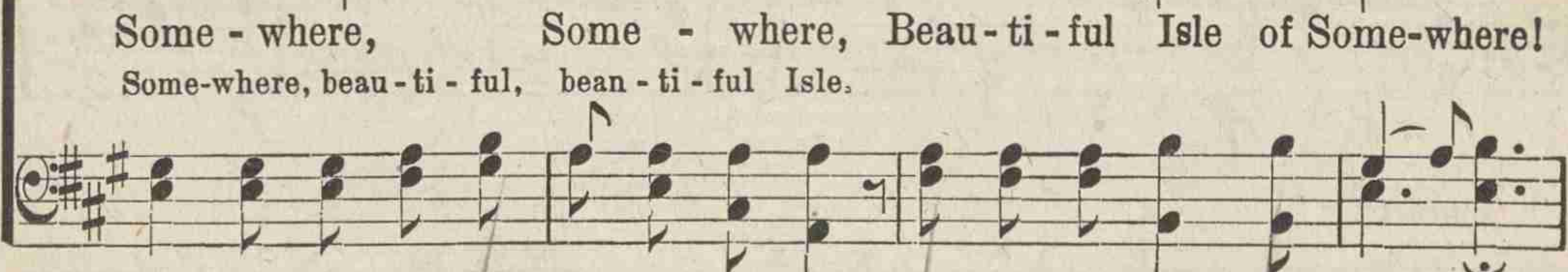
1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
 2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
 3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives and all is well.
 Somewhere the heart is strong - er, Somewhere the guer-don won.
 Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.




CHORUS.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
 Some-where, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle.




Land of the true where we live a - new, — Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 22,

Oh, it is Wonderful.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel,



1. I stand all a - mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con - fused at the
2. I mar - vel that He would descend from His throne divine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierc'd and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy, such



grace that so ful - ly He prof - fers me; I trem - ble to know that for
soul so re - bel - lious and proud as mine; That He should ex - tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for - get? No, no, I will praise and a -



me He was cru - ci - fied, That for me a sin - ner, He suffer'd, He bled and died.
love un - to such as I, Suf - fi - cient to own, to re - deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mer - cy - seat, Un - til at the glo - ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.



CHORUS.



Oh, it is won - der - ful that He should care for me,
won - der - full!



Oh, it is Wonderful.

Enough to die for me; Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me.
won - der - ful!

No. 23. The Song-Land of My Soul.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Victor H. Benke.

1. There are storms the world o'er sweeping, I can hear their thund'ring roll;
2. There is war the world o'er spreading; I can hear its cries of dole;
3. I can hear the glad E - van - gels, Of a bet - ter day to be,

But my God His calm is keep-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
But no strife I need be dread-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
In my song - land with the an - gels, There my Fa - ther dwells with me.

CHORUS.

In the song-land, blessed song-land! In the song - land of my soul;
In the song-land, bless-ed song-land! In the blessed song-land of my soul.

God His ho - ly calm is keep-ing, In the song - land of my soul.
In the bless-ed song-land of my soul.

No. 24.

Count Your Blessings.

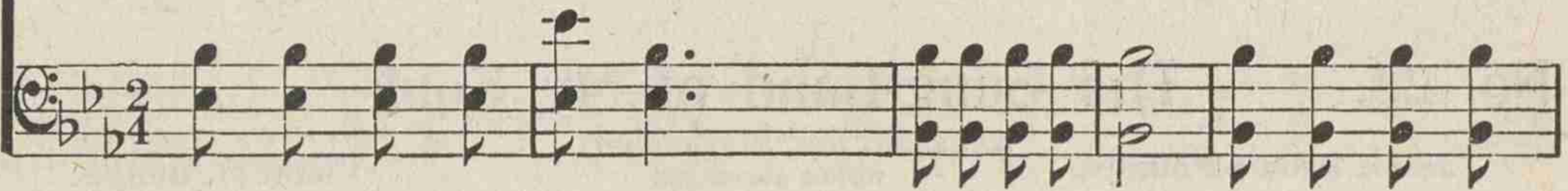
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis -
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -



cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
 couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels



one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.



CHORUS.



Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y



Count Your Blessings.

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
 bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings

rit.

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 25.

Somebody.

John R. Clements.

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W. S. Weedon.

1. Some-body did a gold - en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
 2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
 3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
 4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;

Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
 Some-body fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
 Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
 Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—

rit.

Was that some-bod - y you? Was that some-bod - y you?

No. 26.

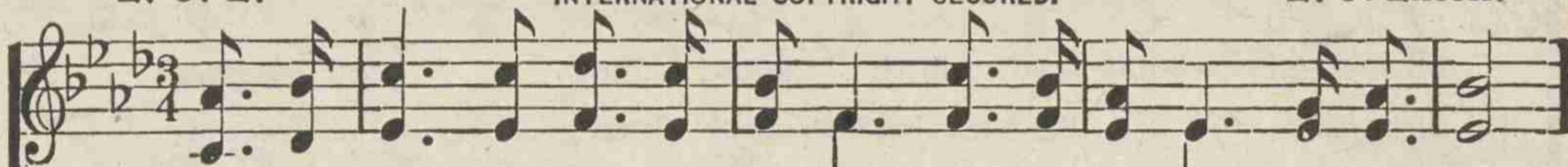
A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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E. O. E.

E. O. Excell.



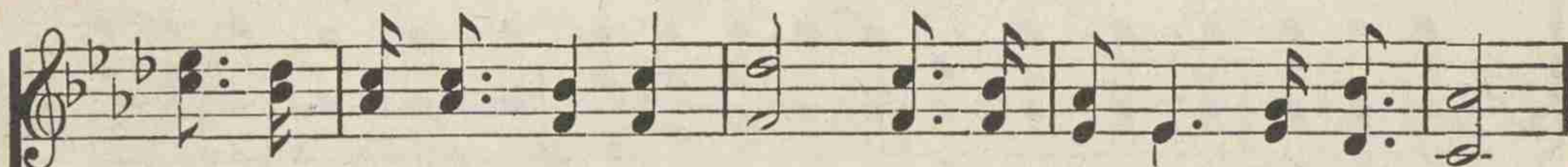
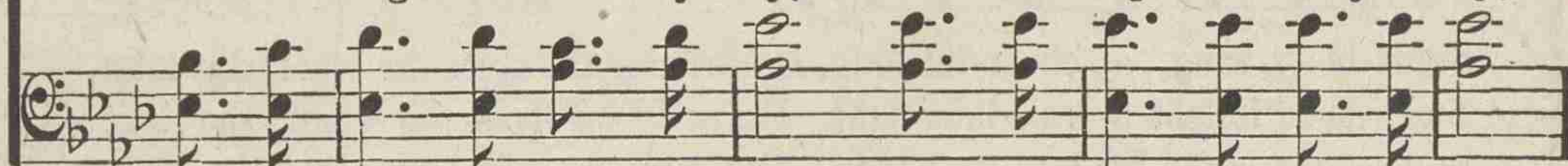
1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,



Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;



For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;



They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

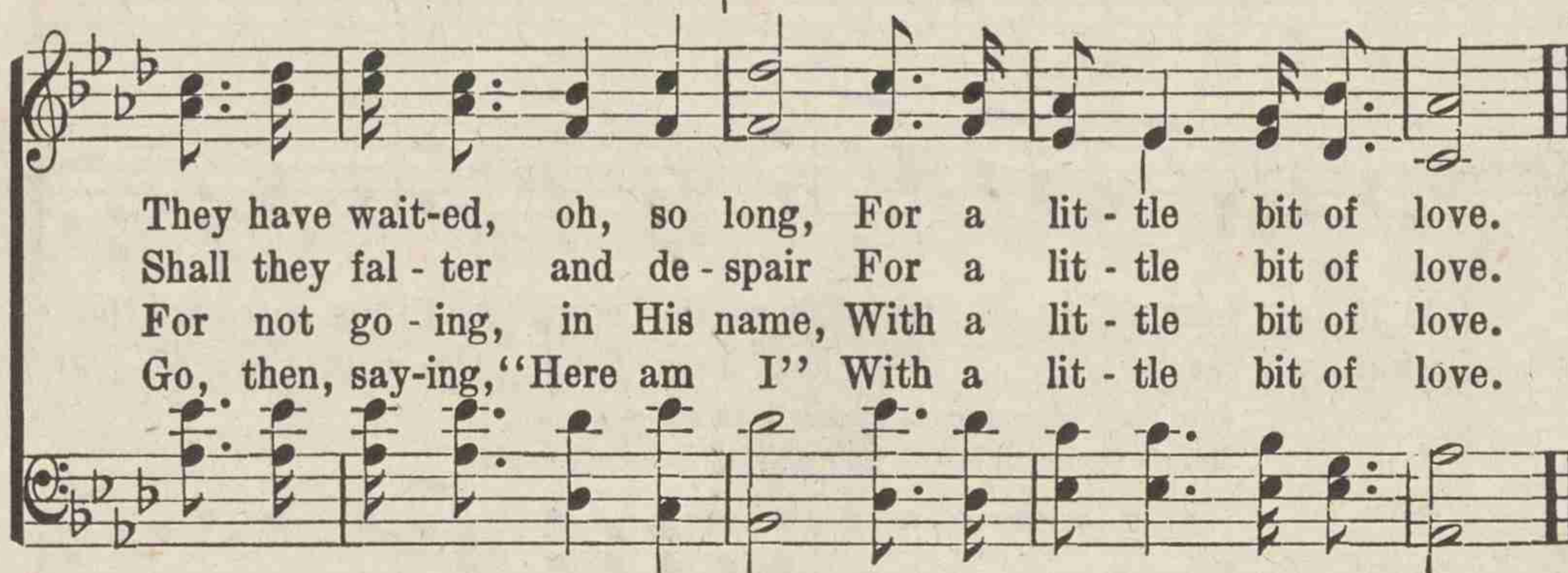


A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.



For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
 With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,



They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
 Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
 For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
 Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

No. 27,

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

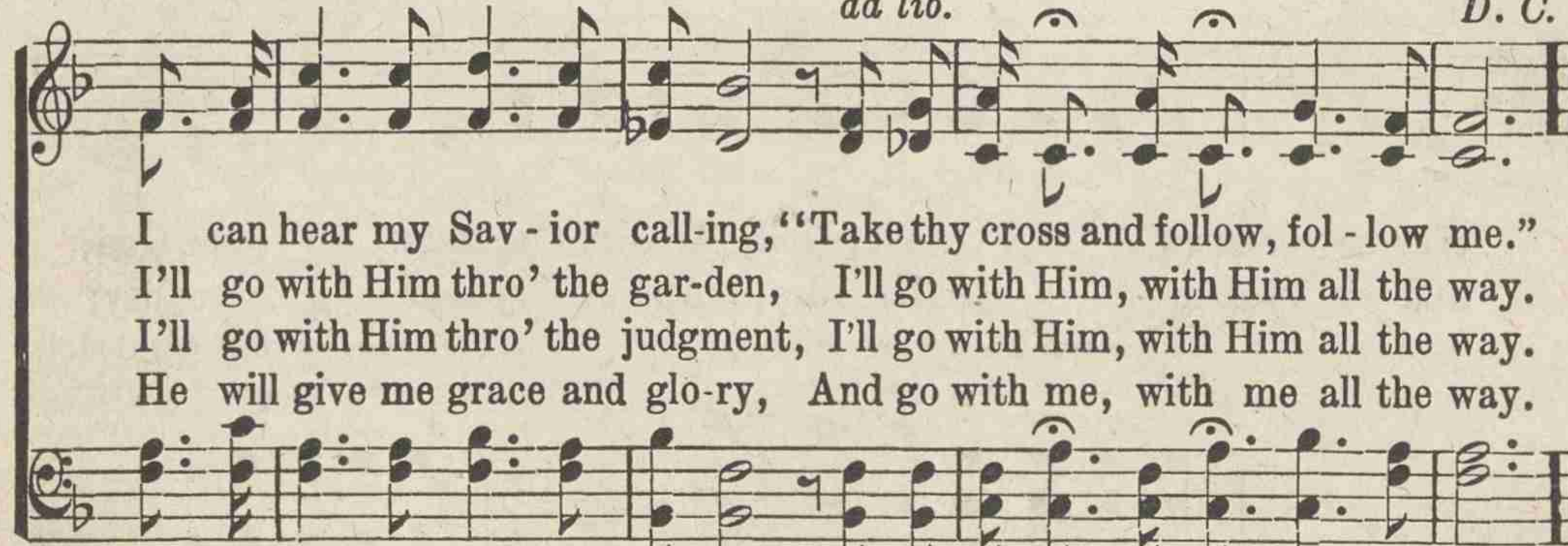
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 USED BY PER.

J. S. Norris.



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

D.C. - Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib. *D. C.*



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

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

No. 28.

Come, We that Love the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

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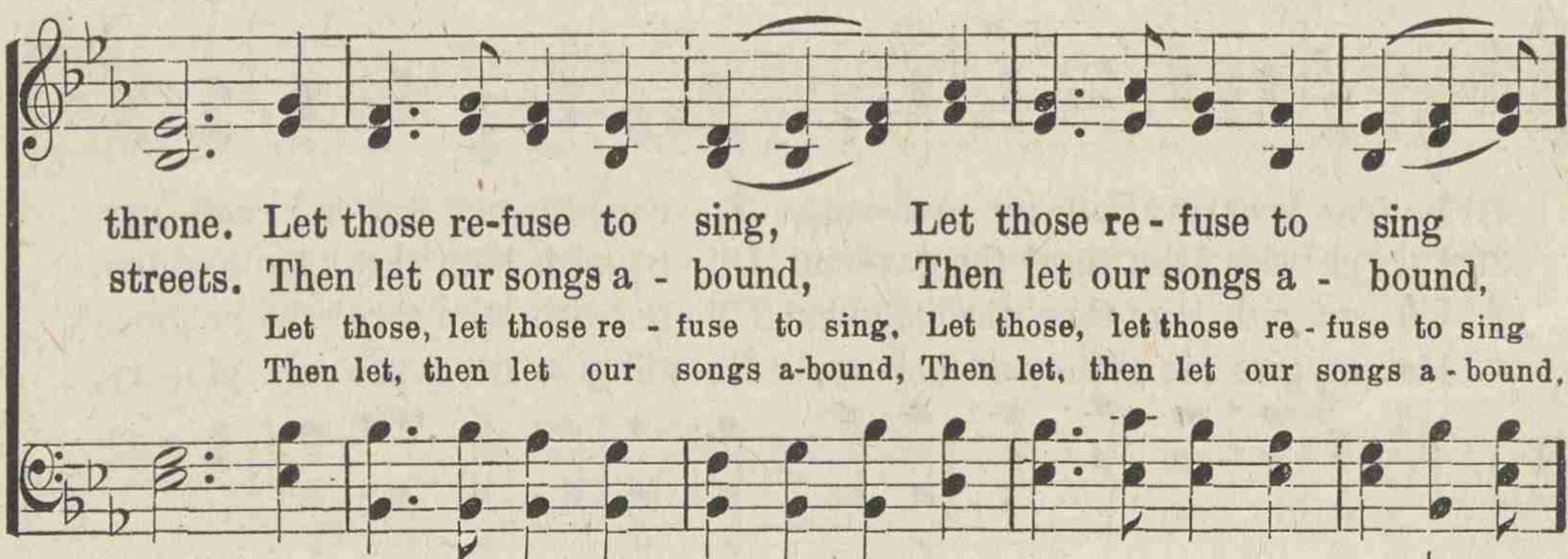
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 2. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - - - cred sweets,
 1. Come, we, come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
 2. The hill, the hill of Zi - on yields a thousand sa-cred sweets,



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the
 Be-fore we reach..... .. the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en
 Join in a song, join in a song with sweet accord,
 Before we reach, before we reach the heav'nly fields,



throne. Let those re-fuse to sing, Let those re - fuse to sing
 streets. Then let our songs a - bound, Then let our songs a - bound,
 Let those, let those re - fuse to sing, Let those, let those re - fuse to sing
 Then let, then let our songs a-bound, Then let, then let our songs a - bound,



Who nev-er knew our God, Who nev-er knew our God,
 And ev-'ry tear be dry, And ev -'ry tear be dry;
 Who nev-er knew our God, Who nev-er knew our God,
 And ev -'ry tear be dry, And ev -'ry tear be dry;

Come, We that Love the Lord.



But chil-dren of the heav'nly, King, the heav'nly King, the heav'nly
We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, Im-man-uel's ground, Im-man-uel's



King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



No. 29. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-ciples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word.
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.



No. 30.

A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!



From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;



Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;



Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.



A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous



echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky; O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His



now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful



soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -



He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; He is the King. and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.



No. 31.

Onward, Christian Soldiers!

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

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E. O. Excell,

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py

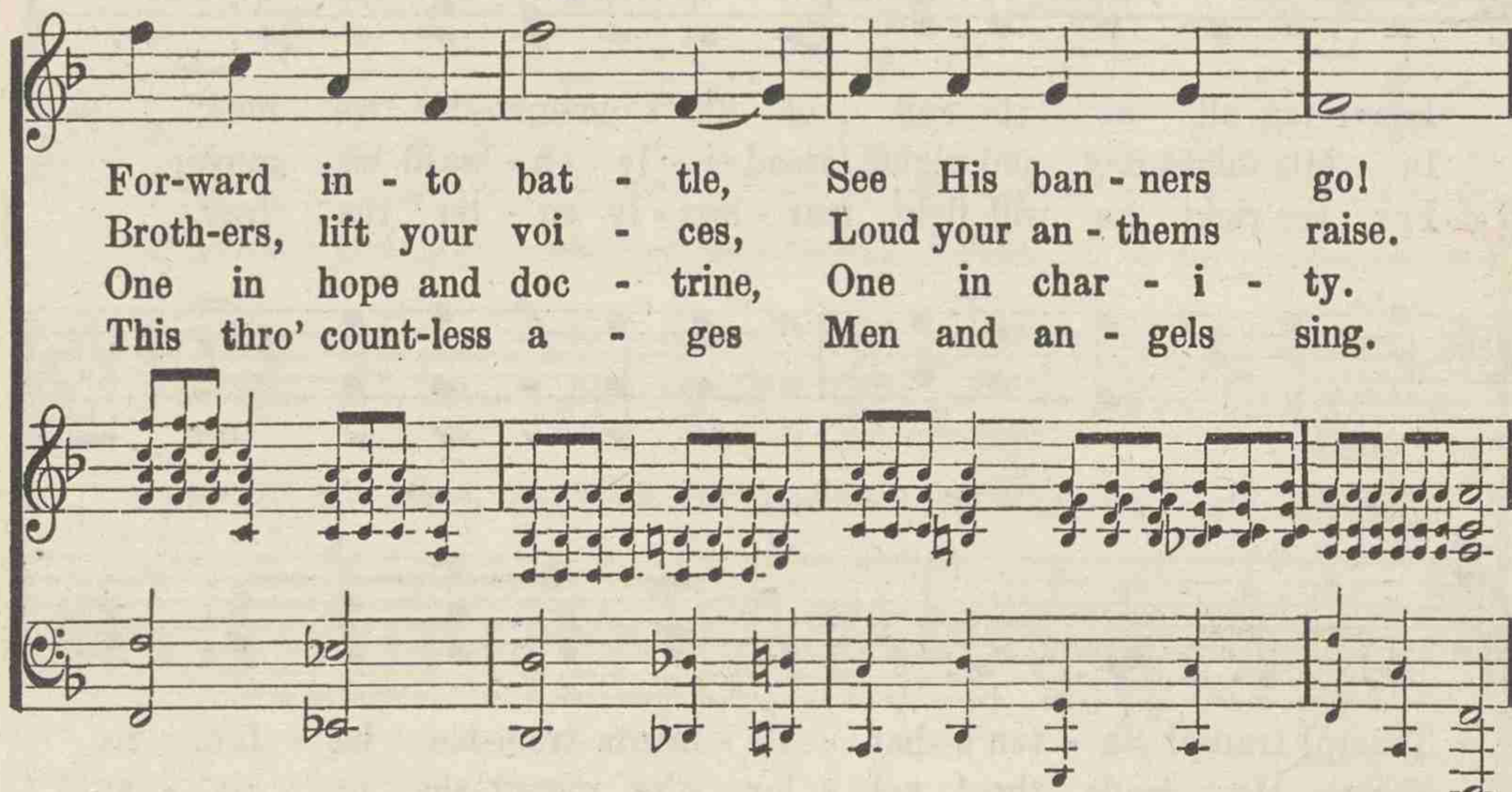
war,
 flee;
 God;
 throng,
 With the cross of Je - sus
 On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
 Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
 Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore.
 On to vic - to - ry!
 Where the saints have trod;
 In the tri - umph song;
 Christ, the roy - al
 Hell's foun - da - tions
 We are not di -
 Glo - ry, laud, and

Onward, Christian Soldiers!



Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;.....
 quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS. Arthur S. Sullivan.



On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
 Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. INTERLUDE.

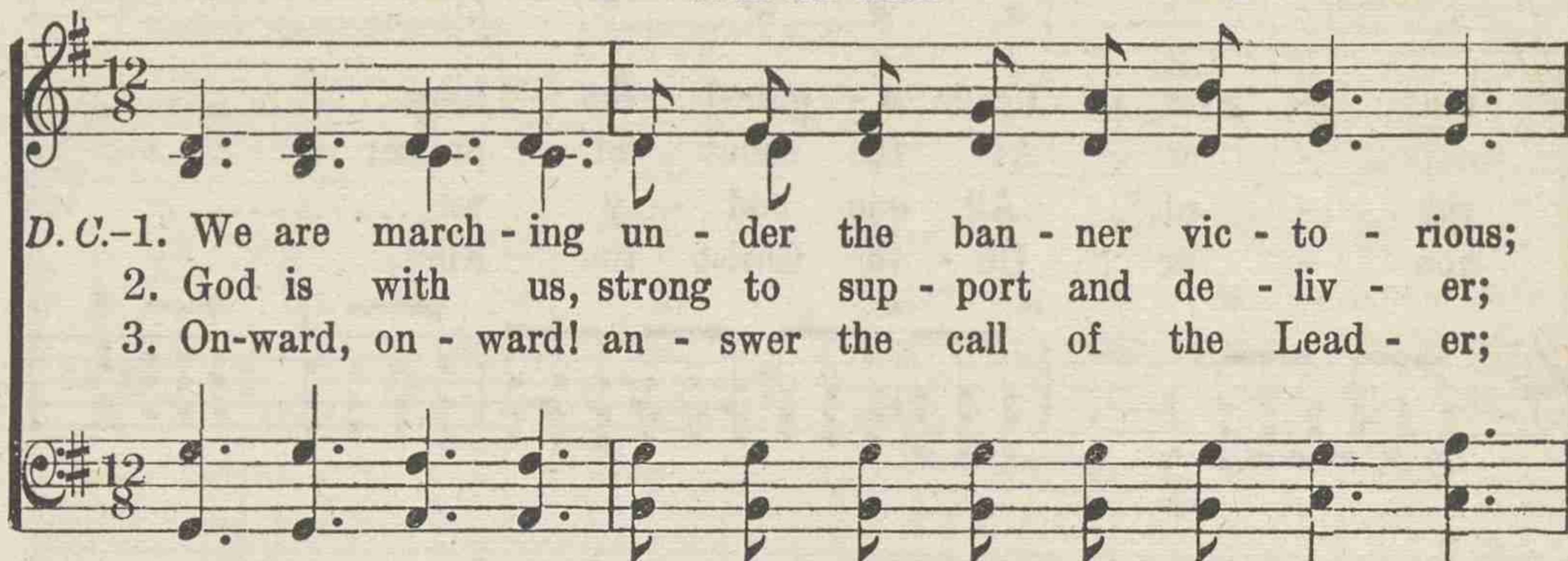
No. 32.

The Song of Triumph.

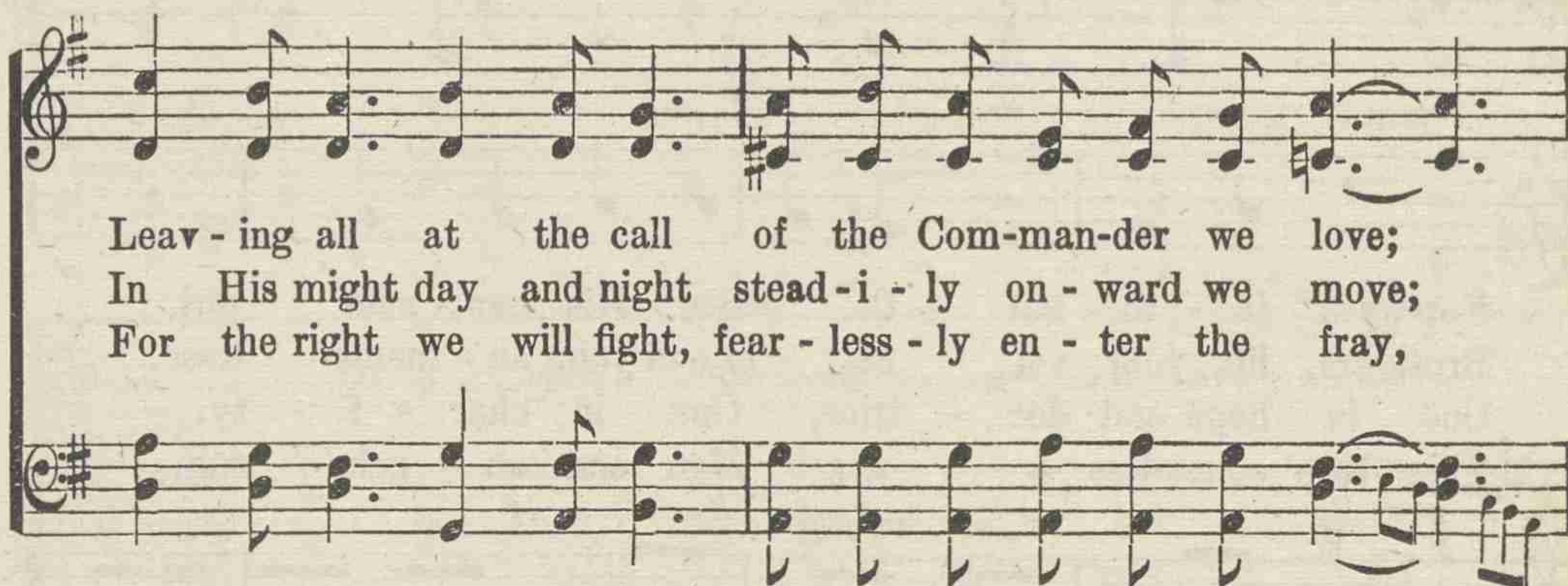
Charlotte G. Homer.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



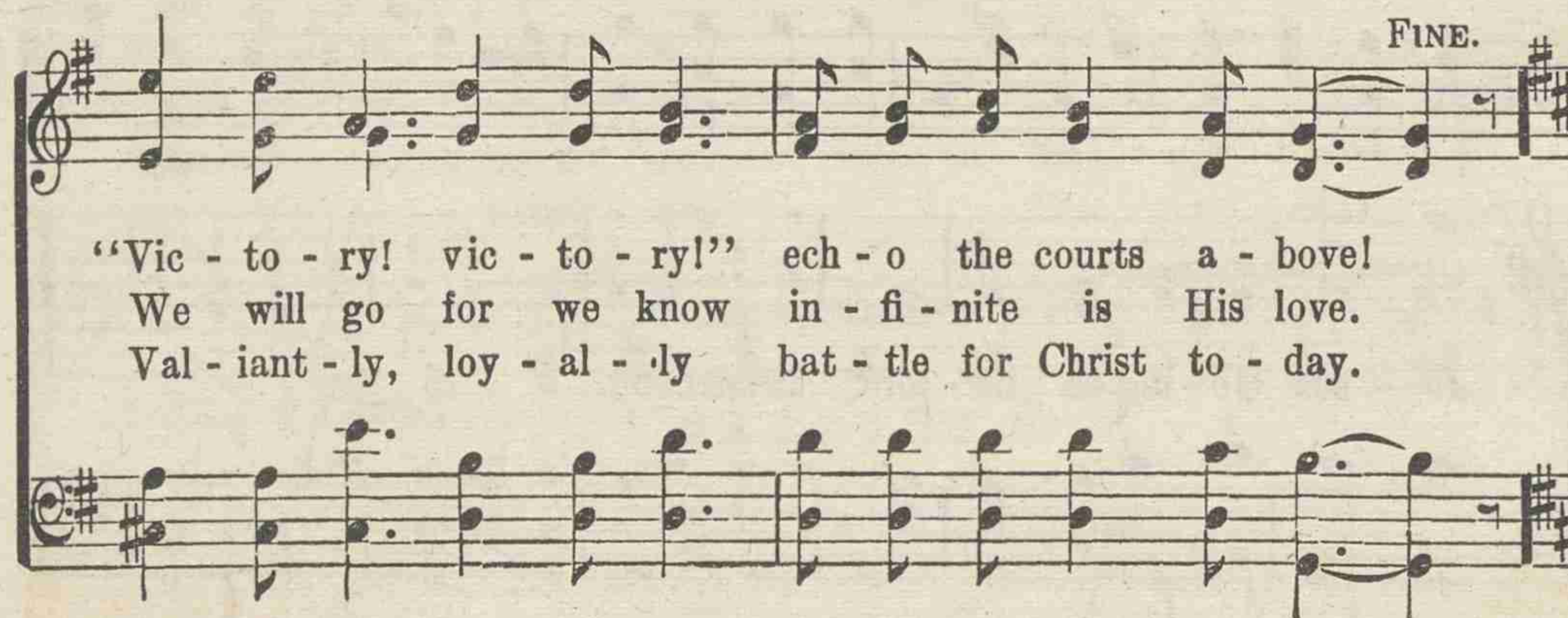
D. C.—1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
3. On - ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er;



Leav - ing all at the call of the Com - man - der we love;
In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray,



Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem - ble be - fore us,
Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount - ain or riv - er,
Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum - mons to serv - ice,



FINE.

“Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!” ech - o the courts a - bove!
We will go for we know in - fi - nite is His love.
Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

The Song of Triumph.

CHORUS.



Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave - ly go,
Strong in faith we brave - - ly go, With



Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!
righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We bat-tle with sin on the o - pen field; We



Loy - al to com - mand, Shoul - der to shoul - der we will stand,
shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And



"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry!
"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry, and "vic - to - ry" is our cry!

Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.



Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

No. 33.

Rock of Ages,

A. M. Toplady.

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E. O. Excell.



1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh! Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,



Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,



Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh! Could my zeal no languor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death, Yes, When mine eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un - known,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to world's un-known, Yes, When I rise to world's unknown,



Rock of Ages.



From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne;



From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Yes, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, Thou must save and Thou a - lone,
And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - - le cure,
In my hand no price I bring;
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me,



Be of sin the doub-le cure, Yes, Be of sin the doub-le cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,



Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



No. 34, All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



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



And crown Him, crown Him,



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



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown

crown Him, crown Him,



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



. Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

CHILDRENS SONGS

No. 35.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that



can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark-ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav-en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound. Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,



We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.



No. 36.

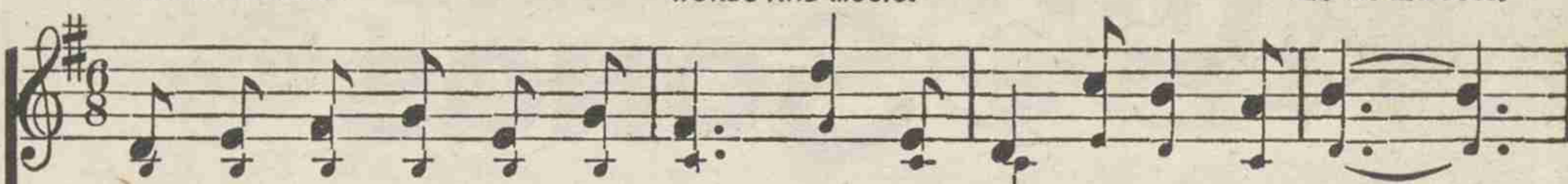
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



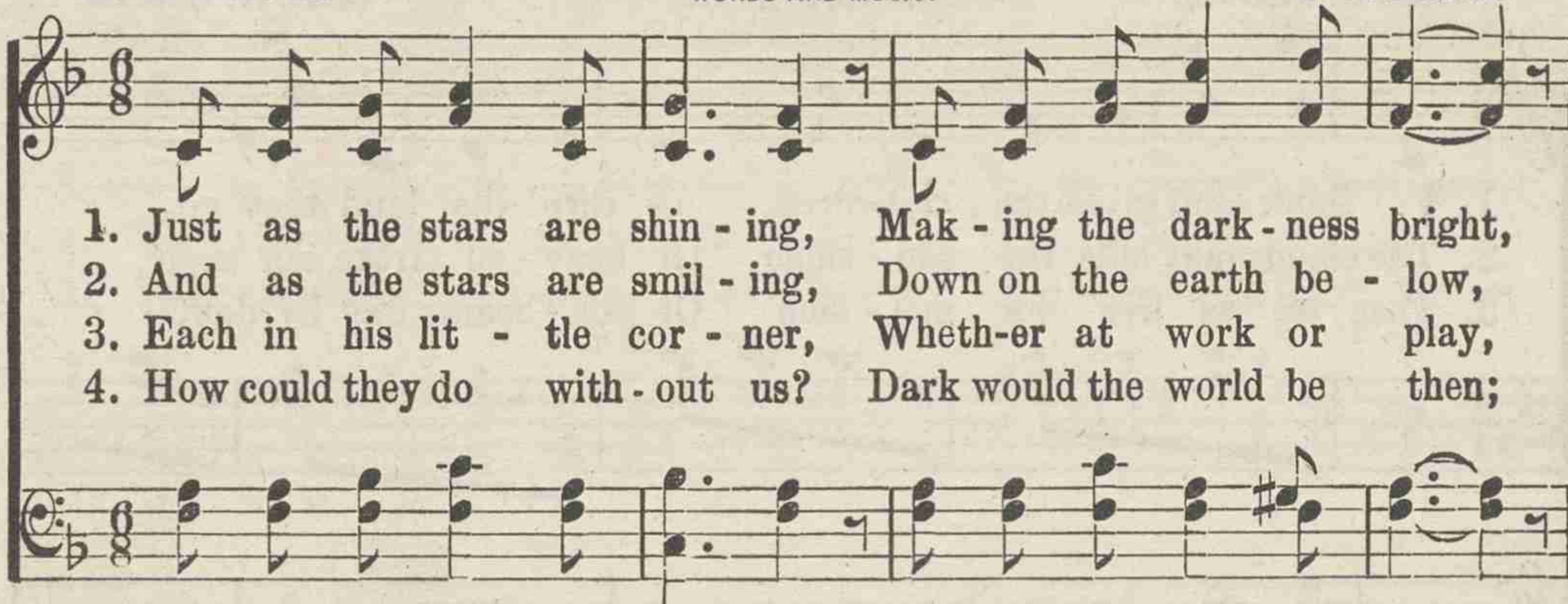
No. 37.

Little Stars.

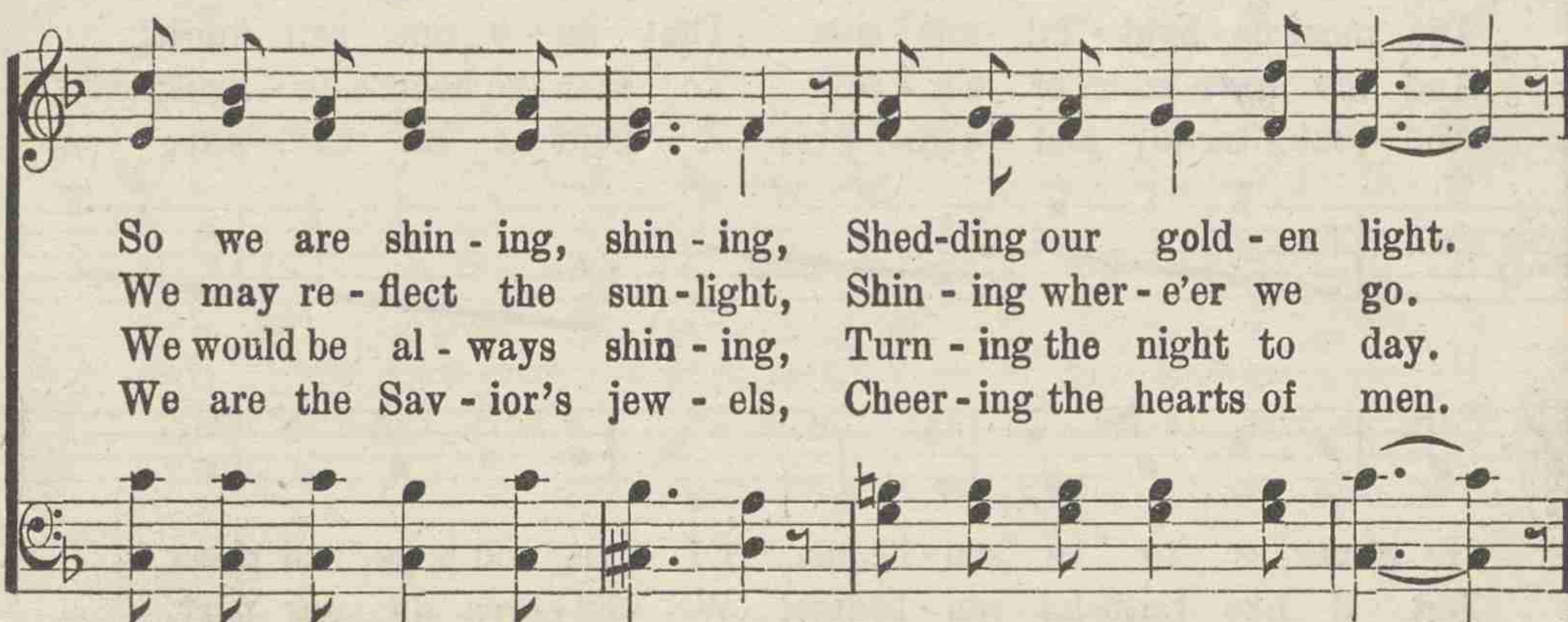
H. H. Pierson.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.



1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing, Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth - er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

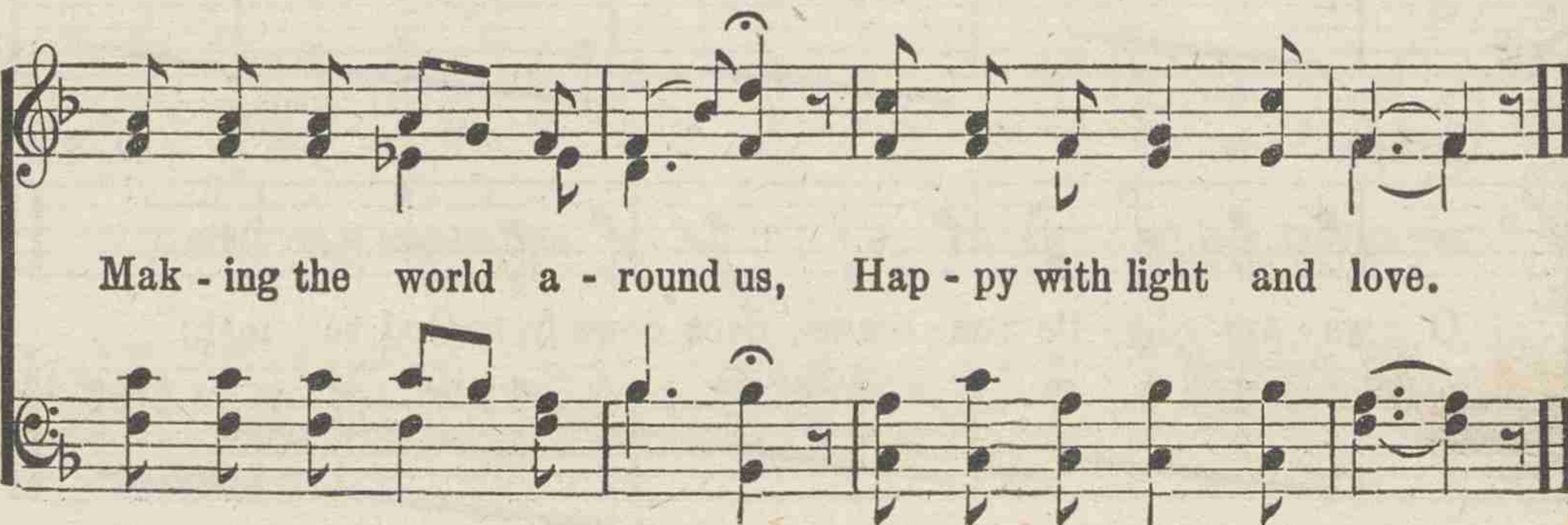


So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed - ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher - e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,



Mak - ing the world a - round us, Hap - py with light and love.

No. 38.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford,

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



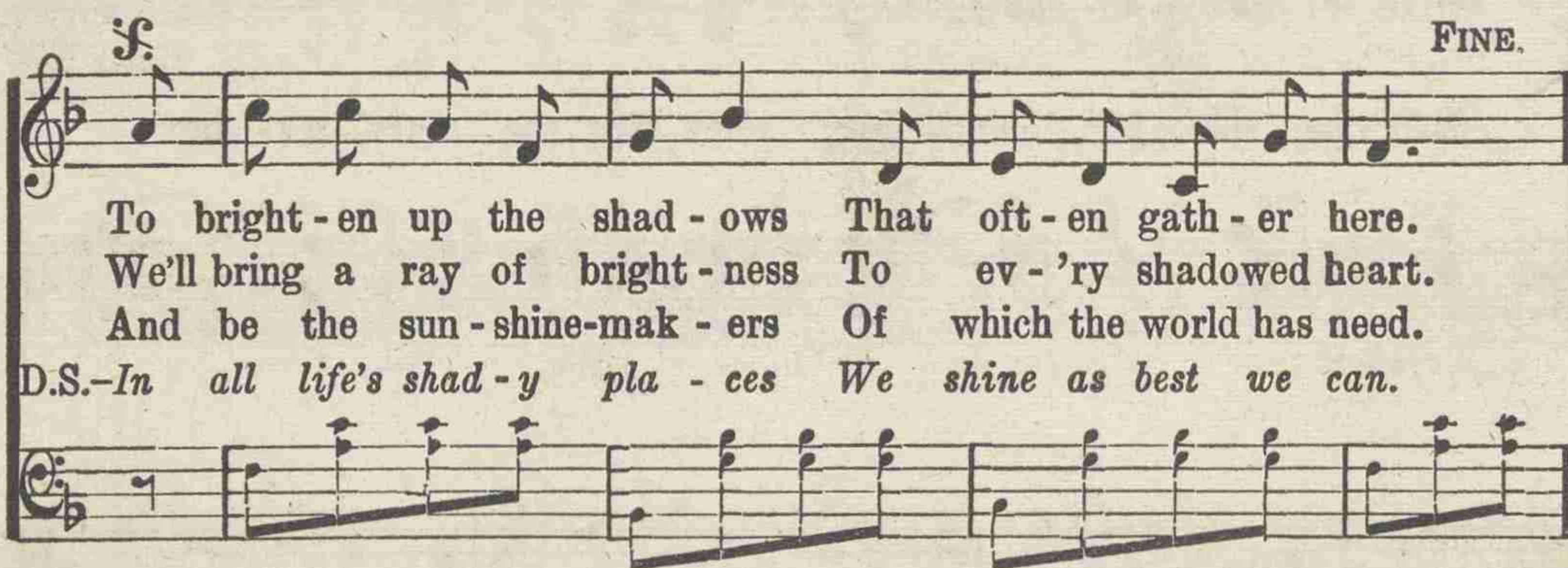
1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,



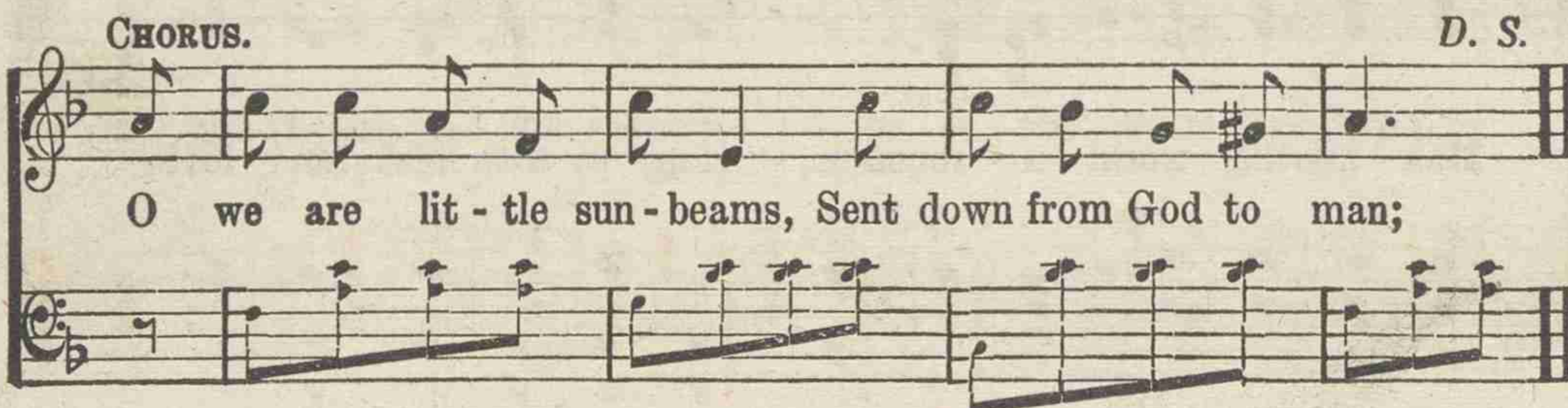
The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;



He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith - ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,



To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine - mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.—In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.



CHORUS. D. S.
O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

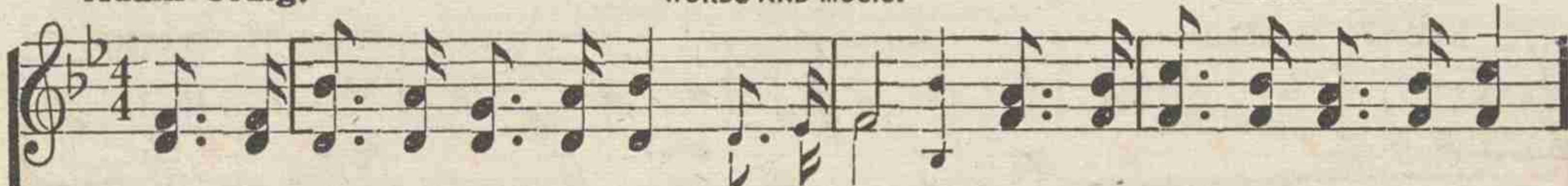
No. 39.

Be A Hero.

Adam Craig.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,



D. S.—On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,



Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he-ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro!



"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he-ro!



God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!



No. 40,

The Children's Hosanna.

Neal A. McAuley

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearls.



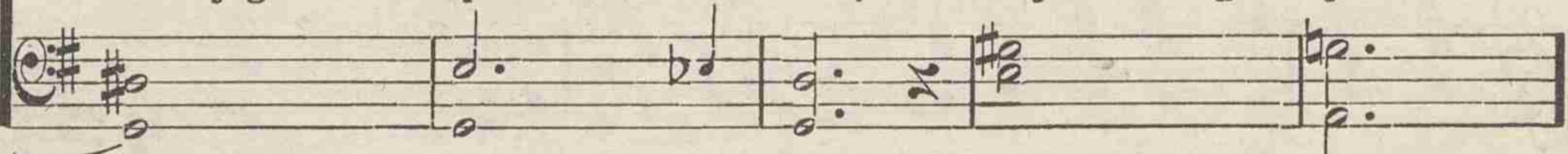
1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect-ing
3. And when from slumber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that



love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
Christian work - ers here, In words I now re - call, "For-bid them not," He
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for



hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

With mu-sic fill the air.

Redeemed shall ev - er be." Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,

Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

we bring



Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na!



The Children's Hosanna.

Our songs of love we bring, Hosanna! Hosanna! to Christ, the children's King.
we bring.

No. 41.

Gather Them In.

H. A. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Henry A. Lewis.

1. Gath-er the chil-dren in days of youth, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;
2. Gath-er the children from out the streets, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;
3. Gath-er the children from scenes of strife, Gath-er them in, Gath-er them in;

Teach them the right way, the way of Truth, Gath-er the chil - dren in.
In from the hov - els and dark re-treats, Gath-er the chil - dren in.
Gath - er them in - to the way of Life, Gath-er the chil - dren in.

CHORUS.

Gath - - er them in, Gath - - er them in,
Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Gath-er them in, gath - er them in,

Gath-er them in for the gar-ner a-bove, Gath-er the chil-dren in.

No. 42

The Young People's Army.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.



CHO.-1. March a - long to - geth - er firm and true, For lo, the world is
 2. On we go with ar - mor shin - ing bright, With sword in hand to
 3. True as steel, and loy - al to our King, We'll fight un - til the



ev - er watch - ing you; Be brave and bold up - on the bat - tle - field,
 bat - tle for the right; U - nit - ed in the serv - ice of the Lord,
 shouts of vic - t'ry ring From north to south, from east and from the west,



De - ter - mined that the foe shall yield.
 We're march - ing at our Cap - tain's word.
 Till Christ is ev - 'ry - where con - fessed.

Long and loud the
 Val - iant sol - diers
 Storm the forts of



bu - gle - call is sound - ing! Sin and wrong are ev - 'ry - where a - bound - ing,
 of the Lord are lead - ing, Ear - nest - ly for help the church is plead - ing,
 sin and des - o - la - tion; Sol - diers brave, re - new your ob - li - ga - tion,



The Young People's Army.



"Forward!" all a-long the line re-sound-ing, Bids us march a-way.
 Slow-ly back-ward see the foe re-ced-ing, For-ward march to-day.
 And with earn-est pray'r and sup-pli-ca-tion, For-ward march to-day.



No. 43.

America.

S. F. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



No. 44.

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

No. 45.

Refuge.

Charles Wesley.

J. P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len,



wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior,
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy



hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the hav - en guide.
stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de - fense - less head
name, I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am,



O re - ceive my soul at last!
With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Thou art full of truth and grace.



- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

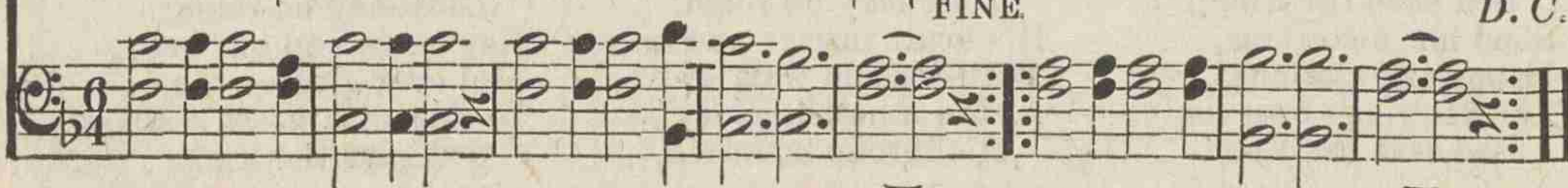
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



FINE

D. C.



SELECTED HYMNS

No. 46.

O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant.

Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His cha-riots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how



An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.



No. 47.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



No. 48.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



No. 49.

Stand Up For Jesus.

George Duffield.

G. J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,



It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in-deed.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

No. 50.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low - ship of
2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our



kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
aims are one, Our com-forts 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.

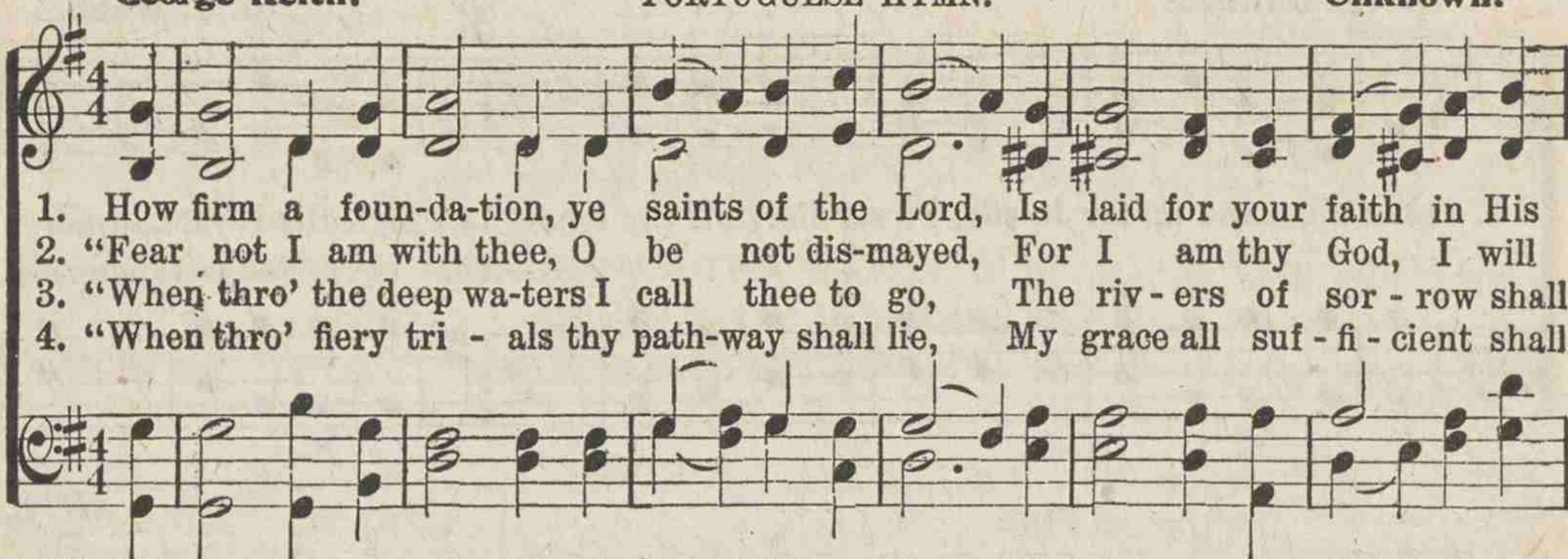
No. 51.

How Firm a Foundation.

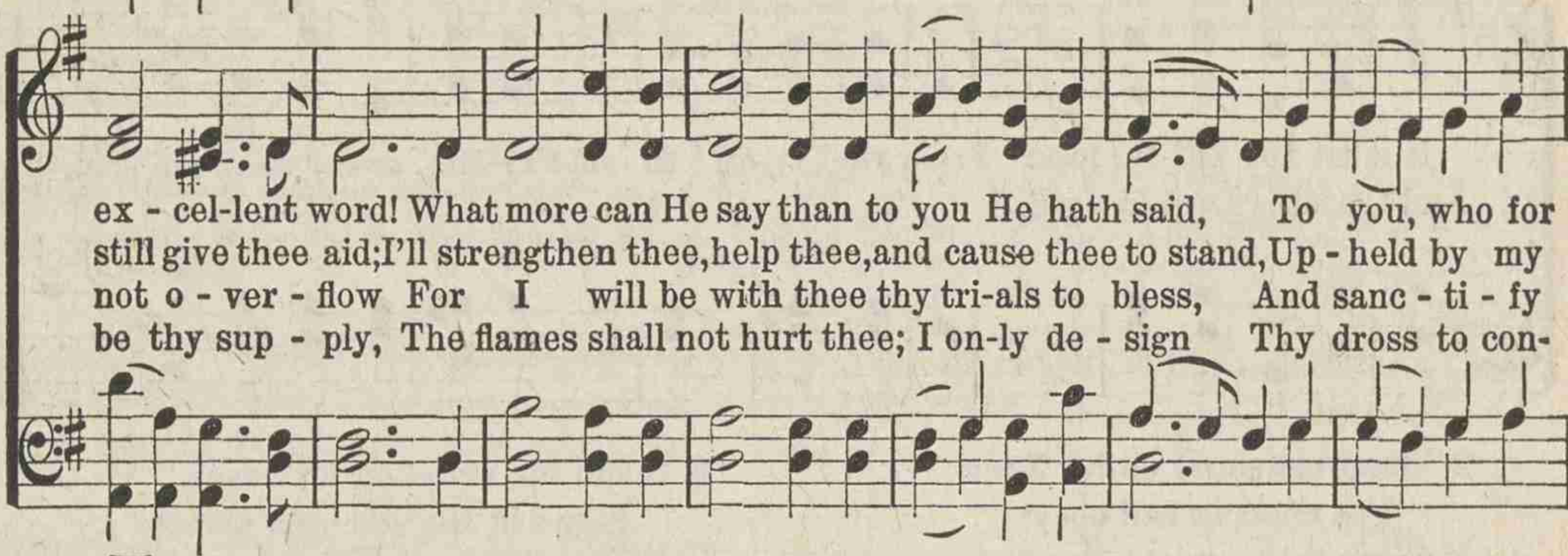
George Keith.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Unknown.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-fi-cient shall



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
 not o-ver-flow For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-



ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled.
 gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
 sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."

No. 52.

How Firm a Foundation.

[For Hymn see No. 175]

George Keith.

FOUNDATION.

Anne Steele.



No. 53. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

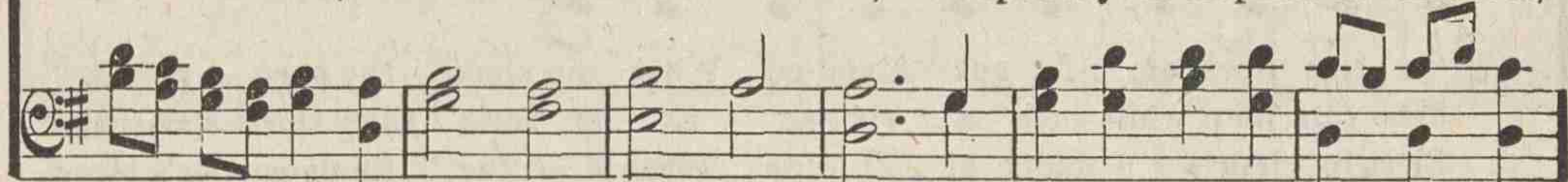
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the strength of
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies



di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all, Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet,



And crown Him Lord of all.



- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 54.

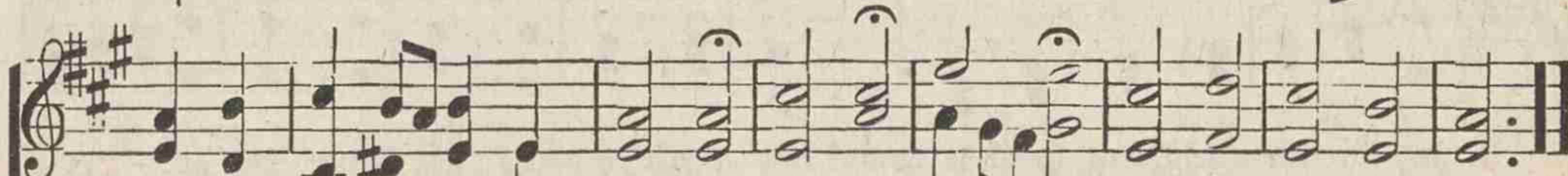
All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet.

William Shrubsole.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the



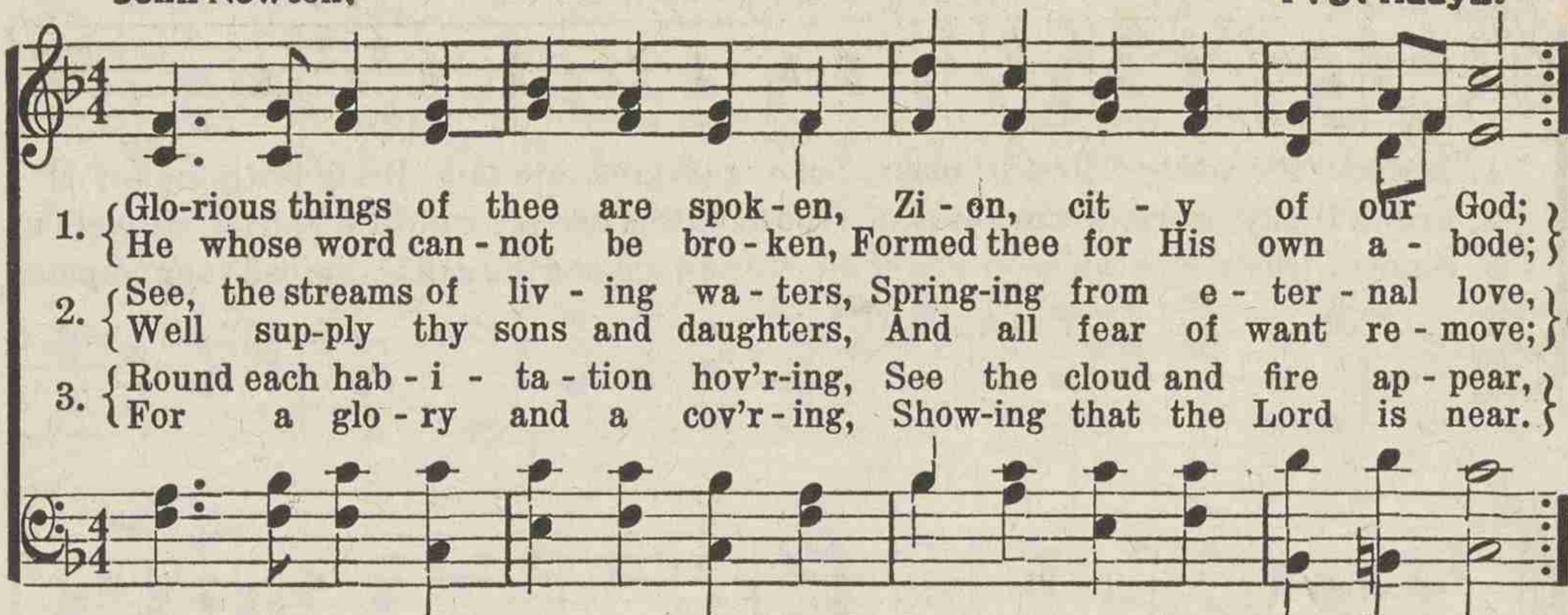
roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.



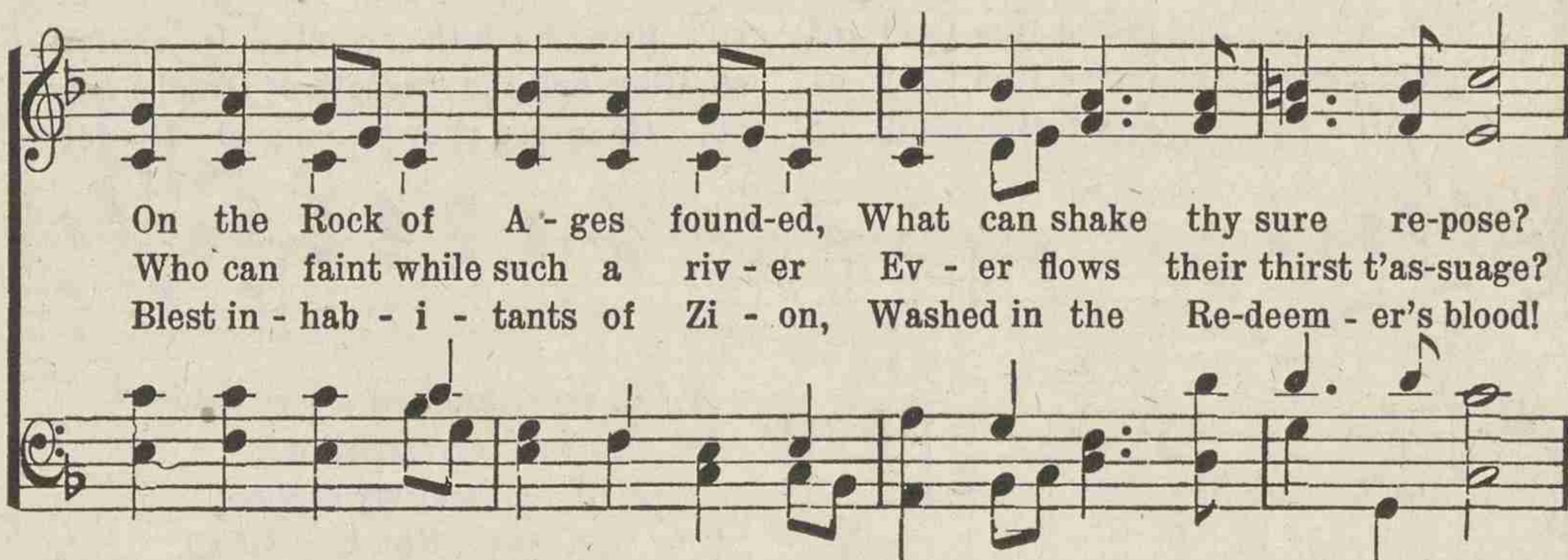
No. 55. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton.

F. J. Haden.



1. { Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }
 { He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode; }
 2. { See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Spring-ing from e-ter-nal love, }
 { Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move; }
 3. { Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov'r-ing, See the cloud and fire ap-pear, }
 { For a glo-ry and a cov'r-ing, Show-ing that the Lord is near. }



On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
 Who can faint while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'as-suage?
 Blest in-hab-i-tants of Zi-on, Washed in the Re-deem-er's blood!

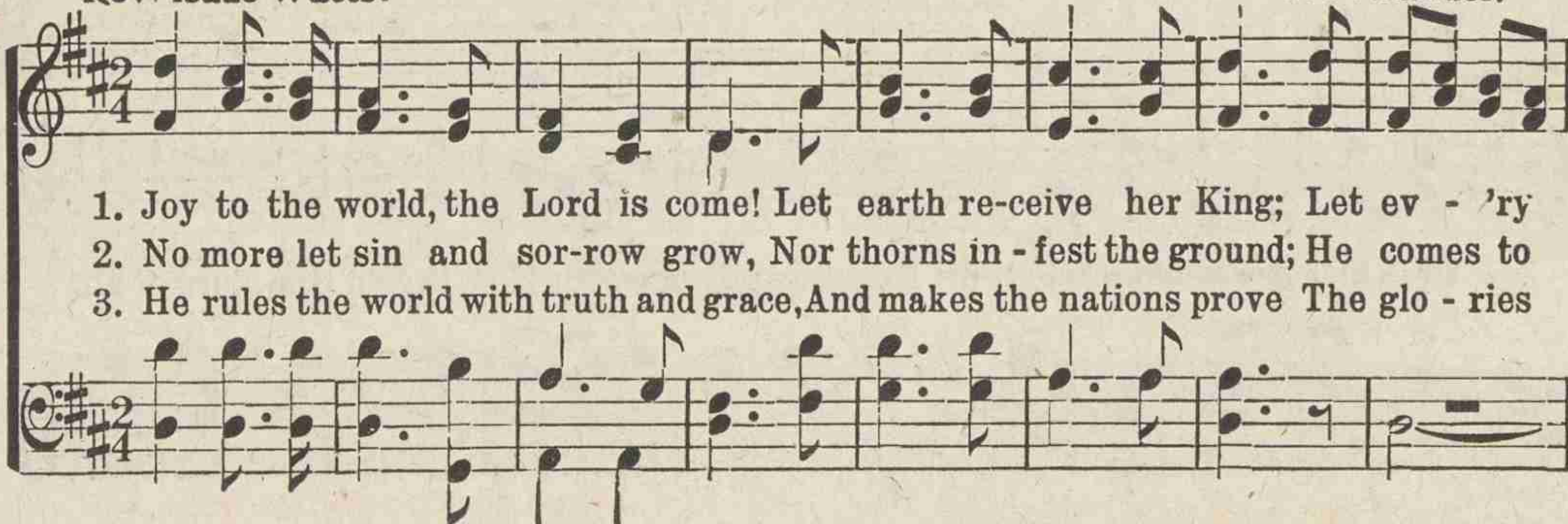


With sal-va-tion's wall sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
 Je-sus, whom their souls re-ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. Amen.

No. 56. Joy to the World.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

C. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry
 2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries

Joy to the World.



heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
make His bless - ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And
And heav'n and na - ture

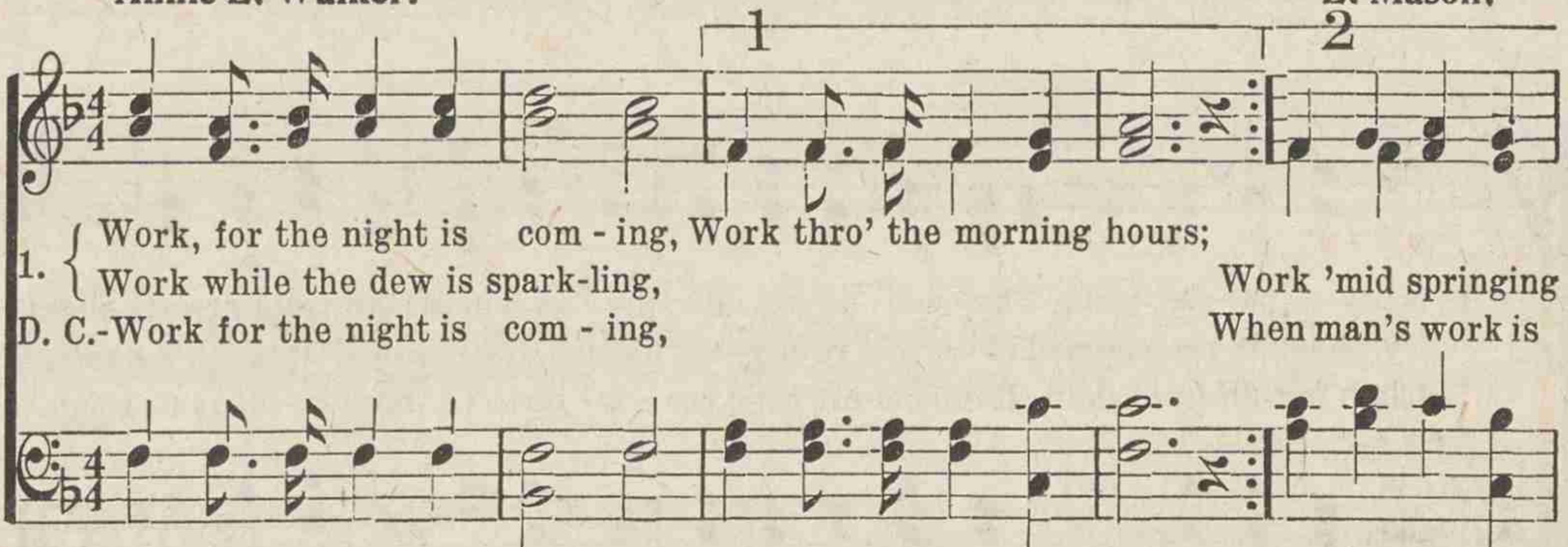


heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 57. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.



1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing
D. C. - Work for the night is com - ing, When man's work is



FINE. D. C.
flow'rs. Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
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 sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 58. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber.

Lowell Mason.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al strand, Where Afric's
2. Shall we whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wat-ers, roll, Till, like a



sun - ny fount-ains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv-er, From
men be-night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal-va-tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The



many a pal-my plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joyful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re-mo-test na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.



No. 59. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign



Come, Thou Almighty King.

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
 maj - es-ty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni-ty Love and a - dore!

No. 60.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre-a - tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our

humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-
 Thee in - her - it, Let us find the promised rest; Take a-way the love of sinning; Al - pha
 turn, and never, Never more Thy temples leave; Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee
 whole sal-va-tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in

bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev-'ry trembling heart!
 and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty!
 as Thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy per-fect love!
 heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

No. 61.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es



Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,



For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
 Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



RESPONSIVE READINGS

No. 62,

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er - more shalt be.
 There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow' r, in Love, and pur - i - ty.

No. 63.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Leader:—Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! Lord God, etc.

Leader:—For Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with Thee.

Response:—But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! All the saints, etc.

Leader:—Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at His footstool; for He is holy.

Response:—And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

Sing:—Holy, holy, holy! Thro' the, etc.

No. 64.

A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, And in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re - ly;



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

No. 65.

Remember Thy Creator.

Leader.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His name forever.

Response.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me! I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Leader.—Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Response.—Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Leader.—Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Response.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Leader.—The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and

the gain thereof than fine gold.

Response.—She is more precious than rubies.

Leader.—And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Response.—Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Leader.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Response.—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

Leader.—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge, temperance.

Response.—And to temperance, patience.

Leader.—And to patience, godliness.

Response.—And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

Leader.—And to brotherly kindness, charity.

Sing.—A Charge to Keep I have.

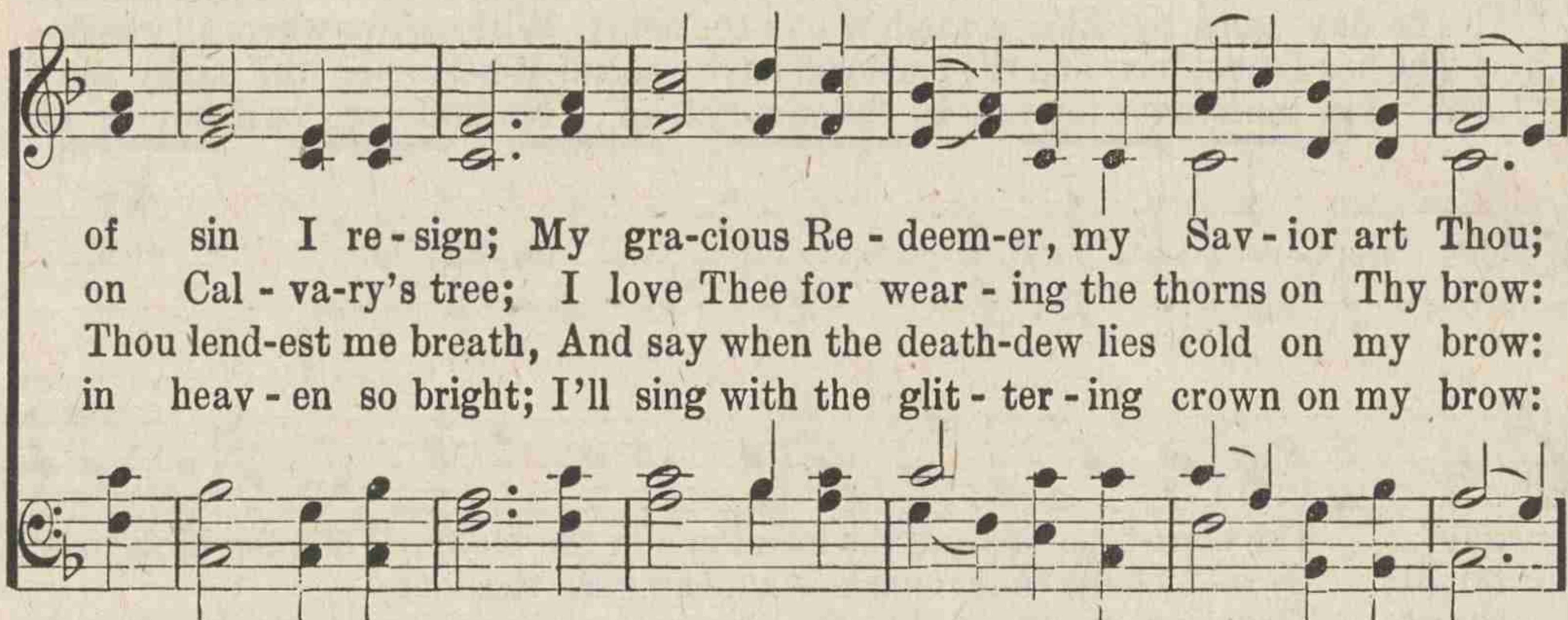
No. 66.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par - don
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light I'll ev - er a - dore Thee



of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
 on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow:
 Thou lend-est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:
 in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow:



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now!

No. 67.

God's Love.

Sing.—My Jesus, I love Thee,

Leader.—For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

Response.—But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Leader.—And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Response.—Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Sing.—I love Thee because etc.

Leader.—For God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Response.—Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Leader.—We love him because he first loved us.

Sing.—I will love Thee etc.

Leader.—Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

Sing.—In mansions of glory, etc.

No. 68. My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

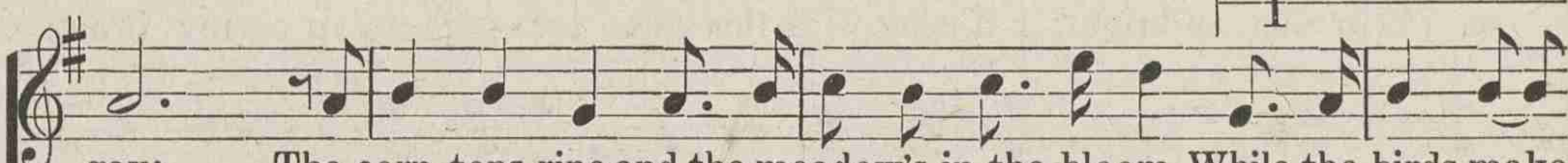
Poco adagio.

(To my "Old Kentucky" Friends.)

Stephen C. Foster.



1. { The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and
2. { They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de -
3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the darky may
A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be



gay; The corn-tops ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make
bright; By'n - by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the
light; The time has come when the darkies have to part,
go; A few more days and the troub-le all will end, In the fields where the
light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road,



mu-sic all the day; Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
old cab - in door; Weep no more, my
sug-ar-canes grow;



D.S. — For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a-way.



la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,

